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(SQUALOR)

DARK COMEDY IN 2 ACTS. (A short excerpt).

CHARACTERS:

Brian (an English student, drunk as skunk),

Keith (an other English student, too drunk as skunk),

Ines (a young prostitute in a small South-American town),

Pedro (a hitman and sniper in a small South-American town),

Ramon (an other hitman and sniper in a small South-American town),

Mercedes (a prostitute who serves both Pedro and Ramon),

Consuela (an other prostitute who also serves both Pedro and Ramon),

Diego Sebastian Gonzalves (the municipal judge of the small South-American town),

Oliviere da Silva (leader of the soldiers of the small town, acting now as an assessor),

Don Pepe (leader of the mine owners of the small town, acting now as an other assessor),

Reverend Buchelar (parson of the small town, acting now as an again other assessor),

Carlos Ramirez de Sentimente (one of the public prosecutors of the small town).

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

Play tells true facts and real events.

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Somewhere in South-America. A small town with people living in famine and misery. Tropical down. Second floor of an ageworn, main-street-building. This floor for gunnery and musketry instruction is used. Graffiti here and there. Fire escapes with rusted steel stairs to the street. Broken window glasses everywhere. No bulbs in the lamps that hang down from the ceiling. Beggars, homeless people in rags, hatted Indian women with suckling children, dirty squaws and papooses on the ground of the room. Cough, snuffle, snore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ACT 1 SCENE 2

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

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

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

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

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

Gangs of kid thieves appear in a sudden. Underfed, thin, hungry, dirty, ragged guys. Under ten years of age. No father, no mother, no relatives. Sole help for them to eat and stay alive shoplifting is. Stealing happens exactly same way as we saw it previously in the gunnery motion pictures. Four or five kids jump up and hang on the body of the owner, others rob everything, milk, cheese, apples, and so on. First the Baker they rob. Then the Dairyman, meanwhile an other group steals many greengrocer goods. Kid thieves disappear as quickly as they arrived.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ACT 1 SCENE 3

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

Four court persons sit at the court pulpit. Municipal judge Gonzalvez sits in the middle. He harshes and harshes like a parrot. Rotten teeth he has and an old, ragged judge-gown. Comrade Oliviere da Silva, the leader of the town soldiers sits on the right. He has Castro uniform, colt, and red star. He is fat, bald-headed, and as stupid as mud. Reverend Buchelar sits on the left side. Though not due to him, he wears a washed-out, pale, ragged, episcopal cope. He has fat head and a giant abdomen paunch. Chicken thighs, legs, and wings he eats while the court process goes on. Don Pepe, the leader of the local mine owners, is also present at the pulpit. Don Pepe is homosexual. From top to toe he has off-white clothes. Despite of the hellish hot he wears silk neckerchief and silk gloves. He squeaks as a mouse. Otherwise he is an intelligent, almost wise guy.

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

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

GONZALVES: *(Turning towards a bunch of homeless people. Declaring judgment. Harshing like a parrot.)*

Oihd oisfd ois!... Dspojfs pojfs!... Oisihoih spoijfs phips poijsppoj phi spoijssp!...

HOMELESS PEOPLE: *(With heavy hate. Shouting.)* Oiihjoia!! Poijdf opiaaaaa! Afoih aoih!!! Oiji!!!

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

GONZALVES: *(Looking around. Searching for the next case.)* Aafda sapif!... Aldijdf alknafd!!! ...Aldijdf!!

INES: *(Shaking the shoulders of the sleeping students.)* Brian! Keith! You'll come! Do you hear me??!...

BRIAN: *(Opening a bit his eyes. Being still in coma.)* Tell him... Tell him any shit! Whatever you want.

INES: *(Turning to Gonzalves.)* Oiaf oidf oihdfkka! Lakj lijafli aoif iklka! Iojakllai!

GONZALVES: *(Jumping up very angrily. Shouting.)* Ukdsafd! Ukdsafd! Ojdfnlk oihdfly opihjrs pkjnlesaa!...

BRIAN: *(Too becoming a bit angry.)* Stop!... Enough!!... *(Calming a bit down, but becoming now a bit ironical.)* Dear Signore!... We made violence, we plead guilty, please make a very quick judgement, and then please fuck you off! *(He smiles and lays back to sleep.)*

INES: *(She translates the sentences always with very quick speech.)* Uht ukte oka teru djuvea tonoi qut...

GONZALVES: *(Disregarding Brian. Howling to Keith.)* Adfnl pdois epo jef?! Lkaf hoif sfholin sdilk lsafkl!?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INES: Cudgels! Fifty beats by stick!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ines translates his sentences. Abashment. Gonzalves, Buchelar, Don Pepe do not know what to do. They talk to each other in undertones. Oliviere da Silva listens to them with no understanding, then he sits down.

BRIAN: *(Menacingly.)* Don't let mislead you guys by that I drunk a lot tonight!!...

A court servant is called. Gonzalves explains something to him in undertones.

INES: *(Worrying.)* Why to lie? You'll be checked!

BRIAN: Yeah! And they'll have the result sometime next month!!

Holding a piece of paper the servant exits.

GONZALVES: *(Turning to Brian.)* Ojljsda uduhs auia iojj ooijsnuibrj sujksa kjsuaa! *(Showing towards the defense attorney counter.)* Uhgge suhka jako! *(Giving to Brian a paper sheet.)* Uhgge suhka!

INES: *(Translating.)* I have to warn you! Penalty for misleading courts and judges in our country means minimum of six months incarceration ! Remember this!... And now fill up the defense lawyer form please!

BRIAN: *(Cleaning the top of the defense lawyer counter. Fuming.)* Yourself papa! Incarcerate yourself, you kid torturer!! *(Giving the form to Ines. Angrily.)* Write to there anything!

Gonzalves rings the handbell.His speech, and the sentences of the native people, will be written in English henceforth.

GONZALVES: *(Loudly. Reading from his papers.)* Statement of Facts in case of the kid shoplifters! Primary defendant is Garcia Luz.Age by guess is eight years, mother's name unknown, father's name unknown, other relatives are unknown...

BRIAN: *(Interrupting Gonzalves. Loosing his temper. With hate.)* Shut up papa!!!... Primary defendant you said?? Other defendants you said?? Who they are??...These miserable children? They did the wars?? They did??? *(Howling.)* They killed their fathers and mothers??!... No!! You did this papa!! You all!!!... You have to be the defendants!! You all!!!... Because of you all, these children must make shoplifting!!

GONZALVES: *(Firmly.)* Garcia Luz and his gang made shop robberies eight times! This blame falls on them!

BRIAN: *(Angrily)* Falls on you, old parrot!*(Showing to the assessors one after another.)* And on you!... On you!... On you!...More! On your country! More! On the entirely wrong, spoiled civilizations of our globe!

GONZALVES: *(Harshing.)* You off from the point!!...

BRIAN: *(Menacingly.)* Shut up parrot! *(Imperiously.)* Defend yourself!!!... Misery and famine who made in your country? For these kids who made the shoplifting unavoidable? Who shut down their parents and relatives? *(Turning to Oliviere then to the others.)* You did! And you!!!... Directly or indirectly, you, the all!!!

GONZALVES: *(Firmly.)* We have wars!

BRIAN: *(With sarcasm.)* Then have them as captured enemies or war prisoners and give them daily meal!

Fright in the courtroom. People become more and more silent.

GONZALVES: *(Firmly. Harshing)* Continuing the Statement of Facts in case of...

BRIAN: No Statement of Facts papa!! *(Shouting.)* Chuck it!! *(Menacingly. Loosing his temper.)* Nothing to do now except putting all children immediately into one of your prisons where all they can get meal each day!! Then Hasta la Vista you old asshole!!...

GONZALVES: *(Shaking the bell. Furiously.)* Hereby I declare, by the full authorization of court, that followed this trial the defense lawyer I will put under charge and accusation! *(Shouting.)* Reason for doing this is the fact that during this trial he offended our court many occasion!

INES: *(To Brian. With fear and fright.)* God! Why do you not leave him alone?

BRIAN: *(Disregarding Ines. With hate and sarcasm.)* Listen to me pa!! Under no charge you will put me, because of my father! Even with your police guys you will not carry me away, because of my mother. *(Showing the kids.)* Instead, you will provide for these kids prison care and meal with a nice smile on your face, you will release both of us also with a nice smile on your face, then Arrivederci Amigo Mio! *(Turning to Buchelar, to Don Pepe, and to Oliviere.)* After this, from the church money-box you spent less for fried chicken, you caballero fuck less children, and you comrade shot down less humans!! End! *(He sits down.)*

Judge and assessors indignantly jump and jump up. Crowd hisses and shouts. Whistles here and there because of finding Brian's words outrageous. Don Pepe huffily leaves the courtroom. Oliviere da Silva doesn't understand anything and stays immobile like a statue. Buchelar stops eating. Gonzalves bells and bells again. Brian takes place on ground. He pulls out a whisky-bottle. He drinks.

BRIAN: *(Shouting to his friend.)* Keithee! Keithee!... Come here! We have a great show!!... Come here please! *(To Ines.)* Bring him here please! Maybe he'll be in trouble, there, in the back!

Ines hurries for Keith. People are still excited. Some of them try to leave the courtroom sneaky way. With his fingers Gonzalves angrily points to the whisky-bottle of Brian.

BRIAN: I know that drinking is prohibited here! *(Pointing to Buchelar.)* Eating, gobbling too!... Otherwise this is a great whisky papa! *(He places the bottle onto the court pulpit.)* Taste it motherfucker! *(Sadly. With honest sorrow.)* You drink de luxe whisky probably rare occasion!... Please!... Just taste it!

Gonzalves does not touch the bottle. But Oliviere da Silva and Buchelar take a closer look at it. Ines brings Keith. Keith feels a bit better.

GONZALVES: *(Harshing again.)* Now! Statement of Facts of...

BRIAN: *(Interrupting him.)* Pa!! Shut up!... *(Shouting.)* Finish this fucking show! Sentence the little dudes to one year imprisonment with meal, release the others, and let's go now to the beer-house!

Crowd here and there laughs. Others hiss. New and new groups outside. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja! Gonzalves bells and bells.

BRIAN: Pa!! Stop it!! *(Spotting Buchelar who sips whisky.)* Isn't it good, you dear episcopal pigeon?

BUCHELAR: *(With throat clearing. Smiling.)* Yeah!... Yes!... Fine and thick! Delicious!...

BRIAN: We have more my charming violet pigeon! *(With honest enthusiasm.)* Wait a second! Wait! *(From his knapsack he pulls out a new whisky-bottle.)* Drink motherfuckers! *(Looking to a fried chicken wing.)* May I taste it?

BUCHELAR: *(Testing the new whisky-bottle. Offering kindly the chicken wing.)* Sure!!... Enjoy!

BRIAN: *(Eating the chicken wing.)* Fucking dudes, from where you got these fucking fine condiments?

Oliviere too tastes the whiskey and finds it fine. Towards Gonzalves Brian pushes now the whisky-bottle. Judge hesitates, but the label of the bottle makes him curious. He reads it with interest.

BUCHELAR: *(To Brian.)* Oh, the herbs in the vicarage garden grow! Yes!... Coriander, blue dill and thyme! The seeds from the honorable judge were received! *(Smiling towards Gonzalves.)*

BRIAN: *(To Gonzalves.)* Gardening you also make, motherfucker?

GONZALVES: *(Rigidly. Not taking towards Brian a glance even.)* Yes. I have a small vegetable garden.

BRIAN: Oh, the honorable judge is a wonderful gardener! And, he is marvelous in flower gardening also!

Beautiful basils, petunias he has! Fabulous place! (*Clicking his tongue.*)

OLIVIERE: (*Tasting the second whisky-bottle. Observing Brian.*) Do you have fine cigarettes buddy?

BRIAN: (*With enthusiasm.*) Yes, I do have!! For sure I have mister comrade! (*His knapsack he opens.*)

OLIVIERE: (*Winking his eye. Grinning. Setting his uniform straight. Then a budge he takes off.*)

BRIAN: (*A box of Dunhill he pulls out.*) A fine, English cig! (*Placing the box onto the pulpit. Offering.*)

Oliviere then Buchelar lights up. They both like the taste of the cigarette. Satisfied they puff.

BRIAN: Fine! Isn't it? (*With fingers he tickles the bald head of Oliviere who smiles.*) Bitching-twitching!

OLIVIERE: (*Cleaning the budge he just took off with his hand. Looking at Keith. Getting off an other budge. Turning to Brian.*) Small souvenir!... Hey! Get it!!... And this one for the buddy!...

BRIAN: (*Smiling.*) Thanks comrade! (*To Keith.*) Keithee! Look!! We got something! (*He pins up the budge.*)

Gonzalves decides to drink a bit from the whisky-bottle. He finds it tasteful, delicious, and excellent. Then he turns back to his judge behavior. The bell he shakes.

BRIAN: Papa! Do you rather need this bell show? (*He hugs a bit Oliviere and Buchelar.*) Be the friend of us! Drink and smoke cigarette! (*Becoming furious because of the bell sounds.*) Pa!! Stop it!!!... Speedy sentence, speedy release of people, speedy run with us to the beer-house! (*Loosing his temper.*) Fuck you! Are you a coward? You do not dare to do this?? (*He tries to lift up the stole from Gonzalves' neck.*) Give me your gown!! I'll declare the sentence!... Do you hear me??!... Hey!!

GONZALVES: (*Too loosing his temper. Pushing Brian's hand off.*) Come back to you counter!! Immediately!... (*Gasping because of the anger. Then howling.*) ...Enough!!!... (*With hate.*) Listen to me teeny-weeny little baby of your father and your mother! Why do you hide yourself behind the back of the daddy and the mammy??!... Do you have any own merit??!... Own business??!...

BRIAN: You hit it! For sure none!!... Even in the future I'll have none!! My fucking Grandpa as a good old capitalist robbed out many east countries and millions of eastern people, well, I'll rob no one! Other fucking Grandpa was a communist and put into prison many, many people, well, I'll put no one! And now what? No other social systems papa!... (*Smiling to Buchelar.*) Maybe I ought to follow Jesus Christ living in a cloister where excellent condiment plants grow. (*Thinking.*) Hmm... To become a Buddhist person is also a chance! But who the fuckup desires to be reincarnated in a water horse or in a field mouse? (*Becoming excited.*) Do you know what animal I'd like to be??!... A koala! Yes, a koala! Day by day 23 and a half hour long he sleeps! He thinks about nothing, he knows about nothing, he leaves his shelter for a half hour to fuck and to eat, then he lays back to sleep again!... Yahooooo! This is the best! (*Climbing up to the Crucified Jesus Statue he hides himself in the height. He growls.*) Grrrr! Grrrr!... Grr, grr, grrrrr!!...

Abashment in the courtroom. Recitation outside. Scansions. Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... Ja-hojja, ja-hojja, ja-hojja-hojja-hojja!... Don Pepe arrives. In a fret he listens to the events.

BRIAN: (*Still on the crucifix.*) Grrrr! Grrrr!... Grr, grr, grrrrr!!...

GONZALVES: (*Howling towards Brian.*) Come down! Come off!!... Nihilist! Empty-headed nihilist ass wipe!

BRIAN: (*Menacingly.*) Be careful with your words motherfucker! Grrr, grr, I'll bite you!... (*Angrily.*) And for your gang recommend please very strongly the nihilism, instead of marking me with!! (*Showing to the assessors one after the other.*) Do you know what would evolve in your poor country if you, and you, and you, and you, would act as nihilists and would make absolutely nothing? (*Smiling.*) Abundance! Comfort! Richness! Bellyful kids!!... Yes friends! (*Showing to the assessors one after the other again.*) Why do you think that the capitalism, the communism, or the religion could resolve your problems?? Why?... (*With sarcasm.*) Because of the fact that they had resolved nothing relevant even in the western societies?... All these are old and very junk ideas turds!

GONZALVES: (*Howling.*) Empty-headed, silly ass! Then find you out better!

BRIAN: No way! Because of you, and you, and you, and you!! (*Showing to Don Pepe, Oliviere, then to Buchelar.*) Follow the market rules or starve!... Follow the party rules or die!... Follow the Bible or be damned!... This is how you work! No new paths, no new ways! If anything new occurs you immediately stop it, or prohibit it, or persecute it. Immediately! As the history of mankind shows! (*Angrily. Fuming.*) You rotten, archaic animals!...

DON PEPE: (*Loosing his temper. Coming to the crucifix.*) Come down guy! Climb down immediately!!!...

BRIAN: (*With sarcasm.*) Climb up you and your gang instead! For drinking and fuming this is also a good place!

DON PEPE: (*Fully loosing his temper. Howling.*) Suck my cock! You turd! Suck it!

BRIAN: (*Shouting down him.*) Why me??... Maybe the street kids does not suck it proper way??!...

GONZALVES: (*Too fully loosing his temper. Howling.*) Enough!!!!... Enough of the dirty blab!!!!...

(*Still indignantly.*) Here kids and underage children are present!...

BRIAN: Underage children??!... (*Too howling.*) Shut up your mouth you rascal! How many underage children you ordered to be beaten until the blood comes?? (*Turning to Don Pepe.*) How many underage children pulled your coal wagons in your underground coal mines?? (*Turning to Oliviere.*) How many underage children were present in shanty-towns that your guerrilla soldiers burned down??!...

Gonzalves bells and bells like a madman. Assessors jump up. To the Jesus Statue they rush.

BUCHELAR: (*Shaking his fist.*) It was rather, rather enough!!!... Enough!! Down from the Holy Crucifix!!

BRIAN: Shut up, you violet pigeon!! Who are cleaning your wine cellars? Who? Maybe the underage kids do it at no expense after the morning masses??!... Am I right??...(Howling to the all assessors. Almost crying.) Out of here!! Out! Out, the entire court!!... You too, fat comrade!!... (*Menacingly.*) Do you hear me? (*Showing to the door.*) Out capitalist, out communist, out clergyman!! The best would be to chase you out even from the Solar System!

End of excerpts.