

Pick up an object. Hold it. Theater.  
An essence must have some kind of center.

Any authority. All authority.  
“I love you.”  
In your very own denial.

One might be remembered,  
and only remembered,  
through thoughtless conversation.

Body. Fiber. Gold.  
Bone. Wall. Isolation.

“Do not tell me you are dead, do not tell me.”

But, what is there really to say?  
Do living people write books? Etc.



**1990**

JAN ..... 70  
FRANCK ..... 50  
AXEL ..... 40

JAN and FRANCK circling around a blueprint on a table,  
sitting and standing, standing and sitting.

AXEL in an armchair, with his back towards the other two.

*The room may be described as part of a spacious, late nineteenth century penthouse apartment, of which it is the main social space. The building may be described as a magnificent six-floor, red brick house which occupies almost a whole block in a neighborhood of newly erected or recently demolished buildings and vacant lots. The neighborhood may be described as situated in the center of a city which was until very recently in a unique state of exception.*

*It could be that what used to be a wall, is now a strip of lacerated land.*

*It could be that millions of people used to have their lives determined by horoscope.*

*It could be humiliation is a reflex in the multitude.*

*Fiction, capital, currency.*

*It could be the night is a loyal animal grazing on the highest peaks of human transgression.*

*It could be old Prussia is in every exclamation mark.*

*Cry, sometimes, for the times when nothing happened.*

*It could be chance is a microtransaction.*

*And reading, a reluctant laughter in the face of permanent stagnation.*

*A: I am not entirely dead.*

*B: Well that is not entirely true.*

*The room.*

JAN

This is the new room. The last room down the corridor. Makes me think – What did I leave behind? Anything useful? Can I make something good out of it? Will anybody be interested? What I leave. Is it any good for you? Or you? See?

FRANCK

See. Many new rooms, or? No?

JAN

Can I give? From what I have? To you?

FRANCK

You give, oh you do.

JAN

I give. Can I give? These things, can they be given?

FRANCK

Yes. Yes.

JAN

Or are they mine? Things like that! *Laughs.*

FRANCK

*Laughs.* Right! Got it. Very good.

JAN

Just look at the place. Seeing this makes me go – hell! Who can build that? *Laughs.*

FRANCK

Oh, you can. You can.

JAN

Of course.

FRANCK

Not even a question.

Well, it was. JAN  
Yes it was. FRANCK  
Always is. JAN  
Should be too. Big thing. FRANCK  
Big thing. Big things. JAN  
Keeping us on our toes. Up to our necks. FRANCK  
Uhuh. JAN  
Um ... FRANCK  
Knee and forehead in the same pit. JAN  
*Are you the doctor?*

*Pause.*  
Franck?  
Yes? FRANCK  
Just checking. A ... déjà vu. A feeling of familiarity. Of family. JAN  
Axel is here, Jan. FRANCK  
I know Axel is here. It's not what I meant. Never mind. JAN  
I'm here. No problem. AXEL  
Shut up Axel. JAN  
*AXEL laughs.*  
Jan, this ... what you just said. Do you want me to look into it? The distribution of space? I could get you some reliable sources ... FRANCK