

The Egg Clip 5

Solon: Remember just one thing, that we still have another fifty years of life, do you get it?

Luke: Tell me, have they invented penicillin?

S: Yes, they've invented it, Luke. Something else they haven't yet invented, Luke?

L: They've invented the phone, the radio, video, and the satellite. They didn't leave anything undiscovered.

S: Don't give up, Luke. Is this where we are going to get stuck, at inventors?

L: Look here, Solon, they'll prolong life for another fifty years. And then, we'll become a hundred years old and still you will be searching!

S: That is impossible, Luke. Only until one hundred and that's it. How far can it go?

L: Watch out, Solon, watch out, Solon: they'll prolong life for another hundred years, eh?

S: Yes.

L: ...so that we can become something. And as soon as we succeed, bang comes death, in which case...

S: What are you getting at?

L: Again we'll be working for others!

S: What are you getting at?

L: Come on, Solon, how will we enjoy it, Solon? We will become two hundred years old, in which case when we're going to the bathroom, someone else will be unbuttoning our pants.

S: What are you saying? See here, Luke. Everything you say is completely unreasonable.

L: Why?

S: Of course, because there aren't the necessary connections, Luke, do you understand? Don't be disillusioned in general, because we still have another fifty years of life and we have to take advantage of them, Luke. There could be, let's say...

L: Let's see.

S: ...a second America, we'll become Columbuses, and discover it.

L: I don't want America.

S: Luke, you are narrow-minded too. You reject everything. You mean you've never had dreams, you don't have dreams? When will we again find such an opportunity? Have you run dry? You don't have any ideas, Luke?

L: Tell me.

S: Yes.

L: Can I become a pistachio nut seller?

S: Look, of course, pistachio nut seller is a wonderful idea, only that you have to advance it a little, eh? You have to advance it a little, Luke, the pistachio nut seller, because it involves lots of walking. Something where you can sit. Chestnut seller.

L: Good, chestnut seller where I can sit.

S: Yes.

L: Good, how will I start? With what capital?

S: Everything is in the organizing, my friend. First we will see what you want to do, and don't change the topic. And later, at another session, we will discover the how. Don't be a fool.

L: So fine, let's say, the shoeblack, it just came to him and he became one? A judge, a minister, out of the blue it just came to them and they became those occupations?

S: It just came to them and they became it. Now why do you always dispute the facts?

L: And then, was the shoeblack a fool? Why didn't he choose something more...?

S: This is what I am telling you, my friend. Don't let our first choices be wrong. Because if you choose to be a shoeblack, it's all over, you will stay a shoeblack for the rest of your life, do you get it? Leave it to me. I will take this up. Don't tire yourself.

L: You know what would be nice to be?

S: What would we be?

L: Snakes.

S: Snakes? What snakes?

L: One hundred percent snakes. Eight months lounging about, regular lounging, sleep.

S: You mean hibernation.

L: Yes, hibernation. Eight months hibernation and four months spending the summer in the parks. No rent, no clothes, since we'll be snakes.

S: Correct. Look, at first sight, your proposal doesn't seem bad. An occasional coffee, an occasional ouzo, eh? But as to the future, Luke, we'll figure it out, eh? OK, my friend?

L: Ouzo?

S: Yes, ouzo. Why?

L: Did you say ouzo?

S: Yes, why?

L: Where did you get ouzo from right now?

S: I don't know. Something smells like ouzo, I don't know.

L: You smelt ouzo?

S: Yes, I don't know. Somewhere over here, I smelt it.

L: Where from?

S: Here, there? Keep looking, follow me. Like I know?

L: You said ouzo? My nose, my cursed nose, I can't smell anything. Ouzo.

S: Shut up, chatterbox. Darn it! Shut up. You cut off the scent again. Darn. It's gone. Where did it go? It's this way, like I know? It is coming back. It is coming back, stupid. Come on. It smells. My God, everything smells. The rain, I don't know. Something is bringing it. I don't know. Let's go, Luke.

L: Have you got your bearings right?

S: Yes. My senses never lie. Come on!

L: Let's go.