

# FRANJO FRANČIČ

## : THE FAMILY

(play)

### CHARACTERS:

HE, an average 40-year old man, factory floor worker

SHE, a housewife, the silent type

SON, perpetual college freshman at school of management

DAUGHTER, 18 years old, seeking employment and independence

(A one-and-half room apartment in a concrete tenement house)

Prevod: Vilma Š. Čretnik

Play THE FAMILY speaks about the acute crisis of the contemporary family, in particular of the lower social strata. The author presents every family member as an individual fighting society, which leads into constant conflict between the individual and the community. The consequences of this state of affairs are manifested as crime, alcoholism, suicide and social isolation. In this drama the author transferred the feeling of basic loneliness of an individual into the family environment, where the relationships between individual members are even more drastically reflected. The realizations of helplessness, fear and anxiety are mingled with the feelings of guilt, because none of the family members are capable of creating a warm feeling of belonging to each other.



SCENE 1

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(Morning atmosphere. City noises. Shift into the apartment. The sounds of an apartment house. Music.)

SON:

You get used to everything. To living just any old way you happen to be living. A kind of indefinable tension, silent horror. Close to the edge. For a long time I was afraid of physical pain. The bow is drawn. The emptiness and the eternally present tension. The mornings with sharp edges. I was afraid of cutting myself on them. These mornings.

DAUGHTER:

Oh, you damn asshole, stop being such a pain so early in the morning!

HE (raising his voice):

Dammit, are you two going to blabber in the middle of the night?!

SHE:

Hush, be quiet, what will the neighbours say?!

(Breakfast.)

SHE:

It's Tuesday today.

HE:

Tuesday, is it? My, you're smart!

SHE:

I only told you.

HE:

You only told me! You only told me! And what do you think I am, an ape?!

(End of music.)

SHE:

I didn't mean anything.

HE:

Go, leave me alone, stop fucking around with me! Did you hear those two? What's the matter with them now, goddammit, all they do's lie in bed all day, freeloading on me! If she really wanted to work, she could get a job as a cleaner, she could go clean up shit, if she really wanted to work. But no, like this it's more comfortable, right, let the old man piss blood! But you know, let me tell you something, one of these days I'll have enough, and

I'm going to throw them both out! I'll throw him out! Just so's you know, just so that you know, you who always protect them.

SHE:  
I only told you.

HE:  
You have too much to say again! I'm sick and tired of you all!

SHE:  
Are you coming home for lunch?

HE (in the doorway):  
I don't know.

(Coughing.)

SHE:  
What are you going to eat? Bread and jam? It's blueberry jam this year, I made it myself.

DAUGHTER:  
Yeah, that's just it, I've had my fill of it for the next hundred years!

SHE:  
Don't be like that!

DAUGHTER:  
And for lunch we'll have potato soup again, and mashed potatoes and potato salad and sweet potatoes for dessert?!

SHE:  
Oh, stop it, I've bought some sardines, too.

DAUGHTER:  
Ugh, those stinking cheap rotten fish.

SON (from the room):  
Could we have some quiet here?!

SHE:  
Aren't you going to get up? Coffee's ready!

DAUGHTER:  
Let him be, the stud, what does he care!

SON:  
Fuck off!

SHE:  
Cut it out, please, you two.

(The daughter comes back into the kitchen.)

What's the matter with you?

DAUGHTER:

Nothing's the matter with me. I don't even have a room of my own, while the gentleman there doesn't get out of it until nine, you know? And at night he comes staggering home at midnight, stinking like a wine-barrel.

SON:

I can hear you, you stupid cow! Why don't you move out, and find a fucker who'll take you in!

DAUGHTER:

You pile of shit! Did you hear him, did you hear him, and that's the guy I have to share four square metres with! And you want to know what's the matter?

SHE:

I only asked.

DAUGHTER (imitates her):

I only asked, I only asked. I won't be here for lunch anyway, I'll be back in the evening.

(The daughter rushes off. The son drags himself to the table.)

SON:

I'm worn out.

SHE:

Of course you are, staying up all night. And you promised you'd get down to it this year.

SON:

Are you going to start pumping me this early in the morning? Are you? You can see yourself what shit everything is. There's no point in going on with my studies.

SHE:

But now that you've started, isn't it ...?

SON (interrupts her):

What, started? God, you're a pain in the neck! Why don't you rather help me get started in some business?! All I need is the starting capital, maybe some 10,000 german marks, for a small enterprise. You can see for yourself that everybody's doing something like that these days, stealing, cheating, swimming with the current. That, and not studying.

SHE:

You promised. And now you're saying something else again.

SON:

So what, isn't it true?! And anyway, I'll get my break too, you know I will, I have to. And then you'll change the tune.

SHE:  
Are you ever going to grow up?

SON:  
What do you mean by that?

SHE:  
You know very well.

SON:  
No, I don't know. But let's drop this. I have a date downtown.

(She sighs.)

SON:  
I'll go to the lectures tomorrow - at least I'll have company there.

SHE:  
I don't understand you at all, and to think how good you were at high school.

SON:  
Yes, good, too good. What good did it do me? That I can run around like your daughter, looking for odd jobs, or what?

SHE:  
I only said ...

SON:  
Yeah, you only said! Why don't you rather lend me a fiver?

SHE:  
I only have three pounds.

(Searches through her wallet.)

Here you are. And do go to the lectures.

SON (in the doorway):  
Yeah, yeah, I'm flying already.

## SCENE 2:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(In between there are sounds from the adjoining apartments.)

SHE:  
... what times are these, if they are times at all, everywhere you look there's nothing but bodies, as if everyone had gone

crazy... I don't even dare turn on the TV, all those horrors, wars, well, it's lucky we're not at war, that it's over, that we have peace... just slaughtering each other, also in families, it's terrible the things that happen, I don't know who these people are... (she reads) a woman found in a pool of blood, on Thursday afternoon the news spread rapidly in the neighbourhood that a woman was found dead in one of the apartment houses... when the police arrived, they found Lucija A. lying in a pool of blood... This can't be true, this, and this... shot his wife and ran away with their 16-month old daughter, terrible, when she broke free from his grip and ran towards the kitchen, he caught up with her, firing at her several times... the husband had also been previously inclined to aggressive behaviour... oh, terrible, and this, raised an ax against her husband, nobody knows precisely what drama took place in the little village... no, no, I can't go on, no... (a short pause) ...I'll have to cook lunch, even if nobody shows up... oh, and now it's started to rain as well, this foul autumn weather...

SCENE 3:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(She is alone at home, cleaning. He comes home noisily, slightly drunk, but in a good mood.)

HE:

Good news at last, old girl: I'm not going to work tomorrow!

SHE:

What do you mean - you're not going to work?

HE:

Just like that, like I said, I'm not going and that's it! We finally have this fucking trade union, they'll finally stop fucking around with us! A strike. A strike. The bastards, what do they think they are, haven't they stolen enough? Sure, we can work our asses off, while they make decisions. But that's coming to an end now, once and for all!

SHE:

Do you want to eat now?

HE:

No, no, I don't feel like eating, do you have any beer?

SHE:

At least have some soup.

HE:

Well, OK, all right, let's have it then.

(She serves him soup and beer, he starts gulping them down.)

HE:



Say, the lazy bum hasn't come home yet, has he?

(Silence.)

HE:

You know who I mean, don't you?!

SHE:

He went to the lectures, he's trying hard, he promised me...

HE:

Oh, come on, now, go tell this to somebody else, I know him too well! He's been going there for three years and without any results. It would've been better if he'd gone to work, if he could get work at all. What about her, huh, is she out on a manhunt?

SHE:

How can you talk like that about your own childr

en?

HE:

That's just it, it's because they're mine that I care.

SHE:

You know, this morning I was reading the newspaper, and it's terrifying; people slaughtering each other, even in the families. Could you ever be so violent with the children, or with me?

HE:

Oh no, not that, I couldn't, but there are a few people who really get on my nerves, like the foreman at the electroplating tank, I'd rearrange his face in an instant, just like this!

SHE:

Oh, please, don't talk like this, you're frightening me.

HE:

Of course, of course, you're a soft one.

SHE:

No, it's not that, it's just that I don't understand what makes a man raise a hand against his fellow man.

HE:

Where are you from, can't you see anything going on around you, are you blind?! People have always been killing each other, it's just that now you can read it in the paper, you can see it on TV, you get used to it, so much so that you end up noticing nothing! It's like the weather report. But you read it anyway.

(The son's footsteps.)

HE:

What's the matter with this one now, has he gone nuts? You lazy bum, what's the matter with you?!

SHE:

Please, let him be, he's often been sick lately.

(The son starts playing music in his room.)

HE:

Does he drink?!

SHE:

Oh, come now, really!

HE:

Well, what's the matter then, does he sleep too much?! Anyway, I don't have time now, I have a meeting at the union, we'll show those bastards, they'll have to admit they can't do without us. We can do without them! These are serious matters, time goes on,

if you don't keep up, you're overtaken. What's the matter, you, are you on some kind of dope?! I'll get around to talking to you yet!

(The father leaves.)

SCENE 4:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(The son turns the music off and comes into the kitchen. The sounds from the adjoining apartments continue.)

SHE:

What's the matter with you, what happened?

SON:

Nothing, nothing.

SHE:

What do you mean "nothing, nothing"? Do you want me to get you a pill?

SON:

I told you, it's nothing. It's all wrong, so many things are completely wrong. You wouldn't understand, there's nothing for me to tell you, I'm so empty, hollow, can you understand that?

SHE:

Did you get stuck at your studies? What's bothering you?

SON:

It's not that. I don't know myself, it's like it's stopped. I don't know anymore what to do with myself and my life.

SHE:

It's not as bad as all that.

SON:

I knew you wouldn't understand. Just a little more and I'll break down. And all this damn rain, falling forever.

SHE:

What if you've fallen ill?

SON:

Yes, I'm ill.

SHE:

And you were rather cheerful and optimistic only this morning.

SON:

Yes, that was this morning, while now... I'll go to bed, I'll sleep for a week, I won't be here, I'm not here any more, I'm so

worn out...

SHE:

All right, sonny, go and get some rest.

(The son leaves the room.)

SCENE 5:

\_\_\_\_\_(She and the daughter are sitting at the table, there is an atmosphere of intimacy, they are near, but at the same time far apart. Outside it is raining. The daughter is watching TV.)

DAUGHTER:

What a weird, depressive time. Nothing but fog, and people like soaking wet pigeons. I don't know any more. I broke up with him today. It's enough. We've known each other for six months; and nothing's left, nothing.

SHE:

But he was married. A man like that cannot make you happy. I told you so.

DAUGHTER:

In the beginning there was so much sunshine! I opened up to him, I trusted him. But all he did was use me. For sexual practice, so that he wasn't bored. He always went back to her. He'd never leave her.

SHE:

I told you not to get involved. I told you that no end of times. To all of you. (with emphasis) Your family, your folks, that has to be a stronghold! But nobody listens to me. It's like talking to a brick wall.

DAUGHTER:

He used to be so gentle and attentive. Not like these overbearing young boys. He could cast a spell on me. But now it's over. Irrevocably over.

SHE:

I'm not going to tell you anything. Find someone suitable for yourself. I went through a lot of hard times myself. But to me, my family came first. Look at him, he's difficult, he drinks too much, but he doesn't sleep around.

DAUGHTER:

How do you know?

SHE:

A woman feels these things.

DAUGHTER:

Did his wife feel I was sleeping with him?

SHE:

She must have.

DAUGHTER:

I'll bet she didn't! But it doesn't matter anyway. It doesn't matter now. I don't know. It's pouring again outside. Will it ever stop raining?

(A short pause, she walks up and down the room.)

I'm so tired as if I was seventy. I'd just like to sleep through it all. I'd sleep through all autumn, and winter, too.

SHE:

You haven't eaten, all the fish is left. Please, don't make too much noise when you go to bed.

DAUGHTER:

He's back already?

SHE:

Yes, he's a bit ill, he went to bed before eight.

DAUGHTER:

All right. Turn off the TV. What day did you say it was today?

(Going off to bed.)

SHE (murmurs):

Yes, one's family.

#### SCENE 6:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(The sound of a TV set turned on.)

#### SCENE 7:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(He comes home noisily, not aggressive at all, in a good mood, somewhat more drunk than the first time. He slams the door.)

HE:

Hello, my pet!

SHE:

Well, well, well, sit down, please. You haven't eaten all day. I don't know who I cook for any more.

(He sits down at the table, she serves him.)

HE:

So, shall I tell you what it was like: Great, I tell you. Listen to this, now they can no longer push us around, treat us like we're zeros. Listen closely to this: I've become the chief union recruitment officer for our company! And that's not just like that, no, sir, it isn't! They know I'm honest and a good worker. Is there any beer left?

SHE:

There's a bottle.

HE:

Give me the beer first then. So, we were sitting there, there was half of us from the factory, when the top guy from the republic says: Choose someone from your own ranks, someone you really trust! Did you hear this, someone you really trust! And who do you think they chose? Me, old girl! That's what I've been waiting for, that I'm not a zero, you know, like it used to be.

SHE:

But now you'll be at home even less.

HE:

At home, at home, it's not like I'm screwing around, is it? Now we have power, influence, now I can stand up and fight, not only for myself, no, also for the others, for us, for us who're the underdogs. Can you understand that?

(Pause.)

HE:

What about our two?

SHE:

They have problems, both of them, but I think they'll manage. These are such times, young people have no prospects, no jobs, no this, no that.

HE:

Oh, come on, now! But I'm going to take him in hand, if he isn't going to study, he should go to work. I'll find him a job at our company. No, no, he won't be a manager, no, no, you know yourself we can barely make ends meet. If you weren't so good at making every penny go a long way, I don't know how we'd manage, I really don't, there's no denying that.

SHE (lovingly):

Shall we go to bed now?

HE:

Wait, wait! I'll be right there, I just want to see the late news. What's this about this programme?

(The beginning of the late news on TV. The newsreader's voice:

Good evening. The overall image of today...)

SCENE 8:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(Monologues overlap.)

SHE:

You wake up one morning, feeling around you in bed. There's no-one there, but you're sure that the scent of warmth remains between the sheets. One evening you try to fall asleep in vain, you turn around and meet your own shadow. And in between there is the day, the long, grey, empty day. Is it predestined? Who wakes up in the white nights and peers through the patches of fog? A girl I used to know a long time ago.

SON:

I don't know any more. Is it dark or day? It doesn't matter. I'm tired, a young old man. It doesn't matter anyway. You get the loneliest among people. I don't know any more. Is it dark or day? Who cares.

DAUGHTER:

I'll see him tomorrow. Tomorrow. Tomorrow.

SHE:

I go shopping a

nd I marvel at the things people buy, all luxury goods. I watch these women in fur coats, these ladies in limos, I just watch them. I don't envy them. They have to go back somewhere as well. One's own hell can't be compared to the fates of the others. It's just that every day I go shopping and I watch all these people.

HE:

But, of course, one always needs security, if you admit it or not, one can't live without security.

SON:

Once, before, I don't know any more when that was, if it ever was at all, I at least wanted something, I had an idea of what it was that I wanted. I believed I'd find myself a job that would make me happy, satisfied.

DAUGHTER:

I'll never be a mother. I don't hate men, I don't hate children, I don't hate myself. I'm not capable of hating anyone any more. I'd like to go somewhere. Just go. At least for a year, or two. No, not to the missions, those ideals are gone. I'm not even certain that I ever had them. How can I be so naive?

SHE:

I never look at myself in the mirror. Now, I mean. Before, when I was younger, I often stood in front of the mirror naked. I had beautiful breasts. I got that feeling of just wanting to lie down on the cold concrete floor and not get up again. That time.

SON:

And then everything goes wrong. Even the small personal expectations are gone, you don't even wonder about it any longer, you don't care. You just pull yourself inside your shell and remain still. And if somebody were to ask you: What do you want, what do you expect from life? I wouldn't know what to answer.

DAUGHTER:

I wouldn't want to be a helpless old lady. I'm not afraid of old age, more of helplessness. These pink embryos may be lucky. Who knows? People who conceive children and bring them into this world - are they at all aware what they are sending them into? Mothers would be sending these embryos who would grow up to be soldiers to their own death. With birth, also death is born.

HE:

And then the obligations. They make a man strong. Knowing that every little thing is in its place. Like at home. That's the way it is and always will be. It won't change, no, it won't. The roles are distributed forever. That's comforting, that's all right.

SHE:

I'm perfectly satisfied. Let everyone live their own way, as long as our family remains a stronghold. The others don't matter, let



everyone look after their own problems. Sometimes I look out of the window and search for the girl that used to like standing naked in front of the mirror. And then he comes, slightly drunk, with alcohol on his breath. I know exactly what he's going to say: Another day, old girl. And it's enough.

DAUGHTER:

The discotheques are full. Moronic music and couples. And then a sperm and an egg unite, and that's it. Saturday night.

SON:

All this hypocrisy. I've been watching them for years. They huddle together, leaning on each other, rowing their boat but remaining in place. Do they know each other at all, or is it just habit? But then, there's no use complaining about emptiness, everyone contributes their bit, the guilt can't be allotted that easily. They just huddle together, like two sparrows on a wire.

HE??:

Today He/She?'s going out again. It's Saturday, at last.

HE:

It's getting cold.

SHE:

It's going to be a long winter.

DAUGHTER:

Can you hear them, the embryos?!

#### SCENE 9:

(Morning. Morning music from the radio. Sounds from the bathroom.)

HE:

I feel so damn old, I'm useless. And those two just sleep. Am I going to support them all my life, do I really have to carry all the load on my shoulders?! I really don't understand you, always taking their side. One of these days I'll have enough, mark my words, I'll bang my fist down on the table, I'll have enough of it all!

SHE:

Have a little more patience, they're still children.

HE:

What children! When I was their age, I pissed blood! You can see for yourself this can't go on like this! One of them will have to go, and stand on their own two feet.

SHE:

But you can't throw them out, it wouldn't be human. Let's help

them now, it's now that they need us most...

(On the radio there are instructions for early morning exercises.)

HE (interrupts her):

Damn it, no! You say this same thing every year! I'm sick and tired of you and of them! She can stay on, but he'd better find a job and move out!

SHE:

But he's trying hard, don't you understand?

HE:

Yeah, trying like hell. I can drop dead and it makes no difference, while the young gentleman sleeps till ten. I've had enough!

(Leaves in a rage.)

SHE (with emphasis):

There'll be a thunderstorm!

SCENE 10:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(Daughter comes out of the bathroom.)

DAUGHTER:

I slept so badly. I dreamed we were sitting around a table, talking. What does that mean?

SHE:

Your father mentioned that you might...

SON:

I have to listen to him humiliating me every morning. I'm no fucking factory floor worker.

SHE:

Now don't speak like that!

DAUGHTER:

Hey, why don't you two cut it out, don't make me freak out before I go to the Job Centre. Oh, and now I have a run in my tights. Sometimes I feel as if I was living in a nuthouse.

SON:

You don't say?! Didn't you hear the old man? We can both move out immediately, today.

DAUGHTER:

That's not exactly true, he said I could stay, while you can pack

your bags.

SON:

I know he likes you better, you sucker-up!

SHE:

Stop it! I like you all equally.

DAUGHTER:

Yeah, sure, no doubt about that.

SON:

Leave her alone, you can see she's a pain first thing in the morning.

DAUGHTER:

Yeah, and what about you, where are you going at such an early hour? Have you forgotten there's actually nothing for you to do?!

SON:

Fuck off, so that I don't see you!

DAUGHTER:

I'm going, you pathetic manic-depressive! But I'll tell you two one thing, when I move out, I'm leaving for good, and I'm not ever coming back, not even to say hello to anyone!

(Storms out, slamming the door.)

SON:

Did you see that, what kind of behaviour was that, as if she were alone in the world, the princess, as if there weren't anyone else, as if everyone had to dance attendance on her. But I know why she's like that.

SHE:

Come, now, sit down and drink your coffee, come on, do!

SON:

Aren't you interested why she's like that?

SHE:

She's often like that.

SON:

Yes, but not quite like that. This really knocked her out, shattered her. She had an abortion.

SHE:

What?!

SON:

What "what"? You heard me, she had an abortion, she was pregnant with that married guy!

SHE:

Are you sure or are you just shooting your mouth off again?!  
These are serious matters!

SON:

Well, I told you, didn't I? I went through her papers a bit. A vacuum abortion. She didn't want anyone to know. Yes, she sure knows why.

SHE:

But why didn't she tell me, why didn't she ask me?! Am I worth so little, have I ever treated her badly?! My own daughter, and she doesn't trust me! Is that what I deserve?!

(The son drains his coffee, gets dressed and leaves in a hurry.)

SON:

Bye!

SHE:

She killed it. The things I told her about one's family....  
Nobody listens to me at all. In this house nobody listens to anybody!

SCENE 11:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(The daughter comes home in a playful mood, but there is tension in the air.)

DAUGHTER:

Mom, hey mommy, it happened, it happened, he left her, he moved out, he didn't want to tell me anything, you know, he wanted to surprise me, I'm moving in with him today, we have a bedsitter, rented, but it's all ours! Can you imagine that?! What's the matter with you?!

SHE:

You could've told me.

DAUGHTER:

Well, how could I, since he only told me today, when he'd arranged everything?

SHE:

No that. You could've told me, I'm your mother after all. I don't understand you, it's like having lived with a stranger all this time.

DAUGHTER:

What was I supposed to do? What? Have a baby here? There's not

even enough space for us.

SHE:

But you can't kill a baby just like that!

DAUGHTER:

Don't say that! Do you thi

nk I enjoyed it, it just happened, I didn't have protection, I wasn't careful enough! Just don't say it! It wasn't you on that white table, it wasn't you they did it to!

SHE:

If you'd asked me, I'd have told you to keep the baby.

DAUGHTER:

Dammit, but how?! Hey, this isn't a game! It wouldn't work! Admit it that it wouldn't work! Are you happy to have me and torture me?

SHE:

No, but you at least now exist, and that child never will!

DAUGHTER:

Just what was I supposed to do? I was alone enough as it was, I had to decide on my own, I went there alone, under the heading father I wrote: Unknown! And now you condemn me, I knew you would, that's why I didn't tell you!

SHE:

All right, this sin you'll have to bear upon your soul by yourself. Maybe some day you'll want to have children and you won't be able to have them!

DAUGHTER:

Don't say that! How can you!

DAUGHTER:

But then, what did I ever get from you, you just frustrated me, with a puritanical upbringing, that's all. You never told me anything about sex.

SHE:

Just leave. Go away as soon as possible! And don't bother to come back! - She didn't even tell me. My own daughter.

(The daughter rushes off, crying, without saying good-bye, but in the doorway she cries out.)

DAUGHTER:

Damn you, damn you, damn you!

(She leaves, slamming the door.)

SHE:

There'll be a storm, rain. She never really heard me. Who are we after all? Us. - One's family should be a stronghold!

(Rain, thunder.)

SCENE 12:

\_\_\_\_\_ (He comes home in his usual, slightly inebriated state, slightly grumpy, as always, egotistical but determined, she's sitting in her corner.)

HE:

Damn! I'm sick of everything, they've frozen the wages again, the bastards! Why are you making that face? What's the matter now? Where's lunch?

SHE:

She's left, moved out.

HE:

What the hell are you talking about?!

SHE:

And that's the way it should be.

HE:

Who understands you?!

SHE:

She killed a baby.

HE:

But who's left, who killed a baby?! What's all this about? Why the hell doesn't anyone tell me anything?!

SHE:

I told you. She's gone, and she's not coming back.

HE:

What, just gone?! Did you drive her away?! Huh?! Did you?!

SHE:

No, she left of her own free will. She's gone to him. She could've had a baby, a family, and now?!

HE:

You're nuts, you're all crazy! Why didn't you talk to her? You were at home all day long, how should I know what's happening to her?! And these are women's things, aren't they?! Dammit!

(He sits next to her, they both huddle helplessly.)

HE:

Is there any beer left?

(He takes a beer, at that moment the son arrives, depressed, catches on to the atmosphere in a second, the tension is rising.)

HE:

So, you've heard?

SON:  
Heard what?

SHE:  
Let him be!

HE:  
Heard that your sister had an abortion?!

SON:  
I don't know anything about that!

HE:  
How the hell don't you know anything, you share a room with her!  
Don't you two ever talk to each other?!

SON:  
Not about those things!

HE:  
And now she's just moved out. It's you who should have moved out,  
you!

SHE:  
Leave him alone!

SON:  
Why me, what did I do?!

HE (flies into a rage):  
Right, that's just it, you didn't do anything, you just moon  
around the apartment like a pile of shit, she at least tried,  
you're the one who should go, you, not her! Just so that you  
know: Some day you'll have to get out, I'm sick of supporting  
you!

SHE:  
Leave him alone!

HE:  
I'll kill you with these two hands, you lazy bastard, you shit,  
you stinkpot I made, you're going to hit me, you...!

SHE:  
No, just not this, no, don't beat him, I told you, no, the  
family, no, please, noooo, no, please, no, no...!

### SCENE 13

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_(Rain. Storm.)

SHE:



You wake up one morning, feeling around you in bed. There's no-one there, but you're certain that the scent of warmth remains between the sheets. One evening you try to fall asleep in vain, you turn around and meet your own shadow. And in between there's the day, the long, grey, empty day. As if you were standing on familiar points, as if you hadn't moved at all, as if it had all happened before. It's futile, this running around centrifugal circles. Futile. Sometimes you wonder who this woman is who's being constantly asked: Are you listening, are you listening at all? Who's this woman who's being told: You said, what was it you said? And there are repetitions, in the morning and in the evening, and there are words, all used up and dusty. Words without echo. Is she a double, is she a stranger, this woman you're trying to capture in the mirror's image, who is this woman? Is she just lying in wait for the flow of time to bring along that one situation which will push her over the edge?! Will this happen to her or to me? Is it predetermined? Who wakes up in the white nights and peers through the patches of fog? A girl I used to know a long time ago. Did I really? Me?! And then one morning you wake up again and the hand automatically reaches out into the whiteness.

THE END