

Zoltan Deme

## PROMOTION 1

**2 ZOLTAN DEME: PROMOTION ONE ----- WORLD PROBLEMS**

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# PROGRAM

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*"If you are not able  
to humanize something, then  
cease it, or, change it to something else."*

Humanizing the living and non-living world means to modify them on behalf of the human beings, to force them to serve human purposes. However, from the ancient past to our recent days many critically important segments of the living and non-living world proved to be resistant to the humanization efforts, and stayed and forever will stay not humanized, as the sciences state.

What to do then? Agreeing with many preeminent scientists and philosophers, do we just simply accept the fact, that due to its features, characteristics and ways of existence, we will never be able to give humanized character to the world? Or, following other views, instead of the humanization and correction efforts that we make continuously on the living and non-living world, would it be much better to CHANGE THE WHOLE THING?!



# ACTIVITIES



## .... CHANGING THE LIVING WORLD ....

### Excerpts of preparatory notes

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*... prepare the shooting, the editing, and, the completion of a feature film that presents few ways of changing the existing living world...* (1) Collect background documents for film-shooting, own MA Moviedirecting Diploma, own State Television Employment IDs, and other own, personal papers and credits... (4) Separate a fund for the film-shooting from the *own, personal savings account...* (7) Select two or three talents for doing the camera work of movie. (8) Organize a Training School for the selected camera persons. (9) In the frame of the Training School *personally train the selected camera men...* (12) Select talented actors and actresses. (13) Organize a Training School for the selected actors and actresses. (14) In the frame of the Training School *personally train the selected actors and actresses...* (17) Negotiate the appearance of couple of noted persons and celebrities in the movie. (18) Contract with couple of noted persons and celebrities about their appearance in the movie. (19) Make downpayment from the designated fund for the contracted celebrities... (37) Create the motto of the movie. (38) Create the SCRIPT of the film titled Promised Land, based on the drama of Sophocles: Oedipus in Colonus... (48) Finish the shooting of movie (49) Start the editing of the movie... (56) Prepare the full list of the creators of movie. (57) Edit the full list of the creators at the end section of movie.. (63) Prepare the DVD cover sheet of movie print-ready way. (64) List the names of *celebrities* who appear in this own produced and directed movie on the printed cover sheet... (73) List the Movie Theaters, TV Channels, DVD Distributors, and other receivers of the movie...

**Notebook**

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### Excerpts of preparatory note (37)

"It is intolerable that the evolution process can make anything with people, animals and plants! Intolerable that it produces again and again millions of monstrous creatures tearing to pieces and gobbling up each other! The Entire Living World is spoiled! People, animals, everything!

But why let human fate, and the fate of the entire living world to be dictated by the evolution? We, humans have to determine all the biological functions, all the organs, even each single cell!"

### Excerpts of preparatory note (38)

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*Black screen. A computer is booting on it. It asks for password.  
The entire movie runs in computer windows and panels.*

STUDENT 1 (*Thinking on the password.*)

- What's the end... Number three...

STUDENT 2

- Then J, like John...

STUDENT 1

- Thank you!... No, not this one. Not this... Yeah... This is that new program! Computer movie!

STUDENT 2

- Hmm...

STUDENT 1

- Here you can choose actors you wanna see. You choose pictures, dresses, music, everything...

STUDENT 2

- Really?

STUDENT 1

- Yeah! ...

STUDENT 1

- The movie runs in such windows! Look at the left buttons! With them, you set what you wanna see or hear! (*IN UNDERTONES*). All right... Watch the movie... Then I'll show you all these buttons at work!

*Many snails on the screen, that are climbing up on a bark of a tree.*

NARRATOR

These strange pictures were shot by a tourist using a hand-camera at a place where everything is unique. These are snails, climbing trees, for instance.

STUDENT 2

- Can we enlarge?

STUDENT 1

- Sure. Like this. Or this one...

NARRATOR

These are flowers that bloom in the frost of winter. Apples, pears, raspberries ripen in the snow. There rather is, somewhere, a mysterious place on the earth, where plants and animals behave completely differently than usual. Where people too behave differently than us, six billion people.

*A panel comes out: SPECIFY THE CHARACTER OF THE MOVIE!*

STUDENT 2

- What?... We'll tell the style?...

STUDENT 1

- Sure. Thirty styles for choice! From tragic -- to fairy tale for kids!  
So? Please?

STUDENT 2

- The romantic one!

STUDENT 1

- All right!

*New panel: Romantic version.*

NARRATOR

No one had more miserable fate in Ancient Greece than this age-worn man. Begging for fifty years. Blind in both eyes. Knife sticks can be seen on his eyeball.

STUDENT 1

- *(IN UNDERTONES)* You wanna see?

*Enlargement appears on screen. Knife stick on eyeball of the old man.*

STUDENT 2

- Yes... Oh God!... Hmm... Let's see the tragic version!

STUDENT 1

- Okay.

*New panel: Tragic version.*

NARRATOR

*(IN UNDERTONES)* Oedipus. This is the name of the beggar.

STUDENT 2

- God!... Oedipus?... From the Greek tragedies?

STUDENT 1

- Right.

STUDENT 2

- Who had that horrible life?

STUDENT 1

- Yes. It's him.

NARRATOR

*(IN UNDERTONES)* Being a disowned infant, he had a miserable childhood. Later, as a mature man when he was bound for his hometown, by killers and robbers he was attacked. One of them he killed while defending himself. His own father -- as historians record.

STUDENT 2

-He killed his father??

STUDENT 1

-Unwittingly, knowing nothing!

NARRATOR

*(IN UNDERTONES)* Reaching his hometown, Jocasta he married. His own mother -- historians state.

STUDENT 2

-His mother??

STUDENT 1

-Knowing nothing, again.

NARRATOR

*(IN UNDERTONES)* Four children they had when everything was revealed. The horror came. By Jocasta, the suicide was chosen. And Oedipus blinded himself in both eyes. People burned his house to the ground. Then they threw him out.

STUDENT 2

- Let's have another version. A light one.

STUDENT 1

- Okay.

*New panel: Cheerful version.*

NARRATOR

All in all, this thin blind beggar knew something significant that no one else knew. He had knowledge about a mysterious region...

*One of the windows shows pictures of flowers that bloom in frost of the winter. It also shows apples, pears, raspberries ripen in the snow.*

STUDENT 2

- Is this movie about this old man?

STUDENT 1

- Not at all! A modern problem it deals with. He is just one of the players.

OEDIPUS (*Touching a shrub.*)

Olive shrub. But it grows in solely one place in Greece!

How come? Where am I now?

*One of the windows shows the pictures of a Colonus fruit farm having cheerful girls and boys working.*

STUDENT 2

- Is this that mysterious region?

STUDENT 1

- No. Just an Ancient Greek town. Named Colonus.

OEDIPUS (*Touching grapes.*)

Extremely hard-peeled grapes... Oversized berries... Their smell!

Is it Colonus? Colonus grape-yards?

*Two Colonus guys are trading grapes. Music.*

STUDENT 1

-Watch! Treading grapes! Ancient Greek way of making wine! Let's have the data basis! (*Panels appear one after the other.*) Description of traditional Colonus vines!

STUDENT 2

-Updated?

STUDENT 1

-Yeah. More! You can order on-line of any!

STUDENT 2

-You got these two bottles this way?

STUDENT 1

-Yes! Give me your glass!

STUDENT 2

- Give me more!

STUDENT 1

- Okay.

STUDENT 2

- The old man?

STUDENT 1

- He's here. Remembering.

OEDIPUS

Colonus. I've lots of fond memories from here!

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Three years I lived here as young man...

*Image of the young Oedipus is also shown. Few beautiful girls too appear.*

OIDIPUS

I have to talk them about that mysterious region!

*One of the windows shows pictures of flowers that bloom in the frost of winter. It also shows apples, pears, raspberries ripen in the snow.*

OEDIPUS

God himself promised that for human people!

*Title graphics. PROMISED LAND. Then we see very small, numbered buttons on the screen.*

STUDENT 2

- What's this?

STUDENT 1

- Services tailored to varied interests of viewers.

STUDENT 2

- Have a check!

STUDENT 1

-All right... Young Oedipus... Working in Colonus in a smith place... Now the services... Most frequent first! All right?

STUDENT 2

- Okay.

STUDENT 1 (*Working with the computer buttons on the screen.*)

- You can see actors in closer or wider pictures, or in a group, and so far. Not liking an actor, you can change him. To him. Him. Him. Ten different actors were recorded at each scene.

STUDENT 2

- Great!

STUDENT 1 (*Working with the computer buttons on the screen.*)

- Option to change music. Ten different versions. Option to change scenes. You can put actors into a new environment. Ten versions again.

STUDENT 2

-I love this!

STUDENT 1 (*Working with the computer buttons on the screen.*)

- Dress changing. Not liking their clothes, you can choose other ones.

STUDENT 2

- Why don't the other movies make this? Giving a chance for changes!

STUDENT 1

- I don't know!

STUDENT 2

- Special services?

STUDENT 1

- Of course. But see an other scene first. Colonus fruit farms. Now some extras! For nosy people. They can get additions to the running movie. Many details that are not shown in a story. See this girl! Wanna know how her brothers look? Here they are! Her lover? He's here! Her favorite fruit? This one!

STUDENT 2

- Great! The whole computer movie is great!

STUDENT 1

- We have much more! You can even peep!

STUDENT 2

- How?

STUDENT 1

- Look at this couple! Eating, sleeping, being naked, at all you can peep!

STUDENT 2

- Show them naked!

STUDENT 1 (*Working whit the computer buttons on the screen.*)

- The boy. And the girl!

STUDENT 2

- Show again!... Hmm... Can I do this with all actresses?

STUDENT 1

- Sure you can. Now. We have new little buttons to handle the services. Letter C - camera selector. M - microphone selector. See? And much, much more...

STUDENT 2

- Later, later... I wanna see some movie now!

STUDENT 1

- All right.

*The WARNING runs on the screen. It is combined with the strange pictures of the flowers blooming in frost.*

NARRATOR

We wanna make more than concern copyrights. We wanna remind that flowers blooming in frost, fruits ripening in snow do exist. A living world that behaves differently than the usual one is already present on the earth. More! The human body that differs from the normal one is now prepared! Seeing with eyes, smelling with the nose – this is probably our past! And the future – a fully strange world.

*Fields near Colonus. Bright and colorful flowers are everywhere.*

OEDIPUS

- Colonus. Could it be that people remember me?... The girls! Many I had known! ...Tuzzia! Tristana! More than fifty years I haven't thought of her...! Helia! The airy girl! Leila...! Gryllia! Xenia! ...Nurses they were! They taught kids in the fresh air, outside. As the same we youngsters made... We taught axioms. Strange Colonus axioms. That live in the land of Eternal Spring or nowhere else. Among thousands of blooming flowers, being fully narcotized with exotic smells, warm air, and shine...

*Daily life of Colonus related to the axiom.*

OEDIPUS

That be drunk in each single second! Be drunk by dreams, love, knowledge, travel, anything.

*Daily life of Colonus related to the axiom.*

OEDIPUS

Even the hardest work can give you narcotic joy! Light the walls with gold color in smith place! Gather the funniest friends for the job, cheerful jokers, even musicians!

*Daily life of Colonus related to the axiom.*

STUDENT 2

-Is there a knob that shows current application of this idea? When tiling a bathroom day long in mud, what on earth is joyous?

STUDENT 1

- Hmm... Check the U button! Updated application.

NARRATOR

Marbling, tiling bathrooms: this is poesy! Keep sparkly clean everything when working, as if you were in a vanilla smelling, glittering candy shop.

*Music and pictures cover the meaning of sentences of the Narrator.*

NARRATOR

All the glue reminds you of creams, jellies, or strawberry syrups with a sweet sugar smell! Have light music everywhere. Cut marble with cream-colored laser rays, not with noisy machines...

*Advertisement of glues, laser machines with phone numbers.*

STUDENT 2

- Turn it off.

*Back to the bright, spring world of Colonus.*

OEDIPUS

Do further steps for delight! Transform the boring things to ecstasy!

*Daily life of Colonus again.*

STUDENT 1

-Yahoo! Look at this forester guy! Day by day he walks on the same paths, watches the same shrubs, the same plants... Look! How he transforms his daily environment!

FORESTER GUY

-The same mushrooms again...But why not imagine music when seeing these mushrooms?... Hmm.. Somewhat more ecstatic! Let the frilly mushrooms dance!

*Animations. The frilly mushrooms are dancing to a cancan music.*

OEDIPUS

Colonus! They believe that the Entire Living World is beautiful and marvelous! More! They work hard for further development of it!...  
Hypocritos! The strangest scientist!

*Daily life of Colonus related to the issue.*

HYPPOCRITOS

...Right... I'll show you... So... my newly improved plants... Bell flowers... Trumpet flowers... Cymbal flowers...

*Bell-shaped, trumpet-shaped, cymbal-shaped flowers on the screen.*

COLLEUGE OF HYPPOCRITOS

- Oh...like a small orchestra!

OEDIPUS

They too believe that even the human being is a marvelous creature!  
They believe that the human organism is too improvable! ...Zeno! He was known world around! As a weaver!

*Daily life of Colonus related to the issue.*

ZENO

- Yes boys... We have good eyes, ears, gustatory organs. But for touching or smelling we still possess primitive senses. Animals have better ones.... Let's forcefully develop these senses!...

*Flower petals with velvet-like outlook.*

ZENO

Velvet, this textile made me popular. Here's the basis. This flower. I touched and smelled it again and again! This touching impression and odor was reproduced on velvet... Wool! Even to English people we sell it! Look! That's the basis! Simply the touching sense and smell were imitated on my wool weaving...

*Daily life of Colonus related to the issue.*

OEDIPUS

Gassandros! He wanted to develop the human creature too. He found having only five human senses too little! He brought here eastern people! For developing the sixth and seventh senses of people...

*Daily life of Colonus related to the issue.*

OEDIPUS

Colonus... Community, that tried to break the barriers of the human creature! Scientists, that worked hard for developing new senses ... (LOUDLY.) Worms had eaten all!! Bad direction they had chosen!! The Living World that fully differs from the recent one is our right goal!

*New colorful fields of Colonus.*

OEDIPUS

...Rose smell! Are these the rose shrubberies? Ought to be benches here! Resting a little probably gives me a chance to reach people... And then! Then I talk to them! About that different Living World! That doesn't destroy and rotten people!

*He lays down to a bench to rest.*

OIDIPUS

... Who is ruling now? Maybe Theseus! Grey hair he has now...?

*Sleeping Oedipus on a bench.*

STUDENT 2

- Dreaming... You have lyric version? We have never watched it!

STUDENT 1

- All right... Watch it now!

*New panel: Lyric version.*

STUDENT 2

- One moment. Oedipus complex. Is this by this old man?

STUDENT 1

- I think so... What does it exactly mean?

STUDENT 2

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- Enemy feeling towards the father. Enthusiasm for the mother.  
Millions of teen boys have it.

*Sleeping Oedipus, then his dream. Theseus and his servants appear in his dream.*

OEDIPUS

- Theseus! Are you, the all, not frightened of me? Are you not throwing me out?

THESEUS

- Not at all! As you see. ...Poor old man!

OEDIPUS

- Don't believe that I am innocent! My parents! I didn't know them, that's true! But there is something... I have never told anyone... Oh, Theseus! When I fought against that unknown person... A horrible feeling I had! Abhorrence, hate, not understanding why! ...That heavy hate moved my sword quicker and quicker... But how did I get it? Why did I get it? Why? ...Then lying in the bed after the wedding! Feeling the heaviest love full with strange gravitation and magnetism! Why did this feeling blow in my soul? Why did I have a love feeling for my unknown mother...? I never wanted such nauseating emotions! Who did this to me...? I know today who it was! Having a long life, I met many young people who surrounded their parents with similar emotions. The same I experienced even in the animal world. ... Processes of nature! Evolution! That brought this horrible instinct onto the earth... Evolution! The Cruel Emperor! Put anything into your outlook, into your psyche. No matter whether you need it or not. Put hidden sicknesses, unexpected pains, and many others...

*Sleeping Oedipus.*

OEDIPUS

Theseus! It is fully intolerable that the evolution process can make anything with people, animals and plants! Intolerable that it produces again and again millions of monstrous creatures tearing to pieces and gobbling up each other! (*LOUDLY.*) The Entire Living World is spoiled!! People, animals, everything!

STUDENT 2

-Any modern version?

STUDENT 1

-Lots of versions! Action films, thriller, heavy metal concerts, tattoo show, skin painting!

STUDENT 2

-Let see skin painting!

STUDENT 1

-All right!

*Pictures from the recent days. Painted faces of youngsters.*

PAINTED GIRL 1

Nature has silly processes! ...

PAINTED GUY 1

I fully hate blond hair! What happened? I have to have one! ...

PAINTED GUY 2

My little brother hated fur! Then he grew up! With fur everywhere! On his back even!

PAINTED GUY 3

Crazy natural processes made pimples around my eyes and mouth! I'll never allow it! All of them I paint!

PAINTED GUY 4

Yeah!

PAINTED GUY 5

I do not like my ears! One of them I really will cut off! Because I wanna rule what I wear on myself! ...

PAINTED GIRL 2 (*A black girl with white dots on her face.*)

Who asked evolution to produce Negroid skin?

PAINTED GUY 6 (*A black boy with white dots on his face.*)

Many people simply abhor me!

PAINTED GIRL 2

But these white dots! Everyone likes!

STUDENT 2

- Show me more!

STUDENT 1

- No problem!

*Girls with advertisements that are painted to their faces. Topol toothpaste, Nescafe, names of cigarettes, etc.*

GIRLS

Let be happy those who think human face is nice! That gum-eyed, snot-nosed, stench-mouthed one that the shameful evolution processes produced! Enough of it! Use the face as an opportunity for earning money! This time I have a toothpaste ad on and walk on streets! Fairly paid! Others too make it! Fairly paid also!

STUDENT 2

- Are these real shots?

STUDENT 1

- Yes! South America! Poor kids do this for a living!

*Pictures from the recent days. Piercings of youngsters.*

PAINTED GUY 7

- How the idiotic evolution could create such an ugly face as mine! I put piercing on! Cool! ...

PAINTED GUY 8

Never will this hair look like it was created! Curly left! Straight right! Dead-green in the front!

PAINTED GUY 9

Pimples and pimples again. That's why my classmates are so sarcastic. If I meet Majesty Evolution walking on a street, sure I kick his balls!

STUDENT 2

- God! Is growing up a generation that senses almost nothing nice in nature?

STUDENT 1

- Yeah! More! I know teenagers who think evolution processes are simply ridiculous!

STUDENT 2

- Go back to the old man! ...Does he detail the beauties of the nature? Wonderful lands, flowers, girls?

STUDENT 1

- He does! But he is having the trouble that beauties mislead us!

*Sleeping Oedipus, then his dream. Theseus and his servants again are present in the dream.*

OEDIPUS

Yes, Theseus! I had been misled myself! I thought of the living world, of evolution, of human being in an easy, superficial way, like many other people. I didn't have the knowledge that the evolution process places abhorring secrets in the psyche of each single person. I didn't know of the horrible content of my soul either. Of those that blew up in a sudden. ...As a killer of my father the Whole Greek World thinks of me! As an incestuous animal, monster, people name me! Not true. I'm a human being by full means! A living being, whom the shameful, the nauseating activities of nature made a crippled victim, with putrefied feet!

*Theseus kisses the dirty leg of the old beggar.*

OEDIPUS

Theseus! Don't tolerate the rule of the natural world, the rule of evolution! The horror that it makes!

STUDENT 2

- Get something modern! Some strange one!

STUDENT 1

- Too many choices... How about quiz parlor? You can win valuable odds if giving six right answers!

*New panel: Quiz parlor.*

*A question appears on the panel.*

*WHICH ANIMAL FORCED BY EVOLUTION TO BRING FORTH OF YOUNG (BY ONE OF HER INSTINCTS) AND FORCED TOO BY THE EVOLUTION TO GOBBLE UP THEM (BY AN OTHER ONE OF HER INSTINCTS)?*

*The possible answers appear on the screen.*

*Mouse, otter, gopher, squirrel, skunk, mole, rabbit, bear, boar, wild boar, spider, jackal, rat, shark, vole, weasel, Maiman, alligator, shrew mouse, hamster, all above?*

STUDENT 1

- So, which one?

STUDENT 2

- Probably all of them!...

*A panel appears: One point credited!*

*A new question appears on the screen.*

*WHICH ANIMAL GOT FROM THE EVOLUTION A MATING INSTINCT THAT AIMED AT OTHER SPECIES BREEDING FREAKS WITH THEM?*

*The possible answers appear on the screen.*

*Mouse, otter, gopher, squirrel, skunk, mole, rabbit, bear, boar, wild boar, spider, jackal, rat, shark, vole, weasel, Maiman, alligator, shrew mouse, hamster, all above?*

STUDENT 2

Oh God! Most likely all again!

*A panel appears: One more point credited!*

STUDENT 2

Stop please! I don't like this game!

*Sleeping Oedipus then his dream. Theseus and his servants are present in the dream.*

OEDIPUS

- Theseus! Why let human fate to be dictated by evolution? We humans have to determine our biological functions, our organs, even each single cell! Theseus! To improve touch and smell means almost nothing! The experiments of establishing sixth and seventh senses of man mean also almost nothing. The coloring, the developing of a fully spoiled creature resolves again nothing. Relevancy we need! A full turn to a completely new way!

THESEUS

- You talk about impossibilities! To overrule evolution? To determine human organs? How do you believe this? How did you get this idea?

OEDIPUS

- Canaan Carpets! ... Any knowledge you possess about them?

THESEUS

- Canaan Carpets? ... From Canaan? From the land of honey and milk?  
That Supreme God himself had promised us?

OEDIPUS

- Yes! Carpets from that land! Carpets of thousands of years of age!  
People burned them to ash as all of my owing! ... Though on those  
carpets very, very strange pictures were seen.

*Carpets, then pictures of the daily life of Canaan relating to the issue.*

OEDIPUS

- First, the carpets disprove the legends. No bees, honey, cows, milk  
are on them! But honey-like twilight, flowers honey-colored. Milky  
flower cups, milk white creepers. Second, the fantasticality of this  
land they show. Undersea corals on earth! People living, moving,  
working among them! Then zoophytes appear! Such flowers that  
have some animal organism! Changing their places, eating meat...

*Now three scientists are appearing in the screen among flowers.*

CANAAN SCIENTIST

- I sprinkle mistletoe onto roots. To strengthen them! So they can move  
easily! This day they reach pines! Tomorrow the fence! After tomorrow  
they'll be over the fence! ...See! They have a leader! Like birds! That  
high one! ...See that group I began to feed last week! ...Yes! They went  
through the fence slits!

*Back to Oedipus and Theseus.*

OEDIPUS

- And finally, Canaan Carpets disclose something relevant. What kind  
of Living World and Land God promised us! ... You know what these  
carpets present?

*Carpets then pictures of the daily life of Canaan relating to the issue.*

OEDIPUS

- Snails climbing trees' undergrowth instead! Pears, apples, raspberries  
ripening in snowfall! Fruit and flower farms in full pomp! But in falling  
and storming snow! ...And dangerous fishes we see! No hunting with

the mouth! Rather hide the young! ...Worms, of tadpoles created! ... Nestling that feed their own mother! Shocking! Horrible! Neither a single animal nor a single plant is appearing as usual! Is this Canaan? Is this the Promised Land? Yes, Theseus! It is! The Living World that doesn't follow the million-year-old rules of nature! Evolution, that has been deflected! ...For a long time I thought of these carpets as phantasm. But once! I touched a tree bark at the height of the head and there, there I touched a group of snails! Later I found cheeping nestling on the ground among worms! You know what nestling made? They fed a big bird, their mother!

*Dumbfounded Theseus and his servants.*

OEDIPUS

...And I know something now! I know, Theseus, that a Living World that turns against the rules of nature is an existing reality! ...Theseus! The Truth! The full truth the carpets show! Could I believe God, I fell down to the dust before him! No cows! No bees! No honey he promised us. But freeing the Living World of all cruel rules of nature! He promised riddance of the misery of evolution! Riddance of the squalor of aging and rotting human body! ...Yes! There is riddance! There is! A Living World that works another way as entire nature: that has been promised to us!

*Oedipus is awaking then sitting up on the bench.*

OEDIPUS

This is the future of humans. This is the path your scientists ought to go on! Get down to the depth of the living organisms somehow! Till the very elements! Connect them a different way as now! ...Maybe... Maybe a new arrangement of all small elements could give us chance to create some sort of new living world...

STUDENT 2

- Any modern version?

STUDENT 1

- Graffiti, rock songs, plays...

STUDENT 2

- Show me graffiti!

STUDENT 1

- Rough! Fit for atheists only...

STUDENT 2

- Doesn't matter now!

STUDENT 1

- All right... First this one!

*Graffiti. Christ on crucifix. He is surrounded with a crowd. People shake their hands angrily and shout towards him: "Humans and animals are spoiled! The whole nature is spoiled!" Followed their written sentences the answer of Jesus also readable on the graffiti wall: "My father was drunk when he made the whole thing!"*

STUDENT 1

- Second that one.

*Graffiti. Buddha statue in an Eastern Stupa. It is surrounded with a crowd. People are poor, ill, live in famine, slim like bone, they show the bodies of dead babies and shake their crutches and hands angrily toward the statue while shouting "Babykiller pitbull! Sadist monster! Buzz off! Out!!"*

STUDENT 2

- Stop! Go back to the old man! What does he do?

STUDENT 1

- Walks towards Colonus!

OEDIPUS

- Robinias! Shrubberies buried by flowers, yellowish and white! They're here! I'm feeling their sweet smell! ...Those years! All the spring we sang among millions of sprouts! We sang serenades! To the girls!

*Fluent pictures of the daily life of Colonus relating to the issue.*

STUDENT 2

- You have an erotic version?

STUDENT 1

- Yes I do. You wanna see?

STUDENT 2

- Sure! Could you show it with a new player?

STUDENT 1

- Yes.

*New panel: Erotic version.*

NARRATOR

Ephros. A typical Colonus boy with exciting plans. He had a heavy lust to fondle the bosoms of three or four girls at the same time...

Marvelous spring came! Nature filled with bloom! Fluids tightened the leaves of trees and the flower petals. In the warm May, the Living World began to behave a little differently than usual! Sexual thirst dominated the farm animals chasing each other. Goose-ganders the ducks, young sheep small rabbits even! People too behaved in unusual ways! Teen boys felt lust for mature women! Behind bushes family men watched the naked girls who swam in the water.

EPHROS

- I wanna tell you something!

GIRL 1

- Do you want an apple? Delicious!

EPHROS

- I don't want an apple!

GIRL 1

- Then what do you want?

EPHROS

- I want...to...to fondle your mammas! Stroke the bosoms of three, four girls at same moment... You like stroking...Don't you...? *(No answer.)*  
Then someone else...

*Ephros is sitting in the shore of a lake.*

EPHROS

Why don't they understand?

*Ephros swims towards a girl standing in the shore of a river.*

EPHROS

- Wait! I wanna tell you something! I'd like to fondle the bosoms of some girls at the same minute! I have talked to the others already!

GIRL 2

- Sorry... Our love is gone...

EPHROS

- Wait! Where are you going now?

*Ephros in a fruit farm with a girl.*

EPHROS

- That night in the garden! Remember? You liked it so much... I'd fondle them again! Not only yours... Together with mammas of others...

GIRL 3

- Well... If others will also come!

*Ephros and an other girl.*

EPHROS

- You know I wanna kiss the mammas of a couple of girls at same time... Would be you one of them...? Remember the time we had already talked about...?

GIRL 4

- Yeah... Wanted to try what a strange feeling it makes...

EPHROS

- So... We could realize somehow those imaginations...

GIRL 4

- We can do it...!

*Ephros and an other girl.*

EPHROS

- I don't understand! How come? Against fondling and love you are? But love is good! For everyone! Understand me?

*Ephros and an other girl.*

EPHROS

- I'd like to fondle the bosoms of couple of girls at same moment... I would include you! If you allow...

GIRL 5

- Yeah!

*Ephros strokes the bosoms of three naked girls.*

*New panel: Do you want to see more details from the erotic version?*

STUDENT 2

- Later! See the old man now!

STUDENT 1

- Okay.

OEDIPUS

- Rose smell? Rose shrubberies again? I missed the way!

I have to have a rest... Getting power...

STUDENT 2

- Show me special versions now! Something cheer, playing,  
unusual...

STUDENT 1

- All right! Pop Corn! Popping music, popping pearls, pills, pellets.

*New panel: Pop Corn version. Sleeping Oedipus then his new dream.  
Creon and his servants are present in the dream.*

OEDIPUS

- There could be here lots of fruits looking like pearls, pellets! And  
Colonus people!... Creon! You're the ruler! Creon! On a new path your  
scientists ought to go! Coming downward! Into the depth of living  
organisms! ...Following Canaan Carpets! The truth they show... Think  
now! Many of the carpets were woven solely of pearls! Could it be  
possible that the Entire Living World is also based on small pearls, very  
small elements? ...

*Old Canaan carpets woven of pearls in the screen.*

OEDIPUS

Lots of time I spent checking each single carpet. And at the Bell  
Mushrooms I suddenly spotted something! ...Each of the Bell  
Mushrooms contains the same pearls in the same sequence as we see it  
with very, very close watching. But in some mushrooms, the sequence  
of pearls, only the sequence, is changed! These are glowing with pink!  
I found other mushrooms where the sequence of the small pearls was  
also modified! On the high trees these are growing! ...And the snails!  
At the common snail pearls are seen in very simple order. But this  
sequence is changed at the other snails climbing on trees! Appearing a  
snail group where the mothers are carrying their young! The sequence

of pearls is also modified! And the strangest ones! Snails fighting against each other! Yes! Snails fighting against each other!... The sequence is modified again! ... Creon! Canaan Carpets made me an astounding suspect! If on a carpet, pearls constituting snail are in an abnormal order: snail acts in an abnormal way! If in the Living World small pearls, small elements constituting an animal are in an abnormal order, the animal will probably act in an abnormal way!... Creon! Going to the depth of creatures science also can change small elements! ...It can create animals, plants living in other way than usual! ...It can create a new flora, fauna, human features! ...As promised by the God!

*A dark green color computer part in the screen.*

STUDENT 2

- What the hell is it...? A computer part...?

STUDENT 1

- Yes... For background...See a modern version on the issue!

*New panel: Documentary version.*

SMALL BOY 1

-My mother explained what gene means. Now I know we can create dinosaurs and Godzillas. On the Internet I searched what other animals we can make!

SMALL GIRL 1

-I too know what genes are. And I know how boring animals and plants are outside! I'll never care at all! New beings under preparation shown on the Net are much more exciting!

SMALL BOY 2

-I too heard about genes! I know we can modify people using genes!

*New panel: Country-to-country statistics of gene surgery actions to improve the abilities, moral character, etc., of a child at birth.*

STUDENT 2

- What? The abilities and character? Jesus! Has this too commenced?

STUDENT 1

- More!... More!! Look at the map! New Canaan, Connecticut!

*New panel: Map of New Canaan, Connecticut, United States.*

STUDENT 1

- Behind that town there is an experimental center covered with very strict security. Full of strange people, odd scientists and gene surgeons interested in gene manipulation business.

*Pictures from the life of the New Canaan experimental center. Flowers that bloom in the frost of winter. Apples, pears, raspberries ripen in the snow. Then many snails on the screen, that are climbing up on a bark of a tree.*

STUDENT 1

- Look! Look at this!

*New panel: Fly and human being combined. Then the horrific actions of a being combined from fly and human characteristics are shown.*

STUDENT 2

- Enough! Enough of it!

STUDENT 1

- Back to the old man?

STUDENT 2

-Yes.

OEDIPUS

- But Creon! See the danger! ...We can spread the world with modified animals, more, copies of people! ...Who has more money will have superior children! Who has not enough, inferiors.

CREON

- Why are you telling this? Why here?

OEDIPUS

- Because in Whole Greece solely you go with no representatives, committed people! But for deciding important issues all people gather at the main plaza. This is the path we ought to go on when we create a new living world!... Creon! Who decides how that Living World must work? Kings? Governments? Business groups? Ridiculous! ...In each important case we must ask each single person!

STUDENT 1

- Look! Look at this! The same thing the kids tell in the documentary version.

*New panel: Change congressional, parliamentary pseudo-democracy to real democracy in order to handle the New Living World!.*

SMALL GIRL 2

-Daddy explained to me what parliament means when we watched the news on the screen.

SMALL GIRL 3

Bare and fat uncles were screaming about what is good, and what is not good for Daddy, for Mammy, for Neighbors, for town people!

SMALL BOY 3

Idiots! ...

SMALL BOY 4

My daddy said this stupidity will end very soon! Each family will possess a computer and can vote via the Internet! ...

SMALL GIRL 4

No problem! The Net resolves everything. There no one can gossip in the name of other people.

*New panel: A small addition to the changing of congressional, parliamentary pseudo-democracy to real democracy. A toll free phone number also appears.*

STUDENT 1

...Now, look this service! A toll-free number! From anywhere you can call! You can make suggestions, notes, emphasize your opinion about the problems emerged in the movie! Behind the toll free number some organization is recording your notes! Then they forward everything to governments of all countries! To UNO, UNESCO, and so on.

STUDENT 2

- I haven't heard of such a matter! While listening to the film I can tell how the problems presented in the movie should be resolved!  
Great!

STUDENT 1

- The phone works! I'd tried it! The time limit is five minutes!

STUDENT 2

-Hmm... I have become tired. Stop the movie. Put refreshing music on.

*New panel: INTERRUPTION Special relaxing music and pictures.*

STUDENT 1

-How this about? This too is built in computer movie...

STUDENT 2

-Not bad... Give me a coke! ...

STUDENT 1

- Ice cubes?

STUDENT 2

- Thank you! ...All right! I wanna see some movie now!

*Back to the kids.*

SMALL GIRL 5

-Last year my grandpa died; and this past month my grandma also died. My dolls don't die! My brown velvet bear doesn't die! I'm listening to the Internet to know how I can get away from death! ...

SMALL BOY 5

Last year my daddy died. I'd like to have at least my mother and myself stay alive! I watch the Net to see what we could do!

SMALL GIRL 6

I'd like to live forever! Not for a short while! I hope it can happen because the Internet contains so many matters about it! Most things I don't understand. But I'll grow up and will understand.

*New panel:*

*Country-to-country statistics of experimental surgery actions.*

STUDENT 2

- Stop! What are these experiments?

- STUDENT 1

- There's a plan. That humans can again and again change aged organs. It must be carefully prepared by animal experiments.

STUDENT 2

- Frightening! The all, all... Huge masses of artificial animals everywhere! A globe full of thousand-year-old people changing and changing organs! This direction we must not choose!

SMALL BOY 6

I have a message to the adults. That everything will go on the way we want it! You will all be corpses in graves when we will be only forty-five years of age!

STUDENT 2

- Go back to the old man!

*Oedipus, Creon, and his servants.*

OEDIPUS

- Only pre-humans we are! Not the humans that follow us on earth! ... We pre-humans admire nature, respect evolution without realizing what an incredible monster it is! ...Humans! They differ from us progenitors. They dictate to evolution. They determine the character of animals and plants. And themselves and their descendants they form as they like. They reach immortality even, with the perpetual change of organs. Learning how to save soul and mind in the meantime ...The world of mortal people, the world of thmetos as it is called, then ends. Fewer and fewer thmetos remain on earth as centuries pass away. Some thousand years, and no pre-humans will be on earth anymore.

*Sleeping Oedipus again.*

STUDENT 2

Has the movie any other version?

STUDENT 1

-Many. ...Let me show you something. My own version. I did it because the computer movie offers an option of experimenting yourself as a movie maker. Lots of scenes are recorded with no story, no speech, no music. From these you can compose anything you want, even shaping out a new story. We have action movie records, everything exploding, crushing, so on. We have horror, thriller, romantic records. Let me show you just a short cross-section of my movie!

*New panel: Own version*

STUDENT 2

-Let see! ...What records did you use?

STUDENT 1

-Shots from daily life of Colonus! And Sestas! Their neighbors! People with secrets and grave silence! Waiting for God to change all animals and plants within months!

*Pictures illustrate his sentences.*

STUDENT 1

...Their dresses I modified! This way!... Their environment! Everything to thin, long, and high! ...I modified, too, the atmosphere a bit! And music! ...Then looked for a hero in the database! An actor having hundreds of different faces! ...He was my choice. Here he is a dreaming teen boy! Here a hero of action movie! Now Tony the plumber! Pulmonic hiding paleness with color clothes! Half-blood Indian! And so on!

STUDENT 2

He does look like a different person! And in the movie?

STUDENT 1

-As Antique Greek hero, he is recorded. Leandros, he is called. He is interested in serious matters. Behavior of Sestas. What is hidden behind their behavior? Behind their dark silence. Can be they dangerous to Colonus people?

*New and new pictures illustrate his sentences.*

STUDENT 1

- The Oath of Sesta virgins. Leandros feels heavy love for Delia, a Sesta virgin. So the whole movie is a romance. With lovers living far from each other. With the cells of virgins in the mountains. With climbing rocks over gaps.

STUDENT 2

- Why do you show the players so small?

STUDENT 1

- Connecting to the principal computer movie. Evolution created people as small grains...

STUDENT 2

- Go back to the old man! Maybe he is awake!

*New panel: Poetic version. Stars in the sky. Oedipus is sitting on a white marble bench in the warm night. Having white skin he looks like a thin, white, marble sculpture. He talks to a white parrot.*

OEDIPUS

- You parrot! Lucky creature you are! For a long, long time further the parrot species will stay on earth as my species! ...Little, tiny flowers!

You too will spend many more centuries on earth as the pre-human species! You will fill the Globe this time, then later for millions and millions of years. But the thmetos, the pre-human creature, for a few thousands of years only! (*Talking to the small white flowers.*) And how many you are! Billions and trillions today and billions and trillions later on. But the thmetos, the pre-human creature? Some millions only. Maybe a few billions later on. ...Could it be possible that we who think ourselves the wonderful top of living world, we are nothing but just an interesting mote of immeasurable Universe? A small rare creature existing an extremely short time?

*Few rainbow rays appear and swim in the screen.*

OEDIPUS

...Many times I think about the rainbow ray. It is a unique creature! Even to see it is not easy at all! Only for minutes it emerges out of the gloom of ocean! Then disappears! Extreme being! Both noble and evil! It stirs the tranquil life of the sea world! Strokes and kills other creatures! Another time clears and purifies water, charms wonderful everything while swimming away! It delivers one young only! With hard procedure! The female dies at the end of it! ...Could it be that we people are similar creatures? Strange but meaningless small species of the eternal Universe! Beautiful sometimes! Grand! And noble! But first of all roguish and sometimes evil! Could it be that like rainbow rays in oceans, we swim and swim in the gloom of the Universe with no precise ideas about its origin, about its end, with no precise ideas of what it really is?! And like the rainbow rays, we do not suspect either why we are swimming so resolutely or why right in this direction? And until when will we swim? ...Sometimes we scratch water, stir it up, poison it, and soil it! Another time we charm everything glittering and shiny! ...Then the time is over! We work hard for the birth of descendants that are better than us. And finally they are born! Followed by the death of us.

*Rainbow rays disappear.*

STUDENT 2

- What happened finally with the old man? Colonus, did he reach?

STUDENT 1

- Okay. See the end of the story.

*Hectic white birds and parrots. Dramatic music. The dead, white corps of Oedipus is seen on the bench.*

*New panel: 21<sup>st</sup> century. Near Athens, Greece.*

*Bare stones on a field with a high column in the middle. The column has a poem engraved on.*

NARRATOR

Wanderer! If you step on these bare stones, stop for a while!  
Take your hat off, and glance to the depth of archaic past!

*Picture from the daily life of Colonus.*

NARRATOR

Once in a time, verdant fields of ancient Colonus stretched here on!  
Groves, radiating sweet smell, flavor and breeze breath.  
Homes of sweet-smiled, pearl-haired girls,  
muscular youngsters, old men with milk white beard and hair!  
Seeing brightly colored fields, blossoming gardens,  
seeing as brilliant beings of nature live their life  
these people attempted such a thing that Whole Greece had never seen.  
They wanted to turn the gray-minded people  
living their boring life to brilliant beings! With colored souls!  
Into those who are trembling by joys of the life!

*Pictures of the young, then the old Oedipus.*

NARRATOR

Lived there a young man, a very strange one,  
who draining the glass of all joy, all sorrow, all dread,  
at end of his life realized something  
from final secrets of our predestining!

*Picture from the daily life of Colonus.*

NARRATOR

God be with you colorful fields! Beautiful gardens, flowers, fruits!  
God be with you happy land, happy people!

Girls and youngsters, milky white old men!  
There, in the depth of archaic times!  
Have a good sleep there! Have a good sleep!  
And have a nice dream!

STUDENT 2

- Thanks for everything!

STUDENT 1

- Okay!

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### Short excerpts of preparatory note (56)

NARRATOR: DON EDWARD. OIPIPUS, THE YOUNG: PETER MESZAROS. OIPIPUS, THE OLD: LASZLO DOLMANYOS. LEANDROSZ: GABOR REGI. EPHROSZ: PETER SZABO. ZENO: ADRE LANDZAAT.....

ALSO APPEARING: ZITA GOROG, FLORA VARGA, MONIKA VEH, ZSUZSA NAGY, OLIVER BOGDAN, LEVENTE WARGHA, PETER KONCZ, ANDOR KERESZTES, GYORGY BENKOVICS, FERENC KELEMEN, IMRE CSONKA, JENO NAGY, JANOS BERNAT, BALINT SZEL, GABOR VEH, OLIMPIA CSIZMADIA, GABOR TOTH, PAL PALACZKY, ANGELA GAZDIK, VIRAG HYROSS, ILONA BULEJSZA, JULIA BULEJSZA, GERGO GELENCSEI, LASZLO PAPP, ISTVAN PENICS, ISTVAN LINDEMANN, BALAZS BELAI, TAMAS SZAKÁCS, TIMEA BUGOVICS, PETER BOLLA, BALAZS ZIMA, CSABA PIPO, PETER CZUPOR, ZSOFIA TOTH, ZSOLT ENGEL, TIBOR PINTER, BALINT PINTER, ILDIKO BOHM, ZOLTAN SZIGETI, TAMAS SZIGETI.....

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND DESIGN:ZOLTAN DEMME. FIRST CAMERA: ZOLTAN FENYVESI.CAMERAS: PETER PETRUSZ, TIBOR MATHE, ATTILA MESZAROS.SET DESIGN: ZOLTAN DEMME.DESIGN ASSISTANT: ISTVAN LINDEMANN. COSTUME DESIGN: ZOLTAN DEMME. COSTUME DESIGN ASSISTANT: ANGELA GAZDIK. MAKE UP AND HAIR DESIGN: ZOLTAN DEMME. ASSISTANT: ANGELA GAZDIK. CONSTRUCTION: ZOLTAN VARGA. ASSISTANT: ISTVAN PENICS.....

MUSIC CITATIONS. ADAM:GISELLE, excerpts. BIZET: FARANDOLE, excerpts. DEBUSSY: AFTERNOON OF A FAUN, excerpts. DELIBES :COPPELIA, excerpts. DONIZETT:DON PASQUALE, excerpts. DUKAS: L'APPRENTI SORCIER, excerpts. GRUBER:SILENT NIGHT, excerpts. J.HAYDN: SERENADE , excerpts. W.A.MOZART : THE MAGIC FLUTE, excerpts. W.A.MOZART : EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK, excerpts. W.A.MOZART MUSICAL : JOKE, excerpts. NOVARO: L'INNO DI MAMELI, excerpts. OFFENBACH: ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD, excerpts.OFFENBACH: LA VIE PARISIENNE, excerpts.OFFENBACH: TALES OF HOFFMAN, excerpts. PUCCINI : MADAME BUTTERFLY, excerpts. RESPIGHI: PINES OF ROME, excerpts.ROSSINI : SEMIRAMIS, excerpts. ROSSINI: IL SIGNOR BRUSCHINO, excerpts. ROSSINI IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, excerpts.....

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ZOLTAN VARGA. DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN DEMME.....

### Short excerpts of preparatory note (64)

LUCILLE BLISS:Disney movies (Cinderella, 101 Dalmatians, etc. ) Flintstone Christmas Funnymen, Alice in Wonderland, Scream, Star Wars, etc. JENNIFER DARLING: Police Academy, Beauty and the Beast, Hercules, Treasure Planet, Iron Man, Rainbow Valley

**44 ZOLTAN DEME: PROMOTION ONE ----- WORLD PROBLEMS**

Fire Department, Hold the Rice, etc. ANDRE LANDZAAT:Female Animal,General Hospital, Evening in Byzantium, The French Atlantic Affair, After the Shock, Westenwind, etc.....

**Short excerpts of preparatory note (73)**

RECEIVERS OF THE FINISHED AND COMPLETED FILM, IN DVD FORMAT, FROM 2008 AD:  
ROMANCE CLASSICS (USA) IFC-INDEPENDENT FILM CHANNEL (USA) 2X2 TV CHANNEL  
(RUSSIA) 2M (MOROCCO) 3 SAT (GERMANY) ABS/CBN BROADCASTING CORP.  
(PHILIPPINES) ACASA TV (ROMANIA) PRO TV (ROMANIA) AMC - AMERICAN MOVIE  
CLASSICS (USA) AMÉRICA 2 - CANAL 2 (ARGENTINA) SBS (AUSTRALIA) ZDF - Zweites  
D. Fernsehen (GERMANY) Canal+ (FRANCE) ... [and so on up to more than 700 items.]

## **..CHANGING THE NON-LIVING WORLD..**

### **Excerpts of preparatory notes**

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*... prepare the shooting, the editing, and, the completion of a feature film that presents few ways of changing the existing non-living world...*(1) Collect background documents for film-shooting, own MA Moviedirecting Diploma, own State Television Employment IDs, and other own, personal papers and credits... (5) Separate a fund for the film-shooting from the *own, personal savings account...* (8) Select two or three talents for doing the camera work of movie. (9) Organize a Training School for the selected camera persons. (10) In the frame of Training School *personally train the selected camera men...* (14) Select talented actors and actresses. (15) Organize a Training School for the selected actors and actresses. (16) In the frame of Training School *personally train the selected actors and actresses ...* (21) Negotiate the appearance of couple of noted persons and celebrities in movie. (22) Contract with couple of noted persons and celebrities about their appearance in the movie. (23) Make downpayment from the designated fund for the contracted celebrities... (38) Create the motto of the movie. (39) Create the SCRIPT of the film titled Cryptograms based on the drama of Shakespeare: The Tempest... (52) Finish the shooting of the movie (53) Start the editing of the movie... (65) Prepare the full list of the creators of movie. (66) Edit the full list of the creators at end section of movie... (73) Prepare the DVD cover sheet of movie print-ready way. (74) List the names of *celebrities* who appear in this own produced and directed movie on the printed cover sheet... (82) List the Movie Theaters, TV Channels, DVD Distributors, and other receivers of the movie...

**Notebook**

### **Excerpts of preparatory note (38)**

"We develop in the space and on the planets artificial worlds! They will work by those physical rules that we will create! They will work by OUR rules that will be independent of the natural rules, that will be independent of the rules of the entire Universe! And then, we will let the Universe circulate and move around itself, fully separated of us!"

### **Excerpts of preparatory note (39)**

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*Black screen. A text appears: White Eagle is a space colony. It has buildings, streets, parks inside, as any regular city in our Globe. It has ten thousands living units. Its blueprint had been examined and*

*approved by United States authorities. From blueprint to orbiting White Eagle needs six years.*

*The developers and financers of the White Eagle colony are unknown personalities with confidential names. In April 16, 2006, White Eagle project had a jubilee. This day the two thousandth living unit was sold. The owner also is an unknown person! ...Text ends.*

*Dead corpses are hung down in the edges of gaps on the roots of trees. Music. Tall and thin rocks.*

NARRATOR

Columns. Some of them reach one hundred twenty to one hundred thirty feet in height. They are quite unique; there are just a few places on the entire earth where similar ones can be found. However, the most unique feature of this palisade has only been revealed this year. In a very high section, two mountain climbers discovered millions of tiny marks engraved on the stone centuries ago. Many of the marks had been fully destroyed by the weather. Moss, small plants, and other vegetation had also distressed them. In addition, the marks were unfamiliar to the experts. The full text of this archaic message consisting of more than one billion marks was entirely encrypted.

*Music .Strange birds. Title graphics start.  
Pictures of a collapsing island.*

NARRATOR

The place where the mysterious fossil was found is called Forcou, based on the name of cruel Bird-goddess of legends. It is a small island of the Mediterranean Sea. The steep mountains have heavy crevices here as the sand underneath is washed out more and more by the water. The island is collapsing and closing its end; the huge cracks had already reached even the tops. No one lives here; everything is bleak, if this islet rather would be the domain of the brutal Bird-goddess with crumbled mind. ...But who were the people engraving endless marks on these columns? For what reason they did it? And what do these strictly encrypted sentences mean, resisting here the passage of time, surrounded by very strange birds?

*Music .Strange birds. Title graphics continue.*

NARRATOR

Basalt territories were observed on the spot by English scientists. They found that the full text on the columns was a transcription of Latin sentences. Around 800 AD, this text was engraved, with a content that was quite shocking. Especially the final message addressed people of the coming centuries, including us. ...*(IN UNDERTONES)* Somehow, to revive this archaic story, it was an immediate idea among scientists and experts. But with no fictional details! Not like a regular movie! Rather as a very careful reconstruction of the events. A reconstruction that runs in the same places where it originally ran, on Forcou Island, on the land of the brutal Bird-goddess of crumbled mind.

*Music .Strange birds. Title graphics end.*

*A panel appears. In remembrance of those heroes of history, who, for an Honest, Fair, and Brave New World were struggling.*

*Old and damaged cryptograms on rocks. Music.*

NARRATOR

Sins from the past! Mainly of young people who engraved the rocks. Let them sound now and see everything they went through. *(IN UNDERTONES)* In English let them talk for understanding.

SIN 1

A killing disease was spread on the island among native people called calibans. „Mosquito sick”, we named the disease.

*Horrific daily life of the native people of the island.*

SIN 2

A dozen of native people who were still alive used grayish mud against the disease!...

NARRATOR

Red malaria! This is the medical name of the infernal epidemic! Storming through the Mediterranean Islands, it killed millions of people, on many occasion, and disappeared only some centuries ago. Like recent malaria, it was spread by mosquitoes.

SIN 3

All of those who had malaria, vomiting, and diarrhea, calibans chased into a marshy part of the islet, filled with droppings of birds, and filled with bugs and worms.

*Dying calibans and dead corpses of calibans among bugs and worms. Then rocks and cryptograms again.*

SIN 4

This was the second month we spent on the island in seclusion. Prince Prospero had a doubt that the grayish mud the natives used for preventing sickness would protect us.

SIN 5

For berries he searched in his color codices, for those whose pressed oil can scare away mosquitoes.

*Pictures of berries from damaged codices. Music.*

SIN 1

Two of those fellows who didn't use oil died yesterday. We buried them this morning among purple-red and pink rocks.

*Young servants bury the two corpses among purple-red and pink rocks. Music. Many other servants are present having fear of death in their movements and eyes.*

SIN 2

This day, though for a very short time, Prospero allowed praying.

*Ten young servants are praying in a cave with heavy fear and tears on their faces. Lots of crosses are painted on their skin. Noisy bats are above them.*

SIN 1, SIN 2, SIN 3, SIN 4, SIN 5

Our father in heaven: may your holy name be honored; may your Kingdom come; may your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today the food we need. Forgive us the wrongs we have done,

as we forgive the wrongs that others have done to us. Do not bring us to hard testing, but keep us safe from the Evil One.

*Forest. Lots of small wood-crosses are nailed onto the barks of trees. Prospero is coming. Music.*

NARRATOR

Prospero! Prince of Milan, dethroned by his brother, and sent into seclusion, into this islet with some young servants. Nothing more than a huge collection of codices was he allowed to bring here.

*A rocky gap. Music.*

PROSPERO

I don't want to see any more crosses outside the praying cave!!

*Servants take off small wood-crosses from the stone walls.*

PROSPERO

The New World that we developed on this island will not be based on religion! Only that knowledge that humans can control in each single element we will use. To create an entirely new world!! An unimaginably new world! On the top of the hill, from the codices that are kept there, the thoughts of masterminds of mankind we recall as principles of creation.

*On the top of the rocky hill. Prospero and his boy and girl servants.*

PROSPERO

This is the draft of the so-called perfect society, worked out by Chinese scientists for more than forty years! Same thing from India! From Antique Greece! Plan of the Golden Age! Description of the Silver Age!... In this Island no one can overrule our efforts! The worms can eat skin off our legs! We can walk in bird excrement! But these, these gigantic plans become reality here! All! All, that were always wrecked in the outside world by egoism and greed!... Our clothes can rot on us, our hair can be full of lice, but the heroes of human knowledge working solely for the other people's sake, considered outside as madmen, sometimes even killed, will be verified here!!... Could I believe in angels, I would hear their harp

music through the air! Among them, Inscrutable God would pluck the strings on a giant harp!

*Zooming out. Rocky hill behind Prospero has a harp-shape outlook. Now we are on the very top of another rocky hill. Prospero and a few servants are coming.*

PROSPERO

One of the books describes Paradise, summarizing the talk of those people who saw Eden! The other book describes Heaven detail by detail. As told, God himself instructed authors, wishing a substitution of naive imaginations with something real and accurate. No belief I have in either. But both of the books have a few ideas we can probably use...

*Music.*

NARRATOR

Prospero, the Prince, who lived for long time in this lunar land, became a hero of many Mediterranean legends. Most likely, these legends inspired Shakespeare, the English writer, when preserving the strange activities of the prince in a play. These lovely and beautiful tales are popular in the entire world. But they differ from the reality, which is standing engraved on rocks. Reality -- that was something else: bleak and horrific, remembering malaria nightmares.

*Song of a demented, young, caliban-girl. Benito and Gonzalo, two servants, are listening to her.*

BENITO

Is this that mad girl?

GONZALO

Yes. Weaving nettle! Believing that weaving nettle linen and throwing them to corpses, all will revive... Her fingers have little flesh! Mainly bones!

*Setebos, a young caliban, among pink rocks.*

SIN 3

Calibans had a much-hated guy of their own.

SIN 4

Setebos, they named.

SIN 5

Setebos has horribly hurt skin, rotting of mosquito sick, and must wear an animal coat to protect the others. In his body loin and armpit vermin were crawling.

SIN 3

Calibans kicked and beat him, but Setebos turned back to them again, wishing to belong to people, not staying alone as an animal.

*Fight of Setebos and calibans. Music.*

*Forest. Many color birdlime are hung on the trees. Music.*

SIN 1

Prospero tried to figure things to have better food for us. Last days, from barks of Mangolia trees, we collected many and many pellets of color resin.

SIN 2

Lots of birdlime we made of. And we caught five big birds of fine taste yesterday afternoon.

*Prospero and his boy and girl servants.*

PROSPERO

Densely! For liming birds, huge flavor and smell clouds, we must make instead small scattered ones! ... New World! Besides the books of the masterminds of mankind, nature also advises us when creating a new world! ...Go back to the Greeks for better understanding! Greeks believed that their Gods left everything on earth that was not enough merited of eternal existing. The entire nature consists of only such elements, which were not enough merited of eternity: animals, plants, minerals, and so on. ...Look! I'm a Greek now! Watching the forest, I remember from the school why oaks were meritless and stayed on the earth, why mushrooms and mosses stayed on. I

remember what was wrong with oaks, mushrooms, mosses! Each plant gives me an advice, what to avoid! ...Nature! Full of suggestions!

*New sections of bird limes. Prospero and servants arrive.*

PROSPERO

See that stream source surrounded with narcissi! One of my codices reveals why narcissi remained on earth. It shows a figure of legends, Narcissus, the strange young man. He loved himself better than he loved anyone in the entire world, much better than his parents, brothers, or beautiful girlfriends. By the Gods he was sorely punished. He began to feel heavy love for himself! All day long, day by day, he fondled and stroked his image on the water surface. No drinking, no eating at all, and slowly wasting away on the coast of the stream source. Narcissi, the flowers, from his ashes were grown! For the Greeks, they are meaningful! If you love yourself better than anyone else in the world, your mind will be gone, and you will be an unfortunate wretch.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

Other Sins from the past. From other sections of columns...

SIN 4

Diarrhea tortured the dozen of native people who were still alive more and more. Prospero hoped that if we put out oil, calibans could also use it against mosquitoes.

*Forest. Servants are putting down dishes filled with oil onto different places of the ground.*

SIN 5

We had a big fear, if approaching calibans we would get serious problems...

*Forest. Calibans escape themselves when servants appear!*

*Rocks. Very strange cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

...And other sins. Handwriting of guys heavily sick with red malaria... mentioning trees that have thistle shape... mentioning that like big human lizards, calibans were moving up... telling that dark blue eggs, calibans were stealing and eating. ...then telling that Gonzalo tried to help calibans...then some healthy handwriting again. *Thistle-shaped trees. Gonzalo brings blue eggs and put them into empty bird nests.*

*Cryptograms again.*

SIN 1

We gathered bunches of leaves from cinnabar shrubs yesterday.

SIN 2

Prospero told that their smoke prevents mosquitoes coming even at night...

*Prospero and servants gather leaves from cinnabar shrubs*

PROSPERO

New World! Built up on ideas of the masterminds of mankind. Built up on advice of nature! But see our next advisor now. (*To the servants.*) Do not pick yellow ones! Their smoke makes nothing with mosquitoes! ...The Next! The next advisors are sounds and noises! There are huge empires in the east where people know precisely what each single sound of birds suggests. They know the meaning and proposal of sounds of trees, of bushes, of leaves. China, India, these are their names. A Chinese man when stepping outside and spotting chirps all around at once realizes what the most of the sounds advise or warn. I have a Chinese book with some stories in it.

*Pictures of old, white, Chinese codices. Music.*

PROSPERO

Liu, the Mandarin lady, didn't know that man is a creature who senses all concealed intentions very soon.. Liu lived as a hypocrite, hiding and hiding her real opinions in self-conscious calm, while smiling at people. Therefore, a Porcelain Bird appeared! Bird began to talk when

any concealed intentions or opinions of Liu people were spotted! Vainly you are hiding your real character, people realize your true self sooner than you suppose! For Chinese, the talk of Porcelain Bird reveals this advice even nowadays. Or think of India! There the hundred types of noises of ocean contain a hundred types of advice as my codices outline... These proposals we will also use. We'll learn from sounds and noises even...

*Forest. Geometric trees, tall and thin ones.*

SIN 1

Thoughts of Prospero influenced us, especially Ariel, the brownish blond fellow among us.

SIN 2

In the forest for hours he disappeared. He listened to the trees, the birds, he wanted to know more about sounds.

*Ariel in the forest.*

ARIEL

As a book of Prospero describes, some chirping sounds are quite similar to certain female voices. We have to listen daylong and daylong to the forest, and then, then the brain becomes capable of discerning some female songs or melodies from the chirping.

*Ariel hears soprano arias while walking. Then he tastes the bark of a strange tree.*

ARIEL

Does this tree have some sort of secret? Here inside? Or outside?

NARRATOR

... (IN UNDERTONES) No knowledge Ariel has that the bark he is tasting now will cost much, much more than gold some centuries later. Because this tree is the legendary hellus cinnamon, or so-called cinnamon tree. From Europe, this kind of tree disappears soon; then there'll be no other way of getting cinnamon than by leading dangerous expeditions into the east, into grocery islands.

*Thorn. Ariel is listening to the red berries.*

ARIEL

Lots of little balls, giving some rhythm when the wind moves! Giving higher and deeper sounds when clinking! I have to have fantasy to create some sort of melody of their small sounds and noises!

*He gently shakes the berries. Short melodies.*

They have more! They have somewhat more jingling!

*Jingling music. Ariel runs to a gap and climbs down to a blond girl.*

ARIEL

Getting worse...? Dear?

CLARIBEL

Worse...! Much worse...

ARIEL

Cannot be mosquito sick!

CLARIBEL

Could be...! Really...!

*Rocks. Yellowish-brown columns. Very strange cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

A new section of columns, penetrated with red malaria phantasm, tells that human heads, covered with mud and gravel, were perpetually speaking and speaking.

*Talking human heads, covered with mud and gravel.*

NARRATOR

This is a regular symptom of red malaria. All phantasms originate from the immediate surroundings of the sick person, even materials on the skin: the mud, gravel, greens and so on... The sentences of perpetual speech we cite of rocks.

SIN 6, SIN 7, SIN 8, SIN 9, SIN 10

Prospero is creating a new world. For doing this, first he studied the works of masterminds of mankind. Second, he looked for descriptions of Paradise, Religious Worlds, Dreamlands that differed from our world on earth. Third, he tried to recognize what visible nature advises for creation. Fourth, he tried to recognize what audible nature suggests for creating. And fifth, he still wanted to examine something as revealed on a moonlighted, chirping cricket's night.

*Moonlighted night. Prospero, servants. Many small bugs are coming out to listen to Prospero.*

PROSPERO

The fifth area! The suggestions and proposals inherited among everyday people! From grandfather to father, from father to son! These thoughts and ideas of regular, of everyday man, we also collect from the codices...

*Pictures from codices.*

PROSPERO

Compare the thoughts of masterminds of mankind with the instructions of the religious world, with the ideas of everyday people, with suggestions of nature! Compare then select identical proposals from each area! ... The final truths of human knowledge these identical proposals are! The most trustful truths for humans these identical proposals mean! Let them work when creating a quite new world, a world which will change everything, a world which will create new circumstances for people, for animals, and plants.

*Hillside. Sebetos puts oil onto his body first time.*

*Forest. Ariel put one of his ears to the bark of a tree.*

ARIEL

Life inside! Noises of tens and tens of little creatures. Do they have any message? Being Chinese, would I understand it? ...*(He comes to a bush.)* Ordinary berries. Good for nothing. Bitter taste, bad smell. Would I believe that they had some sort of secret? And now! Now, because of them, we are still alive on this island! ...We are walking

and walking on the ground every minute. But somehow! Somehow we forget to try the taste of it! (*He tastes the ground.*) No! No! Can I believe this? ...

*Tears in the eyes of Ariel.*

ARIEL

In the entire world, nothing is like I ever thought! Everything is something other than we suppose... Something else!

*Ariel runs to a gap and climbs down to a blond girl. He tries to fondle her. Music.*

CLARIBEL

Keep there! (*She is anxious.*) You can get this! ...And I am smelly.

*Ariel comes closer. Later he tastes the tears and even the snivel of his lover. Music.*

ARIEL

...A bit better I know you now.

*Rocks. Yellowish-brown columns. Very strange cryptograms. Music.*

*The previous human heads appear covered with mud and gravel. They talk also.*

SIN 6, SIN 7, SIN 8, SIN 9, SIN 10

The Book of Prophecies describes many new worlds. It tells that humans discover soon a new continent, America, and create a new world there, a very rich society.

*Pictures of America in the codices.*

They do this by killing thousands of natives, robbing them of their lands, torturing hundred thousands of African slaves there. The ideas of masterminds, the opinions of generations of everyday people, will mean nothing when creation is going on.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

Another new section of columns. Normal, healthy engravings.

SIN 1

Setebos began to feel trust in oil that remained everywhere out.

SIN 2

He lit oil into eggshells and put them away as spare. Later he hid full plates of it.

SIN 3

When nobody saw him, he lit oil to the tools of other calibans. He put oil even onto the entire place of the nettle-weaving girl.

*Actions of Setebos. Birds are listening to him. Then rocks again.*

SIN 1

Friend of Gonzalo, the brown haired Benito, became more and more pale.

SIN 2

He had heavy fever and cold shivers as others who suffered in mosquito sick.

*Cave. Spiders and bugs.*

BENITO

You help everybody! Even these miserable calibans! ...When being home...You too helped cowards and evil people! ...Why? ...Never had the desire to harm someone? To torture someone?

GONZALO

All the people get so much sorrow and pain when living. Why to add even one more... I do not care who is a good man or who is an evil man. I care what gives people pleasure, what would give people gladness... And from dawn to twilight I do not want to do anything but give a little pleasure to someone every minute. And the other things... all mean nothing.

*Rocks. Yellowish-brown columns. Very strange cryptograms. Music.*

*The previous human heads appear covered with mud and gravel.  
They talk again.*

SIN 10

As the Book of Prophecies describes few tens followed 2000 AD, a fantastic new world people create.

*In the codices the ancient imagination of human-made space colonies we see.*

SIN 6, SIN 7, SIN 8, SIN 9, SIN 10

Until that time, humans had to comply with all rules of nature. But this time they develop artificial worlds in the space by their own rules, independent of nature.

*Pictures from codices appear. Latin sentences.*

*Panel translates the sentences: Not nature, but humans determine the biological and physical laws inside!*

SIN 6, SIN 7, SIN 8, SIN 9, SIN 10

If desired, the stone falls down at a slower or faster speed than now. If desired we can create modified plants, modified animals.

*Pictures from codices. Latin sentences.*

*Panel translates the sentences: We can separate us from Creation, Universe, Nature and we can have own world with own rules!*

SIN 6, SIN 7, SIN 8, SIN 9, SIN 10

As Book of Prophecies describes, for reaching extra privileges, getting more riches and pomp, creators will use artificial worlds in the space. The ideas of masterminds, the opinions of generations of everyday people, will mean nothing when creation is going on.

*Other human heads appear covered with mud and gravel. Pictures from codices also appear. Latin sentences.*

*Panel translates the sentences: Book of Prophecies - NEW WORLDS*

*Other pictures from the codices. Latin sentences.*

*Panel translates the sentences: Humans can put aside Universe, Nature, Creation, and live free of their constraints in a closed world!*

*Again other pictures from the codices. Latin sentences.*

*Panel translates the sentences: THE BEGINNING. Development of the first colonies by hidden faces, unknown persons around 2000 AD.*

SIN 6, SIN 7, SIN 8, SIN 9, SIN 10

As Book of Prophecies describes followed 2000 AD normal people recognize too late that all properties in space colonies are already portioned out among powerful extra rich and privileged potentates. ...As Book of Prophecies describes they develop the luxurious society of superior people in space colonies with no places there for any ordinary man.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 2

Benito felt himself better. Yesterday he did some work with us collecting proposals of codices.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 1

Setebos too felt himself better and better. Sometimes he came near our caves. He practiced how to pronounce our worlds.

*Setebos steals oil and medical plants from servants. The skin on his face looks much better than earlier. He practices how to pronounce the words of servants: yes, no, and so on. Calibans in the background.*

*Other rocks. Cryptograms. Music. Setebos is chased by calibans.*

SIN 1

Through the forest Setebos ran and ran.

SIN2

But towards our caves! We were surprised!

SIN 3

We lived far from the bay; he had to run about eight miles.

*Exhausted Setebos sleeps on the ground near the servants cave. Ariel, Gonzalo, Benito is coming. Calibans are on the top of the hill.*

GONZALO

Breathing!

ARIEL

Carefully! Full of ulcers!

BENITO

Bury him! Cover with soil! We die if touching him!

GONZALO

You fool! Still living!

BENITO

Do not cover up! Full of pox!

GONZALO

Oiled himself...! His face and neck are clean!...

ARIEL

Carry him into the stream! There he probably will wake up!

*Carrying the unconscious Setebos to the stream.*

BENITO

We're mad! Reviving a skeleton! ...Don't throw that rotten animal coat into the water! Get off!

*The servants throw Setebos into the stream. Setebos awakes. The servants invite him by their hands saying 'yes, yes' as he stands up from the water. With a little fear Setebos answers: 'yes, yes'.*

GONZALO

*(IN UNDERTONES)* Not a skeleton! At all!

ARIEL

*(IN UNDERTONES)* Tortured and racked and racked! And now nicer and stronger than anyone on the island!

*Setebos looks his naked body up and down, and spots that no hurts remained on it at all. He starts to shout to the servants, to the other calibans, to the rocks, hills and mountains 'Yes! Yes! Yes!'* Music.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 1

At the outermost part of the island, on the east shore, a new world appeared.

SIN 2

We did not even spot when it was made.

SIN 3

Snow white houses we saw everywhere. With people wearing white veils.

*Pictures of the white houses with people wearing white veils.*

SIN 1

Where these people were walking, always very soft singing and music were sounded.

*The music is too sweet, it makes a strange suspicion relating to the people who wear the white veils.*

SIN 2

Beyond the houses, they had flowers everywhere, with a sweet and narcotic smell.

NARRATOR

These people are Moors. The army of Caliph Assad, the Second, defeated from India to the Spanish coasts all countries and islands in the middle of the eighth century, and made small colonies everywhere.

SIN 1

Closed to the houses, a territory behind red rocks was guarded extremely closely... We did not know what was going on there...

*Mysterious red rocks. Horrific music.*

SIN 2

Calibans amazed us. Suddenly they left their every owning. They hid into trunks, deep holes and hollows and came out only at night.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

A heavily destroyed section of the palisade.

SIN 4

White toga scientists came!

SIN 5

They looked for Prospero! Looked for his codices!

*Prospero and Moors among white flowers. Soft and sweet music.*

MOOR SCIENTIST 1, MOOR SCIENTIST 2

Solely Assyrian codices of your collection we need. For us all others are insignificant.

PROSPERO

Assyrian codices? But they are not valuable! Though they look beautiful and elegant, they contain only superstitions and quackeries!

MOOR SCIENTIST 1, MOOR SCIENTIST 2

You are not skilled in mysticism. The mission of our empire is ceasing dependency of us of the rules of nature. We develop here on earth, in space, on planets, some artificial worlds, working by our own

rules, that are independent of nature, independent of the Universe. We place all superior people in these artificial worlds. And let the Universe circulate or move around itself, separated of us.

*White flowers. Soft music.*

MOOR SCIENTIST 1, MOOR SCIENTIST 2

Do these Assyrian codices support our efforts! They describe and list many magic power petals, magic mushrooms, mysterious minerals giving transcendent energy and power.

PROSPERO

But Sirs...! Neither nature nor the Universe is yours! Not leaders, emperors, and superior people got it as their own possession, but each single person on earth! Nor hidden faces, hidden life dominators got it as their own property, no, but every person! ...Do not dare to touch the rules of nature without agreeing of each person, even maimed, starved, or the crippled creeping on the ground!! And how come, that you don't consider the ideas of masterminds or opinions of generations and generations on issue?!!

MOOR SCIENTIST 1, MOOR SCIENTIST 2

Please!... Better to throw all of your codices into the waves of the sea. None of them leads to happiness. Other things delight human beings not the knowledge: the freeing of their instincts, junketing dishes and drinks, heaping and heaping up money, sexual narcosis, glamor, and pomp. More! The freeing of brutal instincts, of animal instincts! The torturing of hated people, the brutal domination of people, power, power, and strength!...

*Rocks in the moonlight. Cryptograms. Music. Echo voice.*

MOOR SCIENTIST 1, MOOR SCIENTIST 2

Yes!..The freeing of brutal instincts! The brutal domination of people, power, power, power!...

SIN 1

...The Chambers!

*Pictures of varied chambers made by the Moors. Flowers everywhere, with sweet and narcotic smell. Soft music.*

SIN 2

Carnal Chambers! With poor small girls abused in soapy music.

SIN 3

Liquor Chambers! Drinks there with mad and narcotic aroma.

SIN 2

Treasure Chambers! With drunken soldiers weltering among jewelry, gems, and gold.

*Flowers everywhere, with sweet and narcotic smell. Soft music.*

SIN 4

Torture Chambers! One of them had thousands of dangerous wild wasps inside. Others were like fiery furnaces, burning the hair and skin of screaming people.

SIN 5

Then the narrow cells where people were starved for a month! There some miserable wretches ate their own excrement.

SIN 4

And we still cannot guess what is in the guarded places, what is among the red rocks...

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

The last section of the damaged columns. Fragments here and there.

SIN 4

In heavy danger we were, all of us. Anyone these people could catch.

SIN 5

Our bitter story that time we started engraving on stones. We had a desire to leave something more on earth not only our skeletons, urine, excrement.

SIN 4

We had a hope if using cryptograms people maybe will show interest in what is encrypted, in what we went through.

*The servants are engraving rocks. Music.*

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 1

And the trees became full with crosses again.

SIN 2

Benito died following tortures. Setebos too.

SIN 3

Ariel lost his lover...

*Sweet music of the Moors. Flowers. Prospero and Moor Soldiers.*

MOOR SOLDIER 1, MOORE SOLDIER 2

You called our soldiers cruel when you came complaining!... Wrong. Just happy humans they are. They free their far deepest instincts even. For a tiny example: they find a very archaic pleasure of man. The delight when murdering! An ancient ecstatic joy!... We do honor and esteem real instincts of man. You know who are among red rocks that your servants want always to see? Cannibal groups of our armies! Our best fighters, delighted by killing and delighted by tasting flesh and blood! We fatten for them the natives we catch! ...Natives have tattooed skin under the mud in most cases! ...Tattooed skin! ...It looks beautiful in houses and tents! We have a huge collection of such skins of every part of world...

*Servants engrave the rocks. Cryptograms. Morning music.*

SIN 5

When morning came, we already were among the rocks.

*Ariel stops his work and steps to Prospero. He kneels down.*

ARIEL

Sir! Tattoo the truths we gathered all onto my skin! The tattooed skin is the sole thing what the Moors carry away of this island! I leap up then hide on their ship with tat toes on my skin!

PROSPERO (*Thinking.*)

No way. Fully unreasonable! You'll lose your life and nothing relevant will happen! Because the truths, the truths we gathered, the world outside of the island will not use!

ARIEL

For what reason, Sir?

PROSPERO

Because these truths born of hard struggles of masterminds, under the control of generation after generation, simply do not interest people. Maybe the fact that fully trustful truths are collected somewhere could make a small surprise, a minute one, but otherwise no one would care! ...Ticks with no teeth, mosquitoes with no suckers we are on the skin of people in the outside world! ...Though this collection rather is a compass! Anyone being faced with a hard or complicated problem could see what masterminds recommend about it, could see what religion advises, could see what nature suggests or other everyday people propose.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 3

Soldiers became committed to clearing up the island! Of calibans, of us!

SIN 4

We too began to hide into trunks.

SIN 5

...Others hide to the bottom of the water. Breathing through reeds.

SIN 4

Still lots were killed in the forest then thrown out... Corpses had been hung down the edges of gaps on roots.

*Dead corpses on the roots of trees. Like at the beginning of the movies. Music.*

*A new section of rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 1

Among the highest tops we placed ourselves. Prince Prospero, Ariel, Gonzalo, and few others, who were still alive.

ARIEL

Sir! Not late to do tattooing!

GONZALO

Sir! Too I am ready!

PROSPERO

Don't tattoo anything. Too young and naive you are...! For instance, you think leaders and commanders are responsible for everything, though the butchers, the main villains, are others! Those common soldiers and common people who accurately carry out everything with no resistance! And by human people, anyone can execute any villainy! ...Could be the Book of Prophecies is rather right, and rather there will be times when every continent becomes a huge battlefield with millions of people slaughtering each other? Rather there will be places where millions of innocent men will be burnt day by day in kilns? And people will go there to do this, will set to do this, and will carry it out! Because almost each person is a Narcissus! Loving himself by far the best! His greatest impression of the entire world, of the entire Universe, is he himself. Giving day by day to himself small joys, advantages, liking if his kids follow his features, his thought, loving if they live like a better copy of him! And the person who is a Narcissus will do anything if in danger!... Maybe there even will be realized such artificial worlds of superior people that are planned by these Moors?! And people will go again to do that, will set to do that, and will carry it out. Because they are like Narcissus. Like Narcissus.

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

SIN 5

During the following long night, Gonzalo and fellows tattooed the entire body of Ariel! Prospero was sleeping.

SIN 2

Ariel behaved calmly. But later he decided to stay alone. He desired to take farewell of trees, of bushes, and even of muddy and dusty ground that carried him for his twenty-one years.

SIN 1

Once he had heavy fear of death, tears in eyes, which disappeared shortly afterwards. Then he walked away.

*In the forest, before getting up to the ship and dying there, Ariel is praying with tears in his eyes. Music.*

ARIEL

You! Who live thousands and thousands of years after us! Of whom I do not even know that who are! Leave there those battlefields, and simply go home! Do not come to those kilns, don't make any work there, never burn people! Live not as Narcissus, nor bring up your child as a Narcissus! ...By you! By you! Be no villainies executed!!... Do stand up in your places and do act when villainies are perpetrated by the superior people!

*Rocks. Cryptograms. Music.*

NARRATOR

The last cryptograms on the mountain side. About Ariel there are a few sentences only. That having the tattooed writings on his skin, some ragged clothes on his body, like a tick he clung to the side of a snow white ship that was moving out of the island! ...A fragment follows this, telling that Moors killed two other calibans. By the English scientists, all the other columns were carefully examined, using even some chemical methods. However, further fragments or marks on stones were not been found.

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### **Short excerpts of preparatory note (65)**

NARRATOR: JOHN STURGEON. PROSPERO : LESLIE A.VARADY . ARIEL: GABOR REGI.  
SETEBOS: BALINT SZEL. GONZALO: GABOR TOTH . BENITO: ZOLTAN FENYVESI .

## **70 ZOLTAN DEME: PROMOTION ONE ----- WORLD PROBLEMS**

CLARIBEL: SYLVIA PALOS. MOOR LEADER: ANDRE LANDZAAT.....

ALSO APPEARING: ZOLTAN VARGA, ENDRE DOMOKOS, DANIEL SEYFRIED, GABI KELEMEN, PETER MESZAROS, ANITA BAKA, ANETT UTASSY, DON EDWARD, ISTVAN LINDEMANN, ZSOLT TIDRENCZEL, LEVENTE WARGHA, ISTVAN KATZ, ANGELA GAZDIK LEVENTE MATHE, BALAZS BELAI.....

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND DESIGN:ZOLTAN DEMME. FIRST CAMERA: TIBOR VAJDA. CAMERAS: PETER PETRUSZ, TIBOR MATHE, ATTILA MESZAROS.SET DESIGN: ZOLTAN DEMME. DESIGN ASSISTANT: ISTVAN LINDEMANN. COSTUME DESIGN: ZOLTAN DEMME. COSTUME DESIGN ASSISTANT: ANGELA GAZDIK. MAKE UP AND HAIR DESIGN: ZOLTAN DEMME. ASSISTANT: ANGELA GAZDIK. CONSTRUCTION: ZOLTAN VARGA. ASSISTANT: ISTVAN PENICS.....

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ZOLTAN VARGA. DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN DEMME.....

### **Short excerpts of preparatory note (74)**

LUCILLE BLISS:Disney movies (Cinderella, 101 Dalmatians, etc. ) Flintstone Christmas Funnyman, Alice in Wonderland, Scream, Star Wars, etc. JENNIFER DARLING: Police Academy, Beauty and the Beast, Hercules, Treasure Planet, Iron Man, Rainbow Valley Fire Department, Hold the Rice, etc. ANDRE LANDZAAT:Female Animal,General Hospital, Evening in Byzantium, The French Atlantic Affair, After the Shock, Westenwind, etc.

### **Short excerpts of preparatory note (82)**

RECEIVERS OF THE FINISHED AND COMPLETED FILM, IN DVD FORMAT, FROM 2008 AD: ROMANCE CLASSICS (USA) IFC-INDEPENDENT FILM CHANNEL (USA) 2X2 TV CHANNEL (RUSSIA) 2M (MOROCCO) 3 SAT (GERMANY) ABS/CBN BROADCASTING CORP. (PHILIPPINES) ACASA TV (ROMANIA) PRO TV (ROMANIA) AMC - AMERICAN MOVIE CLASSICS (USA) AMÉRICA 2 - CANAL 2 (ARGENTINA) SBS (AUSTRALIA) ZDF - Zweites D. Fernsehen (GERMANY) Canal+ (FRANCE) ... [and so on up to more than 700 items.]

# APPENDIX



## ... FEW FACTORS OF THE ABOVE ACTIVITIES...

### Excerpts of preparatory notes

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Write a theater play that deals with the problem of the Human Ego (1).....  
...Write a theater play that deals with the problems of Human Society (2) ...  
..... Write a theater play that deals with the problem of existence of God (3)

**Notebook**

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### Excerpt of preparatory note (1)

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**EGO** DARK COMEDY. ONE MAN SHOW. 2 ACTS.

#### ACT 1.

*Golgotha. Night time. Nothing is visible from Via Dolorosa, Sacred Grave, and Chapel. Myriads of lights of Jerusalem City in the background.*

*On the Calvary Hill a Memorial Park we see. It is under construction at recent. In the middle, a GIGANTIC MONUMENT OF EGO is built up, but it is covered, and will be covered during the play, with dark protection canvas. Other monuments all around, also covered, and will be covered, with dark protection canvases. Myriads of bird droppings on the protecting materials. Here and there a few opened graves. Soil, few bones, skulls.*

*EGO arrives. EGO is a giant monster. He is higher than the humans and looks like a puppet. A large fancy-dress he wears. Large fancy-dress, like a big helmet, fully covers his face, his head, his back, his chest, and it ends at his stomach. Giant, helmet-like fancy-dress has a solid structure, with an actor inside, who carries the structure on his shoulders.*

*On the top of the fancy-dress the Giant Head of EGO we see. Like Gods, the head of EGO has only one eye. It too has an opened mouth, with vampire teeth to suck blood, with shark teeth to destroy living beings, and with rounded pig teeth for gobbling. Chest and back of the fancy-dress with dragon flakes are covered. Ears of EGO are added with acoustic funnels, big ones both sides, to hark and eavesdrop people. Hair of EGO follows the latest fashion style. Perfume on the face of EGO has ambrosial smell, people in the auditorium everywhere can sense it.*

*Fancy-dress of EGO has many built-in boxes and cells. Lots of his triumph cups and medals are visible in. Fancy-dress too has large pockets. These are full with many small odds and ends as audience will see when the play goes on. Fancy-dress does not cover the arms, the elbows, the hands, these the actor can use with no objection.*

*Outside the decorated fancy-dress, the body of EGO makes a poor, even piteous impression. He has thin and furry hands and legs. He has overused slippers. He has off-white old pants with holes on the back. Nothing but these age worn slippers and pants he wears. However, EGO is a proud and satisfied personality. He has a bass voice and grunts sometimes like a hog.*

*The EGO PUPPET two different persons embodies and unites in this play. EGO 1, the fancy-dressed monster acts as principal character. But he has a closed window on his chest, and he pulls off and on the window-cover sometimes. A human face becomes visible each occasion when window cover pulled off. This is the face of the actor, who carries the fancy-dress structure on his shoulders. This is the face of EGO 2, the second character. EGO 2 hates the fancy-dressed hog. He is intelligent, educated, and smart.*

*Speech of EGO 1 and EGO 2 by the same sole actor will be delivered during the play. From EGO 1 the living speech or a record equally is acceptable. From EGO 2 living speech is required.*

*EGO 1. (Carrying a junk paper bag, he sprinkles corn onto the monuments covered with canvases and bird shit. He is happy. He grunts and grunts satisfied.) Hmm... Hmm... Stench here!.. Shit and shit!... Fine!! Great!... (Turning his head to the sky.) Hey! My dear little pigeons! Come here! Shit please more! (Sprinkling corn.) I have sweet corn for you! (Turning his head upward again.) I have here lots of monuments for you! Please have the habit of dripping here! Once you have this habit I pull off these canvases and you can shit directly to the statues! All of them you can shit!... Come pigeons! All prestigious statues have lots of bird shit! No shit, no prestige!...(He likes his*

*joke. He guffaws and guffaws.)* Hey pigeons!! Come! Come and shit!...

*Oh his chest, after pulling off the window-cover, the face of EGO 2 appears.*

EGO 2.*(Angrily, impatiently.)* Slowly you do!... Give it to me!...

*EGO 1 puts down the paper bag. EGO 2 lifts it up and sprinkles the corn with higher speed and with different movement.*

EGO 1. *(Talking from high horse.)* Don't rush me!... *(Pause. Angrily.)* Too much corn you throw out! Expensive!... And rather we need this fucking memorial park?

EGO 2. Shut up! I know that you are happy!... *(Imploringly.)* Oh Lord!... Free me!! Free me!... Free from this monster!

EGO 1.*(Still from the high horse.)* Relax!... Relax!!

EGO 2. You animal!! No way to get rid of you! *(More angrily.)* Everybody has to carry you!!... *(With hate and abhorrence.)* Like God you rule everything!... Then have and have these statues here! Have twenty great statues!... Twenty?? No! Thirty!... Forty!...*(Shouting.)* One hundred!!... Five hundred!!... You do the human history even! You, like I said! You, the ego of each single person!... Both history and civilization you shaped out! *(Trembling from the hate. Almost crying.)* Get! Get the hundreds and hundreds of monuments!

EGO 1.*(Thinking. Grunting.)* Hmm... Hmm...

EGO 2. *(Still trembling from the hate.)* Plus! Plus! You have eternal life! You'll reborn in each single baby!!... Get then! Get the glorious monuments!

EGO 1.*(With affected modesty.)* Hmm... But why on the Calvary Hill?... Okay that the place is rather good for a memorial park. *(Looking all around.)* Hmm... Plot is a bit drafty, but Jesus Christ here was crucified, so this little hill truly has a good mass media value. Hmm... But why here?

EGO 2. This is a traditional place of you, fuck! Yes! Traditional place of the self-loving egos! During the history, here the top people made own memorial parks again and again! *(Sprinkling the corn.)* Yeah! Monuments they built here for themselves! It was a trendy project always!... Place of Jesus Christ became full with private monuments! Yes! Here they stood one after the other! *(With hate and abhorrence.)* As your monuments will stand! All of your acts will be glorified!

EGO 1.*(Grunting.)* Hmm... Hmm... *(Looking round. Spotting something.)* And there, those opened graves?

EGO 2.*(With hate. Hissing.)* They were just opened by the 'Skull of Adam' Archaeological Association. As the legends tell Adam's skeleton also is here.

EGO 1. What??... *(Excitedly.)* And??... What happened?... Did they find it?

EGO 2. *(Sarcastically.)* I am very, very sorry to tell you, but the skull of Adam, and the skeleton of Adam, is still missing. However, the volunteers did

find remains and remains of personal memorial parks, instead. (*Stopping at a heap of soil. Putting down the bag. Forcing himself to smile. Forcing himself to have teeth bright and to be cheerful like a media man.*) Please have a look around! (*Lifting a fossil up.*) Remains of the Memorial Park of the Miczurkiewicz Family, of Poland. That stood here longer than two hundred years. (*Lifting a fragment up.*) Equestrian statue of Count Bohumislav Miczurkiewicz. Regrettably, only the ass of the horse, and the right side hoof of the horse remained. (*Lifting other fragment up.*) Countess Ekaterina Miczurkiewicz, dressed as Celestial Angel. Showing the difference of her and the regular celestial angels, Countess Ekaterina had three angel wings on her back. Probably, Her Excellence used the third wing for navigation purpose. (*He throws back the fossil with an abhorrence.*)

EGO 1. (*Spotting something again.*) Hey! (*Shouting loudly and happily*) You see?!... Yahoo!! I discovered!! I! Myself!... (*Majestically like a king.*) Over there, that skull must be the skull of Adam!

EGO 2. No. That is the skull of Countess Bibi. (*Lifting the skull up. Keeping the media man smile. Keeping the quick and ironic speech.*) Countess Bibi Miczurkiewicz had legendary big teeth, like those ones that the horses have. These legendary big, horse-like teeth appear even on a painted portrait of Bibi, the noble virgin. Painter Boroslav Tadeus, obviously, was immediately executed after creating such an indiscreet, real picture. However, the portrait was preserved, and the skull of the noble virgin was identified.

EGO 1. (*Checking the skull.*) Hmm... Such big horse-like teeth I never had!... Nor even in my childhood!

EGO 2. (*With hate.*) Fuck! About anything always just you, yourself comes in your mind ?!

EGO 1. (*Majestically.*) Yes! Anytime, anywhere, about anything always just myself comes in my mind!

EGO 2. Shame on you fuckhead! (*Throwing back the skull. Lifting a fragment up. With a quick and ironic speech again.*) Oh! Ascension of Countess Eleanor Miczurkiewicz to the Heaven! At the Gate of the Heaven, Jesus Christ himself salutes the fat lady, while the Holly Spirit, as a pigeon, eats some corn from the palm of the countess. (*Throwing back the fragment. Stopping at a grave.*) Tomb of Tatiana Rhapsodica! The Russian Princess! Tatiana Rhapsodica, by the torture and death of Jesus, first of all of her own pains was reminded. Consequently, on her tomb statue, Tatiana Rhapsodica on a crucifix appears. On her left Prince Rhapsodic wee see, who hammers a big nail into the palm of the unhappy princess. (*Lifting a fragment up. Showing to EGO 1 the palm with a big nail. Throwing it back with abhorrence.*) Crucified rogues also appear on the monument! Lyudmila and Svetlana, the dressers of Tatiana Rhapsodica they are, who were very slow workers and made the princess nervous each morning. (*Stopping at an other grave.*) Henry, the Pigeon-hearted! The Bavarian prince! During his long life, Henry, the Pigeon-hearted...

*EGO 1 farts. Then he does it again.*

EGO 1. *(Guffawing. Lifting his head toward the audience.)* Tell them, that the bold fellow, there in the back, he did!... Just tell them!

EGO 2. You animal!! *(Shouting loudly.)* All day long you would do nothing else just gobble, fart, and fuck!... *(Pulling the window up.)* Enough. I'm fed up with you. *(He disappears.)*

EGO 1. *(Laughing satisfied.)* Hihihhi!... *(Something comes into his mind.)* By the way! Fucking! God them kidnappers! Who trade with little girls! They really outrageous are!

EGO 2. *(A bit pulling off the window.)* What kidnappers?

E1. The kidnappers, at home! At the border region! Who just simply rush into the shelters of poor people and catch small girls! *(Fired up.)* Fuck! They force the small girls out with guns! Then they sell them as prostitutes!... And we do not act against it!... But how we could act? How a simple guy could act? *(Becoming furious.)* But! But!! If they would even just touch Diana, the beautiful little daughter of me, I would riddle of them with bullets and bullets immediately! *(Howling.)* Immediately!!... *(From behind a statue a rifle he lifts up. He shoots and shoots audience, using empty cartridge.)* Immediately!!... *(He is furious and frenetic, he just shoots and shoots and shots.)* Immediately!!... Immediately!

EGO 2. *(Becoming furious too.)* Hey! Stop!... Stop!! *(Using his left hand he holds down EGO 1's right arm.)* Stop it! Immediately!!... *(He takes the rifle after struggling. He throws the rifle onto the ground. He kicks it away.)* Butcher! Wild animal!! *(He pulls the window up.)*

EGO 1. Relax! Relax please!... Allright! Allright! Just better if everybody knows what happens if someone touches my little daughter!... How beautiful she is! How white and silky skin she has! *(Grunting.)* Hmm!... Hmm!... But these little chickens could be also very nice!... Fresh, young, peachy! With smooth pussy! With snow-white smooth mammas!... Hmm!... Little virgins!... Imagine, that two or three of them kneel in front of me naked! Their little snow-white mammas I just stroke and stroke. One of them turns her little face to my groin gently!... Her beautiful face she places onto my penis smoothly!...

*EGO 2 squirms. Sometimes he pulls off and on the window cover. Story a bit excites him. But finally he disappears.*

EGO 1. She then kisses and kisses the hot penis of me!... Sweet tongue of her then licks and licks and licks my penis!...

EGO 2. *(Pulling furiously down the window.)* Stooooooooooooop! Stop it!!... Do you think for you anything is allowed?!...

EGO 1. *(Grunting in undertone.)* Hmm... Hmm...

EGO 2. *(Because of the sexy story, a bit he is still excited. But he tries to go*

over it.) Brrr!... Where the fucking corn is? (*Lifting the bag up. Sprinkling furiously the corn.*) You turd!... No way to be free of you! Even of your dirty phantasm!!... (*Pause. More furiously.*) You barbaric! You butcher!!

EGO 1.(*Calmly. But talking from high horse.*) You talk baloney!... Harmless, amicable, peaceful guy I am! Solely if Diana comes into question I feel anger.

EGO 2.(*Shouting down EGO 1.*) What?? Harmless peaceful guy??... A hidden killer!Hidden butcher!That is what you are! (*Angrily. Quick speech.*) Who had tolerated with no resistance, with not even word, when during the War Nazis carried away all tipsy persons of your streets and neighbor streets? That time who sat at home in silence with shit in the pants?

EGO 1.(*With sweet calmness.*) Everybody.

EGO 2. You knew where tipsy people were carried! You knew that no one will stay alive! Did you get angry? Did you protest against it?

EGO 1.(*Affably.*) Only inside of me. In my mind. Like the other people in the town. (*Becoming furious.*) But fuck! Fuck! What a fucking hell I could do??... Whom I could unite with to do something?? Whom??

EGO 2.(*Slowly, sarcastically.*) With the other people in the town!

EGO 1.(*From the high horse.*) Idiot. Same fear they felt for themselves that I felt for me!

EGO 2. You see? Do you see??... Who made possible mass murdering? The coward egos! Green lights for the holocaust who gave? The egos! By their fear for their own skin!... Yes! (*Sarcastically.*) Because of your great and wonderful self-love, in the previous centuries one million people, and now six millions of people died!

EGO 1.(*Shouting.*) Fuck off!! Stupid!!.. Chiefs dictated the commands! Chiefs gave out commands!

EGO 2.(*Calmly.*) Come on! Vainly give out any chief any command to anyone if nobody carries it out!...(Ironically. Imitating EGO 1.) Hey pigeons! My dear little pigeons!... Come here!

EGO 1.(*Reprehending.*) Do not waste so much corn!! You fuck!!... Do you hear me?!

EGO 2.(*Paying no attention to EGO 1.*) Pigeons! My dear little pigeons! Come!... I have sweet corn for you!... (*Spotting few new statues with quite new covering material. These have less pigeon shit on.*) Oh!! Oh! The statues of our family also arrived! (*Putting down the bag. Lifting up canvases.*) Where is the monument of Goose Ass, our first wife?

EGO 1.(*Reprehending.*) Angelica!... Please!... Keep your self-control!

EGO 2. Angelica??!!... Twice in the life or less you called her Angelica!... Name her Goose Ass as usual! (*Hissing.*) As you did when talking to friends, to neighbors, and to other people!

EGO 1.(*Dumbfounded.*) God! What did you do? Did you order Statue for Goose Ass for a lot of money!... Crazy you are!

EGO 2. *(With quick speech. As impertinently as earlier.)* Wrong, my friend! Goose Ass was bigger beldam than the Norwegian Queen's Mother herself, plus she was excellent in cock sucking, making more clever job with her lips probably, than the hare-lipped majesty. So, knowing that for you how important is your cock, poor Goose Ass rather merits a nice statue. *(Lifting up canvases.)* But where is the monument of Elephant Ass our second wife?

EGO 1. In front of you! You jerk! Open your eyes!

EGO 2. *(Lifting the canvas up a bit. Checking the monument.)* Hmm... Let me make a short note. Elephant Ass a hidden drinker was. Considering that she always stole and stole beer cans and vine pots from your hidden places, I have to disagree with the artist who placed ambrosia stoop and nectar stoop into her hands!... And those two chubby angels? Who they are?

EGO1. The kids! You idiot! Al, and Joseph Walker William Herbert George.

EGO2. Not authentic. As you know, Al, and Joseph Walker William Herbert George thin boys were! Though, as per your contemporary comment, from down to twilight they did not do anything else than gobbling and shitting, gobbling and shitting. *(Looking around.)* Hmm... Your equestrian statue? Where is it?

EGO 1. For fucking hell I need equestrian statue? Out of fashion, you jerk!

Ego 2. *(With hate. With quick speech.)* I know that the honor of Saint George who kills the dragon from a horse with a pike is rather outside of your ambition. However, the happy life for Al and for Joseph Walker William Herbert George you made unavailable by your illimitable selfishness. Thus, you are unquestionably qualified for an equestrian monument whereon you stick and stick your pikes into the throats of the kids. *(Pause. Hissing.)* Life of Diana will be the same.

EGO 1. *(Furiously.)* Fuck up you! Careful, diligent, honest family man I was always! Just to keep the food for the kids I ate smaller portions sometimes !

EGO 2. And when children were glancing aside at once you stole meat chops from their plates.

EGO 1. *(Shouting.)* Shut up!!... Decades I sacrificed!! For upbringing my children well!

EGO 2. But a book you never read, an art exhibition you never saw, and a symphonic concert you never visited. Consequently, the exceptional lyric talent of Al made you unhappy and angry, thus, he works now day by day as the sixty seventh clerk of an insurance company. Ambition of Joseph Walker William Herbert George to be a concert violinist made you also angry, you just shook and shook of nervousness each afternoon when he was practicing violin solos, so, now he is a proud owner of a vegetable store somewhere at the very end of the world.

EGO 1. *(Shouting.)* Stoooooooooop!!

EGO 2. *(Hissing.)* Sprinkle the corn! For the dear pigeons of you! *(He disappears after pulling the window up.)*

EGO 1. *(Lifting the bag up. Sprinkling the corn. Grunting.)* Hmm... Wise ass!

Wise ass you are!... Telling that I was not a good parent! *(He becomes very angry.)* Me?? Meeeeeee??.... Fuck up you!... *(He stops in a sudden.)* Pee... I have to piss!

*EGO 1 is lazy to leave the downstage for hiding himself behind a monument. Piss, yellow water appears on stage.*

EGO 2.*(Pulling the window off.)* Yeah! The bold fellow, there in the back, he was again!... Am I right?

EGO 1.*(With sweet calmness.)* Yeah! *(Smiling.)* Yeah!!...

EGO 2. Fuck up! Control yourself! Have please some self-control!

EGO 1. For what reason? *(Moving his hand towards the audience.)* Do you think they had never pissed at the open air? ...Otherwise I like to rule other persons! Not myself. *(Pridefully.)* I am this kind of guy! Period.

*Hallelujah from the direction of Chapel and Sacred Grave. EGO 1 turns toward the sound. Colorful smoke strips also appear.*

EGO 2. You see! Get the glorification! You turd!... Get this glorification!

EGO 1. *(Talking from high horse. Wisely.)* Too many candles elder women use at the Sacred Grave. *(Turning his head downwards for checking.)* Hmm... And they listen to our words! God them old wigs!... But!... But!! Me too posses something! *(The bag he puts aside. Acoustic funnels of his head he switches on. Blue lights become to flash at his ears.)* Better to hearken with this! *(He likes his device very much.)* Huhh!!... Along the life I harkened with no stop! And you?

EGO 2.*(Getting confused.)* Yeah... I was also present. *(He pulls off the window cover.)*

*Intolerably loud elder women voices. Earsplitting songs and jeremiad.*

EGO 2.*(Pulling down the window. Screaming.)* Switch off!!...

EGO 1.*(Pridefully.)* The highest technology! An FBI release for private persons. *(Turning down the device. Confidentially, in undertone.)* Up to this time more than twenty million people ordered it! *(Happily turning the knobs off and on.)* Focusing is also possible!... *(From the big funnels small ones come out.)* Listen to those cripple old wigs on the right! Harken their talk! *(Starting to turn on the device.)*

EGO 2.*(Screaming again.)* Turn it off!!... Do you hear me?!... *(He lifts his hand upward, fingers the knobs, turns the device off.)* We're here to force the bird to shit! Plus, to check your glorious monuments! That is it!*(He lifts the bag up and sprinkles corn. Sarcastically.)* Peeping? To peep you also want?

EGO 1.*(With a self-satisfied smile.)* Not these ones. Not old wigs!...

EGO 2.*(Stopping at a grave.)* Oh!! The friars of Society of Zebedeus!... To

these Zebedeus friars let me call your extra attention. Zebedeus friars considered as unforgivable crime if someone acted under the rule of his ego! Friars desired to build down and cancel the egos of people!... Do you hear me??... They desired to exterminate you!!

EGO 1.(*Thinking. Grunting.*) Hmm... Hmm...

EGO 2. Just relax!... Don't be furious!...

EGO 1.(*Amicably.*) Hmm... Don't think that I am an evil guy!... (*A bit shamefaced.*) I'm truly tired of myself sometimes.

EGO 2.(*Simulating happiness and satisfaction.*) Wow!! I think we will warm up sooner or later! (*With simulated kindness.*) May I offer you some sweet corn! (*He lifts the bag to the face of EGO 1.*)

EGO 1. (*A bit kindly. Guffawing.*) Hmmm... Hmmm... Hmmm...

EGO 2. So, dear friend, of what reason you are so unhappy with yourself?

EGO 1. Each fucking week a have to cut my toenails! Each fucking day I have to wipe my shitty ass! And I have many other problems!... To follow the hair-fashion styles time by time, this is too hard for me! More! If the fashion dictates I have to wear ugly striping shirts, then, afterwards, uglier chequer ones! (*Bitterly.*) If fashion directs, I have to trim the fur above my cock short! Next time, if fashion that way dictates, I have to let it grow!

EGO 2. (*Ironically.*) Rather a horrible fate!... Dear! Tell me more!

EGO 1. (*With prudishness.*) My body odor! That turns out always! (*Painfully he bellows.*) I have to have high technology toilet pan with electric ventilator, otherwise anyone can sense my shit-smell! Even on the third floor!... (*Checking the Zebedeus grave.*) Hey! Listen! For the Zebedeus friars too their body hygiene caused the problems?

EGO 2. Turd! (*Howling.*) Fuck your hygiene! (*With hate.*) Beside hygiene and fashion they had further human values!! Usually the Zebedeus friars were fluent in four or five languages. They wrote books, more ten ones each! (*Hissing.*) When teaching Japanese Grammar to Diana do you know what kind of manual you use? A Zebedeus book!

EGO 1. Hmm... (*With his leg he moves out skulls from the soil.*) But they had problems with me! Why?... Why they considered as a crime the execution of my will and wish?

EGO 2.(*Sprinkling the corn.*) Because the entire world you spoil!! You turn bad and dirty any Christian community, any capitalism, any socialism, or any other world systems.

EGO 1.(*Shouting loudly.*) Meeee??... What??... I turn them bad and dirty??...

EGO 2.(*Taking a glance up to EGO 1.*) Yes. You!!... After the death of Jesus, in the archaic Christian communities with joint estates, there what did you do? I'll tell you. (*Sprinkling the corn.*) When you understood that the community will continuously guarantee your safe existence, at once you lied down in the lakeshore sunshine and played with your cock all the afternoon! But later, when you got information about the community's money, you became so busy as the bees are, and became to transfer more and more money

to your pocket tricky ways.

EGO 1. (*Proudly.*) I was clever, right?...A foxy guy! With great vitality!

EGO 2. (*With sarcasm.*) Yes. During the human history your great vitality put an end any joint estate country. (*Saucily.*) Just in Europe, last time, seven joint estate states you ceased.

EGO 1. Hihihhi!... Better if people do not make ever, ever joint estates!...

EGO 2. Yes... Because of you!! (*Sprinkling the corn.*) However, if you are not restricted by the collective ownership, you cause even major problems! Mass murdering, genocide, and so on! Yes! For your property gain you kill the Indian people of a continent, or, you rush and rush to death hundred thousands of starving African slaves!

EGO 1. (*Dissatisfied.*) Please!... Old story! It is gone with the wind.

EGO 2. (*Shouting down EGO 1.*) But you are still here!!... You triumphant mass murderer!....

EGO 1. (*Menacingly.*) Leave me alone!! Leave me... (*He stops in a sudden. Shouting loudly. Behaving like a kid.*) I'm hungry!!... (*Pause.*) Do you hear me??... (*Loudly.*) I'm hungry!!...

EGO 2. (*Shouting.*) Hey! Stop! There are more important events in the globe!

EGO 1. (*Like a kid.*) No. None. (*Shouting loudly again.*) I feel hunger!!...

EGO 2. (*Ironically.*) Just feel!! Feel that, feel free, please! No one objects you to feel that! (*Sprinkling the corn angrily.*) You fuck! Even those regimes you spoil, that otherwise would fit to you! What did you made with the free, liberal, and great ideas of capitalism??...

EGO 1. I followed these ideas and I helped to develop the happy society in each capitalist country.

EGO 2. Happy society??!... No!... Championship of Flea Market Traders instead! (*Sprinkling the corn. With quick speech.*) Yeah! You turned the human beings into Flea Market traders who must stay on market almost everyday, and work, mart, chaffer day long to provide consumer goods and money for their Egos!... Yes! Each day like Flea Market traders we offer and offer our soul, our brain, out thoughts, our knowledge, our goods, our merchandise, because the list of your desires and wishes never ends! (*Putting the bag down. Talking like a media man who comments sport events.*) Humans, turned to Flea Market traders, have one primary activity in your societies: racing to each other with no stop. Nothing but the position in the Championship of Flea Market Traders assigns the value of each person. There are Superior Market Guys, who move and jump entire nations and state politicians. There are Regular Market Guys, who worry about their small properties and jobs. And there are Inferior Market Guys, who with their four billions fellows day by day try to keep themselves off the death of hunger.

EGO 1. (*Declining.*) Brrrr!... Ideas of Mussolini, the Italian fascist!...

EGO 2. (*Shouting.*) But the reality of you!!... (*Pause. With bursting inner pain.*) Oh, how I hate you!!... Butcher you are! Mass murderer you are! Disruptor of many social systems you are! (*With horrible fury.*) Off!! Off the

back of me! *(He trembles from the nervousness.)*

EGO 1.*(With affected calmness. Talking from high horse.)* Relax!... Take it easy!... Take it nice and easy!... Why do you shout? Do you become a Zebedeus friar, too?

EGO 2.*(Shouting loudly.)* More than a Zebedeus friar! Ten Zebedeus friars!! Two hundred Zebedeus friars!! Two millions Zebedeus friars!!... Oh God! Kill him!! *(Entire body of him trembles.)* Kill him!! *(Glancing at the graves.)* You!!... You villainous!!... How they had hated you!! How they had hated that their egos were worked with no stop, with new wishes, new claims each minute! How, how they had hated their egos consisted of stubbornness, of pretentiousness, of perpetual mood changes...

EGO 1.*(Shouting loudly.)* Stop!!...Stooooop it!!...

EGO 2.*(Disregarding.)* Nausea they felt when thought to that horrible fellow inside! Yes! And the wishes of that horrible tyrant, the desires of that tyrant, they refused and refused again! And being ashamed of their egos, instead of caring those egos, friars cared plants, vegetation, animals, sick people, and ill children. *(Becoming more and more calm.)* And fully! Fully I understand them!... Any kind of living being a Zebedeus friar loved with true enthusiasm -- except himself! *(Pause. In undertone.)* And know! Know that happy they were all!

EGO 1. Hmm... Psychopaths!... Mentally afflicted jerks!...

EGO 2.*(Howling.)* Psychopaths?!!... You're the psychopath!... *(With hate.)* Remember Jesus Christ's commandment! Love brethren, neighbors, and all people as much as yourself you love!

EGO 1.*(Dumbfounded.)* Jeeesus!! Oh my Jeeesus!... What a stupid thing that Jesus said!

EGO 2.*(Dumbfounded, too. After a short pause.)* Fuck you up!!... No hope. Never I will convince you. *(He pulls up the window. He disappears.)*

EGO 1.*(He grunts and grunts self-satisfied.)* Hehe... Hehe... *(Lifting the bag up. Sprinkling the corn slowly.)* Hey! What happened later with the Zebedeus friars?

EGO 2.*(Talking from behind the closed window.)* Be happy! For their behavior they had their penalties many occasion! *(Pulling the window off. Talking quick and impertinent way.)* Evidently, the Zebedeus Movement generated a nonstop indignation in the contemporary societies everywhere. For the Vatican leaders, known about their exceptional alertness and watchfulness, not even for a minute this movement remained unrevealed. *(EGO 1 sprinkles corn with slow movement. EGO 2 talks quickly and ironically.)* Because the Zebedeus friars loved other people far better than themselves and not exactly as much as themselves, like Jesus ordered it, therefore Holy Mother Church found them dangerous heretics! Bonifacius, the Sixteenth, one of the most cruel and most red-handed pope of the Holy Mother Church, immediately commenced a retaliatory war against them! He himself led the Crusade, he himself rushed personally into the monastic cells,

and there he acted with no clemency. Even the dish-pans and the dish-clothes of the friars he burned to ashes!... *(He pulls the window up.)*

EGO 1.*(Happily.)* Yeah! Right! Did they die, the all?... Movement? Ceased?

EGO 2.*(From inside.)* Just for a short time! *(Pulling the window off. EGO 1 continuously sprinkles the corn with slow movement. EGO 2 talks very quickly and ironically again.)* Next Zebedeus Movement, however, similar way was objected. Theophilus, the Eagle-Eyed, the legendary Bavarian Knight led that Crusade four hundred years ago. Theophilus, the Eagle-Eyed, first time his own fortress began to cannonade and attack, from some erroneous reason. But second time a great hit he made, an unforgettable one. All Zebedeus friars he took, kettles he filled up with scalding oil, and renewing an inquisition procedure he cooked in the scalding oil each one. *(Angrily he pulls up window cover.)*

EGO 1.*(Happily.)* Hihihih!... Great!... In the hot kettles they sat! In the scalding oil!... What a great story! *(Checking the bones.)* Hey! But!... Why here in the Calvary Hill they had been buried?

EGO 2.*(From inside.)* These bones from the third wave of the movement remained. *(Pulling the window off. EGO 1 continuously sprinkles the corn with slow movement. EGO 2 talks very quickly and ironically again.)* Zebedeus friars became furious that in the place where Jesus died the contemporary noble people made memorial parks for themselves. Even a fence the friars erected against misuses!... To destroy that fence Lieutenant-General Cannon Joe and the royal artillery was called. First, Cannon Joe visited the Sacred Grave and there he made a short wreathing ceremony. He delivered a Laudatory Speech to Jesus Christ, then he placed to the top of the Sacred Grave thorn flowers and cactuses. Second, he delivered an Exhortation Speech to the troops, then he fired the Zebedeus fence until its collapse. Third, he delivered a Farewell Speech to the Zebedeus friars' corpses and placed into graves each one. *(He pulls up the window cover.)*

EGO 1.*(Stopping. Putting down the bag.)* Hey! I have a problem! A big, big, big problem!... Oh God! What happens if new Zebedeus people come and see our memorial park?

EGO 2.*(From inside.)* Do not worry! For long, long time the Zebedeus movement will not appear again! *(Impertinently.)* People love their own selves much, much more in our century as anytime earlier.

EGO 1.Yeah!... Thank God!... *(Smiling.)* Thanks to Jesus!!... Hehehe!... *(Using his legs he kicks back skulls into the graves.)* Losers!... Jerks!...

EGO 2.*(Shouting.)* Get off them!... *(Pulling down the window.)* Do you hear me?!... Go about your business!! The statues and monuments! *(Walking toward the monuments. Lifting up canvases. Thinking.)* Hmm... Very bad!... Half of the ordered statues still missing!... *(Lifting up canvases again.)* ...Hey! Where are the monuments of your scoundrelism? Where are the statues of people whom with slow and cautiousness way you misled?... So? People led by their nose? Where they are?

EGO 1. *(With false modesty.)* For them, here the place is not enough!... They're too many!... Hehe.

EGO 2. *(Halting for a second.)* Yes... It is true. But the other people? Whose life you soured?

EGO 1. *(With false modesty also.)* They're too many also!... *(Becoming furious.)* You fuck!! It is high time to live me alone!...

EGO 2. *(Disregarding. Lifting up canvases.)* Where to find the grouped statue of those seventy seven women, whom you, by dirty tricks, laid down to the bed and fucked?

EGO 1. *(Furiously.)* 77 ?!... Just half of them I laid down by dirty tricks!!

EGO 2. No problem! Therefore 38 and a half women will appear on the statue!... *(Impertinently and quickly.)* Sculptor has to decorate their background with false jewels, very cheap rhinestones, and anything you used for misleading.

EGO 1. *(Howling louder than ever.)* Shut up!!...Shut up!! You wise-ass!!... Like the assholes of geese your mouth just moves and moves with no stop!! *(Extremely furiously.)* Finish!!.. I kill you!! I beat and beat you until you move!

*They disappear behind the biggest monument. Sounds of scrummage.*

EGO 2. *(Howling.)* Stop to scrum!!... Hear me?!...

EGO 1. *(Howling him down.)* Your throttle I tear out!!...I tear out!!... *(More loudly.)* I tear the throttle chords of you into pieces!!... You!!... Youuuuuuuu!!...

*Death-rattle. Horrific human sounds. Horrific noises.*

EGO 2. *(After a long pause. Suffocated.)* Stop it!... Stop!... Stooooooooop!! *(In a dying voice, but a bit menacingly.)* The people! At the Chapel! They will spot you!... It turns out what a guy you are! *(He spots something while scrumming.)* Do you see??!... *(Howling.)* Do you?!... Do you?!... Women at the Sacred Graved listen to us!!...

EGO 1. You!!... You son of a bitch! *(Softening.)* My temper you ruffle and ruffle again!... *(Grunting.)* Hmm... Hmm... Hmm... *(Angrily.)* Where the God them corn is?...

*EGO comes out. His helmet-like fancy dress turned on his body due to the scrummage. His big head, his bust that has the triumph cups and medals, an unusual way is continued now. Below his head and bust this time his back thighs and the back of his legs we see! Combining the front of his head and bust with the back of his thighs and legs, EGO looks like a freak of nature. Actor, though he holds the fancy-dress now in reverse order, still must walk and move natural way.*

EGO 1. *(Disregarding that he looks like a freak of nature. Lifting the bag up and sprinkling corn.)* Hey! My dear little pigeons! Come here! *(Noises of loft of pigeons. EGO 1 turns his head upward. But nothing happens.)* Fuck! None of them shits! *(Shouting loudly.)* Pigeons!! Come here!... Shit please!... *(Sprinkling and sprinkling corn. Becoming a bit tired. Stopping.)* Hmm... *(Addressing his talk to EGO 2 now.)* Fucking job!! Corn throwing for fishes in the lake just with a very small grade is worse!... *(Short pause.)* Silent you are!... Hey!... Too much you got?...

EGO 2. *(With dim sound. In undertones.)* Where is the water?

EGO 1. Behind the front monument! On the ground!...

*EGO turns. Face of EGO 2 appears. Face of EGO 2 is beaten black and blue. He is bleeding.*

EGO 2. *(Touching his face.)* Fuck up you jerk!... What did you made?...

EGO 1. *(Conciliating.)* Sorry guy!... I became nervous! A tiny bit!...

*Closed to the audience EGO 2 walks now. His head looks terrible. His face looks like if he would flayed alive. He disappears behind a monument. But he turns back within a second.*

EGO 2. No water here. *(He turns, his face disappears.)* I think it is in the car.

EGO 1. Possible. *(Conciliating.)* Do not needle me!... Never do this please! *(Putting down the bag.)* Shit! ...Why I am such a guy!... *(Almost like a crying child.)* ...Why?! ...Why I am such a guy!...

EGO 2. *(With dim sound.)* Genetic attribution! By birth you got self-preservation instincts! From these instincts comes everything, your self-defense, self-love, selfishness, cowardice!...

EGO 1. But I desire to be brave!... More! A helpful, self-sacrificing guy!... An unselfish guy!... Yes!... *(He lifts the bag up. He sprinkles corn with powerful gestures and with audaciousness.)* I want an entirely new world, a great new world that satisfies each single person, and not only me! Many times I thought of plans of revolutions even, for the happy life of everyone and not of me!... Many times I thought of that how to improve the democracy, how to modernize it. Because the democracy, in all countries, recently just an archaic piece of shit!

EGO 2. *(Impatiently.)* Hey!... Hey!!... Better to throw the corn right way!!... *(Angrily.)* Don't talk baloney! You fuck! For a brave and great new world no revolutions are needed!! Nor the forced development of democracy! Other things are essential! The turn against your rule everywhere on earth! Repression of the dictatorship of you in each country, city, street, and even each single room! Ceasing the totalitarian power of you on our entire globe! Yes! ...This would be a really brave and great new world! The happy, the

lovely, the gorgeous new world, without your pigeon shits even! *(Stopping.)*  
But enough! Let's go! We bring here water!  
EGO 1.*(Putting down the bag. Walking outward.)* Okay! Okay then guy!...  
*(Stopping for a moment.)* Look! Look at!!... Nuns!...Nuns in uniforms!  
*(Sounds of a religious procession. EGO 1 turns toward the Sacred Grave, but he turns back within a second.)* Uhhh!... Sorry! No fuck for today! No sex!*(Amicably he turns toward the audience. Whispering.)* They too ugly are!... Hehehe!...

*EGO marches out. Hallelujah from the direction of Chapel and Sacred Grave. CURTAIN.*

## ACT 2.

*Hallelujah from the direction of Chapel and Sacred Grave. A bit later EGO arrives. Still the front of his head and bust, and the back of his thighs and legs we see. EGO has a bottle filled up with water. He turns at a monument. Face of EGO 2 becomes visible. Face is washed and cleaned. No blood and bleeding but some patch and plaster we see on.*

EGO 1.Hey! Listen to me!... I'd like to be a better guy!! By improving and controlling myself!... *(Pause.)* I am serious! Frankly, I'm fed up with myself!  
EGO 2.*(Fingering his face. Adjusting patches and plasters.)* Okay, okay, you can stop!... I know your grievous problems. Scaly head, dandruff. Day by day to wash it with medical shampoo.

EGO 1.*(Nervously.)* Stoop!!... I'm talking about serious matters!...  
*(Resolutely.)* A full turn I plan! Never to be such a monstrous guy as now!...

EGO 2.*(Angrily.)* Come on!!... To limit, restrict, and control yourself with no stop??!... Never, fucking turd!... But anyhow, without this non-stop control nothing you reach and you remain such a monster as now you are!

EGO 1.*(Resolutely.)* Then I'll limit, restrict, and control myself with no stop!

EGO 2.*(Ironically.)* For a half an hour!... *(Coming to the end of his patience.)* Listen! Do you know that laws and regulations why we need??... Jurisdiction from antique ages up to now why we need?... Hmm? ... Don't talk about protection of people, protection of will of majority, protection of common purposes what you otherwise always spoil!... The prime purpose of the law is to break you! To hold you up! Yes!!... However, during the history all the states of our globe, all the western and eastern churches tried to restrain you and repress you again and again, but without any relevant result!  
*(Resignedly.)* Enough! Waste of the time! *(Putting down the water. Lifting up canvases.)* Other grouped statues? Where they are?

EGO 1.*(He stops. He is almost shocked.)* You!! You fuck!... How many grouped statues did you ordered??! *(From the high horse.)* Idiot! A fortune it will cost!!...*(Pause. Softening.)* And, I didn't deserve them.

EGO 2. Finish it please! (*Lifting up canvases. Talking with sarcasm and with very quick speed.*) In the long, long history of human beings solely you are eternally present, so, please get proper glory and celebration! The tenth or the fifteenth humankind fully forgets Sophocles or Shakespeare that time, when you still exist vividly, nattily, and smelly, as rotten pumpkin in the garbage can.

EGO 1. (*Becoming more and more self-satisfied.*) Hehe!... But too much money we spend!

EGO 2. (*Lifting up canvases.*) Do not argue! Plus, from the first minute of the civilization you are present on earth! (*Angrily.*) You, yes, you have to have the greatest memorial park, and not the other noted guys who are just sucking children with very short age comparing to you. Fucking Julius Caesar is only 2111 years old, but he has as much statues and monuments as pigeon shits on.

EGO 1. (*With false modesty.*) But he created and made something significant!

EGO 2. Besides exterminating some nations of his empire, and having homo sex with slaves each morning, each afternoon, each night, not so much he made. (*Lifting up canvases again.*) You fuck! Even the higher dictators, like Napoleon, Hitler, Stalin become dwarfs comparing them with you! They were present in eight or nine countries only! But you? In each continent, each country, each city, each street, and even in each single room!!

EGO 1. (*A bit happily.*) Hehehe!... It's true.

EGO 2. So? Globe is your empire, each single person you rule, so it is indisputably right if you get some statues and monuments with pigeon shit marks on. (*Fingering his face. Finding blood marks here and there. Cleaning them down.*) But I'd like better an opposite action! If the dependents of you in the entire world would turn against you!

EGO 1. (*Guffawing.*) Hehehe!... To pull me out of each room and kick the bottom of me! Hehe!... (*Turning toward the audience. Lifting the bag up and sprinkling the corn.*)

EGO 2. Yeah! As you said! But for terminating the dictatorship of you we have not even the smallest chance!

EGO 1. Hehehe... (*With narcissism.*) I'm a tough nut! Am I right?... Hehe!...

EGO 2. (*Nervously.*) Would you please stop your self-satisfied cackle and giggle?... No! Not a tough nut you are! Better to name you very simple way! You are just a monster!... (*Howling.*) Enough!! Don't list and list the third-rate, the fourth-rate features of you ! That a hygienic, fashion-conscious, trendy, polite guy you are! That a tax-paying, a law-abiding, a regular man you are! (*Firmly.*) Know the essence of you! The final essence of you!!... You are a monster.

EGO 1. (*Jovially, friendly, understanding.*) Like the other people. The all.

EGO 2. Yes! You hit the nail on the head!... So, henceforward, keep thinking on you as on a monster!... Further, on first and foremost, as a monster mark yourself in your mind!

EGO 1. (*With sarcasm.*) Sure I do! If all other people also mark themselves in

their mind as monsters!... Hehe!.. *(Lifting his hand toward the audience.)* Say, if these fellows here also perceive and understand their essence! That on the third or fourth level of importance they are orderly, normal people only! But first and foremost they are just simply monsters!... Hehe!... Never they'll think this way! Never!!... *(Friendly.)* I know that!... I know! *(Searching for water. Turning his back toward the audience. Drinking water. Gargling. Spitting. Turning back.)* Whoop! Just stop preaching at me! *(Self-satisfied.)* Never I let to pull me out of any room! Never I let to kick the bottom of me for anyone!... *(Extremely loud belch he delivers.)* Hihi! *(Like a kid.)* From the large intestine of me I gargled it up! Wait a second! This is from small intestine!*(Loud belch again.)* Fine, isn't it?.. And this is from my stomach! *(He belches again.)*

EGO 2.*(Howling.)* Fucking pig!!... Stop!... Stop it!!...

EGO 1.*(Belches and belches again. He is proud.)* Such a belches even our neighbor never produced! Hey! How about a tape-recording? Now I do this better than I did anytime earlier!

EGO 2.*(Furiously.)* Stoop!!... *(Menacingly.)* Enough, you pig!! Go behind the large monument and put you in order! Understand? And after setting, you will comport yourself normally !

*Having the loudly belching and loudly laughing EGO 1 on his back, having the bag in his hand, EGO 2 disappears behind the largest monument. Noises of dressing.*

EGO 1.*(Softening.)* Hey! I still miss your answer!...What to do to become a fine, good guy indeed?

EGO 2. Maintain yourself! Handle the monster inside you!

EGO 1.What??... To handle the monster inside me?

EGO 2.Yes!... You handle the fashion clothes of you. You handle the high technology toilet pan of you! Thus, handle the monster inside you also!... *(Talking with enthusiasm.)* Precisely know, that when and what monstrous acts he will produce, and proceed it!! Break then cease his selfish activities! Break then cease his self-love!

EGO 1.Right! Right! I break then cease these! *(Happily.)* Hihi! I break then cease! Break then cease!

EGO 2.*(Suspiciously hearing the happy fellow.)* Yeah! *(Bitterly.)* For three long minutes!*(Resignedly.)* Dress the hair of you now! *(Impatiently.)* Do you hear me?

EGO 1. All right! I do! I do! *(Belching.)*

EGO 2. Medical tape do we have? Plaster?... My face is bleeding again!...

EGO 1. Check the left pocket!...

EGO 2.*(Shouting.)* Fucking shit! This one is one million years old!!... Goose Ass had placed it into your pocket afore your marriage!... Any other?*(Noises of rummage.)* Maybe this one is good!

*From the pockets of EGO small odds and ends noisily fall and drip to the stage now. Pockets have almost everything. Screws, screwdrivers, cords, wires, nails, old coins, cuff-links, and so on. For a few second it seems nothing more will come out. Silence. Then clinking noises again. The downstage becomes flooded with new odds and ends.*

EGO 1.*(Howling.)* Fuck you!! What a fuck you did?... *(Panic-stricken.)* These people now see everything! Entire fucking content of my pockets!

EGO 2.*(Confused.)* Sorry! Sorry for that!.... When I bent down everything came out!...

EGO 1.Gather the all up! As quickly as you can!... Hurry up!...

EGO 2.*(Collecting junk odds. From behind the monument his hand is visible.)* Shit!... You shitty guy! Even a magpie never collects as many junk shit as you!... Duck feather!! For what purpose?

EGO 1.*(Jovially.)* Just keep it! It'll be good for something! You never know!

EGO 2.God!! Rings for the legs of carrier pigeons ?... Exchanging you cell phone for something more reliable?... Pigeon breeder you never were!... Look at this!! Honey cakes!... Hey! How old they are? *(Attacking.)* You! You fuck!! Elephant Ass cooked always honey cakes! But Elephant Ass died eight years ago!!

EGO 1.*(With sentimentality.)* Yes... She baked these cakes years ago!

EGO 2.Eight! Nine! Ten!!... Why do you store? Probably bad, dried, and hard like stone the all!

EGO 1.Dude, you are quiet wrong!... Honey cakes stay good for years!... Even they soften!... During the following ten thousands years just soften and soften! *(Whispering. Lifting his hand toward the audience.)* Hey! To these people we ought to offer some cakes! Am I right?... Most likely they're fed up with us! I tickle their palms!... Hehehe!...

EGO 2.By these ten dried and hard honey cake pieces??

EGO 1.*(Self-satisfied.)* I have stored some more! In my hidden side pocket! Hehe!... *(Whispering.)* Hey! No! No! Not those large and beautiful ones! Bring them these small pieces!... And wait! My hair I have to comb. And I have to make myself pretty for them!...

*Snuffle. Noises of clothing. EGO 1 comes out. His hair is fresh and perfumed. His fancy dress turned to its original place!... Holding honey cake pieces on a paper napkin EGO 1 goes ahead. Window of EGO 2 is closed.*

EGO 1.*(Walking offstage, in the auditorium. Examining the people. Turning here and there.)* Help yourself! Please! These cookies were baked by Elephant Ass! *(Offering the honey cake for a short while. Putting down the cookies. Showing his bust and triumph cups pridefully.)* Triumph cups and medals of me, in miniature versions! *(Pointing to a small one.)* This a for

hunting! In the State Hunting Day we shot rabbits. (*Whispering.*) I shut none, but accidentally I stepped on a small one, so I too get a winning cup!... Between ourselves! Don't tell to anyone!

EGO 2. (*He pulls window cover off. Cross-shaped tapes he has on his face.*)

Fuck! Come back! Collect this mess! (*Pulling the window up.*)

EGO 1. All right, alright!... But how about sweet hearting? Or, to do a flirt here of someone? (*Turning his body to the left. Addressing a lady of the audience.*) Hey honey! Honey, bunny!... Ooh! What a pussy! What an ass! How beautiful you are!!... (*Singing. Dancing back to the stage.*)

Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa! (*From behind the monument picking up corn. Sprinkling the corn.*) Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa...

EGO 2. (*Pulling the window off.*) Why not we clear up our mess?

EGO 1. (*Pridefully.*) I'm lazy!...

EGO 2. And? Your laziness is above all? Like the Will of the Supreme God?

EGO 1. (*Pridefully again.*) Yes!

EGO 2. Fuck!!... Oh God!! Something has to be done against you, indeed!! Until you are not halted, the entire world rather will stay such spoiled as spoiled is now! Having famine. Wars. Genocide! (*Pulling the window up.*)

EGO 1. (*Indignantly. Howling.*) For these too I am responsible??!!... Is this what you mean?!

EGO 2. (*Pulling the window off.*) Yes!! Solely and exclusively you!! By you, anyone can execute any villainy! Any leader, political group, any mass media can manipulate you. Misleading you as easy is as misleading a baby piglet!

EGO 1. (*Howling.*) What??!!... Misleading me as easy is as misleading a baby piglet??!!... And anyone can execute any villainy by me??!!... What a baloney!!... (*Self-satisfied.*) Surely I have human errors sometimes, as anyone, I make small mistakes also, as any other people, but basically I am a right person and a good man!

EGO 2. Right person and good man?! This you state and state with no stop, as a stench prostitute never stops stating virginity! Misbelief you fuck!... All right. I can understand you. Because of this misbelief you can glance into mirror each morning!!... Though just minutes ago we cleared up who you are! A monster! So don't mislead yourself please!

EGO 1. What??... Meeee??!!... That I mislead myself??...

EGO 2. (*Impatiently. Quickly.*) Listen to me! How frequently you changed your membership in political parties?... Hmm?... First, the democrats you join, who were against of Nazism. When Nazis got power, you join Nazi party. When communists ousted Nazism, you join communist party. When revolution came against communists, you join anti-communist association. When...

EGO 1. (*Interrupting EGO 2. Howling.*) But fuck! Millions of people did the same! And not only in my country! In the neighbor countries also!!... Millions of people? No! Twenty millions of people! Forty millions of people!... And in

the neighbor countries?!! No! Everywhere in Europe!! *(Suddenly he recognizes what his sentences mean. He stops and stays immobile. Pause.)*

EGO 2. You see?... At long last!

EGO 1. *(Burling.)* You fuck!... Give me a favor! Stop fucking me!... *(Howling.)* I'm huuungry!!... *(Putting down the corn.)* I'd like to eat roasted chicken, stuffed with sweet pineapple!... Deer chops -- with apple sauce! Wild duck stew -- with chestnut! *(Standing in the middle of stage like a singer soloist. Acting like a singer soloist.)* Tuna fish slices -- with green spinach! Peacock slices -- with white mustard! Mushrooms -- with melted cheese! *(Like he would sing the high C.)* Roasted chamois -- with lemon! *(Lifting his finger up. Pause.)* And, with spring onion!

EGO 2. Stooooop!!... Did you lose your mind?!... And otherwise of what you are speaking now? You had hated the spring onion always! Because you had smelly mouth after eating it anytime!

EGO 1. *(Softening.)* But this spring onion is else! *(Happily.)* Free we get it! At no cost!... Remember to that beautiful baby, looking like a stuffed pigeon, who sold groceries and greens yesterday? From her we got it as a gift, after shopping!... So no problem you guy! I brush my teeth after eating nicely, and that is all.

EGO 2. Better to visit the dentist nicely! And to have a denture that looks cared!

EGO 1. *(Dumbfounded.)* For whose sake? For these people's sake??... *(Looking around.)* Come on!

EGO 2. *(Strictly.)* Enough!... Nothing you will eat!... Wait until we end our job!... *(Stopping at a heap of soil. Dumbfounded.)* God!!... They too are here!... Do you know who these people were? *(Lifting up a skull. Lifting up another one. Placing them to top of the heap.)* The famous Ricinius Friars. *(With hate. Hissing.)* Self-sacrificing martyrs of the archaic ricinius ideology.

EGO 1. Same asses and jerks like the Zebedeus monks? Hmm?...

EGO 2. *(Ironically.)* Just similar asses and similar jerks! *(Lifting the bag up. Sprinkling the corn.)* Their basic idea was very interesting. So let me recall it! *(Stopping.)* From animals people must turn to human beings! *(Sprinkling the corn again.)* Later, following Darwin terminology: from primates, mammals, we must pass ourselves into humans! I am happy to draw your attention to this great idea. You, too, try to finish this transformation as soon as possible.

EGO 1. What??... That meeee!... That I didn't become human being yet? *(A bit angrily.)* Fucking guy!!... Just take a glance at me! Do you think I am not a human being?

EGO 2. *(Glancing upward.)* Just partially!... Sorry. Just partially.

EGO 1. But if so, neither the all celebrated business men, nor the all media celebrated politicians have turned to humans yet!

EGO 2. You hit! Unfortunately, up to this time, this turn was unsuccessful in case of each person. *(Sprinkling the corn.)* Otherwise Ricinius friars separated animal beings and human beings clear way. They diagnosed that the

ability of self-loving, pursuing of pleasures, scrounging of goods in all animals are present, while such abilities as the self-rule, the self-constraint, and the unselfishness solely man possesses! Thus they denied the daily fights for the pleasures and goods considering these wild animal activities, and acted always very altruistic even self-sacrificing way. *(Still sprinkling corn.)* They kept their egos under continuous attack!

EGO 1. Hehe! You too attack me with no stop! *(Giggling.)* Hihi! A Ricinius friar you are! *(Dancing and singing.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa!

EGO 2. *(Angrily.)* More than a Ricinius friar!!... Two thousands Ricinius friars!!... Two billions Ricinius friars!!... *(Bitterly. With hate.)* Oh God, how I'd destroy that animal who you are! How I'd kill that horrible wild animal who you are!!...

EGO 1. *(Wonderfully he feels himself.)* Hihihihiiii! *(Dancing and singing.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa! *(He grunts sometimes self-satisfied.)*

EGO 2. *(Howling.)* Stooooooooop!!... Fuck you! *(Attacking.)* You like that how you arse around!!... *(Dumbfounded. In undertones.)* God! You flaunt for yourself!! You flash for yourself!!... And how this pleases you!!... Enough!!... *(Pulling the window up.)*

EGO 1. *(Jovially.)* Everyone does the same!... All humans flaunt for themselves! People for sure like to be delighted by their behavior, by their outlook, and so on!!... So, no problem guy!... *(Dancing.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!.. Hihihihii!!... *(With his leg he kicks the skulls.)* Idiots!!... To criticize me! To attack me! Come on! *(Stopping.)* Hey!!... What happened whit these piteous jerks? *(Sprinkling the corn with very small movement.)* Do you hear me?... *(A bit distressed.)* Did people follow them?

EGO 2. *(From inside.)* No! Just the opposite! *(Pulling the window off. EGO 1 continuously sprinkles the corn with slow movement. EGO 2 talks quickly and ironically again.)* In Europe, the Ricinius Memorandum that declared that humans have to turn human beings from animals, was immediately refused in each country of the contemporary continent. Within few days, a troubadour team, the 'Troubadours for the Human Completeness' commenced continent-wide singing competitions to glorify great many animal peculiarities of people. Due to a misunderstanding, even the 'Animal Protection Society' held torch-light processions against ricinius ideas in many countries. *(Pulling the window up.)*

EGO 1. *(Excitedly.)* And?... Were the friars stopped?... Were the movement swept away?..

EGO 2. *(From inside.)* Ease yourself about it! Ricinius Friars were penalized and punished! *(Pulling the window off. EGO 1 continuously sprinkles the corn with slow movement. EGO 2 talks quickly and ironically again.)* The hair-raising Ricinius Movement became forbidden first in the Hansa Port-towns and Hansa trading-towns that despoiled the half of the Globe and lived

in abundance. In these Hansa towns the family dinner traditionally had twelve different dishes, but in the Ricinius University the friars limited the twelve dishes to ten. More, the friars in the university vine-cellars also reduced all sizes of vine-glasses! Gallon to half gallon, and afterwards a quarter of gallon! Indignant inhabitants of the Hansa trading-towns turned to Ricky Crick Crack Admiral and his fleet to help them immediately. Ricky Crick Crack and his fleet, first the monastery of immaculate nuns and virgin put under gunfire from some erroneous reasons. Second time, however, the fleet operation met with a very great success, all ricinius monks were captured and all were placed into spinach souse, more precisely, into the steaming caldrons of that spinach souse that the monks just cooked. *(Pulling the window up.)*

EGO 1. *Hihihhi!!... Right! (Jovially.)* Let them drown in their spinach souse! In their fucking spinach souse!... Hehehe!... *(Dancing and singing.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa... *(Stopping at a grave.)* Hey!!... But... Why they are here? How come?

EGO 2. *(From inside.)* These fossils from the second wave of the movement remained! *(Pulling the window off. EGO 1 continuously sprinkles the corn with slow movement. EGO 2 talks quickly and ironically again.)* Egoism, by the Ricinius friars, was considered as a continuation of animal comportment, so, as a consequence, ricinius monks occupied the Calvary Hill and objected any construction of any self-respecting memorial park on the site. Against them an Italian Prince, Hannibal the Chicken-Hearted, and his twenty thousands bodyguards was called. Hannibal, the Chicken-Hearted, had himself hidden in a bunny hutch during the fights and had followed the battle from there thrilled in his entire body. However, his fight directions of fantastic high quality were precisely executed, thus within a short while the entire combat was over! Bodyguards happily reported the extermination of all ricinius monks to the Chicken-Hearted Prince who left the battle-field in panic, ridden or on very quick antelopes, or on extremely quick gazelles. *(Pulling the window up.)*

EGO 1. *(Putting down the corn. Kicking the skulls.)* Fucking jerks! Criticizing me! Attacking me!!... Meeee, myself!!... *(He spits. Then he spits again.)*

EGO 2. *(Pulling down the window. Howling.)* Stooooop!!... Hear me?! Don't kick them!

EGO 1. *(Continued the kicking.)* Idiots! *(From high horse.)* They stupid, stupid idiots were!

EGO 2. *(Shouting.)* Hear me?! Stop!! *(He tries to hold back the leg of EGO 1 from kicking.)*

EGO 1. *(Pushing the hands of EGO 2 off. Shouting him down.)* What did I say?! They idiots were! They had false and stupid ideas! *(Becoming hard. Talking very seriously.)* Listen to me guy! *(Short pause.)* Why the civilization is in progress always??! Why the society is in progress?... Because of the personal ambitions! Yes!... The desires, the wishes, the wills, the ambitions of Ego move and promote everything in our globe! We, humans live better and

better because of my non-stop wishes and ambitions! Non-stop development we have, because I need more, and, more, and more each minute!!... And now shut up! *(With his hand he himself closes the window-cover now. He dances and sings satisfied. The bag he lifts up. He sprinkles corn.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaa!

EGO 2.*(Pulling the window off. Interrupting the dance of EGO 1.)* Stooooop!!... How about wars, genocide, mass murdering caused by your selfish ambitions? How about crimes, robberies, persecutions caused also by your selfish ambitions? *(Shouting him down.)* You have to shut up!! You turd!!... Your personal wishes and ambitions much, much more obstruct the development of the society, of the everyday's circumstances, than they support it! Have you ever thought about this??!... Only the twenty percent of your ambitions pushes the civilization ahead, and the rest, the eighty percent just pulls and pulls us back!

*EGO 1 feels fine. He is happy. He delivers a dancing and singing solo with virtuosity.*

EGO 1.Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!

EGO 2.*(Resisting.)* Like I said! Only the twenty percent of your ambitions pushes civilization ahead, and the rest eighty percent just pulls and pulls us back!... Think! Think about it!

EGO 1.Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa! *(With more enthusiasm.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!

EGO 2.*(Scared.)* God! Jesus!!... You don't take the meaning of my words! You don't take the meaning of your acts! None!!...Nothing!

EGO 1.*(Dancing turns him more elated and intoxicated.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa!... Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!

EGO 2.*(He listens dumbfounded to the dancing and singing monster.)* God!... God!!... *(Becoming pale. In undertones.)* Thus, wars and wars will come again! *(Shouting.)* And nobody knows when!!

EGO 1.*(Disregarding. Dancing and singing with more enthusiasm.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!

EGO 2.*(Listening to the dancing monster. Scared.)* Oh God, thus the thefts, the robberies and murders will come again and again! Forever these stay on earth! *(Becoming pale again. In undertones.)* Forever the lie, the cheating will stay on earth! *(Howling.)* Nooooo!!... *(Pulling the window up.)*

EGO 1.*(Disregarding. Dancing and singing with more and more enthusiasm. Whooping sometimes.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa pappa raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!

EGO 2.*(From inside. Howling.)* Noooooooooooooo!!...

EGO 1. *(He delivers a dance solo with virtuosity.)* Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa... *(He stops satisfied. Putting down the bag he thinks for a while.)* I'm fully fed up you asshole. *(Suddenly. Quickly. Shouting. )* Look! Look! Look at the sky!!... *(He turns his head upward.)* Look! Look at the sky!!... It is fantastic!!

EGO 2. *(He pulls the window cover off. He is surprised. He turns his head upward.)* Where??!... What do you mean? *(His head he fully pushes out of the window and checks the sky upward. In fact an artificial human head comes out. A puppet-head, that imitates the features of EGO 2 with precision. A puppet-head that has a dumbfounded face and a slightly opened mouth.)*

*On his fancy-dress a knob EGO 1 pushes now! Sharp blade of a guillotine appears in the window, instead of the regular window cover. Guillotine hews the head of EGO 2 that falls to the ground. Blood flows down on the fancy-dress of EGO 1, on his legs, and on the stage.*

EGO 1. At long last!... Hasta la vista, wise-ass!... Talking and talking always!... Like the assholes of geese just moving and moving your mouth with no stop! *(Turning his head downward. Watching the head of EGO 2.)* Fucking shit!!... What a terrible guy you were!!... Hehehe! *(Turning his head toward the sky. Noises of bird talk. Noises of bird wings. EGO 1 is surprised.)* Aaah!... I see!! I see!!... My dear little pigeons! Did you arrive? Did you?!... Great!!... Hihihii!

*Excrement of birds falls and falls down. Here and there, like a rain.*

EGO 1. *(Happily.)* That is it!!!... That is it!... Fine! Great!! *(Checking and checking the sky. Walking impatiently.)* ...Hey!... Drip more!... Shit more!! Shit!! Shit!!... *(Stepping aside avoiding to be hit by the bird excrement. Checking the birds again.)* No!... Sorry!... These are not pigeons!... Crows they are! They tore the flash of Jesus Christ's shoulder!!... Hey crows! Crows! My dear crows! Drip more! Shit!! Shit more! *(Getting down the canvas of a smaller monument.)* Here I am! Shit to me! *(Talking toward the birds.)* Shit to me more! *(He steps to the biggest monument.)*

*The biggest monument of EGO, that he discloses during a loud Hallelujah Choir from the direction of Chapel, is snow-white, illustrious, and aristocratic. But it is a very simplistic and stupid creation. It presents the fancy-dressed EGO on the top of a marble stair. Towards EGO four white angels are flying. For EGO the four angels have many gifts and presents. The first angel, on a tray, three naked girls offers with servility. The second angel, too on a tray, has a lot of bags with dollar marks on, and now offers it with great servility also. The third angel, on a tray again, gourmet dishes*

*offers. The fourth angel delicious alcoholic specialties offers. Monument has supplementary parts also. Left, in the bottom, an other group of angels we see. A board they hold that bears a legend: BE THE BOSS OF US! Right, in the bottom, again other group of angels we see. Too a board they hold that bears a legend: THE MAN OF THE YEAR! Ahead of the entire monument a small platform we see. EGO: this is the legend of the small platform, written with gold color.*

EGO 1. *(While the excrement of the birds falls and falls down like rain, he happily howls and howls again.)* Shit!!...Shit to me! Shit to me more!!... Cover me with shit! Bury me with shit!!... Bury me!! Bury me!!... Bury meeeeeeeee!!... CURTAIN.

**Notebook**

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### **Excerpt of preparatory note (2)**

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**sfgahjkkklg qtkjfdkjj** *DARK COMEDY IN 2 ACTS. (FIRST DRAFT.)*

**CHARACTERS:**

Brian (an English student, drunk as skunk),  
Keith (an other English student, too drunk as skunk),  
Ines (a young prostitute in a small South-American town),  
Pedro (a hitman and sniper in a small South-American town),  
Ramon (an other hitman and sniper in a small South-American town),  
Mercedes (a prostitute who serves both Pedro and Ramon),  
Consuela (an other prostitute who also serves both Pedro and Ramon),  
Diego Sebastian Gonzalves (the municipal judge of the small South-American town),  
Oliviere da Silva (leader of the soldiers of the small town, acting now as an assessor),  
Don Pepe (leader of the mine owners of the small town, acting now as an other assessor),  
Reverend Buchelar (parson of the small town, acting now as an again other assessor),  
Carlos Ramirez de Sentimente (one of the public prosecutors of the small town).

GROUPS: Traders, homeless people, kid shoplifters, and mute participants.

Play tells true facts and real events.

### ACT 1 SCENE 1

*Somewhere in South-America. A small town with people living in famine and misery. Tropical down. Second floor of an ageworn, main-street-building. This floor for gunnery and musketry instruction is used. Graffiti here and there. Fire escapes with rusted steel stairs to the street. Broken window glasses everywhere. No bulbs in the*

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*lamps that hang down from the ceiling. Beggars, homeless people in rags, hatted Indian women with suckling children, dirty squaws and papooses on the ground of the room. Cough, snuffle, snore.*

*Rehearsal of the upcoming Carnival goes on the streets. Choirs from afar. Marches. Recitation. First of all, a strange, aggressive, rhythmical scansion we hear. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!!... Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!!... Steel door of the Gunnery Room bangs now. Mercedes and Consuela, two prostitutes step in. Bulbs they have in their hands for the lamps. Beggars, homeless people, hatted Indian women become frightened. Using the fire escapes, they disappear very quickly.*

MERCEDES: *(Towards the passing people. Howling.)* Ojdfas!... Eiopnegr!!... Eiopnegr!!...

HOMELESS PEOPLE: *(While leaving.)* Isanos idjkoen usoprin! ...Ohosa!... Odsroinon hohodsi oijdsapj oiprr...

*Nobody talks in English during the play, except Brian, Keith, and Ines. The audience must not understand the speech of the native people. Actors should improvise any meaningless speech on the stage, or, should use the nonsense words and sentences of the play.*

RAMON: *(He enters. He has thick gold chains on his neck and wrist. Guns he has in his hand. He looks like a fat, furry animal. He wears off-white old pants, with holes and with shitty strips on the back. He is sweating. Upward he howls, towards the movie projector room.)* Hector! Hector!!... Ojoifa oihaerf!... Hector!!... *(Turning to his two prostitute girls. Howling.)* Udjsdis kduj! Jsoida utke tei utke djsajeuj!... Consuela!!... Mercedes!!...

MERCEDES, CONSUELA: *(Running to the back wall, pulling up there a rusted rolling shutter.)* Oila!!... Oila!

*Behind the rolling shutter an off-white wall we see. Hundreds and hundreds of bullets made marks on it. On that off-white wall the pictures of the movie projector appear now. Bakeries, dares, groceries of the small tropical town become visible by the motion pictures. It is also visible that kid gangs run into each store. Four or five kids jump up and hang on the body of the owner, others rob everything, milk, cheese, apples, and so on. On the heads of those kids that hung on the owners, and too on the heads of other shoplifting children, moving cross-hairs of guns we see. Cross-hairs help to shoot precisely when practicing shots in the gunnery room. After ten or twelve shots motion pictures always stop. This is the time to check the work of guns and colts, and the preciseness of shots.*

PEDRO: *(He enters. He has four, old, rusted guns. Like Ramon, he has thick gold chains on his neck and wrist, also. He is fat and furry, too. He is sweating and smelly. He is thirsty but no refresher and glass around. He howls to the prostitutes.)* Uknla eoiaf!!... Consuela!!

*To bring in beverages Consuela and Mercedes run out. On the off-white wall, pictures appear again with the shoplifting children. Pedro and Ramon shoot and*

*shoot. From afar carnival scansion. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!!... Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!!... A bit later noises of marching crowd are audible from the street. Crucifixes covered with rust, Blessed Virgin on dirty flags become visible through the windows. Later, pictures of Che Guevarra and Castro, and few cracked, old, red stars. Again later, Statues of Liberty from tin, and dirty United States banners that look like rags. New and new groups outside. Marches, scansions. Ramon and Pedro sometimes pick up some outside scansions.*

PEDRO: *(Shooting to the heads of the kids that appear on the off-white wall.)* Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! *(Three more shots.)* Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! *(Walking a bit aside and shooting again.)* Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! *(Talking to Ramon.)* Ramon!!!... Olasdla dufdanlilfs jkasadfagok isafkalmasm!!... Ramonito!!!

*Training goes on. Pedro and Ramon sometimes stop and check the shot marks on the wall. Talk, discussion of results. Marching and marching groups outside while the stage becomes darker and darker and silent.*

#### ACT 1 SCENE 2

*Scansion from afar. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!!...Other district of the tropical town. Hovels made of tin and plywood everywhere. Stone-buildings here and there. Bakery, Grocery, Dairy, and other shops in the age-worn stone-buildings, with poor quality products. Graffiti and graffiti on the walls. Lots of bags of garbage around.*

*Sleeping homeless people on pavements. Sleeping squaws and papooses also on pavements. Pale light of a junk streetlamp. Under the streetlamp a native man with his pants down, and a squatting prostitute girl, who sucks his penis. More and more recitation from afar. Choirs from afar. Scansion. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... Hot tropical weather. Sunrise.*

*Traders, like Baker, Grocer, Dairyman arrive. Traders lift up the junk rolling shutters of the shops and stores. All are poor people. They have dirty, dusty places with poor outlook also. Just half of the shop windows are glassed-in normal way, other parts are cracked, missing, or covered with plastic rolls.*

BAKER: *(Struggling with the rolling shutter. Turning to the Grocer.)* Omnlka nlafd lkadsk!...Omains!

GROCER: *(Stepping to him, lifting up the rusty shutter.)* Olka nlad! Oilaa!...

*Gangs of kid thieves appear in a sudden. Underfed, thin, hungry, dirty, ragged guys. Under ten years of age. No father, no mother, no relatives. Sole help for them to eat and stay alive shoplifting is. Stealing happens exactly same way as we saw it previously in the gunnery motion pictures. Four or five kids jump up and hang on the*

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*body of the owner, others rob everything, milk, cheese, apples, and so on. First the Baker they rob. Then the Dairyman, meanwhile an other group steals many greengrocer goods. Kid thieves disappear as quickly as they arrived.*

BAKER: *(Running out furiously from his despoiled store.)* Isokds lddaeoif fopisgf!  
Djsi, fdesiiiiiiiiiii!...

GROCER: *(Bickering. Then howling.)* Podj podfp pojspgfsa!... Oijopisdf oifkno!!...

DAIRYMAN: *(Rushing to the street public phone. Calling someone with angry gestures. Howling to the other shop owners.)* Udnl podijsd!!... Opsagfan kansaa!...  
Opsagfan kansaa!!!

*Traders like madmen run, scream, sometimes even cry. Dairyman hangs back the phone. He helps to collect apple, cheese, carton milk, and other products that fell down to the pavement and to the roadway. Meanwhile, less and less homeless people remain on the stage. They fear to stay.*

BAKER: *(Dumbfounded he spots that a new gang is running into his store. Howling he runs into it, too. He hits the children with a wood stick. Immediately five kids jump up to his body.)* Ioiuha! Oiaf! Aa! Aa!..

GROCER: *(Hurrying to help the Baker.)* Ughoisd! Ooha! Alinasf!.. Oouihad!!!

*As the Grocer leaves, an other new gang runs into his store and immediately robs goods. Gunshots in a sudden. In the Grocery three kids fall down the floor. In the Bakery two other ones. Blood. Agony. Dying children. Gunshots again. Somewhere from the opposite side of the street the shooting comes as the gestures of the escaping children show. Traders hide themselves behind the counters. Kid gangs run away.*

**ACT 1 SCENE 3**

*Scansion from afar. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... We are in the municipal courtroom of the small town. Age-worn furnitures we see everywhere. In the middle of the backstage a very old court pulpit also is visible. Counter of the public prosecutor in the right. Counter of public pleader in the left. In the right corner of the courtroom the statue of the crucified Jesus Christ. Angels are kneeling around him and are praying to him. In the left corner of the courtroom the statue of Cristobal Colon who holds a giant egg. Native Indian people are kneeling around him and are also praying. In both sides of the room widely opened windows we see. Marching people outside. But through the windows only the top of their flags, banners, boards is visible. Very hot weather. Noontime.*

*Four court persons sit at the court pulpit. Municipal judge Gonzalvez sits in the middle. He harshes and harshes like a parrot. Rotten teeth he has and an old, ragged judge-gown. Comrade Oliviere da Silva, the leader of the town soldiers sits on the right. He has Castro uniform, colt, and red star. He is fat, bald-headed, and as stupid as mud. Reverend Buchelar sits on the left side. Though not due to him, he wears a washed-out, pale, ragged, episcopal cope. He has fat head and a giant abdomen*

*paunch. Chicken thighs, legs, and wings he eats while the court process goes on. Don Pepe, the leader of the local mine owners, is also present at the pulpit. Don Pepe is homosexual. From top to toe he has off-white clothes. Despite of the hellish hot he wears silk neckerchief and silk gloves. He squeaks as a mouse. Otherwise he is an intelligent, almost wise guy.*

*Defendants look like if they would step out from a yellow fever nightmare. Crippled, half-dead, homeless people everywhere. Eight, thin-like-bone, almost naked children, who cough and cough. Drinkers in rags with many vomit marks on, who cough, vomit, and vomit again. Dirty squaws with sick papooses who cry and shout with pain. Mostly on the floor the crowd sits, instead of the chairs. Dense smoke of cigarettes and cigars covers people.*

*Drunk as skunk, two English fellows try to sleep in the downstage. Students they are. They have tourist knapsacks, high tech devices, fashionable t-shirts and bermudas though they are unshaved and smelly. Brian, the first fellow, is a bright, lovely guy in spite of he is crapulous now. Keith, the other guy, is athletic, good-looking, smart, in spite of he is also crapulous now. Overdosing himself with dogs tonight he is now snoring and snoring, sometimes even urinating piss unintended way. When this happens, Ines, by tissue papers, sponges up and sponges up again his urine. Ines is an English-speaking local prostitute girl. She is very young and pretty with outlander clients. Around Ines, Keith, Brian, and other defendants, lots of local policemen stand. Weapons they have and age-worn, washed-out, ragged uniforms.*

GONZALVES: *(Turning towards a bunch of homeless people. Declaring judgment. Harshing like a parrot.)*  
 Oihd oisfd ois!... Dspojfs pojfs!... Oisihoih spoijfs phips pojsspoj phi spoijssp!...  
 HOMELESS PEOPLE: *(With heavy hate. Shouting.)* Oiihjoia!! Poijdf opiaaaaa!  
 Afoih aoih!!! Oiji!!!

*Policemen handcuff people. While kicking and beating their heads and bodies they lead them away.*

GONZALVES: *(Looking around. Searching for the next case.)* Aafda sapif!... Aldijdf alknafd!!! ...Aldijdf!  
 INES: *(Shaking the shoulders of the sleeping students.)* Brian! Keith! You'll come! Do you hear me?!...  
 BRIAN: *(Opening a bit his eyes. Being still in coma.)* Tell him... Tell him any shit! Whatever you want.  
 INES: *(Turning to Gonzalves.)* Oiaf oidf oihdfkka! Lakj lijafli aoif iklka! Iojakllai!  
 GONZALVES: *(Jumping up very angrily. Shouting.)* Ukdsafd! Ukdsafd! Ojdfnlk oihdfjlj opihjsr pkjnlesaa!...  
 BRIAN: *(Too becoming a bit angry.)* Stop!... Enough!... *(Calming a bit down, but becoming now a bit ironical.)* Dear Signore!... We made violence, we plead guilty, please make a very quick judgement, and then please fuck you off! *(He smiles and lays back to sleep.)*  
 INES: *(She translates the sentences always with very quick speech.)* Uht ukte oka teru djuvea tonoi qut...  
 GONZALVES: *(Disregarding Brian. Howling to Keith.)* Adfnl pdois epo jef?! Lkaf

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hoif sfholin sdilk lsafkl!?

INES: And you?! Do you plead guilty?? For kicking lots and lots of trash bags on streets while standing under influence of alcohol?

KEITH: *(Brian lifts him up from the floor. He grumbles.)* ...Uhhh... Uhhmmmm!!!!

BRIAN: *(To Gonzalves. Menacingly.)* Leave him alone you old parrot!!! He got more cocaine past night than you in the past year! *(To Ines. Impatiently.)* Ines! Tell him that Keith feels sorry, pleads guilty, and he is very eager to have his marvelous punishment! *(He lays back to the floor again.)*

*Ines translates, but Gonzalves turns to the thin-like-bone kids. He harshes and harshes towards them, while they reply scared and sometimes crying. More and more recitation from afar. Scansion. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!.. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!..*

BRIAN: *(To Ines. Angrily.)* What is the sentence??? Why Signore Parrot doesn't make sentence in our case?

INES: *(Whispering.)* Honorable Judge Gonzalves had told just seconds ago that first he goes along the all cases! Then for a thorough consultation with court members he retires. No sentence prior to that.

BRIAN: *(Squirming. Fuming.)* For a thorough consultation he retires??!... Bullshit. For lunch he will step out! *(He tries to sleep again. But he is not able. He begins to listen to the people and children of the courtroom.)* Who are these kids?... Why they are here?

INES: *(With whisper.)* Shoplifting they made!...

BRIAN: *(With no whisper.)* What did they steal?

INES: *(Keeping her whispering voice.)* That small pimpled guy got apples. Beside him that one-armed small child got cartooned milk. And that thin boy had theft bread rolls. Two ones.

BRIAN: But where are their mothers? Where are their fathers?

INES: None of them has parents! Most of the kids do not know their own family names even.

BRIAN: *(Sitting up. Listening to the kids excited.)*

INES: Why do you wonder?... We had wars!! We have now one million children with no parents, no relatives! Nobody feeds them. They live in bands to rob some skimpy meal to stay alive!

BRIAN: *(With anger.)* Fucking shit! *(Furiously, towards the pulpit.)* And these fuckheads bring them to the court???... *(Trying to wake up Keith with no result. To Ines.)* What they usually get?

INES: Cudgels! Fifty beats by stick!

BRIAN: What??!... Fucking assholes! Beating the kids till the blood comes??!.. Who these fuckheads are?

INES: That fat fellow is Oliviere da Silva. Commander of the town soldiers. Communist. *(With her hand Buchelar she points.)* Reverend Buchelar, the local parson.

BRIAN: *(With sarcasm.)* In episcopal cope??! Cool!... Hey! *(Trying to wake up his friend.)* Hey Keith! Listen to this! *(To Ines.)* And that tall guy?

INES: Don Pepe! Leader of the mine owners. And the president of the union of coal miners.

BRIAN: *(With sarcasm again.)* Fine! He looks like a gay cream puff not a coal miner!

INES: *(Whispering.)* Pederast! He fucks the little homeless kids!

BRIAN: *(Loosing his temper.)* Scuzzbag!!! Animal!! ...And these turds act now as accusers???! *(Shaking Keith. Nothing happens. With hate he turn towards Don Pepe, then to Ines.)* Wealthy geezer, right?

INES: No!! No! Here the coal mining ended years ago! As told, his money is also gone. He just spent it.

BRIAN: Fuckhead! Fucking fuckheads the all! *(Fumbling his knapsack. Searching for a book.)* Where's that book?

*Gonzalves harshes and harshes to the kids. Marching people outside. Banners and boards. Giant tin Jesus painted with green color appears in the windows. Everybody turns towards it. For or five babies howl because of the dread. Policemen lead the babies and mothers out. Tin Jesus disappear.*

BRIAN: *(Finding the book he bursts out loudly.)* Fuck you!.. Fuck you!.. *(Walking to and fro angrily.)*

INES: *(Calming him down.)* Stop, stop, stop please!... What is it?..

BRIAN: Hey Judge!... Signore Parrot!!!!... *(Holding the book in his hand he goes ahead. Shouting to Gonzalves.)* To beat these kids till the blood comes??! This is what you want???!... *(Fully losing his temper. At the top of his voice.)* How dare you???!... How come???!...

GONZALVES: *(To Brian. Firmly.)* Ooipjafa! Lihjdaf oiefjsa odafh di! Oijadf jkdfka uidfoilhae idsfkh soljdsf! Adsfihsd dlfis idsknsdfi!... Aopisf!

INES: *(To Brian. With fear.)* He reprimanded you! Wouldn't it better if you'd stay in silence? What is it?

BRIAN: *(With hate he howls.)* Shut your reprimanding mouth up! Shut up you parrot!! *(Holding the book he comes closer. Ines follows him translating his words.)* Do you see what this book is? The bilingual Statute Book of your state! *(Howling again.)* Where is the defense lawyer for the kids?? *(Looking around. Silence. Pointing to the book.)* For underage persons you must order an attorney! You must! Where he is?

*Gonzalves, Oliviere da Silva, Buchelar, Don Pepe talks to each other in undertones. They look to Brian menacingly sometimes. Behind him two policemen appear.*

BRIAN: *(Losing his patient.)* Turds, cut your cackle!... Anyone who's present in courtroom could act as protector attorney! *(Showing the book to Gonzalves.)* Here's!.. I am a law student from England. I'll be the defense lawyer, turds! *(With hate, bending to the face of Gonzalves.)* My defense lawyer chair I need, and my counter I need! *(Shouting.)* Got it?! I'll not say it one more time! *(He lifts up the book again.)*

*Oliviere da Silva stands up. From Brian's hand he knocks off the book without saying a word.*

BRIAN: *(Looking to Gonzalves and assessors surprised. Thinking a bit.)* Hmm... *(Thinking again.)* ...Oops motherfuckers! Hierarchy, this is what you probably will respect! *(Thinking a bit again.)* Hierarchy... Hierarchy! *(Turning to Ines.)* Tell them that my daddy is the Consul of the United Kingdom, in the capitol of your country! And mammy is the Vice-President of The International Court of Justice, Hague,

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Netherlands! Translate it! But very precise way!

*Ines translates his sentences. Abashment. Gonzalves, Buchelar, Don Pepe do not know what to do. They talk to each other in undertones. Oliviere da Silva listens to them with no understanding, then he sits down.*

BRIAN: *(Menacingly.)* Don't let mislead you guys by that I drunk a lot tonight!!...

*A court servant is called. Gonzalves explains something to him in undertones.*

INES: *(Worrying.)* Why to lie? You'll be checked!

BRIAN: Yeah! And they'll have the result sometime next month!!

*Holding a piece of paper the servant exits.*

GONZALVES: *(Turning to Brian.)* Ojljsda uduhs auia iojj ooijnsuibrj sujksa kjsuua! *(Showing towards the defense attorney counter.)* Uhgge suhka jako! *(Giving to Brian a paper sheet.)* Uhgge suhka!

INES: *(Translating.)* I have to warn you! Penalty for misleading courts and judges in our country means minimum of six months incarceration ! Remember this!... And now fill up the defense lawyer form please!

BRIAN: *(Cleaning the top of the defense lawyer counter. Fuming.)* Yourself papa! Incarcerate yourself, you kid torturer!! *(Giving the form to Ines. Angrily.)* Write to there anything!

*Gonzalves rings the handbell. His speech, and the sentences of the native people, will be written in English henceforth.*

GONZALVES: *(Loudly. Reading from his papers.)* Statement of Facts in case of the kid shoplifters! Primary defendant is Garcia Luz. Age by guess is eight years, mother's name unknown, father's name unknown, other relatives are unknown...

BRIAN: *(Interrupting Gonzalves. Loosing his temper. With hate.)* Shut up papa!!!... Primary defendant you said?? Other defendants you said?? Who they are??... These miserable children? They did the wars?? They did?? *(Howling.)* They killed their fathers and mothers??!... No!! You did this papa!! You all!!!... You have to be the defendants!! You all!!!... Because of you all, these children must make shoplifting!!

GONZALVES: *(Firmly.)* Garcia Luz and his gang made shop robberies eight times! This blame falls on them!

BRIAN: *(Angrily)* Falls on you, old parrot! *(Showing to the assessors one after another.)* And on you!... On you!... On you!... More! On your country! More! On the entirely wrong, spoiled civilizations of our globe!

GONZALVES: *(Harshing.)* You off from the point!!...

BRIAN: *(Menacingly.)* Shut up parrot! *(Imperiously.)* Defend yourself!!... Misery and famine who made in your country? For these kids who made the shoplifting unavoidable? Who shut down their parents and relatives? *(Turning to Oliviere then to the others.)* You did! And you!!!... Directly or indirectly, you, the all!!!

GONZALVES: *(Firmly.)* We have wars!

BRIAN: *(With sarcasm.)* Then have them as captured enemies or war prisoners and

give them daily meal!

*Fright in the courtroom. People become more and more silent.*

GONZALVES: *(Firmly. Harshing)* Continuing the Statement of Facts in case of..

BRIAN: No Statement of Facts papa!! *(Shouting.)* Chuck it!! *(Menacingly. Loosing his temper.)* Nothing to do now except putting all children immediately into one of your prisons where all they can get meal each day!! Then Hasta la Vista you old asshole!!...

GONZALVES: *(Shaking the bell. Furiously.)* Hereby I declare, by the full authorization of court, that followed this trial the defense lawyer I will put under charge and accusation! *(Shouting.)* Reason for doing this is the fact that during this trial he offended our court many occasion!

INES: *(To Brian. With fear and fright.)* God! Why do you not leave him alone?

BRIAN:*(Disregarding Ines. With hate and sarcasm.)* Listen to me pa!! Under no charge you will put me, because of my father! Even with your police guys you will not carry me away, because of my mother.*(Showing the kids.)* Instead, you will provide for these kids prison care and meal with a nice smile on your face, you will release both of us also with a nice smile on your face, then Arrivederci Amigo Mio! *(Turning to Buchelar, to Don Pepe, and to Oliviere.)* After this, from the church money-box you spent less for fried chicken, you caballero fuck less children, and you comrade shot down less humans!! End! *(He sits down.)*

*Judge and assessors indignantly jump and jump up. Crowd hisses and shouts. Whistles here and there because of finding Brian's words outrageous. Don Pepe huffily leaves the courtroom. Oliviere da Silva doesn't understand anything and stays immobile like a statue. Buchelar stops eating. Gonzalves bells and bells again. Brian takes place on ground. He pulls out a whisky-bottle. He drinks.*

BRIAN: *(Shouting to his friend.)* Keithee! Keithee!... Come here! We have a great show!!... Come here please! *(To Ines.)* Bring him here please! Maybe he'll be in trouble, there, in the back!

*Ines hurries for Keith. People are still excited. Some of them try to leave the courtroom sneaky way. With his fingers Gonzalves angrily points to the whisky-bottle of Brian.*

BRIAN: I know that drinking is prohibited here!*(Pointing to Buchelar.)* Eating, gobbling too!... Otherwise this is a great whisky papa! *(He places the bottle onto the court pulpit.)* Taste it motherfucker! *(Sadly. With honest sorrow.)* You drink de luxe whisky probably rare occasion!...Please!... Just taste it!

*Gonzalves does not touch the bottle. But Oliviere da Silva and Buchelar take a closer look at it. Ines brings Keith. Keith feels a bit better.*

GONZALVES: *(Harshing again.)* Now! Statement of Facts of..

BRIAN: *(Interrupting him.)* Pa!! Shut up!... *(Shouting.)* Finish this fucking show! Sentence the little dudes to one year imprisonment with meal, release the others, and let's go now to the beer-house!

*Crowd here and there laughs. Others hiss. New and new groups outside. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! Gonzalves bells and bells.*

BRIAN: Pa!! Stop it!! *(Spotting Buchelar who sips whisky.)* Isn't it good, you dear episcopal pigeon?

BUHELAR: *(With throat clearing. Smiling.)* Yeah!... Yes!... Fine and thick! Delicious!!...

BRIAN: We have more my charming violet pigeon! *(With honest enthusiasm.)* Wait a second! Wait! *(From his knapsack he pulls out a new whisky-bottle.)* Drink motherfuckers!*(Looking to a fried chicken wing.)* May I taste it?

BUHELAR: *(Testing the new whisky-bottle. Offering kindly the chicken wing.)* Sure!!... Enjoy!

BRIAN: *(Eating the chicken wing.)* Fucking dudes, from where you got these fucking fine condiments?

*Oliviere too tastes the whiskey and finds it fine. Towards Gonzalves Brian pushes now the whisky-bottle. Judge hesitates, but the label of the bottle makes him curious. He reads it with interest.*

BUHELAR: *(To Brian.)* Oh, the herbs in the vicarage garden grow! Yes!... Coriander, blue dill and thyme! The seeds from the honorable judge were received! *(Smiling towards Gonzalves.)*

BRIAN: *(To Gonzalves.)* Gardening you also make, motherfucker?

GONZALVES: *(Rigidly. Not taking towards Brian a glance even.)* Yes. I have a small vegetable garden.

BRIAN: Oh, the honorable judge is a wonderful gardener! And, he is marvelous in flower gardening also!

Beautiful basil, petunias he has! Fabulous place! *(Clicking his tongue.)*

OLIVIERE: *(Tasting the second whisky-bottle. Observing Brian.)* Do you have fine cigarettes buddy?

BRIAN: *(With enthusiasm.)* Yes, I do have!! For sure I have mister comrade! *(His knapsack he opens.)*

OLIVIERE: *(Winking his eye. Grinning. Setting his uniform straight. Then a budge he takes off.)*

BRIAN: *(A box of Dunhill he pulls out.)* A fine, English cig! *(Placing the box onto the pulpit. Offering.)*

*Oliviere then Buchelar lights up. They both like the taste of the cigarette. Satisfied they puff.*

BRIAN: Fine! Isn't it? *(With fingers he tickles the bald head of Oliviere who smiles.)* Bitching-twitching!

OLIVIERE: *(Cleaning the budge he just took off with his hand. Looking at Keith. Getting off an other budge. Turning to Brian.)* Small souvenir!... Hey! Get it!!... And this one for the buddy!...

BRIAN: *(Smiling.)* Thanks comrade! *(To Keith.)* Keith! Look!! We got something! *(He pins up the budge.)*

*Gonzalves decides to drink a bit from the whisky-bottle. He finds it tasteful, delicious, and excellent. Then he turns back to his judge behavior. The bell he shakes.*

BRIAN: Papa! Do you rather need this bell show? *(He hugs a bit Oliviere and Buchelar.)* Be the friend of us! Drink and smoke cigarette! *(Becoming furious because of the bell sounds.)* Pa!! Stop it!!!... Speedy sentence, speedy release of people, speedy run with us to the beer-house! *(Loosing his temper.)* Fuck you! Are you a coward? You do not dare to do this?? *(He tries to lift up the stole from Gonzalves' neck.)* Give me your gown!! I'll declare the sentence!... Do you hear me??!... Hey!!

GONZALVES: *(Too loosing his temper. Pushing Brian's hand off.)* Come back to you counter!! Immediately!... *(Gasping because of the anger. Then howling.)* ...Enough!!!... *(With hate.)* Listen to me teeny-weeny little baby of your father and your mother! Why do you hide yourself behind the back of the daddy and the mammy??!... Do you have any own merit??!... Own business?!

BRIAN: You hit it! For sure none!!... Even in the future I'll have none!! My fucking Grandpa as a good old capitalist robbed out many east countries and millions of eastern people, well, I'll rob no one! Other fucking Grandpa was a communist and put into prison many, many people, well, I'll put no one! And now what? No other social systems papa!... *(Smiling to Buchelar.)* Maybe I ought to follow Jesus Christ living in a cloister where excellent condiment plants grow. *(Thinking.)* Hmm... To become a Buddhist person is also a chance! But who the fuckup desires to be reincarnated in a water horse or in a field mouse? *(Becoming excited.)* Do you know what animal I'd like to be??!... A koala! Yes, a koala! Day by day 23 and a half hour long he sleeps! He thinks about nothing, he knows about nothing, he leaves his shelter for a half hour to fuck and to eat, then he lays back to sleep again!... Yahoooo! This is the best! *(Climbing up to the Crucified Jesus Statue he hides himself in the height. He growls.)* Grrrr! Grrrr!... Grr, grr, grrrrrr!...

*Abashment in the courtroom. Recitation outside. Scansions. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... Don Pepe arrives. In a fret he listens to the events.*

BRIAN: *(Still on the crucifix.)* Grrrr! Grrrr!... Grr, grr, grrrrrr!...

GONZALVES: *(Howling towards Brian.)* Come down! Come off!!... Nihilist! Empty-headed nihilist ass wipe!

BRIAN: *(Menacingly.)* Be careful with your words motherfucker! Grrr, grr, I'll bite you!... *(Angrily.)* And for your gang recommend please very strongly the nihilism, instead of marking me with!! *(Showing to the assessors one after the other.)* Do you know what would evolve in your poor country if you, and you, and you, and you, would act as nihilists and would make absolutely nothing? *(Smiling.)* Abundance! Comfort! Richness! Bellyful kids!!... Yes friends! *(Showing to the assessors one after the other again.)* Why do you think that the capitalism, the communism, or the religion could resolve your problems?? Why?... *(With sarcasm.)* Because of the fact that they had resolved nothing relevant even in the western societies?... All these are old and very junk ideas turds!

GONZALVES: *(Howling.)* Empty-headed, silly ass! Then find you out better!

BRIAN: No way! Because of you, and you, and you, and you!! *(Showing to Don Pepe, Oliviere, then to Buchelar.)* Follow the market rules or starve!... Follow the

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party rules or die!... Follow the Bible or be damned!... This is how you work! No new paths, no new ways! If anything new occurs you immediately stop it, or prohibit it, or persecute it. Immediately! As the history of mankind shows! (*Angrily. Fuming.*) You rotten, archaic animals!...

DON PEPE: (*Loosing his temper. Coming to the crucifix.*) Come down guy! Climb down immediately!!...

BRIAN:(*With sarcasm.*) Climb up you and your gang instead!For drinking and fuming this is also a good place!

DON PEPE: (*Fully loosing his temper. Howling.*) Suck my cock! You turd! Suck it!

BRIAN: (*Shouting down him.*) Why me??... Maybe the street kids does not suck it proper way??!...

GONZALVES: (*Too fully loosing his temper. Howling.*) Enough!!!!... Enough of the dirty blab!!!...

(*Still indignantly.*) Here kids and underage children are present!...

BRIAN: Underage children??!... (*Too howling.*) Shut up your mouth you rascal! How many underage children you ordered to be beaten until the blood comes?? (*Turning to Don Pepe.*) How many underage children pulled your coal wagons in your underground coal mines?? (*Turning to Oliviere.*) How many underage children were present in shanty-towns that your guerrilla soldiers burned down??!...

*Gonzalves bells and bells like a madman. Assessors jump up. To the Jesus Statue they rush.*

BUCHELAR: (*Shaking his fist.*) It was rather, rather enough!!... Enough!! Down from the Holy Crucifix!!

BRIAN: Shut up, you violet pigeon!! Who are cleaning your wine cellars? Who? Maybe the underage kids do it at no expense after the morning masses??!... Am I right??...(Howling to the all assessors. Almost crying.) Out of here!! Out! Out, the entire court!!... You too, fat comrade!!... (*Menacingly.*) Do you hear me? (*Showing to the door.*) Out capitalist, out communist, out clergyman!! The best would be to chase you out even from the Solar System!

**Notebook**

**Short excerpt of preparatory note (3)**

**JUAN!...JUAAAAAN!... DARK COMEDY IN 2 ACTS. (FIRST DRAFT.)**

CHARACTERS: QAL, the Supreme God himself, JUAN, a poor mortal, and few mute participants.

ACT 1.

*Russia. 17th century. Church with bulbous domes in the backstage, right side. Piggery in the downstage, left side. From the piggery just a small segment is visible.*

*The piggery is an old, ruined, miserly place. A pig-pail stands ahead of it.*

*From the backstage, Qal, the Supreme God is bound here. Qal is taller than the humans. Golem his outlook recalls. Dilapidated triangle he has in his forehead, triangle has one eye inside. Qal's disgusting body covered with many ugly warts and with red and green, shiny cavities. Qal as stupid as no one in our world. He has a bass voice and continually grunts and murmurs.*

QAL Juan!... Juaaaaan!!!... *(Grunting like a hog.)* Were are you? I'm here to carry you out!... Be happy Juan! For your all self-abasement and self-restraint you get now a very glorious reward! *(He tries to bend down to the piggery's opening and to see who is inside.)*

*Inside the piggery a man appears wearing sackclothes. Scrambling in the dirt he moves and runs, among pig shits. When Qal bends down he disappears very quickly.*

QAL Juaaaaan!!!... Hey! Get out!... Out!! *(Haughtily.)* I see you very well! Eye of the God always see everything! *(Lifting the pig-pail up. Checking the content of it.)* This disgusting pig wash you eat?!... Do you endure anything?! Hmm... Hey! Come out! Come! *(Stopping the pig wash out.)*

JUAN *(He comes out. He has rags with pig shits everywhere. On his face he has stubble and marks of pig wash.)* Hands off! *(He becomes furious.)* Do you hear me??

QAL At long last!... *(Putting down the pig-pail.)* I did know that you'll come out!! I did!!... I know you well! I know very well all of my creatures.

JUAN Balls!... Balls you know well! *(Moving back to the piggery's inside.)* Enough! Out of here!

QAL *(Making that kind of horrible howl that Juan stops.)* Juaaaan!!!! *(Firmly.)* Your time has been expired on earth and now you come with me! *(Turning his head toward the sky.)* Up there, for your self-sacrifice you'll gain your great reward. *(Like the prophets.)* You'll live in Eternal Happiness till the end of the world.

JUAN *(After a short pause.)* Idiot! *(He disappears in the piggery very quickly.)*

QAL Juan!! *(Menacingly.)* Against the God any will of any mortal people is useless!

JUAN *(With heavy hate.)* Fuck you off!!... Fuck you!!... Take these friars, the Yurodivys, with you!!... Help them! Make them happy instead of me!... *(Turning towards the piggery opening.)* Pure buddies! Almost dead they are now!

QAL *(On his body a knob he pushes. With a dim lamp he enlights the piggery. A few blowzy, ragged men scramble on the shitty ground inside, in panic.)* Holy men!... *(Reverently.)* Saints!... Not too much people made so much sacrifices for God than these mortals!!... *(Wisely.)* Their turn too will come. Sometimes, in the future. *(He turns the dim light off.)*

JUAN But they're friars!! They're your proper people and not me! *(Softening. A bit entreating.)* Please! Watch! Watch them! Watch their outlook! Be gracious! *(Standing up. Fawningly.)* Prime feature of the God the clemency is!... You don't know that they how much suffer endured! They tried to free themselves from human desires, wishes, wills, vanity, everything. They tried fully to free themselves from the human features that always serve as a ground of crimes. With lashes they forced themselves to live among hogs and pigs! With lashes they forced themselves to live the life of immaculate, crime-free animals! Everything they tried to turn themselves from sinful men into sinless zoological creatures!! Everything!

QAL *(Angrily.)* Hey!!... Don't teach me!... In Russia, Yurodivy friars live in hundreds

and hundreds of piggeries at recent. I do know them very well.

JUAN Then them carry with you! Right? And, Arrivederci Amigo! *(Turning back to the piggery.)*

QAL *(Stopping Juan.)* No!... You will come with me!...

JUAN *(Angrily.)* But why not you are concerned with your religious people?... Why with me? Who hates all your priests, all your pastors, all your rabbis, all your dervishes, lamas...

QAL *(Interrupting Juan with haughtiness.)* Because you did penance in this shitty piggery at long last! Past time, hiding on the trees from me among sleepy sloths, that was really not a penance. Clothes defecate less than hogs and pigs. *(Guffawing and grunting.)* Hhh...Hhh...Hhh.

JUAN *(Shouting loudly to the obtuse giant.)* Fuck! Remember!! Remember please!... I'm here from absolutely other reason as penance or atonement!

QAL *(Dumbfounded.)* But then why you are here?

JUAN *(Resignedly he leans back to the wall of piggery and stops. Short pause.)*

Hmm... Fucking shit! He doesn't remember anything! Stupid mutton head!...

*(Stepping to Qal.)* Listen to me again! I don't desire to be a human being!! Do you understand me??!!... I - don't - desire - to - be - a - human - being!!... Many times I told you! Do you understand it now??... I desire to be a pig! I desire to be a sloth, or any other animal! But to be a human being this I never want anymore!...I think everything is clear! So bug off now!...

**Notebook**

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**End of excerpts.**