

**Dodo GOMBÁR**

# **PORTAL**

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©gombár

1.

Well...

Like....you know...

Even if...

I see.

That's it, a man is...

Exactly, he is...

Or he's not...

Exactly....he might be not...

More likely he is not.

So what?

Just...suddenly...

Beginnings, these beginnings are...

We know but what... ehmmm, yes but...

Right...But...but the heart....of matter....which is...as you see...

Maybe..I'd liked to...

Well...and I'd ...

Anyway...

Sure...it's like that...

New, all bright new...

I thought it'd be....fresh...

Some...errrr....vibrations...

Yes, sort of...

Not everyone would...expect it...somehow...

Indeed, somehow...

Exactly...but you know...don't you...

You snap your fingers and...click...

Maybe even clack...

Clap.

Whack. Whip. To your face.

And nothing...

Done...

Different paths...

Destinies...which are...

Yes, that's true.

Or maybe it's not.

Is it? Not necessarily, but...

People are people!

And a stone remains a stone!

Cornerstone?

You mean that one builders used to...

No no no no I just...

Or that one we should...

How to say....if I don't wanna quote...

Straight to it, straight...

Straight it is.

Yes.

I don't paraphrase.

That's good.

We're cowards.

Exactly.

Hypocrites.

Exactly.

Egocentric whores.

The worse ones!

Two-faced swines.

Not everyone but...

But maybe? Whore, of course, but maybe?

All right ?

I'm sorry, I just...

Me too actually...

Only sometimes.

Always.

These beginnings, you know...

January, Monday, alpha....cancel it! Cancel it!

Well...

Well?

A moment after midnight maybe ...

Exactly, that's exactly...

Horror!

Nightmare!

You're a poet! Are You? You are!!!

As always in the mornings...

Like...

As a matter of fact...

Actually...

Bubbles.

In your head..

Brain is, then...

Exactly...actually...

Can I open another bubbly?

Don't have one. Anymore.

I still have one with me.

Travel pack?

Half size...Laugh now, isn't it?

Exactly.

Can I open it? Laugh.

Why not, do it, even if...

What's that?

I drive...actually...my car.

Fuck it.

Exactly! (*opens a small bottle of champagne*) Boom.

Whip. (*drinks*) To the new...

Next...

In your face.

Holly shit.

To the future...what's that called...

Generatios??

Fuck generations. To the future shit I mean!

To us.

Who's us?

Mean people but also...

Also to the animals and trees...

To the sky...

And to the ambitions...Human ambitions!

*(They drink in silence....they finish the whole bottle.)*

To the great new...next...

Beginning.

Yep. *(He burps,)* Yuck. There's somehow.....

Disgusting actually...cheap stuff but ... *(He burps.)*

That's gonna be a year! We are filthy pigs.

So what? Fuck! So what??

*(They keep silence for a while..)*

Nothing....if there's anything, actually...

I know, I know...here, take my hand.

We just....just....take mine.

*( They shake hands. But just for a moment.)*

Exactly. We made it

Congratulations.

Same to you.

All the good...

Or the better...

*(They shake hands and keep quiet. They just don't know what to say.)*

## 2.

What do you think about it?

Nothing

Really nice, isn't it?

I don't know

Don't you like it?

I didn't get it.

I enjoyed it

I didn't.

I needed to relax

I don't blame you.

You didn't?

I didn't come here for it.

I did.

Of course

Job sucks.

Of course.

Family sucks.

I see.

My wife.

Sure.

Money.

Yes.

Skepticism.

Mhm. What about children?

Children too. How do you know?

I've only guessed.

So I try to forget.

Yes.

Forget as usual.

And watch some shit.

Well, that may be...

It was awfull.

People seemed to enjoy it.

Shallow, awfull, uninspired.

You're exaggerating.

Don't ask me then.

I wanted to know your opinion.

You didn't.

There was a lot of clapping.

Yes.

Seven curtain calls maybe.

Eight.

Eight, you see – that's a success.

A success. Yes.

They were standing, too.

And some were shouting. „Bravo“ for example.

Exactly.

It's the lowest bottom of life.

What do you mean?

An experience like this.

I don't understand.

You can't sink any lower.

That's the times.

Exactly. But I...

What?

Don't care about times.



Your business.

I don't want to be a part of it.

You don't have to.

People want some fun.

They might go to the ZOO.

They are going there.

Let them stay there.

How pale you are.

Let them eat an elephant.

Are you okay??

I'm sick, I'll throw up. (*He does so*)

(*he turns away*) Can I get you someone...?

No, it just needs to go out!

(*Pause*)

What do you like?

Hard to say but definitely not this.

For example.

Something touching.

You mean your heart??

I mean life.

Can you be more specific?

I can. Excuse me. (*He vomits again.*)

I'd have to...

I'm sorry.

I'm glad we ...

Think about it...

Yeah, you too...

*(He keeps vomiting.)*

**3.**

Why?

What?

You know that.

Me?

Me then?

I don't know.

You're lying.

I'm guessing.

You know.

I know.

You see.

I don't believe.

Why?

I don't know.

You have to.

Just a feeling.

Arguments.

I don't have any.

Facts.

I don't know.

That's useless.

Not for me.

For me.

I believe that.

Do you believe me?

Not anymore.

Dissapointed?

Yes.

Can we...?

...be reconciled?

Yep.

I don't know.

You have to know that.

I don't.

Brain...

Heart...

Those sentiments...

Yep.

Pathos.

A depth only. A content.

But I can see your point.

You're a hypocrite.

I don't know.

A coward, too.

Why?

And an egoist.

So are you.

I'm not.

I don't understand...

Me neither.

What?

You. Nothing.

What will we...?

I can't...

Stay?

Yeah. Exist.

Here?

Here, with you.

But the agreement was...

I know.

Do, as you wish.

It's not about my wishes.

All is about your wishes.

No, it's not.

It is.

It's not actually.

We don't understand each other.

We don't.

Do you think...?

What?

That I am a bad person?

Who am I to...

Judge?

Yeah.

You don't judge me. I'm asking.

I think so.

Bad person?

A really bad one.

*(silence)*

I go.

Okay.

Will you come back?

Not really.

Never ever?

You don't need me.

Whom do I need?

Yourself.

#### **4.**

I cast no shadow.

I know.

Is it so obvious?

More than you'd wish for.

Do we call each other by names?

Does it matter?

We can do it.

Closeness.

My head hurts.

Bend down.

Before what?

Everyone'd bent before his own thing.

I want more.

Nothing'll last.

I'll be getting closer to the ground.

Till the dawn

Forever.

Egocentrically.

Ego beats you.

Do not think it over at night.

I don't need to dream.

I just need to leave.

I don't want to go.

Stay in the cage then.

With you.

Alone.

Open the window.

Wide open?

I need a wind to flow in my head.

I saw you.

You saw yourself in me?

Myself in me.

Still the same.

I know.

I am here.

Silent woman.

As a smoke.

I breathe.  
I am waiting.  
For a sign.  
What used to be, is there no more.  
Do you want to enter?  
To cast a shadow?  
I'll shadow you.  
More open.  
There's nothing.  
I wish there was a freeze./breeze?  
Tchernobyl in your soul.  
How long will we go for?  
April will do.  
From the sweet blood?  
Not for that bad.  
Your teeth on my skin.  
As if God lived.  
With a naive smile?  
We've gone mad with love.  
Touch me in the depth.  
Always when you're drunk.  
Silence now.  
No words.  
Into the woman?  
Enter a man.  
Into the man.

Enters a man.

Woman eats woman for breakfast.

Murdering her silently.

There's no other choice.

*(They dance – and still they know who they really are. )*

**5.**

Do you like to drink?

I prefer eating.

You don't seem to.

Good camouflage.

I won't say.

Here and now.

I can't see it.

Underwear designed to...

I see...

Touch it..

Can I?

Would you like to?

Well...

Go on.

*(touches)* Firm body.

Sweaty.

Mine is too.

Tired of dancing.

Luring?



Tired after the winter.

Tired of waiting.

In the depth, in the fire.

Tired, luring?

Waiting for leafs.

Tired, waiting, luring?

Calling for whom?

I said luring.

I heard calling.

We hear only what we want to hear.

I don't want anything at all.

Everyone wants something.

I'm not everyone.

I can see it.

What can you see?

May I kiss you?

Don't ask.

May I?

I say...

*(They kiss.)*

In the language of the heart?

In the language of passion.

Music again.

I love dancing.

I can see it.

I love streams of sweat.

I love you.

You don't know me.

I hold you.

You can't hold me. Can't tame me.

With a whip maybe?

Nor with bread. Nothing at all.

Before you can do it, I'll break you.

Lock you in a cage.

I'll bite though it.

Let's have some drink.

I don't need to.

I do.

I'll wait for you.

Here?

I'll be waving.

Entering my shores.

Breaking the waves.

Steel and ice.

Who knows.

Don't you want anything?

I told you.

I'll come.

*(He leaves, she stays dancing, drugged. Before he comes back, someone else is with her, she kisses him passionately. He stays for long and watches her. Her lips won't separate from the other man's lips, though.)*

6.

When did you die?

We have no memories here.

Even the most emotional ones?

We have no memories.

What's the view without it?

View back?

Yep.

Clear.

Yep.

True as well.

Can you recognize the truth?

The truth is everywhere round here.

I see.

There is only one truth.

They say it's the other way around.

It's just because, man needs an alibi.

A living man.

Man doesn't mean anything.

I feel strange.

You become a part of it here.

A part of what?

A part of the truth.

Even as a suicider?

Even as a suicider.

A part of?

Part of the higher truth.

Any disadvantages?

It feels unpleasant sometimes.

Yeah.

It hurts, it burns, it bites.

How long does it take?

There's no time here.

Yes, of course.

Would you like to come?

I'm considering it.

Don't think too much.

I know, it disables my will.

You want it or you don't.

It can't be that easy.

It is.

It can't be only about wanting something.

It is.

Can I sit down?

Why?

My legs hurt.

Why?

From walking?

No chairs here.

Can I sit on the ground?

It's hot.

*(touches it)* No, it's not.

When you sit on, it'll get hot.

*(sits down)* Ouch. *(stands up)*

Did you burn yourself?

Yep, ouch.

Did you burn your butt?

Yep.

I told you so.

I know.

You burned your ass. *(he laughs)*

Am I funny?

You're prideful.

I don't know.

You are!

I just wanted to be sure.

You didn't trust me.

I wanted to try it.

Why?

I wanted the experience.

What for?

To know it.

The belief has nothing to do with an experience.

I'm not talking about belief.

But you have to believe in something.

Yeah.

What do you believe in?

I believe in man and in the common reason, too.

A man doesn't mean anything.

I believe in man.

Good luck then?

Are you mocking me?

We don't know mockery here.

What do you know then?

Whatever.

Apart from mockery?

Apart from some things.

Which ones?

You'll find out here.

Hmmmm...

What?

Well...

What??

Someone's coming.

I don't know him.

Is it a man?

I don't know.

He's smiling.

He has earplugs.

He is listening to some music.

He's watching us.

But he doesn't hear us.

We don't know that.

Should I say something?

Like what?

Ask him why is he smiling?

Let him smile.

That's true.

Or what is he listening to?

Something what makes him smile.

He's leaving.

Stop him.

Why me?

I don't know him.

More than me.

Why?

Supporting web.

He's gone.

Yeah. What do you think?

*(he produces a gun)* I don't know.

You don't need to know.

I do.

You don't.

I do.

You're wrong.

*(He shoots, he might shoot himself, or he shoots the other one.)*

**7.**

I've been looking for you.

I'm here all the time.

I wasn't here.

Where have you been looking?

In our kitchen.

I am not there, I am here.

In our room, too.

In our bathroom, I suppose.

There too. In the mirror...

Stop looking for me.

I've been...

I'm standing here all the time, smoking.

I'm sad when you're not there. At home.

It's not my fault.

Things have no meaning.

I can't do anything about it.

You can.

What?

You can come back.

That's what I can't do.

Why?

Are you serious?

Why not?

We discussed it.

A depression streams from the walls when you're not there.

I see.

A mist of despair behind the windows.

I don't want to talk about it.



And warm days are like a moisture floating on the floor.

Yeah. From the corpse.

From the corpse.

Now you see.

Don't you miss it?

You mean the depression?

You know I don't mean it.

What exactly do I not miss?

Most exactly our life.

I'm learning to live a new one.

Irony?

Not now.

Can it be done? To live a new one?

Yeah. For now.

It won't last.

Then I'll work it out.

How?

What do you mean how?

How will you work it out?

Don't blackmail me.

We were together for seven years.

Yeah, a long time.

It can't be thrown away.

I'm not throwing anything away.

Seven.

Wasn't even seven years.

Now we'll keep silence.  
We'll be ashamed.  
The same movie in our heads.  
Not the same one.  
Different endings.  
Strange fist beat our souls.  
I feel dizzy.  
Too many memories.  
Leave me alone.  
So roughly?  
Yeh, it came out of the silence.  
We liked to keep silence.  
Dress up.  
Why?  
I want to look at you.  
As you look at animal teeth?  
I just want to look at you.  
As you look at the house we wanted to buy?  
As at your past.  
And then?  
Then you'll dress again.  
And then? *(takes clothes off)*  
Then I leave.  
And me?  
You promise not to try to find me.  
So? *(standing naked in front of him)*

Nice past.

I am the presence.

Put your clothes on.

*(She does in silence)*

I'm gonna go.

I hate you.

I'm sorry for you.

You're a whore.

So you can promise honestly.

I'll never try to find you.

**8.**

I quit.

*(Pause)*

Well then.

*(Pause)*

The end of the summer, burning out...

Yeah, yeah, talks.

Truth lies on the table.

Truth on the table, feet on the ground.

*(Pause)*

You won't ...

I will not...

Make you change your mind?

There's no reason.

I see.

That's all you wanted?

Don't you ask me why?

I don't care.

I see..

Is it all then?

*(Pause)*

I don't feel well.

Yeah.

*(Pause)*

I thought...

What did you think?

That we might...talk about it.

*(Pause)*

About my quitting here.

You said that already.

I know but...

And I fully accept it.

So should I go?

Are you insane? Have you gone mad? What do you think, man? Don't you think your showing off was pretty awful? You're a coward. Cowardly dirty scum. Feared rat with a blood on its teeth. Blackmailer. An ego-maniacal psycho with no emotion, without selfreflection, without empathy! You're not able of an empathy! Self pitying prick! Mean fucker! I'll be glad when our path together, our common hope, our common waiting, when this all will be over, will be nothing but a dream. Or maybe but a grey shadow on the concrete floor.

*(Pause.)*

Goodbye.

Do you understand?

Maybe.

Do you get it?

Let's hope. Goodbye.

God bless you.

I don't believe in God.

I can see it.

Do you think anything about me at all?

Not really.

*(Pause)*

You're colourless..

No-one ever told me...

No-one ever saw it.

What if?

If that's so.

*(Pause)*

Heavy legs.

*(Pause)*

Breathing.

*(Pause)*

*(He's leaving.)*

## **9.**

And you'd still want to outwit everyone. To prove something, to confirm, to overcome. You'd still like to be better than others, better looking, you'd make yourself look much better all the time, the way others see you became your religion. You want to compare, race. A sprint race or discus throwing isn't enough for you, you need to compare in literature, philosophy, arts as well. You're binding imagination and muses with the bonds of earthly possessions, talent and creativity are standing at your winner's podium. Yuck. And yuck again. Pricks. You're trying to hide all the swines you have inside you, because you are ashamed, so you don't want to show your fat bellies and sweaty double chins to anyone. To confess to them the terminal disease.

How awfull is it to see that all. How awfull is it to see the laird. That's why there are/you have all these masques, these twisted smiles, deformed, without a spark of life. You can't see your curse, all you can see are mirrors. Shop windows. Not the beautiful things around you but only mirrors and you are facing them. You'll wring your hands as you see the proud art of man, you'll creep into a favour of everyone who can help you to force your untalented asses through - instead of taking your hats off in the August rain, or inside the air just after a storm or to water in the spring which you can drink or to the smile of an old woman holding prayer beads in her hands. Instead of doing this you'll be forever opening champagne bottles at vain occasions, at the ceremonies of third age. Of the age of egoism. Your eyes are truly full of hatred, full of jealousy and grudge. One day you'll die of it. You'll peck out ass some infected hens jammed in the track of death. So many things are betraying you. So many details speak of you more than you'd think you can hide behind all the bullshit you're saying. How pathetic. You're liars. Lie is decomposing you, breaking down all the good inside you, in your inner chambers with sheers glittering with vomits and hatred. I don't know, I really don't know. I have remained silent. I'm tired by talking. Tired..

*(she listened to him)* What are you trying to say??

There's hypocracy everywhere.

Who are you to judge?

Dead old man, newborn child.

What else do you want?

I'm just waiting for what happens.

Can I sit with you?

Your back is like a stream.

Marked with bending.

I can't protect you.

I just want to be here.

Pride is twisting your neck.

I can recognize your song.

So make me stop.

Few more tones.

You broke my zones.

She made me come nearer.

Don't be afraid, a punishment is coming.

I can't bear it anymore.

Can I?

No.

Help?

That's my job.

Can I not?

I need to keep silent.

Alone.

Alone.

I know.

Thank you.

I thank you.

## **10.**

It's freezing.

Close to the ground.

In the mornings.

It stings.

We'll freeze.

We have blankets.

We'll freeze.

Will we de cease?

In history.

No records.  
No tracks.  
No marks on the blackboard.  
They won't remember us.  
No-one?  
No-one.  
We have blankets.  
There're holes in it.  
We have no plans.  
No dreams.  
Nor the future.  
Nor the past.  
Who we are?  
Two stones.  
At the river.  
Flowing.  
Across the centuries.  
Across our presence.  
Flows and takes everything away.  
Thoughts and doubts.  
Not the doubts, it can wash it away.  
Human stories.  
Human encounters.  
Show me the direction.  
Which one?  
Where to go.



Why me?

There is a light in your eyes.

There is but a sadness in my eyes.

There's still a spark in it.

Don't try to comfort me.

Will we freeze?

It depends upon us.

Do we have blankets?

Good legs, too.

And hot blood.

Are we stones?

We don't have to be.

What are we then?

Whatever we want to.

That's not so easy.

What can stop us?

Frost.

We can breathe.

So the presence.

We breathe, it means we are alive.

Yes, that's true.

I can feel happiness.

Where?

Behind my nails.

That's a frost.

So frost is happiness?

It can be.  
Only can be?  
Is it what they say?  
Do you believe it?  
I believe you.  
That's a lot.  
That's all.  
More than frost?  
More than death.  
More the memories.  
More the doubts.  
You.  
I'll be here.  
Forever?  
Till my strenght leaves me.  
And your fear?  
There's none.

## **11.**

(Just) like pricks, like pricks.  
Come on.  
That's how we feel.  
I don't.  
Me neither.  
I feel like that.  
I don't know.

I feel like that.

Maybe that's it.

Me too, especially in November.

And what about March?

Not in March, only in November.

Weird, isn't it??

I don't know, I feel like hanging myself.

In November.

Exactly, so many suicides.

And what about March??

Not in March, I want to reduce/(lose weight?) in March.

Because of the summer. To be sexy in the summer.

Exactly.

„Exactly., sir.“

Are you English?

No, just showing off.

Everyone wants to hang himself in November.

I like Novembers.

Go to see your doctor.

As I said, pricks.

Stop the bad language.

We work for shit.

You said it.

What?

About the shit.

It's enough.

It's not.

Shit! Fuck! Shit!!

Fuck.

Exactly.

Guests will come soon.

Let them come.

They can't find us talking nonsense.

We have white shirts, man.

Black ties.

Dead ties.

We are shaved.

Fragranced.

As some pricks.

Wedding in November? It sucks.

So what?

Wedding is supposed to be in the spring.

Exactly. Or in the autumn.

Not in the November, man.

So? If they love each other.

They do love each other, sir.

Stop that showing off, man.

Why??

Because the fuck, prick.

So, let them get married in November.

Are you supporting him??

So what??

Speaking posh English??

So what?

Yesterday you said you hated him.

You said that about me??

Now you speak normally?

I didn't.

Why are you lying to me?

I am not.

You are and you're a Christian, though.

Not a real one.

I don't care, man.

No communions, nothing.

Do you hate me??

Sometimes.

When??

When you get...so fixed.

Fixed to what??

What do I know...to death.

Everyone thinks about death in November.

I don't think about the death.

No one asked you.

Could you, please, ask me something?

Who?

Whoever.

Are the bow ties really dead?

That's a hard, existential question.

Hard November one.

Here comes the death again.

Guests are coming, guests are coming, guests are coming.

Can you stop repeating it?

Everyone is getting ready.

That bride is terribly awfull, fat and ugly.

You are a xenophobic piece of shit.

Come on, guests are here.

Hello.

Hello.

Hello.

Good to see you.

Hello.

Can we??

It's all yours.

We're expected.

Welcome.

Thank you.

## **12.**

*(Standing, looking at him)*

Already?

It's time.

*(Silence.)*

If you don't want to...

I'm ready.

It won't be easy.

I know.

They'll be surprised.

I know that.

And they won't like it.

Their faces, oh my God.

Yes?

*(laughs)* Just saying.

Yeah. We can't wait anymore.

You can't explain anything.

Sorry.

You're nice.

I'll watch over you.

In case I lose my will?

Yes.

Do they know I'm coming?

Some of them do, they get the signs.

Do they believe it?

I don't know.

*(packs his stuff)* Do I really need it?

Not really.

I don't need to shave, do I?

Nor to cut your hair.

Clean water will do.

There's enough of it there.

*(Long silence)*

I won't leave you.

Thank you.

Never. Come here, let me hug you.

*(They hug)*

Do I need to prepare a speech?

It'll come to you.

Hope so.

You'll need a lot of words.

I can feel it.

Are you sad??

No, I'm just trying to concentrate

I leave you alone. Can I...?

*(hugs him)* I appreciate it.

*(Silence)*

It has to be me.

Sometimes I doubt...

Everything is fine

Maybe.

For sure.

*(Silence.)*

So...

Happy New Year.

Happy first year. Happy first step.

They will wait for you.

Thank you for all.

I won't leave you.



Thank you.

Never.

You're nice.

Tired.

The world wears you out.

I am old.

You still look pretty good.

Do you think so??

Enough of talking. I'll talk there a lot.

You will.

I'm off.

Let me hug you.

We already did...once..twice.

I know but

If I won't follow your instructions...

You know what to do...

Well.

Come to me.

*(They hug)*

*(silence)*

*(DARKNESS, we can hear HIS voice.)*

It's your day today

I'd rather not think about it.

You could think about it.

It makes me nervous.

I don't know if I want to go there.

I'm scared, I'm shaking.

I don't know if I want to be born in such a world.

I know nothing, I am sorry.

***The End***