

# **circus maximus**

**by krok & petschinka**

all rights :

e.petschinka  
1020 wien  
czerninplatz 2/12  
petschinka@krok.cc

**characters :**

the directors of circus maximus :

**RIENZO & LUCULLUS**

the great critic :

**ALPHA & OMEGA**

head of the megaphone-anarchist-troupe :

**STASSIO**

anarchists with megaphones:

**megaphone**

spokeswoman for an investment consortium:

**VITTORIA**

**LYNDIE ENGLAND** court martialled :

(reminder:

lyndie england can be seen

in the abu ghraib prison photos

holding an iraqi prisoner like a lapdog on a leash)

1

**megaphone**

I see fire.  
 A firestorm.  
 Vibrating air.  
 I see caterpillars.  
 An armada of huge caterpillars  
 converging on Rome.

RIENZO  
 Yeah, great.  
 And now slit his throat.

**megaphone**

The Circus Maximus has lost its mission.

LUCULLUS  
 And then come to me in the loge!

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**megaphone**

Today the theatre finds itself  
 in a completely apolitical society.

**megaphone**

Helplessness, loss of direction.

RIENZO  
 There´s an american woman  
 who wants to exhibit her bed  
 in our arena -  
 surrounded by empty bottles,  
 dirty panties ...  
 "covered with a ... stained ...sheet" !!  
 Oh man...

LUCULLUS  
 It´s ok as long as she invites the audience  
 to come and lie in it with her!

RIENZO  
 We can put the balkan woman next to her,  
 who wants to scrub a pile of bones.

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

RIENZO

We can also show a poor man  
who out of NOWHERE becomes an upstart,  
whom a senator drags into his house, to give him ...

**megaphone**

How do we want to live?

RIENZO

... as  
the dictator of his conscience -

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

RIENZO

... moral- and disciplinary- and religious supervision  
concerning kith and kin  
& above all about himself.  
Who signs over his fortune to him.  
Who promises him his daughter's hand in marriage.

LUCULLUS

A posse - nowadays?

RIENZO

Yes, until the upstart  
assaults  
the Lord's wife!

ALPHA & OMEGA

And fucks her  
on the grand piano  
in the salon  
and sprays his ...  
driedDONKEYmilk  
onto her pearl-embroidered,  
freshly ripped in front  
transparent negligée.

LUCULLUS

And that busts the senator's balls?

RIENZI

And it's too late.

ALPHA & OMEGA  
 Anything but silk by the way  
 that negligee,  
 which she wore like a magic hat,  
 under which she let  
 half unacknowledged,  
 half disgustingly erotic desires  
 simmer  
 over a small  
 languid lascivious flame...

RIENZI  
 Shut up!!

**STASSIO**

Yeah? Is that what you want??

To take the old form of spoken theatre  
 down from the attic of The Antique World,  
 wipe off the dust and the prejudices  
 to see whether it can be polished  
 to the old sheen of the past?!  
 Whether the old lyrical element  
 can be connected, locked and "disturbed"  
 to the music of the missile defence systems,  
 the huge bugging installation ...

You want that??

AND romantic sentences.  
 AND love sonnets.  
 AND lullabies.  
 AND an invitation to the dance.

You want that?

**megaphone**

Today the theatre finds itself  
 in a completely apolitical society.

**megaphone**

And is infected by it!

**megaphone**

Boredom, entertainment, loss of direction.

2

RIENZZO  
 Your manifesto is wonderful.  
 Really wonderful.  
 Moving tone.  
 Élan. Power. Poetry.  
 „the theatre can be the place for awareness  
 and thus re-politicisation!“  
 Cheeky attack.  
 On whom?  
 On me!  
 On the Circus Maximus!  
 On decadent perverse culture!  
 On mass taste!  
 Represented by whom?

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

RIENZO  
 Me!!

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**megaphone**

After two hundred years  
 the theatre is in mourning for meaning.

RIENZO  
 What do we offer in the Circus Maximus?  
 "shit & tradition.  
 that's the avant-garde of two hundred years ago!  
 what does it tell us today?  
 nothing!"  
 Very fine.  
 Very fine.

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO!

LYNN : I'm being treated here  
 like a leper

with all the rumours  
 and the photos

showing me  
 holding a dead man  
 on a leash

**megaphone**

The theatre  
was the spearhead of Enlightenment.

LYNN : he wasn't dead yet?

RIENZO

I was like you.  
Tired & aggressive.  
Tired of all the classical texts.  
Forty years ago I thought:

Either all the nonsense  
stops immediately -  
or it has to adopt a new tone.  
A completely new version.

**megaphone**

The theatre was a reflection of the colonial wars.

LYNN : and next to me  
US-military police Staff-Corporal Charles Graner  
  
with a digital camera yeah

**megaphone**

The theatre was a reflection of the colonial wars.

LYNN : and then you say : torture

**megaphone**

It spread, formulated and  
went to town on the important subjects.

LUCULLUS

Ok, enough of this megaphone-shit!

RIENZO

I thought: enough of this cheap comedy.  
Enough car racing.  
Finish with the big clowns.  
Finish with cheap laughs.  
Great subjects.  
Great heroes.  
Reflection!!  
No more kitsch.  
Revolution!!  
Better an end to Circus Maximus,  
than more of this nonsense!!

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**megaphone**

The theatre was a reflection of the colonial wars.

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**megaphone**

The Circus Maximus showed itself to be a moral madhouse.

**STASSIO**

What does this raucous voice cry out for?

Why this longing for the crash,  
which destroys everything  
not only the financial system,  
and brings us to the abyss?

Why?

The Circus Maximus has to ask these questions!

**RIENZO**

I feel something of this power in you.  
I'm looking forward to this attack.  
When I read this manifesto,  
I look in the mirror.  
I see my clenched fist.  
My burning cheeks.  
Have nights of debate before my eyes.  
And the first performances.

**megaphone**

The Circus Maximus  
has lost its mission.

**megaphone**

The Circus Maximus  
has lost its mission.

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**LUCULLUS**

This shouting is getting on my nerves!!

**RIENZO**

What did we do in those days?  
First we cleaned out the square.  
Swept it empty.

LYNN : there's no air-conditioning there  
all night heat



RIENZO  
 We thought:  
 this is phase one!  
 The old blasting away.  
 Empty space!  
 Empty space!

**megaphone**  
 The theatre ...

**megaphone**  
 ... spread, formulated, and went to town on the important subjects.

LUCULLUS  
 If they don't stop with that megaphone,  
 I'll have them hanged!  
 Quartered!

**megaphone**  
 We have to start from ZERO.

**megaphone**  
 The theatre was the spearhead of enlightenment.

**megaphone**  
 How do we want to live?

**STASSIO**  
 Thousands of years ago  
 this question was asked.  
 And war was fought :  
 war for  
 war against

And then the thread breaks.  
 And now ?

LYNN : I'm treated here  
 like a leper

RIENZO  
 The first plays were huge caterpillars,  
 which steamrolled over the old ideas,  
 the old temples.  
 Which pushed out the old audience.  
 All the entertainment slaves!  
 Out with them and their bad taste.  
 Out with the spirit of small-time entertainment.  
 Out with it.

The Circus Maximus has a different mission.  
 The Circus Maximus  
 has to reach a completely different public.

**RIENZO**

The senate has to come.  
 The emperor has to come.  
 The gods have to be our audience.  
 We have to  
 thrust the big questions  
 direct into their hearts.  
 We have to see to it  
 that these people burn like torches.

**STASSIO**

For a thousand years we've been fighting a war  
 against the mystifiers:  
 silence, stagnation, standby, slow motion.

Against the loop of destruction, atomisation.  
 Against subatomic hysteria.  
 Against obesity, sexual craving, copulation phantasms.

**megaphone**

The Circus Maximus showed itself  
 to be a moral madhouse.

**RIENZO**

Sure – we have to entertain them.  
 But with great tragedies.  
 The Circus Maximus has to become dangerous.  
 We have to fight wars in the Circus Maximus.  
 We have to see to it  
 that people faint.  
 That they're carried out.  
 That they vomit in their loges.  
 We have to make sure they watch.  
 That they stop feeding their faces during the performance.  
 That they hold their breath.

I see something of this desire in your manifesto.  
 You crave for great political material.  
 That's wonderful.  
 We haven't had that for a long time.

I hear it  
 clearly shouted  
 between the lines of this manifesto.  
 You have an unconditional desire  
 for great social themes.

Maybe even for great upheavals.  
 And maybe I have the right story for you!

3

ALPHA & OMEGA  
And now, miss TELENODELA  
- walks, no, floats -  
onto the stage!

Tight blond pig-tailed, skull-  
encircled Timoschenko-hairstyle;  
long, beige-gold-colour,  
tight-fitting, openwork  
silk dress with train  
and enormous puffed-out  
sleeves,  
which makes it seem  
as if she were wearing  
deep frozen humped angel-wings.

**VITTORIA**

My dear directors ...

ALPHA & OMEGA  
A kind of fairy princess  
as prada-devil.

**VITTORIA**

The Circus Maximus has not only lost its mission!  
Nobody here in Rome understands  
that it's no longer about the circus.  
That it's no longer about the theatre.  
That this form is dead,  
finished.  
That the last great performances were the public executions.  
That fire and death  
and the stench of burning corpses  
are definitely necessary  
for a great theatrical experience.  
That the screams of the tortured should be heard,  
that the tears must be real.

LUCULLUS

Yeah, I like that.

I like that a lot.

You want to come and sit a little with me on the sofa?

**VITTORIA**

This entire playacting,  
these performance-orgies,  
it's all impotent posturing.  
Fully unworthy of a Circus Maximus!

My dear directors ...

If you want to think about further performances,  
then go back to the Rhinoceros Pens,  
you can do it there.

**VITTORIA**

But get out  
of the public space at last.  
Renounce your function  
and tell them :  
"We old bastards don't cut the mustard anymore.  
We're now performing for the impotent  
and for old-age pensioners  
in the Rhinoceros Pens!"

**LUCULLUS**

Yeah, come and sit with me.

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**LUCULLUS**

And now kiss me.  
Yeah.  
That's nice.  
Very nice.  
Yeah.  
Lick my nipples ...

LYNN : the first time US-military police Staff-Corporal Charles Graner  
kissed me

was on night duty

I felt the heat

**megaphone**

The theatre was a reflection of the colonial wars.

LYNN : and that night we locked ourselves in a cell

**megaphone**

The theatre is in mourning for its meaning.

LYNN : and he brought a bottle of Jack Daniels  
from the canteen

and I took the cocaine  
from the breast pocket of my uniform jacket

**megaphone**

... it spread, formulated,  
went to town on the important subjects.

LYNN : laid a line on my pocket-mirror

the US-military police Staff-Corporal said:  
"if only we could fuck Rumsfeld in the ass!"

**megaphone**

How do we want to live?

**megaphone**

The theatre is in mourning for its meaning.

LYNN :     and as I sat on him  
              he whispered in my ear  
              what he'd like to do  
              with each prisoner

**megaphone**

We have to start from ZERO.

**4****RIENZO**

I want to put on the following play  
in the Circus Maximus :  
A play with an incredible conflict!  
A play directly attacking Caesar.

There's a great man.  
A really great man.  
Whom the world honours.  
Whom it fears.  
A warrior.  
A Caesar.

And this man grows and grows.  
He transcends  
the democratic dimension.

How?

Through terror?  
No.  
By a coup?  
No.  
Through the democratic process!

He's a magnet.  
He's a titan.  
He's a man!

The man Rome has long been waiting for!!

You know the old theory  
that the entire historical process  
exists for one reason only :  
To produce a few great men!

RIENZO  
And there he is!

He speaks.  
And you listen.  
He's silent.  
And you hold your breath.  
He decides.  
And you agree.  
He becomes a candidate.  
And you vote for him.

But that's not enough for him.  
He has to rule by himself.  
He can't stand anyone near him.  
He must be prayed to like a god.

RIENZO  
And that cannot be  
when all of his suggestions  
are brought to a vote.

LYNN : and now I'm going to list

**megaphone**  
We demand ...

LYNN : you asked me

**megaphone**  
homeless, alcoholics ...

LYNN : I'd have preferred to be quiet

**megaphone**  
fixers, whores, psychotics.

LYNN : these are the intimate details of a love story  
whispered  
while our child was being conceived

**megaphone**  
We demand ...

LYNN : in the prison cell

**megaphone**  
figures  
prepared to do anything  
in order not to feel their own chaos.

RIENZO

And then he crosses the Rubicon.

Marches directly over the line on Rome.

Organises a March on Rome.

And the people acclaim him.

In every city along this March on Rome  
he's received in triumph.

He makes the earth tremble.

His magnetic power  
grows with every mile.

And Rome ?? What does Rome say?

**megaphone**

We demand pictures,  
which scorch the retina.

**megaphone**

Gaudy, loud, dirty,  
enlightening, illustrative and naive.

LYNN : and then that naked pyramid

what was that

a game  
only for a photo  
for memory

we thought  
we'll show these photos to our child  
showing the job  
we had  
when he was conceived

RIENZO

And Rome?

Rome awaits feverishly.

Rome is nervous.

The masses want to cheer.

The masses want to throw themselves at his feet.

The masses want to  
elevate him to the rank of a god.

And the senate?

**megaphone**

We demand ...

RIENZO

What is the senate doing?

**megaphone**

great ideas

decomposing through blood, urine and vomit.

RIENZO

Also in the senate : unease nervousness.

They feel a storm surge coming.

A coup is coming.

The end is coming

for the hard-won democratic structures.

The end is coming

for all previous political thinking.

**megaphone**

We demand

sickness, medicine,

panicky realism,

psychotic realism.

RIENZO

A small group of senators  
discusses radical measures.

But what kind of measures?!

How can you neutralise  
this magnet?

How can you confront this violence?

It seems impossible.

You can't put up barriers  
to such power.

You can only – kill - such a man.

**megaphone**

We demand

a world of concrete,

in which a dirty heart beats.

RIENZO

Theres a lovely saying from ancient china:

„He has courage who pulls the Emperor off his horse!“

But such a courageous one was not to be found.

For a long time.

Because it means knowing it's your end.



RIENZO  
 It requires the will to sacrifice -  
 A great sacrifice.

You understand what I'm seeing before me?

They must  
 hold their breath  
 to the last second  
 in the Circus Maximus.

Throughout the entire tragedy  
 they must feel :  
 This story,  
 it's an incredible impudence!  
 A slap in the Emperor's face!

I've thought about this story for a long time.

Don't think I don't know  
 about the plight of the Circus Maximus!

Of this tepid, but at the same time magnificent event.

Of this overblown nothing.

The beautiful, wonderful entertainment.

Yes,  
 we got that far!!

But now something completely different must come!

And I'm sure you will go for it.  
 It must be to your taste!

A mouthful of spit in the Emperor's face!!

## 5

LYNN :    have you ever broken  
           someone's jaw  
           no

## STASSIO

... the question isn't only,  
 what has to be changed and overthrown.

**STASSIO**

The question is :  
When do we start!?

When do we stop  
juggling a beginning before us  
in which we recite and reiterate  
the words YES and NOW  
and IMMEDIATELY and  
NOW and IMMEDIATELY.

**megaphone**

We demand  
a choreography of beauty and horror.  
We demand  
nightmare images in a drugged state.  
We demand  
the rubbish tip of utopias.

LYNN :     of course  
              if a guy stands  
              before you  
              and lies

              and you know  
              he's lying

              you say to this guy:

              „if you repeat  
              what you just said

              which we both know  
              is a fucking lie

              then you're going to undress  
              in front of me  
              this isn't paradise  
              you fucking Muslim wanker I don't know if you're a shiite or whatever  
              you're going to undress  
              you're going to do a little shiite striptease dance for me

              and then you're going to bend over  
              and then I'm going to  
              light up your ass  
              with an american military-police  
              flashlight  
              so I can see where  
              you're hiding your weapons"

**STASSIO**

„When”, I ask you?!

„When do we sharpen the file,  
that we thrust into the emperor’s heart?  
When do we buy the weapons and ammunition  
and wait in the street  
for the open coach of the heir to the throne.  
When will we finally take  
matches and lighters from our pockets  
and burn down the churches?  
When?  
When will we make this list longer?  
When do we storm the banks?  
When will we finally share fish and bread?  
When will we finally stop talking?  
When will we finally dance?!!“

**6****LUCULLUS**

In the middle of the play  
we lower the critic down from heaven in his cage  
right onto the stage ...

From the flies down onto the stage ...

**RIENZO**

The critic is dressed like a painted monkey  
with the red ass of a baboon,  
as if he’s scratched  
his haemorrhoids  
with Kafka’s “Report To The Academy”.

**LUCULLUS**

And we demand: silence!  
So he can speak,  
the god of the hatchet job!

**RIENZO**

And our good SPARTACUS  
whips the text out of him.

With a cat-o-nine-tails.

**LUCULLUS**

And now let’s listen!!

**ALPHA & OMEGA**

I ... have been ... humiliated!

LUCULLUS  
Oh yeah.

ALPHA & OMEGA  
They tore my spiral notepad  
brutally out of my hand.  
An outrage!  
An attack on democracy!  
On freedom of the press!!

RIENZO  
Where? Here?  
Democracy and freedom of the press?

ALPHA & OMEGA  
I was attacked  
by an actor  
in another performing area  
of the Circus Maximus,  
in the Rhinoceros Pen!

RIENZO  
Oh!  
What's the title of the play  
in the Rhinoceros Pen?

ALPHA & OMEGA  
The Great Massacre Game  
or The Triumph Of Death.

RIENZO  
And the content?

ALPHA & OMEGA  
In a well-ordered,  
rich,  
complacent world and society  
death breaks in,  
and sweeps -  
in a grandiose  
completely composed  
round of scenes -  
epidemic  
through salons, bedrooms,  
churches, prisons, clinics,  
literary teahouses,  
love-nests and such  
sparing no one!

RIENZO  
Did you dig that up?

LUCULLUS  
Found in the archives and then re-written ...

RIENZO  
And now the details!

ALPHA & OMEGA  
Actors  
vomit mineral water  
for a whole minute.  
A pregnant woman  
has her amniotic fluid  
drained.

RIENZO  
Amniotic fluid?

ALPHA & OMEGA  
Which is then slurped,  
while another woman  
thoroughly masturbates  
two men,  
who ordered „A BEER“!

RIENZO  
Amniotic fluid?

LUCULLUS  
Have you ever tasted it?

RIENZO  
Who hasn't!

LUCULLUS  
Very sweet, you know,  
incredibly sweet.  
But in the Rhinoceros Pen  
it wasn't amniotic fluid,  
like I ordered!

ALPHA & OMEGA  
This theatre doesn't want  
one to look and sympathise  
or receive opinions  
or any kind of moral lesson.

RIENZO  
We don't either!

ALPHA & OMEGA  
This theatre wants no criticism.

LUCULLUS  
We do!!

ALPHA & OMEGA  
It wants us to take part!  
But I'm not in the Circus Maximus  
to take part.

RIENZO  
 Not yet.  
 But soon you'll be offered  
 a major role there.

ALPHA & OMEGA  
 I don't belong to the circus.  
 I'm part of the public.  
 I'm not there for the circus.  
 I'm there for the audience.  
 Whoever attacks and insults  
 and hurls abuse at a critic,  
 abuses the audience:  
 the theatre's public!

RIENZO  
 Oh oh oh,  
 big words!!  
 LUCULLUS  
 Famous last words!

LYNN :     and then he grins  
           because he knows  
           he's a prisoner of war  
           and has the right  
           to be treated  
           according to the geneva convention

**megaphone**  
 We demand  
 a stinking river of language ...  
**megaphone**  
 in which fragments of bourgeois education ...  
**megaphone**  
 remnants of desire ...  
**megaphone**  
 and the refuse of failed biographies float along.

LYNN :     and that's the word  
           you hear  
           when you walk through the corridor

**megaphone**  
 We want  
 to screw down the gully...

LYNN :     the geneva convention  
           the geneva convention

**megaphone**  
 ... and gaze into the vortex

LYNN :     and after a few days  
               you´re so fed up with this "geneva convention"  
               that you tell him  
               at every occasion

**megaphone**

... dragging people out of their lives.

LYNN :     "fuck the geneva convention"  
               fuck you fuck you

**megaphone**

We want  
 to screw down the gully  
 and gaze into the vortex  
 dragging people out of their lives.

**7**

LUCULLUS

While you  
 were struggling  
 with that megaphone mob,  
 I had the dolly-bird in my bed.  
 And she whispered all sorts of compliments  
 and lovely ideas in my ear.

RIENZO

And I should be interested in that?

LUCULLUS

Yes, because it all has to do  
 with the desire of your favourites  
 to blow up the Circus Maximus.

RIENZO

They want that?

LUCULLUS

That´s what they were claiming ...

RIENZO

The megaphone-anarchists?

LUCULLUS

Yes ...

RIENZO

And you recorded all that again.

LUCULLUS

Yes ...

RIENZO

I've heard so much from them,  
that I've completely lost the thread.

LUCULLUS

Then we should listen to what it's all about again.

And then I'll tell you,  
what the girl whispered in my ear ...

RIENZO

Ok, but I'm hungry.

LUCULLUS

Then let's eat.

**recorder on**

**megaphone**

We demand

RIENZO

Yes, but what?

**megaphone**

that the Circus Maximus

RIENZO

Yes?

**megaphone**

be set on fire

RIENZO

Aha.

**megaphone**

blown up.

RIENZO

Very good.

A clear statement at last.

**megaphone**

It must

RIENZO

What ? What must it?

**megaphone**

disappear from the stage.

RIENZO

It is the stage!

What else?

**megaphone**

The destruction

RIENZO

Yes?

**megaphone**

of the Circus Maximus



**megaphone**  
is the final  
the ultimate play.

**end of recording**

RIENZO  
Yes?

LUCULLUS  
And?

RIENZO  
Not a bad starting point.

LUCULLUS  
And inside,  
in a cage,  
the ladies and gentlemen megaphone-anarchists ...  
and we´re watching it all from a helicopter ...

RIENZO  
And now : what does the girl want?

**VITTORIA**

What the the megaphone ladies and gentlemen want  
can be achieved.

We blow up the Circus Maximus.  
We publish their speech.  
We hunt them down all over Rome.  
From house to house.  
"One by one", as Bush said.  
We find them.  
We shoot some,  
let the others survive,  
only to be able to scour the houses.

We cordon off the housing blocks.  
We go into the apartments heavily armed.  
The soldiers are wearing helmet cameras.  
In this way we keep the whole city holding its breath.  
For days.  
The hunt is shown live.  
On all channels.  
That´s how we manage absolute control.  
Our game finally begins on a global level.

You follow me fatty?

RIENZI  
She calls you fatty?

LUCULLUS

When she hugs me,  
 she says all kinds of other things.  
 Then she talks about war,  
 which we can't begin to imagine.  
 Helicopters,  
 which set markets on fire  
 with their bombs.  
 She speaks of kinetic operations,  
 surgical attacks  
 with smart bombs.  
 She speaks of heating up the stratosphere  
 and a concentration of radiation,  
 which can be pointed everywhere.  
 She speaks of brainwashing.  
 She speaks of mind-controlled slaves ...

ALPHA & OMEGA

As I dared to smile  
 about the dead pig  
 that the pregnant woman  
 pressed out  
 with her amniotic fluid,  
 said an actor  
 to a fellow player:

„Him over there...“  
 pointing at me,  
 "he just laughed.  
 Show him the child."  
 Then they laid  
 the dead pig in my lap.  
 And the actor  
 ordered me:  
 "Write  
 that it's a beautiful child  
 write that!"

And then he tore  
 my critic's pad  
 brutally out of my hand,  
 ran to the playing area,  
 held my beautiful spiral notepad  
 like a trophy in the air,  
 crying:  
 „Let's look at what  
 that guy wrote.“

LUCULLUS

And look,  
 it said - nothing!

RIENZO

It said :

"After the performance

I'd like to give you a blow job!"

ALPHA & OMEGA

When I wanted to leave the room

after this attack

against my body

and my freedom,

which is nothing less

than freedom of the press,

the actor yelled to me :

„Fuck off, asshole!

Piss off!“

RIENZO

Who directed that?

LUCULLUS

The megaphone-anarchists ...

RIENZO

You must invite them.

I'd like to speak to them.

ALPHA & OMEGA

Thats new.

We never had that before

in the theatre.

LYNN :     you've turned me  
              into a monster  
              before the whole world

              described me as crap  
              as a horny rat  
              as a greedy fucking cunt

**megaphone**

We demand

springs from a broken watch.

LYNN :     described me as a sick mind  
              and judged me

**megaphone**

Night shapes.

A trip without a return ticket.

LYNN : I didn't commit any crime  
 I can prove  
 I did everything according to the  
 government code

8

LUCULLUS  
 And now seriously ...  
 what play would you like  
 to perform in our theatre?

**VITTORIA**  
 In the theatre?  
 What would anybody want to do in a theatre!?

Talking yes.  
 Reciting texts.  
 Dressed as the easter bunny.  
 Or as a spaceman.  
 Or – what the megaphone-anarchists prefer:  
 Naked!

And with that stuttering,  
 which gets on your nerves.

Talking. Talking. Talking.

LUCULLUS  
 Good. And you?  
 What can you suggest instead of endless texts??

**VITTORIA**  
 Me?

LUCULLUS  
 Yes, you, little dove ...

**VITTORIA**  
 What can I suggest instead of endless texts?  
 e.g. My tongue on your haemorrhoids.

LUCULLUS  
 Oh yeah ...  
 Let's get serious!

**VITTORIA**  
 You invent a toy.

LUCULLUS  
 Toy?

**VITTORIA**

Yeah, mobile phone, internet, facebook.  
 And you let them play.  
 Two three five ten years.  
 And you tell them  
 there you can also find ... child pornography.

LUCULLUS

I should tell them that?

**VITTORIA**

You tell them it's evil,  
 but the huge net is the place of freedom,  
 and so you can find everything there -  
 even... evil.

LUCULLUS

And who will produce this?

**VITTORIA**

You ... produce it!!

LUCULLUS

Me?

**VITTORIA**

You ... produce everything.  
 It's your toy.  
 And you get them used to  
 no longer wanting anything else.  
 And you start an agency which displays everything,  
 all the data,  
 so that you see,  
 what everyone does and thinks and says and writes ...  
 And this on a worldwide basis.

LUCULLUS

Beautiful ...

**VITTORIA**

But that's not the main business.

LUCULLUS

Tell me what the main business is?

ALPHA & OMEGA

You could say now  
 an actor ran amok here.  
 And he stepped unprofessionally  
 and as it were privately  
 out of his role.

**ALPHA & OMEGA**

The problem  
of contemporary theatre however is,  
that actors don't play roles -  
but rather feelings.

And because all disgust,  
all provocations  
everything ordinary,  
all bodily fluids,  
all bad taste  
and dreariness,  
all transgressions  
in this theatre of feelings  
is already in total decline  
and the audience  
doesn't expect less than that  
so  
the actor  
who falls out of his role against a critic  
has a kind of  
structural logic :  
that remains  
as a possible provocation.

**VITTORIA**

Firms throughout the world  
will ... work with your toy.  
And you can read about what they do.  
What they establish.  
How they market it.  
How they decide on a price.  
Where they find raw material.

**LUCULLUS**

What else?

**VITTORIA**

A few tv stations,  
where you can make speeches.  
Where the huge firms can air their publicity.  
Which they pay for.

Some pay for your agreement  
to let them advertise.  
And others pay  
to watching the advertisements.

**LUCULLUS**

And now please tell me what you're talking about!!

**megaphone**

We demand masses for the dead.

LUCULLUS  
What is all this??

**megaphone**

We demand masses for the dead.

**STASSIO**

Yeah, what will we do if they really give us the circus?

**megaphone**

We demand a new start.

**megaphone**

We demand a new start.

**VITTORIA**

So - from the beginning!  
We need to build up  
a worldwide network of tv stations.

**megaphone**

We demand a new start.

**VITTORIA**

You have enough money to buy the journalists.  
You make them submissive.  
Some with money.  
Others by inviting them to parties,  
at which boys and girls get fucked and killed.  
And others  
whom you show how serious you are.  
You shoot their firstborn,  
nail him to a cross,  
and drop him out of a plane into the sea.  
You show photos  
smuggled out of one of your prisons,  
which show  
how you tortured them horribly.  
You produce documents  
which clearly show  
what you will do on this worldwide war footing.  
On every street you let off car bombs.  
You speak about anarchists, terrorists.  
A swelling chorus.  
And then they'll eat out of your hand.  
And you can do whatever you want.

LUCULLUS  
Beautiful! Beautiful!

**VITTORIA**

That's what I want to do.  
Not one of these ridiculous shows in the Circus Maximus.

## 9

**STASSIO**

Yes,  
 they want me to direct there.  
 Why?  
 So they can blow up  
 the clapped out  
 Circus Maximus.

And then they'll say,  
 it was us!!  
 Armed with carpet knives  
 we stormed the central command,  
 brought the leaders over to our side  
 and blew away the Circus Maximus.

And then they can do whatever they want.

Because they have  
 a deadly enemy.  
 That's the writing on the wall.  
 And they have to hunt  
 smoke out  
 this deadly enemy.

In the whole world he'll be pulled out of the hat.

We've talked about it a hundred times.  
 There's no way out.  
 We can't hide in the provinces.  
 We can only get our wings burned and fall.

Or we cut out our tongue  
 and cringe with stuttering & stammering,  
 and hide behind lovely art projects.

## 10

**LUCULLUS**

These are street hounds,  
 who don't take anything seriously!  
 Who only want to take over our office!

**RIENZO**

Absolutely right.  
 There's no confrontation  
 with nothing.

Get rid of him finally!



LUCULLUS

Yes, cut his throat at last!

RIENZO

I'm not giving him the circus!!

**STASSIO**

The play against the upcoming Emperor  
is ridiculous.

RIENZO

I'll let you struggle on the cross!  
Set you on fire!  
You're a terrorist, a leper.  
You'll stand like a burning torch  
on some street corner  
where nobody will see you croak!!

**STASSIO**

This ruler exists for a long time  
and he's mostly invisible.

RIENZO

When once my newspapers  
attack you  
you'll never have a moment's peace again!

My soldiers will play football with your death's-head!

**STASSIO**

He's not only one.  
He's many.

RIENZO

I want to see your brain  
trampled into the ground by boots.

**STASSIO**

Many sit at this grand table  
in this centre.

RIENZO

You'll be buried ten storeys under the earth.

**STASSIO**

There's no one place to attack any longer.

RIENZO

I want to see your brain  
trampled into the ground by boots!

**STASSIO**

It's a worldwide active  
military structure.  
In the middle a mint,  
to which everything is sacrificed.  
It determines  
who lives and who doesn't.

RIENZO

I want to watch you  
crawling in the dust  
and eating grass.

**STASSIO**

It operates with weapons  
 juggled before us  
 as natural catastrophes.  
 Bombs don't detonate.  
 They come as floods,  
 as fire,  
 as volcanic eruption,  
 as earthquakes.

**megaphone**

I want to live without this permanent strain of war,  
 which is undeclared  
 and not really broken out.  
 And which is not yet understood  
 as such by most people.  
 But which is nonetheless active.  
 And more brutal than any war before it.  
 And our eyes tightly closed.  
 Because we're not confronted by it.  
 It won't be directed against us.  
 It will be directed with us and for us.  
 Against the south.  
 Against people in poverty-stricken ghettos.

**11**

LUCULLUS

What do they want to do,  
 if not Julius Caesar?

RIENZO

I'll tell you what they want:  
 THE NEW TESTAMENT !!

LUCULLUS

The new testament?

RIENZO

Haven't you read it?

LUCULLUS

Never heard of it.

RIENZO

It's circulating now underground in Rome.

LUCULLUS

And what is this  
 „New Testament??“

RIENZO

The story of a little jew -  
carpenter's son -  
who one day decides  
he's had enough of the provinces!  
"I have to get out of this nest,  
I've been waiting in for thirty years,  
that ... "

LUCULLUS

Yeah?  
What's he been waiting in the little nest for?

RIENZO

He himself doesn't know.

LUCULLUS

Go on!

RIENZO

And he decides,  
to go into the desert.  
Let the sun burn his brains out.  
Anything's better than this life here!

LUCULLUS

Aha.

RIENZO

And on day 40 of his lovely ordeal,  
he suddenly has a vision.  
He thinks he is the SON OF GOD.

LUCULLUS

Nothing less ...

RIENZO

When you sit for 40 days in the blazing sun,  
then you crack up ...

LUCULLUS

And that's what these guys want to do in the circus?  
Ridiculous.  
Nobody  
wants to watch the story of such a little jew.

RIENZO

It's not the little jew that interests them.  
He's only a metaphor  
for the way they see themselves.

## RIENZO

They see themselves sitting in the little village  
called ROME,  
our empire,  
and they feel powerless ...  
like a whale beached on the coast of Rimini.  
and they say to themselves:  
we'd rather be  
in the Desert Of The Desperate Screams  
while the sun fries our brains,  
than stay  
in father's little carpenter workshop,  
collecting the sawdust.

They want to be famous.  
To hang on a cross.

## LUCULLUS

Then let's give them this pleasure!

## 12

**megaphone / naked**

My head gets very hot,  
when I think of this goddamn life.

**megaphone**

And at the same time nothing interests me except this war.

**megaphone / naked**

Something outrages me.  
Something in me screams.  
And a thought is growing bigger in my head,  
which is extremely embarrassing :

Get yourself a machine gun at last  
and when someone irritates you  
pull it out  
and shoot yourself free.

Yeah, ridiculous.  
Completely ridiculous.  
I even say it to myself.  
But I'm losing patience.  
I no longer desire this internal mill,  
being ground down,  
and crushed.

**megaphone**

And at the same time nothing interests me except this war.

**megaphone /**

I want to get out at last!

I want to be able to breathe!

**13**

RIENZO

No no ...

this time the megaphone has to stay outside!

**STASSIO**

I spit in your face, Herr Direktor!!

You've driven your entertainment-caterpillar  
into the wall  
and now you want us  
to pull the shit out of the shit.

Yesterday you still called us ghost drivers  
"on the ten-lane entertainment one way highway".  
And today you invite me ...

Ok, go on, Herr Direktor!

ALPHA & OMEGA  
And here's the director!  
Barefoot in slippers.  
His silver tie dangling.  
His sweating hair  
in revolt.

RIENZO

If I now say to you:

Good!

Do it!

You've got *carte blanche* for the Circus Maximus!

Go ahead!

Show me what's in your pants!

You've set up your megaphone cannons  
directly under my bedroom window.  
Under my balcony.

And in the first night I found it funny.

A little anarchist troupe  
with their monkey costumes -  
guerrilla-action yeah? -  
come to me at my open window  
and serenade me.

RIENZO  
Sing my inadequacies.  
Disturb me while fucking.

Ok. No problem.

The little beta-slave distorts his face,  
when I pull my prick out of his ass ...

"Where are you going, Herr Direktor?"  
"Onto the balcony, sweetie.  
To watch the clowns!"

We all know,  
that when you appear on the balcony,  
they start yowling and throwing rotten eggs  
and you offer yourself as target  
and then it's over.

**demonstration noises**

But the eggs ...  
weren't really rotten!  
You know, if those were hand grenades,  
it would have a certain effect ...  
but this naturalistic variation -  
ridiculous!  
Better to shut up!  
Better stay home!  
Don't stay under the balcony  
and pull in your prick!

Better no action at all  
than this impotent swaggering!  
This acting as if!  
An attack – but not  
because you want to be invited the next day  
by the Herr Direktor!  
Because you want his job!

But not even by death!  
No, only by character assassination!!

And what is that?  
The epitome of impotence!

No.  
I won't give you *carte blanche*  
for the Circus Maximus.  
And I'll tell you why!!  
You would inundate the circus.  
Overload it.  
You'd empty out your quotations and mythological garbage can  
onto the stage!

RIENZO

And then I'd have the critics around my neck,  
saying:  
"Stinking farce!"

ALPHA & OMEGA  
Stinking farce!!

## 14

### **megaphone**

There is no more social system in sight.  
Only propaganda and hustling.  
Only death wish and : smash all that shit!!  
Who wants to go out into that wage earning,  
every day at 5 in the morning,  
and then hop hop  
work for mercedes or opel or another firm?  
You think I'm stupid?

No human being dreams about  
having to keep going to work!!  
Everyone dreams about  
living without this punishment.  
Without that machine gun  
covering the man with the whip from behind.  
Without the drones in the sky,  
taking pictures round the clock.

### **STASSIO**

I hear you saying :

We can't oppose the drones any more  
except with lethargy liturgy obesity.

That's a lot of shit!!

I hear you saying :

These drones  
which can explain list record  
our every step  
in their visors  
with high-resolution cameras,  
measure break through,  
while unnoticed and unmanned  
which sit in state over our heads,  
and present & represent the all-seeing eye  
for us animals  
holed up in our beds

**STASSIO**

these drones we can't oppose any more  
except with lethargy liturgy obesity.

That's a lot of shit!!

I hear you saying :

We hope  
to get out of the line of fire  
if we stay silent and agree,  
holding our breaths.  
That we survive,  
if we lay on our backs  
feigning death.  
That we won't be chipped,  
if we willingly register in the free... market...zones,  
if we give ourselves up as work slaves, as lambs to the slaughter.  
That we won't be poisoned or destroyed.

But that's an illusion.

It can't be about theatre any longer !!

**UNCONTROLLED DEMOLITION  
OF ENTERTAINMENT PARADISE**

**15**

LUCULLUS

Maître, bring me  
the lightly salted roe of wild trout,  
in a crust of dried pig's blood ...

RIENZO

And for me freshly-caught tuna with raspberries.

ALPHA & OMEGA

And can I order something  
for myself?

RIENZO

A packet of chips.  
Go on!

ALPHA & OMEGA

Yes!  
They're all completely meschugge  
in their crazy  
fondling-, rolling-, skipping-  
and leaping-orgies.



ALPHA & OMEGA  
Not to mention a lot of screaming,  
drooling and stammering.

One sees: idiots  
as a model.

LUCULLUS  
And the Emperor?

ALPHA & OMEGA  
The Emperor was amused.  
So, even we want to applaud!!

**circus maximus**  
**by krok&petschinka**

LUCULLUS  
What does it say in this NEW TESTAMENT?

RIENZO  
Stand up,  
take your spiral notepad  
and go ...

**e n d**

with

THOMAS THIEME, ULRICH VOSS, ANDRE JUNG, NORAH ABDEL MAKSOUND,  
SEBASTIAN RUDOLF, JULE BÖWE, FRANZ HARTWIG, LUISE WOLFRAM und  
JASNA FRITZI BAUER

Recording : Jean Boris Szymczak, Christian Bader and petschinka

Endmix : Jean Boris Szymczak

Idea, editing, composition and direction : petschinka

Production WDR 2013