



VICTOR'S LIFE

(Helges Leben)

by

Sibylle Berg

Translated by Penny Black, 2002

© ROWOHLT Theater Verlag; Hamburger Str. 17; D – 21465 Reinbek

© Translation: Penny Black. Gate Theatre, 11 Pembridge Road, Notting Hill,
GB – London W11 3HQ - E-mail: literary@gatetheatre.co.uk

This translation and publication is part of International Platform Contemporary Theatre, which is supported by the European Commission Culture 2000 Programme. Organiser: ITI Deutschland, Postfach 41 11 28, D-12121 Berlin



Education and Culture

Culture 2000

Characters and Animals

Victor

Victor's Father

Victor's Mother

Victor's Fear

Tina

Tina's Fear

Nurse

Madame God

Madame Death

Tapir

Deer

Snaphamster

PROLOGUE

GOD Let there be light!

DEATH Here we go again.

GOD And I will create .. oho.. a worm.

DEATH Dear God. Sit down, have a cup of tea. It'll soon pass.

GOD Now you've killed off my worm. You ruin everything. It's all your fault that man is extinct. Death. You're a pig.

DEATH You make 'em, I take 'em. That's my job.

GOD But you've taken them all.

DEATH Well they were begging for it. So stop feeling sorry for them. Okay, humans no longer exist, animals rule, it's boring, and yes, there was a time when we were more important, but dammit, we're alive, we have a job, we have television and ... oh man, I really want to kill something else.

GOD And I really want to create a proper world and not just a pile of crap.

DEATH The crap is called entertainment. Who booked us tonight?

GOD A tapir.

DEATH There you go. You can *let there be life* and feel important, and right at the end I'll show them who really rules the world.

GOD Certainly not.

DEATH Do you want to bet on it?

PART ONE: FROM BIRTH TO SEVENTEEN

Scene 1

TAPIR So, madame ... erm

GOD God.

TAPIR Right, yes, Madam, erm, so what's on offer today.

GOD A war epic, 5,000 men, flak, torpedoes, Bunsen burners, bullet proof pants, protective boxes....

TAPIR Ugh. Filthy clothes, too much testosterone.

GOD The death of Tutenkhamun, sarcophagi, feasting ants, maggot blight in the spleen.

TAPIR Stuff for the chattering classes. Today, I think I'm in the mood for something simple.

GOD Initiation rites of the Nuba?

TAPIR Too intimate. No, today I fancy a perfectly ordinary little human life.

GOD Got that. Can do that. Good choice. And may I enquire how many will be watching?

TAPIR My wife and I, although someone may come along later, but what's that to you? Does it affect the price?

GOD Of course not. I'm just asking because of the cast. So, I repeat: a perfectly ordinary little human life. Four acts, and do you want karaoke in the commercial breaks again, or adverts?

TAPIR Adverts and a couple of magic tricks thrown in. And not quite as much sex as last time.

GOD You did ask for a Belgian piece ...

TAPIR Enough talk. I'll pay you 3,000 litres of ambrosia plus VAT. You can begin immediately.

GOD With great pleasure.

TAPIR Darling, it's starting.

DEER There's no sex is there?

TAPIR Certainly not, my dearest. Come along and bring the carrots with you.

GOD Dear viewer. Today I am creating for you: Victor's Story. All beginners for a perfectly ordinary human life to the main stage please.

They all appear and sing together "Ponte Cenere". Victoria and Vince come downstage.

Here we have Victoria and Vince, who are about to produce a love child. From his very first words to her, Victoria knew that Vince was her man for life. Perhaps we could have those first few words?

VINCE Oh, you, me, er, well, I mean ...

GOD Noone believed that the relationship between the intellectual women's magazine editor and the long-distance lorry driver had much going for it. But it got off to a promising start.

DEATH *(sings)*
Love, love, love
Love, love, love
My life would be empty and bare
If there was no love nowhere
Love, love, love
Love, love, love

GOD Thank you, Madame Death, for that small contribution

DEATH It was nothing.

VINCE You're so young and beautiful. And you have never been with another, I must protect you. I like it, when I can protect a woman.

VICTORIA Sometimes, at night, when I look at you, I have to cry. Tears well up, fall, form little turrets on top of you, lances fall on your skin from slits in the walls and tie you to the bed, so that you cannot move. Oh, if you would always lie like that for me. I've never felt this before. Not towards my parents. Nor my dog.

VINCE Me neither.

VICTORIA I can see us growing old with one another. Shall we move in together.

VINCE My love will last forever. And if we live together, I can fuck you even more. I think I'm ready again.....

DEER You promised me there would be no sex.

TAPIR Look, bunnykins...

DEER Stop calling me by your ex-wife's name.

TAPIR Listen, my little honey bear, this is a human life, and humans have sex. We want to know something about our predecessors, don't we? Even if it isn't always very savoury. And don't forget, however ridiculous they might appear, at the end of their proud civilisation, they reproduced in a similar fashion to us.

DEER Clinically?

TAPIR Clinically, my little mollusc. Now let's watch on.

VICTORIA AND VINCE. *Alternately.* Oh Victoria, oh Vince, oh Victoria, oh Vince, oh Victoria, oh Vince, oh Victoria, oh Vince, oh Victoria, oh Vince.

They copulate.

VINCE Thank you.

VICTORIA I am with child.

Scene 2

DEATH

sings

A child swims in her womb
For the rest he's not a boon
His mum bears down and pushes
He's the answer to her wishes

Will he do with his life as he ought
Noone's given it much thought
But to you, small child, I say
Better that you had stayed away

VICTORIA I'm pregnant enough now.

Victoria bears down. Death helps with the birth.

DEATH

How lovely, it has become a placenta. I'll just wrap it up.

GOD

Would you please be so kind as to put it back down, Madame Death.

DEATH

But it's nothing.

GOD

It is Victor, and in the first three years of his life he discovers the world, which consists of Victoria and Vince, sunflecks on his ceiling, the car lights at night on his wall, fine smells and absorbent nappies.....

Pause

Then the troubles began. Noises and unpleasant feelings, silence, screams, crockery breaking, as does the love between Victoria and Vince. Yet, here is Victor.

VICTOR

Yes, here I am.

GOD

Then fear turned up.

Enter Victor's Fear.

VICTOR'S FEAR

Good evening. May I introduce myself, Frederick Fear. And for my new clients I have a couple of the very latest fears on offer: may I demonstrate? (*He opens his little suitcase*). This is the standard deal: fear of life, fear of failure, fear of death. Old hat but still works. But let's have a lookee here: fear of paving stones that spring up and let men slide in, fear of damp sheds, that rot in the night, fear of losing one's body parts whilst asleep, fear of neurotic insects.....

GOD

How lovely. I think I'll take fear of life and, let me see now, perhaps a little anxiety about natural disasters. That's it.

VICTOR'S FEAR That's it?

GOD Yes, that's it.

VICTOR'S FEAR And where is the client?

GOD This is Victor.

VICTOR'S FEAR Good evening, Victor. I am your fear. From now on you will never be alone. Isn't that nice? We will get along well. I've a good feeling about this. Hm, can't speak yet? Never mind, all in good time. I'll just settle in nicely next to you and then we can get to work.

DEER Treasure, do you fancy a bit of a schmooze? It's always the same, no variation.

TAPIR I find it fascinating.

The telephone rings. Tapir answers it.

TAPIR Karl Tapir. Petfood import and export. Oh, Rudi, hi, it's you. You coming over? No, nothing special. We're just watching human lives in the TV room. Great. Look forward to it.

DEER Not Rudi again.

TAPIR He's our friend.

DEER I don't like snaphamsters.

In a strop she throws a stuffed snaphamster onto the stage.

TAPIR There is nothing to discuss. Look, such a lovely human life.

VICTORIA A dog, how sweet. I love animals. They're so honest somehow.

DEER They're stupid, like people.

VICTORIA I wake up and know there aren't enough hours in the day. They're all filled up with important things. First, liposuction. My God, I've got fat, the time has come to get it all sucked out. You can take it home with you, in bottles, do something with it. After all, it is a part of me. I must accept myself as I am. Poweryoga has been cancelled. In the office I'm on the phone all day long. The great Blandini is doing Cher's photos. Good God, she looks just like a mummy. At Prada there's a sale on. Prada ages you. Heavens, I've put on weight. I must go for liposuction. I've got to find 150 snaphamsters for the shoot with Madonna. She is old. Photographers are foul. I think it's important to do something important with one's life.

VINCE I get up at six. Travel on the tube. I'm tired. I get into a lorry. Work until dark. Then go for a drink. With the snaphamsters. No more to it than that.

SNAPHAMSTERS True. He has a drink with us. No more to it than that.

VICTORIA *Fondling the snaphamster.* People need a dog like this, or they feel lost. What I like about animals is that they love you unreservedly.

TAPIR Stupid human.

VINCE I don't like going home. The wife looks at me until I feel uncomfortable. I don't get on with the boy. Maybe later on. So I get home, watch television and hope she doesn't start another row. She doesn't care much for the boy any more. Not even sure she took him out of his cot today. I feel sorry for him. But I don't know what to do. I feel so awkward when he looks at me and I don't know what to do.

Victor is still in the cot and noone picks him up.

VICTOR'S FEAR They've forgotten you. Forget it. It's just you and me. Look how dark it is. Imagine if it stayed like this. You all alone in your cot, forgotten by the world, and the noises, at nighttime, they're really scary. But, hey. It's no better at home. Nobody goes near you. Pity really.

DEER The poor boy. They don't like him.

TAPIR Did you hear that: they don't like you.

DEER Don't be so heartless.

TAPIR It's only a human.

DEER But they have feelings. Thoughts.

TAPIR They have instincts, that's different. *To Victor.* Do you know what happens to children that noone likes? They are thrown into a pit on the edge of town where beetles that crawl under the skin of the children and hollow them out. But there is something you could do. You could be a little bit braver. Only someone who is brave will be loved. Think about it.

VICTORIA I don't believe in astrology, but there's got be something in it. Men are the weaker sex. Lifestyle is not important to me. But aesthetically things should be pleasing. I take great care with nutrition. My body is important. However it does all depend on the inner person. I like meeting interesting people. With interesting hobbies.

VINCE I want to go off on my motorbike, alone. Travel through the Rockies for weeks on end.

VICTORIA The birth of a child is an unbelievably important experience. When he lay there in my arms, I just cried. No idea why, but I just couldn't stop. None of my suits fit. On television all babies are so sweet, but I don't fit into any clothes. I didn't realise that a child was so unaesthetic.

VINCE I want peace and quiet. I think that's the most important thing for me.

TAPIR Shall we fast forward a bit?

DEER If you like.

Scene 3

GOD Eight years later and Victoria has lost her job with the women's magazine. Perhaps because she doesn't fit into her suits any more, who knows. Victor wets his bed. His relationship with his father is fairly tricky.

Father stands in front of Victor.

VINCE Do you want to go to the football with me? Or to the boxing.

Victor says nothing.

VINCE Shall we play cards? Talk about sex? Go out on the motorbike? Visit some Hell's Angels? Go gay bashing? Trip up some hairdressers? Play poker?

Victor stands there with his eyes on the floor.

VINCE Well ... say something.

VICTOR'S FEAR Don't say anything. He's cross. Wants to drag you to football, yet he knows you're scared of those screaming men. Best just to walk away.

Victor walks away.

VINCE That boy....

VICTOR'S FEAR Your life hasn't necessarily got any better. You don't like the daytime. On the way to school lurks danger. Children, who could laugh at you. In school lurks danger. Teachers, who could ask you a question and you have to stand up and everyone laughs at you. At breaktime you're afraid to go and play in the playground. Because everyone can see you're all alone and then they will laugh at you.

Victor cowers in a corner.

VICTOR'S FEAR Victor, what are you crouching in the corner for?

VICTOR I don't want to be hung up on the flag pole again or have shit smeared over my face.

VICTOR'S FEAR I quite understand. Better to stay here.

DEER He's slowly becoming autistic. He should just go on over to the others.

TAPIR Dearest, fear is a serious limitation for humans. A blockage in their neurotransmitters. Stress hormones stream out, heartbeat increases and people either flee or are paralysed.

DEER You put that very well. Come on young lad. Go and join the others. You must be braver.

VICTOR Really?

Victoria and Vince sit together on the sofa.

VICTORIA I'm waiting for someone to knock at the door and say: very sorry, we've given you the wrong life, here is the right one. And I would unpack it and eat it. Things have really developed the wrong way.

VINCE I don't know when she began to nag. What I looked like wasn't right, what I said, what I ate, it was all wrong. Then I started to do it deliberately. When I've had a drink, it's okay.

VICTORIA I deserved a different life. I'm still alive. I'm alive, alive, alive, alive, alive.

VINCE Why?

Victoria packs a suitcase.

In the background we see Victor being hauled up the flagpole by his Fear, dressed as a schoolboy.

VICTORIA I'm leaving.

VINCE Now she's leaving.

DEER I think he did something wrong.

TAPIR He's completely lost it.

DEER I advised her to.

TAPIR Don't blame yourself. Have another frogspawn cracker.

DEER I really can't believe they once ruled the world.

TAPIR I know, seems absurd now. But as late as my grandfather's generation experienced it.

DEER The revolution?

TAPIR Silly thing. There was no revolution. They simply gave up. Come on, let's go back to the film.

FEAR *(dressed as a teacher)* Victor, come on down.

VICTOR I can't.

FEAR Then you will just have to stay there. And everyone will look at you and laugh at you. That's very embarrassing. What can I say? I've things to do.

VICTOR Hey, wait!

DEATH I'll get him down. Victor, you should go home now and maybe throw yourself out of the window. Or talk to your father. Now there's an idea.

TAPIR Time for a short commercial break.

DEER Adverts!

*The animals all leap on the stage.
Jingle*

DEER Phoooooh am I bored.

TAPIR We could go to a farm.

DEER Yawn.

TAPIR Visit foreign peoples.

DEER Oh no.

TAPIR Why not read something?

DEER Very funny.

TAPIR But reading is no longer a problem with the perfect paw page-turner.

Scene 4

VINCE Sunday and I'm in my garden. On the swing-chair with the red and white cushions. Not a leaf on the ground, the flower beds immaculate, the plants in neat rows. What can I say about watching things grow that I planted myself. The feeling is mine alone.

If the weather is playing ball, I do the garden before tea. I pull out the weeds, plant flowers and prune the small shrubs. For a long time it was spoilt for me. What I can tell you, my neighbour had a hedge, which always dropped its needles in my garden. For more than two years I watched the needles on my flowerbeds and I was hopping mad. I mean, the garden is a part of me and I don't want other people dropping their rubbish in it.

VICTOR'S FEAR How it hurts when the flesh is opened, and how shocking watching the blood flow from your body.

VINCE I used to watch my neighbour leave the house, get into his car and laugh out loud about the needles not dropping in his garden. I never spoke to him. He wasn't from around here, probably Africa or Asia. I can never really tell. He'd never've understood me. I cleared the needles away but there were always new ones lying there, at one stage I virtually stopped sleeping, because of the needles. Had to get up in the night, to see if more had come.

VICTOR'S FEAR You will want to go back. But you can't go back. You'll watch yourself die for an eternity and even then you can't go back.

VINCE Now, whenever I clear the weeds from the beds near the fence, I'm so glad that the needles have gone. So has the hedge. How can I describe my feelings after working in the garden, the straight lawn, the tidy beds. It calms me down, and then I eat well. I'm not one for worry. Most people think and think, but I believe, that thinking about something won't change it. It just all goes on in your head and doesn't ever see the light.

In his room, Victor tries to slash his wrists.

VINCE A man without work is like an animal without a run.

DEER Did you hear that? They're comparing themselves to animals.

TAPIR Quiet. I want to watch. It cost enough.

VINCE I don't cost much to feed. My body heals quick. But sometimes, in bed at night, I can't sleep. I can feel my back, my age and, I don't know, I feel a weight on my chest, in the night, when I think about the

future. Why, I don't know. My father taught me how to deal with fear.

VICTOR'S FEAR Leave if you want, I don't care. I've too much to do anyway. Go on, I do exist, you know. I have feelings too.

VINCE He had a shotgun and I remember, I was afraid of a pond near home, because of the leeches. I had to get into the pond, and my father shot his gun into the water whenever I moved. After an hour he went home. I was covered in leeches. At least there are no more needles dropping on my garden. The house burnt down.

TAPIR Go to your father and talk to him.

VICTOR And what if he doesn't want to?

TAPIR Well then you can still kill yourself. Do you have to be told absolutely everything.

VICTOR But I'm afraid.

VICTOR'S FEAR Who are you talking to?

VICTOR I'm just wondering if I should speak to father.

VICTOR'S FEAR What on earth for?

Victor goes to his father.

VICTOR Talk to me.

Vince says nothing.

DEATH *sings* Tell me Dad, why can't I
Come and visit more.
Twice a month just will not do.
When we are together now
I am glad and sure.
And things are right with me and you.

Yet my mum does not agree.
She keeps me back from you.
But it is true I love you two.
Cause I am both your child
Why can't I decide?
If I want to be with you – or you.

Victor kills Vince.

VICTOR I think from now I am going to concentrate more on closing the folic acid loophole with Valerie Singleton.

DEER I don't think I'd speak to him either.

GOD Madame Death, would you be so kind as to clear away.

DEATH Should I pack the lad away as well?

GOD Just stick to the instructions.

TAPIR Shall we fast forward?

GOD At the end of his schooling, which was quite special, Victor was wondering how things would pan out. Victor's father had died in mysterious circumstances. His mother never returned. She had started a new life elsewhere. *(She sings "When Doves Cry")*

VICTORIA *(on a couch)* The hours are all filled with important things. First of all, liposuction. Madame God, I've got fat, the time has come to get it all sucked out. You can take it home with you, in bottles, do something with it. After all, it's a part of me. I must accept myself as I am. Poweryoga has been cancelled. In the office I'm on the phone all day long.

GOD And so on. Due to one or two minor quirks, such as compulsive masturbation, hitting his head against telegraph poles and eating birds alive, Victor is now in therapy.

(The animals boo).

VICTOR'S FEAR *(dressed as a psychiatrist)*. So, you have fantasies. And what sort of fantasies do you have?

VICTOR I built machines. I licked everything in the flat. I licked and built machines and wanked and had cats. Which I then fucked. 30 cats in the flat all watching me wank. And they shat everywhere. But that's quite natural. And I lay in the middle of it all and wanked. Didn't go out ever. When I was hungry, I ate one of the cats. And then I began to get angry.

VICTOR'S FEAR Thank you, that's quite enough. I think we get the picture. You are now a sexually-mature young man. The first quarter of your life is over. I'll go and get changed and then we'll see how things progress. Okay?

VICTOR Okay.

(They all sing "When Doves Cry".)

PART TWO: BECOMING AN ADULT

Scene 5

GOD Lovely song.

SNAPHAMSTER Hallo. Hi Karl, hi Bambi. Had a trim? Am I too late?

TAPIR You missed Part One. A fairly miserable existence. So what's new?

SNAPHAMSTER Just been on a shoot with Madonna.

TAPIR And how much did you make?

SNAPHAMSTER Eighty thousand. In grain.

TAPIR Satisfying!

SNAPHAMSTER And how's the food import trade?

DEER Couldn't you talk about business after I've gone to bed.

SNAPHAMSTER Sorry, Bambi.

GOD Lovely. So, back to Victor, who is now eighteen. Things have got better for Victor now his father is dead. He no longer wets himself at night. And following the accident, he no longer masturbates so compulsively. Every morning Victor goes to work. I think he's turning into someone.

DEATH *(Sings)* You get up in the morning, or your shadow does
You dress it and send it out on the street
It is cold
It wants to go to bed
It doesn't want to be with strangers so early in the morning.

A touch of heaven in the hearth
Would be wonderful – so wonderful
A touch of flying in the hearth
Would be wonderful – so wonderful

DEATH That was good.

GOD Victor puts something modern on, washes with modern water, so that he doesn't smell of human.....

DEER Have you ever smelt them when they're wet?

TAPIR Disgusting!

SNAPHAMSTER Smelly belly – give it some welly.

GOD And goes with other modern humans into a modern building.

VICTOR'S FEAR (*dressed as a record dealer*). Victor.

VICTOR Can I help.

VICTOR'S FEAR Would you like to give us a brief outline of the demands of your occupation?

VICTOR It is important that I go to work on a mountain bike. The bike has to be a Stevens, the journey crosses 28 junctions. We kick off with a motivation meeting. I present my success list for the day, consisting of the 32 success pointers. In the office it is my job to raise motivational thrust at the point of sale. I will search for proprietary corridors, find them, carpet them and open the doors to new income. Everything is strategy. Everything is planning. On the telephone it is my job to motivate our media partners and give input to healthy outlets.

VICTOR'S FEAR In short, what do you actually do?

VICTOR I, I have to sell music, not very good music. I must be hard at it, I must know the right words and wear the right things.

VICTOR'S FEAR And is it not perhaps true that you're scared shitless? Because you just don't get how an old fuckwit like you got this job, because you know you can't hack it. You're sweaty with fear because any second now it'll dawn on them.

VICTOR Yes, sir.

VICTOR'S FEAR You see, it is possible. Now, off to work. Pull yourself together man, praise be to Madame God, it's nearly the weekend. That will be fab.

DEATH (*Sings*) Oh so empty
Oh so dead
Sundays really do my head.
All days are lovely
Cause man goes to work.
Sundays are empty, Sundays are dead
Sundays really do my head.

VICTOR'S FEAR So, you'd like to go sleep, let your brain sink into a warm puddle, your body too, so you never have to move again. So that you can float out up into heaven, dissolve, rain down on the faces of the people who tormented you with their disinterest. But you are not entitled to exhaustion, or even to decent dreams. Roads are tormented

by terrible boredom. People are constantly running on the tarmac and have nothing else to look at apart from other people. And if we took away what keeps them going – buyings things – it would be a sadistic pleasure. Many commit suicide at the weekend, in this air woven from stupid ideas. Come on. Let's go to the zoo, take a walk, as a couple or individually. They don't comprehend that walking does not bring a tempo to life, going and seeing something is no more than that, seeing something, the latest picture atop the pile of ridiculous pictures already in their brain. *Tickles Victor.*

Scene 6

A girl is sitting at a table in a café and talking to herself.

TINA Every day is the same, full of shadows and myself. Waiting. For something to happen, much greater than I can possibly imagine, which changes everything, reverberates. Waiting for a surprise. For an earthquake, the conferral of a Nobel prize, my God, for anything. So I wait, with that sort of waiting feeling in my stomach, and nothing happens. Every day begins with the postman saying: “Nothing for you.”

A couple of weeks ago love popped along, one evening, just when I didn't want anything other than to sit in a café drinking tonic water. A band was playing music quietly and I looked around, at the trees, whose abundant branches seemed to be stretching out towards me, and under them I saw the young boy. With skin of a beautifully strange brown hue and with soft eyes and hair. My heart hurt, because he was so beautiful. We spoke to each other in French. Nothing that had gone before mattered except him and me. We went home. In my arms was a warm being, like a puppy for me to stroke, to lap up his skin, because there was no need for words. Never is. Didn't need to know anything about him, misunderstandings happen only with words, I thought the day after the night before. I thought of him every minute. Dreamt. Of a life, a silent life in a foreign land, with him. Nothing else was important any more.

SNAPHAMSTER Bugger. I forgot the girl. I'll have to go.

DEER Just as it was getting romantic.

SNAPHAMSTER That's why I remembered. I've got to think of my libido. Be right back.

TAPIR Bring some fresh carrots with you.

VICTOR *(is lying on his bed playing a board game with his Fear)*. I don't like the week. At the weekend I don't like myself. It would be so nice to have a nice feeling for once.

VICTOR'S FEAR *yawns*. Forget it.

TINA And he stood in my flat. And looked at me. Looked so beautiful. And? He touched me, again and again. Touched me and touched me again. I can manage. It's just a man, who touches me. My skin stayed cold and my thoughts were somewhat empty. I tried to speak, but couldn't, because of the language, or perhaps because there was nothing to say. So he stood up and left.

VICTOR'S FEAR Victor, don't pull such a face. Whoever said being young is beautiful. So stuffed but not stuffed enough to puke.

VICTOR I want a girlfriend.

GOD The weekend is over, spent in a daze, a drunken stupor, or just slept away, and finally he arrives – the little Monday.

The Little Monday appears.

VICTOR A little Monday – how lovely.

VICTOR'S FEAR Soon it will be the weekend again, then again, and again and so on until you die and nothing has happened.

VICTOR Will it always be like it is now?

VICTOR'S FEAR No, it'll get worse.

VICTOR But before all that I would like to have a girlfriend.

GOD What about that one over there?

TINA Love closed the door. The trees are back and a postman drops by and whispers: there is nothing for you in this lifetime.

VICTOR Oooh, she is sweet.

GOD That's Tina. A nice young girl, just right for Victor.

VICTOR'S FEAR Unfortunately, I think she's far too pretty for you.

VICTOR But she's soooooo gorgeous.

GOD Come on, Victor, sit down next to the girl.

Victor runs away.

VICTOR'S FEAR Oh dear, Victor, can't you sleep? That's all the excitement. You know that noone will ever love you and you can't sleep. You think only of her, all day, all night, and you see her bathed in a warm golden light with breasts you would like to snuggle between, as if on a lifeboat which will carry you two to a country all of your own. But, my friend, I think it's all going to go wrong.

VICTOR Go screw yourself.

VICTOR'S FEAR Steady. You'll soon realise that I am the only one who's loyal to you.

VICTOR It would be so nice to have someone to wake up next to me.

VICTOR'S FEAR I wake up next to you.

VICTOR That's different.

TAPIR I think the time has come for some product placement.

Jingle.

TAPIR God I really fancy a hedgehog.

DEER I wish you luck. I remember your attempts with the puffer fish.

TAPIR Or the complete disaster with the naked snail?

DEER But help is here.

TAPIR Really?

DEER May I present the new small animal copulation unit. Simply clamp the animal in and your night of unforgettable passion is at hand.

TAPIR Wow. Horny.

Scene 7

DEATH *sings.* Oh what a night. My God it's great.
So warm, and the moon is rising.
A silvery light shines on your face
I stare at it and think
How I once looked at you
The whole night through
A year ago, a day ago
When my overwhelming love
Made me cry silently
So not to wake you
Long ago.

I could not get enough of you.
I thought it would last for ever
No longer alone, I thought,
As my tears fell and woke you
You ran away with me into the night
And we held on tight in the moonlight
Long ago.

GOD An evening as warm as skin and Victor is not going straight home. He has his reasons. The station is calling him. Perhaps he wants to spot trains. Perhaps he just wants to see a peep-show. At any rate, something is pulling Victor towards the station. Let's watch what happens.

DEATH *sings.* I see your mouth wide open.
I see your crooked nose.
You do not waken as you wish to sleep.
You are tired of me as I am of you.
I go into a night as warm as I am
And there I find only a man sleeping.
Tonight.

VICTOR'S FEAR Victor, where do you think you're going? Victor, you have to go home, you know how different routes upset you.

VICTOR Just be quiet, you shit.

DEATH I could never see enough of her.
I thought it was forever.
No longer alone, I thought
As my tears fell and woke you
You ran away with me into the night
And we held on tight in the moonlight
Long ago.

GOD That is Tina. She's spent her day working for a production company. And now she's on her way to the station, which isn't even on her way home. She has her reasons. Alongside Tina we can see Tina's Fear.

TINA'S FEAR Hi! I'm Tina's Fear. Tina's just got back from Bali and is soon off to Greece. She has friends, she has money, loads of CDs, and it's not really her fault that the rave scene has got so boring. Nor is it her fault that taking tabs is boring, and fucking is boring and so so slow, and then the condoms always rip and you have to go for a test, and not even that gives her a thrill. Being famous is the only thing that might give her a thrill, but not really, I mean, what can they do that Tina can't and there's no point to any of it anyway.

VICTOR Could I perhaps sit down?

TINA That would be nice.

Victor's Fear and Tina's Fear sit down next to them. They introduce themselves.

VICTOR'S FEAR How many breakdowns do you achieve a month?

TINA'S FEAR Without being too modest, three or four.

VICTOR'S FEAR Heart palpitations?

TINA'S FEAR Uncontrollable fits of crying.

VICTOR'S FEAR How much longer to you think you'll stay?

TINA'S FEAR She's not very stable. Difficult to say. Whoops! Watch out....

TINA Have I seen you before?

VICTOR'S FEAR Don't speak to her. Just walk away.

VICTOR Yes, I saw you once before. You were wonderful.

TINA'S FEAR He only wants a fuck. He only wants a fuck.

DEER She will only love you if you say something. What about a short song? Or a poem about the October Revolution. Girls get off on that.

TAPIR Marching into sunrise, we comrades
Conquer the enemy at the gate
All stand to recognise our strength
Weapons in hand we wait

DEER Oh my lovely bear.

TINA Do you know what happens when I go home? Nothing happens. I run around the flat and it doesn't matter what I look like. The beautiful furniture takes no notice of me. I look out of the window. I rub cream into myself, make myself something to eat, take it to bed, eat it up and I know exactly how I will get up in the morning, eat breakfast in bed and I know the way to work as well. I know it all, every step, every sentence that I will say during the day.

TAPIR Go on, grab hold of her, give her one, she needs it.

DEER Do something!

Victor bends over the girl and kisses her.

TINA I.

VICTOR Me too.

TINA'S FEAR Just look, he wants to smooch. And you go along with it. That's just cheap. Better leave quickly, before it's too late and you make a fool of yourself.

TINA I've got to.

VICTOR So have I.

VICTOR'S FEAR Now you've really cocked things up. Now she thinks you only want to copulate with her. Better get home quickly.

The Fears shake hands. Victor goes home and lies down on his bed.

VICTOR'S FEAR Phew, you were lucky to get out of there without a mark on you. That could have been very embarrassing. Just forget her. She wasn't really that wonderful.

VICTOR But it hurts.

Victor cries. The animals boo and throw vegetables at the stage.

TINA'S FEAR He only kissed you because he was bored, or cold, or wanted to sleep with you. Love doesn't exist. It doesn't matter why not. Besides you really are too fat. Or too ugly. Or too boring. You'll never find anyone. It's not for you.

TINA If he doesn't love me, then I've nothing to lose.

She goes over to Victor.

VICTOR'S FEAR Chuck her out. Chuck her out. She's definitely got some disease or other.

VICTOR Piss off.

Scene 8

Victor, Tina and the two Fears in bed.

TINA A few years ago I thought the Baltic was the biggest sea in the world. Was in fact the world and so represented everything I would never have. Travelling there was like going to America, far away, to the land of opportunity. I arrived just as the day was preparing to go to bed. The sea was bright with small waves, which sounded like suntan oil making angry sounds. The sea wants to sleep and doesn't want to be stared at. But there are still people there watching it. Sitting and staring – heaven only knows why - at the sea, which wants to go to sleep. It looks black, silver, red and above all as if it will not stop, never start, is as eternal as the universe. And perhaps the people have some sense of something bigger than they are and are comforted by it, when they watch. Somewhere, where my eyes began to fail, freedom began, and it was called Amsterdam and Zurich. On beaches all over the world people sit and watch the sea. From above they look like ants, a dark seam in the brightness before the blue begins. Millions sit and watch the sea and think of eternity, of heartache, they think of the end and of far off lands, they think – I should live by the sea, I should travel, I should change my life. Millions of people are bewitched by the sea. Have a brief insight. Notice that the world doesn't care if they muck up their lives. The sea will still be there, later on. And for a brief moment they have an idea or are comforted or think, tomorrow, tomorrow I will change everything. That's how people think, when they look at the sea, short, small thoughts about something much bigger than they are, and the thoughts turn into air and rain and fall back into the sea and are carried away, and the people stand up and forget, just have a slight longing when they are away from the sea. But what they are longing for they no longer know.

VICTOR'S FEAR For heaven's sake, once girls start to talk, they absolutely never stop.

VICTOR I don't know what you mean.

TINA'S FEAR Lies, lies, lies. You know nothing. Boys can't love. They want to screw, that's all.

TINA I think I'm....

VICTOR Me too.... *Pause.*

VICTOR I don't think I'll ever be afraid again.

The Fears go off in a strop into the corner.

PART THREE: THIRTY TILL WHENEVER

Scene 9

Victor is lying in bed with Tina

GOD A year has passed. Victor and Tina are very much in love. Life is like a song and one could almost believe it will stay like this forever.

TINA'S FEAR This is fab.

VICTOR'S FEAR The moment one becomes an adult is worse. Different to how one had imagined. If you thought it would be something gentle that happens overnight and doesn't hurt, that happens in another world far far away. Then you're wrong. There is life before becoming an adult and life after and they are both humiliating.

VICTOR He is so pretentious.

TINA Who?

VICTOR Forget it.

Tina looks around and sees her own Fear crouching next to Victor's Fear.

TINA I'm so happy with you.

VICTOR Yes, but don't you think we should go out occasionally?

TINA And do what?

VICTOR Go to the cinema or take a trip.

TINA Are you bored with me?

VICTOR'S FEAR The times in which I was really an artist seem well and truly over. The personalities with whom I worked. Little Jimmy Scott, Dinu Lipati, Hans Heinz Ewers, Aleister Crowley – men who became my friend. Whose creativity I spurred on. From whom I learnt. Together we became history. I loved my profession. Used to. When I think I have lost faith in everything, the only thing left is to play the piano. Gone, gone gone. Gone are the days when I accompanied Basho on a walk, accompanied Beethoven into silence, van Gogh into self-mutilation. I've forgotten that I was once able to choose my clients. Turning down Dali, Madame Kempner, the hysterical Brontë sisters - too simple, no real challenge. No time, as I wanted to devote myself to the piano. I am exhausted by the triviality of my present

existence. Exhausted and yet I don't have the courage to walk out. What enables me to get through today are the lessons of an earlier time, music, and the hope that one day Adorno might return.

TINA'S FEAR Come on, have another drink. You're taking the whole thing too seriously. You can't mix business with pleasure. Cheers.

TAPIR Amazing to think that at one time people of importance actually existed.

DEER Evolution, darling. Evolution. It runs backwards, like time.

TINA Do you think we might maybe have sex?

VICTOR We had sex last month.

VICTOR'S FEAR Growing up does not happen overnight. Don't get your hopes up on that score. It comes in small waves. That flow in and out of your life, and each wave brings a sad presentiment. Makes you realise that your life is coming to an end. All at once you realise how quickly time is passing. You notice in an instant that nothing ever changes. You still haven't grasped the point of whole thing, the fantastic life hasn't started yet, with its great emotions. But you have recognised death. And you understand that noone will ever give you anything, noone will make your life great, that life itself is miserable, your nice job, your nice flat, your friendly friends, who all get married and have children, and then your acquaintances start to die and you still don't know what it's all about. You can't have a try at different lives, you only get the one, the one you didn't really choose, it was simply there.

TINA'S FEAR And those short skirts go into the rubbish. It's not that they no longer fit, but something about them is not quite right and you can't even say what it is. Perhaps it's something around the eyes that says this is no longer the look of a girl. And it no long occurs to you to fall in love with rockstars.

DEATH *sings* I always walk alone to the beach
It could even be down a lane
And there you were - the sweetest peach
I found you in the rain

Before you my life meant nothing
Then all at once it was clear
To be alone is simply suffering

Te chiero – vamos a la playa
Tu mio fiore die Biscaya
Besamo mucho mi amor – ti corazon
Paella e ejaculation (transpiration)

I cannot bear what I know you think
Your mind is away and above
But on my own I simply sink
And together we call it love

Before you my life meant nothing
Then all at once it was clear
Life is only good when you are near

Te chiero – vamos a la playa
Tu mio fiore die Biscaya
Besamo mucho mi amor – ti corazon
Paella e ejaculation (transpiration)

Chicas a caricas
Il tiempo a mui bien mi amor
Un dos tres
Bruschta gruschta muschta verlushta
Ga ga ga gasch
Canta caca canta
Du figlio di dio

Á la derecha
Á l'isquierda
Y todo mi cabeza
Macarena!

TINA We've been together more than three years. And we love each other just as much as we did in the beginning.

VICTOR Hmm.

TINA I think it is so wonderful how easy it is between us.

VICTOR'S FEAR (*To Tina's Fear*) Dear colleague, I think the time has come for slight intervention. (*To Victor*). You're bored with her. You don't want to picture getting old with her, because you are old already.

TINA'S FEAR He's slipping away from you. He's going to leave you. Talk a lot, that's what men like the most.

TINA I'm pregnant.

VICTOR Somehow that could be quite nice.

VICTOR'S FEAR Victor, I'm back again. Are you confused?

VICTOR Yes, a bit, maybe. I mean – I'm not really happy at all.

VICTOR'S FEAR I don't get it. A kid is something special. A semi-cripple, with diarrhoea, German measles. It loves you so much. Drug addiction, HIV, trips, syphilis, chancroids. It is like the beginning of a new life. Son kills parents with an axe. So sweet. Dyslexia, malformation, cholera, blood, brains on the ceiling. Oh dear, I really didn't want to do that. Decorating the Christmas tree. Intestines on it. Your father had a lovely time with you.

GOD A child is a gift from God.

DEATH Take yourself a little more seriously, why don't you.

TINA Victor, where do you think we should put the cot?

VICTOR'S FEAR You see, she's no longer thinking of you.

VICTOR In the cellar, perhaps?

TINA Would you have anything against it sleeping in our bed?

VICTOR'S FEAR She's gone mad. Come on, let's get out of here.

VICTOR I've got to go.

Victor goes for a drink with his Fear.

VICTOR When I see her fat bum and the stretch marks, I don't fancy her any more. I'm checking out younger girls. With their short skirts, their small tits, these girls are everywhere, their firm flesh, their snappy fannies, tiny hairs on their arms. And I hate myself for it. Younger girls. Will I never be able to have another?

VICTOR'S FEAR You can have others. But you mustn't tell her?

VICTOR Really?

VICTOR'S FEAR Of course.

DEATH Cheating on pregnant women is unlucky.

GOD For once I must agree with you. Ah, I can see, the child has been born already.

DEER It's terrible the way they breed.

VICTOR'S FEAR In this dying world what hope is there for love. It doesn't grow on fallow ground. Men and women have turned back into what they were at the moment of their conception by hedonism, consumerism, the disappearance of the community – and what were they: two

separate races, needful of each other for keeping house, mutual understanding and sympathy....

GOD What is he talking about?

DEATH He's become an intellectual.

GOD Success has made him mad.

Victor sits down opposite Tina.

TINA Don't you love me anymore?

VICTOR You know, love is one of those words, and when I think about it, then I have to say

VICTOR'S FEAR Coward.

VICTOR No.

Scene 10

TINA The night I wanted to die wasn't quite dark, nor light, just murky like everything else in that six months reserved for death. Still half asleep I watched myself get up, dress the child, go to the office, eat pot noodles in the breaks and have telephone conversations with people who would start lying at the first sign of day. Just lay there, without moving, my eyes closed, my soul closed and felt as if I was dead. It was as if I was lying there in order not to make decisions, not to be responsible for my life. The day I wanted to die was very peaceful, a good day. Lay in my bed and wanted to start the descent, when a little gecko hopped onto my bed and began to dance, despite a wooden leg. Laughed and sang. Carpets now come in room sizes, he said, and I killed the hideous thing and started dying again.

DEER My friend, the gecko.

TINA Why didn't anyone say when we were born what sort of a job we were going to have of it, instead they tell you a whole load of rubbish, what to wear, what to eat and how to cross the road. There should be a king, dammit, who speaks to all the newborns before the birth and tells them what it's all about. My dear little thing, in a couple of days you will come into the world and it will be your job to become a plumber, to raise a child and to build a compost heap. Don't try and want anything more or I will bump you off.

TINA'S FEAR I think we'd be better off going. We've nothing more to lose here.

Tina packs and leaves. With the child. And her fear. Victor returns home and Tina is gone.

TAPIR There's bound to be an epilogue.

Scene 11

VICTOR'S FEAR She's gone . Feel better now?

VICTOR No, I don't feel better.

VICTOR'S FEAR Sorry about that.

GOD Victor is not relieved. Without religion and without a family, man is very close to extinction. Falling into bad ways.

VICTOR'S FEAR Now you're alone, that's fantastic. You're young, healthy. You've a decent income and you've just become totally free.

Victor sits down at a table opposite his Fear, dressed as the boss of the record company.

VICTOR'S FEAR Yes, so, my friend. You have worked hard, fast and efficiently. Raised thrust, in- and output, very good, very good, and I would really like to say here and now, hey, you, good man, time for a pay rise, but instead I'm going to say, it's time for you to re-orientate. I'm sure you've no desire to work as some sort of fossil here amongst all the eighteen-year old. Make a fool of yourself. We don't want that. Good day and good bye.

VICTOR What shall I do now?

VICTOR'S FEAR How do you feel about killing yourself?

VICTOR Not so great.

SNAPHAMSTER I'm back. Have I missed much?

DEER He's just thinking about killing himself.

SNAPHAMSTER Interesting, what men think of.

TAPIR Only those who think they're important take their own lives.

SNAPHAMSTER I just can't imagine it. What an ego.

TAPIR It's got something to do with being equal with God, you know, that figure they invented in order to keep their egos in check.

SNAPHAMSTER What could they possible mean by love?

DEER Petting.

TAPIR The word love is not in the new dictionary. And it leaves no hole, it's enriching. With a bit of luck he won't kill himself.

ANIMALS Go on living, go on living!

VICTOR Just shut up, you filthy animals.

TAPIR Victor, just go, go out. Change your life, well, what's left of it. Go to Italy. To the seaside. Catch fish, anything's better than sitting in your flat, rotting alive. Go on, Victor, get out there.

SNAPHAMSTER You could get dressed, have a wash, go to a bar and pick up a girl.

VICTOR *To his Fear.* Should I?

VICTOR'S FEAR What are you talking about?

VICTOR I said. I'm going out. Without you.
God sings "We're all just animals".

VICTOR'S FEAR I knew that.

VICTOR Take this.
He hits his Fear and knocks him out. Gets dressed and goes into a bar. There's a girl there.

VICTOR Hello girl. Do you want to come with me.

GIRL Absolutely not.
Victor hits her and drags her into his flat where he kills her.

TAPIR That was not what he meant, Victor. Try again. Come on, get a move on.
Victor gets up, throws the corpse out of the window and goes into another bar.

VICTOR Hello girl. Do you want to have sex with me?

GIRL I think I'd rather not.
Victor knocks her down. Death comes and hands him an axe.

VICTOR'S FEAR Go on, I dare you. They're mocking you, the little tarts. Give it to 'em.
Victor gives it to them. The music is silent.

GOD Madame Death, your entrance. As for you, Victor, I have to inform you that killing people, unfortunately, is just not done. I can count two corpses, three, if we include your father. So now I have to take you with me and lock you up for twenty years.

VICTOR ooooooh.

TAPIR They're all going off. Music! Music!

SNAPHAMSTER Time for a little artistic pause.

DEER Oh yes, I can do the dance of the seven veils.

TAPIR And I can tap.

SNAPHAMSTER What are we waiting for?

*The animals all dance to "We're all just Animals"
A little finale.*

PART FOUR: OLD AGE

Scene 12

DEATH *(sings)* Teeth so yellow, skin so slack
Oh to have the old life back
Back again, no chance there
No work for me and that's not fair

You smell so foul, you smell so flat
Still you beg for your old life back
And I say NO, are you mad
You're just compost, it's so sad.

NURSE Morning. Breakfast. Get up. Off to the Love Parade. Pick up some
girls. Pack a suitcase and cool as a wave off to Ibiza. No? What have
we lined up for today, Victor. Oh, nothing. Lying in bed and filling
our trousers. Hm, that's another possibility.

Puts a food bowl down

VICTOR What happened to my arm?

NURSE We had to amputate, better that way, less to wash.

VICTOR I want to leave here, but I want to.....

GOD And a warm welcome to the final resting station. At last, Victor is at
peace. His life was demanding, so one can talk of being pleasantly
tired of life.

Victor lies in bed. Victor's Fear sits next to him.

VICTOR I swear.....

GOD And what do you swear?

VICTOR I swear everything. I just want to wake up one more time in my bed,
snow all around outside. My eyes on a tree white with frost.

GOD You want me to hang your eyes on a tree?

VICTOR I want to travel to Asia. Sleep in a grubby hotel under a mosquito net.
And be woken at 5 in the morning by cycle bells, go out on a dusty
street and drink filthy coffee.

GOD Of course, filthy coffee.

VICTOR I want to meet a girl and after one night travel with her to Paris. Look out over the rooftops and know the world belongs to us. I would love her. I would know what it means to have someone in my arms. To have found someone to love, I would know what that means.

GOD You did have a girl once.

VICTOR I thought, Tina was just one girl and others would surely come along, if that one broke. I want, oh please, please, I want to run across a field in November, my nose red from the cold, and then run into a room with a fire in the grate, hot tea and then to bed, with the window wide open, untouched by the November air.

GOD Anything else?

VICTOR I want to live in London, in Hong Kong, in Paris. I want to go to the sea. Please, please, I want to see the sea one more time.

DEATH They always want to go to the sea at the end, idiots. Want to crouch by the sea, stare at the water, at the sky, listen to the sounds of the waves and pollute the air with their pathetic thoughts: Oh, the universe, they think, it really is unending, and then they stare importantly into the air, hold their heads to one side what else, the universe.

NURSE Midday. Bon appetit, dirty trousers. Keep that pecker up.

GOD Old age arrives overnight and that's no good, if you've not lived enough.

DEATH *(Sings)* There lies a man stretched on his bier
Thinking of much happier years
Such strange smells, it's all so cold
There's no one there, for he's too old

To himself he cries and whimpers
Man oh man, please don't simper
Take a knife, slash your veins
Jump off that bridge for your pains.

NURSE Whoops, another day gone and time to sleep. Life's good to you. I have to go home, wash my firm young body which stinks of old people, you know what I mean, then dress myself up, because I'm going for dinner with my boyfriend, and he grabs me under the table, and I press my knickers or my fanny against his hand, and he strokes them or it or both, then off to the restaurant for a quick shag, and then dancing, dancing, dancing, have a blast, go home, cuddle, then sleep. It's going to be knackered. Boy, I envy you. Time to go.

VICTOR Something has to happen. That can't have been it. Life can't have been such a little thing.

VICTORS FEAR Perhaps you need to have proper sex again.

VICTOR Oh yes! My dick is good, my fine dick, my good friend, hoho. What a dick, I can spear all in my path, slip it in, throw the covers off, explosion, slight pause and I'm off again. Bite into fresh flesh, chew pants, spit them out, then off on my machine again and sparks fly.....

DEATH Oh God...

GOD What is it?

DEATH Are you listening to this? It's disgusting.

VICTOR My dick, we'll go together. Fuck a couple of honeys, you buckeroo, my dick, I'm going to screw you all, fill you up, you horny bitches, you know you want it. Fuck, wank, screw, suck, bite it off, you horny horn.

DEATH Excuse me if I interrupt. I've come to get you.

VICTOR I still have to fuck, leave me, there's so much fucking to be done.

DEATH Have you finished?

VICTOR Please, please.....

DEATH Okay man, it was just a joke.

NURSE So, we got through another night. Fantastic, I'm delighted, now you can really have fun today, can't you?

VICTOR What happened to my dick?

NURSE We had to amputate, take it away, all clean now. Bon appetit, don't slurp, don't wet your bed, sheets are only changed once a year. I don't know how you all let yourselves go like that. That won't happen to me, I promise you that. Old people really have no willpower. No fun, just bitter old bedwetters. I'm not going to end up like that. For one thing I'll get quite old, but still look good, remain active and live with some really nice people in a really nice house.

VICTOR *(To his Fear)* Come over here, please, hold my hand.

VICTOR'S FEAR I'm not sure that comfort is the corner I fight in.

VICTOR But you're the only one who was always by my side.

VICTOR'S FEAR Let me tell you something. I didn't choose it. It's my job.

VICTOR Did noone love me?

VICTOR'S FEAR Well, let me put it like this, and speaking honestly, I'd say probably not.

TAPIR That's so sad. They're looking for something that doesn't exist.

DEER They're talking about petting again?

TAPIR What else, they're guided by their instincts. Just look where that gets them. Would never happen to us. Thanks to our extraordinary gene technology.

NURSE I think he's only got a couple more minutes.

GOD It doesn't look good, the end is near.

DEATH It was all fairly unspectacular. I usually prefer something with more pizzazz.

NURSE Let go of my hand, dirty drawers. I'm not here to hold your hand. Pretty sad really, when there's noone else. Did you always think it would all work out somehow. Plenty of time, you thought. Every day I watch them die. Noone dies happy. They all have to reproach themselves for not being there at the end. You are alone, with your worries, between these four walls. The worry comes and so does the knowledge that you are nothing, that nothing will remain, that you don't want to go, have to go, have achieved nothing and there is noone there to hold your hand, wipe your eyes, one more time, hold your head when it wants to sink forward. Alone, the whole time, because you could not share, perhaps noone can share, care, impossible, they're only human. Man, that was some speech for a stupid geriatric nurse.

Madame God and Madame Death congratulate the Nurse.

VICTOR Please, please, I want to begin again. I know what has to be done. Please, I'd give everything that I own.

DEATH *(Sings)* Mercy oh mercy they whimper
The maggots are coming, I simper
We all know life is too long
So why can't you try to be strong?

Things can only improve
On earth what is there to lose
You suffered and you fought
Enough, go as you ought

VICTOR'S FEAR What else do you think is going to happen? Do you want to spend another year in bed? Just be glad that it's all over.

Victor cries.

DEATH You know, I'm so used to this sort of scene. Everyone carries on like this. And then it's no fun for me. I'm not a complete swine.

Death tries to extinguish Victor's life. At the same moment his Fear dies.

VICTOR'S FEAR For goodness sake, are you all mad. It's me, good old Fear. Stop it, you idiots.....

Victor's Fear dies.

VICTOR Fear is dead, a pity, I quite liked him.

GOD And now we can start again from the beginning.

VICTOR Oh yes.

TAPIR I think not. Darling, what about a song before bed?

DEER Of course, my little golden bunnykins.

They all sing together 'Ponte Cenere'..