



BLOW ME UP

... or ...

A Study About the Nature of the Suicide Bombers

by Max Reinert
translated by Marc Breyer

Play written during the Regular Workshop
of the Núcleo de Dramaturgia Sesi Paraná,
under the guidance of Roberto Alvim in 2011.

Characters:

Man: one of those who bleeds
Woman: one of those who blows up
Child: their child

BLOW ME UP

...or...

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A STUDY ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE SUICIDE BOMBERS

by Max Reinert

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*It rains**In the kitchen**On the laid table**On the gathered family***SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:**

The shower...

is not a regular shower

It's one of those that...

getting hot somewhere

through some source of heat

- I don't know which -

does not need to be electrical

Something like...

It's a pipe

Something coming out of the wall

that serves only to

- nothing but –

pour water down our heads

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

The egg...

is something extraordinary

Something that...

soon after being brought into the world
builds a shell that protects itself
It deserves our respect
The problem with the egg is...
it doesn't know humanity

WOMAN WHO SERVES COFFEE:

The sheets must be neatly set
The floor must be shining bright
The living room must be perfect
Nothing misplaced. Nothing out of order. Nothing

This is my thought...
while I serve some coffee

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

We are cruel...
with the egg

WOMAN WHO SERVES COFFEE:

My happiness implies offering my family a perfect and organized life.
This is my mission...

to save the world by filling it with some peace and tranquility

This is my thought...
while I serve some coffee

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

We never stop...
to think about what we are destroying in order to kill our hunger

We never stop...
to think about what we are destroying

We...

never stop

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SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

I've just...

got below the shower
- or the thing we call shower -

The water flows down...

my scalp
streaming down my nape
going down my back

It's all so natural...

It all follows its course...

I myself...

follow my own course inside this thing
we call life

Like the water...

my life also flows down

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

In its ingenuity it thinks that its shell is strong enough to protect it from all weathers. It piously believes that by hiding its essence within a closed circle it is preventing itself from all problems

The truth is ...

the egg is not the matter

WOMAN WHO SERVES COFFEE:

I have to admit that...

admit that...

I haven't been so successful

It hasn't been easy...

to fight against a whole horde of agitators

Disorganized people...

- or even worse -

People who...

put me off my work on purpose

These who...

follow orders straight from Satan

These who...

get text messages on their cell phones

telling them when and where I will be around

to try and stop me

These who...

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

I am going to blow up

WOMAN WHO SERVES COFFEE:

These...

days, I was leaving a supermarket

I put my grocery in my car

- something like 30 liters of bleach -

something necessary

When I try to open the driver's door

I realise that someone had parked the car so close to mine that

it is impossible to get in the car that way

on purpose

I get in through the passenger door

- it's not so easy to stop me -

When I start off the car

I almost knock down a man who simply came out of nowhere

right behind me

He keeps...

looking at me

Stuck...

behind my car

He whispers...

something

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I smile at him

I always try...

to spread happiness

This is my mission...

to save the world by filling it with some peace and tranquility

This is my thought...

while I serve some coffee

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

The problem...

is us

We...

so eager to satisfy our hunger

we think we have the right to crack the shell

split it in parts and

in many occasions

fry it

WOMAN WHO SLICES THE CAKE:

I try...

again to make the car move

The man...

remains there

provoking me

I smile...

again

I always...

smile

He...

curses me

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Again...

the car is moving

Again...

the provocation

Again...

cursing once more

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

Everything follows its course

I myself...

follow my own course inside this thing

we call life

WOMAN WHO SLICES THE CAKE:

There's nothing else to talk about

He...

is one of these

A dirty mouth

He...

doesn't want any peace and happiness

He...

wants to argue

He...

wants to keep shouting at me

as he is doing now

He...

feels thirst for violence

He...

likes a war

I...

only want peace

Peace...

Silence...

A good life...

The tidy sheet perfectly...

The house floor shines...

The living room impeccable...

Nothing...

out of order

Nothing...

out of order

Nothing...

A perfect and organized house for my family

This is my mission...

to save the world by filling it with some peace and tranquility

This is my thought ...

while I slice my cake

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

To save the world...

by filling it with some peace and tranquility

Something that...

right after being brought into life

QUICKLY builds a shell that protects itself

It deserves all of our respect

WOMAN WHO SLICES THE CAKE:

To save the world...

by filling it with some peace and tranquility

When...

I get out of the car

I remain silent

I keep smiling

I...

only want peace

Peace...

Silence...

I...

only want my silence back

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

I also...

I know

or I intuit

or I sense

or...

I am going to blow up

CHILD WHO PLAYS:

We never stop to think that we are destroying

We...

never stop

WOMAN WHO SERVES THE MAN SOME CAKE:

I don't stop...

I open the back door in search of silence

I catch the first thing I find nearby in the name of peace

I hit the man's head with a metal bar and it screams

I put 30 liters of bleach down his throat

30 liters of bleach

CHILD WHO STANDS STILL:

Sometimes...

I feel like changing myself into a big white flash
Allowing life to be over in a whisper
Allow my last moments to be peaceful images
recorded on a camera whose whereabouts I don't know for sure
Without a suspect movement

Quiet

Peaceful until

(long pause)

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

One of these days, watching TV, I saw a suicide bomber

A surveillance camera
without much intention
followed a man along a street toward a luxury hotel

Without a suspect movement
Quiet. Peaceful until
He sat at the hotel lobby
Gently browsing through the sports pages
He saw the news in the variety pages
Got up-to-date on global warming
Got the news on economy
Stood up and walked towards the toilet
Got off the range of the camera for some 15 minutes
One would say he had gone
He came back
Sat down
Again
He kept quiet

Peaceful

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It's when people start to get in through the hotel door

A lot of people

Of all sorts and colours. Of all ages and sizes

On their own. With others

As families

Eating some ice-cream

Talkative ones. Sad ones

They all lead to the hotel lobby

They all lead to the suicide bomber

They all lead to the point in which the man turns his head around
whispers some words and...

blows up

Changing himself into a big white flash that breaks the recording

(very long pause)

**WOMAN WHO SPINS GAZING AT THE PLACE WHERE SHE IS, AND HAS A
KNIFE STABBED IN HER BACK:**

So...

this is...

to die?

(very long pause)

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CHILD WHO IS BACK TO PLAYING:

Change myself...

into a big white flash

Make life...

finish in a whisper

Let...

my last moments to be peaceful images

recorded on a camera whose whereabouts I don't know for sure

Without a suspect movement

Calm

Quiet until

(long pause)

WOMAN WHO PLAYS:

I arrived home

Turned on the TV

Started to flip through the channels

Violence

Death

Disasters

Misery

Torture

Pain

A film

Sex

Another film

Extortion

Another form of sex

A TV series

Paper physicians and nurses

Paper Physicians and nurses doing sex

Lies

I am...

a nurse

I look after people

I make the pain stop

I am good

I...

change the channel

I see the commercial of a multimixer...

I don't need a multimixer

I don't intend to buy the fucking multimixer

But...

I keep watching the channel

and you also take home a useful book with over five hundred recipes of juices call now and we will deliver at your home a full package including a multimixer with fifteen functions that can be used as a mixer of all types of dough and you'll also get a powerful blade with six types of cut so you can slice

all vegetables in the most incredible ways possible from the traditional round
cuts to decorating cubes for special occasions and all this with a two-year
warranty for any sort of problem...

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And so...

I understood

It was that...

what I needed for my life

A two-year warranty

Two years when nothing would go wrong

Two years

Two lives

I picked the phone

Dialled the number and said

I agree to marry you

No suspect movement

Calm

Quiet until

(long pause)

CHILD WHO UNSETS THE BREAKFAST TABLE:

One of these days...

watching TV, I saw a suicide bomber

It was summer

Even though we didn't appreciate that, it was summer

Funny...

how our temperature changes over the seasons

People...

on the street

walking to and fro

Open shops

Bars. Supermarkets

The world...

spinning

So much noise...

that it was almost impossible to think

So much noise...

in the world

So much noise...

I started to build a place where I could be in peace

White walls

An apparent patience

A castle of Rivotril

A refuge of Ritalin

Lithium

Chemical components

Torpor

Go to sleep...

at five in the morning and wake up at four in the afternoon

Just to...

escape the hot weather

Just to...

escape the summer

One of these days...

watching TV, I saw a suicide bomber

One of these...

who go around in a suit and tie
in the summer

One of these...

who have their six seconds of agony
between the moment he leaves the air-conditioned office
and gets in his air-conditioned car

One of these...

who have their six seconds of desperation when he is stuck in traffic
with his air conditioner

One of these...

who endures more cold in the summer than I do in Switzerland
“IF” I have ever been in Switzerland

The suicide bomber on TV was being interviewed

He was beside his perfect wife
who cried in perfect unison
with her perfect husband's lines

He thanked...

- perfectly -
to all of those who had sent their most sincere
- and perfect -
sentiments
at such a difficult time

He...

didn't cry

He...

was assembling a time-bomb with no pre-set timer
and he didn't know that

The problem with that man was to not know

The day he was going to blow up...

everyone will think it was an accident
the same way his daughter's death
was an accident

In his ingenuity...

the suicide bomber
who doesn't really know he is a suicide bomber
thinks he is building a shell that protects him

In his ingenuity...

the suicide bomber
thinks that his shell is strong enough
to protect him from all weathers

In his ingenuity...

the suicide bomber
piously believes that by hiding
inside a closed circle
he is preventing himself from all problems

Actually...

the man isn't the problem

The problem is us

We...

so eager to satisfy our hunger
we think we have the right to crack the shell
split it in parts and
in many occasions
fry it

One of these days...

watching TV

I saw a suicide bomber

And pictured myself. There. In him

In his white walls

In his protective shell

In his apparent patience

In his castle of Rivotril

In his refuge of Ritalin

Lithium

Chemical components

Torpor

And so...

I understood

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

Everything follows its course

I myself...

follow my own course inside this thing

we call life

WOMAN WHO PLAYS:

I have to admit that...

I haven't been so successful

I only want my silence back

Silence

I only want some peace

CHILD WHO FOLDS THE TABLE CLOTH:

Allow...

my last moments to be peaceful images
recorded on a camera
whose whereabouts I don't know for sure

(long pause)

MAN WITH CUT WRISTS THAT ARE HIDDEN BY THE COFFEE TABLE:

It'd be better really...

to blow up
easily, quickly and practically painless

Change myself into...

a big white flash

But...

even though I want
I am not like that

I...

am the sort that bleeds

I've just...

got below the shower
or the thing we call shower
the water flows down my scalp
streaming down my nape and going down my back

It's all so natural. It all follows its course

I myself...

follow my own course inside this thing we call life

The wrists...

cut

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Like the water...

guided by gravity

falls

My blood...

also falls

guided by who knows what

Life...

staunches

In a short while...

I will also fall

I'll be an implosion

not a beautiful one indeed

like a big white flash

A pile...

of things

that could have been

but weren't

... I should be able to solve all of my problems and still take home a useful book with over five hundred recipes of..... juices call now and get a full package including a multimixer with fifteen functions that can be used as a mixer of all types of dough and also get a powerful blade with six types of cut to slice all vegetables in the most incredible ways possible from the traditional round cuts to decorating cubes for special occasions and all this with a two-year warranty against any sort of problem...

A powerful blade

A warranty against all sorts of problems

WOMAN WHO SPINS AND MAN WHO CAN'T HELP TALKING:

... I should be able to tell here all of my problems and still to make it clear that I couldn't be judged for the things that people do or avoid doing offer them a full package of happiness including all functions that correspond to their needs for all sorts of families from the traditional ones to those that only gather for special occasions parties commemorations decorative celebrations that give one the illusion that actually we are all very well we have the two-year warranty against all sorts of...

STILL WOMAN:

I picked the phone
Dialled the number and said
I agree to marry you

I have to admit that I haven't been so successful

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

I...
only want my silence back
Silence
I only want some peace

STILL WOMAN:

A pile of things
that could have been
but weren't

CHILD WHO WAITS:

It'd be better really to blow up

Easily, quickly and practically painless

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**SEATED MAN WHO
WAITS:**

One of those moments
when you don't know
where you are going

Only feeling the tide...
Water moving under
you...
Life moving in slow
motion

One of those moments
when you don't know
where you are going

Tide... Water... Life

slow motion

**CHILD WHO
WAITS:**

The world
doesn't move
around you

You don't move
around the world

The world
moving
around you

You moving
without any care about
the world

STILL WOMAN:

It's always easier to tell
a story with beginning
middle and end

this is

if you only know what
story you are going to
tell

If you don't know...

Go back to the starting
point of the game

STILL WOMAN:

there are moments in life when nothing of what you say makes any sense the world is only a mass of noises nonsense words things you go collecting aiming to use some day for something you always want to believe you will use that for

something you always want to believe life has a purpose suddenly you realise that everything has already become a cliché repetition vice you repeating yourself making believe there will be salvation at the end making believe that for someone somewhere somehow this will make sense as if the greatest reward in the world were finally going to make a difference would make you feel good about yourself or about the world in spite of all

WOMAN WHO MOVES THE MOUTH IN DISAGREEMENT WITH THE WORDS SHE SAYS:

Is there another way to talk to people and not seem (...) ?

Maybe I should dance (...) !

Maybe I should go back to the starting point of the game (...)

STILL WOMAN:

Sometimes I wonder if it would be more appropriate to write a diary. Sometimes I wonder if it would be more appropriate to shut my mouth. Sometimes I guess I should speak my mind. Sometimes I think that what I feel could make sense to everyone. Sometimes I believe everyone feels the same loneliness I feel. Sometimes I wonder if... no!

A man lying on a bed. He has a dream that his ideas, somehow, can help someone. He sleeps peacefully. He feels comforted, satisfied. So, one day, someone asks him "how he can be sure that the things he creates can indeed help someone".

The man says he "just knows that" and ends the conversation.

At night, the man has a dream. In his dream, he can see another world. In his dream, he realizes that people cannot move exactly the way he imagined. People see things from different points of view. Some of them understand the parables, others prefer the fables. Some are lost. Some others, do believe.

SEATED MAN WHO WAITS:

slow motion

One of those moments you don't know where you are going

STILL WOMAN:

It is always easier to tell a story with beginning middle and end

this is

if you only know what story you are going to tell

CHILD WHO WAITS:

And "then...

we'll die in fear

and on our tombs yellow flowers will bloom

afraid"

(long pause)

The sun rises slowly

Outside

In the world

Beyond the family

WOMAN PUTTING A COAT ON THE MAN:

I still remember that...

your touch was soft

Your hand...

smoothing my body

was something that I was waiting for

all over the day

And it reacted...

it was like an electrical charge
that came down my backbone

I could see...

coming out of my fingers
the electricity that existed in the act
a magnet that tries to attract
with all of its power
the metal that it finds around

Something that...

was above my capacity to understand

MAN BEING DRESSED FOR WORK:

So...

this is what they call chemistry?

Is it the feeling...

that crosses down the body?

WOMAN PUTTING A COAT ON THE MAN:

For sure...

There is some sort of chemistry between us

For sure...

our bodies react when they meet

And for hours...

we keep inebriated
with the actions and reactions
that we produce on one another

At the first sign of exhaustion...

just a bath
a night's sleep
for us to recuperate

And restart...

With time...

We began to realise that
we cause some anguish
when we are close to each other

MAN BEING DRESSED FOR WORK:

So...

Is this what they call chemistry?

WOMAN PUTTING A COAT ON THE MAN:

We find out...

that we do bad
to each other

Anguish...

is a sign from the body
that it is being consumed
aggresed
abused
intoxicated

MAN BEING DRESSED FOR WORK:

How long...

until we realise that we have hurt each other?

WOMAN PUTTING A COAT ON THE MAN:

We hide...

the marks

We pretend...

the allergy we produce

We find excuses...

for the bruises

We invent accidents...
for the lesions

MAN BEING DRESSED FOR WORK:

How could we...
manage to hurt each other so much?

WOMAN PUTTING A COAT ON THE MAN:

We try...
again a bath
a night's sleep
Every time we are apart...
we suffer more
it's so hard to be apart
it's so hard to get cured
the lesions quickly appear
more and more quickly

MAN BEING DRESSED FOR WORK:

How could we...
survive this thing we call chemistry?

WOMAN KISSING MAN'S FOREHEAD:

We stay together
Whatever comes
We overcome the chemistry
We overcome the bruises
We overcome the wounds
The allergies
The lesions
The suffering
Health
And the diseases
To ourselves

And to the other

CHILD WHO WAITS:

Your white walls

Your protective shell

Your apparent patience

MAN LEAVING FOR WORK:

When I tried to tell a story...

 you said you couldn't understand a thing

When I tried to explain...

 you said you got worse

When I tried to clarify...

 I got lost

When I tried to find...

 I couldn't see

When I tried to see...

 I felt nothing

That's the way I am...

 a succession of mistakes

WOMAN WHO LOOKS FOR A LUNCH BOX AND GIVES IT TO THE CHILD:

At what speed does the revolver bullet travel? How much power is needed to puncture the skin? What is the necessary impulse for a wood stick to crack in the middle? To what pressure do the human bones resist? To what psychological pressure does the human brain resist? Does a person resist? How long?

CHILD WHO HUGS THE WOMAN AND TAKES THE KNIFE OFF HER BACK:

Every simulation comes to a close some time. There is always a time when things cannot be extended. Truth must come up. And, as if it were rehearsed, the predator and the prey face each other. At first through the bushes, then face to face. And when everyone expects that something happens: nothing

WOMAN WHO TAKES THE CHILD UP TO THE MAN:

Simple...

A mute stomp
A dry sound
A terrible impact
Losing the senses

But before...

there was the free fall
Thirty floors
Thirty seconds of fear
Thirty years flashing before one's eyes

But before...

there was the jump
the desire for a free fall
the need to end
the lack of understanding of the world

But before...

there was pain
the moment when weakness was uncovered
the shame of disillusionment
the embarrassing and cruel situation

But before...

there was illusion
the need to correspond
the creation of a myth
the self-imposed pressure

But before...

there was passion
the strongest desire
the bodies meet
the need for the other
the fulfillment of something incomplete

the notion of completion
for the first time

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MAN STANDING BY THE DOOR HOLDING THE CHILD'S HAND:

Good morning...

we see each other at lunch time

RESUMÉ

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Max Reinert is an actor and director, and has been working at **Téspis Cia. de Teatro** (www.tespis.com.br) from Santa Catarina - Brazil since the company was founded in 1993.

Originally from Santa Catarina, this self-taught professional who runs his own theater company has produced shows at various states around Brazil and abroad, including Portugal, Venezuela, Chile, Paraguay and Argentina.

His first theatrical written text published by *Núcleo de Dramaturgia do SESI-PR (BR)* called "Pequeno Inventário de Impropropriedades" (Small Inventory of Inaccuracies) was awarded prizes as Best Original Text at the national festivals of *Limeira and Americana*, both cities located in São Paulo state, Brazil.

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