



Mark

Man

Man and Margot

and

by Mark Káldor

Margot

Káldor

Man and Margot

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- Seven Act, Three Part for One Scene 'philo-psychodrama' /satirical, grotesque/

Short (we don't have time for 'long' things anymore, do we?) but sharp. -

To all, who gathered to learn English in a second

Le us start.

Contents

Men and Margot

Man and Ministry

Man and 'Miss'

Man and Mass

Man and Machine

Man and Marshall

Man and Mirror

Men and Margot

I. CALL

-On the street, in front of a door.

„What a rainy day. What a rainy night. What a rainy world.“

-Said Mr. Ian Who, after his arrival.

Mr. Ian Who (to himself and to you, Listener):

„It wasn't too creative from It... Firefall is full of fantasy. Not rain.“

-Has to change clothes somewhere. Before getting flu. At a private house maybe... has to knock...

Mr. Ian Who (to himself and to you, Listener): *'I am standing at the door and knocking...'*

What a shame. I am from the 'uterus' of the 'under', and they don't let me in... I am getting so similar. To It. To That. *'Why, Master! Why?'* Oh... did not say...? I love to be sarcastic. Did not say yet? I am the sarcasm. I don't like to be similar. Similar to me. I was sarcastic again. I am sarcastic always. Oh, that much I love myself! Sorry. I am getting to be fool... To be Man. I respect myself. I have found the right word. Sorry. I had just seconds to learn 'anglish'. Maybe, you will forgive me. Forgive for Abel and Babel. As forgot everything

to Barabbas... It is still funny. Peace and love. I will never understand you. Never. I don't want to understand you. It would be better to leave, to say „gotta' go”.

But, I am on a mission. I am a soldier. In this position, I am not a sinner anymore. I am under commandments, I have no personality anymore. Oh, sorry again. I have never had personality. So, I am not a soldier. I am a slave. Slave of It. Slave of... I will not tell It's name. I want to get my freedom this time, forever.”

-At this second, the door opened, but the lock, the 'chains' were still on.

Child: „Who loves me? Dad, home, already? So early.”

Dad (i.e.| Mr. Ian Who): „Sure, Sweetie! Daddy is home. And he has to change his clothes quickly. So let me in, Darling.”

- Door opened. Child hugged her Dad (Mr. Ian Who suffered...).

Dad (i.e.| Mr. Ian Who-to himself and to you, Listener): „Hugging... Oh, how ridiculous! So typical... Like animals. No, worse. Emotions. They have deeper emotions... Children have emotions. Still. Still, they don't know enough about and from their 'wise' fellow-creatures, and they still don't meet with me. Just a matter of time. As you see. Tricky time. Time is tricky. Time has a sense of humor. Time is not boring. Time is full of surprises! They have born before and will die before animals... What a pity. I will have to say now: 'I love you!' She should believe me... she will believe... believe, I am his death... Sorry. I never will,

never be a gentleman this way. I am his Dad.”

Child: „It is so good, hugging you Daddy! You are like my teddy! But, you are so clever and strong and tall. After Mummy went home, to the *World of Guards* - as you said; just we are. I don't know, what will happen with me, if you will walk to the Moon, searching for Mum.”

Dad (ie. Mr. Ian Who-to himself and to you, Listener): „Oh. I almost forgot. Her mother died two days ago. His Father is in the cemetery... since... two days? Cries. Funny. So funny, if a man cries. Especially, if he is rich. A rich man never cries. A rich man should buy happiness. A rich man can buy her woman again. Every woman is the same. 'Woman-manwo-man.' And this man is poor. This is the reason, he wants her wife back. He is so poor to buy a new one. To buy a new life. Poor Man. Oh, no! I will start to cry...This house will burn, if my tear drops. Tea drops... My world will be over, and your world will be saved. Blamed you!

Do you think, I will cry? Sorry. Just blamed you again. I never forget about anything, and graving just myself. Just myself. I am the forgotten, myself. I am alone. The alone one. She will forget about me, after I will leave. She will forget about her Daddy too. I will make her forget if It permits of course. It will give the best to everybody. To say (not tell) the truth... - Truth? - The best for me, of course.”

Child: „Dad, you are so strange. Are you sad? You look like sad. What has happened? I feel something strange... something frightful.”

Dad (i.e.| Mr. Ian Who-to himself and to you, Listener): „Smart girl... She has 'niece' ... nice... senses. She is still close to It. To That Unnameable. You say; I don't believe in It. You are stupid. You are all stupid. It is Living. This girl is the testimony. It already caught me. I know. Because, I already know, I will fail. When I was 'compiling' myself. As always. Don't worry 'Master'... sarcasm ... just let me try again. To try them again. Like Job, or you Yourself... You know me. We have a contract. We had a cross. We are slaves.”

Child: „Do you like a cup of tea, or something? Until you change your wet clothes.”

Dad (i.e.| Mr. Ian Who-to himself and to you, Listener): „So kind. Isn't she? Horrible. She is not a woman still, but so servant. Servile. Servilis. Playing with words. Playing with worlds. Playing with people. Playable people. I don't like to serve. She serves me. Sorry. Her Dad. Sometimes, he is weak to tweak. I was born to say sorry. I will have to say sorry about some of my words here, in my Story too... so usual... I always fail. I am the failure. I like her.

I will spare her life. She will not forget me, she will not forget her Dad. Never. She will live, she will die... As the others. She is a special one.

She will be mine, if... *Met with me and saw*. She is alone... I will talk with this girl. A talk. A meeting. A serious chat. Chitchat.