

Patrik Silvestr

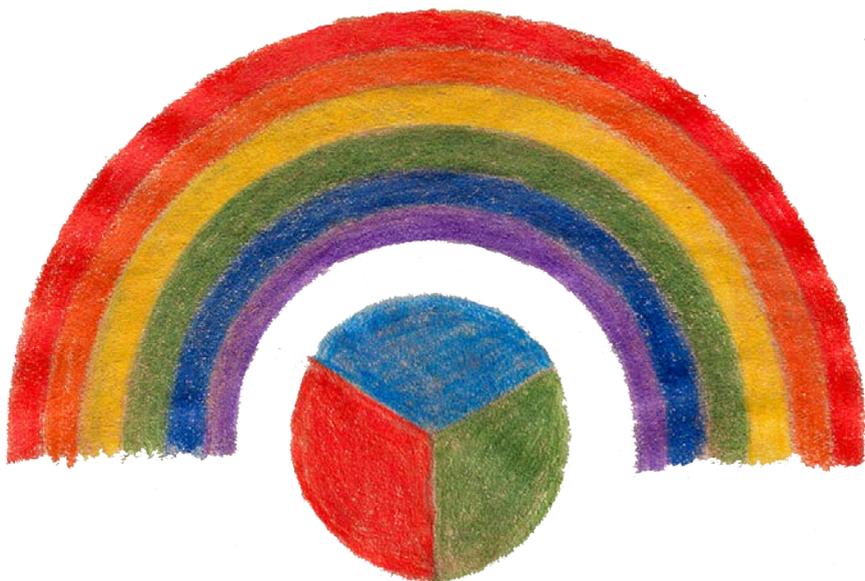
THE FANS OF LOVE

HUMORISTICKÁ KOMEDIE V ANGLICKÉM JAZYCE
A HUMOROUS COMEDY

THE FANS OF LOVE

Humoristická komedie

Patrik Silvestr



Edice pro podporu poznání v oblasti humánních věd

Dokončeno 1983 – Copyright 2013

Všechna práva vyhrazena

EDICE PRO PODPORU POZNÁNÍ V OBLASTI HUMÁNNÍCH VĚD
2. řada

Patrik Silvestr
THE FANS OF LOVE
Humoristická komedie

www.patriksilvestr.cz

Patrik Silvestr je pseudonymem Vlastimila Vráblika

Vydal ELTISK, vydavatelství a nakladatelství
Mariánské náměstí 63, 688 01 Uherský Brod
www.eltisk.cz
vydavatelstvi@eltisk.cz

Sazba a tisk ELTISK s.r.o. Uherský Brod

Ilustrace a úprava obalu, ilustrace úvodní stránky Andrea Dudková

Vydáno v roce 2015
Vydání druhé

Všechna práva vyhrazena. Tato kniha a ani její části nesmí být rozmnožována tiskem, fotokopíemi, počítačovými datovými soubory, ani jiným způsobem bez předchozího svolení autora.

ISBN 978-80-904705-6-9

OBSAH

Úvod	5
Persons	8
A European Tourist Looks out for a Wife (A)	9
A Russian Refugee in Love with Julie (B)	28
A Catholic Priest on a Secret Mission (C).....	44
An Old Man Looks for his Lost Wedding-Hat (D)	53
Popisy k jednotlivým titulům edice.....	62

Úvod

Tuto komedii jsem napsal před třiceti lety v roce 1983. Její vznik má své pozadí. Jako student americké literatury ve Spojených státech jsem si oblíbil komediální televizní seriál „The Love Boat“ = Loď Lásky. Jednalo se o výletní loď, kde trávili svou dovolenou různí pasažéři. Herecká posádka této lodi u mne získala velké sympatie, takže jsem po návratu ze Spojených států do Západního Německa sepsal tuto humoristickou komedii a předložil ji mé bývalé docentce na univerzitě, rodilé Američance, u níž jsem ještě před studiem ve Spojených státech absolvoval během studia seminář americké krátké povídky (short story). Tato komedie ji velmi zaujala, mimo humoru se jí líbily dialogy.

Rozhodl jsem se, že toto dílo neponechám v šuplíku. Od příslušné americké televizní stanice jsem si vyžádal adresu na příslušného producenta v Hollywoodu. Sekretářka mi sdělila, že jejich (script) writers (spisovatelé/scenáristé) podléhají ochraně odborů, ale ať jim své dílo zašlu. V dalším dopise mi potvrdila jeho příjem.

Po delší době mi tuto komedii poslal zpět osobně producent, kde mi v delším dopise sdělil, že mé dílo nezapadá do rámce jejich produkce, ale že mně přeje hodně zdaru při mém dalším psaní. Třeba se jednalo i o povzbuzení pro další pokus pro jeho společnost. To mi však napadá až nyní. – Věnoval jsem se raději plně jistému zajištění své existence.

Při mé příští cestě do Spojených států jsem tuto komedii předložil jednomu profesorovi pro literaturu na univerzitě, kde jsem dříve studoval. Sdělil mi, že jsem nemohl uspět, poněvadž jsem napsal společenskou komedii, která nemá v USA tradici. Ihned jsem si uvědomil, že u amerických televizních komediích se jedná o vztahové komedie mimo společenský kontext.

Utahuji si původně i z komunismu, avšak ne z Ruska, takže politický aspekt této komedie patří dnes do dějin.

Srdcem dramatu je konflikt, dialog je jeho duší. Konfliktů je zde více, protože se jedná o čtyři integrační části. Některé konflikty jsou objektivní, některé subjektivní, to znamená v duši hrdiny, vztah je přitom druhotnou záležitostí.

Pozitivní zhodnocení americkými odborníky lze pokládat za kladnou recenzi, kterou toto skromné dílo automaticky získalo, a tak jsem se rozhodl

zahájit s ním druhou ediční řadu. Obvykle vplývá do literárního díla i část biografie. Zde se však jedná o ryzí „poezii“.

Doporučuji četbu této komedie mimo všechny zájemce středním školám s maturitním zaměřením, gymnáziím a studentům anglického jazyka. Nevylučuji, že by tato komedie mohla posloužit i jako motivační podnět při studiu anglického jazyka, i když četba bude vyžadovat občasné použití slovníku.

V případě produkce by to žádalo držet se struktury dramatu a zařadit první scény od všech čtyř částí do expozice, poslední do konce. Seřazení dalších scén by mělo směřovat k vrcholu dramatu a odsud spádem k ukončení cesty do přístavu.

V původním titulu byla tato komedie vydána v minimálním nákladu za účelem registrace. Aby mohlo být dílo nabídnuto čtenářům a dalším uživatelům, byl změněn jeho titul na THE FANS OF LOVE = FANOUŠCI LÁSKY. Jména osob posádky byla rovněž změněna. Zachováno bylo pouze jméno Julie, poněvadž to vyžadovaly originální scény se vztahem na dílo Shakespeara.

Věřím, že se při četbě tohoto díla čtenář pobaví a s chutí zasměje. Ale i vzhledem ke studiu jazyka může být obsah tohoto díla přínosem pro studenty na gymnáziích a středních školách. Angličtina totiž velmi citlivě rozlišuje při volbě gramatických časů. U budoucího času s „going to“ se například jedná o subjektivní kontext, částečně i u will-future, jinde se setkáváme v celé řadě případů, od jejichž vyjmenování upouštím, o situativní kontext. Zatímco u epiky dominuje především minulý čas prostý, (částečně se vyskytuje minulý čas průběhový a předminulý), ve hře a dramatu je to čas předpřítomný, který vyžaduje aktualita děje, pokud postava nemluví o minulosti, jak je tomu například ve III. Scéně první části. Toto skromné dílo může posílit smysl pro správné užívání gramatických časů v anglickém jazyce ve vědomí studentů.

Zvolil jsem pro úvodní stránku symbolický vstup do tohoto díla. Trojúhelníky v kruhu symbolizují dle mé sekundární interpretace jednotlivé složky duše člověka: červená zastupuje nevědomí, zelená podvědomí a modrá vědomí jako barva aktivity u čtenáře konkrétně v tomto díle. Vědomí zde tedy hraje první hlavní úlohu. Při sloučení těchto tří základních barev vzniká barva bílá, která vyjadřuje jednotu lidské duše. Duha je primárním pozitivním symbolem nevědomí dobré budoucnosti člověka, kterou tímto symbolickým aktem přeji jak čtenáři tohoto díla, tak i všeobecně člověku, jemuž by z obsahu této práce mohlo vyplynout i nějaké dobro.

THE FANS OF LOVE

This humorous cocktail consists of the following four ingredients:

- (A) A European Tourist Looks out for a Wife. (18 Scenes)
- (B) A Russian Refugee in Love with Julie (12 Scenes)
- (C) A Catholic Priest on a Secret Mission (9 Scenes)
- (D) An Old Man Looks for his Lost Wedding-Hat. (12 Scenes)

The scenes concerning the Thanksgiving dinner A: Ss. 7–14 form the heart of this comedy. The scenes A: 4–6 must precede, and the scenes B: 10–11 must follow, however, not necessarily immediately. Other scenes are to be arranged in harmony.

PERSONS

I. The crew members:

Captain Cook

Joe. Bartender

Julie. Hostess

George. Treasurer

Adam Baker. Doctor

II. Passengers:

Mr. Hooekooekooekoo Hullully. A European Tourist

Pat. A Russian Refugee

A Catholic Priest

An Old Man from New England

Linda

A Girl

A Lady

A Sexpot

Two men, one of them is the Chief of the Devil Sect

The National Football Team „The Giants“ in the background

A European Tourist Looks out for a Wife (A)

(No foreign accent necessary)

Scene I Downstairs

- George:** Welcome aboard, sir.
- Hullully:** Thank you.
- George:** Where are you from?
- Hullully:** From Europe.
- George:** Did you come by bus from Europe?
- Hullully:** Yes, I did. In New York I had to change to Greyhound.
- George:** What's your name, please?
- Hullully:** Hoockooockooockoo Hullully.
- George:** An interesting name. Was your father a cuckoo?
- Hullully:** No, he wasn't. He was a chimney-sweep.
- George:** OK. Could you spell your name, please?
- Hullully:** Why not. I must draw a deep breath first.
- George:** Do so quietly. Don't hurry.
- Hullully:** *(at H, CK he looks down, at OO up)* H, oo, ck, oo, ck, oo, ck oo.
- Joe:** Are you sighing or howling?
- Hullully:** I master both.
- George:** Here you are: your room number and key.
- Hullully:** Thank you.

Scene II

On the upper deck at the railings

(A conversation led in a philosophical posture)

- Captain:** Good morning! A beautiful day! How do you enjoy the sea?
- Hullully:** Good morning, Captain. I enjoy it very much, indeed. The skies are clear and beautifully blue. The sea is blue, too. The range of sight is almost unlimited.
- Captain:** What does the color blue mean?
- Hullully:** Fidelity.
- Captain:** We are aboard a love boat. Are you not interested in the fair sex?
- Hullully:** I am. We need red wine. The color red symbolizes love.
- Captain:** Why didn't you take your wife with you?
- Hullully:** Captain. I'm a marriage swindler. If I had taken all my 800 wives aboard this ship, it would sink and so rapidly that you wouldn't be able to put on your life vest. You wouldn't remember how to swim, either.
- Captain:** I believe you, sir, because I've already foundered with only one wife.
- Hullully:** How did it happen?
- Captain:** Simply – an extramarital adventure for a change.
- Hullully:** No wonder. Seamen are true masters in infidelity and free love to women.
- Captain:** You are wrong, sir. I always was holy.
- Hullully:** Captain, I'm sorry for you. Your fate is a fate of a man. I must weep for you.
- Captain:** Thank you, Mr. Hooekooekooekoo Hullully. Fight back your tears bravely as a man.

Hullully: Yes, I will.

Captain: Wounds heal and leave only scars behind. I'm to blame for everything myself. I never paid enough attention to my wife.

Hullully: A woman needs a man's attention, otherwise she will die like an exposed baby.

Captain: Some wolf will always rescue her.

Hullully: This world is fragile, Captain.

Captain: Yes, it is, but we people make it even more instable.

Hullully: Aren't you lonely?

Captain: No, I'm not. I have my crew and passengers. And what about you?

Hullully: I must admit, I am. That's why I'm here. I'm looking out for a wife.

Captain: Good luck!

Hullully: By the way, Captain. Where's your wife now?

Captain: I don't know. She left with a magician.

Scene III

At the bar

Hullully: *(He spots a girl at the bar who is alone. He swallows, combs his hair and goes towards the bar.)* Joe, a glass of red wine, please.

Joe: Here you are.

Hullully: Thank you Joe. You are a good boy.

Joe: Thank you.

Hullully: Madam, would you drink to my health? I have lumbago.

Linda: You need a woman. She will heal you.

Hullully: I have you. Cheers!

Linda: Mud in your eye!

Hullully: I'll wash it out immediately with my handkerchief.

Linda: You are an interesting guy. You said: I have you. How can you possibly say something like that? When are you going to introduce yourself?

Hullully: At once. The birth-mark on the tip of your nose perplexed me. Or is it a bit of jam?

Linda: Introduce yourself finally.

Hullully: My name is Hooockooockoo Hullully. And what's your name?

Linda: Where are from?

Hullully: From Europe.

Linda: But your name isn't European, is it? It sounds so foreign.

Hullully: No, it's African.

Linda: How is it possible?

Hullully: That's a long tale.

Linda: Tell me.

Hullully: Well, once upon a time I went dancing. Hardly had I entered the dancing hall when the band started playing. Without a moment's hesitation I joined the dancers. There was a huge lady wearing high-heeled shoes upon the dancing floor. She dominated the given area which could be inferred from the appropriate distance maintained by all dancers. But I old fool unconsciously approached her dangerous behind.

Linda: Why? Did she kick you?

Hullully: No, she didn't. – While her partner was performing an elegant figure, she stepped back with her left foot and jumped relentlessly upon my right big toe.

Linda: *(exclaims)* Ouch!

Hullully: Of course.

Linda: What did you do?

Hullully: First I was about to faint. Then I plucked my courage, grasped my sore foot with both hands and left the dancing floor and my girl in the direction of the exit, yodeling and hopping upon my left foot. The consequences of this event were devastating.

Linda: Why?

Hullully: Well, whenever I spotted a lady wearing high heels, my hair raised so that I looked like a hedgehog.

Linda: How did you get rid of this reaction?

Hullully: Simply. My psychiatrist proposed two methods of therapy. I could choose between a homeopathic and an allopathic treatment.

Linda: Could you elaborate upon that?

Hullully: Gladly. – First I had to find the lady and ask her to jump once more upon my big toe which was the homeopathic therapy. – I rejected that possibility.

Linda: What a pity!

Hullully: Therefore my deft psychiatrist suggested to me to take part in a lion-hunt, in other words to face a lion on the loose, which was supposed to evoke the climax of courage in me, and which was to be the allopathic therapy. – That I accepted.

Linda: You are a brave man. I'm afraid I'm going to fall in love with you.

Hullully: Don't hurry. Listen first and hear the outcome.

Linda: Continue.

Hullully: Well, I hired a native male and set out for the desert. Suddenly we came across a sleeping lion which woke up, stood up upon its forelegs and gave a yawn. Having caught sight of its open mouth, I passed out. When I came to again, my companion was in the other world, only his shoes were left.

Linda: My goodness!

Hullully: You're right. – I found out that I couldn't remember my name, but could his. His name was Hooockooockooockoo Hullully, you know.

Linda: You were lucky.

Hullully: Yes, I was, otherwise I would have been completely lost in this world.

Linda: I see that you feel lonely. Could you drop into my cabin some time?

Hullully: Oh, I will, at the first opportunity. – By the way, what's your name?

Linda: Linda. – Linda means „pretty“ in Spanish, but my father calls me Lily. We live in a valley.

Hullully: Oh, I love the lilies of the valley.

Scene IV

In the elevator

Hullully: We're stuck.

A sexpot: That doesn't matter.

Hullully: We must get out of here as soon as possible. I'm thirsty. I'm going to die as in a desert.

A sexpot: Press the button once more.

Hullully: I pressed them all.

A sexpot: You didn't.
Hullully: I did. We can stay here for ages.
A sexpot: Let's make love.
Hullully: Love?
A sexpot: That's a reasonable past-time.
Hullully: Don't frighten me. I can't take to my heels.

Scene V

Outside, in front of the elevator

George: What can I do for you, madam?
Linda: Are you an elevator specialist?
George: I'm not. What's wrong with it?
Linda: The door doesn't open.
George: Try to knock at it.
Linda: How many times?
George: Until it opens. – Doc, come here. The elevator is ill. Demonstrate your medical skill.
Doctor: Kick the door.
George: I can't.
Doctor: Why not?
George: I'm barefoot.
Refugee: (*joins them*) What are you doing here? Are you holding a party meeting?
Captain: Yes, we are, but until now I haven't dared to take the floor.
Joe: Captain, the computer is looking for the defect.

Refugee: Don't strain Mr. Computer. He's a hard worker. Grant him some rest in bed. – Did you kick the door?

George: Not yet.

All: We'll do so immediately.

Refugee: Wait. – Door! You stubborn Satan, I order you to open in the name of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, amen. – Now kick.

Doctor: *(kicks and the door opens)* Wow!

George: Who are these people that even the Satan obeys them?

Refugee: Our Saints. Our Trinity. Whatever we do, we do it in their name. So, you can imagine the blessing. If we didn't buy wheat from you, we'd starve to death. A country in which the Administration prays with its people, harvests blessing and celebrates Thanksgiving.

Scene VI

In Linda's cabin

Linda: The wine was excellent. Now I'm going to take a shower. Wait for me.

Hullully: OK, and I'm going to take off my pants in the meantime.

Linda: See you later my polite waiter.

Hullully: Thank you. *(takes off his pants)*

George: *(enters)* Sir, what are you doing here alone?

Hullully: I don't know.

George: I'd like to invite you to the Captain's table. We're going to celebrate Thanksgiving dinner. Would you follow me?

Hullully: Without further ceremony. I only have to put on my jacket, hat and a pair of gloves. I can't go like this. *(forgets to put on his pants)*

Scene VII

Downstairs

Captain: *(approaches alone the table upon which there are: a huge turkey, many different kinds of meals, several bottles of wine and two vases of roses. He stands observing the table and reads in his notebook:)* Lord, we thank you for your generosity, we also thank you for having made the tables so sturdy that they don't break down under the weight of your gifts. *(The Captain of Giants approaches him and remains standing behind his back.)* One half of it would completely suffice, Lord.

Giant: I don't think so.

Captain: Well, you may be of a different opinion.

Giant: You're right.

Captain: *(continues)* Lord, you're sure to remember how much I consumed last year.

Giant: Yes, I do.

Captain: It's not good for my health. Protect me today from eating too much.

Giant: I won't disappoint you.

Captain: Thank you, Lord. – I'm also responsible for the health of my passengers. Keep an eye on them, please.

Giant: I'll look after that, too.

Captain: Thank you, Lord. Don't overlook the ladies' figures either.

Giant: I won't.

Captain: Take care of us all who are going to participate in the abundance of your wonderful gifts.

Giant: Rely upon me.

Captain: Thank you, Lord.

Giant: Don't mention it. (*retires into the background*)

Captain: (*closes his notebook, beams with happiness*)

Scene VIII

At the Captain's table

Captain: Welcome, my dear guests. We have a pretty mixed society aboard this time: two gentlemen from Europe. Introduce yourselves, gentlemen.

Refugee: (*stands up*) Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Patrick. I was born in a small village in Russia many years ago. I don't remember the exact date any more. – Then, when my nose got dry, I played hooky almost every day. After a happy childhood, I learned a trade as a gardener and worked on a state farm. One year later, I became a hero of the socialist work because - according to the communist party press – I poisoned two million caterpillars, these poisoned caterpillars poisoned two hundred thousand birds, and these poisoned birds poisoned two hundred cats. – (*lifts his forefinger to emphasize his great deed*) – In one week! (*sits down*)

Captain: (*laughs*) Thank you Pat, thank you.

Hullully: (*stands up*) My name is Hooockooockooockoo Hullully.

Joe: Don't spell it.

Captain: Mr. Hooockooockooockoo Hullully is an authority on the vicissitudes of life. He's an inexhaustible fountain on fire of wisdom, in one word a great philosopher. He's going to tell us something wise. Mr. Hooockooockooockoo Hullully, tell us something about subjective objectivity.

Hullully: OK. Well, to be or not to be, that is the question (*closes his eyes*). I'm nothing, I am all, I am a transparent ball, I am rolling through a hall.

Captain: *(laughs)* Thank you, Mr. Hoockooockooockoo Hullully, thank you very much, sit down.

Hullully: *(sits down)*

Captain: Ladies and Gentlemen, let's forget philosophy and turn our attention and our noses to the turkey and the roses. *(stands up)* Lord, our God, don't hesitate and bless us and this turkey, amen.

Refugee: Without doubt, don't hesitate, amen.

All: Amen.

Scene IX

At the Captain's table

Refugee: I love the Californian wine in which the sun's shining without interruption.

A lady: Wine is good, but hard liquor is good, too.

Captain: Ladies and Gentlemen, help yourselves.

Refugee: *(in an ecstasy of delight, watched by all other guests)* Oh, turkey, you sweet nosegay. The mere sight of you makes me happy. I could sing without an end. - No, no, the clothes hinder me. I must take off the jacket. *(takes it off)* And the sleeves! Julie, roll up my sleeves. *(Julie rolls them up)* Higher, higher.

Doctor: *(to George)* I'd never think that such a common creature could put one in such a merry mood.

George: The Giants are watching us. *(presses his lips wisely)* I don't like it.

Doctor: Nor do I.

Refugee: *(continues)* The turkey is supposed to have nine sorts of meat. *(approaches it with a knife and a fork)* I'm going to eat a piece of each sort, maybe two pieces. I'm going to march

upon you like a conqueror, from your neck over your back until ... I hope that I won't have to wipe my mouth behind my ears when I've finished.

Two Giants: *(approached him in the meantime and wait behind his back)*

Refugee: *(hardly had he touched the turkey)*

Two Giants: You won't have to. *(they seize him and carry him away)*

Hullully: *(enjoys the scene)* Bravo, Bravo. *(two Giants standing behind him seize him and take him away)*

Captain: *(laughs)* Well, so I have to start eating. *(approaches the turkey with a knife and a fork – he is seized by two Giants and carried away)* The Captain should be the last to leave a sinking ship.

George: It's my turn now. *(he almost reached the turkey with his knife and fork – two Giants take him away – the Doctor meets the same fate – all the other guests, too - the ladies are carried by only one Giant – There is nobody at table or nearby when Joe returns with a beautiful cake.)*

Scene X

Joe: *(rubs his eyes, perplexed)* What's happened? Am I dreaming? *(touches himself)* My nose, my knee, my ear – yes, it's me. *(looks under the table)* There's nobody under the table. Where can they be? Are the witches riding upon them? – Or have we sunk? Are we dead? Have they been eaten by sharks? – I think I'm dead. Yes, the rich meals reveal to me that I'm in heaven.

Giants: *(coming back)*

1st Giant: *(takes Joe in his arms like a baby)* Joe, will you obey me and fulfil all my orders?

Joe: *(doesn't see him)* Yes, Lord, I regret all my sins.

1st Giant: *(puts him back upon his feet)* Keep your sins and wait upon us as a friend.

Joe: Yes, Sir, but don't eat too fast. I can't run. I have a corn. *(runs away)*

Scene XI

All Giants: *(sit down around the table)*

1st Giant: What do you think of the turkey?

2nd Giant: Our size.

3rd Giant: Gentlemen, I'm not satisfied with the bottles. Aren't they meant for our colleagues, the „dwarfs“?

1st Giant: Let's stop meditating and let's start celebrating Thanksgiving. As a national football team, we are entitled to it.

All: Cheers! *(the glasses were filled by their predecessors)*

Scene XII

Captain with his invited guests locked in a room

Captain: I'll never forget this Giants' mutiny.

Doctor: And who's to be blamed for it?

George: Captain, didn't you pray too much?

Captain: Well, gentlemen, I admit I had an intimate conversation with the Lord.

George: When?

Captain: Before dinner.

Doctor: Although I'm a doctor, I'm completely helpless in this situation.

Captain: What do our Europeans suggest?
Hullully: To suffer patiently.
Refugee: I could hang myself on the spot. Such a beauty! – Everything lost.
George: If I weren't ashamed, I'd weep like a child. It's enough to drive one to despair.
Hullully: Be strong, George. Never say die. *(ladies keep silence in the background)*

Scene XIII

Joe: *(knocks at the door)* Are you locked in?
Captain: Yes, we are. Can you unlock the door, please?
Joe: Fortunately, I can. *(takes a key out of his pocket and opens the door)*
Captain: Welcome among us.
Joe: I succeeded in rescuing a few pieces of bread and butter and a jug of camomile tee. Please, help yourselves.
All: *(including the ladies take a piece of bread – there is none left for the refugee – he's turned very sad – a lady notices that)*
Lady: Oh, let me share my portion. *(gives him a half – all others give him one half of their ration – the refugee collects it upon the tray and retires with it into a corner)*
Captain: *(bites into the bread)* Not bad. The crust seems to be much softer than usual.
Lady: I find it harder.
All: *(eat and drink)*
Joe: We could return. The Giants have retired and left behind a terrible devastation.

Captain: Well, let's go and inspect the disaster area!

Scene XIV

All march in the direction of the table with Captain at the head. Bones and empty bottles are lying upon the table, a perfect chaos.

Julie: Eliot's „Waste Land“.

Captain: Hurricane „Agatha“.

Hullully: A cruel woman.

George: Is it covered by insurance?

Captain: We need an expert in bones. Doc!

Doctor: I'm afraid that I'm not fully competent there.

Hullully: I studied two semesters of archaeology. Let me see. *(takes up a bone, examines it very closely and declares)* This used to be a drumstick. *(takes another one and examines it very closely)* Here I'm at my wit's end. Is anybody else here who understands archaeology?

Refugee: Give it to me. *(smells at it)* This used to be the parson's nose.

Scene XV

Linda: *(on the phone)*

Hullully: *(answers the telephone)* Yes.

Linda: Mr. Hooockooockoo Hullully?

Hullully: Yes. Who are you?

Linda: Linda. Come here, please. I'm in bed.

Hullully: In bed? In bed? – I'll be with you in a minute. (*runs and knocks at the door*)

Linda: Come in.

Hullully: Are you ill?

Linda: No, I'm fine. Let's make love.

Hullully: (*frightened*) Love? Love? How? I've never had a girl. Do you have the know-how?

Linda: Yes, I do. – Take off your hat.

Hullully: Yes, I will.

Linda: Now your tie and shirt.

Hullully: Yes, I will.

Linda: Now the gloves and shoes.

Hullully: May I keep the socks, please? When my feet are cold, I always get goose pimples or even the shivers.

Linda: Come under the blanket.

Hullully: Thank you.

Linda: Take off your underdrawers.

Hullully: Oh, Oh – Ch, Oo. (*takes his head between his shoulders and presses it while taking off his underdrawers which he drops on the floor*) Now I'm naked.

Linda: Yes, you are, as Adam was.

Hullully: Were you with doctor Adam Baker in bed?

Linda: No, I wasn't. – Come to me.

Hullully: Oh, I will, I will. (*rushes into her arms as a little child into the arms of his mother*)

Linda: Be careful.

Hullully: Yes, I will.

Linda: Gently.

Hullully: *(between her legs in an extremely grateful tone)* Thank you, thank you very, very much.

Linda: You're welcome.

Hullully: Thank you, Linda, thank you, thank you very much.

Linda: How do you feel?

Hullully: Happy.

Linda: Rest upon your hands.

Hullully: *(braces up himself upon his arms)* Like this? Is it correct?

Linda: Yes, it is. Now you look like a hare in a furrow. Do you know hares?

Hullully: *(looks into an infinite distance)* Yes, I do. I saw many of them.

Linda: OK. Now stand up and put on your clothes.

Hullully: *(taken aback)* Why? It wasn't all, if my position is correct.

Linda: No, it wasn't. You'll get the rest after the wedding.

Hullully: *(laments)* Oh, dear, dear, I've never been so near.

Scene XVI

Downstairs dancing

Refugee: I like this slow music. The melody is beautiful. We could dance.

Julie: I like it, too. Let's go.

Joe: *(brings drinks)* Here you are, Ann.

Girl: I don't call myself Ann any longer. My name's Magdalen. I've become a Christian. – Joe!

Joe: Yes, mam.

- Linda:** When you become a Christian, you can call yourself Abraham.
- Joe:** I am a Christian, you Sleeping Beauty.
- George:** Father, you two are well matched. You should remain together.
- Father:** *(jokingly)* Of course, we will. She'll cook for me, and I'll rock her baby to sleep.
- Girl:** I'll make brownies for you, Father.
(Linda with Hullully upon the dancing floor)

Scene XVII

On the upper deck

- Hullully:** I love the full moon.
- Linda:** So do I.
- Hullully:** You're attracting me like a magnet.
- Linda:** I think I've already attracted you too much. You're standing upon my toes. Get down. *(pinches him)*
- Hullully:** Ouch! I was standing gently.
- Linda:** What are you doing with your hand upon my knee?
- Hullully:** I'm holding your skirt.
- Linda:** Why?
- Hullully:** The wind could lift it. You'd catch a draft.

Scene XVIII

- Captain:** Mr. Hooockooockoo Hullully, as I can see, you've achieved your goal.

Hullully: Without a doubt. Now, I'm going back to Europe to settle down with this prey in my castle.

Captain: In your castle in the air?

Hullully: Captain, are you aware of the fact that a woman is the most lovely rose in the world?

Captain: I'm not, I'm divorced.

Hullully: Goodbye, gentlemen.

All: Good luck, sir!

A Russian Refugee in Love with Julie (B)

(Comes aboard strangely dressed and with an old-fashioned suitcase in his left hand. No foreign accent necessary.)

Scene I

- Refugee:** Is this ship the famous Love Boat?
- Julie:** Yes, it is and it is not. It is a boat for the fans of love.
- George:** Where are you from?
- Refugee:** From Russia.
- George:** I don't believe you.
- Refugee:** Why not?
- George:** In Russia there is no freedom. Nobody is allowed to leave the country.
- Refugee:** That's not true. Anybody can leave when he dies.
- George:** Are you a ghost?
- Refugee:** *(offers his hand)*
- George:** Don't touch me!
- Refugee:** Let's shake hands.
- George:** No! – What are you doing here? Answer me!
- Refugee:** Nothing.
- George:** Which terrible sin makes you haunt this place?
- Refugee:** The immortal passion of my heart. I love Julie, but she doesn't know yet.
- George:** Are you Romeo? Were you allowed to leave your grave, you Specter Bridegroom?

Refugee: No, I was not. I'm a refugee. (*he leaves*)
Julie: What did that gentleman say?
George: That he loves you.
Julie: Really? I've got to find out for myself.

Scene II

Downstairs at a table

Refugee: (*alone*)
Julie: (*approaches his table*) May I join you?
Refugee: Of course, you may. (*he helps her with a chair*)
Julie: Are you having a good time?
Refugee: In your company, always.
Julie: The cut of your suit is pretty strange. Where are you from?
Refugee: From Russia. I came over a year ago.
Julie: Last night, I looked at a map. There are so many little countries in the world. As a Russian subject you are well informed. Tell me, do people like us live in them or do dwarfs live there?
Refugee: In some people like us do, in some of them live dwarfs.
Julie: Doesn't Poland lie near Russia?
Refugee: Dangerously near.
Julie: And Czechoslovakia?
Refugee: Dangerously near.
Julie: And what about Hungary?
Refugee: Dangerously near.
Julie: By the way, what's your name?
Refugee: Patrick.

Julie: Are you Irish?
Refugee: Not yet.
Julie: (*offers him her hand*) My name is Julie.
Refugee: I know. I've been in love with you for a long time. That's why I'm here.
Julie: Oh, really? I didn't know that.
Refugee: But I did.

Scene III

Captain: (*comes to the table*) Good afternoon!
Julie: Captain, may I introduce my new friend to you?
Captain: Certainly.
Julie: My friend Patrick. He is from Russia. (*a political conversation develops*)
Captain: Oh, is he? (*turns to Patrick*) – Then you can tell me something about your country which is our great rival.
Refugee: I know. The competition between the Soviet Union and the United States exists in all areas.
Captain: Indeed, it does. – The Soviet Union always manages somehow to keep pace with America.
Refugee: Yes, we should not overlook the fact that the Soviet Union has even, in one area, outstripped the United States.
Captain: Has it?
Refugee: Yes, the Russians have the tallest midget – 6 feet ninety.
Julie: (*astonished*) Wow! Our tallest midget is three times shorter.
Refugee: Besides, the Soviet Union has the fastest clock – ten times faster than America.

Julie: Wow! Our clock is ten times slower. – Captain, you should buy it.

Captain: I'd rather stick to our old clock. I couldn't navigate with the Russian wonder. (*he salutes and leaves*)

Scene IV

On the staircase

Doctor: Julie, I've discovered a new love for you.

Julie: Where have you discovered it?

Doctor: In my heart. – We are colleagues. Why shouldn't we love each other?

Julie: It's too late.

Doctor: Why?

Julie: I've just fallen in love with a passenger.

Doctor: When did it happen?

Julie: Half an hour ago.

Scene V

Downstairs

Refugee: George, I need a doctor.

George: We have a doctor aboard ship. His name is Adam Baker.

Refugee: Is he a good doctor?

George: Yes, he is.

Refugee: Can he do anything?

George: Yes, he can. Whatever you want.

Refugee: I must pay him a visit in the near future.

Joe: Your whisky, sir.

Refugee: At once. Whisky is my best friend, a great comforter.

Scene VI

In doctor's cabin

Refugee: *(knocks at the door)*

Doctor: Come in!

Refugee: Doctor, can you help me?

Doctor: Is anything wrong with you?

Refugee: Yes, I have bow-legs. This is a serious handicap for me.

Doctor: Why?

Refugee: Well, I've had a lot of lovers, but as soon as I took off my pants, I always lost them. I need a cosmetic operation in order to make further progress with Julie. I'm extremely in love with her. But until now, I haven't dared to take off my pants. – Could you break my legs and straighten them a bit, please, doctor?

Doctor: I'm not strong enough to do that. I only comfort passengers when they are taken ill. You need a man who works with bones.

Refugee: Oh, I see. You mean a grave-digger?

Doctor: No. I mean an orthopedist.

Refugee: Give me some emergency advice at least.

Doctor: Don't take off your pants in Julie's presence.

Refugee: Maybe I could, because she only looks into my eyes.

Doctor: But her eyes could easily wander, and then you'd lose her forever.

Refugee: Thank you very much for your advice, doctor.
Doctor: Don't mention it. It was my pleasure.
Refugee: See you later.
Doctor: OK. (*in front of a mirror by himself*) So, now I have an effective weapon against my rival. I can tell Julie and she will be mine. - No, I won't do that, because I have a disfiguration myself. (*he looks into his mouth*) A sag of the left tonsil.

Scene VII

In the refugee's cabin

Refugee: (*sings*) Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go...
Julie: (*alone outside, knocks at the door*)
Refugee: Who's there?
Julie: A visitor.
Refugee: Thank you, I'm going to put on my pants immediately.
Julie: You don't have to.
Refugee: Why not?
Julie: It's me, Julie.
Refugee: Wait a minute, please. (*in a low voice*) I must hide my legs first. (*he puts on his pants, but forgets to pull up his zipper, a shirt-corner hangs out*)
Julie: I came to visit the stronger sex.
Refugee: Which always gets weak in the presence of the weaker sex.
Julie: Could you come into my cabin?
Refugee: When?
Julie: Now. I want to show you something.

- Refugee:** OK. I'll take two bottles of wine, one in each hand. (*he holds them already*)
- Julie:** Wait a minute. I have to put the shirt-corner back in your pants before we go into the corridor.
- Refugee:** We can do that in your cabin. It's not important. It's only a trifle. It's not worth mentioning.
- Julie:** I don't agree with you. I think that's a very important thing.

Scene VIII

In Julie's cabin

- Refugee:** What did you want to show me? Something that a man would enjoy?
- Julie:** We must arrange the shirt-corner first.
- Refugee:** There's no hurry. I'm very inquisitive. Come on Julie, show it to me.
- Julie:** Look at the ceiling. Can you see the cobweb in the left corner?
- Refugee:** Yes, I can. Does that mean you have flies in your cabin?
- Julie:** Are there flies in yours, too?
- Refugee:** Of course there are. In every cabin there are flies.
- Julie:** How do you know?
- Refugee:** I have proof. They land upon my nose every morning while I'm still in bed, half-asleep. I clench my fist, but they take off before I hit.
- Julie:** You're lucky.
- Refugee:** You're joking.
- Julie:** Maybe. Yet you didn't give an objective proof.

- Refugee:** Well, when you have flies in your cabin, then everybody has, because we're all in the same boat.
- Julie:** In the same love-boat.
- Refugee:** Julie, I love you, I love you more than anything. I could even turn cartwheels for you. Look. (*he did*) – Would you do the same for me, Julie, please?
- Julie:** (*casts down her eyes and smooths the front part of her skirt with both hands*) Yes, I would, but not now.
- Refugee:** (*approaches her*) Julie, I love you.
- Julie:** (*smiles*) A friend in need is a friend indeed. But I need a proof of your love.
- Refugee:** What, for example. A somersault?
- Julie:** Just a trifle.
- Refugee:** Identify that trifle, and it will come true in a jiffy.
- Julie:** Take off your pants.
- Refugee:** (*rolls his eyes and faints*)
- Doctor:** (*comes in*) What has happened?
- Julie:** He's fainted.
- Doctor:** We have to undress him.

Scene IX

On the upper deck
It is moonlight.

- Refugee:** Julie, I love you. Will you marry me?
- Julie:** Yes, I will, despite your legs.
- Refugee:** How do you know?
- Julie:** Doctor Baker told me.

Refugee: Doctor Baker is a traitor.

Julie: No, he isn't. He is your rival.

Refugee: My rival? I didn't know that. It's a disaster.

Julie: What?

Refugee: Nothing. – I was very sad when you were going to get married in Australia.

Julie: Well, it was an unhappy turn of fate. But now, I have you.

Refugee: And I have you and I'm very happy. Are you happy, Julie? I want you to be happy.

Julie: Yes, I'm very happy with you. I reckon with a happy ending.

Refugee: Thank you, so do I. – Isn't this night romantic?

Julie: You are right. It is very romantic. – Oh, the pleasant coolness of the evening.

Refugee: And the breeze which is playing in your hair.

Julie: The soft murmur of the sea!

Refugee: The moon is full, the sky is starry, my chest is filled with all the feelings of immortal love. Let's exchange kisses. – (*they kiss*) Oh, I remember such nights back in the old country. I used to lie with Allen on a hayrick in a clearing.

Julie: (*turns sad*) It must have been beautiful.

Refugee: You bet it was. – I took Allen into my hands, pulled her to my chest, pressed her to my right cheek, closed both eyes, pulled the trigger and killed a fire-fly.

Julie: Why?

Refugee: I took it for a one-eyed tiger.

Julie: Oh, I can imagine dancing with a bear in my leisure, but I would never dare ask a tiger: „May I have the pleasure?“ – Who was Allen?

Refugee: She was a rifle, and I was a poacher.

Julie: *(has a sigh of relief)* A weight has been lifted from my heart.

Refugee: By whom?

Julie: By you.

Refugee: *(in ecstasy)* Oh Julie, Julie, Julie. I love ideals. Like Don Quixote we should bravely fight against evil and always try to do good as true children of God. The best thing for us would be to die this instant. I already see our happy souls flying to heaven. Oh Romeo and Julia, you happy loving pair!

Julie: You're tired. Go to bed and kiss my happy soul. Good night!

Refugee: *(awakens from his ecstasy)* Only your happy soul? No body? Nothing?

Julie: *(leaves)*

Refugee: *(by himself, scratching his ear)* To bed? To bed? Alone? *(follows Julie fast)*

Scene X

Downstairs on the deck

George: Doc, I have a good news for you.

Doctor: I'm all ears.

George: The Russian guy is a marriage swindler.

Doctor: How do you know?

George: Well, I had to control the fire-extinguisher in his cabin and noticed two letters on the table from a woman from Washington D.C.

Doctor: You're right. He told me himself about his lovers.

George: We have to thwart his marriage with Julie at all events. – It's our holy duty.

Doctor: I'll support you at any rate. Let's let Joe know.

George: Joe, the Russian guy is a marriage swindler.

Joe: Is he? Where is Julie?

George: She is closed in her room, weeping and counting her tears.

Joe: Do we have All Fool's Day?

George: Joking aside! The situation is grave.

Doctor: We should warn other female passengers.

Joe: How?

George: I can distribute leaflets.

Joe: Shouldn't we talk to the Captain first?

Doctor: He is coming.

George: Captain, we have a marriage swindler aboard ship. One of our crew members is in acute danger.

Captain: Who's the bad guy? Pat?

George: We have to act immediately –

Doctor: – and to investigate the whole matter without delay.

Captain: OK. His cabin is not at the end of the world, and it is impossible to escape in these latitudes.

George: Julie must come along.

Joe: I'll take a bottle of wine in case we were wrong.

Scene XI

In the refugee's cabin

Captain: Sir, please excuse our intrusion upon your privacy.

Refugee: Your visit is a great honor for me.

George: It isn't.

Refugee: It is.

George: It isn't.

Refugee: It is.

George: It isn't.

Julie: Stop it!

Captain: We have to investigate a serious matter connected with your person.

Doctor: We mean business.

Refugee: Do you?

Julie: Yes, we do.

Captain: I hope that you understand, sir. We have to protect our crew member Julie.

George: Her feelings.

Refugee: From me? That's superfluous. I love her.

Doctor: You have another woman in America beside Julie.

George: Yes, yes, you are a marriage swindler.

Captain: Show us the letter lying on the table, sir.

Refugee: Now I understand. I must tell you what a terrible thing I caused in America last year, and how much I had to suffer for it. It will explain everything. – You can accompany me with soft sobbing.

All: We will.

Refugee: At Thanksgiving dinner, when I saw a turkey helplessly lying on its back on the table, I realized that it would never gobble again, but would soon be gobbled up by us. My conscience was deeply moved.

All: (*sigh*) A dangerous conscience.

Refugee: After the twenty-pound turkey had vanished, I lay down under the table and started writing a letter to my friend Mrs. Hopkins who lives in Washington D.C. and whose husband is a general. – I have a copy here. Captain, do you mind reading it to us all?

Captain: Give it to me. (*reads solemnly*) Dear Mrs. Hopkins: The Thanksgiving dinner is over. I can't stop thinking of the disaster visited upon the turkeys. Millions of them had to die for the same cause. – Are you asking where the culprits are? – Look into the mirror, as I did, and you will find one. Of course, nobody will plead guilty. Some of us may try to extricate themselves from the responsibility for the life of a single turkey by pointing out that they only consumed a wing which could have been chopped off without having to kill the bird. Those who struggled with its neck or gizzard keep silence. I wonder how many people would join a demonstration demanding: „Stop killing the innocent turkeys!“ – Did the newly elected president of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals take a stand on this serious problem that America faces every year? – Dear Mrs. Hopkins, I am sorry that I had to take sides with the helpless creatures because I have not met a single person in the United States who would have taken their side. Yours sincerely,

I

Captain: Well, I'm breaking into a sweat.

All: (*sigh*)

Julie: Gentlemen, I have the impression that you've turned pretty pale. Or do my eyes red with tears deceive me?

Refugee: Be that as it may. Mrs. Hopkins answers: Julie, read please.

Julie: (*reads*) Dear friend:

I admire your courage. You have touched the very heart of our national security. My husband immediately put the third

division on alert. But that's not all. The War Office has just summoned the crisis-handling committee for an emergency meeting, and the Administration hasn't slept a wink for three nights.

Joe: And what about President Reagan?

Julie: *(looks into the letter, raises her eyes and says in a sad voice)* He had a severe headache. *(continues reading)* Mrs. Hopkins continues: Remember, dear friend, we are going to defend ourselves.

Captain: We didn't know anything about this terrible danger.

Joe: We must have been abroad, either in Acapulco or in Australia.

Refugee: No, you were in your country, but the whole affair was kept a secret from the public in order not to scare anyone.

Doctor: It was psychologically reasonable.

Refugee: At the end of her letter, Mrs. Hopkins calls me a subversive element, and the World's League of Epicures accused me of being an enemy of turkeys. I am not an enemy of turkeys, on the contrary, I am in a terrific mood whenever I see a turkey in the roasting pan. – I must stop talking because my mouth is watering. I could start spitting like a cat.

Captain: *(laughs)* OK. Pat. OK. We apologize. It was a void suspicion.

Refugee: Julie.

Julie: Yes, sir.

Refugee: I love you.

Julie: Thank you, sir.

Refugee: Joe.

Joe: Yes, sir.

Refugee: You have a bottle of wine behind your back. I can smell it.

Joe: You're right.

Refugee: Captain.

Captain: Yes, Pat.

Refugee: I've a bottle, too. Here you are. Pour it into the glasses. – Let's forget everything and be brothers in Christ.

All: OK. Pat.

Captain: Promise us that you'll never again take sides with the turkeys.

Refugee: Never! I promise. – Let me embrace George before we toast to our reconciliation (*approaches George, who steps back*)

George: Embrace Doc. (*points to him*)

Refugee: (*approaches doctor*)

Doctor: No, embrace Joe.

Joe: No, thank you, only by a girl. Embrace Captain.

Refugee: (*approaches Captain*)

Captain: Thank you. I've already been embraced today. I'm not demanding. A toast will do.

Refugee : (*looks around*) Who's left. (*cries*) Julie!!! (*they embrace each other*)

Scene XII

Downstairs (in the port)

Refugee: Good-bye, darling.

Julie: Good-bye, my dear Pat. (*they kiss each other*)

Refugee: Good-bye, Julie.

Doctor: When will the wedding take place?

Julie: Soon.

George: We're going to lose you, Julie.

Doctor: We're very sad.

Refugee: Don't do that. – According to the prophecy of an old gipsy woman I'll be declared lost 24 hours before the wedding.

George: Come again some time.

Refugee: Yes, I will, but first I must make some money. *(he leaves, his shabby suitcase opens and a Teddy bear, marbles, a children's abacus fall out – he drops his suitcase and leaves without looking back)*

A Catholic Priest on a Secret Mission (C)

Scene I

- George:** Welcome aboard, sir.
- Father:** Cabin number 13.
- George:** Number 13? Aren't you superstitious?
- Father:** Not at all.
- George:** The purpose of your journey, sir?
- Father:** I'm a Catholic priest. I had a dream about a serpent with several heads.
- Doctor:** This means: Will seduce a beautiful girl.
- Father:** But I killed this serpent, which means a victory. A strange drive forced me to hurry up and take part in this cruise. My mission is secret. *(puts a small sack in George's hands)* The Sunday collection.
- George:** But, sir...
- Father:** Hush –
- George:** *(looks at it)* Money!
- Girl:** *(looks at the departing Father, takes a key out of George's hand, her eyes still fixed at Father, and says:)* I must catch him. *(she follows him fast)*

Scene II

In George's cabin

George: *(enters his cabin with his hush-money)* Now, I'm going to assess my riches *(empties the sack upon the table)* Gosh! When did paper money cease to exist? This is not progress, this is regression into the Middle Ages. This Sunday collection has no sense of inflation whatsoever. I must talk to my benefactor.

Scene III

In Father's cabin

George: *(knocks at the door)*

Father: Come in.

George: Father, I'm not willing to count the money.

Father: Why not?

George: I don't want to lose my vision.

Father: Is it the only argument?

George: No, it isn't. Besides, I hate copper.

Father: OK: Just keep silence. That will do.

George: Gosh! I would almost have forgotten.

Father: What?

George: There was a half of a dollar bill in your collection.

Father: Give it back to me. The other half may arrive next Sunday.

Scene IV

In the Father's cabin

- Girl:** (*enters his cabin*) Sir, could you help me, please?
- Father:** Of course, what do you need?
- Girl:** I can't close the zipper. It is on my back and my hands don't reach so far.
- Father:** Why did you come here?
- Girl:** I'm staying in cabin number 12, so that I'm your neighbor.
- Father:** What a favorable and lucky chance! Doesn't the Bible say: „Love your neighbor?“
- Girl:** Yes, it does, indeed. I'm going to love my neighbor with all my heart.
- Father:** Don't frighten me.
- Girl:** We can thrill our hearts.
- Father:** I would do so only with a throbbing heart.
- Girl:** I with a light heart.
- Father:** (*closes her zipper*) Now go back into your cabin.
- Girl:** OK. See you later. (*she leaves*)
- Father:** No! – (*prays*) Our Father give us this day our daily bread and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from every evil. – But she's not an evil. No, by no means. It would be a blasphemy of God's creation to say that she's an evil. On the contrary, she's His master-piece, and thus deserves my admiration, however, from an appropriate distance.

Scene V

In the Father's cabin

- Girl:** *(comes in)*
- Father:** Why did you come again?
- Girl:** Something has fallen into my eye. Could you take it out?
- Father:** What is it?
- Girl:** A speck of sawdust.
- Father:** I'm going to take the great plank out of my eye, and then I will see clearly to take the speck out of your eye. In the times of temptation one has to fulfil the Holy Scripture to the letter.
- Girl:** It's out.
- Father:** Let me see it.
- Girl:** Here. Look at the tip of the forefinger.
- Father:** I can't see it. I may need a new pair of glasses. – Now you can leave.
- Girl:** It's too small. – Could you pin this brooch under my chin?
- Father:** *(pins the brooch under her chin)*
- Girl:** How are you, darling?
- Father:** Well, it seems to me that I'm a pilot circling above two hills, losing his bearings.
- Girl:** Thank you. – I hope you will land soon.
- Father:** Now you can leave.
- Girl:** *(begs)* Could you scratch my back, please? It itches terribly.
- Father:** Scratch it against the door-post.
- Girl:** Yes, I will do so, but later on in my room. Let's have a drink.
- Father:** What would you like to have?

Girl: Whisky.

Father: I don't have any alcoholic beverages here, although I have to admit that I'm pretty thirsty just now.

Girl: Come into my cabin. I have whisky. You can quench your thirst there.

Father: Let's go immediately. Such a thing mustn't be postponed.

Scene VI

In her cabin

Girl: Would you like to have another glass? – Do you mind my pouring?

Father: No, in no case. This one for the second leg. It helps to keep me in balance.

Girl: We don't have to sit at the table. We can lie down. The bed is waiting for us.

Father: My status forbids me such extravagance.

Girl: Why? Are you married? Is your marital status such a torment?

Father: Well, it is, and it is not.

Girl: Is your wife jealous?

Father: No, she isn't, but my master is jealous.

Girl: I don't understand what you mean. Who's your master?

Father: God. I'm a Catholic priest.

Girl: My goodness! I came aboard this ship with the intention to have a love-affair with the first man I see.

Father: You didn't come across the right man, my dear girl.

Girl: Father, forgive me. I'm a bad girl. You would have been my first man.

Father: As I can see, you came to confession upon this ship. The ways of God are inscrutable. I can give you absolution. Are you baptized?

Girl: No, I'm not. I wasn't a Christian, but from now on I am.

Father: Man needs to have a good confession once in a while. I remember my childhood friend going to confession and admitting that he had tortured 99 flies to death and killed a flock of wild fleas.

Girl: A bad boy!

Father: Of course – he forgot to say that as an altar boy he had emptied a bottle of sacramental wine in the vestry.

Girl: A good boy!

Father: I'm not sure.

Girl: Father, don't you like girls?

Father: Well, I do. As a little boy I was involved in many love-affairs.

Girl: Were you?

Father: Yes. When I was five, six and seven years old, I used to pull little girls by their skirts, and when I was fifteen, I would pull grown-up girls by their pigtails. Today I only shake hands with them.

Scene VII

On the upper deck

Girl: Father, my heart is your captive. We must remain friends.

Father: It would be purposeless. You want to get married, don't you?

Girl: Yes, I do.

Father: You can never achieve that aim with me. I can't get married.

Girl: Why not?

Father: Why not? Because I must remain faithful to my calling and to God.

Girl: Human love is beautiful. It makes you feel safe and happy.

Father: You're right, but I'm safe with God and happy, too. We have to stick to our principles, otherwise we will turn the whole world and the divine order upside down.

Girl: We two would never turn the divine order upside down. We are too weak.

Father: Maybe not, but we would undermine it. – No, my dear girl. We have to part, however romantic this night may appear to you. I'm responsible to the Supreme Being in this matter, and therefore: Goodbye!

Girl: You are cruel. You don't understand the female heart.

Father: Pray and God will give you the proper friend. (*he leaves*)

Girl: Our Father who art in heaven give me this day a husband.

A man: (*comes up suddenly*) Didn't you call me? I'm a little hard of hearing, you know.

Girl: Yes, I did.

A man: What do you want to tell me?

Girl: That I love you.

A man: Finally. – I've been groping for a loving heart since I came aboard this ship.

Girl: So have I. Let's embrace each other.

A man: That's a good idea.

Girl: By the way, what's your name?

A man: Joe, but my friends call me simply Jack.

Girl: Jack-in-the-box?

Scene VIII

In Father's cabin

Father: *(by himself)* We're approaching the port. And I have still to pray the breviary. I came to poke my nose into the sexual pleasures, and what have I achieved? Nothing. I almost succumbed to this pleasant weakness myself.

Another man: *(knocks at the door)*

Father: Come in. *(in a low voice because he expects his girl)* You little devil.

Another man: *(bursts into his cabin and greets enthusiastically)* Long live the Satan and his brood!

Father: What did you say? You damned fool?!

Another man: Who are you, you adversary?

Father: A Catholic priest. And who are you, you fiend?

Another man: Good Heavens! I'm the chief of the Devil Sect. I was supposed to meet our new member here in this cabin. As I can see, hell has lost once again. What can I do for you, sir?

Father: Kill all the flies in this cabin. *(takes his suitcase and leaves)*

Another man: Yes, I will.

Scene IX

Downstairs

- George:** Father, are you satisfied with your work?
- Father:** Yes, I am, but I could do still more. – Gentlemen!
- All:** Yes, Father, we're listening.
- Father:** I can't join you in marriage, because you're not going to get married, yet I could hear confession for you all.
- Captain:** Well.
- Doctor:** Well.
- Joe:** Well, it wouldn't be a waste.
- Julie:** Well, gentlemen, make a clean breast of it.
- Father:** No offence! Goodbye!

An Old Man Looks for his Lost Wedding-Hat (D)

Scene I

Captain: Can I believe my eyes, Johnny? You took part in the last cruise. I'm happy to see you again.

Old Man: Captain, I had to come back because I left behind my wedding-hat last time.

Captain: Is a hat such a precious thing that you took a trip from New England across the whole country?

Old Man: Captain, this hat is special. Our cat used to sleep in it. And now, when it is missing, she's constantly mewling and seeking it. My wife sent me here to bring it back.

Captain: Where did you forget it?

Old Man: That's an important question. We're old friends, I'll make no bones about the whole affair. – I had a secret lover with me, you know. While my wife was reading her psychic books, I was visiting forlorn places in the bowels of this ship with my sweetheart and, in the rapture of happy feelings, I lost my hat.

Captain: We have to search the whole ship.

Old Man: It's not necessary. We just have to enter a room which was our favourite hiding-place.

Scene II

Old Man: Captain, I felt as if I were in the seventh heaven. We were like two little and cheerful children.

Captain: (*sighs*) O childhood, you lost paradise!

Old Man: O old age, you re-gained paradise!

Captain: Continue.

Old Man: Excuse me. – I’m a little distracted. Yes. I chased her around this chair and caught her. She turned around and surrendered to me. Her innocent young face revealed an unconditional surrender. Her blue eyes closed and her lips opened.

Captain: Yes, yes, yes, continue.

Old Man: Her lips opened to be kissed without an end.

Captain: Continue, please, continue.

Old Man: Then, her charming body sank into my arms to be caressed. We sat down upon this chair to enjoy the sweet fruit of physical love. (*sits down*)

Captain: Don’t continue.

Old Man: Oh, I can see my hat, over there in the corner. – My goodness! What’s happened? I can’t stand up.

Captain: O Heaven! You punishing Justice. (*by himself*) He sat down into the German glue. – Johnny, Johnny, my dear friend, we’ll never separate you from this chair again. The glue is terrible and eternal. It combines two objects forever.

Old Man: You’re terrifying me, Captain.

Captain: I’ll fetch George.

Scene III

In the corridor

Captain: George, a terrible accident has just shaken this ship.

George: Do I have to give the alarm?

Captain: No! You were all thumbs yesterday and spilled the German glue upon a chair.

George: Well, I was deft, but it slipped out of my hands. We should lock the door, so that nobody can sit upon this dreadful lime-twig.

Captain: It's too late. A passenger is caught.

George: Ouch!

Captain: Go and comfort him.

Scene IV

In the room

George: Good afternoon, sir! Are you sitting comfortably?

Old Man: You mocker! You can make fun of me because I can't break any of your bones.

George: No, no, sir. I am serious. It's extremely important for you to sit comfortably because you can't change your position.

Old Man: Never?

George: Never in your life.

Old Man: I'm going to try to get out of my pants.

George: There's no purpose in trying. You'd have to leave your skin.

Old Man: Please, lieutenant, could you send a priest here? I must talk to him by all means.

George: It's a blessing in disguise. We have one here this time, which is not the rule. Be patient.

Scene V

In the room

- Father:** What can I do for you?
- Old Man:** Oh Father, Father. Listen to my poor and sinful heart.
- Father:** Speak.
- Old Man:** I'm nailed to this damned chair, and nobody can help me. But I've deserved it.
- Father:** Why? *(stands in front of him with crossed arms, pricking up one of his ears)*
- Old Man:** I'm an old fool. I've acquired a bad habit in the last weeks. I cheated my wife and I cheated the world.
- Father:** How?
- Old Man:** I kept a secret lover in my house. I pretended to be a sleep-walker, which was confirmed by ten renowned psychiatrists. So I left my bed three times a week, looked back to make sure that my wife wasn't watching me, and than like a pussy-cat: *(moves with his forefinger and middle finger)* tip-tap, tippy-tippy – tap, upstairs into her chamber, where I spent the night sleeping at the soft feet of that lovely girl.
- Father:** Well, whenever we offend against the Laws of God, we set a trap for ourselves: what we gain in a dishonest way today, we'll lose tomorrow. Think of it, my son. *(leaves)*
- Old Man:** You humorist! I could be your grand-father.

Scene VI

At the bar

- Captain:** George, the captive is your case. Provide him with food.
- George:** Joe, give me a bottle of whisky. He must forget his scrape.

Joe: *(gives him a bottle)* You'll get some food for him in the kitchen.
George: OK.

Scene VII

Downstairs

Captain: Gentlemen, I've got some good news for you. A world congress of chemical scientists is taking place in Mexico City. The scientists are ready to help us. A German scientist immediately passed his hat around to collect money for the transportation of our patient. He was successful. A helicopter is already heading for Acapulco as we are. The Germans know how to dissolve the glue.

George: You're my great friend, Captain.

Captain: How is our captive?

George: Not very well. He complains that he's not able to ease himself.

Joe: Doc, don't you have the „Over-night Wonder“ in your first-aid bag? *(the „Over-night Wonder“ is a famous laxative)*

Doctor: Joe, you have no idea whatsoever about medicine. The „Over-night Wonder“ would make the whole matter worse. *(knits his brows)*

Captain: Doctor Baker, I forbid you to knit your brows. Don't you see how worried I am?

George: Where's Pat?

Captain: He's replacing me on the phone because he knows Spanish. We're connected with Mexico City.

Doctor: Wouldn't the electronic interpreter do?

Scene VIII

- Captain:** Pat is running with his latest news.
- Refugee:** *(remains standing on the staircase)* Captain, Captain, the latest news. The Russian scientists left in protest.
- Captain:** Why?
- Refugee:** Because they gain their glue from freshly used diapers.
- Captain:** Why didn't you persuade them to stay?
- Refugee:** I tried to, but in vain.
- Captain:** Go back and help the helicopter to land safely.

Scene IX

In Captain's steering-room

- Refugee:** Damn it! The telephone's ringing again. *(answers the phone)* Yes, the responsible assistant of Captain Cook is speaking. Who's on the other end of this hot line?
- Pilots:** *(from a loud-speaker)* Somos nosotros, señor. Estamos acercándonos al Puerto de Acapulco. ¡Ayúdenos! Hay una torre muy alta delante de nosotros.
- Refugee:** No importa. Sigán volando, señores, sigán volando.
- Pilots:** *(from a loud-speaker)* Gracias, señor.
- Refugee:** De nada, para servirles siempre. *(an explosion can be heard – the helicopter crashes)*
- Refugee:** Dickens! – *(by himself)* Now you have put your foot in it.
- Electronic**
- Translator:** I'm an electronic translator. Listen to me and don't cut me short. *(refugee pricks up his ears)*

Electronic

Translator: (*translates*) The translation: It's us, sir. We're approaching the port of Acapulco. Help us. There's a high tower in front of us. (*in a changed voice*) That doesn't matter. Fly, gentlemen, fly. (*change of voice*) Thank you, sir. (*change of voice*) Don't mention it. It was my pleasure, and thank you for your attention.

Refugee: (*to the electronic translator*) What you've said, was no longer true.

Scene X

Downstairs

Refugee: (*runs*) Captain, Captain.

Captain: Yes. The latest news?

Refugee: Yes. The helicopter has just crashed.

Captain: How has it happened?

Refugee: Well, the pilot reported that there was a high „torre“ in front of them. I told him: That doesn't matter. Fly, gentlemen, fly. I confused „torre“ which means „tower“ with „toro“ which means „bull“. A bull can't do any harm to a flying helicopter, can he?

Captain : Run back, you Tower of Babylon, and order another helicopter.

Refugee : OK. (*runs back*)

Scene XI

Refugee: (*by himself*) I must order another helicopter. Captain chases me as if I were his private, but that doesn't matter. He's a good

man and Julie is a wonderful girl. Doctor is a good man, too, although he didn't break my legs. (*dials*)

Señora: (*from a loud-speaker*) Sí, señor.

Refugee: Por favor, mándenos otro helicóptero.

Señora: (*from a loud-speaker*) Sí, señor, uno está en el aire. Voy a mandarlo al puerto.

Refugee: Gracias, señora.

Señora: (*from a loud-speaker*) De nada, para servirles siempre.

Refugee: (*connected with the pilots*) ¿Quién está tosiendo? Who's coughing on the line, please?

Pilots: (*from a loud-speaker*) Somos nosotros los pilotos y aviadores. Vemos una torre muy alta en frente de nosotros.

Refugee: No importa, señores, sigan volando, sigan volando.

Pilots: (*from a loud-speaker*) Gracias.

Refugee: De nada.

Pilots: (*crash: an explosion can be heard*)

Refugee: My goodness! I confused the „tower“ with the „bull“ again.

Electronic

Translator: It's me, the electronic translator. I won't translate any more. You've offended me. I can just inform you that your interlocutors are dead. Go and talk to them in the séance.

Refugee: (*to the electronic translator*) Excuse me. (*runs away*)

Scene XII

Downstairs

Refugee: (*runs*) Captain, Captain, the second helicopter crashed, too.

- Captain:** Pat, sit down and sleep. When you sleep, you don't damage and devastate anything. – Well, gentlemen, we have to send our captive by bus to Mexico City, because we'd decimate the Mexican Air Force.
- Refugee:** *(sleeps on a step)*
- Old Man:** *(carried on his chair by two strong men)* Captain, here's a check. I'm bequeathing all my money to the American orphans.
- Captain:** Won't you regret it later on?
- Old Man:** No, I won't.
- Captain:** Thank you, Johnny. *(Captain puts his lost hat on his head)*
- George:** *(while going away)* The Old Man and the Sea.

The End

Popisy k jednotlivým titulům edice

V první řadě edice pro podporu poznání v oblasti humánních věd bylo vydáno šest titulů:

Tato edice je zaměřena jak na širokou veřejnost, středoškoláky a studenty, tak i na odborné kruhy. V oboru psychoanalýzy jsou sepsána tři díla. První se jmenuje „NÁVRAT K ZÁKLADŮM – Po stopách podvědomí a nevědomí“, druhé: „SUGESCE, AUTOSUGESCE A HYPNÓZA“ a třetí: „PROČ SE SMĚJEME - Psychologie a psychoanalýza humoru, komiky a ironie“. Po tomto trojhvězdi, které zahrnuje všechny složky osobnosti: nevědomí (Návrat k základům), podvědomí (hypnóza), a vědomí + podvědomí a nevědomí (humor) následuje jedno dílo z oblasti pedagogiky s titulem: „PRAMENY STUDÁNKY PEDAGOGICKÉ PRAXE – Pedagogika, psychologie a psychoanalýza – místy s humorem“. Do této ediční řady je pojat ještě humoristický román „OZVĚNY LÁSKY“ a stejnojmenný scénář. Tyto zábavné texty mohou být použity i ke studijním účelům.

Následné popisy se nachází na zadních stranách obalu:

Popis k „Návrat k základům“

Tato psychoanalytická práce se obrací jak na odborné kruhy z nejrůznějších oblastí života, tak i na širokou veřejnost se zájmem o hlubší poznání člověka. Nabízí hluboký pohled do funkcí podvědomí a nevědomí. Autor osvětluje činnost duševní soustavy ve snu, kreativním procesu a duševní nemoci, kterou definuje jako symbolickou manifestaci zraněného vztahu. Nosnými pilíři této psychoanalytické práce jsou svoboda a vztah jako základní principy duševní dynamiky. – Veškerá duševní činnost, mimo jiné i řešení problémů, vědecké poznatky, technický vývoj a umění vychází podle autorova zjištění ze základní funkce nevědomí, to je osvobozování

Popis k „Sugesce, Autosugesce a Hypnóza“

Slovo „Hypnóza“ se nachází ve slovní zásobě téměř každého člověka. Za tímto výrazem se skrývá široká škála faktorů, které jsou náplní tohoto zvláštního fenoménu řízené funkce duševní soustavy. Autor uvádí všechny

prvky hypnózy, které jsou výsledkem vědecké práce amerických, německých a dalších badatelů. Jako teoretický psychoanalytik připojuje vlastní osvětlující komentáře k existujícím fenoménům hypnózy. V „Základní teorii hypnózy“ nabízí nové porozumění podstaty tohoto fenoménu vedle dosavadních uvedených teorií příslušných expertů.

Popis k „Proč se smějeme“

Smích nás věrně doprovází našim životem. Víme ale, proč se smějeme? Odpověď zní následovně: „Protože nám něco připadá komické.“ Tento postřeh je sice správný, ale velmi obecný a povrchní. Abychom vnikli do „tajemství“ smíchu, musíme jeho příčinu podrobit důkladné psychologické a „technické“ systematické analýze, o což se toto dílo v souvislé teorii pokouší, přičemž nahlédneme do podstaty humoru, komiky a ironie. Psychoanalytické rozuzlení nám v tomto díle podává konečné vysvětlení „tajemství“ smíchu.

Popis k „Prameny studánky pedagogické praxe“

Pedagogika je tradičně příliš zaměřená na didaktiku a postrádá všeobecně a to i mimo Českou republiku a Evropu psychologickou, především ale psychoanalytickou substanci, která nám umožní lepší orientaci v oblasti výuky a výchovy a vyvádí z bloudění v omylu. Didaktická část této skromné práce sice oslovuje konkrétně jazykáře, je ale všeobecně platná pro všechny předměty. V demokratických společnostech můžeme pozorovat úpadek učebního výnosu a rozklad chování žáků. Autor se pokouší nastínit cestu k nápravě. Sporadický humor a kapitola satiry jsou výrazem bezmocnosti všech pracovníků ve školství. Stali se spolu s žáky oběťmi společnosti, v níž schází žákům přirozeně uznávaná autorita a smysl pro poslušnost, která je duší každé organizace nezbytné pro zdravou funkci společnosti.

Popis k „Ozvěny lásky“

Tento román je syntézou exilu s vlastí. V jeho druhé polovině se jedná o závěrečný boj proti komunismu v duchu humoru. O jakou zbraň vlastně jde, nám zjeví samotná četba. Román má však vážné pozadí. Jedná se v něm mimo jiné o hledání smyslu života, který nachází hlavní postava

jako ateista nakonec v lásce, která se rodí po překonání vlastního „já“ ve svobodě ve spojení s Bohem.

Román je převeden i do základní formy scénáře podle normy Hollywoodu a je publikován pod stejnojmenným titulem jako humoristická komedie. Scénář můžeme tedy číst jako drama.

Popis ke „Scénáři Ozvěny lásky“

Toto dílo vzniklo podle stejnojmenného románu, který byl převeden do základní formy scénáře podle normy Hollywoodu. Scénář můžeme tedy číst jako drama. Zatímco román má hodně „odboček“, musí se scénář ubírat stále stejnou cestou, přičemž by se hlavní postava měla vyskytovat téměř ve všech scénách. V této formě kinematografie se setkáváme se srovnatelnou strukturou jako u dramatu o třech jednáních: situací – konfrontací – rozřešením (u komedie).

Ve druhé řadě edice pro podporu poznání v oblasti humánních věd bylo vydáno pět titulů:

Následné popisy se nachází na zadních stranách obalu:

Popis k „The Fans of Love“

Tato humoristická komedie v anglickém jazyce byla původně sepsána v roce 1983 pro jednu filmovou společnost Hollywoodu. Poněvadž se jedná o společenskou komedii, která ve Spojených státech nemá v televizních pořadech tradici, nedošlo k její produkci, což však nikterak nesnižuje její hodnotu v oblasti zábavy čtenáře, který se rád pobaví a zasměje. Určitě poslouží mimo čtenářů se znalostí anglického jazyka i studentům středních škol, gymnázií a studentům anglického jazyka na vysokých školách.

Popis k „Setkání s Dvorním šaškem Nebeského království“

Tato humoristická novela hledá pravý smysl života přes veškerá pokušení a slabosti a zviditelňuje omyly, kterým je člověk vystaven a sice jak v privátním, tak i ve veřejném životě. S příchutí politické satiry se jedná o souboj mezi ateismem s křesťanstvím a materialismem s hodnotami

duchovními v duchu humoru, kde Dvorní šašek Nebeského království nakonec vítězí nad svým ateistickým rivalem.

Popis k „Vrchní velitel Armády spásy“

Hrdina této tragikomické satiry pan Papoušek vzal na sebe nelehký úkol. Chce vykoupit člověka ze ztráty rozumu. Odchází se svým zdravým selským rozumem na psychiatrii, kde je v jednom ze svých snů jmenován Ježíšem Vrchním velitelem Armády spásy. Se ztrátou rozumu člověka zápasí na psychiatrii, bojuje proti nespravedlnosti a chudobě a zasahuje nepřímou do dění světové politiky. Sklízí však, jak tomu už v životě bývá, v malých i velkých bojích jak vítězství, tak i porážku. Nedostatek Lásky a smyslu pro Spravedlnost v politické oblasti a Zlo nakonec jeho snahy zčásti zmaří.

Popis k dvojjazyčné verzi „The Fans of Love“ + „Fanoušci Lásky“ - dvojjazyčně

Tato humoristická komedie v anglickém jazyce byla původně sepsána v roce 1983 pro jednu filmovou společnost Hollywoodu. Poněvadž se jedná o společenskou komedii, která ve Spojených státech nemá v televizních pořadech tradici, nedošlo k její produkci, což však nikterak nesnižuje její hodnotu v oblasti zábavy čtenáře, který se rád pobaví a zasměje. Určitě poslouží mimo čtenářů se znalostí anglického a českého jazyka i studentům středních škol, gymnázií a studentům anglického jazyka na vysokých školách. - Přeložená verze do českého jazyka má usnadnit porozumění humoru i v cizím jazyce.

Popis k „Návrat do života“

V tomto díle autor spojil venkovské prostředí se světem a politiku a lidovost s filozofií v duchu humoru. O sexualitě se mluvilo na rozdíl od naší doby s odstupem pouze v duchu lidového humoru, tvořila však součást vědomí. Láska je naproti tomu ztvárněna bez humoristické příchuti. Ženy byly tehdy hluboce věřící a tak si braly při setkání na mušku humoru pouze ženskou sexualitu, aby nezhřešily, což autor nepřímou literárně ztvárňuje a uchovává.

V naší době vládne obraz sdělovacích prostředků a počítač, což silně oslabuje vztah ke knize. Společnost je materiálně zaměřená, peníze

ovládají její vědomí, duchovní hodnoty se vytrácí. Písemná elektronická komunikace státních zaměstnanců v některých oblastech nefunguje. I tyto nedostatky společnosti se dostávají do hledí satiry.

Autor uvádí řadu vlastních cizojazyčných textů pro čtenáře se zájmem o cizí jazyky. Všechny texty jsou následně převedeny do češtiny.

Téma románu spočívá v **hledání Pravdy** v různých částech a oblastech díla. Pozvolna se do děje vloudí i humor a pramen tvůrčí svobody. Děj je vložen z velké části do farnosti Žitkovských bohyň od Jiřího Jílíka a od Kateřiny Tučkové.

Autor odešel v roce 1968 jako nepotřebný branec do Západního Německa, kde absolvoval reálku a gymnázium pro dospělé. Následně studoval v Německu a ve Spojených státech jazyky a literaturu. Studium ukončil státnicemi a doktorátem a poté učil i na univerzitě středověkou německou literaturu. Má hluboký náhled do psychoanalýzy, což uplatnil jako autor psychoanalytických děl. Hodně cestoval a pobýval ve Světě.