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## **Beach Boredom**

**A m i n o r t r a g e d y**

*There is a beach under the pavement...*

*F. Arrabal, 1968*

*The pavement is growing over an abandoned beach...*

*Facts, autumn 1993*

**Characters:**

Nona: /22/ - being hurt, hurting others

Captain: /59/ - the last commander of all trams

Mother: /46/ - her fate: to live

Damian: /18/ - her retarded son

Rambo: /23/ - on a leave from duty

**also:**

Vendor: sells lottery tickets

Musician: a vagrant philharmonic player

Humanitarian force: 3 girls

Fireman: theatre inventory

*The play takes place on the shore of a long sandy beach. On the other side of the beach we see lightning which is to signify that times are getting better. However, there is no sound, just brief flashes accompanied by gusts of winds growing in strength. .*

Scene 1:

## **LITTLE OCTOPUSES**

*/On happiness of bodies and diversion of souls/*

*Darkness. We hear sound of waves. Slowly it is getting lighter. Sun rises from the sea. It is dripping water. It brightens the whole beach. There are occasional rocks on the beach. A huge old man rests on an old armchair that was probably washed ashore by the sea. He is wearing an elegant uniform similar to the one from the fish fingers commercial. He is the Captain. He takes a fishing rod out of the water, there is a bottle hanging at its end. He takes out another one - it is the same thing. He pours some of the contents from both bottles into a shaker, mixes it, and throws the bottles back into the sea. He drinks his cocktail and then falls asleep. Suddenly, a sea-gull wakes him up. He starts to do the same thing with the rods - but the hooks are empty.*

Captain:     Fucking octopuses!

Damian:     */he enters with a huge beach bag/* Any luck?

Captain:     Turn it off.

Damian:     */turns off the transistor/* Any luck?

Captain:     Shut it up.

Damian:     Are you using cake for bait?

Captain:     They're using me.

Damian: I don't understand, sir.

Captain: You'll get old enough some day.

Damian: May I ask you?

Captain: Shut up.

Damian: Just a teeny weeny one... are you using cake for bait?

Captain: */he walks ten steps/: Me - here. You - there. /He makes a little pebblestone circle around himself./ In between - death.*

*/He leaves „no man's land“ and topples down in the armchair./*

Damian: Michael Jackson fly-fishes!

*/Captain throws the shaker at him, but realizes that now he has to get up and get it back./*

Dead, dead, deeaath!

Captain: Great Bonadventure!

Damian: He would never use cake!

Captain: That way he's gonna catch big shit!

Damian: Michael doesn't talk like this...

Captain: Everyone talks like this.

Damian: Michael doesn't.

Captain: Beware of all fishermen.

Damian: Michael is great.

Captain: Some of them are murderers! */Shrewdly calling out the headlines./*

A child cried and he drowned him! Fisherman shot at boats that

scared the fish off! Fisherman chased family on bikes into water!

Damian: Michael likes children.

Captain: Everyone has bad days.

Damian: Michael is a singer. Do you know him?

Captain: I know Beatles, my dear child.

Damian: And how about Prince?

Captain: My happiness ended somewhere around Ray Charles.

Mother: */calls from afar/* Damian! Damian! Where are you! Say something!  
Damian!

Damian: That's my mummy.

Captain: Oh my God.

Mother: */enters in an old dress that's been out of fashion for ages, it is too small for her./* Damian, don't walk so fast, I can't catch up with you. Put some sunscreen on right now! */She walks into the*  
*„zone.“/*

Damian: She's dead!

Mother: What?!

Damian: That man...

Mother: */she puts up the beach umbrella/* We dig it in clockwise. Do you know what clockwise means? */She starts putting cream on the boy./* Shoulders... wait... arms.... wait... legs... and you just stay on the shore.

Damian: Can you read something to me?

Mother: But what? */She picks up the fallen sign board./* Welcome to the Golden Beach... blah blah blah.. It's twenty-one miles long from north to south... blah blah... and from south to north it's twenty miles long... Its golden shore is washed by warm sea...

Captain: Where did that one mile go?

Mother: ...which makes it popular among us, but also foreign tourists.

Damian: Blahblahblah.

Captain: Is the universe starting to shrink or what?

Damian: Mum... are we one of us?

Mother: Yes, Damian, we are one of us.

Damian: And that stranger... is he also one of us?

Mother: Yes, he is, he's not a foreigner. */She waves a crossword magazine./*  
Excuse me, Mr. Sailor... „relief“ in seven letters?

Captain: Cyanide.

Mother: */Fills it in./* Cy-an-ide... He's our man. I've seen him somewhere before. „Reincarnation“ ... in three? */They lie on the beach, being bored, Mother checks herself out in her little pocket-mirror. She's wearing a disastrous „youthful“ wig./*

Musician: */passing by on a boat /* Music! Music! Distraction!

Mother: How much is the music?

Musician: How much will you give?

Mother. */she throws a coin to him/* Play your favourite.  
*/The Musician takes out an oboe from his boat and starts to play an orchestral composition./*

Captain: Turn it off, Jericho.

Mother: Play.

Captain: Shut it up.

Mother: I'm paying.

Musician: */he plays a symphonic composition/* Just one movement...

Damian: */catches grasshoppers/* Gotcha!

Mother: Put it in the sunscreen box.

Captain: What if somebody tore your leg off?!

Mother: My child doesn't torture animals.

Captain: Do you know how much it hurts?

Mother: I teach him to be nature-friendly.

Captain: */to the Musician/* That's a lot of movements you got there.

Mother: I have a right to relax through all my pores! */The oboe stopped playing, Mother applauds./* How sonorous! Where did you learn to play like this?

Musician: Since they disbanded our philharmonic orchestra, milady, I do anything. */Mother walks into „the zone.“/*

Captain: Death, death, finally takes your breath.

Musician: */he paddles away/* Music! Distraction, music!

*From afar a series of quick intense flashes is seen. The Captain takes his binoculars indifferently and observes them. A few strong blasts of wind. The umbrella falls down. It looks as if the stone circle has moved.*

Mother: Crazy weather! */She starts to put the umbrella up again./*

Captain: It won't stay up like that.

Mother: Damian, get me some stones.

Captain: That won't help.

Mother: Do you know the trick?

Captain: The space is shrinking. */Damian starts to get nervous./*

Mother: Do you want to pee?

Captain: Is he...? */He indicates crazy./* Sorry.

Mother: Well, excuse me! My son is a perfectly normal and healthy child! Except... he goes to a different school.

Captain: So he's on holliday now.

Damian: Muuum! The zipper...! */Mother goes to help him./*

Captain: Do you want to catch fish? I still have some cake.

Damian: I'll ask Michael.

Mother: I beg you, Mr...

Captain. Captain. I relax through all my pores.

Mother: Will you teach him how to catch fish using cake for bait?

Captain: Jackson uses flies.

Mother: Jackson?

Captain: A friend of your son.

Mother: */happily/* Oh God, he's got a friend?!

Captain: A tall blonde guy with a wooden leg. Very polite.

Mother: How do you know?

Captain: I'm his father.

Mother: And... how did this happen to Michael?

Captain: He dances a lot. And how about your son?

Mother: We don't go out very often.

Captain: He should do a bit of dancing.

Mother: It's too early for him to date girls.

Captain. The nature will call on him.

Mother: Haven't we met before?

Captain: I doubt that. */The oboe plays popular tunes from afar, Damian catches grasshoppers in the sand - it is siesta time./*

Scene 2:

## **THE SHELL**

*/On unbelievable softness of all sunscreens/*

*Nona flounces in, terrified. She jerks off her nightgown and lies on it face down. She looks as if she has been catching tan for a long time. The Vendor comes running in shortly afterwards - he's one of the vulgar types. He wears a leather apron.*

Vendor: Lottery tickets... good fortune for everyone.. lottery tickets... have you seen a young girl running through here? State lottery... lottery tickets... has anybody seen a girl?

Captain: There was.... no running here.

Salesman: A lottery ticket?



Captain: Non lottery ticket. */The Vendor leaves with a suspicious expression on his face./* That was very close, young lady.

Nona: */with a strong foreign accent/* Mind his business. Leave alone.

Mother: I kept my fingers crossed for you. You are so sweet.

Nona: Mind your own business.

Captain: Oh, it's just that the lottery man is waiting...

Mother: Where do you come from, my dear? */Nona points towards the flashes of lightning/*. Oooh... my god!

Captain: It's not that bad THERE, no, but over THERE... */he vaguely points somewhere./*

Mother: Actually, THERE it is better.

Captain: Have you been there?

Mother: My brother called.

Captain: When?

Mother: A week ago.

Nona: Yesterday not valid anymore. I borrow this?

*/She spreads a thick coat of Mother's sunblock on her face./*

Captain: He won't recognize you now. It's just that you're shining a mile ahead.

Nona: */to Damian/* Do you want... tan?

*/She spreads the cream on his body with her own face. A series of strong blasts of wind from afar. Nona embraces him in panic. They are both smeared with the sunblock. Damian innocently wipes the cream off her./*

Mother: Damian, over here, now!

Captain: Nature calls.

Damian: But mu-um...

Mother: Go build a sand-castle!

Damain: Not again!

Nona: Where is the ship?

Captain: What ship?

Nona: */she points at him/* His.

Captain: Oooh... his. The Anchor. Far away. There. There. Captain - me. On holiday. Der Urlaub. Sailors... arbeit on board. Captain... recreation. Long. Long time.

Nona: */very quietly/* I not stupid though. I need get away.

Captain: That's impossible, honey. They sink everything that gets more than half a mile into the sea.

Mother: */to Captain/* But you are number one. You could get away from them, couldn't you?!

Nona: */she takes off her ring/* It's gold.

Captain: So you're from the south. My first wife was from there.

Nona: At night, swim.

Captain: And the last one, too.

Nona: Please!

Mother: The young lady would like to go, admiral.

Captain: I sleep at night.

Nona: */gives him the ring/* It's real gold.

Captain: */he gives it back to her/* I have good teeth.

Mother: */to Nona/* You can't stay here.

Captain. I think it's going to snow.

Mother: Crazy weather!

Captain: */to Nona/* Schneefall.

Damian: */throws himself at a grasshopper/* Hey! We have an inflatable mattress!

Nona: Sweet. Nona is not a suicidal type.

Damian: Nona?

Nona: Damian?

Damian: */he shows her his catch/* The other day they managed to open the box and jumped out. They have thighs like horses.

Nona: Thighs?

Damian: */he touches her leg/* Muscles. I have good muscles. I drink a lot of milk. */he starts to fidget/* The zi-pper!

Nona: */starts to take his trousers off/*. Come on.

Mother: We don't need your help. */takes her son aside/* And I kept my fingers crossed for you so much!

Damian: Can I have some cake?

Mother: Where would I get it from?!

Captain: Shame on you, you ruined the boy's holiday.

Mother: His whole life is a holiday. I'm the one who's pressed all the time!

Nona: Pressed?

Captain: Press. Compression. Stress.

Mother: */to Nona/* And you're just confusing him.

Captain: Great Bonadventure.

Nona: You're making a fool of him. The sooner he runs away from you, the better.

Mother: You leave my little boy alone!

Damian: */to Mother/* She's nice, mum!

Mother: Otherwise I will report you!

Nona: */she attacks Mother/* You obsolete witch!

Damian: */to Nona/* She's nice, Nona! */Nona snaps the wig off Mother's head and bursts out laughing./*

Nona: I... didn't mean to... I didn't mean to...

Captain: Is there scalping going on already?

Mother: I will see to it that you will be taken away instantly!

Captain: Why on earth have I come out here?

Mother: */to Captain/* And you are going to help me!

Captain: */gets up from his armchair/* It is certainly my duty.

Vendor: */from afar/* Lottery tickets... lottery, lottery tickets... */Nona sits on the sand, helplessly./*

Mother: Hey, Mr.... */She wants to point out the girl to him, but Captain throws himself at Mother and starts to kiss her./*

Captain: Kiss me, Gladys... at last we are together, alone...

Vendor: Lottery tickets... lottery tickets... */the scene attracts his attention./*  
Need a rubber?... */Exits./*

Captain: */lets go of Mother and she slaps him really hard/* Eleventh commandment... thou shall never report thy neighbour.

Mother: I-I-I... challenge you to a duel!

Damian: Mummy, you cannot fight.

Captain: It's dangerous.

Mother: Choose your weapon, captain!

Captain: */he slaps her twice and Mother snaps out of the hysterical shock./* I am sorry, madam. */Exhausted, he tumbles into the armchair./*

Nona: Thank you.

Scene 3:

### **LITTLE SNAILS**

*/On sweet sluggishness of put away boys./*

Nona: Hey... you...

Musician: */he paddles in/* Distraction?

Nona: I'd like to hear a nice one, please.

Musician: This one is especially for your beautiful little ears. */He takes out his oboe and plays a dark opus./*

Captain: What, did the governor die? */The Musician starts playing rock and roll, Damian starts jumping wildly./*

Mother: */gradually comes to her senses as if the slaps have tuned her differently./* Do you believe in life after death?

Captain: Welcome back!

Mother: And what about reincarnation?

Captain: What am I playing in...

Mother: Don't change the subject.

Captain: Every time I reincarnate, I start to doubt.

Mother: But are you sure you're alive?

Captain: Attention, here comes a quotation! */Suddenly he falls down in great pain./*

Nona: What's wrong?

Mother: */reads from his palm/* Your weakness lies in your gall-bladder. A yellow dragon licks your liver.

Captain: */in gripes/* I hope he'll break his teeth.

Mother: You need to relax and then you will find out what you really were. But...now you don't feel your left hand...and now the right one... and now your legs are going...

Captain: I... can see it now...

Mother: Talk!

Captain: An empty house... no windows... the wind is blowing... the shutters are slamming... there's a carpet on the floor...

Mother: What kind of carpet?

Captain: Woven.

Mother: Does it have any pattern?

Captain: There's some kind of a city map on it. And in the middle...

Mother: What's in the middle?!

Captain: Me.

Mother: What do you look like?

Captain: Tall, square, brown. I'm a davenport. The one - with a bar!

Mother: How cynical you are!

Captain: Or is that what I'm going to be?

Nona: Nona had cats...Daphnis and Chloe....

Captain: Is Daphnis a tom-cat? Ooowww... */His gall-bladder clenches again./*

Nona: Tom...cat?

Damian: Miiiooowww!

Mother: Go build a sand castle!

Captain: */to Mother/* I will return to haunt you. I am going to rattle bottles underneath your window.

Nona: And who were you?

Mother: I studied at the University.

Captain: Evening classes?

Mother: No, at daytime.

Captain: I completed my education after work.

Mother: I graduated in nineteen sixty-seven.

Captain: Oh, a revolutionary youth!

Mother: We were able to stand up for ourselves. Nowadays, young people just decay and rot.

Nona: Why don't you run away?! */She points at the sea./*

Mother: I was born here...

Captain: ...and here I will rot. Amen.

Mother: I don't have to go THERE. Nothing will happen to me HERE.

Nona: How do you know?

Mother: This is no wild south, HERE, miss. THIS is civilization.

Captain: We also have a state lottery. And lifts.

Nona: And what if it comes here, too?

Captain: We'll fight. But in a civilized manner!

Mother: Actually...

Captain: Did you also throw cobblestones in nineteen sixty-seven?

Nona: */bursts out/* Dominoes!

Mother: Even the police patrol car was on fire, in case you really want to know!

Damian: The one with a siren? Mum...

Captain: You were on the barricades? */admiringly/* Gladys...

Mother: I put up posters. And you?

Captain: I drove. Sprinkling cars. */His pain is back./*

Mother: */she covers him with a blanket on him/* Some warmth will do you good.

Nona: */To Damian/* Have you ever danced before?

Damian: To radio.

Nona: You have to hold me.

Damian: I don't know how.

Nona: Do you have any friends?

Damian: I don't go out.

Nona: */hugs him/* Move... this. You know?

Damian: You have muscles. You drink milk.

Nona: I feel this music. I move to music.

Damian: Me too. I move to music. */They dance slowly, the Musician plays./*

Mother: What should I do with them?

Captain: You studied at University.

Mother: */she starts crying/* If only you knew...

Captain: Get a hold of yourself, man. You are an adult person.

Mother: I failed to be a good mother.

Captain: He dances pretty good.

Mother: What if he runs away?

Captain: Fifty is not so old.

Mother: I am forty-six!!!

Captain: But your ears are like those of a little girl...

Mother: Would you offer me consolation by psychoanalysis?

Captain: */cautiously/* What is that?

Mother: Console one poor soul, please...

Captain: */takes Mother's head into his lap/* Oh. How is that, my dear?

Mother: I've never... had....a rocking horse... The only thing I had was a wooden mushroom with a handle... it was used for darning socks. My father always wore knitted neckties and in the autumn we usually stewed fruit. This salesman and his five-year-old son used to come and visit us in his Chevrolet. I couldn't wait for the days when I would be able to make butterflies from crepe paper with the little blonde guy...

Nona: */dances/* Where is your room, Damian?

Damian: It's the one with a view on a cement factory.

Nona: That's a sorry sight.

Damian: Not really. The window is covered by dust and the rain always forms a lot of different pictures on it. Then me and my mum guess what they are: an octopus, a spider, or a jellyfish? */He spits on the sand./* What is it?

Nona: */tries to guess/* A spider?



Damian: Slime! Your turn to wash the win-dow, your turn to wash the win-dow!

Nona: Now me. */She kisses him./*

Damian: What is it?

Nona: A seal.

Damian: Do you collect stamps?

Nona: */she laughs/* Only with postmen.

Damian: I have two notebooks.

Nona: What about Mauritius?

Damian: I cut out babes. One has girls in bikinis in it and the other one has just girls in it.

Mother: ...you added a spoonful of salt, a handful of plain flour, an egg, a pinch of raising powder and you put all this under an earthen-ware bowl, the one that my grandfather used to wash my hair in with agrimony infusion and they used to sing those mournful songs of extinct plateau nations.

Damian: */dancing/* Can cats sneeze?

Nona: I don't know.

Damian: What about yours?

Nona: They were sweet-mouthed... especially for pudding.

Damian: I wouldn't mind myself! The tom-cat too?

Nona: Daphnis? He kept nicking our dog's bones.

Damian: You have a dog, too?

Nona: My father had one.

Damian: You have a great father, if he allows you to have a live pet. Mum always buys me plastic ones. I have ten saurians. Tyranosaurus is the strongest of them all. I call him Tyr.

Nona: */with tears in her eyes/* Tyr?

Damian: He's ravenous. The Stegosaurus isn't. Are you crying?

Nona: Only...when I think of the dog.

Damian: Steg eats veggies, carrots and so on. He fights others with his tail!  
*/He swings his hand, they both fall/ I'm sorry.*

Nona: Could he protect you?

Damian: Steg? No. Tyr could.

Nona: What about us?

Damian: Sometimes I am Tyr.

Nona: Go on, roar!

Damian: Oh, come on!

Nona: Please!... */Damian lets out an antediluvian growl. Slow music changes into fast./* How antediluvian! */They dance wildly./*

Mother: ...a long vine tickled my temples and caught me after a long fall and it was then that my wounded feet felt safe support. I straddled firmly so that I could gain balance on the smooth surface of the glass pyramid. Through the glass I saw all those women inside, thousands of women as they rhythmically trod on sewing machine pedals emitting just one long hungry syllable oum oum oum oum oum oum oum oum oum...  
*/The music stops, they applaud and the Musician paddles away./*

Nona: Will you take me along?

Damian: My mum bought me a watch. Now I am a grown-up. */He takes out a pendulum clock from his bag./*

Nona: Will you then?

Damian: To live in my room?

Nona: I have to live somewhere, do you understand? Officially.

Damian: Are you scared?

Nona: It's coming.

Damian: Did you do anything wrong?  
Nona: I have wrong blood.  
Captain: End of session.  
Mother: */she embraces Damian and Nona/* I feel so good, my dear children.  
Damian: I have a new friend.  
Mother: Nothing hurts me, nothing troubles me...  
Damian: She's going to live with us.  
Mother: My wings are growing, oops!  
Damian: She collects postmen!  
Mother: Will I fly to heaven or to hell?  
Captain: Can I borrow your mattress?  
Damian: Get us a mine.  
Captain: If I see one...  
Damian: */demandingly/* Please...  
Captain: The mine is going to get me. Your family happiness is taking my breath away. */He's going for a swim./*  
Damian: */To Nona/* You'll like the view.  
Mother: */stiffly/* The front garden is a half a yard by half...  
Damian: On the balcony!  
Mother: I grow only vegetables.  
Damian: Steg eats all of them.  
Mother: I vacuum it before cooking.  
Damian: The cement!  
Mother: We live alone.  
Damian: Tyr loves steaks. And he doesn't smack, either! And when it had rained, we are going to guess together what the picture on the window is: an octopus? A spider? A jelly-fish?  
Mother: Do you know what this means?

Nona: I will help you out.

Damian: I hope you don't snore.

Mother: It's hell.

Damian: */he strikes with the clock/* Ding-dong, ding-dong...

Nona: */at Damian/* He needs somebody.

Mother: We can look after ourselves.

Nona: You can't be everything to him.

Mother: Are you sure you know what you're doing?

Nona: I like abandoned boys.

Mother: What can he give you?

Nona: An address.

Mother: Young lady, this is our address! */She scoops up a handful of sand./*  
The only thing we managed to save was the clock. */Damian*  
*„strikes.“/*

Musician: */calls from the sea/* Hey, help, help me! */He drags the Captain,*  
*lifeless, onto the shore. The Captain holds a statue of an baroque*  
*angel in his arms./*

Mother: */takes the inflatable mattress, which is now slacked/* Oh my God, I  
drowned him...

Damian: Has he seen a mine?

Mother: */She tries to revive him./* I pierced the mattress so that you  
wouldn't run away from me.

Captain: ...blue...

Mother: He's alive!

Nona: What do you mean - blue?

Captain: It was OK... it was as if I swam naked in my mother's water... I  
heard music... it was getting louder...

Musician: It was close, sir. */Exits./*

Captain:: Hey, pal... you can play some music over here... really. */He's already swam away./*

Mother: You scared the hell out of us.

Captain: I swam beyond... the buoys... this was on somebody's bed... */He caresses the wooden angel. /*

Mother: It's from the church. On a bed?!

Captain: It was a bed with wings, see?

Damian: Mum. Is that a boy-angel or a girl-angel?

Nona: An angel doesn't have... */She bursts out laughing./*

Captain: */To Nona./* Did you have a date with him? Listen boy, people are divided into two groups: the ones who believe in angels, and the others.

Damian: Which group do we belong to?

Mother: The third one, the one that doesn't want to waste time with stupidities.

Nona: A Captain - and he can't swim? That's strange.

Damian: */To Nona./* Captain commands. */To Mother./* So is it a boy or a girl?

Mother: */To Nona./* He needn't swim. The ship swims. */To Damian/* Something in between.

Captain: */To Nona./* It's none of my bloody business whether your birth-mark is on the right place, either!

Mother: Oh, you have to give me your passport, dear. */Nona is silent./*

Damian: Angel? Of Angels? Angelo!!!

Captain: A Captain without a ship, a girl without documents, a mother without an address, a child without brains - what is it?

Nona: Garbage. */She shows everyone her birth mark under her underarm./* I have one.

Captain: Somebody somewhere in the world must surely be happy at this very moment.

Nona: */She moves about showing the birth-mark/* I have one!

Captain: Theoretically speaking.

Nona: But I have one!

Captain: But it's never right here.

Nona: Here it is.

Captain: It's always somewhere else. */A series of distant flashes, the stones on the beach squeeze even more closer together again./* Feel it? The air is being squeezed, the space is shrinking.

Mother: Oh, come on...

Captain: Like this! */He slurps./* What's the time?

Mother: It stopped.

Captain: Mine, too. Four to four.

Mother: */She looks at her own watch./* Four to four! */Mischievously./* Could it be perhaps some mysterious sign?

Captain: Metaphysics.

Mother: This is only a Quartz watch...

Nona: Don't you see? In a while you won't be able to put that clock of yours anywhere!

Mother: There's enough sand here.

Captain: We were raised to be modest.

Damian: We have a ficus plant, too.

Mother: A cactus it is.

Captain: Don't you keep spiders?

Mother: */points/* Oh, it's there, in the shade. My Silberatius Randonius Votaviensis.

Nona: What we took for granted yesterday we are not sure to get today...  
Which way is your view on the cement factory, madam?

Captain: The only thing that will change is our consistency. Everybody will  
turn into something else.

Mother: Into gas or some kind of liquid?

Captain: What I meant was turn into a yahoo, madam.

Mother: Reincarnation!

Captain: Reality.

Nona: You have to leave!

Mother: You have to leave. We are at home here.

Scene 4:

### **A SHARK**

/On unventilated brutality of squandered children/

*Triumphal music. A young man is being born from the sea-foam and he comes ashore. His name is Rambo. He's half-naked and armed from tip to toe. He's wearing a headband and is holding a cigar in his teeth.*

Rambo: Hi.

Mother: Damian, we're leaving.

Rambo: Hi!

Damian: Is he one of us or is he a stranger?

Captain: Great Bonadventure.

Rambo: Hi!!!

Damian: Hi...

Rambo: I am on a leave from duty.

Mother: Why, they're one of us! Welcome boys!

Damian: */To Nona/ Us.*

Mother: Welcome to the shore.

Captain: Has it stopped?

Rambo: What do you mean, stopped?

Captain: When... did it actually start?

Rambo: What do you mean - start?! Nothing's started yet. We're waiting. I'm on leave at the moment. */He takes off his shoulder an elegant sports bow, a dagger and a bunch of arrows with coloured feathers./*

Mother: And all for our sake, boys...

*A fast series of flashes, impacts of air. The umbrella falls.*

Rambo: That was Piggy for sure, nobody can do it as good as Piggy. He has a fantastic leg and he can bend his knees like this, though sometimes his pants fall down, 'cause he's so skinny, thin as a lath he is. He's hilarious though, has a name of a girl tattooed on his bum, but he stuck a plaster over it - about a week ago, do you know what he's got written on it, do you know what he's got written on it?!

Captain: Tell us.

Rambo: The name of a new chick! He's hilarious.

Mother: Piggy?

Rambo: We are a great gang, we get off every day, really, we get up at six, have a splash in the sea, then we scrape the cauldrons with sand, and two of us catch fish...

Damian: With flies?



Rambo: With grenades. Then we make some soup, we sit on the shore,  
listen to the sound of the sea, watch the wave splash... You don't forget  
these things.

Mother: What time do you have lunch?

Rambo: Depends on the football, madam. If we win - they make lunch. If  
they win - we make it. We make a great gang..

Captain: What if it's a draw?

Rambo: Then we have cold dinner. Who do you favour, pal?

Captain: I'm going for a swim.

Rambo: I really do love people of your sort.

Mother: Captain, be careful!

Rambo: You're a Captain?!

Captain: I used to be in command of a camp cinema.

Rambo: Silent movies, huh?! We once found a cinema in a town. It was old  
and stinking. The projector rattled on, but the room was completely  
deserted. Piggy rewound the film, we sat down in the old plush  
seats and watched it from the start - and do you know what it was,  
do you know what it was?!

Captain: */from water/* Emanuelle?

Rambo: You just keep on swimming, just keep on swimming! Snow-white -  
the cartoon! You would not believe how the guys went stiff. They sat  
so tightly, they didn't even move a muscle. I swear to God, even Piggy  
bawled and it moved me, as well. When that Black Queen showed  
up, the one that poisoned the apple, we shot her and the movie was  
over.... */To Captain./* Is the water wet?

Mother: Oh-oh... careful!

Rambo: Is he stupid or what? He just stands there, water up to his neck,  
staring, doesn't swim. I know people like him. They go

around checking out nudist beaches - come on, hands up! Ha-ha...

Nona: He can't swim!

Rambo: Well, he'll never learn it this way. */He shoots an arrow./* Move it. He's really weird. Just stands there, staring. I know people like him. They pretend that they're watching seagulls and meanwhile they shit and piss into our seas! */A series of flashes and bumps of air. Damian holds the umbrella./*

Mother: Piggy?

Rambo: No, Soso. He can drink till six a.m. and at five past six he's ready. He's our centerforward. He'd die for a ball. */He hands Damian his bow./* You clean it up. */To Captain./* And you swim! */He pulls Nona closer to himself./* And where have you come from? From your Mummy or Daddy? */He strikes her head./* Very nice.

Nona: Maybe.

Rambo: Absolutely.

Mother: That young lady is with us.

Rambo: Congratulations. Where's your guy?

Nona: I don't have one.

Mother: She lives with us.

Rambo: */To Damian, who is polishing the bow./* Not with sand, stupid! This is a fine thing, very flexible, arousing... but this is what you people will never get to understand. */He hugs Damian./* You strike it, recoil the cord... what is your name?

Damian: Damian. */Rambo laughs./*

Mother: Come on, boys.

Rambo: */To Captain/* Crawl! */To Nona./* Do you want to see all its parts?

Nona: Show us.

Mother: */To Nona/* I don't believe this!

Damian: Me too!

Rambo: Keep on polishing. Every bow has five parts and these three parts are: a back-sight and a chord! */He touches her breasts, Nona doesn't protest./*

Mother: Well!

Rambo: Where is that mercenary with his bassoon? Play! */The Musician hits it off from his boat, Rambo and Nona dance a slow dance./*  
What a beautiful firm bum you have. Ebony...

Nona: I love reduced boys.

Damian: She lives with us.

Nona: Well, you know, Damian...

Damian: In my room.

Rambo: This is not ebony, it is... */He bites her, Nona slaps him./*

Damian: */hugs Nona/* Don't worry. */He emits a Tyr-like roar./* I'll protect you.

Rambo: */to the Musician./* Play!

Damian: */dances with Nona/* I am moving that music.

Rambo: What about a ladies' choice?

Nona: */slips out from his arms/* Sorry...

Rambo: Go on, sputter. Sputter some more!

Nona: Sput...ter?

Mother: Die Katze - kh! Kh! */Slowly, Nona starts to dance with Rambo./*

Rambo: Are you forcing yourself to do this, miss? Speak out!

Nona: Not at all...

Rambo: Spell it out properly, so that madam can hear it.

Nona. I am not forcing myself to do this.

Rambo: Do you want me to touch your breasts?

Nona: I want you... to touch...

Rambo: Continue!

Nona: ...my breasts....

Mother: For God's sake, what's the matter with you? My head is starting to shrink.

Nona: */to Rambo/* I need help.

Rambo: Are you from the south? Since you're so snappy.

Nona: */points at the sea/* I have to flee.

Rambo: How?

Nona: */kisses him/* With your help.

Rambo: Carry on... I'll think about it.

Nona: */carries on/* Today.

Rambo: A mouse could not slip through there.

Nona: Not even with you?

Rambo: Piggy wouldn't like it.

Nona: */takes off her ring/* True gold.

Rambo: We play table-tennis with such stuff... You think it's better over there?

Nona: Sure... why doesn't anybody flee over here?

Rambo: You're pretty smart. */To Captain./* Don't shirk! Come on, breast stroke! Later it'll be floating! */To the Musician./* Play. */They dance./*

it. */To* Ebony it is! Sure, ebony, this is no dough. Piggy can shove *Captain./* We float on the waves, we hum... */He slaps Nona's buttocks./* Ebony - ebony - ebony - ebony - ebony - ebony - ebony - ebony - ebony!!! */They fall on the sand./* Any questions?

Mother: Do you have pudding as well?

Rambo: Every odd Sunday. */He takes out sexy lingerie from his pocket and gives it to Nona./* Put it on.

Nona: I will... you'll see. */She exits./*

Rambo: What did you cook today, mummy?

Mother: Jacket potatoes.

Rambo: */To Damian./* Enjoy it, son?

Mother: Spaghetti are his favourite.

Damian: I like mine with ketchup.

Mother: And with pork, right?

Rambo: */He takes Damian on his lap./* Do you shave already?

Mother: Why, he's only a child.

Damian: Mum... shaves my legs.

Rambo: */caresses them/* They look like little chicken's... You wouldn't be able to play with us.

Mother: Come to me!

Rambo: But elsewhere... no worries, mother, keep on hiding him, I won't tell. */He takes out a pocket knife./* Perfect, isn't it? It has two little sabres over here.

Damian: Do they fight?

Rambo: What?

Damian: Do those little sabres fight?

Rambo: No, they just sharply pet each other. */Lends him the knife./* Fits just right into the palm.

Mother: Damian!

Rambo: */Starts to leave with the boy./* Sssh, mom... he'll be back with you in a moment. He wants to go away himself. Say for yourself... so that madam can hear it clearly.

Damian: He wants to go away himself. */They walk away./*

Captain: */He comes out from water, exhausted./* I've been gone just for a minute, and the things that are going on here...

Nona: */enters with the sexy lingerie on/ Here I am... /Damian's clock starts to strike./*

Rambo: */comes running/ The match starts in a while! /He snatches his bow and arrows and runs back into the sea./*

Damian: */he plays with the dagger/ Mummy, I have got a pocket knife!  
/Nona slaps his face./*

Mother: */to Nona./ You bitch!*

Captain: Why such literary language, ma'am?

Mother: You whore!!!

*Nona runs into the sea, but Rambo has already dived in. Captain breaks the angel's wings off and starts a meagre fire with them. He is starting to dry off.*

Nona: You will go to hell, Captain.

Captain: I'm already there.

*Mother sits, embracing her son. Nona squats at a distance. The Musician paddles over - he has a theatre Fireman on board with him. He shows him the flame. The Fireman is vigilant./*

Captain: So, what do you say is better? A life in sin, or death by starving?

Mother: We have two potatoes left.

Captain: I have some sodium chloride. Let's have a picnic!

*Nona shivers from cold in her lace underwear. Damian wants to go to her, but Mother won't let him. They jigger hot potatoes. The sun slowly sets into the sea. When it touches the water surface, it sizzles and vanishes in a cloud of haze. The clock starts to strike. All except the Captain get up, excited. Somewhere far*

*away there is a series of flashes, but no sound. Strong gusts of air toss around the umbrella.*

Captain: */lights his pipe./* Piggy and Soso.

Mother: Could you once, just once in your life try to do something for your country?!

Captain: */reluctantly shakes out the tobacco./* I'm not going to smoke today.  
*/Flashes in the dark. The clock strikes more and more urgently./*

## **i n t e r m i s s i o n**

Scene 5

### **THE JELLYFISH**

*/On the invisible presence of hunted huntswomen./*

*All wake up on the beach, the fire smoulders. The stones scattered in the sand are now closer to each other. The beach is smaller. The sun swiftly jumps out from the sea - it is a fine morning.*

Mother: */claps her hands/* Rise and shine, everyone! You wouldn't want to miss such a beautiful morning!

Captain: */from the armchair/* Mark my grave with just a plain stone.

Mother: */jokingly/* There are no funerals on Sundays! Come on, get up. Can anyone sing a nice and jolly song?

Damian: Mummy? How about no warm-ups today?

Mother: No way. Or how about a poem? */With a backslapping terror./* O.K., we'll warm up and start the new day with a new zing! We'll pump

our little hearts, massage our muscles, relieve our glands, respire  
our lungs. One-two-three. One-two-three... */All exercise, only Captain  
has put up his hand./* What is it?

Captain: */runs off/* I have to relieve my glands. */He urinates behind the  
stone./*

Mother: One-two-three, one-two-three... what grade did you get in P.E.?

Captain: I got a C. But I used to win the poem-reading contests.  
*/passionately from behind the stone./*

Oh you are mine oh

Oh you are mine oh

Oh you oh her

What you oh

Oh you are mine oh

Oh my oh you

That you me oh

Oh you oh you me

Oh mine oh you

You make me oh

What you oh us

Oh you oh make us oh

As you would

Us oh what oh

You oh us just mine

Oh!



Mother: */claps/* Never in your life should you say - I wasn't at school that day. You simply have to show what you can do.

Captain: Because otherwise life, that perfidious protein, will show you!

Mother: Can you feel the health sneaking up on us?

Captain: */excercising/* It's choking me.

Mother: You are definitely not a Hellenic ideal.

Captain: No, but you could be one.

Mother: You are flattering me!

Captain: Like that statue with the head broken off.

Mother: Let's work it out!

Nona: Does this take place on every one of your beaches?

Captain: National well-being hour.

Nona: Are you all so sick?

Captain: I am not „all“. I only live here, you know? I am - lived here.

Mother: */whistles/* Enough.

Captain: Great Bonadventure.

Nona: A woman?

Captain: A ship. My ship.

Mother: How did you manage to get away from the rebels?

Captain: They were on the Bounty, ma'am.

Mother: I have met you somewhere before.

Captain: Sumatra? Java? Borneo? Celebés?

Mother: Closer.

Captain: Kjushu? Honshu? Hokkaido? Shikoku?

Mother: Tram number three! Damian, this is the man that threw our cactus out of the tram!

Damian: Did you get a fine?

Captain: I don't carry carnivorous ones.

Mother: But it's a decorative plant!

Captain: And who ate my sandwich? Just as I opened the door, I saw that something was wrong. Passengers were screaming. The sirens were hooting! O.K., after all, we are humans, so let's move. When we got past the worst, I looked down - and half of my coat including the pocket was gone!

Mother: You stupid tram-man!

Captain: I won't let you in next time.

Mother: You fake sailor!

Captain: That was the last tram anyway.

Damian: What about the fish?

Captain: I do fish.

Mother: It is a very rare plant. It's worth half a car.

Captain: Your plant cost us ten people.

Mother: */sweetly/* Hold on, oh, how beautiful it is... */Brings out a large cactus from behind the stone - she's very outraged./* Who... who.. could have done such a thing?!

Captain: Urine contains many valuable minerals madam... it will grow better!

Mother: Falsecaptain!

Nona: That's why you can't swim.

Captain: If tram rails led into the sea...

Mother: And what about your uniform?

Captain: An improved tram driver's uniform . I don't have to pay beach tax this way.

Mother: My, my, even such people exist. */She arranges the cactus on sand./*

Captain: I lie, therefore I am. By mendacity I painstakingly deceit my way to the truth.

Nona: You don't even have a ship?

Captain: Don't be sad! Like every true citizen of a seaside nation - I don't...

Nona: Bonadventure?

Captain: Does „Nutcracker“ sound better? Bonadventure smells of coconut.

Nona: Coconut! */A quick idea - she starts putting on some ritual make-up./*  
A coconut....

Captain: Is it your national folklore?

Nona: It's a mimicry.

Captain: Do you still have slaves in the South?

Nona: No, but we stone people to death.

Captain: Unfaithful wives?

Nona: Perfume smugglers. */The make-up is finished./*

Captain: I doubt that you'll ever get married...

Nona: This is a protective mask.

Mother: I use a moisturising banana one.

Captain: One shouldn't exaggerate soberness among lunatics.

Mother: You should use a Roquefort one for your freckles.

Captain: One shouldn't excel.

Vendor: Lottery tickets... try your lucky chance.... lottery tickets...no? */He walks past Nona without interest and exits./* State lottery.

Captain: You have to give me your recipe, Nona.

Mother: Jaybird droppings are also very good.

Nona: */made-up like an aborigine/* I'm invisible.

Captain: Fantastic!

Nona: He didn't even notice me.

Captain: You mesmerized him so much that he simply erased you from his mind. You made a big hole in his head.

Nona: He'll have a big draught there.

Captain: Maybe he'll get you out of his mind.

Damian: */he sneaks up to Nona/* I like it that you are crazy.

Nona: Can you see me?

Damian: Of course.

Nona: Touch me... I can't feel anything. */Damian gets sad./* I didn't mean it like that.

Damian: My mum doesn't want you to live with us.

Nona: But you don't have...

Damian: It's with a view!!!

Nona: A spider, an octopus, a jelly-fish...

Damian: When I get a house of my own, I will take you to live with me.

Nona: Don't worry.

Damian: Are you cross?

Nona: Forget it. */A series of quick flashes, bumps of air, the stones move./*

Mother: Damian!

Captain: That boy is going to stutter!

Nona: Old witch!

Captain: It's funny how quickly you can make enemies...

Nona: Tell me.

Captain: Real fast. Schnell. In the speed of light.

Nona: Am I no good?

Captain: You always have a chance with me.

Nona: Why do you come here?

Captain: It's better if I get knocked down here than in town. Do you know why the others come here?

Nona: Because of the sun, and water....

Captain: You can't see their miseries when they wear swimsuits. They come here at dawn, they undress quickly and they leave when it gets

dark. They have spent their day in a company of equals. And some of them have nowhere to go.

Nona: And in the winter?

Captain: In what winter?

Nona: Schneefall.

Captain: Oh, come on, I don't know what's going to happen in the next five minutes.

Nona: But I know.

Captain: Let's hear it...

Nona: You will try to seduce me.

Captain: You're gorgeous. Do you know that there's going to be a full moon?

Nona: Full moon?

Captain: Every wish will come true.

Scene 6:

### **PEARL OYSTER**

*/On commendable occurrence of infrequent miracles/*

*Captain snaps his fingers and the day rapidly becomes night: sunlight is replaced by purple moonshine, and what used to be the Sun is now the Moon.*

Mother: What a crazy weather!

Captain: The universe is shrinking.

Mother: The lighthouse! Look at the lighthouse!

Captain: What about it?

Mother: Before it was over there.

Captain: Yes, it probably was.

Mother: And the rocks!

Captain: So it's true.

Mother: We have to leave!!

Nona: It's too late, madam.

Captain: What for? Everything will come to us. The lighthouse, the city, the trams - you get on a number three tram and you'll be home right away.

Mother: Whatever's going to become of us...

Captain: On the other hand, if all this was expanding, the fares would go up.

Mother: Damian, lie down!

Damian: What about a good-night story?

Mother: Lie down. */Takes him in her arms./* Once upon a time - a long long time ago there was no life on the planet Earth. The globe was only a fiery red-hot ball kicked around the universe...

Captain: I suspect a new theory.

Mother: ...and one day a warm wind brought the first seed onto our planet...

Damian: I'm hungry.

Mother: I'll catch a fish tomorrow.

Damian: They swam away.

Mother: We'll make cactus salad!

Captain: How about a tequila?

Mother: Be quiet, bouncer. So: the warm wind brought the first seen onto our little teeny-weeny planet...

Captain: What a windbreaking hypothesis.

Nona: You are so intolerable.

Captain: Shall I change the locale?

Nona: Is this what you want to say to me?

Captain: Have you ever groomed anybody's head?

Nona: Groomed?

Captain: In fairy-tales... no, it's too complicated... */He lies down and puts his head into Nona's lap./* This... is what I wanted to tell you.

Mother: ...and suddenly the Stegosaurus roared terribly: get out of my cottage - now!

Captain: */Nona tentatively strokes his head/* This is almost grooming.

Nona: Go on.

Captain: */coughs theatrically/* A little soul exposure at night.

Nona: What would be left of you without your irony?

Captain: An ordinary pensioner in his swimsuit. Dried out like a starfish. */Nona laughs./* Metaphorically speaking, of course! Do you know how terrible it is to dry out completely? They keep drying me out from the day I was born.

Nona: You were never a child.

Captain: And some people, on the other hand, will never grow up. I know a few people that would be better off shooting themselves when they are at their thirties. I missed my chance.

Nona: Isn't it that you can't swim on purpose?

Captain: I can swim with a snorkel. I love deep waters, where you can't see the bottom. Have you ever been drowning? Death is blue.

Nona: Have you nearly...

Captain: There's always some crazy guy to help you. I feel that I'm growing old. A horrible process... are you bored?

Nona: I'm grooming your head.

Captain: I draw my belly in when I walk past beautiful girls.

Nona: Why?

Captain: The whole beach is in my sand clock.

Nona: But why?

Captain: What do you mean - why?

Nona: Why do you still draw in your stomach?

Captain: I hate to be a laughing stock. I simply want to pass by and not interfere.

Nona: I like boys well done... Are you O.K.?

Captain: */from his utmost breath/* I'm drawing in... I'm passing by right now, don't you see? */He's lying down./* I've been training hard... many years...

Nona: */she puts her hand around his waist/* Wonderful, Captain. You look like a wasp now.

Captain: My wings are growing... to heaven? Or to hell?

Nona: Relax... or you'll suffocate.

Captain: */panting/* Do you want to... be ...my last beautiful... girl?

Nona: Why? */Captain turns away, disappointed./* Yeah... why - do you say last?

Captain: My beach is getting short. The clock has no more sand.

Nona: You can still turn it over. And the sand will sift down again.

Captain: I can't... anymore, my girl. Probably for last three years.

Nona: Come on... We'll turn the beach over. */They leave./*

*A beeaautiful gondola triumphally sails in, in the moonshine. It is illuminated by lanterns. Three seductive female soldiers wearing blue helmets are waving from the deck.*

Mother: Get up, child!

Damian: What is that?

Mother: Tins. Comb your hair, oh what a messy dumbo you are. Hello, over here, over here, helloooo!!! */The three female soldiers get out on*



*the shore. They form a little chorus and virtuously sing a vocal improvisation./*

Damian: */in a trance/* They had to practice a really long time for this...

Mother: It is a humanitarian force. */They applaud and after that the female soldiers hand out sweets./*

Soldier No. 1: Mit Vitamin B und C.

Mother: Und die Cannen? Fleisch! Fleisch!

Soldier No. 2: Zee art shouwld schow ownly zee besser siede ouf lifen.

Soldier No. 3: Calokagathy. */They start to sing again./*

Captain: */comes back with Nona/* Ssh! Quiet! */The singing stops./* Can you hear it, too? Am I going gaga?!!

Nona: I didn't expect that...

Captain: I'm already getting a lisp.

Nona: Do you always have to cast doubt on everything?

Captain: */to Mother/* Would you happen to have any nitro-glycerine on you?

Mother: Any lyrical scene?

Captain: Why, I'm going to sing.

Mother: No...

Captain: It's already been decided.

Mother: Stop!

Captain: Parlando only.

*The humanitarian force members start to rap, one of them takes out an electronic guitar. Of course our Musician with his oboe appears as well. The beach rap starts.*

Captain:

I, the commander of all trams  
in this nation  
the natural captain of rail fraction  
the boss of all city execution arms  
by this I declare amnesty to all of us  
male and female black passengers  
in the capital town and also on the beaches  
on all lines from the South up to the West  
and from the East to the North and from this day on  
from this minute until cancellation - it's music!

Mother:     */into the instrumental intermezzo/* Bitte... Konzerven. Fleisch! Or  
                  some vegetables. */Damian dances classical ballet./*

Captain:     Thus I'm installing a restaurant car  
                  in every tramcar so that every one of our  
                  near and dear but also every stranger  
                  could always be protected from any discomfort  
                  during every ride in sickness and in health  
                  and so refreshed could he get off  
                  with his right foot and fatally enter into  
                  what has always been his fate  
                  from the beginning -  
                  music!

Mother:     */into instrumental intermezzo/* Have you ever tried a boiled cactus?

Humanitarian force:     Was?

Mother:                     Der Kaktus!!!

Humanitarian force:     Oooh, die Kaktee. Schon! */Nona takes Damian away  
                                  behind the stone./*

Captain:     The abandoned beaches former

city squares where rioters tore the pavement out during various riots are suspected to have graveyards underneath them and that by being unused they overgrow with pavement again by which they manifest their own unworthiness and that is why it is necessary to pave every beach again so that the deadly peace can constantly be tempted because the tram or any other opportunity will come again - music!

Mother: */into the instrumental intermezzo/* Although the sauce... does tinge a little bit... but if you strain it... at least you get toothpicks! Zahnstickers!

Captain: Thus let constantly circle the pink streetcar named „Desire“ with pink curtains music and tactful angels for the refreshment of bodies and purification of souls and let the elderly over seventy ride for free and let the bell ring every time when one of them beats his erection because there are no extinguished men there are only women who just don't understand - music!  
*/Finale./*

*The captain suddenly lies on the beach in colic. Suddenly the light changes - the moonlit night changes into a bright day. The sun hangs and burns.*

Scene 7

## STARFISH

*/On depressing bluishness of incorrigible molluscs/*

*All freeze: Damian and Nona are making love at the end of the beach. Their tenderness is genuine. The humanitarian force uneasily pack their stuff and the gondola sails out.*

Captain: */in pain/* That....wasn't supposed to happen.  
*/The couple awakens../*

Nona: For God's sake, come back! Take me with you!!! */But the gondola is too far already/* It's all because of this stupid cripple! */She beats Damian/* I hate you!!! */Damian runs off, screaming./*

Captain: Leave him alone.

Nona: */her mask is smudged/* What did you expect? Did you want me fastened to your bed?

Captain: Get out.

Nona: Or locked up in the pantry with canned food?

Captain: Out!

Nona: To be at hand all the time? Stride at your command?!

Captain: Get lost.

Mother: You are not going to ruin our children on our beach you...  
punched...

Captain: Go on!.

Mother: ...used up...

Captain: Bravo!

Mother: ...smuggled...

Captain: Wonderful!!

Mother: ...blundered....

Captain: Hurrah!!!

Mother: ...scuffled...

Captain: Hey...

Mother: ...aborted...

Captain: Come on!

Mother: ...decomposed...

Captain: Ssh!

Mother: ...bleached...

Captain: Turn it off!!

Mother: ...treacherous! Prattling! Crowd-loving! Easy to get! Enlarved!  
Post-modern! Secret-mongering...! /*Meanwhile, Nona has left.*/ What was it I wanted to say...?

Captain: She left.

Mother: You're sorry for her!

Captain: You drove her away. /*From somewhere we hear a scream, and sounds of struggle. Nona returns - the Vendor is supporting her.*/

Captain: I'd like a lottery ticket, my good man.

Vendor: Don't disturb. /*To Nona.*/ At last. I've been running around looking for you. I haven't slept for three nights. Shall we sit down? /*He flings the girl on the sand.*/

Mother: I had a suspicion...

Captain: Could you tell me something?

Vendor: /*he shows him a photograph*/ Is this her?

Captain: I don't know.

Vendor: Wash her face. /*Mother washes Nona's make-up off.*/ It is her.

Captain: So?

Vendor: Nona - isn't it?

Mother: I wouldn't say so at first...

Vendor: */singing/* It is her - the one and only Nona. They are waiting for you in the camp. There'll be fireworks, as well.

Mother: Die Feuerwerk. Boom.

Salesman: Every comeback is a sort of a celebration.

Nona: */swoops at Captain/* Help me, let me stay with you!

Captain: I'm... not sure.

Nona: I'll do everything for you!

Captain: You already did.

Nona: */to Mother./* I'll will help you...

Mother: Go to hell.

Nona: */looks for Damian./* That boy wanted me!

Vendor: Address just the legally independent ones, miss. Somebody else?  
So the woman in detention has rightfully used her last chance to become the bride elect according to the old but still valid law and seeing that nothing happened, I pronounce this session...

Captain: One moment.

Vendor: Do not disturb.

Captain: I'll take her.

Vendor: ... I pronounce this session closed...

Captain: I want her! I will adopt her! Shit, I'll marry her!!!

Vendor: Is he normal!

Captain: Perfectly.

Vendor: It will cost you. Gimme some I.D.... */Captain takes a heap of messy papers out from his uniform./* How about a deposit? */He takes Captain's deck chair and binoculars./* Not enough. */Captain takes off his uniform, he's now wearing only an old swimsuit./* O.K. */To Nona./* You've got a hell of a luck. */He starts to take her away./*

Captain: Wait a minute, she's mine!

Vendor: I have to work out a contract. At our place. Then you can come and collect her. But not like this. Wear something nice.

Captain: Sure, sure...

Salesman: How about tomorrow, or the day after, huh?

Captain: I'll look for something I can wear and I'll be right there.

Nona: You have to come today! You have to make it till midnight! After that they dispatch those trains!

Captain: Hand her over to me instantly!!! */The Vendor effortlessly throws him down./*

Vendor: Do you want her in one piece? Don't get feisty then. */He takes the struggling girl away./* Buy a lottery ticket, lottery tickets...

Mother: You have gone mad.

Captain: I am going to get her.

Mother: You will never return from there.

Captain: For the first time in my life I really want what I'm doing.

Mother: Nobody has ever returned from there.

Captain: And her? Lend me your skirt.

Mother: No way.

Captain: The skirt!!!

Mother: Oh my God. */She throws him her skirt and her blouse./* You really are mad.

Captain: */puts the clothes on./* You should loosen those a bit, madam.

Mother: It doesn't matter.

Captain: I'll get you seventy skirts after all this is over.

*/The sun rapidly sinks just above the surface of the sea. It gets dark instantly./*

Mother: You have a lot to do till midnight.

Captain: */wearing Mother's clothes/* I will run like wind. I'm starting a new life. Kiss me, Gladys.

Mother: What a fool... what a fool... You cannot leave without flowers. */She runs away./*

Captain: I can... do everything. */He hits the sun as if it was a gong: it makes a mighty sound./* For the first time in my life I want what I'm doing.

Damian: */Enters./* What is that you're wearing?

Captain: You ask me?

Damian: Where is Nona?

Captain: Zoom - and she flew away...

Damian: All because of you.

Captain: You don't understand this.

Damian: You drove her away from me!

Captain: You just go on and catch some grasshoppers, Tyrannosaurus.

Damian: */takes out Rambo's dagger and starts to stab madly./* Blue! Blue! Blue! Blue! Blue! Blue!!! */He throws the knife away and flees./*

Captain: */holds his stomach and falls in the sand./* Fuck...

Mother: */she picks a cactus flower/* Oh-oh, our little gall-bladder. */She covers him with a blanket./* You have to keep warm, it will do you good. */It's starting to snow. The snow covers the stiff Capon with white./*

What a crazy weather! Do you know what snow is? It happens when an angel sits on a fan... */Flashes./* You were right. The beach is hardly half a mile long. It's shrinking in front of your eyes. My head is the size of a pin's head. Captain! */Silence, the flashes are becoming more frequent./* It's close. */She puts her head in her hands and covers her ears./* It's terribly close. */The snow keeps falling./*



**The end**

**August - December 1993**

*The island Krk, Budmerice, Pressburg*

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