

Dodo Gombár

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HER

Translated by: Danica Haláková

Characters:

Man

Woman

Technician

Prologue.

A theatre technician enters the stage, he is singing or repeating several lines from well-known plays, mimicking some actors he knows. He's cleaning the stage, tidying up, sweeping or doing other useless activities just to squander time. He finds a forgotten script. He reads the title out loud – BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HER. He opens it and browses through it. He shakes his head, because he doesn't know the play, has never heard of it, nor seen it anywhere. He reads out aloud.

Technician:(reading) My dear friend, if you want to be an actor, go ahead, but please don't make it embarrassing for yourself and don't you think that nobody can see you. Absolutely everybody can see you. No point in looking around, I'm talking about you. If you want to try and act in this piece then continue reading, if you're not interested, then put this script back where you found it and forget about it. (He hesitates, then continues reading.) Look right, the woman that is about to enter is one of the two characters that this play is about. (An actress enters from the right, she introduces herself to him. He addresses her directly.) What's this supposed to mean? (continues reading) There's no point in trying to start a conversation with her, she only says what's she's ordered to. And she's certainly not ordered to talk to you. She's going to communicate with an actor, a man who's entering from the right at this very moment. This man is the second and the last human being that this play is going to be about. (A male actor enters from the right, he introduces himself as well.) Yes, you are very observant, a man and a woman. That's quite sufficient for playing theatre... So I get that since you continued reading up to this point, you agree to become a part of this play. If you don't want to be a part of it, then somebody else will.

(Technician looks at the woman, puzzled. Instead of an answer, she tears out two pages from his script. She keeps one and gives the other to the man. They both start to make some shapes out of the paper.)

Everything that you are supposed to do is written in the script which you are holding right now. Do not ask any questions, nobody is going to answer them anyway. When you say aloud the word BLACKOUT, the play starts and you may leave it only after everything is over... Either you leave now or you stay... What's this supposed to mean? (Man and woman are quiet, captivated in their action.)

Technician:(shakes his head) BLACKOUT.

(Blackout.)

Technician: Scene one – January. The Apple.

And God said in a voice that was not human: “Let there be light,” and there was light, then the blue seas, seed-bearing plants and wild animals. Only then God created him, so he could fill the earth, subdue it and rule over every living creature. He came and he was alone. But he didn't want to be.

“So the Lord God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep; and while he was sleeping, he took one of Adam's ribs and closed up the place with flesh. Then the Lord God made a woman from the rib he had taken out of Adam, and he brought her to Adam. Adam said: 'This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, for she was taken out of man.' For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and they will become one flesh. The man and his wife were both naked, and they felt no shame...”

(Genesis, Adam and Eve, 21-25)

Let the woman and the man, made from one body, each walk their own way, only to meet again. Let them meet as often, as many stars there are above us. Let them look for each other in silence and keep getting lost in the crowd. Let them have desire to merge in eternity again and fulfill the mission of mankind.

A scene of creation takes place on the stage during this monologue. It happens as follows: the woman makes a figure of a woman out of paper and the man makes a figure of a man. They play puppet theatre with them on the table. The figure of a woman fetches the figure of a man a paper apple, she utters the word and the man repeats it after her. They gradually find out that they can eat the apple. The paper man and woman eat a few little paper apples, the actors at the same time make “acoustic sounds” according to the action. They behave like children, their vocabulary is limited to very few words. Suddenly, the man eats his paper figure and makes the woman do the same. Finally, she reluctantly agrees to do it. Actors chew the paper, they eat their own figures, characters, their fates. The technician enters with a basket full of apples and he dumps them all right to their feet. They stand up. The woman says: “That’s a lot of apples.” They suddenly look up. An airplane flies right above their heads, they’ve never seen anything like that before. The plane flies back again and comes back like a huge bird. They both wave. The plane returned for the third time, flies closely above their heads, man and woman start to feel danger. The plane starts to besiege them, we hear shooting and bomb dropping, man and woman run away in panic, knocking down furniture, treading on the apples, we hear screaming and crying. The scene is an image of expulsion from paradise.

The technician: Scene Two – February. Adam and Eve.

Only yesterday we were a year younger. We had less grey hair and a bigger chance to leave each other. Today it is a different year than the one before, I’m more yours and you’re more mine. Love is bigger and bigger is hatred. But it’s still a long way to death.

(The technician can change the set during these lines, but he can also do it at a different moment, the producers should choose their own approach and feeling. Similar changes of set will be done during the whole play.)

(Man and woman lie in bed, which is surrounded with scattered apples that remained on the set from the previous scene. Apples will be lying around the stage during the whole performance.)

She: I love it when you look at me every time I do it to myself.

He: I love to look at you when you do it to yourself.

She: But now you looked for the first time.

He: Oh. So how can you say that you love it when I look at you every time you do it to yourself?

She: Oh. I've been dreaming of it for ages.

He: What?

She: Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about. I've been dreaming for a long time that you're looking at me when I'm doing it to myself. And I do it often.

He: And don't you dream of me doing it to you?

She: Yes I do. I dreamed of absolutely everything. I knew that once my dreams will become a reality.

He: How did you know it?

She: Because you dreamed of me when you did it to yourself too, didn't you?

He: Yes I did. I imagined how I'm doing it to you.

She: I'm still really excited.

(They laugh.)

He: Doesn't Adam do it to you?

She: Why are you talking about Adam now? I don't understand.

He: Doesn't he?

She: Of course he does. Doesn't Eve do it to you?

He: She does.

She: With her mouth, as well?

He: She doesn't really want to. She says it stinks and makes her feel sick.

She: I imagine really often that I do it to you with my mouth and then you do it to me.

He: Doesn't Adam do it to you with his mouth?

She: He does, but not very often. He says his neck aches. When he has to lean his head back.

He: Tell him it can be done without leaning his head back. You have a terrific sex inside you. (He wants to touch her.)

She: (she puts an apple into is stretched hand) It's from the snake. Apparently he gave one like this to Eve, too.

He: (unexpectedly serious) Promise me something.

She: What?

He: That this is only going to be our story.

She: What do you mean?

He: Well, that nobody else can walk into this story. Eve for example. Or Adam.

She: Wait, wait... of course that this is only our story and nobody else will ever enter it.

He: OK. Sorry.

She: You really think I would tell someone about it... Is that what you think?

He: I don't.

She: Is that really what you think about me? And who should I tell about this? Nobody else exists in this world except Adam, Eve, and you... Do you think I would tell Adam about this?

He: I'm sorry. Let's just forget it.

(Man stands up and starts collecting the apples as if he wanted to remove all traces.)

She: You don't believe me.

He: I do.

She: This is only our story.

He: Maybe one day I'll write about it.

She: Why do you want to write about it?

He: I write about everything that I experience.

She: If you want to write about it, it means you want to end it. Every time you want to finish something, you write about it.

He: For God's sake, I never said that.

She: Oh yes you did... Good night.

Technician: She turns her back on him. He's silent, looking at the ceiling. He covers her with Eve's blanket and turns the computer on. He opens a new document in the Word programme and writes down the first two lines from the previous dialogue. But the keyboard makes a frightening sound.

It seems to him as if with every stroke somebody was drilling into his vibrant brain. Again it occurs to him that there's something wrong in his head. He looks at the sentences for a while, but he doesn't have an idea what to write next. He switches the computer off. He takes out a note pad, the one he got from Eve, takes out a pen and writes the same lines down on a blank page. In one breath he writes the previous dialogue. Then he looks at her. He was sure that she's still got her back turned on him and that she's asleep. But she's not. She's cuddled up, clenching the blanket between her thighs. She's looking at him. She's beautiful. He can't stand looking at her. He has a feeling of great guilt. He takes a bottle of wine they didn't finish before. He drinks from it. There's a box of marijuana lying on the floor. They should have rather eaten the snake's apple. He realizes that he's still a bit high. Quite stoned. It seems that she's asleep. She's lying on his place, Eve's side of the bed is empty. That's where they made love. He sits down again and writes the last lines of the dialogue.

(during this monologue a situation is being staged very slowly)

He: (writing in the note pad) I can't imagine life without Eve, I love her as I've never loved anyone.

She: But nobody else exists in this world.

He: I thought you were asleep... There's still you, though.

She: But I've got my Adam... (she laughs) Can you imagine that Adam and Eve would start going out?

He: (quite seriously) Yes I can.

She: And can you imagine us two being together?

He: No.

(Aggressive music.)

(Man leaves the stage. At first, woman runs after him, but then she stops suddenly and goes out the other way.)

Technician: Scene Three – March. Light in the park

You're running across the meadow, kissing the grass that slept for a long time with your bare feet. People also lift their heads up to the sun to warm up the frozen wrinkles and wash the fear out of them. They look high up in the sky and don't realize that they trample on the heads of snowdrops and ants.

(A silent situation)

The woman sits on a bench. She is putting on lipstick, looking in the mirror. She is obviously waiting for somebody. A man walks past her. He's behaving weird, the woman gives him a short look and then attends back to her face. She looks at her watch.

The man walks past the bench, stops, comes back and sits next to the woman.

She starts to get nervous. She shifts away from the man a little bit.

He moves closer to her.

She gets up, he gets up too.

She sits down, he sits down.

The woman sits right on the edge of the bench, the man keeps moving up closer to her.

The woman reaches into her handbag, the man is peeking, wondering what she would take out.

She takes out a huge knife and turns it straight at him.

He moves off with fear. The woman is holding the knife against him.

The man reaches into his pocket and slowly starts to take something out. She's watching him observantly.

He slowly takes out an apple. She doesn't understand.

He sticks the apple on the tip of her knife.

Woman tries to get up slowly, man gently seats her down without touching her.

Woman cuts the apple in two halves, gives one to the man.

The man takes the apple and begins to eat it.

The woman eats her apple.

They sit there eating their apples, the man gobbling it, the woman eats it nicely, they look at each other from time to time. They are getting nearer to each other.

They smile at each other.

The man slowly reaches into his pocket, takes out a handkerchief and passes it to the woman.

She smiles and wipes her mouth. She hands him back the handkerchief.

The man takes it and wants to wipe the woman's mouth.

She takes the knife, jumps up and points it at the man.

The man stands up and slowly starts to wipe off the lipstick that she put on at the beginning. He cleans her mouth entirely.

The woman stands still and lets him wipe her lipstick off.

The man finishes his precise work, shows her the dirty handkerchief and does some kind of magic with it. He hides it in his hand, opens it and the handkerchief is gone.

The man takes out another apple from his pocket, puts it on the woman's head and slowly walks away.

The woman stays standing there, with an apple on her head, she can't and she doesn't want to move. She doesn't want the apple to fall down so the unexpected experience wouldn't dissolve inside her.

Technician: Scene four – April. Our Game.

There's still too little rain to wash the sorrow away from our faces. There are still only few gardeners to sow seeds of apple trees and smiles into us. Narrow is the path you have to take to get to me. Cold is the sky that should be a blanket to our naked bodies. Fragile is still the love that is yet to be born.

Woman: (holding a suitcase in her hand) I'm going.

Man: (sitting in a rocking chair, reading newspaper and drinking whisky from a bottle) Bye.

Woman: But I'm seriously going.

Man: Seriously, bye.

(Woman goes to leave.)

Man: Wait.

(The woman stops, stands with her back to him.)

Man: Seriously, bye.

Woman: (turns to him) What did you want?

Man: Nothing.

Woman: Are you sure?

Man: Yes.

Woman: Look at me.

Man: No.

Woman: Bye then.

Man: OK. (looks at Woman) I'm looking at you.

Woman: (turns around slowly) What did you want?

Man: Don't go.

Woman: Say it again.

Man: Don't leave me.

Woman: Say please.

Man: Please don't leave me.

Woman: On your knees.

Man: WHAT?!

Woman: Get on your knees.

Man: (takes a great sip, falls on his knees.) Please don't leave me.

Woman: (starts laughing, maybe even dancing around, she's hovering from happiness like crazy) I won. I won.

Man: I won yesterday.

Woman: Yesterday was yesterday, today is today.

Man: (stands up, civilly) What's the score?

Woman: You keep a record.

Man: Don't fool around as if you didn't remember.

Woman: You remember it very well too, you don't even need your little notebook.

Man: (looking up from the pad) Forty three to thirty nine.

Woman: Who is winnning?

Man: Oh, you know.

Woman: Say it.

Man: No I won't, you say it.

Woman: I was the first one to ask.

Man: I won't say it, because you know it very well without me saying it.

Woman: But I want it to be said out loud.

Man: If you want it to be said out loud, then say it.

Woman: No.

Man: Then you won't hear it. (he slams the notebook down on the floor, really pissed.)

Woman: I win!!! I win fourty three to thirty nine!

Man: Yes! I made you. I won. Now it's fortythree to forty, I'm catching up.

Woman: Bastard.

Man: (makes a gesture) Stop the game. Give me a kiss. (chases her around the stage)

Woman: Stop. (kisses him)

(They embrace.)

Man: Thanks to this game our realtionship has become exciting again.

Woman: You talk like a book... But I'm enjoying it, too. Is it still a deal that the one who finally wins, gets the permission to leave the other one for good?

Man: If it wasn't a deal I wouldn't be playing it. I can't wait to leave you.

Woman: I can't wait either. I hope I can keep up the score.

Man: It's a long way to hundred. (he takes her up in his arms)

Woman: I fancy some calvados.

Man: But we only drink calvados before sex. (he lets her go)

Woman: (humiliated) I'll have a whisky then.

Man: (gives her the bottle) What do I get as a reward?

Woman: I'll cut your toe nails.

Man: And what will you want in exchange?

Woman: You let me squeeze the spots on your back.

Man: Yuck. No way.

Woman: (drinks) But this is calvados.

Man: (gives her a lovely and unexpected smile) I know.

Woman: But we only drink calvados before sex.

Man: I know that, too. (smiles and starts to take his shirt off) Listen.
Fourty three – fourty one. OK?

Woman: (laughs and starts to take her clothes off) No, no. Listen. Fourty
three to fourty three. OK? The special bonus.

Man: This is a hell-of –a good game.

(They laugh and tear the clothes off each other, leaving the stage. Most likely
they go into the bedroom or to the place where they like to do it best.)

(comforting, relaxing music)

Technician: Scene Five – May. Parting.

They tear ropes and chains, melt the last remains of the spring snow in their
palms. They tear off iron clothes from their bodies, the dazzling desire and
lawless passion plunges them into the river of red-hot lava, that spurts out from
God's eyes. The blind will remember this time, the deaf will curse this time,
those will be the days that will encourage them to go on living tomorrow.

(There's a phone on an empty stage. The man is writing a letter. He speaks out
the lines he writes. In a different part of the stage stands the woman and reads
the letter out in other language. She cries.)

Man: (writing and reading)

My beloved!

I know you can feel how much I want to touch the dusty road again from which
I descended some time ago, but I have to hold your tired face in my hands. If
I would let go, it would turn into a horrible bird and fly away far into the past.
But I don't know the way there anymore. I sit on the edge of our dream,
swinging in an airless atmosphere like a child, but beyond that there is nothing.
Not even an abyss that you can fall into. There's no chance I will fly, even if I
flutter my arms as much as I can. Attached to you, I realise how you dissolve
straight in front of my eyes in the river of time, whose flow steadily takes you

closer to death and I don't have the strength to fetch you back into the world of living. Your warmth, which yet still saves my life slips through my fingers and melts the ice cubes in my soul. I know that behind that is only endless frost, loneliness, madness and thousands of empty glasses. I sought myself inside them, but I only found pain and bloodstained splinters. Stay with me please, even if I was leaving. That's when I need you the most, my love. Don't let my anxiety enter our home. Empty the contents of my suitcases on our floor, turn out the flames that I light underneath our house. But most of all, laugh at me. As loud, clearly and fair as only you can do. Laugh like we used to laugh together. Like we laughed that time we made love on the kitchen sideboard and it broke and there was dinner on it from your good mother and we starved to death.

(The man takes an apple from the ground and starts to eat it. At the same time, the woman takes another apple from the ground, starts to eat it and cries.)

Or laugh like that time when I sneezed and a snot got got entangled in my beard, you wanted to wipe it down and got tangled in it, too. And then you fell asleep and I carried you, entangled in my beard across the whole town, home to your bed. Remember? And from then on you only wanted to sleep in it, in my beard. My beloved, laugh like you laughed then.

But most of all, please don't cry. You know, I'm more afraid of your tears than I am afraid of death. When you will be reading these words I would really like to be... I would really like to be at a point, from which there is still a way back. (The phone rings, it is in the middle of the stage. They both reach it at the same time. They both look at the ringing telephone and hesitatingly reach their hands to it. Suddenly, they look each other in the eyes and quickly leave the stage. The sound of the ringing phone dissolves into the sound of rain, or flowing river.)

Technician: Scene Six – June. Beethoven.

Bloody cherries intoxicate, unripe raspberries seduce, the grass is already soft and the earth is warm. The tongue yields to sinful drops and the palms touch the

fire without feeling any pain. Take me in your arms, I'm merely a naked desire.
Take everything that only belongs to virgins. Today you may. Today we can
finally see the horizon.

(Silent scene.)

Man and Woman sit next to each other at a concert, listening to Beethoven.

They look ahead, absorbed in music.

They keep squinting their eyes and leaning their heads back, like great admirers
of classical music.

The man puts his hand on the woman's knee.

The woman looks at him and gently touches it.

They listen.

The man makes another move, he goes higher and higher with his hand.

The woman softly moves his hand back.

The man resists for a while, but after a moment he moves his hand up again.

The woman moves it away.

They listen, and look.

The man takes the woman's hand and puts it in his crotch.

The woman gets frightened, reacting to the imaginary people around her and
decidedly takes her hand away.

The man puts his hand around the woman's neck. He pulls her to him.

The woman defends herself.

The man pulls her to him by force.

The woman snuggles to him after a useless fight.

They listen.

The man starts to push the woman's head into his crotch.

The woman straightens up and sways her hand to hit him.

The man excuses himself to the woman and to the other viewers with his eyes.

The woman doesn't know what to do with her stretched hand, so she slaps the man. He is considerably surprised.

The man starts to slap himself in the rhythm of the music.

He starts to sing.

The woman excuses them on all sides with her eyes.

The man's singing keeps getting louder, he's singing along with the orchestra.

He starts to conduct as well.

The orchestra stops.

The man sings a great solo, and becomes totally agitated.

The woman watches him. After a while she starts to sing, too.

They sing together, conduct and dance.

They get into an absolute trance.

They stop in an expressive musical point.

They embrace and start to kiss passionately and tear off their best clothes.

Applause.

(Second variety of this scene: A majestic Beethoven's symphony starts to play, the Technician puts on white gloves and changes into a conductor. The man – actor peers from behind the scene and motions to him that something's wrong.

The technician doesn't understand and keeps conducting... After a while we hear the man and the woman, or the actor and the actress arguing from off stage. The man peers out and quite clearly indicates to the Technician to stop, because there is a problem. The technician looks in the script, looking for an answer to the question "What's going on?" The actress comes out and stops everything. The music stops playing. The actress tells the audience that they simply didn't manage to change into their costumes and that she is really sorry. She's embarrassed and a little hysterical. The man-actor comes out, he hasn't got a clue what's going on, the woman pulls him on stage. They quarrel, the man wants to repeat the scene, but the woman can't do it anymore. So they tell, recount the previous scene to the audience. How it was supposed to happen. Of

course they exaggerate and make a lot of things up. In every second line they say that that Beethoven scene is actually the funniest of all and that they simply just love it. This situation should look like an authentic theatre mishap.

Technician: Scene Seven – July. New Life 1.

Hold the hands on the clock, so we can take better pleasure in the relief, so the weights can fall from us into the silver lake a while longer. Then you will jump into its rings and count the centuries. Take out a mirror and look in it for ages. Remember this picture like you remember the day your father died. You will remember it for a long time.

(Man and woman stand with their backs to the audience, putting on black overalls and masks. The following dialogue goes on during this scene.)

Woman: Is this our fate, darling?

Man: Yes, this is our fate, darling.

Woman: Are we just riding on it's wave then?

Man: We are just riding on it's wave. Exactly, darling.

Woman: So we're not doing anything wrong, are we?

Man: We're just fulfilling our fate, darling.

Woman: And our fate is our love, isn't it, darling?

Man: And our fate is our love.

Woman: So everything's like it should be?

Man: Yes, everything's like it should be.

Woman: It'll be over in a while and we are gonna start a new life, won't we darling?

Man: We'll start a new life in a while, darling.

(They turn around. They're wearing black overalls and they have masks on their faces. They are holding guns.)

Woman: (takes her mask off for a minute) Kiss me, darling.

Man: (takes his mask off, kisses the woman passionately) Everything according to our plan, darling. It'll be over in five minutes. I love you.

Woman: Darling, I don't know...

Man: There is no I don't know, darling.

Woman: There is no I don't know, darling.

Man: I'll take care of all the customers, because there's a lot of them and you've got the cashiers...

Woman: Because there's only two.

Man: It'll be nothing, darling. There's a man behind the right desk, you go to him first... you point a gun at him and you force him to give you the money...

Woman: Yes, darling. First of all I force the man. From a psychological point of view. Then I go to the second desk with the woman behind it, she will give me the money no problem because she will see that the man did it, too. The man's name is Martin, the woman's Anna. I call them by their names. That gives me an advantage.

Man: Exactly, darling. You can do it. And they must put their hands on the desk immediately. Right away. Don't forget, that's the first thing you must force them to do. Hands on the desk. You have to see their hands all the time. So they can't screw you. You have to look dangerous and self-confident.

Woman: I have to look dangerous.

Man: And self-confident, darling.

Woman: And self-confident, darling... Hands on the desk, right away, so they can't manage to call the police. And if they do, we run away. Fuck the money and run.

Man: They just can't do it.

Woman: I know, darling. They just can't do it.

Man: If they will, we won't be able to start our new life.

Woman: They won't do it, darling.

Man: Everything's perfectly planned.

Woman: I trust you, darling.

Man: There's no way back...

Woman: And we've been waiting for this day all our lives, haven't we, darling?

Man: Yes, darling. All our lives. Let's go.

Woman: And we'll start a new life, won't we, darling?

Man: Yes, darling, and that won't be possible without money...

Woman: Yes, darling. We can only fight the drug with money. A drug is a demon, isn't it, darling?

Man: Yes, darling. And we can only fight the demon with a dreadful sum of money.

Woman: Woman's name is Anna, man is called Martin. Anna and Martin have to give us the money, so we can start a new life.

(The man puts the mask on the woman's face, then he puts on his own. They adjust themselves into positions from which they will move into action in a few seconds. They have been planning this robbing action for several months and it is supposed to be the start of their new lives and the solution to all their problems. All problems, which accompany two lost and hopeless drug addicts.)
(They sweep into an imaginary area, the bank.)

Man: (shouting) On the floor...on the floor... face on the floor... on the floor... move it...

Woman: (shouting) Hey, Martin... hands on the desk... on the desk... you too, Anna, hands on the desk... on the desk... open the till now... Martin... give me the money... give it here... Martin... quickly... come on... all of it... (moves further) hands on the desk... like Anna...

Man: Don't move... faces on the floor... nobody will get hurt...

Woman: Nobody will get hurt... now you, Anna... the till... the money... all of it...everything... like Martin, Anna...

Anna's voice from a speaker: "I won't give you the money. I hate people like you."

Martin's voice from a speaker: "For God's sake, Anna, give the the money."

Woman: Anna, put the money into the bag... the money... like Martin... the money, Anna... Hands on the desk. Don't move your hand, Anna. Anna. No...

(The sound of a police alarm, activated by Anna.)

Woman: Darling. We're off, darling.

Man: The bag. Take the bag from that bitch.

Woman: Darling. Let's go.

Man: Fucking hell, gimme the bag. Let go of it...

Anna's voice from a speaker: "I hate people like you."

Martin's voice from a speaker: "Don't do it, Anna! Are you crazy?!"

(The man shoots at Anna. Then at Martin. Chaos.)

Woman: (takes her mask off, shouting hysterically) Darling! Oh my God, darling! What have you done?!

(The woman starts embracing the man in despair. He lets go of the gun and slowly takes his mask off.)

Technician: Scene Eight – August. New Life 2.

You shout out your wishes to a falling star. You shout out that you're in love.

You close your eyes and wait, hoping that she will come, come up very close to you, and touch the tip of your nose. And you will kiss all the strawberries off her that have been born in this world this year. She leans her head back and lets your dreams to enter her depths. The summer offered you a new scalp again.

Two bank clerks, a man and a woman, Martin and Anna, sitting behind their desks in Apple Bank next to each other, but so far away at the same time. Both are working, doing transactions with imaginary clients, handling money, documents, computer keyboards, everything is skillfully flicking through their hands. Their monologues are recorded and come from the speakers, like inner voices, like exposed thoughts.)

Martin: If only she knew what that smell of hers does with me. It drives into all my body cells like a scalpel. I don't understand where I get the strenght to stay put, sitting on this fucking chair... instead of leaping at her and tearing all her clother off with my teeth and lick off that smell from her...

Anna: I knew he'd wear that blue shirt today. I actually knew that. God, how it suits him. And that little wet spot on his back, it looks like a map. He could use it to finally find his way to me. I'm sure he knows how desperately I want him. He must know it, sure he's not blind, but still, I can't make the first move. That's just so undignified.

Martin: How sohould I do it? I don't know for how many weeks I've been planning to make the final move. But she must have got the message. What am I talking about, she must actually know for sure that I'm crazy about her, you can see it from a thousand mile distance. But she just doesn't react to any of my hints, she just gives me that damn smile of hers. Or she's simply not interested. Well, that wold be a surprise.

Anna: Maybe I'm just making this all up, as I did many times before. Oh, God, I'm such a cow. Maybe there's no hints from his side, but only my imagination. Only because of him I don't mind at all that I can't go on holiday from this bank during summer, because I'm in my

trial period... I 'm shaking like a schoolgirl. I would just love to look at the lump on his trousers, oh no, I'd rather tear those trousers off him... What am I crazy? Because this is not about sex.

Martin: What if she was used to some bull with a giant between his legs... that poor average devil of mine might be a bit of a dissapointment for her... What am I crazy? How can I underestimate her like this... Surely the size of a man's dick is not important for a woman like her... She's squinting at me. With those beautiful eyes of hers, I think I'll turn around and look at her...

Anna: Isn't he looking at me? He's reading my mind... OK, now I'll turn to look at him. If he's looking at me, then... then it's simply love... Now.

(They look at each other at the same time. They're both taken by surprise, but excellently handle the situation.)

Martin: I 'll invite her for dinner tonight, I'll tell her everything... its now or never... this doesn't happen to me every day, does it? I'm not doing anything wrong... she's divorced and I 'm sinlge... OK, so I've got a girlfriend... so what... I can't help myself... it has to happen today... or it will happen without words and we will spend twenty years together...

Anna: ...or it might just be a one night stand... but surely it will be worth it... considering that fold on his trousers... What am I really crazy? I haven't even yet seen his knee and I'm already thinking of his dick... I never felt passion like this before... he's simply the man that every woman is looking for... He's a totally fair and a charismatic guy...I've never met anybody with such a great character before... it's all in his eyes... I'm sure nothing can scare him... he would protect me.

Martin: How could I tell her? I haven't been chatting up girls for ages.... They always talked to me first... what if she's a feminist? Or a sadomasochist? Or what if she's into faecal sex? Jesus.. what if she'll want to...on my naked stomach... yuck, I hope not...

Anna: I'm sure he's gentle... according to the way he drives he must be gentle... and responsible... he's got a nice little bum... that fits in your palms.

Martin: No, don't lean over the desk like that... in case she doesn't stuff her bra, she must have beautiful breasts... Why am I thinking about her body all the time, that's not what I'm after... I just love her... How can I tell her? Shit. Anna, are you interested in starting a new life with me... I'm an idiot... If only she knew that now I actually come to this bloody work only because of her...

Anna: Sure... I've been hanging around alone for some time... what if my destiny offers me a start of a new life with Martin... from the very first day I started working here, I feel these unbelievable vibrations...

(From the speakers we hear the robbing of the bank from the previous scene. We hear recorded lines of Man and Woman which we saw in the previous scene occurring on stage, after they invaded the bank. The lines of Anna and Martin are now real.)

From speakers:

Man: *(shouting) On the floor...on the floor... face on the floor... on the floor... move it...*

Woman: *(shouting) Hey, Martin... hand on the desk... on the desk... you too, Anna, hands on the desk... on the desk... open the till now... Martin... give me the money... give it here... Martin... quickly... come on... all of it... (moves further) hands on the desk... like Anna...*

Man: *Don't move... faces on the floor... nobody will get hurt...*

Woman: *Nobody will get hurt... now you, Anna... the till... the money... all of it...everything... like Martin, Anna...*

Anna: I won't give you the money. I hate people like you.

Martin: For God's sake, Anna, give them the money.

From speakers:

Woman: *Anna, put the money into the bag... the money... like Martin... the money, Anna... Hands on the desk. Don't move your hand, Anna. Anna. No...*

(The sound of a police alarm, activated by Anna.)

Woman: *Darling. We're off, darling.*

Man: *The bag. Take the bag from that bitch.*

Woman: *Darling. Let's go.*

Man: *Fucking hell, gimme the bag. Let go..*

Anna: I hate people like you.

Martin: Don't do it, Anna! Are you crazy?!

(We hear two shots. Martin and Anna fall on their tables.)

Voice of Woman in the speaker: *Darling! For God's sake, darling. What have you done?!*

(Crying of a woman in despair, the one we heard and saw in the previous scene.)

Technician: Scene nine – September. Sunday leisure time.

The pain you feel is the sorrow at the end of the summer. The thing you miss is the light at the end of the day which now belongs to the autumn night. There's no more rhythm of youth vibrating inside you and you're closer to expiration than to breathing in. The number of silver hairs and wrinkles increases, and no smile can hide them anymore. You are more demanding to the world and the

world is more demanding to you. Now you have to pay a high price for today's mistakes.

Loud music plays. Some well known disco song would be the best, something like "It is a Beautiful Life." The Woman is gesturing wildly and explaining something to the Man. We don't hear what she's saying because of the music, but according to the gestures and the expression on her face we can tell that it is something very important. The music stops and at the same time the woman finishes her speech.

Woman: Get it?

Man: No.

Woman: You really don't get it?

Man: No I don't get it.

Woman: I really don't know how to explain it to you. Put yourself in my place and then you'll get it.

(The man starts to take his clothes off, the woman too. She thinks that some marriage affections that she loves so much will follow and she poses her affected little bum somewhere in the corner of the stage. In the meantime, the man puts on her dress. He notices her behaviour.)

Man: What are you doing?

Woman: What are YOU doing?

Man: (putting on lipstick) I'm putting myself in your place.

Woman: WHAT?

Man: I'm trying to put myself in your place.

Woman: Oh. So do you get it now?

Man: Yes, I do. You try it, too.

Woman: (putting on his clothes) I don't get how you couldn't get it.

Man: Well?

Woman: Now I get why you couldn't get it. Because now I don't get it either.

(From now on each one of them behaves like the opposite sex.)

Man: How could I explain it to you a little better.

Woman: Try one sentence.

Man: You don't satisfy me. Get it?

Woman: You mean like in sex?

Man: Not just in sex. In general.

Woman: But also in sex...

Man: Why do you men always think of sex first?

Woman: You always think of sex first, too, you're just too afraid to admit it. Because you're much more hypocritical than us. That's been proven.

Man: By men, surely.

Woman: No, honestly. What comes to your mind first, when you think of our relationship? Our miserable sexual life.

Man: Well I think of many things before I think of sex.

Woman: (lights a cigarette) For example.

Man: Affection.

Woman: I don't believe you. You lost your affection a long time ago.

Man: If I lost my affection, then it's because of you.

Woman: Now you've insulted me

Man: Is that a crime?

Woman: I feel like slapping you.

Man: You never hit me before.

Woman: I know, but now I'd love to slap you.

Man: Go on then.

Woman: And what's going to happen?

Man: When?

Woman: When I slap you.

Man: I don't know, I've never been slapped before.

Woman: On which cheek?

Man: The right one, in case you hit my ear. You know my left one hurts.

Woman: You should have seen the doctor ages ago. If something hurts, you see the doctor.

Man: Don't change the subject. You boasted that you were going to slap me.

Woman: I'm not changing the subject. And I wasn't just boasting, I'm really going to slap you.

Man: Go on. (he sets his face)

Woman: Hold my cigarette. (gives him the cigarette, the man holds it.)
(The woman slaps the man really hard.)

Man: (takes a whiff from the cigarette)

Woman: That's my fag.

Man: Sorry. (gives it back to the woman and starts to leave)

Woman: Where are you going?

Man: I'm going to call the helpline for abused women.

Woman: 2238769

Man: How did you know the number?

Woman: I used to call it quite often.

Man: And who abused you?

Woman: You.

Man: How did I abuse you?

Woman: In every way.

Man: I abused you?

Woman: Now you're talking for yourself or for me?

Man: I haven't been talking for myself since I've been with you. I was baking a pie, have a piece. (giving him the cake)

Woman: You could've at least put some apples in it.

Man: You can munch an apple with it, if you like. (gives her an apple)

Woman: Where did you see eating apple pie like this?

Man: On Madagascar.

Woman: Do we even like each other anymore?

Man: Do we have any other choice?

Woman: I don't know. Splitting up.

Man: That would be even worse than now.

Woman: My dress quite suits you.

Man: Really?

(The man starts talking and gesturing wildly, his vehement speech is stifled by the same loud music as at the beginning. The woman is chewing an apple with the pie. They argue. We don't hear what they're arguing about because of the loud music. Their quarrel ends with a bizarre fight. Blood can actually squirt around on the stage. But it shouldn't be ketchup...)

Technician: Scene ten - October. The Phantom.

The universe bathes in colours. Moments from the time when the sun warmed us crush underneath our legs. Today we are only heated by an old taste and smell of new wine. We tell the truth straight in the eyes and over the candle. The truth, which hurts more than one expected, and we go back to our children, their fathers and mothers. We go back to our fates. It's time to go back to ourselves and hang on till the next summer. If a tear drops, let it run and read our story from it.

(The following scene takes place on an empty street in the evening, somewhere by the stage entrance of a theatre.)

Man: (blocks way to a woman, who is walking down the street, he is holding a rose in his hand) Excuse me.

Actress: God, you scared me.

Man: Sorry... I didn't mean to... This is for you. (gives her the rose) For tonight's performance.

Actress: Thank you. (takes the rose, wants to walk away quickly, she feels a strange fear, even though the strange man looks very decent.)

Man: Wait. Masha.

Actress: (smiles) My name is not Masha.

Man: Masha...

Actress: You saw tonight's performance?

Man: Not just tonight's.

Actress: You've seen it more times?

Man: Masha, I've seen you as many times as you've been doing it.

Actress: Don't call me Masha, I have a feeling then that I'm still my character.

Man: You are still your character. You're still wearing your costume, you only change when you're home... You do it after every performance of Three Sisters...

Actress: What the hell... Thanks for the rose. Bye.

Man: Life's hard. To many it seems empty and hopeless, but we have to admit that the world is becoming a more better and joyful place and surely it will not be long, before we will all be happy.

Actress: That's Vershinin...

Man: Although there is a big emptiness left from the past and we don't know how to fill it. The whole world is desperately looking for something and once it will surely find it. We just have to hope it will be soon.

Actress: I'm sorry, I have to go home.

Man: (catches her) Why such a hurry? Nobody's waiting for you... Msha.

Actress: I'm going to scream.

Man: (holding her) You're also desperately looking for something, just don't squander your chance.

Actress: How dare you?!!! I want to go.

Man: (takes out a gun and points it at himself) Can you imagine that Vershinin would shoot himself because of Masha? What if he went to Moscow and committed suicide..

Actress: (in great constraint) You're crazy. Please, put that gun away.

Man: Why does this line never resound on the stage? Masha begs Vershinin, please put that gun away.... That's Chekhov.

Actress: We're not on the stage. Don't you understand? You harass me on the street and blackmail me with suicide. And I'm only talking to you because... because...

Man: Because it thrills you.

Actress: Because I feel sorry for you. That's why.

Man: I have no one except you, Masha.

Actress: That's crazy. (screams) Heeelp! Heeelp!

Man: Go on. You'll wake the whole house up. Let them know about our love. Let them know. I have nobody except you. Nobody.

Actress: (she doesn't know what to do, so out of despair or a strange feeling of excitement she starts saying out Masha's lines) Can you hear it? The noise from the furnace. Shortly before father died, there was that same noise...

Man: Are you superstitious?

Actress: Yes.

Man: I carried it for you all the way from the Garden of Eden.

Actress: Don't hurt me, please. I don't know you, I've never seen you before, thanks for your goodwill, and for the rose... but please let me go...

Man: Take it... (giving her the apple)

Actress: (takes it cautiously) Thank you.

Man: You're a great, precious woman. And beautiful, too. It's dark here, but I can see the way your eyes are shining...

Actress: (starts saying Vershinin's lines) I love, I, love, I love... I love your eyes, every one of your moves and I can even see it in my dreams.. You're beautiful... gorgeous... I've never experienced true love before... I've never actually even loved before.

(The man wants to kiss her)

Actress: (sharply) This is crazy. I'm talking to a stranger, using lines from Chekhov's Three sisters. My name is Ildikó Nagy. How dare you? I'm going to call the police.

(Man starts laughing.)

Man: Kiss me, Masha. The price for that apple is a passionate kiss.

Actress: Please...

Man: Kiss Vershinin, tear his clothes off and stick his wandering dick in your mouth. (takes out from his bag the vessel with petrol) Look at this!!

Actress: O my God!!

Man: Where is your God? Show me that little shaved theatrical pussy of yours and uncle Vershinin will do it to you like you've been wanting to for ages. Little Masha.

(The Man fires the lighter. Blackout.)

Voice of a moderator: The theatre phantom has been raging again. Crazy murderer of actresses is on the scene again. After Juliette, Margaret and Caroline we have another enemy. Last night Chekhov's Masha was brutally raped and burned. The police is extremely busy again. An actress Ildiko Nagy was brutally raped and murdered last night. The tragedy took place when the actress was on her way home after a theatre performance of Three Sisters, where she acted the role of Masha. All circumstantial evidence suggests that the

murder is connected to the previous three cases of young actresses, whose lives ended shortly after they impersonated femmes fatales in great drama masterpieces.

Technician: Scene Eleven – November. Between Heaven and Her.

You've lost your hearing, the sight is gone, you're not able to walk upright anymore. You're on your knees, old and slouched. A prayer falls from your lips, you believe that some hope still lives for you to touch the cross. You believe that somebody still believes in you. If a tear drops, let it flow and read your story from it. You will not give up living your life without restraint, because tomorrow's morning has the power of a big explosion and creating the universe. (Technician spreads a large white sheet on the stage. An old man and an old woman slowly come on the stage. They are two beautiful old people. Each one comes from a different side. They walk very slowly, they're actually just shambling, shuffling and leaning on their sticks. At this moment there should be a deathly silence on the stage, so that each one of their rustles, taps or breaths can be heard. Suddenly each one of them starts to nudge the apples around the sheet with their sticks and tries to get them on the white sheet. The apples roll on the white blanket, it reminds shaking apples off the tree in autumn. The two old people approach the blanket, take their shoes off and ceremonially enter the white area. They help each other and both sit down. The old woman takes an apple and with a shaking hand passes it to the old man. He takes a knife out of his pocket and starts to peel it. Gently, with one move. The skin of the apple slides from his hands like a snake. During this action we hear the old woman's voice from the speakers. She is looking up, as if into somebody's eyes.)

Old woman's voice:

A flower awakens in the snow

It is just her coming

White and great

Like a wish not to die
Sprinkled by tears from heaven
Angels lent her their wings
So she could murder at night
That's her
Like dew on grass' lips
Like a feather in the palm of an old man
That's a woman
Timeless and neverending
Made for victory
That's a woman
Timeless and infinite
Like time
Like a road
Born in the heart of God
And the man falls to his knees
Go ahead, let there be two of you
Let desire join you together
Merge into eternity
And die together in heaven

(The old man cuts the peeled apple in two halves and gives one to the old woman. She takes the other half, of course. The old man smiles and gently shakes his head for about the thousandth time in his life. They start to eat like toothless children. Slowly and carefully. After a while we hear music coming from a distance. It could be Lenny Kravitz or Tom Waits or Nick Cave. They stand up with difficulty and start to "dance." During the dance they take each other's clothes off. A plane flies over their heads. They look up and smile. They won't run today. Not anymore. Underneath their costumes they are wearing

pyjamas. They lie down slowly in the middle of the sheet and wrap themselves up in it completely. The music slowly ends. The Technician enters the stage with a script in his hand.)

Technician: Scene Twelve – December. Endless silence.

(Technician stands above the man and woman wrapped in the white sheet.)

Come, come inside me, because you rised from me. You have a nest in my heart, which has been waiting for you through this endless time. I washed the tracks from stranger's shoes from inside it and brought out your old blanket again. I am you and you are me, that's what you said a long time ago, remember? Say that sentence aloud again and a miracle will happen, a miracle you believed in all along. When you enter me the earth will freeze again, life will freeze and time will sleep, dream a long dream. That's how it should be, and only for the sake of this peace it's worth to wait, fall and lose. Only for this moment it is worth to keep growing. You don't feel any pain anymore, you only feel endless warmth. Endless warmth after death.

(An apple falls on the Technician's head. He rubs his head, picks the apple from the ground and surveys it form every side. Like a diamond.)

Blackout.

THE END

Dedicated to Hana, with love

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