

Belgrade, 2003

ALEXANDAR NOVAKOVICH

M A T R I O S H K A

(OMNIBUS)

Adress:

Vojvode Vlahovica 49 v

11 000 Belgrade

Serbia

E-mail: alnov75@yahoo.com

Phone:

064/ 4335727

APPEARANCE

Dramatis personae:

Nina, ballerina

Sergeant

Court-jester

(A room with walls of pale-brown wood. Mirror is on the right side. In front of it is Sergeant wearing red formal uniform. He is medium tall, plump and wears moustaches. Sergeant smiles to his image in the mirror and contentedly brushes moustaches with his hand. On the floor in the middle of the stage sits Court-jester, wearing the clothes of the Middle Age Court-jester and picks his nose. Ticking of a wall clock, off.)

SERGEANT:

Mirror, mirror on the wall, the neatest person in the room please call!

(Sergeant gives a salute)

SERGEANT:

Excellent, perfect!

(Sergeant comes to Court-jester and kicks him mildly)

C-J:

Where did you go?

SGT:

I was doing my inspection before Appearance. He...

(Sgt. salutes to the ceiling every time he mentions Him)

SGT:

Must not wait?

C-J:

Inspection, right!

SERGEANT:

Are you investigating me?

How are the works on the excavations going? Have we found any gold? Fool, hallo, Fool, get on your feet! Who is going to defend us tomorrow if the war breaks out?

COURT-JESTER:

If you expect me to defend us than you must be more foolish than me.

SERGEANT:

Get in line! Time waits for no one!

C.J.:

There is no time for the fools for they exist in every time. And when the time exists no more the fools will still exist.

SGT.:

Stop philosophing! Get up!

C-J:

I am not going to move from here.

SGT.:

What?

C-J:

I am sitting on the place with the strongest gravity in the world. It is so strong that my ass got stuck on the floor.

SGT.:

You are a horse's ass yourself! Get up, soldiers!!!

C-J:

Only if you personally help me.

SGT.:

Is that so?

C-J:

I am sorry. That is the only way.

(Sergeant takes off his service-cap, hangs it up on the mirror and returns to the Court-jester)

SGT.:

You asked for it!

(Sergeant grabs Court-jester under the arm pits and lifts him up with much effort, and makes him stand on his legs)

SGT:

The time for zig-zagging is out. Attention!

(Sergeant goes to the mirror to get his service-cap. He comes back and stands in front of the Court-jester)

SGT.:

Only a little time has left, thirty-five minutes and thirteen seconds if I am not mistaken, and the officer is never what...

C-J:

Never mistaken.

SGT.:

That is correct. So, let's... What is it, why are you looking at me like that? Take a look at yourself! Is that what a military man should look like? C'mon, quickly run to the mirror! Do some dusting, put your cap at the right angle...

C-J.:

Why?

SGT.:

There are no questions in the army, only commands and achievements.

C-J.:

Why?

SGT.:

Because I am your superior officer, that's why!

C-J:

Why?

SGT.:

I have a uniform, army-cap, moustaches and discipline and you have a foolish face and mottled rags.

C-J.:

I won't have it.

SGT:

You shall have it, you can have my word on it!

(Sergeant pulls the Fool by the ear and gets him to the mirror)

SGT:

Take a look at yourself! Such a fine boy and yet so dirty.

C-J:

I am a Fool. Nobody cares whether I am dirty or clean as long as I am funny enough.

SGT:

You are not just a fool. You are a Court-jester.

C-J:

Court?

SGT:

Yes, court, although you smell as if you were a village-jester. Tidy yourself up, don't disgrace the court.

C-J:

A fool can disgrace no one.

SGT:

Except his own self.

C-J:

That's on my list of duties.

SGT:

Get down on work! We have another half an hour before the Appearance.

(Court-jester is tidying himself up in front of the mirror: brushing the dust off his cap, combing his dishaveled hair with his fingers)

C-J:

Sergeant...

SGT.:

Sir, for you.

C-J:

Sir –For- You –Sergeant, if I were a Court jester where is my court?

SGT:

You mean king's court?

C-J:

Oh, yeah.

SGT:

I have no idea.

C-J:

What do you mean?

(Court-jester turns to Sergeant)

SGT:

Weeeell, I don't know. The only thing I know is that your parents were the Court-jesters.

C-J:

My mom was Court-jester? How come?

SGT:

Weeel, it was a familly trade.

C-J:

Where did they meet, my parents I mean?

SGT:

At (Trying to think out the answer) the school for Court-jesters!

C-J:

I see.

(Court jester turns to the mirror and keeps on tidying himself up)

C-J:

I haven't seen a village-jester yet. Am I much different from a village-jester?

SGT:

Well, I don't know, you look somehow...aristocratic.

C-J:

So, I am a foolish aristocrat! Could I perhaps be a foolish prince?

SGT:

God forbid!

(C-J is curiously looking at his image in the mirror)

C-J:

I have finished my tudyng up.

SGT:

Excellent! Let's get to the exercises now. Do the »recruit's flight« ten times!

C-J:

Ten times? Oh, no!

SGT:

I don't want to hear a word! Lie down, croach, jump, croach, lie down, croach, jump, croach,
lie down...

(Court-jester lies down on the floor exhausted)

SGT:

What's the matter, you are not fit enough? I shall make a man of you!

C-J:

Oh, I really...My head is going to burst!

SGT:

It is the bells on your cap that make you feel like that. There is nothing in your head anyway.

Let's go again, from the beginning!

C-J:

Mister Sergeant, please, be merciful...

SGT:

You don't feel well? Women always have bad influence on toughness of combat morale.
Remind me to give you bromine after the exercises. Hallo, Fool, a woman's skirt is the only
thing you are thinking of!

C-J:

Let me go!

SGT:

Do you really think that I can't see that you are head over heels in love with Nina?

C-J:

Let me go!

SGT:

I can understand that a normal man can fall in love and starts making fool of himself, but a
fool? You will lose that empty head of yours!

C-J:

Don't speak like that.

(Sergeant kneels beside the court-jester)

SGT:

Come on, tell Mister Sergeant why are you so edgy?

C-J:

No, I won't.

SGT:

Why are yxou so edgy?

C-J:

I am not edgy.

SGT:

You are not!?

C-J:

Nooooo!

SGT:

Why do you shoput than? Come on, admite it, if you don't want to do fifty push-ups.

(Nina comes on the stage, pale, red-haired balerina, wearing the costume of the White Swan)

NINA:

What should he admit, Sergeant?

SGT:

Oh, Nina, that's you...

(Sergeant, being confused, takes off his cap)

SERGEANT:

I was looking forward... we were looking forward seeing you and I was wondering, I mean,
we were wondering, where have you been these days?

NINA:

I had to have my dress repaired. It is terrible, just terrible, and besides it is the only one I
have!

SGT:

You look wonderful, both with and without it!

(Sergeant quickly covers his mouth with his hand)

SGT:

I'm sorry.

(Nina looks at the Sergeant coldly)

C-J:

Hallo, Nina.

NINA:

Hi.

C-J.

Would you like to see my latest grin?

NINA:

Your latest...what?!

C-J:

My grin, you know, you open your mouth like this, your face gets wrinkled and this gets funny and ugly...

SGT:

You are ugly even without the grin. Stop fooling around!

NINA:

You don't have to watch, Sergeant, but I want to. Fool, c'mon, show me your grin.
(Court-jester makes a funny face, Nina starts c huckling. Court-jester starts dancing, making first bigger and then the smaller circles around Nina. He spreads his arms towards Nina and almost touches the tips of her fingers. Sergeant spreads his leg so that the Court-jester trips over it and falls)

C-J:

Why did you do it?

SGT:

There is no time for fooling around. We have another half an hour left...no, twenty five minutes.

C-J:

He made me fall and now he is talking about time! What does it metter how much time we have before the Appearance?

SGT:

We have always to be ready.

C-J:

Why?

SGT:

What do you mean why?

NINA:

Really, Sargeant, why?

SGT:

I am a soldier and it is my duty. This is enough explanation for me and should be for you too, Fool.

C-J:

Sergeant! He always knows the best!

SGT(Points to C-J):

You! Attention!
(Court jester stands still and salutes)

SGT:

Count in pairs!

C-J:

One, two,one,two, one,two,...

SGT:

It will get better for asure!« And now, get ready for the Appearance! Nina, you dance up on the balcony, but if you want to you may stay with us.

NINA:

Why not?

(Sergeant goes to the mirror and gets the cymbals from behind)

SGT:

Fool, you will go behind me! Nina, are you ready?

NINA:

Of course.

SGT:

let's go. One two, one-two...

(Sergeant marches making the circle, whistling the marching tune and banging the cymbals from time to time. Court-jester follows the Sergeant and walks like Groucho Marks, imitating monkey. Nina dances spinning around. Sergeant turns around)

SGT:

You are goofing off again.

(He hits the C-J with a cymbal flatly and Court Jester falls on the floor)

SGT.

nobody is allowed to make fun of the military forces!

(Nina stosp dancing. She watches the scene breathlessly)

SGT:

Nina, you saw what he is like, he...

(Nina turns around and goes away)

SGT.

Nina, Nina, Ni...(more quietly) I shouldn't shout after you...

(Sergeant looks at the Court jester laying on the floor)

SGT(Kicking the C-J):

Get on your feet, you moron! Get up if you don't want to be beaten again!

C-J:

I can't! i feel the pain everywhere!

SGT:

You can feel even more pain, do you want to try? Quickly, get down to work!

C-J:

Work? I am a Fool and the only job I can do is to be foolish.

SGT:

Stop bweing foolish in a smart way. Listen, do you think i care what you are? You will have it the hard way than; I announce the state of war and mobilise all the males, that is you.

C-J:

IFf you mobilise me there will be no one in reserve.

SGT:

Stop talkingb a blue streak! This is a desertion! You are finished!

(Sergeant strikes the court jester on the back of the head)

SGT.

So?!

C-J.

Fools don't serve the army.

(Sargeant makes the fool fall down and sits on his chest)

SGT:

Everyone is clever enough for the army, even the fools.

C-J.

I am the Court-jester.

SGT.

Than you imagine you serve in the Royal military forces.

C-J:

I surrender, just get off my chest.

SGT.

That's better.

(They both get up)

C-J.

Where is Nina?

SGT:

She is up in the tower.

C-J.

How come we have never been in the tower?

SGT:

That's where the women live and women are troublesome for soldiers. On the double...

C-J:

How come she can visit us?

SGT:

Of course she can! The barracks are open for all except for the enemies.

C-J:

What enemies? What barracks? We are in the box!

SGT:

If an officerv says thatv this place is the barracks than it is so! Is that clear?

C-J:

Yews, it is! But when we go to visit her we are her enemies, and when she comes here we are all friends. Why is it so?

SGT:

You ask toov many questions for a fool. On the double...

C-J:

No, I won't!

SGT:

You don't? So you think you didn't have enough of beating?

C-J:

sStrike! Strike! Strike!

(C-j starts waving his fist)

SGT:

What could a fool like you know about strike?

C-J:

Three days before, during the Appearance, I saw some workers on his TV. They were on strike!

SGT.

The army can not strike.

C-J:

Fools can't be in the army.

SGT.

Everybody serves in the army! Listen I am warning you for the last time: you will either stop with this foolish strike or I will have to use force and put down your rebellion.

C-J:

Oh, this really scared me!

(Sargeant moves backwards and takes a cymbal as a shield and than sharges at the Fool and makes it fall on the floor. he starts beating the fool. Fool wails. Nina comes)

NINA:

Stop it! Stop it now!

(Nina runs to them and pushes the Sargeant)

NINA.

Shame on you! I can't even put my make up on!

(She helps C.J. to sit up. Ne puts his hand on the palm of Nina's hand)

C.J.:

This damn Sarge, what's the matter with him today? I don't know...

(Nina starts massaging C-J's shoulder)

C-J:

Ouch, there... Yes, it hurts... You are really good, too good.

NINA:

If you say so.

C-J:

May I put my foolish head on your lap, Miss Nina?

(Nina watches forlorn Sergeant)

NINA:

Yes, you may.

C-J:

Sergeant says we are your friends.

NINA.

Really?

C-J.

Yeah but only when we got to see you, but that is forbidden.

NINA.

Really?

C-J:

Yes.

NINA:

Sergeant does not know what he is talking about.

C-J.

So, I can come to you?

NINA:

Yes, you can.

C-J:

When?

NINA:

I will let you know. Now you are feeling better, aren't you?

(Nina kisses fool on the cheek and stands up)

C-J:

Where are you going?

NINA:

I have to put my make-up on. I want to look well on the Appearance.

C-J.

You are beautiful already.

NINA:

Fool!

SERGEANT:

Hurry up Nina, there are only about twenty minutes before the Appearance.

C-J:

Time can't wait,Nina,nor can I! Come back to me as soon as possible!

(Nina smiles and goes away)

C-J.

Have you seen that? She kissed me!

SGT.:

I haven't noticed.

(C-J lies at his stomach, facing the Sergeant)

C-J:

You've seen it, admit it. You must have peeped.

SGT:

I'm a soldier, not a spy.

C-J:

You are, as He calls it, a peeping Tom.

SGT:

Peeping what?

C-J:

That was how he called his friend who watched the opposite building through his binoculars.

SGT:

He uses such strong words. He?!

C-J:

Even worse.

SGT:

The only thing you fools want is to have all the attention for yourselves. By all means! You must have invented that word.

C-J.

Just mumble old man, I know what is bothering you. You are jealous she kissed me not you.

She will never kiss you as long as you are like that, strict and boring. You noodle!

SGT:

I am going to kill you!

(Sergeant throws himself on the Court-jester. They fight for a while. Sergeant wins over the court-jester and starts strangling him)

C-J:

Appearance! You have forgotten!

(Sergeant gets startled)

SGT:

Appearance...

C-J(Breathing heavily):

If you want to appear we have to do it together...

SGT:

Yes, together. Otherwise He would be suspicious...

(Sergeant takes his hands from Court-jester's neck and stands up. He brushes the dust off his clothes, comes towards the mirror. He tidies himself up)

C-J:

How come you are tidying yourself up now? A minute ago you were struggling me and now you are primping yourself.

SGT:

There is not much time till the next Appearance, maybe fifteen more minutes, maybe less than that.

C-J.

No, there isn't. But, why do you do that, why do you appear?

SGT:

I told you before that is my duty. And <ours.

C-JK:

That's not much of a duty. You walk in the circle and splash the cymbals. Why didn't you ask for the trumpet for your duty?

SGT:

My duty is the way it is, it cannot be chosen differently. That is why it is called duty.

C-J:

You love... Nina?

SGT:

I will go to check out something, they should leave, I'll be back...

(Sergeant leaves. Nina comes)

NINA:

What is the matter with Sargeant? He passed by me without even saying hallo.

C-J:

He is going to.. Nina, you have already come back!

(Court-jester walks in spyral around Nina and gets closer to her)

C-J:

What good has brought you here?

NINA:

I have finished with cosmetics and it was boring up there...He is not at home, so I decided to come and see two of you. If you don't mind, of course.

C-J:

Oh, you are so beautiful, my little tart!

NINA:

I beg your pardon?

C-J.

My little tart.

(Nina splashes court-jester on the face)

NINA:

I only mention that you can comew into my toswer and what do I gwet in return? Madness and insults! I am not some easy lay!

C-J:

But an easy lay and tart are not the same. About seven days ago we had an Appearance...

NINA:

But, we have appearance every hour.

C-J:

That's right but this wasn't just any Appearance. It was midnight and we were supposed to appear with our eyes closed, that was the Sarge's order, but I didn't keep my eyes closed.

NINA:

You didn't?

C-J:

In fact, I was keeping my eyes closed but not entirely. I was peeking. And then, as I was peeking, I saw Him with woman in bed. He kept jumping on her like crazy and breathing heavilly, while she was kissing and hugging Him, laughing while He shouted: My sweet little tart!

NINA:

That was what He told her when He made her go away.

C-J:

What do you mean?

NINA:

I watch him every day.

C-J:

I beg your pardon?

NINA:

All day long, every day. Fool, I kno all about Him.

C-J:

You? But how?

NINA:

I live alone in the tower and I don't have Sargeant by my side.

C-J:

And what do you do then?

NINA:

I open the door to the balcony and watch Him.

C-J:

Is he so interesting?

NINA:

He is big, strong and he has thick black hair and some grays on his sideburns. It is so aristocratic!

C-J:

I am an aristocrat too. I might be foolish, but my blood is blue.

NINA:

I can feel him, as if he were so close to me, as if I were sleeping in His bed. I can hear every sound He makes, His voice and smell mixed with the smell of morning coffee..He is so close!

He is relaxed, not so tense as you two. He does everything better, he creates lives, He is director! All those women are just temporary for Him. I heard Him once, explaining to friend of his: » I am waiting for the right girl, slim like a ballerina, with flaming hair and heart.« He

is right, they do not understand Him! Once he asked an eighteen old brunette to dance for Him a seven veil dance. She accepted and she was so clumsy, she hardly took off the first one and He made her go home. Since then I have been practicing that dance in the tower...I need just a little courage and I will dance it for Him.

C-J:

Dance it for me, c'mon. You don't need courage for me!

NINA:

That is not the same! What could a fool know about dancing under the veils?

C-J:

I know that in the end everything is taken off.

NINA:

You know nothing!

C-J:

The fool knows nothing, the fool knows nothing... The fool knows everything! I want us to be like him and the blond, like Him and all his women!

NINA:

That's crazy!

C-J:

I cannot pretend any longer.

(C-J grabs Nina. Nina tears herself away and pushes the C-J who falls on the ground)

C-J:

Why? I only wanted to »jump« on you a bit!

NINA:

You jumping on me? You ugly idiot! Do you think that an artistic woman would give herself to somebody like you? I am interested in a real man, strong and attractive, not a gnome. You poor devil, how could you even think of that?

C-J:

Even I can love although I am a fool and an ugly sight to look at!

NINA:

He is the only who can love me.

C-J:

Is that so?! (Shouting to the ceiling) Hallo, you yoke! Big guy, do you think you are better than me? Go to Hell! You are not my boss! And if you try to take her...

(Sergeant walks in)

SGT,:

Nina, is this moron bothering you?

NINA:

Yes, he is and I want you to do something about itb this instance!

SGT:

As a puinnishment you have to dop one hundred and fifty push-ups. Start now!

C-J:

Do I really have to?

SGT:

Yes you do.

(C-J does push-ups with moaning)

SGT:

You see, Nina, the scoundrel got his comeuppance.

NINA:

That's right. I must go now.

SGT:

Wait, don't you want to see how he is going to be punished?

NINA:

No, I can't, I have an headache.

(Nina leaves. Court-jester stops doing the push-ups and watches Nina)

SGT:

What is it? What are you looking at? I want to see you do one hundred and fifty push-ups!

Now!

C-J:

You saw them.

SGT:

What does that mean?

C-J:

You saw Him jumping on that blond woman. That's right, on her as well as on who knows
who else.

SGT:

How do you know? Didn't you close your eyes?

C.-J.:

No, I didn't.

SGT:

You are spoiling the mechanism, are you aware of that? You had to keep your eyes closed,
you had to!

C-J:

Why? Because you were watching all the time!

(Court-jester stands up and comes face to face with Sergeant)

SGT:

The things...that you are talking about... that is a betrayal! There is only one punishment...

C-J.

if you appear in front of Him without me you are finished. Everything is finished!

SGT:

You are killing me, don't you know that?

C-J:

Yes I do and I don't mind! Here...

(C-J takes off the rank badges from the Sergeant's uniform)

C-J:

Now your rank has been taken off you. That's it!

(C.j throws badges down. Sargeant stands without moving)

SGT:

My uniform! My beautiful uniform!

C-J.

Why are you crying like a baby! You are »out of the army«, you should be glad!

(Sergeant bands down and picks up millitary bedges)

SGT:

Alas, my badges, my beautifull golden rank! You fool, I have no other uniform! What would
you do if I cut your little bells?

C-J:

I would take your millitary cap! There is no cap as stupid as military!

(Sergeant is unsuccessfully trying to put the rank badges back on his uniform)

SGT(Crying):

Everything..is...finished, there is no...not at all...there is no patience, no discipline...Buuuu!

C-J:

You are lucky that you are only my superior. If you had been appointed the whole division only the batman and you would have survived, that's for sure.

SGT:

How can I stand in front of Him looking this way?

C-J:

Do you think that He looks at you? Do you think He cares? You should only appear in front of Him, splash your cymbals several times, turn to your left and go back.

SGT.

You don't understand that, fool!

C-J:

What is the matter with all of you people today? Fool cannot love, Fool cannot think...Just to let you know: Fool is like that because he knows too much!

SGT:

What is that the Fool knows that we don't know already?

C-J:

I know that you are watching what He is doing. I know you forbid me to watch and I also know why: I may wish to do it with Nina and take her away under your very nose. You want her as much as I do but you have no courage...

SGT:

Why aren't you in the tower with her if you are so clever?

C-J:

She doesn't want me.

SGT:

That's no surprise, you are such an ugly site!

C-J:

The fact that she doesn't love me doesn't mean that she loves you.

SGT:

Whom would she love if she wouldn't love me? I am stronger than you, more attractive, I have authority and my rank...

C-J:

Thrown on the floor.

SGT:

Thrown, yes, but mine.

C-J:

Nina looks beyond this box.

(Sergeant collects all his badges , blows into them and puts them in his pocket)

C-J:

Nina will understand some things sooner or later and then... Listen to me shy Sergeant: that will be the time I will jump on her with so much joy...

SGT:

You wratched idiot! You want to jump on Nina, stupid fool! How do you...

C-J:

I saw the way it is done. Perhaps I didn't do it as long as y<ou but I know.

SGT:

I wasn't looking, I was just doing my duty!

C-J:

Admit that while you werete watching Him you wished that it were Nina and you in bed together not the two of them!

SGT:

The things...that He does...that's His own business.

C-J:

How come He can and I can't?

SGT:

Because that is not your duty.

C-J:

What? He jumps on girls on my behalf!? That's quite a good job!

SGT:

Don't think about it, that is better for you. Nina won't give herself to you anyway.

(Nina comes. Sergeant does not notice her)

SGT:

There are those who are bwetter than you!

NINA:

And you are the one, isn't that so Sergeant?

C-J:

He isn't Sergeant anymore. he has been taken off his rank.

SGT:

Fool...Nina, I...

NINA:

Is there anything you want to tell me, Sergeant?

SGT:

I am sorry.

NINA:

What for?

SGT:

Just like that.

NINA:

There must be a reason.

SGT:

No, there isn't.

NINA:

Why are you apologizing then?

SGT:

Just in any case.

C-J:

Nina, Sergeant would like to »jump« on you.

NINA:

Sergeant! I didn't expect that from you!

SGT:

This moron...If only I caught him I would stick him his cap into the most inappropriate place!

NINA:

Sergeant!

(Sergeant takes off his military cap and turns it around in his hands)

SGT:

Excuse my military jargon.

C-J:

Sergeant wants you in bed. Naked!

SGT:

You're dead man!

(Sergeant starts attacking C-j)

NINA:

Sergeant, stop! There will be no fighting here!

C-J:

Have you heard what Miss Mina said, you pig?

NINA:

And no insulting either. You will obey me if you want to keep on seeing me, otherwise I will lock myself in the tower.

SGT:

Isn't it going to be difficult for you all alone up there in the tower?

NINA:

Why should I be alone? I appear up there on the balcony, and you down here at the platform. Up there is my exercise room, saloon and flower terrace, and down here there is nothing but darkness,...and the mirror which reminded me it's time to make myself look good.

(Nina stands in front of the mirror, touches her hair so as to make it look good, smiles to her own image)

NINA:

How much time is left before the Appearance, Sergeant?

SGT:

Five more minutes.

NINA.

Splendid.

(Nina makes a pirouette)

SGT(Staggering):

You are wonderful.

NINA:

Don't try to get away, Sergeant. I know what's on your mind.

SGT:

That was what this one here said, not me.

NINA(yawning):

You are such a bore with that: »It wasn't me, it wasn't me«. It's flattering for me to be able to stir such a worn-out male heart, but can't you see that there will be nothing between the two of us?

SGT:

You mean now?

NINA.

I don't mean now. I mean generally. You won't have me even in five, one hundred or five hundred years. Neither you nor the Fool!

SGT:

But...why?

(Nina stops dancing)

NINA:

Why? Just look at yourself: you are so pathetic, awkward and dusty, who on Earth could love two of you?

(Sergeant is shocked, he goes to the mirror and looks at his image)

SGT:

I haven't thought about it that way.

NINA.

And what kind of men are you? Sergeant, for example: he used to be a powerful man and an authority but now... And the Fool... Well, the Fool is the Fool and that's it! You two are not worth even the hundredth part of Him.

SGT:

You love Him?

NINA:

Love Him? I adore Him! He has so much power, such a voice...When he sings my tower dances.

C-J:

Why should he care about you?

SGT(to his image in the mirror):

How ugly you are! Why were you born like this?

NINA:

he shall care about me! I know him better than any woman and it is just a matter of time when He becomes mine, mine only. I will make Him become head over heels in love with me!

C-J:

With you? But you are not His type!

NINA:

he can do anything! If He wants me to become as big as Him I will do so, and He will wish that, I am sure!

C-J:

I doubt that.

NINA:

He can do whatever He wants, He is omnipotent!

SGT:

Without an honour, army and rank...without a woman you don't exist, Mister Sergeant!

Finish that once for all.

(Sergeant leaves)

C-J:

Whwere are you going old man?

SGT(OFF):

To the tower.

C-J:

Why should you go there when Nina is here?

SGT(OFF):

I don't Nina, I don't need anyone.

C-J:

What is that you need?

SGT(OFF):

A nice place for a suicide.

NINA:

Quick, Fool, follow him!

(C-j goes, a thumbling sound, off, strangling and a couple of smashes. C-j. comes back with the Sergeant, carrying him on his back)

C-J:

Why didn't I fight with him earlier? Who can tell that I know few dirty tricks... Nina, aren't you glad I saved him?

(C-j. throws the Sergeant on the floor. Nina kneels on the floor beside the C-j. Nina puts her head on Sergeant's chest)

NINA:

He is not breathing! You have killed him!

(C-j. feels his pulse and heart)

C-J:

Nothing.

NINA:

How could you?

C-J:

I didn't know. It was an accident.

NINA:

An accident is to be stuck down here with you and Sergeant.

C-J.

Sorry, we didn't plan to have somebody killed.

NINA:

Tell that to Him! it is almost seven o'clock and the Sergeant is gone.

SGT(Drowsy).

Who is gone?

(Nina hugs and kisses the Sergeant)

NINA:

You are alive! I can't believe it!

(Sergeant grabs Nina and kisses her)

NINA:

Sergeant, you are still in pain...

SGT:

Not that much...

(Nina withdraws and stands up)

SGT:

So, I killed myself for nothing.

C-J:

You didn't kill yourself. I saved you.

SGT:

It's you again! I can't even die because of you.

C-J:

It certainly appears so.

(Nina and C-j. help Sergeant to stand up)

NINA:

Since you are both well I will go on dancing.

SGT:

I forbid you! There will be no dancing untill you choose one of us. I just can't go on like this!

C-J.

You can choose both of us. I won't mind!

(Sergeant and Nina look at him angrily)

C-J:

It was only a joke! It was a good one, wasn't it?

SGT:

So, Nina, who is the lucky guy?

NINA:

I have already told you: it's Him!

(C-j. and Sergeant point at each other)

SGT&C-J:

Him?

(Nina points towards the ceiling)

NINA:

No, it's Him, the Big Guy!!

SGT:

Listen to me, Nina, He is huge, he can destroy you just with the touch of his little finger...

NINA:

He may destroy me but he won't! He will make me the way I am, the way I should be: Big!

SGT:

none of us is here by chance. If He had wanted to jump on you he would already done it.

NINA:

You are lying!

SGT:

I see no reason...

NINA:

Fool, tell him it isn't true, tell him!

(Court-jester shakes his head)

NINA:

You've invented all of this! I am not like you, I'm not! I am beautiful, I am an artist, I...

(Nina cries. Sergeant and C-j. walk towards Nina)

NINA:

Don't come close to me! You are so small and worthless!

(They stop and look at each other)

NINA:

yes, I am small and worthless, too! is that what you wanted to hear?

(Sergeant goes toward Nina but she does not look at him. Sergeant stops)

SGT:

I won't go further. I know this is hard for you, but I have to ask you: the fool or the Sergeant?

NINA:

Neither!

SGT:

So, it's Him, The Big Guy?

NINA:

Neither! Neither! Neither!

(Fool and Sergeant start chasing Nina. Clock trikes once, twice, off)

SGT:

Stop! We are going to decay!

(Clock strikes third and fourth time)

NINA:

Get out of my sight!

(Clock strikes fifth and sixth time,off)

SGT:

Catch her, you fool, don't let her get away!

(C-j. cuts Nina's way, but she escapes. Clock strikes seventh and eighth time. Sergeant crosses his path and C-j and him bump into each other. Slock strikes ninth and tenth time. C-j. and Sargeant manage to surround Nina by the mirror. They stare at her and their own reflections. Clock astrikes eleventh, twelveth time.Ticking of a mechanism, off, stops. Nina, Court-jester and Sergeant fall on the floor without a word)

RETRO

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Marko Drinchich, film director, 40 years old

Maria, 23 years old

(Marko Drinchich's living room, yellow hazy light: black armchair, three-seet-bed, glass table. TV set is in the right corner. Behind the armchair is portable-bar, placed in reproduction of Earth on the small wheels. The door in the left corner. Stretched out in an armchair, smoking and watching TV, lies Marko. Marko is tall, dark-haired, with grays over his sideburns. He is 40. On the glass table are placed following objects: cell phone, wooden Swiss watch, ash-tray and remote control)

TV SPEAKER (OFF):

Last motion picture by director Marko Drinchich, »The Ballerina« shows us nothing but an introspection, filled with signs understood only to Drinchich himself....

(Marko spits through his teeth and shuts down the TV set. Then Marko gets up from his armchair and opens portable-bar. Marko is throwing ice into his glass and continues throwing it into the glass even when its full of it. He doesn't notice that. He stops for a moment and than notices what he has done. Marko throws cigarette into the glass. Maria, tall, read haired, 23 year old girl, enters the room. Maria waers wide and warm white sweater and jeans. Over Maria's shoulder is hanging big sporting bag. Marko hears her but doesn't see her yet)

MARKO:

Bloody idiots, they will teach me how to make a movie! Look at them, how they are acting, as they had won all Oscars and Acade my Life Awards! Is that so! Hell, now I'm now talking to myself!

(Maria is hesitating to step inside)

MARKO:

Come inside or get lost!

MARIA:

The door was open and I just...

MARKO:

It's always opened for young tallented girls.

(Pause)

MARKO:

C'mon, show me how much tallent you got.

(Maria is looking at Marko, shocked. Marko turns to her and watches her for a moment)

MARKO:

So, what's the story this time? You have persuaded Pedjha, undoubted gift-hunter? Now you want to talk with me. About your career I suppose.

(Pause)

MARKO:

Is it so? Are you here just to talk with me or...

MARIA:

I didn't come here to have sex with you.

(Marko starts walking towards Maria, slowly and kind of frightening)

MARKO:

If that ain't the reason what is it?

MARIA:

It may sound funny to you but your groins aren't the center of the Universe.

MARKO:

How convenient idea! So, what's the centre of the Universe?

(Marko waves with his hand through air to stop Maria)

MARKO:

Don't answer. I'm not interested in whales, greenies, newly discovered religions. I can't even get used to the old ones. And, yes, now I know: I can't possibly live without your product but

I'll try to risk my life. Have a nice day and come again. Au revoir!

(Marko is waving to her. Maria steps backwards, just for one step. Her eyes meet Marko's interrogative glance. Maria moves one step forward. Marko makes a face and steps towards the door. Marko leans on the door and shows to Maria to go to the corridor. Maria looks away. Marko closes the door, slowly, like he is expecting Maria to move towards them. Marko turns back to her, watching her as well as he is holding magnifying glass. He takes Maria for her shoulders and places her on the three-seet-bed.Pause)

MARKO:

O.K. No problem. You just sit here and I will call the police.

(Marko starts dialing phone)

MARIA:

Stop that!

MARKO:

So, you will leave my flat?

MARIA:

Deffinitely not.

MARKO:

Do I know you from somewhere. You look quite familiar.

MARIA:

Is that the best you can do?

MARKO:

You don't have to do this kind of stuff, you know...

MARIA:

What kind of stuff?

MARKO:

You don't have to sleep with me if you don't want to.

MARIA:

Say what?

MARKO:

I'm very tired at the moment so it will be better for you to come and see me another time, or,
more preciselly, never again!

MARIA:

I'm not here for that.

MARKO:

Everybody says so but nobody means it.

MARIA:

They told me you are kind of ladies man. I can't see really why.

MARKO:

Great. Now it does it! Go or I'll call the cops.

MARIA:

Your movies suck!

MARKO:

You don't have to love my movies either. Just go!

MARIA:

Let him..let her go.

(Marko sits and lights another cigarette)

MARKO:

Now we're getting somewhere? Whome?

MARIA:

You know. Let Yasna go.

MARKO:

Yasna?

MARIA:

She is my sister.

MARKO:

Oh, that Yasna.

MARIA:

Yes, the very same!

MARKO:

And critics told me that I don't have the inspiration. Here it is, ladies and gentlemen, right in front of my eyes!

MARIA:

Let her go, she is not for you.

MARKO:

Oh, really? Why?

MARIA:

She..she just isn't your type.

(Marko goes up and stretches himself in a lazy way)

MARKO:

Oh, you can do better than that.

MARIA:

You change your girlfriends like gloves.

MARKO:

Maybe Yasna isn't just glove.

MARIA:

You are over ten years older than her.

MARKO:

It doesn't bother her.

MARIA:

You never got married.

(Pause)

MARKO:

I never got divorced either. So, what are you trying to say? I have no prematural experience or what?

MARIA:

You are bachelor.

MARKO:

A marrying kind of bachelor.

MARIA:

Are you serious?

MARKO:

Who knows. I might be, just to see your face changing colours like streetlight!

MARIA:

You...

MARKO:

What about you?

MARIA:

What about me?

MARKO:

Did you get married?

MARIA:

No, I did not.

MARKO:

Marrying type like you?

MARIA:

Leave her alone!

MARKO:

Swell!

(Marko gets up, takes the bottle from the portable bar, offers Maria with drink but she refuses it. Marko starts filling his glass)

MARKO:

Do you have family, mother, father?

MARIA:

Why?

MARKO:

I would give everything to know who created you this way.

MARIA:

I have mother and father.

MARKO:

What about brother or sister?

MARIA:

She is not your problem. What's the matter with you? You already asked me that question!

MARKO:

Because it is so strange.

MARIA:

What's so bloody strange?

MARKO:

Calling your own sister »She«, that's strange.

(Pause)

MARIA:

No, I didn't call her that way.

MARKO:

Yes you did, yes you did, yes you did! What is this? Monthy Python's Flying Circus?

MARIA.

You are ruining her life!

MARKO:

Oh, it's her again! It's Yasna, it's always her again! Do you know what is strange?

MARIA:

What?

MARKO:

You sister never calls you by your name either. What's your name anyway?

MARIA:

Maria.

(Marko nods his head)

MARKO:

Maria, pleased to meet you. It's been a long time before I heard your name.

MARIA:

You have to let her go.

MARKO:

It's getting quite repetative, don't you think?

MARIA:

You are ruining her marriage.

MARKO:

There you go! So what?

MARIA:

You can't ruin it, not after ten years. They were on the way to make when you came along!

MARKO:

Oh, if it was so perfect romance, such non important person like me should not represent
opstacle, don't you think?

MARIA:

If you put it this way but...

MARKO:

How should I put it?

MARIA:

There is no other way! Our house has turned into hell!

(Marko stands, watching Maria quivering. Marko tries to put his hand on her shoulder. Maria
throws his hand from her shoulder)

MARIA:

Now I see why you are not the right man for her and there is no doubt about it. Stay away
from me, you freak! I'm not the one you think I am.

MARKO:

You are not what? You are not nothing? You are nothing?! What?

MARIA:

I'm not a character from your movies.

MARKO:

No, you're not.

(Marko approaches Maria and touches her hair)

MARKO:

Are you real?

MARIA:

What did I tell you, what?!

(Maria steps back. Marko raises his hands up in the air, signing his surrender and goes back to his armchair)

(Pause)

MARKO:

There is always a door, you know.

(Pause)

MARIA:

A door? For whome?

(Marko starts laughing ironically)

MARKO:

I love your questions, I just adore them. Woulde you like to watch TV?

(Marko throws remote control to Maria but Maria throws remote control back to Marko)

MARKO:

Your...She is the older one?

MARIA:

Yes.

MARKO:

She was always receiving more attention, she was stronger, she became woman before you, she started making money before you and now, she has it all. And she is, of course, happily married.

MARIA:

Yes.

MARKO:

With?

MARIA:

Darko, his name is Darko.

MARKO:

What does he do for living?

MARIA:

Is that so important? He is graduated economist.

MARKO:

How convenient!

MARIA:

He isn't artist. So what?

MARKO:

Nothing, absolutely nothing. Why are you so upset?

MARIA:

Are you going to leave her or not?

MARKO:

I don't want to break her heart.

MARIA:

You don't want to lose your foolish ego.

MARKO:

Maybe it's so but, what should I do? Maybe I should knock on his door saying something like:
Mr. Darko, excuse me for interrupting but I have an announcement to make: I'm sleeping with
your awfull, excuse me, lawfull wedded wife.

MARIA:

If you were a man you would do such a thing.

MARKO:

I don't need confrontation to realise that I'm better man than he is.

MARIA:

It cannot be because you don't belong to human race.

MARKO:

Why is that?

MARIA:

You don't have any feelings whatsoever.

(Marko smiles and falls on the armchair. His finger is circling around the rim of his glass)

MARKO:

So, you want me to leave her alone? I agree but, you know...

(Marko gets up really quickly and comes to Maria)

MARKO:

...I must take something in return.

MARIA:

In your dreams.

MARKO:

You're a virgin! I knew it!

(Pause. Only Marko is laughing)

MARKO:

O.K., I drew it way over the line but why bothering yourself over a boring economist?

MARIA:

I'm doing it for my sister.

MARKO:

Oh, she is your sister now? She isn't »she« or »she-devil« anymore?

MARIA:

There is no way that you could understand it.

MARKO:

Darko is a spineless creature. No surprise that your sister never mentioned him.

MARIA:

What do you know about his qualities? He isn't egoistic, self-centered, non-talented monster!

MARKO:

Oh, yes! I forgot: he has feelings! O.K.! We will check out if it's so!

(Marko gets up and starts snooping over the room, looking underneath the chair, underneath the bed, Maria's legs and TV set. Marko is acting theatrically)

MARKO:

Darko, Little Darko, Micro Darko, Darko-Drako-Dracula!

(Maria gets up)

MARIA:

You idiot!

MARKO:

Why should you care about him? He doesn't belong to you anyway. Or does he?

MARIA:

That's bullshit.

MARKO:

Maybe you would like to have him but you can't, maybe he is already yours or maybe...One of thousand« maybes« is true!

MARIA:

Let me go!

MARKO:

I knew from the start that you don't like your sister. She is just an excuse for a real reason. Do you wanna know what the reason is?

MARIA:

Come on, enlight me!

MARKO:

You have always admired him from the far. He didn't notice you of course, as well as he doesn't notice his wife. She is simply one of his possessions. But, it doesn't mean that he cares.

No, his work is the only thing that is important to him. So, what would you do? She, your sister, she took everything from you and now she will take him too. She will destroy the one you could reach out to.

You can't have him and deep down inside you know it's true but, if you can't have him at least you can protect him from bastards like me or bitches like your sister.

MARIA:

How can I persuade you?

MARKO:

It doesn't matter anymore.

MARIA:

What matters to you? Is there anything that really matters to you?

(pause)

MARKO:

You can't have him, is that it? All this just because you did not have enough courage to start an affair with him. Who knows, maybe it's better this way. You could find out that he is lousy in bed, without any interest for sex whatsoever. Believe me, I'm just »filling« Darko's »blanks«!

(Maria hits Marko's cheek and then, realizing what she has done, steps backwards)

MARKO:

Hit the other one. Go on, hit it if you like! It's more symmetrical that way.

(Maria falls on three-seet-beds. Maria is sobbing, quietly)

MARKO:

You really take me for a bastard, don't you?

MARIA:

There must be a strong reason for someone to be just like you.

MARKO:

Oh, I have my reason!

(Marko takes wooden Swiss watch. Marko holds the watch as it will explode any minute)

MARKO:

My parents parents have bought this watch long ago. It seems like ages to me. Since I was a baby I watched strange parade every hour. Down there, on the small wooden platform the fool was strolling. The soldier, hitting the cymbals, was marching next to him. I felt that I was a little bit both of them but I never discovered which one I really was. Yeah, I know what you're thinking: he is fool. Up there, on her fine, flowery terrace, the balerina was dancing. She was all life in her white, see-through dress. At least I thought she was in see through dress. Maybe

its just a memory from my adolescence, I don't know. There was something provoking, striking and cold within her, something feminine... You know, she used to dance every day, just for me. At least I thought so. Sometimes I could swear that she was watching me. I told myself that I shall remain with th girl that looks like my balerina. Few times, back in my past,

I thought that I made it but then, looking at my clock striking four, or six, or midnight, anytime, she was at the terrace. I was so far away from her and with every new girlfriend I was moving further and further. There was no possible way to replace her. Then I have

directed »Balerina« movie and, there you go...

(Maria tries to reach out for Swiss clock but Marko takes it away from her, to his knee)

MARKO:

You can't see her.

MARIA:

Why not? Is it some kind of mistery?

MARKO:

No, it's not.

(Pause)

MARIA:

Why then are you holding it that way?

MARKO:

The clock, it's broken!

MARIA:

Why didn't you try to fix it?

MARKO:

Thjey don't make watches like this one anymore.

MARIA:

They don't make girls like that anymore, is that what you are trying to say?

MARKO:

I'm trying to...Nothing.

(Pause)

MARIA:

How does she look?

MARKO:

Why are you interested in that?

MARIA:

I would just like to know, that's all.

MARKO:

Thin. As any ballerina. Awfully thin.

MARIA:

No, I mean, her eyes, her hair...

MARKO:

She has short red hair and pale blue eyes.

MARIA:

You said that because of me.

MARKO:

No, I swear. You look like her. You look like her a lot.

(Maria takes clock from Marko and starts looking at it like a child playing with a toy. Marko doesn't notice that. he is staring at Maria)

MARKO:

You don't have to look inside.

MARIA:

Why? Is there something else you are hiding?

MARKO:

You don't have to look inside because you are not there. You are here.

MARIA:

Who knows, maybe I really am inside.

MARKO:

How do you mean?

(Pause. Marko takes Maria for her shoulder and than, frightened with what he has done, pulls his hand back)

MARIA:

You didn't ask me.

MARKO:

Ask you what?

MARIA:

You didn't ask me what I'm doing for living.

MARKO:

O.K. What are you doing for living?

MARIA:

Modern... balet.

MARKO:

Get out of here!

MARIA:

You don't believe me? Watch!

(Maria starts dancing around the armchair. Her dance represents combined elements of jazz, rave and tribal dance. There is no music but the rhythm is already accomplished in her strong steps)

MARKO:

Dance on Salome, dance on...

(Marko is trying to remain cool when Maria starts slowly to caress his armchair with her hand. Suddenly, Maria stops)

MARIA:

So, what do you think now?

(Marko, without a word, grabs Maria's hand and puts Maria on the portable bar and then starts to drive her around imitating roaring of car)

MARIA:

What are you doing?

MARKO:

Can't you see I'm taking you for a ride, silly!

MARIA:

Stop it, I'll get sick!

MARKO:

I can't. If I stop I will get sick.

MARIA:

O.K., don't stop then.

MARKO:

I won't. Believe me.

MARIA:

I believe you.

(Marko stops with the roaming. They look at each other, their breath is syncopated)

MARIA:

So?

MARKO:

So?

(Cell phone is ringing.)

MARIA:

Answer it. Come on!

(Marko, hesitating at first, goes to the glass table, picks up the phone and
cleans up his throat)

MARKO:

Y-yes?

(Maria starts walking towards him)

MARKO:

No, I can't see you. Why? I'll tell you later. No, you don't have to worry about that. You too.

(Marko sighs and turns off the cell phone)

MARIA:

You too? Is it shortening for »love you too!«?

MARKO:

How come...

MARIA:

How come I know that you spoke with her? Isn't it obvious?

MARKO:

You are right. I spoke with your sister.

MARIA:

i didn't know that you will have courage to admit it.

MARKO:

I didn't know either.

(They both start laughing but, as well as laughter decreases the lust increases.-Marko and Maria, without hesitating, start kissing each other. Marko moves his lips lower, kissing Maria's neck)

MARIA:

Darko...

(Marko moves away from her, suddenly)

MARKO:

It's him again!

MARIA:

No, Marko, wait!

MARKO:

I thought I was kissing you but it happened I was kissing Darko!

MARIA:

That's absurd.

MARKO:

To be precise: he was kissing you, but through my lips. I was something like his incarnation.

More masculine, of course.

MARIA:

I have to tell you that...

MARKO:

What is it now?!

(Marko gets up and kicks portable-bar which falls on the floor)

MARKO:

What is that you women have to say to me? What is so brand new that I have to hear? Is it some kind of plot again? Don't look away, I know for all your plots!

MARIA:

Look who's talking: the man who had no courage to love a real woman so he fell in love with wooden doll.

MARKO:

I've loved many women.

MARIA:

You only shagged them, nothing else.

MARKO:

Is that so? I knew what I wanted, they knew what they wanted, is that a sin? I wasn't full of
hipocrisy as you.

MARIA:

What do you mean?

(Marko walks to Maria and leans on bed)

MARKO:

I mean that I have never tried to gain woman trying to sleep with mistress of her husband. It
can be understood, I suppose, but, even if it could be so, I would never say the name of my
true love during the sex with someone else.

MARIA:

So, that's what's bothering you! Vanity!

MARKO:

Among other things, yes.

MARIA:

What other things?

MARKO:

Face the facts, Maria, now it's the right time for that. She is enough for him, loving him or
not, because, if it isn't so, he would have noticed little balerina long ago.

(Maria sits on thre-seet-bed, being weiry and exhausted. She starts to play with the leesh of
her sporting bag. Maria's moves are filled with agony. Marko sits by Maria's side and puts his
hand on Maria's hand. Maria stops with playing, still holding the leesh. At the moment she
looks like a lost child. Marko tries to hold her like she is made of Chinese glass, dragging her
to himself)

MARKO:

Don't think of it now.

MARIA:

What should I think about?

MARKO:

Stay with me.

MARIA:

You wanted to chace me away.

MARKO:

I wanted it so because I didn't believe that my dreams could become true. I was afraid of refusal and I wanted to remain alone, even if it was so wrong.

MARIA:

Are you always so rough with ones you love?

MARKO:

Come here, just ccome over here and everything will be alright.

MARIA:

Sometimes you can't revive your dreams.

MARKO:

I will make them live if you help me.

MARIA.

Do you want me to make love with you?

(Pause)

MARKO:

Yes. But, please, don't do it for Darko or her, do it if you want.

MARIA:

Yes I will make love to you but, this could mean the end.

MARKO:

Could or couldn't?

MARIA:

It really means the end.

MARKO:

So what?

(Marko and Maria turn over the bed. Maria falls over Marko. They start ripping each others clothes. They remain naked. They bite and laugh and curse each other at the same time. They make love violently. Maria is sitting on Marko and she starts hitting Marko, slowly at first, increasing the speed of hitting)

MARKO:

You..You are Yasna's sister! How could I...

(Pause. Nthing but their heavy breathing)

MARIA:

So what now, what now?!

(Caught in a moment, naked, shaking with legs crossed, Marko in left, Maria in the right corner, they shiver as well as they were drawn from utero, a second ago. Dark)

SORT OF PARADISE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

He

She

(Bare stone cliff, surrounded with mist. He and She are standing, few meters from each other. Their faces are towards the audience. He and She are dressed as bride and the groom. She has long, see-through veil over her face. They are opening their eyes. Fat white line is drawn between them, dividing the cliff in two equal parts)

HE:

It was horrifying.

SHE:

It was wonderful.

HE:

It was lower than below.

SHE:

It was human.

(They turn to each other. He has mild smile on His face)

HE:

So, you liked it, didn't you?

SHE:

You liked it too.

(He takes off his gray hat and starts playing with it)

HE:

It was, how can I put it.. It was kind of interesting.

SHE:

Kind of interesting?!

HE:

Yes.

SHE:

Just that?

HE:

Yes.

SHE:

Have you ever wanted...

HE:

Wanted what?

SHE:

Nothing at all.

HE:

Nothing could also be something.

SHE:

You know what I mean.

HE:

Could we be like them? We can do it anytime.

SHE:

Why wouldn't we?

HE:

Because it's not so complicated. There is no challenge in that.

SHE:

Here lies your challenge.

(She takes her veil, peacefully. He starts to walk nervously, without changing the distance between them)

SHE:

Look at me.

HE:

I think I've seen your face before.

SHE.

Don't try to avoid me. Look at me.

(He turns to Her)

HE:

So, I'm looking at you.

SHE:

Not like you did before.

HE:

Before? In those glorydays when I was common? Should I be like any other man, just common? Nothing more? Should I stink and mate like a beast? Should I agree to deprived of my opinion by politicians? Should I turn into their puppet? I don't think so! I don't want to spend my life making trivialities, living and dying for the things that were lost before the battle has begun? I don't think so! Should I fill my pockets with money and numerous tumbs with my oponents? I don't think so!

SHE:

But...

HE:

There are no »buts«.

SHE:

Remember the time when we came here, the veryu first night. You said: Every day spent here will be our honeymoon.

HE:

We are still dressed as a bride and grom, aren't we?

SHE:

Are we? What about honeymoon? Is it really erased?

HE:

I told you that living with me will be very difficult. I've mentioned that my work is first and everything else comes second...

SHE:

But your love for me will be on the first place.

HE:

It still is.

(He steps to her. She turns her hand to him to kiss it but, He realises what he is doing and he kisses the air)

SHE:

Where is your bravery? You can't touch me, anymore. Is that price of your omnipotence?

HE:

I gave it to you too.

SHE:

I won't forget it. What are we doing with our powers?

HE:

Nothing. That's the best way for us and for them: we don't want to jeopardise natural development of mankind. It is existing for million years, why bother?

SHE:

You didn't talk that way when we met. No! You were impressed with ancient Slavic incantations that could bring you closer to perfection. »We can save the world!« you said.

HE:

We can save them only if they want to be saved!

(He throws his hat into the mist)

SHE:

What was your work for? They don't need us but we do need them.

HE:

Speak for yourself. With this...

(He shows on his head)

HE:

...I can do whatever I want. If I want to fly away I shall do so. If I want the hills below to turn into gold I shall do it too. I can do whatever you want! For me they are just small dots on the ground!

SHE:

I can do all that too, except...

(She steps to Him)

HE:

Don't cross the line! Except what?

SHE:

I just can't make you love me!

HE:

You don't have to, is that what you mean?

SHE:

No, I mean that you know what I'm thinking about.

HE:

I told you something before we left the city. Didn't I? I told you of my secret knowledge, I told you about life in higher spheres and you agreed, didn't you! It wasn't in matrimonial agreement but you agreed! Didn't you?!

SHE:

I did, that's true.

HE:

And you enjoyed it, remember? I was making compromises on every step: show me the Niagara falls and here they are, sparkling, hazy, you could almost feel the moist! Sand in Sahara, you said, and our cliff was dune, I was your sheic and your slave, anything you wanted me to!

SHE:

Do you remember the last time we made love? I was feeling warm and secure, we were like Zeus and one of his secret mistresses, high on our Olympus. And then I awoke... You were on one side, I was on the other and there was white line between us. Then I discovered what kind of liar you were. Perfect one! Come on, don't you remember the words I was saying, and your foolish requests, my soft and long moaning...

(While talking to Him She is unbuttoning her wedding gown)

SHE:

There is no shame in it, you know. Do you wanna know what the shame is? Shamed was how I felt waking on the cold ground, naked. It was like waking in the grave.

HE:

If you wanted to warm yourself you could be worm instantly.

SHE:

Anywhere but not here.

(She touches her heart and unbuttons her bra)

SHE:

Make love to me.

HE:

Oh, please, get dressed, will you!?

(She quivers for a moment and then starts dressing up)

HE:

Is that what you want? Haven't you noticed what that does to the people? It only makes them feel more miserable than they did.

SHE:

No, I mean it doesn't mean necessarily that...

(She steps to him but He steps back)

SHE:

The touch...I haven't touched you, it seems for eternity. I won't make love to you, I promise, just let me touch you.

HE:

I can touch you with my mind whenever you want.

SHE:

Yes, but...

HE:

You can experience such things through your mind that you could never do with your body. You know that, basically, touch, or caress, represents just pointless rubbing of one shell with another. In »Baeowulf« man was described as »house made of meat«. Is he just that?

SHE:

No, the question is: Is she, also, just that? What about me!?

HE:

Step back!

SHE:

I didn't move.

HE:

You had intention! I felt it!

(Pause)

HE:

Sorry...Come on, wish yourself happiness. I can't watch you looking this way.

SHE:

I don't want to be happy.

HE:

You don't want to be happy? Why? Be happy!

SHE:

I don't want to.

HE:

That's impossible!

SHE:

I knew it from the start. You wouldn't understand.

HE:

Come on, try me!

SHE:

I'm sad because it's about time to be sad. I'm sad because I haven't been sad for a long time.

HE:

Wait!

(He snaps his fingers and his hat flies back to his hand)

HE:

Look, it's back, right from nowhere!

SHE:

I want you back not your hat.

HE:

Why are you trying to make me feel guilty?

SHE:

I don't. I'm just trying to say to you that being alive means being happy and being sad.

HE:

I agree.Be happy.

(He waves his hand and silvery rain starts falling on Her. She is standing looking at her feet and crying. He is stretching out his leg but then he changes his mind and keeps standing still.

He waves with his hand and rain stops)

HE:

Silver, pure silver was falling on you, silver, not the filthy black rain that fall on everyone else on this planet! Be happy, you just have to wish it!

SHE:

I can't.

HE:

You can! You must!

SHE:

The only thing that you must do is: you must die.

HE:

That's rubbish! We don't!

HE:

I command you!

(She looks at him in a state of shock. He looks away and falls down on his knees)

HE:

I'm sorry! Please, be happy! Be happy now!

(Pause)

HE:

I would like to wish your happiness for you but your happiness depends, unfortunately, on you. Be happy or you will kill me.

SHE:

What are you saying, that it's better for me to be your slave?

HE:

You are exajurating.

SHE:

Am I. Oh how logical you are. perfect philosophical fortress.

(Pause)

SHE:

The puppets.

HE:

Beg your pardon?

SHE:

Those puppets in the clock, all twisted and torn, ruined, they were happier than you and me now. They had more life.

HE:

How come?

SHE:

They were created out of love, like a rare things or creatures, as you like, they even loved and lived more than we did.

HE:

Don't even mention such foolish things! We have sence, we have free will, we have science...

SHE:

Don't you know who they are? They are just like the way we were! Once we were like Maria and Marko, remember that?

(She starts moving towards Him, a bit, and then she sits)

SHE:

You were injoying yourself just watching them. You even wanted to be one of them but you were afraid because you didn't know how to do it anymore! Who knows, maybe you wanted threesome with them? Are you really so etherical or is it that you just keep hiding something... You are playing with yourself, admit it!

HE:

No I'm not! Stop it!

(She sits on the edge of the cliff and starts rockin her legs. She is trying to look like a little girl)

SHE:

The sadest thing is that I believe you, I really do. You are so blinded with power you own that you don't need nothing else.

(She lets her long hair to fall freely over her shoulders)

SHE:

I used to sing to you. You tried to sing to me too but you were too shy.

(She starts to sing)

SHE:

» Oh night, please be silent,
my darlin one is asleep,
pearl-covered branch
is covering his head
and silent hum
is over that branch
two small nightingales
are hiding there«

(He is bit moved but then he turns and starts fixing his clothes)

SHE:

Oh yes, you can easily watch and mock someone else's imperfection, yes, you can but the touch... Touch is frightening you, you have chased it out of your perfect system. Other people are loving in your name.

HE:

If you just step forward...

SHE:

Then what?

(He is hanging on the edge of the cliff. He tries to slap her with his hand. She steps back and starts moving backwards)

SHE:

You have never before...

HE:

I'm sorry... I really mean it... You know how much...

SHE:

Whome are you afraid of? Me?

HE:

Sorry...

SHE:

Are you afraid of the truth? You are man too, »house made of meat«!

HE:

Wait!

SHE:

Outside the society, recall your memory, there can be only beast or God. You are not a beast.

Don't you think that you are God?

HE:

I was just..

SHE:

A beast or God?

HE:

Wait.

SHE:

A beast or God?!

(Pause)

SHE:

Nothing...Nothing of it. You are afraid of struggle, unpredictability, responsibility, touch, love! Look at me! I am damn »house of meat«, I live my life, I give it! Do you know who you

are?

(Pause)

HE:

I know.

SHE:

Before you feel everything that life is consisted of you will never know who you really are.

Who are you, what are you doing here, in »intermundia«, between the spaces? You are not bad or good because there is no one to be nice or rude with!

HE:

I have you.

SHE:

You are going to lose me.

(He starts waving with his tired body and sits on the ground)

HE:

I'm tired, I'm so tired...

SHE:

Oh, you will get by.

HE:

If you leave me...

SHE:

You will live. Why? Because you will always have yourself.

HE:

If you leave me you will turn into one of them. Everything that you have inside, all your powers will disappear.

SHE:

My powers will disappear but I will remain.

HE:

Don't you want to stay?

SHE:

Don't you want anything.? People always want something. Or you have maybe forgot because you have everything.

HE:

Sometimes I wish to see what other people are doing.

SHE.

That's not wish, that's something that won't last, it's only a pastime! Wish is opposite to reality. If you really have a wish you wish it all your life. Do you have a wish?

HE:

Wishing, that's the main thing for you'

SHE:

I, I can't go on this way! I can't just stand aside, laughing at others, watching my own life slipping through my fingers like dust. Come with me!

HE:

If I could touch you...

SHE:

Come!

(He gets up on his shaky feet)

SHE:

Come with me, forget everything..

(Pause)

SHE:

It's either me either...

HE:

They will devour us! Like Leviathan!

SHE.

At least we will be swallowed together.

HE:

We will disappear.

SHE:

Everybody will.

HE:

We are not everybody.

SHE:

No we are not. Even everybody are not everybody.

HE:

Fear...I'm full of it.

SHE.

It's natural to be afraid.

HE:

But, I'm afraid of fear.

SHE:

Don't be afraid. I'll be with you.

HE:

Why bother?

SHE:

What do you mean?

HE:

I won't be afraid if I stay.

(She is smiling, but hiding her real feelings)

SHE:

Come with me, let's be afraid together.

HE:

I can't... I can't stand the fear, not even alone.

SHE:

Do you love me?

HE:

Yes.

SHE:

Love me, you fool!

HE:

It doesn't have sence.

(Pause)

SHE:

I have a present for you.

HE:

Now?

SHE:

It is kind of farewell gift. A memento.

(She reaches for her pocket and she shows Him two figurines, black and white on the palm of her hand)

HE:

What's this?

SHE.

That's you and me. Remember our wedding? I took two marzipan figurines from the top of our wedding cake.

HE:

What for? You can't eat them.

SHE:

Take them anyway.

(She steps to him but he goes to the cliff backwards and steps with one leg into the void)

HE:

Aaah! It was close!

SHE:

Don't die because of me! I will leave them here, at the »Checkpoint Charlie«!

(She puts the figurines on the white line. He and she are looking at the figurines. She starts to laugh hysterically and then moves towards the mist)

SHE:

I'm going away, do you hear me? I – AM- GO-ING A-WAY!

(He looks away)

SHE:

I'm gone.

(She leaves. He sighs, sits on the edge of the cliff . He takes two dolls in his hands and starts playing with them, like he sees them for the very first time. He tries to move one to another but he stops on the half way, with stunned expression on his face.Dark)

THE END