

Noémi Abaházy: Torpid, burnt out cool guy



Man: Common sense says that earthly stuff barely exist.

Woman: What's 'earthly stuff'? The world is not just 'stuff'...

Man: but the totality of facts. Everyone knows this Slovenian slogan.

Woman: Whatever clever things you say Bela, while we are sitting in this ruin pub that remained from the better days, the cyberspace is invaded by the Tartars.

Man: We play it way too offline Gizi. While we are on our hunkers in pint glasses, they are invading Facebook. Others say they are led by Batu Khan. Same thing over and over again

Woman: The terror of intimacy. They soften women under the saddle and read books about psychology. They think men are from the steppe, women are from Venus

Men: They are not at all Tartars but mongoloid idiots who fuck around with everyone who they bump into.

Woman: I heard their spiritual life is rather intensive. They destroy timelines, they capture cybernetic pussy castles. But they don't touch women. What is more, they are running away like headless chickens from us. They afraid we execute them.

Man: Just like I do! I found some rest and shelter within the walls of a ruin pub and the price is that I am exiled from Facebook to a second-class life. I became an earthly king!

Woman: King Bela!

Man: This is my function from this on. That I am hanging about this ruin pub and am waiting for the Tartars? And yet they are not coming. There will be no wagon fort. Runaway to Trogir, History ends here.

Woman: Nothing happens, the present posts itself on Facebook, nothing happens, just exist.

Man: You remember when we first met? At that time we knew where the clock goes. It was a beautiful summer day when the Fates were singing without words. And look who's talking? At that time it was me. I was always in a win-win position. Organizing armies, riding a horse, going in without knowing who your God is. Having no boundaries. Tough life it was.

Woman: Wasp-waist women were swarmed out to the cyber field that the sky went black. That was the real summer when one swallow made the summer.

Man: Party swallow, David Bowie, the double-edged guy. His mind was razor sharp.

Woman: But even at that time history was about to draw to an end. Everything was hoarded. There was no middle, no end. All began after the end.

Man: There was no petting, no boobies touching, no orgasm, languid idleness, lighting a cigarette, then, not even that. History burnt down to the stump in our mouths.

Woman: All ended; all we have is the after, without the before.

Man: Go get another round and a bread and dipping or two please.

Woman: Here you, go, eat, drink, enjoy yourself. Easy, King, easy! You are my fourth boyfriend called Bela. You are the best company to be waiting for the Tatars and being exiled to reality.

Man: Just from the ones called Bela I am the fourth?

Woman: I swear to God I only had four boyfriends and all of them were called Bela, but you are the last one so the first one as I was looking for you in all of them. Bela

Man: You do it good, that's for sure, there is something in you when you are with me. You have a way with words, you are definitely for hard-wear from emotional perspective, too and your bums are awesome. I didn't want to come from behind, but it does not count by now. Female: Lone rangers do self-help as we say. But we are not making love, we are just sitting here, waiting for the Tatars, even though we know that they are here but not at all here at the same time. Twisted situation, vc reality, empty Târgu Mureş.

Man: They are spurring onto the community portals, pushing themselves through historic life with the velocity of light. Over the edge of the new world.

Woman: You still love me Bela?

Man: What is love? Invention of poets, but poetry is dead.

Woman: Poetry is dead but love never is.

Man: Gen gen Genghis Khan

Woman: We should do something, but what?

Man: I cannot go back to Facebook because the psycho tatars will start to hunt me. And reality does not exist for me. In between the two there is the people of the ruin pubs. We are stucked between two non-existing worlds.

Female: MARRY me Bela, let's do it in a different way. The future is not yet carved in stones, we still have a chance.

Man: Just we should prevent the army of Batu Khan coz then a guarantee a remake of the battle of Mohi. I don't give my life away for free.

Woman: You should learn how to form a wagon fort from ruin pubs until it's too late. Before they break out of Facebook and occupy this world as well.

Man: Chinese hackers are breaking the walls of cyberspace, the Great Wall of China. Speaking of which, I know a great Chinese restaurant in Veres Palne street, cheap but mind-blowing. lightly salty, but hot as hell.

Woman: In the old times your favourite was Steak Tartare, when your bum didn't hurt after horse riding, or after riding a Vespa. At that time you easily squeezed yourself between two cars. At that time Budapest was the New York for your soul.

Woman: These are not really Tatars, these are just post-tatars, the shop multiculturalism of the steppe people. If it was possible they would have split even the ruin pubs into the Gay Hussars. They say the most powerful of them is the Wu Tang Clan.

Woman: I heard about them via internet maybe? Grammy award nomads. They ride bare back or non-bareback. Anything can come, doesn't matter. What set you do Bela?

Man: Do androids dream of electric Tartars? I want to captivate you with that! I will lay the moon and all of it's cities in front of you.

Woman: Let's go out together, we can do that while sitting. Playing the star-gaying card, flowers, poetry of the petals, time of big confessions without early judgement. n your freetime – what I know you don't have – you could.

Man: We should see what will this Gay Hussars turn into.

Woman: But why is it called Gay Hussars? Because they are not Tatars but mongols and they don't just invade but fly over everybody with electric horses equipped with unicorn wings. The mongols defeated the tatars but they still have this nickname.

Man: In the old offline language being a tatar was resembled the plague of locusts. It meant destruction.

Woman: It would destroz me if we were together, Bela. 800 years before online. You could be my pet-tatar, my kraut Khan, you Bater.

Man: Slow life, you don't have tor un away from the tatars. No hurries, no worries.

Woman: This sounds so mysterius, Bela. You will be my king till the end of life, you stallion!

Man: The tartars castrated their stallions at the age of four so that they chill out. Buti t was a couple of hundred years before online, and today they are riding electric stallions ont he Internet.

Woman: Literally they are not riding, they are data packages shifting around. As it were Batu Khan leading them and David Bowie as bater is also present.

Man: Bowie is at their side, too?

Woman: Truly speaking he belonged to them from the beginning. A tartar from Southern England. he was called David Robert Jones, David Bowie is the first singer alterego of his. Unfortunately others were also infected by this urban-tartar, brit pop was also came to life under his saddle.

Man: He is great even in Join the gangban: this is what to do now that you're here/sit down doing nothing altoghether very fast.

Woman: It refers to being a nomad day to day, jsut set down if you have no other idea.

Man: When his second wife got pregnant Bowie was asked whether he wants a boy or a girl and he goes: those times are now long gone.

Woman: If only you got me with a child. I wish I could expect our child.

Man: so that these tartars kill him or make a tartar of him, so that they make him be a consumer, no way, I would rather bury myself.

Woman: Bowie's Space Oddity showed it clearly that you will take their side.

Man: You remember the lyrics?

Woman: It's about a spaceman who goes around in space lonely. Planet earth is blue/and there's nothing I can do.

Man: It doesn't matter whether he took their side or not, he pushed the pedal hard and went straight towards nothing.

Woman: it seems to me you became a mule during the decades, thanks god your harness is still ok. This is so you, you harness and make others snicker. Jerusalem of sin!

Man: This word went out of fashion, only philologists use it. For daily use it is just blind riding nothing else.

Woman: No offense, really, I just had enough of you locking up yourself in your wagon forts when you shouldn't and don't when you should. You are irresponsible and without a woman. You mongoloid idiot Genghis Khan.

Man: Don't dare insulting me! I am Bela, God knows whose avatar I am. Why are you doing this? YOU think you can make me angry? Forget it.

Woman: I know I can't. I just want you not to be so much when you are and be without even wanting to be. Ain't no mountain high enough!

Man: What can I do? I am one-man nomad horde.

Woman: You never felt empathy did you? Always the same orchestra, clone of Miles Davis. You would have arrowed your mom if she had lived!

Man: Mind your language! You could have said the same.

Woman: WHAT?

Man: the same orchestra thing.

Woman: But I don't know what is mine.

Man: Lies the wind in that quarter? Don't play the Sorrows of Young Werther card.

Woman: I did some empathy tests, but I am not pregnant. I don't even understand what I don't understand, I am mind-blind or what the heck according to the book.

Man: Who is the author?

Woman: Some Baron Cohen

Man: The comedian?

Woman: No a professor from Cambridge.

Man: Whatever. What counts is that now you know.

Woman: Know what?

Man: That you don't have empathy.

Woman: Then what do I have?

Man: Looks.

Woman: I don't want to be an object you freakin idiot. What I am interested in is who shines out from me.

Man: Upon my word you are not an object, I mean from the looks perspective, whomever you are it does not show you. You are with no expressions but at least you look good.

Woman: What do I represent?

Man: That you hype over the fact you don't hype.

Woman: Is this all?

Man: Not enough? For me you are a lot more interesting without self-recognition. You worked hard for it. A likely enterprising Rocklady of Boston. a Central European mankiller if you wish.

Woman: Stereotypical. So you.

Man: Ok, I take it back. You have to sell yourself, whomever you are. If you knew who you are you would be disappointed.

Woman: You are responsible for your slogans. What you say is merely disgusting you Fukuyama.

Man: I have to puke if I think of myself.

Woman: You are responsible for your rose.

Man: I am responsible for the people of the ruin pubs, for these lost nomads. For this other world trapped here between Facebook and consumers. No conflict, no twist at the end.

Woman: They 70 year old Djs will disappear from the scene after all and will leave their families who they bought for lease. Bowie, this traitor is also 65, but he can ride the castrated stallion. Manifest of a tartar.

Man: There is no life just topics. Bowie, Batu and Bela, the three B graphite pencils in the notebook of life.

Woman: God tests you at Hungarianism, Englishness and Tartariness?

Man: There is nobody to test you, even the attendance sheet is lost. Life is not a school any more.

Woman: Then what?

Man: Building wagon forts from ruin pubs.

Woman: Only the wagon camps remained?

Man: No, a wagon camp is not a wagon fort.

Woman: Then what?

Man: A concentric shield against reality and Facebook, tiny Hungarian version of the Great Wall of China.

Woman: That's why you eat Chinese Bela?

Man: Yep, the network of these restaurants is my lodge.

Woman: Are you a freemason?

Man: I am a king and the freemason. Rather free than mason.

Woman: Then who is free?

Man: This is way too philosophic of a question.

Woman: Explain then.

Man: You are free when you don't know you are.

Woman: And if you recollect the memories of your freedom?

Man: Then you are not free any longer.

Woman: Why not?

Man: Coz then you know you are remembering.

Woman: And the implicit mind?

Man: Don't overcomplicate, accountants have nothing to do with freedom.

Woman: The tartars do real good PR, they are always caught when racing, when they are free.

Man: And we are caught when stucked in our wagons.

Woman: So you are free if you don't know you are not free, but if you think of it you lose your freedom?

Man: Even if you take your free days off you are not free. You are either free or not, there is no middle course.

Woman: Free me!

Man: Free you are if you don't need to be freed.

Woman: Can the ruin pub be the stage of freedom?

Man: If you don't know about it, yes.

Woman: And Facebook?

Man: What's up with that?

Woman: Is it anything like that?

Man: Social capital. Investment.

Woman: Freedom then.

Man: Faceless faces behind the screen.

Woman: But there is the face of Batu Khan, too. Is he faceless, too?

Man: He is also just the avatar of someone else.

Woman: What is avatar?

Man: God's manifestation in someone mortal.

Woman: So everyone is the avatar of someone then?

Man: Yes. All of us are the avatars of our own selves.

Woman: What if Facebook is real and here we are just avatars? What if the world of the ruin pubs is just some drunken avatars jamming around?

Man: Forgot to tell you. Batu sent me a letter.

Woman: What does he say?

Man: Here, read it.

Woman: Me, the Khan, I am the missionary of the King of Heaven, who was provided with power on earth so that the supporters will be kept as they are but to tread the rebels down. I am surprised by your actions you puny king of the Hungarians. I send you thirty missionaries and none of them you sent back to me. No missionaries, no letters were sent back to me. I do very well know you are wealthy and mighty and that you have a tremendous arm. You are the reign of the kingdom on your own therefore it is hard for you to be a subservient of me. Brace yourself, it would be better for you and your people to do it unbidden. I have been informed that you are patroning my servants, the Cumans. Due to all this I command you not to keep them with yourself further on so that I hostility can be avoided. It is easier for them to leave the land, not that easy for yourself. They carry their tents on their backs and they can escape but you live in houses, you have castles and cities. How do you think you will be able to slip out of my hands?

What a confident person, Facebook.

Man: Unfortunately he hired Chinese hackers to break the code and destroy the boundaries between Facebook and the ruin pubs. If they succeed, there will be no mercy. Some people say it has already happened and their spies turn up randomly in the Chinese restaurants. They eat Sichuan chicken but they drink nothing. They didn't dare entering the ruin pubs so far.

Woman: They are reputed as fearless warriors. Their face is way too big with their wide screen smiles, their mouths are frothy,

Man: They are coming as if heaven just opened, and they go as fast as lightning. Their hands are like Eric Clapton's. They are razor sharp and when they start twanging, the crowd goes crazy.

Woman: They attack Metallica

Man: Their anthem is the Master of Puppets.

Woman: This Batu is handsome, or at least he looks good on his profile pic, his wife is also nice. Some actress she is. He has good taste in women.

Man: And all the cut-off heads, it must be photoshop. Ice cold psycho killer.
Woman: He played himself in a movie about him. Scorsese movie if I remember well?
Man: Have you seen Tartarspotting?
Woman: Ofc, my fav.
Man: Did you know that even Tarantino is a tartar?
Women: Yeah, read it somewhere.
Man: One from Crimea. He likes violence. I heard he doesn't fancy Batu
Woman: But in his upcoming movie he appears in the role of a half-eyed samurai
Man: Tell me more
Woman: Godson of Gingshis.
Man: Is that a German band?
Woman: Yep, formed in 1969 in West Germany. Their style was the so called eurodisco which was rather popular at the time.
Man: Is Gingshis Hungarian?
Woman: A Eruopen among the Tartars.
Man: BAtu, poet, steppe awarded, postmodern.
Woman: What does he write?
Man: Weird things. Here is one of his poems.

You are what you are
Having a million years rest
Until it ends
Like a fossil petrified

It had an end before the beginning
Still acts like she is living
Penis. Takes it till the end
Like a cemetery her open legs

Woman: Weird.
Man: According to critics Batu is the psychedelic Nabokov of the cyber age.
Woman: Yeah, his aura is like Lolita's as he rides the horse that fades away while running
Man: Whatever, he is our enemy, We should not waste any more words on this, Lolita. Sorry, Gizi.
Woman: You don't talk about yourself enough
Man: What are you interested in?
Woman: You, Bela.
Man: Long story.
Woman: I like long stories.
Man: It is even longer than the Eclipse of the Crescent Moon or the Heartless Man's Sons.
Woman: I kind of like the Eclipse of the Crescent, Gergely Drinknowine is so cute. Why is this his name?
Man: Maybe one of his ancestor did not drink wine, dunno. Obviously it must have been taken as an offense at that time. Anti-alcoholists were not approved. They did not even have a proper term for it. It was impossible not to drink. Whatever, somehow he got it.

Woman: Just like the mongols got the tartar nickname.

Man: The difference is that the Turks already disappeared from the stage of history whereas the tartars are still running around here on Facebook. The tartars of love. Only the devastated, dissatisfied women remain. Maybe it is because of too much horse riding.

Women: Sometimes when they have to rush they jump into the saddle from the roof, maybe that's why.

Man: Maybe. Maybe this caused that many of the expressions with tartars are not in the language any more.

Woman: Such as?

Man: Poor tartar.

Woman: What does that mean?

Man: Someone who you feel sorry for.

Woman: Tartar knows is also one of these. Does it mean tartars are idiots?

Man: No, it rather means they are indeed clever.

Woman: After all you said nothing about your life.

Man: I don't have much to say. I was being a Dj on FB when Gilian reported that the tartars are coming. By the time they spread on FB I already moved to the world of ruin pubs.

Woman: Who is Gilian?

Man: A good friend.

Woman: Ahh yeah, I know him from Friends.

Man: History should be written not talked about.

Woman: But how?

Man: Meaning and value should be added to things. This is the hardest part. I read it somewhere that in history either a little bit more or a little bit less is happening than what is hidden within the circumstances.

Woman: There is no historical reality?

Man: Definitely there isn't.

Woman: Than what is the difference between the truth and a lie?

Man: Meaningless truth is as valueless as a meaningless lie. Boring.

Woman: What is not boring?

Man: Something that can be answered in an interesting way.

Woman: Couold you please get to more slice of bread and a beer?

Man: Yep

Woman: See? This is an interesting answer.

Man: Coz the question was good.

Woman: People are going through phases. Which phase you are in?

Man: I don't have phases just my taste changes. I mix the things from time to time. The only thing I know is that Budapest is the New York of my soul with its three-quarter, half and quarter faces, with its real ruin pubs. I am the soul of a guy who is an outcaster within himself. Who is at many different places and nowhere at the same time. Somebody who aims perfectly but then don't pull the trigger, the women. The DJ of his own self, the best at his age, a star a real leading spirit. A Western-European Bret Easton Ellis, without novels. Who fails the test when the material is his on CV, then knocks out the tartars.

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ROM Theater - Coaching Theater

Premier: Budapest/ Hungary, 17.08.2012.



Woman: My goodness the tartars are here Bela! What should we do now?

Bela: Chill the fuck out! You stay where you are. This is the Mongol invasion of Europe, but calm down, easy. No use to resist. Where did I put my clothes?

Woman: What the hell are you doing Bela? Who the Jekyll you are?

Man: Time is running, stars are shining bright

Woman: The *starry skies above me* and the moral law inside me. I just see your face... What face is this?

Bela: Hold your horses! Face about!

Woman: You are... No! Yes! No! I saw your pic on FB million times. Sweet Jesus, you are BATu! Of course you are! The protagonist! I understand everything now. You have ravished my heart, my brother, my groom, You have ravished my heart with one glance of your eyes, With one bead of your necklace.

Man: Wait outside my wise Tartars. My masterpiece! Punish her like a sir.

In front of the computer: Common sense says that earthly stuff barely exist. Not bad...

