

S i l v e s t e r L a v r í k

# K A T A R Í N A

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

## CHARACTERS

Katrina Professor's daughter, a charming young lady, I don't know what to think of her myself

Professor Entomologist and a weirdo, he claims to have been an embalmer of the dead in ancient Egypt

Mother Professor's wife, sad creature, tidy and sometimes insane

Ant Katrina's suitor, young man with shady past, it seems his conduct is of a promiscuous nature

Joze Professor's friend, makes living as a mailman, garbage man, wedding broker, undertaker and the director of a circus

Costumes Standard clothing for different occasions – dresses, suits, bath robes, depending on the characters' roles

Scene A room and a little room in the Professor's apartment, a bourgeois apartment from the first half of the century

with tall doors. Everything is tidy, one can feel silence and fear in the apartment. The room is full of entomological collections, with a dominant specimen of a huge worm on the wall facing us. An eccentrically placed massive armchair, solid dining room table and chairs take up almost all the space.

The little room is very small, except for the bed. Bookshelves with lots of books are taking over one entire wall.

The apartment is on the second floor, the staircase leading to it is shabby and dirty. The apartment is loosely set in a deserted and messy street.

In the Lobby

Kat a r í n a , A n t :

(With laughter and happy giggles Kat a r í n a is chasing a butterfly. Ant is swinging the butterfly on a fishing rod. They disappear for a moment, one can still hear the giggles, they reappear in reverse order. This goes on and on for at least ten minutes before the announced beginning of the performance. Ant looks messy, running around without a jacket, his sleeves rolled up. Kat a r í n a is irresistible, girlish and fresh in her modest but cute dress.)

In the Audience

A n t : ( Talks to entering women, offering them marriage in a loud and obnoxious manner. Gives out cards on which it says next to his name – wedding conman. The name is fictitious and if possible, different on each card, as well as the address and the phone number. The card is tasteless, perhaps even purple.) I am a wedding conman. I'm one of the best in the business. Do you happen to be free? Don't hesitate, I know what I'm offering. Hundreds of women had already appreciated me and I'm afraid the bigger part of my job is still ahead of me... Smooth conversations, countless number of practical experiences from various trades, body groomed and spoiled by an excellent lifestyle, as well as a high level of hygiene – I have acquired all that with my upbringing... and I can be as loyal as a dog. And before you can get sick of me, I'll be gone. You can bet on it. Pardon me? Let's not talk about that out loud, let's try it out somewhere in the corner instead. But why the rush, we'll have lots and lots of opportunities after we get married...(This is the way he is forcing himself onto several female patrons. In case the play is performed for soldiers, he does not hesitate to pick up commanders and professional military men starting with captains. He is still disruptive even when the perfor-

mance is starting, only then he is pretending to whisper. Then he disappears. )

#### In the Street

Joe : (In a mailman's uniform with a beautifully embroidered coat he is delivering newspapers, letters, telegrams, throwing vinyl records here and there. He runs up the stairs, sticks a piece of mail into the door of the apartment, spits on the stairs and continues. Wherever he walks, he leaves a trail of papers and a huge mess. ) Don't scream in war whoops, let's not hear your voice, be ready on the third day, don't get close to women; don't let me hear a single word from your mouth until the day I tell you: Start with the war whoops! Then scream! Then play the war bugles! The people screamed and then they blew the horns; the walls came tumbling down and the people climbed up, everyone went straight up. That's how they took over the city. (He disappears in the back alley, his voice gradually losing the necessary strength to be heard.)

#### In the Little Room

Katrina : (Appears from the dark, is getting dressed while sitting on the bed. With the diminishing nudity the light is growing. Everything is felt rather than seen. She is getting dressed slowly, caressing herself. She is remembering ... ) I can't sleep anywhere else, only at your feet. Forever your dog. (Thinks about it for a while, then shrugs her shoulders and disappears in the dark. )

#### In the Street

Professor : (Coming back from somewhere, pissed and drunk, in a worn out suit, carefully buttoned up, but something is askew there, he is yellowish, like old paper. A bugle is under his arm, also worn out, he is threatening the whole world, but somehow – to no effect. ) My brain is encased in melted

gr e a s e . I'm crying and my own tears disgust me. They flow directly into my mouth, my tongue rejects them and orders the body to throw up. Fuck you and your tru m p e t e rs band! I am dri n k i n g, c r y i n g and vomiting – look, the sorr ow of the embalmer of the dead. If there is a dirty job anywhere in the wo r l d ,i t 's my duty to stand up and say out loud: Here I am, I'll do it! I am your serva n t . Your unwo r t h y serva n t . Yo u d o n 't see me because yo u 're looking only at your own gold t e e t h , with which you tear out the juiciest and tastiest bites. But I am telling yo u , in the end it will be me, who will come and knock them out with a firm bat! And your gums will be bloody and powe r l e s s. With a firm bat ,t h a t 's it. I , the apostle of mercilessness. I will piss here. (Makes it to the stairs, p e e s . )

In the Little Room

K a t a r i n a : ( A gain sitting on the bed, fully clothed, holding a letter in her hands.) I can't sleep anywhere else, only at your feet.

Your dog... looks into the letter, c o r r e c t s herself ...Fo r e v e r your dog! (Stands up suddenly, l e a v e s the little room, wa l k s through the room – not even noticing her mother – and comes out of the apart m e n t . )

In the Room

M o t h e r: (With the duster in her hand, quietly moves from specimen to s p e c i m e n , dusting them. Her face is expressionless. She is dressed in all black , n a r r o w skirt , pitiful little swe at e r. S h e stops by the box with the largest wo r m , suddenly drops her arms down to the floor, then ve ry, ve ry slowly strokes it with one hand. She picks up the duster and continues dusting. )

On the Stairs

P r o f e s s o r: (Closing his fly, not ve ry successfully. He waves his hand and lets it go. A corner of his shirt is sticking out from his c r o t c h .He pulls out the bu g l e ,l i c k s the mouthpiece and blow s

into it loudly in front of the door. The horn is strong, vulgar,  
but not off key. He's waiting. Nothing. He takes the bugle  
again, takes a breath... Then the door cracks open. He slams  
it angrily and blows again. The door flies open immediately.  
His wife is pretending to be enthusiastic in the doorway –  
duster in her hand, her head tilting away. His drunk face fills  
with happiness. ) Woman, come greet your husband! ( He  
folds into her arms, both enter the room.)

In the Room

Professor, Mother:

(A wife's insurmountable repulsion towards her husband and  
the husband's unspeakable contempt for his wife are present  
with them.)

Professor: Hug him!

Mother: (Hugs him, her face is focused on the worm.)

Professor: Kiss him!

Mother: (Takes away his bugle, zips up his pants, seats him at the  
table. When he won't quit sticking out his puckered mouth,  
she slaps a kiss on him somewhere near his ear.)

Professor: (Smacks his lips with satisfaction, finds a cozy position at  
the table. Points his chin towards the little room.)

Mother: (Shakes her head with a little mischief, a little anger, shakes  
it from side to side.)

Professor: She's reading. Do not disturb when reading!

Mother: She left.

Professor: Aha! (Finally gets it.) I will pin her wings to the wall...  
where did she go? (Nervously plays with the bugle, he would  
like to play, cannot decide.)

Mother: (Shrugs her shoulders, loosely points her hand to about half  
of the known universe.)

Professor: (Spits and is angry, one over the other.) With him?

Mother: (Shrugs her shoulders again.)

Professor: Did you explain to her what to expect there? Did you ex-

plain everything to her? Now the biggest skunky dicks crawl  
out to feel the young girls' breasts! Did she really go to him?  
( Takes a doll looking remarkably like Katarina from the  
wall, seats it on the table and sobs in its direction. Suddenly  
says with strong passion.) You, the Righteous one, let everything  
rot on his body that he uses to commit sacrilege on my  
Katarina, and let the same happen to all the greedy and  
horny ones on both banks of the river Nile...

Mother: Don't call misfortune to your head.

Professor: ( Gives an ugly look to his wife, then starts to feel sorry for  
himself.) What kind of a father am I! Oh, dear gods of ridicule,  
come and dance on my worthless body – I did not manage  
to guard her... I'm a sky-touching stuck-up ass... And  
you, mother, tear your gown, make your chest bloody with  
clenched fingers and grieve with me... ( B rings the bugle to  
his mouth and plays with sorrow. )

Mother: You and your lamentations... ( Takes the little drum and  
brushes, joins his gloomy play. )

On the Stairs

Katarina, Ant:

( Saying their goodbyes, we already had a chance to see him,  
slightly deviated, slightly handsome, a bouquet in his hand,  
past his prime. She is being careful, but is curious and provoca-  
tive. )

Katarina: (With the passion of a good and well-rehearsed student.)

... Everything else – gathering food, wild colors of the wings,  
beautiful appearance, strong jaws, unbelievable work ethic of  
bees, perfect organization of ants, cruelty of worms, all that  
is aimed at carrying life over the horizon of the current acting  
generation...

Ant: (Constantly trying to touch Katarina's breasts, while she  
gently but clearly pacifies him.) Katarina, you will make a  
wonderful mother...

K at a rí n a : Insects act and live with a strict purpose in mind... ( W i t h touch explores A n t 's body – muscles, t e n d o n s, t e e t h , m u c u s m e m b r a n e s ... ) All organs and functions of their bodies are strictly instrumental... W h y do you keep touching my b r e a s t s ?

A n t : I don't know, I'm just fixated on them.

K at a rí n a : Is that part of your engagement r i t u a l ?

A n t : I don't know, I'm just fixated on them.

K at a rí n a : ( Painfully squeezes his A d a m 's apple and holds. ) W h a t i s t h i s ?

A n t : ( S u f f o c a t i n g but is holding up. ) A d a m 's apple.

K at a rí n a : My mother always nicks it when she shaves my fat h e r. ( S h e is pretending to shave A n t , she is t r y i n g it as if she w e r e holding a r a z o r in her hand. When she gets to his A d a m 's a p p l e , her movement freezes and she is remembering with a n g e r. When she's shaving him, she sings a sad, clean tune. S q u e e z e s a g a i n . ) You got it because of sexual dimorp h i s m .

A n t : I don't know ...

A n t : I don't know ...

K at a rí n a : „I don't know!“ You did not prepare for tonight at all! I had a much different idea...

A n t : I am usually more successful, both in conve rs ation and also i n ... (Reaches for the breast.)

K at a rí n a : ... My favo rite childhood beetle was the ladybu g . C h a r m i n g creature with a slightly sentimental coat . The first of the beasts that I fell in love with. Constantly eats plant lice and all small soft insects...

A n t : (Like under a spell, finally is touching the breast.)

K at a rí n a : ... eve rything that comes its way. ( G i v e s him the finger and i m m e d i a t e l y j a b s it into A n t 's r i b s . ) Russians have a charming name for ladybugs – god's little cow s. W h y do yo u keep touching my breasts all eve n i n g ?

A n t : ( Twists with pain. ) I'm just...

K at a rí n a : The flowe rs are for me? (She does not hesitate and takes t h e m . ) B y e and write to me! (She turns on her heel and dis-



a p p e a r s in the doorway, the door shuts. )

A n t : (Hands like Nioba – turned for beggi n g, his jaw fa l l e n . )

K a t a r í n a ...

In the Room

K a t a r í n a , P r o f e s s o r , M o t h e r:

(The Professor and Mother are playing the bugle and dr u m ,  
if only out of force of habit, their minds and eyes hazed with  
t i r e d n e s s . K a t a r í n a is full of enthusiasm and indiffe r e n c e , bu t  
she notices the doll on the table. She grabs it like a fighter  
plane or a persistent fly and starts making a buzzing noise  
and flies the doll sharply into her parents; it flies into her  
m o t h e r ' s one ear and flies out of the other, it circles the  
fat h e r ' s head and then directly at t a c k s the bu g l e . She leave s  
the doll stuck on it, hops and dances around the room and  
d i s a p p e a r s in the little room. The door slams. She did not gi ve  
a single look to her parents. )

P r o f e s s o r : ( Lets the bugle slide on his knees, sighs with tiredness. ) We  
got a whore in the house.

M o t h e r : ( D r e a m i l y , perhaps even with a tear glistening in her eye. )  
As if it were ye s t e r d a y ... I wore those huge red ri b b o n s ...

P r o f e s s o r : The hell with your ribbons! Did you just see that? ( Ye l l i n g  
in front of the little room's door. ) W h a t a m I , chopped live r ? !

M o t h e r : ( Still rattling the brushes and the dru m . ) E v e r y t h i n g nice  
comes back to us in our children ...

P r o f e s s o r : You sure could waste some of your motherly instinct on  
t h a t poor seduced and used child ...

M o t h e r : ( I c i l y . ) I am not obliged to her for any t h i n g . ( Tu r n s on the  
chair and sends an air kiss to the wo r m displayed on the wa l l . )

On the Stairs

A n t : ( Still in his stuck and horny position, he is enjoying it for a  
while longe r . ) Fuck this ... ( Tu r n s on his heel, rushes away,  
d r a g g i n g his tail on the floor. )

In the Little Room

Katrina : (Sitting on the bed, looking the same as before she left.)

Such fuck. ( Tears leaves from her bouquet, puts the individual leaves on her tongue, places them there with pleasure, sensually, kisses them one by one. )

In the Street

Jozue , Professor:

( Jozue is dressed as a garbage man, in a typical orange vest embroidered with a famous Csicmany region pattern , shovel , broom and a cart with a garbage bin are obvious. Makes his way down the street, proud , pissed – hunk of the night. His eyebrows are like antlers, bristles of an angry scabbard. He stops by the stairs where the professor peed and takes it out.

He is peeing. )

Professor: (Comes out of the door, sleepy, in his pyjamas, one can tell his bladder is pressing. He notices the garbage man.) Why are you peeing here, man! (No reply. ) Why are you peeing here, man! ?

Jozue : (Puts it away, turns around.) Man , I am peeing here. ( Takes his cart , leaving with no rush , he will continue talking. )

Professor: (Still with angry tension, after a while he waves his hand.)

I don't want to go any more. ( Turns away and crawls back . )

Jozue : Don't stretch your arm to the boy and don't hurt him, because now the Lord realized that you are God-fearing and you did not deny him even your only son. (Comes out of the dark and disappears in it again , with no rush , doing his job. )

In the Little Room

Katrina : ( Preserving a disgusting giant beetle, something between a carabus and the prime minister. She is working very carefully and with great interest. She is holding the bug on her shoulder like a parrot , spoiling it, and at the same time she

is pinning its legs to the vest. When she is done she is going to show it off to her father.)

#### On the Stairs

Mother: (Struggling with a mattress with a huge wet spot, the Professor's wet pyjamas are hanging on her arm, she is hanging it to dry, then she washes the stairs. The mailman appears from the dark street, throwing the mail. When he gets to Mother bent over the stairs, he pins the letters one by one to her back with large preparation pins, turns around and continues with his route.)

#### In the Street

Joze: Let everyone be cursed who started to build Jericho... Enter the house of a harlot and bring a woman out of there, with everything she has, like you swore to her, spies...

#### In the Room

Professor, Butterfly, Katarina, Mother:  
(The Professor marches around the room with determination, reading some Latin text on engagement rituals with a clear and melodic voice from a thick encyclopaedia of insects. He is wearing a tiny bell tower with a ringing death bell. A tired butterfly with beautiful, colorful wings is dragging itself in front of him. It's dragging helplessly in the dust and the Professor is pinning its edges with every step; the butterfly jerks every time. He is piping the saddest melody and a white pearl falls out of his pipe with every jerk. Katarina bursts into the room, the door flies open, and the butterfly that came close to it is smashed against the wall with this abrupt gesture. The door stays open, Katarina is showing her work to her father – a pinned beetle – and he praises her without lifting his eyes from the text, mechanically stroking her head. With a beautiful smile, Katarina pricks a pin or two into the

b a ck of his hand. The Professor does not even notice that .K at a r ína continues to caress the beetle, closes the door and the steamrolled butterfly falls fo r wa r d .M e a n while Mother comes b a ck with a bu ck e t , a rag on a stick and a back full of pinned l e t t e rs, she notices the butterfly and starts chasing it out of the a p a rtment with a wet rag – like an annoying insect. S h e opens the door and pushes it out on the staircase – it stumbles and falls into the dark n e s s. Mother closes the door, w i p e s the swe at from her fo r e h e a d , looks at her wo rn hands and t i r e d l y, mechanically takes the brushes and drum into her hands. The Professor is already nervously trying out the bu g l e. A tired, b o r i n g concert start s. The Professor and Mother are playing life l e s s l y. K at a r ína is singi n g, e x t r a v a g a n t l y, m i n d l e s s l y, reading at the same time and teari n g the letters one by one from Mother's back . She comes across one letter and keeps reading it with interest again and a g a i n . With gr e at care she pins it to one of the beetle's legs. Mother is suddenly interested, she starts spying on her, t r y i n g to read the letter over her shoulder, c r a n i n g her neck , but she cannot see wh at is in the letter. K at a r í n a , s t i l l s i n g i n g, l e a v e s for her room. M o t h e r, still playing the dru m , is fo l l o w i n g her, she is still trying to read the letter. They both disappear in the little room, l e a v i n g the Professor with his bugle in the room all by himself. He abruptly quits play i n g, looks around, he wants to pee. He steps out of the room onto the staircase. )

#### On the Stairs

P r o f e s s o r , A n t :

(The Professor is peeing, looking tired, watching the stars.

Ant approaches the stairs from the street, looking spiffy, l i k e a polished hunk, a bouquet in his hand. The Professor spots h i m , calmly finishes peeing, puts it away in no hurry and s t a r t s making small talk.)

Professor: Every time, it's amazing. (Goes back to the room, leaves the door open, Ant follows him with puzzlement.)

In the Room

Professor, Ant:

(Playing the role of a charming host, The Professor offers a chair, lays glasses on the table, pours wine. The wine looks disgusting.)

Professor: The only and main goal of everything alive on earth is to preserve life by carrying offspring. Everything else – gathering food, color of wings, strong jaws, those are only sophisticated manifestations of life, sentenced to carry life one generation further. (Suggests toasting but halts his gesture in the middle and continues.) I stress the relentlessness of this trip as a fact, because all manifestations of life's luxuries – entertainment, feelings, esthetic tricks, dribbling sad snout and crying – are totally absent in the insect life...

Ant: (Has been studying wine with suspicion until now and was hardly listening to the Professor. But now something from his speech touched him and he took a breath to give a long speech...)

Professor: Loosen up, young man... Fuck, boy, you want my Katarrina!

Ant: (Making the same wide gesture and breathes in.)

Professor: You are imagining how you will fuck her any time you want, right?! Or did you already?

Ant: (Horried, trying to talk.)

Professor: (Finally toasts with him. There are chunks of newspapers and fruit floating in the wine.) Oh well, dude, let's drink on it. (Empties his glass bottoms up.)

Ant: (With disgust, but still – drinks and finishes drinking. He wipes his mouth.) Fuck this!

Professor: See, you can behave quite naturally.

Ant: That wine stinks terribly.

Professor: (With pride, like an old sommelier.) Not a single ounce of sugar! No yeast! No water!

Ant: So what's in it...

Professor: Truth and snot. Pure cider! (Chugs down another glass.)

Let's talk about fucking...

Ant: (Horri fied.) I did not even touch Kat a rí n a !

Professor: Stop it, stop it... so about other places... did you dip it in?

Ant: ...I did.

Professor: ... Often?

Ant: ...It happened...

Professor: More times, then ...

Ant: More times, then .

Professor: You're such fuck?! Like to screw? Fucker?

Ant: (Cheerfully shrugs his shoulders and fusses on the chair with pride.) What do I know ...

Professor: Well, I do know! You are the most hard working screw in the province! (Tired, pours himself another glass, drinks it.)

How do you do it?

Ant: (Crouches in confusion, now even the disgusting wine tastes good to him.) They say how they want it...

Professor: I'll kill you if you do it with Kat a rí n a !

Ant: I won't, I promise...

Professor: Why do you want Kat a rí n a ?

Ant: (Letting himself think for a while.) Because I have n't had her yet ...

Professor: (Taps him on the shoulder with recognition.) I like you .

Boy, do I like you . (Stands up, with glass in his hand and shouts in a strong voice.) Bring food to the table! Wine is bubbling in the chalice, sweat is waiting to rush out in massive drops on weary brow and the tongue is eager – greedy by good food now it gathered courage to chew on the indigestible words of polite conversation. That's how it was in the beginning, and let it stay like that from now on until the end of time...

In the Little Room

Kat a rí n a , M o t h e r:

(Both are sitting on the bed, hands on their laps, in a contented mood. Kat a rí n a is wearing a headress. )

M o t h e r: ( Talking quietly, in a stiff manner, wringing an unbelievably long handkerchief in her hands. ) ...This is where it was pressing on me heavily, I can't even point at it, not even say it out loud... many things were funny to me and many things were beautiful; and I was secretly crying; and I was constantly ashamed and I was only sitting and enjoying myself; then he entered and I hid in front of him, or I pretended not to see him and I pretended to laugh when he brought me a butterfly, it was colorful, he made so much fuss about it, the butterfly was still twitching, we put it into something and I did not want to look, he took my head and twisted it forcefully, so I bit him and he got excited and yelled at me:

“ B i t i n g, you whore, b i t i n g ? ! ”

Kat a rí n a : Butterflies shouldn't get killed like that ...

M o t h e r: It did not even twitch its wings, he took it out carefully, he's got such fine fingers, and he made it into a beautiful preparation, this one... (Without looking she points to the wall behind her, there is a beautiful butterfly there. )

Kat a rí n a : Butterflies are supposed to be killed in camphor... Go ahead, mom.

M o t h e r: I am not your mother. You are big enough to understand.

( Nervous pause, but Kat a rí n a cannot be disrupted. ) Then he taught me the other things... he taught me everything.

E ve ry t h i n g .

Kat a rí n a :Tell me everything, absolutely everything, every - everything, don't skip anything, absolutely everything, please... talk about it. Talk a lot and in detail, everything, every - everything...

M o t h e r: He called me into his office, it was quiet there, almost dark, these things all over...(She points to the specimen on the

walls. )...He kept talking and smiling. What sign was I born under, he was asking, I didn't know, he counted it and it came out that we were meant for each other. It was in the stars... the beauty in it is only in the fairy tale. But it hurt most of all...

Katrina: ( Offended and frowning. ) It sounded unconvincing, dear mother...

Mother: Don't call me dear mother, that's what hurts most of all...

Katrina: There is this cruelty in me, it's asking to come out, and you're so close... (Stroking her mother's hand.)

(Next door one can hear repeated and urgent cries of the Professor, yelling „Bring food to the table...“)

In the Room

Professor, Ant:

(Hugging tightly, they are just making a toast to calling each other by their first names, both in a good, really good mood. One hand on the other's hand, they are locked in their confidential closeness. )

Ant: ( Important, using the old man's drunkenness. ) ...So I squeezed her, I saw that it left her weak in the knees, so I slapped it right on her lips, she was shivering, like pudding, I licked her cherry, my finger was enough, I always do it like that, I'm grateful...

Professor: ( Drunk, emotional. ) That's good, go slow, very slowly, heal your own vanity... I'm telling you, every, every single slightly decent guy would run away... that's good. You don't know what's in store for you and that's good.

On the Stairs

Jozue, Professor:

( Jozue is this time in the costume of a wedding broker, a white and gold variation on the garb a gevest, shiny snake for a tie, biting into the right cuff, the other hand holding a



t r o m b o n e. Slightly pissed but professionally cheerful. A n d  
c atching his brea t h .He stops on the staircase, inhales with his  
n o s t r i l s.) I love this house.

(Steps closer, puts the trombone to his lips and gi ves it a  
droning blow. ) God released the city! Let the city fall into  
the destru c t i v e curs e , the city itself and eve rything in it  
belongs to God; only the harlot Rachab will stay alive , s h e  
and eve ryone in her house, as she hid all the messengers we  
had sent out...

P r o f e s s o r: (Swings the door open, he is standing on the threshold, r e j  
o i c i n g. ) Jozue! You caressed my soul with your strong vo i c e ,  
my fri e n d , one of the few alive deserving such a name...

J o z u e : All the silver and gold, as well as bronze and iron tools are  
d e d i c a t e d to God; it will go to a divine treasury.

P r o f e s s o r: Fuck this, w h a t a style! My fri e n d , calm your blossoming  
a n g e r , come in and take an honorary place, as we all gat h e r e d  
here expecting your blessing hand.

(They enter the room.)

In the Room

P r o f e s s o r , M o t h e r , K a t a r í n a , A n t , J o z u e :

( K a t a r í n a is looking down in a virginal way, standing next  
to A n t , holding his hand.He is stagge ri n g, slightly dru n k , bu t  
s h o w i n g off.Mother is in the back gr o u n d , her head tilted in  
a humble ge s t u r e. Steam is coming out of a bowl on the table.  
The bowl is made of glass, i t 's full of filth.The Professor is  
pushing Jozue in front of him.)

P r o f e s s o r: Dear J o z u e , these are the members of my household; my  
wife Hagar – has been wa n d e r i n g around the Bersheb desert  
with our son for ye a r s. I am my own Sarah and here is Kat  
a r í n a , my Isaac...

K a t a r í n a : ( C u r t s y i n g. ) I s a a c, pardon me, K a t a r í n a .

P r o f e s s o r: ( Pointing to A n t . ) And here is our lamb.

(Strokes his head.)

Jo z u e : (Nods his head.)We'll do it after dinner.

P r o f e s s o r : Dear fri e n d s , this is my Egyptian friend Jozue – a we d d i n g  
b r o k e r ...

Jo z u e : ( Q u i c k l y , p a r t l y e m b a r r a s s e d , p a r t l y j o v i a l . ) ...And a mailman  
and the director of a circus... We all have to make a  
living somehow.

P r o f e s s o r : So let's sit at the table! Jo z u e , s a y t h e p r a y e r , c e l e b r a t e t h e  
H i g h e s t O n e a m o n g u s . ( E v e r y o n e s t r i k e s a r e l i g i o u s a n d  
c o n t e m p l a t i v e p o s e a f t e r t h e P r o f e s s o r ' s e x a m p l e , r a i s i n g t h e i r  
e y e s a n d w a i t i n g . )

Jo z u e : Yo u , w h o s e n a m e i s s c a t t e r e d e v e r y w h e r e l i k e f i n e d u s t , l e t  
m e b e c o m e m o r e l i k e y o u e v e r y t i m e I e x h a l e ...

T o g e t h e r : H e r e I a m , I w i l l d o i t .

Jo z u e : L e t m e d o m y j o b w i t h j o y i n m y m i n d a n d w i t h s k i l l i n t h e  
p a l m o f m y h a n d a n d m y t o n g u e , s o t h a t I m a y m a k e y o u r  
f a c e b r i g h t e r ...

T o g e t h e r : H e r e I a m , I w i l l d o i t . ( A n t i s d r a g g i n g h i s f e e t , K a t a r i n a  
c l e a r l y s e c r e t l y k i c k s h i s f o o t . )

Jo z u e : L e t t h e w o r l d t h a t a p p e a r e d t o u s g i v e s u s e n o u g h b i t t e r e x p  
e r i e n c e s , s o t h a t w e w o u l d c o m e t o y o u t h i r s t y f o r h u m i l i t y  
a n d p e a c e ...

T o g e t h e r : H e r e I a m , I w i l l d o i t .

Jo z u e : Y o u w h o a r e C l a i r v o y a n t , m a y y o u a n t i c i p a t e o u r m i s t a k e s ,  
s o t h a t y o u c a n a v o i d t h e s a d n e s s t h a t w e c a r r y i n o u r  
s o u l s ...

T o g e t h e r : H e r e I a m , I w i l l d o i t .

Jo z u e : Yo u , t h e U n a d d r e s s a b l e o n e ... ( H e g o e s b a c k t o t h e r e g u l a r  
t o n e o f v o i c e . ) ... I h a p p e n e d t o g o t h r o u g h t h e p l a y g r o u n d ...  
a n d I w a s r e l i e v e d o n l y o n y o u r s t a i r s . I g o t s c a r e d – s o  
m u c h o f t h e u n e d u c a t e d j o y ... W h e r e d i d t h e e r e c t e d w a r n i n g  
f i n g e r o f e t e r n a l s i l e n c e s t a y ?

P r o f e s s o r : ( P o u r e d t h e g l a s s e s , g i v e s t h e m t o e v e r y o n e , o f f e r i n g . ) I t i s  
e n l i g h t e n i n g t o t o a s t i n t h e c i r c l e o f y o u r l o v e d o n e s . E s p e c i a l l y  
i f t h e d r i n k i s w o r t h y o f i t s d r i n k e r s ...

A n t : ( Still slightly dru n k . ) The wine stinks horri b l y, looks disgusting and tastes like ( I n d e s c ribably disgusted ge s t u r e , e ve ryone looks down on him, so he halts himself. ) ...I'm merely suggesting...

P r o f e s s o r : W o m a n , gi ve us some food. ( Sits down at the table. )

K a t a r í n a : M o m , I'll do it, here I am.

M o t h e r : ( D rips big blobs of the disgusting porri d ge from the ladle onto the plat e s. The green mess is splat t e ring in all directions. ) I ' m no mother for yo u .

K a t a r í n a : ( C r y i n g, holding the Profe s s o r ' s and Mother ' s hands in u r g e n t despair. ) W h y can't we have dinner at least once like a regular family? ( Points out. ) Fat h e r , M o t h e r , c h i l d , d o n k e y and an ox? ( The last two she points at are Ant and Jo z u e . )

M o m ...

M o t h e r : Only he can call me that . ( Points to the wall with the dirt y l a d l e , where the huge showpiece wo rm is displaye d . ) And he c a n ' t . ( Quietly gi ves out food to the others. )

P r o f e s s o r : ( T r y i n g to lighten up the situat i o n , so he ' s making small t a l k . ) We don't cook. Cooking is only speeded up rotting.

And we have enough time.

A n t : ( When he hears that he almost chokes. He pushes the plat e away. )

P r o f e s s o r : ( E n j o y i n g his fo o d , suppressing his ange r, s ays to Mother with his mouth full. ) Sit down and eat .

M o t h e r : ( Standing by the showpiece of her husband ' s collection, h e r hands locked toge t h e r . )

K a t a r í n a : ( disgustingly swe e t ) M o m , if you don't eat , you will we a k e n your organism, i s n ' t that ri g h t , d a d .

Jo z u e : T h a t a daughter! ( K n o cks on A n t ' s forehead with his spoon. )

Thou shall respect your father and mother!

A n t : ( Wants to say something, rubbing his fo r e h e a d . )

Jo z u e : D o n ' t even suggest any t h i n g ...

P r o f e s s o r : ( Icily turns towards Mother without mov i n g . ) Sit dow n and eat . ( Jumps up and throws himself towards the show-

piece, he wants to tear it off the wall.) What do you want to blame me for?!

Mother: (Throws herself onto the Professor and screams in a loud voice which is making her heart break.) Never mind him!

You're not worthy ...

Professor: (Vis`a vis his wife.) What do you want to blame me for?

You loved me. And I loved you! (Sits down, raises his glass.

Katrina pours him some wine subserviently, pushes her head under her father's hand. The Professor then continues quite calmly.) I was always making her suffer. She has to deserve my favors... (Pause.) I wasn't able to forgive her for that indescribable beauty of hers – I believed that the beauty of the body is somehow connected to the beauty of the soul – and now I believe that. (Looks at Katrina, leans closer to her hair, hides his face in it, forgetting himself.) Every single day she used to sit by the window so that the sun and the wind from the street could play with her hair... (He shivers and stays quiet; it looks like he came.)

Katrina: (Yanks herself away from him, jumps away and escapes to the other end of the table. There she is standing with her legs spread and watches her father with tension.)

Professor: (Is startled, embarrassed, then he starts to laugh proudly.)

My dear Katrina, I am proud of you! It is our duty – to survive. Eat. (For a while one can hear the spoons clinking and lips smacking – it looks like everyone is enjoying the food.)

Mother: I will die quietly. I will tell you something else and I'll die.

Professor: (Takes a sharp breath, he is about to start yelling again.)

Mother: Don't interrupt me. At least for once don't interrupt me.

When my time came, I presented myself in the best light.

Beautifully colored, everything shaped perfectly and irresistibly. Of course, he succumbed. He danced his engagement dance and I went crazy with a deadly love. Biology professor and a student – such impossible choice. I was sixteen.

Jo z u e : (Cannot contain himself, h o wls like an animal.) T h a t 's so  
y u m m y – the sweet sixteens – from the rear!

M o t h e r : ( T h r o w s a chair after him.) He impregnated me easily and  
q u i c k l y. (Sends a tortured look towards the showpiece on the  
w a l l , then g a z e s on the back of the P r o f e s s o r 's head like a  
m e s m e r i z e d snake and is biting off her w o r d s, rather than  
t a l k i n g .) Herod! You took him from me, like my appendix,  
and you made him a showpiece! But you didn't g i v e him a  
n a m e . For a thousand ye a r s I have been w a n d e r i n g around  
the Bersheb desert with my son that you were not willing to  
accept under your roof. For a thousand ye a r s I have been  
keeping a secret of his presence that changed to pain. Yo u  
w o n 't take that from me. You p r i c k . ( Falls on her knees,  
q u i e t l y, assuming the fetal position.)

Jo z u e : Let eve ryone be cursed who would start to build Je r i c h o ...  
( S t a r t l e d , looks around confused and with apologi e s .) E x c u s e  
m e , I missed something...

P r o f e s s o r : (Almost with humility, without move m e n t .) For days she  
would cry and disrupt my wo r k . (He is gradually ove r c o m e  
by a visionary hallucination.) She was still beautiful. B u t t  
e r f l y. One of the most beautiful... I tried to cut it lengthw  
i s e , the way we used to do to the dead nobility before we  
b u r n t their insides with lixivium. The butterfly was tilting  
and waving in two part s. From the halved body a grim wo r m  
came out and ate the tiny praying man with the bell tower on  
his head with gr e a t gusto. Then she wa s n 't so beautiful any  
m o r e . ( To the showpiece on the w a l l .) We never talked about  
your name...

Jo z u e : Just to g i v e it a try, b l o w s into the trombone. Shall we play ?  
I t 's after dinner, a bit of music will do us some good... So  
w h a t ...

K a t a r i n a : (Stands up, s t a r t s to tidy up the table, s i n g i n g in a clear  
v o i c e , as is customary in this fa m i l y .)

P r o f e s s o r : (Mechanically pulls out the bu g l e , d r u m and br u s h e s, h e-

s i t a t e s f o r a w h i l e a n d t h e n h a n d s t h e m t o A n t , w h i s p e r i n g i n c o n s p i r a c y . ) T h e c a r c a s s m e n d o n ' t k n o w a n y t h i n g y e t , t h e y a r e h e l p l e s s l y s t a r v i n g b e y o n d t h e N i l e .

( T h e y a r e p l a y i n g t h e s a m e i m p o s s i b l e t u n e t h a t w e h e a r d i n t h e b e g i n n i n g . T h e b u g l e , t r o m b o n e , d r u m w i t h b r u s h e s a n d s i n g i n g . K a t a r í n a f i n i s h e s t i d y i n g , s t o p s b y A n t , g e n t l y p l a y s w i t h h i s h a i r . I t l o o k s l i k e a n o s t a l g i c p i c t u r e f r o m a n o l d a l b u m . T h e y p l a y u n t i l t h e e n d . W h e n t h e y f i n i s h , K a t a r í n a t a k e s o f f h e r h e a d d r e s s . )

J o z u e : W h o e v e r c o m e s o u t o f m y f r o n t d o o r t o g r e e t m e w h e n I c o m e h o m e i n p e a c e , w i l l b e l o n g t o G o d a n d I w i l l g i v e i t t o h i m a s a b l a z i n g s a c r i f i c e . ( T o w a r d s t h e P r o f e s s o r . ) T h o s e w e r e y o u r w o r d s , m y f r i e n d . . .

K a t a r í n a : U n c l e J o z u e , w h y d o y o u t h i n k i t ' s a l w a y s n e c e s s a r y t o s t a r t t a l k i n g ? ( T o P r o f e s s o r . ) F a t h e r o f m i n e , s i n c e y o u g a v e y o u r w o r d , d o w i t h m e a s y o u p r o m i s e d . ( S t e p s c l o s e r t o c r o u c h i n g M o t h e r , g e n t l y t o u c h e s h e r w i t h t h e t i p o f h e r s h o e . T h e b o d y t u r n s o v e r a n d s t a y s i n t h e f e t a l p o s i t i o n . )

P r o f e s s o r : ( W a t c h e s h i s d a u g h t e r ' s b e h a v i o r , s a t i s f a c t i o n s h o w i n g i n h i s f a c e . T u r n s t o J o z u e w i t h p r i d e . ) S e e ? !

J o z u e : W h a t y o u f e e l f o r t h i s c h i l d i s m o r e p r i d e m i x e d w i t h p a e d o p h i l i a t h a n l o v e .

A n t : ( H a s b e e n s i t t i n g q u i e t l y , s u d d e n l y j u m p s u p . ) T h a t ' s i t , t h a t ' s i t , t h a t ' s i t !

K a t a r í n a : ( G e n t l y , w i t h a s m i l e . ) S w e e t h e a r t , s h u t u p .

A n t : ( H o r r i f i e d . ) I s t h e w e d d i n g o v e r ?

K a t a r í n a : H e r e a r e t h e w i t n e s s e s . ( P o i n t s t o t h e P r o f e s s o r a n d M o t h e r . )

A n t : F u c k m e . . .

P r o f e s s o r : K a t a r í n a , h o w s h a l l w e d o t h i s ?

K a t a r í n a : ( A s i f m e m o r i z e d . ) A c c o r d i n g t o t h e k e y d e s c r i b e d i n t h e p u b l i c a t i o n " C o l l e c t i n g I n s e c t s a n d E s t a b l i s h m e n t o f a n E n t o m o l o g i c a l C o l l e c t i o n . "

P r o f e s s o r : S p e c i f y .

Kat a rí n a : We have to do the preparation according to the TAILJUMPER pat t e r n .

P r o f e s s o r : E x c e l l e n t , continue... (Discreetly suggests to Jozue to get out of there.They tiptoe away, looking back in the doorway, grinning with we l l - w i s h e s . )

Kat a rí n a : Before that we still have to stretch out the mat e r i a l . W h e n i t 's crumpled it does not have any value for the collector.

Best if we use our experiences with “ e x e r c i s i n g ” or “ s t u b b o r n ” bu g s . S w e e t h e a r t , will you help me?

A n t : ( M o v i n g like an insomniac. Gets up, helps Kat a rí n a to put M o t h e r 's body on the table. )

Kat a rí n a : I t 's important to do the procedures corr e c t l y , otherwise we will devalue the mat e r i a l . Father calls it a “poorly killed p i e c e ” . (She is totally invo l ved in the wo r k and therefore she is beautiful. A n t , despite his initial astonishment, c a n n o t resist and is helping out of curi o s i t y . They are trying the limbs – Kat a rí n a pulls on the leg, it stretches, and when the gi r l lets go of it, it quickly returns to its ori g i n a l bent position.)

Kat a rí n a : Try it, d e a r .

A n t : ( T r y i n g and cry i n g . ) E x e r c i s i n g ... She's exe r c i s i n g ! (He is talking quick l y , he wants to get in as many experiments with the „exercising body“ as possible. ) I just wa n t e d to wa r m up for a second. I am not made for big flames... ( Tu r n s to Kat a rí n a , she has left in the meantime, he is ye l l i n g after her.) I just wanted to fuck a little and then go hom e . I wanna go home...

Kat a rí n a : ( I g n o r i n g him, t u r n i n g the pages of the publication she has brought in.) Doctor Winkler is writing here: “In such cases thou must chooseth a more rigorous procedure. L ayeth the beetle simply in boiling water and leaveth it there for some t i m e . If not sufficient, poureth thou lixivium into the boiling water and continue to brew...”

A n t : ( M e a n while his face resumed the horny-insane look. He approaches Kat a rí n a , takes the book from her hands, drops it

on the floor. He is caressing her, h u g g i n g her some more. ) We  
w o n ' t boil her.

K a t a r í n a : (Looking unsure, she is subdued for a w h i l e , then she resists, b u t  
she is indecisive. ) H o w are we going to do that? It must be  
b o i l e d ...

A n t : In your arms I will bleed out, d i e , b u r n and will be born  
a g a i n ...

K a t a r í n a : I ' l l tell on you... (Giggling with t i c k l e s, Ant is slamming her  
with desire, he is purring with s a t i s f a c t i o n . )

On the Stairs

P r o f e s s o r , J o z u e :

(Smoking and spitting on the ground floor. One can hear the  
j o y f u l screams of erotic play – nearby. )

P r o f e s s o r : Can you hear?

J o z u e : I hear.

P r o f e s s o r : K a t a r í n a has r i p e n e d .

J o z u e : I hear...

P r o f e s s o r : She keeps asking questions. H a l f way into my answer I finally  
get what she was asking.

J o z u e : Is that so?

P r o f e s s o r : W i n t e r i z i n g . Such sophisticated question.

J o z u e : H u m i l i t y , my f r i e n d , humility is what we all are lacking.

P r o f e s s o r : W i n t e r i z i n g .

J o z u e : You were the first one to come out of the holes, c r e v a s s e s  
and dirt to create this w o r l d . You exhaled and clothed in  
flesh your desperation of a l o n e r u n n e r , for wretched existence  
in the souls of its inhabitants, you were the first one to  
come out, you who are halfway between the R e d A d m i r a l  
and a Silver-Spotted Skipper...

P r o f e s s o r : Stop it, stop it... (Needs to v o m i t . )

J o z u e : Y o u , the Unaddressable one, y o u , our Lord, we praise by  
each act, each w o r d , each tear... (Wipes his dirty mouth.)

...And I will be the witness.



Professor: (Violently vomiting on Jo z u e 's vest.) Those who fell became the labyrinth for the sneaky ve r m i n . Like the one who d r o w n e d in w a t e r , they were also being flooded by a living c r a w l i n g stream of constant o v e r a c h i e v e r s ...

Jo z u e : Fuck this, w h a t a style!

Professor: ( S t a r t l e d , g a z e s at his friend with m i s t r u s t . ) You want to pick me up?

Jo z u e : N e v e r say neve r.

Professor: N o o o o o , not that . I don't have to have eve r y t h i n g . ( T h r o w s away the cigarette bu t t , spits between his teeth and turns on his heel, d i s a p p e a r s in the door. )

Jo z u e : (Looking after him for a second, then starts a slow descent of the stairs.) She said it right to yo u ; you p r i c k . (Suddenly one can hear screeching, b a n g i n g and Jo z u e 's shrieks from the d a r k n e s s . S h o v e l , b r o o m , m a i l m a n 's bag and the trash container are flying around and Jo z u e , b e y o n d himself, is ye l l i n g . ) I can fuck this...

In the Little Room

K a t a r í n a , A n t , Jo z u e :

( K a t a r í n a and Ant are kneeling on the bed, facing each o t h e r , n a k e d , an apple is between them. Both of them are biting it, holding it only with their teeth and s w a l l o w i n g hungr i l y . The apple must not fa l l . Jo z u e 's snake is holding the apple in its teeth and Jozue is holding the snake in his teeth.

Jozue is we a r i n g a mask like that from a Venetian carn i v a l , white and go l d . Same vest as befo r e , white with gold embroi d e r y . Ant has bu t t e r f l y 's wings on his shoulders, b e a u t i f u l l y colored with a purple and gold scene from a Cru s a d e . K a t a r í n a 's body is shining, she is we a r i n g a helmet – snail's shell.

There is a window in the shell with light inside. )

In the Room

P r o f e s s o r , M o t h e r :

1 0 0

(A yellowish tint, a clear woman's voice backed with a simple quiet beat, everything looking pretty tired. The Professor is freshly bathed, hair slicked back, wearing only shorts. He is sitting in the armchair and is holding with patience. Mother is wearing a black bathrobe, leaning over the father and shaving him. The Professor is going with the resonating rhythm and is tapping on the armrest. When he is half shaved, he gently takes Mother's wrist, the very hand which is holding the razor, gets up and starts dancing with her. Very serene, they are dancing. The Professor is still holding his wife's wrist with razor in hand, he aims it at the woman's stomach. He sharply pulls it up. The bathrobe opens, on the inside one can see many white eggs in transparent pockets. Some are broken, some are intact. The inside of the bathrobe is red. The Professor takes one egg, they are still dancing, he cuts the egg with the razor in half and drinks it. The woman finishes the shaving with one swift move. Silence and darkness fall at the same time. )

In the Little Room

Katrina, Ant:

(Katrina and Ant are both relaxed, comfortably positioned. Ant is at Katrina's feet, wings and shell gone. Katrina is gently caressing the snake. The snake is holding Ant's head in its teeth. When she pulls her hand away, an egg comes out of Ant's mouth. With every stroke an egg comes out. Ant's face is showing the highest pleasure and exhaustion. Katrina is catching another egg into her mouth, she holds it with her teeth and, letting it hang halfway out, she cracks it against Ant's forehead. She lets the white and yolk flow down Ant's face and she is sucking it with the end of her tongue. She seals his eyes shut, twists the snake around his neck and tilts his head backwards. Suddenly she slaps his cheek. The snake is lying on the bed, Ant lifts his head in surprise. Ka-

t a r í n a picks a mosquito from A n t 's cheek with her finge rs. )

K at a r í n a : Attacking mosquito, aedes ve x a n s , mosquito – kusaka m u c h i t e l . One of the most plentiful. A disaster type. A c t i v e l y attacking people. ( W h a c k s i t a g a i n . ) Frequently ove rp o p u l a t e s . Mosquito – kusaka muchitel, t h a t 's its name in R u s s i a n . Russian names of insects have a kind of pagan secr e c y in them, my father say s . Kusaka muchitel – only it's so limp... It wants to look like the darker beetles with strong wing-cases and perfectly evo l ved jaws... They are so elegant...

In the Street

Jo z u e : (In an undert a k e r 's costume, b l a c k jacket with silver embroid e ry.The two - wheel ga r b a ge cart with mournful decorat i o n s is carrying an open casket.Mother is peacefully laying in the c a s k e t , hands folded on her chest, a box with an embryo in her hands.The undertaker is walking by. ) I am a stranger and your guest; gi ve me some land for my family tomb, s o t h a t I can carry and bu ry my dead one; if it is your will that I carry and bu ry my dead one, hear ye... (Stops before leavi n g, looking tired, wipes swe at from his fo r e h e a d . ) T h o s e were your words again, my fri e n d ...

In the Little Room

K at a r í n a , A n t :

(Resting like befo r e , Ant at Kat a r í n a 's fe e t , but now he's dressed in shirt and pants. K at a r í n a is getting dressed and is combing her hair. )

A n t : K at a r í n a ...

K at a r í n a :Ye s ...

A n t : Your mother...

K at a r í n a : D o n 't talk about her like that , you know she hated it.

A n t : Did your father have you with another wo m a n ?

K at a r í n a : N o . He had me without her.

A n t : D o n 't I deserve a single decent answe r ?

1 0 2

K at a rí n a : ( Taking his head into her hands. ) Do you love me?

A n t : I love yo u . And yo u ?

K at a rí n a : D o n 't attach stri n g s. Do you love me?

A n t : I love yo u .

K at a rí n a : You love me.

A n t : I love yo u u u u ! ! ! !

K at a rí n a : ( Is blowing into his yelling mouth. ) D o n 't ye ll . And don't  
a s k . Just love . ( Ant takes a breat h , d e t e r m i n e d to talk, s h e  
seals his mouth with a kiss. )

A n t : ( L i b e r a t i n g h i m s e l f , c a t c h i n g h i s b r e a t h , h u r r i e s t o s t a r t t a l k i  
n g . ) I love yo u , I love when I'm trying to pleasure you with  
t e a r s i n m y e y e s a n d n e r v e s i n m y a s s . . .

K at a rí n a : T h e r e , t h e r e , h u s h - h u s h .

A n t : Finally I got it. Finally it's me who cannot leave and is too  
weak to stay. I came just for a while and I now wo n 't leave  
e v e n i f y o u t h r e w m e o u t . Y o u k n o w h o w m a n y o f y o u t h e r e  
w e r e ? Y o u d o n 't k n o w . N o t e v e n t h e h e r o i c p e n d a n t o f m y  
p e n i s k n o w s . . .

K at a rí n a : We'll kiss your booboo... I need yo u , you know how imp  
o r t a n t y o u a r e f o r m e . . .

A n t : ... As a sex aid, the medium for your fulfilment... I'm a cock  
f o r y o u , n o t h i n g e l s e .

K at a rí n a : ( Fondling A n t , he does not want to succumb, but he cannot  
resist. ) He took her egg while she was sleeping. He impregn  
a t e d i t i n t h e c o r n e r . W i t h a p i p e t t e , i n a t e s t t u b e , w h a t d o  
I know how. There was nothing else between them. W h e n  
t h e y m a d e m y b r o t h e r , t h e r e w a s l o v e , y o u h e a r d i t y o u r s  
e l f . . .

A n t : K at a rí n a , I don't want to know ...

K at a rí n a : I want you to know. For once I have to say eve rything out  
l o u d a t l e a s t o n c e , s o t h a t I c a n h e a r i t s e c h o . A f t e r t h e l a s t  
m i s c a r r i a g e M o t h e r w a s r e j e c t i n g e v e r y t h i n g . . . e v e r y t h i n g .  
( Suddenly jumps out with a cra zed look and makes fa c e s . )

And the ladybugs nursed me. G o d ' s l i t t l e c o w s .

A n t : (He would not mind having sex aga i n . ) K at a r í n a , w h at do I do with that ...

K at a r í n a : Somebody has to pay for it!

A n t : ( S u f f e r i n g and horny. ) K at a r í n a ...

K at a r í n a : Oh we l l , then I'll tell you the tru t h .Most of all I like carabu s. Come on, I'll show yo u . (Pulling A n t 's sleeve. ) In Russian carabus is called zhuzhelitsa. Z h u z h e l i t s y , z h u z h e l i t s y...

They write eve rywhere that they are black. B a l o n e y. I will show you the most beautiful blue in the world... carabus is a predat o r , you know... ( D ra g g i n g him to the specimen in the room.)

In the Room

K at a r í n a , A n t , P r o f e s s o r , M o t h e r:

(Mother is still crouching on the table as they left her. T h e P r o f e s s o r is sitting in the chair, all dressed up in black , s h a v e d , wet hair combed to the back . He is holding the box with the embryo on his lap. It looks like he is sleeping. T h e s h a v i n g kit is ready next to him. K at a r í n a is start l e d , lets go of A n t 's sleeve and approaches her fat h e r. She gently touches his hand but it's stiff, holding on to the box .Ant comes closer. )

A n t : Shall I help yo u ?

K at a r í n a : (Pushes him away stern l y. ) Let me, I'll do it myself! ( S h e is inspecting the father with hesitation and puzzlement, s t a r i n g at him.) So he died too...

A n t : (Comes to the table and with hesitation and curiosity is trying out the same thing as ye s t e r d a y. But he cannot stretch the leg any more. He pulls harder and he does not notice that he is pulling the entire body.The body moves to the edge of the table and then further – it is fa l l i n g.Ant catches it in the last s e c o n d . The moment he squeezes it the hard the spasm go e s away and the crouching body suddenly stretches and stay s s t r e t c h e d , a r m s and legs are wide spread.Ant is holding her in his arms with horr o r. )

Kat a rí n a : ( M e a n while she remembered the tune that Mother used to sing when shaving the fat h e r. She spreads foam on his fa c e , s h a v i n g him and singi n g. )

A n t : ( B e g g i n g and cry i n g, the stretched body in his arm s. ) K a t a rí n a ...

Kat a rí n a : ( S h a v i n g, s i n g i n g, does not even look at him.) D a n c e , n o w only dance please...

A n t : ( S t a r t s dancing. Stumbling from foot to fo o t , looking into the dead wo m a n 's face with hor r o r. )

Kat a rí n a : (Finishes shav i n g, gi ves a satisfied look to her fat h e r 's smooth skin, or she stroked him, who knows... She turns to the dancing pair and wh i s p e r s into A n t 's ear. )Thank her for the dance...

A n t : (Stops dancing, thanking with a curtsy and lays the deceased on the table. )

Kat a rí n a : (Stretches the folds on her mother's skirt . She is standing b e t w e e n the two stiff bodies, looking into the distance. ) T h e c a r a bus is up there on the ri g h t .

A n t : ( C o n f u s e d , goes to the wa l l , looking for the cara bus with his e y e s, then he nods his head, approaches Kat a rí n a from the b a c k , kisses her neck and chirp s. ) My condolences...

Kat a rí n a : ( Q u i c k l y raises her head, looking electr i f i e d , e x h a l e s. )  
A g a i n !

A n t : ( C o n f u s e d , o b e y s. ) My condolences...

Kat a rí n a : (Shakes her head sharply and sticks out her neck . )

A n t : ( S w a l l o w s with difficulty and then unders t a n d s. He kisses h e r. )

Kat a rí n a : (Not at all with piety, jumps away.) ... M a n y, m a n y tiny t e a r s... Never-ending number of stitches taken apart ...

C a t c h me!

A n t : K a t a rí n a ...

Kat a rí n a : (Still provoking him.) ...The cocoon got torn , you can't c a t c h me...

A n t : K a t a rí n a , I w o n 't be catching yo u !

K at a rí n a : ... And here I am. You can't catch me, you can't , you can't ...

A n t : (Finally moves and is trying to catch swift Kat a rí n a . In the end he catches her next to the door to the little room and he really feels like kissing her directly on her lips. )

K at a rí n a : (Stops him, pretending to be horri f i e d . ) They are wat c h i n g !

A n t : ( Takes her into his arms and carries her into the little room.)

K at a rí n a : (Screaming with enthusiasm and joy. ) ... You wo n 't eve n l e ave ashes that I could blow around into the whole wo r l d ...

In the Street

Jo z u e : ( A gain as a ga r b a ge man, the mess is even bigger than b e fo r e , he is sitting on an upside-down ga r b a ge bin, p l a y i n g and playing slowly... The father appears in the back gr o u n d – he's play i n g, then Mother appears with the drum and b r u s h e s. They play with detached nonchalance, the music is p i c k i n g up, the band is getting into the rhythm and it's s t a r t i n g to look like an operetta or a circus. The concert art i s t s are showing off, they are getting wilder and their perfo r m a n c e is starting to look like crazy clow n e r y. )

In the Room

(One can only hear vo i c e s. )

A n t : I love yo u .

K at a rí n a : ( E ating an apple, talks with her mouth full.) Do you dare?

A n t : There is nothing else left for me...

K at a rí n a : Are you thinking about me when yo u 're masturbating?

D o n 't pull away. Yo u 're quite a pleasant love r.

A n t : It was gr e at eve ry time...

K at a rí n a : Fill me with your saliva , fill me, with saliva ...

(The light is gr ow i n g, K at a rí n a is sitting in her fat h e r 's c h a i r, all in a red cocoon with black dots. She is knitting the bottom end of it. Ant is nowhere to be seen, the door to the little room is open.) I was bu r n i n g and I loved myself for this s e l f - d e s t r u c t i v e skill. To bu r n and be bu r n t and to scorch.

1 0 6

I burned to ashes and the amazed universe thought a Virgin  
darted into the sky among the constellations. Then I opened  
my eyes and the morning was born ...

Ant: Katrina, a lot of women had me.

Katrina: Did they die?

Ant: Some of them.

Katrina: What about the others?

Ant: I left them.

Katrina: What did you tell women that you left?

Ant: That I loved them.

Katrina: Did they believe you?

Ant: I told each one of them a hundred times.

Katrina: ...I'm the only one who is left. So that I could become the  
one, they died. And life came to me. I wanted to be the  
creator, in pain and suffering that she used to talk about, I  
really wanted to spit life into the dying world's eyes. I praise  
your hard work, Ant, I praise you. You are not only a pleasant  
but also a successful lover. Ant, what do you tell the woman  
that you'll stay with?

Ant: That I love her.

Katrina: Be quiet now.

(The door to the little room slams shut. On the door is the  
stretched, carefully prepared Ant, arms hanging parallel to  
his body with the palms turned upwards. Katrina, undisturbed,  
continues to knit.)

The End

107