

# Black Jack

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# **Black Jack**

monodrama

**Alexander Manuiloff,**  
with fragments by **Arthur Rimbaud**

**Sofia, 2011-2012**

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Translated by Alexander Manuiloff

If any word or phrase sounds strange in your culture or context, changes are possible after consultation with the author.

The play was first staged at *Sfumato* Theatre, Sofia, Bulgaria  
*Within the Second ACT Festival for Independent Theatre, November 2012*

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Cast:  
Petar Genkov

Sound and visual effects: Martin Penev  
Director: Alexander Manuiloff

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- Nominated for the national Best Drama Awards, Shumen, 2012
- Independent Production with the support of Bulgaria's Ministry of Culture

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen.  
I'm from Mezdra<sup>1</sup>. From the ghetto.  
...Mezdra is a southern city on the banks of the river Iskar.  
And it is very ... There is much ... The town is a very ...  
important railway junction.  
And there are many ... trains passing...  
There are trains to Moscow,  
to London,  
to Paris,  
to New York ...

So I took the train and came here, 'cause I couldn't stand it there any longer.

I'm telling you, man, the whole family works in "Purity", the garbage company.  
They call us 'dirty gypsies' but we are the ones who clean their city.  
Dad and uncle Jo, my younger brother and the other younger bro, the kiddo and Nouri –  
all of them take turns to tour the city at night. At the back of the garbage truck.  
Mum, and the three younger sisters and Auntie Nelly grab the brooms in the mornings –  
around 12 o'clock – and start sweeping the streets.  
Only Grannie – as the head of the clan – doesn't go to work. Well, she does, she goes  
from house to house, reads palms, tells the future and breaks spells.  
I also want to read palms, but Grannie won't teach me. It's not for men, she says. And I  
cannot work in "Purity", because "Purity" stinks, man.

Me... I wanna... something else for me, ladies and gentlemen... to become theatre.  
To be beautiful. To be culture. Show myself on the stage. And so I took the train – here  
goes! – and came to Sofia.

'Cause in Mezdra nobody understands me. When I want to tell the quarter what's in my  
heart, what's on my soul, nobody listens, man.

One day I speak to Dad:

Dad, I want to ... do theatre.

He sniffs and frowns and scowls and then he shouts towards the kitchen:

"Aisha, Aishaaa! Come here, this scoundrel wants something and I can't get it."

Mum's name's not Aisha, but I call her like this so you can better understand me.  
Mum comes and when I told her I have a hankering for theatre, she sits down disquieted,  
her eyes fill with tears and she starts sobbing:

"Oh, my; oh my, what came our way!"

And asks: "Is it sure?"

Well – yes.

"For how long's that been?"

Since a little kid, Mum.

"Oh, no; Oh, don't say that! How come since a little kid!?" she cries.

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<sup>1</sup> A small town in northeastern Bulgaria. There is nothing 'southern' in it.

“Who lured you into this, son?”

Nobody, Mum. It’s all me. I told you: I have a bent to theatre.

She wipes her tears off, sighs and starts sobbing again.

"It’s doesn’t matter, you are mine, you are my boy....I understand you...but it is just that me and your father ... wanted to get you married ... and now you are telling me you don’t like women."

But, Mum, how come I don’t like women? I can die for women.

"Then why are you talking hankering... and shit and stuff, boy?"

But it is a bent to the theatre...

"Well, that’s what I am saying: if it is to the theatre, you don’t want a woman."

Well, I say, it’s not true.

"How come not true, son! Which girl will now take you if she learns about the theatre? Is there money in the theatre?"

No.

"So?"

So...

"So...!" – And she starts crying again:

"Well, you know better... do as you wish, I am not going to tell anybody, I’m going to say that you went to Sofia and are stealing copper wires and are doing very well. But when you get tired of the theatre, come back home, we’ll think of something. Maybe you can get a job with "Purity" and live as normal people do, huh?"

And here I come to Sofia ... such a unique guy ... Voice – as a lightning rod! Strong, deep! Grounding! Skin – like velvet – silky, smooth, it can do wonders on stage, on screen.

Oh, yeah! Of course!

When I come to Sofia and as they see me – black and bursting with energy – they will immediately say, "Well, come onboard, please, choose whatever role you want to play, ‘cause there is no fresh blood left in the theatre any more..."

The ground floor of the National Theatre Academy, I am waiting for the entrance exam. And then a professor with a beard saw me, and pointed a finger at me:

"Hey, boy, come here, you are the one I need!"

And it dawned on me – this is it, it all begins now, he has recognized the talent in me, what wise men are there in universities! I am trying to peek in the professors’ eyes – they

are glinting, even shining! And I say to myself – this is it – he has noticed what I can. Now they will all see what I was born for.

We went upstairs, to the first floor, to an empty rehearsal room – and he tells me:

"You see over there – the old linoleum – can you, please take it out of here, it's still nice, can be used, you may take it wherever you want."

And I almost fainted.

I go to play for them on the stage, and the only thing they believe I do is to dirty gypsy old things, maybe even from the trash cans.

And his shining eyes! Who knows – the bearded bastard maybe thinking he is doing me good.

Oookey!

When I entered the exam room, the professor goggled his eyes like... pelican eyes:

"What are you doing here?"

Well, I am coming for the exam.

And I stick my finger in the list in front of him where my name is.

My name.

"But why are you coming with the linoleum?"

Well, you said that I can take it wherever I want, no?

The professor got embarrassed, very much at that.

And they start the audition.

Me – Monologue of the linoleum

"What monologue of the linoleum? Who's the author?"

One of us, a gypsie – Hassen Alimov.

"Is there such an author?"

Of course, there is such a person, Mr. Academician, I say.

"Well, he's not in the syllabus."

He is not in the syllabus, because in the syllabus there are only white authors, I say. There is segregation, I explain.

When they heard this about segregation, they got numb, probably because they thought I could say something about discrimination and nodded at me – go on – the linoleum monologue.

—

**Monologue of the Linoleum** (*obviously makes it up on the spot*)

In the morning I like to fly ...  
To swim in the oceans  
... of linoleum.

The colour fields, the freedom,  
The violins of twilight ...  
Will become one day....  
Linoleum.  
No way around.

Little gypsies smoking at the fence,  
The neighborhood is napping  
In the pre-festive fuzzy dusk ...  
Linoleum ...  
Will they buy  
Eventually  
To cover their floors  
and to keep them from falling through.

—

Thank you. Thank you.  
(*Bows in all directions smiling, his arms stretched*)

(*Leaves the linoleum and starts singing and dancing*)

(*a gypsy song<sup>2</sup>*)

And they took me on! They took me.

“He passed all the three rounds in one” – the Professor said so.

And I remained in Sofia. On campus.  
In a lovely room with linoleum.

(*a dance step – moonwalk*)

Studying, reading, five kilos of books. But nothing enters into my head. It's not like in Vratza<sup>3</sup> where there remained five cuckoos, three and a half people and all of them are your relatives.

Here, bro, it's jammed full! It fills you from inside. On the fourth floor of the Academy – summer – the windows are open – and I am looking down to the street where women are passing. So strong I feel their scents in my nose, that I cannot gather my head together. On the fourth floor! And I still feel them!

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<sup>2</sup> It could be whatever the director decides. Possible variation: imitation of Michael Jackson's dancing and singing, very popular among Bulgarian gypsies from early 1990s. This is actually the solution in the first staging of the play in Bulgaria (November 2012) – Jackson's “Billy Jean”. Note: Jack does not speak English, he only pretends to be singing “Billy Jean”.

<sup>3</sup> Vratza is a small town near the first mentioned one - Mezdra. Jack not only lies about the name of his mother, but also about his hometown.

In the Academy they already started to mock me – probably thinking – he is not only black as the death, but is also a dickhead.

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Looking down the street, in the restaurant on the opposite side I see a waitress – with a scent.

And I fall in love.

And go and watch her. And she looks at me and asks,

"Would you like something...?"

Well, I would like you.

And they threw me out.

She doesn't like me, so to say.

---

I'm going to the store.

At the counter – a woman with a scent.

And I fall in love.

This time I say to myself: I'm not going to say anything.

Just watch her.

*(sends air kisses with lips only)*

She sees me ...

and they kicked me out.

She doesn't like me, so to say.

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I get on the tram. Crowded. Packed with people.

And in the crowd, I understand I have fallen in love.

The woman in front of me understands this too, but doesn't understand it well.

And she turns and slaps me fiercely in the face...

She doesn't like me, so to say.

---

Good evening, I want a Coke – this happens at a street kiosk. Behind me: five guys with shaved heads.

"Hey, powder burn! Smokestack! What is that you want, huh?"

"Is Coca-Cola a Bulgarian drink, mosshead?"

"Smoked gyp!"

"Buying American bullshit, huh! **Nigger!**"

"Not waiting for Bulgarians to buy first, ah!? Bastard!"

And...

I jumped at them and beat them. I beat them unconscious.

*(pause)*

Then I decided to become a Cuban.

*(A change in the hat, so he gets a "Cuban look". A dance step – salsa. Then he starts dancing with the rolled linoleum as if talking to a girl. Spanish accent).*



From Cuba, honey. But my parents, sweetie, escaped while I was a little boy. On a rubber boat.

Olé. Just like that – you step with the right leg here, then with the left leg here.

Now they are living in America. Yes, I am American now. Where do they live? In a small town in Louisiana. Yes, near the border with Montana. Isn't it cold in Louisiana?

Well, yes, it's very cold. It is a northern state, but I'm warm-blooded, southern guy, honey.

Now some body shake. Musica. Musica. Feels musica?

And there we have very nice insulation for the houses. A material, like rubber, like linoleum, but different. Different. Warm, beautiful houses. Why I came to Bulgaria? Well I came, saw the women and decided to stay. Do I like all the women? No, dear – nothing compares to you, sunshine. I swear. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmhhmmmmmm.

*(passionate kisses)*

A beautiful woman, I madly fell in love.

Now I even began to read.

I read Chekhov, I read Dostoyevsky, I read Schiller, I read Shakespeare, Allen Ginsberg... All of them, everything.

But I have crooked teeth.

—

Once, while we were kissing with the love of my life:

"Oh" – she cried.

What is it, what's it, my sun? Amore mio. Casablanca mia.

"You bit me."

I'll eat all of you, my precious treasure.

"Oh, let me see ... Now ... open your mouth. Open this mouth! ... Now clench your teeth! Yeah. That's it. Your teeth are crooked."

And I remained speechless...

Well that's probably 'cause until I met you I had been gritting my teeth too much, I say. And she answers:

"Okey, you may now stop gritting your teeth and simply go and put braces."

—

Stupid or not, I go to the dentist.

Good evening, I say. The dentist says:

"Two thousand dollars."

And again I remain speechless.

—

I call Mum.  
Mom, my teeth are crooked.

"How come your teeth are crooked, son!"

Well, I'm telling you – they are crooked and they don't let me on stage. Don't let me play. There are ways to fix this: braces, I should put braces, but they want two thousand dollars.

"Bloodsuckers – she cries – plague on them all! How can they say my son's got crooked teeth!"  
And she hangs up the phone.

Well, that's it! – I think. End of career.

After two weeks Mum sends me two thousand dollars.

They pulled out and sold my father's golden teeth. Managed to sell some other stuff. Took a wage from "Purity" for a month ahead. And they send. Great is the gypsy heart; it may be black but is great. When it is for singing and dancing – they give. 'Cause Dad knows nothing about theatre, and Mum told him I was a singer, a dancer.

--

And I turn up with the most shining braces.

On the next day – quite unexpectedly – just as money in a gypsy house – for the first time someone in the Academy invites me to play in a students' performance. So far it has been as though I am invisible. Not a single role. Nothing. Nowhere. Othello, of course. Obviously, I will have to put up with the fact that they'll allow me to play only niggers. But when they saw me on stage, with my smile glinting, the director pulled me aside:

"What do you have in your mouth?"

Braces, I tell her.

"Take them out."

Well, but I have crooked teeth.

"It's OK for Othello."

But ... the doctor told me to always wear them.

"There is no "always"! Either the braces, or the performance!"

*(Pause)*

Well..., why don't you possibly sod off! Don't tell me what to put and take out of my mouth if you don't want me to tell you what you can put in yours.

*(Pause)*

And after that no one wanted to take me in any performance in the theatre.  
Didn't give me even the smallest part.  
I really started to feel invisible. At one point I thought that if I go to the stage where others are playing, and start to toss apples, no one will see me. That even the apples won't fall on the stage  
– and will remain hanging in the air –  
– green and round –  
and then just vanish.  
Maybe I should have tried to sell my experiment to a physicist – to say that I have discovered antigravity.  
But I don't know whether the physicist will see me, either.

That woman who put me braces, put horns on me, too.  
And left me.

And then not only did I read them, but I also understood Dostoyevsky, and Ginsberg, and Chekhov ...

And ... I found myself in that place ... in that state ... I was so bad that the people who walked past me on the streets in the mornings probably did not see me.

—

*(Intoxicated, mystical, supreme)*

For me.  
The story of one of my insanities.

...

I got used to elementary hallucination: I could very precisely see a mosque instead of a factory, a drum school where the National Palace of Culture is, horse carts on the highways of the sky when planes pass, a glamorous drawing room at the bottom of Pancharevo lake; monsters and mysteries; a yellow paper's title filled me with awe and horror.

At last, I began to consider my mind's disorder a sacred thing. I lay about idle, consumed by an oppressive fever. My mind turned sour. I said farewell to the world in poems and romances.

I dragged myself through stinking alleys, and with my eyes closed I offered myself to the sun, the god of fire.

Finally, O reason, O happiness, I cleared from the sky the azure which is darkness, and I lived as a golden spark of this light *Nature*. In my delight, I made my face look as comic and as wild as I could:

I turned myself in a show, in a stage.

I saw that all beings are under the fatal sign of happiness:

Action is not life, but a way to waste a kind of strength.

And irritation.

Morality is the weakness of our minds.

Everyone – I thought – deserves to have several other lives.

This man doesn't know what he's doing: he's an angel. That family over there is a litter of

puppy dogs.

With few people, I managed to talk out loud with a moment from one of my other lives.

So, I happened to love a pig.

*(waking up – pause)*

—

But then, I got better – just like that – suddenly – without knowing how.

I woke up one day and all that had gone.

I'm usually as tall as now, but that day I woke up five inches taller.

That's it. No more feeling sorry for myself.

I'll be in the theatre. I will be on the stage. Will play. Nobody can stop me ...

I started to make phone calls, to send emails.

And they began not to respond. This is how they began.

You don't exist, that's it. If they answer you with "no", it means that at least they saw you but if they don't reply at all – then you are invisible.

I started to go to auditions.

—

Good evening.

"Good evening, you are from the technical support, no?"

No, I'm not. I am for the auditions.

"What do you imagine auditions are?"

Well, probably they aren't something to eat.

—

Good evening!

"What's this? Please, bring these people out of here. We won't finish with the auditions till midnight if just anybody can come in here. The guards!..."

—

Good evening!

"Yees!"

I am coming for the role.

"The roole?"

Should I say the text?

"The teetxt?! Braavo, braavo, this is very interesting, yeah, tell us the teext."

I say the text.

"Braavo, braavo! Thank you very much, indeed. We will call you back. "

But you haven't written down my pho ...

"Braavo, braavo!"

---

With this last guy I met after a performance we both attended. He pulled me aside and said that I had a very "intereesting disposiition" but he had to see me in a "non-theatrical context."

Oh, I say. Really? In a non-theatrical context I can beat you up a bit.

And he said, "Come on, maan. No, no – I don't do thaaat. I caaan't do such things, no, noo."

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Good evening!

"Evening"

I'm coming for the ad.

"Which ad?"

For the ice cream.

"But do you know how to operate the machine?"

You pull a lever, it pours ice cream. And you sell.

"Pull a lever. A-ha. So far, what have you been doing? "

Been studying at the National Academy. Theatre.

"And, now, why do you want to sell ice cream?"

Well, I am troubled with money.

"Have an university education, huh?"

Yes, I do.

"Well, how are you going to pour ice cream with this university education? No, no. Unsuitable. No. Rejected!"

---

Good evening! I'm Jack – I have an interview scheduled for now.

"Yes, come sit down please, have you brought a cover letter?"

But, wasn't it about... umm... to clean the office twice a week?

"Generally speaking, this is the job description, yes. Do you have the cover letter?"

No. No. I don't

"I'm sorry – then we should discontinue the interview."

But how ...

"Thank you very much for your interest. Do not hesitate to reapply for other positions we post."

—

Yeah, don't hesitate... Don't you bet. How not to hesitate? No. Here – OK. I won't hesitate. I won't hesitate. I won't hesitate.

*(he starts taking off his shoes and socks, throwing them in anger)*

Your glossy asses!

I will never have a hand.

I'll never have a hand that works.

Never have a hand to write a letter to the likes of you.

That's it: I have decided:

no more ice cream!

—

*(can come down to the people in the audience, then with strong gypsy accent:)*

Mister! Hey, Mista! Can you give me a cent or two, I'm broke.

Please, Mister, gimme 20 cents, I don't have socks.

Madam, can you, give me 50 cents, please.

Can you help, please.

Can't you give me some change, Sir!

Please.

Please.

A dime.

A single dime.

Please.

Do not pass by me like that, bro!

May you live 100 years! May you be healthy! I wish you a happy life and three beautiful wives! May you not get rid of good health and luck!

---

And then suddenly everything changed for the better! I got to the point – I bought a Jeep.

Yeah. I came in my Jeep here. Yeah.

How come?

A man gave me a dollar, I spent it on the lottery and I won. A small sum – I thought – with or without it – it's the same.

Better to play big.

And I go to a casino. I took a shiny suit from some set designers so that they don't throw me out of the casino.

I put in a slight Arabic accent for prestige.

I play, follow a system, I win, I win, I changed two slot games, then – Black Jack – win again. Then again – the roulette. A windfall! Such a tremendous amount that it came along with an Indian lady – with a dot on the forehead.

We go upstairs in the hotel, she takes off her clothes, I put the wads of banknotes on the table, then go to her, lick a finger, grab her, scratch the dot from her forehead ... and you know what happens ... I won a colour TV set. True!

Okay, well now. I won't tell you how I got out of it – you may take my bread.

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While I was begging, I was just watching people on the street.

I had not eaten for days. And I did not feel hunger. I felt like I weighed no more than a cotton candy. Without the stick.

Wouldn't it be nice to have a fun fair somewhere here where they sell cotton candy, as before?

I haven't stolen anything! No thought of stealing passed through my mind. Well, it passed. But no – I somehow knew I shouldn't meddle in the works of fate. I wanted to see what would happen if I just like turning my back and float on the stream of things. I will not steer them. I will not ask for much, I will not lose sobriety. I'll just look at the faces.

Tired eyes. Laughter. Dimples of all varieties.

Playful banter. Here – rushing suits and ties; there – much perfume on heels.

An old lady barely walking. She will need thirty minutes to go and buy bread for herself, nobody will help her. And those clouds before sunset, stretched out behind the buildings, make you sense this feeling in the pit of the stomach.

Disturbing wind is blowing, no joke.

For a moment I just imagine myself outside of myself, I see people's lives, but from inside. I understand them.

I know now that the woman over there will not give me a dime, cause thinks I'm a drug addict, or will drink off anything she gives me. She is thinking about her son, the suit she is going to buy him for the prom.

A teenager walking across the street – not her son – there is a pack of cigarettes in his pocket, and I see that in his mind at this moment there are only porn scenes.

Further down: an elderly man in an old jeans jacket is going out for a walk in the neighbourhood – he is cheerful and happy, he will meet with friends after a while, and what is more: he doesn't need to use a computer – 'cause his grandson is simply freaking out from playing these computer games all day.

A plain little woman in her fifties manages to run past me and give me coin – thinking, "God, this boy's probably not one of those fake ones".

Across the street a chick in high heels is concentrating on carrying her expensive bag, bracelets, stacked haircut and huge sunglasses and is only interested in how to look disinterested. Towards everything around. And bored. There is no way she can notice you even with the tail of her eye.

Then came a young director on her bike, I knew her from the Academy. Still with this girlish look. Her first thought was if study a role of bum here on the sidewalk, but then she just got it. Somehow she felt awkward to ask me if I do anything in the theatre, but it was even more embarrassing to ask me how I was, what I was doing – it was obvious that I was begging.

She thought of it in a brief second, but then found it embarrassing to give me money. She said: "Let's go and have some, I have and offer for you."

Used the word "coffee", but actually I bought me two hamburgers and a lemonade, I've become so light and transparent that I couldn't resist, she took me to the burger as if I were a balloon on a string. But when I got to the middle of the first burger, I knew that if I eat them both I will overeat.

She offered me a role.

I offered her the second burger.

We both accepted.

—

A small role, but in an important performance and at an important place. Awesome chance. Literally awesome. If I miss it, if anything goes wrong, as I have not played for a while – this is the end. Then – the street calls me. Forever.

I'm saying my first lines, and the director shoot a glance at me. "Ops" I say to myself – something is not quite OK. The first rehearsal finished somehow, I go home and start looking for right tone like crazy – to say the words in such a way to make it obvious that the role is for me and nobody else. The director has trusted me and I want to make her not think of replacing me. All night.

In the morning – dark shades under my eyes, swollen face, irritated – but clean-shaven and in a white shirt.

And it poured from me – just flowed – pure music, the sentences, the stream, the enthusiasm. The faces of everybody were glowing. I make them find something new in their parts, too. The director kept smiling the whole day.

I call Mum to tell her where I am going to play – to let her know that not all her sons are working for "Purity".

She was so glad, so glad, so glad that she cried.

She cries long and warm, I laugh and cry, and then I realize something is wrong. I ask her what the matter is, she tells me: nothing. She was crying with joy, but I already feel a stabbing pain.

What, Mom? What's going on?

"Your dad, they took him to hospital."

What is it?



“Don’t understand what doctors say, you know, but he isn’t well.”

I’m coming.

“No, you are not going anywhere, you stay there and play the theatre, you hear me!”

I’m coming!

“Your daddy won’t understand, even if you come, son. Hear me! You play there! You’ll play! ... You don’t need to go to funerals now.”

What funera...

“The funeral is the day after tomorrow, son...”

*(He drops the phone, as if in a trance and softly starts humming a children’s lullaby)*

Black baby, sleep;  
Sleep, my son, again;  
May the days be white;  
May the black fade away;  
Sleep, my dear, sleep.

Black baby, sleep;  
Sleep, my son, again;  
May the days be white;  
May the black fade away;  
Sleep, my dear, sleep.

*(Pause)*

And this same day after tomorrow the premiere was supposed to be.

We are taught that even if we die, we should keep playing!  
Play! Play! Play! Play! Play! Play! Play!  
Otherwise, we are lost!

There are moments when everything freezes.  
Elementary particles stop moving and you can see through them ...  
Only emptiness.  
A funeral or a performance?  
There were these ten minutes  
in which I hesitated, two words got engraved into my memory.  
And after that everything was clear.  
At the funeral, however, I felt as if performing something.  
Even a couple of times I called it "the performance" instead of "the funeral."  
"Is everything for the performance ready?"  
"When does the priest for the performance come?"

We are depicting sorrow and grief, playing fabulously well.  
Thorns at the cemetery are applauding us infinitely.  
But however good we may be – very, very deep inside we know that the play is full of  
shit.

Very, very deep, indivisibly deep in me, I know that it's not possible that everything  
should finish so stupidly.

I remember the first time when I heard the word "death" as a child." I wasn't afraid, I  
didn't understand it, I didn't believe it. I thought, and not for the first time, that adults,  
unlike children, invent many dumb things to play with.

"The newly presented Assen" – the priest called my father.

As if a child in the celestial realms.

The moment my dad is smaller than me.

Maybe now has a celestial sand bucket and shovel.

And his soul, barefoot, runs along the sand of Universe.

Hopefully, my grandfather will remember to make him a pair of sandals.

I'm alone and unbearably grown-up.

For three days my hair fell out.

*(he takes off his hat)*

The director postponed the premiere and I had to call to tell her that that I postpone my  
life as an artist.

For another life.

I'm the eldest son, I have brothers and sisters, some at four and five, I must stay here in  
Levski and find a permanent, stable job – probably something to do with "Purity".

I tried to call while I was alone, but in our house in Lom<sup>4</sup>, you can never be alone.

An old rotary phone in one of the rooms.

My mom heard me from the kitchen dialling, then came in, hung up the phone and before  
I could say anything, she started:

"I have thought about everything. I've made up my mind. I am going to Italy to look after  
small children. There be a lot of money and I will send to all of you. You must go back to  
Sofia and play. Lily and Hassen are grown up enough now, they will take care of the  
others here. You must go back.

No "but"! Hear me! Now I'm in charge here! If you don't go back to play the theatre, I  
will never speak to you again!"

She picks up the receiver, hands it to me and says: "Call the girl and tell her you're  
coming tomorrow!"

"And have something to eat; I can count your ribs!"

*(pause, holding the receiver)*

"Now!"

*(Pause)*

– I'm coming! Tomorrow I'm coming!

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<sup>4</sup> This is not a mistake, Jack always mentions different names of towns for his hometown

*(Pause)*

That's it. Art requires sacrifice.  
The only thing is that some people do not suspect they will be sacrificed.

Thank you, Mom, thank you, I'm here.

*(starts humming or singing something softly and gently, then the melody grows into a cheerful rhythmical and vital body)*

–END–