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Auswärtiges Amt



GOETHE
INSTITUT

JUST “M.”
DESTROY M

PLAY OF ABSURD By VOLODYMYR SERDIUK

The CHARACTERS:

«M» (*An aging teenager.*)
WOMAN #1
WOMAN #2
WOMAN #3
SINGING GIRL (*Almost bald.*)
PIONEERESS
PIONEER
TWO POLICEMEN
YELLOW BALL
TALKING WARDROBE
DIFFERENT VOICES

SETTING: An almost dark stage with the dull and untidy room on it. Its ceiling is inclined, three walls are curve, and the floor is uneven. The only window is dirty, the door is turn off. So as the table and the bed.

An ancient wardrobe predominates in the messy room.

A tired teenager is moving his lips concluding the World problems. Seems that he becomes to be bald. That is “M”.

SCENE 1.

M: “...Carpathian Sea was roaring at the distance. An alien legion’s officer unwrapped a yellow pill and began to hesitate before consuming it: “Probably it is not the time, yet?” Gray drops of liquid ammonium were condensing on his green-black creaking scales. The yellow pill in his brown claws was looking like some small spark in the middle of the night. The wind of nitrogen blew and the alien understood that he cannot wait no longer...” I guess me slightly going mad. Where am I, for real?

WARDROBE: Southern Circuit Street. Three A.M.

M: A.M.? Overboard?

WARDROBE: Minus two.

M: Is it doomsday, isn’t it yet?

WARDROBE: Not yet.

(Rocking, producing some sounds like “ha-ha”).

M: What a happiness.

YELLOW SPHERE: What?

(Runs across the room. M. Is pretending not to hear the question).

Rattle at the door from the outside.

M: Who is there?

PIONEER: Me.

M: Me?

PIONEER: Not you, me. Pioneer.

M: So, come in, come in. Come, welcome.

(Licks his lips, trying to catch the yellow sphere. Fails. Leaning against the table).

M *(continues)*: No scrub. Used paper is in the washroom. You may have it.

SCENE 2.

Pioneer keeps silent, than makes itself double, producing Pioneeress from inside. Both of them are in shabby clothes, decorated with hook-seeds. Pioneeress has an alpenstock and swimming-boots on. Pioneer has his ski and cattle on his belt.

M: You are strange a bit.

PIONEER: You too. *(M. Nods affirmatively.)* Pioneer - means “the first one”. Just try to say that we are late.

M: No-no, just in time, three A.M. So, if you are here, pals, do me a favor, please, check if that wardrobe really speaks?

(Pioneers open the doors and look inside.)

PIONEERESS: Sure speaks. *(Snorts respectfully and goes away.)* That must be the prompter of this play. She must talk all the time.

M: Is it some play?

PIONEERESS: Didn't you know? *(To the Pioneer.)* Can't you stop staring into that box and go away? *(Pioneer is not evidently able to.)*

M: Really? Then close the doors, let us stop the draught. *(Pioneeress closes the doors.)* Oh, it is easy to breath now. Is it really “minus two” overboard?

PIONEERS *(In chorus.)*: Over which board?

M: No-no-no, over any. Just as that.

PIONEER: Think before speak.

M: That is a bad luck: the more you think - the less you understand. You, generally, for a dimetrodon?

PIONEERESS: Are you sleeping? Dimetrodon is what for?

M: I was just thinking to myself: you could not come for a rhinoceros *(Laugh together.)*, and those chairs are gone long before! *(Pioneer takes out a loud-speaker.)*

PIONEER: Gigantopitek, man! We are interested in gigantopitek!

(Yellow ball is passing across the room.)

M: I do not know and I do not want to know. I do not care. I did not have, I do not have, and I will not have. Three A.M. overboard...

WARDROBE: Three fifteen.

M: ... and I suffer, dreaming of a small yellow ball.

PIONEERESS: Ordinary people count sheep... *(A flock of sheep is wandering pass the stage.)*...or they count elephants. *(A herd of elephants is stamping behind the stage.)*

M: Elepppphants! What a banality! *(Elephants become quite in their shame.)* Cape of escape... Where is my yellow ball?

(Yellow sphere is jumping, but nobody takes notice. The sphere is making a rough gesture. Someone is releasing water in the washroom.)

PIONEER: Man! There is the used paper. I have to take it. *(Door opens. A woman is screaming over there in indignation and fear. Pioneer closes the door and making rest with his shoulder.)* How many of you are here?

M: They are everywhere. Do not let me fall asleep.

WOMAN #1: To sleep? *(Asking from the bed.)* Who are you to say? Night by night you are standing at the table, catching some flies...

M: Spheres.

WOMAN #1: ... instead of go to bed, as all respectful people do.

M: Wait, I did not get something, it is three A.M....

WARDROBE: Half past three.

PIONEER: Coo-coo!

PIONEERESS: Hello! Go out the washroom, you are not alone here.

WOMAN #2: And where do I go?

PIONEERESS: Maybe to the kitchen, if you would like to. *(Writes on the door with her chalk a word: KITCHEN.)* Are you all right there? Make us some supper, we just made two hundred kilometers, and some coffee for that idiot, everybody knows he will not sleep.

WOMAN #2: You are right. He tortured us to the death. I am going out, but give me a word, that you will not touch me.

(Slowly opens the door and continues to speak as if nothing happened.)

WOMAN #2 (continue): No, dear, you must not grate nuts. No way, never.

PIONEERESS: Can it really be true? Must not I, at all?

WOMAN #2: Not a bit. It is the same as if you grate bananas.

SCENE 3.

PIONEERESS: Don't they grate bananas?

WOMAN #2: God bless you, kid, they never do.

(Yellow sphere has its sit on the wardrobe. Pioneer takes a sandwich from the tray, looking afraid of something.)

PIONEER: There is something wrong here.

M: Those are my words from the very beginning. Everything is O.K. and - all of a sudden - crisis. In addition, you, as always, are never prepared for such things. There is an impression as if someone poses your body and your dreams. However, to poses dreams does not mean to put to sleep. Probably, at the contrary: to send charms? To-day I do not want to speak about things I am not sure of. Although how can I know, what do I want - don't want? No, I need to speak not about that - I need to think about that. That...

(Begins to laugh to himself. Paroxysm of fear makes him tremble, making his face wry from disgust.)

PIONEER: It is not the point. I am interested in women.

M: Sure. I was too the other days.

PIONEER: Hey, wake up! I am talking about those who are walking here. *(Women drink coffee, dance, try different fashions of dresses.)* Let us put it in a row, so logic to appear.

M: Appear, Logic!

PIONEER: Not this way. First, where is your furniture?

M: There it is. Wardrobe, bed...

PIONEER: And everything else?

M: Gone.

PIONEER (Yells.): With who?

M: Loaders with.

PIONEER: But someone had to make them to? Just do not tell me about circumstances. Some definite person had to make the order. Who was it?

M: That one, red - haired.

(Red-haired woman #2 falls out of common mess.)

PIONEER: Also, degeneration and misunderstanding began from her?

M: No, from the other one, blond. *(Blond woman #1 falls out of common mess.)* I joined the Army; she joined the man, being married. I hated her at the beginning, but then reconciled myself to this and let her stay here. Why not? There is enough room.

PIONEER: A-ha, it is something, at least. In addition, what about that parrot in the wardrobe?

WARDROBE: Quarter to four.

M: She was a secret agent. We met once and spent a night together. From that night, she is always with me.

PIONEER: Disgusting! You slept with the secret agent! How could you?

M: It was during the war and she was in such a disguise that I could not even see her.

WARDROBE: I lost myself in the war theater...

M: Agent is not able to exist all by himself, he needs reagents and catalyzers.

WARDROBE: Fraud. What a liar... I was not a secret agent; I was a special agent then.

PIONEER: Is there any difference?

M: Difference to defense... Maybe.

PIONEER: What was the use of you there?

M: I played the guitar.

PIONEERESS: Is that what they call an active service?

M: It could be too. See, what a sorrow, she lost herself. Let her stay there, yes? And that one, on the bed, I could hardly recall even. I only know that she is speaking some foreign language when she is sleeping.

PIONEERESS: Could you throw them out, couldn't you?

M: I doubt. They were sent here for some reasons. When they send women, so that means someone needs this.

(The light is glimmering. On the walls & on the ceiling there are beginning to grow green branches. Yellow sphere childishly runs past M. He tries to catch it, but then refuse to & looks at the Pioneer in shame.)

PIONEERESS (Cleaning her nose with a stick.): Yes, the diagnosis is clear.

M (Gaily.): Really? Could you give me a certificate? I could refer on it, just in case.

PIONEER: We have no time. We need a Gigantopithecus.

M: Take my celadon. It stinks too much.

(Celadon puts his head into the room.)

PIONEERESS: Thank you. It is not our profile.

M: Why do you need especially gigantopithecus? Take dwarfs. Here I have a full match-box of them. Rustling, forging something there in, digging, maybe that is why I cannot sleep.

PIONEER: Impossible. No way. We are looking for the exit and only giants are able to show us the exit. We will stand on their shoulders.

M: Or on their heads, maybe.

PIONEERESS: What?

M: "Not God, not Zar, not hero..." *(Sings.)* «Only You can make my World go round...»

PIONEER: I don't understand.

M: So I. Me too. *(Brakes the match-box.)*

PIONEER *(Curiously.):* Still buzzing?

M: No, silent. *(Begins to cry.)*

(Some periscope is moving down from the ceiling. It is searching the space methodically & carefully.)

PIONEERESS: Do they still observe us?

M: Of course, observation was never stopped. *(To the audience.)* By the way, they observe you too, that's why I recommend you to be more emancipated & to say everything you want. Can you act this way?

PIONEER: Frankly, I didn't even try to live like this. You mean I may go & do some nonsense?

M: You must do it before the periscope is still here, so they, out there, couldn't even think that we here do something serious.

PIONEERESS: Damn you, water-rats! Lamantine - that was the man... Dive in the ice-hole & sit there for weeks long. It is cold out there, it happens that the ice-hole becomes frozen but he still eats his grass. See, silently! We have no such friends no more.

WOMAN # 2: Listen, why is that your frig is not in the kitchen? It used to be there, this big, nice, with ice-box in it. We could make some cocktails or some ice cream.

M: But you took it away together with furniture, I mean your loaders.

WOMAN # 2: See, I forget everything. All right, make no notice. Sure, we could make garlic cloaca washing to all who are present here.

PIONEERS: Sure not. Thank you.

M: I think we should not. At least not now.

WOMAN #2: Well. Not is not.

WOMAN #1: And why did I leave you?

M: I used to drink & used to lie often.

WOMAN #2: And what did happen to me?

M: You used to like rich men.

WOMAN #2: Than is why I robbed you, in fact?

M: In fact. It was useful to me. Look, now I have more free space. & in my head is still less sawdust now. And I have possibility to meditate on Eternity.

WOMAN #3: Why then our common life was broken?

M: You had a child from your first marriage & loved it more than me.

WOMAN #2: That is not very big sin.

M: I do not argue. Love has gone, probably it was not here but instead of love, hatred did not come. That is why I let you all stay with me, 'cos I forgive everything. What a pity, I did not know still do you forgive me...

WOMAN #1: Forget it, it is from another opera! Let music play! We want to dance! What a shame, nobody is dead.

M: Check the wardrobe, there were some bones. You may dance on them.

(Pioneers close their eyes & begin to sing in trembling voices. They, who wish, are dancing rock-&-roll on the artificial legs & bones. The rest are applauding. The yellow sphere is jumping; woman from the bed is reciting some poem in the unknown language. Stars are falling down.)

M (*To the audience.*): I have to do this. To keep them here means to direct the stream to the future. I must always add extra efforts & then those efforts will add colors & size. To be sure that they existed for real - means probability of my existence. If they vanish now it will be the sign of my absence.

WOMAN #2: Now don't you drink? And don't you want to?

M: No, I quit drinking easily but began to see different balls & sleep in a strange manner.

WOMAN #1: Or don't sleep at all, confess?

M: That is the case. That is why I suffer. My head is aching but nobody can explain - am I not sleeping or don't I wake? (*To the Pioneer.*) You, for example, came from the outside, saw me with your fresh eye. Could you notice the difference when a person asleep & when awake? Could you?

PIONEER: If you were drunk, it would be easier.

M: Would I be, that is it... So many years of my life - the life full of controversies, - I am divided into four rivers... each of them at the end fills my own Sea of sufficiency. They put my body in the net of obtrusive comfort but found themselves in labyrinthed deconstruction of my neglected mind. By the way, what is there outside?

PIONEERESS: Nightfall.

M: Fall night.

PIONEER: Crop sight.

WOMAN #1: Helpless.

(The watercolor of a city's landscape falls down & lay between them.)

WOMAN #2: Such politely-thin?

PIONEER: That city is artificial, ideal.

M: Before they built the real one, from which you arrived, they had to imagine it.

PIONEERESS: What a folly-coolly idea.

(The light is shining brightly & the yellow sphere disappears.)

PIONEERESS: Isn't it storming?

WOMAN #2: God, I am so afraid of lightnings! More than of highness.

PIONEER: Storm is always threat menacing. This is not likely. When flashlight is off & on again - it is just a warning.

(Darkness. We feel further loses.)

WOMAN #1: They warn us again!

M: If we could only understand those warnings.

PIONEERESS: For what?

PIONEER: What?

(Pioneers are discontent. Women act as before, means absolutely unpredictably, un-logic. Snow is falling.)

M: Two - is frost.

PIONEER: Frost - is one.

PIONEERESS: Everything begins from zero. Absolute "zero". Nothing new can happen before you reach "zero point".

PIONEER: I wander what does it look like?

M (*Widely opens his mouth.*): Like this.

PIONEERS: (*Looking into his mouth.*) So that is it protects your teeth from morning until night?

WOMAN #2: Your teeth are prison's handicraft.

M: At the sober - chamber they always take ones jaws away.

WOMAN #1: Why?

PIONEER: Just for case. It is a cold steel.

SCENE 4.

(Hatchway in the floor opens. Woman in tankman's helmet appears from out there.)

WOMAN FROM THE HATCHWAY: Listen, you! Who is there in the washroom? Why do they pour perfumes into the shit-hole? First - it is unbearable, second - indignating.

M *(In shame.):* Sorry, that is the way I quit drinking.

WOMAN FROM THE HATCHWAY: Not so suddenly, citizen, there are people down there.

M: I believed that there is only "overboard".

WARDROBE: Four sharp overboard.

WOMAN #1: Someone must be born now.

WOMAN FROM THE HATCHWAY: That is what we do there, see, I am all in grease. And you with those stinky perfumes!

M *(Beats his head to the wall.):* Enough. Not a drop more to drink.

PIONEERS *(Interrupting each other.):* If someone will be born there, call him "Absolute zero".

WOMAN FROM THE HATCHWAY: All right, citizens, keep peace of minds. Your calmness is the basis of stability, prosperity & development.

(All applaud, Pioneers saluting, women presenting her with cactus in the bowl. M. Moves the table, pressing the hatchway. Window opens & from the darkness, someone passes the portrait of the woman in the tankman's helmet.)

VOICE: Sign here, please.

M: What have I write?

VOICE: Anything you want.

M: Hello. Boom!

VOICE: Thank you.

(From the darkness we hear the motor roar & metal voice speaking: "The door is closing. Next stop - Hydropark." Someone shoots petard & confetti into the room from the darkness.)

SCENE 5.

M: To-days depth of knowledge is nothing, comparing to the chasm of meanings, which opens there, at the edge. Hint & maintenance will define after.

PIONEER: I cannot hint anyway.

M: Start to move. *(Pioneer makes a salute. M. salutes in answer.)* Understand?

PIONEER: Not a bit.

M: Genius! You will understand it later, when you feel sick. Tsh-sh-sh... Say nothing, they don't listen to you. They like to watch but they don't like to think. Pa-de-de?

(Begins to make some dancing “pa”.)

PIONEERESS: Pa?

M: De.

(Refuses to try.)

WOMAN #2: When I gave him birth, he was already bald. And when we got married, he was bald too. For the funeral, I would like to put a wig on his head. Just for fun. Do you have some?

WOMAN #1: Is it possible to born your own husband?

WOMAN #2: Isn't it possible? It is not to burn but not impossible. I created him with my own hands. Truly to say, the product was strange. I could not stand him for long. And went to give birth to other men.

PIONEERESS: Were they small?

WOMAN #2: They were different. Children are people, which later grow up, transforming into adults, & men are creatures, which always remain children. Look, I just left this one & he already goes without socks.

(Picks up M.'s breech & they both look at the M.'s dirty feet in astonishment.)

WOMAN #1: I could not even imagine that everything is so complicated.

WOMAN #2: Oh, say nothing, my present husband is an officer.

WOMAN #1: He has such a long nose. How could we love him?

WOMAN #2: How can we remember such a guy till now?

WOMAN #1: Why does he remember us? At least I did everything to make him sweep me out of his ugly head.

WOMAN #2: It was always full of dandruff.

PIONEERESS: But he was bald.

WOMAN #2: Oh, sorry, that was another one. But they are all the same.

WOMAN #1: Murders.

WOMAN #2: Scoundrels.

WOMAN #1: Traitors.

SCENE 6.

(Rough voices, motor roar, sound of boots. Door opens jerkily. Two police officers make an almost bald young singing girl to come in. Her clothing is too bold.)

1-st POLICEMAN: She must belong to that gathering?

(All keep quite except the singer.)

GIRL: May I have my cigarette?

M: We do not smoke.

GIRL: My drink?

M: We do not drink.

GIRL: Boredom. *(The yellow ball is falling into her hands.)* What, quty, charm, you must be boring too? Wait, I will keep you warm. Oh, do not jump. And do not blink that way! Miss me? Being sad?

(M. is trying to reach the ball, his hands are shaking. All the rest characters are frozen.)

GIRL *(continue)*: What do you want, bald? This? And what will you give me for that? Everything I want? Go to hell! I would rather throw it out, making it free. You are afraid? Then I must throw it out. Boom.

(Everybody begin to act as if nothing happened. M. Is searching for the Yellow Ball again.)

M *(Desperately)*: Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?

(The Girl is scared & begins to cry.)

WOMAN #2: Are you damn crazy! It is not here!!! Come to me, cub, we will protect you from that animal, do not be afraid.

(Caresses the Girl.)

WOMAN #1: We will give you food; we will comb your hair.

WOMAN #2: We will net it in pigtails & decorate with flowers.

WOMAN #1: Among us, you are under protection & may rest.

(Makes her to sleep.)

M: She falls asleep. Why can't I to?

WOMAN #1: Go & sink yourself.

WOMAN #2: Go & hang yourself.

PIONEERESS: Go & burn yourself.

WOMAN #1: Go & disappear.

GIRL *(Crying.)*: But he loved me those days...

WOMEN *(Together.)*: Lie!

(Continue to shout everything they want, blaming M. in all possible sins. M. knelt on his knees, addressing to the audience.)

M: Is life - a dream?

STRANGE VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE: This kind of life is rather dream!

PIONEER: Do desire this every morning in your mind & it will not be able to threaten you.

PIONEERESS: What do you want from that yellow ball? Search in your nose & make some green one.

M *(Presses his head with his hands.)*: I need to stop but someone put a charcoal in my head. May I make some hole in my skull?

PIONEER: Our mind is boiling with rage.

PIONEERESS: With age.

M: With sorrow.

WOMAN #1: Weak.

(Everybody seem just to notice her.)

PIONEERESS: No rhyme, you see!

WOMAN #1: But it is true.

M: The only Truth - Seven. (*The yellow ball hangs above him.*) If there is such holy-black bottomless hopeless in me, then who am I?

WOMAN #2: You look like M. From the outside.

PIONEER: M.P. or M.G.?

WOMAN #2: Just M.

M: Thank you, Ma'am.

PIONEERESS: Do not be so grateful. You do not know yet what this similarity may be cause of.

M: I cannot bear this similarity. I knew this & tried nevertheless.

WOMAN #1: To look like M.?

M: To be M.

WOMAN #2: Take one teaspoon of potassium, add some vinegar & mix with honey.

PIONEERESS: Press with bunny.

PIONEER: Cover with tablecloth.

M: Some kind of nightmare...

PIONEERS (*Interrupting each other.*): We have major problems out there: our post is in state of instability, banks are post-ponding the payments, majority exists under the line.

M: Is it possible to improve the situation if everything is so difficult?

PIONEER: We are trying to influence the events. Shall we succeed, you may see later.

(He is served with water, washes his bloody hands, leaving some bloodstains on his face.)

M: Didn't you miss your destination coming here?

PIONEER: Did we? Why? You were not even astonished when we came. Why?

M: Do I know? Firstly, it was crowded here even without you, secondly, no, still at first or at all... was.

PIONEER: And is.

M: It is, and continues. Why there is no rest? What all this mess for? If I only could get my little yellow ball, the rest could stop & I could rest in dreamless.

PIONEERESS: Not to die but fall asleep, you know... exactly sleep.

M: Because remembrance - I guess, guess to remember.

PIONEER: Guess the Jomolungma's high.

M: Highness. Which?

PIONEERESS: What.

M: Which is constantly changing.

PIONEER: Reasonably.

GIRL: Absurdly maybe?

PIONEERESS: Restlessly.

WOMAN #1: Treacherously slim.

PIONEER: So, you can't guess?

M: No. How can I know about highness or deepness when I am not acknowledged who am I and what my size is. Besides, I am put somewhere deep in me, in the depth...

WOMAN #2 (*Childishly.*): Mariana deep.

M: Such deep?

(All sigh in relief.)

GIRL: So, it means some definition, anyway.

M: Do not use this word. Instead of answer, it creates another question: “What season is it now?”

WARDROBE: Four twenty five.

M: The same as yesterday. Making the question “what?” you find yourself in the ring-trap where you should better not continue search: “which?” because you sink even deeper. Have that one; you have already had, asking of nothing.

PIONEERESS: Bullshit makes good in such a case.

M: What about my intelligence?

PIONEERESS: What are you talking about? You mean that grey wet substance? Many people live easily without it.

PIONEER: Hey, you! Control yourself. We are called to execute Great Mission. There is only one solution: we or they.

GIRL: Two.

PIONEER: What?

GIRL: Solutions.

PIONEER: No, just one: we only! And if you could have another, much firmer head, you probably where able to grip at once, without doubting, on whose side the truth is!

WOMAN #1: On which side?

PIONEER: Do not test me. There are programs and wise rulers behind us. What do you have behind you?

M: Not much: uncertainty and the shadows of forgotten primogenitors.

PIONEER: You could not even manage your women, chicken!

M: And the sixth day came & He said to Himself - have a rest.

PIONEERESS: Them who are dirty - dream of bath.

GIRL: Why do you suffer? Send them all to Pisons.

M: From.

GIRL: To.

M: From.

GIRL: To.

M: From.

GIRL: To.

M: When one begins to speak seriously, people count him a fool, at once - produce phony slob, everyone will scream in astonishment.” See what a clever guy!”

WOMAN #1: Bright sadness.

WOMAN #2: Sad madness.

(Pause. They both are shocked by themselves.)

M: What is the deal? I can be pleased with beauty but always see terrible things & disgusty things. Awful...

GIRL: Do they demonstrate the Past only?

M: And the Future happens.

GIRL: So, you can see it, right?

M: One can. You only have to improve your abilities. *(Shuts his eyes.)* One, two, three, nine, twelve...

(Startled sheep appear at the stage. Stop, yells, go away. The snow is falling, just in case.)

PIONEERESS: Did you find the exit?

M: I set in fire the things made by myself but under hostile will's oppression. I saw burning beauty & felt free. Fire glistened in all colors of yellow.

PIONEERESS: A strange wife from the strange talk about a strange husband.

M: Left cannot be identical to right.

PIONEER: Must not. *(Insists.)*

WOMAN #1: Do you at least believe that they will revival?

M: I am a gnostic.

(Some scrub & heavy metal falls out from the wardrobe. Women scream, then quite enlightened sing "Bessa me mucha" in Spanish.)

GIRL: What is that? *(Scared.)*

M *(Easily, like all philosophers do.):* "Deus ex machina."

GIRL: Does He look like this?

PIONEER: What else could fall out of machine? What did you expected to see?

PIONEERESS: What the hell machine you are talking about? That is just an old wardrobe!

WARDROBE: Do not argue. What if I am the time machine? Five, zero seven.

M: You have already said it. It was long before. How can you do it again?

WARDROBE: I have told you, I am the time machine. If you need to have a chocolate hare, catch one & cover with chocolate. If you need to have cherry in spirits, find enough spirit & eat definite amount of cherries.

PIONEER: Think what, what, what do you advise? What can you have, what *(Releases gases.)*, what besides of NOTHING!

WARDROBE: You may think or not to think at all, but I have well-functioning mechanism of local councils. *(All accept it as a command.)* To start flight - wave your wings: one-two-three! *(M. waves his hands.)* R- r - runabout! *(M. Runs.)* And FLY! *(M. hits the wall & falls down. Sits, shaking his head. The yellow ball watches him.)* They advise to repeat that attempt at least seven times. It is a good aid for the harsh times.

(Women make a chorus. Singing, gesturing, but one cannot neither hear nor see the words.)

PIONEER: Maybe you eat too much? Let us throw out your liver

(Trying to ripe M. 's bow with his ski stick.)

M: Go to the kitchen.

(Pioneer goes out & begins to cut there something joyally. Then stops & returns to the stage to rest.)

WOMAN #1: Hard...

PIONEER: Tell me about it. Of course. *(Puts on his gas mask, unties his knapsack. Pioneer and M. watches something inside the sack.)* Look, it goes by itself inevitably after something else, but after it, naturally, exists or appears something else, and else, otherwise, - that, which, according to its nature, goes or appears after something else - or that dutily, or mainly, after that same nothing else exists; and in the middle - there is that that, the same way goes after another and after itself has something else. We need only to expand all this to the absolute transparency.

(Brakes something in the sack. M. leaves him.)

M: No, it is not as simple as it seems to be...

PIONEER: Decadent.

(Tides his sack back.)

M: Not again. I must be sleeping, watching you - my nightmare.

PIONEER: And what about me?

M: And you are sleeping too, observing me - that is your nightmare.

PIONEER: What about them?

(Points to the audience.)

M: They are sure that if they paid it does not concern them.

M and PIONEER *(Brutally laugh in chorus.):* No way!

PIONEERESS: When you do not suffer, what kind of life is this?

PIONEER: We will make you laugh & make you free from your frights.

GIRL: Then we will show you who you were & are...

M: Not this only! It is impossible, it is not this!

WOMAN #1: I was always sure that absurd means everything reverse.

M: I wish it could be so simple. This state means everything like almost real but kind of
sidy angle, sidy, sidy.

WOMAN #2: Stop, stop, quit it, all this is absolutely definite & established; you cannot threaten cosmos with your fist just because you do not understand it. Even a dog may bark to the moon. So what?

PIONEER: Boredom. Can you sweep them away?

M: I can erase you all. Out!

(All disappear.)

SCENE 7.

PIONEER'S VOICE: This is not funny. What are you doing? Let us speak.

M: Let us.

PIONEER: No, I want to be there, over you.

M: Around.

PIONEER: Near.

M: You are always with me, like poverty. Could I forget you?

(All characters return slowly.)

/.../

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