



The Soup

by Sílvia Maria Monteiro

This play was written during the Regular Workshop core Playwriting Sesi Paraná,
under the guidance of Roberto Alvim, in the year 2010.

This play was translated by Ricardo Westphalen de Queiroz Jucá.

If a man is alive, there is always danger that he may die, though the danger must be allowed to be less in proportion as he is dead-and-alive to begin with.

Henry David Thoreau

THE SOUP

by Sílvia Maria Monteiro

Characters:

THE FATHER
THE SON
THE MOTHER

MOMENT 1.

A living room. A large wood dining table. Some chairs. Empty bottles piled up like a shelf. Or wardrobe. A broken clock. The Son brings a steaming bowl to the table. On the shelf he gets a spoon and a plate. He serves himself. The Father comes in. He leaves his stuff on the floor. He sits relaxed on a chair in front of the table.

FATHER – Gotta any food, left?

SON – Soup.

FATHER – Say ‘shit’, but don’t say ‘soup’.

SON – I like it.

FATHER- Stick that shit in your ass.

SON – I like it.

FATHER – Yeah, I sure know what is it that you like it.

SON- ...

FATHER – Hand me a fucking plate, damn it.

SON-...

FATHER- Mother fucker... *(The Son gets up. The old man speaks friendly, waiting for being served)*. I found a stuff on the street, I wanted you to see it. I was just hanging around, chilling downtown... I passed by that alley ... The piss alley, you know? And I saw that stuff...

SON-... *(The Son serves soup to himself and gets back to his seat)*

FATHER- This mother fucker ain’t able to serve a plate of soup to his own father. *(The Father gets up, gets a plate and a spoon. Serves himself and gets back to his seat)*

SON-...

FATHER- Gotta any bread leaft?

SON-...

FATHER- I need some bread to help pushing this shit inside.

SON- I don't like it.

FATHER- "I don't like it" !!! (*Baby talk*)

SON- ...

FATHER- Yeah, I sure know exactly what you like.

SON-...

FATHER- You look just like your mother... A cock sucker's mouth. A fast tongue...
The same ass... You know, you got yourself a woman's ass.

SON-... (*The Son stops having the soup and looks at the old man*)

FATHER- So, tell me. Been fucking anyone, lately? Or couldn't save some money in order to pay a brick layer to bust your ass?

SON- ...

FATHER- ... Say it... Say it! Open up. You can share that with me. Don't you wanna do it?

SON- Fuck you, old man.

FATHER- I can't do it, son. My cock is big, but it doesn't go all the way around (*Laughs*)... It doesn't go all the way around...

SON-... (*Leaves the room*).

FATHER - ...That was good, wasn't it? Dawm... It's big, but... It - doesn't - go - around. Gotta it? ...

SON- (*Comes back and takes all the dishes from the table*) ...

FATHER- Dawm, that was good... That was funny... Say it!

SON-...

FATHER- Fag.

SON- I'm gonna bring a person here, tonight.

FATHER- Ow! ... *A person*...

SON- Could you act more like ass?

FATHER - Say what?

SON- Or couldn't you leave for a couple of hours?

FATHER- (*Brutally*) Mother fucker, I've never done anything you'd be ashamed of me. Never. I'm not your mother. She's the one you could be ashamed of...

SON- Shut a fuck up, old man... (*Barely stand for himself*)

FATHER- It was a crap. The baby boy's crew used get at hour house, she put on a dress so short like a handkerchief in front of her pussy. She crossed her legs and showed everyone half of her big ass...

SON- That's enough, old man!

FATHER- Look at him... Turned into a man, all of sudden?

SON- No way!

FATHER- It's because of me... You don't wanna be a man, because of me. I'm much more of a man than any of this guys who are used to bust your ass around. I raised you by myself, till your mother died... Your mom didn't fucking care about you... I...

SON- "... Worked... Got screwed... Busted my ass of..."

FATHER- In order to build this house up... That's true, you piece of shit.

SON- "... Worked... Got screwed... Busted my ass of... But there wasn't a day there wasn't a plate of soup at this house!"

FATHER- Say 'shit', don't say 'soup'!

SON- If mother hadn't been around you, you've probably had pushed up daisies by now.

FATHER- ... He's gonna bring a *person*...

SON- There were only left overs, old man. That's why, I've cooked some soup.

FATHER- I'm not gonna go fucking away!

SON- It's cold, now... Should I heat it up?

(*The Son takes the bowl to the kitchen*)

FATHER- You aren't gonna bring a *person* to fuck your ass in my house.

SON- Gotta buy some groceries. Wanna me to make a list?

FATHER- To buy, to buy, to buy only. Wonder how was it like before?

SON- Before?

FATHER- When there wasn't a market, for example, dawm it. Where there wasn't any money.

SON- It must'd been like crap. Hunting, grabbing things on the floor, in the bushes, in the river...

FATHER- Have you thought about it? At night, you are starving... Then you don't have your stupid father to buy you anything. You get up and go fishing in the river, our go hunting. What about the fire, uhh? How would you do it? There weren't any matches, a lighter, so what? Would keep on waiting for a light thunder to hit the fire? Dawm, when I think about it, I feel sick.

SON- Are you high? Been smoking, something, old man?

FATHER- Smoking my ass. Smoking... I've never smoked... Ivalino used to do it. He was high at all the time. He used to get the pick up and just ran like a maniac. Once he ran over a fucking guy a ran away. That guy has ever walked again. One day, the mother fucker found Ivalino – he'd been looking for Ivalino for over a year! As he found Ivalino, he said “ Hey man, you screwed up my life. I'm in dark now, lost my wife, job, friends. Even my mother stopped visiting me”. Ivalino cried like a baby because of that crippled.” I had it all, I had everything, everything... You're gonna pay me now”. The guy pulled out a gun and aimed at Ivalino. Ivalino took the gun away from the mother fucker and just hammered it so bad on the mother fucker's head. Besides a crippled, the mother fucker got a bit retard, too. *(Laughs out loud)*. A less in this fucking world. *(Lol)* Gotta any smoke?

SON-...

FATHER- OWWWWW! Got any marijuana, there?... Hand me some!...

SON-... *(The Son gets the things from the book shelf, gets back to the table and starts to enroll the joint)*

FATHER- You were the who brought up the idea, I want it now.

SON-... *(Lights it up)*

FATHER- Tiny is good... Hand me some...

SON- Wait up.

FATHER- Wait up, wait up, wait up – Shit dawm fuck.

SON- Take it.

FATHER- Uhhhhh...(Smokes a lot and gives it back)

SON- (Smokes it and gives it back)

FATHER- (Smokes it and gives it back)

SON- (Smokes it and gives the rest to the Father)

FATHER- (Smokes it, cusses and burns himself) Fucking pot, there's nothing left!

SON- Be quiet, old man.

FATHER- Only because Ivalino was there...

SON- Old man...

FATHER- That's true, dawm it. Ivalino was always in the right place...

SON- Father...

(The Mother is at the living room entrance. Brings some bags. The Father and the Son remain frozen. The Mother crosses fast the room and disappears in the kitchen.

She returns with a jar of water, pieces of cloth, alcohol and a bowl. She undresses the Son. Cleans the Son up carefully as a preparation for a surgery. The Son dresses himself.

The Father starts to undress himself waiting for his turn. The Mother takes water, alcohol and clean cloth. She stares at him indifferently and leaves. The Father keeps on dressing himself. From the kitchen, there are pan noises heard. Knives hitting frenetically on a meat table. Plastic, a strong sprinkler of water. The auto heat. The Father wets his neck, eye browns and hair. Under his clothes he wets his armpits and genitals. Combs himself carefully. The Father and the Son cleans the table up. They sit each one at the two heads of the table. Formals. Clean. Quiet. The table is impeccable. Ready for a gala or a dissection. The Mother enters and leaves the room to the kitchen while she sets the table and prepares the soup.)

MOTHER- I'll use the broth that's here on the stove. I brought a few things... - There isn't any coffee – Rice, pasta, oil. With tapioca, salsa, chopped in tiny slices to boil it fast. Pilled tomatoes. I will use this bolster broth that is here on the stove. I brought a few things ... – There isn't any coffee – rice, macaroni, oil. With Arracacha salsa, sliced thin to provide a body faster. Peeled tomatoes. The bark sticks in the tooth. A high content of agrichemical. A pinch of cumin. I don't like it. Your mother's always put cumin in the soup, you like it. A little Chili, shelled. Then, agrichemical. I used the green one. The Red's way too expensive. Once cooked the taste is the same. There were potatoes, but I preferred Arracacha, the color gets more beautiful. Oh, today I put half spoon, half tea spoon of paprika. It was such a lovely colour, along with the yellow ... Half orange. When putting the “green salsa”, then! Is it me the only one who likes it or everyone does...? I'll hit the meat to make a

steak ... What am I thinking, steak with soup ... My mind is slow today. The soup is already smelling yummy. It is ready.

(The Mother comes back with steaming pan. The Father serves himself and starts the soup. Mother and son look at each other. The Son leaves.)

MOTHER – I cooked enough to be able to freeze the left overs. The soup is good even for a month. I left the kitchen really cleaned. I put the cloths out to dry. The backpack that was on the ground, I put it to wash. I left a shopping list stucked with the Imam, in the fridge. I haven't seen any painkiller, nor mertiolate nor bandaide. Gotta have it. The new phone number I have also left stucked in the fridge ...

FATHER – You, slut!

MOTHER – Ivalino asked about you.

FATHER-... Smells like a slut!

MOTHER – He misses you, you know? Ivalino.

FATHER-... That sweet perfume of yours, doesn't full anyone.

MOTHER- They got embarrassed. I told him it was nothing.

FATHER – Just like a bitch.

MOTHER- You two are friends. Grown ups...

FATHER- A bunch of machos having a boner, sniffing, chasing you.

MOTHER – Gotta talk like grownups...

FATHER- You aren't even ashamed, anymore.

MOTHER- He wants to go to the ranch..

FATHER- Come into my house... Shaking that ass

MOTHER- Ivalino only talks about those Fishing times of yours.

FATHER- Slut, hore, filthy hore.

MOTHER- He was devastated after you two went to separate ways.

FATHER- The butcher, you fucked, I know that. The limp neighbor, my brother... Did you fuck my brother?

MOTHER- You guys were neighbors... Since at a young age, right?

FATHER- Every man thinks his cock is special. That his come's gonna make any difference.

MOTHER- Ivalino wants to see you...

FATHER- Every man thinks his cock's gonna save a fucking slut.

MOTHER- The phone number is on the fridge. Call him...

FATHER – Stay...

MOTHER- *(She almost kisses his forehead)*

FATHER- Stay a little longer...

(The Mother leaves, closing the door carefully. The Father just looks the mother going away. Petrified. The hand, a standalone act, gets the plate and the breaks it into pieces on the floor. Silence. Silence. Silence.)

MOMENT 2.

(The Father goes to the door. He just stays there at the closed door. The son comes in, stops at the door of the kitchen. Holds a scrap in his hand)

FATHER- I did two taxi runs today that worthed the week. A nifty was in a hurry. He wanted to go to the airport. I told him "the traffic is jammed!", he said he'd pay for it extra hundred dollars, if I could arrive there in time. Holy shit! "Tighten your seatbelt," I said. And literally flew. As I know where every radar in town, I simply slowed down right in front of them. I was caught by those. The car shook a little because of the rain, slipped and , took longer to curb ... We could've.....

SON- Here it is, the device... That 'stuff' ... From the alley...

FATHER- I gently took cared of that car as if it were your mother, grabs here, grabs there ... And she flew, flew ... The nifty regreted, shitted himself, in the back seat ... Wanted to leave ... "FUCK IT" ... "NOW I WANT MONEY"...

SON- I guess the price is not even compared for a renewed...

FATHER- *(Advances in the direction of the Son)* – "I WANT! IT" 15 minutes, 15 minutes, I doubt that any turd makes it faster ... 15 minutes, the son of a bitch. "FUCK IT" ... I want the money ... An extra hundred ... In your pocket. Have you ever thought the kind of business we can make this month, have you considered it?

(Father and Son sit at the table, each one at the head of it. The Son starts to stir in the ' artifact')

SON- Was she pretty?

FATHER- If she weren't so pretty.

SON- He thought Mother was pretty.

FATHER- Ivalino has got class, he though she was pretty, because she was, indeed, that's all.

SON- That's all...

FATHER- Fagg. You don't know shit about that stuff. A friend don't mess around with another friend.

SON -...

FATHER- A real friend doesn't do it, no sir.

SON- She couldn't stand your fucking smell, old man.

FATHER- You are a piece of shit, did you know that? Not even looking at me, she couldn't stand.

SON – Look at the machine.

FATHER- What is it?

SON- Look at it.

FATHER- You studied so much, you know so much, talk so much...

SON- The machine, old man.

FATHER- This piece of crap, got any value, doesn't it?

SON -...

FATHER- What fuck is that?

SON- Gotta be on the table.

FATHER- To sit on the table.

SON- To go on the table.

FATHER- I'm here.

(The Son starts to assembly the 'artefact' and to plug it into the Father)

SON – He was never your friend. He fucked his own mother, I saw that. In your room, kitchen, living room, in bed, in the garage. The laugh of it was loose, the laugh of it was tasty ... Her laughter was loose and great. She laughed and laughed...

FATHER- What is it that get out of it?

SON-...

FATHER- It hurts me more than knowing that you offering your ass round. When you say it... You faggot mother fucker.

SON- That's it, old man. He **didn't** fuck anyone, **nobody** had been cheated, so **nobody's** a son of a bitch... I say it now: Could you shut a fuck up, please.

FATHER- A piece of shit, that ain't worth a penny.

SON – That's just like you...

FATHER- I was good to be your father, what else, if not to taking care of a mother fucker son of a bitch, like you?

FATHER- Mother told me you have produced some little brothers for me.

FATHER- Stop that shit.

SON- Did you?

FATHER- I'm your father. Shut a hell up..

SON- Tell me whatever I already know...

FATHER- Stop it, damw it.

SON- Do I have any little brothers, out there?

SON -...

SON- Speak up, old man.

FATHER- Your mother literally dried... So I had to GO on my own to get some pussy. So I fucked... Oh, you know who, you piece of crap.

SON – Man or woman?

FATHER- A male.... And a girl.

SON – How old are they?

FATHER -...

SON- Do they know about me?

FATHER- ...No.

SON- Do they live around here?

FATHER- ...Around.

SON- Does he look like me?

FATHER -...

SON – Like you?

FATHER- Fuck off, dawm it.

SON- Let me say it in a tone you will understand... I might be having my ass fucked by my own brother, without even knowing it...

FATHER- If you weren't a faggot...

SON – I could've been fucking my little sister...

FATHER- Release me from this shit, and I'll kick your ass.

SON – This is your world, old man... You only see whatever you wanted to see, nothing else. It simply doesn't exist.

FATHER- We can use this machine for something, selling a piece ... You could do a work of art, whatever, faggot knows how to do these things ... It's a pity to tossing out ...

SON- How old are they?

FATHER -...

SON- Did you watch them grow or didn't fucking care?

FATHER- I used to help with a pocket money, here and then... I talked to the little boy. His mother used to say that I only talk bullshit to the boy when there was a boy's talk involved.

SON- A boy's talk, with you?

FATHER- His mother seemed to think so.

SON- You didn't even exchange 3 sentences with me.

FATHER- You were weird...

SON- I was sad. I got became sad. And the only thing you could ask me it was If had had met a women before.

FATHER- You had already got that face... What was I supposed to think of?

SON- I had already dated a Man, wanted to live by myself, everyone else knew.

FATHER- Everybody already knew...

SON- Even thou you were trying to take me to a hore house

FATHER- I didn't... Didn't know it... Didn't feel it... I didn't feel anything... Nothing.

SON- So, is the little boy a faggot too or that one is 'perfect'?

FATHER – Perfect, I guess... He is what he is.

SON- I've almost felt something...

FATHER- Whatever...

SON- What's his name?

FATHER -...

SON- Do you remember?

FATHER- I saw the boy for a while after he was born...

SON- Do you remember?

FATHER -... The way he looked at me...

SON- Can you say it? ... Say his name?

FATHER- That day, I felt...

SON– The fucking name, old man...

FATHER- I've almost felt something...

SON- Old man...

FATHER– ... Ivalino...

SON- Father...

FATHER –It's Ivalino.

(The Mother is stopped at the entrance of the room. Brings bags. The two remain froze. The Mother quickly crosses the room and disappears in the kitchen. She comes back with a water jug, cloths, alcohol and basin. She cleans the Father carefully, as making a pre-surgery asepsis. The Son approaches and makes the adjustments of the ' artifact '. The table is catre of a hospital. The ' artifact ' ... Vent, Gears of sustaining life. The Son turns on the appliances. Mother and Son clean the table. They stop each facing a headboard of the table. Solemn. Clean. Quiet. The table's impeccable. Ready for the gala or to a dissection)

MOTHER- It's soup time.

(The Mother goes to the kitchen. Silence. Silence. Silence)

MOMENT 3.

(From the kitchen a noise of surgery tools is heard. Equipos. Sterilisation. The mother enters and leaves the room during the preparations)

FATHER- Bitch... I'm not gonna swallow this crap.

SON- I'll tide this thing right here... And this.

FATHER- Don't you fry me you, faggot.

SON- It's a polygraph...

FATHER— POLYGRAPH... Did you have to come up with a stuck up name like that, uhh?.

SON- If you turn the machine on, it tells you how much you lie.

FATHER- Stop the bullshit. Ask to this shit, I wanna see if this machine really knows about things...

SON- If you used one of this, you may burn it out, old man.

FATHER- *(Laughs)* Sure will. Fuck, I sure like a story. Damn, I think Ivalino's never heard anything that was worthy out of my mouth, but bullshit. If I had a partner that was him. Damn, once we were going to a soccer match ... Your mother was screwing someone out there. Ivalino and I saw two little hores. A short, had no ass, and the other one had already her little tities and everything. We took them there to the Park. I threw myself to her, and Ivalino on the other one *(Fever)*. I took my cock out, punched her on the face and start sticking my cock in that tiny pussy barely, that had some hair on it *(Fever, fever)*. Ivalino yelled quite loudly. "Bitch", he shouted, "Get out, you bitch"! I thought that the bitch had bitten him, but what? ... The slut was naked ... Butt naked ... From the middle of her legs there was something coming out like this... About a palm size... *(Fever. Fever. Fever)*. It looked like a cock and like a pussy... *(The Son goes out fast to the kitchen)* You do

not laugh because you don't like pussy ... You pukes, you feel sick and disgusted ...

(Mother and Son are back. She with damp cloth, he with containers and girdles for the litter)

MOTHER- Can't you make him stop?

FATHER- No he can't!

SON- *(Adjusts the artifacts, containers, the serum)*

FATHER- Ivalino kicked the shit out of that weird bitch. Her mouth was ripped up here to this tooth right here... The blood out of her broken nose was over her face. A bunch of her her was right on Ivalino's hand when He pulls her to beat her again. Ears ripped off, broken finger. Sholder down... She threw up just like you, you faggot...

MOTHER- I'll bring another plate. *(Joins the shards that are next to the table/'catre' and leaves)*...

FATHER- She ran away cussing a lot. Weird bitch... Cussing, can you believe it? I forgot my... Forgot... I - forgot... That Day... It was on that...

SON- ... That Ivalino took Mother away...

FATHER- My ass he did... The little tramp was the one who went after him...

SON- Mother liked you, old man...

FATHER- Yeah, I know how much she did. I was a nobody that she fucked for free whenever she felt sorry.

MOTHER- *(The Mother enters and leaves. Sidebar, bib. Preparations and accoutrements to feed the Father)*

SON- She liked you, but she let it go...

FATHER- That one...she doesn't like anything, but her.

SON- At least she likes herself...

FATHER- At least my ass... What has she done on order to having you defending her so much?...

SON- She brought you in, old man.

FATHER- Over here...

SON- If Mother weren't around; you'd probably pushed up daisies by now.

FATHER- Who's the *person* you are gonna bring to home tonight?

SON- It's not **to** home, but **at** home. He's coming over for dinner.

MOTHER- (*To the Son*) Ivalino wants to talk to you...

FATHER- He wants to have a family...

SON- (*To the Mother*) The old man could drop dead right now... But he insists...

MOTHER- (*To the Son*) I told him there's no point of trying it, but he insists...

SON- (*To the Mother*) And the son??

MOTHER-...

SON- (*To the Mother*) And the woman?

MOTHER -... (*Leaves*)

FATHER- I'm not gonna die, not fucking way.... I'll stay here... I won't die, and that's a fact... I'll stay right here.

SON- You are a piece of shit, old man...

FATHER- Shit on your cock, you faggot... I'm screwed, but I'm a real man, Oh yeah...

SON- (*Takes the gas-anesthesia mask*) *Put it on, put it on...*

FATHER- What a fuck is that?

SON- Quiet, old man... (*The last adjustments and leaves*)

FATHER- Looks at you ... Became a real man, now ... Come back here ... What is it that this fucking machine knows ... Come back here ... I'm more of a man than the guys ... The guys who busted your ass ... I raised you alone ... Even before your mother to die ... Your mother ... Didn't care shit about.. I. .. "I Worked ... I got screwed ... Busted my ass off ... " in order to leave this home built. It is true, your little shit ... "I Worked ... I got screwed ... busted my ass off ... But there was never a bowl of soup missing on this table lacked in this table, a bowl of soup!

MOMENT 4.

(*The Mother comes back. A thermal cart. Apparatus for exams. Heated sterilization containers*)

FATHER- Do you have balls to come in here, you hore?...

MOTHER -...

FATHER -... Smells like hore...

MOTHER- Can you fell that? (*Touches Father's toes*)

FATHER- Just like a bitch... All the machos running after...

MOTHER- Can you feel it? (*Touches Father's fingers*)

FATHER- Shame on you...

MOTHER- Can you feel it? (*Hammers gently Father's knee*)

FATHER- Comes into my house...

MOTHER- Can you follow the light? (*Small light on Father's retina*)

FATHER- Shaking that ass of yours...

MOTHER- Try to swallow it. (*With her fingers she feels Father's neck movements*)

FATHER- Slut, filthy hore...

MOTHER- Today we shall try something a bit more pasty.

FATHER- Give your mouth to me...

MOTHER- Very little meat, fish, everything steam cooked. Fruits, vegetables, low-fat
... A little salt...

FATHER- Give your mouth to me...

MOTHER- I put a tiny bit of Holy grass. Combats anxiety and fatigue.

FATHER- Stay here.

MOTHER-... (*Goes closer to the old man*)

FATHER- Stays...

MOTHER-... (*Almost touches the old man's face*)

FATHER- Stay... With me...

SON- (*Enters and stands at the table-catre*)...

MOTHER- ...

FATHER- Stay...

SON- *(To the Mother)* Nothing?

MOTHER- Nothing. *(Leaves)*

(The Son picks up the soup in the cart and serves a dish. Breathes. Cool it carefully. Feeds the Father as feeding a sad child)

SON- Yummy... It smells good...

FATHER-...

SON- Do you like it?

FATHER -... *(Can't swallow it)*

(The Son cleans the soup out of the old man's face. With one hand presses the cheeks of the old man and introduces a bit of soup in his mouth)

SON- Yeah... I like it too.

FATHER-... ..

SON- Gotta any woman, old man?

FATHER- *(Deep breath)*...

SON – A son?

FATHER- *(Deep breath)*...

SON- A friend?

FATHER-... *(Breathes acceleratedly... Acceleratedly)*...

SON- Good, that's good.

FATHER-... *(... Acceleratedly ... Acceleratedly ... Acceleratedly)*

SON- They'll show up someday, old man.

FATHER -... *(Tears)*...

SON – But now, it's only you and me, old man..

FATHER -... *(Tears)*...

SON – Just one more... *(Gives a spoon of...)*

FATHER -... (*Swallow... Tears*)...

SON- (*Gives another spoon of...*)

FATHER- (*Swallow ...Tears...*)

SON- (*Gives a spoon of...*)

FATHER -... (*Swallow...Tears*)...

SON - (*Gives another spoon of...*)

FATHER -... (*Swallow... Tears*)...

SON - (*Gives another spoon of soup*)...

FATHER -... (*Swallow... Tears*)...

(*Silence. Silence. Silence*)

Sílvia Monteiro

She's been playing professionally in theater since 1986. In 1996, with Luiz Carlos Pazello, they founded the Confraternity Scenic, where also acts as Director and playwright. She has already staged the texts: *The Woman* (1998); *The stories of the Juca* (1999) and the *FACES of JEALOUSY* (2010), a new reading of Shakespeare's *OTHELLO*. She is also a Professor of the Bachelor of theatre of PUC PR – on the disciplines of Improvisation and Interpretation. She has undergraduated and master's degree in Philosophy.

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