

VOLMUNSTER

Radio Drama by David Zane Mairowitz

Characters:

Marie-France Muret

Didier Muret

Bruno Mariani

Martinez

Bako Okoruele

Karlheinz Emschwiller

Marc Gatipon

Interviewer

Website voice

Others, Concertgoers

Band

1. Garden. Cameras, brouhaha, etc.

INTERVIEWER: So, ready...? One...two...three...

MARIE-FRANCE: My name is Marie-France Muret. It gives me great pleasure to be here today and ...

INTERVIEWER: Stop! Cut!

MARIE-FRANCE: I thought ...

INTERVIEWER: Just follow instructions. I ask the questions and you give me a quick, direct answer. This is for the village website. Got it?

MARIE-FRANCE: I wanted to talk about ...

INTERVIEWER: Everyone in the village calls you "*Dumb-belle*". How did you get that nickname?

MARIE-FRANCE: It's only what my ... husband calls me. I once said something silly. He laughed and called me ... that name and it stuck. It's just a private joke between us. Nothing more.

INTERVIEWER: What's behind it?

MARIE-FRANCE: Nothing.

INTERVIEWER: Invent something. For example, when you tried to answer a question in the geography lesson, because of your braces, it all came out gibberish. You wanted to say "Afghanistan" and it came out "Nuremberg". So the other kids started calling you "*Dumb-belle*".

MARIE-FRANCE: But not a word of that is true.

INTERVIEWER: From now on it's true because it's on the website.

2. Website. Alsatian music. Credits. Speaker with Alsace accent.

"Volmunster" (German *Wollmünster*, Lorraine *Wolmingschter*) is a French community of 811 inhabitants in the Northwest of the Moselle Department in the "Grand Est" region. Volmunster lies directly south of the border with Saarland. The village was 95% destroyed during WW2.

Despite its small size, Volmunster plays host to one of Europe's most exciting popular music festivals each year at the Summer Solstice. Welcoming thousands of avid fans and visitors from neighbouring Germany, the festival takes place on the property of Didier Muret, the current mayor of Volmunster.

3. Poker Game. Didier, Martinez, others.

MARTINEZ: *Monsieur le maire* of Volmunster, your move. In or out?

DIDIER: Fuck you in spades, Martinez.

MARTINEZ: (*laying down cards*) Spades it is.

General groans.

DIDIER: How often are you going to pull a card from out of your groin before I have to come looking for it with a chain-saw?

MARTINEZ: I swear...

DIDIER: Never mind. What did Emschwiller say?

MARTINEZ: Karlheinz? Everything under control. He's lining up the bands.

DIDIER: No fuckups, Martinez. This concert makes or breaks the village. I want the best.

MARTINEZ: Nothing but, *Monsieur le maire*.

Door opens.

MARIE-FRANCE: Didier, there's ...

DIDIER: What's this, *Dumb-belle*? I thought I told you ...?

MARIE-FRANCE: He says it's urgent.

DIDIER: Who says what is urgent?

MARIE-FRANCE: Monsieur Mariani.

DIDIER: Bruno is here? Why don't you let him in?

MARIE-FRANCE: You said I shouldn't let anyone in without asking you first.

DIDIER: Let him in.

MARIE-FRANCE leaves.

MARTINEZ: After midnight. You think he knows something already?

DIDIER: Much too soon.

Door opens.

DIDIER: Deal Bruno in.

BRUNO: No poker.

DIDIER: Relax, lawyer.

BRUNO: No poker. No relaxing. Tell these men to leave.

DIDIER: The mayor of Volmunster says they stay. And that you join the game.

BRUNO: Get them out of here, Didier.

DIDIER: The mayor says ...

BRUNO: You're not mayor anymore.

4. MARIE-FRANCE making coffee.

BRUNO MARIANI: (*reading*)« On, 28 November, the appeals court in Strasbourg confirmed the condemnation of Didier Muret, leader of the *Préférence Nationale* party

and mayor of the commune of Volmunster, to eight months suspended sentence in prison, one year of electoral ineligibility and a fine of 8000 Euros for misappropriation of public funds.»

MARTINEZ: It's a fucking public lynching.

DIDIER: We'll appeal.

BRUNO: Which will take months.

DIDIER: There has to be a way.

BRUNO: There isn't. Not this time. Look the truth in the eye, Didier. You're not electable. You're ineligible to run for mayor again.

MARIE-FRANCE: Coffee, Bruno?

DIDIER: Who drinks coffee at two o'clock in the morning?

She pours for the others. Afterwards she hums out loud in the kitchen.

BRUNO: I believe, after my long experience as a founding member of *Préférence Nationale*, that my time has come. Everybody in Volmunster knows me, they've hired me to settle land disputes. I tell the truth ...

DIDIER: And that's exactly what they don't want to hear. You're not likeable, Bruno. You're ugly. And your weird ideas. Medieval. You have no connection to ordinary party members. No empathy. "Look the truth in the eye", Bruno. You're unelectable.

MARTINEZ: You have a better idea?

DIDIER: I'm starting to.

Silence. Except for MARIE-FRANCE humming a tune in the background.

BRUNO: *(after a pause)* You can't be serious.

5. Bedroom.

DIDIER: Get serious now.

MARIE-FRANCE: "Citizens of Volmunster ... I call you "citizens", but we're all just neighbours here, extended family you might say ..."

DIDIER: Don't smile too much.

MARIE-FRANCE: You told me to be myself.

DIDIER: Don't overdo it.

MARIE-FRANCE: "You know that in his time as mayor of Volmunster, my husband, Didier Muret, always ..."

DIDIER: Leave a pause after my name.

MARIE-FRANCE: I don't ... why?

DIDIER: For applause.

MARIE-FRANCE: OK. "... My husband, Didier Muret ... pause ... always kept his word and never let you down." (*To Didier*) Pause here?

DIDIER: Keep going.

MARIE-FRANCE: "I think it should be perfectly clear to all Volmunsterites..." Is that the right expression? 'Volmunsterites'?

DIDIER: Just keep reading until you've got it by heart, *Dumb-belle*.

MARIE-FRANCE: It's not easy for me, Didier. It's not my world.

DIDIER: That's why you have to keep referring to *me* in your speeches. They'll soon get the point.

MARIE-FRANCE: "Don't you see? My *husband* ..."

6. MARKET PLACE.

MARIE-FRANCE: " My husband... Didier Muret here, who was your faithful mayor for four years before the socialist judges ... "

DIDIER: "stabbed him..."

MARIE-FRANCE: "...stabbed him in the back, did more for this community than any other mayor in its history. Which is why I'm asking you to vote for me so I can continue his work in his spirit."

DIDIER: (*whispering to her*) "Birth Bonus".

MARIE-FRANCE: "You may have noticed ..."

DIDIER: (*whispering to her*) "Surely noticed"...

MARIE-FRANCE: (*flub*) "You may have surely have noticed ..."

7. Megaphone. Large open space.

MARIE-FRANCE: ... how many dangerous illegal immigrants have slipped over our border in recent months since the European Union and Mrs Merkel opened their arms wide to them. Well, we can't chase them out because the European Union, that *Dictator with 27 Faces*, says we can't. So what does it mean for our future? Thousands of babies, which will leave us as an endangered minority in our own country. It is for this reason that I am unveiling a special "Birth Bonus" only for certified French families. For each baby you give our Volmunster community, your family will receive an €800 cheque. This is my first promised action when I am ...

8. Victory Rally. Stage. Microphone. "Ma-rie France" cheering in background.

MARIE-FRANCE: ... elected. And in the next few weeks, my very first act when I'm sworn in as mayor, as I promised you, will be to sign the "Birth Bonus" bill. French men and women, the cheque is waiting for you at the Mairie! And don't forget ...

DIDIER: (*interrupting*) And I'm here to tell you tonight, that the Muret family will most likely win that "baby competition", because *Madame le maire* of Volmunster is too shy to tell you herself.

Cheering.

9. Street.

MARIE-FRANCE: What's this now, Didier? Don't you think I have the right to know I'm pregnant without discovering it in public?

DIDIER: It was just a manoeuvre. This way they won't be surprised when, after a few months, you stop showing up for public events and ...

MARIE-FRANCE: ... municipal council meetings?

DIDIER: For example.

MARIE-FRANCE: But I've been elected mayor, no?

DIDIER: Who says you're not?

MARIE-FRANCE: You said you would teach me, Didier.

DIDIER: That's right.

MARIE-FRANCE: But?

DIDIER: Everything in it's time, *Dumb-Belle*.

MARIE-FRANCE: People are already calling me a "Straw woman".

10. Bedroom. TV News. About her.

DIDIER: Let the bastards talk. Look how great you look on TV. Your blond hair, white teeth. I'm proud of you.

MARIE-FRANCE: But they're making fun of me.

DIDIER: As soon as you take office, that will change.

MARIE-FRANCE: I thought I was supposed to be pregnant.

DIDIER: That comes after a few months, *chérie*.

MARIE-FRANCE: No, right now. I'm supposed to have a belly by July, no? (*Movement*).

DIDIER: Hey, what are you doing?

MARIE-FRANCE: Getting on top of you.

DIDIER: On top? What is this? You never did that before.

MARIE-FRANCE: Time for a few changes around here. I can do anything I want now.

DIDIER: Oh, really? Who do you think you are?

MARIE-FRANCE: The mayor of Volmunster.

11. Council Meeting

MARTINEZ: Gentlemen and ... gentlemen: I give you the mayor of Volmunster.

Handful of indifferent applause.

MARIE-FRANCE: Thank you. Well I'm looking at the order of business you prepared, Counsellor Mariani, but I don't see anything here about the €800 baby bonus for French families. I thought that would be the most urgent order of business. Why isn't it on the agenda?

BRUNO: Because it's illegal, *Madame le maire*.

MARIE-FRANCE: I ... I don't understand.

BRUNO: We'd be taken to court for discrimination in a second for singling French families out for favourable treatment. And have to pay a huge fine.

MARIE-FRANCE: And ... Bruno ... Lawyer Mariani ... you *just* found out about this?

BRUNO: No, *Madame le maire*. It was patently obvious from the beginning.

MARIE-FRANCE: So ... why then... You are a lawyer ... I don't understand.

MARTINEZ: Nobody's asking you to understand, *Dumb-belle*. Nobody.

BRUNO: I believe we should refer to Madame Muret as "*Madame le maire*" at municipal council meetings, Counsellor Martinez.

MARTINEZ: *Madame le maire*, I have a petition from hundreds of our constituents to change the name "Nelson Mandela Street" to "Joan of Arc Way". I move this be placed on the agenda of the next council meeting.

MARIE-FRANCE: Agreed.

MARTINEZ: Thank you.

DIDIER: But the most pressing order of business is the Summer Solstice concert. Without the concert, no one would ever set foot in Volmunster. In any case ...

MARIE-FRANCE: Excuse me, but ... Didier ... Maybe I'm a bit confused, but ...

DIDIER: What now?

MARIE-FRANCE: You are banned from holding public office ... I mean, I don't want us to get into trouble, but you are sitting here at an official municipal council meeting.

DIDIER: Too many questions. Relax.

BRUNO: Except that she's right. It's illegal and could blow up in our faces.

Embarrassed silence.

MARTINEZ: So that's all clear then. Anything else? No? What a debutante's success! (*Claps*) If there are no other problems...

BRUNO: Yes there is. A big problem. An unfortunately dark "problem".

12. Interphone. Martinez to MARIE-FRANCE.

MARTINEZ: The "unfortunate dark problem" is coming up to your office, *Madame le maire*.

MARIE-FRANCE: What am I supposed to do? Didier and Bruno have gone to Saarbrücken to organise the concert.

MARTINEZ: *You're the mayor, Marie-France.*

Interphone off.

MARIE-FRANCE: *Yes, I'm the mayor. (To herself) "You're the mayor". That's what you are. (Deals with her makeup, lipstick, etc.)*

Door opens.

MARIE-FRANCE: *What ... you have to knock first ... and, I didn't order any pizza!*

BAKO: *(In English) Pizza? I don't got no pizza, lady.*

MARIE-FRANCE: *(interphone to Martinez) Martinez, I ...*

MARTINEZ: *Is he interfering with you already? I'm on my way up.*

BAKO: *(In halting, accented German) Hey, I ain't going to steal your handbag, lady!*

MARIE-FRANCE: *What do you want?*

BAKO: *Talk to the mayor lady.*

MARIE-FRANCE: *I'm the "mayor lady".*

BAKO: Wow! Welcome! I am Bako Okoruele from Lagos, Nigeria.

MARIE-FRANCE: Speak more clearly. I can't follow you.

BAKO: I don't know your language much.

MARIE-FRANCE: Only words like "steal", "cheat", the price of dope, I suppose.

BAKO: *(not really following; continues his own road)*
"Bako", the name means "guest". Guest in your country.

MARIE-FRANCE: Uninvited.

BAKO: I invited myself. Welcome! On a boat from Libya to Italy.

Martinez enters.

MARTINEZ: ... And then to France where you can fuck over the French for a while.

BAKO: *(English)* I don't want no trouble, Mister.

MARTINEZ: Just what do you want?

BAKO: To live here.

MARIE-FRANCE: Jesus, Mary and all the saints! Why would a Nigerian want to live in Volmunster?

BAKO: To be safe.

MARTINEZ: Don't give us that bullshit, Sambo. You're not a Syrian or an Iraqi. There's no danger in Nigeria. You just came here for a free ride, for the social benefits. Admit it!

MARIE-FRANCE: Or for the white women.

BAKO: Women? (*English*) I don't care for no white woman. (*Pause*) Nor no black one, neither.

MARIE-FRANCE: I'm a Frenchwoman. I don't speak English. What are you trying to say?

13. House.

BRUNO: (*reading*) "Bako Okoruele is a Nigerian. He's 20 years old and homosexual."

DIDIER: (*taking it out on the furniture*) This is all we fucking needed!

MARIE-FRANCE: Didier! Stop it!

BRUNO: "In 2016, he was forced to leave his country after a violent aggression which cost the life of his partner."

Continuing sound of breaking.

MARIE-FRANCE: Didier! Please!

DIDIER: Better if I take it out on the furniture.

BRUNO: "For the last 2 years, Okoruele has been accompanied in his demand for asylum by the association 'Couleurs gaies'. At his first hearing, his request was denied. His latest appeal is based on the fact that he was nearly lynched." Which means: Until the asylum courts reject the appeal, or until he commits a crime, he's *free* to move about *freely* in our *free* country. Even in Volmunster.

DIDIER: Where will he stay? There are no hotels in Volmunster. And nobody will take him in this village.

BRUNO: No problem, Didier. He's already squatting on your property.

14. Outdoors.

DIDIER: This is my land. Who told you you could set up a tent here?

MARIE-FRANCE: Didier, calm down.

DIDIER: You're not in Africa now, boy! You can't just settle on somebody's private property. We have laws here.

BAKO: I'm not hurting nobody, Mister. I got to sleep somewhere.

DIDIER: Then go back to your homosexual association "Couleurs gaies" in Metz. They seem to be responsible for you. Why don't you stay with them?

BAKO: Bako gets in trouble in big cities. I got to stay clean for my appeal. The people in Metz told me I should go. I said: ok, you tell me someplace I can go where nothing happens, where nobody goes, nothing to do, where there's nothing to get into hot water about.

DIDIER: There's a refugee camp outside of town. That's where you belong.

BAKO: I was already there. There was no place to breathe. You've got a big place here. Nice trees. Please. I won't make any trouble. I can even work for you.

MARIE-FRANCE: Work? What kind of work?

BAKO: Anything you like. Fetching things, cutting trees, babysitting...

DIDIER: Out of the question. (*Grabs Bako*) OK, let's go!

MARIE-FRANCE: What are you doing with him?

DIDIER: Escorting him out of the village.

MARIE-FRANCE: Stop!

DIDIER: Stop? Who's to stop me?

MARIE-FRANCE: Me. I'm mayor here. I'm responsible for keeping the peace.

DIDIER: Maybe you're taking that job too seriously.

MARIE-FRANCE: Maybe I'm starting to.

DIDIER: He has to go, Marie-France!

MARIE-FRANCE: Hang on. And what if he really worked for us?

DIDIER: Are you mad?

MARIE-FRANCE: Why not? I don't have any more time to deal with the vegetable garden. That would be the easiest solution, Didier.

DIDIER: It's crazy!

MARIE-FRANCE: I'll take responsibility for him.

DIDIER: OK. But he's forbidden to enter the house. (*To Bako*) Listen ... um ...

BAKO: Bako.

DIDIER: Yeah, Bako. In a month's time, there'll be a concert on this property.

BAKO: Reggae?

DIDIER: Not exactly reggae, no. You have to be gone by then. You understand? (*Half whispering, as if to hide it from MARIE-FRANCE*) And another thing: on my land, no bumboys. You understand? No gay orgies. Not on my land.

15. Website.

VOICE: (*Alsace accent*) "On lush green land owned by the former mayor of Volmunster, Didier Muret, and his wife, Marie-France, the Summer Solstice music festival takes place. Because of Volmunster's proximity to three bordering countries - Switzerland, Belgium and Germany - the event has a particularly European flavour. This year, with internationally acclaimed bands like ...

16. Concert meeting

KARLHEINZ: ... *Flying Dead Wolves, Iron Identity, Thor's Thighs*... We're glad to be able to do this for you, Didier. It's not so easy by us over the border; they put too many restrictions on the gigs, the fucking Communists.

BRUNO: What Communists?

KARLHEINZ: The ones in power.

BRUNO: There are no Communists in power in Germany, you moron.

KARLHEINZ: Who the fuck is this guy?

DIDIER: Bruno Mariani is our lawyer and one of the founding members of *Préférence Nationale*, Karlheinz. He's a legend in the movement. Ex-paratrooper. He doesn't mean any harm.

BRUNO: Yes I do.

DIDIER: Karlheinz, it would be good if there were a ... kind of ... Leitmotif this year.

KARLHEINZ: A what?

DIDIER: A kind of theme for the evening. Maybe something original.

KARLHEINZ: You got it. Listen to "*Thor's Thighs*".

Plays music from his mobile for a few seconds. They sing: "Holocaust: Fake news, 2019."

KARLHEINZ: "Holocaust: Fake News. 2019."

DIDIER: What's original about that?

KARLHEINZ: Hey, not the Holocaust lies, that's old hat, what's up-to-date is the tag: "Fake news". The song describes how the Kike ghettos in every country built underground tunnels with money from Rothschild, stocked them with Matzo and vodka, where 6 million then waited out the end of the war. Afterwards ...

BRUNO: So you are one of the dirty swine bastards who try to steal our holy Holocaust from us.

KARLHEINZ: Listen ...

BRUNO: No, you listen!

DIDIER: Bruno, not now ...

BRUNO: Shut up! Get this, brainless moron: what you and your pals call "the Holocaust" and what I call "The Ecstatic Adventure", was our greatest *work of art*! And you would *deny* it ever happened, instead of cherishing it in your deepest pride?! You hyenas celebrate Hitler's birthday, but you are, in reality, petty Mussolini-spawn. Blackshirt rejects. Rejects! You don't know the painstaking brushstrokes, which depict the systematic elimination of six million of them without

excessive brute force, through psychology, science and advanced mathematics.

DIDIER: Bruno, that's not the point here! We're talking about the concert!

BRUNO: To hell with your concert! (*Again to Karlheinz*) With garbage like you, there will be no superior civilisation for us to defend, no Valhalla on earth, only desolate wasteland ruled over by skinned heads and eyebrows stuck through with razor blades.

Silence.

KARLHEINZ: You know something, Grandpa? Count yourself lucky your scalp is still in place. And I stand by what I said: Gas chambers, crematoriums, Holocaust --all fake.

BRUNO: Like your mother's virginity, moron freak.

17. Bako digging the soil.

BAKO: Yeah, I'm an idiot. We leave the party, we have to separate, but I want a goodnight kiss -stupid boy! -

MARIE-FRANCE: And then?

BAKO: - And so I look around and I see nobody. Ok, nobody's looking and I put my tongue in his mouth.

MARIE-FRANCE: Go on.

BAKO: But they are watching us from the windows and before I know what's happening, they are on us.

MARIE-FRANCE: Who?

BAKO: A few women. They smash us with frying pans; ok, frying pans, I can survive that. But while the ladies are keeping us busy, the men go to get their machetes and ...

MARIE-FRANCE: Careful! Don't dig too close to the ferns. You'll harm the roots!

Bako digging in silence.

MARIE-FRANCE: I'm waiting to hear the rest.

BAKO: (*English*) What you wanna hear, lady? Dirty details? (*Pause, changes language*) The women are holding me down, while the men hack my lover to pieces, and I know it's my turn next. So I kick one lady in the face and grab her frying pan off her. The machete man who was working on my friend, I smash him with the frying pan, and the others start after me down the road.

MARIE-FRANCE: So you escaped?

BAKO: Sure. A gay man gets 14 years in prison in Nigeria. In the newspapers, it says, " Bako Okoruele should be "killed on sight" if caught. And I'm still

there; I'm still in my country, everywhere. I'm wanted for... debauchery. "Perversion", they call it.

18. Room. Drinking tea.

MARIE-FRANCE: This perversion of yours ... did you ever think of going for psychiatric help?

BAKO: What do I need that for? I got no "perversions", lady. That's only in people's heads. In *your* head too.

Silence.

MARIE-FRANCE: What ... actually do you ... do?

BAKO: Do?

MARIE-FRANCE: With each other.

BAKO: Same as you, lady.

MARIE-FRANCE: Surely not.

Didier has entered quietly.

BAKO: I like it when somebody rubs my belly. Just like you like it when somebody puts his finger...

MARIE-FRANCE: Stop!

DIDIER: Yeah, stop. What is he doing in the house?

BAKO: Drinking tea, "Boss", drinking tea.

19. Garden. Cameras, brouhaha, etc.

MARIE-FRANCE: My dream was to open a teashop in Volmunster. Really. After all, there's not much going on here...

INTERVIEWER: Stop! Listen, nobody cares about that! The village website is meant to attract German tourists.

Camera rolling.

MARIE-FRANCE: I mean, I never had any real ambition which, I suppose, would be a serious matter if I were a man, but no one really expects it in a woman, like I am. Still, since taking over the Mairie from my husband, I've been following my own instincts lately and so far they seem to have led me in the right direction. I suppose. *(To interviewer)* Shall I continue?

INTERVIEWER: Don't bother. We stopped filming anyway.

MARIE-FRANCE: But why?

INTERVIEWER: As I said: Nobody's interested.

20. BEDROOM.

MARIE-FRANCE: Yes. It interests me.

DIDIER: But don't take it too far. Let it be the exception that proves the rule.

MARIE-FRANCE: Bako isn't hurting anyone, Didier. He helps me with the lawn and my vegetables. I'm going to take him shopping with me in Strasbourg.

DIDIER: What? You can't be seen in public with him, *Dumb-belle*.

MARIE-FRANCE: But it's good publicity. Against all those people who call us racists. This way, we'll prove we're not, we'll...

DIDIER: We don't need to prove anything to anybody.

Moment of intimacy. When they go silent, we can hear in the far distance the sound of hammering.

MARIE-FRANCE: What's that?

DIDIER: The guys have arrived from Saarbrucken. They're starting to set up.

MARIE-FRANCE: Bako!

21. Stage being erected in background. MARIE-FRANCE arrives calling "Bako".

MARC GATIPON: He can't hear you from here, Madame Muret.

MARIE-FRANCE: What's happened to him?

MARC GATIPON: Nothing yet. He's over there, helping them set up the stage.

MARIE-FRANCE: How do you kn...? Who are you anyway?

MARC GATIPON: Marc Gatipon. From the NGO "Couleurs Gaies".

MARIE-FRANCE: They haven't made any ... trouble ... about him? The boys?

MARC GATIPON: What? Exploiting unpaid black labour? That's in their chromosomes.

MARIE-FRANCE: Does he ... know? Bako? Who they are?

MARC GATIPON: Obviously not. He's just happy to have something to do. And he says he's looking forward to the "concert". Bad idea. Very bad.

MARIE-FRANCE: For God's sake, why don't you take him back to Metz with you!

MARC GATIPON: He started hanging around with the hustler scene by the railway station. If he stayed there, he'd have no chance of being granted asylum. Volmunster is the lesser evil.

MARIE-FRANCE: "Evil?" Really! What a filthy nerve! You people just can't accept that a populist government has been elected here.

MARC GATIPON: "Populist" is a term invented by journalists too cowardly to use the correct expression.

MARIE-FRANCE: Which expression?

MARC GATIPON: "Fascist".

MARIE-FRANCE: I'm not a fascist!

MARC GATIPON: I don't know what *you* are, Madame Muret. But your husband surely is. And all his cohorts. Pétanists. Anti-Semites. Gestapo nostalgics.

Loud machinery.

MARIE-FRANCE: No, no, no! Ouch! I'm not sure how my nerves will survive this concert.

MARC GATIPON: They may not have to.

MARIE-FRANCE: Meaning?

MARC GATIPON: A consortium of local associations has taken out an injunction to ban the concert.

MARIE-FRANCE: Ban? This is a free country! A democracy!

MARC GATIPON: With strict any-defamation laws. You and your husband also risk a heavy fine.

MARIE-FRANCE: For what?

MARC GATIPON: For allowing a Neo-Nazi gathering on your property, Madame Muret.

MARIE-FRANCE: Neo-Nazis? *That's* defamation! These boys are Nationalists.

MARC GATIPON: Nazis.

MARIE-FRANCE: No way! They're patriots. German patriots, French patriots, Belgian ...

MARC GATIPON: Nazis.

22. Mayor's office.

MARIE-FRANCE: Bruno, you are the legal arm of the Mairie, of the Party, our family lawyer. You have to be straight with me: the bands who will play tomorrow night? Are they ... Neo-Nazis?

BRUNO: Just journalistic shorthand, *Madame le maire*. Lacking in substance as usual.

MARIE-FRANCE: You know they've taken out an injunction against us?

BRUNO: It won't be decided on in time. I've already sent a legal memorandum, which will delay it. The concert will go ahead.

MARIE-FRANCE: And ... if it ... doesn't?

Silence.

BRUNO: What astonishes me is that you're only just discovering all this. As if it hasn't been right under your nose for years.

MARIE-FRANCE: I never took it seriously. For me it was always a patriotic concert... Nationalist, yes. But Nazis ...

BRUNO: You think you would really have the courage to stop the concert?

MARIE-FRANCE: I looked it up. If it comes to it. Public safety ordinance 347. I can invoke it within 12 hours. By myself.

BRUNO: Well, well, very clever. Doing your homework. Have you discussed this with your husband?

MARIE-FRANCE: *I'm* the mayor of Volmunster. If I find out they're Nazi bands, or even Neo-Nazis, I want this

event terminated. I'm counting on you to take the necessary legal steps, Lawyer Mariani.

BRUNO: Who's speaking here? Marie-France Muret? Or is it ... *Marouschka Rascowski*?

Silence.

BRUNO: I mean the granddaughter of the tailor Rascowski from the Odessa Ghetto.

MARIE-FRANCE: Is this public knowledge?

BRUNO: It could be. Can be. Might be.

MARIE-FRANCE: Just what is it you're threatening me with? Being my grandfather's granddaughter? Yes? Is that what you're threatening me with? In any case, Didier has known this from Day 1.

BRUNO: But not the rest of Volmunster. With the deep respect I hold for you since you came here, I am unable to look upon you as an authentic member of our community. It's not that I have a personal antipathy for you. On the contrary, I've come to admire your warmth and sincerity over the years. Even your endearing and somewhat embarrassing naiveté. No, it is rather ... the *ingredients which went into making you* that I am compelled to despise.

MARIE-FRANCE: So, for you, I am somehow "unclean"?

BRUNO: Yes. Somehow.

23. Garden. Cameras, brouhaha, etc.

MARIE-FRANCE: *Somehow* I just "turned up" here from Paris, met my husband, *coup de foudre*, --love at first sight -- and here I am.

INTERVIEWER: Tell us something about your background, your parents. This is good for the website.

MARIE-FRANCE: Simple people, nothing special. My grandfather was a tai... a *couturier*. Worked his way up from nothing. Self-made man. That's about it.

INTERVIEWER: What people like to hear is a bit of family wisdom. What did your father or mother tell you that led you to public office?

MARIE-FRANCE: (*thinks*) Look a second time. My ... grandfather said it. If you don't see what *has* to be seen the first time: Look again. It was probably staring you in the face all the time.

24. Mayor's Office. Sound check in distance.

DIDIER: I don't see how you can look me in the face any longer.

MARIE-FRANCE: For me it's a question of looking at *myself* in the mirror.

MARTINEZ: Come on, *Dumb-belle*, you don't ...

MARIE-FRANCE: Don't call me that!

DIDIER: Hey, relax, it's your nickname.

MARIE-FRANCE: Not any longer. Now, lawyer Mariani, have you invoked Public Safety Ordinance 347 as I instructed you?

BRUNO: I thought you might want to first discuss it with members of the municipal council, *Madame le maire*.

MARIE-FRANCE: I instructed you to contact the Prefecture.

DIDIER: Marie-France ... the concert is about to begin...

MARIE-FRANCE: There's still time. I'll do it myself. And we won't be needing your services any longer, lawyer Mariani.

MARTINEZ: What the fuck? Who do you think you are, you fucking blonde bimbo?

DIDIER: Martinez ...

MARTINEZ: I don't care if she's your wife, Didier. We agreed for her to take your place. As window dressing. OK. But the deal was that she could show her lovely round arse in public as long as she kept her mouth shut!

MARIE-FRANCE: Oh? Was that the "deal"?

MARTINEZ: Don't play so fucking innocent, Blondie-Bimbo. You're a façade. Nobody ever made a secret of that. Didier, she's going to ruin us. I don't have to tell you how much we've invested in this.

MARIE-FRANCE: Invested?

DIDIER: He means it generally speaking.

MARTINEZ: No. There's a lot of *money* running around out there tonight. I don't care who knows it.

MARIE-FRANCE: In any case, I'm going to the Prefecture and deal with this directly.

MARTINEZ: You may not ever get there, blondie-Bimbo.

Silence.

MARIE-FRANCE: Did you hear what he said?

DIDIER: He made a joke.

MARTINEZ: No, I didn't.

Movement to go from MARIE-FRANCE.

MARIE-FRANCE: Oh, by the way, I've also decided to write to the asylum tribunal in Strasbourg, recommending that Bako Okoruele be permitted to stay in France.

MARTINEZ: Maybe you'd better first see to the welfare of your little Congo chimpanzee. The motorcycle punks are out there pumping him with grass. Before they get other plans for him.

MARIE-FRANCE: What are you talking about?

MARTINEZ: Do I need to spell it out for you, Blondie?

She goes.

DIDIER: She doesn't know what she's saying. You know how it is these days. Women are expressing themselves more. We can't blame them for it. She got a little taste of power and now ...

MARTINEZ: You have to lock her up, Didier.

DIDIER: Tomorrow, I'll ...

MARTINEZ: Now. You take her home and chain her to the bed if you have to. Take her telephone away. Stuff her mouth with cotton. Whatever. We don't want to see or hear any more about her or from her tonight. There's too much riding on it. You've been warned.

25. Concert.

Documentary speaker railing against refugees who are "Eskimos, Peruvians and Jews." Followed by neo-Nazi slogans. Then: First music: "White Man".

BAKO: (*stoned*) Don't warn me, Missus. Let me enjoy myself.

MARIE-FRANCE: What have you been up to all evening?

BAKO: (*stoned*) Hey, they got some first-class Ganja here.

MARIE-FRANCE: What's Ganja?

BAKO: (*stoned*) Just leave me alone, white sister! I'm having a good time.

MARIE-FRANCE: But with these guys here: it's dangerous, Bako!

BAKO: (*stoned*) Hey, they're my friends.

MARIE-FRANCE: Listen: In a little while, they'll be dead drunk and then they won't be so friendly to you. If you stay here, I can't guarantee your safety.

BAKO: (*stoned*) OK, no problem, lady mayor. Lend me some money. I buy me a gun and I protect myself. OK?

MARIE-FRANCE: Nonsense! Where do you imagine you can buy a gun at this time of night?

BAKO: (*stoned*) Right over there behind your artichokes. Any kind you want. You want a Colt '45? You want an assault rifle? You only got to cough up the money and (*makes a sound like a shot*).

MARIE-FRANCE: What are you talking about?

BAKO: (*stoned*) Guns, lady. Bang bang! Weapons.

26. Car door opening. Concert in background.

MARIE-FRANCE: (*To herself*) Weapons. Weapons!

DIDIER: Get in the car, Marie-France.

MARIE-FRANCE: What are you doing in my car, Didier?

DIDIER: We have to talk.

MARIE-FRANCE: So you're driving me to the Prefecture in my own car? That's sweet of you. We can talk while driving.

Car door closed.

DIDIER: We're not driving anywhere.

MARIE-FRANCE: Oh yes, Didier.

DIDIER: I say no.

MARIE-FRANCE: Listen, Didier: All these years I considered you my great protector. My ...champion. My teacher. My strong man. Look at you cowering there, parked in the shadows. Shall I tell you something? There are guns being sold on our property tonight, Didier. Assault rifles, military gear, whatever you want, come and get it. Well?

DIDIER: They're not permitted to sell elsewhere. It's just a few ...

MARIE-FRANCE: Who?

DIDIER: Guys from Moscow. Guys from our Movement. We made a deal. They do the concert security for free. We owe them a favour. They do their ... commerce.

MARIE-FRANCE: How much do you get out of it? You and Martinez?

Silence.

MARIE-FRANCE: How much!?

DIDIER: 15 per cent. I ...

MARIE-FRANCE: What? What are you going to tell me, Didier? It's one time only? Never again? You want to caress me, put your hand up my skirt, as always, call me "Dumb-belle"? "Hey, Baby, don't walk out on me just when I need you most. It was such a deception when I couldn't run for mayor. Nothing like a soft woman to be a man's hard backbone. And, as I couldn't be me, Love, I chose you to be me. I hid inside your 'curvy' body to keep myself in office". Well, I'm not you, Didier. You know who I am?

DIDIER: Marie-France Muret.

MARIE-FRANCE: No. Marouschkele Rascowski. Remember her? The Jewish girl you married and had change her name to "Marie-France"? Who you told never to talk about her past with people from Volmunster? Remember? *(Pause)* Now, if you're not coming with me to the Prefecture, get out of the driver's seat, so I can get going.

DIDIER: I can't let you.

She smacks him.

MARIE-FRANCE: Now you can. Get out!

DIDIER I can't!

MARIE-FRANCE: Get out!

DIDIER I can't let you switch on the ignition!

Silence.

MARIE-FRANCE: What? No. I can't believe it.

DIDIER I can't be sure! Maybe they didn't, probably not, they wouldn't dare... but Martinez ... who knows? ... maybe...

MARIE-FRANCE: ... is it possible?

DIDIER Yes!

27. She rushes out of car.

DIDIER: Marie-France, stop! Don't call attention to yourself.

MARIE-FRANCE: That's precisely what I'm doing for the first time in my life. Calling attention to myself.

She starts to walk away.

DIDIER: Where are you going?

MARIE-FRANCE: If it's too late to stop the concert, I can at least talk to the gun merchants. Understand? I'll deal with them.

DIDIER: Are you crazy? You can't "deal" with such people!

MARIE-FRANCE: And why not? If nobody else in Volmunster has the courage to do it, then I have to.

DIDIER: I'm going with you.

MARIE-FRANCE: No! I'm going alone. All by myself. *I'm* the Mayor of Volmunster.

28. **Concert up front.**

LEAD SINGER (*playing with crowd*): Heil, Volmunster!
Oops! Shut up! That's illegal, isn't it? To say "Heil!"
They told us we have to be careful not to use certain ...
expressions. Or they'll stop the concert! That's what
it means to live in this F-F-Fucking F-F-France, in
this Eu-Eu-Europe. Watch what you say, and you know
what they call that? I'll spell it for you: D-E-M-O-C-
R-A-C-Y. So: F-U-C-K fuck you!

Musical riffs.

We're "Thor's Thighs" -and we're going to start off
with a love song to a lady we admire so dearly- Madame
European Fuck U ... nion!

They sing "Europa" to the tune of the "Ode to Joy".

Poor pure Viking Girl
Fucked by a black bull
Smash the foreign skulls
That's why we're here today.

Nazi-Rock Refrain

That's why we're here today.
That's why we're here today.
To save Europe.

To save Europe.

Europe's been raped.

Fucking bastards, the 27!

Fucking bastards, the 27!

We want our identity!

We want our identity!

(Spoken): So, from today, we're making 27 widows and orphans out of you!

Build a wall, build a wall

Against fucking Europe

Build a wall, build a wall

And kick the motherfuckers

(audience screams "out") in the face

And again in the face,

Europe in the face

We want our identity!

Away from stage. Punches.

MARIE-FRANCE: What's going on here?

CONCERT-GOER: Who the fuck are you, Baby-Doll?

MARIE-FRANCE: The mayor of Volmunster.

CONCERT-GOER: Wow! Mayor of Volmunster. You had a great idea, inviting this little nigger here tonight. Very cool, lady!

MARIE-FRANCE: Bako, what are they doing to you?

CONCERT-GOER: Using him as a punching bag. It's just a game.

MARIE-FRANCE: Game? His face is all bloody!

CONCERT-GOER: We won't wound him. Bako's our pal. And then we clean him up and give him *da weed*. Right, Bako? So everybody's happy. Don't worry. We're not going to kill him. 10 Euros a "Sambosmash". And the proceeds go to the children of the synagogue arsonists. It's super! Watch, Baby-Doll, a lovely game.

Punches Bako.

MARIE-FRANCE: Here's 100 Euros to stop your "game"

CONCERT-GOER: We don't need your fucking money, Baby-Doll. We're here for the fun of it. Punching Bako turns us on.

MARIE-FRANCE: Why don't you hit me instead?

CONCERT-GOER: Because I don't hit women. It's against my code of honour.

MARIE-FRANCE: Are you one of those selling guns?

CONCERT-GOER: Sorry? Doing ... what?

MARIE-FRANCE: Peddling assault rifles and the like. I won't have anyone selling weapons in Volmunster. You have to get off my property immediately.

CONCERT-GOER: Watch out, Baby-Doll: I'm just about to break my code of honour.

Martinez arrives.

MARTINEZ: What's going on here?

CONCERT-GOER: Who the fuck are you suddenly?

MARTINEZ: Martinez. Security.

MARIE-FRANCE: "Security", sure, weapons-dealer Martinez.

MARTINEZ: Shut up!

CONCERT-GOER: This bitch is bothering me, Security.

MARIE-FRANCE: Liar!

MARTINEZ: She's just drunk. I'll take her out of here.

CONCERT-GOER: You do that, pal, or I'll deal with her my own way.

MARTINEZ: Easy, friend. We don't treat women badly here. This is Volmunster.

CONCERT-GOER: Yeah. Fuck Volmunster. By the way, she claims she's the mayor.

MARIE-FRANCE: So I am!

MARTINEZ: She really believes that? Everybody's got a right to a fantasy life, even a little Bimbo-Blondie like this one. *(To Marie-France)* Come along, *Dumb-Belle*, or do I have to pull you by the hair?

MARIE-FRANCE: Just try it!

He grabs her.

MARIE-FRANCE: Let me go! Let me go!

She kicks him.

CONCERT-GOER: Hey, "Security", you need to hire "Security" yourself to better protect your balls! Now the bitch has escaped.

Punches Bako again.

Band. Beethoven again.

Europe with your Jewish money
Soon you'll be the Past
Raped once again bang-bang
Through our hostility.

We're proud of our freedom
That's our manifesto
Let's protect our beautiful wisdom
Against the Insect-Plague.

Refrain

Brexit, Ex-it, Sex-it, Hex-it
European Fuck U...nion
Brexit, Ex-it, Sex-it, Hex-it
European Fuck U...nion

Build a wall, build a wall
Around Europe, inside Europe
Build a wall, build a wall
Around Europe, inside Europe

And when they come
And when they come
In their „Aquarius“ ship
Sink the ship
Turn it over
and drown the Motherfuckers
in the Mediterranean.

Beethoven again.

Freedom through tyrannical chains
Honour to the villains
Horror on your deathbeds
Throw Justice to the flames.
All enemies shall be destroyed
Brother, drink up and agree
All sins are allowed now
And Hell is forever.

Refrain

Brexit, Ex-it, Sex-it, Hex-it
European Fuck U...nion
Brexit, Ex-it, Sex-it, Hex-it
European Fuck U...nion

The amplification suddenly goes off.

SINGER: (*shouts*) Hey! What the fuck?! Hey, who cut off the generators? The Kikes cut off the power because you haven't paid the rent? Ha-llo! Put the fucking lights back on! Or do you expect us to continue in total

darkness?! Hello? How do you expect us to destroy Europe, without fucking amplifiers and in total darkness??!! Motherfuckers!

End

Credits.