

ALEKSANDAR NOVAKOVIĆ

NEW ILLIUM

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

ANTON, C.E.O of the branch of Virtual Empire

MILAN, high ranking clerk of Virtual Empire

JOVANA, Milan's mistress, employee of Virtual Empire

KATARINA, unemployed, Milan's spouse

PETAR, high ranking clerk of one of Virtual Empires

MAN WITH THE BRIEFCASE

GHOUL

PROSTITUTE, 20 y. old transvestite

THE CONNECTION, Man Behind The Plan, mid thirties

Place:

Belgrade, NYC, New Ililum

Time:

Near future

Jovana's flat. Postcoital mood. Jovana is fixing her clothes. She has body of girl of 19 and face of queen in her 30s. She is graceful, looking like she was coronated a minute ago. Milan is thin, in his 30s, middle weight and midle height, only in his boxing shorts. He is rummaging through apartment.

JOVANA: What are you looking for, Milan?

MILAN: My sporting bag.

JOVANA: Are you afraid of here?

MILAN: I told yu for 100 times, Jovana: I am not scared of Katarina!

JOVANA: Look me in the eye and say it again.

MILAN: You are drop dead gorgeous.

JOVANA: Repeat after me: I am not afraid..

MILAN: I am not afraid of Katarina. I am not afraid of Katarina. Where is my bag?

JOVANA: Coward.

MILAN: Where is my frigging sporting bag?!

JOVANA: It's in the bathroom. You always leave it there, Mr. Yellow Pants.

MILAN: I told you I am not afraid of her. I told you hundred times.

JOVANA: Is that so? So why are you carying all your cosmetics with you? Ane why do you always run to bathroom after the second after you cum?

MILAN: Just being tidy, that's all.

Milan goes to bathroom.

JOVANA: You want to wash me away so your wife could not smell me on you. But, that's OK. What's really pathetic is that you spray some of her perfume on you so you can mark her teritory. And so, when you finally leave I feel smell of her and you in my bathroom and it seems like you made love with your wife, not with me

MILAN: Jovana, you are exaggerating.

JOVANA: Are you having sex with Katarina?

MILAN: But of course.

JOVANA: But of course?!

MILAN: What's the fuss? You dated married men before, no?

He grabs her and starts carressing her and kissing her. Jovana is elsewhere

JOVANA: When, Milan?

MILAN: Dunno.

JOVANA: You keep repeating that for almost a year.

MILAN: If we get divorced she will take away Irina and apartment.

JOVANA: She will do it anyway. The girl belongs to her as much as apartment.

MILAN: What are you implying?

JOVANA: Only the mother is certain parent, as the Latin proverb says.

MILAN: I could kill you right now.

JOVANA: Come on. Do it.

Jovana puts Milan's hands on her neck

JOVANA: Do you really believe Katarina? Do you think that you are the only one capable of cheating? Come on, tell me, where is she now? Maybe she's with some 20 year old stud, giving him lessons in sexual education? Maybe one of her good time Charlies is Irina's real father?

MILAN: Jovana, don't tempt me.

JOVANA: Are you afraid of temptation? Fire me and I *shalt not lead you into temptation*.

Pause. Milan lets his hand to fall by his hips

MILAN: You know I can't fire you.

JOVANA: You'lll have to, sooner or later. Unless you do something.

MILAN: Getting divorced is a long process.

JOVANA: I don't care. Just start it.

MILAN: It is not that easy.

JOVANA: What is so difficult? You are not the first one to get divorce in whole human history.

MILAN: Of course I am not buyt there is one little «but»....

JOVANA: No «buts». You weill live with me nad see your daughter on weekends.

Anton will give you promotion...

MILAN: Not if i divorce and marry my colleague. You know Anton, self righteous saint obsessed with «familly values».

JOVANA: He has no spouse and no lover. Male or female. It is easy for him to be moral.

MILAN: Strange man. Why does he need moral when he has power?

JOVANA: Forget Anton. You are capable of finding better job.

MILAN: It is not just that. Irina is not feeling well and, if I leave now...

JOVANA: She is too small to be influenced by your departure.

MILAN: Kids feel these things.

JOVANA: And I don't ?!

Jovana starts choking, like she is going to cry any minute.

MILAN: Jovana, don't cry. You are saving me, really. I resurrect every time I make love with you. Only with you I feel that my life makes sense and your beauty...

JOVANA: My beauty is the reason why we will never live together. Ordinary dull faced pigs like your Katarina are here to bare your children and be good mothers. Beauty is reserved for whores.

MILAN: I resent that.

JOVANA: Really? So, what's your opinion?

MILAN: I think that this flat isn't enough for you and you need more space, more travel, more clothes, more everything!

JOVANA: Is this you saying goodbye?

MILAN: No, I am just saying that you need pretty things I cannot buy.

JOVANA: If it was really only about the money I would have left you long time ago.

Well, if you want it that way, I can make it easier to you.

MILAN: Don't you dare. Not for one second.

Milan grabs her and holds her tight.

JOVANA: Stop hurting me!

MILAN: I won't let this beauty go away.

Milan pushes her on the floor

JOVANA: Well, well, who's got excited again?

MILAN: Yes, really, who?

Milan lies on top of her

JOVANA: Are you going to punish me?

MILAN: No. I want to devastate you. You and that thing hiding behind you.

JOVANA: What are you trying to devastate, my little one? This? Or that?

MILAN: Yes, i want this and that and I want to destroy.

JOVANA: Destroy what?

MILAN: Women. All women. Your principle. Your *raison d'etre*. Steady, steady. Be calm!

Milan takes her.

Dark

2.

Lullaby, off. Lights on. Milan's apartment, two hours later. Katarina tall, strong, good looking woman of 35, is lights a cigarette and starts smoking. She starts shaking nervously then she starts crying. Katarina is wiping her tears Milan enters from the right side of stage, rushing

KATARINA: Where the Hell have you been?!

MILAN: At work, where else?

KATARINA: You didn't answer my calls.

MILAN: I was at the meeting. You know I always turn it off while at meeting.

KATARINA: Always. Even when your child is sick?

MILAN: What happened?!

KATARINA: Irina had seizure again.

Milan moves left . Katarina crosses his path

KATARINA: Where do you think you're going?

MILAN: To see Irina.

KATARINA: No need to.

MILAN: No need to? I am her father!

KATARINA: And I am her mother. Stop making scene.

MILAN: Irina!

KATARINA: Shut up! Don't wake her. Doctor said it was smaller seizure but he suggested that the best thing to do is not to take her to hospital immediately. Let her have some sleep and i will drive her to hospital tomorrow.

MILAN: That doctor is idiot. I will take her there ASAP.

KATARINA: Touch her and you will be taken to hospital. ASAP!

Pause

MILAN: What does it mean?

KATARINA: I never question opinion of our family doctor. That's what it means.

MILAN: Ah, the family doctor of great clan of Atreyich! That's the only remainder of your wealth and power – senile old geezer making the wrong diagnosis!

KATARINA: We were good to you while we in charge, remember?

Pause

MILAN: I won't wake her up. Just let me see her.

KATARINA: No you won't. Not looking like this.

MILAN: Say what?

KATARINA: I don't want to feel smell of your whores in my daughter's room.

MILAN: Katarina, stop being paranoid.

Katarina slaps Milan's face

KATARINA: Listen, stop lying to me. Do you think I didn't notice that you are coming home tidier than you left? With a touch of my perfume, to sweeten the deal! Don't tell me that you have shower in your office. Please, don't. But, today it is something different, yes? You got bored of hiding.

MILAN: Katarina.

KATARINA: You smell like cunt.

MILAN: Listen, Katarina, there is logical explanation for all this.

KATARINA: Logical lie. I know you. I felt it within you on our very first date. Starving for cash, full of envy and discontent, holding grudge against everyone with more luck. I could understand you back then. So much work and talent. So little success. So little sex. You can't trick the woman. Not in bed. You were clumsy, selfish lover but at least you were mine. Until I got pregnant. Then you became everyone's. Then you started doing your little experiments.

MILAN: You are talking about me like I am some kind of whore.

KATARINA: No, not a whore. A man, consumed by ambitions and frustrations.

MILAN: A man. That is the key word. You hate all men.

KATARINA: I don't hate you. I pity you, slaving away for your dicks.

MILAN: Are you finished?

KATARINA: Yes.

MILAN: Katarina, really. If there is anyone who shouldn't judge me it is you. You originate from degenerate family. Your father killed your mother and then killed himself. Your sister met her bitter end in mental asylum. Your brothers killed each other over the sack of cocaine. Your whole property, minus this apartment, was sold on auction. Without me your bloodline would be extinct. And now something about you, you stupid, uneducated, lazy cow. You never had a job, not one single day! I am feeding you, I am dressing you, I am protecting you and you are completely dependant so get out of my way!

KATARINA: I will kill you if you touch her with those smelly hands!

Milan laughs and raises up his hands

MILAN: OK! I will take a shower and then I will visit her? Is that good enough for you?

Milan leaves to the right. Katarina starts crying. Dark

3.

Anton's office, the next morning. Elevator music, off. Anton is sitting in his almighty chair. He is relaxed, sort of dreamy. Milan approaches

MILAN: Good morning boss. How do you do?

ANTON: Swell, just swell my dear Milan. I am always A1. What brings you here?

MILAN: You called for me.

ANTON: Did I? Oh, yes. I reckon big bucks demand big responsibilities, dont you think so?

MILAN: Yes, of course. Duties and responsibilities.

ANTON: And big work, right?

MILAN: Absolutely.

ANTON: And importance of being earnest.

Anton starts laughing

ANTON: This is lie Milan, invented for lazy and poor. If those bums think that I am working my ass off 25 hours a day and having an ulcer the size of a football that is comforting for them. Why? If being rich means that you are under constant stress and without any quality time then to hell with that fortune! Now, tell me, what is the practical side of being rich?

MILAN: I can't say that.

ANTON: Number of ambitious people is dropping and people like me are getting richer. Society is tranquil and social turmoils are quite predictable. Everyone is happy but only few are both happy and content.

MILAN: I see.

ANTON: Why do I tell you this? Rich people are the most vital part of every society, the healthiest, well fed, with lots of free time, having all the fun, and, of course, with much less working hours. I am the best proof that life is not just. I am lying here, doing nothing, me, one of the biggest bums in whole country. Come here for a sec.

MILAN: Ok.

Anton gets up from his chair and shows Milan to sit on his place. Anton claps his hands twice. Chair stretches out and becomes bed. Milan sits on it than lies on it and sighs with relief

ANTON: Enjoy yourself, please do. It is comfy, don't you think?

MILAN: Yes but somehow it is...

ANTON: Strange? That's because you are not used to real relaxation. It has small motors massaging your back.

Milan starts shaking and laughing childishly

MILAN: Little thick fingers, hahaha!

ANTON: In-depth massage. Programme 34. See?

MILAN: I can't believe it!

ANTON: Believe it because this chair is now sending images of gangbang on one of Carribean islands straight into your brain. Parking lot!

MILAN: I see company's parking lot. Police car is passing nearby. The siren is on. Incredible!

Anton takes his hand and helps Milan to get up

ANTON: Do you understand now?

MILAN: I do. I must buy this chair.

ANTON: Funny. No, Milan, I am thinking about something completely different. All this could be yours in no time.

MILAN: How come?!

ANTON: I think that I will be promoted. HQ and all big shots are waiting for me.

MILAN: Oh, congrats!

ANTON: Thanks, but let's not clap before the end of the show. So, let's proceed: my seat will be empty and you are the man for it.

MILAN: Me? Really?!

ANTON: Eeveryone loves you, Milan. All company loves you. Me too. Even this chair loves you.

MILAN: Really?!

ANTON: Yes, Milan, really. But, before you get your promotion you have to finish one little job for me.

MILAN: Whome I have to kill?

ANTON: You are joking, right? Yes, you do. Nothing so dramatical. Business dinner with our, if it is God's willing, future business partner. Close a deal with him. But, be careful. Young Petar Prijić has already devoured „Golden apple“. Prepare yourself for that. All needed material about this new shark in our ocean is already at your desk. Study that shark. You have the time until 8pm tomorrow. And, one more thing: bring your charming assistant Jovana with you.

MILAN: Why?

ANTON: Why? She is the prettiest woman I have ever seen. I bet she is the prettiest woman young Prijić has ever seen too. What is the matter with you my dear Milan? You seem kinda stressed.

MILAN: My daughter is not well. My wife took her this morning to hospital.

ANTON: Oh, I am so sorry! How is little Irina?

MILAN: She is OK, I guess. She slept calmly.

ANTON: I hope everything will turn out OK. You have wonderful woman. Strong, reliable, real mother. It would be damn shame to let her go.

MILAN: Yes, I think the same way. Yes.

ANTON: OK. So, that wraps it up dear, Milan. Call me ASAP and bring me the good news. Both about business with young Petar and health of little Irina.

Milan nods and leaves. Anton stretches out in his chair with content. Dark

4.

Fancy restaurant, the next day, 8:15 pm. Milan and Jovana are sitting by the table. Milan is playing with his documents. He gazes on his wrist watch

MILAN: Pretty boy is 15 minutes behind the schedule.

JOVANA: Something must have come up.

MILAN: «Something must have come up». He turned off his mobile to show us that we must wait for him like he is some big shot and we are beggars getting their quarters and dimes. I know his routine. I bet he arrived earlier. He is hiding behind the menu, checking us out, having kicks about our nervousness like a true sadist should.

JOVANA: You mean having kicks with your nervousness?

MILAN: And you are cool as koala. My foot you are!

JOVANA: Don't take it out on me. I am not guilty for his youth, success and good looks.

MILAN: Good looks are for women, youth is for kids and success is hereditary in this country.

JOVANA: Do you know that you are turning into garden of wisdom?

MILAN: I am not ready to give myself to the first nice ass I see.

JOVANA: What are you talking about? I don't even know him!

MILAN: So, it will be easier if you meet him? Let me tell ya this: I've read his profile. He is incompetent womeniser, son of rich immigrants, untrustworthy. Maybe he got VD being in jurys for local miss competitions all the time.

JOVANA: At least he isn't misogynist.

MILAN: So, this is what it's all about?

JOVANA: Yes. You almost raped me last time.

MILAN: «Almost» is the key word. I know you loved it.

JOVANA: I loved what? You, cursing all the women of the world while inside me?
Calling me names?

MILAN: It was passion.

JOVANA: It was madness and you should go to the shrink.

MILAN: Just try to leave me and I will..

JOVANA: You will what?

MILAN: You don't want to know.

Pause. Peta enters. He is tall, athletic, with natural grace, in his mid 20s. He stops. He notices tension between Jovana and Milan. He continues walking towards them. He approaches Jovana, takes her hand and kisses it in old fashioned way. Then he and Milan shake hands. Milan takes Petar's hand with right hand and presses it firmly with left hand. Petar makes a nervous twitch. Milan shows Petar his chair but Petar helps Jovana to take a seat. He literally snatches her from Milan. Now they all sit. Petar is facing Jovana. He is transfixed.

MILAN: Mr. Prijić, do you see something strange on the face of my assistant?

PETAR: Strange? No! Enchanting? Yes!

MILAN: Let me remind you that we are here because of business, not because of her beauty.

PETAR: What is your name?

JOVANA: Jovana.

PETAR: Ah, you see, I think we are here because of young lady. Give me papers and let's sign the deal.

Milan gives him papers. Petar looks at them with great interest, like he is Sherlock Holmes

PETAR: Edges are bit wrinkled and torn. I bet you were playing with it. Nervous, huh?

Article 1,2, 3...yadayayda! This is the same stuff you sent me via email!

MILAN: No it isn't. Pay attention on articles 14 and 16.

PETAR: Ah, yes! So, let's see. OK, OK, no biggie. Give me the pen. Over and out.

Kudos for your chief Anton. From now on he is the sole owner of our exclusive computer 3D game «Armagedon 2021». So, now we can finally eat. I hear the oysters are excellent in this restaurant.

MILAN: So have I.

PETAR: I was referring to beautiful Jovana.

Pause

JOVANA: Yes, I have heard of that too.

PETAR: You like oysters? You know they are real aphrodisiac.

Jovana starts laughing. Milan is laughing with her in a weird, imitating way until she stops.

MILAN: This is so corny!

PETAR: Beg you pardon?

JOVANA: Milan!

PETAR: You are stepping over the line, mister. We have signed contract but I can tell Mr. Anton about your non-professional behaviour and your fits of jealousy.

MILAN: You can do you know what!

PETAR: Oh, I can do a lot of things. Sign off contract. I know it is bad for business but, what to Hell, I can do this. Unless you apologize.

JOVANA: Apologize to him, Milan.

Pause. Milan gets up and leans towards Petar. he looks like he is going to rip his guts out

MILAN (speaking through his teeth): I am sorry. I don't know what got into me.

PETAR: Apology accepted.

Milan takes his seat. Pause

MILAN: So, did you have a good flight?

PETAR: What a boring question. Don't you think?

JOVANA: I agree.

PETAR: Do you have any less stale question for me? Any at all?

MILAN: Shall we order the food?

PETAR: Loving Jovana didn't ask me anything. Yet. Wait a bit. You can drink yourself silly later on.

MILAN: I don't drink.

JOVANA: Not since the last New Year's party in our company.

Petar starts laughing

JOVANA: I heard you are womaniser. Are you degrading women with your attitude?

PETAR: Au contraire. I degrade myself and I put women on pedestal, giving them the ultimate pleasure.

Jovana starts laughing. Mobile buzzing. Milan takes the mobile from his pocket

PETAR: I thought you turned it off. It is proposterous!

MILAN: Yes, I agree. How? Where?

PETAR: Bonkers.

MILAN: I am leaving right now. *(To Petar)* Sorry, I have to leave you. Something came up.

PETAR: More urgent than business meeting?

JOVANA: You are not leaving now, are you?

MILAN: I must.

PETAR: I heard deep female voice, brushed with nicotine. Your wife?

MILAN: Yes.

Milan gets up and leaves

PETAR: What about shaking hands, Milan?

Milan shakes hands with petar. He outstretches his hand to Jovana but she acts like she doesn't see it. Milan leaves in hurry

PETAR: You forgot contract, Milan.

MILAN: Ah, yes, the contract!

Milan takes the contract, gives petar short nod and rushes out

PETAR: Shall we order those damn oysters or not?

JOVAN: You and your aphrodisiac again? Do you think you might get lucky?

PETAR: Why do you think it won't?

Dark

5.

*Hospital. Katarina i Milan are embracing each other. They stand for a while, petrified.
Katarina pushes him*

KATARINA: Stop hugging me.

MILAN: I thought you needed that in this moment.

KATARINA: I need my child to get well. Not your stinking embrace. You were with her, yes? She is high class prostitute or back alley one? I hope you used the protection, you bastard!

MILAN: I was at the business meeting.

KATARINA: So, it is office bimbo, huh? I heard your assistant Jovana is unbelievably beautiful.

Pause

KATARINA: But, on the other hand, she is too beautiful for you. No, it must be one of those sluts doing the Mickey Mouse jobs. Typewriting type of trash.

MILAN: Katarina, we are here because of the child.

KATARINA: Whoever she is I hope you didn't fall in love with her or I will destroy the both of you.

MILAN: Katarina, Irina!

KATARINA: You hate women. All of us. You have destroyed my daughter and me and now you will ruin your mistress, whoever she might be. You pathetic little experiment-driven vermin.

MILAN: What is happening with Irina, you jealous bitch?!

Pause

KATARINA: She won't survive if we don't pay for operation. ASAP.

Pause

MILAN: How much and how soon?

KATARINA: Fifty thousand euros. In two weeks time.

MILAN: I wanna see her.

KATARINA: No you can't. Doctor's orders.

MILAN: I must see her!

KATARINA: He didn't let me in. Why should he let you?

MILAN: Alright.

Milan nods his head and leaves

KATARINA: Run back to her!

MILAN: You don't have a clue.

KATARINA: I know what's inside your mind.

MILAN: So, what do you want me to do? To stay here with you?

KATARINA: I don't care if you are with me. You have to be with your child.

MILAN: I can't help Irina here.

KATARINA: No, you can help her by fucking your slut!

MILAN: That's enough! You wanna help Irina? Raise the money!

KATARINA: I have nothing but flat and it is hard to sell it within two weeks.

MILAN: Then let me find the money.

Milan starts walking away

KATARINA: It turns you on, no? Being asked for this and that. Being Numero Uno, The Decider.

MILAN: Irina must survive and this is the only thing that counts.

KATARINA: If you have merrits for it , it is.

MILAN: You really hate me.

KATARINA: I hate your false superiority. The rest of you is nothing but disgusting.

Pause

MILAN: I will file for divorce as soon as Irina gets well.

KATARINA: Milan!

Milan rushes out. Dark

6.

Irina's building. Stairs. Jovana and Petar, wearing their coats. Petar kisses her with slight trepidation. Jovana holds him and kisses him back

PETAR: The most predictable thing will be you inviting me in then making love all night and then me flying off to NYC , never meeting you again.

JOVANA: I guess so.

PETAR: But, I don't want to be predictable.

Jovana puts her hand under his coat

JOVANA: You wanna do it in public ?

PETAR: No. Please, behave.

Jovana laughs

JOVANA: Okidokie, I am decent.

PETAR: I don't want it to be one night stand and I know you are not that sort of girl.

JOVANA: You mean, easy?

PETAR: I think you want more.

JOVANA: So, what are you proposing?

PETAR: We will make love all night long. I mean, all day long .

JOVANA: All day long instead all night. How original!

PETAR: But not here. In America. Come with me.

JOVANA: Why should I go with you?

PETAR: Why? I am handsome, young, successfull, rich, and there is something more.

JOVANA: Something more besides the swashbuckling?

PETAR: The way you looked at me. At first I thought you wanted to make Milan jealous and then I realised that you want me.

JOVANA: Maybe in sack.

PETAR: Sack and emotions go hand in hand sometimes. I feel it know. Come on, Jovana, let's succeed together.

JOVANA: You mean go for it?

PETAR: I mean succeed.

JOVANA: GOD, YOU ARE SO SURE OF YOURSELF!

PETAR: Having second thoughts is for losers like Milan.

JOVANA: Milan is not a loser. He is pathetic. I understand him. But i cannot love him. Not the way he wants to be loved.

PETAR: It doesn't matter what happened between you.

JOVANA: He hurt me. A lot.

PETAR: Forget about him for a minute.

Petar grabs her and starts slowdancing with her

JOVANA: What are you doing? There is no music to dance to.

PETAR: We will make our own music, baby.

JOVANA: Is it a little bit cliché?

PETAR: Cliche but true.

JOVANA: Where do you get all that confidence?

PETAR: I am hung like a racing horse.

JOVANA: Oh, really? Well, it's good to know.

They dance and slowly, they start kissing each other. It looks even better than the sex.

Dark

7.

Anton's office. The next day. 9am. Anton is sleeping in his chair. Milan arrives, with the contract in his hands. He tries to wake him up. He pushes him, waves in front of his eyes. Anton is still sleeping. Milan puts contract on Anton's chest. Milan turns away. Anton wakes up.

ANTON: My good Milan, where were you?

MILAN: I, I have brought you the contrat.

ANTON: What? He signed it?

Anton takes the contract of his chest and starts reading it. He licks his lips

ANTON: Why didn't you call me right away?

MILAN: I didn't want to disturb you.

ANTON: Disturb me? I am married to this firm.

MILAN: I thought, you know, surprise.

ANTON: You know, my dear Milan, it is really a surprise. A pleasant one. Let's celebrate.

MILAN: I have to look through some of my papers.

ANTON: Oh, come on, Milan, just a little bit.

Anton takes two long, thin plastic hoses out of the chair and gives one to Milan

MILAN: What is this?

ANTON: Irish whiskey, thirty years old. I have six pints of it, here, in my chair. Fance that! Slainte mhaith as they say in good old Erin!

Anton touches Milan's hose with his hose

MILAN (mumbles something like): *Slainte mhaith.*

They drink (suck to be more precise) rolling their eyes. It takes them a while.

ANTON: That hits the spot. Hmmm. So, why the long face my dear Milan?

MILAN: Private matters.

ANTON: Concerning miss Jovana?

MILAN: No! Why?

ANTON: Just asking.

MILAN: Excuse me. That was so brutish of me.

ANTON: No, it is OK. I started this.

MILAN: Believe me, it is not the issue.

ANTON: So, what IS the issue, my dear Milan? You know I deeply care about my employees.

MILAN: My daughter Irina is very ill. It is matter of two weeks and matter of money. If not, I cannot possibly say...

ANTON: I understand. How much?

Pause

MILAN: 50K.

Anton takes banknotes out of his chair

ANTON: This is my secret stash. Just in case. The boy needs his spare change in the piggy bank, you know. Take it.

MILAN: I cannot accept this.

ANTON: I would if I were you.

MILAN: Thank you.

Milan takes the money. He tries to embrace Anton but he leans back

ANTON: This conversation never happened. You understand that?

MILAN: I understand.

ANTON: Now, go. And don't hug me, kiss me or any emotional crap like that. It makes you looking like a serf.

MILAN: OK. Thank you.

ANTON: Milan!

MILAN: Yes?

ANTON: Before you leave, dear Milan... I have to ask you something.

MILAN: Please do.

ANTON: I have recieved unusual message on my voice mail. It was your assistant Jovana. She was adresssing to me, God knows why.

MILAN: To you? Why?

ANTON: Devil knows. She said she quit her job and it is no use for us to llok for her. Why should we look for her? She is good but not that good. Maybe she was distressed. If she resigned she should have noticed you, not me. You are, after all, her superior.

Pause

MILAN: Yes, I am her superior.

ANTON: It is so odd.

MILAN: I think so too.

ANTON: Maybe it's some kind of prank. Maybe she is in the office, laughing her ass right now.

MILAN: No. She is not. I didn't se her.

ANTON: Stuff like that is scarcely seen. Anyway, start looking for new asistant.

MILAN: I will. ASAP. Can I leave now?

ANTON: But of course. This is a free country.

Milan leaves and Anton continues drinking from the hose. Dark

8.

NYC, the very same day. Exclusive apartment .Jovana and Petar are dancing

PETAR: New York, New York....

JOVANA: We have just bitten Big Apple, Mr. Prijić!

PETAR: Yes we have, Mrs. Prijić! And I want to bite your idealy big, perfect...

Jovana starts laughing. Pause

PETAR: Why the face girl? Isn't it just like I promised?

JOVANA: Yes, it is, just...

PETAR: You are not having second thoughts about our marriage?

JOVANA: NO!

PETAR: Then stop thinking about him.

JOVANA: How do you know I am thinking of him?

PETAR: I know that you had the same expression on your face while trying to avoid his manic stare.

JOVANA: You noticed that?

PETAR: Sure.

JOVANA: He is just obsessive twarp.

PETAR: True. And he'll never find us. Especially if we move to my new home.

JOVANA: So, you have house?

PETAR: Nope, flat.

JOVANA: You mean apartment? Here? Or on Manhattan? Fancy cottage on Western Coast maybe?

PETAR: Nope. It is not far from here. In new Illium.

JOVANA: How come?

PETAR: I know it sounds like outback. It is town with population of fifty thousand people. It is also HQ of our company.

JOVANA: I see.

PETAR: It is very nice and peaceful. You'll see.

JOVANA: I don't doubt it.

PETAR: Enough talking.

He kisses her and starts caressing her

JOVANA: Milan!

PETAR: What about him?

JOVANA: He has keys of my flat.

PETAR: What do you care! Sell the damn thing!

JOVANA: My things are over there.

PETAR: I'll buy you new things.

JOVANA: You don't understand. It's not just things.

PETAR: I know, things of sentimental value. Speaking of which, does Milan have one?

JOVANA: No, absolutely no. He is long gone for me.

PETAR: I see.

JOVANA: No you don't. First I met him I took pity on him. Then I felt something...It was not love but he was better and more considerate than any other man I met. And, suddenly, he went mad, started acting like a beast, like something just snapped in him.

PETAR: Jovana, he is guilty for staying on no man's land between you and his wife.

JOVANA: If he were smarter you and I couldn't meet.

PETAR: No, we couldn't. Thank God for Milan's madness!

Jovana i Petar start kissing. They take each others clothes off an start making love. Dark

9.

Jovana's flat. Her skirts, garters, socks, bras, sexy loungerie, lipsticks, powder boxes, perfumes are everywhere. Surrounded with her things, heavily breathing in the centre of it all is standing Milan. He looks around him.

MILAN: You couldn't restrain yourself, you whore! You left with him in a hurry, leaving you slutty gear behind! You don't need it anymore. You found yourself rich brat and fixed your life for good. Cum eating bitch, you! You stinking whore! You are the reason I'm talking to myself!

Milan sits on the floor and takes Jovana's dress. He breathes it in. He throws her dress away

MILAN: Women, no matter how pretty they can be, stink. Men stink too. Human race is disgusting piece of work yet women stink worse than men. Why? Because stench doesn't fit with their look. Imagine that: drop dead gorgeous face, perfect hips, great, firm tits, shiny skin and yet, she stinks. She farts! Christ! There is nothing worse than smelly woman. They stink even when they take a bath. Their cunts stink. I am one of billions of slaves of that void, of that stench. Stench!

Milan takes Jovana's dress. He is twisting it, making noose out of it. He puts a noose around his neck. He pulls the end of it. He starts choking. His hand loses its grip. Milan is coughing. He is twisting and twitching on the floor. He is struggling for air. He breathes in the air. His voice is crooked, rugged, almost demonic

MILAN: What did you want me to do? Maybe to be more sensitive, like you?

Milan takes makeup and puts it on his lips. He takes her dress, unrolls it and tries to put it on

MILAN: To become a woman, to turn myself into your lesbian lover so you could cheat on me with first big dick guy that comes along?!

He screams like an animal and tears the dress off. Dark

10.

Soft lullaby, off. Darkness is clearing a bit. A shadow of a CREATURE that looks like a small girl is dancing on the walls. Lullaby becomes more morbid ,with strange overtones , off. Scream, off. Lights on. Milan's apartment. Katarina is looking at Milan in disbelief. Milan is manically wiping his face with handkerchief

KATARINA: You are moving out?

MILAN: Yes, it is your flat now. You can keep it. I have no obligations towards you. I left the papers that you need on the working desk. It is totally legit.

KATARINA: What about Irina?

MILAN: I am looking for money. There is still time.

KATARINA:I don't believe you. What's with your face? Did she paint you?

MILAN: Katarina, I came to get my stuff.

KATARINA: Take them and leave, motherfucker!

MILAN: I will.

KATARINA: See if I care!

Katarina comes to him and looks him straight in the eye.

KATARINA: Do you have the money?

MILAN: How could I have the damn money?

KATARINA: Do you?!

MILAN: No. Did you find someone to buy the flat?

Pause

MILAN: I thought so. I have sold my car.

KATARINA: If you're lying to me...

MILAN: Just get the money and buy her the best medications you can get.

Milan gives her the envelope with money and leaves. Dark

Petar's flat, New Illium, 6pm, few days later. Jovana has dark rings around her eyes, sitting on couch, in front of the TV set, in worn out sport suit. Ringing of the bell at the door, off. She doesn't move. Jangling of keys, off. Enters Petar, wearing the business outfit

PETAR: You could at least unlock the door.

JOVANA: I couldn't hear you. I was watching TV.

PETAR: You are watching TV a lot.

JOVANA: How was at work?

PETAR: Same old, same old.

Petar sits by her and starts kissing her on the neck. He takes the remote control from her and starts changing channels

JOVANA: So, how's the business?

PETAR: It is OK. I told you already.

JOVANA: Can I visit you sometimes?

PETAR: No, you can't. I told you ythe same thing yesterday and the day before and the day before that.

JOVANA: You have changed.

PETAR: Me?

JOVANA: Few days ago you would make up some excuse but no you just say : no, you can't.

Petar turns off the TV

PETAR: What's wrong, honey?

JOVANA: I am all by myself all day long, not working, just staring at the TV. It is not healthy for me.

PETAR: Take yellow pages and start looking for jobs if you care that much. Besides, I have enough money for both of us..

JOVANA: Which reminds me.

Jovana gives him an envelope

JOVANA: This came today. Mortgage for the flat.

PETAR: Wait a sec! Who gave you the permission to rummage through my mail?

JOVANA: Petar, be honest for once and tell me if you are you having monetary problems?

PETAR: Me? It's nothing. Mortgage is normal thing in States. It is like «good morning» here.

JOVANA: It is more like «good night».

PETAR: Don't worry, I will manage to get out of this. I love you.

He is caressing and kissing her. She leans on him

JOVANA: I love you.

Pause

JOVANA: I hope that you meant what you said.

PETAR: Yes, I will get us out of this.

JOVANA: Not that.

PETAR: Of course I meant that. Oh God, who could tell? When I met you you were kinda distant, cold.

JOVANA: It is not me, it is beauty. When a man sees beautiful woman he says to him: «I cannot approach her. She is guilty for that. She is so cold. «

PETAR: I couldn't say that I hesitated much.

JOVANA: That's because you are used to approaching women you never met before.

PETAR: Not really. Of course, there is some truth to it but it doesn't mean that I don't love you.

They start kissing. Dark

12.

Belgrade, park, one day later. Milan is walking up and down the park, nervously. Enters THE CONNECTION, tall, strong man. He looks like he went out jogging. He comes behind Milan and gives him a little push

MILAN: The Connection?

THE CONNECTION: The very same. Calm yourself. You are drawing unnecessary attention on you.

MILAN: Lemme explain...

Milan tries to turn towards The Connection but he grabs Milan's shoulder

THE CONNECTION: I wouldn't recommend you to do that.

MILAN: But I...

THE CONNECTION: Put your left hand in the inner pocket of your coat, take out the money carefully and place your hand holding the money next to your left thigh.

Milan does so. THE CONNECTION starts looking around and grabs the money and puts it in the inner pocket of his training suit

MILAN: Are you still there?

THE CONNECTION: Where else could I be? Are you afraid that I wouldn't give you the info?

MILAN: No, but you know. The world today.

THE CONNECTION: I know, no one believes no one. Now, listen carefully. The first part of message is info and the second part is proposition for business cooperation.

MILAN: I am all ears.

THE CONNECTION: New Illium, state of New York, Tiresian Road 5. Ok?

MILAN: New Illium, state of New York, Tiresian Road 5. I got that. And second part?

THE CONNECTION: Not the hesitating type. I like that. You'll give me 20K to keep my mouth shut.

MILAN: What?!

THE CONNECTION: Do not worry, there will be enough money to go to States and do whatever you are up to.

MILAN: I cannot. My daughter needs an urgent operation.

THE CONNECTION grabs Milan by his shoulders then throws him into the dirt, putting his arm behind his back, like policeman arresting the thief

THE CONNECTION: I think you are not aware that you don't have any choice. If you don't do what our organisation demands the whole country will find out about your perverted little world, your fetishes, your mistresses, for every nasty thing you did or you'll ever do! Do you hear me, creep?

MILAN: Loud and clear. My daughter.

THE CONNECTION: What daughter?! That sickly little bastard is misfortunate mix of your cowardly no good genetics mixed with Katarina's mafia stock? If you are so eager to become Papa you gotta make babies with someone more appropriate! There is still time. To be more precise, there WILL be time if I choose not to start twisting your balls with pliers! Yes, I will! I will drag you to my van, drive you to the suburbs, put you in the cellar and take my special pliers...

MILAN: Please, don't!

THE CONNECTION: Don't what? Pliers? Money? What?

MILAN: Just don't.

THE CONNECTION: Whome shall we pardon? Who is the innocent one?

The Connection starts pressing Milan. Milan is screaming with pain

THE CONNECTION: Who has the right to get out? Who?! I can kill'em all and I couldn't care less! It is you or them! Make your choice!

The Connection is pressing harder than before. Milan is growling

MILAN: Kill my wife, kill my boss, kill Jovana, kill Irina, just don't kill me! Please, don't!

THE CONNECTION: Money! Pronto! I know you carry it with ya!

MILAN: No, I don't!

THE CONNECTION: Yes you do. I know when someone is lying. Moneeey!

MILAN: OK, you'll have your money!

The Connection gets up. Milan sighs painfully then takes money out of his coat and gives it to The Connection outstretching the hand, with his face still in the dirt. The Connection takes the money

THE CONNECTION: You have made the right choice. It was pleasure doing business with you.

The Connection runs off, like a peaceful jogger. Milan is sobbing in the dust. Dark

13.

Cinema at the New Illium shopping mall. Explosions and screams followed by action music from Hollywood blockbuster, off. Petar is sitting on his seat, scared. Behind him, leaning over the seat is THE GHOUL. Its voice is robotised, distorted.

THE GHOUL: Watching movies in the working hours?! Tstststs!

Petar is shaking with fear

PETAR: Fuck! It's you again!

THE GHOUL: He is coming.

PETAR: How did he find out?

THE GHOUL: It doesn't matter now. The important thing is that he is coming across the mighty ocean in all his glory and warlike fury.

PETAR: Because of Jovana? Is she the reason for his anger?

THE GHOUL: She is not the sole reason. He took the money that was meant to save his daughter's life

PETAR: I can't believe it.

THE GHOUL: The child cannot be saved unless some kind of miracle happens.

PETAR: Sacrificing his own child? He is insane!

THE GHOUL puts the big bag of popcorn on the seat next to Petar

THE GHOUL: It is clean.

Petar looks in the bag.

PETAR: Revolver? What about „Glock“? Or „Uzi“?

THE GHOUL: This dealer crap always gets stuck. You should be thankful for my choice.

PETAR: If you could give me the bucks for the job I already did I would be much obliged.

THE GHOUL: Hold on. The real man stays and fights for his house and his wife.

PETAR: The real man? And what the fuck am I?

THE GHOUL: You know what you are. Male whore.

THE GHOUL gets up and leaves. Petar reaches out to bag, takes out the gun, starts looking at it and then places it back to the bag. Dark

14.

Dark. Lullaby turning into funeral march, off. Katarina, wearing black, is sitting on the chair, sobbing. Anton arrives. She doesn't notice him. Anton places his hand on her shoulder.

ANTON: Katarina, please, accept my condolences.

Katarina nods

ANTON: Is Milan here ?

Katarina gets up

KATARINA: Don't mention that bastard to me! If I knew where he was I would rip his guts out! HE RAN OFF WITH HIS WHORE WHILE HIS DAUGHTER WAS ON HER DEATHBED!

ANTON: I am sorry. I didn't know.

Katarina gets up and tries to hit him. Anton avoids her hit swiftly

KATARINA: What is that you didn't know?!

Katarina grabs the chair and throws it at Anton. Anton avoids that too

KATARINA: Stop shedding crocodile tears! You are sitting on your pile of money, watching from your heights at my suffering!

ANTON: I understand your pain but your previous sentence is, well, strange.

KATARINA: My previous sentence? You have killed my daughter! You are as guilty as Milan!

Pause

ANTON: I have many regrets but being callous is not one of them.

KATARINA: Excuses, excuses! Get out of my house!

Katarina tries to hit Anton but he grabs her arms. Katarina is trying to hit him between his legs but he avoids that and sticks to her like a tack.

ANTON: You are wrong, lady. I gave Milan money for the operation. I thought everything will be OK.

KATARINA: I don't believe you!

ANTON: I swear it was like I said. I gave him the money a week ago.

Pause

KATARINA: How much?

ANTON: 50K.

Katarina falls to the floor and starts shaking with grief and anger

KATARINA: I will kill that bastard! I will slice him into pieces! I will kill him!

Katarina screams with pain. Dark

15.

NYC, Central Park, the very same day. Man in long, pale, worn out trenchcoat is walking up and down the park. He is holding the briefcase. Milan is moving towards him. Milan is in his best suit, calm. Milan takes the briefcase from the man, casually. Man walks away. Milan is standing in the middle of the stage, looking like a symbol of successful businessman. He fixes his tie. He is whistling lullaby for half a minute then he stops.

MILAN: No job, no wife, no daughter. I am not turning back. It's obvious, nec'pas? Doing all this for you. You told me once that you knew exactly what I will do. I was so predictable. Did you know I would do this? No? Believe me, I didn't know it either. And here I am, in Central Park, with secret in my briefcase.

Milan puts briefcase on the ground. He fixes his hair

MILAN: I am new person in New York. Cool, placid, clean. I am about to leave my body. Invisible hand is moving me and I am letting her to guide me. I know where it leads me and what am I supposed to do. For everything that will occur you can blame only yourself, my dear. Jovana, you approached me. I didn't approach you. You chose me even though you knew what your choice meant. You knew me well. I wanted just one thing – to protect your beauty. Now I want to destroy it.

Milan laughs mildly

MILAN: I will cut your face! I will burn your body in sulphuric acid! I will feast on your misery!

Milan calms himself

MILAN: See you soon. Miss you.

Milan sends fake kiss to audience. Dark

16.

Milan's whistling lullaby, off. Jovana's scream. Petar's flat. Petar and Jovana are in the bed. Jovana is look in front her with terror. Petar, petrified, is looking around.

PETAR: What? Where?!

JOVANA: Milan is in America!

PETAR: Rubbish! Calm yourself. It is just a bad dream.

JOVANA: He is here. In States.

PETAR: Really? Where exactly?

JOVANA: NYC, Central Park.

PETAR: And what's he doing there? Jogging? Buying hot dog? Doing tai chi?

JOVANA: Enough of that that bufoonerie. He has a black suitcase in his hands. He is coming to kill us.

PETAR: Calm yourself, Jovana. It was just a nightmare.

JOVANA: He told me he wouldn't let me go.

PETAR: He won't find us. I guarantee.

Petar embraces her.

JOVANA: He won't find us? What does that mean? Do you know something I don't?

PETAR: No. Where did you get that idea? I was just saying that, if Milan decides to find us he will be stopped. I guarantee.

Petar puts his hand under the bed and takes the gun. Jovana screams

JOVANA: What do you need it for?

PETAR: This is America. You never know when you gonna need it.

JOVANA: You definitely know something.

PETAR: I don't. It is for burglars. They have looted my flat. Twice.

JOVANA: Trying to steal what? This gun is the most valuable thing in your flat.

PETAR: No, you are.

Petar tries to hold her. She pushes him away

JOVANA: I am not a prop in your little drama.

PETAR: Sorry.

JOVANA: Put that gun away. Now! I don't want to see it in our bedroom!

PETAR: But, Jovana, if someone catches us sleeping there will be no time.

JOVANA: Right now!

Petar gets up and leaves the room. Thumping, off.

JOVANA: I can't understand how you turned into THIS after such a short period of time.

Petar enters

PETAR: How come?

JOVANA: When I met you you were prince and now you are scared shitless, looking like small town loser.

PETAR: It is just precaution.

JOVANA: No it is not. I went for a stroll today.

PETAR: And?

JOVANA: I saw you in the park. Sitting and reading newspapers.

PETAR: I had a coffee break.

Pause

JOVANA: At 9:30? How long has it been_

PETAR: What?

JOVANA: Hiding the truth from me. I have been waiting whole day for you to look me in the eye and tell me the truth.

Pause

PETAR: I got fired two days after we came to States. But, don't worry, I am looking job. I had some interviews and, who knows?

JOVANA: Why did you lie to me?

PETAR: Why? Because I have my pride, that's why! And, by the way, do you know why did i get fired? Milan was guilty for that! He annulled the contract and boss thought it was my blame! Your Milan did that!

JOVANA: He is not mine.

Pause

JOVANA: Sorry, I didn't know.

Petar comes back to bed

PETAR: Nevermind.

JOVANA: I hope you don't love me less because of what I just said.

PETAR: I love you every day more and more and nothing is going to change that.

JOVANA: You are so full of cliches!

PETAR: But true to you. True to your beauty and your love.

Jovana sticks to him.

JOVANA: Hold me, sweet talker. I wanna fall asleep in your arms.

Petar hugs her. She places her head on his shoulder. The light is slowly fading. Dark

17.

Anton's office. Anton is smokig cigar. He is thinking, lying on his chair. Katarina comes from his behind

KATARINA: Did you find him?

ANTON: I did.

KATARINA: Where is he?

Anton shows her to sit next to him.

KATARINA: I won't sit. Tell me.

Pause

KATARINA: Sorry.

Katarina sits next to him

ANTON: Katarina, you are wonderful woman burt I mustn't allow. I've known Milan for years.

KATARINA: Where is he!?

ANTON: You will kill him.

KATARINA: He killed my only child!

Pause

ANTON: I will tell you but under one condition.

KATARINA: No conditions! Tell me!

ANTON: You must come with me if you want me to show you his whereabouts.

KATARINA: Why? To save him? If it was your child you would kill him instantly!

Anton grabs her arm

ANTON: If it was my child I would protect it. Both child and you.

Pause.

KATARINA: Where is he?!

ANTON: Let me take care of you. I beg you. You know I always admired you from the far. If the cards were delt differently, who knows? You know?

KATARINA: I know.

Pause. Katarina starts laughing hysterically. She gets up

KATARINA: I will kill the son of a bitch myself.

ANTON: Wait! Katarina!

KATARINA: I will report myself afterwards and go to jail. With clean conscience.

ANTON: Please, don't!

KATARINA: I will find him, with or without you!

Katarina starts walking away

ANTON: Please, do so.

KATARINA: What?

ANTON: You can do what you please but let me help you afterwards. You don't deserve to rot in prison.

KATARINA: And what will you get in return?

ANTON: You.

Dark

18.

Cheap hotel room, NYC. Night. Milan is sitting on the chair. He is holding blasck suitcase with one arm, pressed to his chest. In other hand he has a bottle of whiskey. His moves are erratic. He is moving back and forth. Prostitute is standing before him, on high heels, dancing to salsa echoing from crappy CD player behind her.

MILAN: Enough, enough!

PROSTITUTE: OK, foreign guy, OK! This is your party just chill out.

Prostitute is turning off CD

MILAN: Yes, this is my party.

Prostitute approaches him with seductive strut

PROSTITUTE(singing): „This is my party and I’ll cry if I want to
Cry if I want to
You would cry too
if it happened to you!“

Prostitute puts her hand on his cheek

MILAN: What the fuck?!

PROSTITUTE: Daddy, can I sit on your lap?

Milan pushes Prostitute away

MILAN: What did you just say you crazy bitch?!

PROSTITUTE: I thought you were into some hanky panky, daddy!

MILAN: Daddy? What's that daddy shit? Do I look like a frigging paedophile to you?

PROSTITUTE: Sorry, sorry, just you are so tense and I don't know how to get to know you.

MILAN: Well don't.

PROSTITUTE: Gimme the bag and blotto and I will make you worth your while.

MILAN: Back off!

PROSTITUTE: OK. Don't get so edgy. So, what do you want? No touching. Striptease maybe?

Pause

MILAN: No.

PROSTITUTE: Why not?

MILAN: You're a chap.

PROSTITUTE: And you found it out just now?

Pause

MILAN: I want you to be Jovana.

PROSTITUTE: Jo..what? Is she the best friend of Snookie, you know, from the *Jersey Shore*?

MILAN: Jovana is the most beautiful woman in the world. I want you o turn into her. Got that? I want you to be feminine and beautiful all over, every inch of your body!

PROSTITUTE: Sorry, hun, but you gotta give me some instructions here..

MILAN: Stretch out. Yes. Klench your thighs. Not that much. You are not at gim, Christ! Easy. Perfect. Put your hand on your hip. Be queen. Graceful. Mild smile, in the corner of your mouth. Eyes must be serious but not like you are trying to hypnotise me.

PROSTITUTE: Like Jessica Alba? No? What about Charlize Terone? Maybe old school? I know! Sharon Stone? Michelle Pfeifer?

MILAN: No, Jovana. Once more. Here we go. Great. Almost identical. Come on, strut.
Like you are on fashion show. Come on!

Prostitute is moving from one side of room to another

MILAN: Now tell me: I want it, Milan.

PROSTITUTE: I want it Milan.

MILAN: So you will have it.

Dark

19.

Bathroom in Petar's flat, the very next day. New Illium. Jovana is in the bathtub, covered with bubble bath. She is sponging herself. Petar is shaving himself. They are both in a good mood. Petar is whistling lullaby

JOVANA: Don't whistle.

PETAR: Why not?

JOVANA: My granny believed that whistling is envoking misfortune.

PETAR: She said that only because she couldn't whistle.

Petar turns to her and throws some of the water to her

JOVANA: Stop sprinkling me!

PETAR: OK, I won't!

Jovana sprinkles him

JOVANA: But I will sprinkle you.

PETAR: I am having great time with you, you know.

JOVANA: Really?

PETAR: Yes. Although I was hoping it won't turn this way.

JOVANA: What do you mean?

PETAR: I mean, I was hoping there will be more money in this story.

JOVANA: I told you not to think about it.

PETAR: I was hoping it won't be so, dunno, organised.

JOVANA: What are you referring to?

PETAR: I mean, it could be more spontaneous. But, on the other hand, it wouldn't change a thing. I love you inspite of all.

JOVANA: Inspite of what?

Enters Milan with black briefcase in his hand

MILAN: May I join you? I feel a bit dirty!

Jovana screams

PETAR: Don't you dare to touch her!

Petar moves towards Milan. Milan turns briefcase towards Petar. Shot rings out. Petar falls on the floor. Jovana starts screaming. Milan turns his briefcase towards her.

Jovana shuts up

MILAN: When I came here I thought that someone will stop me. False ID, foreigner, strong accent. Yet, nobody did. I was invisible. I am just an Average Joe. Hair, height, eye colour. Everything is medium, usual. Not ugly but not pretty either. I fit in everywhere. Nobody payed any attention. I was assuming that murderous intents were written all over my face. Nothing happened. I was drunk, I was high, I was smoking in public place. Nothing. I didn't bring my rented vehicle back. Nada. I am armed and no one is checking me out. I have killed male hooker. Nothing. I had a vision of me, struggling with Petar and what happened? Here lies the most beautiful man I ever seen. Dead.

Pause

MILAN: The world is not fair. I have killed three people and who gives a fuck? When I finish with you nothing will happen. And then I will disappear in the Midwest. Idaho, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming. States are perfect place if you want to disappear, one way or the other.

JOVANA: That's enough! Kill me and get over with it.

MILAN: I have sacrificed my daughter to get to you and now you want me to kill you instantly?!

Pause

JOVANA: Kill me! What are you waiting for?

MILAN: Wait, my love. I have something else for you.

Milan takes the heavy bag from his coat and throws it by the bathtub.

MILAN: Do you know what's in this bag? Needles, hooks, scalpels, knives of all shapes and sizes. I don't know what are they exactly for but you will help me to find out.

He puts his hand in the pocket. He takes out little bottle and places it gently on the floor.

MILAN: But, acid will come first. To burn out your gorgeous face.

JOVANA: Why? Because I was cheating on you?

MILAN: Yes, this is the reason. You were the only woman I loved and you hurt me.

JOVANA: You didn't love me. You have loved the feeling that you possess the most beautiful of the ones you hate. I gave you the feeling of superiority for a while but you don't have it anymore. You can kill as much as you want but that feeling won't come back. You will be pathetic as much as you are now!

Jovana gets up

JOVANA: Come on, shoot me, burn me, cut me, I won't move one single bit.

Pause. Milan is looking at her, amazed

JOVANA: Kill me! Come on! You pathetic little loser!

Pause. Milan rushes out of the bathroom

JOVANA: You murdering cunt!

Jovana leans with her back on the wall of the bathroom. She starts crying. She slips into the bathtub. Anton enters

JOVANA: What are you doing here?

ANTON: I came to see if everything is working according to plan.

JOVANA: According to plan? You threw me into Milan's bed and look at it now!

ANTON: I don't see any deviations.

JOVANA: Deviations? Petar is dead!

Anton sits on the edge of the bathtub. He touches her cheek

ANTON: I am sorry.

JOVANA: No, you're not.

ANTON: I always feel sorry for my co-workers.

JOVANA: You mean...

ANTON: Yes. Petar was on my payroll too.

JOVANA: I don't get it. I won't accept your double talk.

ANTON: What double talk? I was paying him.

JOVANA: Why?

ANTON: He had to play his role and he did so. He was just a small cog in a big mechanism.

JOVANA: He is cog for you?

ANTON: Cog and gigolo.

JOVANA: What were you trying to achieve with all this?

ANTON: Achieve? I was just having fun, that's all. And why you ask? Because I can.

Anton leans towards her and looks her in the eye. He places his arms on her shoulders

ANTON: Now I understand Milan's madness. I cannot justify it but I can understand it.

JOVANA: Let me go!

Anton grabs her and starts strangling her until she shows no resistance and her body petrifies. Anton sighs deeply

ANTON: Such a pity.

He gets up and shakes of the water on his coat. He approaches Petar and shoots the back of his head

ANTON: Like they say – it is good to sleep with beautiful women but it is rotten business to marry one.

Anton leaves. Dark

20.

Cheap hotel room in NYC, the very same day. Milan is kneeling on the floor. He is holding his suitcase, pressed against his forehead. His hands are trembling

MILAN: Too easy. Too easy.

Katarina rushes in, with the gun in her hand. Milan turns towards her

MILAN: Katarina!

KATARINA: This is for my Irina!

Katarina shoots him. Milan falls on the floor

MILAN: Punish me, torture me! I don't deserve to leave this world so easily!

KATARINA: What are you talking about?

MILAN: Do you have dagger? Acid? I forgot mine.

KATARINA: Stop buying your time when there isn't any.

MILAN: I'm not. I have sacrificed anything that's dear for me. I deserve capital punishment. I have killed thrwe people and I must be executed.

KATARINA: Four. Our Irina and three more.

MILAN: No, three. Our Irina and two.

KATARINA: Three? What about your mistress? You've strangled her in her bathtub.

MILAN: Strangled? Oh, Christ! Not her! I didn't do it, Katarina! Someone else killed her! I love you, Jovana. I will avenge you.

KATARINA: No you won't.

Katarina shoots two times. Milan dies. Anton enters.

ANTON: Is it finished?

Katarina nods. Anton comes to Anton and checks the pulse on his neck

ANTON: That's it.

He comes to Katarina and takes the gun from her hands

ANTON: Let's go. The police will be here any minute.

KATARINA: He said something strange.

Anton is playing with the gun

ANTON: Is that so?

KATARINA: He said he didn't kill Jovana.

ANTON: Really? Who did it then?

KATARINA: Who? It was him alright!

Pause

ANTON: Are you sure?

KATARINA: Of course. Bastard could kill anyone in cold blood. Anyone but her. So he convinced himself it never happened.

ANTON: That figures. Are you ready to fulfill your part of the deal?

KATARINA: Yes I am. Let's go.

They go to the door. Katarina turns to look Milan once more but Anton grabs her by the shoulder and drags her away. Dark.

/THE END/

