

Sofia Georgakopoulou

Sketch Sofia (16-3-2005)

Role	Player	Props
Sofia	Kinga	Baby milk-bottle
Raoul	Raoul	Syringe
Junky	Eli	Telephone
Prostitute	Kate	Outfit Junky/Prostitute
Phone/ Luuk	Jason	Orange
CD Spectrum	Rudi	Pile of articles
CD model 1	Bas	Huge joint
CD model 2	Danielis	One-armed Bandit
CD Model 3	Daniel	Thesis
CD Model 4	Sandrine	
Gert	Gert	
Rienk	Rienk	
Manolis	Manolis	
John	John	

Introduction (Raoul)
(thesis)

Raoul: Today, my student Sofia has successfully defended her thesis, and now only one thing remains to end this greek tragedy. Because Sofia is the only PhD student that managed to defend a thesis that is obviously not finished. Everybody must have noticed that on page 141 there are some blank lines. Though actually much to my surprise none of the opponents actually asked any question about this. They probably did not make it to that page. But right now it's time to fill in the blanks and address the issues that were too magnificent even for Gert to comprehend let alone to find words to describe them. Let's take it from the beginning... it all started with Sofia coming to Amsterdam...:

Sofia in Amsterdam (Sofia, Junky, Telephone-Luuk, Prostitute)
(Milk-bottle, syringe, telephone, possibly junky and prostitute items, orange)

Sofia walking in very slowly, sucking on a milk-bottle (throughout the sketch, until Gert takes it away) (with suitcase?), looking very tired.

Luuk: Tring.....tring.....tring

Sofia picks up the phone

Sofia: Neeeh?..... Ella Mummy.....No I'm fine.....No the plane did not crash, I safely landed in Amsterdam.....No I did not get pickpocketed yet.....I'm at the Central Station in Amsterdam, and I am about to have a look at the city.....Yes I'll be careful....., call you later. (*hangs up*)

Sofia: *(still looking very tired)* Ooooh, I'm soooo tired. They did not serve me my morning coffee on the plane. But lets go into town, maybe there's some coffee-shop there.

Sofia "walks on" not even lifting her feet

Junky: *(while looking for food in a garbage can)* Hello colleague!

Sofia: Colleague? Oh, that is nice that you came to welcome me.

Junky: You are funny. Did you already get your shot today?

Sofia: No, I did not have anything yet, but I'm desperately looking for something, because I'm completely dysfunctional without my morning shot.

Junky: Yes I know the feeling, colleague. Hé you don't happen to have a bit of aluminium foil with you? I completely ran out...

Sofia: No I have not been given any lab materials yet.

Junky: You talk funny colleague, sure you did not have anything yet? By the way, do you happen to have a clean needle for this guy *(shows huge syringe)*?

Sofia: As I told you, I do not have any lab materials!

Junky: An almost clean needle maybe? You must have something?

Sofia: No.

Junky: An orange or a lemon then, maybe?

Sofia: Oh, yeah, I brought a orange from the plane. Here, you can have it. *(Gives orange)*

Junky: Thanks colleague! *(moves away in slow junky style)*

Sofia: See you later!

Sofia: That was funny, to immediately meet a friendly colleague in Amsterdam!

Sofia: *(Looking around her)* The center of Amsterdam is really beautiful, it must be great to live on one of these canals. Hé look there, it says "room for rent". Mmm, it looks a bit small, but it looks very cosy with these red lights....

Prostitute: *(Looking very prostitute-like)* Hello, colleague!

Sofia: Yet another colleague!

Prostitute: We are all colleagues here in this street. You seem to be looking for a room. This one is available. It is really nice. It has the largest window.

Sofia: Yes, I heard about that. Dutch people like these huge windows, so everybody can look inside. You call that "openness" don't you?

Prostitute: Well, I wouldn't know, I'm Polish. In fact all the girls here are Polish. But you don't look Polish?

Sofia: No, I'm Greek.

Prostitute: So you are an EU citizen! You can actually get a working permit! You can start working immediately! You will have to pay taxes though.... Are you sure you can afford that room?

Sofia: How much is it?

Prostitute: About 500 Guilders

Sofia: 500 Guilders, that is quite cheap!

Prostitute: You must have some special professional qualities if you can afford to pay 500 guilders a day for a room!

Sofia: 500 Guilders A DAY? OK, I'll be looking elsewhere for accomodation.

Prostitute: Good luck, colleague. Remember there is always a place for you here!

Sofia: See you later!

Luuk: Tring....tring.....tring

Sofia picks up the phone

Sofia: Neeeh?..... Ella Mummy.....No I'm fine.....I already met some colleagues in town.....
No.... I was not run over by a tram yet.....I'm now off to the VU to start working....., call
you later. (*hangs up*)

In the lab

(Luuk-phone, Sofia, John, Raoul, Manolis, Rienk, Gert)
(pile of articles, phone, milk-bottle, huge joint (like with Mikas)
One-armed bandit)

Sofia enters Rienk's room

Sofia: Hello, I'm Sofia, I'll be working here every now and then for the next I-don't-know-how-many-years.

Rienk: Hello, Sofia, welcome to my state-of-the-art research group. Have you already met any of your colleagues?

Sofia: Oh, yes, right away; first I ran into this girl that was looking for some lab-materials. She was quite funny, and she had these little infected holes all over her arms. These lasers are dangerous, right?

Rienk: Oh?

Sofia: Yes, and then I ran into this Polish college, who told me that there are many polish girls working here.

Rienk: Well, that's right. Half of Poland is working in my group. But why don't you go around the lab, and meet everybody, and see if they have something to do for you.

Rienk leaves

Sofia enters the lab. John is busy working on a laser.

Sofia: Hello my name is Sofia Georgakopoulou, and I am a new student in the group. I am supposed to go around, and ask everybody if I can work for them.

John: OK, nice to meet you, miss Gorgelpepoe, I'm drs Kennis, but you can call me dr Kennis or rather professor Kennis. And yes, I happen to have a very difficult project doing ultrafast laser spectroscopy....

Sofia: (*Interrupts*) before you go on, you must understand that I have of course not come to Amsterdam to spend much time at the university. This laser-thingy sounds quite scary and difficult, don't you have something more simple for me to do.

John: Well, I can think about it, but I doubt if we do any work at your level here. In the mean time you should read a few basic articles (*Gives her a huge pile of papers*)

John exits

Manolis appears...

Manolis: You must be the new greek colleague I heard about...

Sofia: Yes, I just arrived, nice to meet you.

Manolis: But you look kind of frustrated...

Sofia: I am looking for a project!!!

Manolis: I had one this morning, where were you? Had to give it away. Too many women around nowadays...

Sofia: I didn't manage to make it very early today. But I could try tomorrow!!!

Manolis: You can find me in the lab... It says BMI pump-dump on the door. It has a red light above it...

Sofia: ...oh, I have seen such rooms before!!! is it hard work? Could I play the dump part?

Manolis: it is very challenging... It demands the operation of a 4 million euro equipment, state-of-the-art techniques, and above all, you have to work with the russian minority... It's a lifetime achievement, you have to devote yourself!!!

Sofia: If I wake up early I will be there...

Luuk: Tring....tring.....tring

Manolis picks up the phone

Manolis:Neeeh?.....Ella....Manolis.....Yes I'm Greek.....mmm,that sounds lovely, but unfortunately I'm a vegetarian.....Yes I'm REALLY Greek!.....Oh, yes I love spinach pie.....OK I will ask...

Manolis: *(to Sofia)*: It's your mom, she's really worried. She has already been trying to call you for 2 hours. She wants to know if you are OK?

Sofia: Tell her I'm all-right

Manolis: *(in Phone)*: She says she's all right.....what?....Well, I'll ask...*(to Sofia:)* She wants to know it you are still a virgin...

Sofia: What!?! Gimme that *(takes the phone)*, and get out!

(Manolis leaves)

Sofia: *(In phone:)* Ella Mummy..... Of course I'm still a virgin..... No Amsterdam is great.....Yes, and the people in the group are great, there is even a greek guy here.... Yes I'm all-right.....call you later. *(hangs up)*

.....

Sofia: No, I'm NOT all right. Amsterdam is surely not quite what I had expected. All these people are so incredibly serious, about these things, how do they call them Laser-thingies. I've been talking to just about anybody and frankly I'm getting quite fed up with it. I feel my typical greek melancholic mood playing up again. I want to jump off some cliff, and just while I'm in the flattest country of the world. I'm getting depressed, no one understands me... *(sucks bottle)*

Raoul enters.

Sofia: What the hell are you?

Raoul: I'm gonna be your master, and you are going to be my slave. But give me some time now. I am having a hard time now. I just got out of Korsakov. Do you have any idea what that means? What time is it anyway?

Sofia: It's about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Raoul: Then what the hell am I doing here? Anyway, rightnow I'm as low as any person can be. I can tell you stories.....But, no, you are too young for that. And what is your story, and moreover, what are you drinking? A white russian? *(tries to take the bottle)*

Sofia: *(holds on tight to the bottle)* I have no idea what you are talking about white russians?
I'm Greek.

Manolis jumps in:

Manolis: Well, lets not start about Greeks and Russians!!

If there is anything a Greek would drink from Russians, white or any other color, it would be their blood.....!!

Rienk appears

Rienk: Look here Manolis what did I tell you about COM-MU-NI-CA-TING, come along and read the BMI rules that I have just nailed to the doors of our-beautiful-state-of- the-art-lab-that-you-should-be-thanking-me-for-on-your-bare-knees.

Rienk and Manolis disappear

Sofia: What was that?

Raoul: I have no idea! This one guy is Greek like you, I know him. That other dude, with the hooked nose, I've never seen before....

Sofia: Whatever..... You said you are down the drain, I feel pretty low as well, I'm talking to all these people about a project to work on, and they don't have anything, you know..... suitable.

Raoul: *(Suddenly very energetic)*: Oh, you want to do a project! I have just the thing for you. It's all very easy, no Laser-thingies, just a lamp and some other stuff. If you start right away we could be off to Korsakov at, say 7 'o clock. *(Raoul leaves)*

Sofia: Mmm, strange guy, but I like his attitude. He could be greek.

Luuk: Tring....tring.....tring

Sofia picks up the phone

Sofia: Neeeh?..... Ella Mummy.....No I'm all-right.....I just started this very interesting project, and my supervisor is one of the top scientists in the field..... No of course I will not hang out with strange guys and go out late to obscure zombie clubscall you later. *(hangs up)*

Sofia: But I still have these pieces a paper. What should I do with it?

She starts rolling them into joint-like shapes, while still sucking the milk-bottle

Sofia: Mmm, this looks interesting. This circular shape. Something tells me that this is going to keep me busy much of my time here in Amsterdam....

Gert enters smoking a joint.

Gert: Hé who are you, and what the hell is a girl like you doing here?

Sofia: I'm Sofia Georgakopoulou, I'm greek, and I've just started working on a project with Raoul.

Gert: RAOUL! My god, you are fucked, miss Georgabonobo. This Raoul doesn't know his dipolemoment from his polarizability. You definitely need help badly. Are you lucky that I will visit you every day from now on 'till the day that I finish your thesis. First tell me what you are doing with these papers.

Sofia: Well, frankly I don't know. I don't understand much of it. I only understand this: that's an "Alpha", and this is a "Psi", "Mu" of course, and here is an "Ypsilon", but there are all these strange symbols in between!!!!

Gert: Those are called Latin characters. But first things first:

(takes bottle away, and puts joint in the mouth of Sofia. From now on Sofia walks around with

the joint))

Gert: That is better. Now, what have you been doing so far

Sofia: Well, (*inhales*)this stuff is good by the way....Eh, well, I've been doing some experiments on.....

Gert: EXPERIMENTS!?!?! do people still do that? Amazing, why measure when you can model? Here you have a CD-generator (gives one-armed bandit), also known as the "Lean Mean Corline Machine" just pull the arm until you get something you like.

Sofia pulls the lever from the one-armed bandit a couple of times while looking a bit puzzled

Modeling data

(Luuk-phone, Sofia, Raoul, Gert, CD Spectrum(Rudi),
CD model 1 (Bas), CD model 2 (Danielis), CD Model 3 (Daniel),
CD Model 4 (Sandrine)

(Phone, huge joint (like with Mikas), One-armed bandit)

Luuk: Tring....tring.....tring

Sofia picks up the phone

Sofia: Neeeh?..... Ella Mummy.....No I'm all-right.....I just started some very sophisticated theoretical work. It's really challenging..... No of course I will not hang out with dirty old hippy guys.... And, no of course I do not smoke anything..... I do not smoke, period.....call you later. (hangs up)

Raoul walks in.

Raoul: Here I am again. What have you been upto in the last 6 weeks while I was lying on a beach in.... well, god knows where, but it was a great beach. But hurry up, because I have a plane to catch for yet another 6 month holiday. I'm such a busy person. I hope you appreciate that I bother to take the effort to spent a full 15 minutes with you.

Sofia: Well, I have measured one thingy (Shows Rudi to Raoul)

Raoul: Wow man, this signal is huuuuuge!!!! But what does it tell us?

Rudi: Sono un segnale CD, brutti cazzoni, modellatemi! (*I'm a CD-signal, you fucking morons, model me!*)

Sofia: I don't know, It is trying to tell us something, but I have no idea what.

Luuk appears

Luuk: Can I say something?

Raoul: Hé aren't you the tring-tring guy? Do you actually talk?

Luuk: Yes I do, in fact I don't know why I always get these stupid roles, while I speak a dozen of languages fluently.

Rienk appears

Rienk: Come on Luuk, what are you complaining about: Aren't you aware that you are taking part in a state-of-the-art sketch. You should be thanking Bas en Raoul on your bare knees if they would let you say "tring" only once! You just make sure it's a state-of-the-art "tring"!

Rudi: (*Starts dancing in a circle*) Sono uno spettro CD da esposizione, cazzoni, fate qualcosa, usatemi! (*I'm a state-of-the-art CD-spectrum, you morons, why don't you do something with me!*)

Rienk: What is this thing trying to COM-MUN-NI-CATE to us?

Raoul: Dunno.
Sofia: Beats me.
Luuk: This thing is actually saying that it is a beautiful CD spectrum and it is in desperate need of getting modeled.
Rienk: Then what are you waiting for? Stop wasting my state-of-the-art time, and start to do some state-of- the-art-modeling!

Everybody leaves except for Rudi and Sofia

Sofia pulls the lever and Bas jumps in.

Sofia: No, this model doesn't look like the measurement, it is too round.... In fact it does not look like anything. What kind of a fitting machine is this?

Bas: Ah, you are just too old to appreciate me, you must be what, twenty-two? You are over the hill, my girl. You will be lucky to end up with a bald German some day.

Sofia: Enough, I don't like this model, lets try again (pulls the lever)

(Bas Jumps away shouting: "You will be sorry for this some day!")

Danielis jumps in)

Sofia: Mmm, this looks better, much better. But what does it tell us?

Danielis: (mumble, mumble, mumble)

Sofia: What do you say? ? I fit you? You love me?

Danielis: *(shouts)* NO! I asked, do you want to tango?

Sofia: Oh, yes modeluco, of course I want to tango!!!

Danielis and Sofia dance a few a steps of a tango

Danielis: Oh, you are so nice, I must introduce you to my Lithuanian girlfriend!

Sofia (disappointed) pulls the lever

Danielis disappears (shouting "did I say something wrong?")

Daniel appears

Daniel: *Says what ever he wants. He starts a Daniel-bullshit story.....*

Sofia: Mmm, the signal-to-bullshit of this model is not that good and it makes a lot of noise, but it does remind me of my beloved German shepard, although slightly less furry. If only it would shut up. Oh, wait:

Shouts: "SKASE " (Greek for shut-up)

Daniel continues the story....

Sofia: *(shouts)* "TI SOU IPA?" *(Greek: what did I tell you?)*

Daniel stops talking immediately

Sofia: Hé, he is listening to me! For the first time in my life something is actually listening to me! Lets try this: *(Shouts:)* KSAPLA *(greek for lie down)*.

Daniel down lies on the ground, at her feet.

Sofia: I think I like this model. I have a good feeling about it. And he somewhat resembles my measurement.

Gert walks in.

Gert: What are you doing?

Sofia: I just made this model, and I think it fits me..

Gert: Come on, this is not right. This model looks like shit. Let me have a go at it.

Pulls lever

Daniel jumps out, Sandrine jumps in.

Gert: Ah, this looks much better!

Sofia: I'm sorry to say, but this model does not resemble my data at all.

Gert: Who cares. As long as it looks good. And this looks good, this is highly publishable. We are talking Biophysical Journal..... Centerfold. *(Gert away)*

Sofia: AAAH It drives me crazy it's all absolute chaos. It doesn't lead anywhere. How do I ever manage to write a thesis about this nonsense" ". I just want to finish all this and return to Athens to live in the attic above my parents.

Raoul appears with a divine look on his face.

Raoul: Do not despair my child, don't forget that I am your supervisor.

Sofia: Then will you write my thesis for me?

Raoul: I think you don't get the point: I am the supervisor YOU are the slave. Guess which one of us has to do the work?

Sofia: Damn, I guess that means that I have to write it myself!

Raoul: Yes, but I will be of assistance. You wonder how to write a thesis about nonsense? Well, I happen to be the expert in that field.

We spectroscopists all know that CD spectra are just bullshit, and that bullshit can be modelled any way you like it.

Our trick is that we just don't tell this to the non-spectroscopists.

Especially not to the structure-guys.

Since they don't understand any of it, they buy it, meaning that we can publish it, and that they cite it.

Sofia: You are so wise.....

Raoul: Of course the deal is that we buy a lot of bullshit from them in return. That's the way how we keep the scientific economy running....

Talking about running: I've got to go...save some more souls. *(leaves)*

Sofia: Mmm. So all I have to do, is pull this lever for four years. And when I find something I like for whatever reason I put it in my thesis and that's it. This Raoul guy is great, let's make sure that everybody gets to know this:

Sofia: types email behind the computer and speaks as she writes:

Sofia: I would like you to know that my level of experimenting and creative skills is higher than I thought would be possible. This is due to the excellent guidance of Raoul who is not only my mentor and example on the scientific front but also teaches me a lot on the spiritual aspects of life.

I still feel a slight dizziness due to his overwhelming intelligence.

Unfortunately I must say that this is not recognized by anyone of you.

To you I would like to say: open yourself for an incredible experience when confronted with his sublime thoughts. (yes I have taken my drugs....you do need them to survive while being with Him.)

Thank you all, and thank you Raoul for teaching me everything I know wrong.

Humbly I kneel in front of the computer and press end.

Sofia: I sure must tell Gert to put this part in my thesis.....

Gert appears:

Gert: So guess who is responsible for the blank lines.....

-- The End --