

SUMMER NIGHTS

an unfinished but promising, socially critical and poetic theater

hatred:

envy, aversion, hatred, dislike, bitterness, feelings of hatred, resentment, feud, enmity, revulsion;

Characters

The Host: a man full of worries and most of all not hospitable. Unemployed.

The Man with a Cheek: horribly voluptuous and aggressive. Unemployed.

The Lady: a female with a white-white face, she is certainly blind but she believes she sees and therefore she sees. Unemployed.

The Engineer: an suspicious, critical creature who only looks at himself and his achievements. It's working.

The Poet: doubts the existence, no not in a poetic sense, he really doubts whether he exists. Unpaid work.

Do you feel like a feel-good book?

Then go away.

This play is based on the most negative brain twists. Death and destruction. It can get boring sometimes and it can get incredibly sad.

Opening Scene

Scene 1: in the living room of The Host

Scene 2: in the living room of The Host

MWC (man with cheek): We ignore truths for temporary happiness.

Scene 3: still in The Host's living room

E (engineer): I am a manufacturer, I work from early in the morning until late at night, I no longer read newspapers, I do listen to the 7 o'clock radio. I hear you ask, but how does that work in practice? With all those executioners, all those overtime? Well, they work fast.

L (the lady): that explains the persistent smell of adolescence on that side of the table.

the poet chuckles
Silence

MWC: Give me a little more giggle juice, then I will forget my darknesses.

** the bottle of white rum is passed on to the table **

L: I knit scarves of worries and denial,
We are geese with clipped wings, oh so damn old and our legs are becoming more and more crooked.
We are bird friends, we have friends, yes,...

E: I'm sorry I find you so boring.

comforting:

E: oh well, age does not matter in this noise, unless you are cheese, are you cheese?
smiles
(The Engineer was never good with humor)

MWC: The money is what counts, everyone who thinks differently is wrong.

L: Unbelievable, how you think.

MWC: it is true and it stays true, riches is pingping. Cash, coins, fortune.

E: like a caterpillar in a tailored suit.

MWC: like a caterpillar in a tailored suit.

E: What has life given us? The men without money?

L: ... France is beautiful, cows graze along the highway.

MWC: and she keeps stirring in the pot in which her heart is cooking.

Silence.

E: God wrote his script in six days ... and it shows.

H: There is a lot of atrocity in this world, but this, here and now, is much worse.

-kitschy interlude that does not benefit the atmosphere on the set

H: I already roasted the marshmallows on the gas fire, that saves us the cozy atmosphere.

L: You cook as if you hate food.

E: And the people you're cooking it for.

MWC: He ruminates his resentment everyday again and again.

E: he calls himself now satisfied but in fact he is dead inside.

Scene 5: a scene with aggression, maybe even with a gun

Scene 6: at the table, a long conversation about unemployment and contagious diseases

The host is rolled up on stage, his legs can no longer bear his worries

Scene 7: a moving fragment with loads of trial and errors, very rough

Scene 8: Monologue Poet

P: I am a one-man movement...