

Przemysław Jurek

Kochanowo i okolice

Translated by E.V Carter

Characters :

Exterminator, rock band, composed of:

MARCYS – Guitar

34 years old, thin, tall, long hair in a pony tail, ???, T -shirt.

Type: „one man show“.

MAKAR – Bass guitar

34 years old, long hair, courdroys, multi- coloured shirt. Type:

Eternal hippie.

JAROMIR – Percussion

34 years old, plump, long hair, beard. Type: 'Hell's Angels' biker

KOCZIS – Vocals

34 years old, thin, black hair, dressed in black. Type: „ Starving
artist“

LIZZY – Guitar

42 years old, sneakers, skinny jeans, faded shirt: Type: Aging
rocker.

The rest:

MAGDA – 32 years old, wife of Marcys, pretty, ...????

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR – 9 years old, slim.

WIRSKI – 25 years old, handsome, dressed in „urban“ fashion.

JOURNALIST– circa. 60, prim, elegant.

COUNCIL HEAD – circa. 50 , stately, elegant.

DIRECTOR OF THE CULTURAL INSTITUE– circa. 40, non –
descript.

Also:

ZBYSZEK

SCENE1

The stage is dark. After a short while the sound of a creaking door is heard, footsteps and things being shuffled about. Suddlenly, the piercing clang of a percussion hitting the floor is heard.

VOICE OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Oh for f's sake, did nobody think to clear up again?

The sound of nervous bustling baout is heard for a short while. Person is out of breath and muttering obscenities.

VOICE OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Mr Zbyszek! Switch that bloody light on, I'll kill myslef in this darkness.

(pause, muttering and shuffling is heard again)

The stage illuminates, spotlight, a weak light lights up only the most jutting out front section of the stage. There is nothing on it apart from a small mixing desk on which there is a CD tower and player. Marcyś, tripping over something and swearing under his breath, exits from the darkness, wipes sweat off his forehead and shakes his head from side to side with irritation.

MARCYŚ *(to the wings)*

Thanks Mr Zbyszek. ??? Dobre i to.

Marcyś starts to fiddles around the CD tower. He pulls some out and then puts one into the player.

MARCYŚ *(suddenly turns around to face the audience)*

Do you know what death metal is?

pause

Death metal is a deadly serious matter. I'll play you some.

Marcyś presses the CD player. From the loudspeaker only horrible bangs and rustling emits.

MARCYŚ:

Course! Somebody has mixed up the cables again! No jasne! *(tos the wings)* Mr Zbyszek!!! *(to the audience)* Mr Zbyszek is the technical director of our ??? Right below the director. He's ace. In a way he's like sixth member of our band.

Mr Zbyszek appears. He is clearly tired.

MARCYŚ *(points at the knot of cables):*

Can you take a look? Who had rehearsals before us? Was it „Kochanowiaci”?

MR ZBYSZEK:

(nods to say yes)

MARCYŚ:

I knew it. In a week they have that ??? in Międzyzlesiu, right?

MR ZBYSZEK:

(nods to say yes, yawns)

MARCYŚ:

They'll be fine. They're on brilliant form.*(to the audience, whilst Mr Zbyszek lethargically works on the equipment)* „Kochanowiaci” are our country song and dance band. Avergare age – seventy and bit. The pride of the parish. They're proper stars, do loads of competition and they've even recorded an album. Live – here, in this room. Seriously. And the fact that our band still exists, I think only Mr Zbyszek knew until recently, right?

MR ZBYSZEK:

(shrugs his shoulders, yawns again)

MARCYŚ*(do MR Zbyszka):*

Have I woken you?

MR ZBYSZEK:

(fiddles with the equipment, doesn't answer)

MARCYŚ *(to the public):*

He's ace, really. Patience of a saint. We wouldn't manage without him.

I remember when we played this concert in ninety four in. ..

MR ZBYSZEK:

(dusts himself off and exits without a word)

MARCYŚ:

Ah right. That was quixk. Told you – he’s ace. That’s not many professionals like him around.

Marcyś switches on the CD player. This time, „The Final Countdown” by Europe is heard. After a few seconds Marcyś turns off the CD.

MARCYŚ:

What? You liked it? But that’s not death metal. I’ll play you something else.

Marcyś pushed the CD slot back into the machine. The first lines of Metallica’s „Nothing Else Matters” is heard.

MARCYŚ:

It’s good it, right? But that’s not death metal either. That’s not even normal metal, that just the fall of a band which...

(pause)

Ale dobra, mniejsza o to?? In brief: there is heavy metal, thrash metal, black metal, death metal, there's

(pause)

I can I bloody explain it to you...

(pause)

Death metal is something completely different than what you think it is.

(pause)

Nevermind. There will come a time, and you'll hear some.

(pause)

The thing with death metal is that every decent band has their principals. We did too. There was never talk of compromise. The snag is that nobody ever offered us a compromise. But we got it in the end.

Of course, - the whole shabang was down, of course, to our dear friend Makar - that degenerate, druggie loser. And the only bass player in the neighbourhood that could keep up with us. Of course, on the condition that he made it to rehearsals. Waiting for Makar became our fifth ritual. You think metalheads do some kind of black mass? Well you've read too much??? Nothing at all like that, ladies and gents..
???? To są bujdy na resorach. All we needed was group seances fuelled by helpless hatred towards our friend.

(Marcyś disappears into the darkness and returns with an electric guitar strapped across his shoulder) Last Friday it went something like this....

Dimming of lights and –

Scena 2

– centre stage lights up. Marcyś, silently tunes the guitar, behind the drums sits a visibly anxious Jaromir, Lizzy is fiddling with the amp and a glum Koczis is sitting upright on a chair.

Behind the drums hangs a tatty banner bearing the name 'Exterminator'. The speakers look knackered. A tense atmosphere of anticipation.

JAROMIR:

Where the hell is he?

KOCZIS:

I'll wait another five minutes and I'm going home.

LIZZY:

What's the rush Koczis?, well?

KOCZIS:

„Six feet under“ is on TV.

LIZZY:

Can't you watch something decent? Like normal people do? „Prison Break“ for example?

KOCZIS:

I could, Lizzy. But I don't want to.

JAROMIR:

Let him watch ot. Maybe he'll get some inspiration finally and write some lyrics.

LIZZY (*ironically*):

On the condition, dear Jaromir, we'll come up with some new stuff.

KOCZIS:

What for?

LIZZY:

Exactly. What for? Better to sit and moan, right? At Makar.

JAROMIR:

You wait all week for the Friday to unwind and that scumbag doesn't
give a shit.

KOCZIS:

The stresses of a librarian. Amzing.

JAROMIR:

Yeah, you're right. My mate in banking is all het up about this crisis
and it's really getting to him and he thinks that everyone else lead
fairytale lives. And I've got a dead end job and credit to pay off – in
francs. And what am I supposed to do

KOCZIS:

You shoudln't have taken it.

JAROMIR:

You forced me to yourself!

LIZZY:

They told me to take francs as well.

KOCZIS:

Ah, the next stressed out representative of???/O, odezwał się kolejny
zestresowany przedstawiciel budżetówki.

The men start to argue, which only when Marcys steps in, dies down to a barely audible murmur and only his monologue is heard.

MARCYS *(to the public)*

Cool, no? That's what our rehearsals usually looked like at the start.

Here is how it goes: (points at Jaromir who is engrossed in discussion) Jaromir, our quick as lightning drummer - in his private life; a husband, father and employee of the public library in Klodzku Koczis *(points at Koczis)*, charismatic vocalist and the band's song writer – in his private life; desperately lonely and a clinical pessimist who works in a bank giving out credit to people and firms fizycznych??? And Lizzy *(points at Lizzy)* – been in the band for four years, which is since we all decided to give it another shot – Lizzy, high – school music teacher from Kłodzka is, in his private life; divorced and frustrated. In the eighties he was a part of a band - 'Kawaleria Szatana' from Klodzku which, at one stage, got a people's choice award but it fell apart cos' when the boys travelled to Warsaw to record the single, they made such a scene in a hotel that Tonpress ordered them to fuck off home and their career went to shits.

And, in the meantime, Makar, that fucking hippy ????? tego pieprzonego hipisa, ciągle nie było.

(pause)

The band's name isn't bad, right? Exterminator... Koczis, to tell you the truth, wanted us to be called something more original - Ropień 'Ścierwo, but Jaromir reckoned that with a names like that we wouldn't make it anywhere. In the end we stuck with the neutral 'Exterminator' – my idea if someone was asking, but, as you can see, it didn't do much for us. The breakthrough had to come somehow. Some kick up a storm at high – school, others only after thirty. mój pomysł, jakby kto pytał, ale, jak widać, i tak nic to nie dało. ???A ten dzień dopiero się przecież zaczynał.???

(to his mates, interrupting their discussion) Can you shut up ahead....

Koczis, get the bass. Let's play whatever, we're wasting time..

The musicians reluctantly reach for their instrument. When they are just about start, Makar runs in out of breath.

MAKAR:

Boys, sorry! We're on, we're on...I just have to have a quick word with Marcys. Marcys, come here!

Marcyś, surprised, puts down his guitar. odkłada gitarę. Makar pulls him left of stage.

Lights dim andi –

Scena 3

- right of stage is immediatedly lit up: a small, store – room full of old scattered music equipment is visible.

MARCYŚ:

Man, what's up? What are you plotting?

MAKAR:

I've got amazing new. For you, and for the band. I

MARCYŚ:

What?

MAKAR:

So I was walking through the square in Klodzk a few days ago and who do I bump in to? The young Wirski. Know who I mean?

MARCYŚ:

I do. And?

MAKAR:

So we start chatting and chatting and it turns out that he got a job in the community office– in the cultural inspectorate and he’s got inside info. Good news. Really good, even.

MARCYŚ:

Jesus, man, what have you taken again? Tell me what the deal is?

MAKAR:

I’m saying – the No właśnie mówię. They community office is getting this band in. For a concert. Here..

MARCYŚ:

To Kłodzk?

MAKAR:

Yeah, that’s what I’m saying – here, to Kochanowo. For the harvest festival. Powiatowe!????

MARCYŚ:

That's serious stuff.

MAKAR:

Don't mock, my friend. Guess what band

MARCYŚ:

No idea. Pectus?

MAKAR:

No

MARCYŚ:

Feel?

MAKAR:

No

MARCYŚ:

Jesus, Makar, I don't know. We have rehearsals, and you're late of course.

MAKAR:

Your favourite band, Marcyś.

MARCYŚ (*kpiąco*):

Morbid Angel?

MAKAR:

No, not Morbid Angel.

MAKAR:

Cannibal Corpse?

MAKAR:

Nie. Kombi.

MARCYŚ (huffs contemptuously)

Kombi?

MAKAR:

What, you're not excited?

MARCYŚ:

Makar, it's not Kombi. Kombi once was but now it's just a crap imitation.

MAKAR:

What do you mean – imitation?

MARCYŚ:

Łosowski isn't in it.

MAKAR:

Who?

MARCYŚ:

Łosowski. The bald one who plated the keyboard.

MAKAR:

Oh, yeah? I didn't know. Damn, I thought you'd be happy. The harvest festival falls on your birthday.

MARCYŚ:

I think I'd prefer a different present.

MAKAR (*after a pause, clearly dissappointed*):

That's a shame because...

MARCYŚ:

Because what?

MAKAR:

Because, well, I said it was good news for you and for the band...

MARCYŚ (*suspiciously*):

Yeah, you said.

MAKAR:

Blood hell, let's see what the boys say.

MARCYŚ:

Makar, spill. What have conjured up you fool?

MAKAR (*stuttering*)

Hm... Because, well, cos' I was chatting away with Wirski and I managed to wangle us supporting Kombi.

MARCYŚ:

What?

MAKAR:

You know, we'll be on before Kombi.

MARCYŚ:

Fucking hell, I can't believe what I'm hearing.

GŁOS JAROMIRA:

What's going on over there?

MAKAR:

Nothing, nothing .

MARCYŚ:

Go and tell them.

GŁOS JAROMIRA:

What do you mean nothing, when I can hear you arguing? Marcyś,
chuck him out of the band, will you?

MARCYŚ:

**Go and fucking tell them, ???? Let them lynch you. And don't
think I'm gonna stick up for you. Fucking hell, do you have to
smoke so much weed?**

MAKAR:

Marcyś, I thought you'd be happy. It was supposed to be a present for
you. For your thirty third birthday!

MARCYŚ:

Amazing present. Go and tell the boys and them go and sort it all out.

MAKAR:

I can't.

MARCYŚ:

What do you mean you can't?

MAKAR:

I can't be done, cos' Wirski in the meantime pulled a few strings, contacted Kombi's management and the whole deal is on. He just rang, that's why I was late. COUNCIL HEAD has already agreed and the formalities have been sorted. Whe can't back out.

MARCYŚ:

Jesus Christ.

MAKAR:

But that's not the end of it.

MARCYŚ: (distraugt)

That's not the end of it?

Light dim and -

Scene 4

- immediate illumination. Like in the opening scene – spotlight on Marcys only, rest of stage is dark.

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

This needs an explanation. Firstly: Makar, our mate who just bumbled about, smoking copious amounts of weed, listened to Genesis and dressed as a flower – child, completely ruined our worked – out image. Since we got back from Kochanowo, he worked at the sawmill. And he finished uni same time as us. I said, everything but no ??????? Go into librarianism like us and the world will be your oyster. But he wouldn't budge and there he has it. I loved that guy, like the rest of the boys but one thing was for certain – Makar was completely fucked in the head.

(pause)

Secondly: Kombi.

(pause, deep breath)

I remember that day like it was yesterday..

Light dim and -

Scene 5

- immediate illumination of left side of stage. A typical room from the 80's. Wall units, crystals, 'Rubin' colour TV etc. On the floor a boy, around 9 years old, is kneeling (Marcyś-Junior) and is reading a comic book (Beano?) whilst looking up at the TV from time to time. A

*popular children's programme is on. Marcys - Senior look nostalgically
at the scene.*

MARCYŚ-SENIOR *(pointing at the boy):*

That' me.

It's 1984. My parents weren't there because they had a change over of shifts at work, it was pouring outside and couldn't go out onto the pitch and play, so I was reading a comic book. „Festiwal czarownic”, was rare back then. We had one copy between us four. Koczis got one from his aunt who –

Marcyś-Senior interrupts – on the TV is an announcement for 'Kombis' new song: „Nie ma zysku”.

Maryś-Junior, carries on reading, but lifts his gaze after a while and is then transfixed.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

I caught it.

The boy is quivering in awe. He sits motionless and is wide – eyed in awe..

Gradual dimming of lights.

Scene 6

Illumination – scene is that of the opening scene.

MARCYŚ *(to public):*

Today you say: that was an experience. So back then –it was April 1984, exactly five years before my ninth birthday – I had an experience which I never had before and only ever had a handful of times again...I can't, I'm getting emotional, dammit...

(pause)

Well, I don't know, I was just sitting in front of the television and suddenly this music video interested me, which I had absolutely no clue about before, cos' I wasn't interested in music before and my only idol was Włodzimierz Smolarek – but believe me it was a real fixation.

From then on I became the biggest Kombi fan in the world

(pause)

And, unfortunately, that stayed with me to this day. I have every album, every single, every poster – I was a member of two fanclubs at the same time and when the band broke up in 1992, I still had hope that they'd get back together years later. But that break up had its good sides. Grzegorz Skawiński's solo career, and I'd like to remind

you that the artist recorded his first eponymous album in 1989 and it made me be a metalhead. I began to play the guitar thanks to him.

But, when it came to the band's reunion...

(pause)

You know yourselves that today's Kombi isn't the same a yesterday's Kombi. It's just pure????To po prostu czysta uzurpacja. There is Skawa, there is Tkaczyk, but there's no Łosowski, so that's that.

Everyone know it but not that moron Makar.

Lights dim and–

Scene 7

*– illumination of centre stage. The same rehearsal room is seen.
. Marcyś and Makar enter from right, from the side of the box room as seen in scene 3..*

MARCYŚ:

Spill, dumbass.

JAROMIR:

What's up?

LIZZY:

You've got what's coming Makar? We looking for a new bassist

Marcyś?

MARCYŚ:

Makar would love to tell you everything. Spill, I said!

MAKAR:

Geez, Marcyś, relax you know I wanted to good...

MARCYŚ:

I know. You always want to do good, but it rarely ever works out.

MAKAR:

But I haven't told you everything yet! I told you before that that's not
the end, right?

MARCYŚ:

So spill, you have the chance. From the top. Slowly. Maybe it'll turn
out that I heard wrong. Maybe it'll turn out that I was just

*Makar starts to tell his story. The musicians listen to him with
mounting amazement. At the same time, Marcyś turns to the
audience.*

MARCYŚ:

The boys have to understand me. I was in the same class as them
and...

LIZZY (*suddenlt turn to Marcys*):

Not with me.

MARCYŚ (*niezrażony*):

Well, yes, not with Lizzy, but the others yes. The whole of high –
school, the whole of uni. First it was one band, then another and then
Exterminator... All our lives together, for better and for worse. Kłodzk,
Wrocław, Kochanowo. They know me inside out. They know that I'd
give my right arm for Kombi. Who know how to tread carefully with
your feeling than your friends? I can trust these three guys. I can rely
on them. Old friendship never wanes, old friends stick by you no
matter what and...

MAKAR (*loudly finishing his story*):

... and, cut a long story short, we'll be supporting Kombi at the festival.

LIZZY:

Amazing!

MARCYŚ:

What?

LIZZY:

Amazing. Finally something's happening!

MARCYŚ:

Are you mad?

LIZZY *(to rest of the band):*

What's up with him.

JAROMIR:

It's long and complicated.

MAKAR:

Hold on a fucking moment! I haven't finished yet!

MARCYŚ *(ironicall, through gritted teeth):*

Yes, go on, talk – don't be shy. I'll just take seat first.

(sits on the amp)

MAKAR:

It turns out that's the concert isn't the end of it. There's also a grant to be won. Five thousand smackers for musically talented young artists
????? z obszarów objętych jakimś tam unijnym programem. Wirski said, that if we fill in the right lines, the cash is as good as in the bank.

COUNCIL HEAD is on our side. They've got no contenders in the

community office and they have to spend the cash till the end of the month because they won't get it next year and they'll probably be taken over by some sort of board or something. We've landed in their nets. They're really delighted.

LIZZY:

That's fab!

MAKAR:

But there's one minor snare.

MARCYŚ:

Wonder what.

MAKAR:

We have to be tame at the festival. None of that death metal. There'll be loads of notable people coming down – apparently someone from z Platform and some sort of major players from PSL – it's a big deal.

Better not shock the establishment. Just in case.

MARCYŚ:

So COUNCIL HEAD doesn't know what we play?

MAKAR:

COUNCIL HEAD no, but he stopped somewhere on the level Skald and Trubadur so there's no point in talking to him. But, Wirski does know. I

told him. And I promised him we'd adjust to the overall tone of the event.

MARCYŚ:

Jesus Christ.

LIZZY:

Jesus Christ – what. We'll manage. We'll play something mellow and that's it.

MARCYŚ:

Lizzy, we don't have anything mellow to play.

LIZZY:

And what, we'll make something up.

MARCYŚ (*do Koczis and Jaromir*):

Cat got your tongues?

JAROMIR:

We're speechless.

KOCZIS:

We've finally got a managee.

MARCYŚ:

So what. You're all for it? You want to support Kombi? THAT Kombi?

Sell your gran for five pieces of gold? People!

LIZZY:

What's he going on about?

JAROMIR:

I told you, it's complicated. If you knew him as long as we do, you'd know our lead man has a certain, embarrassing hobby... Well, it's...

(leans above Lizzy and explains)

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

Exactly. That's what I was counting on. Everything will get back to normal in a minute. We'll start rehearsal, Makar will apologise and that's the end of that saga.

LIZZY *(to Jaromir):*

You're jocking.

JAROMIR:

Serious. Ask Koczis.

KOCZIS:

I'm afraid I can't deny it.

LIZZY:

Fucking hell!

MARCYS (*to Lizzy*):

And you? You listened to Zeppelin from the womb, right?

LIZZY:

Mate, I even listend to Abba in my childhood. But I grew of it...

MAKAR:

Well I didn't.

KOCZIS:

He never grew out of it, I tell you. At home he still has this huge
Kombi poster. Prize spot. Above your bed, right?

MARCYS:

Yeah, And? What of it?

LIZZY:

That's why he's never even invited me up for coffee. Ha, ha, ha, ha,
And your wife allows it?

JAROMIR:

When Magda tried to throw out the poster, he threatend her with
divorce.

KOCZIS:

A pathological family.

LIZZY:

So, cos' of some sort of sentiment towards the old Kombi you want to
waste such an opportunity?

MARCYŚ:

Opportunity? For what, exactly?

LIZZY (*unsure*):

A chance for success, of course...

MARCYŚ:

What success. Performing at a harvest festival, supporting Kombiaki,
in some sort of lame, carnival line – up, - that's supposed to be a
chance for success?

LIZZY:

Better than nothing. What have we played a concert -well?

KOCZIS:

Three years ago, in Kłodzk, at some showcase for metal bands, as a so called local, star band.

LIZZY:

Exactly. Nothing since then.

MARCYŚ:

And what? We play for the pleasure and that's it. We had our five minutes, but that was a long time ago – in Wrocław, not here, and now we're

LIZZY:

There's nothing to lose. If we support Kombi then maybe somebody will scout us.. Skawiński, for example. He's been in the trade for ages and maybe he could help us – recommend us to someone...

MARCYŚ:

Of course. They'll come down, Jasne, play their crap and that's all we'll see of them. You reckon Skawa weill want to watch us? You're mad. They'll arrive at the stadium a minute before they are supposed to play and then they'll fuck off home. Or to another festival. Maybe they've got a tour lined up będzie chciał nas oglądać? Chyba zwariowałeś. Wpadną na stadion na minutę przed wejściem na scenę. I zaraz spieprzą do domu. Albo na inne dożynki. Może mają już

zaplanowane tournée: „Harvest Festival 2009”. And straight after their successful tour they’ll open a new Carrefour/shopping mall.

LIZZY:

But there is a chance.

MARCYŚ:

Lizzy, it’s madness. We’re a death metal band. Death metal!

LIZZY:

I know – and what of it?

MARCYŚ:

What of it is that we have to hold on to something. We’re supposed to sell out for five thousand and perform at that festival? We, Exterminator, are supposed to play a local harvest festival supporting Kombi? And, at that, in some dumbed line up to cater for the masses? Shall we play them „ Eeenie weenie polka dot bikini”, or what?

LIZZY:

You’re going over the top.

MARCYŚ:

No, I’m not. *(to Jaromir and Koczis)*. Say something for fuck’s sake –

I give up.

JAROMIR:

Hmm... Five thousand doesn't grow on trees.

MAKAR:

See!

KOCZIS:

We could buy something with that. For the band?

MARCYŚ:

Like what?

LIZZY:

Like some effect for the guitar, a few new strings for Jaromir. The stuff we play on still remembers communist days.

MARCYŚ:

Na to nasze piątkowe pykanie wystarczy aż nadto.?????

LIZZY:

No way – all our gear will fall apart soon. Look at your amp. It's a relic. (*looks behind it*) See – date of production – 1992!

MARCYŚ:

It has a beautiful noble...

LIZZY (*interrupting him*):

Just don't tell about its beautiful, noble sound - God dammit. Our microphones are playing up - everything's playing up. There an opportunity, we need to seize it.

MARCYŚ:

So you're all for it - it's just me who's against it, right.

MAKAR:

I am. I'm for it.

MARCYŚ:

I wasn't asking you.

LIZZY:

I'm all for it too. We'd be mugs if we didn't do it.

MARCYŚ:

Right. And you?

JAROMIR:

I'm all for it too . Biorę poprawkę na twoje uczucia religijne, ale jestem
za. ????

MARCYŚ (*do Koczisa*):

You too, louse?

KOCZIS:

Me too.

MARCYŚ:

Kiss my ass. I'm leaving the band.

Light dims.

Scena 8

Slowly illuminates – similar to scene 1

MARCYŚ (*to the audience*):

I know, I know. Idiotic situation. Funny, very funny, nothing to do but
to sit and weep. But I tell you, there had never been such tension
between the band until that day/ And on that beautiful Friday...Bang

and the band was no mre. And down to the very person that always kept the band together. What a palaver..

(pause)

But I'm not sure that you...that you understand what is what. Czy kumacie, czaicie bazę. ????

(pause)

I convinced my parent to by a gramophone...

(pause)

What sort of idea was that anyway - a gramophpone! Should have been a tape recorder from the start. And there I was - stuck with this recorder player for years after and when others recorded whatever they wanted off the radio, I only had ten records and I had to run over to Jaromir's house to get something else to listen to. On the other, a gramophone was better than nothing. Przynajmniej miałem mużę w stereo. ????

(pause)

So when I convinced my parents to buy a gramophone...bloody hell, youo should have seen what lenghts I had to go to. Dad had to sweeten up the shopowner but then had to queue for it half the night anyway. But he bought it, he bought it. I got if on my ninth

birthday. And it was present – dad, opposed to Makar, when he wanted to do good, he always knew how to.

So I got this record player and what was the first record in my collection. Of course: „Nowy rozdział”, ladies and gents. The moment I listened to the first track on the album – it was epiphinal

Lights dim and –

Scena 10

Illumination of right side of stage. A reasonably modern, well presented 'Ikea' style bedroom. Above the bed is a huge, framed . Next to is it a bedside lamp. On the ned, leaning against the wall, sits Magda. Matcys sits on the edge of the mattress, deep and thought and visibly grumpy.

MAGDA (*giggling*):

I can't, I can't ...

MARCYŚ:

Stop it, woman.

MAGDA:

I can't...

MARCYŚ:

Magda, stop it, you'll wake the kids. Who's side are you – well?

MAGDA (*still giggling*):

Your side, darling. Always.

MARCYŚ:

But you think I'm an idiot, right?

MAGDA:

Of course.

MARCYŚ:

It's them that are idiots. They reckon, what? That we still have some sort of chance? To oni są idiotami. Myślą, że co? Że mamy jeszcze na cokolwiek szansę? Some kind of unfulfilled ambitions have eeked out of them. And Lizzy has completely lost the plot. The guy's forty two years old. FORTY – TWO!

MAGDA (*tries hard to calm herself and have a serious discussion*)

It's never too late. And married a musician not a shopkeeper.

MARCYŚ:

Lovely. So everything I've achieved is worth nothing, right?

MAGDA:

Of course it's worth a lot. But I know what plays in your soul, darling.

In you soul plays old school swedish death metal – oh, and Kombi???

W duszy gra ci zapomniala...???

MARCYŚ (*not letting himself be provoked, after a long pause*)

So what should I do?

MAGDA:

Go and apologise to them and say that you agree to it.

MARCYŚ:

But it's some kind of joke.

MAGDA:

Exactly. I'm telling you – it'll be a laugh, you'll see.

MARCYŚ:

But I don't want it to be a laugh.

MAGDA (*giggling again*):

It already is.

MARCYŚ:

For fuck's sake!

MAGDA (*more serious*):

You're scared, darling.

MARCYŚ:

Of what?

MAGDA:

You're scared it won't work out for you guys again. You're scared because it didn't work out for you once and you blame yourself – quite rightly so in my opinion.

MARCYŚ:

There we go again – Mrs psychologist to the rescue as usual. I'm not talking about it again. I couldn't go on the road, I had to be with you. A man can't leave his women, when there's something harming her.

MAGDA:

Oh lord, you've chocked me up. I'll burst into tears in a minute. So much emotion in one night, that could be bad for me...

(*starts to giggle again*)

MARCYŚ:

And what, in your opinion, will a concert at a harvest festival, give us?

MAGDA:

Koncert is a detail. It's the price of getting income. The grant is important. You'll get them money and instead of buying equipment, you'll hire a studio. You'll record some stuff, send it to a producer and post it up on Myspace. Even if nothing comes of it, you'll still leave something behind. Good idea?

MARCYŚ:

Hmm... I didn't think of that. But play on the same stage as the new Kombi? To stoop so low? I'm supposed to sell my whole childhood for five grand? To sell my soul?

MAGDA:

Kombi is just a pretext. Kombi, you beloved, favourite band is, in this case, just a smoke screen. You sentiment towards Kombi, darling, shields you from the unknown, perhaps the unpleasant, the future, in brief... Terrrrrible things on the horizon...some sort of monster approaches...And „turbo lover” , instead of beating his chest, pegs it into the corner and?????zamiast wypiąć klatę, zmiata do kącika i odstawia Hamleta w obronie Sławomira Łosowskiego...

MARCYŚ:

Dear God, where were my senses when I asked you to marry me?

MAGDA (*serious again*):

I'm going to sleep. And you sit here and think about it. (*give his a smacker on the cheek and gets under the covers*) Have good look at the poster, maybe you'll dream something nice tonight. The music video for „Słodkiego, miłego życia” for example/
(*giggling from under the covers, turns to her side and turn off the lamp*)

Lights dim and -

Scene 11

Slowly illuminates – similar to scene 1

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

There's nothing like the support of your wife. That's the way it goes when you go to a student and instead of hitting on some language student you end up chatting to a psychology student and then you sweep her off her feet with your guitar and take her to rehearsal. And instead of hearing „Ow, and Arrr – what harsh music, I prefer Grzegorza Turnaua”, you hear słyszy: „ Damn, you're really banging!

Effectively, she has free psychotherapy at home for the rest of her life. We metal heads are sensitive souls. We have feeling and it's very easy to hurt us. We play hard, but that doesn't mean we're made of steel...

(pause, he starts to pace up and down)

Kombi a smoke screen. I'm scared of the future. I've had bitter experiences which have clipped my wings. Of course. I was supposed to leave her alone in hospital and travel to Warsaw. Who cares about the operation - just another day. But no, she put her foot down, encouraged me. „ Go, there won't be another chance. ????? I'll survive, don't worry about me.! It's just that I put my foot down as well. And now what? Years pass, you go back to your old ways, have two kids, a dog, your own flat, ????? –own an alpine equipment store, well, sort of halves with your old man, but a shop in a good location and brings in steady money nevertheless, but no. You wife knows that something up. Your wife knows that her baby has a broken heart.

(pause)

I wonder if the wives of the boys in Morbid Angel call them „baby“ I hope not. This world can't be that cruel to artists.

(pause)

But the idea of hiring a studio isn't that bad. And that idea hounded me the whole night. Cos you see, my wife once told me, that the most

important thing is to know yourself. It's the basis of all therapy. To get inside yourself, that's all it is.

Lights dim and -

Scena 12

-fast illumination of left of stage. Like in scene 9: we see Marcysia-Junior's room – he is preoccupied listening to his gramophone which is playing another Kombi hit. Marcyś-Senior goes up to the boy and sits next to him on the carpet. The music fades into the distance

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

It's great, isn't it.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

The best in the world!

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

You'll get some other records, you'll see.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

I don't need them. This one will last me till the end of my life.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

But there are other bands...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

But Kombi's the best...

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

Yes, but...the world doesn't turn around just one band.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

If you're a real fan, it does..

MARCYŚ-SENIOR *(to audience):*

It's not easy as you can see for yourselves.

(to Marcys-Junior)

Picture this – you're all grown up...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

And I'm in Kombi!

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

No! Shut it and listen. You're all grown up, you have a wife, kids, you lived in Wroclaw for a bit but it turned out tha you live in Kochanowo again, along with your friends...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

With Koczis, Jaromir i Makar?

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

Yes...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

That's cool.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

Depends. Anyway you play in your own band...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

On the electric drums?

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

No!!! Stop, bloody interrupting me! przerywać!

(pause)

You have your own band – there once was talk of your won career but it didn't work out - no matter why it didn't, but it didn't. You hund out

with the boys in Wroclaw, studied a bit, but then returned to Kochanowo. And you ????I grasz sobie w piątki, casual - no commitment. And suddenly it turns out that Kombi is coming to Kochanowo...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR (*springs up*):

What? When!?

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

In 2009. Sit, there's no need to get all excited. Kombi is coming for the harvest festival, which is a shit - hole. And anyway, it's not Kombi but Kombii (accentuates the two ii) Skawa, Tkaczyk, but no Łosowski.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

No Łosowski? That's impossible. Why?

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

They ousted him. They play solo, left him and that's that. They couldn't work it out. Doen to artistic differences, which is money????

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

I can't believe it. Grzegorz Skawiński would never do such a thing. Nor would Waldemar Tkaczyk też.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

Well they did, believe me. But that's not the point. The point is that now you, with your band - for quite a large sum, are supposed to support this new Kombi. What do you say?

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

No way!

MARCYŚ-SENIOR *(do publiczności):*

There you go, earth – shattering. That's what I suspected.

(to Marcys-Junior)

Go and mull it over for a while boy, will you?

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

There's nothing to mull over. I definitely wouldn't do it.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

But if...

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

No!

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

You're tough, aren't you?

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

Of course. You need to have principles.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

Good, I know where I stand.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

If you're a REAL fan of a band... ..

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

Play something, ok? „Kochać cię – za późno” for example.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR:

I now like „Karty śmierci” the best. It's gonna be a hit.

MARCYŚ-SENIOR:

No it won't Nobody know it.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR (*suddenly, all „grown up“*):

You've outlined my perspectives for the future – great. I'd prefer not
to grow up.

*A sad Marcyś-Junior turns the gramophone up louder and goes back to
listening to the record.*

MARCYŚ-SENIOR (*to audience*)

Well, I learnt a lot about myself.

(pause)

Shit, I don't know – maybe I was too hard...

Dimming of lights Zaciemnienie (Marcyś keep on talking) and –

Scene 13

Scena 13

*– fast illumination. Marcyś continues his monologue. Setting is
like in scene 11 – the bedroom again, but in the morning. Madga is
sleeping, Marcyś is pacing up and down the room.*

... The boy is young – he probably finds it hard to imagine how things are. That money rules everything for example. That friendship can be bought for a few coppers. And, well, that „Karty śmierci” won’t actually be a hit. I really thought that that song would kick up a storm. But it didn’t.

(pause, Marcyś stops for a while, but then carries on pacing)

And? Should I listen to the little shit? Cos’ what? Because HE wouldn’t do it? A nine year old? Dear God, this is utter nonsense!

Marcyś’s last sentence is said quite loudly. Magda wakes up and rubs her eyes.

MAGDA:

Have slept at all?

MARCYŚ:

No.

MAGDA:

Did you think it over?

MARCYŚ:

Yes.

MAGDA (*yawning*):

Well, you had a good walk around at least.

MARCYŚ:

I've had a good walk, that's true.

MAGDA:

And what have you come up with?

MARCYŚ:

That I'm in. Five grand isn't bad and it's true we don't have decent equipment. For that money we could hire an alright studio. We can burn a few tracks as a memento and that's it. A perfect end to our career. Finitio. The grand finale.

MAGDA:

Excellent. (*stretches and kisses Marcys*) But you know, that sort of a decision can be fateful. It might be careers over, but, on the other hand, they might just begin. ????? Nie pękasz, misiu?

MARCYŚ:

No. I'm not going to be dicatated to by a little shit who reaches up to
my waist.

MAGDA (*yawning again*):

What little shit?

MARCYS:

Mniejsza o to. I did some self – analysis and I figured that you might
be partly right. Hypothetically.

MAGDA:

Toure easy to discipher, darling.

MARCYS:

Easy? I'm incredible comlicated. I'm an artist.

MAGDA:

Right, Mr death metal artist, call the boys. And send my regards to
Makar.

*(starts to shuffle around the room, leaves after a whil to the
bathroom -running water is heard whilst Marcys is speaking)*

MARCYS (*to the audience, taking out his mobile phone and dialling
numbers*)

So I called the boys...

(pause)

I know Lizzy, I know, I know. Sorry.

(pause)

It wasn't a big deal actually...

(pause)

Jaromir, you know me, you know I get carried away..., wiesz, że ... Ok,

ok., I'll drop by, we'll talk...

(pause)

Everyone accepted my apologies.

(pause)

Sorry, Koczis, you're not a louse. It just came out. I was annoyed,

right.

(pause)

Makar wasn't even angry, that's how he is.

(pause)

And why are you so happy you dunce? Yes, Magda, sends her regards

as well.

(pause)

Nothing left but to start rehearsing and putting together our relaxing

line up for the harvest festival. Oh – and that grant. W końcu

szmaciliśmy się dla kasy.??? But now that we've filled out all the forms
and on time – and actually we didn't have competition, people still
don't know how much money there is to be made from the union –
and we sent them where they should be sent and it turned out that we
have to wait for the case. Wirski sorted it all for us.

Obwieścił nam to sam pan Wirski. I remember him from high – school.

When we were going into eighth grade, he was just starting.

(to the bathroom)

Can you finish up in the – I have to go to work too! Go look after the
kids and make them breakfast. To kitchen woman. To the kitchen!

(to audience)

Yeah, that's how real metal heads roll.

*Marcyś get's slapped with a wet towel. Magda's giggles are heard
from the bathroom.*

Lights dim.

Scene 14

Gradual illumination – like in scene 2 (rehearsal room) The band is together along with – Radek Wirski. He is standing casually, emanating complacency.

LIZZY:

Until September?

WIRSKI:

Until September.

LIZZY:

Why until September. But you were all in such a hurry.

WIRSKI:

The grant is awarded in May, but paid out in September. That's the procedure.

MARCYŚ:

Tough, we'll have to wait.

WIRSKI:

Don't sweat the small stuff – the money is a cert. I'm telling you.

KOCZIS:

How long have you been working at the office?

WIRSKI:

Two months – but it's going well.

KOCZIS:

That's can't be denied.

WIRSKI:

I've got a promotion after the holidays.

KOCZIS:

What rank?

WIRSKI:

Investment. Where there's real money.

KOCZIS:

You'll go far, mate. Daleko zajdziesz, stary. You've got downpayments.

WIRSKI:

I know, thanks.

LIZZY:

Right, lads. Let's play!?

WIRSKI:

Oh yeah , COUNCIL HEAD mentioned he want's to do some promo on you. wspomniał, że chce was trochę podpromować. You know there's no rock band in the borough.

MARCYŚ:

And in Kłodzk?

WIRSKI:

Mate, Kłodzk is a town – that's a completely different story – I'm talking about the???

MARCYŚ:

Oh, yeah, you're right.

WIRSKI:

So COUNCIL HEAD wants to do some promo with you - we've got a dry spell and shit loads of development programmes. The money's going to waste and COUNCIL HEAD doesn't want to fall short. He's thinking of another nie chce podpadać. He's thinking of another term of office. He said you might be of use to him.

MAKAR:

See? We have power on our side.

KOCZIS:

Wait up – what does it mean we might come of use to him?

MARCYS *(to audience):*

Just that. It was a basic question.

WIRSKI:

I don't know – in the promotion of the ?? somehow.

KOCZIS:

Right.

JAROMIR:

You know, we have the song „In The Mountains Of Madness“. If the community office were doing a list of songs promoting trips to the Sudety mountains – we can give it to you free.

WIRSKI:

Thanks. But you'll tone it down at the harvest festiva, right? Like we spoke about?

LIZZY:

We'll tone it down.

WIRSKI:

No „ Devils“ ?

LIZZY:

No.

WIRSKI:

You know, the atmosphere will such, that...

LIZZY:

We know, we know. Chill out. It's under control.

WIRSKI:

Good. I'm off then.

(exits)

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

None of us paid any attention that is all sounded a bit worrying. We'll come of use to COUNCIL HEAD? For what? But he wants to do right, right? Do right for the community? And so right for us. (to Makar)

Right?

MAKAR *(shrugging shoulders)*

Right.

KOCZIS *(to Makar):*

Mate, why is he so interested in our grand, ey?

MAKAR:

COUNCIL HEAD? You heard he wants to go for another term of office...

KOCZIS:

Not COUNCIL HEAD. Wirski.

MAKAR:

Ah. Wants to score brownie points at work – that’s all...

KOCZIS:

I don’t like the guy. He’s irritating.

MAKAR:

... and anyway – I’ve promised him a little herb from my own farm.

MARCYŚ:

Jesis, Malar – you degenerate – if the CBA come over, they’ll bust your

a...

MAKAR:

Relax, what CBA? Here?

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

In that moment I was slightly more disturbed by the vision of a raid...but I got over it pretty soon. I wanted to be hard and bolshy. If we said „a” then we’ll say „b” too. No nine year old will...

Lights dim and -

Scene 15

– quick illumination of centre stage – like in opening scene..

*Marcyś is looking for some discs and is fiddling with an open CD
player.*

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

... he told me what to do. Who would worry about it too much anyway.
Should have concentrated on your playlist for the harvest festival and
that's it. Something toned down, you say?

(Marcyś puts on „Wspomnienia z pleneru”by Kombi)

This is great, but we couldn't play like tha – no chance. We didn't have
keyboards.

(pausa)

No point in going on about it – we decided to compose something
along the lines of middle rock. Like Myslovitz, for example. No big
deal for professionals. *(Marcyś goes into the darkness, back of stage
and returns with a guitar)*

Just that nothing was working out. But the ? along with the ? soon
offered us a new chance of development.

Darkness–

Scene 16

– quick illumination of centre stage. Band is together. For a while, they try and play a lively song – but they fail. Jaromir throws his drums on the floor in anger. The music stops.

JAROMIR:

I can't go on anymore.

LIZZY:

Concentrate, mate. We're nearly there.

KOCZIS:

I'm not writing lyrics to this.

MARCYŚ:

Gents, let's be logical. We'll do it. If we've got our selves in to this, we need to stick it out to the end. .

JAROMIR:

I'm not feeling this Lizzy. We're wasting our time, that's all.

LIZZY:

Let's play, lads! We've got three monts and we won't come up with anything for September at this rate. And we need at least six songs.

Let's say we play one twice at the end.. it...

JAROMIR:

Twice at the end? Mate? We play and we fuck off.

KOCZIS:

Jaromir is right. There's no point in putting ourselves out. We're supposed to tone it down and that's that. We'll play some classics

and...

LIZZY:

But we won't make an impression on Skawiński like that.

MARCYŚ:

Lizzy, stop it. I beg you. He won't even look at us.

LIZZY:

And is he looks at us and hears we're not even playing our own stuff,
what then?

MARCYŚ (*sighing*):

Then nothing. If we play them well then maybe he'll dig us.

LIZZY:

Think so?

MARCYŚ:

I think so. And we can quit with the ??? For example, let's play...

LIZZY:

„Nothing Else Matters”!

MARCYŚ (*pull a face is distain*):

All right.

Muzycy start the play the song – after a few unsteady rifts, they start to play quite well. Koczis has a good, deep voice and the musicians are clearly enjoying playing. At the top of the second chorus – Wirski runs into the room, waving his hands energetically. Music stops

WIRSKI:

Cool song. My favourite. Will you play it at the festival?

MARCYŚ:

Unfortunately. What's up?

This thing. In two weeks there's going to be a musical showcase.

There's an idea for you to play and represent the „”???

MARCYŚ:

What showcase?

WIRSKI:

Musical. I told you.

MARCYŚ:

But what kind of stuff?

WIRSKI:

I don't know; rock or something – like usual stuff at a showcase.

MARCYŚ:

There's a showcase – cool. But we don't have time for showcases.

We're polishing up our line up.

WIRSKI:

COUNCIL HEAD is adamant. He's counting on it. He wants to show you off the world. I told you he's going to promote you and so he is. The sign up for the showcase deadline was last week but he made some phone calls to the right places and sorted it all – you're in...

MARCYŚ:

Wicked. We've got some clout. But why do we need to do it?

LIZZY:

I'd like to go.

MARCYŚ:

Yeak? And you?

JAROMIR:

Me too.

MAKAR:

Let's go! We haven't played in front of a crowd for ages. We can get a bit of practice in before the festival. What've we got to lose, lads?

KOCZIS:

He's right. We can think of it as a rehearsal.

JAROMIR:

Playing here and playing in front of an audience are completely different things.

MARCYŚ:

But nobody's going to be censoring us there, right?

WIRSKI:

You play what you want – you're call. You don't even have to win.

MARCYŚ:

There's something to win?

WIRSKI:

Something I guess. But no pressure – just play and make the ??
proud, that's it.

JAROMIR:

Why not?

(plays a beat on the drum)

*Wirski exits and the band finishes Metallica's song. Gradual
darkness.*

Scene 17

Illumination - like in previous scenes.

MARCYS (*to audience*):

Not bad, right? But now things are going to be much worse.

(pause)

We went to that showcase. The line up was supposed to be decent;
rock, some sort of hard – core, that sort of thing. The risk of a flop
was small. And the chance to play in front of a real audience,
priceless. In any case, if you said „a” ...and so on.

(pause)

I've got it on tape. My wife went to the effort. I've got the camera in
the storage room. Mr Zbyszek!

(pause)

I'll show you in a minute. You won't regret it, I tell you. We've got
some sort of old projector screen here...

(pause)

Mr Zbyszek!

Enter Mr Zbyszek.

MARCYŚ *(to Mr Zbyszek):*

Finally. Can you hook up the projector. I wanted to play these people
our set at z Wałbrzych...

*Pan Zbyszek shakes his head with irritation mixed with disbelief
– but starts to fiddle with some equipment. At the same time, Marcyś
starts to look through box of DVDs taken from under the decks.*

MARCYŚ *(to himself):*

Where was it...where was it... ah, got it.

(puts a disc into the DVD player)

*Mr Zbyszek, in the meantime, positions the screen and turns on the
projector Marcyś presses the remote – the screen lights up and shows
a grainy film taken with a camera phone. Noise of the audience and
the stage is clearly visible – above it a huge banner with the words
„Showcase– Wałbrzych 2009”. On the stage an animated
„Exterminator” is seen.*

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

We were supposed to play right before the lead act. Some kind of local, punk band that drew the biggest crowd. Then there was supposed to be the results and the winning band's repeat performance. We were nervous as hell.

(on the screen a visible nervous band is clearly visible)

We weren't counting on anything. It turned out that we were the only death – metal band there and we knew our line – up wouldn't go down a storm. But it wasn't about that.

(pause)

Oh, look at Jaromir now.

(na filmie: Jaromir tuns over one of the ?? from his drums, trips over and falls flat – the audience starts to laugh and clap)

That's a big moment because Jaromir got mad. Thank God he didn't punch anyone, but he got mad, and we got mad along with him, because we're told old to be taken the piss out of. So we decided that hit them with our most head banging stuff.

(na filmie Marcyś shouts to turn up the speakers) krzyczy do akustyka,

I'll forward it a bit ...

(forwards it)

Magda has a ???, I'm telling you. Here, it's this bit.

(film: are ready to play, the audience is rowdy. Magda's voice can be heard for a while – she's shouting: „ Give it hard!“

The sound guy was some brat. He turned it up mad, because he thought...

(film: band is on stage looking fierce)

Wait, wait... in a minute.

(film: Jaromir starts the rhythm; the musicians aggressively attack their instruments. At the same time a loud bang is heard and then silence – after a while audience starts to whistle, the band stand helpless on stage. The crowd then start to chant: „Get the fuck off, get the fuck off“ and the band timidly disappear into the curtains)

So we had to evacuate. The equipment went up in smoke and small fights broke out. The star act couldn't perform anymore and people were royally pissed off. They waited half a day and then – bang. It's lucky that nothing happened to Magda. This is what we looked like in the bus home which was lent to us by Koczis's dad)

(film: The band sit in a travelling car – nobody says a word. Jaromir, in the end, looks at the camera and begging, says: „Turn it off, Magdam please...“)

Marcyś turns off the DVD plater.

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

A sorry affair, isn't it. And if you think that that's the end of our
adventure, you're wron – unfortunately.

Mr Zbyszek waddles onto the stage and tries to turn off the projector.

MARCYŚ *(to Mr Zbyszek):*

Mr Zbyszek, not yet, I'm still going to use it.

Mr Zbyszek shrugs his shoulders and leaves.

MARCYŚ:

He's made of gold.

(pause)

That COUNCIL HEAD was very dissappointed with our performance, we
found out a bit later.

First some woman from the paper came to see us. From the „Klodzk
Courrier! She found out about our grant and came down to check out
who the ?? intended to give such a large amount of money. The press
has to look truth in the eye. That's what it's there for.

Lights dim and -

Scene 18

- centre of stage lit. The visibly anxious musicians sit by the instruments, next to them, on Lizzy's amp, sits the journalist.

JOURNALIST

(pulls out notes from her bag and pushed a dictaphone under their noses)

That's what I'm here for, gents. If COUNCIL HEAD is dishing out money left, right and centre, then I have to find out where it's going to. It's really not all about me. It's about people. People must know.

MARCYŚ:

Of course. Democracy.

JOURNALIST *(after crippling silence)*

So tell me about yourselves?

LIZZY:

Talk, Marcyś – you're the lead man.

MARCYŚ:

Hmm... So we're called Exterminator...

JOURNALIST (*smiling*):

Why the name?

MARCYŚ:

It was supposed to sound fiercer...anyway, when I came up with it „Terminator“ 2 was playing in the cinemas . It was just a loose reference...

KOCZIS:

I wanted to be called: Ścierwo.

MARCYŚ:

Stop it, Koczis.

JOURNALIST (*agitated*):

How?

KOCZIS:

Ścierwo. Or Ropień.

JOURNALIST (*with disgust*):

But why?

JAROMIR:

To się wpisuje w poetykę gatunku.????

JOURNALIST:

What genre?

JAROMIR:

Death metal.

JOURNALIST (*raising eyebrows*):

Or?

JAROMIR:

So you don't know, what we play?

JOURNALIST (*looking around the stage*):

Well, I'm trying to find out...I'm a little outdated and I don;t know
what young people are into these days...

LIZZY:

Thank you on behalf of my mates. I always tell them that the ZSMP
accepted people up until the age of 35.

JOURNALIST:

And that pentagram, over there – what is that supposed to mean?

MARCYŚ:

On też się wpisuje w poetykę gatunku.???

JOURNALIST:

Of....death metalu, right?

MARCYŚ:

That's right.

JOURNALIST:

So what exactly is this death metal?

MAKAR (*unsure*):

Hmm... And what do you listen to?

JOURNALIST (*animated*):

I love Osiecka. And Kabaretu Starszych Panów. And of the younger
artists - Anna Marie Jopek.

JAROMIR (*sighs heavily*):

Lizzy, ???ty jesteś muzyk z papierami. You explain to her.

LIZZY (*joking*):

Oh lord. It won't be easy.

MARCYŚ (*to audience, whilst Lizzy leans over the journalist and, gesticulating, tries to explain to her what exactly death metal is*)

JOURNALIST (*after a while, shocked*)

So you're devil – worshippers?

KOCZIS:

No way!

MARCYŚ:

Of course not. It's just a sort of convention.

JOURNALIST:

(*writes something her notebook*)

LIZZY:

I know it can seem a little disturbing, but please believe me...

JOURNALIST:

I know. You are like that Nergal who goes out with that...Doda.

KOCZIS:

Nergal, not „Nergal“.

LIZZY:

Sort of, yes. .

JOURNALIST:

Oh my God – but he’s a satanist!

MAKAR:

He’s not a satanist! I he was one he wouldn’t go about with Doda.

MARCYŚ *(to Makar):*

Makar, shut up. *(to the journalist)* We’re not satanists. It’s just our image. Well, was our image cos now...(waves his hand nonchalantly)

JOURNALIST:

Well, it's all interesting, very interesting... (*writes something down again, a long, tense silence*) Can you tell me how you formed your band?

MARCYŚ:

Depends which one.

JOURNALIST:

Have you been in more?

KOCZIS:

Three.

LIZZY:

Not me. I've been playing with them for four years.

MAKAR:

We first were in a band called Hipodrom – inspired by Captain Nemo.

MARCYŚ:

And Kombi.

JAROMIR:

And Papa Dance a bit...

LIZZY:

Odcinam się ponownie.????

MAKAR:

... And then, when we got a bit older – cos that was a high – school,
we didn't even have instruments and we pretended we were
playing...You know, boxes instead of drums, a hairbrush instead of a
microphone...And so when we got a bit older and went to eight grade,
our parents bought us guitars from Defil and Jaromir got a small
percussion set from Polmuz...

DZIENNIKARKA:

From where?

JAROMIR:

Defil, Polmuz. These shops.

MAKAR:

... so we started to play like... ???

JAROMIR:

W ogóle – jak zespoły z Krajowej Sceny Młodzieżowej. ????

DZIENNIKARKA (*clearly doesn't understand what they are talking about*)

Yes, right...

MAKAR:

Back then we were called...

MARCYŚ:

Makar, please dude.

MAKAR:

...Korpus Krwawych Krawców.

DZIENNIKARKA:

Oh my God!

MARCYŚ:

It wasn't serious – it was just a joke name. In the style of Formacji
Nieżywych Schabuff.

KOCZIS:

Or Sztywnego Pala Azji.

LIZZY:

I had nothing to do with it. Back then I played in Kawalerii Szatana.

DZIENNIKARKA (*with horror*):

Where?

LIZZY:

Don't you recall? End of the 80's. There was this band from. We nearly
recorded a single, but

MARCYŚ:

Lizzy, don't make things more complicated.

LIZZY:

Anyway, if it wasn't for this tiny episode in Warsaw – I'd be going out
with Doda now. Not Nergal.

DZIENNIKARKA (*writes something in her note book again, after a silence*)

And then Exterminator was born, right?

MARCYS:

Yes, but that was in college. We discovered heavy sounds and that inspired us.

JAROMIR (*points at Marcys*):

He was most influence by Grzegorz Skawiński.

KOCZIS:

And us by Bon Jovi and Def Leppard.

MAKAR:

I was fascinated by the work of Yes and Genesis.

LIZZY:

Oh my God...

JAROMIR:

But then we discovered death metal. You know: Obituary, Morbid
Angel, Deicide, Unleashed, Dismember, Carcass, Bolt Thrower, Vader,
Grave...

MAKAR:

And I discovered Emerson, Lake And Palmer around the same time.
Amazing music, I tell you...

DZIENNIKARKA (*jotting this all down, visibly shocked*)

Just a minute...and why did all these bands inspire you??

KOCZIS:

To worshipping the devil, of course.

MARCYŚ (*to Koczis*):

Shut up (*to journalist*) *He's just joking. To the music – that's obvious.*

To polishing our abilities.

DZIENNIKARKA:

Oh, yes. Of course...

(break)

And what happened with Exterminator? How did things go?

JAROMIR:

We rehearsed. And towards the end of college we began giving our first concerts, and then we went to uni. All of use her. To bibliotekoznawstwo. ???

LIZZY:

Without me. I had already finished my studies. And career

MARCYŚ:

Lizzy, stop feeling sorry for yourself.

JAROMIR:

We started to play in clubs in Wrocław and recorded a few demos...

DZIENNIKARKA:

What did you record?

JAROMIR:

A few demos. Tapes with some of our music which we then sent to the music press and management.

MAKAR:

One of them stood out and we were offered to tour with Lost Soul.

DZIENNIKARKA:

Who?

KOCZIS:

This band – also death metal. They were unknown then. And then they hit the big time.

JAROMIR:

But we didn't go, because...

MARCYŚ:

We didn't go, because we couldn't. My girlfriend was having a serious operation at the time.

MAKAR:

And everything went to shits. That is...it all ended. The boys Lost Soul got famous and we got nothing. The band nearly fell apart.

JAROMIR:

We could have toured with them, but...

MARCYŚ:

You should have. I couldn't go...

Silence.

LIZZY:

I wasn't there, so I don't know.

DZIENNIKARKA:

And afterwards?

MARCYŚ:

And afterwards nothing happened. We played some more, but when we finished uni we put the band aside. We all found ourselves back in Kochanow again two or three years later .

DZIENNIKARKA:

At the same time?

MAKAR:

No, Marcys came back first because he started a shop with his father in Kłodzk – you know the one with the alpine gear, next to the square.

...

DZIENNIKARKA:

Oh, yes. I thought I recognised you.

MAKAR:

... and then Jaromir, as he got a job in the local library.

DZIENNIKARKA:

You work in the library?

JAROMIR:

Yes. Why?

DZIENNIKARKA:

Locally? In Kłodzk?

JAROMIR:

Yes.

DZIENNIKARKA:

I've never seen you there.

LIZZY:

He avoids contact with the readers.

JAROMIR:

That's not true. It's just...

LIZZY:

It's just that he hates his job and that's that.

MARCYŚ:

That's not true. Let him finish.

MAKAR (*sighing*):

... and so Koczis came back – as the bank moved premises and Koczis works in th bank – did I mention that? And then I came back cos I didn't care where I was.

LIZZY:

And then we met randomly in Kłodzk – talked a while and that’s how I ended up in the band.

MARCYŚ:

That’s our story..

KOCZIS:

Nothing exciting.

DZIENNIKARKA:

Quite the opposite – it’s very interesting.

MAKAR:

So what will you write about us?

DZIENNIKARKA:

I don’t know. I have to think it all through. I don’t expect that..that, well, that...(*looks around the room again and then stares at the pentagram*) Well, thank you very much. In any case, it was worth coming to visit you boys. A very informative chat. Oh, before I forget.

What will you do with the grant money?

KOCZIS (*glum*):

We'll organise a black mass and then an orgy...there should be enough. And if not, we'll throw in some of our savings...

MARCYŚ:

Shut up, you idiot. (*to journalist*) I'm sorry – that was joke of course. We'll hire a studio and record a few pieces. Professionally. Not like before. That's our plan.

DZIENNIKARKA (*packing away her notebook and dictaphone*):

Uhm... Yes, well... Well I'll be on my way. Thank you again. A pleasure to meet you.

The journalist exits quickly. The band looks at her and then at each other. They are a little disorientated.

LIZZY:

What do you think?

MARCYŚ:

I've got a wrong feeling about all of this.

MAKAR:

Me too? Kabaret Starszych Panów? Jesus, Mother and Mary. O matko kochana. (*przedrzeźniając Wasowskiego i Przyborę oraz mocno i złośliwie akcentując wszystkie zdrobnienia*) „Piosenka to jest klinek na splinek, na brzydki bliźniego uczynek...” ????????

Lights dim and -

Scene 19

- quick illumination - like the opening scene. The bank disappears into the darkness and only Marcys is seen.

MARCYS (*to audience*):

I had a bad feeling and, of course, this feeling was not unfounded.

(pause)

First Wirski informed us that COUNCIL HEAD was angry about our performance in Wałbrzych. And that now he had to cover for us and that the organisers blamed us about the mess we caused after our

show. And that it was all terrible – the community office was giving us the money for the band and the band was behaving irresponsibly and immature. And – most importantly – disrespecting the backer.

(Marcyś puts another DVD into the player) In order to put things right – the COUNCIL HEAD came up with for is to hold a series of meeting with school kids and to come across as role models as well as telling them that they can achieve anything in their community whilst using our suddenly successful career as an example for the little shits. And that in order to achieve something you don't have to go to Ireland. We were supposed to mention something about drugs whilst we were at it.

That they're bad and all that, of course.

(pause)

It was????To było żenujące. But we agreed – what's more to say – because we felt bad about that time in Wałbrzych. We had to take holiday time and go around schools the whole week. There was no way out. We had to repent. If you „a” – then you have to say „b”. The point of it was merited. But we didn't take Makar – just in case. He would have been useless anyway. *(Marcyś switches on the DVD player)*

I don't have a video, thank God. But I have photos.

Photos appear on the screen. The band (in different poses and without Makar) appear in a crowd of children and teachers – in class, in the assembly room in the gym etc. They all look completely puzzled and confused. On the second to last photo a 'broken' Jaromir is handing out balloons to children with the words „stop drugs” – written on them. On the last picture he is seen with his head buried in his hands in the school corridor, in front of a wall of paintings.

MARCYS *(to audience):*

We were mentally exhausted after that week. But having slightly recovered, the new edition of the „Kłodzk Courier” came out on the Monday. And in it – and article about us.

(pulls out a crumpled page from a newspaper out of his back pocket)

We waited around for it to come out. But it was worth it. Because it turned out like this:

We are devil – worshippers in a deth metal band – the lady spelt it wrong: deth metal. We were well into our thirties, so not exactly youths and, since we haven't made a name for ourselves until now, we're probably not very good and, in this case, we shouldn't get the

money. And that, anyway, it was a scandal that we were getting a grant randomly and that there should have been a competition telling entrants that they could win some cash. The lovely woman from the newspaper also slated our promoter. That it was a mockery to award 'artists' like us – and there were inverted commas around the word 'artists'- access to a national, cultural outpost which was created to promote creativity

wślawiła się przecież poparciem tak interesującej twórczości, jaką uprawiają znani w całym powiecie, a kto wie, czy już i nie w województwie, „Kochanowiaci”.

She finished like this: *(reads)* The Plochocki Council – if it really thinks it's in with a chance in the next elections, should really think over the borough's cultural strategy. Of course, we have some large expenses, especially in the development of our web based communications and waterpipe network, but culture shouldn't be put to the wayside. It's clear that there is still much to do in this field.

(puts the newspaper back into his pocket)

(pauses)

First the manager of our rehearsal rooms asked to see us. He's a straight – talking guy, so didn't beat around bush

(lights on left of stage – a modest looking office of the manager of the rehearsal rooms. He sorts through documents for a while and then, finally looks at Marcys who is standing centre stage)

DYREKTOR:

Please return the keys to the room.

MARCYS':

But, sir! We've played here for so many years and it's never bothered anybody! That article isn't credible – I think that...

DYREKTOR:

I repeat: please return the key to Mr. Zbyszek. Goodbye.

(left of stage is dark – the light shines only onto Marcys)

MARCYS' (to audience):

Then I had a fight with Magda.

(light on right of stage – bedroom like in scene 10, Magda sits on the bed)

MAGDA:

So I've had a devil – worshipper for a husband. That's good to know. I've always thought there was something not quite right with me, but now I know that... ..

MARCYŚ (*from centre stage*):

I told you that it was pointless? Didn't I tell you? Not only did we make fools out of ourselves in Wałbrzych, we then had to do that stupid tour around the school and now this article. And now we've got nowhere to play. Happy now?

MAGDA:

You're being over- dramatic. It'll all turn out alright.

MARCYŚ:

Yeah, I see that happening.

MAGDA:

But something has started to happen, right?

MARCYŚ:

Is has, you're right. I could have not listened to you. It would have been like it was for the past number of years, and I'd have some peace and quiet.

MAGDA:

So you're panicking again.

MARCYS':

I'm not talking to you.

MAGDA:

You panicking.

MARCYS':

I could have left you alone in that hospital.

MAGDA:

You could have. ????

MARCYS':

I'm not talking to you.

Light dim right of stage – only Marcys is seen in the centre.

MARCYS *(to audience):*

And then the council called us in unexpectedly. Dostąpiliśmy zaszczytu audiencji. Wirski didn't want to talk to use anymore. Instead of scoring brownie points he flunked. Wpuścił COUNCIL HEADa na minę. His career was hanging by a thread. He preferred to go back on himself and pretended he didn't know we were so bad. He probably . Pewnie złożył samokrytykę, nie wiem. Anyway, the council wanted to talk to us personally.

(pause)

But we couldn't all go down at once. So I went myself. That bunch of idiots would only have made things worse. Someone serious had to go. And hard.

Lights dim and –

Scene 20

– illumination left of stage. The council's office. Marcyś, visibly confused doesn't know how to act.

COUNCIL HEAD:

Niech pan siada.

MARCYŚ (*siadając na krześle vis-a-vis COUNCIL HEADa*):

Dziękuję.

COUNCIL HEAD:

Gdzie reszta?

MARCYŚ (*próbując nieśmiało żartować*):

Uznali, że ja jestem szefem. Mam pełnomocnictwa.

COUNCIL HEAD:

Right. Would you like something to drink?

MARCYŚ:

Thank you.

COUNCIL HEAD:

Staropolanka maybe?

MARCYŚ:

No, no thanks.

COUNCIL HEAD (*after a while*):

So, sir, what shall we do with you no, hmm?

MARCYŚ:

I don't know.

COUNCIL HEAD:

The milk has spilt. For a second time, that is.

MARCYŚ:

Yes, well. We could have not talked to that woman from the paper. She didn't get it – and the boys shouldn't have made fun of her and...

COUNCIL HEAD:

This is a free country and we have free press, what to do? But I have a serious question to ask you – are you really satanists?

MARCYŚ:

Of course not.

COUNCIL HEAD:

Wirski assure me that you're just regular musicians. Young, talented...with hopes and dream...

MARCYŚ:

That's right.

COUNCIL HEAD:

And I had hopes for you too...

MARCYŚ:

Well, um...

COUNCIL HEAD:

WaAle najpierw narozrabialiście w Wałbrzychu... I won't even tell you how embarrassed I was and how I had to make up excuses...

MARCYŚ:

But sir, it wasn't our fault...

COUNCIL HEAD:

Not your fault, not your fault...If it wasn't for you there wouldn't have been such mayhem. And the equipment wouldn't have blown. Do you know what the costs are? It's a miracle we didn't have to cover it. Then it wouldn't have really bad. And they're really peeved off in Wałbrzych. A few thousand went up in smoke.

MARCYŚ:

Well, yes...

COUNCIL HEAD:

And now this article and all this kerfuffle... Do you know what sort of things are going on on our homepage?

MARCYŚ:

I know. But the youngsters are sticking up for us.

COUNCIL HEAD:

A pisowcy jada po mnie jak po łysej kobyle. I ci z PO też. ??? These are complicated political conditions...I won't explain them to you know.

MARCYŚ:

Well, yes, tge PSL- that's not good.

COUNCIL HEAD:

It's not. But I have an idea. A proposition for you. Under the circumstances one not to be denied, so to speak.

MARCYŚ (*clearing his throat*):

Uhurmm... What proposition?

COUNCIL HEAD:

You get the keys back. I'll call the manager and I won't have to speak to him long. So the keys are returned to you...

MARCYŚ:

In exchange for ...

COUNCIL HEAD:

In exchange for taking part in holiday festivals.

MARCYŚ:

In what?

COUNCIL HEAD:

In festivals. We start in July. Ten festivals during the holidays. Pokazy strażackie, lotteries, competitions, bbq, bonfires, discos – and you'll provide the music.

MARCYŚ:

Us?

COUNCIL HEAD:

You.

MARCYŚ:

To dance to?

WÓJT:

Why not?

MARCYŚ:

Because we don't play that type of music?

WÓJT:

What kind?

MARCYŚ:

Death metal.

WÓJT:

And what is this death metal?

MARCYŚ (*sighing loudly*):

Hard to explain... In any case, we play loud and we play fast.

WÓJT:

SO perfect for dancing to.

MARCYŚ:

But...

WÓJT:

Wirski informed me that you agreed to playing tame at the harvest festival, right?

MARCYŚ:

I guess.

WÓJT:

So what's the difference – a festival or ???

MARCYŚ:

Na dożynkach we'll play classic rock and at the festival we'll have to play in a completely different style.

WÓJT:

But you're not satanists?

MARCYŚ:

Of course not .

WÓJT:

So you'll be able to adjust somehow. The first festival is in a week. In Wojkowie. Oh yes – before every performance I'd like you to try and distance yourselves as much as possible from what was written about you in that article and come across as just regular boys from Kochanowo. And that thanks to the Kłodzk council you have a chance to realise your dreams. What do you want to do with the money?

MARCYŚ:

Rent a studio...record some stuff and...

WÓJT:

Excellent. That's your call – I won't interfere. But first I have to fix what you've messed up. When the council gives you money, I expect some gratitude.

MARCYŚ:

So we have our hands tied – so to say.

WÓJT:

I couldn't have said it better myself.

MARCYŚ:

And what if we don't agree.

WÓJT:

What if?

MARCYŚ:

Yes. I want to know what alternatives we have.

WÓJT:

The alternative is such: you have nowhere to play and the grant is annulled on the pretext that ??? Wirski loses his job. I give an interview with the „Courier” and claim that I was misled. Or no, wait – that I knew nothing about it because the council head cannot control everything that happens outside of his administration. It's not out of the question that the case may land in court...

MARCYŚ:

You're jocking.

WÓJT:

No. Not even a bit. Want to check? Nie.

MARCYŚ (*sighs loudly*):

Well that's brilliant then.

Lights dim -

Scene 20

Illumination – like in scene 2. Marcyś – alone, centre stage.

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

I was hard, right? Like a real metal – head. But what was there to do? To refuse wasn't an option. We all agreed. Jak zaczęliśmy się szmacić, musieliśmy być konsekwentni. ??? We said „a” and we said „b” – now came the time for the rest of the alphabet.

(pause)

My wife wasn't sympathetic. (*to right of stage*). Madga, hunny bun, and what did you say then?

GŁOS MAGDY (*out of the darkness*):

The price to pay to some money.

MARCYŚ:

Exactly. (*to left of stage*) *And sir?*

GŁOS DYREKTORA (*out of the darkness*):

Here are the keys.

(*pause*)

Mr Zbyszek, why is it so dark in here?

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

And yes – after a week in exile – we were ???– znów byliśmy na starych śmieciach. And we started to rack our brains as what to play at the festivals. For the harvest festival we already had most of our repertoire - Metalika, something by the Zeppelins, some sort of cover of the Rolling Stones, and maybe even „Purple Haze” by Hendrix. Lizzy was determined to ??? się uparł, że popisz się specjalnie dla Skawy. Anyway, we didn't want play anything which could be associated with devil – worshipping. And definitely not taken for it. But for a festyn??

Those sort of songs were completely wrong. You can't dance to them.

We had to go completely the other way... .

(pauze)

So then...

Suddenly the whole centre stage is lit up. Amidst the amp and the equipment sits the band. It appears that they've been listening to his his monologues for quite some time.

MARCYŚ:

What are you guys doing here?

JAROMIR:

You know, the closer to the punchline - the more interesting it gets.

LIZZY:

We couldn't resist.

KOCZIS:

It would have been a shame.

MARCYŚ:

What – you want to see it all again?

MAKAR:

Maybe not all of it – but the best bits for sure.

MARCYŚ:

Well, alright, never mind. Let them see us.

Marcyś begins to look for the right DVD – and the musicians make themselves comfortable in front of the screen. After a while, a picture from the first festival appears on stage. It's of poor quality – another taken by a mobile phone.

MARCYŚ (to audience):

My reliable wife again. She even got some extra memory

MAKAR (enthusiastically):

That's Wojków.

KOCZIS:

It's going to rock.

(film: a small crowd in front of a small stage in a park. A confused looking Marcyś is, from the stage, reading a statement: we are not devil – worshippers. And thank you to the council for supporting us. I hope we'll all have a great time. Nobody reacts. Only Magda's voice is heard, yelling: Rip it up!!

MARCYŚ:

It's awful.

LIZZY:

Who care – he did alright. You're a born speaker.

JAROMIR:

Ma chłopak ten luz.??

MAKAR:

Jak Bałtroczyk.??

(film: The musicians begin to play: „Kocham cię jak Irlandię” by Kobranocka. Magda is panning across the crowd– people are stading like zombies. Koczis muddles the words to the song)

LIZZY:

Right, here it comes.

KOCZIS:

We rehearsed it so many times. I know that song by heart. I don't know what happened. Just a mind -blank...

LIZZY:

Stress, mate. Not the sort of stress of people from ??z budżetówki, bit stressful enough.

(film: on stage enters a drunk man forcing the band to stop playing. You can hear his devastated, slurring voice saying the correct line of the song I grew up listening to Kobranocce you little shits – learn the lyrics if you want to perform in front of an audience)

MAKAR:

Who would have thought that Kobranocka has such a fan – base in Wojkowie?

*(film: the crowd gets a little rowdy and then turns into a savage brawl;
the band grabs the equipment in a rush and leg it. Magda's voice is
heard shouting: „Guys, wait for me!”)*

MARCYŚ *(presses pause, to audience):*

We had to leg it again.

(pause)

Don't worry. We waited for Magda. She my wife after all.

KOCZIS:

And we are gentlemen.

MARCYŚ *(turning off the screen):*

And now lets move on to the film from Grabow.

MAKAR:

I'ts not bad...

*Marcyś switches another film filmed on a mobile phone. Fast
forwards the start...*

MARCYŚ:

We'll skip my speech this time....

JAROMIR:

Pity. It's my favourite bit of every appearance.

(film: the band is playing „Every Breath You Take” - the scene looks almost identical to the last recording... smal stage, park, fifty – odd people in the background looking dubiously at the bad, somewhere to the side is a takeaway van and a beer tent with a crowd around)

MAKAR:

The bass part is brilliant.

LIZZY:

You play like Sting, mate.

The musicians listen to their interpretation of the song by the Police for a while.

MARCYŚ:

You're right – it's not that bad...

KOCZIS:

Well – but...

LIZZY:

...but, the vocalist didn't meet the expectations of the crowd...

(film: a drunk resident of the village stumbles onto the stage – grabs the microphone from the bewildered Koczis and starts to wail out of tune. The crowd pipes up – a few voices are heard: "Go on, Zdich!" „Zdzisiek, Zdzisiek!!!"; the bemused band carry on playing)

KOCZIS:

You could have stopped playing.

MAKAR:

But it was funny.

KOCZIS:

For who?

LIZZY:

You were judged by the crowd. I know it hurts, but you have to hold
your head up high in the face of criticism.

KOCZIS:

But you egged him on.

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

Fact. The guy wouldn't budge off stage. He sang with us throughout.

*(film: the drunk man sings every song - „Autobiografię”, and „Małą
Maggie”, and „Konika na biegunach”)*

MARCYŚ:

Listen to what we are playing. Jesus Christ. Totally death – metal.

LIZZY:

We're getting quite good at it. People seem to like it.

*(film: pans across the partying crowds; after a while a zoom in on
Koczisa, who is sitting by the stage, visibly angry, smoking a
cigarette)*

JAROMIR:

Only the lead singer seems downbeat.

MAKAR *(to audience):*

And now Sokołów.

(turns off the film and plays another)

Nothing special really went on there. The weather was good, the crown turn out was better than previously and the atmosphere was friendly...

LIZZY:

Very friendly.

MARCYŚ *(Forwards the film – scene is like the other places. To audience)*

Just that during the break – here, wait...

(film: from behind the stage. Magda pretends to do an interview with the band – asks them questions like: „ How’s it going, boys”? „ How’s the morale”? etc. The band try to joke along with her but are interrupted by the Lizzy’s yell of: „ where’s by guitar”!?! The band start to hunt around – the guitar is gone)

LIZZY:

If I caught that little shit who stole it...

MARCYS (*forwards the film and stops at the scene with a police car):*

radiowozem):

Hold up...the police haven't finished their investigations.

(film: a young policeman takes down Lizzy's statement, then shrugs his shoulder and says claims her'll do what he can but can't promise anything. Lizzy gets angry which leads to an altercation)

MARCYS (*stops the film):*

You could have been nicer, Lizzy.

LIZZY:

Yeah, right – it wouldn't have done anything. A guitar like that – you know how long I played on that thing?

MAKAR:

You've got another three at home.

LIZZY:

Yeah, but...it was special.

JAROMIR:

You might still get it back, chill.

LIZZY:

. In my dreams.

KOCZIS:

You should have kept aneye on it.

LIZZY:

Koczis, stop winding me up the wrong way. Who would have thought that in a craphole like that all you have to do is go for wizz and get robbed... ...

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

Nothing more happened in Sokoł. We played with one guitar and, meanwhile, Lizzy ran around the village threatening to prosecute.

MAKAR:

Lucky you didn't get beaten up.

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

A week later we travelled to Dobrzanki...

KOCZIS:

Forward it. I'm not watching it.

LIZZY:

Nor me.

JAROMIR:

Nor me.

MAKAR:

Yeah, forward – the memories are too painful.

MARCYŚ:

Your call, guys...

(forwards the film – he stops whilst Exterminator are playing a song by Stachurski: „To ja, typ niepokorny”, in the background Magda's giggling is heard – the locals are clearly having a good time.)

KOCZIS:

Turn it off!

JAROMIR, LIZZY, MAKAR:

Off!

MARCYŚ:

Alright, alright...

(to audience)

They're so jumpy those lads....what could we do – the audience
wanted it so what could we do.

KOCZIS:

Play something from Lubertow.

MARCYŚ *(forwarding the next film of a performance):*

Ok, in a sec – just one bit from Liszki Górne...

KOCZIS:

Nothing happened in Liszki...

LIZZY:

Just bog standard.

JAROMIR:

An experience- you could say.

MARCYŚ:

You forget that at that stage we had a much bigger repertoire...

(stops the film – the band are playing „Jest już ciemno” by Feel, the band seems delighted)

AROMIR, LIZZY, MAKAR, KOCZIS:

Turn that off!

MARCYŚ *(forwarding some more):*

Just Budzikowice...

KOCZIS:

Nothing went on there...

MARCYŚ:

Yeah?

*film: the band plays „Kolorowe jarmarki”, to an euphoric crowd in
Budzikowice)*

KOCZIS:

Oh God – I forgot.

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

It happens that a band has to bow to its audience. Then it loses its
personality and starts to be popular by joining the dots.

LIZZY:

But the council director was very happy with us.

JAROMIR:

Yeah – a lot.

MAKAR:

The council saved a load of cash. If they were to hire some
professional band they'd fork out a few grand.

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

And we went to Lubartowa. The second to last festival on our tour.

KOCZIS:

Lubartów – at last.

MARCYŚ (*looking for the right film, to audience*):

In was raining in Lubartowa. So the moved the festival from the stadium to the local club – room. The turn out was awful, there was nothing to have a bbq on – so people left...

JAROMIR:

Polsat was running something on Seagal.

MARCYŚ:

Yeah, so people left – but not all of them.

(film: the inside of a club – room, the band is trying to set up the equipment, but there's no room and there's nobody to really play to. Magda's – the camerwoman's voice is heard; „ so what are doing?” Marcyś answers that he doesn't know. Suddenly an old woman walks up to the band „ I am from the countryside women's institute” ???

„Jestem z koła gospodyń wiejskich. Maybe we can all dance and sing together?”

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

That's was our all time lowest point.

MAKAR:

God – right then I felt like a broken man. And I didn't even have to smoke up.

JAROMIR:

I don't remember half of it.

LIZZY:

Nor me.

KOCZIS:

I remember everything. Amazig gig.

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

Turned out that the women had some home – made wine. Beforw we realised we were... w serdecznej komitywie.???

(film:the band sit on chairs, they are clearly drunk. They play quietly whilst the bass guitar is not even connected to the amp. Jaromir is lightly hitting a single drum – the whole room is singing „Cebula staniała”, whilst the women are having a great time)

MARCYŚ *(pause):*

Gentlemen, you may laugh but admit it – we had the worst hangover the next day.

JAROMIR:

My head hurt for two days afterwards.

MARCYŚ:

I didn't mean that – I meant we had a moral hangover.

JAROMIR:

Oh yeah – that too.

MARCYŚ *(to audience):*

Exactly. We may laugh now but it wasn't funny at the time. Lubartów wasto było jednak przegięcie. I said that metal – heads have the principles. I said that – right? Those principles should' nt be codified

anywhere. Not to perform at festival, no to sing folk ballads? Well
ladies and gentlemen – we never thought we'd see the day...

(pause)

Well, back then our morals went to the devil.

**The musicians stop???? And look at each other in shame. A
period of silence.**

KOCZIS:

That's true. When we sobered up we'd had enough of it all.

JAROMIR:

That can't be denied.

LIZZY:

Certain boundaries were crossed.

MAKAR:

Bez dwóch zdań. ??

JAROMIR:

We really went to shits.

KOCZIS:

Even your Magda stopped laughing at us.

JAROMIR:

Yup – she started to feel sorry for us.

KOCZIS:

And that was a bad sign.

LIZZY:

Even though the council director called us to congratulate us. The women from Lubartowa couldn't praise us enough.

MARCYŚ (*to audience*)

Yes – the council director was delighted. But we weren't. And when we were travelling to the last festival in Romanowa, we dreamt of only one thing – for the nightmare to end. For the dożynkach to be over, for us to have the cash, the studio books and for us to be able to erase what had happened over the holiday.

(rewinds the tape)

Here it is.

(film: the scene similar to that of the previous festivals – a small football pitch by a school; bbq, beer, bonfire, a small group of locals and, Exterminator on stage)

MARCYS *(to audience):*

There's nothing really to see actually.

KOCZIS:

There isn't - you're right. We played „Cheri, cheri lady”

MARCYS *(to audience):*

What's important is something else. Here – this moment.

(plays the film, but after a second presses pause)

Did I mention that this is village in which the council director grew up in? That's the key thing here.

KOCZIS:

Fundamental.

MARCYS:

(tuns the film back on)

(film: it's after the concert, night, the musicians are packing their gear. Marcysia's annoyed voice is heard: „Magda, turn that off already. You could help us for once. Wind up a cord or something... or hold the car door“! Magda: „ Alright, in a minute, in a minute...Oh - look what state Plochocki is in“. – she zooms the camera to a table which is surrounded by locals from Romanowo – the council director is raising another toast, barely concious)

MARCYS *(turns off the film):*

That's it. We couldn't film any more. The council director felt very at hime in Romanow and let rip full throttle. He spotted us, came over, twice nearly fell over told Magda to turn off her phone and said...what did he say Makar?

MAKAR *(imitates drunken drivel):*

Play at my daughter's wedding. I'm throwing a big party a week after the harvest festival. My Kasia! My dear lads!!

(normal voice)

And he started to kiss me.

.

MARCYŚ:

We were dumfounded.

KOCZIS:

I thought he was jocking.

MARCYŚ:

But he wasn't jocking. We wanted to worm our way out of it but he
said the following...Makar?

MAKAR:

Either you play, or you don't get the grant.

LIZZY *(to audience):*

Then we thought that he was just off his head and then he'd forget
when he wakes up.

MAKAR:

It all went wrong because of Lubartow.

MARCYŚ:

Ruined us.

(pause)

We'd taken that crap on our free will. But that was too much.

Light dim -

MARCYŚ:

My Zbyszek- not yet. In a minute. We're finishing up.

Illumination

MARCYŚ:

Lizzy, I've got a sore throat, finish for me.

JAROMIR:

There's nothing to talk about. Turn the film on

MARCYŚ:

Yeah – alright. .

(starts to look for the right tape)

Muzycy rub their hands in glee and starting jigging from one leg to the other.

LIZZY (to audience):

This is of much better picture and sound. The party was so publicized and was going to be so kicking that TV crew turned up – regional channel 3. We bought this off them on the sly. It'd be a shame not to have a keepsake – right boys?

The rest of the band nods enthusiastically. Marcyś find the tape and puts it into the DVDd player.

(film: a crystal – clear picture. The stadium in Kochanowie and crowds of people are seen surrounded by stalls, shops etc. In the corner of the screen a carousel and in the other – an exhibition of farming equipment. The camera pans arounds and zooms on adults, children playing, what the stalls are selling. In the background is – folk music; on the stage which is large and professional looking – dance and sing a folk band – the camera zooms in on it)

LIZZY (to audience):

To „Kochanowiacy”.

(to his mates)

They manage – right?

KOCZIS:

Course they will.

JAROMIR:

The sparks are flying.

MARCYS (*to Lizzy*):

I forward it a bit. Tell them how we felt.

(forwards film)

LIZZY (*to audience*):

Well, opretty rotten. It was a week aftet the festival in Kochanowo.

And as I said – we hoped that the council directore would have forgotten about his proposition.

KOCZIS (*to audience*):

But he didn't. Right before the concert he said the same thing. Word for word.

JAROMIR (*to audience*):

No, gównno zmienił na guzik.???

KOCZIS:

Your're right.

LIZZY (*to audience*):

And???jak na odzepnego, half – jocking, we asked him: how much for the wedding? And he said: If he want the grant, you'll play for free. Which, de facto is 5, 000. Is that not a lot, gentlemen? That's what he said.

MAKAR (*to audience*):

He calculated that he could take 2 grand off the wedding budget and he could save himself a nice sum. Easy maths. He already had us in his pocket.

JAROMIR (*to audience*):

He thought he'd found some mugs.

MARCYS (*to his mates*):

Because he did.

JAROMIR:

But not completely.

MARCYŚ:

Great – I've got it.

(stops the film)

LIZZY (to audience):

So were – generally speaking – a little bitter. And when we got on
stage...

MARCYŚ:

It's worth saying that Kombi still hadn't arrived.

LIZZY:

That's right. They came after us. The tech guys, however, were
already there.

KOCZIS:

But without the spoilers.

LIZZY (to audience):

Ok., so when we got on stage that bitterness had to find some kind of outlet. We were supposed to start with the Zeppelins. But it came out differently.

(to Marcysi)

Play it.

film: jest już wieczór, kamera pokazuje pierwsze rzędy pod sceną – rzeczywiście pełne wyfraczonych notabli; potem prześlizguje się nad tłumem i robi panoramę kochanowskiego krajobrazu – chwilowo nic się nie dzieje...

Nagle na deskach pojawia się konferansjer i zapowiada występ zespołu Exterminator, nagrodzonego przez gminę Kłodzko stypendium, występ, w którym „usłyszymy wiązanekę melodii młodzieżowych”)

KOCZIS *(do publiczności):*

To już nas dobiło.

(Film: the band enters the stage. They are clearly pissed off. They have a group talk and then grab their instruments. Jaromir taps the beat on his hi-hat – a second later the deafening clanging and rumble of the percussions is heard as well as the huge, ferocious sound of the electric guitars. The musicians start head banging, Koczis runs up to

the mic. screaming: We are Exterminator!!! AAARRRGGGGHHH!!!”, a death – metal ‘inferno’ unfold on stage – the camera pans on the faces of the notabli??? – they are all terrified. The council director, Płochocki, leaps up from the first row waving his arms – wanting the show to stop. The boys don’t pay attention of course – the play on leaving the opened – mouthed audience practically jumping in the air from the loudness of thrashing of the music.

Muzycy analyse the scene on the screen.

MARCYS (*presses pause for a momnet: to the audience*) :

There you are – that’s death metal. I told you the time would come that you’d find out.

(turns off the film again)

(film:the ferocious death – metal sound lasts quite a while – but suddenly the music stops. The musicians look at each other – someone must have pulled the plug. Without a wprd they thow down their instruments and walk off stage – the VIPs in the first row are blown off their feet, terrified, as is the audience)

Marcyś turns off the film.

MARCYS (*do publiczności*):

That was one of our songs „In The Mountains Of Madness”

JAROMIR (*to audience*):

Czyli „W górach szaleństwa”.????

MARCYS (*to audience*):

Not all of it, mind you – but quite a bit of it.

LIZZY (*to Marcys*):

But here’s the best part. Will you tell it?

MARCYS:

I don’t have the energy. Go on – you’re doing well. I’ve been talking for an hour and I’m parched. Nothing – they don’t even have beer around here.

LIZZY (*to audience*):

Alright. So we come off stage – first the council director runs up to us waving his arms...that we’re done for, that we can kiss goodbye to the grant and then the director of the domu kultury??? – and he’s yelling

the same sort of stuff and then Wirski shouting that he'll lose his job
because of us...

MAKAR *(to the band)*

Oh yeah – I forgot to tell you. They really did fire him but I gave him
two bags of weed as compensation. He didn't complain. He said he's
got something on the cards. In the W urzędzie miasta. ???

KOCZIS:

He'll go far.

LIZZY *(to audience):*

... and then Magda pounced on us.

MARCYŚ:

Me – not you.

LIZZY *(to audience - ???- podobnie jak i reszta muzyków):*

Yes Marcys. And she's got the face on – like why we could do such a
shitty thing...that that cost...

MARCYŚ:

Cost us getting some cash in.

LIZZY:

Yeah. And that generally we're irresponsible ... that że kasę diabli
wzięli. ???

KOCZIS:

A sad, sad situation. Awakward, and that...

LIZZY:

Yeah. But suddenly this guy turns up...

JAROMIR:

Normal – a metal – head like us.

KOCZIS:

Long hair. bojówki...???

LIZZY:

And t – shirt.

MAKAR:

A Lost Soul t- shirt

MARCYŚ:

From the band we were supposed to go on tour with.

KOCZIS:

The time when you bailed.

MARCYŚ:

I didn't bail.

Magda enters from right.

MAGDA *(to Marcys):*

You bailed. You knew that the boys wouldn't ask too much because I was in hospital. And it was just a minor procedure. To remove a cyst.

KOCZIS:

Jesus, Magda...cut it out.

JAROMIR:

Not whilst we're eating...

MAGDA:

The doctor made fun of you – but you were adamant that you'd keep me company. Like I was having some sort of brain surgery. Or having a tumor removed. That's how it was. My operation– it was just an excuse. Plain and simple.

MARCYŚ (*meekly*):

Fine – maybe you're right.

LIZZY:

And see – and slowly everything turn out with a happy ending. At least you got some things straight...

MARCYŚ:

Nothing's ending. Go on – what happend with that guy... with Jacek.

LIZZY (*to Marcysia*):

With Jack? Aha! Well, yeah. I've lost my flow.

(to audience– znów jak cała reszta muzyków)

So this guy walks up to us and the boys shout: „Jacek”. Because he was a mate from Lost Soul and they remembered him well.

MAKAR:

And now he worked for Kombi as their technician.

JAROMIR:

Their band had fallen to the wayside a bit – but they still played. You've got to make a living somehow – so he carried Skawiński's guitar around. Can you believe...

KOCZIS:

And when he saw us...

LIZZY:

... His jaw dropped. He says: „In a week we're releasing our new album. And in a month we're going on tour. And you, I'll be damned, our coming with us”.

JAROMIR:

We were speechless.

KOCZIS:

Co się odwlecze, to jednak nie uciecze.????

MAKAR:

Exactly.

LIZZY (*to his friends*):

There is some sort of justice, right! And who told you to give it all we got at the harvest festival? Well – who?

MAGDA:

And who convinced her husband to stay in the band?

KOCZIS:

And who sang like a true superstar, hey?

JAROMIR:

And who kicked ass playing the drums?

MAKAR:

And who came up with the whole thing?

The band „ high – five“ each other - even with Magda. They congratulate themselves by slapping each others' backs..

MARCYŚ (*to audience*):

As it turned out – I had nothing to do with this it all. But who cares – we go on tour in two weeks. What will be, will be. We need to start rehearsing. Death metal is death metal. You now know what it is, what it's all about and so on... You get it, right? You feel it?

MAGDA (*drapes himself around Marcys*):

My darling, metal – head bunny...

MARCYŚ (*fains annoyance*):

Stop it – woman...

MAKAR:

God, that's disgusting...

KOCZIS:

A pathological family – I told you.

Lights dim.

*Illumination of whole stage on which My Zbyszek is pottering about.
He is silently putting away equipment, takes the instruments out, fold
cables, dismantles the screen etc.*

Suddenly Marcyś-Junior runs on stage.

MARCYŚ-JUNIOR *(to audience, „all grown up“):*

Amazing perspectives for the future. I just can't wait!

END