***Light Beyond Red***

*A play in two acts*

*by*

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*Translated from Turkish*

*by*

# **Kanat Tibet**

Act One

*A shapeless studio. It was built over time, on the roof of a terrace building. Wide window on the left, open curtains. A few lights from the other coast flicker. The roofs of nearby buildings can be seen as silhouettes. The sea lies like a dark void between the roofs and the flickering lights of the other coast. There are two chairs by the window, one facing outside, the other facing the room. A coffee table, a small tv, a maranta plant on the window sill. Its leaves are shut.*

*In the back to right a kitchen area without a door. A dim light comes through a frosted glass skylight. Everything looks dirty in the kitchen. The counter top, plates, glasses... There is a small propane tube, a kettle, an empty bread basket, empty beer cans...*

*The main entrance door is next to the kitchen on the right. There are many different types of locks on the door. A coat rack stands next to the door with a coat hung on it. Next to that there is a zippered wardrope stuffed with clothes. Next to that there is a small door to another room. On the back wall, a very old and worn out full lenght mirror. At different spots there are old posters of plays. In the middle of the room there is a wood burning stove. To its right, there is a mattress on the floor. Next to the mattress, there is an old black rotary phone and a diary. Old newspapers and books are spread out on the floor. Beer cans, both empty and full are araund the room.*

*The stage is dark. The Young Man is sitting on the floor mattress. The Older Man is also in the room. However his presence is not noticed until he lights up a match. He is sitting on the chair that is facing the room. Only the face of The Young Man is seen by the audience. The only voice that is heard in the silence is the dripping faucet. The sound will continue until The Young Man turns it off.*

THE YOUNG MAN: Only one poem will be left behind. The one that I crumpled and threw out to the courtyard from my kitchen window. No, not a poem, a draft. Scribbles! I mean meaningless words. Whatever you call it. I threw it out hoping that she would find it by her kitchen window. Maybe she would find it, unfold and read..and maybe she would like it. Some day, when we ran into each other by the building entrance, she would stop me, and maybe ask.. ' is this your work? '

' Yes, I wrote it. Did you like it? '

' Very nice. Very.. touching. So you write poems? '

' Yes. I mean no! It is not really a poem. I mean.. It's just something casually written. Something.. Cathartic!! I don't know. Actually I really didn't care for it when I reread it. I almost hated it. So I threw it out. I see you found it. What a coincidence! '

[Silence]

God damn you! Idiot! Thank god she never found it! Can you imagine how embarrassed you would be? You were going to make her think that you were hitting on her!

' Don't misunderstand me. I had no bad intentions. I like you, that's all. I mean.. both of you. Your relationship with your lover makes me.. very happy. I mean.. please don't misunderstand me. I simply envy you. I thought.. crumbles of my.. emotions.. put on a piece of paper..someone would like them! That's what I thought. That someone is you. You and your lover. You..how can I say it?..If you don't mind, I love you. I mean both of you..Your relationship, the way you look at each other, the smile on your face..your hair. Both of you..you're like a poem. '

[Silence]

She has such beautiful eyes. [Pause] God damn her! Think about something

else. No, not even anything else, don't think at all! Should sleep. Yes, that's the best. Do the impossible and have a long sound sleep.

[He lays down , pulls the covers over his head. THE OLDER MAN lights a match. Lights his cigarette. Takes a couple of drags. The red tip of the cigarette slowly turns to a fading fire. A soft local light falls on to THE OLDER MAN's face.]

THE OLDER MAN: Sleep young man. Have a nice trip. Until the next nightmare attack, spend your time dreaming about the smile of the green eyed girl. Of course if you can that is.

[Local lights off. The living room is barely lit through the light that comes from the window and the stained glass. After a while we hear the water dripping from the faucet. THE YOUNG MAN starts moaning in his sleep.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Wakes up with a scream.] Where am I!

THE OLDER MAN: [Switches on the light over the canopy.] Nowhere.

THE YOUNG MAN: What happened?

THE OLDER MAN: I think you died.

THE YOUNG MAN: What?

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastic.] They shot you.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Surprised, gets up.] Always the same nightmare. I was awake. [Picks up a gun from underneath his pillow, places it on his belt.] Just a few minutes ago...

THE OLDER MAN: I know.

THE YOUNG MAN: I pass out so fast.

THE OLDER MAN: At the speed of light.

THE YOUNG MAN: One second I am in bed, the next...suddenly...

THE OLDER MAN: You threw yourself into the arms of your nightmares.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Staring at the window.] Why are these open?

THE OLDER MAN: These what?

THE YOUNG MAN: The curtains!

THE OLDER MAN: [Without looking outside.] I was looking outside.

THE YOUNG MAN: With your back to it?

THE OLDER MAN: I know what's outside.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Goes to the window and shuts the curtains.] If you know, why the fuck do you open these goddamned curtains!

THE OLDER MAN: Just a hope. I occasionally take a look outside..to see if anything has changed. Sometimes I even open the door.

THE YOUNG MAN: What?

THE OLDER MAN: All the way.. Perhaps we have been beamed to another place. Who knows. [THE YOUNG MAN runs to the door and checks the locks.] You open the door, there you have in front of you, a beach with blue sky and bright sun, birds, and kids playing by the water.

[THE YOUNG MAN suddenly turns to THE OLDER MAN. THE OLDER MAN stops. THE YOUNG MAN turns back, and sees his own image on the wall mirror and screams. Switches on the living room lights. Approaches the mirror, looks at himself for a while. THE OLDER MAN is watching him with a sarcastic grin.]

Hi! Forgive me, my reflection. For a second I thought you were someone else. But you shouldn't take me by surprise like this.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Staring at THE OLDER MAN through the mirror.] What are you talking about?

THE OLDER MAN: Nothing. I am doing a voice over for you.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Staring at THE OLDER MAN through the mirror.] Why don't you go to the other room! What time is it?

THE OLDER MAN: It's still early.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Mimicking THE OLDER MAN] ' It's still early. ' Is this

it, the answer to what time is it? It's still early ! Early for what?

THE OLDER MAN: I mean early. It hasn't started yet.

THE YOUNG MAN: What hasn't started yet?

THE OLDER MAN: Life..Life hasn't started yet. The city is asleep. Why did you shut the curtains?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why should they be open? So we become easy targets?

THE OLDER MAN: To whom? To the filthy pigeons?

THE YOUNG MAN: There you go, making fun of everything.

THE OLDER MAN: To hunt you from the window they need a full operation. War planes, parachutes..It's not worth it, a waste of time. Or maybe from the other coast, from the islands, with radar and laser rifles..Who the hell do you think you are?

[He gets up, looks outside between the curtains.]

Shortly the beacons will start.

THE YOUNG MAN: Stay away from the window! You're forgetting the roof!

[Carelessly THE OLDER MAN continues staring outside.]

I need to piss.

THE OLDER MAN: Go ahead. [THE YOUNG MAN waits.] What are you waiting for? Do you need a hand? I thought you were old enough. C'mon go.

THE YOUNG MAN: Where though?

THE OLDER MAN: Where would you go?

THE YOUNG MAN: [Nagging.] A dump without a toilet! What luck!

[Goes to the next room through the small door.]

THE OLDER MAN: [Talking after him] Of course it's luck. Suppose you are the king of France.

THE YOUNG MAN: [From outside] What is that supposed to mean?

THE OLDER MAN: The kings of France used to shit in a bucket, then throw

it into the garden.

THE YOUNG MAN: [From outside.] How nice!

THE OLDER MAN: For instance, pretend you are Louie the twentieth. How many people have this privilege?

THE YOUNG MAN: [From outside.] I don't get it.

THE OLDER MAN: I mean ones with bathrooms in their houses, would they have such an aristocratic dream?

THE YOUNG MAN: [From outside.] If I were the king of France, they would have already chopped off my head!

THE OLDER MAN: Then this is another privilege. Be grateful, hold your pee and wait.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Entering the living room.] Thanks a lot! You really relieved me. [They hear a noise from the direction of the door. THE YOUNG MAN gets all nervous. Quietly walks toward the door. Listens outside.] Who is that? [Puts his ear to the door. They hear another noise this time from the kitchen. THE YOUNG MAN freezes for a while. To THE OLDER MAN.] Who do you think that is?

THE OLDER MAN: Rats.

THE YOUNG MAN: God damn it! I want to move my bed. I sleep right by the door. As soon as they get in we'll be face to face.

THE OLDER MAN: Sleep next door.

THE YOUNG MAN: The window is broken.

THE OLDER MAN: Why don't you have someone come over and fix it?

THE YOUNG MAN: Nobody should come in here. Except you.

THE OLDER MAN: Then switch your bed with the couches. [Pointing out the bed to him.] I mean move the bed here and the couches there.

THE YOUNG MAN: What difference will it make?

THE OLDER MAN: Nothing. [Sarcastically.] But maybe you will feel more secure.

THE YOUNG MAN: Anyway, forget it. I'll leave it like this.

THE OLDER MAN: As you wish.

THE YOUNG MAN: Actually, where do you do it?

THE OLDER MAN: Do what?

THE YOUNG MAN: Your piss.

THE OLDER MAN: [Trying to look very serious.] I unlock the door, and then the dead bolt, then the sliding lock, and the flip lock, and the chain, and as soon as I get out I turn left. I lift the toilet lid up, as soon as I see a rat's tail wiggling in the toilet, I close the lid and come back to the flat and sit.

THE YOUNG MAN: Meaning?

THE OLDER MAN: I hold it.

THE YOUNG MAN: For three weeks?

THE OLDER MAN: Err..Since you called me.

[Silence]

If you want I can walk you to the toilet.

THE YOUNG MAN: That's fine I don't need it. It's gone.

THE OLDER MAN: Fine, as you wish.

THE YOUNG MAN: But what about the big one?

THE OLDER MAN: Well to tell you the truth I don't give a shit about the rat and I shit on it.

[THE OLDER MAN starts laughing, and THE YOUNG MAN joins him too. They laugh for a while. Their laughter sounds the same.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Suddenly gets serious.] You're capable of leaving. You can even go to the store. I..

[They hear another sound from the kitchen direction. THE YOUNG MAN gets

nervous.] Damn! I'm scared! I'm not going to lie about it! Actually you're scared too. More than I am.

THE OLDER MAN: [Starts repeating from heart.] ' Cowardice as a reaction to results is a modern mistake. ' ' Cowardice as a reaction to results is a modern mistake. ' ' Cowardice as a reaction to results is a modern mistake. ' That means cowardice is a modern mistake. And since I'm modern I'm not afraid of my cowardliness.

THE YOUNG MAN: What is all that supposed to mean?

THE OLDER MAN: It all means that I have no qualms about being afraid.

[THE OLDER MAN is grinning at THE YOUNG MAN from where he is sitting. THE YOUNG MAN looks surprised, can't move his eyes away from THE OLDER MAN.]

THE YOUNG MAN: What do you mean?

THE OLDER MAN: You liked it right? [Proudly.] I came to this conclusion by using logic.

THE YOUNG MAN: I bet Aristotle is turning over in his grave.

THE OLDER MAN: Tough shit. [Pretending to get upset.] So what, did he have a monopoly on logic! Every citizen has the right to use his personal logic the way he likes. [Gets up.] Even if it may sound illogical to you, it has to be this way.

THE YOUNG MAN: Did it work?

THE OLDER MAN: [Walks around the flat, then turns to THE YOUNG MAN.] What?

THE YOUNG MAN: Your conclusion. Did it work?

THE OLDER MAN: Which conclusion?

THE YOUNG MAN: I mean the one that you reached by using your perfect logic. Did it comfort you?

THE OLDER MAN: Hell yes! While you were struggling with your nightmares, I was sitting on my couch sipping my drink happier then ever.

THE YOUNG MAN: So you aren't scared anymore, right?

THE OLDER MAN: I didn't say I wasn't scared. Rather I claim and recognise my fears.

[Staring at THE YOUNG MAN through the mirror.] Cheers. [Drinks.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Sarcastically.] Cowardice as a reaction to results is a modern mistake. Who the hell said that?

THE OLDER MAN: I don't want to argue the contemporariness of the man who said that now. That's not the problem anyway. We have to accept, as our contemporary, any creature whose insanity is caused by thinking, regardless of the era they lived in. Could even be homo-erectus, or a dinosaur..Even an ameba. We as modern man have to claim all aspects of contemporariness. Even its mistakes.

THE YOUNG MAN: All right, shut up!

THE OLDER MAN: As a result, courage is an outdated mistake! It's obsolete! Courage should be thrown away with the garbage and the rest of the outdated non-recyclable used material!

THE YOUNG MAN: Don't raise your voice. What are you, crazy?

THE OLDER MAN: Furthermore...

THE YOUNG MAN: All right enough!

THE OLDER MAN: I am Heracles. You and I, meaning us, we are both modern Heracleses. We are the wonders of the space age who are obliged to carry the modern world with all its filth on our shoulders! [By raising his glass ] To us, the lost masterpieces!

THE YOUNG MAN: Well, good for us. Our values may be understood in the next age. Perhaps they'll display our bullet riddled corpses in a museum of

masterpiece antiquities! The museum of the twentieth century!

[They hear a sound from the kitchen direction. THE YOUNG MAN turns and looks.]

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastically.] Go on. Run. Find out what's in the kitchen. I think they got in.

THE YOUNG MAN: Don't make fun of me.

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon what are you waiting for?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why don't you do it?

THE OLDER MAN: You're the one who's standing up.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Goes towards the kitchen with hesitation.] There is nothing anyway. And the window here opens out to the courtyard. No one could get in through here.

[THE YOUNG MAN washes off his face with some water from the faucet. Turns to walk away, after few steps he notices the water drip that has been going on since the beginning. He listens.] Like Chinese water torture! We should rip off all the faucets and throw them away.

[He turns back. Tightens all the faucets. The sound of dripping water stops. Starts boiling some water for tea. THE OLDER MAN turns on the television with the remote. The news anchor appears on the screen.]

ANCHOR: ........the explosion of the bomb left in the shopping mall killed seven people, two of whom were the ages of five and seven....

THE OLDER MAN: [While changing the channels with a sarcastic manner .] God bless their souls. [A series of different images pass through the screen while he pushes the buttons of the remote.] Guns, bombs.. What a monotonous life!

ANCHOR: .....the search continues. The kids...

THE YOUNG MAN: [Suddenly] Turn it off! [THE OLDER MAN turns off

the television with one last push on the remote.] Why the hell do they take kids shopping anyway! Idiots! You should leave them at home! [He picks up his boots from the floor, kneels down, starts putting them on. While tying the laces.] Let them do their homework..Instead of being torn apart..let them..let them live! Damn it! Fuck! [Turns to THE OLDER MAN.] What's going to happen now?

THE OLDER MAN: What?

THE YOUNG MAN: I mean what are we doing now.

THE OLDER MAN: [Calm.] A dog.

THE YOUNG MAN: What?

THE OLDER MAN: Let's get a dog.

THE YOUNG MAN: What dog?

THE OLDER MAN: A German Shepherd.

THE YOUNG MAN: Where did that come from?

THE OLDER MAN: German Shepherd! Did you know that it is the best Shepherd. A real body. Or maybe a new friend. I mean a girl friend. What do you say huh? [He stops for a second to look at the young man.] Weren't you asking what we're going to do now, let's dream!

THE YOUNG MAN: Great timing!

THE OLDER MAN: Isn't it? Perfect timing! Look, do you know what we're going to do now? We're going to have a discussion about whether we need a girl friend or a dog in this house. Tell me which instinct is more important. Security or sex?

THE YOUNG MAN: Fool.

THE OLDER MAN: Tell me.

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't know.

THE OLDER MAN: You have to.

THE YOUNG MAN: Security of course. That's more important.

THE OLDER MAN: You're lying.

THE YOUNG MAN: No. Why should I lie. I'm telling the truth.

THE OLDER MAN: Liar..You were masturbating. I saw you. Your hand under the blanket..Were you beating off with the instinct of security?

THE YOUNG MAN: Watch your language. I wasn't doing anything like that.

THE OLDER MAN: Or were you thinking about the green eyed girl?

THE YOUNG MAN: Look at me sick old man! You're starting to annoy me!

THE OLDER MAN: Whatever..You're free to think about anything you want. It's nobody's business. Just answer my question. Which instinct is more important to you. Security or sex?

THE YOUNG MAN: What is it to you! [Pause.] Both of them.

THE OLDER MAN: No! You can only choose one.

THE YOUNG MAN: Who made these rules?

THE OLDER MAN: Is it important? Let's say I did. And you accepted it.

THE YOUNG MAN: Who? Me? When did I accept it?

THE OLDER MAN: By asking ' what are we going to do now ' you accepted my suggestion with all the rules.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Gets up with anger. And walks toward his bed.] I'm going to sleep. I don't want to deal with your idiosyncrasies. [He lays down.]

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastically waves at him.] Good bye.. Give my best to your nightmares.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Suddenly gets up.] God damn you!

THE OLDER MAN: All right, chill out! According to the overwhelming demand we are changing the rule! Two instincts together! The dog and the girl! All right? Yet there is a condition.

THE YOUNG MAN: What is it?

THE OLDER MAN: The girl has to be German.

THE YOUNG MAN: Why?

THE OLDER MAN: So she speaks the same language, since it's a German Shepherd.

THE YOUNG MAN: Get out of here idiot. How can a German Shepherd understand German?

THE OLDER MAN: What else would it know. Its name says it. German Shepherd. Ger.. man!

THE YOUNG MAN: What are you a moron? A German Shepherd doesn't even know he is a German Shepherd. If you were right, the Russian wolf hounds would have to play balalaika.

THE OLDER MAN: How do you know they are not? Tell me now, do you know what they used to call German Shepherds in ancient times?

THE YOUNG MAN: Which ancient times?

THE OLDER MAN: I mean when Germany was not around. What did they call German Shepherds?

THE YOUNG MAN: How the hell would I know!

THE OLDER MAN: Holy Roman Shepherds.

THE YOUNG MAN: [THE YOUNG MAN stares at THE OLDER MAN for a while.] What bullshit!

THE OLDER MAN: And prior to that they used to be called Visigoth and Ostrogoth shepherds. Furthermore, on the Assyrian inscriptions it says...

THE YOUNG MAN: Did you not sleep at all?

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon.. Don't try to change the subject!

THE YOUNG MAN: You disappear all day and resurrect in the evenings!

THE OLDER MAN: Furthermore on the Assyrian inscriptions it says...

THE YOUNG MAN: [Interrupts.] Cut it out! I don't like this game.

THE OLDER MAN: Too late. We already started.

THE YOUNG MAN: What difference does it make?

THE OLDER MAN: [Looks angry.] You should have told me earlier that you were not going to play.

THE YOUNG MAN: Did you ask my opinion?

THE OLDER MAN: Didn't I?

THE YOUNG MAN: Of course you didn't.

THE OLDER MAN: You didn't give me a chance! You started playing along right away! I should have known to not fuck with the kid! You always take everything seriously!

THE YOUNG MAN: All right. Leave then!

[Silence.]

THE OLDER MAN: Can I leave now?

THE YOUNG MAN: What do you think those noises were?

THE OLDER MAN: [To himself.] I can't leave.

THE YOUNG MAN: Are you sure they were rats?

THE OLDER MAN: I'm stuck here.

THE YOUNG MAN: What else could it be?

THE OLDER MAN: That's fine. It even entertains me to be here.

THE YOUNG MAN: Last month.. How far it seems now.. Now I...

THE OLDER MAN: [Interrupts.] All right then.. Let her be Italian! Rafaella! No, no.. Sonia! At least we can communicate to a certain degree with her. [Pretending to talk to her.] Sonia, o sole mio! [Pretending to be the girl.] ' Si, mi amore o sole mio!' [To THE YOUNG MAN.] So you know what we talked about? I told her ' I have been waiting for you all my life!'. And she replied 'You too, my love! All my life I knew we were going to meet some day! '

Think about it! She knew all along! Since the beginning of life on earth! Why

are you looking at me in this dumb way? We aren't using the real meaning of words. Over time we established a telepathic tie. Sentences don't mean anything anymore. For instance when I ask her, ' what time is it? ' I mean to ask, ' do you want to sleep with me? '. And she understands. She looks at her watch, and answers back ' three thirty ' for example.

THE YOUNG MAN: Meaning?

THE OLDER MAN: I am dying to.

THE YOUNG MAN: How I wish this was our only problem. [Opens a beer.] Soon enough we will be mutilated! Look at what we're talking about!

THE OLDER MAN: [Yelling.] You always come to the same point! You're quitting the game!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Yelling.] It's not time to play!

THE OLDER MAN: What else do you want us to do? I'm keeping you busy! Why don't you try to work it out with me? Do you really think that I enjoy acting like a clown this late in the evening?

THE YOUNG MAN: Don't you?

THE OLDER MAN: What do you think?

THE YOUNG MAN: What do you think?

[Silence]

THE YOUNG MAN: Do you realise?

THE OLDER MAN: What?

THE YOUNG MAN: While we're talking we almost always answer with questions. Why?

THE OLDER MAN: Do we have any answers?

THE YOUNG MAN: Look! Another question! Always question after question.

THE OLDER MAN: Because.. there is no answer.

[Silence]

THE YOUNG MAN: Very well then. My girl friend will be one of us.

THE OLDER MAN: There you go. Of course she can. Why not? It's better this way.

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes. Much better. I have to speak the same language as she. I mean even if I don't.. even if we don't.. we should use the same language looking at each other. We should dream in the same language. We should stay silent in the same language. Same language. Like the ones on the ground floor.

THE OLDER MAN: You are really obsessed with her. I realise she is good looking but what can we do?

THE YOUNG MAN: [Without paying any attention to THE OLDER MAN.] Some morning she should ring my door bell.. I don't know, something should happen.

[Silence]

Or just the opposite. Nothing should happen at all. Everything should remain the way as it is now. Yes. That would be the best. There should be no one in my life. I don't have the right.. I don't have the right to drag anyone down with me. [He realises the beer can that he is squeezing in his hand, throws it to the floor with disgust. Walks to the window, checks outside for a while through the gap between the wall and the curtain.] Not much time left. With the first day light...

THE OLDER MAN: [Cuts in.] It's about to boil.

THE YOUNG MAN: What?

THE OLDER MAN: The water. The water for tea I mean.

THE YOUNG MAN: Is it? [He looks at THE OLDER MAN for a second, gets up and goes to the kitchen. Turns off the fire, comes back, sits on the mattress. Rubs his feet.] They are really aching.

THE OLDER MAN: Aren't you going to brew some.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Still rubbing his feet.] What?

THE OLDER MAN: The tea. You turned it off.

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't want it anymore.

THE OLDER MAN: [Pointing out THE YOUNG MAN's boots to him.] Maybe you will feel better if you take them off.

THE YOUNG MAN: No, I won't.

THE OLDER MAN: Why not?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't know. I.. hate those pictures in the papers. A blood pool.. Bullet holes in the carpet, the couches, the bed, the pillows.. All of them..laying in the middle of the living room. Lined up. Pyjamas on.. Their feet showing through little holes in the soles of their worn out socks..

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastically.] Mine are new though.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Without paying any attention to him.] What an ugly scene. If they knew what was waiting for them, they would probably have put on some better clothes. At least a clean trouser, a clean shirt.. And of course a new pair of socks. Especially the women..

THE OLDER MAN: You're not making any sense.

THE YOUNG MAN: Women.. Messed up hair...

THE OLDER MAN: All right! Cut it out!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Gets up, stares at THE OLDER MAN with sarcasm.] What's going on Mr. Aristotle? Are you getting upset?

THE OLDER MAN: Not me. You are though. Look at you, you're so screwed up you're getting obsessed.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Laughs.] What?

THE OLDER MAN: Obsession. You're obsessed.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Pretends to be some old lady.] ' What is this! Why are you obsessing?'

THE OLDER MAN: Grandma!

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes! I used to pull her hem, while she was doing the dishes.

THE OLDER MAN: For permission to go out to play.

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes.

THE OLDER MAN: [Like a kid.] ' Please please! Just for an hour!' [Like the old lady.] ' Stop pulling you little brat! Can't you see I'm working?'

THE YOUNG MAN: [Like a kid.] ' Please, just for an hour!'

THE OLDER MAN: [Like the old lady.] ' Stop that! You're getting on my nerves You're like a gnat.'

THE YOUNG MAN: [Like a kid.] ' Please please just for an hour! '

THE OLDER MAN: [Like the old lady.] ' Let me finish the dishes!'

THE YOUNG MAN: [Like the kid.] What's your dishes got to do with letting me go out! Please please don't be so cruel!

THE OLDER MAN: [Like the old lady.] ' I said later!'

THE YOUNG MAN: [Like the kid.] ' Please please please please...'

THE OLDER MAN: [Like the old lady.]' What is this! Why are you

obsessing?'

[Silence]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Drifting back from memories with almost a smile.] Yeah that's it grandma! I am being obsessive. It's been three full weeks. I am in an unbearable obsession. Help me grandma! If you hear me, help your grandson! If the ones who no longer have bodies still have thoughts and feelings. If they haven't lost them when they lost their bodies.. and if they can still feel the pain like the ones who still have theirs...

THE OLDER MAN: [Cuts in.] Whom are you talking to?

THE YOUNG MAN: I'm trying to reach grandma.

THE OLDER MAN: Let me try.

THE YOUNG MAN: You can't. You have to feel compassion. It's a complicated..

THE OLDER MAN: You mean like a stream of emotions. Give up the emotional crap. Plus you should be embarrassed to bore her with your problems even out there. How rude. [Looking up at the ceiling.] Don't pay any attention to him, Grandma. Enjoy yourself. There is nothing to worry over your young grandson. [Turns to THE YOUNG MAN, with a whisper.] Sadist!

[Looks back at the ceiling.] Fear, Grandma! And loneliness! Once one of them gets tired, the other one takes over. And as a result, your dull, hypochondriac grandson thinks that he is out of his mind! And he starts bullshitting. Don't get upset though, it's all going to be over in time. Funny, this young man used to hate not making any sense until three weeks ago. Talking to himself! Yet he does! As if I'm not here..without taking me seriously!.. Or by taking me seriously. Talking with himself.. It's like the way a starving man would eat his own shit before dying in the middle of the desert. What would the man lost in the desert do, Grandma? Huh? [Pretends to listen.] Of course! Without any hopes left starving, he would end up eating his own discards. He fills up his stomach with the things that come from his ass. Poor thing, for a while he thinks he's full. From his stomach to his bowels, then outside, and then back in again. That once wonderfully nutritious food starts getting recycled, becoming more and more poisonous.

THE YOUNG MAN: You're disgusting!

THE OLDER MAN: Keeps on getting recycled. Becoming more and more poisonous. Just like the thoughts that are stuck in his mind. As a result the

shit acts even before the cruel desert and poisons the man. He dies! Is this a lie? Can a man eat the same food all the time? He can't, right? Of course he can't. That flavour becomes rotten in time. Destroys the man. The youth! What can you say? They always look for someone to share their mistakes and guilt with. However, I am old now. I donate all my mistakes to the old years. [Silence]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Looking over THE OLDER MAN.] You look like a corpse. If someone were to see you they'd think you were my grandfather.. Anyway, did she leave?

THE OLDER MAN: Who?

THE YOUNG MAN: Grandma.

THE OLDER MAN: Quite a while ago. She didn't even listen to me. As soon as I started talking I realised that she'd already left. As if someone is waiting for her..rude bitch! Flapping her wings, a hundred miles an hour, she flew away to her own universe. Insolent witch! As a favour she should listen.

THE YOUNG MAN: She's right. Why should she listen to your stinking sermons?

THE OLDER MAN: Of course she's right. You hit the nail on the head!.. Suddenly I realised that I was talking with myself.

[The phone rings twice. They look at each other. It stops.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Who was that?.. I hope it was no one.. What were you saying?

THE OLDER MAN: I said, suddenly I realised that I was talking with myself.

THE YOUNG MAN: It is not ' with myself ', it's ' to myself '.

THE OLDER MAN: Same thing.

THE YOUNG MAN: No it's not.

THE OLDER MAN: Whatever, they both mean the same thing.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Yelling.] Not at all! [He lowers his voice.] They are not the same thing. [He walks to the window, staring outside.] To yourself is like..

murmuring. With yourself, as if talking to someone else. Meaning as if to yourself as well as to someone else.

THE OLDER MAN: As a result they're both signs of losing it, getting crazy.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Turns to THE OLDER MAN.] To yourself.. it's like.. how do I say it..on the stage for example, like actors talking on the stage when there is no one else.

THE OLDER MAN: A soliloquy.

THE OLDER MAN: [Acting] ' That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit..' [Turns to The Younger Man.]

That's Iago. Talking with himself on the stage. He is so jealous of Othello's and his wife's pure love for each other that he sows his filthy seeds of jealousy to Othello's heart! Cunning snake, Iago!

THE YOUNG MAN: Stop yelling! Pure love, huh? I doubt that Desdemona would be faithful to Othello for a life time.

THE OLDER MAN: Why not?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't know. That's how I feel. At the end she'd cheat anyway.

THE OLDER MAN: Who?

THE YOUNG MAN: Desdemona.

THE OLDER MAN: Why?

THE YOUNG MAN: That's the law of nature. First off, he's an ugly man.

THE OLDER MAN: Who?

THE YOUNG MAN: Othello.

THE OLDER MAN: Why? I mean what if he's ugly?

THE YOUNG MAN: Plus he's got an attitude. How can I say it..it's okay to be ugly if you have a little sense of humour, or something nice about you. Yet he is like..raw. A crude, Venetian animal!

THE OLDER MAN: Maybe she liked that about him. How do you know?

THE YOUNG MAN: It makes no difference. At the end she'd cheat on him.

THE OLDER MAN: Why didn't she then?

[They hear a siren from outside. THE YOUNG MAN stops for a while, looks outside.]

Why didn't she then?

THE YOUNG MAN: [Almost like snapping at him.] What did you say?

THE OLDER MAN: I said, Desdemona, why didn't she cheat on him then?

THE YOUNG MAN: Did she have enough time, huh? The monster strangled the poor girl!

THE OLDER MAN: Monkey face, mad gorilla!

THE YOUNG MAN: Stop trying to be sarcastic! It's Othello who is the low creature not Iago! Because of his low self esteem, he was easily deceived! He believed the lie and killed the poor girl! Because deep down he knows that some day she's going to cheat on him. Sick people like Othello are always ready to be deceived. They just wait for someone's lies to deceive them. Because this is the only way they can commit their murder without any guilt.

THE OLDER MAN: I understand.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Looking outside.] The streets are filled with different Othellos.

THE OLDER MAN: I understand. [He gets up.] Iago is alone on the stage.

[He starts acting] ' That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit..' [He stops acting, to THE YOUNG MAN] Just at this moment an ambulance comes to the scene.

THE YOUNG MAN: An ambulance comes to the scene? What's the reason?

THE OLDER MAN: The man is talking with himself. I suppose some people complained about him. They are going to lock him up since he is crazy.

THE YOUNG MAN: Why are you making all this up?

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon we're just killing time.

THE YOUNG MAN: You're implying, that's me right?

THE OLDER MAN: Noooo!

THE YOUNG MAN: C'mon, say it. You're implying that's me who's gonna be locked up?

THE OLDER MAN: No. What's the resemblance? Weren't we talking about Iago?

THE YOUNG MAN: Bullshit! You don't care about Iago! You're trying to make a conclusion. In your own way you're trying to cure of my habit of talking to myself.

THE OLDER MAN: I don't know if it serves you any purpose at all. It's just a game to be played. Just for fun. To make you forget about the world.

THE YOUNG MAN: What if instead it reminds me more of it?

THE OLDER MAN: That's up to you. Yes, what was our patient talking about?

THE YOUNG MAN: ' I do well believe it; That she loves him, ' tis apt, and of great credit '

THE OLDER MAN: Thank you. [Starts acting again.] ' The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona a most dear husband. ' [He makes a siren sound, turns to THE YOUNG MAN.] Then the ambulance makes a screeching stop. Iago gets very surprised to see an ambulance in front of him. And he says : ' Is this an ambulance which I see before me, the headlamps toward my eyes? '

[Turn to THE YOUNG MAN.] Two nurses get out. The big one calls to him.

[Acting.] ' Holla! Stand there! ' [Like Iago.] ' Angels and ministers of grace defend me! What's he comes here? What sayst thou, noble heart? What is you will? ' [Turns to THE YOUNG MAN.] You have to be the nurse.

THE YOUNG MAN: Why?

THE OLDER MAN: Aren't you an actor? Go ahead, play.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Gets closer to THE OLDER MAN, acting.] ' Iago is that you, man? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Even me sir; since I have looked upon the world for four times seven years. What is the matter? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' No everything is fine. Just jump in this ambulance.'

THE OLDER MAN: ' Who? Me? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Do you see anyone else around here? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' No.'

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Well then you realise that I'm talking to you. Right? Iago! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' But..'

THE YOUNG MAN: [Calmly.] ' Get in.'

THE OLDER MAN: ' If you can your reason sir? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' There is no fucking reason. Why don't you get in the vehicle. We'll talk about it on the way. '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Eeeh..I like not that. '

THE YOUNG MAN: 'What did you say? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' I said I like not that! '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Yelling.] ' Get in! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' O! Villainous! Know you not, who am I you idle creature? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Now look at me fucker! Stop pointing your fingers at

me and get in the ambulance or I'll have to sedate you! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' What dost thou say? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' You heard what I said! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Out upon thee, knave! ' [Suddenly starts talking colloquially.] ' You better watch your language or I'll have to have you transferred to...'

THE YOUNG MAN: 'Where? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Err.. To San Salvador! '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Talking to someone imaginary next to him.] ' Pass me the straight jacket, this lunatic is not listening to me. '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Straight jacket? Stop, what are you doing? I'm not a lunatic! '

THE YOUNG MAN: 'Really? Then tell me who is the one talking to the walls, and the window every night at the same time? Huh? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' But...'

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Shut up! There are witnesses! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' What witnesses? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Sailors, officers, gentlemen, messengers, musicians, heralds, attendants...'

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastically.] ' The extras...'

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Of course! All the extras! When they saw you coming they all hid behind the curtain to watch your madness! To find out about what new crazy ideas you were going to talk to yourself about tonight! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' But I have to do this. I can't talk in a crowd. '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Why not? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' There are things that the others should not hear. '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Then don't think out loud. '

THE OLDER MAN: ' But the audience has to hear. '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Pretending to talk to someone.] ' Jeez! This guy is worse than Hamlet. Look my friend don't waste our time. Are you calling all

those people liars?.. They say you behave normally when you're with them yet when you're alone you talk to yourself. One cannot do that. Look, are we doing that at all? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Well where do you want to take me? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' To the mental institute. Don't worry it won't take long. You'll regain your sanity in a couple of seasons. Last year we took Hamlet in. Psychotherapy, drugs. You wouldn't recognise him now. He's more normal then ever. He does whatever his uncle wants. His respect and love for his mother is worth seeing. He calls her nothing but ' dear mother '. See he was almost like you. He'd go to a corner alone, put his hand to his temple and start talking to himself. [Pretending to be Hamlet.] ' Now I am alone. O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I! ' [To THE OLDER MAN.] You know what really helped him? Occupational therapy. You should see the baskets he made. Even young girls couldn't do better. They all sold. '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Where? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Err..Hamlet's uncle had a garage sale at the Danish State Hospital. For the benefit of the dead king. Everything was sold so fast. We'll see what goodies you'll make. Fruit baskets, bread baskets, laundry baskets... Think about it for a minute, how inappropriate for a prince to talk to himself. Basket case! To say out loud whatever he's thinking about. Being alone! Better place an ad in the papers. ' Now I am alone!' Crazy fellow! How dare one in that huge palace yell so loudly? ' [Starts to shout.] ' Now I'm alone!' [Turns to THE OLDER MAN] ' What if they record him secretly? '

THE OLDER MAN: [Trying to pull THE YOUNG MAN back to the play.]

'Hey! Do you want me to get in the ambulance? '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Careless.] Don't think out loud, idiot! You are free to walk around the stage but keep your thoughts to yourself. If the audience is really curious about Hamlet's thoughts they should get the play and read it.

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastically.] Hamlet's memoirs. Check it out on the counter of the news-stand. Guess what happened afterwards. Did Iago go with the nurses or not?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't know. What do you think?

THE OLDER MAN: To me it happened like this; After sedating him, the nurses stuffed Iago in the ambulance. On the way to the backstage, Iago started to sing an aria. Later he acted the whole play alone including Desdemona's part. All talking with himself.

THE YOUNG MAN: No, no, that's not the way it ended. While the ambulance was going to the backstage, Iago, under the influence of sedatives, started confessing all the crimes he committed in the past. He even took responsibility for unsolved murders, rapes , robberies, drug smuggling. Whatever you could think of. As a result they locked him up. Different kinds of sedatives, blindfolded talks, confessions, the court, and as a result.. Due to provocation and other reasons they found him not guilty for all the rapes and murders and other insignificant minor crimes. However, they found him guilty of first degree expression of thoughts out loud and decided to hang him. But again he expressed his regrets and asked for a pardon and they let him go. Leaving no trace behind he, disappeared from the show business. A couple of seasons later having gone through plastic surgery he showed up with a darker skin colour. From then on Iago was going to play Othello. The ending of the play had to change slightly though. The old Iago, meaning the new Othello, and

Desdemona lived happily ever after.

[Silence]

THE OLDER MAN: Didn't she ever betray him?

THE YOUNG MAN: Is that really important?

THE OLDER MAN: What happened to the real Othello?

THE YOUNG MAN: No one knows what happened to him. There are no records. Anyway his name is not mentioned at all in the contemporary version of the play. Everyone including his wife Desdemona thinks that Iago is the real Othello. Even the writer. Who is who, who has a fake identity? No one can figure it out anymore.

[Silence.]

THE OLDER MAN: Othello was a Moor. A noble Moor. Not from Venice. I mean the real Othello. I guess this doesn't matter anymore, huh?

THE YOUNG MAN: No. Nothing really matters anymore. Then there's only one solution left. To finish this agony. When they come to my door with guns in their hands I should already be dead. I shouldn't let them enjoy..with my own hands. For instance they should recover my body smashed into the sidewalk of a very tall building.

THE OLDER MAN: [Sarcastically.] How nice! This way you'll have big pictures on the front pages of the papers! The radio and television news bites about you! " The death of the traitor" " He punished himself" three lines below " he had deserved it" and below that your picture. See that? Suddenly you're famous.

[Pretending an old lady.] ' God did you see that corpse on the paper? '

[Pretending an old man.] ' Which corpse, which paper? '

[Pretending the old lady.] ' Look at this picture! Isn't he the young man who was carrying the tray in that.. whatever the name was.. the play? It was about

six months ago remember that theatre? I had pointed out you remember?

While he was walking on the stage his fake moustache had fallen to the tray. He blushed so badly. We felt so badly for him. Look he killed himself. All the papers are talking about him. What a shame, if it's really him. '

THE YOUNG MAN: What a shame huh? You old selfish bitch! [Pretending to be her.] ' What a shame if it's really him! ' How pitiful if the dead guy is the same guy who dropped his fake moustache! If he is someone else, no problem, right? Do you have to know him to feel sorry? Don't you ever feel sorry for the ones you never knew?

THE OLDER MAN: Don't worry. You're an artist. You were born that way. Even if you stand on stage without a line, further even if your importance on stage is noticed by the audience when you are not there, you're still an artist. That is your nature.

THE YOUNG MAN: What about you? Look what you have become after all these years. Do you still have the same spirit?

THE OLDER MAN: Certainly. After all the years I finally made..made it to the end of a play.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Excited.] Really? How did you make it?

THE OLDER MAN: I wasn't supposed to stay in the same line was I? Over time I learned and matured. I became more experienced.

THE YOUNG MAN: What was your most recent part? Tell me about it.

THE OLDER MAN: Quote en quote he enters with a sword, and waits.

[Silence.]

THE YOUNG MAN: So?

THE OLDER MAN: And waits.

THE YOUNG MAN: And then?

THE OLDER MAN: What then? He waits the whole time. Just waits.

THE YOUNG MAN: How does he wait?

THE OLDER MAN: Without moving. Without a line. With the sword in his hand. Waits until the end of the first act. Thinking how badly the sole of his left foot itches, he waits. Praying to make it to the end of the first act he dreams

about running backstage to take off his boot and sock to scratch his foot till it bleeds. Then the first act ends. As soon as the curtain goes down, the itching goes away on its own. Later he takes off his costume to wear his daily clothes and leaves. He enters the first pub he sees. After a couple of shots he starts dreaming.

THE YOUNG MAN: What kind of dreams?

THE OLDER MAN: Dreams like playing the Ghost in Hamlet after being picked up by a famous director.

[Silence. THE YOUNG MAN opens himself up a beer.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Wouldn't be so bad huh? If they could come and see.. give me a standing ovation at one point in my life in a really good play..then maybe a few people would recognise me if I ran into them in the streets. They would say, ' Hello.... congratulations, you were so good..' Shaking hands we would say, ' Have a good day ' or something...

THE OLDER MAN: [Picks up the broom, and holds it like a machine gun.] Put your hands up son of a bitch! [Surprised, THE YOUNG MAN looks at THE OLDER MAN for a second.] I said hands up, move now! [THE YOUNG MAN puts his hands up.] Now lean on the wall! [THE YOUNG MAN leans on the wall.] Don't move..there you go. What's your name? [To answer THE OLDER MAN, THE YOUNG MAN attempts to turn his head.] I said don't you fucking move! Now hold on! Turn your face to me! [THE YOUNG MAN is very intimidated, obeys THE OLDER MAN.] A little more. Don't be scared. Move to the light a little bit. There you go! [He carefully looks at THE YOUNG

MAN's face, then as if surprised.] My god, it's you! I recognised you at first sight! But I wasn't sure! It's you!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Stuttering] You're making a mistake!

THE OLDER MAN: No way. It is you.

THE YOUNG MAN: I swear it's not me!

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon don't pretend. It's you.

THE YOUNG MAN: I swear it's not me! I believe there's being a mistake! I mean misjudgment! Look I'm innocent! I'm not one of them! Do you know who am I?

THE OLDER MAN: Of course I know, dear. Wouldn't I?

THE YOUNG MAN: No you don't. You probably think I'm someone else. A resemblance to them.

THE OLDER MAN: Not a resemblance. It's you. Your looks, your eyes, your tone.

THE YOUNG MAN: Err...who am I?

THE OLDER MAN: Who are you? You're the actor who played the soothsayer. Teresias. In king Oedipus.

[THE YOUNG MAN can't help it and starts laughing.]

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon don't ruin it, continue playing..

THE YOUNG MAN: You mean you recognised me?

THE OLDER MAN: Of course! I'd like to congratulate you. What can I say? You were acting so well. I mean my whole family, we were so touched. My wife, I swear she was crying. What a great performance, what else can I say?

THE YOUNG MAN: Thank you so much. I'm terribly honoured. But if you don't get upset I'd like to ask you a question.

THE OLDER MAN: Go on don't hesitate.

THE YOUNG MAN: I mean how did you recognise me?

THE OLDER MAN: How did I recognise you? How wouldn't I? The whole

family, we saw the play exactly twenty seven times

THE YOUNG MAN: [Surprised] What? Are you telling me that you saw an amateur play for twenty seven times?

THE OLDER MAN: Yes, so what?

THE YOUNG MAN: Did you have a relative or friend among the actors?

THE OLDER MAN: No.

THE YOUNG MAN: Then what forced you?

THE OLDER MAN: We really love theatre! I mean the whole family. We don't care if it's an amateur play or professional. We see whatever's out.

THE YOUNG MAN: How nice. Yet what I mean to say is, even if you saw the play twenty seven times you shouldn't recognise me.

THE OLDER MAN: I did though, right? Why would I lie to you? Idiot!...

THE YOUNG MAN: No! N,o I didn't mean to say that. Why would you lie? What I'm trying to say is that...even myself...I have a hard time recognising me on the mirror with all that make up and hair, beard, and the costume.

THE OLDER MAN: See? I have a good eye. That's my job! I recognise people from their eyes! When you looked at King Oedipus' eyes..I will never forget the way you stared at him. That rage. I'd recognise those shining furious eyes, how can I say, from a mile away!

THE YOUNG MAN: Good! But the soothteller was blind!

THE OLDER MAN: Was he? Whatever. What difference does it make? Blind or not, I recognised. Shouldn't I? Idiot!

THE YOUNG MAN: I mean great, thank god you recognised me. Maybe your strong memory saved my life.

THE OLDER MAN: How were you saying it? Wait wait.. [With an unprofessional acting.] ' O! You the unfortunate King of Thebes,Oedipus! '

Then you stared at that son of a bitch king..It was so touching. Do you understand?

THE YOUNG MAN: I said I was blind! I had my eyes covered with tulle. Not even you in the audience, the king before my eyes couldn't possibly see those shining furious eyes.

THE OLDER MAN: You know you're really pushing it! Do you want to be shot! I said I recognised you. That's it. It's my fault. Taking you seriously, and talking to you. And look at you, all agitated, pointing your fingers at me. Should I shoot you right here, huh? Should I?

THE YOUNG MAN: Wait please! [Starts acting.] ' O! You the unfortunate King of Thebes, Oedipus! '

THE OLDER MAN: [Stops and watches with admiration.] There you go, good boy. Now sit on this couch.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Sits.] May I put my hands down?

THE OLDER MAN: What do you mean, of course you can. Plus you have to give me your autograph for the kids. [Hands him the broom.] Now hold this for a second, I'll give you a piece of paper and a pen. [He pretends to take out a piece of paper and a pen from his pocket. THE YOUNG MAN with the broom in his hand reaches to grab the paper and pen. Pretends to sign. Suddenly.] Watch out!

[Surprised THE YOUNG MAN looks at THE OLDER MAN.] Don't push the pen, you may break it. Not to mention it is a Gold Montblanc. A gift from a writer friend. [THE YOUNG MAN hands THE OLDER MAN the imaginary paper.] The kids will be very happy. You won't believe it but the walls of their rooms are covered with your pictures.

THE YOUNG MAN: Give me a break!

THE OLDER MAN: You were also in the.. The Prince!.. The Guilty Prince!

THE YOUNG MAN: You mean ' The Little Prince' .

THE OLDER MAN: There you go. Of course The Little Prince! St. Exuperry's. You were very young. But the eyes are the same.

THE YOUNG MAN: Those shining furious eyes right?

THE OLDER MAN: Absolutely. How many great symbols were in that fucking play? The snake, the elephant.. The rose.. The kid.. Love... Would you believe after seeing that play I didn't feel like going to work for days.

THE YOUNG MAN: Really?

THE OLDER MAN: Those were the days. Look what you did. I'm talking about the past. You moved something in me. I had forgotten..I became..I mean meaner..Look dear, you know what I want? I want..to go out..to give people flowers. Do you understand me?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why wouldn't I.

THE OLDER MAN: ( Tries to sing ' Imagine ' for a while. Then suddenly stops. ) God damn. What's happening to me? Who cares about Oedipus? Who cares about a son of a bitch, who fucks his own mother? Who cares about that little space alien bastard Prince? Idiot! What the hell are you doing running into me so early in the morning and confusing me? You bloody provocateur! Huh? Answer me..Aren't you ashamed of daring to overtly help out a bunch of educated perverts who created Othello, Hamlet, Little Prince, Oedipus, and other fatal spirits? Huh? Should I shoot you, bastard? Get up! Aren't you ashamed of sitting in front of an officer like a war hero general? Get your hands up. Lean on the wall..Don't move!

[The Young Man is standing his hands up facing the wall, The Older Man turns off the table lamp. Only The Young Man's face is visible on the stage.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Turning his head.] Why did you turn off the light?

THE OLDER MAN: [We can only hear his voice.] No reason. I'm listening to you.

THE YOUNG MAN: You don't want me to die. Do you? [Waits for an answer, doesn't get one.] Or to get caught, get tortured for nothing?.. You don't want it.

Do you? Of course you don't! It would hurt you too. If I die you wouldn't exist at all. Cause you're just an image. An image that will materialise in twenty something years.. That is if I live..You will come into being if I live. If you call it a life. Answer me, turn on the lights! I'm talking to you. You're scaring me.

THE OLDER MAN: [His voice echoes in the room.] Why? Why would one be scared of himself?

[THE YOUNG MAN approaches the couch with within the spotlight.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Please don't go. I'm so lonely. [As if THE OLDER MAN is sitting on the couch, he stands by the couch and begs.] Come back. Please.

[Walks toward the wall mirror, stares.] How time will wear me out. Grind me...into small pieces. If one simply could age by the wheel of time without being consumed by others. What a healthy and peaceful growing old that would be. However I won't have that chance. So unfortunate..

[Yelling.] Don't go! Don't take my hopes away from me!

THE OLDER MAN: [His voice echoes in the room.] Quiet! Calm down!

THE YOUNG MAN: Where are you?

THE OLDER MAN: I'm here.

[The Young Man turns to the mirror, a spotlight lights up and The Older Man's face as it reappears on the mirror. They look to each other as if one person is looking to himself on the mirror.]

Darkness.

Curtain

## Act Two

[Several furniture items such as the mattress, coffee table, and the coat rack are put against the door. THE YOUNG MAN is standing in front of this blockade with a gun in his hand. THE OLDER MAN is sitting on the couch facing the open window.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Playing with the gun in his hand.] What time is it?

THE OLDER MAN: [Looking outside.] Still dark out.

THE YOUNG MAN: [To himself.] Who knows how many pairs of eyes are watching me now. Eyes hidden behind dark corners.

THE OLDER MAN: [Without paying any attention to him.] I know every single play I get my hands on. Who knows? Maybe some day I could get a part in one of them.

THE YOUNG MAN: [To himself.] How many pairs of eyes..out there.. hidden in dark corners..

THE OLDER MAN: [To himself.] ' Maybe someday I could get a part in one of them ' huh?

THE YOUNG MAN: ... waiting for the day light..the first day light..to push me into the dark.

THE OLDER MAN: [To himself.] How many plays have you been in so far?

THE YOUNG MAN: Shut those curtains.

THE OLDER MAN: [Looking at THE YOUNG MAN's gun, starts laughing hysterically.] At least Don Quixote was attacking the wind mills. Who's going to be your target? The clouds?

THE YOUNG MAN: You don't care do you?

THE OLDER MAN: Exactly! I don't care. [Turning to THE YOUNG MAN lifts the beer can.] Cheers! [Drinks.] C'mon have some.

THE YOUNG MAN: I'm not used to drinking at four in the morning.

THE OLDER MAN: You'll get used to it anyway. Tomorrow or next week. What difference does it make?

[Gets up.] I'll get you some vodka if you want.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Sarcastically.] Wouldn't that be nice?

THE OLDER MAN: [He picks up his coat from the coat rack, puts it on, climbs over the barricade by the door, turns to THE YOUNG MAN.] What size do you want? Do you want anything else with it? Orange juice, tomato juice? Pretzels?

THE YOUNG MAN: ( Without looking at THE OLDER MAN, coldly ) Take off your coat and sit down. [THE OLDER MAN is grinning at THE YOUNG MAN. Suddenly THE YOUNG MAN yells.] I said, sit down! [THE OLDER MAN climbs down the barricade, while he is taking off his coat] Fucking clown!

THE OLDER MAN: [Hurt.] Why are you getting so uptight?

THE YOUNG MAN: You think you're so funny!

THE OLDER MAN: Sorry. I wasn't trying to be funny.

THE YOUNG MAN: You don't care about my pain.. my worries!

THE OLDER MAN: That's not true.

THE YOUNG MAN: You'll never exist.. if they kill me.

THE OLDER MAN: I wasn't trying to be funny.

THE YOUNG MAN: Why did you do it, then?

THE OLDER MAN: How would I know? One cannot always explain why. I felt like it. A professional habit I guess.

THE YOUNG MAN: Actually I would like to apologise.

[Silence.]

Actors don't get to do whatever they feel like.

THE OLDER MAN: They think though. Especially during rehearsal. They

think, ' how would it be if I were to do this? '

THE YOUNG MAN: It's not the same thing.

THE OLDER MAN: Yes it is. It's the same thing in real life too. You think about so many things. To materialise them. Even at this very moment.

THE YOUNG MAN: To think about something and to do it are not the same thing!

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon! They are too! [Walking towards the window.] For instance, let's say now.. I.. want to kiss someone I really love. [Looking outside the window.] But she's very far away.. Far enough that I can't reach her. I can only call her. At least hear her voice. And I could tell her over the phone what I'm thinking about.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Cuts in.] Stay away from the window!

THE OLDER MAN: [Continues without paying any attention to him.] And let's say I'm doing the same thing. I'm calling her, and telling her that I want to kiss her now.

THE YOUNG MAN: I said stay away from the window!

THE OLDER MAN: [Turns to THE YOUNG MAN.] What would she tell me?

THE YOUNG MAN: [His eyes fixed on the window.] Who?

THE OLDER MAN: Her.

THE YOUNG MAN: Who is she?

THE OLDER MAN: Anyone.

THE YOUNG MAN: [While closing the curtains, nervously.] She answers, ' If you want to kiss me so much, then get your ass here and kiss me! '

THE OLDER MAN: Wrong answer. She wouldn't say that. [Acting.] ' If you really want to kiss me now, I mean you're thinking about it, thank you, my dear! You made me feel like you just did! '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Surprised.] Would she say that?

THE OLDER MAN: Absolutely. I mean, to think is to do!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Looks at him for a second.] Now I understand how modern you are. Why don't you try politics?

THE OLDER MAN: [Looking at THE YOUNG MAN's eyes.] I couldn't manipulate anyone but myself.

THE YOUNG MAN: Everyone would believe in you if you used this logic.

THE OLDER MAN: I don't think so. It's a joke. I'm just fooling myself.

[Silence.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Then, what would this mean?.. You want to go somewhere. You don't know where, yet you really want it. You would even risk death, for one moment of..breathing somewhere else. Even if it's for one moment..Every minute of the day, every second you're thinking about it. Continuously. But you can't go there. Because in reality you don't know if that place exists. Tell me. What would this mean?

THE OLDER MAN: That.. that means.. Don't you ever think about saying a line differently or doing something in a different way during rehearsal?

THE YOUNG MAN: I'm not asking about that.

THE OLDER MAN: Well, I am asking about that.

THE YOUNG MAN: I'm not!

THE OLDER MAN: [Without paying any attention to him.] That's true. You haven't stayed on the stage long enough to create different styles. We never had that chance.

THE YOUNG MAN: Damn you! You're not even listening to me!

THE OLDER MAN: Do you know? Madness is a good thing. If everything was all right now.. I mean outside here.. I could try to be happy without any regrets. To be happy.. I could try.

THE YOUNG MAN: You say ' if everything was all right now '. Which now are you referring to? The now that I live or yours?

THE OLDER MAN: Both of them.

[Silence.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Tell me more.

THE OLDER MAN: What?

THE YOUNG MAN: About yourself.

THE OLDER MAN: You know well enough.

THE YOUNG MAN: No I don't. And I want to know. I want to get to know you. Tell me.

THE OLDER MAN: This late?

THE YOUNG MAN: So what? What does time have to do with it?

THE OLDER MAN: It depends on what's being told. Especially if what is being told is about the person himself, it's not the right time. Because..one doesn't lie at this hour. Can not. That is why autobiographies are not written at this hour. These hours.. they are private hours.

THE YOUNG MAN: Does one talk about himself to himself?

THE OLDER MAN: No. He thinks.

THE YOUNG MAN: What does he think about? Meaning you. After all these years.. what do you think about so early in the morning?

THE OLDER MAN: The same stuff everyone else thinks about.

THE YOUNG MAN: What do they think about?

THE OLDER MAN: I just told you. About themselves. All the creatures. Horses, dogs, maranta plants in their pots, even the cockroaches in the kitchen. They think about their past, disappointments, mistakes, stumbling points..

THE YOUNG MAN: Don't you ever think about something positive?

THE OLDER MAN: Life is a garbage can filled with negatives! We.. all of us...

we are stinking leftovers dropped on the corner of an alley waiting for the garbage truck!

THE YOUNG MAN: Is that why you're making fun of it? Out of despair? In your own way you think that you can look down on everything?

THE OLDER MAN: Everything's making fun of me. I am just responding.

THE YOUNG MAN: What you lived, your disappointments, your mistakes, your stumbling points.. Is that all?

THE OLDER MAN: Isn't that enough? You can make as many quotes about them as you want. For instance like what we lived. Quote en quote, what we were forced to live, what we had to live, and what we made others live! Quote en quote, what we unintentionally made others go through, how we tried to manipulate them and failed. Quote en quote other's rejection to live what we planned for them to live. And our revenge to their rejection by turning their lives upside down and as a result, it stays on our conscience for years.

THE YOUNG MAN: You've never had a motive in life. All you do is philosophise about garbage, what a pity.

THE OLDER MAN: What?

THE YOUNG MAN: You didn't have an axe to grind.

THE OLDER MAN: I couldn't find a suitable axe. Unfortunately I was already ground by other's axes. What can one do among people who think that the only meaning of life is just to have an axe to grind. I realised this much later.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Putting his head between his hands.] How innocent we were when we started off. Isn't that right? [Laughs sarcastically.] We were going to change the world.

THE OLDER MAN: The world turned out to be stronger than we are. More saucy. More cunning. It tried to fool us with shiny fake attractive axes for us to

grind. It told us to take it easy. [Walks towards the door and stops.] However when I talk about myself with others.. at another hour though.. I have a different story.

THE YOUNG MAN: Do you wanna go?

THE OLDER MAN: No, let's continue. A German Shepherd or a girl friend? Or maybe a girl friend with a dog. A babe with a German Shepherd. No, that wouldn't work out. The animal would be jealous of you. The son of a bitch might want to bite you! Then you'd have to beat him up. Or train him. You'll tell the dog, ' Look dear! As a representative of a very noble race, the holy Roman race, you should not be jealous of a low creature such as myself! '

THE YOUNG MAN: Are you referring to me?

THE OLDER MAN: What?

THE YOUNG MAN: The low creature lower than the dog?

THE OLDER MAN: C'mon. You're trying to manipulate the animal! You'll tell him ' it's not your class to bare your teeth! '. I doubt he'll understand. Cause she raised him to begin with. He'll do whatever she wants. He'll pretend like he is obeying you, but once he finds the occasion, he'll take you down!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Motionless, listens to THE OLDER MAN.] What are you talking about?

THE OLDER MAN: I don't like this conversation. Anyway a foreign girl wouldn't work out in this neighbourhood. It would cause problems. [Like an old neighbour.] ' Hello, young man! Hello! I'm talking to you!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Starts acting.] ' Who? Are you talking to me? '

THE OLDER MAN: [Pointing out to the coat rack.] ' Who is this lady? Is she a foreigner? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Can't you tell? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' Tell what? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Whether she's a foreigner or not? '

THE OLDER MAN: ' How can I tell? Is it written on her face? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Hell yeah! Her looks too. '

THE OLDER MAN: ' What do you mean? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' She smiles innocently at the sharks of the neighbourhood while they watch her as if they'll attack any minute. '

THE OLDER MAN: ' What do you mean sharks of the neighbourhood? What are you trying to tell me now? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' I mean the holy sharks, Mister! '

THE OLDER MAN: ' What? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Holy Roman sharks! Would you like me to tell you the history of the holy Roman sharks? '

[THE OLDER MAN starts laughing. THE YOUNG MAN joins him with a very similar laughter.]

THE OLDER MAN: Don't you see it? One can laugh no matter what. Even in a garbage can.

[THE YOUNG MAN suddenly gets serious and quiet.]

You'll get used to it in the future. To all the changes. You'll start making fun of it very soon. You'll change. The only thing that won't change..will be this neighbourhood. In twenty something years, it won't change but it will change you.

THE YOUNG MAN: Don't you feel pain in your heart?

THE OLDER MAN: No, just in my feet. Occasionally. When it rains. I know yours still hurts. But it will go away in few months. Don't worry. Just a little crack.

THE YOUNG MAN: I'm not asking about your foot!

THE OLDER MAN: Really?

THE YOUNG MAN: Damn it! Who are you ?

THE OLDER MAN: [Acting] ' I work in the theatre sir! ' [Starts laughing .]

You remember right? You had gone to that office. That ugly woman had asked

you where you worked. And you replied exactly like this. ' I work in the theatre madam. '

[THE YOUNG MAN, his head between his hands kneels down. ]

She had not understood what your profession was. Or she didn't want to. Or maybe she could not associate you with the theatre.

[Pretending to be the woman.] ' What do you do in the theatre? '

[Pretending to be THE YOUNG MAN.] ' What would one do in the theatre madam? '

[Pretending to be her.] ' How would I know hon.? That's why I'm asking you. What are you crazy? How would I know if you're an usher or a ticket salesman? '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Suddenly gets up. He is very angry. Carries his anger over to his acting.] ' So only ushers and ticket sales people work in theatre huh? '

THE OLDER MAN: [Like the woman, sarcastically.] ' Who else? Oops, also the person who sells refreshments. Right? ' [Laughs like a woman.]

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Ushers and refreshment vendors. That's what you can think of when we say theatre, huh?.. Sure! Why not? Very possible! Which one would you like to start with? '

THE OLDER MAN: [ With a surprised female fashion.] ' Starting what? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' To tell. The importance of ushers and selling refreshments. Their history! Their contributions to society! Their functional and philosophical dimensions! Let us start off with ushers, if you please? What do you say? Don't look at my face like a frozen fish! What's this outfit anyway?

How dare can you come here like this! Look at your teased hair with a funny bow the size of my shoes! Your cheeks look like they've been dipped into paint. '

THE OLDER MAN: [Surprised.] ' What? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' See, I bet you'll turn down my application because of my attitude. What am I doing in the theatre! Your first guess was perfect, yes I am an usher! In a year I will graduate to become a refreshment sales person! What can you say, I will have to study very hard though. Love of profession! So you don't know the history of ushers. Let me tell you. The roots go all the way to the Dionysus rituals of ancient Greece. Or if you please, we can put it like this; The holy institution called ushering, came into being shortly after humankind realised they were alive. The ancient Greek ushers used to be called , ' Chef de protocolos '! Certain writers were obliged to write plays, so the chef de protocolos could show people to their seats. Tragedies! Where would the chef de protocolos seat people, huh? See, to solve this problem, the architects of the time had to build big amphitheatres! In later eras, in Italy, we see, ' The romantic chef de protocolos! ' With candles in their hands, while singing sad songs in tears, they used to help people to the correct seat by their ticket. ' What the hell am I doing in the theatre? ' Huh? I show people their seats, Madam! Madam, usherhood is a sacred institution! It's a reason to live for people who have the spirit! To show the way to people who want to know. To help them find a spot somewhere by the stage called life. Do you know what this means? I'm talking to you! '

THE OLDER MAN: [Like a scared woman.] ' Err..'

THE YOUNG MAN: ' It means to make love! '

THE OLDER MAN: [Looks at THE YOUNG MAN for a second, with a whisper.] 'Pervert!'

THE YOUNG MAN: ' It means to share! '

THE OLDER MAN: [With a whisper.] ' Communist! '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' An actor madam, I am an actor! What? Don't I look like one? Why not? What do the actors look like? A street light? '

[The telephone rings. They stop acting suddenly and look at each other. The phone keeps on ringing. THE YOUNG MAN furiously goes and rips the phone cable off the wall. The ringing stops. He picks up the phone, looks at it for a second and answers the call. Almost crying.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Hello?..Answer me! Talk to me! How I wish to hear a voice! A familiar voice!

[THE OLDER MAN stares at THE YOUNG MAN for a while, kneels and picks up the diary from the floor, and starts flipping through the pages.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [As if talking to someone.] Hi! Oh I just called.. No, nothing's wrong.. What time is it there now?.. So it's light out huh?.. How nice! Don't worry, I'm doing very well.. I swear!.. In here? Oh it's dark out.. I mean very dark! No, not forever though.. Tomorrow, look at the sky! About this time. And think about me! Why? Cause I'm gonna do the same thing. I'll look at the sky, tomorrow, about this time. Maybe our looks will meet.

THE OLDER MAN: [Starts reading the diary outloud.] ' They stole my dreams today! '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Drops the phone suddenly.] Put that away!

THE OLDER MAN: Why? They're not your private thoughts, they're mine too!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Tries to take the diary away from him.] How would they be yours too! I wrote them!

THE OLDER MAN: They were mine once. Let me read it. All I want is to remember. [He flips a page.] ' I want my dreams back! No one has the right to lock me up here! ' [Flips another page.] ' The girl with green eyes! ' [Flips

another page.] ' It's been nine days! ' [Flips another page.] " It has been exactly ten days! They're both gone! ' [Flips another page.] ' The eleventh day. I saw her in my dream. For the first time.'

[THE OLDER MAN drops the diary. Walks toward the window. THE YOUNG MAN is standing up motionless in the middle of the living room.]

THE YOUNG MAN: So did it move anything in you?

THE OLDER MAN: [Looking outside murmurs.] Twelfth day, I saw her in my dream for the second time. Thirteenth day, I saw her in my dream for the third time. [A short pause.] Fifteenth year! I saw someone in my dream. I guess it was her.. Twentieth year! I saw a pair of green eyes in my dream. But I couldn't remember who's eyes they were. [We hear the horn of a ship. THE OLDER MAN Looking outside.] In my sleep.. in the depths of my sleep, in a vortex of colors.. To hear the horn of a ship.. But maybe not. Or I pretend that I hear it. And following the sound of the horns, in the depths of my dreams with wings..by the most beautiful shores of my hopes.. without a motive.. chasing the wind, the waves.. To fly with the speed of light, towards dreams as white as snow. Sleeping soundly. Undiscovered lands of dreams.. Dreams. Intertwined memories from my past.. my childhood.. Purity. In the depths of my sleep. My innocence.. In the depths.. Safe.. In the depths..

THE YOUNG MAN: [His eyes fixed to one spot, without changing his expression.] What are you talking about?

THE OLDER MAN: [Looking outside.] Nothing.

THE YOUNG MAN: What do you mean nothing?

THE OLDER MAN: [Without looking at THE YOUNG MAN.] A little part. From.. a play.

THE YOUNG MAN: Which play?

THE OLDER MAN: I don't know. I don't remember. Actually it was very

long. I.. I can only remember this much. The whole thing.. as I said is very

long. I don't even remember whom the man was talking. I guess by the end he started to cry. Like a child. Weeping. On the poster it said one act tragedy. However the audience laughed so hard.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Without looking.] Why?

THE OLDER MAN: They were laughing at him. Also.. I thought he was overacting or maybe it wasn't directed correctly.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Still looking at the same spot.] Maybe they made a mistake and wrote tragedy instead of comedy on the poster.

THE OLDER MAN: Sure that's possible too. Or maybe the audience wanted to laugh at something that was meant to make them cry, that day. Maybe they felt like it. [Silence.] When I was a kid, I used to think about my future the whole time.

THE YOUNG MAN: I know. How I wished I had a time machine, to touch a button and...

THE OLDER MAN: ... grow up suddenly!

THE YOUNG MAN: ... To get to this age. Reach my aspirations.

THE OLDER MAN: [To the YOUNG MAN.] Untalented soothteller! The future becomes beautiful only when it turns to the past. Becomes safe.

THE YOUNG MAN: They destroyed everything I had. Even my dreams!

THE OLDER MAN: They can steal everything but your dreams.

THE YOUNG MAN: But they stole them! They ripped off my dreams! And then, on their toes with their bags on their back, filled with my dreams, they disappeared in the dark! I realised the night after, that I was robbed. Three weeks ago. As usual I wanted to go to sleep. To dream. But my dreams were all gone. They had taken them away and left a bunch of crazy nightmares!

THE OLDER MAN: [Laughs forcefully.] Do you know what this sounds like?

The thieves rob Salvador Dali's exhibition. They take all those precious paintings and leave a Havana cigar. A cigar filled with explosive powder. Poor artist, with all that panic and desperation, lights up the cigar.. Boom! [Takes a sip from his drink.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Even if this was true, Dali would continue painting on his death bed. But I.. can't dream anymore!

THE OLDER MAN: Every citizen has the right to dream about whatever he wants! To interpret his dreams the way he wants! And dream the dreams he likes, over and over again! Also to avoid the ones he dislikes! No one can be forced to change his original dreams! And no one can be told to have a dream that someone else designs for them!.. Signed by.. the ministry of.. dream affairs! It's just a proposal, not a law. But it is highly likely that it will become one very soon.

[Looks through the window for a second, and smiles.] ' What usher? I'm an actor! ' I wish we could tell them this story. How they would laugh. Especially her, showing off her dimple. Anyway. You'll tell her the story some other time. In a better way. You'll add new things to the story.. [Turning to THE YOUNG MAN) Wise ass!

THE YOUNG MAN: Who me?

THE OLDER MAN: What?

THE YOUNG MAN: You said wise ass.

THE OLDER MAN: Who's talking about you? I meant her. She's so aware of that cute little hole of hers. What expression that dimple adds to her face. It's almost like she smiles to show it off.

[They both drift away to their own worlds for a second. Then they hear the sound of the main building door slamming. THE YOUNG MAN gets serious. THE OLDER MAN is careless. They hear footsteps climbing the stairs.]

THE YOUNG MAN: See they're coming again!

[They hear coughs. Someone knocks on the door. THE YOUNG MAN freezes. And they hear the next door unlocking . The door opens with a squeak, and slams shut.] Every morning it's the same fucking thing!

THE OLDER MAN: The old guy next door. Mr. No Name. Retired, cable car maintenance department's managers assistant chief executive officer and The Volunteer Vice Squad Officer On Duty Of All Times.! Mr. No Name!

THE YOUNG MAN: Yep that's him! First he knocks on my door. He knows damn well I'm home. Then he goes downstairs to bring them! They gather next door! To wear me out! They want me to get to an unbearable point! So I take care of myself. It's all a part of their plan. [THE OLDER MAN smiles, THE YOUNG MAN listens to the foot steps.] See aren't I right? They'll be in here shortly!

[They hear the sound of a toilet lid hitting the wall, and then a moan.]

They're torturing someone else to get to me! Or they're pretending!

[They hear another moan.]

In their own way, they're trying to tell me they'll do the same thing to me, if I don't surrender.

[He starts trembling, they hear another moan and then a fart.]

THE OLDER MAN: It's a do!.. Three fourths.

THE YOUNG MAN: What?

THE OLDER MAN: Mr. No Name. He's taking a dump. He's back home, but before going to sleep he is releasing the rotten air.

[They hear another fart.]

It's like the radio jingle. [Makes a sound of fart.] ' It's o four hundred hours.

And the news. After following the clues, the landlord's faithful dog, Snappy, ripped apart two innocent stray cats under the stairwell. After extensive research, authorities recovered large numbers of hidden bones and olive pits.

THE YOUNG MAN: [THE YOUNG MAN kneels down to the mattress by the door. Closes his eyes. Stays quiet for a while and whispers.] Who killed my dreams?

THE OLDER MAN: [Murmuring to himself.] Macbeth.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Still his eyes shot.] What?

THE OLDER MAN: [Murmuring.] ' Macbeth does murder sleep. The innocent sleep. And therefore shall sleep no more. '

THE YOUNG MAN: Macbeth had a reason. He had a very good reason to kill his sleep. But I.. [Opens his eyes.] I have many reasons!

[Silence.]

Red! Covered with red. Everywhere in red! Do you know what I really miss?

The light. A light beyond red! There must be a light! That the five senses of

the aggressors like us, can't feel. Since we couldn't feel it, we never thought enough about it. We never had the chance. Cause ever since the beginning of time, we, the most intelligent self destroying creatures, simply believed we were created to perceive the colours that the sun gives us. We never forced ourselves to see other colours. And we think that this is the only light! The light that the universe is showing us is this.

THE OLDER MAN: Maybe the light beyond red is coming from so far away that it probably still hasn't reached the milky way, let alone earth.

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes maybe that's why we can't see it. Cause it can't get here yet.

THE OLDER MAN: Then why worry about it now?

THE YOUNG MAN: [Laughs sarcastically.] No reason, right? [Gets up. While dragging the mattress to its original place.] Absolutely no reason. There

is no reason to worry about anything anyway. [THE OLDER MAN grabs his coat from the hanger and puts it on.] Are you going?

THE OLDER MAN: Well it's about time.

THE YOUNG MAN: Why?

THE OLDER MAN: [While pushing some of the stuff away from the door .] There's gonna be light out soon.

THE YOUNG MAN: Stop! [Almost begging.] Please don't go! I'm very lonely.

THE OLDER MAN: I know. It is one of the million things you hate about this city. Loneliness. You'd better get used to it. As I told you nothing much is going to change about this neighbourhood. For a long time.

' If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.' [Smiling at THE YOUNG MAN.] Horatio!

[THE YOUNG MAN is sitting in the couch. THE OLDER MAN attempts to open the door.]

THE YOUNG MAN: Hamlet! [THE OLDER MAN stops, turns, looks at THE YOUNG MAN.] Act two, scene two! Until further orders it's been changed. Hamlet, quote en quote, is not alone! The whole palace is covered with sound recorders and hidden cameras. There are as many spies in the theatre as number of seats. And in the back stage as many executioners as actors! Hamlet unintentionally repeats his old line: ' Now I'm alone. ' Then he pauses, thinks for a while, and finishes his sentence like this: ' And I am surrounded .

( Takes out his gun ) And Hamlet takes out his gun, puts it to his temple..and..fires!

[He pulls the trigger. Only a 'Click' sound is heard. We hear the ship horn blowing and then a seagull's scream almost like laughter, getting higher and higher, it echoes in the room, and slowly fades away.]

Even the sea gulls laugh at Hamlet's unexpected suicide. And curtain! And the curtain goes up again! All the Mr. and Mrs. No Names in the theatre walk up to the stage. They salute the world. They salute history. The curtain goes up and down without any applause.. and remains open. Not one single clap is heard.. Despite all their efforts the actors get no applause!

[A short pause.]

Way back, on a dark corner of the theatre, a beautiful green eyed, cute dimpled young girl and her boy friend, hand in hand, grins on their faces, with bullet filled bodies quietly keep on watching their murderers expecting a standing ovation.

[Silence.]

Every morning they used to leave the house hand in hand. And return hand in hand every afternoon. They used to stop by the grocery store to buy eggs.. ham.. bread.. newspaper... She had such beautiful eyes. He wasn't very good looking. But he become beautiful every time he looked into her eyes. Both together.. they were like a poem!

[Authentic voices from the past by the main gate of the building echo in the apartment.]

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Good morning. '

THE GIRL: ' Good morning. '

THE BOY: ' How are you today? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' Very well thank you. And you? '

THE GIRL: ' How come they haven't picked up the garbage yet? '

THE YOUNG MAN: ' I have no idea. They were supposed to yesterday but..'

THE BOY: ' The entrance looks really filthy! '

THE GIRL: ' The whole building is filthy! '

THE YOUNG MAN: [Nervously murmuring to himself.] The whole building is filthy! Exactly three weeks ago.. while they were getting torn apart by hundreds of bullets.. I.. [Chokes.]

THE OLDER MAN: [To the YOUNG MAN.] Since you were so afraid of the sound of guns, you jumped out of the window. To the next roof.

THE YOUNG MAN: Cause I had never heard guns where I lived. I've never known people who were dragged on the floor before.. People I used to say hello to.

THE OLDER MAN: No one has ever pointed a gun to you in your life. You've never been anyone's target. You got so scared and you hurt your ankle for no reason.

THE YOUNG MAN: It wasn't just my ankle that got hurt. I know I'm a coward. Now every one scares me.

THE OLDER MAN: You're even scared of your neighbour's farts.

THE YOUNG MAN: What was Mr. No Name saying? ' Something fishy is going on downstairs! ' The old fart had suspected! Cause the young couple were returning home every night with big bags. [To THE OLDER MAN.] Think about it, he suspected simply because they were bringing home big bags! [Sarcastically.] What a terrible crime of humanity, to bring home big bags!

THE OLDER MAN: Do you think that could be the only reason? An old fart's suspicion? Who would take him seriously?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't care about the reason. Two people were killed in the building where I live. The building where I live.. it scares me!

THE OLDER MAN: If you hadn't called, I wouldn't even think about looking

back at the past. Play games with my youth.

THE YOUNG MAN: Your youth is about to crack up! He locked himself in. He is hiding from everyone!

THE OLDER MAN: You're wasting yourself. Wasting me.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Murmuring.] Hiding from everyone. Everyone! Cause they.. almost like watching a bull fight.. while she was being dragged on the side walk.. they..just watched! Simply as if watching a bull bleeding to death!

THE OLDER MAN: It all will fade away soon. In a few months you will have forgotten it all.

THE YOUNG MAN: That's the worst. To forget it all. To feel nothing. Yes I am a murderer. I just killed sleep. I murdered my own sleep.

THE OLDER MAN: Pretty soon you'll be sleeping soundly.

THE YOUNG MAN: You must never exist!

THE OLDER MAN: [Yelling.] Damn fool! Everyone has the strength to resist! Everyone! All the creatures!

THE YOUNG MAN: [Murmuring.] All the creatures.

THE OLDER MAN: Even a moth!

THE YOUNG MAN: Even a moth.

THE OLDER MAN: It's a matter of time.

THE YOUNG MAN: [Looking at THE OLDER MAN.] Is this resistance? To become like this in time? [THE OLDER MAN doesn't answer.] Until last week I had never seen a real gun in my life, let alone held one in my hand.

THE OLDER MAN: It is..a matter of time.

THE YOUNG MAN: To live. All I want..is to live. In my own way. Like a maranta plant. And also to be in plays.. No recognition though. No applause.

THE OLDER MAN: [Turns to the door.] The sun should be up by now.

Somewhere.. on a long beach..perhaps..the kids are.. getting ready to play.

THE YOUNG MAN: You should go too. Join them. If you can.

THE OLDER MAN: Do you think it is easy to find them? Even if I did, would they accept me? Would they let me into that pureness? Anyway I should give it a trial. If it doesn't work out I'll join another play. There are many plays taking place all over the world. [Looks at THE YOUNG MAN.] Unfortunately yours is a single man play. In a big city, your drama belongs to one man. No not really, it's a tragedy. A contemporary tragedy. The king, the queen, the messenger, the conscious, the victim, the time, and the place, its all you now. [Unlocks the door.] You'll be very lonely.

THE YOUNG MAN: What can I do?

[THE OLDER MAN opens the door. A very bright yellow light fills the room. We hear from far away outside, children's voices and laughter. THE OLDER MAN stands in the middle of the light for a while and steps outside.]

THE OLDER MAN: [Turning back to THE YOUNG MAN.] If you get bored, call me. Tomorrow. Before the sunlight.. in between two nightmares, we'll take a tea break.

[Leaves shutting the door behind him.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Alone, murmuring] In between two nightmares, we'll take a tea break.

[THE YOUNG MAN looks at the door for a while, gets up and goes to open it. Outside there is only the next door and a stairway. He stares for a second, and closes the door. Puts all the locks on. Hesitates for a second and walks toward the next room. Opens the door.]

Are you there? [Waits for an answer. Calls out again.] Hey! I'm talking to

you! Where are you?

THE OLDER MAN: [We hear him from the room.] Shut the door. I'm resting.

[THE YOUNG MAN aims his gun at the room, pulls the trigger, the gun fires. Shuts the door. Goes to the kitchen, comes back out with a bottle of vodka in his hand. Takes a sip. Walks toward the plant by the window sill.]

THE YOUNG MAN: [Looks at the plant for a while.] What about you maranta? Do you know yourself?.. Right, you don't. You don't even know your name. I know the names they call me though. Yet you're luckier than I am.. Why?.. Stupid! Cause you can live the way you want. [Takes another sip.] You open your leaves when you see the light. And shut down when it's dark. You love the sun.. The daylight.. No one is punishing you for loving the sun. What else can you ask for! If people were to put a noose around your neck and say: ' Now listen to us carefully you god damn maranta! We're going to shut the curtains and you will stand still in the dark! You will not move your leaves!

If you do we'll rip off your roots! ' What would you do?.. [Laughs] Of course!

You would laugh at them! Cause nothing could dictate you except nature! There are no specific rules defining maranta's behaviour. No laws determining their personal rights. And there are no marantas violating other maranta's personal rights! Unaware of their Italian discoverer, and their names, they grow without social security numbers. They exist as long as they see the sun. And if they can't, they get recycled without any records behind.

[Opens the curtains. Holding the gun in one hand and the bottle in the other he stares outside. He turns off the lights. Lays on the mattress the same way like at the begining of the first act.]

They vanish happily ever after. It's that simple.

[Silence.]

Only.. one.. poem.. will be left.. behind. Of course if they find it. Crumpled and thrown away from the kitchen window to the courtyard.. only one poem. Green eyed.. dimpled.. Naa! It's all a tale! An alcoholics nightmare!

[Silence.]

Who knows where that green eyed is ..

[He murmurs a song before going to sleep. We hear the sound of a child accompanied by a mandolin. Darkness continues for a while. The bottle slides from his hand. He still holds the gun. Slowly the day light fills the room, and a stream beams over the plant. The leaves move, and the plant starts coming to life. We hear foot steps climbing the stairs. Someone knocks on the door.]

The Woman: ' Hello! Are you home? ' [She knocks again] ' Answer me! We've been looking for you for days! '

[The neighbour's door opens. They start talking.]

The old man: ' Whom were you looking for? '

The woman: ' I was looking for the guy, he is a friend of mine. '

The old man: ' I haven't seen him for three weeks. He must be on a vacation. I heard voices early this morning. I knocked on the door but no one answered. '

[The conversation continues a little more without making any sense. Then the next door closes. Footsteps go down the stairs. The young man lays down motionless in his bed. We hear the sound of a child with mandolin again. The light beam over the maranta plant gets brighter and brighter. The plant opens its leaves slowly.]

Darkness.

Curtain

Civan CANOVA

DEC. 10/ 1994 - FEB. 12/ 1996

# ISTANBUL