

The Imaginary Mask

Country: Switzerland

Category: Drama

Title: Die eingebildete Maske

Company: SRF Schweizer Radio und Fernsehen 2022

Author(s): Wolfram Hoell und Johannes Mayr

Producer: Wolfram Hoell

Director: Ulrich Bassenge

Sound engineer: Björn Müller

Other key staff: Ulrich Bassenge (composer), Musicians: Claus Filser, Evi Keglmaier, Andreas Höricht, Georg Karger, Silvia Berchtold, Ulrich Bassenge

Language: German

Length: 51:10

SUMMARY

The characters in Molière's plays are doctors in spite of themselves, imaginary invalids, greedy misers, cunning daughters and opportunists who live for the moment. 400 years after Molière's birthday, they make ideal characters for a parody in the face of the pandemic.

Anett is at the centre of the radio play. She only wants one thing: to drive buses. That's her profession – no, her vocation! But there's one thing she certainly doesn't want: compulsory face masks! After all, how is Anett supposed to check whether the photo on the monthly pass matches the passenger's face if he's wearing a face mask? Anett resorts to thuggish behaviour on her bus and, in spite of herself, becomes so the hero of Corona sceptics! This is where the story really takes off. Anett gets involved with a fake doctor who sells invisible masks. Her daughter Lucy invites the famous vegan YouTube chef Hilda to her school. Hilda is captivated by Anett's social media fame and makes deliberate advances towards her. The two become a couple and start producing videos together. Yet Hilda's recipe videos have been replaced by ramblings about vaccination dictatorship and world conspiracy, while Anett promotes invisible masks. The followers are thrilled.

The only one who isn't thrilled is Lucy. She helplessly watches her love-struck mother become increasingly radicalized. With a lot of cunning and the help of her teacher Urs, she tries to prevent a huge show-down ...

THE IMAGINARY MASK
By Wolfram Höll and Johannes Mayr

Prologue (con musica) BPM=112

Location: Dry
Persons: Story singer

Intro, break

STORY SINGER
Honourabilissimi ladiesarum et gentlemenus
Qui hic gatherati estis
We presentarum Radio Fabula de
Doctore Blathererus Magica
et patientis with Stupiditas
infininitum

4 bars of music, then beyond

Pandemia extra longus createis
homine bizarrus:
Netflix gawkeritis Uber
orderitis
Toilet paper hoarditis
Sourdough fermentis Pilates
extremis
In dulci jubilo

Home officium est
Tortura maximum Guttus
obesus
Backus slouchus
WLAN interruptus

4 bars interlude

O tempora, o mores
Virus nonsensensores
Masquerade obligatus In
tramus trainus bussus.
Number of cases explodiros

Patientis in hospitalos Expertis in
talk shows
Doomsday scenarios

Distinguished auditorium
Nostrum vademecum anti
Covid depressivum est
Comedia phantasticum In
HiFi stereophonium
Please turn up the volium

ACT I Scene 1

Place: At home

Persons: Lucy, Anett

ANETT

Could you please stop staring at that thing for once? It's driving me mad.

LUCY

I'm saving paper?!

ANETT

Ok, ok, fine.

LUCY Well?

ANETT What?

LUCY

Isn't there something you'd like to tell me?

ANETT

If you're bored, I could read you a fairy tale.

LUCY

Mum, stop.

ANETT

How about "The Emperor's New Clothes"?

LUCY Mum!

ANETT

So, once upon a time, there was a king -

LUCY

Stop! You know exactly what I'm talking about.

ANNETT

No.

LUCY

On the bus today.

ANNETT

What about it?

LUCY

That's what I want you to tell me about.

ANNETT

I was working. Just like any other day.

LUCY

Ok. And nothing happened?

ANNETT

No.

LUCY No?

ANNETT

No.

LUCY

You sure?

ANNETT

I'm sure.

LUCY

Mum. You promised me once that you'd always speak the truth.

ANNETT

Fine. I made a mistake.

LUCY Meaning?

ANETT

Promising you that I'd always speak the truth.

LUCY

You had a skirmish with a passenger. That's the truth!

ANETT

I only asked him to take off his mask. I have to see people's faces, how else am I supposed to check their monthly pass.

LUCY And?

ANETT

He refused.

LUCY

Is that all?

ANETT

Yes.

LUCY *holds out mobile, sounds of the scene* And what about this?

M accent chain

ANETT *watching*

Ooff! That's pretty brutal!

LUCY

It's you. Kicking the passenger off the bus.

ANETT

Oh. Please don't show it to anyone.

LUCY

I don't have to show it to anyone. Everyone's already seen it. The video's gone viral.

ANETT

I couldn't care less where it goes.

LUCY

You've hurt lots of people's feelings. You have to apologise!

ANETT

I'm sorry, Lucy.

LUCY

Not to me! To the passenger!

ANETT

He should be apologising to me. After all, I'm no longer allowed to drive buses because of him.

LUCY

Because you kicked him off the bus?

ANETT

Because my supervisor saw in the video that I wasn't wearing a mask.

LUCY

And ...?

ANETT

A mask? Never.

LUCY

My God, then get an attestation.

ANETT

Where can I get one?

LUCY

I got mine for school on the internet.

ANETT

And with no internet?

LUCY

Uhm, let me check. On the internet.

M accent. End prologue.

Scene 2

Place: At Sganarelle's
Persons: Anett, Sganarelle

ANETT
Good afternoon, are you a doctor?

SGANARELLE
Am I a doctor?

ANETT
Yes.

SGANARELLE
Well, something like a doctor, I guess.

ANETT
I need an attestation.

SGANARELLE
I'm not sure whether I have an attestation handy... let me take a quick look...

ANETT
You don't need to have an attestation handy, I just need you to issue one.

SGANARELLE
Ah yes, of course. Wait a moment ... So: the attestation is for – what was your name?

ANETT
Anett Schoenbichler.

SGANARELLE
Is that one t or two t's?

ANETT
Two t's. And one n.

SGANARELLE
Excellent. And attestation? Is that one or two t's?

ANETT

Two. At the beginning.

SGANARELLE *scribbles*

Thank you. - Voilà: your attestation.

ANETT

“A test station for A net”.

Yes, but...

SGANARELLE

But?

ANETT

An attestation is supposed to attest to something. Confirm.

SGANARELLE And?

ANETT

For example, that you're unable to work.

SGANARELLE

Are you unable to work?

ANETT

No, I'm not.

SGANARELLE

Should I certify that for you?

ANETT

No, please don't. I just want an exemption from the mask requirement. I want to go back to work.

SGANARELLE

Oh, I see. We need to first do *a test* for such an attestation.

ANETT

Aha, so how do -

SGANARELLE

May I kindly ask you to go to the loo and to give me a urine sample in this.

ANETT

In your coffee mug?

SGANARELLE

Yes.

ANETT

There's still some coffee in it -

SGANARELLE

It has no bearing on the taste.

ANETT

Ha, ha. You're pulling my leg -

SGANARELLE

Now go, the sample.

M accent

SGANARELLE

Ah, there you are. The sample!

ANETT

Here, will it be sent to a lab -

SGANARELLE

That's not necessary!

ANETT

You're not going to drink that -

SGANARELLE

Slightly furry on the tongue, notes of blackberry and cedar. Rounded finish.

ANETT

Is that good or bad?

SGANARELLE

I can't really tell yet. I need another sample.

ANETT

I beg your pardon? But I -

SGANARELLE

Do you want the attestation or not?

ANETT
Of course -

SGANARELLE
Alright, then. See you shortly.

M accent

ANETT
Here's the second sample.

SGANARELLE Bottoms
up.

ANETT
Would you please!

SGANARELLE
So, now I would need a stool sample.

ANETT
Certainly not!

SGANARELLE
Fine, then let's continue with the physical exam. May I ask you to please disrobe?

M accent

ANETT
If it must be so.

SGANARELLE
It must.

Rustling and unzipping

SGANARELLE
And don't worry: it's called physical exam, not physical act.

ANETT *strained* Haha.

SGANARELLE

I'm a doctor, after all, and not some perverted Tom, Dick or Harry who would enjoy massaging your breasts, these ...

ANETT

Excuse me? Is this still part of the physical exam?

SGANARELLE

Yes, why?

ANETT

What does all of this have to do with a mask exemption?

SGANARELLE

Everything, everything.

ANETT

Can I get dressed again?

SGANARELLE

If it must be so.

ANETT

It must.

Rustling and zipping up

ANETT And?

SGANARELLE

You're in excellent shape.

ANETT

That means no attestation?

SGANARELLE

Unfortunately no.

ANETT

But I need the attestation! I want to drive my bus! And I want to - I can't wear a mask.

SGANARELLE

Because ...?

ANETT

Well, because, because - well -

SGANARELLE

Wait, I have a solution for you. It may not be an attestation, but it's a mask that will not bother you, guaranteed.

Here.

M magical strings playing

ANETT

But – there's nothing.

SGANARELLE

Yes, there is.

ANETT

I don't see a mask.

SGANARELLE

Exactly.

Wait a moment, let me help you. Take off your glasses.

There.

Perfect.

ANETT

Perfect ... it's really perfect. I feel nothing. Except your hand on my bum.

SGANARELLE

Oh, excuse me.

ANETT

It's unbelievable, like I'm wearing nothing at all. I can breathe freely. And it's actually effective?

SGANARELLE

I assumed you don't believe in viruses.

ANETT

Well, I just mean, what if -

SGANARELLE

This mask is made of fabrics as refined as the viruses themselves. After all, you wouldn't try to kill a fly with a nuclear bomb, right?

ANETT

That's true ... and what do you see: nothing. It's perfect.

SGANARELLE

Precisely. You also don't see the viruses, right?

ANETT

But what if they don't believe me.

SGANARELLE

I'll give you an attestation letter that it's effective.

ANETT

So now all of a sudden?

SGANARELLE *scribbles* That's different.

Alright.

That'll be 500 for the mask.

ANETT Whew.

SGANARELLE

And 500 for the attestation.

ANETT

Does health insurance cover this?

SGANARELLE

It could. But would you really want government to have access to all those details about your body?

ANETT

Certainly not.

SGANARELLE

Then it's probably best if this remains covered by our doctor-patient confidentiality agreement.

M accent gong from prologue

Scene 3

Place: At home, kitchen Persons:
Anett, Lucy

Clinking cutlery, sizzling, Lucy on her smartphone.

ANETT
Lucy! What's that smell?

LUCY *absent* Hm?

ANETT
Where's that stench coming from?

LUCY *absent*
I'm cooking...

ANETT
What? You call that cooking?

LUCY *absent*
Yes ...

ANETT *poking around in charred vegetables*
Yuck! It's completely burnt! What were you trying to make?

LUCY
Here, Thingamajig...

ANETT
Thingamajig with a bang?

LUCY
Yes, exactly ...

ANETT What?

LUCY *annoyed*
Yeah-ah! My God, Hilda's vegan chicken ...

ANETT
That YouTube chef's? Who keeps pleading with his viewers to subscribe to his channel?

M accent

Window opens

ANETT

Out it goes.

She throws it out into the street, hitting Urs on the head, who lets out a yelp.

LUCY *absent* Mm-mmmh.

ANETT

Maybe you should keep an eye on the frying pan instead of staring into your mobile nonstop.

LUCY

You have to take a look at this video. Someone's getting kicked off the bus again. Just like in yours.

M accent

ANETT

Seriously?

LUCY

But this time it's the bus driver who's getting kicked off!

ANETT *got caught, trying to distract*

Oh...? C'mon, put down the mobile, we still have a Beyond-Meat-Burger somewhere...

LUCY

And the passengers are clapping ...

ANETT

You know, a splash of heavy cream goes a long way.

LUCY

My God, this is so humiliating.

ANETT

No need to feel humiliated. When it comes to cooking, you learn from mistakes!

LUCY *holds out mobile*

Oh fuck, now from a different perspective. And in slow motion. Woah!

That's pretty brutal!

ANETT

True. I still feel sore all over.

M accent chain

LUCY

What?! – But that's you, Mum!

ANETT

You caught me red-handed.

LUCY

What happened?

ANETT

Because of my mask!

LUCY

I don't see any mask!

ANETT

There! It's on my face.

LUCY

Mum, there is none.

ANETT

Well, you can't see the viruses, either.

LUCY

Mum!!! The video is going viral.

ANETT

Of all things.

LUCY What?

ANETT

Viral.

LUCY

Ey, do you even know what that means?

Over a million people have already seen your scuffles with passengers.

ANETT

So?

LUCY

You're being supported by a really strange crowd.

ANETT

What does that mean?

LUCY

Look who's commenting! Contrarians. Blatherers. Conspiracy theorists ... ANETT

Oh, who cares. As long as they stay on the web and don't come by here -

M accent

Doorbell shrills

Scene 4

Place: At home

Persons: Anett, Urs, Lucy

ANETT

Yes?!

URS

My name is Urs -

ANETT

Are you here because of the video?

URS Video?

ANETT

I want nothing to do with you.

URS

But -

ANETT

I'm not the leader of a bunch of leeks.

URS

Why vegetables?

ANETT

I just want to drive my bus.

URS

I'm here about your daughter...

Anett slams the door. Urs is cut off mid-sentence

LUCY appears

Mum! Mr Urs is my teacher.

ANETT

That's no excuse for behaving the way he did.

LUCY

He's really nice.

ANETT

He didn't even say goodbye properly. What a brute.

Lucy opens the door again

LUCY

Please, come in.

URS

Pleased to meet you, Mrs ...

ANETT

That's none of your business.

URS

So ... I'm here about Lucy and the cooking class.

LUCY

You know, Mum, I really want to invite Hilda Attelmann to school to host a vegan cooking class.

ANETT

The one who always says "ready"?

URS

We at the Free School really value student initiative.

ANETT

Well, as long as you don't also start saying "ready".

URS

Which is why I invited Mr Attelmann to come visit, despite the pandemic.

LUCY

Does that mean he's coming?

URS

Yes.

LUCY

Awesome, Mr Urs, you're the best!

URS

It wasn't that difficult, to be honest. He's actually not even that expensive considering he's a YouTube star ...

ANETT

Star, give me a break. There are vegetable patches that are more successful than he is.

URS

Vegetable patches on YouTube?

LUCY

In any case, I'm so excited the cooking class can take place!

URS

In accordance with the existing rules. That means: no more than five participants.

ANETT

Well, that's more than the number of viewers of his videos ...

LUCY Mum!

ANETT

"Mum." It's true.

URS

And masks will be compulsory.

ANETT

Mandatory masks. Is that the best you can come up with? It's called "Independent School".

LUCY Mum!

URS

Why don't you join us!

ANETT

Certainly not.

URS

I will be there, too.

ANETT

That makes two reasons not to join. Goodbye.

M accent*Doorbell shrills***Scene 5***Place: At home**Persons: Lucy, Urs, Hilda, Anett**Door opens*LUCY
Hilda?!HILDA *sighs* Hello.URS
That's right, Lucy. I thought I'd bring him over so we could discuss the cooking class...LUCY
It's really him! Hilda, here at our place! I can't believe it.HILDA *warily*
I can hardly believe it, either.LUCY
My hero, here in this godforsaken place!HILDA
Hero? Me? ...LUCY
At our Feelgood School, where we literally accept anyone. Be it students or teachers.URS
Ahem. In fact, I had to perform a multi-stage assessment -LUCY
Mum! Mum! Come quick!HILDA
Could we slowly start heading to the school, I would like to get this over with

URS

It was a really tough selection process. All online, of course.

ANETT

What's going on?

LUCY

Hilda is here!

URS

I had to pose some very tricky questions -

ANETT

That's him?

HILDA *recognises her* Hold on, are you the Anett?

URS Huh?

HILDA

Saint Anett from the Bus?

ANETT

Haha, who actually calls me that??

HILDA

Whose videos have been clicked and shared by millions?

ANETT *a little flattered*

I'm really not very familiar with that whole thumbs up thing, and those peaches and aubergines

HILDA *to himself* This is my chance!

URS

The cooking class?

HILDA

You're my chance ...

ANETT

What do you mean ...

HILDA

Anett, you ... you're even more captivating in real life.

ANETT

LOL.

You're actually not so bad yourself. Generally speaking. A lot leaner than in the videos.

M love theme chorale

HILDA

Thank you.

ANETT

Also less grubby.

HILDA

Thank you.

ANETT

Did you shower?

LUCY Mum!

ANETT

You're actually no leek at all, but rather quite muscular ...

URS *to himself*

Aha, she's referring to leek again.

HILDA

The only leek you'll find is under my belly.

ANETT

Hehe.

HILDA Hehe.

URS Whoa.

The two begin to flirt.

ANETT

Hehe.

HILDA Hehe.

ANETT
Hehe.

URS Tee-hee?

HILDA Hehe.

ANETT
Hehe.

URS Ho-ho?

HILDA Hehe.

URS
Yoo-hoo? Yoo-hoo!

ANETT
Hehe.

HILDA Hehe.

URS
Yoo-hoo! Hey! Hey!

LUCY
So... Hilda. Mr Urs. We were going to plan the class ...

ANETT
Hehe.

HILDA Hehe.

URS
Of course! Alright, Mr Hilda! Let's go to the school, I'll show you everything.

M love theme breaks

HILDA Hehe.

LUCY
Hilda?

HILDA Yeah?

LUCY
The cooking class.

HILDA
Yes.

LUCY Yeah?

HILDA
What's up?

URS
Are you coming?

HILDA
...

LUCY HILDA!

HILDA
I still need to discuss something with your sister.

URS
Sister? But she's Lucy's mother.

HILDA
Oh, I don't mind.

ANETT
Hehe.

HILDA
You go ahead. I'll let this MILF show me her kitchen.

URS
Milf? What's a -

HILDA
Ask your mother to explain it to you.

URS

What's my mother got to do with it?

ANETT

Well, come along then. But I've got to warn you: our fridge is empty. I don't even have any rhubarb left.

HILDA

No problem. After all, I brought my leek. Hehe.

ANETT

Hehe.

Further flirting

M love chorale *briefly, ends with the kitchen door slamming shut.*

Scene 6

Place: At home

Persons: Urs, Lucy, then Anett, Hilda

URS

That chap really lives for cooking.

LUCY

You think? I'm actually not so sure at the moment -

URS

To carry a leek with him wherever he goes.

LUCY Oh

man.

URS

But in his trousers ...?

LUCY

It's metaphorical.

URS

Oh, I see.

LUCY

sighs

URS

You mean there's no actual leek in his trousers?

LUCY No!

URS

I figured! It would be extremely unhygienic, after all. For both. Unless he cleaned the leek. And himself, too -

LUCY

You know what, Mr Urs? Why don't you go to school and get everything ready for the cooking class tonight, alright?

URS

Ok. But will you make sure your mother joins us?

LUCY

Hilda will see to that.

URS

Yes. Great. Great!

Door

LUCY

"Great, great" ...

M accent chain

To herself

I don't know. I'm excited that Hilda is here. But what does he want from Mum...?

Hilda and Anett appear. They're laughing, teasing.

HILDA

Well then: see you tonight, Shorty. And thanks again for the invitation.

LUCY

You're wel -

M despondent accent / accent chain

LUCY

- come.

ANETT

See you tonight!

Hilda off. Door

LUCY

Mum. See you tonight? You're coming? I thought you said he was a dud!

ANETT

Mmmm - nnnn -- nope.

LUCY Whoa,
Mum!

ANETT

Lucy, I think we need to have this conversation.

LUCY

I think we should have an entirely different conversation. Why are you suddenly interested in watching Hilda cook vegan chicken for an hour?

ANETT

Watch? I'm going to assist him.

LUCY What?

ANETT

And he wants to film it, too, for his channel. Fantastic, isn't it?

M accent cheerful

MUSICAL INTERLUDE I “Anett! Pass me the vinaigrette!”

Place: School (laboratory, reverberating, eventually adapting to the music) Persons: Hilda, Anett (Lucy last movement)

Kitchen utensils are being prepared, a wicked soup is simmering away, last preparations

HILDA *clears his throat* Ready?

ANETT

Actually, I’m a bit nervous.

HILDA

Just be yourself.

ANETT

Of course. Everyone else already exists.

HILDA

The Attilants will love you.

ANETT

Atti-what?

HILDA

The community. So go ahead: press “Stream Start”. Ready?

ANETT

Ready! And start.

Live on YouTube. Hilda is upbeat, cooking and singing. Anett keeps getting in the way, isn’t singing, getting it all wrong.

HILDA *sings* Anett!

Pass the vinaigrette!

ANETT *speaks* Huh?

What is that?

HILDA *sings*

Haha, I nearly despaired

it’s in the glass you’ve

already prepared

ANETT
Uh, me?

HILDA *directly, whispers* Yes!
And you have to sing!

ANETT
What? Oh. So - *sings*
Me? What now?

¾ time signature from here

HILDA *sings*
Some vinegar, some oil, some mustard and some salt
Add a dollop of jam to that

ANETT *speaks*
Jam?! I guess you mean mayonnaise ...

HILDA *sings*
... we've mixed it all together, now
take the sauce
and give it one last toss –

ANETT *sings*
Here you are, take the bottle all of
this is really absurd but I won't let
myself be deterred
from using this silly sauce boat -

HILDA *directly to her, whispers*
Get rid of the bottle! No one's allowed to see it! Everything we use here is homemade!

ANETT *sings* What?

4/4 time signature, recitative from here

HILDA *sings*
Whilst I'm grating the potatoes, let us
once again discuss how you got kicked
off that bus *speaks* a small dose of
common sense and wit,
just like my phony chicken, helps you stay fit

Rap

ANETT (*speech song*) Yes, a bus is a powerful instrument like a forceful trumpet in a band you feel its pulsations and vibrations that quickly grow and expand when you rev up that engine and realise it's all in your hand
you're in command, it's all in your hand

HILDA
Yes, yes, exactly! And what about the mask?

ANETT
With great power comes great responsibility.

Recitative from here

ANETT *sings*
My senses are heightened on the bus
I keep a watchful eye on all am not
distracted by all the fuss
or by the death knell for all of us

speaks
because the bloody air conditioning isn't working again

HILDA
And thus common sense turns into resistance

ANETT *speaks*
Is that so?

HILDA *whispers*
Join in!

 $\frac{3}{4}$ time signature

HILDA *sings*
And even during corona

ANETT *sings*
We're gonna own a

HILDA *sings*
Solution

ANETT *sings*
Whether we believe it or not

ANETT *sings*
There is a mask ...

HILDA *sings*
... for every face ...

ANETT *sings*
... not made of plastic or elastic ...

The last three verses are repeated, Lucy voice-over:

LUCY
What's Hilda blathering on about? And why is Mum participating in all of this! Fuck. The video already has a million views ... I have to think of something before this whole thing boils over completely ...

The soup boils over

ACT II Scene 7

Place: At Sganarelle's

Persons: Sganarelle, on the phone: Woman 1, Woman 2

ring ring, picking up, no one speaks

WOMAN 1 through the telephone Am I speaking with Doctor Sganarelle?

SGANARELLE

Speaking.

WOMAN 1

Are you the one selling the sophisticated mask?

SGANARELLE

A sophisticated mask? What's that supposed to be.

WOMAN 1

I saw it all over Telegram! A bus driver introduced it during a vegan cooking show. Young women are particularly interested in it.

SGANARELLE

So tell me, are you one of those young women too?

WOMAN 1

Yes, 28.

SGANARELLE

Then you've come to the right place. Ms ...

WOMAN 1

Schoenbaechler. Criminal Investigation Department.

Break

SGANARELLE

You've unfortunately reached the wrong place.

WOMAN 1

But everyone in the videos is talking about a Doctor Sganarelle.

SGANARELLE

You're mistaken me for someone else.

WOMAN 1

I don't think so! You just told me yourself that you're Doctor Sganarelle - SGANARELLE Scalpelle, Doctor Scalpelle!

WOMAN 1

Doctor Scalpelle? Are you kidding me?

SGANARELLE

No, not at all, there are lumberjacks who are called Hatchet. And some psychiatrists who are called Anxiety

WOMAN 1

Darn, where am I going to find a mask like that?

SGANARELLE

You're looking for a mask?

WOMAN 1

Yes, of course, I'll otherwise have to quit working for the police. They're going to fire me if I don't wear one.

SGANARELLE

No problem. Let me go get Doctor Sganarelle on the phone for you.

WOMAN 1

So he does work for you?

SGANARELLE

We share the same practice, how else would I've been able to answer your call to him?

WOMAN 1

Yes, that makes perfect sense! So -

SGANARELLE *with a slightly disguised voice* Doctor Sganarelle speaking, how can I help you?

WOMAN 1

Good afternoon, so I need one -

SGANARELLE

- of my masks. Of course. They've been selling like hot cakes to civil servants. There seems to be some common sense in government offices after all.

WOMAN 1

Haha, yes, that's true.

SGANARELLE

Could you give me your measurements?

WOMAN 1

My measurements?!

SGANARELLE

No mask without measurements! After all, you want it to fit. Chest, waist, hip.

WOMAN 1

Alright ... 87 - 63 - 92

SGANARELLE *scribbles*

63 - 92 ... hehe ... wonderful.

WOMAN 1

Wonderful ... !?

SGANARELLE

I've jotted it all down. Please come by our practice tomorrow morning.

WOMAN 1

To your practice? But why? You already have my measurements.

SGANARELLE

Oh, the next call's coming in. See you tomorrow morning at nine.

Hangs up

WOMAN 1

Bye ...

ring ring

M accent prologue

WOMAN 2

Good afternoon. Am I speaking with Doctor Sganarelle?

SGANARELLE

You sure are. How can I help you?

WOMAN 2

Are you the one whose selling those imaginary masks?

SGANARELLE

You mean the sophisticated masks. That's me. Let's go ahead and make an appointment right away. Tomorrow morning, around 9:30?

Hangs up

ring ring

M accent prologue

SGANARELLE

Sganarelle speaking. Tomorrow at 10. You can only pay in cash or in kind!

ring ring

SGANARELLE

10:30! Yes, just bring your sister along, too!

Hangs up

Scene 8

Place: Open

Persons: Lucy, Urs, then Anett

M string quartet drone *long fade-in*

Night-time. Lucy and Urs are on the go. They whisper.

LUCY

Ok, here we are: our garden. Careful, Mr Urs! There's a ditch here.

URS

Oh, thank you. You know, you can't see anything in the dark.

LUCY

Yeah. Anyhow, Mr Urs: just throw a stone at the door and Anett will open. See you later!

URS

You're not coming?

LUCY

What would that look like.

URS

But I've already forgotten it all!

LUCY

Ok, one last time: "Oh, how your eyes sparkle! Let me kiss your hands. To me they're the most beautiful hands in the world!"

URS

Ha! Good.

practises quietly

Let me kiss your glands ... pet me with your strands...

LUCY *walks:*

Mr Urs. You got this! *Leaves.*

URS

Yes. Let me toss that stone.

ANETT *further off, is hit by the stone* Oww!!!

URS *to himself*

Shucks. *calls*: Anett! Anett!

ANETT

Mr Urs?

URS

Are you alright?

ANETT

Yes, I'll be ok. Some idiot threw a stone at my head.

URS

Yes, some idiot ...

ANETT

Speaking of which! What are you doing here?

URS

Uh. I'm taking a walk.

ANETT

There's no footpath here.

URS

Sighs deeply

ANETT

What's wrong, why are you wheezing?

URS *recites by heart, wrong emphasis* Oh.

How your eyes sparkle.

ANETT

It's pitch black.

URS *recites by heart* Let

me kiss your hands.

ANETT

No. Your mouth is full of grease!

URS

To me they are the most beautiful hands in the world!

ANETT

What the hell did you eat?

URS

Uh... Hilda's vegan chicken soup. It's delicious.

ANETT

Ugh.

URS

We could cook a soup together.

ANETT

In the middle of the night, hello?

URS

I brought a cock with me.

ANETT

You what?

URS *comes closer*

Yes. I have a cock. In my trousers.

ANETT

Oh, God. And this bloke is my daughter's teacher.

URS *comes closer*

That was a compliment, wasn't it?

ANETT Hmhm.

URS

I'm smitten by you as well. You're charming. Downright enchanting ...

ANETT

Ouch.

URS Huh?

ANETT

That hurts.

URS

Yes. Sometimes love hurts.

ANETT

I'm really hurting. You're standing on my feet.

URS

Oops. Sowwy.

URS

ANETT *to herself, irritated* What's going on here?

Ahem. Where was I?

ANETT

On my feet.

URS

Anett. Oh how your hands - ... uh, I mean: we're meant for each other. You have a large garden and I have a large ... cock and ... but where are you going?

ANETT

I'm going inside my large house.

URS

What about me?

ANETT

You're going to continue your walk.

URS My walk?

ANETT

You were taking a walk, weren't you?

URS

Yes, of course!

ANETT

So then?

URS *moves away*

I'm now walking through your beautiful garden.

ANETT

You came from over there.

URS *moves away*

Did you know that I look after the school's biotope? We have amphibians and newts, toads and frogs -

URS

ANETT

Tell me about it tomorrow.

URS far away

It was actually supposed to be the students' task, but they said that I myself was a critter, so now I take care of the amphi - aaaah!

He falls into a ditch, branches cracking, rubble tumbling

from the ditch

FUCK! Bloody garden!

ANETT *laughs* What
a leek.

Anett walks into the house. Urs moaning in the ditch, Lucy appears.

LUCY

Mr Urs?

URS

Over here!

LUCY And?

URS Oww.

LUCY

No. How was it?

Urs

Fine. Fine. We talked for a while.

LUCY About?

URS

Food.

LUCY And?

URS

URS
I'm hungry now.

LUCY
Dude. What did my mother say?

URS
To come back tomorrow.

LUCY
Yesss. Nice.

URS
Yup. Yes.

LUCY

Mr Urs. I don't even know how to thank you enough.

URS

You can help me finally get out of this ditch.

M accent

Scene 9

Place: At home

Persons: Lucy, Anett

The crummy front doorbell shrills. Incessantly. Throngs of people outside. Banging at the door

LUCY

Ey Mum. The whole house has been besieged by your bloody fans.

ANETT

You mean Hilda's fans. The Attilants.

LUCY

Atti-what?

ANETT

The Attelmen. The Hildanauts -

LUCY

Or the Hilda-youth.

ANETT

Well, actually it's mostly old white men ...

LUCY

Our house has turned into a friggin' pilgrimage site! People are sifting through our rubbish bins!

ANETT

Yes, my darling.

LUCY

And the fucking doorbell ringing non-stop! Ey, I've had it. I'm gonna demolish that damn thing.

Leaves

ANETT

Yes, my darling.

The ringing stops. The knocking, too.

LUCY *returning:*

Peace at last.

ANETT

Lucy.

Lucy *mimics*

Yes, my darling. ANETT Come here.

LUCY

What do you want?

ANETT

Lucy.

LUCY

“Lucy” and what?

ANETT

Do you have no idea what I’d like to talk to you about?

LUCY

What you’re doing so you can drive your bus again? It meant the world to you.

ANETT

Lucy.

LUCY *sighs*

About your vegan chef ...

ANETT

You know. Why don’t you ever start a conversation about him?

LUCY

Oh man ...

ANETT

Doesn’t he have such a beautiful face?

LUCY

Anyhow ...

ANETT

And the way he speaks – isn’t it just extraordinary?

M love chorale with organ and string quartet

LUCY

Totally, yes.

ANETT

“Ready ...”

LUCY

Yes -

ANETT

His strong gaze.

LUCY Mm.

ANETT

His manly chest.

LUCY *clears her throat, desperate* Mm.

ANETT

Not to mention his ... - Lucy. Have we already had this conversation ...

LUCY

Yes.

ANETT

Aha ... so you know how men and women ...?

LUCY

Yeah-ah.

ANETT

But do you also know that Hilda and I ...?

LUCY

What?! Mum. Please... you have...

ANETT

... polished Hilda's leek.

LUCY

pretends to gag

ANETT

In case it makes you feel any better, we weren't looking at each other when it happened.

LUCY

Yuck. Did you at least use contraception?

ANETT

I was wearing my mask.

LUCY

What? Your imaginary - Mum - aargh!

M love chorale abruptly ends

LUCY

Why are you doing this?

ANETT

He loves me.

LUCY He loves
you?

ANETT

That's what he said.

LUCY

He also says: the earth is flat.

ANETT

Yes. As do an increasing number of people around the globe.

LUCY Aaaahh!

ANETT

Shh! Don't wake him up.

LUCY

What? Man, bloody hell, he's on our couch!

Hilda snoring.

ANETT

Shhhh! Last night was a bit exhausting. He didn't even make it back to his bed.

LUCY

Where is his bed?

ANETT

Well. In my room.

LUCY

Ey, does he live here now?

ANETT

He needs a place where he can unwind, he just has so much on his plate, he has to look after his followers day and night.

LUCY

Ey, you know what? Never mind. I just want some breakfast. Where's the No tella?

ANETT

In the cupboard.

Lucy starts rummaging in the cupboard.

LUCY

Empty glass jars. There are only empty glass jars.

ANETT

Hilda took care of them so we eat healthier.

LUCY

He ate it all up! Look at him. His whole face is covered in chocolate.

ANETT

Aww, adorable, isn't it?

Hilda snoring.

LUCY

Mum! Whoa what - dude, what's that hanging from the corner of his mouth?

ANETT

Looks like minced meat ...

LUCY

My mince! I wanted to make a bolo. And he eats raw meat? What a great vegan chef he is indeed?!

ANETT *enthusiastic* Yes, I fully agree!

LUCY

He could've at least used it to make Swedish meatballs. What kind of an animal is he, man?

ANETT

The Swede?

LUCY

The bloody chef! You're not even listening to me!

ANETT

Yes, uh, yes. Um.

You're cross about some Swede.

I think. Right?

The banging on the door grows louder again

LUCY

Mum, can't Hilda at least take care of those nutcases out there?

ANETT

No. He doesn't go out anymore.

LUCY What?

ANETT

He's concerned about contracting the virus.

LUCY *leaves*

Okay. Okay. I've got nothing more to say. Nope.

Door closes. Background voices stop.

ANETT *sighs contentedly*

Good conversation ... that was a really good conversation!

M love chorale short

ANETT

I'm so relieved that she appreciates Hilda as much as I do. We're now a real family.

M abruptly ends

MUSICAL INTERLUDE II "Honey, hand me the lard!"

Location: Industrial kitchen (Laboratmo)

Persons: Hilda, Anett

It's noisy, sizzling, kitchen ventilation, kitchen utensils.

ANETT

Ready?

HILDA

Ready!

ANETT

Are we live?

HILDA

We're live.

In the video: Hilda and Anett are cooking. Hilda is chopping and making sauce, he is very distracted.

HILDA *sings*

Honey, hand me the lard

ANETT *speaks* Uh,
what?!

HILDA *sings* Hand
me the lard!

ANETT *kisses him* Mmmh!

HILDA *disgusted* Yuck!

HILDA *pulls himself together*
The lard, not a smack

ANETT
I see.

sings
Here's the salt.

HILDA *sings* Not
yet!
ANETT *sings*
Here's the salt.

HILDA *sings*
Hold on to it for a sec.

ANETT *sings* Sure?

HILDA *sings*
Hold on to it!

ANETT *sings*
All of it?

HILDA *sings* Hold
on to it!

ANETT *speaks*
All of it!

HILDA *speaks, stunned* That
wasn't lard, it was salt!

ANETT
Oh really?

HILDA
And that's pudding!! It's going straight to the bin!

ANETT *sings*
As you always say: in cooking, the journey is the destination.

HILDA *lashes out at her*
 You stupid cow, do I have to do everything myself -

ANETT *sings* Look
 out, my mask!

HILDA *speaks*
 ... have to do everything by myself ... I've got it! We're going to open a mask mail order
 business! Ha!

ANETT *sings*
 My mask, my mask ...

HILDA *sings*
 Your mask, your mask ...

ANETT *sings*
 My mask, my mask ...

HILDA *sings*
 Your mask, your mask ...

Voice-over

Scene 10

LUCY
 Gross. It's just gross.

URS
 Don't turn it off!! The chorus is about to start!

LUCY
 That bloody blatherer!

M high

ANETT *sings*
 From Doctor Salmonella

HILDA *sings*
 You no longer have to visit that fella.

ANETT *sings*

Do we now have our own source?

HILDA *sings*

Order directly from us without remorse.

Voice-over

LUCY

He's lining his pockets with imaginary masks! And Mum is helping him.

URS *sings to himself*

"Your mask, my mask ..."

LUCY

Mr Urs, the ball's in your court now.

Save my mother!

ANETT *sings coloratura* My
mask!

URS

Well, it's not like I can just propose to her.

Scene 11

Place: Open

Persons: Anett, Urs (end Lucy 1 sentence)

At night, in the garden:

ANETT *to herself*

It's the middle of the night. Peace at last. So quiet. Only the chirping of the crick -

A stone hits her on the head again.

ANETT Oww!

URS

Damn it. I hit her again.

Approaches.

URS
Anett!

ANETT
Ouch. Mr Urs ... What are you doing here again?

URS
But you told me to come back tomorrow.

ANETT
Uh.

URS
And now it's just the two of us, just you and I.

ANETT
sighs

URS
Anett. Let me just say it straight up: would you marry me?

ANETT
Oh my God.

URS
I'm a great catch.

ANETT
Says who?

URS
My students.

ANETT
Anything else on offer?

URS
I'm also a superb lover.

ANETT
Do your students claim this as well?

URS

Er - well - to be honest, I don't really know.

ANETT

Oh well, makes no difference after marriage. Sex in marriage is like shopping at a petrol station shop.

URS Huh?

ANETT

The range of goods is very limited.

URS

I see.

ANETT

But at least they're still open at 2 a.m.

URS

Really? You can still get something at the petrol station that late?

ANETT

Oh man.

URS

I always do my shopping at the farmer's market.

ANETT

Jeezus. I...

URS

Every Saturday morning. I'm helping to support local farmers. By adjusting our consumption behaviour we can really ...

ANETT

Stop.

URS

Marriage also has tax advantages.

ANETT

I mean, seriously. People who get married for that reason are really the worst.

URS

You can really save lots of money.

ANETT *to herself*

How do I get rid of him?

I know, let's turn this into a comedy.

loudly

Really? That's incredibly interesting!

URS

Yes. Several thousand a year.

ANETT *feigned*

Hold on. Several thousand a year?

URS

In my case even more. I earn a good salary as a teacher.

ANETT

Oooh, I'm liking you more and more.

URS

And when your spouse dies, you inherit all his assets.

ANETT

I wouldn't want to appear greedy.

URS

No, you don't appear that way at all.

ANETT

How much would that be in your case?

URS *gestures with his hand*

ANETT

I'd inherit all that? I mean, your wife would?

URS

Yep.

ANETT

It's such a pity that it's always about money in the end.

URS

It's tragic.

ANETT

Do you have real estate as well?

URS

Multiple.

ANETT

That's fantastic. I mean: that's a huge responsibility.

URS

I would like to share it all.

ANETT

Mr Urs. I am very much in love with you right now.

URS

It's a shame you don't want to marry me.

ANETT What?

URS

You said so yourself.

ANETT

You cheeky bugger. Putting words in my mouth!

URS

No. I ...

ANETT

First, he lures me with money and stuff and then I'm supposed to remain empty-handed?

Thrashing, plus

M Baroque percussion

URS

I only -

Thrashing

URS Oww!

ANETT

This is for all the money that's slipping right through my fingers! There! There! There!

URS Oww!

ANETT

And this is for how you treat my feelings! *thrashes*

URS

But Anett! I love you!

ANETT

And now you're being cheeky on top of it.

Thrashing

URS

Ah! Ah! Ah!

ANETT

I'll show you, you marriage swindler!

Thrashing

URS

No! Ah! Oww!

Footsteps hurriedly move away

ANETT *laughs, somewhat further away*

That idiot, he really believes anything you tell him. Oh well, at least I'll have some peace for a while.

Garden mood abruptly ends

LUCY *to herself*

Fuck. Mr Urs is a truly hopeless case. Ok. I'll just have to take care of this myself ...

MUSICAL INTERLUDE III

"A sad duet"

Place: *(adapted to the music)*

Persons: Sganarelle, Urs

URS

She won't let me get close to her ...

SGANARELLE

Nobody calls me any more ...

Almost simultaneously:

SGANARELLE *sings*

Thousands of masks ...

URS *sings*

A garden her heart ...

Brief discord, both stop.

SGANARELLE

Go ahead, go ahead

(I'll keep quiet)

URS Thank
you.

URS *clears his throat, sings* A
garden her heart, but I am not a
part noxious weeds have invaded
and I've been degraded they've
taunted and mocked me
and pushed me out

Yet for me to fight back I lack an
army to attack but above all, I lack
faith in myself *speaks*
Against such a Herculean perennial I
am but only
a simple dwarf plantain

clears his throat again, speaks:
Thank you.

SGANARELLE *sings*

Here I sit on thousands of masks
and cannot charge them to any
health insurance.

I miscalculated.

I'd much rather sit on the
face of the insured with
all my grace to adjust
their mask and press it on
their face
modelling it from ear to ear

SGANARELLE *speaks*
No one lets me get close anymore ...

URS *speaks*
She never calls me ...

remotely via telephone:

"Sganarelle speaking. Tomorrow at ten."

ACT III Scene 12

Place: Kitchen

Persons: Lucy, Anett. then Hilda (online from the smartphone).

Noisy. Lucy throwing Hilda's things out the window.

ANETT

Lucy! What are you doing?

LUCY *continues.*

I'm helping Hilda move out.

ANETT

Move where? You can't just throw his clothes out the window!

LUCY *throws items out*

Yes I can, it's really convenient.

M accent chain

ANETT

Stop it immediately! Hey, Hilda hasn't done you any wrong! On the contrary: he's really good for us.

LUCY

No! Mum, the guy is moronic, dishonest and greedy!

ANETT

It may be so. But I care more about inner values.

LUCY

But those are his inner - never mind. Never mind. He doesn't even have money!

ANETT

That's why I've lent him some.

LUCY

What!?! You give him money, he lives here free of charge and doesn't even bother unloading the dishwasher.

ANETT

Just like you.

LUCY

Mum, I'm your daughter! Hilda is a scammer. All those imaginary masks -

ANETT

He already has over 200,000 followers. So many people would never fall for a scammer.

LUCY

He only has so many because of you.

ANETT

Because of me?

LUCY

Yes! Saint Anett from the Bus.

ANETT *types*

Nonsense. Take a look at the comments, they're all only about him - *reads*
Here. Uh. That's strange. They're all writing about me.

LUCY

I told you.

ANETT

Yes, but look here! Here's someone who says of him: "I know Hilda personally. He sure is 1
(*read: one*) man of honour. His masks are amazing. I can highly recommend them!"

LUCY

Mum, Hilda wrote that himself.

ANETT

Or here, listen: "He whipped up a gourmet meal in 15 minutes. Simply incredible!"

LUCY

That's an advertisement for frozen pizza.

ANETT

Oh. That's true. Hilda wouldn't be able to manage that, either.

HILDA *live from the smartphone* Hello
there, lovelies.

ANETT

What's going on now? Where'd the pizza go?

LUCY

Oh God, he's going live.

HILDA *live*

I'm here at Attelmann Headquarters.

LUCY

Nope, that's our ironing room!

ANETT

Look at the mess! Piles of laundry lying around everywhere.

HILDA *live*

I would like to wipe the slate clean today, tabula rasa style.

LUCY

God. What a loser!

ANETT

Actually, it's more like my panties are...

HILDA *live*

There's never been a moment in my life when cooking wasn't on my mind. Cooking is MY LIFE. Was.

ANETT

Hang on, are those your panties?

HILDA *live*

But that's not the reason why I'm making this video today.

LUCY

Nah, Mum, turn it off!

HILDA *live*

The reason is ...

LUCY

Turn it off.

HILDA *live*

Love! My love for a very special, very exceptional, very wonderful woman. You all know her as: Saint Anett from the Bus.

Rumbling on the video.

ANETT

Huh? Why do I not see him anymore? Where'd Hilda go?

LUCY

He moved to the bottom of the screen ... fuck, he's getting down on his knees!

ANETT

But Hilda, honeybun, you need to adjust the camera.

LUCY

I'm going to be sick ...

M love chorale short

HILDA *live* Anett.

ANETT

Yes. *louder*

Yes? *shouts*

Ye-es!

LUCY

Mum. He can't hear you.

HILDA *live* Anett. I

hardly slept.

ANETT

Oh no. You poor thing.

HILDA *live*

... because your couch is very hard.

ANETT

Careful, the iron!

Thumping

M abruptly ends

HILDA *live*

Fuck fuck fuck! I got burnt!

ANETT
Hilda!

HILDA *live* Fucking
mongs here.

ANETT
Why is he using such language.

HILDA *live*
Ah. Crap. Whatever. Anett. Will you marry me?

ANETT Me?

HILDA
Reply in the chat.

ANETT
Lucy. Tell me this is really happening.
Lucy? --- Lucy? Where'd she go?

HILDA *live*
Anett. Just reply in the comments.

ANETT
Yes, I'll do it in a sec. Hang on...

HILDA *live*
Down here. Under "Comments"

ANETT
I'm coming. Lucy...?

HILDA *live*
Just write it in there.

ANETT
I'm on it -

HILDA *live*
Hello! You don't have to write a novel, for fuck's sake. A simple "Yes, I -

Power failure

ANETT

What just happened?

Lucy? Lucy, the video suddenly froze!! Lucy, where are you?

LUCY *returns* Mum.

ANETT

The internet is gone.

LUCY Hmm.

Strange.

ANETT

Today of all days, in the middle of my marriage proposal!

LUCY

Well, what a coincidence ...

M accent

ANETT Man!

Scene 13

Place: Kitchen

Persons: Same, Hilda in the room

Hilda comes marching in from the adjoining room.

HILDA

Anett!

ANETT

Hilda!

HILDA

Anett!

M accent

HILDA

Listen, could you please tell me whether

ANETT

Yes!

HILDA Yes?

ANETT

Yes!

HILDA What
yes?

ANETT

Yes, I said yes! I do! I want to marry you!

HILDA

What? But -

M accent

ANETT

But what?

HILDA

But it's totally futile if it's not on the net!

LUCY

Ha! I knew it.

HILDA

What are you talking about, young lady? And by the way, did the two of you cut the power?

LUCY

No, you did it all on your own. You probably caused a short circuit when the iron fell on your head.

ANETT

When you finish ironing, you need to pull the power cord, honeybun -

HILDA

I'm being sabotaged!

LUCY *ironic*

Of course. I'm sure it was the CIA. Or the Wise Men of Zion.

HILDA

Oh please, only idiots believe in that bullshit.

LUCY

Uh...

ANETT

But who here would want to -

HILDA

I think I might have a hunch. You don't really love me.

ANETT

What, of course I love ...

HILDA

You don't actually believe in our cause at all. In the end, you'll even get vaccinated and shout it out loud for all to hear. On my channel. To my followers.

LUCY *quietly to herself*

What? Actually, that's exactly what we should...

ANETT

But honeybun -

HILDA

You'll do anything for attention. Absolutely anything. You're just chasing after my fame.

LUCY

This is just unbelievable ...

HILDA

I'm so done with all of this. I'm gonna go to Em Zee Donald now. And when I come back, that internet better be up and running again, otherwise it will have been the last time I made vegan chicken for you!

Door slams, off.

M accent chain

ANETT

I screwed up. What am I going to do now?

LUCY

Don't worry, Mum, I have a plan.

ANETT

How do I prove to Hilda that I truly love him?

LUCY

Reverse it.

ANETT

That he -

LUCY

Pay that doctor you trust a visit.

ANETT

Sganarelle?

LUCY

Yes. And it's probably best if you take Mr Urs with you, he hasn't been to school in several days.

ANETT

He WHAT? Why are you only telling me this now?

LUCY

Because nobody noticed. His lessons were the same as always, just without him present.

ANETT

What kind of school is this?

LUCY

Forget about it. Just pick up Mr Urs first and tell him the doctor can help him with his heart problems.

ANETT

What kind of heart problems?

LUCY

Mum. When he's done with Mr. Urs, tell him to give you a jab that is clearly visible on your right upper arm ... *unintelligible*

M accent

ANETT

Are you sure? What if Hilda hears about this!

LUCY

Yes, that's the point!

Scene 14

Place: At Sganarelle's
Persons: Anett, Urs, Sganarelle

ANETT
We've arrived.

URS
I'm not sure this is such a good idea.

ANETT
It is. Doctor?

M prologue, voice-over as a duet:

SGANARELLE
A ...

ANETT
A ...

SGANARELLE
A ...

ANETT
A ...

SGNARELLE
A -

ANETT
A ...

SGNARELLE
A -

ANETT
A... nett!

SGANARELLE
I rest my case. How good to see you! Please disrobe.

ANETT

It's not about me today. Mr Urs is your patient today.

SGANARELLE

What are you waiting for.

ANETT

I'm totally fine!

SGANARELLE

That's still for me to decide.

ANETT

But.

SGANARELLE

No buts. Undress.

URS

What is this place?

ANETT

Please check Mr Urs. He has a hole in his heart. I'm concerned he might die on me.

URS

You're worried about me -

SGANARELLE

Take heed! No one here dies without a prescription.

ANETT

I'll leave you to it then. It's getting a bit too intimate for my taste.

URS

You're leaving me alone with him?

ANETT

Don't worry. I'll be waiting right next room. I have something I would like to discuss with the doctor later.

Anett off. Door closes.

SGANARELLE

So the heart, huh? Let me take a look.

URS

Anyway...

SGANARELLE

Yes, it's clear. Does it hurt when I apply pressure here?

URS

Oww! Stop that!

SGANARELLE

I thought so. Your heart is hurting.

URS

But you're applying pressure on my liver. The heart is up here!

SGANARELLE

That's what conventional medicine says, yes, yes. But we've straightened things up.

URS

You mean in terms of the order of organs?

SGANARELLE

The positions of organs, yes, yes. Completely new methods.

URS

What the -

SGANARELLE

And now please undress.

URS

But my upper body is already -

SGANARELLE

The bottom, too.

URS

But.

SGANARELLE

New methods.

URS

Alright.

SGANARELLE

The testicles.

URS

The tes - gah! What are you doing?

SGANARELLE

Now the prostate.

URS

Excuse me - whoa! Oy! Oy...

SGANARELLE

Don't worry. This grip...

URS

Where are you touch -

SGANARELLE

... I've trained on countless ...

URS

ing me there...

SGANARELLE

... COWS.

URS

But cows don't have prostates -

SGANARELLE

And it's flowing, bright and clear.

URS

That's - wonderful ... You're ...

SGANARELLE

Yes?

URS

... a miracle doctor.

SGANARELLE

Oh no, no, I'm just doing my job. And to make sure that your organs continue doing their job, we'll now do just one last tiny treatment.

URS

Go right ahead.

SGANARELLE

Alright, please lean forward.

URS

Already done.

SGANARELLE

To make sure it doesn't slack -

URS

Yes?

SGANARELLE

Here's a jab in your crack!

URS

Aaaaaaaaaaah!

MUSICAL INTERLUDE IV
Prologue (instrumental version)

Scene 15

Place: At home

Persons: Lucy, Anett, Hilda

Lucy pushing a wheelchair into the room, together with Anett.

LUCY conspiratorial

Ok, I'm sure he'll be back any minute. So, Mum. No matter what he says: be quiet!

ANETT annoyed

I still don't understand

LUCY

You wanted to know how he really feels about you.

ANETT

Yes, but -

LUCY whispers

He's coming! Sit down in the wheelchair.

Hilda enters.

HILDA

Anett! Anett, I'm back! Em Zee is also not what it used to be. Whether I want "vegetable sticks with my Big Mac"? They've clearly gone mad.

He notices Anett, then Lucy.

HILDA

Hey! What - Lucy! What is Anett doing in a wheelchair?

LUCY sobs

Oh, a catastrophe! It's the side effect -

HILDA

What happened?

LUCY

Mum ... she ... she got vaccinated.

HILDA

What? Oh, what a calamity! Who knows about this?

LUCY

Everyone. We posted it on your Telegram channel.

HILDA

No ...

LUCY

Yes, with a photo of her getting the jab by Dr Sganarelle. Here, look. She was still laughing at the time...

HILDA

Anett! You've ruined everything! Just you wait...

LUCY

She's no longer waiting for anything.

HILDA

What's that supposed to mean? Anett!

LUCY *yelps*

Oh! What a catastrophe!

HILDA

What's wrong now!

LUCY

Oh father!

HILDA

Father? Me? I no longer want anything to do with either of you, you've used my name to

-

LUCY

Father, mother is dead!

HILDA

What? What? What?

LUCY

Anett is dead. The vaccine did this. The side eff ...

HILDA

What side effect? Everyone knows that the vaccine is completely harmless. I myself got vaccinated a while ago. You don't notice anything -

LUCY *cries loudly*

She's dead. The pitiable deceased has perished and gone from us. Mummy, oh mother...

HILDA

That's fantastic!

LUCY

What ...?

HILDA

I mean, dreadful, of course. What a calamity!

LUCY

Yes.

HILDA

Who knows about her death?

LUCY

No one.

HILDA

Perfect! That means I can be the first to announce it!

LUCY

Yes, but -

HILDA

It's the side effect!

LUCY

Hilda...

HILDA

And you will join, of course. A martyr and her daughter, that's perfect ...

LUCY

Shouldn't you be weeping?

HILDA

I've got so many other emotions welling up right now. You know what, let's go live on the channel.

LUCY
Ok...

HILDA
Here, take my mobile phone and press "Start Stream"... Ready?

M accent

LUCY
Ready.

HILDA

Attilants! Anett has left us. Saint Anett from the Bus. She sacrificed herself. For all of us. She got vaccinated for all of us, and now she has died, for all of us. It's the side effect, what a calamity ...

But the fight continues. I'm sure you're all asking yourselves now: How will I, Hilda, get through this all by myself, carry this burden on my own? Do not despair, for Anett has left us a gift.

M accent

HILDA
Lucy. Daughter.

LUCY
... yes?

HILDA
The mother has died, but a daughter was born to me.

LUCY
Nooo.

HILDA
Fine. Anyhow. I love the mother in you.

LUCY
Nope, that's no better.

HILDA
You're right. She was old, crazy and mouldy.

ANETT *cries out* Haaaa!

HILDA *startled*

What was that? She's alive!

LUCY

No! Reverse rigor mortis.

HILDA

That exists?

LUCY

Yes, like dead wood. It starts working when the temperature changes.

HILDA

What? But she's - but she wasn't - a tree! -

LUCY

No, she was. You wanted to tell me something, Hilda.

HILDA

Yes. You're not my daughter, but I'd sure like to have one with you, a daugh -

Anett shrieks very loudly, Hilda grows frightened.

LUCY *quietly*

Stop! Stop right now, Mum!

Anett grumbles, seething with anger.

LUCY *quietly* Mum!

Our plan!

She fidgets.

LUCY

The plan!

Anett slowly calms down again.

HILDA What

plan?

LUCY

The, the - divine plan, Hilda, that led you to us. To me.

HILDA

But she just moved!

LUCY

Nah. What were you about to tell me?

HILDA

Uh, yeah, you're as young as a soybean sprout

LUCY Yes?

HILDA

... nutty like edamame ...

LUCY

Ok...

HILDA

... and soft and shiny like silken tofu.

LUCY Whoa.

HILDA

Will you marry me?

ANETT NOOOOO!

She jumps up from the wheelchair.

HILDA

What is going down here?

ANETT *belligerently*

You're about to go down

HILDA *to the camera, nationwide*

Do you see this, Attilants? The vaccine doesn't only kill people, it brings them back as zombies!

ANETT
Once I'm done with you, you're never coming back.

She beats on him. Joined by
M Baroque percussion

ANETT
This is for all the lies you've told me!

HILDA Ouch!

ANETT
This is for all the lies I've told because of you!

HILDA Ouch!

ANETT
This is for all the masks I had to bag!

HILDA
But Anett! There was nothing to bag, all you had to do was seal empty envelopes - Argh!

ANETT
This is for your vaccination status!

HILDA
Oww! What are you talking -

ANETT
Sganarelle told me. You got vaccinated a while ago.

HILDA
But - ah!

ANETT
This is for eating all the mince!

HILDA
Min-waaah ...!

ANETT
This is for me marinating your rhubarb!

LUCY
Yikes!

HILDA
Oww

ANETT
This is for me smelling your peach -

LUCY
Too much information

Anett beats on Hilda

ANETT
And this is for breaking my heart.

M string quartet drone

Epilogue / credits

STORY SINGER
Hello there, audience
We've reached the end of
merrimentum et
culinarium you listentum to
"The Imaginary Mask" una
fabula radiofonica de
Iohannes Maiorum et
Lupus-Corvus Infernum
Soundus engineerus: Björnus Molitor
Directum et compositorum: Ulricus Ludovicus Bassus Angelus

Dramatis personae:

Lucia Kotikova as Lucy

LUCY
Mum. What's wrong with the WLAN??

ANETT

What plan?

LUCY

Mum. You know exactly what I'm talking about!

ANETT

Hold it, hold it! After all, I got us out of the mess you got us into.

LUCY

What? MY mess?

ANETT

And to make sure this doesn't happen again, we're taking a holiday from the internet.

LUCY

No, are you serious?

STORY SINGER

Christoph Maria Herbst as Hilda

HILDA

Good afternoon, are you a doctor?

STORY SINGER

Hans-Georg Panczak as Sganarelle

SGANARELLE

Well, something like a doctor, I guess ...

HILDA

I've lost everything: my fans, my fame, my income ...

SGANARELLE

Depression!

HILDA

Exactly! Can you help me?

SGANARELLE

I have a prescription for you. Voilà.

HILDA *tries to read it* Is
that Cyrillic?

SGANARELLE
Sure looks like it, doesn't it?

HILDA
What does it say?

SGANARELLE
No idea. But let me tell you this: it's the key to our success. Your channel, my medicine.

HILDA
Our success? With what kind of medicine?

SGANARELLE
Codeine, Ritalin, Putin.

Thunderstorm breaks out, lightning

HILDA
Putin ...!?

Rain, bus starting

STORY SINGER
Heinrich Schafmeister as Urs

URS *climbs on the bus*
Here's my monthly pass. Hang on, the photo

ANETT *as bus driver, should check*
Don't worry, I won't recognise anything with that black facemask, anyway -

URS
Anett?

STORY SINGER
Charlotte Müller as Anett

ANETT
Mr Urs?

URS
You're driving your bus again!

ANETT
Oh, how your eyes sparkle ...

URS
I beg your pardon?

ANETT
Seriously ... how your eyes sparkle. I never noticed before. But now, with your mask, it's suddenly clear, very clear ...

URS
Anett ...!

Thunder

ANETT
Mr Urs

URS *smiles*

STORY SINGER
Una productionam de Radium et Televisionam Helveticum anno MMXXII (*duo milia viginti duo*)

Rain and music high

FINIS

Dramatis personae:

Jürg Kienberger	Story singer
Charlotte Müller	Anett
Lucia Kotikova	Lucy
Hans-Georg Panczak	Sganarelle
Christoph Maria Herbst	Hilda Attelmann
Heinrich Schafmeister	Urs

Mona Petri	First woman on the phone
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Johannes Mayr

Second woman on the phone

Musicians:

Claus Filser

Violin

Evi Keglmaier

1. viola

Andreas Höricht

2. viola

Georg Karger

Double bass, viola da gamba

Silvia Berchtold

Recorders

Ulrich Bassenge

Portative organ, percussion, sampler