

Rasa Bugavičute, Edgars Niklasons

+ crew

**THE END. A PERFORMANCE.**

**Featuring:**

Lolita - actress

Reinis - actor

Juris - actor

Pēteris - actor

Elvis - actor

Iveta - actress

**Time and place of action:**

The New Hall of the Latvian National Theatre, here and now.

2011

*The New Hall of the Latvian National Theatre, actors Jānis Vimba, Anete Saulīte, Ģirts Liuziniks, Jurijs Djakonovs, Normunds Laizāns and Ināra Slucka enter the stage.*

**Ināra.** Good evening! I am Ināra. During the next hour and a half you will be watching ““The End”. A performance”. The performance will be given by six actors who for some reason or other are not part of the staff in the National, nor in any other theatre in Latvia – they have passed a contest in order to participate in this performance, ““The End”. A performance”. So, for the next hour and a half, we will become someone else.

*The actors “become” Lolita, Pēteris, Elvis, Reinis, Iveta and Juris.*

**Lolita.** I’m an actress. Lolita. Lolita Gridāne.

**Pēteris.** I’m an actor. Pēteris. I’m wearing leather pants, oh, God.

**Elvis.** I’m Elvis, an actor. Art, work, talent.

**Reinis.** I’m Reinis the actor. I’m Reinis, going straight ahead.

**Iveta.** I’m Iveta, an actress. In life, the only thing left to do is snigger!

**Juris.** I’m Juris the actor. I like brown color and nuts.

*All the actors go to their makeup tables.*

*Curtain drops.*

*1<sup>st</sup> video*

*Lolita, Pēteris, Elvis, Reinis, Iveta and Juris are doing several different warm-up exercises. They look into each other’s eyes, slap and hug one another etc., basically they do everything the stage manager tells them to. There is no conversation, only movement and music.*

*Scene 1*

## **FAMILY**

*Evening. A kitchen. There are 3 bowls on the table, some breakfast cereal, milk, a small glass. A bottle of vodka under the table. Žerārs (50), wearing black and white clothes, Dārta (47), wearing black and white, and Arnolds (14), also wearing black and white, all sit at the kitchen table. Arnolds is listening to some music on his Ipod, eating his cereal and playing with his spoon, Dārta is polishing her nails, Žerārs nervously observes them both.*

*After a moment, Žerārs loses his patience, snatches the spoon from Arnolds’ hand and slams it down on the table. Arnolds takes the spoon again and continues poking the cereal in his bowl. Again Žerārs snatches the spoon from Arnolds’ hand, slams it down on the table, Arnolds stops playing with his food, sinks back in his chair. Dārta pushes a bowl of food toward Žerārs and continues polishing her nails. Žerārs throws the bowl down on the floor. Dārta takes the small bottle of vodka from under the table, hands it to Žerārs and continues polishing her nails.*

*Žerārs downs the bottle of vodka.*

**Žerārs.** *(To Arnolds.)* Bring me your report book!

*A pause because Arnolds is listening to his music – he doesn't hear what his father is saying.*

**Žerārs.** *(To Arnolds, louder, telling him to take out his earphones.)* Bring me your report book!

**Arnolds.** We don't have...

**Žerārs.** I told you to bring your report book!

**Arnolds.** Dad, we don't have report books anymore...

**Žerārs.** I don't care what you have or don't have, bring me your report book!

**Arnolds.** We have the e-class now, dad...

**Žerārs.** I don't care what class you're in – a,b,c,d or e, bring your report book!

**Arnolds.** Mom!

*Dārta stands up, goes to her son, whispers something in his ear; then sits back down on her chair. Arnolds leaves the kitchen and returns in a moment, holding a black notebook, which he puts on the table in front of his father. Žerārs grabs the notebook, opens it and reads.*

**Žerārs.** What's this?!

**Arnolds.** A report book!

**Žerārs.** What's this?! I want to see my son's study progress, not read some kind of mumbo jumbo!

**Arnolds.** I told you, we have the e-class now!

*Arnolds sits down at the table, puts his earphones back in his ears. Žerārs is fidgeting in his chair with anger, Dārta continues polishing her nails. Suddenly Žerārs jumps up and runs out of the kitchen, returning almost instantly with a gas can in his hand. First he puts the can on the table, Dārta puts a glass of vodka on the can; this makes Žerārs even angrier. He shows the can to Dārta and Arnolds, running from one end of the kitchen to the other.*

**Žerārs.** I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it! I'll burn it!

*Dārta and Arnolds do not react to Žerārs' antics, so in a little while he stops. He puts the can on the table, screws the cap back on.*

**Žerārs.** *(To Arnolds.)* Bring me the gun.

**Arnolds.** Mom?

**Žerārs.** *(Screams at Arnolds.)* Bring me the gun!

*Arnolds runs out of the kitchen, returns with a gun, holds it aimed at his father.*

**Žerārs.** *(Snatches the weapon from Arnolds' hands.)* You can't even hold a gun right, you dumb-ass! *(Pause.)* I'll shoot myself!

*Arnolds and Dārta look at each other but remain immobile, so Žerārs grabs a chair, climbs on it and puts the gun to his temple.*

**Žerārs.** I'll shoot myself! I'll shoot myself! I'll shoot myself!

*Dārta jumps up and runs to Žerārs.*

**Dārta.** *(To Žerārs. Screaming.)* You goddamn moron! You fucking retard! Put that gun down right now! Put it down, you hear! Put that gun down, now! Do you hear me?! You're a fucking retard! Put it down!

**Arnolds.** *(Goes to his father, hugs his legs.)* Dad, please, don't shoot yourself, don't ever shoot yourself, I love you so much.

*They all grow silent. Žerārs lowers his weapon, steps down from the chair, Dārta sighs and sits back down in her place, Žerārs gives Arnolds a kiss.*

**Arnolds.** Dad, don't, you have a beard...

*Arnolds frees himself from his father's embrace, sits down at the table, Žerārs also sits down at the table, pushing the weapon aside. Arnolds listens to his music, Dārta polishes her nails. With one hand, Žerārs grabs Arnolds' hand, with the other – Dārta's. Dārta and Arnolds give Žerārs their hands, but continue focusing on the music and nail polish.*

**Žerārs.** *(Screams towards the back, perhaps to someone living next door.)* Get bent, Kostya, get bent! There's no love anymore, you say! *(Žerārs looks at Arnolds and Dārta with happiness.)* There is love. There is.

*Curtain drops.*

## *2<sup>nd</sup> video*

*The New Hall. Iveta has been given a camera, she has just switched it on, she is following the other crew members, everything is being filmed from Iveta's viewpoint.*

*Iveta, Lolita, Elvis, Pēteris, Reinis, Juris.*

**Iveta.** *(Singing.)* I see your eyes so fair.

**Elvis.** Let's go work.

**Iveta.** Let's go labor. *(Turns the camera to a mirror.)* And what if I film it like this? *(Pause.)* M! Good. *(Follows the others.)*

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*A café. Lolita goes past Iveta, stick her tongue out at her, Iveta laughs. Juris comes into the café.*

**Juris.** Hello!

**Iveta.** *(Filming Lolita.)* A portrait.

**Lolita.** (*Scans her surroundings.*) This is so weird.

**Iveta.** This is so weird.

**Pēteris.** My experience with the sketch method is completely...

**Iveta.** Damn, I can't...

**Pēteris.** Hey, don't film this! Why are you filming?

**Iveta.** What do you mean – why... Oh, okay, okay then... I'll turn it off. Then it's best  
I watch the material already filmed. Filmed by me.

**Pēteris.** From all that we've...

**Iveta.** Without the sound, though.

**Pēteris.** (*Continuing his train of thought.*)...ever done with all the sketches, from all  
of it, a whole month of spending time and energy on it, they take maybe one  
tiny piece and put it in a performance. I'm starting to think that only those  
stage managers who have no idea what to do busy themselves with sketches.  
(*Talking with his mouth full.*)

**Reinis.** But he did say that there'd be something written, too...

**Lolita.** There'll also be written sketches.

**Pēteris.** Well yeah, I also heard, too, I especially liked that part about there being  
"talented young playwrights"; I wonder where they are, our talented young  
playwrights.

**Reinis.** We have to... we have to think of something, right?

**Iveta.** Now?

**Reinis.** About the end of the world?

**Iveta.** Yes.

**Reinis.** Now?

**Lolita.** We'll have to think too.

**Iveta.** We can figure this out, actually. We can... we can figure it out.

**Juris.** Why didn't they choose, alright, I won't call them 'professional actors', but  
anyway, actors from the theatre staff? You know, for this kind of task? That  
means this stage manager has some sort of idea.

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**Pēteris.** Is your tea too hot or something? Well, I mean, how do you account for all  
that slurping. My grandma used to slurp her tea like that.

*Iveta laughs.*

**Lolita.** Pēteri, could you please be more positive.

**Pēteris.** What? Well, I'm sorry, I don't drink my coffee like this. (*Demonstrates.*)

**Lolita.** Oh, come on, Pēteri, stop it.

**Elvis.** But you have the right to drink like that if you want.

**Iveta.** But he's not your son, you don't have to scold him.

*Pēteris drinks, slurping, Iveta laughs.*

**Iveta.** You slurp so nicely! Slurp some more, I like how you slurp! I like... I like all of  
you, terribly!

**Elvis.** Hold on, hold, we're working here, are you filming or what...

*Pēteris stands up and leaves.*

**Iveta.** Come on, stop it, we just...

**Elvis.** Why did they give us a camera...

**Iveta.** Hurray, at least I have somewhere to sit now.

**Elvis.** That's why all of us...the whole crew should be here!

**Iveta.** (*Filming Pēteris, who is heading down the hallway.*) Quitter.

**Elvis.** Hey, come on, we're filming!

**Iveta.** Let's see what he does... (*Films him turning round the corner.*) Uh-oh. Not to be. M.

## Scene 2 MEAT PAVILLION

This particular scene has no specified, fixed text – only a line of action, which the actors must follow, playing out the scene's "dialogues" with a minimum of words.

*The Central Market of Riga. Meat pavilion. Butcher's stand. Behind the stand, in the background, there is a table for chopping meat. Raw shanks of beef, pigs' heads etc. are hung all around it. Next to it there is a pastry stand. Early morning.*

*Behind the butcher's stand appears Raitis, a 29 year-old dark-haired man, heavily built, wearing a blood-stained shirt, an apron tied around his waist. In one hand he holds an axe, in the other – a tub full of raw meat. Raitis stands by the chopping table and takes one piece of meat after the other from the tub, instantly chopping it. After a while, Viesturs appears behind the stand – he is a 31 year-old man, thin, wearing dirty clothes and an apron, exactly like Raitis. He also has an axe and a tub of meat in his hands. Viesturs puts the tub on the table, both men busy themselves with chopping the meat.*

*Raitis and Viesturs compete with each other at chopping in order to attract the attention of Maira (25), who is sitting at the pastry stand. Maira is cleaning the pastries with a feather duster and giggling about every movement the boys make.*

*Raitis goes to Maira, tries to cuddle and nudge her; he clearly likes the girl, but Maira tries politely to evade Raitis. Viesturs observes them both while chopping his meat.*

**Viesturs.** (*To Raitis.*) Get the meat!

*Unwillingly, Raitis goes to fetch the meat. When Viesturs and Maira are left alone, Viesturs goes to Maira, starts fondling her, Maira likes it. Raitis returns in minute, he has seen what just happened.*

*Raitis puts a pig on the table, Viesturs steps away from Maira. Raitis looks at both of them, puzzled, Viesturs and Maira pretend that nothing has happened. Raitis grabs an axe from the table.*

**Raitis.** (*To Viesturs.*) Come fight!

*Maira tries to calm Raitis, Viesturs laughs at Raitis, but Raitis, although frightened, is intent on his purpose – he will fight for his woman.*

**Viesturs.** *(To Raitis about Maira.)* She's a slut, man. Goes with anyone.

*Maira is offended, Raitis is more than ever ready to fight for Maira.*

**Maira.** Liar!

**Raitis.** Liar!

**Maira.** Liar!

**Raitis.** Liar!

**Maira.** Liar!

**Raitis.** Liar!

**Viesturs.** Liar? That so? Me, a liar? Fuck, bring it on then! *(Lays his head down on the chopping table.)* Hack it off if I'm a liar!

**Maira.** Oho!

**Viesturs.** Do it, you hear!

**Raitis.** I'll do it!

**Maira.** Do it! Liar!

**Raitis.** I will! *(Hesitates.)* Nah, maybe something smaller...A hand!

*Viesturs puts a hand on his table.*

**Maira.** Do it!

**Raitis.** I will!

**Viesturs.** Do it!

**Maira.** Do it!

**Viesturs.** Come on, do it, do it!

**Maira.** Do it!

**Viesturs.** Do it!

**Maira.** Do it!

**Raitis.** *(To Maira.)* Wait, shut it. Maira, you fucked around?

**Maira.** *(Hesitates.)* Yeah, I did. Yeah, I did!

*At that moment Raitis chops off Viesturs' hand, Maira screams, Viesturs writhes in pain, Raitis faints.*

*Curtain drops.*

*3<sup>rd</sup> video*

*Rehearsal at the New Hall. Elvis, Pēteris, Lolita.*

**Elvis.** Are we doing it again? (*Pause. To Pēteris.*) I just feel some sort of negativity here. The thing is, I come in contact with you not as a character, but with you as a personality, and I feel this negativity, these negative fluids.

**Pēteris.** I'll tell you this. As God is my witness, in this scene I wasn't Pēteris, I was...

**Elvis.** It's not like that.

**Pēteris.** Will you let me finish? (*Pause.*) And, if you did get some kind of negativity, it has nothing to do with me as Pēteris.

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**Elvis.** These props are no good. I can't work under these conditions. There should be a flute, but all I have here is some sort of...stupid violin with no strings on.

**Pēteris.** Do you know the saying "What hampers a bad dancer?" Imagination!

**Elvis.** Hey, the theatre is also in the details, okay?

**Lolita.** (*Correcting Elvis' Russian accent.*) Details.

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*Elvis embraces Pēteris. Pēteris is confused, trying not to laugh, pats Elvis on the back.*

**Elvis.** Really, I feel that...

**Pēteris.** No, it's alright.

**Elvis.** On stage and...

**Pēteris.** Yes, well, we can try it and...

*Lolita laughs.*

**Elvis.** I thought it really was funny...

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*An interview in the rehearsal hall. All the actors are sitting at a table.*

**Interviewer.** Is it actually a precise practice of technique, a trade?

**Iveta.** Oh, I mostly think that it's really hard to understand, because I thought that I had understood it, but I actually can't follow any of those techniques. I think everything is...When you...you do something, it all seems new and you can only understand it through yourself. Those techniques...Actually, what I'm going to say is, if I say it honestly, then I can't understand what I've been doing there for the last four years.

**Elvis.** People think that, if they get to study for four years in some sort of academy, then all they have to do on stage is learn the lines and they're good to go! Somehow, somehow I'll manage to get that salary of mine and it'll work out, you don't have to wear yourself out. I think that lately people haven't been glorifying this profession of theirs, instead they've been seeing it as



something, well, like nothing, really. Like, I can just come here, do a little bit of something, some monkeying around on the stage, and there you have it, everyone'll be happy.

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**Elvis.** The theatres is everything to me, I...I want to live here and...24 hours a day, and be here, and do things with people, with the crew, and...I think it's a great joy! And only then can you create anything really...Well, worthwhile. So, that's what I think.

**Reinis.** Well, yeah, but I think that family is important, too, and actually, there's, well...There's the theatre and also the outside world.

**Elvis.** I think that an artist doesn't need a family. But the theatre has everything, it has everything, everything that is in the world outside, there you can, you can make love, give birth to babies, you can do anything.

**Reinis.** Well, yeah, but then it means that it's kind of like...A closed environment.

### Scene 3 FLUTE

*The office of the music school principal Georgijs (40). The centre of the room consists of 4 folding chairs (like in a small-town culture house) placed along one of the walls.*

*Maira (38) and Johans (9) enter through the office door. Maira leads her son into the office, stands facing Gerogijs.*

**Georgijs.** Hello, Johan! Hello, Johans' mom! I was expecting you two.

**Maira.** Hello. *(Pause.)* Johan, what do we say?

**Johans.** Hi!

**Maira.** *(To Johans.)* Say "Hello, Mr. Principal".

**Johans.** Hello, Mr. Principal.

**Georgijs.** There now, wonderful! Now, please, come take a seat here, so we can get down to business.

*The three of them take their seats on the chairs. Pause.*

**Georgijs.** As you very well know, this is a very serious establishment. You should at least know that here we play music. Chopin, Mozart, Bach, Shostakovich, Handel, Schubert, Prokofiev, Liszt, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Debussy, Ravel, Tchaikovsky. *(Pause.)* Dvořák. *(Pause.)* Verdi, Wagner, Bizet, right? Do you understand what I'm saying? There's an infinite number of great composers whose works we allow our students to play. We entrust them! With works of art!

*Pause.*

**Johans.** Mom, I've got to go to the bathroom!

**Maira.** Johan...

**Georgijs.** Johan, do you want to play the flute?

**Johans.** Mom, can I go to the bathroom?

**Maira.** Be patient now.

**Georgijs.** Now you feel just like that flute you left lying on the ground outside.

**Maira.** Georgij...

**Georgijs.** You will address me as principle, please.

*Maira takes a paper-wrapped sandwich from her handbag, gives it to Georgijs,  
Georgijs puts it aside.*

**Maira.** I'm certain that Johans didn't do it on purpose.

**Georgijs.** But it's an instrument! A beautiful, fragile instrument that doesn't tolerate humidity! Is that so hard to understand?! Johan, what is a flute?

*Johans is silent.*

**Georgijs.** Johan, please, how would you define a flute?

**Johans.** It's a wind instrument.

**Georgijs.** An instrument! Precisely! It's an instrument with which to create art!  
Masterworks of art!

**Johans.** I want to go to the bathroom!

**Maira.** Johan...

**Georgijs.** Johan, do you know how much a flute costs?

*Johans is silent.*

**Gergijs.** Johan?

**Johans.** Don't know.

**Georgijs.** Maira, do you know how much a flute costs? I'm afraid that your husband has spent more than one salary on this flute, and besides...In a word, Johan, this kind of attitude cannot go unpunished.

**Maira.** Maybe he wanted to say something, by leaving the flute outside?

**Georgijs.** Then, as the boy's mother, you should know that...

**Johans.** Mom, I've got to go to the bathroom.

**Georgijs.** Johan, I demand a serious attitude in this matter! Nothing of the sort has ever been heard of in this music school, and I cannot make any exceptions in, err, your case. I'll have to expel you from this school. *(Pause.)* Forever.

*Johan pisses himself, starts crying, Maira goes to her son, hugs him, Georgijs ignores the incident.*

**Georgijs.** And I would like to say...I believe your father will be deeply disappointed in you when he finds out. In you too, Maira, in you too...

*Pause.*

**Johans.** You're a real jerk, dad! *(Leaves the room.)*

**Georgijs.** But...

**Maira.** *(To Georgijs.)* I'll talk to you at home. *(Leaves the room.)*

*Georgijs waits for a bit, then sits down, takes the sandwich Maira brought him, starts eating.*

**Georgijs.** But...Schnittke. Čiurlionis.

*Curtain drops.*

*4<sup>th</sup> video*

*The New stage, Elvis and Reinis are being interviewed, Pēteris is sitting between them.*

**Elvis.** In that sketch with the flute there's an interesting conflict, I think, between man's yearning for that...mmm...vertical, that is art and creative energy, and fulfillment, and between family relationships, and they conflict with one another, and the man, who finds himself between these two notions feels... mmm...helpless. He hasn't got the strength to deal with the situation, to find a solution...

*Pēteris laughs.*

**Elvis.** I'm sorry, not all my colleagues share a professional attitude toward work.

*Pēteris continues laughing.*

**Stage manager.** How do you picture an emotional catharsis in theatre?

**Elvis.** You forget that a whole different reality exists out there, and you're able to die and be reborn again, like a phoenix.

**Reinis.** When both I and the audience truly believe it all.

**Elvis.** *(Replies to a question asked off-screen.)* The first impulse is given by combining the imagination with, with... What else was it?

**Reinis.** It's the heart that gives the first impulse. *(Replies to a question asked off-screen.)* There is no particular literary genre or shelf I take my books from; the books just find me themselves.

**Elvis.** The classics, Russian classics, world classics. Dostoyevsky, Chekov, Hemingway, Yukio Mishima. And I also practice martial arts. *(Replies to a question asked off-screen.)* I prefer dramatic roles.

**Reinis.** I guess it all just comes together every time.

**Elvis.** *(Replies to a question asked off-screen.)* I'm ready, and I also use my personal experience in the theatre.

**Reinis.** I think it's impossible to leave it outside the door.

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**Pēteris.** I'd like to understand if stage managers or producers have some sort of criteria for selecting actors! Because, if it's provocation, okay, then it's provocation, if it's teamwork, then I have to say that, well, in an environment like this... I think that in this bunch we have some professional actors, some half-actors and some absolute professional ignoramuses, okay? And I'd like to see what the stage manager does with this merry bunch of ours in the two months we have to stage this performance.

**Elvis.** Words of wisdom.

**Stage manager.** What do you think is the end of the world for modern man?

**Pēteris.** Lack of understanding. The inability to see or hear.

#### Scene 4

#### POPS IN A WARDROBE

*Pops' room. At the centre of the room there is a large wardrobe, an old jacket, studded with countless army medals, hangs on the outside of the wardrobe door. Pops (83), dressed in a checked flannel shirt, jogging pants, slippers on his feet, stands by the wardrobe, polishing the medals with a large checked handkerchief.*

*After a moment, somebody knocks on the door. Pops does not hear the knocks at first, then notices them and goes to the door.*

**Pops.** Who's there?

**Džon1.** Hello!

**Džon2.** Hello!

**Džon1.** I'm Džon, and this is my colleague.

**Džon2.** Džon!

**Džon1.** We've come to bring you...

**Džon2.** Joy!

**Pops.** Just a minute! Be right there!

**Džon1.** Yes!

**Džon2.** Yes!

*Pops, exhilarated, hurries to put on his jacket. But he does not manage to do it very quickly.*

**Pops.** Just a minute! Be right there!

**Džon1.** Yes!

**Džon2.** Yes!

*Pops has finally managed to put on his jacket, goes and opens the door; Džon1 and Džon2 enter, dressed exactly alike.*

**Pops.** (Happily hugging Džon1 and Džon2). Children! Children!

**Džon1.** You have a very pretty shirt!

*Pops goes to the wardrobe, pulls out a small glass and a bottle of vodka and tries to open it. When he does not manage he hands the bottle to both Džons, so they can open it instead. Pops pours some vodka into the glass, offers it to both Džons.*

**Džon1.** We can't...

**Džon2.** He's watching! (Points to the ceiling.)

*Pops drinks the vodka himself, chokes, the Džons help Pops by patting him on the back and lifting his hands, which frightens Pops. When Pops has regained his breath, the Džons make him sit down on a chair.*

**Džon1.** Let's begin then!

**Džon2.** Let's! (Džon2 shows Pops some bibles.)

**Džon1.** (Also showing bibles and a framed photo of Džon.) Have you heard of the Džon movement? It's a very popular movement in America, but now it's becoming well known in Europe and Latvia also.

**Džon2.** It's a movement led by Džon! He'll deliver us from all our troubles!

**Džon1.** As you've already heard, the end of the world is drawing near, in the year...

**Džon2.** 2012. And then we'll all...

**Džon1.** Die! And burn in the fires of hell.

**Džon2.** You've fought in a war, you've killed, you've driven a tank over children's heads! You've no friends left, they're all burning in hell already, your soul is black, and you too will burn in hell!

**Džon1.** You followed the devil, you followed Stalin! You're an invader, your country betrayed you!

**Džon2.** Your friends are dead, your relatives are dead, your family is dead, you're all alone and soon you'll be dead too!

**Džon1.** If you don't join the Džon movement!

**Džon2.** Džon will liberate your soul!

**Džon1.** Džon sees all, Džon will help you!

**Džon2.** Džon will deliver us all!

**Pops.** Shut up! Shut up!

*Pause. Pops slowly stands up, goes to the wardrobe, opens it and climbs inside, closing the door from the inside. Pops starts to sing, Džon1 and Džon2 continue bombarding him with their beliefs.*

**Džon1.** No need to hide, Džon sees all! He sees inside the wardrobe, too!

**Džon2.** Read it!

**Džon1.** And the day shall come when...

*A shot is fired inside the wardrobe, pops' song is cut short, they hear him falling down inside the wardrobe. Pause.*

**Džon1.** Well... Again.

*Curtain drops.*

*5<sup>th</sup> video*

*Iveta and Juris come into the New hall, Iveta leads him by the hand to sit in front of the camera.*

**Iveta.** This is my boyfriend Juris! Behold, my Juris! (*Hugs Juris.*) Well, Juri! Juri, Juri, Juri, Juri...He doesn't really like it when I cling to him like that all the time. Who does?

**Juris.** No, I don't understand, are we acting right now? (*Pause.*) No, well, if it's part of the sketch, then...

**Iveta.** Well, I'm acting, yes! Do you think that I'm serious, do you think I love you? No!

**Juris.** You say that I don't like you clinging to me, well now I do!

**Iveta.** Oh! (*Laughs.*) Alright then!

**Juris.** This is a sketch!

**Iveta.** Well, I simply have respect for you. I can't just throw myself at you like that. (*Replies to a question asked off-screen.*) In the name of love, I'd forgive anything.

**Juris.** What kind of love do you mean? Love for, like...a girlfriend?

**Iveta.** Well, yes.

**Juris.** I think that...I could even kill.

**Iveta.** But is it love then? Sometimes you think you could actually kill someone in anger...

**Juris.** Not that person! It's sort of a...simile.

**Iveta.** I think that, when there's love, everything just falls into place in life, and you don't want to kill anyone or anything, you're in harmony. Then you're like Buddha. (*Laughs. Pause, replies to a question about Juris.*) He's calm, he takes it all in a normal way, doesn't become stressed out, thinking all sorts of stupid stuff, he does everything. Somehow, he doesn't complicate it all. He's sweet, honest, direct, also he's sort of a grown man. I like him that way. It's not that...It's not some kind of great love! We, I'm just friendly with him, it's just that he's so terribly sweet. He's like some big teddy bear. (*Pause.*) So, what do you like about me?

**Juris.** In a way, it's the freedom...

**Iveta.** In a way, no! (*Laughs. Pause.*) May I kiss your little neck? Ha-ha! (*Laughs.*) He's my best friend.

## Scene 5 ADDICTION + HAIR

*A room in an average flat. A sofa in the centre.*

*Kaspars, a 24 year-old thin man, dressed in a plain dark tracksuit, is sitting on the sofa, reading some documents, writing something down in a notebook. Inta, a 23 year-old slender woman, dressed in a lightly colored summer dress, is creeping up on Kaspars from behind. She does a number of sexual movements and pretends she is cat walking on the side of the sofa.*

**Inta.** (*Kissing Kaspars' neck.*) What a pretty little neck we have! And such a pretty little ear! Ah! Ooh, and what pretty hair you have! Such thick hair!

**Kaspars.** Mhm.

**Inta.** What's with you!? (*Starts caressing Kaspars' face with her hair.*)

**Kaspars.** *(Pushing away the hair.)* You...

**Inta.** *(Sits astride Kaspars' lap, throwing all the papers up in the air. In a more serious tone.)* I know, I'm a real woman...Arrrgh!

**Kaspars.** Mh.

**Inta.** Arrrgh! *(Starts fidgeting in Kaspars' lap and kissing his face.)* I was at Annīņa's today, and Miķetlītis is already six months old...Imagine that! And he's already crawling! *(Strips to her underwear and continues fidgeting in Kaspars' lap.)* I'm going to screw you! Oh God! Yes! You...You're my man! Where did you come from? Mhm?

**Kaspars.** *(Pushes Inta off.)* I'm trying to...

**Inta.** *(Pulls off Kaspars' shirt and starts kissing his chest.)* Such a pretty little chest! Oh, such a chest! Ouch! And the muscles! What...biceps, triceps...Ah! The armpits...the hairless little armpits...

**Kaspars.** *(Trying to save his documents.)* Babe!

**Inta.** *(Lifts up Kaspars, pulls down his trousers and starts kissing his legs.)* What pretty little legs! Oh, God! I want to screw your legs! Do you hear? I...*(Jumps on Kaspars' back from behind. Kaspars falls down on the sofa.)* I love you so-o-o-o-o much! You...you mouth-watering little man! No, you sex-y-lit-tle-li-li-put!

**Kaspars.** *(Spitting Inta's hair from his mouth.)* Hey...

**Inta.** *(Kissing Kaspars' stomach.)* Such abs! And that little belly button! I want to lick that belly button! You hear? I'll lick that belly button dry!

**Kaspars.** Inta!

**Inta.** What a man! Oh, God! You're so sexy! You smell so...so good! I'm going to screw you, lick you...I'll fucking fuck you! Fuck you so hard!

**Kaspars.** *(Pushes Inta aside, gets up and puts his clothes on.)* That's it, I've had it! I...I can't take it anymore! Your hair! It's...it's everywhere! I...I take a shower, and there's your hair, right there! It's in the pancakes! I fry an egg and I see your hair in the frying pan! I take a leak and I see your hair on my knob end! Hair, hair, hair! Your hair is everywhere! Imagine if one day we had a baby, it would be a huge clump of hair! And...and when we have our own house, I won't be mowing the lawn, no, I'll have to mow your hair! Hair, hair, hair! Your hair is everywhere! *(Gathers his papers and leaves.)*

*Inta sits on the sofa, silent. Kaspars returns in a moment.*

**Kaspars.** I'm packing my stuff and leaving. *(Leaves.)*



*Inta pulls a large tuft of hair from under the sofa and observes it, surprised.*

*Curtain drops.*

*6<sup>th</sup> video*

*On the New stage, Juris is being interviewed. He has been given an exercise – to verbally write a letter to his mom.*

**Juris.** *(In tears.) Mom...(Pause.)* There are so many things I'd like...I'd like to tell you. *(Pause.)* Mom, I'm not doing any stupid stuff now. *(Pause.)* Mom, I'll... I'll go visit you sometime. Then we can have a long talk. You can tell me everything. *(Pause.)* When I feel really, really bad, I often remember how we *(Pause.)* picked apples in autumn. I remember the white clouds. *(Pause.)* Your son, Juris. *(Pause.)* Ask me something!

**Stage manager.** Why are you crying?

**Juris.** *(Pause.)* Because it hurts, maybe? *(Stands up, leaves.)*

## Scene 6 BATHROOM

*A fancy bathroom in a fancy private house. A bathtub at the centre of the room. There is a latch on the bathroom door; at the moment it is closed.*

*Edwards (24) is in the bathroom. He is wearing a finely tailored black suit, he has dark, shortly cropped hair. Edwards wipes his face in a towel, goes towards the door. Edwards opens the bathroom door, and is surprised by Valts (47), who has grabbed Ričards (20) by the elbow and is pushing him into the bathroom, at the same time blocking Edwards' exit.*

*Both Valts and Ričards are wearing finely tailored black suits.*

**Valts.** Well?

**Edwards.** Well?

**Valts.** *(To Ričards.)* Ask him to tell me where she is! *(Pause.)* Where is she?!

**Ričards.** Where is she?

**Edwards.** *(To Ričards.)* I can hear what he's saying. *(To Valts.)* I can hear what you're saying.

*Pause.*

**Valts.** *(To Ričards.)* Tell him that I don't need him to start speaking to me all of a sudden.

**Edvards.** I can hear what you're saying!

**Ričards.** Hey, come on, not so loud, we have guests.

**Valts.** Yes, we have guests, there are about a hundred people outside that door, waiting to take leave of her! Do you understand, her parents are there also, your grandparents! There are journalists! What am I supposed to tell them now, huh?!

**Ričards.** Well...

**Valts.** *(To Rīčards.)* Ask him to tell me where she is!

**Edvards.** I can hear what you're saying.

*Valts is silent.*

**Valts.** *(To Rīčards.)* Tell him that she's gone. Mom's gone!

**Rīčards.** We know, dad, that's why we're all here now.

**Valts.** She's not in the morgue! *(To Rīčards.)* Tell him she's not in the morgue!

**Rīčards.** What do you mean?

**Valts.** She's not in the morgue! She's not in the family vault! She's not on her way there! There I am, calling Valērijs, asking him, what the hell, and he says she's not there! What, "not there"?! What am I supposed to tell everybody, that she vanished into thin air? That she got picked up by the holy ghost?! I need her, so you'd better tell me right now where she is! *(To Rīčards.)* Tell him to tell me where she is!

**Rīčards.** *(To Edvards.)* Where is she?

**Edvards.** Don't know.

**Valts.** Alright, fine. Seems there's no use talking to you anymore. *(To Rīčards.)* To either of you.

**Rīčards.** Now wait, that's...

**Valts.** Alright, fine. That means all three of us have to go to those people and...I don't know, all three of us will speak. Something about deciding to arrange the funeral in a small family circle. That is – the burial is meant for a small family circle only, but everyone's invited to the feast. What a nightmare!

**Rīčards.** We have to warn the priest.

**Valts.** Yes, warn the priest, right. But we have to find her anyway, after all this is over. I don't the "Private Life" or some other brilliant tabloid finding her afterwards. What a nightmare!

**Ričards.** I can cry.

**Valts.** What? Are you...?!

**Ričards.** Well, so it'd look more sincere.

**Valts.** Alright, that's it. We're going out there right now, and not a word to anyone. *(To Edvards.)* You, keep quiet! *(To Ričards.)* You, start crying. And not a word. To anyone, got that? Got that?

*Ričards and Valts leave the bathroom.*

**Edvards.** The funeral took place already.

**Ričards.** *(To Valts.)* The funeral took place already.

**Valts.** Excuse me?

**Edvards.** It took place already. Did you hear me?

**Valts.** What do you mean, took place?

**Ričards.** Hey, pipe down, okay? The guests are there.

**Edvards.** I went to the morgue, showed them her death certificate, told them we wouldn't be needing the hearse, took her and buried her where and how she'd wanted.

**Ričards.** *(Laughs.)* Yeah, sure.

**Valts.** You did what?!

**Edvards.** You heard me! I buried her!

**Valts.** What do you know about her – you haven't shown your face here for two years!

**Edvards.** Oh, and while you were here these two years, did you notice she'd been wearing a wig for the last five months?

**Valts.** What are you blabbering about? *(To Ričards.)* Ask him what he's blabbering about!!

**Ričards.** What are you blabbering about?

**Edvards.** She had lymphatic cancer in the last stasis...

**Valts.** What cancer?! Didn't you tell me it was a heart attack?

**Ričards.** A heart attack!

**Edvards.** It was cancer. And she told me about it, because you were just existing right there beside her, buried in your own shit, both of you! And she didn't want to hurt you. Didn't want to bother you.

**Ričards.** How can you know something like that?

**Edvards.** We saw each other nearly every day.

**Valts.** Why, I ought to...

**Edvards.** Well, what?!

**Valts.** You...damn parasite!

**Edvards.** (*Pointing to Richard.*) And him?

**Ričards.** Excuse me?

**Edvards.** Thinks he's the good son, but where's the difference?! You don't get elected because of my newsreel, while he just sits in his virtual world and keeps living at your expense. And you just keep on talking about how bad I am, how noble you yourself are, talking about how much you loved your wife, even though you didn't even know her!

**Valts.** Shut your mouth!

**Edvards.** And you just keep talking all that crap all the time, no wonder mom died, because you didn't care about her one bit, neither of you did!

**Valts.** Bullshit!

**Ričards.** Bullshit!

**Edvards.** Alright. Tell me, what color were her eyes?

**Valts.** Green!

**Ričards.** Green!

**Edvards.** Green? Mom's eyes? Alright, that was a hard question. What were mom's favorite flowers?

**Valts.** Red roses!

**Ričards.** Red roses!

**Edvards.** Red roses! Did mom like her coffee black or white?

**Ričards.** White!

**Valts.** White!

**Edvards.** Mom didn't like coffee, she drank tea! Alright, dad. Tell me what was her favorite song.

**Ričards.** That...that's not an argument.

**Valts.** "Dāvāja Māriņa"!

**Edvards.** Yeah, 30 years ago, maybe. *(To Ričards.)* Call mom!

**Ričards.** Why?

**Valts.** Call mom!

*Ričards makes the phone call, Edvards pulls mom's cell phone from his pocket, they hear "Quelqu'un m'a dit", sung by Carla Bruni. The song goes on for a moment, then Edvards sits on the edge of the bathtub, Valts eases himself down in the bathtub, starts stroking Edvards' back. Ričards moves closer.*

**Ričards.** That's Carla Bruni, right? Nice song.

*Curtain drops.*

*7<sup>th</sup> video*

*The new stage, Elvis, Juris, Pēteris, Lolita.*

**Elvis.** The end. There are so many possibilities, and not just everyday stuff. There are spectators, I know for sure because I am one, that come to theatre and they don't want to see what they see everyday. We can go further, on a kind of metaphysical level.

**Juris.** Maybe we can speak to the stage manager about introducing some new modes of expression, as a supplement. Maybe a different direction. I'm not saying we should change everything, no, because we've put in so much work, but maybe it...well, it would make it more colorful!

**Elvis.** Broader, broader!

**Juris.** Broader!

**Elvis.** A broader perspective of the theme!

**Juris.** Maybe there'll suddenly be something that, well, we could change, maybe, or not change, but introduce somewhere in the middle, maybe in a whole different language, you know, theatre language.

\*\*\*

*The New stage, a rehearsal for the new sketch. Elvis, Juris, Lolita.*

**Elvis.** A brilliant idea. In the Shadow of Death.

*Lolita and Juris look at each other. Lolita brings a small bed sheet to use as an ice block.*

**Elvis.** There, yes, perfect! An ice block. *(Pulls Juris onto the sheet.)* Come in.

*They climb onto the ice block. All three of them pretend to be freezing as best they can. Elvis draws breath and exhales loudly, Lolita tries to squeeze herself between Elvis and Juris, Juris starts to undress slowly, throwing his clothes into the water, Elvis is crossing himself. Elvis screams, then falls down on his knees. Juris is washing his face in the icy water.*

**Juris.** You stupid Russian! Russian! Russian!

**Elvis.** You fascist pig!

**Juris.** Russian!

**Elvis.** Fascist pig!

*Juris, Lolita and Elvis stand huddled together on the block of ice. Juris and Elvis are pushing each other, Lolita stands between them, trying to calm them down.*

**Juris.** Russian, Russian!

*Juris takes off his clothes, Elvis rubbs against Lolita.*

**Lolita.** *(Shouting at Elvis.)* I'm falling! I'm falling! What are you, stupid?! What are you doing! Idiot. What's wrong with you?

*While Elvis is rubbing against Lolita, Juris falls into the water. Lolita pushes Elvis into the water.*

**Lolita.** Jump after him, jump after him!

*Lolita remains alone on the ice block, covers herself with a blanket.*

\*\*\*

*Elvis is rolling on floor, unable to "get out" of his character, Juris is carefully shaking him.*

**Juris.** Elvi, Elvi, snap out of it! Elvi!

**Elvis.** *(Stands up suddenly.)* I think we didn't really develop that Latvian-Russian relationship theme.

**Lolita.** We did, we did develop it!

**Juris.** *(To Elvis.)* I thought you were for real!

**Elvis.** *(Ignoring Juris.)* Something's not right!

\*\*\*

*Reinis, Lolita, Iveta and Juris are standing on a block of ice, in the middle of the sea, dressed in national costumes. Each of them has only one sentence they keep repeating in order to express their emotions.*

**Reinis.** Give me back my legs!

**Lolita.** I'm hungry!

**Iveta.** I'll hang myself from a birch.

**Juris.** I can't see anything!

Scene 7  
**IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH**

*Reinis, Lolita, Iveta and Juris are standing on a block of ice, in the middle of the sea, dressed in national costumes. Each of them has only one sentence they keep repeating in order to express their emotions.*

**Reinis.** Give me back my legs!

**Lolita.** I'm hungry!

**Iveta.** I'll hang myself from a birch.

**Juris.** I can't see anything!

*After a moment, Elvis drifts by the ice block in a boat. He steers toward the ice block.*

**Elvis.** Latvians! You are saved! *(Pause.)* But...in my boat, I only have room for one of you!

*Juris is the first to jump into the boat. Elvis and Juris start drifting away, then the boat stops. Then it rejoins the ice block again.*

**Elvis.** Alright! Two more!

*Reinis and Iveta jump into the boat, only Lolita remains on the block of ice. Elvis looks at Lolita for a moment, his eyes fill with tears. Elvis gives the oar to Juris.*

**Elvis.** *(To Juris.)* Now you're in charge here! *(Elvis jumps onto the ice block. To Lolita.)* Go, Latvian woman! You are saved!

*Lolita jumps into the boat, the boat drifts away from the ice block.*

**Elvis.** *(Alone on the block of ice.)* I, too, have a Latvian heart. I, too, dream in Latvian! I see Milda, sprats, sauerkraut, potatoes. I read Blaumanis and I cry! A classic. I watch "The Singing Families" and I laugh! I think in Latvian. I love my homeland! *(Elvis starts singing the song "Plea", the curtain is being lowered, Elvis bends down with it, singing.)* I'll learn to speak without an accent!

*Curtain drops.*

*8<sup>th</sup> video*

*Lolita, Juris and Elvis are on the New stage, reading the lines for the next sketch they have just been given.*

**Lolita.** (*Reads.*) Ligita, a 48 year-old blonde woman, dressed in a shiny tank top, leather jacket, miniskirt, high heels, wearing gaudy makeup, comes into the garage...

**Juris.** (*Reads.*)...and Romāns, a 49 year-old dark-haired man, strongly built, dressed in a leather rocker's outfit, a bandana around his head. He's pushing his motorcycle into the garage. Romāns comes up to Ligita, starts kissing her neck. Then he gets to her earlobe and starts licking it.

*Lolita turns away.*

**Lolita.** (*Reads.*) Then her cell phone starts ringing. She speaks into the receiver. Oh! Go on, talk! – Mhm. – Oh, is that so, huh? – And what's bothering you? – No, I'm not coming home! – Where am I? Guess what! I'm about to fuck another guy! – No, I'm not lying! – I'm watching his... (*Lolita lowers her hands, falls silent.*)

**Elvis.** (*Reads.*) Pecker.

**Lolita.** His...Yes, I can read. (*Reads.*) I'm watching his pecker rise! A real bishop! Not like that snail of yours!

**Juris.** (*Reads.*) They hear shots outside, and Georgijs' voice.

**Elvis.** (*Reads.*) *Ligita! Gdye ti, sutchka! Ya tye mozgi zastrelyu, slishesh?*

**Juris.** (*Reads.*) You...

**Lolita.** (*Reads.*) Hear that? Žora!

**Juris.** (*Reads.*) You...For real?

**Lolita.** (*Reads.*) I'm begging you, just, just...I can't make it out.

**Elvis.** (*Reads.*) A place to sleep.

**Juris.** (*Reads.*) A place to sleep.

**Elvis.** (*Reads.*) A place to sleep!

**Lolita.** (*Reads.*) A place to sleep.

**Elvis.** (*Reads.*) Georgijs' voice. *Ligita! Ti gdye? Golavu otravu, blyed! I gdye tot svolotch Roman? Suki I pidarasi yobnutiye!*

**Juris.** (*Reads.*) Shots and screams can be heard upstairs, then silence, Ligita pulls her miniskirt back on and tries to open the huge garage door. Steps can be heard, slowly coming down the stairs.

**Elvis.** We can try it out!

**Lolita.** Try what?

**Juris.** Well, I don't think it's humanely possible to...I don't think we need to play it all out, just as it says. I mean the stage directions.

**Elvis.** I think Lolita has a very good role. It could be polished into a real diamond. Because she, when she read it, even her guts...she, she took it with all her guts in it. And she was really deep into it. I think you're a very good actress, and you'll be perfect as Ligita, and...I like my role, even though it's so small, but it'll take some work. I think we need to work on this.



**Lolita.** I have a question. Do you plan on following the stage directions?

**Elvis.** Well, yeah!

*Lolita stands up and leaves.*

**Elvis.** *(To Juris.)* There's nothing bad here, really, there's far worse material, and I can, if you want...I can show you my pecker right now. Do you want me to?

*Lolita returns.*

**Juris.** If not now, when? I don't know how many offers you guys have, but we have to take every chance.

*Lolita is being asked about the role of her dreams.*

**Lolita.** I would like to play Blanche. "A Streetcar Named Desire".

## Scene 8

### PROSTITUTE

The scene is interrupted at a specific point,  
and from there on the follow-up differs  
slightly in every rehearsal.

*Ligita, a 48 year-old blonde woman, dressed in a shiny tank top, leather jacket, miniskirt, high heels, wearing gaudy makeup, comes into the garage, followed by Romāns, a 49 year-old dark-haired man, strongly built, dressed in a leather rocker's outfit, a bandana around his head. He's pushing his motorcycle into the garage. When the motorcycle is put in its proper place, Romāns timidly comes up to Ligita, who is observing Romāns' posters.*

**Ligita.** How long?

**Romāns.** *(Awkwardly caressing Ligita's bottom from behind.)* Well...since college...

**Ligita.** And in the "Wind Brothers"?

**Romāns.** Dunno...15 years...

**Ligita.** *(Turns to face Romāns and steps aside, trying to evade him. She observes the lawn mower.)* Oh, you!

**Romāns.** Mhm. *(Clumsily and nervously folds up Ligita's miniskirt, exposing her garter belt.)*

**Ligita.** *(Looks at Romāns for a moment, unsatisfied, then pulls off the miniskirt and throws it away.)* So?

**Romāns.** *(Looks at Ligita's legs.) Well, cool. (Completely still, he watches Ligita and starts breathing faster. Sweat visibly pours from Romāns' forehead. After a brief pause he grabs hold of Ligita's breasts with both hands simultaneously.)* M?

**Ligita.** *(Grabs Romāns' hands and starts moving them about, as if showing him the correct way to fondle her breasts. Cries out in pain.)* Hey! What am I...a cow?!

**Romāns.** *(Softly.)* Sorry!

**Ligita.** *(Talks off Romāns' leather jacket and starts unbuttoning his shirt. Then Ligita kisses Romāns' chest, holding and imposing index finger on his mouth. Romāns keeps his mouth shut.)* Open up!

**Romāns.** What?

**Ligita.** Your mouth!

**Romāns.** Oh! Wait! *(Starts searching for something.)*

**Lolita.** What are you doing?

**Romāns.** It has to somewhere around here...a gallon jar of water...

**Lolita.** What the hell for?

**Romāns.** Well...To wash our hands.

**Ligita.** You serious? Maybe I should soap myself all over?

**Romāns.** Well, okay. *(Romāns continues searching for something.)*

**Ligita.** What now?

**Romāns.** Condom.

**Ligita.** You serious?

*Romāns stops searching for a condom, goes to Ligita and starts kissing her neck.  
Then he gets to her earlobe and starts licking it.*

**Ligita.** A bit lower down, maybe?

**Romāns.** Sorry! Fetish.

**Ligita.** *(Sighs.)* Jesus.

**Romāns.** Maybe...you could groan?

**Ligita.** You get me there first, then I'll scream, too...

**Romāns.** Alright, sorry. *(Romāns bends closer to Ligita, puts his hand between Ligita's legs.)*

*AT THIS POINT LIGITA INTERRUPTS THE SCENE BY PULLING OFF HER WIG,  
THE REST IS BEING READ FROM A PAGE.*

**Ligita.** Yes! Shit! It hurts! Like squeezing a lemon!

*Romāns tries to pull Ligita's top off. Ligita struggles until Romāns rips the top off by force.*

**Ligita.** *(Clutches her bandaged waist with both hands.)* Are you an idiot?

**Romāns.** Alright, sorry!

**Ligita.** Get me a blanket!

**Romāns.** What?

**Ligita.** Let's do this thing, then you can go back up to your wife but please, bring me something to sleep on!

**Romāns.** You plan on staying here?

**Ligita.** Well, yeah!

**Romāns.** Uhm...No! You can't!

**Ligita.** Why not?

**Romāns.** You have your own place! Across the street!

**Ligita.** So?

**Romāns.** Where's the sense in that?

**Ligita.** I told you I won't take your money, so help me out and give me place to stay for the night!

**Romāns.** But...we didn't agree on this!

**Ligita.** So what, get a grip, stud! For once just stop jerking off gas and running from your duties!

**Romāns.** I...

**Ligita.** Stick your dick in your exhaust pipe, think you're the top dog, don't you? You wanted me? You got me. Now learn to treat me right. Got it?

**Romāns.** No, but...

**Ligita.** What?

**Romāns.** But...I don't want you...Not like this... You know...

**Ligita.** Say it!

**Romāns.** I...Come on, go home and...I changed my mind...

**Ligita.** What?

**Romāns.** Go. Please.

**Ligita.** I sneaked away from my man to fuck you and now you're chasing me off?

**Romāns.** That's right.

**Lilita.** You pussy! All of you! You're all talk! Can't fight shit! Men! Good-for-nothings, the lot of you! *(Heads toward the exit, then returns, smashes one of the pickle jars, takes a shard from it and puts it to her neck.)*

**Romāns.** Ligita!

**Lolita.** I wonder what your wife will say when she finds a body here!

**Romāns.** Calm down! We've all seen your antics!

**Ligita.** Blanket!

**Romāns.** Put that down...

**Ligita.** And a pillow!

**Romāns.** Stop!

**Ligita.** And rum!

**Romāns.** What?

**Ligita.** You heard me! And chocolate, too.

**Romāns.** I don't have any!

**Ligita.** You do! Trust me! I know what your wife does for fun, when you crawl down to your garage.

**Romāns.** Just go home...

**Ligita.** Fuck! Are you blind? *(Takes off the bandage and shows Romāns her wound.)*

**Romāns.** So?

**Ligita.** *(Mocks Romāns.)* So, so! Georgijs!

**Romāns.** You serious?

**Ligita.** Just get me that blanket!

**Romāns.** I don't believe it! More likely one of those pigs at the club...

**Ligita.** Romān, I'm not safe at home... I...I'll cut myself.

**Romāns.** I don't believe it! Happy cheery Ligita! Twitter-patter, that's what they call you here! She'll swim through life as long as she has something to give and someone that gives back!

**Ligita.** *(Clutches her waist in pain. Her cell phone rings. She speaks into the receiver.)* Oh! Go on, talk! – Mhm. – Oh, is that so, huh? – That bothering you? – No, I'm not coming home! Where am I? Guess!

**Romāns.** So cheap!

**Ligita.** No, Georgij, I'm not that far! *(Covers the receiver with her hand, so the caller would not hear what she is about to tell Romāns.)* You'll go get the blanket?

**Romāns.** You must think I'm a real dumb-ass!

**Ligita.** As you wish then! *(Into the phone.)* I'm about to fuck another guy! – No, I'm not lying! – I'm watching his pecker rise right now! A real bishop! Not like that snail of yours. *(Hands the phone to Romāns.)* Here, Žora wants a word with you!

**Romāns.** Tell him to come get that magpie of his!

**Ligita.** *(Into the phone.)* On skazal shto tebya nada pridyi za svoyei voroni!

**Romāns.** *(Grabs Ligita and pushes her out of the garage.)* Go!

**Ligita.** No! *(Struggles with Romāns.)*

**Romāns.** Come on!

**Ligita.** *(Hands him the phone.)* Talk!

**Romāns.** *(Grabs the phone from her hand and throws it down.)* Get lost!

**Ligita.** *(Struggles with Romāns.)* Romān!

**Romāns.** Go!

**Ligita.** So brutal...with a woman...

**Romāns.** I don't want to see you here again, got it?

**Ligita.** Mhm. Until the next time you have a fight with your little wife?

**Romāns.** So, I was an idiot! Who gives a damn! I'll go up right now and make up with her! I do...I...I do love her, so...Go on! Beat it!

**Žora.** *Ligita! Gdye ti, sutchka! Ya tye mozgi zastrelyu, slishesh?*

**Romāns.** You...

**Ligita.** Hear that? Žora!

**Romāns.** You...For real?

**Ligita.** All I'm asking for is a place to sleep.

**Žora.** *Ligita! Ti gdye? Golavu otravu, blyed! I gdye tot svolotch Roman? Suki I pidarasi yobnutiye!*

*Curtain drops.*

*9<sup>th</sup> video*

*Iveta, Juris, Lolita and Reinis explain what the end of the world means to them.*

**Elvis' voice off screen.** Look here.

**Iveta.** Do I look good, Lolita? They're not lying?

**Lolita's voice.** Very. The red lips – very good.

**Iveta.** The end of the world comes when there's no love.

**Elvis' voice.** That wasn't the question now!

**Iveta.** All I'm saying is what the end of the world is to me! For me, the world ends when there's no love. And all in all, there isn't much love in general. And...the end of the world comes when there's no love.

**Lolita.** What time is it? Do we have to go already?

**Iveta.** And, with that, everything seems...You see your life that way. *(Someone is taking the camera from her.)* Wait a sec!

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**Juris.** If you're always hurting a lot, you see and understand a lot, but you don't get the chance to say it, to shout it out. By this, I mean...Let's say you're an actor, and you don't get the kind of offers with which you could express yourself.

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**Lolita.** The world ends when people stop living. In different ways. It's not death, I'm telling you, it's when you stop living. It's death, and it's everything else as well.

\*\*\*

**Reinis.** I think only death is the end of the world, the rest belongs to the world. *(Pause.)* Death is the only end of world scenario. The real one. *(Pause.)* Death. Only that. There are no other scenarios.

## Scene 9 DEAD WIFE

*Bedroom. Varis (38) and Daina (35) are in bed. They are sleeping back-to-back. Varis is sleeping on the edge of the bed. He wakes up, rises. From then on, everything he says is addressed to Daina.*

**Varis.** Good morning! Sleeping? Sleep, sleep! *(Varis caresses Daina's side, starts dressing.)* I heard it's over – autumn has come to an end, winter's begun. With cold and frost. Wonder where we put those coats, do you know? You remember? In those boxes up there. *(Pause.)* Come on, rise and shine! Gooood morning! Still sleepy? Sleep then, sleep. Sleep.

*Varis brings a tray with a mug of coffee and the morning paper, puts it on the edge of the bed.*

**Varis.** Breakfast in bed! Good morning! *(Varis takes the paper, opens it.)* What do we have here? The horoscope! Let's read yours...Listen! Pisces...Pisces, pisces, pisces, pisces, pisces. *(Reads the horoscope.)* A week of social activity! Busy and industrious! You will get information that you will best keep to yourselves...And tell your husband! *(Laughs, puts the paper aside.)* Come on, get up! Here, I'll help you.

*Varis picks up Daina, who is rigid, makes her sit beside him.*

**Varis.** Do you want some coffee?

*Varis gives Daina some coffee, spills it on her. Notices that something is wrong with his wife, but chases away the thought instantly, wipes his wife dry.*

**Varis.** Oh, you spilled some! It's alright! It's alright, it's alright! You don't want any coffee. *(Pause.)* Let's sing! Maybe we should sing, huh?

*Varis finds a microphone, puts it in Daina's hand, keeps supporting her all the time. The Beatles' "Yellow Submarine" starts playing, Varis sings along.*

**Varis.** Come on, sing! Come on, sing! Come on, sing! Come on, sing!

*When Daina does not sing, Varis hesitates suddenly, understanding the situation, but he lays Daina back on the bed, covers her, lies down next to Daina, hugs her.*

*Curtain drops.*

*10<sup>th</sup> video*

*Lolita in the rehearsal hall.*

**Stage manager's voice.** I want you to play the sketch where your character gets thrown out of the theatre.

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*Lolita on the New stage.*

**Lolita.** You know now that I've been thrown out, and you're making me do it on purpose. If you didn't make me do this, if you didn't know. Now you're just using me. And that's not fair.

**Stage manager's voice.** I'm only doing my job. I'm a stage manager and you're an actress, who's also doing her job.

**Lolita.** Okay, yes, you're right. I'll do it.

\*\*\*

*Lolita is rehearsing her sketch in the rehearsal hall.*

**Lolita.** This is the make up room. This is my table. Here are some things. There's a piece of glass on top, because I used to keep some important things under the glass. This is me when I was young. At the beginning of summer. *(Cries.)*

\*\*\*

*Juris, Iveta, Reinis, Elvis and Pēteris talk about Lolita's sketch.*

**Juris.** I think it's the best I've ever seen! Not just in this project, I'd say, but in theatre in general!

**Iveta.** I was...I was so fascinated, so moved by it, I didn't know what to think, I think she was what I'd like to be.

**Reinis.** I think it's all for a reason, the way it is...It's the last scene in our performance, and it basically says it all.

**Elvis.** I fell in love. I never...That was high class. She reunited Meyerhold, Grotowski, Stanislavski, the principles of Chekov all in one, and it was so fluent, emotional, she was living it all through, and I was completely... Reminded me of a movie by Berman or something, well...I don't know...A bomb!

**Juris.** It was the last song, which was, I think, you'd have to be completely senseless, blind and deaf, not to see, you know, how much it hurt her once, and what she puts on the stage.

**Pēteris.** We were sort of working in the same theatre when she, well...actually, she was asked to leave the theatre, and I understand that all this time when she's not at the theatre...alright, she can put on a mask, but I see that it hurts her, and I admire her for being able to do what she did, and at the same time I think about the stage manager who can make an actor do something like that, knowing how much it hurts. *(Pause.)* What are we, some kind of mechanical



units!? Huh? Do you even understand what you're doing?! (*Stands up, leaves.*)

Scene 10  
**ACTRESS**

*Music plays, Lolita is on the stage. She is standing there in her ordinary dress, a purse in her hands. After standing there for a moment, Lolita pulls a bunny mask from her purse. She puts it on her face and goes to her make up table. Then Lolita meticulously wipes its mirrors, folds them shut. She gathers her things, turns to face the stage manager, cocks a snook at him and leaves the stage by throwing back the curtain at one corner. The rest of the actors follow Lolita's example – they pull back all the curtains.*

*The end.*