

Dodo Gombár
HUGO CARP

D e d i c a t e d t o t h o s e w h o c a m e a n d s t a y e d .

J a n u a r y 1999

T r a n s l a t i o n : K a t a r í n a S l u g e n o v á - C o c k r e l l

All of the characters are standing on stage in the darkness,
except for Hugo, who enters late r. Each character comes alive during
his act, they never leave the stage. It is necessary to feel all of
them constantly, like shadows of Hugo's life, like dark memories
always ready to strike. I recommend that one actor portray several
characters and that all costume changes be done in the dark depth
of the stage. The only real character is Hugo Carp, who goes
through all of the acts without any changes. The principle of the
play is based on alternating real time with retrospective, Hugo freely
switching from one to another.

The actors must be above the thing, always a couple of millimeters
above the letters and words. Their biggest enemy is pathos
and exaggerated false sentiment.

The director should have a greatly developed sense for delicate
limits and fine sensibility. He has to be able to work with detail,
stage shortcuts and metaphor.

The stage is free of clutter; it is more or less empty. Only somewhere
in the corner a melancholic pianist is sitting at the piano,
looking like he does not even belong in this world. He is repeating his
tune and with great gusto is inhaling a filterless cigarette, full of aromatic
tobacco. The costume is a result of one's imagination.

(H u g o Carp slowly arri ves on the scene, he is looking at the audience and is smiling at them. Hey may appear not normal to us.)

H u g o : Hi there. My name is Hugo. Hugo Carp. I t 's an exceptionally stupid name, but it's not my fa u l t . D o n 't look at me because of that .The name is actually even wo rse than stupid, i t 's totally sick. My mom and dad are responsible, m ay they rest in peace.

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

H u g o 's mother: I brought a beautiful little boy to this wo r l d . C h u b b y and round like a basketball. C h i c a g o.

H u g o 's fat h e r: He looks like a little Hugo.

M o t h e r: W h y, it is Hugo.

Fat h e r: Like a little Carp.

M o t h e r: Hugo Carp.

Fat h e r: Hugo Carp, h o o r a y. Hugo after old Hugo and Carp after old C a r p.

M o t h e r: So what kind of a nickname will we gi ve him?

Fat h e r: He will come up with a nickname himself when he gr ows up; Hugo Carp is good enough for now. Oh my, wa s n 't that a beautiful compound sentence, did you notice, swe e t h e a r t ?

M o t h e r: Indeed I did, honey pie. Do you love me?

Fat h e r: Ye s , I love you and I love Hugo Carp. (S i n g i n g .) “When a gr e at guy marries a gr e at wo m a n , they have a gr e at life full of gr e at day s ... ”

R e a l i t y

H u g o : All the boys in school used to laugh at me and call me “ S t i n k y Carp ” . I didn't mind; I was immune.The also called me “ Fatty Snout”. I wa s n 't immune to that . I used to throw the contents of their school bags into the dumpster right before the garbagemen came. Until my father taught me to always say to them “by a beak you can tell the freak”. I used to say that to them. Only I didn't know what freak wa s.

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

H u g o : D a d d y, w h a t i s a f r e a k ?

F a t h e r : W h a t f r e a k ? A r e y o u c r a z y ? (Y e l l i n g .) I a l w a y s s a i d t h a t t h i s k i d w a s c r a z y .

H u g o : Y o u w e r e s a y i n g t h a t b y a b e a k y o u c o u l d t e l l t h e f r e a k . S o I a m j u s t a s k i n g w h a t t h a t f r e a k i s .

F a t h e r : A s k y o u r m o t h e r ; s h e i s a w i s e w o m a n .

H u g o : M o m m y – w i s e w o m a n – w h a t i s a f r e a k ?

M o t h e r : F r e a k . . . f r e a k . . . I d o n ' t k n o w , s o n n y . W i p e t h e m i l k f r o m y o u r f o r e h e a d a n d a s k G r a n d p a , t h e w i s e S o l o n .

H u g o : G r a n d p a S o l o n , p l e a s e w h a t i s a f r e a k ?

G r a n d p a : F r e a k ? I h a v e n e v e r h e a r d o f s u c h a t h i n g . I k n o w w h a t a G r e e k i s , I e v e n k n o w a b o u t s t r e a k . B u t f r e a k , I h a v e n e v e r h e a r d . W h y d o y o u w a n t t o k n o w t h a t ?

H u g o : J u s t b e c a u s e .

G r a n d p a : O h , j u s t b e c a u s e . T h e n i t ' s a l l t h e s a m e t o y o u . Y o u b e t t e r s t u f f m y p i p e w i t h s o m e t o b a c c o t h e n .

R e a l i t y

H u g o : G r a n d p a w a s t h e c o o l e s t p e r s o n i n t h e w o r l d . H e h a d w r i n k l e s o f p e o p l e ' s w i s d o m o n h i s f o r e h e a d . I u s e d t o s t u f f h i s p i p e w h i l e h e w a s s m i l i n g m y s t e r i o u s l y , l i k e a n I n d i a n c h i e f w h o u n d e r s t o o d t h e l a n g u a g e o f t i m e . H e w a s g r e a t a n d o l d . A n d a l s o s i c k .

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

G r a n d p a : (S m o k i n g h i s p i p e .) W h e n y o u w a k e u p t o m o r r o w m o r n i n g , I w o n ' t b e h e r e , k i d d o .

H u g o : W h e r e a r e y o u g o i n g ?

G r a n d p a : I ' m l e a v i n g f o r e v e r .

H u g o : F o r e v e r ? W h e r e t o ?

G r a n d p a : I d o n ' t k n o w w h e r e , I o n l y k n o w i t ' s f o r e v e r . I f I k n e w w h e r e i t w a s , I ' d g i v e y o u m y p h o n e n u m b e r . Y o u c o u l d c a l l m e . B u t d o n ' t w o r r y , w e ' l l t h i n k o f s o m e t h i n g .

H u g o : W h y do you want to leave , G r a n d p a ?

G r a n d p a : When someone is as old and sick and even stupid as I am,
he has to leave .

H u g o : Yo u 're not stupid.

G r a n d p a : I am too, when I'm telling yo u . If your Mom and Dad
happen to be crying tomorr ow, like you used to when yo u
were little and hungry, t u r n off the lights so that you can't
see them. Let them cry in the dark.

H u g o : And you will really never come again?

G r a n d p a : N e v e r.

H u g o : So who will be stuffing your pipe?

G r a n d p a : Some lame angel. At last your hands wo n 't smell like tob
a c c o. I got it! Look at the sky tomorr ow, I will send you a
smoke signal. H owe ver many clouds will fly above our chimne y, dial seven that many times and I
will answe r.

H u g o : Your eyes are sad, Grandpa Solon.

G r a n d p a : Sad life, sad eye s , k i d d o.

H u g o : Call me “ k i d d o ” one more time, G r a n d p a .

G r a n d p a : K i d d o. (H u g ging Hugo tight.)

R e a l i t y

H u g o : G r a n d p a 's “ k i d d o ” and his strong hug were the last ones
from him. He took his pipe with him foreve r. I woke up the
next morning and Grandpa Solon was lying motionless, b eautifully
stretched out on the bed; there were lots of people
and candles around him. E ve ryone was whispering some
strange words and they were crying quietly. Mom and Dad
c ried the most, as if they were little and hungry. I looked at
them for a while and then I turned off the lights.

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(G randpa is lying dead on the bed. People are standing around him
with candles in their hands, H u go watches them, then turns off the
l i g h t .The stage is lit only with the flick e ring flames of candles. Pe o p l e

are praying quietly, H u g o 's mother is cry i n g. H u g o slowly approaches his fat h e r.)

H u g o : D a d , w h at are you doing?

Fat h e r: We are pray i n g .

H u g o : And praying is good?

Fat h e r: P r aying is like washing your fa c e , H u g o.

H u g o : H ow come Grandpa is not washing his fa c e ?

Fat h e r: Grandpa is already ve ry clean.

H u g o : Did he leave foreve r ?

(Father looks at his son for a long time.)

Fat h e r: Ye s , f o r e ve r.

H u g o : Because he was old, sick and stupid. (H u g o looks at the sky and counts to twe l ve out loud.)Twe l ve clouds, t we l ve seve n s.

(He runs to the phone and dials the number, yelling into the r e c e i ve r.) Grandpa Solon, h e l l o, i t 's me. Your kiddo. Ye s. . . ye s , like you said. E ve ryone is standing around yo u , they are washing their faces and cry i n g . Mom especially. . . Pa r d o n me? Ye s , I did turn the lights off. N o, I didn't look... I should do that? Okay then.Ye s , I will do that . Call me “ k i d d o ” o n e more time.

(H u g o is looking at people, after a while he starts singing a song s o f t l y, and eve ryone gradually joins him; they create a small flick e ri n g c e m e t e r y on stage. G randpa gets up from the bed and one by one b l ows out the candles that they are holding in their hands. Then he s l o wly walks away to a place where people go fo r e ve r.)

S o n g

S i l e n t , c l u m s y, hard and sad

We come out to the street

H e a v y - h e a r t e d dusk has set

You vanish in a beat

C r ows are flying by the lake

Someone took his own life

He who thought it was all a f a k e
Someone free of stri f e
Your sleeve is hiding all your tears
Look straight into the sun
No one's curses fall on your ears
And the brook has ceased to ru n

R e a l i t y

H u g o : When they told me that on that day, October 12, 1 9 7 9 , D e a t h
visited us; I didn't like her. I don't even like her today.

She reminds me of a bu r n i n g house. The one where people
are ru n n i n g, forgetting their photogr a p h s , white shirt s , f o r g e t t i n g
themselves in it, their children and children of their
c h i l d r e n . They will never be able to find them again. A n d
this feeling of helplessness is the same thing as dying. U g l y
d e a t h . But otherwise beautiful. L o v a b l e .

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(A young woman is coming in, she has only one tra i t : She is go r g e o u s.

L e t ' s call her Deat h .)

D e a t h : Am I l o v a b l e ?

H u g o : I think you are. But only like in and out, in and out and then
roll over to the other side. You have pretty eyes and pretty
f r e c k l e s .

D e a t h : I also have beautiful legs and a beautiful white lacy diam
o n d .

H u g o : Do you shave it?

D e a t h : I do.

H u g o : T h a t ' s g r e a t . I like when chicks shave it.

D e a t h : I'm not a chick, I am Deat h .

H u g o : W h a t death? A c c i d e n t , s u i c i d e , gas in your lungs, bullet in
your head, or which one?

D e a t h : I am the only one. M e .

H u g o : (Approaches her, wants to kiss her.)Your breath stinks.

D e a t h : I ate fish.

H u g o : I have a fish name, C a r p. T h a t 's why my breaths always stinks too.

D e a t h : Make love to me, C a r p.

H u g o : I don't want you when your breath stinks.

D e a t h : So you don't wa n t , you don't wa n t . I will have you one day any way. I am eve ry w h e r e , C a r p. (Hands him a bottle of ru m .) I am here too.

H u g o : This is ru m . Rum is good.You are there?

D e a t h : I am.

H u g o : Where in there?

D e a t h : Deep in there. Look for me!

R e a l i t y

H u g o : T h a t 's why I don't like deat h . Because she is sophisticat e d and meddlesome. Like eve ry girl only good for love m a k i n g .

I don't like wa l l s. I don't like fences. No shouting, no fleas.

My friend Rudy had fleas. Four of them. Once he caught all of them and he ate them. It was disgusting but fun. Rudy is my fri e n d . I also have friends Balog and Seve n . T h a t 's it. I d o n 't need any more fri e n d s. Balog is a pig because he bu r p s and fa r t s on purp o s e . S e v e n is Seve n .

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(R u d y, B a l o g and Seven are standing in a park , smoking one cigar e t t e. They are doing it with the pleasure of doing something fo r b i d d e n .

H u g o enters.)

H u g o : Hey Rudy.

R u d y : Hey Hugo.

H u g o : Hey Balog.

B a l o g : Hey Hugo. (B u r p s .)

H u g o : Hey Seve n .

S e v e n : Hey Hugo.

(S e ven hands Hugo the ciga r e t t e , he inhales.)

H u g o : D e l i c i o u s . (S t a r t s coughing.) This is hay.

B a l o g : (Slapping his back .) M ay you suffocat e .

R u d y : G i v e it to the boy s . (S e ven inhales.)

B a l o g : Got it?

H u g o : Got it.

(H u go pulls out a bottle of rum and hands it to Balog.He inspects it from all angles and hands it over to Rudy.)

R u d y : The real stuff?

H u g o : F a k e , you jerk.

R u d y : (Hands the bottle to Seve n .)You drink firs t , just in case it's p o i s o n e d .

S e v e n : (D r i n k s .) W h o a , M a r y Madeleine. Bloody Sonnets.

R u d y : (D r i n k s .) Good one.

B a l o g : (D r i n k s .) To all the dead sailors.

(They are drinking and smoking for a wh i l e .)

H u g o : D e a t h is in it.

(E v e ryone starts laughing.)

B a l o g : Your gr a n n y 's in it.

R u d y : Life is in it.

S e v e n : L e t 's live . (S h o w i n g her chest.) Touch them.

R u d y : (Touching her.) B e a u t y.

S e v e n : Are they gr o w i n g ?

R u d y : You bet they are, they sure are.Touch them, g u y s.

(H u go and Balog touch them.)

H u g o : Cool titties.

B a l o g : C o o l . F I Y H s . F i t - i n - y o u r - h a n d s .

S e v e n : L e t 's go live !

H u g o : L e t 's go steal apples.

B a l o g : D u m m y , i t 's May.

R u d y : So let's wait until fa l l .

B a l o g : D i c k .

R u d y : L e t 's go break some windows with a slingshot.

B a l o g : S t u p i d . Childish stupidity! Start evo l v i n g ! ! !

S e v e n : S t a r t e v o l v i n g .

B a l o g : L e t ' s g o s t e a l s o m e w a l l e t s . P i c k c a r s . R o b p e o p l e . L e t ' s b e b a d .

(Long silence. E v e r y o n e i s l o o k i n g a t B a l o g . T h i s i s p r o b a b l y t h e b e g i n n i n g o f t h e i r a d u l t h o o d .)

R u d y : M y m a n , w h a t a n i d e a .

S e v e n : L e t ' s b e c o m e t h e D r e a d e d F o u r . L e t ' s b e b a d .

H u g o : W h y ?

B a l o g : Y o u p r i c k . I ' m t e l l i n g y o u , h e ' s a p r i c k , b e c a u s e h i s f a t h e r i s a t r a i n m a n .

H u g o : Y o u d o n ' t e v e n h a v e a f a t h e r .

B a l o g : T h a t d o e s n o t m a k e m e a p r i c k , y o u p r i c k .

H u g o : Y o u ' r e a p r i m i t i v e d i c k h e a d .

B a l o g : S a y i t a g a i n . (B u r p s .)

H u g o : Y o u ' r e a p r i m i t i v e d i c k h e a d .

(B a l o g j u m p s o n H u g o , t h e y s t a r t a r e a l f i g h t . R u d y a n d S e v e n l o o k a t t h e m f o r a w h i l e b e c a u s e t h e f i g h t i s q u i t e i n t e r e s t i n g . T h e n t h e y s e p a r a t e t h e m .)

R u d y : S c r e w t h a t . I t h i n k t h a t ' s a b r i l l i a n t i d e a . W h o e v e r w a n t s t o b e a m e m b e r o f t h e D r e a d e d F o u r , g i v e m e y o u r h a n d .

(T h e y j o i n t h e i r h a n d s i n a c e r e m o n i a l m a n n e r . H u g o i s s t a n d i n g a s i d e a n d i s w a t c h i n g . A f t e r a w h i l e h e j o i n s i n .)

H u g o : W e ' l l h a v e m o n e y f o r r u m .

B a l o g : W e ' l l h a v e m o n e y f o r e v e r y t h i n g . (B u r p s a n d f a r t s .)

S e v e n : W h y d o y o u k e e p b u r p i n g ?

R u d y : W h y d o y o u k e e p f a r t i n g ?

B a l o g : T h e m o r e I b u r p a n d m o r e f a r t s I p a s s , t h e y k e e p m e f i t a n d f r e e o f g a s . D i s m i s s e d .

R e a l i t y

H u g o : Y o u r g a n g i s s o m e t h i n g m o r e t h a n a f a m i l y . A g a n g i s m o r e t h a n t h e b a s i c c e l l o f s o c i e t y . A g a n g i s a s o c i e t y i n i t s e l f . I h a t e g a n g s t h a t h a v e a l e a d e r . F a t h e r a l w a y s u s e d t o s a y t h a t e v e r y l e a d e r i s a c a s t r a t e d c o m m u n i s t . I d o n ' t r e a l l y c a r e b u t I s t i l l d o n ' t l i k e l e a d e r s . I a l w a y s l i k e d t h o s e p e o p l e a r o u n d t h e m . T h e o n e s t h a t h i s t o r y f o r g e t s . I n o u r g a n g e v e r y b o d y

was a leader. That's why history remembered all of us. What we were doing was bad, but Balog used to say that we were robbing the rich, like Robin Hood. I stopped thinking about it after a while. And then there was no turning back. I don't want to play a smart ass, but if you can, try to always leave a thread behind you as well, so that you would be able to return. Or if not return, maybe stop at least. That is the hardest. Especially if you're doing well. If you're feeling like a mouse living in a chunk of cheese. So we ate and we ate . . .

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(Hugo, Balog, Rudy and Seven are sitting on the ground in the park, drinking rum.)

R u d y : I got something. (Pulling a pipe and a packet from his pocket.)

B a l o g : T o b a c c o ?

H u g o : T o b a c c o ?

R u d y : S e v e n , a r e n ' t you going to ask if it's tobacco?

S e v e n : T o b a c c o ?

R u d y : Not exactly. Indians call it a scattered element of earth. We call it grass. Or weed.

H u g o : I will stuff the pipe, I like to do that.

B a l o g : Where did you get it?

R u d y : I traded it.

B a l o g : What for?

R u d y : For money.

S e v e n : (Slightly drunk.) Look guys, touch. (Inflates her chest.)
(Rudy and Balog touch.)

B a l o g : M a n , you are a real woman.

R u d y : W o u l d n ' t you like to be a hooker?

S e v e n : I w o u l d , but my mom won't let me.

B a l o g : Come on and strip naked, I'll do the honors. (Burps.)

R u d y : J u s t w a i t , l e t ' s do some of this, then you'll see. And stop burping. Hugo, got it?

H u g o : Got it. (Hands him the stuffed pipe.)

R u d y : E v e r y o n e g i v e me your hands. (Everyone is holding hands.)

Oh labostro, punikustre midiram, mo alabat rum odaka tripit
mitro. Oh labostro, punikustre bodrobag, felokochti noh
u s t r u b u d u s , b u d i s h .

S e v e n : Was that a praye r ?

R u d y : Something like that .

(Rudy lights up the pipe and inhales ceremoniously, t h e n
hands it ove r. The pipe goes around, Rudy is helping eve ryone
to smoke and is explaining how to do it.)

B a l o g : Oh labostro.

S e v e n : M a r a t a b u n d u r e p i k t u s .

H u g o : P o n a s e x . S e x .

S e v e n : E a t m e . (S t a r t s t o t a k e o f f h e r c l o t h e s , h u g g i n g H u g o .)

B a l o g : You got cabbage on your head.

R u d y : Your old man has cabbage in his boxe rs.

B a l o g : S h o w u s y o u r b o x e r s .

(They are taking off their clothes and shouting over each other. E veryone
is laughing like cra z y, S e v e n is hugging eve ryone and moaning.

It is gradually getting dark and aggr e s s i v e guitar music sets in. In the
b a c k g r o u n d w e c a n h e a r s c r e a m s a n d m o a n i n g a n d g r o a n i n g .)

R e a l i t y

H u g o : Like Rudy said then, t h a t ' s t h e w a y i t w a s . E v e r y t h i n g . T o t a l l y
e v e r y t h i n g . W e w e r e f r e e - f a l l i n g i n t o u n k n o w n d e p t h s ,
i n t o t h e g a t e s o f b r o a d a w a r e n e s s a n d u n c o n s c i o u s n e s s . W e
w e r e s l e e p i n g i n h o n e y a n d b a t h i n g i n k i s s e s . T h e d e v i l
g r a s p s p e o p l e b y t h e i r p l e a s u r e . D r u g s a r e a t o i l e t . T h e o n e
w h e r e y o u n e e d t o f a r t a n d t h e n f l u s h . R u d y o n c e s a i d t h a t
h e w i l l n e v e r t e l l a n y o n e n o t t o t r y . H e w i l l o n l y t e l l t h e m n o t
t o c r y a f t e r w a r d s ...

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(H u g o , S e v e n , B a l o g a n d R u d y a r e s i t t i n g o n t h e f l o o r . R u d y i s p l a y i n g
a g u i t a r a n d i s s i n g i n g a m e l a n c h o l i c s o n g . T h e y h a n d h i m a
h a n d - r o l l e d c i g a r e t t e . E v e r y o n e i s r e l a x e d . A n i c e l y d r e s s e d m a n
e n t e r s . A r o u n d f o r t y . A m e r i c a n .)

A m e r i c a n : H e l l o .

S e v e n : H e l l o .

B a l o g : W h a t d o e s h e w a n t ?

S e v e n : N o t h i n g . H e l l o m e a n s c i a o .

B a l o g : C i a o .

H u g o : C i a o .

R u d y : C i a o .

(The A m e r i c a n i s s m i l i n g .)

B a l o g : H e i s s m i l i n g l i k e a r e t a r d .

S e v e n : I a m n o t i n t e r p r e t i n g r e t a r d .

(The A m e r i c a n p u l l s o u t a r e v o l v e r a n d p u t s i t i n h i s
m o u t h .)

R u d y : W h a t i s h e d o i n g ?

S e v e n : W h a t a r e y o u d o i n g ?

A m e r i c a n : I w a n t t o k i l l m y s e l f .

S e v e n : H e w a n t s t o k i l l h i m s e l f .

R u d y : O h y e a h .

B a l o g : R e t a r d , d i d n ' t I s a y t h a t . A s k h i m i f h e h a s a s m o k e .

S e v e n : D o y o u h a v e a c i g a r e t t e ?

A m e r i c a n : I d o n ' t s m o k e .

S e v e n : H e d o e s n ' t s m o k e .

B a l o g : S o h e s h o u l d s t o p b o t h e r i n g u s . H e s h o u l d g o a h e a d a n d k i l l
h i m s e l f a n d q u i t b o t h e r i n g u s . (T o t h e A m e r i c a n .) S h o o t
y o u r s e l f a n d s t o p b o t h e r i n g u s .

A m e r i c a n : (H a n d i n g t h e r e v o l v e r t o B a l o g .) C a n y o u k i l l m e , p l e a s e ?

S e v e n : I f y o u c a n k i l l h i m ?

B a l o g : Y o u b e t . (T a k e s t h e r e v o l v e r .)

S e v e n : O f c o u r s e .

A m e r i c a n : Y o u j u s t r e l e a s e t h i s . . .

S e v e n : Y o u s h o u l d r e l e a s e t h i s . . .

B a l o g : I k n o w h o w t o h a n d l e t h i s , m y d e a r . . .

S e v e n : H e k n o w s , s w e e t i e . . .

A m e r i c a n : O k a y , o k a y . . .

S e v e n : H e s a y s y o u s h o u l d n ' t s h i t y o u r p a n t s . . .

B a l o g : W h e r e d o e s h e w a n t i t , h i s h e a d o r h i s h e a r t ?

S e v e n : W o u l d y o u l i k e t o g e t i t i n t h e h e a d o r i n y o u r h e a r t ?

H u g o : (C a l m l y .) D o n ' t shoot him in the head, I ' d feel sorry for h i m .

B a l o g : A l r i g h t , I ' ll do it for yo u , Hugo Carp. He ' ll get it in his A m e r i c a n heart . (To the A m e r i c a n , he is leading him .) S t a n d here and stay . . . (A i m i n g .)

R u d y : (Has been quiet for a wh i l e , only playing his guitar .) At least ask him why he wants to kill himself.

S e v e n : Can you please tell us why you want to kill yo u r s e l f ?

A m e r i c a n : Because heaven is not blue any more.

S e v e n : H e a v e n is no longer blue. I don ' t get it.

B a l o g : Because yo u ' re a cow.

H u g o : (Looking at him .) It really is kinda strange. No signals.

R u d y : (Looking up .) It is brown like yo u - k n o w - w h a t .

S e v e n : We know.

A m e r i c a n : I lost my way, I don ' t have any reason to live . If I die what will change? Nothing. W h o ' s gonna miss me? My wife and my kid. O k a y , but what ' s gonna change then? Nothing.

S e v e n : I don ' t get it.

H u g o : Because yo u ' re a cow. I n t e r p r e t .

S e v e n : T h a t he lost his way and he ' s got no reason to live . T h a t if he dies what is it going to change? Nothing. Who will miss him? His wife and his kid. O k a y . But what will change? Nothing .

A m e r i c a n : Mother fucker . . .

S e v e n : Mother fucker means mother fucker.

A m e r i c a n : Please can you tell me a story before I die?

S e v e n : Can we tell him a story or something?

H u g o : R u d y , you tell one.

B a l o g : Tell him a story from your childhood. Tell him how yo u shitted from sour cherries when you were in the seve n t h grade and then you stunk so much that all your classmat e s s u f f o c a t e d and Victor Ormandy was the only one who surv i v e d . And you thought he surv i v e d because he liked you bu t he surv i v e d because he had a stuffy nose.

R u d y : O k a y . When I was in the seventh grade I shitted my pants from sour cherri e s . Then I stunk horribly and all my classmates

suffocated except Victor Ormandy who survived. I thought he survived because he liked me but he had a head cold. (Looking at the American.) He's not laughing. Hugo: Because he doesn't understand. Tell him he doesn't speak English but the story is great.

Seven: He doesn't speak English but it's a great story.

American: Doesn't matter. Speak in your language.

Seven: That you should talk in your own language.

Rudy: I don't feel like it any more. I'm not a comedian. This guy is right, fuck it. What would it really mean if we didn't live?

Nothing. Balog, what would change if you shot him first and then yourself? Nothing. Only we'd miss you a little.

That's it. But nothing would change. We'd miss you until tomorrow and that's it. Then we would have to wake up again, open our eyes, find some money, some food, piss away another day, shit in the evening and then go to sleep. That's it. The guy is totally right. If you kill him first and then yourself, nothing will change. Except that you won't be farting and burping. And it won't stink.

Balog: Man...

American: (Clapping his hand like only Americans can.) Thank you.

It was a very nice story. Now you can kill me...

Seven: You can kill him.

(Balog shoots the American. The American falls dead. They are looking at him for a few moments. Suddenly Balog puts the gun into his mouth and pulls the trigger. He falls on the ground. Long silence follows.)

Seven: Everything is kinda strange.

Reality

Hugo: Father used to say, what you cook is what you have to eat. It sounds quite silly, but it's true. I said that to Seven when a Mexican came to see her. His name was Pedro. He came to ask her if she would want him, because he wanted her. We were just talking about Adam the First and Eve the Second.

Retrospective

(H u g o, S e v e n and Rudy sitting on the floor, Rudy is obviously absentminded .)

H u g o : W h a t do you think of A d a m ?

S e v e n : Adam Goodman?

H u g o : N o, the one that God creat e d . Adam the Firs t .

S e v e n : I think his rib must have been hurting all his life.

H u g o : I think he didn't like solitude.

S e v e n : Or he didn't have anyone to cook beans for him.

H u g o : W h y do they write that Adam met Eve ?

S e v e n : Because they have never seen each other before and they
went straight to love m a k i n g .

H u g o : To meet is beautiful. Much nicer than love , nicer than lovemaking
and nicer than fucking...

(E n t e r s P e d r o .)

P e d r o : (To Seve n .) H e y, l o v i e , would you like to have me, as much
as I would like to have yo u ?

S e v e n : H o w are you doing for money?

P e d r o : P e r f e c t , s u p e r , bingo... Mechiko, cualla mancha. Two floors ,
t w o pools, t w o bat h r o o m s , one flushing, t w o bedrooms, s i z e
X X L ...

S e v e n : I like that . And I like yo u , P e d r o .

P e d r o : H o w does she know my name is P e d r o ?

S e v e n : I think so. You don't have lice?

P e d r o : Not any more, I gave them to my brother Gonzalez... traded
for an infectuous angi n a .

S e v e n : You got a brother named Gonzalez? I'm coming then.

P e d r o : Hop on a horse and off we go to Mechiko...

S e v e n : Where is your hors e ?

P e d r o : H e 's parked outside. S a y goodbye to your company, I'll wa i t .
(He leave s .)

S e v e n : B y e , b o y s. Yo u 'd been gr e a t . (Comes to Rudy who fell asleep
on the bench.) B y e , R u d y - D o o d i e . D o n 't be sad when life
sucks you out, i t 's a bitch. I love you and I will always love
yo u . You will remain the first one. It was beautiful like a sunf
l o w e r field. (Comes to Hugo.) B y e , H u g h i e . You will also remain
the firs t . And Balog will also stay the firs t . I had a gr eat

time with yo u , but Pedro is my dream. I can't just bu ry my
d r e a m .

H u g o : You can't .W h at we cooked we'll have to eat .

S e v e n : You can touch them one more time. (S t i cks out her chest.)

H u g o : (Touching her.) T h e y 're a bomb. Bigger and bigger all the
t i m e .

S e v e n : Pedro likes them big.Touch them, R u d y.

R u d y : I 'd rather not or else I'd miss them.

S e v e n : Touch them, p l e a s e .

R u d y : (Touches them.) F u c k , d i d n 't I just say that? I miss them alr
e a d y. (S t a rts crying quietly, i t 's hard to tell if he's crying or
l a u g h i n g.)

S e v e n : D o n 't cry. Tough guys like yo u rself don't cry. (Wiping his
f a c e.) B y e , R u d y.

R u d y : B y e , S e v e n .

S e v e n : B y e , H u g o.

H u g o : B y e , S e v e n .

S e v e n : B y e , B a l o g .

(S i l e n c e. S e v e n is leaving in total silence, H u g o and Rudy are looking
into the gr o u n d . Suddenly a sharp noise is heard from a distance, c h a i
n s a w s and falling trees.)

R e a l i t y

H u g o : B y e Seve n . B y e . S e v e n was cool. She had a cool nose, f r e c k
l e s , h e a r t and titties. She also had love .When a woman has
l o v e , s h e 's got eve ry t h i n g .When she doesn't have it, s h e 's got
n o t h i n g . We missed her so much. And we still do. And we
miss Balog. And my Grandpa. E v e rybody keeps leaving for
somewhere for good.When Seven followed her Pe d r o, s o m e
w o o d c u t t e r s came and started sawing down the trees. I asked
them why they were doing it and they told me to mind
my own business or else they would saw me in half too. Poor
trees. E v e ry time something is over I hear some saw i n g .

No? No then. Some half a year later Seven sent us a letter.

By then Rudy was on drugs big time. I got out of it, but I wa s
still drinking ru m . I 've been carrying it with me since then.

The letter. And the rum .

(Takes out the flask, takes a long gulp, pulls out a crumpled letter and reads .)

Hey Hugo, hey Rudy, hey Balog!!

I am writing to you after a long time, because only now I am sad. People should write letters only when they are sad. In the beginning of this letter I want to apologize that I didn't write for so long. I'm sure you will forgive me. And if not, you can go fuck yourselves. Especially Balog, but he's dead. Like I already said, I am sad. I don't know why, nothing extraordinary is happening. With you , something was always happening, my dearest boys. Pedro is still good, only he's never at home. I don't even know yet what it is that he does. A wife does not have to know what her husband does? What if he's up to something bad? I keep waiting for him for days , looking out the window. There is a lot of stuff to see in Mexico, but not for a year and not through the same window. Every time Pedro comes, we talk for a while. About life and such. Then he goes to sleep because he's tired. He doesn't even want to touch me. And they grew again. Once he had traces of dark red lipstick on his stomach. I didn't ask him about that because I didn't mean to be nosy. But I have my opinion on that . What we cooked is what we'll eat . Otherwise nothing new. Wow, I started to read books. Not the same artsy kind as Hugo, but the kind about various gods and religions and ancient peoples. There are about a thousand of them. At least I think so because I don't speak Spanish so we'll yet . I like Celts the best.

I am sending you a long kiss, tongue to tongue, you know.

Don't show or read this letter to anyone .

P S 1 : Write to me, if you feel like it.

P S 2 : If you don't feel like it, pretend that you do.

P S 3 : If you still don't feel like it, then go screw yourselves.

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(Rudy is laying lifelessly on the floor.)

H u g o : R u d y, w h a t s h o u l d I w r i t e t o h e r?

R u d y : D o e s n ' t m a t t e r. W r i t e t o h e r i r r e g u l a r l y.

H u g o : We have to write to her because she's sad. You know when

S e ven is sad, she needs it.

R u d y : I need it too... W rite to her...

H u g o : Something about us.

R u d y : About us... W rite to her... W rite to her that we and our times look like a temporary thing. Old world views, ancient cultures are still preserve d , the new ones are not quite assured and established, t h at 's why they are not closed or complete.

It looks like eve rything is falling into chaos, as if the old wa s d i s a p p e a ring and the new was good for nothing and we a k e r all the time... We hesitat e , but it is necessary for us not to become too anxious, so that we would not gi ve up what we earn e d . And if we didn't earn anything? We can't go back to the o l d . We bu rned our bri d g e s , there is nothing else left for us than to be brave . Be brave! W rite that to her, H u g o.

(Rudy falls asleep on the floor.)

(H u g o sits down and is wri t i n g. Out loud.)

Hey Seve n !

Thanks for your letter. It was a good one. Too bad yo u 're sad. We 'r e doing swe l l . We miss yo u . Including Balog and the A m e ri c a n . A n d bu c k s. But otherwise eve rything is cool. Like in the fa l l . The sun is shining and colorful leaves are fa l l i n g . The park looks beautiful. L i k e a sea. Rudy also started to read. N i e t z s c h e . He says he likes it. N ow h e 's asleep and he's dreaming. I read an artsy book now and then, l i k e you said, otherwise called a play. Ve ry few are any good. My favo ri t e reading is what I wri t e . If I don't ove rs l e e p, in a few weeks I should take the exams for the school of dramatic art s. But otherwise eve ryt h i n g 's OK.

(He starts thinking.)

S o rry, S e ve n . I was lying to yo u . N o t h i n g 's cool, n o t h i n g 's OK. E xcept for the fa l l . E ve rything else is wo rth a fa rt . A big one, like Balog used to fa rt . You can imagi n e . E ve rything has changed. A b s o l u t e l y e ve ry t h i n g . And our park doesn't look like a sea at all. Some idiots chopped down the trees. T h at 's what they call progr e s s. I don't know who I should confess to, who should I follow, who should I meet. N o t getting on with the old folks either, they have n 't been talking to me

for a long time.

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(H u g o ' s parents are sitting at the table.)

M o t h e r: W h a t is happening to our Hugo?

F a t h e r: W h a t we cooked is what we will eat .

M o t h e r: I keep asking myself if we might be to blame?

F a t h e r: Not me. Y o u .

M o t h e r: But I am still the same.

F a t h e r: You got fat , y o u 're lazy and y o u 're rotting.

M o t h e r: W h a t are you insinuat i n g ?

F a t h e r: If you can ask me such a stupid question, you must have gone stupid, t o o, swe e t i e .

M o t h e r: You have n 't called me sweetie for a long time. D e a r , w h a t has happened to us?

F a t h e r: D o n 't call me dear or I will twist your neck like a duck.

M o t h e r: Where is love ?

F a t h e r: Jesus Chri s t , you are seriously stupid.

M o t h e r: When Hugo was born you said you loved me.

F a t h e r: So I was stupid then.

M o t h e r: The boy is falling through the cracks.

F a t h e r: One more metaphor like that and I will set the house on fire . And you know what a house on fire means.

M o t h e r: He doesn't even talk to us. As if he was disappearing from the map of our lives.

F a t h e r: Where are the matches? I am wa rning y o u , H u g o 's mother, one more time and y o u 're joining the garbagemen.

M o t h e r: A l r i g h t , I'm being silly now. But couldn't you take me into your thick and bu s hy-haired arm s ?

F a t h e r: You want to play lazy. Go make some hotcakes instead. I will come and grind the poppies.

M o t h e r: I am sad.

F a t h e r: Then write a letter to someone. Best to Bat m a n .

M o t h e r: You don't even sing to me any more "When a gr e at guy m a rries a gr e at wo m a n " .

F a t h e r: Do we have a twenty foot rope?

M o t h e r: W h a t f o r?

F a t h e r: I'm going to hang my s e l f.

(Father leave s, mother is sitting still and is looking in his direction, l o o k i n g sad.)

H u g o : (Continuing the letter.)

T h a t 's the way it goes, S e v e n . All the time. My father hung himself probably seven hundred times. I don't even know how much time has p a s s e d . And I was lying to you about Rudy. He is not sleeping because he'd dreaming; h e 's sleeping because he's high. He already went through rehab. He started using again. He will always start a g a i n . I t 's not cool any more. Do you know Rudy's father? Old Rudy? He's not a teacher any more, because he says he cannot teach other children when he failed to teach a fucking thing to his son. I kinda like that .My father can still be a trainman. Do you unders t a n d , S e v e n ?

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(R u d y 's father and Hugo 's father are sitting around drinking beer.

They are dru n k .)

H u g o 's F a t h e r: Our entire lives are turning into a giant fa r t , r i g h t ?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: P r o b a b l y.

H u g o 's F a t h e r: Fa r t in the wat e r , r i g h t ?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I don't know. Probably in the wat e r.

H u g o 's F a t h e r: Got a sw i m s u i t , R u d y b o y ?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: Swimsuit? W h a t f o r?

H u g o 's F a t h e r: So we could take a dip.

R u d y 's F a t h e r: N o, I don't . But I got a fishing rod.

H u g o 's F a t h e r: Fishing rod? W h a t f o r?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: For catching wild pheasants, you jerk. For fish, a p p a r e n t l y.

H u g o 's F a t h e r: Yo u 're r i g h t , fa r t i n g in the water is the same thing as f i s h i n g .

(They take the rods, sit on the edge of the stage , fishing and continue with the dialog u e. Long silence.)

R u d y 's F a t h e r: Do you think they will be attracted to empty hooks?

H u g o 's F a t h e r: I t 's wo r t h a t r y.

(S i l e n c e .)

R u d y 's F a t h e r: W h a t 's u p w i t h y o u r o l d l a d y?

H u g o 's F a t h e r: N o t h i n g . S h e t o l d m e I d o n 't s i n g t o h e r "W h e n a g r e a t g u y m a r r i e s a g r e a t w o m a n " a n y m o r e .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: A n d m y o l d w o m a n a s k e d m e i f I d i d n 't t h i n k o u r R u d y w a s d i s a p p e a r i n g f r o m t h e m a p o f o u r l i v e s .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: T h a t 's t h e s a m e t h i n g .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I q u i t t e a c h i n g i n s c h o o l .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: H m m .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I c o u l d n 't t e a c h o t h e r k i d s w h e n I w a s n 't a b l e t o t e a c h a f u c k i n g t h i n g t o m y o w n k i d .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: H m m .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: Y o u k n o w w h a t I 'm i n t h e m o o d f o r?

H u g o 's F a t h e r: H o t c a k e s w i t h p o p p i e s?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I a m i n t h e m o o d t o s c r e a m a b a d w o r d o n t o p o f m y l u n g s . T h e b e s t w o r d w o u l d b e p r i c k .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: Y o u w i l l s c a r e a w a y t h e f i s h .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: S o w h a t .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: S a y i t q u i e t l y .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I d o n 't t h i n k t h a t w i l l d o . B u t I 'l l t r y . P r i c k . S e e , i t d i d n 't h e l p .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: (Y e l l i n g .) Y o u c a u g h t s o m e t h i n g .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I d i d i t o n p u r p o s e . I d o e v e r y t h i n g o n p u r p o s e . O n p u r p o s e I d o n 't s e e w h a t e v e r y o n e e l s e s e e s , o n p u r p o s e I d o n 't e v e n k n o w t h i n g s t h a t a b a t h r o o m s p i d e r k n o w s .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: I t f e l l t h r o u g h o u r f i n g e r s , m y o l d m a n . I s a y , w h a t w e c o o k e d i s w h a t w e w i l l e a t .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: W e p r o b a b l y o v e r s a l t e d .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: O r w e f o r g o t t o p u t s a l t i n . W e f o r g o t t o l o o k u n d e r t h e l i d , t a s t e , f i n i s h i t u p a n d t a k e c a r e o f i t s o t h a t i t w o u l d b e e d i b l e w h e n i t 's c o o k e d .

R u d y 's F a t h e r: A m e n t o t h a t .

H u g o 's F a t h e r: P r e t t y c l e a n , e h ?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: Y o u k n o w w h a t m y s o n t o l d m e ? T h a t I m i x e d u p b r i n g i n g u p a k i d w i t h p a s t e u r i z e d m i l k . I h a v e n 't s e e n h i m s i n c e t h e n . I k e e p t h i n k i n g w h a t h e m e a n t b y t h a t .

(S i l e n c e .)

H u g o 's F a t h e r: I t 's like this. P a s t e u r i z e d milk has the advantage of keeping fresh longer. You put it in the r e f r i g e r a t o r and it l a s t s. You are happy. And then you forget it. And the milk is sitting there and sitting and you keep thinking it will last.

You remember it only after about two hundred y e a r s and you open it. It is repulsive , d i s g u s t i n g, thick and stinky. I t 's not even milk any more. P a s t e u r i z e d milk does not mean e t e r n a l . M a y b e that 's what he meant. Do you u n d e r s t a n d ?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: I don't think I do.

H u g o 's F a t h e r: W e l l , you can forget about it for a while, but only because it is special. It is p a s t e u r i z e d . But still, you have to open it pretty soon. You heat it up, pour it in a mug, put in a couple of spoonfuls of cocoa and a spoonful of sugar, s t i r it up and drink s l o w l y. Do you understand now ?

R u d y 's f a t h e r: I still don't understand it completely, but I can guess i t 's some sort of metaphor. M a y b e we could use a leader who would show us the way.

H u g o 's F a t h e r: E v e r y leader is a castrated communist. I t w o u l d n 't make any sense.

R u d y 's F a t h e r: So you know what the only thing is left for us to do, so that at least something would make sense?

H u g o 's F a t h e r: W h a t ?

R u d y 's F a t h e r: Quietly leave for history.

(S i l e n c e .)

H u g o 's F a t h e r: So let's go.

R u d y 's F a t h e r: L e t 's go.

(They leave.)

H u g o : (Finishing the letter.)

So that 's i t, S e v e n . We have sadness here too. Just like in Mechiko.

Y e s t e r d a y we were looking for an open window with Rudy. You know w h a t I mean. Do you remember how you brought us straw b e r r i e s once?

B a l o g f a r t e d like crazy afterwards and he was y e l l i n g, the more I b u r p and more f a r t s I pass, they keep me fit and free of gas. O h , I could really go for some of your delicious straw b e r r i e s now. And I

would touch yo u . And Rudy would touch yo u . (Looking at Rudy.)

You were ri g h t , S e ve n . People write letters when they are sad. We are sending our kisses. Lots of kisses. Those tongue to tongue, c at c h i n g u p , c atching dow n , l e ve r , h o l e , and there you go. You know.

B ye , S e ve n .

P S 1 : Do you ever pray? It's quite good. Like when you wash your fa c e in cold wat e r.

P S 2 : Try it if you feel like it.

P S 3 : If you don't feel like it, then go screw yo u rself too.

Yo u rs Rudy and Hugo and still dead Balog.

(A mailman is passing by riding an old Russian-made bicy c l e.)

H u g o : Excuse me, s i r. Are you just happening to pass by?

M a i l m a n : N o.

H u g o : Would you do me a favor and cheer me up by saying ye s , p l e a s e ?

M a i l m a n : Ye s , p l e a s e .

H u g o : (W r i t i n g.)

P S 4 : A mailman happens to be passing by so I'll gi ve him the letter right away.

(Seals the letter and hands it to the mailman.) Are you the kind of mailman who brings good news or bad news?

M a i l m a n : I am John the Mailman. I was named Jo s e p h , but call me simply Jo h n .

H u g o : Jo h n , would you please take this letter to Seven in Mechiko? S e ven is good.

M a i l m a n : Does it matter that I'm on a bike?

H u g o : N o.

M a i l m a n : (Looking at the sleeping Rudy.) I shouldn't be telling yo u t h i s , but tru t h f u l l y , I am a disguised Je rry the A n g e l . T h e S h e riff sent me. He can't look at you any more. I am supposed to hint to you to move to the other side of the park.

I m m e d i a t e l y. (Hands him a rose.) Take this. Pa s s wo r d : Ja cqu e l i n e .

H u g o : No comprende...

(John – Je rry swiftly hops on the bike and leaves singi n g.)

R e t r o s p e c t i v e

(Hugo is left alone with the rose in his hand, then he notices a girl who is tying her shoe. She is beautiful and has freckles, very much like Death, whom Hugo met before.)

Hugo : Hey. What's your name? My name is Hugo Carp.

Jacqueline : I am Jacqueline.

Hugo : What do they call you ?

Jacqueline : Jacqueline.

Hugo : Hey, Jacqueline.

Jacqueline : Hey Hugo.

Hugo : (Handing her the flower.) For you . Smell it. Don't pinch yourself.

Jacqueline : It smells nice. I wear contacts.

Hugo : Can I kiss your stomach?

Jacqueline : Yeah . (Pulls out her T-shirt .)

Hugo : (Kissing her.) Beautiful. I smell strawberry.

Jacqueline : My mom was making a strawberry strudel .

Hugo : You got a super mom. Say hi.

Jacqueline : I'll give her the rose.

Hugo : Just so that she doesn't pinch herself.

(Looking at each other.)

Hugo : You got cool freckles. Like mushrooms in the snow. Are they edible ?

Jacqueline : Taste them.

Hugo : (Tastes them.) Man, edible . And your lips are cool. Like Euphrates and Tigris. Edible ?

Jacqueline : Taste them.

Hugo : (Tastes them). Edible .

Jacqueline : I got a Volvo . You want to take a ride ?

Hugo : I don't have a driver's license.

Jacqueline : Neither do I. I don't have anything . Just dreams.

Hugo : That's enough.

Jacqueline : Why do you keep staring ?

Hugo : I'm staring into your eyes. They are like pools of water.

Jacqueline : Love, love ?

Hugo : Probably love, love . Go get your Volvo . And your dreams.

J a c q u e l i n e :Taste my lips again.

(H u g o kisses her, Jacqueline runs off. H u g o is left alone.Rudy appears s o m e where from the dark , he is totally wa s t e d , barely standing up.)

H u g o : Hey Rudy.

R u d y : Hey Hugo.

(Long silence.)

R u d y : I came to tell you that if you were looking for me, stop looking for me.

H u g o : Where are you going?

(Rudy points upwa r d s, then thinks and point dow n , t h i n k s some more and shrugs his shoulders.)

R u d y : I'm just going.

H u g o : (G i v e s him his hand.) B y e . (Pretends he is wiping tears.)

R u d y : D o n 't be sentimental.You were always pissing me off with t h a t . Yo u 're overly sensitive... (He is getting tongue-tied.)

P a t h e t i c, too sensitive and sentimental, t h a t 's wo r s e than s t u p i d .You should have been stupid instead. I don't know if you know, but yo u 're nothing.

H u g o : I know.

R u d y : S e e , more sentiment. T h a t 's what you get from those popp i e s. If you didn't eat poppies so much, you wo u l d n 't be so s e n t i m e n t a l . B y e .

H u g o : B y e .

R u d y : (Stops before leav i n g.) Do you have fifty crowns? For the t r a i n .

H u g o : For the train?

R u d y : For the train.

H u g o : S e r i o u s l y, for the train?

R u d y : S e r i o u s l y, for the train.

H u g o : (Handing him the money.) Here you go. For the train.

R u d y : T h a n k s. For the train. L i s t e n , could I have your pants? I'll gi v e you mine.

(H u g o takes off his pants without a wo r d , Rudy takes off his, they tra d e.)

R u d y : Do you know this song, “ E v e r y day something begi n s , e v e r y

day something ends?”

H u g o : By Elán?

R u d y : Yu p.

H u g o : N o, I don't know that one.

R u d y : T h a t 's okay. I just wanted to tell you that it's a really disgusting song.

(H u g o is looking at the exiting Rudy, R u d y 's knees are shaking. R u d y is looking quietly ahead, like a person who is entering a long tunnel in hopes of finding a tiny light in the distance.)

R e a l i t y

(H u g o is looking at the exiting Rudy, R u d y 's knees are shaking. R u d y is looking quietly ahead, like a person who is entering a long tunnel in hopes of finding a tiny light in the distance. He is f o l l o w i n g his h o p e , keeps going and go i n g, as if a thousand steps on hot coals we r e not enough. H u g o runs to the phone and dials a number in despair)

H u g o : H o w was it? T h i r t e e n times number seven... Rudy? Hello

R u d y. I know yo u 're there. Pick up, you asshole. You shi t h e a d , we a k l i n g, good-for-nothing... Hello... hello...

(Jacqueline enters the stage in a huge pale blue Vo l g a . She is turn i n g the wheel and keeps honking with pers i s t e n c e.)

J a c q u e l i n e : (H o l l e r i n g.) All aboard!!

H u g o : (Sits next to her.) I really love this pale blue color. I t 's like the sky.

J a c q u e l i n e : The sky is not blue any more.

H u g o : I 've heard that before. It wa s n 't , but now it is again.

J a c q u e l i n e : M a y b e it is. An Indian lake is still blue.

H u g o : J a c q u e l i n e , do you have somebody?

J a c q u e l i n e : Like who?

H u g o : I don't know, s o m e b o d y.

J a c q u e l i n e : I don't have anybody or any t h i n g . I only have dreams.

H u g o : So did you ever have any b o d y ?

J a c q u e l i n e : I don't know. And yo u ?

H u g o : (Silent for a long time.) N o w I only have yo u .

J a c q u e l i n e : Are we allowed to cry ?

H u g o : We have to.

J a c q u e l i n e : From happiness?

H u g o : Cry into my hand.

(Jacqueline is crying quietly, Hugo is collecting her tears in his hand.

Then he traces his own face with his wet hand.)

J a c q u e l i n e : Would you like to know me like Adam knew Eve ?

H u g o : U h m .

J a c q u e l i n e : So meet me. I am J a c q u e l i n e , pleased to meet yo u .

H u g o : I am Hugo and I'm basically pleased to meet you too.

(S l o w d a r k n e s s . Only the pianist and a bar singer shine in the red
s p o t l i g h t . The singer is singing a Vladimir Vysotsky song. When the
lights come up aga i n , H u g o and Jacqueline are sitting in the Vo l g a and
watching the stars in a distance.)

H u g o : L o o k , a star is fa l l i n g , make a wish.

J a c q u e l i n e : W h a t for?

H u g o : E v e r y t h i n g .

J a c q u e l i n e : I got it.

H u g o : W h a t did you wish for?

J a c q u e l i n e : New sneakers. When the stars are fa l l i n g , is heaven angry ?

H u g o : When the stars are falling heaven is happy. With each star an
angel falls on eart h . You know what angels call God?

J a c q u e l i n e : W h a t ?

H u g o : S h e r i f f .

J a c q u e l i n e : Is God in heave n ?

H u g o : P r o b a b l y . But he has to take a leak eve ry once in a while.

J a c q u e l i n e : Does he have a white moustache?

H u g o : H e ' s got shades and he's smoking a cigar.

(S i l e n c e .)

J a c q u e l i n e : W h a t are the shades for?

H u g o : So that he wo u l d n ' t see eve ry t h i n g .

(S i l e n c e .)

J a c q u e l i n e : S a y something else.

H u g o : Like what ?

J a c q u e l i n e : About God.

H u g o : W h a t do I know? God is probably cool. But he's got too
much on his hands and he's not managi n g .

J a c q u e l i n e : Tell me a story.

H u g o : I don't know any stories. I'll tell you a poem.

J a c q u e l i n e : About God?

H u g o : No, about a mole.

Once we had a mole,

In our yard he made a hole.

He crawled under a tree,

Dug the earth for you to see.

J a c q u e l i n e : Is that a childrens' nursery rhyme?

H u g o : I don't know, I made it up just now. But maybe it's for children.

J a c q u e l i n e : One day when you will make me a son, son the Persistor,
and you will tell it to him.

H u g o : I will make up another one for the Persistor. Or two. Or
three. Or even a hundred.

J a c q u e l i n e : Sing to me "When a great guy marries a great woman ..."

H u g o : (Singing.) "When a great guy marries a great woman, they
have a great life full of great days ..."

J a c q u e l i n e : I am going out to the yard, I will put up a tent and start
a fire in the stove. When you come back you can bring some
wood. In the meantime I will make a bean soup. After we eat
it we hibernate in the sleeping bag and we will quietly fart around.
And before we fall asleep we will make our son the Persistor,
okay?

H u g o : Okay.

(Jacqueline leaves in her Volga, Hugo is left alone on stage. The spotlight
turns back to the pianist and the singer, except now the singer is

J a c q u e l i n e. She sings a great song. Very sad and strong, something like
"Hell and Paradise" by Jaromír Nohavica. The mailman enters, Jerry
the Angel, holding the big steering wheel from the Volga. He silently
hands it to Hugo and shrugs his shoulders hopelessly.)

H u g o : You should have told me you were the kind of mailman who
brings bad news.

A n g e l : Disguised angels are having a hard time, sometimes they
don't manage.

H u g o : (Takes the wheel, suddenly gives an unexpected freezing

s h r i e k .) Fuck this!! It could have been gr e a t . Te n t , s t o v e ,
fa r t s . . . and the little Pe r s i s t o r . S o r r y , I have to do it again.
Fuck this!!

A n g e l : She went too fast because she was happy.

H u g o : So where was your Sheri f f ?

A n g e l : Probably had to take a leak.

H u g o : I get it. S t u p i d . I don't unders t a n d , I don't get it . . . fuck.

S o r r y . Or I'm not sorry, I don't care. When you talk to him,
ask him why he only keeps showing me his ass?

A n g e l : (Pats him on the shoulder.) Take care.

H u g o : Of what ?

A n g e l : Fo l l o w the light.

H u g o : D o n 't be sentimental. You angels were always pissing me off
with that . Your terrible sentiment.

A n g e l : Sentiment is part of the theat e r . And heaven is nothing else.

B u d d y . (L e a v i n g .)

H u g o : I'm not your bu d d y .

R e a l i t y

H u g o : Yo u 're ri g h t , bu d d y . E v e r y t h i n g is just theat e r . With aromatic
dust and long shadow s . P l a y i n g little figurines that laugh
and cry at the director's command. Or the Sheri f f's. You look
how we obey the commands and how we pretend we 'r e
e n j o y i n g it. Or we just wat c h . I don't know. Once I had a gr eat
dream, I wanted to go to college to study drama. I tri e d
it once. There were gents and ladies sitting in the jury, b i g
and famous and spontaneous and dead . . . Right after I entered
they asked me if I knew Shakespeare. When I told
them I didn't know him pers o n a l l y , they politely told me that
this was not a good time for kidding around. Then they asked
me which one of his plays I liked the best. I said, " T h e
Te m p e s t . My favo rites are Caliban and Sycorax and I feel
s o r r y for them because they had to leave their old island to
P r o s p e r o . I don't like him. I don't like Hamlet and Othello.
I am interested in Polonius and Iago. B a s i c a l l y , ladies and
g e n t l e m e n , if I am to be frank, I am not really interested in

Shakespeare himself. I am interested in those around him –
M a r l o w e , F o r d , J o h n s o n . Those loud barflies, d runks and
f i g h t e r s ; those who wrote about what they live d ; those who
had to be unhappy and cursed for a while to be cured by
their own play s. Those that fate did not make the chosen
o n e s , and they achieved a tiny victory in a huge world on the
crossroads of their own sufferi n g . I am always interested in
the others , those that they don't write about so much. I
d o n 't like heroes, they are the garbage of history.” This is
w h a t I told them. They thanked me v e r y much and sent me
h o m e . When I was leaving a tall gentleman in glasses, s o m e
c e l e b r i t y, asked me why I chose theat e r. I told him because
of the dust, which has an aroma, because of the long shad
ows and because of hope. The gentleman looked at the fat
lady next to him and both of them exchanged important looks.
Then he asked me if it wo u l d n 't be better to go for
example fishing. I said fishing is like fa r t i n g in wat e r. The fat
lady smiled and said, g o o d b y e Mr. C a r p, we will notify yo u
in w r i t i n g . I asked her if she could kindly address me by my
stage name J a c q u e l i n e . T h a t was it. E v e r since then I haven
't been thinking about theater too much. I only believe in
it and I still love it. O r i g i n a l l y I wanted to perform a piece
of a play that I wrote to yo u . It takes place in an ant hill and
i t 's about love . But I don't feel like it any more.
In essence I came here to ask you if I could borr ow two
hundred crow n s. For the train.
(H u g o is slowly approaching the pianist who is playing a sad tune.
E v e r y t h i n g has a stra n g e red glow. H u g o sits on the bar stool.)
H u g o : Hello there.
P i a n i s t : H e l l o .
H u g o : You know why I like open window s ?
P i a n i s t : Because you can touch through them.
H u g o : E x a c t l y . And I don't like fences, walls and hopelessness.
P i a n i s t : And you do like holes, s t r a w b e r r i e s and dreams.
H u g o : And love .

P i a n i s t : And love .

H u g o : W h at should I do? I don't know. I don't know what still to
b e l i e v e , w h at to look forward to.

P i a n i s t : Look forward to tomorr ow.

H u g o : Is tomorr ow going to be better?

P i a n i s t : To m o r r ow is going to be cool.

H u g o : P r o m i s e ?

P i a n i s t : P r o m i s e . (Stops play i n g.)

H u g o : (S t a r t s to play a tune on the piano, looking at the pianist.)

I am Hugo Carp.

P i a n i s t : I am the Sheri f f. (Continues playing the same melody that

H u g o start e d .)

H u g o : I know.

P i a n i s t : I know you know.

(The pianist is playing the piano, H u g o is singi n g.)

For wine we are weighing the night,

Steps in snow gone with the wind,

Souls are casinos empty and bri g h t ,

You ask about the ori ginal sin.

S weet smell of blanket's kisses,

Of women who dreamt their dreams,

Shoot if you feel yo u 're guiltless,

On stage of daring scenes.

D o n 't cast stones into heave n ,

A n g e l s ' e yes will not see,

Touches are long forgotten,

D o n 't look, just let it be.

Weeping past hurts the meek,

I saw myself play a different role,

Honored guest, kiss my cheek,

With your finger draw me a goal.

W h i s p e r s of prayer are forlorn ,

H e ave n 's tru t h 's frowns I we ave ,

In grass the story was born ,

Thank you for letting me live .

The End