

# 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 we 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 kidnapers! Who trade with little girls! They really outrageous are!

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

E1. The kidnapers, 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 shots audience, using empty cartridge.*) Immediately!!... (*He is furious and frenetic, he just shots and shots 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.*) Stoooooooooop! 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 dawn 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 hearkened 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.*) Hm... Hm... Hm...

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, our 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.*) Jeeeesus!! 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.*) Hihihhi!... 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.*) ??!... 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!!... Youuuuuuu!!...

*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, natively, 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 proudly.*) 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 rappa 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.(*Burbling.*) 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.Hihihi!!... 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!!... Meeeee, 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 raaaa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa 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 raaaa rappa pappa paaaa! (*With more enthusiasm.*)

Pa rappa pappa rappa pappa paaaa! Pa rappa 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 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 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 raaaa rappa pappa paaaa!

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

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!!...Hihihhi!

*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.