

‘We all know too much, but understand too little’

(Michael Palin, Monty Python)

‘Now I wanna be your dog’

(Iggy Pop, Iggy and The Stooges)

JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE  
OF THAT EVERLASTING LOVE

Miriam Boolsen

TRANSLATION MIRIAM BOOLSEN, VICTORIA BOOLSEN

BORIS

Do you mind?

NADIA

No no. No.

BORIS

That I come here every day to tell you I love you. Maybe you're used to it  
by now?

NADIA

Maybe.

BORIS

You might even miss me if one day I didn't turn up anymore? No no don't say anything, this is enough, every day you listen to my declarations of love and then we speak, talk to each other about ... stuff, stuff out there and stuff in here, about what's happened since yesterday, and what hasn't happened. About the weather... We talk about the weather, don't we?

NADIA

Sometimes.

BORIS

Yes, sometimes, sometimes. Not too often. I hope.

NADIA

Not too often, no. Not today.

BORIS

No not today. Today was about other things. Everybody knows I'm sitting here talking to you, everybody knows that I come here every day to declare my undying love, and that you reject me, or... that you don't give me any hope, at least not enough, or maybe just enough, just enough so that you can be sure that I'll come back. Is that how it is, womanly creature? Is it a

game you're playing with me, or with yourself, with your vanity, your looks that very soon will start fading? Is that how it is? You're a provincial beauty and when the beauty is gone you will just be provincial?

NADIA

You're getting annoying now.

BORIS

Yes, yes I'm annoying, I always have been, I can't seem to do anything about it. My friends say, 'you're so annoying, can't you do something about it?' and then I try, I really do, I try to be less annoying, but I can't, I simply am annoying.

And I'm boring as well. How often has it not happened that I begin to tell a story, and just when I think that this time I've succeeded, I have touched my audience, they are asking themselves what will happen next, at this exact moment my best friend gets ready to leave, his wife is waiting he really has to go now, the doctor has been summoned, somebody has a terrible stomach ache, the cows are about to calve, a bout of rheumatism sets in, children go missing, grannies on their death bed... I drive them away, people, in those moments where I believe that I open up, I believe

that I'm sitting here as a human being in the company of other human beings. As a human being in the company of other human beings. And I'm telling my story and I'm sharing my experiences and others are listening, I'm capable of sharing a piece of my life, and at that very moment when I think that I have succeeded, I see that I have failed again. The dull look in their eyes shows that they are bored out of their minds. And it's not like it was better when I was young. Then at least you could say 'Life has slowly seeped out of him, he is no longer who he used to be', but it isn't so, I'm exactly like I always have been, exactly so.

NADIA

...

BORIS

You're very quiet.

NADIA

Oh, I'm sorry, I was distracted, what are those dogs doing there?

Especially the small one, that's a very odd sight. What enthusiasm. But it won't work out, it's impossible, the big one is too big, they aren't made for each other. I once had a friend, she went away, she went studying

somewhere else, she could have come back here but she didn't... She had a dog, it was a mix between a Labrador and a Dachshund, that's not right, is it? That's not a sight you want to see. Every time you see a dog like that, it makes you think 'how?' How on earth is that possible? The logistics of it. It's impossible to see a dog like that and then not think that, it is physically impossible.

And it doesn't get better it only gets worse. Every time you see that creature passing you think: your mum and dad, what kind of beasts were they, how did they manage, it must have required an enormous amount of willpower. You might even let a young dog starve because of it, not being able to look past it. Do you find me inhuman?

BORIS

You find pleasure in torturing me, but I don't blame you for it, quite the opposite, I'm grateful. A sensible person would have thrown me out ages ago but I come here every day and you pour me a cup of coffee, like you did just now.

NADIA

I'm going away.

BORIS

You said the same thing yesterday.

NADIA

But this time I mean it.

BORIS

Yes yes. Yes yes. We always mean everything. It's just that we never do anything about it. Like me for instance, I love you every day, but still it doesn't look like anything's to become of it.

NADIA

I don't feel your love.

BORIS

No, I have a complete lack of courage, I don't feel it anymore myself, that love. Maybe it's been worn out, day after day a layer has been sliced off,

I'm a hollowed out cheese, and now all that's left is the rind, and who would want that. My love is the dry leftovers, how sad, but still the best I have to give.

NADIA

Take me to a place far away!

BORIS

Would you want that?

NADIA

No.

BORIS

Ah no. I thought so. See, I know you better than you know yourself.

NADIA

Yes, I see that, you know me better than I know myself. What a dog! What a funny dog!

BORIS



I don't see anything.

NADIA

Not today, the other day, something that happened the other day, I just thought about it. Oh it was funny.

BORIS

I should have been there.

NADIA

Yes you should have been there, you would probably have found it very funny.

BORIS

I wouldn't be too sure. Not only do I lack the ability to be witty I also fail to react to the funnier aspects of life, even when they're right in front of me, I have as they say no sense of humor. Anyway that's what they tell me, those who mean well.

NADIA

You bring such conflicting emotions out in me. On the one hand I have an urge to smash your head very hard against the wall, do you understand that?

BORIS

Yes, yes I think that I do. But I would be very grateful if you didn't.

NADIA

No I won't, you don't have to worry.

BORIS

And on the other hand?

NADIA

No, I don't think there is an 'on the other hand'. I think that the feeling of smashing your head against the wall is the dominant one. You are the sort of man that a woman wants to leave, I have already left you. We haven't got any closer, and instead I have already left you, don't you see? There is something about you, that makes you the ideal man for a woman to leave. A step closer only means a step further away. No no let's not play philosophers here, don't contradict me, I just want to say that I have got

used to it. Every day you come here, and every day I leave you, I let go of you, and now it's become a familiar feeling. How does it continue? What does the future look like, what are your plans? Can I rely on finding you here every day, will you come here every day so that I can pour you a cup of coffee, so that you can worship me and I can leave you at the end of every visit, again and again and again until the end of our days?

BORIS

Yes I promise that I will sit at your feet every day, every day I'll step inside this house with eyes full of hope and in the afternoon I'll leave again with crushed illusions, walking down the high street with my disappointed heart beating under my coat, while at the same time already looking forward to tomorrow, where my dreams again will be shattered in the company of you, the best, the most patient and most merciless of women, you won't ever let me go, will you?

NADIA

No I don't think I will.

BORIS

That was the answer I was hoping for. That's all a person can hope for, to be turned down every day by the same magnificent female animal, my gorgeous tigress.

NADIA

That's enough for today.

BORIS

You're right, we have already said too much. But then can I rely upon your rejection tomorrow?

NADIA

I'll be here. As always.

BORIS

As always.

NADIA

Until tomorrow then, and yet another stroll along familiar paths.

[He tries to do something, a gesture, maybe even an embrace]

NADIA

Yes yes but go now, go and be well. Oh that dog, it makes me laugh every time.

[He does something else, something more daring, tears his shirt off or pours water over himself or grabs hold of her, or maybe avoids touching her]

BORIS

What if I grab you and never let go, like an animal. I'm an animal I'm an animal, don't let go of me, don't let me go home.

NADIA

Don't touch me, leave me alone.

BORIS

What if I fall to my knees, like this, like an animal, first slowly and then, I'm an animal I'm an animal, look at me I'm an animal.

NADIA

Don't come any closer stay away from me.

BORIS

I'm an animal groveling before you.

NADIA

Stop it don't do that.

BORIS

Be generous, don't let me crawl around on my knees like this for too long,

I've got very sensitive knees, it hurts.

I'm in pain but the pain makes me happy how do you explain that.

NADIA

It's got nothing to do with me.

BORIS

It's got everything to do with you, you're the reason for my pain, sweet pain, soft and invigorating.

NADIA

You see, everything is always about you, it's never about me.

BORIS

Everything is about you, I'm all about you.

NADIA

Then why don't I feel that?

BORIS

Because you... are too good to feel anything, you are above that, you don't have to feel what everybody else does, it's not necessary.

NADIA

But I want to, I want to feel something that is mine and mine alone. All this 'your eyes are like lakes in a forest' that's not me, don't let me be that, don't force me.

BORIS

Here, a piece of fabric, a piece of you, a step closer to you, something that contains the warmth of your skin, I inhale you, your skin, your smell I'm an animal I'm your dog.

NADIA

I don't want a dog.

BORIS

I'm your dog.

NADIA

Don't say things like that.

BORIS

Let me walk behind you down the high street, I'll follow you faithfully, you don't even have to pull at the lead, I'm already there, I feel your movements, your thoughts, I follow you I follow you.

NADIA

You're scaring me.



BORIS

Don't be scared, this is love.

NADIA

Is it?

BORIS

The worst kind.

NADIA

It feels different, this doesn't feel like love, this is your love but where is mine?

Every day I give you the chance to love me again, but I'm still waiting for it to be my turn. I let you in, what more can anyone do. You have to lean backwards in order for me to lean forwards. Do you understand that?

BORIS

But I'm crawling through the dirt, crawling before you, is that not what you want?

NADIA

No that's what you want, you are so keen, well crawl then, crawl.

BORIS

I'm happy to do it.

NADIA

That's the point exactly, lean backwards, sir, lean backwards, how else am I supposed to love.

BORIS

Believe me when I say: Nothing is bigger than my love for you.

NADIA

Sir, you think that your aim, your purpose is to 'get' me as it's so distastefully called, but what would you do when you 'had' me? Would you even know what to do with your days? There would be no more direction in your steps, you would have nothing left to discover, because you had the one thing that you wanted for so long.

And then you would have a feeling of regret as painful as blisters in your arse, your digestive system would start slowing down, and nothing would pass through your body unhindered, and that would become a more interesting subject to you than what's really going on inside you, and you would find that much more interesting than what really goes on inside me.

Don't you see what happened: It's your love that you loved.

BORIS

Hard as a nail. I have been nailed, by you.

NADIA

I'm sorry.

BORIS

No don't say that, I probably deserve it. Do I deserve it? Yes, I deserve it.

NADIA

Love is like a sheep. No, why do I say that: Love is like a sheep. I mean something that's warm inside even if it's cold outside something like that, love is like a sheep, ought to be like a sheep.

You're a sad kind of veterinarian, always in here drinking coffee. The cows are unwell and you're at my table slurping coffee. You have to get out into the rain, get wet, get soaked through, you have to feel the cold; the wind has to go right through you, through your bones and your heart, don't you sense that, you have to feel worn out. Give me your hand. See?! Your hands are too soft you have to really want to try, do something, be someone, you have to feel spent. You're sitting there with your delicate face, you haven't aged a day. I thought that some kind of development would take place, but everything has stayed the same, this is not how I imagined things.

You're a veterinarian, then be a veterinarian. Take part in your own existence.

BORIS

I'll go, but I'm ashamed.

All that time I thought everything was about you, but it was just about me.

I was so proud: There he goes, people would whisper, he who declares his love every day and who gets rejected. My wonderful feelings, that everlasting beating of my heart.

This has got to stop, I won't be loving you that way anymore. Alright, there, it's done, it's like it was never there, we are strangers again.

But that doesn't mean that I can't come back though, does it?

NADIA

That is true of course.

BORIS

I can come back and be someone else, surely that's possible. If I came back tomorrow as a new person, would you let me in?

NADIA

I believe I would.

BORIS

And would you listen to this new person, even if he spoke about love. But then not love how it ought to be, but about how it is.

NADIA

Yes then I would listen.

BORIS

That's good news, that's very good news.

Well then, I'm off.

[A sort of goodbye]

NADIA

Should I not have done that? I told him, but I had to. Why should I guarantee the unhappiness of someone else, I don't want to do that. And I want some unhappiness myself from time to time, it's practically impossible to be unhappy when someone is always swooning at your feet and loving you all the time.

If someone is groveling at your feet it's really hard to put a foot wrong.

Unhappiness used to be a luxury I wasn't allowed, but that's changed.

I had to tell him, yes, I like his hair so much, the way it moves when he gets agitated and really into what he's saying, this is much better for him.

This way he can go on for years.

Love ought to be like a sheep.

Ha, that dog, that dog, such a ridiculous sight.

