

## **GÉZA-BOY**

a theodrama in two acts

by **János Háý**

translated from the Hungarian by Eugene Brogyányi

### CHARACTERS

GÉZA, around 25 years old, mentally deficient man with autistic tendencies

AUNT ROSIE, Géza's mother

LEWIE BANDA, around forty years old, prematurely-aged man, worker at the quarry

STEVIE HERDA, likewise

BÉLA, unemployed frequenter of the tavern, around forty

LES, foreman at the quarry

NEIGHBOR, man around Aunt Rosie's age

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE, also of Aunt Rosie's age

MARIE, shop girl

SAPPY, prematurely-aged woman, frequenter of the tavern

CHARLIE, bus driver, around forty, good-looking, rural working man

*Note:* The terms "Aunt" and "Uncle" in the play reflect the Hungarian *néni* and *bácsi*, used to show respect toward those who are older.

### Act One

1.

*(Dawn. Lewie and Stevie are waiting at the bus stop in the village square near the shop.)*

LEWIE: That fuckin' bus is late again. Drink? *(Hands Stevie a bottle.)*

STEVIE *(takes a swig)*: What else is new. But when it hits the hill, it kicks in and rolls right down.

LEWIE: But if it can't even get there, what good's the fuckin' hill. Last time Charlie had to heat the battery with a hot plate just to get goin'.

STEVIE: Charlie's gonna blow himself up one of these days.

LEWIE: Yup. *( Drinks.)*

STEVIE: He's gonna blow himself up along with that heap of shit, that's for sure, one of these days, that'll be the end of Charlie.

LEWIE (*drinks, hands bottle to Stevie*): This mornin' when I got up, I belched somethin' up so sour I almost barfed. When I spat it out it was pure yellow, like snot.

STEVIE: Bile. I've had that, it's bile.

LEWIE: Good thing it's not the liver.

STEVIE: It's not the liver, I've had it, it's bile. When it's the liver your face goes yellow, your face goes all shit colored.

LEWIE: Scared me shitless. I thought it was the liver, I thought I was gonna be spittin' out my whole liver. On the way to the bus, I'm spittin', so by the time I get here, I got no liver.

STEVIE: It was bile, don't sweat it. Bile from the booze.

LEWIE: I didn't drink booze yesterday.

STEVIE: Whaddya mean?

LEWIE: I didn't.

STEVIE: You probably don't remember.

LEWIE: Maybe. (*Drinks booze.*) Maybe. Nothin' happened yesterday anyway, right?

STEVIE: I don't know, like what?

LEWIE: Nothin'.

*(Aunt Rosie approaches by bicycle.)*

LEWIE, STEVIE (*shouting*): Aunt Rosie! Aunt Rosie...

AUNT ROSIE: For chrissake, don't go scarin' me like that, boy, I almost fell off the bike.

STEVIE: Didn't you see us standin' here?

AUNT ROSIE: Like I'm gonna be payin' attention to you two!

STEVIE: You won't see anythin' with your head turned around like that.

AUNT ROSIE: I was watchin' out for the bus, the bus and Joey Tóth's kid, in case he happens to be comin' with that damn tractor.

LEWIE: Well, it's not comin', you can see it's not, and that racket it makes, rattlin' like some tank, you could hear that, Aunt Rosie, you could hear that for sure.

AUNT ROSIE: Okay, but last time I couldn't.

STEVIE: Whaddya mean you couldn't?

AUNT ROSIE: 'Cause the wind was blowin' toward the tractor, see, toward the rattlin'.

LEWIE: Toward it?

STEVIE: Toward the tractor?

AUNT ROSIE: Right, the wind was blowin' from below, and the tractor was comin' from above.

LEWIE: Chrissakes, it blew the rattlin' back, like the tractor wasn't even comin', like it was whisperin'?

AUNT ROSIE: Right, Joey Tóth's kid's hair was goin' backwards.

STEVIE: Backwards, in the direction of the road?

AUNT ROSIE: Right, same way as the wind.

LEWIE: Chrissakes, no wonder you could get in trouble.

AUNT ROSIE: All of a sudden the tractor's right where I am.

STEVIE: Right by the bicycle.

AUNT ROSIE: This monster's right there, so close I can hardly steer up on the curb.

STEVIE: Chrissakes.

LEWIE: He's stupid anyway, that boy, real stupid...

STEVIE: Joey Tóth's kid was always completely stupid, completely.

AUNT ROSIE: He shouldn't even be handlin' a tractor, dontcha think?

LEWIE: What then, a machine gun?

AUNT ROSIE: You can say some really stupid things too, Lewie.

LEWIE: But I don't have a tractor. That's a big difference.

STEVIE: But you can rattle, right?

LEWIE: I don't rattle.

STEVIE: Maybe 'cause the wind blows it back.

LEWIE: Blows what back?

STEVIE: The rattlin'.

AUNT ROSIE: I better pull my bike up on the curb long as we're talkin', so Joey Tóth's kid doesn't hit me.

LEWIE: If I was rattlin', I wouldn't be able to.

AUNT ROSIE: Wouldn't be able to what, Lewie?

STEVIE: Drive a tractor.

LEWIE: Wouldn't be able to talk, you idiot. That's what I wouldn't be able to do.

STEVIE: Now you're on to somethin'. Either you talk, or you're a tractor.

*(They laugh.)*

LEWIE: Or you're Joey Tóth's kid.

AUNT ROSIE: Okay, I'm goin', 'cause Géza's expectin' his baloney. *(Starts off, then brakes.)* What did you want, anyway?

*(The two men stare inanely.)*

LEWIE: What'd we want? Nothin'.

AUNT ROSIE: Okay then, I'm goin', if it was nothin'.

LEWIE: But there *was* somethin', wasn't there, Stevie?

STEVIE: Well... Oh... Les is lookin' for you.

AUNT ROSIE: Les who?

STEVIE: You know, Les the foreman, from the quarry.

AUNT ROSIE: What does he want?

LEWIE: That we don't know, I mean...

STEVIE: He'll tell you, won't he?

AUNT ROSIE: He'll tell me if he wants somethin', he'll tell me, you're right. *(She pedals away.)*

2.

*(Morning. In the typical, small, provincial shop.)*

MARIE: G'mornin', Aunt Rosie.

AUNT ROSIE: How're things, Marie, up an' at 'em?

MARIE: Don't even say it. I couldn't drag myself outa bed.

AUNT ROSIE: Somethin' happen yesterday?

MARIE: We were gettin' down at the club till about one, Aunt Rosie, it was a gas, acid rock. *(Shakes her hips a bit.)*

AUNT ROSIE: You were gettin' gas down at the club?

MARIE: Oh, cut it out Aunt Rosie, you know what I mean.

AUNT ROSIE: No, really, I don't.

MARIE: You must've seen it on satellite.

AUNT ROSIE: Heck no, we don't get that. All we get from abroad is the Slovak channels one and two.

MARIE: Okay, all I mean is we had a good time.

AUNT ROSIE: But you kids aren't takin' that LSD stuff, are you?

MARIE: Oh no, Aunt Rosie, the techno's enough for us.

AUNT ROSIE: Good thing.

MARIE: Anyway, Les was lookin' for you.

AUNT ROSIE: What did he want, did he say what for?

MARIE: He said he'd rather to go out to your place to tell you himself. He asked where you live, 'cause he hasn't been in the upper end for ten years.

AUNT ROSIE: If he wants somethin', I wish he'd stop leavin' messages and just tell me what it is. Am I right?

MARIE: Of course. So what'll it be, Aunt Rosie?

AUNT ROSIE: What'll what be?

MARIE: What can I get you?

AUNT ROSIE: The usual, Marie. Half a bread, milk, fifteen decas of baloney.

MARIE: Isn't Géza gettin' tired of baloney?

AUNT ROSIE: He likes it, Marie, that's what he likes, bread n' butter with baloney.

MARIE: Always.

AUNT ROSIE: Always.

3.

*(On the street by Aunt Rosie's house, the neighbor is shouting.)*

NEIGHBOR: Rosie, Rosie!

AUNT ROSIE: What's up, Johnny, what happened?

NEIGHBOR: Les from the quarry was here. He was lookin' for you.

AUNT ROSIE: Did he say what he wanted?

NEIGHBOR: No. But I think he went into George's Hardware.

AUNT ROSIE: He'll drop by if he wants somethin'. Am I right?

*(She is opening the door when an old Opel pulls up beside her.)*

LES: Aunt Rosie, good thing I finally found you ...

AUNT ROSIE: What's up, Les, what's so important?

LES: Aunt Rosie, I have great news...

AUNT ROSIE: So tell me, Les, tell me.

LES: The Germans said the quarry needs to beef up safety precautions, they'll get fined if there isn't more safety.

AUNT ROSIE: Well, the Germans oughta know, they always know what needs to be done. In the war too, everything was already lost, and still they were marchin' just so.

LES: Just how?

AUNT ROSIE: Like it was a parade. The Russians, on the other hand, like a herd of pigs.

LES: Oh I see, well the Russians, sure, the Russians.

AUNT ROSIE: But they all stole, of course.

LES: They did.

AUNT ROSIE: Even from the children.

LES: For chrissake, even from them.

AUNT ROSIE: Even the barrels. Empty.

LES: Empty barrels?

AUNT ROSIE: Yup.

LES: I wouldn't have thought so, not barrels.

AUNT ROSIE: So what's with the Germans, anyway?

LES (*enthusiastically*): Well, they know all about the law, and they don't want anybody dyin' there, and them havin' to pay.

AUNT ROSIE: Them pay? Not them, that's for sure.

LES: They know how to manage their money...

AUNT ROSIE: Well, they've got plenty to manage. Am I right?

LES: So what they said...

AUNT ROSIE: What?

LES: Well.

AUNT ROSIE: So what was it they said?

LES: Well, there needs to be supervision on the conveyor belt, 'cause otherwise they have to pay if any accidents happen. We got a bus seat from State Coach and set it up in the middle, where you can see most of the belt from, it's one of those good bus-driver seats, brown vinyl, looks real good there, but we need the driver for it... Get it, Aunt Rosie?

AUNT ROSIE: I get it, it's a driver's seat.

LES: But somebody's gotta sit in it. Get it, Aunt Rosie?

AUNT ROSIE: Of course somebody's gotta sit in it. I get it...

LES: You don't get it, Aunt Rosie, you don't. We thought of Géza, Géza-boy. He'd be just right for it, this'd be a job for him, a regular...

AUNT ROSIE: Géza? You mean Géza should be... v? My v?!

LES: Sure, Aunt Rosie, 'nother words this'd be just right for Géza, 'cause the German'll only pay so much, you know how they are with money...

AUNT ROSIE: In other words, it'd be Géza!

LES: Sure, Aunt Rosie, sure, 'nother words, just talk to him, he could start tomorrow, Lewie Banda and Stevie Herda'll be waitin' for him at the bus stop in the mornin'.

AUNT ROSIE: Lewie and Stevie, at the bus stop?

LES: Sure, Aunt Rosie, sure. He could go with them. They'll make sure everythin's okay with Géza, they'll take care of him, see?

AUNT ROSIE: I see, sure I see, Les, Les dear... (*Sheds tears of joy.*) This ... This is ... I'll go tell Géza right away. (*Rushes into house.*)

4.

(*Géza is sitting by the stove in the kitchen. The floor is laid out in black and grayish-white, square tiles.*)

AUNT ROSIE: Géza dear, Géza dear!



GÉZA: Hello, Mama, good mornin', where've you been, at the shop, you brought baloney again, and bread and milk, we'll have breakfast, I'm up already, I put on my pants, my shirt, aren't you drinkin' coffee...

AUNT ROSIE: Pay attention a minute, my little son, pay attention to me now!

GÉZA: I'm payin' attention, Mama, I'm payin' attention, I'm just countin' how many black tiles there are, and how many gray ones, I always get mixed up, how many black ones, and how many gray ones, I always get mixed up.

AUNT ROSIE: Never mind that now, never mind that. Les was here just now...

GÉZA: Les? Do I know Les... Do I know him?

AUNT ROSIE: Les from the quarry, Les the foreman...

GÉZA: Les works over at the quarry, I know, Uncle Lewie Banda works there too, and Uncle Stevie Herda works there too, Les works at the quarry, I know.

AUNT ROSIE: Startin' tomorrow you can go there too, that's what Les said, dear, Les said you can go there too.

GÉZA: Okay, Les said so, but what am I gonna do at the quarry? I can't do any work there, you know I can't go there, I'm not supposed to, you know that, Mama, I'm not supposed to. (*Grasps at the air frantically.*) Who's gonna count the kitchen tiles here? Or watch the house? Who? I can't be a worker there, 'cause I can't do any job there, you know that, you know I can't leave home or I'll get in trouble, the doctor even said I can't do any work, 'cause I'll get in trouble...

AUNT ROSIE: This isn't that kind of work, it's exactly good for you. There's a chair, the kind bus drivers use.

GÉZA: What's that chair like, where's that chair, I don't know.

AUNT ROSIE: It's one of those brown vinyl seats they use on buses, understand? A seat like that is above the conveyor belt.

GÉZA: I understand. The seat's above the conveyor belt, I understand.

AUNT ROSIE: And you have to sit there and watch the belt, to make sure the rocks are movin' like they're supposed to...

GÉZA: That's just it. That's what I'm afraid of, that I can't, that I can't tell when the rocks are movin' like they're supposed to, and what to do if they aren't movin' like they're supposed to. I'm not supposed to get upset, the doctor lady told me in Vatz, that I'm not supposed to.

AUNT ROSIE: You could be goin' to work just like the others. Just like Uncle Lewie Banda and Uncle Stevie Herda.

GÉZA: Like Uncle Lewie Banda and Uncle Stevie Herda.

AUNT ROSIE: You'll get paid. We'll get your father's shoulder bag, the one you can hang on your shoulder, it's still in the attic.

GÉZA: Papa's shoulder bag?

AUNT ROSIE: Sure. I'll pack it for you. Every mornin' I'll pack you bread n' butter with baloney and a soda with syrup...

GÉZA (*staring intently before him, he sways his upper body*): I go all the way on Dózsa Street with the bag on my shoulder, with the shoulder bag?

AUNT ROSIE: Sure. Just like your father when he was alive, just like that.

GÉZA: I go to the bus stop, and the bag is there on my shoulder, at the bus stop.

AUNT ROSIE: Right. To the bus, the five-thirty bus...

GÉZA: Uncle Lewie Banda and Uncle Stevie Herda will be there...

AUNT ROSIE: Sure. They'll be waitin' for you there.

GÉZA: Then we'll go to Szob, to the quarry.

AUNT ROSIE: Right. You'll be there all day, put in a good day's work, and in the evenin' you'll come home, you'll go to the tavern with Uncle Lewie Banda and them, then you'll come home for supper.

GÉZA: And when do I get the money, the money?

AUNT ROSIE: At the beginning of the month, I think, you'll get paid at the beginning of every month.

GÉZA: I'm gonna go to work with Uncle Lewie Banda and Uncle Stevie Herda?

AUNT ROSIE: Sure. With them.

GÉZA: I go to work, I watch the rocks on the belt at the quarry? (*Getting occasionally tongue-tied.*) I'm gonna watch the rocks at the quarry? Can that be? Can that be that I watch the rocks at the quarry, I'll be the rock watcher? They won't be saying Géza-boy anymore, but the Rockwatcher? They'll say Géza the

rockwatcher at the quarry? Rockwatcher Géza, that's what they'll say.  
Rockwatcher Géza, isn't that what they'll say? Rockwatcher Géza. Not Géza-boy  
any more?

AUNT ROSIE: Not any more.

5.

*(The following morning. Inside. Géza in front of his father's picture.)*

GÉZA: I go down the street, Papa. Down the street. The dogs are barking. Lewie Banda and Stevie Herda are already waitin' for me there. I say to them, I'm here, Uncle Lewie, I say I'm goin' to work too. The way you used to go to work, Papa, same way you used to. The way the other people go, Papa, just like that. 'Cause I'm not flawed, Papa. I'm not. This is what I'm like. This isn't like a sickness, Papa. Mama said you were waitin' for it to go away, like the measles, like those red spots. She said you were waitin' to say the boy's not flawed any more. But I'm not flawed, Papa, I'm not. *This* is what I'm like. I go down the street just like Uncle Lewie, to work. The dogs bark, that's their job. Mama said you made like the boy's gonna grow outa this, Papa. You told me don't do this, boy, and don't do that, boy, but I couldn't not do what I was doin', 'cause the way I was, I had to do like that. And you told Mama not to let the boy make faces like he's crazy, you said don't let him laugh in that voice, 'cause then he'll stay like that forever. That's what you told Mama. And Mama said what can she do with me, that's what Mama said. And you told Mama I'm like this 'cause of her, that's why I didn't grow out of it yet. You said I'm not even in school any more, and I still didn't grow out of it. You said it's 'cause of Mama, 'cause I woulda got well already, except Mama let me do everythin'. And you yelled at Mama I'm always gonna stay that way. But that's all you said. You never said to me: c'mon Géza, c'mon down to the quarry with me. You just left, Papa, you left to go to the quarry. Every morning, to the quarry. Now *I'm* goin', Papa, I'm goin' to the bus, Papa. I'm not flawed, Papa. I woulda gone with you to the quarry later on too, if you'da asked me, Papa. I woulda gone, 'cause I'm not flawed, Papa. This is what I'm like. If I wasn't like this, I wouldn't be Géza, Papa, not Géza. Then I wouldn't be who I am to Mama, not then. Then I'd be somebody else, not Géza, Papa. Somebody else...

6.

*(Next morning in the street, Géza is walking toward the bus stop, the dogs are barking.)*

GÉZA: What're you barking at, what're you barking at in the yard? Arf-arf-arf, arf-arf-arf. *(Hits the fence with his shoulder bag.)* You bark all day long, arf-arf-arf all day long.

STEVIE: Come on, Géza, the bus'll be here right away, come on!

GÉZA: Arf-arf-arf, all day long arf-arf-arf. (*Banging on the fence with his shoulder bag.*)

STEVIE: Leave those dogs alone, boy!

GÉZA: Hello, good morning, good day.

LEWIE, STEVIE: Hi there, Géza, Hi there. (*Patting him on the back.*)

GÉZA: Uncle Lewie, what did Aunt Ilona pack for you, what did she pack?

LEWIE: Bread and hog jowl. Booze she didn't pack, so I bought a two-deciliter bottle at the shop, right Stevie? (*Takes a swig, so does Stevie.*) And you? What've you got in there?

GÉZA: Bread n' butter with baloney, Uncle Lewie, I've got bread n' butter with baloney, and raspberry syrup with soda...

STEVIE: Syrup with soda, that's a very dangerous drink, boy, very dangerous. Takes all the calcium outa your bones. Then, you aren't even old yet, you got no bones in your body, and you collapse like a dishrag... You become like a pile of loose shit. You become not human shit, but a shit human...

GÉZA (*stares at him with wide eyes*): Collapse, you collapse...

LEWIE: What are you – stupid, Stevie? Fillin' the boy's head with all kinds of crap... And anyway, don't lean in my face, 'cause your breath smells like a propane canister blew up in your stomach...

(*They laugh.*)

STEVIE: Know what? It's your own face you're smellin', bouncin' off mine like an echo.

(*They laugh.*)

GÉZA (*kneading his fingers and hands*): I have all my bones, every one of them. I even have two in my hand, down here. If the soda washes out one of them, I've got the other one, even then. Even then, Uncle Stevie. (*Proud of his thoughtful retort.*)

LEWIE: Stevie's stupid, Géza, stupid. His head's like an outhouse the world shat into...

(*The bus arrives, the door opens.*)

What's up, Charlie? Did it get stuck in the missus?

CHARLIE: Cut the shit, Lewie.

STEVIE: Hell, he probably couldn't find it when he was takin' a piss.

CHARLIE: I had a shitload of trouble gettin' started. The battery crapped out. I had to wake up Johnny Balog so we could take his out, that's why I'm runnin' late. But if you don't fart around, I can make up the time to Szob so the schoolkids don't miss the train.

STEVIE: That'd be good, 'cause Les was breakin' our balls last time about bein' late, 'cause he could get the boot from the German if we don't start work on time.

LEWIE: Anyway State Coach could buy a couple of new buses. Some day this'll come apart on you in a curve, then they'll be scrapin' up the passengers with spoons...

CHARLIE: The German didn't buy *us* out, see. What the fuck we supposed to buy new buses with? Your bus fare?

STEVIE: Why not?

CHARLIE: Listen. These days, all we got is discount passengers. Half of them are schoolkids, the other half are retired, they ride free...

LEWIE: Okay, Charlie, let's not rehash the same old shit. Let's get goin'.

CHARLIE: Anyway, you guys are still workin' with the same belt too.

LEWIE: It's still perfectly good, right, Stevie?

STEVIE: Good as new.

CHARLIE: Bullshit, Stevie, pure bullshit. When did the quarry buy it? Must be twenty-five years at least. Doesn't matter if the German's loaded, he still won't buy a new machine. The whole thing doesn't mean shit to him.

STEVIE: On the other hand...

CHARLIE: On the other hand what?

STEVIE: Well, we hired Géza as rockwatcher. For safety purposes.

CHARLIE: Get outa here. Géza-boy?!

LEWIE: Géza-boy, as rockwatcher.

GÉZA: Good morning, Uncle Charlie, hello, good day. *(Pushes himself to the front.)*

CHARLIE: Hi there, Géza. Don't tell me your goin' to work.

GÉZA: I'm goin' to work, Uncle Charlie. I've got bread n' butter right here in my shoulder bag.

CHARLIE *(amazed)*: Well, for chrissakes!

GÉZA: I need a ticket, Uncle Charlie. I didn't get my pass yet, so I gotta have a ticket now, Uncle Charlie, a ticket. So one ticket, please...

CHARLIE: Come on, Géza, I'll take you for free. I can do that, can't I? After all, I'm the one drivin' the bus.

GÉZA: I've got money for a ticket, I've got money. Thank you, Uncle Charlie.

LEWIE: Go on in, Géza. Don't be talkin' all the time, you hear? *(Shoves him inward.)*

STEVIE: Listen here, Géza. You're gonna have a seat like this too. *(Nods toward Charlie's seat.)*

GÉZA: I'm gonna have a seat like this too, I'm gonna be the driver, with a seat like this. I know, Uncle Les told Mama, he told her I'm gonna have a seat like this.

CHARLIE: But no steerin' wheel.

GÉZA: No, just the seat.

CHARLIE: No gas pedal, either.

GÉZA: No, not that either.

STEVIE: It's not a bus, Charlie, it's a quarry.

CHARLIE: Okay, I'm just shootin' the breeze with Géza.

STEVIE: Oh, that's different then, if it's just shootin' the breeze, that's different.

7.

*(Before starting time at the quarry. Conveyor belt, a shack, quarrying to the side; in the middle, on an elevation, the seat.)*

LEWIE: Boss, Géza-boy's here. We brought him.

LES: Hi there, Géza (*pats him on the shoulder*), glad you came.

GÉZA: Good morning, Uncle Les, good morning... Everythin' went real fine. We came by bus together, me and Uncle Stevie Herda and Uncle Lewie Banda...

LES: See that chair over there above the belt?

GÉZA: I see it, Uncle Les, sure I see it.

LES: Well, that'll be your throne.

GÉZA: Uh-huh, I see it.

LEWIE: Like a king you'll be, just like a king...

STEVIE: Just like a king up there.

LES: Come on, I'll show you what you need to do.

*(They go to the chair, meanwhile the two men call out.)*

LEWIE: Pay attention, Géza. Pay close attention.

STEVIE: This is the important part, Géza, this is why you're here.

GÉZA: I'll learn it, Uncle Lewie, I'll learn it.

LES: Okay, so this is the switchbox, see?

GÉZA: I see, Uncle Les, the switchbox.

LES: You sit here, and you watch the belt.

GÉZA: I watch the belt.

LES: If you see somethin's not right, you press the red, see? It stops.

GÉZA: I see, I see, I press the red, it stops. It stops on the red.

LES: With the green, you can start it, understand? You start it with the green when you get the signal.

GÉZA: I understand, I press the red, it stops. I press the green, it starts. It starts, it runs from me pressin', like the TV remote. Red turns it off.

LES: Go ahead, give it a try.

*(As he presses, it stops, starts, he laughs, continues, it stops, starts, etc.)*

GÉZA: Red: off, green: on, red: off, green: on, off, on, off, on, off, on...

LES: Okay, that's enough. *(Takes the switchbox, tuns off the conveyor belt, then hands the switchbox back to Géza.)* From now on, only if somethin' happens, understand? If some big rock falls on the belt, or you see lumps of soil, or – and this is the most important – if there's an accident, if somebody falls on the belt. Understand?

GÉZA *(nodding)*: I understand. If somethin' happens. I understand. If I see a big rock, or if there's an accident.

LEWIE: See, Géza, no sweat. Easy as pullin' your dick out to take a piss.

GÉZA: I understand, Uncle Lewie, I understand. Like this: red is off, green is on, I understand. I watch, all day I watch, from this chair here, like a king. That's what Uncle Les said. Like a king, all day.

*(The conveyor belt starts running, the work commences.)*

8.

*(On the street, by the neighbors' fence, Aunt Rosie is approaching by bicycle.)*

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: She's comin' from the shop already. See?

NEIGHBOR: Who?

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Rosie.

AUNT ROSIE *(stops at the fence)*: G'mornin'.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Mornin', Rosie. Comin' from the shop already?

AUNT ROSIE: I'm gonna be shoppin' every day now, Mary.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Every day, really? Why every day?

AUNT ROSIE: 'Cause I've gotta pack Géza's lunch.

NEIGHBOR: Really? How come?

AUNT ROSIE: 'Cause he goes to the quarry, to Szob, to work...



NEIGHBOR: Then that's why we saw the boy this mornin', Rosie. We saw him out goin' someplace...

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Only we didn't know why he was out, why so early, and where. He was hittin' the fence with the shoulder bag, the dogs were howlin'.

NEIGHBOR: That's their job, right?

AUNT ROSIE: That's where he goes. To the quarry.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: So that's why Les from the quarry was lookin' for you.

AUNT ROSIE: Right, that's why he was leavin' me messages.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: So now I understand the whole thing.

AUNT ROSIE: I know the boy's simpleminded, but he's good for somethin'. And now he finally got some work...

NEIGHBOR: What's Les got Géza doin'? What's he got him doin'?

AUNT ROSIE: He watches to make sure the rocks on the belt move along all right.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Really?

NEIGHBOR: Why does that need watchin'? What for?

AUNT ROSIE: 'Cause the German doesn't wanna pay if there's an accident.

NEIGHBOR: Oh, so the German wanted it. I thought Les made it up so Géza could have somethin'.

AUNT ROSIE: Les said if there's no supervision, then the insurance won't pay the German if there's an accident. Then the German's gotta pay for the damages.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: So that's why, it's so he doesn't have to pay.

AUNT ROSIE: Right. And now the boy's there. Watchin' the belt...

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: That's good for Géza.

NEIGHBOR: That's good for him. Géza found his place. (*Laughs.*)

AUNT ROSIE: They're usin' him for somethin' at least, aren't they?

NEIGHBOR: That's for sure. He's doin' somethin' at least.

AUNT ROSIE: Nothin'll come of him just sittin' around the kitchen.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: That's for sure, nothin'.

AUNT ROSIE: And me, who knows how much longer I'll be around. Then what becomes of him?

NEIGHBOR: You gotta think of that too. That's for sure.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: It's good this way, Rosie. The boy's got a place in the world.

AUNT ROSIE: I could tell, when I was packin' his lunch, how proud he was. He was lookin' at his father's picture in the glass cabinet, and he was mumblin' to himself. Then I got a little teary-eyed myself, seein' him standin' there, lookin' at his father's picture. And he mumbled somethin', and I went back to the kitchen, so he could keep standin' there, 'cause I didn't wanna bother him. I didn't want him not to stand there on account of me as long as he wanted, in front of the glass cabinet. But then he came, and his eyes were sparklin'... there was a glow in them...

NEIGHBOR: It'll be good for him there...

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: That's for sure. That's for him. That's for sure.

AUNT ROSIE: I know how hard it is for people to understand who don't have a simpleminded child. I know.

NEIGHBOR: Well yeah. One person's is simpleminded, another person's isn't. That's how it is.

AUNT ROSIE: But a lot of people don't know what it's like.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: We know, Rosie. We could see how hard you worked for that boy.

AUNT ROSIE: It doesn't matter what he's like. He's mine all the same. Right?

NEIGHBOR: That's for sure.

AUNT ROSIE: He's my blood all the same. And his father's.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Of course, Rosie. We know...

AUNT ROSIE: Well, I've gotta go. It's good I can chat a little with you two. At least I can tell you two. You like Géza after all...

NEIGHBOR: He's a decent kid, that Géza, a decent kid, Rosie, that's for sure. He's a decent kid.

AUNT ROSIE: Okay, now I'm really goin'.

*(Rosie exits, the couple remains on the scene.)*

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: I don't know...

NEIGHBOR: What?

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: What the hell can that nutcase do at the quarry? What can he do?

NEIGHBOR: He doesn't do anythin'. He just sits and stares straight ahead, just like at home. He watches the rocks, that's what he does...

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: I think he coulda been put in some school where they coulda taught him somethin'. I don't see why not. They say even the blind can be taught to work and read and everythin'. I think he coulda been put in somethin' like that... Even the blind can be taught...

NEIGHBOR: She was anxious about the boy. Probably she was anxious about the boy . About what could happen to him without her. Alone, see, in some school, far away. What he was gonna do without her...

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: She was anxious about the money. She didn't want to spend it on him... The money, that's what she was anxious about. She figured it was better leavin' him here to stay stupid...

NEIGHBOR: He did stay stupid, that's for sure. He stayed completely stupid, that's for sure...

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: He got work all the same. That he got, all the same.

NEIGHBOR: So what if he did? So what if he got work?

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: And you they laid off.

NEIGHBOR: 'Cause the quarry went to shit, that's why. The quarry went to shit.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: But they didn't take you back when the German bought it. You they didn't take back, only Banda and Herda.

NEIGHBOR *(holding himself back)*: No, 'cause Banda and Herda are younger than me, that's why.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Now he needs Géza. Even him he needs.

NEIGHBOR (*shouts*): Enough! Cut it out!

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Now what are you yellin' for? What do need to yell for? Whatsa matter? The truth hurts, that's what hurts you...

NEIGHBOR: Shut your face. Cut it out, cut it out, understand? Cut it out or I'll knock your block off, understand? I'll knock your block off.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Your yellin' doesn't change a thing, not a thing.

NEIGHBOR: Just knockin' your block off, that's change enough for me. That'll do it for me.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: You wouldn't even dare, 'cause you're a nobody. You're only somebody compared to Géza, only compared to that half-wit boy, otherwise you're nothin', see? You never got anywhere your whole life, not anywhere. Only compared to Géza you were somebody, but now you're not even that...

NEIGHBOR: 'Cause I married you, that's why. 'Cause I married you, that's why I'm like this. 'Cause I married you. That's why.

*(Tussling, end of scene.)*

9.

*(Noon at the quarry.)*

LEWIE: Look at the boy, sittin' there.

STEVIE: Like a god, that's what he's like in that chair.

LEWIE: The boy's happy now. Real happy.

LES (*shouts*): Shuttin' down, lunchtime, we're shuttin' down.

*(The belt stops, Géza just sits there.)*

LEWIE: C'mon, Géza, lunchtime!

STEVIE: Hey there, c'mon!

*(Géza clammers down from the chair, they all sit down beside the belt.)*

GÉZA: There wasn't anythin', but I was watchin', Uncle Lewie.

LEWIE: That's what counts. You were watchin'.

GÉZA: How's the hog jowl, Uncle Lewie? Is it good?

LEWIE: It's good. What're you eatin'?

GÉZA: Bread n' butter, Uncle Lewie, bread n' butter with baloney with and soda with syrup.

STEVIE: That's not good for you. Soda with syrup.

LEWIE: Leave the boy alone, Stevie.

*(Pause, they eat.)*

STEVIE: We'll finish out the afternoon, then we can go to the tavern.

LEWIE: That's for sure.

GÉZA: I'm goin' to the tavern too, me too.

LEWIE: Really? You're comin' too?!

GÉZA: Mama said I'm goin' to the tavern too. After that I'm goin' home.

STEVIE: Sure, you're comin' too, sure thing.

LEWIE: Did you hear? Batchani strung himself up.

STEVIE: Chrissakes! Is he dead?

LEWIE: He's in the hospital.

STEVIE: Did he crack up, or what?

LEWIE: They say his wife hid the cellar key, and he wanted to drink, to bring some wine up. And there was no key anywhere. No key.

STEVIE: For that he strung himself up, that idiot Batchani. What an idiot. Instead of slammin' the wife across the face.

GÉZA: Idiot Batchani. What an idiot.

LEWIE: That's what he shoulda done. Slap the shit outa the wife.

STEVIE: What an idiot. Christ almighty, what an idiot. No way at our place... then again, we don't have a cellar.

LEWIE: That does make a difference, though.

STEVIE: Well yeah, but anyway, even if we had one, not even then, see.

LEWIE: Yeah, but you don't have one anyway.

STEVIE: Yeah, but I'm sayin' if we had one.

LEWIE: If you had one. But how'm I supposed to know what it'd be like, if you don't have one. See what I mean?

STEVIE: You just imagine what it'd be like if you had one. Not then either. I don't think this coulda happened then either.

LEWIE: Yeah, but I can't imagine that now, 'cause you don't. And if you don't, then you don't.

STEVIE: Okay, let's leave it alone.

GÉZA (*has been listening to their dialogue*): It's twelve-thirty, Uncle Lewie, Uncle Stevie, twelve-thirty. Uncle Les is gonna start the belt. He's gonna start up the belt.

LEWIE: Okay, boy, let's go.

LES: We're startin'!

*(The belt starts up.)*

GÉZA: Didn't I tell you it's twelve thirty? I told told you, 'cause I know.

LEWIE: You're like a clock.

STEVIE: That's for sure. You can turn on the radio to Géza, that's for sure.

LEWIE: What d'ya mean the radio? I don't get it.

STEVIE: The news.

LEWIE: Oh, the news. *(Pause.)* But what for?

STEVIE: I don't know. Just in case.

LEWIE: Oh, that's true.

STEVIE: What is?

LEWIE: The radio.

10.

*(Evening at the tavern. Lewie Banda, Stevie Herda, Géza, Béla, and Sappy, who does not speak in this scene.)*

GÉZA: Did I do a good job, Uncle Lewie? I did a good job, didn't I?

LEWIE: Just right, Géza, you did just right.

STEVIE: Géza's a regular guy now.

BÉLA: Whaddya mean a regular guy?

STEVIE: Like us.

BÉLA: Like you?

STEVIE: Like us. He goes to work in the mornin'.

GÉZA: I go to work. I go in the mornin'. I go to work in the mornin'.

BÉLA: What's this then, *(points about)* the night shift?

GÉZA: I go in the mornin', in the mornin'.

STEVIE: Leave the boy alone. You rot here at home all day.

BÉLA: How much more do you bring home than I get for unemployment? Huh? How much?

LEWIE: They pay you outa me workin'.

BÉLA: Outa that you couldn't even pay for a fuckin' afterschool program.

STEVIE: Okay then, where d'ya think your unemployment comes from? Where, accordin' to you?

BÉLA: From the Council. From Béla Szabó. That's who pays it.

LEWIE: They probably wouldn't even hire an idiot like you. You wouldn't even be able to watch the rocks. With those bug-eyes.

STEVIE: At ten in the mornin' you're already shit-faced. You're already soused by then.

BÉLA: Why, what do you two do? What the fuck do you do? Tell me what happened last night. What happened then?

LEWIE: Whaddya mean? What happened?

STEVIE: Nothin' happened. Nothin'. That's for sure.

BÉLA: Nothin' happened if you don't remember. Then nothin' happened.

STEVIE: Why? Were you even there?

BÉLA: You're not doin' the askin' about this, I am. That's the order. When he tells me what happened, then you can ask. Got that?

LEWIE: The problem is you've got all fuckin' day to think. Your unemployment lets you think. But we work. Even Géza works at the quarry.

BÉLA: I didn't say Géza doesn't work at the quarry. All I mean is, he could be told what the tools are for already.

LEWIE: What tools?

STEVIE: The shovel, or what?

BÉLA: After he's finished pissin'. See what I mean?

STEVIE: After he's finished pissin, then what? He shovels?

BÉLA: Hey Stevie, when was the last time you saw your wife at night? 'Cause seriously, how come your brain's workin' so slow.

STEVIE: Yesterday.

BÉLA: You remember, or you just think you do?

STEVIE: A person doesn't remember things that're always the same.

LEWIE: I think you just heard her.

STEVIE: Whaddya mean I just heard her?



LEWIE: I mean you heard her snorin', that's what. Not 'cause it was dark, but 'cause you couldn't see anythin' anymore, not even how dark it was.

STEVIE: But what's with the tools?

GÉZA: That I oughta find out what the tools are for, but I know it.

STEVIE: See? Géza knows.

BÉLA: Well Géza knows, but you don't, that's for sure.

STEVIE: Don't know what?

BÉLA: Whaddya think? The dick. What the dick is for.

*(Lewie snickers.)*

STEVIE: Oh, is that what you mean?

BÉLA: Right, now you got it. We stake Géza to a date with Sappy. We chip in, see, for free, see, we chip in.

LEWIE: Géza could use some of that already.

GÉZA *(alarmed)*: I'm not supposed to. I can't.

BÉLA: Sure you can, Géza!

GÉZA: The lady doctor in Vatz said, in Vatz she said I'm not supposed to yet...

LEWIE: You know what my doctor in Vatz told me? Know what he told me? Not to drink booze, not even wine, otherwise I'll croak. That's what he said...

GÉZA *(nervously)*: That's what she said. That's what the lady doctor said.

LEWIE: And you know when he said that, you know when?

GÉZA: When did he say it, when?

LEWIE: Five years ago. Five years ago, and nothing's wrong with me yet.

BÉLA: Whatsa matter, Géza, don't be tight-assed. Go for it, Géza, go for it...

GÉZA: She told me in Vatz, she told me I'm not supposed to...

STEVIE: They're not worth shit, they just make money hand over fist. Uncle Sandy Szabo says he gave his doctor ten thousand forints when they took out half his stomach.

LEWIE: Ten thousand, that's not nothin', ten thousand.

STEVIE: But you know what that doctor said to him?

BÉLA: What did he say to him?

STEVIE: He said it's not enough, see, he said the ten thousand wasn't enough for him!

LEWIE: Chrissakes!

STEVIE: To which Uncle Johnny said to him his stomach isn't enough either, 'cause they robbed half of it. (*They laugh.*) Not enough, see, that's what that prick over in Vatz said. Not enough.

LEWIE: Where do they get the gall? The way they make money, they just hold out their hand, next second it's in the pocket. What takes a person half a year to make. One second, in the pocket.

STEVIE: But the district doctor's somethin' too. He makes the rounds with the required vaccination, Uncle Lewie Kobi told me about it, he makes the rounds, see, with free stuff from the pharmacy, 'cause the old folks get it for free, but he says he had to get it from abroad, and it's so expensive, it cost him a lot too, and he charges the old ladies two thousand each. And if there's two of them, 'cause the husband's still alive, they pay four, see, four.

BÉLA: They're better off, the ones where one of them died, 'cause they get by cheaper, right?

GÉZA: We didn't pay in Vatz. We didn't pay, Mama didn't pay, 'cause we didn't need to pay. The lady doctor said she didn't have to pay, 'cause it's free. It's free.

LEWIE: You were lucky, real lucky, 'cause if you get one of the other kind, he'll take the shirt off your back.

GÉZA: I can pay now, 'cause I make money, I make money now. I get paid at the beginnin' of the month. Me too, I get paid.

BÉLA: You know what, Géza? You ought to pay it to Sappy instead. That'd be better, 'cause she's worth it...

GÉZA: I can't, Uncle Béla, I can't.

LEWIE: You could give it a try, Géza, at least give it a try. You thought you couldn't do the quarry thing either. Remember you thought you couldn't?

GÉZA: But not this, Uncle Lewie, I can't do this. I'm goin' now, see ya, I'm goin' home. It's seven o'clock. We'll meet tomorrow, good-bye, see ya tomorrow.

STEVIE: Good-bye, Géza, good-bye. Don't be late in the mornin', the bus won't wait for you.

GÉZA: I know, Uncle Stevie, I won't be late. I won't be late in the mornin'. *(He exits the tavern.)*

BÉLA: You guys think if somebody's like that in the head, the other thing doesn't work either?

LEWIE: Sure it does. They have kids just like regular people. Even blind people have them. I saw for myself when I was in Vatz, at the hospital.

STEVIE: What, you mean the crazies were havin' kids?

LEWIE: That's what I mean, they were hidin' in the bushes when they sneaked out. Men with heads as big as this, and women with big heads too. Made me puke.

BÉLA: You puked? Why'd you puke?

LEWIE: The way they went at it, I could see everythin', the way they went at it, I had to puke, from what went on in the bushes.

STEVIE: Regular-like, naked?

LEWIE: Regular. In their mouths too, see, in their mouths. And I puked at the window where I was watchin' them. I puked right on the floor.

BÉLA: Chrissakes, I never woulda thought.

STEVIE: What, that Lewie puked?

BÉLA: No, that they do it.

LEWIE: They do, though.

BÉLA: And the kids turn out idiots too, or what?

STEVIE: The blind have kids who see. Doesn't matter they're blind.

BÉLA: Then Géza could have normal kids.

STEVIE: Sure.

BÉLA: I never woulda thought. Not that, no way. So then, could be I'm smarter than my father?

LEWIE: Could be, 'cause your father was real stupid.

STEVIE: It'd be hard to be stupider than him.

BÉLA: But still, I never woulda thought. Not that, never.

11.

*(At home, in the kitchen.)*

AUNT ROSIE: Tired, dear?

GÉZA: I was watchin', Mama, I was really watchin' those rocks... Like this *(demonstrates)*, this is how hard I was watchin' the rocks, every single rock. They dig gray rocks out over there, light gray rocks on the belt, that's what I was watchin'. I was really watchin' so nothin' would happen. That's how hard I was watchin'.

AUNT ROSIE: But nothin' happened, right? I hope nothin' happened.

GÉZA: Nothin' happened, Mama, 'cause I was watchin', and if somethin' woulda happened, I woulda pressed the red button, if somethin' woulda happened, but nothin' did.

AUNT ROSIE: Was Uncle Lewie there?

GÉZA: He was there, Mama.

AUNT ROSIE: And was Uncle Stevie there too?

GÉZA: He was there, Mama.

AUNT ROSIE: Did you eat the bread n' butter?

GÉZA: I ate it, Mama. Uncle Lewie had hog jowl.

ROSIE: Oh yeah, hog jowl?

GÉZA: That's what he brought.

AUNT ROSIE: Here's supper. *(Places a plate on the table.)*

GÉZA *(eats with a spoon)*: Thank you, Mama, thank you for supper.

AUNT ROSIE: Eat, dear. It probably tastes better after such a hard day's work. You're probably good-'n-hungry.

GÉZA: It's better now, Mama, it's better now, 'cause I was really watchin'... Uncle Lewie even said I watched real good, real good.

12.

*(Morning. Géza is walking in the street, swinging the shoulder bag, the barking of dogs can be heard.)*

GÉZA: What're you still barkin' for, what are you barkin' for, arf-arf, huh? All day long barkin' here, arf-arf, barkin', you're stupid, you're real stupid, arf-arf.

NEIGHBOR: Goin' to work again, Géza?

GÉZA: Every day, Uncle Johnny, I'll be goin' every day now...

NEIGHBOR: Is it good over there, boy? Is it good for you there?

GÉZA: I watch the rocks on the belt, I watch them so nothin' bad happens, Uncle Johnny, all day I watch them there. I know how to do it. I have a red button, a green one too, Uncle Johnny.

NEIGHBOR: So you've got the buttons, boy?

GÉZA: I have them, Uncle Johnny. I turn it off when I need to, I turn it off when somethin' happens.

LEWIE: Get a move on, Géza, shake a leg, the bus is comin'...

GÉZA: I'll be right there, here I am, I was just talkin' to Uncle Johnny.

LEWIE: All right then, we were thinkin' you weren't gonna make it.

GÉZA: I'm on time, Uncle Lewie, right on time. Is Uncle Charlie late, is Uncle Charlie late again?

STEVIE: He's late 'cause the bus is shit. That's why he's late.

GÉZA: What's in the bag, Uncle Lewie?

LEWIE: What the hell would there be, hog jowl and bread, and the two-deciliter bottle from the shop. You?

GÉZA: Bread n' butter and baloney, and a bottle of soda and syrup, Uncle Lewie...

STEVIE: That's good, just be careful, so it doesn't wash the calcium out of you...

LEWIE: When are you gonna drop that calcium business already?

STEVIE: I'm not droppin' it, 'cause that's how it is.

LEWIE: I hate it when you talk in my face, I hate it, the way you spray spit all over my face. One of these days the skin's gonna rot right off it.

GÉZA: Uncle Lewie, I hear Uncle Charlie comin', I hear the bus comin'.

*(The bus rolls in, the door opens.)*

LEWIE: What the hell happened this time, Charlie? You changed the battery yesterday.

CHARLIE: Yeah, but I had to give it back to Johnny Balog, 'cause he needed it last night, so now I had to get it back this mornin'. I thought I was gonna shit, the damn thing was so heavy. It's pure lead, the whole thing, pure lead.

GÉZA: Good mornin', Uncle Charlie. We'll make up the time to Szob, so the schoolkids don't miss the connection, Uncle Charlie, so they don't miss it.

CHARLIE: Okay, boy, got a pass yet?

GÉZA: Sure I do, Uncle Charlie, sure I do. I got it from Uncle Les yesterday, so I can ride everyday, so I can ride.

CHARLIE: Okay, I'm closin' the door. Watch your back, Stevie!

*(The door closes, the bus rumbles away.)*

*(Rosie enters riding her bicycle by the neighbors' fence.)*

NEIGHBOR: Well, the boy left, Rosie.

AUNT ROSIE: He left.

*(The dogs are barking.)*

What are those dogs barkin' so much for? Every time I go this way.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: The fender's rattlin', Rosie, that's why. 'Cause the fender's rattlin'.

AUNT ROSIE: They ought to know by now. The fender always rattled. Am I right?

NEIGHBOR: That's their job. Barkin'. That's what they're supposed to do.

AUNT ROSIE: That's for sure. That's for sure.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Anyway, how much does Géza earn?

AUNT ROSIE: We don't know yet, but the German needs him because of the insurance, so he's earnin'.

NEIGHBOR: But how much you think it is?

AUNT ROSIE: I don't know. I really don't. (*Rides away.*)

NEIGHBOR: Couldn't be very much. Not for that. Not very much.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: But he is gettin' somethin', whatever it is, he is gettin' somethin'.

NEIGHBOR: That's what I said, he's gettin' somethin', only not that much.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: The main thing is, he's gettin' somethin', he's gettin' paid for work he's doin'.

NEIGHBOR: Why're you sayin' the same thing? What're you gettin' at? He's getting' paid somethin' and that's that.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: That's exactly the point.

NEIGHBOR: All the times I tried to get hired. All the times. What're you breakin' my balls for? Huh? When I tried and tried. They just don't want you over fifty, see, not over fifty. The German doesn't want you over fifty, he doesn't.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: But the nutcase boy he wanted, him he wanted.

13.

(*Morning, at the conveyor belt.*)

LES: It's all the same to me when you get here, but the German'll have your asses if he finds out we start a quarter hour late. Got that? He'll figure out the time; he's got a mind like an adding machine that doesn't make those clickin' sounds.

LEWIE: Okay, Les, we can't help it, it's that fuckin' bus, understand?

LES: *I understand, but the German won't, 'cause the German doesn't give a shit about the bus. All the German cares about is eight hours wortha work. At least.*

STEVIE: Why the fuck did they have to sell it to this German exactly? Why the fuck to him?

LES: 'Cause he's the only one who had the fuckin' money, see, only he did. If he didn't want it, the whole thing woulda gone to hell. Finished.

LEWIE: Okay, Les, I get it, but even so, this is nothin' to the German, this quarry, it's nothin'. He doesn't even know Motorway-7 was built outa this. He doesn't know that.

STEVIE: And the number-two metro.

LEWIE: The number-two metro?

STEVIE: Sure. The number-two metro.

LEWIE: No shit?

STEVIE: No shit, really.

LEWIE: Anyway, the German doesn't give a shit about that either, see, he doesn't give a shit if the whole fuckin' country was built outa this rock, and now it's no good for anythin', and nobody here wants it. That's what I don't get: how come it's worth more to the German than us Hungarians, see, that's what I don't get, I just don't.

STEVIE: Sounds like Lewie's got a point.

LES: Nobody wanted it.

LEWIE: That's just it! How come nobody wanted it? That's what I don't get.

LES: 'Cause nobody else had money, except him. Why he wants it, how much it's worth to him, I don't know, but it's gotta be worth it, see, 'cause there're these new roads being built, see...

STEVIE: Okay, the German can fuck himself with a rock prick. Let's get started.

LEWIE: Go to your place, Géza, we're startin' up...

GÉZA (*goes to his seat*): Starting! Attention! I'm watchin'. Start it up, Uncle Les, let's get goin'. (*Self-imporant.*)



STEVIE: You're like a god up there, Géza ... The way you're sittin' up there.

LEWIE: He is. Just like a god in some paintin', watchin' from the clouds.

STEVIE: Bet you never woulda thought a week ago it'd be like this. Not like this, huh?

GÉZA: I'm like God, like Jesus, like Saint Peter. I'm the commander. I've got this button here in my hand. Green, start. Red, stop. Red, green, red, green...

LES: Just like a god. You start it, you stop it.

GÉZA: That's me, Uncle Les, like a god.

LES: Of course, only if somethin' happens, understand Géza? Only if somethin' happens.

GÉZA: I know, Uncle Les, I know what I'm doin'. If there's a problem, then, only then, if there's a problem, Uncle Les.

14.

*(At home, Géza is just arriving, Rosie is in the kitchen.)*

GÉZA: I'm home, Mama, I'm home.

AUNT ROSIE: I see, dear, I see. Anythin' happen today?

GÉZA: Nothin'. Again. Nothin'. Every day, I'm just sittin' in that chair, and nothin' ever happens. Ever...

AUNT ROSIE: That's good. As long as there's no accident, it's good, isn't it?

GÉZA: But it isn't good, 'cause nothin' happens. Nothin', nothin' ever happens...

AUNT ROSIE: That's a lucky thing. It's good that nothin' happens...

GÉZA: But then what am I there for if nothin' happens? Then what am I sittin' there for? What am I holdin' the buttons for, Mama, what are those buttons for in my hands?

AUNT ROSIE: That's your job, that's what you're there for, that's what they pay you for, to sit there, so if somethin' happens, you stop the belt. Uncle Les said that's why you're there. Uncle Les told you, the button's in your hands so you press it if somethin' happens.

GÉZA: But nothin' happens, Mama, nothin' happens. I don't have to stop the belt, I never have to stop the belt. For half a year I never had to stop the belt. I thought I was gonna have to stop the belt. I thought somethin' was gonna happen, 'cause I'm holdin' the buttons, and I press the red one, which I have to press when somethin' happens, the red one. Then the belt, when I press it, (*mimes pressing the button*) it stops, right then, the rocks lurch a little, like people on the bus when Uncle Charlie steps on the brake, like the on the bus, when Uncle Charlie... What am I there for if it doesn't stop? What are those buttons in my hands for? What for, if nothin' ever...

AUNT ROSIE: But you have to watch and make sure nothin' happens, and you didn't stop it only 'cause nothin' happened, see, that's why you didn't. Uncle Les knows, don't worry, Uncle Les knows you know what has to be done. Uncle Les knows you'll stop the belt right away if it needs to be stopped, that you'll stop it right away...

GÉZA: It's no use Uncle Les knowin', 'cause nothin' happens, and I don't stop the belt, I just watch. I watch like this (*demonstrates*). The way I watch the the kitchen tiles. I watch in the mornin', and I watch after lunch, I'm always just watchin'.

AUNT ROSIE: Well, what do the others do? All they do is the same thing all day long too...

GÉZA: But I don't do anythin' at all. I don't press the button, I can't press it. So what's that button to me, what's it to me if I can't stop the belt? That's not work, watchin', from mornin' to night. That's not work, 'cause I'm not doin' anythin'. (*Stands up, starts outward.*)

AUNT ROSIE: Where're you going?

GÉZA: I'm goin' down to the tavern. Uncle Lewie and them are still there.

AUNT ROSIE: Why're you goin' this late, after dinner, why? You never went this late before...

GÉZA: What's there to stay home for? There's nothin' on TV, nothin's playin' on TV... I might as well go down to Uncle Lewie and them...

AUNT ROSIE: You could go to bed on time and get rested, get a good night's sleep...

GÉZA: I don't do anythin' all day, just sit and not do anythin'. What do I need to rest for if I don't do anythin'? (*Exits, slamming the door.*)

15.

*(The tavern. The usual patrons, everyone is already pretty drunk.)*

CHARLIE *(poking his head in the open door)*: Lewie, your wife asked me to tell you you oughta go home, 'cause you gotta nail somethin' together. The pig kicked out the side of the pen or somethin'...

LEWIE: My wife oughta know better than sendin' me messages, 'cause then I sure as hell won't be goin' home. Not then, that's for sure. *(Brief pause.)* Anyway, let the pig nail it back. He kicked it out, didn't he? What's it to me...

BÉLA: You're goin' home, Lewie, you're gonna nail that pigpen back together, then you're gonna plunk your wife into bed, why's that so bad for you? Why...

LEWIE: You go home, what're you fuckin' with me for? You go on home. We'll watch you through the window...

STEVIE: In the dark every woman's black, right, Lewie?

*(Laughter.)*

LEWIE: Only yours is blacker, 'cause her legs are hairy as Uncle Sandy's asshole...

STEVIE: It doesn't make any difference what we do anyway, by mornin' I won't remember anythin'. I couldn't tell you the last time I laid my wife.

BÉLA: You mean you did?

STEVIE: Sometime, sure, but I don't know when, I just don't remember exactly when.

LEWIE: Good thing.

STEVIE: What is?

LEWIE: That you don't remember, that's what.

STEVIE: Why's it a good thing if a person can't remember?

LEWIE: 'Cause he forgets what happened to him, see?

STEVIE: But why's it good if he forgets?

LEWIE: 'Cause he doesn't remember, see, that's why life's worth livin', see, so we forget what happened.

BÉLA: And we need to drink so we don't get bored while we're forgettin'... See, so the time'll pass, that's why.

STEVIE: But what did Lewie say, what did he say about his wife? I can't remember.

*(Door opens, Géza steps in.)*

BÉLA: Hey look. Géza's here.

GÉZA: Good evening, Uncle Lewie, good evening, Uncle Stevie, I came down again. I came down.

LEWIE: Good for you, Géza, so you came down. Have a little syrup as long as you're here.

STEVIE: Just not with soda, 'cause that'll wash away your bones and you'll collapse into a pile like shit.

*(They laugh.)*

GÉZA: No thanks, Uncle Lewie, no thanks. I just came down. I came down, Uncle Lewie.

LEWIE: Come on in then, come on. What the fuck you standin' there for with that hangdog face? What the hell's with you.

*(Géza does not speak, just stands there.)*

STEVIE: Somethin's wrong with the boy, can't you see? Somethin's wrong with him.

GÉZA: I'm not goin' tomorrow. I'm not goin' in to work tomorrow. I don't wanna, 'cause what I do isn't work, and I'm not doin' it...

LEWIE: What the hell's with you, Géza? You been drinkin', or...

BÉLA: Sappy got a hold of him. She got a hold of Géza!

STEVIE: Shut your fuckin' face, Béla, shut up or I'll knock your teeth out.

LEWIE: What's up, boy? Tell us. What's up?

GÉZA: I'm not goin' in to work, I'm not, good bye, I'm not goin'... *(Begins to go.)*

STEVIE *(jerks him into a seat)*: What are you yappin' about? What the fuck's wrong with you? You got somethin' against us, or what the fuck's the prob...

LEWIE: Stop ridin' the boy, cut it out! You can see somethin's the matter with him! He's not your wife, you can do anythin' you want with, see, he's not your wife...

GÉZA: I'm not goin', Uncle Stevie, Uncle Lewie, I'm not goin', tomorrow I'm not goin' to work.

LEWIE: Take it easy, Géza, just take it easy. What's wrong, tell me what's wrong?

GÉZA: This isn't work, Uncle Lewie, what I do, it isn't work!

LEWIE: Sure it is! You do exactly what you're supposed to, exactly what you're supposed to.

GÉZA: I don't do anythin', nothin', I just sit and watch the rocks, but I don't do anythin'...

LEWIE: Well, that's exactly what you do, you sit and watch the rocks.

STEVIE: That's the kind of work it is. Sittin' and watchin' the rocks...

GÉZA: But I don't do anythin', I just sit and don't do anythin'. From mornin' to night I don't. There's the red button and the green button, and I don't do anythin'. I don't press them, 'cause nothin' happens. I sit and watch the rocks...

LEWIE: Well, that's the work. You sit there and watch the rocks.

GÉZA: But if I don't ever have to press it, what am I sittin' there for, what am I watchin' the rocks for, if I don't ever have to press it, then I don't have work there, 'cause I don't ever have to press the button, ever.

LEWIE: Listen, Géza, you're like God, remember I told you that's just what you're like, only you can't go pressin' the button any old time.

STEVIE: That's exactly why you can't go pressing the button any old time, exactly why.

GÉZA: I can never press it. I'm holdin' it in my hand for nothin', for nothin'. That's not work, that's not somethin' that needs to be done, there's nothin' to do, I just sit and watch the rocks, all day long I just look at gray rocks. They cover up the black belt, so I pass the time watchin' for when I can see some belt under the rocks, from mornin' to night that's what I do, I watch for when the piles are higher, and when they're lower, I watch for when I can see some of the black belt, when it shows under the rocks, but I don't stop it ever, 'cause nothin' ever happens, this isn't work, me just sittin' there, watchin', and not doin' anythin'...

LEWIE: Listen here, Géza, would it be a good thing if you had to press it? Would that be good for you now?

GÉZA: That's why I was told to sit there, Uncle Lewie, to press it, that's why.

LEWIE: Listen here, Géza, listen here. Would it be a good thing if you had to press it now 'cause I'm lyin' all bloody on that belt, on the rocks? Would that be a good thing for you?

GÉZA: But why I'm there is so I press it in case somethin' happens. That's why I'm there, Uncle Lewie, that's why!

LEWIE: Don't you get it, Géza, don't you get it? Would it be a good thing for you if I got hurt, or if Stevie Herda got hurt? Would that be good? Would you be glad then, 'cause you finally get to press it? Would that be good for you?

GÉZA: No, Uncle Lewie, that's not what I want, I don't want that, I just wanna press it.

LEWIE: Now you're gettin' it, Géza, till now you didn't get the whole picture, which is the reason you're there is so you *don't* have to press it!

STEVIE: You get it, boy, see, if you gotta press it, then somethin' really bad already happened, see, then somebody's done for...

BÉLA: Death, Géza, that means death.

GÉZA: But Uncle Lewie, if I'm not sittin' there, nothin' happens then either, if nobody's there, nothin' happens then either, not then either, 'cause it doesn't have to be pressed, it never has to be pressed. It's the same thing if nobody's sittin' there, nothin' happens then either.

STEVIE: Listen, Géza, did you think about what would happen if somethin' went wrong?

GÉZA: But nothin' ever went wrong, nothin', that's just the problem, nothin' ever happened, 'cause nothin' went wrong, and I didn't press the button, and if I'm not there, it's just the same as when I was sittin' there.

STEVIE: The boy doesn't fuckin' get it, for chrissake!

BÉLA: Death, death is what the kid needs, death!

STEVIE: Shut your face, Béla! You tell him, Lewie, 'cause he doesn't get it, the boy doesn't get it!

BÉLA: Blood is what the boy needs, blood!

STEVIE: Shut up, or I'll kick in your teeth!

LEWIE: Listen here, Géza, if I accidentally fall on the belt... imagine the belt, are you seein' it now?

GÉZA (*stares ahead*): I see it, Uncle Lewie, I see it.

LEWIE: Now imagine me trippin' on a rock and fallin' on the belt, and the belt starts takin' me, right there in front of you, the belt is carryin' me...

GÉZA: Then I have to, that's when I have to press the red button, that's when I press it!

LEWIE: You get it now, if you see me, then you press the red button, and the belt stops, see, and nothin' happens to me, see, nothin'.

GÉZA: But I didn't have to press it, Uncle Lewie, I didn't have to, and I'm there for nothin' if I don't have to.

STEVIE: But if you need to one of these days, see, if one of these days you need to, then you could be savin' a life!

LEWIE: See, Géza, my life's in your hands, and Stevie's too, get it?! If I fall on the belt, and nobody stops it, then I'm done for. Get it? You could be savin' a life...

GÉZA: A life, I'd be savin' a life, I know, Uncle Lewie, a life...

BÉLA: You're a life saver, Géza, a life saver!

LEWIE: The reason I stay alive, see, is 'cause you press the button, get it?

STEVIE: Leave him alone already, he gets it, don't you see he gets it?

LEWIE: Let me tell him, what're you mouthin' off for when I'm tellin' him?

STEVIE: All I'm sayin' is he gets it now.

LEWIE: Damn right he gets it, 'cause I explained it to him, that's why he gets it.

STEVIE: That's what I said, you explained it to him.

LEWIE: Okay, just don't be sayin' it, 'cause it gets on my nerves.

BÉLA: Death is what Géza needs, death is what he needs!

LEWIE (*to Béla*): Look, drink your booze and keep your fuckin' face shut.

GÉZA: I get it, I get it...

LEWIE: See? He gets it.

STEVIE: That's all I'm sayin' too, he gets it.

GÉZA: Then tomorrow at the bus, Uncle Lewie!

LEWIE: All right then, Géza, see you tomorrow.

*(Géza exits.)*

*(Startled.)* What the fuck's this under the table. *(Looks.)* A bottle? That's not a fuckin' bottle. What the fuck you doin' under the table... Here's Sappy under the table.

BÉLA: There's Sappy under the table!

STEVIE: When did she slide under?

BÉLA: I don't know.

STEVIE: Anybody remember her here today?

BÉLA: I don't know.

STEVIE: Then probably yesterday...

LEWIE: Get your face away from there *(kicks)*, or I'll piss in your mouth...

BÉLA: Whatsa matter, cat got your weenie?

SAPPY *(clambers out)*: You guys still here?

BÉLA: Where'd you think we were, America?

SAPPY: My glass was here since then?

STEVIE: Right here, even the glass is here, that's how good a place this is.

BÉLA: That's where you always oughta put it, otherwise you forget where it is.

SAPPY: What then, if you forget?

STEVIE: But if you put it there, right there, then it's always there, if that's where you put it.

SAPPY: But what if you don't know you put it there?



BÉLA: Then you died, you're already dead, if you don't know, either before, or  
meanwhile, but by then you're dead.

LEWIE: What're you lookin' at, Stevie, what're you lookin' at on the wall, what's over  
there?

BÉLA: He can see through the wall, Stevie can, right through.

STEVIE: I was just thinkin' about Géza, how shitty it is for him, all he does is watch the  
rocks, mornin' to night that's all he does... What's Géza got goin' for him, what's  
he got goin' for him, I don't know what Géza good for, I don't know what he's  
livin' for if he's got nothin' goin' for him.

LEWIE: Here's a hundred for Géza, Stevie, match it, for Géza ...

SAPPY: I'm in on this, too, me too!

STEVIE: You're the one we're collectin' for, we're fuckin' collectin' for you.

BÉLA: I'll thow in a hundred too...

LEWIE: Three hundred, (*speaking to someone under the table*) three hundred for Géza!

STEVIE: She's not there any more, Lewie.

LEWIE: Where is she then, where?

BÉLA: Here, right here in front of you.

LEWIE: Okay, I didn't see her, before she was there, before. So it's three.

SAPPY: Put it in my hand. Put it here, Lewie dear. Three's enough for Géza, that'll do it.  
I'll take care of it tomorrow. Put it here, Lewie.

LEWIE: Only after.

SAPPY: What're you breakin' my ass for, Lewie?

LEWIE: So you don't get so soused you forget what you have to do, so that doesn't  
happen, see, tomorrow, when he's leavin' the tavern...

BÉLA: I wouldn't mind takin' a look at Géza, how he does it, I wouldn't mind takin' a  
look. And how big a thing he has, I wouldn't mind takin' a look.

LEWIE: C'mon, Stevie, let's go.

*(Lewie and Stevie go outside, on their way home.)*

STEVIE: What're these fuckin' dogs barkin' for, what're they barkin' for all day long?

LEWIE: That's their job, see, that's what they're supposed to do.

STEVIE: Must really be a shit thing, bein' a dog, a real shit thing.

LEWIE: Why would it be shit, all you have to do is bark all day, see, you bark and that's that, that's what they do, they bark.

STEVIE: But my head's gonna explode from it, fuckin' explode... Hey, look at the sidewalk, look, you see?

LEWIE: See what, see what, of course I see.

STEVIE: I don't mean can you see, I mean the sidewalk, do you see the sidewalk?

LEWIE: Course I see it, why wouldn't I see it?

STEVIE: But I mean, the way we're walking, see, like the rocks on the belt, see, when you take a step, it's like the rocks on the belt...

LEWIE: Oh, yeah, that's what it's like, just like that.

STEVIE: Like what?

LEWIE: Like the rocks on the belt.

STEVIE: What rocks?

LEWIE: I don't know.

*(End of Act One.)*

## Act Two

1.

*(Dawn. Rosie shuts off the alarm clock before it can ring.)*

AUNT ROSIE: Get up, Géza, it'll be five soon, get up.

GÉZA: I didn't hear it ring, it didn't ring, I didn't hear it, I'll get up when it rings, I'll put on my pants, my socks, my shoes, I'll go in the kitchen, breakfast, shoulder bag, what am I takin', Mama, what am I takin', Mama says I'm takin' bread n' butter, bread n' butter, I say to Mama, yes, bread n' butter, and baloney in it too, Mama, there'll be baloney in it too, yes, baloney too... It didn't ring, I didn't hear it ring, as long as it doesn't ring, I sleep, right up to then, that's how long I stay in bed, after that I'm awake, I'm either awake or I'm asleep, when it rings, I don't ask what I have to do, I don't say I have to do somethin' else when it rings, I get up, as long as it doesn't ring I'm sleepin' in bed, I don't say it 'cause I'm not awake when I'm asleep, and I don't say it 'cause I'm not asleep when I'm supposed to be awake, I don't ask how things oughta be, 'cause I know this is how things gotta be, when the alarm clock rings, but it didn't ring, I didn't hear it ring, so what should I do, stay in bed or get up, it didn't ring...

AUNT ROSIE: I was up already, so I pressed the button.

GÉZA: You pressed it, Mama?

AUNT ROSIE: Yes.

GÉZA: You pressed down the alarm button, Mama.

AUNT ROSIE: I pressed it down, so I'd be the one wakin' you...

GÉZA: But you don't ring, Mama.

AUNT ROSIE: No.

GÉZA: Not you, Mama, only the alarm clock rings, but it's not ringin' now, it's not ringin', the alarm clock isn't ringin' now...

*(Rosie sets the ringer on the alarm clock; it rings.)*

That's it, now it's ringin', now I wake up, I know I wake up now, I know that.

AUNT ROSIE: Get up, dear, I'll make breakfast, get dressed, I'm goin' to the kitchen.

GÉZA: Yes, Mama, yes. *(Dresses by the light of the little lamp.)*

AUNT ROSIE: How dark it is, how dark, even though it's spring already.

2.

*(The street at dawn, Géza is going to work.)*

NEIGHBOR: Goin' to the quarry, Géza?

GÉZA: I'm goin', Uncle Johnny, I have to go, so nothin' bad happens to Uncle Lewie or Uncle Stevie.

NEIGHBOR: You go on then, Géza, you gotta watch out for things, am I right?

GÉZA: I gotta watch out for things, I gotta be real careful. I'm careful about the belt, I watch the rocks to make sure they're movin' on the belt the way they're supposed to, and if Uncle Lewie Banda falls on it, I stop it, so nothin' bad'll happen to Uncle Lewie...

STEVIE *(shouting)*: Hurry up, Géza, you don't wanna miss the bus...

GÉZA: You have some really stupid dogs, Uncle Johnny, you have some really stupid barkin' dogs.

NEIGHBOR: Somebody's gotta guard the house, see. In case somebody tries to break in, understand?

GÉZA: I understand, somebody's gotta watch out for things, I'm not afraid of them, but they're real stupid dogs, I'm not afraid, they're tied up, arf-arf, gotta be stupid to be doin' that all day, yappin' like that, so stupid, arf-arf. *(Approaches the bus stop.)*

STEVIE: C'mon, Géza, c'mon, boy!

GÉZA: I'm comin', I was just lookin' at the dogs, how much they bark, just lookin' at what they're doin', arf-arf, all that barkin'. *(Arrives at the bus stop.)*

LEWIE: See what I mean, good thing you're here, see what I mean?

GÉZA: Good thing I'm here, Uncle Lewie, you were already waitin', good thing I'm here, you were waitin' too, Uncle Stevie.

LEWIE: What did you bring for lunch? *(Pats Géza on the back.)*

GÉZA *(smiles)*: Bread n' butter with baloney.

LEWIE: That's good, that's very good.

GÉZA: What did Aunt Ilona pack for you, Uncle Lewie?

LEWIE: Hog jowl and bread.

GÉZA: That's good, Uncle Lewie, that's very good. *(After a pause.)* Do you always eat the same thing, Uncle Lewie, always?

LEWIE: Always.

GÉZA: How come you always eat the same thing, Uncle Lewie?

LEWIE: I don't know, Géza, I don't know.

STEVIE: Here comes Charlie.

*(Sounds of the bus arriving.)*

3.

*(After work, going home on the bus.)*

STEVIE: GÉZA was the king today, what a king.

LEWIE: He was like God, like God.

GÉZA: King, God, king, that's what I was today, Uncle Lewie, that's what I was.

LEWIE: Like a dog at the house, y'know?

GÉZA: I know. Like a dog, a dog... What do you mean like a dog?

LEWIE: If it wasn't there, see, there'd be nothin' left, 'cause it'd all be burgled... see, the way dogs watch out for everythin' all day long and all night, see?

GÉZA: Dogs, just like the dogs, they're gods too, all day long they bark, arf-arf, at night too, arf-arf.

STEVIE: That's what they do all day, 'cause that's their job, they're supposed to bark like that.

GÉZA: I watch the belt all day, just like they bark, arf-arf, I watch the belt and they bark, the kings, gods, kings, dog-gods...

STEVIE: Never mind, boy, never mind, you get it, you're not so stupid...

GÉZA: I'm not so stupid, not like the dogs, I'm not stupid like them, I just do like they do, but me, I'm not stupid.

4.

*(Evening at the tavern.)*

STEVIE: Fuckin' winter's finally over.

BÉLA: It's over, goddammit, finally.

LEWIE: I plugged in the iceboxes.

STEVIE: Whaddya mean? They were unplugged?

LEWIE: Sure they were. For winter. Who's stupid enough to heat the kitchen, see, burn up six square meters of wood, and same time keep one of the corners cold, right? That'd be really stupid.

BÉLA: Really stupid, that's for sure, really stupid.

LEWIE: But now I got it up an' runnin'.

STEVIE: You got it up, what're you talkin' about now?

LEWIE: I'm talkin' about iceboxes, that's what.

STEVIE: That's what?

LEWIE: That's what.

STEVIE: I was thinkin' about somethin' else.

LEWIE: Should I laugh now?

STEVIE: What about?

LEWIE: Never mind.

BÉLA: That kid's real quiet today.

STEVIE: Why, the boy's still here, you're still here, Géza?

GÉZA: I'm here, Uncle Stevie, I'm here, I'm being quiet here, Uncle Stevie, right here.

LEWIE: Well, enough for today, go home now.

GÉZA: Okay, okay, I gotta go, I know, I gotta go.

STEVIE: But then go, don't just say you're goin', go.

GÉZA: I'm goin', Uncle Stevie, I'm goin', see you tomorrow then, Uncle Lewie, see you tomorrow then.

LEWIE: Okay then, Géza, good bye.

*(Géza heads outward.)*

STEVIE *(to Sappy)*: Well, hurry up, go after him!

SAPPY: Okay, stop shovin' me, I'm goin'. Wait, Géza, wait for me, you hear, I'm goin' that way too, I had enough of this stupid Lewie and Uncle Stevie, I had it up to here with them.

GÉZA: I hear, sure I hear, let's go together, sure.

*(They set out.)*

SAPPY: At least you won't be goin' alone, right?

GÉZA: I won't be goin' alone at least, that's good, not goin' alone.

*(They step out of the tavern.)*

*(On the street. The dogs are barking.)*

SAPPY: What're these stupid dogs barkin' for?!

GÉZA: They're barkin' 'cause they're dogs. That's their job, bein' dogs.

SAPPY: But why at night, why all the time, when I'm comin'.

GÉZA: That's what they're supposed to do. The kings are barkin', the dog-gods, they're barkin', the dog-gods are barkin'.

SAPPY: Whatsa matter, Géza, knock it off, you hear!

GÉZA: Arf-arf-arf, the gods are barkin', there are gods in the sky, there are gods in the sky, and they bark, arf-arf-arf...

SAPPY: Knock it off, Géza, cut the shit about the gods, cut the shit!

GÉZA: They don't press the stop button, they don't press it in the sky, that's what they're supposed to do, *not* press the button, not press it, that's what.

SAPPY: Well, I'm home, Géza.

GÉZA: I'm gonna keep goin', I'm not home yet, so I'm gonna keep goin'.

SAPPY: There aren't any dogs here, see, not here.

GÉZA: Not here, no gods here, no gods, no barkin', arf-arf-arf.

SAPPY: C'mon in, I'll get you somethin' to eat, some bread n' butter, how 'bout some bread n' butter.

GÉZA: I can't, I gotta go, Mama's expectin' me, Mama's waitin'.

SAPPY (*gently tugging Géza*): No she isn't, not yet, it isn't even seven o'clock, she's not expectin' you yet. (*Opens the door, pulls Géza inside.*)

GÉZA: Why should I go, (*stepping in*) what am I doin' here, why should I go inside, I don't know why.

SAPPY: Bread n' butter, okay, bread n' butter.

GÉZA: The clock's not ringin', it's not ringin', I'm not goin', the clock's not ringin'!  
(*Steps, stops, steps, stops.*)

SAPPY: I'll make it ring, boy, I'll make it ring, don't worry!

(*She shoves the door closed, pushes Géza down on the daybed.*)

GÉZA: What do you want, Aunt Sappy, what do you want?!

SAPPY: You gotta take it off, that's the only way, see, you gotta take it off! (*Begins undoing Géza's clothes.*)

GÉZA: Aunt Sappy, I'm not supposed to! (*Shouts.*) I'm not supposed to.

SAPPY (*forcing Géza's hand between her legs*): Touch me here, Géza, touch me here, c'mon!

GÉZA: I know what you want, I know, but the doctor in Vatz told me I'm not allowed to, she told me I'm not allowed to. I'm not allowed to, see, not me!

(*Géza shoves her away roughly, slamming her against the dresser, thereby injuring her head, he rushes to the door.*)



SAPPY (*screams*): Are you crazy, Géza, you gone completely crazy?!

GÉZA: I'm not allowed, see, not allowed.

SAPPY (*shrieking*): You're crazy, Géza, a crazy idiot.

GÉZA: I'm goin' home, I'm rushin' home now. There're no dogs. No dogs here. (*Runs away.*)

SAPPY (*stays there, wiping blood from her brow*): Goddammit, goddammit!

5.

(*At home.*)

GÉZA: Hello, Mama, I'm home, hello.

AUNT ROSIE: What happened? What happened to you? Why do you look like that?

GÉZA: Nothin', I was watchin' the rocks all day.

AUNT ROSIE: But I can tell!

GÉZA: What can you tell, Mama, what can you tell? You can't tell anythin', all I did was watch the rocks, the way the dogs watch the house, the way they guard the house, just like them, so nothin' bad happens to Uncle Stevie Herda and Uncle Lewie Banda.

AUNT ROSIE: You're a regular worker, like your father, just like him.

GÉZA: I'm a regular worker, I get up every day, I go, I watch the rocks, I come home, I go to bed, the alarm clock rings, I get up again, every day, but if I don't go, then the belt and the rocks are there anyway, those are there anyway, Mama.

AUNT ROSIE: But if somethin' bad happens, it's you who has to press the button, then you have to stop it, if somethin' happens, if let's say Uncle Stevie falls on the belt.

GÉZA: Nothin' bad happened, Mama, nothin' bad. And nothin's gonna happen tomorrow either, Mama, not tomorrow either, 'cause nothin' happened so far either, nothin' happened and nothin's gonna happen.

AUNT ROSIE: Good thing nothin' bad happened. That's all we need, an accident, that's just what we need!

GÉZA: You don't understand, Mama, you don't understand. If nothin' happens, why am I there?

AUNT ROSIE: So when somethin' goes wrong, you press the red button, that's why, Uncle Les told you, you're job is to pay attention in case you have to press the red button.

GÉZA: It's no use if I can press the red button, if I can't press the red button, it's no use. *(With increasing nervousness.)* I sit, Mama, I sit, and I watch the belt goin', that's what I watch, but I don't do anythin', only watch the belt goin', the way it goes in the mornin', the way it goes in an hour, and later, there goes the belt, but it's no use me bein' there, 'cause if I wasn't there, it'd still be goin' anyway.

AUNT ROSIE: Come on, my little son, have a bite to eat, have somethin' to eat.

GÉZA: I don't want any, Mama, I don't want any now, my stomach's not good, Mama, it's real bad. *(Slapping one hand with the other.)* Nothin' happens, nothin', *(his voice grows increasingly loud)* I don't do anythin', *(shouts, his extremities writhing)* I watch, and nothin'... *(Suddenly becomes quiet, stares straight ahead.)*

*(His mother comforts him.)*

6.

*(The tavern. The usual patrons. The door opens, Sappy steps in, pressing a handkerchief against her injured forehead.)*

BÉLA: What the fuck's goin' on, Sappy's here.

SAPPY: Lewie, gimme the three hundred!

LEWIE: First you tell us what happened, Baroness, first the story.

STEVIE: So what happened?

BÉLA: How big is the kid, they say looneys are hung like horses.

LEWIE: Shut the hell up, Béla. Go ahead!

SAPPY: Well...

LEWIE: Well what?

SAPPY: Well, it's just that Géza ...

LEWIE: Quit stammerin'! What happened, tell us already, what happened?

SAPPY: I'm tryin' to tell you what happened, so quit barkin' at me. I'm tryin' to tell you.

LEWIE: Don't talk about what *I'm* doin', talk about what you did with Géza, c'mon.

SAPPY: That's what I'm tryin' to fuckin' do, except you're mouthin' off all the fuckin' time. Where's the money anyway?

LEWIE: The money's fine, we got it, don't worry about that. So what happened?

SAPPY: Nothin' happened.

BÉLA: Nothin'? I'm gonna shit my pants, nothin' happened?

LEWIE: Whaddya mean nothin' happened, what the fuck're you sayin' for chrissakes, what? We told you what to do, didn't we?

SAPPY: You told me, but nothin' happened even so, nothin' happened, 'cause the kid ran away, see, he ran away.

LEWIE: How the fuck did he run away, how the fuck could he run away?!

SAPPY: What're you yellin' for, can't you see this wound here on my head, my hair's all bloody too, so what're you yellin' for... he shoved me against the dresser and ran away, see, he ran away. But I still got the money comin', 'cause I did my part...

STEVIE: What money?

SAPPY: I did my part!

LEWIE: The money, the money, you know what you got comin', you know what? A kick in the ass. (*Shoves her.*)

SAPPY (*staggers, puts her hand to her head, shouts*): You too now? Géza's not enough, it's not enough he came at me, that's not enough?!

LEWIE (*shaking her*): Géza couldn't hurt anybody, see, not Géza, he loves everybody, Géza's a god compared to you, see, a god, what the fuck did you do to him, you fuckin' cunt, huh?!

STEVIE (*tries to separate them*): Leave her alone, Lewie, leave her alone, she can't help it!

LEWIE: Leave her alone, huh? I should leave her alone, this Sappy's stupid as a table leg! She jumped the boy, that's for sure, jumped his bones. Doesn't she know that boy doesn't know what to do yet? The idiot jumped the boy so he got scared.

When did he ever shove anybody, when, he's so innocent, like a boot lyin' on the floor, all you can do is trip on it...

SAPPY: I'm not some fuckin' nursemaid, I just have a pussy, see, that's what I gave him, I can't give him anythin' else, don't you get it, I'm not a nursemaid!

LEWIE: You're fuckin' stupid, that's the problem, you're so stupid you don't even know what you did, that's how stupid you are.

STEVIE: Leave her alone, Lewie. The whole thing was your idea, wasn't it your idea? Leave her alone.

LEWIE: But this isn't how it was supposed to turn out! What did this cunt do, this shit-for-brains, what did she do?!

BÉLA: So now we won't find out.

*(Everybody turns toward him.)*

STEVIE: What won't we find out?

BÉLA: You know.

LEWIE: What?

BÉLA: How big it is.

STEVIE: How big what is?

LEWIE: Whaddy mean how big?

BÉLA: If it's big as a horse's.

LEWIE: What?

STEVIE: As a horse's?

BÉLA: A horse's.

LEWIE: I don't know.

BÉLA: Neither does Sappy after all that.

STEVIE: That's for sure, she doesn't know, she doesn't know anythin'.

LEWIE: Nothin', 'cause she's so stupid.

BÉLA: But you guys don't know either.

LEWIE: We don't know.

STEVIE: Anyway, we forgot by now.

BÉLA: What?

STEVIE: I don't know.

7.

*(The street in the morning.)*

NEIGHBOR: Hi there, Rosie.

AUNT ROSIE: G'morning, you're up early.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Isn't the boy bored yet watchin' rocks?

AUNT ROSIE: Well, that's his job, if somethin' happens and he's not there, it could even mean death. And Géza knows how important the job is.

NEIGHBOR: But still, can't be easy lookin' at the belt with those shakin' rocks all day. Like when the TV's snowy, that's what it must be like.

AUNT ROSIE: Géza's got to do somethin' too, and this he can do. And it's good for the German, 'cause the boy's simpleminded, and doesn't have to get paid so much.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: You know yet how much he's getting'?

AUNT ROSIE: Not much, Mary, very little, but what he gets is somethin' anyway. Well, I'll be goin'. These dogs can really bark, they still don't recognize me, they think I'm a stranger.

NEIGHBOR: That's their job, to watch out for things, right?

AUNT ROSIE: Well sure, but after all this time you'd think they could recognize me, no?

NEIGHBOR: The main thing is they bark, better they bark at everybody than nobody, right?

AUNT ROSIE *(starting off)*: Fair enough.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE (*shouting after Rosie*): But how much exactly, Rosie, how much is the German payin'?

AUNT ROSIE: Sure the German needs him, he needs him for sure.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: How much?

AUNT ROSIE: Because of the insurer, so he won't have to pay. (*Vanishes.*)

NEIGHBOR: What's with you and that money, what do you want to know so much for?

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: I'm just curious how much he pays somebody like that.

NEIGHBOR: Whaddya mean like that?

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: When you come right down to it, he doesn't do anythin', he just sits and watches, makin' money sittin' on his ass!

NEIGHBOR: That's the kinda work it is.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: And he's makin' money while you're makin' nothin'.

NEIGHBOR: I tried.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: You were nothin' your whole life. Even that boy is better than you. Even compared to that idiot boy you don't count. You never had money, never.

NEIGHBOR: 'Cause of you I didn't, 'cause you couldn't ever save, you never could handle money.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: What was I supposed to handle, what you brought home, what was that, how much, whaddya think, how much did Johnny Weiss or Béla Szabó bring home, you think they brought home the same as you, is that what you think?

NEIGHBOR: The same, only that was enough for them, it was just enough, but you never could handle money.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: Twice as much, it's better you find out from me, they brought home twice as much as you, you never amounted to anythin' your whole life... Anyway it's a waste of breath talkin' about it, by now it's a waste of breath.

NEIGHBOR: What did I stay with you for, that's what I'd like to know, for what? 'Cause of the kids, only 'cause of the kids, but I'll leave you again, or I'll finish you off.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: You're such a coward, such a coward, you're afraid to do anythin', you chicken shit.

NEIGHBOR: Some day I'm gonna finish you off, some day I'll pay everythin' back, some day, you'll see. And leave off with Géza, Géza's a god compared to you, a god. He loves everybody, even you.

8.

*(Morning. In the shop.)*

AUNT ROSIE: Hi there, Marie, hi there.

MARIE: G'mornin', Aunt Rosie. So how's Géza holdin' up at work?

AUNT ROSIE: Well, he's doin' it.

MARIE: I see him mornin's, exact as a clock...

AUNT ROSIE: That's for sure, he couldn't stand bein' late.

MARIE: Even when we were in school, soon as they rang, he grabbed his books and started packin' up, even before the teacher was done. I'm not finished, Géza. The bell rang, sir, it's over, the bell rang, we have to go, you have to go too, sir. But I didn't finish, Géza. It's the bell that finishes, sir, not you.

*(They laugh.)*

AUNT ROSIE: When you come right down to it, he was right, wasn't he?

MARIE: When you come right down to it, he was, the teacher didn't have a choice, sometimes he had to leave without givin' us homework. That's why we loved GÉZA so much, when he was there, class couldn't run over...

AUNT ROSIE: Well, he is loveable, that Géza, isn't he?

MARIE: That's for sure. 'Cause Géza loves everybody.

AUNT ROSIE: He loves everybody, that's for sure.

MARIE: It's hard with a boy like that, Aunt Rosie, real hard. Mine are normal, but they still take up all my time, I'm not sayin' I mind, but they do take it up.

AUNT ROSIE: What can I do, Marie, I often thought to myself, I wouldn't say it out loud, but, why me, why this blow, I never dared to say it out loud.

MARIE: I'm not surprised, Aunt Rosie, not surprised.

AUNT ROSIE: But then I got used to what life gave me. Now I miss him, now the days are so empty when he's not home, I go out to feed the pigs, then I talk to myself, I talk to the pigs, Marie, 'cause I miss the boy durin' the day, and I'm afraid too, that somethin' bad might happen to him, I afraid of that.

MARIE: Nothin' bad's gonna happen, Aunt Rosie, nothin' bad. Géza knows how things are, he knows how things run, what he has to do, and when, he knows all that.

AUNT ROSIE: When I die, he'll be alone all the same. Alone.

9.

*(During the day at the conveyor belt.)*

LES: We're shuttin' down, lunchtime!

LEWIE: So how's the bread n' butter?

GÉZA: It's bread n' butter with baloney, I like bread n' butter with baloney, Uncle Lewie.

LEWIE: Arent' you gonna ask me anythin', Géza?

GÉZA: Like what, Uncle Lewie?

LEWIE: How the hog jowl is.

GÉZA: I'm keepin' quiet now, Uncle Lewie.

STEVIE: What are you keepin' quiet for?

LEWIE: What's wrong, Géza?

GÉZA: Nothin's wrong, Uncle Lewie.

STEVIE: Probably 'cause of Sappy.

LEWIE: She jumped you yesterday, that's the problem, she jumped your bones...

GÉZA: No problem came outa that, Uncle Lewie, no problem came outa that, 'cause I ran away, Uncle Lewie, I ran away, 'cause the doctor won't let me, I'm not supposed to, so I ran away, 'cause I can't, and no problem came out of it, Uncle Lewie.



*(They continue eating without speaking.)*

LEWIE: Stevie, say somethin' to the boy!

STEVIE: Say what? I'm not in the mood to talk about anythin' either now.

LEWIE: Somethin' happen at home, or what, for chrissake? The wife?

STEVIE: I don't give a damn about the wife.

LEWIE: Well then?

STEVIE: Nothin', just they took Sandy Zéher to the hospital yesterday, 'cause his liver swelled up.

LEWIE: It'll go back down in the hospital, won't it?

STEVIE: Or he'll croak, like Johnny Bardi last year, and like Charlie Kovach last summer, and the others, they all knocked off. Johnny was my classmate, and Charlie was one above me.

LEWIE: You're an idiot, Stevie, no point gettin' scared shitless.

STEVIE: But I am scared shitless, 'cause I already had liver problems, see, I already had them...

LEWIE: Look, you don't even notice it when you die, you don't feel anythin'. What did Uncle Imre Rák say when he had his heart attack, huh, what did he say?

STEVIE: I don't know what he said.

LEWIE: He said the whole thing is like you're floatin' up into the sky, that's how light everythin' gets, and you don't care about anythin', like you're drinkin' some classy liquor, that's what it's like, and there's all this glistenin' around you, like you're watchin' a movie, that's what it's like.

STEVIE: Even so, I just don't feel like tryin' it out, I just don't.

LEWIE: Don't shit in your pants, nothin's gonna happen, it's not up to you how these things go anyway, it's not like a tractor, you turnin' the steerin' wheel to make it go around.

STEVIE: But it's not all the same.

LEWIE: What's not all the same?

STEVIE: When it happens, that's not all the same.

LEWIE: That's just what I'm sayin', it's not up to you, see, it either happens, or it doesn't, what can you do about it?

STEVIE: The booze, that's what I'm afraid of, my liver. When somethin' goes wrong with you, then you'll know what I'm talkin' about, then you'll know, when they wheel you into intensive at the hospital in Vatz, when you wake up with all those tubes, then you'll know what I'm talkin' about.

LEWIE: You can't be thinkin' about that all the time now.

STEVIE: Okay then, let's get to work. C'mon, Géza, c'mon.

LEWIE: C'mon, Géza, you hear, we're startin', what are you doin' starin' ahead like a dog takin' a shit!

GÉZA: I don't feel like it, I don't want to, I'm goin' home.

LEWIE: What are you, stupid, Géza, don't play around with us, go sit in your chair, and that's that.

STEVIE: C'mere, Les, come over here!

LES: What's goin' on, don't be fuckin' off here. The German sees this, I'm the one that's gettin' fucked.

STEVIE: GÉZA doesn't want to, he says he's not comin', he's goin' home, that's what he says.

LES: God-all-fuckin-mighty!

LEWIE: He doesn't wanna.

LES: Géza, get up, there's discipline here, this is a workplace, there's no loafin' here!

*(Géza is intimidated.)*

What do I tell the German if he doesn't see you here, what do I say to him, who's watchin' out for safety, you realize what the German'll do to me then, you realize what he'll do, he'll boot me the fuck out, 'cause of you he'll boot me out, 'cause I couldn't find anybody for safety!

GÉZA: Workplace, discipline, discipline, workplace, the German needs safety, the German doesn't wanna pay, the German knows how to grab the money, that he knows. Even though it's all the same what I do, 'cause I don't have to do

anythin', I'm stupid, like the dogs barkin' in the yard, that's how stupid I am, arf, arf... (*Meanwhile makes his way to his chair.*)

LES: Cut it out, Géza, I told you why you're doin' this, see, I told you, if there's a problem, then you're needed, see, 'cause that's safety, that's what the insurer tells the German, and the German tells me.

GÉZA: There's been no problem, so far there's been no problem, what am I here for, what for, if there's no problem, if there won't be any problem...

LEWIE: You're in charge here, Géza, see, you're the boss, even more of a boss than Uncle Les, 'cause only you can stop the belt if there's trouble.

GÉZA: The dogs are gods in the yard, they're dog kings, dog gods, they're stupid, stupid, stupid...

(*The the belt starts, Géza is in the chair.*)

LEWIE (*goes to the pile of rocks with Stevie, out of earshot of Géza*): Somethin' needs to be done with Géza.

STEVIE: What?

LEWIE: I don't know.

STEVIE: That's the problem.

(*They go out, the barking of a dog is heard, explosion, sounds of falling rocks, dog howl, rumbling.*)

STEVIE'S VOICE (*from outside*): Look out, Lewie, fallin' rocks, look out, for chrissake!

LEWIE'S VOICE: I'm lookin' out, but that stupid dog stayed there.

STEVIE'S VOICE: Clear out, get the hell outa here. Whose big mother of a dog is that?

LEWIE'S VOICE: He's been around here for about a week, probably ran away from somewhere.

STEVIE'S VOICE: Clear out!

(*Sounds of falling rock, dog whimpering, Stevie and Lewie enter.*)

Well that's the end of him, that stupid dog, what the hell did he stay there for, what the hell for?

LEWIE: Listen, Stevie, listen here, Stevie, I got an idea, I can't believe I didn't think of this before, for chrissake.

STEVIE: What do you wanna do?

LEWIE: Here's this dog, this dead animal, see? Covered in blood.

STEVIE: No, I mean I know what you mean, but whaddya mean?

LEWIE: That there's this dog here, dead, get it? Smashed by the rocks.

STEVIE: It's dead, so what?

LEWIE: Well, for Géza, see, on the belt, the belt could take it, see?

STEVIE: We should put the dog on the belt for Géza, is that what you mean?

LEWIE: You shout, whoa Lewie, what happened to you, whoa Lewie, see, then the kid sees the dog on the belt...

STEVIE: He sees you turned into a dog or what for chrissake? He sees the dog bein' carried in and I yell, whoa Lewie, you turned into a dog, or what the hell you talkin' about?... The boy can see it's a dog, the boy's not stupid, you know, he can see...

LEWIE: Listen, we get the pieces together, we wrap it all up in my shirt, then stick it in with the rocks, then you yell, see?!

STEVIE: Oh! That's really good. Chrissakes, we'll put one over on Géza, we'll put one over on Géza.

*(They gather the cadaver, cut up and trample the shirt.)*

LEWIE: Here's my jacket, stick that in too, so he doesn't figure it out.

STEVIE: Okay, this is done, it can go.

*(They throw the dog remains on the belt.)*

LEWIE: I'm gonna split now, you take it from here!

STEVIE: Okay, get goin', hurry up. *(Shouts.)* Whoa Lewie, oh no, what happened to you, oh my God, oh my God, oh goddammit, what happened to you!

LES: Géza, Géza, watch the belt, Géza!

GÉZA: I'm watchin', I'm watchin', but there's nothin', nothin'!

LES: Watch it, Géza, did the belt catch Lewie?

GÉZA: I don't see him, wait, there's blood, off!!

STEVIE: Press that button, Géza, what're you waitin' for!

GÉZA: I pressed it, I pressed it, I already pressed it, that's the momentum, it's stoppin', it's stoppin' right now. What happened to Uncle Lewie, what happened to him, to Uncle Lewie, what happened?!

LES: Get down off the chair, Géza, get down.

GÉZA: I didn't do it, it wasn't me, Uncle Les, it wasn't me, I stopped it, Uncle Les, I did.

LES: It's not your fault, Géza, I know it's not, it's not your fault.

GÉZA: Uncle Lewie, how did he go apart like that, he blew up, Uncle Lewie blew up or what?

STEVIE: You stopped it just fine, kid, you did just fine, but it didn't matter any more to Lewie, see, you couldn't help it. For chrissakes.

GÉZA: I pressed the button, I pressed it.

LES: Go home, Géza, go on home, this was enough for one day for you, go on, get on the bus and go home. If you want, you can stay home tomorrow too, if you want.

GÉZA: I'm comin' tomorrow, Uncle Les, I'm comin' tomorrow, that's my job, I can't help it, I stopped it, I stopped it. I'll be here tomorrow, Uncle Les.

10.

*(At home in the afternoon.)*

GÉZA: Hello, Mama, I came home.

AUNT ROSIE: What happened, dear, what happened?

GÉZA: I stopped the belt, I pressed the red button, and I stopped it.

AUNT ROSIE: Why did you stop it, dear, why?

GÉZA: I stopped it.

AUNT ROSIE: But why did you have to, dear?

GÉZA: It's my job, Mama, it's my job, that's why. I pressed the red button, and the belt stopped, it stopped the way it was supposed to.

AUNT ROSIE: But why did you have to press the button?

GÉZA: I stopped it, 'cause that's my job, but it didn't make any difference to Uncle Lewie, it didn't make any difference to him, to Uncle Lewie.

AUNT ROSIE: Why didn't it make any difference to Uncle Lewie, what happened?

GÉZA: The explosion tore Uncle Lewie to pieces.

AUNT ROSIE: What? What happened?

GÉZA: To pieces, Mama, like a piglet in the winter, the way father used to take a piglet apart, that's how he was taken apart.

AUNT ROSIE: Oh my God, my God, what happened there...

GÉZA: Mama, it wasn't my fault, I stopped the belt, I stopped it the way I was supposed to, right away, I pressed the button, and the belt stopped.

AUNT ROSIE: It wasn't your fault, of course it wasn't, you knew what you had to do. My God!

GÉZA: But Uncle Lewie is completely done for, completely.

AUNT ROSIE: Poor thing, he was probably drunk, that's probably why, you couldn't help it if he blew up, you did what you had to.

GÉZA: It wasn't the belt that took him apart, Mama, not the belt, but the carbide, that's what tore him up so bad, like chopped meat, so bad.

AUNT ROSIE: You did what you had to do, you did. Lewie, my God, Lewie in pieces!

GÉZA (*in an increasingly tormented monologue*): Mama, I pressed the button on time, he was already in pieces when he fell on the belt, all I wanted was to have a job, to be worth somethin', to watch the rocks, I watch the rocks all day, all I wanted was to have somethin' to do, I never wanted anythin' bad to happen to Uncle Lewie, I never wanted that, I'll tell Aunt Ilona it wasn't my fault, I'll tell her I pressed the button, and all I wanted to do was work, so *I* could be doin' somethin' too, that's why I sit there, but what happened to Uncle Lewie, I didn't want that, and maybe it's better this way for Aunt Ilona, 'cause she was so mad at Uncle Lewie for drinkin' in the tavern all evenin', and not goin' home to fix the pig pen, it's better

for Aunt Ilona this way, but I can't help it, I only thought a lotta times how bad it must be for Aunt Ilona, 'cause Uncle Lewie doesn't love her, but I never, 'cause I loved Uncle Lewie, and he always asked me what I'm takin' for lunch, Uncle Lewie always asked me. I loved Uncle Lewie.

AUNT ROSIE (*pulls Géza to her, tries to calm him down*): Lie down, my little son, lie down!

GÉZA: It wasn't me, not me.

AUNT ROSIE: Lie down!

*(Géza becomes a little calmer, and stretches out on the kitchen day bed, brief silence, then suddenly becomes agitated again. From here, their interaction becomes increasingly tense, rough gestures increasingly accompany Géza's speech.)*

GÉZA: Aunt Ilona won't be mad at me, I couldn't help it, I shut it off...

AUNT ROSIE: Rest, rest...

*(Silence again.)*

GÉZA (*suddenly sits up*): The bus is comin' now, it's stoppin' now, they're gettin' out now, they're comin' with the news now...

AUNT ROSIE: Stay! Nobody's interested in the bus. Stay!

GÉZA (*sits back down, then after a brief pause gets agitated again*): But I have to go down to the tavern. I have to go!

AUNT ROSIE: You're not goin' to the tavern now, you're not goin'.

GÉZA (*falls back on the day bed, then after a brief pause sits up*): But I am goin' to them, so they don't think it was my fault, I paid attention, I pressed the button.

AUNT ROSIE: Stay!

GÉZA: I have to go! I have to!

AUNT ROSIE: Stay, you hear?! You're not supposed to go away now... the doctor said so! You're supposed to rest at times like this, at times like this...

GÉZA: The doctor told Uncle Stevie he's gonna die in six months, and Uncle Stevie's still alive, I have to go down now. (*Jumps up and is about to go to the door.*)

AUNT ROSIE (*grabs him*): Stay home!

GÉZA (*shoves her away as he did Sappy earlier*): I have to go down, the bus just came. I have to go down. (*Bursts out of the kitchen.*)

11.

(*Evening in the tavern, spirits are high.*)

LEWIE: Then I said to Stevie, let's throw the carcass on the belt to give Géza-boy somethin' to do, so he doesn't think he's sittin' there for nothin'.

BÉLA: Then you threw it on?

LEWIE: Well, we wrapped the mangled pieces in my shirt and threw it on, good and bloody, and Stevie yelled, whoa Lewie, what happened to you, he yelled, almost blew out his tonsils, the kid of course shat himself when he saw the bloody mess, boy did he shit himself.

SAPPY: He shat himself, for real?

STEVIE: He shat himself, he pressed the stop button, he was shakin' like a leaf, he was so scared.

LEWIE: I don't think he's gonna wanna stop the belt anymore.

BÉLA: I think he'll be glad if he doesn't have to do anythin' there any more.

LEWIE: He was just starin' bug-eyed at those pieces of bloody meat.

(*The door opens, Géza enters.*)

Les said to him, go on home now, Géza, go on, you did a good job.

(*Géza stands there staring at Lewie.*)

BÉLA, SAPPY: Lewie, (*poking him*) Lewie, look, in the doorway.

SAPPY: Look, Géza's over there!

LEWIE: Come on, Géza, come on over!

(*Géza does not move.*)

The whole thing was a prank, see, c'mon Géza, don't be hangin' out in the doorway!



GÉZA (*does not move from the doorway*): He's dead, Uncle Lewie's dead, taken apart like a piglet, Uncle Lewie's dead...

LEWIE: Here I am, boy, can't you see?

GÉZA: He's dead.

LEWIE: The whole thing was a prank, see, cut this out now, Géza, c'mon over here...

GÉZA: Uncle Lewie's dead, he died, he died, I'm not goin' there, I'm not goin', 'cause Uncle Lewie isn't there. There is no Uncle Lewie. (*Suddenly turns on his heel and hurries away.*)

12.

(*Morning. Outside.*)

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: So what's goin' on, isn't Géza goin' to work?

AUNT ROSIE: He doesn't want to any more, he doesn't want to.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: It's better for him here at home, it's better for sure.

AUNT ROSIE: Everythin's gonna be the way it was back then, that's how everythin's gonna be.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: It was good this way too, Rosie.

AUNT ROSIE: I missed him when he wasn't home.

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE: I believe you, Géza's a nice boy.

AUNT ROSIE: I missed him.

13.

(*At home, Géza is sitting by the stove. Géza and Aunt Rosie's dialogue is slow; both the questions and answers seem to be on time-delay.*)

GÉZA: Mama.

AUNT ROSIE: What is it, dear?

GÉZA: Mama, the problem with these kitchen tiles is...

AUNT ROSIE: Tell me, dear, what is it?

GÉZA: That it's useless watchin' them, I can't figure out if the white is on the black or the black is on the white, I can't figure out which is the belt and which is the rock.

AUNT ROSIE: That can't be figured out, Géza, it can't be done.

GÉZA: Does God know, does he know, Mama?

AUNT ROSIE: For sure, my little son.

GÉZA: And if somethin' goes wrong?

AUNT ROSIE: Like what?

GÉZA: Let's say, on the earth, somethin' goes wrong.

AUNT ROSIE: What then?

GÉZA: Does he make it right?

AUNT ROSIE: I don't know, dear, (*brief pause*) maybe not.

(*Curtain.*)