



Gundogdu Gencer

UNDER THE WALL

a play in nineteen scenes



UNDER THE WALL

A PLAY IN NINETEEN SCENES

by

Gün GENCER

Can not be performed without the written permission of the playwright

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playwright

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THE PLAY TAKES PLACE IN AN EASTERN EUROPEAN COUNTRY AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE BERLIN WALL. WHETHER THERE IS AN INTERVAL OR NOT, AND WHERE IT MIGHT BE IS ENTIRELY UP TO THE DIRECTOR. IF MUSIC IS TO BE USED AT ALL, SHOSTAKOVITCH'S 10. SYMPHONY SHOULD BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

CHARACTERS:

Marsen Gojdak, LATE 40'S, PROFESSOR OF BIO-CHEMISTRY

Tudjki Gojdak, HIS WIFE, SIMILAR AGE, ALSO A BIO-CHEMIST

Ani, A STUDENT, VERY ATTRACTIVE

Albert Simmenthal, AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR OF BIO-CHEMISTRY

Zel Inneck, A UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATOR

SCENE ONE

(MARSEN'S OFFICE)

MARSEN: Al!

ALBERT: Marty!

MARSEN: It's so wonderful to see you. Sit down, make yourself comfortable.
Coffee? I know you like whiskey, but I can't keep up with the price
increases these days.

ALBERT: Coffee's fine. Well, how's it going old pal? Are we there yet?

MARSEN: There?

ALBERT: The TG factor.

MARSEN: Yes...

ALBERT: I don't know why you call it that. Well, I do, but really, shouldn't it be the
MG factor? Marsen Gojdak?

MARSEN: I thought it sounded too much like an advertisement for a sports car.

ALBERT: I drove one once. Nice cars. If you know how to handle them. Like some
women. But seriously?

MARSEN: I thought it was the least I could do. Milk?

ALBERT: Yeah, thanks.

MARSEN: It's powdered milk, I'm afraid, fresh milk is a bit beyond us these days.

ALBERT: Fine. You mean for Tudjki? The least you could do for Tudjki?

MARSEN: Yes. After all the support she gave me for years, I thought I owed her.
Since I can not afford to shower her with expensive gifts...

ALBERT: She is a wonderful woman, Marty, and that is the most valuable gift of all.

MARSEN: Do you think so?

(SILENCE)

MARSEN: Al, I don't want you to take this the wrong way. You should know I am always so glad to see you...

ALBERT: Same here, pal.

MARSEN: There are rumours...

ALBERT: This country lives on them, doesn't it? Old habits don't disappear overnight.

MARSEN: ...rumours that you've been brought here to dismantle the Department, so to speak.

ALBERT: I've been asked to help with the restructuring.

MARSEN: What does that mean? **(NO REPLY)** Tell me Al, I need to know. Dismantling.

ALBERT: I wouldn't hide anything from you pal. It might come to that.

MARSEN: I've given my life to this place, Al. You know it.

ALBERT: One person doesn't make a faculty Marty, no matter how brilliant that person is.

MARSEN: The record of this Department can't be disputed Al. Just go through the scientific journals of the last fifteen years.

ALBERT: Yes. All your stuff. You've carried the whole thing, Marty, everyone knows that.

MARSEN: Just get rid of the parasites. You know who they are. Everyone does. Get rid of them, but leave the Department alone.

ALBERT: It's not entirely up to me, Marty. I know who the parasites are. But I know the others, too. None of them would measure up to the proper standards. They've all grown too comfortable, too complacent, and some are just plain lazy. Except perhaps Tudjki...

MARSEN: She has fallen behind, I know, and I'm not entirely blameless for it.

Especially in the last year or so, I've been very demanding.

ALBERT: Self critical and generous, as usual. Is that why I love this man? Look Marty, you know how fond of Tudjki I am, but even she really doesn't come up to scratch.

MARSEN: It was she who made me change the direction of my research.

ALBERT: Marty, Marty, Marty... Both of us have been around long enough to know that the real work starts after that. And you are the one who's been carrying out the real work. Don't kid me.

MARSEN: So the whole lot of them will be dismissed and as one can not have a one-man Department, that will be the end of it. Is that it? **(NO REPLY)** And you will be helping them to put me out into the street.

ALBERT: My God, Marty, how can you say that? You know what I've been doing in the last six months? I've been canvassing jobs for you. I've got a definite yes from Princeton and a strong possible from Johns Hopkins.

MARSEN: As what?

ALBERT: To keep doing your research. At about a hundred times the salary. Well that was last month, maybe this month it's hundred and fifty times, the way the exchange rate is going...

MARSEN: I regard you as more than a colleague, Al, you know that. You are my friend. But I have no intention of leaving here.

ALBERT: Marty, Marty, my God! Here what? There won't be anything here soon. This is after the Wall, Marty, wake up to it pal! This is the new world order. Big brother's gone. Forever. Kaput! Finito! Terminato! Come on!

MARSEN: I did support the system Al, don't expect me to apologise for it.

ALBERT: I know.

MARSEN: What do you expect me to do?

ALBERT: Come with me. You can work with me, or...

MARSEN: As your research assistant?

ALBERT: You are the best Marty.

MARSEN: So, you'll be my research assistant?

ALBERT: The system's different, and as you know, the Department Head has a lot of administrative responsibilities... **(SILENCE)** You know, it took me nearly two years to get my act together after Zoe left me. I was like fish out of water. We don't like dramatic changes at our age. Trust me Marty, I know. I know why you don't want to make a move. It's fucking inertia...

MARSEN: I don't think so.

ALBERT: I just want you to think about it seriously.

MARSEN: I have to, don't I? How long have I got?

ALBERT: You're talking like a cancer patient. This is not a death sentence, Marty, it's an opportunity.

MARSEN: Window of opportunity. I'm learning the jargon Al. If one other person tells me this is an exciting challenge, I think I'll throw them out of that window of opportunity. **(PAUSE)** I wish I could see it like that.

ALBERT: All that's a game, pal, the jargon... Just look at what's important. The research...

MARSEN: This is where I do my work.

ALBERT: You can do it anywhere. And you're nearly there, aren't you?

MARSEN: What's there? It's an endless run, Al. You know that as well as I do. Yes, I'm nearly there with the TG factor, but every discovery raises a dozen other questions. I want to explore wherever it'll take me.

ALBERT: You're preaching to the converted, pal. Of course. All I am saying is you don't have to do it here. **(PAUSE)** I know what's important.

MARSEN: People are worried about the price of sausages...

ALBERT: What does Tudjki think about the whole thing, anyway?

MARSEN: Haven't you seen her yet?

ALBERT: No, I came straight here.

MARSEN: Oh.

ALBERT: About staying here or coming to the States and all that?

MARSEN: She wants to go.

(PAUSE)

ALBERT: Is that all?

MARSEN: Yes.

ALBERT: You were always strong on scientific brevity, Marty. She'll tell me, I'm sure.

MARSEN: I'm sure.

SCENE TWO

(CITY STREETS. NIGHT. TORCHES. SHOUTS OF -UNINTELLIGIBLE- PROTEST AND SLOGANS ARE HEARD. ANI IS SEEN RUNNING, HIDING, GOING AROUND -IMAGINED- OTHERS. THE ONLY WORD THAT CAN BE DISCERNED IS "CHINESE". THE SOUNDS INCREASE, THEN SUBSIDE.)

SCENE THREE

(COMMITTEE HEARING)

MARSEN: Thank you. I have done my job as a man of science and a good communist. Yes, I was. Nobody forced me to, there was no pressure, no duress, no inducements. I believed... I still believe in what we set out to build. Yes, the system did give me the opportunity to pursue my research

for so many years, without having to worry about where the next lot of research money was coming from, unlike my colleagues in capitalist countries, who are no less talented, or any less intelligent or hard-working. If you are suggesting that I supported the system because of this, you do have a point. I did... And I still do support a system that gives individuals the chance to fulfil their capacities to the utmost. I got paid no more than a violinist or an architect, and that, I thought, was fair. I did not enrich myself through the system. What the system gave me, which I appreciated, was the security to go on doing what I loved doing, which also was useful. Yes, I did support the system because of this. If this is a charge I plead guilty. **(PAUSE)** Yes, there were people in my faculty, as elsewhere, I can't deny it, who exploited the system, who were lazy, who were put in positions well beyond their capabilities. Yes, I know you are not suggesting that I am one of them. I know that, I know, and I do appreciate it. **(PAUSE)** That is a good question. How can one justify a system that allows so many failures to flourish, so many mediocrities to be rewarded as much as the best, a system that has failed to replace greed with concern, care, and pride in one's work? **(PAUSE)** No, I am not putting myself in that category, and I am gratified that you do not, either. Thank you, I appreciate that. We tried. It was a worthwhile aim, and I am proud to have belonged to it. We did try to replace greed and selfishness with care and concern. **(PAUSE)** No, I can not say we have been totally successful. But we've tried. We haven't accepted them as immutable human traits, as human nature. Therein lies the fundamental difference. I think a system that accepts all the ills in us as human nature is no better than those traits, it is a criminal society. These shots we hear... The street gangs, the muggings, the daylight robberies, the law of the jungle. This is what we have today. This is our new, free society. **(PAUSE)** No, I do not accept the old system was a total failure. The system has produced world class scientists, artists. You do keep saying that you have nothing against me personally, that you admire me, my integrity... Yes, yes, I am aware of the incompetent lazy... Yes... Please... **(PAUSE)** I think it is the

British system of justice that says it's preferable to let a hundred guilty people go free, than punish one innocent person. I'd like to draw an analogy here. Thank you, thank you for your patience, I appreciate that. I know you are busy. I am sorry, it is rather dark here, I cannot see your faces, I can not tell if I am boring you. I know you have a job to do. **(PAUSE)** So do I. **(PAUSE)** The analogy is simple. I believe it is also better to support and provide a decent living to a hundred lazy, greedy mediocrities than block the way for one dedicated, hard working, altruistic, caring person, it is a hundred times better than that person worrying about where his next month's salary will be coming from, or which private company he has to lobby or appease to obtain the next research grant. Which profit-seeking capitalist he has to convince that the research, his work will bring him riches... Also, even the mediocre have human needs which should be met. If they are not, we end up with what we have now. People trying to survive through guns, knives and fists. Racism, that we had believed to have been dead and buried, has raised its ugly head. **(PAUSE)** I am sorry, but I do feel very passionately about this. The autonomy of scientific... not only scientific, but artistic and intellectual endeavour as well as having a decent, caring society. Yes, I would be the first to admit that the Party's record regarding artists is not a very proud one. I've always said so. I fought the policies at every turn. **(PAUSE)** Yes, within the Party. You must have found my letters of protest in the files in your possession when the playwright... **(PAUSE)** You haven't. I'm not lying. I have. As everyone in the Party knows, I fought censorship as much as I valued my own, and my faculty's scientific independence. I know some people were given a hard time. The fact that I wasn't shouldn't implicate me. You have said I was one of the two best DNA researchers in the world... Yes, it probably did have something to do with that. **(PAUSE)** The other one? Professor Albert Simmenthal. An American. He is here now and I believe he is helping with the restructuring. He is? Yes. We are good friends, we go back a long way. I often discussed the situation here, with him. That people were cowed,

intimidated, made to feel they were doing something wrong. They were dragged before interview... Well, yes... interrogation committees to account for their beliefs. Faceless men... Questioning them... I found that totally distasteful. **(PAUSE)** I am sorry... Is that a serious question? Do you seriously wish me to justify... I am sorry, I can't see you, it's a little dark in here, I can't tell if you're serious. You wish me to tell you why the faculty should not be closed down, why I should keep occupying my position... I am sorry... The fact that such a question can even be contemplated and put to me reveals an attitude... An attitude I do not particularly wish to honour with a reply. If you can ask a question like this, to me it is evident that you are not really interested in an answer. I am sorry. You can speak to Dr. Simmenthal about my credentials, sir! Good day to you. I have work to do!

SCENE FOUR

(ZEL'S OFFICE. OCCASIONAL SHOTS ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE)

ZEL: I know the people who are involved in this, I know the ring leaders.

ANI: Which master are you barking for now? Whoever it is, you should know I am not involved.

ZEL: I know that Ani. I want your help. I know Xiao is your friend.

ANI: We're in the same class.

ZEL: I couldn't find him. I thought you might.

ANI: I might.

ZEL: I know the others look up to him, he is the most senior Chinese student. Can you ask him to tell the others to keep a low profile for a while, until we re-establish order?

ANI: Why would I do anything for you?

ZEL: Not for me, Ani. I wouldn't ask you to do anything for me. It's for your friend, and his friends. **(PAUSE)** I know you are not part of the gang hunting down the Chinese students.

ANI: Good for you.

ZEL: There are a lot of things wrong at the moment, Ani, let's not add racism to our reputation. It's pitiful enough as it is.

ANI: Bullshit! You're trying to save your own skin. Zel will become the goodie fighting the fascists.

ZEL: Even if that were true...

ANI: I know a lot more than you think, comrade.

ZEL: Oh?

ANI: You've started the whole thing, haven't you?

ZEL: What are you talking about?

ANI: How did the rumour start that the foreign students get their scholarship money in American dollars?

ZEL: That's not true.

ANI: I know it's not true.

ZEL: The whole thing is shameful. The foreign students...

ANI: I have pictures of you talking to the skinheads.

(SILENCE)

ZEL: Of course I was. I talk to everyone.

ANI: People might even think that you started the whole thing, so that you can put it down later, and become a hero of the new order.

ZEL: That's outrageous.

ANI: So, you want me to talk to Xiao?

ZEL: It's not true, Ani.

ANI: I know your kind.

(SILENCE)

ZEL: Will you do it?

ANI: I'll think about it.

ZEL: Thank you.

ANI: You owe me one, Inneck.

SCENE FIVE

(LECTURE THEATRE)

MARSEN: (ON THE PODIUM) ...the moment we are born, we start dying. Dying is not an event, it's a process. This applies to the entire organism as it does to the single cell. It could not be otherwise. What determines the outcome is the struggle of the life force and death force in metaphysical terms, yin and yang, or the thesis and the antithesis in dialectic terms. I don't really care which you call it. What determines whether a cell lives or dies is the outcome of this struggle. The struggle itself is built into the cell. In the healthy cell, it is the life force that is victorious, in the dying cell, the death force. Cancer is part of this natural inbuilt balance, too. Every cell has within it, the capacity to turn cancerous. What stops that is the life force, or to put it in bio-chemical terms, the anti-cancer enzyme. Even if we could identify the cancer-producing genes, we would not achieve anything. Because, destroying or altering that gene would also destroy the inbuilt biological clock. And the biological clock is essential for that cell to die, to be replaced by younger ones. The cancer gene is part of the death force, and macabre as it may seem, we need the death force for the organism to maintain a healthy balance. Destroying the cancer gene would also destroy that balance. The goodies, if you like to call them that, would go unchecked. Although the individual cell might be perfectly healthy, the entire organism would become a monstrosity.

So, early on, I've concentrated on, not destroying the cancer gene, but making sure that there is enough of the other, to keep death in check. We have established, over long years that what is now called the TG factor varies greatly from one individual to the next as well as at different times in one individual's life. If there is a sufficient amounts of it produced and circulating in the body, the TG enzyme does not allow cells to turn cancerous or cancerous cells to do any damage to any other cell apart from themselves. They just die a quiet death, rather like an old person who has no more a need or the will to live. But all sorts of other cells in our bodies also die every second of our life in their millions without being cancerous at all. So, we must accept cancer as part of this very natural and necessary mechanism. If there is enough of the TG enzyme, we can all live with cancer, so to speak. I am pleased to say that we have now identified the TG producing gene. It has also been established that any deficiency in this particular gene inevitably results in the cancer growing unchecked, spreading and the individual eventually dying of cancer.

SCENE SIX

(MARSEN'S OFFICE. OCCASIONAL GUNSHOTS ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE)

MARSEN: I'm not really sure if you can call it a breakthrough, but it is important... I think.

ANI: It's wonderful. I feel so privileged...

MARSEN: You are a good student. You have a bright future, if you keep it up, not get distracted... It happens, I've seen it, especially with women...

ANI: You mean like Mrs. Gojdak...

(SILENCE)

MARSEN: She was the first to suggest that we should not be looking for the cancer gene, but the gene that keeps cancer cells in check...

ANI: It's not quite the same...

MARSEN: I know, but that changed my whole approach. You know Alain's story...

ANI: Alain?...

MARSEN: He tells the story of a baby who will not stop crying. They look for all sorts of causes, reasons. Doctors examine the baby, suggest various things, all to no avail... They even take the baby to a child psychiatrist. Nothing works. Then a nurse comes by and checks the baby's nappy. This must be before disposable nappies were invented. It must be. The nurse sees that the safety pin is loose and pricking the baby. She just puts a new safety pin, and the baby stops crying. It was somewhat like that. Tudjki was the nurse who uncovered the obvious for me.

ANI: You were in love with her. It's still like a legend in the campus... The two of you, the two brightest students...

MARSEN: We were...

ANI: When did she let go? I mean, she obviously was attractive when she was young...

MARSEN: Ani!

ANI: Sorry... Out of bounds...

MARSEN: I still happen to think she is... attractive.

ANI: You must be the only one around. Sorry.

MARSEN: Look Ani, when one's my age, companionship, comradeship becomes more important. Knowing how the other person thinks...

ANI: Maybe before... Do you know now, how she thinks? Do you know how anyone thinks, since the changes? I don't even know what I think. I know we're not supposed to think like before, but isn't that just another recipe?

MARSEN: (LAUGHS)

ANI: Being young isn't being dumb, you know.

MARSEN: No, no, of course not...

ANI: You need a match, an intellectual match. Mrs. Gojdak...

MARSEN: Ani, please...

ANI: You think it's just the cliché story of the young bright student falling for her dashing professor, don't you?

MARSEN: (LAUGHS) Dashing!

ANI: You don't take me seriously...

MARSEN: I do, Ani, believe me, but I'm an old man...

ANI: You know I can be that match, Marsen. I can be a hell of a lot more than that. You looking away doesn't convince me. You are only trying to avoid it, me, temptation, it's so obvious... You weren't brought up a Catholic, were you?

MARSEN: No.

ANI: Stop running away Marsen. The changes are here to stay. I'm here to stay... with you. Don't ignore me Marsen. Don't look away from me. It's so transparent.

MARSEN: Is it?...

ANI: You're still young, you are the brightest, you're the best, and I want you. The young, attractive, bright student whom you turn your head away from so as not to get tempted wants you. What more do you want?

MARSEN: I don't Ani. I don't want anything more. You are... You are all those things, but... I am old enough to be your father... Besides... Tudjki and I have gone through so much together. I couldn't possibly leave her.

ANI: You don't love her.

MARSEN: Love for a twenty-one year old does not mean the same thing as...

ANI: Crap! You're just... plain afraid... too set...

MARSEN: ...in my own ways, that's true, Ani. And I don't want to mess up your

life...

ANI: Tell me how I should lead my own life, Commissar!

MARSEN: I didn't mean to... But...

ANI: Any university in the States would kill to have you. We could go together, start a new life, fresh, alert, clean...

MARSEN: You are, Ani, I'm not. I am really flattered...

ANI: Don't talk to me like the damn professor. I love you Marsen.

MARSEN: I am...

ANI: It's dead here. You'll rot together with the rest of the country. Think of your research, if nothing else...

MARSEN: I don't need much...

ANI: What has the Party done to you? Can't you see? There's the whole world out there... And you are going to stick around in this backwater, queue for food... Oh, sorry, those were the old days. We have plenty of food now. You can buy two whole legs of lamb on your monthly salary. Or is it three?

MARSEN: Ani, please.

ANI: I love you Marsen, I want you to be happy, I want to do my bit to make you happy.

MARSEN: You still have your final exams.

ANI: Yes. The degree will probably get me a nice cleaning job in an American university. The university has no reputation anywhere Marsen, you know that.

MARSEN: You are determined to go to the States. I can...

ANI: The States, England, Belgium, anywhere Marsen... Together...

MARSEN: Finish your exams before you do anything else.

ANI: Talk to her. It's about time she learned to walk without you as the crutch. She's worth nothing Marsen, she's used you, she's...

MARSEN: Ani, please, you don't know...

ANI: I don't know, do I? I am young, I am stupid, just an infatuated young student...

MARSEN: Ani, please...

(THE PHONE RINGS)

MARSEN: Hello. Yes. Oh, yes, Mr. Inneck. Look, I am rather busy... Yes... The restructuring... Tomorrow afternoon... Three? Fine. I'll see you then. Good-bye.

ANI: Zel the agent from hell...

MARSEN: Is that what they call him?

ANI: Didn't you know?

MARSEN: No.

ANI: Everyone in the campus knew he was a spy. I mean all the students. He's not your friend?

MARSEN: No, but as an administrator...

ANI: God, for a man of your intelligence you are very naïve. I don't believe it. I bet you anything there are reports written on you and signed by the agent from hell in your dossier.

MARSEN: My...

ANI: They apparently shredded a lot of them, but there are still enough around. You should go and see your dossier...

MARSEN: I will...

(TUDJKI ENTERS)

TUDJKI: Hello Ani. Marsen.

MARSEN: Ani was just leaving.

TUDJKI: Oh.

ANI: I...

MARSEN: We'll continue next Tuesday.

ANI: Professor... **(ABOUT TO LEAVE)**

TUDJKI: Be careful Ani, it's getting dark. Don't take third avenue, some people have been stabbed there yesterday.

ANI: Thank you for your concern Mrs. Gojdak, I shall be careful. Third avenue is my normal way home.

TUDJKI: Use the canal road.

ANI: I'll be all right, don't worry. I have my knife.

MARSEN: Ani!

ANI: See you! **(LEAVES)**

SCENE SEVEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE. OCCASIONAL SHOTS ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE.)

TUDJKI: Have you talked to Al yet?

MARSEN: Yes, he was here this morning.

TUDJKI: I had to get some shoes. There were some cheap ones in the market behind the Foreign Affairs building. The buses weren't running, I had to walk.

MARSEN: He sent his regards.

TUDJKI: Al? Do you want to see them?

MARSEN: Who?

TUDJKI: My shoes, silly cucumber.

(SILENCE)

MARSEN: Not really.

(TUDJKI PUTS ON HER NEW SHOES.)

TUDJKI: Spanish.

MARSEN: What? Yes. Nice.

TUDJKI: What's the matter with you Martin? You are preoccupied a bit more than usual today.

MARSEN: Please don't. Don't call me Martin.

TUDJKI: I thought you should start getting used to it. The Americans are not very good with foreign names apparently. It would make things easier.

MARSEN: Make what easier?

TUDJKI: To be accepted... But I guess they'll mostly call you just professor. My English lessons are going well.

MARSEN: Tudjki!

TUDJKI: Another six months and...

MARSEN: Tudjki, listen, please.

TUDJKI: What? Oh, my God, I am sorry. Bad news, eh? You have spoken to Al, and he can't get us posts in America.

MARSEN: Not exactly.

TUDJKI: What do you mean, not exactly?

MARSEN: He has, in fact.

TUDJKI: He has what? God, Martin, do I have to wring everything out of you? All right, I'll sit down, give me a drink, and start from the beginning.

MARSEN: Sorry, we've only got a bit of cheap wine.

TUDJKI: All right, leave it.

(MARSEN LOOKS AT HER QUIZZICALLY WITH THE HALF-EMPTY BOTTLE OF WINE IN HIS HAND)

TUDJKI: I don't want it. **(PAUSE)** I'm listening.

MARSEN: There isn't much to tell. He's got a few possible ones for me. He... said... he didn't have much chance to look around for you yet.

TUDJKI: Oh, aren't you sweet? So, that's what's been bothering you. Look, once you get something and we are settled, I'll look around. Here, give me a kiss. Don't worry for me. I'll be fine. I might just relax for a while. Everyone knows I'm not as good as you. After all these years of trying, I might just take it easy a little.

MARSEN: I am having second thoughts about going...

TUDJKI: I know. I am not without qualms about America, either. But it's really having Al to help us... Once we're out of this hell-hole, we can go anywhere you like. See America as just the first step.

MARSEN: Not America Tudjki, not anywhere.

TUDJKI: What do you mean?

MARSEN: I want to stay here. I want us to stay here.

(TUDJKI JUST STARES AT HIM)

MARSEN: It's just inertia, Tudjki, I know. That's what Al said too. I'm just too old for a change like that.

TUDJKI: Did you tell Al we're not going?

MARSEN: We discussed it...

TUDJKI: You discussed it! This is not some abstract academic gab-fest Marsen, this is no intellectual fiddle faddle! This is our life you're talking about. It's my life you're throwing away.

MARSEN: Look...

TUDJKI: You look, you, self-satisfied...

MARSEN: Tudj...

TUDJKI: You haven't got a clue, have you? It's all my fault. I've cushioned you, sheltered you for twenty one years. I was... I was ahead of you in university, remember? And what did I do with that? I threw it all away to support you. To cook your meals, iron your shirts. Do you have any idea how much a loaf of bread costs these days? Even cabbage. Even fucking

cabbage. I had to go to the markets to get it a bit cheaper. Cabbage! We deserve better Marsen! What have we got for all those years of work? What have we got, tell me! Seventeen year-olds cooking hamburgers in MacDonald's are getting more money than you Marsen! This is not a backwater here, it's quicksand. We are sinking, and you can't bloody see it!

MARSEN: I like cabbage.

TUDJKI: How long is Al here for?

MARSEN: Let's talk about this calmly. Please.

TUDJKI: I'll talk to Al.

SCENE EIGHT

(COMMITTEE HEARING. OCCASIONAL SHOUTS AND GUNSHOTS ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE.)

ZEL: I won't say I was doing my duty or that I was obeying orders. I know these are not valid for you. You are here to find scapegoats and what better candidate than Zel, the agent from hell? I don't know why you bother with all this elaborate process? I have already resigned to be assigned to the scrap heap. Yes, I was a member of the party. I had no choice. Look, I am old and cynical enough not to believe in any system. But that was the system. It's very easy to be moralistic in hindsight. I can give you a long list of all the wrongs done by... Napoleon, or... your beloved Kennedy... That doesn't make me any wiser than them, or any more moral. I was born in the same year... That makes me as much redundant as the system I guess. I haven't known anything else. And I had no reason to think that anything would change. I may be no great intellect, but I am a good administrator. Well, that's a comfort... So it is only my role as an agent that is being questioned... Yes, I shall concentrate on that. You must have found some of the reports I have written. Yes, I am not

denying that I have... Yes... But... Let me explain... I have, yes, I am not denying that... Yes... Dr. Wilholt, yes... Yes, I am aware of what happened to him... He was... Please! His entire Ph.D.... No, I'm not suggesting that it does... No, nobody deserves being... No, not even someone as unscrupulous as Wil... Let me explain... I did... Yes, it was... It wasn't honest to write anything positive about... I did... Those were the charges, yes... Yes, that's what I said... That's what it was for me, reactionary, counter-revolutionary, yes yes, they are all my words, I'm not denying... **(CHANGES TACT)** I'd like to be constructive and concentrate on what we all agree. Thank you. We'll leave aside the issue of Wilholt, Dr. Wilholt. You were generous enough to acknowledge that I had been a good administrator. For me, the first rule for being a good administrator is to be ideology-free. I saw myself as an executor, not an ideologue. Marxist philosophy wasn't my strong point, even at university. I nearly couldn't graduate because of that. But as an administrator, I could be equally at home anywhere in the world, in any regime. And I had no reason to believe that the regime here, the system would ever change. Evolve, yes. And it did. But nothing as radical as what we experienced in the last two years. The crisis we are in at the moment is largely due to lack of good administrators. So, I am really pleased to be part of the restructuring effort. In fact, I am working on my submission, and I'd be more than happy to implement it, should the committee wish me to do so. As a discussion document, initially, naturally... The final form... By about August... I expect to get all the responses by July... Your input, of course, would be absolutely indispensable. This university can be one of the best in Eastern Europe, and I believe I have a small contribution to make. I have been in the position for fourteen years and I do know the finer points... Yes, certainly... The discussion paper will be ready by the end of the month. A copy for each committee member... I won't bother having them bound at this stage, I think the expense would be unwarranted. Certainly. Yes, I do understand my position depends on it. Absolutely. I wouldn't do it any other way myself. There's no justification for keeping

dead wood. I think that has been part of our mistake in the past. Yes, by the end of the month. Thank you. I certainly will do my best. Thank you.

SCENE NINE

(A CAFÉ. SOUNDS OF PEOPLE RUNNING AND SHOUTING ARE HEARD OCCASIONALLY.)

ALBERT: Sorry. I thought you knew. Please don't tell him I told you.

TUDJKI: It's like a slap in the face.

ALBERT: Tudjki, he feels for you.

TUDJKI: I'll tell him to stick it.

ALBERT: This is one of the greatest discoveries of this century, Tudjki. And it will bear your name. Forever.

TUDJKI: I'm not interested in the forever Al. Maybe I am pedestrian, I don't have vision, but I'm more worried about today. TG factor, hmph!

ALBERT: Everything will be fine.

(SILENCE)

TUDJKI: So, Zoe's gone... Finally.

ALBERT: Yes. **(PAUSE)** Well, not gone, exactly. I'm gone, she's stayed put. The house, furniture, the whole lot...

TUDJKI: It's not fair.

ALBERT: And alimony... I can afford it, Tudjki, doesn't bother me.

TUDJKI: She hasn't worked a day in her life.

ALBERT: I'm relieved, really. I knew it would happen one day. It's better to have it happen than live with the fear of it happening.

TUDJKI: She's never understood you, Al.

ALBERT: That's what I kept saying to myself, but... When I'm alone, when I don't have anyone around that I don't have to pretend to, I think maybe she did. Maybe she understood me more than I thought she should have. I kept climbing and she climbed with me. Then she decided she'd collected enough on the way. Anyway, I've turned the leaf. It's finished. Life goes on.

TUDJKI: Yes, even in this country. I saw an old woman on the way yesterday, begging. She had a whole row of medals she was trying to sell. In front of the Interior Ministry. She was in rags. I watched her a while. She sold one, went straight to where this man was selling baked potatoes. Hot, steaming, baked potatoes. She bought one, sat down and started eating it. She was smiling. She seemed pleased with the world. Amazing.

ALBERT: Human beings are like viruses Tudjki, they're very resilient. They mutate, they adapt to survive.

TUDJKI: I can't survive here, Al, not in this country. Everything's wrong. You know, when we were young, I really thought we could change things, change people. All I want now is to survive.

ALBERT: I know.

TUDJKI: That's why I wanted to talk to you.

ALBERT: I'll do my best, you know that.

TUDJKI: That's not what I mean.

ALBERT: I was with Marty this morning. He's like a brother to me. Well, even more than that. I see a piece of myself in him that I've lost. I can't even remember when and how, but I know it's lost. Talking to him, I feel good. He's a good man, Tudjki.

TUDJKI: He's a dinosaur.

ALBERT: He needs you.

TUDJKI: I know.

ALBERT: I'll do my best for jobs in the States.

(SILENCE)

TUDJKI: You're staying at the Excelsior?

ALBERT: As usual. The same room. A man of habit, you might say.

SCENE TEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE. OCCASIONAL SHOTS ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE.)

ZEL: Thank you for making the time to see me Professor. I know how busy you must be.

MARSEN: It's all right Zel.

ZEL: I know I am as popular these days as a pork chop in Jerusalem.

MARSEN: I can't remember the last time I had pork chops.

ZEL: I just wanted to set the record straight. At least with you. I know, in the grand scheme of things, it doesn't matter one iota what a petty little functionary called Zel Inneck has done or hasn't done, but for me it does, it does matter.

MARSEN: Of course.

ZEL: I think I've persuaded the committee that whatever changes they want to implement they need good, competent administrators like myself. They've given me until August to put my submission in.

MARSEN: I'm sure it will be a good submission.

ZEL: So, my job seems to be safe at least for the time being. Not that my pay is worth much these days.

MARSEN: We're all in the same boat Zel.

ZEL: I think I'll survive. My wife's got a job in one of the new finance companies.
We'll manage.

MARSEN: Good.

ZEL: I think things will improve. It might take five years, ten years, but they will. I believe in not giving up. You must feel the same way about your work, Professor.

MARSEN: Yes.

ZEL: Because... it often happens... One gives up, then things change, often in unexpected ways. I don't share the optimistic Marxist view that things are predictable, even when you know all the factors. Things change, then one finds oneself out of it. One says: 'If only I hadn't given up'. I believe in persistence, Professor, in staying power.

MARSEN: Look, I really...

ZEL: I don't want to take up too much of your time. I just wanted you to know that I'm not here on account of my job, or wanting you to intercede on my behalf. Nothing like that.

MARSEN: My own position is not exactly secure, either.

ZEL: I know. But with your reputation...

MARSEN: The restructuring...

ZEL: It'll blow over.

MARSEN: The future of the whole Department...

ZEL: The whole country...

MARSEN: True.

ZEL: I tried to explain it to the committee, but they weren't really interested.

MARSEN: Explain what?

ZEL: Professor, I know what my reputation is around the campus. Zel, the agent from hell. The lowly agent who spied on everyone, wrote reports that destroyed lives, reputations, careers... They questioned me about Wilholt.

MARSEN: Oh.

ZEL: I didn't think there was any point explaining it to the committee. But I want to explain it to you.

MARSEN: It was rather distasteful.

ZEL: Distasteful! I think it was criminal, if you don't mind my disagreeing Professor, what they did to Wilholt. And Kowald. And it was all on the basis of the reports I'd written.

MARSEN: We all make mistakes.

ZEL: What I did was not a mistake, professor. I would do the same thing again today. Only... The terminology, the jargon would be different. I had used terms like "reactionary", "counter-revolutionary ideology", "to the detriment of the progressive ideals of the working class"... You know them as well as I do. Today I would talk about "efficiency", "cost-effectiveness", "accountability", "inability or unwillingness to change", but I would still fight Kowald, and the likes of him.

MARSEN: Well, I don't really...

ZEL: The man was a thief, professor. It was as simple as that. I had no way of proving it, but I knew. Everyone used to talk to me, you know, tell me things. He was stealing equipment from the University and selling it on the black market.

MARSEN: There were rumours...

ZEL: You don't have a Swiss bank account, do you? **(MARSEN LAUGHS)** He did. Anyway, Kowald was just an example. I'm telling you about Kowald, because there was such a stink about his case, you must remember. They turned him into a celebrity, a hero, a freedom fighter. Protests, student demonstrations... Students!

MARSEN: I never really...

ZEL: Kowald was only one of those I destroyed, Professor. And I don't regret any of it. Have you ever thought why there was never anything against you, in

spite of all the protest letters you wrote? Some of them in quite a provocative language, if you'd allow me to say so.

MARSEN: I believed in the system, Zel, everyone must have known that. (**ZEL LAUGHS**) I mentioned those letters at the committee hearing. They said they couldn't find them.

ZEL: Shredded. I shredded them.

MARSEN: Why?

ZEL: It was three years ago, when the old regime had a sense that it was about to fall apart. And when that happens, things get tough. The same as people I suppose, or like a wild animal with its back to the wall. All the purges! I was asked to go through everyone's files and report on each and every person who'd ever protested about anything.

MARSEN: And?...

ZEL: And I shredded all your protest letters.

MARSEN: Why? We hardly knew each other.

ZEL: Oh, no, Professor, I knew you. I knew you as one of the very few people of integrity around the place. I couldn't let them touch you.

MARSEN: All the others?

ZEL: Thieves, exploiters, manipulators or just plain lazy... All of them. I mean all of those who were purged.

MARSEN: What about Frimt? Surely...

ZEL: Frimt had a taste for young students, Professor. Male and female. I'm no prude, that wasn't what bothered me. No, I don't believe the State has any business in people's bedrooms, but... If you were a student and Frimt wanted you, and you happened to say no, there was no way you could graduate...

MARSEN: I don't believe it.

ZEL: I'll give you the names of the students. You can ask them. So Frimt became

another one of the "ideologically incorrect".

MARSEN: There were others, good people.

ZEL: As I can't take all the credit, I can't take all the blame, either. I was only one of the seventeen in the University, writing reports, keeping files. I was the most senior, but I couldn't always control the others. Some good people were hurt, and hurt badly, I know. I'm not here to defend the old regime, professor, only myself. I want you to understand my role. What I did, why I did it. Someone had to know.

(SILENCE)

ZEL: I hear that your old friend Professor Simmenthal is making contacts on your behalf.

MARSEN: Old habits die hard, eh Zel? You've been snooping.

ZEL: Don't go, Professor. There aren't many good people around. Don't let the bastards push you out.

MARSEN: I haven't really decided yet.

ZEL: If you'll excuse me now. I know you must be busy.

SCENE ELEVEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE. OCCASIONAL SHOTS ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE.)

ALBERT: Brilliant, pal, just plain fucking brilliant.

MARSEN: Is it a general American trait, or is it just you who likes hyperboles Al?

ALBERT: You're so straight-laced, your lot, so uptight... It makes us appear crass.

MARSEN: I didn't mean...

ALBERT: I know, I know, I was kidding.

MARSEN: So, you think I'm on the right track?

ALBERT: And modesty... A lot of people would mistake that for insecurity, you know. But I know better.

MARSEN: Tell me what you think. What you really think.

ALBERT: You want to hear it. How's "I'd kill to have my name on it, or maim just to have my name added to it"? Or "Name your price!" or "No human being could possibly have thought of that, it must be the aliens!"

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

MARSEN: You know Tadjki wants us to go to the States.

ALBERT: Sensible woman. I've always said so.

MARSEN: There aren't many people who appreciate her. Most see her just as a frumpy, plain, sombre academic.

ALBERT: I remember her from way back. Very attractive, sparkling. You know, at the conference in Vienna in 76... I nearly fell for her. You know how it is. You like a person and that first image stays with you. You can't ever see them as old or frumpy after that.

MARSEN: She had a brilliant mind, too. You know, she was well ahead of me in university.

ALBERT: I can't imagine!

MARSEN: It's true. I'm sure it's still there, just needs a bit of rekindling. There's no hope of that here.

ALBERT: You said it yourself, pal.

MARSEN: I told you Al. I don't want to go to America. She does. And I think it would be very good for her. You know, she hasn't published in ten years.

ALBERT: It could be somewhat hard for her to break back in.

MARSEN: I'm sure she could do it.

(PAUSE)

ALBERT: What are you saying, Marty? That she should go by herself? Leave you?

MARSEN: That would be best for her.

ALBERT: I thought you still...

MARSEN: I care for her very much Al.

ALBERT: It wouldn't be easy.

MARSEN: With your help... She knows the research Al, she could carry on from the point I am at now. With you. Healthy competition.

ALBERT: Does she know what you're thinking?

MARSEN: No. She's very proud Al. She'd find this insulting.

ALBERT: Would she?...

MARSEN: I'd give her all the research. Up to the point I'm at now. If there's to be competition, it has to be fair, doesn't it? She could help you with the language, too.

ALBERT: I couldn't broach it with her.

MARSEN: No. But if an offer came direct to her...

ALBERT: You don't want to get rid of her, do you? Delayed mid-life crisis? Young admiring students?

MARSEN: You know me well enough, Al. **(ALBERT STARES AT MARSEN)**
Well, no!

ALBERT: I'll see what I can do.

MARSEN: Thank you Al, I appreciate it.

SCENE TWELVE

(NIGHT. ANI ENTERS MARSEN'S OFFICE. SHE HAS HER BAG WITH HER AND IS WEARING GLOVES. SHE GOES TO THE COMPUTER, TURNS IT ON, TAKES A DISK OUT OF HER BAG, INSERTS IT IN AND STARTS WORKING ON THE COMPUTER. SHE FINISHES WHAT SHE

WAS DOING, TAKES OUT THE DISK AND BEFORE SHE HAS A CHANCE TO TURN THE COMPUTER OFF, THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON AND TUDJKI ENTERS.)

TUDJKI: Ani!

ANI: Mrs. Gojdak! Sorry, I was just leaving.

TUDJKI: What are you doing here?

ANI: Professor Gojdak had asked me to check something for him.

TUDJKI: How did you get in?

ANI: The door was open.

TUDJKI: No. It wasn't. I locked up this afternoon. What's that you have there?

ANI: Oh, nothing.

TUDJKI: Let me see.

ANI: Just a disk.

TUDJKI: Let me see.

ANI: Sure. **(SHE HANDS THE DISK OVER TO TUDJKI. TUDJKI INSERTS THE DISK)**

TUDJKI: Kaput? And Kaput-text. Just two files. What's that? What's Kaput?

ANI: Oh... Just a computer game. **(TAKES THE DISK BACK)**

TUDJKI: You didn't break in just to play a computer game. What's going on Ani?

ANI: Nothing. Honestly. I came in to do some work, and I thought I might play a game too. You won't tell the Professor, will you?

TUDJKI: Show me the game Ani. I like computer games. That's one I haven't seen before.

ANI: I'm really in a hurry.

TUDJKI: If I promise not to tell Marsen...

ANI: Really. Please Mrs. Gojdak. I really must go.

TUDJKI: You don't want me to call in the security people, do you?

ANI: There was something wrong with the disk anyway, I couldn't play.

TUDJKI: Show me.

(ANI ATTEMPTS TO RUN AWAY, TUDJKI GRABS HER AND TAKES THE DISK OFF HER. ANI MAKES FOR THE DOOR.)

TUDJKI: One more step Ani, and I'll raise the alarm. **(ANI STOPS)** Sit down.
(ANI SITS DOWN) Let me see, now... **(SHE INSERTS THE DISK)**
Let's read the text file first.

ANI: Look, you can keep the disk, I really must go.

TUDJKI: Don't move Ani. Don't you make a move until I figure out what this is all about. **(READS)** "The most vicious of viruses ever invented. Makes the whole hard disk totally unusable. Proceed at your own risk..." **(PAUSE)**
Why Ani?

ANI: Just a bit of a hoot, really. I'll give you the anti-virus disk. **(MAKES FOR THE DOOR AGAIN)**

TUDJKI: This is Marsen's latest research on the computer Ani, and he didn't have enough floppies to back it up. They're just too expensive. Why have you done this? Ani, answer me. I thought you liked Marsen.

ANI: I do.

TUDJKI: Why, then?

ANI: I told you, just a prank.

TUDJKI: I know you Ani. You are too smart to risk coming here, and breaking in just for a prank. **(LOOKS AT ANI FOR AN ANSWER)** I'll tell you what. I won't call security. But if you don't tell me what this is all about, I'll make sure you never graduate. You will never have your degree.

ANI: You wouldn't...

TUDJKI: I would Ani, believe me. Now tell me.

ANI: Mrs Gojdak. I have a lot of respect for you. Every student in the Department knows how brilliant you are, that the research the professor takes credit for now really is your research, it belongs to you. But it is still a man's world, isn't it? You take care of him, you do everything to support him. For years. How many? Twenty? And he steals your research.

TUDJKI: It's not true.

ANI: What's not true, Tudjki? Now, you are being the unselfish, altruistic, faithful wife again. Why do we have to let those bastards use us, build themselves up, build up their reputations at our expense? We deserve better Tudjki.

TUDJKI: So this is the revenge of the downtrodden?

ANI: Isn't it about time?

TUDJKI: It's all very laudable, Ani, very feministically solidaristic, but somewhat juvenile, if I may say so. You are supposed to be a scientist. You should check your facts.

ANI: You deserve better. You take the research with you. You are going to America, aren't you?

TUDJKI: As soon as Marsen gets a firm job offer, yes.

ANI: He is not going Tudjki. Don't you know that? You support him all these years, then when his turn comes to make you comfortable, let you get a bit of a reward for all that you've done, he refuses to go. He wants you to keep staying in this damned country, this sewer, spending half your time hunting for cheap sausages...

TUDJKI: He does have his doubts...

ANI: Bullshit. He won't go. You go Tudjki. You take the research with you. As soon as you are in America, write to me, I'll send you the disk that will get rid of Kaput. Xiao wrote the whole thing. You know Xiao, the Chinese student... The computer whiz. He is hiding in my flat until the riot is under control. He was so grateful, poor kid. It is awful, this racist stuff, don't you think? Some kids are just so dumb, so... uncivilised. We must all help each other, isn't that right, Tudjki? You will, of course...

TUDJKI: You have the anti-virus...

ANI: Yes, right here. (**MOTIONS TO HER BAG**)

TUDJKI: Give it to me.

ANI: Tudjki, this is your big chance... I will send you the disk...

TUDJKI: You've got something very wrong, Ani. It is Marsen's research. Not mine.
Although I would kill to have my name on it...

ANI: You can...

TUDJKI: Although I would... I would so love to have done it myself. But I haven't
Ani. I have made suggestions, yes, I did support him all these years, that's
true, too, but it is his research. I can't steal it from him.

ANI: This isn't stealing, you have a right...

TUDJKI: The right I had was to make a choice Ani. Years ago. When I was very
young. You are very young. And very beautiful, Ani. You too will have
to make such choices soon. I had to choose between following my career
at the expense of everything else, or supporting Marsen. I chose to
support him. It was my choice, Ani.

ANI: You loved him.

TUDJKI: Yes. Not only that, though. I saw that he was simply better than me. All
right, I am good, too, I was ahead of him in University. I used to have
these flashes, I still do... Flashes of inspiration, which have helped him,
but I don't have the staying power that he has Ani. It's got nothing to do
with gender, oppression of women, anything like that.

ANI: You've been conned. Men are no better than us.

TUDJKI: No, Ani, men aren't. I am better than at least half the bio-chemists that I
know, male or female. But I also know Marsen is better than me. It's
nothing to do...

ANI: He may be better now because of all your support...

TUDJKI: That may be true, too. But it was my decision, my choice, Ani.

ANI: So, you'll choose to keep living in this trash of a country because he doesn't want to go.

TUDJKI: I'll try to make him change my mind.

ANI: You won't, you know.

TUDJKI: That is my business.

ANI: You're blind.

TUDJKI: I'd rather be blind, than a thief. **(PAUSE)** Give me the disk.

ANI: You have it in the machine.

TUDJKI: Not that. The other one. The anti-virus program. The one in your bag.

ANI: **(LOOKS THROUGH THE BAG)** I thought it was here. Sorry, I must have left it at home. I'll give it to you tomorrow.

TUDJKI: Give it to me Ani.

ANI: Tomorrow.

TUDJKI: Now.

ANI: Haven't got it.

TUDJKI: Give me your bag.

ANI: I'll give it to you tomorrow. **(MAKES FOR THE DOOR)**

TUDJKI: **(GRABS ANI AND TRIES TO TAKE THE BAG OFF HER)** Give it to me!

ANI: **(TAKES HER KNIFE OUT OF THE BAG AND STABS TUDJKI. SHE TAKES A STEP BACK, LETS TUDJKI FALL AND PUTS THE KNIFE BACK IN HER BAG.)** Stupid bitch!

SCENE THIRTEEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE. IT'S A MESS. PAPERS, BOOKS EVERYWHERE. THE COMPUTER'S STILL ON)

ALBERT: I'm lost for words, pal. I don't know...

MARSEN: I know...

ALBERT: So meaningless, so much... like it is back home.

MARSEN: She'd always wanted to go to the States. Ironic, isn't it?

ALBERT: What's this country coming to?

MARSEN: I should have known better. I shouldn't have asked her...

ALBERT: What?

MARSEN: The only reason she went to the University last night was to fetch a book I'd left behind.

ALBERT: She must have stumbled on the burglars.

MARSEN: Police say there'd been a struggle.

ALBERT: The police have been...

MARSEN: Yes. Zel's been a great help. He's organised everything. **(A GUNSHOT IS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE)** You know how helpless I am in such... **(BREAKS DOWN)**

ALBERT: **(HUGS HIM)** It's all right. Marty. Shush... Marty...

MARSEN: They should know I have nothing worth stealing.

ALBERT: Except the computer. And that hasn't been touched.

MARSEN: No. **(GOES TO THE COMPUTER)** What the hell...

ALBERT: What?

MARSEN: It's all jumbled.

ALBERT: **(AS HE GOES TO THE COMPUTER)** Oh, I did bring you some floppies. I forgot about them completely. I'll give...

MARSEN: Someone's tampered with it.

ALBERT: You haven't backed them up?... **(MARSEN SHAKES HIS HEAD)**

Don't tell me... (A GUNSHOT IS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE)

MARSEN: God, I'm a bastard. Tudjki's dead and I am worrying about my research...

ALBERT: All of it...

MARSEN: The last twelve months'...

ALBERT: You've got the original documentation, surely...

MARSEN: Not all of it... It would take me ages...

(ZEL ENTERS)

ZEL: Professor. Dr. Simmenthal.

ALBERT: (AVOIDING ZEL) I should get going Marty. Catch you later.

ZEL: Dr. Simmenthal. If you please...

ALBERT: What?

ZEL: I need to talk to you.

ALBERT: Sorry, I'm not in the habit of getting all chummy with ex party functionaries.

ZEL: I am fully aware of what you think of me, Doctor, but... I've been talking to the police.

MARSEN: Have they caught anyone?

ZEL: No. It's too early yet. They have been asking questions, though.

ALBERT: I really must go. I'm still in a bit of a shock. I'll...

ZEL: Please, Doctor, it is important.

ALBERT: I have no desire...

ZEL: Were you having an affair with Mrs. Gojdak?

ALBERT: You!

MARSEN: Zel!

ZEL: I'm afraid you're both under suspicion.

ALBERT: How dare you?

ZEL: I thought I ought to warn you before the police gets to you. For old times sake.
I thought I owed it to you... To Professor Gojdak. Good day gentlemen.
Oh, professor, you don't need to concern yourself with the funeral arrangements. I realise how hard it must be for you. Leave all that to me.
(SILENCE. ZEL EXITS)

ALBERT: Marty...

MARSEN: You don't have to say anything, Al. Please.

ALBERT: I..

MARSEN: Please. I always knew how much Tudjki admired you Al. In a funny sort of way, I am glad it was you. I was... She needed more, Al, and I couldn't give it to her. I was too preoccupied...

ALBERT: Marty, listen.

MARSEN: It doesn't matter now, does it? Poor Tudjki.

ALBERT: When you said...

MARSEN: That's why I tried to encourage her to go to the States with you. You needed someone like Tudjki. I mean, after the disaster with Zoe.

ALBERT: I've been so foolish.

MARSEN: Zoe could never understand your devotion to your work, the importance of it, whereas Tudjki...

ALBERT: She stood by you all these years...

(A GUNSHOT IS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE)

MARSEN: Yes. You will come to the funeral, of course.

ALBERT: Of course.

(MARSEN GOES AND HUGS ALBERT)

MARSEN: I'll try to sort out the mess with the computer, It'll take my mind off...
(BREAKS DOWN)

ALBERT: **(HUGS MARSEN)** Take care Marty. Ring me if any...

MARSEN: See you, old friend.

(ALBERT EXITS. MARSEN GOES TO THE COMPUTER. SHOTS AND LOTS OF SHOUTING ARE HEARD FROM OUTSIDE. HE WORKS ON THE COMPUTER TRYING TO CONTAIN HIS TEARS.)

MARSEN: Kaput! Kaput, huh? Let's try this anti-virus program. **(PUTS A DISK IN THE COMPUTER)** No use, it won't even read it. **(DIALS THE PHONE)** Zel! It's me, Marsen. No, no, it's not that. There's no need to apologise. That's water under the bridge... It's my computer.. Everything's jumbled. Someone must have fiddled with it. The burglars... I don't know... Why would anyone... Thank you. Our computer people are well behind, I don't think any of them... Oh! Xiao? Well, I don't know, but everyone thinks he's a genius. You will?... Thank you. Please get back to me as soon as... Yes. Thanks for everything Zel, I do appreciate it.

SCENE FOURTEEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE)

ANI: (ENTERS) I came as soon as I heard. I am so sorry Marsen.

MARSEN: Are you?

ANI: For you. You know I never had much time for Tudjki, but you...

MARSEN: Thank you.

ANI: If there's anything I can do...

MARSEN: Thanks, no, I just need a little time.

ANI: They're saying the committee's preliminary report is due soon.

MARSEN: Al didn't mention anything.

ANI: What will you do if the University closes down?

MARSEN: They won't do that.

ANI: I think they will. It is a dump here, and everyone knows it.

MARSEN: I'll cross that bridge...

ANI: Marsen, I know this probably is not the best time for you, but I just want you to know, my feelings towards you are still the same. (**MARSEN IS QUIET**) This will sound harsh Marsen, but we are living in harsh times. There isn't much time. There isn't much time for anything, for niceties... You told me before you couldn't leave Tudjki...

MARSEN: Ani, please...

ANI: It is sad, it is tragic, but it is a fact, Marsen. Tudjki's gone. You need me.

MARSEN: Not now Ani, please...

ANI: There's no time. Things are moving very fast Marsen, everything's changing fast. You hesitate, you blink, and you're trampled on. A Chinese student was shot today.

MARSEN: I thought it was all under control.

ANI: It's just gone underground. The skin-heads are all growing their hair now. I have one of the Chinese students staying with me for the time being. You know Xiao, everyone thinks he's a genius. He's teaching computers to the lecturers. They can't even use calculators, and you think the university will survive with people like that.

MARSEN: Is Xiao staying with you?

ANI: Yes.

MARSEN: I'll tell Zel.

ANI: Zel? Why would you tell him that? If the word gets out, he'll be in trouble. The skin-heads are after him.

MARSEN: No, Zel won't let anything out.

ANI: Why do you want to tell Zel?

MARSEN: There's a slight problem with my computer. I would like him to have a

look.

ANI: I'll tell him. I'll ask Xiao.

MARSEN: There's no need... Zel...

ANI: Don't trust that man. Let me have a look. **(GOES TO THE COMPUTER)**
Kaput? Looks like you've got a virus.

MARSEN: Yes.

ANI: Have you run the anti-virus program?

MARSEN: Yes. It still doesn't work.

ANI: I'm sure Xiao will be able to fix it.

MARSEN: That would be great. Thank you Ani.

ANI: You don't have to thank me. I'll do anything for you. Let's go Marsen, let's go to America. I can make you very happy.

MARSEN: Ani, I'm flattered. But... My place is here.

ANI: Here, what? You're the world's best bio-chemist Marsen, you're selling yourself short.

MARSEN: Short? I'm trying very hard not to sell myself at all.

ANI: What are you afraid of Marsen? That you won't be the revered professor any more? The big fish in a small pond? That you'll be lost there? You won't Marsen, I promise you. I'll make sure you won't be. Don't you trust me?

MARSEN: It's not a matter of trust Ani. I am obsessed with my work, and I know what that had done to Tudjki and me. You are very young. What would happen in ten years' time? Twenty years?

ANI: You have more faith in the future than I do, Marsen. I can't even say I'll be around for another five years.

MARSEN: You are also bright. If you put your mind to it...

ANI: Don't patronise me Marsen. I know what I am. It is you keeping your eyes shut. The opportunities...

MARSEN: My needs are not very much Ani...

ANI: You need me...

MARSEN: Perhaps I do, but I find all this talk somewhat obscene before Tudjki's even buried.

ANI: One thing bio-chemistry taught me Marsen, one thing you taught me is not to mystify life. Wasn't it you who said that we're all just a series of bio-chemical reactions? Enzymes, chemicals, and nothing else?

MARSEN: Yes... I'm sure I have...

ANI: Think about it Marsen. Don't throw it away. Don't throw me away.

MARSEN: It can't work...

ANI: You're the scientist, you're the one who is supposed to try before you say it can't work.

MARSEN: There's also something called intuition, a hunch. You need that too. Although if it's not grounded in knowledge, experience, it can be just plain silly. But all the knowledge, experience in the world will get you nowhere if you never make that leap. You don't have to try everything to know whether it will work or not.

ANI: I refuse to rot here with the rest of the refuse.

MARSEN: Things change, Ani. Just do your work. You have the capacity, the intelligence...

ANI: The answer is no, then?

MARSEN: No for me Ani. You can still say yes to so many things.

ANI: Fine.

MARSEN: I hope you didn't misunderstand me.

ANI: I don't think so. Well... *Ces't la vie!* No hard feelings.

MARSEN: Of course not!

ANI: I will get Xiao to come around and have a look at that virus.

MARSEN: That'd be wonderful. Thank you Ani, I appreciate it.

SCENE FIFTEEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE)

ALBERT: I thought I should tell you where things are at, Marty. Did you get the computer fixed, by the way?

MARSEN: No, not yet.

ALBERT: I think we'll manage to salvage some of the university.

MARSEN: That's great news Al, thanks.

ALBERT: I don't think they fully realise what a national treasure you are.

MARSEN: Oh, really!

ALBERT: I mean it. When I talked about your work, your reputation abroad, some of them looked genuinely surprised.

MARSEN: Everyone's a bit pre-occupied with their situation, and that's quite understandable, isn't it? Look at me. I haven't done any work for a full week now, concerned with what's going to happen to me...

ZEL: (ENTERS) Sorry to barge in Professor, Dr. Simmenthal...

ALBERT: You seem to revel...

ZEL: First the good news. The police have cleared both of you...

MARSEN: What?

ZEL: Of Mrs. Gojdak's murder. So you don't have to worry about the police...

ALBERT: Tell us the bad news.

ZEL: Xiao is dead.

MARSEN: Xiao?

ALBERT: Who's Xiao?

MARSEN: He's one of our star students. He's very good with computers. Zel was going to ask him to come and have a look.

ZEL: I had sent out a message that I wanted to see him. Because he had left the college. All the violence against foreign students, I'm sure. Who can blame him. He was apparently staying with one of his friends.

MARSEN: Ani.

ZEL: Sorry?

MARSEN: He was hiding at Ani's flat.

ZEL: Oh.

ALBERT: It's the skin-heads, right?

ZEL: It looks like that. I had a report only minutes ago that they found his body in Third Avenue. Stabbed. Poor kid.

ALBERT: Have they got the killer?

ZEL: No. No, not yet. I thought I should let you know. I know you were concerned about your computer.

MARSEN: Thank you Zel. Thank you. I appreciate it.

(ZEL EXITS)

ALBERT: Why was a student going to check your computer?

MARSEN: They said he was the only one who could possibly fix it.

ALBERT: I'll be going back to the States soon, Marty. I'll send someone over. Or better still, I'll take your computer with me, have it fixed and send it back to you. **(PAUSE)** That is, if you trust me. I know all your latest research is there on the hard disk.

MARSEN: You are one of the very few people in the world that I can trust Al. Please don't offend me.

ALBERT: Settled then. We haven't really had a good chance to talk about your research, anyway. I have a few hours before the next committee meeting.

So, if you don't mind...

MARSEN: What a brilliant idea. Coffee?

ALBERT: Thanks. With powdered milk please.

SCENE SIXTEEN

(ZEL'S OFFICE)

ZEL: Where were you the night Mrs. Gojdak was killed?

ANI: At home.

ZEL: By yourself?

ANI: What's that to you?

ZEL: Listen, my girl, this is serious. The police won't be as gentle.

ANI: The police? What have I done?

ZEL: Nothing. I hope.

(SILENCE)

ANI: With Xiao. I was with Xiao.

ZEL: And now he is dead. Just when I was about to ask him to fix Professor Gojdak's computer. The computer which had been sabotaged the night Mrs. Gojdak was murdered. Stabbed, to be precise. In exactly the same way. Both, exactly the same. Facing them. **(HE GETS ANI UP AND DEMONSTRATES)** Just one sharp, deep thrust. From exactly the same height, with the same, or very similar knife.

ANI: How clever... I know. You've lost your job and you're applying for a job with the police. The pigsty is your natural environment, isn't it?

(ZEL HITS ANI WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND)

ANI: I'll get you for this. You bastard! You snooping dog!

ZEL: Now sit down and listen to me. You're in big trouble. Everyone knows you carry a knife. Perhaps now you don't, but habitually you did.

ANI: Everyone does these days, with all the violence, the skin-heads... Your pack-mates...

ZEL: Why him? Why Xiao?

ANI: Why would I ever want to harm Xiao?

ZEL: You were lovers?

ANI: None of your bloody business.

ZEL: Lovers' tiff. An argument. Jealousy?

ANI: If you're trying to save one of your skin-heads and load the whole thing on to me Inneck, you'll get it. I'll get you.

ZEL: Oh, yes, the photographs...

ANI: You can have your bloody photographs.

ZEL: The negatives, too.

ANI: When I see one of your skin-heads convicted.

ZEL: They're not my skin-heads Ani. I hate them more than you can imagine. You can't imagine, can you? **(PAUSE)** My mother died in Auschwitz. You know now. I'll get the bastards. They've done more than enough damage already.

ANI: Good. That will save you the embarrassment of being associated with them.

ZEL: The negatives...

ANI: You'll get them. **(AS SHE GOES OUT, UNDER HER BREATH)** Bloody Jew!

SCENE SEVENTEEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE)

MARSEN: That's it, in a nutshell. Of course we still have to do the clinical trials...

ALBERT: Sure.

MARSEN: We could speed the whole thing up tremendously if your people agree to do it jointly.

ALBERT: Sure. I really envy you Marty. I mean, considering the lack of facilities here... I've been working my butt off with all the equipment, staff, funds, and you come up with the answer.

MARSEN: It's like a ping pong game, Al. You threw the ball back at me so many times...

ALBERT: Generous as always...

MARSEN: There's not much room for ownership in science Al. Even your American way of thinking would have to admit that.

ALBERT: No, not if no royalties are involved.

MARSEN: The State has invested in me, Al. Go back even a little further. Assuming that I have a good brain, nature has invested me with that brain.

ALBERT: You worked very hard...

MARSEN: Why have I worked hard, and some other poor soul hasn't?

ALBERT: You are who you are.

MARSEN: And what makes me who I am, what I am Al? **(LIGHT-HEARTEDLY)**
I'm warning you, you're a bio-chemist, I want a scientific answer.

ALBERT: Yes, I see your point.

MARSEN: All a result of endless permutations of a handful of enzymes, produced by those tiny genes that we can now play with.

ALBERT: I thought you were going all metaphysical on me.

(MARSEN LAUGHS)

ALBERT: That's all very well, but we also have to survive, pal.

MARSEN: We don't need very much to survive. At least I don't. I don't need flash cars or mansions to survive. **(PAUSE)** Oh, I miss Tadjki.

ALBERT: You weren't going to change your mind, were you?

MARSEN: About going to America? No. But Tadjki was the only person who could make me question it seriously. Question my selfishness.

ALBERT: We have only one life, pal.

MARSEN: Does that make it right?

ALBERT: I don't know what's right or wrong Marty. I thought I had done everything right by Zoe. The next minute she's gone. It does make you wonder. And was it right that she tries to fleece me for everything I've got, everything that I worked hard for? I don't know any more pal, I don't know. Give me the uncertainty of the lab any time.

ANI: (ENTERS) Oh, I am sorry, I didn't realise...

MARSEN: It's all right Ani, come in.

ANI: I can come back later.

ALBERT: I was just about to leave, anyway. I don't want to be late for the meeting.

ANI: (TO ALBERT) I had something to ask you. But you're obviously in a hurry...

MARSEN: Ani is one of our brightest and most promising students.

ALBERT: I have to go now, but if you want to call me...

ANI: When would it be convenient...

ALBERT: Give me a call tonight. I'm staying at the Excelsior. I should be there after eight...

ANI: Thank you.

ALBERT: Well... See you pal... See you Ani... **(EXITS)**

SCENE EIGHTEEN

(MARSEN'S OFFICE)

MARSEN: What did you want to ask him?

ANI: Oh, I was reading one of his old papers. There was a bit in it I didn't quite understand. I'm sure it's my English.

MARSEN: Which paper?

ANI: It doesn't matter. It's probably something trivial. **(PAUSE)** You must have heard about Xiao.

MARSEN: Yes.

ANI: Stabbed.

MARSEN: Poor kid. It makes me wonder. That is one thing that makes me question the old regime, Ani. In all those years, we haven't been able to eliminate racism. We obviously only managed to have people suppress it. Now that the pressure is lifted, it's there in all its ugliness.

ANI: Yes. Sad.

MARSEN: You knew him well, didn't you?

ANI: He was hiding in my flat. After I left you, I went straight home, to ask him to come and look at your computer. He told me he didn't need to. Kaput was his invention. He had given it to a few people. He told me how to get rid of it. Then I went out to have a bite to eat. I was going to come here in the afternoon to fix the computer. I stopped at the flat on the way back, he wasn't home. I had told him not to go out for a while. Not until things got under control a bit.

MARSEN: Skin-heads?

ANI: Must be. He was such a sweetie.

MARSEN: I am truly sorry, Ani. But you don't really need to worry about the computer. Albert... Dr. Simmenthal is going to take care of it.

ANI: What do you mean?

MARSEN: He said he'd either send someone over to fix it, or take the computer back with him to America. So it's all under control...

ANI: Take the computer back with him?

MARSEN: If he can't send someone over...

ANI: Are you out of your bio-chemical mind? Trusting your research to him?

MARSEN: He is my best friend Ani.

ANI: He's an American and he is the second person in the whole world who... If I stole your work and put my name under it, nobody would believe me. But him...

MARSEN: I trust him, Ani.

ANI: Open your eyes Marsen. This is not a world based on trust. It is based on greed, selfishness. It's the American way, it's the new world order. Or haven't you heard? The Wall is gone Marsen. All your trusting, all your gullible, stupid, naïve notions are there, in ruins, under the Wall. Wake up to yourself. Wake up to the world Marsen. You trust your work to the only other person in the entire world who could put his name under it without anyone ever suspecting anything! How can you be so bloody stupid?

MARSEN: What if he did? Actually, it wouldn't be such a bad thing if that happened. He probably would get a lot more funds for research and finish it much more quickly.

ANI: While you chase after cheap sausages here.

MARSEN: I don't like sausages Ani.

ANI: You're infuriating Marsen. I still love you though. I haven't got a clue why, but I do. I rushed here to fix up your computer.

MARSEN: Thank you.

ANI: Forget it.

MARSEN: What do you mean?

ANI: I came here in the hope of showing you again how much I care for you, and your work, to fix the computer, so you can go on. The great man shouldn't waste any time. Huh! And maybe, I thought, maybe, stupid me, I thought maybe he'll see what he's about to throw away, and take me away. I haven't been in an air-conditioned car. Ever. Did you know that? I don't have any idea what Chateaubriand tastes like. I've touched fur once. The fat wife of a party official was visiting my town. I went to shake her hand just so I could touch the fur.

MARSEN: You will have all the Chateaubriand you want Ani, believe me. Nature has been generous to you. You are very intelligent, very talented. Don't throw it away.

ANI: I don't want to wait thirty years for it. I don't want to have them when I'm fat and ugly. I want them now.

MARSEN: I am sorry for you Ani.

ANI: Is that all you have to say?

(SILENCE)

MARSEN: I am very fond of you.

ANI: Let us go Marsen.

MARSEN: I don't belong. A dinosaur. That's what Tudjki called me once. I'd knock things about, I'd upset people with my clumsy ways. You go. Get your degree first, then go wherever you please. If I'm still around, one day I'll say you were my student. I'll be proud.

ANI: Damn you! **(STORMS OUT)**

SCENE NINETEEN

(THE LECTURE THEATRE. THE HUM OF AN ANTICIPATING AUDIENCE. ZEL IS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE PODIUM, CHECKING THE LIGHT AND THE MICROPHONE. FINISHED,

HE RETIRES TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE, STICKS HIS HEAD INTO THE WINGS AND CHECKS SOMETHING. MARSEN IS AMONG THE AUDIENCE, IN THE FRONT ROW. ZEL GOES AND WHISPERS SOMETHING IN MARSEN'S EAR, THEN GOES TO THE PODIUM.)

ZEL: Ladies and gentlemen. There have been plenty of changes in the last few years.

Some have celebrated the changes, some have mourned it. But whatever individual reactions might be to the changes, it must be evident to all of us that these changes are irrevocable. Events might take new directions, directions none of us can predict, but there won't ever be a return to what it was. As Heraclitus once said, one can't wash in the same river twice. The river has been flowing, and we must all recognise that it is no longer the same river, it never is. Most of us have a tendency to ignore changes, especially if they do not affect us, our lives, directly. Those outside often accuse universities of being ivory towers, and those in it as aloof, as self-centred, self-satisfied. Whether that has been true here, or elsewhere, or anywhere in the world in the past or at any time, I can not say. What I do know however is that our university, with its long and proud tradition is ready to face the challenges brought about by those changes. As you will be aware, a re-structuring committee was formed some months ago and we had the honour and the pleasure of having Dr. Simmenthal from the United States of America offering us the benefit of his experience and advising the re-structuring committee. The committee had representation from all departments and is still to finalise its recommendations. However, Dr. Simmenthal unfortunately can not be with us for the whole duration. It was a big enough sacrifice on his part to devote some of his valuable time to assist us. We wish Dr. Simmenthal to know that we value his expert input greatly and that the committee will certainly take on board most, if not all his recommendations. Dr. Simmenthal kindly agreed to address the university staff before he flies back to America tomorrow. Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to offer our warmest welcome to Dr. Simmenthal. **(MAKES AN INVITING GESTURE**

TOWARDS THE WINGS. ALBERT ENTERS TO LOUD APPLAUSE. ZEL GOES BACK TO HIS ORIGINAL SPOT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE.)

ALBERT: Thank you. Thank you Mr. Inneck for your kind words. Thank you. **(WAITS FOR THE APPLAUSE TO SUBSIDE)** This is not the first time I have been here. I love this country, I love its people, and I've always enjoyed staying here, and appreciated your hospitality. The last time I was here was before the changes. I am a child of the cold war, and as such we, especially in the States have been brought up to regard those on the other side of the so-called iron curtain with suspicion, if not disdain and pity. But I was fortunate enough to have been involved in a field that gave me the opportunity to travel widely. I was even more fortunate that I met one of the best brains of this century about twenty years ago at a conference in Vienna. He was, and still is the best bio-chemist in the world. I am speaking, of course, about Professor Gojdak. **(GESTURES TO HIM)** Getting to know Marty and the late Mrs. Gojdak was like a breath of fresh air for me, it was as if I had gained a brother and a sister. Despite the language barrier, despite all the cultural differences, I felt, and I think I can speak for Marty as well, that we both felt that these differences were only very superficial. The changes in the last few years proved this very point. We do share the same ideals, the same aspirations. So, when the Vice Chancellor was kind enough to invite me to have some input into the re-structuring of this proud university, I could not possibly say no. Not only for the reasons I've mentioned, but personal reasons, too. This was an opportunity to see my old friends Marty and Tadjki again. The last few weeks have been very taxing, I must say. What made it particularly distressing for me has been the tragic death of Tadjki Gojdak. But whether we like it or not, life must go on. The committee deliberated for long hours, heard evidence from countless people. And for whatever they are worth, I offered my views, too. We are all in search of excellence, although our paths are somewhat different. As you will be aware, there is a great degree of involvement in our universities in the

States by private companies and individuals. Although this might make some people shudder, one must realise that the arrangement frees us from Government interference. However, in view of the present state of the economy here, this option had to be ruled out, at least temporarily. I know my Government generally makes it a condition of bi-lateral assistance that the private sector be involved, but I am confident that I shall be able to explain, when I get back, that this option is not realistic for the present time. I will support unconditional assistance over the next five years. **(APPLAUSE)** However... **(WAITS FOR THE APPLAUSE TO SUBSIDE)** However, there is a price... Unfortunately, there is a price for everything. If I may be allowed to hide behind the American reputation for bluntness, this university in its present form is simply not viable... **(MURMUR FROM THE AUDIENCE)** Through no fault of the individuals involved, it has fallen way behind of international standards. Preserving it in its present form would be like giving pain-killers to a cancer patient. When what is needed is radical surgery. What is needed is radical surgery. I have been in touch with my colleague, Professor Jamieson who has been involved in a similar exercise in the Southern State University. His observations are exactly the same for that particular institution. Therefore, what we propose to put forward is an amalgamation. As you will know, Southern State University boasts the newest and most modern facilities. In terms of buildings and equipment, that is. The entire campus was re-built only about ten years ago. **(SOMEONE FROM THE AUDIENCE SAYS SOMETHING)** Sorry? Yes, twelve years ago. My mistake. So it is virtually brand new. The proposal is to take the facilities of Southern State University as the core of a new, amalgamated, dynamic university. I am fully aware of the implications of this arrangement. Many people, many of you will lose your jobs. You will have to re-locate, families will be uprooted. This is however, the least painful of the various alternatives I have considered. The human resources in this university, and indeed I must say, in this country have not been well managed. People occupy all sorts of positions

for a variety of reasons which have nothing to do with organisational efficiency or effectiveness. I'll just cite one example. An example that I am very familiar with. Professor Gojdak, as I have said before, is the foremost scientist in his field in the world. I have the deepest respect and the greatest affection for him. But he also carries the burden of running a department. I don't have to tell you how demanding this task can be. I believe it is unforgivable that someone like Professor Gojdak, Marty, should spend one minute of his time on administration. What is being proposed is to free him of this burden and allow him to concentrate on what he does best... which is bound to benefit not only him and his research, but the whole academic community, not to mention the country. I don't wish to go into any more detail. As I have said, the committee is yet to finalise its recommendations. Finally I wish to reiterate that it has been a pleasure to be here, to play an even small part in the exciting future of this country. It has been an amazing trip for me. Very exciting also, on a personal level. I am not returning home empty-handed this time. I want to share my joy, my happiness with you all. I wish to announce my engagement. You can now regard me a relative. I am taking back with me the most precious....

(ANI GETS UP FROM AMONG THE AUDIENCE AND CLAPPING, GOES ON TO THE STAGE, HUGS ALBERT AND GIVES HIM A VERY PASSIONATE KISS. GENERAL APPLAUSE. THEY EXIT THROUGH THE AUDITORIUM DOORS)

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UNDER THE WALL



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