

JOBLESS ACTOR CONFESSIONS

by Marcin Zarzeczny

translated by Patrycja Trzoch

There is a chair and prompts arranged on the stage. Behind the chair there is a quit big element of the set, which is full of ropes. In the "Signs" monologue, the use of the element is clearly explained.

INTRODUCTORY MONOLOGUE

I'm really happy that you've come. I didn't expect there would be so many of you. Great, really great. In a minute, you'll hear some music, maybe even the lights will change and the performance will begin. I'll be telling you about my struggling to make my dreams come true. During the show, a few prompts will appear; a hair dryer, a mike, glasses. For a moment you will see me naked, but don't worry, we'll dim the lights a bit and you won't see much. I'll sing you a song and I'll recite a poem, I mean, I'll be poetizing a bit. This performance lasts an hour and forty minutes or fifty; that depends. There will be no fireworks or surprises. (the actor is looking at his watch). Well, 7 has passed, so let's start. I don't want you to start being impatient. I'd like to ask you for a favor, though. Could you, please, turn off your mobile phones? You know how it is; one phone goes off, someone finds the ring tone nice and starts surfing on the net and does it throughout the performance. Probably, they won't find the tone anyway and end up miserable. I'll turn my phone off as well, well, one. The other one, my work phone, I'll leave on, if you don't mind. Maybe someone from a film production or the theatre will call and they'll say they need a sudden substitution. Who knows? It's possible. It happened to me once.

WHAT IF I WON'T MANAGE

My faith that finally, one day, I'll make it is immense. This faith generates loads of strength which I use to find a job. This pursuit boosts my hope. Generally, these three are really strong in my case. Recently, more and more often, one question starts to bug me, though; what if I won't make it? Nothing has really changed in my life for nearly seven years. Sure, there are ups and downs, but that's it. Through all that time, more often than not, I wonder how I'll pay my rent and bills next month, where from should I take money to buy bread and so on. Those things are a feast for depression. But anyways, that's not the point. The point is I need stabilization, pure and simple. I want to wake up in the morning without this screaming voice in my head: come on, move, get up and look for a job. Do it, fast, you've got only 65.67 zlotych on your debit card and 33 grosze on your credit card. And no, it's not a situation when you're waiting for a money transfer and an accountant, six week in a row, has been assuring you that the transfer has already been made. Oh no, no, no, you have no overdue payment or a new job. The best thing to do at that point is to get up and act. Don't stay in bed any longer,

because then hell's unleashed. God, I'm already 29, soon I'm going to be thirty. What have I accomplished, what is there for me and what's next? To be honest, as for a freelancer, I have quite a lot of interesting acting and life experiences. I'm really proud of myself. I'm proud because I'm a fighter, I fight consistently. And what do I have of that? Well ... I stay afloat, mate. The truth is that unless something happens or I go to work in gastronomy, the only solution there'll be is to pack, get on a bus, because it's the cheapest, and go back to my parents. Or better; get on a different bus and go West. We all know that it's easier to live in the West. Today, I saw a photo from Italy on Facebook; hills, trees, the sun set, morning dew; generally kitsch which we all desire and I wished to be there. After all, it doesn't cost a fortune, does it? An unemployed actor can't afford it. What am I saying? He can't afford a pair of new jeans. But you know what? The unemployed actor wants to live. I want to live. I want to act and be paid fairly. I want to go to Zakopane for a week. I want to eat oscypek, the original one from Krupówki Street. Ok, all right, it can be near Krupówki, if it happens to be cheaper but then it must be with cranberry jam. I want to eat a waffle at the bottom of Mala Krokiew and at the Big one I want to chase it with Polo Kokta. I want to join this Krupówki crowd and be able to choose a place to have my dinner and I don't want it to be the cheapest one but the most pleasant one. A place where a human feels full even before eating. Finally, for the second time in my life, I want to ski! Besides, I want to have money to buy my parents something special. Parents who I owe everything! I would send them on great holidays and when they'd be away, I would replace their old furniture with the new one which they've dreamed of. Then I would feel, at least a bit, that I gave them something too. I want to see my beloved New York, CN Tower in Toronto, the Pyramids, an Inca town, the North Cape, the northern lights, whales, koala bears on a gum tree in Australia and finally I'd like to swim a bit, though I can't swim, but I know that in the Dead Sea I won't drown. I want to see the Himalaya mountains and at the very end, Hawaii. And the best thing ever would be to share it with someone I love; share this all happiness, take hundreds of photos and you know, not to put them on Facebook, just hide this whole happiness in an album and cherish it. When it's hard, turn back to it, dust it and refresh my memory and when I'm old, take off my glasses and say: "Don't be afraid to fight for what you dream." Then you go to bed and you're not afraid that the next day you might not wake up. Because what I wanted to do I did and what I wanted to see I saw. Bugger! I was to tell you what it would be like if I didn't manage and it turned out as usual; what it will be like if I manage. I have to manage. There is no other way.

DREAM SINCE FOREVER

Since I remember I've always dreamt of being an actor. As a child I loved karate movies and Bruce Lee was my biggest fan. Bruce Lee was my biggest idol. I often mix up these two words recently. I dreamt of white uniform and a black belt. I also pictured myself as a priest, and to be honest, they are a bit of actors themselves; I took a stool which imitated an ambo. Why the stool? Well, only because it had convenient height. As you've probably all guessed by now, I've never been taller than I am now and then, as a child, I was even shorter. So, I put a prayer book on this ambo and I held a service. I imagined, I was standing on the altar in the church overflowing with people. It's a grand feeling. When I was watching movies on TV, at the beginning, always in the very same place, where names of actors

were read, I copied the voice-over guy and read them all adding my own, (imitating the voice-over reader) Al Pacino, Meryl Streep, Jack Nicholson and Marcin Zarzeczny as the lead.

In the fifth grade, I won declamation contest and from then on I was completely sure that I would be an actor. I mean, I was a bit hesitant; I was still considering being a priest. To settle the matter, right before the last class of high school, I went for a pilgrimage from Lublin to Częstochowa. You know, to find out if I should become a priest or not. It turned out I shouldn't. I applied to two acting schools in Wrocław and Olsztyn. Yes, there is a public acting school in Olsztyn. I went to an exam to Wrocław, where a gentleman who invited me for a diction exam couldn't say my name correctly. I knew that was a sign. Not a very heartening sign. The exam went well. I was right though, I dropped out the first day. Not a month passed and I went to an exam in Olsztyn. I presented, in my opinion, quite captivating interpretation of "The mosquito", a poem which I'd been preparing for quite a long time. It looked more or less like this.

The lights change, the actor replays his poem declamation exam. He speaks in a strange way; he imitates mosquito's buzz and movement. He presents choreography inspired the poem

Marcin Zarzeczny. Anonymous. A mosquito

Are not you he who dared to bite my knee? - asked I,
Listening to the buzz made with a glee over my beer glass.
He smiled and pulled out his vicious sting
Trying his luck to sting me in an eye blink
But I was faster, flash of flashes - I might say
And where he was flying, his dead corpses now stay.
Don't bother me with your silly buzz
If you don't know how to bite. Simple! Don't make all that fuss.

I'm sure there was a time in your life when you saw someone doing or saying something and you felt really embarrassed. And it didn't matter if you knew the person or not. The thing was so terrible that even though the situation didn't involve you in any way, you just wished the ground would swallow you up for the guy. Well, I thought my interpretation was just a pure marvel; I dropped out. I went out of the theatre. I was walking along the building straight to the main street when students sitting in the theatre café stopped me, asked me how it went and invited me to their table. As I had a few long hours of waiting for to the train I joined them. Jarek, one of the students, told me that I could apply for a place as a free listener. It would be best to do that next day. I had no place to stay, so his flat mates said that they would put me up for a night. Next day, I went to the theatre, filled the application and went home. Two weeks later, I was at the bus from Kraśnik to my home in a village; I come from there, you see; so I'm travelling on this dilapidated bus, along this dilapidated road and someone calls me, a number I don't know. The noise is deafening. I hear every third word; that it's someone from the theatre, that the exams, that unfortunately, and that the first of September - the theatre, the exam, unfortunately and the first of September. Somehow I put it all together and I decided that they wouldn't have called just to tell me that once again I didn't get in. There was about 150 meters from the bus stop to my house and after I got out of the bus, I started running and screaming; "Mom, I got in!" – To be true I didn't

even know if she was at home or not. That was one of the happiest moments in my life. If we're talking about calls; the important ones, those which changed my life and a problem with hearing every word, I can say, I am luckier now. Generally, there's a rule in my life; if a phone rings and the line is breaking up, that means the call is important. Anyways, that's how it all started.

THE CAPITAL OF AN UNEMPLOYED ACTOR

Later, there were studies and my first steps in the real, unfortunately, more and more adult life. There came time to look for a job. And what is the best place to do that? – Warsaw, of course. But to move to Warsaw, which is the capital of an unemployed actor, I had to save some money to live on at least for a month. Everyone knows it's a bit hard in Poland, so I decided to go abroad to work for a while and earn money to live in Warsaw and eventually, look for a job there. I went to London. I was to stay at my father's friend's house, who I'd seen only once before. But the goal was essential; Warsaw, the center of Polish showbiz. Beside, from the cradle onwards I dreamt of living in this city, mainly because of skyscrapers. I love them. When the bus set off, I realized that it wasn't a joke anymore. "Tomorrow I will be in a place where I'll have nothing." I prayed to God for it all to work out. When I got there, Zbyszek, my host, took me to the flat where he rented a room with one Georgian guy. This guy had a day off and said that if I wanted, he could take me to the city center and show me the city, so we went. Suddenly my new friend said: "Go there and ask for a job." It was so damn hard for me, I felt really ashamed and I didn't know why. All of the sudden even the thought of moving to Warsaw became unimportant. The seventh place that I visited was the lucky one; I got a job in a coffee shop. I talked with Joe, an English man, and as for a proper English man he spoke at the speed of lightning. I didn't understand much but I was nodding all the time he was speaking. I didn't want him to think I didn't know the language. After all I'm Polish, I know English.

I was really satisfied with my work, especially when I got my paycheck on the last day of a month. I had money for my first month in Warsaw. I was coming back home with my work mate through the park. Dark night that was. Four teenage girls were passing us when one of them came over and asked for a pound. My friend was a very generous man and gave her a pound. The rest of lovely ladies became jealous and ran up to us, let's say, to ask for some more pounds. Half-an-hour-long fight started. The girls were not drunk, oh no. To put it nicely, they were a bit doped with a substance causing ADHD. They coupled; two went after my friend and two after me. They tried to take out all things hidden in the abyss of our pockets. I would like to remind you that I had one month of life in Warsaw on me. Luckily, I heard about such difficult moments in the past and one of the ways out, they said, was to surprise the attacker. So, to prepare myself for such an occasion, I invented something like this: If I happen to be in such a situation, I'll pretend to be a psychopathic Satanist who summons devilish powers to help him. And as I know Ave Maria by heart, I'll put Satanus where Maria is. In one moment, our new friends - lovely, English ladies started to hit my face with an umbrella. There was no other way, so I started: Ave Satanus, dominus tecum in mulieribus et benedictum, fructus ventris tui Satanus". The ladies suspended the umbrella project, looked at me and said: "Shut up!" and they carried on with the project. I shouted to my friend: "Run" and we did. Just like that. We could have done it half an hour earlier but why?

Alright, I got to Warsaw. Whole first month, I was looking for a job. I even managed to arrange one or two meetings with theatre directors. A month passed, the money melted. Well, it's time for the very first role of the unemployed actor in the capital of Polish showbiz – Marcin Zarzeczny, a waiter in a Spanish restaurant; a nightmare. One year before I got my actor's diploma, I was supposed to save the world, make it better and I ended up serving chorizo in cider. It was harder than saving the world. At least I thought so then. Each moment at this work was unbearable and very sad. But after about a week, something incredible happened – a miracle. The assistant of one of the Warsaw theatre directors called and told me that an actor got kicked out of their project and they need an immediate substitution. That's how I got my second role in Warsaw and the first one that mattered. It was a part in a musical, which I'd always dreamt of, musical and comedy, I mean. You know how it is to get your dream job. Happiness, you are happy and stressed. I was as happy as Larry and extremely stressed. I would say, far too stressed and my rehearsals weren't going too well. On the corridor I heard all those well-wishing, supportive actors who said: "He won't make it, he won't manage." They all fell silent when they saw me. The premiere went great! Just great! I made a really good job; cool, comic character speaking with accent from Podlasie. My first part gave me a boost to look for a new job; I sent mails, made phone calls. I started to get incredible feedback. Once, for example, Kieślowski called me to propose a role in his new movie, seriously. He'd been dead for some time then, though. Some directors called me; one from the National Theatre, the other from The Old Theatre in Cracow and there was one from Powszechny Theatre in Warsaw, all with the same question. What am I saying? There were American directors who offered me leading roles in their movies. The hitch was that they all spoke perfect Polish. Well, my friends were playing jokes on me. One time, for instance, Jurek Bończak called me and left a message on my voicemail. So I started listening: "Good morning, Jurek Bończak speaking. I want to offer you a leading role in a new comedy which I'm directing." Well, well, well, Jurek Bończak now. What's next? I called back. This time I figured out that I let them think they duped me and in a second I recognized whose voice is on the other side, I would have my revenge. And it went: "Jurek Bończak speaking." "Marcin Zarzeczny" I listened, listened, listened and listened and I couldn't associate the voice with any face, well, to be honest, I could. It sounded like Jurek Bończak. But, come on, who could really know who was there, speaking to me. While he was offering me the leading role yet again, he wasn't giggling and thank God I didn't say anything offensive. And that's how my second dream came true right after the first one. I got this job shortly after sending a series of mails to directors.

A letter appears on the screen.

Dear Sir!!!

We have entered this new year, which is full of hope and possibilities of self-realization, believing that this 2008 will be more than special. When we entered the old year ..., which was full of hope and possibilities of self-realization as well as belief that that 2007 would be more than special, we did not expect that we might be so ... wrong ...?

Dear Sir, not being able to tame my creative drive, my imagination and my dreaming about work on new plays, I would like to ask you to agree on meeting me at any suitable form; be it an audition, a casting, if you wish it, of course.

I am an actor with and ability to sing, not only casually but also in operatic style, which can be counted to my, yet another, virtue.

What else could I add ... a lot, I am sure, but as people say: "too much pudding will choke the dog."

With a volcanic greeting,

Yours faithfully, believing that this new 2008 will be next, exceptional year.

Marcin Zarzeczny

504155237

In this mail, you can see true Marcin Zarzeczny, a guy who is funny, romantic almost mystical and who can't tame his creative drive. That was THE time; this beautiful time, the funniest of all, when I was someone taken straight out of the heart of Romanticism. I wrote with words that were so lofty, so inspired and then what? I went to the restaurant, I took a menu and I was wondering how I'll manage to survive on this 4.30 zł an hour.

I attached some of my photos to the mail.

A slide show on the screen appears.

A photo, which is full of metaphors clear only to me. This is the entrance to the theatre. Hidden message: "Dear director, open the door, please"



Can you see that? Here, I feel in my guts that one day I will play in a movie about Mr. Wałęsa.



Oh, no, no, they didn't invite me to the casting.

Each mail was always accompanied by some picture completely out of place, a picture sent from the bottom of my heart, showing the real me.



I have an impression that I started sending e-mails to directors when I was in my mother's womb. This is my very first letter sent to a well-know, alternative theatre right before my graduation; "I have no idea what to write. Soon I'll finish Acting School in Olsztyn and I'll fly away from under the caring wings of the Jarcz Theatre and I'll be trying to unfold mine. My young, rebellious blood does not allow me to

lock myself in the cage of conventional theatre. It forces me to explore. It does not let me sink into this apathy of the world around. I crave for an open environment which allows artistic expression from deep within and free manifestation of views. Your theatre gives such a possibility. I long to create with you. I'm waiting for a sigh.

Marcin Zarzeczny 504155237

I'd never been more mystical in my life. I really don't know why I wasn't born at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Truly, it would be much better! And you know what? This letter was my free passage to the first-in-my-life job interview, and you know what, I got the job, but I didn't accept it. Why? - Because I got scared. I got a part in a choir in my dream theatre, I was afraid that I would sing out of tune and I didn't accept the role. Now I would, really. At some point, I found this letter writing rather amusing. Luckily, I started to go through some kind of transformation and I stopped copying Mickiewicz.

In 2008, I think it was June, I sent some mails starting with: "Dear Sir, The season has almost finish and I still do not have a job in the theatre." or "Dear sir, Welcome in the new season! My letters to you are so frequent that I have an impression that I'm writing to a family." That was a time when I performed in some good Warsaw theatres for well-know and acclaimed directors, in good shows: a musical, a comedy. Sadly, it didn't develop any further. My next shows were made within the alternative circles which didn't hold the attention of public theatre directors. Besides, there were even more funny photos which didn't encourage serious conversation.



Later, there were some run-off-the-mill letters with invitations to my performances, but there were also some sneaky ones: "I believe that being an actor means to have a mission. I didn't use to understand these words, but now, hopefully, I've grasped the idea of it. I won't summarize my private manifesto here; it is too intimate a subject, but I would gladly talk about it in person." As mails multiplied, money was running out. I had to go back to work in a restaurant. Sometime later, I was noticed by the casting director of one of the commercial station and I got a part in a TV series. I spend one year there, but my

yearning for the theatre was systematically growing. The theatre; a place where you work on your role and at the same time on yourself; a place where you can make someone smile or get someone closer to some important subject or to themselves; a place where someone can simply feel better. I made my first monodrama. I showed it in Prague; the Czech Republic, in Slovakia, in Budapest, in Albania, in Turkey and some minor festivals in Poland. I got invited to Macedonia, India, Canada and Mozambique. Can you believe that? I received a few prizes and many fantastic reviews. The problem was, I didn't present it in any major theatre, so practically no one was interested in it. Consequently, despite my trying, I didn't get invitation for important festivals. To date I have sent 8000 job letter; to theatre directors, to stage-managers and film directors, to producers, to the directors of theatre festivals all over the world. Only in the last year and a half I've sent 6000/8000. Righty, it got a bit sad. Ok, it's time to change the subject. Dreams!!!

DREAM No. 1

We all have a dream of some kind. I've figured out that when I am here, I'll use this time to make some of my stage dreams come true. In this show, there will be three, not more; promise. Dream number one; GONG. I'd love to play saver-of-the-world kind of guy in a movie; the guy would patch up the world, he's, let's say, a sheriff in some small American town. One day a woman comes to me and asks me for help. She's harassed by her ex who appeared to be a kind of psycho. The woman can be acted by ... Kate Winslet? Yea, Kate Winslet will do. There's some great affection growing between us two, of course; passionate love affair explodes. Then, I find out that I'm terminally ill, I have four months to live, but I don't want to tell her. I don't want Kate to carry this burden. And I can really see the very last scene of the movie, when the bad guy is already behind the bars, because I put him there just a second before. I kiss Kate goodbye. She's standing next to my convertible and weeps (I don't cry, obviously, I'm a tough guy). I close the door; I start the engine ... Kate Winslet? Right. I don't have a cancer! Kate pops into my convertible closes the door, I start the engine and we go ahead with screeching tires and drive into the sunset straight to the Grand Canyon.

Music starts and red lights switch on. The actor put his sunglasses and turns on a hairdryer. He's holding it in his left hand and places it as if it was a steering wheel. The hairdryer is directed towards his head; wind blowing through his hair. He's holding his right hand as if he was embracing *someone*. *They're going. After a minute, the actor puts a cigarette into his mouth, but as the wind is strong, the moment he puts it, the cigarette falls out of his mouth. He puts anotherone. He holds it firmly in his mouth. He tries to light the cigarette, but he's got some problems; both his hands are busy at the moment. He takes out a lighter which doesn't want to work in such wind. To avoid total humiliation; he throws away the cigarette as if he quits smoking. Music stops. Previous lights come back.*

I just have to make everything; you know, perfect, especially the cigarette stuff.

MY MEETING WITH AN ACTOR EMPLOYED ON A PERMANENT BASIS IN ONE OF WARSAW THEATRES

Yesterday I saw an actor employed on a permanent basis in one of Warsaw theatres. My God, how he smoked his cigarette! I don't know, just different, he did it simply, don't know, cool! In general, he

looked somehow different. He had nice clothes, he was all slick and neat, and generally you could see that it's really good to have permanent job. He even smelled somehow different; there was something divine in that smell. Well, it's obvious that I didn't smell a thing. He was talking that he'd just started rehearsal for a new project in his theatre and he had to resign from the offer of some other Warsaw theatre; that in few months he would start shooting his new movie. Generally, he had an enormous problem, because he didn't know how to bring it all together. Where did I meet him? In my theatre, I mean, in his theatre where I was waiting for a casting. I got the info about the audition at the very last moment. Some kind of application was supposed to be sent, but as I hadn't known about it, I hadn't sent the application. I figured out that I would go to the theatre and talk with a person responsible for the audition and somehow I would get in. And I met this permanently-employed actor at the lodge where I'd been standing for more than an hour. I was there because the porter had not let me into the theatre. Well, I understand, that's what the porter does; let people into the theatre or not. I said goodbye to the permanently-employed actor and the porter; the actor went to his rehearsal, I was standing there for a bit while longer and I came back home to send some more mails.

Darn it! If I had this permanent job, I would smoke my cigarette just like the guy. I usually smoke like this (he demonstrates) and if I had this permanent job, I would smoke like this (he demonstrates). You know, I would have this something inside: success, peace, certainty, content; this feeling that when I even think of it, it feels good, so damn good.

SIGNS

About a year after my graduation I went to Cracow to meet one of the directors of the theatres there. The meeting went remarkably well. I felt we got really friendly. He showed me round the theatre; his office, secretary's office, corridors. We had plenty of topics to talk about. We didn't get to the nitty-gritty, though. But! But he gave me real hope for further cooperation. I said goodbye and left. I was walking along the pavement when I saw it. A potato! There it was, lying on the ground alone. It means a world to me, seriously! I love potatoes. Through my whole studies I ate potatoes; boiled, mashed, fried, roasted; jacked potatoes, potato wedges, potato balls, potato pie, everything. And then something dawned on me; it is a sign. I put the potato into my pocket and somehow uplifted and looking bright into the future I continued my walk. 10 minutes later, I saw a delivery car with some internet site address of a company. It went like this: www.zablocki.pl. I died, honestly. Zabłocki was my nickname at my studies. I thought: „Gosh, it's so beautiful; the world gives me such clear signs that I am on the right path.” I turned around and I saw it. On the wall of an old tenement, there was a sign “Marcinek” – it's my name, you see. The potato. Zabłocki. Marcinek. Yes. Cracow was the city which was going to give me food, job and fulfillment. This job is going to give me fulfillment.

Up till this day I have been convinced that it will be my future, well, it is my “now,” sort of. I just have to wait a bit for THE moment and I'm not waiting alone, oh, no. HE is here with me. (*he points to the mysterious element of the set (2m X 3m X 2m) It's the potato sprouting all over the place*). This is the very same potato which I found on the streets of Cracow. We've been together for five years. Yes, five year have passed since my meeting with the director. I still haven't got my part there, but ... well. Every day I take care of him, water him. I clean his sprouts. I talk with him - every day. I will never let

him wilt. *(Soft music starts to play. The lights turn red. The actor takes hand sprayer and moisture the sprouts)*

MY DEBUT IN CRACOW

The previous lights are lit again, the music is turned down. The actor sits back on the chair.

What was special about studying in Olsztyn was that the students were often casted in the shows of Jaracza Theatre. One time I won an audition for a leading part in "The Prince and the Pauper." What do you think? Which part did I get? „The Prince and the Pauper” is a kind of story of two boys who want to know the world that they've never seen before; the Prince wants to know the life on the street and the Pauper wants to know the life in the royal castle. One is almost a spitting image of the other. They exchange their clothes and each goes his own way. The same director made the very same show in one of the theatres in Cracow. One day I got a phone call from the director of the theatre: "Mr. Zarzeczny, did you take part in the Prince in Olsztyn? It appeared that they need a sudden substitution for some actor.

So, I'm going to Cracow few days before the show to prepare. Logical? Right? – As I'm going to act. Besides, there's always a chance of future cooperation. And there came the day. I mean, the rehearsal day. Next day, in the morning we give a performance. It's ten to six. I'm sitting in the dressing room, wearing gold, I would even say, Rocco costume, in which I'm starting the show as the prince. The theatre director, who is to hold the rehearsal, comes in and asks if the costume fits. I say that yes. "Oh, that's splendid. Would you change, please? We're starting in a minute" "But, sir" says I, "I've already changed." Pause. Yea. Well, it appeared that the director made a little mistake. Never did he ask me which part I played. The substitution was supposed to be made for the Pauper not the Prince. I said goodbye to the director, the fellow actors and the porter. I was laughing my head off at the situation for about six hours. I got on the train to Warsaw and something inside me cracked. I cried a bit. I know, I know, it's inappropriate, especially, when you talk about it so open. Well, I think that sometimes you must be a man and make a firm decision to cry. And me, myself, I decided that that was the right time so I sat alone in a compartment, I turned the lights off, I made the decision and I cried. And then I thought: "I'll think of it tomorrow. After all ... tomorrow is another day."

DEPRESSION

I can divide my life into periods. Each of us can define their own periods, well, more or less at least. Naturally, I start my year when the theatre season starts, which is the 1st of September and I finish it on the 31st of August when it finishes. Each season can be divided into four stages: autumn depression, winter depression – the hardest to survive - then comes a bit easier - spring depression and finally summer holiday depression. Each of them I can divide into two phases; the first one can be describe as a mobilization phase. I send hundreds of mails to the theatre directors. Then, there's the phase of constant and undisturbed lying in bed, which is a consequence of the efficacy of phase number 1. Depression ... it sounds dangerous. The truth is I got used to it - this little depression of mine. But, it would be great to get rid of it, that's obviously. It has its good sides, though. Basically, this

depression gives me a lot of strength, because when I really feel up against the wall and when my situation can't be more dramatic, I like drama; I'm a drama actor, then I think it's payback time and I strike back. If it can't get any worse, it can only be better and I just try to help this "better," help it to come faster.

When you lie in bed like this, you start thinking; I'm hopeless; whatever it means, I can't do a thing right, I have no luck. You stop seeing things that went well and most of all you feel completely alone. Once, when I was lying like that, something came to my mind; in this very moment millions of people are lying in their beds, just like me, and are feeling exactly the same. They're thinking about their own tragic lowliness and that's why they're very close to each other; millions that understand us. Millions that are probably the least lonely in the world. Why? Because this bed, this thinking and this loneliness bring us together. Oh, and the behavior, of course, very similar behavior; those gestures of grief, despair and unexpected tears. If you put a camera somewhere near your bed and record this morning of yours, I reckon, you could have loads of laugh and you could see how dramatic we can be. How much power we have; to cry like this, to sigh, to do all these desperate gestures or to be still, I mean, to lie in bed with your gaze fixed on the ceiling. Can you imagine what determination and power of will you must have to lie for so long? I tried it once without my depression and I couldn't. Just couldn't. You can lie ... What? A minute? Ok, maybe two, but that's it. I've heard that some hotheads manage to do two and thirty four. What if all this would be forged into action? Do something constructive? This is exactly what I'm doing ... while I'm in the first phase. Then comes the phase two and I come back to my bed.

DREAM No. 2

All righty, it's time for my second dream. For some time now, probably as most of the actors, I've been dreaming of acting Hamlet and trying my strength with the monologue, "to be or not to be". I've always wanted to say it in cocky Cockney.

Lights change into red. The actor starts speaking in a very serious manner.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

Previous light are lit.

A PHONE CALL FROM THE AGENCY

You know what I think? I think that if an agent from a pretty good agency happened to be here now, I might be getting phone call sometime soon. Few years ago, it really happened to me. An agent calls and says that a minute ago she was on the phone with some good film director and she recommended me and made him interested in my humble person. Very soon, he starts shooting his new movie and he needs a midget. The agent asks me how tall I am, because the guy needs actors who are not taller than 160 cm, and I say that I'm not ... so tall at all. I'm actually 160 cm. I don't know, seriously, I have no idea what would've happened if I had been given the job and appeared on the set as a ... king-size midget. I don't suspect that I would cut 10-centimeter-long part of my bone. After all, I don't have insurance. Besides, who need an actor without knees? Anyways, everybody tells me that I have difficult acting conditions and that's why it's hard for me to find a job. Yes I know, looking for a job means sacrifice. At one time my friend calls and says that he's going to Cracow the next day and asks me if I want to go. I answer that if I manage to make some appointments with the theatre directors then sure, why not. And then something amazing happened; the assistant in The Old Theatre arranged my meeting with the director. Next day, two to ten, I enter the secretary's office; "Hallo, I'm Marcin Zarzeczny, 504155237." The secretary tells me that the director is very busy at the moment and that, unfortunately, he won't have time to meet me. When I said that I travelled 250 km to meet the director and that was the only reason of my coming there, it did not make a big impression on her, to be more precise, none whatsoever. She asked me to leave and she closed the door of the office. But I didn't want to give up. I came up with an idea to catch him outside, but ... well, a bit awkward, isn't it? Besides, it was really cold. I figured out that it would be much better to hide somewhere. But as if out of spite, in the corridor there was no closet, no corner, no curtain. I was getting closes and closer to the exit when I saw a cloakroom. A cloakroom! Brilliant! I can hide between couple of jackets. I placed myself somewhere between the rows of those long coat hangers. After 15 minutes I emerged from my hideout or rather jumped out of the coats. I asked for a meeting, presenting the whole situation. I can firmly say that it did not make a big impression on him, to be more precise, none whatsoever, For the next five minutes our conversation looked more or less like this: "Sir, would you consider meeting me?" "No." "Please." "No." "Please." "No." "Please." "No." "Please." Finally, I said that if he had agreed for a meeting at the beginning of our conversation, I'd probably be leaving his office in this very moment. There was no point wasting his precious time if he said he was so busy. Yep. We had a conversation, strained one. You probably know what happened after or rather what didn't happen. Well, at least I know that the director's office in The Old Theatre in Cracow is quite cool. Maybe what I'm going to say now is awfully trivial, but I think; disappointments aren't easy, however they're really important. It's like; you're just about to get something and suddenly it turns out you won't. The disappointment helps you to realize how important this thing is to you. At that point either you resign or your aim becomes even more important and with every next disappointment it becomes much clearer. You know what I think? Perhaps we should fall in love with the goal and then the goal will fall in love with us, so to speak. Perhaps we should swim against the current and dare disappointments. The greater they'll be, there better taste of being on the top. And you know what I do? I smile to my privet disappointment and I say: "Thanks mate." I say: "mate" because we know each other for a bit. "Thanks to you I'm getting stronger." Well, at least I think so.

I generally have no idea what's all about this whole disappointment. For example; when I try to make good impression on someone, someone who can give me a job in the future, it seems I always fail. Recently I've got a part in some TV serial. I admit it was heavily trodden part, but still it was a part. I was to act "A Man." True, it was a big challenge, one of the biggest. I'd never acted "A Man" before. It was a small part, two scenes, in which I fight for my property, because someone is trying to destroy it. I'm on the set standing maybe ten meters from the director who is talking with the assistant director. They both are looking at me and I hear them saying: "This actor there, he's a bit short." As you see, it would be hard to challenge him. Luckily, no correlation between talent and the height has ever been proven - at least not to my knowledge.

The director comes to me and says: "You know, Marcin, I imagined "A Man" as a tall, big, muscled guy and you are a bit delicate. Instead of screaming at the gut, you'd probably say; "Excuse me, I was wandering, would you be so kind to leave it and go. This is my property. I would be very grateful." And he tells me to try to be at least a bit angry, but he asks me not to overdo it, because it'll be artificial. I said; "Well, ok, I'll try." During the rehearsal I gave 90%. The director jumped out of the car, where he had his equipment, he came to me and said that that was exactly the character that he'd imagined. The assistant director was also over the moon. He took my number for the future.

"The actor's a bit short." Well, as a genitor in my school was saying: "Shot, but he jumps where he wants!"

The truth is that I can play many characters. Maybe you can't quite catch it when you look at me but that's the truest truth. I can play Hamlet in Cockney. You've seen it. I can play Shylock from The Merchant of Venice. On the stage, I can do almost everything. Nowadays, for example, a theatre, in which actors run around naked, is really popular. I can run as well, seriously. I've never done it before, but if it makes sense, I'll do it. Why not? Yea, maybe that's my great opportunity. Excuse me, is there any director here? I'm sure there is. For today's performance I've sent invitations to all theatre directors in the area. Dear Sir or Madam ... I'm talking to the directors now, I can play a happy person. *The actor takes a pose of a happy person.* I can play an unhappy person. *The actor takes a pose of an unhappy person.* Or I can play a traumatized person. *The actor shows trauma.* I can do madness as well. Oh, I know; naked madness. *The actor starts to undress. Before taking of his boxer shorts he disappears behind the wings. Sinister music starts, red lights are lit. The actor without clothes runs across the stage. He can be barely seen. The music stops.* Excuse me, could anyone be so kind and pass me my clothes. *Silence.* Oh Sophia! *A lightening producer answers: "Sophia is on here break!"* Hey, guys, can you turn off the lights and play the sinister music again? *The actor crosses the stage again running. While he's running, the lightening guy makes a joke and turns on the lights for a split of a second. The actor screams: Ej. He comes back on the stage while dressing up.* As you all see, I'm also a very flexible and brave actor. Thank, you.

He says to the lightening producer with a threat in his voice.

Music starts or gong.

QUEST FOR FIRE

I start my day with waking up. On the one side, I feel guilty; I was sleeping instead of looking for a job; on the other, I feel excited. I turn my computer on, I'm waiting while it's warming up, I take it to the kitchen, I put the kettle on, I light my cigarette and I'm starting to check my mail. I start with the least important and I build up the tension proceeding to the most important. The least important are Facebook and Twitter, after that a mail box which I use for sending para-acting offers then a mail box which connects me with the whole world and let me promote my first monodrama on various festivals, next, a mail box promoting "Confessions of the unemployed actor," at the very end my Holy Grail; a mail box used for communication with the theatre directors and film directors. Before I get to it, my first cigarette is almost gone, so I lit the second one and I open the mail box. Here, I have a mail: I saw your wife with some guy yesterday. Do you want to know his name? I got a mail from George Clooney, who's chosen Nespresso and he asks me if I want to know why; or express manicure, 4 days in Vienna, yes in Vienna; the show of Chinese acrobats 25% off. Hm ... well, this show sounds interesting. But! There's no mail I hoped for. So what is my next step? I check SPAM. Sometimes some important mail can land there, but nope, not this time. There are even more promotions, vital news, brilliant recipes for a good life, for example; how to get one million dollars doing nothing and so on.

Mails to key institutions – checked; all important calls this week – checked; response – none and the time of paying bills is near. Well, there is no other way but to find a job somewhere else, but God forbid in gastronomy. Let me put it this way; it's the extreme of extremity. Agape. Talking of mails and computers; when I was on my last year of studies, something happened with my laptop. My friend said that there's no other way but to format the disk and he offered me to do it. After few hours he brought my computer back. That's nice, isn't it? I turned my recovered computer on and where there used to be "Welcome Marcin Zarzeczny," "Welcome Arsehole" appeared. Johnny made a joke. Brilliant. We laughed and then I decided to send mails to all theatres in Poland. No answer; none. Sometime later, our dance teacher worked in one of the theatres on a show and the director stopped her to share an anecdote about one of the students who had sent him mail with attachments, each of which had titles starting with arsehole, for example; a word file with my C.V. was entitled Arsehole Zarzeczny. And only then did I realize why I hadn't got any answer. Coming back to what I was saying; I have to find a job. And there are a lot of things I can do; I am an actor, so I can do nothing, because there's nothing else I can do better. There's no other way, I have to use my other skills. You all know that I was a waiter, but I heartedly resisted an idea of coming back to this lovely job, so I decided to become a tarot reader in my home town. I had only two clients so I had to change my line of business. I found an advert that they were looking for a gondolier in The Royal Park in Warsaw. Unfortunately, we couldn't agree on my working hours. Finally, my friend and I - she wasn't doing so well either - decided to set up an event company. Our first job was distributing leaflets. We earned about 220 PLN each. Well, we needed something more and that's when it happened; we came up with an idea which would bring us not only money but also something more. It would give us spiritual nourishment. That supposed to be a hit; organizing a pilgrimage to the Vatican on the occasion of Pope's birthday. We would enrich the trip with visits to other holy places, evenings with poetry and meeting with a priest who actually saw the Pope.

Despite many meetings with priests and fierce fight with competition, we managed to gather ... one person. Few days later we closed our business. Fortunately, when you are in the soup, something always happens. I can give you some examples; let's take last year; In May money was melting, but I was paid earlier for my summer shows. In June, a company, I made a commercial for, wanted to extend rights to another country. In July, I called to the Association of Polish Artists to ask how much would I get for royalties, "130 PLN" she said. When I went there and gave my ID to a cashier, I got 1400 PLN. In August, a girl who'd met me once on a film set introduced me to a guy who gave me a job; theatre workshops. Saved! Saved again!

I was running out of money and I won a casting and got money that I'd never seen before. I paid my debts, I bought curtains, I paid my bills and money disappeared within three months. Now, whatever happens I don't panic, because I trust, I believe in providence which doesn't let me fall. And even if there's nothing going on, I know that in the nick of time something's going to happen. Now, 8 thousand mails do not vanish into thin air. Things don't just disappear. And no, I don't want to find out what other things I'm good at. Not yet, maybe later, yes, later I'll do it with pleasure. Now, I have such a variety of talents that I'd like to use them for building characters. Yes, this's the right way.

AGENCIES

A few years ago, my friends and I made a film about unemployed actors and one day I took it to my agency. Everyone got crazy about the film. Each time we, my friend, who acted in the film as well, and I entered the office we had an impression that in a second everybody would give us standing ovation. Excitement level was really high. I signed exclusive contract with the agency. I had a great time then; I acted in two Warsaw theatres and a TV serial. I thought it's a great combination. People started to recognize me and I had my own agent. It couldn't be better. I waited for my agent's call with a proposition every day. I can say that for the first few months after signing the contract my telephone and I became one. I just felt when the call was supposed to come. I knew the text was coming three seconds before the phone beeped. The first month passed – nothing happens, the second one – well, everything must jump into the right truck. It takes time – I thought. Half a year passed and nothing happened, nothing. After ten month my work in the TV series finished and still nothing. Later, I did nothing, plain and simple nothing. I mean I got a part in a cool film, small part but cool. I got it from a different agency, though. The agency didn't know that I have an exclusive contract in a different one. The most important moment in my acting career was not exploited as it should be. I found out later that my agent stopped looking for a job for me, because she didn't manage to find anything for a year, so she gave up on me not to waste time. Year and a half passed, I played an episode with some lines which I, myself, improvised into a silent scene and the director liked it. I waited five month for the money for this one-day shooting.

I decided to come back to my old agency. I called, my favorite agent answered; "Marcin, great that you call, but there's nothing now. I mean there's one audition for a feature film, but it's a really big audition, in five cities in Poland. You don't have a chance. I nodded in agreement and dropped my head through the phone. But then I thought; "Man, you never know. It's worth trying." I sent my CV to the casting director. I got an invitation for the first audition. I had very good acting partners and the scenes

went really well. A week later I got the second invitation. The director appeared. We worked together a bit; he gave me a couple remarks. Then the third, fourth and fifth audition; the director didn't work with me, he only changed my partners. There are two options, I thought: one; they like me and they're trying to find me a partner. Option two, which is more probable; they've already found an actor and they need to find a partner for him and I'm only a partner for the future partner, because already-chosen actor is busy and can partner his future partner. Maybe he's shooting a film or something or generally he has got a lot of work. More or less three weeks later, I am on a business dinner. Suddenly, my phone rings; I don't know the number. The noise around is terrible. I hear every third word. I feel as if I had a déjà vu. A director calls and tells me what are the results of the audition and I have no idea what he's talking about. We talk for about fifteen minutes, because I ask him to repeat what he's just said about three times. Reception was really bad. The most important phone call in my career; I get a big supporting role in a film and a big supporting role in the next film of this director, and I don't understand what he's saying. We meet two weeks later and he asks me if I became attached to one of given roles, because he wants to propose something different. I start thinking; "Oho! There it comes!" In a second I'll hear; "Well, you see, I have a cool, small but really cool and very characteristic role, perfect for you." So I finally ask which part and he answers that it's a leading role. The only thing I was able to do in this very moment, I did – I clutched my head in disbelief. I started bubbling that I need to think about it, that it's a great responsibility. After few minutes of his persuasive talk, I agreed. The shooting was to start in seven months. I was to grow my beard. I did. It was the greatest chance I'd ever had. You all know how it is. Your dream is within the reach of hand. The dream that you're thinking constantly, even if you're busy doing something else. It was always at the back of your head, sitting nicely somewhere here. Every moment you've been through, every step you made, every move of a knife while peeling potatoes; all of this brought you closer to this dream, to the fulfillment. When you start thinking that it's really happening, here and now, you see it with you mind's eyes and you still can't believe it. You feel awkward; you don't know how to grasp such amount of happiness. You explode and you levitate above the ground; your lips opened in amazement and you cannot believe in what's happening. And there it comes; a moment when you can stop dreaming. You don't have to direct this amazement, because it appears by itself. No help needed. You look around; you check if it's really happening to you. You take three deep breaths, you close your eyes, you open them, and you pinch yourself to check. Then you ask someone if it's really happening. It appears it is; so much happiness that you cannot embrace it, so you become happiness. All your being is happiness, the purest form possible. The way you think about yourself has a different quality. Your body has a different quality. You become even more important to yourself than before. You feel power inside and you are convinced that with your one exhalation you can part the Baltic Sea just to walk to Scandinavia and see fiords with your own eyes. Everything is possible, because you exceeded yourself. I had one month to the shooting. On the 21st of December 2012. Does anyone remember what date was it? The 21st of December 2012, yep, that was the planned doomsday. I got a phone call from the director; "Marcin, we have to postpone the shooting for about nine months. I'm really sorry." The only thing I could say then, I said, obviously; "I'm disappointed." As the conversation lasted few minutes, I

was able to say it about two hundred times. And then I thought that if something, anything went wrong with the project or it didn't come to be, that would be my doomsday.

That very moment I got really ill; two and a half weeks in bed, visit at the ER on Christmas Day and so on. But later I thought; "Nine months! How symbolic, isn't it? - as if something waited to be born." And it was born; „Confessions of the unemployed actor" was born. I'd never written anything in my life, this was my first time. I've performed this show several dozens of times in Poland. I got an invitation to the festival of dramatic arts. Understandably, I've never been there. You know what I sometimes think? - That adding all pros and cons, there's something really cool in being unemployed, because suddenly I start doing things that I've never thought I could. Thanks to it, I became the hardest working unemployed actor in Poland. Of course, it's hard. And of course I get many pieces of advice from my mom; for example, "Sonny, find a normal job dear." But what is this normal job? - In an office, in gastronomy? For some probably yes and it's ok. Each of us has their own normal job. For me acting is a normal job. No one said that a road to heaven isn't winding. Right?

DREAM No 3

Lights change into red. The actor sings a song which is an imitation of an acting song, songs of Riedel and Niemen, hip hop and opera.

I'm sitting here, longing bites me.
One cigarette, then next cigarette, and next cigarette
Toast, butter and jam are not enough now
Give me stake, something meaty, whatever
My eyes are filled with tears of sadness
Hand trembles, longing squeeze my joy out
I see myself on stage, acting, acting, acting
It's my stake; give me more, I need more.

Need drama, need drama, comedy and tragedy
Wanna act, wanna act, wanna act
Have fun; laugh loud, to cry and to die
Wanna act, wanna act, wanna act
Climb up and up hill, then roll back down low
Adore and loath, despair and glow
Shed blood of my kin, wanna act, act
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaact
The first verse has just finished,
It's time for the second one, yea.
I need a moment to make up something good
Wait a bit.
Heat all stage up, heat all us up, giddy up, giddy up! Giddy up/ 3X
That's what an actor must do, gitty up, dude!
C.R.E.A.T.E. Wanna know me? Yes, you know me!
Build the drama, spin the ball, make it all roll, all roll
That's what an actor must do, gitty up, dude!
That's fine, alright, ticky tack toe, make it all roll

I'm on the ball!!!

Need drama, need drama, comedy and tragedy
Have to act, have to act, have to act
For you to have fun; laugh loud, I cry, I die
Have to act, have to act
Have to climb up hill, then roll back down low
Adore and loath, despair and glow
Shed blood of my kin, have to act, act
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaact

But tell me where, oh, where should I act? Please, tell me where?
There's no stage for me to stand
Where should I go, oh where? Do you know?
Where should I apply?
My only solution is to use brain ablation
Crazy fever, sweat, devilish shiver
Laugh and tears make the show go on
My heart ache's getting enormously enormous.

Need drama, need drama, comedy and tragedy
Wanna act, wanna act, wanna act
Have fun; laugh loud, to cry and to die
Wanna act, wanna act, wanna act
Climb up and up hill, then roll back down low
Adore and loath, despair and glow
Shed blood of my kin, wanna act, act
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaact

White light comes back

Thanks. Maybe some of you'd like to make one of your dreams come true? Has anyone dreamt of being on the stage and act something or sing. I'll lend my Hamlet monologue with pleasure. I have it printed somewhere. I promise I'll be the most faithful recipient.

LOVE (impression)

Red lights are lit

I know that without it, I wouldn't manage. I mean; if I were an actor swamped with work I wouldn't be happy either. You know what; you need love to do that. Love to another human being, the one who is really close to you. To be honest, love is a foundation of existence. I don't know what I'd do without it. I mean, I know; I'd be a person loaded with addictions. I'd sleep during the day, because it's somehow easier to fall asleep. During the night you have an overwhelming longing for someone to cuddle or something; it can be a wall, you know, if a bad give consent to stand next to the wall. In the night, loneliness paints her face white. She mounts a pair of horns on her head, she take beetroot juice to

imitate blood and pours it on herself. She takes a knife drained in beetroot juice – the knife is blunt; she doesn't want to hurt herself – she paints a few of her teeth black, she takes a torch and hides in a long sleeve and she directs light onto her face. She comes to bed and shouts; "buuuuuuuuuuu." You hear this sound, you open your eyes and as fast as you can, you hide your head under the pillow. You pray for the first rays of the rising Sun. Next night comes; loneliness puts on yet another costume from her wardrobe. She uses different sound; she grinds her teeth, scratches the wall, moans, giggles. She scares you again and yet again you're scared. But after a while her wardrobe isn't enough, her repertoire isn't enough. And then, one day, you tell her; "you look good in white," and suddenly you see how corners of her lips start to tremble, but she still insists on being scary; she's still trying to scare you. Finally, you say to her; "all righty you there, stop fooling around, come, we'll have tea." You two go to the kitchen, you talk and suddenly it appears that loneliness is lonely too. She wouldn't be here without you being here. She couldn't exist alone. Few nights later you invite her to your bed. You feel sorry for her and you cuddle her in your arms and you two fall asleep. She stops being lonely and you stop being lonely. You could say; loneliness is not so black as she's painted. Time passes; you feel good in her company. And more often than not, when you feel comfortable, someone else appears. You're walking along the street and your shopping bag breaks. You're in the middle of picking up ... I don't know; potatoes, water, oranges, from the pavement. You bend down, you put your shopping into a bag pack and all of a sudden a hand reaches for your shopping and you're just about to yell; "leave it!" when you raise your eyes and you see that this someone, who's now helping you, smiles to you. You feel like a moron. You say thank you, go home, take out your shopping and you see a piece of paper stuck to one of your potatoes. You take it and want to bin it when you notice a phone number written on the piece of paper. Yes, it was the helping hand that stuck this paper onto my potato. You hide the paper really fast; you're afraid that if loneliness finds it, she'll make a scene. Somewhere between looking for a job and looking for a job, you're wondering if you should call or not. Maybe I'll call, nope, better not. Or maybe it's better to call, yea, but if I call then I'll have to say something. What? After few days you gather all your courage, you dial the number and you pray for her phone to be busy. Nope, no luck there. You hear a signal, you freeze, you hear the second signal, you want to hang up, but the problem is that you've got frozen, the third signal. You hear; "Hallo," "Well ... say something and it's better to be good. You're an actor, think of something." You say; "Good morning, do ... do ... do you like potatoes?" One word leads to another and believe it or not, two days later you are sitting together at the table waiting for potato puree. We make up new sayings "from a potato to a stiletto." Your meetings are more and more often. You break up with the loneliness. She understands all and she walks away saying that she hopes that you two won't meet again. Breaks between looking for a job are filled. You meet the woman very often. She likes potatoes just like you. You start living together. It's good, one day it appears that it's too good. She tells you that she's leaving; you tell her that if that's what she wants, she should go, you open the door, but all you want is her to stay. In the end you mend fences and she stays. Sometime later, she wants to leave again, yet again you pretend that you don't care, you open the door, she leaves, you run after her and you both come back. Then, the story repeats; once again she says; "this time I'm leaving for real," she got used to it, so she is waiting for you to open the door and you do open it, she leaves, but you don't run after

her and she doesn't come back. Now the silence of the phone is deafening; no one calls - neither from the theatre nor her. After few days you wake up in the morning and you see you're not alone. You faithful woman came back. She's lying next to you, this loneliness of yours. And you think; "Ok, we'll look for a job together."

ACTING

I know that I'm a lucky guy; from my childhood I've known what I want to do in life. I'm aware that it doesn't happen often. But in this happiness there is even bigger happiness, threatening happiness. Nothing else brings me joy. I'm an open person, I can communicate with others; I'm a kind of mastermind, you know. I could do many other things in my life and earn a living. I've tried. Happily, I'm not happy then. I just want to wake up early in the morning, have a moment for myself and then go to work which let me grow, and in which I feel great. Then, I want to come back home tired, prepare dinner, sit in a comfy armchair and watch a silly TV series on Comedy Central. Before going to bed, I'd like to sit on Facebook, read something nice, fall asleep, again not to get enough of it and in the morning make myself ready for work sleep-deprived. It's not impossible.

I had loads of fun while writing this theatre script, but when I finished it, I felt really sad and it's not about pitting myself, I just realized that it's all is one big battle which never ends. Right now it costs me a lot and if it'll last next thirty years? Bring it on! I'll never let something what is the most important for me be threatened. I'll never give up hoping; my hope flickers inside me no matter what. It never dies. Losing hope it's the worst thing that can happen to a human being. Without hope all is left is emptiness; a man becomes hollow. Without hope nothing makes sense. And I? I don't want to lose this sense. It's not like; only acting can give me fulfillment; it's obvious, but it's an important element of the puzzle. Still, you can't be partly happy or a bit happy; you're either happy or not.

I'll never stop my affirmations either? What motivates me? This, exactly this; I imagine myself here on the stage with you, without all those ovations after the show, no. Though, it's nice. Sure it is. I see how I walk off the stage, go to the dressing room, joke with my actor friends, change my cloths, come back home where someone waits for me. I sit in an armchair, I complain a bit how tired I am and I feel, deep inside me, nothing but fulfillment.

You know what, soon, very soon, I'll say goodbye to my dear friend. I'll proudly walk into the street, put him on the pavement near some theatre and one day a young, unemployed actor, walking out of the theatre, will notice him, pick him up as an omen of good fortune and put him into his pocket. Full of hope and determination he'll walk ahead and he'll find his own happiness; dreams fulfilled. I can make it. I can make it.

Light off. Screening of a thriller started by the actor starts. The film isn't long; not to make an audience bored – about a minute. After the screening a voice from the loudspeaker says: "And the Oscar goes to ... Marcin Zarzeczny." Ovation. The actor is thriller, but at once asks for turning the applause down.

Arthur, could you turn the lights on, turn down the clapping a bit.

The lights are lit slowly, reaching maximum when the actor says last words.

My faith that I can make it is really enormous. Thank you all for being here. You can turn your mobiles now. I bid you farewell and wish you all the best. I need to run and look for a job. You know how it is. I need to survive until I get my role. It's waiting for me somewhere there, right?

The actor leaves