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# **HIN UND ZURÜCK**

Round Trip  
2014-2017



# PART I – THE BIG CITY

*A city, big and beautiful, with different architectural styles, old and modern, lively. Its inhabitants, active, dynamic people, are photographed during their daily routines, work, school, family, the office and the construction site, the clinic...*

*At the beginning of the story a narrator interprets all the characters' voices, in a sort of interior monologue.*

## 1. People

*A lone narrator interprets all characters*

Narrator 1 (*Wife*): Have you fixed the problem?

2 (*Husband*): Only partly, I have to order a spare part, it won't come till next week. How was school?

3 (*Daughter*): It sucked. That bitch tested me on things she had barely mentioned last time.

4 (*Wife*): Watch your language, and quit playing with your phone when you talk to us.

5 (*Daughter*): Oh, for Christ's sake.

6 (*Teacher*): Who knows what period this painting is from?...  
Katarina?....Marcus?  
Come on kids...

7 (*Student*): Baroque, Sir, you can tell by the light and shadows.

8 (*Teacher*): Great, Andreas, could you also tell me the artist?

9 (*Lawyer*): Maria, could you please send me the paperwork for Kaniko, we have to file with the clerk tomorrow morning, we're already late (*phone rings*).

10 (*Secretary*): He's busy on the other line right now.

11 (*Lawyer*): Who is it, the councilman? Put him on line 2 (*talking on the other line*) okay honey, I'll be waiting for you this afternoon, don't be late. (*to the councilman*) Hello, yes, good morning my friend...

12 (*Councilman*): Good morning, king of all lawyers, have you seen the papers?

13 (*Lawyer*): Great outcome, we've really taught them a lesson. Now we have to wait for a reply, they have no other choice.

- 14 (Councilman): But does the president agree with this operation? You know, after all, it's a question of political choice.
- 15 (Photographer): That's great dear, and now another... no, tilt your head a little to the left, like this... there, perfect, stop... (*click, click, click*); and now let's change poses...
- 16 (Model): Can we take a break? I've been posing for two hours.
- 17 (Photographer): All right, but no more than 5 minutes.
- 18 (Construction worker Guldo): Hey, Lando, have you heard the news? What do they want to do up in the king's castle?
- 19 (Lando, another construction worker): They're a bunch of thieves, Guldo, they're already killing us with taxes. You know what I say? I don't give a shit about those bastards, fuck them (*he opens a beer, pours it into a glass, takes a generous sip*); they can all drown in their money, with their whores, their tailors and their bank accounts.
- 20 (Priest): On the day of universal judgment, we will all walk on burning dust, the way in and way out will be decided. Who stays where, who stays how.
- 21 (Doctor): Take short breaths...like this...okay, great. And now say aah.
- 22 (Patient): Aah.
- 23 (Doctor): Again, aah.
- 24 (Patient): Aah.
- 25 (Doctor): Mmm, I'm going to prescribe you a specialist visit to the central hospital, they have an excellent team.
- 26 (Elderly lady, with a little dog): Oh, here you go, take it...that's it (*she gives the dog a pastry and lets it lick a little cream from her teacup. The dog barks and licks the cream*) You like it, eh? Eat up, munchkin!
- 27 (Teacher): Light and shadows, kids, got it? An art made up of contrasts, that is strongly emotional; an art that is not interested as much in harmony and the order of nature, but rather in anomalies, exceptions and defects. So then works appear that are characterised by a theatrical exuberance and research, which is sometimes exasperated, with elements that will be negatively judged a century later.

## 2. The Keeper of the City

*The Keeper of the city. A character inside and outside history. He has always been there, he takes notes upon notes, he writes down each person's every action for no specific reason. His voice has a strange inflection. Every once in a while he sings some words or brief phrases, or says them with a slight tune.*

28 The Keeper: This is the city I live in. I am the keeper. A city like many others, big, beautiful, modern and old at the same time. I am the eye and the ear, I am the pen. I write down what happens, I fill notebooks upon notebooks, then I do nothing with them; I hardly ever reread them... sometimes... when I feel lonely. But I never feel lonely, because what happens here is what happens everywhere. I make sure everything is rolling, but everything rolls and my work is probably useless. Maybe it's useless for someone. For me it's a game, a game I've been playing for ages, I can't help myself any more. This is the city I live in. It's the only city I know. Basically it's the only city, as far as I know, because I've never left it... sometimes I have a strange feeling, as if... as if other places existed too. But a mussel or a limpet usually stay stuck to their rock, and everything happens there. This is the city I live in. I move with the other inhabitants, even if it seems like they don't notice me. I know everyone's story; for example his story, yes, his, the bicycle repairman; he inherited his father's shop, his father had inherited it from his grandfather, who... or the teacher... no, the other one, the one who's reading the paper leaning against the wall... he has a weakness for his female students, one even got pregnant and decided to keep the baby, but he disowned it... There are lots of notebooks on that case, I keep them faithfully. This is the city I...  
Just a moment... I hear voices coming from down there, at the end of the street; I have to take notes, I'll be back soon... sorry, see you later. Bye.

### 3. Notes

*The Keeper's steps as he walks away become the musical tempo the heart of the city is built on. As it has since the beginning of the work, the urban structure of the place is musically represented by a sound mix of old and modern music, fragments of opera on musical bands, drum'n'bass on baroque and chill-out. At the end of this trip, the Keeper's steps re-emerge.*

29 Narrator (Woman): Could you please give me a kilo of trout? Yes, for three people. (*To herself*) I haven't heard from him for three days... (*To the fishmonger*) No, I meant those in the back.

30 Narrator (Violinist): It's cold in the street today, I can't move my fingers. I don't want my violin to break.

31 Narrator (Man): *The tea ceremony?*  
*Looters in the desert?*  
*Two cities that are completely the same?*  
*Two twins?*

## PART II – THE TRIP

### 1. The Station

*The different characters are at the station. They get on a train, we don't know where it's going.*

32 The Keeper: Page two. One train purrs, the other whistles and leaves. The right one has just woken up, it yawns hesitantly and draws the travellers into its bowels, bacteria at the mercy of its breath. It exhales hot air and nothing more, then closes its mouth, and the vortex disappears.

I think I saw the baker who has the bakery around the corner, the photographer, but she is alone, the doctor and the lawyer. Two construction workers, the girl with the dew-coloured cell phone and the purse as deep as the sea.

Many others are sucked in, like parallel worlds that come close but never touch. None of them know they are part of my notebooks, that they are in a story.

It yawns again. It swallows the latecomers. Ready to leave. Ready to leave. Almost. He puts on a tie, his new shoes.

The joints creak. There... it's going. It goes.

### 2. Passengers #1

*The different characters are now travelling. Their thoughts unwind to the sleepy rhythm of the train.*

33 Narrator (*Guldo*): My sleeve is dirty with cement,  
I have to remember to wash it tonight.  
I'd like to take off,  
once and for all,  
build my house,  
just like I want it,  
quit it with this fucking rent.

34 (*Adolescent girl*): Call me... come on... come on...  
I miss you to death, (*the narrator's voice starts to slowly fade into the real character's voice, the adolescent girl*)  
a year has already gone by.  
It's hard to say goodbye to people you really care for.  
I want to scream and smash everything.  
I have lame tits. I wish I had KNOCKERS...

*(from here on the narrator disappears, and the different characters have their own voice)*

- 35 Priest: Get up and measure the sanctuary of God and the altar  
and the number of those who are worshipping there.  
But the atrium outside the sanctuary,  
leave it alone and don't measure it,  
because it was left to the mercy of the pagans,  
who will trample the holy city  
for forty-two months.
- 36 Violinist: The bridge is breaking,  
I have to buy myself a new instrument,  
before this one really falls apart.
- 37 Photographer: I've never done war shots,  
the naked girl screaming,  
or photographed ruins and people running away.  
I bet I could make a lot of money.  
Yes, but it's important  
for society too.
- 38 Lawyer: Don't you look at yourself in the morning when you go out?  
Aren't you ashamed?  
Pretentious.  
Lawyer pimp.  
They'll light my car on fire. Watch out.
- 39 Elderly lady (*with the little dog*): How long? Maybe a couple more years.  
It would have been nice to have had children,  
a husband, a house.  
There... she's woken up.  
Be quiet, munchkin. Sleep. Sleep.  
If she barks she'll bother everyone.
- 40 Single mother: Pregnant, beside me.  
I changed my name and country.  
Abandoned, like in the movies.  
Useless to go to the police.  
How much do diapers cost?
- 41 Man: We'll take a nice trip.  
Alone, she and I.  
In a month,  
for my birthday.  
Ancient ruins.  
I've always wanted  
to see the desert,  
the ruins of cities,  
the world, a great museum.

- 42 Teacher      Explain to me why that position  
                         shouldn't be mine.  
                         Explain to me what the improvement is  
                         from the didactic point of view.  
                         Do you know how many awards I've won,  
                         how many recognitions?  
                         I'd like to meet all those people  
                         who will go in my place.
- 43 Twenty-year-old boy:                      I didn't learn anything.  
                         He kept saying, "First you have to watch how to do it!"  
                         I never touched anything,  
                         and now I don't even know  
                         how to put a nail in the wall.  
                         But it's easy to say it's everyone else's fault and not mine.
- 44 Adolescent girl:      He's looking at you.  
                         Long eyes behind the page,  
                         perfume on your neck,  
                         but he can't smell it from down there.  
                         Show yourself off. Let's play a little.
- 45 The Keeper: They go,  
                         they go  
                         the photographer  
                         the cyclist and the violinist,  
                         the lawyer and the holy father,  
                         the lady and the little dog.  
                         They all go,  
                         without knowing each other,  
                         on the tracks  
                         of their thoughts,  
                         they move in tempo,  
                         each with their own rhythm.  
                         They go  
                         the houses and buildings  
                         on the reflections of the windows,  
                         they move away  
                         on the scale  
                         of the grocer,  
                         in the shopping bag  
                         of a poet,  
                         in the pages of a manual.  
                         They simply go.
- 46 Single mother:      He's gotten worse, it's true, but what you do in the past comes  
                         back to you, and being constantly drunk sure hasn't helped him.  
                         But you can't say he's an ugly man, he's still charming.  
                         And he's getting older now, of course he's getting worse.
- 47 Teacher: Those drawings speak the truth about our time, on the economic crisis,

the population crisis, migratory movements...

48 The Keeper: They simply go

49 Teacher: ...on fanaticism. The principle of entropy is unstoppable, and if when it fully comes it will find us still absorbed by ourselves and our false ideas of justice, rights, meritocracy, then there will be a massacre, a hecatomb, a catastrophe.

### 3. Tickets, please

*The ticket inspector, a somewhat dark character, enters the scene. With great arrogance and antipathy, he provokes the travellers by telling them wild stories and trying to get into their private lives. In the meantime, the general sound design has slowly become that of a 1930s Western film.*

50 Ticket inspector: Tickets, please. Oh, you're a carpenter, I see, or a kind of... A construction worker, you still have cement on your left sleeve. Could you please tell me, how much does it cost nowadays to build a house from scratch? Did you know I had a cousin who knew how to do a bit of everything? He built a house for himself, all by himself. Brick after brick. Then a bolt of lightning destroyed it. A big fire. And he hung himself from the only beam left standing in despair.

Tickets, please. Same destination. That's a nice violin. You kids are smart to dedicate yourselves to music. Did you know I dreamed up a melody last night... I think it went something like this... ta tata ta taaa (*he sings off-key*).

No, maybe it was this... Do you think you could you play it for me? Better not? Tired? Stay up late last night? But what do you study for, if you keep it all for yourselves? If you don't know how to play what people ask you?

Tickets, please. Same destination. Our dear lawyer... Let me guess, political intrigue? Obscene acts? Vandalism? Did you know that my neighbour gives me a lot of hassle? All for a driveway. Trick after nasty trick. He breaks the windows of my house, he throws trash in my garden. But I can't do anything, I don't have any proof, you see? I can't catch him in the act. One of these days I'll show him. I'll collect all the pieces of his cheap china, I'll build a swing with the tyres of his car.

Tickets, please. Where are you off to, father? Same destination. Oh yes, this world is really terrible. An apocalypse! There are robberies everywhere. You have a tough job, father. Did you know I would have liked to become a priest too. It's just that... well, because of women, you understand me, Father, don't you?



Tickets, please.  
Tickets, please.  
Tickets.

#### 4. Passengers #2

*The passengers' thoughts become more aggressive. The landscape outside the windows becomes more and more lifeless and grey.*

51 Construction worker Guldo: Sleeve dirty with cement, it won't come out. Just like I want it,  
all mine, all mine. No compromises.

52 Adolescent girl: One year. I really liked him. He did it with my best friend,  
what a whore.  
Smash everything. Two knockers in my bra,  
slam them in his face and watch him crash down.

53 Priest: The priest, who would have done the Holocaust for someone, will  
have for himself the skin of the Holocaust he offered. Trample the  
holy city. Trample the city. Trample. Trample. Trample.

54 Violinist: It won't hold up to the pressure of the broken bow. In a thousand  
pieces. A mess of woodchips and strings. Someone got caught  
on an F while trying to swim in the harmonic plane. Under the bridge.

55 Photographer: The most appreciated photos are of crushed heads, war  
wounded.  
Monstrous. Never taken war shots.

56 Lawyer: Black shame? Pretentious? Corrupt? Well yes, I have become  
corrupt. An endless game. Run. But what for? Hit before being hit.

57 Elderly lady: Be quiet, munchkin. Like a daughter. Here's a cookie. She lifts her  
leg to piss, I've never tried that. They're still creatures of God.

58 Teacher: The ticket inspector is so arrogant. I'd like to kick his ass. But what  
does he think, we're all delinquent? Good for nothing?

59 Man: Language lesson?  
A as in Accept that I want to crush your head  
B as in Bat that will slam your legs  
C as in Cord that will choke your neck  
D as in total Destruction

60 Single mother: Children shouldn't cry, they disturb the silence. Children  
shouldn't be born.

Sex not love.  
Don't think, watch and follow the command  
Don't think, watch and follow the command  
Don't think, watch and follow the command  
Don't think, watch and follow the command

61 Twenty-year-old boy: Dressed up like disabled people, but with your bellies all nice and full, you'll always just be sons of a bitch.

62 Single mother: Disgusting bastard, I'm going to spit in your face and tell you what I really think of you  
you're just a sleazy fat pig who's ruining my life,  
if I had fucking known from the moment I met you what an arrogant monster you were, I'd have run right out of there, yeah you said you wanted a relationship, who do you think you are treating me like this?  
Now you say you love your wife, right?

## **PART III – THE SECOND CITY**

### **1. Ghosts**

*The train arrives in a crumbling, seemingly deserted city. The houses have been abandoned, but there are signs of recent activity. It looks like a small town in the country. The buildings are run-down, many windows broken. Feeling of total neglect.*

63 The Keeper: Page three of my notebook.  
The desert starts here. Yes, the desert... in the sense that there's nobody here.  
This is the city they've arrived in, they seem like the keepers.  
Small, strange, a shattered solitude.  
I can't even go in over there, I have to watch from afar, speak with discretion.  
There are no customs officers, barbed wire, checkpoints. But I can't go in, I just know it.  
They go, they go,  
They move safely,  
Like they've already been there.  
They know exactly where to go,  
they simply go.  
I feel like I saw them all separate  
along the roads, crumbling, dark and gloomy,  
a fireplace still lit,  
a breakfast

in flakes of plaster and broken glass,  
no tempo and no rhythm.  
I feel like I sensed  
A hiding place for inhabitants  
too shy or preoccupied,  
scared, or who never existed?  
They go, they go, the ghosts on the run  
leave their places to the new ghosts.

## 2. Figures

*As soon as the travellers step off the train, they penetrate the city. It seems they know the place well. They begin smashing and damaging everything they find, for no reason.*

*The city's architectural style is mainly characterized by fragments of music and voices from Western films. Some echoes of the previous city?*

64 Construction worker Guldo: Just off the train. Looking for trouble, finally.  
Whoever stops is lost. Good morning, honey, I'm back. I'll beat the  
shit out of this fucking city with all my heart.

65 Man: Building n. 3. Top floor, second window on the right. Good throw.  
Repeat. Got it. Full on.

66 Elderly lady: Stairway to demolish. I can't do it by myself. Hey you, come over  
here and give me a hand.  
We have to call other people...

67 Man: My bladder is exploding...ah, done. And now it's your turn

68 Violinist: Oh, my violin, that's wonderful... (*she smashes it*).

69 The Keeper: Happy, they move  
through the abandoned houses  
They gather flowers of potsherds and dust  
The doctor follows the patient  
with bow and needles,  
the vaccine, the vaccine.

The priest transforms himself into a cardinal  
he leafs through the missal  
sprinkles the girl  
with a creed,  
moistens her  
with blessed saliva,  
and his glory.  
Sleeve dirty with cement  
he breaks down a door,  
steals a piece of grating,

a cigarette just put out,  
then goes upstairs,  
The photographer does War shots,  
War shots,  
perched up on a balcony;  
claws shaken by a shiver,  
she opens her wings,  
ready to grasp  
a piece of gutter still alive.  
It seems like a collective work.  
They are the artists,  
I am the critic.

### 3. The Tea Ceremony

*The construction worker Guldo sees a light on in a building. He goes upstairs, and after breaking down the door, finds a television on that is showing scenes from Japan. The tea ceremony. At a certain point, an interference on the screen shows what the characters have done up to that moment. The construction worker sees himself and his companions smashing everything they find. He sees himself breaking down the door, going into the apartment and watching the tea ceremony. He sees the interference that again shows the images of what has happened up to that point, in a loop.*

70 Construction worker Guldo: A light on the top floor. Fucking door, open. A television. Oh, the tea ceremony. I've always wanted to see one of those. Down there. That's beautiful!

But what's happening? What's this shit? That's us... but that's me!  
Oh fuck. How is that possible? Fuck fuck fuck, but what's happening?  
Oh my God, it's not stopping. Stop. Stoop. Stoop!

All right, hold on, take that. Turn the fuck off... but it doesn't turn off,  
what am I supposed to do, somebody help me...

71 The Keeper: The construction worker  
tries in vain  
to shut up  
the TV singer,  
but she doesn't want to  
and stays on.  
Insolent channels  
a little veiled  
reveal distant worlds,  
naked and uncomfortable,  
a blended tea.

*Desperate, the construction worker Guldo tries to smash the television, unsuccessfully. The story keeps starting from the beginning, the television keeps broadcasting the same scenes.*

72 Ticket inspector (*from the screen*): But what are you doing, idiot!  
Press the button, just turn the television off  
Unplug it, unplug it, unplug it.  
Press the button, press the button  
Press the butto... (*click*)

73 The Keeper: In the meantime  
on other streets  
other artists  
amused,  
other primitive games  
crude and deranged.  
They have discovered  
how wonderful it is  
to harass,  
bother or hurt each other,  
for no reason

I see a group in the square,  
the creative avant-garde  
experimenting in a great frenzy  
the art of mating.  
Choir in a ritual circle  
with no leader or coryphaeus  
Someone shoots semen,  
someone receives it.  
Everything seems natural  
everything flows  
with no moral limits.

It seems a bit contrived,  
to tell you the truth,  
but I'm here to sing,  
avoid judgment  
and write in my notebook  
that no one will ever read,  
not even me.  
But this is the job  
of us Keepers  
solitary rocks  
thrown in the deserts  
from who knows where  
made by who knows who.  
Maybe my work  
is more useless than theirs.

## PART IV – THE RETURN

### 1. Trophies

*On the train, returning to their city. The characters think about the day they have spent, about everything they have done, about the next day.*

74 Construction worker Guldo: Tired. Satisfied. A nice piece of styrofoam in my bag, not bad. I'll bring it to my brother, he'll be so happy this time. Hunting trophy. Till the end!

75 Lawyer: My leg hurts, it's not serious. A kick. Pinches. Snow dirty clean dirty clean. Hold on, calm your breath, relax, slowly...slowly. Tomorrow an appointment in the office, suit ripped. Mend it. Patches.

76 Single mother: I'm sorry for the lady with the little dog. Still hot. Up, down, up. Down. Now rest. Nothing more. A nice piece of rusty iron, what a nice colour... In the living room, with the broken glass and the rotten wood from last time. My collection is growing.

77 Priest: The Red Sea. No crossing. Exodus toward the promised land, the great return. We all swim grasping the waves. To save ourselves from who? The big city was split into three parts. And the small one? Then so small? She fell, she fell. To always get back up, intact, the same as before, unchanging.

78 Photographer: Dark room. Hand printing. It's more work, but more satisfying. *(The character's voice slowly fades into the voice of the narrator, who starts, as in the beginning, to interpret the voices of all the characters)*. Many group shots. Fornication. A war of light and shadows, they'll seem like black and white frescoes. A big monochromatic bacchanal. A choir with solo voice, the mother of all.

79 Narrator (*teacher*) Prepare the lesson? No, they'll have a test tomorrow, I'll rest, I just have to make sure they don't copy.

80 (*Man*) I'm happy with the keepsakes I collected on the trip, a rusty key, a piece of a shutter

81 (*Guldo*) Calm down. Calm. Rocked by the tutun tutun tutun. That looks like

the ticket inspector, that arrogant guy. Drowsy. Smile. With no uniform? Maybe it isn't him. He looks different every time. I remember him with a moustache and those little glasses. He's a smart guy, even if he didn't study. He tells unbelievable stories, like that one about the guy who hung himself from the beam. Better not listen to him next time. I didn't see him in the city, who knows where he went to hide!

82 (*Adolescent girl*) I hope I didn't get pregnant. How is that possible? It never happens. No need for semen. Regeneration. Spontaneous? Unpredictable particles? Someone talks about it. So who are we? What city do we live in? Are we all twins?

83 (*Violinist*) Familiar lights. Getting closer. Always more. Always more. Are we going or coming back?

*The big city, the one everything started from, slowly gets closer. The places are familiar. The travellers are going back to the base.*

## **PART V – THE KEEPERS**

### **1. The ticket inspector**

*We're back in the big city, but... a sudden twist reveals that the Keeper was also one of the characters in the story. A rat like all the others. He was unmasked by the ticket inspector, who claims to be the real Keeper of the city, and says that was why he eliminated him. What's more, the travellers seem to be the same inhabitants that abandoned their city for no reason, the two cities seem to be one and the same, so the characters seem to have never actually left.*

84 Ticket inspector (*voice-off*): Page four of his notebook... Eh, that's it. I had to fix him. I'd been watching him for a while, between one trip and another. With that little game of taking notes he never bought a ticket, he hid outside the story and said stupid shit like "but I can't come in", "I'm the Keeper" (*he parrots the narrator, with a rather nasty voice*).

But now he can do no more harm.

The ticket! The ticket! Everyone has to pay it.

85 Narrator: Nice day today, where are you going? The weather is perfect for a walk in the park. Take care, say hello to your wife for me. Good-bye.

86 Ticket inspector: They go, they go from one place to another, but they always stay there, they don't move a millimetre, even when they jump on a train or run to "take notes", ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous.

They get bored to death, say, they look at Sleeve Dirty with Cement, he'll never get rid of it; or the student with the low neckline... ordinary, predictable, they have no imagination whatsoever.

87 Narrator: Honey, have you seen where I put the electric bill? I can't find it. Dammit...

88 Ticket inspector: They smash themselves, they kick their own windows, they even leave the TV on before going out, or the food that's still hot; can you believe it? When they go home they don't notice anything, they're just a little more dazed and limping every time. And the day after? All over again. What fools!

89 Narrator: Could you please give me a kilo of onions? No, the other ones. Yes, yes. Those. Thanks, how much is that?

90 Ticket inspector: This is the city I live in.  
I am the inspector.  
A city like many others. Big, small, whole and in pieces at the same time.  
I am the tax stamp, the official seal, I validate all their desires. I fill out paperwork, paperwork, then, I do nothing, I hardly ever reread it. Sometimes.  
I make sure there's a price for everything, but there's already a price for everything and this work of mine is probably useless. For me it's a game, a game I've been playing for ages, I can't help myself. So I get on the train and I make it whistle.  
This is the city I live in. It's the only city that exists, as far as I know, because I've never left it... not even when I bring those twits around on the tracks.

91 Narrator: I'll take care of the mayor, I'll see him tomorrow evening at dinner, with his wife.

92 Ticket inspector: I think I saw the Keeper pose in front of that crazy photographer, for one last shot. Nooo, the other one, with the ripped suit, nitwits!

93 Narrator: They made another mistake, it's not the spare part I ordered. They say it's out of stock. Now we have to start all over again. All over again.

94 Ticket inspector: This is the city I... Just a moment... I hear voices coming from down there, at the end of the street; I have to validate the tickets, I'll be back soon... sorry, see you later. Bye.

*He goes away riding a horse. He rides toward the centre of the city.*

## 2. Gallop



*Musical piece based on the rhythm of the horse, that becomes a train and then the horse again. The architectural style of the first city merges and blends with that of the second.*

### **3. I am the Keeper!**

*The ticket inspector goes back to his horse. Someone shoots. He falls to the ground.*

95 Photographer: Got it! Another one for the list! Everyone keeps stealing my work; I don't even have time to turn away and take a few shots, and look at the first moron who comes along pretending to be the Keeper. And he believes it too! This is the city I live in. I am the Keeper. In colour and in black and white, I photograph everything that happens. I develop proofs upon proofs, then I do nothing with them, I hardly ever look at them, but it's a game, a game I've been playing for ages, I can't help...*(She hears a horse arrive, then a gunshot. The photographer has been hit).*

96 Construction worker Guldo: Ah ah ahhh. Another one down! Cleaned up! Just like you do when you have cement on your dirty clothes! I am the Keeper. I have always built it, I have laid brick after brick, I build homes and towers, then I demolish them, and I start over, it's a game, a game I've been playing for ages... *(gunshot, Guldo's lifeless body falls to the ground).*

97 Priest: He opened the wells of the Abyss and a great smoke came up, a smoke like the smoke of a great furnace, that darkened the sun and the air.

98 Narrator: If you lie on the bed we can listen to your heart...

99 Priest: So I was there too. I have always been there, Amen. This is the city I live in, I am the guardian angel *(shot)*

*Music from the Tea Ceremony in a loop.*

100 Narrator: Good morning honey, so will we see each other tonight? No, no she doesn't suspect anything...

101 Teacher: Light and shadows, get it? I painted the city I live in and I am the only legitimate keeper, I have studied the colours and the shapes for ages, even if it's worth nothing... *(shot)*

102 Other voices: I am the Keeper.. ahh – I am the... – I am the... *(shots)*

*The various aspirant Keepers kill each other like in a Western film. Everything fades to the sound of cowboy yells and Indian calls, music from 1930s Western films and from the Tea Ceremony, drum'n'bass, Scottish music, the town band, etc.*

103 Narrator: Have you fixed the problem? Only part... *(shot. Even the narrator falls)*