

ISLAND

By Tommaso Santi

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Characters

A. man
C. woman
F. man
G. woman
L. woman
P. man
V. man

1. CASTAWAYS

A makeshift dinghy bobs on a mirror-like sea. On the dinghy, there are seven castaways, four men and three women, all quite elegant, apart from A., who as well as looking unkempt also has a limp.

V. - 1! 2! 3! Gone! 1! 2! 3! Gone! 1! Gone! I don't know how it'll end up, but it's not a good start.

L. - (**in German, reading**) Bleiben Sie ruhig, keine Panik, im Einklang mit Anweisungen von Offizieren, eine Rettungsweste tragen, und zwar vorrangig ältere Menschen, Frauen und Kinder, sich langsam bewegen, kein fließendes, jede Stürze vermeiden, Leiter für den Rettungsbooten...

P. - Please: stop!

C. - It's gone down.

G. - It's from that day-

A. - Nothing we can do.

L. - Poor us.

C. - Yes.

L. - How come it happened?

A. - It's gone down. Blub blub blub...

F. - I feel like crying.

C. - Let's cry softly, maybe.

P. - Maybe that's better.

C. - Yes, but it'll do us good to cry a bit.

F. - (*To G.*) Cry, you cry too, crying is good for you, did you hear? Yes? Let it go. Don't think about it anymore.

C. - Sweetie, listen to your brother. Cry.

L. - (**In French, reading**) Restez calmes, ne paniquez pas, conformez-vous aux instructions données par le personnel, mettez vos gilets de sauvetage, donnez la priorité aux personnes âgées, aux femmes et aux enfants, déplacez-vous lentement, ne courez pas, évitez les chutes, dirigez-vous vers les embarcations de sauvetage."

V. - Well? Cry like everyone else.

They cry in silence

P. - I think we should try to yell for help.

V. - HEEEEEEEEEEEEELP! HEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!

P. - We should all yell together! We're heeere!

ALL - We're heeere!

V. - Not in the same direction!

ALL - Heeere!

C. - Why is nobody hearing us?

ALL - We're heeere!

C. - So what?

G. - Gone with the wind.

C. - Yeah.

L. - May I... excuse me... From what I read in... From the little I understand... (**reading in German**) Bleiben Sie ruhig, keine Panik, im Einklang mit Anweisungen von..

V. *rips the life ring from her and throws it in the sea.*

V. - Enough of this bullshit!

F. - Ohgodohgodohgodohgodohgodohgod if you're there right now, I take my few miserable belongings and put them all in front of you, I'm asking you on my knees for just a few more years so I won't leave knowing that I have squandered so much time, wasted doing nothing, contemplating myself, crying over myself... But now I'm making a vow... Starting now... (*Stops talking, hits G.*) Hey! Look at me! Listen to me! Stop acting like an idiot, get rid of that dopey face, get it in your head that it's time for me to play the God card, whoever and wherever he is, monotheist, polytheist, choose yourself any God right now and call up his presence... (*He hits her angrily*) Sis, did I hurt you? No?

C. - Your brother is right, it's high time to pray.

V. - Pray???

A. - "Religion is the opium of the masses" Karl Marx.

P. - Just a second. One moment. Excuse me... Is anyone going to realise that not everyone is... Come on, they'll realise that there **MUST** be survivors, so they'll start searching and... and they'll find us at last.

V. - You go days here without seeing anyone.

L. - Why? How much time has passed? Combien.

V. - How would I know? Enough to piss me off.

P. - Calm down!

G. - I'm keeping track of the days. I know exactly when we sank. I wish...

F. - Stop it. (*To the others*) Excuse me. (*To G.*) Shut up and pray, don't think about it.

L. - J'ai commencé to feel scared.

C. - A prayer of thanks.

P. - If it's a matter of thanking.

V. - Thanks for what? Can't you see the conditions we're in?

A. - "We are in conditions of extreme emergency because without collective consciousness, we will not be able to change anything." Lunacharsky, speech to the Mensheviks.

F. - Lord, I thank you because we are still alive.

V. - Lord, I thank you for making us sink.

C. - If he doesn't want to pray, he shouldn't!

P. - Enough! Whoever wants to pray, pray, whoever doesn't, don't.

A. - "Yes, but in absolute respect of democratic rules" Palmiro Togliatti

They all pray together, except A. G tries to imitate the others but can't keep up with what the others are whispering.

L. - Psp.

C. - Hailmryfulograce. Rftherartnhvn. Anglfgdmygrndear... Hailmryfulograce.

Rftherartnhvn. Anglfgdmygrndear ...

A. - Marx, Lunacharsky, Togliatti, Lenin, Gramsci, Artaud, Trotsky, Barthes, Sartre, Ingrao, Derrida, Lukacs, Foa, Curcio, Negri! Gentlemen, "Prayer is the childhood of humanity"

L. - Ludwig Feuerbach

A. - Precisely!

P. - (moves his lips without making a sound but seems deeply focussed)

V. - We're losing time, we're losing time, we're//

P. - SHHHHHHHHHH!

C. - For the love of God, someone save us.

ALL - Someone save us for the love of God.

C. - We implore you to save us.

ALL - We implore you to save us.

C. - We ask for mercy.

ALL - We ask for mercy.

V. - Are you sure this stuff works?

C. - We deserve a second chance!

ALL - We deserve a second chance!
 V. - I'm afraid that there's one too many of us.
 C. - We call for your forgiveness!
 ALL - We call for your forgiveness!
 V. - I served in the military, I built bridges, I waded rivers, I know about these things... It's going down!
 C. - On our knees, we put ourselves back in your compassionate hands!
 ALL - On our knees, we put ourselves back in your compassionate hands!
 V. - It doesn't seem to be very resistant. I'm sorry to spoil the sacredness of the moment, but we'll need to start counting...
 P. - People are praying here!
 V. - What the fuck do I care! I've already sunk once, I'd like to avoid an encore. YOU!
 A. - Me?
 V. - What's in that luggage?
 F. - He still has his luggage!
 A. - My whole life's in here!
 V. - Which is?
 A. - Insurrection is an art. What is to be done? Vladimir Lenin. Theatre writings and prison notebooks. Antonio Gramsci. The umbilicus of limbo, to put an end to God's judgement. Antonin Artaud. Lev Trotsky, the revolution betrayed, their morals and ours. Palmiro Togliatti: speech to the Italians, the party's task in the current situation. Roland Barthes: the empire of signs, zero degree writing; Jean Paul Sartre: the respectful prostitute, materialism and revolution, the ghost of Stalin; Pietro Ingrao: I wanted the moon, the practice of doubt, Jacques Derrida: the end of the world, unique each time, the animal that therefore I am; Gyorgy Lukacs: history and class consciousness; Vittorio Foa: the culture of the CGIL, we WERE men of action; Renato Curcio, the flexible dominion; Toni Negri: Marx beyond Marx, goodbye Mr Socialism.
 V. - Books? Are you crazy? Do you know how heavy they are? Do you know how...

V. rips the luggage out of A's hand and throws it into the sea.

A. - "You are the enemy of the working class and the gravedigger of the proletariat."
 L. - Beria.
 F. - Look, we've all lost something.
 C. - If he doesn't re-emerge from the waters, I reckon that I've lost my husband too...!
 P. - But by now...
 A. - Blub blub blub... Why did he throw//
 P. - Stop complaining, think of the poor and be ashamed of yourself.
 A. - I'm not complaining, I can't stand his repressive police-style methods!
 C. - And who said that now?
 A. - I did.
 V. - We're sinking at a rate of knots and you're thinking about bullshit.
 L. - Stop treating him like that, he's ill. Er ist krank.
 F. - Is it contagious?
 A. - I'm not ill. I have a limp.
 C. - That's all we needed, a limp.
 G. - A voice! I might have understood...
 F. - You sleep. Hallucinations. All in your imagination. She suffers from it.
 G. - The signs are starting to move into the right place.
 L. - OOOOOHHHHHH! What if somebody else was still alive?
 P. - No waaaaaay.
 V. - I don't give a damn about others... I mean: whatthefuck, I already don't know how to save my own life!
 F. - To each his own destiny. Yeah?
 G. - To tell the truth, my destiny would have been in Vienna.
 F. - Please.
 G. - Take me to Vienna right now!
 V. - She's lost it.

A. - She's a bit... Maybe she hit her head... when we...
 L. - Probably the sun.
 C. - I'm not hot.
 L. - Maybe the cold.
 C. - Not the cold either, no.
 L. - Or thirsty.
 C. - No.
 L. - I'm fine. I don't need anything.
 C. - To be honest, I don't even want...
 L. - Hungry?
 C. - Hungry?
 F. - Not hungry, please.
 L. - I just want to go à la maison.
 P. - By the way it's been too long since we've eaten. A lifetime, I'm telling you, even longer.
 C. - In these conditions, a day counts for a week.
 G. - I tied knots in the tablecloth.
 L. - Pourquoi? Pse? Warum? Why? Perché? Perché? Perché?
 G. - I'll be eating in Vienna. At the Caffé Sperl. Bitte ein Melange eine sacher torte and a handful of sand.
 F. - Sleep, like a good girl, do you want me to cuddle you for a bit?
 C. - Darling, are you scared?
 F. - She is, so, I think she's... You're okay, right? Okay, yeah? All... Confused... Dazed and confused... We'll get through this, come on, we'll get through this.
 P. - Have faith!!! Have faith!
 G. - Yes, I am still in control of my own life... have faith... no melancholy, have faith... no more jealousy, have faith... More and more cheerful, have faith... in the madness of the world, have faith... as long as there's youth because life is beautiful and I want to live it without you...
 F. - Not long now, not long now.
 G. - Anyway, I tied knots in the tablecloth. One per day.
 V. - Can you make her shut up?
 C. - Lovely, dear, lovely.
 G. - We were at the table, your brother was having his thousandth course. It's good to eat a lot, because that way the heart pumps pumps pumps blood to the stomach, you digest and the brain dries out nice and properly, which helps you not to think. Vienna indeed! At the Prater! Schonbrunn! At the Ring! At the Burgtheater! Prosit!
 C. - Chin chin!
 F. - Stop.
 G. - Prosit!
 F. - Stop! I'm going to hit you! Stop it! Stop it! (*To the others*) She's frightened.
 G. - My destiny is down there.
 L. - Is that your city?
 G. - In a certain way everyone has their own destiny.
 L. - And what's mine?
 G. - You have to interpret the signs, I wait and watch.
 V. - Do we have our palms read? All I see is water. What does that mean?
 G. - I look around a bit, I wait for the signs and I keep track of the days. I've got the tablecloth!

Silence

L. - It's raining.
 C. - It's raining, yes.
 F. - Indeed. Yees, it's raining. (*To G.*) Cover up! It's starting to rain.
 C. - All good, it's just a few drops. How can they//
 L. - It's already stopped.
 V. - Yees.

F. - Just as well. (*To G.*) You don't have to worry about covering up if you're hot.
P. - But. Anyway. (*A pause*) No, shall we talk about it? Do you think that...? No, hey! One: big fault of whoever was piloting the ship and look... what we are reduced to. Two: absolute lack of assistance after the shipwreck. Three: I demand rescue. Right now.
C. - Do you think we can sue?
V. - Here come the champions of law.
P. - Can we...? We have to.
F. - He's right. Isn't he?
C. - Maybe at the end of all this we can exchange addresses, so that, maybe together...
V. - Lovely, shall we send each other postcards as well?

P. turns to A.

P. - Yees. I'm sorry. Look, honestly... I understand your... I'm sorry about your handicap... Disability, sorry... I'm speaking slowly, so you can understand me!
V. - Now that talk about "people living with disabilities", what a world!
A. - I am//
P. - What's your name? Are you missing something? Do you know what I mean, "missing"? (*To the others*) He doesn't understand...
A. - Me? No, I am also... I was... I worked in the engine room.
V. - I see, employing people in these conditions. Then we wonder why ships sink!
A. - "Appearance is the mother of prejudice" Voltaire.
P. - Was he a dishpig? Potato peeler? Potatoes... Do you know potatoes? (*To the others*) He doesn't get it.
L. - Actually the limping little devil speaks our language.
P. - Excuse me missy, please, let's try to keep calm.
C. - Try speaking more slowly.
P. - What were you on that ship?
V. - Yeah, a ship! Call it a ship if you want, more like a pedalo! But let's drop it. We're losing time.
P. - No, no, look//
V. - We already know how this is going to end.
L. - How is this going to end?
C. - How is this going to end?
P. - You, represent the *Cruise ship company* and what follows... It's clear. And therefore you owe us answers, right now. You - responsibility - we - asking for clarification - really really irritating accident... Serious inconveniences and... How do you say: "serious inconvenience"?
A. - Serious inconvenience.
P. - (*To the others*) He's got that, see? He's covering himself. (*To A. again*) But whatever your role was//
A. - Engine room.
P. - I beg your pardon?
A. - You asked me if//
C. - But I saw you getting on the bridge!
F. - (*To the others*) Can engine operators get on the bridge?
C. - Apparently.
L. - Ja woll they can get on the bridge!
A. - Work is work, but once the shift is over...
F. - (*Whispering but not too quietly to C.*) You are what... When we went out for a toast at dawn...
C. - Limping around in his underwear in the corridor towards the ballroom???
F. - He was staggering.
C. - Drunk.
A. - Drunk? I have a limp... You try walking with one leg shorter than the other in the corridor of a ship!
L. - Hardly his fault, the poor limping dear!

C. - He was burping and swaying in his underwear with those two bottles in his hands, at one point he came straight towards my cabin...

A. - No, no...

C. - And if it wasn't for... And if we hadn't sunk...

A. - What cabin?!

C. - It's fine to go hunting for adventures, it's fine to be primitive, but there's a limit to everything.

A. - But I didn't do//

P. - Enough, close that mouth at least.

L. - Why don't you take it out on me too? I was working on the ship too.

C. - Really?

P. - I don't take it out on ladies.

C. - So classy...

P. - Waitress?

L. - Singer.

F. - Are you ill as well?

L. - Of course I'm not ill.

P. - It wouldn't have been a singer that made us sink.

L. - Or an engine room worker either.

C. - Out of the people singing... I only remember, there was... Mamma mia, that big African boy with those drums!

L. - Brazilian.

C. - Nice!

At that moment, V., in his sleep, bites C., who lets out a scream.

C. - Owwwwwww!

V. wakes up with a start, C slaps him.

C. - He bit me!

V. - Who?

C. - Him! He bit my thigh!

P. - What do you mean?

V. - Me?

L. + F. - He bit you?

C. - Pig! He bit my thigh!

V. - I was asleep.

P. - Let me see.

C. - He bit my thigh while he was pretending to sleep.

V. - I wasn't pretending to sleep. I was asleep!

P. - There's a mark.

V. - I apologise! I didn't even realise//

C. - I did. Excuse me, let me move, excuse me, excuse me...

A. - If you want to come over//

V. - I apologised.

F. - Sharing space is hard enough... Our nerves are... No? We're all... Right? And he starts//

V. - But I was hungry!

C. - Ahhhhh! Help! Help! Take me away, take me away! He wants to eat me!

V. - I didn't say that I want to eat you. I don't want to eat anyone!

C. - It's because I'm fat, I knew it, I'm fat, I'm fat... Let me get off!

P. - You're not fat!

F. - Of course you're not fat.

V. - I apologise. You're not fat. I was hungry and...

P. - It's not good, it's not good.

A. - You can't decide to bite someone just because you're hungry, that means following your own primitive instinct and//

V. - I didn't say that I'm hungry.

F. - Yes you did.

P. - Are we going to deny the evidence?

V. - I said it I said it I said it, but I expressed myself badly: I'm not hungry, I was asleep and I dreamt about being hungry. I dreamt about being hungry. Aren't you allowed to dream? I dreamt about being hungry and in front of this "I don't know what" that showed up in front of me I couldn't resist and I took a bite, a little innocent irrelevant bite... Sorry! What am I supposed to do? Should I pull out my teeth? Do you want to gag me? Cut out my tongue? Why don't you all bite me on the arm so we're even? (*No-one is listening to him anymore, he's talking to himself now*) It won't happen again. I'll try not to sleep, if I sleep I won't dream, if I dream I'll have less realistic dreams and if they are too realistic... Oh come on, damn it. For a tiny bite. Whatthefuck! Fuck! Come on. Please. (*Sighs*) Mmh. I'll stop dreaming. I've already stopped eating, and drinking...

G. - The time of fasting will come and they won't be hungry, but they won't understand that soon the day of feasting would have come. And they won't even be thirsty, no.

A. pulls a bottle of champagne out of a big pocket, to the others' surprise.

C. - Champagne?

C. - I told you he drinks.

V. - The limping one knows how to enjoy himself.

P. - Did you steal it?

C. - Thief.

L. - Put it away!

A. goes to put the bottle away

P. - No, no. I don't agree. Let's contextualise. The bottle is mine!

F. - No, the bottle isn't yours, I want it!

L. - The bottle is ours!

P. - What's your name again?

P. - If we all agree, I would say... Actually, let's vote: hands up who's for drinking? Who's for not drinking? It's unanimous, let's drink!

F. - Righto! Champagne flutes! (*A. uncorks the champagne*) Flutes? We want to drink. Flutes!

V. - So, Limpy, these flutes?

C. - Flutes! (*To the others*) He doesn't speak our language.

F. - He does, he does, when he wants to, he does.

P. - Okay, forget it.

V. - Here we go.

C. - There-are-no-flutes. No flutes, no drinking. Drinking, flutes. How do you do it where you come from? You break the neck of the bottle against a wall and then skol? You throw the bottle on the ground and then drink from the puddles? Drink... (*To the others*) Look, there's a real language barrier here.

A. - Fine, we won't drink.

Sadly, everyone goes back to their spot. Meanwhile A. glances at the bottle of champagne and then reluctantly tips the champagne into the sea. While he tips it, he realises that an almost infinite quantity of champagne is coming out of the bottle, sometimes it stops, he looks inside the neck of the bottle and starts pouring again. Nobody notices. When A. has finally emptied the bottle, he surrenders and sucks his finger which is wet with champagne. He smiles with satisfaction while the others are lost in their own thoughts.

G. - The miracles begin.

L. - I don't know if it's a miracle, but with all the cruises I've been on, I've never seen so much champagne.

G. - It means that we're close to Vienna.

V. - Yippee! Here we go again.

G. - It is unnatural for man to be in the water.

F. - Don't start again.
 G. - But haven't you got it?
 V. - I do, I get it. Limpy, the singer, the crazy lady, we are before the Court of Miracles.
 G. - You don't get it. Don't you recognise the signs?
 L. - Why don't you get a bit of sleep?
 G. - The time will come in which the oceans will embrace themselves, every trace of life will be removed, there will be distinction between right and evil, the end of the lamb will not be dissimilar from that of the wolf, fathers and mothers, children, elderly and babies, nobody will be spared. The sickle of the reaper will not distinguish between the wheat and the weeds. You still don't get it?
 C. - Sweetie, don't think about it anymore, come on, they're not nice things to say...
 G. - The road marked by the wicked has been erased. There is a new path before us.
 F. - She didn't want to come. She hates the sea. She's also a bit antisocial. This situation makes her uncomfortable. Do you want me to cuddle you a bit? Yes?
 G. - No.

2. WHERE ARE WE GOING?

V. - Any ideas where we're going?
 F. - Nowhere.
 L. - We'll have to do something.
 V. - Let's get a move on. No? Do we want to stay here? Waiting for who? For how long? Can anybody tell me how much time has passed?
 G. - Thirty-nine days.
 F. - Ahhhhh! Stop! Will you shut up?
 G. - One knot each day. Shall I count? (*She starts counting under her breath over the top of the others*) One, two, three...
 V. - Count to yourself. We need to get a move on here!
 P. - To go where?
 G. - (*Continuing counting*) Who votes to go on to Vienna?
 A. - Vienna, if only.
 L. - I've never been to Vienna. The ships don't get there!
 V. - Do you want to stay here forever?
 A. - "I look into your eyes, comrades, and I say: we have to build the future with our own hands." Placido Rizzotto
 V. - Limpy says so too.
 P. - Since the ship went down right there...
 V. - Actually it went down there.
 A. - No. I'm sure, I've got the exact image of the ship sinking... It was there.
 L. - There, yes.
 G. - Thirty-nine!
 C. - What, darling?
 G. - Thirty-nine days have passed!
 F. - Please stop it!
 G. - Anyway, it'll be a goodbye.
 L. - I would like to go back à la maison.
 G. - I'm not sure you can.
 P. - Who says that the ship went down there?
 V. - No: who votes that we get a move on and look for help?

No-one votes

V. - Who votes to stay here waiting to be found?

No-one votes

V. - Good. By a majority: we're leaving.

P. - I'll drive.

A. - No, I'll pilot! I'm a machine operator...
V. - I'll pilot, I served in the army!
A. - No, me!

P. stands at the helm. But the boat doesn't really go anywhere.

ALL - Come on, harder, we'll make it to land.
P. - And then I'll get the satisfaction of being heard.
ALL - Yes, we'll be heard.
C. - Let's remember to exchange addresses!
ALL - It's important to stay united.
F. - And when we get there I really feel like...
ALL - What do you feel like?
F. - I don't remember anymore.
P. - STOOOOPP!!! STOOOOOPPPP!!! HALT!! WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
A. - If you plan to subvert the people's will//
V. - Oh no. No, no, no, no.
P. - I don't want to subvert anything. We're not going anywhere!
A. - "Those who do not move, do not notice their chains" Rosa Luxemburg
F. - We're a bit under the weather... A nice load of vitamins is what we need! No?
C. - Yeah, but if we're not eating!
V. - I'm not hungry
C. - When it comes to biting though!
P. - Boy, I forgot your name.
A. - I am//
P. - Never mind, as they say: pick up the pace. You're in the nautical field, aren't you?
Well: we're in your hands, take us somewhere.
A. - In the end you can't do without the hands of workers, hey? Of the proletarians, hey?
P. - It's like you say! Bravo! Let's go.

A. starts driving, all the others observe in silence, they have a lot of expectations, but the dinghy doesn't move.

V. - Great idea, letting the cripple be in charge!

A. stops driving. Without anyone noticing a somewhat mysterious coast comes to meet the dinghy and touches it.

F. - Laaaaaaaaand!
ALL - Laaaaaaaaand! Laaaaaaaaand

G. gets off onto the land. The others look at her

F. - Stop, where are you going?
C. - Careful.
F. - We don't know where we are! It could be dangerous, don't leave me here!

G. sits on the shore. Not far from the boat.

F. - I told you not to go far.
V. - (To F.) Give me your shoulder, all this water around us is starting to get on my nerves.
F. - Please, get to that goat and don't let it move away.
P. - Hey, you, hold on.
V. - (Getting off onto the land) Hold on, hold on. I need a bit of land under my feet.

They all slowly get off. G. remains sitting next to the dinghy, the others, scattered, reappear. They look at each other, a bit confused, and after a moment of indecision they start walking again, disappearing quickly.

3. THE ISLAND

The other castaways reappear at the horizon, they can be heard talking to each other in the distance even though their words can't be understood and mostly come out as sounds that tell of their disappointment.

ALL - Is there anybody who speaks our language?

ALL - Can someone tell us where we are?

A. - We've come in peace!

V. - That remains to be seen.

ALL - Does anyone know where we've ended up?

C. - I reckon we haven't arrived anywhere.

The group reaches the shore again. L. sings softly to herself, while the others, disheartened, look around

F. - We're in the middle of nowhere! We're in the middle of nowhere!

G. - It really doesn't seem like the promised land.

V. - What sort of shithole is this?

C. - Nice beach, average sea...

P. - It's not hot and it's not cold. We're not too far north or too far south.

C. - We must be on the equator!

V. - Do you see the line? Do you see it? No! So we're not on the equator!

G. - No no no it doesn't seem like the promised land to me, no no

L. - Maybe we should leave again, let's keep searching//

F. - We got lost.

P. - Let's take control of the island in the meantime.

A. - The island isn't ours.

P. - There's nobody here, of course it's ours, got it?!

A. - The inhabitants of the island will come and tell us where we are.

P. - Yeah? Sure? Where are they coming from? Where are they now? At the office? In the factory? There's nothing there's no-one!

A. - Their tradition is probably that they live on another part of the island that we don't know and when//

V. - Limpy, if any niggers arrive I'm sure that you'll make friends, but at least make sure that they're not under the ground, on this crappy shit-heap in the middle of the ocean there's just us.

C. - It's him who brought us here.

A. - Me?

L. - The island bumped into us!

F. - Yes, of course.

V. - Thanks cripple.

A. - Stop now!

V. - Stop? We're in the shit. Laaaaaand! Laaaaaaaand! What the?! In the shit. A giant shit-heap in the middle of the ocean: it was plopped down here and splaf.

C. - Even the sound.

L. - Maybe we haven't explored all of it.

P. - That's possible. It's misty.

C. - It seems sad. Maybe with the sun...

F. - Where did we end up?

G. - No no it really doesn't seem like the promised land to me.

F. - Have a bit of a rest, please.

C. - Really, darling, sweetie, lie down and sleep, you'll feel better later.

L. - At least we're not in the middle of the sea anymore. Even if there's nobody here...

Meanwhile we... Maybe we could light a fire... To show that we're here, to defend ourselves in case we need to...

A. - Yes, let's light a fire.

V. - So what? We really want to wait for his black friends? We'll make a bonfire for them? So when they arrive with the drums we all do a thanksgiving dance together and we lie down and kiss the ground and lick their asses as a sign of respect for their sacred rites that are thousands of years old, because by the time they invented art we were still in the stone age... Yes, a bit of submission. Let's happily have them take us up the ass. Let's wait for the indigenous people. No! Whatthefuck! Wake up! Wake up! I want to leave before any Bedouin shows up wanting to convert me... Where are we? We don't know. It only takes a second and you find yourself with your head cut off and shoved on a plate of cous cous. Do you want to stay here? Are you for friendship between peoples? Do you like integration? Sure, let's integrate, let's all integrate, I want to be integrated, we're all brothers. Who's coming? Monkey people, who speak black, they worship a coconut and they've realised that the meaning of life is to fuck each other however it comes, men and women, men and men, women and women, two women and a man, a man with two women, three men and a woman, each to his own... Is this the tradition of your progressiveness?! I shit on it. You want to know what I think? I am not a monkey! I am no-one's brother. I don't have a brother and I'll find the way to get out of this shithole... But for the time that I'm here, it's other people who will have to adjust to my traditions.

Silence

P. - (To A.) Stop provoking.

A. - Right. I'm the one provoking. Yes! I'm the one provoking. I'm the one provoking. Yes, but I'm free. At least, here, in this nothingness, I'm free to leave you to your domineering.

A. *goes away, followed by L.*

L. - Wait, don't go by yourself... Wait...

The others observe

C. - I'm tempted to go for a walk myself. To kill a bit of time. You never know, we might discover something.

P. - Yes, but let's not go too far.

V. - Where are you going?

P. - That way.

V. - Perfect, I'll go the other way.

All go away, except F. who goes towards G. V. has gone off on his own; as well as C. and P.; A. and L. can no longer be seen. However small the island is, they manage to disappear from each other's sight. F. decides to sit next to G.

F. - What are you doing? Feel like a walk? What do you say? Do you want to get moving? Are you coming with me? What does the doctor tell you? Movement movement. Staying put is a sentence. The human body is made for moving. You didn't even walk on the bridge of the boat. Did you do it to tease me? But you look good. Yes, yes. You're made of the right stuff. Thirsty? Sleepy? Need to go poo? Do you want me to cuddle you a bit? No? Yes? Shall I hold you tight so that the melancholy goes away? Can I hug you?

G. - No.

G. *doesn't answer.*

F. - We never get to be together, little sister. How do you feel? All good? Yes? No? You don't tell me everything, you don't tell me everything. I've always loved you. Can I give you a kiss?

G. - One knot per day. And now the path is narrower.

F. - You've always been mean with me... It's no good, it's no good.

G. - Thirty-nine knots.

F. - Stop playing the fool.
G. - Thirty-nine. Almost forty. An unfaithful cat, a rope around the neck, the yellow house you, you, my brother...
F. - Shut up.
G. - Seven times by the same sea, a sticker for a kiss...
F. - Shut up. Stop making up stories.
G. - The wrong game, hiding under the bed in the attic...
F. - Shut up.
G. - An indecent poem written on a tissue, very beautiful, burning the orange peel to get rid of the smell, dirty things under water...
F. - Shut up.
G. - How much sand does it take to get rid of them all? The time has come.
F. - So?

F. slaps G. He immediately regrets it.

F. - I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry... We've had our bad experience, I understand if you're... But now it's not that... For you too. We're in a pickle. Yeah. Yeah? And you? Why aren't you helping me? Do you like making fun of me? Do you like making things hard for me? Have fun, but you have fun by yourself, I'm going. I'm going. I'm going! (*He gets up and leaves G. alone, keeping on swearing and goes away so far that his ranting fades until it becomes completely incomprehensible*) Selfish as usual, I knew it, and when we get home, each goes their own way. I won't look for you anymore, I don't want you anymore. I knew it, little sister. You give her a gift, you take her on a cruise around the world, finally we get to be alone together for a bit, we share something, let's see if we can be together like normal people for once. No. No. No. No. You've got me bored. And she makes knots, thirty-nine and then forty... Forty, forty, forty! A nice word for me? One? No? Hey? No?
G. - I'm almost happy.

Meanwhile, on another part of the island, V., alone, has got a pole and moves back and forth dragging it, he has taken off his shirt and roams around in his singlet without a precise destination.

V. - Zero practical skills. Zero.

V. tries to stick the pole in the ground.

V. - Shelter. Build a shelter: the military is a school for life. Around the shelter, anything happens...

He takes the shirt and in some way tries to put it at the top of the pole, as if he wanted to make an umbrella. Then he sticks the pole in the ground. The operation is useless because the pole slowly leans until it falls. He takes it, picks it up but it falls again. He repeats the operation in a rather clumsy way, each time with the same result.

V. - The soil, it's not good soil, it's not good sooooooiiiiiiil. A nice base camp with a banner, to climb up and see...

V. disappears into the nothingness. A. and L. walk good-humouredly.

L. - It's like we've haven't arrived anywhere.

Silence

L. - On the boat I used to observe you often, but you never looked at me.

A. - They think that I'm rude but I'm shy.

L. - Always with that luggage clutched in your arms.

A. - I would have gladly shared the thoughts held in my luggage.

L. - I would have listened to you carefully!
A. - How long have I watched you sing?
L. - Have you?
A. - Music is the voice of all humanity. Do you know that you transform when you sing?
L. - They're just silly little songs...
A. - What are you saying?

Silence

L. - I'm sorry about your books.
A. - I have them all in my head, all in my head... by heart.
L. - They won't find us anymore.
A. - And even so?
L. - I'm scared.
A. - I'm scared that they'll find us.
L. - Why?
A. - I learnt to wait. They always told us to wait. I learnt to wait. But maybe... Look around you. This is the sign that the moment has come.
L. - Here it doesn't...
A. - And we don't need anything. We are alone, all in the same... (*He starts stammering with emotion*) In our natural sta... sta... state... Everyone in the same con.. con.. condition of giving according.... Acc acc acc according... According... to ability! And of having according to ne... ne ne necess.... Necessity... Nothing... Nothing... Nothing... But this this wasn't ex... expected... Or maybe it was? Do you realise? Here no needs. No hunger, no thirst, no hot, no cold. We're fine.
L. - We're fine.
A. - Because this is our real nature. It's our salvation. Trust me, we're saved.
L. - I'm not that sure.
A. - It's our new world.
L. - Something less would be enough for me.
A. - Here, we are truly free.
L. - I don't know, but maybe in the end I would be happy to stay with you. Even if I'm sure we'll find a good reason to kill ourselves...
A. - We found freedom. It's ours: we must take it. Even just the taste of having it: freedom.
L. - So we need your bottle for a toast.
A. - To freedom!
L. - To freedom! Something worth drinking for.

A. is stunned to realise that he has another bottle. He pulls it out and looks at L, surprised.

A. - I didn't steal it. I swear.
L. - I believe you.
A. - I thought about the bottle, and the bottle...
L. - Another miracle.
A. - Or a temptation?
L. - Let's drink.
A. - I thought about the bottle and the bottle appeared...
L. - Sometimes the senses need to be satisfied too.
A. - Bloody hell, I don't have glasses.

A. tips out the bottle. L. looks at him and then finally, kisses him, when a voice in the distances announces the arrival of F. who appears without stopping. L. stops kissing A., F. waves, disappearing, but continuing to talk to himself.

F. - She talks, she talks, she talks. Then she stops for hours. Then she starts talking again and looks at you with that crazy look... She does it on purpose. Who knows what she says

around the place? She does it on purpose to make things hard for me in front of the others. I know it. But as soon as we get home, each goes their own way, and that's it. Each...

As soon as he realises L. and A.'s presence, F. stops talking.

F. - I need to walk a bit, if not I won't get hungry. My sister says that we've been castaways for almost forty days! Is she crazy? Did she say something to you? All made up! All invented! Nonsense! Forty days without eating.

L. - We don't need to eat anymore.

A. - We've been eating our whole lives.

F. carries on and quickly disappears, continuing to talk to himself. Meanwhile on another part of the island here is P. walking with C.

P. - I'm worried.

C. - Why?

P. - There are good prospects, but the situation is getting out of hand.

C. - Yeah, we're a step away from anarchy here.

P. - We need rules!

C. - Let's hope that it's not too late.

P. - First point: even if we're not hungry, we have to eat.

C. - Without eating we are at risk of getting ugly.

P. - We need a certain regularity. Rule number two: the island is small, everyone has their own space.

C. - Correct.

P. - We need a show of strength here.

C. - Land is conquered with strength. Our ancestors taught us that.

P. - Three: it is important to recognise ourselves and know who we're dealing with. So, in a formal way, everyone, with me going first, will present a valid document that certifies their name, surname, age, profession etc etc... Because, let's make this clear...

C. - We've got it.

P. - Yeah, I can already feel fingers waving in the air: "You don't know who I am..." Last but not least: it's fair to establish a hierarchy because, okay we're all equal, but up to a certain point...

C. - Oh yes. If you're at a certain level, there must be a reason.

P. - Maybe let's proceed with a little poll.

C. - Can I say? We've only known each other for a little while but it seems obvious to me... No?

P. - Yes, I didn't want to seem...

C. - When someone has the stuff of a leader, they have it, you can tell.

P. - It would be a nice sign too: a woman leading this little kingdom of castaways. You have my support.

C. - No no no.

P. - A woman with the touch of a real man. Marvellous.

C. - You don't get it. I don't want to.

P. - It's time for courage, I'll help you.

C. - I was thinking of you.

P. - Of me? No, I'm not up to it. Really//

C. - Nonsense. You have clear ideas, you're not afraid of anything, you hold your head high, charisma, good-looking too, if I may...

P. - I'm not up to it.

C. - Yes you are, damn it. You have such beautiful eyes.

P. - I can't.

C. - All this time close to you and I can only think of your smell.

P. - I can't.

C. - Do you realise that you're the most charming man on this island?

P. - I accept.

C. - I will always be by your side.
P. - I accept.
C. - It will be amazing.
P. - I accept.
C. - Now...
P. - I accept.
C. - Can I...
P. - I accept.
C. - I would like...
P. - I accept.
C. - Can I kiss you?
P. - I accept.

C. kisses P., stops, then starts kissing him again

C. - This is weird. Not only am I not hungry, but I don't even feel like//

At that moment V. appears, with his pole on his shoulders. As soon as he catches sight of C. and P., he starts screaming.

V. - Heeeeeeyyyyy. Help me.

P. and C. don't take much notice of him, but V. insists and goes up to them. V. reaches them and again tries to stand the pole in the ground, it seems that this time he has more success.

V. - The soil is better here. If you help me, together, we can do it.

P. - To do what?

V. - Shelter. A sort of big umbrella. A base camp. For the sun, for the rain. I don't like this weather.

P. - First: let's order some food.

V. - I don't care.

C. - This is no good.

V. - Do you want to help me or not?

P. - To the boat! To eat! And then important decisions will follow.

V. - It works here. It goes in. Why don't you help me?

C. - Decisions about the future of the island!

V. - Do whatever you want, I'm building my shelter.

P., C. - We'll talk about it again.

P. and C. go away, disappearing from our sight. V. stays alone and keeps trying

V. - Come on, you can do it. Come on, you can do it. Come on, you can do it and when you do it, then there'll definitely be something to laugh about because everyone will be here begging like bees on a fruit salad: "A little bit of shade, the sun's out", "A little bit of shelter, it's raining!", "It's cold", "It's hot". And so there'll be something to laugh about. Come on, you can do it. Because this is my house and here I'm in charge... Come on, you can do it! And with a nice banner, you climb and spot a ship and you don't tell anyone and you get yourself taken away from this madhouse... Or you tell them and everyone will kiss your feet and someone will have to say sorry... Come on, you can do it! Stronger than the others, stronger than the others. And while you wait for the ship to come, you rest a bit in the shade of the shelter... Come on, you can do it! Come on, we're almost there! Here we do things my way, my house my rules, you stay in your house... I won't let you in! I won't let you in! I always go stubbornly against the tide, me! You're not the same as them! Don't think about it, don't think about them, it drains your energy... It bloody kills you, it drains you. Come ooooooon. As in life, dear, it breaks through and conquers...

Suddenly V. manages to stick the pole in. He looks at it with satisfaction, then he takes off his belt and uses it to climb as high as possible. From there he peers at the horizon.

V. - Nothing. (A silence). I don't like this sky. It's not a regular sky. It really isn't a regular skyyyyyyyyyyy...

Under the pole a metre-deep crack opens up, and V. sinks into the mud...

V. - Heeeeeeeelp! Quicksand! Heeeeeeeelp! Help me! I'm heeeeeeeere!

From the other part of the island, G. joins in V.'s chorus.

G. - I'm heeeeeeeere!

All the other characters, except V. obviously, run to the dinghy and look at the horizon, hoping to see something.

P. - What happened?

G. - I'm heeeeeeeere!

F. - Did a ship go by?

L. - Why didn't it stop?

Even though they don't see anything, all of them yell in unison.

ALL - We're heeeeeeeere! We're heeeeeeeere!

A. - Enough, it's no use.

C. - Shut up, defeatist, it's not you who gives orders.

ALL - We're heeeeeeeere! We're heeeeeeeere!

F. - I think I see a ship!

A. - There's no ship!

P. - What do you know? Do you think you can see better than the others?

ALL - We're heeeeeeeere!'

Suddenly silence falls. There's no ship.

G. - There's no ship.

F. - We should do something, we should do something, we should...

P. - Give ourselves rules. Organise life...

A. - That's what//

C. - Don't start being bossy.

P. - Someone has to take control and establish//

A. - I've no intention//

C. - Yes, fine, you've had your say, but I don't agree.

L. - Oh really? Well I say that he's right.

F. - Well done, congratulations, nice choice.

P. - Let's put it to a vote. Who's with me?

Nobody votes

P. - Who's against me?

C. - Congratulations.

P. - History will give us the laurels.

L. - (To A.) There's always someone in control.

P. - Rule number one: we have to eat. If we want to eat, we need to get ourselves food.

A. - I don't understand why we have to eat if we're not hungry.

P. - You are what you eat. If we eat nothing, we are nothing.

A. - I hadn't thought of that.

G. - I do know why we're not hungry.

F. - Shut up!
C. - But there's nothing here. If the soil was good, we could grow something... (C. starts rummaging in the ground)
A. - I still have something to drink by the way!

A. *pulls out a bottle.*

P. - Put it away! First we have to eat, or else we won't be thirsty.
A. - That's true as well.
C. - (*Digging, C. finds a rope*) I found something! I found...

C. *pulls the rope. A rope that seems never-ending.*

C. - I found it! It's mine! It's mine!
F. - Careful with that rope, it could be dangerous.

Everyone pulls, the rope is really long, it seems never-ending.

P. - It looks like it doesn't lead to anything.
G. - Everything that has a beginning has an ending. The end is my beginning, my beginning is the end.
F. - Could be. Anyway, we're starving.

Sugar flakes start raining from the sky. Everyone stops, except C., who keeps pulling the rope which slowly keeps coming.

P. - It's raining, that's all we need.
F. - It's raining.
C. - Come on, it's coming!
G. - No, no.
L. - It's not water.
F. - What is it?
C. - Come on, it's coming!
L. - It's sweet.
P. - Sand?
L. - No. It's sweet.
F. - Be careful what you put in your mouth.
A. - It's sugar.
P. - It seems like sugar. Honey.
L. - It's warm.
C. - I can't get it.

A long silence, but everyone except F. tries to get a mouthful of this strange rain.

G. - The wind starts blowing and brings food from the trees.
C. - Come on, it's coming!
F. - It's all sticky.
L. - It's good though!
P. - Yeah, but what is it?
G. - It's the food of the fair.
C. - Come on, it's coming!
F. - Enough, we could poison ourselves, this stuff is not for us!
C. - Come on, it's comiiiiiiiiiiiiing!

The sugar rain stops. Suddenly the rope that C. is pulling gives way, C. pulls it violently and discovers that the rope is tied to a chest. Silently everyone moves closer to that mysterious object.

P. - Halt! Stop! I'll take care of it.

P. opens the chest. There's a gun inside.

P. - War surplus.

F. - But there's nothing to eat?

P. - Nothing else.

F. - We could use it to go hunting.

A. - Hunting for what?

P. - I'm sorry, but we have to face up to reality.

G. - Reality doesn't exist.

P. - It exists and it tells us that if we really want to eat we have to put up with stones!

Everyone looks at each other with a certain suspicion then starts collecting stones, all except A. and G.. The others look at the stones and, at first with a certain reluctance, then with ever increasing greediness start sucking on them.

ALL - Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!

F. - Delicious!

P. - They're tasty, aren't they? Right?

L. - Well, we'll get used to stones as well.

C. - On the other side of the island, there are bigger ones and they're all mine! *(She runs yelling towards her stones but soon comes back, terrified)*

Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! A monster...

V. appears covered in mud. He still doesn't really know what happened to him or where he is.

V. - Heeeeeelp! I don't want to die like this! I don't want to die like this! I don't deserve it! Heeeeeelp! I've lost my sight! No, what a shitty death! Heeeeeelp! I don't want I don't want I don't want... All go get fucked! *(He slowly realises that he's not drowning)* I don't want I don't want I don't want... Do I have to die? You're leaving Limpy alive? The Albanian whore? The crazy bourgeois woman? And her fag brother? The black widow and the milky piglet? And you kill me? I am the only one! I am the sperm that will give life! Got it? Pieces of shit who don't understand anything up there! I can walk! It's a miracle! I'm blessed! Hey, that's all I needed! Shade, umbrella for everyone, a prize for everyone, just for a minute, all right?! Whatthefuck! I hope, I promise and swear, infinite future lies there...

P. - What the fuck is this thing?

V. - It's me...

F. - It speaks our language!

C. - Stop that thingy... It wants to eat us.

L. - Don't hurt us.

V. - I am...

A. - We come in peace.

P. - Don't take another step, I'll shoot...

G. - The day of departure has come. The fire is lit, the flame has flown to the sky.

L. - *(To G.)* Come away, it's dangerous, come with us... It's almost on top of you...

V. - I am...

F. - Why is it looking at me like that?

P. - What do you want from us? We don't have anything!

V. - First I want your women! What do you expect me to want???

C. - A human sacrifice!

A. - Are you some sort of priest?

L. - Please, don't hurt us.

C. - These are hot-blooded people!

A. - We want to respect your traditions!

C. - What if their tradition is to eat people like us?

V. - I want you all on the dinghy, then one by one...
F. - It knows about the dinghy! It knows our past! Maybe it's a god of the island... We've stepped on sacred ground!
C. - Mercy!
P. - Not another step, or with the authority that my people gave me, I'll shoot!
V. - Throw that gun away!
F. - Do what the creature says!
V. - It's me!
P. - Me who?
C. - ME, GOD!!!
G. - Let me think about it... ME GOD?
F. - Don't start again... See! Without God, atheist... I knew it! I knew it... GOD EXISTS AND IS HERE IN FRONT OF US!

F. breaks away from the group and goes to hug V.'s knees.

F. - Here I am, I'm your slave. I prayed to you, ME GOD! Maybe I prayed to another God... It's not my fault, geographical location, tradition, education, schools: I had a different idea of religion, but the fact that I acknowledge the existence of a Superior Supernatural Being tells you that I am willing to accept you and welcome you! Whoever you are, I'm your slave. I'll do everything you want, but save me!

F. cleans his face and lets out a yelp of shock...

P. - (To V.) That wasn't funny, that wasn't funny, that wasn't funny...
C. - Shame.
F. - It would have been nice.
C. - Meeting a God in the flesh.
P. - May it never happen again.

P. throws the gun at him and goes away, V. picks it up.

4. Gramsci dreams

P. - The truth is we're tired.
G. - We're not tired.
F. - You don't do anything, you'll be rested.
G. - We're not tired. We're dead.
V. - Joy!
P. - Make her shut up, we have bigger problems to think about.
L. - Don't say that anymore, please, you're scaring me.
G. - The sacrifice has happened. The signs beat time: the fortieth day is near, if we want we can be what we want.
V. - Come on, show me. Tell me how?
G. - Ask. What do you want?
V. - New clothes!

V. magically has new clothes. Everyone looks at him, stunned. A. gets up and screams.

L. - Another miracle. Like with his bottles!
C. - Nice, the only miracle that we need is that a ship appears and takes us away from this island.
A. - I want to walk!
G. - Walk, run.

A. starts walking properly and then starts running.

A. - I'm walking! I'm walking! I'm walking! We really are conquering freedom!

A. hugs L., waltzes with her for a bit then leaves her and starts running again. Until he stumbles and falls to the ground. Everyone laughs. A. is lying on the ground, L. goes over to him.

A. - So it was all an illusion?

L. - Come on, I'll help you get up.

A. - No, I don't want to get up.

L. - Don't think about it, really. We're tired, I'll lay down next to you. Okay? Even if nothing has changed, we'll be happy all the same. We don't need much, you said it yourself.

L. lays down next to A. The others also lie down, everyone except G.

C. - It seems perfectly natural to me: we ate stones and now we have to sleep. Come on, let's start living like we should again.

V. - Who said we have to sleep? I'm not sleepy!

P. - So you haven't understood anything. We gave ourselves rules: after eating, bed.

Silence. Everyone sleeps, except G. who waits for the coach to Vienna. But after a few seconds the others also wake up suddenly, at the same time.

C. - Hey! It feels so good after a good sleep.

A. - I had a dream.

P. - Yes, I see that you're rested.

V. - What a disappointment, you're all still here.

L. - How long did we sleep for?

C. - Enough time to restore all our energy.

P. - Two or three days.

F. - I'm the same as before.

A. - I had a dream!

L. - You see? It means that you're better.

A. - I wasn't wrong. I had a dream!

P. - We get it!

A. - I was in the engine room, I was throwing coal in the furnace, at the certain point I feel tapping on my shoulder, I turn around: there's no-one there. Again, I feel a hand on my shoulder. No-one. I hear a voice, I don't know whose, or where it comes from: "He's waiting for you. He's waiting for you." And then it whispers a name in my ear. It's him.

C. - Him who?

A. - I open my mouth, I want to say that... But I can't speak. So I decide to go out, my legs barely move as if I was walking in snow, but I go out happy, with my heart in my mouth: I struggle to breathe with joy... I knew him, I didn't think...

C. - What a nice story!

A. - I don't know why I find myself in a street in my city. He's staying at Hotel Stella. I quicken my step, he's waiting for me, I don't want to make him wait, I quicken my step and when I get to the square... I see him. He's by the window of his room.

C. - Is it someone famous?

A. - He smiles. I lift my hand to wave and he... laughs! He really laughs! He laughs! He's happy! And he's good, you can tell that he's a good man. He laughs and he's a good person!

C. - Can we find out who he is?

A. - Gramsci! Antonio Gramsci. He was laughing.

V. - How exciting, what an educational dream.

A. - First, this island. Us, alone, the reality that realises utopia, then my legs and now... I'm not wrong! I'm not wrong!

P. - Yes, okay, enough now.

A. - Gramsci was laughing. Why didn't they tell us? Why? I get it! The revolution failed because they always hid from us the fact that Gramsci was laughing too.

P. - And so?

A. - I can't stay here anymore. The moment has come. I have to go back, I have to leave right now. Everyone has to know. Friends, there's no time to lose, I'm taking the dinghy, but I'll come back, I'll come back to our new world when everyone will know and be free.

P. - You're not taking anything.

V. - Definitely not our dinghy.

L. - Don't go alone, don't leave me here.

P. - Stop, where do you think you're going?

A. - I'll come back, I swear.

L. - Why are you going away? This is our new world.

A. - Gramsci was laughing.

V. - Get off the dinghy.

A. - He was laughing! I have to leave, everyone has to know.

P. - You're not going anywhere. You stay here like everyone else. Stop, we're a democracy, we have to all decide together.

V. - Shall I shoot?

P. - Shoot.

V. shoots and hits A., who realises that he hasn't been injured though. Another shot hit the target, but A. is still standing.

A. - Did he shoot me?

F. - A miracle!

G. - It's not a miracle. It's the dawn of the fortieth day.

A. - Did he shoot me?

L. - He's still alive?

C. - Oh yeah, he shot him and he didn't die.

G. - We can't pretend anymore. Now we know. What had to happen, happened.

P. - Shoot!

V. shoots again, with the same result.

L. - He must have aimed wrong!

V. - What? I served in the military: I know how to shoot and don't//

V. throws the gun, throws himself at A., grabs him by the shirt and drags him to the ground. He starts kicking him.

V. - I aimed wrong! Let's see if I hit the target! Target! Target! Target!

P. picks up the gun.

P. - Enough now. There's something wrong.

P. shoots A., who doesn't die, but gets back up.

C. - He's immortal.

G. - He's not immortal.

F. - He's immortal. He's not dying!

G. - Because he's already dead, we're all dead.

V. - Speak for yourself.

C. takes the gun from A. and shoots herself in turn, still nothing happens!

C. - I'm immortal too! I'm immortal...

G. - You're already dead too. (*G touches everyone else's head*) You're dead. You too, you're dead. You're dead. You're dead.

F. takes the gun from C. and shoots G., she doesn't die either.

F. - You're dead too.
G. - I'm dead. And I feel so good.
L. - If we're dead, it means that//
P. - Who said that? Who decided that?
L. - We're not hungry, we're not thirsty, we can't feel anymore//
V. - I don't want to be dead, I don't like it.
A. - The dead are nothing.
F. - If someone knows what is going on, it's time to speak!
C. - I feel good, I'm not dead, I feel as usual, I'm still//
G. - The fortieth day has come.
L. - If we're dead then//
A. - We can't be dead.
F. - Of course we can't be dead, it's not fair. (To G.) Why didn't you tell us earlier?
C. - It's not something you can put up with...
V. - Well, no, what the fuck, you can plan: not even the time to plan?
G. - The fortieth day has come.
L. - If we're dead it means that we're really not going back à la maison.
A. - The dead are nothing, we can't be dead.
V. - And anyway what is this, heaven? Hell? What is this crap?
P. - Where are the other dead? Where?
G. - Gone with the wind.

G. gets up and goes towards the water.

F. - Stop there. You're dead. You're not going anywhere.
L. - Don't leave us alone. We want to know the way too.
G. - Sand. It's over.
F. - Take me with you!

G. walks on the waters of the sea. The others watch her and can't follow her, while she slowly goes away.

F. - What are you doing? Where are you going? You're dead like everyone else! You have to stay here too!
ALL EXCEPT G. - You're dead like everyone else. You have to stay here.
G. - And silence. Perfect silence. In perfect darkness. End of the party. The party is over. At least for me. I'm going without saying goodbye. Thank you for inviting me. I would have preferred you didn't. And if someone shows up in front of me with the keys to hell, **FIRST:** I will kill him with my bare hands, I'll make sure I tear him to pieces, little pieces, little, little, little, little, little: I earned myself death, hell... I feel like laughing... **SECOND:** I lost my sense of direction...
ALL EXCEPT G. - This is cruel, excuse us! No, no, we know
V. - We don't want, no, no
G. - My eyes? Do what you want with them. It went that way. I would have preferred not to. Each to their own death blossomed from their life... Life is the fertiliser of death? The field has blossomed. An announcement! An important announcement to all present! Yes! Now I pick this poppy knowing that it will wither and I want it to really... I loved, thought, suffered... not in that order. As if it wasn't... not in the same quantity. Isn't it true? Or maybe not? I don't know. I don't know anymore. The important announcement! Stop! Quiet! Listen: it's important! The beautiful thing is that, slowly slowly, all that remains of memories is a breath on a window... they slowly evaporate, as if... What else can I say...
ALL EXCEPT G. - Oh really?
F.+V.+P.+A. - Mutiny!
L.+C. - We're staying here!
ALL EXCEPT G. - Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat!
G. -

A. - Death is a better fate than tyranny. Aeschylus. Revolution is always three quarters fantasy and one quarter reality. Bakunin! To the living we owe respect, but to the dead we owe only the truth. Voltaire. Often the test of courage is not to live but to die. Vittorio Alfieri. Death begins when life begins. Rilke. We come from afar and go very far. Palmiro Togliatti. The dead know only one thing: it's better to be alive. Stanley Kubrik. Freedom is always the freedom of dissenters. Rosa Luxemburg. A single death is a tragedy, a million deaths is a statistic. Stalin. Death is paid off by living. Giuseppe Ungaretti. Citizens! Do you want a revolution without revolution? And a revolution without death? Robespierre. Thought is the opium of the masses. I am telling you!

ALL EXCEPT G. - And so I'll eat! I am hungry. I'm hungry! I'm hungry! I'll eat!

G. - Don't speak to me of eternity. My eternity is stone. Stone. At the bottom of a river. Water caresses me, hits me, beats me. Cold. It erodes me endlessly. Sand, and the wind carries me away. I go away and in a moment... gone with the wind!

F. - Take me with you to Vienna!

G. - Vienna?

F. - I beg you!

G. - I don't remember.

F. - Vienna!

G. - Don't remember.

A very long silence. F. tries to follow behind her, he too walks on the waters.

F. - Come back right now! I told you to come back! Where have you gone? Why did you leave me alone?

The others characters also scatter, walking on the waters, but they don't really know where to go.

F. - How come nobody's listening to us?

C. - We feel alone!

P. - Someone will realise that we're not there anymore.

A. - They don't give a damn about the living, as if they would care about the dead.

L. - Pier Paolo Pasolini.

F. - So what do we do?

V. - What we've always done.

They roam without a specific destination, somebody sits down, someone lies down. A. pulls out another of his bottles. Then, stunned, he pulls out a glass. He throws it away. He looks at the bottle then tips the champagne onto the ground. When the bottle is empty, he blows into it, then throws it in the sea.

A. - "I hate indifference".

THE END