

rokgre

Eleventh Wonder

(the fairy tale about siamese twins)

DRAMA

CHARACTERS:

RUDI and RUDDI

Scene One

RUDDI: You know, love is a hollow need, the quest for some sort of missing other half, which is supposed to be perfect. It should be perfectly in tune with your own life – in word and deed, in body and spirit. Why does everything then come to an end in such a cruel and wretched manner?

RUDI: You know, love is merely a passion for painless survival, hanging onto a dream and touching – at least for some brief moments – that better part in each of us.

RUDDI: That sounds like our story.

RUDI: If hatred is a part of love, then we loved in an inexhaustible way, and forever after.

RUDDI: That certainly sounds like us.

RUDI: We were born and therefore we were bound to exist.

RUDDI: And since we were born – we could do nothing but love.

Scene Two

RUDI: Rudi.

RUDDI: R-u-D-D-i, I must have told you a million times. My name has one 'd' more than yours. R-u-d-d-i. Is it really so difficult?

RUDI: OK, let it be R-u-d-d-i. As if it matters at all.

RUDDI: It surely does. Not to you, of course, you were born first.

RUDI: Let's be separated then.

RUDDI: You are so rude, so selfish! You just want to have it all, right? Just because you were the first born. You don't give a damn about me. All you do is drink and drink, and then you breathe at me with that bad breath of yours; oh it makes me sick.

RUDI: Makes us sick.

RUDDI: You changed.

RUDI: No, I didn't. How could I possibly change?

RUDDI: You have changed.

RUDI: If anything was ever different, it was the two of us, right? Both! Different. One of us could never have changed alone; if we ever did, it was both of us.

RUDDI: Might sound like a clever excuse to you, but it doesn't fool me, not me. Time ago it was never too difficult for you to do something for me; today though I have to god-damn beg you to get up or to at least wait until I finish combing my hair. I've given up make-up long time ago... *(she weeps)*

RUDI: Come on, Rudi.

RUDDI: See – there you go again! It is R-u-d-d-i. And you're doing this to me on purpose.

RUDI: R-u-d-d-i, please don't cry. *(he tries to wipe away her tears)*

RUDDI: Let go of me! *(she strikes his hand violently)*

RUDI: Go on whining then.

RUDDI: No, I won't. I'd never cry because of you. *(they are both offended and look away in opposite directions)*

RUDI: You know very well that - no matter what - we are very different from each other. These shared organs are a curse to us both! But what am I supposed to do?! Tell me? What should I do! I wish it were different, truly I do, but what can I do...? What...?

RUDDI: At least you could have tried a bit harder.

RUDI: You really think I didn't? I most definitely did. I'm Rudi, yes, with only one 'd', and all because I was born first, yes, I'm half a minute older - that's true. And because I came first, I have to take care of both of us. Do you understand? I feel responsible. And since we gave up performing at the fair, it has been very difficult for me - very difficult. What have we lived on lately, and how on earth have we lived? ... Handouts at the market. We endure, we don't live. Every bloody day buried under the sneering words and curious stares of all those "normal" passers-by, on their way from their comfy warm homes, or going back to their adoring families, with a little something for the children under their arms. And God help us from the do-gooders out to stretch their legs and clear their consciences. Do you know what the worse part is? They are all free to go back to their normal lives, full of normal thoughts and tasks, emotions and ambitions. All that compassion which they just can't hide! All that hypocritical passing commiseration - the very next minute it just slips out of their mind and happy normality is back. All very convenient I'm sure. And you wonder why I drink. Passing benevolence - a thrown little something - from someone who felt sorry for us for that one minute, it makes me sick. In fact I prefer it when they don't believe us - leastways I can tell them to fuck off. What I can't endure is the bloody fake kindness, I really can't. This life and body is curse enough.

RUDDI: (*shouting*) Don't talk like this!! This is... (*weeping*) this is... absolutely natural.

RUDI: As natural as we are - glued together like this. Two living beings in one. Two thoughts, two wishes and two needs. Our mother was a witch...

RUDDI: (*whispering*) She was old...

RUDI: ...and she married the devil.

RUDDI: (*whispering*) She was old...

RUDI: What are you saying?

RUDDI: She was old. Too old. She shouldn't have had us at her age. She was much too old.

RUDI: Come on, give me a break. What old? She was nothing but a hardened witch. I don't even believe that she is dead.

RUDDI: Do you remember the letter I wrote to *Bregovi*?

RUDI: *Bregovi*?

RUDDI: You were sleeping.

RUDI: Always scrawling when I'm asleep.

RUDDI: Yeah, so that you won't make fun of me.

RUDI: Sure I would. You keep dreaming about the unattainable, things that never happened and never will.

RUDDI: You know what I've discovered?

RUDI: What?

RUDDI: Oh, nothing.

RUDI: I can imagine that.

RUDDI: And for your information – I don't dream! I don't. Now you tell me, who was scared of the surgery? Was it you?

RUDI: You know full well who it was, and you know why I was scared?

RUDDI: We had money and everything.

RUDI: You wouldn't have made it!

RUDDI: That's not true. You just freaked out.

RUDI: Rubbish.

RUDDI: You think I don't know? You don't want to be left alone – not you. It's too easy for you with me by your side, no matter what you say. You are afraid of being left alone.

RUDI: What nonsense. You wouldn't have survived the operation. That pathologist, or whatever he was, wasn't a real doctor at all. I made some inquiries.

RUDDI: It wouldn't have been him performing the operation. You know very well that he would only provide the organs. And now you're just trying to change history.

RUDI: Rubbish! What utter crap! Anyway, I don't want to talk about this a moment longer.

RUDDI: This is exactly what you're like, yes. You'll retreat back into your little hole again, and I'll have to wheedle you out like a little cricket from its tiny burrow. Then, for a whole week, you'll be nice and gentle again, willing to do anything for me; and after that everything will be back to the way it was.

RUDI: Total crap, you're full of crap, that's what I'm saying...

RUDDI: You see, that's why I didn't tell you about the letter I sent to *Bregovi*, because you'd try to get out of it again - if you had believed me in the first place. Now I don't care anymore so I'm going to tell you. It's no big deal.

RUDI: I really don't give a shit about these inflated absurdities of yours.

RUDDI: Well, you should be a lot more interested. At least I try to ensure that we live some sort of decent life.

RUDI: (*laughing*) Decent! Decent! Come on, give me a break. What do you think you are doing? A decent life is a normal life, something we could never have – never, understand? You still haven't figured out what we really are, after all these years?

RUDDI: Why wouldn't it be possible? Tell me, why? For us to live like any ordinary person, with a job, home...

RUDI: And good children!

RUDDI: Cynical, cruel and cynical.

RUDI: We could pay visits to each other - you could come to visit us and we could visit you.

RUDDI: At least I'm trying.

RUDI: Yeah, very, what other choice do you have?

RUDDI: You bastard.

RUDI: Sis, we are destined to be together forever, for better and the worst. There's only one thing that's bothering me: are we just one single freak or two freaks together.

RUDDI: (*her voice trembling*) How can you do this to me...

RUDI: Just don't start whining again, will you?

RUDDI: Don't worry – I won't. It's just... You're right, we are together, and we'll never be able to have a normal life. Though we could at least come close to something like that, in the way that I'm trying to achieve it...

RUDI: Yes, we could – for example – get a job at the telephone exchange where people can't see us, and if we managed to babble quietly enough we would not disturb each other. Right, this is a magnificent idea. Why don't we adopt a brat too – he would never have to worry about his parents getting divorced.

RUDDI: You try really hard to hurt yourself, don't you? And you don't spare yourself not even a little bit. On the contrary, all this pain seems to suit you. It's as though the more you thrash about the easier it becomes for you. But you forget about me. Every such vileness on your part affects me too, and a hundred times harder. I - unfortunately - have my own heart and brain, my own tired soul that nobody in this world – not even my condition nor hunger and cold, or the rejection of others – whips as hard as your words and actions... There, I finally managed to say it.

(*silence prevails*)

And in the end, everything good I try to do for myself, I do for us; and everything good I want for myself – I want for us. And it sometimes strikes me that I should kill myself, just to

punish you, so that you'd have to drag me around. Then again, my lifeless body would be less of a burden to you than it is now with all its thoughts, feelings and intentions.

The most inhumane freak of nature is not so much our physical deformation, but the degeneration of two souls, which are meant to co-exist as one. However, since such harmony is impossible and will never happen, it really may be better if one of us goes.

(very long silence)

RUDI: Do you remember how we learned to walk? How we helped each other along. I encouraged your leg, and you encouraged mine.

RUDDI: I remember the time when I first realised that you were somebody else. In those days I thought that I was an entity and that others were the weird ones not me - all those strange people with something missing. We laughed at them a lot more than they laughed at us.

RUDI: Yes, we did used to laugh.

RUDDI: I was seven; how I cried!

RUDI: You were always crying.

RUDDI: I was seven the first time I was spat at.

RUDI: What did I do? I don't remember.

RUDDI: It was then I realised you were somebody else. I wanted you to hit him. No, not just hit – kill him. And you, you just stared at him, just stared. He took courage from that and spat again, the little bastard; he was smaller than we were. And then I hit him, and we got locked in a cage.

RUDI: Are you sure? I don't remember any of this.

RUDDI: Perhaps you don't want to.

RUDI: No, I'm certain I would remember that. I remember the first time we were exhibited in public. They put long hairy tails on us, and made us jump through the burning hoop. And then I stepped on your tail and we rolled down the slope. The crowd moved out the way *(laughing)* Do you remember?

RUDDI: Sometimes I feel that we are not bound together at all, that we are not related – that you are a stranger, as if we have been randomly picked for some sort of experiment. They coupled us incidentally, to create a perfect being.

RUDI: Ha – then they were really greatly mistaken.

RUDDI: Let's dance!

RUDI: You know I don't like it.

RUDDI: We can tumble, there's nobody around.

RUDI: Do you think I care whether they watch us or not?

RUDDI: You feel humiliated if you fall, don't you?

RUDI: Nonsense!

RUDDI: Then come along.

RUDI: No.

RUDDI: Why not? Take it as my indulgence and do it for me.

RUDI: There's nothing you could forgive me for.

RUDDI: You know there is.

RUDI: There is ... nothing.

RUDDI: Your drinking and my sleeplessness and hunger.

RUDI: (*sighing*) I wish I could tell you to go away.

RUDDI: We've been through this so many times. Rudi, my Rudi (*she leans her head against his*), do it for me.

RUDI: I hate dancing.

RUDDI: You never used to.

RUDI: It's nothing but a distorted monstrosity, like everything else that derives from us.

RUDDI: Do you remember the vows we took?

RUDI: Vows, vows. And what was the point of that?

RUDDI: We would take care of each other, we would be like one – a perfect being, the two of us together, stronger than anything.

RUDI: Let's go.

RUDDI: Dancing?

RUDI: Yes. (*darkness*)

Siamese twins, joined at their backs.

Dancing – jerking, clumsy and awkward, with heads twitching out of rhythm, and trying hard to maintain balance.

A fall.

Darkness.

Scene Three

RUDDI: (*writing*) There's so much struggle in a life like this; it takes so much effort, such exertion ... Always having to say "Get up!" and then getting up. "Sit down!" and sitting down, let's go that way, let's go this way, wait, stop, eat, spit, I'm sleeping and ... (*she stops*) ...in the long run one has to relieve oneself.

They told us we had special gift – and that we should be happy about that. There has never been such a case, a medical phenomenon, a biological wonder and an enormous joke on the part of mother nature.

We only share internal organs, all the rest is... separate. Two human beings, as if forcefully joined together. Some sort of a damned punishment, or what?

We spent two years at that Institute before they finally decided to attempt surgery. At that time I was against the idea, I admit it. I was not ready. I admit it. I could not have made it on my own in this world, which has turned out to be so cruel. Even though there was always the common shoulder to cry on, the two of us together had such a hard time making it. He didn't drink then. He only started when we quit the performances. Well, it never was like a real performance anyway, it was just "showing off our *diversity*". Diversity, yes diversity – that's a good word, sort of makes you feel that you're not so different from the rest - the normal ones. Most people in this world are different, I realised that. And I held onto this concept of diversity, even though I was spat at. That episode will never cease to hurt, never; you don't even spit at a dog. Spit on the ground, the pavement, and street; yes, you can spit there – there's nothing there that would count for anything. Though to whom could you ever demonstrate such scorn and the fact that they mean something less than nothing to you? A display of such total repugnance and indignation was thus reserved for me - this inhuman scum, this terrestrial leprosy, an object of derision and offence against the beauty – and the wealth – of the diversity of life on Earth. Yes, it was a statement. Behold: a freakish monster which I would never dream of touching nor saying a word to; I spit at it. Because I know now, I do not blame the child anymore, the different living creature, I blame myself. Oh God (*crying*), this is so awful. To be such an outcast in the world, meant for no one and disturbing everyone. All I am is an object of disgust, a freak of nature suitable only for a circus sideshow!

God, why on earth did you plant this heart in me, give me a brain and sexuality, which shivers in futile anticipation, without hope of satisfaction in this half a body. Why give me these

desires, feelings and emotions? Don't you care? Do you want to see suffering and cruelty? Why did you fasten me, tie me, chain me, to yet another waning soul like my own? Why is every day nothing but a fight for survival? Why shouldn't I just give up and become engulfed by the other, to become the one and perfect entity, instead of tearing at myself in the futile attempts to break these painful chains. I figure that one day I shall explode – all the way to the stars - in the hopelessness of it all. God I would like to be up there. To give me peace, there has to be peace somewhere, peace...

I can't even die without him; we have to do everything together.

God, are we learning? Is this a lesson? And where is it leading us?

RUDI: Sis, are you writing?

RUDDI: Yes, I'm writing, I'm writing.

RUDI: What's the matter? What's wrong?

RUDDI: Nothing.

RUDI: Give me your hand. Good girl. And fall asleep now. Everything will look brighter in the morning.

Scene Four

RUDDI: Rudi, Rudi! Wake up!

RUDI: (*still sleeping*) Hmm... ?

RUDDI: Do you know who was here?

RUDI: I don't care.

RUDDI: Don't, Rudi, don't. (*she shakes him to stop him falling back to sleep again*) Wake up. (*eagerly*) I need to tell you something important. While you were sleeping...

RUDI: Leave me alone.

RUDDI: Rudi?!

RUDI: (*as though tearing himself away from some unpleasant thoughts*) We won't make it through the winter, you know very well that we won't make it.

RUDDI: What's the matter with you?

RUDI: We won't make it through the winter. No way. Not the way we are now; we should go some place else.

RUDDI: We will definitely leave in spring. For good.

RUDI: It'll be too late.

RUDDI: *Glavan* was here. He says that *Maestro* doesn't beat them any more.

RUDI: Ruddi! (*he jumps, completely awake now*) Ruddi!

RUDDI: Now he wears a bandage over his eyes.

RUDI: And how much does he pay?

RUDDI: Three per week, plus caravan, plus food.

RUDI: Those slops. And yet a lot better than starving. Let's go, Rudi, let's go!

RUDDI: R-u-d-d-i.

RUDI: I beg you, sis – else we won't make it through winter.

RUDDI: I couldn't care less.

RUDI: (*infuriated*) Why didn't you wake me up? Why didn't you?

RUDDI: (*not really answering, just babbling*) His head grew again. He was so afraid it would go down and *Maestro* would send him home. You know, all his family are like that – hydrocephalus; there's nothing special about it at his place.

RUDI: (*he bursts out*) And what do I care? What on earth do I care?

RUDDI: Don't be like that. *Glavan* is a nice guy.

RUDI: (*begging*) Ru-d-di, let's go back there. Let's go!

RUDDI: And lately he's had to drain the water ever less often, and he believes that something rigid is growing inside his head. *Maestro* doesn't allow him be touched any longer, because some kids pricked him with pins. But I keep telling him: It's nothing, you won't die of a couple of pinpricks. Yet he is worried, it's so sweet. And at home everybody is like him, nobody is different, and they all take care of themselves. But around here he is something special, and that's what worries him.

RUDI: Ru-d-di, please.

RUDDI: It's OK, *Glavan*, it's OK, I tell him. I asked if it was crowded, he said it was, every day. They have a new guy. Well, he's not really new – he's been there all along. Do you remember that case of *Maestro*'s - the one with the squealing and scratching noises coming out of it all the time?

RUDI: That dog?

RUDDI: It's not a dog! That's exactly it. (*chuckling*) He kept a real freak inside - a little dwarf.

RUDI: (*shocked*) In that case?

RUDDI: Yes, in that case. A little creature, a real child - from god-knows where - was brought to him years ago - by god-knows whom. He kept it inside the case. He just drilled holes into it so that it could breathe and there was a little lid so that he could feed it. *Maestro* fed it with his own hands, isn't that beautiful?

RUDI: (*ironically*) What kindness.

RUDDI: It is, isn't it? That's what *Glavan* said too. And when it started growing beard, *Maestro* took it out. The dwarf's fantastically crooked, and ever since it's been the showpiece of the act, everything has gone smoothly for all of them. And there's even schnapps! *Maestro* doesn't beat anyone, and he's stopped putting out cigarettes on old *Actor*.

RUDI: Old *Actor* - how is he?

RUDDI: Better. His hands don't get infected from being nailed to the cross. *Maestro* is so pleased with the money he makes that he bought a whole packet of new nails. *Glavan* has been given the assignment of looking after them.

RUDI: Yes! (*cheering up*) So we are going back. No more getting on our knees and begging – no more misery and starvation. We're done with these rags.

RUDDI: He owns us. He bought us honestly. Did you forget this too?

RUDI: I didn't. But why...

RUDDI: He would like us to fall into a trap. Most definitely. And he would bribe constables too. It happened before.

RUDI: He'd just like to make some money out of us. What's wrong with that? And we'll be better off too. You've seen it yourself that there's nothing here but misery. People don't even have enough for themselves.

RUDDI: But they do have for these freaks, don't they?

RUDI: It's crowded again. Full! Nothing else matters! And if there's money - and when there's money - *Maestro* gets nice too. Or would you prefer to die of hunger?

RUDDI: It's better like this, better.

RUDI: Shall I go back without you?

RUDDI: (*laughing*) You're such a nutcase!

RUDI: And I'm all yours. (*flattering her*) Shall we go, Ruddi? Let's go...

RUDDI: (*taking a deep breath*) OK, let's do it. (*they set off on their way*)

RUDI: (*suddenly stopping*) Shall we try? (*waving his head in the direction of his back and gesturing*)

RUDDI: Again?

RUDI: Let's try it – just for fun – maybe we'll make it this time... Pull!

They try to pull their bodies away with all the strength they have, as though they wanted to break apart – to separate one from the other.

Darkness falls and the sounds of their futile efforts in the darkness linger long after.

Scene Five

RUDI as MAESTRO: And now the time has come for the Eleventh Wonder in this world – the Eleventh Wonder of this world. For the more empty-headed of you, it's time for what you've paid two entire silvery and round florins for, as round as this greedy world that extorts money from you at every step. And you? - You don't even realise nor have a clue as to what really matters and that which is just a hollow empty nothing - and you fools have given away part of what you've toiled for with the sweat of your brow – these shiny florins.

Oh, no, no, don't start to yelp now – please. This is merely an introduction. You will not be cheated here, not here with us. We just firmly believe that such an introduction is utterly indispensable for a very particular reason: all the rest around here are usurers and false prophets.

Two florins – silvery and round as the eyes of a dead whore. We took you two florins and scribbled on the tickets a great inscription, really great: Eleventh Wonder of the World! Horrifying, repulsive, deformed – and yet human! You keep asking yourself what could this possibly be? Your miserable souls boil in the anticipation of all this craving and expectation, when you'll again be - or maybe – no, most probably – for the first time in your life - better, prettier, happier - but most of all grateful - for all what God has given you outside and in. And you will not be disappointed!

For two lousy florins – silvery and round – just like that indispensable planet up there which is called the Sun; and yet it gives light in vain, because, in the place where you are now, there can be only darkness; and this is how it should be.

Too much suffering has nevertheless been revealed – and you'll be pleased that we give it to you; somebody else's misery and somebody else's longing for death which comes as a salvation.

You don't get it, do you? You sheep in the fold of time.

And yet, the Eleventh Wonder is definitely the Eleventh Wonder, and I tell you: Silence! There will be no money back. There will be no rage or regrets! I've told you – you'll see a monster and you'll wish you had never seen it. Because ... it will not only hunt you in your dreams, oh no. It shall strike you when you are making love – when kissing and touching, when panting and shivering so that you will - horror-stricken - turn away from the only things that bring you satisfaction – selfish and irreproachable satisfaction. Therefore for the last time I appeal to those who believe that it is better to continue living under the cover of your

everydayness and to know only everyday misery and every day cruelty that beats us under this ample vault of heaven, which is merely the scenario for the greatest show of all time. This is a circus managed just for the fun of the One above, just for fun, out of bare boredom - himself being the most twisted of all...

Where are you going? Don't leave! Now it is going to happen!

The price is three florins! Be aware of this. Only because you have to bear all this babbling of mine, you pay just two – florins; silvery and round like a blood-letting vessel.

Here comes the Eleventh Wonder! Why? Yes, why?

To you I shall tell the ... riddle ... - To you I shall disclose the mystery... The miracle!

It's quite simple: one plus one makes eleven.

Yet we cannot say for certain that it is really eleven; but on the other hand nor it can be one. If you add up and multiply one by one, you can never get eleven. Nevertheless, one plus one makes eleven. It does; if you write down one and then right beside it write one again, it definitely makes eleven. And yet it cannot be eleven! One by one makes eleven, one plus one makes two even – and one multiplied by one is only one. One! It is never eleven! Never – because it is one! Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?

Is one just one and eleven divided in two ... one ... Ha, ha, ha!

That's enough!!!

Enough.

I am tired. Here – finally – comes:

The Eleventh Wonder!

...one and one...

Laughter, increasing laughter and more laughter. Bursts of laughter echo in the darkness for a long while.

Scene Six

Rudi is reading a newspaper, and Ruddi is knitting a four-sleeve pullover.

RUDI: (*reading*) Listen to this:

The decision of Dr. Doyen to separate the girls has delighted fair theatre managers and journalists from all over Europe. A tabled suggestion to perform the operation at the Paris Circus, accompanied by the solemn flourish of trumpets, was accepted unanimously. The income from the tickets for the Circus Gala Show was supposed to go to the *Orrisa* sisters, and cameras were to register every incision made by the doctor.

Well, yes... (*raising the newspaper in order to read the lower lines*)

Down here. (*following the words with his finger*)

In deadly silence, Dr. Doyen prepared to execute the first cut. The photographers checked that the angle was perfect, the magnesium powder flashed, the audience took a deep breath, the Doctor made the first cut and the little *Orrisa* sisters – died.

(*silence*)

(*Rudi starts to laugh*)

RUDDI: (*throwing her knitting away in disgust*) You're just making it up.

RUDI: What is it, Rud-di?

RUDDI: Do you think I never want to be a woman?

RUDI: I don't understand it.

RUDDI: Look, we wear this circus costume all the time.

RUDI: For whom should we be so elegant?

RUDDI: Why shouldn't we? Why couldn't we just try?

RUDI: You have earrings and necklaces; go ahead, put your make-up on and do your hair – I don't mind.

RUDDI: You think this is enough for a woman?

RUDI: How the hell should I know. You can't have it all. We are a weird ensemble – you know that yourself. What am I supposed to say to you? What can I do to comfort you?

RUDDI: Allow me today to attire myself the way I want to.

RUDI: Ok, do it.

RUDDI: Down there as well.

RUDI: Not me. No way me.

RUDDI: Please, Rudi. We don't have to go anywhere. Do it for me, for an hour or two; we'll stay in the caravan.

RUDI: You don't have anything.

RUDDI: I do.

RUDI: What? Where did you get it from?

RUDDI: I sewed it up - while you were sleeping.

RUDI: Do you ever sleep at all?

RUDDI: Not much. Can I, please? It would make me so happy. And I bought wine. Today we don't perform, it's Wednesday and the park is closed.

RUDI: How long have you been harbouring this crazy idea?

RUDDI: It doesn't matter.

RUDI: No, tell me.

RUDDI: It really doesn't matter. Let's just do it.

RUDI: You'll have to tell me if you want me to be part of it.

RUDDI: I noticed how you were watching her.

RUDI: Who?

RUDDI: That little usherette.

RUDI: That's not true!

RUDDI: It's no big deal. And I thought...

RUDI: What did you think?

RUDDI: We should spend more time together.

RUDI: What the hell are you talking about? Together...?

RUDDI: I mean that we should show more affection to each other. Lately we talk to each other just through habit. Time was we had no secrets. Time was we shared almost everything; and you haven't ruffled my hair for ages.

RUDI: Because there's nothing left to be told - that's it. And what on earth have we to tell - pressed together the way we are? I'm surprised it had ever happened.

RUDDI: We talked a lot about our hurting souls.

RUDI: Give me a break.

RUDDI: And it was easier on us - it was. You have to admit that too.

RUDI: Well, if you insist that I tell you why I watched that well-formed golden-haired girl, who you call the little usherette, I shall tell you.

Do you know why?

RUDDI: No, I don't need to know. Let it be your way.

RUDI: And now you don't need to, do you? Because you know, don't you?

RUDDI: I actually don't want to know anymore.

RUDI: You know very well, very well. And even if you wrap yourself in the prettiest cloth and put the fieriest lipstick on your lips, and apply the most vivacious shades to your eyes – it is of no help to me. You know that, don't you?

RUDDI: I don't want to anymore - I don't need...

RUDI: Wait till I'm finished – there's more to come. And do you know exactly why? Don't groan and don't you start weeping again. Well, tell me – do you know exactly why?

RUDDI: You know - exactly - that I know exactly.

RUDI: No, I don't believe it's all that clear to you, not completely. Because you're not in my head, although you are everywhere else – you are not in my head.

RUDDI: Alright, alright. That's enough. I just wanted...

RUDI: I know you wanted and you're right: that's enough. There's only one more thing I'd like to tell you today and for the future – the whole and to a smoothly ground truth about her and about you.

RUDDI: (*moaning in pain*).

RUDI: It's no big deal, my dear, no big deal. It's just, it's just that she has her own – you see, this is why I used the word own – because she has her own, her own panties. And you don't know how their contours cut right through me, through that swinging dress, and how I sense all those cushions and little comforts below her waist, and the firmness of her thighs when the fabric holds tight to her body. And I want so desperately to touch all of it, and bite through the cloth right into her, and drink all that energy, and with these hands squeeze her to death and penetrate her like a knife to the heart and rip up and rip up all that fluidly female in her...

RUDDI: *screams (as she stabs herself in the eye with the knitting needle.*

RUDI: What ... what are you doing?! (*the stroke is as though it has hit his eye too*)

They are both in pain.

Rudi grasps backwards with his hand trying to determine Ruddi's actions, and vainly looks back to see what is going on.

RUDI: Rudi! Ruddi! What are you doing to yourself? What are you doing? What is it?

Whaaat!!!

Ruddi stabs, and Rudi experiences agonising pain too.

RUDDI: (*in a whisper*) ...so that I die.

RUDI: No! What's wrong with you? What have you done? No, no, no...*(he reaches her eyes with his fingers)* ... *(in a long forlorn and agonised groan)* No!!

RUDDI: *(whispering still)* Don't worry. It's just this head, just this head that I ...all the rest ...all ...you still have it *(her head drops)*.

RUDI: No! *(long and agonised)* Oh why?! Why Rudi, my Rudi? Why? It is not like that, it is not like that. You, my only sun... And even if it were - a human is a human, regardless of what freaks we are ... A human is a human – and I couldn't have done it any differently, I didn't manage, although I loved you, although you are my sun. Help! Somebody help!!

Scene Seven

Ruddi has a bandage on her eye. It is tinged with the red of blood.

RUDI: I don't even know why I let you drag me here.

RUDDI: We were born here.

RUDI: So what?

RUDDI: This is where it all began.

RUDI: Our curse.

RUDDI: Look at all those chimneys ... and factories.

RUDI: *Bregovi* is renowned for them.

RUDDI: It was war when we were born. And the graphite bombs were falling. They say that every third child was born deformed that year.

RUDI: Will you feel any better if you blame it all on man?

RUDDI: Rudi, maybe nature's not so cruel?

RUDI: Maybe nature's not so cruel?

ECHO: Maybe nature's not so cruel?

Laughter (increasing) and more laughter – hysterical and hollow. Followed by the swinging of their body in an intense jerky grotesque. They get torn apart, fall to the ground and stare in horror at one at another.

THE END