L a d i s l av Ke r at a

ON THE SURFAC E

Tr a n s l at i o n : Danica Ruppeldtová

CHARACTERS:
Mancuška
Koloskowa
Captain
First Officer
Rita
Slavomír
Karol
Marta

Mancuška: (Talking cheerfully and expressive ly.) I admit that for me personally my presence on this ship is a real miracle. Yet for a number of decades I've been longing for this voyage so ve ry much... You are still yo u n g, but I d o n 't doubt for a moment that you couldn't picture yo u rs e I ves in my present situat i o n . You know, when a dream is so s o p h i s t i c ated and has so many nuances... Ah! It is a ri ver! A ri ver that has thousands of fluxes and affluxe s. Th at dream is now a separate world that lives for itself. And it seems that n ow I can't interfere in it any m o r e, or change any t h i n g, o r for instance wilfully twist anything up... (Jov i a l l y.) My dear young fri e n d s, w h at is really interesting is that when you have this dream absolutely worked out, at that point yo u stop stru g g l i n g, you stop fighting for its practical, t a n gi b l e completion... As if you after all gave up mat e rializing yo u r d i ve rse dream. It is maybe because you are subconsciously, probably even involunt a rily starting to spontaneously resist, yo u're starting to gain conviction that this dream is more b e a utiful than reality itself, which may be sometimes rough... Hmm, this is indeed an interesting know ledge, is n't it? My dear young fri e n d s, I figure that it is not rewar ding to dream and imagine things, right? Wh at do you think? (Laughs cheerfully.) Ha, ha, ha... But as you can see, I'm h e r e . In spite of all that time, I made my dream come tru e . It is overwhelming! I am here, on this ship! I am sailing! S l avo m í r: (Po l i t e l y.) M a rve l l o u s. You must be happy. Mancuška: (Complacently.) I am, young man, I am. Rita: (As if repeating something bored.) Jolly, exciting... M a n c u š k a : (Feels her lassitude.) I don't want to bother yo u, but after all, the seating order appointed us to sit at one table, and that 's why it is actually our fate to talk for a moment or two. Right?

Rita: (Still coldly.) Yes, it is.

S I avo m í r: (With interest.) Go on, keep talking! Keep talking! M a n c u š k a : I am sorry to be so pers o n a I, but I can't help it... Now I k n ow why I've been ye a rning for this voyage so much.

Rita: $(Now\ exasperat\ e\ d.)$ Really?

M a n c u š k a :I t 's because the sailing of this ship, its quiet rocking on the waves is a kind of reflection of my pers o n a l i t y ...

S l avo m í r: (With interest.) I n t e r e s t i n g . Excuse me, but what do yo u m e a n?

M a n c u š k a :To be precise: My inside was always rocking, I was alway s

h e s i t a n t; it didn't matter whether it concerned important or u n i m p o rtant situations... The scales were always balancing inside me and always some kind of engine had to come and t ow my junk away. My dear wife used to be that engine 1 ater... (He laughs at his own wo r d s.)

S I avo m í r: (S c ru t i n i z i n g l y.) D i d n 't you happen to say she was a lingu i s t? M a n c u š k a : (With enthusiasm.) Yes... W hy, i t 's nearly as if she was a m u s i c o l o gist... Listen to her radical, but the more beautiful definition... (Quoting slow l y.) Human speech is a symphony composed of the tones and rhythms of the spiritual past and present of a nat i o n, which decided to develop its life in this or that particular fauna or flora... (He is silent for a wh il e, as if waiting for his audience's reaction, then continues.)

I s n 't it beautiful? This definition of hers was even published in a linguistic paper!

S I avo m í r: (Still with interest.) H ow many copies? M a n c u š k a : (With significance.) A hundred...

R i t a : (She can't hold it back any longe r.) You keep talking as if you found those words in some shabby old book, as if somebody had written them for yo u . I t's so trivial as if they we r e n't e ven real words... Your wo r d s. Do you actually have a wife? The one that you keep talking about? Are you actually marri e d?

M a n c u š k a : (C a l m l y.) Ye s , I am marri e d .Ye s , I made it all up, as if in my own study. This is how it may appear to someone. (With a slight reproach in his voice.) It 's as if my wife was also doing something unimport a n t, u n n e c e s s a ry. I s n 't it? But, mind yo u, she works with live mat e ri a l ...

R it a: (She doesn't want him to start talking aga in.) O k ay. O k ay. M a n c u š k a: Yo u, your generat i o n, you all keep rushing somewhere, you know... Don't get me wrong, but in this ru s h, my dear f ri e n d s, you don't even have a chance to notice some of the j e we l s, some of the jewels that the existence of life itself of f e rs us by pure reflection of light. You still have a lot to l e a rn.

Rita: (Disgusted.) Jesus!

S I avo m í r: (With apprehension.) R i t a, come on!

R i t a : I just... A r e n 't we sitting at the wrong table?

M a n c u š k a : (Is not off balance, with enthusiasm.) I am in cabin hundred and twe n t y - t wo.

S l avo m í r: (C o n t e n t e d l y.) So we 're neighbours then.

M a n c u š k a : (Ironically.) A separate table would probably cost you a little bit more, h a, h a.

Rita: (Offended.) What nerve!

S l avo m í r: (Tries to settle things up, a little bit clumsily though.) B u t w hy, it is nice sitting here with yo u . Really... Nice. My fianc é e , Rita is just a little bit sleepy... She's tired. A n d , by the way, you really do talk interesting stuff. Yo u 're good... Yo u must have read lots and lots of books.

Rita: (Mockingly.) Two-hundred-and-seventy-five encyclopaedias about the life of aquarium fish.

M a n c u š k a : (D o e s n 't want to spoil the fun.) Not that many. Not that

m a ny!

Rita: What time is dinner? What time is breakfast, when is lunch?

I would really love to grasp the rhythm of cat e ring on this ship.

K a r o l: (Suddenly comes across from the next table, gi g g l i n g.) E xcuse me! Sorry for disturbing yo u .We are so jolly... We are

madly happy, because just a moment ago my gi r l f riend and

I decided to get married right this minute!

M a n c u š k a : (D o e s n 't believe his own ears.) Get marri e d?

K a r o l : (With enthusiasm.) Ye s , t h at 's right! To be honest... we

chose you! We would like to ask yo u, sir, whether you could

m a rry us. And you two, young fri e n d s, could be our witness e s. So the thing is... we chose you! (He laughs.) D o n 't be

so amazed! It's all right! It's fine!

M a n c u š k a : W h at do you mean? Do I really look like a regi s t r a r , a

vicar, or a pope? (Evidently also delighted.) Ha, ha, ha. But

I, ha, ha... But I'm not the one... I don't have, if you please,

h a, h a, a ny appropri ate competency ... We ll, I've never come across anything like this before.

Rita: (Abruptly.) Stupid fools.

M a rt a : (Also comes from the next table, speaks directly.) W hy fools? I'm Mart a .

K a r o 1 : (Stubbornly.) We don't care about any thing, we are carefree young people, straight and blunt. M a rry us; it won't harm

yo u, will it? In a while we might, as they say, cast an anchor

and by then we 'd like to be husband and wife.

M a rt a : (E n j oying hers e l f.) We want to outsmart our parents! The y would never allow us to do this! Ha, h a.

Mancuška:Welcome.

F i rst Officer: (Enters the dining room, and speaks in a strange lazy

t o n e, as if nothing was going on.) Dear passengers! Dear

p a s s e n g e rs! Please put on your life jackets! Put your life jackets on! (He exits.)

S l avo m í r: (In panic.) W h at?! The jackets?!

M a n c u š k a : (Calmly remark i n g.) N ow this really is a strange situation.

S l avo mír: (S c ru ti n i z i n g l y.) W hy did that officer say that... that thing about life jackets? He said it like nothing was going on. H ow

will he be... saving people, for instance?

M a n c u š k a : (As if talking to himself, d r e a m i l y.) I dreamed of this, t o o – to end up at the bottom of the sea...

R i t a : (A rr oga n t l y.) W h at are you talking about?! We don't dream about any bottoms! Slávo, I told you that you were a damfool!

W h at did we come here for?

M a n c u š k a : M aybe I overdid it a little... I'm sorry ...

K a r o l: (Un e m o t i o n a l l y.) O h, you see?! Go on, m a rry us! Quickly!

R i t a : (Also scared now.) But now you don't have to be outsmarting your parents any m o r e ...

S l avo m í r: (Sheepishly.) What do you care now? (Accusingly.) Oh, I am so stupid!

M a rt a : (Ne a rly lasciviously.) My stingy mother will kick the bu c k e t when she finds out that we died as a married couple...

She'll never forgi ve me that I married such a man. A man

from a poor fa m i l y ...

M a n c u š k a : (As if talking to himself.) But you really shouldn't marry a man of no means... Even so...

S I avo mír: (Keeps running around and shouting.) Where could those life jackets be?! Where are those jackets?! Oh, my God!

According to the guide they should be here somewhere!

There's nothing here. There's nothing here! (Decisively.)

Captain! Where is the Captain! (He runs off.)

R i t a : (Shouts after him.) S l avo m í r ,d o n 't scream so loud, your nas o p h a rynx will hurt!

K a r o l : (As if just awa k e n i n g.) W h at kind of jackets were they talking about?

M a n c u š k a : (As if still for himself.) O h, o k ay, o k ay, so in God's name, e ven if I don't have the right competency... Maybe this

ve ry minute asks for extraordinary, u n e ve ry d ay decisions.

So... I have decided.

K a r o l: (Directly.) What have you decided?

M a n c u š k a : (Suddenly ceremonially.) M i s s, do you take this unwe a l t hy chap without any pressure or outside influence?

M a rt a : (Exalted.) This is great! (Categorically.) Yes, I do willingly marry him!

M a n c u š k a : So... Do yo u , young man, c h a p, take this missy from a well-off family? Something like this...

Rita: Faster, faster!

M a n c u \check{s} k a : (F i n i s h i n g.) ... To be your wife?

K a r o l: (With enthusiasm.) I didn't expect this to work so we l!!

(Unrestrained.) My father will be so happy! So happy! He'll

be shocked! He kept telling me that I'm such an idiot that

the only woman who'd want to marry me would be some

kind of whore, h a, ha! But eve ry t h i n g 's different! Eve ryt

h i n g 's different!

M a n c u š k a : (With content.) You see! You see!

C a p t a i n : (Suddenly appears.) A nybody called me?! Here I am!

K a r o 1: Who are yo u?

C a p t a i n : (D e t e rm i n e d.) We l l, I'm the Captain. The Captain!

R i t a : (A b ru p t l y, a n gri l y.) My fiancée called yo u . He wanted to ask you where the life jackets we r e .Where are they?!

C a p t a i n : (Suddenly loses his deter m i n at i o n .) Life jackets?! Oh God,

does your fiancée happen to be... We 11, I can't even utter the

words... (Whispering, secretively.) Does he happen to be

from the Sea Board, m a d e m o i s e 11 e?

All: What?! From where?

Captain: (Louder.) From the Sea Board, made moiselle.

All: From where?

C a p t a i n : From the Sea Board, from the inspection!

R i t a : No way, since we are probably drow n i n g!

Marta: (Surprised.) Are we drowning?

Mancuška: (Dryly.) Well, this is not much of a part y.

C a p t a i n : (S t a rt l e d.) W h at? You are drowning? (In dismay.) A h!

Rita: (An grily.) Jesus Christ! Well, somebody came, probably one

of your officers, and told us to put the life jackets on, ye s, t h e

life jackets. I think I'm going to have to put things right

here!

C a p t a i n : (D i s m aye d.) Really? Again?! Life jackets? I just took a nap in the Captains' c a b i n. Do you unders t a n d? Rita: (Ironically.) Oh, we do, we are quite quick to unders tand... C a p t a i n : I think I should ask somebody... Mancuška: (Continues as if to himself.) Well, maybe I should say g o o d b ye to eve ry b o d y. K a r o 1: (Surp rise d.) This is so distressing! M a n c u š k a : (C o n t i n u e s, as if for himself.) I don't know what last minute message should I send to my wife, of cours e, only symb olically, in my mind, how else... But I don't feel like it... I just don't feel like it... So... I only wish she wo u l d n 't do a nything foolish. Well... For God's sake... A nything stupid. (Abhorred.) Oh, my God! I hope she wo uld n't fall for that old V y d r ovic man from the Department of Pomology! Ye s, ye s, I must admit he's a swell guy... But at the same time w h at a jerk, w h at a tweedledum! If they start having an a f fa i r, h e 'd depri ve her of eve rything! Eve rything! He'll dep ri ve her of all the noble ideals that I implanted upon her d u ring those forty ve a rs of our coexistence. (Significantly.) W hy, I also believed! I believed... And at the end I at least managed to save some money for this tri p. Rita: (Nervously.) What do you keep rattling on about to you rself? Are you revising the breeds and families of sharks?! You suck my blood! Mancuška: I'm sorry! S I avo m í r: (Sickly.) Should we put on those life jackets then, or not? Should we? R i t a : You are all so impotent!! C a p t a i n : (As if nothing was happening, to Mancuška.) S i r, you have such a delightful vo i c e, i t 's so romantic. You remind me of t h at... that storyteller who reads fa i ry-tales for children on the radio every night... But I can't sit with you any longer. Pity. I have some duties. I have to go and see the officers. They had me called. B o t h e ring me again, allegedly it's something urgent. As usual. G o o d b ve for now... (He exits.) K a r o 1: (D i s a p p o i n t e d.) Where did everybody scatter so fast? I was looking forward to it, s i r.We'll stay here now, at your table, s i r. O k ay? Can I call you Dad? Mancuška: (Does not unders tand.) Pardon? M a rt a : I t's more pleasant to sit with company. Our table is a little a s i d e . And there's a draught. Rita: (She suddenly becomes sad and despairing.) I'll stay here t o o. I'm not going any w h e r e . I also want to sit here now. Wh at are we going to do? Wh at are we going to do? (Calli n g.) S l ávo, where are you? You can stop looking for things, there's nothing here. (She suddenly starts shouting at him as if he was a dog.) Slávo, where are yo u? Mancuška: (Calmingly.) Maybe it won't be so bad. S I avo m í r: (He enters the room.) Here I am, h o n e y. T h e r e 's such a strong wind outside. I wo u l d n 't like to catch a cold. T h e r e-'s only a little bit of that cough syrup left in the bottle. We

should have taken more... (Challenging.) Where is that

officer?! I want to talk to him like a man to a man!

R i t a : I don't even know now whether I should be angry with yo u or not. You'll never change any way. I am telling you here in front of eve rybody that I'm not angry any m o r e . Sit dow n next to me. Get a chair.

S I avo mír: (To Karol and Mart a.) Yo u're sitting with us, to o?

Karol: Yes.

M a rt a : We need company.

Slavomír: (Resignedly.) All right.

Rita: (Disgustedly.) Oh, I'm probably going to get lary n gitis...

S I ávo, t h at 's because I was touching you when you were so

c o l d . A h , I think that only champagne could save me from t h i s.

Karol: (Daintily.) Champagne?

R i t a : (She needs to be the centre of attention all the time.) A h, I hope I will come to. I t 's like... It's like it was n 't even me. N o t e m p e r a m e n t . I am disgusted.

C a p t a i n : (Entering.) I thought I heard what you were talking about through the walls. What a beautiful ship! (To Rita.) Madem o is elle, didn't you by any chance happen to say that yo u were tired? Don't you feel like champagne? You would awaken immediately.

M a n c u \check{s} k a : (With appreciat i o n.) E ven the walls here are magi c. H ow d i g n i f i e d.

C a p t a i n : I'll look for some champagne, but I don't have any idea w h e r e it might be. I don't know where they put it. I wo u l d l ove to sit around with yo u , but I can't . (He exits.)

K a r o l: (*He calls after him.*) Thank you for being so kind! (*For hims e l f, with enthusiasm.*) W hy, e ve ry t h i n g 's perfect! We'll eve n get some champagne. And for free.

M a rt a : (She calls after the Captain.) Thank yo u!

Rita: (She calls after the Captain.) Hurry up!

F i rst Officer: (Suddenly appears.) H ave you seen the Captain anyw h e r e?

R i t a : He was here a minute ago.

F i rst Officer: A minute ago?

M a n c u š k a :Ye s , he went to get champagne.

F i rst Officer: (Pleased.) Champagne? Is anybody celebrating anything?

R i t a : We 're all celebrating something.

F i rst Officer: (Jov i a l l y.) But we 're not in harbour yet! T h at is the right place for a toast!

S l avo m í r: (As if he has just awa k e n e d.) O h, i t 's you! It's you! Man, but you said... But you were saying something! You were saying something here before!

First Officer: (Surprised.) Me?

S l avo m í r: W hy ye s, you were telling us to put life jackets on!

F i rst Officer: (A b a s h e d.) I said that? Me? (Ironically.) You must be i m a gining things! What a tough childhood you must have had! Pinch your hand!

S l avo m í r: (S t a rt l e d .) You don't know that you were announcing s o m e t h i n g ?

F i rst Officer: O h, s e a - m o n s t e rs! Don't wo rry about them, those are just fa i ry - t a l e s!

R i t a : (She surp risingly stands up for him.) Slávo, sit down! It m aybe really isn't Mr. O f f i c e r 's fa u l t . (Sl avomír stops at t a cking him immediat e l y.)

F i rst Officer: Pardon me; did you happen to see the Captain anywhere? *(With some irony.)* M aybe our dear Captain could make some clever decision and show us the way our live s should take... Without his beam of light our clear and innocent souls could be lost... Have you seen him? Have yo u seen him any w h e r e?

R i t a : He went to get some champagne, but didn't know where to look for it.

F i rst Officer: (*M* at ter-of-factly, to Rita.) In the fifth storage room on the right. If he'll stop by again, tell him that. (Eloquently, to every body.) I have to go. You know, it's all just too much for me, it's as if I carried on my tiny back the whole round and rot ating world with all its rough nicks of geographical lat itudes and longitudes. I just hope that I won't drop the globe!

Not all shards bring good luck, you know! (Mysteriously, to Rita.) The world spins; mademoisele and I'll be back soon.

Rita: I can hear yo u. (The officer exits.)

S l avo m í r: (Contemplatively.) E ve rybody here is so oddly reserve d. M a n c u š k a : (Knowingly.) This ship is so huge and splendid, it can hold the weight of wo r l d s, I am sure.

R i t a : (Seemingly kind-heart e d l y.) M r. M a n c u š k a , please recite something for us! Recite a poem!

M a n c u š k a : (S o f t l y.) I can't. In my mouth any rhyme breaks. My teeth are much too heavy for it. E ven my bridges wo u l d n 't hold it. (Rita snick e rs at this.)

C a p t a i n : (G a i l y.) We l l , I'm back. I found two bottles. I hope it'll be enough... (After a short hesitat i o n.) I think that this is the f i rst time that I found my way in the dark. In strange situations people often surpass themselves... Me pers o n a l l y, when I can't see, I usually stop and don't move, because I'm afraid to break my nose on some wall... I found two bottles. I saw a third one on the floor as we l l, but it was nearly fin i s h e d. I left it there.

S I avo m í r: (Unusually unemotionally and seri o u s l y.) A nything new then? Did you find anything out? Is there a hole anywhere in this ship?

C a p t a i n : (Takes it as a joke.) A hole?! Ha, h a , ha! No! A hole? If there were a hole the ship would sink!

S l avo m í r:We l l, t h at 's why I'm asking.

C a p t a i n: H ave some champagne. (The sound of opening champagne b o t t l e s.)

All: (Che e ring and yelling.) Champagne! Champagne!

M a n c u š k a : (*U r gi n g.*) Pour some for me, too! A c t u a l l y, I'm a teetotal e r, but since now we have such an extraordinary situat i o n ...

F i rst Officer: (Comes r u n n i n g.) W h at is this I'm hearing? W h at a pleasant sound! Luckily, this ship's like without wa l l s. Yo u

can hear eve ry thing. I'll have some champagne, to o!

All: Have some! Have some! Cheers! Cheers!

M a n c u š k a : (Enthusiastically.) A good brand. O ri ginal French. No imitation. No way.

Rita: (Intrusively.) Mr. First Officer, may I ask you something?

First Officer: (Flattered.) Why, Miss, of course you may... (As if for

h i m s e l f, with a touch of lascivity.) When you talk to me, i t 's

as if sweet honey condensed on my skin – I hope that yo u

will stick to it, to that nat u r a l, sticky... And then a good little spider will come and leg by leg...

R i t a : (A m u s e d) I just want to ask something.

F i rst Officer: (Jov i a l l y.) Ask? Here? Or directly in my cabin? Ha, h a ! S l avo m í r:Who do you think you are, man! W h at do you think yo u 'r e d o i n g?

F i rst Officer: (S c o rn f u l l y.) I can't hear you! I'm deaf! When I see a beautiful lady, I can't see anything else...

R i t a : (Enjoying hers e lf.) I just want to ask yo u, whether everything is all right. I'm scared.

F i rst Officer: (Still lasciviously.) Be scared! Be scared and I will s ave you... Ha, h a, h a!

S I avo mír: (He would like to copy him.) Hey mister! Mister! Hear what is happening! My instinct tells me... (As if hallucinat in g.) S ave her! Save her! She deserves it. If you have at least one place left in your lifeboat, then please, s ave her! She doesn't deserve to die.

F i rst Officer: (C a l m l y.) I have one place left. I'm shipping an elep h a n t, a cat, a calf and a hog. As my name is Noah, I proclaim that I have one place left on board for this lady...

S I avo m í r:Thank God! Thank God! Oh, at least you will be saved! My dear little Rita, gi ve all my regards at home! Tell eve ry b o d y t h at I am curled at the bottom of the sea and that I wo n 't get a nything wrong any m o r e ,t h at I will never ever hurt any b o d y a ny m o r e .

Rita: (She's somewh at amaze d.) I don't want to go any where! Slávo, what happened?

First Officer: (Smirks in self-content.) Ha, ha! I'm going to look for another bottle. (He exits.)

S l avo m í r: *(Calls after him.)* D o n 't forget, d o n 't you leave her here! Take her on your ark!

Rita: (Arr oga n t l y.) Sl avo mír, you have gone mad! What am I, so me kind of... or what? I will probably never get you right!

S l avo m í r: (G ri e vo u s l y.) O h , n o. You don't understand what 's happening here.

M a n c u š k a : (Mercifully.) Young man, you shouldn't surrender to yo u r affection for the First Officer. It's out of place.

S I avo m í r: (Pa i n fu l l y.) I don't know, I think the pressure is too low.

M a rt a : I don't like it when men cry. K a r o l, w hy are you so guiet?

M a n c u š k a : I also feel the low pressure in my left temple.

R i t a : T h at 's probably the only thing we feel together. L ow p r e s s u r e .

(Suddenly an old fat lady appears like a spectre.)

K o l o s k owa : (Joy fully.) Aaah! Yo u n g s t e rs, ua-lá! ua-lá! I've been

watching you for a while. Ua-lá! I can see that a ve ry pri vate banquet is going on here.

M a n c u š k a : (G r e atly surp ri s e d .) O h , my God! Oh, my God! K o l o s k owa : (T h e at ri c a l l y.) I will be glad to join yo u . I am ve ry happy to see yo u .

M a n c u š k a :T h at is unbelieva b l e!

K o l o s k owa: I am happy to meet yo u .This is excellent!

M a n c u š k a : (Unable to recove r.) Oh my God! Oh my God, I can't bel i e ve my own eye s!

K a r o l : (Sho cked from Mancuška's reaction.) Wh at happened?

S l avo m í r: (To Mancuška.) W h at 's wrong with yo u?

K o l o s k owa : (Masterfully.) D o n't wonder too much, dear fri e n d s, t h i s gentleman had eve ry right to be surp rised when he saw me...

M a n c u š k a : But this is absolutely unbelieva b l e !

K o l o s k owa :Ye s , yes sir, you can see we l l , ye s , your sight is perfectly all ri g h t .I t 's really me! (Solemnly.) Emília Mária Koloskowa in pers o n . I am here in all my beauty.

M a n c u š k a : (*N e a rly wretchedly*.) Oh my God, this can't be true! It's impossible! This in unbelievable! Don't tell me this! You were supposed to have died on Ta h i t i!

K o l o s k owa : (A m u s e d.) N o, no! It was Mrs. P u d e rská who died. T h at aw k wa r d, untalented zombie wo m a n. H a, h a, ha! I really must put it this way. M rs. P u d e rská died on Ta h i t i. I am safe and sound.

M a n c u š k a : I got it wrong. I never liked Mrs. P u d e rs k á.

S l avo m í r: (Resolutely to Koloskowa .) Who are yo u?

Karol: Who are you?

K o l o s k owa: (To others.) Yo u, young men, definitely can't know me.

And the same goes for the ladies... I am Emília Mária Kol

o s k owa, one of the most famous stars of silent film.

S l avo m í r: (Enthusiastically.) Silent film? How gro ov y!

Rita: (Ironically.) That means you kept your mouth shut all the time? Ha, ha. That must have been aw ful. You really enjoyed doing that?

M a n c u š k a : (S l owly recove ri n g.) I don't know how should I... I don't k n ow what to... W h at a surp rise... They don't even sell any f l owe rs here... I would never even dream of anything like this... This was n 't in my plans!

Marta: (Doesn't understand the situat i on.) Sir, aren't you a bit weird?

Rita: (Casting her off.) For God's sake, I hope you won't get a heart at tack, Mr. Mancuška!

K o l o s k owa: (The at rically to all in the dining room.) I surp rised yo u, because I love surp rising situat i o n s. After all, I can tell yo u that life itself is so boring, so spooky, as if we constantly lived imprisoned on a barge launched on the Dead Sea surface. I love surp rises s. After all, I can say that my films always abounded in surp rising situat i o n s. They were whole hype r systems of surp rises by surp rises as my court reviewer, the greasy doctor Kréblich used to brilliantly call it. Ooh! I ded i c ated many ye ars to the silent film as a protagonist. To that je wel, to that beauty I dedicated my unbelievable skill and

t a l e n t. On the other hand, I had to be silent in front of that camera for all those ye a rs. I had to be mute. So now you have to kindly understand that I have to talk as much as I can. Mancuška: (Emotional.) Yes, yes, yes. K o l o s k owa: (The atrically.) Oh God, how hard it is! Everything is so hard! Mancuška: That's right. That's right. K o l o s k owa: Until you manage to express all those nuances, s q u a l l s, all those rive rs, the little affluxes on one's own feelings. Mancuška: (With sat is faction.) Yes, yes, yes. Rita: (Ve xe d.) For God's sake, where did she copy that? K o l o s k owa: (Continues.) That outright tragedy of imprisoned, un spoken thoughts. So I just thought that yo u 're the adequat e c o m p a ny I could talk to. You are also stuffed here on this b a r g e , in a nutshell... I can see, because I keep my eyes wide open all the time, I have an open soul, I have emotions for e ve rything that lives and breat h e s, stretched like Cupid's b ow. I can feel that yo u 're still not studded enough with those verbal skills which are vital; which can bring to life w h at might be already silenced in you... I decided to make it up for you and also for my s e l f, t h at missing thing, w h i c h you secretly long for deep down in your souls. With my eloq u e n c e, my dear little bu n n i e s, I can make your lives longer. I am sure about that! I have so much energy, and you will definitely come to appreciate it. Ah! Now I need to take a s h o rt break. Let me take a short breath – until my serva n t Tomáš brings me my megaphone so I can talk to the whole s h i p, the whole wide-open sea. The energy in my voice wo u l d b ring joy to all sea creat u r e s; it would caress and bless the sea level that still has to bring us to the safety of the shore... N ow, d u ring my short break you can applaud, or you could also shout bravo, b r avo. Thank you for now. Just for now. We'll continue lat e r. This was just a ve ry short entrée... Oh, it really itches undern e ath this wig. (We hear just one pers o n applaud and only Mancuška is shouting bravo, b ravo, K ol o s k owa thanks him.) S I avo m í r: (O ve rl a p p i n g, p a i n e d.) I think my headache is getting stronger. R i t a : W h at language was she speaking in? K a r o 1: (Une motionally.) We 11, I didn't unders t a n d. There were too m a ny foreign words in that speech for me. M a rt a : My Mom also talks a lot sometimes; and she has never been a silent film actress. K a r o l: Where are those people with the booze? I'm actually at a we dd ing. And I'm actually more sober than Miss actress here. M ancuška: (Suddenly gets up from the table, with determ in ation solemnly declaims to Koloskowa, d i s r e garding the others.)

Rita: (Bored.) Oh, Jesus!

a d va n c e ...

M a n c u š k a : (Solemnly and with affe c t i o n.) M a 'a m, you know, in this f e s t i ve moment I am surp rised by my own self. If you please,

M a 'a m, with your kindest perm i s s i o n, please forgi ve me in

m aybe for the first time in my life I feel inside me a counterpressure as if I had two contradictory tendencies. On one hand I would like to be gallant, to emphasize with all respect your virtues and your talent, to highlight your huge cultural gift to the whole mankind... And on the other hand, I'd like to abuse this opportunity and, I apologi z e, to get you invo lved by a very personal, although I confess, for me a very special declarat i o n . O o h , I don't want to be intru s i ve! No way! I would love to stay gallant, but, but... K o l o s k owa: (She likes Mancuška's behav i o u r.) We l l, w h at, dear sir... Rita: (Laughs uproari o u s l y.) Ha, ha, ha! Wh at happened to yo u? W h at 's that you found? Mancuška: (He doesn't take notice of Rita, he sit ates for a while, the n takes a breath aga i n.) I'm sorry! Excuse me! I kiss most respectfully your dear little hands, my dear miraculous lady, bu t I have to... (He's dumbfo u n d e d, h e s i t ates and afterwards continues proclaiming.) I loved you! Adored you! A n d, to be h o n e s t, when I see you here, I i ve, in your full beauty, I think t h at I'm not honest and open enough when I describe my feelings so... as if... (Struggling.) As if they were... in the past tense! (E m o t i o n a l l y.) But I can't possibly dare, if I want to continue... and I have to continue... but I have to continue... in the past tense. (Excited... I desired... I desired... I can tell you now. I can tell you now! Now, in this s i t u ation I can tell you! Ah! I wanted to. (As if giving away some guilt of his.) I wanted to sail the sea on a steamer with you... Ye's, with you... You were living in my imagin at i on ... You were alive... I used to mat e rialize you from those m oving Lumiére's pictures into a concrete physical form, with which as if I communicated directly. (With enthusiasm.) This is amazing! On a steamer across the sea, in one restaurant, and, I beg your pardon. Hmm, I think I'm going to be a bit blunt and rude... but now when we 're in a situation like this I think I can actually tell you... You don't mind, do you...? (Emphatically, word by word.) I even wanted to share a cabin... with yo u . I 've always dreamed of that . (He finishes fe s t i ve l y.) I apologi z e, I longed for yo u! Rita: (Very amused, applauds, ir onically.) What a show! Like in a fairy-tale! Marta: Sweet. K o l o s k owa: (In her element.) H ow marvellous! How marve l l o u s! K a r o 1: The old man has scored! Koloskowa: (Unexpectedly, unemotional, in front of everyone.) Ha, ha! Are you here with your wife? Mancuška: (Sheepishly, as if he hadn't recovered from the previous exp e ri e n c e.) N o, m a 'a m . I'm not here with my wife... Why? K o l o s k owa: (As if wanting to convict him in public.) So your wife is quite a long way away. M a n c u š k a : (E ven more sheepishly.) Ye s, m a 'a m, my wife is a really long way away.

K o l o s k owa :W h at 's your cabin number? M a n c u š k a : (S l owly pronouncing, as if suspecting that something extrao r d i n a rv is going to happen.) One hundred and twenty one.

K o l o s k owa : (Solemnly, with a point.) One hundred and twenty one?!

We 11, I'm sure you didn't even suspect that this would

happen to be your lucky number!

M a n c u š k a : My lucky number?

K o l o s k owa :Ye s. I'll immediately order my servant Tomáš to fetch my things into your cabin.

M a n c u š k a : (Startled.) Into my cabin? Your things?

Rita: (Ironically.) How thrilling!

Slavo mír: Rita, stop it!

R i t a : I'm enjoying my s e l f.

Marta: How sweet.

K o l o s k owa: (Continues, calmly pronouncing every word.) Yes, my things into your cabin.

Rita: (Ironically.) Yes, that 's right, they don't make silent films any more.

M a n c u š k a : (Still start l e d .) I don't know... I'm honoured...

K o l o s k owa: (*To all.*) S o, since yo u've all been watching our public wo o i n g, w h o's going to order a bottle of champagne? W h o's got the cash?!

M a n c u š k a : (With his voice trembling, but still scru p u l o u s l y.) B u t, yo u k n ow, m a d a m, my cabin is a mess. It is not aired. D o n 't be m a d.

K o l o s k owa: O h, d o n't be so narr ow - m i n d e d, my Tomáš will take care of that. He'll arrange everything perfectly.

Rita: Couldn't he tidy up our room, too?

Slavomír: Rita!

M a n c u \check{s} k a : O h , I'm not used to strangers touching my pers o n a l t h i n g s.

K o l o s k owa : Take it this way : i m a gine that I am the one tidying it up.

T h at the arrangement of things is something like my handw

 $ri\ t\ i\ n\ g$. I see that your dreams can come true always by som ebody

else. Life with you is not going to be easy. Honestly.

M a rt a : (Joy fully.) Yo u're probably going to have to organize a wedding as well! It'll be a double wedding! A least Karol and me wo n't be sad and lonely.

K a r o l : Ye s , t h at 's ri g h t . (Clumsily.) M h m , madam actress! Madam... performing artist! Sit at our table! Let us all be tog

et her. Here you go! We should call the Captain as we 11.

R i t a : And the First Officer.

K a r o l: Ye s, since there's going to be that we d d i n g.

M a n c u š k a : (F rightened.) What wedding? But I'm married. M a rried! I have a wife. Laura is a good girl. (Apologizingly.) Although

she looks like yo u ,a l t h o u g h , dear madam, yo u 're similar types.

K o l o s k owa : (Unexpectedly ordinari l y.) No we d d i n g .We'll just live tog e t h e r , wild style.

M a n c u š k a : (S t a rt l e d.) Excuse me? Wild style? (H e 's unable to prot e s t.)

K a r o l: (As if wanting to save something.) We ll, che ers then! Let's moisten those dry throat s!

K o l o s k owa : C h e e rs ! (*To Mancuška.*) I hope you will let me sleep by the window, my dear sad knight.

M a n c u š k a : (B u rsts out a little, we can feel love and hate in his tone at the same time.) Yo u 're the same! Yo u 're exactly the same as those characters in your films. Yo u 've always only playe d yo u rs e l f. Only yo u rself! I'm not wrong!

K o l o s k owa: (Doesn't get disconcert ed.) N o, yo u're not wrong! I've

n e ver been a fa k e . I 've never been a forgery. No forgery! T h at 's why I achieved so much. M rs. P u d e rs k á , t h at c ow, could pretend what e ver she wa n t e d; and she always looked like faded mouse any h ow. (*Vu l gar laugh.*) H a , h a , h a!

Mancuška: Oh.

K a r o l: (Clumsily aga i n, as if the champagne had already daze d h i m.) C h e e rs! To what e ver... even to new... How can I call it... all those friendships... even wild ones! The old are also young and the young are also yo u n g!

Mancuška: (Trying to calm down.) Cheers!

K o l o s k owa : (To Mancuška.) C h e e rs , my dear little baffled drone.

M a n c u š k a : (As if tr ying to confo rm to her.)Ye s , ye s. I'm sorry, d e a r m a d a m ...

K o l o s k owa: (As if wanting to encoura ge him.) Stop being so steri l e!

K a r o l : (Joy f u l l y.) He likes you! He likes you all!

S l avo m í r: Is anything wrong?

K o l o s k owa : I'm going to tell my dear Tomáš... I'll be back. (S h e e x i t s, s i n ging a tune.) L a l a l a , lololo! Lalala, l o l o l o!

M a rt a: (Suddenly surp risingly seri o u s.) She is an expert.

M a n c u š k a : (S u rp risingly unemotionally.) She interprets eve ry t h i n g her way.

M a rt a : Oh God, w h at a distress... W hy is my throat so squeezed...

K a r o 1: Your throat?

M a rt a: Ye s, and my heart also started to ache.

R i t a : Our bride shouldn't have gotten marri e d . S h e 's a bit ill at

e a s e . I hope she wo n 't get a heart at t a c k!

(The Captain and the First Officer enter.)

F i rst Officer: (Self-confidently, jovially.) Oh, excuse us! Excuse us for bu rsting in here, as if we were torn off... torn off from a

c h a i n . But Mr. Captain couldn't wait any m o r e . He had to

tear off and now he has to have a dri n k, because otherwise

he wo u l d n 't be able to bear it any m o r e . It is so romantic to

steer a ship. So romantic! But so hard! And I have to follow M r. Captain as his only loyal subordinat e .We 11, h ow else!

H a , h a , can we have some champagne, too? Cheers! (C l i nking of glasses.)

Rita: Cheers, sit down!

S l avo m í r:There you go!

K a r o 1: We 're celebrating here. Good and solid relat i o n s h i p s.

F i rst Officer: I wish you good luck!

Captain: Good luck!

F i rst Officer: (To eve ry b o dy, a bit theat ri c a lly.) I'm sure that Captain would love to have a dri n k!

Captain: Oh, but I, but ...

F i rst Officer: (With a smile, with a hint of irony.) H ave a dri n k, C a ptain! It'll be over! I'm sure you'll manage to swa 1 l ow it.

S I avo m í r: (S t a rtled a bit aga i n, to the Captain.) Did you find something out?!

C a p t a i n: (Becomes even more uneasy.) O h, n o, we ll, a c t u a ll y, ye s ... (To Slavo m i r.) But don't wo rry; it has nothing to do with yo u. Not in the least...

S l avo m í r: I hope not, I hope not.

R i t a : I don't like my s t e ries either.

Marta: God!

F i rst Officer: (*To Rita.*) M i s s y, would you like to go for a walk with me? Right now the red sun rises from the sea depths.

Rita: (Can't hide the joy, a little amaze d.) Well, but... Only for a

little while. For just a while. All right? I really like sunsets...

I mean sunri s e s. You need to see it; you need to enjoy it. Yo u need to enjoy it now.

S l avo m í r: (Thoughtfully.) R i ta, take your coat and put a scarf on your head, you will be cold.

Rita: Don't you wo rry about me! Don't you wo rry!

F i rst Officer: (To Rita.) Come on, beautiful lady. (The First Officer and Rita exit.)

S I avo mír: (A bit restless, c o nfused.) I am knocked out. Done up like a hors e . I think. I'm going to look at something in my cabin, to read something. After all, I have a suitcase full of books. (He exits.)

M a n c u š k a : (S a d l y.) I think I'll go, t o o. But I can't go into my cabin. Madam Koloskowa is there, her ladyship Koloskowa .

C a p t a i n : (S a d l y, to Mancuška.) Come with me, s i r, come and have a look at my Captains' c a b i n, I have a little bit of brandy hidden somewhere. I don't really feel like being alone ri g h t n ow. The crew gets on my nerves and I'm getting on their n e rves too. Claustrophobia on a cruise ship. But you don't

 \boldsymbol{h} ave to wo rry about that . Really not. I'm sure about that .

M a n c u š k a : Me too... I'm so agi t at e d , t o o. I don't drink much. I h ave some health problems, but now 's the time for a dri n k , m aybe for two... And maybe even for... Ha, h a .

(The Captain and Mancuška exit. M a rta and Karol remain alone.)

M a rt a : I'm starting to regret it...

K a r o l: (We can feel that he has been drinking a little.) W h at? W h at, darling? (He licks his lips.) Wo n't the two of us, h a, h a, g o to the cabin? (Po i n t e d l y.) Not for a drink! We can have a d rink lat e r, but before that ...

M a rt a : (She refuses his excessive confidence.) L e ave me alone! Let me go!

K a r o l : D a r l i n g, a r e n 't you missing it? I am really missing it... I c a n 't wait! I really can't wait... Damn it!

M a rt a : (Surp risingly accusingly.) You are vulgar!

Karol: Darling, what's the matter with you?

M a rt a : (Suddenly.) I regret that I married yo u. K a r o l : (D i s b e l i e v i n g l y.) W h at do you mean?

M a rt a : Ye s , it all happened so fa s t .

K a r o l: M a rt a, w h at are you talking about, I got married because of yo u.

M a rt a : (With disgust.) Because of me?

K a r o l: (As if not believing his own ears.) Ye s, I wanted to. I wanted to help you to get rid... of your parents. So that you could...

b r e at h e .T h at 's what you were saying... Huh, I could've had somebody else!

M a rt a : I t 's all a bit different.

K a r o 1: (A n gry.) We 11, n ow, I can really... W h at a smasher... A smasher like hell! We 11, look at this! For God's sake! You

were the one who said that you couldn't stand their spying

a nymore! Th at you get distressed from it or what . You said

t h at! Not me! I didn't say anything like that! Tss! Oh, gr e at!

(Bursts out.) My father is a blockhead but otherwise he's

actually a proper man. If necessary, he'll beat up any b o d y.

E ven you! He can even beat you up!

M a rt a : (*Te rrified by his sava ge n e s s.*) I'm even distressed now when I'm talking to yo u!

K a r o l : H ow is it possible?

M a rt a : (Close to tears.) It 's all the same. I'm afraid of you the same as I am of my spying fat her.

K a r o l: For God's sake, w h at am I some kind of a mad rag or what?

M a rt a : (Tries to defend hers e l f, a c c u s i n g.)You were afraid! You we r e afraid that the officer would choose me and will go for a wa l k

with me. Come on, cards on the table, we ren't you afraid?

K a r o 1: W hy do you mention him?

M a rt a : (After a wh i l e, she speaks slow l y.) I just did. For no special reason

K a r o l : (Thre at e n i n g l y.) He caught your eye!

M a rt a : (Hysterically.) See! See! Yo u're jealous! You are selfish! Yo u'd like to lock me in a cage like some kind of a hamster!

K a r o 1: W h at? I'm not jealous, but yo u 're my wife, then why are yo u so interested in that officer?

M a rt a : (R a d i c a l l y.) K a r o l, I want a divorce! Do you hear me? I

d o n 't want to be your wife any m o r e . To be your wife is

t e rrible! It's as if you handcuffed me. I was so free before! So

free! (With self-regret.) Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus!

K a r o l : $(Also\ nervo\ u\ s.\)$ But you said... We l l , I have stepped barefoot into a trap!

M a rt a : Yo u 're jealous! Yo u 're jealous! Yo u 're jealous of my fat h e r! Yo u 're jealous of that officer!

F i rst Officer: (Enters the dining room with Rita, he speaks to her pers on ally.) Did you hear all those sounds from the depths of the sea?

Rita: (Happy, seductively.) Oh, how beautiful it is on that deck.

Thank you... (She stagge rs at how to address him, the n

ironically.) Dear Mr. Officer, dear Mr. Noah, the living

l e g e n d, thank you for showing me around your beautiful

a r k . (S we e t l y.) You saved my life, and also all those lives of good and nice animals...

F i rst Officer: It was my pleasure, M i s s.

R i t a : And now I'm going to take a hot showe r , since there was such a cold wind blowing out there... (To Mart a , i r o n i c a l l y.)

Young lady, you seem to be somewhat pale... Do you know where Slavomír is?

Marta: He's reading.

R i t a : I'll kick him out! I'll kick him out of my cabin. S n o t t y - n o s e d idiot! Bye, Noah! Bye, darling! (She exits.)

First Officer: (Condescendingly.) Kindest regards, madam.

M a rt a : (*U n e x p e c t e d l y, t r ying hard to be charm i n g.*) Will you take me on the deck, too? I would like to go for a wa l k, too! I

want you to save me, to o, to show me around your ark. I

want it too! I want it too!

Karol: (Shocked.) Marta, I'll kill you!

M a rt a : (A b ru p t l y.) S ave me, M r. O f f i c e r, from this jealous man!

You have beautiful eyes! The most beautiful eyes I've eve r s e e n

First Officer: (Ironically.) Madam, but you have just married.

M a rt a : S o, w h at? Is it some kind of disease?

K a r o l : (F l a b b e r ga s t e d.) M a rta... but... what 's this? Am I supposed to fight? Do I have to, e ven here? I don't really feel like it!

But what 's this? Is this some kind of fun? W h at kind of a life

is this? We 11, this is really amusing!

M a rt a: Karol dear, you don't have to. You don't have to do any thing.

Karol: But, well, but...

M a rt a : You seem to be somewhat tired, Karol dear.

K a r o l: The champagne seems to have gone into my head. I shouldn't h ave washed it down with beer!

Marta: You're probably tired, darling.

K a r o l : Go on then, go for a wa l k , but you better be back in ten minutes! (Stops talking abru p t l y.)

 $F\ i\ rst\ Officer: We\ l\ l\ ,$ as you wan t , madam Mart a . I think your husband fell asleep on the table.

M a rt a : (F l i rt i n g.) It was too much for him today. You know how it is when a guy gets marri e d; it really we a rs him out.

F i rst Officer: Come on then, I have some room for yo u, too among those other little animals on Noah's ark. Would you like to s t ay with animals that have longer or shorter tails?

M a rt a: (With enthusiasm.) M r. N o a h, the longest ones! (They exit, l a u g h i n g.)

K a r o l: (Wakes up.) Oh God! Oh God Mart a, where are yo u?

M a rt a , where are you? I think I'll smash up eve ry t h i n g

around here! I'll smash eve rything into pieces. Where is

some more champagne? I need some courage. (Shouts.)

E ve rything into tiny pieces!

(We hear an energetic opening of the door.)

K o l o s k owa : (Offensively.) So I have found you! This is where yo u'r e hiding! I knew yo u'd be here, with the Captain in his cabin!

You dumbheads!

C a p t a i n : (A little bit start l e d, but tries to keep his decoru m.) Let me welcome you... hm... I have the honour to welcome you in the Captains' cabin... This cabin. You know, this cabin has i t's own history.

K o l o s k owa : (Stops him decisive l y.) Stop it, you fool! (Mockingly.)

S o, dear Mr.Mancuška! I only came to inform you that I am not moving in with you since there is a terrible stench in

your cabin. E ve rything there smells of mothballs, if yo u

really want to know, of carcasses, there you have it. My dear Tomáš tried to get rid of this smell, he did eve ry t h i n g p o s s i b l e , but it is of no effect. It is useless! And it made me so angry! You keep telling me crap here, make things up... A t the same time you openly keep seducing me... And for all t h at... For all that , you dumbhead, you chose such a desol ate cabin! Did you really think that I could stay in that pigsty for the rest of the trip? W h at a monster you are! C a p t a i n : (He stops her unexpectedly and resolutely.) Excuse me, p l e a s e , excuse me! Excuse me again, dear ma'am! But yo u yo u rs e l f ...

K o l o s k owa: (Arr oga n t l y.) I myself what?

C a p t a i n: You alone offered yo u rself to this honourable gentleman!

You wanted to move in with Mr. Mancuška on your ow n
account! I am sorry, but I have to... I have to stand up for
this passenger now. As I know, he was only talking about his
p e rsonal dreams and feelings; he didn't insist on you in any
way, there wa s n't even a hint. I t's no go; you wanted to move
into his cabin on your own account. He didn't even have
time to say any t h i n g, to express himself in any way, w h e t h e r
he was eventually for or against it. (Challengingly.) If yo u
p l e a s e, m a d a m!

K o l o s k owa: (*Touched and offe n d e d*.) W h at 's this... W h at 's this supposed to mean? Let's have a look what hatched out here! W h at a good team you two make! (*S h o u t i n g*.) C a p t a i n,

Captain! You call yo u rself a Captain?! Who do you think I a m, some kind of... a bitch? Some kind of a goose? Do yo u actually know what yo u 're saying? Th at I forced myself into his abode? Onto this shive ry grandpa? (A g gravat e d, s n a p s for breat h.) You'll regret this, Captain! You'll really regret t this boldness of yo u rs. I am not surp ri s e d, C a p t a i n, t h at the whole crew is sick of yo u .Tu rn the ship around at once! This is your last voyage! Tu rn the ship, because I immediat e l y want to go back to the harbour we set off from. I don't intend to travel any longer with a gang like this. Why, yo u could easily hurt me! Even physically! Since yo u've done t h i s, nothing will stop you! T h at 's terrible! It's hatched from a rotten egg! It hatched! (Addresses Captain.) C a p t a i n . I 'm going to complain. Turn the ship and I guarantee that I will complain! And if you two threaten me once more, you will p ay for it. I may not live through to that day... But even then you will still pay for it! (She leaves the cabin and slams the door.)

(Mancuška and the Captain keep quiet for a while.)

C a p t a i n : (Submissive ly.) M r. M a n c u š k a , tell me, but honestly! Break it to me! Tell me, do you also think that as a Captain I am incapable? Do you think that , to o?

M a n c u š k a : (G e n t l y.) N o, w hy? I don't think that yo u 're incapable. I d o n 't think that .

C a p t a i n : (S l ow l y, s u b m i s s i ve l y.) F i rst Officer told me today in front of the whole crew that he cursed the moment when he found out that I will be the Captain of he ship that he'll be wo r k i n g

on... (With self-pity.) Allegedly I am an uncert a in, shall ow brained, slow drone; and Noah should have rather forgotten to take me onto his ark on purp o s e . T h at 's what he told me... He say s, w hy didn't I become a confectioner, t h at 's w h at would suit me. (Self-ironically.) It's funny. It's funny t h at he told me this. O ri ginally I really wanted to become a c o n f e c t i o n e r. H ow could it actually occur to him? I became a Captain by pure, pure chance... But it really got to me w h at he said. It really hurt that he said it to me this way ... And in front of eve ryone... He could've at least.... Or I don't M a n c u š k a : (Tries to cheer him up.) O h, I understand... I understand... I sympathise with you... But, you know, C a p t a i n, th at First Officer of yours, he is a nice young man indeed, I h ave nothing against him, but, C a ptain, he's a gambler though. He's a gambler. I can see it in his eyes... (A timid k n o ck on the door.) Who can that be? (Ti m i d l y.) W h o 's that again? Captain: (Disgusted.) Oh, God! (Decisively.) Come in! S I avo m í r: (Comes in, speaks slowly and nervo u s l y.) I'm sorry, C a pt a i n . I apologi z e , I'm sorry to disturb yo u ... M a n c u š k a : (Relieved.) A h, Mr. Slavo mír, welcome! Welcome among us! Captain: (Warmly.) Come in! S l avo m í r: (Continues nervo u s l y.) My fiancée... A c t u a l l y, to be prec i s e, to tell the truth... My ex-fiancée simply doesn't wish to share the same cabin with me any more. (He is silent for a while, then continues.) She 's radically against it. I wanted to explain it to her. I wanted to explain to her that even if she decided to break her vow, I think we can continue shari n g the same cabin... I told her that after all we don't have to try a ny so-called love rapprochement for example. I explained to her that I admire her, t h at she's an excellent and practical woman and that I would be exceedingly happy if we could stay fri e n d s. I would really like to have a chat with her s o m e t i m e s. She could advise me in many things... So... (Matter-of-factly.) She threw me out. She kicked me out n ow. I apologize... Captain, p l e a s e, do you by any chance happen to have a spare cabin or something where I could crash? C a p t a i n : (D i r e c t l y.) Yo u 're welcome to stay here. I have three beds. There's enough room here. S l avo m í r:Wo n 't I be of any interference? C a p t a i n : Not at all. Join us. S l avo m í r:Thank yo u . (To Mancuška.) Will I not bother you either, noble sir?

M a n c u š k a :W h at kind of noble could I be, for God's sake, w h at are you say i n g, dear nice young man. I am happy that we sit at the same table.

C a p t a i n : (Flattered.) O h , I am deeply honoured, g e n t l e m e n . I am deeply honoured. (To Slavomir.) Can I offer you a drop of

brandy?

S l avo m í r:Ye s, ye s, t h at would be nice.

M a n c u š k a : I 've just been telling the Captain what an excellent seaman he is

Slavo mír: (Warm - he artedly.) Yes, yes, I am sure about that, as well.

I am sure he is... (Looking for the right wo r d s.) I'm sure he

is... ve ry responsible and deliberat e . No stupid dictat o rs h i p.

I'm sure you have to be popular with your subordinat e s

because of your indulgence and humanity. (To Mancuška.)

And yo u, to o, dear sir, must be popular with your nearest.

You too.

M a n c u š k a :O h , thank yo u . (Sits up.) I have a feeling that the ship somehow tilts to one side.

C a p t a i n : Ye s , ye s , I have the same feeling.

M a n c u \S k a : M aybe we are coming back to our mother harbour after a 11.

C a p t a i n : You think so?

S l avo m í r:You think we are return i n g?

M a n c u š k a : (A m u s e d.) Ye s, I think that madam actress' wish came

t ru e . Like in a film. In eve ry film all her wishes always came

t ru e . H a , h a . And after all, it was always quite surp ri s i n g . I t

sure was. E ven the ship is tilting quietly, like in a silent film.

Ha, ha.

S l avo m í r: I t 's good that we 're going back. I t 's good. Rita might be different back home. She might be different again back hom e .

M a n c u š k a : D o n 't wo rry! She'll come to appreciate you one day.

She'll come to appreciate you! She's a good girl.

C a p t a i n : I would feel better on the shore as we 11.

R i t a : (In her own cabin.) T h at Slávo could've left me some

c h a n g e . At least some change! T h at gr e e d y, skimpy skinflint!

Like his mother, they are identical as two peas...

Koloskowa: (As if from another room, with fat i gue.) Oh, Tomáš, dear

To m á š, switch the lights off now and cover me gently with a

blanket.That was enough for today. I have talked enough for

t o d ay. I have to sleep tight so that my bat t e ries could get

r e c h a r g e d . To m o rr ow I'll have to put on another show again.

Oh, good night.

K a r o l : (Also as if from another room, d ru n k e n l y.) We l l , w h at am I

gonna tell my father? W h at am I supposed to tell him? T h at

I got marri e d, but my wife flew off on an at m o s p h e ric balloon?

Wh at am I supposed to say to him? He's gonna tell me,

we 11, why didn't you watch her? Why didn't you fight for her?

H ow could you allow it? There you have it, that 's what he'll

s ay. I wo n't tell him any thing. I wo n't tell him any thing,

th at'll be the best... I won't tell him any thing; otherwise

h e 'd break my jaw. T h at would be gr e at . I wo n 't tell him

a ny t h i n g . Nothing happened...

M a n c u š k a : (In the Captains 'c a b i n .) In spite of eve ry t h i n g, my dream came true e . My dream came true and maybe I even got something in addition.

C a p t a i n : We'll all feel better on firm land. We'll be better. B u t w h e n ... ?

The end.