

Belgrade,  
November 2010

ALEKSANDAR NOVAKOVIĆ

PLEASE, DON'T ASK ME- I'M DEAD!  
( a play)

Vojvode Vlahovića 49 v  
(00381) 064 4335 727  
alnov75@yahoo.com  
11 000 Belgrade  
Republic of Serbia

*Dramatis personae:*

*Sarah*

*Lazar*

*Damyan*

*Johnny*

*LAZAR, JOHNNY, SARA and DAMYAN. Each of them stands on his/hers part of stage under the pale light*

LAZAR: Good evening. I am LAZAR, awakened petit bourjoise.

SARA:. Good evening. I am SARA, girlfriend of awakened petit bourjoise.

DAMYAN: Good evening.I am DAMYAN, friend of two petit bourjoise, writer and cynic. To cut long story short- awakened petit bourjoise.

JOHNNY: Evening there. I am Nikola AKA JOHNNY and if you look at me it means that you are alive. Good for you!

*Dark.DAMYAN standing in his corner. He lights a cigarette*

DAMYAN: Smoking. Nasty habit. *Nothing is easier than to quit smoking. I quit smoking thousand times.* Writing is worse than smoking- it won't quit you.It is said: *Don't judge words but person who speaks them.* So, few data about me: anonymous wirter, alcoholic, quotation addict. You guess that my cynicism has its roots in my disappointment in life and you are right. I have published dozen books no one has heard of and I didn't make a doodly squat from them. I am unemployed, in bad mood but not depressed. I haven't touched a female for a while and, altogether, I'm having a ball. And now, let's switch to the beginning of this story, when I introduced Sarah to Lazar.

*Change of lights.Night club atmosphere. Driving your girlfriend home, The Smiths, off. A table, three chairs, three drinks, one ashtray. LAZAR, SARA and DAMYAN sitting at the table.SARA is taking her cigarettes from her purse. LAZAR offers her lighter.*

LAZAR: Need a light?

SARA: It's OK, Ill find it somewhere.

LAZAR: It's no problem, really.

SARA: OK.

*Lazar lights her cigarette*

LAZAR: Hey, I know this song!

SARA(laughing): You said the same thing for the previous one.

LAZAR: Yeah, but this one has pretty weird words.

SARA: Like?

LAZAR: You are driving your best friends girlfriend home....

SARA: Your home? You don't beat around the bush, do you?

LAZAR: No, you are driving her to her home and you promised yourself to be nice. And you decide to tell her nothing while she keeps talking about bad relationship between her and your friend. And then, the car stops at her house, you shake hands and say goodbye to each other. And that's it.

SARA: And what if she asks you to come inside?

LAZAR: Nothing like that happened in this song.

SARA: Yeah, but it may happen in real life.

*DAMYAN grins and drinks up his drink to the bottom. DAMYAN stands up. LAZAR и SARA are talking to each other, not paying too much attention to him. Their voices are unrecognizable. They laugh. LAZAR moves his hand towards Sara's face. She kisses his palm. The lights fade out. DAMYAN is standing, surrounded with dark, in his corner, under the pale light*

DAMYAN: I knew that they were meant for each other and that my being there was pointless. Openhearted, feelingfull, witty. Good people. It is always easy with them. They can smell each other from a far, getting married, zyxing bulks of little baby-optimists and one day they will grow up and fall on shopping malls like locusts. They had sex that night, I can give you my affidavit on that.

*SARA and LAZAR appear on their places. DAMYAN sits on the floor and lights cigarette*

SARA: He walked me to bus station that night. I was trying to find him faults, to make same excuse not to see him again. I didn't make it up even though I wanted to. I had few bad relationships previously and they turned out to be disastrous. So, I did not want to have an affair, just to see what happens. To affirm once again that men are bastards. But he took me by surprise. He was good, not dumb- good, he was enough mature and enough childish for me. We talked at the station. Once upon a time I hated these long futile conversations but not anymore. He seemed totally OK and I decided to give him a chance. Why? No philosophical answer. He was not playing his role of alpha male and he was interesting. OK- handsome too.

LAZAR: Sometimes I think that I can't deal with women. In fact, I can't deal with anyone, as if I was not created to live in this world. I always thought that I was destroying myself. When you are kind people here treat you like a fool and try to use you. They can't figure out that you are intelligent human being and you are not kissing up to them. You are polite because there is certain unwritten code. SARA realized that. She was a bit cold, reserved but I figured out that she cared for me. I was always cautious, playing safe, but there, on the station, I wished that that damn bus would come or I will grab her and...

*LAZAR and SARA turn to each other and start kissing with great passion. DAMYAN steps on his cigarette and steps up. He shows towards them*

DAMYAN: Okidokie, maybe they did not go to bed that night but I am sure that, in their minds, they were shagging like rattlesnakes. No, that's not right. Fucking like dogs in the heat? Too street-wise. Had one coitus after another? Too clinical. Anyway, take a look.

*LAZAR and SARA are falling on the floor, starting to take their clothes off. Dark. Light turns on in JOHNNY's corner. JOHNNY is cleaning particles of his gun lying on the floor*

JOHNNY: You think that it didn't occur to me: pretty wifey, kids, house surrounded with flowers, English grass around it, stuff like that? Of course it didn't. Officially, it didn't. That's my job- when you get attached to someone you have to shoot her or him. Because she or him knows too fucking much. Off the record- I wanted to get married, three times, no less. All these girls were in long term relationships with me and they had something that made me come to them every now and then but, you know how it is- permanent liasons- permanent problems. And, if they let me get married and she didn't find out nothing, what then? I'm married to my job. Both of my jobs. Job and a hobby, actually. And I am good at it. Real mean machine. Wanna see?

*JOHNNY puts particles of gun together, loads gun and points it at the audience*

JOHNNY: I am hitman. My hobby is not so important.

*Dark. Light turns on over DAMYAN'S head. He is drinking whiskey from the bottle.*

DAMYAN: I know that LAZAR trusts me with his life. I would trust him with my life but, there is always one small but. You see, I hate these games of trust- catch me if I fall, you know the type. I don't want to depend on no one. You can call it kindness but, it is just narcissism of people who keep saying that they are better than you, so caring, so right, so humanistic. Between you and me- I think that LAZAR is one of them. Let's get back to him and Sara. They started living together, calling each other with silly nicknames. Their flat

became the shrine of childlike minds: cushions, drapes, comfy lights on the wall. Once I needed to take a piss and there it was- fucking toilet seat made of blue transparent plastics with smiling dolphins on it, circling the seaweed. Within this blue plastic shit were shells, real shells, immortalized in work of some deemented plastic craftsman. Plastics, like human stupidity, can never desolve. I got so mad about it that I forgot to urinate. I ran off within a shake of a lambs tale. And then came Lazar's birthday...

*DAMYAN drinks. Change of lights. Loud indie music, strong lights.*

*LAZAR approaches to DAMYAN. He pats his shoulder. Notice: they speak louder because of the noise so dialogue seems like kind of parody of normal conversation*

DAMYAN: What do ya want?

LAZAR: Ah, we are bit edgy, aren't we?

DAMYAN: Nah. I gottta sedative. Do you wanna a bit of sedative, huh?

LAZAR: Nope.

DAMYAN: What's with ya? You seem kinda down.

LAZAR: Thirtieth birthday.

DAMYAN: Been there, done that. I have survived years of Christ and I don't give a shit. And when I turn fifty I will sing:

„I am 50 year old man and i like it....

*They hug each other and turn towards the audience*

DAMYAN AND LAZAR:

*"I am 50 year oild man  
What you gonna do about it?"*

LAZAR: I feel sick.

DAMYAN: Don't puke, please.

LAZAR: I am not drunk.

DAMYAN: Food poisoning?(singing):

*„ I'm not Romeo, you are not Julia,  
I ate something nasty, I cant fool ya!"*

LAZAR: Stop making jokes. This is serious. I am sick of it all.

DAMYAN: Join the club. Cynics of the world, unite!

LAZAR: You don't get it. I wanna change something.

DAMYAN: Are you sick of Sara?

LAZAR: Nah. How can you say something like that?

*DAMYAN shrugs his shoulders and drinks*

LAZAR: Has it ever occurred to you that man can be unsatisfied with anything else but his woman and career?

DAMYAN: I'm not quite following you.

LAZAR: We are destroying ourselves, can you see it?

DAMYAN: With what, *zum beispiel*?

LAZAR: Say greed, wars for resources, businesses ran by world corporations?

DAMYAN: Not really. Why do you talk about this- you have nice job in, Big Evil Corporation, I might add, plus nice girlfriend, your flat. As I see from here you are healthy too, your family is OK, her family is OK too. What do you have to rebel against? In fact, I have much more things to rebel against than you.

LAZAR: So why won't you?

DAMYAN: And do what? Start the revolution?

LAZAR: I am just saying that someone has to show them. Capiche?

DAMYAN: Are you out of your mind? They have degraded us, writers, on the level of court jesters fighting for crumbs from tables of C-rated corporations. C'mon, if they collapse, what will we eat?

LAZAR: You didn't earn nothing with you writing.

DAMYAN: Thanks for reminding me of the harsh truth. But, in capitalism I can still make some money and in your Utopia I couldn't. Why? Because there is no tension between classes hence no



dramatic conflicts which are, everybody knows, creating inspiration for great works of literature. I rest my case!

LAZAR: And how will you make money?

DAMYAN: That's not important. I need to pick some new, interesting subjects, politically correct items, hook up with right publisher and that's it

LAZAR: You mean, sell out?

DAMYAN: Yep. Like you. Like Sara. Like anyone.

LAZAR: How did she sell out?

DAMYAN: Sorry. She didn't but she will. This way or another.

LAZAR: How come?

DAMYAN: How come? Haven't you noticed that Sara is a real cutie. Some people would give their jobs for her.

*LAZAR hits him hard. DAMYAN falls on his ass. He is laughing and drinking*

DAMYAN: You hit like a bitch, mothafucka!

LAZAR: C'mon, get up!

DAMYAN: Chill out, ok? I learned my lesson. Sorry if I maybe offended you with something.

LAZAR: Maybe? Something? Get up cunt and I will finish you up!

DAMYAN: Make me.

*LAZAR kicks his butt*

DAMYAN: Ouch!

*LAZAR bends down to pick him up. He grabs his suit and pulls him up.*

DAMYAN: Let me go. It ain't funny anymore.

LAZAR: Stand up and fight!

DAMYAN: OK.

*DAMYAN stands up and punches him in the face. Lazar falls down.*

DAMYAN: Is it enough?

*SARA arrives. LAZAR is trying to get up*

SARA:What happened?

*DAMYAN drinks up*

DAMYAN: Take your time with the right answer.If you give the correct answer you will win ten points and trip to Hawaii for two.

*SARA charges at him.DAMYAN is defending from her attacks, laughing*

DAMYAN: Let me be. He started it.

SARA: What did you tell him? What?

DAMYAN: Nothing.

*He pushes her back*

DAMYAN: Off I go. Happy birthday, boyo!

*DAMYAN leaves. SARA approaches to LAZAR and helps him to get up*

SARA: What did he say to you?

LAZAR: he said that everyone is for sale. Even you.

SARA: So what? You didn't have to fight with him.

LAZAR: He offended you.

SARA: Damyan is self - loathing bastard and you are fool for fighting with him.

LAZAR: Oh,thanks.

SARA: But I love this fool.

LAZAR: And I love this fool.

*They kiss. Dark. Lights above Sara's corner*

SARA: When we started dating we promised each other that we will be true in everything. Lazar knew about my previous relationships and I knew about his. I was as honest as I could be. I was as honest as wise.

*SARA is, in her pantomime, taking books from the shelves, reading them, turning pages, bringing them back. Damyan approaches from her back. He moves by her side and looks at her profile. She shakes a bit, suddenly*

DAMYAN: Why are you shaking?

SARA: Don't stalk me like this, please.

DAMYAN: Stalking you? We came to this bookstore together.

SARA: Yes, we did.

DAMYAN: We are just friends, visiting bookstores. No reason for worry.

SARA: Now you sound like I really have a reason to worry.

DAMYAN: And how's that?

SARA: Like sociopath from B-rated thriller.

DAMYAN: Starring Eric Roberts.

SARA: Stop dilly-dallying. Something is wrong.

DAMYAN: No, everything is a-ok. I am happy? Which version do you prefer: *shiny happy people holding hands or everything is coming up roses?*

SARA: What did I do to make you so grumpy?

DAMYAN: You? Nothing. Yet.

SARA: Ok. Off I go.

*DAMYAN grabs her hand*

DAMYAN: Wait, I didn't mean so.

SARA: And what did you mean?

DAMYAN: I was thinking. While watching you taking books from those shelves. I was thinking. While sucking up your subtle moves. I was thinking. While I was ray of light on your body. I was thinking and I think, although you wanna run away.

SARA: Thinking of what?

DAMYAN: Thinking that, you and I should be together.

SARA: You want to?

DAMYAN: Not really.

SARA: No?

DAMYAN: Yes, I do. It is not important whether I want it or not. It is meant to be. Don't start talking about your perception of me as older brother, non-sexual being or sister with penis. We love same things, listen same music, we understand each other without speaking, we are already one. We just need to signify it.

SARA: Signify? Are you asking for sex in the middle of bookstore?

DAMYAN: No. It is meant to be.

SARA: It must? Now? Just because I was holding books?

DAMYAN: Not good enough for ya, huh? *You tell me again you prefer handsome men but for me you can make an exception.*

SARA: No quotations. Tell it with your own words.

DAMYAN: I wanna be with you because this is you and this is me and time is not important- just why.

SARA: Why?

DAMYAN: Because I love you.

SARA: I love you too but not that way.

DAMYAN: And that is all that's left to say?

SARA: When we met each other, studying, there could be something but you didn't notice it.

DAMYAN: What?

SARA: Didn't notice me looking at you while talking.

DAMYAN: I thought that you considered me as your friend.

SARA: Did you think the same when I kissed you at Katya's party?

DAMYAN: I was drunk. I don't remember.

SARA: You weren't drunk that much.

DAMYAN: Oh, yeah, I was.

*Pause*

SARA: And then you left your faculty and your friends. Not a word from you for a year.

DAMYAN: Well I went to other University...

SARA: And third, and fourth, and fifth University... You thought that I will wait for your call. You didn't. You knew that I kissed you , you liar!

DAMYAN: Shhh, they will throw us out. OK, I knew it, but I was afraid of commitment. I have seen myself in nice romantic relationship, then long, stable relationship, then as a groom and then I got sick.

SARA: Sick of possibility that I may become your wife that you love?

DAMYAN: I was just a kid with no experience with women...

SARA: When you called me next time you were so experienced that story about experience came to me six months before you.

DAMYAN: I have changed.

SARA: So did I. Damyan, don't try to fix things that can't be mended.

DAMYAN: Not fixing. Starting. This is our new beginning.

SARA: Aren't you happy for us being only friends?

DAMYAN: No.

SARA: Pity. It will be such a waste to lose a friend like you.

*She kisses DAMYAN and leaves. DAMYAN turns towards the audience*

DAMYAN: And so I remained her friend and started hating her. I wanted to poison her. Me, named after saint and medicine men. It was

rafinéd, hidden hatred, small masterpiece of filthy passion. Needless to say I wanted her, probably more than before. She felt it because, suddenly, she said, two years ago, we could meet each others friends. That was supposed to be my proof of friendship and clinical death of my machismo. She was more laid back about me dating her girlfriends. She was clever. She picked only those who had one thing in common with me- the air that we breathe. The air that I am going to start poluting mercilessly.

*DAMYAN lights his cigarette*

DAMYAN: And then, on the Facebook, my one and only fan contacted me. You are right- LAZAR. He read couple of my books and considered me best writer in Serbia. First I thought he was queer, later I thought he was demented and then, I met him out of sick curtiosity and found out that he is lovely human being. I thought, well, who knows- maybe I wrote these books not for fame and glory or luscious girls but for the biggest fee ever- the best friend, almost a brother.

*DAMYAN steps on cigarette but*

DAMYAN: Touching. Almost. I decided to make LAZAR weapon of my revenge- she will step on him, fiery she is and turn to me. Ingenious plan, huh? I was a bloody fool!

*Dark. Light on LAZAR's side of scene*

LAZAR: I spoke to no one but I think diffrently than 90% of people. I have more empathy. I hate injustice, exploitation, humiliation. I remember girl from work. Boyana. She got pregnant and chief fired her. Tomorrow she killed herself. Some they said she was desperate for that job, finding it after 154 interviews. Others claimed that the child she carried was chief's. She was nuts, said the third party. I

realized that she couldn't go mad just like this. I think, like most of us, she was programmed to be normal untill she collapses. And then, when they dumped 'er, like useless robot, on the gutter, she switched herself off. She was programmed like that, you know? Like all of us!

*Light.*

DAMYAN: If you ask me about the story that was before might fight with Lazar I tell you this: revolution- it is not words but brains and balls. I am,being animal, giving advantage to balls. Political beliefs? Anyone who is rich in country that's this poor deserves to die. I think I made myself clear.

Lights. Sounds of fast mountain river, off.*DAMYAN and LAZAR are „fishing“*

DAMYAN: You won't be hungry. Not as long as I am fishing.

LAZAR: Pardon?

DAMYAN: Haven't you yelled about being hungry?

LAZAR: No,actually.. No ,I didn't. Where is Sara?

DAMYAN: Over there, talking with that dope in mean machine about borrowing acumulator.

LAZAR: Why aren't you there?

DAMYAN: She owns the car.

LAZAR: But...

DAMYAN: It will last too long. Its better to catch some fish. Why are you not with her?

LAZAR: I asked first.

DAMYAN: Lazar, my friend, let's not fight again, OK?

*SARA arrives. She is mad*

LAZAR: What happened?

SARA: What happened? He almost raped me, that's what happened!

DAMYAN: Where is he?

SARA: He left, what do you think?

*LAZAR hugs her. SARA pushes him*

SARA: Where were you?

LAZAR: I thought you didn't need me there.

SARA: You thought wrong.

LAZAR: Did he hurt you?

SARA: No, he was just rude. He suggested to go to his cottidge. He pulled my hand and I pulled it back. Then he sat in his car and drove away.

DAMYAN: Do you remember his licence platees?

SARA: No use if I did. Small numbers.

DAMYAN: I get it. Bastard is a big shot.

LAZAR: I don't care if he's politician, diplomat or rich. Tell me.

SARA: Hun, no importance whatsoever.

LAZAR: Licence plates!

DAMYAN: What are you know? Supereman? Ubermensch?

LAZAR: I want numbers of those plates.

SARA: I don't know.

LAZAR: Yes you do! Licence plates!

*SARA bursts in tears. LAZAR holds her and kisses her*

LAZAR: Sorry, I don't wanna torchure you. You are in shock and I keep asking about his plates. Sorry.

SARA: It's all right. He never touched me. Just my hand.

LAZAR: He grabbed your hand.

SARA: You can't do nothing, understand?

LAZAR: No, I don't. I really don't.



*Dark. Light JOHNNY's part of scene. JOHNNY is playing with wrench like it is a gun*

JOHNNY: Say again? Little Sara? So sexy, standing by the road. I had to pull over for her. Babbling about accumulator. No way, I said, machine is machine, babes. Those two jerkoffs went away. Fishing, buzzing around. Maybe they were high. I told her not to waste time with those creeps and that we should go to my place. Or her, I don't mind. We'll be back in a few hours, to check whether they caught something. I don't hesitate in situations like that- I shoot straight between the eyes, taking no prisoners. And she rejected me. I wanted to be sure. Some girls love to tease. She pulled her hand, stupid bitch. No more wasting time with you. There are other turkeys along the highway, waiting to be slaughtered, bitch!

*Lights. Sound effects of night in mountains. Stary sky. Crickets, off.LAZAR and SARA sleeping, holding each other. Nearby is DAMYAN, snoring. LAZAR wakes up. Caresses Sara. He looks her. Kisses her. Wishing star flies by. LAZAR leans towards her ear*

LAZAR: I made a wish.

SARA: Mmm?

LAZAR:Wishing star just flew by and I made a wish.

SARA: Mmm, that's nice.

LAZAR: Do you wanna hear what I wished?

SARA: I do. Say it, love.

LAZAR: I wished you to be safe and nothing bad happens to you.

SARA: These are two wishes.

*Sara smiles, tired*

SARA: Nothing will happen. You know why? 'cause you are here.

*She pulls him to herself and kisses him*

DAMYAN: Easy on him! I am sleeping!

SARA: You are lying! You've been listening all the time.

DAMYAN: Sara, you are my best friends. Of course I listen to you.

*Dark. Lights on Damyan's part of stage*

DAMYAN: That trip to Sara's cottidge, great pilgrimage of reconciliation, turned into total fiasco. First- they never forgave me that birthday incident and mentioned it for 50 times in 3 days and, second- she kept staring at me while she was dragging her fingers through Lazar's hair. She was working on my jealousy, punishing me. OK, I thought, I have a secret weapon for you- girlfriend I hooked up with two days before Lazar's birthday. Taller and prettier than you, my dear. I will smuggle her into your home, casually, dropping in for cup of coffee.

*Dark. Light on Sara's side of stage*

SARA: I was surprised when he brought her to our flat. Not for her being pretty and kind person but for whole Damyan's show. He kept praising her- Tiyana this, Tiyana that. Give us a break, you know her only one week! She wasn't comfortable with that either and he made a fool of himself. Yes, I teased him on mountain. Only for him attacking Lazar. It was my little revenge. I never thought about leaving Lazar. I loved him, completely. I wanted to live with him, give him children. He wanted it too, without macho bullshit. He wanted me as much as I wanted him. I was happy then, I think.

*Dark. TV screen light, coming from audience, flickering on stage.*

*SARA is sitting behind Lazar and her legs are around him. She feeds him with ice cream from the box*

SPEAKER (off): Unidentified attacker threw tonight, 6.p.m, on the parking of Serbiangate holding co., a Molotov cocktail on the car of CEO Radmilo Goygich. Video made by security camera following.

*Glass breaking, explosion, car alarms, feet stomping, off*

SARA: Is that your boss's car?

LAZAR gets up.

LAZAR: What?!

SARA: Be careful, you'll get messy because of some madman.

LAZAR: OK.

SARA: Burning someone's car. That's just crazy.

LAZAR: My boss is even crazier than that person who burned his car.

SARA: You never complained about him.

LAZAR: You never asked me about him.

SARA: You could have told me. I would have listened.

LAZAR: When he mistreated and fired people no one cried about it. But now, when somebody burned his car, crocodile tears run in streams.

SARA: I agree but violence is not the solution.

LAZAR: I agree. But what is it then?

SARA: Dunno. Let's eat ice cream.

*They eat and kiss each other. Dark. LAZAR is standing in the middle of the stage, looking over audience's heads. Johnny is circling around him with his hands on back*

JOHNNY: Where were you in the time assault took place?

LAZAR: Home.

JOHNNY: Who can support your story?

LAZAR: My girlfriend.

JOHNNY: Girlfriend? Not much of a alibi.

LAZAR: Sorry.

JOHNNY: Sorry? You were in armed forces?

LAZAR: Never.

JOHNNY: Why?

LAZAR: I was at civil service. Consciencious objector.

JOHNNY: Nonsense. Weapon make time pass quickly. Ever had a piece?

LAZAR: No.

JOHNNY: Do you have a licence for fire weapons?

LAZAR: No.

JOHNNY: Do you own it?

LAZAR: I told you- no.

JOHNNY: I am asking questions here! Are you member of political party?

LAZAR: No.

JOHNNY: Have you ever been a member of extremist group?

LAZAR: No.

JOHNNY: Do you know what extremist group means?

LAZAR: They are extreme?

JOHNNY: Don't play a smartass. Ever been a skinhead?

LAZAR: Nah.

JOHNNY: Anarchist?

LAZAR: No.

JOHNNY: Your political views?

LAZAR: I am in a middle I suppose.

JOHNNY: Centre?

LAZAR: I guess so.

JOHNNY: Civil society?

LAZAR: Well, I am civilian.

JOHNNY: Ha, ha, very funny. Are you antiglobalist?

LAZAR: I am not sure what that term really means.

JOHNNY: I'll take this as a no. Are you satisfied with your job?

LAZAR: Yes.

JOHNNY: Well payed?

LAZAR: Solid.

JOHNNY: Could be more, a raise, huh?

LAZAR: Could be, always.

JOHNNY: You are truthfull. Do you fuck?

LAZAR: What?

JOHNNY: Possible motives. Attack on sports car which is, every man knows that, prolonged penis, represents attempt to suppress genital jeoppardy by the biggest cock in the company or boss. So, you fuck?

LAZAR: Yes.

JOHNNY: Happy with it?

LAZAR: None of your concern.

JOHNNY: Hearing of employees may take ten minutes each but may take much longer. Do you wanna stay here untill daybreak?

LAZAR: No.

JOHNNY: Answer my question then.

LAZAR: I am satisfied.

JOHNNY: Very?

LAZAR:Very.

JOHNNY:Do you have a girlfriend?

LAZAR: Yes.

JOHNNY: Her name?

LAZAR: Sara.

JOHNNY: Louder!

LAZAR: SARA!

JOHNNY: Do you often use those sex toys to get things going? Just kidding! No need to answer that! Don't make sour face! It was just routine conversation.

LAZAR: OK.

JOHNNY: It's not OK. I can see it by your face. Do you use drugs?

LAZAR:No.

JOHNNY:You had pot,right?

LAZAR: Few times.

JOHNNY: Last time?

LAZAR: Three years ago.

JOHNNY: Liar, liar, pants on fire.

LAZAR: Six months ago.

JOHNNY: Alchohole, diseases, homosexuality?

LAZAR: No, no and no.

JOHNNY: Family history of mental illness?

LAZAR: Impatience.

JOHNNY: Funny, boyo, funny! Mobile of your girlfriend?

LAZAR: I don't give such kind of informations.

JOHNNY: You can stay here for a long, long time.

LAZAR: Zero six four three three seven eight zero nine five.

JOHNNY: False one, right?

LAZAR: Right.

JOHNNY: No chance for real one?

LAZAR: No.

*Pause*

JOHNNY: Y' know what? I don't like you at all but I believe you. Only idiot would admitt that he occasaionally likes to get high and then give phone number of his lover's mobile to complete stranger. Man has to keep things that are precious to him. You are free, for now. Call the next one.

*LAZAR turns*

JOHNNY: Have you ever been to demonstrations?

LAZAR: Ten years ago. As a student.

JOHNNY: Disappointed?

LAZAR: Why should I be? We won.

JOHNNY: Really? Call the next one.

LAZAR: OK, I go.

JOHNNY: GO, THEN! What is holding you back?!

*Dark. Light on DAMYAN's side*

DAMYAN: I was hanging around Lazar's flat that night. I wanted to drop by, to surprise him. OK, I admitt it- I wanted to surprise Sara. I was hoping that she was alone. Lazar often told me that he has to stay late in office so I thought... I felt, I knew that, If I appear that hard wall between us named Lazar will fall. 'Cause, if I'm wrong why was she provoking me all that time? Just to punish me?

*Light on Sara's side*

SARA: I was punishing him, that's all. I wanted to humiliate him. I loved Lazar and Lazar alone. He was so fulfilling and I knew that Damyan, even if I allow him to have his ways with me, won't be like that. He was so cold.

*Lights off on Sara's side*

DAMYAN: I am not mean son of a bitch as they say. I know to be emotional and human. *Lover of the animals and men alike.* I hesitated to enter Lazar's building. Conscience was struggling within me. I felt her, upstairs, alone, taking a bath, scents in the air, her body is touched by thin velvet gown, her skin turns in velvet, she smells like 18 year old girl, her hair is wet at the end, her face is mild and lustfull and I am hesitating. Fuck! You are his friend, almost brother. Would you do it to your own brother? No. What the hell are you doing here? And then I heard something in a park nearby. I caught it, with the corner of my eye, something under pale street lamp light. I turned and there was...

*Lights on Lazar's side. He is standing with black terrorist mask on his face. Takes it off and wipes sweat from his face with it. His face is full of fear. He is looking around him*

DAMYAN: Didn't notice me. His head, sticking out of bushes like a terrified animal in forest on fire. I thought: Buddy, what's this masquerade for? Payments are so bad that you have to steal? Debt? Credits? WEC? Ain't him, just looks like him? Nah, that was him. Looking towards their window on third floor. Probably thinking what to say. I moved away, as quiet as I could. He didn't notice me, probably. Couldn't put my finger on it but at home, watching the TV- I put it all together. My buddy is a terrorist! Nice info and now what? Nothing. I'm not a snitch. Shall I warn him that he made the biggest mistake ever? No, that can only complicate things. The best thing is to keep my mouth shut. Shall I spy on him, write down his actions? Too risky. The best thing is to write something when everything passes. No names. Untill then-I'm lurking.

*Lights turn off over DAMYAN. SARA, in her velvet gown, approaches Lazar. She is combing her hair*

SARA: What's with you?

LAZAR: What's with me? Nothing.

SARA: Everything OK? You seem strange.

LAZAR: Im OK, just tired, that's all.

SARA: You smell like gasoline.

LAZAR: I was in public bus.

SARA: Bus?! You smell like you were bathing in this.

LAZAR: Maybe someone spilled the can of gasoline.

SARA: In bus full of people? Why would anyone do that?

LAZAR: Help me to take my clothes off. I'm tired.

*SARA takes off his jacket and shirt. LAZAR grabs her*



SARA: Easy! You said you were tired.

LAZAR: Too tired for taking clothes off.

SARA: Wait, don't.

LAZAR: Come on, let's do it now.

SARA: Take a bath first.

*LAZAR kisses and caresses Her. Her legs get weak*

SARA: What's with you?

LAZAR: Nothing. Come 'ere.

*LAZAR and SARA stumble to the floor. They make love. Dark. Light on JOHNNY's corner. JOHNNY is scrubbing blood stains from his shirt. He is tired, dirty and sweaty*

JOHNNY: The most suspected were cousins of that suicidal girl. Blood revenge is usual and banal motive, especially on Balkans. Her uncle's son was fishier than others. A thug with police file thick as „Britanica“. I used few non legal tricks of terrain psychology and results are obvious. Take a look at my short, for example. Interrogated bastard confessed everything. He wanted to avoid agony which is, if you are in my hands, inevitable. So, he paid for his lack of guts with more beating. What you're lookin' at? I did society a favour. You are safe from him for six months. Yet, my case was in dire straits. I had to wait for next attack. And I didn't wait long.

*Dark. Lights on Lazar and Sara. They caress each other after lovemaking.*

SARA: You were not like this before.

LAZAR: I was.

SARA: You've had fortitude but not like this. What happened?

LAZAR: I have a mistress.

*SARA pokes him with her elbow in his ribs*

SARA: I'm serious. What is it?

LAZAR: Wanna truth?

SARA: Nah, gimme lie.

SARA:I'm serious: what happened?

*Pause*

LAZAR: I drank in honky tonk bar. Guys from gas station were there so I smell like them.

SARA: You don't smell on alcohol.

LAZAR: I drank vodka.

SARA:You hate it.

LAZAR: Now I love it.

SARA: Since when you drink with working class?

LAZAR: First things first- they own the gas station so they are not working class and second- I'm a working class kid.

SARA: You act strange.

LAZAR: That's stress. I work a lot.

SARA: It's not just that.

LAZAR: I'm afraid to lose you.

SARA: What's with you? You will never lose me.

LAZAR: I know but I'm afraid sometimes.

SARA: Afraid of what?

LAZAR: We are getting old too fast and changing from better to worse.

SARA: That's your perspective. I don't feel like old at all.

LAZAR: We are turning into selfish sociopaths.

SARA: You worry too much. Turn on TV and I'll make us coffee.OK?

LAZAR: Sure.

SARA: I love you.

LAZAR: I love you.

*They kiss. Sara leaves, moving slowly, teasing. Lazar looks her. She turns to him, smiles, runs her fingers through her hair. Dark. Light in Damyan's corner. Damyan is writing down something*

DAMYAN: I was Buridanov's donkey- dying of hunger 'tween two hay stacks. Mhm- juicy story of individual terrorism or playing psycho-games with Sara and Lazar. Both things were immoral but goodness, kindness, truth never fascinated me. Discretion? Less than that. Most of writers I admired were evil fucks and represented ideal that I couldn't reach for. But, I tried and started writing.

*DARK. Light in Sara's corner. She is playing with her comb.*

SARA: Did I sense anything? Nothing. One that says female instinct is impeccable is an utter fool. If so, women wouldn't be hurt by men that much. Lazar acted strangely but not that much. He was a bit of eccentric before and he hated tycoons just as much as he needed their money, like the rest of us. Never occurred to me he is capable of something like this. Dangerous terrorist? Yeah, if you think of Spongebob Squarepants as dangerous terrorist. Damyan was my suspect. Why? He burned car of Lazar's boss to send Lazar to prison. Benefits? He could visit me anytime, being all alone.

*Sara drops her comb. Dark. Light in Lazar's corner. Lazar is folding his jacket. He smells it nervously*

LAZAR: I felt smell of gasoline in my nostrils, days after the action. It was haunting me, that smell. This jacket reeks of it too. I thought that they will smell it on me and snitch me. Every employee was a suspect. Damyan, my buddy, was most suspicious of all. He was

scannning me, watching every move I make, asking where I was and what I did. He called me more than usually, more open hearted than usually, didn't stop me in the middle of the sentence. In a word- he was a Damyan I did not know. Once, the biggest Narcisssus ever, he told me that his previous work is bollocks and this thing he's working on right now is the best thing ever. Is it a play, a novel I asked but he avoided the answer.He simply moved conversation to another subject. I didn't think much about his plans.I had worries of my own. Nerves began to crack.I knew that it will be harder next time then that one before but i just had to do it.

*Dark. Street. SARA holding her papers, moving forward. DAMYAN intercepts her*

SARA:What are you donig at my University?

DAMYAN: Trying to fill the blanks.

SARA: It cannot be mended. Go to Tiyana.

DAMYAN: I broke up.

SARA: That means something?

DAMYAN: Nope. That affair meant nothing to me.

SARA: Pitty.Actually, good for Tiyana getting away from you.

DAMYAN:Tiyana? You didn't know her properly.

SARA: She seemed Ok. Speaking of which: you and I are OK?

DAMYAN: Why not?

SARA: You seem strange lately.

DAMYAN: I could say that for both of you. Hiding something?

SARA: What?

DAMYAN: Are you pregnant?

SARA: No.

DAMYAN: Lazar is cheating on you?

SARA: No. Do you want him to?

DAMYAN: You know me.

SARA: Unfortunately.

DAMYAN: Come on, forgive to this crooked guy, always at your service!

SARA: Then take my papers to car.

*SARA puts papers in DAMYAN's hands*

SARA: Go.

DAMYAN: So, you've sworn to graduate at last.

SARA: I didn't give up after a year.

DAMYAN: Y' know what?

SARA: What?

*DAMYAN throws papers theatrically on the floor*

DAMYAN: I am not your servant. Bye!

*DAMYAN leaves. SARA laughs and then bend down and picks her papers*

SARA: I couldn't be aware of how much he knows. I thought his stalking was just jealousy plus reasearch for novel starring me and Lazar as defect couple. I didn't think much about it. Everything was back in normal and Lazar was his old self.

*Dark. Light over Lazar's corner*

LAZAR: I was searching for my target these days. And I found it-courtyard of „controversial businessman“ aka tycoon mobster.

*Dark. Lights over DAMYAN's corner*

DAMYAN: I wrote ten to fifteen hours these days. Not included bit of food and less of sleep.

*Dark. Lights over JOHNNY's corner*

JOHNNY: Those days I tortured a lot of innocent people. Both as a hobby and as a job. It didn't cheer me up. I got so damn depressed.

*Dark. SARA is lying and sleeping. LAZAR is staring at tv-screen flickering from audience*

SARA: Why don't you sleep?

LAZAR: I can't believe they are not talking about it.

SARA: 'bout what?

LAZAR: News.

*SARA huffs and gets up. She sits*

SARA: What news?

LAZAR: Dunno. News.

SARA: What are you talking about?

LAZAR: Should have done it but they didn't. Why?

SARA: You are blubbering again. Do you have a high fever?

*SARA pouts her hand on his forehead but he pushes it away childishly*

LAZAR: No, I don't.

SARA: What happened?

LAZAR: I think I get it.

SARA: It's 2:30 am and you speak in tongues.

LAZAR: They don't want these things to be heard of. They tease!

SARA: Who is teasing?!

LAZAR: Come out of shadow, strike hard. OK- I shall do so.

SARA: What?

LAZAR: You'll hear.

SARA: Hear what? You scare me. Didn't we promise to be honest with each other? Speak!

*Pause*

LAZAR: You mustn't tell no one.

SARA: What have you done?

*Pause*

LAZAR: Didn't want to dragg you in this.

SARA: So, now, when your back is against the wall you tell it?

LAZAR: Not like that. It was so odd.

SARA: Come on, confide in me.

LAZAR: remember when I got back reking on gasoline?

SARA: It was you? You can't hurt living thing.

LAZAR: Thats not living being but bastard making bucks on fear and stupidity of masses!

SARA: I don't believe you.

LAZAR: I have clothes and mask. Gasoline is in my basement.Wanna see?

SARA: Wanna see? Swashbuckling, no less!

LAZAR:No bragging. There is something else,too.

SARA: C'mon,shock me.

LAZAR:I threw two Molotovs in courtyard of Shibich's house.

SARA: Shibich? That animal? He is eating guys like you for snacks!

LAZAR: No fear, you are safe.

SARA: Me, safe? No one's safe with Shibich around!

LAZAR: Don't worry. No way they can link me with that.

*SARA gets up*

SARA: I don't know you anymore.

LAZAR: Don't be like that.

SARA: Why did you do it?

LAZAR: I am sick of those bastards getting away. And what's the fuss?  
I hurt no one!

SARA: And what if you do? You know who you are? Bloody terrorist!

LAZAR: Not me -them! They are the only true terrorists here!

*Pause*

SARA: Can't you see you'll kill yourself?

LAZAR: I won't.

SARA: You'll get killed if you do this next time.

LAZAR: Don't say things like that.

SARA: What more do you want being kind and all? You are not helping enough? Why are you doing to you and myself?

LAZAR: I didn't mean to hurt you.

SARA: Throwing bombs like some crazed kid. What's the point?

LAZAR: I was putting make up on consequence. Now I attack the cause.

SARA: Cause- your love towards liberty and truth. Consequence- you are killing me and yourself! C'mon, bring your gasoline, burn me!

*Pause*

LAZAR: I won't do it again.

SARA: You won't?

LAZAR: I won't.

SARA: You'll get rid of it tomorrow? All of it?

LAZAR: Yes.

SARA: For my love?

LAZAR: For your love.

*LAZAR holds and kisses her. SARA pushes him away and moves towards the centre of scene. LAZAR remains on the floor, hugging the air, sinking in the dark.*

SARA: I checked tomorrow. Everything was still in the basement.

Nothing was moved. What should I do? Just one thing- ask Damyan for



advice.

*Dark.Light. DAMYAN sitting and typing on his laptop. SARA approaches*

DAMYAN: What's now again?

SARA: Stalking me for two weeks and now asking what's now again?

DAMYAN: Ok, excuse me for my rudeness but you are interrupting me while being in inspirational mood.

SARA: I prefer: What's now again ?

DAMYAN: Never satisfied. At least sexually. Huh!

SARA: I wanted to hear your advice but I see it is waste of time.

*DAMYAN stops typing and swiftly closes laptop*

DAMYAN: Ok,over with it. How can I help you?

SARA: What would you do to save someone you love?

DAMYAN: I love no one.

SARA: Me?

DAMYAN: I love you, yes.

SARA: What would you do to save me?

DAMYAN: Are you OK?

SARA: I am, just asking.

DAMYAN: Is it some kind of test? Proof of faith?

SARA: Something like that.

DAMYAN: I first have to know what kind of danger is it.

SARA: The gravest.

DAMYAN:I would give everything.

SARA: What if that's not important?

DAMYAN: Wait a sec! Not important? My life ain't important?

SARA: It is important but what if your sacrifice is futile?

DAMYAN: Aha. So, what can I do then?

SARA: Something vile and vicious.

DAMYAN: Yes?

SARA:And?

DAMYAN: What the problem? I'll do it.

SARA: What if you risk doing me harm with that help?

DAMYAN: Hold on! It's too complicated, even for me.

SARA:Say you have to choose between harming and killing?

DAMYAN: I'll harm you. Why?

SARA: Bye.

*SARA leaves*

DAMYAN: She is completelly nuts.

*DAMYAN sits, takes laptop and starts typing.He stops*

DAMYAN: Of course, I didn't have a hinch about her interrogation. Now it seems I could understand the problem but I was too much into writing then.

*Dark.Light on Sara's side*

SARA:I hated myself while leaving Damyan. The thought of doing it to Lazar was creepy. Advice from Damyan? It was not right. What if I betrayed myself? He probably figured it out. I was trying not to think about it, while climbing up the stairs of our building. And then I saw it.

*SARA makes movement like she is opening the door and stops and screams. Dark. Light on Lazar's side. He is naked from his waist up. His shoulder is bleeding. He is shaking like a leaf*

LAZAR: Don't worry. I'm OK.Just a scratch. Bleeding almost stopped.I threw Molotov at studio. They'll ignore me no more. Wanna news? Here it is, in their own backyard! New reality show? I have the best!

Shooting dead people on street? Here's their award! Don't worry, no one's hurt. Keeper ran from his booth, opened fire. Doing his job, like rest of us. Dig it? Whole world has concentration camp guard's alibi! Don't cry, please. Sit and listen to me. You will help me fix the wound and then I'll rest and go to job in the morning, like nothing has ever happened. OK? Like nothing ever happened.

*LAZAR falls to the ground. Dark. Lights in DAMYAN's corner. DAMYAN is sitting on the wall, playing with hypnotic wheel, contemplating*

DAMYAN: Sensational news it was- fire almost swallowedc studio of TV Ultima, the most redneck TV station in this redneck country. Others didn't talk much about it but TV Ultima kept babbling. Everybody came along for a ride: psychologists, guys doing the public pools, wizzards, half-mad semi- prophets, folk- pop music starlets. Explanations were many, none of them trustworthy but what the fuck. It was followed with more blood on news in seven pm, ripped up skulls of dying, then relity shows, then some more Belgrade violence, political parties advertisments. And round we go and round and round and round!

*He starts turning hypnotic wheel. Dark. Lights. Street atmosphere: LAZAR is standing pale, tired, with briefcase in his hand. Looking at watch. JOHNNY approaches*

JOHNNY: Bus is late again, huh?

LAZAR: It seems that way.

JOHNNY: It's chilly today.

LAZAR: A bit. Yeah.

JOHNNY: You are shaking. Fever?

LAZAR: Do I know you from somewhere?

JOHNNY: Interrogation.

LAZAR: Ah, OK.

JOHNNY: I don't see what's good about interrogation.

LAZAR: Good thing is that I can remember.

JOHNNY: Ah, you remember. Good for you!

*JOHNNY pats him on the shoulder. LAZAR aches*

JOHNNY: What's the matter with ya?

LAZAR: I have cramp.

JOHNNY: Cramp? I can un-cramp you if you wish.

LAZAR: No, thanks.

JOHNNY: We can sit somewhere and take a look at that cramp of yours.

LAZAR: No, thanks.

*Pause*

JOHNNY: I bet you for 1000 euros that you don't have cramp.No, 2000 that you are wounded. 3 grand that I know who wounded you and why.

LAZAR: Let's get over with it.

JOHNNY: Beg your pardon?

LAZAR: The thing that you came for.

JOHNNY: And what is that thing?

LAZAR: You know. Take me, I'll make a confession and that's it.

JOHNNY: Is it some kind of arranged surrender?

LAZAR: No, it's not. You can take me and put me in a locker.

JOHNNY: Off we go then. This way.

LAZAR: After you.

JOHNNY: I know the trick.

LAZAR: I won't run away.

JOHNNY: You are right. No one ran from me. After you.

*They leave. Dark. Light over JOHNNY's corner. He's cleaning gun*

JOHNNY: I had to do what needed to be done. Big shots were at stake.

We couldn't reveal identity of attacker. Let him become an icon. He had to disappear like a moron; unknown, unidentified bum that burned out in wreck of a car in the suburbs. That's official version. Now you know the truth. Maybe I'll have to kill you too?

*He points his gun in thugish way towards the audience and then continues to clean it. Dark. Lights over Sara's corner. Sara is wearing black, mourning clothes*

SARA: He is missing person nowadays. Officially. I gave the phoney information that can be punished by law. Officially. Yet, I had had emotional problems and I was considered half mad bitch. They didn't press any charges. I knew that he was burned in that car. I betrayed and and killed him. I killed my love but couldn't kill myself too. That was too easy.

*Dark. Lights on Damyan. Wer is wearing black ribbon on his sleeve*

DAMYAN: When she told me what happened, few months later, I felt enormous guilt, heavy as grinding stone. I could help him but I didn't. I was ambivalent about his private struggle and its cause. It was just a drop in the sea. On the other hand, as work on my text progressed, the more I wanted Lazar to succeed. Y'know, us writers, we are sentimental about struggle of one human being against the society, no matter for which cause he fights.

*Dark. Whole stage is under the lights. DAMYAN, SARA, JOHNNY and LAZAR standing.*

JOHNNY: Everything was the same afterwards. I got promoted two years later. Officially, it was my only unsolved case. I'd like to tell you how I killed him but every craftsman has a secret of his trade.

DAMYAN: I published one more book. Novel called „Molotov cocktail for

four persons". Guess what is it about? It was completely unnoticed from critics and audience. Now I'm working on new project- libretto for rock- opera about unemployed population of Belgrade. I expect complete fiasco.

SARA: I sometimes feel him beside me, fixing my hair here, over my ear. He is leaning towards me saying: „ I forgave you. Long time ago". „Yeah" I say " but I didn't forgive myself".

LAZAR: I am not mythological hero and I didn't resurrect. Just living in memories of few and I am good with that. Would I do it again? Please, don't ask me- I'm dead.

*Damyan takes off his black ribbon. He places his hand in his pocket, takes out the terrorist mask and puts it on his head. Dark*

/THE END/

