

Something More, Something Less

A One-Act Underground Hysteria

By Roman Olekšák

Translation: Katarína Slugeňová Cockrell

CHARACTERS:

Ona

oNA

ONa

Scene

(Darkness. Silence. Nothing happens for a very long time. Only when the audience starts to show first signs of restlessness, the stage is illuminated by a narrow stream of spotlight. Ona is squatting, using her hand as a shade. She instinctively wants to look in the direction of the light, then into the audience.)

Ona: *(Forcing herself.)* Again already... is it daytime again? The other day was just over...
(She tries to wake up.)

Ona: I don't understand. How everything can go so quickly. The moment I sit down to grab a quick nap, rest a little bit, this fucking light starts shining on me and forces me to play again. Never-ending game. Eternally boring game – that's right – never-ending, eternally boring... stupid. I can't do anything. The spotlight will not fade any time soon. If I don't want to look stupid myself, I have to give my existence here at this place some meaning, some sense. *(Long pause.)* Fuck. *(Pause.)* I gotta get out of here. I'm going crazy here.

oNA: *(The moment she opens her eyes.)* Shit... Again?! *(Pause.)*

Ona: You look unhappy, sister.

oNA: Why are you here? Why aren't you asleep? *(Pause.)* Couldn't you disappear? Don't you need to use the bathroom or something?

Ona: What for?! It doesn't help you. I could disappear for a year and it still wouldn't help you.

oNA: Shit, come on. You can see I'm not feeling well. Go somewhere to hell for like five minutes... I'm asking you nicely.

(Ona leaves, offended.)

oNA: *(After her.)* Wait! Do you happen to have a smoke? *(Pause.)* Well... Why do I even bother getting up? What is forcing me to do that? Is that some kind of self-preservation drive? So that I wouldn't get fat...? *(Pause.)* So what the hell is preventing me from get fat?! What is forcing me to live at all?! *(Pause.)* I should leave. *(Pause.)* I'm starting to get a feeling it's literally necessary.

(Spotlight on the corner where ONa is lying. She remains motionless for a long time.)

oNA: *(Looks around in disgust.)* Even you, too? God, what a day this is again!

ONa: *(Does not move.)* Shit. It can't be daytime again. Another day was over just now. *(Pause.)* I say, it's midnight.

oNA: Sure. Midnight.

ONa: Don't think so?

oNA: Get up and you'll see.

ONa: I wanna sleep. I don't feel like opening my eyes in the middle of the night.

oNA: It's bright daylight.

ONa: No way.

oNA: You bet.

ONa: Why are you arguing? Screw that and come lie here with me. I'm sick. I'm freezing.
Come here to me...

oNA: *(Screaming.)* I'm not going to lie down with you! I just got up.

ONa: No way. Why are you getting up at midnight?

oNA: Of course. Everything you say is... You behave like the last moron.

ONa: I am a moron.

oNA: Of course.

ONa: What?

oNA: Of course you are.

ONa: ...But that is really... and... shit. *(She sits down, her eyes still closed, she cannot open them, she tries opening them with her fingers.)* Why are you calling me names?

oNA: You were calling yourself names.

ONa: But I don't take it personally from myself. When I say it myself, I usually know how I mean it. But when you say it, it pisses me off. *(She manages to open her eyes.)* Fuck, it really is daylight.

oNA: Well.. Screw that and come here and sit with me. I'm cold.

ONa: *(Mockingly.)* I'm not going to sit with you, I just sat down. *(Pause.)* Got a smoke?

oNA: No.

ONa: Shit.

oNA: Shut the fuck up with it!!! You're pissing me off when you talk like that. You don't care?

ONa: I don't believe you.

oNA: What?! What the fuck is it you don't believe me again?

ONa: That you don't have.

oNA: What? I don't have what?!!!!!! What the hell are you yapping about, are you out of your fucking mind?!!!!!!!

ONa: Stop yelling!!! *(Pause.)* Now I believe you. For sure I thought you'd have cigarettes. You always have smokes. You wouldn't be able to manage without smokes. But now I believe you, calm down. *(Pause.)* Well... so what now?

oNA: *(Absentmindedly.)* What?

ONa: I'm asking... what the... nothing. I wanna cigarette.

oNA: She's got some.

ONa: Great. So where is she?

oNA: She went to the can.

Ona: Shit. Why do you keep chasing her away?!

oNA: I asked her.

Ona: Go ask her to come back. *(Pause.)* You hear me?

oNA: Leave me alone.

ONa: Go get her immediately. And remember, I don't want you to keep kicking her outta here. *(Pause.)* No, wait, don't go anywhere. *(Pause.)* Stay here with me for a while.

oNA: I don't like when you treat me like this.

ONa: What's up with you now?

oNA: I don't like it.

ONa: If you didn't kick her out, you wouldn't mind.

oNA: If I weren't here, I wouldn't have to be kicking her out.

ONa: I don't get what you're so worked up about.

oNA: Don't get it? You don't get it?! Lemme explain. EVERYTHING! I hate everything about her, just the fact that she exists. *(Turns to ONa.)* She's got smokes. I know that and she knew I knew.

ONa: And she still didn't give you any.

oNA: No. She turned around and went to the can.

ONa: Bitch.

oNA: And you're asking me what I don't like about her?

ONa: Well, if you kicked me out to the can, I probably wouldn't be dying to share my last smokes with you either.

oNA: What? What are you blabbing? I'd say there's a difference – Ona and me...

ONa: Why would you think that?

oNA: Cause... Nothing.

(She runs out and in a moment comes back with Ona.)

oNA: Here you go. Now you play with her for a while!

Ona: Stop it.

ONa: Don't pay attention to her. Withdrawals, periods...

Ona: Or both.

ONa: Come to me. I'm fucking freezing.

Ona: You too?

ONa: Me too what?

Ona: Are you going cold turkey too?

ONa: Shut up. Gotta smoke?!

Ona: Imagine that, she doesn't. oNA does.

ONa: No fucking way. She's totally screwed up, she kept yelling after me like crazy. I bet she doesn't even have a butt.

Ona: She's faking it. When she thinks nobody's watching her, she's quite calm. Look.

ONa: No way. Can't you see how she's sweating?

Ona: You're sweating just the same.

ONa: Yeah. I won't last long either. If you got some smokes...

Ona: Well... If I got some smokes then what?

ONa: Then can you please give me one. You'll save my life.

Ona: Good doggie. But it's a shame. I really don't have any.

ONa: So how the hell are you so fucking calm, huh? Don't be a bitch, what's your point? What the fuck is your point?

oNA: Why are you yelling at her? Shut up!!! Take it easy. She says she doesn't have any. Let her be. You hear me?

ONa: But you said she's got some.

oNA: So what if I was wrong?

ONa: So why did you guess she'd have some...

oNA: It was smoky here when I woke up. *(Pause.)* But wait, that easily could have been you. You were saying that you just lied down when I...

ONa: Are you crazy? You don't think I'd be running the risk in your condition!

Ona: You gotta stop thinking about it.

ONa: What's wrong with you? How can we not think about not having cigarettes? That's impossible!

Ona: Then why do you think I'm so "fucking" calm, huh?

oNA: Either you're high on something else or you're a great actress.

ONa: And you're making fun of us.

Ona: No. I'm just not thinking about that. I'm thinking about something completely different. But that would be probably too much for you.

oNA: So what are you then thinking about?

Ona: Well, all different kinds of things...

ONa: About matches. *(She laughs.)*

oNA: Sure. Or about an ashtray. *(She keeps laughing.)*

Ona: Shut up! What the hell are you trying to do?!

oNA: Don't you need to use the can?

ONa: Fuck! Are you losing your mind again? Ignore her when she says that. How was it with that thinking?

Ona: Screw that. It's stupid.

ONa: But I wanna know.

Ona: I was making it up. Forget about it.

ONa: I don't care if you're making it up, I just wanted to listen to you.

Ona: And what about her? oNA doesn't want to listen to me.

ONa: What do you care, it's the two of us.

oNA: Sure.

Ona: Listen, couldn't *you* go to the can for a change? You don't go to the can enough. You'll destroy your kidneys.

ONa: Well yeah, I read somewhere that neglecting your stool and urination even more so may lead to light dementia.

oNA: Sure.

Ona: *(Pause, then she cannot stand it.)* Go take a piss!!!

ONa: For God's sake, control yourself.

Ona: I'm trying.

oNA: According to shrink textbooks, uncontrollable aggression is a symptom of hysteria.

ONa: No fucking way. Where have you ever seen a shrink textbook?

Ona: At a mental institution. *(She is laughing.)*

ONa: That wasn't very nice of you.

Ona: For God's sake, what did I... how do you mean? oNA was really... What? No, you gotta be kidding...

oNA: Yeah, I've been to a funny farm! But now I'm out. And I'm in the same room with you. Nobody can guarantee that my illness won't come back under enormous psychological stress. So if you do have some smokes, I'd be grateful.

Ona: Sorry, I didn't know. *(Pause.)* So what was wrong with you?

ONa: Yeah, what was wrong with you?

oNA: I don't even know. Depressions and such.

Ona: Bullshit. Almost everybody is depressed today. They won't send you to a loony bin for that.

oNA: I wasn't in a loony bin but in a mental institution!

ONa: She's right. If they were supposed to institutionalize everyone who's depressed, there wouldn't be anyone left here.

Ona: Right, she's making it up. So that we'd feel sorry for her, so that we'd be considerate.

oNA: I went voluntarily.

ONa: No way.

Ona: What?

ONa: Why? You're crazy? Why did you go there...

oNA: Dunno. I thought it would help me.

ONa: And you found out that you were even more out of your mind than you thought.

Ona: What do you know what she looked like before? Maybe it did help her.

oNA: They let me be alone, I didn't have to talk to anybody, nobody was asking me anything. They didn't force me to do anything, they gave me no advice, no recommendations. I didn't have to go through any therapy, take any pills, I didn't have to eat anything if I didn't want to. Nobody was telling me when to get up, when to go to sleep, when to take a shower, nobody was forcing me to take a shower at all. If I didn't want to get up from bed, I could stay camped out here all week. When I cried, nobody was consoling me, when I was full of rage, nobody was calming me down. When I pounded my head against the wall, nobody was trying to prevent me from doing that. When I decided to crawl on all fours, nobody laughed. And they let me smoke. I paid all expenses two months ahead of time and they promised they wouldn't bother me.

Ona: Bullshit.

ONa: Check it out. I always thought that shrinks were deviated, that they get off on electroshocks and other similar perverse acts. Really, they didn't pump you full of any drugs?

Ona: Sure they did. She just doesn't remember.

oNA: No. Nothing. Only something to help me sleep if I asked for it.

Ona: Are you sure you were eating by yourself? They didn't have to feed you?

ONa: What the fuck is wrong with you? oNA is not demented, she's just depressed. Why should they be feeding her?

Ona: I was just curious if she had a straitjacket. I'm testing if she really remembers, that's all. I'm not trying to pry.

oNA: Shit, really, nobody here has any smokes?

Ona: So did you last? I mean, those two months.

oNA: I wanted to stay longer. But I didn't have money. I had to leave.

ONa: That's... sheez... and you didn't mind the others? You know, the really sick ones...

oNA: Well, you know, some of them were very nice and friendly. But most of them were real loonies.

(All three of them laugh.)

oNA: But otherwise I was good, wasn't I?

Ona: You got me.

ONa: Now it's your turn.

Ona: No. I'm not playing any more. We shouldn't be making stuff up.

ONa: So what else do you want to be doing here when we don't have any cigarettes?!?!
We're trying not to think about it!!

oNA: But you don't have to be making things up. Tell us the truth.

Ona: Truth? About myself?

ONa: Sure, at least we'll get to know you a bit.

Ona: I don't know, well, I'm not sure that's the best idea...

oNA: That was your idea. You said we shouldn't be making stuff up. And if we don't want to shut up altogether, the only thing left is to be telling the truth. You go.

Ona: That's a load of crap. I'm not in the mood.

ONa: Come on. Nothing's at stake. You yourself said that we shouldn't think about it. So what do you think we're trying to do here?

oNA: Yeah, really, it seems to be helping. We'll kill each other a little bit later.

Ona: But I... I can't do it. Let's try another game, let's try something different.

oNA: Like what.

Ona: How about we try to dream.

ONa: What?

Ona: You know, imagining what we would like to have, or live. Get it?

oNA: Science fiction. You know.

ONa: But that's a...

oNA: Yeah, a load of crap.

Ona: Imagine what you'd do if you got out of here.

ONa: I'd start drinking.

oNA: Sure. I'd find some money. For the funny farm.

ONa: And you?

Ona: What about me?!!

ONa: Stop yelling. What would you do?

Ona: I'd smoke. Chain-smoke three cigarettes one right after another.

ONa: Why do you keep spoiling it?

Ona: Me? I'm spoiling it?! *(Pause.)* Drinking and funny farms, those are your dreams?
Fuck, you really are not in the mood to do some living, huh?!

oNA: God, why are you getting into it so much? We're just kidding around.

ONa: Yeah, take it with some perspective. It's beating on your brain.

Ona: Sure. And the two of you are truly sane, right?

ONa: God, in a moment she'll start calling us loonies.

oNA: She can't have cigarettes.

ONa: That's true, you'd have them before she would. *(She is laughing.)*

oNA: What?

ONa: What?

oNA: What did you say?

ONa: What?

oNA: About the cigarettes.

ONa: Nothing. I was just attempting a joke. What's up with you?

oNA: No, nothing, but didn't you say something to the extent that I could have them?

ONa: Yeah, but I didn't mean anything. Calm down.

oNA: I'm calm. Just that I...

Ona: *(After a pause.)* Once I had a lover who's now famous. *(Pause.)*

ONa: We all had lovers that are famous now. And rich. *(She is laughing.)*

oNA: We all had the same lover. *(She is laughing.)*

Ona: Except this time I'm not making it up. Mine was real.

ONa: Bullshit.

oNA: Crap. Try something else.

Ona: I'm not making it up. He was the love of my life.

ONa: No way.

oNA: You deaf? It's not working!

Ona: Shit. What am I even trying to do here? *(Pause.)*

oNA: I'd like to know that myself.

ONa: Stop it. *(Pause.)* What did he look like?

Ona: He had brown eyes.

oNA: You know, so did my boyfriend! *(She is laughing.)* What's up with her again? I didn't mean anything.

ONa: What's wrong?

Ona: I can't smoke. I would have to share with you.

ONa: I wouldn't go there if I were you. *(Pause.)* Go ahead, well. It was just a joke.

Ona: It's bullshit. I made it all up.

oNA: 'Course.

ONa: So what did you think. We didn't believe you anyway. You don't have to get offended right away.

Ona: *(Yelling.)* So why do you believe me then when I'm telling you I'm making it up? Huh?!

ONa: For God's sake, stop screaming! I don't really care what he looked like and if he looked like anything at all. I don't give a shit about your problems, I've got enough of mine. So try to understand it and stop fucking yelling at me.

oNA: Shit. If anyone here has any smokes, take them out immediately, or it could get ugly later.

Ona: He had brown eyes and he was tall and strong.

oNA: God, why are you making it into such a cliché? Don't you have the slightest bit of imagination?

ONa: What do you know? Maybe she was really sleeping with that cliché. Really, I'm kinda liking him, except if he had green eyes. Listen, couldn't he have green eyes instead?

oNA: Yeah. And couldn't he be a little bit shorter? My neck hurts when I'm with a tall guy for a long time...

Ona: Sure, why don't you guys tell the story without me. Why do I even bother?

oNA: Fuck, what's up with her all the time? She's starting to get on my nerves. She's starting to really get on my nerves.

ONa: And you are getting on my nerves. Why do you keep making fun of her?

oNA: Because she's embarrassing. Tall, strong, brown eyes. Totally embarrassing, you don't mind that? She's making me more nervous than not having cigarettes!

ONa: Stop yelling. Did you ever think that you could be getting on someone's nerves too?

oNA: Yeah? Whose? Yours?

ONa: For example.

oNA: Of course! Just keep protecting her! What is it that you find so attractive about her? Her hairdo is more kitschy or what?!!

Ona: No, she thinks I'll share my smokes with her. When you get outta here.

ONa: What smokes?

oNA: Exactly, what fucking smokes?!

ONa: If you have any smokes, give them up immediately, you hear me?!!! This is not funny any more!!!

Ona: So how come you believe me so suddenly? You don't think it's an embarrassing idea that I should have smokes?

oNA: (*Screaming.*) I think that is the most ingenious idea that you've ever had! Give them up!!! You hear me?!!!

ONa: Stop it, leave her alone. You're not going to help yourself when you beat her up.

oNA: I don't want to help myself. I want to relieve myself.

ONa: Fucking stop it!!!

Ona: She's really demented. Do we have any money? Listen, how much was that treatment of yours?

ONa: Stop it, fuck, that's enough!!! Are you all crazy? Okay. Let's try to calm down now. Good. Take a deep breath.

Ona, oNA: Go fuck yourself!

(*Long silent pause.*)

ONa: Alright. So now what?

oNA: What?

ONa: I'm asking, now what?

oNA: Like what? Don't pretend you're stupid. It's your turn.

Ona: Sure. You're the last one.

ONa: Your turn is supposed to be over?

Ona: Does it look like it's not?

ONa: No good! You didn't tell us anything.

oNA: It was about nothing, anyway. As usual. Your turn.

ONa: That's not fair.

Ona: What is not fair? And your comments were fair?! What?!!!

ONa: Okay, okay, calm down. I hate people yelling at me!

Ona: Who the fuck is yelling at you?!!!

oNA: I can't stand it. I wanna smoke, I wanna smoke, shit, don't be bitches...

ONa: I used to be an alcoholic.

Ona: Now that's really it.

oNA: Sure. Wouldn't you rather try some other jolly? It's more fun.

ONa: I used to be anorexic but then I wasn't into in any more. I started to look into a bottle.
I hate dealers.

oNA: You could have been growing poppies.

Ona: She didn't think of it. It's easier to get booze.

ONa: And most of all, it works.

oNA: How old were you?

ONa: When?

oNA: Well, when you started drinking.

ONa: Did I ask you how old you were when you were at the funny farm?

oNA: Mental institution!

Ona: So what did you like to drink most?

ONa: God. Everything, I didn't care.

oNA: For how long?

ONa: Say what?

oNA: Shit, I'm asking how long were you doing it?

ONa: God, I don't know. Maybe a year.

Ona: So what made you quit?

oNA: Yeah, really, why didn't you finish what you started?

ONa: Dunno. One day I woke up and...

Ona: You were in a delirium.

ONa: No, I was not in the mood. I wasn't in the mood to drink at all. Just like that. All of a sudden.

oNA: Bullshit. Booze is a hard drug. You can't quit just like that.

Ona: Didn't you regret it? After a year of hard work to just quit? You must have looked pretty good by then.

ONa: Well, it wasn't as easy as that. I went back to Annie.

Ona: To what?

ONa: To anorexia.

Ona: Uhm. Is it better?

oNA: Seriously, what kind of buzz do you get from that? What? It sounds quite... tempting.

ONa: What now. Booze?

oNA: No. Annie.

ONa: It's nice. You have a feeling you can make it. Even your body is starting to help you, after a while it starts attacking itself. Otherwise it keeps resisting. But with Annie your body is working with you. You really have a feeling that you've got it, you can do it, that you can do it together.

Ona: And then? Why did you give it up?

oNA: Exactly. You must have been pretty close.

ONa: I was fucking close alright. I had no fat, I was just skin and bones. If you could only see my breasts!

oNA: Then what...

Ona: Say what?

oNA: If we could only see your breasts then what?

ONa: God, tell me you're just acting, otherwise I'll start really worrying about you.

Ona: So what really happened then?

oNA: What now?

Ona: What happened then. You ended up at your breasts.

ONa: Nothing. They stuck tubes into me. I was really finished, I couldn't move. But just in case, they still tied me to the bed. And they stuck tubes into me. They saved me.

ONa: God, people are such bastards today.

Ona: They saved you without your approval.

ONa: Well, in reality I was too tired to disapprove.

oNA: Mother fuckers. They violated your soul.

Ona: How long did they hold you?

ONa: What?

oNA: Why didn't you do it again?

ONa: I did. I started drinking again.

Ona: You keep repeating yourself. Really, try something different. Like pills or something.

oNA: Yeah, rohypnol is quite okay. And you can even mix it with booze.

Ona: Sure, like an accelerant. *(They are laughing.)*

ONa: Don't laugh. I'm being serious here.

Ona: Sure. We are all being serious. You want to continue?

ONa: There's nothing to continue with. It didn't make sense. There was always some idiot eager to help me.

oNA: Yeah. When you're staggering, he will either ignore you or laugh at you. And when you start vomiting blood, then everybody's a hero. Then they all feel guilty.

ONa: They think it's their human duty to save you. They don't give a shit about your wasted efforts of several years.

oNA: People are horrible bastards today.

ONa: Hypocritical bastards.

ONa: They are cowards. They think that by saving you they are committing a good deed. That they will be redeemed. That it will help them.

oNA: And then all those talks, like why? What is troubling you? Are you unhappy? God, how pitiful.

ONa: No chance. You will never be able to explain it to them.

ONa: 'Course not. You know how many times I cried and begged for them to take those fucking tubes out of me? You know what they did? They doped me up with some shit to make me quiet, so that I would sleep. And they cheerfully kept feeding me.

ONa: Terrible.

oNA: Really. Don't talk about it any more, if you don't want to. Let it go.

ONa: We should come up with something more secure. And faster. So that they wouldn't get to us on time.

ONa: We already tried that. We've got nothing here. No gun, no rope, no knife. Nothing. We're screwed.

oNA: She's right. It's rare, but she's right. We can't help it.

ONa: No booze any more, either.

ONa: And what's even worse, no smokes.

oNA: Shut up! Stop talking about it!

ONa: Why do you keep reminding us? You don't see the deep shit we're in? Don't make it even worse!!

ONa: God, calm down. I didn't mean to irritate you.

oNA: No?! No?!! So what was this supposed to be?!!!!!

ONa: Shut up! Stop yelling, it's drilling in my brain when you scream like this!

oNA: It's drilling in my brain when she keeps provoking us all the time!

ONa: You're demented! I didn't... fuck this.

ONa: Great. Now we're where we started.

oNA: What?!!!

ONa: I'm saying we're in the same shit that we were at the beginning!

Ona: Yeah. We've been in it the entire time. What did you think? That we'd get out of this?
With no smokes?

oNA: I will probably kill her. I will hurt her.

ONa: Hey! Stop it. Sit down. Nobody's killing anybody.

oNA: Why is it pissing you off?

ONa: Listen, if you kill her, and later you kill me, who will kill you then? You will never manage to strangle yourself with your own hands. Your body will stop listening to you and in the critical moment it will take a breath. Even without your help.

oNA: Can you please tell me in simple terms what you meant by that?

ONa: Just that we should figure out a way to finish ourselves off together, at the same time.
Would you like to stay here alone?

oNA: I've been longing for it for many years. *(Long silent pause.)*

ONa: Listen. That... thing with the clichéd guy... you were dreaming then, right?

Ona: Dunno. Sometimes I don't know if that's a memory of a dream or of something that really happened.

oNA: Sure. Did he have a moustache, too?

Ona: What?

oNA: If he had a moustache? Or a beard?

Ona: No. His face was tanned.

ONa: And sad brown eyes. *(She is laughing.)* Sorry.

Ona: That's okay. It was all fiction, anyway.

oNA: Yeah. But you like that fiction.

ONa: If he had a hairy chest, I'd like it too.

oNA: I thought you were all about drinking.

ONa: And is that supposed to make me frigid or what? That would be more suitable to your diagnosis.

oNA: Listen, I bet he was a sailor!
(Ona leaves, offended.)

ONa: Did you have to do that?

oNA: What did I do now?

ONa: What the fuck was that supposed to mean with that sailor?

oNA: God, that was just a guess. Get it? She said he was tanned or what not. I didn't mean to offend her.

ONa: But you obviously managed that.

oNA: Naaah. She went for a smoke. She used the opportunity to play offended and she went for a smoke.

ONa: Shut up! I'd be capable of hurting her if I caught her smoking.

oNA: You wanna go check?

ONa: No. I wasn't the one who offended her.

oNA: But... I didn't mean to...

ONa: It's the result that counts. Go after her.

oNA: I don't know. And what if she's not smoking. What do I tell her?

ONa: Well, you'll play it out like you came to apologize.

oNA: You've gotta be out of your mind.

ONa: You know what? Go fuck yourself.

oNA: I'll tell her I need to go to the can. That's believable. What do you say?

ONa: What?

oNA: That I'm going to use the bathroom.

ONa: So what?

oNA: Oh... nothing.

(oNA leaves. Long pause.)

ONa: Strange, a little bit of silence after such a long time... Heavenly feeling... When you really think about it... the real mad house is here, in this room. All of the others are mental institutions. With perverse shrinks.

There are no shrinks here. Maybe a psychoanalyst here and there, or a similar phony charlatan, but otherwise... And if you really think about it... What else could be here? I never really thought about it, but now, in this silence, as if I came back from a dream. Sure, the one with the sailor with sad eyes.

God, how sad this is.

So much energy spent and still nothing. It still looks the same. As if we got stuck.

We can't move.

Haven't they been gone for a long time?

In the beginning, I tried a bunch of things too. I dreamed, reminisced... But it didn't help me. I never really found anything that would have truly helped me. When I finally thought I had it, I found out things were not what they seemed.

So I switched to booze. I'm not making it up.

But I got over that.

And this is where I ended up. At this place, where the daily routine is determined by a spotlight. It lights up in the morning, fades at night. No warning, it just turns itself off and that's it.

I would really need to get out of here. Pack my stuff and disappear. And never come back. Never again. Maybe that would be something that could help me.

Although...

What would it change...

As a classic says: Here or anywhere else...

Sure. I gotta move. It's clearly getting over my head when I'm even starting to doubt whether to escape or not. That's really serious.

I hate these walls.

I hate this floor. I hate this door, I hate this ceiling.

And most of all, I hate these fucking spotlights!

Just stay calm. Take it easy.

Everything's under control. Besides, it can't take much longer now. It must turn itself off soon.

I hope!

But where are those two? I hope they're not beating each other up.

And if so, it wouldn't hurt them. It will make them calmer.

Calmer than me, that's for sure.

How long can one take it before going mad, anyway? Two, three days? I'm sure I've read something about it. I just can't remember.

Even so. I don't have much time left.

I'm thinking, what will it look like here after we finally fold. I hope we'll understand each other.

(oNA enters, Ona comes a moment after her. Both are calm, peaceful, slow.)

ONa: Can someone explain to me what's going on?

oNA: Nothing. What's supposed to be happening? *(Pause.)*

ONa: You think I'm totally stupid or what?

oNA: Stop yelling! What's your point?

ONa: I wanna know what's going on here?

Ona: Nothing. She explained to me that she didn't mean it like that.

ONa: So how did she mean it?

Ona: What?

ONa: How did she mean it?

oNA: It was just a joke, for God's sake. What's up with you?

ONa: That's what I've been asking all along. What the fuck is with both of you? *(She leaps towards them, smelling them. She cannot smell anything.)*

oNA: I thought you trusted me a bit more. *(Pause.)*

ONa: But I... Shit, forget about it.

oNA: Sure.

ONa: What the fuck are you saying by that, huh? That you don't give a shit about what I think?

oNA: *(After a pause.)* Calm down. You said I should forget about it. What do you really want?! You want me to write down every single word you say? You can't be serious.

ONa: No, sure, of course not. None of us means anything seriously.

Ona: You can never be completely sure of that.

oNA: What? Of course you can be sure of that.

Ona: Okay. Are you sure?

ONa: Well, I don't know.

oNA: This is some kind of bullshit. Now you'll start pretending that all of this fiction of yours is actually true.

Ona: Well I did say that I meant it. Tall, brown eyes...

oNA: Enough. Now I know. You want me. You want to get an admission from me that I actually *have been* to that funny farm.

ONa: Mental institution.

Ona: So, have you ever been there?

oNA: *(Pause.)* No. Of course not! I can barely stand you guys. You think I could manage the real loonies?

ONa: *(Pause.)* I don't believe you.

oNA: What?! You don't believe me what now?!

ONa: That you haven't been there.

oNA: Can't help you with that one.

Ona: I don't believe you either.

oNA: What? *(Pause.)* So what?! Am I supposed to behave like a patient, or what? What's wrong with you?!!!

ONa: I just hope at least you believe us.

oNA: 'Course I don't!

Ona: Too bad. Maybe it could help us.

oNA: Bullshit. What the hell are you... I understand that you consider your clichéd brown-eyed dream to be the real deal, but nobody can convince me that you really did booze.

ONa: And Annie.

oNA: Load of crap.

ONa: 'Course.

Ona: What?

ONa: You bet it's all crap. What the fuck is all this good for?! It never works, not a single one time, you know that too well. But we are still clowning around here. And we pretend we actually believe all that. You don't think it's perverse?

Ona: Well...

oNA: If we at least had some smokes...

ONa: The hell with smokes! This is a question of our being!

Ona: Aha.

ONa: *(Pause.)* Why are you making faces? What? Did you believe me?

oNA: What a bitch. You have no idea how scared I got. I really thought you were done for. Shit. I was really petrified.

Ona: Well...

oNA: So what's up with you?

Ona: What?

oNA: What's up with you?

Ona: I'm...

oNA: Alright, now I understand, you can go ahead.

Ona: You know, I...

ONa: God, before she squeezes out a word...

(The stage darkens, the only dim spotlight is on Ona.)

oNA: Fuck. One of these days this will kill me for sure. How the light dims, this will kill me. How it's suddenly dark here in a split second. Really, one day this light goes out and I go with it. The end. Darkness. No more light. And I'll be gone. But seriously. One of these days. One of these days it will kill me. I can feel it.

Ona: I'm in love. He's tall, strong and he's got brown eyes.

oNA: What's up with her?

ONa: Well, she fell in love or something. Screw that. Let's go to sleep.

Ona: *(Yawning.)* No. Today I'm not going to sleep. Today I wouldn't fall asleep for sure. *(Pause.)* He's tall and strong. And he's got sad brown eyes. And he's a sailor. *(She is trying to contain laughter.)* You bet.

And his chest is hairy.

You bet. It's him. Now he's famous.

God, how pitiful this is.

It's killing me. If I don't get out of here soon, this will do me in.

If it hadn't yet.

Oh shit. No more depression. Not today.

He's tall, strong, he's got brown eyes and he's a sailor!

Crap, what a load of crap!

He's just a regular nobody! Parasite! He's stuck to my head somewhere here and I can't get rid of him.

Even the booze or starving couldn't kill him.

The only thing that can kill him is what kills me.

So I learned to live with him. If I can say it like that.

God, I need a cigarette! I guess I'm really going under.

Does it make any sense to resist?

They will be waking up soon anyway. The spotlight will show up and we'll be starting all over again. Until it goes out.

We'll be pretending we trust each other.

The entire time we'll act just because otherwise we couldn't stand each other. We'd kill each other. Literally.

I can allow myself to be myself only when they're asleep. Although that is not completely true any more. We've been together for such a long time that we're starting to fuse. Sometimes I have a feeling that there are only two of us.

And sometimes...

But that's really just now and then...

Sometimes it feels like I'm here all alone. That it's all me.

I don't like that idea at all.

Then, of course, it passes, I go to the bathroom, and everything is okay again.

What would happen if I left for good?

Would they come with me?

For sure.

They're capable of doing that.

Those two are capable of doing that. One day they will manage that and I will go crazy. Nice and quiet, somewhere in the corner.

They will yell at me, they will beg me, but I won't speak. I will sit quietly and I won't give a shit about them. There are loonies like that. They don't say anything for days and nobody know why.

But that is hard to explain. They would never understand.

They would dope me up with some shit and those two would be consoling me that I can still make it. Nobody would be asking me why I've got it, whose fault is that. As long as chemicals work.

God, what if I'm getting off on here?!

Shit, I might wake them up.

I absolutely need a smoke. I can't control myself any more.

He's tall, strong and he loves only me. He's a famous personality.

I don't understand why I keep doing this. It never helped me.

And on top of that, it's a cliché. Regular disgusting repulsive cliché!

I could use him.

Jesus, what is this?

That...

Is that...

That can't be true.

So...

I'm saved! At least for two or three days. God, what a coincidence. Two or three extra days.

And then...

Then I will definitely end this. This kind of luck can happen only once. (*She wants to light up.*)

God, you're not asleep?

It's nighttime, there's no reason for you to get up.

oNA: So why are you up? Huh?

Ona: I'm telling you, I can't fall asleep! Never mind and go to sleep.

oNA: Why are you so aggressive?! As if I had caught you doing something.

Ona: What the fuck are you talking about?!

oNA: Listen. If you happened to be planning some dirty trick, just try to think about what would happen if one of us caught you. Good night. *(Pause.)*

Ona: Sure. That would be stupid.

It wouldn't help me a bit.

I would finish it off.

And those hysterical bitches would finish me off.

Sure.

I know, it would be stupid.

It is stupid.

I know.

(The light dims. Complete darkness. She lights up a cigarette.)

But he's so...

Tall and strong.

So...

Perfect.

He...

He's simply a dream!

THE END