

THE STOKA THEATRE

LUBOMÍR BURGR, MONIKA ČERTEZNI, LUCIA
PIUSSI, ZUZANA PIUSSI, BLAHO UHLÁR

BOTTOM

(Ode to McWorld)

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150

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- Lucia: Only the strongest ones stayed.
- Lubo: It seems to me that the weakest ones stayed. The strongest ones left, because they had the strength to leave. The weakest ones stayed. Ha, ha, ha!
- Lucia: The weakest ones stayed to resist their fate. Which is coming down on them. Ha, ha, ha!
- Zuza: Weak or strong, it's not important. We kinda forgot ourselves here. We didn't respond. Ha, ha, ha!
- Lucia: And they responded? Responded to what?
- Zuza: They responded to their environment and we did not respond to our environment. Ha, ha, ha!
- Lucia: Because we're so dumb?
- Zuza: We are so- we just stayed.
- Lucia: Aha! Ha, ha, ha!
- Lubo: A strong person can decide and then do it. A weak person might be able to decide but can't do it. Ha, ha, ha!
- Lucia: So are you here against your will?
- Lubo: I found out that I couldn't execute my opinion or my will.
- Lucia: Aha!
- Lubo: So suddenly I made this weakness my goal. I promoted it to something important, even mora- But I didn't know what for.
- Lucia: Moral, you wanted to say. Ha, ha, ha!
- Lubo: I wanted to say moral but then I took it back because I didn't believe in anything moral any more. Ha, ha, ha!
- Zuza: He made a goal out of his weakness!!! Who ever heard of such a thing, to make a goal out of your weakness!? Ha, ha, ha!
- Lubo: It happens to me quite often that I start talking and I come up with such mischief that I think, fuck, I need to write it down!
- Lucia: Ha, ha, ha! But you quickly swallow it.
- Lubo: I quickly swallow it but somebody will make out what I wanted to say from the very first letter and then- then God help me. Ha, ha, ha!
- Lucia: You're changing the subject. I'm asking you, are you here

because you didn't find the strength to leave, or do you also consider it your, don't panic-

Lubo: Go ahead!

Lucia: Moral victory! Ha, ha, ha!

Zuza: What else can he do. Ha, ha, ha!

Lucia: What's this about? I'm asking, what is this about. About what, about whom?

Lubo: I don't think the question stands, about what it is, about whom or what, so- No question stands. Nothing stands any more-

Everyone:

Ha, ha, ha!

Lubo: 'Cause- You stay here, you don't have the strength to do anything, because when you find the strength to do something and you do it, then you have a feeling, what a waste of my effort, and then you stay, so somehow you know somehow something will come already, it will push you somewhere, you do something and it will make you do stuff whether you want it or not- The car is coming, so get out of the way! Ha, ha, ha!

Lucia: Yeah, so it's such – reactive activity! Ha, ha, ha!

Zuza: You stayed here and he's not standing-

Lubo: Well-

Zuza: It might get better, well!

Lucia: Well!

Zuza: You need to react!

Lubo: It will get better, for sure, but- I'm not sure if for me. Ha, ha, ha!

Lucia: Maybe for those who have those trained smiles.

Zuza: I've got a trained smile, too. I don't smile normally, only in a trained way. Look, I'll smile, here. Doesn't it look sincere. You haven't even noticed that it's trained. Everybody has it trained, and it looks normal on some people and not on the others. Doesn't it look sincere.

Lucia: Well, I don't know.

Zuza: It looks, here. You come and (*Smiles.*)

Lubo: I don't know, what if you did it in some tall building at the

reception desk.

Lucia: Where nobody knows you-

Lubo: At the reception desk, I think, that would be sincere.

Lucia: But we, we know you.

Lubo: When you do it now, in front of me, then-

Zuza: But I keep doing it in front of you. And you never noticed. Only when I told you. Can you try to crack a smile? Now you smiled poorly. It was forced. You have to try like a good actress, not a bad actress.

Lubo: You must have a technique. First imagine the situation.

Zuza: So, the situation.

Lubo: You look stupid.

Zuza: You have to imagine the doorman, a really beautiful young guy, you have to imagine a handsome man. Simply like that. Very gentle.

Lubo: Now tell me. What kind, what kind of situation were you imagining.

Lucia: Well, that he's a doorman and I had to convince him.

Lubo: Try to imagine that a young guy comes with a suitcase- You see him, and you have to behave in such a way so that he wouldn't feel shy, so that he would tell you what he wanted, so that he wouldn't keep you from sending him where necessary right away.

Lucia: So where is it necessary?

Lubo: Where it's necessary. So. Here I come with a suitcase.

Zuza: So!

Lubo: Hello.

Lucia: Hello.

Lubo: Pardon me for interrupting.

Lucia: May I help you?

Lubo: I would like to talk to Mr. Kúlmajer.

Lucia: Mr. Kúlmajer?

Lubo: Wrong! You must not think, you mustn't.

Lucia: Aha, sorry, sorry.

Lubo: One more time, one more time! Hello, excuse me, I would like to talk to Mr. Kúlmajer.

Lucia: Mr. Kúlmajer, yes, don't know him.

Lubo: But I got an appointment.
Lucia: Tough luck.
Lubo: At ten- we had an appointment.
Lucia: I don't know, maybe my colleague here knows him.
Lubo: Hello, I got an appointment with Mr. Kúlmajer.
Zuza: Kúlmajer?
Lubo: Yes, engineer Kúlmajer.
Zuza: Who are you?
Lubo: Fekete.
Zuza: Fekete.
Lubo: Engineer Fekete.
Zuza: Do you know any Fekete?
Lucia: I don't know nothing.
Zuza: I'm sorry, we don't really know anything about you.
Lubo: Jesus Christ! You are not supposed to delay me. You are not here to waste my time. You are supposed to smile at me and do as I wish immediately so that I can fulfill the goal of my visit without any further delay.
Lucia: With a smile.
Lubo: Yes, with a smile. From now on it will be different, I'm taking the suitcase. Hello.
Lucia: Hello.
Lubo: Excuse me, my name is Fekete and I have an appointment with Mr. Kúlmajer. We agreed to meet at ten.
Lucia: Hello.
Lubo: Hello. Fekete. Nice to meet you.
Zuza: Nice to meet you too.
Lucia: With what gentleman?
Lubo: With Mr. Kúlmajer. Engineer Kúlmajer. At ten.
Lucia: You know what I will tell you, Mr. Fekete?
Lubo: Yes.
Lucia: Go to fucking hell!
Zuza: Never mind Mr. Kúlmajer, mind your own little prick! Fekete!
Lucia: We just wanted to gently suggest you take a shortcut to fucking hell.
Zuza: *(Yells.)* Go to fucking hell! Go to fucking hell!

Lubo: I, I, with Mr- Mr. Kúlmajer appointment at elev- what did you say- what?

Lucia: Has anyone ever bashed your fucking head in with a chair?

Lubo: Well...

Zuza: Should we call security?

Lubo: Thank you. I, I- Goodbye! Thank you.

Lucia: Goodbye!

Lubo: Ehhhhhh fffffff- thank you.

Lucia: See ya.

Lubo: Fffffff, fffffff. Excuse me but is there any other office, or some, any, so I could, or a phone at least, or-

Lucia: Didn't we make ourselves clear?

Lubo: I, I- it's not my fault, I had an appointment, they called me, called me from Mr. Kúlmajer's office, some secretary, I don't remember the name, but I was supposed to show up at ten. We were supposed to have a meeting. I don't understand. Am I at the right place?

Lucia: Are you asking for it?

Lubo: This is some TV, this is some TV, you must be shooting some- like a hidden camera, or- Aren't you taping something like that.

Zuza: He must be an idiot.

Lubo: This is some kind of a joke. I know this. I've seen it. It's funny. *(He laughs.)*

Zuza: Go to fucking hell and never mind any Kúlmajer, I can advise you. We can advise you this one thing and we're not dealing with you no more.

Lucia: We've got our standards.

Lubo: Could you please tell me your name? Be so kind and tell me your name. *(Loud.)* Be so kind and tell me your name!

Zuza: Look, don't raise your voice at me, OK?

Lubo: I'm not raising my voice at you, you did it first. If you don't mind, I've introduced myself to you, so be so kind and tell me your name.

Lucia: Be so kind and go to fucking hell!

Lubo: And this concerns you too, you tell me your name too.

Zuza: The hell with you, go to fucking hell!

- Lubo: (*Loud.*) You don't have a name? I am asking you simply, do you have a name or not?
- Lucia: This is Anička and I am Jožka. And go to hell.
- Lubo: Look, I don't have time for this.
- Zuza: What business of mine is that? What business of mine is it that you don't have time, you prick!
- Lubo: I came here because-
- Zuza: I am from high society.
- Lubo: Fuck your high society and fuck you too.
- Lucia: Ts ts ts ts ts ts!
- Lubo: Don't you go ts ts ts ts ts ts! I am telling you, fuck, stop ts ts ts ts-ing!
- Lucia: We are politely sending you to fucking hell, but you don't respond to polite words, so what am I to do? Go to hell!
- Lubo: Listen, you cow! You cow with a calculator hanging out of your eyes!
- Lucia: Just give it to me, gimme one! Give it to me!
- Lubo: What, give one to yourself, why should I be giving you one. A regular woman has pricks hanging out of her eyes, but you have a calculator!
- Zuza: How dare you? What!? How dare you, you asshole!
- Lubo: Just shut up your jagged piehole, you fucking answering machine.
- Zuza: How are you talking to me, you prick! How are you talking to me, you prick!
- Lucia: Go brush your teeth, you little stinker with hang-ups!
- Lubo: You take on a man, fuck! You can take on a man, fuck, because you know he won't fucking hit you, but if I were a woman, I would smack your piehole. I don't fucking beat women.
- Lucia: Oh, poor guy, he backed out already.
- Lubo: What poor guy, what poor guy! Who is a poor guy for you? What!?
- Zuza: Got a dick? What! You got a dick!?
- Lucia: In his suitcase.
- Lubo: What suitcase?

Lucia: In this one, what have you got? Toothbrush, so that your piehole wouldn't stink?
Zuza: Let's call the police, he's got a bomb.
Lucia: Bomb! He's got a wig there.

Scene 2

PANTYHOSE

Zuza: Hey, look at this. I would like to buy this. Let's go there, take a look.
Lubo: Oh, come on!
Zuza: Let's go there, take a look. Well, I still got some money, got some left.
Lubo: Go buy it, I'll wait for you.
Zuza: Come with me, I don't want to go by myself.
Lucia: What do you want to buy that for?
Zuza: I am a little bit, a bit shy.
Lubo: You know I get a headache when I look at that bullshit in the window, or inside, and-
Zuza: Hey, come on just for a second to take a peek.
Lubo: Give me a break, I'll wait here for you. I don't know what for (*Escalating.*) I have to go inside with you and then listen how you keep trying it on and-
Zuza: But I would like, you know what, those kitty stockings.
Lubo: So go get yourself some kitty stockings.
Zuza: With little kitties, so pretty.
Lubo: I know, kitties, so pretty, that's so cute. So go buy it, I'll wait for you. I'll wait for you in front of the store.
Zuza: But you will escape. (*Loud.*) You keep saying you'll wait for me and then I come out and I have to look for you. (*Lubo sighed.*) Then I won't find my way.
Lubo: If you're going to be there for an hour, I'll go somewhere, if it takes you only fifteen minutes-
Zuza: So come on, come with me.

Lucia: Uh-uh.
Zuza: Come oooooon.
Lucia: Uh-uh.
Zuza: Why not? Come oooooon!
Lubo: Go buy it yourself, you are the one who wants to buy it, so go buy it yourself.
Zuza: You'll leave me here.
Lubo: Where would we go, what are you totally fucking mental?
Zuza: So where will you be?
Lubo: We'll wait here. We'll wait for you in front of the store.
Zuza: For sure?
Lubo: You betcha we'll wait.
Lucia: So. We'll be here, we'll be here. We.
Zuza: I don't like to walk around all by myself.
Lucia: So don't go.
Lubo: If you don't want to go by yourself then come with us.
Zuza: But then they won't have them.
Lubo: They won't have what?
Zuza: They match my skirt.
Lubo: You want to buy those kitty- those- well, you know what you want to buy, so go inside, try it on, and buy it. You know the size, so go get it.
Zuza: They might have something for you too. Come with me, we'll see.
Lubo: I don't need anything.
Lucia: You're very flattering.
Zuza: I would really like those pantyhose.
Lubo: So go!
Lucia: We've got nothing to eat and you want to buy pantyhose.
Lubo: We've got stuff to eat.
Zuza: No we don't.
Lubo: Yes we do.
Zuza: We do? So let's go buy them.
Lubo: So go buy them! I will wait for you!
Lucia: *(Yells.)* Go buy your pantyhose.
Zuza: I won't find my way when you leave me.

- Lubo: Where are you supposed to find your way? What? You'll find the door. We'll wait in front of the door.
- Zuza: I know this, you always-
- Lubo: Fuck, listen, don't piss me off! We have been waiting here for fifteen minutes so that you could buy one pair of fucking pantyhose, with kitties... You know what you want to buy, so go inside, buy it, we'll wait for five minutes and then let's go. We don't have to keep yapping for twenty fucking minutes.
- Zuza: (*Firmly.*) But I still don't know why you don't want to come along!
- Lubo: You know that I- You will keep asking me, is it good, do you like it? So what am I supposed to tell you, I don't have an opinion, I like it. I like it.
- Zuza: So you will tell me that you like it.
- Lubo: I keep telling you: I like it. I'm telling you ahead of time that I like it. Go inside and buy it!
- Lucia: (*Yawning.*) Ooooooh, stockings!
- Lubo: OK, I'm coming with you, wait for me.
- Lucia: I'll wait.
- Lubo: So let's go.
- Lucia: Love story? Artistic piece of the day, or just an inch of a boat anchored at the bottom? Hard to tell. Because, what is more? The topic, or to come down, don't look back, commit things the way they are at our disposal? Ritual? Yes, but surpassing the limit here and there, we feel, we sense it exists, but do we have it? Is it there? Where did it go? Topic of the future? – Maybe. To create a system of stone or wood, that's not the point. It isn't and it never was. Forget the slogans, symbols, tempting but also obstructing and misleading. Watch out! Do we understand each other? Everyone? How many generations? Generality, from the word general. Let's stand where we're standing right now and let's start where we are. Very small circle but we'll see. Today anyone can. Let's be accurate. Let's be particular. Let's remain ourselves. A little finger on your right hand. Or as Figlio said: Let's save and we'll be saved, or depending on the translation: Let's savor and we'll

be savored. Do we understand each other? Everyone? Blessed are the materially poor. Death is mandatory. Perception is misleading. Quality or quantity? We found ourselves in a pleasant environment of a shopping mall and discounts are out of the question. Not even from the right. He was here, but he ceased to exist, he was ceasing to exist painfully, with difficulty, in several ways, in several variations, in beautiful uncommon periodically appearing curves, again and again, annually symptomatic in tragicomic moments of self-preservationist fiction, whipped up to some truly remarkable affects of significant shapes. Sprouts and buds. Romantically self-destructive in difficult humiliating clichéd situations. Long and patient, long and patient, patient and long, it is not important, or it is important that it is not important. Either or. Topic like a woman that is lying, or a woman like a topic that is lying, woman that is silent like a topic, or a woman that is lying like a topic. Which is lying? Hard to tell. It's a matter of character. Mermaid – gentle, cute, kind, but cold. Or bad and angry, but seductive. Or even seducing. But defective. Pickled in booze and infertile. And forever. Where is the limit that you can still talk about money made honestly? E-way uspect-say I-tay I-say ere-thay, ut-bay oo-day e-way ave-hay I-tay? I-say it-say ere-thay? Ard-hay oo-tay ell-tay. Uck-fay! Moral penetration! When did it start? And who was the first one? What is it all for? To be afraid of mediocrity, at night, long and patient- You give your child the toy he wished for and you will expose him to such feelings of emptiness and frustration, frustration and emptiness-

Lubo: *(He comes cheerfully, Zuzi is stretching the pantyhose on the palms of her hands.)* I can't take it anymore, I can't fucking take it. *(Laughing.)* The other day I was strolling on the sidewalk, it was raining, and as I'm walking, suddenly I slip. I look – what's this – maybe a banana peel? No, it was a dick. *(Laughing.)* A regular cut-off dick.

Lucia: Dog's dick?

Lubo: Human! Really, some woman cut it off and threw it out of the

window. It was the main street and there somebody threw it out of the window.

Zuza: Jesus Christ.

Lubo: I thought it was a banana peel and I slipped on a dick.

Zuza: You slipped on your dick, your own dick? You were walking and you slipped on your own dick? Or what?

Lubo: So show me the pantyhose. How much were they?

Zuza: Four hundred and fifty.

Lucia: Oh no!

Lubo: Is that a lot or a little.

Lucia: We must have enough money, eh?

Zuza: Let's not talk about it now, let's not talk about money!

Lucia: I want to talk about money. I want to talk about money because money is important.

Lubo: I think money is important, but-

Lucia: But what?

Lubo: But other things are more important.

Lucia: Like what?

Lubo: For instance - health! Health is important. Health is very important.

Lucia: But I want money! I want money! I am healthy and I want money! Money is what I want!

Zuza: Just wait! I got an idea. I read a deep thought that the worst things in the world are pain and boredom. Pain comes out of poverty and boredom comes out of excess. So now you are struggling between these two things. Between pain and boredom. So now what do you want? Do you want pain or boredom?

Lubo: I don't want either pain or boredom!

Lucia: Good thing you got your new pantyhose.

Lubo: And the worst thing is pain from boredom.

Zuza: So that, in essence, is the same, too. Because boredom, when I got only that excess, I got boredom. But it also said that the solution- the solution to the whole thing is, when intelligence-

Lucia: Intelligence conjoins with stupidity.

Zuza: No. When intelligence mixes with inherited property.

- Lubo: So now tell me what do you consider excess. What is excess?
Zuza: Excess does not exist for me, for example.
Lubo: So in that case- (*They are leaving.*)

Scene 3

BIG CITY

Monika: I always wanted to come to a big city. Meet a lot of interesting people, get to know them, and share their joys and sorrows. I've also been tempted by the idea of how the city gets charged with energy. And the possibilities it offers! And by that I don't mean only intellectual opportunities or cultural satisfaction but also traffic, shopping, it's amazing how many variations you find here.

So I'm here. And everything is different. People that I'm interested in are avoiding me, and people that are interested in me frighten me. The pulse of the city proved to be just chaos, overwhelming in its violence and decay. Maybe it's just a matter of size. Maybe a bigger or a smaller city would have been more appropriate. Maybe. But I can't change my decisions. At least not the principal ones. Then I would lose sight of my focal point, thanks to which I am getting ready to change the world. You know, I'm working on myself. I excluded from my life everything that was distracting me. I do yoga, I chose my friends carefully, I'm a vegan. Sometimes I succumb to my weakness, after all, I'm a woman, and then I'm an ovo-lacto-vegetarian. And I take care of my spiritual and physical hygiene. And I feel like puking from all that. So I try to live a social life. I listen to other people's stories, I deal with their problems. I can get enjoyment from that. And they even like me. When they are telling me about their complicated and twisted relationships, I'm proud that I've got everything under control. And vice versa. When I've got problems, I realize their depth, and I see the sensitive interconnections. Then other people's

problems seem trivial, shallow and retarded to me. This game plan works on several levels. If others point out your good features, you try to make light of it, or possibly, if a favorable inclination of that person is convenient for you, you lightly point to the features that you have in common; simply, you repay the praise with interest. On the other hand, it is best if you accept your own negative features. But also proclaim them to represent the most positive side of your personality. For example, take selfishness. What is more important in sex. And especially for a woman. So that she would be able to say what, how, when, with whom she wants it. Or a misleading communication – lying. In essence, that is a creative approach to reality. And since you are not burdening people with the truth, you are not a threat to their personal freedom, they don't need to respond, and they would be naive if they took you seriously. It probably diminishes the beauty and love. But it's funny. I think I might change the city, after all. This one is too big for my weaknesses and too small for my ambitions.

Scene 4

EXHIBITION

Lubo: Sleek, zesty-

Zuza: And the pictures?

Lubo: Pictures?

Zuza: How do you like the pictures?

Lubo: I'm not too interested in the pictures.

Zuza: Eh?

Lubo: I feel the energy and the shapes but I don't pay attention to the picture so much. But I feel the energy. I have in me some kind of perception- somewhere here and I feel the vibrations, I feel how it transmits. I am very sensitive, very.

Zuza: Aha. (*After a pause.*) You take away people's energy.

Lubo: Au contraire. That's it, (*laughs*) that it's the other way around.

You see- Are you interested in this? Some people absorb energy, and some emit it. I am very sensitive to energy, but I don't take it away. I feel but don't take it. The energy goes through me. Some people catch it, absorb it into themselves, but the energy goes right through me, I analyze it and I store the results of my research in my bottom layers.

(Zuza is picking her teeth.)

Zuza: Am I grossing you out when I - when I'm poking in there?

Lubo: Mmm. Continue.

Zuza: My wisdom tooth is growing here-

Lubo: *(With enthusiasm.)* Really? *(Laughs.)* That's funny! That's funny!

Zuza: It's cutting through, it's trying to get out-

Lubo: I know the feeling.

Zuza: And I have to help it.

Lubo: Would you believe that I could sense it? Right away when you approached me I could feel that something was growing in you. That is- that's interesting! That should- that should be captured, picked up and worked out into some theory.

Zuza: What for?

Lubo: Some people can sense that- I could sense that something was growing in you, somewhere here in the back- a premolar.

Zuza: That's not a premolar. Premolar is here, one, two- this is a wisdom tooth.

Lubo: Three, four, up, down. But I could feel that something was growing in you.

Zuza: A wisdom tooth. *(After a pause.)* Does it stink?

Lubo: No, no, no. I don't smell stench or don't feel shapes, only energy. Those are a bit faster vibrations, as if something was growing, something is ruffling-

Zuza: You stink a little bit.

Lubo: What?

Zuza: A little bit, you stink a bit.

Lubo: Really? *(Laughs.)* Like what? I don't smell anything, I don't know.

Zuza: Like liver.

Lubo: Like liver! *(Pauses.)* Chicken? Poultry?

Zuza: (*Whispers.*) Beef liver.

Lubo: (*Laughs.*) Beef liver! (*Pauses.*) Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

Zuza: How do I know? I don't care what people swallow. Some people don't even need to eat beef liver and they still stink like it.

Lubo: You don't say.

Zuza: But people don't eat liver these days anymore. Because they keep saying that in liver-

Lubo: Are stored-

Zuza: All of the bad things.

Lubo: The whole body- I think the whole body is one large liver where everything is stored. Not only in liver. We store a lot in legs. For example you store all of the roads you ever took.

Zuza: Hm, that's bullshit! (*Probably still picking her teeth.*)

Lubo: Well, maybe. Maybe.

Zuza: Ehm. (*Smacks her lips.*) Well, when I have- I have a feeling that I'm storing.

Lubo: So in essence you agree with me.

Zuza: But only now and it's such a lie.

Lubo: How come?

Zuza: Then my legs go, go like that. I arrange them like this and when I have a couple of drinks they go like that right away.

Lubo: Ehm.

Zuza: Like that. (*Giggling.*)

Lubo: It seems to me that your legs are shaky.

Zuza: No they're not. They are, well, storing.

Lubo: You are a very funny creature. You are so, so very- spontaneous. It is so easy to communicate with you. I have trouble communicating. That's why I prefer people who talk more like me. I like to listen. Like to listen. When two people who like to listen meet, then they don't talk, and consequentially they don't have anyone to listen to and it's boring. Awkward. But when people meet where one likes to talk, the other one likes to listen, yeah, the energy when one likes to broadcast, the other one receives, well, then it's something like a hand in a glove.

Zuza: In what?

- Lubo: They say, figuratively speaking: Stick the hand into the glove. That means that something fits somewhere. That something came out of somewhere and it's coming back there. Something is bound somewhere, something fits somewhere very well. *(Pauses.)* You know.
- Zuza: So how does it look. When I stand like this. Horrible, ain't it?
- Lubo: Well it's nice, nice. But why do they tilt like that, inwards?
- Zuza: They're not tilting. It's like, when I have a few, I drink a bit, then my legs go like that a lot.
- Lubo: Uhm.
- Zuza: I don't know why. Do you mind?
- Lubo: No, no, no, no. Not at all.
- Zuza: Hope not.
- Lubo: No. I don't mind, but it's so strange. Can you walk on these? *(Probably walks.)* Wellllll! If you can use them for walking, then it doesn't matter. It's good. And can you walk a lot like that or just a little bit?
- Zuza: Does it look strange to you?
- Lubo: I even think it might be some, you know, such - a new trend. That it can influence a lot of people and they will start moving similarly. Because people let themselves be influenced by different things. It might be good for the joints, too.
- Zuza: Mhm, I don't think it's good for the joints.
- Lubo: I can't do it.
- Zuza: Yes you can.
- Lubo: Are you comfortable?
- Zuza: Look how you can do it. It has better shock absorption.
- Lubo: It's quite comfortable. Welllllll.
- Zuza: You have to bend your knees more.
- Lubo: OK.
- Zuza: Your knees are weird.
- Lubo: What do I know? Weird. I used to play, run a lot.
- Zuza: Oh yeah?
- Lubo: Yeah. I used to be an athlete, so maybe I changed some since, but I think my knees are normal.
- Zuza: Well. *(Takes a sip.)*

Lubo: You drink quite a lot. Do you have any psychological problems?
I don't mean to offend you. It's none of my business.

Zuza: I like drinking. I don't have any psychological problems, just
my wisdom tooth. I have to cut through - cut it through for the
tooth.

Lubo: Aha. Can I take a look?

Zuza: Yes.

Lubo: Hm!

Zuza: It's kinda swollen, so it needs to be cut through. I should go
see my dentist and she'll cut it for me.

Lubo: Aha.

Zuza: But I'd rather do it myself.

Lubo: Well. Here's a butter knife, so cut through it. Ha, ha, ha. This is
the first time that I see the inside of somebody's mouth and I
am honestly surprised.

Zuza: Why?

Lubo: It's fantastic how the row of teeth goes from one side to the
other, it's like... like a cable car. Have you ever taken a cable car?

Zuza: I did, when I was a kid.

Lubo: That doesn't count, because when you were a kid, you were
looking at it through the prism of childhood, whereas now-

Zuza: Whereas now maybe I would be scared to take a cable car.

Lubo: Oh yeah?

Zuza: When you're an adult then you- think it'll fall but when you're
a kid you're enjoying yourself and you don't care. So what
would I get out of seeing myself in a closed box with shrubs
beneath me and I would definitely be afraid that it would fall
with me.

Lubo: A cable car can't fall. A cable car goes on those- on a rail with
teeth-

Zuza: So what? Is it any different?

Lubo: A gondola goes up. It goes on ropes.

Zuza: Aha, and a cable car is-

Lubo: A cable car goes on the ground.

Zuza: Like a tram!

Lubo: Well, kinda.

Zuza: Mountain tram.

Lubo: Very similar. Very similar. Yeah, mountain tram.

Zuza: Aha. I must be getting them mixed up. So it doesn't go on rails?

Lubo: Yes it does, on rails, but it has a set of gripping teeth in the middle, that it leans against to prevent slippage, but it really goes on rails. Are you interested in it?

Zuza: Aha! I took that. It leaves from Starý Smokovec. (*Singing.*)
When two people are in love- When two people are in love- It matters, it matters, their sex matters. You say what you want but I think sex matters.

Lubo: Listen, miss, aren't you some kinda-

Zuza: Subtle?

Lubo: No, no, no, I thought you were so- you make friends very quickly, you establish contact and then you lose inhibitions, (*Breathes heavily.*) but why the fuck do you-

Zuza: From the back, you mean.

Lubo: Yes, why exactly from the back!

Zuza: Jesus, it's so good. Aaah. Careful or I'll hit my fucking head, OK? Watch out! Well! I don't want to have my head so low. It's not comfortable. (*Violently.*) Put your head a little bit higher! I want to lean. Because I hate being upside down. I hate it. I get sick of it. I'm afraid a vein will burst in my head. Aaah. I will hurl. Bwaaaah! (*Hurls, Lubo stretches.*) Jesus, it's so nice and you got a bald spot here. Then you don't get hair in your mouth. I'll flip like this so that you have more air. I'll be helping you. I'm helping you psychologically.

Lubo: She's helping me psychologically!

Zuza: I can't any more. Ha, ha, ha.

Lubo: I should be exhausted, not you. (*Leaving.*)

Zuza: Look how I crumpled my skirt.

Lubo: Fuck, screw me now!

Lucia: Pižla walks around the room-

Lubo: And a guy is beating her over the head with his dick.

Lucia: Pižla, cut it out! Stop fidgeting!

Zuza: Attention, attention, attention!

Lucia: Attention, the dwarf is a lady!

Zuza: Hu, hu, hu- (*Lucia pinches her.*) Ouch, her cunt!?! Her cunt!?

Lubo: Her cunt, her cunt!

Lucia: Daddy, what are we going to do with our Pižla?

Lubo: Her cunt, her cunt!

Zuza: (*Looks into her crotch.*)

Monika: (*Looks at Zuza.*) What is she looking for? What is she looking for?

Lucia: If she didn't miscarry.

Lubo: (*Beats Zuza over the head.*) Boom, boom, boom.

Lucia: Very funny, very funny! (*They stop, the action stops.*) Do you want a hankie?

Lubo: I get it, I got a hankie.
 (*Long pause. Zuza blows her nose into Lucia's hankie. It squeals like a mouse. It takes a long time. Lubo is looking for something in his pockets. Lucia is scratching her crotch.*)

Zuza: I'll be doing a monkey. Hu, hu, hu.

Lubo: I can offer you a piece of candy, but I only got one. (*Zuza takes it.*) Just one. (*Lucia is beating her with a scarf and is crying. Monika is crying too.*)

Lucia: (*Crying.*) Candy, I ain't got no candy.

Lubo: Interesting.

Zuza: (*Making faces.*)

Lubo: Some, some realistic situation.

Monika: Yeah, but what kind?

Lubo: Well, some realistic situation.

Zuza: Really, realistic?

Lucia: (*Tosses out stuff from her pockets.*)

Lubo: What are you doing? What's this that you're doing. What, are you- did you go bananas?

Zuza: I'll take it, I'll take it, if you don't want it.

Lubo: It's nice, this is nice. Take it, put it around your neck.

Zuza: I want it, she doesn't.

Lubo: Well, so-

Zuza: I'll take it.

Lubo: Put it around your neck, tie it- like this, yeah.

Zuza: And what is this? What's this?

Lubo: Well, you see.

Zuza: What is this?

Lubo: Keys.

Zuza: I mean this.

Lubo: It's a little wheel. Put it in your pockets. (*Lubo is returning the things to her, putting them where they belong.*) Here.

Zuza: Here are some handkerchiefs. They're scented. Can I take one? Can I take this? Smells so nice. It's a different scent than I know. I know good scents, but not like this. (*Something falls out, Lucia spits.*) Wow!

Lubo: What? How about this?

Zuza: No, phooey. (*Lubo wipes the saliva.*)

Zuza: (*Laughs.*) Phooey, that's disgusting. A woman, when she's drunk and she spits, that's disgusting.

Lubo: A woman, when she spits, that's gross.

Zuza: That's gross!

Lubo: That's gross!

Lucia: Why shouldn't a woman spit?

Lubo: Because it's gross.

Zuza: A drunk woman that is spitting, that's gross.

Monika: That is gross!

Lucia: A woman can spit just like a man can spit.

Zuza: I think a woman can't spit. (*After a pause.*) Jesus Christ!

Lubo: Like the other day I was talking about that - I was talking about the blue pioneer that my mother and father drove. Blue pioneer. And it comes back to me every year, I must be getting old, because - these things from childhood are coming back to me

- like last year, or two years ago it was apples. Fall, and picking apples, that looked to me so - so sentimental, so sad and so - so childhood. And now that pioneer. The blue pioneer. Next year - if we live that long - it could be something else.

Zuza: In winter is it going to be the sled?

Lubo: I don't know, it usually happens to me in the fall.

(Lubo is doing a pantomime, and the girls are joining him.)

Scene 6

BIG CITY 2

Monika & Lucia:

I always wanted to come to a big city. Meet a lot of interesting people, get to know them, and share their joys and sorrows. I've also been tempted by the idea of how the city gets charged with energy. And the possibilities it offers! And by that I don't mean only intellectual opportunities or cultural satisfaction but also traffic, shopping, it's amazing how many variations you find here.

So I'm here. And everything is different. People that I'm interested in are avoiding me, and people that are interested in me frighten me. The pulse of the city proved to be just chaos, overwhelming in its violence and decay. Maybe it's just a matter of size. Maybe a bigger or a smaller city would have been more appropriate. Maybe. But I can't change my decisions. At least not the principal ones. Then I would lose sight of my focal point, thanks to which I am getting ready to change the world. You know, I'm working on myself. I excluded from my life everything that was distracting me. I do yoga, I chose my friends carefully, I'm a vegan. Sometimes I succumb to my weakness, after all, I'm a woman, and then I'm an ovo-lacto-vegetarian. And I take care of my spiritual and physical hygiene. And I feel like puking from all that. So I try to live a social life. I listen to other people's stories, I deal with their problems. I

can get enjoyment from that. And they even like me. When they are telling me about their complicated and twisted relationships, I'm proud that I've got everything under control. And vice versa. When I've got problems, I realize their depth, and I see the sensitive interconnections. Then other people's problems seem trivial, shallow and retarded to me. This game plan works on several levels. If others point out your good features, you try to make light of it, or possibly, if a favorable inclination of that person is convenient for you, you lightly point to the features that you have in common; simply, you repay the praise with interest. On the other hand, it is best if you accept your own negative features. But also proclaim them to represent the most positive side of your personality. For example, take selfishness. What is more important in sex. And especially for a woman. So that she would be able to say what, how, when, with whom she wants it. Or a misleading communication – lying. In essence, that is a creative approach to reality. And since you are not burdening people with the truth, you are not a threat to their personal freedom, they don't need to respond, and they would be naive if they took you seriously. It probably diminishes the beauty and love. But it's funny. I think I might change the city, after all. This one is too big for my weaknesses and too small for my ambitions.

Scene 7

RADIO

Lubo: Yes, go ahead, please. Can you hear me?

Zuza: I wanted to talk to you about - that I lived with a man for twenty years. I loved him for twenty years and then I found out that I made a mistake. It was all a lie. I wanted to know if this is- if I should consider this the misfortune of my life, or how am I supposed to explain this to myself - That only now

I realized that it was a mistake and when you find that - that for twenty years – you were lying to yourself! How are you supposed to accept these things?

Lubo: How old are you?

Zuza: Forty-five.

Lubo: So. You threw twenty years out the window just like that.

Zuza: Do you really mean it, that I-

Lubo: I think so, that yes, basically, now you are twenty-five, so you really got somehow younger, too.

Zuza: I would like for you to tell me that when a person is struggling, that it's not in vain, that even if for twenty years- it was useless, that it is not useless, that-

Lubo: No. But of course you can't look at it only from this angle. The twenty years that you suffered - you really - did not suffer. You kept hoping that those twenty years made sense for you. The fact that now you see it differently, well, it happens sometimes, but for those twenty years you lived an intense life and you were thinking only the most beautiful and fullest thoughts, so you gave it your everything, and that's why it's not a loss for you. It's not a loss! Although - the result looks like a loss, but it's not a loss for you. The real life was- you lived your real life to the fullest.

Zuza: For twenty years I lived- twenty years I lived – in misery.

Lubo: (*Quite violently.*) No!

Zuza: It was misery.

Lubo: Mmmm- I wouldn't put it like that.

Zuza: Now I don't know what next, how I'm supposed to live, so that I can make up for those twenty years that I lived in misery. And I would like to undo those twenty years. Because one is not able to live for more than say, eighty years, is not able, but I want to - I want to - I still want to live. I still want to live.

Lubo: Oh, please-

Zuza: I still want to live-

Lubo: So live! Go live! I don't see any big problem in that. For all I care go ahead and live for a hundred or two hundred years, if you please, I just wanted to tell you that - those twenty years

that you believed you were living right and to the fullest, that you sacrificed everything -

Zuza: I couldn't live any other way.

Lubo: Sooooo! So you basically didn't live in misery. It was stupid that you understood - I mean - Life itself, those twenty years - well, wasn't it amazing - that - Try to look at it this way.

Zuza: For twenty years I was naive and I was bothering someone. I basically wasted my own twenty years, twenty most beautiful years I wasted and - now I don't know what next, because - It's not just like that, see, twenty years... you live in stupidity and naiveté- Now I don't know - what to do. Only now I realize that - that - that I won't live anymore, that -

Lubo: Sure you will.

Zuza: That I won't live anymore, that I basically - I still want to live and I know that I won't. That this will suddenly pass and- I will say to myself that - somehow I couldn't turn it back.

Lubo: Hey, what was the guy's name?

Zuza: *(Immediately.)* Jožo.

Lubo: Hm. Jožo! That is such - such a common name. Jožo.

Zuza: It's stupid, is what it is. Stupid, I know.

Lubo: No, it is such a common name. It's a biblical name: Jožo.

Zuza: Jožo, yeah.

Lubo: Jozef.

Zuza: Biblical name, yeah.

Lubo: *(Breathes in.)* Well, I will tell you that -

Zuza: Every dick has a biblical name that's what I will tell you, every prick has a biblical name.

Lubo: Aah, well, come on -

Zuza: And when you look at it, that it's a biblical name - well. I lived in naiveté and misery for twenty years.

Lubo: Look, if the guy's name was Xavier, it would still come out the same. Xavier is not a biblical name and despite that - *(Breathes in.)* it would turn out the same. Xavier.

Zuza: Xavier? Who the hell's called Xavier? Just tell me.

Lubo: I don't know who's named Xavier but - Let's get back to the merit of the issue. Eeeeh - you were - you were saying that it

is such a problem for you, such - that you don't know how to go on living, right. You want to live for eighty more years, but you are somehow - missing some twenty years already, or you have a feeling that you lived in stupidity. (*Ring.*) Hold on, the phone's ringing, maybe someone wants to give us a piece of advice.

- Zuza: I can see you're not the one who will give me the advice.
- Lubo: Yes. Please go ahead. Can you hear me?
- Zuza: Maybe there's someone who's lived through this just like me, and he'll give me a piece of advice.
- Lubo: Yes. Please go ahead. Can you hear me?
- Lucia: I just wanted to ask about that - when you now imagine that you're lying on your deathbed, then you evaluate your life as a whole, not only those twenty years but - as a whole?
- Lubo: That's a good question.
- Zuza: Those twenty years are incredibly important to me. Because when you lose twenty years and then you keep telling yourself for fifteen years that you have lost twenty years, then you didn't lose twenty years but thirty-five. And I still can't recover from the fact that I lost twenty years, I - I simply want you to help me, I -
- Lubo: And isn't it also a fact that in the moment you realize that you lost twenty, it's as if you found thirty. What do you say?
- Zuza: You think I could find something?
- Lucia: Or if you were lying on your deathbed then how do you evaluate that- your life?
- Zuza: Like a screwed life - loveless and -
- Lubo: I, I, I, I am trying to put myself in your shoes and I am trying to understand your darkest, most secret thoughts -
- Zuza: You're making fun of me.
- Lubo: No, no, no, no. I am really trying - I don't mean to offend you in any way.
- Zuza: You're lucky, you got everything planned, you didn't lose anything and this must feel strange to you.
- Lubo: Not so, it's not like that. I think finding out that we lost something in a way is a positive thing. That's why I was saying that when you

lose twenty, thirty as if you found something because- the twenty years that I reevaluated and I understood that I lived a lie, I can invest now into my next thirty years that I can live better.

Zuza: Do you think I could still - I could still learn to play the piano, that I could learn to sing -

Lubo: Definitely.

Zuza: Do you think I could still be young?

Lubo: Definitely, although I see the singing lessons as an easier way because a piano costs a bunch and the singing -

Zuza: That I could still learn something?

Lubo: I would think that...

Zuza: I will be only ridiculous. I - I don't know.

Lubo: Look -

Zuza: You can keep telling me, yes, but you know yourself that no.

Lubo: Today basically everything is ridiculous. It depends on the angle. Some people today for example, wear their pants very wide, right? I thought that was ridiculous until I understood that for young people today it is the same as when we wore jeans. Now they wear very long and wide pants. By the way, they cost a fortune. And we were also spending, yes, half of our fathers' salaries on our jeans.

Zuza: Oh please, I lost twenty years and you are telling me about some trends. This is not a matter of trend -

Lubo: It depends on the angle. I'm just trying to explain to you to forget the idea that you lived a bullshit life for twenty years. Simply put - *(Ring.)* Yes, go ahead please. Can you hear me?

Monika: I would like to tell you that - Maybe those twenty years were the important ones and you wasted the rest -

Lubo: Yes, that will be good.

Monika: That whatever was before, was some kind of preparation and now it's time to draw the bottom line and approach it responsibly. Those twenty years. Not just dismiss them just like that.

Zuza: Bullshit, it's not like that.

Lubo: No, Ms- Ms- Ms- excuse me?

Monika: Gabika.

- Lubo: Gabika! I think that Gabika now really put her finger on it, what we've been tiptoeing around the whole time. That to dismiss those twenty years just like that, it seems to me so - so - Well! Don't you think?
- Zuza: You didn't live through what I have. I really spent my twenty years in misery.
- Lubo: Oh please, for God's sake, what kind of misery.
- Zuza: In the kind of misery that we're talking about. In misery-
- Monika: Oh, as if real love was less miserable. At least the yearning for love, that's not so miserable, but when you've got such - *(Pause.)* real love, then it's much more miserable when you find out you made a mistake.
- Zuza: Real love?
- Lubo: That's a little bit demeaning, isn't it?
- Monika: Yeah!
- Zuza: How, how do you mean - real love?
- Monika: You know, because when the - the mistake comes, that you wish for the love of a man and after twenty years you find out that is was a mistake, it's still pretty encouraging.
- Zuza: How is that encouraging?
- Monika: That those twenty years you basically - *(Pause.)* so now for the next twenty years you can keep analyzing it, that yearning the other way around -
- Zuza: Well, I've been analyzing it, yeah.
- Monika: As an experience. Now it's not yearning anymore, now it's the experience of a love unfulfilled.
- Zuza: Well, if it were experience then - that would be good. But it was no experience.
- Lucia: So now when you're lying on your deathbed you should try to shed a little bit of positive light on your life.
- Lubo: So what, he kinda didn't - didn't return your love, or -
- Zuza: Sure he did.
- Lubo: He did.
- Zuza: But it was all a lie, it was -
- Lucia: You don't need to keep putting yourself down like that. Don't underestimate yourself! Don't sell yourself short!

Lubo: So where was the lie? How did it manifest itself?

Zuza: Well it was, it was - I can't tell you how something manifests itself, it was - it was all (*Emphasizes.*) bullshit.

Lubo: Hm.

Zuza: It was all worth shit.

Lubo: Well, I tell you what- There are a lot of developed theories and some are still being developed, but in essence such - such one single theory that would capture and understand a man as a whole, that does not exist. You can't help a person who can't be helped if the person doesn't help himself. No help, yeah. We do everything we can. Generations of psychologists are spending their best years on research and - still no help. One can't do anything else but help himself.

Zuza: Hm, so thank you very much then.

Lubo: I can only tell you that there are many people who find themselves in similar positions and similar situations. It's basically a model situation, there are so many of these cases.

Zuza: Do you have any contacts?

Lubo: I have a lot of contacts. Abroad too -

Zuza: Could you give me the name of someone? Because you know, I didn't learn anything during those twenty years. I basically -

Lubo: Ehm, that is basically the exact side effect of a situation like this.

Zuza: I didn't learn anything, for twenty years, I didn't learn anything, I was just hibernating - So I would like you to help me meet someone who ended up like me, maybe that would help me.

Lubo: I can introduce you, but I need to warn you ahead of time, it's not going to help you.

Zuza: Why not?

Lubo: Because it hasn't helped anybody so far, so I don't know why it should help you, but if you want to, I'll be glad to introduce you, I know a couple of people who lived through - a lot more - some lived in bullshit for thirty years... forty years they lived in bullshit- fifty and more, some have lived their whole lives in bullshit and now they are ninety and they are still trying to find the way - (*Laughter.*) But there, there's only one way left.

Zuza: Je suis seul. Je suis tres triste. J'espere, que tu viennes chez moi, que tu m'aimes, que je sois heureuse.

179

Je suis prete. Je suis a la maison depuis trois jours. Ça fait combien de temps qu'on ne s'est pas vu? La derniere fois qu'on s'est vu j'avais des longues cheveux et autour d'une biere tu m'as parlé de façon passionée des événement politique et apres tu m'as donné un coup de pois sur le nez. J'ai perdu la connaissance. J'ai negligé l'occasion? J'ai besoin d'une explication. Je me suis mise a pleurer. Je ne l'ai fait expres. Tu viens chez moi? Il ne faut pas etre trop exigent.

Je ne suis pas d'ici
je ne suis pas d'ici
í toute í l'heure
í toute í l'heure.

Je ne suis pas d'ici
je ne suis pas d'ici
í toute í l'heure
í toute í l'heure.

Scene 8

SINGING IN THE RAIN

I'm singing in the rain
I'm just singing in the rain
what a glorious feeling
I'm happy again
I'm laughing at clouds
so dark up above
the sense in my heart
and I'm ready for love

Let the stormy clouds chase
everyone from the place

come on with the rain
I've a smile on my face
I walk down the lane
with a happy refrain
just singing
singing
in the rain

Dancing in the rain
Na-na-naaa-da-da-daaa
I'm happy again
I'm singing and dancing in the rain

THE END