

The Mall Monologues

12 short monologues

by

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CHARACTERS:*SHE**Opinion-maker**Ordinary girl**Sister**Dancer**Model**Joker**HE**Singer**Chairman of the board**Big guy**Hooligan**Sailor**Janitor*

SHE – The Opinion Maker

...

I...

I...

I am...

am...

I am...

..Colgate..

..Colgate woman

I am a Colgate woman

Yes

I am in fact a Colgate-woman
it boils down to that

Even though I love new things
I have never forgotten my first impression of Colgate
which of course is how a good product should work
the taste is just right
The American Dental Association recommends it
it is in consumer-friendly packages
yes
I would almost consider it a betrayal if I..
yes
you should embrace novelties
but not swallow everything raw

That's just how it is
and I'm not ashamed of it:
I
am a Colgate-woman

To avoid all misunderstanding
I must state that my position doesn't allow prejudice
When I play my role
I forget all my opinions
I step out of the body
and become the living dream of every producer of goods:
The wide-open consumer

I never knew what to become
 didn't have any dreams
 you know
 I never wanted to become anything
 went through school
 you know
 a typical mediocre student
 there was never any danger of failing
 but neither of anything exemplary
 I never felt like anything was suited for me
 I didn't have to anyway
 I mean to become anything
 We have a shitload of money

But I have always liked to shop
 ...
 no that's not right
 I have always shopped with passion

If I need anything
 you can be certain of
 that before long
 I have everything in the market
 you see if something neat comes
 I buy all sorts
 all the colors
 and then all the accessories
 I love accessories
 it is pure genius
 to make something indispensable
 that you didn't even suspect
 that you needed

You have to know what's going on
 you see
 it is elementary
 for the modern woman

You might find it strange
 for example
 that someone will buy twenty ironing boards for sleeves
 I'm not saying that I have twenty ironing boards for sleeves
 it is just an example
 based on an imaginary presupposition
 and completely without basis in reality
 but that's just who I am
 I have to be able to compare
 I mean
 it is not easy

to be a consumer in today's marketing system
and be constantly aware of
that something is slipping by you

I have always had a knack for this
I mean
long before I became an opinion maker
I was thinking about this
For example:
How is a well proportioned shopping cart?

Of course I mean the ingredients
not the cart itself

I had started to look into peoples carts
the assortment
the colors
the trademarks
and I had developed a knack for
figuring out peoples personalities
their class and social standing
education and economical status
I had only to look at the cart once
and then I knew everything about the person
everything

This ability
I put it to a test many times
looked first into the cart
and then at the person to verify my results
This ability of mine made it clear to me
that in the shopping cart the personality is naked
the person is inside out..
in 99% of the incidents I was right
I was in fact a born opinion maker
and nobody knew
not even I
and it was just a coincidence that it was discovered

You see
it kind of went out of hand
it became a bit crazy
You see
I started to..
if I saw a cart that looked better than mine then..
I couldn't help it
before I knew
I had taken it and driven it away
just left mine

and usually I just drove it around
 you know
 just to get the feel of them
 and left them someplace
 and then went to fetch mine discreetly

But one time
 I mean it was a glorious cart
 it was
 no it can't be described
 it was just perfect
 all the right trademarks
 the colors in fashion
 everything in good taste
 but not necessarily the most expensive things
 and I just couldn't help it but took it to the cash register
 and as I was standing there paying for it
 the owner appears demanding an explanation
 and I become like a roach
 breaking down
 and the manager comes
 and they take me to his office
 of course they thought I was crazy
 but in fact I wasn't doing anything illegal
 I paid for the goods
 but I was totally destroyed
 and I just told them everything
 and the manager went apeshit
 which is no wonder
 I mean you don't do something like that
 I mean if everybody did that it would ruin the economy
 but that other one
 the one who had the cart
 he was interested
 and started to ask me how I picked the carts and so on
 and it led to that he offered me a job
 he had a public relation firm
 you know advising and market research
 and he said that I was just the person
 he had been looking for to be his opinion maker

And that's my job
 I am an opinion maker
 and in that role I am ice cold
 neutral
 the wide-open consumer
 and forget
 that I
 am a Colgate-woman

HE – The Singer

Siggga kicked me out

hah

I expected it

it was finished anyway

was not much in the first place

hah

but I will miss her kids

...

and that's a fact

So..

I guess I have a good reason

to drown my sorrows

hah

to bad I can't drink anymore

the liver you see

couldn't handle it anymore

hah

went into rehab

all the places

have not taken a drop since

don't miss it

..

and that's a fact

No

I'm lying

I long for a drink

but I don't take one

even though I can't stand drunken people when I'm sober

Got thin when I stopped drinking

its all the sugar in the booze

clings to you

it all went when I stopped

and people started to look at me

like they thought they knew me

but couldn't place me

instead of watching me and thinking:

There is that one!

he is horribly fat

Okay

I have always been fat

I was an obese child

the one that the leaders least wanted on their team

always came in last

in everything
You'll get him
haha
gloating like they bettered their handicap
I stopped trying to get on the teams
and became still fatter

It is remarkable that even though you become thin
you keep on thinking fat
even though you get many numbers smaller
I mean
can I get through there?
is this too narrow for me?
always trying to go sideways when it gets narrow
even though you know it is no use
when you are just as thick as you are broad

I even think that I'm still trying to dress off the fat
even though I'm not fat anymore

This is I
hah
only me
the former fat guy

I met Sigga in rehab
started with her
hated her really
she is a shitty person
though she has wonderful children
She is one of those alcoholics
that should drink
then she had the excuse
that she was drunk
when she is sober she has none

I miss her kids
It's getting too late
to get some of your own
didn't have the time
the fame and all that
the fame
the fucking fame
yes what about that?

Yes
how much does fame cost?
what is it worth?

When people get a glimpse
 of the fat pop singer
 behind the mask of the sober thin man
 they remember
 that they were never going to forgive me
 that I got no point in the Eurovision Song Contest

It is only the children
 that don't know who I was

SHE – An Ordinary Girl

There is nothing special with me
 I'm just an ordinary girl
 just very very very
 ordinary
 I work in the candy store
 and clean a bit in the evenings
 I'd rather do it in the evenings
 then it is better to get a sitter
 and I hate to wake up early in the morning
 practically in the middle of the night
 especially not in the winter
 when it is cold
 and dark
 and miserable
 and everything frozen
 or in salty sludge
 and one is always snotty

It started to come to me
 like..
 first very low and inaudible
 like it was you know..
 mumble inside me
 really low and like distorted
 but little by little
 I could hear words
 no not really words
 because it was like..
 always the same word
 yes
 very low at first
 and then
 like..
 higher
 and higher
 like
 growing

in volume:

bjúsi

bjúsi

bjúsi

bjúsi

bjúsi!

bjúsi!

bjúsi!

bjúsi!

BJÚSI

BJÚSI

BJÚSI

BJÚSI

BJÚSI!

BJÚSI!

BJÚSI!

BJÚSI!

until it rolled like a tidal wave

with deafening noise

that was driving me crazy

BJÚSI! BJÚSI! BJÚSI! BJÚSI!

and I couldn't understand

where this was going

or what the voice was trying to tell me

Because Bjúsi isn't a word

not in Icelandic any way

or I hadn't heard it before

And then it came to me

and I can tell you

my blood ran cold

when I realized it

It was like..

a dead person

trying to pass on his name

That is the only plausible explanation

I know very well that Bjúsi isn't really a name

but it can be a nickname

and I know a boy whose name is Gummi

his name is not Guðmundur and his nickname Gummi

he was baptized Gummi

like his uncle

that everybody liked

and drowned in the sea

But why is he trying to pass his name on to me
 I thought
 a person that isn't even pregnant
 I thought at that time
 Why doesn't he go somewhere else?

I thought it was a bit..
 you know..
 like..
 strictly speaking he was a ghost
 stone cold dead
 and all that

But of course I got used to it
 like everything else

It has been really hard for me
 I have to say that
 especially now
 I have never gotten up
 and spoken to so many people at once
 one time I spoke at an AA meeting
 but that was different and not so many
 ...
 hey!
 I'm not like..
 an alcoholic or an addict or anything
 if that's what you think
 nonono
 I just went into rehab because everybody else was going
 I'm not hallucinating or anything like that

I just wanted to tell about this
 if it could be like..
 useful for somebody
 I mean..
 maybe there are other girls
 hearing some mumble
 or like..
 loud voices inside of them
 repeating some nonsense
 and the girls think they are going crazy
 and don't realize
 that someone is trying to pass on his name

And then there are those
 that not only pass on name
 but pass on a child too

But I am probably in the same position
as many other single mothers

Me and little Bjúsi are just fine

HE – The Chairman of the Board

When it comes to committee-work
I'm an old-timer
Among other things I have been in the Committee to Prevent Pestilence in Domestic
Animals
and many a chicken has died
because I ordered it
because if public interest is at stake
I am completely merciless
completely merciless

I can tell you that it is not easy
to be the most hated person in the north east of the country
but I am like a rock – I shall not be removed
I shall not be removed

But I have to admit
that nothing has been harder for me
than sitting in the Name Giving Committee

I am aware of
that we live in a multi-cultural society
that it is futile to fight that
that we cannot keep the language as clean as in the last century
Yes I know that our days of absolute power have passed
and at best we can stand on the brakes

That was that
and so it goes
and I had no illusions
but was taken by surprise
when Herdis Hörn
came to me
with her remarkable application

Yes her remarkable application

Diet Coke
Diet Coke

Yes I said Diet Coke
and I don't blame you

for wanting an explanation
 we wanted that too
 we in the Name Giving Committee

She claimed – the dear girl
 that the “Diet Coke”
 had laid a foundation for her happiness
 that because of this industrial product
 - that I have nothing against as such-
 she had lost forty pounds
 And therefor she wanted the child to...

Yes
 Dæet is not unlike the good woman’s name Bríet
 and Kók you can decline as the name Rós and then the word
 would fit very well into Icelandic grammar
 Hér er Dæet Kók
 um Dæet Kók
 frá Dæeti Kók
 til Dæetar Kókar
 That was acceptable
 at least the committee would not
 have made any remarks
 because she was a loose cannon
 and could have made a media circus out of it
 and made us out – once again
 to be conservative hicks

But the thing was
 that Diet Coke was not a girl
 that could decline as Bríet Rós
 but a boy and furthermore
 Dæett with two tees
 hér er Dæett Kók
 um Dæet Kók
 frá Dæeti Kóki
 til Dæets Kóks
 and she wouldn’t budge
 not even when we connected the name
 For example:
 Will you wipe Dæet Kók’s nose?
 She thought it sounded good
 but said that she could wipe her children’s noses
 and would not ask anyone to do that

Many a sleepless night I spent
 looking for a solution to this problem
 and of course I found it
 unintentionally and by coincidence

but I think I came to it because of my knowledge of lateral thinking
 I got on a course in Kuala Lumpur
 the year of South Country Earthquakes

But finding the solution and convincing Herdis Hörn
 were two different things

I tried to show her
 that it was the same thing
 to honor the producer
 as the product
 and that the committee
 could accept a name along those lines
 or a variation of that
 and in the end we came to a conclusion
 that everybody could accept
 but I have to say
 that making a deal with a farmer
 of slaughtering a 1000 diseased chickens
 would have been child's play compared to
 the negotiations we were having
 and I had practically moved in with her
 and she was taking up all my time

Anyway
 the boys name is Vífill Heiðar
 and we are very happy
 she calls me her Committee Chairman
 and we are thinking about having more children
 as soon as possible
 but not right now
 first I must gather my strength

SHE – The Sister

My sister Sigga
 my sister Sigga was..
 was..
 My sister Sigga was perfect.

No
 She wasn't perfect
 that does not do her justice
 My sister Sigga was an example for us all

She always looked
 like she got up four hours before the rest of us
 in the morning she always looked
 like she had been up for a long time

and used it well
 good looking
 wide awake
 well groomed
 well..

Well, she was always in the right places
 always in the right places
 always except..
 except..
 except when she was on her way there

She had a gorgeous husband
 and wonderful children
 just wonderful
 and a dog with better pedigree than she
 even though that sounds unbelievable

My sister Sigga did everything right
 and nobody could stand her

Let me tell you about my sister Sigga
 my sister Sigga was the first woman in Iceland to wear sensible shoes
 my sister Sigga had organically grown bell peppers in her flower pots
 long before people started to eat them
 my sister Sigga was a girl's champion in triple jump
 and sang harmonies that were famous in the entire High Country
 and she always had pancake dough in the freezer
 to pop in the microwave
 if somebody came on a unexpected visit

My sister Sigga never smoked and drank only once
 the glass of Champagne at her wedding
 that she didn't even finish
 (Didn't like it she said
 didn't understand
 how people could drink it
 reminded her of whey
 except
 whey you could use to boil fish
 you couldn't use this for that)

And my sister Sigga
 had an accusing glance
 for every occasion

It was incredible how keen she was
 to spot your ill manners
 your discrepancies

and your general failure at everything
But she could afford that
as perfect as she was
my sister Sigga

And one more thing
when she had lived this exemplary life
for decades
she got cancer
and died
Nobody expected that
nobody
noone at all
and I sometimes feel
that the bitch cheated me

I am quite positive
that she died of cancer
just to irritate me
I'm absolutely certain of it

How she could suffer
and make me ashamed of
that I was going to live through her death
(Will you look after my angels
And be nice to Valdi
he won't know
what to do
when I'm gone)

That's rich
like he didn't know
what to do
she was hardly cold in her grave when he had me
or I him
or whatever
nothing makes a man as horny as death

That's that
and I try not to think of her

But somewhere
somewhere she is
somewhere in just the right place
with her finger lifted in accusation
But I will never get there
because I'm weak
and fall for every temptation

Yes it is said
 that one death
 is anothers gain
 But I have to admit
 I can't see
 who's gaining anything
 or what to make of it

Oh well
 I am going to
 wash this fat meat down
 with strong alcohol and teach Sigga's angels
 indirect smoking
 before I go up to fuck her husband

HE – The Big Guy

I told him
 told him so
 but he didn't believe me
 I told him it was a fuckin bathtub
 that would go fifty thousand kilometers
 and then just..
 game over on the speedometer
 but he wouldn't believe me the idiot
 or maybe he was just stingy
 or couldn't afford it
 he has never been able to think big
 and is always complaining about money
 but that is his own fault
 he was half his life in school
 so he could get a low-pay job with the state
 I mean..
 I did not waste any time there
 and I spend more money for lunch
 than he earns all day

No
 There is nothing petty about me
 I get my condoms made especially
 to measure in a tent factory

And he was fucking sore
 when me and Gulla..
 what was he going to do with a woman like that?
 I have to ask
 and everything is allowed in love and war
 isn't it?

...

isn't it?
 She loved me
 god damn it
 he hadn't a chance
 well
 I don't give a fuck for what you think

There is nothing petty about me
 The Duke is so big
 that I have problems
 when I dance the Quick-Step

Saw him last at the cemetery
 crying his eyes out
 well there isn't..
 It is a shame
 that he doesn't do anything to the grave
 the same wooden cross that was..
 Mine has got a stone
 marble with angels and golden harps
 Rest in peace
 Rest in...
 ...

There is nothing petty about me
 it is bigger below my cross
 than his...

I didn't like it when he started hanging out with him
 always knew he'd be a loser like his dad
 it's all genetic
 or do you say generetic
 well
 I don't give a fuck
 There is nothing petty about me
 and I speak incorrectly if I want to

No
 he didn't want to believe me
 he didn't want to believe me
 he didn't

And there he sits
 poor bastard
 and sheds his tears on a rotten wooden cross
 and expects that I'll offer him a lift
 ...

I suppose I have to do that
 I can't let him take the bus

He will of course be so fucking grateful
 that I'll puke all over him but of course
 he doesn't have to be grateful because we
 have too much in common because our boys
 totalled a car and themselves together
 and we don't talk about who was driving
 or who had...
 or what...

...

no

no

no

because

because there

because there is nothing petty about me

because there is nothing petty..

because there is nothing..

SHE – The Dancer

When I stand in front of them

when I dance you see

then I am there

I mean.. I'm not pretending I am something else

I am just me

I'm not anything that doesn't exist.. you see.. I mean really.. I am here and I am doing
 something and you know what.. people.. mostly men of course.. want to watch me

But is it ever as it seems?

Hey.. got that?: Is it ever as it seems?

You know.. like from a book and..

It does not matter..

I mean.. look at Hollywood, it's just a sign on a hill you see and it is impossible to
 find it because it doesn't exist in reality.. I mean it's not even a set you see. In spite of
 that there is a lot of people living there in some sort of virtual reality and do not
 realize that the town does not even exist. I mean people read books go to the movies
 or to a theatre just to be lied to. I mean want to go.. I do it myself. Excuse me?

You don't believe that I've been to the theatre?

Not the type for that?

No really. I've been there

Twice in fact

Bored the hell out of me

First I saw a play when I was a kid

Some teddy bears talking and shit. Very stupid

And very boring

And the other play. Dreadful

I went with Frikki

Of course you don't know about Frikki
 It was a guy who was going to save me
 Give me a flat a car and everything
 I don't know what his virtual reality was

Anyways he took me to a play that were supposed to happen in England somewhere where everybody was awfully unemployed you see the factory had closed down and everybody on a great bummer with a heroin syringe hanging out of their arm and wanted most of all to kill their mother or something you see and the one that played the lead who had heroin syringes hanging out of both arms he was some actor's son out of 101 you see. I mean is there anyone that belives shit like that? I didn't. So I just left and.. no flat – no car

I mean.. who is interested in that?

Okay. If they want to make a play about something dreadful why can't they do it so you can believe it? I mean we don't have to go to England to find something dreadful you see there is plenty of shit like that here for example it could be about a guy that is selling moonshine to kids and some other things too and he has developed a huge habit and meets a girl that has a habit too you see and then something terrible happens they kill someone her grandmother or something. He could write it you know the writer with the glasses he is from this neighbourhood and knows how it is and then you could get some crazy kids to play it you see they would not even have to act you see. Wouldn't you rather believe that instead of some crap from a 101 idiot that knows Paris better than Fellin you see?

Well I don't know
 Isn't it all a fake anyway?
 I mean.. what are we doing here?
 Now.. I mean
 What are we doing?
 Who are we?

HE – The Hooligan

If you think that football is a game
 then you don't know what football is
 then you have no idea
 you moron

Oh no
 oh no little guy
 football is no game
 football is not a sport for women
 football is a question of life and death
 football is war

Look at me
 my bald head
 army shoes with steel toe
 the clothes you can't get a hold on
 my narrow minded views
 loyalty to old and despised symbols
 I am certain that you can write intellectual articles about me
 but if you met me in a dark alley
 I'm sure you would shit in your pants
 you miserable coward

Nothing you hold sacred works on me
 the flag, the national anthem, the mountain woman
 I hope it fits in your intestines
 I am the true blue boy
 the blues is my fatherland and religion
 and I'll shove the other shit up your arse with my steel toe

I am sure that in your educated arrogance
 you have an elaborate definition of me
 and my kind
 but it makes no difference
 fuck you you bastard
 fuck you
 what the fuck do you think you are?

I have seen you at the stadium
 with your son
 you two male-bonding
 spending some quality time together
 father and son at the football field
 you have seen me too
 but didn't know it was I
 and you don't know I wanted to hit you in the head
 shatter your skull
 pour out the brain
 and fuck you in the sockets

I am certain that your team is Manchester United
 or Liverpool
 some fag team
 No I know
 you are Tottar
 you are fucking Jew Tottar
 or do you say Tottarar (suckers)
 it makes no difference to me
 I'll spit in your Coke
 piss on your backs
 puke all over you

and send you home in an ambulance

Told them this joke when I was there
 before the match against Tottenham
 before everything became as it should be
 and we became soldiers in a holy war
 against everybody that was against us
 Tottarrar (suckers) suck dick
 it gets rather lost in translation
 but they thought it was funny
 the other blue boys
 where we stood and drank our beer
 and waited for everything to become holy
 filled with blood and sweat and smoke
 broken and torn and dangerous
 but made us feel on our bodies
 without a doubt
 that we are alive
 that we exist

Yes
 that's right
 you think I give football a bad name
 you fucking queer
 you disgusting Jewish bastard
 that was squeezed out of the arse of a nigger whore
 you just watch it
 you just watch it
 I know where you live

I know where you live

SHE – The Model

Don't pretend you know me
 Where did you get that one anyway?
 From a recycling plant?

Hey..
 you don't have to be offended
 there are plenty of other girls here

Really..
 you aren't just..
 Okay. It is possible that you have seen me before
 Maybe on TV
 Exactly. "Those eternal spots in the sheets. They didn't go until I started to use
 Veritas. And now I use only Veritas"..

Yes, I think it is great to

I was mostly in Italy
Everything is so old there
I mean..

In Rome everything is so old you see
See! Here a house is awfully old if it is a hundred. But in Rome there are houses and streets that were there when Peter the apostle was there. And I tell you that is awfully old

Yes exactly.. The guy in the Bible..

Yes. That Peter: Put out into the deep water and all that

There is more work in Milan but I like Rome better
The guys in Milan are more aggressive. They are so..
I mean.. a lot. One guy especially..

Look. He was supposed to drive us around and thought he was awesome. But he wasn't. He.. just.. wasn't. He was just awfully nerdy but thought he was very cool but was just very uncool you see. Okay. One time he comes to my room and knocks and when I answer he just goes: Hiiiiiii! He wasn't supposed to drive me anywhere so I just :Yacckk: And he just goes: What? Very surprised. Aren't you going to blow me? And I just: (*Puts her fingers down her throat*) Ochochochh! Okay. And he goes: What? Are you serious? And I just go: Yes. And he: You fucking bitch. It was insane.

Nobody can look into my folder if he isn't okay
and there are so many guys that aren't okay in this business
there are so many great dangers for young girls
a great deal of them

I'm working
in a supermarket
"Want a receipt"
So fucking boring
It is all finished when you turn 18 and start to look like woman
Exactly. What is beauty worth if you really think about it?
Of course I could try to get some old women's jobs but there are so many former models you see..

Just think about it, being 18 and exceptionally beautiful and nothing between you and death but some pictures in a color-printed brochure from Hagkaup or Húsasmiðjan
That's depressing
I wouldn't be in this job if they didn't pay me black so I don't lose my unemployment benefits..

But there was a guy that was saying that he could use me in a commercial
An energy drink – Sanitas or something
Because I am this healthy type you see
God.. I hope it comes through
It is much better than washing powder but I'm not saying that it isn't okay
Look!

I have to go
 And sorry
 But you have to do something about your pick-up lines
 I mean.. they don't get any worse
 Except maybe:
 Do you come here often?

HE – The Sailor

I wasn't born there
 used to the ocean
 the open space
 the freedom
 I always felt
 like those damn mountains
 were falling over me

I came from the South
 going North
 all the buses stopped there
 then
 it changed after they built the new bridge

I had gotten a job on a herring boat
 decided to stay the night
 met a young girl and took her for a walk
 when the bus continued I stayed behind
 never went back to sea
 sold gasoline and oils
 changed tires and swept
 while it lasted

She was so beautiful
 Everybody turned when she walked by
 there was something wild and untamed about her
 men got this urge to conquer her
 I had to fight all the time

Women are strange creatures
 they take you by the hand and lead you away at night
 and are so beautiful that you get a knot in your stomach
 But where are they taking you?
 What do they want with you?

They are going to show you
 how useless you are

Icelandic women
 I know them

Fairies
 that sleep with you
 marry you
 have your children
 and bottomless debts
 bury you in the end
 (usually)
 But do you know them?
 What do you know about them?
 Godamn it
 you are the same fool you were
 when they lead you away at night

You can't argue with them
 as soon as you open your mouth
 you find out that you are an idiot
 they use the same tone on you as the children
 and if you put your fist in the table
 they remove everything breakable
 They don't answer any nonsense
 because the are fairies

I'll never forgive her
 that she went before me
 Because what am I now?
 A museum of memories
 a net that is lost at sea
 but keeps on fishing
 without a purpose
 a ghost net

A ghost net
 in old folk's house
 in the South

SHE – The joker

I've always been light hearted
 why do we say light hearted?
 anyway I've always been light hearted
 even though I've..
 you know it hasn't always..
 I doesn't count that..
 I mean
 who bothers..

Of course you can't always be strong
 I know that and I try to do my best
 it is only that sometimes you feel like you are bursting

and there is always a lump in your throat
 and you know everything is going to hell
 or someplace worse
 like it isn't bad enough with all the debts
 and things in general
 and you want most of all to cry your eyes out
 and throw yourself from a tall..
 I'm joking! (Just kidding!)

Of course you are no worse off
 than anybody else and I know that I wouldn't
 want to change with some people
 for a lot of money but maybe they
 in spite of everything feel better than I
 because they know what they have
 and can admit that they..
 I'm joking!

Of course we are fine
 Siggi with good income and I clean
 with the dentist and that's all black
 so I don't know if it could be any better
 and Siggi is like he is
 incredibly popular and
 always in a good mood and liked by everyone
 even though he can't always manage his anger
 and slaps..
 I'm joking!

Of course it is only sometimes that he can't
 and I somehow don't do anything right
 or at least not as he wants it
 and before he knows it
 he does not intend to
 Siggi is not a bad man
 he just like loses it
 and then I get it
 and when he gets tired
 he can again and..
 I'm joking!

Anyway
 you know I've always been light
 you know
 hearted
 hehehe
 and been able to joke about everything
 I mean if you can't joke
 then you are in a bad way

in fact it's all finished
 and you can just feed in the medicine cabinet
 and take off like an angel
 if you can't say something
 without everyone thinking that you are serious

SHE walks away. Stops and faces the audience

SHE
 I'm joking!

HE – The janitor

To jump or not to – that is the question
 is it better to be save in the kingdom of one's mouse hole
 or to sail the sea that leads to fortune or ruin
 We can dress our cowardice in a fancy dress
 call it consciousness, delicacy or consideration
 justify that we don't act
 instead of putting out into the deep water to catch strange fish
 Don't give anyone a cause for aggression
 Take hold of your asshole
 and pull it up over your head
 Disappear
 Disappear
 Disappear

There is no respect for anything anymore
 They put their ashes anywhere and put their cigarettes out on the floor
 Throw their chewing gums on the sidewalks
 And the kids, always spitting
 I would like to know if they do that at home
 Don't they discipline children anymore
 I would like to know that

What is happening in this world?
 I can just say that if the state paid me more
 than these measly benefits
 that you can neither live or die of
 then I would not work here
 No
 Then there would probably be a foreigner here
 cleaning their shit

Then they give you shit
 for this
 shit you see
 do you get that?

I should be a fly

and eat shit
and like it

Everything is going down the drain
down the drain..

But I shouldn't mind
I'm alone
noone is my responsibility
because noone loves me
nobody even looks at me
what with my wages
and if I should do something about it
I would have to get one by mail order
from the East

You have to be a great thief
to afford an Icelandic woman
I never had the guts to become a great thief
and therefore..

Look
if the elite has any problems
then it's just their annus terribilis
but that is not new to us
it's not even two N's with us
it is just anus terribilis
you see
it is about getting it up the arse
I'm an art.. invalid
and know when I'm being fucked

I should be gay
and get it up the arse
and like it

And to fend us off
then they tell us
that all the animals in the forrest should be friends
all the lucky animals in the woods are supposed to be friends
all the animals in the financial jungle are to be fucking friends
and just wait to get it up..
I should be gay
and like it..

No I don't think so
Don't want an Asian
that's not for me
Why should I transport a woman

over half the world
just to gain a new misunderstanding
It's enough as it is

Adolf did something right there
keeping it apart
instead of mixing a lot of people together
that don't understand each other
so everything goes to hell for good

Poor Adolf
he didn't treat him well at the Academy
the only thing he wanted
was to become an artist
to create

Someone should tell his story
someone that has sympathy for the character
someone that has the courage to look at the man
instead of looking through the colored glasses of history

A CRIERS VOICE

Adolf Schickelgruber of Braunau
German
Catholic
His father a customs man
Test drawings unsatisfactory

HE – The Janitor

What could you expect with subjects like that:

1. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise
2. Noah's flood
3. Cain kills Abel

All the subjects were Jewish as the censors

But he didn't give up
and went again

A CRIERS VOICE

Adolf Schickelgruber of Braunau
German
Catholic
His father a customs man
Was not allowed to take the test

HE – The Janitor

But he never gave up
He skipped the school and started painting
and as could be expected the critics jumped him
the critics that live like parasites on the artists

and are just as stupid as other parasites
 don't know when to stop
 and destroy their own existence
 because they don't give up until the hosting body dies

A SMUG CRITICAL VOICE

Mister Schickelgruber's forms are exceptionally rigid. It might not matter when you paint houses or trees in calm wind but when mister Schickelgruber tries to paint people it is a different story. Because all his paintings with people in them are like there is not a breath of life in them which is rather lacking when depicting people. If it is mister Schickelgruber's opinion that it doesn't matter if people look alive or not he should be doing something else. House painting for example.

HE – The Janitor
 Nobody really believes in you except your mother
 Adolf's poor mother
 she couldn't take it how they treated her son
 and died of grief

HE snaps his fingers and tries to get the audience to join him

HE

(Sings)

Mother, I'll paint over the world for you
 like sunshine bright and even
 Even though the days are getting shorter and colder
 your days will all be bright
 The little flowers that you want to buy
 I'll paint on a piece of paper
 I'll paint over the world for you dear mother
 so there will always be light in your house

Mother, are you unhappy, tell me what is wrong
 I can probably paint sunshine over it
 I have many pretty colors for you
 don't cry mother – smile for me

Mother, I'll paint over the world for you
 like sunshine bright and even
 Even though the days are getting shorter and colder
 your days will all be bright
 The little flowers that you want to buy
 I'll paint on a piece of paper
 I'll paint over the world for you dear mother
 so there will always be light in your house

CURTAIN