

The Deatherians

SOUND of an EKG. going flatline. Morivia's Intro. Music.

Scene 1

(The lights slowly rise on MORIVIA SOWOLICKA. She is beautiful in a deathly way; pale and gaunt. Her voice is low and smoky and brutal. She strips as she sings. She has an East European accent.)

Morivia Sowolicka

There are pleasures you can get with your money.
All of this money, it buys pleasure
and there is pleasure to be had in Amsterdam for money,
that's all you need, pretty money with flowers on it,
pretty girls in windows;
fat ones, white ones, yellow ones,
African's clicking their rings on the windows,
"You boy, come here."
There are bars in Amsterdam with only people on the menu,
banana bars where you eat bananas from a woman's vessel.
It doesn't cost a lot, but you need money for them to whip you,
money for their tongues.
How their eyes dart
as you pass their windows,
how their smiles flash,
how they sneer and suck their fingers,
"You boy, you boy, you boy, come here."
10 boys from Italy waiting for a Thai girl
to finish their brother.
As night grows darker
the streets swell with wandering men
and girls in the windows grow weary
and the money flows
in Amsterdam
in Amsterdam
the soft nightmare.

Scene 2

(The lights cross fade to HESS KRATOR* and DERN VØRDIGGER.* They are sitting at a hash bar. Krator is taken with Morivia. He gazes at her fading image. They both speak with Dutch accents. In the land of Deatherians men wear make-up, just as women do. They are both are carrying guns. Everybody in Amsterdam carries guns; they're like swords in the old days. Jerry*, a hunchback hustler, enters with a tray of joints.

Vørdigger

Goddamn, stinking, dripping shit all over himself. It was disgusting. Beyond my professional powers. I hated him, Krator, even if he was insane. (To Jerry) Give me a joint.

(Jerry hands Vørdigger a joint and lights it as he speaks.)

Jerry

(To Vørdigger)

You want another expresso, boss?

Vørdigger

If I want one I'll let you know, you ugly little tick.

Jerry

Sure, boss. (To Krator indicating Morivia) You like that woman, no? She a doll.

Krator

Get away from me.

Jerry

Sure boss. You got tip.

(Krator throws money on the tray.)

Krator

Go away.

(Jerry exits with tray.)

Vørdigger

(To Krator)

You find all these whores fascinating.

Krator

There is something about her.

Vørdigger

What do you see in those pitiful creatures?

Krator

She looks like a beautiful corpse, animated by a love of death. Anyway, Dr. Vørdigger, they're more fun than crazy people.

Vørdigger

You used to be a normal guy before you took that hideous position, wife, kids, car.

Krator

Fuck that. I hated it. I'm glad they're out of my life. I pay them good. They don't like me either.

Vørdigger

You should watch yourself, Hess.

Krator

You think everybody's crazy. That's because you live off of crazy people.

Vørdigger

I try to cure them.

Krator

Don't give me bullshit. You hate insane people. You coop them up like some farmer.

Vørdigger

What do you have to say about shit, Doctor? How is the slaughterhouse going?

Krator

There is pressure for me to expand.

Vørdigger

Expand? You've got to be joking.

Krator

No, goddamned it. They blame me for not working fast enough. I've got paper up to the ceiling to go through before I can kill just one motherfucker.

(We hear the Vørdigger's voice over speakers saying, "Vørdigger. Vørdigger. "Vørdigger winces.)

Vørdigger

What are you going to do about it?

Krator

I'm not going to do anything about it. I like my job.

Vørdigger

You kill people, for God's sake!

Krator

Somebody's got to do it. I am good at what I do. It is good to do what one is best at. There are too many old fuckers. They are eating the world like rust. I am like the fire that burns the weeds. I am like ammo. Ammo? I like that word. Is it American? Of course, they are so good at short words.

(We hear "Vørdigger Vørdigger" over the speakers. Vørdigger shakes his head to snap the sound out of his brain. *JIMMY and JOE* have been lurking in the shadows. When A GUY* approaches, they pull him into the shadows and begin pummeling him. As the sounds of beating and the cries of pain are heard, Krator and Vørdigger continue their conversation.)

Vørdigger

Amsterdam used to be a beautiful town.

Krator

Now it's overrun with the worst kind of scum. I blame it on America. I never liked that place. They're the one's that fucked up the world with their cheery movies and their processed cheese. Worse than the Nazis. The Nazis had some class.

Vørdigger

You mean their stupid riding boots?

Krator

Yes, and collars on their coats. They had style.

Vørdigger

They were stupid.

Krator

They were Germans.

Vørdigger

There you go.

Krator

There's nothing wrong with Germans except they're from Germany. But These Americans, they're from Disney Land. (He gets up and addresses the muggers in the bushes, gradually becoming irate) Now that Jesus has taken over their silly country you'd think they'd behave, but what do we have here, these American Illegals flooding our city, crawling out of the sewers. They make the most distasteful street-scum, they're so stupid and cute. They don't have the character of our peasant class.

(The noises in the bushes stop. Jimmy and Joe, the Americans, appear with the victim's billfold and briefcase.)

Jimmy and Joe
(Greeting Krator)

Dude.

(They give him the finger and take off into the darkness.)

Krator

I hate Democracy.

Vørdigger
(Patiently beckoning Krator to him)

Krator. Krator, I want to talk to you.

Krator

What's the matter?

Vørdigger

Krator, I'm hearing things.

(We hear the Vørdigger's voice over speakers saying, "Vørdigger. Vørdigger. "Vørdigger winces.)

Krator

What kinds of things?

Vørdigger

A grunting, just behind my back, like a pig stuffing his snout in shit. Then, someone calling my name, "Vørdigger, Vørdigger" very clearly.

Krator

You drink too much coffee.

(Vørdigger laughs.)

Vørdigger

What a fabulous diagnoses.

(Krator pulls the roach from Vørdigger's mouth and throws it on the ground).

Krator

Don't smoke this.

Vørdigger

You smoke cigarettes.

Krator

They don't make me hallucinate, they just give me cancer.

Vørdigger

Stop it, you fool. There is no cure. It is "Echo de pensée."

Krator

"Echo de pensée?"

Vørdigger

"Echo de pensée." Hallucinations of the ear. It runs in the family. My grandfather had it. He screamed himself to death trying to block out the voices and the sounds.

Krator

How long has this been going on?

Vørdigger

The last few months.

Krator

Why didn't you tell me before?

Vørdigger

I don't trust you, but I have no where else to turn.

Krator

I understand. What do you want from me?

Vørdigger

I want you to kill me. (Krator starts to protest, Vørdigger puts up a silencing hand) Not yet. I want you to keep an eye on me. Follow me to the edge and if I cannot function, I want you to kill me, no matter how much I plead for my life. Understand it as only the ravings of a mad man.

Krator

This is quite unpleasant.

Vørdigger

Do you think I enjoy it? (He pulls out a paper from his pocket) Pursuant to this request I have brought a document allowing friendly termination. I have signed it. It only needs your signature.

(Krator examines the paper.)

Krator

Document? This is a contract.

Vørdigger

Yes.

Krator

This is backed by the Vandel Voodles, the toughest gang in town.

Vørdigger

It is only paper.

Krator

Are you kidding me, if I don't meet the demands of this contract they will kill me.

Vørdigger

Read there. If you don't kill me they will stuff me in a bag and beat me to death with hammers. It's an incentive. Krator, you do this everyday.

Krator

Why don't you do it yourself?

Vørdigger

I'm afraid that by the time it needs to be done I will be incapable.

Krator

Oh, for Christ's sake, then why don't you do it now?

Vørdigger

I hate to admit it, but I am very much afraid of death.

Krator

I don't do this shit for free. It will cost you.

Vørdigger

I have the money. (Indicating the contact) Take it with you. Think about it...but think fast. It only needs your signature. I'll give you a call.

(Krator waves Vørdigger off as he moves toward the darkness.)

Krator

Ja, ja, tot siens.

Vørdigger

Tot stats.

(Krator vanishes into the darkness. Vørdigger watches Krator exit. "Vørdigger! Vørdigger!" comes over the speakers. Vørdigger winces. He crosses to the discarded joint. As he bends to pick it up the sound of insane laughter comes over the speakers, followed by "Vørdigger! Vørdigger!" The lights cross-fade to...)

Scene 3

(...LØVIN HATHERDAL* standing in the street with Jimmy and Joe by her side carrying signs that say, "Save the Planet! Kill Yourself!" "Eat People Not Animals!" Hatherdal is holding forth. She is a woman in her 40's. Her face is disfigured beyond recognition. She has a Dutch accent).

Hatherdal

The human race excretes 250,000 pounds of shit per second! We are drowning in our own excrement and all you think about is fucking? Everything's about fucking. Movies, TV, fucking, fucking, fucking. Can't you think about anything else? (She claps Jimmy and Joe on the back, knocking them off balance) Look at America. These boys here, they're from America. This is what fucking has got you. This is what TV has got you. This is what the Pop music has got you. Now that the Christians have taken over their stupid country they are escaping like so many rats: Wet Backs, only this time it isn't the Rio Grande, it's the Atlantic. They're afraid of going into the "camps." You remember the "Camps." Only in America they call them "Bible Camps". (To Jimmy and Joe) Gobble like your turkey. (They gobble) They work for the

Hatherdal (cont.)

"Minister," that's me, I'm the goddamned fucking minister. In what church do I preach? Why I preach in the streets. Right here, motherfuckers. And what is my church? The Dutch Reformed Church of the Second Killing. The church of Saint Kavorkian, That's right, I should kill you're fucking asses right now, but I don't, I am a Liberal, I think a second. That's why my church is "Reformed." But don't think I think a third time. No, baby, you bet your booties I don't. I am not like some doctors I know who sit around fingering their noodles. I am speaking of one Mickey Mouse in particular. His name is Dr. Hess Krator. He has the power to create the greatest killing machine in the history of the human-shit-fucks. But what does he do? He mews around like some slurping mother cat. "Oh, I don't know if I should kill you. You are not miserable enough." Pussy-whipped, motherfucker, he has no balls. I know you're miserable enough. If he won't kill you, I will kill you. My eyes are everywhere. I will find you; the weak, the insipid, the deformed, the insane. (She unrolls a long sheet of paper) Here is this weeks shit list. If your name is on it you won't be around to hear it next week. (To the Americans) Hit it, boys!

(A great rap beat fills the street. As they begin their song, Hatherdal begins reading names from the list. They are the names of the people in the audience who reserved their tickets).

Jimmy and Joe
(Rapping)

Pigeons fucking in the parking lot
rats of the air unite
flies boffin on a can of lard
six prong dicks gettin stiff and hard
Jesus god what a sight!
Garbage man gives 'em a swat
likes to kill 'em when they're good and hot.

Your name's on the shit list,
 you're shot,
 swat;
 your rot!
 It's survival of the fittest
 survival of the fittest
 survival of the fittest
 It's survival of the fittest
 survival of the fittest

Jimmy and Joe (cont.)

Mary Jane's puts her baby in a garbage can;
 she got to get on the road;
 down in the chili and some moldy bread;
 she don't care - it's better off dead;
 this motherhood garbage is a load.
 Mary Jane's doin some tricks,
 but there's nothin in the world that's a good enough fix:
 your name's on the shit list;
 you're caught,
 snot,
 you're naught!
 It's survival of the fittest
 survival of the fittest
 survival of the fittest
 your name's on the shit list
 It's survival of the fittest
 survival of the fittest.

Sweaty chicks working machines,
 low fat virgin marines,
 checkin out each other's genes.
 Boys in Toyota trucks
 comparing each other's fucks;
 Jesus life suck!

By the window, please.

(Krator slips out of bed. His is a black figure in the blue light. He crosses to the window and lights up.)

Krator

I want to talk to you about something.

Zeena

Your time is up.

Krator

Go to my billfold.

(ZEENA* crosses to Krator's pants and takes out the billfold. She crosses to the window and opens the billfold.)

Krator

Take all of it. Just leave enough for me to get cigarettes.

Zeena

There's more than 4000 gelder in here.

Krator

Have a party.

(She takes the money and goes to turn on a light.)

Krator (Cont.)

Leave the light off and lie down on the bed. (She lies down on the bed. He stays by the window) When I was on top of you, between your legs; when I was inside of you, you gave me these motions. It was so soft and pulled so gently. When I came in you, you thrust at me to accept my semen, to bury it in you. These motions coupled with a man can bring forth life. From a woman who had sex, who made these motions with a man, I came to exist.

Zeena

Your children are in a condom.

Krator

(Laughs quietly)

Yes, like so much slime in a sock. That is my point. I am a doctor. I took an oath to preserve life and yet I take life in the name of medicine. They pay me for it. They pay me well. You are a woman. You go through the motions of sex. There is no love, there are no children. I pay you for it. I pay you well.

Zeena

You are Krator.

Krator

Yes., you know of me?

Zeena

Everyone knows about you on the Strip. You are the Devil Doctor. You lurk about the alleys every night to find girls to fuck and do kinky things. So I am one of these girls?

Krator

Yes.

Zeena

I want you to leave.

Krator

Why?

Zeena

You're weird.

(Krator laughs softly to himself.)

Krator

You are a chicken shit bitch, aren't you?

Zeena

You kill people for money. You smell like death.

Krator

You are a bore.

Zeena

You smell like shit. Get out of here.

Krator

I will get out when I want.

(She runs to the window and shouts.)

Zeena

Intruder! Intruder!

(As the lights fade.)

Krator

All right. All right.

Scene 5

(Krator appears sneaking out of the shadows, pulling his pants up. Hatherdal steps out of the shadows and accosts him.)

Hatherdal

Dr. Krator, My name is Lövin Hatherdal. I'm the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church of Euthanasia. Our Patron Saint is Dr. Kevorkian. We advocate suicide, sodomy and cannibalism.

Krator

(Struggling with the zipping up of his fly.)

I'm well aware of who you are. You are a serial killer, nothing more.

Hatherdal

I kill more people a week than you do and I don't even have your equipment.

Krator

You are an evil, misguided female.

(She grabs him. Krator pushes her away.)

Krator

Get away from me!

Hatherdal

What are you doing down here? This is not a respectable place.

Krator

It's none of your fucking business.

Hatherdal

Stay where you belong. Go out to your suburbs and stay away from the District.

Krator

I can go where I want to.

(Krator draws his pistol. Hatherdal whistles. Jimmy and Joe step out of the shadows and put their guns to Krator's head.)

Hatherdal

In your little killing room you may be king, but here, in the District, I run things. Beware, Krator, I got my eye on you. I have always had my eye on you. Leave these animals alone. They belong to me.

Krator
(Shouting)

Like hell they do.

Hatherdal
(Quietly)

Down here, You belong to me.

Krator

You're mad.

(Krator brushes past Jimmy and Joe and exits.)

Hatherdal
(Shrieking)

It won't be the last you see of me! I'll track you down to the ends of eternity!

(Lights out.)

Scene 6

(The lights rise on Krator and MRS. LATIA CAMILLIO * sitting, facing each other, their knees almost touching. Krator is now wearing a lab coat. This is KRATOR'S OFFICE in the HALCYON CENTER. They speak in hushed tones.)

Mrs. Latia Camillio

Will we meet again?

(Krator looks at her for a long time.)

Krator

I don't know, Latia.

(Latia turns away from Krator.)

Latia

I will not cry anymore, not until he is gone.

(Krator gently puts his hand on her shoulder.)

Krator

There will be no pain.

Latia

I know.

Krator

You know that by accepting the ring he gives his final consent?

(Latia composes herself and looks at Krator)

Latia

I understand and so does he. It is time.

(She stands. Krator rises and pulls aside a curtain surrounding a bed. Dr. TORVALD* steps out from behind the curtain.)

Krator

This is my assistant, Dr. Torvald.

(Latia turns her eyes to Torvald. Torvald bows formally. Krator looks at his watch..)

Scene 7

(Termination room: There is the sound of a soothing, heavenly drone in the darkness. Just below the drone is the sound of a heartbeat on an EKG.)

Latia is standing at the bedside of her husband, HERMAN.* Latia is showing her husband pictures of the grandchildren.)

Latia

...at the picnic on the lake in Ooster Park. Isn't she funny? And there is Goldung. Hasn't he grown?

(Herman brushes the photos aside. They fall on the floor.)

Herman

Enough of this silly prattle. Do you think it makes me happy to see young people healthy and alive with years before them?

Latia

(Picking the photos from the floor.)

They are your grandchildren.

Herman

Do they know they are going to die?

Latia

I'm sure they do.

Herman

Come on, Krator, get it over with. (To his wife confidentially) The fucker is lurking in the shadows. Watch what you say. (To the shadows) Krator?

Krator

(From the shadows)

Yes, Mr. Camillio?

Herman

Why don't you come out and show yourself?

Krator

(From the shadows)

I thought that you would want to be alone with your wife, Mr. Camillio.

Herman

Do you think I don't know you're there?

(Krator steps out of the shadows. He is carrying a small black box with an antenna sticking out of it.)

Herman (cont.)

You must call me, Herman. After all we are on quite intimate terms.

Krator

Yes, Herman, and you may call me, Hess.

Herman

I won't be calling anybody anything much longer. (Latia turns away. Herman grabs her hand.) Latia, you must do something for me.

Latia

Anything, Herman.

Herman

I want you to cover my face with a sheet. (She hesitates.) Do it! When I take a shit I close the door, don't I?

Krator

We don't have to go through with this, Herman.

(Herman laughs bitterly.)

Herman

Don't we? How much time do I have, a month, two months? No sleep, just pain? It's going to happen anyway. Besides, it's the only thing my insurance would cover.

Latia

You seemed reconciled.

Herman

When your time comes, perhaps you won't be so reconciled. (He sighs. He takes Latia's hand.) I'm sorry. I've been hard on you.

(Latia clasps Herman's hand.)

Latia

We shall see each other again, Herman, on the other side, and you will be well and free from pain.

Herman

The other side of what? Pull the sheet over me.

Latia

May I kiss you?

Herman

Kiss me? Oh, kiss you good-bye? (He looks up at her. His eyes soften.) It is not your fault. Kiss me.

(Latia bends and kisses Herman. It is a long and tender kiss. She raises up and looks down at him.)

Latia

I will have faith for us both.

Herman

You must. I have none. Now pull the sheet over my face.

(Latia looks at him as if trying to remember his face.)

Herman

Do it.

(Latia pulls the sheet over Herman's face. Krator takes the ring box from his pocket.)

Krator

I must ask you again, Herman, do you willingly consent, being fully conscious that by wearing this ring, I will bring you to Terminus?

Herman

(Impatiently, from beneath the sheet)

Yes. Yes.

Krator

Then I will give your wife the ring.

(Krator gives Latia the ring. Latia turns to her husband. She takes his hand and slips the ring on his finger.)

Latia

Just as I have married you in life, so I marry you again.

(Herman, from beneath the sheet.)

Herman

Oh, for Christ's sake.

Latia

We will see each other again, Herman. I know it.

Herman

You are a good woman, Latia. Forgive me for being such a burden.

Latia

You've been no burden.

Herman

Bullshit. Hess?

Krator

Yes, Herman?

Herman

Good-bye, and thank you.

Krator

Good-bye, Herman.

Herman

Good-bye.

Latia

Till we meet again.

Herman

Do it, Dr. Krator.

(Krator turns a key at the console. The light shining on Herman's bed rises brighter. The sound of the EKG grows louder. The beats become erratic as Herman, beneath the sheet stiffens and begins to shudder. The EKG slows down as he relaxes and sighs softly and goes still. The EKG goes flatline. Krator crosses to. He pulls the sheet away from the corpse and looks down at it. A special cross-fades to Krator.)

Krator

(Snging)

The past is death;
close as the last moment;
a pile of beer bottles next morning,
toothpaste on the side of the sink.

When we look at the past the eyes of the dead shine.
In their light we find our memories.

The future is the unknown dead behind our backs
swimming up on us.

There is only one moment left ,
a twitch.

Scene 8

(The lights switch to the Termination Room. Herman's dead body is still there covered by the sheet. Dr. Torvald is looking at Mr. Camillio's brain scan. Dr. Krator begins removing the termination equipment from Herman's body.)

Torvald

Mr. Camillio's brain died at 13:02.

Krator

I'll tell you why he did it.

Torvald

Why?

Krator

To get back at his wife. What a stupid, passive cow. Handed from mother to mother. How else could he get back at them but shit in their hands?

Torvald

Would you like to come to dinner tonight? I'm sure Nora has fixed something fine.

(Krator breaks into laughter.)

Krator

Having problems with your wife again?

Torvald

Yes.

Krator

What a useless waste of time.

Torvald

Yes.

Krator

What is the problem now?

Torvald

She is moody.

Krator

Women are chemical factories. Don't pay any attention.

Torvald

She says I don't pay any attention.

Krator

Or you don't pay the right attention. Or you don't pay attention at the right times. I know, I know, I've gone through it all before.

Torvald

I'm afraid she's going to leave me.

Krator

Good riddance. You make enough to pay the alimony.

Torvald

But the children...

(Krator waves him off.)

Krator

Please.

(Torvald crosses to the monitor. Krator goes to his desk and begins tabulating Herman's termination expenses.)

Krator

I hate these HMO killings. There's not enough money in it.

Torvald

I've been working on something, Hess.

Krator

Dizzy hands are the Devil's teapot.

Torvald

Until now I've been reluctant to talk to you about it. It's about the brain scans.

Krator

Dead people's brain scans?

Torvald

Yes.

Krator

My god, Torvald, that's perverse.

Torvald

I've conducted an intense study of thousands of brain scans. I have found something.

Krator

Good.

Torvald

A brain wave, very rare.

Krator

Really?

Torvald

In the alpha frequency.

Krator

Wow.

Torvald

Stop it. You must listen to me. Dr. Krator, 1.5% of the brain waves are exactly the same.

Krator

Christ, Torvald, you're wasting your time. The brain of a dead man is about as interesting as a can of rotten worms.

Torvald

But Identity, Krator, what is identity?

Krator

Identity is a complex illusion, a lot of work for nothing. We are all more or less idiots and more or less dead. (Krator crosses to his coat and puts it on.) You amaze me, Torvald, you have such a fine mind, why do you feed it such kibble?

Torvald

There are things happening right under our nose that we don't know about. What we see is conditioned by what we look for. This brain wave is something new. It could have tremendous implications.

Krator

Do you eat her out?

Torvald

What?

Krator

Your wife?

Torvald

No.

Krator

You should give her head. (Heads for the door.) Tat siens.

Torvald

Tat strats.

(Krator slits a grin at Torvald.)

Krator

Give my regards to your wife.

Scene 9

(Intro. music for Morivia's song is heard. The lights fade on Krator and a special slowly comes up on Morivia. She is where she was at the top of the play. She is wearing a g-string and pasties. She has a feather boa.

Although she looks pretty burned out, there's something about her, you know, a weird kind of coziness with her ugly situation.).

Morivia
(Singing)

My name is Morivia Sowolicka.
I'm going to go to college someday.
I'm working my way to school.
My mother lives in Prague.
My father died before I was born.
I work at Sexyland
I am a dancer.
Every hour I have live sex
with my boyfriend.
He's from Vienna.
Little windows surround me.
The shades go up ...
the shades go down. (Krator enters and takes a seat.
He smokes and watches her.
Jerry comes out of the shadows
and observes Krator.)
It only costs one guilder
to have a peek.
If you want to be private
it costs more.
Some day,
when I have earned enough money
I will become a doctor.
'till then I'll keep dancing.
Perhaps a beautiful stranger (The lights begin to fade.)
will find me
and we will fall in love. (Special fades on her.)

(Krator claps softly. He crosses to the stage. Jerry sits in an empty chair at Krator's table.)

Krator
(Quietly)

Bravo. Bravo.

(Krator returns to his place. He looks narrowly at Jerry and sits at his place..).

Jerry

You like her, ugh? She's a beauty, ain't she? You buy Jerry a drink?
(Krator gives him a withering look) Maybe not. (Appraises Krator, then...)

A man like you. A man with your appetites. A big man, like you should have fun. You deserve it. In a time like this, no more police, everyone killing, nobody there to stop it; it is dangerous. But free, yes, free. Free as a big bat, ugh? A man like you, who has risen to the top, he should have anything he wants. God knows what will happen to him, he works in such high places. You must admire him and get him what he needs. Jerry knows. He wanders the streets looking for men such as you. He knows everything. (He looks at the stage where Morivia was dancing) You like her? You want to see "more" of her. (Krator looks at Jerry. He is interested) Want to see her do things? (He stands) You come. Follow me, come to Sexyland.

Krator

You know her?

Jerry

I can tell you connoisseur. (He beckons Krator to him) Come on, come on.

(Krator and Jerry can be seen through a rectangular window. There is a shade that slides down as their time runs out.)

Jerry

You ain't seen nothin yet. Put guilder in here. (There is the sound of a coin going into the cup.. The shade goes up. We can see Krator and Jerry looking out at us.) See, stage revolves. Get to look at everything. Look, see the pretty girls snap their panties against the windows. There is a woman fucking a guy. He has pretty dick, no? Don't worry, don't mean nothing. Oops! (The shade goes down. As it does their heads follow it.) Hurry, don't miss it. (Sound of coin going into cup. The shade goes up.) He is like a young girl, yes? So sweet how he closes his eyes and fucks her. Look, his butt tightens when he thrusts into her. She must be deep. Look how she waves her legs, so slow. Who is she? (The shade goes down.) Hurry! Hurry! (From behind the closed shade.) Don't be mad with Jerry. He's just excited. You excited too? Here, here put coin in. See what's happening now. Like peek-a-boo. (Sound of coin going into cup. The shade goes up.) It's her, the Goddess, the one you like. (He laughs) Very athletic. She's the most beautiful I think. Like a movie star. Look how she's got her elbows on his knees. Very classy.

(Krator is quite taken with the woman behind the screen.)

Krator

What is she saying?

Jerry

You like her?

(The shade goes down.)

Jerry (cont.)

Put coin in. (Sound of coin going into cup. The shade goes up.) She's saying in Russian, French, Italian, in Japanese, in English; "I'm not fucking him, baby, I'm fucking you." Very educated girl. You like? I can introduce you. Look, the stage is revolving her face to you. Maybe she find your eyes. Look, she looking at you!

(Krator is hypnotized by her. Jerry notices it.)

Krator

She is a complete slut.

Jerry

She like you.

Krator

What's she doing?

Jerry

Oh! She's flicking her tongue at you.

Krator

What does that mean?

Jerry

It means that she is inviting you to meet her.

(The shade comes down. Krator grabs a coin from his pocket. Jerry stops him.)

Jerry

No, no, you can meet her. Jerry knows how. You want to?

Krator

Yes.

(The shade disappears. Jerry and Krator begin walking.)

Jerry

Don't be afraid. She's very nice. 20 guilders, you talk to her. You have troubles. She's a gypsy, she got the "sight." Come on, come on. She's off the stage now. She's waiting for you. Be very disappointed if you don't show up.

(A Plexiglas private booth rolls in. We cannot see what is behind the curtain

Jerry

You go in alone. Find picture. Push button. She come out.

Krator

This is a private booth. I don't have to pay you.

Jerry

Finder's fee.

(Krator hands Jerry a bill.)Jerry

This only ten.

Krator

I give you another ten if she's in there. You want to wait around?

(Jerry laughs and runs into the dark..)
start here

Scene 10

(Krator orients himself to the dark. He's standing before a Plexiglas booth. There are telltale stains on it's surface. There is a row of pictures of the strippers with their names and buttons beneath them. Krator finds Morivia's picture and name.)

Krator

(Reading)

"Morivia Sowolicka, 18 guilders for 5 minutes."

(He searches his pockets. He braces himself, then pushes the button. He begins pacing. He begins speaking to himself. As he does, Morivia opens the curtain. She sits on the chair watching him. She is wearing a kimono.)
What am I doing here, she's nothing but a burned out whore.

Morivia

(Speaking with an East European accent)

And what are you, bigshot?

(Krator steps away from the glass and speaks from the shadows. Morivia takes her kimono off.)

Morivia (cont.)

Finger, 20, dildo, 35, finger and dildo 50.

Krator

I want to talk to you.

(Morivia grabs her kimono and puts it over herself.)

Morivia

You want to what?

Krator

I want to talk to you.

Morivia

I don't do that. Talk to Lisa. She talks.

Krator

I saw you...on the stage.

Morivia

Was I fucking or dancing?

Krator

Both. Did you not notice me?

Morivia

You? Why should I notice you. I don't notice anyone.

Krator

But I'm sure you noticed me. You stuck your tongue out at me. Like this.

(He flicks his tongue out at her.)

Morivia

I do that when people look stupid.

Krator

I'm not what I seem. I'm a doctor.

Morivia

Oh, goodness, I'm impressed. Are you here on a house call?

Krator
(Chuckles)

What's it like in there?

Morivia

What do you mean?

Krator

In there, behind the glass?

Morivia

It stinks like pussy, but it doesn't stink as much as it does on your side.

Krator

What is the hardest thing about your work?

Morivia

Why, do you want a job? (She looks down at the money slot.) Money talks bullshit walks. 20 guilder.

Krator

20 guilder?

Morivia

You rich bastards are always cheap.

Krator

You can tell I got money?

Morivia

Sure, you always had money.

Krator

How can you tell that?

Morivia

20 guilder.

Krator

Okay, 20 guilder. (He opens his billfold. It's stuffed with bills. He slips a bill into the slot.) How can you tell I've always had money?

Morivia

You? Because you got mommy-eyes, all big and needy like some ugly rich girl.

Krator

I would say fuck you to that.

Morivia

You pick things up and put them down like you could buy them.

Krator

Like I'm buying you right now?

Morivia

You like what you're getting from me?

Krator

I like the truth.

Morivia

"The truth" is what you make somebody swallow.

Krator

What is the hardest thing you do there?

Morivia

Do you really want to know?

Krator

Yes.

Morivia

We stay in a little room, the 5 of us. I can take it. I am strong. We are in there 14 hours a day 7 days a week. It is a gas chamber.

Krator

And then they let you out with us guys. That is all you see of the world?

Morivia

Yes, only that and the night streets. It is as it should be, the world of sunny days and cheeping birds is bogus. The sky is not blue. It is black. The stars are poison rayguns shooting evil at us.

Krator

I like to see you fuck. It is amazing to see it go in you. How big it is, how easily you take it. Who is the man?

Eddy. Morivia

(He laughs)

Eddy? Krator

Don't laugh, he lived in California. He was a big porn star. Morivia

He is your man? Krator

My "man"? Do I look like breeding stock? Morivia

Your protector? Krator

Sure. Are you really a doctor? Morivia

Yes. Krator

A doctor of what? Morivia

Would you know the difference? Krator

You don't look like a doctor. Morivia

What do I look like? Krator

You look like an angry little fireman. Morivia

(Krator bursts into laughter.)

I'm an euthanasiest.

Krator

Into children?

Morivia

I kill people.

Krator

That's no fucking doctor's job.

Morivia

I assure you it is.

Krator

How do you kill them?

Morivia

Krator
You really want to know? Put your finger against the glass. Go ahead.
(She puts her finger against the glass. He runs his fingers over hers.) We
take a little ring and put it on your finger. We send a little signal. It
interrupts your brain waves, gives you a little buzz and sends you on your
way.

(Morivia stares down at him, fascinated.)

On your way to what?

Morivia

Oblivion.

Krator

(She takes her hand away and looks at her ring finger, then at Krator,
genuinely impressed.)

You do that?

Morivia

Yes.

Krator

Morivia

Oblivion, eternal oblivion, where this horrid accident will be destroyed once and for all. (She looks deeply into his eyes.) Don't you just hate Nature? All these creatures that scream and scramble and slither and swing about the trees. But Nature is a dumb animal. It can't sense its own hideous intrusion into Oblivion, like a sliver in the eye of a blind man. It is consciousness that I abhor. No one should have to witness it,

Morivia (cont.)

do you think? Happiness, sorrow, hope, love, these chemical baths as manic as a tub full of acid, the fantasies of crawling wads of skin. (She gazes up from her plastic window.) Look all about you, buildings and inventions, the scientific empire. What are they? An empty spectacle. The great orb of space rotates above you, the color of oblivion. I want to be free, free of everything. (She looks down at him.) How many do you do a day?

Krator

About a dozen.

Morivia

Doesn't seem like very many.

Morivia

Have you ever killed anybody with your hands?

Krator

No.

Morivia

With a gun?

Krator

No.

Morivia

Only with your ring-a-mujig?

Krator

Yes.

Morivia

I think you should have to kill them with your bare hands. That I would find sexy. But you, you might as well do it by cell-phone.

Krator

You're a real bitch for a creature that fucks in front of strangers.

Morivia

I'm not a doctor.

Krator

What would you do if I killed somebody with my hands?

Morivia

Would I find that sexy?

Krator

Yes.

Morivia

It would depend on who. I got to go.

Krator

I enjoyed our chat.

Morivia

Did you? Then give me a tip.

(Krator grins at her and pulls out his billfold. He sticks a bill into the slot. She reaches down and tries to pull it through but Krator doesn't let the bill go. Their faces are near each other. Only the glass separates them.)

Krator

I didn't think you would fall for that one.

Morivia

I didn't.

Krator

Your face is quite beautiful.

Morivia

You are a weird, kinky motherfucker.

Krator

Thank you.

Morivia

Now let go of the money.

Krator

I can see your breath on the glass like you got some hot ghost is inside of you.

Morivia

I can see your breath too. It probably stinks like old meat.

Krator

Why don't you meet me after work.

Morivia

I never go out with customers.

(Krator starts to rip the bill in half from his side.)

Krator

Well, now if I don't pay I won't be a customer.

Morivia

Don't tear the money.

Krator

I can feel your hand through the money. (Krator releases the bill.) I think I like you.

Morivia

Lucky me. I got to go.

Krator

I want to see you again.

Morivia

That might not be easy, I move a lot.

Krator

I'll find you. Maybe I'll bring you a surprise. Tot ziens.

Morivia

Tot strats.

(The booth travels out and lights fade on Morivia as a special rises on Krator. All the church bells of Amsterdam begin ringing. Krator turns and sings.)

Krator

It is strange how my heart beats tonight
 like a transplant in an old body,
 like a boy locked in a closet
 terrified but so full of life.
 The bells of old Amsterdam jabber in the night
 no one is awake to hear them but me.
 My veins swell with sweet-eyed snakes,

Krator (cont.)

my tongue is a screaming lizard.
 I cry to the night:
 I am alive!
 I am alive!

(The lights fade to black.)

Scene 11

(The Casa Rosa: A strip show. The lights rise on Vørdigger. He is sitting at a table. He is smoking a large joint and drinking vodka from a bottle. Farther down A MAN* is sitting at the same table. He is eating. Vørdigger begins, first talking to himself then later begins to include his rather unwilling neighbor. All the while Vørdigger is intermittently assailed by aural hallucinations.)

Vørdigger

(To himself)

I can't sleep. My brain is like a toilet bowl. (Sounds) Shut up! (He addresses the guy) You think I'm crazy, huh? You don't look to sane yourself. I know, I'm a psychiatrist. (The guy looks at him, then looks back at his plate and continues eating) I've watched mad people all of my life. I always wondered what it was like, if they knew they were mad. (To the guy) You can't hear it, can you. The noise. (Vørdigger stuffs the joint in his mouth, grabs the bottle and scoots up near the guy. The guy turns away. Vørdigger takes a long pull from the bottle and a big toke from the joint. Sounds.) I feel something being born in me. The trees, the sky, the earth, the dead, they're all screaming at us. (He looks at the guy.) You know how

ugly that is, that thing you're doing to your face? (He makes chewing motions and smacks his lips) Stuffing it with dead muscle and sex organs.

(The guy suddenly grabs Vørdigger by the lapels and pushes him against the back of the chair. He is about to slug him when a light appears comes up on the stage. The guy releases Vørdigger, looks about him guiltily and sits at the farthest end of the table. Vørdigger hardly knows what's gone on. The MC's voice comes over the speakers.)

MC's Voice

Meine Dammen und Herren, the Casa Rosa proudly presents Ingravìa Solari, the Dominatrix. Give her a loud hand!

(The sound of applause comes over the speakers. A woman dressed in S and M leather appears in the doorway, accompanied by sleazy sex music. She is INGRAVIA.* Could be played in drag. Ingravìa snaps a cat of nine tails. She screams at the audience. Ingravìa wiggles and prances as she sings. She has an Italian accent. She also has a cat of nine.)

Ingravìa

Where is my baby! Where is my baby! I want her! (To an audience member) Are you my baby? No. Get out of here. (She looks about the audience.) Francesca, where are you? She is hiding from me. She knows she's been a whore! Where are you, you little cunt? You tight little honey bowl, come on, let me give you a licking. (She looks about the audience) I know you're out there.

(Suddenly a scantily clad young woman with huge fake boobs jumps out in the audience and cries out. She falls to her knees. She is the sought after woman, FRANCESCA* Could be played in drag.)

Francesca

Please, please, Ingravìa, don't hurt me.

(Ingravìa cries out in delight and runs to Francesca.)

Vørdigger

(From his place)

Delightful! (To the guy) You know, I haven't gone to places like this before.

Ingravìa

You leetle whore! (To a man in the audience near Francesca) Have you been fucking my girlfriend? I should beat you. You should be so lucky!

(She grabs Francesca by the handcuffs and pulls her up. Francesca has an Italian accent.)

Francesca

Please! Please, don't beat me!

Vørdigger
(Calling out)

Beat her! Beat her! (He laughs.)

Ingravia

(As she ties Francesca's hands to a ring on the stage)
Don't listen to her, she's a slut. She likes it! She likes it. She likes everything. (She begins lashing Francesca with the cat) Don't you? Don't you, you hot leetle fucker!

(Francesca writhes in ecstasy.)

Francesca

Yes! Yes! I can't help it! I love it! I love it!

(The music gets louder as Ingravia beats Francesca.)

Vørdigger

This is wonderful. Beat her! Beat her!

(Finally, Francesca goes limp with satisfaction. Ingravia pulls Francesca's head back and kisses her passionately. Francesca whispers something in Ingravia's ear. The music stops. Ingravia turns to the audience aghast.)

Ingravia

I can't believe what my dear beloved, Francesca, has just whispered to me. She wants someone else. She wants the two of us to beat him. What a naughty girl. But if my lovely wants it what can I do? (She unties Francesca's hands. They both turn and look at the audience with demonic grins) Who do you want my love? Which one of them? (They go out into the audience and look at the people.) That one? (Francesca nods "no.") How about that one? (Francesca looks at the person carefully, then nods

"no.") This one, then? (Francesca looks the person over, then nods "no.")
 Don't be so picky. This one then. Stand up, come on, stand up. (Francesca
 nods "no.).

(Suddenly Vørdigger stands up and shouts.)

Vørdigger

How about me, you beautiful fuckers? (He staggers away from the table
 toward them.) I need a beating.

(Francesca and Ingravìa look at each other nonplused, then shrug their
 shoulders and grin.)

Ingravìa

Are you sure you want it, big boy?

(Vørdigger falls to his knees and spreads his arms to them.)

Vørdigger

I do! I do!

Ingravìa

(To Francesca)

Do you want him, darling?

Francesca

Why not, he's as ripe as an old banana.

Ingravìa

(To the audience)

He's a brave boy, give him a hand!

(The sound of applause comes over the speakers, followed by music.
 Ingravìa and Francesca rush over to Vørdigger and pull him up on stage.
 They tie his hands to the ring. Francesca grabs a cat from the stage. She
 and Ingravìa begin lashing Vørdigger. Vørdigger twists and starts.)

Vørdigger

Come on, you can do better than that.

(The women beat him harder.)

Vørdigger

You think you're tough with your little comic act? (He whirls around on them) You are nothing but corpses! Corpses! (For a moment the two women stop and look at him. Vørdigger grins at them.). Well do me, you stupid cows, do me!

(The women throw him up against the wall and whip him harder. Vørdigger screams at them.)

Vørdigger

You're ugly! You got sense organs all over your face! You smell like a swamp! You ooze like boils. You sticky, ugly, slimy fucking cunts!

(Francesca shrieks and pulls Vørdigger's pants down, exposing his bare ass. The sound of the audience laughing comes over the speakers. They begin lashing Vørdigger wildly. Vørdigger writhes and cries out, a

Vørdigger (cont.)

jungle of animals cry with him.) my spirit free. Come on, you pussies! Beat it out of me! Beat it out of me!

(The women beat him. Vørdigger pulls his head back and howls as the lights fade. In the darkness Vørdigger's howls become the howls of wolves.)

Scene 12

(Jimmy and Joe are knocking on a door.)

Joe

I couldn't get it on with Jesus, you know. I mean, I feel like a Christian. I know that he is the Lord, but I just can't get behind all the morality shit.

Jimmy

That doesn't matter, you can be forgiven for that. (A Guy comes out, accepts a religious pamphlet from Jimmy, and is looking at it when Jimmy knees him in the balls. He falls and Joe drags him into the shadows to continue the assault.) But have you accepted him, Joe, I mean as your Personal Savior?

Joe

Yeah, I think so. (He breaks the Guy's neck with a snap.)

Jimmy

Thinking isn't enough. You gotta know.

Joe

I know, I know.

Jimmy

Hey, Joe, you can't fuck around with this stuff. The Lord is fucking everywhere. Don't you think he knows if you're bullshitting?

Joe

That's what scares me, Jimmy. What if I think I am one with the Lord and I find out, or worse, *they* find out that I'm not?

Jimmy

Why do you think I'm here, man? They got a fucking request out on me right now.

Joe

Bible Camp, you? You didn't tell me that.

Jimmy

80 percent of the wet backs in Amsterdam got requests for Bible Camp. Where the fuck you bin?

(They emerge from the shadows. Jimmy has a severed hand in one hand and piano wire in the other.)

Joe

Man, you're clumsy.

Jimmy

I'm new with piano wire.

Joe

(Pointing at the severed hand)

Put that thing in a bag, man.

Jimmy

(Putting the hand in a plastic bag)

Why does the Minister always have us cut things off these geeks?

Joe

She's got to have proof, fingerprints and shit. Hell, I don't know.

(We hear Vørdigger's hallucinations in the distance. Vørdigger appears. He is mumbling to himself. His pants are around his ankles.)

Vørdigger

Come out of your houses! Wake up. The gods have arrived. A god walks in me.

Jimmy

(Seeing Vørdigger)

Look what's comin'!

Joe

Looks like a candidate for the list. Shall we bag him?

Jimmy

Why not?

(Jimmy disappears into the shadows. Joe steps out into the street.)

Joe

Sir! Sir! Could you help me, I'm lost.

Vørdigger

Ik spreek geen Engels.

(Vørdigger's hallucination: "Dern! Dern!")

Joe

Come on, sir, please help me. (Vørdigger continues down the street. Joe pleads with him from his place) I'm a student.

(Vørdigger's hallucinations.)

Vørdigger

(Without turning)

You're a meat puppet.

(Jimmy steps out of the shadows behind Vørdigger.)

Jimmy

That's no way to talk to a Christian.

(Vørdigger's hallucination. He slowly turns toward Jimmy, a smile creasing his face.)

Vørdigger

Of course there's more than one of you. Are there any more?

Joe

Why don't you pull your pants up, man?

(Vørdigger looks down, realizing for the first time, that his pants are around his ankles.)

Jimmy

(To Joe)

Jesus, man, he's pissed all over himself.

Joe

Hey, old man, pull your pants up.

Vørdigger

(Indicating his underwear)

Does this bother you? Are you afraid you'll want to suck me?

Joe

You piss me off, man.

(Vørdigger pulls his underwear down, spreads his arms and flashes them.)

Jimmy

Pull up your underwear, man, I don't want to see your old fucking dick.

(Vørdigger hallucinations. Vørdigger looks down at his nakedness as if seeing it for the first time. He pulls up his underwear.)

Vørdigger

My god.

Joe

We're gonna bag you for the Minister.

Vørdigger

Who are you?

Joe

You're gonna be listed, dude. Bring down the Minister, Jimmy.

(Jimmy pulls out a cell phone and punches a number. Vørdigger hallucinations. Vørdigger staggers toward the Americans.)

Vørdigger

What a fucking night.

(The Americans go for him. Vørdigger whirls around on Jimmy, striking him in the face. Vørdigger kicks Jimmy in the balls, sending Jimmy to the ground. The hallucinations increase).

Vørdigger

You are illusions.

(Vørdigger grabs back of Joe's head and brings Joe's face into his knee. Joe and Jimmy writhe on the ground. A plastic garbage bag is suddenly brought down over Vørdigger, wielded by Hatherdal. Vørdigger staggers, the bag over him. Hatherdal throws a noose over it and draws it tight. The shape of Vørdigger's head appears covered with plastic. She throws a foot into the middle of Vørdigger's back, crosses to Jimmy and pulls him up by his hair.)

Hatherdal

Can't you do anything right?

Jimmy

He's a lot tougher than he looks, Minister.

(She releases Jimmy's head, whirls around and kicks Joe in the crotch.)

Hatherdal

Shut up! I should send you back to Disney Land, Mr. Goofeys. Who is this guy?

Joe

He's a geek.

Jimmy

We were going to tag him for the list.

Joe

He was walking around with his pants down and everything.

Jimmy

He was really weird, Minister.

(She tears open the top of the bag, exposing Vørdigger's head. He is dazed.)

Vørdigger

I've wounded my brain. Christ, I'm leaking! (New sounds enter the hallucinations)

Hatherdal

Wait, I know this man. Look what the devil has thrown in my path. When I was a girl I was a patient in his ward. What a useless excuse for a healer. Mein fucking gott. Look at his eyes. (to Vørdigger) Doctor, you look quite mad. It seems the tables have turned. (She is ecstatically to the Americans.) He is a friend of Krator. Oh, Krator, I've got you surrounded. Gonna make you a man.

Hatherdal (cont.)

(Singing)

Where is the sweat, the water and the blood
where's the man made out of mud
don't want a dud
gimme a stud

(Rapping)

You squirmy fuckers
nipple suckers
baby-bed tuckers
rubber duck cluckers
Die! Die!

Hatherdal (cont.)

Gimme a guy!
Aaeaeaeaeae! Aaeaeaeaeae!
Gimmie a man with steam.

come on, men, awake,
 your women are waitin for you.
 Don't want no
 peepin-toms
 peekin at their moms
 these whores are an easy screw
 If you got to buy it it don't belong to you
 Don't be a mark
 Don't cover your spark
 Don't hide in the dark

Aaeaeaeaeae! Aaeaeaeaeae!
 Gimmie a man with steam.
 Shoot till I scream!

I'm gonna wake you up!
 Gonna wake you up!

(The lights bump to black.)

Scene 13

(The lights rise in the Termination Room. Krator is washing up killing stuff. He does it like a professional dishwasher. Torvald is standing over several plastic slop buckets.)

Krator

These motherfuckers are just too complicated. (He throws a piece of metal from the killing bed to the floor.) It drives me crazy. Look, it doesn't even break. I can't stand it.

(Torvald looks at the buckets.)

Torvald

Krator, I don't want to do this any longer.

Krator

What are you talking about, it's a good gig. (He looks up from his work.) I've run through every jug of Seldemite in this place. Torvald, get me another jar.

(Torvald goes to the counter and pulls out a gallon jug of Seldemite and gives it to Krator. Krator opens the jug of Seldemite, grabs an empty slop bucket and pours the Seldemite into it. All the while Torvald is talking.)

Torvald

Listen to me, I can't stand it any longer. This killing, it's the wrong profession. It's worse than Dentistry. I think that is what is going wrong in our household.

(Krator opens one of slop buckets and begins pulling out guts.)

Krator

This is good work. We got everything, compensation, the geld, come on, Torvald, lighten up. (He begins scrubbing a large intestine.) It is as good as it gets. I met this girl. She's scurvy. But I like her. I want her. I don't know why.

(Torvald begins scrubbing various body parts.)

Torvald

You throw women off and on like helmets. What's the fucking matter with you?

Krator

You know, Torvald, I've been depressed so long, she makes me kind of happy. I'm going to create a little surprise for her.

Torvald

I want to talk to you about something.

Krator

Sure.

Torvald

I've begun studying living people.

Change is good.

Krator

I've found the same brain wave.

Torvald

Brain wave?

Krator

The one I told you about. Why don't you listen?

Torvald

Sorry, remind me.

Krator

The brain wave in the alpha frequency. 1.5% of the dead have it.

Torvald

Oh, that, yes. So?

Krator

The same percentage of the living have it also. I've been checking
brainscans. There are many brain scans of living people on file. Your
brain scan is on file. So is mine. So is Nora's. The same percentage of the
living have it, 1.5%.*

What? This brain wave?

Krator

You have it.

Torvald

What?

Krator

This brain wave. I call it "The Spike."

Torvald

I have "The Spike" ?

Krator

Torvald

The Spike.

Krator

What the fuck is it?

Torvald

I don't know yet.

(Krator puts the lid on the slop bucket.)

Krator

Don't lose it. I'll have to let you go.

(Torvald caps his slop bucket.)

Torvald

Krator, you have "The Spike." There is something important going on here and you are a part of it whether you want to be or not. You belong to an elite group.

Krator

Oh, for Christ's sake, Torvald, I got work to do. Give me that bucket.

(Torvald gives Krator the bucket. Krator exits with a slop bucket in each hand)

Torvald

You aren't always right. Nora's going to leave. (Calling after Krator) I have ate her out!

(The lights stay up on the Termination Room while...)

Scene 14

(...the lights rise on Hatherdal standing on a street corner, holding forth with a megaphone. The Americans are standing beside her. Hatherdal is holding the end of a rope. There is a figure at the other end of the rope, leashed like a dog. The figure's head is covered with a plastic bag.. Torvald walks to the edge of the stage and looks down at Hatherdal.)

Hatherdal

Today I stand before the Halcyon Foundation, Europe's center for euthanasia. Oh, of course there are no signs and it isn't very busy. That's because it's director, Dr. Hess Krator, is a lazy, liberal slug who spends his time fucking whores instead of putting them into the ground where they belong! He's charged with the merciful extermination of the incurable and the pathetic. Dr. Krator is this pathetic enough for you?

(She rips the bag away revealing Vørdigger with his head sticking out of the garbage bag, his pants around his ankles. He's covered with barf and blood.)

Torvald

Hess, I think you should look at this.

(Krator re-enters, crosses to Torvald and looks down at Hatherdal.)

Hatherdal

Let me introduce you to the famous Dr. Dern Vørdigger, Director of the Dutch Ministry for Mental Health. He's the one looking after your

Hatherdal (cont.)

sanity. (She calls out) Dr. Krator! Dr. Krator! Come down here and show your mercy.

Krator

Mein gott, it's Vørdigger.

Torvald

We must go get him.

Krator

Fuck that, let her take care of him.

Torvald

That is murder, Hess.

Krator

He could infect my position.

Torvald

We can't leave him down there.

(The lights fade in the Termination Room.)

Hatherdal

Take care of him, Krator. If you don't, I will. He's listed.

(Torvald appears below.)

Hatherdal

Where is Krator?

Torvald

What are you doing, you terrible female?

Hatherdal

(Shrieking from disappointment)

Where is Krator?

(Torvald helps Vørdigger to his feet.)

Vørdigger

Hess, Hess, there you are. I've been looking for you.

Torvald

It's Torvald, Dr. Vørdigger. Let me help you.

(Torvald helps Vørdigger off stage as Hatherdal rails at him.)

Hatherdal

Take a look at him everybody. He can't even clean up his own garbage. He sends a lackey instead. Don't worry, Dr. Krator, no one is too big for The List. Not even you. You can't run. You can't hide. Nothing can keep you from me. (The lights fade on her as she screams.) Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

Scene 15

(The lights rise on the Termination Room. Krator is strapping Vørdigger down on a bed. Vørdigger is babbling. Torvald watches in shock.)

Vørdigger

We are not alone, Krator. We are filled with beings. It is so wonderful. The Gods are in us.

Krator
(To Torvald)

Get the box.

Torvald

What are you doing, Krator?

Krator

What do you think I'm doing?

Torvald

We don't have permission to perform a termination.

Krator

I don't need permission.

Torvald

You can't do this, Doctor.

Krator

I can do what the fuck I want.

Torvald

Doctor Krator, I must protest.

Krator

Shut up and get the box!

(Torvald gets the box.)

Vørdigger

I don't want to die. I have broken through to the God Zone. (Krator goes to his desk and pulls out the contract.) No, don't sign it, Hess.

Krator
(to Vørdigger)

You told me to ignore your ravings.

(Krator checks the contract for the fine print.)

Vørdigger

No! No! Listen, I'm perfectly fine for this. I can listen to the Sirens.

Krator

Shut up.

(The sound of Vørdigger's hallucinations; strange, ambient laughter. He sings from the Termination Bed.)

Vørdigger
(Singing)

Before medicine
the powers beyond ourselves
used us as their meat suits.
We called them the Gods.
We are their meat bags.
They use our meat.
They use our meat.

(The laughter stops. Strange music.)

(Spoken)

Our experience is the experience of gods moving us through their
amazement and desolation. Now we think it's all changed

(sings)

cuz we got medicine,
we got medicine.
We stick it in our arms.
We put it in our mouths.
We give it head.
Now the Gods sleep in our bodies.
Now the Gods sleep in our bodies.
Now the Gods sleep in our bodies.
But sometimes they wake up.

Krator

You're insane.

Torvald

You are not God, Krator.

Krator

There is no God!

(Krator signs the contract, then crosses to the table and picks up a ring. Vørdigger sees what Krator is doing. Vørdigger begins writhing.)

Vørdigger

Don't kill me, Krator, don't kill me!

Krator

Give me your finger.

(Krator catches one of Vørdigger's flailing hands and slips the ring on it. Krator grabs the box from Torvald..)

Krator

I want you to witness this, Torvald. This is to let the Vandel Voodles know that I have complied with the contract by completing an involuntary but friendly termination.

Torvald

But it is not friendly.

Krator

It's friendly enough for the Vandel Voodles. I am also the legal recipient of payment for the fulfillment of said contract.

Vørdigger

Help me! Help me!

(Krator pushes the button. The lights flash. Abruptly, the sounds come to a crash, then slide in a loud avalanching glissando into a massive brutal dissonant chord. Vørdigger arches his back and shudders. The chord suddenly goes silent and Vørdigger goes limp. Only his breath and his steady EKG can be heard. Torvald walks toward the bed. He is amazed.)

Torvald

My God, you are still alive!

(Vørdigger turns his face toward Torvald. He opens his mouth. We hear a lion roaring, then a cascade of church bells ringing over and over. Krator pushes the button on the black box. The lights flicker. Vørdigger arches

his back and shudders. There is the sound of a great explosion. The explosion segues into a great chord sung by a choir. The chord glissandos downward as if it were melting plastic and goes silent. Once again the EKG can be heard, this time it beats more slowly. Vørdigger's breath can be heard. Torvald steps toward the bed.)

Vørdigger

Oh, my god!

Torvald

What is this thing that is so strong? It is as if his life is clinging to him.

(There is the sound of gathering wind and a plane taking off. Vørdigger writhes. There is a clip from, "The Halleluia Chorus" Torvald and Krator are thrown about the room, like the Star Trek crew when under attack.)
There they come, they're coming through!

(The sound of the marching feet grows more dense, this is combined with Middle Eastern music and African congas.)

Vørdigger

We are the Gods, Krator! We are the Gods!

(Vørdigger tries to reach for Krator. Krator pushes the button. The lights flash, Vørdigger twists like a dancer as he convulses. The sound of Vørdigger's EKG grows louder and faster. Vørdigger lets out a great cry. Vørdigger begins laughing. He falls back on the bed and laughs and laughs. His EKG slows to a steady beat like a drum. He stops laughing. Krator moves near Vørdigger. He gazes down on him.)

Vørdigger (cont.)
(Suddenly calm)

Oh, my God. How beautiful...how beautiful...

(There is the sound of flatline. Krator puts his stethoscope on Vørdigger's chest as the sound of the flatline continues. Vørdigger's heart has stopped beating.)

Scene 16

(Sound of fucking in the dark. The lights rise on Jimmy and Joe and Hatherdal. Their heads are sticking up out of the bushes. Jimmy is facing Joe, Hatherdal, unseen, is between them. Joe is beating off in Hatherdal's

face and Jimmy is fucking her up the ass, Hatherdal is grunting in there somewhere.)

Hatherdal

Fuck me in the ass and say his name. Come on, you stinking shits, fuck me up the ass. Do it hard. Fuck me where the maggots grow. (Jimmy thrust harder) Good! Good! Jack-off in my face, Joey. Say his name! Say his name, same it over again.

(Jimmy and Joe begin chanting as Joe jacks-off in her face and Jimmy fucks her in the ass. They intone it mechanically as Hatherdal screams her lines.)

Jimmy and Joe

I am Krator. I am Krator. I am Krator. I am Krator.

Hatherdal

Fuck me! Fuck me up the ass!

(Jimmy and Joe continue chanting and Hatherdal wails as the lights fade.)

Scene 17

(Krator is pacing back and forth outside of the private booth. Suddenly EDDY* appears behind him. Eddy looks like an Israeli porno film producer with his gold chains but in Eddy's case, he's got a solid gold crucifix. Eddy has a Viennese accent.)

Eddy

It's late.

Krator

Yes.

Eddy

Not a good neighborhood.

Krator

You think not?

Eddy

A guy could get in a lot of trouble around here. You want something?

(Krator lets his eyes linger on Eddy.)

Krator

Maybe.

(Eddy looks around to see if any body is there, then conspiratorially...)

Eddy

Say, you don't have a fag, do you? I know they're illegal, but you know, it's so fucking hard to give them up. (Krator fishes about in his jacket and pulls out a pack. He taps one up from the pack and extends it to Eddy) Lucky, fucking me. (Eddy takes it and sticks it in his mouth. He grins knowingly at Krator) Got a light? (He laughs) That's what I love most. (Krator pulls out his lighter, flips the top open, snaps the flint and lights Eddy's cigarette.) A Zippo! May I hold it? (Krator gives it to him. Eddy fondles the Zippo in his fingers.) I haven't seen one of these in a long time. Not since prison. Aren't you going to have one too? It's so sad to smoke alone. (Krator taps a cigarette out of the pack for himself. Eddy snaps the flint and admires the oily fire, then lights Krator's cigarette.) Christ, the fucker makes me dizzy. But I like it, you know, smoke, it's pretty. How do they say it, "Smoke the peace pipe." What is your first name?

Krator

Hess.

(Eddy puts his arm around Krator's shoulder and pulls Krator near him.)

Eddy

My name is Eddy. (He extends his hand to Krator) Edvard, actually. I come from Vienna. I was a porn star in California. Perhaps you've seen my movies. What do you do?

Krator

I'm a doctor.

Eddy

Oh, a doctor. Do we still need those?

(He laughs. Krator laughs appeasingly.)

Krator

What do you do here?

Eddy

I am a penis. I have live sex with the girls. I'm on a break. Have you been beating off for one of my girlfriends? Which one of my kittens do you want? "Want" what a crazy word, to have them, you know "your way" with them, (He demonstrates what he means by enacting a slow fuck with a sweet tight pussy .) Nuts, no? And it's called love. Crazy stuff. So which one? (Krator doesn't answer.) Come on, don't worry about me, I'm like the mommy cat and they are my litter. Come on, which one?

Krator

Morivia.

Eddy

Morivia Sowolicka? Oh shit man, watch out for her she's deranged. But she's a great fuck. I can understand why you like her. She is a continent of meaning. (He looks at Krator with more respect.) So you're kinky, huh?

Krator

Do you think so?

Eddy

You look kinky. (He looks closer at Krator.) Yeah, you look kinky as hell, man. I talk California good, don't I?

Krator

I don't know California.

Eddy

Everything that happens comes from California. (He pulls out his crucifix and flashes it at Krator.) Venice Beach.

(Not grawking anything Eddy's talking about.)

Krator

Wow.

Eddy

No doubt, you want to be "with" Jesus?

Krator

Sure.

(Eddy sees that Krator feels uncomfortable. He tries to pacify him.)

Eddy

Oh, don't be afraid, mein freund, I've learned to love. I learned it in prison. That first night, when the guards turned the lights out, they whistled like they were calling the coochie girls out. I let a man have me that night. It was funny. I had fucked some of the tastiest pussy on both coasts. Now someone was commenting on my tight fit at breakfast. That's jail. Dreams begin in prison. Kiss me.

(Krator can't help giggling.)

Krator

I will not.

Eddy

Isn't that what you're here for? Come on, baby, kiss me for Jesus.

Krator

I will not.

Eddy

Then kiss me just because you want to. (Eddy takes Krator's face in both hands even while holding his cigarette and blows smoke into Krator's mouth.) Blow it into my face. (Krator blows the smoke Eddy forced into his mouth into Eddy's face. Eddy laughs with delight.) It's fun being with you. You're a good guy. Eddy pulls out a switchblade knife. Give me the cigarettes. (Krator gives the pack to him.) And the lighter. (Krator gives him the lighter.) Give me your watch. (Krator gives it to him. Eddy looks at the watch.) Oh shit, I'm late. Give me your billfold.

Krator

Sure, Eddy. Would you do me one little favor? I could write you a money order. (Krator pulls out a booklet of money orders.) They only need my signature.

Eddy

What do you want?

Krator

I'm afraid it's a bit kinky.

Eddy

No shit? What is it?

(Krator pulls out a pair of panty hose.)

Krator
This a pair of my mother's panty hose.

Eddy
Nice.

Krator
Would you do one favor for me?

Eddy
Sure.

Krator
Put this over your head and let me feel you from behind.

Eddy
The leg?

Krator
Yeah, like this.

(He pulls the leg of the panty hose over Eddy's head.)

Eddy
Nimond Marcus.

Krator
They are very precious to me.

(Krator gets behind Eddy, who now has one of the legs of the panty hose over his head. Krator wraps the other leg of the panty hose around Eddy's neck.)

Eddy
Oh, I know what you're gonna do. You're gonna cut my air off so I get hard. You are a kinky fucker. I warn you, I'm big.

(Krator tightens the panty hose around Eddy's neck as the lights begin to fade.)

Krator

I can see that. You fuck her don't you. You fuck her hard, don't you and she likes it, doesn't she, doesn't she, doesn't...

(The lights fade as Krator strangles Eddy.)

Scene 18

(The scene is done as a shadow play. There is the sound of an argument in Dutch. It is between Torvald and Nora.)

Torvald

Ik wil gaag een ontbijt! Een gekookt ei hargekookt.

Nora

Ni zachtgekookt und spiegeleieren met ontbijtspek!

Torvald

Vruchtesap!

Nora

Broodjes!

Torvald

Kornvlakes!

Nora

Ik heb twee maanden geen menstruatie!

Torvald

Hartelijk bedankt voor de avond. Het was geweldig! Fuck you in hell, bitch! (There is the sound of a slap Torvald steps into the light.) Go to the Devil, Nora! I know things. They are not guesses. They are real. You could not stand it if you knew what I know. I know what you are. I know what I am. We are both dead.

(There is a firing of sparks and lights from the termination bed. There is a corpse covered up on the bed. It is a rough killing for the corpse is bobbing and jerking on the bed. Krator fires a blast of steam from a fire extinguisher at the bobbing corpse. Torvald is pacing about the Termination Room wildly.)

Krator

Are you going to help me or not?

Torvald

Krator, I've got to talk to you.

(Krator pulls the sheet away. The corpse is gone. In its place is a pile of green gelatin cubes. Krator pulls out a object sealed in paper. He tears the paper open and pulls out a spatula and begins lightly spanking the gelatin cubes while he and Torvald talk.)

Krator

Torvald, you are as excited as a kitten and at such an hour.

Torvald

I want you to listen to me carefully. I know you will have difficulty with what I'm about to tell you, but you must listen with an open mind.

Krator

Well, golly, Torvald, I'll give it a try.

Torvald

It has to do with Dr. Vørdigger.

Krator

Vørdigger's dead.

Torvald

Perhaps.

(Krator makes the sound of eerie music.)

Krator

Torvald, you've really got to get a grip on yourself.

Torvald

Dr. Vørdigger had the spike.

Krator

The spike?

Torvald

The Deatherian Spike.

Krator

The what?

Torvald

The Deatherian Spike. I told you about it before. Why don't listen to me? It's the name I have given to the brain wave in the alpha frequency of 1.5% of the population, both living and dead.

(Krator stops spanking the gelatin cubes. He pulls off his old rubber gloves and puts on a new pair.)

Krator

So you've been speaking with Dr. Vørdigger?

(Krator picks up an empty slop bucket..)

Torvald

No, I can't speak with him, but I can speak with people who have been to the threshold of death and come back. People with Near Death Experiences.

Krator

My god, Torvald, you've beached your boat.

Torvald

I knew this would be your response, that's why I haven't brought it up to you., but it has gone too far. I've set up a team of interviewers. We're seeking out people whose brain wave charts exhibit this same peculiar alpha wave pattern. I call it The Deatherian Spike.

(Krator dumps the Jell-O into the empty bucket.)

Krator

The Diptherian Spike?

Torvald

The Deatherian Spike.

Krator

That's a stupid name. Why don't you call it the Torvald Spike?

Torvald

They told us that upon entering death that they were entirely conscious, that they left their own bodies, went down a tunnel, met deceased people, went through a life review, and finally cleansed, were

surrounded with a great white light filled with love and then returned to life.

Krator

My fucking God, no wonder your wife wants to leave you.

Torvald

Of the people who were declared clinically dead and brought back to life only 1.5 percent had Near Death Experiences, the others did not. Don't you see what I'm saying? That was what Dr. Vørdigger was having in his last moments.

Krator

Dr. Vørdigger didn't have a Near Death Experience, Torvald, he had a whole death experience.

Torvald

What I am saying is that there may be two species living side by side, looking exactly like each other, but having two distinct fates, a few going on while the great mass of us are doomed to eternal oblivion. I call them the Deatherians because they defy death and you are one of them, Hess Krator, you and Dern Vørdigger.

Krator

My dear Torvald, is this delusion because things are going bad with your wife? (Krator picks up the bucket and puts it with the other sealed slop buckets.) Get a grip on yourself. We have a busy day. 14 terminations. Thank god most of them are vegetables. Zip-zap, in and out, no little speeches. Oh, you mustn't pout, Torvald, I will look at your thing after work. You mustn't let that stupid wife of yours get to you. Come out with me some night, I'll show you a good time.

(Krator winks at Torvald and exits.)

Scene 19

Torvald

Krator talks of my wife like he could fuck her. He grins at me. He doesn't know what love is. He doesn't know that Nora loved me. I was her man, but then we got married. Then she stopped loving me, or I stopped looking at her. What is this thing called love? When I was a child I knew how things were. How I became born, how men and women behaved. I was brought up in Switzerland. My mother and father (they

were from the 60's) did foreplay and sex in front of me so that I would not be shocked. It was the "way" to bring children up in those days. My mother even let me touch her when she was "wet". Later, my father let me hold his hard penis after he had plunged it into my mother. It was glistening and slippery. I held it in my hands; the little mouth, swollen and open, I stared at it. It was so big and hard. "This is my lodge pole, son, it's for your mother's goo-goo," I heard my father say. I looked down at my mother, she was smiling and flushed. "This is how we made you, Honey," she said. I hated them from that very moment. I hated myself even more. There is anger in my pants. (Thunder and lightning rumbles in the background) When I married Nora I didn't care if I had to share her with a thousand gods, I loved her so much. And now she wants to leave me to commit that lewd and violent act that brought me into the world with someone else. I

Torvald (cont.)

won't have it! I will kill her first! (More thunder and lightning) I am a good man. I am a decent man, a man with morals and I am going to have to die, but not Krator. Why do the bad guys always win? When people find out what I know they will go crazy. Yes, yes, my discovery is going to stir up some very bad shit.

(A great crash of thunder--the lights fade to black as lightning flickers.)

ACT TWO

Scene 21

(Krator is working his way through the Red Light district. He is carrying an elegantly wrapped package. There are ambient sounds of people fucking. There are whispers and groans .A drug deal is overheard, . A cry of someone being killed. Church bells ring in the distance. Jerry, the hunchback steps out of the shadows. He grabs Krator's arm.)

Jerry

You come back for more? You like Jerry's ideas? Got more for you. Come with Jerry.

Krator

Get away from me. I don't need you. I know where she is.

Jerry
(Snickering)

Oh she ain't at Sexyland no more. Maybe she love you too much. You want to meet her?

Krator

Go away.

Jerry

You in love? Jerry help you.

Krator

You know where she is?

Jerry

Of course, Jerry knows everything.

Krator

You better not be kidding.

Jerry

Not kidding, not kidding. Come on, come on, I show you. I promise. 40 guilders.

Krator

40 guilders? You only charged me 20 last time.

Jerry

Very special place. Not for everyone.

(Krator gives Jerry 40 guilders. As they head down into the bowels of the "District".)

Jerry

This is dangerous part of down.

Krator

Don't talk, just take me there.

Jerry

Sure boss.

(They continue to walking.)

Jerry

A man like you needs a guy like me to take him where he needs to go. A man like you needs to have a guy like me to shield him if trouble comes. A man like you is a good target. I am like a passport. I take you to new places where a man like you needs to go. A man like you who knows the best parts of town, a man with your tastes, he is wise to find these places, but he needs a guy like me to take him there. I am your truffle hog. I am your animal.

Krator

Shut the fuck up.

Jerry

Oh, you are strong. You have will. (He stops.) Here she is.

(He stops before a dark, dingy place.)

Krator

This is it ?

Jerry

She got new job. You got present for her, huh, she'll like it. Go, go, she be surprised to see you.

(Jerry runs off into the darkness.)

Scene 22

(Krator looks at the private booth. It is filthy. The glass is streaked with cum stains. Krator can smell the cleaning solution.)

Krator

(To himself)

It stinks in here.

(He pushes the button and begins pacing. He doesn't notice the light rise on a seated figure. It is Morivia. She is sitting slumped on a chair, her hair over her face.)

Krator

What is she doing here? This place is terrible.

Morivia
You want to talk to yourself go outside.

(Krator starts. He turns to her.)

Krator
Is it you?

Morivia
Sure.

Krator
You remember me?

Morivia
Sure. What's your flavor, pussy, asshole, what do you want?

Krator
I'm Hess. I'm the doctor who kills people.

(She recognizes him.)

Morivia
The one who kills with a microwave.

(He slips the box through the slot.)

Krator
I have a present for you.

Morivia
For me? What is it?

Krator
Open it and see.

(She unwraps it. She gasps, drops the box and runs back into the shadows.
Krator doubles over with laughter.)

Morivia
My fucking god! You son of a bitch!

(Morivia is shaking. She approaches the box and looks in.)

Krator

I can see it turns you on. Don't you recognize it? You used it enough, but the ring through the end, I never saw it, it was always buried in you, nasty, but neat, no? I strung it, you can hang it around your neck.

Morivia

It is his. You killed him.

Krator

With my hands actually, and my mother's panty hose. He told me you were crazy, how did he say, "a continent of meaning." Look at it. I did a nice job, don't you think. I was a surgeon, you know, one of the finest in Europe.

(She covers her face with her hands)

Krator

Oh, fuck, don't start weeping on my fucking ass.

(She lifts her face. She is laughing. Krator looks at her and starts laughing too. They laugh and laugh.)

Krator

I knew you were a good sport. Come on, let me take you out to dinner.

Morivia

I'm working, can't you see that?

Krator

I'll pay for the whole evening.

(Morivia picks up the box and admires Krator's work)

Morivia

You did this for me?

Krator

For no one else.

Morivia

What do you want from me?

Krator

It made me feel alive. All day I kill people from a distance. The people that I kill are all infirm. To feel his young life surging through my mother's panty hose, it was wonderful.

Morivia

Why your mother's pantyhose?

Krator

Do you really want to know?

Morivia

Yes.

Krator

I'll tell you a secret. My mother used to stare at me. It was no a look a mother should give a son. It made my little sister jealous. I had a older brother. He was nothing. When I was 9 my sister told me that I was not my father's son. I ran to my mother and asked her if it was true. My mother broke down in tears. She told me that she came home one

Krator (cont.)

night. A stranger was waiting for her in the dark. He had a long knife, he said, "If you scream I'll cut your head off. You do what I say or I'll kill your baby," meaning older brother. Papa was out of town. My mother was a good Catholic. She said, "I never saw the man who raped me, he wore a pair of my pantyhose over his face. To this day I don't know what he looks like...I suppose he looks partly like you." When I left the room my younger sister grabbed me. She had been listening. She dragged me down the hall out into the back yard. She shoved me against the house. She pushed her face close to mine, "She had me because of you," she said, "she used me to flush the sin from her cunt." (Morivia breaks into laughter.) Why are you laughing? She was evil, my sister. I ran away from home that same day.

Morivia

I think she hated you.

Krator

Oh yes, she hated me.

Morivia

Hate is better than love, it is more faithful. Do you think the rapist is dead?

Krator

I'm sure of it, that or else he's a very old man.

Morivia

How many pair of pantyhose do you have?

Krator

Many. I went back to my house and I stole them from her drawer after she died.

Morivia

They must be old and delicate.

Krator

I keep them in plastic. They are strong.

(She stands up. She leans against the side of the glass and looks out as if she could see the outside world. She touches her face.)

Morivia

So your poor mother was raped once. (She rubs her cheek on her spit.) I have been raped a thousand times (She pulls her face from the sliva and looks at Krator.) You have the blood of a willful, amoral man, a rapist. Perhaps you need to follow the impulses of your blood. (She puts her lips on the other side of a stain) Come here. Kiss me through the glass. (Krator notices the stain.)

Krator

What is that?

Morivia

It's cum.

Krator

I got to wash my side.

Morivia

Kiss me. Think of it as the taste of my lips. Lick it, lick it off. It makes me hot.

(Morivia puts her lips against her side of the window on the other side of the cum stain. Krator looks at her lips pressed up against the glass, then presses his own over the cum stain and begins licking.)

Morivia

I'll make you a deal. You bring me all the parts of a man and I will sew you a body made out of meat. Together we will build a likeness of your mother's rapist, together we will resurrect your father from the bodies of the men you kill. When I'm through I will get inside of the that man and dance in him. I will animate him. What's your name?

Krator

Hess.

Morivia

Keep licking, Hess. (Krator licks more cum from the glass. He begins undulating against the glass. Morivia begins playing with herself, becoming impassioned.) Each time you bring a body part I will let you fuck me through the slot. If I become pregnant. I will grow this baby for

Morivia (cont.)

you. It will be your father. But you must lick these men's cum to make it that way. Lick it, Hess, lick it. Come on, baby, come on.

(Krator cums in his pants and collapses face on the glass.)

Krator
(Laughing)

You are fucking fantastic! I would like to take you out for dinner!

Morivia

Bring them to me.

Krator

You got to be kidding?

Morivia

No, let's play. But don't cheat. You must do it with your mother's pantyhose. I got to go now. I got have live sex (She winks at him) with a new partner. (She calls as the booth goes out.) If you want me, bring me the body parts of men and I will make you a beautiful suit. If you want me, bring me lungs and feet and hands.

(She is gone.)

Krator

I think I'm fucking in love!

(Krator dashes into the night and as the lights fade, we hear Marilyn Monroe singing "*Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend*". The music continues in the darkness as the lights rise...)

Scene 23

(...on Torvald and a RESEARCHER.* They are standing in a special looking into the darkness.)

Torvald

Is this the one?

Researcher

Yes, Dr. Torvald. She is Leslie Carter. She's from Canada. Eight years old. They say she's the reincarnation of Marilyn Monroe.

Torvald

How did they come to that conclusion?

Researcher

She can recite all of Marilyn Monroe's movie dialogue word for word.

Torvald

She doesn't look anything like her.

Researcher

Yes, but listen to her. And look at the way she moves.

Torvald

Remarkable. And she has the Deatherian Spike?

Researcher

Most definitely.

Torvald

She remembers her past incarnation?

Researcher

She knows everything that happened to Marilyn Monroe.

Torvald

Does she know how she died?

Researcher

Yeah...wasn't suicide, wasn't murder, just took one too many pills.

(Torvald takes out a black instrument that looks like a remote control and aims it into the darkness. He pushes a button and a there is a series of beeps.)

Torvald

Remarkable.

(The lights cross-fade to...)

Scene 24

(...special rising on Krator in the Termination Room. Krator is dressed in his lab coat. He is fiddling with a piece of bacon which is hanging on a wire from a small scaffold.)

Krator

Torvald, what do you think of my bedside manner? Do you think I am too brisk, too cold, too distant?

(The lights rise on the rest of the room as Torvald enters. Torvald sits at a work table. He is working on something that looks like a remote control device.)

Torvald

No, Doctor, I admire the way you work with your patients.

Krator

Good, because, you know, Torvald, I've been thinking of stepping up things. We go to slow. There are a lot of people to serve out there.

(Krator puts on plastic gloves. .)

Torvald

But Doctor, we've already increased our terminations to 17 a day.

(Krator lights a propane torch and adjusts the flame so that it begins cooking the bacon.)

Krator

I know a dentist who works on four patients at a time. He shoots one in the gum with Novocain, instead of waiting for the drug to kick in, he goes to another patient who is chilling in the nitrous with a root canal. (While the bacon is cooking he takes a spray bottle and puffs a mist of water on the searing bacon and makes it sizzle.) He does a little buzz buzz with that one and goes on to the next, whose ready for an extraction, a little yank yank (He sprays the bacon.) and while the assistant aspirates blood out of the mouth, he goes on to the next who needs a bridge, a little tap tap and he returns to the first. (He sprays the bacon and looks at it with a magnifying glass.) He does this all day. Makes a lot of money, isn't sitting around. I think we could do that, Torvald. I want to have three more rooms prepared. I have been lazy and unfocused. (He opens a jar marked "Medical Mayonnaise".) There's something about this business that does that to you. But if you were to move around, be busy, industrious, why fuck, we could get a lot done.

(As the bacon turns black he begins brushing mayonnaise on it.)

Torvald

Dr. Krator?

Krator

Torvald you're going to say something stupid, aren't you?

Torvald

What do you mean?

Krator

When ever you say my name like that. You got some more hocus pocus for me?

Torvald

I have created an invention.

(Krator stops brushing mayonnaise on the bacon..)

Krator

Something to do with the Diptherians, no doubt.

Torvald

Deatherians, and yes, it does. It is a Deatherian Spike Detector.

(Krator turns off the Bunsen burner and looks at the bacon through the magnifying glass. The bacon is charred to a crisp.)

Krator

Are you trying to annoy me?

(Torvald picks up the device he's been working on and shows it to Krator.)

Torvald

This device will sense the brain wave in the alpha frequency.

(He points it at Krator.)

Krator

Don't point that thing at me.

(Torvald points the device at himself and pushes a button. There is a long whining sound. Krator pulls the rubber band back and carefully aims it at the charred bacon.)

Torvald

There, you see, I don't have it. (He points it at Krator and pushes the button. There is a series of rapid beeps.) But you do, Hess Krator, don't you see?

Krator

What do you think I am, a television?

(Krator releases one end of the rubber band and hits the bacon. The bacon is blown to pieces. He grunts with satisfaction.)

Torvald

Take this with you and see for yourself.

(Krator pulls off his rubber gloves and looks at his watch.)

Krator

What will I see?

(Krator takes off his lab coat and puts on a sports coat.)

Torvald

The walking dead.

Krator

You're really losing it, my friend.

(Krator goes to a drawer and pulls out a fresh pack of his mother's panty hose. He opens it and pulls them out and puts them in his pocket. Torvald extends the device to Krator.)

Torvald

Take it.

Krator

I really don't have time to play with you tonight, or with your toys. (He starts to leave, then turns to Torvald) I would fire you, Torvald, if you weren't so good at your work.

(Krator takes a bite of the bacon and exits. Torvald aims the device at himself. The lights fade as the device whines and Torvald gazes stoically out.)

Scene 25

(The lights rise on Jerry. He is standing of a little box. As he tells the story people pass him and toss a coin in a bucket he's set at the foot of his box. This is done by ONE GUY* who enters, walks past Jerry, tosses the coin in the bucket, exits puts on a new garment or hat and reenters and tosses the coin and exits. This continues while Jerry tells the story.)

Jerry

...Hades, really the devil, cuz he makes us dead, needed to have pussy, but he had a dead dick and needed live twat, so he went on a twat hunt. He saw Demeter's twat-baring daughter, Persephone, and he knew he wanted that slit. In fact, he was gonna marry it, make some zombies with her. Her mother didn't want her near that Devil, death-man. So she stashed her twat-baring daughter tight so nothing could get her slot. But Hades, which is spelled like "had" as in "been had" but with an "es" as in you been had and had and had went to his brother, dick-baring Zeus who was the big seed-man in the land of the gods and said, "listen, I want to pork Big D's daughter, in fact, I want to marry the cunt, she's gotta lot of life, it gets dark down there, (There is the sound of some one being strangled in the bushes.) want a little candle to cheer me up when I get down; come on, man, you own me, slabbed a lot of flank for you, and Dick-baring Zeus knew that it was true. See, he was the slit's father, porked Demeter's meter like he did so many other. Woo-woo! (There is the sound of someone sawing somebody in half.) So Dick-baring-Zeus gave Hades, the Devil, death-man, the go. So the sweet little slit, completely unsliced was picking blooming sex organs one morning and Devil-Deathman made a big red and yellow twat and when she gave it a pull a big hole came out and swallowed her. (There is blood flying from the bushes and hits Jerry.) Now that he's got her, will she let him uncork her, and he be able to keep her? Woo-woo, stay tuned for the rest and use condoms.

(Krator comes out of the bushes, has arms and hands covered with blood. He's wearing rubber gloves.)

Krator

Where's Morivia?

Jerry

Howling Jesus, you been a busy boy, Dr. Doctor.

Krator

Shut the fuck up, where's Morivia now?

Jerry

Jerry knows. Of course, Jerry knows. Want Jerry to take you to her?

Krator

Wait a second.

(He goes into the bushes. We hear sawing. Then silence. Then Krator comes back out. He's carrying bloody plastic bag. Jerry stares at Krator in terror.)

Jerry

Pretty package.

Krator

Shut the fuck up.

(Jerry leads Krator to Morivia.)

Jerry

Sure. Sure. A man like you needs a guy like me to show him where the good times are. We good together. We're a swell couple of guys. I am like your little chicken bird. I lead you through the dark into deeper dark. I lead you to places that are very icy. I should carry a flag when I walk with you, I am so proud. You are a famous doctor, chief of staff, and I am a lowly tick. I know where the blood is. I can take you there. (He stops in front of the peep show.) 50 guilder.

Krator

I want very much to cut something off of you. (He takes hold of Jerry's ear.) There's not much of you is there? How do you always know were Morivia is?

Jerry

It's Jerry's job. Just like telling stories. I work for the city...freelance. You give Jerry money now?

(Krator bites Jerry on the hump. As Jerry opens his mouth to scream, Krator stuffs the money into Jerry's mouth. He releases him and moves toward the booth. Jerry pulls the money out of his mouth and counts the bills.)

Jerry

One hundred guilder.

(Hatherdal appears from the shadows and snaps the bills from Jerry's hand. Jerry runs away.)

(Krator is in the middle of an intense dialogue with Morivia.)

Krator

What can I do, I find nothing helps me? I can't stop this. Together we are going crazy. Why are you here? Each time I find you, you are in a worse place. I can take you out of there.

Morivia

Is your world so much better than mine? It's the same world as mine only the maid has cleaned yours up. Do you think the little trees and bugs are nicer than the piss and cum these animals leave on your side of the glass?

Krator

If only I could kiss your lips.

Morivia

I've been thinking about the head. I will be head. I will make my eyes move like this.

(She makes her eyes move around in her head. Krator looks at the cum smeared glass. The stains are even thicker.)

Krator

I don't like the look of that cum.

Morivia

It's good for you. It is of a deep alchemy. There is more misery in it. These men are closer to the man who was your father. Lick these men's cum and you will be more like him.

Krator

Like my father?

Morivia

Yes, already you are like him.

Krator

How do you know that?

Morivia

Do you think I don't see rapists? I see killers. I see necrophiliacs. I see them all. Yes, you are changing. You are getting clearer. Am I not

changing? Step closer to the glass. (Krator steps closer to the glass.)
Haven't you noticed?

Krator

Noticed what?

Morivia

The way I look at you. Like I'm watching you. The way your mother did.

(Krator looks up at Morivia. She has, indeed, been watching him. They look at each other for a while.)

Krator

You are watching me. But not like my mother. My mother stared at me.

Morivia

Bring me the left hand of a priest and you will see me stare at you.

Krator

Do you remember my name?

Morivia

No.

Krator

(Petulantly)

There! See! There you go! You don't even remember my name?

Morivia

It doesn't matter what your name is! Tell me your name.

Krator

I fucking won't.

Morivia

(Coddling)

Come on, Peachy, tell me your little name.

Krator

Oh, for crying out loud.

Morivia

Come on, Boopsy, tell me your name.

Krator.
Krator.

That's your name?
Morivia

Hess Krator.
Krator

That's an ugly name. You're an ugly guy.
Morivia

You like ugly guys?
Krator

Kiss me...
Morivia

Hess...
Krator

Hess...
Morivia

Krator...
Krator

(She puts her hands and face close to the window.)

Morivia
Listen, Mr. What-Ever-Your-Name, get me the left hand of a priest. I was baptized by a left-handed priest. Very bad, made me crazy, like all the women in my family. We killed that priest, my mother and me. Bring me the left hand of a priest and I will crack its knuckles, which is very unlucky, and clean out the bones so I can put my fingers in that hand, so make it a big hand. Lick this cum, come on, lick this cum. (Krator drops his pants and begins licking the thick cum from the glass.) I have a little surprise for you. I can feel a growth in me, it is heavy like some dark metal, it is spreading like a cancer.

I am going to be a father?
Krator

Morivia

Keep licking. (Krator keeps licking.) It is yours, not mine. There is nothing of me in it. There is only you in it, fed by desperate men's semen. Keep licking, you fucking shit-head.

(The lights cross-fade from Krator as he licks and licks to...)

Scene 27

(Torvald in the Termination Room. Torvald is pacing back and forth ranting into a red telephone. There is a man (MR. CORPSE*) on the Termination Bed who keeps trying to get Torvald's attention.)

Torvald

Scientists are so stupid, that's why they think they're so smart. (Torvald slams the phone down.) They are still bragging about how they bucked the Middle Ages. They're whining about how they were martyred for truth, only now they are like the fat cardinals in miniskirts counting angels on a pin. They rob the world of metaphor, they gut it of meaning. They cut it up and sell it in pieces. They make gadgets and cure diseases so that we can walk around like a well armed zombie. It takes an innately stupid man to be a scientist.

Mr. Corpse

Would you please push the button?

Torvald

Oh, I'm sorry.

(He pushes the button and Corpse goes limp. Krator enters.)

Krator

Who was that?

Torvald

You know, I don't know. (He crosses to the desk and looks the corpses file.) Mr. Corpse.

Krator

He was supposed to be finished yesterday.

Torvald

I'm afraid I running behind. We need a bigger staff.

Krator

Bigger staff, less money. You must have more dedication. The world must be downsized. (Addressing the corpse.) These old folks, how hideous their situation. All of these little kitchens with their ceramic cows and plastic flowers, all these calendars with lovely landscapes, the pillows on the sofa, the fluffy curtains on the windows, the humming ice box, the doormat, "welkomen" . With all these lovely things how could this happen? The old woman with her draping skin, her shuddering jaws, her wash-out eyes. The old man, sprawled out on the bed, his jaw agape, like some sprung lock. The nurse slapping down the hall, yawning, the breakfast-mush cooling on the tray in the cold hours before dawn for old people can't bear the weight of sleep. Put money away for a nice retirement. The children, all beefy, with bored hands, sitting on the vinyl chairs waiting for the hour to pass-they never liked those old folks anyway. What is left for old age? God, why must they go through this? Leave them out in the cold to freeze. One night and it is all over. One pill and it is through. A little jolt of electricity and the economy is free of the burden. (The lights begin to fade. There is the sound of jangling bells in the background.) We should get rid of all the old people, just get rid of them.

(A special rises D.S. A PRIEST* with huge hands walks through the light and into the shadows. Krator watches him. The lights fade of Krator . The Priest's special stays on, then fades to black.)

Scene 27

(Krator goes running into the special from the dark. Hatherdal and the Americans aren't far behind. They see him disappear into the dark. Hatherdal and Jimmy stop short but Joe keeps running. He disappears into the dark. You hear his feet slowing down, then come to a stop. You see Joe backing out of the darkness.)

Hatherdal

Go in there.

Jimmy

Yeah, check it out.

Joe

You check it out.

Jimmy

I ain't gonna check it out.

Joe

Maybe he's not in there.

Hatherdal

He's in there.

Joe

Let's both go in.

Jimmy

Sure.

(Neither of them moves.)

Hatherdal

I know you're in there, Krator. What you got in there with you? You got something of mine? You stealing meat from my freezer? You son of a bitch I warned you. (To Joe) Go in there.

Joe

Sure. Come on, Jimmy.

Hatherdal
(To Joe)

No, you.

Joe

Why doesn't Jimmy go to?

Hatherdal

I want him as a back up. You afraid of a little Doctor? Go on.

(Joe and Jimmy begin singing their version of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Joe draws his gun and disappears into the darkness, singing by himself. Suddenly, his song is cut short. There is a long silence. Jimmy looks at Hatherdal. Hatherdal motions for Jimmy to go. Jimmy begins to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Jimmy goes into the darkness singing all the while. Suddenly the song is torn from his throat. There is a long silence.)

Hatherdal

Jimmy? Joe? (Silence) Boys? (Silence)

(Krator appears out of the darkness. Gone are the panty hose. He is neatly dressed for the evening. Not a hair is out of place. He is carrying a plastic bag with a huge hand in it.)

(Krator puts the bag behind his back. Hatherdal approaches him slyly.)

Hatherdal

What you got there, you kinky motherfucker? Jesus, look at your eyes. You have grown night eyes, creepy, yes, like all crooked in your head. Look at your mouth, your stinking mouth, it is all twisted and full of rage. Feels good, no? Do you cum when you kill them? I bet you do. You stinking motherfuck, ugly son of a bitch. You took my boys didn't you? Don't worry there're are plenty more. Be brave and harsh. Take them by the thousands, take them all. (She puts her arms around Krator's neck.) You are like my little boy. You are so naughty. (Krator backs away but Hatherdal moves with him.) You're having a bloody good time, aren't you. (Hatherdal brings her lips to his) You took my fuck boys away. Now you got to help me.

(Krator violently shoves her to the ground. She gets on her hands and knees and rushes at him trying to bite him like a dog.)

Krator

Get away from me, you hideous creature!

(Hatherdal chases Krator around on her hands and knees trying to bite him.)

Hatherdal

(carefully pronouncing the words "bow" and "wow")

Bow wow, bow wow wow wow!!!

(Krator runs off into the night. Hatherdal continues barking as the lights fade.)

Hatherdal

Bow wow, bow wow wow wow!!! Bow wow wow, wow wow!!! Bow wow wow!!!

Scene 28

(The lights rise on the Termination Room. It is covered with blood and gore. Krator enters. He has a huge hand in a plastic bag. He doesn't notice

it at first, but there's a bundle sitting up on the Termination Bed. Vørdigger's voice comes from the bundle. It is high, perhaps like a chipmunk's voice, but definitely Vørdigger's).

Baby Vørdigger

Hey Krator, do you remember me?

(Krator turns around but can't locate the source of the voice.)

Baby Vørdigger

I remember you. I'm the baby Vørdigger.

(Krator now locates the baby on the bed. He drops the bag.)

Baby Vørdigger

I'm still hallucinating.

(There is the sound of aural hallucinations but higher and more tinny.)

Baby Vørdigger

Torvald woke me up with some gismo he made.

(Krator crosses cautiously to the bundle on the bed.)

Baby Vørdigger

Says I'll only remember who I was for a little while (Aural hallucinations) until a new personality begins, like chocolate on a Tasty Freeze.

(Krator cautiously unwraps part of the bundle and peeks in. He starts.)

Baby Vørdigger

You're looking pretty strange, Krator. What have you been doing? Torvald says you're committing mass murder. Is this true?

Krator

What the fuck is this?

(Torvald steps out of the shadows.)

Torvald

It is the baby Vørdigger.

(Krator bends close to the bundle and examines it.)

Baby Vørdigger

It is really true, Krator, there is life after death. I am proof of it.

Krator

My god, his lips are moving. (Krator sticks his finger in the bundle, presumably taking the baby's pulse from it's throat.) He is real. He is just a baby, how can he be speaking?

Torvald

With the Deatherian Spike Stimulator. (He holds up something that looks strangely like a red bicycle flasher. It has a series of red cells.) The reincarnation cycle can go anywhere from 49 to 210 days. If the child can be found early before it's own personality becomes configured, flashing it in the eyes in a specific series of sequences will stimulate the Alpha spike and make it resonate the personality of its most powerful incarnation, like shooting fish eyes on a bank with a flashlight.

Baby Vørdigger

What the fuck is he talking about, Krator?

Krator

I don't have the slightest idea. (He looks closely at the baby.) But you, who are you?

Baby Vørdigger

I am Vørdigger. I went down a dark tunnel into a light full of love, saw a thousand faces...I think they were all mine...(The bundle makes a little baby cry, then stops.)... like looking into a mirror at a mirror at a mirror... (Baby cry, then stops.)...can't believe how powerful...

(The Baby Vørdigger breaks into full fledged baby crying.)

Krator

What's wrong with him?

Torvald

His present personality is kicking in. I'll flash him with the Stimulator. It should get him going for awhile. Eventually, I won't be able to lock on that particular personality and then it will be just a baby, not an ordinary baby, mind you, but a Deatherian baby.

(Torvald holds the Deatherian Spike Stimulator over the bundle and pushes a button. The cells flash red at the Baby Vørdigger. The Baby Vørdigger starts to speak again.).

Baby Vørdigger

Krator we are the same, you and me. Perhaps we will meet up again sometime, in another life. I could sure use a joint.

Krator

Is this true?

Torvald

He is immortal, like you, Krator.

Baby Vørdigger

We are not alone, Krator. You will see. There is another place after you pass through the light. It's where the rest of them are. (He starts to cry like a baby.) This baby is getting sleepy.

Torvald

We're losing him.

(Torvald flashes the baby with the Deatherian Spike Stimulator. The sound of Baby Vørdigger hallucinations is heard.)

Baby Vørdigger

I've got to go, this baby's taking over. (Hallucinations) But I am not gone, Krator, I am here. (Krator looks closely at the baby.) Can you see me?

Krator

I just see a baby talking.

Baby Vørdigger

You shouldn't have killed me, motherfucker. I'll try to remember you, I'll really try.

(Starts cooing and giggling)

Krator

Is it really you, Dern?

Torvald

He has come back from the waters of God.

(Torvald flashes the baby with the Deatherian Spike Stimulator.)

Baby Vørdigger

I'll keep an eye out for you.

(Sound of hallucinations. The baby begins crying.)

Krator

What's the matter with it?

Torvald

He needs to be changed.

Krator

How did you find him?

Torvald

The Internet. I put out a bulletin to look for strange acting babies. These babies are different from other babies. They stand out, especially when they come into contact with others of their kind. The attending physician was a Deatherian. This baby came out of the womb asking for you.

Krator

Me?

(Torvald pats the Baby Vørdigger and it goes silent. Once in awhile there might be the sound of a distant hallucination.)

Torvald

Yes. He said, "I want that motherfucker, Krator." And then he went silent. The physician notified me. Deatherians coming together are very powerful.

Krator

What makes it powerful?

Torvald

It is the meeting of two or more Deatherian minds. It seems the most powerful links are with Deatherians who have had contact before. You killed Vørdigger, he is strong with you.

Krator

Could a Deatherian reincarnate in order to reach another Deatherian?

Torvald

I don't know. But I think that if two or more are gathered together in the name of a Deatherian that Deatherian might be drawn to them, perhaps even pulling him from the other side of life.

Krator

I want your Deatherian Detector.

Torvald

Sure. (He gives it to him) Why do you want it?

Krator

I'm going to see if she is a Deatherian.

Torvald

Be careful, Krator, you don't know what you're dealing with.

Krator

Why would that make any difference? I am immortal.

Torvald

Yes, but things may have changed.

Krator

What do you mean?

Torvald

Until now Deatherians may not have known about each other. Any conflicts they might have had were burned away after death, perhaps by the light of love at the end of the tunnel. They forgot who they were. But now Deatherians not only know about each other, they can wake up their past incarnations. They can remember who they were and who they hated and who they loved. On earth wars are finite, but for immortals to have conflict, they have eternity. There could be war in heaven. And for us, mortals, heaven could rain down an evil fire. Deatherian's could choose bodies for eternal war, they could use mortals as their war slaves. The cleansing light of love at the end of death's dark tunnel could be turned into amphetamine radiation, a hate ray where Deatherians could recharge and rekindle their past lives. They could become increasingly more powerful and vicious..

(Krator grins at Torvald, his eyes glowing.)

Krator

Sounds like a high.

Torvald

You must be careful. Deatherians tend to be mad, insane from the weight of all their incarnations, they can be very dangerous.

Krator

(Drawls it out.)

Yes.

(Krator laughs and runs out into the night. The Baby Vørdigger begins crying. Torvald goes to the door and calls after Krator.)

Torvald

Hess! Hess! You must be careful!

Scene 29

(Private booth. The glass is covered gobs of cum. Morivia is sitting hunched over the Priest's hand. Her belly is huge beneath her kimono. Krator is watching for her reaction.)

Morivia

It's beautiful. They all look the same, these priest's hands. It will be good. (She looks at him.) We are almost done.

Krator

What it's doing in your belly? Any movement?

Morivia

It doesn't kick. It doesn't move. It just grows.

Krator

Is it dead?

Morivia

No. It is like a dark quiet cinder.

Krator

I've got to try something.

(He pulls out the Deatherian Detector)

Morivia
What's that?

Krator
It's a gadget my crazy colleague gave me.

Morivia
What does it do?

Krator
It whines and beeps. Stand up.

Morivia
Why?

Krator
(Shouting)
Stand up!

(Morivia stands.)

Krator
Bring your fat fucking belly next to the glass.

Morivia
Why?

Krator
Do it!

Morivia
My, aren't we feisty tonight.

(She steps close the glass. Krator aims the Deatherian Detector at Morivia's belly and pushes the button. First there is one sires of beeps then a second series of beeps joins the first. Krator laughs in delight.)

Krator
We are Deatherians!

Morivia
Deptharians?

Krator

Deatherian's, you stupid cunt!

(He lunges at the glass and puts his hands on it. Morivia backs away.)

Krator

You must tell me when you break water. I must get to it early. I will bring the baby into the world myself. This baby could be my father! I will doubt things no more. This is a new time. Fuck science.

Morivia

What are you talking about?

Krator

That baby is immortal. So are you.
(Morivia stops in her tracks. She stares at him. Krator grins up at her.)

Morivia

What do you mean, immortal?

Krator

Yes, now you are staring at me like my mother did.

Morivia

I am immortal?

Krator

We will never die.

(Morivia begins screaming in terror. Krator begins licking the thick gobs of cum from the window.)

Scene 30

(The lights cross fade to a special. Hatherdal steps out of the shadows. She begins speaking even as Morivia's cries die away.)

Hatherdal

I dedicate this song to our patron saint, Dr. Kavorkian, Dr. K.

(Ghostly figures carrying candles appear behind Hatherdal. At times they join in the song.)

(Singing)

Dr. K made his rounds on the Death Ward

in the middle of the night,
 lifting the eyelids of the near-dead.
 To see how they reflected the light.
 He was a pioneer.

CHORUS

Oh, sweet is the beauty of the rose.
 Majestic, the vaulted sky.
 How fresh the blush
 of life on a child's face.
 Too bad it's got to die.
 Dr. K went to death row
 to put the condemned to sleep
 so he could harvest their organs.
 "Boys, at last you can do something deep."
 He was a pioneer.

Hatherdal (cont.)

(Spoken)

"It would be a unique privilege to be able to experiment on a doomed
 human being."

(Sung)

(CHORUS)

Oh, sweet is the beauty of the rose.
 Majestic, the vaulted sky.
 How lovely a mother's face
 How tender, her sigh.
 To bad she's going to die.

Hatherdal

Dr. K wanted to build Orbitariums
 with a specialized staff
 for Positive Planned Death.
 It almost takes my breath.
 He was a pioneer.

(Spoken)

"It wasn't murder, it was medicine."

(Sung)

(CHORUS)

Oh, sweet is the beauty of the rose.
 Majestic, the vaulted sky.
 How brave and loyal a father,
 singing to his toddler.
 To bad he's going to die.

Fools asked him why he did it.
 Dr. K winked and said,
 from his cell bed,

(Spoken)

"I've boundless curiosity
 I guess it's just the boy in me."
 Look all about you
 see how the wind blows
 through the dark trees,
 how the stars pierce the sky.
 Angry spirits burst from their corpses

Hatherdal (cont.)

You can hear them cry,
 "Dr. K! Dr. K!
 Lead the way!
 Lead the way!"

(The lights fade.)

Scene 31

(Termination Room. It is covered with blood and gore. Gone is the peaceful atmosphere. Krator has safety goggles on. He is sanding a covered corpse, sparks are flying. Torvald is splitting another corpse in half with an ax as if it were a dry log (in fact, that 's probably what it is. Krator has changed. His eyes have deep shadows under them. His face is sallow, his cheekbones hollow, his lips, livid. Krator is shouting over the din.)

Krator

You know, we've been overlooking a very important group.

Torvald

Who's that, Doctor?

Krator

Genetic test files.

Torvald

I didn't think of that.

Krator

There are many people who have a 90% chance of dying of a specific disease before they are 50 and there is no cure in sight for them. Cancer, heart failure, Alzheimer's, liver, blood, bone. We could save a lot hospitalization if we terminated them before they got sick.

Torvald

I feel bad about these people. You know, they're getting younger.

Krator

We work for Insurance companies. It's a business, nothing more. You have to make a profit or you go out of business and if we go out of business there is no more health care for anyone.

Torvald

But so many, Krator?

Krator

Farming. Farming, yes, isn't that droll, I accused Vørdigger of being a farmer of crazy people. I understand him now, what a profound individual. There are only 1.5% of people who really use this place. The rest, well, they are like scenery. And like scenery, like weeds or bugs or rats they must be cut back.

Torvald

Perhaps it is exactly the opposite way. Since we are here only this one time, it is us who are special and you who are the scenery, since you are always here in one form or another like mountains and trees and mosquitoes. And since you are always going to return, it is you who should be pruned so that you grow into something right. You know, we have a way to compensate for our mortality, we have history. If there are too many Deatherian assholes being born we can get rid of them as soon as they start acting up. We can just cut them from the start. When they're ugly babies we can keep killing them until there are only pretty babies, pretty nice babies who don't hurt any one, pretty nice babies who will serve those who will only see the world once, you bastard.

(Torvald attacks Krator with a long pair of forceps. He clamps them on Krator's nipple.. Krator tugs at them and finally yanks them off with a moan of painful pleasure..)

Krator

What are you doing, you fool? I will have your job for this.

Torvald

You think I fucking care? Nora is leaving me today.

(Krator grabs Torvald by the shirt.)

Krator

Don't mess with me, you puny little maggot ball. I am not the same man you think I was. I am strong with men's cum!

(Krator throws Torvald to the ground and then pulls out a pair of panty hose. He pulls one leg over his face and wraps the other leg around Torvald's neck to strangle him. Torvald is gurgling. A loud series of sounds come over the speakers as a warning siren begins yelping. Then Jerry's voice comes over the speakers.)

Jerry (Over intercom.)
(Desperately)

Dr. Doctor! Dr. Doctor!

(Krator lets go of Torvald.)

Jerry (Over intercom.)

Hurry, Doctor, hurry!

(Krator jumps to his feet. He is ecstatic.)

Krator

She has broken water! I am like Joseph, eh? Jesus, fuck, I am so excited. (He helps Torvald up and brushes him off.) I may meet my father today. I cannot believe this, because, you know, I have never met him. He is not the kind of guy who would want to meet me. (Krator goes to a cabinet, grabs a long surgical knife and slides it in jacket.) But that will all change once he gets a look at me. (He glares at Torvald) I look different, don't I? Give me the Deatherian Spike Stimulator. (Torvald pulls the Deatherian Spike Stimulator from his lab coat pocket and gives it to Krator.) You are afraid of me, that is good. That's as it should be. I must hurry.

Scene 32

(The lights rise on Krator and Jerry walking in place DS at a quick pace.)

Jerry

Look at us, you and Jerry, Dr. Doctor, flying like the wind. You excited, no?

Krator

Shut up!

Jerry

Aren't you glad, Dr. Doctor that you have a guy like me to lead you to your woman? I am a real matchmaker.

Krator

Where is she?

Jerry

She a cage girl now. In a special place. Not for everyone. Jerry knows. Very close to Jerry. Jerry's mother was cage girl too. Jerry born there. (Krator stops and looks at Jerry.) Very special price. 1000 guilders.

(Krator grabs Jerry and pulls him up by the collar.)

Krator

Where is she.

(Jerry points at the entrance of "The Cage." Krator releases him and Jerry runs away. The lights fade and at the same time there is a shrieking in the dark. It is Morivia. She is screaming like a terrified animal. There is also the sound of a NASTY GUY* mimicking her anguished cries and laughing. The lights rise on the guy laughing at her in a cage.)

Guy

Come on, scream! Scream! Scream! Scream!

(He charges at the cage with his arms out. Morivia screams. The Guy screams. Krator grabs the guy by the scruff of the neck.)

Guy

Hey, I paid the fee!

(Krator slams the guy's head against the door and throws the guy out.
"The Cage," a geek cage, has gone silent.)

Krator

It's Hess.

(There is no answer.)

Krator

I have come to deliver the baby.

Morivia

(From the shadows)

Come in.

(Krator steps through the cage.)

Morivia

(From the shadows)

Take off your clothes.

(Krator takes off shirt.)

Krator

I am ready.

(Morivia steps out of the shadows in the meat suit. Krator gasps and steps back. She stands there, a collection of limbs and organs, hanging from her. The feet are of two distinct sizes, very large and very small. The internal organs dangle about the body like baubles; liver, heart, intestines, lungs, kidneys. Lymph nodes are draped like pearls. There is a large torso, several chunks forming the buttocks, pieces of flesh sewn with big stitches to form 2 different thighs, a complex weave of muscles are stitched to make the calves, 2 different kneecaps. Eddy's huge penis hangs down from the crotch with a silver ring through the end. Hanging from it is a testicle bag with 2 different testicles hanging outside of it. Morivia's living head is the head of the meat suit, but tied to the top of her head, like meat loaf, is a brain hat. Eyeballs hang from her neck by nerve endings like amulets. There is a quilt work of flesh to form the chest and shoulders, biceps flow into elbows then into forearms in a weave of gristle, sewing thread and muscle (Some pieces of skin are hairier than others), at the end

two huge hands from different priests, and from the center of the body is Morivia's huge pregnant belly. Krator stares at the suit in awe.).

Hatherdal

(Stepping out of the shadows)

Isn't she beautiful? (She slams the cage door shut.)

Krator

(To Hatherdal)

My god, what are you doing here?

Hatherdal

She is my daughter.

Krator

What are you saying? (To Morivia) Is this true?

Hatherdal

She's quite insane. She doesn't even know who you are. She has been working for me. I warned you, they all work for me. They are my animals.

Krator

Who the fuck are you? Why do you do this to me?

(Hatherdal steps closer to the cage.)

Hatherdal

Don't you recognize me? Come closer. (Krator comes closer to Hatherdal) I'm Rebecca. Doesn't it ring a bell? I'm your little sister, asshole.

(They both bellow with rage. They grab the bars, Krator on his side, Hatherdal on the other and shake the bars trying to bite each other. They stop and take a closer look at each other.)

Krator

I thought you were in mental hospital.

Hatherdal

You dirty, bastard, you knew that I was not dead.

Krator

I knew that you were crazy.

Hatherdal

Not any crazier than you.

Krator

You're face.

Hatherdal

You want to know how my face got like this? (She puts her face next to the bars almost daring Krator to grab her.) Mother was crazy, didn't you know?

Krator

She was not crazy.

Hatherdal

Oh, but she was. The day you ran away she threw boiling water in my face then went up stairs and killed herself. When Papa, my papa, came home and found her he pulled my brother and me with my boiled face and threw us in the car and drove it off the bridge. The cold water saved my life but killed them. So there is only you and me and my daughter who I have give to you.

Morivia

It's alive. Take it, take it out of me. I can't stand it in me. It doesn't belong in there. Get it out! Get it out! Oh god, this meat smells.

Krator

My darling Morivia, I will love you forever, and we have forever.

(Krator pulls out the long scalpel. Hatherdal, seeing it, begins shrieking.)

Morivia

Kill me! Kill me! If I have to live again, then kill me now. I want to start all over.

Hatherdal

No! No! No!

(Krator plunges the scalpel into Morivia's belly. Morivia screams as her belly explodes. A gut-purple little baby tumbles out on the floor.)

Krator

(To Morivia)

I love you!

Morivia

Fuck you.

(She spits blood in his face. They kiss. She falls into his arms dead. Hatherdal shrieks and runs from the Cage into the darkness. There is the sound of a baby crying over the speakers. Krator flashes the baby with the Deatherian Spike Stimulator. The baby's voice comes over the speakers.)

Baby

Boon jaw vay, jay jay.

Krator

What?

Baby

Oh Joe bow, in kin cheen jee.

Krator

What are you saying, mother fucker?

Baby

You goo moo.

Krator

I know you're in there father. Talk to me! Tell you who you are! You only talk baby talk? Is that what you do?

(Krator begins laughing. He begins talking baby talk back to the baby. As the lights fade the sound of the baby talking baby talk continues. The lights rise and PEOPLE *appear and disappear in the shadows like decoys at a police shooting range, all the while doing a zombie dance. Jerry leads Krator in the meat suit, doing the zombie dance as he proclaims Krator's presence. Krator is holding the gut purple baby in one hand and the Deatherian Detector in the other. He zaps with the Deatherian Detector at the passers by and laughs. The Deatherian Detector whines and whines. All the while the baby continues babbling baby talk and chorus continues...)

Jerry

A guy like you needs a guy like me to take him to his place. A guy like you when you are inspired got no time to think about directions. Jerry take you there. I am your flag animal, I am your horn, every where you go I go with you, I am your crier, "Here comes a man on his way home. Here he comes! Here he comes!" Look the gods walk in this motherfucker. We're just the

backdrop. Dinosaurs stroll the earth once more. Look! Look at this guy behind me.

People
(Singing)

Eebee Ceebee
Oochee Coochee
Ooodee Oo

Chabah cheega
Moobah leeyah
Screegeeeegoo!

Fuck you
Fuck you

Holy moebob
joli blow cob
Mung bean stew

Fuck you
Fuck you
Fuck you
Fuck you
Fuck you

(The lights fade on Jerry and Krator as the chorus fades.)

Scene 33

(The door to the Termination Room bursts open and Krator appears. Jerry is behind him. Both as shadows in the background.)

Jerry

A guy like you needs...

Krator

Shut the fuck up.

(Krator shoves Jerry in the face, pushing him out of the room. The zombies retreat too, like dominoes. Krator slams the door behind him and turns on the lights. Krator is still in his meat suit. He is holding the baby in one hand. The baby is still babbling. Torvald's and Nora's legs hang down from the ceiling. Torvald has hanged himself and his wife as well. There is a sign on the pinned to his leg which says, "Push play." Krator puts the

baby and the Deatherian Detector down on the Termination Bed and pushes the play button on the VCR Torvald's face appears on the TV screen.

Torvald

I made a grave error when I told you who you are. Before you didn't know you existed and now that you do, I know you will find a way to remember who you were and who you are and perhaps even who you will be. You will turn us into your slaves. I have made a history of you so that the mortals after me will be ready for you. When people find out who you are they will weed you out. Remember, it was I, a mortal who discovered you. This is just the beginning. You won't be able to escape us. It will be war forever.

(Off screen you can hear Nora whining in Dutch)

Nora (OS)

Ik heb een vulling verloren.

Torvald

Yes, yes, darling I love you, but I can't let you go, I just can't. (He turns back to the camera) You see, Krator, perhaps we mortals are a bit more sentimental because we only have one time to be with each other.

(Off screen you can hear Nora whining in Dutch.)

Nora (OS)

Verpleegkundige... Verpleegkundige

Torvald

(Screaming at Nora)

Shut the fuck up!

(Torvald disappears off camera. You can hear him OS as he beats Nora.)

Torvald (OS)

I said shut the fuck up! You fucking bitch. I'm never gonna let you go! Rugpijn, verkoundheid, oorpil, ademhal...

(The monitor goes into snow as Torvald's tape runs out. Krator turns off the monitor. Krator crosses to the table where he keeps the termination rings. He picks one up and puts the ring on his finger. All the while the baby continues babbling. Suddenly Hatherdal bursts from the shadows with a leg of Krator's mother's pantyhose over her face. The other legs

Hatherdal wraps around Krator's neck. A struggle ensues. Krator and Hatherdal tumble about the room and knock everything over except the gut purple baby, who keeps babbling. Krator rips the panty hose from Hatherdal's face. He begins overpowering her. Suddenly he stops. He looks down at her. He shoves her away from him. He grabs Deatherian Detector from the Termination Bed and zaps her with it. It beeps and beeps.).

Krator

Just as I thought. You are a Deatherian. You are trying to have me kill you.

Hatherdal

Of course.

Krator

How did you know?

Hatherdal

All the women in my family are crazy, we are electrical wires, goddesses electrocute us. "Beep beep beep beep beep," but now I know for sure.

(She laughs and dances with glee.)

Krator

I can't stand it.

(Krator starts for her. She stops and looks him in the eye.)

Hatherdal

Go ahead, kill my fucking ass. That way I'll get a head start on you. This is war, big brother. I'll see you in the next life, fucker.

(Hatherdal runs and dives out the window. Krator runs and looks out the window. He shouts after Hatherdal.)

Krator

I don't care about you. We can fight, we can fight forever.

(Krator crosses to the Black Box. He picks it up and holds it in front of him.).

Krator

My darling, Morivia, I am yours forever. If you are born a man I will be your boyfriend, if you are a girl and I am a girl, I will be your girlfriend, if

you are a dog I will let you fuck me, if you are a fly, I will keep you in a jar. I love you, Morivia, here I come!

(Krator pushes the button on the black box and sparks fly. Krator quakes. A great rock chord fills the speakers. It builds and builds. Gradually the sound of white noise rises out of the background, as it grows louder the lights get brighter until the set is unbearably bright, then abruptly, the lights begins to dim and the white noise subside as the sound of the Baby is heard on the speakers. As The Baby speaks the lights begin to fade and a special rises on him.)

The Baby

There is this man walking around. He's high on lotus flowers. He sees this thing sticking out of the sand. He finally realizes what it is. It's the mast of a ship. He suddenly remembers that he came here on a ship. He remembers a name. He runs to his men and he tells them that he thinks they're his crew. He tells them not to eat the lotus. He remembers how a ship is made and he describes it to them. (The white noise fades out.) They have a hard time listening, they keep listing and drooping but they finally get it and they build a ship. Most of them don't know what they've built. But the guy, now that he's gotten off the flower, is beginning to remember what a ship does. They put it on the fluid they have just now remembered as "the sea." (There is the sound of ocean surf.) It floats! The guy tells them to get on the ship and see what happens. They do. And low and behold they see the skin they tied around a pole fill up with air and blow the ship out to sea. By now most of the boys think they know who they are and are tacking and pulling ropes, pumping the oars, making that thing come into motion. "Yes," they think, "we're sailors of Odysseus!" And once upon the Ocean they remember that they are wanderers, trying to get home and

The Baby (cont.)

that they've thrown their lot in with this crazy guy who has money. Now they are at sail and the world is moving. (There is only the sound of white noise.) The Beginning has Begun Again.

(The white noise grows very loud then begins to thin out into higher frequencies as the special fades on The Baby).

THE END