

M - the heroine  
A - the guy  
G - the friend of M  
Z - the madman

## Part 1

G - M swiftly walks away from the crowd. Nobody seems to notice. The chatting and hassle dimly echo into the background, becoming faint, eventually vanishing. Settling down on a wooden platform close to the waterfront, she looks up to the darkening skies. The glowing lanterns in the trees jog along, filling the field of vision behind her, with motion. Like fireflies furiously swarming around, urgently drawing attention to an potential mating partner. The evening breeze rushes upon them. Creeping into their the linen garments. Filling the gap between skin and fabric. The plastic cups on the table get blown away, spreading across the field. Muted laughter from the other side of the scene.

A stands offside and buttons up his beige shirt. Suddenly becoming self-aware. Goose bumps spread up his arms like an allergic reaction. He shivers. His right hand is covered in silver soot. Some kind of gleaming ash.

At that moment he notices M sitting alone on the platform. He makes his way towards her. Coming to a halt close behind her.

A - (clearing his throat.)  
M - (notices but doesn't react.)  
A - (mimicking the sound of a frog.)  
M - (amused) Nothings changed hu?

A walks up up to her. Sits down by her side and hands her a drink. She accepts.

A - So, where are you planning on going?  
M - ?  
A - I noticed you showing up... carrying your suitcase.  
The heavy one with the brown leather straps.  
M - I haven't decided yet...  
A - You could barely carry it. A long trip I suppose?  
M - I'm thinking of Freiburg... maybe...

(Pause)

M - (stuttering.) I've been planing on telling you. Telling you, that I want to leave. I really was, but I couldn't bring it over myself. I had it all outlined.

G - The day, the time, the phrasing... But every time she looked at you/him her lips were sealed. The marking in her diary has nearly faded away. From day to day it got lighter. She can barely see it now.

(Briefly stops.)

M - Speech seemed so useless. I mean... our sphere of influence is so limited. So irrelevant in a bigger scale... Isn't it? All of it seems to be so trivial. And so physical at the same time. Too physical... I felt so petrified. It seemed like the only way out.

A - You could have told me.

M - I need to get out of this town. Leave these streets behind.

A - It doesn't matter where you go.

Wooden structures will rot and eventually decompose.

Pavements will crack open through vast temperature shifts.

Metals exposed to open air will rust and turn into dirty, brown powder.

(Pause)

A - Anything physical is prey to the duration of time. You can't escape...

M - (gingerly touches his lips) Trust me. I wanted to tell you.

## Part 2

Gently, he pushes her hand away.

A - Never mind.

(Pause)

A - Do I disgust you?

M - Sometimes.

A - My physique?

M - Everyones physique! The human physique...

A - You're a fool!

M - Perhaps. But I've been here long enough.

G - They both lean back. Lying down on the wooden platform, gazing up to the stars. The summer breeze blows through the grasses and reeds. Softly swinging in sync. Frogs weakly croak in the background.

Z - From-- far-- distance-- there-- are-- no-- feels-- / There-- is-- no-- story--  
Just-- a-- globe-- indifferent-- to-- all--

G comes into the scene. Tottering along, seemingly tipsy and entertained.

G - Ey there! Pardon (naturally sitting down between them.)

A - (irritated but greets.)

M to A - It's getting late.

G - Oh yeah... the sunlight has nearly faded away. Soon it will fully disappear. And ascend through the thick, brown sludge of the danube. To enlighten him, I guess.

**Silence.**

M - The danube, smooth as silk -

G - Silk as smooth.

M - Tonight I want to vanish. One might rest outdoors.

G - Freely!

M - Phew! My chest will crush out of confusion. The immensity of the humans global existence...

A - (interrupts M)...and the irrelevance of my own private everyday life created a huge gap...

Limited bodies.

M - And biased minds.

A - And influenced actions.

G - (whispers into M's ear) He's airing his straw hat. (humorously, overreacting) I knew this would happen.

M - What do you mean?

G - I just felt it. Inside my gut!

M - (with low voice) It--inside-- gut-- feel-- just-- myself--

G - (cynical) Ditto.

M - Do you love me, like you ought to?

A - I hope to trust my instinct.

**Part 3** Very loud music playing.

**Silence.**

M - (hastily drinking a glass of blue liquor) Finally I feel satisfied. I want to sing. Here and now! Anytime I feel lost, I want to chant. - (she hums and whistles a tune. she eventually stops.) Why are you so still?

\*\*\*Very loud music playing again.

A - Are you in love with me?

M - Tremendously.

A - In a rational way? The proper way?

M - (starts to hum and whistle again.)

A - What I mean is, are you going to do something unforeseen? Can I look at you in blind faith?

M - (ignoring him and scanning the stars.) Yet the idea that each individual is currently determining the composition of the whole atmosphere. This seems hubristic if not crazed to an ordinary person, in normal life.

Silence.

M - Money, bodies and chemicals are moving around the globe in different configurations.

G - I will burn myself alive.

Z - Burn-- alive-- to-- ashes-- to-- ground--

Silence.

A - You struck me like a flash of lighting. You disconnected me from my former self. Everything has become one mass. I can't articulate it, but I know it's true.

M- You sound solemn. (looking down at A.)

A - The language we have to express ourselves is weak.

Like you said - sometimes speech is useless...

(Pause)

A - (with low voice) You know my dearest. My genetic material is similar to yours!

M or G - If you break it down to a microscopic level, all different species are made of chromosomes and strings of genes.

A - I have eyes, hands, organs, dimensions and senses. I can suffer injury from the same weapons. I am subject to the same diseases and healed by the same means as anybody.

If you prick me, I will bleed.

If you tickle me I will laugh.

If you poison me I will die.

M - (still looking at A.)

G - It has become pitch black by now. Soon the rockets will light up the sky!

Z - To enlighten her I guess!

M - (swiftly walks over to the waters of the danube, unnoticeably spilling the last sip of her drink as she does so.)

A - May they find us and enlighten our filthy souls. You have been brought to me. (follows M to the waterfront.)

**M and A standing side-by-side looking down into the oozy fluid.**

Z - 69-- moons-- of-- Jupiter--shine--upon--us--

From-- far-- distance-- there-- are-- no-- feels-- / There-- is-- no-- story--

Just-- a-- globe-- indifferent-- to-- all--