

GEORGE M GROW JR



THE BEGGERS' BANQUETE

Comedy

A PLAY FOR FUN AND STUDY
IN THREE ACTS
DAWN OF THE NEW ERA



From the series Books of Life®

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AN ANSWER TO SAMUEL BECKETT'S RENOWNED PLAY *WAITING FOR GODOT*

The world is still in ruins. Even Manhattan's Central Park has not been spared the devastating consequences of a global society in which everyone is waiting on the next person for nothing to happen, and offers shelter and the opportunity to leave the old world behind and to enter a new one to the derelicts Chad and Babir as well. What the one cannot manage, the other one succeeds in such large and firm steps that he, in a sense, doesn't find the path, not the road and not the street, but the highway to Urtopia, where he's expected by a society which makes a king out of beggars like him.

The pain is fresh, we still can learn why the New York City Council funds courses in which beggars are retrained as figureheads of a new era.

Don't miss the next volume!

The Books of Life®

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Reading sample, page 17

BABIR (scared). Remember that I could be in your shoes and you in mine! What's wrong with you, brother?

CHAD. Don't call me brother, brothers don't exist anymore! Times have changed, and the old traditions are dead. (He reaches for the stick and raises it.) Give it to me or I'll knock you senseless!

BABIR (crouches). If we aren't brothers anymore, we are still friends, brother. How dare you? You spend all your time in the park. You don't know what happens outside. The Messiah of Manhattan speaks to the people. Temples are opened. A completely new religion, the root religion. People make contact. The old traditions aren't dead. These values bring people together. Every town and every district will have a Messiah soon. Even you can become one of them.

CHAD. They are seeing ghosts. The people's messengers see ghosts. You see ghosts. I'm gonna exorcise you, perjuring worm! (He swings the stick a few times but misses Babir by some distance.)

BABIR (scared). You are quite unrecognizable. Dogs have more sense of honor than you.

CHAD. Betrayer, betrayer, to hell with you! (He hit Babir on his legs until the stick breaks apart.)

BABIR. Ow, ow! Well, so you want to struggle through life! (He hops on one foot in a circle while holding the other one. Then he lowers himself to the ground and snivels.) You hurt me. (He squats and bends the affected leg.)

CHAD. Sissy, be a man, pooh! Your pious behavior is nothing but a filthy buggery. God knows! You long for a justice, for a higher order that doesn't exist. Your knees are trembling in the face of death. You'd best get as good shot of tranquilizer to calm your nerves. No it would be best if I just offed you completely, you... ! (It suddenly dawns on him. At first, he inquiringly looks for all sides, then in unexpectedly soft tone.) Brother! (He sighs.) What has been coming over me...?

BABIR. For the hell's sake! (He rolls up his trousers.) Just look what you've done!

CHAD (glances at the held out leg, but his eyes, paralyzed with fear, cannot bear the sight. Completely changed, he clumsily puts his arm around Babir's shoulder).

BABIR (yields to the pressure of the hug and subsides). Would you like to push me down totally now, don't you?

CHAD (reaches under his arms and hefts him up on his feet). Keep the check, I don't need it, but let us see what's in the box. We can go halves, that's more than you deserve, okay?

BABIR. No, I can't.

CHAD (takes his hand off Babir's shoulder; indignantly). Dirtbag, you believe...

BABIR. No, no, I' don't. He Himself revealed to me!

CHAD. Then call me a pig, a dog, an ass, just say it out loud!

BABIR (hangs his head in shame.) I can't. Sorry, but I cannot decry the good animals. Can I not call you

something else?

CHAD. Then tell me to dance!

BABIR. But I still know that you are not so bad. The times are bad, not you.

CHAD. Say it before you rile me up again! Your father was a priest, your grandfather and great-grandfather were priests. Be your own man now, come on!

BABIR (casts up his arms). What shall I do? I can't help it.

CHAD. Of course you can. Say it, it wants out of you!

BABIR (hesitantly, dully, monotonously). Dance dog, dance bear.

CHAD (starts stamping in place. Then, like a madman, he runs howling, waving his arms up and down the stage.) Yahoo! Get on with it! Pump me up, hit overdrive!

BABIR (claps his hands hesitantly). Dance, little pig, don't let up! Dance little pig, dance, don't let up!

CHAD (jumps around in a circle). Yahoo! Yahoo! (He suddenly leaves the stage on the right, to hear his) Yahoo! Yahoo!

BABIR (rolls down his pant leg, stands up and tests his weight on his bruised leg. Then Chad comes running back onto the stage, stops breathlessly, looks hectically around and picks up the stick). Oh, no. Are you going to hit me again?

CHAD. Hush! Are we alone? (He listens into the twilight. Then in a whisper.) Now we are equal, brother, now we can recover the treasure. (They sit down on the ground and stare into the hole.) Do you want to do it?

BABIR. Uh-uh, better if you do it. (Suddenly a horrifying sound from the woods.) What was that?

CHAD. What was what?

BABIR. This horrifying sound.

CHAD. These are only echoes.

BABIR. Echoes? Where from? From the zoo?

CHAD (removes the lid). Oh!

BABIR. Hi, hi, we've danced with the devil for nothing at all.

CHAD (reaches into the casket and removes a longish object). Looks like a Havana. (He reads.) Cohiba Esplendidos. Harhar, great treasure, what the hell, do you have a light?

BABIR. Nope. (In joke.) Have no money even for candles.

CHAD. You have nothing at all, what! (He crawls up, goes to the hiding-place, removes the plastic bag and takes out a lighter. Squats back down next to Babir on the ground, bites the end of the cigar off, spits it out into the bushes and lights up.) He, he, not a bit damp.

BABIR. Who has hidden it here and why for heaven's sake?

CHAD (hands Babir the lit cigar.) Your turn, brother.

BABIR (with a preventing gesture). I don't smoke.

CHAD. You don't fight, you don't steal, you don't smoke, but you eat, don't you? When we are ready here, we plough over the whole area.

BABIR. There had already been a better plan.

CHAD. Praying?

BABIR. Not that.

CHAD. Oh well, how I could forget that. (He snaps his fingers for Babir's health care voucher. Babir refuses, then an idea). Hell yeah, that's it, boy. You lighten your face with powder and we both can go for one. Eat twice and drink twice, how

do you like that?

BABIR. Who do you take me for? No, we go join the beggars.

CHAD. Come off it, there aren't any beggars any more. Recall how they were scared away with dogs and taken away in buses.

BABIR. Nah! You really haven't been out of the park in a donkey's. You can find them again. Begging has become a profession. I'm gonna apply for a license tomorrow, and you're coming with me.

CHAD. Me? Ixnay. The world out there is like that. I've no truck with it. (He stubs out the cigar, puts it into the inside pocket and stands up. While he is tucking his shirt in.) Take it or leave it. I'm gonna lay down on the moss, and when it has grown dark, we will see what these hands are good for. (While he is disappearing in the dimness of the woods.) Good night, sissy, drop in again or think it over!

BABIR (kicks against the empty cigar box and staggers out the scene. Once again, he appears on the stage. Loudly.) See you tomorrow at nine. The office opposite Central station! Be assured that everything has completely changed! Farewell, brother! I'll be expecting you! (To himself.) Stubborn fool. (Off.)

The Beggars' Banquet SECOND SCENE

Spacious hall with classical elements, 3rd elevator floor; the high windows look out on the glass façade of the Brother Tower and the remnant of

the Ernest Falk Bank which has survived up to the eighth floor; demolished, moldering, gutted. Behind this, the tower of the World Trade Center from which a huge edge has been ripped out. In the foreground, the embankment of the overhead railway with the rusted signal tower. In the hall, on the right, a splendid black piano and a drum kit; on the left, a number of filing cabinets and a door to the side rooms; straight ahead, an estrade with a speaker's pult against which the seminar facilitator is leaning; on the right, five high windows looking out on tree-tops and glassy façades.

LOUDSPEAKER (while the theater curtain opens). ...Prad Biswanger, Elisa Eckhard, Doctor Paul Kafka, Annie Clorine Shelter, Susan Bachmann, Nicole Paul, Babir Shubhash, Tod Shelter, Doctor Amanda Simmons, Chip Aquino, Professor Sal Leville, Adam Cortez and Leonie Butterworth. Congratulations!

MRS. SLAMECKA. Thank you, Mr. Kessler. (To the seminar participants). These are the lucky people who have been admitted to the preparation seminar. I ask the people summoned to stay. Everyone who hasn't been called can leave the hall or remain and observe quietly. You are welcome to make a new application the next deadline, then, I'm sure, you will be better prepared.

BABIR (comes rushing tardily into the hall. To Mrs. Slamecka.) Excuse me! The streets are full of demonstrators. I got completely

stuck. Am I too late? My name is Babir Shubhash. May I ask whether I've passed?

MRS. SLAMECKA (peruses the list). Ba ... Ba ... Babir Shubhash. Take a seat. You have been approved. Let anyone else who shows up late be warned. Everybody who is late a second time will be dismissed. Okay. What's next? Well, every person whose name has been read out is looking forward to a seminar taking twelve mornings. The approval examination will take place here in the office on November 18th. Please take the exact date from the blackboard a few days in advance. You, Sir!

CHAD. I wasn't called up. Can I still keep the tuxedo from the wardrobe department or do I have to give it back? We're going to have a cold winter this year.

MRS. SLAMECKA. The attire in our wardrobe department is a private donation, ladies and gentlemen. We are not entitled to reclaim it from you. The mister with the faded flower in his buttonhole!

TAD. At first I'd like to say how pleased I am at being approved as a mendicant apprentice.

CHAD. I'll be your understudy.

A VOICE. Lucky beggar.

MRS. SLAMECKA. He is but this has nothing to do with luck at all. The general songs of the gentleman were bewitching.

CHAD (gives Babir a dig with his elbow; quietly). Where on earth are we here? I'd better take my chances right now. (He gets up.) You know where you can find me. (Off.)

BABIR. Don't run away, brother!

YOUNG MAN. May I ask whether we get food stamps as it is generally provided for pupils and students.

MRS. SLAMECKA. Mr. Kessler!

LOUDSPEAKER. We don't distribute any food stamps, but to apprentices, the canteen is available free of charge at each meal time.

MRS. SLAMECKA. Does anybody else have a question? No? Then we can start with the lesson. (She calls out through the open door.) Leo, the documents!

LEO (enters the room and puts a bundle of papers on the lectern.

FEMALE VOICES (donate admiration).

LEO. Señora.

MRS. SLAMECKA. That's the trick of the matter: He who wants to be a good beggar must enchant the people. Let's start straight away with the first sentence of the Beggars' Codex. The beggars are...?

ONE AND ALL. The beggars are the temples of the town.

MRS. SLAMECKA. The beggars are...?

ONE AND ALL. The beggars are the temples of the town.

MRS. SLAMECKA. Now the second clause. The beggar is...?

ONE AND ALL. The beggar is a vessel open on all sides.

MRS. SLAMECKA. The beggar is...?

ONE AND ALL. The beggar is a vessel open on all sides.

MRS. SLAMECKA. Leo!

LEO (flips through the files).

MRS. SLAMECKA. Right! Who among you would like to say something about the change of paradigm in the begging tradition? The mister in the elegant pinstripe suit!

TAD. Not all that long ago, a line was drawn between man and man, be-

tween the casual strolling of upscale people and the poor beggars. Today, in the best case, the beggar and the patron are one. They together form the altar on which actuality and reality meet each other.

A VOICE. He stands for a world in which everybody has enough.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH. And is enough.

MRS. SLAMECKA. Excellent! Anybody else? Perhaps you? Here we go, the young man with the big hole in his trousers!

YOUNG MAN. Human fortune isn't composed satisfying your needs...

MRS. SLAMECKA. Absolutely. In the affluent society, most people had plenty they could live off, but they didn't know what they were living for. Senselessness, boredom, frustration, emptiness. Neurotic means: It comes to a hunt for lust. They want to fill this emptiness. They permanently wonder: What else is there?

A VOICE. Logotherapy.

End of the reading sample

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Preview

GEORGE M GROW JR

WALD

PROPHET
AT A LOSS

Novel

THE WORLD FORMULA



A FANTASTIC JOURNEY TO THE VERY CORE OF REALITY

With the enthusiasm and curiosity of the researcher, Wald Whittman, a rising star of the zombie film genre, immersed in his frenetic party life, surrounded by desirable women, finds himself entering the world of "non-everyday reality". It's an enormous undertaking to create a Buddha who goes beyond the Buddha we have come to know and accept, and turn the vital question of man and humanity on its head, for my young friend Wald who - expelled from Vienna and pursued by Islamic terrorists - makes his way to Kashmir, India, where he not only comes upon the ominous Prince and his companion Mr. Osama bin Laden, but also upon his long-sought love and the reason for his existence.

A comedy of salvation for theists and atheists, a humorous trip full of surprises and, as it seems, the long-sought master key to everyone's desires in this world.

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Preview

GEORGE M GROW JR



THE HABITUS

Lifestyle

POWER AND SECRETS OF ELEGANCE



KEY TO SUCCESS

What is the meaning of success? Countless guidebooks have been pursuing this puzzle since time immemorial.

In essence, anyone who thinks they are successful could write a guide to success. Too often overlooked is that the touchstone of success cannot exclusively be the dominant social model: money gives us some freedom and can open up creative possibilities, why it can be important before and a part, but certainly not the only ingredient of success.

And so there may be a whole list of ingredients of success which make many kinds of wealth possible, but, at the same time, interfere with each other.

In his quest to resolve the question of success, the author follows another path and, as it seems, comes to a far-reaching conclusion which doesn't lie at but rather behind the phenomena.

The Habitus offers you a universal key that can open doors and gates of which you thought they would never open to you.

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