

My Book of Faces

By Inna Eizenberg

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The play features texts by George Carlin, Simone De-Beauvoir and Jean Paul Sartre.

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The characters:

Frizzle

Gecko

Windbag

Pigmy

Spigot

The five are childhood friends from a distant south Israeli city. They are 28 years old. All five live in a large city by the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Pigmy and Windbag have been married for three years. They are high school sweethearts. Frizzle and Gecko became a couple after their military service and live together. Spigot lives alone. Frizzle and Pigmy are best friends. Gecko, Windbag and Spigot served together in the military, are best friends and occasionally ride their bicycles together in the countryside.

All text in the play is spoken and no computers appear on stage. There are two kinds of dialog:

"in reality" (regular font)

and

"online" (Italic)

Indicating two different theatrical languages used on the stage.

1.

Frizzle: Status: Frizzle is now engaged to Gecko. Heart. Post.

Pigmy: Like. Comment: The world's fastest update! Heart, smiley,
hug kiss, hug kiss. Congratulations, sister! Post. Share Frizzle's status on
Windbag's wall. Comment: Babe, get this! Post.

Windbag: Like.

Spigot: Comment: So fall the great and mighty. Post.

Windbag: Like.

Frizzle: (To Gecko) 132 people like this. 73 comments.

New comment: Thanks lovely people! Post. (To Gecko) Babe, did you
change your status yet?

Gecko: In a minute.

Frizzle: The sounds this game makes are horrid.

Gecko: Getting to level 74 and I'm out.

Frizzle: It's driving me mad.

Gecko: Where's my headset?

Frizzle: I'm off. Babe?

Gecko: Yes ducky.

Frizzle: I love you.

Gecko: I love you too, ducky.

Frizzle: You're sweet. I have to get going.

Gecko: My parents will be here at eight.

Frizzle: Great. Brasserie?

Gecko: Already booked a table.

Frizzle: Do you want me to invite Spigot, Windbag and Pigmy?

Gecko: Why?

Frizzle: La familia...

Gecko: One step at a time, ducky.

Frizzle: One prawn at a time.

Gecko: One love at a time.

Frizzle: You're frying your brain with this game.

Gecko: I have to level my Paladin. A mage is no good for tanking.

Frizzle: Mommy, help.

Gecko: Bye, ducky.

Frizzle: Bye babe.

2.

Frizzle: On my way to claaassss thinking 'bout my dreeeeeessss... [Post](#).

Pigmy: [Like. Comment](#): Any particular dress? [Post](#).

Frizzle: [Comment](#): Maybe... Smiley. [Post](#).

Pigmy: [Comment](#): Let me guess. Mmm... Something chic yet classy, original but not extravagant? Simple and yet sophisticated? Don't like the puffy ones but want to feel unique...Winking smiley. [Post](#).

Frizzle: [Comment](#): Evil Pigmy. Winking smiley. Coffee tonight? [Post](#).

Pigmy: Comment: Yesssss! Dying to see you engaged... Post.

Frizzle: Like.

3.

Spigot: All right, you lazy lizard, what is wrong with you? It's just a short ride!

Gecko: I'm fucked up mate. My head's been pounding since Tuesday.

Spigot: But when you ride downhill, blood goes into your damaged brain
faster. Listen to Spigot.

Gecko: No mate, I'm really tired.

Spigot: I'll drop by after.

Gecko: Better shower first.

Spigot: You don't get to meet a gay Gecko every day.

Gecko: Fuck you, mate.

Spigot: Will do, mate. Make yourself comfortable. Seriously, snap out of it
already.

Gecko: I will. Thanks Spigot.

Spigot: Salam Aleykum.

Gecko: Aleykum Salam.

4.

Pigmy: Are you a tired giraffe?

Windbag: No. A bit.

Pigmy: I'm going to meet Frizzle for coffee.

Windbag: Say hi for me.

Pigmy: Okay. How about dinner at Siam House tomorrow?

Windbag: We'll see

5.

Frizzle: What's on your mind: In two hours the nightmare of Family Law is done. Right after that – a hot date with – tag Pigmy. Post.

Pigmy: Like.

6.

Frizzle: You're awesome for picking me up.

Spigot: What good is Spigot working deliveries for the Mafia if he can't pick you up from school?

Frizzle: I think it's brilliant that you are a courier.

Spigot: Is that so.

Frizzle: That is so.

Spigot: Super. Question.

Frizzle: Yes, please.

Spigot: Why in the world would you get married?

Frizzle: Fuck you Spigot, I'm too tired for this. If you can't be happy for me, at least don't give me this bullshit.

Spigot: Come on. Spigot really wants to know. Honestly. Why do

you want to get married?

Frizzle: I'm a lame conformist and I need approval from society, Okay?

Spigot: And?

Frizzle: And I'm trying with everything I've got to forget our high school romance.

Spigot: College.

Frizzle: College my arse, Spigot.

Spigot: That was always off limits. Had a change of mind?

Frizzle: Are you pissed?

Spigot: So sober I wanna kill myself. Do you feel grown up?

Frizzle: No.

Spigot: Are you going to be pregnant?

Frizzle: At some distant point in the future.

Spigot: So get married at some distant point in the future.

Frizzle: I don't want to. I fancy doing it now, okay?

Spigot: Super. If that's what you fancy, who is Spigot to argue? Do you know who the Minister of Transport is now?

Frizzle: What? No.

Spigot: So how can you get married?! You don't know shit.

7.

Windbag: Gecko. Enter.

Gecko: Wait... One sec mate, one sec. Enter. Let me get this fucking boss and I quit.

Enter. Fuck, fuck!

Windbag: Where's Spigot? Enter.

Gecko: He's working, mate. Enter. Bloody shitting fuck!

Windbag: I told Pigmy I got a reserve call up from the army. Enter.

Pigmy: How was school?

Frizzle: Amazing as usual. Family Law makes me so wet. Oh, by the way, We're having a Rabbi free wedding.

Pigmy: No Rabbi at the wedding? How come?

Frizzle: Civil marriage.

Pigmy: You can get married without a Rabbi?

Frizzle: We can.

Pigmy: What's wrong with a Rabbi?

Frizzle: We don't want a religious wedding.

Pigmy: What's the Rabbi got to do with it?

Frizzle: If a Rabbi marries us, its religious, Pigmy.

Pigmy: So what are you going to do without a Rabbi?

Frizzle: Stop saying Rabbi! We're going to say alternative vows

Pigmy: When did you become the lefty?

Frizzle: What? I just don't want this dark figure at my wedding.

Pigmy: So you're not "getting married" getting married.

Frizzle: We are getting married. We're writing the vows and we'll have rings
and everything.

Gecko: When is it? Enter.

Windbag: I told her October. 10th. Enter.

Gecko: How come they didn't call me up? Enter.

Windbag: They didn't call me up either. But I told her they did. Enter.

Frizzle: Gecko always said he didn't want a Rabbi.

Pigmy: Are you going to wear white?

Frizzle: Yes.

Pigmy: A white dress?

Frizzle: Yes a white dress, I'm getting married.

Pigmy: Okay fine. Now spill it, how did he propose?

Frizzle: He didn't "propose" propose. We talked about it and decided to get
married.

Pigmy: So how did you get the ring?

Frizzle: We went shopping for it together.

Pigmy: Wow.

Frizzle: Wow what? That he didn't kneel?

Pigmy: Yeah.

Frizzle: All that fuss, it's just not us.

Pigmy: Obviously.

Frizzle: What?

Pigmy: I just think it's sort of pretentious.

Frizzle: Anything different from your wedding is pretentious?!

Pigmy: I'm just saying. Why can't you have a normal wedding?

Frizzle: Because I don't believe in god and Gecko doesn't believe in god and normal in this country includes god!

Pigmy: So why get married at all?

Frizzle: We're not marrying god, we're making a promise to each other!

Pigmy: Can't you make a promise at home?

Frizzle: Okay. Why did you and Windbag get married?

Pigmy: Now that is a good question.

Frizzle: Something wrong?

Pigmy: Did Gecko get a call up from the army for October?

Frizzle: No, he was there for a whole month in August. Windbag went too, didn't he?

Pigmy: Yeah, and they called him up again. October 10th.

Frizzle: Not good.

Pigmy: Not too bad either.

Frizzle: Pigmy, is something wrong?

Pigmy: Yes.

8.

Spigot: Status: Salam Aleykum, Aleykum Salam. Here's how it is. Spigot is not going to India next summer, Spigot is getting a suit and off to a wedding next summer. Our mate Gecko is marrying our mate Frizzle. Super. Spigot sends – tag Frizzle and – tag Gecko all of his love and to Grandma Miriam who doesn't have a book of faces, Spigot sends an A-men. May a rocket never fall on the village again and you will never have to run for shelter. Amen. Don't run at all grandma, it's dangerous. Post. Like.

9.

Frizzle: Babe.

Gecko: Yes, ducky.

Frizzle: Babe!

Gecko: Just a sec...

Frizzle: Not again?!

Gecko: I've just started this character today, I have to level him.

Frizzle: Babe, it's really important to you that we don't have a Rabbi at the wedding, right?

Gecko: That's right.

Frizzle: Okay.

Gecko: Sure?

Frizzle: I'm sure. Get this.

Gecko: What is it?

Frizzle: Look.

Gecko: Who uploaded this shit?

Frizzle: Some guy from school.

Gecko: Tit wank .

Frizzle: Why would you say that? It's real.

Gecko: How would you know it's real?

Frizzle: What's eating you?

Gecko: Nothing. I hate it when fuckers like these patronize soldiers. Arseholes
that never held a check post in their pathetic lives.

Frizzle: And how do you know that soldier didn't do it?

Gecko: Did he?

Frizzle: I don't know.

Gecko: Well he didn't.

Frizzle: Baby, he's beating the shit out of that Arab, this is not staged.

Gecko: And how do you know what happened two seconds earlier?

Frizzle: What could have happened?

Gecko: Anything could have happened.

Frizzle: This is terrible. Ugly. This is why we are boycotted in
Europe.

Gecko: What's that?

Frizzle: I am saying that it doesn't matter what happened earlier, the fact that he is caught kicking the Palestinian like that, on tape, that's not good. Soldiers can't behave like that.

Gecko: What the hell is wrong with you?

Frizzle: What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you?

Gecko: Leave me alone.

Frizzle: Dismissed, sergeant.

Pigmy: Write on Sarah's wall: Happy birthday hun, we miss you! Post.

Windbag: Like.

Frizzle: Did you ever do it?

Gecko: Do what.

Frizzle: Did you ever hit an Arab?

Gecko: I never hit people just because I felt like hitting somebody.

Frizzle: Okay. Not just because you felt like it, because something happened before. Did you?

Gecko: I did what I had to do.

Frizzle: Tell me.

Gecko: Tell you what?

Frizzle: What happened there.

Gecko: Nothing happened. And get this shit off my screen.

10.

Windbag: And that's that...

Spigot: Did you tell Gecko?

Windbag: Yeh.

Spigot: What did he have to say?

Windbag: That I can't do it.

Spigot: You can do it.

Windbag: I know I can do it.

Spigot: So Pigmy will think that you're doing reserve time?

Windbag: I'll tell her that we are over the border and there's no signal.

Spigot: She'll be worried sick, mate.

Windbag: What can I do, mate. I gotta take some time off. I gotta breath.

Spigot: You people and your weddings. Spigot wants to go to Amsterdam – Spigot gets on the plane. Doesn't need to tell lies, getting called up and stuff.

Windbag: You're right mate. My knees are killing me.

Spigot: Let's get some rest, mate. Let's call it a day.

Windbag: Why didn't Gecko show?

Spigot: He's playing his game, and he's got a headache since Tuesday.

Windbag: Tell him not to get married. Poor him and poor Frizzle.

Spigot: I told her she shouldn't get married.

Windbag: You told her?

Spigot: Yes I did.

Windbag: You are so fucked up, mate. Take my word for it.

11.

Frizzle: (Reading) "Salam Aleykum, Aleykum Salam... Here's how it is. Spigot is not going to India next summer, Spigot is getting a suit and off to a wedding next summer. Our mate Gecko is marrying our mate Frizzle. Super. Spigot sends Frizzle tagged and Gecko tagged all of his love and to Grandma Miriam who doesn't have a book of faces, Spigot sends an A-men. May a rocket never fall on the village again and you will never have to run for shelter. Amen. Don't run at all it dangerous.

Like. Comment: LOL and Amen. Post.

Share link: An Israeli soldier attacking an unarmed Palestinian. Comment: The writing remains on the wall. Post.

12.

Pigmy: Did you take a sweatshirt?

Windbag: Yeh.

Pigmy: The nights are cold again.

Windbag: Yes, they are.

Pigmy: Where is the pick-up from?

Windbag: The train station.

Pigmy: Do you want me to take you there?

Windbag: it's packed.

Pigmy: That's okay, I called the nursery. Told them I'd be late.

Windbag: No, you don't need to. I'll get there in ten minutes on the number five.

Pigmy: Did you take some cash?

Windbag: Yes.

Pigmy: Talcum powder?

Windbag: Yes.

Pigmy: Charger?

Windbag: Yes.

Pigmy: I'm sorry.

Windbag: Why are you sorry?

Pigmy: Because I thought about someone.

Windbag: What?

Pigmy: I thought about someone else.

Windbag: Thought how?

Pigmy: "Thought" thought.

(PAUSE)

Pigmy: That doesn't bother you at all?

Windbag: I've got to go.

Pigmy: I slept with him.

Windbag: Who?

Pigmy: One of the dads from the nursery.

Windbag: Is he married?

Pigmy: He's divorced but I'm married. To you.

Windbag: When was this?

Pigmy: A month ago.

Windbag: One time?

Pigmy: No.

Windbag: I'm going to Amsterdam.

Pigmy: I know. Are you angry?

Windbag: I wish I was. You knew I wasn't called up to the army?

Pigmy: Who would take his passport and his plane ticket to Amsterdam to go to the army?

Windbag: You went through my things?

Pigmy: I wanted to make sure you have enough money.

Windbag: Why did you tell me?

Pigmy: Because I love you.

Windbag: That's not true.

Pigmy: It is. That's why I told you. And you don't love me anymore. That's why you didn't tell me you were going to Amsterdam.

Windbag: That's not true either.

Pigmy: Then why didn't you tell me?

Windbag: Because I wanted to get back better. I wanted time off for two weeks and I wanted to get back better. Get back to you.

Pigmy: Are you going to fuck in Amsterdam?

Windbag: I don't know.

Pigmy: Will you come back?

Windbag: Now I don't know that.

Pigmy: I am so sorry.

Windbag: This is shit.

Pigmy: Maybe I can come with you?

Windbag: Shit. I don't believe this. Shit. God. This is some fucking shit.

Pigmy: It's because we never talk.

Windbag: I can't talk to you.

Pigmy: I beg your pardon?

Windbag: I can't talk to you. You're a liar.

Pigmy: You're a liar.

Windbag: No honey, you're a liar. And a whore.

Pigmy: Get out.

Windbag: With pleasure.

Pigmy: Men who love their wives are not supposed to give up and go.

Windbag: Women who stand under the huppa in front of my mother while I am putting a ring on their finger, are not supposed to fuck old married people after they marry me.

Pigmy: Who said he's old?

Windbag: Are you still fucking him?

Pigmy: What if I am?

Windbag: Yes or no?

(Windbag kicks a fan)

Pigmy: Fuck! That was fucking new! You're so fucked up.

Windbag: No honey. Maybe if that was your face right there, you could say I'm fucked up. You're fucked up. Get a new fan for your new flat with the old man.

Pigmy: Get the fuck out.

Windbag: You get the fuck out.

Pigmy: I hope you get AIDS in Amsterdam.

Spigot : Share a video on my wall : A fat ginger cat played electric keyboard. Post.
Like

13.

Gecko: Ducky, did you see my knee guards?

Frizzle: Are you going cycling?

Gecko: If I can find my knee guards.

Frizzle: They could be in the washing machine.

Gecko: Why would they be in the washing machine?

Frizzle: I don't know. Can't believe we keep losing things here. It's so small.

Gecko: Maybe they're on the upper shelf?..

Frizzle: Babe, maybe we should look for a new flat.

Gecko: Why?

Frizzle: It's so stuffy in here, and it's tiny and we can never find our things here
and you have to keep rearranging and folding just to make coffee. I'm
sick of the squeezing.

Gecko: I don't want to move now, ducky, I mean, what for?

Frizzle: Do you know what's up with Windbag? Did he land?

Gecko: Yep.

Frizzle: Maybe Pigmy will crash here for a while.

Gecko: Where exactly is she going to sleep?

Frizzle: Exactly! Let's get a bigger flat!

Gecko: So that Pigmy has a place to sleep outside her fancy two bedroom palace?
Does that make sense to you?

Frizzle: Come on, babe, what's so hard about looking for a flat? It's not like it has
to be tomorrow.

Gecko: Maybe we should exchange flats with Windbag.

Frizzle: Why?

Gecko: Because I don't think he's going to need all those rooms when he gets back.

Frizzle: It's terrible. Why would he lie to her like that?

Gecko: Stay out of it, it's none of our business.

Frizzle: But they're our friends, babe, and Pygmy is so sad, and yeh, it is terrible.

Gecko: Yess. Knee guards. Gotta go.

14.

Windbag: Messenger. Search for Spigot. Yo. Enter.

Spigot: Mate! Enter.

Windbag: Yeh mate! Enter.

Spigot: Did you land yet? Enter.

Windbag: Yeh mate. Enter.

Spigot: Did you wear your hat to the Bulldog yet? Enter.

Windbag: Yeh, some good shit they've got here, mate. Enter.

Spigot: Anything babelicious? Enter.

Windbag: Plenty mate. Enter.

Spigot: Where are you staying? Enter.

Windbag: Some place on Leidseplein. Enter.

Spigot: No mate, Leidseplein's no good. Too far away. Enter.

Windbag: Far away? Enter. It's in the center of the center ,you Spigot. Enter.

Spigot: Listen to what Spigot tells you. It's far. What are you doing tonight?
Enter.

Windbag: Going out I guess. Two crazy Germans said they're going to this club.
Enter.

Spigot: Clubbing is for tourists mate, drop it. Get a taxi, I'll text you the
address. Enter.

Windbag: What is it? Enter.

Spigot: It's a members only place. Oligarch shit. They've got McAllen

18 coming out of the toilets and some super-hot female material. Enter.

Windbag: Who's gonna let me in there? Enter.

Spigot: Here's what you tell the bouncer. You say hello my name is Inigo Montoya and they let you in. Enter.

Windbag: OK yeh. Enter.

Spigot: I mean it mate. If you say my name is Inigo Montoya and don't say the hello, they won't let you in. Say it all and don't try to give the bouncer any money. Some crazy night you're gonna have mate. You're going to pray to me every morning for a year. At least. Enter.

Windbag: What, top-shelf whores? For real? What is that, some sort of kinky place with everyone wearing masks? Enter.

Spigot: You'll see mate, trust Spigot, don't ruin your own surprise. Enter.

Windbag: My name is Inigo Montoya? Enter.

Spigot: First hello and only then. Enter.

Windbag: Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya, you killed my father, prepare to die.
Enter.

Spigot: No, you artichoke, you don't say all that! Enter.

Windbag: Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya. Enter. Spigot. Enter. Thanks. Enter.

15.

Frizzle: (reading) "Israeli soldier attacking an unarmed Palestinian. 15 people like this. Comments: Frizzle: The writing remains on the wall.

Gecko: Well done, genius. Take an 18 year old boy, give him a weapon and throw

him into a hell-hole where everyone is trying to kill him. Now wash his brain on a daily basis with tenacity and pride and persistence and purpose. Then turn the video camera on every time he gets spat at or pinched by some fat old granny with a full face hijab that he is not allowed to touch, but every time the camera is turned on just a second or two after she treats him like crap, yelling at him and swearing that she's pregnant at eighty and that he can't search her, pulling his rifle and kicking him in the ankles. Then the camera is turned on five seconds after the granny's nice uncle pulls out a knife. Any parrot can scream:

Occupation! Occupation! just as loud. Learn your shit. Then you will see that the leaders you have chosen to rule over you are a bunch of greedy arseholes who put soldiers in impossible situations while they drive their Mercedes to their private jets. See that every time you feel like trashing an 18 year old soldier who just wants to survive those bloody 36 months and get to India alive. Nothing is more embarrassing to me than the ignorance of demagogues."

(Cries)

16.

Spigot: This is surreal. Why are we even in this store?

Gecko: I got to do it, mate.

Spigot: She "cried" cried?

Gecko: Cried heartbreakingly cried cried. And she's right.

Spigot: What did she say?

Gecko: That she feels terrible. Hurt. That ever since we've decided to get married I've been ignoring her. On my PC all day. Or attacking her politics. She said it should be the two of us together against the world and not

against each other.

Spigot: The chick knows how to make noise.

Gecko: So right though.

Spigot: So what did you do?

Gecko: I promised her that I'd find a bigger place for us to live and that I'd cancel my subscription for the game.

Spigot: Subscription? You're paying money to play that shit?

Gecko: Yeh mate, it's this crazy real-time engine. Think how much money they need to create all the worlds in the game live, real-time, all the time, around the globe. I play with people from all over the world there.

Spigot: So now you're not going to play anymore?

Gecko: I promised Frizzle that we would move and that we'd get the wedding thing organised. Maybe after that's done I'll get a new subscription.

Spigot: All cool mate, but there's something that Spigot just can't seem to grasp. Why are you shopping for wedding attire if Frizzle didn't buy her white puffy marshmallow yet?

Gecko: Because we talked about her dress and she said that she doesn't appreciate it when people try to match the groom's outfit to the bride's dress and that I should wear whatever I like and feel comfortable in. So I thought I would surprise her, and if I buy the clothes before we even have a venue, she'll see that our wedding is more important to me than the game.

17.

Pigmy: And that's about it.

Frizzle: Son of a bitch!

Pigmy: I cheated on him, Frizzle.

Frizzle: Do you think this would have happened if you married someone else?

Pigmy: I don't know.

Frizzle: Is he hot? The nursery daddy?

Pigmy: Not my type.

Frizzle: We live too long. Two hundred years ago you'd get married at twenty, and you would know that in thirty years you'll be a nan with grandchildren and then you would die. That's if you lived long and prospered. That was considered a long and happy life. I mean, how are you supposed to live with someone for sixty years?

Pigmy: I don't know.

Frizzle: What did you feel when you were with the daddy?

Pigmy: Nothing.

Frizzle: Well, you didn't plan for this to happen.

Pigmy: I did. I did plan it.

18.

Spigot: This looks super, mate.

Gecko: Yeh, but I want to wear trainers at the wedding and they
would look stupid with all of this.

Spigot: Spigot reconks this would look brilliant with a pair of trainers.

Gecko: So I started to look at flats. You're not going to believe this
mate, but the prices have gone up again!

Spigot: I know. I'm never leaving my lair.

Gecko: want to swap flats with us?

Spigot: Yeh right, Like I'm going to live in a cubicle just for the tumble dryer and the
view.

Gecko: I don't know what to do. Honestly. I don't think we can afford moving to a
bigger flat. This country is killing us.

Spigot: Are your parents paying for the wedding?

Gecko: Yeh, and we're paying them back.

Spigot: Oh, now this jacket is perfect.

19.

Frizzle: This is supposed to be the happiest time of our lives and..

Pigmy: Not everything is about you.

Frizzle: I know-

Pigmy: No, you don't know. You don't worry about me getting panic attacks every night. You don't care that I'm going to be divorced at twenty nine. All you care about is how Gecko is angry about your stupid video and that you don't fuck so often.

Frizzle: Why didn't you tell me that you had a panic attack?

Pigmy: Because you can actually care about some Arab that you've never seen in your life. Some YouTube video. But you don't care what hell Gecko goes through when he's called up for reserve. You don't care that he's glued to his computer and that he only works at nights, because then he can edit without you claiming all his attention. You just don't care about us.

Frizzle: Okay, first of all, Gecko is a music producer. That means that it's more convenient for him to work at nights, when it's quiet and he can actually hear the music. And second, Pigmy, why are you speaking to me like this?

Pigmy: Three days ago I asked you if it's okay for me to come crash on your couch. You never gave me an answer.

Frizzle: I said of course you can come!

Pigmy: No my dear. You said that since your place is so small. Gecko and you, you always ask each other before you let friends stay with you, and you said that you're sure that he'll be fine with it. And then you never called

me back. Three days.

20.

Windbag: (Reading) Pigmy. Born on November 2 1983. Married to Windbag.

Write on Pigmy's wall. I miss you. Delete, delete, delete, back, back, back.

You're a CHEATING SKUNK All women are whores. At least in Amsterdam they're high class. Fuck no. Delete. I got you a wild flower. Post.

21.

Frizzle: And I was just... I feel so stupid. It's the first time ever that I've posted a political thing on my wall. And he's been telling me off for years about living in own my private bubble. He used to say that it looks like I don't care about my country at all. And now, when I post something that really kicked me in the gut, you know? He's trashing me like that in front of the whole world.

Spigot: Yeh, it's, mmm. "The ignorance of demagogues". quite extreme indeed.

Frizzle: You know what? It's not even that. How can he not see how terrible this video is? And how unfair is it to say that you're not allowed to speak your mind unless you've been on checkpoints duty. So the demonstrators against the war in Vietnam should never have opened their mouths? I mean ,these people have never even been to Vietnam, still, they were right and the war was over.

Spigot: How do you know that they were right?

Frizzle: What do you mean? The war ended.

Spigot: Spigot asks you how you know that they were right. You tell me

that the war ended. That's not an answer.

Frizzle: Are you going to kick me too, now that I'm down?!

Spigot: No, love. No. I'm just saying that if you want to be able to debate politics like a politician, you've got to do your homework.

Frizzle: You think that I'm a stupid demagogue too, don't you? And you also think that some people should just get beaten up by soldiers who barge into their homes in the middle of the night.

Spigot: Let's try something new. Spigot's going to piss you off, intentionally, and you're just going to go with it. How does that sound?

Frizzle: Refreshingly new, never happened to me before.

Spigot: Perfect. Now, do you agree, that the reason that soldiers enter houses in Gaza at nights is either because there were weapons and terrorists hiding in those houses before, or because there is intel saying that there might be some now?

Frizzle: Yes, but that's no reason to-

Spigot: Hold it, mate. I'm not finished. Do you agree that Hamas has been firing missiles at us, from schools and hospitals intentionally?

Frizzle: But still-

Spigot: Right. Now, do you agree that only a fucked up government would allow an 18 year old boy to make the decisions in that kind of situation?

Frizzle: Yes I do.

Spigot: So you would also agree that the soldier in that video is not the primary person to blame for what happened there? That the ones to blame are the people who put him there and told him over and over again that "they're all

scum, terrorists and weapon hiding thieves who just want to kill you"?

Frizzle: Yes.

Spigot: Then you agree with our mate Gecko.

Frizzle: No I don't!

Spigot: Why not? That's exactly what he said.

Frizzle: You fucking wanker, Spigot. You should go to Law School and I'll run deliveries. Maybe that's the best I can do.

Spigot: Spigot doesn't want to be a lawyer with a tie and a trolley. Hell no. And you're smart, Frizzle. You're the smartest. But you can't win a debate against people who were there and went through things only with your opinions. If you can't go where they went, at least ask them what happened to them there. And if you can't ask them, at least read what other people wrote about them. The more you know the more respect you can expect. That rhymed. Super.

Frizzle: Pigmy said that I don't care about anyone but myself.

Spigot: Leave her be. She's so miserable. I mean, Windbag is in Amsterdam, having a blast, smoking "white widow" and she's holding the candle for you and Gecko here alone.

Frizzle: I think it's crazy that you and Gecko are not angry at her at all for cheating on Windbag.

Spigot: It's no use. She's down. He's down. Weddings suck.

Frizzle: Thanks. I feel so much better now.

Spigot: Can you still read French?

Frizzle: Yeh, of course.

Spigot: You should Google “Les Temps Modernes”. It's a like this politics magazine Sartre used to publish in France.

Frizzle: Why?

Spigot: Well, he and Simone de Beauvoir had this lifetime romance connection thing and they were both very left wing, crazy people and they travelled the world to learn their shit, to write about it, and they actually ended up here right on time for the 1967 war. And they did this huge edition of the magazine, and that was all about the tension with the Palestinians, and the war starting, and the status quo... You should just read it.

Frizzle: The writer and the philosopher. Spigot of many faces. So if I read it, will I be smarter?

Spigot: Do you remember how we did this play in high school, about a guy and two women stuck in hell?

Frizzle: Yeh, sure, sure, "No exit". You were brilliant.

Spigot: So that was his. Sartre wrote that one. Do you remember my academy award winning line?

Frizzle: No.

Spigot: Hell is – other people.

Frizzle: Modern Times. Like Charlie Chaplin?

Spigot: Bingo. Go.

22.

Frizzle: Where are you going?

Gecko: To the studio. My software is bugged. And I've got to finish this track.

Frizzle: Well, when are you coming back?

Gecko: Later on.

Frizzle: Do you love me?

Gecko: Of course I love you.

Frizzle: Baby, did something happen whilst you were doing reserve this summer?

Gecko: What could've happened?

Frizzle: I don't know. Anything.

Gecko: What kind of question is that?

Frizzle: It's a future wife's kind of question. I just want to know why you jumped me
like that on my wall.

Gecko: I never meant to offend you.

Frizzle: It's not that I'm mad at you...

Gecko: Why would you be mad at me?

Frizzle: I don't know, for humiliating me in front of the entire world?

Gecko: That's what you care about. The entire world.

Frizzle: No, I care about what happened to you this summer while you were in the
army.

Gecko: Nothing happened to me, okay?

Frizzle: No. Not okay.

Gecko: I've got to get this track done.

Frizzle: I e-mailed you some awesome venues for the wedding.

Gecko: Sure. I'll have a look tomorrow.

Frizzle: It's only five places, shouldn't take you more than fifteen minutes to go
over all of them.

Gecko: I really can't do it right now.

Frizzle: When are we going to talk to my dad about the Rabbi?

Gecko: What Rabbi?

Frizzle: The one that's not conducting our marriage ceremony!

Gecko: Tomorrow. Bye.

Frizzle: (Reading) "Les Tempes Modernes, 652-653, Janvier – La sexagenaire jeunesse
d'Israel... Des Israeliens se parlent, nous parles... La verite." La verite...

23.

Windbag: Pigmy. New message. Are you here? Enter. I just want to know that you are
ok. Just write ok. Ok? Enter.

Pigmy: Ok. Enter.

Windbag: Can we talk? Enter.

Pigmy: I've got nothing to say. Enter.

Windbag: I love you. The giraffe loves his mouse. Enter.

24.

Frizzle: My Book of Faces. Sign up. New user. First name: Simone. Surname: De Beauvoir.

Status: I would like to invite you to come along for a tour.

It's a guided tour.

Between the lines.

In the liminal area of similarities.

Where there are no phoney familiarities.

Just us and them and how great is the gap between the borders,

everybody gets their orders

from someone who just wants to do their job and go home. Safely. Carefully.

This is a walk between the fine threads of truth, along the thin line separating us and them, 48 from 67,

72 virgins await shahids in heaven,

while we sit and wait for something to happen.

Let's take that tour now.

Let us take interest in those similarities between us.

We write from right to left whilst the rest of the world insists on left to right.

We share climate. Monotheistic religions, history, wars. Remembrance days. We share land. We both spit at our educational systems.

On both sides of that thin line we explain to our children

that in order to have sex they need to be ready to take responsibility for the possible

baby outcome, but we don't explain the certain outcome of their enlistment –

death. We tell ourselves that we are in danger, under attack, that "They" just want to

throw us into the sea. That eventually it's either us or them. We grow hatred. We

water it; sing for it to grow faster. This hell is called "them". It is the other people.

Pigmy: Hello Spigot.

Spigot: Hello, guest of honor.

Pigmy: Honor, eh?

Spigot: Sit, sit. Spigot just realised that he is interested in a glass of magic juice. Want some?

Pigmy: Yes please.

Spigot: It's not easy to be Pigmy these days.

Pigmy: Thank you.

Frizzle: And I am a woman. I want to rest on the golden sand and read. I want to paint my nails red and drink Mimosa to the sound of ocean waves. With nothing covering my head. I want to love a man who is not infected with hatred. Who only kills to eat when we run out of seasonal berries on our island. I would like to have the right, me as well, of being simple and very weak, of being a woman. In what a desert world I walk, so arid, with only oases my intermittent esteem for myself.

Post.

Pigmy: These are awesome. You and Frizzle were so cute together.

Spigot: Spigot should get going. Want to stay here?

Pigmy: Where are you going?

Spigot: To visit nan.

Pigmy: And you're staying the night at her place?

Spigot: Not exactly.

Pigmy: What is it?

Spigot: A missile hit the village this morning. Her ceramics room studio thing is gone.

Pigmy: What? Is she hurt? Is she okay? Why didn't you say something?

Spigot: She's okay, yeh, she is strong, the Spigot-nan. The whole lot is coming to pick me up, we'll go see her at the hospital, get her some pasties . She'll be fine.

Pigmy: Do you want me to go with you?

Spigot: No, mate, you chill here. Rest. No worries.

25.

Gecko: Friend request Simone de Beauvoir. Simone De Beauvoir?

Frizzle: I was thinking about the wedding.

(Silence)

Frizzle: Do you want us to write them from scratch?

Gecko: (Reading Simone's status) What?

Frizzle: The wedding vows. Do you want us to actually write them together? It feels weird that I'm going on and on about dresses when we still haven't

discussed what we want to say to each other.

Gecko: Okay.

Frizzle: Okay what?

Gecko: I have to finish this shit.

Frizzle: You've been saying that for the past two days. What is that?

Gecko: A single.

Frizzle: Who's single is it?

Gecko: You wouldn't know him. It's not a big deal; I'm just finishing the mix.

Frizzle: So what I'm saying is that we need to talk about what we're going to say. I
really feel silly for trying dresses on before we wrote the vows.

Gecko: Why?

Frizzle: Because it's just an outfit and the vows are what we promise each
other. For life.

Gecko: Oh. (Shoves the bag containing his new wedding outfit under the sofa)

Frizzle: Okay, you finish your work and we'll do this tomorrow.

Gecko: Okay. (Frizzle takes her laptop to the kitchen)

Frizzle: Sign in. Simone De Beauvoir.

43 new friends. 75 people like this. 32 comments. 35 friend requests. Accept.

Accept. Accept. Accept. Accept. Accept. Accept. Accept. Accept.

Gecko: (Reading) In what a desert world I walk, so arid, with only oases my
intermittent esteem for myself . . . Like. Unlike. Like. Unlike. Like. Accept friend request from
Simone De Beauvoir.

Spigot: What the fuck? A friend request from Simone De Beauvoir?! (Reading) "Such a desert world I walk. So arid . With only oases my intermittent esteem for myself". Well, New comment: Well done, mate, Spigot is taking his hat off. Right now. Post. (Reading) "I want to love a man who is not infected with hatred. Who only kills to eat when we run out of berries on our island. Good Frizzle. Fucking shit, this is good. New comment: Shapo, Mademoiselle. Spigot will be honoured to arrange a tuna baguette on the beach for you. Post. Accept friend request.

Super.

Gecko: Sign up. New user. First name: Jean Paul. Surname:

Sartre. Password: sossos123. Enter. Find Simone De Beauvoir. Add friend.

New comment: It is natural that a man cannot succeed in everything he attempts. But a man must want everything. A man... A human being must be free. You want to be weak?

That too is an adventure. But for you to be weak between the lines you refer to, you must see that everything between these lines is an outcome. Consequences.

The source and the reasons lie within the well-guarded territories away from the border lines. This is what is happening now: It is not that the conflict or the lines are standing in your way to laying on the ocean sand, all beautiful and

weak. What lays solid between you and that luxurious vision is the fact that you belong to a nation of slaves. A nation raped, robbed and humiliated by its government.

A government that sends its nation's sons to cut and bomb for it. And then throws them away to a sterile bin like Hepatitis infected needles. Hell really is other people. But who are they? Why is it so much easier for us to accuse anyone on the outside than our own governors who swore to protect and feed us, but in reality they throw us to the multi headed monster called Inflation? Maybe it's because we believe that someday it will be us up there. That when we rule this country we will be different. It is easy to obey commands when you dream to become the commander. We forget that when the rich go to war, the poor die. Post.

26.

Frizzle: Is there any Magic juice left?

Spigot: I'll fetch it from the moon for you if I need to.

Frizzle: Cheers. Can we talk about the wedding?

Spigot: I'm not sure I'm ready and it's been too long since we had sex, so what happens if you're not... You know... We'll need to think about it.

Frizzle: Stupid stupid Spigot.

Spigot: Yes my darling.

Frizzle: I think Gecko changed his mind.

Spigot: Now why would you say that?

Frizzle: I mean it, Spigot. He's never home. He never spent this much time at the studio. He would edit and mix and stuff at home and only go there for meetings. Plus Pigmy says he can't work when I'm home, because I require too much attention. And he never wants to talk about the wedding. At all.

Spigot: Frizzle, he's dying to marry you. You two are written in the stars.

Frizzle: What makes you say that? He doesn't want to talk about the vows. Isn't that really important?

Spigot: Maybe he's worried about Windbag.

Frizzle: So? We're all worried about Windbag.

Spigot: Yeh, but it's harder for Gecko to converse. You know how he is.

Frizzle: You know what? I don't know anything anymore. All these missiles and your

nan and Pigmy and Windbag and now Gecko. I feel like shit, Spigot. Something bad is happening.

Spigot: Drink up, mate. Magic juice is going to make you happier and there's plenty of time before the wedding, Windbag will come back, Gecko's will calm down, you'll write your vows, and the rockets, you know how it works. It'll be over.

Frizzle: Sometimes I think you're the sanest person I know.

Spigot: That's because you're not drinking.

Frizzle: (Glances at Pigmy sleeping on the couch) And what do we do with her? Does she talk to you at all these days?

Spigot: She's not talking and Spigot's not pushing. I told her Mi Casa Su Casa, stay for as long as you like, take time off from the nursery, rest your head, dance on the balcony at sunset, drink magic juice and you don't have to talk. So she's not talking.

Frizzle: Spigot of many faces. You're amazing, taking care of her like this. She won't let me anywhere near her.

Spigot: You've got no patience, Frizzle. Sometimes you just have to be and not do.

27.

Gecko: 121 people like this. Friend requests... Wow. 45 new comments.

Simone De Beauvoir: (reading) "Such a lovely irony, my dear Jean Paul. Or may I still

call you my leprechaun? Did you chase me beyond space and time to meet after death in The Book of Faces? It is adorable. When we were alive still, you have chased me down every time I stayed away, even a little bit. But every time we grew closer, you remembered that people are meant to be free and that being exclusive might harm our intellect. How fascinating. I agree with you previous expressions. The government sees us and them both as dust on the roadside. But the truth of a country is its citizens, so I will say that the problem struck even deeper roots in us than in our chosen representatives. Maybe we do not wish to be satisfied. Maybe if there will be no hatred, no race and no great sacrifice, we will not have any reason to exist, as a people, a nation, a country of civilians. Eternally yours, Simone".

New comment: Dearest Simone. What are the limits of time and space if not simply barriers I must cross on my way to you. Nothing to prevent me from coming back to you again and again. I do not think that monogamy will harm our intellect. You didn't think that either in the days when we lived outside The Book of Faces. Women change their minds so often, I am beginning to think that the woman is the other people. Hell. But such a sweet hell it is. As for our recent discussion – I do think that our intellect is hurt. It is hurt by the greedy system of consumption that rules over our everyday life. Money has no ideas. Capital may induce loyalty in a man's heart. Loyalty towards the society that allowed that individual to gain his profit. But it will never incept ideas. An Intellectual, to me, is a person loyal to the society he lives in, but one that never ceases to protest against it. I am so glad we renewed our liaisons here beyond death. Winking smiley. Post.

28.

Gecko: Okay, mate. I have to go. We're launching the single tomorrow so they are doing this thing at the Deli to celebrate. Enter.

Windbag: How's it going with the wedding, mate? Did you find a venue yet?

Enter.

Gecko: Frizzle sent me some links, I didn't get the chance to see them yet. Enter.

Windbag: Sent you some? Did she go travelling or something? Enter.

Gecko: No. Enter.

Windbag: Is everything alright with you guys? Enter.

Spigot: (Reading) "Dearest Simone. What are the limits of time and space if not simply barriers I must cross on my way to you. Nothing to prevent me from coming back to you again and again. I do not think that monogamy will harm our intellect." Sartre my ass. Who the fuck is this? "I am so glad we renewed our liaisons here after death." Who are you?

Gecko: I'm off, mate. Enter.

Windbag: Are you having a pre-wedding meltdown? Enter.

Gecko: Next time. Enter.

Windbag: Gecko, trust me. Frizzle is not like everyone else. Enter. She is the best, she is the smartest and she'll never cheat on you. Enter. Don't fuck it up. You proposed. You love her. Enter. It's gonna be okay mate, you're just flipping from the pressure. Enter.

Gecko: Thanks mate. Cheers. Enter.

Spigot: Is this a Gecko online? Enter.

Gecko: It is. Enter.

Spigot: Grab your bike. Let's go. Enter.

Gecko: I wish, mate. I have to go to this launch party. Enter

Windbag: At the Deli.. Enter.

Spigot: Did you show Frizzle the stuff we bought? The attire? Enter.

Windbag: Attire? Enter.

Gecko: Not yet. Enter.

Spigot: But the surprise! She'll buy a dress and she'll never know you went shopping to surprise her, you model hubby! Enter.

Gecko: I'll show her tomorrow. Enter.

Pigmy: (To Spigot, waking up) Hi.

Spigot: Well, hi to you too, sleeping beauty.

Pigmy: What time is it?

Spigot: Don't you want to know what day it is? Who is prime minister?

Pigmy: Don't stress me out, Spigot.

Spigot: Just kidding, mate. It's half past six. Almost sunset.

Pigmy: How's your nan?

Spigot: Fine. She's home. What would you like to fill your stomach with today?

Pigmy: Nothing. I'm not hungry.

Spigot: Silly Pigmy. You didn't eat anything since dinner last night. You don't want an angry Spigot pushing hummus down your throat, now do you?

Pigmy: (Laughing) Stop it! I'm really honestly truly not hungry.

Spigot: Did you sleep well?

Pigmy: I dreamt that you braided my hair.

Spigot: No dream. Spigot did braid you hair. So you have locks when you get up.

What, you think I don't know you? You'd wake up all straight haired, bring
in that electric shit thing and burn your hair. So Spigot took care of that.

Pigmy: You are a dream come true, Spigot. Dreamy. Thank you.

(Pigmy is holding her arms out for a hug. Spigot holds her for a long time. Pigmy places a
gentle kiss on his mouth)

Pigmy: Mr. Dreamy.

Spigot: Pigmy, Pigmy.

Pigmy: Just a little bit. We won't tell anyone.

Spigot: Spigot's dead tired, mate. Really beat.

Pigmy: Just a little little tiny little bit... (Takes her shirt off)

Spigot: What will be the end of you crazy women? (Takes his shirt off too) First
you cry 'cause you don't get a proper proposal with diamonds and shit. Then
you do, but "why is the diamond like this and not more like that". Then all the
wedding planning madness. And then you all marry Spigot's mates. And
now this... What am I going to do with you?

Pigmy: Whatever you want.

Spigot: If only you wouldn't have said that, there was still a chance Spigot would've
made you dinner. Now...

29.

Frizzle: Windbag. New message. Hey Windbag. I hope you're doing alright. Pigmy is okay, she doesn't talk to me much, but she's staying with Spigot and he's taking good care of her. Are you breathing some fresh air? Getting some rest? Spigot's nan was at the hospital, a rocket fell right into her pottery studio. She was a little hurt, mostly shocked, she's okay now. I texted your mom yesterday, she said you called. Good boy. It's really scary in the south now, but none of our idiotic parents wants to come and stay in the city with us. Yesterday the army called up my brother's reserve unit, but you know it doesn't mean anything, they are always called up when there's a mess like this one. They'll probably go in, come out and go home. I'm a little stressed but he does text every day so I assume they are on our side of the border. Sweetie, it's really important you know that we are your friends and we love you and we worry about you. Talk to us. Let us know when you're coming back. Everything is going to be okay. Sometimes people just need to cool off. Gecko says hi. Lots of kisses. Frizzle. Send.

Gecko: Who are you Simone De Beauvoir? (Reading) "I wanted to become limitless and I was as amorphous as the universe itself." What kind of game is this?

Gecko: Status: War is coming. Another fake conflict is headed our way to disguise the poverty so we don't pay attention. I wish I was alive long enough to be friends with Carlin. Do you know what that funny man said? He said that war is a whole lot of men standing out in a field waving their cocks at one another. Men are insecure about the size of their dicks and so they have to kill one another over the idea, it's called "dick fear!" Men are terrified that their cocks are inadequate and so they have to compete with one another to feel better about themselves and since war is the ultimate competition, basically, men are killing each other in order to improve their self-esteem. You don't have to be a

historian or a political scientist to see the Bigger Dick foreign policy theory at work. It sounds like this: “What?! They have bigger dicks?! BOMB THEM!!!” And of course, the bombs and the rockets and the bullets are all shaped like dicks. “FUCKING WITH PEOPLE!!!”. Good man. If we could live long enough, we would find that every victory will someday turn to defeat. But we must win the battle, stick to the plan. Then we can blame this young private or another. They are dispensable. Let us wake up.

Post

Frizzle: Messenger. Search for Jean Paul Sartre . Yes! Do you really believe that? Post.

Gecko: Well hello there. Enter.

Frizzle: I asked you a question. Enter.

Gecko: The answer is yes. Enter.

Frizzle: Why did you start this user? Enter.

Gecko: For you. Why did you start yours? Enter.

Frizzle: Touché. Enter. I found it difficult to write those things in my Book of
Faces. Enter.

Gecko: Do you live here? Enter.

Frizzle: Maybe. Enter.

Gecko: I see. Enter. If you could do something about it, what would it be? Enter.

Frizzle: About what exactly? Enter.

Gecko: You cannot play games with me. Enter. Our romance has been written in
the stars for decades. Enter.

Frizzle: Written in the stars? Written in tabloids from the sixties perhaps. Enter.

Gecko: You were so poetic in your first post. Enter.

Frizzle: Very sorry to be such a disappointment. Enter.

Gecko: I am everything but disappointed. Enter.

Frizzle: What does that mean? Enter.

Gecko: I think that you understand something other people don't. Enter.

Frizzle: And what might that be? Enter.

Gecko: That we are actually responsible for other people's lives. Enter.

Frizzle: What makes you think I understand that? Enter.

Gecko: The lines. Enter.

Frizzle: That's just a cheap feminine metaphor. Enter.

Gecko: I could almost hear you laugh now. Enter.

Frizzle: I am as serious as hell. Enter. Do you always say "written in the stars"? Enter.

Gecko: Maybe. Is that good or bad? Enter.

Frizzle: Just interesting. Enter. Oh my god , it's Spigot. Damn, how long that took me!

Gecko: Would you like to lead a revolution? Enter.

Frizzle: Not so much. Enter. Unbelievable! Do you need help with your revolution? Enter.

Gecko: You started it. And yes. Enter.

Frizzle: How can I be of assistance? Enter.

Gecko: You could come spend the night with me. (Pause) In a tent. At the town hall square. Enter. That is if you do live here of course. Enter.

Frizzle: For old times' sake? Like we used to do in Paris? Enter.

Gecko: Exactly. Enter.

Frizzle: Do you have a job? Enter.

Gecko: A profession. I am a writer. And so are you. We were famous even when we were still alive. I rejected the Nobel Prize, remember? Enter. You made millions of women around the globe ask questions. Enter.

Frizzle: Yes I did. Enter. Do you know why I chose her? Enter.

Gecko: Because you're sharp and because you both reckon that the abyss between war and peace is the abyss between a man and a woman? Enter.

Frizzle: Have you heard of "No Exit"? Enter.

Gecko: That's very funny. I named it "Huis Clos". Stupid English translators. Enter.

Frizzle: And what is the punch line in your play, sir? Enter.

Gecko: "Hell is other people" of course. Enter.

Frizzle: And he goes on that Spigot! No shame!

Gecko: Are you still here? Enter.

Frizzle: Forever. Written in the stars, aren't we? Enter.

Gecko: I am going to need your contacts lists in the next few days. Enter.

Frizzle: To get some tents to the town hall square? Enter.

Gecko: To get thousands of people to see why they must come there with their tents. You are an exquisite writer. Enter.

Frizzle: Always the Spigot. At your best.

30.

Windbag: Mate, why are you freaking me out like that? "Call me call me call me call me call me". What's up? Enter.

Spigot: You need to come home, mate. Enter.

Windbag: Yeh right. Enter.

Spigot: They're picking us up on Saturday evening. From the train station. Enter.

Windbag: What are you talking about, mate? Enter.

Spigot: They're picking us up on Saturday evening. I'll pack for you. Enter.

Windbag: No way. Enter.

Spigot: Yes way mate. Book your flight now. I'll pick you up at the airport. Enter.

Windbag: I thought it will be over in no time. That it would blow away. Gecko too? Enter.

Spigot: Everybody mate. I mean it. Everyone. Just get here. Enter.

Windbag: I'm gonna go hit one last mushroom. Enter.

Spigot: It's gonna take you a week to come down, dumb-arse. No porcini for you. Go get a coke, book a flight and get here. Now. See you. Enter.

(To Pigmy) Wake up, sleeping beauty. We got called up. Windbag's coming in tomorrow. There's a war.

31.

Pigmy: (To Windbag) Socks in the right pouch, boxers in the left.

Windbag: Thank you little mouse.

Pigmy: And don't be a hero.

Spigot: That is very unlikely. I wouldn't worry if I were you.

Windbag: Wanker.

Frizzle: (To Gecko) Did you pack a jumper?

Gecko: Got my fleece.

Frizzle: Good.

Spigot: (To Windbag) So, was the flight full?

Windbag: Hardly. Who wants to come here now? Leave fucking Amsterdam. It was like these stupid movies where everybody runs away from the fire accept for some idiot who's running into the burning building.

Frizzle: You didn't have to come back.

Windbag: Sure I had to.

Gecko: Sure he had to.

Spigot: Now where does one find a nice ice cold coke. In a can. Very important.
Not a bottle. No sir. A can. An entirely different taste.

(Bus horn)

Windbag: (To Pigmy) Fuck the world and everything in it. If I die you can't marry
anyone else. Ever.

Pigmy: I won't. Never. I love you. Big silly giraffe.

(Gecko and Windbag leave)

Spigot: Bye Frizzle.

Frizzle: Bye Sartre.

Spigot: Sartre, eh?

Frizzle: Written in the stars, right?

Spigot: Salam Aleykum

(Spigot leaves. Frizzle and Pigmy are left very much alone)

Pigmy: I gotta wee.

Frizzle: I'm here.

Pigmy leaves.

Frizzle: Aleykum Salam.

The End