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ZUBI (Teeth)

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About play: This play *Teeth (Zubi)* was for the first time staged in Serb National Theatre, Novi Sad, on March 5th, 2004, directed by Predrag Strbac and published in book "Nevinost 3", dedicated to project of the same name (Innocence 3) with two other plays of young playwrights.

Scene one

(Empty room with white walls. Dentist' s chair in the middle of the room. Pale light, tooth drills and medicines on the board nearby. The doors are on the left. DEYAN arrives, untidy lad 14-15 years old. He wants to say something but he gives up that idea and approaches to the chair. He takes the drill and it starts to buzz. He takes one of those wooden sticks that dentist uses to check teeth and throat and throws it into the glass. Deyan starts to stare at the chair and sits on it. On the moment he has superior expression on his face. He starts moving chair back and forth)

DEYAN: Han Solo, give me coordinates of Black Star. Rebel Alliance must arrive there until twelve hundred. Are there any Empire fighters on sight? Three fighters on three hours from us. R2D2, what do you say?(He starts to imitate robot) Pliew-plick-plick-ploong! You are reading my thoughts! Let's move ahead, full speed!

(Deyan moves forward on the chair,using drill as a laser. DENTIST, middle aged, good looking woman enters the room. She notices Deyan, makes ironic face and leaves)

DEYAN: Phew, phew! K-boom! We got him, Luke!Look, one fighter is on our tail!Raise protection shield!Baaam!Chubaka, fix the vessels underneath the cockpit! Wuf aaargh! You tell him, Chewie! We're gonna have salto mortale! Warp speed! We are on their tail!Shoot them with all guns!You don't have to say it, Skywalker!Sh-boom, sh-boom!We got them! Wait, Skywalker, we have signal on our monitor!Show it to me!

(Deyan fixes stunned expression on his face. Dentist approaches him from the back, with green envelope in her hand.She is swiftly checking data in it. Deyan doesn't notice her)

DEYAN: You, that's not possible!

(Deyan puts the plastic straw that dentist uses to suck out patient's spit)

DEYAN: Luke...khhhhhhh...I'm your father!

(Dentist steps in front of him.They stare at each other. Pause. Dentist shows at envelope)

DENTIST: You are interesting specimen. This document says so.

DEYAN: Specimen? I thought I am just a boy.

DENTIST: You have no reasons to think whatsoever.

DEYAN: Your hair is a bit strange on the forehead...

DENTIST: Your name is Deyan Petrich, right?

DEYAN: Awful hairdo! Blonde locks on and red hair, phew!

DENTIST: You are from class unit 8-c? Right?

DEYAN: No, I'm not. Right?

DENTIST: Right is that I am right.

(Deyan tries to lean forward and turns his eyes towards envelope. Dentist pulls it towards her chest. Deyan rubs hair and looks at here, smiling)

DENTIST: Wait...

(Dentist leaves. Deyan sits on the chair and starts rotating on it. Dentist returns, without envelope. Deyan swiftly jumps of the chair. The chair is still rotating. Dentist stops it with her hand)

DENTIST: I heard that you are naughty, nasty, cocky boy. You are more outside of school than in it. What will your poor mother say about it?

(Pause)

DEYAN: She is dead. I live with grandpa and grandma.

DENTIST: What will grandpa and grandma say?

(Pause)

DENTIST: You should talk a bit more.

DEYAN: And you should return medicines that you're stealing for your private practice.

DENTIST: Who said that?

DEYAN: Who didn't?

(Deyan rotates on the chair and then jumps. He is "flying" around Dentist)

DEYAN: Wooosh!

DENTIST: What is this?

DEYAN: Woom!

DENTIST: Deyan, sit on the chair!

DEYAN: woiiing!

DENTIST: Hey, dude, what do you want?

DEYAN: I want to be free, wooing, freeeeee!

DENTIST: Only you?

DEYAN: Wooooom!

DENTIST: Sit!

DEYAN: Kaboom! We're hit! Weeeeeoooo!

(Deyan is imitating falling plaine and hits the floor)

DENTIST: Sit on the chair!

DEYAN: Cut the crap!

DENTIST: Sit on the bloody chair!!!

DEYAN: Waaaa!

DENTIST: If you don't sit on the chair you will be expelled!

DEYAN: Freeee!

DENTIST: If you don't sit down your grandma and grandpa will die!

(Pause)

DEYAN: They will understand.

DENTIST: You think so?

DEYAN: I do. They are the only normal folks I know.

DENTIST: They are good to you?

DEYAN: Yes.

DENTIST: They love you?

DEYAN: Aha.

DENTIST: Are you sure?

DEYAN: Yes.

DENTIST: Grandmas and grandpas sweetheart!

DEYAN: No I'm not!

DENTIST: O.K., you're not! I know you're not!

(Pause)

DENTIST: You are afraid.

(Pause)

DEYAN: Afraid? Of what?

DENTIST: You are afraid of me.

DEYAN: You? Huh, that's a good one!

DENTIST: You are afraid of drill. 'Cause if I drill your teeth you wouldn't be freeeee!

DEYAN: No way!

DENTIST: Way!

DEYAN: No fuckin' way!

DENTIST: Rough boy. Are you some kind of Jedi?

DEYAN: Some kind? I am Jedi.

DENTIST: Take a seat If you are a true Jedi.

(Pause)

DEYAN: You bet I will sit!

(Deyan pushes Dentist away and sits. Turns his face towards her with an artificial grim)

DENTIST: You like it, huh? If you could only know what pleasure this chair brings.

DEYAN: Pleasure?

(Dentist slaps his face. Deyan is laughing. Dentist grabs his jaw and starts shaking it)

DENTIST: Open your mouth, aaaa! Wider, wider!

(Deyan turns his tongue out. Dentist takes little mirror and starts checking his teeth. At the same time she starts pressing him against chair, leaning on him so Deyan has no power to move either way)

DENTIST: Shut up, you pussy! Sit still! Grandma & granpa! You are one spoiled brat, I knew it from the start! What do you say? I don't dig it!

(Dentist is pressing him harder)

DENTIST: I'll stick it to your tonsils! Caries, ocusal, palatinal distal, narrow jaw, plaque everywhere.... You stink like dead skunk! Wash your mouth!

(Pauza)

DENTIST: Didn't I scare shit out of you?

(Deyan takes glass and washes his mouth. Dentist puts on her plastic gloves)

DENTIST: You are helping out old folks, huh? Arts professor has seen you selling newspapers on the street.

(Deyan spits some water on Dentist's face. She starts laughing. Pause)

DENTIST: You are a good boy, just a bit cocky.

(Dentist takes drill)

DENTIST: Open your mouth. We love handsome little cocky bastards like you...

(Drill starts working with distorted sound)

DENTIST:cause it is real pleasure to watch you crack!

(Dentist is drilling, Deyan is suffocating in his own blood, humming and screaming)

DENTIST: It hurts, huh? What do you know about pain? Spit!

(Deyan spits out blood)

DENTIST: Ts-ts-ts! Little baby is scared!

DEYAN: Fuck I am!

DENTIST: Do you know what is basic measure of pain? Toothache. It is said that man can't stand to feel pain of more than five teeth at once.

DEYAN: I can stand even more.

DENTIST: You can't. When man crosses that line of pain he becomes absolutely insensitive or absolutely dead.

(Dentist turns on the drill. Deyan starts screaming. His body is shaking. Dentist spanks his cheek)

DENTIST: Are you man or a faggot? Huh?!

DEYAN: You are not curing me.

DENTIST: That's my point! Open your mouth!

(Drilling, twisting)

DENTIST: Spit! Are you free now?!

(Deyan spits out blood)

DEYAN: Yes.

(Drilling, twisting)

DENTIST: Spit!

(Spitting, twisting, drilling. Deyan tries to get up but Dentist pushes him to the chair)

DENTIST: Can't spit it out? Swallow it, that's your own blood! It's not disgusting!

DEYAN: No it's not but you are! I'm sick of you!

DENTIST: That's the spirit! Open the mouth!

DEYAN: I won't.

DENTIST: What's the matter with you. Do you have any balls?

DEYAN: I have balls.

DENTIST: What about freedom?

DEYAN: I have it too. Come on!

(Deyan opens his mouth. Operation is quickening. Drilling, shaking, spitting, three times, by the time Deyan shouts)

DENTIST: Nerve! I hit that nerve?

(Deyan is aching,. Lying on floor, full of pain)

DENTIST: I have killed it, didn't I?

(Dentist leans towards him. Deyan pushes her away)

DENTIST: Get up, kiddo! C'mon! Just a bit of zinc-oxide and everything will be O.K.

(Dentist pushes him away with her leg)

DENTIST: That's not that nerve, that's not that nerve!

DEYAN: Which one is the real one? Which one?

DENTIST: I don't know. That's the reason why I'm doing this.

(Dentist puts Deyan's head on her lap and drags him close to her, caressing him)

DENTIST: It hurts, huh? Now you know what means to be a man-to be able to stand the pain!

(Dentist grabs Deyan between his legs)

DENTIST: You're gonna be a big man!

(Dentist gently spats Deyan's cheek. Deyan sighs)

DENTIST: Sorry, I've forgotten! Don't worry, I'm a doctor, everything will be just fine! I'm doing all this for your good, understand?

DEYAN: Fo-fo-for me-e-e?

(Dentist picks Deyan's cheek)

DENTIST: Now you are a small beast, right? But one day you'll become big beast, very biiiig beast and then, what will you need then?

DEYAN: Strength?

DENTIST: Bravo! Do you want anesthesia?

(Deyan nods his head. Dentist is giving him shot. She picks him up and lays him on the chair)

DENTIST: Let the tears run, that's the way. What else do you need to become a beast?

DEYAN: Speed?

DENTIST: Yes, speed, that's right! Does it hurt?

DEYAN: Not that much.

DENTIST: What else do you need? Teeeee....teeeee.....teeeee....

DEYAN: Teeth?

DENTIST: That's right-teeth!

(Dentist gently kisses Deyan's forehead)

DENTIST: And, what hurts the most?

DEYAN: Ho-ho-how do you mean?

DENTIST: What is the thing that doesn't let you sleep, cutting like a sharp dagger through your jaws, hitting and heating your brain, making you feel powerless and crushed?

DEYAN: Toothache?

(Dentist sits on Deyan's lap)

DENTIST: What comes after pain? Unbelievable pain. And after unbelievable pain? Enjoying in pain. And, after enjoying in unbelievable pain? Afterwards you turn numb and, when you're numb, when that nerve dies you are ready for anything & everything. Do you get the point?

DEYAN: I have to go.

(Deyan, still weakened, tries to stand up. Dentist pushes him back on the chair)

DENTIST: Relax! Don't be afraid, your teeth can do anything....

(Dentist is caressing his cheeks, shoulders)

DEYAN: Let me be!

(Dentist drags him towards her, passionately)

DENTIST: Every lie you say teeth will turn over themselves without hesitation. Everyone will believe you 'cause your teeth, they don't shake, always there, white, smiling...

DEYAN: That's madness!

DENTIST: Forget about smell or taste! Your teeth will serve you, dead and obedient, whether crushing caviar or dog's vomit. And, when the moment comes....

(Dentist comes behind Deyan, leaning her head on his shoulder, whispering in his ear)

DEYAN: take your hands off me!

DENTIST:....your teeth will help you fighting the enemy! Imagine, you are on the battle ground, alone, no gun beside you, no knife, enemy approaches...

(Deyan tries to get up)

DEYAN: Stop it!

(Dentist grabs Deyan's head and pulls him back using great force)

DENTIST: Enemy approaches, sniffing your fear in the air, sharpening knife, swearing your Serbian mother. So, what do you do? You hide yourself underneath the rotten corpse....

DEYAN: No!

DENTIST: You wait and you wait while enemy is walking through ponds of blood. Few drops of blood fall on your cheek. You start sticking your nails into the ground. Legs-unsecure, hands- like spaghetti but teeth, they are cold, ready, numb. And then you jump...

(Deyan tries to hide his face with his hands. Dentist sticks to Deyan. Deyan is trying without any energy, to free himself)

DENTIST: Your teeth, with 100% precision discovering his jugular, chopping out the flesh, biting bones, blood is running in streams and then you spit his blood, right in his face!

(Deyan passes out. Dentist is slapping his face)

DENTIST: No! Don't lose your consciousness! Not now! We were waiting for you for so long!

(Deyan is shaking, spitting out blood)

DENTIST: You are our totem from ancient days! We are the oldest nation, remember! You are our wolf, our totem, strong in hordes yet unvincible loner. Go!

(Dentist gets off. Deyan gets up, moving to the door)

DEYAN: I don't belong to you.

DENTIST: You don't kill for flesh, blood or idea. You kill because you can kill. That's the reason why you are indestructible in tyranny or democracy, whatever. You kill because you are free.

(Deyan turns towards her)

DEYAN: In that case I will start with you.

(Dentist kisses Deyan's mouth. Deyan hits her in the face and she falls. Deyan drags her to the chair. Dentist keeps laughing. Deyan turns on drill. Deyan hits Dentist. Dentist is still laughing. Deyan hits her with his fist in the stomach. Dentist stops laughing. Deyan turns over the chair and Dentist and sits on her chest. Dentist laughs hysterically)

DENTIST: Wolf, genuine wolf, that's what you are!

(Deyan stops, looking at drill and Dentist. Deyan throws away the drill and starts walking towards the door)

DENTIST: Deyan! You're not a handsome boy! Not anymore!

DEYAN: You can't do nothing to me, you bitch! I'm stronger!

(Deyan tries to say something more but stops. Pause)

DENTIST: You'll get back! Not to me but to someone like me. You'll get back. Now you know for sure.

(Deyan exits without a word. Dentist is laughing and starts rotating on the chair. Dark)

Second scene

(Deyan is wearing shabby training suit, on the empty stage, playing with the football ball. He stands underneath the strong ray of light while the rest of scene is in the dark. His posture is more manly, his spine is straight. Playing with ball, his kicks and sighs turn louder and louder, off. The ball falls with the bang and rolls away in the dark. Deyan goes for it. Two MILITARY POLICEMEN, MP 1 & MP 2 come from the dark. One of them starts playing with the ball. Deyan steps back. MP 2 grabs him. Deyan starts kicking and MP 1 punches his stomach. Deyan falls on his knees and they drag him away. MP 1 kicks the ball aside. Light on Deyan's side of the stage is shutting down. Ray of light on the other side of the stage: LIEUTENANT VIDICH. Middle aged, demonic creature, smiling and puffing out clouds of cigarette smoke. He is holding green portfolio. MP 1 & 2 are thrashing Deyan before Vidich's knees. Vidich releases them. They salute and leave. Deyan is struggling for his breath. Vidich is reading through the portfolio and observing Deyan. He is making strange faces. He grabs Deyan and starts looking into his jaw. He picks up Deyan holding his jaw and looking his teeth. Deyan is quivering, helplessly. Dark)

Third scene

(This time chair is one of those for cannon used for air defence. Its tube is not much bigger than the chair so this weapon looks ridiculous. Underneath the chair, Deyan, 20, wearing the uniform, surrounded with full bottles of beer. He takes one, opens it with his teeth, spits out the cork and drinks the bottle to the bottom. Then he repeats this action.

Then he takes another one, pour some of beer into cannons mouth, then drinks it again. Then another bottle of beer. He is drinking it like baby drinks mother's milk. He takes fifth bottle, misses his mouth, hissing like he was at the dentist. He sobers up in a second. Along comes Vidich. Funny New Year hat is on his head. He is tipsy. He is whistling melody from »Black Adder Goes To World War I »)

VIDICH: There you are, lad!

(Deyan continues with his drinking)

VIDICH: Look at him: if u mention him treaty he'll put one hand on his nuts, and the other on his bottle!

(Pause)

VIDICH: It's a New Years day!

(Deyan is still drinking, pretending that he doesn't see Vidich)

VIDICH: Your ass is still mine, Petrich. No Mr. Lieutenant Vidich, yes, mr. Lt. Vidich,. Is that how the real army says so?

(Deyan nods and starts vomating)

VIDICH: Vomating and stuff, that's a healthy thing. If the puke don't suffocate you, of course.

(Deyan is turning away, walking forward and backwards, but Vidich grabs him)

VIDICH: Sit down, you useless S.O.B!

(Vidich tries to open the bottle with his teeth but he stops, aching. He gives the bottle to Deyan and he opens it)

VIDICH: Fuck me! Boy, you have bad motherfucking teet, God damn it! Sit close to me!

(Deyan sits next to him. Vidich mischeviously pushes Deyan)

VIDICH: What shall you do when you leave the army. If you leave army, I mean.

(Deyan stares at him. Vidich makes face like: Silly me!)

VIDICH: Permission to speak granted!

DEYAN: I'll burry my grandparents.

VIDICH: Ouch, too bad? When did you find out?

DEYAN: Yesterday.

VIDICH: Well, it was about time.

(Deyan stares at him)

VIDICH: What the fuck are you looking at?

DEYAN: Im not looking at anything,sir.

VIDICH:They lived, they died,big deal!Any objections?

DEYAN:None, sir.

VIDICH:Louder!

DEYAN:None, sir!!!

VIDICH: You speak like a soldier and you walk like a soldier and you talk like soldier but you are not a soldier. Real soldier has a heart, he dies and kills because of it!But, when I look at you, that's a whole different motherfucking story.

DEYAN: Me, sir?

VIDICH:Yes, you! Regular soldier sticks his bayonette in the sack like he sticks a fork into the juicy stake but you. What kind of soldier are you anyway? You have no heart to kill a lousy chicken!

DEYA: Permission to speak, sir!

VIDICH:Not to mention the Muslims!

DEYAN: Permission to speak, sir!

VIDICH:Not to mention the Muslims!

DEYAN:Permission to speak sir!

(Vidich grabs Deyan by the collar)

VIDICH:Listen to me motherfucker and listen me well: draft comission said that you are the man for me, real wolf they said!Wolf my ass! One year has passed, you are leaving soon and- nothing! Excuses, always excuses! Listen, creep, either you will bring me Muslim scalp by midnight or else!

(Vidich pats his pistol)

DEYAN: I understand.

VIDICH: You understand what?

DEYAN: Yes, sir!!

VIDICH: At the midnight, like vampire!

DEYAN:At the midnight.

VIDICH:Sharp.

DEYAN:Sharp.

VIDICH: Like a vampire?

DEYAN: Like a bleeding vampire, sir!

(Pause)

VIDICH: You have accepted it very quick. Strange. You wouldn't take me for Muslim?

DEYAN: No.

VIDICH: Yes you would.

DEYAN: No, sir!

VIDICH: Where would you be if we didn't enlist you?

DEYAN: Dunno, sir.

VIDICH: Nowhere, just like now.

(Pause. Vidich is laughing and patting Deyan)

DEYAN: Whatever you say, sir.

VIDICH: That's what I want to hear, my son!

(Vidich is giving bottles to Deyan, he is opening them with teeth and giving one of them to Vidich. Vidich is drinking beer and foam is running out of it)

VIDICH: Look, I'm turning it on! It has started to cum over me! Ejaculating! Sing along!

(Vidich is leaning on Deyan, singing his Black Adder tune)

VIDICH: Why don't you sing? On your feet, enemy approaching!

(Deyan gets up, saluting with drunken movements)

VIDICH: A-bomb attack on the left!

(Deyan throws himself on the left)

VIDICH: A-bomb attack on the right!

(Deyan throws himself on the right)

VIDICH: enemy planes approaching, eleven hours!

(Deyan gets up and starts fixing the cannon)

VIDICH: Wake up, you stupid sod! Can't you see I am fooling with you?! "Get off!"

(Vidich is climbing into chair and looking all around)

VIDICH: Nice view, considering it is wee wee hour. Right now I could execute: a.) this village bellow b.) all birds that keep shitting on me c.) NATO plains d.) anti-mosquito "cesnas", suffocating me whoel summer long. All the answers are correct! If I only had enough ammunition! Deyan, would you kill someone, right now?

DEYAN:No,sir.

VIDICH:Why to hell not?

DEYAN:No one has to die.

(Vidich is laughing deliriously)

VIDICH:Someone has to die, kiddo.

DEYAN:I think not.

(Vidich takes out his pistol and puts it on Deyans forehead)

VIDICH:What about now?

DEYAN: No, sir!

VIDICH:Look at him. That glance! Wanna kill me? There you go!

(Vidich gives his gun to Deyan and turns away with arms raised)

VIDICH: Look, Im harmless and anarmed, no fooling!Shoot!

DEYAN:I don't want to.

(Vidich slaps his face)

VIDICH:What about now?

DEYAN:No, sir!

VIDICH:What about now?

(Vidich hits him in the groins and takes the gun from Deyans hands)

VIDICH: No?

DEYAN:No.

(Vidich puts the gun in Deyans mouth)

VIDICH: I will cut Muslim throat at midnight! Repeat it!Oh, sorry!

(Vidich takes his pistol out of Deyans mouth)

DEYAN: I will cut Muslim throat at midnight!

VIDICH:Good boy!

(Vidich gets up and puts his cap on Deyans head)

DEYAN:It suits you well.

(Pause)

VIDICH:Have no regrets. Soldier doesn't need conscience.

DEYAN:I am not a soldier! I never was a soldier.

VIDICH:Right! Youre not a soldier! You are a wolf!

DEYAN:Man,that's what I am!

VIDICH:Bloody big fanged wolf!That's what you really are!

DEYAN: Youll see Ill start all over again.From the beginning.

VIDICH: There are no such things as beginnings. Everyone smells of blood, even you!

(Pause)

DEYAN: If i were born again I wouldn't be here.

VIDICH: I don't need your excuses. You will kill Muslims and you will do your job well.

DEYAN: I don't have any choice.

VIDICH: Yes, you do.For example, you can choose me to blow your brains out!

(Vidich points pistol at Deyan,then he looks at his wristwatch)

VIDICH:Wow, look, minute to twelve! Ten, nine, eight, seven,six, five, four,three,two, one, fire! Happy New Year!

(Big clock striking midnight, screaming and voices of drunken soldiers, off. Vidich tries to hug Deyan)

VIDICH: Come, kiss me, you fool! You can slaughter them later on!

DEYAN:Im leaving today.

VIDICH:What?

DEYAN:A year in army has passed. I am a free man now!

VIDICH:What?

DEYAN: I wish you very misfortunate year filled with bad luck, Vidich!Bye!

(Deyan grabs a bottle and crashes it on his head)

DEYAN: Freedom! Im going home asshole!And there is no way you can stop me!

(Vidich steps out. Deyan takes the pistol from his pack)

DEYAN:Whats now, huh?

VIDICH:What the fuck is wrong with you?Don't shoot!

DEYAN:Pow,pow,pow!

(Deyan is faking shoots. Vidich is shaking like a leaf. Deyan thorws the pistol away)

DEYAN: No weapons, see!

VIDICH:Guard, help!Guard!

DEYAN:Theyre all drunk Vidich and they don't give a fuck about you!

VIDICH:Guaaaard!

(Pause)

VIDICH:Guard? You are free Petrich. You can leave.

(Deyan is moving towards Vidich, pushing him)

DEYAN:Who the fuck are you to liberate me? Am I your slave?

VIDICH:I mean you are free to go to your grandparents.

DEYAN:Where to?In the grave maybe?

VIDICH:Sorry, Ive forgotten.

DEYAN: Youre not forgetting nothing Vidich. You just don't want to remember.

VIDICH:Remember what?

DEYAN:Things that you were forcing me to do.

VIDICH:You werent against it.

DEYAN:I couldn't be against it.

VIDICH:I m sorry.

DEYAN: Hell you are.

VIDICH:Im really, really sorry.

DEYAN:Is that all you can say?

VIDICH:Why cant we be friends?Lets drink a beer, shall we?

(Vidich offers bottle to Deyan, deyan pushes the bottle away)

DEYAN:You cunt!

(Vidich tries to say something but instead he falls on the cannon. He is breathing heavily.Weak shot, off, yellow light like shooting star over them, falling down.For about five seconds whole stage is bathing in yellow light. Barage fire)

VIDICH:Sygnal gun! Who the fuck is playing with it? Muslims! Fucken hell!

(Strong detonations. The both fall on the ground.Deyan runs, Vidich crosses his path)

VIDICH: Where do you think youre going?

DEYAN: Im free now and i can go to hell if I want to!

VIDICH:I can send you to hell if you leave!

DEYAN:Fuck you will!

VIDICH:You are really fucking stubborn, you know that?

(Deyan pushes him away.Vidich starts searching for the pistol on the ground.Vidich finds it and grabs it.Deyan steps on his hand, pulls him up and kicks him between the legs)

VIDICH:Easter greetings, pall!

(Deyan takes his gun and aims at Vidich)

VIDICH: I quote: No one has to die, sir!

(Deyan clicks the trigger)

VIDICH:Muslims will kill us all, using Serbian discord as an allie!

(Pause)

DEYAN:You are full of shit. Anyway, Im civilian now.

(Deyan throws the pistol away. Vidich jumps on him and they start wrestling. They are rolling away in the dark. Two shots, off. Deyan is appearing from the dark, with bloody uniform.Detonations are getting stronger,off. Deyan runs away. Blackout)

Fourth scene

. (The graveyard. In the right corner of the stage is black,crooked monument,throwing shadow to the edge of the stage. By the monument lies vase. LYDIA is lighting candles in elegant, black clothes. On the side there are roses. In the left corner of the stage are two wooden crosses, graves covered with food and flowers.Sausages are hanging on crosses.In front of them Deyan, lighting candles. Deyan is humming, talking to grave like he is going to come back in a minute.Deyan leaves the stage and brings the chair,dusty and ragged, the very same chair from the previous scenes.Lydia is looking at him,shocked. Deyan keeps talking, mumbling actually. Candles go out. Car sirene, off. Deyan takes off sausages from crosses and sits down and cries)

LYDIA: Are you OK?

(Deyan trembles, wiping his hands on his trousers)

LYDIA: They are your...

DEYAN: Grandparents.She died shortly after him.It's a year from her death.My cousins

LYDIA: They were here half an hour ago.

DEYAN: I know.

LYDIA: So, why didn't you. Sorry, that's not my problem.

DEYAN : I didnt want to see them.

LYDIA: Why?

(Deyan stares at her. Pause)

LYDIA: Sorry, I don't want to involve myself in your family matters!

. DEYAN: Do you know what they said when my granpa was begging for money for an operation?

LYDIA: No.

DEYAN: They said: “If we give you money for surgery we wouldn’t have enough money for decent burrial!Your decent burrial!”

LYDIA: That’s awful.

DEYAN: Look at all this “post-mortem food”: chicken, higgis, sasussages, cheese. If they were feeding them like this they would have lived ten years more!

LYDIA:Im sorry.

DEYAN:What about you?

(Deyan points toward the monument)

LYDIA:My mother, car crash.

DEYAN:You said it like you don’t believe in it.

LYDIA:I said what?

DEYAN:Car crash. Sorry,Im saying stupid things.

(Pause)

DEYAN: Excuse me.

LYDIA:Its alright.

DEYAN: You must have loved her a lot. Or you just realised too late.Sorry, that’s my story actually. Its easier that way. Please, don’t look at me like that!Sorry.

LYDIA: Its alright.

DEYAN: You must have thought that I was stark raving mad, talking to them.

LYDIA:No!I do it same way, actually.Sometimes, when nobody’s watching.

DEYAN:Do you ask her to forgive you?

LYDIA:Well...

DEYAN: I do it all the time!

(Pause)

LYDIA: I do it too. I regret and cry a lot.

DEYAN: Why?

LYDIA: Its all about sacrifice and dillema and something that is stronger than you, guiding your life against your will. Like you are just a toy or guinea pig.I don't know if you had that feeling?

DEYAN: Well, how do you mean?

LYDIA:Its too complex for you. Actually, its unexplainable.What about you? Are you somebodie's marionette?

DEYAN: And whose marionette are you?

LYDIA: Each man has his own puppeteer. Someone said that.

(Pause)

LYDIA: Tell me something about your grandparents.

DEYAN: I don't know where to begin. They have done so much for me that I had to grow old to realize that, you know?

LYDIA:Yes.

DEYAN:When my parents died they have replaced them. Its hard to loose parents once but twice, it's a curse, black magic, dunno!Wish they burried me with them!

(Pause)

DEYAN: Maybe they did.

LYDIA: Don't say that! You sound just like...Nevermind.

DEYAN: They made me alive, happy...

LYDIA: Free?

(Deyan nods)

LYDIA: Freedom is the biggest prison there is.

DEYAN:Who said that?

LYDIA:My dad.

DEYAN:My cousins should be in these graves.Al by one. When I asked them why didn't they help them they said: We are poor folks! Poor folks!Buch of slaves!I used to hate rich people...Sorry!

LYDIA:Why?

DEYAN: Fancy car is waiting for you. Your father, is he politician? Businessman?

LYDIA: Politican, so what?

DEYAN:Sorry, I want to say that now I hate all people, disconcerting the class. They are choking me, all of them!

LYDIA:But, you said that you are free.

DEYAN:And you are not, I suppose?

LYDIA:No, I'm not. I don't mind, really.

DEYAN: Well, I do mind. The only way to liberate yourself is to rule this flock.They are greedy, narrow sighted, vicious,all of them.

(He looks at her)

DEYAN: I don't see that in your eyes. Only sorrow.

(They exchange glances.Pause.He sits next to her. Car siren, off)

DEYAN: Sorry ,Im a little mixed up. This war has driven me crazy.

LYDIA:You were in the war? Must have been hard on you.

DEYAN:Its not so hard if you know right people.

LYDIA:So, did you?

DEYAN:No, I didn't know people.Just wolves.

(Pause)

DEYAN: Sorry, Im just babbling!I keep saying that its all just a beginning,you are young, life is ahead of you!

LYDIA: I keep saying that too.

DEYAN: But its hard, you know.

LYDIA:I know.

(Deyan tries to take the lock of her hair from her forehead.He pulls his arm back. Pause)

LYDIA: Do you want me to drive you to the city. Its on our way back,so...

DEYAN:What shall I do in the city?

LYDIA:Beg your pardon?

DEYAN:No, seriously, what shall I do in the city?

LYDIA: You can go to work.

DEYAN: Down to the whole? To dig something out?

LYDIA:Is it so?

DEYAN:It is so!I'm a grave- bloody -digger!

(Pause)

DEYAN:Sorry.

LYDIA:I understand.

DEYAN:Really?

(Lydia offers him a hand)

LYDIA:Lydia.

DEYAN:Deyan.

(They shake their hands, dazed&confused. Lydia steps back)

LYDIA:Why are you watching me like that?

DEYAN:Like what?

LYDIA:Like some kind of savage.

DEYAN:Havent seen human being for a while.

LYDIA:You mean civilian?

DEYAN:No, real human being.

LYDIA:Thanks.

DEYAN:Why?

LYDIA:This is a compliment,right?

DEYAN:Guess so.

LYDIA:Thanks then.

DEYAN:You're welcome.

(Lydia grabs Deyans hand and pulls him towards her)

LYDIA:Lets go.

(Lydia lets his hand go, realizing what she has done)

LYDIA: Sorry.

DEYAN:Nevermind.

(Dark)

Fifth scene

(Night, field by the highway. Crickets and cars passing by, off.The chair is now car seat.

Lydia and Deyan are making love. Lydias on the top. They cum and get silent,caressing)

DEYAN: Next to you Im a reborn man.

(Pause)

LYDIA:You are so cute this way?

DEYAN: Like what?

LYDIA: Helpless.

(Lydia makes some moves with her body and Deyan aches)

LYDIA: It hurts boys too!

DEYAN: Please, let me get up!

LYDIA: Please, stay within me for a while!

DEYAN: You like this, don't you?

LYDIA: And you are against it? Gosh, they should forbid us to make love.

DEYAN: Why?

LYDIA: 'Cause we do it so well. I wouldn't let you even in the home for old folks.

DEYAN: We wouldn't get out of the bed then cause we wouldn't be able to.

LYDIA: Ill be with you, anyway. Within, on the top, bellow, anywhere and everywhere!

DEYAN: Studying, working, making kids, getting bold! Swell! It sounds so definite!

LYDIA: It should be.

DEYAN: The only definite thing is pussy.

(Lydia laughs)

DEYAN: It's a hideaway for all pussylickers. Whats so funny? My joke or me as pussylicker?

LYDIA: Well, both!

DEYAN: What am I, Bonzo the Clown?

(Deyan gently pushes her away and starts pulling his trousers on)

LYDIA: Lets change the subject. Wanna come to our place tomorrow?

DEYAN: Your place?

LYDIA: Papas and mine.

DEYAN: Aint gonna watch that movie!

(Deyan "comes out" without a word. Closing and opening doors of the car, off. Deyan lights a cigarette. Liggths of insects in the air. Lydia steps out)

LYDIA: He respects you.

DEYAN: Screw that!

LYDIA: Theres no single day that he doesn't ask me something about you.

DEYAN: Well, what papa-Bogdan wants from me?

LYDIA: He wants to give you something. A decent job.

DEYAN: First job then politics, midlife crisis, industrial disease, settling down! You are the same as rest of them! Don't you know for accusations against him?

LYDIA: What accusations?

DEYAN: He is an evil itself! Murders, criminal, foreign bank accounts! You name it!

LYDIA: Slanders and rumours! You don't know him!

DEYAN: Yes, and guess what? I don't wanna meet him!

(Pause)

LYDIA: Come, it's just one supper! He won't convert you for few hours!

DEYAN: I've heard this sentence before. Why are you insisting on it? Bogdan doesn't like to be refused?

(Pause)

LYDIA: No, he doesn't.

DEYAN: I imagine that. Well, it's time for him to get used to it.

LYDIA: Deyan!

DEYAN: I know, you are afraid for me! Well, don't be! Just don't!

LYDIA: Why are you so stubborn? I used to look at you in a different way.

DEYAN: As a servant?

(Lydia leans on him)

LYDIA: Are you kidding? So, how do you see yourself?

DEYAN: I don't. I just act.

LYDIA: You said it so cold.

DEYAN: Truth is meant to be said in that manner.

LYDIA: You act!

DEYAN: I won't act when I get my freedom!

LYDIA: When that will be?

DEYAN: Probably never, thanks to all Bogdans of this world.

LYDIA: What does it mean?

DEYAN: I won't bow to people who sent me to the war!

LYDIA: You hate me, me and everything that belongs to my family!

DEYAN:If you say so!

LYDIA:You are totally insane! What were you doing on the frontline?

DEYAN: Ask your precious daddy for that.

LYDIA:What were you doing.

DEYAN:Same things as anyone else was.

(Pause)

LYDIA:Are you coming to dinner?

DEYAN: Are you his zombie or something like that? What is that he does to you? He has bewitched you,that old bat!

LYDIA: You don't know what you are talking about!

(Lydia is leaving to the car)

DEYAN: Go to daddy,rich lady!By, posh!

LYDIA:You didn't mind that when I was borrowing you all that money.

DEYAN: No,but I do now. I hate you and your snobish kind and your papa and your dead mom!

LYDIA: Let him..Let her be!

(Pause)

DEYAN:Ok. Sorry!

LYDIA:You said so but you didn't mean so. Off I go!

(Lydia turns to Deyan, mechanically. She runs to him and holds him)

LYDIA: Sorry.

DEYAN: No,Im sorry.

LYDIA:I didn't want to hurt you. I know you didn't have much choice in your life.

DEYAN:I always had to do what I must but never what I have to.

LYDIA:Not any more.

DEYAN:You think so?

LYDIA:Please, come, talk to hm.

DEYAN:I don't make any promises.

(Pause)

LYDIA:Just come. Ok?

DEYAN:For you or for him?

LYDIA: For me.

DEYAN: And this should be enough for me?

LYDIA: You can be really cruel sometimes.

DEYAN: Maybe I'm not used to all this.

LYDIA: What?

DEYAN: Love, job, normal life. Sorry.

(Deyan holds her)

LYDIA: So, you will come?

DEYAN: Yes. But I can't promise anything.

LYDIA: Remember, you said to me that I make you reborn man.

DEYAN: Yes?

LYDIA: Now it's time for you to live.

(She kisses him and then they lay in the car and start making love. Dark)

Sixth scene

(The chair is wheeled this time, at the head of big table, loaded with plastic food.

LYDIA, DEYAN, BOGDAN, they all wear nice clothes. Bogdan is tall, strong. They are eating in complete silence. Lydia laughs but they still eat. Deyan is smoking)

LYDIA: That jacket suits you well, daddy.

BOGDAN: I'm at the age which is more convenient for black clothes and cardboard shoes.

(Bogdan pours himself another glass of wine)

LYDIA: Papa, you are so morbid! Deyan, daddy is wrong, isn't he? Say something.

DEYAN: He isn't fit, not even for the funeral.

LYDIA: Apologise to daddy!

DEYAN: I didn't promise you anything, remember?

BOGDAN: Lydia, stop eating yourself up. Does your conscience bother you?

LYDIA: Why should it?

BOGDAN: Are you sure?

LYDIA: Yes.

BOGDAN: I believe it's time for us to talk about business.

DEYAN: You believe in nothing, old fart!

LYDIA: Deyan!

DEYAN: Let me go!

BOGDAN: Oh, I believe in many things: witts, guts, power, will, eutanasia...

LYDIA: Daddy!

BOGDAN: If I cross sixty shoot me in the head! That's my moto!

LYDIA: But you are sixty!

BOGDAN: The reason more to say sp! Stop crying! You didn't touch your meat, Petrich!

DEYAN: I ate at home. Im here only for throwing up.

(Lydia pushes her plate from her)

BOGDAN: Young people want to kill old ones! That's reasonable and natural!

LYDIA: papa, you know he isnt like that? There was a war, you know.

BOGDAN: War? We never were in war. It was military intervention. Right, Petric?

DEYAN: If you say so, pops!

BOGDAN: Oh, you are real sweetheart! Is he, Lydia? And he has an honest face that could misguide anyone, right Lydia?

(Pause)

BOGDAN: Take some meat.

DEYAN: I'll take nothing from your hands.

BOGDAN: Not bloody enough? From what I've heard blood doesn't bother you at all!

DEYAN: The same thing I have heard for you.

.(Bogdan puts away his food)

BOGDAN: And what is that?

LYDIA: papa, he didn't mean to offend you.

BOGDAN: Why are you so protective? He can show his own teeth.

DEYAN: Sure I do.

LYDIA: Deyan...

DEYAN: I said to bastard that I can.

LYDIA: You have promissed me something.

BOGDAN: We are old enough to solve this without her, don't you think so?

DEYAN: If you say so, oldtimer!

LYDIA: This is unbarable!

BOGDAN: So, you are sick of me and I don't stand you. Agreed?

DEYAN: Sure.

LYDIA: Are you out of your mind, Deyan?

BOGDAN: Lydia, can't you see I'm talking with this fellow? Manners! So, we have nothing in common except Lydia but we could have way much more!

LYDIA: I resent that, daddy.

(Bogdan bursts into flames and throws plate on the floor)

BOGDAN: Who the fuck are you to tell me that?!

LYDIA: I just said..

BOGDAN: I don't mind what were you going to say!

LYDIA: You never listen to me.

BOGDAN: Have you asked yourself why?

LYDIA: Why?

BOGDAN: Because you always keep saying bullshit, that's why!

LYDIA: Deyan, lets go!

BOGDAN: Deyan stays and you have to beat it! Now! Get out!

(Lydia runs out. Bogdan sits calmly and continues eating. Deyan lights another cigarette.

Car leaving, humming, off. Bogdan starts laughing)

BOGDAN: Lydia is great girl but inappropriate for two things: business and driving.

DEYAN: Like her mother.

(Pause)

BOGDAN: Yes, like you mother. You know how to bite, don't you? And you know why I said "bite"?

DEYAN: I presume.

BOGDAN: Oh, this is far from your presumptions.

(Bogdan leans and gets a green portofolio underneath the table)

BOGDAN: Your Bosnian adventure. Its all here. Witnesses, recordings, you'll be shot for high treason.

(Deyan stands up. Bogdan lures him with portofolio)

BOGDAN: Do you want it?

DEYAN: Copy?

BOGDAN: What if it's the only sample.

DEYAN: I doubt so.

BOGDAN: Your doubt is real.

(Bogdan gets up and tears portfolio into peaces. Bogdan sits)

BOGDAN: I see young Bogdan before me.

DEYAN: Bullshit!

BOGDAN: No bullshit! We have lot in common.

DEYAN: For example?

BOGDAN: We have the same dentist. She hasn't changed a bit? Oh yes, she never does.

DEYAN: Who?

BOGDAN: Our little white secret. Did she drill all your teeth? Oh, we are the same beasts, from the same pack!

DEYAN: I've left this hord long ago.

BOGDAN: Oh, you'll be back.

DEYAN: No way.

BOGDAN: You are this close to that.

DEYAN: Like you were to Lydias mother?

BOGDAN: What else do you know?

DEYAN: She was from influential family. All you have belongs to her. Five years ago, young basketball player, Casanova. She was mad about him. You were afraid to lose all and you killed her. You made it look like car crash.

(Bogdan laughs)

BOGDAN: Is that what people is talking? Garbage!

DEYAN: So, whats the truth?

BOGDAN: The truth is that she has discovered something she wasn't allowed to know. Main oponer of our marriage..

DEYAN: Her father, big shot Mitar Clonimirovich? You killed him?

BOGDAN: What else could I do? He was threatning to kill me if I marry her.

DEYAN: So, she was going to send you to court for murder and you killed her.

BOGDAN: Preciselly. Come here.

(Deyan is coming to him with great caution)

BOGDAN: Are you afraid?

DEYAN: Hell I am.

BOGDAN: Reach out to me.

(Bogdan touches his hands)

BOGDAN: Your hands are so cold!

(Deyan pulls them back)

BOGDAN: Don't be afraid, I'm not one of those!

DEYAN: Anyway, you won't fuck me, pops!

(Bogdan starts laughing)

BOGDAN: Spin me!

DEYAN: Beg your pardon?

BOGDAN: Spin me around, what's a big deal?

(Deyan pulls him on the chair to the middle of the stage and starts spinning him)

BOGDAN: Round, round and all around! May all colours mix into one, may all paintings turn worthless, all women ugly and all men stains, may all go down with me! Spin me!

(Suddenly, Bogdan grabs Deyan's arm)

BOGDAN: May all turn around you but not within you! Freedom

DEYAN: What?

BOGDAN: Success brings release but success is not better with years like wine.

DEYAN: Say what you have to!

BOGDAN: Brain, heart, genitals, everything is full of will and decaying at the same time.

DEYAN: Who am I? Doctor of general practice?

BOGDAN: No. I say that everything must be done while I'm still aware.

(Bogdan pours himself wine and drinks to the bottom)

DEYAN: You are aware? Are you joking?>?

BOGDAN: That's rather irrelevant, don't you think? Well, what do you think, eh? I was telling you all this?

DEYAN: Heavy conscience?

BOGDAN: Ha! Good one! It's time, Deyan!

DEYAN: Time for what?

BOGDAN: Its time for someone to succede me. Someone in this room.

DEYAN:And that will be me? Far out!

BOGDAN:Every aristocracy needs new, feresh blood once in a while.

DEYAN:That fresh blood hates you.

BOGDAN:Don't care. Be happy that youre the one.

DEYAN:Ill be more satisfied watching you dying without male heir.

BOGDAN:In that case,unwillingly,Ill have to shed this young blood.

DEYAN: Like your wife's?

(Bogdan grabs his hand and gets up)

BOGDAN: Like you wouldn't? You, butcher?

DEYAN:No, I wouldn't.

BOGDAN:Believe me, you would. She was possessive,narrow minded and I wanted freedom.

DEYAN: Her wealth you mean.

(Deyan tries to release himself but Bogdan grabs him)

BOGDAN: Like you wanted Lydias treasure.

DEYAN:I want none of it.

BOGDAN:Its impossible.

DEYAN:Its possible.

BOGDAN:We'll see about that!

DEYAN:release me!

BOGDAN:Ok, there you go, you are free to eat, drink,sleep, slaughter if you like!

DEYAN.I didn't want to do it. It was him or me.

BOGDAN:And you made a very good choice. Congratulations!

DEYAN:Stop playing nice guy!You and your plans of Great Serbia!I hate you!

BOGDAN:Because Im evil?

DEYAN:Because you make me feel evil as well.

(Bogdan starts claping)

BOGDAN:Great!That is just...

(Deyan hits him. Some blood runs down Bogdan lip. He tastes blood)

BOGDAN: That's just what Im looking for!

DEYAN: To be worse than you? You mean this?

(Deyan hits him)

BOGDAN: Young wolf is nice heir! But is he the right one?

(Bogdan grabs a bottle and takes the long sip)

BOGDAN: Cut my throat.

DEYAN: Say what?

BOGDAN: It's quite legal. Young beast takes the place of old best and leads the hord.

Stronger and more capable being leads the hord and it survives. Come, slain me!

DEYAN: I wont.

BOGDAN: Kill me.

DEYAN: I'm not a murderer.

BOGDAN: Who are you if not murderer?

DEYAN: Don't know.

BOGDAN: You are lying! You were and you will remain a beast!

(Deyan is leaving)

BOGDAN: I will destroy you!

DEYAN: God rest yee, merry gentleman!

BOGDAN: I will destroy you both! You and Lydia! If you don't agree I will confess that I have killed my wife and Lydia was watching it. She will go to jail as my partner in crime!

DEYAN: It's all made up!

BOGDAN: This dummy is hiding it because of her love over me. Every day she's bringing flowers on bitches grave. Like she'll get her back that way.

DEYAN: That's not the truth.

BOGDAN: Truth or not, I can destroy you. And, guess what? She will still love me!

DEYAN: What are you doing to her to make her so..

BOGDAN: Addicted? What are you doing? Nothing! We are very good in manipulating with our victims, us wolves I mean! We lure them like a martin to the flame.

DEYAN: You really want that?

BOGDAN: Yes and I will crush you both.

(Pause)

BOGDAN: She is weak and very torn. Jail can really mess her up!

DEYAN: Drink it all up. You gonna need courage.

(Bogdan takes an envelope from his jacket, quivering. He puts it on a table)

BOGDAN: Heres an adress and all the data. My vice president Yovanchevich knows everything. Just go to him and he will direct you.

DEYAN: Afraid?

BOGDAN: If I could have cut my throat with my own teeth we wouldn't be having this conversation.

DEYAN: You can if you have balls.

(Bogdan is untying his necktie)

BOGDAN: And if I show some resistance...

DEYAN: I wouldn't pay my attention to it.

(Pause)

BOGDAN: Come, kill me and she is free! I wont resist, come, right now! Do you really want her to be put in a solitary?

(Deyan steps to him)

DEYAN: Lydia was always kinda claustrophobic.

(Bogdan is leavaing. Deyan grabs him)

BOGDAN: Im going to the study, to light my Cuban cigar.

DEYAN: Last wish, huh?

(Deyan releases him. Deyan follows him. Deyan returns alone, puffing Cuban cigar.

Deyan throws up blood on the floor and starts vomating. He drags himself to Bogdans seat and lights cigar again. He is staring in front of him, not moving. Dark)

Seventh scene

(Study. Mirror, bed, little closet, chair (from previous scenes) with little wheels, desk. Bogdans framed-up photograph with black ribbon. Deyan is sitting in a chair, looking at the papers on the desk. He pushes himself away from the table. Heavy rain, off. He looks at his reflection in the mirror, moving his hand across his face, and than, still looking at the mirror, he touches his own reflection. Lydia, all in black, wearing a long black veil and suitcase, enters the room. He spots her reflection in the mirro and then turns to her)

LYDIA: See something in that mirror?

(Pause)

DEYAN:Leaving? Now?

LYDIA:What do you think?

DEYAN:Cousins in America?

LYDIA:American cousins.Visiting them,yes.

(Deyan rolls towards her so she falls into his lap)

DEYAN:Stay!

LYDIA:I must go!Really!

DEYAN:You will be guilty if something happens to me.

. LYDIA: You are insane.

DEYAN:I know?

LYDIA:What do you know?

DEYAN:You are not coming back.

LYDIA:Its only a month!

DEYAN: And month afterwards and one after that etc.

LYDIA:I should be going.

DEYAN:I need you.

. LYDIA: You need only your power.

DEYAN:That's on the second place.

LYDIA:No, its on the top of your priority list!Your party has the worst ratings, the worst people and the worst program!You will win the elections, that's for sure!

DEYAN:I don't wanna win alone.

LYDIA:You're always winning alone.

DEYAN: I need someone by my side to share my freedom.

LYDIA: By your side, not with you.

(Lydia pushes him away)

DEYAN: Stop saying crap. You know I care about you!.

LYDIA: You care only about your position!

DEYAN: Lydia!

LYDIA: Lydia what?My father has left you this fourty years ago but for you its been fourty years from that day.

DEYAN: I am just executing his will.

LYDIA: His will? You saw him once and that meeting was very, you know.

DEYAN : No, I don't know. You tell me.

LYDIA: Nothing. I am guilty of everything.

DEYAN: Guilty of what?

LYDIA: Of bringing you to the dinner.

(Pause)

LYDIA: I let it all slip away.

DEYAN: You let it? I have saved you and your family from Armagedon!

LYDIA: You?

DEYAN: If I didn't use these teeth to tear enemies up our party and company would be ruined.

LYDIA: Sometimes I ask myself whether...

DEYAN: Whether he left this to me? He was certain about it three days before his death.

LYDIA: I know So it says.

DEYAN: There are witnesses too.

LYDIA: Burglers killed him, right?

DEYAN: Burglers killed him.

(Pause)

DEYAN: Am I the main suspect?

LYDIA: It's not so important.

DEYAN: How can you doubt me?

LYDIA: I have to.

DEYAN: After all this?

LYDIA: Goodbye, Deyan.

(Deyan, still on his chair, crosses her path)

LYDIA: You know, you were cuter as a desperate man.

DEYAN: Doesn't money and power have power?

LYDIA: Not for those who grew up powerful and rich.

DEYAN: Should I beg you to stay?

(Pause)

DEYAN: If you want me to I'll do so. Here...

(Deyan kneels before her)

DEYAN: Please, don't go!

LYDIA: Why?

DEYAN: Because I love you! I need someone to make me act like a man!

LYDIA: Guess I wasn't successful enough.

DEYAN: Lydia, you are the only connection with normal life that I have.

LYDIA: And where is my place in that whole story?

DEYAN: Next to me. By me. With me.

LYDIA: So, you love me?

DEYAN: I am totally, unconditionally addicted to you.

LYDIA: C'mon, that's just a psychological crisis in an election week.

DEYAN: Please, I can do something really bad.

LYDIA: Isn't that what you're waiting for?

DEYAN: I just want to rule my life.

LYDIA: Do you have a better excuse?

DEYAN: I have just wanted to be a Jedi.

(Pause)

LYDIA: What?

DEYAN: Nevermind.

LYDIA: You have totally flipped out.

DEYAN: So, you are leaving me now? Are you afraid?

LYDIA: Yes. I am afraid that you will win.

DEYAN: Isn't it something else.

LYDIA: What is it?

DEYAN: I think that you are hiding something from me.

LYDIA: I can say the same thing for you. You are the last one who saw him alive.

DEYAN: So?

LYDIA: You have changed.

DEYAN: To be honest, I'm not sorry for him but I'm looking at you...

LYDIA: No, that's not it. Whenever I enter you stare in that bloody mirror.

DEYAN: Maybe I'm just a narcissistic type.

LYDIA: No, you are searching for something. Or someone.

DEYAN: Whome?

LYDIA: You know.

(Pause)

LYDIA: Your face has changed into the wolf's face.

DEYAN: Very funny.

(Deyan gets up, moving slowly towards Lydia)

DEYAN: What do you want to know?

LYDIA: You were not sincere with me.

DEYAN: I was but you never asked.

LYDIA: So?

DEYAN: So?

LYDIA: Did you kill my dad?

DEYAN: He wanted me to.

LYDIA: How.

DEYAN: With my teeth.

(Lydia shouts. She rushes towards the door. Deyan grabs her. Lydia is trying to escape)

DEYAN: You don't understand! I have stopped with that! You have utterly changed me!

LYDIA: Let me go!

DEYAN: I have escaped from killing and he dragged me back in!

LYDIA: Let me go, you assassin!

DEYAN: I didn't kill no one since the war but he made me do it!

LYDIA: Liar!

DEYAN: He said that he will destroy you by saying the truth about your mother!

(Deyan puts her against the wall)

DEYAN: He believed in euthanasia!

LYDIA: He would never let it happen!

DEYAN: He would, you know it so!

LYDIA: Who are you to talk about it, you butcher!

DEYAN: And what about you, old butcher's partner in crime?

(Pause)

DEYAN: Sorry.

LYDIA: I am at least sorry!

DEYAN: Sorry? Just that!

LYDIA: I could turn him in but he had that power over me and he was my dad. I didn't want this to happen but...

DEYAN: So, you are free now! I have killed the old wizard!

LYDIA: You have killed him only to take his place! Do you have any remorse for what you have done?!

DEYAN: None whatsoever. I did it for you.

LYDIA: You had it when I met you now you don't have it anymore.

DEYAN: What's that?

LYDIA: My pity.

(Lydia pushes Deyan away, grabs her bag and starts running but Deyan grabs her and presses her in his arms. Lydia's suitcase falls on the floor and her things start popping out. Deyan throws himself on her and rips her apart. Stunned, he looks at her, then at the mirror, then he diverts his eyes. He calmly sits on his chair and cuts his wrists with his teeth. Blood is running out. Deyan's head falls. Dark)

Eighth scene

(In the dark, underneath stroboscope lights, lies Deyan, on his chair, with oxygen mask on his face. His wrists are bandaged. He takes off his mask and gets up. He turns around him. Vidich enters. He lights a cigarette and laughs while the smoke is running out his wound. He shows at his neck)

VIDICH: Nice work!

(Vidich salutes)

VIDICH: Mister President!

(He takes the leash out of his pocket and puts it around his own neck)

VIDICH: Us, dogs of war, are at your disposal, through the fire or water. If you want us to slaughter, just say so!

(Vidich starts to play around him like good puppy. Deyan kicks him and he runs away in the dark, barking. Along comes Bogda, with the cut on his neck & sits on his chair)

BOGDAN: You didn't let me down, Petrich! You are beast alright! Wounded beast but still the beast! However, you didn't have to kill Lydia but, you were right. She was too simple, she couldn't possibly understand. I'm proud of you I really am!

(Bogdan pats him on a shoulder and pushes the chair. He starts to rotate)

BOGDAN: What goes around it comes around, ha, ha, ha!

(Deyan tries to catch him but Bogdan wiggles out)

DEYAN: Get out, you are the one that made me do all this!

BOGDAN: I will depart but chair remains.

DEYAN: There was no need for dying!

(Bogdan is leaving)

BOGDAN(OFF): Lydia didn't forgive you! It's worse than that-she has forgotten you!

DEYAN: I am forgiven, I know I am! She remembers me. And loves me. Lydia, just one word, prove that he is wrong, will you?

(Lydia appears with black veil under which is pulsing red wound. She is looking around her, passing by Deyan not even noticing him)

DEYAN: Lydia, I'm here! Honey, please, look at me for a moment! Say something and save me! Tell me that I'm a man, tell me that I'm your man!

(Lydia is leaving not paying any attention to him. Deyan sits on his chair. Broken. Dentist approaches)

DENTIST: I'm in your dreams, madness, in your mind and now, in your coma. You make me proud, wolf-man! This is a present for you. Brilliant teeth!

(She puts a little box on Deyan's knee)

DENTIST: Not enough? Here's my fang for you!

(Dentist takes out her own tooth and puts it into Deyan's weakened hand)

DENTIST: You have forsaken me?

DEYAN: You?

DENTIST: So, you didn't. Why are you so sad? Lydia left you? Not having any love doesn't mean not having anything else.

DEYAN: Get outa here!

DENTIST: You know I won't.

DEYAN: There is a hope.

DENTIST: There is none.

(Pause. Deyan turns to her)

DENTIST: I have pulled all your nerves out long time ago.

DEYAN: You didn't pull out my soul.

(She puts her hands on Deyan's face, caressing him)

DENTIST: You are senseless and perfect. You are ours. Now!

DEYAN: No!

(Dentist gives him a big kiss and pulls him away. She is leaving, dragging a bloody trail behind her.. Deyan gets up and shouts to her)

DEYAN: I'll never be yours! Lydiaaaa!

(Pause)

DEYAN: Lydia?

(Pause. Dark)

Ninth scene

(Stark light. Clean, shiny hospital room. Deyan is sitting in the chair (the very same!). He takes off his bandages and oxygen mask. He is calmly getting out of his chair. He is fixing his hair. Shouts of people, mumbling, off. Flashes. Deyan is slightly unsteady, unsecure)

MASTER OF CEREMONY(Off): Ladies and gentlemen, President of Republic Of Serbia, mister Deyan Petrich!

JOURNALIST(OFF): What do you think about your party's rating?

DEYAN: We shall win.

JOURNALIST(OFF): Do you belong to orthodox right?

DEYAN: I serve my people.

JOURNALIST(OFF): Do you belong to orthodox left?

DEYAN: I serve my people.

JOURNALIST(OFF): Do you find a strength to struggle with death of your wife, brutally assassinated by your fanatical political opponents?

DEYAN: next question, please.

JOURNALIST(OFF): Is it true that you don't have no nerves in your teeth?

(Pause)

DEYAN: Yes, and, if I may add, I feel extremely good about it!

(Flashes are getting stronger. Deyan starts smiling, showing his big, white teeth with brilliant shine. Applause.. He starts shaking hands with the audience. Dentist, Vidich and Bogdan are entering, clapping. Dark)

/THE END/