

Ivan prepares ingredients at a small table in his open air kitchen. His favorite butterfly, Igor, sits on a little yellow lantern. Ivan sharpens a blade with a hand rod as he looks at his cook book and argues with the butterfly.

IVAN THE EATER

What do you know about the world? You are so tiny, you barely in it!

Oh I'm sorry, I apologize,

but you think you know everything just because you eat so many books.

You are free to eat any book, notepad, or record. But if you ever eat Mama's cookbook, Ivan will eat you.

(to the butterfly) Wrong? What makes it wrong? How many fourlegged creatures do you think she has made her meal? It would only be wrong if she didn't taste good.

Let's see: Skinny Mother, Sick Father, Ugly Daughter, Healthy Brother.

Thanks Mama! Love you mama.

Not natural? What's not natural? Ivan is part of nature. So anything Ivan does is natural. Ivan think Igor confused on this.

Don't blame me, Ivan didn't invent hunger. Life feeds on life. Something always has to die for something to live.

Ah perfect, beautiful.

What? You think you're so much better than Ivan because all you eat is nectar and books!

(MORE)

## IVAN THE EATER (cont'd)

Ahhhh!!! You are out of your mind!  
You eat Ivan's books and you have the  
nerve to tell Ivan what Ivan should  
eat! Books come from people Ivan eat!  
Ivan only eat their bodies but you  
eat their stories, their ideas, their  
dreams, the very flesh of their  
souls. That is real death. Ivan not  
so cold-hearted, but Ivan is very  
hungry. So out of way little  
butterfly, Ivan need meat.