

**MILAN MARKOVIĆ**

# **PURIFYING THE IDIOT**

**19 pictures from the life of a bear**

Translated by SVETOZAR POŠTIĆ

**for Nina**



## MILAN MARKOVIĆ

Born in 1978, graduated at the Faculty of Dramatic Arts, Belgrade.

**Performed and awarded plays:** *Bench* (Belgrade Drama Theatre, d. Goran Ruškuc; award “Josip Kulundžić” of the Faculty of Dramatic Arts), *The Green House* (wins at a competition of the Viennese theatre Menchenbuehne), *Good Morning, Mr. Rabbit* (Theatre „Duško Radović”, d. Jelena Bogavac; Flying Fish Theatrics, London, d. Jelena Ćurčić; Radio drama – Radio Belgrade; stage reading at the National Theatre in Belgrade and Mostar), *Long Live Work* (Atelier 212, co-authored and directed by Andjelka Nikolić), *Aca Cannot Understand That* (Radio Beograd), *Good Boy* (Stage reading – Cankarjev Dom, Ljubljana, d. Rok Vevar; award “Slobodan Selenić” for best graduation play at the FDA, Belgrade).

**Published plays:** *The Green House* (*Teatron*, 2004); *Good Morning, Mr. Rabbit* (*Scena*, publications in Serbian and English, 2005, 2007); *Tmalčart – New Serbian Drama*, Mostar, 2006); *Good Boy* (*Scena*, publications in Serbian and English, 2008); *Pre-Glej na glas!*, Ljubljana 2007); *Purifying the Idiot* (*Scena*, English publication, 2010).  
– 2005/2006: works as an assistant during practical dramaturgy training (organised by Tkh Belgrade/Maska Ljubljana/Frakcija Zagreb).

– 2006: participates in the Forum of young dramatists at the festival „New Plays from Europe” in Wiesbaden; works as a director’s assistant on the project *Wild Animus* in Zagreb (Waxfactory, New York); participates in the organisation of the Ljubljana festival of new drama „PreGlej na glas!”.

– Since 2007 works as a coordinator of the project “New Drama at Sterijino Pozorje”.

– Since 2008 member of the editorial board of the journal *Scena*. Works as a dramaturge for plays in Serbia and Denmark (*Tiggeroperaen*, *Cantabile2*, directed by Nullo Fucchini)

– 2009/2010: actively and proudly de-schools himself as part of *De-schooling Knowledge* (TkH, Belgrade, Kontrapunkt, Skoplje).

– 2010: performs in the project *There is a Lot of Us* (Bitef Teatar, concept and choreography by Dalija Aćin); performs *realtime* dramatic intervention in the play *Who Would Want Mum as Mine* (Theatre „Duško Radović”, concept and choreography D. Aćin); dramaturge for the play *Long Live Work*.

Founder and editor of the archival site [www.nova-drama.org](http://www.nova-drama.org) promoting new dramatic expression.

# ABOUT THE JINX OF TRANSITION, BUT FROM THE INSIDE

*Purifying the Idiot* talks about a family and a society in transitions. This, however, is not a social but an intimate story told from the perspective of the people who feel the changes more on their own skin and in their own stomach than they understand them. Transition does not exist explicitly, it is a matter of atmosphere. Something like radiation: no color, no taste, no smell, but it acts gradually and it thoroughly destroys characters. The family has, in this case, enclosed itself, receiving things that take place around them and directly affecting them as an echo: Father has maybe fired a worker, and maybe he is the worker who was fired; Mother asks for help a priest who, pressed by the lack of faith and the feeling of absurdity of life, maybe wants to kill himself; Over there somewhere, outside of this piece's boundaries, there is a successful young man who has left Tijana, and she has returned to her primary family in order to finish college or to destroy herself completely, etc. For this family, one could not say they do not love each other (although love is too far from them), one could not say they do not want to take care of each other. It is not like they are not a family, but somehow they are lacking something. Due to the power of deficiencies pressing and choking them, they do not know what they lack: is it the money, or love, or faith, or job, or all of the above, or, perhaps, they do not lack anything but they have a surplus of something. They simply do

not know, but they feel *it* on their skin and stomach and *it* comes out of every replica thoroughly, consistently and horribly like radiation.

The epicenter of this world is the character Little Idiot because the child, of course, is damaged worst by this transitional "radiation." While other characters have their own name and a family function (mother, father, daughter), he is called "Boy", and the author has added "Idiot." Idiot is the metaphor of a society inclined to self-destruction, which is reflected in the need of the Boy to throw good machines from the top of a skyscraper. We are not talking about rebellion here – the idiot is not rebelling. He just enjoys destruction and he explicitly expresses self-destruction. There is no philosophy or an ideological concept behind his desire, but precisely the lack of all of that. And by clearly showing it, he becomes, paradoxically, the only "normal" person, and through his prism we are watching this family fall apart. We do not know what is wrong with them, but we recognise their pain as our own. *Purifying the Idiot* accurately depicts our pain, our need to occasionally jump out of our skin, just like the Idiot jumps from the top of the building persecuted by the demon of childhood – a plush teddy bear.

Marina Milivojević-Madžarev  
Translated by Svetozar Poštić

**MILAN, father, 52**

**GORDANA, mother, 52**

**TIJANA, daughter, 28**

**BOY, idiot, 13**

**STEVAN, priest, 35**

***Teddy Bear, plush***

## 1.

*Tijana walks into her parents' apartment with a big bag in her hand. She stops for a moment, then walks to the room. Gordana walks out of the kitchen.*

GORDANA: Boy?

*Tijana comes back without the bag. She sits in the armchair.*

GORDANA: Oh, it's you.

TIJANA: Where is my wardrobe?

GORDANA: What do you mean, your wardrobe?

TIJANA: My wardrobe. The wardrobe from my room.

GORDANA: It's our wardrobe, Tijana. Yours too, but not only yours, right? Our family's wardrobe.

TIJANA: What did you do with it?

GORDANA: We took it to the Boy's room. He needed it for the stones.

TIJANA: For the stones.

GORDANA: But why, excuse me, but why are you asking?

TIJANA: Because I want to put some things in it. Marko asked me to leave the apartment for a while.

GORDANA: What do you mean to leave? I mean, this is not, well, usual, for someone to ask his partner to leave the apartment. Right? He certainly didn't just say „Please leave for a while,“ he certainly said something else. He somehow at least, well, tried to explain it. He certainly gave some arguments.

TIJANA: He didn't say anything. In fact, he said: „I can't do it any longer.“

GORDANA: Such things don't happen.

TIJANA: „I can't do it any longer.“

GORDANA: Excuse me, but such things simply don't happen, that people all of a sudden can't do it any longer. That's what it's like in TV series, but in real life, well, in this *real* life of ours, it doesn't happen. It's a process that lasts for years, there are signs that you cannot overlook. You look at your man and you

see whether he is content or not. It's not that complicated.

TIJANA: He got a promotion at his job, maybe those are, I think, I am sure there are new responsibilities, which go together with the promotion, and there is stress that goes with responsibility.

GORDANA: Generally, they are very simple creatures, it is evident in their face, when you look at him, for example, a man when you look at his face, you see right away if he is happy or not. It's clear right away. And if it's your, well, *your* man, then you don't even have to look at him, it's enough to prick your ears a little when he is walking from the room to the kitchen, or from the kitchen to the toilet, you prick your ears a little and you can tell by his walk if he is satisfied or not. Dissatisfaction echoes through the house like, well, like a thunder, even if he is walking in his slippers.

TIJANA: He probably gathered the stress at work, and I wasn't able to get that.

GORDANA: And he walks, of course he walks in slippers, he is not going to walk in shoes in the house, we agreed on that a long time ago, if you are going to walk in shoes in the house, then take a vacuum cleaner into your hands and clean, I won't go behind you and put up your things, to clean, excuse me, please, I've got better things to do in my life than to clean after you. I've got enough of my own problems to deal with yours. You say, he said I can't do it any longer?

TIJANA: Yes. I can't do it any longer.

GORDANA: OK, I mean, it's not that strange, you know.

*Tijana gets up and walks to the phone. Milan enters the apartment with a garbage bin in his hand and starts walking toward the kitchen.*

MILAN: Hi, Tijana.

GORDANA: Take off your shoes.

*Milan takes off his shoes, and then walks to the kitchen to leave the bin.*

TIJANA (*Making a phone call.*): Marko? Hi, I've been thinking. (...) About us. In fact about you. About me. And your stress, let's meet. (...) What do you mean? (...) Well, to talk. (...) About us, about your stress. (...) Because of work. (...) What do you mean? (...) Aha. (...) Yes. (*A longer pause.*) And who is she? (...) Sorry, I didn't mean to get on your nerves. (...) Sorry. (...) OK. Alright. Bye.

*Milan comes back from the kitchen.*

MILAN: Today I fired seven people from the acquisition department.

*Tijana comes back to her place.*

GORDANA: I went to see a priest.

MILAN: A priest?

GORDANA: I told you I would go. Because of the Boy. He was throwing things again.

MILAN: And you think a priest would help him?

GORDANA: He needs a male role model, someone he could talk to about everything.

MILAN: What did he throw?

GORDANA: Every young person needs it today when value systems are complete deranged. How can a child know what is good, and what is bad. On TV only sex and violence, and in school they teach them humans came from an ape.

MILAN: What did he throw?

GORDANA: A toaster.

MILAN: The old one, mother's?

TIJANA: He told me to come back on Tuesday for the rest of the things, he has a new girlfriend, and there is no room in the wardrobe.

MILAN: What do you mean there is no room in the wardrobe?

TIJANA: I think he's left me.

GORDANA: He's left her, Milan, abandoned her. He couldn't do it any longer.

MILAN: What do you mean he couldn't do it any longer?

GORDANA: Well, remember, for example, remember what it was like when Tijana lived with us. One couldn't really say we had a great time. Don't you think so? It didn't seem to me, for example, that you enjoyed that period. It seems to me, I don't know, I might be wrong, but it seems to me that one could hardly say that parents of drug addicts *enjoy* life. Unless you have, I mean, it's possible, if you have a new definition of enjoyment. How would you, for example, Milan, define enjoyment?

MILAN: I didn't enjoy it. No one enjoyed it.

GORDANA: I mean, I don't know, maybe I'm really wrong, I don't know all the things in this world, maybe really, here, you say it, maybe really the concept of enjoyment can include, for example, hell. Maybe there is a way to enjoy hell, for example, or death. Pain. Maybe, I am not asserting, maybe there really are people who enjoy lying, pain, hell, but I know, you have to allow me this much, I know I am not one of them. I didn't enjoy hell, I enjoyed when Marko showed up, here, let me be honest, I enjoyed it then. When in her, in our lives, Marko appeared, and when I started seeing my daughter again with clean hair and even, sometimes, well, even with a smile, I could say I enjoyed myself then. So this is not strange at all. If Marko hadn't appeared, I mean, if he hadn't appeared in our lives, you wouldn't be able to do it any longer.

...

GORDANA: But he probably doesn't mean it seriously, he is probably just a little tired.

TIJANA: Don't.

GORDANA: You mustn't trust everything a man says.

TIJANA: Stop it.

...

GORDANA: His father is a Croat, isn't he?

*Tijana gets up and leaves the room.*

MILAN: It was broken anyway.

GORDANA: Marko?

MILAN: The toaster.

GORDANA: Yes, it was broken. Still, the Boy could have killed someone with that broken toaster. If he, on the other hand, had killed someone with a good toaster, that would be a tragedy, but since the toaster was broken, then everything is alright.

MILAN: I will talk to him.

GORDANA: No need, I will take him tomorrow to see a priest.

MILAN: Well, I am his father.

*Little idiot walks into the apartment with a canvas bag in his hand and walks through to his room.*

GORDANA: You are not a father.

MILAN: I told you not to talk to me like that.

GORDANA: You have showed your worth. You have said, as they say, you have said what you had to say.

MILAN: Boy! Come here.

*Little idiot comes back.*

MILAN: What's in the bag?

IDIOT: Stones.

MILAN: Now you will throw stones from buildings?

IDIOT: Do I look like an idiot to you, to throw stones from buildings?

MILAN: Well, you throw toasters, why not stones.

IDIOT: You, Milan, have a great problem if you don't see a difference between a stone and a toaster. *(Goes to his room).*

GORDANA: A priest, on the other hand, will be able to help him establish a real value system, to start respecting himself and others, to become a real member of the society. Young people are in a great trap nowadays.

MILAN: I am going to throw out the garbage. *(He goes into the kitchen to get the garbage bin.)*

GORDANA: On one side fans and criminals, marijuana and drugs, on the other side prostitution and

homosexuality. It is very hard to find the right way, the real values.

*Milan comes back with the bin, but then realises it is empty. He empties the ashtray into it, then walks out of the apartment.*

GORDANA: It's not, of course, easy for girls either, today everything is *Sex and the City*, they are expected to be men, to fight on the market, to step over one another for a handful of dollars... But men are nevertheless the targets. There's no clear way, they don't know which side to turn to, that's clear. And when they finally find a job, then, well, then extra hours, stress, impotence... That's why the church can help. God is still some kind of a father, after all.

## 2.

*With an empty garbage bin in his hand.*

MILAN: Today I got an email message to fire seven people from the acquisition department. I understand that, it's crisis, and the company has to survive. If we can't pay them, they have to go, that's the logic of the market, companies with dead weight are out of the game. But before I pressed the forward button with my mouse and sent the message to my secretary, I thought: and what if, for example, if one of those people has a financial problem, that wouldn't be unusual, it's crisis, right, and what if one of them, for example, owes money. For example. What if one of them has taken a loan to buy a new plasma TV of the last generation. Of course, why do these people need a plasma TV, but there, for example, maybe he has bought a TV in order to satisfy his wife who loves to watch American movies on TV, as a sign of love and dedication, and now, suddenly, unexpectedly, he is left without a job. That would be, it could be called a tragedy. That would be a small tragedy.

For, what is he doing? For example, what is he doing? He still goes to work, he gets dressed every morning, shaves, and goes to work, and there, for example, he receives merchandise, sends merchandise, sends email messages and fires the surplus work force, and in fact, he doesn't go to work at all, but goes to the bakery in the neighbouring block, eats rolls and looks at job advertisements. But there is no job. Because it's crisis. World economic.

### 3.

*Tijana sits and reads. Little idiot enters the room.*

IDIOT: Why are your things in my wardrobe?

TIJANA: Because I put them there.

IDIOT: Don't act smart.

TIJANA: I came back home.

IDIOT: You left that retard?

...

IDIOT: Dule's got new movies. There's the one when that monster comes to trample the city. You know the one I told you about, when the whole army is pounding him, and nothing happens.

*Tijana is ignoring him. Little idiot starts plugging out the cables from the TV set behind Tijana's back.*

IDIOT: You started reading books again.

TIJANA: Today you are really sharp.

IDIOT: Why?

TIJANA: What why?

IDIOT: Why are you reading?

TIJANA: I want to be sharp too.

IDIOT: Books won't help you there.

TIJANA: I decided to go back to college.

IDIOT: That especially won't help you.

TIJANA: So what do you suggest, to start collecting stones?

IDIOT: Why not.

*The idiot unplugged the TV without Tijana noticing, and he is taking it out.*

TIJANA: There is a great rush for the job of stone collectors today in Serbia, I wouldn't be able to handle the competition.

IDIOT: Bye. *(Walks out of the apartment.)*

*Tijana continues reading the book. Suddenly, behind the armchair a big plush bear comes out. Tijana startles when she sees him. She tries to continue reading, pretending she hadn't noticed him.*

TIJANA: Who told you I've come back? Someone must have told you. You surely haven't sat behind the armchair for eight years, right? That's not your style, doesn't look like you to hide behind the armchair, someone must have told you.

*The bear sits next to Tijana, takes out the geographic atlas and forms two lines of heroin. He rolls a ban-knote, sniffs his line, and offers it to Tijana.*

TIJANA: Well, I don't know if this person has also told you that some things have changed meanwhile, you know, in fact, a lot of things have changed. I don't know if you walked the streets lately, if you've been outside. This is a new city, new people are walking the streets, this is simply not the same city, you know, people have changed, they don't wear the same rags, there are no more desperate faces on the street, there is simply no more hunting in the dark, if you understand me, things have simply changed. I have changed too. I am not the same scared teenager anymore, you know, I've changed. I am a new person now. Now I have plans in my life, I will go back to college, I will find a job...

*The bear puts down the atlas and hits her in the face with his fist.*

### 4.

IDIOT: You take a thing. Something hard, but with many parts. Something that has a shape of something you know well, a machine is the best, with many

buttons. Or with a lot of liquid, but inside, never outside. On the outside it has to look fancy, new. If it's a machine, for example, then it's good for features to show, 200 gigabytes, 400 watts, 6000 rotations per second, self-tuning, low reflection, shit like that, just fancy, colorful... If it's not a machine, if its, for example, some fruit, for example a watermelon, then it has to be the best watermelon at the market, you mustn't save money. You take the best watermelon, it doesn't have to be the biggest so you don't get hernia while taking it upstairs, but it has to be the prettiest. Like in an advertisement. To be round, shiny, to be *perfect*, you understand? Then you put it on cement under the sky and you look at it. You don't have to look at it for a long time, it's enough just to fall in love with that object. Then you take it into your hands and let it fall. That's why it's good to take your time for preparation because the best thing only lasts a short while, and that's the only thing I can't describe to you, you have to experience it yourself. It's that part of a second in which your object looks really free, you try to slow it down in your thoughts as much as you can, but only a moment later everything is in its own place – gigabytes are mixed with tomatoes, megapixels with the watermelon peel, printed boards are pressed into asphalt, and the letters from a keyboard are flying on the parking lot in slow motion. Far, far down. And that is, in fact, the only bad thing. That I can't be upstairs and downstairs at the same time so I can see it from up close.

## 5.

*Roof of a residential highrise. A young man is standing by the fence. He looks down.  
The door opens and Little Idiot comes out to the roof.  
At first he doesn't notice the man because of the big*

*TV he is carrying in his hands. When he sees him, he stops, confused. He doesn't know what to do, and the TV is obviously heavy.*

YOUNG MAN: You need some help?

IDIOT: No. What are you doing, you are not from this building.

YOUNG MAN: I am not, I came to... only to see, the view is nice...

IDIOT: If you want to jump, don't do it on this side. That's where the entrance to the building is, you'll kill someone.

YOUNG MAN: No...

IDIOT: Come on, help me, I'll show you where it's better.

*The man grabs the TV, and they carry it together to the other side of the roof.*

IDIOT: Put it down here, as if it were made out of lead, fucking Chinks. I broke my backbone on the stairs. This makes no sense, bro.

YOUNG MAN: You are checking the antenna?

IDIOT: The antenna...? Yeah, I'm checking the antenna.

YOUNG MAN: Why didn't you bring a smaller TV?

IDIOT: Because of compactness. (...) In fact, you are anyway going to... There's no antenna, and you are insane, antenna. Who uses antennas in this town, everyone is hooked to cable. This is like recording a music video. But without the video. Like those, you know, cool videos, music, like MTV, like those, some cool dudes on the roof, you know, with hairdos, like cool, you know, wild music, and they, like are cool, like playing, and then they have had enough, and they start throwing the fancy equipment from the roof, marshalls, guitars, drums... And now everything is flying, in a slow motion, flying, and they are fancy, they don't give a fuck, and then the riff starts, chorus, stanza, then chorus again (now we already know it because we heard it once already), and at that mo-

ment, BAM, the equipment starts breaking on cement, the marshall, the guitar, the bass drum, everything is breaking, and they are on the roof, fucking cool, their hairs are getting messed up in the wind (but this is on purpose because it's not wind, its those giant fans), and they are wild, and we are digging it, and we feel like we are throwing things from the roof. And like we don't give a fuck. And like we are fucking cool. You get it?

YOUNG MAN: You want to throw it?

IDIOT: Intelligence is not your forte. Yes, I want to throw it.

YOUNG MAN: Is it yours?

IDIOT: Nope, I put it in my pocket in the store, of course it's mine. Those that steal it don't throw it from the roof.

*He is looking over the edge.*

IDIOT: They cleaned up the toaster.

*He is placing the TV on the little wall so it is sufficient just to push it and it will fall off the edge. He looks down, then looks at the man. He looks at TV.*

IDIOT: Hey, something came to my mind, er... you are anyway going afterwards to... I mean, you don't have to worry about the cops, and all... You want to help me? I was never downstairs when it breaks, and I wanted to see how it breaks into pieces, as in a slow motion, downstairs, you get it? Will you, I set up everything, and I am running downstairs, and you, when I wave to you, you just touch it. OK? *Little idiot runs down from the roof.*

YOUNG MAN: Wait!

IDIOT: Come on, don't be a dick!

*The man stays on the roof by himself. At first he stands for a while looking over the edge, and then sighs and starts walking toward the staircase. When he reaches the door, a whistle is heard. He stops, then returns to the little wall and looks down. He waves to the little idiot who had whistled to him. The*

*music of a cheap MTV rock band starts. When the chorus starts, the young man, surprising himself, pushes the TV over the edge. He watches it fall, and when the bang is heard, he jumps from excitement and he laughs aloud. Voices are heard from the street. The man realises what he has done, and runs from the roof frightened.*

## 6.

*Tijana is sitting and reading. Gordana is sitting next to her. Milan is holding a part of the broken TV in his hand.*

GORDANA: We have a crazy child. (*Tijana looks at her, then continues reading.*) He is crazy. He is not normal. And you know what he says, he says, he is not normal, he says it's not *him* who threw it. He says some man threw it.

MILAN: I know what he says, I was here.

GORDANA: He says some man threw it. He has collaborators in his head, hey, he has *imaginary friends*. (*Tijana looks at her*). He is crazy.

MILAN: He is not crazy, he is just a liar. He lies.

GORDANA: I wonder from whom did he learn that.

MILAN: Stop it.

GORDANA: I wonder from whom he learned to lie, where could he have picked up that feature.

MILAN: Stop it.

GORDANA: Wait, but it's true, isn't it? I am not lying when I say that he could have, excuse me, but he could have only learned this from you. I am not the one who lived a lie for years. And lying is, that's well known, lying is contagious, it spreads like a filthy disease, like an infectious disease that polutes everything, from which everything rots and falls apart.

TIJANA: I have decided to go back to college.

GORDANA: Great, honey.

MILAN: How much money is that?

GORDANA: And then it stinks, and that stench spreads for miles around.

TIJANA: What stinks?

GORDANA: Lying. Lying stinks. Like when Marko lied to you, that stank for miles around.

TIJANA: Marko never lied to me.

MILAN: They have arranged the residence board meeting for three o'clock. I'll go this time.

GORDANA: Of course you'll go.

MILAN: Why of course?

GORDANA: Beside other things because I am taking the Boy to see a priest.

MILAN: You still haven't given up on that idiotic idea?

GORDANA: Come on, please, as a man of brilliant ideas, a man of *initiative*, tell me what kind of idea you have, and I am sure it's phenomenal. Come on, please. Your child is insane and a potential murderer. *Tijana gets up and starts walking to the kitchen. At the door of the kitchen the teddy bear appears. Tijana starts walking back when she sees him, but he takes her by the throat and drags her to the kitchen.*

GORDANA: ... and you are sitting with that plastic in your hands like some child whose toy someone broke and you are mourning. Just like that, just like a child. It's not surprising children today...

MILAN: You are the one who wanted the fucking TV.

GORDANA: We are not talking about the TV here, but about your son to whom for thirteen years you were not able to plant a single healthy idea in his head, that's what it's all about. You didn't have time, probably, because you went to *other people's* houses, right, and a person cannot be, that has been proven several times, a person cannot be at two places at the same time, that's simply impossible. It's not physically possible to be in two places at the same time. Unless you are David Copperfield, and you, excuse me, you don't remind me a bit of David Copperfield.

*Milan gets up and starts walking toward the kitchen.*

GORDANA: Where are you going?

MILAN: To throw out the garbage!

*He stops at the door. Tijana walks out of the kitchen, with a black eye and a cut on her lip.*

TIJANA: I... fell.

## 7.

*Milan, with the garbage bin.*

MILAN: And now, for instance, if we imagine, and that's not hard, for example, that the TV, for example, broke, fell apart. That happens too, that a TV breaks. If we imagine that the TV, which he bought on a loan as an expression of love toward his wife who, who likes to watch American movies on TV, if we imagine that it broke, that it fell apart, what happens in the heart of that man? Did his love also break as well? Or, did his heart break, and his love remained whole? Or, are both his heart and love broken? For something is definitely broken, that's obvious that's, right, evident. A bang was heard. Parts were found. There were witnesses. Something definitely broke, even if we overlook the loan and the world economic crisis and the fall of the currency value, something was definitely destroyed.

And now, we don't have to be sentimental toward that man only because of the fact that I, right, that I am the one whose responsibility is to press the forward button with his mouse and thus make him get fired, we have to look at things realistically. Because it is a fact that the thing that broke, broke a lot before the TV, a lot before the firing and a lot, a lot before the world economic crisis.

And that doesn't have to do anything with me anymore.

8.

*Gordana and the Little Idiot are sitting and waiting to see the priest.*

IDIOT: What's up with Tijana's face?

GORDANA: She fell.

IDIOT: How many times? I told her nicely to give up the studies.

GORDANA: Don't you give anyone advices, please.

IDIOT: I am worried about her. (*Gordana looks at him scornfully.*) She is immature, it's a disaster. She only sits in that armchair and reads those... psycho books. She'll go crazy from it.

GORDANA: She studies psychology, what do you think she is supposed to read, comics?

IDIOT: For example. Why not. It wouldn't hurt to read comics a little.

*The doors open, Stevan enters the room. It is the young man from the roof scene, now in a priestly garment. He stops when he sees Little Idiot. Little Idiot laughs.*

GORDANA: Excuse me, maybe it's not the best moment...

STEVAN: No... It's OK. I was... doing something.

GORDANA: This is Luka.

IDIOT: What's up.

GORDANA: Boy!

STEVAN: Maybe it's not the best...

GORDANA: Please, I told you I have a lot of problems with him, he is, you know, in a way a typical child of this time. He doesn't have, I mean, I thought you could help him, he doesn't have that inner, well, how should I call it... that compass, he doesn't have the inner compass and he is wandering a lot. And I feel helpless, simply, you'll let me be honest with you, I am simply not capable of implanting into him a value system that would resist the influence of TV and that nonsense they learn in school. He started stealing things

from the house. Imagine, please, to steal them and to throw them from the roof. To break them. The last thing she threw was a brand new wide screen TV...

IDIOT: I didn't.

GORDANA: And not only that, but he lies. He became a liar like his father...

STEVAN: Alright, Gordana. Leave us, then, so the two of us can talk a bit.

GORDANA: Thank you very much. Really, I don't know how to thank you.

STEVAN: Don't bother. There's no need.

GORDANA: Thank you. Boy, listen to what he is telling you, don't do anything stupid.

*Gordana leaves the room.*

IDIOT: Tell me! Tell me how cool it is. But you should have seen how cool it was downstairs, aaaa, mind-blowing! I've got to get a camera, I can't, I don't want to talk to people about it, man, I want to show them. So I can finally slow down the picture...

STEVAN: Luka. What you did was very bad.

IDIOT: Are you fucking with me?

STEVAN: Don't swear here.

IDIOT: No, seriously, you want to say you didn't dig it?

STEVAN: It's not important if I *dig* it or not. What's important is that it is your father's TV. I want you to tell me you won't do that again.

IDIOT: You can't lie here, right?

STEVAN: You shouldn't.

IDIOT: Then I couldn't tell you that.

STEVAN: You are arrogant.

IDIOT: What am I?

STEVAN: Arrogant. You don't see where you are going, Luka, but I do. And that place is not good. You will be alone there, frightened, and the bad things you had done will always persecute you. Every bad thing you have done in your life will return hundred-fold and there won't be anyone to help you. IDIOT: You are thinking about hell?

STEVAN: You can say it that way, yes, but even before you are judged, during your lifetime, you will feel a part of it. You cannot run away from your sins, Luka. No matter how much you try not to care about it, it stays marked inside you, and then it burns you, it flickers quietly, at night, when you wake up in your room in sweat, and there is no one next to you, you feel that place tightening, it pulsates from pain. And then, even though you play your role perfectly in front of others, there, in bed, you won't be able to hide in front of yourself and God.

I want you to promise me you won't do that again.

IDIOT: Is that why you wanted to kill yourself?

STEVAN: I didn't want to kill myself. Don't talk this nonsense anymore, it is sinful to even think about something like that. Jesus, the sinless son of God, identifies with you in his rejection and humility. Prophet Isaiah wrote about Him, "He grew up before Him like a tender shoot, and like a root out of dry ground. He had no beauty or majesty to attract us to Him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire Him. He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering. Like one from whom men hide their faces he was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Surely He took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered Him stricken by God, smitten by Him, and afflicted. But He was pierced for our transgressions, He was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon Him, and by His wounds we are healed. We all, like sheep, have gone astray, each of us has turned to his own way; and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth; he was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is silent, so he did not open his mouth."

IDIOT: You told me no one can lie here. If I don't lie, you shouldn't either.

STEVAN: Luka, don't talk like that.

IDIOT (*After a short pause.*): I saw you when I climbed on the roof, before you saw me, I saw you looking down and, believe me, I know that look well. I know what it means.

I don't know what they taught you here, what may be said, and what may not, but that look told me everything I have to know.

...

STEVAN: It was only... a moment of weakness.

IDIOT: And you are telling me about the TV. I almost thought I should have let you jump.

STEVAN: We should talk about the TV, it's still wrong, you understand? You mustn't destroy someone else's things!

IDIOT: Alright.

STEVAN: And especially things of those who love you and take care of you. You know how much your parents have to work to earn that money.

IDIOT: You didn't say "I don't know how to thank you."

STEVAN: Excuse me?

IDIOT: That I saved you. You didn't say "I don't know how to thank you." That's what is usually said in situations like this.

STEVAN: I don't know how to thank you.

IDIOT: Is that your laptop?

## 9.

*Tijana and Teddy are alone.*

TIJANA: And we could... I mean, we could make a deal, make a deal, because it seems to me, don't get me wrong, but I think there's a misunderstanding here. It is highly likely we had a misunderstanding. Things have, still, try to understand, but they have changed a bit, and I think you and I have different expectations from this relationship. We could try to come up with

an agreement we would both be satisfied with. But you would have to participate in it too, you would have to say what suits you, and what doesn't, so we could reach some kind of a... some compromise. Because that's what we really need, we need a compromise. Here, I can start. I would like to go back to college... *(Teddy hits her in the stomach. Tijana continues when she can finally breathe.)* Alright. OK. Let's say... let's say you don't agree with that suggestion. At first sight, it looks, it seems, that we have different views on that. It seems that our views on that question are so different, it is impossible to reconcile them. But that way the challenge is only greater. Here, I can give up some subjects during the first semester, I could, let's say, take only half exams. What do you think about... *(Teddy hits her in the stomach before she finishes the sentence. Pause.)* Alright. Let's... let's try differently. Why wouldn't you say what you want, what are your expectations.

*Teddy goes to the kitchen.*

TIJANA: Because it is obvious there are certain things you don't want, but this is not enough to come up with some kind of... an agreement. Tell me what is it that you want, what do you need, and then we can find some kind of...

*Teddy comes back with a kitchen knife in his hand. He sits next to Tijana. They sit quietly.*

## 10.

*Little Idiot and Gordana enter the apartment. Gordana is carrying a bag with provisions. Tijana is sitting and reading a book. Next to her, there is a big plush teddy bear peeling an apple with a large kitchen knife.*

IDIOT: What's up.

TIJANA: Hi.

GORDANA: Ciao.

*Walks to the kitchen.*

TIJANA: Have you found God?

IDIOT: Here, I brought you something. *(Gives her a comic strip.)* Dule says it used to be a hit, I looked through it, looks cool. That dude is killing some mon-strums the whole time...

TIJANA: I know who Dillan Dog is. Thank you.

IDIOT: Take it, read it.

TIJANA: Don't be a nuisance, I've read that, I'll look at it later. What did they do to you?

IDIOT: Nothing. It was OK.

TIJANA: How lucky you are, it's terrible. If I had destroyed a TV, I would already be in the Hague.

IDIOT: Your approach is bad.

*Boy goes to his room.*

*Tijana takes the comics from the table, but Teddy takes it away from her right away and throws it on the ground. Tijana looks at him frightened.*

*Gordana walks into the room. She wants to sit next to Tijana – she doesn't see Teddy is sitting there.*

TIJANA: No! Not here.

GORDANA: O, God, you all are so difficult... *(Sits at another place.)* I really don't know, but I don't do anything else, I only deal with you guys. Has Marko called?

TIJANA: No.

GORDANA: He will call.

TIJANA: Don't, mum, please.

GORDANA: You'll see. He'll call, and then he'll beg, he'll call to cry, to say he was taken away, how he just wanted to feel alive again, how he was drunk or drugged up, and you don't take him back right away, but wait. And then when he already starts thinking it's over, then take him back. And then you should get married right away.

*Teddy gets up menacingly, Tijana quickly picks up the comics from the floor, goes back to her place and starts reading it carefully. Teddy calms down and sits in his place.*

GORDANA: What are you doing?

TIJANA: I am reading comics.

GORDANA: You all are really not normal.

*Milan comes into the apartment.*

GORDANA: Take off your shoes.

MILAN: Hi.

*Milan takes off his shoes and puts on slippers.*

*Comes and sits next to them.*

*Gordana, Milan, Tijana and Teddy are sitting in silence.*

## 11.

*Gordana, Milan, Tijana and Teddy are sitting in silence.*

GORDANA: What do you mean to move out?

MILAN: They are asking us to move out. They don't want us to be in this building any longer.

GORDANA: They cannot ask that. That's clear.

MILAN: It's possible. It's possible they can't. But they are still asking.

GORDANA: That's legally impossible. No one can drive you out from... from your hearth just because, right, because your child has certain problems. And, after all, the fact that your child has problems is a social problem, it is the problem of the society, it is not, after all, it is only your problem.

MILAN: They have filed a suit.

GORDANA: As if only your child was problematic, the whole city, the whole country is full of problematic children, which is not strange, because they are growing up in a problematic society. The whole society is problematic, I mean, it is obvious at first sight. They deal with, what do they deal with, they deal with homosexuality and economy, there, those are the two things on the agenda in this society, and children, children are left to themselves and the street, and

then whoever survives. There, literary whoever is able survive. And when there is a problem at the end, and it is clear, right, it is clear that there *has* to be a problem, then, my dear, you are left to yourself. Please move out. Hello, neighbour. Please move out. Did they use the verb "to move out"?

MILAN: Yes. They said, "we want you to move out of this building".

GORDANA: Maybe it was more of a threat than a direct wish for us to move out.

*The doorbell is heard.*

GORDANA: There they are.

MILAN (*Gets up to open.*): I don't believe.

GORDANA: Don't open! You hear what I'm telling you! *Milan returns with Stevan.*

STEVAN: Hello.

GORDANA: Oh, hello, excuse us, we were just...

STEVAN: I didn't announce I was coming, but I don't have your number.

GORDANA: Oh, the number, what normal personal uses the phone nowadays. Come in, you've met my husband.

*Milan goes to the kitchen.*

STEVAN: Yes.

GORDANA: This is Tijana, she is... Tijana.

STEVAN: Hello.

TIJANA: How do you do.

GORDANA: Please, have a seat.

STEVAN: Is Luka here?

GORDANA: He is in his room, classifying stones, he is very studious with his stones...

*Milan walks through the room with the garbage bin and leaves the apartment. Stevan looks at him surprised.*

GORDANA: Boy!

IDIOT (*From the room.*): Yes!

GORDANA: Come here!

STEVAN: I wanted to tell you that you have a very gifted child.

GORDANA: For what?  
STEVAN: I mean, in general.  
TIJANA: Oh, in general...  
STEVAN: It's true he needs a little guidance, but...  
*Little Idiot enters the room.*  
IDIOT: Hey, what's up.  
GORDANA: Boy, speak nicely.  
STEVAN: Hi, Luka. Do you want to take a walk?  
IDIOT: I am busy, what did you have in mind?  
STEVAN: I don't know, maybe we can walk to the market and buy some fruit, and... just walk a little, no particular occasion...  
IDIOT: Oh, cool, OK. Let me just grab the jacket. *(Goes to the room.)*  
GORDANA: Thank you very much. I really don't know how to tell you, you know, kids nowadays...  
STEVAN: Don't bother, Gordana, I've told you. Luka is a very gifted child, it is my pleasure...  
*Little Idiot returns from the room. Stevan gets up.*  
IDIOT: Let's go.  
GORDANA: Thank you.  
STEVAN: Good bye.  
GORDANA: Good bye.  
IDIOT *(While leaving.):* Watermelon or tomato? Watermelon's better.  
*Gordana returns to the room.*  
GORDANA: Where is Milan?  
TIJANA: He went to throw away the garbage.  
GORDANA: He can't stand to see that someone finally started occupying himself with the Boy. That man is, no, I am speechless.  
TIJANA: That's the priest?  
GORDANA: Yes.  
TIJANA: He doesn't look like a priest.  
GORDANA: He is a very nice man. It's obvious right away, right? So young, and he has already acquired a wise look, when he looks at you with those black eyes, you get goosebumps, and you think, this man *knows*,

right, he knows, and then you are calm. You think, he knows, and then everything is alright, because at least someone knows.

TIJANA: What does he know?

GORDANA: Well, he knows, in general... I mean, he knows what he's doing, somehow, he is calm, you understand? Here, yesterday, for example, I am standing in the bathroom, in my own apartment from which my own neighbours want to drive me out, I am standing in front of that, right, in front of the mirror and I am looking at my face, and like I don't know it. Can you imagine that, like I don't recognise my own face. And I don't know what came over me, I mean, those things, naturally, right, not only because it is a sin, but simply those things never occur to me, so I don't know what came over me, but, there, I am looking at my face and then I open up the cabinet and I start searching what kind of medicine there are.

*Teddy light up a cigarette and sits closer to Gordana. He offers one to Gordana, she takes a cigarette, and he lights it up..*

GORDANA: Zolof, aspirin, ibuprofen... I am looking at them, can't make up my mind (and it was stupid, I was never irresolute), and then I simply take them all, empty them into my palm, and start counting them.

TIJANA: And?

GORDANA: And I counted there are exactly two hundred forty six pills in our medicine cabinet.

*Tijana realises that Teddy is interested in Gordana, so she takes the book, and quietly walks out of the room. Gordana looks at her surprised.*

## 12.

*Little Idiot and Stevan come to the roof of an unfinished building. Boy is carrying a small, round watermelon, and Stevan a bag over the shoulder.*

IDIOT: Check it out, half the city can be seen from here!

STEVAN: This will be the highest building on this block.

IDIOT: Mine has more stories, but this one is for the rich, it has higher ceilings. Check it out, you can see the tower. We should go there.

STEVAN (*Smiles.*): I don't think they would let us go to the roof.

IDIOT: And tell me, dude, how did he let us in. You know when they would let me climb an unfinished building?

STEVAN: I told them the saving of a soul is at stake.

IDIOT: Saving of a soul? (*He ponders.*) Cool trick. But you have to have that... robe so you could use it.

*Stevan laughs.*

IDIOT (*Looking over the fence.*): This place is awesome.

STEVAN: What happened to your sister?

IDIOT: I have no idea. She says she fell. I mean, she is lying, it's obvious someone beat her up, but she doesn't want to admit it. She is really immature, studying psychology. I gave her some comics to take a break, but she doesn't want to take them. She says she has read it. She doesn't want to listen to me, probably because she is 15 years older than I am, so she thinks I am a little idiot.

STEVAN: Does she listen to her parents?

IDIOT: I hope not. (*Takes the watermelon.*) Go downstairs, I am throwing.

STEVAN: Wait, I want to show you something. (*He takes a little digital camera out of his bag.*) I bought you something... (*Gives the camera to the Little Idiot.*)

IDIOT: No, you are... you are the king, I swear! How much money did you pay for this, you're insane. Aaaa, the king, I can't believe it. You just bought the camera! You know what we're gonna do now, man, we shoot for a couple of days, and we load it into the com-

puter... oh, shit, you don't have a computer anymore.

STEVAN: Don't swear.

IDIOT: Alright, we'll find a computer somewhere, and then we edit it on Premiere, we add some cool music. Dule showed me how to do it, it's not much harder than Photoshop... We put it on Youtube, so people can see it all over the world. Aaaa, this is so cool, I can't believe it! And then dig it, Stevan, imagine a little Japanese dude, takes a playstation and climbs on top of a building, and there's a shi... there's a lot of buildings in Japan, he climbs to the top and BANG! And a little Indian, he takes... a cow...

STEVAN: He wouldn't take a cow, I hope...

IDIOT: Alright, there's no buildings in India anyway. He throws a cow from a little wall, and nothing happens to the cow, but it's still cool. An American takes a cell phone, one of the N series, the one that can solve math problems, and BANG! And everyone is shooting, and putting it on the web, and that's so awesome... Aaa, it's so awesome!

STEVAN: You know how to use it?

IDIOT: I'll manage. Come on, you take the watermelon, and I am going down.

*Little Idiot goes down. Stevan takes the watermelon and puts it on the fence.*

### 13.

STEVAN: It would be stupid if I said a pain in the stomach, but it really feels like that. Like a pain in the upper part of the stomach, right below the lungs, a pain, ceaseless, everyday pain. You try to get used to it, to ignore it. You either pray and you look what books and older brothers say about it, but you see what others see, you see black limousines, anger and hate, thievery, greed and hypocrisy, and then the pain becomes even stronger. It turns into a fire burning

ceaselessly, it tears the guts, as if hell itself has opened under the diaphragm. And then you realise you are alone. And you are sinful.

And then you catch yourself standing on top of some building and you watch a child exultantly throwing your computer over the fence. You are watching that child, you are watching a smile on his face, you spontaneously touch your cheek and you see it's wet from tears. And then, at that moment, you feel you are saved.

For the second time.

*A whistle is heard and Stevan looks down.*

#### 14.

*Gordana, Little Idiot and Teddy. Teddy is sitting next to Gordana and smoking, Little Idiot is looking at a stone and writing something in his notebook. Tijana goes out of the room with a bag in her hand.*

TIJANA: I am going.

GORDANA: Where?

TIJANA: To college. I have my first class.

*Tijana goes out of the apartment. Teddy jumps and goes after her – she has caught him unprepared.*

GORDANA: Something like that simply doesn't happen. That is simply not possible. In real life you cannot throw someone out just because you don't like his... his lifestyle. That's impossible. That's nonsense. Even if that person, let's say... let's say, does something you don't like. Even then. Or especially then. Because, if our child is problematic, and that's obvious at first sight, then, I suppose, in a civilised society the first reaction has to, I suppose, to be to help that child. To explain him the real values, those... permanent values that are lost today, to take him into your hands, to hug that, that prodigal child, to put it on your breasts, to help him feel the love and that he is not by

himself, even if it grew up by himself, and he fought all his life for his place under the sun, abandoned by everyone except God, even then, or especially then, to help him understand, to feel he is not alone, he is a part of a *community* that takes care of him, that cares, that understands, to whom the most important thing is not to sell something to you, to grab your place in the cellar or a parking lot but, on the contrary, who understands you and takes care of you.

*Milan enters the apartment.*

GORDANA: Take off your shoes.

*Milan takes off his shoes.*

#### 15.

*TEDDY (Takes off his costume – the bear head, lights up a cigarette.):* And now, let's say, she, who, that girl about thirty years old, the dirty haired girl, right, she is in a hurry, she's running, she doesn't wait for the lift, but she runs down the stairs, as if (*smiles*) yes, in fact, just as if it were a matter of life and death. OK? Can we imagine that? So, the girl is running down the stairs, in circles, in circles, she runs out of the building and starts running down the street as if her life was in danger. And she trips, falls, gets up and runs again. Her hands are bloody, but she keeps on running, she runs and doesn't turn around. We are watching, we try to understand what the fuck is happening in her head, we, who we, we the passersby, the drivers of the cars she almost falls under, right, the passersby, drivers, buyers coming out of their shops with bags full of things, neighbours, people comfortably sitting in the audience, people who honestly paid for their tickets to watch her fall, get up and run and not turn around, right? We watch her run, that girl, we watch her run and we hear, what, let's say we hear her heartbeats. So

we hear her heartbeats, but those beats (*smiles*), I mean, why not, right, those beats, instead of becoming faster, they are becoming slower. That's unusual, isn't it, the faster she runs, the more she falls, and the bloodier her hands are, the heart, we can, of course, only assume is hers, is beating slower and slower.

And what are we thinking about while we are watching that girl run?

I have no idea. I have no idea what we are thinking about while watching that girl run and not turn around because she knows, if she turns around, she will see a big brown bear slowly walking behind her.

*Teddy puts out the cigarette, puts the mask back on, and rolls up a banknote.*

## 16.

*Gordana, Milan and Idiot occupied with stones.*

GORDANA: So, how was work?

MILAN: Excellent.

GORDANA: Are you hungry?

MILAN: I ate a roll. During the break.

GORDANA: A roll?

MILAN: Yes.

GORDANA: You ate a roll during the break.

MILAN: What's so unusual about that?

GORDANA: Where did you eat the roll?

MILAN: What does it matter?

GORDANA: If, for example, in the circle of two miles from your work there were a bakery, for example, then it really wouldn't matter. But since, right, since there is *nothing* near your work that looks like a bakery, then, excuse me, then it really matters. You are not a person, you will agree with me, who could be trusted. *Tijana comes back to the apartment. Teddy is following her.*

MILAN: Because of a roll? I cannot be trusted because of a roll?

MALI IDIOT (*to Tijana*): What happened?

TIJANA: Leave me alone. (*She goes to her room.*)

*Teddy calmly goes after Tijana to her room.*

GORDANA: Excuse me, even for such a banal thing like a roll. Even because of that.

MILAN: And maybe Red brought it to me from the acquisition. That did not, for example, occur to you? This reminds me very much of...

GORDANA: Didn't you fire him?

MILAN: It reminds me very much of some kind of a report. I am filing a report to my own wife about a roll!

GORDANA: Didn't you fire him?

MILAN: Who?

GORDANA: Red. From the acquisition.

MILAN: Yes. I did, I fired him, but I said maybe, didn't I? I said: „Maybe Red brought it to me from the acquisition.“ That was metaphorically supposed to... that means it could have been anyone.

IDIOT: Tijana didn't go to class.

MILAN: That's not that unusual, you know, it happens, that people buy each other a pie, a muffin, something to eat. That happens in companies, it is called *collegiality*.

GORDANA: Oh, I know what collegiality is. I am familiar with that word. But I am even more familiar with some other words, like the word *liar*, for example. Or weekling. Are you familiar with those words?

*Pause.*

GORDANA: Red was not only fired from the acquisition, but he would never go to buy you a roll. For a very simple reason – because he doesn't like you. People don't like liars. People simply don't like them. LITTLE IDIOT: People simply don't like liars. People don't like them. People don't like people who lie. That's clear. It is clear that people don't like people who lie. Because they are liars. And that's why people don't like them.

GORDANA: What's wrong with you?  
LITTLE IDIOT: Because they are liars. Who lie!  
*Goes out.*  
GORDANA: They have gone completely crazy.  
*Little Idiot comes back to the room.*  
MALI IDIOT: Mum.  
GORDANA: Yes?  
LITTLE IDIOT: I think you should go to Tijana's room.  
Right away.  
GORDANA: Let her come here.  
LITTLE IDIOT: How long are you going to be such idiots!  
*Milan hits Idiot once, and then continues hitting him.*  
MILAN: You can't...speak...like that...with you...parents...idiot!  
*Milan stops beating Idiot and sits. Little Idiot runs out.*  
GORDANA: They don't have value systems implanted into them. No one taught them that. They simply... don't know.  
*Milan gets up and goes to the kitchen.*  
GORDANA: They don't know what's good and what's bad. And then... then they wander, they wander terribly, they trip, they hit their heads onto... they hit their heads, and trip...  
*Milan comes back with a bin, puts on his shoes and goes out.*  
GORDANA: And then they suffer, they suffer terribly, and they trip in the dark, they feel in the dark, but there is nothing, no... value system, there's no one... to implant into them... what's good and what's bad.

## 17.

*Milan with a garbage bin. He stops as if he is going to say something, and then goes to the container. He opens it, jumps in and closes the lid.*

## 18.

*Little Idiot and Stevan come out on the roof of an unfinished building. Teddy is sitting next to the fence – little wall and smoking.*

IDIOT: ...And who is she?

STEVAN: I have seen her before. Her parents know mine. In fact, we've known one another for a long time. But it had never occurred to me...

IDIOT: Did you buy the tape?

STEVAN: Of course.

IDIOT: All of this up to now was shit, Stevan.

STEVAN: Don't swear.

IDIOT (*Looks over the fence*): I figured that all of this up to now was stupid. We need a real shot, get it? A real angle. If we are going to do it, this should be done properly. We are not children, we are not here to play, this has to be done professionally. We are finally going to shoot that video, the wind in the hair, the drums, the marshall, the whole shtick, get it...

STEVAN: I get it...

IDIOT: You don't get it. We are not talking about throwing things, that's not the point. They are all crazy. They are not normal, that's the point. Look at this city, look how many people. How many people are normal here? Pussies and lunatics. I don't want to become like that. Never.

STEVAN: You are not. You're not like that.

IDIOT: There, that's the point. Not in things, but in me. Because, every time something hits the cement, I am a step farther from them. That's why we are going to shoot the real thing today.

STEVAN: What did you take?

*Little Idiot takes a stone out of his pocket.*

STEVAN: A stone? Are you sure it will break? (*Looking at the stone.*)

IDIOT: It's not just any kind of stone, Stevan. It's a precious stone. From Africa. You see what's it like. Don't

worry, it will break nicely.

STEVAN: It's not really...

IDIOT: No, it's awesome, you know how many earrings and things could have been made out of it. Hold it towards the light so you see how it shines.

STEVAN: It's nice. Where did you get it?

IDIOT: Dule's uncle brought it to him, he was at a safari. I traded it for the first three issues of Alan Ford. Originals.

STEVAN: For the originals? You're insane.

IDIOT: Hey, you don't know how much this stone is worth. And Dule doesn't know it either, the fat idiot.

STEVAN: It really is beautiful. It would make a nice present.

IDIOT: For that chick? And you say, you've known her for a hundred years...

STEVAN: And it's really strange, you know, we never talked on the phone. She has never called me, and then she called me now. Two days ago. And you know what's the weirdest thing? I wasn't surprised at all. Like I knew she'd call.

IDIOT: Of course you knew. You're a priest. The priests know. You can feel some things others can't.

STEVAN: Don't mess with me.

IDIOT: I am serious. That's your shtick. Everyone's got a shtick. The cop catches thieves, the doctor takes out teeth, and that priest has that feeling.

STEVAN: Dentist take out teeth.

IDIOT: Shall we?

*Boy shows the camera to Stevan.*

IDIOT: Today it has to be all pro, get it? If it's shot badly, not even slow motion can correct that. The red button. You don't hold it, just press it once. You don't touch the zoom. OK?

STEVAN: Alright.

IDIOT: Come on. Only pro, Stevan. *(Gives him the hand, they shake.)*

STEVAN: Sure. Wait for my sign.

MALI IDIOT: See you downstairs.

*Stevan walks down the stairs.*

*Boy approaches the fence and looks down. Looks through the stone toward the sun, smiles.*

*Teddy finishes the cigarette. Gets up, throws the butt on the ground, steps on it. Little Idiot finally notices him.*

*They look at one another in silence, and then Teddy gives his hand to Little Idiot. Boy gives him the stone and climbs on the fence. He can hardly keep the balance over the abyss. Teddy is standing next to him waiting for the Little Idiot to jump from the roof.*

## 19.

STEVAN: Something hard, but with many parts. Something that has a shape you know well, a machine is best, something with many buttons. Or with a lot of liquid, but inside, not outside. 200 gigabytes, 400 watts, 6000 rotations per second, self-tuning, low reflection, round, shiny, *perfect*. And then you put it on cement under the sky and you look at it for a while. You don't have to do it for a long time, just enough to start really liking that object.

*Stevan takes the camera and prepares it for shooting.*

STEVAN *(yells)*: Ready!

*Stevan lifts the camera and presses the play button. Teddy is watching through a rock into the sun.*

STEVAN: And then you take it into your hands and let it fall.

*Teddy lets the rock fall on the ground and break.*

THE END