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# HELL IS O.K.

(a play)

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## Scene one

*The stage is in the dark. Passages are on the left and right from it. White wall is in the middle. Pressing buttons on cell phone, off.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: Welcome to Hedonismo 2000, the protected space of your intimacy. If you are prepared for beginning of the meeting press button number one and if you want to wait a bit press number three.

*Squeeking of button being pressed, off. Lights on. Woman, late 40s enters, wearing a formal suit. She is quite attractive. She holds the cell phone in her hand. She is turning around herself.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: We are pleased that you have chosen beginning of the meeting. If you want to watch short porn film you can press one, or if you want to order the drinks and contraceptives you can press two and if you want different light setup

*Woman presses buttons on her cell phone. Squeeking, off. Twice. Pulsing, red flickering on the wall.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: You have chosen lava effect. Nice choice. *Woman is looking around her. She is pleased. She raises her hand high, spins, like she gives herself to lava. Her body is flickering. Buzz of a cell phone, off. Woman shakes her mood off.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: Your co-user is in frontz of the room. If you want to let him in press 1, if are having second thoughts press 2, if you need help from our psychoanalist press 3, if you want to stop acquaintance press #.

*Woman doesn't move.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: Your co-user is in frontz of the room. If you want to let him in press 1, if are having second thoughts press 2, if you need help from our psychoanalist press 3, if you want to stop acquaintance press #.

*Woman doesn't move.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: Your co-user is in frontz of the room. If you want to let him in press 1, if are having second thoughts press 2, if you need help from our psychoanalist press 3, if you want to stop acquaintance press #.

*Woman doesn't move. Woman presses buton hastily.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: Congratulations. You have chosen to accept the co-user. This time we remind you that your time is limited on one hour. If you want to prolong or shorten your time you can always press 0.

*Lad appears from the left. He is in near his 30th birthday, dressed nicely yet5 without pompousness. His L-model suits him nice. He holds rose in his hand. He is nervous.*

L: Hi.

W: Hi.

L: This is for you.

W: Oh, thanks.

*He gives her flower, hesitating a bit. Surface kiss. Woman places rose on floor with great patience.*

W: It is nice.

L: Why?

W: Why what? Why is this rose beautiful?

L: No, I mean why did you tell me to give it to you.

*Pause.*

W: You didn't really think.

L: What?

W: I don't want nothing more than this.

L: I know that.

W: Don't think that way of me because it is not the case.

L: I don't.

W: Ok, I just tell you that this kind of thinking can effect your, you know, performance.

L: How come?

W: I mean, you know, she wanted a gift and we just have to have sex, and that's all, and what will she think if I, that surely means something, she believes I am inlove with her and she is crazy and she will cut me while I am sleeping. You know, that kind of stuff.

L: And what does that have with my performance?

W: You will think about so many things and you won't get an erection. Trust me, the only thing I want from you is sex. You get it?

Woman starts caressing his body. Lad is standing, stiffened up.

L: I am beginning to realise that.

W: Not enough but relax, it will come naturally.

L: You talk like something is wrong with me.

W: Oh, no. I tell you, webcam showed me more than I ever expected.

L: Camera has an lying eye.

W: Not that much.

L: Lie down, I'll do it myself.

Lad puts his arm underenath his jacket and then draws it out.

W: What now? Don't like to be undressed by woman?

L: Yet, I will do it.

W: Relax a bit. Imagine that zou are, say, pasha and I am one of thousand mistresses from your harem and I take your clothes slowly, slowly off, my fingers are slipping down, at the first you don't feel them and then they grab your shoulder!

*Lad resists.*

L: No.

W: You are not comfortable with it?

*Woman takes out cell phone and presses buttons.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: If you want to look porno film press 1.

Woman presses button. One woman and two men, beginning of the scene. Theye taking their clothes off. Lad looks aside.

L: Turn it off! Grouse!

W: What's not to like? Two guys sharing a same woman or that they have dicks bigger than yours?

L: Turn it off.

W: It's only banging.

L: I say turn it off!

*Woman presses buttons and screaming of actors is now much louder.*

W: What's not to like? What?

L: Nothing.

W: What's not to like? Two guys sharing a same woman or that they have dicks bigger than yours?

L: Both! Turn it off!

*Woman presses button and porn disappears. Pulsing magma on the wall.*

WOMAN: Is it better.

L: Looks like hell.

W: I can turn on porn if you like.

L: No. OK. Hell is OK.

*Woman presses buttons.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE:: If you want to confirm the ending of the meeting press 1, if you want to return to main menu press 2 and if you want to call security and remove co-user press 3.

L: Don't.

W: Why? No use.

L: How do you think?

W: Listen, you are really very cute guy but I think that you are not in mood for this. At least not today. So, the best thing to do is to stop.

L: I am not in the mood?

Lad grabs her and starts kissing her passionately, she surrenders. They fall on the floor. He takes her clothes off, quickly. He is kissing her breasts and starts unbuttoning his trousers. She stops him.

W: Wait!

L: Wait?

W: if I could so can you.

L: But you wanted it few secs ago.

W: What happened just now?

L: I don't like porns.

W: Rubbish.

L: I am shy. Cannont look at them in ladie's company.

W: And takingt off your clothes on the chat isn't a problem, huh?

L: Thats me, not them.

*Lad points to the wall.*

W: You have attached to me, didn't you?

*Lad laughhs cinically and starts fixing his clothes.*

L: Me, hung up on you? But we know each other only five days!

W: Stop lying to me. I remember your words back on the chat. What was it? It was tasky, like when totally confused guys try to pick women. Ah, yes: *Have I met you before?*

*Pause.*

L: So what? I saw you, alright.

W: Where and when?

L: On tellie, once. Ten years ago.

W: I was not on TV.

L: I can bet that I have seen you during ther war on TV:

W: You must have mistakenme for someone else.

L: I never forget pretty women.

W: Thganks for flattering but I think you made a mistake. You could've seen me month or two ago, I was having an interview on Pharmaceutical Congress.

L: Maybe, but it doesn't mean that I didn't see you during the war.

W: oh no-it means that you didn't see me during the war.

L: Think so?

W: You must have seen that interview and it was months ago, not decade ago.Trust me.

L: Sure it is that way. Anyway you say.

*Pause.*

L: But you are really familiar to me.

W: I know what you want to say.

L: What?

W: Yes-but as I already said-no attachment.

L: Never had an intention to make one.

W: Number one: you are younger.Much younger.

L: Thanks. I know to count.

W: No you don't. If my son was alive he'll be about your age.

L: Your son?

*Pause.*

L: What happened with him?

W: Died in a war.

L: Sorry.

W: You say it but don't mean it.

L: I mean I didn't know him.

W: If you have you'd really miss him.

L: Don't know for that but I am really sorry for you.

W: He was wonderful. The best. Wasn't built for war, you know. Biology student. He was so funny, I remember when he passed his application exam I told him: "How can you become an biologist? You have fainted when you had to cut those frogs in primary school." He got angry, didn't talk with me. He was so fragile, silent, I didn't know what to think about this. And then one day, it was October I think, he came and said: Guess what? I cut that frog today!". He was so chilling cold, never saw him this way before. Next day war broke out and he volunteered.

*Pause.*

L: Why did you mention him?

W: You mean, why did I say he was born same year as you? Because it is true.

L: You know what I think. Come on, tell me what do you want to tell me with this story? Do you want to make me feel like a perv?

W: Perv that you are.

L: So are you.

W: Not me. It is quite normal that woman in my age wants sex but it is quite unnatural for young lads to sleep with her.

*Lad raises his hands*

L: OK; OK! I am perv, I am Oedypus, I am necrophiliac!

W: Say what?

L: Hitting back at you and if you don't like it choose options: 1,2,3 256, and throw me out! C'mon!

*Pause*

L: Or you sort of attached to me?

W: No.

L: Not? OK, then. Let's do it, finally. You know why are we here. Don't be shy.

W: I won't.

L: I know I won't be.

W: Be my guest, offend me!

*Lad unbuttons his trousers. Woman approaches.*

L: On your knees, you bitch!

*Pause*

W: Nervous, huh?

L: Shut a fuck up! On your knees bitch! Crawl!

W: Then ok.

Woman kneels and starts crawling on her four.

L: Come here, you old slut!He will have a real good time!

Woman puts her hand in his trousers. He puts his hand in his jacket.

L: Thats erighht bitch, just a little bit more!

Woman stops. Steps aside..

L: What the fuck do you want?

W: Cant do it this way. I need to get to know you first.

L: Come, come. We've been chatting five days.You know everything about me.

W: Not everything.

L: Shoot.

W: Your accent, where did you get it?

L: I am refugee. I live here for ten years-

W: You have escaped when they killed my son.

L: Is that shit a problem?

W: Don't talk to me with that tone.

L: Fuck I will, mutherfucking shitty sleazy friggin motherfucker shit! How does that sound?

W: You left my son to die for you. Bhow does that sound to you? Men! You have just one obligation in life-to go to army and you blow it! You don't take care of your lives, dying like fools and killing your parents that way!

*Woman starts crying.*

W: He died and for whome? For what?

*Pause*

L: Sorry.

W: We can stop this conversation,you know.

L: I am sorry, really.

W: Ok.

L: You couldn't influence on that?

W: What do you know?

L: What do I know, I am just a stupid refugee. Listen to me: I don't want your forgiveness. Since I am here you treat me like I have a plague or something. You think I have escaped because I wanted to?

*Lad waves his hand like he is going to hit her. Lad falls on the floor. He is broken man.*

L: When war broke out I joined the army. Very first day. In the morning I took the uniform of our old army which stopped to exist and in the evening I put our new uniform. Three hairs didn't fall on the shoulder of my civil suit. I was in the tank squad and they sent us towards north.

W: You were in tank squad? Just like my son!

*Pause.*

L: Yeah, just like your son. Our unit was small, just three vehicles. Two of them bursted into flames the first day of battle and I had enough luck to have my tank stuck in a ditch so I couldn't participate in the slaughter. Next day our batalion wanted aid and I couldn't help them. Watched half of the batalion die throwing bombs on tanks. My family wasn't so lucky.

W: Your family?

L: Father, mother, brother. As soon as we went north enemies barged in. They didn't want to have street fights. It was too risky. Cowards they were they dragged their tanks on the hills over the town and shot at it until they lost the ammo. Later on they descended to the valley and squashed anything that could breathe. Ones that escaped that were cut down with machine guns.

W: I am sorry.

L: You wouldn't be so sorry if you knew all the details.

*Pause. Lad puts his hand in the jacket.*

W: What?

L: They weren't your kin.

W: That doesn't mean that I don't feel sorry for them.

L: You really don't understand.

W: What's to understand? They were people killed by animals!

Woman sits by his side. She is caressing Lad. Lad is sobbing.

W: If my son was there with his unit he would've protected them.

*Pause.*

L: Yeah, sure.

W: Excuse me for everything I said. I didn't know.

L: How could you?

W: What happened afterwards?

L: Got numb. Silent. Some people told me that I will have visions and dillusions, seing ghosts of the dead, dreaming them, talking of them as if they are alive. Nothing of that happened. Whzen they told me that my family is no more I was dry. Not a single tear. And I ater. Two plates of beans. Drank a couple of beers. Layed down with other soldiers. Woke up at 4:30 am, went to the rifle closet, took out the gun, placed a bulett in it, took of the shoe, placed my toe on a trigger and barrell on my forehead.

W: And then?

L: Soldiers saw me, dragged me to the captain. I was useless as my tank was. We had tanks no more. Madhouses were empty and all lunatics at home or on the street. They were without medications. They didn't need me either.

W: And?

L: And I was free to go wherever I please.

W: Have you thought about comitting a suicide again?

L: Few times. Lousy attempts. Last time I jumped in river five feet deep.

W: When it happened?

L: Seven years ago.

W: Do you still think of it?

L: Dunno. Life is outside me. Out of my control, anyway. I live more out of a spite to those that killed my family.

W: You are strong asnd stubborn. Just like my son.

L: I am not like your son.

W: I just told you...

L: Believe me-I am NOT like your son!

Pause. Woman caresses his shoulder and pats his hand.

W: And, what do you do for living?

L: You don't want to know.

W: Criminal?

L: No, iti s called: highly payed jobs for lower educated peoplde.

W: How come?

L: I do things that no one wants to deal with: unplugging sewer, hanging on skyscrapers and washing windowes, bathing corpses...

W: Repulsive!

L: Repulsive is if my „customers“ make complaints that soap is pitching their eyes.

W: Handsome lad like you can find a better profession.

L: Male whore you mean?

W: Never said that. Nioce looks are advantage for numerous jobs. Travelling salesmen for example.

L: Yeap, but my accent...

W: Get rid of it, man!

*Lad gets up hastily.*

L: My accent, as you call it, is everything I own. Get that? Don't have a house, family, girlfriend, I don't even have someone who will bathe me when I am dead and gone. If I die I will bath myself, I guess. So, listen: my accent is all that was and will be of me! That thing that you call an accent is my tongue, my world, the first thing that comes out dancing on my lips, that accent, that's me!

W: I only wanted to help.

*Lad looks at her and then helps her to get up.*

L: Do you really wanna help? Don't mention war, accent, tanks, land, origins, politics, please!

W: Promise.

*Woman takes cell phone and presses button.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: You have chosen change of lights. Option 1-red lights, 2-dimmed limelight

*Woman presses button. White drape fluttering on the wall.*

PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: Congratulations! You have chosen dimmed limelight!

L: What yer doing?

W: Changing things.

*Woman presses butgton on her cell phone.*

II PLEASENT ROBOTISED FEMALE VOICE: You have chosen the musical set. Option one-techno, 2-reggae, 3-Bary White, 4-Mediteranean sounds....

*Woman presses button.*

W: I promise I will make you worth your while.

L: Fourty minutes left.

W: I can prolong that, if you like. Want it to?

L: Yes.

W: And now I would like if you ask me for dance.

Lad pulls her towards him.

L: Say I already asked you.

W: Perhaps.

*They move softly.*

L: Listen, you seem like a fine woman so, don't be like you were now.

W: In what way?

L: Mean boss-woman. You and your pharmaceuticals can have boss-worker relation but leave me out of it. Please.

W: Ok, and i want you to bne stupid and senseless.

L: Why?

W: I want you to think about one thing only: how to please me.

L: I think about it all the time.

W: Don't think-show me.

Lad starts kisisng her. She stops him.

W: Easy! Like you never beben with woman.

L: You mean, long time.

W: Never is a pretty long period, I think.

L: I had women but nothing serious.

W: How come?

L: No obligations or only one obligation-to pay it.

W: Not an attaching person, huh?

L: Kind of.

W: You didn't seem thgat way on chat.

L: And how did I seem.

W: Honest? Miserable.

L: Thanks a bunch.

W: But in a nice way. Good man having an uneasy phase.

L: I don't know if I am bad but you are right-tough phase lasts 10 years.

*She puts her head on his shoulder.*

W: I know you are good man.

L: How come?

W: Remember our chats?

L: You mean: decent parts of our chats?

W: Sure. You said that my voice brings you to peace, you could fall sleep listening to me.

L: Not of a boredom, I tell you that.

W: Sure.

L: And you feel that you can confide in me. You said that.

W: I remember.

L: L: You are protected, like tanks are around you.

W: Tanks? Hey, stop!

L: Whutsup?

W: One step more and you will step on rose.

*Lad looks that way and steps away from it.*

L: Oh, that!

W: Yes, that!

L: Is it alive?

W: You are so clumsy. Move away!

Woman pushes him away. She takes rose to the other part of room.

W: You have no concern.

L: To flowers?

W: Yes, flowers.

L: It is dead, get it!

Woman presses button. It is magma effect on the wall.

W: You just don't get it.

L: You mean dead flowers.

W: Why are you insisting on the fact that it is dead.

L: You think dead flower?

W: There you go again?

L: You mean it is alive? Do you mean it?

W: I don't understand.

L: I think you do. Someone gave birth to it, planted it, raised it, watered, nourished, sprayed with all tidbits and why? So some stupid bitch could cut it and sell it to me in the

W: You dislike flowers?

L: I dislike dead things.

W: Could've given me rose bush. Gotta large garden. If it is a problem, of course.

L: It's not.

W: What it is then?

L: Say I picked rose bush and say I gave it and you planted it in your garden...

W: Is it for my pushing you away? Sorry, please. Didn't mean to offend you, I was afraid for flower.

L: It is dead. Won't scream if you step on it.

W: What are you talking about?

L: You would've cut that rose bush.

W: I wouldn't.

L: OK; not a bush but a flower will do. You could give it away...

W: To whom? My lover? Are you jealous?

L: Not at all.

W: What are you talking about?

L: About non-screaming flowers, non-bleeding flowers, non-resisting flowers, flower-that-are-easy-to-cut without hand trampling. People are not like that at all.

W: Is it about you.

L: No.

W: Killed someone in a war?

L: Not as much as I remember.

W: How come?

L: Did your son kill anyone?

W: What kind of question is that?

*Pause.*

L: Sorry, you hurt me.

W: What about me being hurt?

L: I wanted to fight back. Told ya I don't want to talk about war.

W: OK: And what about rose?

Woman places her hand on his face.

W: There is something strange that drives you away from rose.

L: It is nopt the flower but something else.

W: Who is it? Is it me? Me with flower?

*Woman takes rose and puts it on his face.*

L: Take it away.

W: I won't.

*Lad hits her hand. She staps back.*

L: Don't get me pissed, OK?

*Woman takes her cell phone but Lad grabs her arm. They wrestle. Lad throws away her cell phone and steps on it.*

L: Call them, c'mon!

W: Heeelp!

L: Save your throat. You know that no one can hear us here. Walls are deafening every sound. I love Hedonismo 2000. They really respect absolute privacy.

*Woman tries to attack him but he avoids her attack.*

W: What do you want? To rape me, freak?

L: Me, you? You were spreading your legs, remember?

W: Then what?

*Lad swings his hand like he is going to hit her and then stops. He picks up the rose, plucks it.*

L: She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me...

W: Stop that!

L: She loves me, she hatexs me, she loves me, hatzes ,hates me!

*Lad takes the reamins of flower in his motub, chews them and spits them out. Then he breaks the rose.*

W: You are insane!

*Lad throws rose away.*

L: Not normal, huh? Oh, yeah., I am crayz, crazy!

*Lad looks at his hands*

L: Ia am fucking bleeding!

*He licks his hand and washes it on his trousers.*

L: Still bleeding

*Licks his wounds.*

L: Never knew I am so tasty.

*He approaches Woman with hands outstretched, in zombie-like manner.*

L: Night of the living dead,aaaaa!

W: Let me go!

L: I will. But, not yet.

*Lad cleans bloody hands on her suite.*

W: What do you want.

L: I want to talk about war.

W: Didn't you say we are not allowed to talk about war.

L: Slight change of plan. Now we talk only about forbidden things.

*He grabs her by the shoulders and pulls her down.*

L: Sit.

W: I wont.

L: I said go down.

W: Wont.

L: There is no third chance.

*Pause. He slaps her face. She falls on the floor.*

L: So, we are changing rules. Rule number one: quick, swift and precise answers on the following questions will bring you freedom. Understood?

W: Yes.

L: What rose means to you?

W: The best and most beautiful.

L: You mean, represents it?

W: Yes.

L: And I demolished it? Whatcha gonna do?

*He sits by her side*

L: Gonna defend it?

*She steps back.*

L: Will you defend it, like Little Prince or is it you let your Prince bleed out?

*She steps him.*

W: Say what you have and get lost!

L: I think you know what I mean.If you didn't you wouldn't slap me.

W: I don't!!!

*Pause.*

L: O-kay!

*Lad gets up.*

L: Rose symbolises perfection, yes?

W: Yes.

L:And who gets it? The most deserving creatures, like mama's soldier!

W: What?!

L: Dig that? I asked you about your being on TV during the war, yes?

W: Yes.

L: And you said you were month ago on TV, talkin about pharmaceuticals?

W: Yes.

L: Makinhg remmedies to prolong citizen's lives.

W: So?

L: But you cannot save them from dying. No cure for that.

W: No.

*Lad leans to her and screams in her ear.*

L: No way to revive your family? None!

W: No way. Can I go now?

L: No. You lied to me. You were on TV during the war.

*Pause.*

W: Yes I was. So what?

L: And what were you doing? Standing on the bridge and underneath that same bridge advanced line of tanks and you threw your precious flowers on them.On your son!

W: I was there alright. So what?

L: So nothing., Yopu first threw a flower on his tank and then on his coffin.

*Pause. Woman cries.*

W: You are sick!

L: Sure I am.

*Lad takes off his jacket and puts it like it is straight jacket. Approaches her and kneels before her.*

L: Take me from here.

W: You think it goes that way?

*Lad takes off his jacket and dresses it in a proper way*

W: Dragged me here to cure your frustrations! Step away, you bastard!

L: OK; but your son!

W: My son was all that you could never be: fine, handsome, kind man, brightest in the school.

L: Sure.

W: Not a traitor like you! He gave his life for our country!

L: Lives, you mean.

W: His life!

L: Lives, many fucking lives!

W: I will kill you!

*Woman rushes towards him but he knocks her and lays over her.*

L: And I thought you will admit you were deceived.

W: I was! By you!

L: You know what I mean. I thought you will admit that this war was a fraud and you were used.

W: For what?

L: For thousands of sons to die.

W: I wasn't used. I did just what I wanted to.

L: Letting son to die in a war?

W: I didn't let him. I TOLD him so! It was his duty as a male.

*Lad lets her go and gets up, stoned.*

L: Chased him away?

W: He left with his own will. I supported him.

L: His own will? Learned him to do whatever mommy pleases!

W: Learned him to love his country.

L: More than himself, more than life?

W: Yes!

L: What kind of woman are you?

W: The one that believes in something but you have no faith and I don't need to explain it.

L: People matter to me but all that matters is dead now.

W: Don't hide your treason underneath sorpses.

*He hits her in stomach.*

L: Faith is crutch of life-haters. Let my family be. If there was no your soldier they would be alive.

W: You speak like a rtrator! My son died for you!

L: I betrayed no one.

W: Then you speak like you are not of our kind.

L: I am not of your kind.

*Pause.*

L: Whoooooo!Enemy, that's me!Who could say I look like your people!

*Lad goes around her in cricles, enjoying it, trying to catch her.Woman trying to escape.*

W: Bloodthursty bastards, that's what you arte.

L: We say same about you.

W: Burning ourt temples, raping kids and women.

L: Wishful thinking.

W: I have no wishes.

Woman stops.

W: C'mon.Kill mew as you kiled my son.

L: I don't believe in simple soultions.

W: You have chased away my people, won war,come, kill me and finish it!

L: You think its that easy, as killing a chicken?

W: What do you wanna? To torture me?

L: I wanna see you weep as you did for my familly when you thought they belong to your nation!

W: Why should I?

L: You said that all the victims are the same.

W: Not if they are yours.

L: Do you hear yourslef? Whole town ios dead, familly, friends, trampled, ran over, burned!

*Pause.*

W: Why would I?

L: Imagine they are your people just for a sec.

*Pause.*

L: Imagine that your son was killed as one of them!

*Pause.*

L: Come on, cry to me!

*Pause.*

L: Not a tear.

W: How can I mourn enemy?

L: I want you to mourn people.

W: Do you mourn our people?

L: I killed no one!

W: As you know.

L: I fired three times and missed twice and third one hit the hill and two of them in the field.

W: You wanted to kill.

L: I fought against army not civilians.

W: And your people?

L: That's your explanation? At the places where were more us your people were killed as minority and vice versa! That's tjhe idea of whole war! I feel sorry for all of them, equally. I found your village, when they dismissed me. Empty. Milk was on the fire, still warm. I drank it. I wondered where all these people disappeared. And Ifound it-our army shot them by the river,whole village, threw bodies in the water.And I drank that milk. I t stings my throat today, that milk. Yes I am sorry for your and my people.

W: I am sorry for my son and no one else.

L: No one else? You pushed him into this!

W: Are you trying to turn better with this, to make me bitch?

L: Every mother who didn't try to stop her son going to war is bitch and every father who didnt do so doesn't deservve to call himself man.

W: Then I know what your parents are.

*He hits her.*

L: Begged me not to go and I didn't listen!Wanterd to defend town from your son. And, what happened? Peace lovers remained in town, killed and those who enlisted died or remained alive , all cripples and lunatics.

W: You won, you hypocrit!

L: Do I look like winner? My outback you probably never heard of is burned to cinders  
And your city shines like Las fucking Vegas! Winners working like underpaid workers for  
you! Some victory!

W: Boo-hoo! Do you wanna make me cry?

L: No, you hating bitch from TV

*He grabs her face.*

L: Don't look away! You are pretty, still! I recall, every day, every half an hour they played us  
video. They wanted to aroused us by looking at you throwing flowers on the same tank that  
ran over my family!

*Lad grabs and twists her hand*

W: NO! My son wouldn't do that!

L: Yes, he did it, he and his unit! Our officers compared signs on the tanks on the video and  
ones that bombed town-it was the very same unit! I checked out-no one avoided to shoot!

W: Nonsense!

L: They shot the town! All of them, from the first to the last. How did you manage to  
make him a heartless killer? Was it frogs?

W: No.

L: So what it is.

W: You started first. When he saw your crimes on TV he decided to join the army.

L: And so he decimated the whole town?

W: Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.

L: And blood for blood! He shot unarmed people!

W: If those unarmed people had guns they would shoot at us!

L: Kids, old people, women?

W: You are all the same: murderous stinking savages!

L: Us? You killed even our pets! Do canaries wear guns?

W: You are all the same, the same!!!

*Pause.*

L: You know, didn't mean to take revenge. Really. I was thinking on my way to here about  
our talks and I was convincing myself that you don't look like that war-loving bitch. Even if  
you are that bitch you will break down and admit her fault. She'll be touched. She is human  
after all but, no!

*Lad knocks her on the floor and steps with his knee on her back*

W: Should've exterminated you!

L: You may have better clothes, nicer smell, bigger ass but you are the same. You have some manners, though. You don't use words as „gooks“ and „woggs“ no more, you are politically correct now. Even my people isn't tribe-now it's nation. But, I know you.

W: Are you gonna kill me?

L: Another prejudice.

*Lad gets up, takes little gun from jacket.*

L: Ladie's gun. For a lady.

He points it to her.

L: It is just too simple.

*He pushes her. She drags herself to the other part of room. Turns gun towards himself.*

L: Look at me or I'll kill you!

W: Don't!

L: Nasty, huh! Can't watch? Yet butchered corpses on TV suite you fine, don't they

W: No, they don't.

L: So, why are you stopping me?

W: Your sake only.

L: Care for me? Honest? Wanna marry me?

W: No.

L: Adopt me?

W: No.

L: Why then?

W: Just wanna see you live.

L: You want me to believe.

W: I care about you.

L: If we really cared for each other there would be no war.

W: You are right.

L: Your shitty generation! Don't care for own children.

W: We did but, it was civil war.

L: One reason more to care about them.

W: But, we had to defend our own.

*Pause. He puts gun down.*

L: You don't get it! Every war IS civil and shooting at enemies kills some of our own!

W: Don't kill yourself then!

L: I don't belong to no one. You or them.

W: You belong to me.

L: Thought I could connect, rely on someone, anything. Youz were the last chance.

W: Me?

L: But you didn't change, you bitch!

W: OK; take it on me.

L: Now you regret, facing the sinful past? Maybe you're better than rest of the world?

W: No, I am bad and I realize just don't kill yourself. Please!

L: Didn't know what I lived or fight for. My country is created out of yours and yours out of our blood. The rest of the world did nothing, stood and stared. Few gallons of this blood is on their souls too.

W: Don't kill yourself! Remember, you live out of spite to us!

L: Your people, my people, me, we all fight and live for nothing!

W: No. It just happened.

L: Some explanation. There must be a reason. Hardest things make you look at your life. So they say. Did someone learn his lesson from killing my entire family? No!

W: Listen, you have to live.

L: Why? Ah, I get it: don't wanna have problems with police, explaining why young lover blew his brains.

W: Why would I think about it?

L: It will ruin your reputation and you may be accused for murder. Or maybe because your lover is „enemy“?

W: You are young and you can make brand new start. I know it is tough but we learn from your experiences.

L: There is no moral of the story, only new combinations for Auschwitz.

W: You are right, ignorance is what caused all. Believe me, we still don't know for genocide that happened to your people.

L: You bloody knew it all the time, as we did! You knew who died, in what war and their name of neighbour that killed your relative and who retaliated! You knew, we knew!

W: There is still hope.

L: Where?

W: Things are moving up, we are opening towards world, facing burden of past.

L: Who are you? Candidate for Parliament?

W: What do you want more? To admitt my son killed civilians?

L: Yes.

W: OK, just stop it. I wil admitt that. Stop it!

*Pause.He puits his gun down.*

L: Extortion, that's not what I want.

W: I just say you have to go on.

L: To go on? Where? I stopped. My familly was killed yesterday, my town was ruined yesterday and I don't own anything.

W: You have hope.

L: If you give ti to me you I will pass.

W: Stop living in past!For Christ sdake, war was over ten years ago!

L: War was never over!

*Lad puts gun in his mouth. Dark*

**THE END**

