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ALEXANDAR NOVAKOVICH

EXECUTOR

/a play/

Adress:

Ljuba Vučkovića 11
11000 Belgrade
Serbia And Montenegro
011/2462 187
064 4335 727
alnov75@yahoo.com

DRAMATIS PERSONAE (STAGE AND VIDEO BEAM IN ORDER OF
APPEARANCE) :

ZERO & ONE, gods of cyber-space, necessary for binar system
of computers

Gale, boy,13, then law student, then Minister of Justice

Rale, boy,13, then professional soldier

Masha, girl of 13, then syber-callgirl, prostitute, worker
at restaurant toilet

Natasha, girl,13, nun, then blasphemist

Nuns 1, 2,3

Gale's parents

Rale's parents

Vishnya, Masha's mother

Natasha's parents, Bocky and Vladana

Woman, victim of war

Rashich, Gale's helper in Ministry

Jacqui, porn-director

Mickey, porn-actor

Concierge, working in crummy hotel

Old Man, originally from Lastra, Western Serbia

Cleaning Lady,working at the restaurant

Gradimir, Masha's father,worker

Impatient Man, man with weak bladder

Soldiers 1 & 2, border unit

Paramedics, from mental institution

Time & space:

Close future, rerun of todays troubles, right here

Scene 1

(Zero & One are on the barren scene, wearing grey costumes, tight outfit. Androgynous beings they are. They slap their hands, playing children's game)

ZERO AND ONE: »En-den-dinooo-sava-rock-a-teee-nooo

Savarocka tickatocka elem belem buf

Trif traf troof America b-o-o-o-f!«¹

(They turn their faces towards the audience)

ONE: Magnificent and unpredictable game of numbers.

¹*Game for children in Serbia, like eenie-meenie-mynie-moe...*

ZERO: And ones that are not.

ONE: Binar system with millions and millllions of combinations of number one.

ZERO: And zero.

ONE: And every number has its place.

.ZERO: Even zero.

ONE: Even though zero ain't number.

ZERO: According to some you are right.

One: Yeah, right.

ZERO: What are you implying?

ONE: I'm not implying-I claim that you are nothing.

ZERO: And you are...just a little bit more than I am.

ONE: That's why people love me.

ZERO: They love us more when we are trogether.

ONE: No fooling!?

ZERO: I kid you not. You are justifying me as well as I am justifying you. We have no sense, being alone.

ONE: Tell me the name of madman that summoned us up.

ZERO: Computer.

ONE: This fact shall lead us to the black hole.

ZERO: Tell me about it. I'm already there.

ONE: So, what shall we do now?

ZERO: What do you think?

(They turn to each other and continue with the previous game which is speeding up to the climax. Lights off)

Scene 2

(Video beam over the scene (VB from now on). Screen is blank, "snowing". Underneath VB are Rale, Gale, Masha & Natasha. All at the age of 13. Masha is doing stretching exercises. Natasha is trying to read, but giving up, closing the book. Gale is rocking on his non-rocking chair, Rale is trying to fix his bike)

GALE: So, what's up?

RALE: Not bad, Gale.

MASHA: Never been better.

RALE: Something is wrong. It wont work. There's a problem somewhere.

NATASHA: Someday it will have no importance whatsoever.

"You shall have five hundred millions of bells and I shall have five hundred million of springs"-

RALE: "Little Prince", of De Exupery? Do you know (speaks, with pauses between the sentences): "My rose, I am responsible for her! And yet, she is so weak. So harmless. It has just four petty thorns to protect her from the world."

(Pause)

NATASHA: I know.

GALE: Natasha and Rale, pair of poets! Masha, on the other hand, has something else on her mind! IT! Dirty stuff!

MASHA. You bastard!

RALE: Poets, so what? What are you going to be when you grow up?

GALE: Chief! I wanna be daddy instead of daddy!

MASHA: Natasha, you are going to lose sight reading that book!

NATASHA: Who are you? School doctor? This is a "Little Prince" not "that book"!

MASHA: Why are you reading it?

NATASHA: I am curious to find places in the Universe where are no nincompoops like you!

MASHA: That reading is freaking you out and... and you never gona get laid.

NATASHA: At least I won't lose my hymen by stretching it.

MASHA: Hymen? You won't lose it! You'll be virgin forever!

GALE: Not if you ask Rale.

RALE: Gale, you are full of shit.

GALE: It's shit that I'm full of shit.

RALE: Says who?

GALE: Says chief.

RALE: It's not so.

GALE: It is!

RALE: It's not and drop dead if it is and may your mother be moustached driver in public bus!

(Pause. Gale's theatrical yawn)

GALE: Booring! Wanna do something?

MASHA: OK. Rale, show us your willy!

NATASHA: Show us your boobs instead.

MASHA: Dyke!

NATASHA: Cunt!

(They start fighting. Gale is laughing and Rale separates them)

GALE: One serious suggestion: let's play Executor 2015.

RALE: What's that?

GALE: Computer game. I'm the only guy that owns it in the whole country.

MASHA: Hell you are the only one!

GALE: Hell yourself! Dad brought that game from States and it appeared day before on the market! It's gonna be the hugest game ever! It's madness, man! It's most fucked up and bloodiest game ever! And you die, total horror! The coolest part of it is killling Executor at the end of the game-you can see his brains smashed and all organs, still beating! It's real, people!

RALE: Really?

GALE: Fucking yes! It's a hit!

NATASHA: Blood? Phew!

GALE: Ones with tits are ones without guts.

MASHA: She has none of them and I have guts. More than you, anyway, slime.

GALE: What?

MASHA: Do you want me to tell them how you were trying to get into my pants?

GALE: Let's play!

MASHA: Let's play, woooh!

NATASHA: If this imbecile wants to play I will play too!

(Masha tries to hit Natasha but Rale separates them)

GALE: If you are into it we can play one rehearsal game, cool style. I mean if you didn't chicken out.

RALE, MASHA, NATASHA: We are not chicken!

GALE: OK. Now ,who's the hottest guy or what?

MASHA: Ok, you are, sluggish! Now give us joysticks.

GALE: I'll give you my joystick, alright.

(Gale gets up, leaves and returns with joysticks. He gives them to his friend. He keeps one for himself)

GALE: But, I warn you: it can get nasty. It's the best and the worst game!

MASHA: Start it up.

NATASHA: You say that every night, don't you?

(Masha tries to beat her)

RALE: Stop it!

NATASHA: You are, like, defending me?

RALE: Yes.

NATASHA: Don't patronize me. I will play.

(Gale snaps his fingers and Executor appears on the screen. Then VB separates into four-fragmented split-screen, with same game but, names of participants and their score. Maze, subjective vision of camera, monsters jumping from the darkness, shouts, detonations, shots fired out, screams, blood dripping down the screen. Gale is still, Rale vomits and shoots, Masha fires with her eyes shut, Natasha passes out. No one notices that, everyone's obsessed with game. Rale turns to her, during the game, but then notices something on his part the screen and starts shooting. Masha opens her eyes and shoots. Only Gale "survives". No split screen, just one big VB, and wall in front. No Executor around. Gale reaches out and his hands, virtual ones, on the VB, touch the wall)

GALE: Where the hell are you? Kidding me again?

(Pause. VB turns off. Gale screams. Dark)

Scene 3

(Masha's bedroom. Mother, Vishnya (Black Cherry), has a mild smile on her face.VB: dolphins made of wrapping paper are dancing in the air, on the string.Masha is shivering. Vishnya is caressing her.)

VISHNYA: "Oh baby please don't cry, and try to keep,
Your little head upon my shoulder, now go to sleep!"

MASHA: Stop it. I'm not a girl anymore.

VISHNYA: You are right. You are not a girl anymore.

MASHA: From today I am fifteen.

(Masha smiles and her mother's face is soar)

VISHNYA: Not a girl yet you keep dreaming the same dream.
For two years!

MASHA: Executor fled.

VISHNYA: Executor didn't run away.

MASHA: Executor is in computer. Just a game.

VISHNYA: And it means you are normal.

MASHA: And it means I am normal.

VISHNYA: Look at this!

(Vishnya takes huge package underneath Masha's bed, wrapped
up in pink wrapping paper)

VISHNYA: Happy birthday, Masha!

MASHA: Thanks mom, you are the best!

(Masha hugs and kisses her and opens the package. She is
holding long, greyish dress, full of spirals, wires and
straws in her hands. She is stunned)

MASHA: Mom, what's this?

VISHNYA: Something that will make you more beautiful than
you are now. Put it on.

(Masha puts on dress. Dress is tight so Masha's breast are
bursting out. Masha is turning around her, looking at her
clothes, shocked)

MASHA: What's this, mom?

VISHNYA: It's the newest-latest model.

Masha: Isn't it a little too tight?

VISHNYA: No, it's just for you. You were born for it.

MASHA: I dislike it.

(Masha is taking her dress off. Mother slaps her face)

VISHNYA: Guess I was misunderstood: from now on, things are going to be different around here! Wait here!

MASHA: What the fuck is going on?

(Vishnya slaps her then kisses her)

VISHNYA: Wait here, honey!

(Vishnya leaves the stage and comes back with cable. She plugs it in Masha's dress)

VISHNYA: This is for your own good!

MASHA: I don't understand, mom, nothing at all!

VISHNYA: Be lucky cause our good God has given you beauty. If I were beautiful when Gradmir left me I would have worn the same outfit.

MASHA: Mama, don't!

VISHNYA: Mama don't? Curse on that bloody blue collar scum!

MASHA: This is my dad you are talking about!

VISHNYA: Dad? The one that abandoned you? I've kissed every inch of his body, even that scarf on his palm, the one he got when chainsaw cut him! His line of life, long, a straight and bloody, that's how I called his scarf! I wish that it could disappear, as well as him, or cut in half, as well as him, or cut off, as well as him! Damn, I wish he wasn't your father!

MASHA: And, what did you do when he ran away?

VISHNYA: Gave you birth. I wish I hadn't done that either!

MASHA: Mom!

VISHNYA: Mom what? Look at yourself.-his blood! Blond, tall, beautiful and me, short, dark-haired and ugly! Why did I raise you anyway! I should've given you for adoption or sent you to orphanage.

MASHA: Mom, you are scaring me!

(

Vishnya tries to hit her then stops)

VISHNYA: There is nothing scary about it, son¹. It's just being a woman, that's all.

MASHA: I don't know what are you talking about.

VISHNYA: You just have to lay down and do the same things that you do every night. Don't worry about the audience. They will find you.

MASHA: Audience for what?

VISHNYA: For your, let's say, sensations, only on www.nastymariaonly15.com

(VB: Masha, provocative pose, wearing the same dress, site banner)

MASHA: I don't want to do that!!! No way!!!

VISHNYA: And I like to work my ass off for you? I fed you and kept you clean for 15 years, fifteen years not being touched by a man and all for you, high school tart! Lay down and start fondling yourself!

MASHA: Can't do that.

VISHNYA. You've banged by God knows how many guys and this is problem to you?

MASHA: I wasn't!

VISHNYA: Are you kidding me? Look at yourself! Even I was , at your age...

MASHA: I didn't!

VISHNYA: Ok, not many but, three, four guys?!

MASHA: None.

1-In some parts of ex-Yugoslavia, parents, suffering without sons, call their daughters "son", habit known in patriarchal society

VISHNYA: Scouts honour?

MASHA: Scout's honour! Didn't sleep with them nor touch them!

VISHNYA: So, why are you so bitchy then?

MASHA: It's a shame to be virgin. And I am pretty. Will you unplug me now?

VISHNYA: Oh, no! This is the reason why you should stay plugged in! Let's see: I'll give an add! You are not aware of price of virginity-it is more rare than unicorn's dust!

MASHA: Off I go!

(Pause)

VISHNYA: Go but realise-woman can be sold out for big money or small change but she will be sold out, sooner or later. It's better this way, through the Internet than to be arrested and get locked up. Oh, you will be so popular, a real star, believe me!

MASHA: What about father? He bought you? For how much?

VISHNYA: It's the worst part of all-he didn't. I loved him. He left me with better, far better looking, more expensive woman. Every woman is more expensive if you give yourself away and for what? Love! Let love be, try to live!

(She hugs Masha)

MASHA: But, those people on site...

VISHNYA: I know, son, I know, but it won't be long this way. With a little bit of luck you will find rich and powerful husband.

(Dark. Lights on Vishnya and Masha)

MASHA: But, the site...

VISHNYA: It's only a plus in this world. Men like these,
men of power, they don't like saints.

MASHA: Saints like Natasha.

VISNYA: That titless skin and bone from the neighbourhood?
She will pay to be bought! With pure gold!

(They laugh)

VISHNYA: Believe me now?

MASHA: But, I want him to be handsome.

VISHNYA: Who?

MASHA: The rich guy.

VISHNYA: There are millionaires like that.

MASHA: And honest.

VISHNYA: Well, with you OK but rest of the world is
another item.

MASHA: And tall, dark haired, green eyed.

VISHNYA: Well, now...

MASHA: With few grays.

VISHNYA: You prefer older men?

MASHA: Not old farts. Till thirty-five.

VISHNYA: Great years, great men. Strong, mautre, virile,
succesfull, intelligent.

MASHA: I want him to be faithfull, most of all.

VISHNYA: You are exajurating.

MASHA: He mustn't say if he isn't.

VISHNYA: That's my girl!

MASHA: I love you mom!

VISHNYA: I love you, son!

(Light on them, it narrows: parts of bodies disappearing,
faces, then, slowly, with words fading out, everything
stops. Dark)

Scene 4

(Meadow, insects buzzing, off. Big buttercup in the middle of the stage. Rale is laying by the flower, with his arms and legs spread. On the VB, from "frog perspective" (Leni Riefestahl's shot), in the shadow of oak, Rale's Mather & Father, staring in his direction. Father is smoking, nervously. Mather is playing with her necklace)

FATHER: Our son is madman!

MOTHER: No, Dushan, it's just slight trauma caused by that computer game.

FATHER: Slight trauma that lasts for two years!

MOTHER: The doctor says so.

FATHER: Doctor says so! He is lying in that grass like a sheep.

MOTHER: Get up ,Rale, you qill catch cold and Lyme disease!

(Rale gets up, shaking off the grass)

FATHER: I'm gonna send this bratt to Military Academy!

MOTHER: To toughen up like you? They kicked you out from there because of your dillly-dalying!

FATHER: So what? I am the chief inspector, am I not?

MOTHER. Yes, you are, alright.

FATHER: Is something wrong with me? Beg your pardon?

Anyway, my son is here to corect my mistakes! I f there were any mistakes and there werere none, of course!

(Mother tries to say something to Father but she just sighs, takes cigarette from his hands and begins to smoke. Father stares at her, shocked and then lights another one. Rale tries to pick a buttercup. Rale stops. He is thinking, with his finger on his lip)

FATHER: Why is he here?

MOTHER: Rale?

FATHER: Who else?

MOTHER: You mean, what will he do, what is he iinterested in?

FATHER: Yes. I wonder whether he'll be usefull member of society.

MOTHER. Can't say. We have never talked about it. He likes his bike and his books, prose and poetry. He reads voraciously.

FATHER: Books? He's useless. Let's send him to the army, when and if he finishes his studies. Guys like him can succede only in war.

(Rale is lying on the ground, fondling thwe flower)

MOTHER: Well, you better say "Amen" for war, then.

FATHER: I will. Let's get out of this place, I can't look at him like this no more!

MOTHER: C'mon Rale, we are waiting by the car!

RALE(absent): Here I come.

(Parents are leaving. Oak remains. Rale gets up, unbuttons his trousers and urinates on the buttercup)

RALE: This world is neither better nor worse than me. It's not justifying me at all.

(Dark)

Scene 5

(VB: bad connection warning of Serbian National Television. Light of TV on the stage, in front of couch (no TV present). Parents of Gale are staring at TV, exchanging remote control and popcorn. Gale gets in)

GALE: Hi mom, dad.

(Pause)

GALE: I am tired. Geography-A, Biology-A and teacher said, in front of the class, he said: If you keep it up this way you will be the best pupil in the school.

(Pause)

GALE: I lied. It was F. Two Fs. Zilch. Nada. Zero. Nitchevo!

(Pause)

GALE: I lied! The truth is that I told Biology professor that she is as ugly as ape's arse and she sent me to the principal.

(Pause)

GALE: In fact, I came to principal's office but she wanted to rape me so I didn't want to be raped and then I had to revenge myself and then I had to rape her but I knew that she had to talk about it afterwards and I didn't want me to get expelled and I had to kill her and I killed her by

throwing her from the school's window, right on the cop's car!

(Pause)

GALE: And then cops arrested me and sent me home saying they will kill me on Friday, five- forty AM in front of church of Emperor Constantine and Empress Helen in our neighbourhood!!!

(Pause)

GALE: In fact, I'm full of shit. Everything's OK, I got me three As today and everybody's talking how you can be proud of me and bright future is straight ahead and, believe me, I am not used to talking this much but I had to draw your attention to tell you that I love you both, so much! No bullshit!

(Pause. Gale tries to say something and then turns away and moves towards exit, then turns, makes move like turning off TV with remote and stage, with "click!" disappears in the dark)

Scene 6

(Bocky's apartment. Bocky sits on his chair, Rale & Gale are lying by his feet, drunk as him. He is fondling them, like they are two dogs, Bocky drinks from one and Gale and Rale are drink from another bottle. VB: animation of bottle of alcohol. Earth is rotating around it)

BOCKY: No worries, lads. Believe uncle-Bocky. Mother Nature will work it out. Just relax.

GALE: I think that Rale is too relaxed.

RALE: Wanna see how relaxed I am? Bite me!

GALE: I would see it but I see no microscope around.

RALE: He's lying!

GALE: As well as I am lying if I say that there is certain broad who...

RALE: Don't!

BOCKY: Oh, broad, babe, eh! What's she like?

GALE: Nothing special. Heavily injured.

BOCKY: An invalid?

GALE: Nope! Beaten with the ugly stick!

RALE: No she is not!

BOCKY: If not why are you defending her?

RALE: Am not.

GALE: No he doesn't but he writes her poems.

RALE: I tore them all.

GALE: 'cause you are a fool!

RALE: 'cause I am not a beautiful fool!

BOCKY: I know your kind boyo-you are the one that never does a single thing, you just watch others banging and then you jerk off.

(Gale and Bocky laughing. Bocky slaps his face)

BOCKY: Enough is enough! You are the same as he is: little stupid fuck! Get that?

(Vladana enters, with groceries in her hands. She is in the bad mood)

BOCKY: Vladana, where the fuck are you?! We could lose our costumers because of your delay!

VLADANA: Lose them? They can't even stand up not to mention gettig it hard!!

(Vladan throws groceries aside, with routine)

BOCKY: Shut a fuck up woman and get down to work! You are so miserable that I have to bring to you high school brats!

VLADANA: Big deal! How are they going to pay anyway? With lunch boxes? Dimes from porcelain guinea piggs?

BOCKY: Pocket money. There you are!

(Bocky gives her money and she starts to count)

VLADANA: Well, something's better than nothing!

BOCKY: Get up boys, pronto!

(Rale and Gale are getting up, slowly. Vladana is unbuttoning their pants)

BOCKY: And give your best shot, don't get us embarrassed as a lasy fuck! Hahahhahaha!

VLADANA: It's easy to you to say-you don't have to do this.

BOCKY: Better you than our son!

VLADANA: Bastard! C'mon guys, I don't have the all day!

Who's first?

GALE: Can we do it at the same time?

VLADANA: You are one little perv! Have you heard that there is a lot of gay stuff in the menage a trois?

(Rale is giggling. Vladana grabs him)

RALE: I would rather not.

VLADANA: You are rather stark raving mad.

(Bocky laughs and Vladana lets Rale go)

VLADANA: Will you shut a fuck up?

BOCKY: You should shut a fuck up and do it right now by sucking their dicks!

VLADANA: Arse! C'mon kiddo, let's do it!

RALE: No.

GALE: Maybe he's thinking of someone else and he can't perform,huh!

RALE. Shut up!

BOCKY: This is fucking hellarious!

VLADANA: Beat it! And stop touching yourself!

BOCKY: Of I go and, talking about touching myself: what for?

VLADANA: Drunken ape!

(Vladana starts to perform oral sex on Rale (so it seems). Bocky is leaving then he stops, shocked. Natasha enters. Natasha and Rale are staring at each other. Bocky is making funny moves, trying to say something but only mumbling and groaning)

NATASHA: Dad?

(Dark)

Scene 7

(Bare stage. Zero is typing, One is dictating)

ONE: Dear audience...

ZERO: ...audience.

ONE: We do not want to do you...

ZERO: ...any harm?

(One tries to say something. He is stunned)

ONE: Yes, harm, so we are informing you...

ZERO:...that your wishes are including,,,,,

ONE:more than two numbers...

ZERO: ...which is not in the modest manner at all.

ONE: ...for if between nothing and something you choose
everything we cannot take the consequences.

ZERO: Computer is just a tool.

ONE: Signed: Zero & One.

(Zero takes paper out in a pompous way and hands it to One)

ZERO: Just a tool?

(They laugh)

ONE: Do you think they gonna believe us?

(They continue laughing. One makes a paper plane out of
letter and throws it towards the audience. Dark)

Scene 8

(VB: bare wall from computer game. On the scene, with his hands outstretched, in front of the wall stands Gale. Women's moaning during the sex, off. Wall on the stage is falling down and appears Masha in her cyber-sex dress. She pushes Gale to the floor while he still tries to reach out. Masha does her lap-dancing on him. From the crack on the wall on the stage enters Executor in his tv host outfit. Masha gets up and quickly grins to the crack, and Executor slaps her butt and then in theatrical manner, turns to the audience, makes a bow and encourages them to applaud. Helps Gale to get up. Gale shows in Masha's direction)

GALE: I knew her for so long but I never told her...

EXECUTOR: I know that you know her and our audience knows that as well cause we are in...

(VB: HEY, I KNOW YOU!, tacky tv-show title)

AUDIENCE(of): Hey, I know you!

EXECUTOR: And my name is...

AUDIENCE(off):

(VB: SEÑOR EROTISMO)

EXECUTOR: Yes, Señor Erotismo! Executor of Eros! I am the one, revealing what kind of whores are your romances of young manhood, I am bringing you revelation and cheap fun! Without me there is no broken heart nor hardened man! Señor Erotismo, el Executor!

(Fake applause, off)

EXECUTOR: Thanks, *hvala, ta raibh mile go mhaith¹*, spasibo,

⁻¹*Thank you-in Serbian and Irish*

gracias!

(Executor starts to dance and sing in rap manner)

EXECUTOR: »I am Atila The Hun, William The Conqueror,
I am tutor and Executor,
I am Ghandi and red Cross,
I am executor of Eros!«

(Another fake applause)

EXECUTOR: So, my dear erotophiles, porn-women, heheheh,
today we are turning our Gale into...

AUDIENCE(Off): Debutant of the week!

(VB: DEBUTANT OF THE WEEK!)

EXECUTOR: You, come here!

(Gale joins him, hesitating)

EXECUTOR: You are?

GALE: Gale. In fact, that's just a nickname, my real name
is...

EXECUTOR: Who cares? So, what do you do for living?

GALE:Nothing at the moment. Finishing law studies.

EXECUTOR: And you shall be student of the generation.

GALEwith more faith): And I will be the best student in
generation.

EXECUTOR: But this is not enough, not untill you pass
iniciation by Mr. Erotismo

Executivismo, no?

(Fake applause, again)

GALE: Dunno. Guess so.

EXECCUTOR: Ok, let's see what we can do.

(Executor starts to caress his shoulders)

EXECUTOR: I see you've been working out!

GALE: What's this?

EXECUTOR: What it looks like? It's foreplay.

GALE: Sorry, I don't swing that way.

EXECUTOR: Everyone's swinging just a little bit at least.
Really!

(Executor grabs him and holds him tight)

GALE: let me go!

EXECUTOR: Take it as a ritual of joining the great
brotherhood of successful men! Don't worry, only once,
that's why it is ritual! Too much repeating kills its
holiness! It won't hurt a lot even though I am Executor!

GALE: It was you, all the time! I thought I killed you!

EXECUTOR: I left the game and moved into real life. What
was I supposed to do: let you kill me? Although, there is
no running away now, not from here. Here, in the real
world, there is no escape. At least not a complete one.

(Executor hits Gale on the head with the brick and starts
to unbutton his trousers)

EXECUTOR:« The best thing in whole life is to learn
Is how to be loved and give love in return!«

(Dark)

Scene 9

(Field. VB: rotating inscription: WE ARE EXPECTING LIVE CONFERENCE. Entering - Rale, wearing a uniform and Woman, with black hood on her head, tied up, like a dog on a leash. They stop in the middle of the field. Rale, tired, looks left then right and then pushes Woman to the floor)

RALE: Break.

WOMAN: Is it far from here, soldier?

RALE: What?

WOMAN: Cemetary.

RALE: You are in the rush, are you? Listen, I was told to bring you to our HQ and I couldn't care less where will you end up afterwards.

WOMAN: I am not going to end up in the better place.

RALE: Nor worse.

WOMAN: You have a spirit.

RALE: Yes, but don't expect my soul, though.

WOMAN: Can you take this off me?

RALE: I can but I don't want.

WOMAN: Afraid to be charmed, are you?

RALE: You can be my mother!

WOMAN: Are you sure? You saw my body.

RALE: I saw it and I see it.

WOMAN: And?

RALE: It is nice, I admit. But, that doesn't mean a thing.

You are porbably pretty but that doesn't matter either.

WOMAN: So, what really matters is...

RALE: The world is lovely flower that I pissed on long ago.

WOMAN: Are you going to let them kill me?

RALE: Like you did with our people.

WOMAN: Correct.

RALE: Don't patronize me!

(Rale gets up and pulls the rope)

RALE: C'mon, it's time to go.

WOMAN: I won't! They will kill me!

RALE: They have to do it once! Staying here won't solve a thing!

(They laugh, kind of)

WOMAN: Don't kill me.

RALE: Not my job.

WOMAN: You know what I mean.

RALE: I am not guilty for that. Send your complains to my friend Gale. He gave me the gun. It was their fault-his, and of those who are for the war and of those who are against the war. One party gave me the weapon and another party let them to mobilize me.

WOMAN: There is no Gale here.

RALE: Nope. Just you and me.

WOMAN: Exactly.

(Pause)

WOMAN: Who will know?

RALE: Your sons..

WOMAN: Dead. Both of them!They shot your people. I know.

RALE: Many of them were killed by their hands!

WOMAN: Then you kill me-revenge yourself!

RALE: I will not.

WOMAN: Release me then.

RALE: So that my officers will find out and shoot me? I better kill you!Right now!

WOMAN: What kind of man are you?

RALE: Boring, messed up, too human, like most of us.

WOMAN: Nothing special about you, huh?

RALE: I used to like to read books, »Little Prince«.

Daydreaming. Obsessed with bike, fixing it, never satisfied. Slovenian bike, »Rog«. Wreck.And there was a girl, she was a lot like that.Wrech.

WOMAN:You don't think so,don't you.

RALE:I miss them.Both of them.

(Pause)

WOMAN: You are not so bad as you seem.

RALE: We are going to see about that.

/Rale clicks his gun.Pause)

RALE: Run, run like hell!

WOMAN: Take off my hood first.

RALE: Do it yourself.

WOMAN: I will not.

RALE: OK, if that's the way you want it.

(Rale approaches her, takes off her mask, or hood, her hair falls on her shoulders, he shakes it with great care, crosses with his fingers down her face and kisses her. She kisses him back. Dark)

Scene 10

(Bare scene. On a big suitcase, wearing nuns robes, sleeps Natasha. She is tossing and turning in her sleep. VB: Little Prince, bitten by Snake. Then faces of three nuns, staring at Natasha)

NUN 1: You shall not run from this here, my child!

NUN 2: No passion satisfied between these walls.

NUN 3: Come without passion and you will reject the passion. Those who are closest to the God are the closest to temptation.

NUN: This isn't just passion.

NUN 2: Passion can be satisfied.

NUN 3: I am afraid to say anything more.

NUN 1: You can't run from it, my child!

(Faces of nuns disappear. Little Prince and Snake. Natasha wakes. She keeps looking around, completely lost. She is acting like a heavy addict. She opens suitcase, grabs joystick and starts playing the game-Executor. Blood is splashing around. Knocking within the suitcase, quiet at first and then getting louder and louder. Natasha throws away her joystick but the game continues... Knocking becomes annoying)

BOCKY(off): Open the bloody suitcase!

(Natasha tries to open but then she turns away)

VLADANA(off): Open, sweetie, we are going to suffocate to death!

BOCKY(off): Are you fucking Christian or not, for Christ sake?

(Suitcase starts to move. Natasha jumps and sits on it. Suitcase starts jumping around like a raving stallion on rodeo. Natasha falls. Suitcase opens and Vladana and Bocky are crawling out)

BOCKY: Honour thy father and mother! Have you learned anything so far?

VLADANA: Tasha, come to mommy!

NATASHA: Stay away from me!

VLADANA: Come, come, it's not so awful after all!

NATASHA: What is awful enough for you?

VLADANA: I need a daughter.

NATASHA: Give birth to the new one! I won't bother you.

BOCKY: Savage!

NATASHA: My noble wilderness lays between these stone walls!
Unfortunately!

BOCKY: Sin is on your lips.

NATASHA: What about »though shall not be unfaithfull«!?

BOCKY: It was because of hunger. I agreed to that.

VLADANA: Yes, you approved that, for you were fired because
of alchoholism. Come, sweetie!

NATASHA: You have killed me, both of you! Don't you
understand? There's not enough of me, not for a grain of
sand!

BOCKY: Don't be that way to your lady mommy! Her pussy paid
your scholarship.

NATASHA: Your pimping too.

BOCKY: Well, I am the head of house after all.

VLADANA: Come, Tasha, we're going home.

NATASHA: Where, underneath the streetlight? Oh, wait just
one sec, I have to put my extra red lipstick on.

VLADANA: Cest la vie, baby.

BOCKY: Offfer, buy, sell, free market, adjusting to modern
and global changes. Do you read newspapers in monastery?

NATASHA: Im sick of life because of you! Beat it!

BOCKY: What about Christian forgiveness?

NATASHA: Find it in Little Prince, not here.

BOCKY: Little Prince? Never heard of pub with that name.

VLADANA: Grab her, Bocky!

(Vladana and Bocky run towards her. Natasha takes gun underneath her robe and kills them. Dark)

Scene 11

(Natasha's room. Natasha is standing in front of her closed suitcase and keeps her hands outstretched-like she is shooting from the gun. Her hands are empty. VB: Little Prince stares at the stars over his little planet.)
NATASHA: Click,click,click!

Scene 12

(VB: broken bricks. Masha's room, dimmed red lights. Gale watches her-ne is more serious, older, with beard and glasses. Masha is sniffing cocaine, laying in bed)

MASHA: Wanna? More for me!

GALE: You don't know me?

MASHA: No.

GALE: How come? Everyone in this country knows my face.

MASHA: I mean-I have seen you on TV but I don't know you.

GALE: Are you frightened?

MASHA: Listen,.I know that anyone who owns drugs will be shot and this is enough for me.

GALE: So, you are afraid, no?

MASHA: No. I don't have all these people on my soul.

GALE: Brave yet pathetic.

MASHA: Will we get down to it or not?

GALE: What?

MASHA: Are we going to fuck or not? You've been sitting here for fourty minutes.Time passes and I must do another costumer.

GALE: Don't worry, there's plenty of time.

MASHA: Yes, but not according to my schedule.

(Pause)

MASHA: You are one of those who like to talk. And watch.

(Masha is stretching herself in bed)

MASHA: Need a word of consolation? Love?

GALE: Who doesn't?

(Gale takes cocaine and sniffs his »line«)

MASHA: You have broken the law! You are dead man walking,
hahahahahha!

(Gale is acting as if he is shot and falls by her side)

GALE: Remember the site you worked on, remember Erotismo?

MASHA: So many titles, so many nicks,so many kicks...

GALE: ...so many pricks. You were doing it virtuelly before
and now...

MASHA: My computer died. As well as my mom.

GALE: Sad story it is.

MASHA: Yeap, I payed bloody computer in gold.

(Gale grabs her. Kisses her, gently. They watch one
another. Caressing)

GALE: You don't recall me? No?As a child I mean.

MASHA: What? We were attending the same school?

GALE: Remember Tasha, Rale, those poets.

MASHA: He was crazy about her. Fool!

GALE: Do you remember anyone else?

MASHA: Wait, there was a small one, froggy-look-alike.

GALE: Cute frog? Like Kermit The Frog?

MASHA: Nothing like that.I am sure that this frog never
turned into prince, no matter how many princesses kissed
him. He was ugly frog, bourgeois, spoiled, swollen, mean,
hooked on computer games. More Jabba Hut than Kermit.

GALE: What is...what was his name?

MASHA: He was always after me but I never let him come
near me. Listen, I do not want to remember that son of a
bitch! The ugliest shmuck I ever seen!b Not so sexy and
hard like you, you Lawmaker you! Come here, let's have some
fun!

(Masha throws herself over Gale and starts moving towards his stomach)

GALE: Don't!

MASHA: Why not?

GALE: Your customer will come soon.

MASHA: I will reschedule him.

GALE: No you can't. He is my friend.

MASHA: Oh, we never did it but you recommended me! Thanks!

(Masha tries to shake his hand but Gale knocks her. Then he takes cocaine and sniffs)

GALE: You should not sniff so much! Cocaine makes you bloody superior!

MASHA: Gale!

GALE: Now you remember?

MASHA: You are looking much better now.

GALE: Well you don't, you sperm drooling slut!

MASHA: You look better anyway-turning from frog into slimy slug! That's my point! Oh, customer is here! Police! Call the police!

(Executor enters. Gale starts kicking her, Masha gets up. Executor uses karate-punch bellow her neck and she falls down. Gale approaches, spreads her legs)

GALE: Wake up bitch so you can see what will happen to you. I want you to be awake, cunt!

MASHA: It won't solve a single thing.

GALE: I know.

EXECUTOR: »I hate these words I say.
But you better do it right away!«

GALE: OK.

(Dark)

Scene 13

(Zero and One on the scene. They have their legs entwined, doing the pushups)

ONE&ZERO: »One-two she will give out,
Three-four, in and out,
In and out and finito!«

ONE: Don't blame us, good gods of cyber-space because of your stupidities!

ZERO: We are not cynical or ironic nor sarcastic. We understand your suffering. We are indifferent.

ONE: Humanistic sciences, culture, arts, all those dark plays you watch in theatre-it is all tragedy!

ZERO: You don't need nothing of that. Turn off your mind,

turn on your zero level, as you like it. Watch comedies that are filled up with victories of small town virtues and cheap laughs.

ONE: Become delirious lowlives.

ZERO: Fuck losers and be happy!

ONE: Mary and vacant?

ZERO: Pretty vacant. Like us!

(Zero and One get up and tap-dance followed with mild jazz melody. They stop with their hands outstretched towards the audience. Dark)

Scene 14

(VB: woodpecker picking the tree. On the field, holding each other, .Woman and Rale. They sleep. Along comes Executor. He is closing to them, on his tiptoes. He kneels by their side and leans towards Rale's ear)

EXECUTOR: »We are moving to the sea, where bloody Croat
lives,

Gonna plant plums, gonna cut down olives!«

(Rale wakes up. Executor puts hand on Rale's mouth)

EXECUTOR: Good old times, when we had at least an excuse or
motive to kill someone!20th century!

RALE: You?

EXECUTOR: Treating your prisoners well, I see. Women
prisoners especially!

RALE: This is not what you think it is. Oh, I couldn't care
less about your opinion!

EXECUTOR: That's right, my opinion has no importance
whatsoever. Facts are the thing that mattrers.

RALE: She suffered long enough.

EXECUTZOR: I agree.

RALE: She has to be released.

EXECUTOR: Sure.

RALE: Her life has lost its sense!

EXECUTOR: Couldn't agree more.You are reading my thoughts.
Step aside, please.

RALE: I will not. I know your intentions.

EXECUTOR: Say something that sounds like poetry and your
senior brother in arms will have pitty on her. Maybe.

RALE: Don't mix gun powder with stardust. I t will stink.

EXECUTOR: What 's gonna stink? Gun powder? You have creative crisis.

RALE:Don't!

EXECUTOR: You've tried to stop me-that's so althruistic of you. Couldn't make it though-that's realisitc. Back off!

RALE: What are you doing, you fool?

EXECUTOR: Doing you favour, that's what I'm doing!

RALE: Saving me? Of what?

EXECUTOR: Military court, you fool.

RALE: Is there anything human within you?

(Executor hits him in his face)

EXECUTOR: There is too much human in me, believe me, my friend.If I had just a bit less human within me I would have been master of the Earth. Like Bill Gates!

RALE: You are not master. You are Executor.

EXECUTOR: Blood still makes you vomit? Gonna check that!

(Executor pushes Rale with his foot and aims Woman. Rale gets up and tries to move towards him. Executor points gun towards him)

RALE(his voice is lowered): No.

EXECUTOR: Yes?

(Rale tries to say something but all that comes out is caughing. Executor turns his gun towards Woman and fires three shots. Her body bounces after each shot)

EXECUTOR: Something left to say? Anything left to do? Nothing.

(Pause)

EXECUTOR: »You were quiet before I got her wasted, I am not a profet but that's exactly what I expected!«

(Dark)

Scene 15

(Gale's cabinet. VB: national flag, inscription: END OF TV PROGRAM, national anthem. Gale is sitting at his desk, adorned with national flag. He writes. Near table is couch. Enters Executor with Rashich, young man, dressed in successful businessman's clothes)

GALE: Oh, señor, how do you do?

EXECUTOR: Skip that señor crap today , if you know what I mean.

GALE: Oh, sure, sure.

EXECUTOR: What I have here today is new, dashing, talented guy to meet you and, of course, he is eager to become your assistant.

GALE: Is that so?

RASHICH: I am pleased to meet you at last, sir.

GALE: At last? How long have you been waiting? Ages?

RASHICH: No, but...

GALE: Metaphorically speaking, no? Be careful with your language, this is politics we are dealing here with. If I had your vocabulary I don't know how could I survive one revolution and five administrations.

EXECUTOR: Quite. He speaks five languages, you know.

GALE: Really?

RASHICH: English, Russian, German, French and Chinese-Cantonise.

GALE: Chinese? Language of the future and future is breathing in our neck. Japanese?

RASHICH: I am learning Japanese at the moment.

GALE: Nice. Arigato, Rashich-san!

EXECUTOR: The best grades at economy. Same in the law school. And, last but not the least-bachelor!

(Rashich is trying to make his seat as comfortable as it can be)

EXECUTOR: No family to disturb.

GALE: Very nice.

EXECUTOR. As always, you agree?

EXECUTOR (quietly): Just remember who really boss is.

GALE: Sure.

EXECUTOR: Now I leave you.

GALE: What about sip of whiskey, cogniac?

EXECUTOR: Next time. These days I have real slaughter, Like you don't know what the slaughterhouse is-you have re-established death penalty! So long!

(Executor leaves)

GALE: Goodbye, goodbye, and never come again... Wanna drink?

RASHICH: No, thanks, I don't drink.

GALE: No drink, no smoke, no women? Hahahahah!

RASHICH: Nothing whatsoever.

GALE: Do you respect older people?

RASHICH: Of course.

(Gale takes bottle of scotch from his drawer and moves towards Rashich, drinking)

GALE: Why do you respect us? You fear us, no?

RASHICH: No.

GALE: You are shaking, sweating, changing colours. It seems like a fear to me!

RASHICH: It is not that.

GALE: Stage fright? My assistant ? This is combat, rough and savage combat and I want you to be ready for struggle anytime. Fight, God damn you!

RASHICH: Yes, I will!

GALE: Your character will be deformed and your physique will improve. Be prepared for that, especially the first one.

RASHICH: I have no problems about it.

GALE: No character hence no problem?

RASHICH: I have a character, its basics at least.

GALE: Interesting definition. Where were we, before our character conversation I mean?

RASHICH: Combat.

GALE: Ah, combat! You have to fight and you have to please every single demand that I have.

RASHICH: Yes?

(Gale with his back to the audience does something that looks like unbuttoning his trousers)

GALE: Start pleasing me then.

(Dark)

Scene 16

(VB: Masha's face on handcam's display, twisted in false passion. Masha's and Mickey's groaning and moaning. Climax. VB turns off. Light. Hotel room. Cheap one. Bed. Director, Jacqui, checking the camera. Porn-actor, Mickey, jumps in his leather trousers. Masha is tying her bath robe. VB: porn-commercials: »Something in Mary«, » Porn on the 4th of July«, » Screwing Mrs. Dazy« etc.)

MICKEY: Wow, it was A one!

MASHA: If I were you I wouldn't be so proud of myself.

JACQUI: Great, gotcha! A little sloppy but, we'll edit it pretty cool.

MASHA: Jacqui, can I take a bath?

JACQUI: No way.

MASHA: But I'm all sticky .

MICKEY: That's because I'm such a stud.

MASHA: Yes you are, but not in this movie. Jacqui...

(Jacqui gives money to Mickey and he goes away, naked to his waist)

JACQUI: Mickey, t-shirt!

MICKEY: Oh, yes, I could've gone naked on the street.

(Mickey grabs his t-shirt, puts it on the wrong way and goes away)

JACQUI: Dumbass! What were you saying, Masha?

MASHA: Bathroom.

JACQUI: No can do. No shower. Wait untill you get home.

MASHA: Scrooge!

JACQUI: And what the fuck are you arguing about? Wanna screw Rocco Sifredi on Caribians? Look at yourself!

MASHA: Me? You should bloody look at yourself!

(Jacqui hits her real hard)

JACQUI: I know where I am and what I am being in the same room with you. Mickey and you, what a match! The ugliest chick and stupidest guy with the smallest dick that I have ever senn during twenty years of career!

MASHA: This is the worst dump that I ever visited during twenty-five years long career! Not bad as director, though!

JACQUI: It's a dump, yes? You pay the hotel bill then!

(Jacqui takes his mobile phone)

JACQUI: I'm gonna call that arse from the desk to let him know that it's all on the whores expence!

MASHA: Excuse me, Jacqui! Please! I have these dreams again and, you know, I am little funny in the head when I dream about it!

JACQUI: Take the money and fuck yourself!

(Jacqui throws money at her. Masha grabs his legs)

MASHA: Jacqui, please, you are my last chance, don't leave me!

JACQUI: Your last chance? You are fucked, baby.

MASHA: Why? When it happened?

JACQUI: You didn't know when to quit, that's all. You've lost your good looks but selling it still.

MASHA: I can start again.

JACQUI: Masha, you are out of gass in the middle of nowhere.

MASHA: I can buy it somewhere.

JACQUI: No, babes. Either you have it or not.

(Jacqui turns away and leaves the room. Masha »shoots« him in the back, like he is in computer game. And then she sits on the floor and starts to cry. VB: Concierge in front of doors of room1 6. He knocks)

CONCIERGE: Time to leave the room.

MASHA: Why?

CONCIERGE: Cleaning time.

MASHA: To clean up my act.

CONCIERGE: Beg your pardon?

MASHA: Give me five minutes.

CONCIERGE: OK:

(Concierge leaves.VB turns off. Masha tries to collect the money, she puts bills in her bbreast but then she touches ber breast, neck, face, she falls on the floor, crying, lost in despair. Dark)

Scene 17

(VB: woman's lips moving, whispering »Our Father, thou who art in heaven...«. Natasha is on the bare stage, sitting still on the suitcase, straight as a candle)

NATASHA: Pray they say. Or prey. God knows. For whome should I pray? For world. Human race. Dead and alive. Is it too big, abstract? Do I have the right to pray for myself, just for myself, all day long? Is it too selfish? Am I breaking church laws? Vanity, deadly sin? I want to have choice. Nun or whore, that's no choice. I want to have a flat and a job. I wanna Rale to be my first...OK, I won't talk about it. I want to fuck. I want Vladana and Bocky to drop dead. I want you ,God, to give me these ten years I have lost, to rebuild my life again. I wish to quit these computer games. I wish I never met the Executor.

(Dark)

Scene 18

(Bare stage. One and Zero are chasing one another-»Iceman« is the name of the game in Serbia. Zero chases him towards the corner and touches him)

ZERO: Iceman!

(One tries to catch him but Zero avoids him)

ZERO: Bye, bye, Iceman!

(One turns towards audience. He has posture of college professor)

ONE: Why is Iceman or its versions all around the world so popular? This game has its best definition in Serbian phrase: »sorrow, please visit someone else«. But, that's not the point of the game. The point is that there is no solution. Why?

(Zero steps forward, to the edge of the scene)

ZERO: The chased one chases and vice versa. There is no state of perfect happiness, there is no peace. None can stand still. Like Willie Coyote and Road Runner-he chases Road Runner because of the chase itself. I made a good observation, don't you think dear colleague?

(One approaches while Zero makes his bow)

ONE: Absolutely, sir. I might add that us, numbers, or those pretending to be numbers, do not find the sense of this silly game, so paradoxal and unbearably human.

Iceman!

(One touches Zero and Zero starts to chase him. Dark)

Scene 19

(Railway station. VB: inscription RASNA, WESTERN SERBIA then drops of water falling on Rale's forehead. Rale smokes, wearing ragged uniform, staring before him. He whistles melody Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head», uncoherently. Rale looks up. Drop of water falls on his eye. Rale tries to move away. He moves back. Rale lights one cigarette on the remains of previous one. Old Man arrives. He is wearing citizen like.ragged and dusty clothes. He has manners of English nobleman)

OLD MAN: May I sit here, son?

(Rale nods his head)

OLD MAN: I am from Lastra. You?

(Pause)

OLD MAN: Who cares where are we from? We are the one. Our, human misery, it is the same everywhere, we are all myrtyrs and sinners. Children, houses, people, everything's swept away. Why? Devil's in people, they are posessed, that's what it is. I wish I could die if only my death could change something. Anything, just to make these kids feel better. Although times are desperate there is something that gives me hope.

(Rale turns to him, shocked yet rejoyced in a way)

RALE: Hope, hope? Where is it? Where?!

OLD MAN: There is a hope, if you only know how to find it.

RALE: So, where is it, old man, where is it? You seem like the only sane person here! Tell me!

OLD MAN: Son, you must move from this place. You are soaking wet.

RALE: Forget about it! Tell me about hope!

OLD MAN: Hope lays in the fact that our side has lost thirty thousand while enemy has lost, roughly, three hundred thousand people. We have started something that will be ended in the next war. We will kill them to the kingdom come. None will remain.

RALE. Three hundred thousand?

(Old Man pats his shoulder)

OLD MAN: Well done, son, here, here!

(Rale grabs his gun)

RALE: Run to that wood on the top of the hill!

OLD MAN: Sonny boy!

RALE: If you don't make it untill I count till ten I will shoot!

OLD MAN: Curse upon you, lad! Your seed should be wiped out from the face of the Earth!

RALE. Is this the best you know? Happened already, old man!

OLD MAN: Fathers, execute your sons! There is no improvement without that!

RALE (singing): »Kill, kill your sons, you gotta kill, kill
your sons,

Untill they run, run, run, run, run away!«

OLD MAN: This is the only solution for the strength of the nation! Old age is wisdom, old age is experience! No young

man has ever written history!

RALE: Run! Now!

(Old Man runs away. Rale sits, takes off his shoe, takes gun, turns it to his mouth and lays his toe on the trigger.

Pause)

RALE: Too egoistic.

(Rale puts his gun on the ground, puts all the things oin the previous places. Lights a new cigarette. Water is dripping on his forehead. Dark)

Scene 20

(Gale's cabinet. VB;newspapers headlines: »Crime free country«, »No corruption here«, »Public executions of criminals!« etc. Rashich puts papers on his table. Gale writes. Gale grabs Rashich's hand)

RASHICH: Pardon, please...What?

GALE: Have you ever thought about forgiveness?

RASHICH: Of what?

GALE: Your sins.

RASHICH: Are you ashamed of these executions?

GALE: Oh, no! I have no remorse whatsoever.

RASHICH: Why asking then?

GALE: Don't know. Philosophical speculation? Don't tell me you aren't at least intrigued?

RASHICH: Couldn't care less for something that cannot be measured. No regrets-no weight, no pardon. What is wrong with you? Thinking about journey to Kanah?

GALE: Canossa! There was weading in Kanah! Have you ever learned something from history? Theology?

RASHICH: Why should I? Wanna give a public apology?

GALE: No, just thinking.

RASHICH: You, old folks.

GALE: Old folks? Let me remind you...

RASHICH: No, not that! Your minds are old!

GALE: And?

RASHICH: And you are so full of moral!

GALE: Don't bite the hand that feeds you.

RASHICH: Shall I lick it?

GALE: Later! Go!

(Rashich points to papers on Gale's table)

RASHICH: If you think so much about forgiveness why don't you pardon these convicts?

GALE: You know I can not.

RASHICH: So, why were we talking about this pointless subject? You worry too much.

(Rashich gives him cold kiss and leaves. Gale pushes papers from his table. Dark)

Scene 21

(Rashich's apartment. Masha wakes up in bed, plate with breakfast is nearby. VB: National Serbian Television, morning news trailer. Masha is taking coffee and juice. Rashich enters, wearing pink pants)

RASHICH: Up already?

MASHA: Who the hell are you?

RASHICH: What do you think?

MASHA: You ain't no customer, that's for sure.

RASHICH: I am customer.

(Masha laughs over her coffee and chokes on it)

MASHA: Hahahaha, that's a good one!n Let me guess: they told you to give it a try? Just once?

RASHICH: I am not sure that I can follow you.

MASHA: I mean they told you to sleep with whore in order to change your queer habits.

RASHICH: Charming!

MASHA: So, what do you need?

RASHICH: Informations.

(Rashich sits by her side and swallows piece of bread voraciously)

MASHA: About who?

RASHICH: About whome. You know, customer.

MASHA: Great! That disclodes feminine part of town.

RASHICH: Not all of them, as I heard.

MASHA: Yes, it's true but I see no improvement whatsoever.

RASHICH: Your friend from school, Gale.

MASHA: Who?

RASHICH: He was here, I know. He is my chief. Tell me!

MASHA: Find out yourself.

RASHICH: I tried but Ex...someone wasn't too eager to help me.

MASHA: Gonna cost ya.

RASHICH: Gonna last. For the rest of your life.

MASHA: I am demanding person.

RASHICH: I am awfully rich.

(Pause)

MASHA: So, you are going to take his place, huh, rodent?

RASHICH: I am flattered. I like to think about myself as great, nice beaver.

MASHA: What is his place for you? You have the money.

RASHICH: I have money but I need his power. What is it for him? He was sharp, beautiful, cutting left and right and now he hesitates, doubts.

MASHA: Turning into a man? Doesn't want to be a rodent no more?

RASHICH: Unfortunately.

MASHA: And you are the man with the plan? Tough, strong, no mercy?

RASHICH: But of course.

MASHA. Twenty years for jaywalking, thirty years for smoking on the public place?

RASHICH: Aha.

MASHA. Death penalty for hustling?

RASHICH: of course not.

MASHA: But you are not against it either?

RASHICH: No, I mean yes.

MASHA: Whisper in my ear magical figures. You know, how much it costs.

(Rashich leansd to her and whispers. Masha throws away plate, laughing. She gets up fronn the bed)

MASHA: Nice! Now I know how much money I could have had!

RASHICH: Wait! If you get back to the street you will die!Because of him!

MASHA: I know. Gale is the dumbest of all reasons for me to lose such money but there is one dumber thing than that: if someone worse than him takes his place!

(Rashich grabs the pillow and starts strangling her. Masha hits him between his legs. Rashich falls. She spits him)

RASHICH: Gonna die outside! In the garbage, remember!

MASHA:Not by your stinky hand!

(Masha, while going out, throws pillow on him. Dark)

Scene 22

(Night. Well. Natasha is pulling the water out, in a bucket. VB: heat of burning cigarette is dancing in the darkness and then transcends to the stage and disappears on VB. Natasha shakes a bit, turns around her, and then continues to pull the bucket. Heated cigarette behind her. VB turns off. Natasha stops)

NATASHA: God be with you.

RALE: God be with you too.

NATASHA: Who is that?

RALE: Someone, never mind who. Do not turn around!

NATASHA: What brings you here, stranger?

RALE: I do not know what it is but it is not something bad, I guess.

(Pause)

RALE: Sister, mother, nun, how should I call you?

(Natasha quivers)

NATASHA: Just say it, son.

(Natasha is pulling the rope slowly towards her, in fear.)

VB: bucket is dancing deep in the well, on the rope)

RALE: I want to confess myself.

NATASHA: Come in the morning. Father Nikanor will recommend you to our Lord.

RALE: No, I want to talk with you.

NATASHA: With me?

RALE: With you.

(VB: bucket, slow motion, falling on the bottom of well. Splashing)

NATASHA: Go on, my son.

RALE: I am not aware of things that occurred. At one moment you are a child, happy, or at least you are ought to be happy and, the very next day, you are man, killing. I do not understand that.

NATASHA: Yes?

(She clears her throat up)

RALE: I thought it was going to be just like in my favourite book: »It is going to be just fine, you know. I will look at stars too. All stars will be wells with rusty wheels and...

NATASHA: »...and all stars will pour me to drink.«

(Pause)

NATASHA: Murder is a hard crime but, if you can realise what you have done and repent for what you have done there is still a hope.

RALE: No, you do not understand. Murder, childhood, they are both familiar to me. The period between them is not. Where did I disappear?

(Natasha is pulling rope again)

NATASHA: Do you remember anything?

RALE: Nothing. Computer game, vomit-play, play-vomit, and his face, staring, Executor, everywhere!

NATASHA. You have to recall of something that brings clemency.

RALE: Vaguely.

NATASHA: Give it a try!

RALE: There was a girl.

NATASHA: Yes?

RALE: I was shy. I had no idea about her family.

NATASHA: Yes?

RALE: I never told her that I love her. I never rode her on a bike like in »Butch Cassidy & Sundance Kid«, you know, like (he sings):

»Raindrops keep falling on my head

And just like the guy whose feet are too big for his bed
Nothin' seems to fit

Those raindrops are falling on my head, they keep falling
Nothing seems to fit cause I ll never stop the raindrop
complaining..."

And I never read Little Prince again. And, I had to do that!

NATASHA: Rog! You had a bike, Slovenian, Rog was its brand!
(Pause)

RALE: Filter, the fire has reached the filter. It is time for this flame to go out.

NATASHA: Yes.

(Rale puts the filter on the floor and steps on it. Rale turns and goes. Rale stops)

RALE: Sister?

NATASHA: Yes?

RALE: Have you ever fucked in your life?

(Natasha lets the rope go. VB: Buckett falls into the deep water of well with no sound. Rale is leaving. Dark)

Scene 23

(Zero and One are dancing tango. One is leading)

ZERO: Emotions-overestimated state of organism.

ONE: High pressure.

ZERO: Subjective analysys.

ONE: Too much human.

ZERO: Too illogical.

ONE: We are not trying to be like men, being numbers. We are not into sex, for example.

ZERO: C'mon, fill up my void.

ONE: No! We are avoiding coitus because we can do it anytime we want. Human beings want it when they can and, especially, when they cannot do that.

ZERO: Miserable destiny of mankind. They just cannot get it enough!

ONE: Move your fingers from here!

ZERO: You liked them fine yesterday.

ONE: Do not make human of yourself.

ZERO: I shall not.

(Zero spits out rose. Dark)

Scene 24

(WC, restaurant. VB: shot of restaurant, drunken guests. In front of WC, in the hall, sits Masha and drinks)

MASHA: Squire, are you going to get out from there? You are spoiling my business!

(Pause)

MASHA: Silent type, huh? Your stomach is sick and your mouth are shut. I am quite opposite-sick and talkative. And, as it gets harder I talk more. I deserved that, not knowing when to stop.

(Flushing of water, off. Washing hands, off)

MASHA: Liquor is guilty although I blame mom and society! And one politician! And Executor! Ever heard of this game? The most popular game of all times, it has blinded the millions!

(Footsteps, off. Doors squeeling)

MASHA. So, the job is done? Very nice!

(Gradimir, tall, in his sixties, enters the hall. Puts money in Mashas hands, Masha grabs his hand. She looks at it)

MASHA: It is cut, line of life, right in the middle of it! Daddy! Gradimir!

(Masha tries to hug him)

GRADIMIR: Back off!

MASHA: You are my dad!

GRADIMIR: You are my dad, you are my dad, you are my dad! What do you think this is? Mexican soap opera? Tele-novela?

MASHA: Daddy!

GRADIMIR: Slow down woman, I am going to hurt you real bad!

MASHA: I am Mariya and my mother is Vishnya and you are

Gradimir, my father, worker whose hand was cut right there, in the middle of his palm! The one with prolonged line of life!

(Pause)

GRADIMIR: Yes, it is me. You are my daughter, Mariya. Satisfied? I gotta go.

(Masha crosses his way)

MASHA: Still early.

GRADIMIR: What do you think I was doing there, in lavatory?

MASHA: What could you?

GRADIMIR: I was washing my face, once, twice, thre times. And trhen I cried. And then I threw up. And then I washed my face up and cried, again.

MASHA: Why?

(VB: Nervous man is standing in front of WC door)

NERVOUS GUY: Open up, I am going to piss in my pants!

MASHA& GRADIMIR: Get bent!

(Nervous Guy runs away:VB: restaurant again)

MASHA: We even curse at the same time. I am your blood!

GRADIMIR: My blood.Yes.

(Pause)

GRADIMIR: I was rehearsing for this conversation but I can't do it. Do you know why?

MASHA. Daddy, skip it if it is no good.

GRADIMIR: I have recognized you from the first. The same broad from red light district, the same broad from porn, the same broad that smells like shit. Turned ugly but IT remained.

MASHA: What is IT?

GRADIMIR: You know it so well.

MASHA: I was abandoned. Vishnya died and I couldn't go

other way. Red lights or nunnery. I don't know nothing about God and my mom made a bitch out of me. What did you expect?

GRADIMIR: Off I go.

MASHA: Daddy, stay!

(Masha kneels before him and grabs his feet)

GRADIMIR: I wish I have jerked you, my seed, off and flushed you in toilet! Better than having your crazy mother pregnant!

(He gives her some more money and rushes out. Dark)

Scene 25

(VB: feather dancing in the air. Stage: Rale and Natasha are driving around in circles, on his bike. They whistle »Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head«. They are happy. From time to time they kiss each other. But, their melody is becoming sadder and sadder. VB: Hand grabs the feather. It is Executor's hand. Executor blows and spreads bits of feather around. He laughs. Vladana and Bockey appear. Bockey stops his bike and Vladana takes Rale's hand and places his hand on her tit. Rale looks towards Natasha and she looks away. Rale leaves with Vladana, to the darkness, with his hand on her tit.

Bockey pushes Natasha from the bike, sits on the seat and drives away. Natasha remains alone and whistles, through her tears: »Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head«. Dark.)

Scene 26

(VB: figures of people killed in Balkan Wars 1991- .
Cabinet of Gale. Rale enters. He is broken man. Gale drinks
whiskey but, when he sees him, puts the bottle into the
drawer)

GALE: Oh, it's you! Sit, sit! Can't believe you managed to
appoint meeting with me so quickly, huh?

RALE: Are you going to tell me how much weight I have lost,
how smelly, beaten, freaked out I am?

GALE: You said it, man. Have a seat.

RALE: I won't.

GALE: So, you won't.

RALE: Accused people have to stand.

GALE: Accused for what?

RALE: Crime. I demand the strongest punishment.

(Gale laughs, takes his bottle again)

GALE: And you are guilty for...Let me guess: hunger in
Uganda, genocide in Rwanda, Amazon rain forests are cut
down, Texas chainsaw massacre?

RALE: I am not in a mood for joking right now.

GALE: I wasn't so far but...

(Gale grabs pills from his pocket and swallows them, crushing some of them with his teeth)

GALE: Vitamins. Nothing serious.

RALE: As you say so.

GALE: Can't believe me? Been reading opposition press lately?

RALE: I do not care about that.

GALE: Well, what can I do for you? Really! Listen, we never had much in common, we were fighting, actually , but, you know I have always admired you.

RALE: But you didn't want to tell me so. Listen, you have the power and authoritiy. Convict me fo r murder.

GALE: You must be out of your mind! Go to court!

RALE: You know how to fry or shoot someone. You have sent a couple of drug dealers from opposite clan but you do not want to execute me.

GALE: Wait!

RALE. You couldn't care less when people were dying on the battlefields. You sat, always around leading vampires!

GALE: You really want to piss me off and kill you.You almost did that.

(Gale puffs away)

GALE: OK, who was it?

(Gale is trying to write the data down)

RALE: A woman. Back there, in the war.

GALE: Name, occupation, residence?

RALE: I do not know. They told me she was going to get bullett anyway-her sons have killed many of our people.

GALE: And their names? Nothing? Great! Location of a body?

RALE: I do not recall.

(Gale jumps)

GALE: You have killed a freaking ghost!

(Gale hugs Rale)

GALE: Listen ,these thing do happen, nervous breakdown in the frontline and stuff like that...

RALE: You were there so you know all about it, huh?

GALE: Many people told me.Believe me, it is the same thing as if I were there.So, you had a dream and then you started to believe it was all the truth.

(Rale tosses over the table)

RALE: I was not dreaming and everything I said is a truth as it is truth that I have overturned this table!

GALE: Don't EVER do this again!Comprende? If you were not my friend I could have sent you to prison in Skela to make you someone's bitch for a lifetime!

RALE: Send me away! I cannot live with this!

GALE: Gangbang is the stuff you can't live with.

RALE: Whole state has already fucked me!

GALE: You have too much conscience for a murderer.

RALE: And you have enough conscience for Minister Of Justice.

GALE: You will be surprised how wrong you are.

RALE: Will you help me or not? The fact is that she is dead and that this is my fault! What and when happened, it really does not matter!

GALE: So, what happened? And how? Bullet in the head? Strangulation? Rape-fucking her brains out? Burned her? Cut her head off? What?!!

GALE: Then what? Who?!Who did it?

(Rale falls on the ground)

RALE: You know him. Executor. The one from the game.

(Gale is scared for a second)

RALE: I slept with her, I didn't have a woman for years and then him-we were sleeping, he crawled in, took her beating soul and I looked away.

(Pause)

GALE: Took her beating soul? I was always saying that you have something of as poet within you. I didn't know that you have something of a madman too.

RALE: That was the way it happened!

GALE: And now, madman, helping computer character to kill woman.-ghost wants to be convicted? Like I can dream peacefully now!

RALE: It bothers you too?

GALE: I can't take it. Beat it!

RALE: Don't be egoistic!

GALE: No, don't you be egoistic! Think of your country. We are trying to avoid war reparations and now this! Like we didn't pay enough?

RALE. So, you won't help me.

GALE: I can't. Even if I wanted to help you, the guy above me wouldn't grant that.

RALE: God?

GALE: Even worse. Prime minister.

RALE: So, what now?

GALE: You have killed their own? Go-turn yourself in! Cross the border!

RALE: Thank you a lot! Borders are closed!

GALE: Listen, you can either cure or kill yourself but don't expect from government to help you.

RALE: Right! Who needs country like this anyway?

(Rale gets up and leaves. Gale kicks his chair. Dark)

Scene 27

(Bare stage. On a chair, sitting in his evening suit, Executor. He holds dosen of roses. Rashich, on his knees, he is eating dosen of roses. Blood is dripping down Rashich's face VB: Video-game slaughter. Score: always yero)

EXECUTOR: »There is no rose without thorn,
There is no capricorn without horn,
There is no no slave without wound,
There is no no raven without mound«

(Executor sighs with desire with his eyes upon bloody Rashich)

EXECUTOR: Only pain can lead you to the revelation. That's it, boy. You eat it all.

(Gale arrives. Gale stares at them, shocked. He holds dozen of roses)

EXECUTOR: Like that?

Rashich: Yes, a lot.

EXECUTOR: Will you kiss my footsteps?

(Rashich kneels and falls on the floor)

EXECUTOR: Later, darling, later. Now I want to see how thorn cuts through your mouth straight to your eye and then right to the brain, and, finally, I wanna see you dying of your own stupidity.

(Rashich opens his mouth real wide but Executor stops him)

EXECUTOR: I want you to know, as I said before to each and everyone; you made me, you created me! Hence, you have the power to destroy me. I was in a fairytale, myth, legend, movie, video-game, computer-game, I've been all around this stinking orb, come and get me! Kill me, I dare you!

(Pause)

EXECUTOR: No kidding. You can kill me. This offer comes around once in thousand years and I am obliged to do so- ancient deal with someone you never met. But there is a catch- I have to choose my executor. So, you are Executor's executor.

GALE(whispering): Kill him, kill him, kill!

RASHICH: I will not!

(Executor takes his face in his hands, squeezes it like he is going to break it)

EXECUTOR. Why not?

RASHICH: Who will scare me in such wonderful manner if not you?

EXECUTOR: Honest answer, my child.

(Executor gives him bloody kiss. Gale turns around and leaves. Gale throws flowers away. Dark)

Scene 28

(Zero & One. One rides Zero, in circles)

ONE: There is no submission in the world of numbers.

ZERO: One more round.

ONE: Shut up zero! Looser!

ZERO: One mor turn. Round the circle.

ONE: Circle is zero. And, it cannot be perfect.

ZERO: That is not reason for my non-riding.

ONE: The only reason for your, as you put it, non-riding lays in the fact that it is only me who can say something about justice and democracy because they are arithmetically correct.

ZERO: But, there is no similarity between the law and justice whatsoever. No signs of equality.

ONE: Prisons have the same smell in all countries.

ZERO: They don't but their essence is the same: corksroaches! Now its my turn!

ONE: What a boring rag you are! I should hoist you!

.(One gets up, filled with disgust. Zero places his bones back in their place)

ONE: Can't you see, these relations, leader and his subjects, they have no importance whatsoever. Game is the thing that matters.

ZERO: Yes, it's true. Can anyone think about presidents, prime ministers or faulty monarchs as sane and complete human beings? It's a game! Sve ye igra!¹

ZERO AND ONE(singing):

»We call it master and servant

We call it master and servant

¹*Its all just a game!-Serbian*

It's a lot like life
This play between the sheets
With you on top and me underneath

Forget all about equality

Let's play master and servant
Let's play master and servant

Let's play the game of master and servant!«

(Dark)

Scene 29

(VB: neon sign for restaurant but only REST pulses and shines. Stage: WC, hallway, Masha in front of it, on a chair, ashe smokes and drinks and looks in front of her. Her eyes are dull, lost. In comes the Cleaning Lady, old, thin, dusting with her broom all over the place. She gets to Masha and starts dusting her too)

MASHA: Wanna dust me?

CLEANING LADY: Oh, Mara, it is you? Sorry, I am bit of senile lately.

MASHA: Fifty years lately, I reckon! By the way, I am Masha, not Mara!

CLEANING LADY(lost): Senile.

MASHA: You didn't forget that one day you gonna die?

CLEANING LADY: Nope.

MASHA: Nothing serious then.

CLEANING LADY: Guess so.

MASHA: Lived long and healthy life, huh?

CLEANING LADY: Closing time!

MASHA: Closing time!

(Masha raises her hands up. She laughs)

MASHA: What was drunk is drunk , what was pissed is pissed, what was done is done!

CLEANING LADY: Good night, Mara!

MASHA: Good night!

(Cleaning Lady leaves her broom leaning on the wall.

Cleaning Lady leaves. Masha takes a smoke, steps on butt,
then looks at her pack of cigarettes and bottle)

.MASHA: Nothing. Empty. Blank. What now? Off we go,
easilly.

(Masha puts chair aside. She opens cabin of WC. She enters,
climbing on toilet seat, puts a rope around her neck)

MASHA: Closing time.

(Dark)

Scene 30

(VB: evil dog, Austrian shepherd, barking, drewling on his chain. Scene: bordering stone with national flag on it.

Rale rushes in. Soldiers 1&2 follow him)

SOLDIER 1: Wait, we won't hurt you! Hey he is mad! Won't stop!

SOLDIER 2: Stop!

SOLDIER 1: Stop I say!

SOLDIER 2: Stop or I'll shoot!

SOLDIER 1: I shoot!

SOLDIER 2: You're dead, man!

(Rale tries to jump over the stone. Soldiers start shooting. Rale falls on the ground. Soldiers approach with great caution. They kick him with their feet. Soldier 1 checks his pulse)

SOLDIER 1: Dead! Bummer! First day on the border and now this!

SOLDIER 2: The most important thing is that we respected rules of service.

SOLDIER 1: By killing a man wearing our uniform?

SOLDIER 2: Bet ya in todays meal he is one of theirs!

SOLDIER 1: This is no time to lay bets.

(Pause)

SOLDIER 1: Ok, you're on!

(They spit in their palms and seal the deal by shaking their hands)

(Soldier 1 takes papers from Rale's wintercoat)

SOLDIER 1: Our man! »Prove«, no less!

SOLDIER 2: Damn! Why the fuck was he running to the other side?

SOLDIER 1: Maybe he was asking to be killed by their folks.

SOLDIER 2: Why is that? Like he done something wrong to them? This is impossible! There is no crime,as long as you keep killing them!

SOLDIER 1: Well, let's skip this subject. We'll never know what happened to him and this is it.

SOLDIER 2: Bet your ass we won't!

(Soldier 1 takes off his helmet and crosses himself. Dark)

Scene 31

(VB: blood, all over the place. Computer game, destroyed faces of her parents, nuns, Masha, Gale. Stage: Natasha's room. On the floor, playing with joystick, Natasha, getting more and more excited. VB: Rale kneels, praying. Natasha makes pause and then she pushes the button on her joystick and Rale's head explodes. Blood all over the screen. Natasha lays, pushes joystick between her thighs, caresses herself. Dark)

Scene 32

(Office of Gale. Gakle writes. Rshich enters,. Rashich holds paprers in his hand)

RASHICH: Data for 26th.

GALE: What about 30th?

(Rashich returns with new papers)

RASHICH: There you go.

GALE: What about 14th?

RASHICH: But that doesn't matter.

GALE: I know but, when I order 14th I receive the bleeding 14th! You have a strong patron but that isn't something special aronud here. Not anymore. Dig that?

RASHICH: What happened with our...relationship?

GALE: Gone. Get back to work.

(Rashich returns. He bring new documents)

RASHICH: There it is.

GALE: Take it back, I don't need it.

RASHICH: I understand.

GALE: Bring those of 27th.

(Rashich brings new documents)

RASHICH: Why are you doing this?

(Gale takes the gun from his jacket and shoots him. Rashich falls on the floor, aching, crawling on his back, trying to get out. Gale follows him)

GALE: It's more interesting in that computer game.

Executor, you know that? I am not pleased with real murders, not pleased at all.

RASHICH: Motherfucker! Why?

GALE: Is that so? Well I've never fucked my mother and you are my skunk! I had many female skunks you know. They were far better than you.

RASHICH: Masha, for example. Hahahahah!

(Pause)

GALE: Yes, her.

RASHICH: Whores love ya! She kept her mouth shut. It becomes you-all those whores around you!

GALE: They are better then you anyway.

RASHICH: Like I haven't been had by better men then you?

GALE: I know but this is not a reason for me shooting you. The reason is not in your action but, on the cotrary, in your lack of action. I don't mind if you eat flowers, really.

RASHICH: He'll kill you for this!

GALE: Let him have it!

RASHICH: Slave, that's what you are!

GALE: That's WHO I am! So are you! But, there is slight difference.

RASHICH: Say it.

GALE: I find no joy in being slave.

RASHICH: I am just a weak man, I have no power to make decisions!

GALE: So, it seems I'm forced to decide for you, don't you think?

(Gale fills Rashich with led. Gale sits. Gale continues to write. Dark)

Scene 33

(VB: white flag, waving on the wind.Stage:Gale writes at the same desk.It is a mental institution, really. Members of medical staff are dragging in Rale, with bandages cross his chest.Masha wears a »collar« made of plaster. Natasha's hands are tied. They put them, as patients, on the chairs and then medical staff leaves. Gale stops with writing, lifts his head up and smiles)

GALE: So, what's up?

RALE: Not bad, Gale.

MASHA: Never been better.

NATASHA: I am not complaining. I am neither nun nor whore. Sorry, Masha!

MASHA: I am not offended. It's better to be whore than Lavatory Lady!

GALE: How come you are here?

RALE: Stupid soldiers on the border.Lousey shooters they are,huh!

MASHA: Senile cleaning lady has forgotten her broom. Later on, her memory came back.

NATASHA: Blasphemy. You?

GALE: It's hard to find a good secretary these days. I've killed the last one of them.

(VB: inscription HEY, I KNOW YOU.Enters Executor dressed up as Erotismo)

EXECUTOR: Dear viewers, only tonight, we have two outlaws with us. They are on the waiting list for pits of hell, candidates for eternal torments. Murderer, traitor, suicidal maniac and blasphemist. Yet ,we are members of mercifull super-society. The winner in this game of »Executor«...

(Paramedics arrive, releasing patints and giving them joysticks)

EXECUTOR: They can escape death penalty consisted of (followed with inscriptions on VB): vivisection-the inquisition way, slaughtering, dragging their corpses on horses tails, throwing their bodies into sulfuric acid. Who is the lucky one that will escpa these horrors? There can be only one! Get ready, cons!

GALE: Masha, forgive me.

MASHA: May I?

RALE: Natasha, you know, over there, by the well.

NATASHA: I know. I wanted you to reveal yourself.

EXECUTOR: And off we go!

(No one moves. VB separates into four parts of splitscreen and underneath each particle is name and zero as a score)

EXECUTOR: And off we go!

(No one moves)

EXEC UTOR: Last warning before shutdown!

(Pause. Executor caughs)

EXECUTOR: Well, dear viewers, we have to change the show's concept.

(Executor waves his hand. Image on VB changes, replaced with faces of Natasha, Masha, Rale and Gale as computer animations. Executor waves his hand like he shoots and-four shots, four brains blown out, for contestants dead. Stage: four bodies are laying on the floor)

EXECUTOR: »Here lay soldier, politician, whore and a nun,

The were nothing special but this is such a fun!«

(Dark)

Scene 34

(Zero and One, with their hands on their chest, with their heads bowed, crying)

ONE: I am really sorry.

ZERO: Me too.

ONE. Oh God, why them?

ZERO: Take me, take me!

ONE: Cooooocooooo!¹

ZERO: Lelleeeee!¹

(They make sour faces at the same time)

ONE: All that you see is not real.

ZERO: It could have happened but it did not. It is possible yet not probable.

ONE: Possible and probable, they are so rare within mankind, at least in their pure form..Human beings !Huh!

ZERO: Never quite alive.

ONE: Never quite dead.

¹*Words of sorrow in Serbia like »shame« or »alas«*

ZERO: Who cares about their petty emotions.

ONE: They are not as exact as me.

ZERO: Like us, you mean!

ONE: Like us, OK: Everything has its form here. Precise shape.

ZERO: Proportion. Void with proportion.

ONE: Even something with proportion.

ZERO: No leftovers.

ONE: One and zero

ZERO: Zero and one.

ONE: Nothing outside.

ZERO: Nothing above.

ONE AND ZERO: Nothing.

(Dark)

Scene 35

(VB: the wall from the second scene, with little piece of sky above it. No bandages and pijamas, there are, wearing their clothes from the second scene, Masha, Rale, Gale, Natasha. They sit at the table. No joysticks)

GALE: Tough game. Glad there is no playing no more.

MASHA: Yeah. It hurt a bit at the end.

RALE: Nothing special. Slight touch of butterfly rushing in your room at night.

NATASHA: You said that, my man. I am just kidding, you put it well. Like a prince.

GALE: Something seems better here.

RALE: Can you feel it?

GALE: I feel it.

MASHA: If even you can feel something well, there is something alright.

GALE: So, what shall we do now?

MASHA: What shall we do?

RALE: Really, what shall we do now?

NATASHA: Fuck, what else?

(THE END)