

HOMO

Safari

*We ought to be grateful that the
universe out there knows no smile .*
Werner Herzog, Minnesota
Declaration, 1999.

For four players.

Cast:

*Mariet Anderson *30 - 35*

*Gabor Anderson *33 - 37*

*Robert Hemingway¹ *40 - 50*

*Servant *variable age*

¹HOMO Safari is an adaption and strong modification of the short story “The short, happy life of Francis Macomber” by Ernest Hemingway. His namesake Robert Hemingway is a further tribute.

Location: Somewhere in Africa

Canvas, chairs, auto body, weapons, an almost square table, three glasses of whiskey.

1

Gabor is carried onto the stage in triumph, to the applause of the servant. He sits down on one of the chairs with an imperceptible expression of embarrassment. The servant in some distance.

Servant: Gabor is a human being. The bones of his ancestors are scattered in an ethiopian lowland plain fifty-six miles below sea level. Close by is the volcano where their dreams became liquid stone, dreams that shaped nature and the earth. Gabors body incorporates memories, which are coded in his cells, which are very slowly, but never completely accessible to his mind. We are in the year 100371. About 2020 years ago, Gabors ancestor's started a new era. Since then man, or at least some men, lived believing in a triune god, their creator. At the same time they sacrificed their god and ate his body and drank his blood and some even wanted to hide in his

wound. God's death meant being condemned to freedom. What became of the knowing knowing man²? He created ruins and a new god, that was himself. But what were Gabor's ancestors 100371 years ago dreaming of? Did they know about nature's indifference to them?

Servant off stage.

Gabor's wife Mariet enters the room, without paying notice to or addressing him. Times passes in silence.

Mariet: Eleven years.

Gabor: What do you wanna say? Eleven years...

Mariet: You're acting as if nothing happened.

Gabor gets up. Hemingway enters in that moment.

Hemingway: That was a good hunt, Mr. Anderson.

Gabor: Wasn't it? A damned good hunt. What will you be having? On the rocks or straight?

Hemingway: Whiskey, straight.

Mariet: I need something real.

Gabor: Seems so.

2 Homo sapiens sapiens

(to the servant)

What're you waiting for?

Time passes in silence, while the servant prepares the drinks. The three exchange glances. While preparing the drinks:

Servant: Gabor could be free. He is the son of Roland and Sabeth. Sabeth is the daughter of the forest. The forest is the daughter of darkness. Darkness is the son of the wind and the rocks. The blood of the earth gave birth to those rocks. The earth is the daughter of shadows and words. Words are the decedents and ancestors of the desert in which we suspend our freedom.

Hemingway: Well then, to the hunt!

Gabor: Whatever...to the hunt...

Mariet: Let's not talk 'bout that. Mr. Hemingway - why don't you smile sometimes. I mean, you always tell me to, and say, isn't it important to be sanguine and smiling, to not forget how to?

Hemingway: Is that so?

Mariet: Optimism is a question of habit.

Hemingway: When you're drinking.

Mariet: Gabor drinks a lot, and he is very sanguine. Also it's better for your complexion.

Hemingway: Ur what?

Mariet: Looks, I mean.

Gabor: I didn't look as good today...

Mariet: No, you didn't. You weren't either.

Hemingway: Would you stop, Mrs. Anderson?

Mariet: I didn't even start.

Hemingway: Please.

Gabor: Shut up, okay?

Hemingway: Let's drink.

Mariet: The red blossomed rocks of the northwest passage and the Alpine sea will endure, well after your beautiful civilization comes to an end.

Hemingway: You call that sanguine?

Mariet: Well, the horizon is distinct and then a cruel crash. That's how it is.

Mariet gets up and leaves the room.

Hemingway: Is that love everlasting or can it be dumped?

Gabor: Ohh..

Hemingway: Doesn't mean a thing. Overdose of hormones.
This'n'that.

Gabor: Sexuality, an invention of the past twenty decades.
Love. Before that they lay together. Doe-eyes are
recovering. Then pornography.

Hemingway: Nonsense. You are desperate.

Gabor: Death by possession or mating. A long fight. In one
word: Liberation. She will hate me till I die.

Hemingway: You are not only desperate, but pathetic. Let's drink
some bourbon and forget about that.

Gabor: Can try to. But its like the ants.

Hemingway: What ants?

Gabor: Me and her. Like ants, understand? They keep lice to
suck sugar from their butts.

While both of them sit in silence the servant enters the room.

Gabor: What does the servant get for her work?

Hemingway: Most importantly not too much, Mr. Anderson.

Servant: Quote: The defendant's courtship of the witness, an attempt to have sexual intercourse which her, is to be appreciated and is not to be considered an insult. May it be shameless, outrageous and obtrusive, it is only considered an attack on....

Hemingway: Keep your trap shut, or...

Gabor: Or...?

Servant: Ci sei o non ci sei.

Gabor: Them too? You must be kidding.

Hemingway: Could get into trouble though. Actually they should only be whipped. One thing is to die. Another thing is to live. How to live, Mr. Anderson. See - God died and left his grave empty.

Gabor: I do not understand...

Hemingway: You're too smart ain't you? You think we're only shoot when hunting? Everybody gets their comeuppance.

Gabor: We do. We do...but what happened today, we don't need to tell anyone, right? I mean it stays in the family, right? What do you think?

Hemingway: I think you are not only a bloody chicken, but a damned prick. But well, of course I won't tell anybody.

Gabor: I'm sorry...Very sorry.

Hemingway: There are more things you should be sorry about, most of them you don't know yet. But it's alright. I am a hunter. I can kill for you, but I cannot die for you, as much as I can't eat, think or live for you. I won't tell anybody what happened. Don't worry. You know things are playing out a bit different here.

Gabor: I was out of control. But I am going to fix up that mess. Especially for her. I am no chicken and no prick, Mr. Hemingway. Maybe tomorrow, I'll get an inmate.

Hemingway: If you are ready for it.

Enter Mariet.

Mariet: How's our sanguine Mr. Hemingway doing tonight?

Hemingway: Excellent, Mrs. Anderson.

Gabor: What about me? Did you forget about me?

Mariet: I always forget about you a bit.

Hemingway: You're tough.

Mariet: But I can be soft, too, can't I? Gabor, darling, are you better?

Gabor: I am.

Mariet: Me too. I am alright with it. Why should Gabor be able to shoot humans. Its not his disposition. Lions, Buffalo, that's for him. Shooting humans, that's for you, Mr. Hemingway, that's your disposition. It is very sweeping how you kill. I will accompany you tomorrow to see that again.

Hemingway: You won't.

Mariet: I will, won't I, Gabor?

Gabor: What do you know about killing?

Mariet: More than you think, darling. Plus I do not want to miss out.

Gabor: You'll have an unforgettable morning then, after all, for sure.

Hemingway: You won't come.

Mariet: I will. I want to see the open sky and down there the baobab and you shooting. It's so lovely. If blowing heads can be lovely.

Hemingway: Look! Lunch is coming.

Entrance of the servant in a ritual dress. The stage is dipped in pink light. The servant's upper body is naked. She holds a big, gory sphere in her right arm. On her hips, a blue, ragged piece of clothing. Some long red hair waves down from her otherwise bald skull, on which a flower is growing. She wears a flared net skirt, which has a circular hole above the knees. You see her orange legs. Light is changing to a brownish tone. Her youthful Face is covered with strong pink make up and yellow rouge on her cheeks. There is an orange spot on her chestbone same orange as the legs. While serving the food:

Servant:

The question of biography and ancestry is pertinent. What kind of people are they? What made me, me? I am no bakery girl mate, no woman of good breed, that expects her first child. None of us was raised in a cellar or brought up by wolves. What does a thirty-six years old salesman feels as his grand delusion is pressing on him and how will his yet unborn children feel, growing up without a father. How does this women

live in jail, how is she changing over the years? I serve people with out purpose as well as those with a lot. I dream of mortals, that become nymphs and assay demigods skills. I see a profane sphinx and zoom into a strange space.

Servant out.

Hemingway: She serves you an Arab.

Mariet: These dear-like things?

Hemingway: You can say so.

Gabor: Very good meat.

Mariet: Did you ever shoot them?

Gabor: Yes I did.

Mariet: They are not very dangerous, aren't they.

Hemingway: In bigger groups they are, indeed.

Mariet: That reassures me. I am not particularly hungry.

Gabor: Stop the bitching.

Mariet: Stop acting like a jerk.

Gabor: I act the way I want to.

Mariet: If you act like a jerk, I will treat you like a jerk.

Hemingway: Come on, come on, let's have a drink.

Mariet: I almost forgot about the food.

Hemingway: Do you want some more?

Sound: Gunshots, motor-sound, fragments of melodies of a musical theatre play, a green carpet is rolled out, and a bed with a bloody mattress is pushed on and over stage.

A two-headed horse with a thunderbolt-tail appears. Between his head you can read the line:

NEVER MIND THE GAP.

Gabor curls down in the shadow.

The two-headed-horse moves very slowly. Purple stripes fall. Black clouds, orange remains and yellow rags. A forest appears. A paper tree grows in the background, a wolf, with a oversize neck and a crocodile-snout manifests. The thunderbolt-tail of the two-headed-horse reappears as a plant, around it, sand and rest of a carpet on the ground. A drum set with a tom-tom, a vacuum cleaner and a broom in front of a black background. Pink tree with crooked orange windows of a flowing hat. A graphic of quantums is growing out of a watering can. In front of that a birds cage.

Again sounds of motors and shots.

Hemingway: That was a brilliant shot.

Gabor: Decent, right?

Hemingway: Excellent. If you continue like that, everything will be fine.

Gabor: What are we going to shoot tomorrow?

Hemingway: Depends on the inmates. Hope it's a good mix. The more experienced are difficult to get. They ensure, that the group survives. It's much harder for an outsider to stay alive in this territory.

Gabor: Will we get a rogue?

Hemingway: That's possible. If we're lucky, we'll snap one on the plains.

Gabor: I want to get rid of that story with the boy. It has been a real mess, that my wife saw me like that.

Hemingway: Don't think about it. Can happen to anyone.

Hemingway disappears in the background.

Gabor: It can happen to anyone...these bloody flies. How she looked at me. This strange way. Shame and fear, fear

and shame. It doesn't stop. It's happening just now. I'm sick. I hear the boy's screaming, as if underwater, how he's piercing his soul out to cry, and there is something more than a scream, like a resonance in the wind, almost the howling of night itself. I don't know, where it is from. If it is in me, or next to me, or down by the river. I am afraid, and I cannot tell her.

Light as before. A young, peculiar human voice.

Hemingway: Listen. Do you hear that?

Gabor: Is it close?

Hemingway: It is hard to tell where it is exactly. But it must be close to the water.

Gabor: So you can hear it, too?

Hemingway: Of course i can, Mr. Anderson.

Gabor: Are we going to see him?

Hemingway: We will see.

Gabor: The howling: it's carrying quiet far.

Hemingway: Damned far, yes.

Gabor: It is strange.

Hemingway: Sounds, as if it were close to us. I hope we can get him.

Gabor: Where should I aim at?

Hemingway: Aim at his sternum. The bones. Don't shoot the skull, that's your trophy.

Gabor: I hope, I can place it well.

Hemingway: And make sure about the distance.

Gabor: Which is the right one?

Hemingway: The boy has a say in it. Wait, till he is close enough, you need to make sure that you'll hit him.

Gabor: Less than fifty?

Hemingway: Probably.

Enter Mariet.

Hemingway: There is your wife. How are you?

Mariet: Splendid. I am very excited.

Again the howling of the voice.

Mariet: What's wrong, darling?

Gabor: Nothing.

Mariet: What is it? Whats wrong with you?

Gabor: Nothing. Nothing's wrong with me.

Mariet: Tell me, darling. Are you not feeling well?

Gabor: The damned howling. All night long. I couldn't sleep.

Mariet: Why didn't you wake me up? I would have liked to listen to it.

Gabor: I need to shoot that bloody thing.

Mariet: That's why you're here, isn't it?

Gabor: Actually I wanted to do something else, something with you, something that makes sense. But Mariet, I don't feel like anything's making sense anymore. I am nervous.

Mariet: Soon you won't be nervous anymore.

Gabor: Probably not.

Mariet: Do you want anything?

Gabor: No. After all wishes have come true, you try to get back to normal.

Enter the double-headed-horse. Both heads can be treated like puppets.

Double-headed-horse:

We are. Three monkeys, We hear. Everything. We see. Everything. We smell. Everything. We heard: you're wearing a pointed shoe. We saw blood on its tip. We smell: Whose blood it is. It's ours. That comforts us.

1.

At the beginning, there was boredom.

2.

To take heart on what you know, was step two.

3.

To be a woman, you need to be a god or an animal, Aristotle's mother said. Or both.

4.

Can this breast be a liar?

5.

Evil look, nice look — Evil ear , nice ear — Evil dick, nice dick.

6.

Feelings of guilt are naughty.

7.

I have lost my why.

8.

Woman don't want to be happy.

9.

No why.

10.

No gods.

11.

No guilt.

12.

No ending.

13.

We give birth. You slaughter.

14.

Prehum, hum, posthum, better unctemporary.

16.

Among us – Truth? Oh! An assassination.

17.

The split phallus.

18.

The stained bed sheet.

19.

The man who goes away.

20.

I knew there was no meaning in that. I am not a believer.

19.

Inverse Thinking.

Enter Hemingway with a rifle.

Hemingway: Come on, take your gun. Let's go to the car. Do you have your ammunition?

Gabor: I do.

Mariet: I am ready, too.

Hemingway: Your wife can sit next to me.

Double-headed-horse:

The others, those are the others. The horse, as a symbol is - don't smile- its smile. The steed is, psychologically, the void, the crack, vulvar and apparently volcanic eruption of a *canid* in sight of *equiis*. And you keep your eyes shut. The country mutated to water, when steeds hunt dogs in the face of death. And you keep one eye tight and one open wide.

Time passes. Hemingway and the Andersons in the car.

Hemingway: Do you see the birds falling from the sky?

Gabor: I can see them.

Hemingway: That means, the boy left his lair. Keep your eyes open.

Time.

Hemingway: There he is. A fantastic sample. Guess how old he is.

Gabor: Sixteen, maybe. Nineteen at most.

Hemingway: Maybe...look how he moves...let's go. He won't wait till you drop him. And he is armed.

Gabor: Armed?

Hemingway: Yes.

Gabor: You tell me now? How?

Hemingway: No firearms. Primitive stuff, cotters and draggers and things like that.

Mariet: You are not afraid, are you?

Changing lights.

Hemingway:

That's how it went. The boy is there, sees the shadow of the car. 'Course he had heard it before, but he cannot know, whether we're bringing food or abandoning someone. We try to remain unpredictable. He sees us, seemingly fearless. He hesitates to come to us. He watches Anderson leaving the car. As his shoulder gets struck, the boy throws himself into the shelter of the trees. It won't take long, and the feeling of pain vanishes and he knows his only chance is to hide and to prepare for attack. Heat and cold will alternate, while he keeps his body protected close to the ground. And again, another blast, and again a bullet from Gabor's rifle is cracking some bone in his ribcage and blood is silently floating his throat and leaves a iron taste and congeals on his lips. One more time he gets himself up and runs and disappears into high grass further on.

Gabor: Two times. I got him twice.

Hemingway: Maybe you killed him already. We will have to wait a moment till we find out. Brave, this pal. I cannot see him, though.

Gabor: What are we going to do?

Hemingway: We let him bleed dry. Then you will get in and finish the job, if its not over yet.

Howling.

Mariet: You are not afraid, are you?

Gabor: Of course I am.

Mariet: Why?

Gabor: I can tell you why.

Mariet: I do not want to know actually.

Gabor: But you asked me.

Mariet: Because you started it.

Gabor: For sure.

Mariet: You will whack him. It will be fabulous, darling. I am anxious to see it.

Howling.

Gabor: It sounds if he were here. I hate this sound.

Mariet: What sound? I can't hear anything.

Servant:

A problem of translation: The difficulty to *gewendan*, from one shore to the next. For Example: no space in the boat, loss or mischief. Smugglers. Or: you do not know what's next. Or: nothing can be opposed to the translated but its counterpart, therefore general dismissal. A problem: Something thrown in front of you, to its knees. A one. Translated to: action. A mental work-out, with the involvement of your guts. The guts that do, the mouth, the thought, the thinking inverted to him. Who raises. To? Become a display. The thought, that becomes action, that becomes flesh and stones, heavy as they are. Very simple, but very rough, too. Therefore strokes. Strokes are soothing, like a landscape, wide and open, or reckless and rocky, shaken and flooded. Maybe uteral. If that could happen, I'd be flying into you.

Gabor: Don't you hear that?

Hemingway: No. 'Guess, that's the rush of blood in your ears.

Gabor: No, Mr. Hemingway...

Hemingway: Let's go. Your wife can stay in the car. We will finish that damned thing. Mrs. Anderson, here you'll have the best view.

Mariet: Good.

Gabor: What are we going to do now?

Hemingway: Go inside.

Gabor: Can't we burn him down?

Hemingway: Of course, we can. But it would be suicide. You don't want a bloody wildfire around you, right? Look, we know the boy is wounded, maybe dead. If he is not dead, he is waiting.

Gabor: How often do they get the hunters?

Hemingway: Can happen, 'cause they're smart. Though he has a weapon, the boy is severely handicapped now.

Gabor: I do not want to go inside.

Hemingway: Me neither. But we don't have a choice.

Mariet: Darling, you do not need to go, if you're afraid.

Gabor: I am not afraid.

Hemingway: You certainly do not have to go if you are afraid

Mariet: We paid Mr. Hemingway quite well, for helping you.
He is helping you, darling.

Gabor: Shut up, Mariet.

Why not just leave him out there.

Hemingway: And pretend nothing had happened.

Gabor: No.

Mariet: You are not afraid...

Hemingway: We're just not finished.

Gabor: Why not?

Hemingway: First he is in pain. Second, he could be a threat to any
one coming out here. But you don't have to do any
thing.

Gabor: No. It's okay. We'll go.

Hemingway: Maybe its better if you don't go.

Gabor: No.

Hemingway: Join your wife. I will finish him.

Gabor: It's ok. I will go.

Hemingway: Fine. I'll help you. But don't go if you don't want to.

Gabor: I'm sure I want to.

Hemingway: Take your rifle then. When we see him, we will
 shoot both. We gave him enough time. Let's go.

Changes of light.

The boy was close. Maybe forty meters. He lay flat on the ground. Silently he breathed out all pain and despair so as to be ready for what was to come. He felt no pain, as long as he wouldn't move. Only his eyes were scanning the grass, for any tiny change. The nausea, that came from the taste of blood in his mouth was over. Adrenalin sedated him and tightened his attention. The hot liquid, running down his thighs had dried already. The boy sensed flies on his wounds, but still he did not move. His blue eyes stared straight ahead, and he tried not to blink. He did not want to miss a split second. He could do it. He listened closely and waited. That was all he needed to do. We heard a scream from the abyss, a scream that cut the air and the boy ran towards Gabor. He scrambled in furious panic into the open. I shot. Once. Twice. The boy's torso was blasted. Gabor looked at me. It was over.

Hemingway: Do you wanna take pictures?

Gabor: No.

Hemingway: Was a good boy.

Both men go to where Mariet was watching the scene.

Gabor: Mariet...

Mariet: Don't be pathetic, darling. Mr. Hemingway. The sanguine Mr. Robert Hemingway.

Mariet and Hemingway are in front of each other. She licks over his mouth, he grabs her breast.

Hemingway: Thanks. But that was not necessary.

Gabor lays down.

Mariet:

I was through with him many times. But it never lasted long. And when he digested the humiliation, it was even beautiful. Gabor is very tolerant, and he will be even more tolerant and he knows, that I will never leave him. That's one of the few things he really knows. I once was very beautiful, but I am not that beautiful anymore. Not beautiful enough to be able to afford to leave him. The winds have changed and I am getting older. I know that, and he knows that. Plus he has always been wealthy, say, rich. That's the nicest and the most sinister thing about him. He is

too rich for me could leave him, and I am too beautiful for him to leave me. We're a perfect couple.

Hemingway off stage, Mariet off stage, too.

Enter Servant.

Servant:

Whales are dashing ashore, as if they had to flee the ocean. Whales are dashing the shores and know by air and rocks, that their maimed world had a sound of a million years. Again: Safari. Black traces on crossed-out waters, where blood rests, when I'm up high. But the land is the whale's dream and the gliding of the albatrosses. The whale chose the shore and was named Gabor. But the earth split and couldn't mourn, so instead of the emperor women did smite their chest in grief. And as they did, now I advocate:

House and

dress shot to pieces

two fall in silence

Breath, Asem, Arnasa, dah, umoyah

in beloved space remains a haze

one day

then ordinary alleys.

Fragments of words in the background. Poorly equipped guerilla. With corruption against corruption. reckless in the battlefield, in between grueling discontinuity, endlessly breaking off. Life in entropic heyday, a feverdream.

Gabor alone in his bed. Mariet enters. Lays down next to him.

Gabor: Where have you been?

Mariet: Hi.

Gabor: Where have you been?

Mariet: What do you want me to say, darling?

Gabor: Where were you?

Mariet: Out for a walk.

Gabor: You promised it wouldn't happen.

Mariet: Well, you're a coward.

Gabor: That's how it is then. You horrify me. Actually I don't feel angry. Just, my mouth is dry. I never compelled you to soothe me or promise anything. Some get sick, they flinch, and that's it. Not me. Not because of you.

Mariet: And?

Gabor: Nothing.

Mariet: Darling. I am really very tired.

Gabor: You think I could take anything.

Mariet: I know that you do.

Gabor: Well, I won't

Gabor: You spoiled this journey yesterday. We don't need to talk about that, right?

Enter Servant.

Servant: Once there was a pack of wolves chasing rats. After vanishing temporarily, they came back in high numbers to take revenge. They brought disease beyond remedy. And the universe screamed in lust and pain.

Next morning.

Hemingway: Did you sleep well?

Gabor: Thanks. And you?

Hemingway: Marvelous. But why don't you keep an eye on your wife? Do you think I am a saint?

Mariet: Are we going to hunt today?

Hemingway: You will stay here anyway.

Mariet: No orders or other stupidities.

Hemingway: Are you ready to go, Mr. Anderson?

Mariet: I'll come with you.

Gabor: If you want you can stay here with him and I'll go alone. Doesn't matter.

Hemingway: If I was you, I would stop talking crap.

Gabor: You are disgusting.

Mariet: Could you be more civilized. Please.

Gabor: I am damned civilized.

Mariet: You have changed a lot.

Gabor: Not more than anything else.

Hemingway: Take a break. Both of you.

Gabor: To hell with it.

Mariet: Don't act out.

Sound: Howling, mixed wuth a high vibrating tone.

Gabor: You have no idea.

Mariet: Be decent.

Gabor: Decent...Did you ever crash against this wall? I mean...

Mariet: I know what you mean. But I am hungry and you are not.

Gabor: I hate this upbeat scumbag.

Mariet: He is really very nice.

Gabor: Shut up.

Hemingway: Let's go shooting.

Gabor: Yes.

Hemingway, Mariet, Gabor, Servant.

Sound: Motors, silence. Whales. Metamorphosis. Convoluted spaces.

View on a post-apocalyptic architecture, in an distance hard to tell. A perspective shift. View from a balcony, a kitchen in front.

Hemingway: There they are. Three mature specimen. Those must be leaders. Two whites and a black one. Very rare. We're lucky. One of them is wearing a helmet. Wasn't it thoughtful to equip them so well? Come on. We will

block them off before they get to their lair. They know we're coming.

Servant off stage.

Mariet:

Hemingway slammed the breaks and the car skid in a sweep over the dusty ground, till it came to stop and Gabor jumped right out off the car and Hemingway too and then I heard the sound of a bullet entering one of the white men's torsos and Gabor emptied his rifle in the mans chest, while he ran with his last breath, and as he charged his gun, Gabor saw the man on his knees and turned towards the other two and aimed and shot and aimed again and missed and i heard the crack of Hemingways gun and saw the other white man collapsing and Hemingway shouted: Fire! But the black man was gone and also Hemingway couldn't see him anymore and he grabbed Gabor by his arm and pulled him into the car and we drove on and suddenly the car swung over and Gabor fell on both his feet and fired and Hemingway fired and the black man went down his knees.

Hemingway: Good work. We have all three of them. Not bad.

Gabor: That was marvelous. Let's go to the car. I need a drink.

Hemingway: First we need to finish the black guy. There is still life in him. Watch out that he doesn't get up. Aim for his neck.

Gunshot.

Hemingway: That's it. Dreadful creatures, aren't they?

Servant: At first we were three red birds. One by one we shed our blood till we sat on the split skull of the doomed. Because we called death to mind, as well as the absorption of light. Men beheld our colour was black. But we weren't, even though they called us raven and scavenger.

Hemingway: How was that for you, Mrs. Anderson?

Mariet: It was awfull.

Gabor: Cheers.

Mariet: It's inhuman.

Hemingway: Give your wife a drink.

Mariet: Is it allowed to shoot people like that? I mean to shoot from cars and stuff.

Hemingway: They could have attacked us anytime. We gave them a chance.

Mariet: It was unfair.

Hemingway: Unfair?

Mariet: Inhuman.

Gabor: Since when do you know about humaneness.

Mariet: You have such a nice way to put things.

Hemingway: By the way, we have lost our servant, if you haven't noticed.

Gabor: I haven't noticed.

Hemingway: There she is. Must have dropped off the car.

Servant: The first white man, that you shot stood up and fled into the grass and bushes.

Mariet: What did you say?

Gabor: She said the one of them stood up and went to the bushes.

Mariet: Again?

Gabor: Please Mariet...

Hemingway: Do you want another whiskey?

Gabor: Yes, please.

Mariet: What game is this?

Gabor: What do you mean, game?

Mariet: I am fed up with it.

Gabor: I did not force you to come.

Hemingway: Come on Mr. Anderson. We'll go to the next leader and have a look at him.

Mariet: I'll go with you.

Gabor: You stay here.

Mariet: No. I will *go*.

Hemingway: Come on.

A very handsome man.

Mariet: It is awful.

Hemingway: For sure. But death is only a bridge into fictionality. One day or another our image fades. Funny, that it could vanish completely. See, Mr. Anderson, the bush over there?

Gabor: Yes.

Hemingway: The first one drew back there.

Gabor: Can we shoot him now?

Hemingway: Soon. We'll give him some time. But he might be dead already. Wonder how he can move at all.

Gabor: Do you know what? I need to tell you something. The hunt and ev'rything. It feels damned right. It feels good! What do you say, Mariet?

Mariet: I hate it.

Gabor: Why?

Mariet: It's disgusting.

Gabor: What is disgusting about it? That's life. Understand? You cannot be sure about anything but death. Your death and the death of the others. We're completely unaware when it comes, how it comes, if there is any thing afterwards or nothing. Nothing, understand? That's why we are here.

Mariet: I don't know.

Gabor: Why are we here?

Mariet: I don't know anymore.

Hemingway: Sometimes strange things happen.

Gabor: I am not afraid any longer. That's really strange. I mean. Those fellows out there. What can they do to you?

Hemingway:

They can kill you, that's all. Mankind turns a deaf ear to the cries of its victims. Why is that so? Doesn't having ears make a difference? But we're all right with it. You're growing up, man. You know that it has little to do with coming of age. You don't know when it comes and how. And often it comes unexpectedly. Life makes us and it depletes us regardless of whether we increase misery or not. But one needs this moment, where no thought can enter and you decide without hesitation. Look at you. You are not a boy anymore. This morning you were one. You understood something. And sometimes you need nothing more than a snakebite. Don't do nonsense and cut that off. That'll be great. Maybe you have been a chicken your whole life. But its over. Fury and a gun, and fear is gone.

Gabor: Did you live through that, too?

Hemingway: Let's not talk about that.

Gabor: So you know this feeling?

Hemingway: I do.

Gabor: I don't know how it started, but when we went after the first guy, the excitement, I mean, as if a spell was broken, that was...

Hemingway: Don't say it.

Mariet: You are both talking bullshit. You just shot helpless people out of a car.

Gabor: Keep out of this.

Mariet: Is it not a bit late to keep out of this?

Gabor: It is never too late to keep out of things for you, Mariet. Mr. Hemingway, I think we gave this guy enough time now. Let's go and finish this story.

Hemingway: If you still have ammunition for the smaller gun, we can go. Leave the big one with your wife.

Gabor: I do and I will.

Hemingway: Then let me explain something. If the leader runs towards you don't shoot the head. It's not ineffective. It might even be deadly, though he has a helmet.

Gabor: Of course.

Hemingway: But we don't want that. We want the trophy.

Hemingway: Aim at the chest. Don't try anything fancy. Just an elegant finish.

Gabor: Alright. Let's go.

Mariet stays at the car. Gabor waves to her, she doesn't react.

Servant: The men lay in the grass. He is dead.

Hemingway: It's over with him. Good job.

Sound: Howling.

Gabor:

The servant ran in horror as fast, as she could. The white man shrieked those relentless sounds out of the high grass where he had hidden to wait for us. To get us. His face was in deep and sharp shadows under the old army helmet, his upper body covered with wounds and haematomes, his bloodshot eyes directed at us. Hemingway was some steps ahead of me, kneeling down. I was unable to hear the sounds of my gun in the vast noise of the howling shrieks. I saw the man throwing dust and stone, stine and dust, saw him run, heard the metallic crushing of the helmet, his head blasting back and him getting up again screaming and I aimed. I

couldn't see Hemingway anymore and aimed at the forwardbending head, and I saw his bloody eyes again and.....

WHAM.

Gabor on the ground.

Mariet: I am gomorrah, the thirteenth angel of god, god's beloved traitor, the one he taunted, the kiss of the the snake.

Hemingway: I just started liking you. And him.

Mariet: Go to the car.

Hemingway: Where is the gun?

Mariet: I said, go to the car.

Hemingway: He would have left you.

Mariet: It was an accident.

Hemingway: Of course it was an accident.

Mariet: It's better like this.

Much better.

Go.

Figures vanishing.

Servant: When i woke up, the sky has risen, falling over sea level. Screaming caresses drowned in a dialog of interminging fingers of all shapes and sizes and species dissolving in entropy. The sun was shining on the wounded earth, and upon the bones of the knowing knowing man a wind blew randomly. Let me start again he cried.

FIN