

# The Titanic Orchestra

By

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## Characters

Doko

Luko

Meto

Luba

Harry

## Scene 1

*A small, rundown railway station in the middle of a valley is inhabited by a few tramps. Meto carefully folds a musical score into four and cuts it up with a knife, occasionally reading names from the papers.*

Meto: Beethoven, Bach, Herbert von Karayan, etc.”.

*When he’s done, he gathers the cut up music and nails it to the open door of the outhouse. He looks at his watch and knocks on the windows.*

Meto (loud )It’s coming!

*The tramps come out onto the platform with their suitcases . Luko is in a worn railway uniform and Meto- without shoes.*

Meto: Hurry up! Bring the suitcases in front - They’ll think we’re passengers. In a row! Smiling please! So... the train stops... and... What do we do?

Luba: Will it stop?

Meto: This is an example- just a rehearsal. Main characters: Luko, ex-railway man, Doko, ex-

bear preserve guard, Luba, ex-something-something.. and me, the main character.

Remember – main character! And now, the train stops and, question, what do we do?

Luko: Even if it stops, they won't open the doors.

Luba: At least they'll throw us something to eat.

Luko: I'm not a beggar. I'm a railway man!

Meto: You used to be a railway man. Now you're a beggar.

Luko: Yes, because you guys don't pay your rent here. You're living for free.

Meto: The station is not yours.

Luko: I used to work here.

Meto: You used to.... but the station is under my command now.

Luko: Under yours?

Meto: Yes, under mine.

Luko: I was station master here all my life.

Meto: You were. But I'm in charge now. So, the train comes and what do we do? The train stops and we....

Luko: Not gonna stop.

Meto: Quiet! I can't work like this! I need silence! Silence and Focus. Now, the train stops, we get in, swap the empty suitcases for full ones, we get off.

Luba: Hey, they're gonna beat us up.

Meto: Why are you interrupting my rehearsal? No, this is not working out. From the top. Let's go from the top.

*The tramps sullenly carry their suitcases back into the waiting room again.*

Meto: *(to himself)* No, this is not working out. They have to be ready, and when they hear the word "train"...

*The tramps rush onto the platform.*

Meto: What are you doing? Where are you going?

Luko: You said "train".

Meto: I said "train" I never said "it was coming". From the top.

*The tramps go back into the station, grumbling*

Meto: *(to himself)* I'll give up. It's impossible to work with these people...*(Shouting.)* "Train's coming!"

*The tramps come out again, tripping over each other in the rush.*

Meto: Suitcases in front! Right. Stand straight! Smile! Good. Train stops. Doors open. Luba, a pregnant little country girl, gets on the train on the first compartment from the can...

*Luba mimes out her role, but Doko, who is very drunk, falls over.*

Meto: Doko, get up. You have to stand up straight like a passenger. *(Doko gets up and falls again.)* Up I said. And stop crying about that bear! On we go: Luba puts her empty suitcase on the rack next to the other suitcases... Luggage rack? I want to see a luggage rack!

*The tramps raise their cases above their heads, miming out a luggage rack.*

Meto: After she leaves her suitcase, Luba begins to cry quietly, awakening the passengers' compassion. At the same time, Luko, Luba's husband, appears on a platform next to the train window with the words "Luba, Luba why did you abandon me?"

Luko: Luba, Luba why did you abandon me?

Meto: All right, we'll have to work on that... Let's continue: Luba begins to cry even louder, awakening even more compassion. At that moment, Doko starts singing a song from the platform: "Doko was born on this world..."

Doko: *(singing)* Doko was born on this world with a deep wound in his heart...

Meto: We'll rehearse the song later. Let's move on: impressed with the song, all the passengers turn to look at Doko. While this is going on, Luba gets up and takes the suitcase... only it's not her suitcase, it's someone else's. She gets off. That's it. Clear and simple. Any questions?

Luba: Train's coming! *(Sound of an incoming train.)*

Meto: Suitcases in front! Attention! Stand straight! Smile! Good job! *(The train thunders through the station.)*

Luko: It didn't stop, again.

*Half-eaten sandwiches, empty plastic bottles, etc rains on their heads. They shield their heads with their hands. One half-empty bottle hits Luba on the head and she falls, clutching the bottle. The train departs. They swear angrily and pull the bottle from Luba's hands.*

Luba: No! The bottle is mine.

Meto: Everything from the train must be shared.

Luba: Yeah, but I got hit.

Meto: Drink it alone, then.

Luba: No, I'm not an alcoholic. (*She pours for Doko.*) Don't cry, drink. The Dead-Alive, The Living-Dead. The bear isn't a human being, after all.

Doko: 'm so sad. I lived with her for 10 years in the preserve, and then she had to die.

Meto: She died because you sold her food for drinking.

Doko: True, but she still loved me. By the end, she was selling her own food and bringing me drink.

Luba: She just committed suicide out of love.

Doko: At first, I only sold the badger's food but by the end, he...

Luba: Died?

Doko: No, he ran away. Then the deer, then the boars...they all ran away. By the end, only me and Cathy were left on the preserve. And she died out of love.

Meto: She died of starvation.

Luba: No, she had a choice and she didn't run away. She died out of love.

Doko: I ache for Cathy, oh how I ache.

Luko: I know, I ached too when that gallon from the train hit me. A full gallon of Smirnoff.

Meto: They're going to exterminate us here. They're going to exterminate us. We gotta split here and go to a real station. We're going on the train and then...

Luba: (*sighs*). Who'll let us into a real station.

Meto: I'm a musician, they'll let me in anywhere. I can read music.

Luba: (*amazed*). Pardon?

Meto: I can read music. Here. (*Shows cut up score.*)

Luba: Why did you cut them up?

Doko: For the outhouse, that's why.

Meto: Nothing of the sort. I cut them up because I know them by heart.

Luko: I know the timetable by heart. Six hundred and twenty-seven stations.

Meto: Do you know how many notes there are?

Luko: How many?

Meto: On these sheets alone there's a thousand... they called me Maestro... Maestro von Metonyan.

Luba: You were Armenian, then?

Meto: I was. And I will be again. I've conducted Beethoven, Bach, Feuerbach...

Luko: I'm sorry, but Feuerbach was a philosopher.

Meto: No matter, I've studied philosophy too.

Luko: You haven't studied philosophy.

Meto: I have. I have two Masters.

Luko: Where did you study philosophy?

Meto: At the Conservatory. I graduated from the Conservatory.

Luba: You told me you were in psychiatry.

Meto: That's right, I graduated from two institutions. I've even been in prison, which is the greatest university of life. Now I'm the manager of this stupid station.

Luko: You're not manager. I was manager.

Meto: Didn't you guys ask me to be manager?

Luko: Excuse me? Who asked you to be manager?

Meto: You said that business was bad and you asked me to fix your problems.

Luko: We didn't ask for you, you came all by yourself.

Meto: Yeah, but you guys agreed and hired me to work as manager for one bottle a day.

Luba: Quiet! Train's coming! (*Noise of approaching train.*)

Luko: A train not on the timetable?

*Tain enters with a thunder and garbage rains on them as before. A bottle hits Doko on the head and knocks him out. The train continues down the tracks.*

Luba: (*screams*). Murderers!

Luko: hat a life! I'm getting out of here. I'm taking the train to Copenhagen all the way to Reykjavik.

Luba: Murderers!

Meto: (*hurt*). Murderers like me are people too, Luba.

Luba: Sorry, the stress is getting to me. They could throw full bottles, at the least. (*Cries.*) You can't even get drunk properly. None of the conductors stop.

Meto: All conductors are bastards. I'll kill one of them, just don't know who. (*Glances towards Luko.*) Probably very soon.

Luba: They don't stop, nobody stops here.

Meto: *(even angrier)*. How could they stop? Look at yourself. How can I work with such trash? Look at the station! A dump yard! And on top of everything, they ask for rent!

Luko: We really need to clean up the station.

Meto: It has to look like new. The conductor would think of it as real and stop. And say "Holy shit!"

Luba: Okay, we finish this bottle, then we start.  
*Meto drinks and passes the bottle around.*

Meto: Sure, this bottle and that's it. This station has to look like...

Doko: *(drinks)*. This station has to look like..

Luko: *(drinks)*. This station has to look like..

Luba: *(drinks)*. This station has to look like..

Meto: *(drinks)*. And when the conductor sees it, he's going to say...

All: Holy shit!

Meto: Yes. And stop. *(To Luko.)* What's our train, again?

Luko: Train # 29-81 to Prague, Warsaw. Transfers to Berlin and Hamburg. From Hamburg-Copenhagen and Reykjavik. Last car to Oslo and Stockholm and so on. Repeat-Budapest, Warsaw, Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Reykjavik, Oslo, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Vladivostok, Vancouver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Chicago, New York...*(They fall asleep. A train whistle is heard in the distance.)*

## Scene 2

*Luko hands out new railway hats to everyone*

Luko: Now, they'll stop, they'll think we're railroad workers.

Meto: Aren't there any shoes in there?

Luko: No, I only found hats in the storage.

Meto: *(aside)*. Great, I have no shoes, he gives me a hat.

Luba: Train's coming. *(Noise of approaching train.)*

Meto: Quick! Bring the suitcases forward. In a row! Stand up. Smiling. You too, Doko.

Luko: Train's stopped. *(Noise of breaking train.)*

Meto: Bring the suitcases forward. Quickly. Now smile. Okay, good.

Luba: It stopped?!

Meto: Get outta here! *(Rubs his eyes)* The international! *(Sound of opening train doors)*

Luko *(screams)*. Watch out! They're throwing something.  
*A crate falls on the platform with a loud thud. They cautiously open the crate and from it emerges a drunken man in a worn top hat and tails.*

Harry: *(points towards the station)*. Sss...Stockholm.

Luko: Excuse me?

Harry Is this Stockholm?

Meto: Buzz off.

Harry: Is this Reykjavik?

Doko: What?

Luba: He's worse than us.

Meto: They throw all their garbage here. His shoes are new, though

Harry: I'm going to... to...

Meto: You're going to the same place we are. That's obvious...

Harry: Do you have some drink?

Doko: What?

Harry: Some drinking please!

Luba: There isn't any. No more drink.

Meto Come on! There is! There is a lot! Come on!

*Meto takes the knife he's cutting the score with and leads Harry to the waiting room. Some punches are heard. After a while, Meto emerges, rummaging through Harry's tuxedo. He has Harry's yellow shoes on. Horrified, the others look towards the waiting room.*

Meto: He doesn't have any money.

Luba: You killed a man?

Meto: You want me to walk barefoot?

Luko: Now the railway police will be here.

Meto: No problem, we'll throw him from the bridge onto the next freight train. *(Rummages through Harry's pockets)* No papers either.

Luko: I'll tell the railway police everything.

Meto: Is that so? Let's start those rehearsal again.?

*They line up sullenly. Suddenly, the waiting room door opens and out comes Harry with a knife buried knife all the way into his stomach.*

Harry: Something to drink? Please.

Harry: *(to Luba)*: Beer, I ask.

Luba: There isn't any.

Harry: Yes there is. Look in your suitcase.

*Luba opens the suitcase and takes out a can of beer*

Luba: Where did this beer come from? Omigosh! Ice-cold

Harry: Gimme. *(Drinks without noticing the knife in his belly.)* Who were you guys again?

Luba: We?

Harry: Yeah, you guys.

Doko: We... I... my bear died.

Harry: *(observing him)*. You're Doko?

Doko: I... I haven't done anything wrong. He... *(Points to the fainted Meto.)*

Harry: Not him, you. You've been chosen.

Doko: Chosen? Chosen for what?

Harry: To see it through to the very end.

Doko: I haven't seen anything. I was sleeping... my bear died... her name was Cathy.

Harry: You're bear's not dead.

Doko: She died a year ago, right in front of my eyes.

Harry: She's not dead- she's in there. *(Points to the waiting room door)* Go in and see.

Doko: But she's dead!

Harry: I said, go in and see.

*Doko fearfully enters the waiting room. Everyone waits tensely.*

Doko: *(enters)*. The bear! She's selling tickets! "Where're you going?" she asks me.

"Nowhere" I say...

*Luko looks into the waiting room.*

Luko: Nobody there.

Doko: "Where're you going?" she asks me. "Nowhere" I say. "No", she says, "you're going."

"Here is your ticket" she says...

Luba: Doko? What's that in your hand?



*Doko opens his closed fist.*

Luba: A ticket? *(Takes it from his hands.)* A ticket. *(Shows it to Luko.)*

Luko: A ticket for August 20th! Stamped with today's date? What the... hell?

Harry: Pardon? *(Drinks again but chokes on what turns out to be a egg. Everyone's jaw drops. The man peels the egg- it's hardboile . He snacks on it )*

Luba: *(amazed).* This guy kills me.

Luko: Who are you, eh?

Harry: I am...I'm a showman.

Metto: Excuse me?

Harry: Showman. I do illusions.

Luba: What?

Harry: Il-lu-sion-s. Illusions are everything in this world. Julius Caesar once said "The people will never rise up if given bread and...what?"

Luba: Drink?

Harry: No, "the people need bread and circus". Do you know who Caesar was?

Luba: Of course I know. He's...

Metto: *(to Luba).* Don't talk to strangers.

Harry: You don't need to know who Caesar is. But let's see what Marquez has to say.

Luba: I know about Marx.

Harry: Not Marx, Marquez. Gabriel Garcia Marquez. "A Hundred Years of Solitude". Page 234 line 8: "One day in Macondo, there arrived...", What I ask? And Marquez answers: the circus. This is Marquez talking, not me. So you see, Marquez also talks about the circus.

Luba: The circus, yeah. The circus is good stuff.

Harry: Let's not even mention Shakespeare. The world is what, I ask. And he answers "All the world's..."

Luba: A train station?

Harry: No, "all the world's a stage", understand?

Luko: Yes.

Harry: You haven't understood anything. But now, let's take a look at a very rare movie. *(looks around)* It's a little bright here... *(Light dims slightly.)* That's better. Let's begin. *A film plays but we don't see it. They watch, hypnotized.*

Harry: On the screen now you see the Grand Master of Magical Escape, Harry Houdini. He has succeeded in escaping from not only Life, but even from Death itself. Now he's approaching the metal coffin and laying down in it in front of thousands of amazed fans. A priest gets up among the crowd, "Houdini, you are playing with the judgment of God!" They weld the coffin shut. Lower it into the sea. One minute, two, three... the horrified screams of women are heard and mothers cover their children's eyes... An apocalyptic wail rises from the crowd. And, at this very moment, Harry swims to the surface. The Great Harry Houdini, who has escaped from Life and Death. That's it. Part two is tomorrow. (*Leaves*)

Luba : (*after him*). Mister!

Harry: Yes?

Luba: What is your name?

Harry: Harry.

Luba: Harry Houdini?

Harry: If you say so. (*Exits*)

*Fade out*

### Scene III

*Morning. They sit expectantly in front of Houdini's door. They whisper to each other. Meto smokes gloomily.*

Luba: Now he'll get up and we'll see part two. I wonder what will happen in part two?

Doko: "Where're you going?" she asks me. "Nowhere" I say. "No", she says, "you're going." "Here is your ticket" she said...

Luba; (*pours Doko a drink*). Drink. Drink or you'll sober up.

Luko: (*examines the ticket.*) I didn't see any bear. But the ticket is stamped with today's date.

Luba: (*drinks*).I'm scared. I drink, I drink- but I never get drunk. The knife's sticking out- he drinks beer.

Meto: The knife's gone in between his intestines, but he'll die anyway. He'll be dead by tomorrow.

Luko: Only a machine can stamp a date.

Doko: "Where're you going?" she asks me. "Nowhere" I say. "No", she says, "you're going."

“Here is your ticket” she said...

*They look at Harry's door again.*

Luba: He's not here yet.

Meto: He's dead. He developed an infection and died.

Doko: “Where're you going?” she asks me. “Nowhere” I say. “No”, she says, “you're going.”

“Here is your ticket” she said...

Luko: The film wasn't bad.

Luba: It was nice. I like romantic movies.

Luko: It wasn't a romantic movie.

Luba: It was.

Luko: It wasn't

Luba: It was. Every movie has romance.

Luko: Quiet, we'll wake him up.

Luba: Shhhht.

Meto: What movie? What kind of movie did you guys see?

*Doko picks up a cigarette butt, puts it in his mouth and rummages for while through his pockets for a matchbox. When he finally finds one, he opens it and looks inside.*

Doko: The bear! ( *Everyone jumps up in alarm.* )

Meto: Where is it?

Doko: Inside. In the matchbox. ( *Points to the box of the matches and begins talking to someone inside.* )

Doko: Yes. I am. ( *He brings his ear to the matchbox.* )

Doko: “Where're you going?” she asks. ( *He answers loudly* ) “Nowhere” ( *Brings his ear closer.* )

Doko: “No”, she says, “you're going...” “Here's your ticket” ( *He takes a ticket out of the matchbox and hands it to Luko.* )

Luko: A ticket for August 20th! Stamped with today's date?

Doko: ( *points to the matchbox* ) Cathy?

Meto: ( *looks inside* ) Idiot! He's gone completely sideways. Where is the bear here? Let's go Cathy, into the garbage with you.

*He tosses the matchbox into the garbage can. The roar of a bear is heard from within*

*the garbage can and out comes Harry Houdini with a knife in his gut. He opens his palm to reveal the matchbox.)*

Harry: Who threw the matchbox?

*Upon Harry's appearance, Meto once again faints.*

Doko: *(points towards Meto)* He did.

Harry: You think the bear will disappear? You think so? She won't disappear. She is inside of you. And she'll disappear along with the rest of you. Yes, matter can disappear, but it disappears only along with its witnesses, namely you. Get it?

Luba: Got it.

Harry: No, you didn't get it. This isn't a philosophy for an alcoholic like yourself, who wants both to disappear and not disappear at the same time.

Doko: But we... we don't want to disappear. We want to...

Luba: We want to get on the train and get out of here.

Harry: Get where?

Luba: Where... others go... to a place where...

Harry: There is no such place. All the world's the Titanic and all the men and women merely passengers. The only escape is in the illusion.

Luba: Whatever you say, Mr. Harry. '

Harry: Yes, the illusion. But not this one. *(He takes the bottle from Luba and throws it.)* Not this one either *(He takes an egg from his mouth.)* Not even this one! *(He takes the knife out of his stomach and throws it to the floor.)* Disappearance can only happen through the Grand Illusion. An illusion which occurs here. *(Points to his head.)* And transmutes matter into spirit. And there, free of matter, everyone will achieve their dreams. There, in the wonderful world of the spirit.

Luba: You're right Mr. Harry, please calm down.

Doko: We... We...

Harry: Yes. You will disappear because you have been chosen. I've been looking for you for an eternity and I've finally found you. And I'll take you to the Elysium of the spirit.

Luba: Please don't talk about such scary things. We're all drinking, but you've gone too far.

Meto: *(comes to)* I... I... I...

Harry: You and him and her.

Meto: I know the notes Mr. Houdini. Here. *(Gives him the cut up score.)*

Harry: Pardon? *(Takes cut up score.)*

Harry: Ludwig van Beethoven, Symphony #9? *(Houdini sings the notes.)*

Harry: Fa Fa Sol La La Sol Fa Mi Re Re Mi Fa Fa Mi Mi.

Fa Fa Sol La La Sol Fa Mi Re Re Mi Fa Fa Mi Re Re.

Mi Mi Fa Re Mi Fa-Sol-Fa-Re Mi Fa-Sol-Fa-Mi Re Mi La.

Fa Fa Sol La La Sol Fa Mi Re Re Mi Fa Fa Mi Re Re-e-e.

Harry: Alle zusammen!

Freude, shoener Goetterfunken,

Tochter aus Elysium,

wir betreten feuertrunken,

Himlishe, dein Heiligtum!

Daine Zauber binden wieder,

was die Mode streng geteilt;

alle Menshen werden Bruder,

wo dein sanfter Fluegel weilt...

Harry: Everyone is a part of Beethoven and Beethoven is a part of us all. Points to the sky

Everyone carries with them the World Spirit and through dissaperance, everyone  
disperses back into it. Any more drinks left?

Luba: No more. Drinking's over.

Harry: Show's over, too. Goodnight.

*Fade out*

#### Scene IV

*Morning. Houdnin enters with shoes in one hand and an empty cup in the other.*

*He's shaking with a hangover.*

Harry: Please? Anyone?

Luko: What?

Harry: A sip of beer?

Luba: There's no more beer. It's gone.

Harry: I'm dying.

Luba: Because you over did it last night. You should've heard yourself.

Harry: Just a little sip? (*Looks at the bottle that Meto is holding.*) I beg you.

Meto: There's no more. There's only enough left for me.

Harry: Take these shoes. Your young, you have a future... Leaves the shoes near Meto and hands him his cup. Meto pours him a drink. He chugs the drink and hands it back.

Meto: No more. There's none left.

Harry: Go buy some.

Meto: With what money?

*Harry reaches into Meto's pocket and takes out a bill.*

Harry: Here.

*Meto inspects the watermark, amazed*

Meto: It's real. Can you do it again?

Harry: Yes, but only if you pour me another.

*Meto pours him a drink and Harry takes another bill out of his pocket*

Luko: Can you do more? Could you?

Harry: Yes, if there's booze.

Luko: Here. Pours him another and Harry takes a bill out of his pocket, too

Luba: How about more?

Harry: No.

Meto: Why?

Harry: Because there is no more booze.

Luba: And if there was booze, what else could you do?

Harry: Anything.

Meto: Could you stop a train?

Harry: I could.

Luba: And get us on board?

Harry: Yes.

Meto: You can't.

Harry: I can, but only if there's booze.

Luba: There's no more. None left.

Harry: Then goodnight. Find something to drink and we can continue.  
*Goes into the waiting room and falls asleep while the others wait deep in thought*

Metto: He's lying. He's just a loony alcoholic. He talks nonsense.

Luko: Yes, but the tickets are real?

Luba: What about the movie? What passion, what love!

Metto: I haven't seen any movie.

Doko: What about the bear? "Where're you going?" she asks me. "Nowhere" I say. "No", she says, "you're going and... you know." And she gives me a ticket and... you know.

Luko: The knife's sticking out, but he's not dying.

Metto: He'll die, I told you he'll die. He's developing peritonitis and he'll die.

Doko: If he drinks regularly, he won't die because the alcohol'll disinfect.

Metto: He'll die.

Doko: He wont die.

Metto: Die he might not/ train he'll stop not.

Doko: He might.

Metto: He might not.

Luba: He could if there was something to drink.

Luko: Worth a shot. I have a bottle hidden here. Takes a bottle from his suitcase

Metto: Suitcases in front! Right. Stand straight! Smile! Good. Ready?

Luba: Should I wake him?

Metto: Yeah, wake him.

#### Scene V

*Everybody, with suitcases in hand and with a full bottle are trying to wake Harry, but this turns out to be difficult. They shake him, slap him and drench him with water.*

Luba: Harry, get up. We found some drinks. Get up.

Metto: He's dead. I told you...

Doko: He's not dead. A drunk man cannot die... get up Harry.

Harry: What is it?

Luba: We found booze, Harry. You can stop trains, right?

Harry: Sure.

Luba: Come on, here's some drink.

Harry: Where?

Luko: *(leaving the bottle)* Here.

Harry: It's very little. Won't be enough.

Luko: I have another bottle.

Harry: Still too little. Won't even last me two days.

Meto: Two days? How long does it take to stop a train?

Harry: A while. At least a month. Maybe more.

Meto: A month? It only takes a minute for the train to stop.

Harry: Yes, but you need to prepare yourselves.

Meto: We're ready. He're the suitcases. *(to the others)* Get in line. Smile. Suitcases in front.

Harry: Not like that. You have to prepare yourselves internally, which isn't quick and easy.

Doko: Prepare ourselves internally? For what?

Harry: For life out there... there you will find a new and very different world and you must be ready to understand it.

Luba: I don't get it, how should we prepare?

Harry: I'll prepare you, all I ask is for patience and drink. Today, we will start with lesson one- A Lesson on Show Business.

Meto: Excuse me, but we don't want to be magicians.

Harry: Of course not, but the world that your going into demands it. Because, as Shakespeare says "All the world's a stage."

Luko: So, what should we do now?

Harry: Nothing. Listen and take notes. Here's some pencils and paper.  
*They all sit down and start taking notes*

Harry: Lesson one- Types of shows. Depending on the number of participants, the three types of show are: First-A show with one person is called a "one-man show".  
*They repeat after him and write it down*



All: A show with two people is called a “two-man show” (*They repeat after him and write it down.*)

Harry: A show with three people is called a...

Meto: “Three-man show”?

Harry: No, a show with three or more people is called a “many-man show.” Further, when a show lasts for a minute, we call it a “one-minute show”. When it lasts for two minutes, we call it a “two-minute show” and when it lasts three minutes...

Meto: “Three-minute show”?

Harry: No, when it lasts three or more minutes, we call it a “long-time show.” Finally, there are two types of show, depending on whether the audience pays or not: When the audience pays- “For Profit” and when it doesn’t pay...

Luko: “Not-For-Profit”

Harry: No! It’s called “charity”. Enough for today...

All: (*write*) Enough for today...

Harry: Tomorrow, if there’s drink, we’ll continue. (*Finishes the bottle and exits.*)

## Scene VI

Meto: He’s talking utter nonsense. So, one-minute is called one-minute, two-minutes is called two-minutes, three-minutes...

Luba: Three or more minutes.

Meto: Yeah, yeah.

Doko: Last night I saw the bear again... Where’re you going?” she asks.

Meto: And? Did you go?

Doko: No, but she gave me a ticket. Shows the ticket

Luko: Again for August 20th and again stamped with today’s date! Why the 20th?

Doko: I don’t know, that’s how Cathy stamps them.

Meto: That’s not Cathy.

Luba: How come?

Meto: Just like that. It’s him. Whenever the bear is here, he’s not and the other way around.

Doko: I don’t believe that.

Meto: We can find out. When's the next train?  
 Luko: At 2:10. The international to Moscow-St. Petersburg-Vladivostok-Vancouver.  
 Meto: If the bear sells tickets, it has to be here before the train. Right?  
 Luko: In theory, yes. If it's her shift.  
 Meto: We'll wait for her... with Harry. Call him over.  
 Luba: He's sleeping. He's very drunk.  
 Meto: We'll carry him. Come on.  
  
*They carry the morbidly drunk Harry out of the waiting room.*  
 Meto: Doko, give me your bear-chain.  
*They fit a metal collar onto Harry*  
 Meto: Let's see if the bear comes again this time. How long till the train comes?  
 Luko: Half an hour.  
 Meto: We'll wait. No hurry.  
*They sit down and wait.*  
 Doko: What we're doing isn't fair.  
 Luba: I think so too. The man shows us a movie and teaches us good things and we tie him up.  
 Meto: He teaches you nonsense so you'll give him drink. Just a crook. Tomorrow, we're hand him over to the railway police.  
 Luko: I can't believe it. And the money he took out of his mouth? That was mine! I had the same bills in my pocket before, and now they're gone.  
 Doko: So, the bear's not real either?  
 Meto: And that thing about getting us out of here, it isn't true either, is it? We'll never get out of here. I'm jammed in so deep that I don't want to live anymore.  
 Luba: Don't get me started...  
 Luko: And what about me? I'm out of the system.  
 Luba: What system?  
 Luko: The Railway. The entire planet is entangled in a web of rails. I knock on this rail and vibrations reach Moscow, Paris, New York and Shanghai. All the world's in the web, and I'm the only one outside. I've lost thousands of ties.  
 Doko: Losing just one is enough. I hold the chain and on the other side-nobody.

Luba: Common men depend on just one connection and when it breaks- this is the end. Smart people have many connections and they share the pain.

Meto: I was smart, so how did I end up here? I had such a career, I reached such heights, and for what? One petty woman ruined my life.

Luba: Me?!

Meto: Not you, but you're the same. Women are vile creatures.

Luba: What did I ever do to you?

Meto: You will do it when the time comes. Women are an opiate and all us men are addicts.

Luba: Honestly, where is this woman?

Meto: She's left this world. But so have I.

Luba: What you said about women... what you said about women is true. All us women are low, low, low...

Meto: Bitches!

Luba: Oh, that's nothing, if you only knew...if you only knew what I have done for Love. And she has done nothing for me. We women are... *(Bursts into tears.)*

Doko: The bears are the same, but I can't live without her. *(Also bursts into tears.)*

Luko: Yesterday, for example, there were five trains loaded with sand going in one direction and five trains in the opposite direction. What's the point, I ask, to ship sand one way and then ship it back? If you think about it, there's no point. But if you don't think about it, maybe there is a point.

Meto: How many minutes are left?

Luko: Five.

Meto: So the bear must be inside. Doko, look and see if there's a bear.

Doko: I'm scared.

Meto: Okay. We'll all look together. Let's go!  
*They go to the window and look inside*

Meto: Is there a bear?

All: No.

Meto: What did I tell you? There's neither bear nor escape.  
*Suddenly, the sound of an approaching train is heard and all heads turn to the sound. The train rushes past with a powerful bear-roar.*

Doko: The bear! She's conducting the train!

*Luba makes the sign of the cross*

Luba: It was her. Meto, did you see her?

Meto: I see it but I don't believe it.

Luko: It was a bear. I even saw two bears. It was probably the assistant-conductor.

Luba: That's just the drink. I even saw two trains.

Doko: It was Cathy. Here, she dropped another ticket.

*He picks up the ticket*

Doko: It's for the 20th again. Now we have four tickets for August 20th.

Luko: I've seen it all in the railway system. Only bears conducting trains, I have not seen. And the conductor- a bear and the assistant-conductor- a bear.

Luba: If there's a bear, then there might also be escape.

## Scene VII

Harry: Second lesson- A Philosophy lesson. Take a deep breath and hold it.

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8 Luko lets his breath out

Luko: Why this?

Harry: For endurance to the last breath. The Titanic Orchestra plays a full ten minutes after we sunk. And when the Karpatia's boats arrived and found only frozen corpses, the music still sounded from the deeps.

Luba: You were there?

Harry: Let's assume, 'Yes'

Luko: A musician?

Harry: No, probably a 'conductor' ... And now let's continue with Lesson One on Escape.

Different kinds of escape from reality: The first and lowest form of escape is alcohol, or attempting to escape without thinking. Second form of escape- Religion or attempting to escape through thinking. Third form- Business, or an attempt to escape reality through action. These are the three lower forms of escape, or escape through things which are out side of us. All things outside of you are lower things.

Luba: And where are these higher things?

Harry: They are within you. You will not find anything in any of the six directions of the world. The only existing thing is within you. This is the seventh direction of the world which we will take... Today we will only peer over the window of the seventh direction just to see what it looks like. Ready! One-Close your eyes, Two-Don't think of anything, Three-Relax, Four- You're getting lighter, Five- You are happy and famous. You are the greatest musicians. You're dressed in black tails and are on the stage. Carefully take the instruments, they're all Stradivarius'. The audience is elegant and refined. Totally hypnotized, they carefully take the violins as Harry takes the place of the conductor and continues

Harry: Ladies and Gentlemen, the 'Titanic Quartet'!

*An blast of applause and a standing ovation.*

Harry: Get ready... Concentrate all your energy. The beginning has to be an explosion. Three, four, and! Music blasts and everybody plays, their bows moving together.

*The 'Quartet' loses itself in the music and Harry conducts energetically, calling out.*

Harry: Tempo! Avante! Vibrato Intensivo! Forte! Subito Forte! Tutti! Legero!

*At the height of the concert, Harry suddenly leaves the conductor's podium and claps. The music stops but the musicians continue energetically playing their instruments.*

Harry: Hello? 'Titanic Orchestra'? Enough. Wake up, the sinking has been postponed.

*They wake up*

Harry: Ladies and Gentlemen, what you just saw is called simple hypnosis, which any street magician can do. Hypnosis is an escape from reality, but unfortunately, it's short-lived, because everyone has to wake up eventually. Dreams are not life, ladies and gentlemen, even though life is a dream.

*Harry exits*

### Scene VIII

Harry: Ladies and Gentlemen, the great moment has arrived. Today, the 20th of August, your train will stop and you will board it. Look, it's already arriving. Quiet! Listen! Do you

hear the rails vibrating? There...

Luba: Yes! I hear it, I hear it!

Harry: It's coming! Can you hear the clatter of the wheels?

*Sound of approaching train and train whistle.*

Meto: Suitcases in front! Very good... In a row! Smile! They'll think we're passengers...

Harry: Don't worry! This train is coming especially for you and will stop only for you.

Luba: It'll stop?

Harry: It'll stop.

Luko: It won't stop.

Harry: It'll stop.

Luko: Even if it stops- they won't open the doors.

Harry: Quiet! I can't work like this. I want silence. Silence and Focus. The train comes into the station! It stops!

All: It stopped!

*Sound of train stopping*

All: They opened the doors.

*Sound of doors opening*

Harry: And we get in...Forward, ladies and gentlemen!

All: We get in.

*They walk towards the train*

### Scene IX

*Inside the train. Sound of a lively station and sounds of the train departing.*

*The crate is on it's side like a telephone booth. Doko, Luba and Meto.*

Luba: A train! A real train. And we're inside! We're passengers, you understand? I can't believe it. It all happened so fast...

Doko: I didn't get what happened at all. Or how it happened.

*Harry enters*

Harry: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome aboard. Your train is departing, ladies and gentlemen.

Luba: The train's departed! Departed!

Doko: It's departed! Look, look, we're moving!

Luba: We're traveling.

Meto: Excuse me, where are we going, exactly?

Luba: I don't know, didn't we want to get on board and... Really, where're we going.

Harry: Where did you want to go?

Luba: We... We wanted to board, to board and be like the other people on the train.

Harry: You wanted me to stop a train. Here's that train you wanted to board.

*Luko enters*

Luko: There isn't a single passenger- I went through the whole train. There isn't even a single passenger.

Meto: What do you mean 'there isn't'?

Luko: There isn't. Just isn't.

Meto: Impossible. Harry, you hear, there aren't any passengers.

Harry: There are, why shouldn't there be? You all are passengers aren't you?

Luko: But why are there no other passengers?

Harry: There isn't any, because this train is your train, only. Other passengers travel in their trains. There is a train for every passenger and passengers for every train.

Meto: There can't be a train without other passengers. Luko, go and ask the conductor why there isn't any passengers.

Luko: There's isn't conductor either.

Luba: What?

Luko: There's isn't conductor either, I said.

Meto: What do you mean 'no conductor'?

Harry: There isn't because all you asked for was a train. Nobody said anything about a conductor, too.

Doko: I know who's driving the train.

Luba: Who?

Doko: The bear.

Luko: No, I didn't see a bear either. There's just nobody.

Luba: I'm scared. Oh my god, why did we ever leave?

Luko: I want to go back.

Doko: Me too, I quit. I never wanted to leave, anyway. I only boarded the train so I wouldn't be

alone.

Luba: I was doing penance for my sin there... I... I have sinned.

Doko: And haven't I? Who made Cathy die?

Luba: I want to return to my sins. Ah, I suffered so nicely there. What more did I need?

Doko: I suffered nicely too. Suffer and drink. Suffer and drink. What more could you want?

Luba: Now what'll we do?

Meto: Is there a emergency brake?

Luko: At this speed, we'll crash.

Meto: *(to Luko:* Has there ever been a case where all the passengers got off the train?

Luko : Yes. There was once a bomb threat in the train and everybody got off.

Luba : So there's a bomb here, too?

Luko: I don't know. I can't say for sure.

Luba: There is a bomb!

Harry: No, there's no bomb. You only wanted a train, not a train with a bomb.

Meto: Then, where's the conductor and all the passengers? There is a bomb.

Doko: You guys decide, I'm too stupid. If there is, then there is, if there isn't, then there isn't.

Meto: You now what's happening, now? At the moment, they're taking the train to a safe place for the bomb to explode in.

Luko: They got it there a while ago. It should've stopped by now.

Meto: There's bombs that explode exactly when a train stops.

Luba: That's why it doesn't stop. And never will stop.

Doko: Let it explode and end everything.

Luko: I don't want to die in a train! I've watched meaninglessly moving trains all my life. I don't want to!

Luba: I deserve to die. I deserve it, but it's scary to wait. Better if I jump.

Meto: We're all gonna die, that's certain. But Harry'll be first. First, we'll throw him off, then we'll die ourselves.

Harry: Nobody's going to die.

Luko: So how do we get out of here?

Harry: I can get you out of anywhere.

Meto: How?



Harry: I'll tell you, but one by one. (*He opens the 'door' of the crate..*) Let Luba come in first.  
*Luba looks around uncertainly and goes into the crate*

Scene X

Meto: He locked himself inside with Luba? (*Looks through chinks.*) Can't see anything. Luba?  
Luba, can you hear me? I wonder what they're doing inside?

Luko: I don't know. He's telling her how he'll rescue her. That's what he said, right?

Meto: How can he rescue her if he can't stop the train?

Luko: I don't know. We'll find out one by one.

Meto: Why one by one?

Luko: I have no logical answer. I can only assume.

Doko: I'm not getting in. I don't want him to rescue me. I wore Cathy out with starvation and I deserve to die...

Meto: You'll die, but first you'll have go inside and pay for your sins.

Doko: Now I understand everything. He's not here by accident. One by one. Mark my words.

Luko: I have no sin. And I don't want... and I'm not going in.

Doko: He's here to do us... one by one. Mark my words.

Meto: Why did we let Luba? Why?

Luko: She went in freely. A woman cannot be stopped.

*The crate opens, Luba gets out*

Luba: Doko, your turn.

Doko: Me?

Luba: Yes.

Doko: Meto, should I go in?

Meto: What are you asking me for?

Doko: What will I do inside?

Meto: Ask Luba, she knows.

Doko: Luba?

Luba: Don't ask me, you'll understand.

Doko: Oh God!

*Doko enters the crate*

Meto: (to Luba) What happened?

Luba: Don't ask.

Meto: Give it to me straight.

Luba: There is no train.

Meto: What?

Luba: There isn't a train, I said.

Meto: So what is there?

Luba: When you go in, you'll understand. This train wasn't a real train.

Luko: Then what...?

Luba: He'll tell you inside.

*Doko comes out of the crate*

Doko: Luko, it's your turn.

Luko: No.

Doko: Come in Luko, it's nothing scary.

Luko: It's not?

Doko: No, get in.

*Luko enters crate*

Meto: (to Doko) What happened?

Doko: I didn't understand anything, but I agree.

Meto: What did he do?

Doko: Nothing. When I came in he...said lots of smart things, but I didn't get anything. There is, there isn't. There isn't, there is.

*Luko exit's the crate.*

Luko: He's right. He's right about everything.

*Harry exits.*

Harry: (to Meto) Are you getting in?

Meto: No. We're going to talk here, man to man, in front of everyone. Tell me what's going on.

Harry: I can't tell you anything.

Meto: Why not?

Harry: Because...because I don't exist.

Meto: Excuse me?

Harry: Me... and them... and the train, we're all just figments of your imagination. You're just a dreaming spirit who thinks he's seeing some kind of world. There is no world.

Luko: That's right! A completely meaningless system like the railway system can't exist in reality. Who would waste their time to create such nonsense?

Doko: So, does the bomb exist?

Luko: What bomb? Great, there's no train and you ask about a bomb.

Harry: There is nothing. And Death is nothing. Everything is but the dream of an eternal spirit who dreams eternally.

Luba: I want to die, I have sinned.

Harry: And sins are nothing, because there is no one to sin against. No one and nothing exists, I said.

Meto: We've heard this before you came along. But there's nothing to prove it true.

Luko: Is there anything to prove it not true?

Meto: There isn't but there isn't anything to prove it true either.

Harry: There is. Now you will see, or rather imagine, something which could never happen in reality. Look at this crate. Look at this lock. Could anyone get out if he's locked inside?

Doko: Nobody could get out of there.

Luko: No.

Meto: No one could.

Harry: It's true, they really couldn't. But you, ladies and gentlemen, will imagine that you can, which will prove that life is just imagination. *(Harry enters the crate.)* Meto, take the key and lock it. Count to ten and when you open it, I'll disappear, that is, you'll imagine that I've disappeared. Life is a one man show while the Titanic Orchestra plays. *Allez op!*

*Meto secures the lock and counts to ten.*

Meto: Has anyone imagined Harry leaving the crate, yet?

All: No

Meto: Something that can't happen just can't happen. *(Knocks on the lid.)* Harry? Do I have to count to twenty? *(Unlocks the crate.)* Come on Harry, come out. *(Opens the lid.)*

Luba: There isn't anyone?

## Scene XI

Luba: Where's Harry?

Meto: Around here somewhere. Harry? Bravo Harry! Come out now.

Luba: He's not here?

Meto: He's here.

*They look all over for him.*

Luba: Don't look for him. Harry just disappeared.

Luko: He never even existed in the first place. He existed only in my imagination.

Luba: And in mine.

Doko: I never imagined I'd imagine something like this.

Luba: Harry has risen. He has taken our sins onto himself and has risen.

Luko: He hasn't risen, he's never existed, he was just an illusion. However, I still have one question left.

Meto: Just one?

Luko: Yes. He said that there's only one dreaming spirit. So only one of us is dreaming. Everyone else is part of his dream and does not exist. The question is, who exists and who's part of a dream?

Meto: Try it and find out.

Luko: Try what?

Meto: Try disappearing. If you disappear, then you're part of a (just a.) dream.

Luko: I won't disappear because I exist. And you're all just part of my dream.

Meto: Nobody knows who's part of who's dream.

Luko: I'll try, but I won't disappear.

Meto: Try it.

Doko: This is no laughing matter. Don't fool around with these things.

Meto: Let him try, he doesn't exist anyway.

Luko: We'll see who doesn't exist.

Meto: You. Who else? I'm sick of seeing you walking around in my dreams.

Luko: We'll who's walking around who's dreams! Lock me in and count to ten.

*Luko enters crate. Meto locks him in, counts to ten and opens the lid.*

Luba: He's gone.

Doko: I told you this was no laughing matter. (You shouldn't fool around with these things.)

Meto: The truth is slowly becoming clearer. So Luko didn't exist either. There's only one thing left to figure out between the three of us: who exists and who doesn't. Come on. (*Points Doko to the crate.*)

Doko: Oh no. I don't exist. You test it out.

Meto (*uncertainly*). Alright. But if I disappear, I swear, I'm going to kick your as. (*Goes to the crate.*)

Luba: Meto- No! I won't let you. You won't disappear, will you?

Meto: I am objective, real, I cannot disappear.

Luba: I would rather disappear myself than let you disappear. I'm going in.

Meto: You can go in, but you'll be the only one who disappears.  
*They enter together*

Meto: Doko, lock the crate.

Doko: Meto, don't do it, brother. Luba, don't leave me alone guys! It's no laughing matter. Everything's turned out fine. There's no train, there's no bomb- Where are you all going one by one.

Meto: Lock the crate! We'll see each other again soon.  
*Doko locks the crate and begins counting. He gets to seven and opens the crate.*

Doko: Meto, Luba! Metooooooooo!  
*He looks for them all around.*

Doko: Why have you left me? What will I do here alone? What will I do? I go with the flow.  
*Fills the crate with bottles.*

Doko: I'm going to disappear! Everybody else disappeared, so why shouldn't I? I'm not any worse than they are. Farewell Doko, farewell brother.  
*Enters the crate*

Doko: We got along so well. But you see what's happened. Farewell.  
*Closes lid and begins to count. He gets to ten and everything is absolutely silent.*

Doko: Why aren't I disappearing goddammit! What's going on! Lets me try again.  
*Closes again and counts again but remembers something. He opens the crate and looks at the lock.*

Doko: Here's why I'm not disappearing. There's no one to lock me in. How do I lock myself in?

*After a few unsuccessful attempts, he emerges angrily from the crate.*

Doko: Those bastards screwed me over! It's because I'm stupid. They escaped and are living the life there and left me here un-disappeared. I'm just stupid. I'm so stupid. Stupid, when everyone's disappearing, why aren't you? It's a terrible thing to stay un-disappeared on this world. *(He screams.)* Meto! Luba! I want to disappear! I want to! *(He thinks for a moment.)* Come to think of it, I may have disappeared after all. Maybe the same thing happened with them too. They're in the same place and there's no one else. That's disappearing- when no one else is there. Actually, now, when I think about it, my disappearance began when Cathy died. So Cathy disappeared first, then Harry, then Luko, Luba, Meto and , finally, I was at my own disappearance. So that's what escape is. I've disappeared. *(He sits dejectedly next to the crate.)*

Doko: Did someone come back? There's nothing left for me to do except to wait for someone to come back. If they come back, then I haven't disappeared.

*He waits, opening the crate lid from time to time.*

Doko: I'll wait.