

WAKEFULNESS OF A WINTER MORNING

An Alchemical Intergenerational Poem

ŽAŽI brother, Aljaž, a boy made of lead
LENKA sister, Alenka, rescue worker

GOLDEN FATHER Žaži and Lenka's father, single father
PALE MOTHER Žaži and Lenka's mother, wolf

DRUNK AUNT auntgranny, Žaži and Lenka's great-aunt, Mimi, artist
DEAD GRANDPAPA Žaži and Lenka's grandfather, Miro, suicide

GREEN GEORGE Đorđe, Žaži and Lenka's great-grandfather, stranger, deserter
WILD WOMAN Žaži and Lenka's great-grandmother, Vlado's wife, bride
BABA MORANA Wild Woman as an apparition, Baba Winter
HORNY MAN Vlado, the Wife's Husband, Vladimir, Grandfather, butcher

PRETTY GIRL ZALA Zala, Žaži's girlfriend, nurse

YOUNG SOUL Maži, the unborn child, Matjaž, soul

FAIRY

WOLF

A CROWD OF PEOPLE ancestors, Carol singers, medical staff, soldiers, unborn babies, etc.

Each sentence, scene or role is completely open to the transformations that happen according to the needs of the creators. There is nothing in this text that is sacred, except the content around which it is built, except the heart that desires to come to life on stage.

The play features the texts of the songs Crvena by Repetiror and Kiev by Insan.

There was a man, he had a dog
he kept it full and fed.
One day it stole a piece of meat
And so he killed it dead.
He buried it in his backyard
and on a plaque, he wrote:
There was a man, he had a dog...

a neverending poem, author and date unknown

PROLOGUE

Scene 1

In the beginning, we see coexisting time. We see a crowd of people, who just observe the action, like spectators. They may be neighbours or perhaps some distant relatives, but perhaps they are just fellow villagers. They may resemble a family tree of unfathomable width and age. We see GREEN GEORGE as a soldier sitting at a table and WILD WOMAN heating some soup. We hear the crowd of people softly singing:

We are people of the mud,
the earth is flowing through our veins

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our eyes are full of rocks
with our hands, we are crushing dreams
casting golden cages
taming bulls, chasing dogs
Our king wears a crown of soil
his mansion is a peasant house
he will beat cruel Winter
and take Spring to be his wife
and the Wife gives birth
the Wife gives birth
the Wife gives birth to the Sun

PALE MOTHER steps out from among the crowd of people.

GOLDEN FATHER: Why're you going?

PALE MOTHER: I'm sorry... I can't... Something's broken... I shouldn't have...

GOLDEN FATHER: I don't understand.

PALE MOTHER: There's a crack, one among thousands, among countless cracks, my whole body's on fire, I'm draining, I'm running out, my hands becoming absent, my lungs burning, they don't let me breathe, I feel an abyss in my stomach...

GOLDEN FATHER: Please, say something I can understand. I don't get anything. I can't tell if it's you who is going crazy or me. I want to understand. Really. Please.

PALE MOTHER: It shouldn't be this way... I'm sorry, I felt... I shouldn't have... I can't... I can't take it anymore.

GREEN GEORGE

This winter is not her winter
Although there is a mansion
In the middle of a snow-filled valley
That is supposed to be her home

GOLDEN FATHER: Susie, hey, what's going on, we're in this together. Come on, you and me, we're a team, I'll take care of the money, you take care of the little ones, and we can even switch - just tell me what you need.

PALE MOTHER: You don't understand.

GOLDEN FATHER: What is it that I don't understand, fucking hell? That you want to leave? That you don't know what you need and now you'll just give up? Tell me, what don't I understand?

PALE MOTHER: I can't take this anymore.

GREEN GEORGE:

This house is not her house
Even though it has become part of her story
And she is now standing
Among its arches and boards.

GOLDEN FATHER: Is there someone else? Is that it? Will you replace me?

PALE MOTHER: You don't understand.

GREEN GEORGE

This game is not her game
She is a stranger here

GOLDEN FATHER: You can't do this. You know what I did for us. You know all the things I gave up? Look at me! Look me in the eyes and tell me you're **going leaving**.

We see the WILD WOMAN bring soup to GREEN GEORGE.

WILD WOMAN: I shouldn't give you food just like that. I don't even know whether you're fighting on our side or theirs.

GREEN GEORGE: In war, everybody fights only for love **only** - against winter, that is, we're all equal in that. But this is not my war.

WILD WOMAN: So we're on the same side.

GREEN GEORGE: You understand me?

WILD WOMAN: I understand. You're a deserter. And now you're here.

GREEN GEORGE: You think I'm a coward?

WILD WOMAN: I think you're fighting for freedom.

GOLDEN FATHER: I don't understand... I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Is that what you want to hear? Tell me the truth. That's what you want, isn't it? You want me to crawl, don't you? You want to humiliate me.

PALE MOTHER: I have to go.

GOLDEN FATHER: Who d'you think you are? You make a baby and then you just go?

WILD WOMAN: D'you understand me too?

GREEN GEORGE: I understand. This is not your house.

WILD WOMAN: D'you think I'm unfaithful?

GREEN GEORGE: I think you demand warmth.

GOLDEN FATHER: You can't just go.

WILD WOMAN: Vesna.

GREEN GEORGE: Đorđe.

PALE MOTHER: I'm going.

We hear a loud bang. A bang that echoes through wood and time. It is as if a bomb had gone off outside. PALE MOTHER stops in her tracks. We see the body of GREEN GEORGE trying to protect WILD WOMAN. We see GOLDEN FATHER run away and hide. Perhaps a bit of dust falls from the ceiling. Dust that captures and freezes the moment. We see WILD WOMAN and GREEN GEORGE looking at each other. There is a kiss. A kiss that lasts forever, a kiss that defies death and time. A kiss that knows the truth. PALE MOTHER is standing still, looking somewhere far ahead. She stands there for a long time, absent-mindedly. She keeps standing even when time begins to move again.

WILD WOMAN: Are you staying?

GREEN: I'll come back. In the morning, look towards the sun.

We see people leaving the group and the stage.

LENKA: This story is not her story.

ŽAŽI: Even though her blood was spilt over its foundations.

PALE MOTHER: She does not own it and it holds no room for her passions.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Despite everything, her soul will remain here for a long time, for it will be watching the story of her legacy.

DRUNK AUNT: Created by their love.

GREEN GEORGE

I didn't come here to swim among tears like an angel

to recite the verses of the past like the devil

I'm not a bitch to sing of solitude to the universe

but I'd like to touch that pain

that came about through my presence here

the pain that is being born even now

because I listened to my heart

but wasn't strong enough to save it

My dear people, I'm standing here amongst you

because I'd like to know

what I did

And if there is nothing
I can change.

SCENE II

For the first time, we see HORNY MAN.

DRUNK AUNT: This house is his house.

HORNY MAN: Well, well, we seem to have guests today.

HORNY MAN addresses both GREEN GEORGE and us.

Welcome. Welcome to our home. Let's bid everyone a warm welcome. Wife, give us a smile, what will the gentleman think? And the plates, don't forget the plates.

We see HORNY MAN's hand reach out towards GREEN GEORGE and shake his hand. He squeezes it firmly and warmly. He squeezes it as if he had just sealed a deal.

God, it's Vladimir himself. Vlado. D'you want some schnapps? Of course, you do; you're all the same, of course, you'll have a bit of schnapps. Wife, bring the schnapps. This is our humble, godly abode. Our Jerusalem. Our Athens.

WILD WOMAN: This house was never our house.

GREEN GEORGE: This house is my grave.

We see the rest of the bunch disperse and disappear. DEAD GRANDPAPA comes back. Perhaps he is writing on a blackboard.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Our house is on Circular Road 7, and my father always used to brag that ours was a godly house, because 7 is the number of god.

HORNY MAN is talking to us

HORNY MAN: You're one of us, aren't you? You'll have some wine. Mimi, see if we have anything in the fridge, and put some wine on the table! Smile wife, smile from ear to ear, just look at all the guests we're having.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: What matters most is to make a good first impression. You add a glass or two. Then you tell the crowd a good heroic story. And you'll have them eating out of the palm of your hand. That's how our papa used to brag.

HORNY MAN is still talking to us

HORNY MAN: Sorry, Miro, my son, he'll be a bit late, you know. he stays in the valley all day, at school - and if he's not at school, he's at the library. He's a teacher.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: A good man is not P polite, nor I intrepid, nor O open-handed, nor N noble, nor E equitable, nor E ethical, nor R resourceful.

WILD WOMAN: He's dead.

GREEN GEORGE: I'm gone.

WILD WOMAN: He's been dead for a hundred years.

GREEN GEORGE: It seems like a thousand.

WILD WOMAN: Maybe we've both been dead for a hundred thousand years.

GREEN GEORGE

I am a mistake. A corpse, a dead man, a stranger,

An elusive voice that you hear but

perhaps do not understand, I have no

value to you, only the presence of death,

the dream of a man on the run, who tried to steal the rays from a strange house.

WILD WOMAN: What's happening now never really happened.

GREEN GEORGE: What you're watching is merely a theatrical introduction, merely our first

meeting.

WILD WOMAN: I decided not to give birth to any children.

GREEN GEORGE: These are her two children.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I believe in a better society. I believe in new victories. I believe in new ideas.

DEAD GRANDPAPA goes away. DRUNK AUNT comes and brings the wine which she probably serves to us. Perhaps the space is being prepared, and the furniture that will be needed is being brought in. Perhaps a house is forming, an old farmhouse, a country mansion, the home of a butcher king, the cage of a peasant bride, a house that family members are walking past. YOUNG SOUL is also there among them.

DRUNK AUNT: It all sounds great.

WILD WOMAN: And this is my grandson and his two children, my great-grandchildren, whom I've never met.

GOLDEN FATHER: Lenka, Žaži, get ready, please. Five more minutes and we're going.

DRUNK AUNT: And today we're here because of them. This is their story.

YOUNG SOUL: But what if we're here because of you? After all, you're the one who's dying...

DRUNK AUNT: If we're here to save someone, let's save them.

LENKA: I don't need to be saved. This is not my story.

GREEN GEORGE: What about you? I see you like to draw burning cities.

ŽAŽI: I'm only drawing smoke now. Sometimes it comes from the sun. I like that, black smoke coming out of a yellow sun.

DRUNK AUNT: Those are clouds.

ŽAŽI: No. It's smoke. Because there are explosions on the sun.

GREEN GEORGE: D'you already know who you are in this game?

ŽAŽI: I know.

DRUNK AUNT: Wow, games, that's great. Tell me, are you the sun or the smoke?

ŽAŽI: I am too much.

GOLDEN FATHER: Oh, do stop, where does he find them? You're really not too much, d'you hear me? Please put on your cap, and take your jacket, it's cold outside. Where'd Lenka go?

ŽAŽI: She said this wasn't her story.

GOLDEN FATHER: What's the matter with you two, why d'you talk so strangely? Lenka, come here. Come on, come on, we're in a hurry.

DRUNK AUNT: Tell me, who are you really?

GREEN GEORGE: You're a boy made of lead.

ŽAŽI: I'm a girl made of lead.

GOLDEN FATHER: Boy, you're a boy. Lenka's a girl, you're a boy. You're the boy, aren't you?

ŽAŽI: I'm a boy made of lead. My hands are made of lead, my thoughts are made of lead and my blood's as heavy as lead. All heavier and unstable atoms gradually decay into lead.

GOLDEN FATHER: I can't do this now, Žaži. It's nice that you play around, but please do it while putting on shoes. Lenka! Come here, please! Sit down and keep still, okay?

LENKA: papa, why d'you decide to have kids?

DEAD GRANDPAPA comes back

DRUNK AUNT: Papa, Miro's here.

HORNY MAN: All right, all right, is that all of us?

YOUNG SOUL: What a nice question - papa, why d'you decide to have children?

WILD WOMAN: This picture never happened.

HORNY MAN: It's story time.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: A pre-story.

DRUNK AUNT: A fairy tale for the introduction.

SCENE III.

We see people dressed in masks from all over the country. They are coming one by one. Perhaps they are bringing the joy of madness and the pride of power. Perhaps they are all drunk and the end of the dance is hanging over their heads. We see WILD WOMAN slowly start to dance.

GREEN GEORGE

We remain in the all-time
in a memory that never happened
Caught somewhere between centuries at the end of the millennium
open on the scene like a wound
where it remains incomprehensible in its need
to cease to give birth to a rusted future

WILD WOMAN

It was during the Shrovetide.
And yes, he was a bit bleak,
but it was the carnival.
That's when he came to take **my hand me**.

HORNY MAN: That's how it used to be done. We took the time for a wedding to chase away winter and to make a family.

Perhaps the drunken crowd is cheering. In their essence, they resemble a kind of a choir supporting HORNY MAN's story. Meanwhile, YOUNG SOUL is watching.

Unlike today, when everyone just shacks up, and families fall apart overnight, right?

GOLDEN FATHER: Yes, Papa, everything's different now. Grandpapa always has to have the final word.

HORNY MAN: I'm the one who tamed the animal in the heart. I'm the master.

DRUNK AUNT: Our papa is, how shall I put it...

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The hero of our valley. The king, Vladimir - Vlado, Theseus, Grandpapa, or to her, just Husband.

WILD WOMAN is dancing.

DRUNK AUNT: ...an enterprising man, he's a self-made man, and although he was an orphan, he knew he'd get a good girl to be his wife.

LENKA: papa, papa, what's going on, who're these people?

GOLDEN FATHER: That's how people used to dress up for Shrovetide. That one is called a kurent, but I don't know the others.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: These are the carol singers from all over the country who put on scary masks of demons and animals to chase away winter.

LENKA: papa, I want to be a kurent too.

HORNY MAN: Only men are allowed to wear these masks because the old gods hide in them and take over their bodies. It's too dangerous for girls.

The crowd cheers and chants drunkenly. Perhaps they notice PALE MOM and start to focus on her. YOUNG SOUL is watching.

WILD WOMAN: That's what tradition teaches us.

LENKA: But why? Why is Žaži allowed to dress up like that?

ŽAŽI: I don't want to. They're scary.

LENKA: It's not fair. He doesn't even want to.

PALE MOTHER: I can't take it anymore.

WILD WOMAN

I'm the one who knows the secrets
whispered to the first woman
the one who knows
what is Father birth and what is
Mother death
When we should worship each of them
when curse them
These mysteries my flesh holds
my palm burns them into my veins _
my eyes bring them back to my memory
my love bestows them to eternity
Vesna.

I used to be Vesna.

Perhaps the crowd of people begin to woo PALE MOTHER with their gestures

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The Queen, Spring, Amazon, great-grandmother, or, for him, just his Wife.

HORNY MAN: What a name. She comes from an old family, blood older than the woods, they would say. She caught my eye at once. How heads would turn if one were to marry her. She will be mine, I said to myself. The last unmarried daughter. All her sisters already had a couple of children each.

DRUNK AUNT: Good genes, they'd say today.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: They also say: never say never.

DRUNK AUNT: She had bright ginger hair and she would turn the men down as soon as they turned up on her doorstep. She didn't care about how much they were worth nor how many children they wanted from her. She looked them in the eyes without a shadow of shame and saw it clearly. And her father let her do that.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Until he turned up.

The crowd of people cheers loudly and continue to woo PALE MOTHER

WILD WOMAN is dancing

YOUNG SOUL is watching

WILD WOMAN

The little man had no idea of the magnitude
of his own impotence
outside his time
he thought that the times determine his rights
that reach into the lungs
that he could see the truth instead of the show

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The first hour was passing by.

DRUNK AUNT: I find it so nice that people used to meet at masked balls! All the bodies spinning around and around, trying to finding their chosen one on the dance floor!

HORNY MAN: She would dance and spin with anyone who dared to approach her. But sooner or later, each of them would give up. And I just kept watching.

GOLDEN FATHER: My grandmother, your great-grandmother had incredible eyes. I never heard her speak, but she had a way of looking at me that made me feel her underneath my skin.

WILD WOMAN

A peasant, I thought.
Not the right kind.
The suburban kind.
The kind that thinks he can dance,
but all they do is squirm.

The kind that thinks he knows how to deal with people,
but all he does is spin them around.

LENKA: papa, why do the women in our family keep dying younger and younger?

We see the crowd of people holding up PALE MOTHER, worshipping her and passing her to each other as they dance

GOLDEN FATHER: That's not true at all. Your great-grandmother lived to be almost seventy. And her sisters all lived to be a hundred.

LENKA: But what about auntgranny? What about your mother? Their lives were much shorter. Will I also die young?

GOLDEN FATHER: That's enough, Lenka, you're too young to be asking such questions.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The third hour was passing.

Some of the people in the bunch slowly stop dancing with PALE MOTHER. WILD WOMAN is dancing.

DRUNK AUNT: She saw her father sitting at a table with hunched shoulders.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The fifth hour was passing.

The last one of the bunch puts PALE MOTHER back into her seat and moves away

DRUNK AUNT: As the party was slowly ending, when she was almost left alone on the dance floor, papa put on a mask and joined her.

WILD WOMAN

He threw his gold at my feet
he spoke of new stars
and I nearly puked all over him
while he was forcing himself on me
as he was trying to find a way into my heart
with his metal tongue

DRUNK AUNT: She was playing coy.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The hero of our valley.

DRUNK AUNT: And they danced.

GREEN GEORGE

A single whisper
in the right moment
can break the fiercest dog
and quell the flame of the craziest party.
what is the step of a young dancer
to such a whisper

WILD WOMAN is dancing

HORNY MAN: Your father served me sausages.

The crowd of people are cheering

The YOUNG SOUL is watching

DEAD GRANDPAPA: If the parents served tea or sour milk, this meant that they rejected the groom's offer. But if they served sausages...

DRUNK AUNT: I adore weddings!

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The deal was sealed.

WILD WOMAN is dancing. Perhaps LENKA tries to dance with her. The crowd of people are closing in on HORNY MAN

WILD WOMAN

He may break my wings

rip the feathers from my tongue
 chain me to his stone
 but he will never pollute my blood
 PALE MOTHER: I can't take it any more.
 GOLDEN FATHER: He told her father that he could repay the debts of his son who'd lost his way in life, to put it mildly.
 GREEN GEORGE: He knew he wouldn't be able to refuse.
 HORNY MAN: A man must come prepared to get his wife.
WILD WOMAN and LENKA are dancing.
 CAROL SINGER 1: How many letters are there in the Bible?
 HORNY MAN: Bloody hell, that I should know. All of them.
 CAROL SINGER 2: I have a father and a mother but I'm not their son. Who am I?
 HORNY MAN: Their daughter - who else?
 AUNTGRANNY: I call people to prayer, but I never go to church myself. What am I?
 HORNY MAN: The bell.
 CAROL SINGER 1: I come out of a skin although I have no skin, but I go under your skin. What am I?
 HORNY MAN: That's too easy. It's wine
 CAROL SINGER 3: What is the best for wine?
 HORNY MAN: Grapes.
 LENKA: What kind of stones are most commonly found in our river?
 HORNY MAN: Wet stones.
 CAROL SINGER 2: I sing by no song, I cut with no blade, I bite at night yet kiss in day. What Am I?
 HORNY MAN: The wind.
 CAROL SINGER 4: Who was the first carpenter?
 HORNY MAN: Noah.
 DEAD GRANDPAPA: What can all the blind men see and all the deaf men hear?
 HORNY MAN: Nothing.
 GREEN GEORGE: It's a field, but it's not, it's a garden, but it's not, it's a house, but it's not.
 HORNY MAN: A graveyard.
 AUNTGRANNY0: Which land is everyone afraid of?
 HORNY MAN: The nether land.
 CAROL SINGER 1: They say it has no legs, but it can go very far. What is it?
WILD WOMAN stops dancing
 WILD WOMAN: A lie. That's a lie.
The crowd of people are leaving
 HORNY MAN: A man must come prepared to get his wife. I'm the one who tamed the beast in my own heart, and I'll tame her just as well. I've decided to be good to her, to win her over, like the heroes of myth and fairy tales. And indeed she became mine.
 WILD WOMAN: That's not true.
 Father. Father!
 Father, what are you doing?!
 Mother?
 Mother??
 PALE MOTHER: And father said nothing. And mother said nothing.
LENKA stops dancing.
 GOLDEN FATHER: And mother said nothing.
 GREEN GEORGE: And it was heard in the blood
 "A nightmare reigned over the people"
We see WILD WOMAN vomiting. We see PALE MOTHER vomiting. We see LENKA vomiting.
YOUNG SOUL is watching
 PALE MOTHER
 This is still not her age,

although her bosom is plastered over the morning
although they all sing rosy odes in the evening
to her skin and her feet

WILD WOMAN

I never saw my sisters again
he took me down to his valley
he locked me up like cattle
hoping that I would bring
a new spring to his house
The same fate befell me
as so many others before and after me
I became just another Wife
and in place of Vesna, I beget rage
I will not surrender to death
I will not absolve him of my presence
I will destroy his paper blood
I will do anything to burn down his world
so that only ashes and frozen soil
will remain of his kind.

DRUNK AUNT: I'll dedicate my final song to the Man,
as I dedicated my first song to the Woman.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Mom, why d'you decide to have children?

Everyone leaves except GREEN GEORGE, ŽAŽI, YOUNG SOUL and DRUNK AUNT

SCENE IV

GREEN GEORGE

I dreamt of the past in children's hands
it got lost in their tiny rib cages
forgotten due to their rusty eyes
that only saw the colours of the ocean
even though they sought blood

We see YOUNG SOUL who is perhaps playing around or trying to dance like WILD WOMAN did earlier. But perhaps it is just watching everything around it with the eyes of a child.

ŽAŽI: Who's that?

DRUNK AUNT: Oh, that's right. Who're you?

YOUNG SOUL: I'm somewhere in between.

ŽAŽI: What does that mean?

YOUNG SOUL: I'm not yet.

ŽAŽI: But you will be?

YOUNG SOUL: I don't know yet.

DRUNK AUNT: What are you?

YOUNG SOUL: How can I tell you what I am, when I just told you I am not yet. I don't know. It's all a bit different from here. I think it'd be easier ~~for me~~ to comprehend if it looked like I was flying. Can we do that? Can we stick a pair of wings on me and tie me to some rope to make it look like I'm flying through the air?

ŽAŽI: I still don't understand what you are.

YOUNG SOUL: All right, all right. You can think of me as a kind of eternal caterpillar. When my time comes, I'll have to decide whether this is the place where I'm going to turn into a butterfly. D'you get it? In any case, for now, I'm just a spectator.

ŽAŽI: And what are you looking at?

YOUNG SOUL: Today I am looking at love.

ACT I

SCENE I

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We see a farmhouse with an open window which WILD WOMAN is leaning on, we see a path in front of the house by which HORNY MAN comes stumbling around. We can see the cold that is taking over the space.

HORNY MAN: There was a man, he had a dog,
he kept it full and fed,
one day it stole a piece of meat
and so he killed it dead.

He buried it in his backyard
and on a plaque, he wrote:

There was a man, he had a dog...

What are you doing with the window open, woman? Close it at once, by my bloody soul! You're making it winter again.

WILD WOMAN: I'm looking at the sky.

HORNY MAN: Damn your sky, you want my soul to freeze.

WILD WOMAN: I want to see the sun when it rises from behind the hill.

HORNY MAN: What sun? The rooster is still sleeping, you'll see pneumonia before you see the sun.

WILD WOMAN: Shut up, if you can't understand anything.

HORNY MAN: Mind the lip! I know you're punishing me with this cold inside the house.

WILD WOMAN: I'm not about to do anything for your sorry drunken ass when you come crawling home after the inn closes. I'm thinking about better times.

HORNY MAN: I wouldn't drink if you'd take pity on me if you'd warm my bed, make my house into a home.

WILD WOMAN: Just the one to talk about pity, you, who are buying the future, you, pissing around your own house, just the one to cry for a home. You'd better go and wash, you stink all the way up to here.

HORNY MAN: I'm drawing a sun for you.

WILD WOMAN: Arent' you full of love. A true gift from God.

HORNY MAN: I want you to close the window and get back in bed so that it'll be warm.

WILD WOMAN: Just yell at me one more time and I'll burn it down with you inside.

HORNY MAN: God has forsaken me because of you and your lip - burn all you want, you can't do me any more harm than you already did. Where're the children?

WILD WOMAN: They are waiting for you in hell.

HORNY MAN: Where are the children!?

WILD WOMAN: Hang yourself, and you'll see them right away.

HORNY MAN: I'll use the rope for something else, I reckon.

WILD WOMAN: Keep away, stay out of my sight.

HORNY MAN: Close the window this moment.

WILD WOMAN: Never. Keep away. You hear me?

HORNY MAN: Dragon lady!

WILD WOMAN: Ass!

HORNY MAN: You can't talk to me like that!

WILD WOMAN: Better not try to come in here, If you don't want to be bloody all over.

HORNY MAN: You're making my blood boil, woman, I vowed not to be harsh to you. But by my bloody soul, you are playing with fate. You are playing with fate, woman.

WILD WOMAN: I did nothing but open the window. It's not my fault that you're afraid of winter.

HORNY MAN: You bloody hell-hag, how'd I ever let you into my house? But I won't let you win. You won't break me, even if you dress up in snow. I love you. That's why I'll sleep downstairs by the stove tonight. D'you hear what I'm saying? I could take what's mine, but I'll take pity on you.

WILD WOMAN: You're drunk tonight and you talk about pity as if you didn't regularly demand payment for buying me. I spit on your payment.

HORNY MAN: Close the window at once.

WILD WOMAN: Never.

The cold takes over the room

SCENE II

We see GOLDEN FATHER, almost certainly standing in front of a mirror. He is talking partly to his own reflection, but he partly also sees his reflection in us.

GOLDEN FATHER: Wherever I go and wherever I am, I feel love and I am loved. I love and accept myself exactly the way I am. I'm a good and responsible father. The past has no power over me. I'm open and susceptible to new sources of income. Love and light are filling me in my deepest being. No. I'm not feeling it, not really. I'm judging myself again. What d'you want from me? D'you want to make me cry? Is it so hard being a single parent? Am I supposed to feel sorry for myself because I grew up without a mother as well, because I lost my father when I was seventeen? Will things be any easier that way? It won't get any easier, because there's nothing to cry about. Life's not a fairy tale. I can't just go around feeling sorry for myself. You're not like that. It makes me sick just thinking about it. That's not you. That's not who you'll become. I'm hungry. I'm hungry for life. I want to live, I want to experience more, I want to dream more. I have to make an example. I have to show how one has to stand up for oneself. To let them know that they can become something more in life. If only they dare to yearn, to thirst for more, they can become successful. I'm judging myself again. We were about to have an abortion. Žaži. It's hard to admit it, but we only found out she was pregnant after things started to break down. And I don't think anyone would've judged us if we'd go through with it. But when she was about to go, I thought we could beat this. That we would make it. Abortion's just another word for losing. Yes, and so I didn't give up, I'm not irresponsible, and I don't regret it now, even though we didn't make it and now everything seems even more impossible. But you've got to get up every day, look yourself in the eye and tell yourself what you want out of life again and again - that's what I'm trying to teach them. To look to the future. To new victories, forwards, forwards, forwards, just like sportsmen. I'm still young, I can still make sure that... if I don't give up... It's not my fault that I can't just live my dream. And I'm not doing anything wrong if I do all I can for them not to die.

We see ŽAŽI and LENKA

Žaži, Lenka, I know that probably this isn't the best time, or maybe it really is and it's fate. I'd like to introduce you to someone. I met her at work and it's very important to me for you to be nice to her.

GOLDEN FATHER goes away

SCENE III

GREEN GEORGE: In the very beginning, a long long time ago, there was a secret. Silence? Fortune? Hope?

It's hard to say, but... soon after...

We see PALE MOTHER standing slightly aside from ŽAŽI and LENKA

Two different bodies meet.

Two forces, either by intent or by mere chance, sooner or later they collide and this way they cut into reality itself.

The wound that opens up between them can be enormous, as big as

the entire universe, so that all of creation spills out of it, it can be a kind of a portal

in the theatre hall, so that the story flows through it into the audience, or

It can be really small, just big enough so that a child can come out of it crying. But through

every wound, be it obvious or hidden, some of the truth seeps through. It's a game without magic. Where there used to be miracles there is nothing left, except perhaps an arrival, or a departure, or a return...

We see LENKA leaving

No, let's say, for the sake of this play, that there's actually something even less here.

We see WOLF in place of PALE MOTHER

Something that I imagine appearing
In every story without magic. Here,
before you, stands the wolf. A small creature,
once a beast, now more of a puppy, shivering with cold,
overwhelmed by too many feelings that
her blood is screaming inside her, utterly
lost in her existence. Maybe she
whines. Or growls? Something
like that. And in the distance, in the forest
Which from here we can only feel is there,
her howling echoes.

WOLF disappears

SCENE IV

We hear beeping and other sounds made by medical devices. We see PREGNANT WOMEN on trolleys and NURSES hurrying to and fro. Now and then we see a DOCTOR rushing to one of the delivery rooms. Now and then we can also see confused HUSBANDS caught somewhere between the rooms, the staff and the pregnant women. We see YOUNG SOUL, perhaps tied to a rope and flying over ŽAŽI. Perhaps it is wearing small angel wings or something similarly childish. ŽAŽI coughs.

YOUNG SOUL: It's not looking good.

ŽAŽI: Again?

YOUNG SOUL: It's too early to tell. Do you think it's my fault?

ŽAŽI: Why?

YOUNG SOUL: Because there's a decision to be made. And I'm here chatting with you and I still don't have any idea about what I want...

ŽAŽI: Third time the good time.

YOUNG SOUL: Ooh, you're a barrel of laughs.

ŽAŽI: I didn't know you could change your mind.

YOUNG SOUL: What's the big deal?

ŽAŽI: And then what happens?

YOUNG SOUL: Oh, that I don't know. I just know that I don't need to be born if I don't want to.

ŽAŽI: You don't like our family? papa, Tanja, me?

YOUNG SOUL: Like, don't like, it's not like that. It's hard to describe what's going on inside me when I'm watching.

ŽAŽI: And you can just decide what's going to happen?

YOUNG SOUL: Why's that such a surprise for you? You too make decisions all the time, just this morning you decided to get out of bed and now you're here. It's like watching a film or a play. The longer you're here, the more you start to belong to things, and to put your hopes,

wishes and dreams into them... But that doesn't mean there's no choice. If a film is bad, you don't have to see it to the end. There's always a choice. My mother could decide for me too.

ŽAŽI: Tanja? She's been dying for a child ever since they're together.

YOUNG SOUL: All that matters is that it's possible. It doesn't sound fun, becoming part of a story that doesn't want you.

We see GOLDEN FATHER

GOLDEN FATHER: Žaži, where's the juice for Tanja? Please, hurry up.

ŽAŽI: Is this the right one?

GOLDEN FATHER: That's the one. Thank you.

ŽAŽI coughs.

You should have that checked. Since we're here anyway, it'd be a pity not to take the opportunity. At least make them take your blood.

ŽAŽI: It's all right. I'm just tired. I'm not sleeping well. What with the job and everything.

GOLDEN FATHER: You're too good to be a waiter. I don't know why you don't go to college. You know you don't have to worry about money anymore.

GOLDEN FATHER's phone rings

Yeah, sweetie, I went to get Žaži from the back. What d'you say? She says it's kicking.

YOUNG SOUL: I'm not doing anything.

GOLDEN FATHER: He's a fighter. He takes that after me. We'll be right there. Any word of Lenka yet?

ŽAŽI: Not yet.

GOLDEN FATHER: I really wish she'd come before the baby's due. At least to be here when Maži is born. That'd mean a lot to me. To both of us.

ŽAŽI: You know how it is.

GOLDEN FATHER: I know, I know, I can't even get her on the phone. She's so stubborn. If you didn't hear from her, I'd panic. I understand that she's studying all day long - but in the end, it's moments like this that are more important. She'll be sorry.

The phone rings again

Yes, sweetie. It's still kicking, she says, I have to check.

YOUNG SOUL: I'm not kicking at all.

GOLDEN FATHER: Žaži, please go and get the nurse. Just to check if everything's all right.

GOLDEN FATHER goes away

SCENE V

We see people stopping and fixing their gaze on ŽAŽI. The crowd of people is silent. The crowd of people are watching. For a moment, time stops.

ŽAŽI

There are things you'd better not to tell your parents

This is supposed to be my story

but I don't belong here

I can't feel any purpose in me

I'm obsessed with what was

and I care very little for what's coming

Now is not my world

fire watches me from the screens

my hands are cold

my body is venom

maybe I exist in some other form

and if I keep screaming long enough,

my hair will stand on end

and, like Super Saiyan, I'll find out

that I'm the child of prophecy,

that I actually come from a race of warriors,

that I can fly, I can fight
and etch my screams
into the valleys and mountains and screens of this world
I used to believe that somewhere there was More
that I'm surrounded by mysteries...
I am five and a half years old
I'm standing in the house of my ancestors
old Shrovetide masks are hanging in the kitchen
and there's no one around

The crowd of people start to sing while ŽAŽI takes a mask and slowly puts it on. We see GREEN GEORGE, who comes and looks at ŽAŽI.

When they conquer the white nights¹
Open your eyes wide
Shut your mouths tight
Desire slowly lets you go
The place where you are standing
Desire is a desolate fortress
The sky is trembling around you
And black midnight is growing
We must be the wind
We must be the river
We must be the forest
We must lose our minds

We see the crowd singing and undressing and lying down on the floor. GREEN GEORGE leaves. ŽAŽI takes the mask off his face. The bunch stops singing. We see silence.

ŽAŽI: But there's no scream inside me. Some that are hard to explain to other people, especially parents. When I was seven, I said I was going to die young. That I wouldn't live to see Saturn. It takes Saturn between 27 and 30 years to make one revolution around the sun. So I wouldn't live to be 30. And to me that's beautiful. And that's what I told my papa. Auntgranny, my papa's aunt, we used to stay at her place often, me and Lenka, when papa had to work, and she said I had a vivid imagination, that she knew that sort of stuff, that everybody sometimes feels, sees and hears things they can't explain. For some time now I've been talking to a soul that hasn't been born yet. But I no longer tell papa about it.

BABA MORANA: You there, saying strange things in the dark, why're you hiding your tears?

ŽAŽI: I'm not hiding anything. Why would I cry? I'm just remembering things and trying to make

1

This is a translation of the text of the song Crvena by the band Repetitor. The original is in Serbo-Croatian:

Kad osvoje bele noći
Otvorite širom oči
Zatvorite dobro usta
Želja polako pušta
Mesto na kom sad stojiš
Želja je pusta tvrda
Okolo drhti nebo
I raste ponoć crna
Moramo biti vetar
Moramo biti reka
Moramo biti šuma
Moramo sići s uma

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sense of them.

BABA MORANA: Children shouldn't be doing things by themselves. Your heads are filled with nonsense.

ŽAŽI: I'm not a child.

BABA MORANA: I see a different story in your eyes. You can't hide from me.

ŽAŽI: What d'you want?

BABA MORANA

Listen, child.

What you keep inside is born outside.

what dwells outside echos inside.

ŽAŽI: What's that supposed to mean?

BABA MORANA

You've built a dam,

instead of enduring emptiness

you forget the seasons

you forget your blood

that circles through time.

ŽAŽI: Who are you?

BABA MORANA

I'm the blood of your blood

your old blood

stop hiding your tears

stop acting like a god

stop worshipping me

so the world can turn again

Listen to the song

ŽAŽI: I don't understand a word you're saying and I don't worship you.

BABA MORANA:

Fear is a form of worship, child.

Don't think you're just a helpless animal

you're human and your honour is

to be humble

to cry and be happy

to seek and to find

love

to remember your past

and let it die

it's time for you to stop worshipping me

it is time for you to drown me.

ŽAŽI: Let me be. I carry enough time that is not mine, I feel the cold breathing down my neck, let me decay in peace...

BABA MORANA starts smashing plates.

ŽAŽI: What're you doing? Stop! Stop it! Stop it!

BABA MORANA: Why are you decaying, you frightened child?

the plate decays,

pots crack and the shards shake,
times come and go
but you're still in one piece, standing with your feet on the ground,
even if you got lost or if someone would smack you.
Get your head out of your arse and stop reciting poetic bullshit.

ŽAŽI: You're the woman from Mars and you're not really here.

BABA MORANA: Stop talking bullshit, lest your eyes turn dark.

ŽAŽI: Let them turn dark. I'm made of lead and I look at the darkness that winter is bringing.

BABA MORANA: You're right, you're not a child. You're just a silly little rabbit who sees nothing and doesn't listen to anyone.

I'm the blood of your blood
I know ice and snow
that you think are your flesh
I'm the one
who carries the Death that you're worshipping
the Birth you're forgetting
the Pain that is haunting you
I come like the storms
like hail and the rising seas
like a scream so that the golden apples
belong to the autumn canopies
while thunder and lightning belong to the winter clouds
stop nurturing your fiery look for the sky
the flares and sparks of your innards for the earth
let ice turn into a river
to drown me and wash away my rage
no warrior could fight me
you can't create fire
that could destroy me
only melting snow
can bring back Spring
A hundred years ago
I was formed in your blood
enough flesh has turned grey
enough dreams have frozen
enough corpses have piled up
it's time to end
the reign of my Winter
otherwise, the whole world will
decay into lead
like you'd say
I'm reminding you of this now
I hope it's not in vain
Start collecting tears
so you can drown me
so you don't remain a bunny

SCENE VI

We hear breathing. ŽAŽI is left alone. He looks around the room and at the people lying on the floor. We see LENKA.

LENKA: I don't get it. Why d'you like it so much here?

ŽAŽI: I don't know. It's nice. Sometimes I come to listen. I feel like something's calling me.

LENKA: There's literally nothing to hear here. There's even no wind.

ŽAŽI: Last time I was drawing a new morning.

LENKA: And? Was I there?

ŽAŽI: No, there was nobody. Just some unknown children, smoke and a corpse. But it was beautiful.

LENKA: Only you can find such things beautiful. Come on, we're not allowed to play here behind the house.

ŽAŽI: I wonder whose are these graves around us. Grandpa and Auntgranny didn't have other brothers or sisters.

We see DEAD GRANDPAPA who comes on, but for ŽAŽI and LENKA he is not there.

LENKA: It's just some folks. Maybe some even older relatives.

ŽAŽI: But their graves are by the church. Grandma's grave is there. I don't get why Grandpa isn't there with her.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Grandpa is here because he couldn't have been buried behind the church. papa'd never allow it.

LENKA: Great-grandma is here too. Maybe these were her relatives.

ŽAŽI: There are a lot of them. And they're so small.

LENKA: Maybe people simply used to be that small.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: You shouldn't be here. He doesn't like anyone coming here.

ŽAŽI: That one seems different. It looks like a grave for an animal.

LENKA: Maybe they were burying animals here. Cows and horses and bulls and chickens and dogs.

ŽAŽI: What about great-grandma?

LENKA: And great-grandma... I don't like it here. Can you imagine being buried under a piece of ground like this till the end of time?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: They don't know what they're saying. Children.

ŽAŽI: D'you think they'll bury us here too, behind papa's house?

LENKA: I'll be buried somewhere abroad. In a big city where nobody will know me. Somewhere where there'll be quiet. And they won't know what to do with me and they'll just scatter me on some road or between some cars or in some park.

ŽAŽI: I'd rather be buried here than behind the church.

LENKA: Yeah, I don't like churches. They all smell bad, and I don't get anything they say there.

ŽAŽI: I like that you can see the forest from here. D'you think life is different there? That goblins or fairy queens are walking around at night?

LENKA: More likely bears or foxes, and then they smell the blood of a little boy and sneak up to the house and - chomp, and you're a hand short.

ŽAŽI: Stop it.

LENKA: I'm just messing with you, little brother.

ŽAŽI: I mean it. I want to know if there's anything else out there. Another world.

LENKA: Can I tell you a secret? When I was small and you were still crawling around on all fours and we lived with Auntgranny for a month or so, she used to read us fairy tales all the time - you don't remember that.

ŽAŽI: I think I remember, yes.

LENKA: You can't remember because you were too small. And I won't tell you if you keep interrupting me.

We see DRUNK AUNT

ŽAŽI: Sorry.

LENKA: Well, my favourite tale was the one about the wolf and the four little pigs...

ŽAŽI: But weren't there just three little pigs?

LENKA: Ok, that's it. I'm not telling you.

ŽAŽI: Sorry, sorry. I won't do it anymore, I promise.

LENKA: Well, in her story there was a wolf and four little pigs, and once when I asked her if there really were animals that talked and wolves that could blow houses down, she told me

quite seriously that there were.

Maybe we hear a dog barking

DRUNK AUNT: We're the ones who keep the children safe from the night and its terrors. I told you that we can see them looking through the windows at night and sometimes we can even hear them banging on the glass, but they can't hurt us because our houses are made of concrete and bricks and they seem quite ridiculous when they blow and blow and turn completely red while you, children, are safe and sound.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I think papa's back. I hear his dog.

LENKA: That night I couldn't sleep and I kept staring at the window and, indeed, suddenly I saw some shadow moving outside. It had big ears and I saw its black hair. It was a wolf, a real one. And it called me by my name. But it couldn't come in. I really saw it.

ŽAŽI: But Auntgranny lives on the second floor. How could the wolf climb up there?

LENKA: Very well, don't believe me, if you don't want to.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: You should run away.

HORNY MAN: There was a man, he had a dog
He kept it full and fed.

One day it stole a piece of meat

We see the people, who were lying down, run away

SCENE VII

DEAD GRANDPAPA: What is the difference between humans and animals? These are my grandchildren and if I'd ever met them, I'd ask them the same question I used to ask the new students every year. Maybe to some, it would make more sense to ask what is the difference between humans and other animals. That's what my theatre was like. The hands went up quickly, always. Language. Culture. Society. Morality. Self-awareness. Humour. The ability to use tools... And a smile on my mouth. In one form or another, all of these exist also in given animal species, whales can communicate across hundreds of kilometres, crows use tools to hunt, ants are organised in very complex social hierarchies, monkeys can recognise themselves in the mirror and even have a sense of humour and often joke around. So what is the feature that definitively separates us from them? At this point, I would always make a longer pause and enjoy the moment. Maybe this would be the time when someone would say something revolutionary. And the correct answer was exactly what was happening at that very moment. Problem solving. Intelligence. Our ability to search for and discover the unexpected, new connections and solutions, is what can make symphonies out of birdsong, houses and palaces out of sticks, stories out of sounds, books out of language, and rockets and aeroplanes out of raw materials hidden in the earth. Our intellect is the feature that surpasses the entirety of the animal kingdom in every aspect, the mask that covers up our less developed parts and makes us human, so that we're able to leave the wild and create a better society, to discover what is good and just. A good man is P perceptive, I intelligent, O organised, N nimble-minded, E educated, E enlightened, R refined. This makes him a pioneer, first among all creatures. Everything else merely makes us good animals.

SCENE VIII

We see a bathroom. A sink. Perhaps a mirror. We see ŽAŽI and LENKA getting ready for bed. DRUNK AUNT is watching them from the side with DEAD GRANDPAPA somewhere close to her, but only she can see or hear him.

DRUNK AUNT: I heard papa was angry.

ŽAŽI: They just broke.

LENKA: Žaži said we should run away.

DRUNK AUNT: And where would you hide?

ŽAŽI: We'd have gone into the woods.

DRUNK AUNT: Go on! And what would you do there?

ŽAŽI: papa came back in the morning. We'd just have to make it through the night.

LENKA: Stop. It was too cold.

DRUNK AUNT: It's all right. Just that you know that it wasn't your fault. Your papa... he comes from another time... Let's go and brush your teeth and then go to sleep, okay?

LENKA: Yes, Auntgranny.

ŽAŽI: We're going.

DRUNK AUNT: D'you think that anything ever really changes?

papa papa: The coat changes, but nature...

DRUNK AUNT: Was he yelling?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: When he saw them behind the house, he started busting out profanities at once.

DRUNK AUNT: By my bloody crucified soul. Damn the children. Damn and blast.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Yes, exactly. They hid in the room and for a moment everything was quiet. And then he stepped into the kitchen and saw the shards.

DRUNK AUNT: What happened?

ŽAŽI: The plates broke.

LENKA: He said they were his great-grandmother's, that he bought them as a wedding present. And they were very expensive.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: He was always showing them off when we had guests.

DRUNK AUNT: Ah, those plates were horrible. There's nothing to worry about. My great-grandmother would've been delighted to hear that they broke.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Lenka came into the kitchen and just stood there while he was yelling at her to call her brother.

LENKA: I broke them. It wasn't his fault.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: But papa insisted he wanted them both downstairs.

DRUNK AUNT: Where were you?

ŽAŽI: I couldn't get out of the room. I didn't break the plates, they just broke by themselves... I was sitting on the floor behind the door and my throat was throbbing and my legs went completely limp.

DRUNK AUNT: You poor soul. I know how that feels.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: papa burst into the room, dragging Lenka behind him like a ragdoll. He demanded that she should tell him where her brother was and what'd happened. But Lenka just kept looking him straight in the eyes.

LENKA: We were playing hide and seek and when I climbed onto the counter I knocked them over by accident.

DRUNK AUNT: It's all right. It's all right. Just finish brushing your teeth.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: He asked her again where her brother was but Lenka just kept quiet and looked at him. Then he heard a snuffle. He turned around and saw Žaži crumpled behind the door.

We see HORNY MAN

HORNY MAN: What're you doing here hiding when I'm calling you, eh? What's the idea?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: He grabbed him by the arm and dragged him to the middle of the room.

LENKA: We didn't do anything wrong. It was an accident.

DRUNK AUNT: Yeah, that's right. Brush them from behind as well.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: And then there was silence. Lenka's cheeks changed colours, but she wouldn't cry. She looked papa straight in the eyes as if she'd go for his neck any moment.

DRUNK AUNT: That reminds me of someone.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Stop it. I've never been so brave. Not at her age.

HORNY MAN: What'd you say?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: They didn't do anything wrong. She said it right to his face. papa couldn't believe it. His eyes filled up for a moment and if I didn't know him so well, I'd have thought the tyrant would just burst into tears.

HORNY MAN: Why d'you think your father left you here with me? D'you ever wonder about

that? I wonder about that all the time. I never looked after him. D'you think I'm going to spare you because you're a girl? I spared Mimi and now look at her! No children, no husband, no money.

AUNTGRANNY: All she does is drink, smoke and write poems. I've listened to that all my life. Dead branch of the family.

HORNY MAN: Dead branch of the family. One tries to be nice, but it's all for nought.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: He shouted at Žaži to go downstairs and clean up the shards and he threatened to beat them both if they didn't obey. He told Lenka to face the wall and grabbed the dog leash.

DRUNK AUNT: Now rinse.

LENKA: I looked at the wall where the old mirror was hanging. It wasn't quite clean and it wasn't quite flat, but I could see his reflection. He straightened his old body, his face tensed up, and his eyes became almost childlike. Suddenly he transformed into a young being, a couple of years older than me at most. He appeared scared and lost. When he held his hand up in the air like some statue of liberty, I almost turned around and apologised. But then his eyes went dark and filled with determination. He opened his mouth and he stuck out his long tongue. He looked like Michael Jordan before he'd dunk. He made such a grimace in that distorted mirror that I thought he would just rise from the floor and fly over me.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I heard three smacks and then papa came out of the room and went out into the yard to quiet the dog.

DRUNK AUNT: Rinse again, Lenka. So there's nothing left.

ŽAŽI: Why does papa get like that?

DRUNK AUNT: I could never understand what gets into him. I think that he's had something broken inside him for a very long time. People can be weird sometimes.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: He used to brag about how good he was with children. That the house's always quiet when he's around.

DRUNK AUNT: I'm sorry they saw him like that.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The man is a ticking time bomb.

DRUNK AUNT: Come here. See what I brought you. Smell this. Sit down. When my father was like that, my mother, your great-grandmother, used to wash us in the evening and then she put a special pine resin ointment on us so that we would smell nice and it wouldn't hurt anymore - that's exactly what it smelled like.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: We shouldn't let him be around people. Let alone children.

HORNY MAN is leaving

HORNY MAN: People beg to be shown what they should and shouldn't do. That's how you teach respect.

DRUNK AUNT: Like this, a little bit on the cheek. Come on, put a bit on your sister's cheeks. You'll see how well you'll sleep tonight.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: You get along nicely with them, little sister. Especially with Žaži.

DRUNK AUNT: You'd definitely get along with Lenka. Birds of the same feather...

DEAD GRANDPAPA: No, I was more of a nerd.

DRUNK AUNT: Miro. What happens? I mean, on the other side, once it's all over?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I don't know. I can remember and I can watch. But you seem to be the only one who can hear me. And that's it. I don't know if it'll be the same for you...

DRUNK AUNT: Did you stay here to watch over us? Or you just can't go on without me?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Joke all you want. In this place, the three of you are the only ones that matter to me. And you can watch over each other much better than I can. So take your time, sis.

ŽAŽI: When papa saw Lenka's back, he went crazy. He said he wasn't going to talk to Grandpa anymore.

LENKA: Lenka, Žaži, here's the deal, I've got to leave for a couple of days, I don't want you to worry, I know Auntgranny isn't at her best, but I really don't want to take you to Grandpa's.

ŽAŽI: No, no, we promise to be good.

LENKA: Listen to me. Auntgranny has to take her vitamins in the evening, she keeps them in the bathroom, by the toothbrushes. she mustn't forget, or else she might get really sick. And you

must take your vitamins, too, Žaži. Did you take them with you?

ŽAŽI: Auntgranny says she wants to cook, but if she won't be able to, there's pizza in the freezer and you just heat it in the oven. You know how to do that, Lenka, don't you? And there's chocolate cereal or bread and spread for breakfast.

LENKA: I'll just be gone for three days, it'll be back before you know it, I'll call you every day and if you need anything you have my number. Everything'll be fine, you know where to look, don't you?

ŽAŽI: Go on, go on, go on...

ŽAŽI, LENKA and DRUNK AUNT leave

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Their beloved father, my son.

SCENE IX

We can hear the sounds of medical equipment again, and perhaps a PREGNANT WOMAN or two come by. Perhaps we see YOUNG SOUL flying through the air, watching what is going on below.

GOLDEN FATHER: Žaži? Where is everybody? Holy fuck, can somebody come already. **The** That kid is always daydreaming. Žaži!

ŽAŽI: Here I am. It's all right. I brought Zala.

We see PRETTY GIRL ZALA who passes by ŽAŽI, perhaps she kisses him on the cheek.

GOLDEN FATHER: Please check on Tanja, she said the baby was kicking, I just hope everything will be okay...

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: Nothing to worry about. It's probably just a contraction. Just a moment. I'll go and see if I can be of any help.

GOLDEN FATHER: Ah, yes, thank you. Zala, you're a sweetheart, just go in. Žaži... Žaži, please. Nothing else matters, really. Call Lenka. She should come home. We have to stick together. For Maži.

ŽAŽI: But, papa, she won't...

GOLDEN FATHER: I can't talk about it now. She'll listen to you. That's all I ask. I just don't want anything to go wrong again.

YOUNG SOUL: Third time's the charm.

GOLDEN FATHER'S phone rings

GOLDEN FATHER: Hi, sweetheart, here I am, I'm coming. Žaži, please.

GOLDEN FATHER leaves

YOUNG SOUL: Is he getting on your nerves?

ŽAŽI: He can be difficult at times when he takes it into his head to do something. But I know how important this is for him.

YOUNG SOUL: Is it like that in all families? That they don't talk about the important things?

ŽAŽI: What d'you mean?

YOUNG SOUL: Him, for example. He doesn't really know what's going on with his own son, his daughter's been ignoring him ever since she moved out, his wife's had two miscarriages, and he just keeps hurling on as if everything's just going to turn out fine.

ŽAŽI: He's not a bad person. He just doesn't know any better.

YOUNG SOUL: I see.

ŽAŽI: Are you staying?

YOUNG SOUL: Will you start drawing again?

ŽAŽI: I don't know if that's related in any way.

YOUNG SOUL: Are you going to call Lenka?

ŽAŽI: I've been calling her for a week or so. But she only answers to messages.

YOUNG SOUL: D'you think you'll be able to convince her?

ŽAŽI: Hardly.

YOUNG SOUL: D'you know where she is?

ŽAŽI: I know.

YOUNG SOUL: So what now?

ŽAŽI: I don't really have a choice. In the end, it'll be my fault if anything goes wrong.

SCENE X once upon a time

We see LENKA bringing dinner.

We see the space slowly turning into DRUNK AUNT's dining room.

LENKA: Žaži! Let's eat!

ŽAŽI: Are you in a lot of pain?

DRUNK AUNT: Oh, no, it's been pretty much the same for all my life, more or less.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: She's definitely been complaining for all her life, that's for sure.

DRUNK AUNT: Already when I was small, I felt the same pain in the same place as now. And sometimes it'd disappear, even for years on end, but it'd always come back. The doctors say pain can't just come and go like that.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: She's always had **a too vivid a wild** imagination. When she was small she used to say she was speaking to god who was hiding in the basement, and he told her he was her father.

DRUNK AUNT: Nobody ever believes what I say, but how can I prove that something exists if I can only hear or feel it?

GOLDEN FATHER comes by

GOLDEN FATHER: Please, I'm begging you, don't forget the pills.

DRUNK AUNT: Lenka, pour me another glass, please.

GOLDEN FATHER: What matters most is that she has a good heart. She might not be right in the head sometimes, but that's not what remains. No one in our family is completely normal, but at least we're a family....

GOLDEN FATHER goes away

ŽAŽI: I understand you.

DRUNK AUNT: Oh, my sweet soul, I know you do. Tell me, d'you two talk to God sometimes?

LENKA: No, I don't like churches.

DRUNK AUNT: Ha, ha, that has nothing to do with it, really. You don't need churches to talk to god. I like them, mind you, I like the quiet and the stone and the coloured windows. But what I like most is the naked man on the cross. The story goes that he died for our souls so that we could be pure, and then he came back because he's actually eternal. I think that's a pretty neat story.

ŽAŽI: Just like the sun.

DRUNK AUNT: What d'you mean?

ŽAŽI: The sun also dies every day so that our souls can dream at night and live another day.

DRUNK AUNT: D'you like the sun?

LENKA: No, he doesn't like daytime.

ŽAŽI: I prefer the night. And the moon.

LENKA: Žaži's in love.

DRUNK AUNT: Do you already know what love is?

ŽAŽI: Yes, I think I've found it.

GOLDEN FATHER comes by

GOLDEN FATHER: What're you talking about? Aren't you a man? A strong, brave man, just like your papa? He gets confused sometimes. These children...

DRUNK AUNT: I'd find it more likely if you'd say it found you.

ŽAŽI: She's my moon. She's there every day, in the same place, at the same time.

DRUNK AUNT: Is that so? That sounds nice.

LENKA: I'm done. Can I go to my room?

DRUNK AUNT: Of course. As you wish. I finished the poem, you know?

ŽAŽI: Is it about me?

DRUNK AUNT: It's about the gentleman who sits in the backyard every day. But I wrote it for

you.

ŽAŽI: What gentleman in the backyard?

DRUNK AUNT: The one with black hair and broad shoulders, the last time he played with a dog; haven't you seen him yet? He's my moon.

GOLDEN FATHER comes by, HORNY MAN follows him

HORNY MAN: What wouldn't you do for money? First, you brought them to me, thinking you would get my fortune, and now you're bringing them to Mimi to secure at least her part of the inheritance. But when'll you start thinking about them? About their needs.

GOLDEN FATHER: I'm not talking to you.

HORNY MAN: D'you really think it's good for them to stay with her? She's teaching them to dream about worlds that aren't there. Only hard work and a steady hand can keep the devil away, that's what I've been saying all along. There's no other way.

GOLDEN FATHER and HORNY MAN go away

ŽAŽI: Are you in love?

DRUNK AUNT: Oh, no, who with? The stranger? No, when I look at him I feel how close we are, I feel we're related, that we'd have a lot to say to each other, but I'm not in love. You know, just between us, I'm not sure I've ever actually been in love.

ŽAŽI: But you were married.

DRUNK AUNT: Yes, I was married, that I was. But I also got divorced. I could maybe marry this stranger as well and then divorce him if I had enough time left. I always liked the company of men. It's wise to have a good man by your side. But that doesn't mean I loved them in that way. They say you only love for real when you start dreaming of a family, but I never felt that way with them. I don't think I came to this world for that kind of love. I've always been interested in what lies beyond yonder. I can experience some of it through my body - you're still too young for that - but I can touch it even more with music or when I go to church. But I've never really been a revolutionary, to be able to stand up for what I love.

ŽAŽI: But you like writing poems.

DRUNK AUNT: And I smoke and I drink. I never said I betrayed myself. But time shapes our needs into actions which we are able to withstand.

We hear Lenka vomiting

Drunk Aunt: Lenka?!

DRUNK AUNT and ŽAŽI rush to LENKA

SCENE XI

GOLDEN FATHER: Meditation's the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. Maybe some of you've tried it before and know what I'm talking about. It is not hard because I couldn't keep still or because I would just have to breathe or because I had to focus - and even that is quite a lot. But the hardest part is letting go. It's having to feel the things, look at them and then let go of them. Puff. Give it back to the universe or whatever they call it. Just the other day I was dreaming that it was some 10 years ago, and I'd been partying all morning, feeling like any normal 20-odd-year-old. In the middle of the evening, I catch the eye of some girl that I like, we dance a bit, the music is nice, I'm feeling good, maybe she suggests something to spice up the evening, or perhaps it's me, I won't tell you. Anyway, a secret is born between us and at some point, when we're both already pretty sweaty, we go to the toilet. And that's where it happens. I can't describe it to you. We go wild. But I mean it, seriously savage. She's making noises I've never heard before, she hee-haws, neighs, shrieks, and I fire up myself, riding her and feeling how, while I'm... riding her, my... my thing's growing. I'm not kidding. It's getting longer and longer, it's grown almost as long as my leg, and I'm getting really scared that I'm going to hurt her. I mean, I have to admit as a guy, it's not bad to think something like that, I mean, all of a sudden I've got a baton to knock down walls with it - I'm not exactly used to it - you'd need a licence to operate something like that, the thing's a fucking weapon - all of a sudden I'm James Bond and I don't know what'd happen if this bomb went off, but she, she's not scared at all, she's even more insatiable than me, and while my thing keeps growing, hair starts to sprout on

her hips, but not only her hips, but all over, and on me too - my arms are turning grey with the stubble, my body's changing. I feel like I'm coming, but I don't care, she doesn't care. And, suddenly, my heart's filled with so much joy that I just can't describe it. We both change into a couple of donkeys who just enjoy ourselves, and for us, there's nothing else but those wild bodies of ours. There are no thoughts anymore. There was no yesterday, and there's no tomorrow. As if I were a teenager again and I still had my whole life in front of me. And this feeling from my dreams keeps me going to this day. Literally, if you know what I mean. It was just the most beautiful thing. And now, during meditation, when you're just sitting there, feeling a bit bored by the breathing, that's what pops back into your mind. Breathe in, breathe out, and let go of all feelings. Am I supposed to let go of that? Am I supposed to get this feeling out of my system? Fuck it, I'm trying, but, to tell you the truth, I just don't want to. I don't. Anyway, I can't lose my thread now, I have to meditate for these five minutes, and hold on until the end. I relax my breathing... one, two... My breath is my connection to life... three, four... When I breathe out, I can feel my heartbeat... five, six... When I breathe in, I can feel the oxygen filling my lungs... when I get to ten, I'll be completely at peace with myself... 7,8... I am one with everything that surrounds me... thoughts, go away...

SCENE XII

LENKA: Come, let's go and see the war.

ŽAŽI: Why? I don't want to.

LENKA: Come on.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Where're they going?

DRUNK AUNT: Ah, in the backyard, from the bench you can see the neighbour, the one who lost his wife a couple of years ago and now spends all his days just watching the news. I don't let them watch TV at my place.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Why'd a child want to watch the news?

DRUNK AUNT: Not child. Lenka.

ŽAŽI: Are you angry with me?

LENKA: Why's there war?

ŽAŽI: What?

LENKA: I want to understand. Have you ever noticed that there's never been a time in the world when there'd be no war going on? It can disappear from one place but immediately break out somewhere else.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: They're weird. They always talk about such wierd things.

ŽAŽI: D'you think she'll ever come here?

LENKA: That used to scare me too. When I was little like you. But now I think there's something hidden in her. That we need her. Maybe she keeps appearing in order to teach us something.

ŽAŽI: Like what?

LENKA: I don't really know. Maybe so we don't forget what's true. So that it doesn't all just become a game.

ŽAŽI: What's wrong with games?

LENKA: Nothing, nothing, games are great, but, say, what if I hit you now?

ŽAŽI: Ouch. Hey!

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Mimi, I think something's wrong...

DRUNK AUNT: They're fine. They're just playing. I can see them through the window.

LENKA: Where's the game here? There's none, your cheek hurts, your heart is pounding and you feel like crying, and that's it. But wait, don't cry, that's just another game to get papa to come out to save you. What if you just let it hurt, let your blood pound, don't run away and just look me in the eyes - well? You feel angry now, don't you? You really want to hit me back right now. Do it, if you want, but that's a game too, the pain that is real will still be there. And you've no idea what to do with it. You know what I'm talking about, don't you? D'you know what it means to be in pain?

ŽAŽI: Let's stop this, it's not fun.

LENKA: You see all these people, their broken homes, their ruined families? You can't pretend it's not there. You can't just run to your papady to caress you and make it go away. Or kill enough people to take revenge. And then what d'you do? What d'you do?

ŽAŽI: I don't know, I don't know. Leave me alone.

LENKA: You're still just a child. And so am I. But I'd like to grow up one day. And then I'll be able to understand.

ŽAŽI: I don't want to watch the war anymore.

SCENE XIII

We see GOLDEN FATHER talking on the phone with DRUNK AUNT

GOLDEN FATHER: Hi Mimi, please tell me what's going on. Did they break something again?

DRUNK AUNT: They stayed out playing until the evening. Then Lenka read a book. And Žaži stayed in the backyard, secretly peeking into some girl's room. He thought she couldn't see him, but she did. But she was happy to keep walking around the room and feel his gaze. Youth is great. To be watched. That's exciting. That's the essence of all religions, the essence of love. That remote look of affection you can feel. It doesn't get any better than that. He stayed in the yard even after the girl disappeared and it got dark. He was playing his games again, looking into worlds that existed only for the two of us. I think he was talking to the stars. He was left all alone.

GOLDEN FATHER: I don't like him staying out so late.

DRUNK AUNT: He climbed high up to the top of the tree and looked to the sky. Up there, he stopped and looked down into the night. I saw his breath warming the air in the moonlight. He made a serious face, I almost couldn't recognise him, he'd changed so much. It was as if the game of time had fallen away from him and his soul had come out. He started breathing calmly. I couldn't understand what he was looking at, but then I saw it. A black dog that was slowly walking across the empty playground. It stopped under some equipment and looked straight at Žaži.

GOLDEN FATHER: Why're you telling me this? What's going on? What about this dog, holy fuck?

DRUNK AUNT: They were so beautiful. What does he call himself again, the lead boy - yes a lead boy and a black dog?

GOLDEN FATHER: Mimi, what's the matter with you? You didn't just leave him alone!

DRUNK AUNT: It looked as if they were about to jump into each other's arms or start howling into the sky. They had a special bond.

GOLDEN FATHER: Tell me right now that you yelled through the window. That you called for help.

DRUNK AUNT: I don't know what got hold of me, but my hand reached towards the gramophone and I put the volume all the way up. I'm still amazed at myself.

GOLDEN FATHER: What've I done?! Oh my God, where d'I leave my children?! You're out of your mind. I'm coming back right now.

DRUNK AUNT: They both looked at me as if they were going to kill me, but then Žaži's face changed back and he was a child again, he smiled and waved at me - and the dog disappeared.

GOLDEN FATHER: Mimi, just tell me everything was all right.

DRUNK AUNT: When he saw how high he'd climbed, he started to cry. I had to call the neighbours to get him down. We called you but we couldn't get through.

GOLDEN FATHER: It was late. I thought you were asleep. I had to work.

DRUNK AUNT: It's all right. Just so that you know.

GOLDEN FATHER: I had to work.

DRUNK AUNT: I understand.

GOLDEN FATHER: I didn't hear it.

DRUNK AUNT: It's all right.

SCENE XIV

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*We see space disappearing. We see GOLDEN FATHER sit down with a blank stare. We see can the darkness embrace him. Perhaps he opens a bottle of beer. Perhaps he prepares some white powder on the table.
We see GREEN GEORGE.*

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you, Suzana.
WOLF enters.

GREEN GEORGE
by the time I found out the truth
the world has become dark and distant
by the time I found her hands
they had already put a uniform on mine

We see GREEN GEORGE strip naked

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you Suzana!

GREEN GEORGE
everybody thinks they're free
until the winds of time catch them
until their heart fills up
with a foreign power and they forget about everything

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you Suzana!

Perhaps WOLF comes up to GREEN GEORGE and bites him lightly so that we see a small trail of blood

GREEN GEORGE
I have no words to turn back time
but what saved me for a moment
was the sun in her eyes

GOLDEN FATHERS: Fuck you Suzana!

WOLF bites him several times

GREEN GEORGE
even my blood has stopped flowing
and my hands fell off my body
and I stood naked in front of myself

SCENE XV

*In the dim, tiny light, we see ŽAŽI and DRUNK AUNT.
WOLF starts to dance, GREEN GEORGE stands amidst bloodstains, GOLDEN FATHER is perhaps still drinking his beer, looking at the WOLF. There is white dust in the air.*

ŽAŽI: Are you all right?

DRUNK AUNT: *Coughing up blood:* Let it go, don't worry about it. Don't close the window, the air is good for me.

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you Suzana!

ŽAŽI: But there's a wind.

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DRUNK AUNT: Get dressed, if you're cold.

ŽAŽI: papa says you're feeling better.

DRUNK AUNT: Your papa knows what to say. But what d'you think? Am I doing well?

ŽAŽI: I don't know. I don't want you to go.

DRUNK AUNT: Don't worry, everything's going to be fine. I've been getting ready for this my whole life. I've been pregnant with this disease for so long, it's high time that the water broke. I pray every night for your soul and mine.

ŽAŽI: What about Lenka's and papa's?

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you Suzana!

DRUNK AUNT: For theirs as well, and the souls of all the others, but ours are the ones that matter most to me. I know there's something beautiful waiting for us on the other side. If we leave behind everything that hurts, then what we're left with must surely be love. Will you pray with me?

ŽAŽI: For our souls?

DRUNK AUNT: For love. Close your eyes and repeat after me.

SCENE XVI

We hear music. We see LENKA watching herself in the mirror. We see WOLF dancing seductively for GOLDEN FATHER. Perhaps she is doing a pole dance or a rope dance.

WOLF: This is a song for all the she-wolves and a dance for all the wolves.

DRUNK AUNT: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

WOLF: I didn't come here to steal the rays.

WILD WOMAN: You came.

GREEN GEORGE: I've been dreaming about you every night.

WILD WOMAN: Where're you taking me?

WOLF: I didn't want to tell fairy tales.

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you Suzana.

GREEN GEORGE: I hide in the woods. I'll come every night until winter or the war is over. Then we'll leave this land.

WOLF: But I run away and cry in a room with a foreign body.

WILD WOMAN: Stay a while. My husband's drunk and he fell asleep downstairs by the stove. He said the room was too cold, and he didn't feel like going up the stairs to bed.

WOLF

I can't wake up

I'm trying to find the line

I vomit saliva and I laugh

at the day when the sun rises again

far away from me and my name

and my cursed family who

is rising through me

Your name is Green

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you.

WILD WOMAN: Can you feel it? This is my song. My blood.

I hear it sing again because of you.

It speaks to me of new days. New suns.

WOLF: Your name is stranger.

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you.

GREEN GEORGE

In the east, the child will wake up.
In the west, the war will end.
In the north, I'll look at your face.
In the south, my pain will cease.

WOLF

Your name is Đorđe
Come back, wake me up, die inside me
to bring back Summer
to cry after Death
to bring back the Sun
to bring back the Sun

We hear silence. We see WILD WOMAN and GREEN GEORGE kissing in the silence. We see WOLF and GOLDEN FATHER look at each other. We see DRUNK AUNT and ŽAŽI praying. We see LENKA vomiting. We see HORNY MAN who comes and kneels.

WILD WOMAN: So you sang for me every night, my stranger.

Till the morning raised my husband's doubts.

And one evening when you were making gentle love to me.

My husband came to the door and saw

HORNY MAN: Hail, Mary, full of grace.... The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

GOLDEN FATHER: Fuck you, Suzana.

WILD WOMAN: You whore. You hellhag. Are you sticking horns onto my head? You snake. And you, I remember you. The devil is in your eyes. I welcomed you to my own house, you ate at my table, and now you're going to take my wife? The blood of both of you is on your hands. This sin is on you.

GREEN GEORGE: There was a man, he had a dog
he kept it full and fed.

One day it stole a piece of meat...

WILD WOMAN: My husband tied up my sun. My screaming didn't stop him. He dragged him down into the basement and locked him up under the concrete arches together with his black dog. Then he came back to me.

HORNY MAN: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

GREEN GEORGE: He buried it in his backyard
and on a plaque, he wrote:

GOLDEN FATHER is leaving

GOLDEN FATHER: I want to fuck you Suzana

WILD WOMAN: I've had enough of your poisonous words. I've heard enough lies. No more. Look at me. No more poison.

HORNY MAN: And then a voice came from the silence: Your words are my words. Your voice is my voice. I give it to you and I take it away.

HORNY MAN steps up to WILD WOMAN and rips her tongue out of her mouth, a tongue too long to be human, a tongue too long from a bloody mouth.

GREEN GEORGE

For days the sun and the dog looked at each other
until hunger did what it does
and the Woman, in blood and tears
fell silent and looked deep into herself
where she felt the final ray of the sun
that through her lips will always stay with her
And through the blood, the voice was heard
"Nightmare reigned over the people"

We see BABA MORANA

BABA MORANA
Her stranger disappeared
as all strange people disappear
in strange lands
without their people
but the Woman, filled with light,
smeared with blood
she broke her final vow
She did all that she could
And all should have been enough.

ŽAŽI: Who's that?

DRUNK AUNT: You see it, too?

ŽAŽI: I see a dead sun, a black dog, a bloody woman...

DRUNK AUNT: Let them be. I see them sometimes as well when I pray. Just hold on till the end and they'll go back to their own time. Let's say one more Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom God's love commits me here, ever this day be at my side, to light and guard, to rule and guide. Amen.

We see WOLF leave.

SCENE XVII

We see HORNY MAN dragging a carcass. It is the carcass of a bull. He cuts its flesh into pieces with a knife, cutting skin from muscles, tearing muscles from the bones, gutting the carcass with his bare hands. Golden blood glistens on his hands.

HORNY MAN: I've been working all my life. I work and I respect. For a long time, I felt that God was on my side, that He'd gilded these sore fingers of mine that'd made me rich, but now they tremble down to my very soul. And I appreciated it all because I thought I was building a path to something greater. I believed that one day I'd hear his voice. That he'd say to me, my son, you've suffered long enough, and now my mercy awaits you. And I'd wake up in the morning and there'd be no more pain, and I'd see my wife looking at me and stroking my hair. And she'd be a different person, her eyes no longer having the evil glint. She'd lean down to my cheek and whisper, never in my life have I heard her whisper, but that morning... She'd whisper that she was pregnant. To see her happy at such news for once. And our children would respect me, and they'd look at this house and know exactly what I've built for them. They'd look at these hands of mine and they'd understand what I've guarded them from. There's nothing more important than children. If anyone should know that, it's me. I felt that once you have children, once you know that life would go on and that there's someone you can leave everything to, then the coldness that builds up in your chest would go away. You know it, don't you? That draught. I didn't want to die with that feeling in me. And I lived to see my wife give birth at last. They were twins: a daughter and a son. But the children were afraid of me. They rejected my treasures. What's more, they built a world that wanted to take everything away from me, a world that fell

apart, thank god. But they saw me as a stranger until the very end. And nothing changed. Still, there's that cold nothing. I hate violence, but people just don't care about anything else. To this very day, I don't know why she didn't want to love me. What else did she want? What else should I give her? And then, suddenly, I was old, my son had died prematurely, and my wife died soon after that, and I couldn't see myself in the eyes of his descendants, and I thought for the first time that this winter would never end. That it would follow me to the other side and God knows where else. That the gates of paradise would open, but I'd feel nothing but a draft. Can you imagine that? And that's when I got it. The winter in my heart was nothing else but my soul fearing that it'd all come to an end. That it'd have to go back. Because God is a cruel master. Well, if that's the case, then I'm not going under yet. If my soul's still afraid to go back to God, then I don't plan to meet him any time soon. And if that means outliving all my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, so be it. I'm not going anywhere.

SCENE XVIII

Perhaps we hear the sound of medical equipment again. We see doctors and medical staff rushing around. We see ŽAŽI with a travelling bag. PRETTY GIRL ZALA comes after him.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: Where are you going?

ŽAŽI: I've got to look for Lenka.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: I don't want you to go there.

ŽAŽI: I've got to try. I won't make it over the phone.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: It's February. D'you have any idea how cold it's over there?

ŽAŽI: I checked, there's no snow. I'll be fine.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: You're being selfish.

ŽAŽI: This isn't about me. I've got to find her. papa needs her.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: I don't want you to go there, it's dangerous. You're ill.

ŽAŽI: I'm fine. I'm feeling well.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: It doesn't matter. That's not what I'm talking about. What am I supposed to do? Why don't I matter?

ŽAŽI: You do, why wouldn't you? But you're fine. And papa needs Lenka. I don't understand what you're telling me.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: I want you to stay here. With me.

ŽAŽI: Why's it so important to you that I stay with you, if everything's all right?

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: You can't see me.

ŽAŽI: What's it that I can't see? Is something wrong? Tell me what can't I see.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: You don't love me. You're just using me to feel better.

ŽAŽI: What're you talking about? Of course I love you. You're my moon, my Titania, you mean everything to me.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: Stop it. Don't talk rubbish. You're at home all the time, taking care of your father and the apartment, you don't even go for your check-ups. You don't have any plans for yourself, for us. You don't want to move in with me - if I didn't work at the hospital taking care of Tanja, you'd probably say goodbye to me over the phone. Admit it. Why're you leaving me if you love me so much?

ŽAŽI: I'm not leaving you, I'm just going to find Lenka. Why are you like this to me?

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: You'll do anything for others. You just keep giving yourself away and I don't know what part of you is mine. Which part did you save for me?

ŽAŽI: My heart, my hands, my face, my eyes, everything, it's all yours.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: Sometimes I feel that you don't really know how to love. That you only know how to lend when someone needs it. And that way you don't upset anyone so that everyone likes you. But there is no you. There's no part of you that's really yours to give. But you camouflage it all so cleverly that no one sees you for what you really are.

ŽAŽI: Well than, what am I? A good son? A good brother? A kind man? Tell me, what am I?

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: You're a coward.

ŽAŽI: Why're you telling me this now? What am I supposed to do with this? I have to get Lenka, can't you understand? D'you think this is fun for me? To just go somewhere where I might end up with a bullet in my head because it ricochets the wrong way? D'you think I want to see how Lenka lives? So that she can reproach me again for being a child and not knowing anything about life? I just want us all to be at home. So that maybe the baby that's coming can be born when we're all together. And I have to take care of that. I have to save the little that can still be saved. Is that really such a bad thing? Does that make me selfish?

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: You don't understand.

ŽAŽI: All right, just leave me then, you can go, too. Better that you leave me alone.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: I told you what I had to say. You do what you want. I don't have time for your outbursts. I've got to work.

ŽAŽI: Wait, wait, Zala. Fucking shit. I'm not selfish. You're the selfish one! I'm the only one here who's trying to look out for the others! Can't you see that everything is going to hell? That everything is falling apart? Can't you see that? Why doesn't anyone understand that? Nothing gets better if you just let things run their course. Everything needs to be held together. Someone has to hold it all together. Everyone's gone completely mad. A child will be born. Doesn't that mean anything anymore? We can't think of anything else but ourselves any more. We're always running around. We're always doing something, but when things really start to go south, when something really needs to be done, when there is a chance of something real happening - then we disappear as if we were children and a firecracker had gone off. I don't understand. We all shout to high heaven, but no one comes to help each other, we are all alone. Well, I won't be like that. I won't. What else d'you want to hear? Is that cowardly of me? So be it. So let me be a coward.

ŽAŽI leaves. A crowd of people leave as well.

We see emptiness.

SCENE XIX

GOLDEN FATHER: I trust life to keep bringing me what is good for me. I deserve the best and I accept it here and now. Everyone acknowledges my work. Today I am focused on the things that make me feel good. I'm a student. That sounds ridiculous. I'm over forty and a student. Well, actually I'm doing my specialisation. But I still call myself a student. Just like Lenka. She doesn't like me to call her that. She's not a child anymore. Now, she wants to be called Alenka. But she's not here anyway. Things take an unexpected turn. Mimi's left us her apartment and I was able to sell it... And boom... Step by step, I started to put my life together. My third one. Our first one. If all goes well. I'm going to name him Matjaž. Maži.

YOUNG SOUL: Third time, the good time.

GOLDEN FATHER: I don't want to boast, but I must say I'm doing well. She's a therapist, my wife. And I'm going to be a surgeon.

YOUNG SOUL: Plastic surgeon.

GOLDEN FATHER: She's very successful.

YOUNG SOUL: She's not home much.

GOLDEN FATHER: She's very down to earth. I'm very lucky. She's helped out Žaži a lot, too. Nowadays they have definitions and treatments. It doesn't depend on the planets or anything like that. No weird metaphors or getting caught up in one's feelings. She actually understands what's going on with her and with others. And on top of that, she understands what I'm studying and likes to listen to me. I feel like a teenager. My mother died in labour. I never got to know her, but there's a little star on her grave. I know it sounds stupid and I don't really believe in that stuff, but sometimes when I look up to the sky, I wonder if she can see me, and what she'd think of me. Have I achieved enough? Would she be proud of me? Life's not a fairy tale, but if one perseveres, beautiful things can happen. And more will happen to me. I'll be a doctor, she's a therapist. You can get far that way. People look at us almost like gods. They're bringing us gifts all the time and they're grateful. It's almost kitschy. She's arranged to work from home as soon as she gives birth. She'll be at home for the first couple of years. It's hard for me to feel that.

What is that?

YOUNG SOUL: Fear?

GOLDEN FATHER: I think it's happiness. Yes. Pride. I'm proud of myself. I can say that. I have to say it.

YOUNG SOUL: It'd be better for me not to say anything. But not everything he says is complete nonsense. He's trying to change some things. Mostly it's just a load of words but... His father was an idealist, and when he lost his wife he never re-married, though he was drowning in grief. And he could've given up as well. But he didn't... He's really persistent when he takes it into his head. Maybe that's why I'm still here.

GOLDEN FATHER: I dream of a house at the seaside. A pier. A boat. Maybe that's what's next in line for me...

XX. Intermezzo

GREEN GEORGE: Here I am, this is my bit now. Don't worry, it's perfectly clear to me that we could all use an intermezzo. You can take a bit of a break, and I can stay here and tell you a short story. Meanwhile, you are free to go pee in the toilets in this house and smoke cigarettes outside, because this surely won't go down in the history of this country's theatre stories. This story's not my story, but since all of us strangers are the same, I might as well tell it, for me, it's an association to pain. It might appear serious, but it's really more of a joke than anything else. In between there's the verse about the dog and the sausage. I mean it, feel free to get up. I'm sure the director has thought of a way to make sure you won't miss anything important.

I am not a man of this land

my look is foreign to you.

and you quickly let me know that clearly

with no warm blood behind your smile

But what to do, my feet stopped here

the air is cool, but the world is colourful

so that my thoughts might dream

and rest from the weight of years gone by

But people here don't care for change

and you'd give anything for things to stay the same

I was sitting on a park bench, feeling tired,

eating a sausage in a bun with gravy

until I heard a breath beside me

the breath of a dirty dog, black with mud.

And suddenly I feel like I'm standing in the middle of a stage

The eyes from the entire gallery already focusing

will the stranger offer the sausage to the canine snout

or will the dog see evil in the stranger and jump.

We wait and watch and hear

the thoughts of the entire valley: The devil... the devil...

the devil came to town, nothing can save us now,

while his face breathes the air

A stranger, a stanger and a dog, good God, kill them

God come back to us, we are searching

for you, we need your voice, buy a gun,

shoot, call your brothers, a war is coming

silence is calling, a silence louder

than a thousand screams at the rallies across the village

In their eyes, we are bringing winter

a stranger and a dog, we are conjuring up a foreign climate

Everyone can see that we are a pair of devils

and everyone would rather have us one

hanging from a rope in the cellar, the other one locked inside a dungeon.
And if one of us did something
strange, someone would quickly call some place,
since our strangeness distorts the pretty world.
I used to feel in the looks I caught outside
the eyes of a lady in her early winter years
whose irises are smiling for me
from behind the fence on the second floor
in her thoughts and desires for me
I sometimes let my small forgotten heart
and ancient skin to get some sun.
it was not home - but good enough for food.
And now I can't see her there any more. And years
have brought new strangers, and wrapped
these lands in the growing fog of wounds.

SCENE XXI

We see GREEN GEORGE lying on a table like a corpse. LENKA is demonstrating a surgery procedure on him. Perhaps there are some SOLDIERS and RESCUE WORKERS standing around, listening to her.

LENKA: the bilobed flap is most commonly used for resurfacing defects for the tip of the nose or for the lateral nasal wall. It is important to note that the bilobed flap is used for defects that are circular in shape. To plan this specific defect it is important to follow a geometric design.

So the defect is first marked. And it is important to first know what the radius of the defect is. The radius will help us mark the rest of the flap.

Then it is important to find the pivot point. depending on where you have the maximum skin laxity. So the pivot point is taken from the defect from the distance equal to the radius of the effect. And that side will be the pivot point A. And this pivot point is very important for all practical purposes because this will serve as a landmark from which the remaining flaps are drawn.

Now to mark the flaps two concentric circles will be taken into consideration. From the pivot point the first concentric circle is drawn. That is at a distance of two R. The second concentric circle is drawn from the distance of 3R of the defect, meaning from the pivot point. So this would ultimately be 3R. Now these concentric lines are important because it is within these lines that the two laxes we have to mark will lie. Taking these as landmarks the first flap is marked exactly adjacent to the effect. And this flap should be exactly the size of the defect. It should cover it completely.

Now the next lobe of the flap since there is more skin laxity on that side, can be a little smaller than the first lobe. And it is marked so that it is a bit more elliptical in shape to avoid the formation of a dog ear. So this is the first lobe and this is the second lobe. After we have drawn the flaps the moment is checked so that the first lobe will come in position of the defect and the second lobe will come in the position of the first lobe. and the second defect will be closed primarily. Second lobe goes in the position of the first lobe. And the first lobe goes into the position of the defect.

I repeat it is important that no dog ears should be formed when such a flap is marked and since there are concentric movements there can be formations of trap doors or pincushion effect so it is important that these flaps have a layered closure.

The explanation of a bilobed flap is very well given in volume 6 of Nelegen, sorry volume 3

of Nelegen chapter 6, which is estetic nasal reconstruction on page 134. That is a geometric bilobed flap.

We see SOLDIERS and RESCUE WORKERS slowly leave. ŽAŽI comes bringing his travelling bag.

ŽAŽI: You never told me you were giving lectures?

LENKA: Is that you, little brother?! Hey Boris, d'you see a city-slicker at the door as well, or am I seeing things? Look at you! I'm giving lectures because there are not enough of us and they use us to do everything. Great, innit?

ŽAŽI: So that's who you are now? If this goes on, we'll turn into a family of doctors.

LENKA: No need to worry. We've got you to balance things out. What're you doing here? Don't tell me you volunteered as well? Did you come here to help?

ŽAŽI: papa's worried about you.

LENKA: Oh, just like that, straight to business.

ŽAŽI: There's not much time.

LENKA: You'd better not waste it, then, it that's what you came for. As you can see, I've got a lot of work to do.

ŽAŽI: Come on, she'll give birth any time now. We might be getting a brother. He might need us. Aren't you pushing all this ignoring a bit? I don't know what you're trying to prove.

LENKA: You're good at selling his words. You're getting on my nerves, but I'm glad to see you anyway. Come on, come here, you. Look at you. You're still slouching. And how about your beard, is it still growing? You haven't got a bald spot yet. You've gone a bit soft, but you still look good, you know? Are you still seeing that girl?

ŽAŽI: Maybe not, because I had to come here for you.

LENKA: You'll never change. You'll never stop being a child. Let me just wrap up here and I'll get right back to you.

Perhaps LENKA washes her hands, changes her uniform

ŽAŽI: When're you coming back?

LENKA: You and your sense of timing. Just last week the separatists dropped a bomb on the school. It's getting pretty dangerous around here. If you don't intend to stay for a while, it's not a good idea to hang around here too long, but since you're already here, just let me finish and we can hang out a bit. There might even be no bombs this night, so we'll be a proper party...

ŽAŽI: I'd rather not, please. I just want to talk.

LENKA: If you thought we're going to talk with no alcohol in our blood, then you don't know me all that well.

ŽAŽI: I brought you something.

LENKA: Hello. Well done. Wine; it's the same brand that Mimi used to drink.

ŽAŽI: We'd sip it sometimes when she wasn't looking.

LENKA: I'd sip it, and you'd just dip your tongue and make a face. Nice of you to remember, though. But you're coming with me anyway. Boris, I'm finished for today! See you tonight.

ŽAŽI: I'd really rather not.

LENKA: I don't think you've got a choice... Go get ready, little brother. I've got a feeling we're in for a fun evening.

LENKA and ŽAŽI leave. SOLDIERS and RESCUE WORKERS prepare the stage and change into different costumes reminiscent of drag shows and carnival masks

SCENE XXII

GOLDEN FATHER: The principle of the removal of scar tissue is simple. It involves removing the damaged tissue with healthy skin stitching by layers. The wound is usually oriented in the direction of the tension lines in the skin, with minimal tension over the wound, resulting in faster healing and smaller scars. Occasionally, we try to conceal the incision into a pre-existing

wrinkle. In case the damaged area is too large to allow direct wound closure or its closure would create too much tension, we have to resort to skin grafting surgery. To prepare the graft we must cut into perfectly healthy skin and either slide/rotate it or actually excise it and then stitch it back onto the damaged area.

SCENE XXIII

A crowd of people dressed up in costumes is standing in a line outside the entrance to a club, perhaps there is a sign WINTER flashing above it. Perhaps there is even some outline of music that can be heard.

ŽAŽI: Does it hurt?

LENKA: What?

ŽAŽI *points towards LENKA's hand, where we can see there are two fingers missing.*

ŽAŽI: Your hand. I've been told it may hurt. You never mentioned anything...

LENKA: At the beginning, it's all so horrible. You stay because you think it's necessary. Because you don't want to be just like everyone else ignoring it. There's something driving you. But then, after a while, everything just disappears, except for the people right in front of you. Somewhere inside you know that there's nothing else that'd be real. Every time I think about going back I can just start to cry. I see Father and you. Tanja isn't there, but our mother is. I don't know why, but every time I see her sitting at the table with all of us, talking nonsense. That's how I know it's not real. That it isn't there. The same way I can sometimes still feel my two fingers, even though they're no longer part of my hand. Phantom pain, that's what they call it. It's all just phantom pain.

ŽAŽI: I miss you.

LENKA: D'you know how to treat phantom pain?

ŽAŽI: No.

LENKA: There's no pills or anything like it. I've heard that what helps most is to look at yourself in the mirror every day. To see your body like it really is, not just like you imagine it to be.

ŽAŽI: I don't want you to die here.

LENKA: This is our shelter for tonight. D'you like it?

ŽAŽI: I don't know if I belong in this club.

LENKA: Come on, little brother, all real clubs here are queer. Queer is against war, you savvy? Nothing but fairies and queens inside. A bit of magic, a little bit of mystery, that's how you like it. This is our Berghain. Come on, don't be such a wuss. It's more likely that something will happen to you outside than in there.

ŽAŽI: I don't know if I'm dressed for the occasion.

LENKA: Oh, come on. Relax. Hey, it's starting to snow, you can't stay outside now. Some guy will lend you a costume in there, or a gal, whatever suits you better.

ŽAŽI: Can we please talk seriously?

LENKA: Don't you think this is serious?

ŽAŽI: I don't believe you. That you don't care. For me. For our father.

LENKA: Let me have a sip of of the wine. There's something else I found out after surgery. I managed to get a piece of shrapnel into my body as well. There was a lot of blood, and when they managed to patch me up the doctor said that everything was fine, that I wouldn't have to carry a drainage bag for life, but they did have to remove part of the birth canal. That's how he put it - "part of the birth canal".

ŽAŽI: Lenka...

LENKA: I can't tell you what it felt like at the moment when he said that. It all just spilt out of me. And it wasn't sadness, little brother, not at all. Until that moment I haven't even realised that the mere thought of possibly having a child one day was holding me back. When I heard that news, it was just tons of fear that spilt out of me. I can't describe it, I was able to breathe straight into my belly and I felt free for the first time since I remember. It was as if I'd thrown away some ancient baggage that I never even realised I was carrying. I don't need to give birth to this time anymore. I don't need to save the world. I don't need anything.

ŽAŽI: I'm sorry. And that's why you won't go back? Because papa is getting another child?

LENKA: I'll tell you what my friend Ferdo told me a month or so ago. It's not about my old man or yours. It's about what they screwed up and what they didn't. At a certain stage, you just don't have any more patience left for this whole bullshit generation with no vision whatsoever, which wields all the fucking power in the world but has no idea what to do with it. You savvy? It's pure nonsense. And then they say the problems're always because of others, the strangers who come here and steal our women and destroy our language, young people who don't know what they want and just complain all the time, the lazy workers, the unbearable children. While they jerk off on their graphs, and if it goes red, jobs burn. And they just pay out bonuses to each other and go bankrupt. Ferdo used to work in a bank, but then he quit and he came here. He knew what he was talking about when he said: It's all about the money. That's the game they're playing now. And 100 years ago, it was a different game. I hate it. You hear me. Now, that's me telling you this. Never becoming a mother may have done away with my fear, but my body is still full of anger. Did you ever wonder why papa "had" to work so much? Why couldn't he just get a normal boring job if we were so important to him? More, more, more, forward, forward, forward. Why? Where? There are always excuses, but no one ever tells the truth. Now here, there's no place for that. Here, there's no bullshit. Here, what you get is people, their blood, their wounds, and there are things they need. You can either give them your all, or you cope with the fact that today you couldn't help them. And you get ready for tomorrow to be different. You know what I mean? Let me see you try to sell 'the will of God' to one of the soldiers who've lost all of their friends, or to one of the locals without families, to one of the people who've black blood oozing out of their bodies. That's the system. There's no other way. Win or lose. It's a dog-eat-dog world, baby. You need to take better care of our world. Recycle, dude. You can do better if you know how. Start a revolution if you've better ideas. Eat a Snickers, baby. Ferdo loved Snickers, by the way. What a moron. The last time I looked at a picture of my papa, I was three years old in the picture, and I realised for the first time that he was 23 at the time - I'm older now than he was. You still don't get it? They're also just children, children who have children and play with houses, but actually none of them have a clue about what they're doing. I've no children, I've no businesses, I'm not a politician. I don't owe anything to anyone. Fuck responsibility without power, I do what I can during the day, and in the evening I hurl myself into the abyss, just like everybody else who has no future. No vision. Just this abyss. Fuck your duties. Fuck your responsibility to family, society and country. Amen. They fucked up this world and we don't need to save it. They're the ones who've failed us, not vice versa. I'll throw myself into the deep with everybody else here until the smoke from the bombs and the dead bodies blot out the sun and until this rusty future that's always being born finally drops dead. And then maybe this world would stop. And something new would come. For us, there's no tomorrow. There's nothing but pain. Here and now. Carpe momento fratelli. Yolo. With your heart wide open. You have to have a catchphrase or the world doesn't get you. That's what good ol' Ferdo used to say. And the next day, a sniper hit him in the artery. He coined a good epitaph for himself, didn't he? Maybe a bit too long for a tombstone, but it stuck in my mind.

ŽAŽI: All heavier and unstable atoms gradually decay into lead...

LENKA: What?

ŽAŽI: I just thought of something...

LENKA: Come on, drink this, and turn off your brain. Let your blood cool off a bit, find what you like on our edge of the world. I'm going for a dance.

SCENE XXIV

LENKA goes into the club with a crowd of people. Perhaps it starts snowing. We see DRUNK AUNT coughing and drinking wine. Perhaps the WINTER sign is still on.

ŽAŽI: What is it?

DRUNK AUNT: Nothing, nothing, I just need to take a sip, and it'll be...

ŽAŽI: Something's wrong. Wait, I'm going to call Lenka.

DRUNK AUNT: No, no, don't go, don't leave me alone now, it'll be all right in a second. You don't need to call anyone.

ŽAŽI: I've got to call Lenka. Did you take your pill?

DRUNK AUNT: Never mind that now. It'll pass right away. Hold me. Let me feel your hand. It's so hot. And wet.

ŽAŽI: Same as yours. I'll get you some water.

DRUNK AUNT: No, no, just a little longer, I feel this's going to last just a little longer. What a handsome face you have, Auntie's sunshine. D'I tell you about the gentleman in the park?

ŽAŽI: You did.

DRUNK AUNT: You're my sunshine. And he's my smile. How d'you say it? My star?

ŽAŽI: My moon.

DRUNK AUNT: Yes, that's right. My moon. He might be the only one to understand what it's like not to belong anywhere. Find the song. Come on, let me hear it one last time. It should be one of the first ones. D'you find it?

ŽAŽI: I did.

DRUNK AUNT: Play it.

ŽAŽI:: ...

DRUNK AUNT: Why won't you play it?

DIE: It doesn't work.

DRUNK AUNT: Try again.

ŽAŽI: It won't work.

DRUNK AUNT: Please, it'll be grand.

ŽAŽI: (*lying*) Here, now it works. Can you hear it? Should I raise the volume?

DRUNK AUNT: Yes, put it louder. Oh, that's really grand. Thank you. You're good as gold, my soul. My little brother. Hold me.

ŽAŽI: I don't understand.

DRUNK AUNT: Just a little longer and it'll pass. It's no big deal. D'you think we should pray again?

ŽAŽI: Hail, Mary, full of grace,

DRUNK AUNT: No, no, let it go. It hasn't done any good so far... D'you think it's possible that...? That I'd end up in a different place than you? Remember when I went barefoot to church? I had the idea that I could feel his house more thoroughly that way. That I'd be closer to Him. What a crazy feeling, touching the stones with my bare feet. And how papa lost it when he saw what I'd done. I want you to stand by me. I want you to see that I'm not afraid. My soul, my sunshine.

Can you feel that everything will be alright?

ŽAŽI: I don't want you to go. I've got to call Lenka.

DRUNK AUNT: Let it go... pass me the... pour me another one instead. And pass me the lighter. I'm so glad you're here with me. Thank you for the song. I miss you. I don't know where you've gone.

ŽAŽI: Everything will be all right, please.

DRUNK AUNT: Give me your other hand, too. Give us a hug. Just hold me here. You know what I realised? It's easier to be brave when there's someone watching you. Don't you forget it.

Everything's easier when there's someone who sees you. Just a little longer. Just a little longer and I'll be ready. One more puff. God, I love to smoke. I hope they have fags over there. Who's that? Can you hear that? Footsteps. Someone's here. Who are you? Give us a hug.

Everything's grand. Everything's all right.

ŽAŽI is hugging DRUNK AUNT, perhaps snow is falling on them.

SCENE XXV

We see the interior of the club. GREEN GEORGE is standing on a small stage. Perhaps he is dressed in a costume reminiscent of the green George. We hear music. A crowd of people are dancing. LENKA is dancing among the group, perhaps she is dressed in something that resembles a kurent costume.

GREEN GEORGE

I've seen Berlin and flags of blue²
the distant shores of neighbouring lands
my war is in alcohol and synthetic deepening
how wonderful it is to make love while there's rusty lead
regurgitating blood and crucified bodies under your window
what wonderful love
foreign seed in my mother

2

This is a translation of the text of the song Kiev by the band Insan. The original is in Serbo-Croatian:

video sam Berlin i zastave plave
daleke obale susedskih krajeva
moj je rat u alkoholu i sintetičkom produbljenju
kako divno je tek voditi ljubav dok ispod tvog prozora
prorđalo olovo povraća krv i razapeta tela
kakva divna ljubav

tuđe seme u mojoj majci
i slobodna deca preslobodna za budućnost
video sam vazduh protkan skupim belim papirom
slatku boju zlata
i plastiku u mom stomaku
video sam Berlin i zastave plave
dolazim žedan
novčanicama i olovkom
i moj svet se diže uz visoke zgrade
i pevaću
naše vreme je zima
dušo pao je mrak
kradem knjige vrlo pričam
snivam kuće rastu u takt
njega nosi zima
oči nose okean
nosio je prsa gola
otvorena kao u znak
ja još nisam stigao da vidim Kiev
ja još nisam stigao do Kieva
on se bori sa svima
pali kuće gori dan
ruši čelo koža tvrda
stopala gola gaze u takt
naša budućnost
dušo nije naša stvar
otvaram si prsa gola
vape u nebo ja tražim znak
ja još nisam stigao da vidim Kiev
ja još nisam stigao do Kieva
pali zapade!
neka gori!
mrtva tela zabave!
pali neka ori!

and free children, too free for the future
I've seen air interweaved with precious white paper
the sweet colour of gold
and plastic in my stomach
I've seen Berlin and flags of blue
I come thirsty
with banknotes and a pencil
and my world is rising up by tall buildings
and I will sing

our time is winter
the dark has fallen, my love
I steal books, I talk very much
I dream of houses growing in rhythm

winter carries him
his eyes carry the ocean
his chest was naked
open as if they were a sign

I have not yet managed to see Kiev
I have not yet reached Kiev

he is fighting everybody
burning houses, the day is on fire
the hard skin tears down the forehead
bare feet trudge in rhythm

our future
is none of our business, my love
I open up my naked chest
it reaches for the sky, I'm looking for a sign

I have not yet managed to see Kiev
I have not yet reached Kiev

fire, West!
let it burn!
dead bodies of the party!
fire, let it rip!

SCENE XXVI

The crowd of people and LENKA are still dancing. Perhaps we don't hear the music anymore. HORNY MAN enters the room, and on the other side, we see DEAD GRANDPAPA enter as well. LENKA ignores them for a long time and goes on dancing, even though perhaps there is no more music.

HORNY MAN: They say it has no legs, but it can go very far?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I wanted to be the hero of our time. I used to fight. I don't know if you understand. I used to fight, but now I can't do anything anymore.

HORNY MAN (to Lenka): Are you afraid of me? Are you afraid of my hands?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd do more if I could. I've let you down.

HORNY MAN: What about the ropes? Don't worry. I won't do anything to you. I don't mean you

any harm.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I don't know if it means anything to you, but I'm here.

HORNY MAN: D'you think you're so different? D'you think you're better than us? D'you think you're going to change the world?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd love to get to know you if I could.

HORNY MAN: You're just like Miro used to be. You've got that same look. You make that same brave face. I don't want you to end up like him. Did they tell you what happened to him? What your grandfather did?

LENKA stops dancing, the bunch keep on dancing

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd dance with you if I could.

HORNY MAN: Did they tell you how he died? No?

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd tell the truth if I could.

HORNY MAN: He tied a rope this thick around his neck and hung himself.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd tell you that you're more like my wife, your grandmother than like me.

HORNY MAN: D'you wanna know why? All his life he believed the world could be a better place, that I was the devil and that they were building a new country, a new world, where everyone would have the same rights and everyone would love each other, and it was clear from the very start that it was all a lie. Then, when everything fell apart and the war started, it finally dawned on your grandfather that he'd been tricked, that not all people were equal, that they were the weak ones and we were the strong ones, that some of us deserved more than others.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd tell you that I'm sorry if I could.

LENKA: I don't want to listen to your stories.

HORNY MAN: Oh. Our stories. D'you think I don't like you?

LENKA: I don't think anything. Can I go?

HORNY MAN: Mind the lip! You're not going anywhere until we talk! You spoiled brats. You don't respect anyone anymore.

We see ŽAŽI brushing his teeth, staring far ahead.

You just resist. You just want to tear things down and dream of some new worlds. Come over here. Get her.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: I'd kill this man if I could.

LENKA: No.

HORNY MAN: This rope is here, whether you want it or not, it can whip you down your back, it can be hung around your neck, or you can hold it in your hand and take care of yourself. You tame what needs to be tamed. It'll do you no good if you resist.

LENKA: I am not resisting anything and I don't want to tear down anything. And I don't dream of anything. I'm not worried about this rope either. Even though I don't like it.

HORNY MAN: You feel as if you were alone in this world, don't you? As if it was all somebody else's fault? You've been cuddled too much and now you feel like you're being treated wrongly. But d'you want me to tell you something? A truth. Life is cruel. God made it like that so that we'd be more eager to go back to Him, so that we'd be in a rush to die. There's no changing that. It took me a long time to learn that.

LENKA: I don't believe in God.

SCENE XXVII

There is music. HORNY MAN and DEAD GRANDPAPA get lost in the dancing bunch.

ŽAŽI: Lenka!

LENKA: Is that a toothbrush in your hand by any chance?

ŽAŽI: What? Yeah, yes, I got into the habit of putting it in my pocket when I go somewhere. Where can I spit?

LENKA: That stuff's bad for you.

ŽAŽI: I'm fine. I just need the toilet.

LENKA: Are you still on pills, by any chance?

ŽAŽI: No, no, I've been off them for months.

We see WOLF

LENKA: Okay, because it's not good to mix that with booze. I don't know what might happen.

ŽAŽI: No, no, it's fine. I just need to spit...

LENKA: Here, just do it in this cup. D'you ever think about what it means to forgive?

ŽAŽI: Excuse me? No. What d'you mean?

LENKA: Is it possible to forgive at all? To really let go. I mean, in your heart - if someone's let you down, cut you somewhere inside. Is it possible at all to love that person again?

ŽAŽI: Yes, I think so, I hope so, although it doesn't look like that. But yes, you can try, can't you? I mean, yes. Yes, you can.

LENKA: I've been turning it over in my head lately. I've got a number I can call, and I could just go over there and see what happens.

ŽAŽI: Yeah, I think he'd be glad.

LENKA: I'm not talking about that.

ŽAŽI: I think I need to get some air. I'll be right back.

LENKA: The toilet is right here, just around the corner.

SCENE XXVIII

The crowd of people, including LENKA, disappears. ŽAŽI meets FAIRY, who is smoking a fag.

FAIRY: You. This "good boy" routine of yours is a bit out of season. D'you need something?

ŽAŽI: My Titania! What're you doing here?

FAIRY: Do I know you, darling?

ŽAŽI: It's me, your lead boy.

FAIRY: Your eyes look worn out with thought. D'you need a bit of love to cleanse yourself of the poison?

ŽAŽI: Love, yes. I'm not even sure I know how to feel it. What does it mean to love? Or to give? Does anyone really love themselves?

FAIRY: There's no point in stalking love with a baton for geometrical thoughts, darling. It's the urge of a torn soul born into flesh, emerging in the hormonal epicentre of the cerebellum. You can't ask a junkie with an unlimited supply of heroin to shoot up according to some logical pattern.

ŽAŽI: We're speaking completely different languages.

FAIRY: I think you need to drink a bit of water.

ŽAŽI: No. You're right. I'm not right for you. I'm not like Lenka who can go headfirst into what hurts. I'm not like Auntgranny who can shine a light into the darkness now and then. I don't dream like my papa does. I've got nothing to give you, really. I can see that now.

FAIRY: The offer still stands. But let me tell you straight, the first shot is always just symbolic, you only warm up to the trip later, darling, and it's a pity to waste this aeroplane for a shitty take-off.

ŽAŽI: It'll be fine. I just need to walk around a bit.

FAIRY: Can I call someone? Does anyone know you're out here?

ŽAŽI: No, I'll be right back. I just need a bit of air.

FAIRY: D'you even know where you are, darling?

ŽAŽI: Can you see a dog out there, too?

FAIRY: Don't go walking around here alone. It's dangerous.

ŽAŽI: I love you, Zala. But I can't prove that I feel something. And obviously, I don't know how to show you.

FAIRY: Who's Zala?

ŽAŽI: I think the dog wants to tell me a secret. Tell Lenka I'll be right back.

FAIRY: Who the fuck is Lenka?

SCENE XXIX

We see ŽAŽI looking at the house in front of him. We see BABA MORANA.

BABA MORANA: Where are you jumping to, my lost bunny?

ŽAŽI: I think I know that house. Is that our house?

We see HORNY MAN, with a metal jerrycan, pouring gasoline on the housewalls. And that's Grandpapa.

BABA MORANA: That was never your house. And that man is a thousand miles away.

ŽAŽI: Something's wrong. Where's he going?

HORNY MAN: Call me, call me, no matter how tight it gets in my chest, I won't answer.

ŽAŽI: papa! papa! What're you doing?

BABA MORANA: Leave him alone. He can't hear you.

ŽAŽI: What's he doing?

BABA MORANA: Leave him alone. He's just a twat. He's nothing to do with you all.

ŽAŽI: He's family. That's what Lenka was telling me earlier. You've to forgive or there's no point.

BABA MORANA: Quiet, you ignorant child, you've no idea what you're talking about. He's no family.

ŽAŽI: He's my great-grandfather. What're you talking about?

BABA MORANA: I'm your flesh and blood, your old blood, and this man's got nothing to do with you. He's just a lonely old body keeping all of you close to him by force.

ŽAŽI: Stop it, I've got to help him. I've got to go after him. papa!

We see GREEN GEORGE, dressed in a military uniform, appear in front of ŽAŽI, keeping him away from HORNY MAN, with SOLDIERS standing behind him.

SOLDIER 1: HEY YOU! STOP!? IDENTIFY YOURSELF

ŽAŽI: papa, it's me, Žaži..

SOLDIER 2: YOU CAN'T GO THERE

ŽAŽI: It's me. Can't you recognise me?

SOLDIER 1: DON'T MOVE!.

ŽAŽI: I just want to talk.

SOLDIER 3: STOP, GO BACK INSIDE!

We see the MEDICAL PERSONEL rushing across the space. GOLDEN FATHER is among them.

GOLDEN FATHER: What's going on?

We see YOUNG SOUL

YOUNG SOUL: I think it's starting.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA comes by with a hospital bed on which a PREGNANT WOMAN lies.

HORNY MAN continues to splash gasoline on the walls.

GOLDEN FATHER: Give her something, quick! She's in pain. Call someone.

HORNY MAN: Did you come here to show me how much stronger you are? Today's the day, isn't it? Bring death, let her show her face, the bitch, but I'm not leaving anything behind. D'you hear me?

ŽAŽI: I don't mean you any harm. I swear. I'll leave right now. Just so that you know that I forgive you. It's all right.

SOLDIER 2: GET BACK!

ŽAŽI: Papa!

BABA MORANA: Shut up, child. You can feel it in your heart that that's not your house. That the black hole of history and this house doesn't grow inside you. His voice's not in your blood because your great-grandmother made sure that his blood would die with him. There's no God. There are only ancestors. And the deeds they do for the sake of their children still to come. Orphans forget that. Cruelty wipes it away. Tradition turns it to stupidity. You can't see what she's done, and surely here there are some who will see her merely as an adulteress. So be it. What she did, she didn't do it for your sake. She was born into a time that was burning, had been burning for too long, a time that's still burning in the endless cold. She tried to start a new story. What she wasn't given, she tried to provide for her descendants, like any woman who's aware of her power. She decided not to bear her husband any children because his heart didn't know the sun and his hands were cold from the metal he collected in his cases. Water flowed from her, so many bodies of water that never filled up with light. She was drowning her time in order to give birth to something new. What's inside lives on the outside, what's outside echoes on the inside. She's the first icebreaker. The first revolution. She committed adultery. She broke the oath she was forced to make and would've kept the limbs of the whole family cold and would've kept you in the safe haven of death. No one can completely destroy the time in which one lives, but one can help give birth to a different future...

GOLDEN FATHER: It's starting! Let's go fast!

DOCTOR: Mr. Klopčič, please calm down.

YOUNG SOUL: We're not there yet.

ŽAŽI: I can see him. He's here.

SOLDIER 3: STOP! GO BACK!

HORNY MAN: Here's what I think of your house of god and all the treasures I've been collecting for the children! There'll be nothing left. Let it be warm at last. And then take me away if you want.

We see WOLF looking at ŽAŽI. HORNY MAN lights the fire. SOLDIERS restrain ŽAŽI.

ŽAŽI: There it is! There's the dog from before. It's coming this way. Let me go, please. We know each other, don't we? Come here, boy. You look almost like a wolf. You seem to be very hungry. It's all right. Come here. Yes, come here. It's all right. I won't do you any harm. I think it needs food. Don't be afraid. I don't mean you any harm. Let me go.

SOLDIER 1: STOP! YOU HAVE TO GET BACK!

BABA MORANA:

Alive is the gaping wound

A wound that stretches through the olden times

Covered in snow and ice

And the thunder of the olden lies

This one rests heavy on the heart

This one blinds the soul's own eyes

The one from which a black song cries

Whispering of everlasting winter

It passes from flesh to flesh

going from voice to voice

and by her side a choir of smaller wounds resides

Wounds made by the living day

Their colour is the sky

Their pain is thunder and lightning

But warm hands can cure them

The full sun

The mere touch of light can heal them

If only the small does not mix with the old

If only the black does not spill across the sky

If only the large does not feed on fire

That's why I sing to you of drowning

Drown the nightmare

Me

The old

Give it back to the river of time

To the river of tears

Into the water of dreams

Because time will turn forever

And mix up the wounds

Till all the black is sound asleep

all buried in darkness with lead

SCENE XXX

Fire engulfs the house, GOLDEN FATHER is running around, and ŽAŽI and WOLF are looking at each other. HORNY MAN is looking into the fire. Perhaps everything stops and all that we hear are footsteps.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: One of the things you can't stage well in the theatre is a nearby detonation, an explosion.

GOLDEN FATHER: Where's the doctor?

GREEN GEORGE: In our case, an unexpected bomb explosion. Let's say right here, about 5

metres from me.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Our world is a world of perpetual winter wars. For decades, all major wars have started with a loud explosion during the winter months. The great cold war that took over the world began on 12 March 47'.

GREEN GEORGE: The effect of the explosion isn't just due to the sound. It's not enough that something changes in the volume or the movement or the rhythm. When it explodes so nearby, it's got nothing to do with one getting scared because of how loud it is. The effect of a nearby explosion is all-encompassing. Glass shatters. Walls and foundations shake. Arches crack. Older houses, especially those that are usually housing theatres, don't stand a chance, even if they're recently renovated. The fly system is the first to break down and collapse onto the stage. The ceiling above the audience and the stage gives way and large pieces break off and crush everything underneath. Balconies are often the next to collapse.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: On 19 March 92', the winter war began, freezing brotherly blood and breaking up our large family back into smaller states.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA comes running by

GOLDEN FATHER: Zala! Help! Something's not right!

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: The doctor's on the way. Calm down.

GREEN GEORGE: The explosion is regularly compared to a violent earthquake, but this comparison is often inaccurate, mainly because of the effect on nearby bodies. The air acts like hitting an invisible wall, shocking the sensory system so that the body is almost bereft of consciousness. It searches and moves purely on instinct, looking to survive. Wrenched out of sense and time, the body is trapped in its basic survival instincts with a severely diminished sensory system. Not to even mention the assault on the unconscious perception of life - the trauma.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: On 20 March 03', just as winter is about to leave the country, a new winter war begins with the rumble of 20,000 bombs.

GOLDEN FATHER: Not again. Please, not again.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: It's going to be all right. Calm down.

YOUNG SOUL: One of the definitions of trauma intends to explain it as a violent intrusion of an event that the subject doesn't expect in relation to what they have hitherto experienced and therefore doesn't associate it with everyday life. Even though one knows that an aeroplane can fall from the sky, the event, once actually witnessed, is distinctly traumatic, since the experience transcends the boundaries of what's expected and the mind is unable to position it in the further projection of one's self in the future. Since something so violent has suddenly appeared as a possibility, it's difficult for our mind to return to everyday life, where it's no longer haunted by a justified fear related to this event. Similarly, one might consider birth to be a traumatic experience, since until that moment, the body and consciousness are unaware of anything like what awaits them after leaving the womb. Some psychologists infer that it's the traumatic nature of birth that instils into the unconscious the fear of death and even of growing up since we've once already experienced the so-called loss of the world as we know it.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Between 18 December and 27 February of the years 10' and 11', the winter wars known as the Spring Revolution started in over twenty countries.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: The doctor's in. Please wait outside.

The crowd of people are marching towards us, perhaps dressed in military uniforms, or they might be wearing the same clothes as at the beginning of the play. There is fire behind them.

GREEN GEORGE: As the explosion goes off, the world around you literally crumbles, while the subject is helpless, like a child or an animal, at the mercy of chance. The regression is absolute. We are like helpless puppies, running around, forgotten by god and the environment. Even if some buildings remain relatively intact, and the body can survive with only minor injuries, the subject's experience is more often than not that of the deepest nature.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The next winter war begins on 24 February, '22.

GREEN GEORGE: A disoriented consciousness, struggling to find its way through the nearby flames and rubble in the hope that it's still holding on to its body that up to that moment could not have imagined such a violent encounter on the brink of survival and therefore also cannot

easily forget it. Escaping or struggling with this experience becomes part of the bodily tissue even on a day when a door slams nearby.

The bunch marches very loudly

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Who'll ever be able to assure this man that he's safe with any credibility?

GREEN GEORGE: That no further harm can happen to him.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: That he can trust.

GREEN GEORGE: That he's not alone.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: That he can relax.

GREEN GEORGE: That he's not alone.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Maybe the brain can still hear.

GREEN GEORGE: That he's not alone.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Consciousness may still want to believe.

GREEN GEORGE: That he's not alone.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: But the animal inside us has woken up forever.

GREEN GEORGE: We're never only human.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Because deep down within us we know.

GREEN GEORGE: Reality's flowing through the wound.

The crowd of people stop marching. The fire is still burning.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: The great winter begins a year from today when the first bomb falls not too far from a young boy wandering the streets in the morning, the black smoke blotting out the yellow sun. It starts...

SCENE XXXI

We see PRETTY GIRL ZALA

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: It's all right. Everything's calmed down. It's over.

YOUNG SOUL: Just a little bit longer.

HORN MAN: There'll be nothing left. Nothing. And now it's warm, finally.

ŽAŽI: What's going on? Everything's reverberating. The echoes are too loud.

ŽAŽI starts vomiting

GOLDEN FATHER'S phone rings

GOLDEN FATHER: Hello? What? I don't understand. Yes, 7 Circular Road, yes. What d'you mean, the house's on fire?

ŽAŽI: Smoke, unfamiliar children and a corpse... That's what I used to draw as a child...

GREEN GEORGE: Children often depict their pain in their drawings so that adults would be able to heal it. Until they hurt they don't really know how to move on.

ŽAŽI: Are you that which hurts? Are you Saturn?

GREEN GEORGE: I'm more Mercury than Saturn. A harbinger of that which has remained hidden. They're part of what you experience as pain.

ŽAŽI: Who're they? They seem familiar to me.

GREEN GEORGE: They're the children your great-grandmother didn't bear because they'd be her husband's. Some of them were born elsewhere, some of them decided to stay and watch your ways, and the rest went on to who knows where.

ŽAŽI: I can't take any more of these stories. There are too many of them.

BABA MORANA: There would be more if her dear stranger hadn't come around. The runaway poet who heard her body. He had the same ear that hides inside you.

ŽAŽI: I can't. I don't know how to.

BABA MORANA: Why can't he hear it?

GREEN GEORGE: He can, he hears it.

ŽAŽI: I can't hear it anymore. Let me go, please. I'm reverberating with voices that I can't chase away. My eyes are burning. My skin is screaming. I feel the lead draining from my body as soon as I'm surrounded by silence. But someone is talking all the time. I look at my hands and deep down inside I'm aware that these are my hands. That if I want to I can raise them or lower them, I can wave with them, stroke with them... and that no matter what I do there'll always be a voice beside me... and I'll be helpless. That's what Lenka was talking about. Maybe that's what it means to grow up.

BABA MORANA: You don't understand. You still don't understand.

ŽAŽI: What is it that I don't understand? What's there to understand?!

BABA MORANA: Look.

She points to the entrails

You're glowing whether you want to or not. Even now, when it looks like it's too late. Can you feel it?

ŽAŽI: Don't touch me. Please. Let go of me. I've had enough of this. I can't take any more touching. I can't stand any more closeness and riddles and visions. The other day I was watching that dog. It understands. It can come and go - that's its freedom. It moves and it is, and I am aware and I am... I've got to go.

BABA MORANA: Where're you going?

ŽAŽI: Stop chasing me with this hope that I can resolve something.

BABA MORANA: We're not hoping for anything. We're just waiting.

ŽAŽI: Leave me alone.

We see ŽAŽI run away.

BABA MORANA: He's going his own way again.

GREEN GEORGE: Leave him alone.

BABA MORANA: It'll all pass. Nothing'll change.

GREEN GEORGE: Maybe he's listening to his body. Maybe he can hear some other voice.

BABA MORANA: Just so that he doesn't turn into a rabbit.

We hear running, running that echoes over the boards, running that fills the air

GREEN GEORGE

You who are running

running into the **sub-time** under-time

where the roots are breaking down

where faces are devoured

where your bones will jump

in the screams of the morning

you're running into your eyes

that feel the shadow they must experience

you're running and while you're running

the voice's tearing off your clothes and skin

the smell's sharpening your teeth and darkening your nostrils

you're running, you're running on all fours

and your stiff body recalls

you're running, you're screaming

drunk of the sun that echoes in the moon

and your soft fur quivers in the night

you're running, freezing your tongue

that's been speaking strange words

for your entire life

and your living entrails are singing

you're running to the devil

to burn a new sun into you

that will gild a lock of hair

you're running, never to come back into the gaze of another

you're running, you're running into the forest

BABA MORANA: You silly child. Who'll gather the water and the tears? Who'll bring back spring?

GREEN GEORGE: It seems like that's not his story.

EPILOGUE

*We can still hear running. Forceful running, present running. Perhaps we can hear bells as well.
We see a funeral procession.*

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We see WOLF somewhere off to the side and a crowd of people dressed in black. We see the DRUNK AUNT and DEAD GRANDPAPA watching as if they were in a theatre.

Perhaps we see a table with GOLDEN FATHER sitting at it. Maybe there is a glass of beer on the table in front of him.

LENKA is also there.

YOUNG SOUL is watching.

Everyone is looking at GOLDEN FATHER.

DRUNK AUNT: Caterpillar, what's going on? Where are we?

YOUNG SOUL: Where we've been all this time. In the theatre.

Perhaps some too-young people sing:

red is the dew of Saturn
silver is the tan of a child
happiness is silent in death
death sings her a song
time stops for the raindrops
poison dissolves in the river
winter forgives with closeness
winter forgives
winter forgives
winter is leaving
the house

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: I knew a guy who looked for what wasn't there in me. He told me I was his moon. Titan is the brightest moon orbiting Saturn and I was his Titania. His fairy queen. I didn't quite understand what he wanted, but I thought it was very romantic. He was very handsome, this silly boy, he had a certain melancholy about him, and he looked at me as if I had come to this world just for him... I could be innocent, I could be pure, it was clear to me right away that he couldn't see past my pale cheeks, he couldn't see the tears that shaped me, the muscles that had torn me from my childhood, the blood that was shed. He said that the sun didn't shine for him, that there was only me in the world. Silly boy. Sometimes it's nice to forget everything that was and play out a life with that which isn't there.

He promised me flowers. A home where he'd wait for me and a dream for us to live in. He'd carry all the weight so that I'd stay light. I saw us dancing and the stars were watching us and we were being born again.

GOLDEN FATHER: I don't understand. How did he disappear? Where to? What does it mean they couldn't find him? What's going on? I want to understand.

DRUNK AUNT: What happened?

YOUNG SOUL: Our family house caught fire.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: You feel it too. As if something was different.

YOUNG SOUL: Grandpapa died.

DRUNK AUNT: He really did outlive almost all of us in the end.

GOLDEN FATHER: It's like I'd be running in circles. I grab hold of my life and I think I'm almost at the finish line, and then time turns me around and it's back to square zero. What am I doing wrong? Who's playing with me?

DRUNK AUNT: Where's Žaži?

YOUNG SOUL shrugs her shoulders and points to the sound of running that is living in the room.

DRUNK AUNT: What does that mean? D'you think that? It's strange that I wouldn't have met him...

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Look, Lenka came back.

Perhaps it starts to rain, perhaps the sounds of running and rain blend into each other, along with thunder and lightning.

GOLDEN FATHER: Lenka, it's not your fault. I want you to know I don't blame you. I'm glad you're here.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA brings him another beer.

Thank you, Zala.

We see LENKA standing in the rain, catching raindrops in her wide open mouth. The rain is running down her face. She sticks her tongue out.

DRUNK AUNT: It's hard to lose a brother.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: It's hard enough just to look and stay invisible.

Perhaps everyone looks at GOLDEN FATHER.

GREEN GEORGE

I watched the children of the future
walking the earth with bodies of ice
I wanted to be an angel, to give them back their dreams
to be the devil, to stir their imagination
and to be a bitch, to raise their step.
To be a father, to build them a house
but I just watched

We hear the phone ring

GOLDEN FATHER: Yes? Oh, dear, oh, dear, her water broke. Quick, quick, someone, take me to the hospital. Zala! Quick, quick, she's going to give birth, seriously, fucking hell, someone, take me to the hospital! This can't be real. I can't believe it! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. My wife's giving birth. I apologise. I'm really sorry.

We see the crowd of people help GOLDEN FATHER get to the hospital. We see the PREGNANT WOMAN in her hospital bed. We see DOCTORS and NURSES, all together attending to the body on the bed. WOLF just watches. We can still hear the running, the running echoing from the underground.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Looks like that's it, as far as the funeral is concerned.

GOLDEN FATHER: Did you give her all the medications? Give her something else. It sounds like she's in pain.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: The drugs will kick in. It'll be all right.

GOLDEN FATHER: She needs something stronger, fucking hell. Where's everybody? Why is there no one here? Call another doctor. Where'd Lenka go?

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: Everything's going to be all right. There's enough of us here. We're all taking care of you.

We see GOLDEN FATHER panicking, breathing just like the PREGNANT WOMAN.

DRUNK AUNT: So, caterpillar, have you decided where to go from here?

YOUNG SOUL: I think so.

DRUNK AUNT: So?

YOUNG SOUL goes over to LENKA and kisses her on the cheek. She goes to GOLDEN FATHER and whispers something in his ear. YOUNG SOUL gives a wave to DRUNK AUNT.

GOLDEN FATHER: I think it kicked in. Yes, it's a little easier now.

DRUNK AUNT: I'll be going too.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: Are you ready?

DRUNK AUNT: I think it's time. Give me your hand.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: What're you doing?

DRUNK AUNT: I'm going barefoot.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: So now what?

DRUNK AUNT: Walk with me for a bit.

DEAD GRANDPAPA: How?

DRUNK AUNT: Take a step. And then another one. And another.

DRUNK AUNT and DEAD GRANDPAPA leave. BABA MORANA, GREEN GEORGE and WOLF are watching from the darkness. The running is echoing in the rain.

GOLDEN FATHER: It's not any better, but shouldn't the third time be the good time? What's going on? Let the fucking baby be born already.

PRETTY GIRL ZALA: There's no other way, we'll have to take her into intensive care and they'll do a C-section.

GOLDEN FATHER: What've you been waiting for so long? Let's go, fast.
The crowd of people leave together with GOLDEN FATHER and the PREGNANT WOMAN. The running is fading into the distance.
We see silence. Perhaps it is still raining and the silence is filled only with the quiet sound of raindrops.
LENKA is left alone. Only WOLF is still around somewhere.
LENKA is looking at herself in the mirror. She looks. She holds up her hand with missing fingers. She raises her other hand. She knocks.
WOLF disappears. PALE MOTHER opens the door.
We see time passing slowly, like melting ice.
PALE MOTHER: Hey, sweetie. Nice of you to drop by. How are you? Come in, come in.
Perhaps the rain stops falling.
Sit down and have a drink. Look at you, you're soaking wet. You're looking good. Well, you understand.
PALE MOTHER prepares the space. We see a table, chairs, and a TV.
Does the TV bother you? D'you prefer volleyball or soccer? Well, I've never been into sports either, you get that from me. But it's polite to ask. People usually like some sport. I could never understand it. Maybe it's got something to do with the roundness of the ball, the way it looks like it could bounce anywhere at any moment. But in that case, I don't really understand skiing and all that stuff. I just like to keep the TV on.
LENKA: I guess it's because of the drama.
PALE MOTHER: What'd you say?
LENKA: I'm saying that people probably like the drama. The suspense. In sports.
PALE MOTHER: Ah, yes, maybe. The suspense. You know what, the only suspense I'm interested in is the one in bed if that's okay, then there's nothing missing, if you know what I mean. Sorry, bad joke. My colleagues at work are a bad influence. But were there traffic jams on the road? I saw they were building something over there. They've set up that stupid temporary traffic light, it takes forever to turn green.
LENKA: You didn't come to the funeral.
PALE MOTHER: Ah. You know what it's like. Work. The boss came down on me and I thought it was a bit too much to explain it all to him. What about you? Are you working? What are you, some kind of a scientist?
LENKA: Volunteer. Near the border. In the ER.
PALE MOTHER: Oh, good, yes. Someone has to do it. You're saving us. Or rather, you're saving the ones that protect us. I guess that's where you got this, huh? I see. It could be worse, I imagine, you could've lost the whole arm or even your face. Come on, drink something. You must be thirsty. Nice of you to come by for a bit. Here, have a bit more. How long are you staying? I can make up the couch for you, or I can set up the room upstairs...
LENKA: No, no, I've got to go back tonight...
PALE MOTHER: Ah, I understand, I understand. Lovely... Yes, lovely...
LENKA: Mum.
PALE MOTHER: Yes. Sweetie.
LENKA: I don't know how much d'you remember the time when you were still with us... but I've got to ask you. Why?
PALE MOTHER: Huh?
LENKA: Why didn't you ever come back? Why didn't you ever call? Žaži never even got to know you really. papa said he gave you the address. Did you know?
PALE MOTHER: Yes, yes. I did.
LENKA: Why then?
PALE MOTHER: Ah... sweetie... I don't know what to say...
LENKA: Please.
PALE MOTHER: I'm not good at hindsight. It never seemed like a smart thing to me.
LENKA: But you never married again. You don't have a new family.
PALE MOTHER: Yes... I didn't... I've got a house here, a little garden, I'll show you my flowers, I

try to take care of it.

LENKA: Why didn't you come?

PALE MOTHER: It's hard to put it into words...

LENKA: Please. I'd like to understand. Why?

PALE MOTHER: Ah... Lenka... I don't know... I don't know.

We are in silence

Sweetie?

LENKA: Yes?

PALE MOTHER: Have you ever howled at the sky?

LENKA: Howled?

PALE MOTHER: Yes, like a dog.

LENKA: I don't know. Maybe, sometimes, just for kicks. I can't remember.

PALE MOTHER starts howling

LENKA: What're you doing?

PALE MOTHER continues. Slowly. Half joking half in earnest. Until she gets LENKA to join in.

PALE MOTHER and LENKA are howling at the sky.

Perhaps we see a bunch of young people listening.

We see YOUNG SOUL.

We are listening to the howling.

LENKA and PALE MOTHER finish their ritual that they surely do not understand and look at each other.

Perhaps YOUNG SOUL looks at us. Perhaps she lands on the floor and cuts the rope that used to tie her to the sky, perhaps she is just watching, keeping her thoughts to herself, perhaps she dances a little dance. Perhaps she just recites the poem written below. Or perhaps she surprises us all by doing something completely different.

YOUNG SOUL;

The poem of the Soul

I will be born into death

with broken bodies

and damaged spirits surrounding me

watching me through their wounds

from which reality will be flowing relentlessly

My eyes will be blue

flying on the wings of my fragility

believing to the final drop of blood

My body will be a memory of black dreams

of all the black dogs and wolves

who are wagging their tails, full for a moment at last,

of all the actions which inevitably demand consequences

of a world that is no longer a stage for human games

but a red field filled with pain

and maybe, amidst all these colours, somebody

will see me fly, hear my hunger

and will not have the power to change us

But will instead, beaten, be forced to accept us. Embrace us.

And maybe, but really, just maybe

I will not freeze

in the moments that are changing in circles

We see GOLDEN FATHER holding a baby in his arms