



NADJA ABT

25.09.21 - 29.10.21

KULISTHALLE =
FREIQUART

Centro Comercial STOP, loja 308
Rua do Heroísmo 333, Porto
open every Friday 5-7pm
+by appointment: +351935114157

Like every year, when the heat in the city becomes unbearable, the friends Virginie and Agnès travel to the coast where they will meet their American friend Judy. The plan is to spend a month together in Agnès' summer house, which she was able to afford thanks to an unexpected inheritance from a Greek great-uncle in California. Virginie enjoys the solitude and tranquillity of the rural idyll, but still has problems regarding her position on her friend's property. Is it envy or reluctance to embrace blatant forms of ownership?

Agnès loves to collect shells and walks for hours on the beach, Virginie prefers to plop herself down on a towel and watch surfers. She is annoyed by her friend's romantic impulses and wants nothing to do with a 16mm camera or a basket full of mussels - unless you boil them in garlic, white wine and coriander.

When Judy finally arrives, Virginie finds in her a suitable partner not only to thoroughly inspect the displayed material of strolling bodies. Like the dumbasses on the jury of a casting show, everyone in front of them is squeezed into the tightest of pigeonholes. All the accumulated rage about the criticism they have received over the year in the art and literary world is now unleashed pyromaniacly on other people's bodies. A sadistic pastime that recharges their energy.

A: Oh, what a lovely day to hang out at the beach. Did you see this cloud over there? It looks like a dolphin!

V: Shit, I forgot my sun lotion in the house. I hope that this dolphin turns into a blue whale.

J: Hi girls – look, I made a parasol for us. Shadow against wrinkles! Although, of course, I don't have any – but I want to protect my friends.

V: Very kind of you but I want to get home tanned, otherwise people would think that I actually work!

A: The parasol looks beautiful Judy!

PAUSE

J: Did anybody of you darlings bring something cheap to read? If I see any serious book in your hands today, I'm gonna vomit over it. I want Vogue, Brigitte, Marie Claire Maison.

A: Are you kidding. I don't support boulevard press. Besides, I am going for a walk anyway. Today, I'd like to collect only yellow shells. I think, it'll make a good pattern outside on the terrasse, don't you think?

V: I brought a crossword puzzle magazine. You can win a weekend with ME.

J: Genius.

PAUSE

V: The wind is heavier than I thought. I think we shouldn't open that parasol and just face the sun like this. Look I found this Ronaldo-towel deep down in the cupboard of Agnès. It was perfectly hidden behind all the fancy hamam-towels that she collected in Turkey.

A: Oh no, you didn't! It was a gift by some asshole film producer. He thought it was funny to give it to me, because I didn't know who Ronaldo was at the dinner party before and everybody stared at me as if I was completely insane.

PAUSE

J: Okay, can we stay here? I don't want to walk in the sand for hours. It's too exhausting!

V: Yes!

A: Now I have to stare on that ugly Ronaldo for the whole day! How dare you?

V: Not if I put my hilarious body on top of him and choke him with my bare tits.

J: Oh, can I make a foto of that? By the way, I brought some Champagne for the beginning, some water and juice, and whiskey-cola, already mixed for the sunset.

A: Thank you Judy! I'll have a glass of bubbles and then I'll take off for my shell hunt.

V: yeah, you better go before it's getting all too nasty here. Judy and I have some business to do. Look, the surfers are arriving. OMG, this body! So young! So....FIRM! Yes, get yourself into that tight wetsuit.

J: I love it. There's another one coming. Look, how he loves himself – that little bastard. I bet he prefers to touch himself than another person.

A: Okay girls, au revoir – see you later. Have fun with the boys.

V: Oh, we also like the girls. Did you see her tanga? I bet someone waxed her skin off the whole night before arriving here.

PAUSE

J: Wouldn't it be nice to see finally a tanga butt and then good juicy pubic ass hair bushes crawling out of that crack? A little revolution for my eyes would be nice!

V: Try to focus on her fire bird tattoo on that left hip.

J: Exactly – this birdy has nowhere to hide! Someone has trimmed the leaves. Shall we skip the juice and move on directly to whiskey coke?

V: Why not!

PAUSE

A: Cheries, look at this beauty in my hands!!! It's a water snail, all yellow!

V: I can't believe that she's still collecting shells in her dinosaur age. Where does she want to put them? I think, if I gonna see another vase of them in the guest toilet or living room, I'll have a nervous break down while shitting.

J: I can't listen to you, this surfer is just getting out of the water. Honey! Here! We are here! Come to mamas!

V: He'll love my Ronaldo towel. Should I roll to the side so that my tits will hang on Roni's face and young Honey can have both views?

J: Oh please, don't steal my show. He just wants a drink from us and I have exactly what he wants.

V: Yeah whatever, I am anyway more interested in these artificial balloons over there. I love how the nipples look up to the sky. Observing Agnes' dolphin.

J: Do you think, Agnès is angry with us?

V: I think, she just hates when we talk like this.

J: I saw her latest film. I think it's wonderful! She's such an optimistic child!

V: yeah, hiding from reality. Sometimes I am just afraid that, at some point in her life, it will hit her like a knuckleduster.

J: Oh no, she's way tougher than anyone of us.

PAUSE

A: Are you talking about me? Again? While I was walking, the water changed its color, from turquoise to cerulean blue. The waves got a little bit stronger. Algae arrive at the beach from afar and I had to rescue a sea star. I could stay here forever. I love the beach!

J: Ach Agnès, and we love you!

V: C'mon girls, don't get all too sentimental! We have still a whole bottle of champagne to kill and the sun is already drowning in a noisy horizon.