



THE BEAST

A play by Syriana Way



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Wydawnictwo Psychoskok

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Syriana Way

„The Beast”

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CAST:

GRETA: a thirty-five-year-old woman

ROBERT: a forty-year-old priest

ERIKA: a thirty-five-year-old woman

GEORG: a forty-year-old man

Darkness envelops the stage. "Ave Maria" plays in the background

(played on the trumpet by Chris Botti).

Lights on the stage lit up gradually and the music slowly fades. A room. It contains a bed, a bedside cabinet and a chair. Gravely ill Greta lies on the bed. Robert, a priest, sits next to her on the chair, holding in his hand the Bible and a wooden rosary.

Greta: I'm here for you to kill me.

Silence.

Robert: It's a hospice, not a slaughterhouse.

Greta: They only differ by name.

Robert: You're wrong.

Greta: Isn't the end result the same?

Pause.

Greta: You see and yet you're blind.

Pause.

Greta: Do you know why a slaughterhouse is better than a hospice?

Robert: Because death comes faster?

Greta: That's right, there's no wretched existence there.

Pause.

Robert: Let's pray.

Greta: No.

Short pause.

Greta: Not yet.

Robert: I know it's hard. I understand your pain. I can feel it.

Greta: Utter bullshit.

Robert: You're hurting me by saying so.

Greta: Can't help it.

Pause.

Greta: I have a great fortune but I cannot buy my health.

Robert: A terminal disease is always depressing for the patient but you cannot...

Greta: Stop pulling the wool over my eyes.

Robert: Let me finish...

Greta: No, I'm not one of those toothpicks lying here.

Robert: Have a little respect for the suffering ones.

Greta: Unlike them, I will be the master of my life till the very end.

Pause.

Robert: Why me?

Greta: Guess.

Pause.

Greta: You're not hiding anything from me, are you?

Robert: Of course not.

Greta: Mhmm. I see.

Robert: What do you mean?

Greta: I'll tell you at the right time.

Pause.

Greta: Why won't you do me that favour?

Robert: You know why.

Greta: I wear a diaper and every move brings me pain.

Robert: Life is a gift from God...

Greta: Yeah, right, only God is life's sole Master.

Robert: Exactly. Don't you believe in God anymore?

Greta: I do.

Robert: So you do understand.

Greta: Hasn't God given the man freedom in disposing of their own life?

Robert: Sure, but...

Greta: Doesn't the church, by accepting two opposing truths, succumb to hypocrisy?

Robert: It's complicated.

Greta: Two-faced clergy.

Robert: Stop it.

Pause.

Greta: Doesn't your God limit the man?

Robert: Your accelerated death means your total rejection of God's absolute power over life.

Greta: So what?

Robert: Is that what you want? Rejecting God?

Greta: I want to get rid of the pain, the stench of piss and shit.

Silence.

Robert: You knew I'd refuse you.

Greta: Yes, I did, but I do believe I'll convince you.

Robert: I'm asking again: why me?

Greta: I don't want the last face I see to be the face of a stranger.

Robert: Why don't you take your own life?

Silence.

Robert: Are you afraid of hell?

Greta: No. I'm going through hell now, on Earth.

Pause.

Robert: Did you think what's going to happen to my soul?

Greta: You'll get an absolution.

Robert: It's so simple to you.

Greta: Won't you do it for your sister?

Robert: No.

Greta: Is that so?

Robert: You're joining Christ in His suffering on the cross.

Greta: Is there any less absurd alternative?

Robert: Are you able to do anything else now?

Greta: Maybe.

Robert: No man can play God if they believe in Him.

Pause.

Greta: The diagnosis has been confirmed by three doctors.

Robert: Doctors' diagnoses can be wrong.

Greta: They can.

Short pause.

Greta: But not three of them.

Robert: What about Stephen Hawking?

Greta: What about him?

Robert: They gave him two years of life.

Greta: Is he happy?

Robert: He is fulfilled.

Greta: You're wasting your time persuading me to live.

Pause.

Robert: Let's pray.

Greta: No, I have a grudge against God.

Robert: He gave you so much.

Greta: Only fame and fortune.

Robert: You can't have everything in life.

Greta: I would have had everything if I only had the time.

Robert: And children dying in hospices? What would they say?

Greta: They are lucky, they don't know a thing about life yet.

Robert: Even the disease hasn't changed you for better.

Greta: A deadly disease is like fighting demons that nest in our heart.

Robert: It's a test of faith.

Greta: No, it's God-forsaken life.

Silence.

Greta (*coughs*): I get tired of breathing.

Silence.

Greta: I've asked to prepare two wills.

Robert: I don't quite understand.

Greta: According to one, you will get my fortune. The other one divests you of everything.

Pause.

Robert: Do you want me to sell my soul?

Greta: You should be a bishop or a cardinal.

Robert: You're not fighting demons.

Greta: I'm not?

Robert: You are a demon.

Greta: I will make you really someone in the church.

Robert: Make a confession.

Greta: I confess directly to God.

Robert: I will not surrender.

Greta: Won't you?

Robert: I'm not like you.

Greta: You're not croaking in agony, that's for sure.

Pause.

Greta: It's a sin not to use the opportunity that's coming your way.

Robert: Do you know how much good your money could do?

Greta (*with satisfaction*): I do.

Robert: Please, give it to the ones in need.

Greta: Do you know where all my fortune will go if you don't agree?

Robert: Where?

Greta: Where no person in need will be able to use it.

Robert: You're poisoning my soul.

Greta: Isn't it worthwhile to lose your soul for the ones in need?

Robert: Sacrifice?

Greta: Exactly.

The stage lights go off.

Dziękujemy za skorzystanie z oferty naszego wydawnictwa i życzymy miło spędzonych chwil przy kolejnych naszych publikacjach.

Wydawnictwo Psychoskok

