

to vitomil and črtomir

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onethousandninehundredeightyone

dedicated to friend erika (1976-2012)

translated by: barbara skubic

*it starts with a puddle of blood
that's how it starts*

luka
papa, papa

*this is luka
luka is our main character
he's standing in a throng of people watching a human body on the asphalt
a puddle of blood around the head
a puddle of blood on the asphalt is spreading, spreading and turning into a pond
a throng of people around the body is spreading, spreading and turning into a mob*

*luka is a seven-year old boy, he's standing at the edge of the crowd, holding a white plastic shopping
in his hands, a bag a little worse for wear already
inside the bag, there's a wallet or something*

*this is how it starts
red, so very red*

*with luka at the edge of a crowd, a crowd that supposedly knows better than him how to proceed in
such cases*

luka
papa, papa

luka repeats the words, in a whisper

*well, it is quite possible that he does not
maybe luka doesn't repeat papa, papa at all
maybe luka doesn't even say papa, papa
maybe luka is not holding a white plastic bag in his hands
one a bit worse for wear
maybe luka is not even standing at the edge of a crowd that knows better than him how to proceed in
such cases
maybe luka isn't even our main character and is now leaving, if indeed he was ever standing here at
all
and maybe now enters erik, who is fourteen
and maybe he is our main character
maybe erik, fourteen years of age, is standing at the edge of a crowd that knows better than him how
to proceed in such cases
although, without a doubt, erik knows better than luka, who's not here anymore
erik is standing beside another scamp, of roughly the same age
they're trying to see through the crowd, they sort of manage, sort of*

erik
you think someone called an ambulance?

*says erik to his mate and adjusts his schoolbag
the right kind of schoolbag, the kind that hotshots wear these days*

let's say it's green, camo with one strap, let's say it says "back in black" on it, and let's say that the sign for high voltage goes through the words, the famous lightning sign erik is also wearing real jeans, the kind hotshots wear these days and a jacket, also denim, with a patch that says suzuki on the shoulder and a badge that says double fantasy on the chest his mate is not lagging far behind, with patches, badges and slogans, that is our main character is definitely hotshot number one, ok, at least, let's say, number four

if indeed, of course, this erik is our main character because he may not be maybe our main character is twenty-one and wears his hair real short in a uniform, with a military bag over his shoulder and a titovka¹ on his head and let's say that he's just arrived on a bus for his leave, from somewhere very far away, as far as bitola, let's say, that's why he's wearing military garb, and has a bag on his shoulder, and a side cap on his head he's just arrived and turned to the café straight off the bus, first he'd like to meet some friends, and not, like, go straight home and his name is boris

*boris
fer chrissake, don't you die on me, listen, look at me, hey*

but that body from which the blood is seeping no longer hears a thing, and will look at no one for it's a corpse a warm one, but fast cooling cooling cooling no matter who our main character is

this is how it starts if the place of the action were somewhere out there, somewhere out of our safe world, that is to say, it weren't here on stage, it would be in gregorčičeva street in ajdovščina or, more precisely, on the corner of the gregorčičeva and the 5 may streets, right beside the monument to fallen soldiers which bears words glory to those fallen for our freedom

if the place of the action were somewhere out there, it would be somewhere half-way between the church of st john the baptist and the lavrič library, right beside the social accounting service building and all the clerks would come running out right after the accident and blend into the throng

if the place of the action were somewhere out there, but it isn't

luka, our seven-year old main character, re-enters standing at the edge of the crowd with his worn-out white plastic bag staring at the blood, staring, he can't stop staring cannot turn his look away from that red pond, staring and swaying his worn-out bag backandforth

¹ Titovka: a side cap worn by Yugoslav partisans during WWII (translator's note)

*the bag is rustling
sh sh sh sh sh
the bag is rustling like that somehow
sh sh sh sh
luka can't turn his look away from that red pond, he's staring and flapping his tattered bag
upanddown
the wallet is hopping
swish, swish, swish
something like this
and then he hears an ambulance
iuiuiuiu
not like this, softer, because it's from afar
iuiuiuiu
like this
from afar, softly
and then closer and closer, louder and louder
iuiuiuiu
and people screaming more and more
because everyone knows best what to do in such cases
you couldn't make out their words, there are too many
there's too much of everything
too many words and too many people
luka is standing at the edge of the crowd*

luka
papa, papa

*he repeats, again, whispering
he's standing behind three clerks from the social accounting service, at the edge of a shrieking crowd
which, as it has been said, knows better than luka how to proceed in such cases*

*iuiuiuiu
the ambulance stops
the door slams
bang
this is how the door slams*

paramedic
hold the door, can't you see the bora started

darko, paramedic
you really think this matters now?

paramedic
step back

darko, paramedic
is he alive?

paramedic
dead

darko, paramedic
so we sped in vain

paramedic
yes

darko, paramedic
and where's the police?

paramedic
ya, you know, some take their own sweet time

luka
papa, papa

darko, paramedic, luka's father
son, what are you doing here?

luka
mama sent me to get bread and milk

darko, paramedic, luka's father
go then, don't stand here

luka
tata, may i ...

darko, paramedic, luka's father
go to the shop, don't stand here

luka
fine, papa, i'm going

*luka leaves
holding a worn white plastic bag in his hands, and a wallet is hopping inside
backandforth
upanddown
swish swish swish
and less and less
until he disappears*

*enters erik
again erik's not alone, oh, no
beside him there's again a scamp his age, in a cool, cool for these times, garb (badges, patches,
slogans) and a haircut
a haircut that those in the know can name
a haircut called a beetle haircut
a haircut which always makes, for example, even erik's gramps holler – oh, you're like a beetle!
so two beetles enter, our main character erik and his friend
his friend is called srečko*

*srečko is observing the corpse
erik is stealthily observing srečko
and then hesitatingly holds him by the shoulders*

erik
hey, srečko, we'd better go to castle

srečko
wait a minute

erik
well, i'd rather go

srečko
wait for the police to come, come on

erik
we could go nevertheless

srečko
we have to stay here for the police to interrogate us

erik
but we didn't see the accident

srečko
so what, everybody still has to wait

erik
what if we went to the albanian to get cream horns, would you then go to the castle

*all this time erik is holding his hand on srečko's shoulder,
somehow unnoticeably*

srečko
do you have money?

erik
i don't, but we can stop at my nana's

srečko
and what if she's not home?

erik
i know where she keeps he wallet

srečko
what, you'll just take it?

erik

yes, so what, she always tells me to buy myself something, and i never buy anything
she won't be angry

srečko
alright then, let's go

*erik and srečko move their feet in the direction of the patisserie
while boris goes the other way, towards the café
the corpse doesn't move its limbs anywhere
only that red pond keeps moving, keeps expanding*

*the café is stuffy, cigarette smoke is so thick you could cut it with a chain saw
those couple of pairs of eyes who came in for a quick coffee or a glass of wine or a shot or a game of
chess or all of the above, they all hang on boris as if he were a miracle of some sort
they must think something like – i've never seen this one before
or – is he coming or going
or else – god knows if he's any good at chess
or – here, another southerner whose ass i'll kick at briscola and tressette
something like that
maybe
boris shakes his bag off his shoulder and tosses it on the ground
sssshblam
sits down at a table
pulls a pack of ibar cigarettes and a box of matches from his pocket
sssssk
shhhhhhs
inhale
exhale
at the next table, božo and edo finish a game of chess*

božo, a chess playes in the café
eh, you'll have to go to school for a while still

edo, a chess player in the café
a re-match?

boris
a coffee, please, and make it a strong one

*a strong gust of bora is heard
woosh
and then
wham
and another
woosh
wham*

božo, a chess playes in the café
don't tell me the motherfucker started again

edo, a chess playes in the café

but it's only just stopped, i was counting on a couple of windless days

waiter
poor calculations, some student are you

edo, a chess playes in the café
i'm not yet a student

waiter
but you will be, right

woosh
wham
and then
sssshblam

božo, a chess player in the café
what was that

waiter
i think that shingle was blown off the roof

božo, a chess player in the café
no way

waiter
it's been loose for months
i've told boss ten times to take care of it, hell, i won't do it myself, i'm a waiter, not a roofer

waiter steps to the window

waiter
yes, it was the shingle, lucky nobody got killed
well, it wouldn't be anyone's fault anyway

božo, a chess player in the café
meh, so it goes, what can you do

waiter
yes, who even works in this country nowadays
workers toil, and those up in the offices scratch their balls

edo, a chess player in the café
yes

božo, a chess player in the café
look – so it was, so it is, so it will always be

edo, a chess player in the café
yes

someone at the bar downs a shot

someone at the bar
and nobody's ever guilty for anything

boris
have you heard about the accident?

waiter
what accident?

boris
there by the monument
somebody got hit by a car and died

someone at the bar
i heard the ambulance, yes, but i though they were messing around again
these guys in ambulances they like to mess around

waiter
yes, they turn the sirens just to mess with people

božo, a chess player in the café
while we have to work

someone at the bar
yes
give me another one, chief

enter darko, paramedic, luka's father

darko, paramedic, luka's father, café guest
hey guys

someone at the bar
hey
your shift done

darko, paramedic, luka's father, café guest
ya, i'm done, they'll finish off by themselves
i came in for a quick one, then i have to go
my son is joining the union of pioneers today

someone at the bar
come over, you'll tell us about the accident

waiter
boris, is that you?

boris

yes, me, who the hell would it be

waiter
oh, it is you
i didn't even recognise you

someone at the bar
it is you
without hair
impossible to recognise
holy virgin, you clean up nicely
true, those spaghetti you wore down to your ass were a right mess
it is right that they gave you a good kicking

waiter
are you home on leave?

boris
yes, straight off the bus, here

someone at the bar
what will you drink?
go, waiter, get the lad a drink

waiter
what will it be?

boris
give me a brandy
no, wait, make it a double

božo, a chess player in the café
say, who got hit over there by the monument?

darko, paramedic, luka's father, café guest
i don't know, never seen him

edo, a chess player in the café
someone young?

boris
not exactly, a man, older, must have been over fifty

*and then it all spins
spins backward and forward, spins like in a movie
although, truth be told, it can't spin like in a film, right, very esteemed spectators, here on stage it's
more of a miserable spin
unless we have a stage that turns, then yes, then he can spin a spell
but that would be a bit pathetic visual effect, right
we can make an effort with a light effect
blink blink*

*or we can simply imagine it all, imagine boris sitting in the middle of a smoky café,
imagine how it the all spins so boris no longer knows where he is and what
he's doing, it spins so we, too, don't know where boris is and what he's doing, it spins so that boris is
suddenly a gentleman with thinning grey hair, wrinkles and contours of a beer belly
the waiter, božo, edo and someone at the bar disappear
tables and chairs disappear and the smoke curtain, and with it, an impressive image of a chain saw
boris is fifty-three years old and is standing in the centre of a disinfected pharmacy
a pharmacist in a disinfected white coat is standing behind a disinfected white apothecary till
boris is looking at him
looking around himself
looking at himself*

disinfected pharmacist
sir, of course, only if you wish

boris
me?

disinfected pharmacist
yes, of course, only if you wish

boris
what?

disinfected pharmacist
this, i've offered you this product, truly excellent, dercos neogenic, to encourage hair growth, you
take one vial in the morning or in the evening

*boris caresses his scalp
looks at the disinfected pharmacist*

disinfected pharmacist
this is a truly fine product, certainly worth the money, it contains stemoxydin which encourages the
correct functioning of the stem cells that are, responsible for the growth of new hair, the number of
hair increases and the hair becomes fuller and thicker, in three months 1700 new hair will grow on
the average, and first effects can be seen after only a month
and it's only meagre 59 euros

boris
meagre 59 euros?

disinfected pharmacist
yes

boris
1700 hair?

disinfected pharmacist
right

boris
morning or evening?

disinfected pharmacist
whichever suits you better

boris
who are you?

disinfected pharmacist
hm
i ...

boris
where am i?

disinfected pharmacist
in a pharmacy, sir

boris
but where's the café?

disinfected pharmacist
café?

boris
yes, café, where's the café?

disinfected pharmacist
sir, are you alright?

boris
what happened?
where am i?
what is this?
ahere's my brandy?

*a gentleman of around sixty-five is standing behind boris, a man easy on the eye, women would say something like charming, for sure
he leans across the till and whispers to the pharmacist*

charming man
ignore him, sir, he has problems, work and stuff, you know what it's like these days

boris
what?
who are you?

charming man
calm down, boris

everything's alright

boris
where's my damned brandy, i asked

charming man
but boris, there's not been a café here for twenty years

disinfected pharmacist
ya, you know in this time one does begin to need dercos neogenic
he he
isn't that right?
he he

*and then everything spins and we're here again
boris is again sitting in a smoky café
bora is blowing outside
boris gets his brandy in front of him
and downs it in one*

*bora is now blowing wild
furiously breaking everything all around
then goes silent for a second, just long enough for the earth to tremble
and then it goes on breaking*

*erik and srečko are at the castle, in the roman tower, in no hurry to go home just yet
in no hurry to leave shelter
they must have finished the cream horns, because right now, they're each holding their own member
and masturbating
masturbating in the rhythm of the bora
whoosh
wham
whoosh
wham
the bora is getting stronger and stronger
whoosh wham whoosh wham
they're masturbating next to each other, so close they can feel each other's warmth
so close they're almost touching
they're masturbating so close
in no hurry to leave the shelter
wham
and then they finish
first erik finishes and srečko after him
the bora takes no notice of the orgasm, the bora doesn't tire, doesn't stop
whoosh
wham
whoosh
wham*

srečko
did you bring cigarettes

erik
i did, almost a whole pack

srečko
well then

*erik pulls a flattened soft pack of filter 57s² and matches out of his pocket
they light a cigarette each*

*ssssk
shhhhhhs
breathe in
breathe out*

srečko
oh, this feels so good

erik
ya, it does feel good

*in silence they are sinking into a nicotine paradise
so close they're almost touching*

srečko
have you ever with anyone else ... well

erik
what

srečko
well, you know

erik
no, I don't know, srečko, have I what, I don't know what exactly you mean

srečko
well, you know, jerk off, right

erik
no, just with you
what about you?

srečko
yes, of course, many times

² One of the most popular brands of cigarettes among the working class, particularly in Slovenia. Made by a local tobacco company. (translator's note)

erik
with who?

srečko
doesn't matter

erik
with those friends of yours from sports training

srečko
ya

erik
uh-oh

and then silence
one can hear bora, oh yes, one can, but erik and srečko say nothing
whoosh
wham
whoosh
wham
and a sssshblam every now and then

srečko
well, i think this is a little pointless
coming here and jerking off, i mean
don't you think

erik
ya, well, when everybody's doing it

srečko
ya, but still

erik
well, i think it's okay

srečko
i don't know if i'd still come
and winter's coming anyways

erik
but here it doesn't feel so cold
here it's quite alright

srečko
so what if it is

erik
you know what, srečko, you always say so and then you change your mind

srečko
but now i think it's time for us to stop
i think this is more for kids
now it's time for something more ..
i don't know
something more ...
you know, more adult, right

erik
aha
uh-oh
what do you have in mind

srečko
well, you know, right, time for a broad, right

erik
aha
uh-oh

*and then neither says no more
only bora is blowing*

erik
but broads are so ...
broads are so ...
they're so dull, right

srečko
yes, that is true
but you know what, I think it must be time to do one
don't you think

erik
well I don't know
i mean
well
yes, yes
of course it's time to do one

srečko
which one would you do?

erik
i'd ...
i don't know
which one would you do?

srečko
i'd do sonja
sonja has the biggest tits

erik

ya
that is true
but isn't she dating that one from high school?

srečko

ya
but he's a proper jerk that one

erik

yes, i know him, he's in the same class as my brother, a real jerk, indeed

srečko

well, as i said, i don't feel like coming here anymore

they're smoking
they're silent
and the bora goes whoosh, wham, and such

erik

hey, i've got some money left
will you take it?

srečko

well, what will i do with it

erik

buy yourself smokes or something
what will i do with it, i can get more from nana

srečko

how much is it

erik

five dinars and some para

srečko

oh, well, it's no big deal
give it then

they're smoking

srečko

let's go now

erik

ya, let's go, i have to go to nana's for lunch

srečko

ya, me too

erik
hey, srečko, were you serious about not coming here anymore

srečko
no, no, i was just kidding
you take everything so seriously

erik
uh-oh
i though you were serious

srečko
you're a proper jerk

they step out from the shelter and head home

wham

close to each other so they fend the gusts of bora more easily

wham

close to each other, also because it's warmer that way

wham

*but if erik is not our main character
and if boris is not our main character
and our main character is the seven-year old luka, then the next scene takes place in the supermarket
supermarket is a one-storey building near the bus station
luka is carrying a wire basket and in it, a pack of wonder bread and one milk in a white plastic bag
with pink letters on it that say milk
by the shelf with sweets, luka finds his classmate*

nada
hey, luka

luka
hey, nada, shall we go home together?

nada
no, i'm with nana and i think we'll be a while, our neighbour marija works here and then they have to
discuss all sorts and it goes on for hours
do you have everything ready for today?

luka
yes, mom already bought me a shirt and trousers, all i'm missing is a stick with a little flag
do you have it?

nada

yes, my dad brought it for me from the forest, a real pretty one
and i have everything else ready, too, all i need is to bathe
will you all go?

luka

yes

mom will go to work for another hour now, then they'll both come home and then we'll go
oh, you know what i saw just now
there, by the monument, was someone dead

nada

you saw a real dead person? dead how?

luka

I didn't see, I only saw the corpse, and even that from afar, there were so many people, but I think it
was a woman, I think it wasn't a man, I believe she got hit by a car and was lying there on the ground
and there were some 30 gallons of blood around her and then some three hundred people came and
then my dad came with the ambulance, but she was already dead
well, maybe it was a man, I barely saw

nada

oh, my, you saw someone dead and blood

luka

yes, imagine how horrible it was
everything red, blood everywhere

nada

like in war

luka

yes, just like that

nada

who was it?

luka

i don't know, i'm telling you, some old auntie, really old

nada

right there by the partisan?

luka

yes

voice of jožica, nada's nana

nada

nada

here

can we meet later in our hideout, you'll tell me everything??

luka
yes, let's even if it did start to get terribly windy

nada
so what

luka
mom will go to work at three
shall we meet at three?

voice of jožica, nada's nana
nada, come here, where are you

nada
coming, nana, where are you

voice of jožica, nada's nana
at the butcher's

nada
at three is great, ciao

luka
see you

*nada turns toward the butcher's, luka toward the cashier
they take one, two, three steps*

nada
luka

luka
what?

nada
come here

luka approaches nada

nada
look what I've found
bananko is on the ground

luka
oh, bananko
this is my favourite sweet

nada
and mine

luka and nada are staring at the bananko on the ground

voice of jožica, nada's nana
nada, did you get lost

luka
but mom never lets me buy anything when I go to the shop

nada
nana won't buy it for me, either, she already bought me eurocrem today

luka
i once bought myself a lollipop without asking her, and she threw it in the garbage as a punishment

nada
but if it's on the ground, we can take it, right?

luka
i don't now
it's still in the shop, and if it's in the shop you know whose it is
you can give it to the assistants
or back to the shelf

nada
yes, but it's on the ground

luka
yes, that's true
you can pick up what's on the ground and take it

nada
here, you take it, so nana doesn't ask me questions

luka
ok

nada
but bring it to the graveyard later, we'll eat it together
don't eat it by yourself

luka
of course i won't eat it by myself
what kind of comrade would that be
comrades have to share everything

nada
yes, just a few more hours and we'll become pioneers
i can't wait!

luka

me neither!
you know, mom took me the house of culture³ do you know how beautiful it is there
such a beautiful stage
well, on that stage we'll recite the pioneers' oath and then we'll sing we're all young
pioneers
mom explained everything
do you know everything by heart? the oath and the anthem?

voice of jožica, nada's nana
nada, ferchrissake, where are you
up to no good again
godforbid i come and fetch you

nada
yes, nana, i'm coming
of course i know them
i practiced every day

voice of jožica, nada's nana
the brats today, they're no good

voice of marjan, the butcher
yes, jožica, when we were children it was a whole different story
you got slapped immediately

nada
here, nana, i'm coming
i really have to go, if not she'll nag all the way home and i'll go crazy
see you at the graveyard
don't forget bananko

luka
i won't
but do you think it's really okay to take it

nada
yes, when it's on the ground

*if our main character is boris, then we're in the café again
cigarette smoke, the thought of a chainsaw, the thought of the stench*

³ House of culture used to be the hub of cultural, social and political activity in most villages and small towns. Often build in the 19th century and maintained by volunteer work, these community halls hosted cinema performances, concerts, theatre performances, community events, political meetings and so on. (translator's note)

zmago enters

zmago
well, look at you, one would hardly recognise you

*they shake hands
hug in a manly way (a pat on the right shoulder with the left hand, on this occasion maybe even two pats)*

zmago
when did you get here?

*as we've acquired this information in the previous scene; we learnt where boris came from, which transportation he took and when he arrived, we can skip this part of their dialogue
In case someone deems this part of the dramatic text absolutely necessary, they can write it themselves one way or another*

zmago
that was a long one, right?

*zmago's line refers to the length of boris's journey, but this is not certain, it can be understood as a commentary on the time boris has so far spent doing his military service, or maybe zmago is thinking about the night that's behind boris or on all these months when the twenty-one year old had no access to sexual intercourse
it is of course also possible that zmago is referring to all of the above when he says*

zmago
that was a long one, right?

*but it is also possible he's not referring to any of the above
maybe he's thinking about something else entirely
and of course it's also possible that zmago is thinking about nothing at all when he says*

zmago
that was a long one, right?

boris
oh, motherfucker

*when boris says oh, motherfucker, he feels good, he feels really really good
because zmago is older than him, because zmago has done his military service, because zmago knows very well what it's like
and now boris knows, too
and so boris can say oh, motherfucker with the same tone as zmago did two years ago when he returned from the army and they asked him in the café if that was a long one
so well does boris feel when he says oh, motherfucker, so well, that he has to repeat it*

boris
oh, motherfucker

and then the wave of feeling good simply disappears

boris
and then this accident

zmago
this at the monument

boris
yes, have you heard

zmago
yes

boris
i was just passing by when the guy kicked the bucket

zmago
must have been horrible

boris
yes
and then i was watching that corpse and it hit me
he was lying on the ground and blood all around him
i remembered spring and the mess down there with the albanians
i'm telling you, it just hit me

zmago
you were at the albanians?

boris
i was, yes

zmago
but it wasn't such a mess

boris
what do you mean, wasn't, do you know how many albanians died

zmago
they said nine

boris
i saw more with my own eyes

zmago

i didn't even know you were there

boris
nobody did

zmago
did you hit anyone

boris
no, i never even fired
but i'm telling you, when i saw that one there by the monument, it just ...
and then ...

zmago
what?

boris
nothing, I don't know
like I got a little dizzy or something
as if for a second ...
i think because of lack of sleep and this here
my head just spun

zmago
let's have a brandy

*and they get down to brandy, boris our main character and zmago
oh, motherfucker, how they get down to brandy*

*but if boris isn't our main character
and our main character is the seven-year old luka, then luka is now fending bora with difficulty
he's holding a worn-out white plastic bag, and a wallet is in it, a bag of milk and half a loaf of bread
the filled bag is banging at his knee*

flop

flop

and

flop flop

luka takes the bag into his arms and holds it against him and moves towards home

if he could swear as god intended then luka would now say something like

motherbleedingfuckingwindfuckyou bora

or

maydogfuckyourfatheryoufuckingwhore bora

or

bloodyfuckinggodthiscunt of bora

or

fuckitthisfaggotyfucked bora

but fortunately luka has not yet learnt to swear

luka
this bora really gets on my nerves

and continues walking, our main character luka, he's walking with the bora and against the bora and thinking about that red puddle and thinking about how the in puddle turned into a pond and thinking about how partisans died during the war and how he will very soon become a pioneer, how he will become a part of something big and important and he's proudly resisting the bora, just like many many years ago partisan couriers resisted the bora and bravely took messages to partisans, and he's thinking how he and nada will meet very soon at their secret place at the cemetery and will eat the bananko together
he touches the pocket in which the delicious bananko is safely tucked
and in that moment
in that moment
in that moment something falls from the roof of the building along which luka is walking
luka doesn't quite see what is falling, but notices that something big is falling against him, something big and heavy will hit his head any moment now
and then everything around luka spins, spins, spins
and maybe blink blink
luka is no longer luka, a seven-year old brat who has something big and heavy falling against his head and the bora isn't roaring
it's warm and bright, as if it were may, almost june
luka is a thirty-nine year old man covering the same path he was walking before
he passes lipa furniture factory, there on gregorčičeva street
except the building is now suddenly mute
deaf
except that building is now suddenly mute and deaf
he passes those windows, but there's nothing but dust behind them
a man, thirty-nine, is pushing a stroller in front of him and in it, a toddler is screaming
papa, i want a lollipop
or maybe

lollipopooooop
or simply
papa, papa, papa, without stopping
luka is a thirty-nine year old man who, on a beautiful sunny day is pushing a stroller with a tiny screamer, and beside him, a lanky creature is walking, one would say from looking at it, of fourteen years of age

lanky creature
look, papa, that's not true at all
i'm not, i'm not even close to being addicted to computer
i mean look, if i were addicted to computer then i'd sit for hours and stare at the monitor
okay?
i mean, sorry, but i really am not
and i think there's no reason for you not to lend me mastercard so i could load the i-phone app
honestly, you know, this app is way cool and all my classmates have it and it's wicked

luka
what?

lanky creature
well, you lending me your mastercard

luka
master what?

lanky creature
mastercard, what is with you now, what have we been talking about all this long way from lidl to here?

luka
what?
who are you?
where am i?

lanky creature
papa?
are you cool?

luka
papa?
what is this?

lanky creature
this is a stroller, papa

luka
what is this torn down building?

lanky creature
eee, this is a factory, eeee, what is it, lipa, it says so, a factory making what is it, eee, i don't know, of something, i don't know, something, lipa factory

luka
but why is it so ...
broken and ...
empty?

lanky creature
ya, because it went bust like a hundred years ago, you told me this, why are you asking now are you sure you're cool?

luka
and who are you?

lanky creature
ehm, i'm, ehm, your son, right
best i call nana

luka
and where's my mom?

lanky creature

wait, i'll call her

*lanky creature takes a slim shiny box out of his pocket and starts pressing it
the box emits high beeps
beep beep beep beep*

luka
what do you have there?

lanky creature
eeee
i-phone, hello
so we're good for the mastercard, i'll pay you back from my pocket money, do we have a deal?

beep beep beep beep

luka
mastercard?
lend you?
do i have this?

lanky creature
hello, of course you have it

luka
right
i'll lend it to you then
if i have it
if course i'll lend you, because you're my ... ehm ... son

*from the spot where the lanky creature is standing one can hear something like a yes, but before it ends, before that yes ends the lanky creature disappears, the stroller disappears and that slim shiny box emitting beep beep beep also disappears
and so the lanky creature is left without mastercard and that wicked cool app
for now*

*and right above luka's head there's again something big and heavy and luka jumps aside and that something big and heavy
falls onto the ground and breaks
but fortunately luka doesn't know how to swear yet*

*our main character erik is now standing in front of the shop window
srečko's already gone home, here on tito square they go their separate ways
and erik always stops in front of this window, today as well, despite the wind
above the entrance to the shop large letters spell glass
and two windows display all the pretty things
crystal vases, candle holders, coasters, bowls, glasses
glass
and erik likes these things so very much that he's standing there in bora and looking at the window*

*sometimes he steps in and strolls among the shelves
glass
how beautiful
how beautiful he finds it
all these fragile yet beautiful objects
but fuck it, erik can't tell anyone about this
can you imagine, dear spectator, can you just imagine that he told about this, for example, to srečko?
this would in fact be even worse than if he told him that occasionally he listens to abba at home, or
heart of glass, if you catch my drift
erik enters the shop the sign above which spells glass
the aunties at the shop know him already and are always terribly nice, the young one especially, she's
especially nice*

erik
good afternoon

jagoda, the young shop assistant
good afternoon
did you come in for a little shelter?

erik
yes, yes, it started to be so terribly windy

jagoda, the young shop assistant
terrible, yes
and it's only just stopped

erik
i'll have a look around

jagoda, the young shop assistant
of course, of course, you take your time
and you know what, i have something for you today

erik
for me?

jagoda, the young shop assistant
just for you, yes
you've not come in for a couple of days, i've been waiting for you to come

erik
what is it?

jagoda, the young shop assistant
you know, when salesmen come they sometimes bring us raw pieces of glass
so i kept one for you
i thought you might like it

*jagoda, the young shop assistant takes something from under the counter
and then erik sees, in her hand, the most wonderful thing he's ever seen in his life
jagoda, the young shop assistant is holding in her hand a white-green piece of glass, but it looks just
as if it were a jewel or something pretty like this*

erik
oh
ohhhh
this is truly pretty
oh, this is truly pretty

*and then erik takes that beautiful piece of glass from the comrade's palm, gingerly and slowly, so he
wouldn't drop it to the ground
holds it between his fingers and looks at it*

erik
you really saved this for me?

jagoda, the young shop assistant
just for you, you come see me most often

erik
but when you sell all those pretty things

jagoda, the young shop assistant
when you grow up maybe you'll sell such things
or maybe you'll make things out of glass
now that would be nice!

erik
yes, this would be awesomely nice indeed
thank you so much
i don't know how to thank you, this is the prettiest thing I've ever got as a gift
a hundred times thank you!

jagoda, the young shop assistant
you're welcome, erik
you are erik, aren't you

erik
yes, yes, erik
what is your name?

jagoda, the young shop assistant
i am jagoda

erik
what a pretty name
just perfect for this store

jagoda, the young shop assistant
do come again

erik
oh, i will, of course i will
goodbye
and thanks again!

jagoda, the young shop assistant
goodbye

erik with a piece of glass in his hand steps out of the shop

*if we decide that our main character is luka, then we're now at his house
preparations for the initiation of the ciciban⁴ among the pioneers are in an anxious swing
vesna, luka's mom, has just finished ironing, she spread the ironed clothes on the sofa
her head is wrapped in a towel, she's bathed and washed her hair so she'd be bedecked on this
important day as god intended*

vesna, luka's mom
put it in the kitchen, put milk in the fridge, bread into the bread basket and the bag to the pantry, to
the second shelf to the very left, and put the wallet into my bag, please

luka
is everything ready?

vesna, luka's mom
everything, even the stick, papa brought it just before, i already glued the flag onto it, here on the
floor beside the sofa,
look
and papa won't be able to come, he is still on duty, one of his co-workers got sick

luka
oh, no
and i've been so looking forward

vesna, luka's mom
don't be sad, it'll still be wonderful, you'll see

*luka grabs the stick onto which the paper flag is glued, red, white, blue with a red star in the middle
luka waves the flag*

luka
oh, how pretty it is

⁴ A Slovenian child before she or he became a pioneer.

you know what happened to me on the way?
something fell from the roof and almost fell on my head
i think it was a shingle
it was this close from killing me, honest
you know what a terrible fright i got

vesna, luka's mom
you don't say
this damn bora
but it's not the bora's fault, it's the people who don't do their job
shingles have to be checked and fixed regularly, as if we've had no accidents, or only one
come here, you

luka walks up to his mother, mom vesna hugs and kisses him

vesna, luka's mom
what's this in your pocket

luka
eh, nothing, bananko

vesna, luka's mom
where did you get it? i didn't let you buy it, did i?

luka
i got it on the floor

vesna, luka's mom
well, then toss it in the bin, i've explained a hundred times, you don't pick up food from the ground

luka
i got it on the floor of the supermarket

vesna, luka's mom
you got it on the floor where?

luka
there, at the supermarket, among the shelves

vesna, luka's mom
you stole it?

luka
no, i didn't steal it, it was on the floor

vesna, luka's mom
but you're not stupid, you know very well that if you take something from the shop without paying,
it's theft
whether you took it from the floor or from the shelf
you stole! it's theft!

you stole bananko!

luka
no, mom, i didn't

vesna, luka's mom
this is how it starts
first you steal bananko from the floor, then a bazooka joe from the shelf and finally you end up in jail
for robbing banks!
put your shoes back on

luka
why?

vesna, luka's mom
why?
so we can go back to the supermarket and it might be best to go to the police as well

luka
but i didn't ...

vesna, luka's mom
you didn't what, now you're gonna lie, too
do you think they'll accept you among tito's pioneers, a thief and a liar

luka
but i didn't steal, it was on the floor, of course i'll be accepted among the pioneers, i didn't steal

vesna, luka's mom
this is pure theft, and you know it very well!
do you want to become a pioneer today?

*luka is pretty much on the verge of tears
his voice is about to tremble, then his eyes will well up and then he'll start crying*

luka
of course i want to become a pioneer

vesna, luka's mom
you won't become a pioneer
what do you think would happen if pioneers behaved like this?
do you even know what being a pioneer means?
do you know what it means to be a partisan?
partisans fought for freedom, for a better tomorrow, so that you can eat bananko today
do you think partisans had bananko?

luka
but i want to be a pioneer
everybody will become a pioneer, the whole class, me as well

vesna, luka's mom

oh, no, only those can be pioneers who deserve it, those who steal, lie, fight and don't study, those aren't pioneers

vesna, luka's mom would add some more educational points, but luka burst into tears so forceful that mom runs out of points

*our main character boris is still drinking brandy in the café
maybe it's best to make boris our main character
least demanding stage design, no change of scenes
no difficulties regarding playing child characters
maybe it is best to make boris our main character*

*boris and zmago are drinking brandy
darko, božo and edo are playing cards and swearing
these three can swear as god intended*

zmago

so it was fucked up down in kosovo

boris

fucked up, yes

zmago

and how long were you there

boris

a fortnight

never mind that, i don't feel like discussing it
better tell me what's new

zmago

nothing, what would there be
work wants to break my back for a dime
same old, same old

boris

i can't wait to start working

zmago

yes, but you've always wanted to drive a truck and now you will
i've never wanted to work at the motherfucking lipa
you've arranged it all at primorje?

boris

yes, yes, as soon as i get out i start working
can't wait, really
what about štef?

zmago
nothing
he's fixing trucks at the barracks and doesn't give a fuck
do you think they're making them work like they make us
ah, yes,
he's getting married

boris
štef?

zmago
yes, next week

boris
oh, that was quick
did he knock someone up

zmago
yes

boris
who

zmago
khm
jagoda

boris
which jagoda

zmago
well how many jagodas do you know

boris
you mean jagoda, my jagoda?

zmago
yes

boris
you're fucking with me

zmago
no, really

boris
štef knocked up my jagoda?

zmago
wait, wait, she's not your jagoda, right
you're not together anymore

boris
yes, but i thought ...

zmago
you know what they say, to think means to know nothing

boris
wait a minute now, i mean, what is this?
why didn't you say anything?
why didn't anyone tell me?

zmago
look, you dumped her, it is what it is

boris
yes, but i wanted ...
this is why i came on leave
i wanted ...

zmago
whatever you wanted, forget it now
they're getting married next week
end of story

boris
but you're fucking with me
štef?
with štef?
bloody swine

zmago
oy, it is what it is

boris
oh no, it isn't, it isn't
no, no

zmago
and what will you do

boris
i will ...
i will ...
you know what i will, i'll get him and then i'll kill him

zmago
eh, calm down, it's not his fault, it's not her fault

it just so happened

boris
don't fuck with me
these things don't just happen
she doesn't even like him, she'll just marry him like this

zmago
well how would you know if she likes him

boris
i know, i know for sure
i'll kill him, i swear
i'll do it now
i'll go to the barracks and kill him

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
come on, boy, pull yourself together
there's been quite enough blood for today, don't you think

zmago
calm down, come on

boris
i'm going to the barracks and i'll kill the motherfucker, i'll kill him i swear the bloody swine

boris gets up from the table and goes towards the door

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
boris, sit down

*and it spins again
in the midst of the violent crying it spins and luka is no longer crying
bananko is nowhere to be found, nor is the sofa with the ironed sunday clothes
where the sofa was supposed to be there is a huge flat screen with a cartoon on it, in colour,
as if there were a cinema in the middle of the room
the lanky creature is once more next to luka, and the screamer is no longer a screamer, he's sitting on
the floor staring at that enormous cinema
while the lanky creature is still or again a lanky creature, who still or again says incomprehensible
things*

luka
not again

lanky creature
you truly are a character, pops
first you tell me you'll lend me the mastercard
because, like, i'm your son
and i quote – of course, i'll lend it to you, you are my ... ehm ... son – unquote
and now you're messing again

*and then, from the bathroom side, a scrawny and tiny nana appears
luka is looking at her
he's looking at the lanky creature and looking at this scrawny and tiny nana and the more he looks at
her the more familiar she seems*

luka
mom?
mom!
no, no, i have to go back
i can't be here

tiny and scrawny nana
yes, you will go, what's got into you now

lanky creature
papa is super weird today, first he told he'd lend me his mastercard, and then again that he won't,
it's not fair

tiny and scrawny nana
oh, luka, this is not right, that first you say something and then take it back
it's really not setting a good example for the children

luka
no, it really isn't

tiny and scrawny nana
you earn enough, what's it to you

lanky creature
it's not about the money, it's, like, because, because i'm like, constantly on computer and i-phone
and stuff

tiny and scrawny nana
yes, you are, actually
so maybe papa is right
but luka, you're going to afghanistan now, the child won't see you for six months, you might as well
spoil him a little

lanky creature
yes, and also, you know how much money you'll make killing those people over there

tiny and scrawny nana
but he will not be killing them, he's going on a peace mission, child, don't say things like

lanky creature
yes, yes, totally, he's going to make a lot of cash, what peace mission

luka
what peace mission?

lanky creature
well, see

tiny and scrawny nana
well, son, yes, yes, of course, you're going for the good salary, but you won't kill

lanky creature
well if he has to, he will, I googled and the kill each other, too
right, papa

luka
if I have to, I will

lanky creature
see

tiny and scrawny nana
oh, my, son, my son, my luka, you told me it wouldn't be dangerous

luka
I have to get away from here, I have to go back

lanky creature
where

luka
back

lanky creature
to lidl?
did we forget to buy something?

luka
no, back, back

lanky creature
papa, you're off again
nana, see how he's off

tiny and scrawny nana
how could he not be, it's understandable, he's leaving for half a year and won't see you and who
knows what can happen in the meantime

tiny and scrawny nana bursts into tears

lanky creature
but nothing will happen, nana, when he gets back he'll take us all on a vacation to egypt, that's what
he said, right, papa?

luka
that's what I said
but what is this now

*and we're this close to the thirty-nine-year old luka, a professional soldier bursting into tears
but fortunately this doesn't happen, because luckily everything spins again
spins back back back, just as luka wanted
and luka is once more in a room, there's a sofa in front of him with the ironed sunday clothes and
beside it there's a little flag and a mom, the real mom, not the scrawny and tiny nana
and luka starts crying even harder, he's shaking from all these horrible things, from that puddle of
blood and that shingle that came flying toward his head and those menacing windows with nothing
but dust behind them and that lanky creature with a shiny box that goes beep beep beep and that
scary scary tiny and scrawny nana
luka bursts towards his mother and convulsively hugs her*

luka
mom, mommy

vesna, luka's mom
well, luka, pull yourself together now, stop crying, we'll take care of this
i'm gonna go dry my hair, and you go to your room and write an apology to comrades shop
assistants, we'll take bananko back, we'll pay, and you'll apologize
i'll run to work and you'll come home and bathe, then we'll go to the ceremony
stop crying, come on, it will be alright

luka
what apology

vesna, luka's mom
write that you're sorry you stole bananko and you'll never steal again

luka
right

*and now to erik
if erik were our main character, he'd now be standing in front of the shop window, admiring the
white-green glass gem
bora'd be whistling around his ears and shred his nerves
but just one look at that white-green gem would make everything unimportant
and then everything would spin for erik, too*

*erik is all of a sudden a gentleman of forty-six, and he's standing in front of the empty shop window,
in front of dusty windows under a canvas roof under the warm bright sun
everything is just as it was a second ago, everything looks something like this, yes, but essentially
everything looks different
the white-green gem has disappeared from his palm
gone
the white-green gem is gone
and the sign glass above the shop is also gone*

*erik turns around and takes a step forward, looks to his left and there too, there is an empty dusty building instead of the café
and then he looks to his right and no longer is there a sign drugstore and the shop is no more
and then he takes a few more steps forward and there too the supermarket sign is gone and there are only deaf and dusty windows
people are passing him by and greeting him
they're all greeting him
as if they knew him
and then an old woman stops in front of him*

old woman
hi, honey, you're here
and punctual

*the old woman rises to the tips of her toes and kisses him
erik stiffens*

old woman
honey, what is it
you're staring so blankly
is everything okay?

*the old woman puts her palm on erik's brow
puts her palm on her brow*

old woman
no, you don't have fever
maybe i'm just imagining
did you have a good time at the castle?

erik
yes?

old woman
as always, these walks of yours and this castle, you really couldn't give that up, could you?
i think you'd sooner give me and the kids up than these walks of yours to the castle, right

erik
kids?

old woman
come on, i'm just kidding

*the old woman caresses erik's arm and smiles
erik is stil standing like he's petrified*

old woman
you want to go to the tower, too, right?
maybe they'll unlock it at some point

erik
unlock?

old woman
unlock, yes, they say maybe they'll unlock it
it's been locked for twenty, maybe thirty years
wouldn't it be nice to take the kids there?
man, what is with you, you truly are unusually absent
although, truth be told, what do they care about the tower, they don't care about anything anymore,
if i'm honest
you know, i'm particularly worried about minja, marko, i think, will be alright, but minja ...
well, i don't know
damn it, erik, what is wrong with you?
what is it again?

erik
comrade, i ...

old woman
oh, erik, damn it, not again
not again because of that little affair of mine?
you'll start with this again?
what's wrong with you?
i'm trying, can't you see i'm trying
and i've told you a hundred of times it meant nothing
bloody hell you'll keep making a face like this?
at least talk like an adult, don't walk around with a mug like this

erik
i ...
don't ...
i'm sorry ...
truly ...
but ...

old woman
this mug of yours, this mug of yours
the forever grumpy mug
i can't stand it anymore, this mug
do you understand?
i can no longer make an effort
i cannot make an effort with this permanently grumpy mug

*the old woman is hissing so passer-bys wouldn't hear
it seems like she's about to cry, but maybe it only seems like that
another old woman waves from afar
and the old woman waves back and smiles pleasantly as if she weren't about to cry*

old woman
let's go home, let's not make a scene here, we don't want any talking
and we're a little late for lunch, your old man is set up for another of his monodramas

*it spins
erik in the bora
in the middle of tito square
behind him glass and drugstore
to his left nanos general store and a supermarket a bit further
windows are full
and in his hand a white-green gem of glass
and bora
erik takes another step forward
and then a step backward
and then looks toward the castle
and goes back
goes back to the tower to see if it's locked
it's not locked
erik doesn't quite know what to do
left or right, forward or backward
he decides best would be to hurry to nana's*

*boris gets up from the table and leaves
zmago follows him*

waiter
hey, boys, who's gonna pay for this

zmago
put it on my tab

waiter
bloody hell, if i could ever see a nickel, that'd kill everyone, apparently

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, café guest
eh, stop complaining, you get everything at the end of the month, has anyone ever ended up owing you something?

waiter
hey, boys, the bag

*but boris and zmago no longer hear him, they've gone out already
doors slam*

waiter
so hot-blooded, these young ones

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, café guest
they'll grow out of it

boris and zmago in front of the café

zmago

and what will you do now

boris
i'm going to the barracks

zmago
come on, no crazy stuff

boris
you won't convince me, stay put and leave me alone
i'm going to the barracks

zmago
boris, you're drunk

boris
i'll kill him

*and now it spins again
and blink blink again
boris is a fifty-three year old who's just stepped out of the pharmacy
at the door, there's a seven-or-so- year old man cub*

seven-year-old man cub
well, finally
i thought you weren't coming back

boris
i'm going crazy, i've gone crazy

seven-year-old man cub
what is it, gramps, what is it
is it so expensive again?
don't worry, we have money now
you told me you'd take me for an ice-cream

boris
this can't be true
i've gone mad

seven-year-old man cub
what now?
you've said so, when i got the wallet on the ground
you said that now we'll have for groceries and also for an ice-cream

boris
what wallet?

seven-year-old man cub

what is it with you now?
are you playing dumb?
the wallet i got before, on the ground by that abandoned factory, when we were walking here

boris
yes, but ...
no, but, i no longer understand anything, anything

seven-year-old man cub
let's go for an ice-cream, i've already chosen which one i want

boris
okay

*boris follows the seven-year-old man cub, they only go a few steps further, there are tables and chairs on the terrace and beside, a bar with all sorts of ice-creams
boris stars at the ice-creams, he's never seen this many ice-creams, they're of all colors, there's umbrellas and cookies and all sorts of things on them*

boris
so many ice-creams!

seven-year-old man cub
well, of course, it is an ice-cream parlor
shall we sit down, i'll order an ice-cream cup, i've already chosen which one
pinocchio

boris
pinocchio, what is it

seven-year-old man cub
you'll see, it's so pretty, you know

boris
but is it good as well

seven-year-old man cub
yes, of course it's good if it's this pretty

boris
aha

they sit down as a table

boris
how old are you then?

seven-year-old man cub
i'll be seven in two months

boris

so you'll go to the first grade already
a grandson
motherfucker

seven-year-old man cub
but, gramps, what's with you
i'll finish first grade now
you really are going crazy

boris
aha, then you're very smart, that's nice

seven-year-old man cub
yes, after you
he he
do you think i could have two ice creams today, when we have money

boris
wait a minute, how old will i be this year

seven-year-old man cub
well
i don't know ...
plenty

boris
i need a cigarette

searching his pockets

boris
bloody hell, where do i have cigarettes
and why am i in black?

seven-year-old man cub
but gramps, you don't smoke
you've never smoked
and you're in black because you were at a funeral, right

boris
aha
of course

seven-year-old man cub
gramps, you've really gone a little crazy
must have been terribly expensive that medicine

boris
terribly expensive medicine
what year is this, you say

seven-year-old man cub
gramps, but you're truly not alright
did you buy all your medicines

boris
i was in the pharmacy, yes
i bought, yes
which year?

seven-year-old man cub
gramps
2013

boris
2013
fifty-three

seven-year-old man cub
yes, yes
fifty-three

boris
old as a sin

seven-year-old man cub
yes, yes
old as a sin

erik is at nana's

nana
oh, you're finally here
i was worried
did you go for a cream horn

erik
yes

nana
i saw, yes, that you were here before
you took money from the wallet

erik
yes

nana
but this is not right, you know
you have to learn to ask
god forbid papa knew
you know the what drama that would be

erik
well, yes, I'm sorry, but you weren't at home

nana
i went over to jožica for coffee
but she wasn't there, either, she'd gone to the supermarket

erik
i would have told you

nana
i know you would have, you're such a great boy
you're a lot nicer than your brother

erik
yes, edo is really annoying

nana
did you go for cream horns with srečko

erik
mhm

nana
you know, this srečko of yours, i don't know

erik
yes, i know you don't like him,
but i really don't know why
he's alright
he's not doing so great at school, but that doesn't make him bad

nana
well, he just seems a little sneaky

erik
he's not sneaky, he's perfectly alright

nana
okay if you say so

erik
look
shows her the gem

nana
oh, how pretty
where did you get this,
what is this

erik
i was in glass again
and the miss shop assistant gave it to me
she said it's raw glass

nana
oh, it's so pretty
but look how pretty
how nice of her
how really nice
which one was it

erik
the young one

nana
aha, I know
the one that has a funny name, what is it ...

erik
jagoda

nana
yes, yes, jagoda
what a stupid name⁵, who gave her that name
but i don't know her, who her folks are
i know the older one, the boss, i know her
they live further down here in gregorčičeva, her husband works in ambulance, they have one son,
quite small
she's terribly into politics, she goes to congresses and all that
she's a bit nuts, right, what does a woman have to do in politics
this is not a thing for women
but it is awfully nice of this young one of this jagoda, to give you this
where will you put it?

erik
i don't know yet

nana
well, better keep it so nobody sees it

erik
yes, i will

enters edo

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother

⁵ In southern Slavic tradition females are sometimes, but in Slovenia very rarely, named after fruit. Jagoda means strawberry.

hi, there
food ready yet?

nana
oh, edo, how you stink of tabacco
oh, phooey
have you been playing chess with those drunkards again
oh, phooey
you know very well they're no company for you

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
hey, what did you hide in your pocket

erik
nothing

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
come on, let's see

nana
don't be a pest, leave him alone

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
okay then
i don't care either way, must be some childish thing anyway
is the food ready yet?

nana
of course it is, but we'll wait for mama and papa, they'll be here in a minute

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
but i'm starving
i want to feed

nana
you'll manage for another half an hour

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
in half an hour i'll drop dead from starvation
ow
do you know there was an accident by the monument
somebody died

erik
ya, i saw it, i was there
do you know how much blood there was
gallons

nana
oh, my god, who was it that died

erik
don't know, some uncle, old, papa's age

nana
such a young person
what a tragedy
such a young person

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
i thought him old as sin

erik
ya, me to, old as sin

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
essentially, old enough to bury

erik
to bury, ya, high time

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
an antique, no damage done

erik
an antique like no other

nana
get lost, you two
get lost so i don't see you
saying nasty things like this and making fun of me
constantly at odds, but when it's time to make fun of me, you're best of friends
get lost so i don't see you, get out or wherever you want, lunch is in half an hour or so
out, scoot

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
shall we go check if the corpse is still by the monument

erik
yes, let's

*luka and vesna, luka's mom, are in the supermarket
they're standing in front of the shop assistant
luka is staring into the floor
vesna, luka's mom, and marija, the shop assistant, at the clock*

vesna, luka's mom
go on then

luka
mom ...

vesna, luka's mom
what did we say?
do you want to be a pioneer?

luka
yes

vesna, luka's mom
well then, gather your courage

luka
comrade shop assistant, i was here before

marija, shop assistant
yes, i remember, with your friend nada
i remember

vesna, luka's mom
so nada was here, too?
you never told me that

luka
yes, she was, we met, she was with her nana, but i alone took bananko

vesna, luka's mom
go on, then, courage

luka
comrade shop assistant, when i was here before i picked up bananko from the floor
i put it in my pocket and took it home
i thought i could when it was on the ground

vesna, luka's mom
luka!

luka
comrade shop assistant, i stole bananko

marija, shop assistant
well, well, it's not that bad
you brought it back, that's very nice

vesna, luka's mom
luka!

luka
comrade shop assistant, i apologize

marija, shop assistant
it's okay

vesna, luka's mom
it's not okay
we made a deal

*luka stares stubbornly into the floor
and is about to cry again
this close for tears to start pouring
comrade shop assistant notices it and takes pity on the child, as one does*

marija, shop assistant
well it's okay

vesna, luka's mom
it's not okay

*luka finally looks up
looks the shop assistant straight into the eyes, bravely like a little courier boy with mail for the
partisans, just like that*

luka
comrade shop assistant, i stole bananko, i apologize and i will never steal again
i wrote you an apology as well

luka pulls a crinkled piece of paper out of his pocket and gives it to the comrade shop assistant

marija, shop assistant
thank you, comrade
this is very nice of you

luka
can i become a pioneer now?

marija, shop assistant
of course
and what a pioneer you'll make!

vesna, luka's mom pays for bananko, they move towards the exit

vesna, luka's mom
that was nice
i'm right proud of you
you know, a man must take responsibility for his actions
but now, i think, you'll be a true pioneer

luka
mom, what if someone, for example, lies, but only to help someone, for example, is this right or
wrong

vesna, luka's mom
well, this is a topic for a long debate, we'll do that some other time, okay?

oh, blast, now I'll be late for work too
oh, luka, how you make me suffer, was this really necessary?
i don't know where your mind was
stealing from the shop, as if i hadn't told you hundred times what happens to the thieves
they start by stealing a needle and end up in a noose
but you did apologize beautifully i am right proud of you
run home now, get ready and i'll be back soon

*boris is standing at the entrance to the barracks
zmago has given up
he's standing next to him and waiting what will happen
maybe nothing
maybe a brawl
worst case scenario soldiers or police will intervene*

boris
hey, open the gate

soldier
who are you

boris
open the gate

soldier
what do you want?

boris
i need to see štef the mechanic

soldier
what for

boris
to kill him

soldier
štef the mechanic already left
you can return tomorrow
if you still wish to kill him

zmago laughs

boris
motherfucker

zmago
enough with this nonsense now

boris

motherfucker

zmago
let's go have another brandy

boris
blowing like a motherfucker

*and it is blowing
blowing like there's no tomorrow
whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham
erik and edo, the chess player in the café, erik's brother, are by the monument that says glory to those
fallen for freedom
the corpse is gone, the puddle of blood is still there*

erik
here, see, here, there's till blood

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
but did you see the accident or just this corpse

erik
just the corpse
here, see, was the head, and he was lying like this and i didn't see that well, but it seemed he was
missing half a face

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
hell, awful
but look, it's no big deal, people die every day

erik
you know the most awful thing, what I though really awful, well, i thought he looked just like srečko,
srečko was with me, standing next to me, while the dead one who was lying here with only half a
head looked just like srečko, just awfully old

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
pity he's no longer here

erik
i thought they'd take him by now, why would he be here so long

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
well, you know, there could be an investigation
show me what you hid in your pocket

erik
you swine, that's why you wanted out, right
well, i won't show you
fuck you

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother

let me see, come on

erik
no i will not
none of your business
none of your bloody business

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
why is it so hard to show
you showed it to nana, right
is it just for broads or what?
are you a broad?

erik
oh leave me alone

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
broad, broad, broad

erik
damn, you're so childish
none your business
leave me alone

*edo tries to put his hand into erik's pocket
erik pushes him away
edo tires even harder
they wrestle, but edo is stronger and takes glass out of erik's pocket
erik tries to take it back, but edo holds it way up high and erik cannot reach it*

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
oh, what do we have here

erik
give it back to me
give it back
you dirty bastard
give it back

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
what is this

erik
glass, raw
give it back

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
where did you get it

erik

in glass, the shop assistant gave it to me
and what do you care anyway, give it back
you bastard

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
oh, what a pretty little piece of glass we have here, almost a gem
how pretty, just right for little girls

erik
stop it
give it back

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
will you give it to your sweetheart srečko?
oh, what a pretty little gift for those in love
oh, how pretty

erik
give it back and stop it

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
oh, look look, he is crying,
crying
crying like a tender little girl
ha, ha, if papa could see you now
ha ha ha
little girl
ha ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
little girl wants glass to give her sweetheart
oh oh oh oh
can't wait for papa to come to show him little glass from our little girl

*erik is indeed crying
not loud, but his eyes are filled with of tears
and then, with all his might, he crashes into his brother
edo falls on the ground, and that white-green gem falls out of his hand*

erik
no!

*but the glass gem doesn't break, erik's fear is unfounded, it simply rolls a bit further
the boys are fighting
then someone at the bar staggers past*

someone at the bar
boys, boys, what is this now, what is this nonsense
you'll kill each other
stop it

erik
i'll kill you, bastard

someone at the bar
boys!
should i go fetch your dad from the butcher's?

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
no, no, we'll stop

erik
we'll stop

someone at the bar
well, there
that's right
now shake your hands, like men do

*erik in edo shake hands most unwillingly
just like men do
someone at the bar pats their shoulders and staggers on, extremely pleased
edo and erik rush to the glass at the same time, edo reaches it first*

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
here, it's mine!

erik
don't, come on,
no
why are you like this?
you won't really will you

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
what

erik
show it to papa

edo,
why not?
it is a pretty piece of glass
ha ha ha ha

erik
come on, edo, stop it, please, stop it, don't be like that

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
what will you give me

erik

i won't give you anything, just stop it

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
no, no, you'll have to pay

erik
what do you want

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
another three months of your pocket money

erik
but this is theft

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
ah come on
you get it from nana anyway

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother
ok, here, have it

edo, chess player from the café, erik's brother
here, glass, little girl
ha ha ha ha

*erik holds his white-green glass gem
he wants to cry
but he won't out of spite
out of spite
he'll show him, bastard, he'll show him
besides, this piece of glass, how boring, it's just like edo said, for broads
an he's no broad, he'll show him, bastard
a little girl scurries past them, it's nada hurrying to meet luka, who's not our main character now, but
nada is still hurrying to meet him at their secret place at the cemetery*

erik
hey, little one

nada doesn't turn, hurries on

erik
hey, you, little on

nada hurries on

erik
hey, what's your name, you, neighbor

nada
who, me

erik
yes, you

nada
i'm nada

erik
nada, do you want this

nada
what is this

erik
raw glass, it looks just as pretty as a gem

nada
and you would give it to me just like that?

erik
ya, just like that, if you want it, i don't need it
here

nada
oh thank you
thank you
how pretty it is
thank you

erik
bye

nada
bye
thank you
this is really pretty
just like a diamond
bye

*erik is now pleased
because he showed his brother
see, there you have it
he's thinking to himself
i showed you
no one will call me a broad
he's thinking
i am no broad*

erik
happy now?

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother

what do i care about these fucking things, as long as i got your pocket money

erik
so you can lose it at cards, no
you're so pathetic
playing cards with that drunkard božo

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother
i don't play cards
i play chess
and božo is no drunkard, if you want to know

erik
you're still pathetic
let's go back for lunch

*and off they go
and while they're walking, vrrr
the bora dies down
the leaves on trees turn green
sun starts burning
and the white prince parked in front of the public accountants' office disappears
and the puddle of dried blood disappears as well
and a shiny space ship drives by, it is a car, but doesn't look like one
and a gentleman of forty-six, in sunday garb and sunday tie is walking past the monument still
here still saying glory to the fallen
erik's alone, edo is not with him and the old woman is nowhere to be seen*

erik
like a mattatoio or something
i don't understand
and this suit, how pathetic
just like some high-class diarrhea
how pathetic

and then no other than the tiny and scrawny nana passes by

tiny and scrawny nana
your honor, judge!
good afternoon!

erik
mhm
good afternoon

tiny and scrawny nana
it's rare to meet you in the street
you must be far too busy, right

erik

busy, yes, busy

tiny and scrawny nana
your honor, judge, when i only think how you used to come to me to glass
i knew back then, this boy will become something
because you were interested in other things that football and such nonsense
it passed in a blink of the eye
i didn't even turn around and you became such an important man
when are you travelling

erik
travelling, what do you mean, where

tiny and scrawny nana
well, weren't you selected for that important european court where is it brussels, no, where is it ...

an old stocky uncle passes by

stocky uncle
in luxemburg

stocky uncle firmly shakes erik's hand

stocky uncle
good afternoon, your honor

tiny and scrawny nana
oh, it is you, božo
good afternoon
but you two are roughly the same age

stocky uncle
oh, no, i am a little older
more vintage of his brother edo
edo and i used to play chess, almost every day

erik
in the café

stocky uncle
oh, those were the days

tiny and scrawny nana
indeed, those were the days

stocky uncle
i've not seen you since ...
uf

tiny and scrawny nana
all we do is read about you, judge

stocky uncle
indeed we do

tiny and scrawny nana
well, božo, since we've met
you promised to come and fix my washing machine, last week, and i'm still waiting

stocky uncle
madam, i will come, but i'm up to my ears in work these days

tiny and scrawny nana
well, this is nice to hear
these days, that someone still has work
well, your honor, when are you leaving?

erik
i'm leaving soon
soon
to luxemburg

stocky uncle
yes, we only see you on tv
congratulations on this european court, that is quite something

tiny and scrawny nana
yes, true, we see you so rarely
but it is alright
we're so proud of you, your honor
we're all rooting for you
these days, corrupt people everywhere
but you make us proud

erik
now i'm embarrassed

tiny and scrawny nana
no need to be embarrassed
hold your head up high, you've things to be proud of
how's your brother, has he got married

erik
edo is ...
fine

stocky uncle
he hasn't married yet, eh, tempi passati

tiny and scrawny nana
and such a handsome boy
i do not understand

always such a handsome boy
well, it is what it has to be

stocky uncle
and the children

erik
the children are ...
they're not interested in anything anymore, to be honest
hm ...
i'm worried about minja in particular, marko, i think will be alright, but minja ...
well, i don't know ...

tiny and scrawny nana
don't worry judge, your honor
it's just that age
it passes, it all passes

stocky uncle
and sonja?

erik
sonja?

stocky uncle
your wife, isn't she sonja
weren't you two classmates? you've been together since primary, no?

erik
this is sonja from the class?

*stocky uncle is looking at erik as if he were a little nuts
while tiny and scrawny nana keeps smiling to the judge as if she noticed nothing*

erik
this is sonja with the biggest boobs?
where are her boobs?

tiny and scrawny nana
oh, judge, you're such a joker
no matter how important you are, you can still joke with us, common people

*tiny and scrawny nana is laughing
stocky uncle continues to look at erik as if he were insane
erik notices and realises he's done something wrong
he becomes serious and coughs
just like he thinks an important judge should
and then with earnest voice, most earnest he can muster, responds to the question from the stocky
uncle božo, who mere minutes ago was a drunkard*

erik
the wife is also fine
she claims i have a permanently grumpy mug

tiny and scrawny nana
you are a joker, judge, your honor

*and then the three laugh
and laugh
they laugh as if something very funny happened*

*our main character luka is at the cemetery
the bora died down a bit, a tad, a moment
nada is not there yet
luka is looking at the old tombstones, built into the wall
nobody goes there anymore
although those tombstones are the most beautiful
he's impatient, he still has to bathe, change, and then go to the solemn ceremony he's so eagerly
anticipating
and then nada finally comes, out of breath because of running*

nada
look, look what i've got

luka
oh, how pretty
this is raw glass, where did you get it
it's so beautiful

nada
how do you know?
i thought at first it was a diamond

luka
my mom sometimes brings things like that from work
once she brought a big one, it was big like a ball, but it was black and red
this one is even prettier
where did you get it

nada
that tool erik gave it to me, you know, that neighbor of ours
the one that goes to eight grade and is an awful big head
but I went past there by the monument it was him and his brother, whose head is even bigger, and
he called me,
this erik, right, and then he just gave me this
isn't it pretty?

luka
yes, it is

nada
i'll put it among my treasures

luka
if you like it so much, i'll bring you something some time

nada
will you really?

luka
yes, i will i'll ask my mom, okay?

nada
oh, you're a true comrade

luka
you'd fulfil my wish if i had one

nada
of course i would
do you have a wish?

luka
well, no, i don't i mean, nothing much

nada
yes, but you must wish something
everybody wants something
well, tell me what you want more than anything, for example
but really the most of everything

luka
i don't know

nada
do you know what i want most of everything

luka
no

nada
i most want that there'd be war, so i could be a courier

luka
oh, yes,
i want this too
to bring messages to partisans

nada
yes

to be a heroine

luka
what if you died?

nada
oh, il didn't think of that
well, so what, i'd die for homeland and for freedom
and then they'd make me a monument

luka
yes, i would like that, too
to die and be a hero

nada
like boško buha

luka
yes, just like him

nada
okay, let's eat bananko now

luka
i don't have it

nada
you ate it by yourself?

luka
i didn't eat it

nada
you forgot it

luka
no i didn't forget it

nada
you ate it

luka
no

nada
you're lying

luka
i'm not lying

my mom saw it and she called me a thief, said i wouldn't become a pioneer and so we went back to the supermarket and mom paid for it and i had to apologize to auntie shop assistant and even write an apology

nada
what kind of a lie is this now
what a liar you are, luka
you gobbled it yourself and now you're making up
you could easily be a writer
what nonsense
just so you could eat it by yourself

luka
no, nada, honest, i did not
you know how my mom screamed, i thought she'd go crazy or beat me up, but she didn't because luckily she was late for work

nada
you, luka, are a proper wimp
if you care so much about bananko, have it, you'll shit it tomorrow anyway

luka
but nada, why won't you believe me
mom said i won't be able to become a pioneer because i steal
i didn't tell her that you picked it up
i knew she'd call your mom and there'd be some drama

nada
you're such a boring liar

luka
don't be like this
i could have told about you, too, and then they'd say to you as well you won't become a pioneer

nada
you know what, i don't want you for a friend
you are no comrade
and you lie so much you're a true rascal
and rascals can't be pioneers
even if you do tell the pioneer oath, you'll be lying and you won't be a pioneer at all
you know what, if partisans were like you then ... then ...
then i don't know what would happen but it would be horrible something horribly bad
i'm leaving

luka
don't go, nada, i'm not lying, honest

nada
you are a, you know what, what do you call it, a traitor, just so you know

luka
fine, think that if you want too
i'm also going then

*and they're standing and looking at each other
and neither leaves*

nada
i'm not leaving
you're a liar, you go

luka
no, i'm not, and i'm not going either
i'm not a liar and a traitor not at all

*and then
and then it spins
blink blink
maybe
luka is a man of thirty-nine
standing in the cemetery
cemetery is different, big, and there's a huge paved space in front of it, and a building beside it
there's a huge crowd around him, all more or less in black
it's hot, and yet everyone is more or less decked in long sleeves, long pants or skirts
luka is also in black
he knows nobody
the lanky creature is nowhere to be seen, not stroller, nor the tiny, scrawny nana
everybody's silent just the priest is praying
the sun is scorching, and luka's brow is dripping with sweat, or maybe they are tears, maybe tears are
dripping but why would his tears be dripping
and then they move
and luka moves with them
and they pray
and luka doesn't know how to pray and he is silent
and then they stop at the old mortuary, luka knows it, it has been here before, when he was talking to
nada about bananko
and they pray again
it goes on for ever
this is not possible, thinks luka, why so long, before it passed much quicker, why now so long and
nowhere anyone he'd know
and as if nobody knows him
they are all awfully earnest, here and there someone is crying, but mostly they just stare into the
ground
and then they walk behind the coffin one more time, luka is walking, the sun is scorching, and luka's
brow is dripping with sweat, they walk and they pray
and then they stop at the open grave and pray again
there are so many people luka doesn't even see the grave, it just seems it has to be somewhere there,
that they stopped because of the grave, why would they stop otherwise
and then
blink blink*

nada
what is it?

luka
what?

nada
you're looking as if someone raised from the grave

luka
no, no, it's just, everything is so strange today
i walked past lipa before and suddenly it was empty and abandoned, as if there was no one there
and then ...
no, you'll say again i'm lying

nada
no, no, i won't say it
what happened next

luka
some stupid things, as if my head spun

nada
maybe it did

luka
no, i won't tell you anything

nada
do tell

luka
and now it spun again and as if i were here in the graveyard, but it is totally different, the graveyard,
everything new and big, like, exquisite, a new mortuary, and paved, so pretty, really pretty

nada
and graveyard, too, was empty and abandoned?

luka
no, not at all
graveyard was full, i found myself in the midst of a funeral
by that new mortuary they prayed
then they walked along the path and prayed again
then they came here, to the old one, and they prayed again
and then they went and prayed again
and by the grave they prayed some more

nada
so then they prayed non stop, how fun

luka

yes

nada

i don't know what could have spun you like this
maybe the bora, you know

luka

yes, it is possible

nada

or maybe you ate too little
my mom says to me i ate too little when i get strangely dizzy like this

luka

yes, all day i almost couldn't eat

nada

you see
you must be hungry
why else would you see people who just pray

luka

yes, you are right

nada

then you are really not a liar?

luka

i'm not, i'm telling you

nada

and you did write an apology

luka

yes

nada

and what did you write?

luka

i'm sorry that i stole bananko and i'll never steal again and signature

nada

and you went to the supermarket

luka

yes, with mom

nada

and you didn't betray me

luka
i didn't
but i don't know if that was right
because i lied, right
mom said that those who lie cannot be pioneers

nada
and she did say that if you pick up bananko you can't be a pioneer

luka
yes, but i think she exaggerated a little

nada
oh, i don't know, maybe she didn't
what if she didn't?

luka
but now it doesn't matter, she paid for the bananko
and i wrote an apology

nada
yes, but i stole bananko, not you
what if i can't become a pioneer

luka
no, no, i apologized and everything is fine

nada
but that's still not right, you know
and you lied because of me, too

luka
don't worry, look, it's quite alright
i apologized and my mom paid and it's alright
and i think it's better to lie a little than to betray a friend, no

nada
what if i should write an apology, too?

luka
no need, it will just complicate it more

nada
then you think i can still be a pioneer?

luka
of course,
but we must never steal again

nada
we won't, i won't

luka
i won't either

nada
i swear on ...
what should i swear on?

luka
on ...
on boško buha

nada
i swear on boško buha

luka
i swear on boško buha

zmago laughs

boris
motherfucker

zmago
well, well, enough with this nonsense

boris
motherfucker

zmago
let's go have another brandy

boris
blowing like a motherucker

*and it is blowing
blowing like there's no tomorrow
whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and wham
and
vrrr and blink blink and vrrr*

boris
what the fuck is this now
eh, at least i'm warm
and there's no bora

seven-year-old man cub
let's go faster, gramps

boris
where's the gate?

it should be here
where are we?

seven-year-old man cub
but gramps, you really are a bit crazy today
you'll have to see a doctor, you know
what gate, what is a gate

boris
gate, the entrance to the barracks

seven-year-old man cub
what's barracks

boris
eh, where soldiers live

seven-year-old man cub
i don't know
well, let's go, you promised me another ice cream when we're done

boris
what do we have to do

seven-year-old man cub
but gramps, what is with you today, you're making jokes with me non stop

boris
i'm asking you to see if you know

seven-year-old man cub
we're going to get the id

boris
to the barracks?

seven-year-old man cub
no, over there, to that big house
they make passports there and ids
we came here last time, too
and you said you'd ask as well if you had to register to work in italy

boris
aha
who's gonna work in italy

seven-year-old man cub
you, that's who

boris
oh, this is great

that i'll go work to italy

seven-year-old man cub
what now you're pleased?
you are a bit weird, really
you don't want to go

boris
i dont want to go to work in italy?
who wouldn't want to go to work in italy?

seven-year-old man cub
i don't know, i think so, too
you'll have a great job
you'll pick strawberries, you said
you know how many strawberries you'll be allowed to eat

boris
strawberries?

seven-year-old man cub
yes, for three months

boris
but why?

seven-year-old man cub
gramps!
you're taking me for a fool now
because you have no job, right

boris
aha
i'm only kidding you a little
let's go and get the id
and ask about ...
strawberries

*boris falls silent as if he were thinking about something
or waiting
waiting for the blink blink to happen and the bora to start blowing
(waiting for whoosh and wham)
but it doesn't blow
the sun continues to sear and the leaves on the trees keep being bright green*

boris
you, whatsyourname, how come i've got no job, am i retired already

seven-year-old man cub
gramps, you're not that old yet, no, you know why

*a stocky uncle hurries past
he's very pressed for time, it seems
when he sees boris with a seven-year-old man cub, he pokes his nose at them*

stocky uncle
hey, boris, do you have business here, too?

boris
hi, hello
yes, yes, we're going to get the id

stocky uncle
aha
i need a building permit
but i'd rather go carry tree trunks to lipa than coming here, i'm telling you
he, he
if it were still even possible
he, he

boris
he, he

*boris is observing the stocky uncle and he seems somewhat familiar, he thinks he knows him from
somewhere but he can't remember
he's really like to ask who he is and what he does and why he's talking to him
but it might be better to keep silent and smile, it will pass
it will pass quickly
it will pass, he'll just endure a little longer, and then vrrrr
pass*

stocky uncle
do you know who i've met there in the street
mister european judge
hell, he became aloof
as if i didn't play chess with his brother every day
so haughty
if only he had a reason to be, you know what they say about his brother

boris
božo!

stocky uncle
yes?

boris
nothing, i remembered something

stocky uncle
aha, yes, because of the child
don't you worry, i won't
well, the main thing

he became so haughty that it's funny
and there's rumors about him, too ...
well, nothing
eh, it has always been like this, it is and it will be
once they're on the gravy train ...
what about you?
do you still get some dole?

boris
hm
yes, yes, i do

stocky uncle
yes, but you won't for long, right

boris
no, no, just for a short while

stocky uncle
hell, they fucked you over
how they fucked you over
and no work anywhere

seven-year-old man cub
but gramps will now go work in italy

stocky uncle
did you get a job

boris
yes, yes, i did

seven-year-old man cub
gramps will be picking strawberries

stocky uncle
strawberries?
well, nice, nice
that's good, it's something, strawberries aren't that bad
nothing, i'm going in to that incompetent broad
and you, take heart by the italians
it's something at least, better something than nothing

the stocky uncle smiles and boris also smiles
stocky uncle hurries on
now, right now, thinks boris, i don't need this
strawberries, my god, thinks boris, strawberries
now, right now

seven-year-old man cub
we should go too, gramps, i want to go for ice cream

boris
well, let's go
organize, what needs to be
for these ...
strawberries

*erik, edo, nana, marija and marjan are sitting at the table and eating silently
spoons are hitting the plates (clink clink)
erik coughs
spoons are hitting the plates (clink clink)
edo snorts
spoons are hitting the plates (clink clink)
erik slurps the soup*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
erik, please

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son
when he has no manners

erik
you're the one to talk, you eat booger

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
boys, please

nana
please, don't start

erik
well, i didn't start

marjan, bucher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
quiet!

*spoons hitting the plates (clink clink)
and then
blink blink
and then
spoons hitting the plates (clink clink)
everything is as it was a moment before*

*except there's an old woman sitting in nana's place
and in marija's, an even older woman
and in edo's place a bald man
and in marjan's place a gray-haired old man
on erik's place, there's still erik, except this erik is now his honor judge
spoons hitting plates (clink clink)*

old woman

have you heard who's getting a divorce?

spoons hitting plates (clink clink)

blink blink

edo snorts

spoons hitting plates (clink clink)

blink blink

even older woman

i can't believe

these two really looked like, how to put it, a model couple

but that's today for you, such times, everybody's getting divorced

gray-haired old man

and some don't even marry

even older woman

marjan, please, don't start

grey-haired old man

what, did i say something that's not true

even older woman

marjan, not now, during lunch

spoons hitting plates (clink clink)

blink blink

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife

nana, how good this jota⁶ is

nana

why, thank you

erik

i can't anymore

nana

you haven't eaten anything, don't you like the jota

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband

what does he like, actually?

erik

no, i like it, but i really can't anymore

nana

⁶ Jota is a typical stew of western Slovenia, similar to minestrone. It's made of sourkraut or turnip. (translator's note)

then we have omlettes, too, you know
i made them especially for you

spoons hitting plates (clink clink)
blink blink

even older woman
marjan, please

bald man
oh, let him babble
yes, true, some of us don't even marry
so?
so what if we don't?
luckily you don't have to watch me every day,
so horribly unmarried
i can visit even more rarely if i am such a nuisance

even older woman
oh, edi, please, you know you're always welcome
don't listen to him
you could come more often

blink blink

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
if you don't finish jota, you won't have omlettes
in this house, nobody will make fun of food

erik
i'll eat it

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son
i'm done!

edo puts his spoon down next to the plate
marija gets up and picks up edo's plate
puts it in the sink
plop
and the spoon as well
clink
then places a plate of pancakes in front of edo

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son
thanks, mom

marija sits down and continues eating
spoons hitting plates (clink clink)
marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband finishes his jota and puts his spoon down by
the plate
says nothing

*marija gets up and picks up marjan's plate
puts it in the sink
plop
and the spoon as well
clink
then places a plate of pancakes in front of marjan
marjan says nothing, just nods his head
marija sits down
and then vrrr
and blink
and blink*

even older woman
i and papa would like you to come more often
you spend more time on planes than you do at home
sometimes you could sleep over
your room is just as it was

bald man
mom, you know i can't
you know how much work i've got

grey-haired old man
if you can call that work

*blink blink
nana gets up and gets herself some pancakes*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
nana, sit down, i'll get it

nana
eh, you eat in peace, i've got this

*erik scoops the last spoon of jota and swallows it with revulsion
marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife gets up and clears off her and his plate
into the sink
plop plop
clink clink
blink blink*

old woman
and what are you writing now, edo?

bald man
i'm working on a novel
the main character travels from present to future
i mean, not in a time machine, he finds himself in his aged body in situations in the future

old woman
oh, this sounds interesting

doesn't it, erik?

erik
very
interesting
and how does it end?
does he travel forever?

bald man
no, no
everything takes place in one day

erik
thank god

bald man
what do you mean by that

erik
i mean, i mean, you know what i mean
that it's not forever
can you imagine how awful it would be if this happened to someone
forever
that he'd all his life be travelling to his ... aged body?

bald man
i don't know, maybe it would be better
i'll think about it

even older woman
i have such smart sons
i'm so smart

*the gray-haired old man puts the spoon down beside his plate
the even older woman gets up and puts his plate into the sink
and the spoon as well*

plop

clink

*he serves him the main course, some meat, potatoes, probably, maybe a piece of vegetables
and salad, of course also salad*

blink blink

in silence, they're eating pancakes with jam

blink blink

even older woman
at least until now i've been seeing you, erik, and the grandchildren
and now i won't see you either
for six whole years

old woman
marija, we'll be coming home, come on

even older woman
now i'll be seeing both a couple of times a year
do you know what can happen in six years
edi, really, at least you could come more often now
you could come on holidays for a couple of days or something

blink blink

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
anyone wants another pancake?

erik
me

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son
and me

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
you, marjan?

marjan shakes his head
marija gets up and serves the boys
clears the empty plates off the table and puts them in the sink
spoons as well
plop plop plop
clink clink clink

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
here, coffee for the three of us

blink blink

even older woman
what are you saying, edi

bald man
mom, please

even older woman
you could bring your friend, some time

grey-haired old man
over my dead body

even older woman
only for a lunch, or simply for coffee, i meant

grey-haired old man
marija, shut up
and never mention him under this roof again

*grey-haired old man cuts a piece of meat and takes it to his mouth
then other finish with their soup
even older woman gets up and plop plop plop plop and klink klink klink klink
serves them the main course
and
blink blink
erik and edo gobble pancakes
marjan, nana and marija slurp coffee
marjan lights a cigarette
sssk
shsssssss
inhale
exhale
blink blink*

old woman
one day, you say

bald man
yes, so far i've been working on it being a single day

even older woman
and when do you think we'll be able to read it?

bald man
i'm afraid not so soon
i've only just started

even older woman
i can't wait!

*blink blink
pancakes
coffee
silence
and then*

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
this is good coffee
strong enough, just enough sugar

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son
oh, now i remembered a joke božo told me today
a montenegrin walks into a bar and says to the waitress – honey, give us a coffee – and then she
says, what kind, bitter or sweet – and then the montenegrin – strong like me and sweet like you –
and then she brings him coffee, the montenegrin slurps and says – hey, honey, trying to sell yourself
dear, are we

*and then there's silence
and then marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband starts booming with laughter*

and then everybody else starts laughing
and everybody else is laughing
and then vrrr

old woman
we'll have to hurry, funeral is at five
will you go too, edo

bald man
well, i don't know, i'd like to go home as soon as i can
it's not like we hang out
he was erik's friend

erik
my friend?

bald man
well, while you were hanging out, while you were classmates, in primary, i mean

even older woman
yes, but it would be appropriate that you go, too, edi
he visited us many times
you can then sleep at home and go to ljubljana in the morning

old woman
oh, i still can't believe

even older woman
indeed, what tragedy
i'd never have pegged him for something like that

old woman
indeed, always brimming with life
laughing whenever i met him

even older woman
but why, why would he take his own life, and so young

old woman
they say he did it, because he liked men and couldn't live with it in this environment

even older woman
yes, i heard that, too
from two sides, even
but it seems a bit far-fetched
srečko?

erik
srečko?

old woman

and why not srečko?

erik
srečko?

bald man
indeed, and why not srečko?

grey-haired old man
stop gossiping
particularly not such nonsense

vrrr

erik
can i go to srečko's this afternoon

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
this afternoon you'll help me chop wood for fire
both of you!

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son
i have to study

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
this afternoon we're preparing firewood
you'll study in the evening

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
i'm going to the graveyard, i'd take erik for half an hour to help me

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
ok, let him help you, then wood, immediately
get going as soon as possible

erik
but i must go to srečko's urgently
mhm
because of school
honest

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband
end of debate

*because the debate is over, so is the scene
and because we're not sure who our main character is, and it might not be erik, let's spend some time
with boris, maybe boris is our main character
boris is with his grandson in front of the building of the administration unit ajdovščina
i mean, we would be in front of the building of the administration unit ajdovščina if he weren't here
on stage, i mean, if this were happening somewhere outside of our safe and unreal world, if this were
happening outside our comfortable and actually fake world, then boris and his grandson would be*

exiting the building of the administration unit ajdovščina, which today outside our safe world would be barracks, and in the world of boris's aged body is the building of the administration unit ajdovščina

that means that boris in his aged body and his grandson are exiting the administration unit building

boris
do we're done it now, the id and these ...
strawberries

seven-year-old man cub
and now the ice cream!

boris
right

*and now it swishes
no, it doesn't spin, vrrrr and blink blink are not an option
it swishes differently
no, it's not the bora swishing, whoosh and wham are not an option either
it swishes differently
it swishes like when past meets present, but that past which only knew the murmur of the sea and birds' songs, the past which only knew sunsets and shooting stars, the one which only knew tender kisses and, okay, let's say, perfect sexual encounters
or top-notch fucks, as you prefer
it swishes like this
that past, the one that hasn't fully gone, i mean, it's gone, but hasn't closed the door, i mean it closed the door, but hasn't really slammed it
or there's a crack in the door, as you prefer
so, it swishes like it swishes when the past that has not yet slammed the door and most likely never will
meets present
when for example you're walking down the street in your aged body and another, equally aged body passes by and when after a long, really really long time you smile widely without having to try, you smile to that aged body from the past and that aged body from the past
smiles to you
and then something swishes
or it only seems it swished
and it swishes when boris's aged body with a seven-year old man cub by his side sees jagoda's aged body
boris sees jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age, and although she's wrinkled and hunched over some, and almost grey, boris knows immediately that it's jagoda in front of him the one who is to marry štef a week on saturday, because štef knocked her up
but now, when she's in front of him, almost grey, hunched over and wrinkled, now this is probably passed
jagoda must have married štef eons ago, gave birth and might have grandchildren of her own and takes them to ice cream
boris sees jagoda and smiles at her widely, without having to try
jagoda sees almost bald boris with a beer belly and smiles widely at him without having to try
and so that even the last idiot would get that there was a swish, we can use a light effect, but not the blink blink in this case we have to think of something else*

*maybe we can just add a color filter, definitely not red, maybe dim the light, or, for those more ambitious, create some smoke shshshshs
and some music would definitely fit, we can choose from the existing pop ballads, for example one for those who want this piece of art to break out from the local, or vandima for those who are maybe less interested in the borders, of course this also depends on, alas, alas, alas in this case, too, depends on the financial abilities, it would of course be best if it were a piece specific number if there has to be music, of course there has to be music, because it's good that the work of art is understood by the last idiot and by the last idiot i certainly don't mean you, dear spectator*

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
boris!
we've not seen each other for so long, and now twice in a day
this is your grandson?

boris
yes, this is my grandson, he'll finish first grade this year

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
what's his name?

boris
hmm, well, tell the aunt what your name is

seven-year-old man cub
simon

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
oh, what a pretty name
a pretty name for a handsome boy

boris
and smart

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
yes, of course
i'm jagoda

seven-year-old man cub
what a funny name
my gramps will now go pick strawberries to italy

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
you'll go as a season worker

boris
yes

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
yes, yes, i understand, what can you do when there's nothing else
but at this age ...
oh, boris, if only zmago went to pick strawberries

boris
zmago

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
i still can't believe
at his age ...
but he could
but it's not the end of the world
i didn't imagine it would be at his funeral we'd meet after all these years

boris
zmago has ...

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
and that he has done ...
i mean, you know what, many people lost work
you lost work and still you haven't ...
how could he ...

*and jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age begins to cry
boris doesn't know what to do or how to behave
he's trying to understand what he's just heard, doesn't know if he really heard what he heard and
can't understand
that zmago would ...
zmago?
no
not zmago
not possible*

boris
why did zmago commit suicide?

*boris says this and inhales, waiting for an avalanche of questions and maybe even insults, but he has
to ask, he has to know where he's at, even though he'd be completely off the mark and jagoda would
hate him for the rest of their lives
he isn't off the mark*

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age
eh, why
you know why, it's been so many years since they closed lipa down and where could he get a job at
his age
that's why
he was fed up
what else would there be?
do you think it was something else?

boris
no, no, i don't think there was something else
just ...

i just can't believe he's gone
what will i do without him?
what will we all do without him?

*jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age starts crying even harder
boris is looking at her and he feels he himself might start crying any moment any moment now
steps close to her*

boris
jagoda, don't, come on
calm down
jagoda

*but jagoda starts sobbing even harder
sobs even harder in front of the administration unit building in ajdovščina
of course, only if we presume that this is happening outside of our comfortable stage
boris hugs her
jagoda is crying in boris's arms
and here we can, why not, increase the effect with another light and sound effect
after all, these are ex boyfriend and girlfriend, boris and jagoda, who are more than thirty years later
embracing in front of the public administration building, so after all here it is almost an imperative to
have an additional stage effect to understand the impact of this*

*the wind in front of the house of culture is unbearable
luka and his mom are standing in front of the door
vesna, luka's mom is in sunday garb, luka is wearing blue trousers ironed on a crease, white socks,
brown shoes and white shirt that can't be seen, because he's wearing a blue cardigan and a brown
jacket over the shirt, the wind is unbearable and it's unbearably cold
luka is holding a stick in his hand, on which a paper flag is glued, red, white blue and you'll never
forget, go on, repeat, red, white, blue, a yugoslav flag true, you won't forget for sure, you'll also know
it when you're old and grey, go on, repeat red, white blue, yugoslav flag true and you know that
there's a red five point star in the middle, you know that*

vesna, luka's mom
you're so handsome
wait, i'll just fix your hair a little

*vesna, luka's mom licks her index and middle fingers and smooths luka's parting
luka evades her, because he finds this revolting
his mother does this regularly and it always repulses him
and then again
she licks her thumb and her middle finger and forces her dribbly fingers into his hair*

vesna, luka's mom
why are you evading, wait so i can fix your hair nicely

*and now luka is ready
just a little bit longer and he'll become a pioneer
luka looks around if he can maybe see nada somewhere
and he does
with her on and her flag she's hurrying towards him*

*nada is so beautiful, she has pretty white tights and brown shoes and a blue skirt and a blue jacket over it, and beneath the jacket a white blouse, a pretty blouse, with puffs
only luka cannot see the blouse
but he knows very well nevertheless that it's pretty
whoosh wham*

*vhoosh wham
boris and zmago enter the café
there's even more smoke now
božo and someone at the bar are not sitting at the table together, darko, paramedic, luka's dad,
guest in the café in standing next to them
darko is almost literally leglessly drunk
the waiter is cleaning the bar*

someone at the bar
oh, you're back
all living?

zmago
yes, yes, all living
what about you?

božo, chess player in the café
yes, only we nearly lost darko

everyone but darko laughs

zmago
what happened?

waiter
his wife came

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

somebody at the bar
yes, yes, we know

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

božo, chess player in the café
this has been his mantra ever since his woman left
she nearly beat him up
you missed a total drama

zmago
see, boris
we'd have better stayed here

boris
yes
chief, give us a brandy each, on my tab

waiter
i put your bag here behind the bar

boris
thanks

boris and zmago sit down

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

somebody at the bar
she told him he was a swine and a bastard and should be ashamed of himself and he's a drunkard
and she'd get a divorce and he should go into rehab, and all he did was – vesna, my sweet little vesna
we nearly shat ourselves
because he got drunk instead of going to this ceremony with his son

božo, chess player in the café
well, these ceremonies are idiotic, for sure
but what can you do, it's what we've got
but you know what, this broad of his, some nerve she has to come here

waiter
we keeled over laughing, too bad you weren't here
what about you, boris, did you get to štef?

boris
no
he finished work already

waiter
you didn't go to his house

boris
no, i sobered up some in the meantime
get me a drink

waiter
coming up, coming up

waiter serves

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

zmago
what shall we toast to

boris
you, let's toast to you

zmago
me?

boris
yes, because you're my friend

zmago
well, let's do it then, to me!

zmago and boris down brandy

zmago
come on, you'll see everything will turn out right

boris
you sure?

zmago
yes, yes
today we'll get slaughtered
later jagoda and štef will surely drop in for a drink
you'll say hello nicely and won't make a scene
will you?

boris
i won't

zmago
then we'll get a good night's sleep, tomorrow's a holiday, we can sleep till noon

boris
yes, of course, tomorrow's a holiday

zmago
maybe we manage to bring a broad home

boris
yes

zmago
well, see
and if we don't score today, maybe we will tomorrow, or after tomorrow
and then, you'll see, one, two, three, we'll be about to get married
you'll happily work at primorje
and i at this fucking lipa
but sooner or later i'll become a supervisor and it'll be just fine
and then we'll have children and on sundays we'll have picnics together

we'll build houses, i'll help you, you'll help me and štef will help us both
and we'll help štef
in the summer we'll go to the seaside
and on fridays and saturdays we'll still come here to play cards with the boys
but we'll no longer take broads home

boris
yes

zmago
you'll see, it'll all be fine
in a couple of years, this whole thing with jagoda will just seem funny
our children will play together and everything will be great
and then at some point we'll retire and then we'll go fishing together
or something such like
whatever pensioners do

boris
yes
it will be like this
chief, give us another one

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

*luka and nada are entering the house of culture, they're filled with expectations, and proud
and then
vrrr
and luka in his thirty-nine year old body, under the warm sun no longer holds a flag in his hand
although, if anyone asked him now, he'd be able to repeat red, white, blue
but nobody asks him
instead, luka has a problem, motherfucker he has a problem when he has to know by heart red, blue,
white, and the coat of arms is complicated, luka first remembers red, white, blue then switches the
two colors in his head and can only then say red, blue, white out loud and hopes he hasn't made a
mistake
so luka is not even thinking about it now and he, if possible prefers to avoid potentially dangerous
situations
luka has just found himself in his aged body and has no idea that this aged body has any kind of
problems with remembering the order red, blue, white
luka found himself in his aged body next to the lidl shop
and is looking where the building with the big red sign house of culture disappeared*

charming man
what, luka, what are you looking at

*charming man is standing beside him and at first luka doesn't know who this man should be, but by
now he's used to this leaps and he knows that he simply has to focus a little
and he focuses a little and then replies*

luka
eh, nothing, papa, i'm just looking where the house of culture has gone

charming man
did you remember something

luka
yes, when i was accepted among the pioneers

charming man
that was a long time ago, over thirty years
house of culture was pulled down some eight years ago
yes, nothing else to do with it, it was seriously dilapidated, dangerous
nothing to do with it and there was no money for renovation
so they built a supermarket and a parking lot, we need these more today

luka
aha

charming man
progress, right
well, let's go ask about that wallet, we'll go for a coffee later
where do you say you last saw it?

luka
i don't actually remember

charming man
here you still paid when you were in the shop with the little ones

luka
yes

charming man
and then?

luka
then i don't know

charming man
yes well, it nothing strange, when it's that kind of a day
let's hope you didn't lose it at the funeral

luka
of course, the funeral

charming man
what a loss

luka
why?

charming man

just so, she was a great girl, wasn't she

luka
who

charming man
nada, who
i don't know why she needed to finish herself off
they say she had depression or something, one of those illnesses
vesna says she's always been the more sensitive one
apparently she drank, too

luka
i was at nada's funeral
and all they did was pray, at nada's funeral
at nada's funeral

charming man
yes
for one so young to finish herself off
she lacked nothing
she had a husband and two healthy children, what did she lack
i think if a mother loves her children, she can't finish herself off
these illnesses today, this is all a load of bullshit, let me tell you
it's because people have too much time to think about nonsense
i'm telling you
you don't think about nonsense because you have no time, because you work nonstop, there
well, let's try to get your wallet
if not, you'll have a load of shit with papers and credit cards

luka
i'm hungry, i'm just hungry, nada was right, i just have to eat, i must eat something urgently, once i've
eaten something i'll be fine

erik and his mother marija are hurrying to the cemetery

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
come on, erik, hurry, let's hurry so you can help dad chop firewood

erik
i'm hurrying, are you blind

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
child, mind your tongue, godforbid papa heard you

erik
well, he's not here, is he, he's at home chopping firewood

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife
erik, what devil got into you
you're nothing but trouble, brats

erik
oh, nothing
let's hurry

*and they hurry
and erik doesn't know what's waiting for him at the graveyard, although he's a little scared that
what's waiting is that aged body in that crying crowd
and
vrrr
it is indeed waiting*

*luka is standing on the stage of the house of culture in ajdovščina, in a white shirt and blue pants,
with a red scarf tied around his neck and a blue cap on his head
he's standing next to nada among other seven-year-old man cubs and repeating*

luka
today, as i become a pioneer, i'm giving my pioneer word of honor:
that i will study and work hard, respect my parents and my teachers, that i will be a loyal and honest
friend who keeps a promise;
that i will follow the example of the best pioneers, that i'll respect the glorious deeds of the partisans
and the progressive people of the world who wish freedom and peace;
that i will love my country, self-managed socialist federative republic of yugoslavia, its brotherly
nations and peoples and that i will build new life, full of happiness and joy

*aged erik's body in a respectable suit and a respectable tie with a respectable wife on his arm walks
and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays
and he feels like crying so badly when he sees that coffin and that priest and that cross
but in his respectable body he apparently can't cry
walks and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays
then he stands and prays
and listens to all those words about srečko
apparently he'll always be laughing and will bring good cheer to the people
apparently everyone will seek his company, because he'll know how to make even the saddest laugh
apparently he'll garden and will have green thumbs
apparently he'll climb mountains
apparently he'll love nature and mountains will be his second home
and then erik again walks and prays
and wants to cry, wants to cry so badly, his throat, as they say, is tied, but he knows that any second,
any second now
there will be vrrrr and blink blink
and is waiting for vrrr and blink blink
and doesn't cry*

*the café is stuffy and stinks of drunk people
darko's strength gave out, he's sleeping by the table in the corner, grinding his teeth in his sleep
somebody at the bar and božo are debating politics
boris and zmago are laughing at a joke when jagoda enters*

zmago
hi, jagoda, what are you doing here

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
i finished work and dropped in for a coffee, štef told me to meet him here, hasn't he come?

boris
he hasn't been in yet

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
when did you come?
i almost didn't recognize you
like this, without the hair

boris
noon today

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
well, yes, you do both look like it

zmago
you know we had to toast a little
boris came, and it's such an important holiday tomorrow

boris
i hear good news
and when's the happy day?

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
well
you mean the wedding or the baby

boris
i mean the baby

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
end of may, 25 may

boris
oh, this is beautiful
due on the day of youth

zmago
we have to toast to this, too

boris
waiter, three more brandies

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
two, a juice for me

boris
two, a juice for her

zmago
sit down, come on, don't just stand there

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
but i don't know where štef is

boris
he'll come, you sit down

jagoda sits down
the waiter brings two brandies and a juice

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
and what are we toasting to

boris
the baby, of course

zmago
to the baby!

boris
may he be healthy

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex
yes, to his health

zmago
and that we build him a world even better than our parents built for us

the end