

NEW HUNGARIAN
YOUNG ADULT
DRAMA



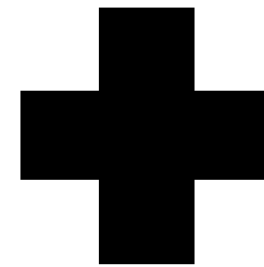
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*Young
Adults with
Issues*

TWENTY TWENTY-TWO

Petőfi
Cultural
Agency

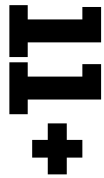




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YOUNG ADULT
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MY FIRST memory IS A MONITOR



Premiere: 5 November 2010, Budapest Puppet Theater

15-year-old Zsuzsi falls in love with 15-year-old Máté, who starts courting Heni, a new student in the class. Zsuzsi has no chance against the beautiful Heni. When choosing a partner, it is not really about the soul or personality, but about who is cool and who is cool to go out with. Máté wounds Zsuzsi's self-esteem over and over again.

Cyber Cyrano

Zsuzsi discovers that she can use the facelessness of virtual interaction to her advantage to shape Máté and Heni's evolving relationship. She creates two pseudo-profiles of a seducer and a seductress: the rich and handsome Viktor, who lives abroad, and his sister, the established model Moira, and she does this with one simple goal in mind: to destroy Máté and Heni's relationship.

Zsuzsi becomes a central figure in Heni's and Máté's life as she mediates between them and the virtual beings she has created. Máté and Heni tell Zsuzsi about what happened in cyberspace at night, and they seek her advice and ask for her help when conflicts arise. Zsuzsi is becoming an increasingly scary manipulator. She intervenes, mediates, and settles problems, and she finds joy in Heni and Viktor's happiness, which, of course, she herself has created.

The situation comes to a head when the characters are finally going to meet in person: Heni in an evening dress, Viktor in a tuxedo. However, Zsuzsi has devastating news: Viktor has died in an accident, and Moira has returned home and is breaking up with Máté. Heni breaks down in grief. Máté, on the other hand, is suspicious, and he exposes Zsuzsi. Heni attempts suicide. The victims have trouble holding Zsuzsi responsible for her sick game, as they are not proud of their behavior either. The awkward silence is all that is left.

The production of *Cyber Cyrano*, which is based on a true story, won a Best Children and Youth Theater Performance of the Season Award in 2011, the Glass Mountain Award of the ASSITEJ Hungarian Center, and the Special Award of the 6th Children's and Youth Theater Review, as well as the Theater Critics Award. In Germany, it was nominated for a Best Youth Play Award in 2012 and was then performed in theaters in Germany, Austria, Poland, and Slovakia.

author
István Tasnádi

title
Cyber Cyrano

recommended age
11+

characters
2 women, 1 man

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Kolibri Theatre, director: György Vidovszky. Anna Nemes, Lili Varga, and Zsolt Dér in the picture. Photo: Judit Szlovák



MÁTÉ Moira's coming!!!!

HENI What?

MÁTÉ This weekend! For photos!

HENI And Viktor?

MÁTÉ No idea. She'll only be here for two days, but she definitely wants to get together with me.

ZSUZSI It was pretty simple, in the end. I created an email address and sent myself an invitation. I filled out the form, and of course I needed a pic of myself. As it so happens, we were actually in a photo camp, not a birdwatching camp. And in Slovenia, not Scotland. The rest was true though. At first, I didn't really have any kind of ulterior motive, no subtle plan. I just wanted to know what people were saying about me behind my back.

HENI Viktor feels that I am right between an A and a B, but I can do an extra credit text for an A. He "feels." How do you "feel" that?

ZSUZSI At lunch time, when everyone was working in the cafeteria, I went into the teachers' room and looked at the tests. Went perfectly smoothly. The next day, when the history teacher posted the results, Heni fainted.

HENI How did he know? How did he know, a thousand miles from here, that I could do extra credit for an A?

ZSUZSI Only 550 kilometers.

MÁTÉ Moira's not coming. Her dad forbade her from doing modeling. She has to focus on school.

HENI Viktor got a horse.

MÁTÉ Moira's sick. She has a sinus infection.

HENI Viktor says something is going to steal my smartphone.

MÁTÉ Moira confessed that she wants to be an actress. I want to meet her!

ZSUZSI Before, I couldn't get any emotional response from Máté. Now I have a tool I can use to cause him joy. Or pain.

HENI Viktor won a show jumping competition.

MÁTÉ Moira had an audition. She said it went well.

HENI Someone stole my phone. I know who it was. Viktor told me, but I don't have any proof.

MÁTÉ Moira got the part! She's going to play alongside Jean Reno.

ZSUZSI I just pulled an invisible string. I could determine what he would do, how he would feel, even his mood. He was caught in my web. And I watched as he chewed and tugged at the demon I had unleashed on him, that I had fed into his head like a microchip that I could use to control this arrogant pretty boy. And slowly, Máté began to rise to the task of taking notice of me.

HENI Norbi stole my phone. I know it.

MÁTÉ Moira's devastated! Her dad forbade her from playing alongside Jean Reno!

ZSUZSI If I was mad at him, Moira punished him. If I could no longer bear to see how he was suffering, Moira was suddenly nice to him and promised to get together with him. And Máté told me everything the next day.

HENI Viktor told me where Norbi put my phone, and he was right, I found it! Norbi used mobile net for hours, that bastard, and now I'll have a huge bill. How the hell am I going to explain this to my parents?

MÁTÉ Moira wrote that she finally wants to kiss me.

ZSUZSI He was talking to me, but he was imagining Moira's face, and that made the sentences interesting, sentences that he wouldn't have even bothered to read if he had known I was writing them.



You want them to put our

FRIENDS

in prison?

Premiere: 23 March 2015, Mentőcsónak Egység - Füge Produkció

After her parents split up, the protagonist of our story, Kata, a rebellious 16-year-old teenager, ends up in a socialist housing block, which is a very different backdrop from the wealthy world in which she has grown up. She is surrounded by young people who, as best she can tell, are hostile to her. As she gradually discovers, the boys, who at first seem intimidating, will do anything to help Kata and her mother.

New World

Kata's new friends—the simpler, working-class Robi and the more sophisticated, cultured Áron—expose her to extremist ideas, which she then compares to the ways in which her parents have raised her, including the ways in which they have failed.

The three emotionally wounded young people, whose fates bear important similarities, meet and become friends, and Kata even becomes romantically involved with one of them. Together, they salt their wounds and allow the rage that had smoldered inside them to flare into a conflagration. They seek targets for their anger, and eventually, they act. The characters who espouse extreme rightwing ideas do not simply spout racial stereotypes about Gypsies. They are very careful about what they say, much as the adults around them are careful about when they intervene.

The story takes place in 1998/99 in the New World socialist housing project, at a time when young people on the far right were mostly just called skinheads. Kata becomes a supporter of far-right ideas without knowing that her ancestors were Jewish. She does not know this for the simple reason that her parents never told her. Her parents denial of the past is a strong element in the play. It influences both the relationship between Kata's parents and Kata and Kata's relationship with her new friends. Kata's father has had a lover for a long time, and both he and Kata's mother have Jewish origins. Kata's maternal grandmother was a survivor of the death camps, and her diary bears witness to the horrors she experienced there, but Kata is only now being given the opportunity to read it.

When writing the play, Andrea Pass did research and examined the ways in which the extremist rightwing youth of the 1980s gave expression to their views. She even included in the play excerpts from documentary films. The main motifs of the play are concealment of the past, silence, guilt, and fear. These are general social phenomena, of course, but here, they are presented at the level of a specific family and the community living in a socialist housing block.

author
Andrea Pass

title
Újvilág

recommended age
16+

characters
3 men, 2 women

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Mentőcsónak Egység – Füge Produkció, director: Andrea Pass. Dóra Sztarenki, Ádám Porogi, and Lehel Kovács in the picture. Photo: Dániel Dömölky

KATA *(To her mother.)* Hi. *(Sees her father.)* What are you doing here?

FATHER Will you tell us what's troubling you?

KATA You don't know?

FATHER We do. We just never talked to you about it.

KATA No need to for my sake.

FATHER I see... Do you have any questions? Just go ahead and ask.

KATA Nope. No questions.

FATHER Alright. In that case, I don't really know where to go from here.

Kata's father looks at Kata's mother.

MOTHER I don't know either, but we have to find a way to talk about it.

KATA Jesus... Alright, I'll just ask... Why didn't you get married?

FATHER *(Surprised.)* Why didn't we get married?

KATA Yes.

MOTHER *(To Kata.)* I don't know.

FATHER Your mother never asked me to marry her. *(He looks at Kata's mother.)* But I'm sure you would have wanted to... Wouldn't you?

Kata's mother does not answer.

FATHER Fine, we didn't get married because of me.

KATA And why didn't you want to marry mom?

Kata's mother looks inquisitively at Kata's father.

FATHER We didn't know... if we'd be happy together. Or for how long.

KATA *(To her mother.)* This make any sense to you?

MOTHER No.

KATA *(To her father.)* But you're happy now.

FATHER I wouldn't go that far...

MOTHER *(To Kata's father)* The new girl didn't work out?

FATHER Things aren't perfect.

MOTHER I'm sorry.

KATA I don't have any more questions. Can I go now?

FATHER There's something I want to say... About what we were talking about last time... Maybe you remember...

KATA I don't. *(Beat.)* I'm listening.

FATHER It concerns the three of us.

KATA Yes? *(Silence.)* I don't believe this... *(To her mother.)* Ok, then you tell me.

MOTHER Me? Alright. I want to talk to you about where we come from, about who we are. We thought it might be simplest if you just took a look into this box. *(She points at the box Kata sat on when they were moving.)*

KATA Why? What's in it?

MOTHER Family memories. My mother's diary, for instance, which you should read.

KATA Why?

MOTHER You'll find out what she went through in the concentration camp.

KATA Your mom was Jewish? *(Kata's mother nods.)* So you're Jewish, too? *(To her father.)* And you knew about this? *(Kata's father nods.)* And that's why you didn't want to marry her?

FATHER No! *(Silence.)* The truth is that I am also...

Kata walks over to the box, stands next to it for a time, and then exits.

that's

NOTE

Premiere: 29 April 2011, Budapest Puppet Theater

Marcella is a 14-year-old girl from a rich family, but she is starved for attention. Her parents communicate either by using refrigerator magnets or just by yelling at each other. Marcella is lonely. Martina's classmates tease her and call her names behind her back, no matter how hard she tries to fit in. Her sister, Melinda, is an IT genius, but she's wheel-

Web Shop

chair-bound. The other protagonists are the dreamy, slightly withdrawn Bálint and the pompous, muscular Lóri. Bálint likes Marcella, but he doesn't dare approach her.

Martina and Marcella meet, converse, and become friends. Marcella convinces Martina to steal a prescription pad from her doctor. The two girls start selling prescription drugs, and they split the money. They want to advertise, so they ask Melinda to create a website for them called Web Shop. Bálint joins in. Under the pretext of wanting to buy some of their what the two girls are selling, he tries to get close to Marcella in the hopes that he can get her to like him, but Marcella is only interested in business. Melinda is in charge of the bookkeeping. She happens to meet Lóri. They spend more and more time together, which Martina doesn't like because Lóri is also involved in the business. At one point, Martina pushes her sister out of her wheelchair and threatens to record her trying to climb back in and post it on YouTube. At the end of the play, Marcella, suffering from addiction, gives up dealing; in her final scene, she writes a desperate letter to a doctor. Martina collapses from an overdose. Melinda receives a phone call from someone who wants to use the Web Shop. It's hard to tell whether it's the police or the competition. She denies everything. The Web Shop closes down.

With regard to mind-altering drugs, one might wonder whether the play gives young people ideas, but the author has taken care not to present any specific details concerning how such a "business" might work. Nor does the play contain scenes in which these drugs are shown to cause pleasure. On the contrary, the drama offers a stirring portrayal of the painful consequences of addiction. The web shop is a dismal failure for both girls. The mind-altering drugs do not solve their problems. On the contrary, they force these children to confront the seriousness of addiction and the destruction it causes.

author
Ákos Németh

title
Webáruház

recommended age
11+

characters
3 women, 2 men

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Kolibri Theatre, director: Balázs Perényi. Lea Simon, and Mária Kőszegi in the picture. Photo: Judit Szlovák



MARCELLA Who the hell are you?

MELINDA *(in a wheelchair)* No, the question is, who the hell are you?

MARCELLA You telling me you're who we've been waiting for? Are you Martina's sister?

MELINDA What, something wrong with me?

MARCELLA No, nothing's wrong. Can you see ok? Can you hear me and everything?

MELINDA *(laughs bitterly)* Ah, a little dolt.

MARCELLA So you're supposed to be the IT talent. Can you roll up to the computer?

MELINDA I'm not a talent. I'm a genius.

MARCELLA Not modest though. Shit!

MELINDA My sister tells me to tell you she's coming. Till then, why don't you tell me what you want from me?

MARCELLA Alright. You know that we're into ... trade.

MELINDA So that's what you're calling it.

MARCELLA Yes, it is. You got a problem with that? We deal in pharmaceuticals.

MELINDA I heard a little something about it.

MARCELLA I don't quite like the tone of your voice.

MELINDA Sorry, it's the only voice I got, and that's its tone.

MARCELLA Yeah, right.

MELINDA Yeah, right. This is my voice, and this is me. And you gotta live with it.

MARCELLA No, you gotta live with it.

MELINDA So, what do you want?

MARCELLA Business is booming.

MELINDA I'm glad. And?

MARCELLA Booming so much that we decided to expand.

MELINDA You're expanding. Cool.

MARCELLA We're thinking of an online store.

MELINDA Cool.

MARCELLA And that's where you come in.

MELINDA And that's where I come in.

MARCELLA You have to repeat everything I say?

MELINDA No, I don't. Just wanted to show you I'm paying attention. I'll repeat everything you say to make sure I get it right.

MARCELLA I kinda got the feeling you're looking for trouble.

MELINDA Trouble isn't hard to find. Think I already have. Go on, keeping telling me your problem.

MARCELLA That's it. That's my problem. An online store. But you're obviously a little loser runt, and I'm obviously wasting my time.

MELINDA You trying to say I can't do an online store?

MARCELLA Not just trying. I'm saying.

MELINDA Question isn't whether I can.

MARCELLA Then what is the question?

MELINDA Question is whether I want to.

MARCELLA Money.

MELINDA Yes?

MARCELLA A lot of money.

MELINDA I don't need money.

MARCELLA You could buy things. What do you like? New music, new books, I don't know, new legs?

MELINDA Get the fuck out of here.

MARCELLA Or what? You little runt. You

MELINDA Get the fuck out of here.

MARCELLA Or what? You little runt. You think I'm stupid? A web shop...

MELINDA Yeah, I can do it.

MARTINA *(enters)* I see the two of you have already made friends.

MELINDA We have.

MARTINA Can you do the web shop for us, Mel?

MELINDA If this jerk asks nicely, yes.

MARCELLA What?

MELINDA Ask. Ask nicely.

MARTINA Oh for fuck's sake! Just get along! *(To Marcella)* Ask her nicely, damn it.

MARCELLA Please?

MELINDA *(smiling haughtily)* Now tell me exactly what you want. Barbies on the opening page, I guess.

MARTINA Show some manners, Melinda.

MELINDA Just so you know, I'll have server problems. I can do it, but not my own computer. Maybe on the school computer.



THE TOWN

where

I LIVED

was at

WAR

Premiere: 20 February 2016, Kolibri Theatre

The Jeli-Tasnádi duo brings together two protagonists: Tünde, a 14-year-old Hungarian girl, and Hárún, a 15-year-old Arabic boy. They meet in the virtual space of an online video game. The two teenagers meet every day in virtual space to complete a level of the video game *The Eyes of Sauron*. They play as avatars identified by

Double:Game

the their nicknames, and as they play, the chat with each other in broken English. At the same time, they keep quiet about important things. The boy does not mention that he is an Arab who has been forced to flee his homeland. He is heading to Germany and trying to cross the border illegally with the help of a human trafficker. The girl hides the fact that she is deaf and mute. Her hearing aids only allow her to hear the world in a jumble of murmured sounds, and she is incapable of speaking clearly. Both teenagers feel disadvantaged and doomed to exclusion, so they pretend to be ordinary, even carefree young people having fun on the internet.

The story is told against the backdrop of a fairy-tale-like (on-line) game. The refugee boy is a wanderer trying his luck in the world and hoping to find true love. In this case, he does, but she is a deaf girl. Irony is an important element of the play, with odd characters such as the wanderer's companion, a "wifi man," who is responsible for the reliable internet connection. In the play, the Jeli-Tasnádi duo has focused both on virtual relationships and on their side effects: the play exposes how Tünde's relationship with the people around her in real life loosens and then breaks up, how she sweeps real friends out of her virtual life with the help of a certain Hide, and how she is left alone, first in virtual space and then slowly in the real world as well.

The structure of *Double:Game* is quite unique, as we follow the same story from two points of view, Tünde's and Hárún's. In the productions of *Double:Game*, the audience is randomly divided in half and put in two separate spaces. One half sees the story from the perspective of one of the protagonists, the other sees it from the perspective of the other. The two spaces merge when the two protagonists meet in person towards the end of the performance.

author
Viktória Jeli
István Tasnádi

title
Kettős:Játék

recommended age
12+

characters
6 men, 5 women

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Kolibri Theatre, director: György Vidovszky. Dániel Szanitter in the picture. Photo: Marcell Mestyán



Hárún is trying to demolish the barricade around the girl.

HÁRÚN How the hell did you manage that?

A14 I don't know. I must have pressed something wrong.

HÁRÚN I look away for one second and you screw up.

A14 Can you bust it down?

HÁRÚN No idea. Looks pretty solid.

As they talk, Hárún works to demolish the barricade.

A14 What are you grinning at?

HÁRÚN You're like a princess who needs to be rescued.

A14 *(bitterly)* Yeah, it's true.

Hárún looks her up and down.

HÁRÚN You look just like one. Long hair, dress fit for a queen...

A14 You get it that what you're looking at is an avatar, right?

HÁRÚN Yeah, but I think that's exactly what you are in real life too.

A14 And I think you're a dirty old man who stalks girls online.

HÁRÚN Wrong again.

A14 Then you're a twelve-year-old kid who skips school and plays on his parents' computer all day.

HÁRÚN Shit! How did you know?

A14 WHAT?!

HÁRÚN Just kidding.

A14 So who you, really? What color eyes do you have?

HÁRÚN Purple.

A14 God, you're wearisome.

HÁRÚN I'll answer if you do. But then for real.

A14 Ok. For real. What color eyes?

HÁRÚN Brown.

As they reply to each other's questions, profile pictures begin to appear of each of them on the other one's wall.

A14 Green.

HÁRÚN Short, brown.

A14 Blonde.

They continue to rattle off details about how they look, and while they talk, the barricade around the girl begins to crumble.

A14 *(unexpectedly)* Where are you now?

A short silence.

HÁRÚN What difference does that make?

A14 No difference. Just thought maybe...
(pauses) You're not going to tell me?

HÁRÚN We still being for real?

A14 Yup. Where are you now?

HÁRÚN Not far.

A14 What?!!!

HÁRÚN Wait, now I'm asking the questions.

A14 No way! You didn't answer!

HÁRÚN Yes I did! So, you got any siblings?

A14 Leave me alone! I'm not answering your questions if you don't answer mine.

HÁRÚN Ok, I'll answer, but then I get to ask you two questions.

A14 Ok. So, where are you now?

HÁRÚN In Budapest.

A14 Come on! You kidding me?!

HÁRÚN Now I get to ask!

A14 Ok, I have a sibling! So why are you here?

HÁRÚN Did you send me that letter you told me about the other day?

A14 No.

HÁRÚN But you said...

A14 *(interrupts)* Why are you in Hungary?

Silence.

A14 Are you... really Hungarian?

HÁRÚN No. What did you write to me in that letter?

A14 Something I can't write here.

HÁRÚN Hey, that's not a fair answer!

A14 Important to ask the right question in this game.

HÁRÚN Whoa, Master! Teach me!

A14 *(grinning)* Ok. After you don't answer my question about why you're here, I ask why you're not at home.

HÁRÚN Because we had to flee.

Silence.

A14 Okay, I'm out of here.

HÁRÚN No! I'm serious!

A14 Of course! You went on a field trip a few days ago! Now you're fleeing! From what? From the tiger?

HÁRÚN I didn't go on a field trip. I haven't been to school for a while. The town where I lived was at war and we had to leave. My parents sent me ahead to my uncle's place in Germany.

A14 Why should I believe you?

HÁRÚN I can prove it. I am here in the city, not far from you. I can see it, my phone shows where your computer is logged in. If you want, we can meet.



AND WHAT *if* HE DOES
the SAME THING
to SOMEONE
 ELSE ?

Premiere: 30 September 2017, Manna Produkció

Seventeen-year-old Dani lives alone with his mother, Andrea. The teenage boy doesn't know his father or his father's family. He asks questions, but his mother gives him evasive answers. The play tells the story of the night when, after a long argument, the mother finally tells Dani the circumstances of his conception and birth: when she was seventeen years old, Andrea was raped by her swimming coach.

My Mother's Suzuki

After this devastating trauma, Andrea was initially unable to tell her parents the truth, partly because of crippling fear and shame and partly because of the ways in which her rapist tormented her, telling her the whole thing was her fault. Andrea's father refused to accept the "shame" of her pregnancy and wanted her to get an abortion. Andrea was left completely alone with her fears and trauma, her unborn child, and the fact that her own father had rejected her. In the end, she decided to keep the child, turn her back on her family, and start a new life with her son. With the money she was given to pay for an abortion, she bought a Suzuki.

The play raises almost innumerable problems. How can an adolescent boy react to something his mother has told him about their common past when what he learns changes everything he thought he knew about the world and himself? Dani has to cope with the fact that he is the child of a rapist, he is unwanted by his grandparents, and he is completely unknown to his father's family. Moreover, he learns that his mother has dedicated her life to him, which meant giving up her own swimming career. He is both confused and devastated when he learns the truth: he is overcome by fear (what if he has inherited his father's violent tendencies?), anger (his mother never spoke of what had happened to her, even though she surely knew her rapist might well hurt or even rape someone else), and a desire for revenge (to find his father's family and tell them everything).

The other character in the play is the mother, who was likewise still a child when she found herself in a situation in which every choice seemed almost impossible. Andrea wishes at least to get free herself of the secret that has defined her life, of the shame and perhaps the sense of guilt that her rapist's words left in her ("don't kid yourself," he told her, "you know you wanted it too"). At the same time, she is constantly faced with the agonizing dilemma: is she doing the right thing by sharing her burden with her son after all these years? And if so, how does one work through this kind of trauma?

author
Sári O. Horváth

title
Anyám Suzukija

recommended age
16+

characters
1 woman, 1 man

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Manna Produkció, director: Péter Valcz. Natasa Stork, and Tamás Mohai in the picture. Photo: Anett Kállai-Tóth

“

MOM You steal my car and you spend my money on booze...

DANI Some of it's my pocket money.

MOM ...you pick a fight, the police pick you up, and you think that's all just fine?

DANI It felt fucking great, believe it or not.

MOM Anything else you want to tell me?

DANI I'm a smoker.

MOM How often do you light up?

DANI About half a pack a day.

MOM And what about handball?

DANI Fuck it.

MOM And you think I'm just going to let you keep living like this?

DANI I could move out if you want.

MOM No, you can't. Not without my consent. Not till you reach 18.

DANI You moved out at my age.

MOM That was different, and please, drop it.

DANI How? How was it different?

MOM It was different, period. I love you.

DANI And grandma didn't love you? Is that what you're saying?

MOM No, that's not what I'm saying.

DANI So?

MOM You know perfectly well.

DANI No, I don't. And you know perfectly well that I don't.

MOM We'll talk about it some other time.

DANI Some other time is now.

MOM You're just changing the subject.

DANI Nope mom, you're the one changing the subject.

MOM I'm not in the mood to argue with my drunk son.

DANI Good excuse.

MOM Don't talk back. I gave you everything.

DANI That's the kind of stuff Zoli's mom says.

MOM So you see other moms say this too.

DANI Yeah, but then the dad steps in too and puts his fucking foot down. You know why I smashed Zoli's face up?

MOM You smashed Zoli's face up?

DANI Almost! Because he was fucking with me. Know what he said?

MOM What?

DANI Check out the bastard kid's Ferrari! I don't give a shit if they bust on our Suzuki, but I ain't gonna let some politician's kid call me a bastard just to fuck with me. Especially not my friend.

MOM Just because someone else acts dumb doesn't mean you have to.

DANI That's what I said.

MOM And?

DANI What do you think? He said the bastard kid's being a wiseass.

Called me a bastard again. How come he gets to call me that?

MOM He doesn't know you.

DANI Yeah, and I don't know myself either? Don't you get it? Because I don't know who my dad is.

MOM You can't blame that for everything.

DANI I'm bored of it too.

MOM He just wanted to provoke you. That's all.

DANI The problem isn't that he wants to provoke me. The problem is that he can. And why? Because I can't defend myself. Or rather I can. By smashing my friend's face in. Because you don't tell me a fucking thing. Just one sentence from you. That's all it would take. But nope. Nothing. Ain't no one in the world who doesn't know a goddamn thing about their dad except me!

MOM There are a couple others, trust me.

DANI But I don't want to be one of them. Does grandma know? Or grandpa? Should I ask them?

MOM How many times have you exchanged a single word with your grandfather?

DANI You never let me.

MOM I let you. He wasn't interested. Didn't want to see you. There, now you know. Feel better?

DANI So my granddad doesn't want to see me. Awesome.

MOM You're not missing anything, trust me.

DANI Did I take a shit on his stamp collection when I was a baby or something?

MOM Lie down and get some rest. We'll talk more tomorrow. I'm glad you're ok. Very glad. Good night.

”

No one can just delete

THESE MOMENTS
CANNOT BE DELETED

*from the world like that,
or can they?*

Premiere: 18 January 2013, Kolibri Children and Youth Theatre

Delete was the award-winning play in a competition held by the Kolibri Theatre in Budapest and Platform 11+. It deals with one of the most sensitive problems of all: youth suicide. It is a stirring drama which not only leaves the viewer devastated but also raises provocative questions and prompts further reflection on this upsetting topic.

Delete

The protagonist of the story is Gyuri Lakos, the most admired and most mysterious member of his class in school. He has failed a grade and so is older and, as it so happens, more mature than his peers. The girls adore him, and the boys either idolize him or envy him. His peers are the typical characters one would expect to find in a high-school class: the cool crowd, the nerds, the eccentric, the privileged, and the underprivileged. Katalin Győri uses a grippingly vibrant and persuasive language and elements of sharp humor to depict the relationships and interactions among the members of the school community, exploring both the realities of life as an adolescent and the images these adolescents seek to project of themselves, as well as their ways of negotiating for influence among their peers. Through the characters' interactions, she can reveal small insults, hidden interests, unintentional self-disclosures, and pretenses that the kids strive but fail to conceal.

The entire school is shocked when the seemingly cool Gyuri Lakos commits suicide. In the suffocating atmosphere of the school yard, the kids try to understand the motives behind Gyuri's suicide. They yearn to arrive at some understanding of the classmate they have lost, and they want to know more about his real life and whoever it was who was responsible for this tragedy. Ultimately, they are not simply investigating Gyuri Lakos. They are learning more about their true selves and thus both discovering and revealing their own true faces.

The play compels its audience to confront the very pressing issue of adolescent suicide and to search for ways of arriving at a more subtle grasp of the challenges children face. What do we know about one another? To what extent are we even capable of listening to and hearing one another? When should we feel responsible for the wellbeing of those around us? What can we even know about someone else's innermost struggles? The questions we ask are worthless if we do not search for answers. Katalin Győri's play reminds us that it is not enough simply to scratch the surface. We must try to see behind things, to notice signs of trauma, and to act before it is too late.

author
Katalin Győri

title
Delete

recommended age
14+

characters
3 men, 2 women

rights contact
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Kolibri Theater, director: György Vidovszky. Réka Császár in the picture. Photo: Judit Szlovák



CSABESZ That was his sister.
 ANCSA The little girl who was standing next to his mother?
 CSABESZ Yes.
 ANCSA I didn't even know he had a sister.
 CSABESZ I did. He told me.
 ANCSA The whole school was there.
 CSABESZ It was fucking cold.
 ANCSA That priest... He could have said something.
 DÓRI About heaven.
 ANCSA Sure, something comforting.
 DÓRI It's hard.
 ANCSA But that's what he gets paid for.
 DÓRI To comfort you?
 ANCSA Csiky was crying the whole time.
 DÓRI You too.
 ANCSA But he's a teacher.
 DÓRI So?
 ANCSA He didn't even know him.
 DÓRI And you did?
 ANCSA Why? Did you?
 DÓRI None of us knew him.
 CSABESZ I did.
 DÓRI Yeah, right.
 CSABESZ He and I were the best students in the class.
 DÓRI Then you should have known what was up at their place.
 CSABESZ Yeah, that was the one thing he didn't talk about.
 DÓRI Not with you at least.
 ANCSA Or with you, Dóri.
 DÓRI Actually, he did.
 CSABESZ Yeah, sure! He told you he wanted to kill himself.
 BOTI Shut up, Csabesz.

CSABESZ Why? That's what he did, right?
 BOTI We don't know anything for sure.
 CSABESZ What, you saying he didn't lie down in front of the train? That's what he did, isn't it? For fuck's sake.
 ANCSA Calm down.
 BOTI We don't know anything for sure.
 DÓRI Csiky said that...
 CSABESZ I don't give a shit what Csiky said. If everything had been so perfect back home, this wouldn't have happened, and the police wouldn't have come on Monday.
 ANCSA They said they'd be back Friday.
 DÓRI They want to talk to the class.
 ANCSA With all of us, individually.
 CSABESZ They can leave me the fuck alone. I'll smack anybody who talks any shit about him.
 ANCSA Did he say anything to any of you about his dad?
 DÓRI Only about his mother.
 BOTI Nothing.
 ANCSA Because the police were asking Csiky about that.
 DÓRI How do you know?
 ANCSA They were standing in the hallway...
 DÓRI What else did they ask?
 ANCSA Whether he'd come in with any injuries or anything.
 BOTI He had a black eye for a week.
 DÓRI He busted it up riding his skateboard.
 ANCSA Or he didn't.
 CSABESZ Maybe those trash losers hurt him.
 ANCSA Or his dad.
 BOTI We don't know anything for sure.
 DÓRI Yeah, we do. We know he's not coming back.
 ANCSA We know he won't by smoking behind the dumpster anymore.



Is it REALLY WORTH
SURVIVING
when it
HURTS
SO MUCH?

Premiere: 13 December 2018, Budapest Puppet Theater

The monodrama *Father's Daughter* was inspired by the life of Irena Sendler. The Polish nurse rescued 2,500 children from the Warsaw ghetto. She gave them sleeping pills and smuggled them out in coffins, boxes, tool chests, and hidden among mattresses in ambulances, and she then placed them with families and

Father's Daughter

in orphanages. In 1943, the Gestapo arrested Irena. She spent 100 days in prison and was subjected to brutal torture, but she confessed nothing. She died in Warsaw in 2008, aged 98.

Using the story of Irena Sendler, János Háý has written a play about general human vulnerability in wartime through the personal story of a woman who was affected by circumstances but who mostly must wrestle with her own conscience. Although the dramatic text contains real-life elements, the main character and her struggles and traumas are fictional.

The female protagonist tells her story as a prisoner of the Gestapo, but as we learn more and more about her personality, it becomes clear that her prison is also one she has built for herself. We don't know what kind of person Irena Sendler was, what she felt and thought, and where she found the courage to do what she did. Háý comes to the conclusion that Irena's audacity was the result of her psychological problems, an attempt to make up for the loss of her father, which, however, leads to eternal loneliness, a prison for her own soul. It is no accident, then, that the protagonist plays all the roles using puppets, including that of her captor, and that she is in fact interrogating herself. The act of self-interrogation becomes truly shocking in the scene in which it is revealed that, during one of the rescue operations, by the time they have arrived at their hiding place outside the wall, the children in the boxes have died. When confronted, the woman's moral superiority over the officer vanishes, since she is a murderer, just like the officer, even if she killed by accident, not premeditatedly, as the Nazis did.

The female protagonist is a mildly autistic, compulsive character, keenly attentive to routine repetition and driven by the same compulsiveness in her calling: she wants to continue what her father started so that she can feel close to the lost father, who worked as a doctor in the district of Warsaw where the penniless Jewish population lived.

author
 János Háý

title
 Apa lánya

recommended age
 16+

characters
 1 woman

rights contact
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Budapest Puppet Theatre, director: Károly Hoffer. Mara Pallai in the picture. Photo: Vera Éder



It happened when we were taking the kids out in the small wooden boxes. Maybe they were too weak for the sleeping pills, or maybe they just hadn't gotten enough air. Dress looks good on you, the guard said, and I looked back as was expected, maybe put a little more into it than usual. I was playing my part better and better. We made it through, went down the streets on the far side of the wall and turned in to the convent courtyard, as always. How many, the head of the convent asked, and I said a number, and then we started pulling off the lids, opened the first and no sound of breathing, and no sound of breathing in the next one. Only two of them had any breathing inside, nothing in the others. I didn't feel anything because I couldn't feel anything. Negligible compared to the number we'd saved, I thought. Though I knew that these kids had mothers and fathers, that the number we had saved would do nothing to lessen their pain when they learned that their children had died. They don't have to know, I thought. They'll die anyway. Better to die thinking their children are still alive.

I hear the sounds of footsteps again. I hear him coming. I'm hungry. They give you

something to drink in here but almost nothing to eat. I stand up. By the time he opens the door, I'm standing ready to go and I step outside. He doesn't have to say anything, I know what I am supposed to do. I walk slowly and he pushes me along, in the spots where he has to. Then he pushes me into the interrogation room. I stumble forward. I want to stay on my feet, but I fall to my knees. I'm like those people who believe in some superior being, who worship him and plead for his help, though the being in front of me was an interrogation officer who was screaming at me to get up, but I couldn't get up, so he screamed again, get up, and he screamed that I wasn't being accused of smuggling children, I was being accused of murder. Murder, he said in a more restrained voice, and then again, screaming into my face. I wasn't frightened. I had gotten used to the shouting.

Interrogation officer: It was murder. Do you understand?

A murder was committed, he said. Somebody, a good, law-abiding, merciful soul from the convent had told them all about it, and they had found the bodies of the children, and now

I should spout the sentimental lines about human beings and about humane acts.

Interrogation officer: What's humane about that?

I didn't know they were going to die, I said. Sometimes things don't go the way you want them to go. Sometimes the exact opposite of what you wanted happens.

Interrogation officer: What makes you any different from me?

What, he asked, and then he shouted in my face. Nothing, he said. Nothing.

Interrogation officer: You're just like me, just like us, except we don't lie about it.

I didn't say anything.

Interrogation officer: Now you clam up? Don't want to say anything?

No, I don't, I said. Murderer, he said, spitting the sounds in my face.

Interrogation officer: Take her to the woods.

Told them to take me to the woods and kill me.

Interrogation officer: I don't want to hear anything from her.

Said he didn't care what I had to say, if I happened to have anything to say. Didn't care.

Interrogation officer: Murderer.



A family / THOUGHT / DARE / FINANCE

Premiere: 5 February 2020, Csokonai Theatre

An unusual thing has happened at school: someone has changed all the grades in the math class. Some people are saying it was a prank, while others are calling it a crime. The headmistress launches an investigation. Those involved remain silent. Then the teachers find an unusual clue: some of the students have tattoos of the letter D on their arms.

Fear

D as in Dare Family. It all started with English homework, a group task. The students had to invent an imaginary family, write their story, and guess their habits. Juli, the daughter of one of the teachers at the school, was put in a group with Dominik, the “bad boy” of the school. Soon, the group forgot about the English homework and started playing truth or dare, and soon they decided to dub themselves the Dare Family.

Fear tries to show how different systems and communities function. How does one person, in this case, Ricsi, control an entire group? Is it possible to get out of a group once someone has become a member? Why is it good or bad to be part of such a group? The gang of five shows its true colors when it comes to who is willing to do what in the hopes of gaining the respect and friendship of the others, and this same gang also shows how quickly one can become an outcast if one fails to do things the other members of the group think are cool. And since no one wants to be excluded and people tend to feel important only when they also feel that they belong, the whole striving to belong becomes a vicious circle. In time, Juli starts to choose herself over the team. When the team asks her to do something daring (or, rather, risky), there comes a point where she can no longer turn against her upbringing and her very self. She admits what she and the others have done, and this act is a moment of honesty on the one hand, while on the other, it is also a betrayal.

Statistics have shown two out of every three children suffer from intentional bullying over a long period of time, and in many cases, no serious investigations are ever launched. Bullying is always about power. Its purposes is always to exert control over others. Edit Romankovics' play explores the issue of how to say no in several ways. *Fear* does not try to proclaim simple morals, nor does it relativize. There is no justice, but there are characters to blame.

author
Edit Romankovics

title
Para

recommended age
11+

characters
2 men, 4 women

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Csokonai Theatre, director: Ádám Bethlenfalvy. Zsófia Wessely, and Bence Gelányi in the picture. Photo András Máté



EVERYONE Truth or dare?

Dominik is uncertain.

DOMI Dare.

KITTI Hmm, you have to... have to...

JULI Pee out the window!

KITTI I've got something better. Kiss Domi...

JULI No way!!

KITTI Then kiss Ricsi!!

RICSI Let's go, Domi.

DOMI You crazy?

RICSI Oh come on, just one kiss.

DOMI No way! That's disgusting!

RICSI You're all a bunch of pussies. You can't play truth or dare with pussies!

DOMI Yeah, cause you'd do anything, huh?

RICSI Try me!

DOMI Alright, strip and run naked down the hallway to the entrance and back.

Ricsi begins taking off his clothes.

JULI No, stop it! Christ, don't strip, you idiot!

RICSI What's the big deal?

KITTI Ricsi, put your shirt back on. I've got something better. Here's a marker. On the door to the teachers' lounge, write, "Old man's Zoli's a communist."

DOMI What?

KITTI A communist.

JULI Yeah, but old man Zoli's not a communist.

KITTI I know, it's a joke.

JULI Why do you have to bring the teachers into it?

RICSI You with us or them?

JULI What do you mean?

RICSI Simple, you with us or the teachers?

JULI I'm with you, of course.

KITTI Good. *(To Ricsi)* So, do you dare?

RICSI Simplest thing in the world.

JULI They're going to recognize your handwriting.

RICSI Yeah, I bet they'll call in a handwriting expert. Stop being such a coward! I'm on it. How do you spell communist again? One m or two?

JULI Two.

Ricsi runs out of the room with the marker in hand. The others peer out the door. Ricsi puts the marker on the door of the teachers' lounge and writes: "Old man Zoli is a communist." He runs back to the room. He's breathing hard.

RICSI Done.

KITTI So funny!

DOMI I'm trying to imagine the look on old man Zoli's face when he sees it tomorrow morning.

JULI We have to get rid of the marker.

KITTI I'll throw it out the window.

JULI Far away, into the bushes.

Kitti throws the marker out the window.

KITTI Alright, now it's Noémi's turn.

DOMI She's not in the family. And besides, she's asleep.

RICSI Yeah, right. You believe everything, Noémi!

KITTI I think she heard everything.

JULI She'd better not tell on us!

They start to poke Noémi.

ACTOR (EV) Noémi knew that she wouldn't get out of it, so she decided to join them. To do a dare. At long last, to do a dare!

NOÉMI Doesn't matter what, I'll do it. They dared me to steal our teacher's telephone. They never thought I'd do it. They just wanted to make me look like a coward. I don't know what came over me that night, but I felt like the time had come. I would prove it to them. I'd show them I'm not the pathetic little dweeb that they think I am.

She slowly sets out for the door. The others quietly beat a rhythm. Noémi goes in through the door.

NOÉMI I almost fainted when I went into the teacher's room. My heart was pounding. I was sure she was going to wake up. Her telephone was on her nightstand. I grabbed it and got out as quick as I could.

She comes out through the door.

NOÉMI It was like being in a film or something. As if I were floating. I'll never forget the looks on their faces when they saw the phone in my hand. I felt like I was finally somebody they would take for real. As if I finally counted.

Noémi is standing proudly with the telephone in her hand. The others clap.

RICSI She did it!

KITTI And is that really the teacher's phone? *(She checks out the phone.)*

Damn, it is! She really did it!

RICSI Noémi! You're as cool as they come!

JULI We have to put it back!



BELIEVE ME
 WE KNOW
 WHAT YOU
 NEED
 BETTER THAN YOU

Premiere: 12 May 2017, Kolibri Theatre

Recommended for 12 to 15-year-olds, *Short Circuit* deals with how a family lives today and how they will live tomorrow in the digital age. It examines the ways in which people have become dependent on digital devices, how our decisions are influenced by apps, and how much room remains in our lives for human relationships.

*Short
 Circuit*

The play stands out among contemporary youth theater for its grotesque reflexive irony and unique humor, which targets not only teenagers but also adults. The irony and the somewhat objective view are provided by a very innovative narrative perspective: the story is told from the perspective of cookies. The plot revolves around the ways in which the cookie members of Smart Commando observe the members of the Faludi family, who live in their smart home, and try to make them happy. This situation gives us an opportunity to laugh at ourselves and look at ourselves from an unusual viewpoint: the cookies do not understand certain human feelings, motivations, and situations, and our knowledge is expanded by the information they provide. For example, we learn that the twelve-year-old Erik Faludi suffers from short-term memory loss because he looks at a classmate's profile on social media between 17 and 25 times a day. As the story unfolds and the cookies cause more and more complications in people's lives, the members of the family become increasingly bungling and pathetic. When the world of smart devices collapses around them, the family sits down to play a boardgame. The play does not end with this idyllic scene, however. It offers a far more frightening conclusion: the four-year-old Andika, who was given a smartphone for her birthday, is "finally" able to log on to the virtual world.

In the center of this drama is the very relevant question: what happens, in the end, with the mountains of data that we offer about ourselves day in, day out on social media platforms? Our lives seem to have become inseparable from the information we put about ourselves online, but do we really grasp the potential consequences of this utter disintegration of even the very notion of privacy?

author
 Attila Eck

title
 Rövidzárlat

recommended age
 12+

characters
 5 men, 2 women

rights contact
 atis.eck@gmail.com





Kolibri Theatre, director: György Vidovszky. Gergely Blahó in the picture. Photo: Bea Szilveszter

“

BOSS Everyone pay close attention to what I am about to say. Everything you know, everything you have learned about the manipulation of the flood of information in the online world to arouse and fulfill the wishes of users, all that is nothing more than a dusty, discarded floppy drive lying by the door of an abandoned preschool, stained by some spilled coffee and yellow in the light sleepily staggering in through the dirty window. Yes!... Where was I?

FLASH If I understood you correctly, sir, you were saying that our knowledge is worth nothing.

BOSS Here, I am... *(He starts to yell but suddenly realizes that he had asked the question.)* That's exactly what I was saying. So what if you only just got your degrees? What you learned is already outdated, obsolete, stone-age, stupid. Because what have cookies ever really been capable of? We have only been able to fulfill human aspirations indirectly. We collect information, and what do we give in return? Just more information! Modest suggestions in the form of images and text. And then what? The cookie can do little more than hope that the consumer will heed these diligently researched suggestions. And of course how could the consumer know that his contentment, his happiness could depend on it? You can't blame the poor guy for that... Indirect communication and lots of wasted effort... But now this has come to an end! In the future, cookies will bring joy and contentment directly into people's lives. And the pioneers of this future are none other than the brave and skilled micro-hardwares of the experimental Smart Command.

This statement is met with unexpected incomprehension and even indifference.

BOSS And you are these skilled micro-hardwares.

More incomprehension and indifference. Flash raises his hand. The boss gives him a nod.

FLASH Excuse me, sir, but perhaps I speak for my colleagues: so far, all we understand of what you are saying is that you think we're worthless.

BOSS I wouldn't go quite that far.

FLASH But the exact nature of the so-called Smart Command, to which we have been invited by the academy, is still a mystery.

The boss smiles ominously.

BOSS Let the ceremony begin!

Music. The melody resembles Tomoyasu Hotei's Battle Without Honor or Humanity. The boss gives a wave of his arm. Images begin to scroll across the screen, each depicting some smart device. The boss is gradually becoming more of a showman, even forgetting his place a bit.

BOSS So far, we've only told them what they should do to find happiness. Now, we can act. So far, we've only known spoken desires. Now, we know the most secret ones. So far, we have only worked undercover. Now we can act. Smart phone, smart watch, smart TV, smart hairdryer... *(They appear one by one.)*

SHOP *(with sincere excitement)* Wow!

BOSS ...smart toilet seat. Digital technology is now part of every item of household use! We can now use this technology to observe everything in the most minute detail and finally to act. If the consumer is hungry, we can make him a sandwich. If he's tired, we can let him sleep. If he's sad, we can play happy music for him. *(All this appears on the screen.)* This will be the mission of Smart Commando. This will be your calling!

BLOG Can we connect with people? Can I send someone a real kitten?

BOSS No. Not yet. For the time being, we are only observing. As we have done so far. But in much greater detail.

FLASH But who exactly are we observing, if I can ask?

A long silence. A moment of epic melodic catharsis. The screen is still a continuous array of images: data, photos, graphs... The image of the person the boss happens to be speaking about is crystal clear, while the images of the other people are shimmering on split screens.

BOSS I give you the Faludi family and their 100% computerized home, down to every last brick. Viktor, born forty-five years, nine months, two weeks, four days, two hours, nine minutes and forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight seconds ago... He was a national sailing champion, but he had to give it up because of a broken arm. He is now the head of a company that makes smart sports equipment. He's a fan of old disco music, but he keeps his passion a secret from those around him. He is a very religious man, and in his work, he often mentions God and other people and concepts related to him.

Short video clip of Viktor Faludi arguing with one of his employees. Almost every other word he says has to be bleeped out.

”

I'M SICK
of **EVERYBODY**
WANTING *what* **THEY**
THINK *is* **BEST** *for* **ME**

Premiere: 4 November 2019, National Theatre of Marosvásárhely

Beáta Adorján's play tells the story of love between a white girl and a Roma boy. Adorján uses evocative, convincing language and tight dramaturgy. Two teenagers, Pali and Lea, fall in love. From then on, something or, rather, everything changes. They begin to get to know and discover each other, but their shared journey is also a journey of self-exploration and discovery.

*Pali
& Lea*

However, what these two adolescents perceive as good is interpreted very differently by their parents. Lea's parents vehemently oppose the very notion of their daughter having any relationship with a Roma boy, to whom they disparagingly refer as a Gypsy. They are intractable. To some extent, it is understandable for a parent to fear or worry for their child at a stage in life when she is entering her first serious relationship and the realm of sexuality, but the Lea's parents use appallingly racist and manipulative tools in their attempts to impose their will on their daughter and her boyfriend. They even go so far as to threaten to have the boy expelled from school if he does not agree to leave Lea alone.

Lea's parents are blinded by the negative prejudices concerning Roma which are part of the culture in which they have always lived. Their ideas are not based on their own experiences. Rather, these ideas are simply products of a very racist society. The parents offer an unsettling illustration, over the course of the play, of how people can convince themselves that their biases and hatreds are justified and that the people whom they are unfairly labeling deserve their disdain. Their daughter's behavior has indeed changed since she met Pali, but only in the ways in which a young person's behavior often changes when she falls in love for the first time. The play is every bit as much about parents as it is about children, and it is certainly addressed both to children and parents.

The pressure put on Lea by her parents is so strong that it makes the relationship between the two young people impossible and ultimately destroys it. In addition to the generational gap and very different ideas about the meanings of race, the main cause of the conflict between the parents and the two children is that Lea's mother and father do not listen to her. They fail to hear or acknowledge her needs and wants. They refuse from the outset to let their daughter have a Roma boyfriend, but they never make any attempt to get to know the boy with whom she has fallen in love.

author
Beáta Adorján

title
Pali és Lea

recommended age
15+

characters
2 men, 4 women

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National Theatre of Marosvásárhely, director: E. B. Fülöp, O. Moldován, K. Berekméri, R. Gecse, Ramóna Gecse, and Gellért Kádár L. in the picture. Photo: Zsolt Bereczky



LEA'S FATHER But come on, a gypsy boy? Better a Romanian or a Slovak or pretty much anything. Why don't you find yourself a decent Hungarian boy? Someone who could give you a decent future. Do you really want to spend your life with a gypsy?

LEA But he's not...

LEA'S FATHER A gypsy is a gypsy. All nice and sweet at first, and then he'll stick a knife in your back for a slice of bread.

LEA'S MOTHER Listen to your father. He's seen a lot of the world. And you still have a lot to learn. And dad only wants what's best for you.

LEA I'm sick of everybody wanting what they think is best for me.

LEA'S FATHER You know perfectly well what they are! They're a bunch of freeloading criminals. You'll end up supporting him, and he'll beat you. Is that really what you want?

LEA As we learned in biology, 56 percent plasma, 44 percent blood cells, there are red blood cells and white blood cells, platelets and plasma, which in the bone marrow...

LEA'S FATHER Your mother and I have decided that...

LEA No.

LEA'S FATHER It's the only way to...

LEA I'm not going to stop seeing him. You can't stop me, not ever.

LEA'S MOTHER I can't stop my daughter from seeing you, but if I ever catch you going anywhere near her again, if I ever see you trying to talk to her, you'll be kicked out of school so fast... Have I been clear enough?

PALI No...

LEA'S MOTHER I beg your pardon. Have I been clear enough?

PALI *(long silence)* Yes.

LEA'S MOTHER You should thank me for not having you thrown out. Right before graduation... This is the best solution. It'll be better for you too.

PALI *(remains silent)*

LEA'S MOTHER I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

PALI Thank you.

LEA'S MOTHER You see? We can arrive at an arrangement if we try. I knew we could work things out.

LEA'S MOTHER Doctor, I have a 17-year-old daughter. She has always been a good student and a polite, well-mannered girl. Then a gypsy boy ended up in her grade at school, they became friends, and ever since then, she's been nothing but trouble. Her grades have gotten worse, she's always hanging out with boys, and once, she got caught trying to steal. A few times, she didn't even come home after school, not until the next day. Sometimes she disappears for nights at a time. I look for her everywhere, and then when she shows up, she acts like nothing happened. She just laughs at me for having worried about her. We live pretty well, and I give my daughter plenty of love. She gets anything she wants, I buy her anything she needs, and then she goes and behaves like this. Brings shame on her own mother. Ever since she met this gypsy boy, it's as if she'd lost her mind. What can I do to bring her to her senses? It's as if being a gypsy were contagious, and now she's caught it.

VOICE Only registered users can ask questions. Please log in, or if you have never visited our site before, register for free! Registration is free and will stay that way!

LEA'S MOTHER How many places do I have to register? I don't even know where I am anymore, I've had to register for so many things. And nobody even has a decent answer! Can no one give me some explanation for this? Why is there no one who can help?

VOICE Check your internet connection.

LEA'S MOTHER Where the hell is everything I just typed? This idiot thing! God fucking dammit! Where's the picture?

VOICE The system will destroy itself within minutes. Three, two, one, zero. *(The sound of an explosion. Darkness.)*

PALI That was our last evening together. We kissed for hours by the tram stop. A tram came and then left, then the next one, then the next one. I was standing in the hole where the pieces of cement were all cracked and broken, and we were talking, and the tram came, and I stumbled and hit her with my head, and she didn't board the tram, just grabbed her nose, there was blood everywhere, and she was laughing, you're an idiot, she said. That was the last time I saw her. Then we messaged for a long time, but I don't know, slowly the relationship fell apart. I don't even know what's up with her now.





CYBER CYRANO, DOUBLE:GAME

ISTVÁN TASNÁDI is an Attila József and Béla Balázs Prize-winning writer, playwright, screenwriter, and director. He was a founding member of Bárka Theater in 1996, and he worked as a dramaturg from 1996 to 2001. He has written several plays for children and several puppet plays. His 40 some plays and stage adaptations have had more than 80 premieres on Hungarian stages, and his works have been performed in many countries around the world.

NEW WORLD

ANDREA PASS was born in 1979 in Győr. Since 2012, she has been writing and directing her own plays for young audiences and adults. In 2014, she was awarded the main prize of the VIII Children's and Youth Theater Review for her play *New World* and the Pál Békés Prize for Best Author. In 2019, the People's Theater of Subotica launched her theater education activities with the drama *New World*. Pass has been awarded the István Örkény Playwriting Fellowship three times, and she has also been given support through the STAFÉTA, *Budapest for Young Talent* program. She has published several plays and an independent book of plays.



WEB SHOP



ÁKOS NÉMETH was born in 1964 in Székesfehérvár. He is an Attila József Prize-winning Hungarian playwright, literary translator, and theater director. His works have been put on stage at the National Theatre in London, Birmingham Rep, Theater Nestroyhof in Vienna, École Supérieure d'art Dramatique in Strasbourg, Hippodrome de Douai in France, Schaubühne in Berlin, Akademie der Künste in Berlin, and other major European theaters.



DOUBLE:GAME

VIKTÓRIA JELI is a writer, dramaturg, playwright, and screenwriter. She completed a degree in theater studies at the University of Theater and Film Arts in Budapest and in Hungarian theater history at the University of Veszprém. She is a dramaturg and co-writer of puppet and children's plays.

MY MOTHER'S SUZUKI

SÁRI O. HORVÁTH was born in 1988. She is a playwright and theater director. She completed a degree in theater directing from the University of Arts in Târgu Mures, Romania. She has won the Vilmos Award of the Guild of Theater Dramaturgs three times in a row (*To Be or Not To Be*, 2018; *Yes To Life*, 2019; *What You Don't You Believe*, 2020). She works both as a dramaturg and director, in independent productions and productions for major theaters.



DELETE



KATALIN GYÖRI was born in 1982, she is a practicing high school teacher besides writing for the stage. Her inspiration derives from talking to, listening to, dealing with and analysing young adults. Her mastery of contemporary teenage language is one of the highlights of her play, *Delete*. Her works for young audiences also include novels, tales and short-stories.

FATHER'S DAUGHTER

JÁNOS HÁY was born in 1960 in Vámosmikola. He is an Attila József Prize-winning Hungarian poet, novelist, and playwright. His first work for the stage, *Géza-boy*, won the Best New Hungarian Drama award in the 2001/2002 season, as voted by theater critics. His play *The Dead Man* won Best Drama of the Year in 2017.



FEAR



EDIT ROMANKOVICS is a playwright, director, dramaturg, actor, drama teacher, and theater education specialist. As a freelance artist, she works for independent companies and national theaters, creating works and productions for almost every age group. She has been involved in interactive performances for children, theater education productions for secondary school students, and participatory theater for adults. She has led training courses and workshops at the intersection of theater and pedagogy, using various forms and methods of community theater-making.

SHORT CIRCUIT

ATTILA ECK is a playwright, dramaturg, drama teacher, and teacher of theater theory and acting at the Ágnes Nemes Nagy Secondary School of Art. He was vice-president of the National Student Drama Association for two years. He also works as a theater education specialist at the Kolibri Theatre in Budapest, where he specializes works for children and young adult audiences and where he has had many of his plays performed.



PALI AND LEA



BEÁTA ADORJÁN graduated from the University of Arts in Târgu Mureș in 2008 with a degree in theater studies and in 2011 with a degree in playwriting. In 2013, she completed a degree in philosophy at the Babeș-Bolyai University in Cluj. She worked a freelancer in Budapest for four years, mostly as a dramaturg, and she has also written puppet plays and other works for the stage. She has done literary translation from English, German, and Romanian, and she has held creative writing workshops for young people in youth camps. Since September 2015, she has served as dramaturg for the Csokonai Theater in Debrecen.

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*It takes courage
to tell stories,
& courage to listen.*

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