

ARELIS

THE HYPERPOLITICIAN

Characters of the play:

- ✚ Fernando
- ✚ Claudia
- ✚ Armando
- ✚ Antonio
- ✚ Estevez
- ✚ Hose
- ✚ Warden
- ✚ Servant

SUMMARY OF THE HYPERPOLITICIAN

[GREEK VERSION]

Το θεατρικό έργο μεταφέρεται σε κάποια χώρα της Λατινικής Αμερικής που βιώνει ένα καθεστώς δικτατορίας και ανελευθερίας με άγνωστο χρονικό προσδιορισμό. Ήρωας είναι ο Φερνάντο Αρραμπάλ [υιός ενός μεγάλου οικονομικού παράγοντα του Χοθέ Αρραμπάλ] ο οποίος ευρίσκεται στην φυλακή λόγω της απόπειρας δολοφονίας που διέπραξε κατά του προέδρου της χώρας και αρχηγού της χούντας. Στους διαλόγους που αναπτύσσονται με όλα τα πρόσωπα ο Φερνάντο φιλοσοφεί επάνω στην ζωή, στην ύπαρξη, στα φλέγοντα κοινωνικά και πολιτικά θέματα αλλά κυρίως αναπτύσσει τις ελπίδες του για την ιδεολογία στην οποία πιστεύει: την αναρχία. Τον φυλακισμένο Φερνάντο επισκέπτεται ένας παιδικός του φίλος ο Αρμάντο προσπαθώντας να τον πείσει να υπογράψει ένα χαρτί μετάνοιας ανεπιτυχώς, η αγαπημένη του Κλαούντια που τον προμηθεύει μ' ένα δηλητήριο σε περίπτωση που θελήσει ν' αυτοκτονήσει και ο πατέρας του ο Χοθέ που υποστήριξε οικονομικά την χούντα. Ο Χοθέ έρχεται σε λεκτική αντιπαράθεση με τον υιό του ασκώντας και σωματική βία για να τον σωφρονίσει. Το αποτέλεσμα είναι τραγικό αφού δηλητηριάζεται απ' το φιαλίδιο που είχε αφήσει η Κλαούντια. Στην τελευταία πράξη τον επισκέπτεται και ο Αντόνιο επίσης παιδικός του φίλος αλλά και υιός του παραλίγον δολοφονηθέντος προέδρου της χώρας, εξαναγκάζοντας τον Φερνάντο να δολοφονήσει τον Έστεβεζ επίσης φυλακισμένο και παιδικό του φίλο αλλά και δολοφονώντας την αδελφή του Κλαούντια για να τον εκδικηθεί. Το τέλος είναι τραγικό αφού τόσο ο Φερνάντο όσο και ο Αντόνιο δηλητηριάζονται και εκείνοι απ' το φιαλίδιο της Κλαούντια.

[ENGLISH VERSION]

The theatrical play takes place in a country of Latin America under a regime of dictatorship and illiberality and to an undefined time. Hero is Fernando Arrambal [the son of an important economic factor of the country Hose Arrambal] who is being imprisoned due to the attempt of assassination that he made against the president of the country who was also the leader of the dictatorship. Fernando philosophizes about life, existence, important social and political issues but he mainly forth his views concerning the ideology that he believes: the anarchy. Armando the infant friend of Fernando visited him in prison, trying to persuade him to sign a paper of repentance with out any success. His mistress, Claudia provides him a poison in the case that he wants to commit suicide. Furthermore his father Hose visits his son at the prison and during to an oratorical comparison he tortures him. The result is tragic because Hose is being poisoned by the vial that Claudia left behind, considering this as a perfume. At the last act Antonio [an ex friend of him] visits the prison trying to enforce Fernando to assassinate his friend Estevez who was also being imprisoned. Antonio wanted by this way to take revenge for the unsuccessful attempt of the assassination of his father. Finally Armando kills and Claudia even if she was his sister. The ending is tragic because not only Fernando but also Armando are being killed by the smelling of the poison in the bottle that Claudia left behind.

ACT ONE

Scene 1

(Inside Fernando's cell there comes a young, handsome man elegantly dressed escorted by the warden who holds a key in his hands. The prison door is open. He stands in front of chained Fernando.)

Fernando: Where do I owe your visit my friend, your Majesty?

Armando: It is not a random visit. It is an enquiry of the age, but your surface looks like a trunk. (He touches his cheek softly.)

Fernando: I hope of an age-long one... (He slightly withdraws.)

Armando: Even if it has oddities... (Addressing the warden who stands embarrassed and awe-stricken by the unexpected presence of a person of the society with such prestige.)

Fernando: Why do you pretend to launch the bottom of my soul?

Armando: And why don't you confine my sadness? (He examines the room with a penetrating look while he is obviously ironic with a sense of uncanny dominion.)

Fernando: You came to admire a statuette of Prometheus. Behold the counterpoised eagle! (He shows him the prison bars.) Behold the Xenios Zeus! (He shows him the moldy walls of prison.). Behold the plague of the presence! (He presents himself taking a bow allowed by the chains.).

Armando: I did not study the essay of mythology. Rocky Mountains are words of encouragement. Why did you weave the longing of the Spirit for Antonio's father and his overthrow? We are domestic wolves... (With a worried look)

Fernando: We were a few years ago... We cannot be what we once were. You cannot enter the same river from a bank as a person twice... (With a cold voice)

Armando: Last time, Saturn with his leaves passed me by fleetingly like a... (He takes an important piece of paper out of his pocket). Resurrection is present in my invitation!

Fernando: I do not believe in the holiness of the miracles! (Indifferently)

Armando: Where exactly do you offer your faith? To the green Tritonian highlights of the boxes? To the form of the fountain of the Gods? To the arrows of the predetermined materials? Or to the denial of the law of elections? (With a look of indignation)

Fernando: To doubt, the antidote of the believers. But what is it written by club on this fig-carved scroll?

Armando: It is a confession of repentance and faith.

Fernando: You are talking to an atheist, who is against human beings, about disturbed concepts. I will pretend to be the Triune monkey so as not to become the Satyr you want... (In an intense tone. Armando starts reading the piece of paper).

Armando: I, FERNANDO ARABAL, HUMBLY APOLOGISE TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF OUR POTENT COUNTRY BECAUSE I WANTED TO HARM HIM BUT, THANK GOD, I FAILED. I SEE AN OCEAN OF POWER ON HIS FACE, OF JUST COMPASSION. I RECALL ALL KINDS OF IDEOLOGIES AND I WILL REFUSE MY TITLE OF

ANARCHIST. I WILL BE A FAN AND HIS MOST LOYAL FOLLOWER. The signature you are expected to put comes later.

Fernando: Who is the guide of this attractive recipe? I will renounce it...

Armando: We all put balanced education from the school's dean on the spoon. (He shows him some delusional substance). I have to remember you packed it!

Fernando: You structure another solar system. I rise at the corner of the Universe like a Byzantine manuscript. My package will be perpetuated as a closed window. The maple now belongs to the tomb. (He shows him a half-rotten flower on the ground)

Armando: Your birth was not characterized as parthenogenesis. Why do you fight it? (He chuckles)

Fernando: Because the more the homonyms are attracted to each other the more the opposites fight each other. (He says that in an overwhelming way). Have you ever seen deer colliding with iguanas? The laws of physics do not coincide with the rules of chemistry.

Armando: I do not wish to imitate the lyre of Orpheus.

Fernando: You will see a part of me as you tumble there... (He shows him his right arm). My left one is the good one. My right one to the worms. I have planted a ruby in my left hand but it will not be a fellow traveller to my decay. The power of my resistance comes from this stone but extends to my palm like an azalea ready to weep.

Armando: Somebody has named suicide ebb or sin. (In an obviously provocative tone).

Fernando: It is impossible to find a pettier sin than life. Suicide is a conqueror of nature, a jar of the end of a God. (Calm)

Armando: It is the perjury of life.

Fernando: Death after life to nothingness. Suicide is the core of human existence. Inspiration and creation of names are the facades of the insignificant.

Armando: It is the anatomy of the regression.

Fernando: But when you slaughter the others at the fields of Babylon it is glory... (With a disappointed look)

Armando: Suicide is not a philosophy.

Fernando: You will need more courage than what you dreamt of in Fulvia Bridge to see off what oars inside you! I wanted to become a teacher; not a

student. My arms say so! (He shows his wounded palms to Armando. He, watching this horrible sight, approaches the warden and talks to him)

Armando: One of us on the bed of Procrustes...

Fernando: Not anymore... I died, though I was rejuvenated by a lifting crucifix. I was not resurrected because I am not the God of the thirteenth number. The teacher is what has been left... (Looking tired)

Armando: I want this to end... Do I make myself clear? (Addressing the warden who looks like he does not understand his words). He cannot be absorbed by Antonio. (He picks a dirty sponge from the ground and a bucket with some water in it, plunges the sponge in the bucket and then takes it out. He approaches Fernando and laves his face with it).

Fernando: Why are you doing this?

Armando: I will try to guarantee a scroll made of lilies with a monogram for Claudia. Just drink from the speechless water and I will apologise to Antonio. (Worried) You are not a conqueror of the matter. (He is talking as if he is trying to convince himself). You were a monk in a monastery at the dead-end one-way of the lava. While he could plunge the blade into his heart, he preferred the knee instead! (Apologises to the audience)

Fernando: I prefer swastikas to icons and the arks to the drastic bullets.

Armando: You cannot be cunning.

Fernando: You make mistakes. I am Apollyon of the fig tree.

Armando: Your blood is marine, your seat of platinum, your head decorated with soft, thin levators. You never had contracts as your counterweight. That was your disadvantage. (Looks like he sympathizes)

Fernando: Never forget that the rules of imperfection were always the contracts, written on patterns at the course of life. (In a preaching tone)

Armando: You write your destiny on the sheets. (He says that as a reproach)

Fernando: I am looked after by three headless ladies. I am not on the alert. The rule of dominion is indifference. I do not forget it. I remember... (He looks as if he is swimming in another world) The sun had an eclipse once and I watch it like a man in a bucket of water as it is slowly fading out without wanting it just because Nature ordered it to do so. I cut my left arm with a stiletto. The sun's kingdom became darkness because it was not borrowed. But the basin was not golden; it was plastic because reaction brings harm. The bogs were prominent on the Bible's covers. We are all slaves in the same barn...

Armando: With privileges... (He abruptly interrupts him to awaken him from the lethargy he was in)

Fernando: I have them from the fabrics at the anvil. If you look for a sealing stone in the sky, you will discern rhythms and heterogeneous sounds. Like the clouds you will not hear... Their sights alternating periodically in the nature worship. Society is an informal Bastille.

Armando: If it did not exist you would be chained in a tropical savanna. (In an imperative tone)

Fernando: Society powders her metope with civilisation. The instinct of a hyena in a cage, on a cushion. If I am not Spartacus of society then some Messalina will grab me.

Armando: You confessed you adored the evil pleasures... (He looks at him in a weird way)

Fernando: Same people always give birth to each other... (Sardonic smile) I was born without knowing why I live or exist...

Armando: You will exist to learn who you are. And when you do it you will learn to exist and you will not be afraid to look your life in the eyes.

Fernando: Neither the end... I will not know the why though...

Armando: When you walk your path, you will meet so many whys as the stars in the Sky...

Fernando: I do not want to live but I exist... (Desperately)

Armando: This is better than to be and not expect to exist.

Fernando: Maybe I am scared of being something because I will stop existing. When I become something then I will learn to be...

Armando: You do not want either to learn to exist (so as not to be), or learn to be (so as not to exist). Life premises gardenias at the football pitches so as not to be unbearable and not shacks of malnutrition.

Fernando: Maybe due to the fact that we live because we do not want to be or exist.

Armando: Or maybe because we want the gift of life to last now and forever.

Fernando: Life contains antinomies because existence does not have shoelaces... My only wish is for the planetary pattern of anarchy to come as a swarm and I will cut loose from the sowing of the sparrows.

Armando: You can only imagine her image now, roaming around at midnight like a ghost, she will not receive flesh and bones at the dark walkways of the pylon. (He looks at him with a dark look)

Fernando: She existed long before we were born but she put her medals on the dinosaurs. Since they were extinct, why shouldn't we?

Armando: The columns of the owl are our trophy and symbol.

Fernando: You brought me a geometric memory... (He speaks like Archimedes at the bathroom). An inexpensive joke which says that an insane person when blindfolded is sure that it is pouring with emeralds.

Armando: And how can we have the zoning of anarchy?

Fernando: By having a continuous and free contraction and expansion of a self-luminous doubt with numerous sisters.

Armando: Authentic or fake? (He asks with a fake interest)

Fernando: You must consider as authentic every single one that does not have interest or thought. All the original ones are in a canopy, glassware of church. They beam themselves and at some point the light leaves their tail.

Armando: But there is no room for detachments in the canes.

Fernando: Anarchy cannot exist in the knees without a libation. It depends on the kind of performance whether she will play her role deservedly like Hermes. In a play with no spectators the stage would be like a Sophoclean tragedy. (In a defensive tone)

Armando: And how can anarchy go on in a state which excises everything?

Fernando: It is you it operates on... Not me... The computer exhausts the disc from our morning excursion and the rocks of landslide go from the foothills to the top... God is not a worse captive than the state.

Armando: How can this happen? (He speaks as if he wants to frame him)

Fernando: God wants the submission of your idea. The state makes sure you even have a memorial stone.

Armando: Do not trumpet it! (He talks to him with a voice of bead and looks suspiciously at the warden lest he heard what was said and tells the people in charge. But he is sleeping in the cell or at least he seems to)

Fernando: He is a liege with an interest... His stock is an interest of fake diamonds. If the incubators of helicopters and bombing planes paid a ten times bigger excise every time Odysseus swung his sword against the suitors, one thing

would be certain: Odysseus would no longer have a crown and the suitors would be like cunts. Mars will be the leader of a family crypt and the Saint an innkeeper with no cards of Nekyia credit.

Armando: Behold a way to damage the capital! (He laughs). Time for the tourism of the underworld to be dismembered! (He laughs again)

Fernando: What do the cash registers do when they meet people like me at the boulevards?

Armando: What? (He looks around as if an invisible figure was spying on them)

Fernando: They cast a shadow on the covers of the night and they blur everyone with a wheel as a spear.

Armando: With a photolysis of a fog...

Fernando: With no curls... Circe of the human figures will probably persuade you that somebody farms and sells in the sun.

Armando: Do you omit something?

Fernando: A lot. If the scorpion's seal appears in the sky, you will have a death caused by car damage or by an anonymous association with terror as an excuse for the goodness of the brooch. Factions... Of the Zulu...

Armando: Are these reproaches a by-product of familiarity of the individuals?

Fernando: You are not true. Like the subsoil pretends to shake you will also pretend to do so under the sandals of anarchy.

Armando: I never claimed to be an idea. (He looks like he is playing with him)

Fernando: Do you know exactly what you are so as to claim what you are not? (They both laugh)

Armando: Not even with the stroke of Laius will your desire divert in the stream.

Fernando: I cannot lose what I have not. Only what you find will be lost.

Armando: I never doubted your acumen. (He looks at him with pride)

Fernando: And I never doubted your kindness. (They both laugh)

Armando: You allowed me, if I remember correctly, to cheat in exams... (He looks at him like a fox)

Fernando: Exams were invented so as the state and society could honour the interest holders. Cables are necessary for correct function and the admiration of the divine inspiration.

Armando: For the most upright?

Fernando: Prizes are for the paraplegic, the distillation of the values in the barrels which many people push violently... Prizes like valves of the ideas of the bold. Contempt and interception.

Armando: Right. Because not only have you got profits with anarchy, but also kidnappers... (He looks as if he is trying to bring him in a square position)

Fernando: You must put the word state next to anarchy in order to speak correctly...

Armando: So, to conclude, does the state represent anarchy?

Fernando: Only itself because it is like Zorro. Its kick is reflected on the prizes. It is a miracle to be glorified!

Armando: Will I be judged as a public sericulturist because I do not see a paean in my college? (He looks as if he laughs with his fear). Or will I be a part of your folded catalogue of fans?

Fernando: Consistency was not in Athena's statue. You painted inspiring paintings of melons, watermelons and cherries because you believed in the worship of greengrocery...

Armando: I never believed in onomatopoeia.

Fernando: You were the most convincing greengrocer. (With warmth)

Armando: And not only that... The best sexton and merchant of thyrsus.

Fernando: On Friday you healed the Acropolis and the city from a serious drought. You were praying for the litany on Wednesday at midnight and you were hammering the ruffles with the primer...

Armando: You were the mason of perfection. Even Hippocrates would envy you. You purified the waste from the sewer with the forked city planning. (With a nostalgic look)

Fernando: While you were leading the lakes to drought, I was dressed in white! It is impossible to process the bow inside a person in the clouds! Journeys of a seahorse do not befit to drought.

Armando: You were not a seahorse. You guarded the lambs at the pastures.

Fernando: I did not live in the forests. Caves housed me.

Armando: The ones sealed by poisonous plants. Wasn't it there that you detached the mistakes from the ballot box?

Fernando: Which can be considered as right or wrong? All mistakes are correct because you are told how the moral should be... Do you remember the orator philosopher who was murdered by the members of the Red September?

Armando: I cannot really remember him... (He tries to remember)

Fernando: He led the crowds to the dawn of slumber and he himself, being the victim, had that new inspiration.

He was equal to Savonarola and he could turn the most incredulous person into an ever-wanderer.

Armando: Now that you mention it... (Though he looks troubled, he starts to remember). But his genes were worn out. He exchanged coins with associations in Italy... This is known from the microphones of the daily papers.

Fernando: Being my father's digit, I knew they did not have the best relationship... He put his chaos on auction... You see, he intended to make holes to his pig... My father knows how not to have ends... He would even force the Pope to worship with his deciduous horses.

Armando: I think he should be on his knees... (They both laugh hysterically)

Fernando: Every bending could be a temptation for lollipop... (They laugh again)

Armando: He called him troublemaker...

Fernando: The mirror reflects whatever is in front of it and never what is next to it or behind it. Put the Divine Reason in its place. Next to it place the irrational, behind it the Illogical and in front of it itself.

Armando: And which is the reflection of the mirage?

Fernando: A white unfinished circle called Filotis. A little black circle at its centre named Neikos and the rest of us on the verge, thirsty for an avocado of uplift to the mountains of the black circle.

Armando: Which planet are you describing? Uranus or Earth?

Fernando: I have come down to earth from the sky. My father is an Ancient Athenian. From what he can, he considers as a defeat not to earn more and that poor descendent of Plato was found having no surplus as an excuse.

Armando: Defeat during peace is more rational.

Fernando: But isn't victory in war more bitter? War is not in anyone's interest if the peaceful libation is leading.

**Armando: What about the invoices and the signatures of the decadent writer?
(He truly wonders)**

Fernando: My father hired a forger as a director of virtue...

Armando: Two virtues contracted in a cage.

Fernando: Two miseries away from each other. Even I, the water's cupbearer, approached the oath. But at the Gate of nine at my house I accidentally heard his oil painting from his associates.

Armando: The truth is one?

Fernando: The truths are as many as the appropriate ones of anarchy. My father's beauty is the truth of daydream... (In an angry tone)

Armando: But then... (He looks at him terrified)

Fernando: Yes... Antonio's father is not president of the truth in this desert Commonwealth. He put a mouthpiece on the throne of the country with badges and money...

Armando: Why didn't you cripple him in the Darkness? (With chills down his spine due to this terrible revelation)

Fernando: Because they would call me Oedipus for no reason even though I am not swollen. (He clears his throat). I was eagerly looking for Creon's departure and the arrest of his architect at the Tower of London. Not at the cemetery. Everyone made a naive speech at his dirge... And I made a glorious epigram; me, the grubby, squalid patricide...

Armando: You have the Zeus syndrome... (Ironically)

Fernando: The Jesus syndrome... I wanted to initiate my own will when his own political heritage would end. The way I understand it, I would establish the truth based on anarchy.

Armando: Death in a cell is worse than the prison of death. Antonio is not suitable to have your glow!

Fernando: The suicide of embellishment as a mosaic is the truth. I believe your words from the passion of the beautiful. (Looks like he is talking to himself)

Armando: Blemish this paper with a signature and your pain will be a time machine. (He shows him the paper again)

Fernando: I will deny it! (He looks elsewhere with a look of disgust)

Armando: The elves will not be calm... And the father? (He speaks loudly)

Fernando: My aura is a daisy's one as a respond to his estrous presence...

Armando: You must be more ashamed of yourself than of the others!

Fernando: I disgust myself as much as the others!

**Armando: It is unthinkable for the anarchists to believe in equality...
(Ironically). Your ideas conflict...**

Fernando: Anarchy contains dispute. Being her sister, she cannot bow to laws. My spirit praises my effigy on the one side of the scale while on the other side cold is trapped in a tomb representing the imbalance and the scale counts on the decay of the atoms. Soul controls the equality inside the body. Let my night wish fade out. When it ends, it starts again endlessly.

Armando: And the values?

Fernando: They are the seeds of the total degradation of ideas, subject to the law of settlement and to the production of coins. Who is more mournful for each and every tycoon? He who has ten scrolls or the one who has lamps for ideas?

Armando: Do you claim that the reflections of ideas are values in oscillation's water?

Fernando: 2500 years ago it was an honour to fight for your country. Today is to cover the murder of the swans... With the unswerving ideas, the equities are desultory.

Armando: Think only of Claudia. If someone cuts the string of breath with a pair of scissors, she will not become a palm tree! (He cries)

Fernando: Only the spirits have this privilege... Whoever underestimates himself has a start again and when he does harm to others, an endless touch. (With coldness)

Armando: The end and the beginning are elusive spots of infinity. It talks to us about the resurrection of Lazarus... (He addresses the audience while he has his back to Fernando due to disappointment or perhaps because he doesn't want to see him cry anymore)

Fernando: For my ideals...

Armando: Knowing that you exist for what you're fighting for when others make fun of you is salt on my chest like a chop...

Fernando: Pain is an alternative form of every pleasure... And pleasure is the cubic conclusion of pain...

Armando: Your ideas are a walk to a gorge... (He stops having his back to him)

Fernando: Like lies, so the truth of this kind has routes. Self-punishment is also anarchy's sister...

Armando: Which are the others?

Fernando: A lot. In chess kings had the first performance of the essence. But pawns like my own father overturned them with governments via tidal waves. The expense for the maces was monozygotic. Though kings had the misfortune of pretentiousness while my father cunningly became a cloudy hero.

Armando: You tell your motive to the wolves unwittingly... (In a low voice). You wanted monarchy to be the victor and the generals to be your toy in chess.

Fernando: I prefer the kingdom of anarchy to his.

Armando: Lack of discipline and disobedience are your crown. (He throws the paper on the floor and he takes a poppy out of his pocket)

Fernando: Laws are children's toys made of play dough. The state is a battle hymn of the wet Dionysian feasts. Our vehicles and houses are loot of bums. The chthonic people to the doom of the hitches and the ropes... You do not have a clue how much detachment costs...

Armando: There is no way your ideas will be threatened due to independence from inflation.

Fernando: The number of old people is growing. Someone has to become a slave. It is said that the progress of the machines is a miracle.

Armando: With a black hat and a staff the paragraphs of the constitutions have been forgotten by everyone. Not everyone has unwritten stripes to assert anymore... (Fernando secretly laughs when he sees his friend beginning to complete his own arguments). Defender of the way you think. Not of your ideas because I do not want to feed Persephone yet... (He speaks with a photorealistic terror)

Fernando: You live on Saturn, not on Earth anymore, and I live on Neptune. With the colonization of the planets we ended to the Babel of the supreme thoughts.

Armando: I must leave immediately because in a little while you will have an intercourse with the inescapable... (Sweaty)

Fernando: You must avoid the entrenchments of the sexes and the senators... What is advantageous is the pollen of the visitors with stoicism as its crown. It is the destruction of the deflation and the precursor of the universe... Some bridge's dough and a whirlwind at the contraction's strait. Whoever has needles with a crucifix on their lapel are at the shells. Bells follow us everywhere... The

Ionic temples have been cooked with broths and spices so as the amount of elephants will increase.

Armando: The reeds are weak chains for the victims of some uneven route at the seaway of a beautiful statue. The followers say that they hold ruptures of grain.

Fernando: To cover the void of the poppy or Midas. Once, our bodies were continents of rose water. Now they have become candle stands in churches.

Armando: We policemen are divers of love under the occupation of love. (He looks at him with a bizarre look). We used to offer libations of honey and milk to words beyond suspicion.

Fernando: There were not glancing balloons at the mansions. Only tennis courts with football rules. (He looks like he is reminiscing)

Armando: Once a year there was the hunting of the fox...

Fernando: We were notorious indivisible people with our horses at my swimming pool and we made supine, anterior and free moves.

Armando: You forgot to mention the butterfly.

Fernando: In fencing games I would prefer the cat's eyes to the stones of the Gordian knots. But if there aren't any eczemas then what are the ones who promise solutions going to engage with?

Armando: Do you claim they cause misery?

Fernando: The pyramid's peak makes an appeal to democracy for its position. The ideal solution to empires or dictatorships is proscription...

Armando: This is why we have universal temples of Themis...

Fernando: Between big and small monkeys everything is a matter of cleansing of calculations or secret agreements. They stretch their hair to Pinocchio's nose so we will not become elements in forests without compasses...

Armando: Do you suggest terrorism?

Fernando: The virtue of anarchy is this: In order to be imperforate, it has to follow the fate of Jocasta after it defends the state's disintegration and attends its demise. The leash has to be cut at last since the twist of authorities solves nothing.

Armando: Regime is a skull with interlaced bones...

Fernando: Justice has rusted by undermining. The manors of slumber suggest you get involved in the process of faces with a tough calculation.

Armando: You are the exception to the rule for the exits of their trousers. In the future Titanomachy your desire is zero and you are everything! (Looks like he admires him)

Fernando: Do you see this? (He shows him his ring with amethyst which he has on his conservative hand). With wisdom as a finger I could have the gifts of the other two gods... (With a look different than a prudent one)

Armando: And Saint Bernard's companions to the truth! That's why you must sign this hapless paper! (He shows him the paper on the floor)

Fernando: I will renounce it! (He looks at the ring hypnotized)

Armando: Metaphysics is not salvation...

Fernando: Give me Tarot cards and suddenly my collection will be submitted... (He speaks with certainty)

Armando: I know... the gondola...

Fernando: The crazy person inside the gondola... (Absorbed by his thoughts)

Armando: And what are the stars saying to your ablaze sky?

Fernando: The sound of the phone which tells you the exact time is not responsible for the sun to rise. Nor is it the augur's fault that there is smog. (They both see a star falling from the sky through the prison's window)

Armando: And what is the doom-monger telling us?

Fernando: The astronomer and the shepherd have a more square knowledge. (A wolf is heard and the clock strikes midnight)

Armando: And the hospital's stones with the black seals?

Fernando: Opaque ancestors of mine who became equal to nomads in groups of eight before they cut the seam. (Plaster falls from the ceiling)

Armando: What is magic without physics or chemistry?

Fernando: And what is science without the unknown truth? In another case it resembles an unconscious ox on the street dragging a fearless chariot to heaven. (Animal grumbles are heard)

Armando: When did you become an explorer of the art of Paracelsus and of metaphysics?

Fernando: Don't you wish you could see the water turning to gold someday and catch it like an east wind with your nails?

Armando: I admit it...

Fernando: Then give the lawless science the right of freedom and it will drink from your unreachable grail... (His eye glazes)

Armando: Is science without borders called science?

Fernando: Science with blinkers cannot bring progress.

Armando: Since you are anti-social is it possible that progress interests you?

Fernando: Because it is the foreshadowing leader which destroys everything.

Armando: Behold a truth full of interest... (They both laugh uncontrollably)

Fernando: I sense an overwhelming attraction to the phrase “love your neighbor”...

Armando: Like the servants of Asclepius who swore to fight obesity so as people will not suffer...

Fernando: You were fooled once again... The Garden of Eden has lots of fruit. There aren't just wine presses or cockerels. Will farmers take the place of serves? Good life is the cause of many illnesses... The more the hypoderm increases, the more the cost of health falls into ecstasy... There isn't any money left...

Armando: The laws of health are against those of economy.

Fernando: Because they belong to the same investment. Like the teacher and the pupil... (He nods to him to come and kiss him)

Armando: I prefer to stay at your collar.

Fernando: Why do you like to protract? Do it promptly and become the hunter of the Celts... (Armando kisses him on his neck and leaves hastily from prison with tears on his eyes)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene 1

(The warden comes into the cell holding the key with his right hand. He talks to the prisoner who is in chains)

Warden: You have visitors.

Fernando: I am not in the mood...

Warden: This is not good at all... (He scratches his head)

Fernando: Yes... I realise it... It is a deadly disadvantage... (With an indifferent look)

Warden: There is a woman on the phone waiting for you. Don't you like this?

Fernando: I have the taste of fire on my tongue. I am the irretrievable enemy of power.

Warden: You philosophise a lot... Philosophy is the enemy of our democracy... But how can I talk to you? I have to follow orders... (He leaves the cell as if he was a computer)

Scene 2

(A few moments later a young lady in red comes. He pretends he doesn't see her and he makes concentric circles on the dusty floor)

Fernando: The wolf leaves the fairytale...

Claudia: And the forest...

Fernando: Have you come into the reading hall of my ideas having three eyes of virtue? One of Polyphemus and two of Odysseus?

Claudia: Are my desires your own order? (With a scintillating look)

Fernando: If they are possible... If everyone was a student in the sponge of others then he would make a patrol-stinger and feed Nevada to heal his psychological wounds.

Claudia: The Gods can do anything and that is why they have conflicts.

Fernando: Which point of the horizon could be tamed for me?

Claudia: I would make the sky pour with stars! (She shows him the night sky)

Fernando: And your parents?

Claudia: I cannot do anything with that.

Fernando: I do not like the fake miracles of the Promised Land and the monolithic ones.

Claudia: I love you!

Fernando: It is so obvious you are a Christian... (With a degrading look)

Claudia: Is there anything greater than love?

Fernando: Flame. Because it knows how to clench passion and it is an eternal dimensionless candle which never burns or argues. (Claudia lights the candles on the table with a lighter)

Claudia: Like the stars I had promised you...

Fernando: Like the stars you had promised me... You gave me a wrong and invalid affirmative...

Claudia: I humbly apologise... I didn't want to... (She falls to her knees and cries)

Fernando: I do not have the right to be Poseidon...

Claudia: And that is true...

Fernando: Anything vain hides a truth...

Claudia: My relatives think you are a blemish in their beautiful dreams.

Fernando: From fleck I can become a nightmare.

Claudia: I do not want to wait for this.

Fernando: And anything else.

Claudia: Let silence prevail! (Imperatively)

Fernando: If I stop talking, you will start the beginning of the end.

Claudia: Which is the end and the beginning in a circle?

Fernando: Now the proper rhetoric echoes... You love something though that cannot be bought...

Claudia: I only ask you for a method...

Fernando: Angel of Africa, direct the void of your cliff if you want to live on me. The love of the sun does not let the beams penetrate the clouds because it hasn't gotten the sky's permission.

Claudia: And how can I touch love's gunboat?

Fernando: Nobody can sermonize you for the flowers you have on your body when you include a seashell of Aphrodite on your shirtfront. You should learn that love knows how to resist humble blackmailing as an arctic pole or an urn of Gobi desert. In passion, though, blackmailing is a light knock on the eternal

notifications of all the games... (He softly touches her hair). But you must choose only one.

Claudia: Which one?

Fernando: You should be on the alert to deviate and elevate everything inside and outside. Passion is to lure puncture into great enthusiasm.

Claudia: I could add and remove a mask with high-heeled shoes.

Fernando: Can I be convinced of the progression of your love? (He caresses her chest). I move your helmet which is universal turf...

Claudia: I was an immaculate bud but got close to you by the vertigo of coincidences... Like you after all...

Fernando: I had seen Andromeda in the mirror... You were the one to hop off the chariot. You were not the charioteer-lamp holder.

Claudia: Your love is addiction's pill. Its delusion exists forever...

Fernando: Your love is a rose which decapitates your ladle...

Claudia: But it sows it with its name.

Fernando: Passion is a heartbeat of eclipse in my treasury which leads you to a sinister impassable train. I drive an electric ship with paralyzed brakes...

Claudia: You will greet petrol at some point.

Fernando: Or I will be found in a gorge as a two-headed eagle. Behold its hue! (He takes a wisp of hair out of his pocket and puts it back inside). As an exhibit in a museum of snare.

Claudia: When you were a kid and you climbed up the trunk of an oak tree, you thought you were a clinging plant. You stole the memory from our park, a preschool wreath.

Fernando: Passion is an evergreen, not a coniferous. (He takes a scruffy and ruffled white piece of paper with numbers on it out of his other pocket though the chains give him a hard time). This paper is a burning bush on my moon!

Claudia: The number of the phonograph I gave you fifteen years ago. (She is stunned as she recognizes her telephone number). Will you weave with a dream or with the pericardium of yesterday?

Fernando: If imagination is manipulated by faith, it will become a dot of desperate love and knowledge of wrinkles. The hug of a cobra is the best tricolour gift.

Claudia: I do not know if I must fall in love because I will find myself in an extra-terrestrial nebula.

Fernando: But passion is an echo of Resurrection. (He takes the pin from her hair and pierces his hands and feet. Claudia is dazed but takes the pin from his hands and tries to heal his wounds with her hair)

Claudia: You must be given a hellebore and bandages.

Fernando: But of course... Passion does not account for anything. It only has peacock feathers and a dolphin's echo.

Claudia: Behold the little Eros... (She takes a four-leaf clover out of the bust of her dress)

Fernando: As unique as the orgasm of a goose... (Laughs in a low voice)

Claudia: You used to excite me with this unicorn on the neck. I kept it as a trophy... (She places it in her bust again)

Fernando: It moved your body like a madrigal.

Claudia: Your tongue uttered the letters correctly, in the total touch of our private agreement...

Fernando: I had arrested you there, trapped like deletion... (He shows her the dirty mattress of his bed)

Claudia: An Unknown god...

Fernando: My hand is a glittering thunderbolt.

Claudia: On a firmament with no flashlight.

Fernando: There are no horizons in my culmination.

Claudia: You were a beekeeper but I had the moon as my map.

Fernando: I was moon and sun. I moulded your waves like lamps at a livery or at a mutiny.

Claudia: We were the first to be created and we tasted the fruit of shadow. (Fernando kisses her left hand with lewdness as if he was a bishop.)

Fernando: I am a lover of ideas... But isn't passion supposed to be an idea on a starlit sky? I was in love with the fever...

Claudia: And not with the labour?

Fernando: I could never be a woman who gives pain to a skeleton...

Claudia: Women unfortunately are dowry of men and not of the heavenly society...

Fernando: My pain only gives birth to panacea and never to babies.

Claudia: You once were a well of spring...

Fernando: I was looking for the dolls without the causes at Saint Catherine of Sinai...

Claudia: But you defied the hideous complexes of the amphorae...

Fernando: You cannot fix the past because it is an imperfect machine which belongs to the end... That is why I put cotton on the mast... Lips are an oasis in the drought's ocean... (He kisses her lips). Your hair is amber... (He kisses her hair). Your skin is a glossy islet... (He kisses her neck). Your eyes are my dreams... (He kisses her two closed eyes)

Claudia: Do you say all these things because I was the officer's daughter? (She trembles)

Fernando: This is the last straw on the attic...

Claudia: Our oath was a dissonance in the opera, an unappreciated chord... (She opens her eyes)

Fernando: Do you know what the love sack of hypnosis mean? That you write whatever I didn't decentralize... Bribe your father, who is intubated, with this manual... (He takes a small dagger out of his boot and gives it to her. She hides it in her bust with the four-leaf clover)

Claudia: Don't ask for excesses and for the first minister and my ancestor to be given to the brother of Morpheus...

Fernando: But if you give the country a double salvation with drainage?

Claudia: You mean the fatality...

Fernando: Fatality always leads to salvation. (Claudia takes a vial with red liquid out of her purse)

Claudia: Give and receive... (She speaks with a terrified voice and she secretly puts it in his trousers' pocket lest anybody sees her). Drink it and when you detach your body from your mind you will go to the unity of some feathered foam.

Fernando: I will become your comet's tail... It is a double death there until the others tow you... You engrave the Panama of my freedom.

Claudia: Preconceived penalty in a one-way freedom...

Fernando: The other twelve, who are protected under fig trees in a caravan, are a stamp of authenticity to my student. You give the vial to the bridge maker; the others never give the coin.

Claudia: Life is the horn of protractors.

Fernando: Prejudice is the typology of religion. I had negotiated passion though as pantheism.

Claudia: Your adolescence's bread entered the woman's area of a single-winged with no preparation.

Fernando: You offered white wine to my bread which was snowy from a waterfall... (He gives her a French kiss)

Claudia: I always had a hunt of compartments in the cones with Andes as strawberries.

Fernando: The impassable bed in your unfaithful room was the fake dark moon in a fire collector's room. The stars of a sunflower's hematite had become totems from the soap of time... (Nostalgic)

Claudia: I bit my lips and cut them to pieces so as not to echo the twitches of the arrow.

Fernando: The retrograde route of the planets was my model and the Bay of Bengal was Ithaca...

Claudia: Cosmopolitan ideas... With anarchy in contracts?

Fernando: Passion is discus with an eminent innovation. You either end up with resignation or partition.

Claudia: Your parables are well-timed but...

Fernando: I was human then... Duplicate...

Claudia: Proceed...

Fernando: I made a bet with your brother about who will conquer this castle... (He lewdly touches her belly button)

Claudia: Which is the spoil?

Fernando: The fall of the town and one would become Demeter's mystic.

Claudia: Male friendships are shuttles!

Fernando: If my friend doesn't become ephemeral by you, you will never manipulate my other half... A friend is your alter ego.

Claudia: There cannot be friendship between a man and a woman. Love or death? Who will give the signs of piping to the swirl first?

Fernando: The one who fell in love. Never the one who loved too much...

Claudia: The one who loves is on a board given to him at a shipwreck...

Fernando: Now she starts to speak correctly... (He just looks at the audience)

Claudia: You thought my fingers were keys of a piano...

Fernando: I didn't know how to play the piano, just the harmonica. I serve the future as a palm reader in a sanctuary.

Claudia: And what did you foresee, student of Teiresias?

Fernando: The pearls of the Atlantic Ocean not becoming anchor in front of me.

Claudia: You were a bard of fatalities for my harp-shaped soul's string.

Fernando: You reminded me of a dream of valorization in our musical ritual. Your face radiated with a smile and a wand. Your haircut was wheat for a scythe; a shepherd's vase with holy water in a dairy farm. Your chasubles and your platelets were delightful frisks; an Ephesian sculpture full of life. You were hit on your head with a chair by the echo of your image... Your green water was a stalactite of three eggs in the ground. My eyes looted two circles of yours with ten stars.

Claudia: Did the eggs have coats of arms?

Fernando: Two of them were scarlet, the third was pale blue between them, in thousand nights of dispersion and there was a hut made by tornado's north wind which landed on Kilimanjaro and which I saw from the thyme since I had seen the eggs breaking.

Claudia: And my silhouette? (She asks with curiosity)

Fernando: Like Acheron who never leaves traces on our bodies, it slowly got naked till Helen's pendant was all that was left. Then, I saw a plane bending while swallowing gold from a path with dry heather around. Dogs with wings stole your invisibility and you were watching a spaceship in the soot; my stack till I become a grain of sand!

Claudia: You must try hard to square your pyramid.

Fernando: I was trapped on Monday though it is Friday that characterizes me. Your pendant looks nice on your neck. (He touches a necklace with a precious gem to identify it)

Claudia: The clairvoyance of the felids.

Fernando: Like a bipolar magnet...

Claudia: It is said to bring Ivy and Aphrodite close to you... (Fernando touches her cheek)

Fernando: Definitely... Hades will take you like Paris kidnapped Helen... I was told.

Claudia: Who said that pun?

Fernando: My guests arrived at my house at midnight as I was sitting in my office like a hermit, with numbers and letters and a blackboard with no chalk...

Claudia: Contact is easily intercepted like a candle...

Fernando: Solomon's psalms were my lovers even though I had lit a mournful candle for the fakir to meditate. I was curious to see where he will take my hand's line...

Claudia: And which point had they envisioned? (Fernando looks her left hand's palm)

Fernando: That you and I have the same life.

Claudia: Did your metric forms have posthumous fame?

Fernando: Most of them are from Tahiti and Africa.

Claudia: I had the privilege of a dream too last night... Like Odysseus, I heard my mother projecting my name on a coffin... You were there too... I felt something coasting on my tongue and I thought it was a moonstone I had put on at dawn but I was mistaken since it was a tooth... (She tosses a tooth out of her bag as far as she can)

Fernando: In the Medieval Times they would have thrown you in the fire like a book. Then they would have pushed the tourmalines and your peridots to Salome's dance so as to repurchase the ransom and the ones giving *indulgentia* with miraculous icons. Have you ever seen more eerie pliers?

Claudia: Yes... Once I saw two leaves of wild-olive coated with red wine on a torn sheet and a French bag of riflemen's race; two cockerels with no combs fighting for a swan of vision...

Fernando: I wonder whether the diffusion of our wet dreams is reality. Or is it a conjurer who hypnotizes us for his imaginary typography? Or are dreams the imagination that comes out of reason's legal process? The imagination of the writer who muses while his mind sits in the office is the moon's cheek that pushes the sun away. He becomes a rabbit only inside his dream. Have you ever rucked the topic of your dreams up?

Claudia: No more than the corrugation of the mountains or the morphology of the clouds... Or the protuberances of the furniture of the shadowy government under the light.

Fernando: I see you separate the phenomena from the core...

Claudia: Yes...

Fernando: What you see is the phenomenon! (He presents himself bowing royally). And this is the core of the phenomenon! (He drinks from the vial of poison she had given him). Phenomenon will prove to be one when the core destroys itself. The core feeds the phenomenon; never the opposite.

Claudia: I assign a dilemma to you. Inside my belly I have a sacrilegious altar dedicated to an Unspeakable God. What should I choose? The idol worship or Christianity? If I choose the first one, I have to kill it and make a floating temple... If I choose the second one, then I will immediately call a name inside me so as to place the triptych on the toga.

Fernando: Labour is coming without you wanting it to, but when Death comes you writhe severely because you avoid familiar habits... But I will give you a piece of advice... When the temple grows up, you will give the final name. You will feel it from the style of columns even though I was never a follower of ideologies.

Claudia: The others made a draft inside my belly against my will...

Fernando: Like life's... But believers may burn him because he cannot have gaps of doubt and attitudes. Faith guards religion and leads you to the gateway of the absolute. But if you banish it, you may save yourself...

Claudia: They say it is a sin if you tear faith away and you have doubts instead...

Fernando: Your life will be saved... Not the sin. Your brother knows... (Claudia interrupts him abruptly)

Claudia: The fire I had on my torch was put out during a starless night because the proper precautions weren't taken.

Fernando: The path of loss is the most sacred...

Claudia: But if I let the temple able-bodied, plague will contaminate the metropolis. A murder has been committed there.

Fernando: The murder of virtue or reason?

Claudia: Of nature...

Fernando: And murder is a bulletproof excavation of society...

Claudia: I believe in ecology.

Fernando: With your speculations though, apart from the guilt, your house will also be at auction. Temple exists only when it serves society. A christening must take place or a wedding otherwise we will have a funeral. It is impossible to specify a temple without an enigma.

Claudia: A coffin without a corpse?

Fernando: It is better to have your problem in a coffin than your idol. Stoning still has a great appeal to the masses...

Claudia: Sin?

Fernando: What is considered to be a sin or which is it? Happiness is considered a sin. Renouncing bliss is a sin or the fact that you can be blissful but you are not!

Claudia: Is anarchy a sin? (She is truly puzzled)

Fernando: The start which does not have an end cannot be a sin since it does not have an arc. For example, it is a sin when you plot to make somebody miserable.

Claudia: But it may be bliss when the other's destruction comes from your happiness!

Fernando: In anarchy everyone will have the same amount of catastrophe. There will not be happy or sad people... Existence and life will be annihilated...

Claudia: Thus an opponent of sin... Anarchy is the virtue of the unknown.

Fernando: But of life as well... You should know that life is existence's sin... A pulsating and vivacious sin.

Claudia: Is pleasure a sin?

Fernando: For existence. Not for life... For example, religion is the sin of truth. Since all of them have the privilege of exclusive truth then they lie shamelessly.

Claudia: Which can be the sin of knowledge?

Fernando: The matter with lies as movements, i.e. phenomena or senses. Authorities and ideas like transformed matter, but ethics become carrots. They are sins of ideas.

Claudia: Is suicide a sin? (She looks at the vial)

Fernando: For religion and matter it sure is, but it is also a virtue of spirit and truth.

Claudia: The birth of matter? (She strokes her belly)

Fernando: Spirit's failure to multiply itself. The virtue of ethics.

Claudia: Is murder a virtue or a sin? (She looks at the dagger in her bust)

Fernando: A declaration of denial of both existence and life with revenge as an obsession.

Claudia: But revenge is the usurpation of nature's laws...

Fernando: So murder is an unnatural phenomenon that wants to become natural by denying the existence of different either due to selfish reasons or aesthetic estimates. It can become anarchy's virtue unless it yields to interests. Otherwise, it is the sin of matter and life.

Claudia: And love... (She kisses him on his forehead)

Fernando: Sin belongs to love and virtue to Christianity. (Claudia shows him a book of mathematics that is in her bag)

Claudia: And sense?

Fernando: Anarchy's sin. But imagination has sense too.

Claudia: Correct observation... Love is a blind, untarnished abnegation of the matter that leads you to truth's virtue.

Fernando: I have just tasted the ultimate bliss... Kiss my forehead before you perform the last scene and fly away like a swallow!

(Claudia kisses his forehead and leaves)

CURTAIN

ACT 3

Scene 1

(Fernando tosses paper arrows in the cell. His father comes in holding a newspaper. He is upset.)

Hose: Why do I have to learn your feats from these headlines? (He throws the newspaper as if it is garbage)

Fernando: Your tabloids have always been the ears of the country and the executioners. Wasn't I the best advert for the transaction of your goods? I used to play the lyre and the guitar at the symposia in honour of the loan sharks. I was a soprano in Carmina Burana... I was even an interpreter. Globalization demands we are all servants.

Hose: Do not blame the thing that helped you grow into a cypress when you were only a seed.

Fernando: This concept disregards the resolutions written on stones. The eye of the pyramid is its assiduousness. Did you know that Homer was mashed in Mozambique? It was all over the newspapers of the occupation... Your occupation...

Hose: Cut the phony politeness... (In an overwhelming way)

Fernando: But father, don't you brag we descend from a rare and precious generation? I will give you a conference for the idea you advocate...

Hose: I am not an ambassador who usurps. (He looks at him as if he is crazy)

Fernando: You are old though... So... The Jews did not crucify Christ... He committed suicide because jellyfish cannot see themselves on the pane's cross...

Hose: Demonization does not pounce on the sea...

Fernando: He means it does not benefit... (He talks to the audience). Peter preferred the reversed cross so as not to kneel in front of the sky. A stuffed tribute to Satan...

Hose: Your room was painted black... Panthers and candelabra on the fireplace... (As if he is about to hear a great revelation)

Fernando: I was mourning for my mother... What you have not done yet... (In an ironic and fierce tone). Learn the sequence as it was narrated by the writers. His twelve disciples were illicit dealers of antiquities and murderers. A gang with a sealing wax...

Hose: Better than your stupidity... (With a degrading look)

Fernando: Learn that Mary Magdalene did not wash His feet with tears and water. She licked them with a forked magnet so as to unite with the sky. (He takes out his tongue like a school boy). That is why she made sacrifices... And she did not dry them with her hair. She dried them with the heat of her belly. (He strays as far as he can due to the chains he has and pees in a corner with his back to his father)

Hose: You are a blasphemous! (In a fierce tone)

Fernando: I have stopped being a kid since I was five, learning by heart the elections of the Musagetes and the laurel of Babel...

**Hose: Do you still have the wreath of the black and white film on your mind?
(Fernando zips up his trousers and returns to his position)**

Fernando: I am only an angel of doom... I see churches everywhere... Did you ever see Christ building a temple? I just saw him demolishing one...

Hose: He was not a builder... (Angry)

Fernando: A shepherd with a flock and no sheep farm? Do you see the thaw in this window? This is the primeval temple... (He shows him a sign of verve on the window's rail.)

Hose: You are irreligious... (He sweats and turns red)

Fernando: Being an anarchist, I have always believed that religion is an orchestra in which the ones that own the extremities pretend. (He sings Jim Morrison)

Hose: You provoke... (In a threatening tone)

Fernando: Challenge is anarchy's retribution to the hypocrisy of the established order. The role is in our veins, like the Hermian is essential to life...

Hose: How can you depend on anarchy and not religion? (In a degrading tone)

Fernando: I do not believe it but I experience it like a silkworm in the soul's beetle. Globalization spans all religions. Ideologies were made so as they were exceeded by another one or get buried. All, the same kind of money. Emission of an ever-flowing ischemia...

Hose: The seaways were sunflowers I hired for you; tongue is a corn carved with pests. (With a disappointed look)

Fernando: Twelve were given to me and I was in the middle of the table. There were no bras in that Roman feast. Do you want to yield to tradition's stalagmite? Parthenon was reprinted by aliens, arranged in an order of the swarms of gods. Europeans are descendants of Mongolian tribes. Our universe multiplies in empty space and the most imperceptible shift of groan connects transformations of billy goat's songs to fountains of mythic constellations. The Jews killed Christ and you are one murderer of life. (He points to him)

Hose: Your truths do not demand an absolution; only papers of crazy people. (He slaps his face)

Fernando: Let my other leg turn and be smacked... (He lifts his leg). Your assistance with my tongue had the utmost imprints. At night, I held a glass of

champagne with my one hand and with the other I threw a banana so as a presumptuous friend of yours would fall. You had mother's face like a solstice in the office of the drafts of your own action. Since you were not a husband, you should have been a father of a perfume bottle at the reception's pier, holding my picture; a coral tier... (He spits on his face)

Hose: I could heal Tantalus and offer you as a libation to the gods. (He cleans his face with a handkerchief)

Fernando: The plays you have to misinterpret are only two: "THE RESURRECTION OF MAY 1ST AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ITS MAJOR MODE" AND "THE BURNING OF ROME AND ITS COUNTIES".

Hose: Law and death's orders are a tank in country's valve.

Fernando: True philosophers are in Cuba's ditch. Not in the plantation for the sake of one piece of bread. (He spits on him again)

Hose: Like the sun has its chariot, I make the town planning too... (He cleans his face again)

Fernando: They have written their ideas on checks and loans. Edible food aborts proteins in the frying pan. I cannot stay in a greenhouse's Mausoleum anymore. You must show internationalization that you clench your fists for the necessary salutation and uproot it from it for the offset of degradation at the moment of trust... (He gives him his hand)

Hose: You should be worthy of me and prove me you are a gold medal holder like me... (He scorns Fernando's gesture)

Fernando: Trophies are not for me... Like the friends I once had... They are all friends until they become enemies. And whoever suffers from vertigo is their enemy.

Hose: Real monophysitism... (With an indifferent look)

Fernando: Do you remember Pepita? The girl with the matches in the alley I had fallen in love with.

Hose: I remember vaguely... (He looks like he is trying to forget what Fernando is telling him)

Fernando: She yielded to a plate of chocolate with a million pesos because she never had Seisachtheia as her diving suit. (He spits on his face again)

Hose: Anyone would answer with a great no to love... (He cleans his face again)

Fernando: Love is the game of clip. It strongly hooks somebody to its seafront but what matters the most is that it knows how to perspire the trireme's handkerchief it moisturizes.

Hose: You used to yield to it more easily... (Ironically)

Fernando: It looks like a dormant, shattering volcano or an athletic field with hurdle that even if it reaches its spout, the impulse will remain unreachable until it parades with the hue of the trident.

Hose: Bubbles of air... I married my wife with the help of a match-maker. Not due to love's daffodils... (He speaks like an omnipotent narrator)

Fernando: You stay in love with rent but you have taken everything from passion. Learn that maiden voyages are not mother-seamed because seas and oceans are mapped by nature. Remove the cartridge from the guns of two people and you will see the human pulley... I am thirsty... (He clears his throat). I have not drunk anything for two whole days...

Hose: Your thirst is like a generator. Didn't it quench the one of prison? (He looks down on him)

Fernando: Gibson prison is vast into my soul's seaweed.

Hose: I should change your thirst for the bookmarks of rhapsodies into a hunger for the fine arts... (He looks penitent)

Fernando: Arts are a skeleton key for bleach.

Hose: Arts were invented to serve regimes. Man is their pump of existence. Imagine the world with no history. It would be an unconscious savannah like a gutter.

Fernando: Man, though, imitates nature... Submarines are rowlocks... Cars are table rats... The aeroplane-vultures... Igloos are scaly hives. People transform flora and fauna into technology because they need the harassed nature which is innate due to self-interest like you...

Hose: Gods share the same blood and impose laws on people. Zeus created Athena in his head. Not in his mouth... (He laughs)

Fernando: Learn that people have sexual intercourse with animals and this is why they give birth to monstrous hybrids.

Hose: He did not feel... (With a cold look)

Fernando: Silence... You do not have the right to be the governmental representative of the romantics because you say the green lanes of the sea are blue... (Furious)

Hose: Could you talk like this if you were in space? (In an intense tone)

Fernando: I will not be there and let the dethronements haunt me. Maybe I should become an astronaut in Iolcos... (Looks like he is hurt)

Hose: You blocked the masts though in the wane of the fountains...

Fernando: I have these hands for sails, my heart for steering wheel and my mind for fore and stern.

Hose: I know that no sails can be set up without masts... (With an evil laugh)

Fernando: How can the sky be autonomous? My hands are made of uranium...

Hose: My antennae are receiving signals of depleted one... (He pulls his hair)

Fernando: Radioactivity is a simple quiver of globalization. The only password for escape is the state's circumcision...

Hose: Do you suggest the dismissal of the liege's followers? (Worried)

Fernando: I prefer the disappearance of the legs of a ceramic giant so as he ceases to intimidate the shoes of the kindergarten with fairytales...

Hose: Fairytales? Tell us one... (He scoffs at him). It must have a moral too...

Fernando: The one seeking love for homeland. During wartime, town's street sweepers do not have software, like Midas's sperms.

Hose: Are you the exception to the rule or the embezzlement?

Fernando: The filing of the exception... Who should fight for a sea of oil spills? The industrialists or the landowners?

Hose: Looting is a magnet of boldness.

Fernando: And boldness is a pole of renouncement.

Hose: But all weapons win when they are self-handled and overland!

Fernando: Satellites are inhospitable at night; moon is one and colourful. The factory yells only with paralysis.

Hose: You are the advertiser of desperation...

Fernando: There is a drop of light in Darkness. Major proof is the moulds in Mars and the blades that have been created inside moon's infant.

Hose: You became an astronomer... (With a pungent look)

Fernando: I have these as my astrolabe... (He shows him his chains). The miniature of the universe is my line's history. (And he shows him a wrinkle on his cheek)

Hose: Are you depicting "The School of Athens"?

Fernando: Periander cannot paint on water roughly because he will not make fun of the inferior people with art; he will only destroy himself like Thucydides. Unless, as an expert in disguise, you place the crown on hotplates like an art of a waxy masque. You should have the hand of Themis on your scruff because you have mistaken it for a bus of Nemesis...

Hose: Hierarchy exists so as the unimportant people shoulder the uneven dumbbells and the distinct ones the stewardships of the scale... Enemies of bullets!

Fernando: I saw a mushroom and a truce while Christ was regaining your clients.

Hose: Man will never be able to be equal with God without laws.

Fernando: How can arithmetic be lit up with the Hypertext of Chaos? Can you give the depositions for the existence of causes with the imbalances?

Hose: No, but I can perfect my store's display cases to explain the logic of my existence...

Fernando: You will also gain 6 heads, 6 legs and 6 hands; you will have a hyena for bride with mixed heirs and you will have the years of Methuselah but the face of a 30 year old.

Hose: Are u going to continue with this witchcraft? (Upset)

Fernando: Father, did you ever have parts like sciences so as I could be repositioned? You will divide up the fields of Mars and give a few to Poseidon, you will have golden studies from the hostels and holidays, the law of gravity will be undermined, the orgasm of goods will be overpriced and you will stir feathers due to dehydration of energy sources...

Hose: I will hear the fabrication of the conspirators from thousands of miles away...

Fernando: In our city, this has been dressed with white balloons like spies... Even my filling has been identified by the satellites.

Hose: I knew that...

Fernando: Of course... Since you wanted me to take Claudia after she had become a butterfly... (He mumbles something). You wanted to expand your

business in Venezuela since you managed to make me paraplegic... (Hose slaps him in the face)

Hose: But now your beret depends on me...

Fernando: I recently read that someone can be steamed by an uncured illness like de Sade's symbol of the illustrated turtle.

Hose: And which is this?

Fernando: I cannot say it but if your presence wants to pee sometime, it could do it with this catheter. (Hose slaps him in the face again)

Hose: I will make sure you are granted a free pardon to destroy the anarchy in you... Your pencils are cuffs, the floor is your papers, your rails are logos and the walls are your audience, poor philosopher... Your days inside the cage will not have an end and a beginning. Your anarchy's ribbon will go crazy due to your lifelong square prison...

Fernando: Anarchy does not believe in prices and evaluations... (With his eyes closed)

Hose: Doesn't it outbid the matter?

Fernando: To abolish it because it is restrictive. And then you will not have either swimming pools and associates or prisons and terrorists. (Hose kicks him hard in his stomach). Birth is an endless labour; it foreshadows life and that is why you smashed another one... (Blood comes out of his mouth). I forgot to tell you that science will give you a homocercal head.

Hose: It will definitely not be bigger than your tongue...

Fernando: It may deconstruct your priapism... (Hose kicks Fernando's stomach again)

Hose: A father must punish his children when they go astray.

Fernando: Anarchy delimits parents with mines because time and outer teaching do not eliminate it. We are teachers and students at the same time. (He wipes his bleeding stomach with his hands)

Hose: Luckily, your womb slid like the rocks when you cried for the first time. (He looks at him as if he feels ashamed that he has a child like him)

Fernando: Her third eye was in the centre of her belly. She was an underground person because she never wanted servants of gods and maids in her life. And she did not want to resemble the ones living on the ground either. (He looks as if he is in his own world)

Hose: An improper law... (He whistles indifferently)

Fernando: That does not match with your genotype... Your science will make you opaque in the future due to your sacrilege... And you have been looking for life in space to make the aliens your sponsors and the others your porters... Whoever has not already been eliminated of course... (He looks at him with an ironic and hateful look)

Hose: I see that this does not have any bayonets to you... (With a stern look)

Fernando: I want to exhale; this necklace of Astaroth is hurting me! (He touches his ring)

Hose: This is how men act traditionally...

Fernando: I reached manhood through pain in a dentist's office of Red Cross, having the instinct of a cub trapped in gift certificates.

Hose: Did you aspire to become a wired archbishop? (He throws a black cross at him)

Fernando: No. Neither a beast in a cage. Maybe a tamer... And whip you mercilessly in the circus...

Hose: Your comrades were killed due to high treason, not because they wanted to eat my oxen but because they were supporters of the most unsuccessful organization that ever took place and had you as its leader... (He pulls his son's hair)

Fernando: War is the one who gives birth to the phenotypes...

Hose: One of the ten commandments speaks about respect towards the father and the mother... (He moves his finger in a Hesiodic way)

Fernando: Right... When the two time... You break free only when the one defecates because you will not respect the one who aborted the other... You pay your respects to nobody and nowhere. Do you know why I would like to scatter your ashes in the ocean? (Speaks with hatred)

Hose: Why my awful child? (He makes fun of him)

Fernando: To avoid seeing how I will be when I am old... I prefer to be Adonis and Hermes rather than a manual mummy like you... I wonder how the curse of the Pharaohs did not fall upon those who stirred your inclusion since the Nazi era, you, a cork of sea...

Hose: Mummy? Manual? Warden! Now you will see...

Scene 2

(A few moments later, the warden comes in, holding a lash)

Hose: Tip him forty lashes on my behalf so to transform him to the best beast! (The warden gladly obeys and Fernando will take the lashes with patience and pride). Are you hungry? Do you want my fattened calf for your return to prison? Bring the food! (He talks to the warden. He leaves)

Scene 3

(A few minutes later the prison's door opens and the warden drags a burnt corpse of unknown identity)

Hose: I thought you probably have not eaten anything for days... (Fernando glares at him)

Fernando: In the previous city they told me of 52 papers that show you were hatched in a country of the Zulu. There, you drank viscous milk and you sacrificed infants... This perfume lasts for centuries... Do you see this vial? (He shows him the one Claudia had given him... There is a little poppy liquid left)

Hose: Yes... (He looks at it in a strange way)

Fernando: Smell it and get a ticket to the past...

Hose: And a discharge note for the future? (He picks up the vial and smells it). It has a weird smell...

Fernando: Of the inevitable destiny... You will reach Nirvana and not even goddess Kali will be able to distract you... (Pleasure can be discerned in his eyes)

Hose: Is it a magic potion to clone you? I do not drink it. I assure you. (He smells it again)

Fernando: But how is it going to be etched in your mind? (With a fake innocence)

Hose: You must take it. I do not suffer from congestion...

Fernando: But I smeared it on my stomach...

Hose: I do not see any indelible result...

Fernando: It acts in the long run. Not shortsightedly. Like politics... You will be an exhibit in the Natural History Museum...

Hose: What do you mean? (He smells it for the third time)

Fernando: He will be embalmed like the bears... (He does not look at his face and seems to talk to the audience)

Hose: And who will be the hunter? I swear to you I will never be prey.

Fernando: I believe you will soon patrol the Vatican... Like a dead body... (In a low voice). You will vomit and spit with the Pope, my implied friend, as well as with everyone who leads your drafts to segmentation... (Hose touches his neck. He is pale)

Hose: What's wrong with me? I see your mother piercing your head... Am I delusional? (He is sweaty and he cannot breathe)

Fernando: No... He is one step before he enters the purgatory of hell! (He talks to the audience). Poison has quicker results on lungs than on saturation's gain. When do we look like dead more easily? When we lack oxygen masks and exhalation of dioxide or a dull trunk with myrrh and wine? I confess I had a shunamitism! (Hose approaches Fernando and puts his hands around his neck to choke him). Now father, I will not become the constellation of Swan because not only do I not decongest the ice crusher but also I appreciate it. I cut your head and now I have to reincarnate as reddish clay... An eye for an eye... Another Evangelical quote... (He takes his one eye out with his left hand)

Hose: You brat, I will not... I will... (He dies with his mouth opened. Fernando puts the vial under his tongue. The warden is frightened and calls his colleagues to remove the body and not let the stench overwhelm the place. Fernando remains calm and stares at the eye in his hand)

CURTAIN

ACT FOUR

Scene 1

(Antonio enters prison with a suitcase. He leaves it on the floor and the warden watches what is happening without participating)

Antonio: Here is the fig's loop?

Fernando: Wrong... The hanger...

Antonio: Thank God there is not a river anymore because that would be your loop... (He spits on the floor)

Fernando: Michelangelo's young women were an eagle with no takings on a rosary for each one of us mortals at Caucasus.

Antonio: Why did you try to overthrow my father? Didn't you want to think that I would become a Senator?

Fernando: You cannot be something you are. I would not want to know that you are a heifer. After all, your father puts horse's dung on corpses. How could I deprive him of decay's March?

Antonio: Because the rule says so... You are impudent... (Furious). I imagine Claudia performing the role of Eve from the play she will stage in front of you. Feather honey will dribble from her mouth like remains of love.

Fernando: Don't... (He breathes heavily and is about to cry). Why are you doing this?

Antonio: Because you did not kiss me on the mouth as the Teacher is supposed to do to his pupils. Whatever you hold in your hand is uneven and wrongly made... (He clenches his right fist). But you must take whatever belongs to Luck from its ornate hair!

Fernando: Ulcer and its coat of arms are bigger when you cannot have what you could but never managed to. Because you wanted to have your cup some other time. (With a look of passive confession)

Antonio: You replace your Luck with your other half so as to approach the impossible in conflict's swirling.

Fernando: You always placed bets on love's racetracks.

Antonio: The retrieval of love is a Tug-of-War but I put shrewd obstacles in its threshold so as to cause its fall with the encircling of the fortresses. And as the ignition in the fight grows, my ego curves around a foreign tendril. Do you know that women who scheme give birth to infants? Claudia is going to give you the constellation of Gemini from her belly...

Fernando: Please... (He stares at the wall)

Antonio: Me? Your two branches will flick snow from the south wind. The reeds are at the seaside; not at the ridges of the mountain ranges.

Fernando: You will not do it...

Antonio: But I will... I will do it... You should be devoted to the Confessor you will have. The basin of my foundation is solemn and cloudy with the yolk from the frying pan.

Fernando: This is a degrading gesture.

Antonio: The thorny crown brings more happiness than the marble griffin-like column. The humble are blissful... I can release Chaos with a wave if it pretends and disobeys... (He talks to the audience)

Fernando: I do not ignore it...

Antonio: So? What are you waiting for? (Antonio laughs sardonically while Fernando kneels and kisses his feet). I condition one of Mars's satellites... (He steps away)

Fernando: The face which appears to have fire but usually aligns indecent actions without bottom will always impose Mars's children on people.

Antonio: This is the fear of void...

Fernando: No... Of the dream...

Antonio: Have you become a dream book? (With a degrading look)

Fernando: Of good or bad?

Antonio: Are you afraid of me? (Curious)

Fernando: I am not annoyed by shadows in the fog. They are blinding in the light though.

Antonio: Can I learn the focal point?

Fernando: Light shows the beauty of life but also its mongolism. So hideous due to its achromaticity or colourfulness. There is nothing monochrome.

Antonio: I believe you refer to the burr of scindapsus...

Fernando: And to self-knowledge since Earth was moved from the Sky and I am looking for it hopelessly.

Antonio: Without life is impossible to invade people's existence...

Fernando: When you soliloquize...

Antonio: Have you ever been interested in transactions?

Fernando: I have always been an enemy of trade...

Antonio: The play you are performing is so awful like the squalid life of nil.

Fernando: Theatre usually promotes characters like you or me. It never imposes though or moulds ethics but only brings wet dreams with garrulity. (He says these things while looking at the audience). The role I perform in the play will be bad if I meet Nightmares like you during the REM stage...

Antonio: I have to extirpate your eyes to make you learn how to distinguish between reality and your dreams.

Fernando: I was never destined to become an emperor. As long as we exist, your throne will be in danger. I think you are Fear's brother...

Antonio: I should have been born as Dionysus... (He touches his beardless chin). No, January's high priest... Do you know something? The more handsome someone is, the more beautiful and cyclopean his pain seems. I refused to grant you a pardon. You cannot give life to a world which belongs to a necropolis; it is like gladioli in a porcelain vase.

Fernando: Do you promise me that her soul will not get condyloma?

Antonio: I have been substituting the love you had for her since you avoided our religion and became a heretic.

Fernando: In the fire! My hitch and I in the fire! (In an ironic and ferocious tone)

Antonio: That is why I must not be rigid! Only the gods can give promises and make threats. I cannot be human because it is impossible to be Superhuman. I think you are more afraid of a promenade in a sunny winter than Cerberus's latticed wing. You look for posterior glory.

Fernando: Someone who is not afraid of the gods or what does not exist, will never be scared of people. It depends on you whether this that you accuse me of becomes a dream or a bone with Clio as judge. Not me.

Antonio: It is so obvious you are a human being...

Fernando: In every human thing there is something inhuman or forbidden. You feel the vibrations in sirocco... (He mocks at him by showing him his tongue)

Antonio: I think your imagination is windy. You do not know whose face it will touch and where it will end.

Fernando: Anarchy's reason is unrealistic and unrestrained since it knows no limits! Since you could not banish me from its imagination you planned a Sicilian crusade in its hard disk...

Antonio: The retaliation for life's cleansing was the pledge you took that you will not purge it anymore...

Fernando: You will not do... (Silence). We have been together since we were kids...

Antonio: Since we were kids... (He looks like he reminisces about the past). A water lily in the lake with ducks... A doll made of cloth... A smile without

philosophy and notes... I felt like a kid when I was one... Now I get a thrill every time I want to annihilate you. (With a wild, mean look)

Fernando: Grave is the best gift for memory.

Antonio: And watches are the best antibiotic for the pulsating turtle... (He glares at Fernando and kicks him in the belly). You crawl like a viper! But here I hold the tree of your knowledge! (He takes the release paper out of his pocket). When am I going to be given the apple? Our destiny depends on a boat which has been exposed to the Black Holes... (Fernando is bleeding but tries to stand on his feet)

Fernando: Then we must ban you and let you cover them...

Antonio: I can do this in a different way too...

Fernando: Why do you hate everything you do not love?

Antonio: Because it is incomprehensible.

Fernando: This concerns the ones who never die. Not the mortals.

Antonio: Whip him 12 times! (He talks to the warden who moves Fernando to a bigger stake that exists for this reason. He starts whipping him). I want to taste Olympus in its entirety! (He approaches Fernando with the look of Septimius Severus). I have always said that Hinduisms are anarchy's reins!

Fernando: Like every ideology that glorifies itself way too much!

Antonio: The varicose veins of your pagoda are so mournful... (He caresses his neck and he tries to get away even though he is tied to the stake)

Fernando: If the rush was spread all over earth it would look like the moon. You once promised me that you would not... (Antonio interrupts him with the way of a blade)

Antonio: Do not wait conservations of libation from the Unexpected. I do not like someone to foresee what I did not intend to do. Prediction concerns Heaven. It does not confiscate the Earth.

Fernando: If I sign?

Antonio: It is not enough. I have a feeling of yellow tulip. I do not know how to love. Do you know when I would give land to rage? If you had become ash in the Pacific before you saw the light... I would offer Claudia as an anathema to the gods...

Fernando: Do you hate me so much?

Antonio: Even more... My right hand; the moon was circumcised at nights... Do you remember the echo of the commando hounds from Claudia's priory?

Fernando: Fairytales are blabbering to her.

Antonio: Sciences are above all. During the chasms of her kiosk's columns, you taught her math and I taught her grammar.

Fernando: She bought a red toga and tunics for you. For me, blue beams on the mirror. Tripods belong to Seine now. Pythia does not help me to argue with Nouma.

Antonio: Past is man's conviction. (With a superhero's voice)

Fernando: Love is a crime without punitive penalties!

Antonio: You must be the statue of my deepest thoughts. Why don't you want to become a puppet of penalties?

Fernando: Because you do not have the virtue of a trainer...

Antonio: I have the courage of a hunter though!

Fernando: I am not ready for the Thyestean Feasts. Others smell honey made of cloth and others inhale dirt. After all, love is a play with cancellation's tickets!

Antonio: With tickets with no comeback and especially money. The greater its earthquake, the faster its steam!

Fernando: From that moment the product's refining begins and the snapshots give the baton to the shriveled white of the Bed.

Antonio: Love and art demand human sacrifices...

Fernando: Love is labour's art without the game of pleasure. You direct and your other self performs the actions with rattles and cymbals.

Antonio: At the tropical forests... Do you remember the cave we bedew with mushrooms in order to make someone a navigator?

Fernando: Decomposers absorb the best pleasures...

Antonio: Do you still love her? (He caresses his cheek with hatred)

Fernando: I love her as the sun loves the mountains at dawn.

Antonio: Your guilt can be seen even behind the waterfall. When I was stealing her breath I sensed your perfume with my tongue... (He kisses him on the mouth and he tries to resist but in vain)

Fernando: You envy me because I was a friend of freedom... (Sick and tired)

Antonio: I never envied you...

Fernando: You envied me because she loved me!

Antonio: I need an ice crusher... (The warden takes an ice pick out of the suitcase. Antonio stabs Fernando's left leg and he screams while bleeding). How long are you going to hold the Sky on your shoulders?

Fernando: Love is the opposing religion of passion. You turn the benefactor into a product of consumption and you unintentionally tip the exterminator...

Antonio: And passion?

Fernando: A bouquet of roses given to the heart or an airy love where you keep Dispute and Victory prisoners. What we hate and we do not find in front of us... (Antonio steps away and looks like he is talking to himself)

Antonio: In front of me... Always in front of me... (He laughs cunningly). I will win though... A bouquet of roses... (Ironically)

Fernando: What is a chrysanthemum without the soil beneath it? What is the sky without its ideogram in the centre? (Antonio glares at him and he has the look of Sisyphus)

Antonio: You were the worst association for your friend. Bring his rebel brother, who shares the same ideas with him, to bless this black sheep! (He talks to the warden who leaves)

Scene 2

(Later, the warden brings Estevez, who is Fernando's friend, in front of him naked and tied with heavy chains. Antonio takes a knife out of the suitcase)

Antonio: Unchain the hands of this punk. (He refers to Fernando and the warden obeys slavishly). Give him Hecate. (He talks to Fernando and gives him the knife)

Fernando: I prefer Dryope's principle... (He shakes his head)

Antonio: You will not use tricks of plagiarism for long... You will soon be forced to...

Fernando: Can I learn the way?

Antonio: If you do not take part in this murder, I will slaughter Claudia on the altar for the auspicious vardaris to blow and move the ships which will hang the mutiny before it becomes a continuous storm. Do you prefer biblical themes or Euripides's tragedy?

Fernando: You do not mean what you say...

Antonio: Don't I mean them? Bring her in, you miserable worm! (He talks to the warden who leaves)

Scene 3

(The warden comes in with Claudia who is chained and blindfolded. He makes her kneel in front of the table and puts her breasts on it. Antonio takes a hammer out of the suitcase)

Antonio: If you do not obey to what I demand, you will see what is inside her coming out with this virtuous hammer.

Fernando: You will not execute her... (He starts trembling and sweating)

Antonio: Won't I execute her? In this country of uncertainty I am the dictatorship's son. The one of three colours was always incompatible with legislation. I can be a fire-starter and a firefighter at the same time with a grace of a statue. Taste the vigor of the crack! (He has approached Claudia and with the one hand he holds the hammer and with the other he pulls her hair)

Claudia: Never betray him in the hug of white-winged Terns! (She talks from the altar to either Antonio or Fernando)

Antonio: I am touching the sharp of your rose on a stave of an underage melancholy. (He talks to Fernando even though he is far away from him). She will become a cast away with this hammer but with the eternal fire she will be aerified before she dies.

Estevez: Do not give me to darkness. (He talks to Fernando)

Fernando: I do not have a choice.

Antonio: You have been given the chance to free a hostage but you have two choices. Never more than one... Then, the daydreaming begins... (Fernando stabs poor Estevez 8 times. Claudia screams and Antonio applauds and cheers)

Claudia: You beast! Remove my bondage! (She talks to Antonio. She moves her hands and legs to break the chains but in vain)

Antonio: Wasn't he number one for a long time and I in second place? Now he earned Death's eminence. He died once with the sacrifice of his consanguineous. Another one when you have adenalgia.

Claudia: You are a dolomite... I love them all...

Antonio: I cannot stand such a debasement of love. You do not know what passion means... Love... You just pretend to know... You are all the same; only your lens changes.

Claudia: You are made of a granite mine! (She cries). I just wanted to help him... (Antonio drops the hammer)

Antonio: Flakes of milk are flowing from your soul's sprite. They are flowing low, to dust's belly button until a cloud freezes. (He looks at Fernando who mourns over his dead friend's body, he approaches him and takes the knife out of his hands. Then he approaches Claudia). This relay race has come to its end. I ask for only one trophy. The gold one. Dress him properly! (The warden chains Fernando up again and takes him to the small stake). So you wanted to help him send my father to Rome's Pantheon and make me lose my privileges? (He talks to Claudia who slightly moves her head. Antonio pulls her hair, slaps her in the face twice and throws her to the floor)

Claudia: I never meant to hurt you. (She grieves). It was a spontaneous act.

Antonio: And the slaps I gave you were spontaneous. Imagine we all became spontaneous! The bullet which accommodates us would have spontaneous and rotten corpses. True euphorbia!

Claudia: I will do anything for him to be granted a pardon! (Antonio approaches her and touches her face with the knife)

Antonio: Nature says that he will die like everyone else! I agree with her even though I do not always want to adopt her opinion...

Fernando: With all these genuflections, you, Sunday child, know this: that you do not honour her at all. His verdict has long been reached. (He talks to Claudia)

Antonio: Do not have your ears wide open... (He talks to Claudia). I want to see the reflection of her decay! (He kisses her mouth while looking at Fernando)

Claudia: What do you want from me after all?

Antonio: The ultimate. I do not look for naught...

Fernando: The ultimate is nothing in twin life.

Antonio: The infant is dead. The other survived though, as we were approaching her belly... Ascents and descents in a road of speed. But you finished first and I admired you from behind like an omnipotent captive. (He cuts a tuft of her hair with the knife)

Fernando: Nothing is the unknown's shadow...

Antonio: Nothing is a delivery to men. I already knew this promising thing with the smile of a thorny horizon. Its look is unchangeable and beautiful like a happy statue with achromatopsia...

Fernando: You said you are a hunter...

Antonio: Everyone is after something unreachable knowing that they balance on dilation's sedge... (He puts the tuft in his pocket and approaches Fernando)

Fernando: Maybe you have not been ready for this melody! Nature knows Santorini better.

Antonio: Nature... (He sinks into his own world). I remember my trip to the lake of the Monsters when I was a kid! How great we were sharpened! We became the executioners of a cat at a window...

Fernando: I do not want to remember... You gave me a gift of Resurrection to stop being a beast.

Antonio: Don't you want to remember? Do you remember the manuals we brought her at the same time? So much water was flowing... Do you know that if colours stopped existing, blood would look like water?

Fernando: Shadows and light... Scales of colours cover the absolute of ideas because in life they represent moderation.

Antonio: Colours... Do you remember the cherries of saliva in the cave that we did not want to swallow?

Fernando: You always mould with clay the man whom you were meant to greet at the three-way junction when you are blind...

Antonio: Do you remember my tongue that had become a vacuum for the excavation of life giving salt lakes?

Fernando: The cave had the dimensions of a football pitch, like Symplegades of alchemy's choruses.

Antonio: Bold ideas are expressed by bold lips...

Fernando: And provocative thoughts are created by bold glories. Do you know the sun has stripes? Nothing is smooth in life.

Antonio: The regularity of anomaly is the law of physics.

Fernando: And of the chemistry of the stars... You make me remember a train in a tunnel and another one on the opposite lane kissing it on the neck. Life must be a collision!

Antonio: I want us to film this movie together... (With a burning desire)

Fernando: I do not want it though...

Antonio: You do not want to? You will be whipped because you had burnt my adaptable nose with you quiver at Sirius.

Fernando: They were mine too...

Antonio: They were... They are not anymore... Past is the only closet that must not be fixed... Everyone in the colony of my fake pounds... They smile when I do so... They weep when I cry. They dance when they know I will explode with my signal.

Fernando: I prefer to whip myself...

Antonio: Killing two birds with one stone... Have I mentioned I am the former staff of Artemis? (He approaches him). You will be deprived of choice. (He hits him twelve times with a piece of wood he took out of the suitcase)

Fernando: Isn't fate above gods? (He makes labour sounds)

Antonio: So they say... But if a god pretends to be fate? Are you pain's friend?

Fernando: I receive the light of ideas and Muses...

Antonio: Behold the stimulation of a bear which sleeps! (He looks at Claudia with irony)

Fernando: My life was a poetry which never had currents of complications. Pure water is reflected on tergiversation with a fried sky. You inform me of something persecutory.

Antonio: I have to translate the incomprehensible.

Fernando: I am the enlightened of the sources. You will not find it in me...

Antonio: Poetry has an end and a beginning. I do not file Krystalia. Are you anarchy's metic or poetry's pulp?

Fernando: You forgot to mention the argument that poets glorify the state in society.

Antonio: You supplemented my proposition, poor poet!

Fernando: Someone became a poet when he made anarchy. Poetry hides a chaos in her seabed.

Antonio: With a town planning... (He has the look of a policeman who catches the criminal red-handed)

Fernando: Is there anything in the world, apart from ideas, that does not have neatness? You do not kidnap me because poetry is an idea and my hands are tied.

Antonio: We had such a nice time... (With indignation). It is in his nature to be different. (He talks to the audience). Your ideas are the cross-like antidote of life.

Fernando: No. Society's compensation. Life was a scarecrow. Empty like a cliff. Superficial like the earthquake. Pointless like everything she will wear. The thumbnails of my ideas in the fist. I do not want to think anymore.

Antonio: Anarchy has been implanted into you with plastic surgery. Otherwise you would live as an antelope in South Africa.

Fernando: I try to carry my idea. Being an anarchist means you are everywhere and nowhere. You live and die every single moment. You exist and you do not exist in iridescence. You become what you cannot be or you do not wish to while you end up with your real self. You accept everything and nothing when you know you will not. You feel and the feeling is banned. You think and you cannot think anymore.

Antonio: Is Kubrick a prompter of your sentences?

Fernando: Anarchy is innate because it is an idea of the sky.

Antonio: You are slipping away like an eel... Then you are a man but at the same time you should not be one.

Fernando: Now you are talking reasonably. As an anarchist, I do not accept any end or beginning. Reason has the above qualifications and the worst part is that it is a symbol of the status quo sparse in a field.

Antonio: Are you Claudia or a concept of her in the sky? (He laughs)

Fernando: I am a tracker in truth's damp sand... I believe you want to decapitate my ideas...

Antonio: Let the beginning of evil be moved here... (The warden obeys Antonio's orders and takes unconscious Claudia out of the cell). She is all mine, Fernando. You should know that I sojourn nowhere though.

Fernando: Your exception is the compasses of ideas. (Calm)

Scene 4

(The warden, who keeps the order, brings in a bucket of water. Antonio is playing with the bloodstained knife. When Antonio sees the bucket he stabs the water with the murder weapon.)

Fernando: What are you moulding? (He looks at him curiously)

Antonio: What I will never emancipate. I stab the purpose! I erase it so as not to be erased on the blackboard.

Fernando: Your bucket created an ivy.

Antonio: Because life gets colour from its death... (He points at dead Estevez). Place a coin on his mouth! (The warden takes a gold coin out of the suitcase and places it on his mouth). Because we must honour gods and the dead! (He looks like he is bragging)

Fernando: And underestimate people... Why don't you love people?

Antonio: If I unravel the yarn of love, I will meet Minos and Rhadamanthus. I prefer the passion with her and you as judge.

Fernando: She is your sister. What will society say?

Antonio: Do you remember the expressed desire of the gods for their sisters? The sequence of gods and humans is equal to this of people and pheasants. If you were a neutral planet in Middle Ages, today with the present technical knowledge, the ignorant mob would believe you are an eternal god. Free to do whatever you want with science as a ring.

Fernando: You regain freedom with the term of verification. You must not let paintings-the others guide you because freedom is anarchy's sister. I make love to her day and night. You philosophize about love more than making it. You are pretentious Narcissus with the snake which bites its tail.

Antonio: And you, from the monkey called idea, the mother of your two siblings. (With disgust)

Fernando: My monkey has mind and eyes and not doors of septa.

Antonio: You are evolution's ideal. The clone of modification. Take this knife and make your veins become taps. (He gives him the knife and Fernando cuts the veins of his left hand. The warden, who was a passive spectator, reacts at this spectacle of Fernando's nosebleed and takes a sheet out of the suitcase which he wraps it around the wound and takes the knife out of his hands)

Antonio: Why you miserable worm deprived me of the nectar? Now where am I supposed to find it? (He takes the knife from the warden and cuts his throat). Now no one will suffer from anaemia. The new plague will be fasting. I want the

colourless water flowing from your fountains. Since I lost your nectar, I want your ambrosia.

Fernando: To drink it? (He stretches his left arm)

Antonio: No... To eat it... I remember... Do you remember your cigar I smoked with my one hand and my lungs looked like Jupiter? With my other hand I dug a pit like a cat-camel's pile of stool. (In the meantime he licks and drinks the blood flowing from Fernando's arm. He has pushed the sheet aside. Fernando endures his torture without complaining)

Fernando: Do you want it to take advantage of your death? My blood is paraffin, not ambrosia.

Antonio: I always wanted to reincarnate as a mosquito. Bats in caves hibernate with the first song of the day.

Fernando: Will you redeem the sheet with my blood?

Antonio: I will immediately send it to Fanari. I hope this shroud of self-discovery and euphoria will become a memento of legacies; your worst punishment! (He picks up the bloodstained sheet and smells it)

Fernando: Did you inhale your inner parts or transformed into rain with a thunderbolt?

Antonio: Into cow's milk...

Fernando: It is so obvious you are not an Indian!

Antonio: Do you remember when I discovered that cave with my flag? (He throws the sheet on the floor again). Transparent magic from the Augean stables... Next to it there was a flowerpot. I was playing with a peacock's feather in order not to be scared...

Fernando: And in the meantime?

Antonio: There are no rice fields... But it makes seven souls and a tail...

Fernando: I was an eye witness at pollination's death. Earth was my bullet. To foretell the phenomena.

Antonio: As long as you do not put them on sarcophagi with your flames and the flutes.

Fernando: You knew how to charm many brass instruments. But if you show them, do not talk.

Antonio: I think I was a mountaineer in Alps.

Fernando: And I, always last; doomed in slang... (Disappointed). I was left to fight with two wanderers! I was trying to find cornucopia but in vain. My beard was a spindle of nails.

Antonio: The harvest was ours with two ploughs. The weather was our ally. It brought snow and rain. "Pastoral" was storm's thunders from the loudspeakers.

Fernando: We had tote bags because we knew the litany would be heard. Eyes were looking at the sky, searching for a Latin cross to scorn the birth.

Antonio: A utopian embryo of Unknown Father captured by the unstable cinema.

Fernando: The pictures... The pictures are the solution to this fallacy.

Antonio: Do you remember when it was raining in the garden of dice? You brought sixes and I their opposites. I wanted to dig a hole in the ditch with my tongue to taste the Lightning as a bee-eater with teeth of the earth's measurement.

Fernando: And you saw her?

Antonio: No, but she left a taste of dragon in my hookah.

Fernando: Gods chase those mortals who sacrifice. Their pleasure is unreal. Neither ideal nor mental as the machines lure you to spider's internet.

Antonio: Do you remember when I was whipping a cat with a leash? I was furious while drinking its blood at a happy time like this!

Fernando: Was it black?

Antonio: Prejudices are for the cowards-believers. Not for gods... (He looks at him in a strange way)

Fernando: He is faithful to a God with no name and meaning! As long as he lives, he exists and as long as he breathes, he worships him... (He talks to the audience)

Antonio: I only believe in myself. Someone, though, with no name and meaning must have lack of gifts; he will not leave his handprint on the avenue of glory.

Fernando: He can do anything... (He shows him his wounded arm). This is his sword! These are his trophies! (He shows him his wrinkled face). This is his Korythos! (He reveals his feather tufts of hair). This is his armour! (He shows him his chest wounds). These are his wings! (He shows him the wounds on his back)

Antonio: Raping the one who hates you is the best lesson about rituals.

Fernando: If this is not blackmail, it is a delusion of some valve.

Antonio: A delusion but a self-evident need. Blackmail labours rape and gives birth to it on the body's soul.

Fernando: You have the look of the moon.

Antonio: Because I know how to hate the proper manner. One I used to melt cigarettes on the trunks of ebony trees.

Fernando: You are not a naturalist. More of an abuser of nature... You probably bit frenzy with the trunks of the Vintager. Rape of the body is equal to soul's blackmail.

Antonio: And you are the itch of my calmness.

Fernando: Where did you see calmness on earth? Was it at the tumultuous sea? The adrenaline sky? Or the earth which shakes? Look for peace at the void; not at the obsidian.

Antonio: I sent every woman I raped to the void so as to forget. (He makes a few moves with his hands as if he is catching something in the air)

Fernando: A useful compost in the garden of silence! I always believed that those bushes did not have a breath compatible to my silence.

Antonio: Silence is the most precious stone of the sky.

Fernando: Have you fallen in love with whoever you bury in the bog of your garden or do you want him to be raped?

Antonio: With passion's death you are free to dream.

Fernando: A moment before the erection of oblivion, think of your crimes and you will become an ancient spirit like the universe...

Antonio: They had the procession of Judas from my hands... (He throws up)

Fernando: You ate my blood and swallowed my wood... (He stares at the ceiling as if he does not care about what is happening, but he looks as if he takes delight in this). There is not an elixir for his illness. My blood contains life and poison. Like life, it will give you a hardly precarious death, my faithful pupil! I decided to follow the fate of Socrates...

Antonio: I want to die before you... (He catches his throat)

Fernando: And I want to live after you... (He cleans his throat). You had signed an empty box. You are condemned at the end of life and the beginning of self-existence. (Even though he is dizzy, Antonio looks at him devilishly; like an animal which roars before it dies)

Fernando: Viper's son... (He sweats a little)

Antonio: I told you that the state would deal with hunger successfully. In case of a drought, her blood has been given to an ancient vase before she was decapitated. You will see 6 figs on the cake; reminder of a punishment. Taste your anarchy... (He leers at Fernando who is crying and pulling his hair in front of the box). Don't you want to know her last moments? (Fernando is not bothered to answer. Antonio is really sweaty and looks like he is talking to himself). The first order was to separate her feet from the earth because they had become antennae of your patents. The second order was to cut her fingers. We had endured the other two...

Fernando: But the number was not ruined... (He sweats a lot)

Antonio: That is why we are the only ones left. Another lesson will not be created again! (He gets pale)

Fernando: Beast! (He looks at him angrily and he is about to attack him)

Antonio: Of the Apocalypse of the traitors! (He breathes heavily). After that, an order was given to let her escape from her skin. I thought that the skin of the traitors changes constantly. Two are the possible choices: Either her skin will be reshaped, a true miracle, or mine will be preferred ulteriorly.

Fernando: Did any of these happen? (He frowns)

Antonio: No. A true child of anarchy. (He breathes more heavily). That is why I moved to more drastic solutions. I confiscated her tools for anyone who needed them. It will be said that I was a philanthropist as well...

Fernando: You end life. A friend of god but not in actions... (He breathes heavily too)

Antonio: I saved her heart in my house's refrigerator so as to preserve her radiance. They removed her teeth with pliers. They scattered them on my garden to grow monsters that I will govern...

Fernando: The yellow ringlets? I want a tuft for my death's spinning wheel.

Antonio: I kept it in my pocket... For whoever betrays me; I will personally lead them to the gallows... (Hatefully)

Fernando: Will you make shoes with her skin?

Antonio: Brilliant idea! But I think it would be better to put it above my bed... And when I commit a crime I will put a dot until a star pops out with two arms, two legs and a head...

Fernando: You had better stab my chest with a hook than put it as a decoration above the bed... (He breathes heavily)

Antonio: Once I lost a stone at a path. (He looks at him) Now I will hold it at the reversal of the New Moon like a snake.

Fernando: What happened to her womb?

Antonio: There is no pain without a womb. .. I left it at the fission's deficit...

Fernando: Will you not bury her body? (He weeps)

Antonio: It was delivered to the nearest butcher's to be given to proletariat. A dying beneficence for a hideous trait... (He touches his stomach because it hurts and he doubles up). Traitor... She will land on their stomachs like a paratrooper and led by their metabolism she will be freely equated with what she was before she bowed to me: goat's faeces. We are all carnivorous blossoms; poor and tycoons. The question is this: Which will grab the opportunity to prove it is the smartest in nature? Nothing in nature goes to waste! When you lose your energy by someone else's organism, he will pour it into the circle and... (He does not finish his sentence and falls almost dead on the floor)

Fernando: If you have forgotten your nature and pretend to be a human being instead of a god?

Antonio: Nature is nature. It does not change... (He speaks with difficulty). It allows interventions though, to make you think it may change... The human sacrifice... Had to be done... For me to become a god... (He closes his eyes)

Fernando: Did you ask them?

Antonio: An inner voice... It foreshadows it...

Fernando: Maybe you want to hear your balance sheet...

Antonio: Her ears... She lost them... So as she could not hear that I... (In frenzy). And her secret... Not to be revealed...

Fernando: What secret?

Antonio: If you want me to tell you... It will stop being a secret...

Fernando: Secrets are contracts of gods... (He faints and falls on the floor)

Antonio: I will reveal the secret... Do not say it anywhere... In the other world... My sister... Was a goddess... Before I became...

Fernando: A god?

Antonio: That too... Yes... I did not like it... (He dies). (Fernando asks Antonio's servant to bring the cake closer to him and he obeys)

Fernando: I ask for an enigma... (He talks to Antonio's servant). To be burnt when I die... And the cake around me... Our ashes... To be scattered in Andes... With us as condors... The land will be overrated... From above... For the last time... (He closes his eyes). His corpse... Let it not be buried... (He talks about Antonio). Tell Armando... To move him... To the necropolis of serpents... At this New Moon... A beetle... On the chest... Before the dawn... He will resurrect... (This is what Fernando said and died like every object gravitated to earth)

CURTAIN

