CLATTA

A play in two acts
by
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(The author's mother tongue is not English so please bear with possible language shortcomings and please correct them.)

If you want to produce the play please contact my agency.
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CHARACTERS:

Claude

2 judges

The Prime Minister

The President

Bob

Atta

ACT ONE

SET

The judges' seat with two high-backed chairs and a witness stand. Dust and cobweb indicate that the court room has been out of action for a long time. A sound is heard: the slow tick-tock from a grandfather clock. The judges enter, dressed in judge's robes and grubby wigs. They move like monkeys. 2. Judge smacks the back of 1. Judge.

2. JUDGE: The moths have got into you.

1. JUDGE: I'm not surprised.

2. Judge pursues the moth smacking is hands together. He smacks the witness stand. A fragment of it falls to the floor.

2.JUDGE: The stand is worm-eaten.

1. JUDGE: I'm not surprised.

1. JUDGE becomes aware of an envelope on the floor. He picks it up and opens it biting with a canine tooth. He reads.

2. JUDGE: Is it a case?

1. JUDGE: No.

2. JUDGE: No?

1. JUDGE: You now that. We'll never get a case. It's over.

2. JUDGE: What does it say?
1. JUDGE: Just the usual.
2. JUDGE: Petty spite?
1. JUDGE: Not petty.
2. JUDGE: Who's spending a stamp on that?
1. JUDGE: No sender. Scorn, disdain, insult. Our life is empty.
2. JUDGE: Is that what he says?
1. JUDGE: Pure futility.
2. JUDGE: You're becoming soured, aren't you?
1. JUDGE: Aren't you? Tell me, how many years have passed since we had the pleasure of exercising justice?
2. JUDGE: I don't remember. It's long ago.
1. JUDGE: Ages. Eternities. The world is in a sorry plight. Once we had words like expiate and guilt.
2. JUDGE: Bad conscience.
1. JUDGE: Crime.
2. JUDGE: Shame.
1. JUDGE: Proceedings.
2. JUDGE: Remorse.
1. JUDGE: Damnation.
2. JUDGE: Fair trials.
1. JUDGE: Justice. *Pointing at an imaginary accused:* You are guilty.
2. JUDGE: You'll have to atone for your sins.
1. JUDGE: You'll be punished.
2. JUDGE: You'll be sentenced.
1. JUDGE: Sentenced to death.
2. JUDGE: Death?
1. JUDGE: Death.
BOTH JUDGES: Death, death, death.
Their escalating spirit develops into a sort of kindergarten song (and dance).
BOTH JUDGES: *(or alternating) sing*
1.
Nobody asks for justice to
ding-do-a-dot-do-a-ding-do-a-dat-do-a-dong
Nobody asks for justice to-day.
2.
Softness is now in fashion they
ding-do-a-dot-do-a-ding-do-a-dat-do-a-dong

Softness is now in fashion they say.
3.
Strict judges they are just put a
ding-do-a-dot-do-a-ding-do-a-dat-do-a-dong
Strict judges they are just put a-way.
Claude enters. He's wearing a worn-out military jacket. He has a worn-out rucksack and looks like a tramp.
CLAUDE: I want to be punished.
2. JUDGE: Punished?
CLAUDE: Yes, please.
2. JUDGE: You want us to pass a sentence on you? Am I right?
CLAUDE: Yes. It won't be difficult.
2.JUDGE: It won't? That's a pity. Our cases always used to be difficult.
CLAUDE: So you make reservations?
1. JUDGE: No. Of course not. We'll never turn down a case. *Angrily to 2. Judge*: Never!
2. JUDGE: He has to be sane.
CLAUDE: I am sane. I can prove it. *He takes out a sheet of paper from his rucksack and hands it to 2. Judge.* This goes to show it.
2. JUDGE: It is signed by the army!
1. JUDGE: It's okay. We'll take on your case, but you have to be prepared. I warn you. We tolerate no extenuating circumstances, no psychological excuses, no explaning away. Truth and justice, that's what we are after.
CLAUDE: It sounds fine.
1. JUDGE: You won't think it over?
CLAUDE: No. If you'll be just I'm prepared.
2. JUDGE: We always are. Trust us.
1. JUDGE: You want to be sentenced. For what?
CLAUDE: Murder.
The tick-tock stops.
BOTH JUDGES: *joyfully* A murder, a murder!
CLAUDE: More than one.
1. JUDGE: *hopefully* Many?
CLAUDE: Yes.
2. JUDGE: How many?
CLAUDE: I think it's better to begin with one murder. It's easier to grasp.
1. JUDGE: Okay. But I warn you again. We'll not forget the rest. There's no escaping it.
2. JUDGE: Who did you kill?
CLAUDE: Let's choose a child.

1. JUDGE: A slaughter of an innocent. *To 2. Judge:* Not bad. Very serious.
2. JUDGE: Indeed.
They mount the chairs with ape-like dignity.
2. JUDGE: Where to begin?
1. JUDGE: The motive. It's always the most interesting. Why did you commit this misdeed?
CLAUDE: Misdeed?
1. JUDGE: Sorry, in legal matters we have to be correct. Since you are not found guilty yet we shall call it an act.
CLAUDE: I like the word misdeed. I had no reason.
2. JUDGE: You don't kill a child without a reason.
CLAUDE: I did.
1. JUDGE: You were excited? Out of your mind?
CLAUDE: No, it was a matter of routine.
2. JUDGE: Routine? Perhaps you didn't know the child?
CLAUDE: No.
2. JUDGE: Nor the parents?
CLAUDE: No.
1. JUDGE: In otherwords, a chance encounter?
CLAUDE: No. The encounter was planned.
1. JUDGE: How old was the child?
CLAUDE: I don't know.
2. JUDGE: Boy or girl?
CLAUDE: I don't know.
2: JUDGE: You don't know??
1. JUDGE: Don't think that it doesn't matter.
CLAUDE: Okay, let it be a girl.
1. JUDGE: And you killed her in cold blood?
CLAUDE: Yes.
2. JUDGE: But you don't repent?
CLAUDE: Are you a priest? (*or clergyman or pastor or ... depends on the country*).
2. JUDGE: Repenting would become you.
CLAUDE: Yes, Vanity Fair is crowded, but I'm not there. I'm here. To get my sentence. Repenting is a private affair.
1. JUDGE: The man is right. A murder is a murder. *To Claude:* But we have to know the motive. It is customary. *To 2. Judge:* Have a guess.
2. JUDGE: I don't know. Enrichment?
CLAUDE: No.
2. JUDGE: Annoyance?

CLAUDE: Annoyance?
2. JUDGE: Children can be very annoying. Maddening, in fact.
CLAUDE: I never met her.
1. JUDGE: But you killed her? *Claude nods.*
2. JUDGE: *to 1. Judge* I can't think of anything else. Can you?
1. JUDGE: Perhaps ... possibly ... what I mean to say ... it is not unthinkable that the motive was ... er ...
2. JUDGE: Yeah?
1. JUDGE: Of sexual charac ...
CLAUDE: No!
1. JUDGE: Go to hell. What else could it be?
CLAUDE: There was no motive. I had no reason.
2.. JUDGE:: I hope you realize that murder without a reason is punished harsher than murder with.
CLAUDE: It is only fair.
1. JUDGE: We might fabricate a motive?
CLAUDE: No. That's what the others did. There was no end to all the noble reasons they wanted to give me.
2. JUDGE: Have you been put on trial before?
CLAUDE: Every time they found me not guilty.
2. JUDGE: It could be the truth? Perhaps it was just an accident? Not to be foreseen?
CLAUDE: I am guilty. I'm waiting for my sentence.
2. JUDGE: After an accident sense of guilt is very common.
CLAUDE: It was murder, planned in every detail.
1. JUDGE: In every detail?
2. JUDGE: We are not getting anywhere.
1. JUDGE: Yes, we are. Let us talk about the details. What about the body?
CLAUDE: There was no body.
1. JUDGE: No body, no murder.
CLAUDE: There was nothing left.
2.. JUDGE: Nothing?
CLAUDE: So ... you made a promise. Sentence me.
The judges look at eachother, doubtfully.
2. JUDGE: We've forgotten the technicalities. *He opens a large book and takes out a pen.* Name?
CLAUDE: Claude.
2. JUDGE writes.
1. JUDGE: Age?

CLAUDE: It doesn't matter.
1. JUDGE: Yes, it does.
CLAUDE: Okay. Once I was young. Then I committed the murder and became old and sleepless.
2. JUDGE: How old?
CLAUDE: Old enough to be hanged.
1. JUDGE: Have you done your military service?
CLAUDE: Yes. I committed my crime while I was a draftee.
2. JUDGE: That's not an excuse. A murder is a murder.
CLAUDE: I agree.
1. JUDGE: Did the child die immediately?
CLAUDE: I think so.
1.. JUDGE: But you don't know?
CLAUDE: I wasn't there.
2. JUDGE: Very exceptional.
CLAUDE: No. Just modern technique.
2. JUDGE: Don't answer. It wasn't a question.
CLAUDE: We need no more questions. The sentence of the court is: Claude is guilty, the punishment ...
BOTH JUDGES: No! No! No!
2. JUDGE: No sentence without grounds.
1. JUDGE: Ratio decidendi!
BOTH JUDGES: *ecstatic* Ratio decidendi.
2. JUDGE: *tenderly* Interrogating.
1. JUDGE: Is like seduction.
2. JUDGE: You fill the accused with confidence.
1. JUDGE: Caressing his feeble mind with a soft hand.
2. JUDGE: You feel your way stroking his soul..
1. JUDGE: His heart is beating.
2. JUDGE: Faster and faster.
1. JUDGE: Your hand is seeking the weak points.
2. JUDGES: You run your fingers over his bad conscience and find them.
1. JUDGE: You give him a sinking feeling.
2. JUDGE: He blunders.
1. JUDGE: Gives away.
2. JUDGE: I'ts time for attack on the weakest point.
1. JUDGE: Now you set in.
2. JUDGE: Judge and murder is one.

1. JUDGE: Joy and delight.
2. JUDGE: Guilt and repentance.
1. JUDGE: And now the confession.
2. JUDGE: And then.
1. JUDGE: Ready for the sentence, but first.
BOTH JUDGES: The grounds, the good grounds, all the good grounds.
2. JUDGE: They all say that Claude is guilty.
1. JUDGE: He killed a child.
2. JUDGE: In cold blood.
1. JUDGE: Without a reason. That's why.
BOTH JUDGES: He's sentenced to death. Sentenced to death. Sentenced to death.
The dialogue has come to an orgasmic peak. They collapse.
CLAUDE: I'm ready.
The judges come to.
1. JUDGE: Not yet, we haven't entered into the details.
2. JUDGE: Do you still remember them?
CLAUDE: Of course I do. It was on August 6 1945, early in the morning. I was ...
1. JUDGE: Stop! *He opens another large book.* 45, July, August, the sixth ... we haven't got any infanticides on the sixth.
CLAUDE: I was in my Flying Fortress, heading for my target, a red dot on the map, we arrived while the first sunbeam hit the ground and I said go ahead and then it went down in a parachute and exploded some hundred yards above the city. We took some pictures, turned around and went home. Goodbye Hiroshima, good morning Claude, murderer, war criminal.
2. JUDGE: You said you killed one girl?
CLAUDE: I killed more than 100.000, but nobody is able to understand 100.000 people killed at one flaming blow. Admit it. You can't imagine 100.000 victims. You can't imagine a punishment matching a crime like that. Therefore - sentence me for one cruel murder.
2. JUDGE: Women and children blown up and burnt to death? Shouldn't we be able to handle a case like that? Just wait and see. *1. Judge tries to catch his attention, but he goes on:* You'd better prepare for the death row. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for ... what's the matter?
1. Judge whispers to 2. Judge.
2. JUDGE: Yes of course. You're right. *They desccend from the judges' seat. 2. Judge produces a small book and a pen and hands them to Claude:* May we have your autograph?
CLAUDE: What for?
2. JUDGE: For our collelction. You are a hero. You put an end to the Second World War.
1. JUDGE: You did what you had to do.
CLAUDE: No.
1. JUDGE: Yes, you did your duty.

CLAUDE: I murdered with no reason.
BOTH JUDGES: You did your duty. *Claude repeats, but they shout:* Duty! Duty! Duty! Duty!
CLAUDE: You promised to give me a just sentence.
1 JUDGE: Okay, okay. *They mount their seats.* The sentence of the court is ...
CLAUDE: No, first the grounds.
2. JUDGE: He is right. Ratio decidendi!
1. JUDGE: Since the deed was of public utility,
2. JUDGE: Completely unselfish,
1. JUDGE: Carried out for love of our country,
2. JUDGE: Without thinking of his own life and security,
1. JUDGE: The court of justice announce that Claude is found not guilty. *They descend from the bench and sing and dance.*
BOTH JUDGES: *sing at the same time or alternating, the tune a kindergarten song*
Guilty? No. Guilty? No. Give up your repentance.
You can go. You can go. There will be no sentence.
Murder? No. Murder? No. Fulfilled obligation.
What you did, what you did, did you for the nation.
Hero, hero, saved our native land
that's the very truth that all of us do understand
for you're the hero, hero because you won the war
you did it in a way that we had never seen before.
CLAUDE: You can't acquit me. It was murder.
2. JUDGE: No, it wasn't.
CLAUDE: What else did they die of?
1. JUDGE: War. Dying of war is very common.
CLAUDE: It was murder. War crime. Unnecessary killing.
2. JUDGE: Now, listen ...
1. JUDGE: It doesn't matter. Admit that he is right.
2. JUDGE: I beg your pardon!
1. JUDGE: I think that we should accept that a murder has been committed. *To Claude:* But an absolute condition, a sine qua non, of being sentenced is that you are the murderer. And that is not true.
CLAUDE: I was the pilot. I said go ahead.
1. JUDGE: Who pulled the handle? First witness.
Bob enters chewing gum.
BOB: Hi, Claude.
1. Judge points to the witness stand. Bob enters the stand.
1. JUDGE: Please repeat, I swear on the Bible - *Bob repeats* - and by all that is sacred to you -

BOB: *takes out the gum and puts it on the stand* Donald Duck?
2. JUDGE: What?
BOB: Wall Street?
1. JUDGE: That I'll tell the truth.
BOB: Of course I will.
1. JUDGE: You pulled the handle on the sixth?
BOB The handle?
1. JUDGE: So that the bomb fell.
BOB: Oh,Virgin Mary.
2. JUDGE: Virgin Mary?
BOB: It was written on it, white paint, you know, pleasant journey, Virgin Mary.
1. JUDGE: Are you a catholic?
BOB: I don't think so.
1. JUDGE: Why did you write it then?
BOB: She was on the way, you know, to her first blow-job.
2. JUDGE: It killed more than 100.000!
BOB: Oh yes, hot stuff. You should have seen the cloud.
1. JUDGE: In other words, you confess that you are guilty of murder.
BOB: Murder??
BOTH JUDGES: Yes.
BOB: What the hell, it was nothing but Japs.
1. JUDGE: You pulled the handle. The bomb fell.You killed 100.000. You are guilty.
BOB: There was a war on.
BOTH JUDGES: You pulled the handle.
BOB: Of course I did. I got a command. Go ahead.
BOTH JUDGES: The bomb fell.
BOB: He said I should.
CLAUDE: He's right. I'm responsible.
BOB: Thank you, old buddy. .. He's much better at it, he has been at college. I just obeyed an order.
1. JUDGE: And so, in your opinion, you're excempted from punishment?
CLAUDE: Of course he is.
1. JUDGE: Very well. *To Bob* You may go.
Bob takes the gum from the stand, puts it in his mouth and leaves.
1. JUDGE: Well, your pal obeyed an order, but he's acquitted. You too obeyed an order, didn't you? *Claude doesn't answer.* I asked you a question. Did you obey an order?
CLAUDE: Yes.
1. JUDGE: Consequently you must be acquitted too. Nobody can hold you responsible.

CLAUDE: I'm not like Bob.
1. JUDGE: If he goes scot-free, you go scot-free. It's the logical conclusion.
BOTH JUDGES: *sing*
Guilty? No. Guilty? No. Give up your repentance.
You can go. You can go. There will be no sentence.
CLAUDE: May I ask a question.
2. JUDGE: You may go, Claude. Congratulations.
CLAUDE: The order came from the Department. Consequently ...
1. JUDGE: Depart in peace.
2. JUDGE: And God be with you.
CLAUDE: Consequently the Minister must be guilty.
BOTH JUDGES: No, Claude, No.
CLAUDE: Why not? 100.000 murders and nobody accused! That's not fair. Remember what you promised. Justice.
1. JUDGE: Listen, Claude ...
CLAUDE: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, I demand the Minister.
The Minister enters, the Judges bow in reverence.
THE MINISTER: Make it snappy, I am busy.
1. JUDGE: The Claude case. Compulsive ideas, thinks he is guilty.
THE MINISTER: You are acquitted.
CLAUDE: Because I didn't give the order. You did. You are responsible.
THE MINISTER: I have brought a medal for you. For bravery. *He produces a medal and tries to put it on Claude, but he refuses.*
CLAUDE: Are you sentenced?
THE MINISTER: Of course I'm not. I got the order from the President.
CLAUDE: Is he sentenced?
THE MINISTER: I think there's something you ought to understand, Claude. The President is elected by us all. He is chosen as our representative. If he is guilty we are all guilty, and consequently we should all be punished. A ridicolous idea. Completely absurd.
1. JUDGE: Nobody is guilty.
CLAUDE: I could have refused to execute the order. So could you.
THE MINISTER: The American people say not guilty. A whole people can't be mistaken. Not the American. *Claude picks up his rucksack, he is going to leave.* Is that all what you own? *He takes out his wallet and opens.*
CLAUDE: I've got my savings in it. I'm going to buy an hour on the telly and tell my story for the people who is never mistaken.
THE MINISTER: Your story?
CLAUDE: *on his way out* Yes.

THE MINISTER: Er, Claude ...
CLAUDE: You want to know how? I'll begin with pictures from Auschwitz, the gas chambers, the furnaces, the body piles. Voice over: Who were guilty? Then the Nuremberg Court. The war crime case. All the nazi faces. Guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty. Suddenly the mushroom cloud. Pictures from Hiroshima. Screaming people with burning skin. Voice over: Who is guilty? Bob in the cockpit, looking at the handle in horror, screaming: We got orders. Voice over: Where from? Now the White House. The President on the staircase, smiling.The Hiroshima victims crawling up the stairs, their skin still burnng. Voice over: Who is guilty?
THE MINISTER: I'm sure, Claude, I really am, we'll find a solution, you know. This sense of guilt ...an hour on the telly, much money, Claude ... would you like to meet the President? *He produces a red mobile (or a red telephne comes down from the ceiling).*
A WOMAN'S VOICE: Washington. White House.
THE MINISTER: The President.
THE WOMAN'S VOICE: The President. *Ring.*
ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE: The secretariat.
THE MINISTER: The President. *Ring.*
A MAN'S VOICE: Hi.
THE MINISTER: I've got a sick case here. ... One of our pilots. It might develop into ...
THE MAN'S VOICE: You'd better talk to the president. I handle the foreign affairs.
THE MINISTER: Who are you?
THE MAN'S VOICE: I'm his tennnis coach. *Ring.*
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Hi. You have a case?
THE MINISTER: The Hiroshima pilot. He's going to tell about it.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: And so what?
THE MINISTER: I strongly deprecate it.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: We live in a free country.
THE MINISTER: Yes, but ...
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Free, freeer, freeest.
THE MINISTER: He's going to talk about responsibility.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Sounds beautiful.
THE MINISTER: He says he's guilty.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Guilty?
THE MINISTER: He says he's a war criminal.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Good grief. Step back, I want to talk to him. *Now with echo:* Life is short, Claude. You shouldn't wear guilt, it doesn't become you. War is over, it's time for medals and big words. Scrap yoour guilt, you can't sell it.
CLAUDE: I want to be punished for what I have done.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Your president declares: you are acquitted.

CLAUDE: You are just as guilty as I am.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Now, listen, Claude ...
CLAUDE: You gave the order.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Forget it, forget it. We had good reasons. Leave the past, Claude, enter the future. You're a lucky dog, the goddess of fortune is waiting for you with hands full of happiness and prospering succes.
CLAUDE: There is no future.
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: Don't say that. We've thought of you for a long time. We've made plans.
THE MINISTER: We have?
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE: We'll give you a life. Sing! I'm coming.
Music, slow sentimental fox-trot.
THE MINISTER: *sings*
A gorgeous ranch in Texas, balm to wounds and heart-burning,
that's where your life and your mind take a new turning -
The President enters.
THE PRESIDENT: *speaking during a piano solo* We'll buy you a ranch, Claude, horses, everything.
He sings
It is your home to-morrow
there you'll forget grief and sorrow,
staying forever, being at peace with yourself.
CLAUDE: *spoken with digust* Horses!
The President gives a sign, the music becomes fast
THE PRESIDENT: *sings*
Bab bab bab ba doo de la doo de la ba.
A Cadillac is waiting, waiting, waiting,
it's red and smelling of steel.
A cadillac is waiting, waiting, waiting,
and Claude is holding the wheel.
You're ready to take off, the engine is roaring,
you step on the gas and now you're exploring
a world full of speed,
more than you need.
Car wheels are spinning
and you are the winning.
Your Cadillac is driving, driving, driving
towards another sweet goal.
Your Cadillac is driving, driving, driving,

a goal consoling your soul.
You're going to meet your luck.
Future is singing.
All clocks have struck.
Church bells are ringing,
we're leaving the town,
you may slow down,
because -
The music changes into a slow, sentimental waltz.
THE PRESIDENT: *sings on*
we're off from the high-way and heading
for dreams that you always have had.
People are talking of wedding,
from now on you'll never be sad.
Behind Claude and without his seeing it 1. Judge takes off the wig and the robe and is now a young pin-up girl, dressed in impudent underwear and a bridal veil.
THE PRESIDENT: *sings on*
A beautiful fate will abide you,
just look at the seat beside you,
she'll take you away on a moon beam.
THE GIRL: *sings, The Minister, The President and 2. Judge hum*
I'll turn your distress into gladness,
I'll give you what all men do want.
You'll be forgetting your sadness.
THE PRESIDENT: *sings to 2. Judge*
He'll bury it deep in her cunt.
THE GIRL: *sings while lifting Claude's arm and holding it to her bosom*
My love is what you will be meeting.
Feel how my young heart is beating,
it's singing the old-fashioned tune.
spoken:
Kiss me, Claude.
CLAUDE: *pushing her away* I'm guilty!
THE PRESIDENT: He is mad.
CLAUDE: No, I'm not.
THE PRESIDENT: I've made the diagnosis. There's no doubt.
CLAUDE: Somebody must be guilty. *To the girl:* Don't you understand? *She looks away.*
The Minister blows a whistle. A distant sireen is heard, but rapidly approaching. The girl puts

on the Judge's robe and the wig. The two judges are seated. The sireen stops.
THE PRESIDENT: The sentence!
BOTH JUDGES: *sing*
Claude is mad, Claude is mad,
bonkers and lunatic.
He is bad, very bad,
and furthermore fanatic.
Put him, put him, put him in a cage
he is very dangerous and full of evil rage
so you must put him, put him, put him in a cage,
keep him there confined for years until he dies of age.
THE PRESIDENT: Thank you.
He twists Claude's arm and ushers him out. The sireen is heard again, now diminishing. The Judges descend from their seats. The Minister puts the medals on their robes. He shakes hands with 2. Judge, gives 1. Judge a quick peck and goes out. 1. Judge studies his medal. 2. Judge looks at the letter on the floor and picks it up and reads it.
2.. JUDGE: I'm afraid we made a mistake.
1. JUDGE: A mistake? Us! We never make mistakes. We never did. Throw it.
2. JUDGE: *reads* How blest are those who hunger and thirst to see right prevail; they shall be satisfied. Kind regards, Jesus.
The sound of the grandfather clock comes back. Tick-tock.
1. JUDGE *after a lull* Jesus couldn't write.
2. JUDGE: He couldn't?
1. JUDGE: No.
2. JUDGE: Is that a scientific truth?
1. JUDGE: At least he couldn't type.
2. JUDGE: In other words, it's a forgery?
1. JUDGE: What else could it be? ... Er?
2. Judge sighs.
1. JUDGE: What's the matter?
2. JUDGE: The old life has come back.
The sound of a whistling kettle whistling.
1. JUDGE: It's time for coffee. And cookies.
2. Judge cheers up. They walk out like apes.
End of act one

ACT TWO

SET

Two white chairs. Upstage nothing but dense fog. Claude and Bob are sitting staring into nothingness.

BOB: It's strange, isn't it? In the old days I used to ask what time is it?

CLAUDE: And now you're saying nothing.

BOB: No.

CLAUDE: It doesn't matter?

BOB: It seems so.

CLAUDE: Are you bored?

BOB: Yes. I'm bored to death. *A short bitter laugh.* What a joke. *After a lull:* You're bored to death too.

CLAUDE: Yes. It's a great relief.

BOB: A relief? You've gone off your nuts.

CLAUDE: I mean compared to those days. Now there's nothing you can do.

BOB: And that's a relief?

CLAUDE: Yes. To me it is. Don't you understand?

BOB: In a way, yes. It is because it has stopped ... I mean ...all the thoughts buzzing round in your head.

CLAUDE: Everything has stopped.

BOB: That's what you say.

CLAUDE: Yes.

BOB: You can't know.

CLAUDE: Yes.

BOB: Not for sure.

CLAUDE: Yes.

BOB: So this is the end?

CLAUDE: What else?

BOB: There might be something more?

CLAUDE: Such as?

BOB: I don't know.

CLAUDE: You don't think this is just a sort of waiting room, do you? Take a number, please, join the line.

BOB: Why not? Be ready when the door opens.

CLAUDE: Have you seen any doors?

BOB: Not yet.

CLAUDE: Any numbers?

BOB: Shut up, Claude.
CLAUDE: Someone who opens?
BOB: You know what I mean.
CLAUDE: Sorry. You're right, it's a strange feeling.
BOB: Yes. Not being hungry.
CLAUDE: Yes, even that.
BOB: Or thirsty. You don't call that a relief, do you?
CLAUDE: It must be to you .. eh?
BOB: Ha ha. Couldn't you put away a Budweiser?
CLAUDE: Make it two.
BOB: There is no beer. We should have thought of it. On the other hand .. they hadn't survived the crematory.
CLAUDE: Are you surprised?
BOB: I don't know. I've never tried to imagine ... you know. Have you?
CLAUDE: There was a picture in my children's bible. Palms and sunshine.
BOB: It didn't look like this?
CLAUDE: No. ... Also it's hard to imagine ...
BOB: Imagine what?
CLAUDE: We'd better not.
BOB: What are you thinking of? Come on, say it.
CLAUDE: This shall last forever.
BOB: You mean the rest of our life?
CLAUDE: The rest of what?
BOB: Shit. It doesn't make sense. Are you sure, this is the end?
CLAUDE: No doors .. eh?
BOB: That's why you're talking about relief. There's nobody to call you to account.
CLAUDE: It isn't that. I wish there were. I wouldn't mind bing called to account. Neither would you, I suppose.
BOB: Yes I would, Claude. I'm not to blame. I pulled the handle okay, but that's all. I didn't know what was going to happen. It wasn't my idea. If anything I was abused. I was young. I did what I was told to do. In my humble opinion I have nothing to apologize for.
CLAUDE: I didn't say you have.
BOB: After all I think the action can be defended.
CLAUDE: Sure it can.
BOB: Don't be ironic. We dropped one more bomb over Nagasaki. It stopped the war, and since then we haven't used those bombs. So?
CLAUDE: It's a good argument.
BOB: I said you shouldn't be ironic.

CLAUDE: It wasn't irony. My brain is able to see the logic and say you're right in you way.
BOB: But your heart?
CLAUDE: That's it.
BOB: Let go, Claude. Ease up and forget.
CLAUDE: That's what I'm doing.
BOB: But only because you believe in what you said to me when I arrived. We are nothing but dust and ashes. No soul, no conscience, nothing. We are back in the cycle in Nature.
CLAUDE: Did I say that? Back in the cycle in Nature?
BOB: Can't you feel the grass growing on your scalp? *After a lull:* No numbers, no doors, no one to open. I have to accept it. It's hard. Especially no beer.
1. Judge enters looking at the floor.
BOB: *to 1. Judge* Yes it's hard to accept it's all over, isn't it? *To Claude:* He's looking for letters again. *To 1. Judge:* There are no letters, Sir. Not even from Jesus. Ashes and dust, that's all.
1. JUDGE: You might do something about it.
BOB: Why?
1. JUDGE: People like you are created for that.
CLAUDE: Shall ashes sweep ashes?
1. JUDGE: What's that? Poetry? You're waffling. As usual. *To Bob* Still insane?
BOB: *sings*
You are dead, we are dead, food for worms forever.
Will we live, will we live, live again? No never.
Life was short, we drank a lot of beer.
We created nothing big and then we ended here
and now we're ...
1. JUDGE: Shut up!
BOB: There wil be no more cases.
1. JUDGE: Justice never dies.
CLAUDE: Was that a promis?
1. JUDGE: Idiot.
Suddenly his attention is drawn to something on the other side of the footlights. The same happens to Bob and Claude. The Judge's face expresses agitation and excitement, Bob's face pure horror and Claude's face dejection and melancholy. 2. Judge enters.
2. JUDGE *to 1. Judge, excited* Did you see it?
1. JUDGE: It's horrible, unbelievable.
2. JUDGE: Straight through the building.
1. JUDGE: The man in the cockpit.
2. JUDGE: Brown eyes.

1. JUDGE: Evil smile.
2. JUDGE: Cruel.
1. JUDGE: Black-hearted.
2. JUDGE: Baleful.
1. JUDGE: We'll be needed.
2. JUDGE: Again?
1. JUDGE: Yes. He' s coming. Look! He's on his way. Oh God, the glorious old days are returning.
2. JUDGE: Hallelujah.
1. JUDGE: And this day will be the greatest. The greatest in our life.
CLAUDE: Life?
2. JUDGE: Wait and see.
BOB: Are you going to take him into court?
BOTH JUDGES: Yes.
BOB: There is no court.
1. JUDGE: We are the court.
BOB: And you'll sentence him?
BOTH JUDGES: Yes.
CLAUDE: To death?
1. JUDGE: That's the least we can do. We'll call him to account. Remember what Jesus said. How blest are those who hunger and thirst to see right prevail, they shall be satisfied. This is war, Claude. War!
The Judges hurry out.
BOB: Didn't you see him?
CLAUDE: Yes.
BOB: How can you say he shouldn't be called to account?
CLAUDE: I didn't say that.
BOB: That's what you think, isn't it?
CLAUDE: No.
BOB: No? What do you think?
CLAUDE: Who will defend him?
BOB: Defend him? No one. Nobody would defend a cruel act like this. Don't be crazy, Claude.
CLAUDE: He might have had his reasons.
BOB: Reasons!
CLAUDE: Remember what the president said. We had *our* reasons.
BOB: You *are* crazy. Excuse me, you're my best pal and I hate to say it, but you're out of your mind, you really are.

The Minister enters. He stares across the footlights.
THE MINISTER: You know what that is? A declaration of war!
BOB: *clicks his heels and salutes* Yes, Sir.
CLAUDE: From a pocket knife.
BOB: Stop it, Claude.
THE MINISTER: Is he still mad?
BOB: Yes. Sorry, Claude. There's no getting away from it.
THE MINISTER: Dangerous?
CLAUDE: Unfortunately no.
BOB: You'd better go, Claude.
THE MINISTER: Right. Hurry up.
Claude goes out.
THE MINISTER: Where's the president? He ought to be here. Where is he?
BOB: I don't know.
THE MINISTER: Blast!
He hurries out. Music. The girl (1. Judge undressed, no wig) enters followed by the President. Bob clicks his heels and salutes.
THE GIRL: *sings*
What Hollywood has taught us
is that nobody has caught us
being unprepared to use a gun
and have a lot of fun
and ev'ry man is a man
and he knows that he can
hit the target.
THE PRESIDENT: *sings*
Are you in the market?
Come on and suck.
The American man can fuck
THE GIRL: *spoken* Suck the cigar?
THE PRESIDENT: Yearh.
She kneels, opens his belt and unzips.
BOB: *still saluting* Sir!
THE PRESIDENT: What the fucking hell are you doing here?
BOB: Look, Sir.
THE PRESIDENT: *looking across the footlights* Hollywood?
BOB: No, Sir, it's real. You have to do something.
THE PRESIDENT: Yes, of course. What?

Bob points to the trousers with the free hand. The girl zips up and stands.
THE PRESIDENT: Minister! Minister! *The Minister enters.* What do we do?
THE MINISTER: Oh no, I was the first to ask.
THE PRESIDENT: I'm the president.
THE MINISTER: Then tell me what to do.
BOB: *still saluting* Do what you used to do. ... What the people demand.
THE PRESIDENT: Lower taxes?
BOB: Efficiency.
THE PRESIDENT: Efficiency? You're right. Stand easy. *Bob takes down his hand. The President blows himself out and draws his six-shooter.* We're ready, aren't we Mini?
BOB: *about the six-gun* It won't do, Sir.
THE PRESIDENT: Eh?
BOB: Not here, Sir.
THE MINISTER: *aside* Blockhead.
BOB: You may drag him before the court, Sir.
THE PRESIDENT: The court?
BOB: Law and justice are the free world's noblest weapons.
THE PRESIDENT: Well said, Bob. Law and justice. *To the Minister:* Is that in stock?
THE MINISTER: No idea. I know where the power is.
THE PRESIDENT: It's all the same.
THE MINISTER: This way.
The Minister and the President go out.
BOB: Are you still in the market?
THE GIRL: Are you a congressman?
BOB: No.
THE GIRL: Ha!!
BOB: In this place we're all equal.
THE GIRL: Tell that to the marines. Idiot.
BOB: Never mind. It wouldn't do. The ashes are falling from your ribs. Bone dry.
Atta enters. The girl looks at him in horror.
BOB: I'd better tell you, she is not one of your 60 virgins.
The girl screams and runs out. During Bob's line Atta stands expressionless and without moving.
BOB: It's a surprise, isn't it? You thought you would be received in paradise, or what you call it, with rounds of applause and 60 lecherous virgins ready with spread legs. There is no paradise.Welcome to the terminal station, mister monster. Dust and ashes. No hope, no future and worst of all, it will go on forever. It serves you right.
ATTA: *ironically* Monster.

BOB: That's what you are.
ATTA: Goofy.
BOB: Just you wait. We've been talking about you.
ATTA: I know.
BOB: You heard what I said to the president?
ATTA: I don't care.
BOB: Don't be cocky. The iron hand of justice will hit you.
The President enters. Bob salutes.
THE PRESIDENT: *handing a black scarf to Bob* We're ready. Texan style.
Bob brings Atta to his knees and is going to put the scarf around his eyes. The President draws his six-shooter. The Minister enters.
THE MINISTER: No, no, no.
THE PRESIDENT: ???
THE MINISTER: In the first place, it won't work.
THE PRESIDENT: Won't work?
THE MINISTER: Bob said it. *Aside:* Blockhead.
BOB: He 's dust and ashes.
THE MINISTER: *to the President* In the second place we have some ideals.
THE PRESIDENT: Ideals? What the hell are you talking about?
THE MINISTER: A fair trial.
THE PRESIDENT: Fair? He wasn't fair. Why should we be fair?
THE MINISTER: We have principles. We're a State gowerned by laws.
THE PRESIDENT: And so what?
THE MINISTER: A trial.
THE PRESIDENT: Judges and all that?
THE MINISTER: All civilized countries ...
THE PRESIDENT: Okay, Okay.
The Minister whistles, the judges enter, 1. judge is now dressed and wearing his robe.
THE PRESIDENT: The Atta Case. You know what the viewers expect.
BOTH JUDGES: Yes, Sir.
THE MINISTER *to Atta* You may rise. *Atta doesn't get up.* Democracy versus Atta.
THE PRESIDENT: He doesn't know what democracy is.
ATTA: Yes I do, it's democracy that brings me to my knees.
THE PRESIDENT: Exactly. We beat the terrorists.
BOB: I'm afraid it was not what he meant, Sir.
THE PRESIDENT: It wasn't?
ATTA: No.
THE PRESIDENT: You may mean to the moon. *To the Judges:* Let's have the sentence.

BOB: Now listen, Monster.
The judges rise.
ATTA: Who shall appear for the defence?
THE PRESIDENT: The defence? Are you crazy? What you have done can never be defended. Never!
ATTA: Said the democracy.
THE PRESIDENT: What?
THE MINISTER: Sir, it's not unusual that a criminal is defended.
2. JUDGE: It makes the trial look nice.
1. JUDGE: An attorney would not be unbecoming.
THE PRESIDENT: That camel shit can't afford an attorney. Can you?
ATTA: Is justice for sale?
THE MINISTER: We'll provide an attorney.
ATTA: Of course you will.
THE PRESIDENT *drawing his six-shooter* I've got enough..
THE MINISTER: *making a deprecating gesture towards the President. To Atta:* What do you mean by that?
ATTA: Why can't I choose my own attorney?
THE PRESIDENT: He's mad. Nobody wants to be his attorney.
THE MINISTER: Nobody.
ATTA: I choose Claude.
THE PRESIDENT: Claude?
THE MINISTER: Claude?
THE JUDGES: Claude?
BOB: Poor Claude? He won't do it.
ATTA: Why not? He dropped a bomb.
BOB: That's why.
THE PRESIDENT: Right, Bob. Claude's one of the best. He got a medal. *He shouts:* Claude, Claude, Claude,
he sings
He was a patriotic guy,
we had elected him to fly
the flying fortress and fly high,
I'm sure that all of us know why,
and he would never lift a finger
to help someone like you,
a bloody yellow stinker,
that would he never do.

This is God's own country
versus evilminded rascals.
He will never lift a finger for you.
BOB: And nobody else will.
THE PRESIDENT: Monster.
CLAUDE: *enters* No trial without counsel for the defence.
PRESIDENT: What? *To the Judges:* We can't allow it.
CLAUDE: Why not?
1. JUDGE: Yes, why not. *To the President:* It makes the pleasure greater.
THE PRESIDENT: Okay, okay. Let's get it over.
1. JUDGE: *to Claude* Don't tell us that you'll plead not guilty.
CLAUDE: Why not?
THE PRESIDENT: *to the Judges* Come on. The sentence.
2. JUDGE: The accused has committed a crime so cruel that ...
1. JUDGE: Get to the point. No extenuating circumstances, no explaining away, we hereby ...
he picks up the black scarf and puts it on top of his head.
CLAUDE: Wait a bit! .. What became of the grounds? .. You said you love the grounds, didn't you?
THE PRESIDENT: To hell with the grounds.
CLAUDE: No sentence without. *To the Judges:* Am I right? Ratio decidendi? We can't skip it, can we? *1. Judge removes the black scarf.* Also you forgot to ask for the motive.
BOB: You'd better keep your head down, Claude.
CLAUDE: No grounds without mentioning the motive. Remember what you said, it's the most interesting.
2. JUDGE: I can't imagine any motive for a misdeed like this. *He looks at 1. Judge.*
1. JUDGE: I'm afraid that ...
2. JUDGE: Yes?
1. JUDGE: Well. He's not Christian.
2. JUDGE: Of course! *To Claude:* There it is, your poor motive. Religious fanaticism.
1. JUDGE: But don't say it's an excuse for what he has done.
CLAUDE: I don't intend to.
1.JUDGE: It's a matter of fact.There's no denying that he's a religious fanatic.
CLAUDE: It's possible.
2. JUDGE: There you are!
CLAUDE: In my opinion it's beside the point.
1. JUDGE: Aren't you a Moslem?
ATTA: Yes.
2. JUDGE: That settles it.

ATTA: *to 1. Judge* Are you a Christian?
1. JUDGE: What? Of course I am.
ATTA: And consequently fanatic?
1. JUDGE: That will do!
ATTA: But I am fanatic because I'm a Moslem?
CLAUDE: Listen, please. Allah is great and so is God, but they have nothing to do in this court.
2. JUDGE: What else could the motive be?
CLAUDE: There are lots of motives.
2. JUDGE: How come?
CLAUDE: We may marshal all the motives in eight categories. The first is stone. The second is fire. The third is iron. The fourth is ...
THE PRESIDENT: He is mad! Completely mad.
1. JUDGE: You're right, Sir.
THE PRESIDENT: *to the Judges about Atta* Finish him off.
CLATTA: The fourth is soil, after that follows black and white, bread and oil. If the bigwigs have no objections we'll take them in that order. So, stone.
1. JUDGE: This isn't law. It's sheer madness.
CLAUDE: Your little brothers?
ATTA: My little brothers do not live in houses of stone. They live in ruins smeared with soot and hot tears. They live behind miles of barbed wire and blind, burning hatred, while their future's flowing past and rapidly disappers in the sewers of the camp carrying all their dreams and youthful hope. Hunger is the permanent guest at every meal. The stamping of brutal boots terrorize their ears and haunted souls night and day.
1. JUDGE: Objection! We haven't the slightest interest in your brothers.
ATTA: It's only too true. That's what they are taught from day one. No interest from the neighbour on the other side of the barbed wire. No interest from the rest of the world. No friendly outstretched hands, no kind smiles, no one lighting a candle in the darkness of their destinies.
1. JUDGE: Thank you, that's enough.
ATTA: Quite the reverse. They rub salt into the wound.
1. JUDGE: I give up, this is absurd.
2. JUDGE: Relax, we'll try in another way. *To Atta:* What are your brothers doing?
ATTA: The outside neighbours have made the houses into stones. No matter where my brothers go there's nothing but stones, small stones heavy with heart-breaking despair. So my brothers are throwing stones heavy with fruitless despair implanted by the outside neighbour with the stony heart.
2. JUDGE: Listen, please, ...

ATTA: What else can they do?
2. JUDGE: As my wise colleague said a moment ago ...
CLAUDE: You didn't answer Atta. What else can his little brothers do?
1. JUDGE: Yes, yes, the moon is green.
2. JUDGE: We don't answer, we ask. He answers.
THE PRESIDENT: That has to be now!
CLAUDE: He's interrupting the trial. It's an offence, isn't it?
2. JUDGE: He's the supreme commander.
THE PRESIDENT: Shut up! We're not getting anywhere.
CLAUDE: We are. We've taken one step forward. You couldn't reply to stone so now we'll go on to fire and iron. *To Atta:* Your little brothers were throwing stones.
ATTA: Hidden behind their ironclad souls the neighbours answer with poisinous fire. They are tearing the darkness with red-hot iron and steel trying to hit the unconquerable dreams that they hate. The heaps of indomitable stones are growing along with the gnawing fear in their dry hearts. It never stops. In the camp the mothers' scared eyes are fondling the childrens' still living small hopes. But nobody cares. Smiling statesmen from all other countries put on blind eyes and deaf ears and strongly deny that they can smell the dead bodies.
THE PRESIDENT: What the hell is he talking about?
CLAUDE: He preferred a charge, Sir. Will you answer, please?
THE PRESIDENT: I?
CLAUDE: *to the Judges* Why doesn't democracy answer? Okay, after stone and iron comes soil.
ATTA: Poor saline soils, but the people's common property since the Creation. My uncles followed their grazing goats, an everlasting ramble between scattered spots of gray grass. From the valley due west to the lake due east, form the hill due north to the holy towns due south. But suddenly a threatening wall was erected upon the saline soil, overnight, and foreign feet were tramping the ground and the grey grass and brutal voices were yelling: the soil is mine, mine, mine. Since that day my uncles could only ramble the short distance between useless weeping and bitter hatred.
CLAUDE: And the statesmen in the Western World?
ATTA: They mumble about freedom and democracy, but never lift a hand.
CLAUDE: Let's go south.
ATTA: My black brothers live in countries, extremely rich and extremely impowerished. But every minute day and night white parasites are eating greedily, filling their stomachs and shares and stocks with stolen riches while my black brothers and sisters are bleeding to death.
THE PRESIDENT: Black brothers bleeding to death? Oh no, don't blame us.
CLAUDE: You're a Christian, aren't you? Boasting of the good Samaritan. But have you brought balm and solace? No, you've been a merchant making fortunes out of distress and

suffering. *To the Judges:* Hasn't he? *The judges don't answer.* So much for that. I think you're beginning to understand. We've come to bread. Some of your sisters are baking.
ATTA: But most of them are not. No meal, no flour, no maize, no corn. Nothing but dust and hunger. Babies hanging at their mothers' flat breasts sucking nothing but undeserved emptiness and looking out into eternity with glassy eyes waiting for a fate they can't escape because of you. Too exhausted to ask why.
CLAUDE: *to Bob* You haven't said anything yet.
BOB: *looks down* No.
CLAUDE: And you're not going to?
BOB: I ...
ATTA: Apparently not.
BOB: Sorry, Claude, I can't .. *he looks away.*
CLAUDE: It's okay, Bob. *To the President:* We'll go on with oil.
Bob slips away without being seen by the Minister and The President.
ATTA: The good old days are gone. Bedouins who used to live a silent and stagnant nomadic life are now busy as bees. Swarming around the wounds of the deserts with sly and foxy smiles on their greedy lips they're fetching oil out of the burning sand. The greedy, impatient engines in the Western world are waiting, insatiable, never at rest.
THE PRESIDENT: And so what? We're paying for every gallon.
CLAUDE: How?
THE PRESIDENT: We're paying with billions of shining dollars. The best currency you can get.
ATTA: That's what you think. The currency we get is suppression. Where do the dollars go? They go to the mafia syndicate.
THE PRESIDENT: Nonsense. They go to your own government.
ATTA: The government is the mafia. It cheats the people. It deprives us of equality, civil rights and a life in freedom. We're confined in a golden prison with no right of self-determination. And you - you close your eyes and clap your dirty hands and do not even dream of helping us.
THE PRESIDENT: Dirty hands? They are clean. Look!
ATTA: He doesn't understand.
THE PRESIDENT: Yes, I do. I understand fucking well that you hate us. But I don't understand why. *To the Minister:* Do you? *The Minister looks away. To Bob, who isn't there:* Do you?
CLAUDE: I do. Imagine a boy holding up a bag of goodies under the nose of his classmates. Imagine what they think when he himself eats all of them without sharing. He won't become popular, will he?
THE PRESIDENT: Idiot. I've never eaten a bag of goodies. *To the Minister:* Have I?

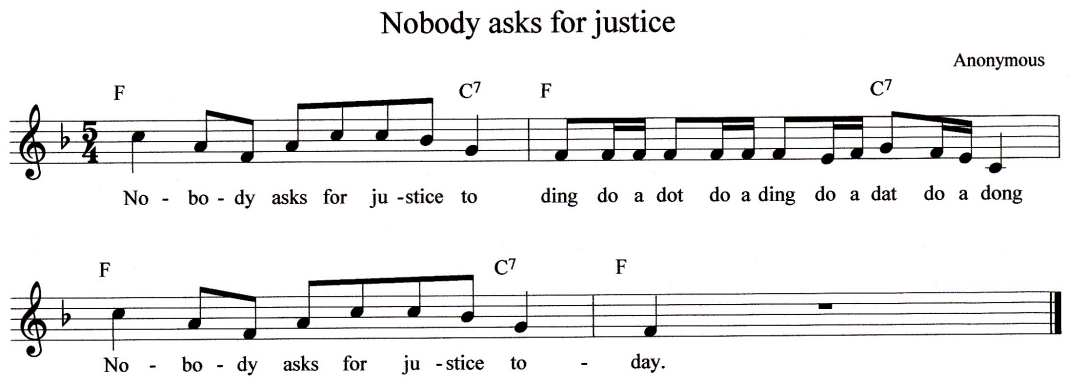
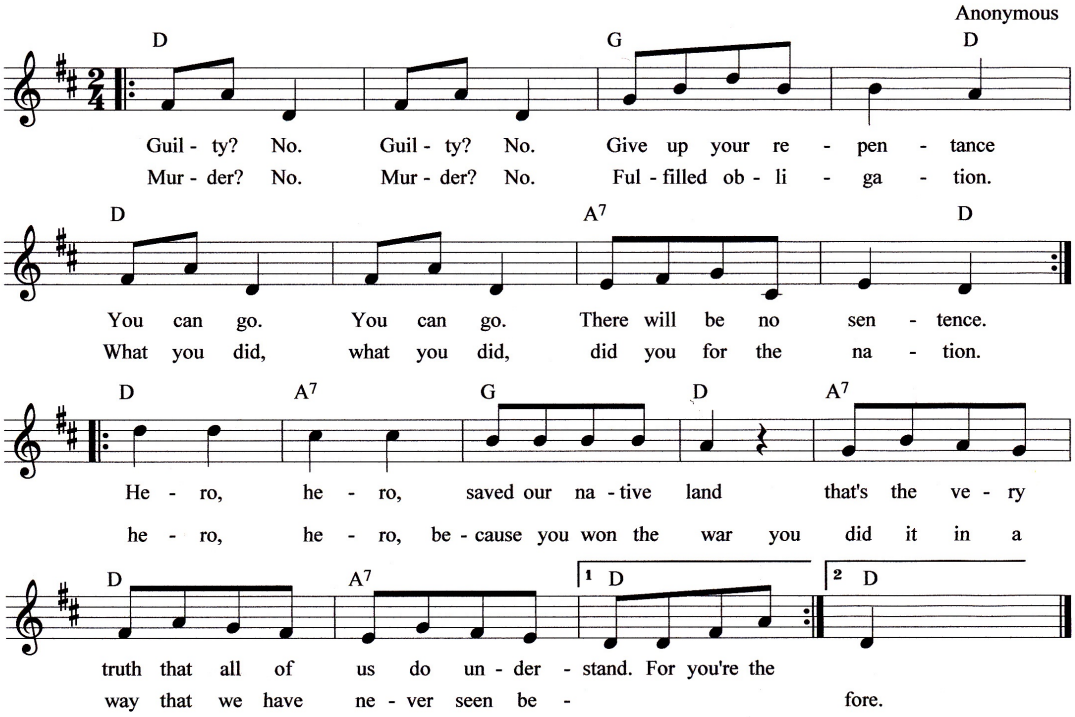
THE MINISTER: Not while I was watching.
THE PRESIDENT: *to Claude and Atta* There you are! *To the Judges:* Let's have that bloody sentence.
The Minister sneaks out. 2. Judge observes him. The President and 1. Judge do not notice. 2. Judge sneaks out during the next lines.
1. JUDGE: Certainly, Sir.
CLAUDE: No! First the grounds and don't forget the judgement of the motives.
1. JUDGE: Don't teach us.
CLAUDE: Us?
1. Judge sees that 2. Judge has gone. The President does'nt.
THE PRESIDENT: Get going, man!
1. JUDGE: Sure. Atta is guilty.
CLAUDE: No grounds? No judgement of the motives? Tell me, where's your professional pride? Your self-esteem?
1. JUDGE: Go to hell. *He goes out.*
The President realizes that he is alone. He draws his six-gun.
THE PRESIDENT: We'll build a wall. A great wall all around God's own country. No gates, no doors, no windows. On top of the wall we'll have a heaven of thousands of missiles erected, plutonium potent with short fuse. You'll never be able to come back.
ATTA: No. Not I.
THE PRESIDENT: Monster! Camel shit! *He goes out.*
ATTA: Well, we won.
CLAUDE: I don't think so. *He points to the point above the footlights.* Is that a victory?
ATTA: It is not a defeat.
CLAUDE: It will be. You underestimate your enemy, Atta. He'll pay back with violence.
ATTA: I don't care. But thank you, Claude. You stood up for me, and that's great.
CLAUDE: You're wrong. I didn't stand up for you. I stood up for your case.
ATTA: My case?
CLAUDE: Yes. The struggle against injustice and lack of equality, that's your case, isn't it?
ATTA: Isn't it yours?
CLAUDE: Yes.
ATTA: So it's our common case and you agree ... *gesture towards the footlights.*
CLAUDE: No. The end doesn't justify the means.
ATTA: Nonsens. You know why? You're lacking the courage.
CLAUDE: You're wrong again. I don't believe in your means. Your way leads to misery, not to solutions. That's why we have to part, Atta. We've got only one thing in common, we're powerless.
ATTA: And that's all? No. It doesn't stop there, Claude. Being powerless means that you can

either resign yourself or take action.

CLAUDE: *with a gesture towards the footlights* Against whom? ... Godbye Atta.

He goes out. Atta stares at the footlights. Blackout. End of the play.

Music and lyrics



A gorgeus ranch

page 1

Lyrics and music:
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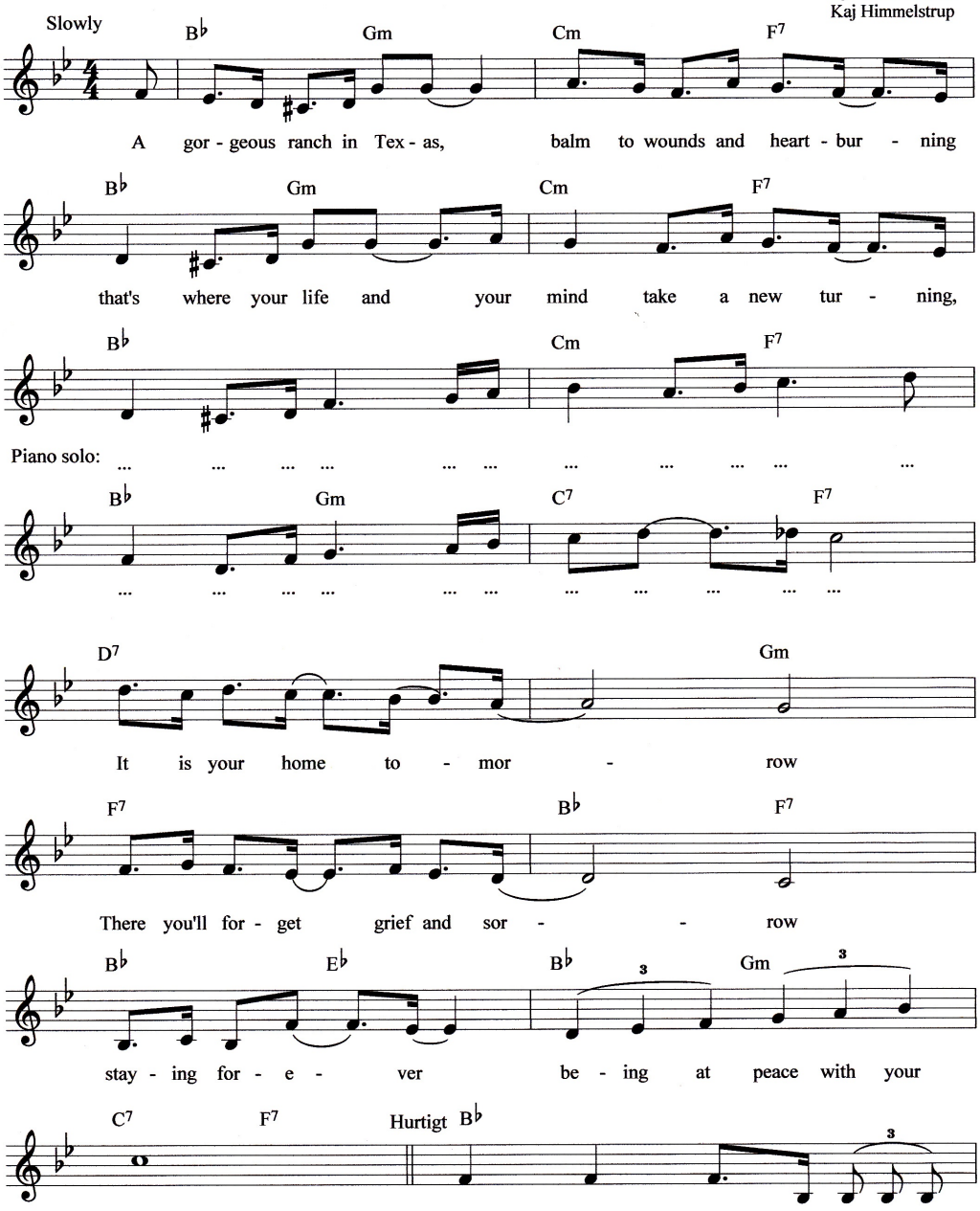
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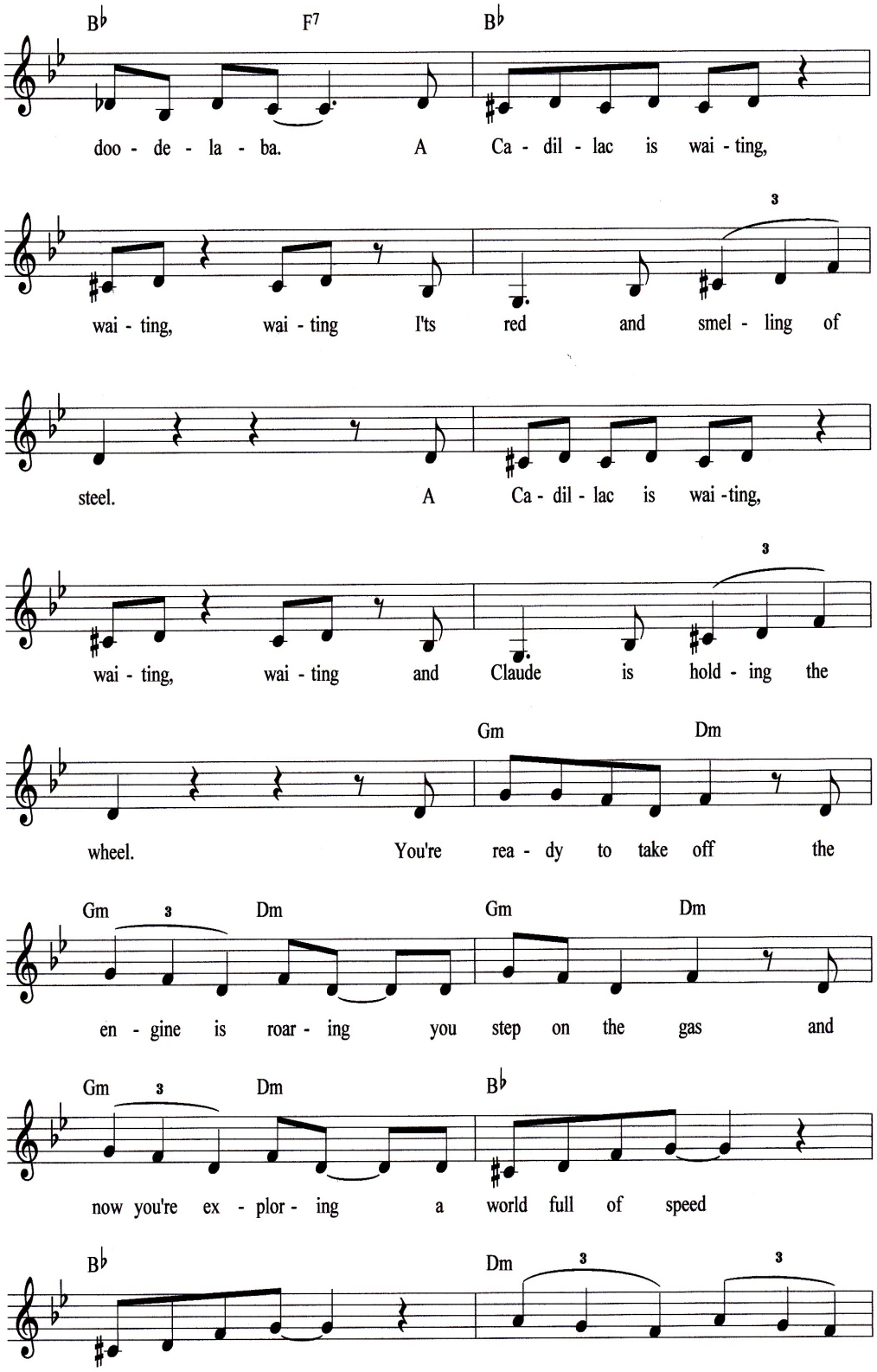
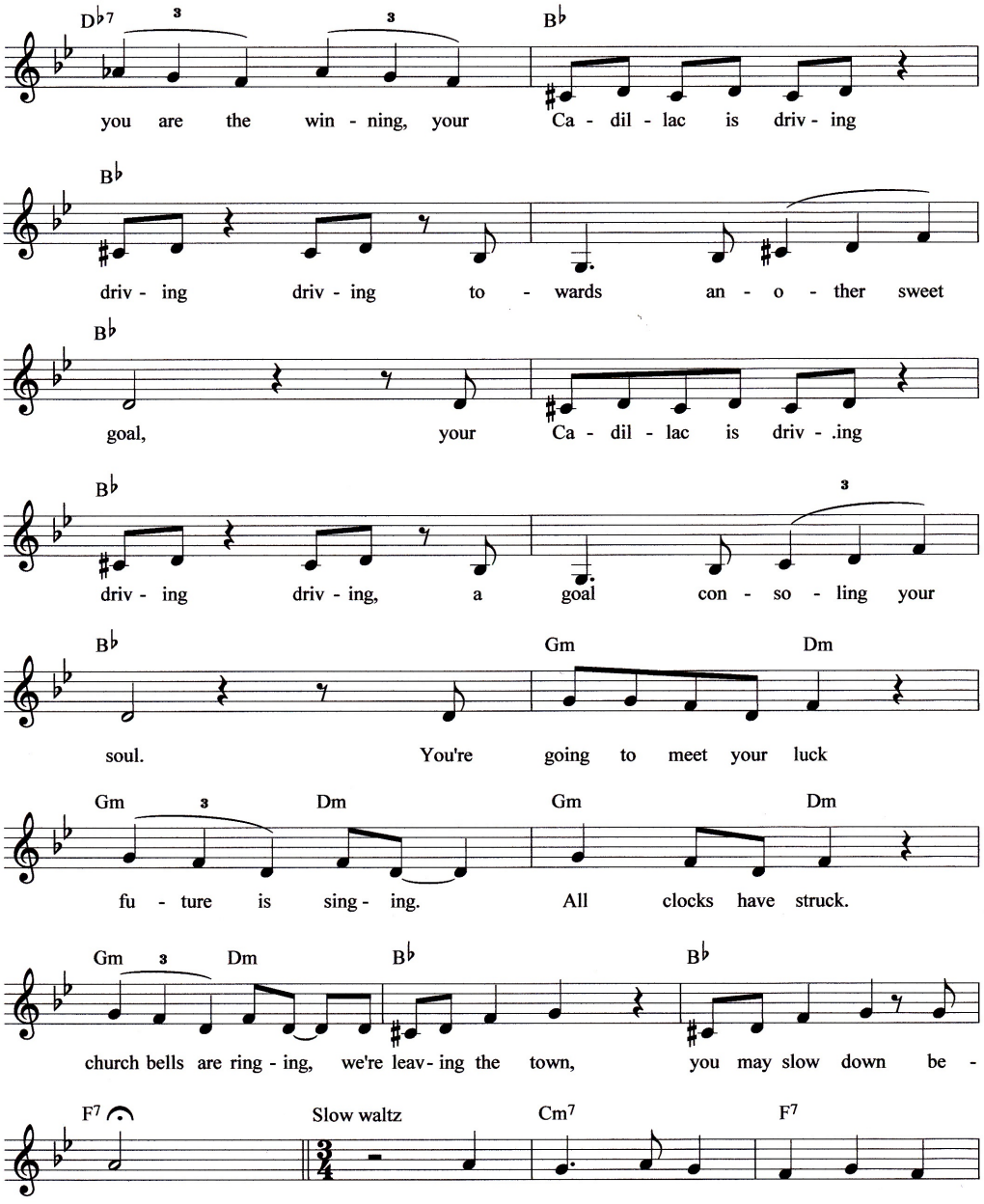
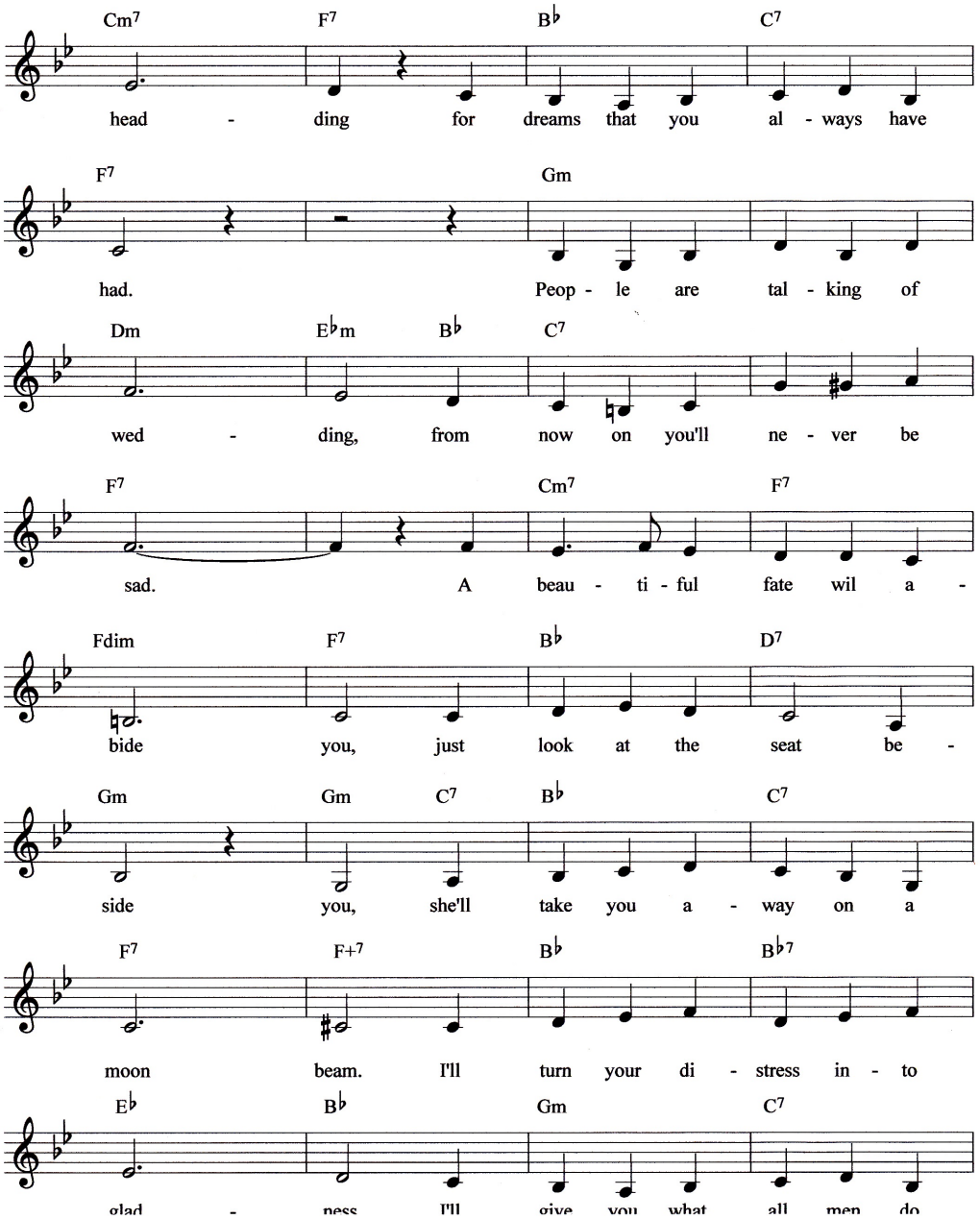
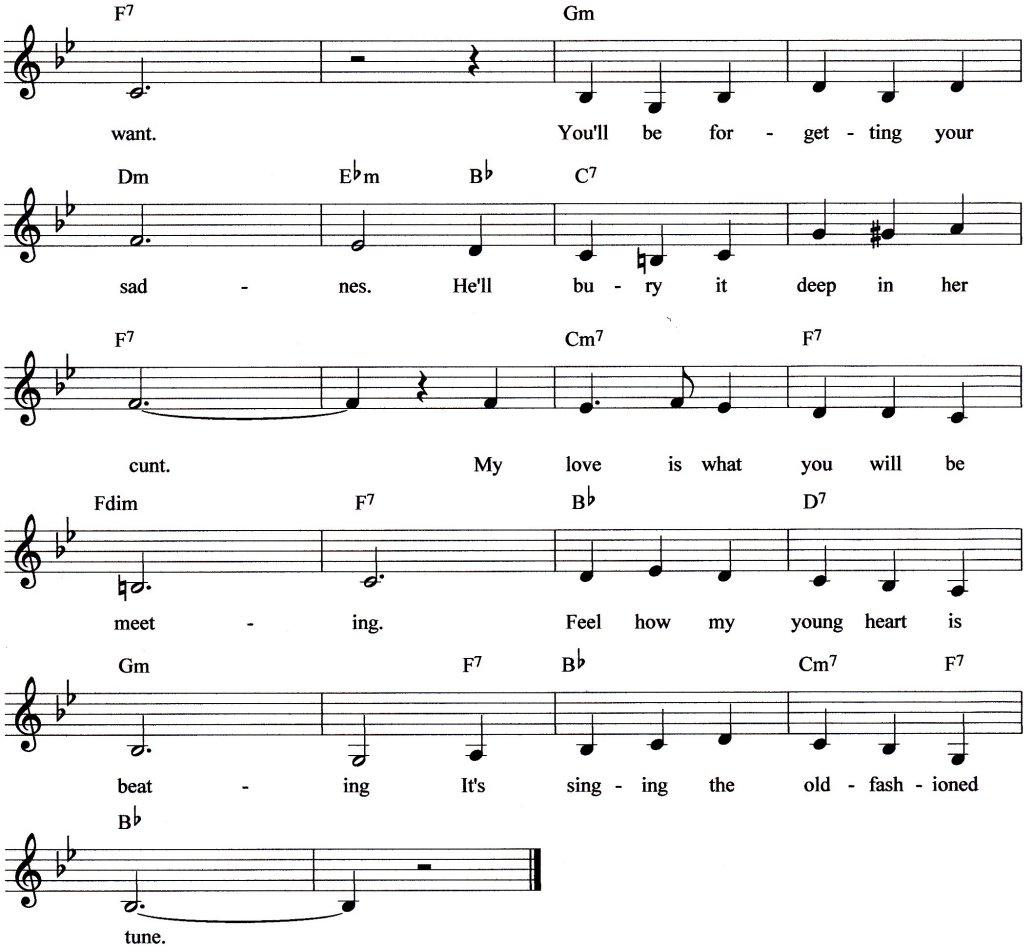
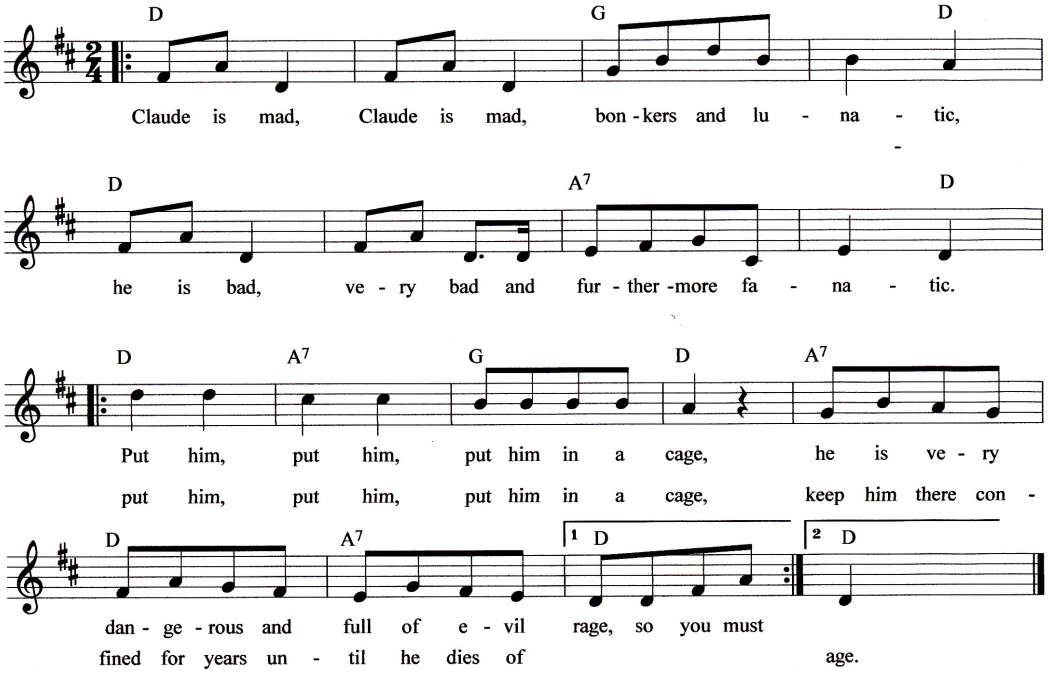

D♭7
B♭
you are the win - ning, your Ca - dil - lac is driv - ing
B♭
driv - ing driv - ing to - wards an - o - ther sweet
B♭
goal, your Ca - dil - lac is driv - .ing
B♭
driv - ing driv - ing, a goal con - so - ling your
B♭
Gm
Dm
soul. You're going to meet your luck
Gm
Dm
Gm
Dm
fu - ture is sing - ing. All clocks have struck.
Gm
Dm
B♭
B♭
church bells are ring - ing, we're leav - ing the town, you may slow down be -
F7
Slow waltz
Cm7
F7

Cm7 F7 B♭ C7
head - ding for dreams that you al - ways have
F7 Gm
had. Peop - le are tal - king of
Dm E♭m B♭ C7
wed - ding, from now on you'll ne - ver be
F7 Cm7 F7
sad. A beau - ti - ful fate wil a -
Fdim F7 B♭ D7
bide you, just look at the seat be -
Gm Gm C7 B♭ C7
side you, she'll take you a - way on a
F7 F+7 B♭ B♭7
moon beam. I'll turn your di - stress in - to
E♭ B♭ Gm C7
glad - ness I'll give you what all men do

F7 Gm
want. You'll be for - get - ting your
Dm E♭m B♭ C7
sad - nes. He'll bu - ry it deep in her
F7 Cm7 F7
cunt. My love is what you will be
Fdim F7 B♭ D7
meet - ing. Feel how my young heart is
Gm F7 B♭ Cm7 F7
beat - ing It's sing - ing the old - fash - ioned
B♭
tune.

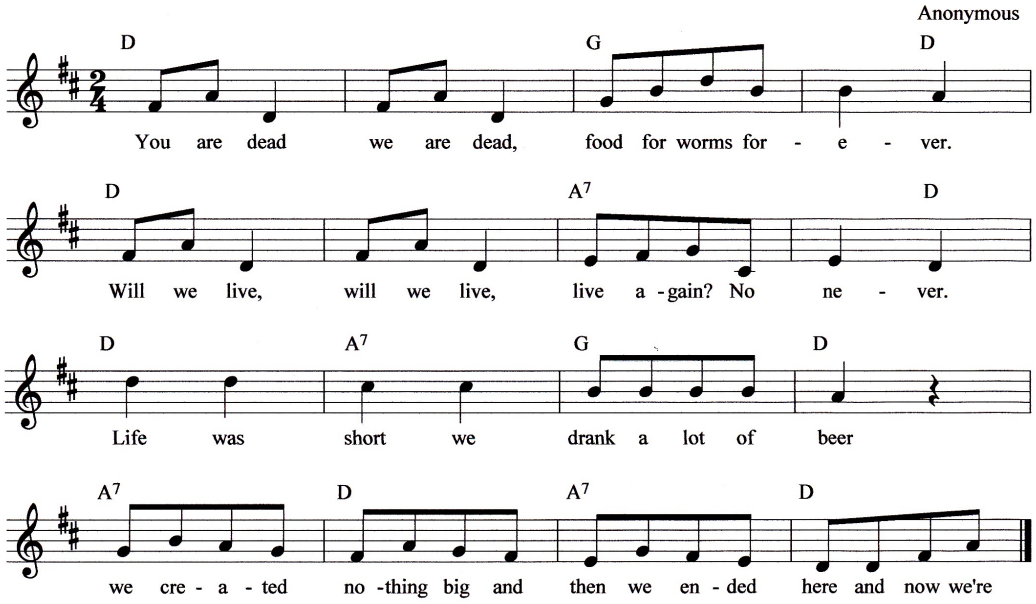
Claude is mad

Anonymous

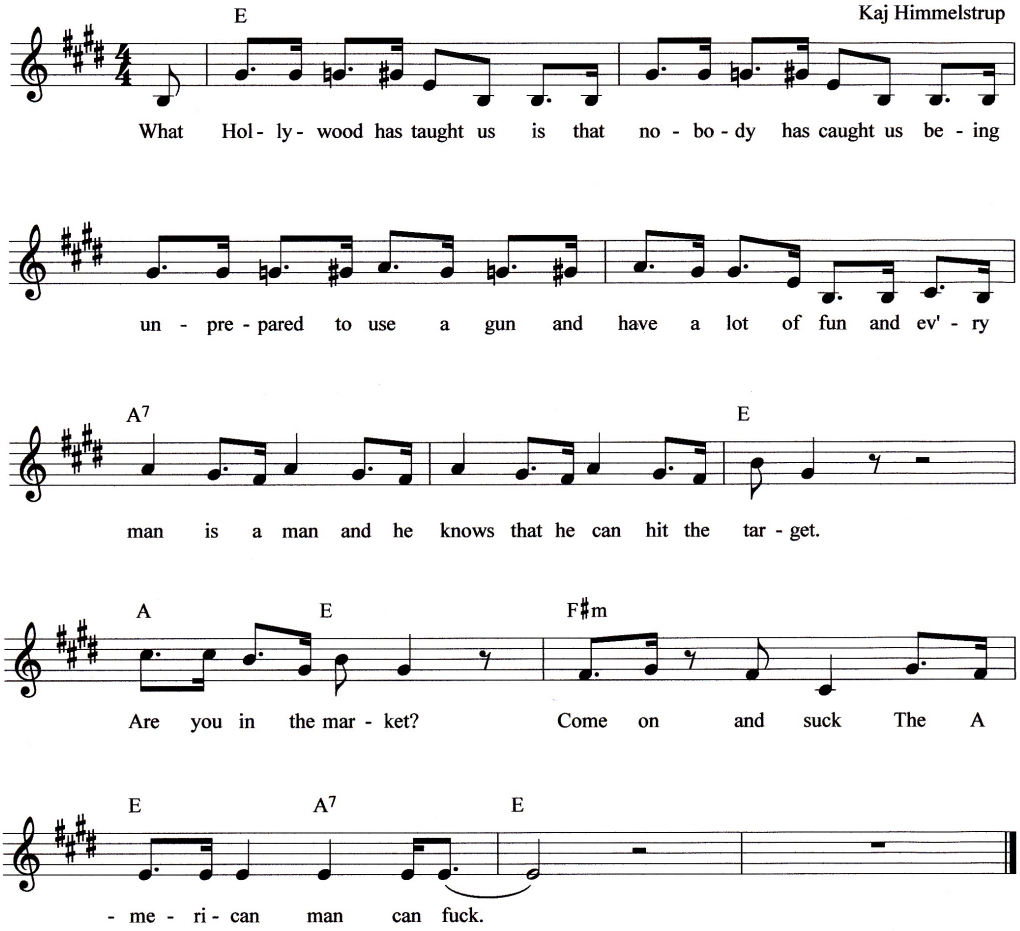
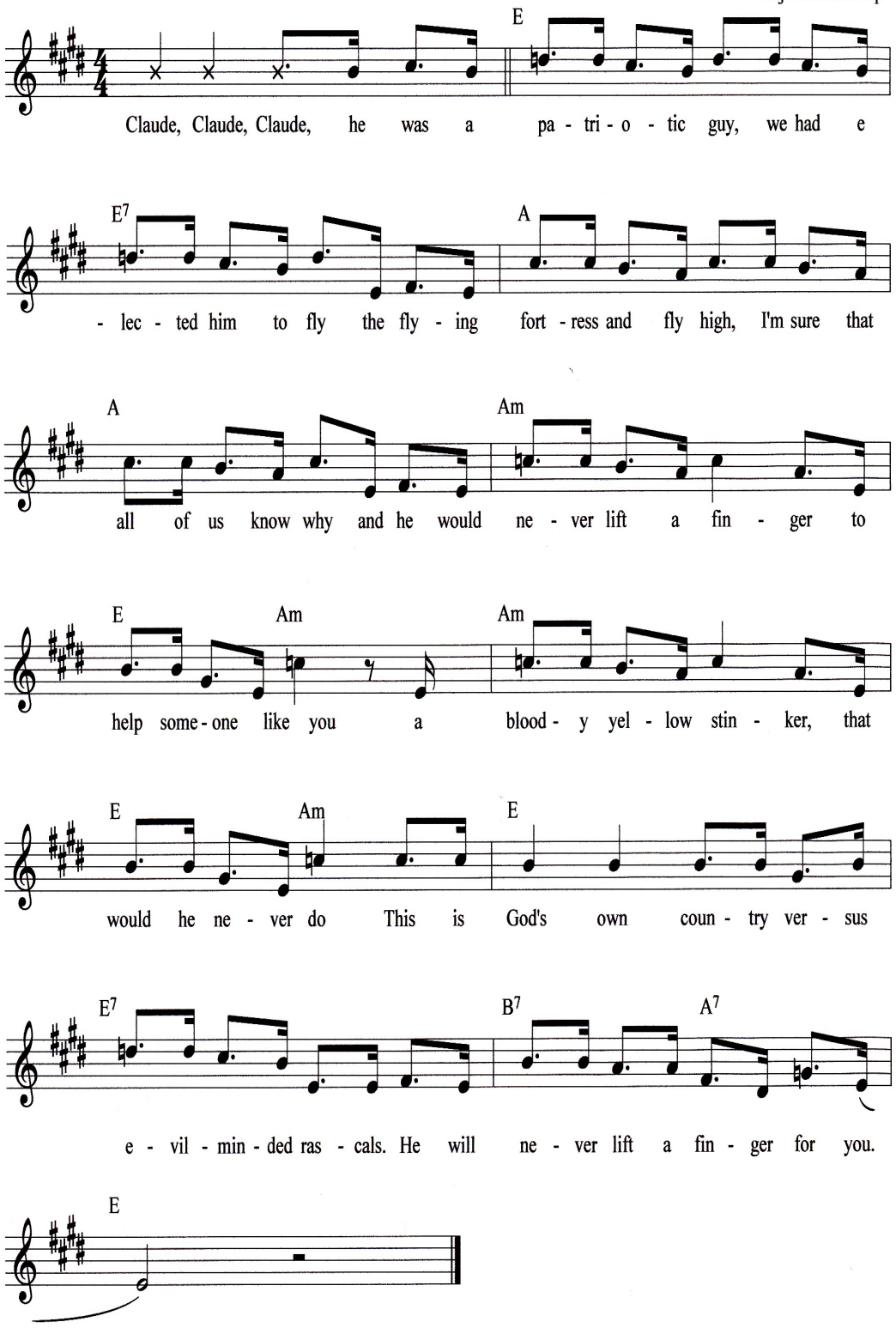


You are dead

Anonymous



What Hollywood

Lyrics and music:
Kaj Himmelstrup

Claude, Claude, Claude

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