

SMALL TOWN BOY (UA)

Ein Projekt von Falk Richter

ENGLISCHE FASSUNG

ÜBERSETZUNG VON ANNA GALT

Maxim Gorki Theater Berlin // Spielzeit 2013/14

S.Fischer Verlag GmbH
THEATER & MEDIEN
Hedderichstraße 114
60596 Frankfurt am Main
Tel. 069/6062-273
Fax 069/6062-355

© S. Fischer Verlag 2014

Weekend

Scene: 1 / Take: 4 / No. 6

INTIMACY AND LANGUAGE

ALEKS THOMAS

Russell What should I say?

Glen Whatever you want, talk about what happened last night, or
should have happened.

Russell Why?

Glen Just because.

Russell Is this an art project?

Glen -

Russell You record what I say.

Glen -

Russell And then people listen to it?

Glen If you do it well, yes.

Russell -

Glen When did you see me first?

Russell I just saw you.

Glen Come on, don't be so coy.

Russell In the club, but I thought you were out of my league...
I liked your t-shirt ...

Glen What league do you play in then?

Russell Third division maybe.

Glen You don't really believe that.
You hit on me at the urinals.
Very sexy.

Russell **You went back out.**

Glen -

Russell **Why?**

Glen **I wanted to try it on with another guy, but when I came out,
he was already with someone else.**

Russell **So I was your second choice?**

Glen **Does that make a difference?**

Russell **.This is a completely stupid dialogue.**

Stimme -

Glen **Stupid fucking faggot theatre?**

Russell -

Glen **Shut up or I'll fuck you in the mouth until you die, so brutal that you whimper and come just to end it.**

Understood?

Russell **What was that about?**

Glen Bit of fun.

Russell **They'll smash my windows.**

Glen **You live on the 14th floor.**

Russell **Then we went to my place, you kissed me.**

Glen **I played with your trousers**

Russell -

Glen **and your cock kept getting bigger. Surprising, because you were really drunk. We went into the bedroom.**

Russell Ähm ... nein

Glen **What should have happened there? When I took off your t-shirt?**

Russell **I can't remember.**

Glen **I wanted to lick your armpits. Show me again.**

Russell -

Glen -

Russell -

Glen -

Russell -

Glen Why not?

Russell Because it's stupid.

Glen -

Russell -.

Glen -

Russell -

Glen -

Russell Ok, but no touching.

Glen -
Russell zeigt es.

Glen Beautiful shape... Then you wanked me off.

Russell No I didn't.

Glen Yes you did.

Russell -

Glen You were too drunk to remember, right?

Russell **We kissed in the hall. I took off my sweaty t-shirt, because I was worried I stank.**

Glen **No, everything was fine.**

Russell -

Glen And then?

Russell **Then you kissed my ears, my neck, my hand ...**

Glen **Were you hoping that I'd have a bigger cock?**

Russell Nein

Glen **Have you had a lot of circumcised cocks?**

Russell **Why are you asking that?**

Glen **I didn't know if you were just pretending or if you really hadn't given a lot of blowjobs before.**

Russell **That's what you were thinking about while we were having sex?**

Glen **And when I was playing with your hole with my finger?**

Russell -

Glen **Too hard, too gentle?**

Russell **Maybe too hard.**

Glen **Why didn't you say anything? Didn't you want me to fuck you?**

Russell **No.**

Glen **Why not?**

Russell Einfach so

Glen Stehst du nicht drauf.

Russell Nein es ist einfach....

Glen **Would you have felt too gay? Are you even openly gay?**

Russell Yes.

Glen

-

Russell

**It was so wonderful with you. Better than I expected.
Sorry if I didn't pass your test ...**

- SONG SMALL TOWN BOY (MEHMET)

BUCHHOLZ IN DER NORDHEIDE

THOMAS

Bronski Beat with their hit “Small Town Boy”. That was this week’s new entry. No. 2 in England, at no. 97 here in Bavaria.

There are delays on the autobahn at Pfaffenhofen, there are cows on the road.

No movement at all at the junction.

[...]

NIELS

A diary, a restless night, youtube links. Dreary. Sketches, breakdowns, a mix tape: fragments of memory with music. My first record: Sweet Dreams First poster: Annie Lennox, looked like a man, sounded like a woman, My first film: Fassbinder, Querelle then Ali: Fear Eats the Soul didn’t understand everything, but completely fascinated.

First book: William Burroughs, The Wild Boys

A bunch of dionysiacally partying, murdering, fucking boys orgiastically travelling the world, a life of ecstasy, didn’t understand everything, but completely fascinated.

LEA

Memories,
spaces of memory. And how music brings us back, And how music brings us back, to images and feelings all stored in our bodies, like in some huge archive.

NIELS

What do I remember?

ALEKS

Fathers, scraping the ice from their Mercedes in the morning. Mothers getting children’s bikes out of the cellar and waving after them.

LEA

Wives in the suburban estates weren’t allowed to work, existed in a kind of half sleep.

The men were afraid, some thought that would mean they didn’t earn enough.

NIELS

**Those women were left there,
had nothing to do.**

THOMAS

**hey didn't even need to cook,
just put frozen pizza in the microwave.**

LEA

**Held on to the kitchen cupboard,
dazed from cognac and loneliness.**

MEHMET

Don't touch me so much mum,
I don't like it, don't come so close,
I'm already 17.

+NIELS

**Those houses were so lonely
during the day.**

ALEKS

The husband at work.

MEHMET

The kids at school.

THOMAS

So the cleaned...

NIELS

-

MEHMET

-

ALEKS

There wasn't even daytime TV back then.

THOMAS

So they opened letters,

LEA

rummaged in copy books

THOMAS

diaries

NIELS

-

A

They wanted to get closer to their sons, to know what they think.

TH

Like taking apart a clockwork, to find out what's inside the mysterious clock case.

NIELS

But their sons didn't want closeness,

NIELS/ MEHMET / ALEKS / THOMAS

they wanted to be left alone.

THOMAS

Stop touching me all the time mum!

ALEKS

Don't come into the bathroom when I'm in the shower!.

NIELS

-

MEHMET

Mother secretly sneaks into my room, opens all the wardrobes, looks for signs of life.

LEA

**How does this boy actually live?
I must find out more about him.**

THOMAS

Mother opens my letters, pokes around in my diaries, writes down phone numbers, searches my copies for notes, calls up other mothers and asks them questions.

LEA

What do those two do

when they're over there?

I don't connect with him anymore,

is everything ok?

ALEKS

Mother questions my teachers.

MEHMET

My first girlfriend's parents.

NIELS

Don't drink 2l of red wine every night, it's not good for you, mother

MEHMET

Don't come into my room at night.

NIELS

I don't think you're attractive.

MEHMET

You're not the most important person in my life.

ALEKS

I'm not going to live at home until I'm 30..

THOMAS

I don't want to have a career first and then start a family, I want to see a bit of the world first. Before I decide what career I want.

NIELS

And I won't marry you when I grow up.

THOMAS

Let me go, will you!

MEHMET

Don't touch me!

THOMAS

One morning in the bathroom, I'm standing at the door and I hear my parents:

LEA

A woman can be indisposed.

ALEKS

-

LEA

-

ALEKS

No she can't!

For what do I have a wife anyway?

You've refused for 3 days. That's it, you're sleeping with me tonight or I'll throw you out.

NIELS

There's nothing beautiful here.No sparks for ideas, any spirit smothered under a blanket of desolation, depression, listlessness...I don't want any of this.

THOMAS

I don't want any of this

ALEKS

We see a boy on the run,

he wants to get away and runs ...

He knows his life can't

happen here,

where disturbed women wander crazily

through houses looking for the last grain of

dust, for days,

where fathers pass out at night

in front of the TV test image,

drunk on cognac.

SONG SMALL TOWN BOY (MEHMET)

THOMAS**He puts on his walkman.**

"Small Town Boy" by Bronski Beat.

Keeps listening to that one part,

run away ...

keeps rewinding the tape back

to that part: the answers ...

He turns it up so loud

that he can't hear anything

but those synthetic sounds,

walks past endless rows of
the same houses, stories,
TVs flicker blue
through the windows.
He sees nothing anymore,
hears nothing, everything blurs,
time stands still, races on,
time stands still, races on,
pulls him in all directions.
He runs away, let me out,
into another life,
with other stories.

SONG SMALL TOWN BOY (ALEKS MEHMET)

FIRST LOVE

ALEKS

he first time I fell in love
was when I saw that huge family of musicians dressed like minstrels
in the pedestrian zone. And there was this angelic being, this beautiful girl, who sang
this song like a nightingale: I was totally in love, wanted to marry her, travel with her
family through all the pedestrian zones in Germany. Years later, I saw her on MTV and
realised: It was Paddy Kelly from the Kelly Family, the whole time I wanted to marry a
guy.

THOMAS

I've always been in love and miserable. At my worst, I fell in love every day.
I always made mix tapes for the girls and put notes in them **that said:**
If you want to go out with me reply immediately, if not, don't ever reply. But they didn't
want to,

Mehmet : This song is for anyone who loves, but isn't loved in return. And for you and
me, Thomas.

SONG: BACK TO BLACK (MEHMET)

BERLIN

MEHMET

The city is so big, nothing happens, no one's around, they're all somewhere else. Strange. It's November, no one answers when I call, or they go through their diary looking for a slot, I have to listen to when they're where, what deadlines they have ... puke. I listen to that shit, because I'm such a nice guy, check facebook, who's still online, who's in town and could come over. It's my birthday, I send some texts: it'd be nice to celebrate with someone. At some point I'm sitting on my sofa with some French guys I've never seen before, they've brought me a Kinder Surprise and a can of Dr. Pepper from the corner shop as a present, and they tell me how cool Berlin is, but I don't know them, don't know who brought them, doesn't matter, everyone else is gone, except the 3 French guys.

Somehow something's missing. What could it be? A boyfriend? A relationship Probably, but what kind of relationship? Something serious, not just someone you only have good sex with 2 or 3 times, and then you just totally slip into it, and do the stuff people do when they're a couple: read his texts, check his emails, criticise yourself for being so uninterested in his life ... that's exactly what I didn't want! But I don't have a clear idea.
How should I live?

SONG: BACK TO BLACK (MEHMET)

WHY LOVE HURTS

LEA

I'm not ugly,

I'm not stupid,

I'm not completely mental either.

I'm not completely mental either.

I can follow a conversation,

I have a sense of humour,

I'm a good dancer,

I can cry,

I'm a good kisser,

can completely devote myself to a man,

I can look up to a man,

I'm good at my job,

but I'm not a cold career

-

bitch either,

I can love,

I can fuck,

I can be very affectionate,

I can hold a man in my arms

when he's not feeling good,

when he needs love,

I can listen,

I'm there for you,

why do you always walk on by me?

You can never decide,
why don't you ever say yes?
You never call back,
never kiss me goodbye,
why don't you want me?
Why don't you ever want more?
Keep everything in limbo.
I want you,
to be with you,
touch you,
just have you here for once,
not negotiate whether you'll stay,
when you'll come back,
when you'll come back,
without waking up to see
you've left in the middle of the night,
hear nothing from you for 3 days.
I don't get it, really.
But that scares you,
makes you feel trapped,
makes you insecure.
Everything that isn't open,
that doesn't stay undecided,
makes you insecure.
What's so bad about trying?

Saying yes, not just maybe,

limiting the options.

Just you and me.

Love

Trust

Committment

Sticking together

Not possible anymore.

Nobody wants me anymore.

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE

NIELS

My friends say you're not good for me, you're not in my league, you've only attached yourself to me for your own benefit, the chance to get one of your hopeless projects off the ground.

I don't know anything about women,

but right now I'd like to be lying in the arms of a woman like that, she'd hold me tight, stroke my hair, whisper quietly into my ear that everything's ok, that a time will come when I won't feel lost in this city, even if it means that one day I'll pack my bags and go back to where I came from.

I'm 43 now, and the word change still give me a strange feeling of insecurity. I still live like a teenager, make out with full bearded tourists at parties, who then abandon me, because they want to go to Berghain and don't want anyone needy hanging out of them there.

This city is killing me.

Everyone I know just talks about the project they've become and about how I really have to come to their new show or exhibition. I respond by giving them a flyer for my project, and so we visit each other at our respective projects.

I'm 43 now, and still don't know very much about myself.

My friends are all in longterm relationships, are converting lofts in Kreuzberg, go diving in the Seychelles, are invited to eat fish at David Berger's and I'm standing at the cloakroom of Schwuz at 5 am, picking up my anorak. I check Grindr to see who's still looking for what, send some cockpics, but still end up alone on my balcony, smoking my last cigarette, look at the windows with the curtains drawn, where people who have said yes lie, who talk about new furniture and insurance policies, and I want that too, to do that too just like them.

Do you remember how we walked hand in hand in the park with the dog when we were still together? Except we never had a dog, there was no park near us and there was no park near us and you never walked hand in hand with me, because you thought you didn't have to exhibit your sexuality in public like an emotional gay, because, what's that good for?

Or when we read each other our new writing in front of the fire in our flat in Neukölln and then kissed for ages and then had really hot sex, except we never lived together, you never read anything to me, because you never wrote anything, even though you told everyone, especially yourself, that you were a writer and were in Berlin because it was so inspiring.

We never kissed for ages, our sex was never intense either, because you were usually completely pissed after 10 o'clock and just tried to get through to your dealer the whole time, because sex without drugs wasn't fun for you anymore.

This city is killing me. People all over the place keep asking how you are or just had sex with you or just had sex with you or are with you now. It's just killing me.

This city is a village, everyone I know has had sex with you or saw you fooling around with some tourist in the toilet of a bar.

Why don't you love me anymore?

It hurts so much.

Going home alone, with everyone talking about adoption, as if that were an option for me.

I'm frozen in this teenager's body that keeps getting older, but doesn't want to move further forward on the axis of time.

I recently met a woman and she said: my God, you look like a 12 year old.

Do you remember our trip to the Biennale in Venice, because we were being shown in the Danish pavillion, a video by both of us, how we lay in the giardini for days and read each other Infinite Jest by David Foster Wallace, except we were never in Venice, except we were never in Venice, and never made video art together, because we always saw each other as competitors and fought all the time, and then had great make up sex, then there was 3 days of peace, and then it all started again.

You said I was a selfish pig who only thinks about his career. At least I had one! You never contributed anything to our relationship, apart from your borderline personality and your lovely eyes.

Weekend

Scene: 2 Take: 3 No. 1

**WHAT KEEPS US FROM
BEING WHO WE ARE**

ALEKS (Russel) THOMAS (Glen)

Russel **So you want to make art,**

Glen -

Russel **be an artist.**

Glen .

Russel **How will that be art and not just some guys going on about some
dirty sex?**

Glen **So talking about sex is “dirty”?**

Russel **You know what I mean. Finger. Hole. Anal. I can’t imagine that
normal people will want to hear some guys’ sex stories.**

Glen **You just don’t want them to hear your sex stories, how I played
with your hole ...**

Russel -

Glen **Just imagine everyone talked openly about what they do in bed
and it was completely normal for everyone.**

Russel **But everyone talks about sex non-stop**

Glen -

Russel **everywhere, on the radio, the TV, the Internet ... Today, in the
canteen, some guy told us how many fingers he can get into the
directing intern’s pussy.**

Glen **But he wasn’t gay.**

Russel -

Glen **Gays never talk about it in public, except for a few suggestive
comments. Doesn’t matter, it’s not about sex anyway.**

Russel -

Glen **Du weißt, wie das ist, wenn du mit jemandem den du nicht kennst das
allererste Mal schläfst.**

Russel -

Glen **When you sleep with someone you don't know for the first time, you're like a blank canvas,**

Russel -

Glen **..... you can be exactly how you want to be, unconsciously. That conflict between what you want to be and what you are and the fear of being judged by others that stops you from being what you want to be. When that fear is gone, you see who you could be.**

Russel **Interesting, but I don't know. if I get it ...**

Glen **Maybe I didn't explain it very well.**

Russel **it really does interest me. I have no idea about art, but ...**

Glen **I'm not going to do it anyway, no one wants to see gay sex. Gays just want to see cocks. heteros think that that has nothing to do with them. They go to photography exhibitions about refugee children, war photography, but gay sex? Forget it.**

Russel **Fuck it. Do your project. I'd come.**

Glen **No, you wouldn't.**

Russel -

Russell **Do your parents know?**

Glen **Do yours? Doesn't seem like you've already had your rainbow moment.**

Russell ...

Glen -

Russell

Glen **It's not that complicated. You just have to do it! I told them on mother's day.**

Russell **How old were you?**

Glen 16.

Russell **Did they freak out?**

Glen **No. I just said: whether it's genetic or a bad upbringing, either way, it's your fault!**

Russell **Cool. I would do it, but ...**

Glen –

Russell **I don't know my parents.**

Glen **Interesting.**

Russell -

Glen **Were you adopted or what?**

Russell **I lived in homes till I was 16.**

Glen Fuck.

Russell **It was fine, I wasn't abused or anything.**

Glen **Shame.**

Russell -

Glen **Be sexy to abuse a little Serbian boy,to watch you being raped by Orthodox priests,who then confess to each other.**

Russell **Sick! That's not in the script.**

Glen **Only joking!**

Russell **I met my best friend Jamie there. It was nice,we did everything together.**

Glen **So he knows about you?**

Russell **Yeah, we're like brothers. All my friends know. My closest ones anyway.**

Glen **I think it's hot that you're an orphan.**

Russell **What's wrong with you?**

Glen **Sorry, I think it's sexy.**

Russell **You're making fun of my tragic childhood?**

Glen **I see you as an orphan in the war, dogding NATO bombers, begging soldiers for food, begging soldiers for food, looting corpses.**

Russell -

CUT

Title: So Close to Heaven
Episode No. 37/28B - 00000.37.28.99991.20 / HOCHZEITSFEIER
NIELS MEHMET LEA

WOHNUNG VON RAINER UND MUHRAT/ HERRMANNPLATZ / NACHTS

NIELS

.

MEHMET

.

NIELS

Take me to your sister's wedding.

MEHMET

No, I can't ruin her party.

NIELS

-

MEHMET

My whole family will be there.

NIELS

Exactly, I'm your boyfriend!

MEHMET

-

NIELS

-

MEHMET

-

NIELS

"Of course" or "What"?

MEHMET

Of course, you're my boyfriend.

NIELS

-

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Then take me.

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Introduce me to your parents.

MEHMET

I will, but not yet.

NIELS

-

MEHMET

-

NIELS

-

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Are you ashamed of me?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Too old?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Too German?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Not cool enough?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Do you want to wait until you've found someone better to introduce to your parents?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Until you've found someone who's worth all the horror, confessing to mummy and daddy from Anatolia that ...

MEHMET

(unterbricht ihn) **Bullshit!**

NIELS

Then bring me.

MEHMET

I can't, my whole family will be there.

NIELS

-

MEHMET

-

NIELS

They live in Kreuzberg, they must have learned something about life in this city after 20 years here.

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Yes, but what?

MEHMET

Yes, but. Full stop.

NIELS

Yes, but. Full stop. Great..

MEHMET

My father would never understand.

NIELS

Then explain it to him.

MEHMET

-

NIELS

-

MEHMET

It would break his heart. He's not well anyway.

NIELS

You're pathetic!

MEHMET

-

NIELS

-

MEHMET

My sister is getting married, it's her show, I can't just waltz in with my boyfriend and come out, she would hate me so much if I stole the limelight, let me just go on my own today, we'll do it another time

NIELS

Pathetic! Won't stand up for me. Won't stand up for yourself.

MEHMET

Just put yourself in my position, not always just you ...

NIELS

No, because my position says you're a gutless prick, who won't stand up for me and that makes me sick.

MEHMET

Then fuck off!

NIELS

-

MEHMET

Throw yourself under a train! Or swallow the sedatives your alternative therapist gave you

NIELS

Is there even a wedding?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

Who are you meeting?

MEHMET

-

NIELS

**Is there even a wedding? Who are you meeting?
Shit, you've been lying the whole time, there's no big Turkish family.
Just an alibi for your fuck dates.**

MEHMET

You're sick.

NIELS

**Sick with love! Is it really a crime just to want someone
in this cold city? Do people who love always have to be the butt of the joke?
I did not marry you a second time so that you could go cheat on me with
women again.**

MEHMET

What can I do to make you forgive me?

NIELS

**Nothing. If it had least been a guy. Don't you get it:
I've had enough of always
being the one that gets hurt.
I have to go to the test shoot for IQ now.**

MEHMET

**But tomorrow I'm flying to Wales to break in
the Arab stallions.**

NIELS

Don't wait up, I don't know if I'm coming home tonight.

MEHMET

**I'm so sorry, that woman was an accident,
they're all an accident of nature, she seduced me, I was powerless,
forgive me. I love you and if you want I'll tattoo it somewhere.**

NIELS

**What does she have that I don't?
Tell me, I want to understand. This isn't my character,
I can't find it. FOLGE 37/ 28 B 00.37.28.99**

Society gives me a script I don't want to act.

**Where's my script? Where do I appear in the episode, since I don't just have to
die anymore? Why do you always have to break in stallions?**

Can't you just stay with me in Düsseldorf and go for some cocktails?

**Have a chat with our girlfriends, have a bitch and then go shopping,
then take our t-shirts off in clubs, dance, rub our beards against each other,
listen to some house music or the new Britney Spears, or book a trip to Miami?**

Stay here, I can't always look after the dog on my own,

**I need you. Fuck, I'm drowning in myself. Sex is achievement and sexiness is
capital and you can't love a sex object, only consume it. The erosion of the**

other, the fact that it's disappearing, that we're losing it completely, has largely gone unnoticed. But it's the most significant historical event there is: the other is being eroded, dissolving, isn't a part of our lives anymore, we really are alone.

WIR SIND IRGENDWIE SO GLEICH

LEA

We're so alike, the same, it confuses me, I don't see any difference between you and me. I want to know what you really think about me, if you honestly deeply desire me. You can have me if you make me feel like you love me and need me, but you're so indecisive, you ask for permission to touch me, you're a man, you're supposed to take what you want, not ask the whole time. I need to feel your strength, the difference between a man and a woman, your body isn't there for you to spend hours on personal hygiene in the bathroom. I don't want to talk anymore, I don't want to keep any options open either, you should choose me, then take me firmly, but gently in your arms, protect me and say that you love me.

**Title: Düsseldorf:
FORBIDDEN LOVE
Episode No._179367 / 3973B -
MURAT'S AFFAIR**

MEHMET
Olli, I'm so sorry.

NIELS
-
MEHMET
-

NIELS
Where. are. you? When you don't come home, your phone is off and I can't reach you?

(niels fängt an zettel zu zerreißen)

MEHMET
-

NIELS
**Don't need this. It's shit. Stupid script. Stupid part. Won't play it. Don't want to be it.
None of it is my life.**

MEHMET
Stop it, they're all your notes for your next project.

NIELS
Fuck all projects! I want a life with you, but you're dissolving into networks. I can't feel you anymore, you're gone.

ALEKS
Listen, could you keep it down? I haven't slept the last few nights already, can't you just be normal, somehow?

N und M
No, we can't just be normal, somehow!

**MAKING OF II
NEW EMOTIONAL
LANDSCAPES**

ALEKS LEA

ALEKS

Now he wants us to have sex.

LEA

What?

ALEKS

Act out sex scenes, no, not act out, have sex, but in character.

LEA

Why?

ALEKS

To get the character clearer, he doesn't want us to pretend, but to actually have sex. It's about the experience, the performative act of doing, of understanding, and expanding the boundaries of our sexuality, independent of the theatre's usually normative... what do I know?

LEA

Kissing, or what now?

ALEKS

Are you actually listening? No, not kissing, we're supposed to have ... perform sex on stage.

LEA

In front of everyone.

ALEKS

Yeah, who else?

LEA

-

ALEKS

He wants us both to lie on a sofa on the stage for 20 minutes at the end, and I'm supposed to fuck him. We rehearsed it yesterday.

LEA

-

ALEKS

He says it's important to really go right into the taboo and trauma, to explore new territory ...

LEA

-

ALEKS

Nothing and.

LEA

That's what you're rehearsing now.

ALEKS

-

LEA

With everyone watching?

ALEKS

No, we rehearse alone....

LEA

-

ALEKS

-

LEA

What do you do?

ALEKS

Don't look at me like that, I don't know.

DIAMONDS IN THE SKY
THOMAS ALEKS

THOMAS (improvisiert)

hey Aleks kommst du mal. du, ich hab hier so nen song für dich und ich du weißt, ich kann nicht immer alles so gut mit worten ausdrücken, was ich sagen will ... und da hab ich mich gestern hingesetzt und diesen song hier ... für dich ... einstudiert und ich dachte ... den sing ich dir jetzt mal

SONG: DIAMONDS (THOMAS ALEKS)

MAKING OF II CROSSING BOUNDARIES

LEA THOMAS ALEKS

LEA

My husband is very honest.

THOMAS

Alex is a great actor.

LEA

Alex is a great actor. But very sensitive too, he's not very good at protecting himself, he exposes himself ...

THOMAS

-

LEA

He completely surrenders to the work. But it's only work!

THOMAS

-

LEA

You shouldn't forget that!

THOMAS

-

LEA

We love each other, a lot actually,

THOMAS

-

LEA

and it's serious for us. Both. He's from Serbia, I'm from the Czech Republic, where we're from, when you're with someone, it's serious,

THOMAS

-

LEA

not like here in Germany, where it just means that someones's there when you come home from fucking.

THOMAS

-

LEA

Don't act like that,

THOMAS

-

LEA

Don't act like that, I've been watching you,

THOMAS

-

LEA

I know exactly what you're trying to explore, but my husband and I take our relationship very seriously and... you're an actor, ever acted in a Greek tragedy?

Or do you do just do those weird associative projects?

THOMAS

-

LEA

-

THOMAS

No, I do classics too.

LEA

-

THOMAS

-

LEA

Never underestimate the fury of a woman scorned! Never!

THOMAS

was

LEA

You have two children, don't you?

THOMAS

-

LEA

Well maybe someday they'll be ... gone. You know Medea and all that stuff. I've played it all ... We take our relationship very seriously and you shouldn't go thinking that you can just be everything ... gentle, soulful, understanding, seductive, charming, mysterious, sexy ... You shouldn't think that you can cover everything as an actor. There are boundaries and when they've been crossed, what happens then?

THOMAS

-

LEA
War.

.....
And what is there then?

THOMAS

-

LEA
Victims ...

(ALEKS dazu:) hey

LEA

-

(thomas sagt nichts)

ALEKS
Everything alright?

THOMAS
Don't know.

LEA
Ok, no problem. Then, have fun.

**SHADES OF GREY /
GASTHAUS FORSTENGRUND
/ FOLGE 37_B55598.32918:
Murat und Angie im Kanzlerinnenschloss**

**NIELS
Kneel down and open your mouth, you ugly old bastard, I'll play the Turk for you.
Women and gays have to suffer, that's just the way I was brought up.
Trousers off, I'll fuck you to hospital, you lonely, unloved faggot.**

**ALEKS
Murat has expanded his business,**

**THOMAS
he doesn't just play sensitive, post migrant characters with traumatic
childhoods, but has a sideline in performing the Turkish bloke for lonely old
men with healthy bank accounts, ones who are out of the dating game.**

**NIELS
You're lonely and ugly, you German pig, no one wants you, go on, get down,
you're gonna suffer, Ali's gonna give it to you.**

**LEA
He just doesn't get paid that well in the migrant theatre, everyone there has
some kind of job on the side,**

**ALEKS
some play the drug dealer
on TV in Tatort**

**MEHMET
or work in a restaurant, there's the son of a vegetable-shop owner,
who sometimes helps in the garden
and was caught stealing €10 from Gloria von Fürstenfeld's Vuitton handbag**

**NIELS
Wasn't me, swear, swear on me mother.**

**LEA
Now Murat, that's not on.**

**THOMAS
Says Gloria von Fürstenfeld.**

**MEHMET
This is a very open place, but there are limits to tolerance and you too have to
stick to our German rules too.**

**NIELS
What are the German rules?**

ALEKS

Of course, Murat doesn't understand.

MEHMET

We don't steal, at least not €10.

THOMAS

We'd rather sell submarines to the stupid Greeks, which they can't pay for, and take the interest they have to pay on our government loans, send the troika, destroy the country, so that we can rebuild it according to our conditions.

But we don't talk about that in our daily soaps, not even on the news, neither do our journalists, they all just sit in Borchardt keep their mouths shut and eat the good schnitzel, they'd never blab about they'd never blab about our little schemes, they've no access to informationen, pretty much no idea, and of course for Angela and me, that's extremely comforting.

ALEKS

Not understand, Miss Gloria, what is 'Borshar'?

THOMAS

You couldn't understand anyway, you're too culturally limited for that, but you Mediterraneans, yeah, pretty well equipped down there, and that creates some real excitement in the lady's castle.

LEA

Ali, please bring my tea and Shades of Grey to my room, and get the butt plug and

handcuffs ready. I made too many decisions today at the board meeting.

Frau Merkel and I sold some tanks to Saudi Arabia again, that makes me feel so powerful, and completely confuses my tattered identity as a woman. So, first I'll read some Shades of Grey, then have myself worked over with the anal plug, so I can feel like a woman again. Hopefully Christian will fly over from Suhrkamp publishers in his helicopter today and ask me deep deep questions about the right one. Hopefully he'll never ask me about the other rights.

I mean the real right wingers who voted for me because they didn't notice our crap policies and the rights we constantly trample on. But people like that kind of thing right now. Everyone wants to be trampled on, with and without a butt plug.

Personal rights in Germany are totally hot for being trampled on right now, mercilessly, with my designer boots. And I don't know why I'm talking like Jelinek right now, who masturbates to Shades of Grey but I can't get this S&M shit, which 50% of all organic German university educated women have swallowed, out of my head anymore, which has become much too liberated due to

the loss of clearly defined gender-specific behaviours. Always being free to choose

drives me crazy, I need clear orders, and a couple of over simplified Mediterranean constructs of masculinity are often good for that.

Heteronormativity gives a woman

in a leadership role the necessary strength to in a leadership role the necessary strength to not go completely mad.

Murat, please fuck me hard. When I beg for mercy, curse at me and say: I'll you fuck all way into hospital, you snobby German cunt. Now the vaginal clip, run your middle finger along my perineum, let my inner goddess vibrate! I'm afraid of you that totally turns me on, I'm too secure and too powerful, I need to feel completely powerless. Threaten me, yes please more. We're all dying out. Europeans are dying out The threat from the Orient is too big. I just came.

I know you didn't notice, but I really am a very controlled woman. Alright, off you go and repair something, you foreigners always find something. I keep reading Shades of Grey it's just such a pageturner, the bit with the nipples and the candle wax. and the candle wax. Lang Lang playing Schubert in the background, so romantic ...

Title: SHADES OF GREY
Part: one
Chapter: 20
NIELS

I want you to be raw from me, Grey continued his slow torture, back and forth, "You. are. amazing," he managed to pant. "I. want. you. so. much." Christian is sitting naked at the piano, he plays extraordinarily well. His penis is hard and smooth as steel wrapped in silk, he reads me poems by Rilke, his glorious manhood tastes good, a little salty. Christian moans loudly. Then I take his godly meathook fully into my mouth, he sighs languidly. My inner goddess does a somersault. I vibrate. I have never loved like this before, Anastasia, just you and me, and eternity. One before God He stands in front of me again, gently pulls down my panties. Without letting go of my gaze, he holds them in front of his nose and inhales deeply. and inhales deeply. He flicks the whip forwards from just below my bottom towards my lavasquirting vulva of fire. My inner empress screams in pain. I feel a euphoria I've never felt before. A man and a woman, pain, surrender, submission, God wanted it this way. All the forces of the Earth shout it, two people in union, a man and a woman, one before God. I never thought this would happen to me. I'm lost in an ocean of feelings. He glides the whip over my pubic hair and stops at my vagina. While I leaf through the Bible. In the beginning, there was man.

My vulva of fire burns.

YOUTUBEYOUPORN ZOMBIE

ALEKS

I feel so sick,

I overate

disturbing images.

It all started harmlessly,

with one youtube clip,

then the next,

each more fucked up

than the last,

and my eyes ate

into the screen,

couldn't stop,

my brain switches off,

nothing to control me,

everything open,

everything flows into me now,

no protection,

my body sounds the alarm,

everything is up in arms in me,

I'm not in this world anymore,

my possessed hands keep typing,

it's not my body,

snatches, a torrent

of links, sounds,

too much intimacy,
an unbearable pornographic intimacy
to people I have no relationship to,
no empathy or interest,
it all rushes over me,
I'm not in my body anymore.
On youporn I watch a guy sticking his dick into
the wide open mouth of a woman, so deep that
she vomits,
green bile runs down her face,
she retches,
the video disorts, pixelates,
disintegrates, the faces grimaces,
my dick is completely floppy,
I try to jerk off,
there's a stabbing pain,
I don't want to lie here alone,
the video is stuck,
I start the film again,
skip forward to a gang rape,
584
skip forward to a gang rape,
an American soldier being raped
by men that look like Arabs,
they shove their cocks into his mouth, he tries

to escape, they drag him across the floor, they
piss on him,
I... my brain is burning out,
too many programmes
are running.

Everything linked to everything,
a muscular Russian
with swastika tattoos
shaves a boy's hair off,
rubs insecticide on him,
forces him to make the sign of the cross with a
dildo,
laughs like crazy, while singing,
the show must go on.

A pop

-

up window opens,
the American soldier laughing:
amazing, the most intense
day of my life,
I'd do it again any day.
Suddenly silence and clarity.
All entries in my brain deleted,
the world no longer exists,
all programmes, my whole life gone,
it can all be restarted, overwritten.

There are people out there.

What's the difference between them

and these

youtube

-

youporn people?

What are we for each other?

How can we get closer to each other?

How can we get closer to each other?

How do we act towards each other?

DIE WILDEN BOYS

Mehmet

It was like a village: my whole family lived in Adalbertstraße in Kreuzberg, we had rituals too: no shooting competitions, but May Day. It was a warzone every year. Smoke above our building. The whole street on fire. People. Police, smashing windows, overturning cars. When I was 15 I always went, because there were always

wild, injured boys there, I bandaged them up at home, washed the tear gas out of their eyes, usually really cute guys, came especially just to punch a few cops in the face, it was exciting for me, but my parents were annoyed by all these injured German boys in our flat. I had a band with my friend Sibylle from Münster we practiced in the children's room. Once I went too far. 5 injured guys lay in my room, we were listening to music, drinking beer and giving out about the fucking police state. Then we started playing music Then we started playing music

and all started making out with each other. Then my father came in, he was speechless and didn't talk to me for 3 months. This is the song we werelisting to right then.

Thomas

-

Mehmet

-

SONG: Bir derdim var (MEHMET)

IN MY FATHER'S EYES
CHOR

MEHMET
In my father's eyes, I see how strange I've become to him.

NIELS
I am the other.

ALEKS
He can't grasp that.

THOMAS
A weird freak of nature, psychotic

LEA
-

NIELS
That you should keep away from.

MEHMET
Something he'll never understand, that he can't identify with.

THOMAS
-

ALEKS
-

LEA
Better to wait a bit longer,

MEHMET
-

ALEKS
so many other problems in the family anyway,

NIELS
my father's already so old, maybe I should just let him die without having to ...

ALEKS
It would break his heart.

THOMAS
He wouldn't understand, had a totally different upbringing.

MEHMET
In my father's eyes, I see that his opinion of me can change in seconds,

ALEKS

Now I'm more of an enemy than a friend, definitely not an ally anymore.

THOMAS

We've always had a difficult relationship.

MEHMET

Now it's even more complicated.

ALEKS

In my father's eyes, I see ...

LEA

How his brain is searching for any possible explanation ...

MEHMET

What went wrong?

LEA

When did it start?

THOMAS

-

MEHMET

Is it something in my head?

NIELS

Is it my soul?

ALEKS

A disease,

THOMAS

a sick soul.

ALEKS

With more love or the opposite, more discipline, strictness,

LEA

what did we do wrong?

THOMAS

Don't tell anyone else for now and please don't bring them over, then we'll have to move out,

THOMAS

and don't use my shaver anymore and

ALEKS

of course you're still our son, you can come over any time, but ...

LEA

Maybe more sports.

NIELS

Listened to too much classical music.

LEA

Played with dolls?

THOMAS

Why don't you call a psychiatrist?

LEA

He'll probably die before us.

MEHMET

No grandchildren.

LEA

-

ALEKS

-

THOMAS

He's only doing it to rebel against us.

**MASHUP REMIX: WEEKEND III/ FESTE BEZIEHUNG / MAKING OF 4/
KUBY/ FASSBINDER / I NEVER FUCKED A BOY LIKE THIS BEFORE**

ALEKS

I have to say something ... So I ... I asked you to come here today ... I love you all ...

I'm heterosexual. I like women, a lot actually. I like watching sports shows, fixing cars, when someone takes my parking space I punch him in the face, I still wrote a song for you, because you're such a great guy, Thomas, it was fun sleeping with you, Glen. Wouldn't do it every day... but it was really an experience.

SONG: I never loved a boy like you before (ALEKS)

ALLE

glen

They accept us if we fit in. How would your friends react if you started going on about being gay, politically ...being gay, politically ... talking about gay rights,going totally mental, talking about rimming.

Lea (Kuby) //

I have nothing against homosexuals, but against the homo lobby's cultural revolutionary strategies. There's no homosexual gene, nobody's born like that. There are therapy options for those affected, who suffer because of their inclination, want to find the cause and who would prefer to lead heterosexual lives. No one is forced into it. But the homo lobby wants to ban that kind of therapy.

.....

Niels (Fassbinder)

In my films, I try to express that the institution of marriage is inhumane. Although I can't think of an alternative, I know it destroys people. This institutionalised fidelity can ruin a relationship between two people.

glen

We're subjected to the terror of heteronormativity in every ad. vor die fresse. im fernsehen, in jeder werbung, sind wir diesem heteronormativitätsterror ausgesetzt. aber die schwulen, die schwulen: achtung, ruhe, die heteros kommen, alle still sein, alle so tun, als gäbs uns nicht, bloß nichts von UNS erzählen, das könnte sie verunsichern, bloß nicht küssen in der öffentlichkeit, bloß nicht händchenhalten, nicht über sex reden, achtung, die heteros kommen, allemann totstellen und ab ins ghetto, sonst werden sie vielleicht böse und mögen uns nicht mehr. wir könnten endlich machen, was wir wollten, aber nein: wir kippen den gleichen heteronormativen zement über alles und wollen die gleiche graue zubetonierte scheiße leben wie die.

Lea (Kuby)

The totalitarian endeavours of the UN clearly aim to make everyone repress their sexual desires, repress their sexual desires, so that the desire for love and a family can be fulfilled.

We are in the midst of a cultural war for the future, for the family, for humanity, Christianity, and for the survival of all nations.

glen

-

glen

I'm not saying we shouldn't have longterm relationships, I'm just saying that we don't need the blessing of a state institution. And don't tell me that people get married for love, they do it to chain themselves to someone. And it's not even a proper marriage. In America, they fought for their rights, here everyone just hangs around on Grindr or in the gym. What are they fighting for?

russel

They fight. But for something you don't believe in.

glen

But that's exactly the point.

russel

But that's exactly the point.

A man who publicly says to another man: I love you and want to marry you, that's a radical statement. To say, in front of everyone: I want to spend my life with you, when everyone else says it's wrong, disgusting, sick. Why do they say that? The Internet is full of it. of it. But when someone says, in public: I love you, I don't care what they think, then that's really fucking brave. And what's it to you? Two people love each other. Want to get married. Just want to be happy.?

glen

I just don't want to live such a conventional life as all of you.

russel

You're so arrogant.

glen

No I'm not.

russel

Yes you are. Patronising. You're always criticising me,

glen

-

russel

**you want everyone to think freely, but only if they think exactly like you.
Why can't you understand that some people just want to be happy?**

glen

And? Are you happy?

russel

I'm fine. Yeah, it could be better. Less complicated.

glen

-

russel

Don't dare to think

glen

-

russel

**you might understand me. And you look down on me because I don't talk about
my sex life in a liberated way.**

glen

-

russel

I know you think I'm an idiot, just because I want a relationship,

glen

-

russel

but I think, deep down, you want one too.

PAUSE

glen
I'd already have the perfect boyfriend for it.

russel
It's not about me.

glen
I don't want a relationship.

russel
I don't believe you.

glen
-

FASSBINDER

NIELS

Marriage and society's rules can destroy a relationship between two people. I tried living in communes, but it always ended in disaster. I'm just not able to live in

a partnership with just one person. I tried it. There's just no freedom, everything is defined by obligation in relationships. I don't know the answer. But it's easier in a group, obligations are spread out and frustration isn't directed at just one person. Frustration often turns into hate or fear. If you hate your partner, you're usually afraid of losing them at the same time. That might sound crazy, but that's the dialectic of human relationships. That's what I always say in my films: institutions, society, they're not good for us. I don't have a better suggestion, but I want to highlight the problem so that people think of alternative. I only go out with men. It's more difficult with women. I was married once, didn't work out. We were good friends at the start. The 2 years of marriage was hell. Now we're divorced and good friends again. I like women, but I don't like being married to them. Women like to be married, because it satisfies their need for security more than living in a group.

I think it's easier to live a stress free life with men, everything is more relaxed. As soon as a woman turns up, everyone automatically thinks she's gonna clean the bathroom. So everything has to be planned: she does it Tuesday, he does it Wednesday. Women say: he didn't do what he was meant to, so I'll do it. They sense that men expect that they should really do it and so they always feel guilty. But you can't criticise them for that. It's probably because we live in a society ruled by men.

FRÜHLING DER REAKTIONÄRE

THOMAS

This is just gonna start now somehow. I'm gonna try something. The Russian loves birch trees. The Russian loves beating up gay people. The German doesn't give a shit about it. The Turk hates gays too. The Saudi Arabian hangs gay men. The Frenchman demonstrates against marriage for all, because they think they've lost their status as a global power if gays and lesbians can get married.

The American reads the Bible like an 11 year old child and takes everything in it literally. Except for their immoral, contradictory behaviour, like divorce, watching porn, killing people, spying on the 'free world'. The Dane is more relaxed and more progressive than all the others. Why are there happy gay couples there, who adopt children without the country collapsing? Who wants to live in a shit country with a joke like Putin, when you can live in a house by the sea in Denmark with your caring, gay solicitor? The Russian adores his mean dictator, who no one should make any trade agreements with. He shouldn't be allowed into any summit until he repeals his inhumane anti gay laws. He puts young mothers in prison camp for saying that Putin is a pig and a dictator. The Russian should be dragged in front of the International Court of Justice. He walks around the automotive trade fair with Merkel, without her mentioning to him that he puts people who oppose him in prison. He rides around the Tundra with no shirt on, looking like a worn out queen

from the 1980s. I'm running out of energy, I can't go on: What's going on in Russia?

What the hell? What are they doing?

They're torturing my people there and I can't do anything about it, kidnapping them in broad daylight and taking them home. and taking them home. They have to kneel naked in front of them and then they hit them in the face. Force a dildo into their mouths. Shave their hair off and rub insecticide on them. Rape them with a broken bottle and sing while doing it! With this grin on their faces the whole time. The same grin Putin has when he talks about the anti gay laws. Or Dobrindt with he gives out about the "the shrill minority" getting too much attention. Putin's stupid grin in Scandinavia when he's asked about his repressive anti gay laws and only manages to mumble something and then ends with the rushed sentence:

"Please respect that we want to protect our children." Why can anyone in Russia

who doesn't report negatively about homosexuality be punished? Because they're officially only allowed to say paedophiles now. But it's not the same thing. Paedophilia is when Berlusconi fucks an underage Moroccan prostitute, not when two grown men walk down the street holding hands. Dear Angela Merkel, would you ever just tell Putin he should stop torturing my people. I don't want to see Russian civilian police beating the shit out of men for holding a rainbow flag on

youtube anymore, or neo Nazis stripping my people in front of a camera, tying them up, absuving them, forcing them to sing choral songs while they do it, then putting the whole thing on the Internet and never being held criminally responsible for it. Russian TV advocating that gay men shouldn't be treated in state hospitals after traffic accidents anymore, Anna Netrebko campaigning for Putin and then singing Tatiana in MY Tchaikovsky production at the Viennese State Opera. Tchaikovsky was gay, Anna, and you can't just campaign for someone who has declared war on my people and then warble along in an opera by one of the greatest gay composers ever. You declared war on my people.

You obviously truly are a vain, stupid, career obsessed, redneck dictator slut. You'd better swallow your bigotry before you sing one more note by Tchaikovsky.

The Süddeutsche newspaper printing an interview with Anna Netrebko and just leaving "Putin is good for Russia" without any comment, and then asking whether it's an insult to her as a diva to have to wear a cardigan as Manon!

Süddeutsche!

In Russia, my people are being insulted in all kinds of different ways than with cardigans. Open your eyes and write about Putin's pogroms against gays. Research that. Why doesn't Merkel do it? Because her policies are strategically homophobic too, so that she doesn't scare her redneck voter base. She could establish the same rights they already have in Scandinavia, Belgium and they already have in Scandinavia, Belgium and Spain. Even in England, and use them to make sure that homosexual men and women are no longer treated like second class citizens

and therefore don't have to feel like second class citizens anymore. Because they are consistently denied their basic rights, outlined in the constitution, by Merkel and

her fucking redneck Catholic freaks! The Catholic Church is one of the humanity's worst aberrances, Nietzsche already got that back in the 19th century, why are they still allowed, in the year 2014, to spew out their inhumane hate sermons on every channel?

For thousands of years, these sexually dysfunctional child abusers have been telling us what to think, what we should be ashamed of, what we should be afraid of.

You shall not live, you shall not be yourself, you shall live in fear, you shall not feel free, you shall be afraid of who you really are, you shall frighten your children, you shall let your children be sexually abused by us,

you shall build us palaces of gold,
you shall not contradict us,
you shall not think,

you shall not be the person
you really are,
you shall always be alone,

you shall not live out your desires,
you shall lie alone in bed at night
and eat yourself up with desire
and longing and cry, yes ...

I have nothing against gays, but it's just unnatural, because after all, the dear Lord

did make men and women and he probably knew what he was doing, he's not stupid, is he, he wouldn't make men and women with the whole reproductive stuff so that men could do it with men and women with women, I mean, purely from a biological perspective it's complete nonsense, we'd all be extinct in one generation,

can't you add up one plus one? The dear Lord isn't bonkers, is he? We're all gonna die out and the Muslims will take over, the Chinese are waiting at the Brandenburg Gate too. We don't all have to become gay now, do we? We have to protect ourselves, not get all girly. That's enough now, you're all bloody thick anyway ...

I had to get that out of my system.

It's so hard. My people have no lawyer.

Nowhere in the world. Nobody fights for the rights of my people. My people are always fighting among themselves and don't show enough solidarity to one another, Don't fight and don't defend themselves and just take it, that's what I admire about all the Turks here.

Queen Shermin,

you know I admire you for that. Your people stick together. They love you and fight their way out of fucking second class citizenship with you. My people are so torn apart and divided. Some of them hide frightened behind the closet door, trembling, some of them are being pissed in the face by a Putin follower right now and Merkel thinks that's totally fine. You should act in solidarity, think of yourselves as a nation, stand up for each other, fight together, not against each other, is that so hard? It's all so sad. I'll conclude with a joke:

Erika Steinbach is the human rights delegate for the CDU.

You can all laugh now.

Ok, I'll tell it again ...

Erika Steinbach, that's the one with the Nazi occupation soldier father, who fought at the German front in 1937, and who's pretty much doing everything she can to prevent reconciliation between Germany and Poland, And who normally begins sentences on chat shows with: I have nothing against gay people we even have them over for dinner, but ... This woman childless for decades, like Merkel, Aigner... all these women who refuse to give my people the right to marriage and adoption, and go on about protecting marriage, live in childless marriages, are single or divorced.

What is it you're always trying to protect anyway?

You haven't built any relationships in your lives that deserve to be called marriage.

Dear Ilse Aigner, it's not our fault, that, as you told the tabloids, your partner doesn't

want to stay with you because you're so stressed from work. You'll obviously have to work a little less if you want a relationship, make some compromises for your partner, listen, spend some time with him. It's not our fault that you're not capable of

having a relationship. Dear Erika Steinbach, go and sit on the border of Poland and cry 1937 tears for your father every day. My father wasn't there for me either. My father also fought in a war and became an emotional cripple. I understand, you still wish you had a loving father and mean well a loving father and mean well when you say, on a chat show, a child needs a mother and a father, I feel your pain. Honestly.

I suffered because my father wasn't there too. But it's not a solution to prevent two fathers, who can give lots of time and love, from bringing up a child. It can't be the solution to prohibit the love of those who are capable of love. The family you experienced as a child is not worth protecting. It's the family of the tyrannical father,

it's the Putin family, a soldier father incapable of love takes a woman and their children emotionally captive and under his tyrannical rule, this family has no right to be protected. Frau Steinbach, I know lots of broken people, but I have no ideas for you. How will we get rid of these barriers blocking your way to understanding and love? Give your position as human rights delegate to a person who loves other people and who seriously fights for people's rights, not just for the rights of their own party members or lobbyist bankrollers.

My people are in danger. They are being sacrificed. People are so confused. This economic system, the erosion of identity so that they can be turned into pure output machines that are only there to work, to consume, go to a spa when they're exhausted, go to a therapist with their problems, create profiles of themselves to increase their market value, develop a purely affirmative attitude to the system that's completely sucking them dry, by clicking on like and "yes, I agree to the terms and conditions", transfer all my data to a company whose aims I have no idea about. Google is allowed to store all my contacts.

Facebook has unlimited access to my personal data. everyone is so drained from this shit, they need certainty, something to make them feel safe, the last clear thing: Straight: good. Gay: bad. Me: right.

Anyone who's not like me: wrong. Or the RussianAmerican version:

Who's responsible

for the demise of Russian culture? Whose fault is it that a hurricane destroyed a trailer park in the Midwest? Whose fault is it that, as Sarrazin argues, the Europeans are dying out? Whose fault is it that almost every second marriage in Germany ends in divorce, that almost all German children grow up with only one parent?

When you go out on the streets later tonight, look around. If you see two young men or women in love, kissing each other tenderly beneath a streetlight somewhere, then you'll know: it's their fault. They're responsible for this whole mess. Because they love each other, God has sent us all this misfortune as punishment.

SONG TO THE SIREN (Mehmet)

**NOVEMBER
MEHMET**

Fog.

The city doesn't make a sound. I haven't left the house for weeks, been watching these videos wrote out, typed out scenes, sometimes I just punch the computer or smash the screen, afterwards I'm very calm When I go out everything collapses, every sound, every image, on top of me, in me, everything much too loud and ...And when I talk to someone,

I become them,

I. am. something different.

I am what's standing in front of me. And become what it says. And do what it wants.

I've had it since

I was a kid, this disorder

disease

gift

dislocation

I don't know what to call it.

I perceive everything, everything,

no filter, no protection,

every sound, every breath

the machines on stand

-

by at night,

the silence

and every feelling I've ever felt,

suddenly it's there in me,

and washes me away,

everything slips away,

I can't run anymore,
my heart hurts, I can barely breathe,
somehow I always need to find solutions, clear
somehow I always need to find solutions, clear
sets of rules, guidelines,
but after two days I don't understand
at all anymore why I decided
for or against something.

There's a body missing here. This absence of
another body has eaten such strange wounds
into my skin.

Strange, everything is dissolving,
no more protection, gone ...

-

Kiss me.

-

What, now?

Now and forever

be everything for me,
right now, get me out of here,
I can't connect with anything,
identify with anything,
nothing makes me feel safe.

So kiss me but mean it seriously,
mean it seriously, mean me

and that you can't sleep at night
without me anymore.

Bite hard, hurt me, let's become one,
here, right now,
let's tear down
all the boundaries
that could ever exist between people,
I have to get out of here,
out of this, this imprisoned,
hermetically sealed body
we could fuck until we bleed
we could fuck until we bleed
and swallow sperm,
bite each other's lips to pieces
as we kiss.

But we'll never be one.

That kills me.

Change that right now.

Come on kiss me, hold me so tight
that I can't breathe anymore,
be everything for me, tell me
that you'll stay here forever,
at least for tonight,
or for the next two hours.

Don't go!

EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM)
Choreographie
MEHMET ALEKS THOMAS

EINE ZERRISSENE NACHT

THOMAS
A tattered night.

ALEKS
A restless night.

LEA
I can't sleep, dissolve myself in the meanderings of disparate links,

NIELS
it was a night in which I lost most of my humour and irony,

MEHMET
my father

THOMAS ALEKS
wandering lost through the halls,

LEA
can't find the door, tries to lean on something, falls, lies there, cries like a little kid,

NIELS MEHMET
you're lying there now, there in front of me,

THOMAS
you, the man who caused so much harm in your life, and you can't move anymore, without my help.

THOMAS
without my help.

LEA ALEKS
I sit down beside you.

THOMAS MEHMET
You're breathing heavily.

ALEKS
I hold your hand,

NIELS
lean against you.

THOMAS ALEKS
You're the man I always wanted to be loved by,

THOMAS LEA
you're the thing that was always absent in my life,

ALEKS

you're the man who told me, I shouldn't live what I was Different. Take everything back. Repress everything.

THOMAS MEHMET

We lie there like this

ALEKS NIELS

now

LEA MEHMET

after all these years

ALEKS

in the hall

MEHMET

the clock ticks

THOMAS

your medical equipment in the bedroom

ALEKS NIELS

this whole monitoring machine.

THOMAS ALEKS

Get mum.

LEA MEHMET NIELS

Mum's dead.

ALEKS

-

THOMAS

-

THOMAS ALEKS

There's only two of us left, now, that's it.

THOMAS

I help you,

THOMAS

carry you to bed,

THOMAS

lie awake for the rest of the night.

ENDE