

I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

Written by Tamara Matevc

Dramatis Personae

- Starulja * a Slovenian word for an old fogey

A woman, around 47 years old.

She doesn't hear what The Door is saying.

At the age of 47 she has more appetite to live than ever before.

- The Door

The Door is grammatically neutral, but judging by appearances it is a pretty young piece of ass.

The Door as much as possible tries to avoid eye contact with Starulja, it more or less address' the audience.

The Door simulates: Y-C-A or Your Considered Administrator, the automatic answering system 1188, and the reception nurse "chew, chew, chew".

- Child

It's not necessary for all the stage directions to be expressed out loud, but only Starulja and The Door can hear the baby cry, the audience can't.

Time and date: 24th of December, Christmas Eve or sometime close to it.

Place: It all starts in the waiting room of the reception room at the maternity hospital. – A coat hanger is missing in one corner and in the other corner a correctly decorated, cheesy plastic Christmas tree is standing, with a star that shines towards Three Wise Men somewhere far away, who are just about to leave their home. - The lights twinkle as if they were lost; under the tree there is a nice cradle made out of particle board; on the longer sides of it there is a beehive motif that reminds us of beehive panels. In the cradle there are boxes, wrapped in shiny papers imitating presents. Presents are different sizes and decorated with colorful bows. – Oh, and The Door: "Very tall and very wide. Very mighty. Present (very present). By nature somehow ... omnipotent, because you can't get anywhere without it. And GOLDEN LETTERS "Don't knock" shine from The Door. A small window and a small shelf are also at the door, or at The Door. On the window it says that you have to leave your health card on the small shelf

...

Starulja is expecting a contraction.

1. Don't knock!

THE DOOR: *To audience.* Good evening. – It's really nice to have you here on a family holiday! – I am the door to the reception room. Not just some door but The Door. – *It looks, lost in dreams, towards the plastic tree in the corner.* But let it be enough of legalities on such a wonderful evening. Since we are about to spend some time together I suggest we call each other on first name basis.

They become aware of their ... dignity. As you see we are the door, very tall and very wide door, The Door. Very mighty. We are present (very present). By nature, if we might say, somehow ... omnipotent because without us you can't get

anywhere. And at The Door (*they point at themselves*) GOLDEN LETTERS shine saying “Don’t knock!”. *Positively, constructively.* And here we have a small Window and a small Shelf. We use the shelf for women to leave their health cards on it so that things can run more smoothly. *They slip from the aprioristically constructive posture.* But they never do it right. And as you will see in what is coming up next, this is why we were forced to pass radical measures. – *Very phlegm.* Until there isn’t a health card on our small shelf we don’t respond.

Starulja bought herself for her 47th birthday 47 red roses and she enrolled to solo singing lessons. She practices when she has time and does not stress too much about the results; in the car she has never ever pressed the brakes. She was very happy when she noticed that her two rising children and husband, who have also never been suggested for music grant, like to join in her singing.

THE DOOR: The one there is heavily pregnant. Regarding her huge, very huge belly, very, very heavily pregnant. Regarding her age she also could be a nanny or she could have a bloated belly because of some sort of cancer and she would then have to wait in front of some other reception room, but no ... she preferred to decide for a high-risk pregnancy. Well of course, women have free will and they have the right to decide on what to do with their bodies. But not about the consequences, they can’t decide on the consequences, but of course none of them thinks about it. – Heavily, heavily pregnant she is, yes ... As you can see, she is just breathing rhythmically because of a contraction and obviously she is in her first labor phase. She conquered the breathing patterns pretty well, well, but obviously she also took her time for practice. Long years. Forty-seven years. Have we told you that? – An irresponsible act from her side, but talking about responsibility nowadays ... responsibility nowadays is just not “in”. – Yet she hasn’t prepared her health card. First thing she would have to do would be to put her health card on our little shelf. What if we would open? And the reception nurse would come out? It’s pure luck that the reception nurse has to do work on her computer. How can we know - does she have health insurance at all? And we would have to wait for her again. – This is, you see, how precious time goes in waste and how a modus of true effectiveness is impossible to be established. Not like this! – I mean, look at her: as if she is on a different planet! Dear God! And this woman is preparing herself to be a responsible mother?!

Starulja quietly sings while having her painful contraction. La, la, la ... na, na, na ... nanah ... nananah ...

THE DOOR: She is a bit ... sloppy. Don’t you think? She didn’t take off her coat, she didn’t take off her hat, she didn’t take off her scarf and neither her gloves ... At her venerable age she still doesn’t do things in a logical order ... But she obviously decided to give birth today. Which doesn’t necessarily mean that she is actually going to do so. – Women, especially older ones, often suddenly change their minds, they change their opinion and go home and come back to give birth two days later. So one has to be – cautious with his response. We even don’t react until it is sure seriously! Sometime we don’t react even if they mean it seriously, because a human being has to get his lesson occasionally. To learn something

and especially to find out where he belongs. Well and for this old fogey, wouldn't it be about time, don't you think?

Contraction subsides; Starulja is breathing out from the pain. She looks at the number on her ticket she is crumpling in her hands.

THE DOOR: Her number is written on the ticket that this heavily pregnant beldame is crumpling in her hands. She took her ticket from the waiting machine at the entrance. *The Door don't look at Starulja because they already know what she is doing.* She is looking around the pretty empty waiting room. Well, of course it's empty when there's nobody here except for her.

STARULJA: According to my number this place should be filled with women who came here to give birth ...

THE DOOR *chuckle cynically*: Yeah, it should be, right?

STARULJA walks towards The Door on which GOLDEN LETTERS say "Don't knock!"

THE DOOR: Don't knock!

STARULJA I won't, I won't ...

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* As if it wouldn't be written with golden letters.

STARULJA: *Feels like knocking.* I won't, I won't ...

THE DOOR: Look at her – she stands right in front of us.

STARULJA: *She very much feels like knocking.* I won't, I won't ...

THE DOOR: And she thinks: Should I or shouldn't I knock. That is now her question. Should I or shouldn't I, should I or shouldn't I, should I or shouldn't I ...

STARULJA: *Looks at her ticket.* Forty-six of them are in front of me. But where are they ...? *She moves back to the chair and sits down.*

THE DOOR *swagger*: But where are they, where are they? Maybe they are giving birth. Maybe they went for coffee. They just aren't here. You are the forty-seventh, and give us a rest!

STARULJA: Don't say that all forty-six of them are giving birth!

She walks back to the door, to The Door, and takes a shine at the GOLDEN LETTERS.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* It says with GOLDEN LETTERS "Don't knock!" but it doesn't do any good! All of them are nothing but the same!

STARULJA looks at the golden letters. Who knows what she's thinking. Maybe she is thinking of a beautiful song because she's singing something finely.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* Look at her!

STARULJA looks at the golden letters. Who knows what she is thinking. This morning her younger daughter sung her a song.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* Look at her! Haven't we told you so?

STARULJA looks at the golden letters. Who knows what she's thinking. Her son called her at noon to tell her that he got his first B grade in Music.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* There's nothing one can do!

STARULJA looks at the golden letters. Who knows what she is thinking. – In the evening her husband was telling her about his day at work. When he was putting things on the shelves his boss unintentionally started singing along with him and the main cashier and even a customer, but the little bit of the ear for music was so impressed by I that it had to run out of the store.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* All of them are the same!

STARULJA: What kind of weather we have.

She walks back. She takes down her coat and her scarf; she puts the hat into the pocket, the scarf into the sleeve of the coat and just then she notices that there's no place to hang it ... Contraction. The pain makes her sweat. Resentfully she looks at The Door. But The Door doesn't care at all.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* She is careless. Old and careless. Immature. Irresponsible. Supposedly she already has two children. And at her age she makes herself a third one! She thinks that if it went okay first and second time that there's no fear on getting complicated for the third time. That she's above it. With all the clutter on our mother earth it would be much more pragmatic for her to focus on her two children, make some income for them, to support them to be good at taking lessons, and to prepare them well for all the life challenges that are in front of them; she could send them to some language courses for example. Instead she decided to have another bastard. Look, this can get risky. You know, sometimes things get pretty complicated. Maybe not for the first and second time, but third time for sure! Especially when women want to make it their own way. Women who come to give birth for the third time usually come with some sort of high self-confidence, as if to say we know it all. And they just come on their own, without their husbands. It makes sense, because who would know if the baby is actually his and if he even noticed that she was pregnant. – No values are left in this world, no values at all.

STARULJA: Well, no then.

*She walks towards The Door determined. She is going to knock!
At The Door GOLDEN LETTERS "Don't knock!" sharply blind at her.
STARULJA sharply blinds back at them.*

THE DOOR: *Visibly appalled.* Well, come on!

2. The Door as YCA

The Door swiftly fakes Skype ringing.

STARULJA walks back to her chair, takes her iPad out of her bag and sits down. She can't find a suitable position, her back hurts badly, and even more everything that is down there ... She answers Skype; The Door bursts.

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: Yes, hello, this is YCA speaking, please, be so nice and turn on the video-call so we can identify your identity.

STARULJA: Pardon me?!

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: YCY, Your valued administrator! Please, miss, turn on the video-call.

A new contraction is about to come.

STARULJA: I can't see you.

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: That doesn't matter, it's only important that I see you. Your VAT identification number, please?

STARULJA: Just a second. *She tries to breathe and survive the contraction, she searches her bag, looks for her wallet and she can't find the number.* Why do you need my VAT ID number?

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: *Tries to be funny.* Would you prefer if I asked you for your account number? – Miss, this is tax control speaking!

STARULJA: Couldn't we postpone it for a week or so ... I am at the hospital, right in the middle of a contraction ...

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: Look, miss, no offence, but we are in the middle of a crisis and we work in the public sector; as you probably know well, we have been lately paid depending on our effectiveness, this is why I suggest to get this done as painless and as quick as possible. Your VAT identification number, please.

STARULJA: Unfortunately I don't have it with me. Call the tax office.

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: Miss, I am the tax office, but I have no connection to the office next to me which keeps the record of your VAT ID numbers! You are obliged to give me your VAT identification number. While checking your tax return we noticed that you have relatively low incomes in comparison to your assets. We would like to check that out.

STARULJA: Are you sure you called the right person?

THE DOOR AS YCA, YOUR VALUED ADMINISTRATOR: Aha, there's been a mistake. Well, next time be more careful, and don't answer the calls that aren't intended for you. Cheers!

The call ends. STARULJA, visibly used to the absurdity of such calls, is more concentrated on the contraction than anything else. Because this is not her first time she knows that it's improving, and she simply wants to be checked. She walks toward The Door, determined that she will knock, give or take the wrathful blinding.

3. The Door as 1188

The Door swiftly simulates a phone call. STARULJA hesitates for a moment and nevertheless looks for her phone in her pocket to answer. The Door bursts.

THE DOOR AS 1188: Welcome, you called 1188. Simply, neatly, and around everywhere.

STARULJA: Hello?!

THE DOOR AS 1188: Welcome, you called 1188. Simply, neatly, and around everywhere.

STARULJA: Erghm ... no? I haven't been calling anyone, and especially not the information.

THE DOOR AS 1188: Are you looking for the phone number of the reception office of the maternity hospital.

STARULJA: No, I am not. I am standing right in front of it.

THE DOOR: In front of The Door!!!

STARULJA: of the reception office at the maternity hospital, and ...?

THE DOOR: Wait a moment; I am connecting.

STARULJA: ... but, oh hell?!

THE DOOR: Wait a moment; I am connecting.

STARULJA: This must be a joke! *She's about to break off but The Door quickly hurries up.*

4. CHEW CHEW CHEW

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITIY HOSPITAL: Reception office of the maternity hospital, a Very busy nurse *chew chew chew* speaking, how can I help you?

STARULJA: This is unbelievable ...

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITIY HOSPITAL: Are you making fun out of me *chew chew chew?!?*

STARULJA: Hello, I guess there's been a mistake ...

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITIY HOSPITAL: Are the contractions fake *chew chew chew?*

STARULJA: They aren't fake, because ...

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITIY HOSPITAL: Well, how do you know they are for real *chew chew chew*, what if they are fake?

STARULJA: This is not my first time, I already gave birth twice ...

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITIY HOSPITAL: This doesn't mean you know it all and that this time they are not fake. It can be that they are false. Very likely they are false. *Chew chew chew.*

STARULJA: Since we are already on the line ... here, in front of the door.

THE DOOR: The Door!!!

STARULJA: I've been waiting here for quite a while now, my number is forty-seven, but I am not sure whether this is right or not, because I can't see anyone being here but me, so ...

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITIY HOSPITAL: Nope, that's just right. *Chew chew chew.*

STARULJA: Where are the other forty-six?

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITY HOSPITAL: Look, miss, I would ask you not to interfere in our professional work, OK *chew chew chew*.

STARULJA: I came to give birth.

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITY HOSPITAL: But not with false contractions, please *chew chew chew*.

A contraction - a really bad one.

THE DOOR AS A NURSE THAT IS BEING VERY BUSY CHEWING GUM AT THE RECEPTION OFFICE OF THE MATERNITY HOSPITAL: Well, take it easy, relax, please. *Chew chew chew*. Stop running up and down the waiting room like you are alone there. Hello? *Chew chew chew*. Hello?!

Starulja breaks off the connection, considering the contraction she can feel the time is coming.

5. Knock, Knock, Knocking

STARULJA: Ah fuck it!

The Door almost falls off hinge.

Starulja breaks off the connection, walks towards The Door, furiously ignores the shining of the GOLDEN LETTERS "Don't knock!" and decisively sings. –

STARULJA: Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door.

The Door intercepts the knock and swallows it. It chews wickedly and quietly and it bloody well likes it. With half closed eyes it looks at Old Fogey who seems not to get something. She is not sure what, but something isn't like it should be. Like something thwarted her knock.

Starulja sings again. STARULJA: Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door. – The Door is flushed, but somehow it manages to hinder this knock, too. It chews, it chews.

STARULJA: Hello?! Excuse me, is anyone there? *She sings*. Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door! I'm having contractions, could someone come and take a look?

THE DOOR: *Patiently while stuffing themselves with sound*. No, honey, no one can hear you.

STARULJA: *Sings*. Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door! *She tries to concentrate*. Okay, it's going to be just fine, just fine.

THE DOOR: Well no, not necessarily.

STARULJA: Maybe they are just having a lunch break.

THE DOOR: Nope, they came back one hour ago.

STARULJA: Maybe they are having an emergency.

THE DOOR: Yes, forty-six emergency cases are before you.

STARULJA: *Looks at her number.* Seventy-four. This must be a mistake ...

THE DOOR: But it's not. It is absurd, but it's not a mistake ...

STARULJA: I am sure someone will come.

THE DOOR: No, honey, they won't, because you didn't put your health card on this small shelf in front of the small window.

STARULJA: Maybe I should put my health card on the small shelf. *She puts her health card on her small shelf.*

THE DOOR: You don't say, but now it's already too late, you should do this earlier on. Sorry. *They flick the card from the little shelf.*

STARULJA: Oh, oh. This is getting intense. *She kneels next to the chair and breaths.*

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* We think she was eating chemistry. Well, you see. Those non-classic contractions are a living proof that she was – while being pregnant - eating chemistry. And now she wonders to have false contractions! If this is it she can only be happy. On the other side, another lesson she could learn from will just go to waste.

STARULJA: *While having a contraction to herself.* If I wouldn't be pelvic, I wouldn't bother coming.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* Aha! Did you hear that?! She thinks she can manage it all on her own. And she thinks she knows something about a pelvic! Often a child, actually very often, turns around in the last moment, but of course women panic about it a month before, so the child becomes all stressed, all cramped and then he actually cannot turn around and then we have to ... well, you know, vacuum and forceps ... yes, it is very likely that it gets complicated. *They laugh smugly.* – *To the audience.* They simply don't understand who's in charge here. They come with all sort of things in their heads and they are interested in everything except for how to relax for labor. I mean, I can't stand this anymore. It's impossible. We have to stop this once and for all. We have to calm down. If this old fogey thinks to continue her hysteria, she's done. She's done and end of discussion! – At least until I'm on the hinges.

6. Childbirth

Starulja's water breaks.

STARULJA: What's this?! Have I peed myself?!

THE DOOR: No, she didn't.

STARULJA: It's water. My water broke, my water broke ...

THE DOOR: Then close the tap, right? *They find themselves terribly funny. – In a television advertising way.* If your water breaks the solution is right by the hand: close the tap! She has a bathroom! She has a bathroom!

STARULJA: *She attacks The Door that have trouble swallowing all the knocks on time.* Help! My water broke; now it is probably for real, please, let someone help me! It's pelvic! I have to push, I have to push, please, let someone come and help me! *She takes off her panties; she is scared.*

She rattles all over the door and the small window, but The Door stuffs itself with the fat knock.

THE DOOR: Look at her, what aggression! *To audience.* But the nurse won't come because she has to write in an urgent statistic. Well, well, well ... She thinks she can just give birth. But not so fast. And it is very likely to be risky, especially at this age ...

Starulja hangs her hands on the cloth hanger that is not there and breathes through the contractions. The contractions are regular and force her to push. But something is not going right; something gets stuck.

The small window at the The Door opens and The Door spills out a bunch of empty forms.

THE DOOR: *They yell at Starulja, and it's only pure luck that she can't hear them.* You can't just give birth; hello! You have to follow the procedure. First you have to fill out the form and sign a statement that you plead guilty in case something goes wrong. I have just made up this novelty. But it helps women to look at labor a bit more ... responsibly *They throw a by the way glance at Old Fogey. – Really expertly, with all the theory on the little shelf.* Those contractions are nothing. They may hurt, but that's all. Nothing else will happen! *Their door handle extends towards Starulja to check the situation. – Oh, look, the legs are already out ... Oh, goddammit! It truly is pelvic!*

Starulja pushes, but as it looks the baby got stuck. The little window opens, the door handle whisks to the little shelf and grabs the first aid for the pelvic put in: a red generic, a green generic, a toilet broom and Mister Muscolo. We will have to do it through IV. Oh, we will (The We has become a bit smaller now.) handle it, this is

why we are here, right, you can trust us ... *Starulja cannot do it anymore, she collapses and it looks like she lost consciousness. The Door carries her to the small table. Skillfully it pours the red and the green generic in her mouth; then it sits down on her belly and holds the baby for his legs and pushes, pushes.* – It's not working out. – *With the toilet broom it washes the genital tract. Because the labor is still not improving it help itself with Mister Muscolo. "Pour half of the bottle in the drain, also in the case of standing water, and then wait half an hour. Flush with water." ... The genital tract gets released and the baby falls on the floor.*

The baby scrambles on his legs and rounds around the place; he sings lalala ... nanana ... nana ... nanana ... He comes back to Starulja; he – somehow logically – peacefully caresses her hair and kisses her on her chin. – While singing he makes another circle around the place. He stops in front of the kitschy Christmas tree; he observes the twinkling of the lights; the nice cradle, made out of particle board painted with a beehive motif, reminding us of beehive panels, interests him. He throws out all the boxes, wrapped in shiny papers; he puts the cradle in front of him and starts to push it like a car, up and down the waiting room. We hear his determined bzzzz.

STARULJA: *Slowly wakes up out of a coma. It's a boy.*

She is bleeding like slaughtered pig. The Door quickly sews up her perineum; Beldame is howling in pain. – A pack of ice between her legs and this is all what one could expect to get from The Door, even in science fiction ...

THE DOOR: *As far as I am concerned this is above what one could expect from a door, even if it's in science fiction ... They run after the baby and coo hypocritically. Oh you cute, cute, sweet, little pie smack, smack, smack! Yes, cutie, cutie, little cutie. – They grimace while reciting. A mother's biggest smile is when she hears her baby's first cry.*

STARULJA: *She follows her bzzzz child with a look. When he races close to the small table she picks him up and observes him. Hello. I am the one who gave birth to you. My name is Starulja. You can call me mum, if you want to. Who are you?*

CHILD: *Bzzzzz ...*

THE DOOR: *To audience. Well that was something; a sincere, deep and true maternal reply. "Who are you".*

STARULJA: *We should introduce ourselves. So, who are you?*

CHILD: *Bzzzzz ...*

STARULJA: *She hasn't even picked out his name. If he would be a guinea pig he would already have three names. Affected and insincere. But look at him, isn't he just cute, cutie, boo, boo, boo.*

CHILD: *Sings. Lalala ... nananana ... nana ... nanana.*

STARULJA: You do have a voice.

THE DOOR: Look at her, look at her, look ... she wouldn't even think of putting him to her breasts. She probably didn't breast-feed the first two she supposedly had!

STARULJA: I will put you to my breasts.

THE DOOR: We are just about to figure out if she knows how to do it.

STARULJA: I am bit nervous, you know, in terms of breast-feeding. I wasn't able to breast-feed your older brother and sister. *She starts to cry.*

THE DOOR: What every animal knows to do is all Greek to the modern woman ...

CHILD: *Sings.* Lalala ... Nanana ... nanana ... nana.

STARULJA: *She cheers up.* You have a voice. That's good. Let's try.

7. Breast-feeding

Starulja exposes her breasts and looks at the child.

The child touches her breast, grabs it, chews it and doesn't know what to do with it.

THE DOOR: It is already a little bit withered, right? We think it is not well maintained. Although the women today have the chance to stay attractive for quite a while. But not all of them do something about it, and then they wonder why their marriage fell into pieces. The question is, if the one here is still feeling the female sweetness ... Well now it doesn't matter anymore. According to how she got torn down there it's all over for good.

The child silently sobs.

THE DOOR: The baby is crying. Every mother would know that the baby is crying.

Starulja is determined; she pushes the child's head against her nipple.

THE DOOR: There are woman who just naturally don't have a maternal instinct inside of them.

And the child moves away from her breasts as determined as she was and loudly silently, silently sobs.

STARULJA: Please, stop crying, stop crying, stop crying!!!

THE DOOR: *Comment on Starulja's elevated voice. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh ... ?! – Again with the audience. Breast-feeding is downright a gift from nature ... When we think about it, tears sparkle in our eyes.*

The child pushes away Starulja and goes to the corner; he sucks his finger.

THE DOOR: Sometimes sucking a finger is the only thing that can comfort ragged children in distress. On the other side the truth is that this can lead to serious teeth problems or even to mispronunciation.

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: Your breasts will bear no milk.

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: That those breasts would contain any milk?! *Contemptuous smile.*

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: Not a single drop.

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: Not a single drop of milk.

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: Those breasts won't bear a notable drop of milk.

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: Your breasts will bear no milk.

Starulja looks at the child. STARULJA: Shit. She tries to squeeze milk out of her breasts. With great difficulty two, three drops splash out and Starulja intercepts them into a plastic cup.

THE DOOR: Your breasts will bear no milk.

Starulja looks at the child.

STARULJA AND THE DOOR: Your breasts will bear no milk.

Starulja stands up and bring the milk drops to the child; she offers him the glass, but the child tries to knock it out of her hands.

Starulja offers him a glass with two milk drops, but the child tries to knock it out of her hands.

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Starulja offers him a glass with two milk drops; the child knocks it out of her hands.

THE DOOR: That poor thing that was just split on the floor was called colostrum. There's only a little of it, and if it goes into waste, then this is a big loss, because it is rich with proteins and antibodies. In our profession we call it also the first child's vaccine, it takes credits for half of the child's immunity. –

Starulja brutally kicks him.

THE DOOR: Did you see that?

Starulja is kicking him.

THE DOOR: Did you see that?

Starulja is kicking him.

THE DOOR: She is kicking him.

Starulja is kicking him.

THE DOOR: She is kicking her child!!!

Starulja is kicking him.

THE DOOR: Someone call the police, socials and psychiatry!

Starulja is kicking him.

THE DOOR: All of you are witnesses!

Starulja is kicking him.

THE DOOR: Did you see that? She is kicking - she is kicking her own child.

Starulja flops down to the ground, all broken and bloodstained from her kicking.

THE DOOR: She had it coming!

CHILD: Unharmmed. *Josip Murn: Snow.*

Starulja, battered, lies on the floor and doesn't move. She opens up her eyes.

Starulja, battered and with open eyes, lies on the floor and doesn't move. She thinks that if she could – after she would manage to move - find a window somewhere, she could maybe throw herself down on the asphalt, but for sure she would find it difficult to hit herself against the wall.

The child looks for a tiny notebook and an ordinary pencil in Starulja's pocket. He writes.

He writes, he writes.

Starulja sits down, she finds a cigarette and a lighter in her pocket and lights it. She smokes.

She smokes, she smokes.

THE DOOR: *To the audience, while all the necessary things an attentive mother needs to feed a child with artificial milk, is put on the small shelf. Well, now she decided (it hints on her smoking) to suffocate him with smoke! Ever since we have been on the hinges we haven't seen a single mother that would truly know how to be a mother. Smokers simply can't be exemplary mothers. The only thing that could save her would be a child's father slapping her twice around her ears and showing her where she belongs. This would quickly solve everything, even her breast-feeding, the milk would be flowing in such amounts we could export it to China! – But so we don't know anything about the father, only that he hums while this Old Fogey sings. It even could be that he is a homosexual! And it's not beyond the bound of possibilities that this forty-seven-old self-inseminated herself, considering all cosmetic experiments women try on themselves nowadays! Well, this is why I was thinking of in the first place, but I didn't want to say it out loud ... I mean, say whatever you want, but all in all this is not a natural way of doing it. None of it. It could be that the society is changing, it could be that research – that as far as we know never have been officially proved – showed something, but this truly isn't a natural way of doing it and end of discussion!*

8. The bottle.

STARULJA turns off the cigarette and steps towards The Door. She takes the bottle from the small shelf, flies over the instructions and mixes it.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* Once a mother gives a bottle to her child the breast-feeding is over. It's an opportunity lost forever. There are things in life where you can't take a retake exam. Breast-feeding for instance is one of them.

9. The bottle.

Starulja turns off her cigarette and steps towards The Door. She takes the bottle from the shelf, overviews the instructions and shakes it.

THE DOOR: *To the audience.* Once a mother gives a bottle to her child the breast-feeding is over. It's a forever lost opportunity. There are things in life where you can't take a retake exam. Breast-feeding for instance is one of them.

She tries the milk herself first.

The Door rolls with its eyes outraged when they see Starulja's input of the bacilli.

With a dummy she gently scratches the lips of her child who keeps writing.

The child doesn't feel like eating, he wants poetry. He keeps writing, writing, writing in his mother's tiny notebook and with an ordinary pencil.

Starulja spurts the milk on his lips.

Child stops with writing and sniffs the air around him ...! His mouth is in search of a dummy, when he finds it he draws and fills his mouth with milk; food, food, finally; with full mouth her CHILD says MUM MUM.

STARULJA: ?

Food, food, food, food, warm food, mouth full of food, he gluttonously drinks.

Starulja sits down on the floor next to him; she leans her head against her knees and embraces them. She listens to the gasping happiness of her child.

THE DOOR: *This peace makes them nervous.* A lot of women speak of breast-feeding like of something most beautiful that has ever happened to them. There are cases with women having difficulties at the beginning; also breast inflammation can be a huge problem; sometimes they have to help themselves with breast pumps. Actually there are women who are true martyrs and more than just deserve that their children stand a monument on their grave. There are women who know how to breast-feed on both breasts. In practice there are no cases where a woman couldn't breast-feed after trying hard enough. Most of them make it. The minority is problematic, the minority, there is always a minority that is problematic. The majority over and over again proves that things are possible. You can trust us first-hand; we've seen all sorts of things around here. – The feeling of happiness when a mother realizes she can give to her child what's best for him. Even if she had to patient for a while ... A lot of women

confides that they can't imagine the moment when they will have to stop breast-feeding. Some of them secretly do it all until their child is sixty or more years old.

*Child drinks so eagerly that he chokes and cannot breath anymore.
Starulja doesn't do anything to help him; The Door look upon him in a hope of a new complication.*

*Child coughs up and continues drinking.
The complication is cancelled. What a pity.* THE DOOR: Breast-fed children have almost no problems with stomach cramps. They rarely choke, almost never. They have no problems with constipation, they don't throw up, and they very rarely have ear infections. There are almost zero cases with children having ear infections. If it does happen, they most definitely don't need antibiotics.

Child finishes his bottle and makes himself a new one. This big hunger makes Starulja wanting to smile. Child comes back to her, this time he doesn't sit down on the floor but clambers into her lap.

9. The first baby-smile

THE DOOR: An infection can be miraculously healed by just a teardrop of gently dropped mother's milk into a child's ear. Then – it is much less likely that a breast-fed child will get a tick-born encephalitis, diabetes or that he will have an increased cholesterol level. Breast-fed children are much more immune to child diseases, especially mumps and measles. Breast-fed children are extremely rare in cases of child paralysis. Also, in their adult period they generally don't have weight problems nor they know dehydration. Breast-fed children start to speak sooner; they start to walk earlier and they are not hypotonic nor they are hypertonic, instead they are just perfectly tonic and nicer. A lot of Slovenian top athletes, artists and scientists were solely breast-fed for their first six months.

Child stopped drinking eagerly and furiously and insatiably, but he enjoys it calmly. Starulja looks at him.

The child starts slowly observing his surroundings. First he looks at Starulja Her hair tickles his little hands, cheeks and nose; he plays with her hair moving it back and forth, he blows into it, curls it around his little finger, pulls it and smiles afterwards.

STARULJA: He smiled! *What is a big bang in comparison to the first baby-smile? What are Adam and Eve, what Abraham and water on Mars, electricity, a train, contraception, x-ray and ultrasound?*

The Door, from aside, skeptically looks at the mother and child. They would like to say something and they also will say something.

STARULJA: He smiled! He smiled! Nurses! Is anyone there? My child smiled! Hello!!! – *She looks for her cell phone in her purse and calls 1188. My child smiles! My child smiled at me! She euphorically gets back to the little one.*

THE DOOR: *Very skeptical.* Oh well. I wouldn't call that a smile. It looked more like a reflex. Or a cramp. *To the audience, very objectively.* Researches done at the Institute Jožef Stefan showed that the children whose mothers never have breast-fed them never sincerely smile. Heart electromagnetic field measurements of those, who were breast-fed, and of those, who grew up by a bottle, showed outstandingly different values. A sincere smile is possible only out of a true emotional bond that can only be established through breast-feeding. Chemistry doesn't do its work which means a child like that will never be able to feel true life happiness. Children that weren't breast-fed can only - at best - fake their smiles. *To Starulja, extremely mean.* He lied into your face with his first smile, ha, ha, ha ... Your child was faking his fist smile to you, ha, ha, ha ... The truth is, he doesn't know how to smile because he wasn't breast-fed! Ha, ha, ha. Those, who fake their smiles, are defect. The truth is that he is ... a defect. Your child is a defect, ha, ha, ha, ha, he, he, hi, hi, hi.

10. I've had enough!

CHILD: Enough, mummy ...

STARULJA: Yes. I've had enough.

Starulja scans the place with a look, and looking at the biggest box, wrapped in a shiny paper with a red bow she gets a hunch of what she needs most at the moment. She gets up, puts down the child and opens the Christmas present. Inside of the box there is a huge hatchet with a silver blade. Starulja takes the hatchet and chops up The Door into small pieces.

OLD FOGGY: I know you smiled at me. – Come let's make a fireplace.

THE DOOR: *Powerlessly hisses its last hurl insult before it slowly becomes silent.* You fucking manipulative bitch! You gross, frigid ass pimple! You stinking tramp! You lesbian! A dick spook! Nymphomaniacal yuppie, a cocky douche, shitty cunt, infertile uterus, you ignorant hole ...

11. A fairy tale about a tree

CHILD: Once upon a time, a very long time ago, there was a majestic Bright Tree growing, but it was very miserable. There was also a mild-hearted forester who could feel its sadness: "Bright Tree, yet yesterday you were happily reaching out your branches towards the wide expanse of the sky, hoping for infinity. What got you so sad?" – The tree hesitated for a moment before confiding in his pain to him: "I figured out that time will come when I will have to die, and all I want is to live forever." – The forester smiled at it enigmatically: "If you allow me to cut you down, dear Bright Tree, I promise you to live forever." Bright Tree shuddered; it needed many, many years to grow almost up to the moon, sky and stars. What if forester's intentions were to kill it? – But the desire for eternity was stronger than fear, and the tree tremblingly leaned its trunk against forester's hatchet. – When the hatchet hit for the ninth time, the tree dropped. – The forester cut a

heart out of the Bright Trees' trunk and left it on the desk in his workshop for a long, long time ... Bright Tree was sure that he forgot about it. – With every day more neglected and lonely it was more and more regretting its own naivety in trusting to forester's sweet words. – One day a forty-seven years old woman entered the workshop and said: "Forester, I am a forty-seven years old woman and I have an inkling of a sound in myself. I need an instrument." Why the forty-seven years old woman was really very, very beautiful the forester immediately helped her. He remembered of the forgotten heart, he took it into his arms and whispered: "Your time has come. Now your wood is perfect." He worked night and day and made a wonderful violin out of the Bright Trees' heart. He gave it to the forty-seven years old woman. With the violin she played a song called The Echo of Pure Eternity that was so beautiful the forester had to ask her to marry him. They got married and they had children, and also I am one of them, but I still don't have a name. – And the Bright Tree was happy.

12. Giving the name.

STARULJA: You need a name. I have to give you a name. But – how should I call you if I don't know who you are?

CHILD: Star.

STARULJA: Star, Star ... like a star?

CHILD: Star, Star.

STARULJA: I am left with Ulja then. Would you like calling your mother Ulja?

CHILD: No.

STARULJA: I wouldn't like it either. You have to pick out new letters.

CHILD: Beehive.

STARULJA: Hm. – Ulj?

CHILD: Hive.

STARULJA: Ulj.

CHILD: Yes.

STARA: Good, Ulj. I am giving you three letters from my name and I bless you: be always full of honey. *She sings.* Lalala ... ralahnananah ... nanah ... nanani ...

ULJ: *sings along:* Lalala ... ralahnananah ... nanah ... nanani ...

STARA: I am really sorry for being rough. I didn't know who you are, and I was very sad because I couldn't give you milk. Forgive me, Ulj. – Soon it will get dark

and the bright stars will shine the sky. You will see how high on the sky they are. High, high. That's because children need enough space to grow, right? You as well will grow, high, high, right up to your stars. I will stay down here, making fire and tea for you, and I will look after you, taking care that you don't fall too deep, and when you will bend down, we will have a mother-son talk about life. About what we think matters. To me it's important that you don't knock down stars, but that you are gentle with them face to face. As long as you are little and drinking milk in my arms, I will sing you songs about starlit cows with udders full of honey.

STARA: *Rocks Ulj and sings him a lullaby, for example Lačni Franz "Čustveno stanje mlade krave".* ¹Lalai ... ralinananani ... nanai ... nanani ... Later a cry ends a numb night. A bright star glints and lights the sky. In the early morning Three Wise Men knock on the door.

Wet honey bags outline her nipples. Ulj uncovers her breast, looks for it with his little mouth and drinks.

¹ Lačni Franz was a Slovenian pop-rock band and »Čustveno stanje mlade krave« is a song written by them, literary translated it means: »The emotional state of a young cow«. Available on <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VYpgt8VaVKs>

