

DRAMA

THE BASTARDS DANCE
OR
THE DEVIL IN TOWN

Translation: Aljaž Knechtl

PERFORMERS:

NARRATOR

ROLES BEING PLAYED, ARE:

THE PIG

BRIDE (WIFE)

THE DEVIL

TOWN RESIDENTS, WEDDING ATTENDANTS

BYPASSERS, STATISTICS, STRANGER

YEAR:

1967

EXPLANATION OF PERSONS

THE PIG –

Being manly, check. We notice through the whole story that the Bastard is a self-living being. His truth reveal and body secret appears in full motion by his dance. Spiritually and mindly it is about a fight.

NARRATOR-

Word-maker – rhetoric – The writer, the one who is the most familiar with action and talking in the drama. Spiritual follower.

WIFE –

Being woman, check. A developed woman with body and soul. With alluring ability and attractiveness. She oscillates between the virtue of goodness and the masculine ideal. A heartfull and appropriate lady, willing to manage the male senses.

THE DEVIL –

In human form. Actually a divine act. It lives, it exists because of other people. He knows jealousy, contempt, ridicule, debauchery. For them, the Bastard's murder of the stranger is crucial. Emotional retreat and defeat. Defeats the Bastard

STRANGER –

Being anti, check. The mental and emotional opposite of an orderly society. Indecent expression in behavior. It must not mean better than Bastard. When he dies, all truth about him disappears

INTRODUCTION TO DRAMA

The Pig dances and rejoices, his wife breathes unbearably. He's in no hurry now. The devil laughs at him in the corner, looks at his wife, addresses people there. But Pig doesn't care, he was wounded, his heart - a broken mirror he drank in wine. And he dances his fateful dance. He is in no hurry, he would only dance with his wife all night, let the devil marvel And he laughs dazzlingly as he looks him straight in the nose with people. Suddenly, at the turn of the Pig, the Devil perishes in the night. People surround the Pig when the Pig closes his eyes and in the image of the now husband he spins and dances. Everyone is silent, only the wife shouts in horror...: - "Not him!".

FIRST ACT

NARRATOR:

The pig is seized by some evil. Think about it because it won't take me or it's fair to love and have the same. Well and what he sees are people amazed and horrified. There's a stranger sitting in the corner instead of the devil. Visibly tired.

He walked from afar. Elsewhere, he was watching the story. He surrendered to a different life. He may have lost his homeland.

And she looks at his bride with contempt. He stands by her side. Maybe he wants to tell her something in his incomprehensible language...

He did not understand what he was saying. Only he understands what is dedicated to him. Perhaps he had just supported the hand of the bride.

He holds her.. This, in turn, lifts the pig on the other side. Suddenly his voice is heard. Maybe a scream - formerly a battle song. Somehow, everyone present has the feeling that he has exchanged it for someone. It's coming towards him

From dancing, his movement suddenly turns into the cruel fact that he is doing something that will change his life. Frown to the stranger. He pulls a revolver out of his suit and shoots the stranger so close. The stranger falls. It collapses. Honestly, he exchanged the Pig from the Dance of the Devil for a Stranger. Sad to all, it was possible he thought he had killed the Devil. Or he was obsessed with it. At first it is not seen whether the Devil has possessed the stranger or him. The hunch doesn't hurt. The pig worries. He silently drops his gun and leaves the stage. Behind him, everyone is married.

THEME

IN PRISON

WIFE:

I'm yours. Relentlessly loyal. Just why do you think so? I am not and I am the real one. Something strange is going through my mind. Sometimes I feel helpless, sometimes I give in, but you are a role model for me. I wouldn't want to be your ex. I don't have anyone. I'm just raising our daughter. I'm telling her about you. She would love to play with you so much, she loves you so much. And she dances too.

PIG:

(He closes his eyes and starts crying)

WIFE:

And he says no one is going to take my black father to nothing. I would love to meet you. She is unique, proud, protected, simple, beautiful, inspired and honest.

PIG:

Life is hard, darling. It depends on what misfortune brings into your life from the innocence to which you belong. Stay innocent outside of my misfortune. Away from my hell. He never returned to his home village. Let me just stay that way. No bag of money is bottomless.

WIFE:

I'm in trouble, so alone. I'm expecting you every day and who are the people who took you from me? I'm home in the city now, I'm looking for you everywhere - in every thing. I clean all day. So I think about the meaning. This life is unpredictable. I think so. Where are you when I'm looking for you? Where are you not when I find you? Are you laughing? I'm here and you're there. Alone - alone - somewhere - somewhere.

(SUNDAY)

PIG:

Traditional thinking about the fate of the Slovenian nation. It will be a tough day, -10 °C. Causal and consequently listening to the bodily virtue of women. Relatively initiated and current denial of something that is and is not politically allowed. Discussing a war that ravages not everywhere. Only given the circumstances attached to the decision.

This is me. I am yours in health and happiness! Dear brave woman.

NARRATOR (with his dog):

Wonderful. A little thoughtful. It can be seen that love carries. Don't you see these worries? I walked, all the way to Trieste to be collected. Concentration wants to hang out with someone who would just tell me it's normal and in the spirit of the times. You tell me that, you tell me that, you think. Great stroller for € 109.90. There have always been people who killed animals in order to find themselves. Do you understand? But? You are my secretary. My dear dog, I speak for you. Let it be known that everyone from the table is allowed to eat. Let freedom be drunk.

WIFE:

Did you hear?

PIG:

You?

WIFE:

Did you see?

PIG:

What you see, no. And overheard overheard. What was not now I see and your weapon gleaming in the light of these bulbs.

WIFE:

Now you hear! That is the most important!

NARRATOR:

They do to themselves what is not in his rhythm. So the bride rushes into his arms and everyone notices that he is not so close to him. Out of his lap, his hands slide. Suddenly, however, the gazes measure in the direction of the light, where it bursts as if it were bursting in wood. Someone approaches him and says... Wisdom is order and legality. The pig's wedding is ruined and tainted by the Devil's presence. Because of him, the Pig kills the Stranger. She's probably even replacing him for it, which isn't obvious. Until the last dance of the Devil of the Pig - hold for the argument of the wife's fidelity. Before the last dance - put it down -. The last dance is a symbol of Pig's freedom and transience - mortality. And he will dance until he falls into his own silence.

MIDPLAY

GROOM:

Fast in time. Blue in the blue. Fragility in sleep. Tenderness in thickness. We're together and there. We are each looking for a haven in our own way. You are not looking for him,

I am not looking for him, people are silent.

To a total defeat!

WIFE:

I did not know. I didn't hear. I just felt unbearable discomfort, and the expectation of finally kissing you in the face.

NARRATOR:

I list human destinies and what is comical to someone is tragic to someone. I list and describe the stories of my friends, put them in the foreground and add a motif. The attitude towards love and destiny is one for me. A Slovene man and a Slovene woman are part of the artistic word. Slovene connects us in mutual respect for other languages. To understand means to listen to the other, to respect him and give him the right to live and let live.

SECOND ACT

THE SPEECH OF LONLINESS AND THE PUBLIC

THE DEVIL:

I'm the Devil. I am your God. My curse is your evil. The masculine gender eradicated from my word. You don't see me. I am where all my hellish evil is. I created you. You are my children. Scammers! Thieves! Whores! Thieves! Lazy! Hippocrates! Hypocrites! Do you want to burn? Join me. Just like a bastard. (to himself): And he's so beautiful. But he is so innocent in his temptation. Your pain is my inspiration. Your kurbarija is my inspiration. You don't love each other. You love me. Play that letter transience. Stop! Horrible sullen. What are you wondering? Who did you help, if not yourself? And to myself I am a creation myself. What salvation? My Babylonian whores. You are my faithful servants. Do you doubt? Do you doubt your existence? Are you rich? Are you poor? You both understand. As you know, a hungry person does not understand. Just like the hungry don't. Out of your fear, my sweat grew. I see in your money the way to my empire.

(all of a sudden, in prison pajamas past the Devil, dressed in rich clothes, dreamily walks around the Pig - the probability is that he dreams)

THE DEVIL (comments):

My dreaming angel. Only slowly. You will be my hero. We will marry your wife together in space. Let the morning shine with the sun. And let your right hand be my people. My subjects are all brothers. (solemnly): here all the saints betrayed their nation. They sold their misunderstanding to me. You are all my bastards! (Tartini's sonata or violin plays in the background). You are my martyrs. Martyrs. Your monasticism is my sweetheart. My pleasure. My pleasure! My dear Satanists! You pray to me and I ask you, are you an atheist? Has your God ever helped you? Of course it is! Because I am God to you all! (topic)

IN PRISON

(shared bathroom with several showers) Water flows from the bidet in jets, and one or more prisoners under each shower. They all strive for the hygiene of their body. Water is flowing everywhere. It's all in the damp. Even in the corner where one shower is free. However, it is all in the feces. Along the walls patches of human feces. That's where the Pig goes on arrival. He looks where he would wash himself, then calmly walks among the feces. He is careful not to stink.

NARRATOR:

You see, here is the male world. Okay mess. This is where the disaster begins. Presence in absence. A small world where we see nonsense. The bastard has come, so he will go. Tired of people not understanding worries. Where no one helps each other. Pigs all! That's how we are. You help him! Whoever doesn't need someone is not ours. (meanwhile the pig goes to the bidet, leans over the jet and is happy).

PIG:

The Devil wants my wife! (then leaves)

(wife visiting)

WIFE:

Are you naive or is it the madness that haunts you? They accuse you of the crime. But I know it's all because of your jealousy. Dude, the prophet would say; there are ways back for memories and there is no way back for our love.

PIG:

That is how we Pigs are. Write my dear wife! Write about us Pigs!

WIFE:

Is your thought pure? Why don't you believe my loyalty after so many years. Your daughter writes! I'm busy.

PIG:

Watch out darling! Guard my only true sun. Oh, my daughter. She shines! I live for her. I listen to her heart. I only live for her. Without her, there would be no me. Do you believe me or anyone else? Are you faithful?

WIFE:

You still doubt it. No, I'm not saying I wasn't with a man. But no one is like you. I respect you, not him. He beat me.

PIG:

He's damned. Just let him come to me. I can not wait. Idiot! Idiots! Idiots! Gamad primitive. (Put down your glasses. Some kind of glass between them. Phone connection. They're talking into headphones. And they're looking at each other. It looks like the sea

HAPPENING IN PIGS MEMORIES

(A PUB WITH A FARM IN TOWN– OVER THE HOUSE IS A CEMETERY VISIBLE)

NARRATOR:

Here, Pig is all in the arms of friends. He is young as a pearl in his mother's arms. He seems to have fallen in love. And his heart yearns. In the background, you can hear the slaughter of a piglet. He screams and dances on his hind legs his foreboding that he is sacrificing himself for a feast. An animal kind of like a human guess! And the boat can float. We all sail. But his conscience is this animal pure, he sacrifices himself and will never love. Felt like you. Someone is sleeping now. Someone he blackmails, someone you. Here she is more beautiful than night. It shines. So be smart, because someone is threatening us.

Is the villain that or do we hear his laughter? Now the Pig hit the bar. Just who he saw, friends looking at each other, one of them throwing an ashtray at him. He hits this in the ass. To turn around. Shut up. This one jumps in his face! Fists are playing! He only lives once and the bastard goes to the cemetery defeated. He must have been so upset that he was angry. Or he is tormented by some other love.

PIG:

You will see this! (points to fellow citizens) You're damned! Damn it! This night is not my sun. This night is my truth. I want that truth; cut off my head! . (In the cemetery): Aren't the dead buried? Is their profile still alive? And you, my God, are alive? Where is this proof? Just believe. Pray. Is it worth it? There's my command where this pass is. Are the dead our example? Is it nature's command not to follow the same path anymore? That there are paths that are opposite to me. It rings there and it bothers them. There he plays the accordion and his bellows is my face. Did your father guess? Did I guess? Now the meaning is nonsense. I don't want more than I deserve. More than reasonable - I would be healthy. If I can say more than I can, I'm a Pig, so now you're alive.

PIG, WIFE

(Surprises him somewhere along the graves.)

WIFE:

Oh darling! Good evening!

PIG:

Is it not night already?

WIFE:

Night. Night. Consolation to the deaf to help. Have you seen the voice or hear it seen. Is it a defeat?

PIG:

. No it's the moon. Somewhere where yours is a bastard. It's me and yours that month. Did you see who? What a stranger. I am looking for someone everywhere and maybe he is the one who accompanies me everywhere. You are my sin dear

WIFE:

I am your Saga. A bag of your thoughts. Fate two everywhere and your beautiful thoughts.

PIG:

That is me? I mean, Pig?

WIFE:

You're the biggest bastard. You are my story. Your kiss is my sea. Open, full of sharks, jellyfish. It's a giant secret.

PIG (vulnerable, carefull):

What the fuck do you think I am? Are you normal? You're making fun of me.

WIFE:

Never. It is a creation of stars in the sky. It's such a year. Do not worry! See, there's your star

PIG:

Do you believe that? Stop robbing my thoughts. I mean what I say. But sometimes I am ashamed of what I have already said. And I'm ashamed that sometimes I think what you've already told me.

WIFE:

Oh my love. That's why you're mine. This is my fight.

PIG:

How do you mean that?

WIFE:

Imagine being one of those who needs a rival. A war with her that confused you.

PIG:

Nobody is perfect. I will be yours forever. Even the death penalty would pass for your thought. I was lost. And that's the bottom line you don't understand. You don't want to understand. Your bottom is much nicer, wiser. I admire your meaning. Do I find you weird?

WIFE:

Not at all. When you're surprised, when you're awkward... That's exactly what I like

(leaving into the night - theme)

SAME AREA

THE DEVIL:

I want more! This woman will be mine!

THIRD ACT

THE DEVIL:

You are there. You are alone. I am you. I look you in the eye. What are you like? What language do you speak? What attracted you to me? You did to avoid me. You're mine now. And when everyone forgets, I will be your witness. You don't know why you're the heir to my hell. To whom did you betray this heavenly empire. Who banished you to my care. Are you ever ashamed of goodness? We'll eat from my table together. Then you will be avenged. I betrayed him once. Him. I know that. Look here on the right are the innocent children of sinful parents. From generation to generation comes my evil. Don't think I don't know you. See here on the left experienced killers who are aware of their evil. Here you are in the court of hell. This is where I judge! These are not heavens. Here, millennia have been ravaged by disasters. Animals are playful here. The flames burning here are my beauty. I am the most beautiful. And this is your dowry.

NARRATOR:

Someone stole toilet paper from a hairdresser. He nurtured in himself. Where should I look for it? Where's the toilet paper? Ask him if someone next to you tells him. Once upon a time, his cheese was gone. Otherwise, this nervous breakdown was unnecessary to him, but the exercise is the work of a master. Here is the point now. Is she to blame for losing his job? And even today he is interested, just who needed toilet paper? Maybe some foreigner, emigrant, or wanted to sell it back to him to take advantage of with it. Find your fragrant cheese! If you find your cheese, you will find happiness. And remember, we are created the way we don't want to be ourselves

But there is always someone who wants us to be different. Our smallness, his lust. And together they will leave. And we're all waiting now, where are you going? Into the cloud of the invisibility of the spirit?

EPILOG

(PIG ALL DIFFERENT)

PIG:

I'm a Pig. I dance here and look forward to it. I leave your conscience mind and soul here. We embraced her and her body was taken by that man - evil - who was leading us into mammon. Good in bad tilt. Let this dance be mine, yours will be the sweat to comfort when you, the walkers, decide to rest and for the roof. I don't wait, I don't sleep, I do what I think I do. For me, love is real pure and deception is that strange bit...

So I'm going to show you my ass!

THE END

Podatki o prevajalcu:

Ime in priimek: Aljaž Knechtl

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Prebivališče: Begova ulica 4, 2000 Maribor

Prevedeno z dovoljenjem in pobudo avtorja, dramskega pisatelja Justina Jauka, za druge prevode v angleščino ali nemščino, me lahko kontaktirate na:

- Tel. št. +386 70 439 575
- Mail: aljazknechtl3@gmail.com