

**Falk Richter**

# **PEACE**

1<sup>st</sup> Draft, 24 November 2002

Translated by Maja Zade

The world outside is real.

## **The characters**

**LAURA** – about 30, AGENCY MANAGER.

**MARCO** – about 30, PERFORMANCE ARTIST.

**MARC** – about 25, a BOY everyone is interested in and who determinedly heads for every crisis situation available.

**STEFAN** – between 30 and 40, a PHOTOJOURNALIST who has received many awards.

**WOLFGANG** – between 30 and 40, a sincere JOURNALIST who is gradually losing his grasp of what attitude he should adopt towards different political events.

**TIM** – about 30, a CULTURE PERSON 2000.

**TOM** – ageless, the ASSISTANT.

**JULIA** – about 30, a VIDEOFILMMAKER

## The space

Security zone, a kind of art hightech camp, technical equipment, mattresses, water canisters, building materials are spread out, cardboard boxes, as if the people who live here have just moved in or as if the place had just been destroyed.

A transit flat, somewhere in Europe, it can hardly be distinguished from a crisis area - exhausted young people are lying about, others are constantly about to leave and have the feeling that they're never going to arrive.

In this transit flat **MARCO** has set up a studio: a large video projection screen, several cameras, video mixing panels and cutting stations, a sampler, record players, CD-players.

**LAURA** has set up an event marketing agency here: faxes, computer print-outs, notes, mobiles, contracts, confirmations of orders, transcripts of meetings, photos, designs. Everything is lying around in a highly complex order that is very close to chaos; she always has a laptop close to her.

**STEFAN** has set up a photo lab and archive here. Since he specialises in war areas, there are screens showing enormous photos of mutilated corpses, people without faces, crying women with headscarves, beautifully photographed starving children. There are awards hanging on the wall. Films, acid and base mixtures, cameras, lenses.

**TIM** has set up a little global village station here: a laptop, a mobile, a permanently packed little steel suitcase on wheels. He keeps his astronaut food, his vitamin mixtures and his stimulants in an oversized American fridge

**WOLFGANG** has set up an editorial office here: it's covered in notes, books, quotes from politicians from new political and economic publications, newspaper cuttings.

**MARC's** work is difficult to define. He is a presence, he is the raw material the others need, that they take advantage of, he has a lot of clothes, is very handsome, could jump up on a catwalk anywhere at any time, could help to open a new club, appear in a music video, do a porn film or play records somewhere.

The transit flat and its inhabitants are a perfectly functioning system: **STEFAN** brings home new material from the crisis regions, **WOLFGANG** writes about it, **MARCO** and **LAURA** use the photos- each in their own way, as art or design -, **TIM** takes **MARCO's** new works of art to events he's just organised together with **LAURA**, **MARCO** films **MARC**, **WOLFGANG** writes about modern life forms like **MARC**.

The people that meet in this transit flat have come from somewhere and need to leave again immediately, they repack their suitcases, recharge their mobiles, type up their articles, develop their films; the people that have set up their agency or their studio here are constantly veering between being completely overwhelmed and overreaching their own capacities and being on the brink of collapse, lying around exhausted, waiting until they've gathered energy again.

Their energy levels fluctuate a lot from scene to scene and also within the scenes. Nearly all scenes take place at night.

The characters live on the exact borderline between reality and fiction: they manipulate photos, they whip up their experiences into lucrative stories, they specialise in every kind of crisis area, in extreme situations. They are war

reporters or they organise fashion events in destroyed landscapes, film MTV-video clips in war areas or blow up houses and burn them down as performance art.

That's why the space should enable constant oscillation: are we in an agency, are we in a crisis area, is there a war here or is it just fashionable to wear military clothes, are those shots coming from **MARCO**'s tape, is he trying to provoke **MARC** again, or is someone really being shot here somewhere?

Corpses, injured people and explosions can be seen on photos, newspaper cuttings and video clips - sometimes the inhabitants are lying around exhausted looking like they're injured and waiting to be taken to hospital.

Even if they wanted to, the characters in the play couldn't always tell you exactly what they are doing or what job they're currently working on: the assignments change too quickly, usually before they're even finished. Even before they've been able to collect all the material, the topic is already "old hat", there's a new topic or there's a new customer. They're not always sure what crisis they're currently involved in. Now and then they're in such a rush that they confuse the images with the events, they lose all sense of whether the images are real or fake, of whether the events took place at all.

*Night-time. It's almost completely dark. Marc is stumbling through the wreckage, drinking beer, he falls down, Laura and Marco are there as well, Laura is looking for something among the rubble.*

**LAURA**      Shit shit shit

**MARC**          My ear, who's cut off my ear, who was it, was it you?, who was it?  
where are my cigarettes, I want cigarettes  
*He crashes into the equipment, it falls over, he finds a small bottle.*  
what's this?

**MARCO**      Don't drink, don't drink, don't under any circumstances drink that,  
just smell  
*Marc opens the bottle, smells.*  
take a couple of deep breaths  
*Marc does it, waits for the effect.*

**MARC**          wicked, wow

**LAURA**      Have you seen that contract, there must have been a letter

**MARC**          dark  
*Marco kisses Marc. Marc stares vacantly.*

**LAURA**      Shit, what is this?

**MARCO**      Leave us alone

**LAURA** Where am I supposed to go now, are they picking me up there or what?

**MARCO** No idea

**LAURA** There must have been a letter or a fax or a phone call

**MARC** I didn't get anything

**LAURA** No, you don't get anything

**MARCO** Woah, woah

**MARC** My ear, it hurts so much

**MARCO** He's bleeding

**LAURA** What did you do?

**MARCO** Wasn't me

**MARC** Yes, of course it was you

**MARCO** Shut up

**MARC** *attacks Marc, falls down, laughs* Who else do you kiss?

**MARCO** What?

MARC Who else do you kiss?

MARCO No one

MARC That's terrible

MARCO What?

MARC You've only got me?

I'm sorry, that's really shitty

LAURA O shit, someone called, right, hello

MARCO Ask the agency

LAURA I am the agency, shit, I have to prepare something for tomorrow,  
that contract has to be here somewhere

MARC Do you love me as well?

MARCO why "as well"?

MARC Do you love her?

MARCO What?

MARC Do you love anyone at all?

**MARCO** No idea

**MARC** I'm bleeding

**MARCO** No

**MARC** I'm bleeding

**MARCO** No

**LAURA** Hey, if you're bleeding please don't go and lie in my bed, right, please go and lie in his bed but not in mine

**MARC** I'm not going to go and lie in any bed

**LAURA** Because I'm really not into blood

**MARC** And you?

**MARCO** What?

**MARC** Are you into my blood? Do you want my blood?

**STEFAN** Hey, hello, can I get some sleep here or what

**MARC** He doesn't want my blood

**LAURA** Have you seen that contract?

**JULIA** Come back

**STEFAN** What?

**JULIA** Come back to bed

**STEFAN** Yes, in a minute

**LAURA** The contract, have you seen it?

**JULIA** I don't want to lie here by myself.

**STEFAN** In a minute, can you please be quiet

**MARC** He doesn't want my blood, he just wants my dick

**LAURA** O please

**MARC** So do you

**LAURA** Hey, can you shut your face or something, yes, is that possible

**MARC** Look

*He takes out his dick and waves it around*

**LAURA** Great

**MARCO** Really nice, will you please go to bed now

**LAURA** My contract, have you got it?

**JULIA** Matthew phoned

**LAURA** What?

**JULIA** Matthew phoned

**MARCO** For me?

**JULIA** What?

**MARCO** For me?

**MARC** Have a look

**MARCO** Be quiet

**JULIA** No

For you

**STEFAN** Me?

**JULIA** Her

**LAURA** And?

**JULIA** If you've got the contract yet

**LAURA** Are you all mentally retarded or what?

**JULIA** If you sent it back

**STEFAN** Come on, go back to bed

**JULIA** Because you were meant to send it back by yesterday

**MARC** I'm not your baby or something

**MARCO** *kisses him* Yes you are

**MARC** Stop it  
you stink

**MARCO** Come here  
*Kisses him.*

**MARC** Yuk  
Stop it

**MARCO** No  
You're going to get raped now  
*A chase, Laura's carefully organised documents get thrown around*

**LAURA** Er, sorry boys, can you do that in the loo or something

**MARCO** What?

**STEFAN** Leave them alone

**LAURA** I don't want to see this

**STEFAN** What?

**LAURA** I don't want to see this  
Can you get out of here or something

**MARC** There

*He attacks her, he is half joking, throws her to the ground, because he's drunk it goes wrong and she gets hurt.*

**LAURA** Okay, great, I'm bleeding

**MARC** Shit man

**MARCO** Yes, shit man

**JULIA** Come on, let's go to bed

**LAURA** I'm bleeding

**MARCO** It's not that bad

**LAURA** Listen, I have to catch a plane at six tomorrow morning and I don't know where to, I don't know which one, I don't know who I'm supposed to meet or where, it was all written down on the back of that shitty contract, I'd written it down, where is this shit, or on the envelope, I can't remember

**JULIA** So what am I supposed to say if Matthew phones again

**LAURA** I'm bleeding, you see, I'm bleeding

*She punches Marc.*

There, and now piss off, I don't want to see you here any more

**MARC** Why, this is my flat

**LAURA** I don't care, fuck off to your room

**MARC** I haven't got a room

**LAURA** Then go and lie in his bed

**MARC** He always wants to fuck

**TOM** *joins them, tired* O man, I want to sleep

**MARC** I bought a CD today

**LAURA** Wow, that's really great, you actually went into the shop by yourself, picked it all by yourself and bought it all by yourself, fantastic

**MARC** No one here likes me

**TOM** Yes they do, they all want to fuck you

**LAURA** Tell Matthew he can go fuck himself or he can come round and get fucked, I'm definitely not signing that piece of shit, the man's a psychopath, if you sign that you'll never be able to get out of it, I'm not doing it

**MARCO** What's his offer?

**LAURA** Don't know

Seventy thousand

*Marco laughs.*

He's completely mad, I'm not doing it

*Marc cries.*

Now what is it?

**STEFAN** Hey baby, what is it?

**MARC** Stop that

**STEFAN** What?

**MARC** Stop that, I'm not your baby

**TIM** That's it, sorry, quiet now, I have to get up in two hours and go to the office, I've got a press conference and I don't want to look like a zombie, can we please have some quiet here now ... and the sick one there, he can go sleep in the street, I don't want to see him here anymore, right, he just fucks around...  
look at the state of this place

**MARC** This is my flat, man, this is my flat

**TIM** Why are you bringing that up now?

**MARC** She cut off my ear, that witch  
The witch from the east cut off my ear  
I'm bleeding

**LAURA** I'm bleeding too

**TIM** O God, what's wrong with you?

**LAURA** Can he get out of here somehow?  
Can we vote him out somehow?  
This is a democracy or something, isn't it

**MARCO** You can't vote him out

**WOLFGANG** *is suddenly standing in the room* Why exactly are you all standing  
around here like idiots?

**STEFAN** We live here, you know

**TIM** Why is everyone suddenly living here?  
*Goes back to bed.*

**TOM** Sorry, but we've all rented this flat

**MARC** This is my flat

**MARCO** Come on

**WOLFGANG** Yes and, err, why is everyone suddenly here?

**LAURA** Can someone get him out of here, he's making me sick, the whole flat's covered in blood, everything's broken, everything's wrecked

**WOLFGANG** It's not his fault

**LAURA** It's not his fault?

**WOLFGANG** He doesn't mean it

**LAURA** He doesn't mean it

Is everyone here thick or what

He carves patterns in his upper arms, he races through the flat, he brings a different monster home every night, men, women, burned-out broken shards

**WOLFGANG** There, there

**LAURA** The whole flat's covered in blood

**MARC** She's just frustrated because no one wants her

**LAURA** Err, excuse me?

**MARCO** Nothing

**LAURA** Because no one wants me, excuse me, actually everyone wants me, right, each and every asshole wants to book me these days, I haven't switched

on my mobile for two weeks because it kept ringing non-stop, everyone wants me, I'm the only one who still has a grasp of the whole system

**MARC** Frustrated

**LAURA** Hey, excuse me, I, no

**STEFAN** Quiet!!

**WOLFGANG** Come on, let's go to bed

**MARC** Hey you

**LAURA** What?

**MARC** *hugs her* I didn't mean it like that

*Laura doesn't know how to react.*

Will you sleep with me tonight?

**WOLFGANG** Okay, I'll go then

**LAURA** What?

**MARC** I don't want to sleep alone

**MARCO** You won't have to

**MARC** I don't want to go to him

**MARCO**      What?

**MARC**          Help me

*Laura exits.*

*Pause. Marc and Marco are standing there by themselves.*

**MARCO**      Why are you doing this?

*Marc can't speak.*

Why are you doing this?

*Pause.*

*Marc cries.*

*Marco holds him.*

Shush

shush

*Marc cries.*

*They stand there, then Marc clings onto Marco, he's shivering, he takes off his shirt and gets even colder, he takes Marco's hand and places it on his chest, caresses himself with Marco's hand, takes off his trousers, caresses his dick with Marco's hand, a slightly strange laugh. The whole thing is only vaguely reminiscent of sex. Marco takes his camera, films Marc's dick.*

**LAURA returns**                      Come on

*She takes Marc's hand and takes him with her, Marco stands around by himself for a bit.*

*Wolfgang enters.*

**WOLFGANG**      Tell me

**MARCO**      What?

WOLFGANG      Why aren't you working?

MARCO      What?

WOLFGANG      Why aren't you working?

MARCO      O please

WOLFGANG      No, tell me, what's up with you?  
Why this sudden standstill?

MARCO      Go to bed

WOLFGANG      Tell me

MARCO      Everything's fine

WOLFGANG      I heard you crying

MARCO      What?

WOLFGANG      Last night

MARCO      That was her, that wasn't me, that was her

WOLFGANG      No

MARCO      or Tom

**WOLFGANG** No

*Pause.*

What happened?

*Pause.*

You just lie around, you don't do anything

Is that how it's going to be?

*Marc returns, takes Marco's hand.*

**MARC** Are you coming?

**MARCO** What?

*Marc drags him to bed.*

*Wolfgang stays behind. Tim joins him, Wolfgang exits in order to avoid a conversation.*

*Tim stays behind, stands there.*

**LAURA** *enters, stands there in silence for a while* Have you seen my contract?

Have you?

**TIM** What?

*Pause.*

Oh, that one, yes I have, yes, you're supposed to go to Brussels tomorrow,

Brussels tomorrow, Berlin on Tuesday, Bonn on Friday

**LAURA** Bonn?

What am I supposed to do in Bonn?

**TIM** Well I don't know

**LAURA** Bonn?

Why Bonn?

**STEFAN** She's asleep now

**LAURA** Come here

*She takes his hand.*

Good night

**TIM** Good night

I'll put the contract on the kitchen table for you

**LAURA** Am I going to see you tomorrow?

**TIM** No, I'm leaving in a minute

**STEFAN** What?

**TIM** I'm going to stay awake, I'm not going to lie down

**STEFAN** You're mad

**TIM** Can't sleep anyway

Haven't slept for days

For weeks, actually

**LAURA** Months

**TIM** No, honestly

On a plane now and then, or on the train

In a taxi, the other day I suddenly fell asleep in a taxi  
suddenly I arrived somewhere and I didn't know where I was

**LAURA** yeahyeah

*Pause.*

**TIM** Hey I

**STEFAN and LAURA** Yes?

**TIM** I wanted to -

**STEFAN** What?

**LAURA** Yes?

**TIM** I -

*Pause.*

**LAURA** What is it?

**TIM** Err

**LAURA** What is it?

**TIM** I

*Pause.*

No, it doesn't matter

**STEFAN** So what is it?

**TIM** No, no, it doesn't matter

**LAURA** Go on

**TIM** No

**STEFAN** What?

**TIM** No

**LAURA** Okay, come on

*Stefan and Laura exit. Tim stays behind by himself.*

**TIM** it's mad anyway that everything's just tactics nowadays and that you have to be so careful who you tell what that really you can't tell anyone anything, and you have to be careful where you use your mobile, on the speed trains it's dangerous to suddenly talk about business instead of private stuff, don't do that, anyway - at the office they've stuck funny notes on my door, half-naked athletes or are they all Hollywood stars, is that a hint, are they being nice or are they criticising me for climbing the career ladder, to slowly free yourself from your generation, from the masses, generation x, internet, mtv, much music, loads of money, cash in, be successful at a young age, how would you - let's say - describe - this generation? Well perhaps that, generally speaking, that perhaps virtual experience and - yeah, yeah, I think you said something about the media in general, at some point, could you perhaps just quickly, because that would fit really well into our, no, I think not, I can't, no, I think, no, I think that, I thinks so

I think no, no

Generally speaking I can't, I don't really want to say anything else about that, no

Generally speaking I've had enough

And then - thank god - my mobile rings or there is an announcement, I'm being recalled immediately, please, in a hurry, please, quickly, please, yes well there's nothing I can do about it, in any case it's all written down in our publicity folder as well, so really you could ask our team or my secretary in the morning

A short moment in the hall, the sensation of being in a high-security compound, light, stillness, the humming, the quiet, persistent humming, a sound insect: me, just me, past the gent's, a tiny, just a tiny bit of the remaining coke, just quickly dig in with the tip of my key, don't build lines here and all that nonsense

Children's programmes, no and yes

These days I like children's bodies or bodies that are just turning into men, that aren't men yet, that are still turning into men, that are slowly beginning to show contours, little men really, that, yes, that basically don't worry about anything yet, don't think about anything, that's what I like these days, for the past two weeks, somehow I keep watching them and their bodies, the way they move, the way they run and so on, I think it's beautiful and yes, it's strange, you can buy all that now, you surf on the web a bit or you dial a number, sure, it's nothing new, business men, married career guys have been doing it for ages, so now I'm one of them - no, no, if she gets in touch again, you just tell her sorry, he's said everything there is to say, the rest is written in my book, boy, anyone can buy that, it's even on display in the bookshop at the station, let her look it up, I don't want to see anyone now, and that fat michael what smith or something, no, I want him to stop asking us for a job, we're not taking him, he's not talented, no one can stand to be in a room with him for more than two minutes without yes, exactly, puking

The flight's booked, barbara just took care of it, she booked, rebooked, and changed it back again because stefan at first wasn't able to but then was able to

and then again, sorry but there's nothing we can do, he just absolutely wasn't able to come, okay, shit, hmmm, yes well, aha, the taxi driver, a woman, yes, very pretty, that reminds me, I've got one of those things lying around somewhere as well, not sure where, in what town, julianne, one of those nothing names, but that's her name, julianne, and I think she's got kids as well, yes, mine, terrible ugly little dwarves, they've copied themselves off the tv, they sit in front of the box all day, completely motionless, they just watch the home shopping channel and order stuff on the phone, ab busters and multi-purpose dresses, they're ugly stupid worms, talentless, humourless, dumb, just like their mother, she just lies around on the sofa all day as well, I don't want her, no honestly, I  
Just take a deep breath

Air

Yes

Yes

The clouds, the plane

there's no one watching, at last

Close my eyes

Scared

Open my eyes: it's so nice here

Control monitors

Video programmes

Dinner

Air hostesses

Papers? No I

But then I see myself

My photo on the business pages

For God's sake

What am I doing there?

Prognoses, descriptions

The Arts review

They're calling me a man of culture

A 'man of culture', there are lots of us now

Please, I

Aah

No

The clouds on my screensaver

Somehow they're just as strange as these so-called real clouds out there behind the window

'everything that is real seems as unreal as everything that is unreal seems unreal'

barbara sends the hourly briefing:

tokyo world exhibition

what is exhibiting itself

subject: nato

subject: humanism

subject: kosovo and the end of aesthetic processing

there was no end of processing in sight in our agency

the whole machine was working perfectly by the night of the second attack

trailer, talk shows, donations accounts

enraged students: no more war versus no more Auschwitz

rape camps

spoken word performances: eve ensler talks about her vagina, which she compares to ravaged kosovo when she imagines herself in the role of a raped albanian woman in a yugoslav rape camp, everyone's crying, by the exit eve sells a couple of cds, signs autographs, collects some more rape stories: 'sorry, is there anybody here that has been raped and speaks good english?' insignificant?

Tasteless? It's just the american way to turn everything into kitsch and to market everything that still dares to move somewhere in the world? To criticise

capitalism – is that possible? To criticise capitalism, does any of it matter, I don't know

could this plane just turn round? I want to go back

I get off in tokyo, quickly do two panel discussions, this tedious exhibition, today I just read the speech, usually I write it myself but today I'm too weak, the speech is waiting for me at the hotel reception, a fax, it's in code, I have to decode it, decipher it, in the taxi on the way to the gallery I learn the whole nonsense by heart: the art of war, was that a war? I don't know? The exhibition was funded with money from deutsche bank, just like the kosovo invasion, just like my flight here, sponsored by siemens and deutsche bank, lufthansa is handing out cheap tickets, the nice man from the goethe institute is waiting by the entrance, mr franz, scarf, red jacket and a little boy next to him,

'it's all dreadful nonsens, I had a look yesterday afternoon, the exhibition just consists of tv stills, I've got the new book by, yes exactly, baudrillard here, here, I've picked out a couple of quotes for you, he takes photos as well now, do you know this benjamin von thingimiggy, yes? He's reading pop poems about music and so on here tonight, so, if you'd like to stay on

like is not the right word, like, in my job, yes, like yes, but no, I'll take the last flight, I have to be back in kassel tomorrow morning, and then with a helicopter, because

'yes yes, I get it' ... I talk without hearing myself talk, I'm alone here, dreadful, my wife, where is she now?, my boyfriend, my secret lover, I don't want to leave berlin anymore, these trips drive me insane, for fucks sake, why do we have the fucking internet, it's not so I have spend my days racing through these air corridors like a maniac

Didn't I have a boyfriend as well I?

Does anyone know me?

November storms

Meeting mania

I remember my father  
Motionless  
My mother's death  
He's hiding behind the potted plants  
Me with the camera  
Everything black and white and grainy  
An exhibition opening in -  
Then the awards ceremony with -  
Refused to leave the house  
Never left the house  
We came to visit him  
Dead  
Hanged  
Not nice  
In the basement  
My whole life in scrapbooks  
It  
No, I didn't understand it  
His control mania  
Copies of my diaries, of all the letters I'd ever received  
So they all went through his hands first  
Next to him, my dead brother  
Hanged, too  
But he didn't want to  
Tied up  
Like in a porn film  
Just tied him up and left him there  
his face looked completely desperate  
He must have hung there like that for two weeks

No one heard his screams  
My sister found the two of them  
That's when we discovered our mother's death  
Christmas: My sister's first visit for years, a surprise visit, just dropped by,  
took a different route on the train  
changed trains in hanover  
the rest in a taxi  
the depth of winter, no one in the streets  
I was here in the office when she called  
My mobile rang  
She was just whispering  
Really quiet screams  
Barely audible  
Whispered into the phone  
You have to come  
So I went and -  
Yes  
There they were, all three of them, they were hanging there  
dead  
no goodbye letter, nothing  
but photos  
of me  
not of my sister  
but of me  
everywhere  
strange  
back to the office  
don't stay here  
be careful

don't sink back into the familiar

give advice

I have to give advice again

First to myself then to the others

Money

I need more money

'to side with...'

'to take a stand against...'

'never again...'

'never again...'

a stopover in brussels, how is that supposed to work, quickly drop by the camp for christmas, no, honestly, no, sorry, send laura or wolfgang - exactly, then he can -

quickly skim through the headlines of some representative papers that barbara just gave - a phonecall from the foreign ministry, can't we move brussels, toronto's fine, taormina's fine, I'll do that, yes, san sebastian, sure, cannes, stefanie is going to be delayed, could I possibly, fine, departure 2.10 p.m.

I don't sleep, I have a temporary break down

Then I recharge myself

Sometimes I think

'whoops, this is really you - it was so quick' to suddenly make all these decisions, to roam around everywhere, to rush everywhere, to experience everything, to represent everything that can possibly be represented somewhere in the world

it takes two hours in the morning to download the whole programme, to resurrect me, to become the thing that says: I

I don't recall anything

I calculate

I feel the figures, they're moving in my head, they're moving my head

It's all a strategy, I don't trust anyone anymore

I don't want to talk to anyone about it

When I arrive I want peace and quiet

But I never arrive, that's the problem

Not now

Not here

Peace

Yes

peace

*Night-time.*

**MARC** I can't see anything

**STEFAN** What?

**MARC** I, fuck, I can't see anything, ouch, it really hurts, fuck, I

**MARCO** What is it?

**JULIA** Yes, what is it?

**MARC** I don't know, ouch, I

**MARCO** What?

**MARC** I don't know

**STEFAN** Come here

**MARCO** Don't touch him

**JULIA** Oh come on

**STEFAN** Come on, what is it...

**MARCO** ...what is it...

**STEFAN** ...yes, go on

*Marc cries.*

**MARC** Don't, please don't hurt me

**STEFAN** No one's going to hurt you

**MARC** It hurts so much, ouch

**STEFAN** What's wrong with you?

**MARC** No, stay there, don't come any closer, stay there, both of you

*No one moves.*

Stay there, stay there I said!!

*No one moves.*

You're supposed to stay there, for fuck's sake, don't move!!

**JULIA** But

**MARC** And don't speak! Don't speak, did you hear that, both of you!

Don't speak!

*Silence. No one moves. Julia sits down. Tim, in the background, slowly takes his camera, slowly starts to crawl closer on the floor, films Marc's face.*

Don't come any closer, don't

*Pause.*

My eyes, I can't see anything, why isn't anyone helping me?

*Stefan moves towards him.*

**JULIA** But we want to / help

**MARC** Don't! Ouch, it hurts so much, don't leave, no, be careful, don't touch anything, don't touch anything, you understand, don't touch anything, don't touch me, my body, here, my arms, you see, these are my arms, right?

**JULIA** Yes

**MARC** And my head, this is my head, right, no?

**JULIA** Yes

**MARC** Is this my head?

**JULIA** Yes

**MARC** Is it? This

*He hits his head.*

Ouch, don't, stop it, don't do that, stop it I said

*He continues to hit himself.*

Why isn't anyone helping me, don't touch me, I'm telling you

*He takes off his clothes, throws them on the floor somewhere, tramples on them as if he was trying to trample a person to death, his clothes are lying in a heap, he pisses on his clothes, then throws himself on top of them, Julia tries to approach him.*

O man, you're not going to touch me, right, not you, get out of here, all of you, now!

*No one moves.*

**JULIA** Now come here

**MARCO** He said don't speak

**STEFAN** Put the camera away

**TIM** This is important

**JULIA** For God's sake, will you put that fucking camera away

**TIM** No

**MARC** Don't speak, I said don't speak, I warned you

*He's hurt somewhere.*

I warned you, I warned you, I'll blow everything up, everything

*He desperately searches for something so he can start a fire.*

**STEFAN to Tim** Aren't you listening

**TIM** *is now filming him* What?

*Stefan wants to attack him and to tear the camera from his hands, he is interrupted by*

*Marc, who, set off by the sudden movement, starts to scream.*

**MARCO** Don't!

*Silence.*

**STEFAN** How long has he been here?

**JULIA** Since last night

**MARC** Quiet! I said: don't speak!

*To Tim.* Please, help me, it hurts so much,

*Stefan starts to go towards him.*

No, no, go away, don't touch, you're supposed to, please, don't tell anyone, no one, don't tell anyone, my eyes, you've taken my -

*To Julia.* You've taken my - torn them out, you've eaten them, why are you doing this, I can't see anything, it hurts so much, help, help, isn't there someone here?, isn't there someone here?

**STEFAN** Now sit down and keep still!

**MARC** Don't come any closer, o no, you're not touching me again, not you  
*He frantically tries to set fire to the clothes but doesn't succeed.*

This should burn, all this has to disappear, it all has to go now, all of it

*He pulls his wallet from his jacket, takes out his money and his passport, burns the passport, tries to hide the money but he's no longer wearing anything.*

I still need this, I'll take this, bury all of it, bury all of it

*He puts out the fire, starts to dig, but that's impossible with a cement floor.*

It all has to go, it all has to disappear, me too, you too, everyone, everyone go, no one here, I don't want anyone, no one, it's possible, it can't, that, I, don't move, you stay there, but really really fast, now, at once, take everything off, now, I'll kill you, I'll shoot you, I'll burn you all to the ground, it's really quick, really really quick

*He searches for something under which he can bury his clothes, finds large rubbish bags, pours their contents over his clothes.*

Quick now, your clothes, go on, take them off, man, don't you get anything, go on man, go on, go on now, it'll be over in a minute, for God's sake, don't you understand, don't you get it, man

**STEFAN** Now come here, baby

**MARC** *cries* No

*He searches for something he can throw around, throws a couple of big objects around and then tries to break them with his bare hands and feet.*

All this fucking has to go man, no one must see this, if someone sees this, man, if someone sees this, man, don't you understand, everything's gone, this house, all this, all of it

**STEFAN** Come here

**MARC** *approaches him* But don't do anything

**STEFAN** Come

**MARC** *goes to him* no, I'm not coming

**STEFAN** Here

**MARC** *has reached him* But don't touch, not me, this body here, you're not touching that, not you either, it's going to be buried, it's going to get a nice tidy burial, it's going in the basement, it'll disappear for eighty days and eighty nights, no one's going to find it until it's all over, get it.

*Stefan is very close to him, Marc is quiet, Tim laughs.*

**TIM** O man

*Stefan throws something at Tim, Tim first protects his camera, then takes cover.*

**JULIA** He set fire to everything yesterday, everything, suddenly there's no more house, no parents, nothing, did you know that?, did you know that?

**MARC** *referring to Marco* He cut out my eye, it was him

**STEFAN** Where is your mother, do you know?

**MARC** And then he trampled on me and did things to me

**STEFAN** Is that true?

**MARCO** What?

**STEFAN** Where are his parents?

**MARCO** Our parents

**STEFAN** Yes, well, ours

**MARCO** Shot, burned in the basement, shall we have a look, shall we all go and have a look together, yes?

**MARC** I'm going, bye and all that, I don't think it's that exciting here right now, yeah, you can carry on without me now or something, right, so I think there are people waiting for me as well

**JULIA** You're staying here

**MARC** No, actually I've got a date as well and

**JULIA** But your eye is hurt

**MARC** No no, nothing's hurt, that was yesterday, I've put some cream on it as well, really, it's okay, and I want to as well, and in any case I have to, no no, it was really nice and all that but sorry, okay?

*He tries to free himself, Stefan holds on to him, Marc stops, cries.*

*Then, quietly.*

No, they're showing a film at the cinema now as well, I mustn't miss it because I've got a date there as well, right?

*He breaks down in tears and buries his head in Stefan's arms.*

**MARCO** O man, well, have fun and welcome home

*Now Marco starts to destroy things, slowly, with great precision and calm. He carries on for a while, everyone waits. Tom, Wolfgang and Laura enter.*

**WOLFGANG** They phoned from the gallery about the photos, some deal they've made is basically fine but needs to be rethought.

*Because of the situation, the answer is slightly delayed.*

**LAURA** I've taken care of the tickets, one of you has to do this reception, I don't care if you have to throw a coin, but one of you has to go to the opening of this war memorial, I don't give a shit who it is

**STEFAN** And Zurich?

**TOM** It's a problem, they don't want to pay, I've put Corinna onto it

*Pause.*

**WOLFGANG** When are you going back?

**STEFAN** Where?

**WOLFGANG** Well what on earth do you think: there

**MARCO** International Crisis Zone

**WOLFGANG** Because we've already got requests for more material

**LAURA** So there's a folder back there, someone needs to take care of it, that James guy or whatever his name is, he called again about three times and you  
*She looks at Marc.*

Please put something on before you walk out in front of the cameras, and you  
*She means Tom.*

I put something in your tray yesterday, I'd like those things to be taken care of, okay, thank you  
*Exits.*

**STEFAN** The photos, did you manage to hide them?

**TOM** Yeees!

**STEFAN** If someone finds them we're all dead. In the blink of an eye.

**WOLFGANG** By the way

**STEFAN** Yes

WOLFGANG      They burned the house down  
There were three of them  
Poured out petrol, set fire to it, everyone burned

STEFAN      Did you?

WOLFGANG      What? Film it? Yes of course

STEFAN      Faces?

WOLFGANG      Bones

STEFAN      The perpetrators as well

WOLFGANG      I don't have a death wish

STEFAN      Coward. Idiot.

That would have been it  
It would have saved all of us

WOLFGANG      I'm flying back tomorrow  
They're throwing them into the basements by the cartload and

STEFAN      Rubbish

WOLFGANG      I was there

*Pause.*

STEFAN      Tell me

**JULIA**      What

**STEFAN**     Can someone explain to me what happened here

**MARCO** *laughs*     Sure, no problem

*The lights fade.*

**JULIA**      I lie awake at night, the rooms keep getting bigger  
My body has calmed down, I look at the water  
Next door that ugly child is screaming, I think it's mine, its movements are  
completely uncoordinated, I don't want to see it, forgot to call the nanny, do I  
even have one?, I'll have to ask my assistant, Claudia or whatever her name is, or  
Maren?, my husband is in, is in, somewhere, what do I know, a conference or –  
Valium, then I'm lying by the pool or as if by the pool and watching how...  
Of course I'd like to have more time, I –  
I answer the letters but –  
That's another one of those stupid trends, to drag every bit of 'real' life in front of  
the camera, houses that have been shot at, people that have been shot to bits,  
panic, fear, accidents, war, destruction, I've no grasp of, no grasp of –  
For this assignment, this DIESEL photo shoot in a crisis area, I get forty thousand  
euros, for the interviews afterwards I charge one hundred and fifty euros per half  
hour, I've already turned off my answering machine, it all goes via my agency, I  
enjoy the silence, the peace at night, just to look at the water, the houses keep  
getting bigger, the equity funds keep getting more and more risky, these days I  
own this whole fucking lake, the shares in our new tv channel, the child is with  
its father or it's watching tv or else it's sleeping for a change, my computer is  
breathing quietly, it's waiting for me, I... the video for the song 'Peace is just a

word' is meant to be set in the Kosovo, as a critique of NATO, of the invasion, of the bombardments, Much Music doesn't want to show it if it's 'not also somehow ironic', 'so please, no bawling Kosovo Albanian women, no old women with headscarves', the text is about a couple anyway, it starts in a flat in Berlin, a kind of loft, she's working in an agency, he's driving slightly mad cars, I, quiet, I, what was that?, no, I, then we cut to a crisis area, we thought about just filming it in Kuwait, it's safer for the crew, somehow no one really felt like going to the Kosovo to film there, in any case no one knew how to get there, do they have hotels and drivers?, Can you rent cars?, do they shoot you on the spot?, can you get food there?, I mean, do they have shops?, or do you have to bring everything?,

Script brainstorming, nightmare, I'm not going to do this much longer, the way they all stare at me, they know how much I hate them, okay, Betty, Susie, Linda from the ideas tank: 'a couple in crisis here, a battle ground, they're basic traits of human behaviour, war as a metaphor, sort of as an emotional landscape, soldiers of the heart, those who are in love are at war and so on', well, I've got nothing to do with this crap, I just point the camera at it, I, I look through my camera and keep my mouth shut, but -

The music is so tasteless as well: 'Peace is just a word is just a word', 'just like love, and'

I'll have to tell Corinna that they mustn't mention my name in the credits, that's all I need, embarrassing

Right, interview, 'how was it and all that?, pretty weird, eh?', *Vogue*, *Marie Claire*, *Cosmopolitan*, a party at the publishing house in the evening, in the taxi I get a phone call from Stefan, finally, I think, aha, you're alive, that's nice, the impossibility of having a relationship, right? This eternal moving out and moving back in and the child stays with your parents and the child stays with my parents and then we go on holiday together after all and then we don't hear from each other for weeks, very pleasant, really, so where are you now, no

answer, he doesn't want to tell me, for God's sake, I love you, well, rubbish, it doesn't matter, I just don't always want to have this child tagging along with me, for God's sake, it doesn't talk anymore, it doesn't eat anymore, it just stares at me for hours, as of yesterday it doesn't even want to watch tv, it's quiet for hours, then suddenly it starts screaming, throws stuff around and stutters, completely traumatised I think, but why?,

a man blew up in front of my eyes, there are these mines lying around everywhere and no one knows where exactly they are... suddenly there are body parts everywhere, a little girl was torn to pieces by the explosion, the man landed on our window screen, pretty spooky the whole thing

Silence, here, and

There is a sound from the lake, a noise from the computer and the stock market index on CNN, everything sweeps past me, I've turned the sound off, it's so quiet here all of a sudden

The night is so beautiful but

So much work, heaps, everything is piling up, last week's letters, all those emails I saw Marco's new film, two hours of torture and execution, now and then a close up of Marc covered in blood, someone is tearing their eyes out, then someone is nailing a little girl to a barn door and a house is blown up, Laura's new campaign, I don't know, these days those two can only bear to live if everything around them is reduced to rubble, if there are body parts flying through the air, if there is blood flowing everywhere, should I sleep with Marc again or with Stefan or maybe with Maren, is her name Maren?, I don't know, I hang up the photos to dry, then I turn off the lights

The child is motionless, dead in my arms, I can't speak, I, I've no idea what's in store for me in the next few years, I take some more pills so the pain goes away and I turn off my mobile, I don't want to be disturbed anymore, I want peace.

## PEACE

IS JUST A WORD IS JUST A WORD

THE BEAUTY THAT I FIND IN THE POSSIBILITY TO ESCAPE  
THE BEAUTY THAT LIES IN MY LIFESTYLE WHEN I COME TO THINK OF IT  
TAKING A PLANE FOUR TIMES A WEEK  
THE TICKET LIES SOMEWHERE WAITING FOR ME  
WAITING TO BE PICKED UP  
IT HAS MY NAME WRITTEN ON IT  
IT BELONGS TO ME  
IT IS A PART OF ME  
AND IT TAKES ME AWAY  
I HAVE AN APARTMENT IN EVERY NATION  
IN EVERY CITY WHERE I ARRIVE SOMEBODY IS WAITING FOR ME  
JUST LIKE MY TICKET I WILL ALWAYS BE PICKED UP  
I WILL REST IN PEACE  
I HAVE A FIXED SCHEDULE BUT I CAN ALWAYS MESS IT UP A LITTLE  
MY APARTMENT IS STILL IT RESTS IN SILENCE IT IS WAITING FOR ME  
IT EMBRACES ME WITH SOFT MUSIC  
IT IS PLAYING SAMUEL BARBER FOR ME ALL DAY LONG  
I AM PHOTOGRAPHED IN A BED OF ROSES  
I SPEAK FIVE LANGUAGES  
AND WHERE EVER I LEAVE THE PLANE I FEEL QUITE EUROPEAN  
HELP ME MOM I AM OUT OF AREA  
HELP ME THE WORLD OUTSIDE IS REAL  
THE STRING ARRANGEMENT APPROACHING ITS PEAK  
I AM THE CHARACTER I COULD NOT ANALYSE  
AND THE CHARACTER I COULD NEVER PUT ON STAGE  
GIVE ME PEACE

LET ME LIVE

I AM NEVER SURE IF SOMEBODY IS WAITING FOR ME  
I COULD NEVER SAY IF SOMEBODY WAS HOPING DESPERETELY FOR ME  
TO ARRIVE

I NEVER IN MY LIFE SAW ANYONE CRYING BECAUSE OF ME  
OR IN ECSTASY OR IN PAIN

HELP ME DADDY IT IS ALL DARK AROUND ME  
AND THERE IS THIS CONSTANT NOISE

LIKE A NEVER ENDING ACCIDENT

I CAN FEEL THE CIPHERS IN MY HEAD

I CAN FEEL SOMETHING GROWING OUT OF BALANCE

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER I WOULD HIDE BEHIND THE HEATING  
NOBODY FINDS YOU THERE

WHEN I AM IN A MEETING AND I WANT TO SNEAK OUT  
THIS IS WHAT I STILL DO

MY CONSULTING TEAM FINDS THAT RATHER UNUSUAL AND MY  
ADVISER SAYS

DON'T PLEASE DON'T

ALL I WANT IS TO CLOSE DOORS GET MY TICKET CALL A TAXI GO  
THERE AND FEEL LIKE MY CLONED SELF IS DOING ALL THE TALKING

PLEASE MOM HELP ME OUT

I CAN'T GET IN

MY DESPERATE ME IS OUT OF AREA

GIVE IT PEACE

LET ME LIVE

I NEVER SAW ANYONE BURST OUT INTO TEARS FOR ME

I NEVER SAW ANYONE WANTING TO DIE FOR ME

I NEVER ONCE SAW ANYONE MISS A BUS FOR ME  
I NEVER ONCE SAW ANYONE FALLING APART FOR ME  
I NEVER ONCE SAW A MAN OR A WOMAN SCREAMING IN ECSTASY  
BECAUSE OF ME  
I RECEIVE A PHONE CALL  
I AM INVITED  
I HAVE WON A PRIZE  
I GET MORE MONEY  
I HAVE TO ARRANGE ANOTHER MEETING  
IS THIS CHILD IN THE BACKGROUND MY CHILD?  
I WOULDN'T KNOW  
I HAVE THIS FAINT MEMORY OF ME AND THIS MAN NEAR THE HEAD  
OFFICE KISSING  
OR MY WIFE WAITING  
OR MY LOVER LEAVING  
BUT I WASN'T PRESENT WHEN ALL OF THIS HAPPENED  
I WASN'T THERE  
I WAS OUT OF AREA  
ON THE PLANE IN THE TAXI NEAR THE TICKET OFFICE ON THE TRAIN  
AND NEXT TO ME THERE IS THIS BODY THAT I CANNOT IDENTIFY  
TIRED EXHAUSTED IT DOESN'T WANT TO MOVE IT DOESN'T WANT TO  
SLEEP IT DOESN'T EXPECT ANYTHING IT KIND OF GOES ALONG WITH  
THINGS IN SILENCE

*Daytime.*

*Marco, Marc, Tom.*

**MARCO** Listen

**MARC** What

**MARCO** Listen

**MARC** Yes

**MARCO** Do you like it?

*Marco plays war sounds that he's put together from samples and original recordings that Stefan and Julia have brought back from a crisis area.*

Look

*Marco turns on the screen, it's a split screen: a loop of excerpts from army recruitment ads from the internet, aerial shots of NATO- bombings, a rocket crashing into a train, refugee treks, there are corpses lying around, people standing on bridges at night holding TARGET-signs, people dancing on the remains of a crashed NATO- bomber, then juxtaposed with old Hollywood war films, also military fetish films, porn actors in uniform, boot fetishism, uniform fetishism, the debasement of subjects in every possible way, the torture of enemy troops, recruits have to join in SM-games and are punished, then military documentaries: soldiers re-enacting the rape of Bosnian women, again porn films: NAZI-insignia as fetishes, then excerpts from the news: Joschka Fischer is attacked with bags of paint so his ear looks like Marc's ear in scene 1, then soldiers, soldiers you can hardly distinguish from models wearing combat gear, politicians you can hardly distinguish from Boss- or Armani-models, newspaper headlines about the war, all in all*

*it's an exhilarating, confused mix of first impressions that still has no artistic shape, it's more a confused collection of raw material.*

Do you like it?

**MARC** *not sure*      Yes

*Pause.*

What are you going to do with it?

**MARCO**      It's just for fun

**MARC**      Aha

**MARCO**      Look

*He fastforwards, a close-up of Jamie Shea's smile, in slow motion, a close-up of his mouth, a Jamie Shea smile loop, Jacques Chirac, Tony Blair, Gerhard Schröder, all completely exhausted and overwhelmed, Blair is rubbing his eyes, then bombings.*

**MARC** *not sure*      Yes

*Marco winds to a bit where Marc appears on the screen, it's material from scene 2, Marc's face, disfigured by pain, a huge close-up, Marc's ear from scene 1, bleeding.*

**MARCO**      It's just for fun

**MARC** *can't connect to what he is watching*      Is this a commission?

**MARCO**      Yeah, that too

**MARC**      Who for?

**MARCO** Don't know yet: Zurich, Berlin, world expo

*Pause.*

*To Tom.* Can you fly over there for me and make a deal?

**TOM** Me?

**MARCO** Yes, you could do something as well for a change, couldn't you?

**TOM** Me?

**MARCO** Or call them?

**TOM** Me?

**MARCO** Yes, you

**TOM** Me?

**MARCO** Yes man, you

**TOM** Actually that's Stephanie's job

**MARC** But Stephanie's ill

**MARCO** She's ill again?

**MARC** Can't walk anymore

MARCO Is it

MARC Yes

MARCO Oh

MARC It was very quick

MARCO Wasn't careful

MARC She really wanted to take a photo of this guard house where they'd shot all the children, they were still lying there, it was just three days earlier, and then she slipped

MARCO But she should have...

MARC ...guessed, I know, there were mines everywhere

MARCO But now tell me, what do you think?

MARC Nice, yeah

MARCO *to Tom* I have to hand it in now, can't you make a deal for me in Zurich?

TOM I'll call them tomorrow

MARCO Can't you do it now?

**TOM** Yes

*Exits.*

*Short pause.*

**MARCO** I also wanted to

**MARC** *interrupts him* No

**MARCO** What?

**MARC** No

*Marco touches Marc.*

No

*Marco wants to touch Marc, Marc doesn't want intimacy.*

**MARCO** We're friends, aren't we?

**MARC** *not sure* Yeah?

**MARCO** No?

**MARC** *not sure* What is it?

**MARCO** Are you scared?

**MARC** You know, I don't understand you

**MARCO** But it was nice yesterday, wasn't it?

**MARC** Yesterday when?

**MARCO** The two of us

**MARC** Yesterday? I wasn't here yesterday, was I?

**MARCO** What?

**MARC** I was filming, wasn't I?

**MARCO** You?

**MARC** Yes, wasn't I?

**MARCO** *pulls on plastic gloves, positions Marc, takes off Marc's T-shirt*  
Do you love me?

**MARC** I thought we'd...

**MARCO** *sprays a red PEACE-sign onto Marc's chest. Marc is wearing PRADA suit trousers.* ...'sorted' it? When? When did we sort it? When?

**TOM** *returns* He said fifty thousand  
Is that okay?

**MARCO** Call him back and tell him one hundred

**TOM** Me?

**MARCO** Yes, now go

**TOM** Yes, in a minute

*Tom lies down somewhere and chills out.*

**LAURA enters** Shit, how do you spell 'collateral damage'? we're supposed to start a country-wide campaign for the home office, it's meant to appeal to kids between 14 and 18 and those dead frozen babies, where are they, I can't find them, they have to go into print tomorrow

*Marco positions Marc so it looks as if he's lying in a ruined landscape, he films him while Marc takes off more clothes, on the screen we can see Marc lying among the rubble: wounded, with a PEACE-sign on his chest, CALVIN KLEIN underpants, Marco pours some blood over Marc's face, then takes some photos.*

'Ground troops', that's another one of those new words that everyone's suddenly using, Wolfgang wrote me a note about 'the double Auschwitz lie', no idea what that's supposed to mean, when did we start using these words, we don't really talk like that

*To Tom.* Can't you tidy up around here?

**TOM** What?

**LAURA** Can't you tidy up, I can't find anything here, I lose everything, those mothers that are carrying their dead frozen babies through the snow while this bridge explodes behind them, where are they, they've disappeared

**TOM** Who?

**LAURA** That refugee trek we hit by mistake

**MARCO** 'We'?

**LAURA** Yes, NATO or whatever

**MARCO** 'We'? 'we'?

**LAURA** Oh don't make a fuss

**MARCO** 'we'

**LAURA** *notices the screen, the mix of porn and bombings* What sort of crap is that

**MARCO** 'we', I don't believe it, that's what you call the free press, right, 'we'  
'we', not me, I didn't blow up any refugee treks, not me

**LAURA** Neither did I

**MARCO** Yes you did

It was you

You're responsible

**LAURA** Could you at least rinse your own coffee cups, yes,

I'm going mad here

Yesterday I found one of my manuscripts in some strange bag with gross stuff in  
it

**MARCO** Could you please keep your hands off my things

**LAURA** What on earth was it, I almost puked, it was a nightmare, what are you doing with that?

**MARCO** It's for an exhibition

**LAURA** Could you warn me next time you're going to experiment with new material, it made me sick, it was so disgusting, what was it, nightmare, I've never seen anything that gross

**MARCO** *points at the screen where we can see heaps of corpses, we can't tell if they're from the news or if it's docufiction* There are worse things

**LAURA** Oh go fuck yourself

Now

*To Tom.* Could you please make yourself useful around here, yes

You just wander around in the rubble looking confused

Do something

Tidy up

Why does it look like shit in here

*To Marc.* Was that you?

Did you break everything again?

**MARC** Who, me?

*Marc approaches Laura, takes her hand, caresses his PEACE-sign with her hand, then kisses her below the neck.*

Who, me?

Me?

**MARCO** Everything's too big in here

Far too big

I get lost in here

I lose all sense of dimension

I don't know where I am anymore

*Tim joins them. Marc releases Laura, Marco approaches him, Marc dodges him, Marco briefly takes Laura's hand, then hits Marc's head and gets himself a drink from the fridge. Marc follows him, looks over Marco's shoulder from behind his back, he bites Marco's ear, a short scream, Laura separates the two of them in a matter-of-fact way.*

**TIM** I can't sleep

Why does he have to keep drying his photos here?

I want to sleep and all I see is torn-out arms, legs that have been ripped away, people with no faces, children with no eyes, no ears, no skin

*Stefan and Wolfgang enter, completely exhausted, they've just got back from the airport, they're talking.*

**STEFAN** I wonder who turns down the photos at the papers, whenever something happens somewhere I'm always there first but no one prints my stuff, no matter what I send them, they always hold it back, someone sits there and turns it down, the beaten-up old men in that enclave, the ones I told you about, the ones that were sitting there completely shattered, well, they don't print that for months and then, suddenly: a prize, awards, I don't get the system behind it

**WOLFGANG** Same with my articles. Even if it's not some sort of censorship agreement, a kind of conspiracy, then politicians, the army and the press are still working together in accordance with an unknown system and, above all, they're clearly acting in accordance with American foreign policy, and the fact that these days even a foreign minister from the Green Party is clearly adopting American foreign policy means that democracy as we knew it has

**STEFAN** Exactly

what?

yes

**WOLFGANG** *carries on talking* has reached the point of no return, because if we use our parliament, I mean our votes...

**STEFAN** Exactly

**WOLFGANG** No, let me

**STEFAN** But I totally agree

**WOLFGANG** ...to oppose American policies, then we'll be completely unsuccessful there too; we can vote for whoever we want, we don't have any influence on international politics even though we're the third largest economic force.

**TIM** Can you dry your photos somewhere else?

I can't sleep

**STEFAN** You'll have to get used to it

"The world outside is real"

**TIM** I really can't sleep there

And I need to sleep

Otherwise I'm going to collapse again

**STEFAN** I'll have a look

**TIM** I have to get moving in a minute anyway

Nightmare

Tokyo cultural exchange

I keep wondering what you can exchange there

*To Marc and Marco.* And can you two be quiet please

what is it you keep doing at night?

Those funny noises

What's that about?

**WOLFGANG** I'm going to bed

hang on, there was something

Some date that

no, someone called and urgently wanted to

*A pause, everyone looks at him expectantly, silence.*

oh no idea

Good night

*Exits.*

**LAURA** Have you seen those dead frozen babies anywhere?

**STEFAN** No, but if you need a couple of drowned blacks

**LAURA** Where from?

**STEFAN** Uganda

I think it's Uganda, I'm not sure, is Uganda in Africa? Yeah, somewhere around there

**LAURA** Is there something going on there right now?

**STEFAN** Don't know

**MARCO** Yeah, there is something

**LAURA** What is it?

**MARCO** Don't know, something

*He tries to remember.*

There was something

I read, heard something

a civil war or something

a famine

I don't know

a flood disaster

water something

everyone drowned

it was bad

**MARC** A ferry that was carrying uranium sank

*Marco hits Marc's head again.*

**MARCO** Go to bed, he's talking rubbish

**STEFAN** Can you two please be quiet tonight

**MARC** But we don't do anything

**STEFAN** You do something  
I don't know what it is  
You do something  
That blood everywhere the whole time

**MARCO** It's red paint  
*Stefan goes up to Laura, kisses her for a long time, Marc and Marco watch them, Marco tries to kiss Marc, Marc bites Marco's lips.*

**MARC** Don't!

**STEFAN** I need to sleep  
I  
I have to leave in a minute  
*Exits.*

**MARCO** I'm going to work tonight

**LAURA** Me too  
I have to do the layout for this article  
But I need those fucking dead frozen babies for that  
*She sees a baby on the screen.*  
You've got it?  
You stole it from me  
are you mad?

**MARCO** I needed the photo for the exhibition

**LAURA** Are you mad, that's my photo  
Honestly  
I've been looking for that all day  
*She's almost crying.*  
I need it

**MARC** You see  
You're an arsehole  
a wanker  
You just nicked her photo  
Stupid wanker  
Count yourself lucky no one's kicked you out yet

**MARCO** Sorry

**MARC** Yeah, sorry, now he's sorry

**MARCO** I needed it  
*Pause.*  
More than you  
*Pause.*  
For your shitty report  
It's just porn for you guys  
At least I place it in a context  
You just get off on it  
and cash in

**LAURA** And you don't cash in or what

**MARCO** If you even look at it  
If you even take it in

**LAURA** Who gets the most cash here, eh?  
For recycling  
If you didn't have us you wouldn't even exist  
What would you show in your videos if you didn't have us  
I don't see any difference there  
You just film our material and put it up in empty warehouses and cash in, cash  
in like mad

**MARCO** What do you actually feel when you see this?  
*Pause.*  
What do you feel when you see this dead frozen baby?

**LAURA** I never wanted him to stay here  
Who dragged him in anyway?  
*Exits.*

**MARCO** No one ever wants to hear the truth

**MARC** The "Truth"  
What sort of crap is this?

**MARCO** Come here  
*He goes to Marc, wants to touch him*

**MARC** No

**MARCO** Come here

**MARC** No, please leave me alone  
Please leave me alone for once

**MARCO** *very gently* Just come here

**MARC** No, take him  
*Means Tom.*

**MARCO** *to Tom* Go away

**TOM** What?

**MARCO** Yeah, please go away

**MARC** No, stay here

**MARCO** No, go

**TOM** Me?

**MARCO** Yes

**MARC** Stay here please

**TOM** What?

**MARCO** Go!!

*Tom exits.*

You see.

**MARC** Don't touch me

**MARCO** Come here, I won't hurt you

**MARC** Don't you get it, I don't want to

**MARCO** Come

**MARC** No

**MARCO** Come here

**MARC** Please leave me alone, I'm telling you, I'm warning you, leave me alone, no, leave me in peace okay, peace, did you hear me?

**MARCO** There's no peace here

**MARC** Come on, go away, leave me alone

**MARCO** No

**MARC** Let me go

**MARCO** Show me your ear

**MARC** No

**MARCO** Show me

**MARC** No

*A chase through the entire room until both of them collapse on top of each other, exhausted, holding onto each other. Marco films Marc's face, takes Marc's clothes off, films his body, kisses him and films the kiss. Marc punches Marco's head a couple of times, Marco leaves. Meanwhile, Wolfgang has gotten up and gone to the fridge, he's pouring muesli into a bowl, he's tired, he tries to throw the empty milk carton into a rubbish bag, he misses, goes to the carton, picks it up and spills the muesli at the same time, bends down, tries to spoon the milk back into the bowl. Marco approaches him.*

**MARCO** You know, my imagination goes dead when I see you

**WOLFGANG** What?

**MARCO** Yeah, I mean you're a nice guy and all that

**WOLFGANG** What?

**MARCO** Yeah, you're really nice and all that but my imagination goes really dead when I see you

**WOLFGANG** Aha

**MARCO** Yeah

**WOLFGANG** Hmm

**MARCO** Yeah, and you lead a funny kind of life as well

**WOLFGANG** Me?

**MARCO** Yeah, you kind of don't do anything

**WOLFGANG** What?

**MARCO** Yeah, you don't do anything, no, I've thought about it for a long time, I mean yesterday I thought about it for a long time, you kind of don't do anything

*Pause.*

Yeah

*Short pause.*

Yeah, somehow my imagination goes really dead when I see you, I mean you're really pretty and all that but I wouldn't want to paint you

**WOLFGANG** Well, you don't have to paint me

**MARCO** Or take your photo

**WOLFGANG** Well you don't have to do that either

**MARCO** Or a video, no, yesterday I thought about it for a long time but my imagination goes really dead when I see you, if I had to make a video about you I really wouldn't know what to tape, I mean, my imagination goes really totally dead when I see you, you lead a funny kind of life as well, I mean you don't really do anything, I mean not really, you see, I mean you do something but not

really, not actually something, why don't you do something, do you think it's stupid to do something, do you think it's somehow stupid to do something

**WOLFGANG** I do stuff

**MARCO** Yeah, but nothing real, it's all, it's all, it's  
Yeah, what do you actually do, tell me, what, what is it you do

**WOLFGANG** Well, I

**MARCO** You see, you can't think of anything now, you can't think of anything again, you can think of absolutely nothing, you see, that's what I mean, if you don't do anything you can't say anything either and then other people's imagination goes dead, that's what I was thinking about yesterday, I realised I can't help you either because my imagination goes dead when I see you because I can't even think of what to change about you, what you should do differently

**WOLFGANG** I don't want to do anything differently

**MARCO** You see, that's another one of those things, that's difficult, not wanting to do anything differently and all that, I mean you're nice and all that, but I wouldn't want to be stuck in a lift with you

**WOLFGANG** Well you don't have to

**MARCO** Yeah, I wouldn't even want to be stuck in a traffic jam with you

**WOLFGANG** You don't have to

MARCO No, but do you see what I mean, I mean do you somehow see

WOLFGANG No

MARCO What?

WOLFGANG No, not really

MARCO You see, that's another one of those things

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO That you never understand what I'm saying, that I can't help you and all that

WOLFGANG Yeah

MARCO So of course you'll always stay the way you are

WOLFGANG Yeah, that's what I want

MARCO Yeah, that's what I mean

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Yeah, exactly

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Well everything you just said

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Yeah

O boy

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Yeah

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Well that's exactly what I mean

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Well that you don't understand me now for example. We're never going to get close like this

WOLFGANG But we don't have to get close

MARCO Well that, too

WOLFGANG What?

MARCO Yeah

*Wolfgang exits, Marc approaches Marco, hugs him, kisses him, then throws himself down somewhere among the rubble.*

MARC      You know

MARCO    Yeah?

MARC      Can't we... I mean... can't we just do everything... completely...  
differently

MARCO    What?

MARC      I mean

*Short pause.*

I don't understand you at all

Don't get mad now, but

I don't understand you at all

MARCO    Aha

MARC      Well

it doesn't matter

MARCO    Yeah

MARC      To sleep

MARCO    Yeah

MARC      To just sleep

*They lie down, they lie there, insomnia. Marc walks around, lies down next to different people while Laura is speaking, he can't stay anywhere for long, he lies down for a short while, then wanders around, doesn't know what to do, lies down next to Marco again, then gets up again, fetches something from the fridge, approaches Stefan, avoids Tim, lies down next to Marco again, takes off his clothes, puts his clothes back on, sits down at the computer, starts to type something, stops, takes the video camera, starts to film himself, cuts himself, films the wound, tries on various military clothes. Later, we can see this image on the screen. Marco is working at his computer while Laura is speaking, he's projecting material onto the wall: military vehicles, landscapes covered in snow, areas covered on land mines, mass graves, military camps, all filmed with a digital camera. Laura filmed them on her trip to the crisis area, he complements it with his car trips through a western landscape. The different landscapes flow into each other so you can't tell them apart.*

**LAURA** On the way to the airport, suddenly: did I?, did I?, o God yes, I think, I hope, fuck, did?, yes, shit shit shit, yes, yes, I quickly did that, or? or didn't I? or this, this, this, this thingie, thingie, letter or what? I did, I did give him that, didn't I, or? I can't remember, or shall I quickly turn back now? But will we still make it then? I don't know, maybe Tom could, but Tom: another permanent security risk, to trust him with anything, my plane, fuck, where, oh yes, okay, but

This refugee event, this refugee rave in the camp, if Marc, I don't know, can I do that to him, yes, he'll be pleased, arrival skopje six ten p.m., they're picking us up, major fischer and lieutenant colonel brenner from berlin are picking me up with a hercules - me- hardcore, so did stefan give me the right... - Yes I think so, yes, I think my mobile doesn't work here, that's really annoying me now Rubble everywhere, endless trips through rubble, who organises this thing? Do they have - what's it called - "structures"?

“For example: somalia was a bit tougher, they actually had flies on their bodies and the bones were peeping out of them already, they could really clear away the snow here, they haven’t got anything else to do” thomas anderson from discovery is here as well, barf, I really didn’t want to bump into him here, the other day he invited me to that shitty opening night party for his gross ethiopia docureel for cnn, well, okay, hello, yes, yes, hello, and you, yes, we’re shooting burned-out orthodox churches from the fourteenth century, oh right, yes, nice, and you, yes, we’re doing this, err, refugee rave together with cosmo and, err, shape, I mean the donations club from - o God, how embarrassing - men’s health and shape, there are moments when I wish I could do everything from my desk, there’s rubble everywhere but the sun’s shining, mr brenner from berlin is in a good mood and these stray dogs everywhere, that’s a mad image as well, packs of stray dogs in the snow, shot holes all over the buildings, old men just standing among the ruins looking confused, burned-down buildings everywhere, shot holes, what on earth happened here, I

I

I can’t speak any more

finally

-

a meeting with sharon from human rights watch, christian humanitarian organisation, agricultural international assistance, american jewish joint distribution committee, albanian-austrian partnership, american bar association, I can’t remember all these names - it’s going to be so embarrassing tonight - peace talks - peace - we’ve got a partnership with the association for rebuilding democracy and film aid, the beauty of kfor night with dj hell and the peace orchestra, the opening of a baseball squad together with a number of representative german and american filmstars - winona ryder is expected - it’s embarrassing as well, somehow

thinking about it I suddenly lose the feeling that I have a right to exist

goldie hawn, is she coming as well?

It was a sort of joint idea I had with the guardian and the canadian embassy, which in turn started negotiating with film aid usa and flew in lisa from boston two weeks ago to start preparations

There were problems with vodaphone, there's no real network anyway, what am I going to wear - nightmare - I've got this military thing from prada but doesn't that come across a bit - I don't know

I don't know - a bullet proof vest? No? And what shoes? No idea, if we could still include the council for the defence of human rights and freedom, open a shopping mall - they can't be serious - what are they supposed to sell - what are they going to put in there?

Why do I always have to do everything by myself, why do I always have to fly there myself, tim couldn't, didn't want to, he refused: "third world no way" he said in his text message, "you can do the third world yourself"

Marc, marc, I wanted to - o fuck - did I, did I, fuck, I completely forgot about him, he's still sitting somewhere in the lounge with his - what's his latest drink - "blow job", that's what the stuff is called, very funny, takes off his shirt, goes to the counter and says "a blow job please", why does everyone always want to be picked up somewhere and then I'm the one that has to - well I've been in charge of everything, this whole thing, for three years - almost no sleep, now and then a total collapse, eighty-four hours of complete motionlessness, I lie there, don't speak, don't think, like a relay that needs to be changed, carry on, I have to carry on, just don't, just don't cave in now, stop lying here, all that vitamin c crap doesn't help either, my magnesium levels, I sort pictures, collect information, now and then do an assignment, then a phonecall from my father:

"listen, the kant thing doesn't work"

referring to my speech for tim, that tim's supposed to make at this, at this, at this - what? Opening in - did I already, I did, right, yes, why doesn't that work?

"because kant didn't write it"

my father: clarity, calm, an answer to everything

what? Why? What? But that's what it said in my folder, tom gave me - well

anyway, okay, I'll revise it

kant kant - one of those names that means nothing - kant kant - whatever

the three betties from manchester want to organise this dance festival in pristina

and are asking if we know someone from berlin that could come over - the

cultural committee of the deutsche bank would probably be interested, but the

whole thing should be as unpolitical as possible

that too, yes

I try to get hold of tim, thank god lufthansa finally has telephones on board as

well - at last - about time, too - tim, hello, yes, tell me

Who is rothraut de neve?

She's doing a ballet workshop there, are we going along with it? are we sending

photographers, is that interesting? Could we maybe get the bbc interested or abc

- I don't know, let me think, I'll try and get in touch with stefan now, I'll call you

right back, co-operative housing foundation, what are they doing there? They're

handing out soup - how absurd - department for international development,

world relief, save the children, save the world

Then major fisher at the airport: I'll just say: mass graves, mass graves, mass

graves, by the way, over christmas you'll find me in a top notch hotel somewhere

by the baltic sea with a whirlpool and everything and then I'll take care of my

marital duties, the whole works

Err yes, I see, err, strange information, well, okay, and how are we going to find

the three betties from manchester now? It's pizza day at the un house,

everything's frozen, the lights go out, the power is gone, maybe tom could pick

up marc from that lounge or marco, marco wants material, I'm supposed to film

soldiers, soldiers changing tires, what sort of crappy idea is that, well, okay,

major fischer takes me up to my room

Err yes, thank you, thank you, I have to, now, really, right now, at once, I mean now, right away, I mean now, at once, and I'm really tired, sleep, I mean at once, now, thank you, bye

Door closed, I lie there

Red light

Down on the street the crisis boys are going past listening to Britney Spears on full volume

Where am I?

Really far away? Can I put it like that? Or really close? security zone

Curfew, I'm being picked up tomorrow, the heating doesn't work, no water, hmm, act professional tomorrow, help age international, human appeal international, humanitarian aid international world-wide for human rights, humanitarian community information center, help, help for self-help, mine clearance and unexploded clowns without borders are performing "don't touch the mines"

Tired

Humanity first

Humanitarian cargo carriers

International crisis group

International Catholic Migration Commission

Institute for International Social Affairs

number two in the radio charts for the past three weeks: "peace is just a word is just a word"

That cunt made the video

I hope she's not hanging out here

It feels like I bump into everyone here at the moment, whether I want to or not

The whole world is here

Everyone's set up their offices and agencies here, unfortunately the natives have to sleep in the street, sorry boys, but we need the flats, sorry, we have to have

this meeting there and, err, yes, nah, don't be peeved, in fifty years at most you  
can move back in

I'm lying there

It's cold

Get a whiskey from the hotel bar downstairs

Thomas from brussels is sitting at the counter

Is john simpson hanging out here somewhere as well?

Please, now don't start these massacre discussions again, yeah

Quiet

Just a quick drink

I feel like a complete idiot

I have nothing to say

Nothing to say about this

this subject

Nothing

Nothing

Absolutely nothing

Nothing at all

Nothing

Absolutely nothing

Thomas from brussels is here as a driver for the kuwait joint relief committee

takes blankets to the mountain regions, aha

quick conversation: should we have? Yes, maybe, or ground troops? Would it  
have? Well yes, maybe, but maybe, who knows, but these refugee convoys and  
yes, yes, but

it was also about preventing that

exactly

goodnight then

yes, you take care then

some kind of standstill in my head, some kind of - I don't know - a kind of breakdown, I've no idea, I don't know anything about, I'm not really prepared, none of us here are really prepared, and we know absolutely nothing about this country, but yes

everything has to move forward quickly, global management mustn't stagnate, our europe has to flow on, no matter where, when, who, what crisis causes the flood of products, the flood of thoughts, the exchange, it all has to carry on, maybe that's the reason for this mission, it's in order to secure our peace

*Night-time.*

*On Marco's screen we can see a video called "COUNTRY OF TEARS": crying women refugees change into frantically applauding TV studio audiences, the images are accompanied by texts, excerpts from politicians' speeches, George Bush keeps alternating with David Letterman, Colin Powell keeps alternating with Jay Leno, then there is a series of crying women refugees that looks like an homage to Andy Warhol, then there are lots of almost identical western women, TV newscasters, all of them blonde, also in a series, Marco is not confident, not satisfied, he leafs through a book called "WE CAN'T LOOK THE OTHER WAY" by Rudolf Scharping.*

**MARCO** I don't know

**LAURA** What?

**MARCO** No idea

**LAURA** This?

**MARCO** Yeah

*Pause.*

No idea, I don't know

*Pause.*

I really don't know any more

**LAURA** You're becoming erratic

**MARCO** What?

**LAURA** Doesn't matter

**MARCO** Tell me

**LAURA** What?

**MARCO** Did we, I mean, yesterday, did we do something together...  
or something

**LAURA** Yeah, maybe

**MARCO** Yeah?

**LAURA** Yeah, maybe

**MARCO** Was Marc there too, is that possible?

**LAURA** Maybe, yeah

**MARCO** And Stefan, was Stefan there too?

**LAURA** No, don't think so

**MARCO** Good

**LAURA** What?

**MARCO** I woke up this morning and I suddenly had this, well, had this funny feeling

**LAURA** Yeah

*Pause.*

But Wolfgang wasn't there, was he?

**MARCO** *horrified* What?

**LAURA** I don't notice anything these days, sorry, it's not bad or anything, but I don't notice anything anymore, I'm not even here, or, is that possible, can you see me?

**MARCO** What?

**LAURA** Er, what?

**MARCO** Did you say something?

**LAURA** Who?

**MARCO** Me?

**LAURA** O boy

That stuff

*She's referring to the projections.*

is driving me insane

**MARCO** What do you think it does to me, nightmare

nightmare

*Marc appears on the screen.*

Beautiful, eh?

**LAURA**     What?

**MARCO**     Who?

**LAURA**     Me

**MARCO**     What?

**LAURA**     Funny, I don't feel anything

**MARCO**     Do you think I should give Marc some money or something

**LAURA**     What?

**MARCO**     Money

**LAURA**     Money?

**MARCO**     Well, he's kind of, how shall I put it, he's kind of part of it as well,  
isn't he?

**LAURA**     He doesn't need money

**MARCO**     No?

**LAURA** I don't think money's the problem, I don't think so

**MARCO** No, money isn't the problem

**LAURA** The amount we're suddenly earning

Madness

Something's wrong with me

*She feels her head, isn't sure anymore if she's still there.*

There's something

I

I

*She looks at the screen: mass graves covered in snow, small children running through the snow, a puddle of blood.*

nothing

no connection to the-

what?

Who's the top earner here?

*Looks at the screen: shots of a ride through a snowy landscape filmed with a digital camera.*

nothing

everything's possible

everything?

I

*Marco leafs through the Rudolf Scharping book, reads out an especially kitschy propagandist bit, in which Rudolf Scharping describes how he and his friend Joschka Fischer, both silent and deeply moved, listened to reports about the refugee treks before he agreed to air force involvement, how he lay awake at night and smoked at his desk because he kept having to think about "our boys" that were in danger, etc.*

**MARCO** You're behind this, aren't you. Tim or you. This NATO-crap, this propaganda craze, you wrote this, didn't you, or you set it up or you commissioned it or something, you're somehow part of this, aren't you

**LAURA** Eighty thousand  
Madness  
Each

**MARCO** It really makes me sick that no one has an opinion here, yeah, it does my head in that absolutely no one here has an opinion about anything, everyone is always just running after the great flood of data, managing a crisis, somehow no one here thinks, no one here thinks, it's a nightmare, no one here thinks, everyone just writes books, chases after appointments, deals commissions, organises secret meetings, no one here ever thinks anything or says anything about anything, that's a real nightmare, that's the real disaster

**LAURA** I read your article

**MARCO** Pardon

**LAURA** I'd call it paranoid prose

**MARCO** Stupid, everyone here is stupid, it's a disaster, they're all idiots, they should all leave, go away, go, no one needs you  
*Marc enters, mixes a drink, then looks at photos.*

**MARC** I need something, I need photos, slides, somehow, somehow, photos or something, I've got this gig later on, I'm playing records, I need something to go with it, I have to show something on the wall, project something

*He looks at the screen, sees himself, a take from scene 2, a close-up of his face.*

What's that? Cool, I like it.

**LAURA** Like?

**MARC** Haven't you got something, Julia said she'll take me along to a photo shoot, she said I should come along, or a casting or something that I, they're going to take photos of injured people, it's for the new parachutecamp Diesel campaign, I'm supposed to come along, they'll take me away in an ambulance, they'll take me to a hospital with loads of women, nurses that are all wearing Diesel, I'm supposed to come along, she wants to take me along  
*Marco doesn't say anything.*

And now I need photos for this Humanitarian Overkill, I'm supposed to play records there tonight, it's a live art group from Madrid or something, I'm supposed to play records there, show slides and then I get shot as a kind of live art event, I get shot and then I have a live operation in front of the audience, it's a new performance group from Madrid or something, they've discovered me, they approached me, they like me

**MARCO** Is everything okay with you, is that possible, is there something, is that possible

**MARC** I have to go now, but where is Stefan, I need some photos, I'll get shot in a minute, don't you want to come along and watch, don't you want to be there, I don't want to go there by myself, I'd like you to come along, don't you want to come along, it's all transmitted outside as well, it's going to be projected onto a lake, then you can see me all over town, on the lake

*He is suddenly quiet.*

**MARCO** What is it?

**LAURA** What is it?

*Marc wants to say something but can't. Pause. Marco and Laura stare at him, it's quiet, on the screen we see an Apache-helicopter-loop, an internet ad for the US army.*

**MARC** I don't know

I just don't know

I

I don't want to leave

Why aren't you coming along

Come along

I don't want to go there by myself

Please

Please

**TIM** *stumbles onstage, falls down, is completely worn out* You know that speech

**LAURA** Yes

**TIM** Did you, have you, I mean, you wanted to  
Kant, why Kant?

**LAURA** Go to bed

**TIM** No

**LAURA** You have to get up early tomorrow

**TIM** But I don't want to sleep  
I don't feel like sleeping  
I keep having to fly everywhere and sleep somewhere all the time but I don't  
want to  
do you understand, I don't want to

**LAURA** Lie down

**TIM** No

**MARCO** Go and lie down now!

**TIM** No

*Pause, Marc goes up to Stefan.*

I never get there

**LAURA** What?

**TIM**

I

Oh it doesn't matter

I

I'll just sit here, yeah, just keep talking, I'll just sit down here for a minute  
*Marc is next to Stefan, looking through a stack of photos. During the following dialogue, Marco goes to his equipment, there are more and more military pictures appearing on the screen, he accompanies them with different sounds: shots, detonations, screams, tank motor sounds, Eurofighter motor sounds, gradually the flat is transformed into a battle ground. The others are driven closer and closer to the edge.*

**STEFAN** What are you doing?

**MARC** I need something, photos, what's this? Soldiers, those are just soldiers, haven't you got something else, what's this, that's, that's extreme

**STEFAN** Dismembered corpses, raped, dismembered, poured petrol over them, burned them

**MARC** Can I have this, can I take it with me and that one, yeah, can I have that, I need them

**STEFAN** Come here, baby

*There is an explosion on the screen and on the soundtrack, Marco is running around with his video camera, filming photos of corpses, filming the others.*

**MARC** Where's Julia anyway, she said she'd pick me up, she phoned, she said she'd come by, she was meant to be here ages ago, where is she, she said she was coming, why isn't she here, tell me, did you say "vaguely" when that guy asked you if you know me, did you say "vaguely", I "vaguely" know him, why did you say that, why did you say "vaguely", you know me, we know each other, we're friends aren't we, we know each other, we live together, we always see each other, we know each other, you know me

**STEFAN** Yes, we know each other, maybe we do know each other

**MARC** Maybe?

**STEFAN** Maybe, maybe not, maybe I've never seen you before, I don't know, I just don't know

**MARC** What?

**STEFAN** I don't know

*Machine gun shots, the others are frightened.*

**MARC** Where is Julia, why isn't she here, she said she'd come, she's not coming, we'd agreed, we'd fixed it, hadn't we, I don't want to go there by myself, why isn't anyone coming with me, she was meant to pick me up why "vaguely", I don't get that at all, why "vaguely", we know each other really well, we're friends, you know me, I hurt myself, here, look, that's what they want to take photos of, I'm going to get shot tonight, you know, and everyone can watch it, and then they're going to sow me up again, live

**STEFAN** What?

**MARC** Shall I go?

**STEFAN** What is it?

**MARC** Shall I stay?

*Pause, shots, the others are frightened, Laura takes cover as if they were real shots.*

Shall I go?

Or-

**STEFAN** I'm tired

**MARC** Me too, I'm going to lie down here, okay  
*He lies down next to Stefan.*

**STEFAN** I'm really tired

**MARC** Me too  
I'm tired too  
I just want to sleep  
*Pause.*  
Are you leaving again?

**STEFAN** Can't you go and join the others?

**MARC** Are you leaving again tomorrow?

**STEFAN** What?

**MARC** Where?  
*Marco is running around with a strange home-made machine gun that makes sounds and works as a remote control for the video screen, shots, photos of collapsing houses, photos of people running over street crossings, escaping from snipers. The others are getting increasingly annoyed.*

**STEFAN** What?

**MARC** You

**STEFAN** I'll have to ask Laura, she wanted to, she kind of wanted to tell

**MARC** So can I have these

*Referring to the photos.*

Have you got any more of these

**STEFAN** I've already promised them to Marco

**MARC** What, why, he's got enough of this, I need something as well for a change, I want something as well for a change, he always gets everything, why doesn't someone give me something, I'm here too, someone could think about me for a change

**STEFAN** Go join the others now  
*Detonations, screams, shots, Marco is running around like a soldier, jumping into imaginary trenches, firing at the others, filming them at the same time. Their faces are visible on the screen, they're inserted into the series of other photos.*

**MARC** No, I'm staying here now, I'm going to lie down here, I'm not going back to the others, I'm not going back there, I don't want to go back there, I don't want to go back to the others, where's Julia, she was meant to pick me up, she was meant to, she was meant to take me with her, I want to get out of here as well, I have to get out of here as well, I want to get out of here now, I want to get out of here, can I take these, these photos here, please, I need them, I need this, can I, yes

**STEFAN** Go and ask Marco

**MARC** He never gives me anything  
I needn't bother  
he won't give me anything  
*More detonations.*

**TIM** I'm supposed to go to parliament now  
They made me an offer

**LAURA** Oh really

**TIM** Yeah  
But I don't want to  
I don't think I want to go and see those twits

**LAURA** What party?

**TIM** No party, I'm supposed to give them advice  
All of them  
I'm supposed to give all of them advice  
They don't know anything  
They need people to explain everything  
They're all completely new, they've no idea, they've suddenly got to learn very quickly, media training and all that, all those new terms, how to justify the latest attack, what they should be saying and so on, all those link-ups and everything, the new economic order, no one gets it, I'm supposed to explain it to them but I don't want to, I'm not going to explain anything to anyone anymore, I'm going to keep it all to myself  
I don't like them  
They're the ones no one wanted to hang out with when we were at school  
head boys and chess club wankers

**LAURA** Just like you

**TIM** Yeah, just like me

**LAURA** to Tom, who at some point has sneaked into the rubble and is now lying there.

And you?

What's with you?

You just lie around

You don't do anything

Are you in pain?

*No answer, she tries to touch him, he doesn't want to be touched. The STEFAN/MARC scene can run parallel with the LAURA/TOM scene. Marco's sounds get increasingly aggressive.*

**STEFAN** Go away now  
I want to sleep

**MARC** I just want to sleep as well

**STEFAN** I have to crack on tomorrow

**MARC** Yeah, me too

I have to crack on as well

I have to go in a minute

now

now, actually

I should be gone now, actually

Haven't you got something for me, I can't show up there with nothing, I need a couple of photos, something, something that hasn't been printed somewhere, something, where's Julia, man, they're supposed to take my photo, no one's taken my photo today, why not, something's wrong, why doesn't someone pick me up, why, she phoned, didn't she, I can't remember, but I, I think, I believe,

yes, she did phone, she was meant to be here, where is she, why is everyone suddenly disappearing, the other one, that strange guy that keeps coughing, he's gone as well, where is he, has he disappeared too, suddenly everyone's gone and no one knows where, why is everyone suddenly gone, man, no one does anything, do something, you have to do something

**LAURA** What is it?

*Tries to kiss Tom.*

Hello

**TOM** Hello

**LAURA** Don't you want to go home or something?

**TOM** What?

**LAURA** Well, I mean

**TOM** Home?

**LAURA** Yeah, or somewhere else?

**TOM** Me?

**LAURA** Yeah, don't you want to go away or something, do you?

**TOM** Where?

**LAURA** Or sleep

*Pause.*

you don't want that either

*Pause, she suddenly has an idea.*

with me?

**TOM** What?

**LAURA** Do you

Shit, I have to

O God, tell me, did you

shit

**TOM** What?

**LAURA** Shit, fuck fuck fuck

Wolfgang's on the way to

O God

I forgot to

fuck

*Pause.*

Well, it doesn't matter

He'll find out

*Pause.*

There's nothing there

where he's going

it's already finished over there

Fuck

*Pause.*

fuck fuck fuck

*Pause.*

fuck fuck fuck

*Pause.*

fuck fuck fuck

*Pause, Laura tries to take off Tom's shirt, he lets her take it off, he doesn't care, she leans against him.*

Sleep with me

So far that's helped everyone

Honestly

Fuck

*She tries to kiss him.*

*Then, in a panic. Wolfgang's taken the folder to where Stefan was meant to be, but he's not there because there's nothing going on there anymore, they were meant to go there and fuck, shit, now he's getting off there and there's nothing*

*To Tom. I mean*

Do something, man

Something

*She pulls off his shirt, unbuttons his trousers, tries to somehow have sex with him, but he doesn't react at all.*

Man, you really have to go, please pack your suitcase and go, please

**TOM** I haven't got a suitcase

**LAURA** Get out of here, no one wants you here, the others don't want you either, no one wants you, no one knows what to do with you, what you want, do you want anything, is there anything that you want, tell me, go on

**TOM** What?

**LAURA** Please pack your suitcase tomorrow and then go

**TOM** I haven't got a suitcase

**LAURA** Go away, please, go, please, please go away

**TOM** No

**LAURA** Please go, will you go

**TOM** No

**LAURA** No one wants you here

**TOM** I don't care

**LAURA** They hate you, get it

**TOM** They hate me? They don't even know what that is, hate

**LAURA** Please, you have to go, they hate you, they're going to kill you, be careful, they want you to leave, get out of here, go away

*Stefan joins them.*

**STEFAN** What's going on here?

**LAURA** He has to go

**STEFAN** Why?

**LAURA** *in a panic* Because he has to go, he has to go now, at once, now, please, go away, get lost, go, just go

**TOM** No

*Stefan is looking for his stuff so he can leave.*

**LAURA** Help me, please, help

**STEFAN** Where am I supposed to go?

**LAURA** He has to go

**STEFAN** Why?

*Marco watches as Laura slowly starts to freak out, several machine gun shots, Laura takes cover, looks around, on the screen there are people running away from a hail of machine gun bullets.*

**LAURA** Because that's the only way, because he can't stay here, because he has to go, he needs to go, please, go away, go, just go

**TOM** No

**STEFAN** Tell me

*Several detonations, plane crashes, explosions on the screen, screams on the soundtrack.*

**LAURA** You have to get closer, something has to happen, those dead frozen babies, listen, that was a fake, wasn't it, you stole that photo, didn't you, we need

better material, you don't get close enough, I always have the feeling you're afraid

**STEFAN** What?

**LAURA** I can't sell that stuff anymore, man, they're laughing at us, you're always so far away that no one even knows if it's a real photo or not

**STEFAN** Rubbish

**LAURA** those babies – they hadn't frozen to death at all, they were still alive – embarrassing, we might have to return the royalties, hardcore, they were alive, man, you should have realised, or did you nick that photo? were you even there? did you nick it from the internet, you nicked it from the internet, didn't you, you were never, where exactly did you, you were never, right, something's wrong with me, something's, this isn't me at all, something's happened, tell me, have I changed, do you still recognize me, no one says anything here, no one, nothing, I, I, how am I supposed to, I

*Hits herself.*

this, this, what is this, there's something, what is this, there's something, something, why doesn't someone say something

*Noises on the sound track: planes, the dropping of bombs, detonations, a terrible racket.*

*On the screen: soldiers carrying heavy machine guns and wearing bullet proof vests are raping women with headscarves, then trampling them to death.*

Turn that off!!

**MARCO** Why, it's nice!

**LAURA** No!

**MARCO** I got a seventy thousand advance for this  
Swiss Francs.

**TOM** I agree, let's just set the house on fire and burn everything

**LAURA to Stefan** You see, that's what I mean, that's what I mean

**MARCO** I agree: let's torch this place down, it's all, the whole project is, it's  
all going downhill anyway, it's all failed

**LAURA** Who actually commissioned you?

*Marco presses a button and we experience an orgy of blood and rape on the screen: heavily-armed men are reducing houses to rubble, nailing little girls to barn doors, raping women, torturing men to death. Bodies implode, are corroded by acid, brains are blown out of heads. We see helicopters, we see air plane carriers, we see the NATO-sign, we see corpses, we see factories being blown up. We hear a conglomeration of noise: detonations, shots, explosions, crashes.*

*Tom, turned on by the sounds, starts to throw things around the flat and to destroy them, Marco initially joins him, then films what's happening, both of them are destroying everything: video cassettes, cds, newspapers, books, mattresses – everything's flying through the air or is set on fire – an orgy of destruction, which Tom and Marco are enjoying hugely. Tim seeks cover somewhere, there is a deafening noise, the lights are flickering as if the power goes down every three seconds.*

**LAURA to Stefan** Help me, will you  
*She runs to Stefan, tries to hold on to him, Stefan hugs her.*

I don't need a father, I need something else, I don't know what, but something else, something, no fathers

*Laura runs to Marc.*

Hold me, okay, hold me

**MARC** No, let go

**LAURA** Please

**MARC** No

*She tries to hold on to him, he frees himself, she falls down, her laptop falls on top of her, her files fly through the air.*

**LAURA** Okay, I'm going to set fire to this now, I'm going to burn it down, all this crap, no one needs it now, it's not needed now, this whole system, this whole, what, who, away, away everyone, away everyone

*Laura starts to take part in the destruction, destroys photos, destroys computers, pushes the fridge over, rips the mattresses apart, smashes cameras and video cameras*

**MARC to Stefan** Will you take me with you  
please

will you take me with you

*Stefan hurriedly packs his most important possessions and tries to escape.*

**STEFAN** Okay, come on

*Both of them exit, carrying bags. Marco is holding the camera and filming. Laura has already collapsed with exhaustion and is lying somewhere among the rubble. Tom throws the last remaining things around the space. Marco kisses Laura, takes off her clothes, has*

*sex with her while the war still rages on the sound track, and films himself. Then, silence. On the sound track, there is applause, applause which lasts for a while and soon turns into a soothing rustling sound. On the screen, there is a flicker, faintly visible in the background is a hysterical studio audience, they are screaming loudly and applauding. Wolfgang enters, looks around, goes to the edge of the stage, takes a microphone from the rubble, speaks into it, to the audience.*

**WOLFGANG** I get there expecting everything to be burned and they're sitting there, in the garden, having a barbecue, everyone's in a great mood, what is this crap, I go there, I'm supposed to follow this family around for two weeks, and they're all sitting there, peaceful, fishing, the house is still there, nothing's happened, the whole village is still there, what am I supposed to write about now, they're all sitting there, really peaceful, what am I supposed to write about now

*While Laura is getting dressed, Marco also goes to a microphone, points the camera at Tom. We see Tom's face on the screen, there is still a flicker in the foreground, Tom's breathing is heavy, he's exhausted.*

**MARCO** Tom outside!

**TOM** No

**MARCO** You're going to get shot tonight  
You know that?

*Julia enters.*

**JULIA** Is our baby here somewhere

**MARCO** He's dead

**JULIA** What?

**MARCO** Shot on the run

*Marco goes up to Julia, tries to touch her.*

**JULIA** Don't even try

**MARCO** What?

**JULIA** No chance

I've upped the dosage, I don't feel anything anymore

Is he, is he here?

**LAURA** Hi

**JULIA** Hello

**LAURA** Everything okay?

**JULIA** Sure

**LAURA** No problem or anything?

**JULIA** No

**LAURA** Is something wrong?

**JULIA** No

**LAURA** Good

**JULIA** Is...?

**LAURA** No

**JULIA** And?

**LAURA** No, it's not

**JULIA** Okay

**LAURA** Anything else?

**JULIA** Err, what?

**LAURA** O man, I'm going to shoot you all!

**STEFAN** Yeah, everything was completely different there, I was like a soldier they'd sent on an out of area mission, none of us had any idea, we didn't know anything about this country, about its history, who'd slaughtered whom and when, no idea, of course we all pretended and even our arrival was completely disturbing, to see how the soldiers get their weapons handed to them and the journalists their cameras and then off we go in the tank destroyer or whatever it's called, off to the mass graves, we stood there and we all puked like mad, you can't describe the smell either, everything's very still, no birds, I still remember that, no birds, complete stillness, animal cadavers everywhere, on top

of the human corpses were animal cadavers, and you could still make out the children, they were smaller, the narrow wood beams, those were burned children and we all stood there and puked, and then these guys came up to us and said "my mass grave is much bigger, there are 30 dead in mine" and then others "there's fifty in mine" and then there was a guy who wanted 3000 dollars for his mass grave, there were seven hundred children there, he said "700 child 700 child" he kept saying, yes, they're in there "3000 dollar for 700 child" that's a pretty good price per piece, the guy from time magazine said, he was shot later, they wanted to get rid of their photos at once, take them to the border, it was all complete chaos, snipers everywhere aiming at us, they really hated us, yes, in their eyes we were responsible for the war, we kept filming the refugees and it went on for hours this suffering, these screaming crying people, these raped women with dead frozen babies in their arms, these refugee treks with no men, the young men were always missing, they were just missing, that's why this war was fought, we'd paved the way for it with our cameras, they hated us, we were the real enemies, jamie shea was the enemy not bill clinton and of course the reporters from time magazine wanted to be first as usual and they were simply shot dead, the guy from the sun wasn't, the guy from the sun had been given one of those tanks by the murdoch group, they had it flown in by the army, they had the best protection, yes, and then we all scribbled like mad, yes, took photos of everything and scribbled, and then we all made them show us all the mass graves and we didn't realise till later that some of them were fake, that these guys had just dragged the corpses from the hospitals and yes, of course they wanted to earn money too, they knew exactly why we'd come, we wanted those photos and the press officers wanted us to shoot those photos as well, they had to prove they were right in invading or in relocating their troops, that's what the official name was, collateral damages, relocating of troops, and, but some of the graves were real only some weren't, it was so confusing, disturbing, also totally strange, this doubling, none of the information was correct but it was correct as

well, there weren't seven hundred children but fifty young men, or somewhere there were just body parts, or three corpses were lying in a basement and I filmed that, and then the brother of the man that was lying there appeared and he didn't say anything, and his parents were lying there as well, he recognised them from a shirtsleeve that belonged to his, to his father, and he just looked at it, he didn't say anything, he was from dortmund, that guy, he was running a bus company there, he was totally confused, he didn't even know where he was, it was the house he'd grown up in and now, there in the basement, it was one of those keep fit basements, most of them were rich people, mainly rich people were brutally slaughtered, he didn't say anything, then his cousin arrived and held him and then he started crying, I recorded all of it, the two of them are screaming with pain, it's mad, and talked and talked for hours, the smell was so bad his cousin held him and kissed him and puked at the same time because you can't stand the smell, and the tanks outside, and well, then at the same time the old people that had been left behind were brutally beaten, you could hear their death screams, some of them were so old they didn't realise there was a war, there was, they jumped out of the windows and then they burned down more houses and killed people and the word human rights, it sounds so ridiculous in that context, so vacuous, such a presumption, it's such rubbish, o God, yes well, like that

*Among the rubble.*

*Everyone's lying there, exhausted.*

**TIM** *simultaneous with the end of Stefan's monologue (cuts in on: "he was from Dortmund that guy"), simultaneous with Laura, quietly, to himself* Everything's breaking down, there are no coordinates left to help me make sense of events, I'm too badly informed, I know too little, I'm racing towards something alongside these constantly changing events, but I don't know what we're heading for, we're going faster and faster, can success explode?, is that possible?, or does it keep going and going?, I don't know, I don't know, I haven't touched anyone for months, I lie there in the hotel room Barbara has fixed for me, I don't know anyone, I speak words I'm reading from notes or have learned by heart and I think: "I hope this is over soon, I hope so", I should arrive somewhere, land somewhere, but we keep going and going, a short stop, relax for a minute and then carry on, things are happening hard and fast, I quickly read through today's news round-ups from my folder and with that information I burst out into the world, I've nothing to hold on to

**LAURA** *quietly to herself, simultaneous with Tim* The final report, the final report, what's supposed to go in there?, I don't know, as soon as it's over it's supposed to be assessed, the let's-criticise-ourselves-phase goes on until the next event, the way they all stare at me at these press conferences, everyone's just waiting for us to trip, to make a slip of the tongue, to make mistakes, say something wrong, you really have to be careful, nightmare, a real nightmare, now whatever you do, don't mix up the terms

**WOLFGANG** I tried to write a book, to write it all down

**TIM** Yeah

**WOLFGANG** But somehow it didn't work

**TIM** Yeah

**WOLFGANG** I can't make the connections

**TIM** Yeah

**WOLFGANG** Or to write a speech

*Pause.*

Twelve young men

**TIM** Yeah

**WOLFGANG** They'd just thrown them into a well and a hand grenade as well, and their arms and legs came flying out

*Pause.*

And we were sick, we puked like mad, we all stood there, in front of ten, twenty corpses that looked like charred wooden beams...

*can't find the right word.*

parts, whatever

animal cadavers on top of them

**TIM** They were from the hospital

**WOLFGANG** *aggressive* Yes but we didn't know that then

*Pause.*

You can't imagine how quiet it was, and everywhere it smelt of corpses

Complete silence and then

*He laughs.*

suddenly somewhere some sheep explode

*Pause.*

They drove them across the mine fields

*Pause.*

It's a beautiful landscape at sunset, it's a holiday area there, picture-postcard

perfect

**TIM** I know

**WOLFGANG** Complete silence, then suddenly these sheep explode

*Pause.*

At night we snuggled up to the Leopard Two, Stefan and me, we were safe there, we didn't have a clue, absolutely no clue, nothing, they were still there, they were waiting in the trenches, drunk, and they fired at us, they hated us, really hated us, we were the enemy, we'd supplied the photos that justified the attack, and it's true, it's true, it just kind of happened, I don't know how, but it just kind of happened, we had no idea, we were all overwhelmed, when you're there, yeah, when you're there and you see all that stuff: how the women are slowly, carefully - through the snow, carrying their dead frozen babies in their arms, very quietly, very quietly, they don't make a sound, their faces are covered in blood, their hair is burned off, or you see these houses with bullet holes, they're all completely empty, there are no more men in the villages and the women are completely distraught, when you see that, when you see that

**TIM** I know

*Pause.*

**WOLFGANG** No you don't

**TIM** Yes I do

**WOLFGANG** No, you can't know

**TIM** I saw it every day

**WOLFGANG** You saw the photos

**TIM** Yes, your photos, I saw your photos

**WOLFGANG** And you hear someone screaming in a house but you don't go in because you know there are mines everywhere, they learned it from us, the Germans put mines everywhere in the second world war, did you know that?

**TIM** Yes I knew that, I know all that

*Pause.*

I read the paper

**WOLFGANG** Yeah

**TIM** I watch TV

**WOLFGANG** Yeah

**TIM** Yeah

*Pause.*

**WOLFGANG** And then you come home and you have to edit ballet reviews, look for spelling mistakes in ballet reviews, that's bad, that really hurts I don't know what I'm supposed to do here now

*Pause.*

**TIM** I know

**WOLFGANG** No you don't

**TIM** Yes I do

*Pause.*

**WOLFGANG** There's no emotion, there's no emotion for it, to stand there, to stand there and...

**TIM** You're the victim

**WOLFGANG** What?

**TIM** You're the victim, exactly, you're the victim in this war, you don't know what to do anymore, you're overwhelmed, you can't sleep at night, you're the victim

**STEFAN** Well I don't go there to take bad photos  
I go there to take good photos

**TIM** Rubbish, that's all rubbish

**WOLFGANG** *defending himself* You have to do something

People got killed by the dozen over there

I was there

Arms, legs, heads, they were all flying through the air

I saw it

**TIM** What did you see?

**WOLFGANG** I saw...

**TIM** What did you see?

What?!

What did you see there?

What?!

What?!!

*Pause, Wolfgang is a bit stunned by Tim's aggression, doesn't quite know what Tim wants.*

What did you see there!?

What?

*Pause.*

Nothing!

You went there

after you'd already seen everything on TV here

and then you saw it again

that's all you were able to see

Because you've never in your whole life been able to see more than what you see

here day in day out

Your eyes have stopped seeing things

You're blind

You can only see what you've already seen

You've no grasp of anything

You know nothing

Nothing

You've all got no idea

You open a folder, you open a file, you read a couple of notes and then you go there and all you see is what you've just read, that's it, that's all

**WOLFGANG**      I saw it

I was there

**STEFAN**      That's what I thought

**WOLFGANG**      What?

**STEFAN**      That's what I thought

always, the whole time

Stood there by the mass grave, puked like mad, the smell was horrible, but they were all corpses from the hospital, they'd taken them there

**WOLFGANG**      No

**STEFAN**      Yes, I read the report

**WOLFGANG**      But who commissioned that report?

Who?

**MARCO**      That's it my friends, Tom

your time's up

**TOM** What?

**MARCO** I'm cutting you out now

I've had enough

You'll be gone in a minute

It's like in a film, you've fallen prey to the cutter

You're just gone and no one's going to miss you

You know that?

Are you clear about this?

No one's going to remember you when you're dead

You won't exist any more, it's like you never existed.

**TOM** I've got as much of a right to be here as you

**MARCO** No you haven't

**TOM** I've got as much of a right to be here as everyone else

**LAURA** Listen, you're going now, you haven't got any more lines, you're gone now, you don't exist any more, you see, just gone, torn out, cut out of all contexts, without history, without everything, without a trace, nothing, no one's going to remember you

**MARCO** Everything's going to carry on without you now and no one's going to notice, do you get that, no one's going to notice, you're just gone and no one's going to realise, you'll see

**LAURA** No one's going to put a memorial up after you're dead  
There won't be any bank holidays for you

**MARCO** You're going to get shot, you know that?

**TOM** I'm staying here

**LAURA** No, you're leaving now

**TOM** No

**WOLFGANG** He's not doing anything

**MARCO** Exactly, and that's why he's going to get torn out, cut out, he hasn't  
got any more lines now, no purpose, he's not important now, he's gone, go, just  
go quietly

**TOM** No

**LAURA** If I were you I'd very quietly grab my two or three plastic bags and  
get out of here  
before they find you hanging from some tree or in a basement, with a bullet in  
the back of your neck  
I'd be very careful now  
Let them send bombers to save you, you just wait and see, it's really going to  
start then, we'll erase you completely then, no more history, no present

**MARCO** No one's going to send bombers for him  
No one's going to notice if he's dead

**LAURA** Maybe there's a group somewhere that's going to get active on your behalf or something, but not here, now, not really, somehow, somehow it would sort of be good right now if you got moving in the direction of the border or something, it's possible that you won't have a face left in a minute, that it's going to somehow get torn off, burned off, shot, it's possible, yeah

**MARCO** Maybe they'll build a camp for you somewhere, then you can lie there and swallow pills or wait for aid troops, maybe there's a camera team somewhere that wants to make a documentary about you, but not here

**WOLFGANG** You can't just cut people out  
It's not on

**LAURA** It's really really quick  
Suddenly they're gone  
Not there anymore  
No one saw  
No one noticed  
Just gone  
No one knows them any more, no one remembers  
Gone  
Just gone  
No one misses them, no one grieves for them  
They simply never existed  
They never appear on any news item, now or then

**MARC** Tom exits

**JULIA** *enters* Is our baby here somewhere?

I need him

Can I borrow him

or something, is that ok?

Just for a day or two, I'll bring him back afterwards

Did you know that, well, we're shooting in, we're making this film about unusual life-forms in Germany, people that somehow, somehow, well, "crisis areas here and now", we're shooting here now, you see

Here

We're not going to fly anywhere

We're not going to dig ourselves into the ground

People living in tunnels, in subway tunnels, below the ground, they never see daylight, no one's ever seen them

Completely new people

That no one's found so far

completely new faces, we're going to show them to the world, they're so strange, you can't even imagine what they look like, how they talk, above all the sort of things they say, madness

That's why I need him

**TIM** Julia

**JULIA** Yeah?

**TIM** You know this thingy this err, Robert or whatever his name is, is his name Robert?, in parliament, that guy, that Henkel MP who's also on the Henkel board, you always have dinner together, that socialist guy, that guy from Düsseldorf I think, is he, well, is it possible, you know him don't you, I mean I wanted to ask you if, next time you have dinner with him, if you can, I mean, for

that meeting, that refugee meeting, I need, is it possible, six thirty seven pm, shit, sorry, actually I have to, o God, fuck fuck fuck, Barbara went out of her way to tell me that, oh no, man, well, the plane, fuck, but that, hang on *to Tom*. could you quickly pack my suitcase, please, I haven't got time, I have to, I mean, this exchange, this opening, this speech, this thing that, I need money, exactly, I need some extra money, not much, two or three million and then I thought if you have dinner with that socialist guy again, couldn't you just quietly hint, could you maybe somehow manage, manage, could you, yes, can you, is it, then I'd take your tunnel film to Sao Paulo, as the German entry, if you, I mean, if you even want that, the Arte film with the what? Starving people from - what country was it?

**JULIA** Germany, and no

**TIM** *to Tom*. Could you please

**LAURA** He can't speak anymore

**TIM** What? Why can't he speak?

**LAURA** Because he hasn't got any more lines

**TIM** What?

**LAURA** We've just cut him from the script, he doesn't exist anymore

**TIM** You're so

Sometimes you're so

Is this another experiment or something?

Can you tell Barbara

**JULIA** No I can't

**TIM** that I'm, what? why not, what?

**JULIA** No

**TIM** "no", why "no", what's that supposed to mean, "no", why is she saying "no", what, why, what, why "no"

Barbara! Someone just has to tell Barbara that I'm on my way and that she doesn't need to worry because I've, because I've already left, they're picking me up in a minute, I've left and err, about this Robert guy, please do that for me, please, I need the money, I don't know, I can't call the culture auntie from the Deutsche Bank again, shit, now, O God, I mean I really really have to leave now, and fuck, my charger, my charger, can you lend me your, can you, can you, yes, the charge, the charger, that would be really, can you, yeah, can you maybe please, the charger, yes the charger, is that okay, the charger the, the, I mean is that okay, is that okay, the the char-, the the the, I mean, and maybe, yes, that you, I, charge, and can you, yes, can you, maybe that's okay, because I need it, and fuck, now, err, thanks, I mean thanks, I'll see you next, no, the week after, shit, are you coming to that film, that festival, that film festival, are you flying there, San Sebastian, are you doing that, are you showing something there

**JULIA** Get out of here

**TIM** Yeah, you're right, okay, fine, we'll get in touch somehow and

**JULIA** Now go, this is terrible

**TIM** Okay

*Pause, he stands there.*

**JULIA** What is it now?

*Short pause.*

**TIM** I don't know

*Pause.*

Something

Something

*Suddenly it's really quiet, they all look at each other.*

Nightmare

*Pause.*

Forgotten everything

Where am I supposed to go?

There's no one waiting for me there, is there

I

That's not me is it, there

There

Is there

is there someone waiting there

*He looks at the keys in his hand.*

Whose keys are these?

**JULIA** Yours

*Pause.*

**TIM** Who?

*Pause.*

Who are you?

Do you know me?

Yes?

Have we been introduced?

*Pause.*

Could you call Barbara please  
tell her to have me paged at the airport  
please

*No one reacts, he is on the verge of tears.*

Why don't you say something?

No one ever says anything here, and when they do it's so much you can't  
understand a word

Help me

**LAURA** *hugs him, comforts him, hands him his trolley and carries him outside in her arms like a little boy* It's all prepared, all sorted, they'll call out your name and you'll be picked up, don't worry, everything's going according to plan, don't worry, don't worry, everything's taken care of, but now you really really have to go, okay, bye

*She pushes him outside.*

everything has to carry on, there mustn't be any interruptions, it all has to carry on, eh?, err, so that I, don't keel over, don't break down, don't let them see anything, can I still, no, remember?, I don't know, what?, who?, that, I, I don't know, if we could hang on, then maybe next year we could finally, but I'd like to, what?, I, who?, I don't know

**WOLFGANG** *to Stefan, who during the course of the entire scene has been destroying his films and taken down the photos and is now destroying a pile of films, simultaneous with Laura's "it all has to carry on" Are you mad, we need those*

**STEFAN** Give me some peace  
leave me alone, all of you

**WOLFGANG** Those are our photos  
Those are our photos

**STEFAN** No  
*Marco starts to speak, initially at the same time as the others, then by himself. On the screen we can see all of the evening's images again, everything is jumbled together: the documentary material, Marco's artistic photos, heaps of corpses, etc., people covered in blood, but also scenes from the play, close-ups showing the characters covered in blood or lying on the ground like corpses, it's all a complete mess, there's no order, it's all jumbled together.*

**MARCO** I can't think anymore  
I don't think anymore, right?  
No sense of-  
No sense of-  
These photos are all montages, right?  
I made them all myself, right?  
Was someone there, was someone there, was one of you really there?  
"Really" eh?  
Who?  
This  
This

This didn't really happen, did it, did it  
No sense of  
No sense of  
It just doesn't elicit any emotions, nothing  
I did  
I  
I  
I didn't  
Didn't prevent it, or did I, did I, I don't know, did it, yes, no, what  
I allowed it to happen  
It was me, me  
I bear the "responsibility"  
What exactly actually happened there?  
Just filmed the material and separated, divorced it from the event, removed the  
event, now it never happened, it doesn't happen together with the image now,  
the image itself takes place, it happens in front of our eyes and it doesn't elicit an  
emotion anymore, it just doesn't reach us  
I want to hand it in now  
Just hand in the work  
Hand myself in as well  
As a fragment  
Something's slipping away this instant  
Something's moving and I can't put it into words and I don't want to see these  
images anymore  
These images  
What's in them, what's it supposed to be?  
No one knows  
No one  
You can't verify any of it now

We just need to have faith in it

Now it's about faith again

No analysis

Analysis is out

Just accept everything and earn money

I can't see anything, damn, I can't feel anything, I'm dead, shot, burned, blood everywhere, to not have to think about you, to just not have to think about you, to not have to think about me, burn me, please, or drop something, bomb it, everyone outside, everyone outside at once, get rid of it now, I just want to be free of these images, of this subject, another subject please, please, please, another subject, away, away, we'll just leave it all behind in this chaos

*Marc joins them, he's wearing a peacekeeper uniform, he plays a video with colourful peace doves, they're enormous on the screen, the calming sound of motors, the confused chaos of images disappears, the doves of peace have a very, very calming effect.*

**MARC** Here, I brought you these sounds, Hercules, totally peaceful, all these soldiers together at four o'clock in the morning, totally nice, totally chilled somehow, it's so nice down there, so peaceful, it's crazy

They need me there, I'm supposed to help with the rebuilding, there's chaos everywhere, we have to create some order there

I have to go there, they need me

We have to rebuild everything there, sort things out

There's just chaos there

They need us

They need me

I'm supposed to help them

They've asked me if I want to help them

This is it

This is our chance to free ourselves from our history, from Auschwitz and all that

To finally make up for it, to finally show them who we really are, we want peace, we want human rights, we'll rebuild the country, they want us, most of all they want Germans to be there, we're finally supposed to assume responsibility again internationally, I have to go back there, they need me, I'm needed there you see, I'm needed there, come on, we'll all sleep together one last time and then I have to go, they're already waiting for me, tomorrow we have to build this hospital, this school, this children's home, yes, it's all very peaceful, such peace, every soldier from every country is there, they need us, they want us, they're so happy we've finally come, they keep shouting "Hello NATO hello NATO" and we're protecting them, we're helping them, they run after us, they take our hands, the women kiss us, throw flowers at us, the Germans are the pop stars of the crisis region, honestly, it's totally nice, finally, finally, we've really deserved it, after all these years, to finally feel wanted, to finally find a home in NATO, to help run things on the front line, we're important, we're running things together with them, don't you see, I can't stay here, I have to go with them, it's important, I'm important, I'm really, really important, you see, I'm finally important, important *Everyone except Marco has gathered together and is lying around like hippies on a meadow, Marc's words have made everyone happy, all the tensions, the irritations seem to be smoothed out, they're all lying there in their fashionable combat gear, chilling out together. Suddenly Marco turns off the music and the video, disturbs the peace.*

You don't understand me at all

*Pause.*

You don't understand me at all

**LAURA**      So much love

**MARC**        You don't love me at all

You

**MARCO**     Yes

**MARC**        Please love me

Me

I mean

Me

See me

Please

See me

Me

Please

*Marco makes a movement with his hand as if he's flicking off a switch. Everything goes dark.*

*Blackout.*

*The End.*