

**Aus Anstand – La Siesta**  
( *A fairy-tale for the grown-ups* )

*written by Tamara Matevc*

## **Cast of Characters**

**ČARNA MARLENE**, at the age of seven, seventeen, twenty-seven and thirty-seven

**TINE KOJČ**, a promising psychotherapist, gardener at a castle, caretaker and an indispensable blue-collar worker, a few years older than Čarna

**RUDI ŠTAJNER**, a wise man, prophet, mystic, inventor, philosopher, theosopher, eretic, heretic; a well preserved, handsome old man

**JAHVE**, a god in his prime

chinawoman, a young lady, the same age as Čarna

the baby and then the little curly-haired boy

**CHINAMAN**, the same age as Tine

two chinese boys, at the age of three and four

**BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER**, the same age as Čarna

**BERTA OCVIRK**

**FISH FARONIKA**

**PAINTER**

12,000 horse race visitors, all of them cream of the crop

12,000 chinese people, wearing first rate, paradise silk

We only get to hear about Matjaž Pandur. He is not in sight once. He does not show up even for his premiere. Maybe because he is ... a premiere on his own.

## **Time**

Around 12.15

## **Settings**

Castle Aus Anstand in the Prekmurje Dolomites, the park around the castle, hippodrome, stables

Park Aus Anstand, best-known park in Berlin

Reception room of a psychotherapeutic consulting room in Berlin

The best-known Chinese restaurant in Berlin

The train between Berlin-Paris-Ljubljana-Barcelona-Lisbon-Athens-Budapest-Istanbul

An abandoned mill next to the river Mura, overgrown with ambrosia

## **FIRST ACT**

1st Scene: Jahve gives Rudi Štajner another hundred years of penance

2nd Scene: Rudi Štajner takes custody over Čarna Marlene

3rd Scene: Tine Kojč gets a new patient named Berta Ocvirk

4th Scene: Čarna gets engaged to the chinaman

## **SECOND ACT**

1st Scene: Intercity between dreams and wakefulness

2nd Scene: Still on the wellness of sense or How did Rudi Štajner make it to postpone the repayment of his debts for 12 hours and 15 minutes

3rd Scene: chinaman buys up the certificates, Tine Kojč grabs the cat for its throat

4rd Scene: Čarna sings

## **THIRD ACT**

1st Scene: Finding the handle for the second time

2nd Scene: An Epilogue after the Epilogue

## FIRST ACT

### 1st Scene: Jahve prolongs Rudi Štajner's penance

*Rudi Štajner and god Jahve*

*Castle Aus Anstand in the Prekmurje Dolomites. – A beautiful spring day, the clock is just about to strike 12:15. –Rudi Štajner is at the castle tower in his workshop happily singing a song; he makes the last repairs on his homemade wings. In the middle of the room, next to the old lounge, there is luggage: a couple of suitcases and a box of books; on the box there is an open, empty metal case, and close to it is a tube with discharge papers. All the closets at the tower are locked. It is obvious that Rudi Štajner is leaving his home. A moment or two and he will fly in the sky forever.*

*Rudi Štajner stands on the table. He wears wings. By every move he gets faster - until one of the wings falls off. This does not put him in a bad mood. He sings and then steps down on the floor; he takes the wing and examines it. He notices an error; he repairs and attaches it one more time. Again, he climbs on the table and pulsates, pulsates, pulsates ... and finally slowly, and under control flies down to the floor. – He shouts out.*

*Suddenly someone knocks on the door. Rudi Štajner looks at the door surprised; he thinks for a moment. It is obvious that he is not expecting anyone. Decisively he walks towards the castle embrasure and tries to stuff himself through it to fly away before the unexpected visitor can enter.*

*Knocking.*

*Rudi Štajner hurries up; his legs are already dangling on the other side, but he gets stuck because of the wings. It takes a lot of effort, but he manages to roll back inside the workshop. He listens carefully - maybe the guest gave up and went away?*

*Knocking.*

*Rudi Štajner runs back to the door, grabbing a hammer, nails and a few laths. Skilfully, he hammers them on the door. He is sure that he prevented the entrance of*

*the unexpected intruder; he rubs his hands in delight and then looks for a mallet to extend the castle embrasure.*

*Jahve enters through closed door.*

JAHVE: *Extends his arms into an embrace.* Rudi Štajner! Finally!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve! Jahve! Is it really you? And I thought it was the English...

JAHVE: *With a big smile on his face.* Forget about the English and beware of the chinese ... *They hug and pat each other on the shoulder.* Man, I am so happy to see you!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What are you doing here?

JAHVE: I could not wait for you any longer, so I decided to come to you.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh, I am very glad to hear so! Very nice of you! Very nice ... –I will soon be ready to go. I cleaned and locked up everything, you see ... –There is so much I have to tell you; I was looking forward to seeing you again; to sit down under the paradise lime tree; to throw a tarot and debate the situation; to save the world...

JAHVE: Yes, yes, me too, me too ... –How are you? How was it?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, it was great, I had a great time...

JAHVE: Aren't you still mad with me?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, no, no, no way! –I did everything as written under the paragraphs, just look; there is my certificate ... *He points at the tube.* I am not meant for this world, Jahve, not me. All from the first moment when I came here, I have been waiting to go back. This is not for me. I mean, it was all great, but hand on heart, to be honest, Jahve ... I am terribly happy that it is all over.

JAHVE: It is over, man! Let's go.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I am a theoretic. Philosopher. Theosopher. Mystic. Thinker. Eteric ...

JAHVE: But you are not a heretic, man ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER *laughing out loud.* Jahve, Jahve, let's not start talking about painful themes. I feel honoured that you came towards me. Do you want to see my grades? Can I show you what the commission from the Paradise wrote?

JAHVE: *Friendly.* Come, show it then; show it to me, show-off ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Takes the certificate out of the tube and opens it in front of Jahve.* You - you look good.

JAHVE: *Steps in front of a huge mirror.* Don't I? I know, I am doing my best; I am working on myself. Pilates makes miracles. A god is not allowed to neglect himself. A neglected god – what kind of a role model to mankind would that be?

*Rudi shows the certificate to Jahve; he smirks pleased. Jahve reads.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You should be proud. I do not want to praise myself, but you should be proud of your best warrior ...

JAHVE: What a geek. What a geek ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Hey – That was not nice of you. Geek. Jahve that is so passe; nowadays we call it ...

JAHVE: A pusher. For mother's sake, like a hamster.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Only a hundred per cent highly motivated.

JAHVE: Congrats, there is nothing else I can say. All in all, you see, it was worth giving you another hundred years of penance.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Let's not talk about this painful theme, okay? It was not right, it was not necessary, it was not fair ... but we got through it, we made it clear, we left it behind, life goes on; I had a pretty good time and I do not have any problems with it anymore – what happened, happened; and it is over, luckily...

JAHVE: *Tries to read out of smudge on the certificate.* What is this?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well that rascal of yours was poking around the fresh ink and here you are, a smudge.

JAHVE: But - did you get a tick or not? It is hard to tell.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: How – can you not tell? It is a tick, see. With a signature.

JAHVE: It looks strange ... As if it had been scanned...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: So what if it was scanned, it only matters that it expresses the judge's opinion.

JAHVE: He gave you an excellent for self-control?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah, sure thing, what else.

JAHVE: *On the box with books he notices an open, empty sheet metal case. He gets very serious.* What is that?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What – what? It is a box, isn't it?

JAHVE: Didn't we make a deal one hundred years ago about the case - that it should stay full? As proof of you overcoming your carbon hydrates addiction?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve ... c'mon ... please ... now is not the time for an empty case talk. Did you see my grades? Mission accomplished! We don't need the empty case talk ... again!

JAHVE: Forgive me, man. I am all paranoid, sorrs ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: And by the way, your Smudge took the last slice of the cream cake.

JAHVE: Sorry for getting stuck onto this small and insignificant detail.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Struck*. Yes, it truly is insignificant. And – it is not like I would like to bring out skeletons from the closet – but you did the same thing to me one hundred years ago, and that totally unjustifiably. If you still remember ...

JAHVE: By all your achievements – I do wear sackcloth and ashes.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Go on. Do it greatly. –Jahve, is there anything wrong?!

JAHVE: *Pause*. I don't want to worry you, Rudi.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Too late! There is an alarm all over your face saying »Something is terribly wrong«.

JAHVE: No, no ...

RUDI: Jahve, you are my god, I know you, goddammit! Don't you dare saying to me »No, no« ...

JAHVE: *Takes a deep breath*. –*He puts his hand over his forehead*. There is a whole devil in our heaven.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I thought so. I was certain you did not come to me because you loved me that much...

JAHVE: No, Rudi, I am really looking forward to...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I have known you for too long...

JAHVE: Dude, I needed some fresh air...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Did you have to unplug yourself from the tensed heaven situation?

JAHVE: You have no clue, man...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Let's sit down for a bit, we are not in a hurry...

JAHVE: *Sits down*. *He takes a breath*. – You made yourself nice wings.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah, it was pretty tiring. *He tries to cheer him up*. Would you like to try? Try them on. It took me almost ... five whole minutes to get from the table down to the floor. Okay, maybe a second less, but I was about to jump off the embrasure just before you had knocked on my door...

JAHVE: *Depressed*.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: C'mon, tell me what is wrong. I will put on some tea, chamomile.

Give or take half hour ... *He unlocks the closet and looks for an electrical stove; he puts on water for the tea; he takes out another metal case – just like the one that is on the table except for that it is still full.* I made them for the christ who is coming here after me, but there's still plenty of it in the closet. There you are, will you have some.

JAHVE: What's that?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Cookies.

JAHVE: Give them to me ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Would you like some juice?

JAHVE: Give me some juice ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Which christ is going to take over my chair, have you picked him out already ... ?

JAHVE: Oh, Rudi, let's not speak of heavy stuff ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is crisis, isn't it? No offspring? – Is it a chinaman?

JAHVE: Don't worry. You sort of did your job.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, not sort of. Cheers. *They make a toast with the juice.*

JAHVE: Oh man, Rudi, this is ... Phew! Delicious.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ambrosia. Juice from ambrosia, tea from ambrosia, cookies from ambrosia, the holy bread from ambrosia; and a pie, but I ate it already ... Also from ambrosia. –Chin-chin. Cheers!

JAHVE: That is divinely, man, divinely!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Modestly.* Isn't it?

JAHVE: I feel it is going to wash away my low spirits just in a moment.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You have always been sensible with these sort of substances ...

JAHVE: What are you trying to say, dude ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Do you remember when you – drunk as a skunk – managed to wrinkle the Panonian Plain into Dolomites?

JAHVE: Dude, let it go, just let it go ....

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Cognac that year was really something special ...

JAHVE: Yeah, yes, I got stinking hooked on it; I could barely save myself. You have no idea how expensive the therapies were ... What did you do with the rest of the stuff?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Looks at him carefully and notices clear signs of addiction.* Jahve, you downed it all; you did not leave a single drop.

JAHVE: *Disbelievingly.* Didn't I?



RUDI ŠTAJNER: And how ... You didn't leave a single bottle.

JAHVE: And, have you been making it ever since?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No. It was too risky. –Although, this mountain ambrosia ... That truly is something special. Not only is it a renewable natural source, it is also an indestructible source. It is impossible to eradicate it. The christ that is going to take my spot here ... he will have to do great work to distil it regularly ... But ambrosia offers possibilities that are ... unlimited. Unlimited... The only thing that could convince me to stay on earth for a minute longer would be ambrosia.

JAHVE: You can stay, man, I mean, if you want to...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, no way, I have had enough ... Come, I will show you the laboratory. How are you feeling?

JAHVE: As I said –all my low spirits flew away – totally.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Unlocks a few more closets; and when he opens them, he pulls out his folding laboratory.* To whom did you say you passed the vote to come after me? – I folded everything into boxes for him – holy breads from ambrosia, cookies, a couple of bottles ... *he quickly hides them, because in them it is actual cognac ...* erm, of wine. Instructions, experiment diary ... I had great pleasure with it. During single tasks I relaxed myself at my lab; it was splendid.

JAHVE: Can I try out some of your holy bread?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, the holy bread is still in its maturing phase. I managed to extract into it the aspect of ambrosia that causes great empathy.

JAHVE: Apathy?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Empathy, dummy! – It is still far to get to the phase of applicability. It all depends on the interest of my successor and of course it depends on the assignment he is going to get from you. What is going to be his mission? Who is he - do I know him?

JAHVE: *Avoids the answer.* Ah, yes ... But Rudi ... the stuff that you are showing to me looks pretty revolutionary ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER. Yes. Yes. I know. If it all works out and evolves till the end it is going to be possible to cure collective subconscious, consciousness and over-consciousness and between-consciousness ... Maybe even the soul. –Of course not straight away. We still need to put a lot of energy into the research ... In principle it would be possible to extract several different aspects of empathy ... Look, I do not want to promise you the impossible, but as modest as I can be ... With ambrosia

almost nothing is impossible ...

JAHVE: Very interesting ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I wrote it all down so that my successor can start at its best. After all, it all depends on the combination. The problem with combinations is that sometimes you can influence them, sometimes you can't. To get to the right result you must make a few poor mistakes ... According to past experiences ... Today they don't do that anymore; no one takes the time for making mistakes. Okay, maybe once or twice, but not a hundred times. They are not fit enough. The horror. –Though, now we are reckoning without our host; who knows what plans our next christ will have. Jahve, c'mon, for half an hour I am asking you who is it going to be ... Why are you so mysterious?

JAHVE: Oh, some woman it is. Don't make me think of it.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: A woman?!

JAHVE: Let's change the subject, okay?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: A woman?

JAHVE: Are you dumb or what? – It is a woman.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jesus Christ, Jahve, how could you ...

JAHVE: ... allow this. Rudi, times have changed, the world moves forward and so does heaven. The priestesses insisted on innovation.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Priestesses?!

JAHVE: Yes, we have priestesses of late.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is getting better and better. It must have been a while since I was up there ...

JAHVE: A couple of things have changed ... I am not really happy about it; don't get me wrong. But when you get used to it, you see it is not the end of the world after all. Talking about priestesses, they have managed to introduce some improvements.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Let me hear.

JAHVE: They said you should come over for *time* when you get back.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve - stop it. C'mon, I am not going back to Paradise to drink tea with babes. Please!

JAHVE: It was only a suggestion. Should we go?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Wait, I need another cookie; this news totally blew my morals.

JAHVE: *Soz.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What did they do to you?

JAHVE: Well look ... I am going through a difficult period lately. Actually, a lot of things immensely irritate me, and I feel have to make some changes. Actually, it is a whole catastrophe up there; I don't want to worry you, but it truly is a catastrophe ... This is why I twitched when I saw Smudge's scanned signature. *He cries because of the hardships.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *With full mouth.* There. *He offers him a cookie.* They will cheer you up. –*He sits next to him and listens.*

JAHVE: *Takes a cookie and nibbles it slowly.* Dude, it is all about ours and theirs ... It started with scanned signatures, but now they don't feel like scanning at all ... Non stop they are making deals among themselves, and of course they don't pay any respect to me at all. Everywhere I look around: corruption. Then I go and create a commission for the prevention of corruption, ahead of it I appoint an angel who I thought of as most trustworthy and guess what happens? He is corrupted more than the others altogether. –Sometimes it makes me want to move to the devils. –Those cookies are first-rate stuff; give me one more.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Is this why you allowed babes?

JAHVE: I felt I needed one really huge reform.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What are the results?

JAHVE: They have been with us only for a week. But there are some prospects.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: For example?

JAHVE: On the first day when the priestesses arrived the head of them organized an orgy for everyone in heaven – I was invited, too. And those priestesses are quite something, you will see. Even the devils envied us such a blowout. –Next day she heard of corruption and she said: seven days without fuck.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: He, he .... yes, that was a bit mean. First gives them sweets and then hides them away. What are they like – those priestesses?

JAHVE: Well maintained. They leave the world before the age of thirty-six. Mother Superior has fifty-four years and is still worth a fuck. And keen of it. –On top of everything she is also smart. Yesterday we were talking for the whole night ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: So, she doesn't deny you of a fuck?

JAHVE: Oh, stop being vulgar ... We talked for the whole night and discovered that her strategy may be very much likeable; and it is also probably going to have some effect, too. But we cannot eradicate the problem this way.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I would tell you the same; there would be no need for you to talk

about it with the Mother Superior for the whole night.

JAHVE: Yes, of course I am interested in your opinion. Very much.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: In my opinion you just have to clean your house. You should throw into the fire everyone whom you ever got in this sort of offence.

JAHVE: You mean into purgatory?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Nope, into the fire.

JAHVE: Alright man, but I have a reputation of a merciful god.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Not you, for sure. That Jeshua of yours was merciful but clearly not you.

JAHVE: Don't even mention him, okay?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What's wrong with him; is he still all lethargic?

JAHVE: Well, non-stop he is using his status of being a pensioner as an excuse. Twat. A thirty-three year old man, and he jumps into retirement. The world has not seen something like that, nor has heaven. –*He swings with his arm.* The one and only thing I could make him do is to test some sort of toy we will someday give to the people for Christmas.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Anyways, to hell with them. –The only image you can maintain, take care of, and pull off competently is an image of an unfair fiend. If you are planning on getting merciful, they will think of you as a wimp.

JAHVE: I am not sure whether it is right ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: And stop hanging out with Alzheimer.

JAHVE: I don't!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ha, ha, ha. Please, don't bullshit a bullshitter!

JAHVE: Exceptional, those cookies are exceptional! Do you have more?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: They haven't been fully tested yet. I don't know about all possible side effects.

JAHVE: Here with them.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Opens another case of cookies and offers them to Jahve. Jahve grabs away the whole case, puts it into his lap and stuffs oneself with them as if he wouldn't gotten anything to eat in a week.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Didn't the nuns give you anything to eat? Did they emancipate? – Hey, take it easy, they haven't been fully tested...

JAHVE: Excellent, they are excellent!!!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Thank you. *He changes the subject.* Jahve, just simply don't let go

of the set of rules you have created. Not even with your closest. Especially not with your closest. If you will show them that you are not willing to lower your standards even for your mother, your old man or brother – or Mother Superior -, then this is going to put fear in their bones; and not only fear, also respect.

JAHVE: I wanted to talk about everything, to reach an agreement.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Forget about it. Just forget about it. Well, please? What tree did you fall from? You talk like a hippie ...

JAHVE: Maybe you are right. As soon as we get up there, we will make order.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Okay.

JAHVE: Stay on my side.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I will.

JAHVE: Mother Superior is going to be on our side, too. I can completely count on her.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ooooooh! Be careful. We said – no compromises.

JAHVE: Wait until you meet her.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, just theoretically you must leave the chances open that also me and Mother Superior can be traitors.

JAHVE: No, I disagree. Not Mother Superior. And you neither.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Thanks for presenting me the newest top twenty chart. Who else is on the chart?

JAHVE: OK, theoretically I leave the chances open for ... Do you still have a cookie?

–

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Man, I am not allowed to give you more. I don't dare. It has not been fully tested.

JAHVE: Please, c'mon ... I am the almighty god; is there anything that could harm me, hello???

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah, yeah, I remember ... Your last visit here, when you got wasted with cognac and you decided to wrinkle the Pannonian Plain into Prekmurje Dolomites.

JAHVE: A beautiful landscape, isn't it? I did a great job. Anyways, you mentioned those Dolomites today already; you can stop repeating yourself. –I didn't have a glass since then, so that you know.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I hope so. A god and an alcoholic - sounds extremely unhygienic.

JAHVE: I know, I know ... Do you still have ... some of that cognac?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Even if I would have it you would be the last to know. Believe me.

JAHVE: Yeah, well, should we go?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah. *He looks around the place. He cleans up. He locks the closets.* So, you say it is a woman? The priestesses passed the vote, right?

JAHVE: Oh stop it - it really doesn't matter. You don't have to hammer in everything as if ... how will the poor woman...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: There, on purpose. *He hammers in. At the same time he gives goodbye to every single thing.* You know, in this workshop I had the happiest hours of my life.

JAHVE: So stay. She could use your wisdom and experience...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh sure. No bloody way.

JAHVE: Oh, come on ... The new chick could use your assistance.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Could you hold one suitcase?

JAHVE: They have planted the head priestess' granddaughter on me.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: And the box with books, if it is not too much to ask.

JAHVE: A totally inept child.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Have I overloaded you?

JAHVE: Anyway, she truly has an angel voice – like all her female descendants – but as far as it goes, a totally inept child.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Should we leave through the embrasure or through the door?

JAHVE: On her own she is lost. She got a madly demanding task.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, let's leave through the door as human beings ...

JAHVE: She desperately needs a ... support.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Okay, we could also use the window.

JAHVE: Rudi, I made a decision. You have to stay here.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?

JAHVE: This darling that will take your spot ... She is going to need you.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ha, ha, ha.

JAHVE: She has to turn the world into the paradigm of tuber.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well nice. It will work out.

JAHVE: The world is terribly sick, almost incurable.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh, what does it have?

JAHVE: A virus called VAT.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?

JAHVE: VAT.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What is that?

JAHVE: Very audacious to-race.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, I don't give a damn...

JAHVE: Rudi, I had some sort of a flash ... Maybe you could make an antidote with your lab and everything.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Are you asking me this as a friend?

JAHVE: Yes, I am asking you as a friend. Stay and help that inept chick to turn the world into the paradigm of tuber. She is going to be the frontman, but you will have to do everything else.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: As a friend you say?

JAHVE: Yes. I ask you as a friend.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Okay. Nope.

JAHVE: How – no?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Request denied. Nope. I am not staying and I don't care if the world immediately flops into hell!

JAHVE: I asked you as a friend ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Which means I can say no.

JAHVE: Okay. I command you to stay!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You can't do that anymore. According to the rulebook, you are not allowed to recall your first words.

JAHVE: I am the god here and I can change the rulebook!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Five minutes ago you wanted to be a righteous and merciful god.

JAHVE: Thank me for great advisors that from time to time help me to open my eyes.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: That is under constraint, Jahve.

JAHVE: Actually, officially it is not. Your certificate is invalid.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Don't fuck with me, Jahve, pretty please, don't fuck with me ...

JAHVE: That signature was scanned...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You know exactly that does not have anything to do with it.

JAHVE: ... and it was also smudgy.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I feel sick.

JAHVE: You had too many sweets. –One of the terms was that you should leave that case untouched. Instead of that it was empty.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I told you, it was your angelic Smudge who ate it all.

JAHVE: That may be true or it may not be true. It still does not change the fact that the case is empty.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Why didn't you say right away that you came to extend my penance. For how long?

JAHVE: Until you manage to push the world into the paradigm of tuber.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jesus Christ, Jahve ...

JAHVE: You have given me some good advice today. One of them is to start with your closest.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Like a soaked cur. He feels used: He gave Jahve the weapon and Jahve turned it against him.* Jahve, I thought we were friends.

JAHVE: Don't be pathetic, man ... We are mates, of course we are. I love you. Those cookies are splendid, splendid ... From the ambrosia juice, you say? You are the man, dude, you truly are...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, my brother ...

JAHVE: Father ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... father, friend – I give you a hint how to get out of the shit and you turn it against me.

JAHVA: Karma. I think it is karma. Do you have any cookies left?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You broke my heart.

JAHVE: *He gestures how repugnant this diction feels and how in this sort of tone he doesn't want to talk about anything anymore.* – The cookies are s-p-l-e-n-d-i-d. Do, send the recipe to our cook, okay? I am h-a-p-p-y, *he sings* I am a haaappyyy god ... *He can't stop giggling.* And I thought that in Prekmurje they are growing cannabis. Jeshua multiplied bread and you should multiply cookies. *He laughs irrepressibly.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: When all the people are going to grin as stupidly as you, is then the world going to turn into the paradigm of tuber?

JAHVE: Yes, very much possible – Well, as you have said before, maybe you need to add something, modify it ... You have all the time you need. *He laughs again.* One hundred years. –Look, how happy I am. I don't feel like doing anything. There, I am going to lay down...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *In an extremely bad mood.* Okay, just give me the anchors.

JAHVE: Anchors? *The word associations make him burst out laughing.* Hi, hi, hi, ha, ha, ha. So do you really think we are in the middle of the Pannonian Sea. –*He gets serious; he takes off his wristwatch and gives it to Rudi.*



RUDI ŠTAJNER: What should I do with it?

JAHVE: You have to put it on your wrist.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: How can this help me?

JAHVE: When you look at it you always know what is the time. Ha, ha, ha – hi, hi, hi. No, no ... it truly is a fancy thingy. It has GPS. It is still an alpha version though, but I think it will manage it. Firstly you have to go to Berlin to find the park Aus Anstand.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, in Berlin there is no such thing as park Aus Anstand.

JAHVE: Yes, there is ... Supposedly there is. Shawty is going to wait for you there...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Look, I know Berlin like the back of my hand...

JAHVE: Set the clock for the right moment, and in that right moment you will also find park Aus Anstand.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What moment?

JAHVE: Do I have to explain everything to you? Please, man, don't let me lose all my respect for you. – 12.15.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Sets the clock to 12.15.* – There is no such thing as park Aus Anstand! Not in Berlin.

JAHVE: If it is not there yet then it is going to be there. – Give me a cookie!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No! You ate plenty. You are giving me a total down head ...

JAHVE: If you don't give me that cookie, you will get two hundred years.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Stop it.

JAHVE: No one can see me. I know everything and there is nothing I can't see, so don't you dare sin against me. – Gimme cookie!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No.

JAHVE: I am counting to ten. –Ten!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, would you like a nip? – I have such varietal wine even the angels would want to drink.

JAHVE: Doh, no doubt. They wouldn't mind an oldie either. – No thank you. As you know, I am a character. But I wouldn't mind another cookie.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: This watch you gave me is telling me that I am going to need the cookies in Berlin's park Aus Anstand.

JAHVE: See. If an alpha version says that, imagine what a ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, I won't be able to fulfil my new mission that I have to do as my penance. Truly. You know it. –What's the catch? Do you want to get rid of me or

what?

JAHVE: Dude, you have to trust yourself.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *After some consideration he steps to the closet and comes back with cognac. He pours himself a glass, and holds it in the air to make a toast to Jahve.*

JAHVE: *Turns away.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Cheers.

JAHVE: Rudi, cognac is not allowed.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is just the two of us. You will have to allow me that.

JAHVE: I won't. I can't. You know that. I need to stick to my principles.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: This cognac is so good.

JAHVE: Rudi, you know there is a hellish sentence for absorbing cognac.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Hellish was already my punishment for that piece of cream cake.

JAHVE: You will fry in hell forever.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Only because cognac once was your blind spot?

JAHVE: Stop it.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Back then, when you were celebrating the world by puking all over it; and the only few who survived were Noah and his five birds?

JAHVE: Why do you torture me?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't. It tastes great; do you want some.

JAHVE: *With unhuman efforts.* No... one finger only. Little finger.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What's up with anchors?

JAHVE: You are blackmailing me.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Exactly. There are only two of us. I would have to come up with that from early on, but I guess it is impossible for you to delete those last stamps from your documents.

JAHVE: *Shaking.* Give me the bottle. *He grabs the bottle out of Rudi's hands and drinks it all in one gulp. –Then he flops.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Stop acting. Give me already the hints, anchors, something ... I want it to be over already; I wanna lay in a hammock above the clouds soonish.

JAHVE: *He is only capable of letting out a he, he.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Stop making fun of me. Today there has been more than just enough fooling around.

JAHVE: I am not. My brains got liquefied. I am unable to think. Rudi, what have you done to me?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Cognac, what else?

JAHVE: Then it must be the cookies. Do they have any »after eight« side effects or what? I can barely stand.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Shivers when he thinks of it.* Oh crap. I forgot about the side effects coming from the mixture.

JAHVE: What side effects?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Maybe you are going to disappear ..

JAHVE: Rudi, I am falling ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What should I do, Jahve?

JAHVE: You have poisoned me, you viper ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I haven't, Jahve; I only wanted you to drop some anchors! What to do.

JAHVE: Gimme cognac!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, Jahve; no more cognac for you!

JAHVE: Gimme cognac or I will curse you for evermore!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Gives him the bottle with fear.* Jahve, don't, please, you are going to disappear ...

JAHVE: *He bangs himself on the head with the bottle so that it breaks into one thousand pieces (the bottle remains intact).*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Great ... *He takes the broom and the dustpan.*

PARTS OF JAHVE'S HEAD: Don't get all over my head, you bloody mortal!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Sorry, sorry ... Let me just sweep you ...

PARTS OF JAHVE'S HEAD: Have you got any pure ambrosia?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I do, but ...

PARTS OF JAHVE'S HEAD: Bring it here; bring it...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, with all due respect, look...

*One part of Jahve's head jumps up and sticks into Rudi's body. Rudi jumps.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ouch! Stop cutting me.

PARTS OF JAHVE'S HEAD: Spill the concentrated ambrosia over me!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, I won't!

*A few parts of Jahve's head attack Rudi.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *In search of pure ambrosia.* Stop it, you are making me nervous.

PARTS OF JAHVE'S HEAD: Hurry up!

*Rudi comes back with a bottle; parts of Jahve's head jump into the air, they roar*

*around the bottle; the lid flies away, and the ambrosia juice spills all over them. – Rudi carefully steps back. Jahve slowly puts the pieces of himself back together.*

JAHVE: *In a very bad mood.* How do I look?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Erm, well ... I have seen better.

JAHVE: *His looks are very dark.*

*Outside a thunder and a strike of a lightning.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, you look just fine. You look a bit alter, but the faithful fancy that nowadays ... totes...

JAHVE: *Doesn't feel like joking anymore; his head hurts; he has had enough of it. He wants to go back home and hide under his bed. – From his pocket he takes a wrinkled cylinder and puts it on his head. Then he takes it off and puts it into his lap. He extends his hand above the hat. Hocus-pocus...*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Just don't let it be a rabbit. *From Jahve's reaction we notice the joke was bad. Jahve pulls a black cat out of the hat, then a mare and Rubik's cube.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve ... What should I do with all that?!

JAHVE: You didn't like a bunny. You can always use a black cat; a mare –your stables downstairs are empty and it can also bear you into the world. This Rubik's cube is from now on Rudik's cube ...

*He can't come up with anything smart so he rummages through the hat and drags out a seven-year old kid. Čarna.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Quickly jumps to him, pushes the kid back into the hat and grabs Rudik's cube out of his hands.* Okay, I will find my way. It is great. *He peers at it and then jumps off.*

JAHVE: Also, the cube is still in an alpha stage. If you look at it you can see the future, and you can understand different perspectives and mutual links. Well, it depends on the square you are looking at; and it depends whether you choose a diagonal or the whole surface ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I will take a look at it, thanks.

JAHVE: I am leaving, bye.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Don't forget about the hat. *He stuffs the hat into his pocket.*

JAHVE: *Walks towards the castle embrasure.* The cat is a lazy fox. Useless - in heaven, I mean. It does not catch mice; and when the angels do it instead of it, it bridles and walks away, offended. It sleeps all the time, in between it has a snack and then goes back to sleep. *He thinks for a few moments.* Maybe the climate change will

do it some good.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, what does it know - except for sleeping, eating and shitting?

JAHVE: It purrs very well. – The mare is going to fill your stables since it is in calf all the time. No one can explain why, nor can I. –

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Jahve, I got it. You threw me a couple of useless things that are no use in heaven. Plus, two of them are still in a testing phase. –

JAHVE: Have I given you the phone?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What phone?

JAHVE: *He again reaches into his hat and takes out a golden-string phone on plastic cups; meanwhile an old violin and a picture of Matjaž Pandur with a handwritten signature fall out of the hat. – Jahve bends down to pick up the violin and the picture, but he gets a strong lower back cramp that prevents him bending down to the floor. – It doesn't matter. Keep it; maybe it is going to come in useful.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Thank you, Jahve. You should get a new hat.

JAHVE: *Steps in front of the mirror. He is dissatisfied; he gives an evil look; there is lightning outside ...*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You look okay. Watch you don't get wet when you step out ... There is great thunder and lightning outside. Gods must be angry.

JAHVE: *Walks towards the castle embrasure.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ticktock, I will come after you. I turn the world into the hammock and then I come.

JAHVE: Well, the instructions are clear, right? If there is anything just give me a call. But not before twelve, I like to get enough sleep.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Bye.

*Jahve raises his hand good-bye and jumps through the castle embrasure.*

*Rudi plumps himself down on the old lounge. He tugs his knees close to his chin to rock a few times. –He plays with the watch Jahve gave him as a present; he presses the buttons and other tiny switches; he takes Rudik's cube and tries to solve it; he looks at each of the surface and doesn't understand what he is seeing; his look becomes absent-minded and his brains start to curl up in search of a right beginning – where exactly should he start with his new task?*

*Darkening.*

## **2nd scene: Rudi Štajner takes guardianship over Čarna Marlene**

*Rudi Štajner and the little girl Čarna*

*The famous Berlin park Aus Anstand. The ground is covered with colourful and moistened leaves; hazy vapour ascends from it. We are in for a beautiful day. – In the middle of the park there is a bench, on it a couple of suitcases, a box of books and on the box a closed metal case; next to it there is a tube with a certificate; and not far off an isolated slide, a swing and a small, wooden spring rocking horse. – A seven-year old girl sits on it; she ruffles her forehead and thinks intently. She jerkily rocks from time to time. –A sudden change on her face lets us know that she finally found a solution how to solve her problem. –She stands up, takes off her clothes to underwear and puts her white blouse, blue curdoroj skirt, cardigan, hat, gloves, scarf, coat and warm boots ... on the closest bench. She shivers as if she is freezing, but there is no cold.*

*Rudi Štajner whirls himself from the sky into the famous Berlin park Aus Anstand; during the clumsy landing he sets his watch with a GPS for the last time; obviously he has problems identifying the right time and place coordinates, which is driving him mad.*

**RUDI ŠTAJNER:** *In English.* Again! Here we go again! Mein Gott! Ich bin ja über müde! Stufu! Harto! –You swine! *He takes a glance at Čarna in her underwear.* Is it cold? It is not cold, right? *He tries to fix the parameters, then he nods, he is satisfied.* *He sits down on a bench and keeps on catching his breath as if he was doing an enormous amount of work.*

*Little Čarna stops her rocking horse, comes to the bench and takes her things back to the spring horse.*

**RUDI ŠTAJNER:** Oh, just leave it here. I don't mind. – Do you need help?

**LITTLE ČARNA:** *Pulls her face and sticks his tongue at Rudi.*

**RUDI ŠTAJNER:** »Thank you, sir, there is no need. I can do it on my own. Thank you for your kindness.«

**LITTLE ČARNA:** *She breaks into a gallop with her horse.*

**RUDI ŠTAJNER:** *Singing.* Hi, konjiček, hi, konjiček, hi, hi, hi! V dir poženi in me

pelji k moji zlati mamici ...<sup>1</sup>

*Little Čarna suddenly stops.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, stop pulling him tight! You are going to destroy the horse.  
Have a feel for it, young lady!

*Little Čarna breaks into a wild, angry gallop again.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... take me back to my sweet, golden mummy...

*The spring horse breaks and little Čarna falls down on the ground.*

*Rudi Štajner gets scared and jumps to help her.*

LITTLE ČARNA: Do not touch me!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I only want to help you.

LITTLE ČARNA: *Howls.* Police!!!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: My word, what a voice!

LITTLE ČARNA: Have I maybe asked you for something?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Sorry, dolly, I am old school; they have taught us that one has to help someone in need.

LITTLE ČARNA: I am in no need!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: But you do wear underwear.

LITTLE ČARNA: That is none of your business.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You have no manners, little girl.

LITTLE ČARNA: I am leaving anyway.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: And where to, colleen?

LITTLE ČARNA: Why would that be any of your business, sir? –Don't think I don't remember you.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Have we met before, young lady?

LITTLE ČARNA: You were at the funeral of my grandmother, and after a month at the funeral of my mother. Don't you think I missed something out of sadness!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You are a very attentive and bright young lady.

LITTLE ČARNA: And your whirl action didn't impress me at all. Don't try to impress me, because you have no clue what sort of things I have already seen! And – went through. – I am just about to step out of the line.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: That is not easy, you know.

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<sup>1</sup> A song for children, free translation into English: »Hey little horsey, hey, little horsey, hey, hey, hey, let's break into a gallop and bring me back to my sweet, golden mummy ...«

LITTLE ČARNA: Oh yes, it is. *In English.* Just watch me now. *She strips naked.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Could you please put your clothes on?

LITTLE ČARNA: What, haven't you seen a naked child before?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: There is going to be trouble if a body passes by suddenly.

LITTLE ČARNA: Not for me, for me it is going to be perfect. They are going to take you away and eventually everything is going to be ... *she begins to scream ...* as it - by all means – just should normally be by night in winter at 12.15 in Berlin! *Hysterical crying.* Could you please give back winter and night?! How did you come up with an idea of switching over the climate?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: C'mon, get dressed; otherwise you will catch a cold.

LITTLE ČARNA: No, you warlock, I will freeze! I am not going to catch a cold; instead I am going to freeze. I know my rights so stay out of my way. You and your hocus-pocus have no right to interfere with my free will.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Your mother did a good job on you.

LITTLE ČARNA: Who gave you the right to mention my mother's name?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I didn't mention her name. And you are...?

LITTLE ČARNA: Well, you see. She didn't even tell you that.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Rudi. Rudi Štajner. Listen, Čarna Marlene, would you dress up? We have to go.

LITTLE ČARNA: Turn off the dryers.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I would like to, but I can't. Something got stuck.

LITTLE ČARNA: *Terrified.* Stop messing around!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Here, look. *He gives her the watch.* I was warned – it is an alpha version.

LITTLE ČARNA: *Takes the watch and puts it forward. Suddenly a sharp cold sets in.* Ciao, Rudi Štajner. *In English.* See you in heaven. *She begins to freeze.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna, don't! *He grabs the watch out of her hand, but Čarna has made it stuck for real.* No, no, no! *He starts throwing clothes at her, but Čarna – although getting more and more crystal at her body and face – successfully manages to avoid him.* Čarna, please don't do that; you can't do that. I came to take you to Prekmurje Dolomites where I am going to take care of you!

LITTLE ČARNA: And why should I go with you, Rudi Štajner – a name my mother has never even mentioned?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Lili told me a lot about you...



LITTLE ČARNA: You don't think I am going to believe you?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Please, release my watch, Čarna ... We will talk it all through...

LITTLE ČARNA: No, I won't. *She takes the metal case and holds it tight. She stands like that, naked, and she gets colder.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Grabs the metal case out of her hands.*

LITTLE ČARNA: *Furious.* Give it back!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I got you! –Remove the blockade! –You, sweet child of mine, you are not supposed to freeze! You are not allowed to leave!

LITTLE ČARNA: *Tears slip down her face.* If she could go, I can go, too!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna, you are too big. They won't let you near anymore ...

LITTLE ČARNA: That isn't true! In the list of rules it says that if a child dies in her seventh year she can go straight to her mother in heaven!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You are going to turn eight at any moment, Čarna!

LITTLE ČARNA: No, I am not! I am going to freeze before that!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: 12.15! –My child, please remove the blockade!

LITTLE ČARNA: *Is very, very cold.* I want to go to my mummy ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I promise, you will be able to talk to her. Remove the blockade; you are already completely blue.

LITTLE ČARNA: But how will I speak with her, how? Over phone?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Pulls out of his pocket a phone with a golden wire.* Over phone, yes. I have got a special offer so I can call just about everywhere!

LITTLE ČARNA: How can I be sure that you are not selling me pumpkins?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is too cold for pumpkins!

LITTLE ČARNA: How can I be sure that you are not lying to me!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: If you are going to freeze, you will never find out.

LITTLE ČARNA: Be careful ...!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No more pumpkins, only cucumbers.

*Čarna removes the blockade from the watch. The cold subsides; the sun starts shining and its sunbeams slowly start smelting the frozen epidermis of Čarna's skin.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Have you got a blanket in your suitcase?

LITTLE ČARNA: *Her fingers are stiff; she cannot open the suitcase on her own.* I do. Open the suitcase, please.

*Rudi Štajner opens the suitcase; inside there is a neatly folded blanket. Rudi takes the blanket and puts it on Čarna.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna Marlene, for the last seven years I have been dreaming of a sweet, little angel that was sent to the Earth to save the world from a terrible monster by playing the violin charmingly, breathtakingly. –

*Čarna puts on her knickers and undershirt.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: This sweet, petite blue angel running down the halls of my castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites, holding a violin under her chin so that all the maids, chambermaids, cooks and stable lads think that Vanessamae is entertained ...

LITTLE ČARNA: Oh that angel is not me. I hurt my wrist »that« evening so I can't even hold a violin bow ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... the petite angel found her luck again at the castle Aus Anstand while it was on the back of a friendly mare, racing lightning quick through the Hungarian fields, and by doing so, losing many problems ...

LITTLE ČARNA: I have always wanted to have a horse but my mother said that there is no space for it in our apartment.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... and this wonderful angel does not only have a horse, but also a small black cat that rather purrs than catches mice; and this marvellous angel in evenings drinks cacao in her bed and listens to scary good-night stories.

LITTLE ČARNA: *Inadvertently she lets out a thrilled shout.* Uh!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... and the park is full of blossoming red roses, which are taken care of by a young gardener; a poor orphan who loves to play and spend time with the angel.

LITTLE ČARNA: I dislike orphans.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: They play hide and seek, they explore the cellar and attic of the castle and they steal donuts from the castle kitchen.

LITTLE ČARNA: I would like to have an elephant, a monkey and a dolphin, too.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... in the Pannonian Sea they play with dolphins, they ride elephants over the Pannonian Savannah and in the Pannonian Jungle they play with monkeys...

LITTLE ČARNA: You have no clue how to raise a child. A child should never get all she wants; otherwise you spoil her and she will never achieve anything in her life. Sometimes she needs to put effort into something on her own, too.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Please, don't bear me any ill will. I have no experience raising children. But I am willing to make a big effort.

LITTLE ČARNA: Why would you do that? Why would you bother with me? Why

would anyone want to deal with a brat like me?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna, I am going to show you something. *Out of his pocket he takes the Rudik's cube.* Play with the cube. Concentrate on a single plane, diagonal or on a single little square ... You will see fragments of choices that are available to you. *He throws the cube at her and Čarna masterfully puts it into its original shape.* Okay, I see, you are great and all, but the cube is not only for playing around. Try to look into it. And pick out what suits you best or what is at least worst to you. Scenario A – you go to a monastery with nuns; scenario B – you go to a boarding school; scenario C – you come with me to my castle at Prekmurje Dolomites. In all three scenarios you have me on your tail – not because I would want to, but because I have to carry what Lili's boss put on me.

LITTLE ČARNA: It is getting dark.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I would like to see you becoming a decent woman.

*It gets dark.*

LITTLE ČARNA: *Cries movingly.* Why did my mother not take a loan for me? Why didn't she try a bit more? – Why didn't she take a small bridging loan; afterwards we would have come up with something? – My grandmother went to get frozen at the age of fifty-six, my mother at the age of thirty-six, and I wanted to go at the age of seven. Why didn't you let me go? – The Greeks took away our apartment.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Everything is going to be just fine, Čarna.

*Rudi Štajner draws a circle around Čarna's luggage; he takes Čarna in his arms and steps into the circle. On his hand watch with GPS he sets the parameters and pushes the button »Go, Go, Go«; and they whirl away out of the Berlin's park Aus Anstand towards Prekmurje Dolomites ...*

*Darkening.*

### **3rd Scene: Tine Kojč gets a new female patient**

*Čarna Marlene, Tine Kojč and Berta Ocvirk's voice*

*A place that looks like a very empty room in a bourgeois apartment. Dimness, almost darkness. In the middle of the room there are two chairs; seventeen-year old Čarna keeps on changing seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: Sits on the first chair. She screeches as an unbearable, stubborn and disobedient child. I don't want you to leave!!!*

*She changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: Sits on the second chair. – Gently. Oh honey ... we have talked it through already.*

*Again, she changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the first chair. Screeching. You had a talk with yourself!*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the second chair. Čarna, is it you who.... ?*

*She changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the first chair. Mummy! How can you even think of me ...!*

*She changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the second chair. Sorry, sweetie, I am beside myself ... Go and say hello to your new little friend ...*

*She changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the first chair. – Stamps. I don't like the chinese!!! I don't want to have a little friend. Especially not a new one! And I don't like - I don't like the chinese! As long as you are with me, I am more than enough to myself. – He should leave, this lazy degenerate.*

*She changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the second chair. Dangerously gentle. Don't come with me! Stimulatingly. –He will keep you company!*

*She changes seats.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: On the first chair. Humble. I would prefer to have a cat ...*

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* You can't talk to a cat.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* Nor can I talk to a chinese; I don't speak chinese!

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair. Even more pragmatic.* So do learn it as soon as possible. You should teach him German and he should teach you chinese, and you will make a couple at its best.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* Mummy! It is me and you who make a couple at its best!

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* Čarna, honey ... Come on, come, give me a hand ... *She is losing her temper.* Čarna!!! The first guests are almost ringing at the door and you, you are still wearing your pyjamas!!!

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* I am not going to change my clothes! And – I am not going to perform!

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* Do not provoke me, Čarna, do not provoke me; it truly is not the right moment for that!

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair. Revolutionary.* I don't want to change the world!

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* When you grow up, you will understand.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* I have no proper dress to wear.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* Put on the one your grandmother made for you ...

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* It is too small for me.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* Put on the one that I made for you.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* Also that one is too small for me.

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* You grow so fast, my child! Come, I will make you a new one ... Oh, there is no time left...

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the first chair.* Mummy, I feel so bad. Mum, I need to throw up ...

*She changes seats.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *On the second chair.* Dear guests, I am so happy to see that you have come to my good-bye party. Today is a truly special day ... Come in, come in ... Čarna, say hi to them. – She is a proper young lady, isn't she? –We will have a good time today. Dear friends, for one more, last time, to have a nice memory of all the good moments that we spent together! And thank god, there weren't few - we have nothing to complain about. Those memories were ... it was a glamorous time ... and I want to leave in this grandeur, my dear all – my all, who I love so very, very much! Let's dance, sing and be happy! Let the cognac be flowing, let the table be laden with goodies that shall any time come from the chinese restaurant next door... ! – Long live Berlin's priestesses! Long live their memory and let the worshipper's intercessors be heard! – The night goes by, my dearest, soon it is going to turn 12.15 ... Cheers! To the bravery! To the inventiveness, to the riskiness and to the happiness! Ole! – Let's go! Where is my dear daughter? Come closer, sweetie! This wonder child is going to perform in front of an audience for the first time, and it is going to be a goodbye performance for her mummy. I am so proud! I understand the dream I had the night she was created, finally. – That night an angel came to me and said: »Don't be afraid, Lili Marlene! You are going to give birth to a girl you should name Čarna. She is going to be big and the whole world will be looking forward to hearing her voice.« - And she was switching her violin bow before she could say »mother«! – I am speaking too much, you didn't come to listen to me ... *Flirting.* I am more the one to be looked at, right, but my daughter is also to be listened to. – An applause, please, for Čarna Marlene, daughter of the sweet Lili Marlene, who is leaving today!

*She stands up; standstill.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *She takes her violin, she holds it up to her chin, she puts the*

*bow on the strings, but she cannot pull it. She tries hard, there are drops of sweat at her forehead, and her lips are totally bloodless; she cannot manage to temp a single scanty tone out of the violin ... She whispers. Mummy. I feel so sick ... She tries one more time, but without success. – Suddenly she lets the violin and the bow fall down to the ground and she strikes a pose as if she is going to sing.*

*Lights; Tine Kojč enters the room.*

TINE KOJČ: Čarna?!

ČARNA MARLENE: Oh, Kojč!!!!

TINE KOJČ: What are you doing here?

ČARNA MARLENE: *Has a stretch; she takes the violin in her hands and wildly performs a couple of tacts. Tine!!! Fuck, Tine!!! I am therapising myself; can't you see? I was just before the resolution...!*

TINE KOJČ: Aha. You just keep on solving whatever you have to, I only came to take a folder ... *He goes back to the consulting office.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Well, thank you a lot!

*A small stone flies into the window.*

TINE KOJČ: There you go, got it, bye, good night. –Have a nice gig tonight.

ČARNA MARLENE: Kojč, hey – if you have already managed to interrupt me, then pretty please finish *therapising* me.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I have to make a study on one case, one of the patients called ahead for tonight...

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: For tonight? I am having my concert tonight, Tine.

TINE KOJČ: I know that, I was having it on my schedule ... But this dropped in last minute, sorry. I will explain it to you tomorrow, gotta go ...

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: What the fuck?! – Tine, tonight's performance is my first performance in front of an audience. It is like an exam retake.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, this patient is totally important to me...

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, tonight it is the 10th anniversary of my mother's death. I am doing the performance and I have to manage to somehow fix what I screwed up ten years ago. – You understand what I mean; or do I have to explain it all over again?

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: What the hell...?! *She opens the window and takes a look*

*outside.* Tine, there is a fatty downstairs throwing rocks into the window?!

TINE KOJČ: Yes, my patient, Mrs Berta Ocvirk.

ČARNA MARLENE: Who?!

TINE KOJČ: A woman stopped me an hour ago in the middle of the street; they call her Fat Berta. She named me her only hope...

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, you are my only hope, too...

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, but Rudi is going to be there.

ČARNA MARLENE: Rudi was there ten years ago and it didn't help.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, you have been his protégé for ten years now and since then you have recovered from your blockades. If I were you, I wouldn't worry. It is just a pure routine – as Rudi pointed out yesterday.

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, I don't understand you ... That is my first performance after ... secondly, it is the tenth anniversary of my mother's death; fourth ... I thought that you wanted to come to my concert. In a way, without any special purpose ... how to put it right ... because of me.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, you know that I would love to. But something came in between.  
*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Fat Berta. *She opens the window and shouts.* You fat cow, stop it, otherwise I will...!

TINE KOJČ: *Grabs her away from the window.* Čarna, this young patient is for me...  
*He hurries closing the window, before that he looks outside; he waves at Fat Berta and sends her a kiss.*

ČARNA MARLENE: How much is she paying you?

TINE KOJČ: Enough for one-month of doctor's office rent.

ČARNA MARLENE: If you will come to my concert, I will pay you rent for two months.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna...

ČARNA MARLENE: If money is the problem, then...

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, don't be silly...

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Bursts to the window.* I will therapise her for a bit; I will give her an instant Indian therapy...

TINE KOJČ: *Defends the window.* Scram, Čarna, just scram! – I have no money left to stay here in Berlin.



ČARNA MARLENE: But Štajner has said that he is going to pay your bills until things get steady.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I am not a child anymore, I have twenty-four years...

ČARNA MARLENE: Just don't start with pride and I-don't-know-what-else.

TINE KOJČ: It is not about pride; it is about ... dignity.

ČARNA MARLENE: Professionally we call it ... arrogance, Tine.

TINE KOJČ: You can say whatever you want. Everyone knows whatever works best for them.

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, you not coming to my concert will break my heart.

TINE KOJČ: Please, please, don't be a drama queen. You are still young and your heart will quickly recover...

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: I swear, I am going to kill her.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, a patient that is willing to pay this much to solve her problems has a circle of friends with the same financial power, for sure – and who very likely have the same problems. If I can help her, this pretty much means I can look forward to new costumers – costumers that are not short of a bob or two. – Which means that I could maybe put my current situation in order and could maybe start thinking of ... more private matters in my life.

ČARNA MARLENE: What sort of private matters, Tine?

TINE KOJČ: I don't want to jinx it. I am a little bit superstitious; I feel as if any kind of foretelling would cancel out a single chance of persuading the things, as I would like them to be...

ČARNA MARLENE: *Opens up the cat basket and takes out a small, black cat; she rolls herself on the coach and caresses her.*

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, how many times have I told you that it is not permitted to bring cats in here!!!

ČARNA MARLENE: How many times?

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, a large amount of patients are allergic to cats!!!

ČARNA MARLENE: But you don't have a lot of patients. You only have Fat Berta.

TINE KOJČ: Please, it is not the right moment to dramatize...

ČARNA MARLENE: Bloody deja vu! »It is not the right moment!« - as if I have heard this once already! »It is not the right moment«« What is it – bad karma? – I thought we were friends and that you like me and that you are going to be there,

because...

TINE KOJČ: But ... I do ... we are mates; why are you making it complicated?! You are so infatuated with yourself that it is impossible to handle!

ČARNA MARLENE: If you can't stand me anymore then go back to your godforsaken Dolomites.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I didn't mean it this way ...

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *She lets out a hysterical cry.*

TINE KOJČ: Look, I will come as soon as I finish with her ... anyway, today I am only taking her anamnesis.

ČARNA MARLENE: You don't have to.

TINE KOJČ: Maybe I can catch your concert before it ends...

ČARNA MARLENE: Can you please stop?

TINE KOJČ: Okay, okay. –Whatever I say is wrong.

ČARNA MARLENE: You would be just fine by catching only a few facts.

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Aaaaah! Kill her, please!

TINE KOJČ: You are so heavy! Poor guy who is going to stick to you!

ČARNA MARLENE: Thank god that is not going to be you, right?

TINE KOJČ: If we let Fat Berta go today, then you are right, then there is no way that guy is going to be me.

*A small stone flies into the window.*

ČARNA MARLENE: What are you trying to say?

*Someone walks up the stairs and sings out loud Ode to Joy. – Rudi Štajner enters.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ah! –It is both of you! Splendid! –Tomorrow we are taking off.

ČARNA MARLENE: Where to?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Who is that nice lady from downstairs? I invited her to come upstairs, but she answered that she doesn't like using the stairs.

TINE KOJČ: What do you mean – tomorrow?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What – where to? What – what? We are going on tour with Rudi Štajner's lectures and concerts of the young and promising violinist Čarna Marlene! And – we are going on Tine Kojč's collective holidays. –Guess, whom I met!

ČARNA MARLENE: Whom?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, guess.

ČARNA MARLENE: Rudi, it is not the right moment...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Guess who, guess who. Prize riddle! The one who knows the answer gets a cream-cake! All on me! Okay, grumpies, you are very boring. –Čarna, I met the chinaman! The boy you must remember ... You know, the little boy ... Ten years ago your mother found him at the railway station, and he escaped again after her good-bye party ...! Unbelievable what became of him!! He managed to get on his feet and he is now, at the age of twenty-four, the owner of almost all European railway networks; he is managing a chain of prestigious hotels and ... There is a very bright future in front of him. And for us, if we keep this connection. – Today he came to my lecture, he said that he only wanted to say hi, because he saw the posters, and then he stayed for whole three hours ... He was clutching my hand with tears in his eyes; he was interested in our plans and he asked if there is anything he can do for us. –He promised me that he is going to hire a stadium when we get back to Berlin, so I can give a lecture to multitudes, not only to the chosen academicians. –He was asking about you, Čarna, and he promised to come to the concert tonight; there is nothing that can stop him. Other than that, he has an important meeting, worth a couple of millions, but he will just postpone it.

ČARNA MARLENE: Hm. Boys like that do still exist?

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, believe me, it is easier to postpone a couple millions worth appointment than the first meeting.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine is not coming to my concert today.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?! – Why isn't he?

ČARNA MARLENE: He is not coming, because he got a new patient.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?! – Come on, kids, don't talk rubbish. – Apart from that – Čarna, what are you doing here? You should rehearse...?

ČARNA MARLENE: ... I know this song by heart and I can play it at a gallop without a violin if you wish. C'mon, I was playing it over and over again for ten years.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: But not in front of an audience?

ČARNA MARLENE: You want me to rehearse in front of an audience? How does that work?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, shall we go? Are you guys ready? After the concert we need to go to bed, our train leaves tomorrow at ...

TINE KOJČ: Rudi, let's stick to our first plan.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Why - our first plan, according to our first plan we would have to go on tour no earlier than in half a year, of course if nothing would happen in between!

ČARNA MARLENE: Following our first plan, Tine, tonight you would go to my concert. – Either we follow our first plan on all levels or if you have decided for flexibility then do carry it out consistently even when it comes to the question of the tour.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Kids! What is that nonsense all about!

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine can't come to my concert because he has a new costumer – that nice lady from downstairs that doesn't like using stairs ... And if I understand him right, he is counting on this costumer for at least a year, so he cannot come with us on tour. In the first case it is flexibility, in the second case he is trying to follow his »first plan«.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, I don't get it?! What is all that nonsense?! – I have told you I am going to take care of your rent, after all you are as my adopted child; I knew your parents, I almost owe that to them, and I love you as much as I love Čarna...

TINE KOJČ: I am leaving. Čarna, good luck ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, look ... we are going to talk it through. We are going to sit down for a bit after the concert and talk about it.

TINE KOJČ: *He beckons to the cat in Čarna's lap. Čarna, don't you ever come to my office with Vanessamae again! Leaving.*

*When Tine opens the door cat Vanessamae jumps out of Čarna's lap and rushes out of the room.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Screams. Vanessamae!!!!*

*Tine's and Rudi's eyes are wide open; they don't get it. Čarna stands still, she pulls out her hair in hysterics.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Vanessamae!!!! Vanessamae!!!! Vanessamae!!!!*

TINE KOJČ: Čarna – stop it! Stop it! Stop screaming Čarna.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: She couldn't go far, Čarna, stop it!

TINE KOJČ: *He jumps to the window and screams. Mrs Ocvirk! We are starting! The therapy is starting – NOW! Catch the black cat! It is called Vanessamae! Catch it!!! – Go, go for it! Come on, keep going, the calories will run away on their own ... To himself. You crazy, fat broad!*

*He runs out of the doctor's office and chases after the cat.*

*Darkening.*

**4th Scene: Čarna Marlene accepts the engagement to chinaman**

*Čarna Marlene, chinaman, Painter, Tine Kojč*

*A prestigious Chinese restaurant – Tine Kojč will never afford to enter this place even in his next life. After a good dinner, Čarna Marlene and chinaman remain at the table and joke...*

ČARNA MARLENE: Do you know, who brought stevio to China?

chinaman: No, who?

ČARNA MARLENE: Marco Polo.

chinaman: Aha, the one who taught us how to cook.

*Obviously an internal joke (it looks as they have been sitting for a longer while) that makes both laugh.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Yes, he takes the credits for the popularity of your restaurants. Although me and my uncle, we have never eaten at Chinese restaurants. Only at pothouses. The Chinese restaurants always seemed to be ... a bit dirty...

chinaman: ?

ČARNA MARLENE: I am joking! Don't be so paranoid?!

chinaman: Mozart was not a Berliner.

ČARNA MARLENE: How come?

chinaman: He was Austrian.

ČARNA MARLENE: No, no, Hitler is an Austrian.

chinaman: Shhhushh.

ČARNA MARLENE: Yeah, I know. They released him today at 12.15. My uncle is saying that we need to go on tour ASAP. That time is truly of the essence. He is really thankful for your... how to put it ... some sort of sponsorship...

chinaman: It is not worth mentioning at all. You didn't finish your story from before...

*A Painter enters the place; he puts his easel in the middle of the room. He scratches with short strokes; he wipes the paintbrush with his caldron-like gown; on the image that he is creating we can soon recognize Matjaž Pandur. At one point he stands up without saying anything and leaves.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Well, there is no story. –My uncle just calculated it all and in his chambers everything seemed to be shipshape ... It goes something like that: When the worshippers consume their holy bread of truth – this unleavened bread, dipped into a special ambrosia insulator – they discover that they are altogether one body and one blood, and that if they misbehave towards each other, they misbehave towards themselves. But ambrosia keeps them in this state for no longer than ten minutes, apart from that, this thing works, how to put it, a bit superficially; it does not go deep enough, and this is where I come in: I attack them with my violin; and when they hear me play, it takes their breath away; and when they are breathless, our janitor enters the place and makes a total refit of the collective consciousness, sub-consciousness, above-consciousness and in-between-consciousness; he inserts a tiny panel into them, which makes them see the common good in front of their own goals – and if this succeeds then they are done for good anyway ... Usually they ask for directions on their own and then they kick towards La Siesta era.

chinaman: La Siesta?

ČARNA MARLENE: Paradigm of tuber, La Siesta era – as you like it. – There is emphasis on being, on being itself, on being-in-the-world – I don't really get it, to me is the whole being, not-being and here-being one and the same buffalo ... Actually, I see it as some sort of paradise on Earth, brothers and sisters, flower power and so on.

chinaman: Without progress and development?

ČARNA MARLENE: Yeah, like in that sense. To rest and compilation the energy...

chinaman: ... to stagnate ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Well no. This is what Rudi is talking about all the time:

Paradigm of tuber does not mean stagnation, but accumulation of empathy for some other time. Look, actually I have no clue what this is all about, I just do my performance and that is it. –I mean, the hypothesis goes like this: things should develop step by step, just the way I told you ... And when there is critical mass in the La Siesta era, let's say around 12,000, then everyone else is going to turn into it in some sort of automatism which is called ... *without success she tries to remember a scientific term* ... it is something in Latin. –Kouchere, I would say.

chinaman: What is the point of this ... kouchera?

ČARNA MARLENE: Rudi is saying that we just have to form ourselves and recreate in a sort of an optimal way. Without that we are going to burn out; as I hear, a lot of systems are breaking down already, we reply less and less ... As I am saying, I do not

really understand the concept behind it all and to be honest I do not really care about it. But being in their company is a whole *partey* ... I am also curious if I will ever manage to perform in front of an audience. I feel that I almost owe that to my mother.  
chinaman: You're gonna do it. You only have to trust in yourself.

ČARNA MARLENE: Yeah, but after today's reprise of failure it does not look really good, does it?

chinaman: Obviously the timing is not right.

ČARNA MARLENE: After Rudi took care of me I played violin every day for six or more hours. And today's repertoire was nothing difficult, only my mother's song. And – it did not go well. If she was looking at me today from somewhere – my dear mummy – then she definitely was not proud of me...

chinaman: Čarna, we all have our problems. Everyone carries their own cross, as you guys like to say here ... Me for example ... I have never become one of your people. Whatever I did, you have never accepted me as an equal. I have always been a bit of – an outside ...

*Suddenly, Čarna, right in the moment, when he opens himself to her most, stops listening to him and stares out of the window. On the other side there is Tine Kojč who is pushing his nose against the window, looking inside of the restaurant. chinaman follows her look.*

chinaman: *Stands up.* Damned homeless people, they are everywhere. –I will take care of him. Sorry.

ČARNA MARLENE: No, no ... let him be.

chinaman: *Sits down and looks after the chef of service.* Chef!

ČARNA MARLENE: Leave him; it is not worth it.

chinaman: You look nervous.

ČARNA MARLENE: Thank you, you are very attentive. – But leave him alone. I would feel guilty if you would chase him away...

chinaman: Why did he have to pick out the two of us?!

ČARNA MARLENE: He will leave. –Tell me, how are you? For the whole evening we were talking about me only ... – Rudi says that you are extremely successful.

chinaman: *Modestly.* Success is a relative term ... Probably I have just learned to make the best out of a certain moment.

ČARNA MARLENE: The youngest rich man ...

chinaman: Wealth is even a more relative term ...

ČARNA MARLENE: I truly admire you. Nothing was given to you for free... And really, thank you for today.

chinaman: My pleasure.

ČARNA MARLENE: We have seen each other for the second time, and for the second time you have helped me out of my mess. Although, I didn't do any good my first time ...

chinaman: It is not worth mentioning, Čarna. You were just a little, scared child ... For you I would ...

ČARNA MARLENE: It really did mean a lot to me. – Although I am not sure whether my mother would like Matjaž Pandur. It is not quite her taste, but ...

chinaman: *Swallows deeply. He looks for an excuse.* There was no one better around for today, right? – In need, a devil eats flies. – But he had a nice speech ...

ČARNA MARLENE: She preferred something more... subtle.

chinaman: I remember her being quite different. As someone who trips pure pop.

ČARNA MARLENE: *She angrily stands up from the table.* How do you dare? !

chinaman: Pardon me, I didn't mean it in a bad way ... Probably I did not say it well ... I still make mistakes ... - Please, forgive me. – Give me one more chance. You are a cosmopolite and you know very well that it is not that easy to overcome the cultural differences between East and West ... That is one of the reasons why I care so much about Matjaž Pandur ... His aesthetics truly are like a ... bridge on which we can meet. Through him and through his art an Eastern soul for the first time gets an insight into the Western people. Gets close to them. Understands them, somehow translates their module of working and thinking process into his own language. And then he uses it. I mean – for cooperation. To find win-win situations.

ČARNA MARLENE: *Calms down for a bit.* You should pardon me. When it comes to my mother, I get easily upset. –*She points at the almost finished painting of Matjaž Pandur that the painter left just there.* What are you planning to do with all those pictures; I see them everywhere I go; as if he would be a marshal... ?

chinaman: That is part of the promotion for his up-coming spectacle. – I really didn't mean anything bad, Čarna. But your mother – she was a cosmopolite. She was the only Westerner that was ever sincerely devoted to me.

ČARNA MARLENE: No, she only liked exotics. She thought you were exotic.

chinaman: Back then, at that certain point, I felt completely different. I thought she was sincerely interested in me.



ČARNA MARLENE: She liked to be protective. If she really felt affection for you, she wouldn't let you be chased away like a poor dog ... Actually, she didn't really care in that particular moment. She wanted to make an impression of a good fairy; at the same time she wanted to give me a lecture about taking responsibility etc. To a seven-year old girl ... She was expecting miracles ever since I was born. *Bursts into laughter.* I have always managed to fail! – *She suddenly becomes sad.* She would want me to ... But somehow I can't. This wrist of mine always lets me down at the worst timing ...

chinaman: *Gently caresses her on her hand and then lets his hand on her hands.*

We're gonna beat it fair and square.

ČARNA MARLENE: *Doesn't know whether she likes his hand on her hand or not.*

chinaman: I hear that in town there is this almost miraculous psychotherapist.

Psychoanalyst. Spiritotherapist ... Supposedly he can help even the most lost cases; an acquaintance of mine will, after thirty years of unsuccessful overeating, lose fifty kilograms with his help ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Yap, there is always someone you can find for fatties ...

chinaman: *Laughs from all of his heart as if Čarna had told a joke. Then he starts playing around with her hand. He takes his time. Čarna, look ... He puts a box with an engagement ring on the table.*

ČARNA MARLENE: What is this?

chinaman: It is a serious offer.

ČARNA MARLENE: *Bursts into a hysterical laughter.* Do you always bring an engagement ring with you? Just in case? ...

chinaman: Please, think about it.

ČARNA MARLENE: Do I get you right? Are you asking me to marry you?

chinaman: Čarna, I knew from the first day when you came back to Berlin that you are home.

ČARNA MARLENE: Uh. What follows is a love declaration.

chinaman: I know each step of yours and everything you long for ... And I think that there is a lot I can offer you ...

ČARNA MARLENE: You silly fool ... Are we going to eat in some sort of Chinese joints every day...?

chinaman: Look, Čarna ... On our honeymoon we could stop at the Pandur's avant-premiere in Milan's Scala?

ČARNA MARLENE: What was the thing you said he is currently working on?

chinaman: Matjaž Pandur. His last project. At least he says so ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Yes, yes, of course – but what?

chinaman: The name of his project is Matjaž Pandur.

ČARNA MARLENE: *Applauds.* Great! Matjaž Pandur directed by Matjaž Pandur!

chinaman: And in production of Panduras Teatrus.

ČARNA MARLENE: Would he be willing to rearrange the date of his avant-premiere to our stop in Milan?

chinaman: I am sure he wouldn't mind doing a favour to his old friend.

ČARNA MARLENE: But he is the one doing you favours all the time?

chinaman: No worries. My philosophy is that you always have to take care of ... the balance.

ČARNA MARLENE: Two can play that game.

chinaman: Exactly.

ČARNA MARLENE: One good turn right deserves another turn left.

chinaman: Yes.

ČARNA MARLENE: And the left one the right one.

chinaman: You know, Matjaž Pandur is an extremely interesting phenomenon. There wasn't something like him ever since ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Marco Polo.

chinaman: My wedding gift to you is going to be a trip on Titanic.

ČARNA MARLENE: Oh no, I don't like ships. I am dreadfully scared that they will go under ...

chinaman: Čarna, Titanic is the safest ship that was ever built ...

ČARNA MARLENE: I wouldn't be so sure of it. You know – until you let her go to the open ocean ...

chinaman: How can I get you? What can I do to encourage you to accept my hand? To put on my engagement ring?

ČARNA MARLENE: That is a good question. Complex. *She gazes into the window, directly into the eyes of Tine Kojč.*

*A small black cat peeks out of Tine Kojč's jacket.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Vanessamae!

chinaman: That can't be true! This hobo obviously doesn't think of going away! *He again stands up from the table.* At the end we are going to catch something from him!

Some sort of sickness! Plague or cholera! Get away, you lousy nit!

ČARNA MARLENE: He has my pussy!

chinaman: Oh that too? I am going to beat the hell out of him! My girlfriend's pussy is none of his business ...

ČARNA MARLENE: It ran away today afternoon and he went after it because he knows how much I love it ...

chinaman: Do you know him?

ČARNA MARLENE: Yes ... We grew up together ... Actually, in a way he is also my uncle's protégé.

chinaman: Yeah?

ČARNA MARLENE: Yeah, did Rudi not mention it? He picked up Tine before me. But you have already heard of him; he is the one that occupies himself with Berlin fatties. Kojč, Tine Kojč. – You have mentioned him before.

chinaman: That is him?!

ČARNA MARLENE: Unbelievable, right?

chinaman: Should I invite him to the table?

ČARNA MARLENE: I don't know. I feel sorry for him. He is probably hungry and does not have for mustard.

chinaman: Not a problem.

*He steps out and, after a moment, comes back with dipping wet Tine Kojč and his small, black, purring pussy that warms them up. Tine acts – somehow strange.*

chinaman: ... she just mentioned that you two know each other. Otherwise I would invite you to join us earlier on. – What would you like to drink, hot tea I suppose? Flowering, Elixir, Indian Summer, Pina Colada, Black Orange, Turkish – or it is probably going to be coffee, lime, an almond cookie, (*ang.*) cloud catcher, peach, melon, aida, melon ...

TINE KOJČ: I would like to have hot water.

chinaman: *Leaves and comes back in a moment with hot water.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Gives a comment.* A totally fancy Chinese restaurant “Self-service”.

chinaman: *Looks like a little embarrassed vapour form the rice field.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, you have just arrived and everyone is already feeling down ... We have that from our childhood. The three of us, we have something in common – we all are orphans. *To chinaman.* Your mother left you at the railway

station.

chinaman: She didn't leave me there, actually she was working hard for five years so that she could send for me, but then ...

ČARNA MARLENE: ... she was struck down by the avian flu. –It doesn't matter; the result is the same. –You know my story; my mother didn't feel like taking the bridging loan; and Tine's parents died in an accident in Foxconn, where they were working for sixteen hours so their little boy could have enough for school lunch. – Then Rudi Štajner adopted him, engaged him as a castle gardener and noticed his big talent for engineering and psychology; he took care of his education, he took him to Berlin and opened him a doctor's office; he rented the most expensive place that Tine - despite the problems of Mrs Špeh and Mrs Ocvirk and Mrs Šnicl and Mrs Kremšnite<sup>2</sup> – wasn't able to pay... It was like that, right, Tinček? – He has never taken a single moment of rest because he feels, as his mother and paps were so hardworking that he also has to be like that – what else would they have died for otherwise?

chinaman: What are you two to each other then, brother and sister?

ČARNA MARLENE: Yes, almost like soul mates. But that is the thing that always fucks us up in life. Almost.

chinaman: Čarna, I hope I haven't messed up and put myself in something ...

ČARNA MARLENE: *Plays around with the engagement ring box.*

TINE KOJČ: That is the guy you ten years ago loaded with crème cakes that you ate on your own?

*Uncomfortable silence.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Takes the ring out of the box and puts in on her finger.* Tine, how did it go with Fat Berta; has she already lost weight?

chinaman: Čarna, dear ...

TINE KOJČ: What are you two to each other?

ČARNA MARLENE: We are actually just about to pack our suitcases for our wedding trip. In between we are going to make a stop at Pandur's avant-premiere in Milan's Scala.

TINE KOJČ: That was pretty ... fast.

ČARNA MARLENE: Hands of destiny, nothing more to say. In life one has to be flexible ... Or consistent; it depends on the turn ... -We are taking the Titanic.

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<sup>2</sup> Last names in English: »Mrs Fat and Mrs Cracknel and Mrs Schnitzl and Mrs Cremecake»

TINE KOJČ: *Standing up. He caresses the little, black cat one more time, then he hands it to Čarna.* I wish you a safe journey then, I don't want to detain you.

chinaman: No, no, no – don't say that! Stay here with us for a little bit more. Who knows when we are going to see each other again.

TINE KOJČ: I need to catch my train to Ljubljana.

ČARNA MARLENE: Are you leaving?!

TINE KOJČ: Yes.

ČARNA MARLENE: What about - your patients?!

TINE KOJČ: Mrs Berta Ocvirk didn't like the therapy; she had to do too much running. Apart from her – as you know – I have no other patients. – Take care of the cat. If she runs away again, take a look at the Chinese restaurants first – it looks like the smell of bean sprouts and soya sauce totally turn it on ... I found it at the back with the trash, it was biting leftovers of a roasted duck ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine...!

chinaman: Have a good trip.

TINE KOJČ: *Leaves singing, he hides his sadness with sarcasm. (Eng.)* I hope life treats you kind, and I hope you have all you have dreamed of, and I wish you joy and happiness, but above all this, I wish you love ... *He disappears.*

chinaman: What a nice young man. We have to send him a postcard ... Why are you sad all of a sudden ...

*Darkening.*

## SECOND ACT

### 1st Scene: Intercity between dreams and awakening

*chinawoman, Tine Kojč, Rudi Štajner on the other side of the window*

*Compartment of an international train Berlin-Paris-Ljubljana-Barcelona, Lisbon-Athens-Budapest-Istanbul; on the walls there are ads that invite to the avant-premiere of the newest Matjaž Pandur's spectacle Matjaž Pandur in production of the Panduras Teatrus. Avant-premiere in Milan's Scala at 12.15. "Soon! Don't miss! Tickets already in presale!"*

*In the compartment there is a cute, young chinawoman with tiny feet; she reads. Tine Kojč enters.*

TINE KOJČ: Hello, is it free?

chinawoman: Please, take a seat. *She quickly moves away her books to make space for him.*

TINE KOJČ: *Stores his luggage into the compartment and spreads himself out on the seat.*

chinawoman: It is a wonderful day, isn't it?

*Tine Kojč takes off his shoes, he undoes the first button on his shirt and keeps silence. chinawoman goes into details with her reading. Despite bad mood Tine cannot help himself from time to time to sneak a peak at her reading material.*

chinawoman: Where are you going to?

TINE KOJČ: *Is really not in the mood.* To Switzerland.

chinawoman: Oh, to Switzerland? Your melody is pretty Slavic for Switzerland ...

TINE KOJČ: I am going to Prekmurje Dolomites.

chinawoman: Oooh. We are headed in the same direction then.

TINE KOJČ: *Nods and closes his eyes. He wants to take a nap.*

*Suddenly, the radio creaks and wakes up Tine Kojč – he jumps as if stung by a bee. He tries to put the radio on mute.*

chinawoman: It won't work. I have tried it before. And it didn't work. Something must be broken. We should ask the conductor when he comes. You wanted to take a nap, right?

TINE KOJČ: Well, I am going to fall asleep anyway. If a man is tired ... It is a hard day's night.

chinawoman: I wouldn't be able to sleep with such crackling. Never. No matter how tired I would be. That is why I prefer to read and learn something, too.

TINE KOJČ: Mhm.

chinawoman: Do you know any of these authors?

TINE KOJČ: I am going to take a nap now ...

chinawoman: Yes, yes ... of course. Please, go ahead ...

*Radio cracks again and wakes up Tine again.*

chinawoman: Horrible, isn't it? If you can't sleep, I can lend you a book. – Look, I got selected works of Tanja Salecl, Renata Lesničar Pučko, Gregor Rutar, Dušan Hrovatin, Vesna Makarovič, Svetlana Godina, Jože Hribar and Spomenka Mencinger and N'Trkaj and Boris Mihelj, Vlado Vezjak, Zoran Kreslin, Vlado Predin and Srebrni valjak, Dva para kril<sup>3</sup> – all in comics. I got them really cheap at an antique store. – Comics are good for learning a foreign language. Those have a bit of a more complex language, which is just the thing I need at the moment. Actually, I know the basis. I have problems with accents. Please, do correct me if I pronounce something wrong. I won't take offence ...

TINE KOJČ: No problem ... *He tries his best to fall asleep.* I master different techniques how to slide into slumber.

chinawoman: To slide. *She takes out the Dictionary of the Standard Slovene Language in comics and looks up for the verb slide.* Aha! "To move smoothly a couple of times, slide: sweat drops were sliding down his forehead." Go, have a slide into sleep, dream sweet ...

TINE KOJČ: *He finds it hard to fall asleep so he makes a meditation position and tries to relax.*

*chinawoman looks at him, interested.*

chinawoman: Are you sliding at the moment?

TINE KOJČ: Are you planning to have a conversation with me the whole way?  
*With a gesture chinawoman shows to Tine that she understood what he was trying to say and that from now on her mouth is closed. The train pulls out the station; radio creaks; Tine flinches, then he slides again into an apathetic gaze, through the window. The train speeds on the relation Berlin-Paris-Ljubljana, Lisbon-Athens-Budapest-Istanbul.*

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<sup>3</sup> Slovenian journalists, intellectuals, artists and ex-yugoslavian music bands, still popular in Slovenia, mentioned with mixed first and last names.

TINE KOJČ: Do you know by any chance what the time is?

chinawoman: 12.15

TINE KOJČ: What time do we arrive?

chinawoman: 12.15. All stations' arrival is 12.15.

TINE KOJČ: Do we have to change?

*chinawoman shrugs her shoulders.*

*Tine Kojč falls into a restless sleep and finally falls asleep for real.*

*On the outer side of the window Rudi Štajner's shadow comes closer. chinawoman notices it, and it looks like she is not excited about it at all. She quickly puts the books into her bottomless beggar's bag and changes into a stewardess uniform.*

chinawoman: Excuse me. I'll be right back.

TINE KOJČ: *Half asleep.* Where are you going...

*Just when chinawoman sneaks out from the compartment, Rudi Štajner runs parallel to the train ... He runs as hard as possible, as if he would want to overtake the train that stands from the inside and runs from the outside with such speed that no mortal with a little bit of common sense would try to tackle ...*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine! Hey, Tine! Hey, Kojč! Wake up!

TINE KOJČ: Rudi? Why are you running?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *To himself.* I went for a jog, you cunt. – Tine, wake up!

TINE KOJČ: I am awake!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, Tine, you are not; wake up and jump off the train!

TINE KOJČ: Off to where, Rudi?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You have to go back to Berlin.

TINE KOJČ: What for?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, there is only one puzzle missing. I beg you, wake up!

TINE KOJČ: Rudi, I am not doing the puzzling, and I have never been as awake as I am now ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Then jump off! Jump off, before it is too late.

TINE KOJČ: Too late for what?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: If you were awake, you would know ... Look at your palms!

TINE KOJČ: What sort of Castaneda test is this?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I said look at your palms ...

TINE KOJČ: *Looks at his palms.* They are evading ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, you see! Do you remember the lesson –minus34? If you are



incapable to fix your palms with your look it means that you are still sleeping!

*chinawoman comes back in her stewardess uniform.*

chinawoman: Ticket, please.

TINE KOJČ: Just a sec ... *He looks for it in his pockets.* Wait, I have it ... *He looks for it in his pockets ...*

chinawoman: *Cutely smiles at him and pulls out an old-fashioned ticket puncher.* We can make it virtually as well, sir ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, get off, geeeeeeet ooooooff ...!

chinawoman: *Scans his pupils with the old-fashioned ticket puncher.* So, we can go now.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna is doing really badly!

chinawoman: We are about to leave, sir. Fasten your seat belt, please.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Wake up! Get off. Tine, stop fooling around; we only need this one more puzzle... !

chinawoman: We must clear out the platform. The train from Tokyo is arriving.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna has terrible problems.

TINE KOJČ: *Opens the window and looks outside.* Yeah? That is a surprise ... Has she been mistreated again? –

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The World needs her, Tine.

chinawoman: *Pulls him back to the seat and tries to fasten his seatbelt.* Sir, we ask all our passengers to ...

TINE KOJČ: *Frees himself and rushes back toward the window.* From all the people it is exactly her, right? I know a guy ... he is a sort of wise man, philosopher, thinker, stargazer, master of telepathy and extra-sensory perception ... He - who sees everything and knows everything, he - who is struggled by the coming, unpromising future ... He will help her.

chinawoman: *Drags him back to the seat and tries to fasten his buckle.* It is for your safety, sir, the train from Tokyo is coming and ...

TINE KOJČ: *Frees himself, and rushes back to the window.* I have to go now. A train from Tokyo is going to arrive soon.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, considering her current problems, there is nothing I can do for her. She thinks it is only you who can help her. – Maybe she can help herself with you. *From his pocket he takes a bracelet and throws it at Tine who catches it unintentionally.* Here, I prepared a present for her; I thought you would forget about it

otherwise ... It is made out of tourmaline. A crystal that purifies the aura and chakras; it eliminates blockades, it scatters away the negative energy and restores an energetic balance; it protects from the electromagnetic smog and radioactive radiation, invasion of the astral creatures and from the negative energy of all kind; it helps to improve the memory, it lessens the vertigos, purifies blood, activates focus, it helps with dyslexia, arthritis, lower back pains, constipation and self-cognition; it neutralises fear, it gives rise, inspires, cures mental wounds, it converts negative thoughts into positive and it has no side affects at all ...

TINE KOJČ: All in all: Tourmaline gives you wings ... It makes you turn black but not burn out. – Why don't you give it to her yourself?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It works only if you give it to someone with love.

TINE KOJČ: *Scornfully*. So, are you saying that it could be made out of coloured glass as well?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: In principle - it is. To make it work, you need a deep, sincere and unconditional love ... Tine, it all depends on the activation of our final puzzle ...

TINE KOJČ: *Knows Rudi is right*. You are exaggerating it. You miscalculated something ... *He carelessly lets the bracelet fall into his pocket*.

chinawoman: We must make way for the train, sir, otherwise a catastrophe will happen.

TINE KOJČ: Oh, sorry, I was deep in thought ... *To Rudi*. If we don't make way, a catastrophe will happen. Ciao!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Get off, Tine!

TINE KOJČ: *To the chinawoman*. Why are we still standing then?

chinawoman: The outer side of the train is already rushing to Berlin-Paris-Ljubljana-Barcelona, Lisbon-Athens-Budapest-Istanbul. – In the inner layer a handle got stuck. A handle got stuck. Please, help us, sir ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, please ... just this one little puzzle ...

TINE KOJČ: Rudi Štajner, I love you, but I do not do puzzles. I care for you and I don't want to give you away. *To chinawoman*. How can I help you?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna is our puzzle and it is only you who is able to solve her properly ... Only you know how to put her right into the history flow so that the world can be solved ...

chinawoman: You have to release the handle ... Otherwise it is going to be a disaster.

TINE KOJČ: If you would want for Čarna to fit in the god's plans you would have to

re-programme her greatly so that she wouldn't instantly fall out ... *To the chinawoman.* Where is this handle?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I thought, since you are more a technical guy ... If you get off, I will show you the simulation on the future-screen-pad.

TINE KOJČ: Why the simulation? Does future not perceive Čarna?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Sometimes, if the signal is really good, you can catch her shadow ...

TINE KOJČ: On the midsummer night with a seed in your tooth hole?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: A protocol that will recognize Čarna is going to be possible only at 12.15, but till then I will decent myself over already...

TINE KOJČ: Bisogna imparare a stare soli ... solo cosi si puo imparare a stare con gli altri ... altrimenti ci stai perche ne hai bisogno ... Other than that, your permanent connection to the different dimensions of the time contemporaneity from time to time throws out off track ...

chinawoman: Sir ... we are running out of time ...

TINE KOJČ: Where the hell do you keep this handle? I would love to set it free if only I would know where it is ...

chinawoman: Sir, the handle is right here ... *She raises her tight skirt above her belly button and shows him her little, black pussy.* I beg you, do not hesitate!

TINE KOJČ: *To chinawoman.* Oh!

chinawoman: Hurry up, we are running out of time ...

TINE KOJČ: *To chinawoman.* Oh! Oh! Oh!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, get off the train right now!

TINE KOJČ: *To the chinawoman.* This guy disrupts my concentration totes! And – I think I should beforehand go through some sort of test. Releasing a handle ... it is a huge responsibility!

*The train speeds into a tunnel; when it comes out Tine is in another compartment; over his head there is a red flag with a sickle and a hammer; he madly sings "Forward, Flag of Glory". chinawoman is blowing the misfortune out of her mouth – the wagon is being overflowed with frogs, mosquitos, grasshoppers and flies. chinawoman roots for Tine Kojč who fights against them with pips', biokill, meditation and natural preparations. When he collapses, totally exhausted, chinawoman sips her misfortune back to her.*

chinawoman: Sir, you fought like a lion! – You are our saviour! Now do quick –

release the handle! *She raises her tight skirt above her belly button and points at her little, black pussy.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Catches up the wagon that Tine Kojč moved to, he knocks on the window.* Tine, don't trust the chinese; they always screw up everything. I beg you, get off the train, until it is not too late!

TINE KOJČ: ... Rudi, what is your goal again?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: To awaken in each single person a pure, noble, ideal human being. To help that every person tunes himself with his ...

TINE KOJČ: *Interrupts him.* Well, you see ... everyone knows for themselves. My goal is ... to release the handle! Let's move forward, before the devil from Tokyo comes after us.

*The train speeds into a tunnel; when it comes out again, Tine finds himself in another compartment; over his head there is a red flag with a sickle and a hammer; he madly sings "Forward, Flag of Glory". chinawoman blows another misfortune out of her mouth; her breather is full of mushrooms and spores, funguses and wild cows, pigs and all sort of ill birds that fall all over the place. – Tine reaches into his pocket and takes matchboxes out of it; chinawoman throws him a small petrol can, Tine catches it, opens it and draws a circle around him with the liquid, then he takes a match and turns it on and throws it down ...*

chinawoman: Sir, you are our savour! Now hurry up - release the handle! *She raises her tight skirt above her belly button and points at her little, black pussy.* Quickly, quickly, quickly, the train from Tokyo is going to be here any second; we cannot avoid the disaster, time is counting down: ten, nine ... *She desperately points at her small, black pussy.*

TINE KOJČ: *Howls.* Where are new trials?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Catches up with the wagon that Tine Kojč has moved to, he knocks on the window; he yells something, but we can't hear him, he lost his voice because of the yelling.*

TINE KOJČ: *Howls.* I won't leave the ship, I am not the captain ...!

*Suddenly, radio crackling and then the terrified voice of Berta Ocvirk.*

THE VOICE OF BERTA OCVIRK: *A sugary, creamy voice.* Tine ... Tinček ...

Tinko, Kiddo ... *Weepy.* Where are you hiding? I don't like playing hide and seek.

Come here, I need you. Crème cakes have fallen into my skinfold, and I am so hungry ... I will pay you good, I will give you a full basket of pennies, just come to me so

that I don't die out of hunger ... Tine, Tinček, Tinko Kiddo, now that you have saved the whole world, come and save me as well, this poor and very hungry fatty.

*The train runs into another tunnel and the voice of Berta Ocvirk loses itself in the rhythmic rumble of the vehicles. When the train comes out of the tunnel, Tine Kojč, instead, in another wagon, full of new challenges, finds himself at the end of the last wagon; he opens the door and steps into dark.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Kojč, juuuump off! Step off!

TINE KOJČ: *Runs up in the air like in a cartoon.* I can't! I will fall!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: That can't be true! That is just a rehearsal of Matjaž Pandur. Steeeeeep off!

TINE KOJČ: *Runs up in the air.* I can't; I am going to slip under the wheels!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Just release yourself; I will catch you! Trust me!

*The door of the wagon opens and the chinawoman in the uniform of a stewardess gets really scared when she sees Tine Kojč running in the air.*

chinawoman: Come back!

TINE KOJČ: I will be right with you!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No!!! Don't go back!

TINE KOJČ: Rudi, I have to, otherwise I am going to fall!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Think of Čarna! Think of the world!

TINE KOJČ: I am!

chinawoman: *Raises her skirt high above her belly button and shows Tine her pussy.*

Release the handle! Release the handle! Release the handle!

TINE KOJČ: *It finally dawns on him.* There you are, you little uptight bitch!

*Tine looks down and finally realises that he lost ground under his feet ... In the search for his last lifebelt he rushes into the chinawoman and fucks, fucks, fucks like this is a matter of life and death; he fucks, fucks, fucks like this is going to save the world; he fucks, fucks, fucks like a man and a half; he fucks, fucks, fucks all to the point when he hits the handle; the handle gets released by his furious, impetuous shocks; chinawoman yawns from delight. Tine Kojč gets ripped by a lightning; his eyes and head and his whole body get filled with the refrain And I will always love you – Whitney Houston sings with the voice of Čarna Marlene; the train finally releases the restrained temper it held for too long, rushes off the train station via Berlin-Paris-Ljubljana-Barcelona, Lisbon-Athens-Budapest-Istanbul. Čarna's voice fills in every single cell of Tine Kojč's being and shakes him at the moment when he*

*thinks that the worst is already behind him: he plunges into the deep and all we can hear is a long, long splash – as if Titanic had crashed into the Pacific Ocean, and after that the darkness covers it.*

*Darkness. Tine floats on the Pacific.*

chinawoman's VOICE: Sir, sir! Soon we will be arriving to Zidani Most!

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: *Sleepily.* Ha?

chinawoman's VOICE: We are in Zidani Most! You have to change!

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: No need, no need.

chinawoman's VOICE: Are you sure?

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: Intercity has a direct route.

chinawoman's VOICE: But we will be there soon ... I am so excited!

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: Pardon me for being such a boring fellow passenger.

chinawoman's VOICE: No worries. You were just tired.

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: What are you planning to do in Prekmurje? Are you going on vacation? Lately mainly Rich Indians are coming to us. And Russians, but not that often. Mainly Indians ... They are shooting movies.

chinawoman's VOICE: I am going to sew. At Mura. That is a textile factory. My cousin has bought the brand and now he is giving the opportunity to all women from our village to sew for him. I am so happy. He is such a good man. When I manage to serve for my ticket and for all the costs that he had with me, I will call for my son, too. Yesterday was his birthday. Seven years. I am very happy. I am going to make it possible for him to have better life, education ...

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: Look, that is Mura. River Mura. Well, we have just crossed it. *He shouts out loud.* Prekmurje! Prekmurje! My Prekmurje! *He shouts out.*

chinawoman's VOICE: *She funnily imitates him.* Prekmurje! Prekmurje! My Prekmurje! *She shouts out.*

TINE KOJČ'S VOICE: We are getting off here. Let me help you with the luggage ...

chinawoman's VOICE: That is very nice of you, sir. Lately everyone is being so nice with me. I am very happy.

*The light turns on again. Castle stables in Prekmurje Dolomites. Rudi Štajner is holding Tine Kojč in his hands (pieta composition); they both are soaked to skin, like someone just pulled out the water. Rudi Štajner cracks on Tine Kojč's cheek; Tine Kojč slowly comes to himself.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Sings.* Good morning, good day. It is not nice of you to sleep over

the day ... Smiling you should stay and it is going to be a happy day ...

TINE KOJČ: *Slowly comes to himself.* Where am I?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Home, home; home sweet home. –C'mon, put yourself together before the arrival of ...

TINE KOJČ: Who?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna and her husband are visiting ... She went riding, but she should be back any second, I think.

TINE KOJČ: *Suddenly totally awoken.* Who?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Hey – easy, take it easy, I don't want you to burst a vein ... chinaman put a bet on Banana Republic – Čarna's mare – his whole fortune. But now they can't find the cat and Banana Republic never races without Vanessamae. It is a horror all over. Čarna went riding to relax for a bit ...

TINE KOJČ: What am I doing here?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: “Thank you, dear Rudi, for catching me when I fell from Titanic drunk as a skunk.”

TINE KOJČ: *Can't come to himself.* Rudi, I am missing out a couple of threads. Where am I, who am I, what is going on, what day is it today, what is the time ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Rudi Štajner's stables at Prekmurje Dolomites, full of wonderful horses ... It is nine in the morning, we are in for a beautiful day. The castle is full of people, not a single bad is left free; the cream of the crop from all over the world arrived to see the biggest European trotting race ...

TINE KOJČ: Rudi, there is something fishy about all that. – Did you forget to set the time, again?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Looks at his watch.* Oops. You are right.

TINE KOJČ: *Annoyed.* Give it here.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: But it is fine just the way it is ...

TINE KOJČ: Give it to me, you demented old chap!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: That is verbal abuse of the elderly, I am going to report you ...

TINE KOJČ: Man, we cannot work out of astral. Give me the watch; I am going to change the coordinates to zero, so we can see where exactly we are standing at the moment.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Hands him over his GPS watch with reluctance.* You are not funny at all.

TINE KOJČ: *Shifts the buttons and switches and restores the state zero. He looks*

*around surprised. Where are the horses?!*

*Rudi Štajner looks terribly unhappy. The uneasiness makes him feel like crying.*

TINE KOJČ: What is wrong with you?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well nothing. In zero I have a meeting with chinaman. – Where are the horses, where are the horses?! All went up devils arse ...! There are no horses – no! They are gone. They are gone, shoo, all of them! Everything is gone! The castle, horses, mushrooms, everything ... Because of you, because you didn't want to get off!

TINE KOJČ: It is what it is ... Good luck with the meeting. I will take another nap ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, you won't. In zero it is you who has to paint the grandstands.

TINE KOJČ: What?! – Give me back the watch; let's go back to astral ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The paint is back there at the stable's box. Enjoy yourself.

*Darkening.*

**2nd Scene: More on the sense of wellness or How Rudi Štajner postponed the repayment of debts for 12 hours and 15 minutes**

*Rudi Štajner, Tine Kojč, chinawoman*

*An evening or night before the biggest European championship in harness racing.*

*chinaman's luxury office at the castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites.*

*chinaman, all uptight and nervous, almost lies in a garish, gruesome armchair. Rudi, on the other side, sits at ease on a meagre footstool like a duck in water; from the chinaman's bored face we can tell that the lecture has gone on for hours.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... we are all sick in spirit, don't you understand? And I finally found a cure for it ... Imagine: we have a patient (practically all of us are patients, some of us are more sick, and therefore really dangerous) that we direct to a labyrinth where he finds control points with instructions which tell him how to build a thing from some basic ingredients. You know, some sort of patent, something that a big, creative sprit already did before him ... For example ... Something that history has already proved for having positive energy on the well-being and happiness of humankind ... A patient therefore knows what is the final result; at the entrance he picks out his role model, puts on his shoes and hop! – He follows his tracks. To improve the motivation we can also encourage him with a stick. All in all, carrots



don't work; people are different, and we need to consider that ... I haven't finalised the details, but to a great extent ... sooner or later he manages to repeat one of the big stories, and all that with his own forces. After that – before he exits this spiritual wellness of sense – we get him to watch a movie, which shows how much good his invention did to the humankind. – And the best is still to come: when I was simulating this situation at my laboratory, I figured out that through this process the brains perfectly and completely start renewing itself! Which can be explained by the fact that brains that are allowed to a creative process get three hundred times more oxygen than usual, not ordinary oxygen, but happy oxygen! Plus - seeing a movie where you can find the actual connection between your invention (the patient's experiences it as something his) and the direct effect of the invention on the humankind, strengthens the brain rehabilitation ... And the outcome of it is a completely new, reborn, happy human being ...

chinaman: Happy people don't work.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... What?! ... You are such a funny guy. *He continues.* A completely different human being comes out of the labyrinth, a happy, singing, calm, gentle one, who in the morning makes coffee for his wife, kisses her, takes children to school, then works, because he wants to work, and he feels like an important part of a wholeness. After he comes out of my wellness centre his perspective becomes completely different ... He knows how to listen to people, he shares, understands, he takes a moment on a beautiful day, gazes at the moon ...

chinaman: Happy people don't work.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... We could arrange a spa in the castle cellar, where people could infuse in the healing oil, and then dry saunas with natural gas ...

chinaman: Would air-conditioners work on natural gas – since we have it?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Of course, sure, triviality ... *Gets back to his matter.* We would exchange our experience, we would work together for a better tomorrow ... All we need is a small investment; and so I thought, maybe you as a successful businessman would be ready to take this project under your wing. I was thinking whether you would want to become its godfather, if you would want to apply yourself – financially of course – for it ...

chinaman: Rudi, how much do you owe me? How much money?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Let it be, let it be ... we will take care of that ...

chinaman: Sure, sure ... of course we will ... Rudi – what happened with the candles?

Did the guests bring them?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?!

chinaman: We made a deal where you suggested your guests would bring candles and toilet paper with themselves ... That is an enormous cost.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Candles?

chinaman: I am introducing a fit castle system. It is a worthless expense for an individual if he brings his own candle, a box of matches and toilet paper ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No shit, please, c'mon ...

chinaman: ... but if it is me, who has to pay for everything, then it piles up ... We need to take care of each vinar ... You know how it goes: a vinar saved is a vinar earned!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You truly are a chinaman ... As a host you cannot ... Look, it is ... how to put it ... we have to preserve at least some sort of a level.

chinaman: Times are hard; I am sure people understand that. They know how to constructively step up to the whole thing; I am sure they are able to think of how they alone can contribute to the wellbeing of everyone ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Of course. – What do you think about my initiative?

chinaman: Which one?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The one I was talking to you about just before: wellness centre for the soul, labyrinth of the sense ...

chinaman: Aha ... It is perfect. There is just no money for it; we cannot invest! Times are hard, Rudi ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Is it because of the debt...?

chinaman: No, of course not ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I will pay you back for this, with interest.

chinaman: It is not a problem at all. *He takes a look at his watch.* I still have a couple of minutes ... - Also ... both of us know that cured people will not want to do any work; they will only hold hands and dance. – At best we have to – if we want to retain our heads above the water – optimize ... the working processes. Well – intensify.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't think that is the right way. We need to hold our horses.

chinaman: And you are saying this on the pre-night of the European trotting race you are hosting?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I was also hoping to talk with you about that. I was thinking, we should cancel the race. Instead, I could have a lecture and representation on the soul

wellness centre idea and labyrinth of the sense.

chinaman: Rudi ... Rudi Štajner! Instead of the profit from the horse bets, we would ... What exactly are you suggesting?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: To hold our horses for a bit ...

chinaman: If I understand you right, you still believe in this childish idea of turning the world into the paradigm of tuber?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: At the end we decided to use the term “La Siesta era”.

chinaman: Čarna told me once your winning combination. You haven't truly believed that ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What happened to Čarna?

chinaman: Well, she just neglected herself, right?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Has she been playing during those years?

chinaman: She plays all the time, she isn't doing anything else. When I ask her to play for my panel, she just breaks down. In front of a panel! Imagine, what would have happen in front of a bigger audience ... But I said to her: “If you fail tomorrow, you can just move downstairs together with the dressmakers.”

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Is she going to try again tomorrow?

chinaman: Yes, just before the race starts. Look, I don't believe in your so-called “blockades” and other sentimental shit.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You are a true Westerner.

chinaman: I am trying my best. I simply realize that you have to blend in. The world is not saving – if you don't puzzle yourself in, then it spits you out. – I want to – to use your words – raise the ... level with her performance tomorrow – introduce a change since I am in charge of the castle now. I want to represent myself as a patron of art to bring her social network connection - that is actually your connection - on my mill. – Everyone needs something to wear and why wouldn't people wear Mura.

*Pause. – Passage to a highly confident, personal tone.* I do have a problem with Čarna ... She is useless. If she manages to fail tomorrow again – then as I said ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Did you marry her out of use?

chinaman: In ten years she could show at least something ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You know what? – You should be the first one to test my wellness labyrinth!

chinaman: Rudi, there is no money. Game over. Understand it. I can't invest into your experiments anymore ... The investment never repays ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is not all about money.

chinaman: Well – there is a lot about money.

*The wall clock strikes 12.15.*

chinaman: *Contentedly rubs his hands.* Speaking of the devil, time goes by so fast ... it is already 12.15. Too fast ... I wasn't thinking at all or actually I let it slip before - now it is me being in charge of the castle. – Immediately I got scared that I said too much. But it looks like everything is fine.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Interrupts him.* At least come to my tower and take a look at the laboratory simulation.

chinaman: You mean – my tower? – Have you forget about our deal, Rudi?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: C'mon, you can't be serious. You can't just because of ... You know I would love to pay you back, if nothing else because of Čarna. But pretty please don't quibble over minutes.

chinaman: We said: "Either the suitcase or the castle". I don't see a suitcase, so it is the castle. – I have to confess that I was counting on that so I arranged this modest office here ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yes, I have noticed. You did a good job ... cosy and ... with a special taste. I don't mind, after all you are the husband of my protégé ...

chinaman: And I put a few basic machines into the cellar together with a few people ... The workers need a place to sleep. It is impossible to throw them on the street at eleven in the evening when they have to be at their workplace at five in the morning. It just isn't worth it. You only do worse to yourself if you don't arrange them a basic housing situation ... they start working poorly, slowly ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tomorrow they are going to release Hitler. At 12.15. – Kidnap him and bring him to my lab. Let him into the labyrinth and wonder! – When he will come out, he will be another man. It can be that he will become a famous painter or at least a director of some crazy spectacles. All in all, he is going to give an important contribution to the human emancipation ...

chinaman: And all my plans in connection with the weapon splash into water? Rudi, we are not speaking the same language, and at the moment we are in a situation where I am on the top and you are heading down ... I don't share your vision ... At the cellar I am testing a different paradigm ... I am going to start a textile industry; I am going to wake the trademark Mura from the dead and push it all until I am the first among the firsts ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The race is not a solution. The solution is in stopping the horses ...

chinaman: I have decided not to restore the castle ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?! But we had an understanding...!

chinaman: An understanding that now because of your ineptness for paying back the loan counts for nothing. – I have calculated everything there is no point... The way it is now it is more than enough for what I need and plan. I decided not to engage the local people, because I would firstly really have to re-programme their (*Eng.*) mind. I am going to bring here my fellow countrymen from China; they are heroes when it comes to persistence ... We are going to bear the trademark Mura around the world ... If you ask me, growth and consumption are all that matters ... The individual and the collective (*Eng.*) mind are adjusting to those two parameters at its best, and I am sure that those two parameters are the only ones which make sense bothering, and that set a standard for everything else. – In the upper floors we make luxury apartments for the elite that will come here for trotting races, betting and helping out to extend my textile industry. You have no clue how happy I am, looking at the future in front of me ... I am counting on you, my old friend ... I am counting, that together with the castle keys, you are handing me over all of your social networks ... Between us, I am pretty sure that Čarna will fail, but because deep in my heart, I am a good man. I am giving her a second chance ... But I am not stupid. If she is not going to make a breakthrough now, she is going straight to the cellar! What are you looking at? We are living in times where we simply cannot afford any sort of quasi-psychosomatics! And period end, as Čarna would say. – She says: “I can’t and period end!” and then that is it and the rest is worth – nothing ... Do you think I don’t know that she married me for two reasons: to tease her mother one more time and to hurt that housekeeper of yours, who was able to therapize the whole Berlin, but wasn’t able to get her in shape! Besides, we both know that a babe doesn’t need much, she needs just one solid ... every now and again and she is satisfied! I hope you are not building up some sort of illusion that I have for a single moment forgotten what she did to me when she accused me - a poor, abandoned child – of eating crème cakes, which she filled herself up with. – I always knew the time for (*Eng.*) revenge was going to come! – What are you looking at?! – I am not bitter, no way ... I am saying, in my life I cannot afford luxury as embitterment, blockades and psychosomatic disorders. In the end I manage to turn everything to my favour. I probably wouldn’t have learned that had I not been eliminated from your society and put on the edge. It was you who let me

know that I will never be part of it. In a way I am really thankful for that, and this is why, tomorrow, I am giving her another chance. - Why are you staring at me like that?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Hm, I think I sense a smaller lapse here ...

chinaman: There is no lapse here, Rudi Štajner.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yes, it is ... A little one, probably unimportant ... I thought of paying you back the loan at 12.15 daytime. Now it is 12.15 nights.

chinaman: Rudi ... That is not easy for me. Do you think that is easy for me?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, of course not ...

chinaman: In a way you are like ... a father to me. In a way you are my wife's father, which means that you are in a way my father, too.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: In a way, yeah ...

chinaman: You see ... I was thinking of you in my plans ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Scared.* No!!!

chinaman: If you want, you can stay at the castle, I will let you have the tower, I will equip your lab with all you need and you will invent something for me. In my plan there is high technology, you know. I would want you to construct horses that would in every detail look like real ones, only they wouldn't be real, because real ones cost too much – an investment that never pays back ... I want them to be taken out of storage only once per year, on the occasion of the biggest European race. We would nicely construct them, screw all the parts together and then store them away again.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Have you ever calculated how much money horse bets are bringing you?

chinaman: Of course I have ... But if I had horse-robots – mind they would have to look like real ones, with all the nonsense that horses create – then I would earn even more.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Aha. What is option B?

chinaman: What option B?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: All the business people always prepare an option B.

chinaman: *Shakes off-the-cuff.* If the tower doesn't suit you, you can always go to the old people's home.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Gets excited.* Aha!

chinaman: *Tries to terrify him.* To Podbrdo<sup>4</sup>, for example.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Gets even more excited.* Under Črna prst<sup>5</sup>?

chinaman: But I am not paying for you ... So that you – if you decide for this option – count your pennies, pounds and so on ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is good to know what the options are. – If we just take a quick turn back to the lapse – I remember that I promised you paying back the loan at 12.15 midday. Not at night. At that time I usually sleep, today I was accidentally still up when you called for me ... Paying back at night – I would never make such a deal. That seems to me so ... beneath my standard ...

chinaman: But people do all kinds of stuff at night!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: For sure they are not paying off loans. At least not here at West ...

chinaman: Yeah, I know. – But look – that is just the way it is. I meant 12.15 daytime. – You, you know what? Let's take a look at the contract. We signed some sort of papers, if I remember right? Or have we? – I have memory problems lately, I am afraid I contracted Alzheimer's.

*chinaman calls his secretary. The connection doesn't want to establish itself; this is why Rudi offers him to use his golden-wire phone of plastic cups.*

chinaman: Hello, Marie? – Please, bring me Rudi Štajner's file number... What is it again? /.../ Aha, yes, that one.

*The beautiful chinawoman from the train enters and hands him over the file with documents. Meanwhile the chinaman madly looks into it, chinawoman exchanges a couple of polite expressions with Rudi Štajner.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Have you found each other? I am so happy for you two ...

chinawoman: Yeah, by a hair. *She gently caresses chinaman on his curly hair.*

chinaman: Mother, please ... !

chinawoman: He doesn't like mixing private with business. – He is so gifted ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah, that is true.

chinaman: *Finally pulls out the contract he was looking for; victoriously he waves in front of Rudi Štajner's nose.* Ta – da! 12.15!!! Black on white!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *To the chinawoman.* Would you mind if I borrow your glasses? I am short-sighted ... There is nothing we can do against age ...

*chinawoman puts down her glasses and kindly offers them to Rudi.*

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<sup>4</sup> Slovenian settlement - Eng. Underhill.

<sup>5</sup> Slovenian mountain - Eng. Black Soil.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Thank you. *She nervously tries to put them on and then almost drops them – with a big and great skill one would never attribute to a gentleman of his age, he catches them and is finally absorbed in the contract. He behaves as if he has all the time in the world, which extremely, extremely bothers the chinaman.*

*Finally:* Oh, truly so ...

chinaman: Well I am pleased to hear so. I don't resent you. It is good that we share our opinions.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is saying only "12.15". There is no specification whether it is at night or at day ...

chinaman: Rudi, don't fuck with me!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh! You said that like you would be one of us! *To chinawoman.* Look, miss. Do you see, without specification?

chinaman: Mum, please store, store away those papers ... *He quickly dismisses her.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Shakes and shakes with his head.*

chinaman: *Barks.* Why are you shaking your head?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Patronizing.* Around here things seem to be a bit different. When it comes to time ... locals have a different, their own view of it ... It is hard to explain it to someone who was not born here ...

chinaman: Nonsense!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I agree. A hard-to-believe superstition. But this is how they are ... It is hard to make any progress on them. Go show the papers to a local intellectual ...

chinaman: I cannot help myself with intellectuals.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: That is true, me neither. But those people from Prekmurje, they somehow trust them since god made Dolomites in the middle of the sea that he then released ... They saw there was no use from Noah, so they have buddied up with intellectuals. And an intellectual is going to tell you that 12.15 is too non-binding, because each party can explain that in their own way, court practice always decides on behalf of the aggrieved party.

chinaman: *With a puzzled face.* Štajner, you are making fun of me. That is unbelievable and non-existing!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: In Prekmurje Dolomites it is. Every single judge identifies himself with the last standing peasant and gives him right. It is hard to understand that, especially if you are not from here ...

chinaman: We are not planning to go in front of a judge with this, right?



RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, of course not ... I am only warning you that the papers were written in Prekmurje-Dolomites sensibility, so that you won't have any further problems with it.

chinaman: What kind of problems? Don't talk in codes, please ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The judge that is in charge of this district is one of the former Mura directors; politics screwed him up, and since then he is a bit ... sensitive, and from time to time unpredictable as well ...

chinaman: You guys truly are some fucked up indians ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: There are only a few of us. That is why we have a lot of problems. It truly sucks ... Has Čarna not told you anything about this?

chinaman: I don't have the time for silly stuff like this.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Like talking to your wife?

chinaman: Kid's stuff.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Hm. Well, sometimes it comes in useful, you know, women have a better understanding of all the complexity; and Čarna was growing up among them ... You cannot just come here and do it in Chinese ... Pardon me, no hard feelings, I don't mean anything bad by that. – Sometimes you have to ... assimilate yourself a little bit. Just a bit, not much, only so you are not a total (Eng.) outsider ... *He takes a look at the watch.* Uh! 12:15. – *He smiles.* Nights! – I won't keep you any longer – you really don't want to think about the wellness labyrinth?

chinaman: Please, add "Daytime".

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Sure, sure. *He adds "Daytime" to 12.15 in the contract.*

chinaman: Hand me over all the keys tomorrow at 12.15. After that introduce me as ... let's say, as your third son to whom you handed over the castle because of his talents and unreachable skills ... - or do you prefer saying you -gambled it away?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Do not underestimate me, dear. I still have exactly 12 hours and 15 minutes left. Rudi Štajner from Prekmurje Dolomites is going to cook you something you will not be able to swallow in one hundred years ...

chinaman: What?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh, our internal, Western jokes ...

chinaman: *Pushes him out in an extremely bad mood.* Thanks for your visit, bye.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I can stay, I still have some time ... I feel I didn't represent my wellness labyrinth idea that well to you, I always forget that you are not one of us and that one has to use a different approach with you ...

*chinaman pushes him through the door and locks it.*

*Darkening.*

**3rd Scene: chinaman buys up all certificates and Tine grabs the cat by the throat**

*Čarna Marlene, Tine Kojč, Rudi Štajner*

*Castle stables. From outside we hear the sound of the boisterous chinking of the castle guests who swarm all over the place. – In the boxes, hidden from views: Čarna, 37-years old, very fat, at least 50 kilos too fat. She sits on the floor. Next to her there is a box, full of fans, two or three of them lie in front of her together with paintbrushes and paint. – In one hand Čarna holds a brush and in the other she holds the golden-wire phone on plastic cups. She works – all over the fan she paints Matjaž Pandur's happy face; she is in the middle of a conversation, repeating a gently melody after her co-speaker – her mother ...*

ČARNA MARLENE: ... I don't remember much. I remember you saying that I am going to understand it when I am your age, but honestly, I still don't understand. /.../ Yes, you heard right. With Chinaman. /.../ Not really. /.../ No, never in the extreme; maybe there was a moment when I felt that he was someone who could maybe, just for a bit, how to put it, love me without a reason ... Also, without the fact that I play the violin perfectly, no matter if I do anything smart out of my life or not ... That it is going to be enough only to be ... /.../ I dunno, I had this feeling; maybe I only wanted to have this feeling, who knows. /.../ Yes, very much. I would never think that a person could make such a huge mistake. /.../ Stop crying, mummy ... I am so happy to hear you. Back then, at Aus Anstand park in Berlin, Rudi promised me that I will get the chance to talk to you, and I really got it ... /.../ Don't you cry, I am a big girl now. It is going to be just fine ... /.../ Well, I don't know what to say ... Supposedly I was very beautiful at the age of seventeen. /.../ Also later, at the age of twenty-seven. /.../ No, I wouldn't say that I still am, so much ... I gained a little weight. /.../ Fifty plus fifty, too much. /.../ I dunno. It will sort itself out. Don't worry. I am so happy to hear your voice. /.../ No, mummy, don't you cry. I am going to be fine. – Would you please sing that song for me, again? /.../ *Mother sings, Čarna hums along with her...*  
*Tine Kojč comes around with empty paint canisters in his hands, whistling. He*

*doesn't notice Čarna, he walks past the box where Čarna talks to her mother, and breaks Čarna's connection.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Hello! Mother! Mummy ...?

*Tine Kojč comes back.*

TINE KOJČ: Pardon, were you calling me?

ČARNA MARLENE: Be more careful on how you walk around, damn, you interrupted my connection, do you have any clue how long I have been waiting to get this connection ...?! –Tine! Tine Kojč?! – Phew, what a surprise! Tine! I can't believe it ...

*Tine looks at her in disbelief and it looks like he doesn't recognize her.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, Tine, Tine!!! *She jumps into his arms. Tine doesn't know where to put his hands, and he doesn't feel at all comfortable being attacked by a mass of leaf fat.*

TINE KOJČ: Miss?! I think you mistook me for someone else? I am just a handyman here ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, stop joking ... I am so happy to see you! How many, ten years? Did Rudi not tell you that we are at the castle? Well, my husband is around here for a while longer, but of course, he doesn't come to the stables, so you guys couldn't meet ...

*Tine has no clue with whom he is talking.*

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, unbelievable ... Rudi was talking all about you having a practice in Ljubljana ... That you are therapizing dogs of Ljubljana's fatties. – *She suddenly gets aware of her figure.* Tine, really – don't you recognize me? – Čarna. Čarna Marlene.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna?!

ČARNA MARLENE: Yes, it is me, don't you recognize me anymore? Have I changed that much?

TINE KOJČ: Christ, Čarna?!

ČARNA MARLENE: *Feels extremely uncomfortable, because she knows why Tine Kojč didn't recognize her.* Yeah, I got a bit older. – There is nothing you can do, years fly by ...

TINE KOJČ: You look like a barrel!

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine ...

TINE KOJČ: Fuck, you got fat ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine ... I am happy to see you again!

TINE KOJČ: You are so fat!

ČARNA MARLENE: How are you doing?

TINE KOJČ: For fuck's sake, you are so fat!

ČARNA MARLENE: Well, I only wanted to say a quick hi. I was talking with my mother before; Rudi kept his promise and finally arranged the call. But it stopped when you entered the stable ...

TINE KOJČ: In my memory you look completely different.

ČARNA MARLENE: Go on, tell me ... How are you? How is your practice in Ljubljana coming along? I really want to know. Are you happy, satisfied?

TINE KOJČ: I don't complain ... It is going. – How come you neglected yourself like that?

ČARNA MARLENE: Are there any patients?

TINE KOJČ: You can always find patients. – You look like a pig.

*Rudi Štajner enters the stables. He is in a very, very good mood.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Children! Both here! Have you already found each other?

ČARNA MARLENE: Yeah, we are already having a little chat. It is really pleasant ...

TINE KOJČ: *To Rudi.* Did you know she got this fat?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I have wonderful news!

*Čarna angrily runs away. Tine grabs her for her upper arm, Čarna screams from pain as if someone would hit her hardly.*

TINE KOJČ: Oops. I only touched you ... Is fat this sensitive?

*Čarna slaps him and runs out of stables.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You two are really funny! After ten years the same old song. They still want to fight. Do you think you are still four years old?

TINE KOJČ: Why did she have to jump like that when I touched her upper arm?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, they signed!

TINE KOJČ: Who?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Everyone on the list. I have 12.000 signatures, I distributed the certificates; everyone was ready to invest one vinar into the castle. I gathered enough money to pay the loan to chinaman. He was all yellow with anger. I will put the labyrinths of sense into realisation ... I am such a genius!

TINE KOJČ: Did you put them on drugs or what?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: A little bit ... I gave them a tiny dose of ambrosia. – Go listen to

my speech. You have to hear this. You have to hear what convinced them.

TINE KOJČ: Oh no ... As far as I know, everyone sinks into a coma with your short speeches ...

*A sudden sound of an explosion. Čarna comes back running, tear-stained.*

ČARNA MARLENE: My husband bought up all the certificates! And he threw up the lab up in the air!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?!

ČARNA MARLENE: He offered a vinar more than you did. They sold it after ambrosia had let go. His only words were: “Are you stupid or what, you do know that the wellness of sense in it’s point demolishes a business and commercial concept ...” So they immediately, as if they would start to see, sold their certificates. For a vinar more!

TINE KOJČ: *To Čarna.* You, little leaf fat, had to spill the beans, right?

ČARNA MARLENE: What?

TINE KOJČ: How could chinaman know about the ambrosia effects?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Calms down both of them.* I might have mentioned it...

TINE KOJČ: She blabbed it all. In my career I haven’t seen a woman that would feel such an urge blabbing out to her husband just everything, no matter what an idiot he is ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Why don’t you guys lay down in the corner for a bit and release this tension? Before I get stroked by those 520 volts of yours.

TINE KOJČ: You want me to lay down with this fatty? I am not at work!

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, how could you become such a cynic?

TINE KOJČ: Life makes miracles, my dear fatty ...

ČARNA MARLENE: What have I done to you?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, as I see it, chinaman will manage the last big throw – to finally put us against each other. – If you don’t want to lie down together, which would be pretty useful, you can maybe shoot each other instead? *He takes a gun out of his left pocket and a second gun out of his right pocket.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Grabs both of the guns and puts one in her left pocket and the other one in her right pocket.* Please, stop it, I can’t guarantee not giving in to the temptation!

TINE KOJČ: Look at her, greedy person! She grabbed both pistols! She always takes seconds...! – Wouldn’t you want to share a bit with me...?

ČARNA MARLENE: Just keep on shaking your dirty gob and you will soon get two shots straight into your head.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I would like to say something. –May I?

*Čarna Marlene and Tine Kojč sulk, offended.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well, I am pleased that I finally have a word, I was afraid that I would have to take it by force, and I don't like that because I abide by dialog.

TINE KOJČ: *To Čarna.* He is beating you, right?

ČARNA MARLENE: That is none of your fucking business?!

TINE KOJČ: I knew it. He hits her like an animal.

ČARNA MARLENE: No one is being trashed; just stop it ...

TINE KOJČ: Do you dare to roll your sleeve up to the shoulder?

ČARNA MARLENE: Do not touch me ...

TINE KOJČ: *Interrupts her. He grimaces.* “Do not touch me, because I am all black and blue”.

*Čarna hits him. Tine is finally speechless for a moment.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I am going to say something now.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I'm gonna kill him! I swear, I'm gonna kill him ... *He leaves to kill the chinaman.*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Goes all desperately after him.* Tine, please, don't!

TINE KOJČ: I was about to do it back then, ten years ago, but I was too naïve. I thought that things would sort themselves out... And they did, but you see how. My girlfriend produced 50 kilos of weight surplus; and her husband has been trashing her every day, so hard that I can't even touch her anymore.

ČARNA MARLENE: I have never been your girlfriend.

TINE KOJČ: I hope you finally regret it.

ČARNA MARLENE: Sorry, Tine, but you have never asked me if I wanted to be your girlfriend.

TINE KOJČ: Swell, do you really need it black and white? Would I have to draw it for you?

ČARNA MARLENE: No. Saying it would be enough. It would be enough if you would say it out loud.

TINE KOJČ: I don't get it. – Give me a gun.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I only want to say that ...

TINE KOJČ: Save it for later when I come back. Then I will truly need someone to

say something ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: So that we are clear: ambrosia is not a problem.

TINE KOJČ: That can't be true! He is still with ambrosia ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: With the help of my magic cube, I managed to foresee some strange signs that showed something like this could happen, so I conserved a bit of it.

TINE KOJČ: You foresaw that chinaman is going to blow up your lab?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: A bit yes ... I peaked into my little cube and ... well, it is not one hundred reliable, but in this case it proved itself. – Why do you think you were painting the racetrack the whole week?

TINE KOJČ: Don't say it, man ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Physics. It is pure physics.

ČARNA MARLENE: If only you two would stop speaking in codes?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I mixed concentrated ambrosia in the paint. Tine was painting the hippodrome with - a special extract. Asses of 12.000 people will warm up the mixture and ambrosia will ascend in the air. – We will need ventilators so that it doesn't fall down to ground too fast ...

ČARNA MARLENE: As a wedding present my husband gave me 12.000 fans. – Later on I found out they were some rejects he couldn't sell... We can use them for our agenda.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, your husband is a genius.

ČARNA MARLENE: In those ten years I managed to paint them all with a smiling face of Matjaž Pandur.

TINE KOJČ: You are a total wacko.

ČARNA MARLENE: I didn't have anything smarter to do, and as you can see, in seven years everything comes in useful ... 1200 per year. Each day - Friday or May Day - from three up to four.

TINE KOJČ: A bit more, and I will say that I love you ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Yes, but what use will we have with ambrosia in the air if I can't ... perform?

*Awkward silence.*

TINE KOJČ: So, go and perform, right?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The point of ambrosia is that ... it just doesn't go into waste ...

TINE KOJČ: ... in the air instead.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: We make people high for the last time; then it is time for me to go

to Podbrdo. Čarna goes into the cellar and Tine stays just like that; a good caretaker is always needed.

TINE KOJČ: What is the C scenario?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Kids, there is no C scenario. Scenario A failed, scenario B as well and there is no C scenario. We tried, we failed and now we are leaving as moral winners.

TINE KOJČ: Stop shitting my pants, Rudi.

ČARNA: Sorry – what cellar?

TINE KOJČ: Haven't you told her?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Her husband should tell her that!

TINE KOJČ: Don't you and your husband speak to each other?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: He told me that he told her ...

ČARNA MARLENE: He went telling you this ... Christ!

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I am ready to perform with you.

ČARNA MARLENE: No way!

TINE KOJČ: I really am ready to perform with you.

ČARNA MARLENE: Tine, you are such a dickhead.

TINE KOJČ: I believe I truly am, yes.

ČARNA MARLENE: If you would only say ... I dunno, just something ... I would run to the stage for a third, fourth, fifth and ... a thousand try, no matter if my husband locks me into the cellar each time ...

TINE KOJČ: “ ... I dunno, just something ...”

ČARNA MARLENE: Dickhead.

TINE KOJČ: I agree, where do I sign for this?

ČARNA MARLENE: Are you with me or what?!?! How come you have such an inflated ego? How is it even possible to live with such an ego?! You don't care for any higher goals – all you do and talk about is nothing but bluff!!! If you cared about anything other than your cocky image, you would say those three words, the ones you exactly know would give me wings ...

TINE KOJČ: Red Bull. Oh, no. That is just two words ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Keep fooling around.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, what do you want me to say?! Which are the unspoken words? Write them down and I will read them out loud for you, let's be done with it until kingdom comes.



RUDI ŠTAJNER: Amen.

ČARNA MARLENE: This is ridiculous. Ridiculous. You screwed it up already.

TINE KOJČ: You are really hard to please ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Do you idiots understand what I am saying?! I don't care if he sends me down to the cellar! Yes, of course I know what is going on in the cellar; I am not dumb! – Everyone is expecting something from me since I was born! Since I was born! First my mother, then Rudi, then you, then chinaman, then you again, and Rudi again, and again you, and my mother in between, and at the end you again ... I cannot do it anymore! I am under such pressure constantly... ! I feel like a pressure cooker! All the time I have to fulfil expectations of this and that, and you, Tine, and ... Once there was someone who saw in some coffee grounds that it is me who will save the world, and now I have to act as some sort of superman! – But I cannot do that! I need ... I want someone who would love me just because I am. For no special reason, just like that, even when I screw things up, but not to not screw it up next time, but also if I never ever do anything right again!

TINE KOJČ: But this is what everyone wants. Only, slim and young girls do have some advantage here ... What is the problem here? – I can perform with you. *To Rudi*. I just don't want Čarna to go to downstairs, to the cellar.

ČARNA MARLENE: ?

TINE KOJČ: And ... I find it sexy if things get finished even though it is not “worthwhile” anymore. Just for the sake of the sense. – Aus Anstand.

ČARNA MARLENE: Aus Anstand?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Aus Anstand?

TINE KOJČ: Aus Anstand.

ČARNA MARLENE: Aus Anstand.

### **When the epilogue goes its way**

*Rudi Štajner, fish Faronika, Bratty Scythe Bearer*

*River Mura, next to it an old mill that is being overgrown by the wild blossoming ambrosia. Rudi Štajner sits on a small pier; he is very happy, he happily sings “Po*

*jezeru bistra glava čolnič plava sem ter tja ...*<sup>6</sup> *Banana Republic graves behind his back. The cat Vanessamae is near by, on a quay, playing with a rope that once probably belonged to some sort of a boat. – Rudi Štajner holds in his lap a red box made out of thin, sheet metal with happy faces of sweet chubby, smiling kids. Rudi Štajner is taking accessories from the box that once Jahve gave to him to use as good advantage while fulfilling his mission ...*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What is given is buried in the golden river the one that wants to dig should stink...!

*And he throws the watch with GPS into the river.*

*He pokes around the box and takes out the picture of Matjaž Pandur, he thinks for a moment, hums something, changes his mind, puts it into his pocket and sings again. He falls silent for a moment, looks back; he observes the mare, cat, and tinkers whether or not he should throw them into the river.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tomcat ... do you want to swim?

*He decides to let it be. He throws the thin sheet-metal box into Mura, waves at it, looks at it, and stamps with his feet on the water surface. – Sunset, it is a wonderful evening. – Fish Faronika<sup>7</sup> jumps from the water into his lap.*

FISH FARONIKA: Dinner!

*Rudi stands up; he puts the fish on the edge of the pier and sets off for picking up brushwood.*

FISH FARONIKA: *With smug voice, when Rudi is far enough away so that he cannot hear it. He also has to believe everything he hears. She falls back into Mura and swims away.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Comes back with brushwood, sets a small fire and reaches for the fish. – Bitter. Idiot! Suddenly he sees a boat with a girl who rows madly against the flow. Instead of a sail in the middle of the boat there is a scythe.*

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Ahoj ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Just looks at her.*

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<sup>6</sup> Slovenian national song, free translation from Slo. to Eng. »On the lake, there's a bright head, a cockle floats, it floats here and there ...«

<sup>7</sup> Fish Faronika – according to Slovenian mythology there was a girl named Veronika, who was half-human and half-snake. She turned into a monster out of greediness after declining mercy to a beggar. Fish Faronika lives deep in the sea, and it can cause catastrophes by moving. Fish Faronika was also a popular song, sang in the region of Tolmin.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Ahoj!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Just looks at her.*

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Are you numb?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Ahoj.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Are you maybe Rudi Štajner?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: I have his things. *She waves with the watch and the sheet-metal box.* As it looks they fell into the water ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You don't say.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Have you seen him? I have to find him (Eng.) alive, in order to become dead. – *She finds her remark extremely funny.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yesterday he was swimming downwards; by now he must be somewhere really far ... If You want to catch him, You should hurry up ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Can I stop by you for a bit?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: *She is already parking.* And why not? Two is better than one, haven't you heard of that?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't like clutter.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Duality is not clutter. Supposedly you have duality around these parts. I am here for the first time. Well, it is pretty nice ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Look, miss ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Brat. Bratty Scythe Bearer. Nice to meet you. – I am a bit wet, rowing against the flow is not to be sneezed at ... - You may call me by my first name. I do other stuff, too, but now... Well, a long story. My soles totally hurt. *She takes off her red high heels.* Could you please give me a little foot massage ... They told me to put on mountain boots but ... I need them to break in, I don't want them to pinch me totes at the bankruptcy. – Can you imagine me changing into mountain boots at the bankruptcy of Matjaž Pandur because of blood blisters? - God, god ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: If You allow me to finish the sentence ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: ... why so tight up? Come on; let's call each other on first name basis ... What were you trying to say?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't like company.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: There you go that makes us two. I will be brief. Just

sign the acceptance form.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *He looks from distance.* That is addressed to Rudi Štajner.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Don't fuck with me, you old geezer; I am not in a good mood ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Where are Your manners, miss ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Make it snappy ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Rudi Štajner was swimming towards Danube yesterday, and if You ask me, by today he has probably already reached Belgrade. It could be that he drowned – considering that You found his watch with GPS.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: How do you know this watch has a GPS?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: All samples like that have GPS.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: If you swim to Belgrade, you don't take down a watch with a GPS.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Which means that he drowned. Poor man ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: If he didn't get eaten by fish Faronika. – C'mon, c'mon, let's stop postponing it.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?!

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: There you go, discharge papers, sign the acceptance form, let's look at the list to check all the things you will give back to us, and I will leave...! – What are you looking at? – You have heard of an inventory survey right?! – Hello? Strictly following the book of rules, all the paragraphs, otherwise you get commission from Berlin behind your neck and goodbye lunch! – I was already waiting for the ferry for three days. I had to take the row into my arms, there was no other! Can you imagine, the ferryman put a note on the row “Be right back”, and then he disappears for three days...! No wonder that we are where we are now.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: There was one event nearby ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Štajner, Jahve is counting my seconds, and his stopwatch is fast... It has been a pretty long while since a red status “Mission accomplished” is shining close to the Rudi Štajner's file on his screen.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Miss, You mistook me for someone, I am not... But he said I should say hi to all who would ask after him ...

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Here is the cat, there is the mare, and a picture of Matjaž Pandur in your pocket.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Okay, fine.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Should I sign you?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: As for me, I did my job. And now I am planning – in the wake of my girl friends from Berlin – to choose where to enjoy my well-deserved retirement. And I wouldn't even think of signing something.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Look at the old geezer ... I brought you the releasing papers, all you have to do is to sign the acceptance form and you are free; you can go back up, it has been enough, plugging away on this Earth.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I am not going anywhere.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: *Is not getting it.* No one told me you are sick.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I am not. I am finally healthy.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: I have not met a single man before who would not want to go back up? Every one said: »Thank god, I am finally done!«

RUDI ŠTAJNER: And you call me sick?

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Oh, are we finally on the first name basis. – Let's, let's take care of the formalities.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Why didn't Jahve come down here on his own?

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: We got a new book of rules, haven't read it yet though, they are totally too long, but supposedly he is not allowed to walk around just like that because of a some sort of a paragraph 287. He needs to get an approval each time he wants to go out from that Berlin priestesses association, totally hefty lobby, and as I hear he doesn't feel like getting into fights with them ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Such a shame. I am not going up then.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: You have to, you have to ... I have an authorization ...  
*He looks for the card in her pockets.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Having said that - I would need at least one confession before.

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: I don't have a certificate for that.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What about extreme unction?

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: Neither do I have a certificate for that. They only gave me authorization to deliver releasing papers and the lists. There you go, I just got you all checked off ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: How – you checked me off, but I haven't returned you anything?

BRATTY SCYTHE BEARER: The watch with GPS, a box without a creme cake...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: When Jahve made me do penance he promised me that without creme cake I will never find my way back up.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Supposedly that was a »Rudi joke«. They were totally making fun out of you in heaven.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I can't give you back Matjaž Pandur. In two weeks he has his final premiere. We can't do that to him.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Yes, we agree on that.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Which means the list isn't perfect. There, you can go. Tell Jahve that I am coming after Pandur's premiere.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Štajner, no one cares about the list. The only thing that matters is that you sign it.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Look sweetie ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Bratty Scythe Bearer ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Look ... *finds it hard to roll of Bratty Scythe Bearer off his tongue ...*

I am not used to signing something that isn't true ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Oh my, oh my, do you think you are on telly? Stop with the speech ... You gave back Rudik's cube in several copies, right? I have to tell you that upstairs they are constantly competing who will be first to solve Rubik's cube... They are as dumb as a forehead, they don't understand that all the planes are blue ... Look, sign the acceptance form, you can throw the discharge papers into Mura if you want, as long as I did my part.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Is signing the acceptance form. He takes the discharge papers, crumples them up and throws them into the river. Fish Faronika jumps out of the water, winks at Rudi Štajner and again disappears below sea level.*

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Fuck!!! You really ditched them into the river!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I told you so.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Fuck!!! Fuck, man ... All up till now I thought you were just acting. Damn, that is just like me throwing my scynhte into the water ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Do it then, right?

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: I am not allowed to, upstairs they are constantly nagging ... There is always something. If I sew too many napkins for Matjaž Pandur's bankruptcy – poof, punishment, a community service, like going down here to get some poor guy ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Are you sewing napkins?

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Actually, I embroider ... Old fashioned, isn't it? But I enjoy it, you know ... I embroider the M. P. initials on eko napkins made out of

heavenly silk – serviettes actually – for wiping up mouths at the bankruptcy. It is great to embroider, you know, the monotony of the movement sets my mind at rest; the best part of it is that you don't have to think while you are doing it. The only thing you have to bother with is the next move you will make, nothing else ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Bankruptcy of Matjaž Pandur?

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: What? Yeah. – The feast after premiere.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Aha. Banquet.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Well, yeah ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yes, sort of ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Do you hear that?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Shush.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Mura is whispering ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: No, no ... it is coming from the mill ... Is anyone home?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, since old miller died no one lives there anymore ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: But who is playing so wonderfully?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is just wind, kiddo with a scythe ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: No, it is a violin. Listen ... Someone is home ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Miller had three sons, but they couldn't make an agreement ... Then an Englishman wanted to buy the mill, but because they couldn't make an agreement ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Shush ... Someone is playing the violin. *She throws the scythe into Mura and speelbound walks to the mill. – In a little while. Štajner, come here ...*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What is it?

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Come here.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What is it?

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: I found plenty of sacks of wheat.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah? That is strange ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Come, we are going to mill ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Kiddo with a scythe, I only want to ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: And then we can bake bread ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Kiddo ... for three years I have been waiting to be a little bit ...

useless.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: What are you saying?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: For a little while I simply want to be ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: It will smell pleasantly, so pleasantly from our mill that when a traveller passes by, he will stop and ask for bread, and we will give it to him all warm and fragrant...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... uncommitted. I want to try out how it feels to be completely ... uncommitted.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: Can you please come help me?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I was so sure that no one would ever find me in this godforsaken land of Prekmurje; since I said to everyone that I am going to Podbrdo under the Črna prst!

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: I can't find the lights. Štajner, I need you!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... and that I will finally just ... enjoy myself. Without any result reportage ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: The sacks are terribly heavy, come please. Štajner?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ... in a word, to live a carefree life until my old age, until still going strong. A life worth living.

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: How wonderfully someone is playing. How wonderfully, how wonderfully ... *Bratty Scythe Bearer sings.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I am not saying ... it is not good to be on your own ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: We will reap all the ambrosia.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Perhaps it is true that it is not good to be on your own ...

BRATTY SCYTHER BEARER: ... we will weave such a wonderful silk from it that even angels in heaven will envy us ...

### **Return to Act Two 3rd Scene: chinaman buys up all certificates**

*Čarna Marlene, Tine Kojč, Rudi Štajner*

TINE KOJČ: Rudi? – Rudi? *Snaps his fingers in front of Rudi's eyes.* Rudi! Rudi! Rudi!!!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Awakes.* What?

TINE KOJČ: Could you please be a little bit more useful?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Awakes.* What? – I told you! We should kill the cat.



ČARNA MARLENE: *Shrieks.* No!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Don't you get it? I had a vision here!

TINE KOJČ: Stop it, Rudi, it is no way Čarna will perform without the cat. Same shit as ten years ago.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is going to be shit anyways. Back then shit happened because you were running after the cat around Chinese restaurants instead of going to Čarna's concert. And, when you caught it you tied it up into a sack and then threw it into Mura.

TINE KOJČ: There was no Mura in the middle of Berlin ... Rudi, Čarna is not going to perform without the cat ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Before I had the strongest vision ever. – I saw that there was no way we could allow the race to happen. The race was nerve gas and there was no ambrosia to neutralize it. Even still, Čarna managed to give a performance, by some sort of a miracle ...

ČARNA MARLENE: Thank you, thank you, thank you for trusting me and having deep faith in me, my dear uncle ... And do leave in peace my pussy.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Make sure you wring its neck seven times!

*Vanessamae comes by and scratches against Čarna's leg seven times. Tine grabs her and wrings her neck: he counts and counts and counts, and as hard as he tries, he only gets to six.*

*Darkening.*

#### **4th scene: Čarna Marlene sings**

*chinaman, Rudi Štajner, Tine Kojč, Čarna Marlene*

*The sound landscape of the huge hippodrome in front of castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites shakes from confidential conversations, refreshments of contact details, flirting, important informal deal making and from jokes cracked by the carefully chosen guests – a crowd of twelve thousand presidents, chancellors, ministers, generals, mayors and female tennis players, sopranos and football players, businessmen and under-age prostitutes, merchants and oil tycoons, water source monopolists, mediators, representatives, lobbyists, mafia godfathers and their widows, traffic network owners, female tennis players, sopranos, Russian ballet*

*dancers and all other decision makers from different areas, big fish and small, gathered together to see the most prestigious European horse race. Bets are being placed, old connections refreshed, new connections and friendships established. Seemingly, the world's destiny bends by shallow socialising. Rudi Štajner's and the chinaman's replies pierce through the sound landscape with great difficulty. Čarna is at the hippodrome; to hide the spare tyre she gained in the last ten years, she wears an extremely unattractive black, jogging suit, made out of heavy-cotton; she prepares herself for the performance and, while having her back to the audience, as it looks, impetuously plays over and over a song that no one in this beehive can hear. Tine Kojč is in front of the stage preparing the few remaining horses. In front of the stands, Rudi Štajner and chinaman count the undivided fans with the grinning Matjaž Pandur. They check if they let any eminent guests go without the little present the young host chinaman, whose name no one, not even his own wife can remember, is representing himself with at Rudi Štajner's suggestion. On the green in the middle of the hippodrome, the dressmaker's offspring from the cellar is performing acrobatics on the backs of the horses; sweet majorettes passionately spin their sticks; and a group of Tito's youth in skin-tight red t-shirts and g-strings now form a five-pointed star, then a hammer and finally a sickle.*

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, if you help me to carry out this take-over, I am ready to forget all of our misunderstandings ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: I don't remember any. You know that I am old and have a memory of a goldfish. It is a beautiful day. But it will get hot ... The fans were a brilliant idea! Good job! The guests will be happy for each breeze. Their first impression of you, the basis for your relationship, will be that you are a generous and sensible host, who knows the answer before the question...

chinaman's VOICE: How do I look?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Why are you wearing a white bow tie?

chinaman's VOICE: Well – what do you mean?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Why are you so upset?

chinaman's VOICE: Everyone is wearing a white bow tie, including you!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh yes, sorry. New master, new customs ... Well it is not like I would like to involve...

chinaman's VOICE: *In a panic that he is doing something wrong. What?!*

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Look, I really don't want to interfere...

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, for god's sake, say it, don't you see that I have no clue what you are talking about ...!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You said that like you were one of us. – A host always wears a black bow tie. So that we know who is in charge – to d-i-s-t-i-n-g-u-i-s-h you from the others. I always wore a black bow tie ... But it is possible that you are much more modest ... Or that you are just changing the protocol ... But I really don't want to have anything to do with it, I want to distance myself; it is you who is the boss now and you have all the right to do it your way, anew, from scratch...

chinaman's VOICE: Fuck ...! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: This is one of our wonderful home catchwords as well, yes ... – The black bow tie was nice and worked well for me, partly because of the newbies ... So they could quickly recognize the host, you know, so that there weren't any unnecessary mistakes or embarrassments ... Here is the catch - people do remember. When they first met you, how they felt, and they return that back at you twice over! It wouldn't be good to risk collaboration because of bad memory frustrations ...

chinaman's VOICE: I have a whole dozen of white ones, but not a single black one ... goddammit!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: In the drawer of my desk I have around ten white ones. – Of course, if you haven't burned them yet, I would love to lend them to you. I won't need them anymore.

chinaman's VOICE: Thanks, Rudi, I will never forget this. I'll be right back ... *He runs for the black bow tie.*

*Rudi Štajner calls Tine Kojč over his golden-wire phone of plastic cups.*

TINE KOJČ: Yo!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: How's it going?

TINE KOJČ: Smooth as razor-sharp.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Did the chinese teach you our proverbs?

TINE KOJČ: Our – Austro-Hungarian? There is no chinaman who could learn that ... – Flying doesn't make you a pilot.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: We are almost done here, around three and a half fans remained, we are going to check out if there is anyone left without. Although ... the

concentration is going to be high enough anyway, give or take a fan. The air is already flickering, which means it is rising up pretty well. I almost see parts of it with my naked eye.

TINE KOJČ: Does he suspect anything?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: He has no time; he is fully occupied with himself and with his performance. How he is going to look, if they will accept him and stuff like that ... Basically, he is unique. He distributed most of the fans to the people himself, because he wanted to shake hands with each one of them. I told him that it is almost a must if he wants to make a good impression as the new owner and host...

TINE KOJČ: Just so that you don't have to do it, right? – And where is he now?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: I pulled a fast one on him and told him the host needs to wear a black bow tie.

TINE KOJČ: Uh man, you got him badly, badly, very badly. You are making good fun out of him.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: It is one to zero for my lab.

*chinaman comes back.*

chinaman's VOICE: *He fumes with rage.* Tine Kojč told me to put on a white one...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: *Laughs.* Tine Kojč has always been a big joker.

chinaman's VOICE: When the race is over I will ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You shouldn't be so resentful. – He probably just hasn't gotten used to you being in charge here. He is not the only one...

chinaman's VOICE: *Snarls.* What do you mean by that?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Relax. You are too convulsive. Don't be so tensed, people don't like that...

chinaman's VOICE: To whom are you talking to?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: To Tine. Do you want him?

chinaman's VOICE: No. – Are the horses ship-shape?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Tine, are the horses ship-shape?

TINE KOJČ: I will once again screw the screws to their hooves. The rest is NP.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: He is once more going to screw the screws to the hooves. The rest is NP.

chinaman's VOICE: Yeah, I understood. I am not an idiot.

TINE KOJČ: Good that he says so.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Good that you say so.

chinaman's VOICE: Go, throw away this stupid phone! For all the technology that you, as a privileged person, have at your disposal, you talk on plastic cups.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: There will come a time when we will call it recycling.

chinaman's VOICE: What do I look like?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Spick and span ... – That black bow tie looks just great ... – Go, welcome Tiger Woods. By the way – he is without a fan.

chinaman's VOICE: Who?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Marco polo, have you been living in the jungle up until now?

chinaman's VOICE: Well one thing is for sure, I would never have thought that on Earth you had twelve thousand influential people to invite over once per year...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You never know when it can come in useful, apart from that, this is just the short list.

chinaman's VOICE: Who is that woman there?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Ruby. – Wild babe. Berlusconi almost had a heart attack because of her.

chinaman's VOICE: She requested two fans.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Voracious bitch. – Who is over there hitting Bill Gates? Maria Sharapova? Ah, what a crochet! – It is good that the guy is indestructible. Give him three fans. One for Jobs.

chinaman's VOICE: Jobs is dead.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Are you sure? – That is such a shame. What did he die of? *He lets it nostalgically slip.* If he would be the one marching up front we wouldn't need ambrosia nor Čarna on the violin...

chinaman's VOICE: Stop mentioning this fucking ambrosia, you are making me nervous!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You want to be nervous after blowing up my lab...! – Have you already met the governor?

chinaman's VOICE: Yeah, you have already asked me that ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Did you shake hands?

chinaman's VOICE: Do I look like I have no manners ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Go and see him again...

chinaman's VOICE: What for? He will think me some sort of messenger...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: His daughter and wife are without fans.

chinaman's VOICE: Please, you do it. Don't forget to mention that I am the owner of castle Aus Anstand and that if he needs anything ... He should turn to me, especially because of business. – Rudi, what if you stay here with me as a caretaker?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: No, right after the race ends I am going to Podbrdo.

chinaman's VOICE: Such a pity. But I am going to need a caretaker. I can't do it all on my own ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Ask Kojč to stay. – See, the New Yorkers have come?

chinaman's VOICE: Tine? – Where?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: There, there...

chinaman's VOICE: Aha. To whom are they talking?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You are such a marco polo. Don't you know the locals? Akrapovič and Boskarol and there's Florjančič<sup>8</sup> ... You should go there whilst we still have fans left ...

chinaman's VOICE: Tuš!<sup>9</sup>

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Yeah, and Carlos Slim.

chinaman's VOICE: Who?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh my.

chinaman's VOICE: It is twelve thousand of them, Rudi!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh, look at her – beauty ... She looks much younger since she became a widow ... She looks like a juicy, green little apple ... I will go and say hi.

chinaman's VOICE: I will do it. – Are you sure everyone knows me? – They look dull.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: No one pays them to look smart. It is enough that they ... rule the world. – J. K. Rowling and Dumbledore. If you don't mind I would like to greet him?

chinaman's VOICE: I will deliver your greetings together with the fans ... Where is the cat, goddammit?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Don't worry; don't worry ...

chinaman's VOICE: You know very well that Banana Republic doesn't start without Vanessamae.

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<sup>8</sup> Very successful Slovenian businessmen and inventors.

<sup>9</sup> One of the richest Slovenians, owner of the »trade empire« Tuš.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: She is always with her family until the last minute. I met her before at the stables.

chinaman's VOICE: Is Tine one hundred per cent reliable?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Like a day. You can rely on him already because of your wife Čarna...

chinaman's VOICE: He is a little bit in love with her, right? – Spiritotherapist! When I heard that for the first time, I thought I would laugh my fucking ass off! – I am done with him after the race. I have had enough of him ... I will find another caretaker, ask my acquaintances ... –What if Čarna disgraces me today? –Are you sure it is all going to work?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Like a rock to stone.

chinaman's VOICE: What?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh you know - local proverbs...

chinaman's VOICE: Your bankruptness is so unpleasant to me!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: No. No no ... Oh my. You can't speak like that. It is like quoting a novel...

chinaman's VOICE: I was quoting a novel. – Do you even know my name?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Every person has a name...

chinaman's VOICE: Say it if you know it ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You are not Peter Klepec <sup>10</sup>nor King Matjaž<sup>11</sup>. – Marco polo.

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, I don't want to repeat myself. I am saying this for one last time: if today, in front of a crowd of twelve thousand new friends of mine, Čarna manages to ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: The Chancellor is without a fan. As well as the premiere. And the president. – This isn't good. When I was a host ... But how, precisely, could you forget about people of that calibre?! – I see plenty of big calibre without a fan! I know this is your first time, but you can't be so sloppy! Come on, go, go, birdie...

chinaman's VOICE: OK, OK ... – I am all gone!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Come on, let's go, let's go...!

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<sup>10</sup> According to a Slovenian legend he was a poor, weak shepherd who got extra powers from a mountain fairy.

<sup>11</sup> King Matjaž is a legendary Slovenian king who was defending his people; he was mentioned in many poems and folk stories.

chinaman's VOICE: If Čarna lets me down today then ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Foreign minister has it, chancellor hasn't. Oh, goddamn, do you know what kind of fire you are playing with?

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, if Čarna fails today, I am going to cut out all four of your kidneys and put them on ice.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Ruby is crying, oh, such a crap...

chinaman's VOICE: I am going to send Čarna to the cellar to sew covers for Japanese cars ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: What a bugger; foreign minister and chancellor are fighting for the fan...

chinaman's VOICE: OK, I am running ...

*chinaman runs to the chancellor where he welcomes him in Chinese and pushes the fan into his hands. Rudi calls Tine Kojč over his golden-wire phone of plastic cups.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: What is the air concentration of the ambrosia?

TINE KOJČ:  $U_w = 1,6 \text{ W} / \text{m}^2 \text{ K}$  and it is still increasing. – Marco polo still isn't suspecting anything? I think I can feel it already...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: When Bill Gates sings hallelujah into his ear, it will all become clear.

TINE KOJČ: The horses are cooling down; they will turn off just anytime. We have to take care not to lose time unnecessarily...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: And Čarna?

TINE KOJČ: I am just about to see her.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Do you think today she will ...?

TINE KOJČ: *Longer pause.* We will see, right?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Said the blind. – I have to stop, he is coming back ... He is all frothy around his mouth...

TINE KOJČ: Okay, (Eng) Let's rock 'n' roll...

*chinaman comes back to Rudi.*

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, horses are off ... Whom were you talking to?

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Tine let me know not to worry about the horses; it is all going to be okay. Only one fuse at the knee joint burned out, but basically all the rest is ready...

*The sound of the twelve thousand people crowd becomes almost lyrical.*

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, something is wrong.



RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: What could be wrong? Did you see Schumacher on roller skaters; he truly cannot do without wheels? If you ask me there are more under his feet than off his trolley ...

chinaman's VOICE: There is something in the air.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Yeah, that is right. – Happiness, relaxation, expectations before the start of the race ... And curiosity about what the »new guy« will say.

chinaman's VOICE: I have a totally bad feeling ... Something is pricking me in my belly button.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You are just nervous. – (Eng) Take it easy, relax ... – Everything will be alright ... Look, Beckham and Ronaldo ... You did load them with fans ...

chinaman's VOICE: Bill Gates sang hallelujah on my ear before.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh! How?

chinaman's VOICE: *Tries to imitate Bill Gates.* Hallelujah, hallelujah...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Bill Gates always prays before the start of a race.

chinaman's VOICE: But Steve Jobs and Mark Zuckerberg sang in third over him. – Like this: *He tries to sing hallelujah in double third.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Isn't Steve dead? You said before that he is dead...

chinaman's VOICE: Exactly! It is all mixed up ... Rudi, I know, you have your finger in the pie...!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Calma, calma. My GPS watch is showing that we are in zero; the time, coordinates, without any delays. – I saw Lennon and Presley before, they grinned as if they were dead high ... I am telling you the famous are showing off even around their death.

*First mantras are coming out of the twelve thousand crowd's sounding; hallelujah shouts are getting more and more frequent – solos and in thirds; someone sings first tacts of a gospel; one can hear friendly shouts as »dear sister«, »dear brother« ...*

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, you cunt, you cheated on me! You bastard!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Did I? Well then, how?

chinaman's VOICE: I don't know ... but people are – look, the horror!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Isn't it just wonderful to see them like that? Finally a bit more normal...

chinaman's VOICE: You planted ambrosia on them, didn't you? But how?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: I wasn't on the tribunes for a second. I vegged here for the whole morning!

chinaman's VOICE: Fans! The fans were poisoned, dripped ... You put something into the fans!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh no, that is not true! I decisively disavow!

chinaman's VOICE: You are such a man bitch, Rudi! – We said no nirvana!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: You said that; I was always for a nirvana...

chinaman's VOICE: No nirvana, dammit! Look at them! Instead of betting they are holding hands!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: *All blessed.* Yeah, that is true ... How nice! Two to zero for my lab. Uh-uh, revenge is so sweet, sweet ... – Maybe it is all Matjaž Pandur's fault because he is smiling from the fans? A smile can be terribly contagious, just like yawning, lice or kindness...

chinaman's VOICE: I am such an idiot! How could I miss that out?! *He goes after Rudi.* I am going to break your neck, I am going to hunt you down like a dog ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: That is not wise. You know well that ambrosia doesn't last longer than five, ten minutes ... I was in stock and I thought what a pity would it be to throw it all away; and I wanted to test it in combination with paint ... Pretty please, how much harm can ten minutes of nirvana actually do?!

chinaman's VOICE: Čarna!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oops ... Just don't say that it was me who reminded you of...

*Chinaman throws away the last box of fans and runs towards the stage to prevent Čarna's performance, since he knows from her telling where the combination of people high on ambrosia and her violin could, according to the prophecy, get them.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Leave Čarna alone, she is not able to perform, you know that she is not able to perform in front of an audience...

chinaman's VOICE: *Who runs towards the stage.* You are right she is not going to perform. There is no way she is going to perform. I will take care of it so no miracle can accidentally happen!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: If you would have a heart you would at least let her try ...

chinaman's VOICE: *Sprinting.* That will be the day! – Tomorrow morning!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh yes. – I really don't want to interfere and I don't have an accredited license for the astral bodies ... *A pink astral ray shoots from Rudi's side*

*to chinaman and catches him into an astral bubble on minus one. Excuse me, but you will be out soon, it is just some sort of astral gelatine...*

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, you cunt, let me go!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Right now, only in a bit ... In ten minutes...

chinaman's VOICE: What is this slime, yuck?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: It is not slime, you dung; it is gelatine! It is an astral bubble on minus one. –In a thousand years when we are gone, top athletes will use astral gelatine for dry-land trainings. You should feel honoured to try it out first ... If you feel like running, run, or try to swim ... I will set up the timekeepers...

chinaman's VOICE: Rudi, when I get out again ... I will drop you like a dog – without a dentist, without a drugstore, without hospice and without palliative care ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Stop bothering, please...

chinaman's VOICE: I am going to cut your balls off and sell them on the market ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Stop being vulgar, my son, or I will send you to minus forty-seven. There is more to come, marco polo. – Tine had to strangle Vanessamae, there was no other. Poor kitty ... – You understand, just in case. – We couldn't risk the race cancelling out all the ambrosia's effects. You do understand?

*chinaman in the astral pink gelatine on minus one loudly gnashes his teeth.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: I would like to ask you to officially cancel the horse race as soon as you come out of this pink astral gelatine bubble. – So that no one buffoons. – As you know already, mare Banana Republic doesn't start without the cat. And if she is still going to stand there when all the horses reach the goal, everyone will laugh at you. At me as well, as if to say what a successor I appointed ...

chinaman's VOICE: Are you definitively going crazy? – The whole point of today's ceremony is the race!!!

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Well, it depends... Tine and I think that it is much more important to give Čarna another chance. It is not like we have big expectations, but you never know ... If she by chance makes it, all has to be ready for the La Siesta era. – I have problems of my own, and I have to do the penance my old man gave me, and I really feel no desire in wading around this world for the next hundred years ... I can't wait to kick all of you through the door into the damn paradigm of the tuber where Jahve wants to have you, and then I can finally go on my own! – Do you understand me? Do you actually get it?! – If it were up to me, you'd have no clue what kind of pleasure I would shoot you with into the most slimy astral minus forty-seven, you

idiot. And if you don't give me a second chance, if you open your dirty stinking gob just once more, I will do just so! I am getting screwed anyway so I really do not know why I should hold back! Everyone has to blow off steam once in a life! – You piece of shit! Her whole life she has been rehearsing that song and preparing for the performance, and you couldn't care less, except for your own growth and enlargement? You are such a pussy! – She is a good girl, she is your wife, but you know nothing about her, because you have never taken five seconds to listen to her desires? – To be honest, I don't like you at all, you know. I would love to make your life miserable. – Races, what races, you brute? I like watching horses, how they are run through the Hungarian fields. Let them race when they feel like it, not for our groshes and vinars! They are not coin banks, you cunt! – And my vision for it to be a festival of philosophical thought – I wanted philosophy to unfold alternatives in front of the decision-makers who rule this world; and then you go and buy all the certificates?!

TINE KOJČ: Rudi, shut up, let's go.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: *Gets confused.* What?

TINE KOJČ: Ambrosia is going to lessen before you finish this. And this astral pink gelatine. Stop bitching around because we don't have much time left.

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Oh. Well, then that is all. I expounded a bit too much. Pardon me. I just can't stop talking when I manage to convince some to listen to me. Pardon me. I am really sorry. But if you listened well ...

TINE KOJČ: Rudi ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER'S VOICE: Well fine. I am leaving. Take good care. If anyone ever needs me, he can find me by Mura. I will catch fish and sing Kreslin's songs. In the evenings I will make a small fire ... I will sleep in Podbrdo!

TINE KOJČ: Rudi!

*Rudi switches himself off. – The sky above the castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites gets blackened by dark, storm clouds; it flashes and it thunders; the air is supercharged to its maximum and every second it looks like it is going to start to rain...*

*Tine, whistling, passes by the chinaman in the astral gelatine; he puts down his overalls and puts on his rock clothes; he checks on both microphones and looks at Čarna, questionably. First of all Čarna shrugs her shoulders. She takes a long, deep*

*breath out and lets an even longer breath or two, three; she concentrates and nods to Tine with lips crabbed.*

*The spotlights draw a spot for Tine and one for Čarna; Tine and Čarna stand in front of their own microphone; the monitor turns on and a crowd of twelve thousand people look curiously their direction, still humbling their »flower power« mantras.*

*On the village bell tower the clock turns 12.15.*

*Details of their faces are on the monitor; Tine keeps looking at Čarna; Čarna's features are tight as strings that will soon tear down ...*

*Tine raises the violin up to his chin. He waits for Čarna to repeat after him.*

*Čarna just stands and stands, and then she doubtfully and slowly repeats the move; she raises the violin up to her chin.*

*Her face expression on the monitor looks as if she would expect for the guillotine to cut off her head any moment.*

*A crowd of twelve thousand people wait.*

*Tine leans his chin against the violin. Čarna repeats after him.*

*Tine raises the bow up to strings.*

*Čarna stands, stands, petrified.*

*Čarna tries to gulp down, mouth-watering, but can't really do it.*

*She turns her head into Tine's direction. Her look is full of desperation. To Tine everything is crystal clear, but he nods anyway to encourage her.*

*Čarna closes her eyes and tries to concentrate. Beads of sweat are on her forehead. chinaman, in his astral bubble, calls for a circular saw form another astral bubble.*

*Čarna's right hand still hangs close to her body.*

*The tense moment finally ends.*

*Čarna's eyes silently let out bitter tears. She lets the violin bow slip through her fingers. Čarna collapses, she desperately hides her face between her knees.*

*A crowd of twelve thousand people reluctantly undulate – Ambrosia is lessening.*

*Tine is very sad.*

*The crowd of twelve thousand people whistles. – Ambrosia finally eases off.*

*chinaman, ash yellow out of disgrace, saws his astral bubble with a circular saw. He runs towards the microphone and doesn't pay any attention to where he is walking; he tramps on Čarna roughly.*

**TINE KOJČ:** Watch out you idiot ...!

**ČARNA MARLENE:** Leave him alone, Tine, I don't deserve ...

chinaman: *Epileptically frothing at the mouth, he pretends into the microphone that everything is fine. Dear audience, dear friends, our dear guests, the raid will soon start! He corrects himself. I mean the race, the race! – His astral bubble is still open, he quickly grabs the black cat from the hell, but the cat doesn't care about him and jumps to Čarna; chinaman grabs it out of her lap, but the cat protests and tries to carve out his eyes. – For chinaman there is nothing left to do but wring her neck and throw it under Banana Republic's legs. – He shouts in panic. All is under control! – My wife took care of a short dramatic introduction, a beautiful overture, a parting one, you know, because she is now leaving to the cellar to my aunts, mothers, sisters and daughters; my family will give her a loving welcome, and she will follow our family tradition and hold to sewing.*

*She is a real drama (Eng.) queen, everyone who knows her knows that ... of course everyone knows her, you must know her mare that you betted on... ? Have we or haven't we? – I can't hear you? – Have we? Indeed! Everyone who has guns in left pockets and a gun licence in the right one, on my sign, shoot in the air. And all the ones who are without a gun licence, you too shoot on my sign ... The ones that are without a gun ... do applaud. Are the horses ready? They are! Do or die! Let's go! He counts down. Ten, nine, eight, seven...*

*On five Čarna takes a gun out of her left pocket and shoots chinaman in his head.*

*Then she takes a gun out of her right pocket to shoot him once again.*

*She doesn't have a gun licence neither for the right or left gun.*

*ČARNA MARLENE: As if she would want to apologize to Tine. He suffocated my cat. You would never do such a thing.*

*Tine asks the crowd for a moment of patience with a gesture and the crowd of twelve thousand people slightly quiets down.*

*Tine takes a knife on a spring out of his pocket, pushes a button and the blade darts up and flashes sharply, promising.*

*A crowd of twelve thousand people shuts up abruptly and a voracious, perverse lust for blood crawls into this "silence".*

*Tine steps over to Čarna and shoots the knife from head to toe to unstitch a baggy, black jogging suit – thick, unattractive cotton -; Čarna's yellow fat shines on a clear day.*

*And then Čarna stands just like that. In front of the looks of a twelve thousand people crowd; in front of them, who at the castle in Prekmurje Dolomites packed full the*

*hippodrome; she stands, stands there, she is all fat, she is really very fat, thinking that she has never imagined how much shame a single person can actually handle.*

*Tine regards her until he doesn't locate the deep, implanted beginning of this thick story: just under his heart, a bit in the left, there is a tiny, mouldy crème-cake, a memory of his mother, mummy; and he begins to unfold Čarna, layer for layer, from her sad, fatty layers of the sepsical separation anxiety; he carefully unfolds her, as if he would change strappings to a seriously wounded person; and Čarna just lets him do it...*

ČARNA MARLENE: *Whispers.* What are you doing...

TINE KOJČ: Shush.

*And Čarna lets herself unfold, up until the end...*

*And when she finally unfolds, she stands bare naked in front of twelve thousand people and she doesn't feel ashamed at all; she smiles, all sweet and satisfied, as if it is not going to cost her her life; and she looks very beautiful, very pretty, ten years younger for example or maybe twenty; Tine throws stinky fat strappings into a metal, red box, which is painted by sweet fat children, playing in front of a Christmas tree; and he makes a sparkling firework out of it, so sparkling that mayor Beaugency almost gets stroked by yellow envy, so wonderful that a crowd of twelve thousand people with rapt attention sighs a honest »Ooooooh«. Tine offers the violin to Čarna again,*

*again and again and again, as if he is going to believe in her forever, although she is going to screw it up over and over again,*

*the violin and the violin bow,*

*associated – in connection with trust – he is more stubborn than she is, and what he is actually proud of; so what, if the violin is split and useless,*

*we have to believe in people,*

*even though they screw up over and over again,*

*we have to believe, especially in those we love, love, love, love,*

*a violin is a violin, and the one who has the will, will play on it no matter if it is split or not;*

*Tine offers Čarna the violin with the bow,*

*Čarna takes it into her hands, the violin and the violin bow,*

*because you cannot throw away trust,*

*and also, who knows, maybe this time it will work itself out, fourth time is supposedly the charm.*

*She smiles at Tine who in his belly button feels that he is going to trust her despite everything, or maybe right because of everything, for evermore, and he reaches with his right hand for the microphone.*

*She closes her eyes and hums the melody of the song Aus Anstand that her mother sung to her when she was a little girl with the violin and the bow. Her humming falls on the crowd of twelve thousand people as a soft dark-green, Christmas moss rug. Twelve thousand people hold their breath.*

*Even the clock in the distance on the old, village belfry stops and strikes exactly 12.15.*

*Čarna smiles and the twelve thousand people crowd returns the smile as if on something stronger than ambrosia.*

*Čarna sings and her voice is thick and velvet, and when the song passes into the refrain, the twelve thousand people crowd bursts into applause. –*

*Čarna waits until the applause subsides, then repeats the refrain and sings the song till the end.*

*Far, somewhere far on the horizon that comes closer and closer – with each poem there is less of me, once wrote Marko Pavček<sup>12</sup>, not marko polo, but Marko Pavček, a total difference – the outline of the La Siesta era that is opening for a tiny little finger. A mare bursts up onto the front of the stage and impatiently shakes its head until Čarna sits on its back. Black cat Vanessamae comes alive and rolls up to her lap with all her seven plus lives. Čarna sings, the cat purrs, and the mare slowly walks toward the door of the La Siesta era that opens for a finger. – A twelve thousand people crowd hums the melody of the song Aus Anstand, it pilgrims behind the group of Čarna, mare and the black cat and it fans itself with the Chinese fans from which Matjaž Pandur is kindly smiling.*

*The world needs so little to be alright.*

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*And out of a sudden, as a final touch, god speaks from heaven with a satisfied voice.*

JAHVE'S VOICE: ... (Eng.) if you wanna hear a song, you must have a little bit of sense to see that time has stopped for just a moment, that is what she is here for ...

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<sup>12</sup> A Slovenian poet who died at early age; his poems were published after his death.



Stop this senseless, criminal war. Be aware that there is another Germany, not only Hitler's and Goebbels' Germany, but also Germany in exile, an anti-fascist resistance...

*The hipodrome in front of the Aus Anstand castle in Prekmurje Dolomites is slowly getting empty. Blue Rudik's cubes are ascending up in the air.*

*Darkening.*

## ACT THREE

### 1st Scene: In search of the handle, second try

*Tine Kojč, Rudi Štajner, chinaman and his two sons, chinawoman and her child,  
Čarna Marlene's voice*

*The park in front of castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites. A really huge poster of Matjaž covers the castle, advertising the premiere of this big theatre magician, a megalomaniac spectacle entitled »Matjaž Pandur«, directed by Matjaž Pandur and produced by Panduras Teatrus, billed at the hippodrome of the castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites in the suburb of Vienna, today at 12.15.*

*In the middle of the meadow a blanket is spread out; Tine Kojč and Rudi Štajner are on it with several weird appliances, control panels, monitors, smart tabs, phones ... they are deep in the processes of uncoupling ... They are grumpy, annoyed and restless – as if waiting for someone who is very late.*

TINE KOJČ: ... I don't get it, man...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: There is nothing to understand. –We are changing back to candles, I will switch off the nuclear now... *Moves something on the control panel of uncounted buttons and switches.*

TINE KOJČ: *Corrects him.* Idiot, not the stores, we said the nuclear!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oops. I am too old for this. It is high time for me to vanish ... Stop insulting me.

TINE KOJČ: You cannot turn off stores by mistake! You know exactly that everyone is going to realize last minute that they have no toothbrushes and cigarettes...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: And coke.

*They change buttons and switches on the control panels for a while in silence, they observe the monitors.*

TINE KOJČ: *Gets back on the previous matter.* But who did it?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: The golden dawn.

TINE KOJČ: Fuck ... Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Supposedly it was pretty bad. But look – it is good that they only spat on her. – But she was crying terribly...

TINE KOJČ: So would I...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: They put her against the wall and spit on her. With the ones most guttural ...

TINE KOJČ: ... enough, enough, save me the details ... But did they know her, did they recognize her?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't think so. Luckily not.

TINE KOJČ: I would never think of the Greeks beating up Germans. Okay, the Turks maybe, but the Germans ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Well – don't you know?

TINE KOJČ: What?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Her mother was a Turk.

TINE KOJČ: No, I didn't know that.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: They are having some sort of samples and with their help they can exactly specify the proportion of a single nationality in blood from fifteen descendants ago.

TINE KOJČ: You are joking ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, it is true. First they take your sample. If you are purebred it beeps right away. So it didn't beep for her and they spat on her while they waited for the results. – It was pure luck that I connected in that particular moment – I had this extremely bad feeling – so I said I would check on her, and I managed to move her at the last moment. She is starting from Berlin.

TINE KOJČ: Is it going to play out?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I am telling you her mother was a Turk. Čarna can enter in Athens or in Berlin –for her it is all the same.

TINE KOJČ: Be careful that you don't switch off the railway too early.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yeah, that would be something, right?

TINE KOJČ: Imagine crushing her wrist.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't want to. – We can turn off the Internet, right?

TINE KOJČ: I turned it off yesterday. *He takes the golden-wire phone of plastic cups and tries to reach Čarna.* There. I cannot get through. Is it ringing or is the line occupied...?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is the Internet. No one talks over Skype nowadays; everyone is using the landline phone. – But she said they crunched wrists of around ten people.

TINE KOJČ: ... damned...! *He looks astonished at the phone.* As if it wouldn't ring at all, there is no network coverage.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: She was very sad because they blamed her for being a traitor to the country...

TINE KOJČ: Jesus! – We have been calling her for three hours!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Shrugs his shoulders.* And we will try for the next three as well. Until she answers.

TINE KOJČ: What if something has happened to her?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Don't be paranoid.

TINE KOJČ: *Takes a wonderful bracelet of coloured glass out of his pocket.* Look what I found in my pockets ... What should I do with it?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is beautiful.

TINE KOJČ: What is it? Is it coloured glass?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Considers the bracelet.* It is not tourmaline that is for sure. – It would make a beautiful engagement present...

TINE KOJČ: Oldie – don't get into that!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?

TINE KOJČ: Don't even start getting into that...! *Sincerely.* Rudi – I am not ready yet, you know...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What for? The passage into the La Siesta era?

TINE KOJČ: ... well, let it go.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No one is ever ready for something like that.

TINE KOJČ: ... to be frank, if I would want to declare anything to her, a ring would be more appropriate...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I think a bracelet would make her happy as well ... No matter what sort of an image a woman is having, she always thinks »a bird in a hand is worth two in the bush«.

*Tine does not say anything to that. He plays with the bracelet. Rudi continues running his errands on his control panel and other high-tech toys. – He reads, calculates, he also checks his Rudik's cube, and then ticks off the list in his disreputable analogue notebook.*

TINE KOJČ: Cell phones are still turned on, right?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: No, I turned them off in the morning...

TINE KOJČ: You idiot!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?!

TINE KOJČ: No wonder we cannot reach Čarna!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: ?

TINE KOJČ: She has an iPhone not a landline one!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh fuck! *He runs back to turn on the mobile network for cell phones.*

*Tine rushes calling her.*

TINE KOJČ: Fuck, it is occupied ...! *He angrily throws the phone of plastic cups into the grass – before the phone falls on the ground, it starts ringing. Tine throws himself after.*

TINE KOJČ: Čarna!

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... hey, I have been calling you for at least three hours, have you already disconnected yourself?!

TINE KOJČ: Čarna!!! – How are you?

ČARNA MERLENE'S VOICE: ... I am good ... Where were you, on a hotline?!

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I was so worried about you ... Rudi turned off the cell phones too early...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: I hope you know that there is a wall on the whole line. We cannot get through...

TINE KOJČ: I am saying Rudi is just about to switch it off ... Čarna, Rudi told me about your ... fuss...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Yes, and it was no fun, so don't remind me of that ... It is only good that I am so busy that I have no time to be traumatized by it, we have a party here in Berlin ... *She smiles so sweet that it gives Tine the creeps.* You won't believe it, but even the mafia respects La Siesta. There are no robberies, no murders, no rapes, zero ...

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, we fell out here for a bit...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... junkies stopped shooting up, in parks soldiers and policemen are lying on the grass holding hands, bankers go down the slides, the whole Tax Office is on a roundabout ... Like we foresaw, the system is crashing down, people are ready, they know that it is going to be a fucking pain in the ass for a while, that it has all started and that the ball is already rolling. Music helps, music helps totes

... If a crisis starts somewhere, we send out a team and they play until they don't get their morals back ... There is no panic. Only, I really don't get where that wall of yours came from. That is a pretty surprise we didn't expect, then suddenly BANG went my nose against the wall ... It was covered in blood. But we will make it, we are going to knock it down, if we managed to do it with the sound and light wall, we will manage to knock down the mental one, too.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, we fell out here for a bit...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: How - out?

TINE KOJČ: Yeah the people are too diligent, hard-working, and simply don't want to put down their hoes, and so the door started to close down slowly ... Rudi managed to put his foot under the door but we don't know how long he is going to hold out, his ankle is already all swollen ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Oh my. And what now?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Nothing, no changes. Just follow our plan. I am happy that you are doing this good. Also Germans contacted us from Athens, all is under control, they dance Macarena for days on end, thinking that it is the original Greek Sirtaki ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Does this mean we can start?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yes, let us know the time so that I can synchronize the train from Athens. You only can knock down the wall if you all come at the same time.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: I have one more suggestion...

TINE KOJČ: Yeah?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Come out with it ...

TINE KOJČ: *Imitates her with a grimace.* »I have one more suggestion ...« And I have around three.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: We could project Rudi's philosophical essays on the walls of the castle in Greek, and ...

TINE KOJČ: ... or Macarena in German or Lili Marleen in Spanish. Only that it is going to rule.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: That would be totally awesome ... awesome...

TINE KOJČ: You are such a cash bitch, for god's sake! It doesn't matter whether it is awesome or not, it is all about getting it to a flawless concept and realization level!

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: *Offended, because Tine thinks she is stupid.* As far as I know, there is no huge concept behind Lili Marleen, and still they were singing it on both fronts...

*Pause.*

TINE KOJČ: Supposedly aurora borealis is an inexplicable phenomena.

*Pause, as if the devil would steal his connection.*

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, I was dreaming about you today. I am mentioning this by the way, since I have remembered ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Was it something nice?

*Pause, the connection is slowly going to hell.*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Well, how do you guys imagine this will happen...?

You are totally blocked; the train won't get through...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It will, it will. It only has to come at the same time as the one from Athens.

TINE KOJČ: Čarna, are you familiar with that? »A couple of things that are impossible to happen simultaneously have to happen at the same time.«

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Why so optimistic, Tine? – It has been going well for us all until now ... Rudi, how exact are your calculations?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: To five decimal places. There is no reason for being worried; you can go now. I set up for 12.15, right?

TINE KOJČ: It is hard to do exact calculations if you have five unknowns in one equation ... And after that comes all the beauty of the small print ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Five is still less than six. – So what – are you trying to say that we didn't manage to open the door to La Siesta era?

TINE KOJČ: We opened them for one whole slot.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: When you are ready to sacrifice your own ankle for your one slot, then speak! Pretty please be quiet until then! – I couldn't know for the small print.

TINE KOJČ: I am not saying anything. I am only worried about the details that we know nothing about.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is all clear now. – Čarna, where would you say the wall is the thinnest?

TINE KOJČ: *With a grimace.* »It is all clear now!«

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Next to the castle, a bit left, close to the chestnut tree; there, Tine, you know, where we were last year ... do you remember...

TINE KOJČ: Yes, okay, the coordinates are clear.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, please take the chalk and go draw a circle. We have to mark it so I can set the train crash there ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Do make the projections from the inner side. Maybe it will get through sooner. – Tine!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: He went marking, should I call for him?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Yes, please, do it, there is something I would like to say to him ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine!

*Tine comes back, but can't hear anything for a while - an Ikea truck stops in front of the castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites. A chinawoman jumps out of the truck, dressed up in an Ikea overall; she waves at Rudi. Rudi walks towards her and signs the papers to arrange the acceptance. He pays with a card, credit card, and with the bonus one. When they manage it all, chinawoman uncovers the tarpaulin and we see that the truck is full of folding deckchairs. chinawoman and Rudi make an agreement. The chinawoman nods. Rudi as well. – chinawoman takes a baby carriage from the truck's booth, she constructs it and puts the baby that she is obviously driving with herself into it. The baby cries, so the chinawoman goes to the first bench, sits on it, and breastfeeds him, then she winds the baby, puts him back into the carriage and drives him around the castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites' park.*

TINE KOJČ: What?! I can't hear you! The deckchairs arrived!

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: *She repeats herself probably for the fiftieth time ... I met someone ... This information totally takes away Tine's gift of speech.*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine?

TINE KOJČ: *Doesn't respond.*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine, are you still there?

TINE KOJČ: Yes.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Look, I thought it best to tell you as soon as possible, right...

TINE KOJČ: *Doesn't respond.*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine?!

TINE KOJČ: Yes.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: I totally cannot hear you, damn wall ... Because the two of us, you and me ... we have never said for sure what exactly we are, right ...

There probably was something, but it was never clear to me how serious it was...

*Noise on the phone line; very probably it's Čarna crying...*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... Tine, I just ... met someone who ... is somehow ...



more articulated than you are when it comes to us two...

TINE KOJČ: More articulated?!

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine ...

TINE KOJČ: Did you say: »More articulated?!«

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine, please, don't make it complicated ...

TINE KOJČ: Did I get you right?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... don't do this to me, don't do this to me ...

TINE KOJČ: »More articulated when it comes to us two«?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Rudi?!

TINE KOJČ: I will give him over to you. I have to go marking anyways...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine!

TINE KOJČ: Oh, is there anything more?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: You mean a lot to me ... I only want to ... I only wanted to ... I was telling you all the time that ... but you never...

TINE KOJČ: No shit, Čarna, no shit.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... I don't know what else to say ...

TINE KOJČ: Be quiet then! – *Ciao ... He hangs up. He lies down on the grass and looks into the sky.*

*Nearby the chinawoman has finished breastfeeding her baby, they are burping; chinawoman puts him into the carriage and puts him to sleep with a melodic voice.*

TINE KOJČ: I found this before in grass... a bracelet. Can I give it you?

chinawoman: Don't you have anyone else?

TINE KOJČ: No, I would like to give it to *you*.

chinawoman: A bracelet? Once there was someone who gave me a bracelet of tourmaline. A legend says that it brings luck to violin players ... It didn't work out for me – maybe because I don't play it? *She puts it on. ... It is really beautiful ... She walks further with a sleeping baby in her carriage.*

*Rudi is still unloading the truck.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine! Will you please come and help me? We have to stand up around one million deckchairs! The truck is not going to stay here forever – she said to me that she has another ride set for today, so let's hurry up. As soon as the baby is freshened up, she will move forward. She cannot wait ...

TINE KOJČ: *Starts to display the deckchairs.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Your head is full of trash. Go do Vipassana.

TINE KOJČ: I was thinking of it, yes, but I hear that it is a whole fuck-up ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It cannot harm you...

TINE KOJČ: Also chamomiles cannot harm you.

*The golden-wire phone of plastic cups rings again. Rudi looks at Tine. Tine only shakes his head and walks to finish unloading the truck. – Rudi answers.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Yes dear?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Something is wrong!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Here we have our deckchairs. Can we start? At 12.15? I would like to know, you understand, so I can synchronize all the disconnections and programme them to 12.15?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Rudi, something is wrong, are you listening at all?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: It is all going to be fine; you just start off. Tine marked the spot, you just aim the target and so will the Germans that are starting from Athens. But you have to reach it in the same moment, otherwise, I am one hundred percent sure, you will not kick down the wall, and then ... No, I don't even want to think about it ... The door would close then and goodbye - my dear foot. – Could you hurry up a bit, the door is really compressing me, my ankle is already all swollen...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Rudi, could you please shut up for a moment?! – We have a problem! The train is full, people are ready, the tickets are checked, but the train hasn't left. It hasn't moved anywhere and we don't know why. –Have you noticed any mistakes?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Checks his control panel.* No, the traffic is still online and it is showing NP for Berlin and Athens as well.

*chinawoman that went for a walk with her child before, is now coming back to the truck, she holds by hand a small, very happy boy with candyfloss in his hand. She caught parts of the conversation; she steps up to Rudi and unobtrusively shares her experience.*

chinawoman: Maybe the handle got stuck.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: What?

chinawoman: It is very possible that the handle got stuck. They have to find the handle to release it.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Looks at the boy and strokes his head.* You have found each other finally.

chinawoman: I am very happy.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Young man; may I bless you. Obey your mother and take care of yourself. You were born with a very important assignment, with a mission that is crucial for the whole human race...

chinwoman: Thank you, sir. – Is the truck empty? I would like to go now; I still have four rides left for today.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Not one?

chinawoman: No, four, I just received a notice. Deckchair orders are coming from all over.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: You have to hurry up. Once the traffic is disconnected ... *He realizes that he is in the middle of a conversation with Čarna, so he only waves at her.* Čarna, supposedly a handle got stuck you have to release ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: What handle?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I don't know, supposedly there is some sort of handle somewhere.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Don't fuck with me; what handle, Rudi?!

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Confused.* The handle has to be somewhere, I have no clue where - do I look like some sort of train project leader to you or what?! *He desperately switches buttons on his control panel.* Wait for me to scan it ... I can't find anything, Čarna.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Why does everything have to go wrong all the time?!

– Okay, we will try to find this fucking handle ... we will talk soon ...

*Tine, who has displayed almost all of the deckchairs, now steps towards Rudi who drags a Rudik's cube out of somewhere and looks into it at different angles – he shakes it over and over again ...*

TINE KOJČ: Unknowns? Small print?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Can you try being useful?

TINE KOJČ: I already was useful. I displayed all the deckchairs.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Examines his cube.* If they don't find the handle, there is maybe another chance for scenario B.

TINE KOJČ: Oh my. Oh my. Oh my.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: If a chinaman passes by and voluntarily throws himself into one of these deckchairs, he could launch a violin concert of twelve thousand little chinese. That would be a sufficient pressure for the trains to start from Berlin and Athens without a handle.

TINE KOJČ: Did you read this in some coffee grounds?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Completely serious.* No - from my cube!

TINE KOJČ: You and your cube forecasts...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: I will now ... make a chamomile tea! *He leaves for the castle.*

Right after Rudi leaves, a chinaman comes by. He is yoked into a rickshaw in which two children are reigning – two boys at the age of three and four that are happily hitting their father with a whip, and they sing.

Two chinese boys: Hey little horsey, hey little horsey, hey, hey, hey ...

*Tine runs after them and brings them back. He hugs the chinaman and looks at him with understanding.*

chinaman: ... I can't handle it anymore, not since she left me... Look what she made out of little brats ... and then she said that she was completely burned out.

TINE KOJČ: I know I know ... *He helps him out of the yokel and puts the rickshaw so far away that the kids' hits cannot reach him anymore. In doing so, he gets hit as well. He steps up to the boys, and pulls the whip out of their hands and breaks it into two. The little ones cause a rumpus. chinaman turns pale. Tine pulls down their pants and spansks them really hard. –One of the kids yells that he is going to call the social services, and Tine goes seconds by winding his watch. – It looks like the boys have had enough for a while, or maybe they are just so astonished by Tine Kojč's outrageous behaviour that they are left speechless.*

TINE KOJČ: *To the boys.* Do you see the deckchairs over there – there are about a million of them. Thereabouts.

two chinese boys: We see.

TINE KOJČ: Here I have two market pencils. *He takes a blue and a red market pencil out of his pocket.* We are going to draw lots now. The one who gets a red marker writes on the deckchairs: »Give, what you have!« . –The one who gets a blue one will write »Take, what you need!« - Right or left?

two chinese boys: Right!

two chinese boys: Left!

TINE KOJČ: Okay, you will get the right one and you the left one. – The one that signs more deckchairs – you also get points for spelling and calligraphy – gets ... *he looks around and notices a cat that sits somewhere in the middle of the grass and washes itself ... can from today on take care of the cat there that is called ... he ponders for a bit ... Vanessamae!*

two chinese boys: Vanessamae!

TINE KOJČ: That is great, isn't it?

two chinese boys: It's gonna be me, it's gonna be me ... *They run working.*

chinaman: No, no ... it is not going to work.

TINE KOJČ: How – it works already?

chinaman: The idea isn't bad at all but ... we are in a hurry. Today we are running a bit late. Some other time maybe.

TINE KOJČ: Look, they are having fun.

chinaman: Yes, but life is not about fun.

TINE KOJČ: Why –not?

chinaman: It just isn't. My wife usually said ... I mean, my ex-wife ...

TINE KOJČ: You see ....

chinaman: Look, I have to take my kids to kindergarten at 12.15, because today they are having afternoon activities.

TINE KOJČ: I doubt there will be any afternoon activities today.

chinaman: There will be, there will be. I took out a loan because of it.

TINE KOJČ: Don't worry. I don't think you will have to pay it back.

chinaman: What are you talking about? Are you maybe from a different planet? I had to make the payments for each loan I have taken since today. Once I didn't pay back and they took my house – and my wife, too, she went together with the seizure man! She said that she is not planning on living at our holiday cottage! I don't want to trouble you with my own problems, but I really wasn't taking a loan so that my children would practice calligraphy and spelling, we did that sort of workshop last year! I took a loan for that as well! And now I have taken a loan because of a special programme they are in, and today they are going to jump from Mars! The previous week we had a PTA meeting and they told us that a space experience is almost essential. They cannot and are not allowed to say that it is essential, but it is almost more than just essential! I understand them and agree with them ... it truly is unimaginable that nowadays kids at the age of four with all the technology that is available ... that they wouldn't have any experience of space flotation. Supposedly it is also good for the circulation and hormones ... And we have to offer as much quality and diverse experience as possible, I think that goes without saying, but ... this jump from Mars .. well, that surprised me a bit, but it is not like I am against it, but they could do it in the morning instead, as a part of the kindergarten, not that I have to drive them twice ... Well, it is not a problem though, one has to invest in children. But

then I thought that maybe, maybe they could just leave them up there because I can't bear them anymore!!! –

TINE KOJČ: It looks to me that it has been a while since someone listened to you.

chinaman: Yes, I am very thankful to you because of that. I have to admit I feel a bit relieved.

TINE KOJČ: Maybe it is good from time to time in life to just ... sit down for a bit.

chinaman: Yes, I certainly will ... lay down a little.

TINE KOJČ: ...wherever you wish, please.

chinaman: I will take one that is on a private spot, can I? Only for two minutes ...

TINE KOJČ: *Digs up a comic and a coke out of his backpack and puts it out to the tired chinese daddy.* Of course. There, enjoy yourself ... Take the one under the fir tree ... no one will bother you there ...

chinaman: It is too good to be true. *He walks away to lie down.* Oh, what about the kids.

TINE KOJČ: No worries. They have to write on million deckchairs. You are free until tomorrow at least...

chinaman: Could you check on them from time to time ...

TINE KOJČ: I promise I will. No need to worry ...

chinaman: Thank you. Thank you. You have no clue how thankful I am to you ... Do you really believe there is a chance that I won't need to repay the loan? Or at least, that by sloppiness they forget my brats up there?

TINE KOJČ: I put my hand in the fire that the field trip into space is going to be cancelled ...

*chinaman walks away, and in the moment, when he sits down, little chinese step out of the picture of Matjaž Pandur that hangs on the front of the castle Aus Anstand. They wear heaven's silk of great quality. There are around twelve thousand of them. It looks as if they are swarming on invisible webs; they swing in the air; they pull violins out of their wonderful, heavenly silken gowns ... They put them close to their chins to tune them; the black cat that was washing itself on the lawn in front of the park, angrily hisses and runs away.*

*Rudi runs from the castle, raising his hands up in the air out of joy.*

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Tine, Tine, they are here, look, everything is going as planned!

TINE KOJČ: What is next? We have a chinese lying in a deckchair and twelve thousand flying in the air. Where are the Greeks and the Germans?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Gets a little bit confused.* Eeergh. –I guess they will be leaving soon...

*The golden-wire phone of plastic cups rings again. Tine reads the number and gives him space. Rudi replies.*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Hallo, Balkan speaking, are you still there? We are still stuck. – We can't find the handle; we have no clue where to look for it. If only we would know what it looks like ...

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Čarna, do hurry up, Tine found little chinese. Hurry up; they already sharpen the violins ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Mega! Cool! Jackpot! The best! How did he make it? Can you hand him over to me so I can congratulate him?

RUDI ŠTAJNER: *Puts the headphone to Tine.* She wants you.

TINE KOJČ: Why so? – She told me everything before. *He takes a pair of headphones anyway.* Yeah, Čarna, I am listening. Is there anything new with you again?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... Tine, bravo, you did excellent with the little chinese! How did you make it?

TINE KOJČ: Matjaž Pandur – you know, the one who can bring the world to each godforsaken place. He engaged them for his last spectacle Matjaž Pandur, directed by Matjaž Pandur in production of Panduras Teatrus. It looks that they revolted against him – they said that he is taking advantage of them like they were chinese and that they prefer to play violins for Rudi, especially if he gives them a decent bed and something to eat. – It looks as if they are easily satisfied with deckchairs from Ikea. – Which actually makes sense ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: So Pandur didn't give them anything?

TINE KOJČ: How are you doing?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: We can't find the handle.

RUDI ŠTAJNER: Oh my, oh my, oh my ...

TINE KOJČ: Please, don't screw it up ...

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Tine?

TINE KOJČ: Yeah?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Do you hear me?

TINE KOJČ: Yeah.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: *More or less to herself.* Darn, I hate it so much that I

cannot see you in person ... Tine?

TINE KOJČ: Yes?

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: I mean, I hope there are no hard feelings between us.

TINE KOJČ: Nope.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Nope what?

TINE KOJČ: No hard feelings.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Are you sure.

TINE KOJČ: Yeah.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Are we still ... buddies?

TINE KOJČ: C'mon stop it, OK?! Stop it ...! I beg you ... stop being pathetic ...!

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: *Gets mad, she was hardly waiting to get mad. Stop what the fuck?! You think I am pathetic? – Well no! – You are going to put all fault on me? You have no idea what I have been doing for the whole day?*

TINE KOJČ: You are trying to find the handle.

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: ... I am thinking whether there was a single moment where you were telling me exactly how you feel about me? What do I mean to you? Was it or not? Well?!

TINE KOJČ: *Has no clue what she wants from him. You have never asked.*

ČARNA MARLENE'S VOICE: Oh, one has to ask?! A woman has to ask this in modern times? How dare you...?! Here it is: Don't I mean anything to you?! I am counting to ten! And if you don't answer me in ten seconds, then I will ... *she doesn't know what exactly, of course she doesn't, but for sure it is going to be something terrible ... Ten!*

*Tine sweats; Rudi is, despite casual lapses, pretty sure he knows what Tine Kojč will say; he is especially sure that his answer is going to be exactly correct, therefore an answer which puts everything in its place; he pulls a baton out of his sleeve and steps in front of twelve thousand little chinese that are waiting for his sign. – When Tine will say ... whatever he will say ... for example "I love you" ... the little chinese will play the majestic melody from the song Aus Anstand.*

*A little bee suddenly buzzes around Rudi's head; Rudi gets scared, he makes an impetuous movement that little chinese understand as a sign for beginning. In the same moment, when Tine answers, 12.000 little chinese play the violin, and their sound drowns out Tine's answer, so that we never find out what exactly he said; in any case, the handle on the train in Berlin and the handle on the train in Athens get*



*released so that the trains run towards the castle Aus Anstand in Prekmurje Dolomites with the speed of light; the door into the La Siesta era open widely and Rudi finally manages to happily pull out his already very, very puffy foot.*

## **2<sup>nd</sup> Scene : The epilogue after epilogue**

*little chinaman and little chinaman*

*Two chinamen are postponing the epilogue from the fourth scene in act two to the end of the play. But the dramaturgy is not working out. They are trying to do their best, they sharpen it here and there for a bit, they axe, hammer in and they help each other with the whole South Slovanic corpus of swear words. – Still, nothing is as it should be.*

chinaman: It is not working, this way it wont stay ...

chinaman: Pizda jim materina<sup>13</sup>, intellectuals and fucking artists, useless parasites, without any plans, they are doing everything a bit just like that ... by a feeling, and then you mend after them ....

chinaman: Unless we saw off above and put the point here, and the circle across there ...

chinaman: You have no clue where to go with the circle ... Damn inept amateurs ... - It would be the best to pull it all down and start from scratch.

chinaman: From scratch?

chinaman: Yes. From scratch. No one will notice. The only thing that matters is that it stands and amen.

chinaman: Bloody hell!

chinaman: You - you know what?

chinaman: What?

chinaman: I would leave it just the way it is.

chinaman: How?!

chinaman: Well ... as it is. Just as it is.

chinaman: Just like that?

chinaman: Yeah. Just like that.

chinaman: How – like that?

chinaman: That – like that.

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<sup>13</sup> A South Slovanic swear word. Lit. in Eng.: their mother's vagina.

chinaman: Yes. Well yes. Well – yes.  
chinaman: I don't think it looks that bad.  
chinaman: It actually doesn't.  
chinaman: It doesn't, right?  
chinaman: It does not, not at all ...  
chinaman: It is a bit modern.  
chinaman: A bit – contemporary.  
chinaman: Actually it looks – good.  
chinaman: Yeah.  
chinaman: Very good.  
chinaman: Frankly – I don't remember if I have ever seen anything better.  
chinaman: Me neither.  
chinaman: Yeah.  
chinaman: It is excellent.  
chinaman: And the circle there ...  
chinaman: Should we grab a beer?  
chinaman: Where at?  
chinaman: At Polonca's. Or at Fonzi's.  
chinaman: Let's go to Polonca.  
chinaman: At Fonzi's it is also nice ....  
chinaman: Do you know once he was ...  
chinaman: What?  
chinaman: He was once ... and then they could barely save him.  
chinaman: Did he have cancer?  
chinaman: Yeah something like that ... in his head ...  
chinaman: My word ...!  
chinaman: After that they sent him to a castle and he went through a total wellness refit ...  
chinaman: Wellness refit?  
chinaman: Something like that, yeah ...  
chinaman: Do you think I could go as well?  
chinaman: ... c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon ...  
chinaman: ... I really don't feel that good lately...  
chinaman: ... this is for more ... prestigious producers.

chinaman: ... patients ...

chinaman: ... what?

chinaman: It is not producers but patients.

chinaman: Isn't that just the same?

chinaman: It is, but ... We call them patients.

chinaman: But they took care of Fonzi. There is no coffee like his coffee. Not even at Polonca's. I feel really sorry.

chinaman: Let's go to Polonca ...

chinaman: Let's go.

*They are leaving; the epilogue knocks down.*

chinaman: Watch out!

chinaman: Oh, holy cow!

chinaman: Only good that it didn't hit you ...

chinaman: Do you think we should repair it.

chinaman: Nope. Actually, it is only now that it looks ... right.

chinaman: It does. Now it is just right.

chinaman: Let's go.

chinaman: Yes, let's go ...

*They are leaving. Suddenly chinaman stops.*

chinaman: I would prefer going to Fonzi's. To see, how they took care of him. Maybe he has connections and I can also join the programme ...

chinaman: *Sighs.* They don't take in the chinese. But we can go anyways, yes, his coffee is way better ...

*They walk to Fonzi's instead of Polonca's.*

chinaman: So that you know, I didn't tell you anything ...!

chinaman: No, no ... I will only ask him ... I would also like to join a programme since I really don't feel that good ...

chinaman: ... c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, wellness is not for chinese; it even sounds so non-chinese ...