

*to vitomil and črtomir*

*simona semenič*  
*onethousandninehundredeightyone*

*dedicated to my dear friend erika (1976-2012)*

*translated by: barbara skubic*

*it starts with a puddle of blood  
that's how it starts*

luka  
papa, papa

*this is luka  
luka is our main character  
he's standing in a throng of people watching a human body on the asphalt  
a puddle of blood around the head  
a puddle of blood on the asphalt is spreading, spreading and turning into a pond  
a throng of people around the body is spreading, spreading and turning into a mob*

*luka is a seven-year old boy, he's standing at the edge of the crowd, holding a white plastic shopping  
in his hands, a bag a little worse for wear already  
inside the bag, there's a wallet or something*

*this is how it starts  
red, so very red*

*with luka at the edge of a crowd, a crowd that supposedly knows better than him how to proceed in  
such cases*

luka  
papa, papa

*luka repeats the words, in a whisper*

*well, it is quite possible that he does not  
maybe luka doesn't repeat papa, papa at all  
maybe luka doesn't even say papa, papa  
maybe luka is not holding a white plastic bag in his hands  
one a bit worse for wear  
maybe luka is not even standing at the edge of a crowd that knows better than him how to proceed in  
such cases  
maybe luka isn't even our main character and is now leaving, if indeed he was ever standing here at  
all  
and maybe now enters erik, who is fourteen  
and maybe he is our main character  
maybe erik, fourteen years of age, is standing at the edge of a crowd that knows better than him how  
to proceed in such cases  
although, without a doubt, erik knows better than luka, who's not here anymore  
erik is standing beside another scamp, of roughly the same age  
they're trying to see through the crowd, they sort of manage, sort of*

erik  
you think someone called an ambulance?

*says erik to his mate and adjusts his schoolbag  
the right kind of schoolbag, the kind that hotshots wear these days  
let's say it's green, camo with one strap, let's say it says "back in black" on it, and let's say that the  
sign for high voltage goes through the words, the famous lightning sign  
erik is also wearing real jeans, the kind hotshots wear these days  
and a jacket, also denim, with a patch that says suzuki on the shoulder  
and a badge that says double fantasy on the chest  
his mate is not lagging far behind, with patches, badges and slogans, that is  
our main character is definitely hotshot number one, ok, at least, let's say, number four*

*if indeed, of course, this erik is our main character  
because he may not be  
maybe our main character is twenty-one  
and wears his hair real short  
in a uniform, with a military bag over his shoulder and a titovka<sup>1</sup> on his head  
and let's say that he's just arrived on a bus for his leave, from somewhere very far away, as far as  
bitola, let's say, that's why he's wearing military garb, and has a bag on his shoulder, and a side cap  
on his head  
he's just arrived and turned to the café straight off the bus, first he'd like to meet some friends, and  
not, like, go straight home  
and his name is boris*

boris  
fer chrissake, don't you die on me, listen, look at me, hey

*but that body from which the blood is seeping no longer hears a thing, and will look at no one  
for it's a corpse  
a warm one, but fast cooling  
cooling  
cooling no matter who our main character is*

*this is how it starts  
if the place of the action were somewhere out there, somewhere out of our safe world, that is to say,  
it weren't here on stage, it would be in gregorčičeva street in ajdovščina  
or, more precisely, on the corner of the gregorčičeva and the 5 may streets, right beside the  
monument to fallen soldiers which bears words glory to those fallen for our freedom*

*if the place of the action were somewhere out there, it would be somewhere half-way between the  
church of st john the baptist and the lavrič library, right beside the social accounting service building  
and all the clerks would come running out right after the accident and blend into the throng*

*if the place of the action were somewhere out there, but it isn't*

---

<sup>1</sup> Titovka: a side cap worn by Yugoslav partisans during WWII (translator's note)

*luka, our seven-year old main character, re-enters  
standing at the edge of the crowd with his worn-out white plastic bag  
staring at the blood, staring, he can't stop staring  
cannot turn his look away from that red pond, staring and swaying his worn-out bag backandforth  
the bag is rustling  
sh sh sh sh sh  
the bag is rustling like that somehow  
sh sh sh sh  
luka can't turn his look away from that red pond, he's staring and flapping his tattered bag  
upanddown  
the wallet is hopping  
swish, swish, swish  
something like this  
and then he hears an ambulance  
iuiuiui  
not like this, softer, because it's from afar  
iuiuiui  
like this  
from afar, softly  
and then closer and closer, louder and louder  
iuiuiui  
and people screaming more and more  
because everyone knows best what to do in such cases  
you couldn't make out their words, there are too many  
there's too much of everything  
too many words and too many people  
luka is standing at the edge of the crowd*

luka  
papa, papa

*he repeats, again, whispering  
he's standing behind three clerks from the social accounting service, at the edge of a shrieking crowd  
which, as it has been said, knows better than luka how to proceed in such cases*

*iuiuiui  
the ambulance stops  
the door slams  
bang  
this is how the door slams*

paramedic  
hold the door, can't you see the bora started

darko, paramedic  
you really think this matters now?

paramedic

step back

darko, paramedic  
is he alive?

paramedic  
dead

darko, paramedic  
so we sped in vain

paramedic  
yes

darko, paramedic  
and where's the police?

paramedic  
ya, you know, some take their own sweet time

luka  
papa, papa

darko, paramedic, luka's father  
son, what are you doing here?

luka  
mama sent me to get bread and milk

darko, paramedic, luka's father  
go then, don't stand here

luka  
tata, may i ...

darko, paramedic, luka's father  
go to the shop, don't stand here

luka  
fine, papa, i'm going

*luka leaves  
holding a worn white plastic bag in his hands, and a wallet is hopping inside  
backandforth  
upanddown  
swish swish swish  
and less and less  
until he disappears*

*enters erik  
again erik's not alone, oh, no  
beside him there's again a scamp his age, in a cool, cool for these times, garb (badges, patches,  
slogans) and a haircut  
a haircut that those in the know can name  
a haircut called a beetle haircut  
a haircut which always makes, for example, even erik's gramps holler – oh, you're like a beetle!  
so two beatles enter, our main character erik and his friend  
his friend is called srečko  
srečko is observing the corpse  
erik is stealthily observing srečko  
and then hesitatingly holds him by the shoulders*

erik  
hey, srečko, we'd better go to castle

srečko  
wait a minute

erik  
well, i'd rather go

srečko  
wait for the police to come, come on

erik  
we could go nevertheless

srečko  
we have to stay here for the police to interrogate us

erik  
but we didn't see the accident

srečko  
so what, everybody still has to wait

erik  
what if we went to the albanian to get cream horns, would you then go to the castle

*all this time erik is holding his hand on srečko's shoulder,  
somehow unnoticeably*

srečko  
do you have money?

erik  
i don't, but we can stop at my nana's

srečko  
and what if she's not home?

erik  
i know where she keeps he wallet

srečko  
what, you'll just take it?

erik  
yes, so what, she always tells me to buy myself something, and i never buy anything  
she won't be angry

srečko  
alright then, let's go

*erik and srečko move their feet in the direction of the patisserie  
while boris goes the other way, towards the café  
the corpse doesn't move its limbs anywhere  
only that red pond keeps moving, keeps expanding*

*the café is stuffy, cigarette smoke is so thick you could cut it with a chain saw  
those couple of pairs of eyes who came in for a quick coffee or a glass of wine or a shot or a game of  
chess or all of the above, they all hang on boris as if he were a miracle of some sort  
they must think something like – i've never seen this one before  
or – is he coming or going  
or else – god knows if he's any good at chess  
or – here, another southerner whose ass i'll kick at briscola and tressette  
something like that  
maybe  
boris shakes his bag off his shoulder and tosses it on the ground  
sssshblam  
sits down at a table  
pulls a pack of ibar cigarettes and a box of matches from his pocket  
sssssk  
shhhhhhs  
inhale  
exhale  
at the next table, božo and edo finish a game of chess*

božo, a chess playes in the café  
eh, you'll have to go to school for a while still

edo, a chess player in the café  
a re-match?

boris  
a coffee, please, and make it a strong one

*a strong gust of bora is heard*  
*woosh*  
*and then*  
*wham*  
*and another*  
*woosh*  
*wham*

božo, a chess playes in the café  
don't tell me the motherfucker started again

edo, a chess playes in the café  
but it's only just stopped, i was counting on a couple of windless days

waiter  
poor calculations, some student are you

edo, a chess playes in the café  
i'm not yet a student

waiter  
but you will be, right

*woosh*  
*wham*  
*and then*  
*sssshblam*

božo, a chess player in the café  
what was that

waiter  
i think that shingle was blown off the roof

božo, a chess player in the café  
no way

waiter  
it's been loose for months  
i've told boss ten times to take care of it, hell, i won't do it myself, i'm a waiter, not a roofer

*waiter steps to the window*

waiter  
yes, it was the shingle, lucky nobody got killed  
well, it wouldn't be anyone's fault anyway

božo, a chess player in the café  
meh, so it goes, what can you do

waiter  
yes, who even works in this country nowadays  
workers toil, and those up in the offices scratch their balls

edo, a chess player in the café  
yes

božo, a chess player in the café  
look – so it was, so it is, so it will always be

edo, a chess player in the café  
yes

*someone at the bar downs a shot*

someone at the bar  
and nobody's ever guilty for anything

boris  
have you heard about the accident?

waiter  
what accident?

boris  
there by the monument  
somebody got hit by a car and died

someone at the bar  
i heard the ambulance, yes, but i though they were messing around again  
these guys in ambulances they like to mess around

waiter  
yes, they turn the sirens just to mess with people

božo, a chess player in the café  
while we have to work

someone at the bar  
yes  
give me another one, chief

*enter darko, paramedic, luka's father*

darko, paramedic, luka's father, café guest  
hey guys

someone at the bar  
hey  
your shift done

darko, paramedic, luka's father, café guest  
ya, i'm done, they'll finish off by themselves  
i came in for a quick one, then i have to go  
my son is joining the union of pioneers today

someone at the bar  
come over, you'll tell us about the accident

waiter  
boris, is that you?

boris  
yes, me, who the hell would it be

waiter  
oh, it is you  
i didn't even recognise you

someone at the bar  
it is you  
without hair  
impossible to recognise  
holy virgin, you clean up nicely  
true, those spaghetti you wore down to your ass were a right mess  
it is right that they gave you a good kicking

waiter  
are you home on leave?

boris  
yes, straight off the bus, here

someone at the bar  
what will you drink?  
go, waiter, get the lad a drink

waiter  
what will it be?

boris  
give me a brandy  
no, wait, make it a double

božo, a chess player in the café

say, who got hit over there by the monument?

darko, paramedic, luka's father, café guest  
i don't know, never seen him

edo, a chess player in the café  
someone young?

boris  
not exactly, a man, older, must have been over fifty

*and then it all spins  
spins backward and forward, spins like in a movie  
although, truth be told, it can't spin like in a film, right, very esteemed spectators, here on stage it's  
more of a miserable spin  
unless we have a stage that turns, then yes, then he can spin a spell  
but that would be a bit pathetic visual effect, right  
we can make an effort with a light effect  
blink blink  
or we can simply imagine it all, imagine boris sitting in the middle of a smoky café,  
imagine how it the all spins so boris no longer knows where he is and what  
he's doing, it spins so we, too, don't know where boris is and what he's doing, it spins so that boris is  
suddenly a gentleman with thinning grey hair, wrinkles and contours of a beer belly  
the waiter, božo, edo and someone at the bar disappear  
tables and chairs disappear and the smoke curtain, and with it, an impressive image of a chain saw  
boris is fifty-three years old and is standing in the centre of a disinfected pharmacy  
a pharmacist in a disinfected white coat is standing behind a disinfected white apothecary till  
boris is looking at him  
looking around himself  
looking at himself*

disinfected pharmacist  
sir, of course, only if you wish

boris  
me?

disinfected pharmacist  
yes, of course, only if you wish

boris  
what?

disinfected pharmacist  
this, i've offered you this product, truly excellent, dercos neogenic, to encourage hair growth, you  
take one vial in the morning or in the evening

*boris caresses his scalp*

*looks at the disinfected pharmacist*

disinfected pharmacist

this is a truly fine product, certainly worth the money, it contains stemoxydin which encourages the correct functioning of the stem cells that are, responsible for the growth of new hair, the number of hair increases and the hair becomes fuller and thicker, in three months 1700 new hair will grow on the average, and first effects can be seen after only a month and it's only meagre 59 euros

boris

meagre 59 euros?

disinfected pharmacist

yes

boris

1700 hair?

disinfected pharmacist

right

boris

morning or evening?

disinfected pharmacist

whichever suits you better

boris

who are you?

disinfected pharmacist

hm

i ...

boris

where am i?

disinfected pharmacist

in a pharmacy, sir

boris

but where's the café?

disinfected pharmacist

café?

boris

yes, café, where's the café?

disinfected pharmacist  
sir, are you alright?

boris  
what happened?  
where am i?  
what is this?  
where's my brandy?

*a gentleman of around sixty-five is standing behind boris, a man easy on the eye, women would say something like charming, for sure  
he leans across the till and whispers to the pharmacist*

charming man  
ignore him, sir, he has problems, work and stuff, you know what it's like these days

boris  
what?  
who are you?

charming man  
calm down, boris  
everything's alright

boris  
where's my damned brandy, i asked

charming man  
but boris, there's not been a café here for twenty years

disinfected pharmacist  
ya, you know in this time one does begin to need dercos neogenic  
he he  
isn't that right?  
he he

*and then everything spins and we're here again  
boris is again sitting in a smoky café  
bora is blowing outside  
boris gets his brandy in front of him  
and downs it in one*

*bora is now blowing wild  
furiously breaking everything all around  
then goes silent for a second, just long enough for the earth to tremble  
and then it goes on breaking*

*erik and srečko are at the castle, in the roman tower, in no hurry to go home just yet  
in no hurry to leave shelter  
thy must have finished the cream horns, because right now, they're each holding their own member  
and masturbating  
masturbating in the rhythm of the bora  
whoosh  
wham  
whoosh  
wham  
the bora is getting stronger and stronger  
whoosh wham whoosh wham  
they're masturbating next to each other, so close they can feel each other's warmth  
so close they're almost touching  
they're masturbating so close  
in no hurry to leave the shelter  
wham  
and then they finish  
first erik finishes and srečko after him  
the bora takes no notice of the orgasm, the bora doesn't tire, doesn't stop  
whoosh  
wham  
whoosh  
wham*

srečko  
did you bring cigarettes

erik  
i did, almost a whole pack

srečko  
well then

*erik pulls a flattened soft pack of filter 57s<sup>2</sup> and matches out of his pocket  
they light a cigarette each  
ssssk  
shhhhhhs  
breathe in  
breathe out*

srečko  
oh, this feels so good

erik

---

<sup>2</sup> One of the most popular brands of cigarettes among the working class, particularly in Slovenia. Made by a local tobacco company. (translator's note)

ya, it does feel good

*in silence they are sinking into a nicotine paradise  
so close they're almost touching*

srečko  
have you ever with anyone else ... well

erik  
what

srečko  
well, you know

erik  
no, I don't know, srečko, have I what, I don't know what exactly you mean

srečko  
well, you know, jerk off, right

erik  
no, just with you  
what about you?

srečko  
yes, of course, many times

erik  
with who?

srečko  
doesn't matter

erik  
with those friends of yours from sports training

srečko  
ya

erik  
uh-oh

*and then silence  
one can hear bora, oh yes, one can, but erik and srečko say nothing  
whoosh  
wham  
whoosh  
wham  
and a sssshblam every now and then*

srečko  
well, i think this is a little pointless  
coming here and jerking off, i mean  
don't you think

erik  
ya, well, when everybody's doing it

srečko  
ya, but still

erik  
well, i think it's okay

srečko  
i don't know if i'd still come  
and winter's coming anyways

erik  
but here it doesn't feel so cold  
here it's quite alright

srečko  
so what if it is

erik  
you know what, srečko, you always say so and then you change your mind

srečko  
but now i think it's time for us to stop  
i think this is more for kids  
now it's time for something more ..  
i don't know  
something more ...  
you know, more adult, right

erik  
aha  
uh-oh  
what do you have in mind

srečko  
well, you know, right, time for a broad, right

erik  
aha  
uh-oh

*and then neither says no more  
only bora is blowing*

erik  
but broads are so ...  
broads are so ...  
they're so dull, right

srečko  
yes, that is true  
but you know what, I think it must be time to do one  
don't you think

erik  
well I don't know  
i mean  
well  
yes, yes  
of course it's time to do one

srečko  
which one would you do?

erik  
i'd ...  
i don't know  
which one would you do?

srečko  
i'd do sonja  
sonja has the biggest tits

erik  
ya  
that is true  
but isn't she dating that one from high school?

srečko  
ya  
but he's a proper jerk that one

erik  
yes, i know him, he's in the same class as my brother, a real jerk, indeed

srečko  
well, as i said, i don't feel like coming here anymore

*they're smoking  
they're silent*

*and the bora goes whoosh, wham, and such*

erik  
hey, i've got some money left  
will you take it?

srečko  
well, what will i do with it

erik  
buy yourself smokes or something  
what will i do with it, i can get more from nana

srečko  
how much is it

erik  
five dinars and some para

srečko  
oh, well, it's no big deal  
give it then

*they're smoking*

srečko  
let's go now

erik  
ya, let's go, i have to go to nana's for lunch

srečko  
ya, me too

erik  
hey, srečko, were you serious about not coming here anymore

srečko  
no, no, i was just kidding  
you take everything so seriously

erik  
uh-oh  
i though you were serious

srečko  
you're a proper jerk

*they step out from the shelter and head home*

*wham*

*close to each other so they fend the gusts of bora more easily*

*wham*

*close to each other, also because it's warmer that way*

*wham*

*but if erik is not our main character*

*and if boris is not our main character*

*and our main character is the seven-year old luka, then the next scene takes place in the supermarket*

*supermarket is a one-storey building near the bus station*

*luka is carrying a wire basket and in it, a pack of wonder bread and one milk in a white plastic bag*

*with pink letters on it that say milk*

*by the shelf with sweets, luka finds his classmate*

nada

hey, luka

luka

hey, nada, shall we go home together?

nada

no, i'm with nana and i think we'll be a while, our neighbour marija works here and then they have to discuss all sorts and it goes on for hours

do you have everything ready for today?

luka

yes, mom already bought me a shirt and trousers, all i'm missing is a stick with a little flag

do you have it?

nada

yes, my dad brought it for me from the forest, a real pretty one

and i have everything else ready, too, all i need is to bathe

will you all go?

luka

yes

mom will go to work for another hour now, then they'll both come home and then we'll go

oh, you know what i saw just now

there, by the monument, was someone dead

nada

you saw a real dead person? dead how?

luka

I didn't see, I only saw the corpse, and even that from afar, there were so many people, but I think it was a woman, I think it wasn't a man, I believe she got hit by a car and was lying there on the ground and there were some 30 gallons of blood around her and then some three hundred people came and then my dad came with the ambulance, but she was already dead well, maybe it was a man, I barely saw

nada  
oh, my, you saw someone dead and blood

luka  
yes, imagine how horrible it was  
everything red, blood everywhere

nada  
like in war

luka  
yes, just like that

nada  
who was it?

luka  
i don't know, i'm telling you, some old auntie, really old

nada  
right there by the partisan?

luka  
yes

voice of jožica, nada's nana  
nada

nada  
here  
can we meet later in our hideout, you'll tell me everything??

luka  
yes, let's even if it did start to get terribly windy

nada  
so what

luka  
mom will go to work at three  
shall we meet at three?

voice of jožica, nada's nana  
nada, come here, where are you

nada  
coming, nana, where are you

voice of jožica, nada's nana  
at the butcher's

nada  
at three is great, ciao

luka  
see you

*nada turns toward the butcher's, luka toward the cashier  
they take one, two, three steps*

nada  
luka

luka  
what?

nada  
come here

*luka approaches nada*

nada  
look what I've found  
bananko is on the ground

luka  
oh, bananko  
this is my favourite sweet

nada  
and mine

*luka and nada are staring at the bananko on the ground*

voice of jožica, nada's nana  
nada, did you get lost

luka  
but mom never lets me buy anything when I go to the shop

nada

nana won't buy it for me, either, she already bought me eurocrem today

luka

i once bought myself a lollipop without asking her, and she threw it in the garbage as a punishment

nada

but if it's on the ground, we can take it, right?

luka

i don't now

it's still in the shop, and if it's in the shop you know whose it is

you can give it to the assistants

or back to the shelf

nada

yes, but it's on the ground

luka

yes, that's true

you can pick up what's on the ground and take it

nada

here, you take it, so nana doesn't ask me questions

luka

ok

nada

but bring it to the graveyard later, we'll eat it together

don't eat it by yourself

luka

of course i won't eat it by myself

what kind of comrade would that be

comrades have to share everything

nada

yes, just a few more hours and we'll become pioneers

i can't wait!

luka

me neither!

you know, mom took me the house of culture<sup>3</sup> do you know how beautiful it is there

---

<sup>3</sup> House of culture used to be the hub of cultural, social and political activity in most villages and small towns. Often build in the 19th century and maintained by volunteer work, these community halls hosted cinema performances, concerts, theatre performances, community events, political meetings and so on. (translator's note)

such a beautiful stage  
well, on that stage we'll recite the pioneers' oath and then we'll sing we're all young  
pioneers  
mom explained everything  
do you know everything by heart? the oath and the anthem?

voice of jožica, nada's nana  
nada, ferchrissake, where are you  
up to no good again  
godforbid i come and fetch you

nada  
yes, nana, i'm coming  
of course i know them  
i practiced every day

voice of jožica, nada's nana  
the brats today, they're no good

voice of marjan, the butcher  
yes, jožica, when we were children it was a whole different story  
you got slapped immediately

nada  
here, nana, i'm coming  
i really have to go, if not she'll nag all the way home and i'll go crazy  
see you at the graveyard  
don't forget bananko

luka  
i won't  
but do you think it's really okay to take it

nada  
yes, when it's on the ground

*if our main character is boris, then we're in the café again  
cigarette smoke, the thought of a chainsaw, the thought of the stench  
zmago enters*

zmago  
well, look at you, one would hardly recognise you

---

*they shake hands*

*hug in a manly way (a pat on the right shoulder with the left hand, on this occasion maybe even two pats)*

zmago  
when did you get here?

*as we've acquired this information in the previous scene; we learnt where boris came from, which transportation he took and when he arrived, we can skip this part of their dialogue  
In case someone deems this part of the dramatic text absolutely necessary, they can write it themselves one way or another*

zmago  
that was a long one, right?

*zmago's line refers to the length of boris's journey, but this is not certain, it can be understood as a commentary on the time boris has so far spent doing his military service, or maybe zmago is thinking about the night that's behind boris or on all these months when the twenty-one year old had no access to sexual intercourse  
it is of course also possible that zmago is referring to all of the above when he says*

zmago  
that was a long one, right?

*but it is also possible he's not referring to any of the above  
maybe he's thinking about something else entirely  
and of course it's also possible that zmago is thinking about nothing at all when he says*

zmago  
that was a long one, right?

boris  
oh, motherfucker

*when boris says oh, motherfucker, he feels good, he feels really really good  
because zmago is older than him, because zmago has done his military service, because zmago knows very well what it's like  
and now boris knows, too  
and so boris can say oh, motherfucker with the same tone as zmago did two years ago when he returned from the army and they asked him in the café if that was a long one  
so well does boris feel when he says oh, motherfucker, so well, that he has to repeat it*

boris  
oh, motherfucker

*and then the wave of feeling good simply disappears*

boris  
and then this accident

zmago  
this at the monument

boris  
yes, have you heard

zmago  
yes

boris  
i was just passing by when the guy kicked the bucket

zmago  
must have been horrible

boris  
yes  
and then i was watching that corpse and it hit me  
he was lying on the ground and blood all around him  
i remembered spring and the mess down there with the albanians  
i'm telling you, it just hit me

zmago  
you were at the albanians?

boris  
i was, yes

zmago  
but it wasn't such a mess

boris  
what do you mean, wasn't, do you know how many albanians died

zmago  
they said nine

boris  
i saw more with my own eyes

zmago  
i didn't even know you were there

boris  
nobody did

zmago  
did you hit anyone

boris  
no, i never even fired  
but i'm telling you, when i saw that one there by the monument, it just ...  
and then ...

zmago  
what?

boris  
nothing, I don't know  
like I got a little dizzy or something  
as if for a second ...  
i think because of lack of sleep and this here  
my head just spun

zmago  
let's have a brandy

*and they get down to brandy, boris our main character and zmago  
oh, motherfucker, how they get down to brandy*

*but if boris isn't our main character  
and our main character is the seven-year old luka, then luka is now fending bora with difficulty  
he's holding a worn-out white plastic bag, and a wallet is in it, a bag of milk and half a loaf of bread  
the filled bag is banging at his knee*

*flop*

*flop*

*and*

*flop flop*

*luka takes the bag into his arms and holds it against him and moves towards home*

*if he could swear as god intended then luka would now say something like*

*motherbleedingfuckingwindfuckyou bora*

*or*

*maydogfuckyourfatheryoufuckingwhore bora*

*or*

*bloodyfuckinggodthiscunt of bora*

*or*

*fuckitthisfaggotyfucked bora*

*but fortunately luka has not yet learnt to swear*

luka

this bora really gets on my nerves

*and continues walking, our main character luka, he's walking with the bora and against the bora and thinking about that red puddle and thinking about how the in puddle turned into a pond and thinking about how partisans died during the war and how he will very soon become a pioneer, how he will become a part of something big and important and he's proudly resisting the bora, just like many many years ago partisan couriers resisted the bora and bravely took messages to partisans, and he's thinking how he and nada will meet very soon at their secret place at the cemetery and will eat the bananko together*

*he touches the pocket in which the delicious bananko is safely tucked*

*and in that moment*

*in that moment*

*in that moment something falls from the roof of the building along which luka is walking*

*luka doesn't quite see what is falling, but notices that something big is falling against him, something big and heavy will hit his head any moment now*

*and then everything around luka spins, spins, spins*

*and maybe blink blink*

*luka is no longer luka, a seven-year old brat who has something big and heavy falling against his head and the bora isn't roaring*

*it's warm and bright, as if it were may, almost june*

*luka is a thirty-nine year old man covering the same path he was walking before*

*he passes lipa furniture factory, there on gregorčičeva street*

*except the building is now suddenly mute*

*deaf*

*except that building is now suddenly mute and deaf*

*he passes those windows, but there's nothing but dust behind them*

*a man, thirty-nine, is pushing a stroller in front of him and in it, a toddler is screaming*

*papa, i want a lollipop*

*or maybe*

*lollipopooooo*

*or simply*

*papa, papa, papa, without stopping*

*luka is a thirty-nine year old man who, on a beautiful sunny day is pushing a stroller with a tiny screamer, and beside him, a lanky creature is walking, one would say from looking at it, of fourteen years of age*

lanky creature

look, papa, that's not true at all

i'm not, i'm not even close to being addicted to computer

i mean look, if i were addicted to computer then i'd sit for hours and stare at the monitor

okay?

i mean, sorry, but i really am not

and i think there's no reason for you not to lend me mastercard so i could load the i-phone app

honestly, you know, this app is way cool and all my classmates have it and it's wicked

luka

what?

lanky creature  
well, you lending me your mastercard

luka  
master what?

lanky creature  
mastercard, what is with you now, what have we been talking about all this long way from lidl to here?

luka  
what?  
who are you?  
where am i?

lanky creature  
papa?  
are you cool?

luka  
papa?  
what is this?

lanky creature  
this is a stroller, papa

luka  
what is this torn down building?

lanky creature  
eee, this is a factory, eeee, what is it, lipa, it says so, a factory making what is it, eee, i don't know, of something, i don't know, something, lipa factory

luka  
but why is it so ...  
broken and ...  
empty?

lanky creature  
ya, because it went bust like a hundred years ago, you told me this, why are you asking now are you sure you're cool?

luka  
and who are you?

lanky creature  
ehm, i'm, ehm, your son, right  
best i call nana

luka  
and where's my mom?

lanky creature  
wait, i'll call her

*lanky creature takes a slim shiny box out of his pocket and starts pressing it  
the box emits high beeps  
beep beep beep beep*

luka  
what do you have there?

lanky creature  
eeee  
i-phone, hello  
so we're good for the mastercard, i'll pay you back from my pocket money, do we have a deal?

*beep beep beep beep*

luka  
mastercard?  
lend you?  
do i have this?

lanky creature  
hello, of course you have it

luka  
right  
i'll lend it to you then  
if i have it  
if course i'll lend you, because you're my ... ehm ... son

*from the spot where the lanky creature is standing one can hear something like a yes, but before it  
ends, before that yes ends the lanky creature disappears, the stroller disappears and that slim shiny  
box emitting beep beep beep also disappears  
and so the lanky creature is left without mastercard and that wicked cool app  
for now*

*and right above luka's head there's again something big and heavy and luka jumps aside and that  
something big and heavy  
falls onto the ground and breaks  
but fortunately luka doesn't know how to swear yet*

*our main character erik is now standing in front of the shop window*

© simona semenič 2013, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

*srečko's already gone home, here on tito square they go their separate ways  
and erik always stops in front of this window, today as well, despite the wind  
above the entrance to the shop large letters spell glass  
and two windows display all the pretty things  
crystal vases, candle holders, coasters, bowls, glasses  
glass  
and erik likes these things so very much that he's standing there in bora and looking at the window  
sometimes he steps in and strolls among the shelves  
glass  
how beautiful  
how beautiful he finds it  
all these fragile yet beautiful objects  
but fuck it, erik can't tell anyone about this  
can you imagine, dear spectator, can you just imagine that he told about this, for example, to srečko?  
this would in fact be even worse than if he told him that occasionally he listens to abba at home, or  
heart of glass, if you catch my drift  
erik enters the shop the sign above which spells glass  
the aunties at the shop know him already and are always terribly nice, the young one especially, she's  
especially nice*

erik  
good afternoon

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
good afternoon  
did you come in for a little shelter?

erik  
yes, yes, it started to be so terribly windy

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
terrible, yes  
and it's only just stopped

erik  
i'll have a look around

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
of course, of course, you take your time  
and you know what, i have something for you today

erik  
for me?

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
just for you, yes  
you've not come in for a couple of days, i've been waiting for you to come

erik  
what is it?

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
you know, when salesmen come they sometimes bring us raw pieces of glass  
so i kept one for you  
i thought you might like it

*jagoda, the young shop assistant takes something from under the counter  
and then erik sees, in her hand, the most wonderful thing he's ever seen in his life  
jagoda, the young shop assistant is holding in her hand a white-green piece of glass, but it looks just  
as if it were a jewel or something pretty like this*

erik  
oh  
ohhhh  
this is truly pretty  
oh, this is truly pretty

*and then erik takes that beautiful piece of glass from the comrade's palm, gingerly and slowly, so he  
wouldn't drop it to the ground  
holds it between his fingers and looks at it*

erik  
you really saved this for me?

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
just for you, you come see me most often

erik  
but when you sell all those pretty things

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
when you grow up maybe you'll sell such things  
or maybe you'll make things out of glass  
now that would be nice!

erik  
yes, this would be awesomely nice indeed  
thank you so much  
i don't know how to thank you, this is the prettiest thing I've ever got as a gift  
a hundred times thank you!

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
you're welcome, erik  
you are erik, aren't you

erik  
yes, yes, erik  
what is your name?

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
i am jagoda

erik  
what a pretty name  
just perfect for this store

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
do come again

erik  
oh, i will, of course i will  
goodbye  
and thanks again!

jagoda, the young shop assistant  
goodbye

*erik with a piece of glass in his hand steps out of the shop*

*if we decide that our main character is luka, then we're now at his house  
preparations for the initiation of the ciciban<sup>4</sup> among the pioneers are in an anxious swing  
vesna, luka's mom, has just finished ironing, she spread the ironed clothes on the sofa  
her head is wrapped in a towel, she's bathed and washed her hair so she'd be bedecked on this  
important day as god intended*

vesna, luka's mom  
put it in the kitchen, put milk in the fridge, bread into the bread basket and the bag to the pantry, to  
the second shelf to the very left, and put the wallet into my bag, please

luka  
is everything ready?

vesna, luka's mom  
everything, even the stick, papa brought it just before, i already glued the flag onto it, here on the  
floor beside the sofa,  
look  
and papa won't be able to come, he is still on duty, one of his co-workers got sick

---

<sup>4</sup> A Slovenian child before she or he became a pioneer.

luka  
oh, no  
and i've been so looking forward

vesna, luka's mom  
don't be sad, it'll still be wonderful, you'll see

*luka grabs the stick onto which the paper flag is glued, red, white, blue with a red star in the middle  
luka waves the flag*

luka  
oh, how pretty it is  
you know what happened to me on the way?  
something fell from the roof and almost fell on my head  
i think it was a shingle  
it was this close from killing me, honest  
you know what a terrible fright i got

vesna, luka's mom  
you don't say  
this damn bora  
but it's not the bora's fault, it's the people who don't do their job  
shingles have to be checked and fixed regularly, as if we've had no accidents, or only one  
come here, you

*luka walks up to his mother, mom vesna hugs and kisses him*

vesna, luka's mom  
what's this in your pocket

luka  
eh, nothing, bananko

vesna, luka's mom  
where did you get it? i didn't let you buy it, did i?

luka  
i got it on the floor

vesna, luka's mom  
well, then toss it in the bin, i've explained a hundred times, you don't pick up food from the ground

luka  
i got it on the floor of the supermarket

vesna, luka's mom  
you got it on the floor where?

luka  
there, at the supermarket, among the shelves

vesna, luka's mom  
you stole it?

luka  
no, i didn't steal it, it was on the floor

vesna, luka's mom  
but you're not stupid, you know very well that if you take something from the shop without paying,  
it's theft  
whether you took it from the floor or from the shelf  
you stole! it's theft!  
you stole bananko!

luka  
no, mom, i didn't

vesna, luka's mom  
this is how it starts  
first you steal bananko from the floor, then a bazooka joe from the shelf and finally you end up in jail  
for robbing banks!  
put your shoes back on

luka  
why?

vesna, luka's mom  
why?  
so we can go back to the supermarket and it might be best to go to the police as well

luka  
but i didn't ...

vesna, luka's mom  
you didn't what, now you're gonna lie, too  
do you think they'll accept you among tito's pioneers, a thief and a liar

luka  
but i didn't steal, it was on the floor, of course i'll be accepted among the pioneers, i didn't steal

vesna, luka's mom  
this is pure theft, and you know it very well!  
do you want to become a pioneer today?

*luka is pretty much on the verge of tears  
his voice is about to tremble, then his eyes will well up and then he'll start crying*

luka  
of course i want to become a pioneer

vesna, luka's mom  
you won't become a pioneer  
what do you think would happen if pioneers behaved like this?  
do you even know what being a pioneer means?  
do you know what it means to be a partisan?  
partisans fought for freedom, for a better tomorrow, so that you can eat bananko today  
do you think partisans had bananko?

luka  
but i want to be a pioneer  
everybody will become a pioneer, the whole class, me as well

vesna, luka's mom  
oh, no, only those can be pioneers who deserve it, those who steal, lie, fight and don't study, those  
aren't pioneers

*vesna, luka's mom would add some more educational points, but luka burst into tears so forceful that  
mom runs out of points*

*our main character boris is still drinking brandy in the café  
maybe it's best to make boris our main character  
least demanding stage design, no change of scenes  
no difficulties regarding playing child characters  
maybe it is best to make boris our main character*

*boris and zmago are drinking brandy  
darko, božo and edo are playing cards and swearing  
these three can swear as god intended*

zmago  
so it was fucked up down in kosovo

boris  
fucked up, yes

zmago  
and how long were you there

boris  
a fortnight  
never mind that, i don't feel like discussing it

better tell me what's new

zmago  
nothing, what would there be  
work wants to break my back for a dime  
same old, same old

boris  
i can't wait to start working

zmago  
yes, but you've always wanted to drive a truck and now you will  
i've never wanted to work at the motherfucking lipa  
you've arranged it all at primorje?

boris  
yes, yes, as soon as i get out i start working  
can't wait, really  
what about štef?

zmago  
nothing  
he's fixing trucks at the barracks and doesn't give a fuck  
do you think they're making them work like they make us  
ah, yes,  
he's getting married

boris  
štef?

zmago  
yes, next week

boris  
oh, that was quick  
did he knock someone up

zmago  
yes

boris  
who

zmago  
khm  
jagoda

boris  
which jagoda

zmago  
well how many jagodas do you know

boris  
you mean jagoda, my jagoda?

zmago  
yes

boris  
you're fucking with me

zmago  
no, really

boris  
štef knocked up my jagoda?

zmago  
wait, wait, she's not your jagoda, right  
you're not together anymore

boris  
yes, but i thought ...

zmago  
you know what they say, to think means to know nothing

boris  
wait a minute now, i mean, what is this?  
why didn't you say anything?  
why didn't anyone tell me?

zmago  
look, you dumped her, it is what it is

boris  
yes, but i wanted ...  
this is why i came on leave  
i wanted ...

zmago  
whatever you wanted, forget it now  
they're getting married next week  
end of story

boris  
but you're fucking with me  
štef?  
with štef?  
bloody swine

zmago  
oy, it is what it is

boris  
oh no, it isn't, it isn't  
no, no

zmago  
and what will you do

boris  
i will ...  
i will ...  
you know what i will, i'll get him and then i'll kill him

zmago  
eh, calm down, it's not his fault, it's not her fault  
it just so happened

boris  
don't fuck with me  
these things don't just happen  
she doesn't even like him, she'll just marry him like this

zmago  
well how would you know if she likes him

boris  
i know, i know for sure  
i'll kill him, i swear  
i'll do it now  
i'll go to the barracks and kill him

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
come on, boy, pull yourself together  
there's been quite enough blood for today, don't you think

zmago  
calm down, come on

boris  
i'm going to the barracks and i'll kill the motherfucker, i'll kill him i swear the bloody swine

*boris gets up from the table and goes towards the door*

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
boris, sit down

*and it spins again*

*in the midst of the violent crying it spins and luka is no longer crying  
bananko is nowhere to be found, nor is the sofa with the ironed sunday clothes  
where the sofa was supposed to be there is a huge flat screen with a cartoon on it, in colour,  
as if there were a cinema in the middle of the room  
the lanky creature is once more next to luka, and the screamer is no longer a screamer, he's sitting on  
the floor staring at that enormous cinema  
while the lanky creature is still or again a lanky creature, who still or again says incomprehensible  
things*

luka  
not again

lanky creature  
you truly are a character, pops  
first you tell me you'll lend me the mastercard  
because, like, i'm your son  
and i quote – of course, i'll lend it to you, you are my ... ehm ... son – unquote  
and now you're messing again

*and then, from the bathroom side, a scrawny and tiny nana appears  
luka is looking at her  
he's looking at the lanky creature and looking at this scrawny and tiny nana and the more he looks at  
her the more familiar she seems*

luka  
mom?  
mom!  
no, no, i have to go back  
i can't be here

tiny and scrawny nana  
yes, you will go, what's got into you now

lanky creature  
papa is super weird today, first he told he'd lend me his mastercard, and then again that he won't,  
it's not fair

tiny and scrawny nana  
oh, luka, this is not right, that first you say something and then take it back  
it's really not setting a good example for the children

luka  
no, it really isn't

tiny and scrawny nana  
you earn enough, what's it to you

lanky creature  
it's not about the money, it's, like, because, because i'm like, constantly on computer and i-phone  
and stuff

tiny and scrawny nana  
yes, you are, actually  
so maybe papa is right  
but luka, you're going to afghanistan now, the child won't see you for six months, you might as well  
spoil him a little

lanky creature  
yes, and also, you know how much money you'll make killing those people over there

tiny and scrawny nana  
but he will not be killing them, he's going on a peace mission, child, don't say things like

lanky creature  
yes, yes, totally, he's going to make a lot of cash, what peace mission

luka  
what peace mission?

lanky creature  
well, see

tiny and scrawny nana  
well, son, yes, yes, of course, you're going for the good salary, but you won't kill

lanky creature  
well if he has to, he will, I googled and the kill each other, too  
right, papa

luka  
if I have to, I will

lanky creature  
see

tiny and scrawny nana  
oh, my, son, my son, my luka, you told me it wouldn't be dangerous

luka  
I have to get away from here, I have to go back

lanky creature  
where

luka  
back

lanky creature  
to lidl?  
did we forget to buy something?

luka  
no, back, back

lanky creature  
papa, you're off again  
nana, see how he's off

tiny and scrawny nana  
how could he not be, it's understandable, he's leaving for half a year and won't see you and who knows what can happen in the meantime

*tiny and scrawny nana bursts into tears*

lanky creature  
but nothing will happen, nana, when he gets back he'll take us all on a vacation to egypt, that's what he said, right, papa?

luka  
that's what I said  
but what is this now

*and we're this close to the thirty-nine-year old luka, a professional soldier bursting into tears but fortunately this doesn't happen, because luckily everything spins again spins back back back, just as luka wanted and luka is once more in a room, there's a sofa in front of him with the ironed sunday clothes and beside it there's a little flag and a mom, the real mom, not the scrawny and tiny nana and luka starts crying even harder, he's shaking from all these horrible things, from that puddle of blood and that shingle that came flying toward his head and those menacing windows with nothing but dust behind them and that lanky creature with a shiny box that goes beep beep beep and that scary scary tiny and scrawny nana luka bursts towards his mother and convulsively hugs her*

luka  
mom, mommy

vesna, luka's mom

well, luka, pull yourself together now, stop crying, we'll take care of this  
 i'm gonna go dry my hair, and you go to your room and write an apology to comrades shop  
 assistants, we'll take bananko back, we'll pay, and you'll apologize  
 i'll run to work and you'll come home and bathe, then we'll go to the ceremony  
 stop crying, come on, it will be alright

luka  
 what apology

vesna, luka's mom  
 write that you're sorry you stole bananko and you'll never steal again

luka  
 right

*and now to erik*  
*if erik were our main character, he'd now be standing in front of the shop window, admiring the*  
*white-green glass gem*  
*bora'd be whistling around his ears and shred his nerves*  
*but just one look at that white-green gem would make everything unimportant*  
*and then everything would spin for erik, too*

*erik is all of a sudden a gentleman of forty-six, and he's standing in front of the empty shop window,*  
*in front of dusty windows under a canvas roof under the warm bright sun*  
*everything is just as it was s second ago, everything looks something like this, yes, but essentially*  
*everything looks different*  
*the white-green gem has disappeared from his palm*  
*gone*  
*the white-green gem is gone*  
*and the sign glass above the shop is also gone*  
*erik turns around and takes a step forward, looks to his left and there too, there is an empty dusty*  
*building instead of the café*  
*and then he looks to his right and no longer is there a sign drugstore and the shop is no more*  
*and then he takes a few more steps forward and there too the supermarket sign is gone and there are*  
*only deaf and dusty windows*  
*people are passing him by and greeting him*  
*they're all greeting him*  
*as if they knew him*  
*and then an old woman stops in front of him*

old woman  
 hi, honey, you're here  
 and punctual

*the old woman rises to the tips of her toes and kisses him*  
*erik stiffens*

old woman

honey, what is it  
you're staring so blankly  
is everything okay?

*the old woman puts her palm on erik's brow  
puts her palm on her brow*

old woman  
no, you don't have fever  
maybe i'm just imagining  
did you have a good time at the castle?

erik  
yes?

old woman  
as always, these walks of yours and this castle, you really couldn't give that up, could you?  
i think you'd sooner give me and the kids up than these walks of yours to the castle, right

erik  
kids?

old woman  
come on, i'm just kidding

*the old woman caresses erik's arm and smiles  
erik is stil standing like he's petrified*

old woman  
you want to go to the tower, too, right?  
maybe they'll unlock it at some point

erik  
unlock?

old woman  
unlock, yes, they say maybe they'll unlock it  
it's been locked for twenty, maybe thirty years  
wouldn't it be nice to take the kids there?  
man, what is with you, you truly are unusually absent  
although, truth be told, what do they care about the tower, they don't care about anything anymore,  
if i'm honest  
you know, i'm particularly worried about minja, marko, i think, will be alright, but minja ...  
well, i don't know  
damn it, erik, what is wrong with you?  
what is it again?

erik  
comrade, i ...

old woman  
oh, erik, damn it, not again  
not again because of that little affair of mine?  
you'll start with this again?  
what's wrong with you?  
i'm trying, can't you see i'm trying  
and i've told you a hundred of times it meant nothing  
bloody hell you'll keep making a face like this?  
at least talk like an adult, don't walk around with a mug like this

erik  
i ...  
don't ...  
i'm sorry ...  
truly ...  
but ...

old woman  
this mug of yours, this mug of yours  
the forever grumpy mug  
i can't stand it anymore, this mug  
do you understand?  
i can no longer make an effort  
i cannot make an effort with this permanently grumpy mug

*the old woman is hissing so passer-bys wouldn't hear  
it seems like she's about to cry, but maybe it only seems like that  
another old woman waves from afar  
and the old woman waves back and smiles pleasantly as if she weren't about to cry*

old woman  
let's go home, let's not make a scene here, we don't want any talking  
and we're a little late for lunch, your old man is set up for another of his monodramas

*it spins  
erik in the bora  
in the middle of tito square  
behind him glass and drugstore  
to his left nanos general store and a supermarket a bit further  
windows are full  
and in his hand a white-green gem of glass  
and bora  
erik takes another step forward  
and then a step backward  
and then looks toward the castle  
and goes back  
goes back to the tower to see if it's locked  
it's not locked*

*erik doesn't quite know what to do  
left or right, forward or backward  
he decides best would be to hurry to nana's*

*boris gets up from the table and leaves  
zmago follows him*

waiter  
hey, boys, who's gonna pay for this

zmago  
put it on my tab

waiter  
bloody hell, if i could ever see a nickel, that'd kill everyone, apparently

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, café guest  
eh, stop complaining, you get everything at the end of the month, has anyone ever ended up owing  
you something?

waiter  
hey, boys, the bag

*but boris and zmago no longer hear him, they've gone out already  
doors slam*

waiter  
so hot-blooded, these young ones

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, café guest  
they'll grow out of it

*boris and zmago in front of the café*

zmago  
and what will you do now

boris  
i'm going to the barracks

zmago  
come on, no crazy stuff

boris  
you won't convince me, stay put and leave me alone  
i'm going to the barracks

zmago

boris, you're drunk

boris  
i'll kill him

*and now it spins again  
and blink blink again  
boris is a fifty-three year old who's just stepped out of the pharmacy  
at the door, there's a seven-or-so- year old man cub*

seven-year-old man cub  
well, finally  
i thought you weren't coming back

boris  
i'm going crazy, i've gone crazy

seven-year-old man cub  
what is it, gramps, what is it  
is it so expensive again?  
don't worry, we have money now  
you told me you'd take me for an ice-cream

boris  
this can't be true  
i've gone mad

seven-year-old man cub  
what now?  
you've said so, when i got the wallet on the ground  
you said that now we'll have for groceries and also for an ice-cream

boris  
what wallet?

seven-year-old man cub  
what is it with you now?  
are you playing dumb?  
the wallet i got before, on the ground by that abandoned factory, when we were walking here

boris  
yes, but ...  
no, but, i no longer understand anything, anything

seven-year-old man cub  
let's go for an ice-cream, i've already chosen which one i want

boris  
okay

*boris follows the seven-year-old man cub, they only go a few steps further, there are tables and chairs on the terrace and beside, a bar with all sorts of ice-creams  
boris stars at the ice-creams, he's never seen this many ice-creams, they're of all colors, there's umbrellas and cookies and all sorts of things on them*

boris  
so many ice-creams!

seven-year-old man cub  
well, of course, it is an ice-cream parlor  
shall we sit down, i'll order an ice-cream cup, i've already chosen which one  
pinocchio

boris  
pinocchio, what is it

seven-year-old man cub  
you'll see, it's so pretty, you know

boris  
but is it good as well

seven-year-old man cub  
yes, of course it's good if it's this pretty

boris  
aha

*they sit down as a table*

boris  
how old are you then?

seven-year-old man cub  
i'll be seven in two months

boris  
so you'll go to the first grade already  
a grandson  
motherfucker

seven-year-old man cub  
but, gramps, what's with you  
i'll finish first grade now  
you really are going crazy

boris  
aha, then you're very smart, that's nice

seven-year-old man cub  
yes, after you  
he he  
do you think i could have two ice creams today, when we have money

boris  
wait a minute, how old will i be this year

seven-year-old man cub  
well ....  
i don't know ...  
plenty

boris  
i need a cigarette

*searching his pockets*

boris  
bloody hell, where do i have cigarettes  
and why am i in black?

seven-year-old man cub  
but gramps, you don't smoke  
you've never smoked  
and you're in black because you were at a funeral, right

boris  
aha  
of course

seven-year-old man cub  
gramps, you've really gone a little crazy  
must have been terribly expensive that medicine

boris  
terribly expensive medicine  
what year is this, you say

seven-year-old man cub  
gramps, but you're truly not alright  
did you buy all your medicines

boris  
i was in the pharmacy, yes  
i bought, yes

which year?

seven-year-old man cub  
gramps  
2013

boris  
2013  
fifty-three

seven-year-old man cub  
yes, yes  
fifty-three

boris  
old as a sin

seven-year-old man cub  
yes, yes  
old as a sin

*erik is at nana's*

nana  
oh, you're finally here  
i was worried  
did you go for a cream horn

erik  
yes

nana  
i saw, yes, that you were here before  
you took money from the wallet

erik  
yes

nana  
but this is not right, you know  
you have to learn to ask  
god forbid papa knew  
you know the what drama that would be

erik  
well, yes, i'm sorry, but you weren't at home

nana  
i went over to jožica for coffee

but she wasn't there, either, she'd gone to the supermarket

erik  
i would have told you

nana  
i know you would have, you're such a great boy  
you're a lot nicer than your brother

erik  
yes, edo is really annoying

nana  
did you go for cream horns with srečko

erik  
mhm

nana  
you know, this srečko of yours, i don't know

erik  
yes, i know you don't like him,  
but i really don't know why  
he's alright  
he's not doing so great at school, but that doesn't make him bad

nana  
well, he just seems a little sneaky

erik  
he's not sneaky, he's perfectly alright

nana  
okay if you say so

erik  
look  
*shows her the gem*

nana  
oh, how pretty  
where did you get this,  
what is this

erik  
i was in glass again  
and the miss shop assistant gave it to me

she said it's raw glass

nana  
oh, it's so pretty  
but look how pretty  
how nice of her  
how really nice  
which one was it

erik  
the young one

nana  
aha, I know  
the one that has a funny name, what is it ...

erik  
jagoda

nana  
yes, yes, jagoda  
what a stupid name<sup>5</sup>, who gave her that name  
but i don't know her, who her folks are  
i know the older one, the boss, i know her  
they live further down here in gregorčičeva, her husband works in ambulance, they have one son,  
quite small  
she's terribly into politics, she goes to congresses and all that  
she's a bit nuts, right, what does a woman have to do in politics  
this is not a thing for women  
but it is awfully nice of this young one of this jagoda, to give you this  
where will you put it?

erik  
i don't know yet

nana  
well, better keep it so nobody sees it

erik  
yes, i will

*enters edo*

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother  
hi, there

---

<sup>5</sup> In southern Slavic tradition females are sometimes, but in Slovenia very rarely, named after fruit. Jagoda means strawberry.

food ready yet?

nana

oh, edo, how you stink of tabacco

oh, phooey

have you been playing chess with those drunkards again

oh, phooey

you know very well they're no company for you

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother

hey, what did you hide in your pocket

erik

nothing

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother

come on, let's see

nana

don't be a pest, leave him alone

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother

okay then

i don't care either way, must be some childish thing anyway

is the food ready yet?

nana

of course it is, but we'll wait for mama and papa, they'll be here in a minute

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother

but i'm starving

i want to feed

nana

you'll manage for another half an hour

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother

in half an hour i'll drop dead from starvation

ow

do you know there was an accident by the monument

somebody died

erik

ya, i saw it, i was there

do you know how much blood there was

gallons

nana

oh, my god, who was it that died

erik  
don't know, some uncle, old, papa's age

nana  
such a young person  
what a tragedy  
such a young person

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother  
i thought him old as sin

erik  
ya, me to, old as sin

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother  
essentially, old enough to bury

erik  
to bury, ya, high time

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother  
an antique, no damage done

erik  
an antique like no other

nana  
get lost, you two  
get lost so i don't see you  
saying nasty things like this and making fun of me  
constantly at odds, but when it's time to make fun of me, you're best of friends  
get lost so i don't see you, get out or wherever you want, lunch is in half an hour or so  
out, scoot

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother  
shall we go check if the corpse is still by the monument

erik  
yes, let's

*luka and vesna, luka's mom, are in the supermarket  
they're standing in front of the shop assistant  
luka is staring into the floor  
vesna, luka's mom, and marija, the shop assistant, at the clock*

vesna, luka's mom  
go on then

luka  
mom ...

vesna, luka's mom  
what did we say?  
do you want to be a pioneer?

luka  
yes

vesna, luka's mom  
well then, gather your courage

luka  
comrade shop assistant, i was here before

marija, shop assistant  
yes, i remember, with your friend nada  
i remember

vesna, luka's mom  
so nada was here, too?  
you never told me that

luka  
yes, she was, we met, she was with her nana, but i alone took bananko

vesna, luka's mom  
go on, then, courage

luka  
comrade shop assistant, when i was here before i picked up bananko from the floor  
i put it in my pocket and took it home  
i thought i could when it was on the ground

vesna, luka's mom  
luka!

luka  
comrade shop assistant, i stole bananko

marija, shop assistant  
well, well, it's not that bad  
you brought it back, that's very nice

vesna, luka's mom  
luka!

luka  
comrade shop assistant, i apologize

marija, shop assistant  
it's okay

vesna, luka's mom  
it's not okay  
we made a deal

*luka stares stubbornly into the floor  
and is about to cry again  
this close for tears to start pouring  
comrade shop assistant notices it and takes pity on the child, as one does*

marija, shop assistant  
well it's okay

vesna, luka's mom  
it's not okay

*luka finally looks up  
looks the shop assistant straight into the eyes, bravely like a little courier boy with mail for the  
partisans, just like that*

luka  
comrade shop assistant, i stole bananko, i apologize and i will never steal again  
i wrote you an apology as well

*luka pulls a crinkled piece of paper out of his pocket and gives it to the comrade shop assistant*

marija, shop assistant  
thank you, comrade  
this is very nice of you

luka  
can i become a pioneer now?

marija, shop assistant  
of course  
and what a pioneer you'll make!

*vesna, luka's mom pays for bananko, they move towards the exit*

vesna, luka's mom  
that was nice  
i'm right proud of you  
you know, a man must take responsibility for his actions  
but now, i think, you'll be a true pioneer

luka  
mom, what if someone, for example, lies, but only to help someone, for example, is this right or wrong

vesna, luka's mom  
well, this is a topic for a long debate, we'll do that some other time, okay?  
oh, blast, now I'll be late for work too  
oh, luka, how you make me suffer, was this really necessary?  
i don't know where your mind was  
stealing from the shop, as if i hadn't told you hundred times what happens to the thieves  
they start by stealing a needle and end up in a noose  
but you did apologize beautifully i am right proud of you  
run home now, get ready and i'll be back soon

*boris is standing at the entrance to the barracks  
zmago has given up  
he's standing next to him and waiting what will happen  
maybe nothing  
maybe a brawl  
worst case scenario soldiers or police will intervene*

boris  
hey, open the gate

soldier  
who are you

boris  
open the gate

soldier  
what do you want?

boris  
i need to see štef the mechanic

soldier  
what for

boris  
to kill him

soldier  
štef the mechanic already left  
you can return tomorrow  
if you still wish to kill him

*zmago laughs*

boris  
motherfucker

zmago  
enough with this nonsense now

boris  
motherfucker

zmago  
let's go have another brandy

boris  
blowing like a motherfucker

*and it is blowing*

*blowing like there's no tomorrow*

*whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham*

*erik and edo, the chess player in the café, erik's brother, are by the monument that says glory to those fallen for freedom*

*the corpse is gone, the puddle of blood is still there*

erik  
here, see, here, there's till blood

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
but did you see the accident or just this corpse

erik  
just the corpse  
here, see, was the head, and he was lying like this and i didn't see that well, but it seemed he was missing half a face

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
hell, awful  
but look, it's no big deal, people die every day

erik  
you know the most awful thing, what I though really awful, well, i thought he looked just like srečko, srečko was with me, standing next to me, while the dead one who was lying here with only half a head looked just like srečko, just awfully old

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
pity he's no longer here

erik  
i thought they'd take him by now, why would he be here so long

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
well, you know, there could be an investigation  
show me what you hid in your pocket

erik  
you swine, that's why you wanted out, right  
well, i won't show you  
fuck you

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
let me see, come on

erik  
no i will not  
none of your business  
none of your bloody business

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
why is it so hard to show  
you showed it to nana, right  
is it just for broads or what?  
are you a broad?

erik  
oh leave me alone

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
broad, broad, broad

erik  
damn, you're so childish  
none your business  
leave me alone

*edo tries to put his hand into erik's pocket*  
*erik pushes him away*  
*edo tires even harder*  
*they wrestle, but edo is stronger and takes glass out of erik's pocket*  
*erik tries to take it back, but edo holds it way up high and erik cannot reach it*

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
oh, what do we have here

erik  
give it back to me  
give it back  
you dirty bastard

give it back

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
what is this

erik  
glass, raw  
give it back

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
where did you get it

erik  
in glass, the shop assistant gave it to me  
and what do you care anyway, give it back  
you bastard

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
oh, what a pretty little piece of glass we have here, almost a gem  
how pretty, just right for little girls

erik  
stop it  
give it back

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
will you give it to your sweetheart srečko?  
oh, what a pretty little gift for those in love  
oh, how pretty

erik  
give it back and stop it

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
oh, look look, he is crying,  
crying  
crying like a tender little girl  
ha, ha, if papa could see you now  
ha ha ha  
little girl  
ha ha ha  
ha ha ha  
ha ha ha ha  
little girl wants glass to give her sweetheart  
oh oh oh oh  
can't wait for papa to come to show him little glass from our little girl

*erik is indeed crying  
not loud, but his eyes are filled with of tears*

*and then, with all his might, he crashes into his brother  
edo falls on the ground, and that white-green gem falls out of his hand*

erik  
no!

*but the glass gem doesn't break, erik's fear is unfounded, it simply rolls a bit further  
the boys are fighting  
then someone at the bar staggers past*

someone at the bar  
boys, boys, what is this now, what is this nonsense  
you'll kill each other  
stop it

erik  
i'll kill you, bastard

someone at the bar  
boys!  
should i go fetch your dad from the butcher's?

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
no, no, we'll stop

erik  
we'll stop

someone at the bar  
well, there  
that's right  
now shake your hands, like men do

*erik in edo shake hands most unwillingly  
just like men do  
someone at the bar pats their shoulders and staggers on, extremely pleased  
edo and erik rush to the glass at the same time, edo reaches it first*

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
here, it's mine!

erik  
don't, come on,  
no  
why are you like this?  
you won't really will you

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother

what

erik  
show it to papa

edo,  
why not?  
it is a pretty piece of glass  
ha ha ha ha

erik  
come on, edo, stop it, please, stop it, don't be like that

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
what will you give me

erik  
i won't give you anything, just stop it

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
no, no, you'll have to pay

erik  
what do you want

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
another three months of your pocket money

erik  
but this is theft

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
ah come on  
you get it from nana anyway

edo, a chess player in the café, erik's brother  
ok, here, have it

edo, chess player from the café, erik's brother  
here, glass, little girl  
ha ha ha ha

*erik holds his white-green glass gem  
he wants to cry  
but he won't out of spite  
out of spite  
he'll show him, bastard, he'll show him  
besides, this piece of glass, how boring, it's just like edo said, for broads  
an he's no broad, he'll show him, bastard*

*a little girl scurries past them, it's nada hurrying to meet luka, who's not our main character now, but nada is still hurrying to meet him at their secret place at the cemetery*

erik  
hey, little one

*nada doesn't turn, hurries on*

erik  
hey, you, little one

*nada hurries on*

erik  
hey, what's your name, you, neighbor

nada  
who, me

erik  
yes, you

nada  
i'm nada

erik  
nada, do you want this

nada  
what is this

erik  
raw glass, it looks just as pretty as a gem

nada  
and you would give it to me just like that?

erik  
ya, just like that, if you want it, i don't need it here

nada  
oh thank you  
thank you  
how pretty it is  
thank you

erik  
bye

nada  
bye  
thank you  
this is really pretty  
just like a diamond  
bye

*erik is now pleased  
because he showed his brother  
see, there you have it  
he's thinking to himself  
i showed you  
no one will call me a broad  
he's thinking  
i am no broad*

erik  
happy now?

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
what do i care about these fucking things, as long as i got your pocket money

erik  
so you can lose it at cards, no  
you're so pathetic  
playing cards with that drunkard božo

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother  
i don't play cards  
i play chess  
and božo is no drunkard, if you want to know

erik  
you're still pathetic  
let's go back for lunch

*and off they go  
and while they're walking, vrrr  
the bora dies down  
the leaves on trees turn green  
sun starts burning  
and the white prince parked in front of the public accountants' office disappears  
and the puddle of dried blood disappears as well  
and a shiny space ship drives by, it is a car, but doesn't look like one  
and a gentleman of forty-six, in sunday garb and sunday tie is walking past the monument still  
here still saying glory to the fallen  
erik's alone, edo is not with him and the old woman is nowhere to be seen*

erik  
like a mattatoio or something  
i don't understand  
and this suit, how pathetic  
just like some high-class diarrhea  
how pathetic

*and then no other than the tiny and scrawny nana passes by*

tiny and scrawny nana  
your honor, judge!  
good afternoon!

erik  
mhm  
good afternoon

tiny and scrawny nana  
it's rare to meet you in the street  
you must be far too busy, right

erik  
busy, yes, busy

tiny and scrawny nana  
your honor, judge, when i only think how you used to come to me to glass  
i knew back then, this boy will become something  
because you were interested in other things that football and such nonsense  
it passed in a blink of the eye  
i didn't even turn around and you became such an important man  
when are you travelling

erik  
travelling, what do you mean, where

tiny and scrawny nana  
well, weren't you selected for that important european court where is it brussels, no, where is it ...

*an old stocky uncle passes by*

stocky uncle  
in luxemburg

*stocky uncle firmly shakes erik's hand*

stocky uncle  
good afternoon, your honor

tiny and scrawny nana  
oh, it is you, božo  
good afternoon  
but you two are roughly the same age

stocky uncle  
oh, no, i am a little older  
more vintage of his brother edo  
edo and i used to play chess, almost every day

erik  
in the café

stocky uncle  
oh, those were the days

tiny and scrawny nana  
indeed, those were the days

stocky uncle  
i've not seen you since ...  
uf

tiny and scrawny nana  
all we do is read about you, judge

stocky uncle  
indeed we do

tiny and scrawny nana  
well, božo, since we've met  
you promised to come and fix my washing machine, last week, and i'm still waiting

stocky uncle  
madam, i will come, but i'm up to my ears in work these days

tiny and scrawny nana  
well, this is nice to hear  
these days, that someone still has work  
well, your honor, when are you leaving?

erik  
i'm leaving soon  
soon  
to luxemburg

stocky uncle  
yes, we only see you on tv  
congratulations on this european court, that is quite something

tiny and scrawny nana  
yes, true, we see you so rarely  
but it is alright  
we're so proud of you, your honor  
we're all rooting for you  
these days, corrupt people everywhere  
but you make us proud

erik  
now i'm embarrassed

tiny and scrawny nana  
no need to be embarrassed  
hold your head up high, you've things to be proud of  
how's your brother, has he got married

erik  
edo is ...  
fine

stocky uncle  
he hasn't married yet, eh, tempi passati

tiny and scrawny nana  
and such a handsome boy  
i do not understand  
always such a handsome boy  
well, it is what it has to be

stocky uncle  
and the children

erik  
the children are ...  
they're not interested in anything anymore, to be honest  
hm ...  
i'm worried about minja in particular, marko, i think will be alright, but minja ...  
well, i don't know ...

tiny and scrawny nana  
don't worry judge, your honor  
it's just that age  
it passes, it all passes

stocky uncle  
and sonja?

erik  
sonja?

stocky uncle  
your wife, isn't she sonja  
weren't you two classmates? you've been together since primary, no?

erik  
this is sonja from the class?

*stocky uncle is looking at erik as if he were a little nuts  
while tiny and scrawny nana keeps smiling to the judge as if she noticed nothing*

erik  
this is sonja with the biggest boobs?  
where are her boobs?

tiny and scrawny nana  
oh, judge, you're such a joker  
no matter how important you are, you can still joke with us, common people

*tiny and scrawny nana is laughing  
stocky uncle continues to look at erik as if he were insane  
erik notices and realises he's done something wrong  
he becomes serious and coughs  
just like he thinks an important judge should  
and then with earnest voice, most earnest he can muster, responds to the question from the stocky  
uncle božo, who mere minutes ago was a drunkard*

erik  
the wife is also fine  
she claims i have a permanently grumpy mug

tiny and scrawny nana  
you are a joker, judge, your honor

*and then the three laugh  
and laugh  
they laugh as if something very funny happened*

*our main character luka is at the cemetery  
the bora died down a bit, a tad, a moment  
nada is not there yet  
luka is looking at the old tombstones, built into the wall  
nobody goes there anymore  
although those tombstones are the most beautiful  
he's impatient, he still has to bathe, change, and then go to the solemn ceremony he's so eagerly  
anticipating*

*and then nada finally comes, out of breath because of running*

nada  
look, look what i've got

luka  
oh, how pretty  
this is raw glass, where did you get it  
it's so beautiful

nada  
how do you know?  
i thought at first it was a diamond

luka  
my mom sometimes brings things like that from work  
once she brought a big one, it was big like a ball, but it was black and red  
this one is even prettier  
where did you get it

nada  
that tool erik gave it to me, you know, that neighbor of ours  
the one that goes to eight grade and is an awful big head  
but I went past there by the monument it was him and his brother, whose head is even bigger, and  
he called me,  
this erik, right, and then he just gave me this  
isn't it pretty?

luka  
yes, it is

nada  
i'll put it among my treasures

luka  
if you like it so much, i'll bring you something some time

nada  
will you really?

luka  
yes, i will i'll ask my mom, okay?

nada  
oh, you're a true comrade

luka  
you'd fulfil my wish if i had one

nada  
of course i would  
do you have a wish?

luka  
well, no, i don't i mean, nothing much

nada  
yes, but you must wish something  
everybody wants something  
well, tell me what you want more than anything, for example  
but really the most of everything

luka  
i don't know

nada  
do you know what i want most of everything

luka  
no

nada  
i most want that there'd be war, so i could be a courier

luka  
oh, yes,  
i want this too  
to bring messages to partisans

nada  
yes  
to be a heroine

luka  
what if you died?

nada  
oh, il didn't think of that  
well, so what, i'd die for homeland and for freedom  
and then they'd make me a monument

luka  
yes, i would like that, too  
to die and be a hero

nada  
like boško buha

luka  
yes, just like him

nada  
okay, let's eat bananko now

luka  
i don't have it

nada  
you ate it by yourself?

luka  
i didn't eat it

nada  
you forgot it

luka  
no i didn't forget it

nada  
you ate it

luka  
no

nada  
you're lying

luka  
i'm not lying  
my mom saw it and she called me a thief, said i wouldn't become a pioneer and so we went back to the supermarket and mom paid for it and i had to apologize to auntie shop assistant and even write an apology

nada  
what kind of a lie is this now  
what a liar you are, luka  
you gobbled it yourself and now you're making up  
you could easily be a writer  
what nonsense  
just so you could eat it by yourself

luka  
no, nada, honest, i did not  
you know how my mom screamed, i thought she'd go crazy or beat me up, but she didn't because luckily she was late for work

nada  
you, luka, are a proper wimp  
if you care so much about bananko, have it, you'll shit it tomorrow anyway

luka  
but nada, why won't you believe me  
mom said i won't be able to become a pioneer because i steal  
i didn't tell her that you picked it up  
i knew she'd call your mom and there'd be some drama

nada  
you're such a boring liar

luka  
don't be like this  
i could have told about you, too, and then they'd say to you as well you won't become a pioneer

nada  
you know what, i don't want you for a friend  
you are no comrade  
and you lie so much you're a true rascal  
and rascals can't be pioneers  
even if you do tell the pioneer oath, you'll be lying and you won't be a pioneer at all  
you know what, if partisans were like you then ... then ...  
then i don't know what would happen but it would be horrible something horribly bad  
i'm leaving

luka  
don't go, nada, i'm not lying, honest

nada  
you are a, you know what, what do you call it, a traitor, just so you know

luka  
fine, think that if you want too  
i'm also going then

*and they're standing and looking at each other  
and neither leaves*

nada  
i'm not leaving  
you're a liar, you go

luka  
no, i'm not, and i'm not going either  
i'm not a liar and a traitor not at all

*and then  
and then it spins  
blink blink  
maybe  
luka is a man of thirty-nine  
standing in the cemetery  
cemetery is different, big, and there's a huge paved space in front of it, and a building beside it  
there's a huge crowd around him, all more or less in black  
it's hot, and yet everyone is more or less decked in long sleeves, long pants or skirts  
luka is also in black  
he knows nobody  
the lanky creature is nowhere to be seen, not stroller, nor the tiny, scrawny nana  
everybody's silent just the priest is praying  
the sun is scorching, and luka's brow is dripping with sweat, or maybe they are tears, maybe tears are  
dripping but why would his tears be dripping  
and then they move  
and luka moves with them  
and they pray  
and luka doesn't know how to pray and he is silent  
and then they stop at the old mortuary, luka knows it, it has been here before, when he was talking to  
nada about bananko  
and they pray again  
it goes on for ever  
this is not possible, thinks luka, why so long, before it passed much quicker, why now so long and  
nowhere anyone he'd know  
and as if nobody knows him  
they are all awfully earnest, here and there someone is crying, but mostly they just stare into the  
ground  
and then they walk behind the coffin one more time, luka is walking, the sun is scorching, and luka's  
brow is dripping with sweat, they walk and they pray  
and then they stop at the open grave and pray again  
there are so many people luka doesn't even see the grave, it just seems it has to be somewhere there,  
that they stopped because of the grave, why would they stop otherwise  
and then  
blink blink*

nada  
what is it?

luka  
what?

nada  
you're looking as if someone raised from the grave

luka  
no, no, it's just, everything is so strange today  
i walked past lipa before and suddenly it was empty and abandoned, as if there was no one there

and then ...  
no, you'll say again i'm lying

nada  
no, no, i won't say it  
what happened next

luka  
some stupid things, as if my head spun

nada  
maybe it did

luka  
no, i won't tell you anything

nada  
do tell

luka  
and now it spun again and as if i were here in the graveyard, but it is totally different, the graveyard,  
everything new and big, like, exquisite, a new mortuary, and paved, so pretty, really pretty

nada  
and graveyard, too, was empty and abandoned?

luka  
no, not at all  
graveyard was full, i found myself in the midst of a funeral  
by that new mortuary they prayed  
then they walked along the path and prayed again  
then they came here, to the old one, and they prayed again  
and then they went and prayed again  
and by the grave they prayed some more

nada  
so then they prayed non stop, how fun

luka  
yes

nada  
i don't know what could have spun you like this  
maybe the bora, you know

luka  
yes, it is possible

nada

or maybe you ate too little  
my mom says to me i ate too little when i get strangely dizzy like this

luka  
yes, all day i almost couldn't eat

nada  
you see  
you must be hungry  
why else would you see people who just pray

luka  
yes, you are right

nada  
then you are really not a liar?

luka  
i'm not, i'm telling you

nada  
and you did write an apology

luka  
yes

nada  
and what did you write?

luka  
i'm sorry that i stole bananko and i'll never steal again and signature

nada  
and you went to the supermarket

luka  
yes, with mom

nada  
and you didn't betray me

luka  
i didn't  
but i don't know if that was right  
because i lied, right  
mom said that those who lie cannot be pioneers

nada  
and she did say that if you pick up bananko you can't be a pioneer

luka  
yes, but i think she exaggerated a little

nada  
oh, i don't know, maybe she didn't  
what if she didn't?

luka  
but now it doesn't matter, she paid for the bananko  
and i wrote an apology

nada  
yes, but i stole bananko, not you  
what if i can't become a pioneer

luka  
no, no, i apologized and everything is fine

nada  
but that's still not right, you know  
and you lied because of me, too

luka  
don't worry, look, it's quite alright  
i apologized and my mom paid and it's alright  
and I think it's better to lie a little than to betray a friend, no

nada  
what if i should write an apology, too?

luka  
no need, it will just complicate it more

nada  
then you think i can still be a pioneer?

luka  
of course,  
but we must never steal again

nada  
we won't, i won't

luka  
i won't either

nada  
i swear on ...

what should i swear on?

luka  
on ...  
on boško buha

nada  
i swear on boško buha

luka  
i swear on boško buha

*zmago laughs*

boris  
motherfucker

zmago  
well, well, enough with this nonsense

boris  
motherfucker

zmago  
let's go have another brandy

boris  
blowing like a motherucker

*and it is blowing  
blowing like there's no tomorrow  
whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and whoosh and wham and wham  
and  
vrrr and blink blink and vrrr*

boris  
what the fuck is this now  
eh, at least i'm warm  
and there's no bora

seven-year-old man cub  
let's go faster, gramps

boris  
where's the gate?  
it should be here  
where are we?

seven-year-old man cub

but gramps, you really are a bit crazy today  
you'll have to see a doctor, you know  
what gate, what is a gate

boris  
gate, the entrance to the barracks

seven-year-old man cub  
what's barracks

boris  
eh, where soldiers live

seven-year-old man cub  
i don't know  
well, let's go, you promised me another ice cream when we're done

boris  
what do we have to do

seven-year-old man cub  
but gramps, what is with you today, you're making jokes with me non stop

boris  
i'm asking you to see if you know

seven-year-old man cub  
we're going to get the id

boris  
to the barracks?

seven-year-old man cub  
no, over there, to that big house  
they make passports there and ids  
we came here last time, too  
and you said you'd ask as well if you had to register to work in italy

boris  
aha  
who's gonna work in italy

seven-year-old man cub  
you, that's who

boris  
oh, this is great  
that i'll go work to italy

seven-year-old man cub  
what now you're pleased?  
you are a bit weird, really  
you don't want to go

boris  
i dont want to go to work in italy?  
who wouldn't want to go to work in italy?

seven-year-old man cub  
i don't know, i think so, too  
you'll have a great job  
you'll pick strawberries, you said  
you know how many strawberries you'll be allowed to eat

boris  
strawberries?

seven-year-old man cub  
yes, for three months

boris  
but why?

seven-year-old man cub  
gramps!  
you're taking me for a fool now  
because you have no job, right

boris  
aha  
i'm only kidding you a little  
let's go and get the id  
and ask about ...  
strawberries

*boris falls silent as if he were thinking about something  
or waiting  
waiting for the blink blink to happen and the bora to start blowing  
(waiting for whoosh and wham)  
but it doesn't blow  
the sun continues to sear and the leaves on the trees keep being bright green*

boris  
you, whatsyourname, how come i've got no job, am i retired already

seven-year-old man cub  
gramps, you're not that old yet, no, you know why

*a stocky uncle hurries past  
he's very pressed for time, it seems  
when he sees boris with a seven-year-old man cub, he pokes his nose at them*

stocky uncle  
hey, boris, do you have business here, too?

boris  
hi, hello  
yes, yes, we're going to get the id

stocky uncle  
aha  
i need a building permit  
but i'd rather go carry tree trunks to lipa than coming here, i'm telling you  
he, he  
if it were still even possible  
he, he

boris  
he, he

*boris is observing the stocky uncle and he seems somewhat familiar, he thinks he knows him from  
somewhere but he can't remember  
he's really like to ask who he is and what he does and why he's talking to him  
but it might be better to keep silent and smile, it will pass  
it will pass quickly  
it will pass, he'll just endure a little longer, and then vrrrr  
pass*

stocky uncle  
do you know who i've met there in the street  
mister european judge  
hell, he became aloof  
as if i didn't play chess with his brother every day  
so haughty  
if only he had a reason to be, you know what they say about his brother

boris  
božo!

stocky uncle  
yes?

boris  
nothing, i remembered something

stocky uncle  
aha, yes, because of the child

don't you worry, i won't  
well, the main thing  
he became so haughty that it's funny  
and there's rumors about him, too ...  
well, nothing  
eh, it has always been like this, it is and it will be  
once they're on the gravy train ...  
what about you?  
do you still get some dole?

boris  
hm  
yes, yes, i do

stocky uncle  
yes, but you won't for long, right

boris  
no, no, just for a short while

stocky uncle  
hell, they fucked you over  
how they fucked you over  
and no work anywhere

seven-year-old man cub  
but gramps will now go work in italy

stocky uncle  
did you get a job

boris  
yes, yes, i did

seven-year-old man cub  
gramps will be picking strawberries

stocky uncle  
strawberries?  
well, nice, nice  
that's good, it's something, strawberries aren't that bad  
nothing, i'm going in to that incompetent broad  
and you, take heart by the italians  
it's something at least, better something than nothing

*the stocky uncle smiles and boris also smiles*  
*stocky uncle hurries on*  
*now, right now, thinks boris, i don't need this*  
*strawberries, my god, thinks boris, strawberries*

*now, right now*

seven-year-old man cub  
we should go too, gramps, i want to go for ice cream

boris  
well, let's go  
organize, what needs to be  
for these ...  
strawberries

*erik, edo, nana, marija and marjan are sitting at the table and eating silently  
spoons are hitting the plates (clink clink)  
erik coughs  
spoons are hitting the plates (clink clink)  
edo snorts  
spoons are hitting the plates (clink clink)  
erik slurps the soup*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
erik, please

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son  
when he has no manners

erik  
you're the one to talk, you eat booger

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
boys, please

nana  
please, don't start

erik  
well, i didn't start

marjan, bucher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
quiet!

*spoons hitting the plates (clink clink)  
and then  
blink blink  
and then  
spoons hitting the plates (clink clink)  
everything is as it was a moment before*

*except there's an old woman sitting in nana's place  
and in marija's, an even older woman*

*and in edo's place a bald man*  
*and in marjan's place a gray-haired old man*  
*on erik's place, there's still erik, except this erik is now his honor judge*  
*spoons hitting plates (clink clink)*

old woman  
have you heard who's getting a divorce?

*spoons hitting plates (clink clink)*  
*blink blink*  
*edo snorts*  
*spoons hitting plates (clink clink)*  
*blink blink*

even older woman  
i can't believe  
these two really looked like, how to put it, a model couple  
but that's today for you, such times, everybody's getting divorced

gray-haired old man  
and some don't even marry

even older woman  
marjan, please, don't start

grey-haired old man  
what, did i say something that's not true

even older woman  
marjan, not now, during lunch

*spoons hitting plates (clink clink)*  
*blink blink*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
nana, how good this jota<sup>6</sup> is

nana  
why, thank you

erik  
i can't anymore

nana  
you haven't eaten anything, don't you like the jota

---

<sup>6</sup> Jota is a typical stew of western Slovenia, similar to minestrone. It's made of sourkraut or turnip. (translator's note)

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
what does he like, actually?

erik  
no, i like it, but i really can't anymore

nana  
then we have omlettes, too, you know  
i made them especially for you

*spoons hitting plates (clink clink)*  
*blink blink*

even older woman  
marjan, please

bald man  
oh, let him babble  
yes, true, some of us don't even marry  
so?  
so what if we don't?  
luckily you don't have to watch me every day,  
so horribly unmarried  
i can visit even more rarely if i am such a nuisance

even older woman  
oh, edi, please, you know you're always welcome  
don't listen to him  
you could come more often

*blink blink*

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
if you don't finish jota, you won't have omlettes  
in this house, nobody will make fun of food

erik  
i'll eat it

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son  
i'm done!

*edo puts his spoon down next to the plate*  
*marija gets up and picks up edo's plate*  
*puts it in the sink*  
*plop*  
*and the spoon as well*  
*clink*

*then places a plate of pancakes in front of edo*

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son  
thanks, mom

*marija sits down and continues eating  
spoons hitting plates (clink clink)  
marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband finishes his jota and puts his spoon down by  
the plate  
says nothing  
marija gets up and picks up marjan's plate  
puts it in the sink  
plop  
and the spoon as well  
clink  
then places a plate of pancakes in front of marjan  
marjan says nothing, just nods his head  
marija sits down  
and then vrrr  
and blink  
and blink*

even older woman  
i and papa would like you to come more often  
you spend more time on planes than you do at home  
sometimes you could sleep over  
your room is just as it was

bald man  
mom, you know i can't  
you know how much work i've got

grey-haired old man  
if you can call that work

*blink blink  
nana gets up and gets herself some pancakes*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
nana, sit down, i'll get it

nana  
eh, you eat in peace, i've got this

*erik scoops the last spoon of jota and swallows it with revulsion  
marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife gets up and clears off her and his plate  
into the sink  
plop plop  
clink clink*

*blink blink*

old woman  
and what are you writing now, edo?

bald man  
i'm working on a novel  
the main character travels from present to future  
i mean, not in a time machine, he finds himself in his aged body in situations in the future

old woman  
oh, this sounds interesting  
doesn't it, erik?

erik  
very  
interesting  
and how does it end?  
does he travel forever?

bald man  
no, no  
everything takes place in one day

erik  
thank god

bald man  
what do you mean by that

erik  
i mean, i mean, you know what i mean  
that it's not forever  
can you imagine how awful it would be if this happened to someone  
forever  
that he'd all his life be travelling to his ... aged body?

bald man  
i don't know, maybe it would be better  
i'll think about it

even older woman  
i have such smart sons  
i'm so smart

*the gray-haired old man puts the spoon down beside his plate  
the even older woman gets up and puts his plate into the sink  
and the spoon as well  
plop*

*clink*

*he serves him the main course, some meat, potatoes, probably, maybe a piece of vegetables  
and salad, of course also salad*

*blink blink*

*in silence, they're eating pancakes with jam*

*blink blink*

even older woman

at least until now i've been seeing you, erik, and the grandchildren  
and now i won't see you either  
for six whole years

old woman

marija, we'll be coming home, come on

even older woman

now i'll be seeing both a couple of times a year  
do you know what can happen in six years  
edi, really, at least you could come more often now  
you could come on holidays for a couple of days or something

*blink blink*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
anyone wants another pancake?

erik

me

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son  
and me

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
you, marjan?

*marjan shakes his head*

*marija gets up and serves the boys*

*clears the empty plates off the table and puts them in the sink*

*spoons as well*

*plop plop plop*

*clink clink clink*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
here, coffee for the three of us

*blink blink*

even older woman

what are you saying, edi

bald man  
mom, please

even older woman  
you could bring your friend, some time

grey-haired old man  
over my dead body

even older woman  
only for a lunch, or simply for coffee, i meant

grey-haired old man  
marija, shut up  
and never mention him under this roof again

*grey-haired old man cuts a piece of meat and takes it to his mouth  
then other finish with their soup  
even older woman gets up and plop plop plop plop and klink klink klink klink  
serves them the main course  
and  
blink blink  
erik and edo gobble pancakes  
marjan, nana and marija slurp coffee  
marjan lights a cigarette  
ssssk  
shsssssss  
inhale  
exhale  
blink blink*

old woman  
one day, you say

bald man  
yes, so far i've been working on it being a single day

even older woman  
and when do you think we'll be able to read it?

bald man  
i'm afraid not so soon  
i've only just started

even older woman  
i can't wait!

*blink blink*

*pancakes*  
*coffee*  
*silence*  
*and then*

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
this is good coffee  
strong enough, just enough sugar

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son  
oh, now i remembered a joke božo told me today  
a montenegrin walks into a bar and says to the waitress – honey, give us a coffee – and then she  
says, what kind, bitter or sweet – and then the montenegrin – strong like me and sweet like you –  
and then she brings him coffee, the montenegrin slurps and says – hey, honey, trying to sell yourself  
dear, are we

*and then there's silence*  
*and then marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband starts booming with laughter*  
*and then everybody else starts laughing*  
*and everybody else is laughing*  
*and then vrrr*

old woman  
we'll have to hurry, funeral is at five  
will you go too, edo

bald man  
well, i don't know, i'd like to go home as soon as i can  
it's not like we hang out  
he was erik's friend

erik  
my friend?

bald man  
well, while you were hanging out, while you were classmates, in primary, i mean

even older woman  
yes, but it would be appropriate that you go, too, edi  
he visited us many times  
you can then sleep at home and go to ljubljana in the morning

old woman  
oh, i still can't believe

even older woman  
indeed, what tragedy  
i'd never have pegged him for something like that

old woman  
indeed, always brimming with life  
laughing whenever i met him

even older woman  
but why, why would he take his own life, and so young

old woman  
they say he did it, because he liked men and couldn't live with it in this environment

even older woman  
yes, i heard that, too  
from two sides, even  
but it seems a bit far-fetched  
srečko?

erik  
srečko?

old woman  
and why not srečko?

erik  
srečko?

bald man  
indeed, and why not srečko?

grey-haired old man  
stop gossiping  
particularly not such nonsense

*vrrr*

erik  
can i go to srečko's this afternoon

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
this afternoon you'll help me chop wood for fire  
both of you!

edo, chess player in the café, erik's brother, marija's and marjan's son  
i have to study

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
this afternoon we're preparing firewood  
you'll study in the evening

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife

i'm going to the graveyard, i'd take erik for half an hour to help me

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
ok, let him help you, then wood, immediately  
get going as soon as possible

erik  
but i must go to srečko's urgently  
mhm  
because of school  
honest

marjan, butcher, erik's and edo's dad, marija's husband  
end of debate

*because the debate is over, so is the scene  
and because we're not sure who our main character is, and it might not be erik, let's spend some time  
with boris, maybe boris is our main character  
boris is with his grandson in front of the building of the administration unit ajdovščina  
i mean, we would be in front of the building of the administration unit ajdovščina if he weren't here  
on stage, i mean, if this were happening somewhere outside of our safe and unreal world, if this were  
happening outside our comfortable and actually fake world, then boris and his grandson would be  
exiting the building of the administration unit ajdovščina, which today outside our safe world would  
be barracks, and in the world of boris's aged body is the building of the administration unit  
ajdovščina  
that means that boris in his aged body and his grandson are exiting the administration unit building*

boris  
do we're done it now, the id and these ...  
strawberries

seven-year-old man cub  
and now the ice cream!

boris  
right

*and now it swishes  
no, it doesn't spin, vrrrr and blink blink are not an option  
it swishes differently  
no, it's not the bora swishing, whoosh and wham are not an option either  
it swishes differently  
it swishes like when past meets present, but that past which only knew the murmur of the sea and  
birds' songs, the past which only knew sunsets and shooting stars, the one which only knew tender  
kisses and, okay, let's say, perfect sexual encounters  
or top-notch fucks, as you prefer  
it swishes like this  
that past, the one that hasn't fully gone, i mean, it's gone, but hasn't closed the door, i mean it closed  
the door, but hasn't really slammed it*

*or there's a crack in the door, as you prefer  
 so, it swishes like it swishes when the past that has not yet slammed the door and most likely never  
 will  
 meets present  
 when for example you're walking down the street in your aged body and another, equally aged body  
 passes by and when after a long, really really long time you smile widely without having to try, you  
 smile to that aged body from the past and that aged body from the past  
 smiles to you  
 and then something swishes  
 or it only seems it swished  
 and it swishes when boris's aged body with a seven-year old man cub by his side sees jagoda's  
 aged body  
 boris sees jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age, and although she's wrinkled and  
 hunched over some, and almost grey, boris knows immediately that it's jagoda in front of him  
 the one who is to marry štef a week on saturday, because štef knocked her up  
 but now, when she's in front of him, almost grey, hunched over and wrinkled, now this is probably  
 passed  
 jagoda must have married štef eons ago, gave birth and might have grandchildren of her own and  
 takes them to ice cream  
 boris sees jagoda and smiles at her widely, without having to try  
 jagoda sees almost bald boris with a beer belly and smiles widely at him without having to try  
 and so that even the last idiot would get that there was a swish, we can use a light effect, but not the  
 blink blink in this case we have to think of something else  
 maybe we can just add a color filter, definitely not red, maybe dim the light, or, for those more  
 ambitious, create some smoke shshshshs  
 and some music would definitely fit, we can choose from the existing pop ballads, for example one for  
 those who want this piece of art to break out from the local, or vandima for those who are maybe less  
 interested in the borders, of course this also depends on, alas, alas, alas in this case, too, depends on  
 the financial abilities, it would of course be best if it were a piece specific number if there has to be  
 music, of course there has to be music, because it's good that the work of art is understood by the last  
 idiot and by the last idiot i certainly don't mean you, dear spectator*

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
 boris!  
 we've not seen each other for so long, and now twice in a day  
 this is your grandson?

boris  
 yes, this is my grandson, he'll finish first grade this year

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
 what's his name?

boris  
 hmm, well, tell the aunt what your name is

seven-year-old man cub  
 simon

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
oh, what a pretty name  
a pretty name for a handsome boy

boris  
and smart

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
yes, of course  
i'm jagoda

seven-year-old man cub  
what a funny name  
my gramps will now go pick strawberries to italy

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
you'll go as a season worker

boris  
yes

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
yes, yes, i understand, what can you do when there's nothing else  
but at this age ...  
oh, boris, if only zmago went to pick strawberries

boris  
zmago

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
i still can't believe  
at his age ...  
but he could  
but it's not the end of the world  
i didn't imagine it would be at his funeral we'd meet after all these years

boris  
zmago has ...

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
and that he has done ...  
i mean, you know what, many people lost work  
you lost work and still you haven't ...  
how could he ...

*and jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age begins to cry  
boris doesn't know what to do or how to behave  
he's trying to understand what he's just heard, doesn't know if he really heard what he heard and  
can't understand*

*that zmago would ...*  
*zmago?*  
*no*  
*not zmago*  
*not possible*

boris  
why did zmago commit suicide?

*boris says this and inhales, waiting for an avalanche of questions and maybe even insults, but he has to ask, he has to know where he's at, even though he'd be completely off the mark and jagoda would hate him for the rest of their lives*  
*he isn't off the mark*

jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age  
eh, why  
you know why, it's been so many years since they closed lipa down and where could he get a job at his age  
that's why  
he was fed up  
what else would there be?  
do you think it was something else?

boris  
no, no, i don't think there was something else  
just ...  
i just can't believe he's gone  
what will i do without him?  
what will we all do without him?

*jagoda of a certain age, definitely of a certain age starts crying even harder*  
*boris is looking at her and he feels he himself might start crying any moment any moment now*  
*steps close to her*

boris  
jagoda, don't, come on  
calm down  
jagoda

*but jagoda starts sobbing even harder*  
*sobs even harder in front of the administration unit building in ajdovščina*  
*of course, only if we presume that this is happening outside of our comfortable stage*  
*boris hugs her*  
*jagoda is crying in boris's arms*  
*and here we can, why not, increase the effect with another light and sound effect*  
*after all, these are ex boyfriend and girlfriend, boris and jagoda, who are more than thirty years later embracing in front of the public administration building, so after all here it is almost an imperative to have an additional stage effect to understand the impact of this*

*the wind in front of the house of culture is unbearable  
luka and his mom are standing in front of the door  
vesna, luka's mom is in sunday garb, luka is wearing blue trousers ironed on a crease, white socks,  
brown shoes and white shirt that can't be seen, because he's wearing a blue cardigan and a brown  
jacket over the shirt, the wind is unbearable and it's unbearably cold  
luka is holding a stick in his hand, on which a paper flag is glued, red, white blue and you'll never  
forget, go on, repeat, red, white, blue, a yugoslav flag true, you won't forget for sure, you'll also know  
it when you're old and grey, go on, repeat red, white blue, yugoslav flag true and you know that  
there's a red five point star in the middle, you know that*

vesna, luka's mom  
you're so handsome  
wait, i'll just fix your hair a little

*vesna, luka's mom licks her index and middle fingers and smooths luka's parting  
luka evades her, because he finds this revolting  
his mother does this regularly and it always repulses him  
and then again  
she licks her thumb and her middle finger and forces her dribbly fingers into his hair*

vesna, luka's mom  
why are you evading, wait so i can fix your hair nicely

*and now luka is ready  
just a little bit longer and he'll become a pioneer  
luka looks around if he can maybe see nada somewhere  
and he does  
with her mom and her flag she's hurrying towards him  
nada is so beautiful, she has pretty white tights and brown shoes and a blue skirt and a blue jacket  
over it, and beneath the jacket a white blouse, a pretty blouse, with puffs  
only luka cannot see the blouse  
but he knows very well nevertheless that it's pretty  
whoosh wham*

*whoosh wham  
boris and zmago enter the café  
there's even more smoke now  
božo and someone at the bar are not sitting at the table together, darko, paramedic, luka's dad,  
guest in the café in standing next to them  
darko is almost literally leglessly drunk  
the waiter is cleaning the bar*

someone at the bar  
oh, you're back  
all living?

zmago  
yes, yes, all living

what about you?

božo, chess player in the café  
yes, only we nearly lost darko

*everyone but darko laughs*

zmago  
what happened?

waiter  
his wife came

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

somebody at the bar  
yes, yes, we know

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

božo, chess player in the café  
this has been his mantra ever since his woman left  
she nearly beat him up  
you missed a total drama

zmago  
see, boris  
we'd have better stayed here

boris  
yes  
chief, give us a brandy each, on my tab

waiter  
i put your bag here behind the bar

boris  
thanks

*boris and zmago sit down*

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

somebody at the bar  
she told him he was a swine and a bastard and should be ashamed of himself and he's a drunkard  
and she'd get a divorce and he should go into rehab, and all he did was – vesna, my sweet little vesna

we nearly shat ourselves  
because he got drunk instead of going to this ceremony with his son

božo, chess player in the café  
well, these ceremonies are idiotic, for sure  
but what can you do, it's what we've got  
but you know what, this broad of his, some nerve she has to come here

waiter  
we keeled over laughing, too bad you weren't here  
what about you, boris, did you get to štef?

boris  
no  
he finished work already

waiter  
you didn't go to his house

boris  
no, i sobered up some in the meantime  
get me a drink

waiter  
coming up, coming up

*waiter serves*

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

zmago  
what shall we toast to

boris  
you, let's toast to you

zmago  
me?

boris  
yes, because you're my friend

zmago  
well, let's do it then, to me!

*zmago and boris down brandy*

zmago

come on, you'll see everything will turn out right

boris  
you sure?

zmago  
yes, yes  
today we'll get slaughtered  
later jagoda and štef will surely drop in for a drink  
you'll say hello nicely and won't make a scene  
will you?

boris  
i won't

zmago  
then we'll get a good night's sleep, tomorrow's a holiday, we can sleep till noon

boris  
yes, of course, tomorrow's a holiday

zmago  
maybe we manage to bring a broad home

boris  
yes

zmago  
well, see  
and if we don't score today, maybe we will tomorrow, or after tomorrow  
and then, you'll see, one, two, three, we'll be about to get married  
you'll happily work at primorje  
and i at this fucking lipa  
but sooner or later i'll become a supervisor and it'll be just fine  
and then we'll have children and on sundays we'll have picnics together  
we'll build houses, i'll help you, you'll help me and štef will help us both  
and we'll help štef  
in the summer we'll go to the seaside  
and on fridays and saturdays we'll still come here to play cards with the boys  
but we'll no longer take broads home

boris  
yes

zmago  
you'll see, it'll all be fine  
in a couple of years, this whole thing with jagoda will just seem funny  
our children will play together and everything will be great  
and then at some point we'll retire and then we'll go fishing together

or something such like  
whatever pensioners do

boris  
yes  
it will be like this  
chief, give us another one

darko, paramedic, luka's dad, guest in the café  
my son is accepted among the pioneers today

*luka and nada are entering the house of culture, they're filled with expectations, and proud  
and then*

*vrrr*

*and luka in his thirty-nine year old body, under the warm sun no longer holds a flag in his hand  
although, if anyone asked him now, he'd be able to repeat red, white, blue*

*but nobody asks him*

*instead, luka has a problem, motherfucker he has a problem when he has to know by heart red, blue,  
white, and the coat of arms is complicated, luka first remembers red, white, blue then switches the  
two colors in his head and can only then say red, blue, white out loud and hopes he hasn't made a  
mistake*

*so luka is not even thinking about it now and he, if possible prefers to avoid potentially dangerous  
situations*

*luka has just found himself in his aged body and has no idea that this aged body has any kind of  
problems with remembering the order red, blue, white*

*luka found himself in his aged body next to the lidl shop*

*and is looking where the building with the big red sign house of culture disappeared*

charming man  
what, luka, what are you looking at

*charming man is standing beside him and at first luka doesn't know who this man should be, but by  
now he's used to this leaps and he knows that he simply has to focus a little  
and he focuses a little and then replies*

luka  
eh, nothing, papa, i'm just looking where the house of culture has gone

charming man  
did you remember something

luka  
yes, when i was accepted among the pioneers

charming man  
that was a long time ago, over thirty years  
house of culture was pulled down some eight years ago  
yes, nothing else to do with it, it was seriously dilapidated, dangerous  
nothing to do with it and there was no money for renovation

so they built a supermarket and a parking lot, we need these more today

luka  
aha

charming man  
progress, right  
well, let's go ask about that wallet, we'll go for a coffee later  
where do you say you last saw it?

luka  
i don't actually remember

charming man  
here you still paid when you were in the shop with the little ones

luka  
yes

charming man  
and then?

luka  
then i don't know

charming man  
yes well, it nothing strange, when it's that kind of a day  
let's hope you didn't lose it at the funeral

luka  
of course, the funeral

charming man  
what a loss

luka  
why?

charming man  
just so, she was a great girl, wasn't she

luka  
who

charming man  
nada, who  
i don't know why she needed to finish herself off  
they say she had depression or something, one of those illnesses  
vesna says she's always been the more sensitive one

apparently she drank, too

luka  
i was at nada's funeral  
and all they did was pray, at nada's funeral  
at nada's funeral

charming man  
yes  
for one so young to finish herself off  
she lacked nothing  
she had a husband and two healthy children, what did she lack  
i think if a mother loves her children, she can't finish herself off  
these illnesses today, this is all a load of bullshit, let me tell you  
it's because people have too much time to think about nonsense  
i'm telling you  
you don't think about nonsense because you have no time, because you work nonstop, there  
well, let's try to get your wallet  
if not, you'll have a load of shit with papers and credit cards

luka  
i'm hungry, i'm just hungry, nada was right, i just have to eat, i must eat something urgently, once i've  
eaten something i'll be fine

*erik and his mother marija are hurrying to the cemetery*

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
come on, erik, hurry, let's hurry so you can help dad chop firewood

erik  
i'm hurrying, are you blind

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
child, mind your tongue, godforbid papa heard you

erik  
well, he's not here, is he, he's at home chopping firewood

marija, shop assistant, erik's and edo's mom, marjan's wife  
erik, what devil got into you  
you're nothing but trouble, brats

erik  
oh, nothing  
let's hurry

*and they hurry  
and erik doesn't know what's waiting for him at the graveyard, although he's a little scared that  
what's waiting is that aged body in that crying crowd*

and  
vrrr  
it is indeed waiting

*luka is standing on the stage of the house of culture in ajdovščina, in a white shirt and blue pants,  
with a red scarf tied around his neck and a blue cap on his head  
he's standing next to nada among other seven-year-old man cubs and repeating*

luka  
today, as i become a pioneer, i'm giving my pioneer word of honor:  
that i will study and work hard, respect my parents and my teachers, that i will be a loyal and honest  
friend who keeps a promise;  
that i will follow the example of the best pioneers, that i'll respect the glorious deeds of the partisans  
and the progressive people of the world who wish freedom and peace;  
that i will love my country, self-managed socialist federative republic of yugoslavia, its brotherly  
nations and peoples and that i will build new life, full of happiness and joy

*aged erik's body in a respectable suit and a respectable tie with a respectable wife on his arm walks  
and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays  
and he feels like crying so badly when he sees that coffin and that priest and that cross  
but in his respectable body he apparently can't cry  
walks and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays and walks and prays  
then he stands and prays  
and listens to all those words about srečko  
apparently he'll always be laughing and will bring good cheer to the people  
apparently everyone will seek his company, because he'll know how to make even the saddest laugh  
apparently he'll garden and will have green thumbs  
apparently he'll climb mountains  
apparently he'll love nature and mountains will be his second home  
and then erik again walks and prays  
and wants to cry, wants to cry so badly, his throat, as they say, is tied, but he knows that any second,  
any second now  
there will be vrrrr and blink blink  
and is waiting for vrrr and blink blink  
and doesn't cry*

*the café is stuffy and stinks of drunk people  
darko's strength gave out, he's sleeping by the table in the corner, grinding his teeth in his sleep  
somebody at the bar and božo are debating politics  
boris and zmago are laughing at a joke when jagoda enters*

zmago  
hi, jagoda, what are you doing here

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
i finished work and dropped in for a coffee, štef told me to meet him here, hasn't he come?

boris  
he hasn't been in yet

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
when did you come?  
i almost didn't recognize you  
like this, without the hair

boris  
noon today

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
well, yes, you do both look like it

zmago  
you know we had to toast a little  
boris came, and it's such an important holiday tomorrow

boris  
i hear good news  
and when's the happy day?

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
well  
you mean the wedding or the baby

boris  
i mean the baby

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
end of may, 25 may

boris  
oh, this is beautiful  
due on the day of youth

zmago  
we have to toast to this, too

boris  
waiter, three more brandies

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
two, a juice for me

boris  
two, a juice for her

zmago  
sit down, come on, don't just stand there

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
but i don't know where štef is

boris  
he'll come, you sit down

*jagoda sits down*  
*the waiter brings two brandies and a juice*

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
and what are we toasting to

boris  
the baby, of course

zmago  
to the baby!

boris  
may he be healthy

jagoda, the young shop assistant, boris's ex  
yes, to his health

zmago  
and that we build him a world even better than our parents built for us

*the end*