

Katarina Morano and Žiga Divjak

**SEVEN DAYS**

**(2019)**

Translated by **Tina Mahkota**

© Katarina Morano, Žiga Divjak and Tina Mahkota. Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author and translator is strictly prohibited.

## PROLOGUE

*All six actors come on stage, each carrying a chair and a cup of coffee/tea/juice. Long silence.*

JETTE:

I love Mondays because I love my co-workers. I love coming to work because I love my co-workers.

I love coming to the office, we've got just lovely new lights, green, yes, they're kind green.

I've got such a lovely view from the office, a block of flats, the balconies, plants. And a kindergarten, you can hear it, so nice.

*Long silence.*

JETTE:

I love Mondays.

Because I love my co-workers.

I love my office.

We've got new lights now. They're lovely.

And on Mondays we usually have breakfast together. Everyone brings something, they either buy it or bake something.

It's lovely. I love those breakfasts.

*Long silence. Everyone takes their chair and exits.*

## MONDAY

LUKA:

It's gonna be okay, I have a good feeling.

ANJA:

Yeah?

LUKA:

Yeah, I think she liked us.

ANJA:

Yeah?

LUKA:

Yeah.

ANJA:

You really think so? You're not saying just to comfort me?

LUKA:

No, I do.

ANJA:

Okay.

LUKA:

Okay.

ANJA:

Cause I'm perfectly cool, not need to comfort me or whatever.

LUKA:

Anja, listen. It's gonna be okay. She'll call us as promised, we just need to wait for a while. It's gonna be okay. OK?

ANJA:

OK.

LUKA:

OK.

ANJA:

God, I really hope, you know, that we ... cause now it's gonna get even more ...

LUKA:

Yep.

ANJA:

It'll ...

LUKA:

Yep.

ANJA:

It'll start happening.

LUKA:

I know.

ANJA:

It'll be very ...

LUKA:

Yep.

ANJA:

It'll be ...

LUKA:

Great.

ANJA:

It will, won't it?

LUKA:

Yeah, it'll be great.

ANJA:

Great, yeah.

*Luka and Anja hug, they are excited.  
When they calm down, they address the  
audience.*

ANJA:

Cause we're... I'm a bit nervy ... butterflies,  
and my heart is ... Well, we're ...

LUKA:

Well.

ANJA:

Yes, we...

LUKA:

It looks like it's gonna be a boy.

ANJA:

Oi!

LUKA:

What? Just helping you a bit.

ANJA:

But we agreed we wouldn't tell anybody. Until we're perfectly sure. It's not 100 percent sure it's a boy.

LUKA:

You could see it!

ANJA:

Well, they're often wrong at this stage.

LUKA:

But I saw a willy! I did! A willy.

ANJA:

It could've been anything, she said so herself, it's not 100 percent at the nuchal scan.

LUKA:

Well, we did see it. She made a circle around it.

ANJA:

Anyway, we're pregnant. Well, I am, not him really.

LUKA:

Yeah, she's more pregnant than I.

ANJA:

Well, yes, it's early days. I'm not showing yet, you probably haven't noticed it, I mean, it does show, in the mirror, I can see a small bump if I relax my tummy, it does show a bit, but when I'm wearing clothes, especially if they're loose-fitting, you can't really notice it. We're not entirely ... we haven't told anyone yet, not even our parents.

LUKA:

Well, I told my flatmate, just a hint, but he guessed it. And you told Mojca.

ANJA:

Yeah, okay, but it wasn't, you know, official. Like, when you tell your parents, which makes it kind of formal. And when we tell my gran and nan Joži, that'll be official: we're pregnant'.

LUKA:

We'll do it this weekend.

ANJA:

Yeah.

LUKA:

They'll be over the moon.

ANJA:

Yes.

LUKA:

Fuck, they'll go crazy.

ANJA:

Yes.

LUKA:

You know, when everyone's waiting and nobody says a word.

ANJA:

Your nan does.

LUKA:

Yeah, she had four kids at our age.

ANJA:

Yeah.

LUKA:

She'll go crazy.

ANJA:

Yeah.

LUKA:

It'll be fun.

ANJA:

Yeah, fun.

LUKA:

Fuck.

ANJA:

Yeah. Fuck.

*Silence.*

ANJA:

*(addressing the audience)*

Anyway, at the moment we're sharing a flat with three to six people, they come and go, so we kind of thought we'd rent a place of our own. I mean, the guy has just raised the rent, so we said why not pay a bit extra and get our own place. For the three of us. Well, two, for the time being, but we'll soon be three. Not yet. Soon.

LUKA

It's not twins, we've checked that, and I felt kind of relieved.

ANJA:

Yeah, well, so that's how it started, our flat hunting.

*(to Luka)*

I'd like a bedroom and a living room and a small nursery too.

LUKA:

And a balcony.

ANJA:

Yes, and, if possible, parquet floor, I love it, it's a completely different feel to it.

LUKA:

Plus a parking space.

ANJA:

And a park nearby.

LUKA:

And a playground, right?

ANJA:

Yes! So that I can go out with a pram, or for a walk, a nice place, if I go out on my own.

LUKA:

In the centre, right?

ANJA:

Yes, close to your office, so I can bring you lunch with the little one in the pram.

LUKA:

How much is this one?

ANJA:

900 plus bills.

LUKA:

1200 plus bills.

ANJA:

1300.

LUKA:

1100.

ANJA:

970.

LUKA:

1050.

ANJA:

890.

ANJA:

1200.

ANJA:

Haha, shit, look at this one! 1800!

LUKA:

We won't take it, no parquet floor.

ANJA:



Yeah, it's rubbish.

LUKA:

What about this one, BEDSIT, 30 sq m, 750  
PLUS BILLS.

ANJA:

But, it's a bedsit, and expensive too.

LUKA:

Well, yeah.

ANJA:

Yeah.

LUKA:

Unless we go for Šiška, in that area anyway?

ANJA:

Yeah, might be better.

LUKA:

I mean, Ljubljana's small enough, you're in  
Tivoli in no time or anywhere.

ANJA:

Bežigrad?

LUKA:

Bežigrad's cool too.

ANJA:

This one?

LUKA:

Well, it's beyond the ring road.

*Silence.*

LUKA:

What about this one?

ANJA:

Nice ...

LUKA:

900.

ANJA:

Ugh!

*Silence.*

ANJA:

I mean, she won't really need a room of her own straight away.

LUKA:

That's true. He won't need a room.

ANJA:

Seriously though, as long as we have a bedroom and a living room, I'd love a separate bedroom, that's all that matters for me anyway.

LUKA:

Sure, me too.

ANJA:

Definitely.

LUKA:

It's only for a couple of years, we can move later.

ANJA:

What about this one?

LUKA:

Give me the number. ... Taken.

ANJA:

What about this?

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

And this?

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

This?

LUKA:

Taken. Well, a big room will do too, for a start.

ANJA:

Dravljje, bedsit, 28 sq m, 500 plus bills.

LUKA:

It looks like you can't swing a cat there.

ANJA:

Right. Still, give them a call, just so that we get the idea.

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

Taken.

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

We'll never find anything.

LUKA:

Of course, we will.

ANJA:

Taken, unless we give 100 euros plus.

LUKA:

But that makes it then ...

ANJA:

I know.

LUKA:

Hey, do we really need a balcony?

ANJA:

Of course not. We'll be outdoors all the time. Plus, a baby and a balcony, it sounds like a recipe for disaster.

What about this one? Šiška, one-bedroom, unfurnished, 36 sq m, 750 plus bills. No way, we don't even have a bed of our own.

LUKA:

Bizovik, 1.5-bedroom flat, 900 plus bills. What the hell is a half room?

ANJA:

A kind of pantry, I guess.

LUKA:

No, look, it says here, it's a room.

ANJA:

No way!

LUKA:

Look!

ANJA:

Vow! Fuck!

LUKA:

Look, it's the same wardrobe you're gran has!

ANJA:

Well, yes, in the cellar! No way.

LUKA:

Šiška, bedsit, 25 sq m, no washing machine fittings, 500 plus bills.

ANJA:

Hello, I'm calling about the ad.

LUKA:

And?

ANJA:

They'll have only 30 viewings, we're the 50<sup>th</sup> caller.

Shit, we'll end up staying at my parents', no way we can stay there, it'll drive me mad if we do.

LUKA:

We'll definitely not, we'll find something.

ANJA:

I hope I don't give birth first.

LUKA:

You won't give birth first!

ANJA:

It might help if you searched too.

LUKA:

I am.

ANJA:

No, you're not, you're simply waiting for me to send you the ads, and then it's taken. We won't find anything. I can't do everything on my own.

LUKA:

It's okay, babe. We'll buy a camper, fuck them all.

ANJA:

Taken.

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

Taken.

LUKA:

No answer.

ANJA:

Taken.

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

Hello?

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

Taken.

LUKA:

The number does not exist.

ANJA:

The ad's been removed.

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

Actually, it's just a room, available until the summer.

LUKA:

Same here, taken.

ANJA:

Taken.

LUKA:

Fuck, what a moron, cross examining me.

ANJA:

Hello, yes?

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

What, I didn't get it, I think she hung up on me. Call her again.

LUKA:

Taken.

ANJA:

Taken.

*They calm down a bit.*

ANJA:

So.

LUKA:

Yeah.

ANJA:

So it went on and on and on.

LUKA:

But ...

ANJA:

Suddenly, after weeks of flat hunting, arguing and despairing...

LUKA:

Yeah, it was tough.

ANJA:

Well, we finally got us a viewing.

LUKA:

In Tacen.

ANJA:

We were at the bottom of the list, but she did agree to see us, because we're a young couple, non-smokers, no pets, and because we, thank God, have some savings and are able to pay a three-month deposit. Which is a nuisance, really, as this was earmarked for baby stuff, but, yeah, it's cool. Not as close to the centre as we'd have liked, but it's a decent flat, 45 sq m, a separate bedroom and a balcony to boot. 650 plus bills ... Unbelievable, almost.

LUKA:

And it's on a bus line, I forget which number, must check it again, but yes, the nature's lovely, the Sava river, I think it's called, anyway, it looks like an ideal place to raise a kid. I was all for it.

ANJA:

No, you weren't at first.

LUKA:

Yes, I was.

ANJA:

No, you weren't!

You said no way, you wouldn't want to wait for half an hour to drive out to the main street at the weekend because of the crowds climbing Šmarna ...

LUKA:

It wasn't me, Uroš said it in the kitchen when you showed it to him.

ANJA:

No, Luka, it was you. Uroš had a rant on lyme disease, and you went on about Šmarna.

LUKA:

Okay, never mind.

ANJA:

You said it many times you hated Šmarna.

LUKA:

Okay, never mind.

ANJA:

Can I have another gum, I'm going to be sick.

*Luka gives Anja a gum. Another couple comes by, the husband holds his wife's bag while she puts on her coat, the wife points out to him that he hasn't tied up his laces, they say hi to Anja and Luka, and walk past them. A highly pregnant FLAT OWNER appears. They shake hands.*

FLAT OWNER:

Hi, you must be Anja, right?

ANJA:

Yeah, we spoke on the phone. This is Luka.

FLAT OWNER:

Hi. Vesna.

LUKA:

Luka. Nice to meet you.

FLAT OWNER:

You've found it, no hassle?

ANJA:

Yeah, it's easy these days, there's always a Hofer, a Lidl or a Spar to help you find the way.

FLAT OWNER:

True, true. Come through.

*She invites them in. Anja and Luka look around.*

ANJA:



Vow, it's lovely.

FLAT OWNER:

We've just repainted the walls, well, the previous tenants did.

ANJA:

Shall we take our shoes off?

FLAT OWNER:

Yes, please, I've got so many people lined-up for a viewing today, it'd be a mess if they all walked in shoes.

ANJA:

Sure, no problem.

*Anja and Luka take off their shoes awkwardly and try to align them neatly, so they are not in the way. It's cramped. The flat owner starts showing them the flat.*

FLAT OWNER:

All the furniture remains in the flat, unless you want to put some of it away, we've got a cellar available, 5 sq m, so you could easily store it there, right? Let's start then, this is a bathroom, the water heater is taking its time, so it makes sense to have it on all the time if you're at home, the shower is a classic, I've just replaced the curtain, so it's new, nothing special to mention here, really. This is a living room and a kitchen, a gas stove, two burners, here's the phone number to order a new gas bottle, they'll deliver it and change it for you, you know the drill, right? The fridge, the oven, the oven is great, they don't make them like that anymore, better than my new one, it did break down last year, and when the guy came to repair it, I asked him if it made sense to fix it, or should I rather buy a new one, but he said, ma'am, it makes perfect sense to repair anything that is older than 15 years, the stuff you buy these days will never get that old. A microwave, a dining table. Ah well, the light bulb here's missing, my husband will bring it later, I've only just noticed. Any questions?

*Anja and Luka shake their heads.*

FLAT OWNER:

Well, that's it really. This is the living room with a TV socket, after you'll have brought your TV set and chosen your internet provider, you're sort it out yourselves, right?

LUKA:

Is there fibre optic in the building?

FLAT OWNER:

Sure, it was fitted last year. We have it too, I live upstairs with my husband, so if there's a problem, we can sort it out easily. The balcony, the door often gets stuck, but you'll soon suss it.

*The flat owner struggles to open the balcony door. They all go out and have a look. It's lovely.*

ANJA:

It's very green here.

FLAT OWNER:

Oh yes, there's parks everywhere, you can see, and Šmarna is just around the corner. My husband climbs it every day. I do it too, when I find the time, but hill-walking isn't really my cuppa. What about you?

ANJA:

Yeah, Luka loves it.

LUKA:

I haven't been in ages.

ANJA:

We climbed the Seven Triglav lakes last year, it was lovely.

FLAT OWNER:

Really? My husband keeps saying we should go climbing instead of on a seaside holiday, but I'm really not so keen, I wouldn't like to give up on a beach holiday.

LUKA and ANJA:

Yeah, sure.

FLAT OWNER:

Okay, let's have a quick look at the study and the bedroom. This is the bedroom, a walk-in closet is big enough, plenty of storage space. Well, there isn't much to show you here, really. That's it, more or less.

ANJA:

It's beautiful.

FLAT OWNER:

Shall we go back to the room, and you can ask me, if have any questions?

LUKA:

How much are the bills?

FLAT OWNER:

God, sorry, I'm so confused, I've repeated this so many times today. Basically, the heating is long distance, so it's not very expensive, I can tell you, we have a flat upstairs, an extra room, and it amounts to about 70, and 140 in winter. No need to switch it on fully, there's old ladies in the building who have it on full blast, so they kind of heat the entire building.

*They all laugh.*

FLAT OWNER:

Now, as for AC, we don't have it, I don't like it, my husband gets ear infections all the time and can't stand it. People who lived before never complained, but if you wanted it, sure, no problem, but you'll have to pay for it yourselves. But I don't think you will, really. Everybody's asking about it though, interesting.

ANJA:

I don't like it either, we actually have a car without AC, we're used to it.

LUKA:

It faces north-south, doesn't it, so it doesn't catch a lot of direct sunshine in the summer.

FLAT OWNER:

True, true, well done. The sun travels over there. Anyway, we've got only a few minutes left, is there anything you'd like to ask me?

ANJA:

No, I'm okay, all clear. Luka?

LUKA:

Same here, I think you've explained it all.

FLAT OWNER:

*(laughing, she likes them)*

Ah well, let's call each other by our first names, I'm not that much older, eh?

ANJA AND LUKA:

Sure.

FLAT OWNER:

No smoking in the flat, not even on the balcony, no pets, which I've explained on the phone already, haven't I? You don't have any pets, do you?

ANJA:

No. And we don't smoke either.

FLAT OWNER:

Great. What is it that you do if you don't mind my asking?

ANJA:

I'm a hairdresser, I have my own chair in a salon in Tržaška street.

FLAT OWNER:

Cool, always great to have a hairdresser in the building, you might help me fix this mess of mine.

ANJA:

Oh no, you've got lovely hair.

FLAT OWNER:

It used to be puny, but after I got pregnant it went wild, unbelievable. Ah well, what about you?

LUKA:

I'm work at the computer service, repairing computers, phones and stuff.

FLAT OWNER:

Very handy, both of you, that's grea. Are you full-time employed?

ANJA:

I'm self-employed and Luka has a five-year contract. It's just been renewed.

LUKA:

We're doing okay, we've never run out of cash to pay the rent.

FLAT OWNER:

Yeah, sure, but we thought, well, one never knows, we've had all sorts of experience, so we ask for a three-month deposit, there's a three-month notice, just in case something goes wrong. It's a two-year contract, is it okay with you?

ANJA:

Yes, great, we don't want to be flat hunting all the time, we'd rather settle down a bit.

LUKA:

Yeah.

FLAT OWNER:

Well, now, if you're really interested, make sure to let me know as soon as possible, as the flat is in high demand, and will be taken in no time, tomorrow we have two or three extra viewings, the day after tomorrow we'll probably make a short list, we have at least 15 very interested people so far, I think.

*Anja and Luka look at each other. They are very interested.*

ANJA:

We're very interested, yeah, aren't we, Luka?

LUKA:

Yeah, I like it a lot, so I guess, yes, we'd be very happy to live here, right?

ANJA:

Definitely.

FLAT OWNER:

That's great. I've got your number, so I'll be in touch soon, okay?

LUKA:

Great.

*Luka and Anja are putting on their shoes and clothes.*

ANJA:

Will it be a boy or a girl?

FLAT OWNER:

Oh, a boy.

ANJA:

Lovely.

FLAT OWNER:

I hope he won't be taking his time.

ANJA:

How much longer?

FLAT OWNER:

Two months.

ANJA:

Vow, soon enough.

FLAT OWNER:  
I hope so.

ANJA:  
The kids are great.

FLAT OWNER:  
They are.

*The doorbell rings, the flat owner opens it. Another couple is waiting. Both couples are awkwardly standing in the cramped corridor. The newly arrived couple starts to take off their shoes when they see that Anja and Luka are putting on theirs.*

FLAT OWNER:  
Hi, you must be, let me check, Lucija, right?

LUCIJA:  
Yeah, we spoke on the phone, this is my partner Marko.

MARKO:  
Marko. Nice to meet you.

FLAT OWNER:  
Vesna, yes.

*She looks at Anja and Luka.*

FLAT OWNER:  
OK, we'll be in touch, right?

ANJA AND LUKA:  
Yes, sure, can't wait.

ANJA:  
Bye.

FLAT OWNER:  
Bye. Okay, so it's us now.

LUCIJA:  
It's very nice.

FLAT OWNER:

All the furniture remains in the flat,  
unless you want to put some of it away, we  
have a cellar available, 5 sq m, so you  
could easily store it there, right?

*Flat owner and the newly arrived couple  
disappear in the flat. Anja and Luka are  
standing in front of the door alone.  
They're excited. They're trying to  
muffle their enthusiasm so they can't  
hear them in the flat.*

ANJA:

So, you'll be climbing Šmarna.

*Luka laughs.*

LUKA:

No, I won't.

ANJA:

O yes, you will.

LUKA:

No, I won't.

ANJA:

Haha, you definitely will.

LUKA:

You will, because you'll get fat.

ANJA:

Stop it ... you'll put on as much weight as  
I, you always finished everything I've  
craved for.

LUKA:

Do I? Like last night, you mean, pesto macaroni at  
midnight?

ANJA:

Okay, not that.

*Luka and Anja are laughing, they are  
happy. Then they get serious and  
address the audience again.*

ANJA:



It hit me real soon that we should have told her. That we're pregnant. For the first time I felt the need to tell someone. What with her being pregnant, I could imagine our kids playing together, her little one spending time at our place, and ours at theirs, and how we alternate looking after them, and yeah, maybe we can climb Šmarna together some time. She seemed nice, easy-going, didn't she? But then, I don't know, the day after we had a nuchal scan appointment, and my mind was set on making sure everything was okay, I mean, I did have a check-up six weeks ago, and was feeling sick a lot, I was tired and slept all the time, you get used to it, it becomes like normal, you don't even feel it anymore, it is or is it not? So, anyway, we agreed to wait for the nuchal scan, and afterwards we'd ...

I mean, we hadn't even told our parents yet, so yeah, it was really strange timing, although I felt it might help her deciding.

I keep wondering these days who's having a baby when I have it, so we can hang together, go for walks with prams, help each other. Not many, for time, just one friend, really, or a mate to be accurate as we're not very close, but well, you never know.

Anyway, I felt bad about it, but I don't know, this was our decision, and I do think we got on well, so I had a very good feeling.

LUKA:

I didn't really feel that we should have told her, I mean, she's pregnant herself, right? I mean, if anyone gets it why people wait up to three months before they tell anyone, it's her, as she's going it through herself just now.

It all felt unreal anyway. How should I put it? You're just a partner, plus that she's tired all the time and falling asleep almost everywhere, anytime, and that everything revolves around food, totally unpredictable, the stuff we loved, we hate now, we love what we used to hate, she'd rather eat nothing, everything makes her puke, but would still

love to eat something, so, as a partner, you're more or less kept in the dark. I mean, yeah, the test in the beginning, and the first check-up at the gynaecologist, she didn't let me come with her anyway, and then she showed up with the image, okay, but I couldn't see much there either, I'm still clueless, it's kind of far away, I mean, it seems so far away.

Until the nuchal scan, that is, we had the appointment the next day. Well, that is a shock. Fuck. It's all there. It's got toes, one, two, three, four, five, well, I don't know, we didn't count, you can't see them all, but it has everything, feet, arms, raising them to touch his eyes, it's moving, feeling comfy, or maybe not, or maybe so comfy to snug in. It's great, it's mad. And it's got a willy. Yes, he has. She made a circle around it on that funny TV with a golden frame, yeah, we both watched it, when she projected it from that ultrasound, it was in a golden frame, and you're simply watching this baby, his hands and his willies in this golden frame, it's really funny, I don't know, I really found it funny. And it's cool too. But she's so serious, I mean, her gynaecologist. It was almost hilarious. And then she says to Anja, don't be scared, I have to nudge him a bit to get him in the right position so that she can measure what she has to measure, and she really goes knock knock on Anja's tummy, and he starts moving on the TV. He didn't like to be disturbed, so he went like, what the hell, I must move now, what are you doing, leave me alone! In the golden frame, cool.

*Anja and Luka look at each other, laughing.*

LUKA:

Afterwards we went to the Baby Centre shop, just to have a quick look, didn't we?

ANJA:

*(happy)*

Yes.

LUKA:

We walked along the shelves full of baby stuff, we found everything so cute.

ANJA:

We bought a pair of tiny socks with orcas.

*Luka and Anja are laughing. Anja looks at the phone, jumps up, excitedly, she is nervous, she doesn't know whether to laugh or hide somewhere.*

Oh, fuck fuck!

LUKA:

Well, answer it.

ANJA:

Oh, fuck fuck!

LUKA:

Anja.

ANJA:

*(taking a deep breath)*

Yes, hello, Mrs Vesna!

FLAT OWNER:

Hi, Anja, is that you?

ANJA:

Yeah, sure. How are you?

FLAT OWNER:

Very well, thanks, I'm sorry, it took me a bit longer than I thought.

ANJA:

No problem.

FLAT OWNER:

I just wanted to tell you, I really liked you and Luka, you seem a really nice couple, which

is why I decided, well, me and my husband decided to lease the flat to you. You're still interested, aren't you?

ANJA:

*(excitedly)*

Yessss! O god, yes, of course. Luka, we've got the flat!

LUKA:

Yipee!

*Luka is jumping up and won, lifting Anja in the air.*

ANJA:

Thank you, thank you, we couldn't be happier.

FLAT OWNER:

Me too, I'm glad we got on so well, so do come over to sign the contract and we'll sort out the details, and ... yeah, welcome!

ANJA:

Gee, I can hardly believe it. Thanks a million! We can meet you tomorrow afternoon, we're working morning shifts, if it's okay?

FLAT OWNER:

Great, and you can meet my Matija as well. Shall we say, at five?

ANJA:

*(to Luka)*

Tomorrow at five?

LUKA:

Yeah, cool.

ANJA:

Yeah, that's great.

*Luka gestures to Anja to tell her the news. Anja is not quite sure at first, they are laughing..*

...

FLAT OWNER:

Just come over to us, we're one floor above you, on the left, at the end of the corridor.

Just press the buzzer at downstairs, it says  
Vodnik.

ANJA:

Great, that's it ... Vesna? I wanted to tell  
you something, at this point really. The  
other day it didn't seem the right moment,  
we weren't quite sure, and we still haven't  
told anyone yet ... Anyway, I'm pregnant too.  
Three months next week. Yeah, we thought we  
should tell you, so, yeah.

*Silence.*

ANJA:

Hello?

FLAT OWNER:

Yeah, well, yeah, congrats!

ANJA:

Thanks, funny how everything seems to click suddenly  
in life. We were taken by surprise a bit, but now,  
it's great, it's lovely, isn't it? Hello?

FLAT OWNER:

Yes, yes, but, well, see, this might change  
things a bit, I mean, I don't know, I should  
have a word with my dad, he's the owner,  
we're only sorting out the lease, so ...  
Listen, let me call you back later, okay?

ANJA:

Yeah ... okay ...

FLAT OWNER:

Good, talk soon, bye!

ANJA:

Bye.

*Anja pauses, Luka looks at her with anticipation.*

ANJA:

She needs to talk to him and will call me back.

LUKA:

To who?

ANJA:

Well, her dad, he's the owner or whatever.

LUKA:

I see.

ANJA:

Yeah.  
*Silence.*

LUKA:

Well, yeah, it's just, she's just found out, she can't decide on her own, it makes perfect sense, and she's pregnant as well, they'll find it great, I'm sure.

ANJA:

I hope so.

LUKA:

Of course.

ANJA:

Yes.

LUKA:

I mean, I'm sure they'll like it!

ANJA:

Yeah.

LUKA:

If someone understands ...

ANJA:

Yeah ...

LUKA:

Don't worry, it'll be cool.

ANJA:

Well yes, I know ... it just sounded so weird when she said she'd call me. I could see us

there, the Sava, Šmarna. And the ladies in the local supermarket were so nice, I could see it already, our kid crawling near the can stacks, and ... Didn't you think so?

FLAT OWNER:

Anja, hello, Vesna speaking. I'm just calling to let you know that unfortunately we leased out the flat to someone else. I'm really sorry, but that's how it is.

ANJA:

Yes, yes, well, I don't know, thanks for telling me anyway.

FLAT OWNER:

You're welcome. I'm sure you'll find something else soon. Well, good luck to you.

ANJA:

Thanks. You too. Good luck!

*The sound of a disconnected telephone connection. Then silence.*

ANJA:

Good luck?!?! Me wishing her good luck?!?!...

*Silence.*

ANJA:

*(to Luka)*

Why didn't I say anything to her? I should have said something, I really should have. Good luck? Really? Me wishing her good luck, while she' got it all.

LUKA:

We will ... We'll find something.  
*They hug.*

MIKE 1:

I'm terribly sorry, but the flat really isn't suitable for kids.

MIKE 2:

I'm not sure it's going to work out. It's too small for a pram. I don't think it's

wise, to be honest. It's too small, so you'll start making changes, moving stuff around, no, no, I don't think it's a good idea.

LUKA:

So, that's how it started.

MIKE 3:

Oh, I see, well, I don't know, but in my opinion, it won't work, sorry. You know, the furniture is very classy, a bit antique, and with a baby around, you do understand, don't you, no matter how hard one tries, kids destroy everything.

MIKE 2:

Taken.

MIKE 4:

I'll call you back, but we have a lot of enquiries, so it might be best you keep searching.

LUKA:

I don't know, you can't really hide it, can you?

MIKE 5:

This is not on.

MIKE 2:

It's been taken.

MIKE 1:

Haven't you read the ad, sir?

MIKE 4:

Taken.

MIKE 3:

No way.

MIKE 1:

Taken.

LUKA:



They would all lease it out to a quiet young couple, non-smokers, no parties, no kids, no pets, no friends, just hovering in the air to spare the wear and tear of the parquet.

MIKE 5:

Well, I don't know, maybe, but you'll have to move out by June, because it's Airbnb until October.

MIKE 3:

You know, our neighbours are very sensitive, one lady is very ill, a baby crying might be too stressful for her.

MIKE 2:

Haven't you read the terms? It says it clearly, non-smokers, no kids, no pets, no visitors, with a steady job, a two year's lease.

MIKE 4:

Gosh, no, definitely not, you know, the couch is brand new, it's out of the question, we said it clearly, no moving of the furniture.

LUKA:

We told gran about the baby. She went mental and started calling everyone on her contact list. In the evening, when we came back to Ljubljana, I rang her to tell her we got back alright, and it was still busy.

MIKE 3:

A baby? No way, I'll never be able to get rid of you, you'll end up suing me, no, no, count me out.

MIKE 2:

It's unfurnished.

MIKE 1:

No.

MIKE 5:

Taken.

ANJA:

It's only Mondays.

MIKE 3:  
No.

ANJA:  
One Monday and another Monday.

MIKE 2:  
Taken.

MIKE 4:  
No.

MIKE 2:  
No.

ANJA:  
My bump is getting bigger, while our thrill is  
getting smaller.

MIKROFON 5:  
No.

ANJA:  
Well, that's how I feel anyway.

## TUESDAY

*A huge cow mascot in a pink outfit with a massive round head runs into a shopping mall ladies toilet and locks itself in a cubicle, taking off its enormous head, slamming it against the door. Inside the costume is STANE, a sweaty and terrible angry employee in a fit of rage. He smashes the nappy changing table and the mirror and scatters the toilet paper all over the place.*

STANE:

Why the fuck am I doing this? Why the fuck am I doing this?

*He is followed by a YOUNG COWORKER, dressed up as a huge Mountain bee.*

YOUNG COWORKER:

He's in the ladies!

*Another employee, RADO, rushes into the toilet, dressed up as a Lady hen with a straw hat and eggs.*

STANE:

No, no, no, why the fuck am I doing this?

RADO:

Stane, open the door, let's talk, we can sort it out.

STANE:

No, no, I don't have to do this! No way, Rado!

RADO:

I know, Stane, just come out and we'll ...

STANE:

No way, I'm not coming out, never, I'll stay put until I retire, I'll lock myself here for five years, claiming extra hours, I don't give a damn!

YOUNG COWORKER:

Stane, have a drink of water.

STANE:

I don't want it, I won't drink, I won't eat, I won't do anything.

RADO:

Stanko, come on, open the door, let's have a fag outside, let's get some fresh air, you'll see ...

STANE:

I used to be a master craftsman!

RADO:

I know, Stane!

STANE:

They used to call me master. Whenever people needed something, they said, go and see Stanči, Stanči'll sort it out, Stanči knows it, Stanči'll show you, that's who I was, I was the master!

RADO:

I know, Stane ...

STANE:

Do you know I was the national champion in welding?

RADO:

I do, Stanko, come on, just come out, so that we can ...

STANE:

Does anyone here have the first idea how to fix stuff, eh, in this bloody shop, does anyone know anything?

RADO:

No idea, Stane, they do, I don't know, stop thinking like this.

STANE:

Rado, it's no good for us, this here, not good for us, you know.

RADO:

Stanko, stop thinking like that, you know it has to be done, it's okay, it doesn't matter really, no one was hurt, you just need to get some fresh air and get your breath back, a fag too, some time off in the sun at the back, and then we'll have it done, full stop.

*A MALE SUPERVISOR enters the ladies sporting his phone.*

SUPERVISOR:

What's going on here?

*When Stane hears his voice, he starts yelling and trashing the place again. Rado and the young co-worker try to calm down the supervisor.*

STANE:

Just fuck off, you, kid, I don't want to see you again, okay? Fuck off! Bloody bastards, you make me wear the fucking cow costume. I'm 55! Do you realize how fucking hot I feel in

this damn thing? No air. You'll see it yourself, when you're out of your teens!

SUPERVISOR:

I'm calling the security guards! This is not on!

RADO:

No, wait, we'll sort it out in no time, it's okay, nothing happened.

SUPERVISOR:

What do you mean 'nothing'? The damage's been done, a carton of milk's been spilt, kids're crying, mums're screaming.

STANE:

You don't give a fuck, eh? You don't give a fuck about Stane, do you?

If he gets a heart attack, hurray, you'll finally get rid of him, right?

What use is Stane to you? Nothing but hassle he is. Let him have a heart attack to finish him off. He won't bother us anymore, eh? Even as a cow, he was no good, eh?

RADO:

Give us a few minutes, please, we'll sort it out. Think of it as if we were having a break, okay?

SUPERVISOR:

A break? What break? Stop messing. Do you find this normal?

YOUNG COWORKER:

Let just have Rado talk to him, he's almost calm now.

SUPERVISOR:

I'm giving you a minute to come out!

*Stane goes berserk every time he hears the Supervisor's voice.*

STANE:

You're telling me? I'm a gentleman for you! I'm a master!

*Rado hastes back to the door to calm down Stane. The young co-worker tries to calm down the supervisor.*

RADO:

Stanko, let's all calm down, so we can ...

STANE:

I got my first job when I was 18, I've been working hard all my life, and now, at the age of 55, I'm a crummy cow.

RADO:

I know, Stane ...

STANE:

My entire life, so that now these bloody spoiled rotten kids are all over me, hassling their mums to buy them chocolate milk, pulling my teats, and my tail too.

RADO:

I know.

STANE:

And I can do fuck all!

RADO:

I know, Stanko.

STANE:

The other day, a kid leapt on my back. Yippee yippee! Fuck off, you, yippee, yippee!

RADO: I know.

STANE:

I swear, the next time it happens, I'll catch the bloody kid and knock his teeth out, grab him by his hair and fling him to the Barilla wholegrain farfalle.

RADO:

I know.

STANE:

Mum, why does this cow have a massive tummy, is she going to have little cows?

Mum, why does this cow have such a voice, mum, why doesn't this cow change his outfit, mum, how does the chocolate milk come out, mum ...?

RADO:

I get it, Stanko. Come on, let's go for a fag and we'll...

STANE:

Do you see any point it this?

RADO:

I don't know, perhaps, yes.

STANE:

Rado, look at me. I'm a cow, not even a bull. A fucking cow with drooping tits. Bloody hell! Do you get my drift?

RADO:

I do, I get your drift.

STANE:



Who was I?

RADO:

You're the welding champion.

STANE:

What was my nickname?

RADO:

Master, mate.

SUPERVISOR:

You're in a public toilet, sir.

STANE:

Fuck off, who asked you anything. Get the hell out of here, I don't want to see you ever again, get it? You're like a bloody cop, a customs officer, harassing decent working people, breathing down their neck. Fuck off!

YOUNG COWORKER:

He doesn't really mean it. He's just tired, what with the low air pressure ...

SUPERVISOR:

I don't care, it's just not on!

YOUNG COWORKER:

I know, he'll be okay any minute now.

SUPERVISOR:

I'm too busy to be dealing with you lot. Your show begins in ten minutes.

RADO:

No problem, we'll be there, nearly there we are, just a fag, and we'll be okay.

*A WOMAN WITH SHOPPING BAGS comes to the toilet. She is desperate for a pee and stunned to see the commotion. The supervisor tries to calm her down, but she's not happy.*

RADO:

Stanko, please you're in ladies.

STANE:

What does it matter where I am?

RADO:

Well, Stane, there are women here who need to pee.

STANE:

Let them pee, why not, let them pee, let them pee, anywhere they want, we're all family here, pee as you please, be my guest, ladies, just pee!

A WOMAN:

Sir, why aren't you causing trouble in the men's?

STANE:

So I will, ma'am! You name it, and I will. Anywhere. Just take it one step at a time, ma'am, especially if you're on your own, it takes time. Moo! Moo!  
Take it away, Rado, do your hen impersonation, cackle, so the lady can see how good we are! Moo!

RADO:

Come on, Stanko, let's go out for a fag. My legs are hurting me.

STANE:

Go on, cackle, show the lady, how good you are, cackle!

SUPERVISOR:

That's it, guys, I've had it, I've no idea what you're playing at, but it's nearly noon, people are waiting for the happy hour, I need to know whether to call the police or ...

STANE:

Go, Rado, go, cackle! Cackle!

RADO: Stane, I ...

STANE:

Cackle, go on!

RADO:

Cackle!

STANE:

Moo!

RADO:

Cackle!

STANE:

Moooo!

RADO:

Cackle, cackle!

STANE:

Moooo!

RADO:

Cackle, cackle!

STANE:

Mooo!

*The woman leaves the toilet aghast; the supervisor follows her to calm her down.*

STANE:

Moo, moo!

RADO:

Cackle!

STANE:

That's it, has the lady seen how professional we are, Rado?

RADO: She has.

STANE:

What did I fuck up?

RADO:

You fucked up nothing.

STANE:

I was the national champion.

RADO: I know.

STANE:

He rooked the company and fucked off.

RADO:

I know, Stanko.

STANE:

Rooked and fucked off.

RADO:

I know.

STANE:

Rooked and fucked off.

RADO:

I know.

STANE:

Rooked and fucked off.

RADO:

I know.

STANE:

Rooked and fucked off.

RADO:

I know.

STANE:

Rooked and fucked off.

RADO:

I know. Come here, Stane, it's time.

STANE:

I know.

*Stane comes out from the cubicle. The Cow, the Hen and the Bee do their promotion act for children and shoppers.*

## SREDA

*The National Health Insurance branch office. A desk. The female employee, called MARTA, and AMIR are at the desk. The phones are ringing, the printers are printing, the scanners are scanning.*

EMPLOYEE:

See, they've stopped cooking altogether, so in the end you have to take care of your grownup children who now have children of their own and ... So, every Sunday I make a stew for four families, put it in my Tupperware containers and freeze and spend hours on Monday, sometimes also Tuesday, depending on when they're free, to bring them to them, cause if I don't, they won't eat anything at all, they haven't got a clue how to cook, yeah, but they have to eat something, right?

And while I'm there anyway, I clean and iron, cause they've given up ironing too. They prefer buying clothes that don't need to be ironed. I mean, please. So, I iron their stuff, including the underwear, it's a different feeling, if the clothes are ironed. If my daughter sees me, she gets angry, stop it, mum, she says, stop it, stop it, and I say to her, who will do it, then, if not me? Who? Are you going to be like homeless hobos? No way, you won't! You're my children, after all, and my grandchildren ... So off she goes to do her stuff, while I'm ironing, and when she's back, she's pleased that I've ironed the shirts and stuff ...

And this garden of theirs, totally neglected, overgrown with weeds. So, I make an odd stop at Bauhaus to buy plants, strawberries, and plant them, so their beds are not bare, they have plenty of space there. The grandchildren are happy, it keeps them busy, get in touch with the soil, but they hard find the time to do it. I do notice how it all rots in the garden, so I pick stuff up, saying to myself they should

rather grow potatoes, it takes little effort, and I could come only once and pick them up ...

What with their plums, all rotting, so I'm making jam, loads of jam, 18 jars last year, homemade jam, very special. So, they have jam, at least. They don't eat any sweet stuff, so the jam's left over too. Ah well. Also, one of them is vegan, one is semi-vegan, some don't like vegetables, some are vegans and don't like vegetables... You name it. My son, I forget now what he is, even their dog's a vegan now. Mission impossible to make a normal lunch. One of them has a nut allergy, what not, I don't know, but I ignore it, I just put the containers in their freezers to keep them going for a week and I when I come back next week, the freezer is empty, no complaints, they seem perfectly happy. The vegan ones, I don't think, they've got any time for cooking. So, I'm there with my soup, and my daughter-in-law says, no, no, no, we're into raw food diet now. Raw, what do you mean? What I am to do now? So, sort out your garden then. Okay then, raw it is, so let me make you a salad. Has anyone ever seen raw beef soup? No! So, here we are, munching salad. We're having a lovely time, but it's really a drag. I worry they'll all end up ill. Then again, it was just a phase really, now they're into cooking again, but vegan. But for the parmesan, they can't resist it. Super, I guess. So, when the grandchildren're staying with me, I serve them beef soup, and they're loving it!

And then she finds out they had beef soup, all hell breaks loose. And my son says, well, mom, you know what Cindy's like. So, we don't see each other as much these days. I mean, they come over for lunch, but I don't babysit as much as I used to.

Although, it's just a phase, I think. Still, I've joined a forum, 'How to survive if your daughter-in-law is a vegan'. It's mostly people of my age, we share our experiences, how to cook a Saturday lunch, and we're working on the hard, swapping them, upgrading them. We're growing homemade sprouts, the stuff has to be rinsed three times a day! And tofu! I really don't get it, tofu, it's tasteless, so I'm learning how to cook it. Not easy, believe me, it took me ages to get the hang of it. They're loving it, they want to know how I make it. No big deal, I tell them. But you know, it's a bit of a drag really, I mean, it does take practice. I do like Cindy, but... Thank God I have this group now, or else I'd ... It still happens though, when I go out to the movies in the evening, I suddenly remember I haven't rinsed the sprouts, so what am I to do ...

AMIR:

I don't get it. How is it possible?

*The Employee, confused, is checking her papers.*

EMPLOYEE:



Well, just as I've told you, the deregistration date is 12 June, which is two months ago.

AMIR:

Sorry, ma'am, but how is it possible? I was working then.

EMPLOYEE:

Look, this is the form, you were deregistered, you see, this is the attachment on the termination of employment.

AMIR:

I've never seen this before, ma'am.

EMPLOYEE:

Here's the date and here's your signature.

AMIR:

Where?

EMPLOYEE:

Here.

AMIR:

This?

EMPLOYEE:

Yes, where it says, 'signed by'.

AMIR:

It's not my signature.

EMPLOYEE:

What do you mean?

AMIR:

Well, it's not. Look. This is not my signature.

EMPLOYEE:

It says here, your name and signature.

AMIR:

No way, this isn't my signature. It says 'Ljubljana, 11.6'. I wasn't in Ljubljana, I was in Munich at the building site. Impossible, ma'am. This isn't my signature.

EMPLOYEE:

Sir.

AMIR:

Please, look!

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, I can't ...

AMIR:

Look, look, please. See? This is my job contract, and this is my signature, see? But this here, I don't know what it is, but it's definitely not my signature.

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, I please. It's not up to me to assess this is your signature or not.

AMIR:

Look, a child could see it's not my signature. They're totally different. Can't you see? This is a forgery, ma'am. Could you re-register me on your computer and report an error?

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, we received the M-2 form from your employer, deregistering your health insurance and terminating the job contract. You were deregistered on 12 June.

AMIR:

But I never signed this.

EMPLOYEE:

It's not our business. We only register and deregister, we receive forms and attachments. We have neither the time nor the authority to check if the signatures are genuine.

AMIR:

But, ma'am, I was working all this time.

EMPLOYEE:

Sorry, I can't help you.

AMIR:

What do you mean you can't? It was you who deregistered me!

EMPLOYEE:

No, I didn't. I only received the claim to deregister you.

AMIR:

Yes, ma'am, but I never signed it. I had no idea about this at all. I was working all the time.

EMPLOYEE:

If you didn't sign it, you should sue your employer for forging your signature and the ensuing unlawful termination of a job contract.

AMIR:

Ma'am, please, look at the signatures. Can't you see it, ma'am? They're totally different. How could you deregister me in the first place?

EMPLOYEE:

Only the court that can assess the validity of a signature. I've told you, your only option is to sue him.

AMIR:

Sue? How long will it take?

EMPLOYEE:

No idea. A few months, for sure.

AMIR:

A few months? I can't ... A few months? Do you realize what this means for me? For my family?

EMPLOYEE:

Sorry, I can't help you.

AMIR:

What do you mean? Can't you see they're different? You should have noticed it back then. I don't get it.

EMPLOYEE:

Look, I'm authorized only to hand you these documents, should you wish so.

AMIR:

But you deregistered me. Why can't you re-register me? I'm telling you, I was working.

EMPLOYEE:

Look, sir, this is not going anywhere.

AMIR:

No, no, ma'am, please, look, these are my boss's text messages. Look, this was last week. See, 'a van will pick you up at 6 in Herbertstrasse'. Look, way back, see? This is it, see, August, August, 31 July, July, ma'am, see, wait, see, here we go, what did you say, 15 June? There. 'Tomorrow leave 30 minutes earlier, Herbertstrasse'. See, ma'am?

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, I ...

AMIR:

And look, my photos from the building site. See, me and my mates? We're together all the time, working, they know me, we can ask them, they'll tell you we were working all the time. Look, the date on this photo, see, this façade, and here, the tiles, I send an odd one to my little boy, so he can see what I'm working on, I've got millions of them, ma'am, here, the staircase, see, I made it, and here, another one, it was fucking tricky, this one, I keep sending them to my boy, see, and this is what he sends back, he's copying me, building his house at his gran's, he's got sand there, he likes making things,

saying he'll be a builder like his da, see,  
this arch, and here another mate of mine,  
his sidewalk collapsed so we all came to fix  
it.

EMPLOYEE:

Sir ...

AMIR:

And this, look, ma'am, my wife's text messages, see,  
in June, what they're up to, see, my little one  
sending me love and kisses, to Germany, hoping my  
back is no longer aching ... See, she has a bit of a  
rash here, nothing helped, until gran gave her some  
herbs to chews, and it was gone, she wanted to send  
them for my sore back.

EMPLOYEE:

Listen, I'm telling you.

AMIR:

See, ma'am, plenty of messages on my phone,  
see what my boy's been sending me.

*Amir plays his son's recorded message.*

SOUND RECORDING:

Vierzig, einundvierzig, zweiundvierzig,  
dreiundvierzig, vierundvierzig,  
fünfundvierzig, sechsundvierzig ...

AMIR:

He can count to one hundred.

AMIR'S SON:

... siebenundvierzig, achtundvierzig,  
neunundvierzig, fünfzig ...

EMPLOYEE:

That'll do, sir, I get it ...

AMIR:

Ma'am, I've already started flat hunting for  
my family in Germany. They're waiting. And  
now, what? An entire year lost? How can I  
explain it to my wife and my kids?

EMPLOYEE:

I see, but unfortunately, I can't help you.  
Sue him and verify there was no job  
termination contract.

AMIR:

Ma'am, I've worked so hard. I haven't seen  
my family for a year, I have kids, do you  
realize what a year means to a 5-year old  
child?

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Hi, Marta, sorry to disturb you, I won't be  
long.

EMPLOYEE:

It's okay.

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Here's the card for Janez for you to sign,  
for his present.

EMPLOYEE:

Oh!

MALE EMPLOYEE:

You've chipped in, right?

EMPLOYEE:

Oh yes, yes.

MALE EMPLOYEE:

The box is too big and clumsy, so I bought  
a card as well, look, the one with horses  
and stuff.

EMPLOYEE:

Great, he loves horses.

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Sign here, under Neja.

EMPLOYEE:

So, how did you ...

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Easy peasy, there's a shop in Klagenfurt too, and they had two items in stock, so Dragica asked her father-in-law who works in Klagenfurt to bring it over as he commutes.

EMPLOYEE:

Great!

MALE EMPLOYEE:

No problem, if you try hard.

EMPLOYEE:

Yes. There.

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Great. You're busy, eh? You know, to be honest, I do envy our Janez a bit. I mean, he's not that old yet, a young man he is.

EMPLOYEE:

Yes, yes.

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Marta, I'd love to retire too. I'm fed up.

*Silence. Male employee is staring Marta who's just looking at him, she doesn't know what to think, the employee's looking at her.*

MALE EMPLOYEE:

Ah well, see you around. Sorry again if I disturbed you.

EMPLOYEE:

Bye.

AMIR:

Goodbye. Ma'am, do you know what that means? For my family? If I haven't worked for a year, I can't do anything. And I have to go back. With nothing and start from scratch. I

had it all set in Germany. It'll all be lost. He's not going to wait for me.

EMPLOYEE:

Look, sir ...

AMIR:

No, ma'am! I worked all year, 10, 12 hours a day, rain, sun, snow. I haven't been paid for three months, but I've been working because the German boss told me he's hire me. But he can't now, if it says here that I quit two months ago. I must go back to Bosnia. I can do nothing. I can't go on a dole either. Why didn't you call me when he deregistered me?

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, once and for all, I can't help you.

AMIR:

What do you mean you can't? Just click there and report a mistake.

EMPLOYEE:

No way. I can only do it if I receive a claim with a form and mandatory attachments. I can't simply click. There are rules, laws. Now, will you please...

*The Employee tries to have a sip of water, but the glass is glued to the desk. She realizes everything is glued to the desk, her mouse, her keyboard... She's baffled.*

AMIR:

What bloody rules, what laws? You deregistered me while I was working. And this isn't my signature.

EMPLOYEE:

This is for the court to decide.

AMIR:



I thought it's all law and order in this country, but.

*Enter another female employee enters with a megaphone and starts yelling at Marta.*

EMPLOYEE 2:

Marta, will you be soon off for your break?

EMPLOYEE:

Yes, just a few minutes to finish this.

AMIR:

Ma'am, I was working long hours for no money.

EMPLOYEE 2:

It's a Wednesday, so ...

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, I can't help you. You should sue your employer.

DRUGA EMPLOYEE:

It's a Wednesday.

AMIR:

Ma'am, I don't have enough cash for the bus fare to Bosnia? How am I to sue the guy?

EMPLOYEE 2:

... which is why I thought, it's a lasagne day, so we should leave early, before the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor crowd rush out and eat it all.

EMPLOYEE:

Sure, I'm coming.

EMPLOYEE 2:

Marta, lasagne.

AMIR:

Ma'am, if you hadn't deregistered me, I could be working in Germany now. I've arranged it all. Ma'am, if you had noticed

it wasn't my signature, I could've asked them to check.

EMPLOYEE:

Sir, I've told you.

EMPLOYEE 2:

Marta, lasagne!

EMPLOYEE:

Coming!

AMIR:

Ma'am, if I had been notified, I could have registered as unemployed and get on the dole. Ma'am, I've got to go back now. With nothing.

*Marta tries to grab her bag off the desk, but it's glued to it.*

EMPLOYEE 2:

Marta, lasagne!!! I'm leaving!!!

EMPLOYEE:

I'm coming! We're finished here anyway, aren't we?

*Marta, in her rage, manages to tear the keyboard off the desk, grabs it and leaves her office.*

## **THURSDAY**

THE MAN WHO MUSTN'T STOP:

6 missed calls

8 unread emails

3 rescheduled meetings

5 unfinished bids

2 tender deadlines

and a deadline in five days

it seems to me that...

mmmmmm,  
don't know, the ground...  
and ...  
and, yes, the ground is...  
the ground ...  
the ground is ...

I'm a bit ...  
I don't know...  
I mean ...

Maybe I only need a small change  
yes change  
urgently.  
urgent change  
different rhythm  
different process  
different ...  
a change really

I get up early  
I drink coffee  
I drink lemonade  
I exercise  
and I start  
I start  
simply start  
I start right away  
I start.  
it needs to start.

cancelled lunch  
cancelled drink  
cancelled date

cancelled  
cancelled  
cancelled

whose birthday is it?  
okay, just quickly.  
No, no, I can't.  
Really. Sorry.  
I'm working.

fuck. I've got fuck all.

change of my working space  
different space  
different energy  
yes  
yes  
different space  
that's it  
I need it  
that's it  
different energy  
10 missed calls  
14 unread emails  
deadline in 3 days  
inhale exhale  
I mustn't fuck it up  
I really mustn't  
if I fuck this up ...  
then ...

inhale exhale

I won't fuck up

relaxation exercises  
concentration exercises  
exercises for creativity

14 missed calls  
16 unread emails  
deadline in 2 days  
inhale exhale  
Fuck.

relaxation exercises  
concentration exercises  
exercises for creativity  
fuck.  
fuck.  
fuck.

I feel as if ...  
mmmm  
I don't seem to feel my legs  
I want to move but I can't  
I can't  
the ground ...  
the ground ...  
is devouring me

relaxation exercises  
concentration exercises  
exercises for creativity

and then a click

fuck, I must go

I get up  
fuck, almost flying  
I open the door and run  
I'm running  
I'm running  
fuck

I'm out  
fuck  
I'm breathing  
yes  
breathing

fuck, yes!

Hi, yeah, yeah, no, all right, yeah, I got  
it, yeah ... just... yeah, yeah, I agree, no, no,  
I'm not calling because of, I'm calling  
because of ... I wanted to ask you, would it be  
OK if I postponed it for a week? No, I  
promise it'll be done by then, definitely,  
and it'll be great, I just need some extra  
time... Yes? Yeah, that'd be great, one week's  
great! I know, yes, I'm really sorry ... Yes?  
Okay, great, yeah, agreed. Thanks!

phew  
I can breath  
one week. it's plenty.  
I'll manage,  
it'll be great.  
back to work.

A coffee, please, espresso,  
you know, make it a beer,  
draught, no, sorry,  
make it a G&T,  
fuck, you know what, give me a whiskey  
gin  
whiskey  
beer  
whiskey  
beer  
whiskey with coke  
no ice  
no, thanks  
another one  
yes  
yes  
and cigarettes  
please  
I haven't, no  
sorry, can I have another one?

what? closed, what the fuck, who do you think  
you are, shut up, cunt, you know I've been a  
regular here, cunt, I'd been a regular here  
before you were even born...

Call Matko, now! Call Matko, you, cunt, and tell  
him that YOU, whoever you are, to refuse ME  
another round. You fucking student, what are you  
studying? You're probably not studying at all, I  
doubt it you have any capacity in your tiny brain  
to study..

come on ... give me another beer ... please ...

Siri, set the alarm for seven

aspirin plus c

freshly squeezed orange juice

large coffee

fried egg

shower

deodorant

perfume

chewing gum

and I'm off

I'm off

I'll stop drinking for a while because it's crap,  
I mean it, I don't need it

I'm going

I'm going alright

the thumping in my head

feeling a bit sick

concentrating one thing at a time

what a relief, fuck, what a relief

what pleasure

what torment

fuck what an idiot I was

maybe I should go away somewhere

Berlin

Berlin, I need to go to Berlin.



Skyscanner

if I go on Thursday until Sunday  
maybe Friday  
Thursday flying direct from Ljubljana,  
that's it, that's what I need  
a proper city  
to breathe  
instead of this fucking dump here  
that's it  
I need a big city to breathe,  
feel my lungs expanding,  
yeah yeah,  
that's it  
that's it

hi, yeah, it's me, hi, could I borrow your small  
suitcase? I'm off to Berlin for a few days, you  
know, to get some air, out of this dump, yes, yes,  
cool, I'll come to collect it. Late afternoon, okay?  
Yeah, great. Thank you. See you.

Do I need anything?

what do I need?

9 missed calls

18 unread emails

fuck, fuck Berlin. Never mind, really.

a mail received 5 days ago - are you sure you don't  
want to reply?

I should give them a call  
I mean, I have to answer it  
I have to tell them that...  
one week extra, so what?  
I mean, it makes it only worse I'm not answering the  
calls, it makes things worse, you can't simply  
switch off and not worry about it,  
no, no, no, it's always lurking,  
following you,  
breathing down your neck, cunt,  
I will, I will, I will

it's ringing again  
fuck

what if I simply turn it off  
or, even better, chuck it in the loo,  
so what,  
I could I guess learn wind surfing,  
yes, I could go to the Canaries, wind surf and I  
open a windsurfing school after I've learnt it,  
bingo, yeah, it'd be nice, all day long on the  
beach, nice and easy on the beach

a beer please  
oi, sorry for the other day  
I was drunk and ...

thanks

sports.  
yes!

that's it  
do it more often, sports  
it's good  
I'll take up running  
do you have size 44?  
what about that colour?  
yeah, this model is for  
a harder terrain,  
I mean, the forest?

nature, it helps, it always helps  
I'll call you later, poor signal here, what am I  
doing here  
my lungs will collapse due to fresh air,  
seriously, I'm running in the middle of the woods,  
fuck, fucking fuck

healthier food  
I need vitamins urgently  
hi, I'd like a smoothie, yes please, mmm,  
yes, this one, energy buster with beetroot ...  
disgusting.

I need to read more too  
when I have time  
yes  
after I finish this, yes  
after I'm done  
just let me submit this ...

What do you mean when? a suitcase? what  
suitcase? oh, the suitcase. well, no, sorry,  
I didn't go, couldn't be arsed, and it's  
expensive too, and to hang about in the city,  
finding out accommodation, a major drag, I  
mean, I'm so busy anyway, so yes, yes, sorry,  
yes, I forgot, yes, I will ...

deadline  
fuck  
go out  
see folks  
need to go out now

he's good, isn't he?  
he's good I said  
great DJ-ing  
like Berlin underground, isn't it?  
Berlin underground  
you haven't been yet, oh you have to go ... everyone  
has to go  
a free young soul to experience it,  
I mean, it's pure freedom,  
it really is, unlike here,  
you know, next time I'll take you with me, you'll  
see ...

A condom?  
What condom? Fuck off, I don't need this.

Maybe I need a new haircut,  
Or a baby, maybe.  
maybe I should have a baby, yeah,

worry less about myself, yeah,  
someone to look after, I wouldn't have so much spare  
time, we'd make daily trips, go the park ...  
yeah, that'd be awesome

I mean, if I'm to have it,  
it's time,  
I mean it, almost high time,  
do it while still feeling young  
and feeling like it

because it's quite a big deal  
total adjustment  
in fact you're no longer you  
in fact you commit your entire life to another  
creature that you don't even know yet and but maybe  
it won't pay you back in the end, or,  
even worse, it'll rob everything off you and won't  
even call you again,

fuck, I should call Mum.

I mean, I just need a person, no, I  
mean, a partner..  
maybe I'll rather get a dog,  
it's less hassle after all,  
or a cat,  
maybe a fish

that one  
no, no, that one there,  
the funny one  
that one, the chubby one, please  
thanks

I'm just standing here  
with a fish in a plastic bag, why have I bought a  
fish?  
shit, I mean, fuck, the fish episode was  
possibly ...

I'm great  
it's great

maybe I should see someone ...

hi, ... yes, sure,  
whenever you're free,  
just give me a call ...  
hi, what's up? yes, sure...  
call me, whenever,  
whenever you can,  
anytime  
hi, oh shit, am I disturbing you?  
it's okay, talk to you next week.  
Hello? Yeah, yeah, sure, speak soon!  
Whenever you can.  
No, I'm just calling, no problem,  
we will, whenever.  
we will, whenever  
whenever.  
we will.

I've deleted my FB account,  
never mind, really  
a total fake  
a total waste of time  
for real  
i've cleaned the fridge  
emptied the freezer  
washed my clothes  
ironed my shirts  
paired up my socks  
cleaned the window  
vacuumed  
wiped off the dust  
let fresh air in the flat

it's lovely  
really lovely

hi mom, yeah, I know, I was terribly busy, yeah,  
workwise,  
yeah, got to go now, I'll call you  
when  
I can  
bye

it's really nice here, if everything's ...  
yes ... maybe I should go to Berlin after all  
or Lisbon

Skyscanner, New York

fuck ...  
so expensive!

must be really overrated  
New York, ah, fuck it

the fish  
is watching me  
I'm watching the fish,  
I'm watching shit,  
I'm not reading

I'm not doing anything

fuck, Ljubljana, it really  
isn't cool  
fuck, tomorrow I'll start  
tomorrow



12 missed calls  
19 unread emails

fuck, I should really  
contact them

Self-service canteen,  
well, yeah, why not?

Sorry, ma'am, have you tried this? yes, and how do you find it? Yeah, how do you find it? don't know, do you find it tasty, I mean, do you find it delicious, I mean, do you find it okay? What, you think, just because one has no money, one doesn't have any sense for food, eh? The poor don't deserve normal food, eh? Sure, be my guest, call your boss, yeah. I mean, that's how it starts, ma'am, you're in the front line, it's up to you and now you'll be hiding behind your boss, well done. I don't know, would you give this stuff your children to eat? Outrageous.

I'm leaving, with pleasure.

With greatest pleasure.

All present, sworn into slavery, put down your spoons and forks for a moment and listen to me! please listen, don't eat this! seriously ladies and gentlemen, you deserve better! throw it on the floor, this crap they call steak, pour away what they call soup. ma'am, this? This is supposed to be sauce? come on pour it throw it leave it you're not animals, you're humans

throw it out and follow me  
seriously, sir, seriously, follow  
me

let's go  
it's on me  
let's go to As  
come on,  
come on, sir  
you can't eat this,  
I mean it,  
let's go to As,  
it's on me, follow me

good evening, a table for 13, please

no, I don't have a reservation nor the patience, I'd  
like a table for a party of 13 extremely gallant and  
civilized people, 13 true gourmets, experienced  
gourmets

is there a problem, sir?  
aren't they pretty enough?  
not smart enough for you?  
don't they smell nice? aren't they shining?  
If I were you, I'd let us in, before I make a scene  
and start calling you a fascist capitalist cunt in  
front of the guests, what do you reckon?

no, never fall for a nice face.  
I mean it.

It's not true.

Officer, that's simply not true.

I didn't bully him.

No, I deny it.

No way

I didn't yell

I beg your pardon

it's not true

stop exaggerating

okay, it toppled over, by accident though, and I

apologized and helped to pick it up, but I also

think, pardon me, have you seen the menu, eh?

they'll be fine, it's a couple of broken bottles and

glasses

seriously?

why are we barred? I don't know, I can pay the

gentleman to get his shirt cleaned if

he can't afford it himself, because it's really hard

this

life, eating out in fancy restaurants, isn't it

seriously, sir?

have you ever eaten here?

I mean, could you bring your wife here?

probably not, right?

and now you're going to fine me?

seriously

for them,  
you know what  
great  
right  
I agree, do it, come on  
you know, sometimes freedom's cheap

enjoy your meal, guys,  
may an odd bone  
get stuck in your throat,  
I'm leaving, I'm leaving

I'm leaving  
I'm leaving  
I'm leaving

maybe I should have studied something else and  
everything would be different.  
maybe I should change everything now and take up  
something completely different  
I don't know  
maybe something simpler

How's Mojca doing, where is she now? Does she still  
have Charlie, no, he'd be at least 18 now, he must  
have died ...  
he was a fine dog

14 missed calls  
I'm going to call them, I swear

I'll stop eating meat  
and animal products,  
no more,  
yes  
why is everyone watching me  
what is it, ma'am, did you forget your glasses at  
home?  
15 missed calls  
Who the hell is buying these fucking animal prints?  
for fucking 400 euros?  
don't fuck with me  
I will, I'll answer it now

hi, yeah, I'm telling you, it's gonna be great,  
really. Yes, it's taken a bit longer, but it'll be  
great, I mean it, you know, this is how it goes, if  
we want it to be special, it takes a bit longer,  
right ... what do you mean... no, but I... really ... just  
one... wait...  
do you realize who I am? I don't care.  
just die in your mediocrity... I don't need you...  
goodbye...

I feel a bit  
here  
I feel pressure  
fuck, my pulse,  
my heart is ...  
pounding

full blast  
fuck  
maybe I should see a doctor  
fuck  
maybe I'm having a heart attack  
fuck  
wow, that's it  
this is the end  
looks like I'm going to die  
wow, the end  
Fuck  
That's it  
This is it?  
Is that the end?  
I'm going to die  
To die  
The end

nothing?  
what? nothing?  
what do you mean, nothing?  
Yes, in here ... and here ... and everywhere.  
Are you sure?  
What about a blood test or something?

You mean, generally?  
No, no, no, I'm fine,  
generally speaking.  
fuck, I'm great  
Yes  
great  
never better  
really  
I'm great

I'm really great  
great yes  
Everything's great  
I'm great. Great.

No, I haven't paid for the ticket and don't intend to. I'd consider paying, if I wasn't part of your ad campaign. You should pay ME, as I was seen appearing in you wretched commercial for the last 30 minutes. Unsuspecting, I got on the bus, and where was I going to take a sit? The only spot, of course, with a window that's not covered by ads, so one can have a normal view, right? I mean, that's the point of taking a bus, to look through the window. If getting from point A to point B was the point, then, in all honesty, nobody would ride a bus in Ljubljana. So, where can one sit to be able to look out? It's either here or there at the front, but that's reserved seating for demented grannies and three-legged grandpas. So, I've no choice but to sit here. Right here, with my head right there. And my head, unsuspecting, is now looking out, laughing, enjoying the view, doing things that basically every head is supposed to do on a bus, if it could see through the plastered windows, and it doesn't know it's in a fucking ad for faking Coldrex. My face is saying hi to passers-by and doesn't know its smile has been hijacked by some pathetic, kitschy,



tasteless advertising. Now, I don't know. Who should pay who? Seriously, am I to pay the bus ride, so that I can be spotted all over Ljubljana as an ad for pharmaceutical industry? What's worse, my head is part of this body, I mean, these clothes, I beg your pardon, whoever designed this ad should be penalized and required to study art history, because it's obvious he'll never do it himself.  
Disgusting.

OK then, this is my bank account number, you can pay my fee for appearing in the ad.  
Now, if you don't mind, I'm off as I'm in a hurry.

I'm standing here again  
miss,  
do you find this beer cold?  
I mean, I don't know, but is it too much to ask you'd get a cold beer which costs almost as much as lunch

aspirin plus c, please

how much  
have you got a smaller pack perhaps?

hi, what's up, I was just wondering, do you  
have a spare couch maybe, no, no,  
everything's fine, I just fucked up a bit, I  
thought I'd be on holiday this week so I  
rented out my flat, Airbnb, but it turned out  
I'm busy, so no holidays for me, I can't  
cancel their booking last-minute, so I  
thought, maybe I could ... no problem, sure.

hi, have you still got the spare room free,  
oh no, I messed up something  
yes, sure

maybe I should just sell everything and move  
to Berlin  
or to the countryside,  
breed goats perhaps,  
fuck you all,  
coffee please  
if you can call it coffee  
you're calling these dregs coffee what a  
cheek to charge  
1.5 euro for this crap  
fuck off, fuck off with the coffee  
you cunt

a beer, please  
sorry about the last time  
yes  
is, it's cold enough

yes

thanks

sorry

maybe I should go back to Ana

I mean, Ana was cool

she was nice, wasn't she

I mean, that's nice, isn't it, friendly

another beer, please

just to get through Thursday

Thursdays are the worst

aren't Thursdays the worst?

hey, thanks for talking to me

ever since the floor has been devouring me,

few people talk to me.

## FRIDAY

A scene in which actors sit in their chairs and perform synchronic exercises to release body tension. The exercises are intensified so that the tension increases rather than decreases.

They hold their breath for as long as they can, each to the best of their ability, then leave the stage.

## SATURDAY

*HUSBAND and WIFE are telling their story.*

HUSBAND:

It's major hassle, getting ready in the morning in our house, the stuff's everywhere, you go to the loo, there's half eaten bread with Nutella spread there, you want to make coffee, it's spilt milk there, got to clean first, the fridge's open, who knows how long, it's making a beeping sound, can't ignore it, it's pyjamas on the floor, there's socks the sink, sticky, stained, can't believe it, what is this stuff? I'm just picking up the rubbish all over flat. As for our departure, we said 8 a.m., so let's leave at 8. I was ready at 7.50. Naturally, I ended up in the car with the kids, waiting for missus to get ready. Always the same. No bother, really, but let's just say 9 then, and leave at 9. It always pisses me off. But I didn't say a word. Let's go.

WIFE:

Fuck, have I locked the front door?

HUSBAND:

How am I supposed to know?

WIFE:

Yeah, sure. Fuck, have I?

HUSBAND:

No idea, love, how am I to know?

WIFE:

I have. Okay, have we got everything?

HUSBAND:

Yeah, let's go.

WIFE:

You haven't really thought about it.

HUSBAND:

Yes, I have. I think we've got everything. Let's go.

WIFE:

Have you got your towel?

HUSBAND:

Haven't you packed the towels?

WIFE:

Yeah, I have, but you wouldn't have one, if it wasn't for me.

HUSBAND:

Yes, but I knew you'd pack them, so why should I have packed it?

WIFE:

It's like, how should I put, as if I had three kids, need to wake them up, feed, dress, since my husband asks me at least three times if I think it'll be cold in the evening and whether he should take his jacket. Since when am I an expert on weather? But yeah, I must make decisions all the time. What will be the weather like? Fuck, how do I now, my phone's telling me exactly the same thing as yours.

HUSBAND:

That's it then, right, are we off now or not, off or not, off or not ...

WIFE:

Yeah, let's go.

HUSBAND:

So we did.

Fuck, it's just dawned on me, it's early morning, it hasn't even started yet, and I was exhausted.

WIFE:

So, picture it, I'm driving, the kids are in the back, Lina and Gašper, both in their chairs, well, he'll be too big for his soon, that's what he's hoping at least, as he's on the short side and anxious about it. My husband's sleeping by my side, he's asleep before we hit the ring road, but I don't want to go into it now, it's not connected with what I want to say. Anyway, we've been driving for almost 20 minutes at this point, we're almost in Trojane, yeah, the legendary pastry place, everyone in the car's asleep, but Gašper, he's looking out, so I ask him, will we stop to get donuts, eh? Gašper's totally happy, I pull over, the place is busy, but I manage to find a parking space, it's coaches mostly, okay, we wake up Lina, she wants a donut too, then I ask Gašper to wake up Daddy, while we go to queue for the donuts, there we are, queuing, there's a lot of Chinese tourists waiting, I wonder what's the story, how come they've heard of these famous donuts? At that point, Gašper comes over, telling me Daddy won't have a donut, he'd rather have some sleep. It freaks me out totally. So the three of us end up sitting on a damp bench, eating donuts and watching Daddy sleeping in the car. Yes. Daddy's sleeping in the car, while crowds of Chinese tourists are taking photos.

This is how it started, our family trip.

HUSBAND:

If you're coming from Ljubljana, Trojane is idiotically located. I realize of course, you can't simply relocate it, still, I don't know, you start out nicely, if it's summer, the car finally cools down a bit, and heats up nicely, if it's cold outside, you might start unbuttoning your jacket, getting comfy, tune in for some nice music, enjoying the feeling, we're off ... it's great, and then ... Trojane. It's too soon. I've always thought. My dad, see, who bought his car when I was finishing primary school, he always topped up the tank the day before we were off to see our nan or aunts. A day before, or the same day, while we were getting ready, packing, he went to refuel the car, so we wouldn't have to stop on our ways. No need to stop, nothing to worry

about. I don't know now, Trojane. Maybe on our way back, right?

WIFE:

Okay, we eat up, I have to finish Lina's donut as well, I hate it, I always have to finish my kids' food, but I can't bin it, can I? Never mind, we go back to the car and continue driving, it's quiet, they're sleeping, all of them, it's quiet, and then I pull over near Celje to get the fuel. And then, he wakes up and asks me:

HUSBAND:

Have we got anything sweet?

WIFE:

Driving me mad.

HUSBAND:

She'd used to buy me a donut for later, you know.

WIFE:

He'd used to go out to buy donuts with us, even if he hadn't been sleeping for five days.

Are you going to sleep all day now?

HUSBAND:

That's a bit weird now, right. I was doing a night shift, I didn't get any sleep. A 12-hour shift, from 6 to 6, I managed to get an hour's sleep, but that'd hardly do it, right? Still, I did get a day off so we could go on a trip, I'd worked extra hours, and arranged it, but you know what's it like, we're terribly understaffed, so it's not really up to you ... nothing you can do, really. These days, I guess, I should consider myself lucky to have a regular job that pays my bills and bank loan. But she's getting mad at me now, okay, I might have promised her, and I really did try, I did. What else am I to do?

*(To his wife.)*

I didn't sleep all the way.

WIFE:

What?

HUSBAND:

I wasn't sleeping all the way.

WIFE:

Weren't you?

HUSBAND:

I did wake up now and then.

WIFE:

And did what ... admire the scenery?

HUSBAND:

Well, yeah, I did too.

WIFE:

So, where are we now?

HUSBAND:

What do you mean?

WIFE:

Where are we, just about?

HUSBAND:

I mean, I was on a night shift. Working hard. And now she's acting as if I was partying all night long. I only wish I had.

Don't know, near Celje, I think.

WIFE:

He pisses me off, he's got a great sense of direction. But he did sleep, that's a fact. So, I just went in to pay.

HUSBAND:

*(shouting after her)*

Oi, can you get me a Snickers bar?

WIFE:

I feel like ignoring him, for a sec, I'm so annoyed. But no, we must have a lovely day today. I don't know if he'd noticed at all that I went to Spar



yesterday specially to get his fucking Upgrade. So I just say to myself, never mind. Anything else?

HUSBAND:

An Upgrade.

WIFE:

Fuck. I feel like killing him.  
*(She looks at him daggers.)*

HUSBAND:

What?

WIFE:

You could have at least checked your bag.

I slam the door and I'm off.

HUSBAND:

Ah well, fuck it, it's always something, I don't know. I have a look in my bag and spot an Upgrade, I get it, but yeah, how was I supposed to know? She should have told me, I got you an Upgrade! And I'd say, thank you, how nice of you. Great, so nice you remembered. But does it really have to be this way? I feel like slamming the door too. But no, not today, we're supposed to have a lovely day now.

WIFE:

So, yeah, I brought him his Snickers bar. And he kind of pats my leg. It pisses me off, he can't even touch me properly anymore.

HUSBAND:

Well, yeah, when I looked at her, she seemed kind of, I don't know, angry, definitely, but she seemed as if I had pissed her off totally, just like as once before, we were leaving her parents' anniversary, and I blurted out something, it must have been improper, I might have drunk too much, and

she had that expression on her face, I dreaded she'd smash the car against a concrete fence full speed, 150 km/h, but she didn't, she swerved off into the woods and we had sex. Sometimes she does that, you never know, she gets really wild. I've always loved it. I'm watching her in this sweater, she looks tiny, it's my sweater, fuck, it is mine, yeah, and it's ancient. Fuck, it's one of these things again, I want to dump some of my stuff cause I find it awful. I don't want to be seeing her wearing it for the next 10 years.

WIFE:

We keep driving, Gašper's getting car sick, but wouldn't say it, he said he was okay, I would have given him a sick bag, but he said no no no, he was okay. And then, out of a sudden, he's sick all over at the back of the car, everywhere, he vomited on his sister too, but she slept no bother, yeah, Lina's just the opposite of him, as soon as she's seated in the car, three minutes later she's asleep like a baby. And then he says it, what with the vomit and stench all over:

HUSBAND:

You're kind of jerking when're turning a corner, you should put a break on earlier.

WIFE:

Earlier this year, at the 20th graduation anniversary in the Emona Pub, he told Pero that high school years were the best years of his life.

'Whiskey' we used to call Pero in high school. He had spent 20 fucking years with me, we have two kids, but he'd still prefer to go back to mess around with the lads. I got so angry, nearly grabbed his chicken drumsticks and shoved them up him nose, the fucking cunt! Well, I ended up with fucking Tamara, playing fucking truth or dare, just waiting for the bottle to land in my hands so I could smash his head with it! But he didn't come near me at all. He wouldn't come to me all evening. So, at one point I saw him messing around with Luka and Primzi, totally happy he was, everyone thought he was the coolest dude ever. He's not cool at all.

HUSBAND:

One gets car sick because of this... zoom zoom, you know, the jerking, back - fro, back - fro, gas - brake, gas - brake.

WIFE:

I'm cleaning Gašper's sick off the disgusting, shiny pink Frozen shoes of my sleeping daughter with my awfully expensive DM intimate care moisturizing wipes, because we've run out of everything else, he's wiping it at Gašper's side, I'm not going to tell him that he's got vomit at the back of his hood too, just looking at him like this and thinking ...

HUSBAND:

It's not like I'm criticizing you, just saying ...

WIFE:

Did you give him his Dramino?

HUSBAND:

What?

WIFE:

In the morning, at breakfast, when I told you and put the pill on the table while you were still eating... Did you give it to him?

HUSBAND:

I don't know, Gašper, did you swallow the pill your mum gave you?

WIFE:

I'm asking you, not Gašper. Did you make sure he swallowed the fucking pill?

HUSBAND:

He's eight, he's not handicapped, he could hear you, so I didn't check his mouth if he swallowed it, right?  
But the fact that you stuffed him up with donuts, that didn't really help either, did it?

WIFE:

You know what, fuck off!

HUSBAND:  
Me?

WIFE:  
Yes, you!

HUSBAND:  
Me fuck off? You fuck off and this fucking trip of yours! I was more relaxed doing my high school final exam than I'm in this fucking car with you. Or at the dentist's. You're making us feel frustrated, Gašper might have been sick because of you annoying us all day long, for days, really, making us worry we might ruin your fucking plans. Shit, I feel like vomiting too.

*They both pause in silence.*

WIFE:  
We didn't use to talk to each other like this. We were envied by all as the most beautiful couple. Whereas now, he no longer seems to be a major source of energy, but when we first met, he was the most vibrant, most interesting, beautiful, gentle and kindest person I'd ever met. Okay, I didn't quite get his love of boules, I thought it was an old guys' hobby, but yes, they were a lovely crowd, they used to know each other since they'd been kids. Yeah, it was a lovely time, really, big time ... Really nice.

I threw those disgusting wipes, full of vomit, in his face, and the keys too, and sat down in the passenger seat.

Lina was still asleep. I didn't ever dare to look at Gašper, he's such a sensitive boy ...

HUSBAND:  
Shit. If I carry on driving as if nothing's happened, I'd be a complete moron, and she'd get what she wanted. Not so cool, I think. But if I throw these fucking keys in her face, we can just as well turn back and go home. I look at Gašper, fuck, maybe I was too hard on her? He wasn't feeling well anyway,

he was sick, he's a very sensitive boy as it is, and he gets teary eyes whenever we start arguing. And this trip today, it's for his sake really. I'm going to cool it off, so we can enjoy it. We got to enjoy ourselves. We have to. But she really pissed me off. Still, I drove off a bit aggressively, on purpose, so she was thrown forward. I felt bad immediately, worrying Gašper might be sick again. So I kept on driving smoothly to show her how to master the curves. But I was so bloody tired, I only slept two hours, I really didn't feel like driving. After a while, I looked at her furtively, and noticed her eyes were full of tears. Fuck. That made me feel ... I can't stand to see her crying. Shit, we have to enjoy ourselves.

WIFE:

This trip was meant to be our birthday present for Gašper. His birthday was eight months ago. He asked us to go to Terme 3000 for a day, the water slides, French fries and calamari in the evening. A scoop of stracciatella and Nutella, half half. In January, it sounded much more fun, cause we don't usually have ice cream in winter. Just once he had it, after he got his tooth extracted and was told to eat as much ice-cream as possible. But he didn't feel like it and felt really sorry afterwards. Well, yes, it was in January. Such busy schedules we have.

HUSBAND:

Any music requests, anyone?

*Silence.*

Why is Lina sleeping, I feel like waking her up. What about Kreslin, eh, Gašper?

All quiet, I'm looking for a track on my phone, I know she hates it when I do this while driving. Fuck this cable? There.

And the song begins:

*(He is singing along, terribly out of tune, trying his best.)*

*Night shadows are saying goodnight  
an old mill in the mist above the water, final  
dreams are fading,  
back to a better memory.*

It's Gašper's favourite. Come on, Gašper,  
sing along! Gašper's into Kreslin big time,  
he's been asking us to take him to his  
concert for ages. Fuck, we must do it! It's  
every year, in Cankarjev dom, I've seen the  
posters. I'm going to take him next time, I  
promise. We'll go together and we'll love  
it.

Come on, Gasper, you know it!  
Gašper doesn't utter a sound.  
So I try again:

*The first whistle pierces the twilight and the glow  
gets misty,*

*over the rooftops, towns,*

*in the heads, hearts and cellars*

*a new day is born.*

*New morning, new day!*

*New morning, new day!*

Gašper?  
Gašper says nothing.

I look at my wife. She's crying. What the  
fuck?! I don't know.

WIFE:

We nearly went to Portugal once. He was  
working in hospitality industry at the time,

he almost arranged it with his boss to go working for his in Algarve, what with wind surfers and everything. We ended up arguing, I'm dead scared of flying, I had a panic attack, we discussed if I could perhaps take a train and met him there. And he said, I'll never forget it, baby, we'd simply have to get over this fear of yours, there's so many places we'd yet have to see. And that seemed such a lovely thing he said, real nice. Yeah, so many places to see, and such a silly fear of mine, that's what I felt.

Well, that job of his didn't really work out, as for us ...

Well, we went to Tuscany once, and all the way to Greece and the Balkans, and now we go to Savudrija every summer. But we've never flown anywhere.

I'm really pissed off that you installed FB on your phone. You said you'd never downloaded it. Do you realize how ugly you are when you're scrolling, this silly mug of yours, it makes me suck.

HUSBAND:

I made up my mind to ignore it, I had a go with another track, but it didn't work out. I turned off the radio and we drove on in silence. The two of them were crying, still asleep. My eyes were blurry too, fucking hell, I was really desperate to get some sleep.

So, did you ring the garage because of this light?

WIFE:

No.

HUSBAND:

I think I can hear some weird noise too, don't you? Tp, tp, tp. Can you hear it?

WIFE:

No.

HUSBAND:

I'll do it tomorrow, I'm off work.

WIFE:

Tomorrow is a Sunday.

HUSBAND:

Shit. I'm working mornings next week. What about you?

WIFE:

Afternoons, the whole week.

HUSBAND:

What about tomorrow?

WIFE:

Long hours.

HUSBAND:

But weekends you're working in the morning.

WIFE:

I swapped, so I can I have a day off now.

HUSBAND:

I'll give them a ring on Monday and ask when we can bring it in. He prefers it in the morning though.

WIFE:

I'll do it.

HUSBAND:

No, I will.

WIFE:

Cool.

HUSBAND:

Cool.

WIFE:

Gašper was quiet all the way. When we arrived at the spa, we woke up Lina, she was like from another plane. She started jumping with joy, screaming, we had to calm her down a bit, everyone was watching, we had been in the spa before, it wasn't our first time. But I think we were all a bit grateful to her. The three of them went on the water slides and loved them, I'm not so keen



myself, I get water in my ear, so I just watched them, cheering, trying to take a photo and capture the moment they hit the water. I didn't manage it though, just the one maybe. So then Gašper took over taking photos, and he got one that was really good. But I praised them all. It meant a lot to him.

## NEDELJA

*A brother and sister are sitting on a couch in their mother's living room. The sister has a suitcase with airplane tags by her side. They're intently watching something in the corner of the room.*

KARMEN:

I don't think it's normal.

ROBI:

Ah well, she's doing it all the time.

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

So hard really.

*They're watching intently, saying nothing.*

ROBI:

Okay, maybe a bit harder than usually, but no big deal really.

KARMEN:

I'd say something's must be wrong. Is she getting any flea remedy?

ROBI:

Yes, sure. But, really, it's no big deal. She's just itching and scratching.

*They cringe.*

KARMEN:

Yuck. There's stuff coming off.

ROBI:

She's old ... and maybe it's the heating as well.

KARMEN:

Maybe it's the wrong food?

ROBI:

No, no, she's getting some special diet stuff, to stop the onset of kidney failure, or something, I'm not sure, Mum knows it though, there's special food for it. Fuck, I must get it.

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

Who's taking her out these days?

ROBI:

Last week I kept coming here to walk her, I didn't know what was going to happen with Mum, but it was very time consuming, you know, to drive over three times a day, still you can't simply leave her out on the terrace, she's barking nonstop and you end up getting angry notes in the mailbox. So, I've arranged it now with a neighbour to take her out, I'll give him some money at the end of the month. She doesn't need to go far, to the post office and back, she's really old.

KARMEN:

Which neighbour?

ROBI:

You know, Zdravko.

KARMEN:

The one who poisoned our cat?

ROBI:

No, no, not him, he used to have cats too, I think.

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

So what's Mum saying?

ROBI:

She thinks the dog's at my place. But Tanja ... even if she didn't mind ... we simply don't

have time, we're never home, no time for such things.

KARMEN:

What if you give it to someone?

ROBI:

Who?

*They're thinking, watching watch the dog in silence.*

KARMEN:

I don't know, I mean, Mum won't be coming back, we know that now, don't we?

ROBI:

Yeah, it was immediately clear to me, but, you know, you can't say this to her.

KARMEN:

It used to be the way it was, but now she'll have to let go, it's up to you and me to sort these things out, right?

*They're watching the bitch in silence.*

KARMEN:

I mean, while I'm here, I can take her out ... But it's really disgusting, the scratching, maybe we should just put her out on the terrace.

ROBI:

She's barking real loud though.

KARMEN:

Does it say anywhere 'No barking'?

ROBI:

Just wait and see, they'll be after you, some old women will report you, 'it's too cold outside, not suited for a dog'. I've been there, seen it all, and it's not even two weeks.

KARMEN:

Something will have to be done.

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

We could put her down and tell Mum I took her to Sweden with me?

ROBI:

Put her down?

KARMEN:

What are you going to do then?

ROBI:

Mum will kill us!

KARMEN:

It should be explained to her somehow, I don't know. What does she think we'll do?

ROBI:

Look, Karmen, you'll see it yourself, she was so happy to see you, she was feeling better, but it's really hard to talk to her these days.

KARMEN:

Fuck, she was really happy to see me, wasn't she? She kind of hugged me ... you know, she used to be on the reserved side, but now she's lying there, so tiny, looking at me with those eyes that used to be strict, but they're kind of round now, filling with tears, she's looking at me, calling me Karamela. She only did it when I was small. She didn't seem to mind I couldn't arrive earlier.

ROBI:

Great ...

KARMEN:

What? Did she say anything to you?

ROBI:

No.

KARMEN:

What did she say?

ROBI:

She said nothing, okay?

KARMEN:

Because I arrived only now?

ROBI:

No.

KARMEN:

I called her every day.

ROBI:

I know.

KARMEN:

I told her every day why I couldn't arrive earlier. She said she understood.

ROBI:

I know, Karmen.

KARMEN:

She's always been two-faced, telling me one thing, and you just opposite.

ROBI:

Karmen, never mind, leave it.

KARMEN:

She's manipulative. Always has been.

ROBI:

Never mind. It was a shock to her, and it'll be an even bigger one when she realizes she won't be able to stand on her feet. We need to decide what we're going to do. If she comes back here, we desperately need a carer, 24/7. Or a nursing home, which we haven't even mentioned to her yet.

KARMEN:

We'll have to though.

*Silence. They're looking at the bitch.  
Robi checks the time on his phone.*

ROBI:

Fuck, I really should be going, I have to pick up the kids, and then I have a Skype meeting at 7.

*He sits still, he can't be arsed to leave. Silence.*

KARMEN:

What breed is she anyway?

ROBI:

I don't know. A mix, I guess, between a Labrador and ... I don't know ...

KARMEN:

She never let us have a dog when we were kids.

ROBI:

It was dad who didn't want a dog, wasn't he?

KARMEN:

Right, wait, what was it like once? You just showed us one day with a puppy. Who was it again that gave it to you? That mate of yours?

ROBI:

Žan Polanc.

KARMEN:

That's it. Žan Polanc. And you just brought it home!

*Karmen is laughing.*

They went mental, but you wouldn't let go off, you squeezed the puppy so hard it whined. In the end, dad took it back, with you following him, screaming you'd call the police to arrest him. It was pandemonium. You refused to eat for a while.

*Silence. Karmen smiles.*

ROBI:

Yeah, I called him Marko!

KARMEN:

That's it, a dog called Marko!

ROBI:

And then you came to my room and said I would grow up one day one too and could do as I please.

KARMEN:

*(laughs)*

Did I?

ROBI:

Yes ...

KARMEN:

Hm ...

ROBI:

Yes ...

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

Do you still see him?

ROBI:

Who?

KARMEN:

Žan.

ROBI:

Ah no, it's been ages. We met a couple of times when we were in high school, got stoned together and that was it.

KARMEN:

Do you still do it?

ROBI:

What? Get stoned?

KARMEN:

Yes.

ROBI:

Every now and then. You?

KARMEN:

Oh no. Haven't done it for ages. Come on,  
I'm a granny now. Shit, can you imagine?

*They laugh. Robbie's phone rings. He checks it and  
turns off the ringtone.*

ROBI:

Fuck, I really should be going.

*They don't move, just staring at the kitchen.*

KARMEN:

Have you got some then?

ROBI:

What? Dope?

KARMEN:

Well, yeah.

ROBI:

I do, yeah.

KARMEN:

I don't mind if you rolled one.

ROBI:

You mean, now? I don't know, like now? Would you?

KARMEN:

Nah, I'm just saying.

ROBI:

Is it the kitchen and the house making you ...

KARMEN:

No, we're just having a conversation. Unless, you'd  
like it too?

ROBI:

*(laughing)*

Definitely. Just the one, a light one, and then I  
must be off.

*Robi takes the papers, tobacco and  
dope from his pocket and starts  
rolling a joint. Karmen is staring at  
the kitchen.*



KARMEN:

She must have biscuits somewhere.

ROBI:

Just don't eat anything from the freezer unless it's in the original packaging with the sell-by date.

KARMEN:

Is she hoarding again?

ROBI:

Yp. In the cellar, two freezers are choc-a-block. We'll have to bin some stuff.

KARMEN:

Is there any bean minestra?

ROBI:

I'm sure.

KARMEN:

I really miss it. I never manage to make it properly. I've checked it thousands of times with her, I follow her instructions, but it's never the same. She must have a secret.

ROBI:

Maybe the beans are different there.

KARMEN:

Come on, this is such a Slovenian cliché, everything's much better here than abroad. eh?

ROBI:

Well, is it the same beans?

KARMEN:

Of course. I mean, in Sweden, yeah.

*Silence. Robi's rolling a joint,  
Karmen's staring at the kitchen.*

KARMEN:

Shit, it's the same here ever since I can remember, the babushka, these decorative plates, the napkin, the coasters, curtains, fuck, even the flowerpots. I've renovated my

kitchen three times already. And the plates, I don't get it, at home we break them all. Whereas here you open the cupboard and the same glasses you drank from as a child are still staring at you. So weird, isn't it?

ROBI:

All the same, just a bit smaller, eh?

KARMEN:

Yes, all the same, just smaller.

*Karmen's phone rings. She checks it.*

KARMEN:

It's Tanja. Why is she calling me?

ROBI:

Don't answer it.

KARMEN:

What? That'd be even weirder.

ROBI:

Stop it. Just don't answer it.

KARMEN:

*(Answers the phone.)*

Hi, Tanja, hello! Yes, he is. Really? Well, we didn't hear a thing... Maybe it's the water heater we're trying to fix here. No, no, it's just there's no hot water, so I can't take a shower, you know. Yes, it's not working, I mean, it is, but the water doesn't heat up. Yes, that's what I said too. I know, yes... Yeah, he wanted to give it a go, yeah, we'll call someone, but first, yeah, we will. No, it was great, yeah, she was happy to see me, they changed her pain relief patch today, so she was a bit stoned, we didn't really talk much, we'll do it tomorrow, yeah, today she was a bit funny, smiling a lot, yeah, it was nice tough.

Yeah, I'll come and see you, sure, any time you like, I'm here now.  
Oh no, I'll be gone by then ... what a shame. Well, nothing we can do, it's always the same, the birthdays, hard to coordinate the dates. We'll meet before, so, yes, yes...

Sure, I'll tell him ... He'll call you. Okay. Yeah. Fine. Speak soon, Tanja, yeah. Okay, thanks. Bye.

*Robi lights up the joint.*

KARMEN:

Why aren't you answering her calls?

ROBI:

I will, but not now.

KARMEN:

Is anything the matter?

ROBI:

No, it's just ... I don't want to go into it now, okay? All's cool.

*Robi passes the joint to Karmen. Karmen inhales. She hasn't smoked for a long time. She feels a bit funny, laughing.*

KARMEN:

Shit, if Mum could see us now. »I've never allowed smoking indoors, even aunt Stanka who was wheelchair-bound had to go out!«

ROBI:

O dear, aunt Stanka, it's been ages, since I thought of her.

*Karmen inhales intensely.*

KARMEN:

I do it every day.

ROBI:

What?

KARMEN:

I have her legs.

*Robi's laughing.*

KARMEN:

It's true, fat, sore and oval-shaped, and now I have these veins too.

*Robi's in stitches.*

KARMEN:

What? It's true.

*Karmen's showing him her legs and varicose veins. Robi's laughing.*

ROBI:

Haha, aunt Stanka's legs.

KARMEN:

It's true. I got all the worst bits. You've got dad's thick hair, while I got Stanka's fat legs. If I were a bloke, I'd be surely bald as the grandpa.

*They're laughing, smoking a joint.  
When they calm down, they're staring  
at the bitch.*

KARMEN:

Let her stay in for a bit longer, she's exhausted.

ROBI:

I really should be off now.

*They're smoking, looking at the bitch.*

ROBI:

Has she invited you to the birthday party?

KARMEN:

Yes.

ROBI:

Anything else?

KARMEN:

I don't know ... that you should call her and that we should fix the time when I'm coming to lunch.

ROBI:

Tell her you'd like her to make lasagne.

KARMEN:

Why don't you tell her?

ROBI:

She won't make it then, out of spite.

KARMEN:

Why don't you make lasagne?

ROBI:

If you make your bean minestra!

KARMEN:

Okay. What's up with you two? What's going on?

ROBI:

Nothing. Only this.

KARMEN:

Yeah, but.

ROBI:

I don't want to go into it now, okay?

KARMEN:

Okay.

*Silence, they're smoking dope.*

KARMEN:

Fuck, how time flies. How old are the girls now?

ROBI:

Ten.

KARMEN:

Ten. Are they still so close?

ROBI:

Yeah, well, I don't know. They're yelling all the time. But they're together all the time to, so I really don't know.

KARMEN:

What should I get them for their birthday?

ROBI:

I don't know. Sedatives maybe?

KARMEN:

Stop it.

ROBI:

I don't know. They're into these TV magicians now. Maybe a magic kit or something. Or some stuff with whales. Or Dončić, I don't know. Definitely no sweets. Tanja doesn't allow them sweets, and then I end up eating everything.

KARMEN:

I'm going to the centre tomorrow anyway, I haven't been for ages, such short visits always, so curious to see what's new, ... I'll find something.

ROBI:

Nothing new, you'll see. Road works, as always.

KARMEN:

Number 8 still running?

ROBI:

Yes.

*They're smoking in silence.*

ROBI:

You know, when you're small, imagining what'd be like when you grow up, and now, it's half gone, and you're not young enough to have endless options, but you're not old enough to stop thinking about them, you have children, you imagine you'll raise them totally differently than your parents raised

you, you imagine you'll be a great dad, partner, friend, person. To have time for everything, unlimited energy, you'll build a palace in the campsite in the summer, you'll be good at windsurfing, you'll be lending your windsurf to kids there, showing them how to do it, everyone will be watching you with admiration, the way only kids can when they find you cool, just as I used to admire bikers on the ferry when I was a kid. And to know the names of peaks when we go hiking, which is which, and maybe which flower is edible, or at least that I'll take them hiking, or to a concert, preferably the one they're too young for, so they'll go mental just to be there, mixing with guys in their 60s with beards, I don't know, Rolling Stones, no, some heavy metal perhaps, Metallica, no, not Metallica, I was never into it, I don't know, anyway, to know some interesting stories to tell them, my own, preferably, so they'll keep asking me to tell them again, the one about the avalanche, when we couldn't go out, so you built igloos and played Uno for four days, I don't know... As it is, you're just waiting all the time, it might happen one of these days, when the time is right. In the meantime, the girls aren't that young anymore, plus I slept during the entire last summer holiday, since I'd been so tired, so an old guy from the worst rundown trailer taught them how to dive with a mask. I'm fed up with camping anyway, I'm aching all over, what with the ants in the tent, the bastards get in no matter what you do. Fuck, I can't wait to be old.

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

Not so much fun to be old.

ROBI:

You're not old yet.

KARMEN:

I'm a gran!

ROBI:

Well, a young one.

KARMEN:

And for the first time in a long time, I get to see my kids more often, even if it's to babysit their kids, because they're so busy, working, whatever.

ROBI:

Hey, would you like to go to a hockey match with me on the 17th?

KARMEN:

A hockey match?

ROBI:

Just like dad used to take us.

KARMEN:

Fuck, I haven't been to a single match since Toby stopped playing football in primary school.

ROBI:

See?

KARMEN:

I'd love to, but I'm flying back on the 15<sup>th</sup>.

ROBI:

So soon?

KARMEN:

I'll be looking after the little one. Lena's going to Porto.

ROBI:

Yeah, sure.

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

I didn't realize you're going to matches.

ROBI:

Well, I don't, really, I was just wondering if ...

*Silence.*

KARMEN:

Hey, shall we look for the minestra?

ROBI:

No, I can't, I really should be off, I'll see you tomorrow,

KARMEN:



Yeah, sure, I'll be here anyway. Just going to see Mum in the morning. Speak to you later. Will you be there too?

ROBI:

After work maybe, if I'm not too late, plus I think I have to bring the girls somewhere. Not sure now, will give you a ring later. Speak to you tomorrow, okay?

KARMEN:

Sure, whenever you're free.

ROBI:

OK. I'm off now. You've got everything?

KARMEN:

Yp.

ROBI:

Use the food from here, the lower you go, the worse it gets.

KARMEN:

I will, thanks.

ROBI:

Ok, speak soon.

*Robi's almost out. Karmen's calling after him.*

KARMEN:

Robi?

ROBI:

What?

KARMEN:

Nothing, forget it. Say hello to yours.

ROBI:

I will, you too, if you talk to them.

*All six actors come on stage, each carrying a chair and a cup of coffee/tea/juice. Long silence.*