

# Our Lifeless Bodies

## Characters:

Abo – an 81-year-old painter (He)

Keto – a 76-year-old poetess (She)

Merab- a 38-year-old painter (He) We can hear only his voice

A projector will be used in the play.

*(A room. There are some oil-paintings on the wall. Some unfinished paintings are in the corner. The easel is opened. Oil paints are dried on the board of the easel. Nearby there is a small table with a laptop computer on it. There are some opened books and some paper as well. There is an old sofa with creaky springs and Keto is sitting at the laptop computer staring at the screen of the computer. It would be desirable if the typing process were reflected on the projector.)*

**Keto:** Damn it! I couldn't do it again. What problem is to click on the window. I should try the mouse. Nana says it is easy with the mouse.

-“my skin is the grave of those letters (*letters of the alphabet*).. I shouldn't forget -“my skin is the grave of those letters. Sometimes they strike me like stars and disappear with whistle” ... “disappear with whistle” – Somehow I don't like it.. She is looking for something on the lower shelf of the small table. She finds the mouse and examines the sides of the computer with doubt. At last she is able to connect the mouse to the computer. “They strike me like stars and disappear with whistle, sometimes they make a huge bonfire and burn me alive on it like a medieval witch, but sometimes they flew like flocks of birds, some of them bite me with their beaks, some of them pat me with the wings. Some stay here and don't go anywhere.”

That's all at last. Now I should save it or it will be deleted like it happened the other day when the electricity was turned off... Witches... Uh, how many of them were burnt. What did Abo was saying about it then? Abo! (*She is shouting*) How many witches were burnt a year?

Abo enters with pliers and a screw in his hand.

**Abo:** What did you say?

**Keto:** How many women were burnt a year, tell me please, you were watching the program on TV...

**Abo:** I removed the tap but the water is still purling.

**Keto:** Don't you remember how many women were burnt a year?

**Abo:**I cannot do it, we should call the technician.

**Keto:** tell me please, how many women were burnt a year.

**Abo:**I would burn hundreds of women like you a day, you, the witch yourself. Go and find the phone number of the man that was here in summer maybe he will do it cheaply.

**Keto:** Look, I connected a mouse to the laptop computer, oh, God, come, sit and feel how cool it is... I will find the number but let me save it first. You didn't tell me the amount of witches that were burnt. (Keto grumbles. Abo washes his hands and comes back again)

**Abo:** Nothing bothers you, you are sitting here all day long surfing the facebook. You should look in the mirror, you will see how old you are. Are you a teenager? What word is “cool”?

**Keto:** (*coquettishly*) I have the age of sudden change. Facebook is simply opened I am working on the rhyme, open your eyes.

**Abo:** Nobody cares of your rhymes except you and your upstart friends.

**Keto:**uh, all the world is kneeling in front of your paintings.

**Abo:**Aren't you bored with the same words? You are similar to soap opera characters, can't you feel? That's the first thing and the second – by the way the owner of that new gallery called me and told me that one rich woman liked my painting "The balls" and I think she is going to pay 500 GELs for it. The owner gave me her phone number. It's late now. I'll call her tomorrow morning.

**Keto:** Just show me the woman who is going to pay 500 GELs for your "dried and stretched" balls and I will tell nothing about it any more.

**Abo:** You poor thing, your gray "vagina" is blooming you are thinking... (*he says it pathetically and giggles*).

**Keto:** I will dye it, don't worry.

**Abo:** What did you tell you are going to do? (*laughs. Then he says it pathetically again*). What will you do with your withered labia "majoras"? My dear, with your weakened vagina? (*He says the last word pathetically*) What will you do with it?

**Keto:** Everyone should take care of his weakened one. (*She feels hurt*) I don't understand why you are so worried. If I had it even like a petal of a rose your "thing" cannot erect itself. That's so I would say.

**Abo:**It depends on a woman. It doesn't erect on you for so long.

**Keto:**uh, uh, as if you are running floor to floor with your erected dick... Calm yourself, darling, you can blame me in everything. Tell me what else I cannot do... How I blocked you in your career, in getting money. How I feed you with disgusting food, how I didn't treat your drunk friends well, how I didn't give a birth of our second child..., just list it, I will listen to you once more.

**Abo:** You don't say, the child you gave birth to is so caring... just left us alone and went abroad.

**Keto:**Half of Georgians is in Europe. What can she do? She just takes care of a man with dried balls like you and she is paid for such work. And who will pay me for taking care of you?

**Abo:** She is paid, yes, (*with anger*).. That's why we have eight degrees at our house... If I don't sell my "Balls" or the abstraction "Crabs" and don't turn on the gas stove you will be found frozen on that sofa...

**Keto:** Why do you think that I will be frozen and you will not? It's first and the second – She does send us \$100 every month. What else can she do?

**Abo:** \$100... Don't make me laugh, Keto... Have you forgotten you pay \$150 debt to the bank every month? No, you have not, but you should say something foolish to argue with me.

**Keto:** I just pity her and you don't appreciate her labor. She got rid of that degenerate man at last. She doesn't have a child and she was fired from her work by your favorite government and ran from the country, disappeared. She takes care of feeble old people. She is the doctor of philology. What else can she do?

**Abo:** I want to say, Madam Keto, that your above-mentioned child is 50 years old and is an incapable and lazy person. Now you have your adorable government, let her come and work at her former position. Why doesn't she come?

**Keto:** There is no guarantee that she will get the position...

**Abo:** She will not be able to find the job right now. You will miss the previous government.

**Keto:** Cry for the previous government. Cry for it. What did they give to you, just the pension was increased with some Gels (laris)?

**Abo:** with these several laris you could eat your soup, poetess.

**Keto:** The soup is over. Yes, and I will fry some eggs if you go down and bring them from the shop.

**Abo:** Stand up and bring them yourself. I am starting painting. Creep out of the Facebook, creep out. *(There is a noise of banging and laughing. Abo is looking up the ceiling.)*

**Abo:** Damn it. They are dancing all the time.

**Keto:** Leave them alone, it's another world. We are not its members any more.

**Abo:** What world, honey, they are impolite. In normal countries the police would be called by the neighbours.

**Keto:** Nobody is bothered by the others' dances except you and why would they call...?

**Abo:** The only thing you are thinking is to discuss with me...

**Keto:** I have got a headache. Abo, I think, I've got a high pressure *(there is an apparatus for measuring blood pressure, She measures her blood pressure with it)*. I have a feeling as if I am on the stage and it rolls over. And there are faces around. Many faces. They are observing me.

**Abo:** How much?

**Keto:** Many faces I have said.

**Abo:** I ask about blood pressure, you, fool.

**Keto:** One hundred and eighty to one hundred.

**Abo:** Loneliness causes it. It makes you see ghosts...

**Keto:** If it doesn't decrease I will call the first aid. It's free *(and she puts a pill under her tongue)*

**Abo:** *(Ironically)* And disgusting previous government. It made the first aid free of charge, bad people.

**Keto:** Don't make me nervous now.. My pressure will increase a bit more.

**Abo:** Uh, uh, the blood pressure will increase... *(He puts the canvas on the easel and brings the box of paints)* You have One hundred and eighty to one hundred if anyone asks you.

**Keto:** What can I do, I took the pill but it didn't help me...

**Abo:** I wish you didn't pretend at your age..

**Keto:** You are an old executioner, indeed. You will have high pressure and you will groan too.

**Abo:** I will take care of myself somehow and I will not cry to everyone.

**Keto:** It's your fault you made me nervous. (*Keto measures her blood pressure again*). It's nice it has decreased.

**Abo:** It's a question you have a high blood pressure or not. Do you think I don't know that you pretend as if you are ill?

**Keto:** A swindler always though the others be swindlers as well. (*Just lies down and puts the laptop on her knees. Then her face lightens with smile*).

**Abo:** The proverbs cannot help you, poet!

**Keto:** If you stop that will help me.

(*Abo shows his tongue to her with mimic and continues painting. Keto begins typing the text rapidly. The text appears on the projector. A man's voice and Keto read it together*).

**Merab:** If you are here smile..

**Katie:** I miss you...

**Merab:** And just meet me. You can change your clothes and creep out. I am alone till tomorrow afternoon. You should think what to say to your husband.

**Katie:** You know that it can never happen. You'd better paint and sleep. It's late.

**Merab:** I don't have time to sleep. I will nap for a while – I learnt to sleep on the table long time ago.

**Katie:** :)

**Merab:** One more leisure activity is to put your fingers in the socket. Electroshock equals one-hour-sleep. But I wouldn't advise it to young people – The lethal result is not excluded. :)

**Katie:** I just don't want that something good scatter in the air I want you to paint and paint.

**Merab:** Nothing scatters. The idea is a material. It's just heavier than the air and it settles in low layers of atmosphere like CO<sub>2</sub> or just lays on fence-rubbles and if you don't go mad it won't go anywhere itself. But if there is a man's mind nearby it will feel something supernatural.

**Katie:** I knew that you would grasp that "scatter-not scatter. )

**Merab:** You do understand me...

**Katie:** Sometimes yes and sometimes not...

**Merab:** - Well, sometimes even I can't understand myself...

**Katie:** - Anyway, there is unsaid or unseen deal between us – we're waiting something from each other but we can't say what or when, ok?

**Merab:** - You can say whatever you want, I'm already dreaming without you... Even now when I write the text I'm dreaming

**Katie:** - So you're dreaming here-and-there eh?

**Merab:** - The story about sewer.

**Katie:** - Oh, stop making fun of yourself... You don't want to do anything...

**Merab:** - The fact is, we don't choose "nothing", "nothing" chooses us.

**Katie:** - I don't let anyone or anything choose me.

**Merab:** - Katie...

**Katie:** - Yeah?

**Merab:** - Is your husband there?

**Katie:** - Yes, he is drawing

**Merab:** - How doesn't he feel that his pretty wife isn't with him...

**Katie:** - Stop it...

**Merab:** - Send me your photos again. Take them for me.

**Katie:** - You have enough photos already... I'm writing a poem about you, you know? Or more likely about us...

**Merab:** - When can I read it?

**Abo:** - You said something about eggs...

**Keto:** - Did you get them?

**Abo:** - We have 2... Enough for me (=P) You can eat whatever else you find.

**Keto:** - I know that you have 2 of them and both useless (*laughs*)

**Abo:** - Stop that! Enough! Stop telling the same thing over and over again! There was time I could impregnate the whole world. Now I got old.

**Keto:** - By the way we must talk about the eggs the whole day?

**Abo:** - Ask yourself... You're the one dreaming about my balls the whole time...

**Keto:** - Yes, of course... Who needs you anyway?

**Abo:** - At least they need you eh?

**Keto:** - You think no one?

**Abo:** - Nothing can help you. Nothing

**Keto:** - Eh... Unfortunately you're right...

**Abo:** - What now? Why are you groaning?

**Keto:** - I always thought that this wouldn't happen... *(Keto fell on the sofa and looked at nowhere)*

**Abo:** - What this?

**Keto:** - Getting old... That's what...

**Abo:** *(with mimic)* Old age wouldn't happen! Just fry some eggs for me, the woman! Be nimble! *(After a while)* Do you remember you were doing things running for me? *(He laughs)*

**Keto:** You were saying your heart began beating faster of seeing me...

**Abo:** Not only for your fast rate.

**Keto:** And what for?

**Abo:** Seeing your foolishness. Go! Go now!... Wants me to explain love to her, the old one. And fry them in time. I don't want to die hungry... Let me have two-egg omelet before I die...me poor with my dried balls...

*(Keto goes out of the room. Abo sits on a small chair, puts the pencil, puts his hands behind his neck and stares at the air)*

**Abo:** *(By himself)* You were so beautiful... You were charming the whole world! My heart stopped beating when I saw you moving...

*(We can see the two silhouettes of a man and a woman - Abo and Keto both young on the screen of the projector. They kiss each other. Then a man takes the woman's clothes rapidly. When Keto enters the room with a tray. The reflection disappears).*

**Keto:** What are you staring at? I have brought your meal.

**Abo:** *(mockingly)* You brought the great thing!

**Keto:** I want to tell you that only eight Laris are left and the whole week is before taking our pension.

**Abo:** We could arrange something...

**Keto:** Yes, you will when you sell the picture you have been selling for a month.

**Abo:**I will call about the picture tomorrow. But I am talking about selling the clock.

**Keto:**The clock bought by my father? Are you crazy?

**Abo:**Ok, by now it's enough. We don't have time for sentiments.

**Keto:** These are not the sentiments. These are kicks to everything that and whom we respect.

**Abo:** All right, all right, I don't need your fables. Shall we die? And the internet will be turned off on the 16<sup>th</sup> and then you will see...

**Keto:**We can sell your piano.

**Abo:** Don't start again.

**Keto:** Why not... The sewing machine was mine, the chest of drawers was mine, and the mirror, and the ring. What else was left? Just this clock and you are selling it too. Can't you see you are oppressing me?

**Abo:** I am oppressing you. Hmm... And the mirror was bought by both of us, and my bamboo arm-chair, my mountain-goat's horns for wine. And it seems I am oppressing her...

**Keto:** We bought it with my bonus, my lord. Just we went together to order it. I haven't got sclerosis yet.

**Abo:**You don't say... There is no use of arguing with you. You are of a solid age and can't stop raving.

**Keto:** Sell your piano. Shall I put the ad online? *(She sits down at the computer).*

**Abo:** Ok, do it. It makes no difference between selling the clock first or the piano. Only the fool like you can give it such importance.

**Keto:**You are the fool. How much price shall I write?

**Abo:** Just see the prices. It's a "Roinisch" not a simple one...

**Keto:** Nino sold the same type of piano for three hundred dollars few months ago.

**Abo:** What? Are you crazy?

**Keto:** Such are the prices today. Nobody wants your piano  
*( Abo comes up to the piano, opens it and takes some chords. Then he begins to play one of the dances by Joplin. He cannot do it because his fingers are not so nimble to do it and he stops).*

**Abo:** Oh my fingers...

**Keto:** When it was the last time you played? On st. George's day when Vaniko and Gela visited us...

**Abo:**Why nobody visits us?

**Keto:**They got older like us... Most of them died... eh...

**Abo:** Yes, who are still alive? From my friends Gela, Vaniko and Shota. And Givi as well... Your friends weren't so lucky – only Nana and Mary are still alive. Oh, what can kill Nana she is so strong (*He tries to make her laugh*)

**Keto:** When is our turn?

**Abo:** What does it mean “ours”? Are we going to die together?

**Keto:** I don't know I just said it...

**Abo:** I cannot afford to bury you. And you should stay alive... You must wait until I close my eyes forever...

**Keto:** Yes, I should be at your disposal... I am not going to die yet. If you are going to die, don't be so modest, just tell me...

**Abo:** I am not going to die either. And generally I like this frozen flat, these idiotic neighbors, this unable government and this ugly country as well. And when I die don't begin that foolish Georgian-type five-day-civil funeral rites and a two hundred-men funeral repast. And don't let the priest incense or I will jump from the coffin and beat you all one by one.. uuhhh (*he just shows his fists to her and tries not to lose the joke-style-intonation*). What a foolish thing to put me in a big room like a stuffed animal and they would go around me, sit and chat, itch their backs with their tongues, then stick me in the ground and burst with meals.. They say it would do me good... Damn it! And I will be already dead and dead eh (*he becomes sad and stares at the air*).

**Keto:** There is no need to listen to your idiotic thoughts so lively.

**Abo:** There was time you were breathing with me... Now you don't want even to listen to me, you, bitch!

**Keto:** I have been listening to you for fifty-five years, isn't it enough, bitch!

**Abo:** You cannot call a bitch to a man, poetess!

**Keto:** Then son of a bitch!

**Abo:** If I could be the son of a bitch I wouldn't get old here, in this skinned flat. I would have a good position and much money, you, ungrateful thing.

**Keto:** You are telling that it's my fault, aren't you? And what I should be grateful to you for? For living here in this house with you? For selling the things I have gathered for all my life? And the things are disappearing with the years?

**Abo:** Things, things... You are not a philistine if someone asks you...

**Keto:** These things are the years of my life. There is my part in each of them. In that wardrobe, in that silver vase, in that aquamarine ring... there were my life stories in them. Now those stories were cleaned, washed by others. Our smell was vanished, our fingerprints were deleted, we were vanished by others, our years were disappeared by others. (*She dries her tears, comes up to the big mirror, observes her face, stretches her wrinkles with her fingers*). Only these wrinkles are left. Only two-three years are left... Just left me without my past...



**Abo:** Are you writing a rhyme, poet?

**Keto:** Everything passed by because of you, everything...

**Abo:** Blame me in your mediocrity.

**Keto:** I became talentless as well... It serves me right...

**Abo:** You don't have any talent... You couldn't do anything in your life...

**Keto:** Are you crazy? I have published sixteen books of my rhymes, three books of selected works, I got four bonuses. What else could I do, being a poetess?

**Abo:** A poetess, you can say you are a Silvia Plath...

**Keto:** Silvia Plath would be together with you for all your life...

**Abo:** She couldn't get over that crazy man and committed a suicide.

**Keto:** That crazy man is a great poet by the way. It would be more correctly if we say that she is a better poet than you are a painter.

**Abo:** I am not the same as these people. I am different. How cannot you understand for so long time...

**Keto:** *(is getting ready to go to bed)* Yes, I know... Differently incapable. I am going to bed.

**Abo:** Nobody needs the old. *(He cries to Keto)* The old are hated! Nobody needs the old! Nobody needs us. *(He says it silently by himself. He sits in the armchair).*

*(There is a young couple on the projector screen. This time their caress is more passionate.)*

## Stage 2

*(It's morning. Keto is sitting at the laptop. She is wearing a nightgown and typing rapidly. She repeats the text aloud. It's desirable if the typing process is reflected on the projector)*

**Keto:** And it was so at the beginning of each other, each word was walking to the end" *(there is a message sound)*

**Merab:** Sometimes the truth walks with an ugly face...

**Katie:** What word did you just drop out?

**Merab:** What?

**Katie:** I love you for such wise words... if they are yours and don't belong to others...

**Merab:** They are really mine. Love me...

**Keto:** 🖨️🕒

**Merab:** I don't know I got so excited right now. I don't know how you are such a person. Why aren't you similar to others? Where do you come from to my life such a non-standard and tragic somehow??

**Katie:** I don't understand your standard nonstandard thinking. I would say so: We are digging some holes and these mazes are so messy that we happen in each other's holes... ☺

**Merab:** I just wanted to find an interesting person to speak with and I found her. It's almost impossible to find the person who is tuned on your wave. I couldn't even imagine I couldn't imagine you...

**Katie:** I may not be real and the words flew from somewhere, like my letters.

**Merab:** Maybe I am not the real person not you. And I am in your head. But, no, I created the whole world. There was nothing in your life before me.

**Katie:** It was too difficult for me to find the boarder where a person appears in these dialogues and where there are only heaps of words and letters connected with the wires and I seem doubtful in dialogues. You don't seem that your words are virtuoso in sending such heaps.

**Merab:** And nobody will be after me. And I will be like this all the time, don't be afraid.

**Katie:** I should say goodbye to you, I haven't drunk my coffee.

**Merab:** Wait a minute, where are you going?

**Katie:** - I will turn you off now. You are a talker, a radio that is you're the heap of words.

**Merab:** - Just turn me down, don't turn me off. I will murmur by myself.

**Katie:** - Okay, if you don't sing a hymn in the morning and don't wake me up

**Merabi:** - My girl, my psycho-therapist

**Katie:** - And where does this psycho-therapist go when she takes off her gown and finishes her job? That is the question. And who is she at all? ☺

**Merab:** - Don't make me doubt in this thing, I don't believe anyone. I will go and sit in the barrel but someone will pass by like Alexander and will envy me and the whole world is going to the virtual world. I don't know where to go.

**Katie:** - People are depended on wires. We can't do anything. It seems something important is running out our views.

**Merabi:** - It is in the publish business. The biggest mistake is in the title written in capital letters. I think that such a mistake is between us but I'm not excited about it now.

**Katie:** - and?

**Merabi:** You're my fairy Keti and I don't know how I could live without you...

**Katie:** - 🖥️🕒

**Merabi:** - But as they say be careful with your own dreams as once they will come true... When can I see you? Why are you torturing me?

**Katie:** - Don't ask me about it

**Merabi:** - Why not?

**Katie:** - Okay I'm leaving. Someone is at the door.

*(The projectors is turned on. Keto turns off the chat and lies down on the sofa weeping. Then she presses her hand on the back of her neck. She takes the apparatus for measuring blood pressure and measures blood pressure. She puts one pill under her tongue. Abo enters the room)*

**Abo:** - Just how are you my bird... Are you chirping in facebook since morning? Whom are you chirping with? I'm jealous. Is he older or younger than me? *(He puts the eggs and the bread on the table and sits next to her with moan)*

**Keto:** - Don't cling on me...

**Abo:** - You liked it last night.

**Keto:** - I was cold then, the room was frozen.

**Abo:** - You're cheating like this all your life.

**Keto:** - What do you want so early in the morning, Abo? Didn't you take your dose? Leave me alone.

**Abo:** - I want you to confess. Just only this time.

**Keto:** - In what shall I confess? Oh my god.

**Abo:** - In the thing that when we have sex at night, you never confess that in the morning.

**Keto:** - You call it sex? *(Bursts in laughter)*

**Abo:** - *(Blushes, jumps and looks through the window excitedly and tries to laugh)*. What a bad girl you are. What a bad girl.

**Keto:** - You are a bad boy yourself.

**Abo:** - *(Encouraged)* I don't remember the kiss from anyone like you.

**Keto:** - And how many women are you comparing with me, you, old man?

**Abo:** - A lot of, a lot of... *(Abo draws into his thoughts)*.

**Keto:** - And no one, no one could kiss like me?

**Abo:** - I swear my girl...

**Keto:** - Which kiss? In the lips or... somewhere else...

**Abo:** - Somewhere else... Somewhere else... I'm just thrilling when I remember the last night

**Keto:** - *(Closes her eyes with frown)* What do you mean exactly?

**Abo:** - Your kiss...

**Keto:** - I understand but which kiss? I kissed you many times...

**Abo:** - There... Down there...

**Keto:** - Since when did you become so shy? I called everything by its name.

**Abo:** - Shyness isn't playing any role here. Shyness is not...

**Keto:** - Then what?

**Abo:** - Nothing... Just nothing.

**Keto:** - And why don't you call it by its name then? Because it doesn't do the work it should do? *(She giggles and coughs)*

**Abo:** - There's no such old whore like you anywhere... *(Angrily)*

**Keto:** - Of course, of course... I am the unique old whore *(with a proud voice)*.

**Abo:** - Tell me, shall we eat eggs again today? If I took something else the money wouldn't last till our pension... Water is leaking from the tap... We should call the technician.

**Keto:** - We have some rice. I'll boil some rice and it will match with boiled eggs.

**Abo:** - And what about the leaking?

**Keto:** - Our own days left are leaking and you worry about water?

**Abo:** - *(Pathetically)* Ah, Mrs. Poet, you said that so amazingly... How sadly...

**Keto:** - This tap will leak for a long time... What shall WE do...

**Abo:** - What shall we do...

**Keto:** - Look in my eyes even if only for once, I don't even know what I worry about, what I cling or grasp to... Just once... *(She's crying)*

**Abo:** - How idle you are...

**Keto:** - I wish it snowed.

**Abo:** - Are you crazy? I won't even be able to go to buy some bread, did you forget that I hurt my leg last year? And this year I will break it and it won't be healed, I'll die like a dog.

**Keto:** - If it snows it will remind me of lots of things...

**Abo:** - You'd better boil the water for tea. We haven't had tea yet. When you are in dreams I will get nervous. And do you know what I will do? Yes, you are right... I will make you nervous. Ha-ha-ha *(He giggles)*

**Keto:** - Oh, my God! What I am blamed for? This old man for all my life, these simple jokes and the same words, sentences, everything is the same...

**Abo:** - Go my lord, go and be with the person you like. I didn't make you be with me.

**Keto:** - *(Screams)* Cockroach!!!

**Abo:** - Don't worry, it will be old like us. What can it do to you?

**Keto:** - Kill it, Abo! In time or it will go under something.

**Abo:** - Let it live. Maybe another old cockroach is waiting for it. Imagine if someone killed me in the store while buying bread and I wouldn't be able to come back...

**Keto:** - You are an idiot, a real idiot.

**Abo:** - Poor cockroach... Isn't it enough that he won't be able to find any food in our house. And can't find warmth at all...

**Keto:** - Stop!

*(Abo steps on the cockroach and kills it. Keto is screaming with eyes closed)*

**Keto** - Why did you kill it, why!

**Abo:** - Didn't you ask me about it? When it was when I didn't do what you asked.

**Keto:** - Why did you kill it? Maybe another cockroach was really waiting for it?

**Abo:** The life is so strict. You cannot do anything. Once I will be killed in a car crash or I will sit in this sofa and sleep and never wake up. I will pass through in my sleep.

**Keto:** You are so stupid, such an old man...

**Abo:** Does passing through in your sleep mean foolishness?

*(For last few minutes you can hear sound of music and banging)*

**Keto***(looks up the ceiling)* I can't stand it any more. The feast all the time. They are beginning in the morning or something like this...

**Abo:** Don't be selfish.

**Keto:** I have a high blood pressure. I've got a terrible headache.

**Abo:** You have a high blood pressure all the time.

**Keto:** No, it's the last period they begin since morning. I can understand when they are doing it in the evening.

**Abo:** We were so noisy when we were young. Don't you remember Shota who drank two glasses and just began waving his legs and bang with them?

**Keto:** She danced Chichotka so well...

**Abo:** Who could imagine him he would die so soon.

**Keto:** How many years have passed since then and as if the years are the same.

**Abo:** I am going to make a cup of tea for you. You are so talkative today.

**Keto:** Abo, what do you think about the years that are left to live?

**Abo:** We haven't got any money...

**Keto:** Not money I am asking you about the years before our death... three? Four?

**Abo:** Why do you think that years are left and not months?

**Keto:** (*Hysterically*) Years are left, Abo!

**Abo:** You are not tired of living so stressful life from month to month. Sell this, sell that. Count if the money will be enough for bread or pills or if we can fry potatoes without sunflower oil.

**Keto:** You could sell your pictures before.

**Abo:** Your rhymes were typed more often in the magazines.

**Keto:** Abo, I want to tell you something.

**Abo:** The regular foolish thing?

**Keto:** I fell in love with another man, Abo...

**Abo:** That's so nice. I will be able to stay alone at last.

**Keto:** I am serious. We love each other.

**Abo:** You meet him in your dreams, don't you?

**Keto:** No we don't meet each other at all.

**Abo:** Then he is your facebook friend.

**Keto:** He is the person of my imagination. (She sits).

**Abo:** Tell me please what do you like more: raving or writing a rhyme?

**Keto:** Abo, when we sell this round table and in approximately two weeks the money will be spent, then we should sell the sofa or our bed.

**Abo:** Maybe this is the same for you?

**Keto:** What can we do next? I am thinking of it.

**Abo:** And if we say simply: ?Are you mixing raving in your poetry or you dilute raving with little poetry.

**Keto:** And we will die, won't we?

**Abo:** - (Bursts) My dried balls don't even care if we die

**Keto:** - Come and hug me.

**Abo:** - You're crazy you know...

**Keto:** - Abo, I can do less and less things during the day.

**Abo:** - (Puts his hands up) God, don't I deserve 1 medal for living with this crazy woman for so many years? Just one small medal.. Oh god

**Keto:** - I could do 5-6 things a day before, now I can't do half of it. A little bit more and I won't be able to do anything... Death comes like this, doesn't it?

**Abo:** - Death comes suddenly when you're not waiting for it. It will come and... Boom!

**Keto:** - If we had a dog ... At least someone would love us...

**Abo:** - That is because you need unconditional love. You want nothing to give and be loved like that. That's why I hate dogs. However you harm them, they will still chase you with waving their tails. Yuck! Liars and slaves!

**Keto:** - A dog isn't a liar or slave.

**Abo:** - It is! Think about getting a cat, the cat is different...

**Keto:** - The cat wouldn't love us, Abo... Abo, where did those sandlike people disappear...

**Abo:** - What people, woman...

**Keto:** - There were so many people around: friends, relatives, neighbors. How glad we were to see each other.

**Abo:** - Most of them died, some of them have to stay in bed because of illness and some of them cannot go out because of weak legs... And their children don't need you... Your daughter doesn't remember you too, you see...

**Keto:** - So many people... Oh my god... So many years, feelings. It's unfair to go like this... I wouldn't behave like this.

**Abo:** - What would you do I wonder...

**Keto:** - The more people we try to share our thoughts with, the less we are afraid of death. When our friends leave us we pity not on them, but on ourselves, which they took with them.

**Abo:** - Stop being so deep, woman... You don't have things to do, that's why you're raving

**Keto:** - Let's adopt an animal... It will eat whatever we eat... We cannot buy the expensive one.. Just look for it in the streets, maybe you find a puppy... I want a puppy...

**Abo:** - Dog needs to be taken out for at least twice a day.

**Keto:** - I can't walk him out, you know, because of my veins...

**Abo:** - Walking is good for veins...

**Keto:** - I won't be able to, I feel too bad these days... Maybe I had already walked my share of the path and now I should die sitting and doing nothing.

**Abo:** - You walked and I just wondered.

**Keto:** - Oh, you said it so correctly... You really were wondering... And by the way with whom, who knows... How many tears you made me shed...

**Abo:** - I meant philosophical wondering, you ignorant.

**Keto:** - But I meant excited ladies' man riding with hoofs.

**Abo:** - You were riding with your high heels quite easily too and don't throw stones at me please.

**Keto:** - The only one.. The only one who was caring about me for this whole 53 years. Who cared about me... That's why I'm complaining... I don't have any people left with whom I lived...

**Abo:** - How strange, I'm not angry now remembering that story...

**Keto:** - The old pain dry while the time passes and are sweet like dried fruit...

**Abo:** - (Ironically) How can this girl know everything... I'm so surprised...

**Keto:** - Where will my knowledge go? To the grave...

**Abo:** - The main thing is to die with honor... Even the people with cancer don't whine so much.. You got on my nerves already. We will all die.

**Keto:** - Abo...

**Abo:** - What the heck you need...

**Keto:** - I think you and me are living in the well... And the voice of our neighbors parties are coming down from above like it would come down in the well... It's so cold and lonely here. I have such feeling



that we have already been buried and we're continuing living our lives underground for revenging others...

**Abo:** - Yes, we're in afterlife already. So be afraid of nothing, girl. We're corps and we will stand in court soon. (Abo stands behind the curtain and continues with low voice) Eh, maid Ketevan, now list your sins in time. Fast. Fast. I don't have much time.

**Keto:** - Last night I dreamt as if I divorced you and married another man...

**Abo:** - (Comes out from behind the curtain) Eh, what are these false dreams that won't come true...

**Keto:** - And what would you do if I left?

**Abo:** - The first thing I will do is lying on our bed diagonally. Then I will never wash my cup, and when I take off my trousers I will not fold it and I will eat as much garlic as I want. That's it!

**Keto:** - That's the dream of an intellectual artist man? That's why you dream about letting me go?

**Abo:** - Eeeh, you make me speak for nothing, you won't go anywhere.

**Keto:** - I will sleep on the sofa from now on and you can do whatever you like. Goodbye.

(She waves her hand and opens her laptop. There is a message from Merabi. Keto reads it rapidly. The text appears on the screen and we can hear Merabi's voice)

Merabi: - I was thinking of you for a long time. In fact without a break. We've known each other for already a year. We're planning to meet each other for more than 10 months and you tell me vague reasons to get rid of the meeting. This is not the fear of cheating on your husband. This is something else... I think that we should tell each other the truth – why cannot you meet me... This is beyond logic... This is beyond every logic Kate... You're hiding from me. Why... Are you a cripple? Are you ugly and you were sending me the photos of another person? I made the conclusion that I love you through your appearance. Our feelings are not based on bodies. You know that quite well but you're still hiding from me... Shortly, I'm writing it with absolute calmness... I was always laughing at hysterical men. But something should be ended and something should begin. I don't know what I mean in this "something", but this chatting ended up itself. Write an answer to me if you're going to change anything. Otherwise it doesn't matter. First, it is hard for both of us and then it's offensive for both of us. We will not be able to create the world we were dreaming about but I believe that you're a clever girl and you know that you must not live me without you and you must not stay without me Whatever the cost will be. Kiss you and waiting for the new Katie that will come out of curtains.

*(Kate dries her tears. Opens a new document file where she has a new rhyme. She copies the text and sends it to Merab. Then turns off the laptop, puts it aside and stands up. She staggers and sits down again. She puts her hand on her occiput. There is the sound of the dishes, Abo is doing something in the kitchen. Keto tries to reach the apparatus for measuring blood-pressure but she fails. She lies down on the sofa and her hands are dropped below. Abo enters the room)*

**Abo:** - Are we idling, poet? *(Some seconds later)* Did someone make you angry? *(He gets closer to her and sees that Keto stares at the ceiling lifelessly. He examines the pulse)*

### Stage 3

(Four people are taking Keto from the stage and they pass through the spectators and out of the hall. Abo is sitting on the stage. He has his head in his hands. He remembers something, finds the laptop and turns it on. First we can see Keto's rhyme and then the message sent by her. Abo reads, we can hear Keto's voice)

**Keto:** - I have never seen your face.

Your eyes are the words.

Your lips are the hills of the shape of the letters.

The place for our dreams is a small white space where  
the passion is hanging on each sent smile.

I feel your body movements with words.

The body that doesn't exist.

You're talking to me.

To say it correctly you send me heaps of indefinite letters.

I should sort them in senses,

try them on my body, hurt myself or feel the thrill.

My skin is the grave of those letters. Sometimes  
they strike me like stars and disappear with whistle.

They strike me like stars and disappear with whistle,  
sometimes they make a huge bonfire and burn me  
alive on it like a medieval witch, but sometimes  
they flew like flocks of birds,

some of them bite me with their beaks,

some of them pat me with the wings.

Some stay here and don't go anywhere.

And I walk like this with thousands of birds on my body.

Some of them die,

I lose some of them, some of them are screaming and some of them are chirping.

And my life with these birds goes to the end.

And only the walls made with wires hanging out in the air  
absorb my smell of my body, where orgasms  
and answered questions are stuck like colts of blood.

We could see each other only in a dream where there is not a single letter,  
where we could observe toes, eyes

and hair of each other and smile and vanish with this smile for never visiting each other. Where all the  
words that should be given back are burnt –  
sacrificed for not perceiving

because none of the letters needs ourselves

because when we started each other, every word

was walking to the end and only the words were finished.

And we... We never existed.

And the letters are scattered in the sky like stars with which we stare each other  
and our Lifelessbodies are scattered on the ground.

*(Abo dries the sweat, stands up and sits down again. Now he reads the last message of Keto. We can hear Keto's voice)*

**Keto:** - This is the rhyme you were asking for so long. We cannot meet each other. I'm old Merab, I'll be 77 in two months. The life of the old is just like this – if it grasps the strong rope, it has the chance of lasting for a while. And if it grasps a weak rope then nobody knows who will die first. Forgive me for cheating. If I say correctly I wasn't cheating on you, you were my husband in the youth and I loved him...

*(Abo closes the laptop, then he lies down on the sofa and turns to the wall. In two minutes he gets up, goes to the easel, takes a pencil and begins painting.)*