

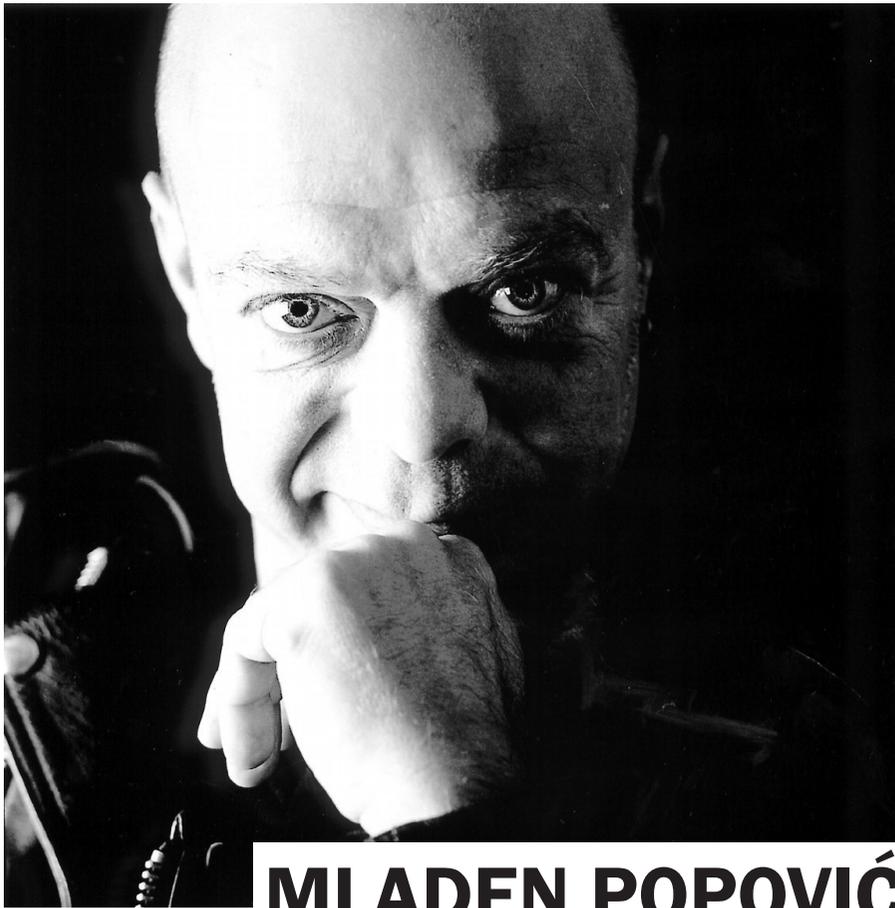
**MLADEN POPOVIĆ**

**SCHIPHOL, GATE F07**

**or**

**Don't do this to me!**

Translated by Goran MIMICA



## MLADEN POPOVIĆ

Born 1953 in Zemun. Graduated in Dramaturgy from Faculty of Dramatic Arts, Belgrade, 1975. He worked as editor-in-chief, screenwriter, host and commentator in several programme departments including entertainment, music and film for TV Belgrade. Due to his political „unsuitability” he was fired in 1997. He successfully sued RT Serbia on three occasions. Between 1997 and 2004 he worked as director of programming for the Bates Saatchi & Saatchi Team, Belgrade. Until 2008 he was the Director of Film and Series Programmes on Pink TV and since has worked freelance.

**Published Plays:** *Nižinski* (Nijinsky, *Scena Review* and *Ars Dramatica Edition*), *Vilijeva menažerija* (Willie's Menagerie), *Leni i Rifenštal* (Leni

and Riefenstahl *Scena*), *Maslačak i Retard* (Dandelion and Retard, *Anthology of Contemporary Serbian Drama*).

### Performed work:

2007: *Maslačak i retard* (Dandelion and Retard) – Akademija BK, directed by Mira Karanović; Akademsko Pozorište Niš, Niš, directed by Srđan Rajišić (2005); Beogradsko Dramsko Pozorište, directed by the author (2004).

2002: *Buba* (Hrošč) – Mestno gledališče Ljubljana, directed by Jaka Ivanc; Zvezdara Teatar, Belgrade, directed by Egon Savin (2001).

1998: *Nižinski* (Nijinsky) – Kamerni Teatar 55, Sarajevo, directed by Admir Glamočak; Jugoslovensko Dramsko Pozorište, Belgrade, directed by Irfan Mensur (2003).

1990: *Upotreba čoveka* (The Use of Man), stage adaptation of the Aleksandra Tišma novel), Radio Beograd, directed by Nađa Janjetović.

1987: *Vilijeva menažerija* (Willie's Menagerie) – Pozorište na Terazijama, Belgrade, directed by Petar Zec.

1980: *Leto na sunčanoj terasi* (Summer on a Sunny Terrace) – Pozorište „Pod Razno”, Belgrade, directed by Zlatko Sviben.

### Awards:

2004: Branislav Nušić Prize for Dandelion and Retard.

1985: Annual RT Serbia Award for the best Yu Rock programme.

# SCHIPHOL, GATE F07

If, according to Hugo Klajn, the title is a gateway into a play, then the title *Schiphol, Gate F07 or Don't Do This To Me* takes us beyond the gate; beyond the airport exit where some people sit in silence. It is a space made interesting for its endurance of differences in dress code, social status and the colour of the skin.

Authors who get excited by such an ordinary and unremarkable situation are of a rare sensibility. Authors who feel the dynamism and drama in travellers' boredom and small talk, who, at the same time, decline to use an attractive outside event in order to stir the situation. On the contrary.

The situation in which the author places us is not only a space and time where some exciting event is about to happen, but the author remains in the middle of his inspiration: people waiting for a plane. The

situation is its own purpose. What is hiding under those serious faces? This question is inspirational for an author, although this is a much harder task for a playwright.

The question of form immediately imposes itself:

- How to structure a drama intended to be made of something that is not spoken?
- How to make a drama in which nothing happens except that different people are waiting for a plane?
- How to make the inner, invisible dynamism the structure of the drama?
- How can we find out what is hidden in each of them, without the characters telling each other stories? That would be not just unconvincing, but would harm the truthfulness of the space, which would turn from a waiting room into talking room.

- How can it all be spoken in a situation and space which is meant exclusively as a space for waiting to enter another space?

Any traditional dramaturgy does not support this kind of Chekhovian-Beckettian inspiration and sensibility. What was needed was a step out of tradition and the search for a form which would support the author's excitement for a non-exciting situation, as well as his intuition and feeling for drama which is not visible, nor expected in this situation.

The question of form and even concept, it seems, is the hardest, if not crucial in these creative processes.

The author's answer is: inner monologues set in motion by association with responses and method coming from someone on the outside. The characters at the gate, in the imagination of the protagonist are given the role of agent in the events that the protagonist is confessing to us.

In this way the author accomplishes the presence and interactivity of the inner and outer world, while neither of them harms the truthfulness and veracity of the other. Thus the solution to the contradictory demand of the form: we discover the characters' destinies through their monologues, which become scenes, and at the same time we know that they sit in silence, meaning the scene being revealed before our eyes in reality is not happening.

"Try walking in my shoes" is the phrase we use to remind others of the fact that they are not familiar with our situation before they make judgements about us. This play gives us the opportunity to walk in someone else's shoes, and, while we discover the rich lives hidden under the masks and costumes, to question ourselves and our (superficial) view of the world and life around us.

Boris LIJEŠEVIĆ  
Translated by Goran MIMICA



**CHARACTERS:**

**WILLIAM DAVIDSON**, alias Bill, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, country singer, 30, also *IGOR*

**HAIM GOLDBERG**, rabbi from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 70, also *THE KING* of Sweden

**OLGA CHERNIKOVA**, dancer from St. Petersburg, Russia, 25, also *CICA*

**ANDRZEJ KRZYSZTOFSKI**, inventor from Krakow, 35, also *Mr. DAVIS*.

**VERA JANKOVIĆ**, professor of pharmacology at UBC, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, 30, also *JKR*  
and *RHINE*

**IVAN JANKOVIĆ**, her younger brother, pupil from Belgrade, 16, also *ZOHAR*

**MAIKE VAN DER BERG**, writer from Delft, Holland, 60, also *MUM*

**FAIRY GODMOTHER OF SCHIPHOL**

Schiphol Airport, Amsterdam, at Gate F07, for flight KL0691 at 13:35

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Airports are amazing places. At any moment, thousands of people bump into each other only to be in a few hours in the most different places in the world. No-one knows who you could brush up against at any moment. Maybe the man in the perfectly-cut suit is a killer or a convict on the run, the girl with the backpack a terrorist, the young man with the laptop a bank clerk who's just got fired. And all of them are sad or worried, merry or smiling, depending on the reason for their trip. The sad and the worried are on their way to the funeral of someone close or they are simply afraid of flying. The merry are looking forward to a holiday somewhere far away or the first visit to their grandchildren. Whatever the reason, all of them will soon, like pollen, spread from their temporary joint home, onto hundreds of distant flowers. I watch them closely, I read their thoughts, whether they're dreaming, remembering or predicting their destinies, and I see them off with a gentle, motherly look, while I clean and order the gates for the next flight. Here, at Schiphol, I am. And we are in every airport in the world but no-one recognizes us. Most of all because people don't notice us. And, because we are common, completely visible, thus totally invisible. For example, at JFK in New York we are always either black or Puerto Rican, at Charles de Gaulle in Paris from French Africa, in the Emirates from the Philippines, in Frankfurt Turkish, at Heathrow Indian... But in fact we are all airport fairy godmothers! Here, today, I've been following the passengers at gate F07, flight KL 0691 for Toronto. I watch them and I am a bit sad...

The clock at the gate is showing 13:35

Characters enter the scene and take their places at the gate in the dark. On the arrivals and departures screens one after another appear...

BILL: I am William Davidson. 27. Bill, actually. I come from Winnipeg, Manitoba. That's in Canada. I am a country singer and composer. I am trying to become a composer. My wish is, I mean, well, not wish, my ambition, strong ambition is to write a musical. I adore musicals. Since I saw Evita as a boy, I've been hooked on musicals. I've been trying to write it for five, six years. It starts brilliantly, I write an excellent „A” tune but when I reach the chorus it turns into „*Don't Cry For Me Argentina.*” All the time. I think it's because I am too much into singing. That's why I'm going back home to dedicate myself entirely to writing music. I still don't have the story but I know it'll come from the music. The leading role will be played, I mean sung by me, of course. Yes...I flew in from Sofia. That's in Bulgaria. Before that I visited Lithuania, Belarus, Ukraine and Moldova. They robbed me in Moldova, stole my passport. Horrible. Generally, the whole of Eastern Europe is horrible. Back home they told me that country music is totally IN in Eastern Europe. I had no job so I decided to try and earn some good money in the East. Not a chance. I performed in the worst holes of villages. The audience was pure horror. They booed me, threw beer cans, the landlords didn't pay for my concerts. Horror, I tell you. Only in Bulgaria was it ok. In some tiny town called Belovo. They know what good country is. It lasted seven months. I didn't earn anything special. But I met Rhine. Pretty Rhine. She is getting married today. And, so. I am waiting for the plane

to Toronto, then I'll somehow get to Winnipeg, Manitoba. That's in Canada...

Bill disappears from the screen and Haim appears.

**HAIM:** I am Haim Goldberg, a rabbi from Toronto. I am 70 years old. I am coming from Tel Aviv. From Dafna, to be more precise. Dafna is a kibbutz close to Kiryat Shmona, very close to the border with Syria. UN observers are between us. Observing. The Golan Heights are there. The River Jordan. Mount Hermon. I went to Dafna to bury my son. I wouldn't let Mili, my wife come with me. My tears are enough. One night some people burst into the kibbutz. From Lebanon. Lebanon is less than three kilometres away. My only son Liron, which means my song, my joy, was keeping watch. They killed him and two other boys. And then ran away. Liron was only 40 and he'd lived in Dafna for 15 years. He wanted to move to Israel. He longed for Israel. He was born in Toronto. Like myself. My parents managed to escape from Germany in 1938. Liron left a wife and two sons, Uri and Zohar. I swore I'd bring them to Canada. When my wife heard about Liron's death she fainted. We have two daughters, too. One is married and lives in New York, the other is married too and lives in Montreal. Mili and I are alone. Until I bring Liron's wife and the kids. To have someone to close my eyes when I die. And Mili's too.

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<sup>1</sup> A district of Belgrade.

<sup>2</sup> Kajmak (Kaymak in Turkish) is a creamy dairy product traditional in Southeast Europe, esp. Turkey, Serbia and Montenegro, Republic of Macedonia and Bosnia and Herzegovina.

**Vera.**

**VERA:** I am Vera Janković. I am 30. Back home, in Vancouver, everybody calls me Mrs Jankovik. At first I used to correct them, then I gave up. Now even our people call me Mrs Jankovik. They tease me. I am married but I kept my maiden name. Although they pronounce it wrong. My husband is Canadian. Vera Davis, somehow, didn't suit me. He is my colleague. We both teach at UBC. The University of British Columbia. I was the best of my generation while studying back in Belgrade. In Pharmacology. I applied at thousands of places for postgraduate studies and UBC replied. Positively. My mother was over the moon. The whole Medak<sup>1</sup> neighbourhood knew that her Vera had got a scholarship from UBC. Of course, she pronounced it wrong, but that was not important. Little Vera from the neighbourhood was going all the way to Canada. My brother Ivan cried when I was leaving, and, oh dear, our neighbour Nada brought me a cask of kajmak<sup>2</sup> to take. And Turkish delight! To cut a long story short, I graduated, with the best marks and immediately found a job at the university. Mr. Davis, my husband, that's what I call him, works with me in the laboratory. Yes... Belgrade. Mother got seriously ill. She is bedridden. Almost. We haven't had any contact with my father for more than 15 years. He just walked out. And never contacted us again. I don't really care. Ivan suffered horribly. Me, not a chance!!! I admit,

Ivan is an unusual boy. Who would take care of him? What can you do with a 16-year-old boy? Who's well on the edge. I put mum in the old people's home. It's perfect. Excellent care. I guess that's fine. That's the best I could do. The whole neighbourhood turned their backs on me. The Nada with the kajmak, too. In the meantime, I'm unravelling all over the place. I am torn between Mr Davis, Ivan and mum. I sold mother's flat in order to pay for the home. Yes, once a year I'll fly from Vancouver to Belgrade to see her. It's important to pull Ivan out of the shit, that's why I'm taking him with me...

Ivan.

IVAN: Ivan. Ivan Janković. That's all. The rest is crap. 16 years. Mum and dad's mistake. Bro, the idiots screwed up. The bastard walked out on us, mum stayed alone, this cunt Vera shot to Canada. She's taking me to Canada now. Like, to take care of me. Where were you, fuck you, when I called for you? Screamed during the night. From the balcony. Calling for help! Your name. VERA!!!! Did it hurt you, eh? My arse. What the fuck am I gonna do in Canada? I think Canada is crap. Vera says, you'll get used to it. No way, man. I don't want to get used to it. To become like her. Like that faggot of hers. Like mother. Like old people. No way, man! All I wanna do is to fuck black women, man. I could get used to that. That's why Canada! That's all I care about. Or Brazilians. Them from the carnival. Shit man, they know how to wiggle those arses. To break my dick. The darker ones. I'd be more gentle with them. Maybe I'd whisper something

nice in Brazilian. Or Brazilianese.... Who cares. For a good Brazilian woman I'd even learn a word or two in Brazilian, I swear. Black women, I'd fuck'em to death. I've never thought about Chinese girls. Vera says there are loads of them and they're nice. I'll see. I'm missing my THUGS. Already! That's what we call ourselves, us, the supporters of the best club in the world. Bro, going to the game, brawling with the pigs, before and after, knocking back around ten cans and in the end some ganja. Fuck me, what a trip. There is no such thing in fucking Vancouver. But there are black girls. They are like hoovers, you get it bro? Dzomba, the leader of the Thugs says. He gives us ganja for zilch. He was in the African Legion. Or Foreign Legion in Africa? Or was it Asia? The Asia Legion? No idea, bro....

Andrzej.

ANDRZEJ: My name's Andrzej Krzysztofski, from Krakow. I am 35. I was born a small town called Plawy. That's close to Krakow. Some sixty kilometres. Life's good nowadays there. It's full of tourists. It's on the way to Oświęcim-Brzezinka. Which people call, I guess, Auschwitz-Birkenau. Who's never heard of Auschwitz-Birkenau? My grandpa told me that the whole story about Auschwitz-Birkenau, about killing Jews, is a bit overblown. He died of cancer. Lungs. He never smoked. He breathed nasty air, grandma used to say. Full of stinking smoke. The smoke used to come from there, day and night. A horrible stink. Which kills. And that's how I got an idea. A sensational idea. I, future Nobel Prize winner. I am still not sure whether it's the Nobel for chemistry, peace or economics. There are el-

ements of all three. My future invention is the most perfect weapon. Deadly too.

STINK! The idea is to accumulate stink, unpleasant odours, which is just another name for stink, which accumulates during the concentration process. That's why I bet on chemistry. Economics too, because there's an enormous potential for opening factories all over the world, peace too, because, who knows, fear could reign around the world, thus stopping wars. I intend to write about the whole process, so, who knows, maybe I'll get the literature one, too. I'll become a universal Nobel Prize winner. To put it simply, I am a man of ideas. I am not going to go on about my projects, but here's the latest example. I started to dig up the earth in my village with the intention to export it to Israel packed in a hundred, or five hundred gram, or one kilo packages. I employed some workers and then I was arrested. At the police station I talked about some other projects and then they put me in the asylum in Krakow. They showed particular interest in the one about stink. They've been following me ever since. I guess they are scared. There are here too, at the airport. But I'll make it to Toronto. To my FB friend, who promised to leave me all his possessions, which I badly need for my research, as well as his findings because he has also worked on the same project, though I believe I've done much more. The condition is to care for and look after him until he dies. I mean, how should I put it, it's not the most pleasant thing to do, but I'll do anything for science. He's 92. I guess he won't live much longer. He is all wrinkled skin and bones. Then, again, he's on Facebook all the time. And he's got two thousand friends. He seems to be a

bit cuckoo. I don't know. They are following me, yes. There, I can see them...

Olga.

OLGA: Olga Chernikova, 25, ballet dancer from St. Petersburg. Everyone says that I look older. No wonder. I started practising ballet when I was seven. I was exceptionally, I mean, exceptionally talented. At the age of ten I passed the audition and enrolled at the famous Vaganova Academy of Russian Ballet, once known as the Imperial Ballet School. Anna Pavlova, Vaslav Nijinsky, Galina Ulanova, Rudolph Nureyev, Misha Baryshnikov, Kursavina and Fokine, I could go on forever, are just some of the graduates, but I, little Olga Chernikova, was lucky to study ballet where the history of Russian ballet was written. At the age of fifteen I danced at the Mariinsky, in Swan Lake. Of course, as part of *corps de ballet*. I was the happiest girl in the world. I practised several hours every day. One day, it was winter, because of some demonstrations, I was late for my practice. I hadn't warmed up enough and I ran into the practice hall and while I was working on *pat de chat*, cat's step, which is certainly not among the most demanding, I landed awkwardly on my left foot and ... That sealed my ballet dancing career. I was nearly nineteen. I was desperate, I wanted to kill myself. Then I met Igor and fell in love, not just fell in love, I lost my head. Igor's friend Genadij, opened a nightclub and offered me a job as a choreographer for the girls. That was for the kind of dancing with the pole with semi-naked or almost totally naked girls. I did it. Then Igor, suddenly, disap-

peared. Genadij forced me to dance, then to drink champagne with the guests and in the end to make films. Porno. They say that Igor, for whatever reason, crossed some members of the Tambovskaya clan. It is believed he's been killed. I don't believe it. I simply don't want to. Soon after I got an invitation to shoot in Germany, in Berlin. They paid well, and I worked to exhaustion, three, sometimes four films a day. That was pretty dirty. Then I worked in Amsterdam and earned an AVN nomination. That's a porno Oscar. I am on my way to Toronto for shooting and then, God willing, to LA. I make good money and wherever possible I go to the theatre and watch ballet. That's what I really enjoy. I forget everything. Except my Igor. There...

Maike.

MAIKE: From Delft, Holland. At my age, years are irrelevant. But that's not important. I write books. For children. Several have been published. Many, many years ago, I wrote a thin book about a little mole, a wizardess. Mary Cotter. I illustrated it myself. The mole, Mary Cotter, lived underground, under the Waghorts castle. The day I went to see my publisher and finally sign the contract, horror was waiting for me. Dirk, my publisher, said he couldn't sign the contract, because he had just signed one with an English woman, for her book, which was going to become a bestseller in England and the whole world, about a boy-wizard called Harry Potter. Mary Cotter, Harry Potter. Waghorts. Hogwarts. That English woman name is Joanne Kathleen Rowling. I think she's just a simple bitch. How's that that my Mary turned into Harry, Waghorts into Hog-

warts, I can only guess. Dirk, my publisher, often used to travel around and about in London. He told me how one time he met a pretty blonde at some English publisher and I think he lost his head. I am convinced he told her my story about Mary, but he stubbornly kept denying it. He tried to convince me to change the names of the mole and castle in order to publish the manuscript but I refused. The rest is history. I got ill, but never gave up. I published the book with my own money. And I share it with nice people. Free of charge. When the bitch came to Amsterdam for promotion I wanted to meet her and have a chat. That was totally impossible. Hundreds and hundreds of people brought their copies for her to sign and when it was my turn she was tired and she left. I called out to her and begged for a five-minute talk, but her security was merciless. Not even the Queen has such security. I was ready for anything. I stopped writing. It simply didn't happen, I had no desire. Yes, I am going to Canada to visit my sister, who's married there. She is ill. They say, seriously. I guess that's her punishment for stealing the man I loved. Dear Joss.

The light comes on, the screens are showing airport information. The KL 0691 passengers, at gate F07 are sitting or wandering around. They are reading, dozing, going through their things. Bill's playing the guitar and softly singing.

BILL: Last year in the month of May  
I left my home in Kansas City  
Since then I only pray  
God forbid what a pity.

Back home, sweet Mary Ann  
With little Josh and Mary Jane  
Cries all the night, but just in vain  
Life's never gonna be the same.

Don't cry for me Kansas City,  
The truth is I never left you  
Not in my wild dreams, my mad  
existence,  
I'll keep my promise, don't keep the  
distance.

Something's wrong, don't you get it...  
Evita, man...Evita again!

OLGA: That's Evita.

The light changes.

*OLGA: Play to me Igor. My Igorushka. And sing gently.  
Look at me with your blue eyes and  
I'll swim in them.*

*IGOR: Olja, Olja, you've been crying again.*

*OLGA: Because it's beautiful, Igorushka. Because of  
the white night. Because of your  
song. How I missed it.*

*IGOR: I know, Olja.*

*OLGA: Because of your embrace.*

*IGOR: I know.*

*OLGA: Where have you been all this time?*

*IGOR: Far away.*

*OLGA: Where, dear?*

*IGOR: The furthest.*

*OLGA: Are you back for good?*

*IGOR: I am not back.*

*OLGA: What do you mean not back. Here you are and  
you are playing to me.*

*IGOR: You are dreaming me, Olja.*

*OLGA: Nonsense, Igorushka.*

*IGOR: Once you get there, there is no return.*

*OLGA: Touch me, please.*

*IGOR: I can't.*

*OLGA: Don't do this to me.*

*IGOR: Dreams are dreamt, you can't touch them.*

*OLGA: Not true. I've dreamt you a thousand times and  
it's never been like this.*

*IGOR: Of course, it's always different.*

*OLGA: I like dreaming you, at least in my dream you  
come to me.*

*IGOR: That's why I am here, you silly thing.*

*OLGA: What has happened to us?*

*IGOR: You don't want to know.*

*OLGA: I do.*

*IGOR: People make mistakes.*

*OLGA: What's yours?*

*IGOR: Because I wanted more than was possible.  
Much more.*

*OLGA: Damn money..*

*IGOR: But it was nice while it lasted.*

*OLGA: Why did you leave me with Genadij.*

*IGOR: He was my friend.*

*OLGA: You have no idea what he forced me to do.*

*IGOR: I know, that's why I said he WAS my friend.*

*OLGA: I've become a star.*

*IGOR: I know all about it.*

*OLGA: I've had even one nomination.*

*IGOR: I know that too.*

*OLGA: And you are not angry?*

*IGOR: I am not angry, silly.*

*OLGA: It wasn't easy.*

*IGOR: I know.*

*OLGA: But you get used to it.*

*IGOR: That's the worst.*

*OLGA: The worst. Like an animal.*

*IGOR: I am not angry, but it was sad watching you.*

*OLGA: Genadij kept me locked up. Fortunately, there was another man, even more powerful than Genadij. An MP. He liked me.*

*IGOR: You loved him.*

*OLGA: He loved me.*

*IGOR: You whispered to him that you loved him.*

*OLGA: I had to, Igorushka. He pulled me out. Helped with the passport. Gave me money for Berlin. Tell me about yourself, dear.*

*IGOR: Nothing to tell.*

*OLGA: How are you doing?*

*IGOR: Genadij grassed me up. To the Tambovskayas.*

*OLGA: Igorushka, dear, I grassed him up to the MP.*

*IGOR: That's why I am here, forever, me and him together again.*

*OLGA: Where, dear?*

*IGOR: At the bottom of Ladoga.*

*OLGA: Are you cold?*

*IGOR: No. I can't feel anything.*

*OLGA: Play to me, dear.*

Igor plays, gently sings. The chorus from Evita.

The light changes.

OLGA: That's Evita.

BILL: I know, every time I reach the chorus it turns into Evita.

Bill smiles, Olga looks at him sadly.

IVAN: What's that old fart grinning at?

VERA: He isn't grinning, he's smiling.

IVAN: What's there to smile about!

VERA: He probably likes you.

IVAN: Faggot?

VERA: Relax, Ivan.

IVAN: Who's he? Some tribal chief?

VERA: He's a rabbi.

IVAN: What the fuck is a rabbi?

VERA: Stop swearing!

IVAN: I am not.

VERA: Yes, you are, you said...

IVAN : Fuck. That's not swearing.

VERA: It is. Ugly word.

IVAN: No way, ugly word? So why do all women love it.

VERA: You are really crazy.

IVAN: Don't you love it? Or doesn't your faggot have one?

VERA: Why do you hate Mr. Davis so much?

IVAN: Mr. Davis, Mr. Davis. What normal woman calls her husband Mr. Davis?

VERA: It's our little joke. He calls me Mrs Jankovik.

IVAN: Some joke. It cracks me up. And when he screws you, he calls you that, that, that Mrs Jankovik, and you call him Mr Davis, what are you doing to me, what are doing to me, harder, harder, Mr Davis...

VERA: Don't do this to me!

IVAN: What did you say that tribal chief was?  
VERA: A rabbi.  
IVAN: What the fuck's a rabbi?  
VERA: A Jewish priest.  
IVAN: A Jew?  
VERA: Yes.  
IVAN: Fuck his mother!  
VERA: Stop it, Ivan.  
IVAN: The Jews killed Jesus.  
VERA: First of all, it wasn't the Jews but the Romans,  
and secondly Jesus was a Jew too.  
IVAN: Not true.  
VERA: What's not true?  
IVAN: That Jesus was a Jew.  
VERA: Oh, really? So what was he?  
IVAN: Orthodox.  
Vera starts laughing. She is in stitches.  
IVAN: What's so funny?  
VERA: Where did you hear that one, tell me?  
IVAN: Dzomba told me. That's why we all hate Jews.  
HAIM: Excuse me, madam, how old is the boy?  
IVAN: What does the chief want?  
VERA: 16.  
HAIM: Like my Zohar. My light, my sun...

The light changes.

*HAIM: My light.*  
*ZOHAR: It hurts.*  
*HAIM: I know.*  
*ZOHAR: It hurt the father too.*  
*HAIM: No, it didn't. He went to God.*  
*ZOHAR: I know it hurt.*

*HAIM: We are used to pain.*  
*ZOHAR: Who's we?*  
*HAIM: Us, Jews.*  
*ZOHAR: That's horrible, grandpa.*  
*HAIM: It's morning. Put on your tefillin.*  
*ZOHAR: I don't want to, grandpa.*  
*HAIM: Let's us pray, Zohar.*  
*ZOHAR: To whom?*  
*HAIM: You know.*  
*ZOHAR: Who?*  
*HAIM: Come, my light.*  
*ZOHAR: Is tefillin going to kill the pain?*  
*HAIM: The Talmud says: whoever hasn't felt pain is not human.*  
*ZOHAR: It hurts horribly, grandpa.*  
*HAIM: I know, Zohar.*  
*ZOHAR: What's left? Accepting destiny, eternal fear, revenge?*  
*HAIM: The Talmud says: live honestly, that's the greatest revenge.*  
*ZOHAR: I thought I wouldn't be able to step on an ant.*  
*HAIM: You wouldn't.*  
*ZOHAR: And now I feel like killing.*  
*HAIM: My Zohar, the Talmud says: man is not responsible for words spoken in anger.*  
*ZOHAR: Grandpa, grandpa, stop quoting the Talmud.*  
*HAIM: The Talmud teaches us, my son. A quote at the right moment is like a piece of bread for the hungry.*  
*ZOHAR: The Talmud won't bring my father back.*  
*HAIM: Neither will our sorrow. Nor your anger. Nor your hate.*

ZOHAR: Why doesn't God bring him back?

HAIM: It's not up to us to question His decisions.

ZOHAR: If He exists at all.

HAIM: Don't say that.

ZOHAR: I don't want to believe.

HAIM: As I said, Man is not responsible for words spoken in anger.

ZOHAR: Then, why does He do this to us?

HAIM: He is tempting us.

ZOHAR: How much longer!

HAIM: Don't do this to me!

ZOHAR: How long, grandpa!

HAIM: Don't, my light.

ZOHAR: You are a rabbi. Ask Him.

HAIM: Who am I to ask Him questions. I am just passing on his teachings.

ZOHAR: Not to me.

HAIM: In Him, in faith you will find comfort.

ZOHAR: In faith? In God?

HAIM: In faith and God.

ZOHAR: And you believe in that?

HAIM: I do.

ZOHAR: If He exists then He's a clown.

HAIM: Don't pretend to be big, because you are not that small.

ZOHAR: Says the Talmud.

HAIM: That's right.

ZOHAR: And you really believe in all of that?

HAIM: I do, my light.

ZOHAR: God exists?

HAIM: I am a rabbi.

ZOHAR: You believe?

HAIM: I am a rabbi, Zohar.

ZOHAR: I asked if you really believed, not if you were a rabbi.

Haim is silent.

ZOHAR: Answer me.

HAIM: I am a rabbi.

ZOHAR: Answer.

Haim is silent.

ZOHAR: Answer me, please.

Haim is silent.

ZOHAR: ANSWER!

HAIM: I don't know.

ZOHAR: You don't?

HAIM: I don't.

ZOHAR: Well, force Him to start existing.

HAIM: I don't know how.

ZOHAR: Order Him.

HAIM: Don't, Zohar.

ZOHAR: Shout to Him, God, start existing.

HAIM: Don't, my light.

ZOHAR: Scream.

HAIM: I don't know how.

ZOHAR: First you, grandpa, start existing!

HAIM: I am afraid.

ZOHAR: Of what? How can He punish us even more?

HAIM: Don't torture me.

ZOHAR: GOD, START EXISTING!

HAIM: (softly) Start.

ZOHAR: Louder, grandpa. GOD, START EXISTING!

HAIM: God, start existing

ZOHAR: GOD, START EXISTING!

HAIM: GOD, START EXISTING!

ZOHAR: Louder. GOD, START EXISTING!

HAIM: GOD, START EXISTING!

**ZOHAR: Even louder. GOD, START EXISTING !**

**HAIM: GOD, START EXISTING!**

The light changes.

HAIM: Excuse me, madam, how old is the boy?

IVAN: What does this chief want?

VERA: 16.

HAIM: Like my Zohar. My light, my shine...

IVAN: Wanker?

VERA: Be polite.

IVAN: Shit, look at that chick.

VERA: Which one?

IVAN: The black one.

VERA: That's a man.

IVAN: A man?

VERA: Yes.

IVAN: But look at those tits, fuck.

VERA: Look, can't you see the size of his feet and  
Adam's apple.

IVAN: Faggot?

VERA: Tranny.

IVAN: Is anybody normal here?

VERA: All right, stop that.

MAIKE: I'd like to give you something.

IVAN: They are all abnormal.

VERA: To me?

MAIKE: To you.

IVAN: Nutters, fucking hell!

VERA: But, why?

MAIKE: I like how you try hard with the boy. He's been  
constantly rebelling.

VERA: It's that age.

MAIKE: Take it.

VERA: Thank you.

MAIKE: You are welcome.

IVAN: What's that old bat trying to sell you?

VERA: Lovely drawings.

MAIKE: They are mine.

VERA: What's this? A mole!

MAIKE: Yes. Its name's Mary Cotter.

VERA: Like Harry Potter?

MAIKE: The worst is that I am used to this being the  
first thing in people's minds.

VERA: It was my first thought too.

MAIKE: Don't think about it, please.

VERA: Are you the author?

MAIKE: Yes.

IVAN: What did the old bat give you?

VERA: A book, Ivan, a book. Thank you very much,  
madam.

MAIKE: No need to thank me. It's enough that the  
truth of a stolen idea spreads.

VERA: Stolen?

MAIKE: You'll understand when you read it, let's not  
talk about it any more.

IVAN: But this is for children.

VERA: And the castle is Waghorts. Like Hogwarts in  
Harry Potter.

MAIKE: Let's not talk about it anymore.

VERA: Incredible similarity.

MAIKE: Let's not talk about it anymore.

VERA: I understand, very funny. You are parodying  
Harry Potter.

MAIKE: Oh, no!

VERA: But...

MAIKE: I said, let's not talk about it anymore.

The light changes.

VERA: *Let's not talk about it, mum.*

MUM: *Let's, darling.*

VERA: *If you think I am happy...*

MUM: *I don't.*

VERA: *What else could we have done?*

MUM: *As you say, darling.*

VERA: *Excellent accommodation.*

MUM: *Yes it is.*

VERA: *And you'll have company.*

MUM: *Yes.*

VERA: *I'll visit every year.*

MUM: *And where will you stay!*

VERA: *In a hotel.*

MUM: *Like the homeless.*

VERA: *Where else.*

MUM: *It could've been in your own house.*

VERA: *Mum, we had to sell the flat.*

MUM: *And Ivan, where's he going to stay when he visits?*

VERA: *The same, in a hotel.*

MUM: *Having his own house...*

VERA: *Let's not talk about that again.*

MUM: *Let's, dear.*

VERA: *People from your old neighbourhood will visit.*

MUM: *They will.*

VERA: *You'll see, you'll be fine.*

MUM: *As you say, darling.*

VERA: *I know, mum.*

MUM: *That's right.*

VERA: *I wish we didn't have to.*

MUM: *It's done now.*

VERA: *Are you angry?*

MUM: *No, I am not.*

VERA: *You are, I can see that.*

MUM: *No.*

VERA: *You said yourself that alone with Ivan any-  
more you just can't.*

MUM: *I did.*

VERA: *You'll see, he'll be fine with us.*

MUM: *I know.*

VERA: *We'll put him in a good school.*

MUM: *He's a good kid.*

VERA: *He'll change.*

MUM: *Good boy.*

VERA: *He is at that age when he needs care.*

MUM: *Nothing's wrong with him.*

VERA: *Except bad company.*

MUM: *They are not all bad.*

VERA: *Let's not talk about it.*

MUM: *Let's.*

VERA: *See how nice it is here.*

MUM: *I do.*

VERA: *Those terrible women turned their heads  
away from me. Refused to greet  
me.*

MUM: *They are good women.*

VERA: *They cried as if you were being buried.*

MUM: *They took care of me.*

VERA: *Not even Nada wanted to greet me.*

MUM: *They are good women.*

VERA: *C'mon...*

MUM: *They used to bring me everything I needed.*

VERA: *Why didn't Ivan do it?*

MUM: *He did it too.*

VERA: *C'mon...*

MUM: *We won't talk about it again.*

VERA: *We won't. You see, you've got a little balcony too.*

MUM: *I see.*

VERA: *You can plant some flowers too.*

MUM: *My balcony was bigger.*

VERA: *A little bit bigger.*

MUM: *Much bigger.*

VERA: *Not that much bigger.*

MUM: *Twice as big.*

VERA: *All right, let's not talk about it anymore.*

MUM: *Let's.*

VERA: *You'll see, you'll be fine once you get used to it.*

MUM: *One gets used to everything.*

VERA: *Especially good things.*

MUM: *The worst is that one gets used to everything.*

VERA: *You think it's easy for me?*

MUM: *I don't, I am just saying the worst is that one gets used to everything.*

VERA: *Right, would it be better if I left my job, got divorced and came back?*

MUM: *God forbid.*

VERA: *Then what?*

MUM: *Nothing.*

VERA: *The most important thing is that you'll have company and won't be alone.*

MUM: *We are always alone.*

VERA: ***Who's we?***

MUM: ***Everybody.***

VERA: ***I don't understand.***

MUM: ***We are condemned to loneliness.***

VERA: ***What are you talking about?***

MUM: *No-one accompanies us through our whole lives.*

VERA: *Excuse me?*

MUM: *The first half of our lives our parents are with us, the second children.*

VERA: *And?*

MUM: *So, no-one is with us all our lives, except ourselves.*

VERA: *You have become a philosopher.*

MUM: *I embraced loneliness long ago.*

VERA: *A poet too.*

MUM: *Not funny.*

VERA: *I am joking.*

MUM: *When is Ivan coming?*

VERA: *You've already said your goodbyes.*

MUM: *I'd like to see him one more time.*

VERA: *He's got a farewell party with his buddies tonight, and we are leaving early in the morning.*

MUM: *So it means I won't see him again?*

VERA: *Only if he cancels his party.*

MUM: *No, no, no way.*

VERA: *Why are you crying?*

MUM: *I am not.*

VERA: *Don't do this to me.*

MUM: *I am not crying.*

VERA: *You are.*

MUM: *You've never seen me crying.*

VERA: *I see you now.*

MUM: *I cry only when I am alone.*

*VERA: All right, mum. I am only trying to help.*

*MUM: Let's not talk about it.*

The light changes.

*VERA: I understand, very funny. You're parodying Harry Potter.*

*MAIKE: I said, let's not talk about it.*

*ANDRZEJ: It really isn't right.*

*BILL: You talking to me?*

*ANDRZEJ: Yes.*

*BILL: What?*

*ANDRZEJ: Smoking is forbidden everywhere.*

*BILL: It suits me.*

*ANDRZEJ: It bothers me.*

*BILL: I don't smoke.*

*ANDRZEJ: But I do.*

*BILL: Don't know what to tell you.*

*ANDRZEJ: Everything is organized around non-smokers. And us?*

*BILL: That's your problem.*

*ANDRZEJ: We, smokers, I guess, have some rights too.*

*MAIKE: But not to poison us.*

*ANDRZEJ: I am talking to the gentleman.*

*MAIKE: You're talking to the whole airport.*

*ANDRZEJ: What do you mean, if you don't mind?*

*MAIKE: You are shouting.*

*ANDRZEJ: Me?*

*MAIKE: To the whole airport. And why are you shouting?*

The light changes.

*JKR: Why are you shouting?*

*MAIKE: Am I shouting, me?*

*JKR: You. What do you want from me?*

*MAIKE: I'd like you to know that if I ever meet you I'll scratch your eyes out.*

*JKR: OK.*

*MAIKE: Where are you going?*

*JKR: I have no time.*

*MAIKE: No, no, you can't.*

*JKR: I've got a lot to do.*

*MAIKE: Really?*

*JKR: Promotions, book-signings, interviews, shooting, contract renewal with Warner, writing the sequel...*

*MAIKE: It should be me doing all of that.*

*JKR: Sometimes I regret writing the first book.*

*MAIKE: You are a lying bitch.*

*JKR: On the other hand, those millions of pounds.*

*MAIKE: And a thief.*

*JKR: Unfortunately, I have no time to spend that money.*

*MAIKE: Don't do this to me!*

*JKR: Such a pile of money.*

*MAIKE: My money.*

*JKR: I keep repeating to myself, just one more sequel and that's it.*

*MAIKE: Admit that Dirk gave you my book.*

*JKR: And the worst thing is, I've already started living in some kind of Hogwarts of my own where I am a professor teaching little wizards.*

*MAIKE: In my case it was Waghorts.*

*JKR: I was thinking of investing money in a theme park.*

*MAIKE: Did you sleep with Dirk?*

*JKR: Then, again, I don't need more money.*  
*MAIKE: Were you his lover?*  
*JKR: Though, I have to admit, it would be interesting to organise quidditch games. The kids would love it.*  
*MAIKE: He must have told you about a brilliant new book.*  
*JKR: Something like a rollercoaster. But big brooms instead of cars. And then these brooms would fly up and down, incredibly fast, one towards the other. Just like in Harry.*  
*MAIKE: You listened to him agog.*  
*JKR: Of course, it'll all have to be worked out.*  
*MAIKE: And you asked him if he would give it to you to read?*  
*JKR: But, I really have no time to deal with it.*  
*MAIKE: He was smiling, wasn't he?*  
*JKR: So many responsibilities.*  
*MAIKE: After some wine, he took you to his hotel room.*  
*JKR: I also thought about a hotel. At the seaside.*  
*MAIKE: And just like every bitch, down you lay.*  
*JKR: Of course it would be called Hogwarts Palace. Seven stars, like the Burj Al Arab in Dubai. All the staff like characters from the book. Professors, Hermione, Rons and Rons and many Harry Potters, of course.*  
*MAIKE: Except he didn't tell you the most important thing.*  
*JKR: But, really, really, I have no time.*  
*MAIKE: That he doesn't have the English translation.*  
*JKR: So many responsibilities.*  
*MAIKE: Big scoundrel Dirk.*  
*JKR: I almost forgot.*  
*MAIKE: Then you forced him to tell you, more and more and more...*

*JKR: I have an appointment for tea with the Queen.*  
*MAIKE: And you went to bed with him, over and over and over...*  
*JKR: She is so boring.*  
*MAIKE: Until you learned everything by heart.*  
*JKR: But, still she is the Queen.*  
*MAIKE: Bitch.*  
*JKR: Nobody's perfect.*  
*MAIKE: Damn bitch!*

The light changes.

*ANDRZEJ: Us smokers have some rights too, I guess..*  
*MAIKE: But not to poison us.*  
*ANDRZEJ: I am talking to the gentleman.*  
*MAIKE: You are talking to the whole airport.*  
*ANDRZEJ: What do you mean, if you don't mind?*  
*MAIKE: You are shouting.*  
*ANDRZEJ: Me?*  
*MAIKE: At the whole airport.*  
*ANDRZEJ: Is madam nervous?*  
*MAIKE: No, but your shouting is bothering me. I hate the stink of cigarettes.*  
*ANDRZEJ: Stink, stink, stink. The stink is bothering you, and you have no idea how the stink could be brilliant.*  
*MAIKE: I am not interested in your nonsense.*  
*ANDRZEJ: Anyway...*

The light changes.

*KING: At this historical moment I cannot but bow to the genius of Mr. Andrzej Krzysztofski.*

*ANDRZEJ: Your Majesty, please don't do this to me...*

*KING: No, no, I have to.*

*ANDRZEJ: But you are the King, I am just a mere mortal.*

*KING: I must, I must...*

*ANDRZEJ: Well, then, if you insist.*

*KING: Well, my heart is full, now that I have had the honour of bowing to this mountain of a man.*

*ANDRZEJ: Thank you, your Majesty.*

*KING: No, no, all the gratitude in the world is mine.*

*ANDRZEJ: All right, man, stop it.*

*KING: Call me Gustav.*

*ANDRZEJ: Fine, Gustav, stand up.*

*KING: I have come to the decision that from now on Jeterborje (Gothenburg) is to be known as Andrzejborje (Andrzejburg).*

*ANDRZEJ: Why Gothenburg and not Stockholm?*

*KING: You think so?*

*ANDRZEJ: I do.*

*KING: So be it. Cancel Andrzejburg and write down Andrzejholm.*

*ANDRZEJ: Well, yes. That's better.*

*KING: Actually, no! Let it stay Andrzejburg!*

*ANDRZEJ: Of course, why change it every minute.*

*KING: Allow me to kneel during your oration.*

*ANDRZEJ: Very well, Gustav, you may kneel.*

*KING: In all these years, since the Nobel Committee and Nobel Prize have existed, there has been no man, not one, equal to God, who has won the Nobel Prize in all categories. The Nobel Prize for chemistry, physics, medicine, economics, literature and peace, this year go to Mr. Andrzej Krzysztofski. After this it becomes meaningless. I humbly ask you, Mr. Krzysztofski, to address the guests.*

*ANDRZEJ: Thank you, Gustav. My invention puts me in the pleiad of brilliant Polish people who have been crowned with this award. Thanks to this, stink will never again be hated. On the contrary, stink will be praised and adored. From now on every house will have Krzysztofski's stink sucking generator built in, which will take the stink to the great Krzysztofski's central storage system. How much stink has been wasted so far? Priceless waste. Let's take, for example, human evacuation. Or bodily odours. Or the stink of rotten food. Or gas. It happens to everyone, doesn't it, Gustav?*

*KING: That's right Mr. Krzysztofski.*

*ANDRZEJ: You too can let rip a big one, Gustav?*

*KING: Yes, I can.*

*ANDRZEJ: The actual process of stink generation is genius from the point of view of physics, as are the chemical formulae of various stinks from the chemistry point of view. Constructing Krzysztofski's central plants all over the world has made incredible advances in the world economy. The freedom of humans to empty themselves without the discomfort of shame, will contribute to world health, and the fear of Krzysztofski's stink bombs will contribute to world peace. Conclusion! Now you can see, it took a Pole for the world to start respecting and stop despising stink. Everything about my invention is described in the world bestseller *The Genius of a Polish Mind* as *Opposed to Satanic Anti-stinking Quasi-scientific Whores*, a priceless contribution to world literature, for which I also received the Nobel Prize. Instead of the usual THANK YOU I am ready to receive, with great pleasure, your gratitude.*

**KING:** *Genius, genius, Mr. Krzysztofski.*  
**ANDRZEJ:** *I know, Gustav, I know.*  
*Everyone is applauding.*  
**ANDRZEJ:** *Let's go Gustav, let's get up and go for lunch...*

The light changes.

**MAIKE:** I hate the stink of cigarettes.  
**ANDRZEJ:** Stink, stink, stink. Stink bothers you, but you have no idea how brilliant stink can be.  
**MAIKE:** I'm not interested in your nonsense.  
**ANDRZEJ:** I am used to being told it's nonsense.  
**MAIKE:** I'm not interested in what you are used to.  
**ANDRZEJ:** Anyway, you'll see for yourself soon.  
**BILL:** What's your name?  
**VERA:** Are you asking me?  
**BILL:** You.  
**VERA:** Vera, why?  
**BILL:** Nothing. Your hands...  
**VERA:** My hands?  
**BILL:** They remind me of someone.  
**VERA:** I hope you remember that person by her good deeds.  
**BILL:** I guess so.  
**VERA:** What was her name?

The light changes.

**BILL:** *Rhine!*  
**RHINE:** *Yes?*  
**BILL:** *Nothing.*  
**RHINE:** *We are done for tonight.*

**BILL:** *Yes.*  
**RHINE:** *You were good tonight.*  
**BILL:** *I wasn't.*  
**RHINE:** *I liked you.*  
**BILL:** *I wasn't.*  
**RHINE:** *You were good.*  
**BILL:** *At least to someone.*  
**RHINE:** *I like it when you sing Oh, Suzanna.*  
**BILL:** *Such an old song.*  
**RHINE:** *I like it.*  
**BILL:** *Rhine?*  
**RHINE:** *Yes?*  
**BILL:** *What are you going to do now?*  
**RHINE:** *To clean the joint and wash the glasses.*  
**BILL:** *Don't.*  
**RHINE:** *I have to.*  
**BILL:** *Let's go to the river.*  
**RHINE:** *You know I can't.*  
**BILL:** *I know, but let's go anyway.*  
**RHINE:** *I don't want to.*  
**BILL:** *I like to listen to the rush of the river at night.*  
**RHINE:** *When will you understand.*  
**BILL:** *Let's run away.*  
**RHINE:** *Excuse me?*  
**BILL:** *Escape from here.*  
**RHINE:** *Stop it.*  
**BILL:** *Far away.*  
**RHINE:** *Stop it, man.*  
**BILL:** *The furthest.*  
**RHINE:** *You've been smoking your grass again.*  
**BILL:** *I haven't. I'd just like us to go somewhere far. You and me.*  
**RHINE:** *I don't want to listen to you.*

*BILL: You are pretty when you are angry.*  
*RHINE: Go to sleep.*  
*BILL: I know you don't love him.*  
*RHINE: You know nothing.*  
*BILL: I know I like your hands.*  
*RHINE: You know nothing.*  
*BILL: I know you don't like Belovo.*  
*RHINE: That's why we will go to Sofia.*  
*BILL: I know you won't like Sofia.*  
*RHINE: You know nothing .*  
*BILL: I know we would be happy.*  
*RHINE: Nothing.*  
*BILL: Stay with me tonight.*  
*RHINE: I don't want to.*  
*BILL: You said you love waking up in my arms.*  
*RHINE: No!*  
*BILL: Is it that hard to love me?*  
*RHINE: I am getting married in two weeks, man.*  
*BILL: But, you don't love him.*  
*RHINE: I don't love you either.*  
*BILL: You will.*  
*RHINE: Ah, my Bill.*  
*BILL: You'll see, the mountains are even higher than these and the rivers even faster and the rush is louder.*  
*RHINE: Canadian Belovo.*  
*BILL: No, it's nicer. You'll get used to it.*  
*RHINE: Man can get used to anything.*  
*BILL: What's wrong with that?*  
*RHINE: Nothing wrong, it's terrible.*  
*BILL: You'll see, it's lovely.*  
*RHINE: But of course. It's great in your Mani..., Mani...Manitoba.*

*BILL: Mani, mani. All you think of is money.*  
*RHINE: I've never slept with you for money.*  
*BILL: It means you love me.*  
*RHINE: No, it doesn't.*  
*BILL: C'mon, come with me.*  
*RHINE: I'm off to Sofia.*  
*BILL: I'll love you.*  
*RHINE: To the big city.*  
*BILL: To an ugly city.*  
*RHINE: Whatever, but it's a city, not a village.*  
*BILL: What's there?*  
*RHINE: Everything you wish.*  
*BILL: Why are you afraid of love?*  
*RHINE: Oh, my Bill.*  
*BILL: Stay tonight.*  
*RHINE: Dear William.*  
*BILL: Just tonight.*  
*RHINE: My dear William Davidson.*  
*Rhine caresses him.*  
*BILL: Don't do this to me.*  
*RHINE: Why?*  
*BILL: Because I love your hands, Rhine.*

The light changes.

*VERA: What was her name?*  
*BILL: Excuse me?*  
*VERA: What was her name?*  
*BILL: Rhine.*  
*VERA: Like the river.*  
*BILL: Yes, like the river. And she's getting married today.*  
*IVAN: Nice chick.*

VERA: Excuse me?  
IVAN: I said, good looking chick.  
VERA: Stop staring at her.  
IVAN: I am not staring.  
VERA: You are.  
IVAN: So what if I am?  
VERA: It's rude.  
IVAN: Phfffffffffh...

The light changes.

*IVAN: Fucking hell, great tits.*  
*OLGA: The boy is boring.*  
*IVAN: Great tits.*  
*OLGA: Well, well, well...*  
*IVAN: Fuck me, I've got a hard on...*  
*OLGA: He's covering his crotch...*  
*IVAN: Phwor, bro!*  
*OLGA: You'd like to play, boy, eh?*  
*IVAN: Fuck me, I'd wank on those tits.*  
*OLGA: Well, let's play then. Now, auntie Olga's gonna spread her legs a little.*  
*IVAN: Man, I can see her knicks.*  
*OLGA: A bit of tit touching.*  
*IVAN: Fuck me!*  
*OLGA: What are you imagining while you rub down there?*  
*IVAN: How much you want, Cico?*  
*CICA: Depends on what you are looking for.*  
*IVAN: Everything.*  
*CICA: What's everything? Everything's got its price.*  
*IVAN: Well, everything.*  
*CICA: You want me to wank you off, blow you, fifteen*

*minutes or all night, you wanna fuck, arse fuck, everything's got its price.*  
*IVAN: Ok. Everything.*  
*CICA: You got money?*  
*IVAN: I've got some.*  
*CICA: Go home, little boy.*  
*IVAN: Don't call me boy.*  
*CICA: Wow, aren't you dangerous.*  
*IVAN: I don't like it when people call me boy.*  
*CICA: Have you ever fucked?*  
*IVAN: Yes, I have.*  
*CICA: Why are you lying?*  
*IVAN: I am not.*  
*CICA: So, you are experienced.*  
*IVAN: Yes, I am.*  
*CICA: Then why are you shaking.*  
*IVAN: I am not.*  
*CICA: Shit, you are shaking.*  
*IVAN: I am not.*  
*CICA: Let me see, what have you got down here. Well, well, a hard on.*  
*IVAN: What are you doing?*  
*CICA: Don't you like it?*  
*IVAN: No. Yes.*  
*CICA: Yes or no?*  
*IVAN: Yes.*  
*CICA: You got a thousand?*  
*IVAN: I have.*  
*CICA: Shall I blow you?*  
*IVAN: Here?*  
*CICA: Here, under the bridge.*  
*IVAN: I don't know.*  
*CICA: You are shitting your pants.*

IVAN: No, I am not, cut the crap.  
CICA: Give me the money.  
IVAN: People will see us.  
CICA: I'll stroke it slowly.  
IVAN: Yes..  
CICA: Until it gets totally hard.  
IVAN: Mmmmmmmmmmm.  
CICA: Then I'll unzip you and take it out.  
IVAN: Yessss.  
CICA: Kneel and kiss it.  
IVAN: Stop talking.  
CICA: Slowly I'll wank it and kiss it.  
IVAN: Well, c'mon, then.  
CICA: I'll put it in my mouth.  
IVAN: Put it, please.  
CICA: Shall I stroke your hairy balls? Are they hairy?  
IVAN: Yes, c'mon.  
CICA: When you start twitching I'll take it out and you'll come on my tits.  
IVAN: Hurry up, I can't take it no more.  
CICA: Then I'll lick it up all.  
IVAN: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.  
CICA: I knew it.  
IVAN: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.  
CICA: You came on talking alone.  
IVAN: Don't laugh at me.  
CICA: Go home, little boy.  
IVAN: Don't laugh at me.  
CICA: You are dangerous again, little boy.  
IVAN: Stop laughing.  
CICA: Dangerous, dangerous, dangerous...  
IVAN: Don't do this to me!  
CICA: Fuck off home, you snotty little kid!

IVAN: Stop it, I'll bring my buddies, they'll fuck the shit out of you.  
CICA: Boy, go fuck yourself.  
IVAN: Fuck your mother, you cunt!  
CICA: Get lost! What's even worse, I got used to these guys.  
IVAN: You fucking whore...  
Look, she's spreading her legs, stroking her tits, fuck, fuck, fuck...

The light changes.

IVAN: Oooph.  
VERA: What's the matter?  
IVAN: Got to go to the bog.  
Ivan runs.  
OLGA: Is he sick?  
VERA: I don't know.  
OLGA: His face is red.  
VERA: He is flying for the first time.  
OLGA: Oh, of course.  
VERA: He is nervous.  
OLGA: Clearly.  
VERA: He's excited.  
OLGA: Yes, that's it.  
VERA: It'll be fine.

The light changes.

DAVIS: It'll be fine.  
VERA: What do you mean?  
DAVIS: It'll be fine if he stays in Belgrade.  
VERA: He is only 16.

DAVIS: So?  
VERA: He can't be alone.  
DAVIS: People are over-protective about kids.  
VERA: What people?  
DAVIS: At 16 he can go to work.  
VERA: What people?  
DAVIS: You, Serbians.  
VERA: Serbia isn't Canada.  
DAVIS: Nor will it ever be.  
VERA: That's why I want to take him with me.  
DAVIS: Do you know what you are getting into?  
VERA: I've never said it would be easy.  
DAVIS: Easy? It'll be hell.  
VERA: What do you suggest?  
DAVIS: Find the father.  
VERA: You are crazy.  
DAVIS: Let him take care of the boy.  
VERA: You are crazy.  
DAVIS: Is your mother really that ill?  
VERA: I can't believe you are asking me that.  
DAVIS: I am.  
VERA: You know very well she is.  
DAVIS: How much is left from the flat sale?  
VERA: That's Ivan's money.  
DAVIS: That's our money. We have to send him to school, feed him, clothe him.  
VERA: When I've paid for the old people's home, 75,000.  
DAVIS: 75,000 what?  
VERA: Canadian dollars, for God sake.  
DAVIS: Only?  
VERA: Don't be a fool.  
DAVIS: I am not.

VERA: You know very well how small the flat is.  
DAVIS: That's not a flat. It's a hole.  
VERA: Why are you doing this to me?  
DAVIS: I am just stating facts.  
VERA: Stop it, please.  
DAVIS: That's not good.  
VERA: What?  
DAVIS: Nothing's good, Vera!  
VERA: What did you say?  
DAVIS: Nothing's good, Vera!  
VERA: Vera?  
DAVIS: Yes, Vera!  
VERA: Since when have you called me Vera?  
DAVIS: Since now.  
VERA: What's the meaning of it?  
DAVIS: It means it's not good.  
VERA: You are blackmailing me.  
DAVIS: Call it what you like.  
VERA: It's not fair.  
DAVIS: I can't guarantee anything anymore.  
VERA: Not fair.  
DAVIS: Call it what you like.  
VERA: With more money everything would be all right.  
DAVIS: Maybe.  
VERA: I have no choice.  
DAVIS: I've just given you a choice.  
VERA: Not fair, Mr. Davis.  
DAVIS: Jason, Vera, my name's Jason.  
VERA: That's not what I call you.  
DAVIS: I don't care what you call me.  
VERA: What does your Chinese assistant call you?  
DAVIS: What's she's got to do with this?  
VERA: What does she call you?

**DAVIS:** *Mr. Davis.*

**VERA:** *So, that name is booked for her to use, is it?*

**DAVIS:** *Lee is not the subject. Your brother is.*

**VERA:** *I simply have to do it.*

**DAVIS:** *Then do it.*

**VERA:** *You'll see, it'll be fine. You'll get used to him.*

**DAVIS:** *Man can get used to anything. Like an animal.*

**VERA:** *Don't do this to me.*

**DAVIS:** *Do whatever you want. I am not interested.*

**VERA:** *It'll be fine.*

**DAVIS:** *C'mon!*

**VERA:** *If we love each other.*

**DAVIS:** *Yeah, sure.*

**VERA:** *You'll see, it'll be fine. I won't be edgy anymore.*

*I am in pieces. So, please, help me a bit. Just a bit.*

**DAVIS:** *That's what I've been trying to do.*

**VERA:** *It'll be fine.*

**DAVIS:** *But I can't make it.*

**VERA:** *It'll be fine. It'll be fine. You'll see.*

**DAVIS:** *It won't.*

**VERA:** *It'll be fine. It'll be fine. It'll be fine.*

The light changes.

**VERA:** *It'll be fine.*

**OLGA:** *Of course.*

Bill is singing and playing.

**BILL:** Last year in the month of May  
I left my home in Kansas City  
Since then I only pray  
God forbid what a pity.

Back home, sweet Mary Ann  
With little Josh and Mary Jane  
Cries all the night, but just in vain  
Life's never gonna be the same.

Don't cry for me Kansas City,  
The truth is I never left you  
Not in my wild dreams, my mad  
existence,  
I'll keep my promise, don't keep the  
distance.

Again, man, again.

**VERA:** Sounds like Evita.

**BILL:** It is Evita.

Bill packs his guitar. Ivan comes back.

**VOICE:** Flight KL 0691 is now ready for boarding. We ask passengers to have their boarding passes and passports ready for inspection. We invite first and business class passengers to embark first. We wish you a pleasant and comfortable flight.

Everyone gets up, forms a queue. Haim doesn't notice that his *kippah* has fallen on the floor. Maike leaves some books on the floor. Vera is looking for her passport and doesn't notice that a small family photo album falls out. Ivan gets up and some toilet paper falls out of his tracksuit trousers. Bill, gently pats his guitar case and puts it on the floor. Andrzej forgets his folder, which he had been flipping through all this time.

Olga takes off the shoes she'd been wearing and puts on a new pair with high heels, while tucking the old ones under the chair. They leave.

The fairy godmother comes in.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: They are leaving. I have to quickly prepare the gate for the next flight. Some are leaving, some are coming. And none of them knows what I know. When I accidentally brush against them or observe them, I see what's behind and ahead of them. I carry their destinies with me, which is not at all easy. Then, when I lie down, I go through their stories in my head, soaking in their pain, their destinies. Here, for example, the passengers of KL 0691. All they left behind. Bill's guitar, Haim's *kippah*, Andrzej's inventions, Maïke van der Berg's books, Vera's family photos, Ivan's clump of wet toilet paper, Olga's shoes. Here, for example, if she had stayed in those shoes, things wouldn't happen to her the way they are going to happen. Getting off the plane, Olga will twist and break her ankle. She'll take it as a sign from destiny. Although she'll win the best anal sex AVN award for her film, she won't go to collect her award and she won't shoot porn anymore. She'll open a studio and teach little girls ballet in Seattle. The bodies of Igor and Genadij will never be found. By not noticing his fallen *kippah*, the good rabbi Haim Goldberg has admitted, unknowingly, that he has lost his faith. He'll regain it when he brings his grandchildren to Canada but not his daughter-in-law. She'll remarry and stay in Dafna. Zohar will become a taxi driver, Uri will go back to Israel, failing to settle down in Toronto and will die in one of the numerous shellings of the kibbutz. The

good rabbi Haim will live to be 102. They will be no-one left after him. A nurse in the old people's home will close his eyes, and the Jewish community will pay for a humble funeral. Andrzej will end up angry in a lunatic asylum not far from Toronto, after the court judges that he, in a state of diminished responsibility, tried to plant a bomb in the sewerage system and suffocate the whole city with the stink because no-one believed that his invention was a stroke of genius. Maïke will go to her grave convinced that her publisher and Joanne Rowling ripped her off. Just like she believed that her sister stole the man she loved from her. Boarding the plane, she is not aware that her sister is dying exactly in that moment. She'll live with Joss until she dies. Bill will never write a musical. In Stonewall, a little town in Manitoba, he'll teach music in a high school and he'll stage *Evita*, as a school musical, in which he'll play Che Guevara. He'll write letters to Rhine for a while, who will work in her husband's inn in the grey suburbs of Sofia, but there will be no answer. Then he'll give up. Vera will divorce Mr. Davis, who'll marry his assistant Lee. Vera and Ivan will move to Toronto. They'll never visit their mother, who will die exactly 134 days after Vera's departure. Only Vera will attend the funeral and she'll never go back to Belgrade. Ivan will become a taxi driver in Toronto, miracle of miracles, together with Zohar. They'll become best friends and Zohar will be his best man when he marries a Brazilian Maria Elena, with whom he'll have two children. One night, sixteen years from now, on his way home from drinking beer in a pub with Zohar, a group of skinheads will attack them. Trying to save Zohar, Ivan will be beaten to death. Af-

ter this Zohar will shave off his sidecurls and will never grow them again.

There! With this suitcase of destinies I'll lie down tonight. And so will all my fellow girls all over the world, with their suitcases, trying to take a part of the pain onto ourselves. So, let no-one say that it's easy for us fairy godmothers. So much pain. A lot, a lot, a lot of pain. So much sorrow. So much sameness. So much... But I am used to it. The worst thing is man gets used to everything.

I must hurry. New passengers are coming, new losers and I don't like what I see they carry in themselves... But, that is a completely different, same story.

The clock shows 13.45

The light fades...