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Titel	Black Hole
Jaar	1986
Uitvoering	Toneelgroep Amsterdam / Toneelschuur Haarlem /

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Black Hole

by Gerardjan Rijnders

Translated from the Dutch original (Pick-up)
by Rob Klinkenberg

Translation of the Hölderlin poem: Michael Hamburger

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Characters:

T

T: So it's here...

L: Yes.

T: But he...

L: Is busy.

T: With?

L: What he's busy with? I don't know.

T: Time?

L: Enough.

T: He stinks.

L: What do you smell?

T: That he stinks.

L: Not what did you say, what do you smell, I asked

T: That he stinks I smell, I said.

L: How? How do you smell he stinks?

T: And you?

L: How I smell? Just smell.

T: How do you smell that he stinks?

L: I don't. I must be used to it. I smell you.

T: I smell him.

L: How do you know what he smells like?

T: Who else would I smell? Me?

L: Me!

T: Cancer. Sorry.

L: You don't smell that. I thought it, I dreamt. Do you know the story about the man who forgot about his murder?

T: Because he was dead.

L: No, he was the murderer.

T: Whose?

L: It's a well-known story. His girl-friend's.

T: Do I know her?

L: He was on Angels Dust.

T: He was on it?

L: What am I talking about?

black -2 -hole

T: That he'd forgotten.
L: The murder?
T: Yes.
L: Is this a conversation or DNA?
T: Is that another drug?
L: No, you can't do without it.
T: So it is.
L: I'm talking about this conversation.
T: About someone forgetting a murder.
L: Having forgotten. If he was forgetting it, he wouldn't be committing it.
T: Which murder?
L: Listen to me!
T: Talk to me!
L: It's a sort of chain of molecules. A sort of staircase, a railway track without an end.
T: That drug?
L: Our conversation.
T: What are you doing?
L: I'm trying to forget, remember something
T: Something you're forgetting, have forgotten?
L: Never mind, why should I remember.
T: The murder, the story?
L: The first time we met.
T: You've forgotten that?
L: Yes, just like the man the murder.
He'd forgotten all about it.
T: And then,
sorry.
L: He worked in...,
became one with the garden
T: A plant.
L: A man.
T: Vulnerable?
L: Yes.
So he had an accident.
T: I see, I perceive.
L: The accident?
T: The vulnerability.
L: It's a well-known story.
T: So tell me.
L: Prick.
black -3 -hole

T: OK.
Cunt.
Shall I summarise?
Man, plant, accident.
L: And he goes on murdering.
T: In the garden?
L: In his head.
It all came back to him
and he couldn't stop anymore.
T: Went crazy?
L: It all came back.
T: How?
L: Not just how, but also when and why.
T: Why it all came back to him?
L: Why he committed the murder.
T: So why did he?
L: I don't know.
but he went on murdering,
when it all came back.
T: How?
L: The details have never been disclosed.
Gruesome.
T: How did it all come back to him?
L: I told you,
he had an accident.
T: But how?
L: He fell on his head
off his bike
with his head on the tarmac.
T: Ouch.
L: And that's when it all started,
like a movie.
T: Oh, it's a movie?
L: No, it's like a movie, that murder.
T: But what's your husband got to do with it?
L: Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
nothing, nothing.....
(L. slaps T.)
I'm only trying to remember the first time we met.

black -4 -hole

T: Like this.
L: I can't remember anything.
T: You hit me.
L: You hit me?
T: Yes. No.
You hit me.
L: I would remember that.
T: You don't remember?
L: No.
T: You hit me.
L: No.
T: No.
L: No.
I'm sure.
T: But you can't remember anything.
L: Not a bloody slap.
T: So you've forgotten that too,
but you didn't have to think twice
L: When?
T: Then.
L: Language drives me crazy.
T: It's the other way around.
L: You hit me?
T: We drive language crazy.
L: Time out.
(They have time out)

T: So he went on and on murdering.
L: Here!
I mean in his head.
The same murder over and over again.
T: How could they prove it?
L: The details have never been disclosed
but were known
and they matched his story
his hallucinations.
T: So it's drugs again?
L: No.
Yes.
Used to.
black -5 -hole

Hold me.

(He does)

Have you ever thought a problem through?
Right to the very end?

T: I'm afraid I haven't.

L: How do you know?

T: I'm still alive.

L: Because I'm not hearing thoughts anymore,
only assertions.

T: What's the difference?

L: A surgeon.

Sorry, the difference?

Life.

T: So.

L: I don't believe in the phrase:

by talking they grew closer.

Do you?

(T. lets go of L.)

L: We'd better talk about something else.

About elementary particles for instance.

Or we could go outside
and be taken by surprise by a shower of acid rain.

Or I could have visions
because I've been on bad terms with everyday life lately.

T: That's inhaerent to everyday life.

L: I was reading and it said
little ladles stirring the ladies
and somehow the word policy
always reads as policing.

T: That's not so strange.

L: And when you kiss me,
I never know whose his hers tongue is.

T: I wouldn't get too excited about it.

L: Then I don't get excited.

Why did you say that the other day?

T: Say what?

L: I'm embarrassed to say.
black -6 -hole

T: Was it that bad?
L: When I asked you
what do you like best.
T: Well, it all depends on the situation.
In the bath is different from on the lawn.
So what did I say?
Buggery?
L: You like that best?
T: I just told you,
it depends on the situation
if it's cold
or if it's with bathfoam.
L: So why do you say a thing like that?
T: Bugging?
L: No:
I'm embarrassed to say.
T: If you're embarrassed, it's difficult for me to say
why I said it.
L: But that's precisely what you said:
I'm embarrassed to say.
T: Oh.
I don't know.
Maybe I was thinking of your husband.
L: Prick!
T: OK.
Cunt!
L: We'd better talk about elementary particles
pathetically little elementary particles
that you can only see
through an electron microscope
sorry microscope.
T: What can you say about them
except that you can't see them?
L: That they're unhappy for instance.
T: How do you know?
L: Apparently they dart about in a frenzy all the time.
T: But do they weep?
L: They don't know how to.
T: So what.
L: If I didn't know how to cry
I'd be very unhappy too.
black -7 -hole

T: If you're identifying with elementary particles,
why aren't we talking about you?

L: God, what a male way of reasoning!

T: Here we go again!

The male

the female

the cunt

the prick

the macro

the micro

the inside

the outside

I don't have an inside

you don't have an outside

I am the war

you are the peace

I am the sweat

you are the tears

You have the baby

I am the beast

I am the baby

You are the feast

I have the low

You are the high

I don't know how to feel

You don't know how to think

I want the act

You want the foreplay

- Hello darling, how are things?

-Like shit!

-Why?

-I've got cancer!

-Where?

L: But that's the way it is...

I only have to say

that I feel strongly about protecting the environment

and you start to shout...

T: So shut up!

L: You see.

T: Why don't you leave me?

L: There's nothing to leave.

black -8 -hole

T: There's nothing left to say to each other.

L: Nothing.

T: Right.

I'm leaving.

(silence)

T: Have I left?

L: Yes.

(silence)

L: The hour will come when I won't even be able
to shake hands...

Already there's this black square
with gold
that sometimes flies through the room
a book on its shelf
it turns out
when I'm back in the room
but my hand too.

I know it'll have to move
to that hand
the knife the glass naturally
and it won't

it can't

I know

So I won't

I think

I'm afraid

that the hand will start to fly
through the room.

The other day

I lost my heart that way

I could hear it, I could feel it,

but it wasn't there,

do you understand?

Emotion isn't something inside me.

More than anything

it's a reaction

to an event in the outside world.

black -9 -hole

This real bastard appears in front of me
and that's the emotion called rage.
According to Sartre
that prick
Do you understand?
For fuck's sake, I've got cancer
I've got cancer for fuck's sake
Fuck
The big C.
Yes.
I'm scared.
Do you understand?
And all those depressive patients
I don't mean patients who are depressive because they're patients
but the patients who are depressive because they're depressive
I read they're now having their teeth ruined as well
because of the medication.
No spittle, no saliva
no acids because of the medication.
I've got cancer for fuck's sake
and one day I won't be able
to shake hands with you anymore
because I'll be afraid
to leave it in your hand.
I'm scared.
Do you understand?
Scared!

T: The other day some one told me
that his girlfriend had asked him to shave his balls.

L: Where?

T: Hair, yes.

L: Hers?

T: Do you know the difference
between the snowman and the snow-woman?

L: It's as if there's a shard in my head.

T: So what do you feel?

L: That.

T: Weird.

L: Why are you telling me that?

T: Because that's what you asked, 'hair'.

L: I asked 'where'.

black -10 -hole

T: Here. Just now.
L: So she...
T: ...about the hair.
L: Yes.
T: To shave his balls.
L: Where?
T: In the bathroom probably.
L: Where?
T: Off his balls.
L: What for?
T: It might be cute, she said, a little pink thing between his legs.
As if he was having a baby too, she said.
L: So she had a baby?
T: THEY had a baby!
L: Oh God.
T: Both of them had have a baby.
L: And what about the snowman?
T: He had one too.
L: Do you mean this as a story or is it for real?
T: Can you imagine it?
L: Yes.
T: What?
L: Everything.
T: A black hole.
L: I don't have to imagine that.
I live in one.
T: Impossible.
L: Oh, really?
T: You wouldn't exist anymore.
L: Exactly.
T: In a black hole.
You would merge into elementary particles
Tiny elementary particles
the tiniest elementary particles
smashed elementary particles
even tinier tiny elementary particles
L: That's what I said,
but you wanted a baby between your legs.
T: That woman!
That friend's girlfriend wanted it, not me.
L: And did he do it?
black -11 -hole

Bare balls?

T: Yes.

L: How does it feel?

T: No idea.

Bare, I suppose.

L: Vulnerable?

T: It's as if you're hanging from a bridge.

L: Vulnerable.

T: No, the balls.

L: No, the man.

T: No, a black hole.

L: That was impossible, you said.

That didn't exist.

T: If you were to approach one
supposing it was possible.

L: It isn't.

T: Just suppose
you're approaching a black hole.

L: I've had that feeling
ever since I met you.

T: You don't even remember how.

L: A kind of death.

T: Like a kind of bellybutton in the universe
or a kind of anus
but it gobbles everything down
a kind of cunt too actually
sorry.

L: A kind of love?

T: There's such enormous forces
near that hole
that one would literally be stretched out.

L: Where?

T: Near that hole.

L: Where would one be stretched out?
Your head, your feet, everything?.

T: Depends on how you enter it.

L: So if you go head first
like in delivery...

T: If you go head first
like in delivery
then your head.
black -12 -hole

Like on the rack.

L: Fascinating.

T: As if you're hanging from a bridge up
side down in this case.

L: Which case?

T: This delivery case
and the entire population
of Holland
is hanging from your head
pulling your head
stretching your head
until it tears.

It dissolves into fragments,
shards,
the saddest of elementary particles.

L: If you're
identifying me
with a black hole
why aren't we talking about me?

T: I'm not talking about you,
I'm not talking about me.

I'm not talking about relations.

I'm talking about a concept.

I'm talking about the mystery of life.

Let's talk about something else
or a silence if need be
a haiku

Let's express a thought,
think it through.

L: You said that would kill you.

T: Everything kills you,
so let's live
even only for a moment
even only halfhearted.
(silence)

T: With yellow pears the land
And full of wild roses
Hangs down into the lake,
You lovely swans,
And drunk with kisses
black -13 -hole

You dip your heads
Into the hallowed, the sober water
But oh, where shall I find
When winter comes, the flowers, and where
The sunshine
And shade of the earth?
The walls loom
Speechless and cold, in the wind
Weathercocks clatter.
Weathered cocks?

L: Hang on...

T: Can a cock clatter?

L: Him...

T: Hölderlin.

L: That's my husband.

T: The translation?

L: I said. It's as if I'm falling off my bicycle.

As if that shard...

Hit me.

(T hits L)

Ouch!

Prick!

Bastard!

You see! You're a prick. You're a bastard.

Fucking bastard!

T: What the hell am I doing wrong?

L: You hit me! Don't tell me you're forgetting!

T: You asked me! Don't tell me you've forgotten!

L: Yes, then!

T: No, now!

L: It came back! I hit you!

T: You hit me?

L: What I said, how it was, it all came back!

That you hit me,

not what you said,

but the rest too,

and I'm trying to hold on,

and suddenly you hit me!

Goddammit!

black -14 -hole

T: What did I say
did I hit
was like that
when
What are you talking about?
L: How it was.
How we first met.
T: You hit me.
L: Because you didn't want to.
You didn't want to hit me.
T: Why would I hit you?
L: You just did!
T: Because you asked me to.
L: I asked you then too.
T: I didn't know you then.
L: But that's completely.... It's gone.
It's nothing anymore.
The morning after: the high was no more than a row.
No.
T: I think you've really fallen off your bicycle.
L: Prick.
T: OK.
Cunt.
L: Beautiful though, those pears and those weathercocks.
Reminds me of a dream I had about smelling.
T: I had one about scratching.
L: It must be catching.
T: After those balls.
L: I had a leak.
T: I had the crabs.
L: Did you?
T: I dreamt I did.
L: I could smell it.
T: That you had a leak?
L: First I saw it, then I felt it.
T: Double trouble?
L: In that dream. Then I smelt it:
sulphur, or something like that,
nitrogen, I thought.
T: They're completely different things.
L: In my dream I thought: nitrogen,
black -15 -hole

but once awake: sulphur.

T: Are they liquids?

L: There's stuff in refrigerators,
I thought when I woke up
nitrogen or something like that,
but in my dream it was the record-player.

T: You heard it?

L: I smelt it, that it was leaking,
it was leaking a smelly liquid.

I didn't even know

I still had a record-player.

T: In your house?

L: No, in the attic, and I don't have an attic.

I didn't know that house.

T: Not even when you woke up?

L: Especially when I woke up.

In my dream I lived there apparently
but I'd forgotten half of it.

T: Of the dream?

L: Of the house. That I had an attic.

So I went up to the attic

and the record-player had been playing there for years,
I think,

and had started to leak.

T: What was it playing?

L: Nothing.

The record had finished years ago.

It was stuck in the last groove
and had dug a rut.

T: Which was leaking?

L: No, the thing was, the motor,
like a refrigerator,

I thought once awake.

T: What record was it?

L: I didn't look.

I was much too happy
that the leak had been er... whatd'yecallit?

T: Plugged.

L: Located.

Whereas a fridge leaks when it's been turned off,
this record-player was leaking

black -16 -hole

because it had been turned on for years.

T: Funny word, fridge.

L: That's also the contrast in the poem.

T: The leak?

L: No, what you just said,
the roses and the winter
and the cold walls looming,
and the funny thing is...

T: That you smelt it?

L: No, yes, but Ludwig too.

T: Who?

L: My husband.

T: He was living in the attic?

L: The following morning,
at breakfast, when I was thinking
about it, about the dream,
he suddenly said...

T: There's a leak.

L: There's a smell.

But I hadn't told him anything,
never mentioned the dream.

T: And was there a smell?

L: Of shit, he said. There's a smell of shit here,
but I couldn't smell anything.

T: And did you tell him the dream then?

L: Why?

T: Because that's what it's about.

L: About shit?

T: About your marriage.

L: I lived there by myself. I lived there by myself!!

T: That record playing on and on, for years and years,
and had long since finished
stuck in the last groove...

You'd forgotten it,
but it was living in the attic.

Who's that old groove, I asked,
that's my husband, you said,
it made me laugh, it made you laugh,
and then you asked: hit me.

L: Which you didn't?

T: You hit me.

black -17 -hole

L: Where have I heard this before?
T: That's how we met.
L: Where?
T: An opening.
L: That poem, sorry.
I don't know, I don't want to know.
I'm not ready for it yet.
No, I took up singing lessons.
T: You went out for dinner, you said, afterwards.
L: No, after the dream,
because while I was having breakfast,
I thought: if I'm mixing up
a refrigerator with a record-player,
it must mean that my choice,
I mean my voice, is frozen.
T: That record you hadn't even seen.
L: I had seen it.
T: But not what was on it, the music,
and besides,
an attic is a head - in a dream.
L: A head that's leaking must be crying,
because it's unable to sing, I thought.
T: But was there any singing on the record?
L: I don't know.
It doesn't matter,
what matters is the sense of singing,
of music.
T: And if it was Beethoven?
L: Ludwig?
T: Yes, but without any singing.
L: You mean...
T: I hadn't thought of that.
I thought: the string quartets.
L: That I should take violin lessons, or double bass?
T: Structures, I thought, and therefore relations
you were dreaming about.
L: Oh.
Did you really have the crabs?
T: A clapped-out marriage. The rut is a groove. Scratch.
L: Hang on, I'm losing you,
let's start from scratch
black -18 -hole

from the scratching
scratching the crabs... fuck!
Is this harmony?

T: No, this is lunacy.

L: But those crabs?

Did you have them when you had the dream?

T: No, I just had to scratch.

At least in the dream.

I haven't had the crabs for years.

I don't sleep around anymore.

L: And what about me?

T: You sleep around.

L: But you said you had the crabs.

I had a leak.

T: Said I dreamt it, because of that story
about the balls.

Day's residues, I presume.

L: Did you have a hard-on?

T: How do you know?

L: I don't know,

I can't imagine
what with all the itching.

T: It was a wet dream,

I had a leak too.

Maybe that was it

Why Ludwig said: there's a smell here.

L: He doesn't even know your dream.

T: Nor yours.

L: But isn't that an uncomfortable feeling?

Itchy balls.

T: As if someone is tickling them.

That's not uncomfortable.

I was lying asleep
and in my sleep
someone was tickling....

L: Who?

T: Who?

I don't know.

It was dark.

L: But before, when it was still light?

T: I wasn't dreaming yet.

black -19 -hole

L: You don't remember who you were lying in bed with?

T: That's what I was dreaming
that I was lying in bed with someone.

I don't know who it was.

L: You were having a dream
that something was itching
and in your dream you thought
you had the crabs
while actually there was someone lying beside you
tickling your balls.

T: No, I was dreaming that as well.

L: When you had woken up
in your dream.

T: No, it was all one big muddle.

L: I don't believe a word of it,
you're lying,
you were sleeping around.

T: It was a dream in a dream.

L: Yes, everything's a dream,
when the light in this place goes down or goes up,
it was all no more than a dream,
we die, and then suddenly we find we're born.
My arse.

T: You can dream that you're dreaming though?

L: It's can also say that you're saying though.

T: Pity.

I thought we were striking up an interesting conversation.

L: You're saying nothing.

You're just destroying things.

T: Same thing.

L: Yes, everything is the same thing:
it's nothing.

An interesting conversation, a dream, or a black hole
that you're sucked into.

I want a baby!

T: That's capitulation.

L: Words, words, words, words, words, words,
words, words, words, words, words, words...

(A slap)

black -20 -hole

T: The rest is silence.
L: No. Feeling.
T: Did I hurt you?
L: You couldn't know.
T: Hurting?
L: Feeling.
T: Same thing, to me.
L: Bastard.
T: OK.
Prick.
(Silence)

That murder, how did it go?

L: I think I've forgotten.
T: How was it done?
L: I mean, I didn't commit it.
T: He was on drugs.
L: So was she.
Angels Dust.
T: That was her name?
L: That was the drugs name.
T: So what was her name?
L: I don't know.
What was that artist's name?
T: It was an artist?
L: It was at an opening, you said.
T: Neo Geo's.
L: Negroes?
T: It's a movement, a group, a school of painters.
Neo Geo's they call themselves, or people call them.
L: I once knew a negro called Mkummin Mkummin.
Don't say it!
T: I'm not saying anything.
L: You were going to say something about...
T: About Neo Geo's.
L: Yes, exactly, about negroes,
and we were already talking about them.
T: About structures...
L: And about black holes of course.
T: For instance.
black -21 -hole

L: I don't fancy buggery.
You might, I don't, anyway, it's impossible.
I mean, it's possible, but I don't fancy it.
So what are they, Neo Geo's?
Some kind of Friends of the Earth?
T: Neo-Geo-me-tri-cal-Art, a sort of constructivists,
but after the New Wavers, they called them Neo Geo's.
L: Who comes up with these names?
T: They've got people for it.
L: Obviously.
T: That's how it goes with art,
with everything as a matter of fact.
There's a feeling,
it gets disturbing
because there's such a sense of chaos
and then everybody wants to classify it,
order it,
and that then becomes sterile
and then they want feelings again,
'real people', you know,
whatever that may be,
so then we're back to feeling,
whatever that may be,
so it's romantic again,
and in the end back to chaos.
L: I know what you mean.
T: Because of us?
L: And because of the murder
and why I took singing lessons.
T: You mean I can't give you that feeling?
L: Why do you always have to appease?
T: You just said that I always break things up.
L: You always smooth out the wrinkles
that's your way of appeasing
and of breaking things up.
T: I love you.
L: That's what they all say.
T: Are we talking about feelings now or art?
L: Another cliché.
T: Art?
L: Form or content?
black -22 -hole

T: Life is one big cliché.

L: And one and one makes two, from the first commonplace to the final worn out phrase.

Is it because you're afraid of yourself?

Of the others?

The thing only that fascinated me:
that the man couldn't remember anything
not even that he committed the murder
let alone who
or how why or whatever
until he fell off his bicycle, and bingo:
everything, down to the smallest detail,
and not only that, no,
he compulsively had to commit the murder
over and over again,
in his head.

T: Which he'd fallen on to?

L: As if something had been dislocated,
a kind of shard, an imaginary shard,
and then the film started to roll.

Or rather a video on automatic replay.

I think that's beautiful.

T: So do I, but what does it mean?

L: Why should I worry about that?

T: The other day I saw a news reader;
she actually fell over when they cut to the next shot.

L: Drunk?

T: No, or maybe yes.

L: And did she start repeating the same bit of news?

T: No, she just dropped against the image they'd cut from.

L: Do you know I've quit with the singing lessons?

T: Can you imagine it?

L: I have no voice

T: No.

L: How do you know?

T: I can't imagine that you have no voice.

L: Nor can I, but that's what that man said.

T: Get yourself a new one.

L: The singing teacher.

T: A singing teacher in a dream is a man.

L: A singing teacher in reality is a man too.
black -23 -hole

T: Singing means fucking in a dream
L: But in reality you need a voice.
T: For fucking?
L: For singing.
I took singing lessons,
I just told you.
I didn't have a double dream,
a dream within a dream.
I was really sitting opposite Ludwig that morning
and he said: there's a smell here
and I thought: I'll take singing lessons.
By the way, I don't believe you had a double dream either.
You were just fucking around
some one was tickling your balls,
I think it was that girl on television.
Do you really want to have a conversation?
T: No, I'd rather go to bed with you.
L: Action...
T: Oh, it is a movie.
How did that dream continue, I mean, the murder?
L: No, you do mean the dream. You mean the news reader.
T: That was real.
L: You see!
T: She really dropped off-screen.
Even though it was on television, it was real,
it was a wipe.
L: A what?
T: A wipe.
L: That news reader?
T: A cut, a move, a cut.
L: It's the story of my life.
T: So here's the image...
L: Where?
T: Imagine: here.
L: That news reader?
T: No, any image. Peter Pan.
Pinocchio. Marks and Spencer.
It makes no difference.
L: It makes no difference!?
T: In this case, no.
Any image will do, however awful.
black -24 -hole

and then the next image arrives.

L: Fairy liquid soap. Smarties. Waterloo Bridge. A Mars bar.
It makes no difference.

T: That news reader, in this case. Like this!
(He demonstrates it)

So the new image actually pushes the old one to the side.
Off-screen as they say,
but the strange thing was
that she was launched sideways
like in a car that's braking, or a train..

L: Why are you telling this?

T: Because of the bicycle, I think it made me think of it.
But it's totally impossible.

Those are two different realities.

L: Just like a dream within a dream.

T: Yes, just like that.

L: So now you're saying it's impossible.

T: It's possible, but it's sheer coincidence,
the first is electronic, the second is real.

She fell over, after that cut
but in reality she was never cut,
she was just sitting there.

L: Was she looking at the monitor?

T: Maybe she was doing it for a joke.

But I didn't think she was the type.

L: Oh. I thought you didn't know her.

T: Do you care?

L: No, I couldn't care shit.

I thought it was abstract, sterile, a quasi problem.

T: It's not a problem at all,
it's chance, a remarkable coincidence...

L: Exactly: nonsense.

T: So what do you want? Fuck?

Or shall I beat you up?

L: I want something real!

T: Then I'll start shouting: you fucking stupid stinking
scumcunt
bitch of a whore
cancerous slut
black -25 -hole

pestilent slit
bucket of cancer
river of thrush
why don't you put your finger in the yoghurt
and then up your cunt
so that you finally get rid of that thrush
and we can have a nice bit of shaft again at last!
And then you start shouting at me:
You fucking shitfaced bastard..

L: I'll decide myself what I want to shout at you,
but I don't want to shout anything at you
because I'd be wasting my time and my voice.

T: You don't even have a voice.

L: Prick!

T: OK.

Cunt!

(Followed by a series of emotions)

So how's your cancer now?

L: You wouldn't know.

T: No.

L: So why are you asking?

T: I'm curious.

L: About what?

T: About your cancer.

L: You know nothing about my cancer.

You couldn't know.

T: You told me yourself.

L: When?

T: That time.

L: What time?

T: That time when we met. I've just told you.

L: Just when?

T: When we were having a row.

L: Just now?

T: No, before that. After the elementary particles.

And then I had a speech.

L: You don't really expect me to listen to your speeches?!

T: '- How are things?'

'- Like shit.'

'- Why?'

'- I've got cancer.'

black -26 -hole

'-Where?' we said, I said, at that opening.
You were crying in front of a Neo Geo, in black and gold.

L: It's gone. I'd forgotten, but it's gone.
T: What has?
L: That cancer.
T: How is that possible?
L: I don't know. It's inexplicable.
Maybe it's the record player.
T: That was that dream.
L: You don't get dreams for nothing.
I know, you don't get cancer for nothing either.
I smelt something stinking.
I went upstairs.
I found the reason that I'd forgotten.
I pulled the plug from the socket
from the record player.
That's how it went, I think.
Then it stopped, I think.
I want.
But it's gone.
T: That's impossible.
L: A lot's impossible.
T: So how is it possible?
L: You tell me.
T: It's a coincidence.
L: That's one way of putting it.
T: Chaos. Nonsense.
L: Yes.
T: And now?
L: And then.
T: Sorry.
(The End)

black -27 -hole