

FOUR LITTLE WOMEN

by
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CHARACTERS

Dafina Kasa- actress /40/years

Amalija Kasa- her grandmother with exciting life / 81/ years

VICTORija Kasa – Auntie Grannie, Amalia's disabled sister /up to 80/ years

Klara Kasa- Amalia's daughter, (Dafina's Auntie /57/ years)

VICTOR Kasa- Klara's older son /41/ year– (Dafina's brother, transvestite)

Mr Milić- director /50/ years

Jožef Magda- Amalia's fifth husband /70/ years

Kiči –Klara's younger son, drug addict /17/ years

Uncle- the last, young, dumb, almost retarded Klara's husband /35/ years

Đakomo Kazanova- actor /55/ years

Little Victor

Little Dafina

Bearded soldier, the first actor, the second actor, the vet

The play is situated in the period of time from 1991 to 1995 – Yugoslavia – Vojvodina – Bezdán, small provincial town towards the Hungarian border. The dissolution of Yugoslavia and the war in the close setting of multi ethnical and multi confessional community (Serbs, Hungarians and Germans not only have lived in the same region for centuries, but have also been mutually connected through marriages and blood relations). That is the background of this play. At the time of mass madness, the time of outburst of Serbian together with all the other nationalisms, the family Kasa containing this national mixture is gathered in the family house in Bezdán where it began its horrible and traumatic moments of living, surrounded by war, misery and fear. The actress Dafina Kasa (running away from war, leaving the theatre in which she used to work) comes to her grandmother's house (whose name is Amalia) and who lives together with her last husband-Magda and younger disabled sister, who is a spinster (known as Auntie Grannie), foster-daughter – Klara and her sons – Victor, who is a transvestite with homosexual tendencies, who has been in love with his half-sister Dafina since their childhood and younger son who is a drug addict. The destiny of this family is a universal picture of many families in the region of the broken country. War time during which all the hidden and suppressed phenomena come to light, opening that way, new, dramatic dimensions of life.

PICTURE 1 (childhood, two main characters of the play, brother and sister)

A boy and a girl about the same age are coming to the stage (about ten years old). The girl is taking off her clothes, the boy is doing the same, he is putting on her dress, tying the ribbon around his head, she is taking off

her pink knickers and he is putting them on and then climbing onto the improvised elevation starting to play ballet, imitating the swan. The girl is applauding.

GIRL: It's beautiful!

BOY (dancing): One day I will amaze the world and become famous!
I'll earn a lot of money and buy you everything you want.

GIRL: No, you won't! Last night you didn't sing to me before we went to sleep. Moreover, you did not fix the puppet. You keep forgetting everything!

BOY: I will fix it tomorrow! - (dancing). I should make him new clothes. Shall we make him a ball dress? Why should he be a man? It would be better for him to be a woman.

GIRL: Grandpa Magda doesn't like you to be a ballerina.

BOY: I would like to be a woman. To wear dresses, to be carried when I am too lazy to walk and to be cuddled by everyone, just like you.

GIRL: Grandpa Magda says that all women are witches! Am I a woman too?

BOY: No, you aren't. You are something different .

GIRL: I 'm your sister.

BOY: Yes! You are my arm, my leg and my head. You are all over inside of me.

GIRL: And in your heart?

BOY: Listen. (He leans her head against his chest) You are here! I always know where you are. I can hear you when you call me and when you cry. My heart lets me know.

GIRL: I love you most of all!

(Thunder can be heard in the distance, announcing storm)

BOY: Demons are coming to dance in the rain. Let's run home!

GIRL: I don't want to run! I'm not afraid, I want to see them!

BOY: It is not possible before the storm. Let's not be drenched...

GIRL: Where are they?

BOY: They are here. You can see them later as well, they live with us.

GIRL: Call them!

BOY is singing: Violet is a blue flower,

And chilliness freezes water,

I'll buy you a donkey with hat

To coo you and to pat,

Oh, my dear, you are so beautiful today...

(Grandpa Josef Magda is coming to the scene with a whip in his hand,

'snapping' the whip, thunder is becoming louder and louder)

MAGDA - Where are the two of you? Ozonjad pičabo, (curse in Hungarian), what have I told you hundreds of times... just over my dead body! You are to defy me! I'll beat the hell out of you! Take off that dress. You should be sent to the Military Boarding School, to teach you a lesson!

(He is chasing the children to beat them, snapping the whip, they run screaming.)

Darkening

Picture 2

Salon in the apartment of Dafina Kasa is in chaos, clothes thrown on the back of the chairs and armchairs, unpacked suitcases. The man (Victor) with the blond wig on his head, black tight skirt, mesh stockings, red pullover, with a lot of make up on his face, packing the things in the military bag...Dafina Kasa entering the room holding a suitcase and watching him amazed.

VICTOR – Why are you staring at me? I’ve got nothing more to hide! I can’t go on this way any more. I’ll be what I should have been long time ago. Look, does it fit me well?

DAFINA : But you are a man!

VICTOR : From now on I’m Viki! I came to change and then straight to the front!

DAFINA : You’ll get killed, you fool!

VICTOR : I am not going to fight. I’m going to make warlike life easier for those people over there. I must think about my future. What do you think of borrowing me some of your clothes, it is not very reasonable buying all these new things in this crisis? Do you know how much a pair of ordinary stockings cost? They were half price before the war, even those better ones. Catastrophe, real catastrophe!

DAFINA : Don’t do foolish things, Victor...Don’t go...Are you going to fight for criminals and those greedy bastards? This is a plunderous war whose single aim is to take other people’s money, to kill a brother or a cousin, to take from people as much as you can, to demolish their houses, and to chase them away from their own land and fields. Please, don’t go! Do you believe that the rifle must be loaded before someone else’s shoots? The whole story is dirty and bad! Are you really going to grant your life for the criminals?!

VICTOR : I'm going to grant and give the only thing I have! For me this is the only way to ran away from here! I'm not as they are, I am different.

DAFINA : Do you really think you will get your chance there? They'll kill you, they'll slit your throat, as if you were a chicken, just because you are different!

VICTOR: The war will give me the chance. There are not so many people like me. Who has guts to take a walk in a dress, to go to hell, to a pigsty and slaughterhouse that was imagined by those who are not wearing dresses, but who are sitting in saloons drinking chilled drinks while putting their hands on their subordinates' knees?! I am scum for them and because of that they will do no harm to me. They need me! Assistants are needed in hell, they do not choose now. Death dance will last for some time and they really enjoy it. There is just one thing they are afraid of. They are afraid of all the good things and everything that is very good. For them I am only disgusting fag who they will pay. When I earn enough, I will get on the plane and go directly to New Zealand. I'll let you know as soon as I get there. I'll buy a big house. Will you come?

DAFINA: What will you do if the others get you?

VICTOR: They all like to "do the blow job" more than to die. I've made inquiries and I know exactly where and who to contact. Afterwards we'll have our huntsman's yarns.*

DAFINA : Victor, I'am afraid. This is going to be hell. Demons are on the scene, as far as you can see! How many dead people are across Slavonia, and what about Vukovar? It roars every day, airplanes flying over it! They are bombing, killing!

VICTOR: They'll demolish it completely until they free it from people, money and any kind of property.

(Sound of the plane is heard.)

VICTOR hugs her and kisses her on the cheek, taking off the wig.

VICTOR: Don't be afraid, they will fly away.

DAFINA: I'm afraid. Every night I listen to them coming and leaving, there are more and more of them. At night, they are walking, hiding in the corners of the rooms. If we don't chase them away, we'll all die!

VICTOR: Don't be frightened, there are no demons, that is just the mouse rustling in the attic. We will survive.

Picture 3

Antique salon of the bourgeois family from the first part of the 20th century. Family is gathered. Mrs Amalija Kasa, her disabled sister- Auntie Grannie- Victorija Kasa is sitting in the wheelchair, Jožef Magda-grandpa is reading newspapers, Klara Kasa is knitting in the armchair, her new husband /Uncle/, the last of her husbands, is sprawled out on the sofa, carving a piece of wood. Dafina is coming.

DAFINA: Cskolom edeš. / I kiss you all, my dears, speaking in Hungarian. /

AMALIJA Kasa : Serbus! /Hello. /

AUNTIE GRANNIE : Gutn.tag frojlan!

/ sitting in the wheelchair, clapping hands, grandpa Magda standing up and greeting her, aunt Klara kissing Dafina who is holding out her hand to her new, young husband (UNCLE), and he is giving her a piece of wood in return, which is Klara grabbing from his hands.

KLARA: He is a little bit confused, but he is very kind, in fact.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: There have never been so many men in our house.
At least one is extra!

AMALIJA : We never used to live that way.

MAGDA: There will be even more of them when those who went over the border start running back. There is a lot of army and soldiers everywhere, everything is green and stinks. Moreover, you know no more who is who. Who is killing whom and why. Nobody knows!

UNCLE: They know, but they don't want to say.

MAGDA: I've lived through many hard times, but I've never seen this before. Tell us if you know who is enemy to whom? I saw Šandor's brother from Doroslav the day before yesterday. He doesn't know whether he is an enemy now or not. He says how far the front line is that far is the enemy!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: As far as I understand, everyone who is not Serb is an enemy.

AMALIJA: No, enemy is everyone who is Croat or Hungarian. Germans are out-of-date enemies.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I can't believe that we lost precedence!

UNCLE: I don't care, I am for all.

KLARA: Alas, I'll have to get birth certificate, and you all know very well that you've found me in the cornfield. What am I?

AMALIJA: Silly goose! They are beyond price now!

DAFINA: I think that it is not quite clear yet who the enemy is, but I suppose that it is everyone who is not with them.

MAGDA: And with whom, them?

DAFINA: With those who are fighting!

MAGDA: Fuck you all silly, everyone is fighting everyone!

AMALIJA: There, what can you expect of someone who was a simple stable man and tickler* of mares. He didn't learn anything else but to massage the croups of the mares, and to neigh at the same time. He is an expert in that!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: That's why you married him. Nobody else could give you comfort after three husbands.

AMALIJA: It's a pity you are not younger so that we can send you to the front-line. I think that you would, even so disabled, manage to crawl to the first officer.

(*Tickler of the mares- a man who works on a farm and "stimulates" the mares before they are taken to the horses for insemination.)

DAFINA : If you don't stop, I'll go home! Is there anything new here but the old quarrels?

KLARA: Nothing, as you can see.

AMALIJA: Everywhere the trumpets are blasting and military flags are being unrolled. Have you seen your mother recently?

DAFINA – I haven't seen Nevenka for a very long time.

AMALIJA: As if you are not living in the same city, good Lord! How is she, is she healthy? I don't know anything about my own daughter. I haven't seen her for five or six years, maybe. What does she say about all these events? Where are now her so called friends!? What do they say? Honest people cannot go out to the street from those disguised creatures. They are just backbiting and baiting people onto each other! I think if they are Chetniks, they must be partisan's. They are from their time.

DAFINA : They are not theirs. They killed Chetniks fifty years ago.

AMALIJA: All of them are theirs, who else's they can be? They are not mine, for sure! They look with hatred, just threatening and howling. Every honest man is afraid of them, both Serb and Hungarian and anyone normal.

MAGDA: Everything forebodes a big misfortune. War drags the best out of people, but also the worst, indeed!

AMALIJA: Have you seen your brother recently?

DAFINA : Which one?

AMALIJA: The only one! I think of Kiči, not of that horrible fag!

KLARA: What happens to you, mum?

AMALIJA: He went to the battlefield two weeks ago. He is just seventeen, and he wants to kill already!

KLARA: Don't say so, he was invited.

AMALIJA: You keep silent! If only we had never taken you out of that cornfield. Someone else would have found you, so you could patronize him or her.

MAGDA : For God sake, Amalia, don't let everything go wrong...

AMALIJA - Rakom beled!(curse in Hungarian).The only useful thing with people like you would be to fertilize the land with you! He is just philosophizing and sneaking like a fart across the house. He doesn't undertake anything! Just guzzling out of fear. Coward just like all the men who have ever entered this house.

(MAGDA angrily grabs one glass bowl from the table, throws it onto the floor and rushes out of the room.)

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Your grandpa was something different. He was handsome as Attila the Scourge of God, with the voice that made your hair curly, you got goose bumps all over, taking your breath away; your teeth would become numb when he talked! He had just one fault. He chased his own soul just like your grandma.

AMALIJA: You are talking nonsense! He was a whoremaster of every woman who wanted to listen to him, watch him, pat him, cut his nails, washes his back, his feet, massage his hair root, lick his neck and bones,

gnaw his toes! That horrible Serbian officer came riding the white horse to revenge and demolish, to act wise on us! To us?! Ordinary scum!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Ordinary boor.

DAFINA: If you go on this way, I'll go home!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: OK, don't be angry. You know what she is like when someone mentions the past. We mustn't talk about the past in this house. Yes, yes...I had wonderful dreams last night. Old women like me should not dream youthful dreams. What do I need them for? I'm only more upset when I wake up.

AMALIJA: You shouldn't be upset, you had more of them than you really needed.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: They always dressed you more nicely, just because you were the older one.

AMALIJA: Don't talk bilge, as if it is important what happened fifty years ago.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: If it was not, why did you also take my corset on the first ball? In comparison to you, I was like a heap of corn! And in Sombor when you hid the mourning in the small case? You jumped into red georgette silk like you are mad, and you had just buried your husband. You had to show off and seduce one after another, "who will inspect the hot plate"!

AMALIJA : Who knew at that time how the electricity functioned and that there is a wire in that rose?!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: What is this forfeit supposed to do, to burn this flower, for tomorrow the new one will grow to make this world glow! You waved with that rose as if it was a fan and pointed to your heart! You gave him that rose made of crape paper, nobody else!

AMALIJA: I did not kill him, it was the electricity that killed him!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: If only you didn't bring that damned electric ring to make tea in the salon for those tea parties of yours. You always had to show off and to be the main character...

AMALIJA: I AM the main character. If you don't stop talk bilge, I'll take you to the store room to shell poppy and think about Mihalj!

Screeching of hens is heard.

AMALIJA: If it is not a skunk, then it must be that creep of mine!

(Magda is entering, carrying rather big hen in his hands, taking scissors and wooden stool, sitting in the middle of the room, putting the hen over his knees. Everybody is watching him astounded.)

AMALIJA: You are a Hungarian so behave yourself!

MAGDA: So what! Today everybody is killing everyone, no matter what he is or who he is. I'm only good to work, and I can't even wet my throat properly. If my family name were Kasa, things would be much easier for me.

AMALIJA : You didn't drink when I met you.

MAGDA : I was the best stable boy and mare tickler within a radius of 1000 kilometres! I used to be engaged in horses, not bees, pigs and hens. I know and I remember both who I was and what I was, in contrast to some other people.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Is he referring to us?

KLARA: No, but to our neighbours.

MAGDA : You keep silent. If it wasn't me to teach you, you would never learn anything about horses.

AMALIJA : Nor about men!

(Hen in Magda's hands is trying to escape and is screeching. He puts it over his knees taking scissors.)

KLARA : He is just joking, isn't he?

BABATETKA : Last time he just threatened.

UNCLE: He also threatened me the other day that he would cut my tongue with scissors if I talked too much!

DAFINA : At least we would know what to cook.

AMALIJA : What are you doing, you unfortunate wretch?

MAGDA : I'm just cutting its claws. It's never going to scratch out any of my begonia flowers any more. Off into the pot with it! I'll slaughter all of them, to the last one. Anyhow, they do not eat the corn, they just want fresh meat, something that moves and crawls, so they dig wherever they can. The whole garden is scratched out, you can't germinate a single seed ...

AMALIJA : You fool!

Grandma Amalija harasses Magda and grabs the hen away from him, she pushes him and beats him, in one moment she manages to take the hen away from him, she drew back her arm to strike him on the face, he falls hitting the head on the floor and remains lying. The vet is coming in.

VET: I came to vaccinate the hens.

AMALIJA : It is not necessary! Look at this one here.

VET: As far as I know about human health, this is a stroke.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Not even Magda could end up differently.

AMALIJA : I don't know what you are talking about.

DAFINA : It needn't have happened when I am in Bezdán.

AMALIJA: And you would like people never to die?

KLARA: You are used to death and funerals, mom.

UNCLE: We are all going to die.

AMALIJA : Nobody can get used to death!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: She will come to her senses. She is always like this when she kills her husband. Moreover, he looks as if he is asleep. I have never seen nicer stiff in my whole life!

Picture 4

Platform of the railway station. Passengers are sitting on their suitcases and bags. Waiting for the train. Recruits in uniforms with kit bags passing by. Dafina is sitting on some kind of verge. The storm is coming. Thunder is heard in the distance. A big bearded figure is coming to the platform wearing camouflage trousers, civil jacket and huge lambskin fur hat on his head. On the fur hat, there is Serbian coat of arms of double eagle. He is also dragging enormous kit bag with him. He sits among the passengers. Takes out the bottle and drinks from it.

BEARDED: Now finally we are going to teach you a lesson. No more fooling around! Forget about the past and about everything you have thought of and have known about by now! Now we'll see if the plot thickens. To see if some people are lucky and some are not! You've filled your pants? Hah?! Why are you staring at me? I've drunk a little bit, so what? I'm coming back from the battlefield, I deserve it, don't I. So, who will toast with me? Would you? What is it, why do you play the fool? Take it, I insist! You don't want. OK. You are some kind of a refined person. Maybe, you don't drink. You drink, you drink. I know vain women like you; they guzzle, only when nobody sees them. Do you know, sister, what it is? Watch here! This is our coat of arms, Serbian cockade. There, I'll put it on your head. It suits you perfectly. What's the problem, uncle, why are you looking at me? Would you like to take a sip?

OLD MAN: Leave the lady alone.

BEARDED: You don't say so?! You are the one to tell me. You sit here warming your ass, acting the saint, what do you pretend to be?! Nothing! I'm a warrior, defending these people! Do you know how many of them I have killed over there? You don't know, of course! You don't give a shit that we are being killed, you are just thinking how to fill your ass! We are defending these people from the enemies...

OLD MAN: They are also our people, those people over there.

BEARDED: If they are ours, why do they slaughter and kill us?

OLD MAN: And why do you kill them?

BEARDED: And who started first, you bloody communist motherfucker! I crawled like a creep for three days over the bloody mood, I didn't dare raise my head, and he is talking about our people! Hey you, uncle why didn't you pass on together with all those of yours, so that it finally downs on us ...

OLD MAN: It's a long way till down, it has never further.

BEARDED: What do you grumble?! Now I'll show you old dirty bastard, whether bishop is shaving his beard or not...

(Cold-bloodedly he is taking his gun out, shooting and missing the old man. Then he walks up to him and starts tormenting him, pulling his ear, slapping his face etc)

BEARDED: Don't you take that fur hat off! Let me see, if you are a real Serb, kiss that cockade in the very center!

(Dafina kisses the cockade.)

BEARDED: Bravo sister, let God help you and let Heaven helps all of us. Now I want you all to give me your wallets and turn out your pockets, that's good, give me that too, it is not nice to hide money from those who protect you and defend you, that's it, give me that watch too, that's good

going. I'll leave you now, don't you ever think of getting up or going somewhere, for at least half an hour, have you heard me? There is no way to run away, HA-HA...

(Leaving.)

DAFINA: Where to run from this mud of Europe? Moguls have locked the door with iron bars, sit, and watch the show. Scavengers are coming! Volunteer hordes of murderers are coming! Who are they? We don't know them, but we meet them in the street every day, smiling at them, asking them: how are you, my neighbour, today? Have you slept well? Did your wife sob in bed last night, or was it you who listened to the night programme? What is it like in the battlefield? How many ears and fingers have you cut off? How many throats have you slit? How many of your relatives are among murderers and victims? What are you doing? Getting revenge on your own misfortune and bad life? Kill anyone who is guilty for your destiny! You are not guilty; you are reimbursing your own life! Watch carefully how your old world is disappearing and how a new blind one is being born. Where have disappeared eyes of human conscience? Mine are blind; I don't want to watch any more! I want to see no more, I'm blind, I can't see...

(Crawling walks out of the scene.)

Picture 5

Dressing room in the theatre. Dafina Kasa is changing for the rehearsal. Her colleague is sitting in the corner, with a checked blanket over his

shoulders, wearing a wig. Under the blanket, he is dressed in the costume of Casanova.

CASANOVA: How long are we yet to wait? He didn't let us know he'll be late. The performance won't be on time, just because some people in this house don't have a bit of consciousness!

DAFINA: I don't care! You've touched my make up and you brushed your dusty wig with my brush again! Where is my corset? What should I tighten my waist with?

CASANOVA: You don't need it.

DAFINA: Give either the corset back or the role! If you don't lose weight, you won't be able to play Casanova.

CASANOVA: You are not supposed to play youngish girl.

DAFINA: And who says that Casanova's lovers were young?

CASANOVA: I don't know, ask the director when he arrives.

ACTOR 1: Let's hurry up, they will turn off the electricity in half an hour.

ACTOR 2: Ugh, I'm so hungry! I haven't eaten anything since yesterday.

DAFINA: But you surely guzzled. You stink like a barrel.

ACTOR 2: It's none of your fucking business! Do you want to denounce me maybe, so that they take 10% down of my salary? That would be great! My salary is now five Euros, if they reduce it, I would just be able to buy an egg. Touch the ball; says the poet, temperature is optimal!

CASANOVA: Don't be rude.

ACTOR 2: Look, who says, you swear all the time, you don't give a prick off your mouth.

CASANOVA: I'll really punch you in the jaw!

DAFINA: Stop quarreling, I'm sick of you all!

ACTOR 1: If only you were not sick of the director. Look at this, (pointing to the costumes), it hasn't been washed for two seasons, we'll all get scabies again.

CASANOVA: This is the only way for you to get them.

ACTOR 1: Just listen to the fool!

ACTOR 2: I'm lucky enough to play the fat one, at least I'm not cold. Have you been to the opening night? Prima ballerina could not warm up her feet for two hours. She was as blue as a plum; everyone thought that she mixed up the days, and that the Nutcracker was on. Her legs felt like jelly, and not a single critic ripped her.

ACTOR 2: The end of the world must be close, when they don't castigate our ears any more.

DAFINA: They have allowed us to be buried in the common graveyards long time ago.

CASANOVA: That's enough. Look, in the newspapers is clearly written that heating works in the whole town, and we are freezing here! It is clearly written here!

ACTOR 2: Yes, we are hot like in hell. Just the devil is not strict enough; some more sulphur and tar is missing.

DAFINA : Say a few more interesting things before delirium tremens, so that I have something to remember you of.

ACTOR 2: Well, if that is really, what you want, I can. He is late because he is sitting with a beautiful, young actress in the café round the corner!

DAFINA: You bastard...

(Stage manager is coming in)

People, we can start!

DIRECTOR MILIĆ: Miss Kasa, will you be so kind to take that blanket off.

(Dafina takes off the improvised cloak and stands completely naked in the middle of the stage, instead of knickers she is wearing metal protecting device, prick shield of Henry VIII. All the people start laughing.

Casanova steps out to the stage and starts reciting in the very serious tone.)

CASANOVA: Venice, dawn and queen that we all love! You, the queen to whom I would like my blood to give and my fervour so that you can breathe it in! Your scent of Venus gives birth to demons and gods! I'm in love with you Anriette...

DAFINA: Yeeeeeees... You Giacomo Casanova, you heretic and wanton, in the name of inquisition, and why didn't you learn the text, I sentence you to jail!

ACTOR 1: Man starts the battle to be the winner, man is a seducer, servant of the devil, love is food, and love is turmoil...

DAFINA: So many people in this world never use the word love because they do not understand it; instead of it, they say emotion, which matches the secretion!

DIRECTOR MILIĆ: Stop! What is it? You gang of shams! You are not ready again! For how long shall I put up with you? You think if there is a chaos in the country that means you can behave however you wish to? You are the worst crowd of timeservers and shams! I'm fed up with you all! Get lost, go to hell, all of you!

(They are all leaving but Dafina, she stays on the stage with director Milić)

MILIĆ: And I took you to Venice!

DAFINA : Why do you mention that? I have already forgotten.

MILIĆ: I haven't forgotten and I won't! Madam didn't like Venice! She feels sick, the canals stink, she is hot and the crowd causes her headache!

If only I could be there instead of here. City of love and art! You could not see or feel anything because you are stupid and insensitive! You can't see beauty anywhere, and you couldn't see it there either. Nevertheless, you are capable of making other people feel sick of any joy.

DAFINA: Where have you been until now? We were all waiting for you.

MILIĆ: Come on! Can't I even drink my coffee in peace?

DAFINA: You have drunk it, of course, and whether it was in peace or not I don't know.

MILIĆ: And you needn't know! I must work and communicate with people. I'm not supposed just to look at you! You are jealous. You are just watching which actress is younger and more beautiful than you! You are blind of jealousy. Anyway, whom I am talking to...

DAFINA : Love rhymes with pain.

REDITELJ MILIĆ: Everyone loves Venice you stupid lowland cow! Where would you like to be? I know what you need! Pasture and grass to graze! I even bought you a present, but you threw it away and ran home, under the safe comforter!

DAFINA : I can't sleep in the town in which water splashes under my bed. Stop yelling at me and acting like Fellini! Think of something original.

DIRECTOR: I don't understand what you are talking about? You have some kind of problem. I know you people from the plain, you are all unstable and you are all suffering from mental disorders! You torture animals and eat bacon and greaves. That's why you are so silly! Through generations, you are committing suicide for a stupid song "Blue Sunday" and hanging yourselves in the attic just because the wind is blowing! Grease already hardens your brains in your twenties!

DAFINA: I have never tortured animals. My great grandma wouldn't hurt a fly...

DIRECTOR: Don't mention those wicked witches of yours to me, those who thrust corn into ducks' beaks with their own hands just to make them fat and greasy! That is pure sadism!

DAFINA : You enjoyed eating the liver of fattened goose, you ate everything up...

DIRECTOR: A Propos grease, who has eaten it from the dressing- room?

DAFINA: What kind of grease?

DIRECTOR: Made of pigs, which I barely obtained! Grease for removing the make up, the cream lasted for three days! If at least three cosmetic factories worked for you, even that would not be enough.

(Actor 1 is coming back to the stage.)

ACTOR 1: I've caught the thief! He dipped the bread in my jar; I saw it, eating with his fingers. What are we going to do now? Another two jars have disappeared...

DIRECTOR: I'm fed up with everything! I'm leaving! I don't want to watch you any more. You also won't have to watch me any more! I'll go miles from here, if only I would never come back to this fleabag again!

(Leaving angrily, Dafina stays on the stage alone.)

DAFINA: Five seasons! It all lasted for five seasons, on these dirty boards, which don't mean anything, when you are left in the lurch. There is nothing left; everything disappeared in a second as if it never happened. Only yesterday he said...or it just seemed to me, maybe I didn't listen carefully enough, I haven' heard very well. There is nothing more! What is it, where is it...something we search for, suffer for, cry for, something we are ready to seize, where is it? I want it back, I want my illusion back! Oh, God, how stupid I am! I'm standing in this world and alone ...silly. I'm so ashamed.

(Voices from the dark)

VOICE: There is nothing in the world so big and powerful that could comfort and cure someone who is in love with love.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Love is dangerous and it can eat your heart!

KLARA: You should always love someone but I'm wondering who?

UNCLE: You mustn't be naive!

DIRECTOR MILIĆ: Anyone who believes in love is a fool.

AMALIJA : When the years are long-drawn-out it is necessary to have one lover for each year. Otherwise, life isn't worth a fig. Only silly women think it equals the same amount of money. Money is the second item, and love is the first!

KLARA: While you are young, you should think of old age, of tomorrow, of the years of hardship, when wrinkles start knocking on your door, when the beauty melts like butter in hot sun, so that neither ice nor refrigerator helps. Moreover, women are like cakes. At first glance, they could be nice, but when you bite them, they are bitter and rancid.

AMALIJA : You should cherish debtors, they are the last to come. Those who remember you from the past, to whom you are same even when your eyes start fading, when the bones start shortening and shrinking, and that gorgeous body of yours becomes large dress for them. When the hair is soft and thin, and your dresses either too tight or too big, then you can sit under the trees and palms you had watered to make you a shade. This is your biggest and sole prey from your long-standing war with men!

Picture 6

(Salon of Mrs. Amalija Kasa in Bezdan, the same as in the third picture. Family gathered. Dafina is arriving with huge suitcases.)

DAFINA: Serbus to everyone!

All in one voice - Čokolom edeš.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: It' so good you've arrived. How long are you staying?

DAFINA : For good!

KLARA : It can't be! What's up?

AMALIJA: Shit's up, you silly goose.

KLARA: Why are you angry, mum, I was just asking.

AMALIJA: Leave her alone, there is no reason to ask.

DAFINA: I will survive.

AMALIJA: Of course, you will, I bet. Would you like to eat something? Tsar's milk, maybe? You wouldn't.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: This means something is cooked up badly! I knew it. A few men rarely screw up woman's life. It is usually just one!

AMALIJA : Change the subject.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I had wonderful dreams last night... My whole family was there, Oto and aunt Ute, and father had hitched white horses...

KLARA: Your dreams are always amazing.

UNCLE: That's because of her life.

AMALIJA: Or proximity of death.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: You are also dreaming, but you are not talking about your dreams, you are hiding them, for they are not entertaining!

DAFINA : Dreams are not for fun, but to make life easier.

AMALIJA : Or to die more slowly.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Purple flowers drizzle from the clouds falling on Miha's shoulders...

AMALIJA: We heard all that hundreds of times!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I know why this dream upsets you so much, because you have uneasy conscience! If only our mother hadn't died at

such a bad time, everything would have been different. You have always been so selfish...

AMALIJA: You keep forgetting that Mihalj was mine!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Who made the soup in a rusty saucepan?

AMALIJA: It wasn't rusty.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: And what about the tomato from green bottles?

What did the doctor say?

DAFINA : Botulit.

AMALIJA: What happened fifty years ago is not important any more.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: It is not important to you because you lived your life. They dressed you more nicely... just because you were older...

AMALIJA : Klara, push her into the pantry to shell the poppy and think about Mihalj!

(Darkening, two stoves on the scene, Amalija is above one of them, pouring liquid into a saucepan, from green bottles, stirring, and there is a big pot on the other one into which Dafina Kasa is shaking out the feathers out of unseamed cushion.)

DAFINA : A little salt and pepper, bay and white, maggoty flour. Paprika to improve the taste...I must eat all of it! Real emotion- secretion, solution, construction, occupation, certification, pissing.

AMALIJA: My Miha, all of velvet and mottled, soft silk. You shouldn't have, but you wanted!

(At the other end of the scene, Auntie Grannie is standing up from her wheelchair, taking off her wig and cloak transforming into a young girl wearing white flannel shirt...Laughter and giggle is heard in the distance through dreary thunder.)

AUNTIE GRANNIE: And even Mihalj had to be yours? Gipsy is a wicked pair!

AMALIJA: I've been waiting for him for a long time.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: He loved only me, and you poisoned him! Peter, George, Miha, even me! Good gracious God saved me! You could not stand that anyone loved me...

AMALIJA : All your swingers were not enough for you, you had to seduce my husband as well?

AUNTIE GRANNIE: He loved me!

AMALIJA : That's why he married me?

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Not for the sake of love, I suppose, but you kept the cash-box!

AMALIJA : You, malicious woman!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Poisoner! Murderer! You had buried three husbands before him! I despise you! You don't even dream what my heart wishes for you! Look what you have done, and you will watch it until the Doomsday! I want to go as far away from you as possible!

AMALIJA: Then just go together with Miha, you traitor! I didn't poison him, I didn't want to, it was his destiny. My Miha...He is alive. Sleeps in the small room covered with mottled duvet, and that room is hanging in the thin air and there is not a single step, which would take him to me. Just to see him, to smell his breath and feel all the heat of his body...It shouldn't have happened like that, and you, you shouldn't have dared, but you wanted him! Now you are in a wheelchair...Lord, I believe in your justice, and life constantly shows me the power of demons!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: You saw that the soup was bad, that's why you didn't eat it!

AMALIJA : Not everybody eats everything one cooks!

/ Klara is coming/

KLARA: What kind of bad smell is this?

DAFINA – That's the stench of unrequited love!

Dafina sings: Tits are small and swaying,

Hairs are burning, thighs are sighing

Blubber is sighing, blood is sighing

Greedy worm through the meat is sneaking.

Auntie Grannie sings: Bloody worries read the books

How the wrinkles ruin looks

Happy women and brief chance

Waiting for just last bus!

Amalija sings: Mouths chatter, pillow screams,

How sweet are the lovely dreams,

Kidneys chirp, feet grunt,

Everyone is happy, right!

Klara sings: Brandy, wine, roasting, pudding

Guts are singing, spine degrading,

Morning pushes the death under the bed

At quarter to ten happens that!

All four of them sing together: Soup is leaking, fight is brisk,

Noisy fortune fastly spins

Little breasts, little breasts

Go ahead nursing deaths!

Picture 7

Salon of Mrs. Amalija Kasa. Four women and uncle. All of them wear ragged clothes and are dressed in a few layers of warm clothes. Victor is arriving. He is still wearing red pullover, civil jacket, this time without any sign of female image. He is wearing military camouflage trousers.

VICTOR : At home finally! I'm kissing my poisoners!

(Nobody is excited about his arrival; he only exchanges greetings and kisses with Dafina.)

DAFINA: Thank God, you are alive!

VICTOR : Alive!

AMALIJA : Where is your uniform?

VICTOR: I don't know which uniform you are referring to?

AMALIJA: Military uniform, you blooming idiot! Mother-country uniform!

KLARA: Don't, mum...

VICTOR : I am a man without homeland! There is no more country!

UNCLE: What do you mean? On the TV, they say the things are the same as they used to be. Yugoslavia exists! There it is in the news! If it does not exist, where are we now? Where are we from?

DAFINA: We are from Bezdan. It is on the map, in the north of Bačka. This is the point where the watermark of the Danube is the most precisely

measured. (Speaks in Russian). You've heard " reka Dunaj, nul dvacet tri.", reka Dunaj nul dvacet tri..

AUNTIE GRANNIE: They will probably think of some new name. For example Serbia and Fruška Gora, then "Serb-and-me", German...Come on, Victor, talk to us, what was it like on the battlefield? How many people did you kill?

VICTOR : I didn't kill!

KLARA : I do not doubt it. My child...

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Thank God, you are back. Our Oto never returned.

AMALIJA: He was killed on the Russian front!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: And if he wasn't, he would have finished in partisan camp, just like father and auntie Ute. No matter where you were and with whom you were! At home, in the garden or in the stable, each German was an enemy!

UNCLE: The only important thing is to be alive.

AMALIJA : In order to survive, one mustn't do anything just for the sake of one's miserable life. There is no excuse for killing! Everyone has forgotten about honour and honesty. If they haven't, they would have stayed at home. Come on; tell us, what did you see there?

VICTOR: I saw hunters and beasts...and how one world is being disintegrated in which anyone who crosses one's hands saying that he is never going to humiliate and kill anyone, must be humiliated and killed! I ran away, deserted! Now I am refugee from my own life.

DAFINA: You can't run away from yourself.

AMALIJA: I know that you can!

UNCLE: Don't you see that we are living at the end of the world!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Let's set the table to eat! You must be hungry. What did you eat there? There is nothing to buy here. There is nothing!

UNCLE: We slaughtered all the hens, and piglets and pigeons.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Yesterday we caught and cooked a pair of fat ravens. It's a wonder how birds are fat this winter, and there are so many of them all around.

VICTOR: I don't want to eat them! They came from the battlefield.

KLARA: Don't worry son, I found another kind of meat this morning.
(Putting the bowl on the table.)

UNCLE: Where is the meat?

KLARA : I don't know, it shrank, may God pardon me, as if it was human. It doesn't matter, those who don't want to eat, don't have to. We can eat bread.

UNCLE: There is no more bread. I had finished it last night.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: You, piggy idiot, and what are we supposed to eat?

AMALIJA: We are going to eat shit!

DAFINA : Someone had already said that.

AMALIJA : Klara, go and scrape some of that brown flour and bake bread.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: It's worm-infested. I saw a fat worm on the floor of the storeroom, a few days ago.

UNCLE: I think it wasn't a worm.

DAFINA : Maybe it was a little finger of your destiny?

AMALIJA: Come on, move your asses! In this house, nobody does anything! Your blood is going to thicken in your veins.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: It has already thickened.

VICTOR : I haven't got a single drop of it, any more.

KLARA : I keep working in this house, more than anybody else.

DAFINA: I can't start anything.

UNCLE: I have strong blood!

Darkening

Salon of Mrs. Amalija. This time rather chaotic. Bed - clothes are on the sofa, in the middle of the room there is a big, wooden washtub. Radio report on watermarks is heard in Russian and Serbian. Victor is practicing oriental movements in Dafina's bedroom, as if he is dancing. Dafina is meekly sitting next to the window. She is getting up slowly, untying the belt of her bathrobe, making the improvised noose for her neck. She is climbing the chair and tying the other end of the belt to the doorframe of the window. Victor is turned with his back, far enough from her and amazed with his game so that he can't see what she is doing. She is stepping on the chair that is falling very noisily on the floor.

VICTOR – Dafina, what are you doing? /running to her and trying to take her off/ managing it with great difficulty. Putting her down on the floor.

VICTOR - DAFINA...don't leave me, please... not even you... please! I need you; I beg you... don't leave me. /Victor is kissing her/ Don't do that, Dafina, I'm here... demons do not exist, they are just in ourselves!

DAFINA: Chase them away...

VICTOR: Don't run away from me! Never!

DAFINA : You were the first who ran.

VICTOR: But I returned! I'm with you here and now. I couldn't do it differently. I didn't feel my own body...I went out of it, long time ago.

DAFINA : You are back?

VICTOR: I'm here. You'll see, everything will be OK...we will survive. Don't be afraid, everything will be OK. What did you want to do few

minutes ago? To have a bath, yes...Have a bath, you will feel better. I'll help you, slowly, water is good. Everything will be nicer and better later...

(Taking her to the washtub, putting her in it, bathing her.)

VICTOR: You've always been strong, stronger than others...even stronger than Klara. You know, you're tired of everything. All this last for too long. We are all tired and poisoned. Would you like to have a rest, to sleep a little? Let me tuck you! Would you like me to make you tsar's milk?

DAFINA: There is no milk.

VICTOR : Would you like me to sing to you, as I used to do when you were a little girl?

DAFINA: Sing to me.

VICTOR: What, Dafina, what do you want me to sing?

DAFINA : Whatever you wish. Don't put on my nighty any more. Take it off.

(Victor takes off the nighty and remains completely naked. Takes it to the bed.)

VICTOR: Everything will be all right...

DAFINA says crying: It was so close...I've touched it...

VICTOR: What?

DAFINA: Death was so close, it has kissed me.

VICTOR: There is no death for us; I promised you...we must survive.

DAFINA: If we could see the future, we would be free.

VICTOR: I am here, love. Don't you ever do such a thing to me...I need you as I need air to breathe; I need your strength and your body. Hold me like this, don't you ever let me go. I want to kiss you, to breathe from your breath. I want to transform into you!

Picture 8

Salon of the house in Bezdán. Family is gathered. They are all wearing ragged clothes; even shabbier, light is flickering, semidarkness.

AMALIJA: People are mean and don't understand anything, and the worst are those who swear in their honesty and pride themselves on.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: She starts theorizing.

AMALIJA: I've been watching all of you for the last few days, you are worse and darker than ever. You are doing nothing, and you are all exhausted and tired as if you were ploughing the soil! You are just dragging your asses along the house and lying in, and everything around is falling in!

You don't care what will be tomorrow! You don't even worry about food any more, don't expect me to do everything on my own, you are not kids any more! OK, if you are, let me tell you then. Those who laughed at demons are guilty for the present situation and if you don't move soon,

they will come after you to take your measure! We'll see then who is going to suffer most!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: You never know.

KLARA : I start feeling sick!

VICTOR : I don't know what you are talking about.

DAFINA: It can't be worse than it is already.

UNCLE: What do you talk bilge! Demons do not exist!

(Light starts to flicker and turns off, everybody jumps and rushes to the bathroom...)

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Why don't you shit during the day?

KLARA: I suppose we also must wash ourselves!

UNCLE: It isn't important to me.

VICTOR: We've noticed that.

DAFINA: I give up my turn to Victor.

AMALIJA: My belly always stops from your discussions.

(The light stabilizes.)

AMALIJA: Those Romanian light bulbs of false voltage are flickering all the time. Fortunately, it's just seven, so we'll have electricity for another half an hour. Thanks to our president and the state on this blessing.

UNCLE: Why don't we ever have electricity when it's dark and cold?

KLARA: Go to sleep, or even better, pop to the park and fetch some wood.

UNCLE: Who misplaced the MAYBE bag?

VICTOR : What does this mean?

UNCLE: Bag for "maybe occasion".

VICTOR: What?

KLARA: You maybe find something to buy.

UNCLE: I came across toothpicks yesterday.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: He bought one hundred.

VICTOR : What for?

UNCLE: MAYBE! Maybe we'll need them.

AMALIJA: You fool, don't you see that all shops were closed two months ago and that there is nothing in them any more. Go and fetch some wood, we must make a fire in the stove; today we are in the first group for power cut. We'll be fifteen hours in the darkness, at least.

UNCLE: We aren't going to cook anything again. I'll eat bread and jam!

AMALIJA There is just jam left.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I'll drink double dose of my medicine. It is said that petroleum is very good for cancer and some other diseases as well.

AMALIJA: As far as I know, you are quite healthy. You just poison yourself with different kind of rubbish. You drink anything other fools drink.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Petroleum is very good for prevention. Of course, you don't need it. You are ceaseless like a pyramid!

AMALIJA: That's pure poison, you silly goose! After you drink it, you hiccup and burp for ages, not to mention that nobody is allowed to light a cigarette in your vicinity.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I don't doubt that you are quite good at poisons.

(Thinking aloud) To drink it now, before dinner, or after? Maybe I'll feel sick as I felt last time. On the other hand, maybe I'll get diarrhoea? Ugh, that was awful. Its taste is horrible but I'm sure it helps. If it didn't, not so many people would drink it. If only I could have a lemon to put few drops into it.

AMALIJA : You pour vinegar instead. Maybe it sweetens your soul a little bit, at the same time.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: It is best to take it before eating anything, in that case it has positive effects, especially on cancer.

(Young raggedy soldier enters the room wearing camouflage uniform)

KLARA - Kiči!!

(At that very moment the power is cut and everyone is hastily searching for candles. Amalija is crossing herself.)

KIČI- I'm thirsty... water, give me some water.

(Dafina gives him full glass of water, he drinks it to the bottom, and Amalija gives him the other one, which he drinks too. Victor gives him a tin bucket, Kiči takes it with both hands and drinks from it.)

DAFINA How he's grown up!

AMALIJA : His arms are bloody to the elbows!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: This is a kind of grandson she really needs!

VICTOR: He drinks like a horse.

UNCLE: Who the hell is this one?

KLARA : How handsome is my younger son!

Picture 9

(Dafina and Victor are lying in the shed on the improvised bed.)

DAFINA : If only they didn't discover us.

VICTOR : Give me a hand.

VICTOR : Your skin smells of Gypsies (Kisses her.) I want to eat you up!

DEFINE: I'm too big bite for you.

VICTOR: Why do you say that? You are biting and you don't trust me?

DAFINA : No, I don't.

VICTOR: You are really mean. You trusted all the possible idiots that had crossed your life, and you never believed me! You are stupid sometimes and arrogant! I hate you!

DAFINA : I don't care.

VICTOR: You know that I love you and I always will.

DEFINE: You did not always love me.

VICTOR: Just in the periods when I wasn't you.

DEFINE: You are not me now either.

VICTOR: You are asking impossible from me.

DEFINE: I'm not a fool to believe in love.

VICTOR: In my love, Dafina! I don't care about your bad experience. I believe. I want to believe, I want to stay naïve until the end of my life and to preserve something that will save me from evil and demons. I want to preserve my naivety for the old age! It is so easy to be naïve when you are young; I want that feeling when the end is near. I want you; I want to love you in front of all and to show them what I feel. I don't want to hide like a thief because I didn't steal anything from anyone. I don't want to be unhappy any more, to transform into something that isn't me. Let's go somewhere where you will be my wife!

DAFINA: You know that is not possible.

VICTOR : Everything is possible, didn't we see that with our own eyes?

DAFINA : We survived, and that's enough!

VICTOR: We are not living yet. We are living in waiting for someone to direct our lives. Why don't we just take ours, something that belongs to us? Those are our lives.

DAFINA: We are not masters of our destinies.

VICTOR: We are, if we know what we feel! If it is not true then I want to die now, I want you to kill me!

DAFINA : I killed you the very moment you transformed into me. The moment I let you come to my bed. I marked you.

VICTOR: Let's pretend we are not here! That we are somewhere else! I would be somewhere far away in Africa! Where would you like to be?

DAFINA: Leave me alone!

VICTOR: Come on, tell me where? I'll write to you every day.

DEFINE: I would like to be in America.

VICTOR : Dear Dafina... I could not sleep last night from the roaring of lions. Insects are becoming worse and worse, assailing my tent. I do not dare read at night for the light might catch the attention of animals. The lamp causes more trouble than use... Yesterday the hunters brought baby monkey to the camp. I wanted to take it, but it was squealing permanently and showing its teeth to me...It was tightly holding the shoulders of one of the carriers who eat those monkeys as we eat Christmas turkey. I will not let them eat it. Every day I think of you. I decided not to be separated from you longer than a single day any more. Once when this expedition is over, I don't want to be without you a single second. I kiss your heart!

DAFINA: Dear Victor, it is fantastic in San Francisco! I fly for New York in three hours. I bought green sandals made of crocodile leather and silver cigarette case for you.

VICTOR: But I don't smoke!

DEFINE: It doesn't matter, I liked it. I wonder what are you doing now in the hot African night and I'm sending you million stars I can see in the sky. I kiss you, as many times as there are stars in the sky!

VICTOR :... I could not sleep last night from the roaring of lions. Sound of drums in the night cause anxiety, or maybe that is because I think of you all the time. Do you still sleep in our bed like a girl? Sometimes I'm searching for you during the night and find your hands on the pillow.

(Uncle is running to the scene)

UNCLE: No more winter! Spring has arrived! Peace has arrived. There is milk and white coffee! Amalija calls for breakfast. Peace has been signed! All of them have signed it. We must forget what had happened. This very instant. What happened yesterday is of no importance any more. It is past now. Look, I don't want to remember anything. I'll tell goodbye to the past because it is unimportant. Clever people don't think of past. If they start thinking, they could remember something they might feel sorry about. Moreover, when do people feel sorry about? When they feel guilty! And who is guilty and why? Nobody for nothing! Heroes are dead, executioners went to the monasteries! There is no guilt. Those who remember will forget anyway. Present moment is not important for it will also become past, which wise men will forget! Future is important, coming, spring, it is already in the clouds, and it should not be intercepted! New epoch is here!

Picture 10

Salon of the house in Bezdán. Everything is arranged in better way, members of the household are wearing more decent clothes, even smart clothes. Table is solemnly set, with dinner set, there are plates and silver cutlery on the table. They are all sitting at the table and voraciously eating.

AMALIJA : Stop! You all eat like pigs in trough! Don't paddle and slurp! Did you forget about the dignity! That is enough!

(Nobody pays attention to her words, she turns over the table)

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I hope I won't have to stand this for a long time!

VICTOR: I'm fed up with everything.

DAFINA : I'll go mad.

KLARA I'm pregnant!

KIČI : She is crazy!

UNCLE: As if we aren't!

AMALIJA: I'll kill you all and pour quick lime over you!!

ALL IN ONE VOICE: Why?!

AMALIJA: Because you are incapable to live! I'm fed up with everything, I can't stand watching you any more. I've had enough of this, I feel bad, I'm sick of you, I feel sick, I can't go on, I want to die! Human life isn't worth a penny the way it is and death is free.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: This is just the right time to get sick!

KIČI – It's time for her, anyway.

VICTOR : Shame on you!

DAFINA: It's nothing serious, she will be OK, soon.

KLARA: How, when in pharmacies you can't get anything! Not a single capsule of medicine, or aspirin, or lump of alum, or talc for feet, or flee powder! What shall we do?

UNCLE: Then call the doctor!

(Doctor is arriving. Amalija is in bed.)

DOCTOR: We don't cure those over sixty-five.

AMALIJA: You, kurshmit* motherfucker!

/* name for the vet who castrates domestic animals /

Darkening

Kiči brings the big boiler to which he pours empty poppy shells from washbowl, pours water over, lights the fire, stirs and boils the content.

KIČI : Next spring I'll sow a lot of poppies. There will be as much tea, as you want, and the powder to snort.

(He is drinking liquid from the boiler.)

KIČI : Here he comes, sneaking slowly! I'll kill you, you green bastard, I'll slash you to death, cook you and eat you up with pleasure!

Don't...Leave me alone, don't you ever scream inside of me! I'll kill him, I promise, I know he is an enemy, I understand... I understand everything...No, I won't, I'm afraid, I can't. Grandpa Magda told me to drink, in order to protect myself from evil Gypsies 'eyes...

(Crawling, screaming, pretending to shoot, throwing up, standing)

Dafina is coming.

DAFINA: He is taking poison in front of our eyes! You hopeless junkie! I've had enough of you now! You must go to hospital or to madhouse and die there!

VICTOR : Poisoning is specialty of our house.

KLARA: Don't let my son die!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: It is well known how poisoners end up!

AMALIJA: We are all poisoned!

UNCLE: Who made the poison?

KLARA : What are we supposed to do?

UNCLE: To call psychologists?

AMALIJA : Those fools can not even help themselves! They bite their nails and stammer in front of women. Bring some petroleum and some bran.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Put some vinegar in it.

AMALIJA: Hold him; we must make him swallow it! I'll cure him personally and kill the bastard in him.

(They grab Kiči, pouring the mixture into his mouth, he's throwing up. The telephone is ringing.)

DAFINA: Telephone! Thank God, it works again!

(Picks up the receiver and after few minutes says.)

DAFINA : He still loves me.

VICTOR : I love you too.

DAFINA : He is my friend.

VICTOR : I'm your best friend.

DAFINA : He isn't afraid of anything!

KLARA : We are also afraid of nothing!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Apart from death!

AMALIJA: Everything has its own end. God is a big grudge bearer.

Picture 11

Morning in the salon of Mrs Amalija. The table is lavishly set. Family and Mr Milić , the director are at the table. Breakfast.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: You just help yourself; eggs are fresh, taken from the nest this morning.

MILIĆ : No, thank you, I'd rather not. You easily can get sclerosis eating them, and I would like to produce and create for some more time.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: And what is your plan now?

MILIĆ : My last project is a local text, I rarely remember the titles, but I think I'll call this one "Four Little Women". The author is not very well known, but the text is rather interesting.

AMALIJA: Judging by your talent and power, your show should be called "Insignificant Women"!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Maybe better title is "Crape Paper Rose".

KLARA : And why don't you call it "Angel in Green Silk"? (She is wearing green dress all the time)

VICTOR: Maybe "Little Foxes"!

DAFINA: That's not very original.

AUNTIE GRANNIE: And you haven't been here for a long time? We've been really worried. Dafina didn't want to say neither where you are, nor what you've been up to. It wasn't easy for her being alone all these four years. Loneliness is killing everyone, especially if you don't have anyone close...

MILIĆ : Intimacy is not accomplished through everyday contacts, if there is love, then it exists anyway.

AMALIJA : Fat chance.

(They are having breakfast. They are hardly eating anything. They are watching Milić who gives some bites to Dafina. She is taking them with her mouth and eating from his hand. They are all leaving the table but the two of them.)

AUNTIE GRANNIE: She is almost buttering him up!

KLARA: You don't understand love.

AMALIJA: Nobody understands love!

VICTOR : That is not love!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: I watch him and think: Ordinary tramp, but handsome!

KLARA : A little bit old, but he attracts me.

AMALIJA: Pervert! He should be cleaned out!

UNCLE : There are too many of us, aren't there?

VICTOR : Shut up, you fool!

KIČI: Why are you upset?

UNCLE: You go to throw up!

Picture 12

There are two beds very far away from each other, as if they were in two different rooms. Mr Milić and Dafina are lying in one of them and Victor is going into the other one. He is wearing blonde wig and nightie again. Dafina is leaving Milić's bed and going towards the one where Victor is, dancing "Salome's Dance", climbing into his bed taking off his wig and nightie. After that, she is returning to Milić's bed.

UNTIE GRANNIE: How can you stand this kind of behaviour in your house!

AMALIJA My house is none of your business!

KLARA: She loves both of them.

(Victor gets out of bed.)

VICTOR : She just loves herself! Sometimes she loves me, when she is too lazy to walk and wants me to carry her!

(Taking two cups, putting them on a tray, pouring the tea into them, putting them next to the bed into which Dafina and Milić are sleeping. Leaving the tray next to the bed.)

VICTOR : You still sleep as you used to do when you were a little girl. Sometimes during the night, I look for you on my pillow and I find your hands hidden in me. I hear you breathing, how you are wriggling in my heart as a small fortune. I am awake for the whole night and keep you away from demons. I am afraid that they will take you, that's why I embrace you with both hands in every moment. Stay, don't run away, it's the same everywhere...don't search, everything is just in front of you. When I close my eyes and meet your appearance in the darkness, I am happy and wait for you to embrace me. Please, give me even the least significant role in your life. Don't pretend, don't act, if you don't love me tell me how to die!

Dafina's voice: Love is not of this world, that's why all these horrible things happen to us. We are led by talented demons, and angels warn us. There are no new roles; they have already been casted, what remains to us are just to play our parts to the very end.

UNCLE: I don't want to say anything!

AUNTIE GRANNIE: Thank God!

DIRECTOR MILIĆ: Women are ordinary shams!

AMALIJA: In this life, everything is just decoration. When you are young, you believe that everything is eternal and that you will never die. Misery, hunger, killing, absurdity and all those things for what? For nothing, for tin button! We are weak and helpless, fearful, miserable, small and tiny. We wish many, much, a lot; we want everything! I'm going to the room sheltered with variegated duvet...everything is decoration in this life. Our eyes look at variegation seeing nothing.

VICTOR: Where are the doors of paradise? Are they real? Are there any metal spikes on top of them?

DAFINA : Nobody is running from there.

VICTOR: Luckily, there are no people in heaven. What about the doors of hell? I wonder if there is a fire around them or just the icy wind is blowing?

DEFINE: Like a hoop on fire in the circus. When you go through them, you reach the hell with the burned ass.

VICTOR: Where could be the door to paradise?

Dafina: I don't know. They are not for us.

VICTOR : Who are they for?

DAFINA : For proper people.

VICTOR: When are we going to be proper?

DAFINA : When Christ comes to Bezdán.

VICTOR: What will happen when he comes?

DEFINE: We'll be very lucky!

VICTOR : Just that?

DAFINA: What would you want? Paradise on earth?

VICTOR: To be alive!

DEFINE: You are alive! You have roof over your head, you are neither hungry nor thirsty, and you have electricity, sun, clouds, rain. What else you would want?

VICTOR: To change something.

DEFINE: Who will give you a chance to correct your own mistakes?

Who understands us? Even imagination doesn't help.

VICTOR: I'm even more and more crazy because of imagination. I want a real life!

DEFINE : It's a long way to go. Those who endure will have it!

UNCLE: Transition is here!!! Big train of happiness! Jump in!!!

(Gathering all the valuable things from the house and bagging them. On leaving, he says)

UNCLE: Someone should turn off the light!

THE END

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