

MONEY

A PLAY BY DODO GOMBÁR

TRANSLATED BY LUCIE KOLOUCHOVÁ

Characters:

Jojco

Mirec

Mishko Love

Dano

His Mum

Milena

Peter

Zdeno

Erika

The Shop Assistant

Mrs Bednarčíková

1.

(Jojco and Mirec are sitting in the car. Jojco is driving, he's about to park.)

Mirec: Listen to this car, man, it's humming.

Jojco: (*doesn't listen*) Mhmm.

Mirec: Is it not? You don't listen.

Jojco: I do.

Mirec: No, you don't.

Jojco: I don't know, I can't think about it right now. Right now!

Mirec: I don't think about it either, I'm just saying. About the car. The car Zdeno lend us for the action. What if he lend us a broken car which might get oof when we'd need.

Jojco: You're just saying. Right now. Why should it get off? You'd think about it before.

Mirec: I'm just saying what's obvious.

Jojco: WHAT?

Mirec: Nothing. I'm sorry.

Jojco: It's okay. (*listen to the engine while shifting down*) It's humming.

Mirec: Like the Niagara Falls? (*singing the old Czech song about Niagara Falls. Jojco gives him the evil eye.*) Sorry. (*Then he starts singing another tune, old Slovak folk song, Only today and tomorrow for the last time. Jojco gives him another evil eye.*). Sorry, I'm sorry, fuck, but am I not allowed to sing my

favourite song in this charged situation or what? *(He tries to continue but can't as Jojco is making very sinister noises...)*

(A brief moment of silence. Jojco is driving, Mirec is biting his nails)

Jojco: That's the clutch. The clutch is humming.

Mirec: The clutch never hums. It might smell but not hum.

Jojco: What does it smell like?

Mirec: What does it smell like, you moron? It smells like it smells. What does it smell like? What are you asking me about? Fuck you...

Jojco: Yeah, but what does it smell like then?

Mirec: You asshole, like a shit for example! What are you asking me? Moron...What does it smell like?

Jojco: Well, I don't get it...what does the clutch smell like? I've never smell a clutch.

Mirec: You've never smell a clutch, you asshole?

Jojco: Nope.

Mirec: What a driver you are? You have never smell the asbestos? There's an asbestos lining in the clutch and if that burns, it smells like a hell. If you're backing up the hill or so...

Jojco: There's an asbestos in the clutch?

Mirec: You prick, do you know how the car looks like?

Jojco: What car?

Mirec: What do you mean – what car?

Jojco: So, there's a different amongst them – let's take the BMW, Mercedes and let's say, the Citroen.

Mirec: This one is a Citroen. You're driving a Citroen right now. It's a Zdeno's car. He lend it to us. He said we can destroy it afterwhile. We can burn it. Drive it to the river. Whatever. Throw a handgrenade on it.

Jojco: We don't have any handgrenade, though.

Mirec: We don't. We can do with it whatever we want. Afterwhile. This is Zdeno's Citroen.

Jojco: Yeah, I'm not saying this isn't Zdeno's car. So what?

Mirec: Nothing. (*a moment*) Aren't you nervous?

Jojco: Me? I'm sweating like a pig.

Mirec: Me too, you prick.

Jojco: I wish it's over.

Mirec: If we weren't talked into this...

Jojco: Talked into what?

Mirec: I see, we weren't talked into this....I messed it up with the other stuff, that dealing and stealing stuff...This was our idea. That's true.

Jojco: Yep. Because we don't want to live like this anymore.

(Silence. Jojco is parking the car. They look at each other. Mirec takes two black balaclavas out of his bag. He gives one to Jojco. Jojco produces two guns out of his bag. They are no fake guns.)

Mirec: (mumbling in his balaclava) Don't fuck it up, Jojco, don't fuck it up.

Jojco: Mhm.

Mirec: Do you understand? Don't!

Jojco: (speaking through his balaclava, so we can barely understand) And when I fucked something up?

Mirec: Do you want a list?

Jojco: Not now. Not til this is over.

Mirec: Three...two...one, let's go! (He's about to run.)

Jojco: Wait!

Mirec: What, you prick?

Jojco: Don't we cross?

Mirec: Are you fucking mad?

Jojco: Sorry. Well then...

Mirec: Let's go!

Jojco: Wait.

Mirec: What? You're driving me crazy!

Jojco: I just want to say that this is the most important day of my life.

Mirec: Same for me.

Jojco: I didn't smoke a weed before.

Mirec: Me neither.

Jojco: Or anything else.

Mirec: We don't smoke anything else for ages...

Jojco: Yeah, yeah...

Mirec: Maybe we should have smoke something...and maybe we shouldn't.

Jojco: No way.

Mirec: Yeah.

Jojco: I only hope that everything will be different from tomorrow on.

Mirec: It has to be. I thought we may sing a song – that old folk one, Only today and tomorrow for the last time...I don't know if you know it, it's a perfect song...(He sings, Jojco might join him.) That's my favourite one.

Jojco: So we cannot cross but we can sing?

Mirec: Shut you up. Let's go! My nerves, that's really terrible! We will put these balaclavas on in the arcade. Right?

Jojco: You changed the plan then?

Mirec: It's better this way.

(They run off the car and into the arcade. We can hear the voice of accordion and man and woman singing and playing the tamburine.)

2.

(A cat is sleeping at the window pane. It's bathing in the spring sun. Beams are sharp as a razor which Mishko Love uses to shave his clients. Carefully. Like he did in his barber shop. And his clients used to say: Love was shaving me today. They told him about it and he liked to be mentioned. Even the toughest clients looked happy. They smiled. Good times was it. All the Mishka's life.)

Mishko Love: *(is putting his small bass accordion Delicia into the case. He looks at the cat, which is listening to him, even if it looks like sleeping.)* I didn't do it this morning, you see? I didn't make the cut...from my right jawbone to the left jawbone...to the prominence. Don't worry, Foxy, I won't do it now. Do you worry about me, don't you? Do you worry that I'd do it again? Do you, Foxy? That I'd fail, that I'd fall...That I'd die. Your eyes are closed but I know you're listening. You are worrying that I can't stand the pressure. The solitude. That I'd fail you. That there'll be blood everywhere again. And I'll be lying on the ground and you won't know what's going on...and I'll call an ambulance and some strange people will come and Mrs Lorenc will open the door as she has a key for the case of emergency as they say...everyone will be peeping inside...and you are scared, who'll be giving you the chicken paté when I'm gone? You'll stay alone. Don't worry, Foxy, my my. Things changed, that's true, but I'm not going to leave you alone. Who'll play an accordion for you? And who'll be playing for our fellow-citizens? And who'll smile at them? And who won't care that they are frowning at him? Some of them know him, he's the

barber who get mad, they'd say. The former barber, Mishko Love. Who'll talk to them between two songs? Whom will they listen to? And who'll keep secrets from you? Big secrets he's afraid to tell...and in the end he has to tell... (*He looks at some paper on the table.*) It's good you cannot read. But who knows? You're capable of everything...

(*silence*) There's no one but you. My my. Foxy. Who other will still keep eye on his former island of Love? Who other weep a bit every time he hears the bell above the doors? The bell. You know what? That salon just doesn't fit the shiny, metal arcade. What kind of city arcade has a bank and a salon? Neon lights, glass and chrome. And other metals. Barber shop would fit there. And cafe where you can smoke and read newspapers. That's how any arcade should look like. Cafe bank, barber shop salon...and past and present.

Let's go. Maybe I'd play without my hat. Who knows, spring is in the air. But I'll keep my gloves. It's still cold. And the arcade is really windy. Wait...(*He takes the scissors and cuts the fingers of his gloves.*) Do you wanna go outside? (*He checks home-made cat doors.*) Yep, the door is open. How cleverly I did it, Foxy. So, see you soon. Bye.

(*He wears fingerless gloves and pet Foxy on his way out.*)

3.

(*Milena and Peter are in the shoe shop. Peter is trying a brown shoes on, wedding shoes they will be.*)

Peter: (*looks at Milena, but she looks at his shoes, with an unreadable expression.*) What is it?

Milena: Well...it might be...Aren't they too tight?

Peter: I don't know.

Milena: You don't know if the shoes aren't tight?

Peter: Only a bit. They'll loosen. It's a leather. Italian leather. What is it?

Milena: Peter.

Peter: (*taken aback*) What?

Milena: When did you change your socks?

Peter: (*taken aback*) What???

Milena: Don't you hear me? I asked when you changed your socks last time?

Peter: (*totally perplexed*) I don't know.

Milena: (*in low voice*) Your feet stink. Like hell.

Peter: So I am old, I am fat, I am bald and my feet stink. Like hell.

Milena: Exactly.

Peter: So I really don't get why are you going to marry me.

Milena: Me neither.

(*The Shop Assistant approaches.*)

Shop Assistant: So? Do the shoes fit?

Peter: Not really.

Shop Assistant: It's a leather. Italian leather. They'll loosen.

Peter: I told so. Every leather'll loosen.

(*No-one laughs. Even Peter isn't sure if it was a joke.*)

Shop Assistant: So you take them?

Peter: We'll discuss it.

Shop Assistant: Okay, fine.. (*She leaves them alone.*)

Peter: (*sits, takes one shoe off as quick as he can, then he smells one of the shoe*) Oh. Ugh.

Milena: Stop it.

Peter: That's some smell.

Milena: (after a while, it's like a machine-gun fire) I can't marry you. I'm sorry.

Peter: (silent for a moment) Is that because my feet stink?

Milena: No, that's not the reason.

Peter: So what is the reason? Is it because I'm twenty years older than you?

Milena: Actually it's twenty two but no, that's not the reason. I don't know – it's everything. I don't love you, Peter.

Peter: Are you telling me such a thing in a shoe shop?

Milena: Do you want me to take my shoes off?

Peter: Do you want me???

Milena: (she laughs) I like your sense of humour. Sometimes. But not now, you see...but...

Peter: But you don't love me.

Milena: But I don't...It's a hard thing to say...I wanted to tell you for ages but just before a while, when I smelled the...odour...I realized that. I'm sorry.

Peter: I see. And what else annoys you about me?

Milena: Specifically, you mean?

Peter: Specifically.

Milena: For example I really hate when you're drunk and you start to behave like an ugly, pervert, terrible, frustrated beast full of complexes. You swear, you're disgusting, so hypocritical...and then you start slander your parents, your colleagues, your boss, your job, you're full of hatred, you're so mischievous.

Peter: That's the booze.

Milena: I hate you saying that's the booze.

Peter: Everyone is like that when he's drunk.

Milena: I'm not.

Peter: Because you don't drink.

Milena: Even if I do, I wouldn't behave like that.

Peter: So you think I am a hypocrite?

Milena: Yes.

Peter: Stinky hypocrite?

Milena: Exactly.

(Silent.)

Peter: But I am really skilful dentist.

Milena: Yes, you are.

Peter: (*after a while and some strange noises*) What are you suggesting then?

Milena: What I suggest is: let's go to the bank, withdraw money my mum sent us from Australia as a wedding gift, we split them up and then you move away from my flat – and then we break away. It could be settled without the money but I think it's right to give you some. After all these years. Mum sent it to both of us, so...

Peter: Are you buying our breakup?

Milena: I'm not. I don't have to. I don't owe you anything...I just want to do a right thing.

Peter: Sure. (*thinks about it*) Okay. I see...

Milena: I'm sorry.

Peter: That's fine.

(The Shop Assistand approaches.)

Shop Assistant: Do the shoes fit you well?

Peter: Perfect.

Shop Assistant: Do you want them?

Peter: Yes.

Shop Assistant: I'll prepare them at the counter.

Peter: Thank you.

(Shop Assistant leaves – as she goes she smells the shoes.)

Milena: Are you buying them?

Peter: I am a free man, I can do whatever I want to.

Milena: That's true. (They look at each other – it's a bit unexpected end of long relationship which was supposed to be concluded with Saturday's wedding.) I am so relieved.

(Peter goes to the counter.)

3.

(Dano is having his breakfast. Dano is a fat man, not really nice one. His Mum is standing at the window. She dries a plate she washed. Silence after another quarrel. Mum breaks it.)

Mum: You treat me badly.

Dano: *(after a long silence)* Jesus...

Mum: You can't shout at me. Danko, you just can't. You're so cruel. So vicious. So rude.

Dano: You worked me up. You made me mad. I'm sorry. I'm upset.

Mum: I'm giving you all I have.

Dano: I didn't imagine my life'd be like ...this.

Mum: You're fine.

Dano: I don't want to talk about it.

Mum: You can't shout at me! Next time you'd hit me.

Dano: Come on, Mum, I'd never hit you.

Mum: I'm not your servant. I take care of you, I wash for you, I cook, I iron...sometimes I even buy you clothes...

Dano: Yeah, at the Asian street market.

Mum: What's wrong with the Asian market? Their stuff is nice and cheap. I'm ill, I sacrificed all my life to you...and now I'm only waiting to die...you see.

Dano: Mum, don't piss me off.

Mum: You can't say to your mother „Mum, don't piss me off!“

Dano: I can do whatever I want.

Mum: You're wrong. Even Mrs Bednarčík said that...

Dano: Mrs Bednarcik?

Mum: Former teacher of yours, we are in the choir together.

Dano: Oh, her. Do you tell her about me then?

Mum: She keeps asking. She remembers you were a good boy, everyone knew you as a good boy, but you've changed, Danko, you have changed...

Dano: (hits the table) Shut you up!

(A thrilling silence for a moment - but Mum can't keep it.)

Mum: I am your Mum, I delivered you.

Dano: So what? I didn't ask to be born. You made it for you, not for me. You just wanted to have a kid. You didn't want to be my mum. Without any father! I should've stayed in US.

Mum: So you can have a degrading job again? Some servant in the pub.

Dano: I was a second waiter, not some servant.

Mum: You should've been first waiter.

Dano: Why the fuck I came back?

Mum: Because you were a third-rate person in there. And you felt like that. You're educated man, you can't clean tables and do the washing...or stay at some quarters with blacks...

Dano: And what's for me here? I'm living in the block of flats with my ill mother...

Mum: You live in a nice and tidy apartment, good job you have, a responsible one...

Dano: A good job, that's what it is.

Mum: You're lucky you get it, don't talk...some people can't find any job for years and you found it right away.

Dano: (after a while) I see...I know, I know. (*he smiles bitterly.*) I always wanted to have a real gun when I was a child...and now I have it. What for if I can't shoot it? See, and you disagreed that I've a shooting license done.

Mum: (*sits to him, it looks like a nice little talk now*) That's something different, to use a gun in your job. This is a mission. You're a security guard, you're a man of law, Danko. Everyone respects that.

Dano: (laughs) You talk like a handbook. I've to go...

Mum: You could apologize for yesterday.

Dano: You drove me mad. I hate when you embarrass me like that – do I really need to tell you every single thing again and again?

Mum: And again, Danko. You can't shout at me like this.

Dano: (*takes a deep breath*) I'm sorry.

Mum: I'm really glad you came back to me – I hardly slept for that half a year you, I was like a sleepwalker. And I'm glad you came because of me – even though you'd never admit it.

Dano: (*standing, putting his jacket on*) I came back because of myself. I became here, to this hell.

Mum: It's your home.

Dano: That's what I'm saying.

(*Mum breaks a plate.*)

Mum: Broken glass means happiness.

Dano: Mhm..

Mum: You should find yourself a girlfriend.

Dano: Here we go again.

Mum: Do you really want to be alone? Forever?

Dano: (*after a while*) Who would want me?

Mum: You're a nice boy.

Dano: I'm all but a nice boy.

Mum: And what about the...

Dano: Which one?

Mum: The one you mentioned. That girl from your bank.

Dano: She doesn't know I exist.

Mum: You can't be sure, women are...

Dano: Jesus!

Mum: I know women, I used to be young once!

Dano: I shouldn't have told you...

Mum: You have to tell your mum! So talk to her. Did you ever talk to her? Ask her for coffee or so...Or maybe inema. Danushka...

Dano: Don't call me Danushka. She'd accept only an invitation to Seychely, but not from me.

Mum: Don't underestimate yourself.

Dano: I go to work. (looks at the sherds) Clean that happiness, would you?

Mum: Promise you'd never treat me like you did this morning, that you'd never shout at me again....

Dano: And you promise me to stop to meddle in my life.

Mum: I'm your mum.

Dano: So what?

Mum: I'm your mum, that's all.

Dano: So promise me you won't tell any choir old women anymore.

Mum: They're no old women but young an nice ladies, too. Single ones. If you want to or if your colleague won't...

Dano: Mum!!I beg you...

Mum: See, you can talk to me like that. Enough of it.

(Dano is puting his jacket on, Mum is watching him for a long time. Then she starts to sweep. Dano leaves to work.)

4.

(Zdeno, Mirec and Jojco are drinking beer in some pub.)

Jojco: Need to piss...

Zdeno: Bon voyage.. *(They laugh, Jojco leaves, Mirec drinks his beer. They sit for a while...)*

Mirec: Sometimes I think what an idiot he is.

Zdeno: I wonder how can you have a friend like him. And I wonder even more how can I have friends like the two of you. But when I need someone to do a dirty job, you two are the best.

Mirec: (about Jojco) He's not any smart.

Zdeno: He's not. And he talks bullshit. You too. But if you two go on well, I'm fine about it.

Mirec: It's not the same as it used to be. But still there we are...the two of us.. Invariable.

Zdeno: Old times...

(Jojco is back)

Zdeno: How was it? Did you piss yourself?

Jojco: Yeah, I did. (They laugh.)

Zdeno: So, what is it you want, boys?

Mirec: Can I tell him?

Jojco: Tell him, you are the thinker.

Mirec: Zdeno. So...how to start....we have a plan....an idea...which can help us to solve...our problems...this situation of ours....so we may start a brand new life, pay our debts, leave this fucking shithole...end one life cycle and start a new one.... (Mirec sighs, Zdeno drinks a beer.)

Jojco: We'd like to rob a bank.

Mirec: (looks angrily at Jojco) Yeah. A bank. What do you think? Are you coming with us? Organizing at least? You are an influent man. You have a car mart, you know certain people, see. You are friend of ours. You know how to handle things, you earn a respect, you have contacts. WE might share.

Zdeno: I am always saying you two are the best one for a dirty job, you two unemployed potheads ...But now you get me...That's no fun, you know.

Jojco: Dealing a weed is no fun either.

Zdeno: It's a fun comparing to this.

Mirec: And what about dealing hard drugs?

Zdeno: You aren't dealing it anymore, I have other boys to do it.

Mirec: Younger and stronger ones.

Zdeno: Exactly, but that's not the point. Let's discuss...

Jojco: We have a plan, a very detailed one.

Mirec: We were observing everything.

Zdeno: What do you need from me?

Mirec: We need you to lend us some car...some old one will do. From that car mart of yours.

Jojco: And we need some guns. One at least.

Zdeno: So you are asking me to join you?

Mirec: Exactly.

Jojco: Exactly. We need a help with organization. Production work. We'd share. We will give you your share.

Zdeno: You mean a gun which can really fire?

Mirec: You see, bank robbers need to have a proper...tools.

Jojco: Of course, we'd better not to use it but who knows, in case of danger, you have to be sure you have a full functional gun, you see...

Zdeno: I see. Have you chosen the bank already?

Mirec: Of course we have, we work on this project more than a months. Of course we have.

Jojco: Five weeks. We did all the observations and so one.

Mirec: Details. We made the observations. First we wanted a gas station but bank is much better.

Jojco: Exactly. We need to do it on Friday.

Zdeno: Mhm..

Mirec: Tomorrow.

Zdeno: Are you mad or what? Do you really want me to get you a car and two guns til tomorrow?

Mirec: One is enough. We have a toy one. (Shows it.)

Zdeno: Don't be crazy and get it away.

Mirec: It's just a toy.

Zdeno: Looks like a real one to me.

Mirec: See? And that's it.

Jojco: We thought you'd share with us...it won't be for free.

Zdeno: Of course it won't be. But can't you wait til next Friday?

Mirec: No, we can't. Jojco has his sailing lessons.

Jojco: I'm doing a sailing licence, well, not really doing it – first lesson is on next Friday. I want to buy a ship. When I have money.

Mirec: And then...sail away. With that ship. Sail the sea...To the New Zealand. Not for ever, we might come back.

Jojco: And that's another question, don't you know about a free parking lot? For that ship? Not now, in a year or so...

Zdeno: You are really assholes.

5.

(Mishko Love is sitting in the arcade, he plays the accordion with open case. He plays the Only today and tomorrow for the last time. We don't know if is this hapenning before or after the previous situations, or during the day of our play.

Dano goes out the bank and lit the cigarette. He greets Mishko and listens to his song. Mishko stops.)

Mishko Love: Did you tell her?

Dano: Not yet.

Mishko Love: And when are you going to do it?

Dano: Who knows? Never, maybe.

Mishko Love: You have to tell her. Invite her to some walk or take her for dinner and tell her.

Dano: (smiles bitterly) You talk like my mum, uncle Love.

Mishko Love: So you see. Mr Love is saying that if you love someone, you should tell him. If you don't tell, the love might be scared and next time it won't come...

Dano: (finishing his cigarette). Maybe. Tomorrow I'll tell her.

Mishko Love: (sings and playes) *Only today and tomorrow for the last time..*(Dano joins him.)

Dano: American Slovaks would love you for that song, they all love this sentimental stuff.

Mishko Love: That's no sentimental stuff, that's a folk song.

Dano: Hate folk songs.

Mishko Love: It's your roots.

Dano: I don't know, who cares about roots, it doesn't matter nowadays.

Mishko Love: Don't speak like this, if you allow yourself to think like this, you'll be negative....

Dano: Would you play a song for Erika?

Mishko Love: Why not? Even if she won't hear it there. Behind the bulletproof glass doors...

Dano: I'll open the doors for you.

Mishko Love: It'd be cold inside.

Dano: Doesn't matter. (opens the door)

(Mishko starts the play tzhe tune from the Titanic movie...Dano listens for a while, he smiles and thinks about Erika –who is happily married. He thinks so, maybe he overheard it somewhere.Then he goes back inside. After a while someone, maybe Erika, who is cold, shuts the door again.)

6.

(Peter kneels before Milena. It's somewhere outside, wind is blowing, maybe it's snowing as well.)

Peter: Will you marry me?

Milena: (she's not able to speak...)

Peter: (shows a ring) I don't know how to do it properly, it's silly..

Milena: (looks at the ring)It's beautiful.

Peter: Three stones. So will you marry me?

Milena: I don't know, Petko.

Peter: You won't?

Milena: I didn't say that.

Peter: You said you didn't know.

Milena: I was a bit shocked.

Peter: If you don't want to, tell me.

Milena: I don't say that, I just...

Peter: What?

Milena: (after a while) It's not so easy...

Peter: I'm not saying it easily...

Milena: Stand up, you'll be cold.

Peter: Will you marry me?

Milena: (after while) Yes.

Peter: Yes?

Milena: Yes.

Peter: (stands up) I've already booked a date and place, I've it all prepared.

Milena: Have you?

Peter: Yes.

Milena: I see.

Peter: Does that mean you're glad or are you not?

Milena: It means only that I am astonished how did you manage to organize it.

Peter: There's no time to lose.

Milena: That's true. I'll call it to my mum.

Peter: It'd be great if she might come to the wedding.

Milena: It'd be perfect but she won't come. She hates it here.

Peter: She might overcome it because of you.

Milena: Or maybe we should go to Australia for our wedding trip.

Peter: I've booked a hotel in Venice already. A month after the ceremony so we'll have time to arrange it.

Milena: Venice? (She hugs him, still somehow not sure about it.) I'll be a wife.

Peter: Yes.

Milena: And I'm going to marry Peter.

Peter: That's something.

Milena: And we'll go to Venice.

Peter: Together.

Milena: Isn't it happening too quickly?

Peter: I don't think so. I am going to be bald and fat, so we need to be as quick as possible.

Milena: (laughs) That's true.

7.

Jojco:

(is standing on the sidewalk in front of the arcade. He is watching the bank.)

I met Miro at the primary school. Our loser life way began there. We went through it all together. All the good and all the bad. There were more bad things than the good ones actually. I guess we'll go together till the end. And I wish it'd be a good end not the bad one. For some time we were kings, for some other time we were losers. And losers we stayed. I tried to change it, I went to the grammar school. Mirec went to the vocational school. I had better grades so I went to the grammar school because of my parents. It was a church school. Mirec laughed at me, he spoke about fallen angels, God knows when he heard that. Everyone laughed at me, actually. I didn't want to live two different lifes so I cut one off. The bad one, the way to perdition. As they used to say in my school. But you can't really do that. It's tricky, it gets you back in the end. Particularly if you are a weak man as me. I didn't see Mirco for a long time – but as they say, the life brought us together again. By chance. Or by the table with rum and beer. I left the grammar school. I hate it and I was the worst student there. I went to the Mirco vocational school. We left it together. Some people thought we were gays. Well, they knew Mirec was gay. I've never asked him about it and he was dating some women, too. He never took any liberties with me. It was me who hadn't got any women. No-one ever wanted me. Who'd

ever want a guy who needs to smoke some joint as a first thing he wakes up? There was some black abyss ready to swallow us...it was twisting as fast as a hell...As there is no way back. And when we believed there was no way back, we were falling into deeper and deeper shit. This (shows to the arcade) will be a twist. We'd change our lifes. I'd change mine. I know it. Then the sailing licence, a ship, river and wind in my face. Up and down the stream. And the horizon waiting in front of us, far away...Mirec is sure we are leaving together but I think I might be sailing away alone.

(Z pasáže vychádza Peter, prejde na druhú stranu cesty, keď kráča okolo Jojca nečakane ho osloví.)

Peter: Don't you happen to have a cigarette?

Jojco: A cigarette? What cigarette?

Peter: Whatever you have?

Jojco: I don't smoke.

Peter: You do. You have a cigarette...otherwise I wouldn't ask.

Jojco: I see. Well. Sometimes I do smoke. Do you have a bloody problem with it?

Peter: I am sorry I...(he is leaving)

Jojco: (calms down) How are you?

Peter: There'll be a lot of changes in my life.

Jojco: Really? Same with me. Don't you have some change?

Peter: I don't .

Jojco: Aren't you just going from the bank?

Peter: Well, see you. (He leaves.)

Jojco: (shouts) Fucking bastard!

8.

(We hear a quarrel at the bank counter. Erika is sitting there, lovely young lady. Opposite to her, behind the teller window, stands Peter. The quarrel is culminating.

Peter: Miss, you are here for me, don't you understand it?

Erika: Sir, don't raise your voice, I beg you. I told you everything you need. I gave you all the informations you required.

Peter: I am normally asking you to write it down for me. The course of action. I need you to write me down how to transfer money from abroad, from Australia, to the account in your bank.

Erika: But you don't have any account in here!

Peter: So? My wife-to-be has it.

(Daniel who was watching the quarrel for some time, approaches them. Maybe he grabs his gun.)

Dano: Any problem?

Peter: What?

Dano: It's not „what“, it's „excuse me“. I am asking you if there's any problem.

Peter: What problem?

Dano: Erika?

Erika: No, it's okay, I just explained something to this man.

Peter: Could you write it down for me? As I politely asked you before?

Erika: I'm not your secretary.

Peter: I don't want such a secretary.

Dano: Calm down, please.

Peter: It's none of your business.

Dano: What did you say?

Peter: (ignoring the security guard) Can I talk to your superior?

Erika: The manager of this branch is having a lunch now. If you wish to contact the managment of this bank, you could call them or mail them. All the contacts are to be find at our website.

Peter: (raising his voice) Having a lunch?

Erika: We need to eat, too.

Peter: (pretends not to hear her) No wonder that this state is going to hell if behind its counters, in its offices, in its banks (trying to find the correct word, it's embarassing) are sitting ...such a stupid hens like you...(he leaves)

Erika: (smiling) Good-bye.

Dano: What did you say? What did you just say? (He runs after Peter, after a while he comes back.) I lost him somewhere in the arcade. I can't leave my position, you know. But if I get him...(He grabs his gun again.)

Erika: (smiles) You'd shoot him?

Dano: I hate when someone shouts at women. When someone puts on airs like that. I hate all these arrogant people of third millenium who all seem to graduate some assertiveness course. He screwed me out.

Erika: Well, he amused me.

Dano: (after a while) I admire how you keep top of things.

Erika: I have to, it's only money.

Dano: Exactly. (He keeps silent for a while, Erika notices his hesitation.) I wanted to ask you...

Erika: Yes...

Dano: If it's everything okay...

Erika: Yes. And what about you?

Dano: Great. Everything. Nice job, nice people here...

Erika: Yes, we feel safe when you're here.

Dano: Thank you.

Erika: So, keep your watch!

Dano: (after a while. He cannot dare to ask her.) I'll go for a cigarette...

Erika: Tell Mr Mishko to play me some nice song.. (She smiles at the next costumer.) What can I do for you?

(Dano leaves, he goes out the bank. Doors are closing.))

9.

Mum:

I don't know why...How can I live? How can I live from that money a postwoman brings me every month? Is it for all I've done in my life, working as a nurse? And what for? It's a mockery. That's for all my help. How can I live on such a pension? That's not any money. That's a pittance. I can't ask anything from Danko. From my only son. He needs to spare some money, to fly the nest.

(after a while) God bless him that he came back. That he's home again after all the youth caprices. I cook to him, I iron, I wash – and I like to do it. But I don't want his money. He is my son. And he's at home after all. I shop only in sales, I study catalogues, I know where to buy cheaper. I bought him such a nice shirt in Lidl. And he said he wouldn't wear it – that it looked cheap, like I bought in the street market. What street market sell stuff like this? Nice checkered shirt is it- and it wasn't any expensive. He told me to wear it. But if he try it on, all the girls will like him. I know that he likes one girl from the bank. I might go to see her, but I need to go there secretly so he won't see me as he don't want me to control him. But isn't he a public person now? So he needs to get used to it. I'll bake something for him, some cake. I'd call him if he wants a soup, too, but I won't bother him while working. I'm so glad he has a proper job, I hope his superiors are satisfied with him and he is satisfied, too. I want everyone to be

satisfied. We need to be satisfied with the life we have, there are people who haven't anything at all. So, I'll go to make the cake for him. Danko likes it.. (*She takes a phone and dials a number.*)

Dano: (his phone is ringing, he picks it up) What's going on? I'm working, I begged you not to call me here, if my boss sees me, I might...So, what's going on? Are you really calling me because of this? I didn't forget. Bye. You'll see. (He hangs up.) I've enough.

10.

(*Zdeno and Jojco are drinking beers. There is a third glass on the table as well.*)

Zdeno: I need someone to deal a weed for me.

Jojco: Just the weed?

Zdeno: Maybe some brown as well. But we don't cook it anymore...just dealing it.

Jojco: I don't want to do this again, you know.

Zdeno: I know, me neither.

Jojco: What weed is it?

Zdeno: Lamp weed. Strong as an ox. Everyone wants it.

Jojco: Indoor?

Zdeno: Everyone wants it.

Jojco: Is it indoor pot?

Zdeno: That's none of your business, if it's an indoor pot. The point is everyone wants it and everyone smokes it. And nowadays everyone smokes a weed: It's totally awesome ganja, you know. If you have any problem, tell me you have a problem and I'll find someone else. As simple as it is.

(*Mirec returns from the toilet.*)

Zdeno: You piss all the time. You have a prostatic issue or what?

Mirec: I drink a lot of water, I am cleaning myself, so I need to piss all the time.

Zdeno: Cleaning? How do you mean it?

Mirec: How? It's healthy. I drink three liters of water.

Zdeno: A water?

Mirec: A water.

Zdeno: Holy shit.

Jojco: He doesn't eat meat too. He softened.

Zdeno: Him? So you don't eat any sausages?

Mirec: No.

Zdeno: And what about hot dogs?

Mirec: No hot dogs, no sausages. Is there any meat in sausage? Or in hot dog?
I don't eat any meat, I don't eat living creatures. n

Zdeno: (after a while) I see. Why?

Mirec: It's principle. And because of the detox. I can eat fish. I'm looking forward we'll go fishing on the sea.

Zdeno: I see. And how long you doing that detox thing?

Mirec: It's a sixth day.

Zdeno: (laughs) I see.

Mirec: The nature is the best.

Jojco: (to Zdeno) See? I told you lamp weed is a chemical shit.

Zdeno: It has nothing to do with a lamp weed.

Jojco: It has. Everything has.

Mirec: What lamp weed?

Jojco: Zdeno has a job for us to do.

Mirec: I'm not dealing anymore.

Jojco: You're dead stoned and still you don't want to deal?

Mirec: This is something else, this is pure nature.

Jojco: Ye, nature from the box.

Mirec: What job?

Zdeno: Only the weed.

Mirec: That's a drug, too. There's no difference.

Zdeno: You're totally nuts. Are you going mad or what?

Mirec: Ganja is the same shit as every other drug. Can you become addict? Do you need it on regular basis? You do. Does it influence your perception? Does it influence the reality? Yes, it does. It does, it changes your personality. It makes you an addict and insane man.

Zdeno: I don't care about such a bullshit. Do you want the job?

Mirec: I don't.

Zdeno: (to Jojco) And what about you?

Jojco: (to Mirco) We need some money.

Mirec: Everyone needs it.

Jojco: Bullshit. Sharks don't.

Mirec: What sharks?

Jojco: Financial sharks. Businessmen. Everyone who stole a lot don't need it. Millionaires don't need it. Thieves and goodfellas don't need it.

Zdeno: Don't look at me, are you mad or what?

Mirec: Bullshit. Everyone, just everyone needs money.

Zdeno: (leaving) See ya.

Mirec: What're the conditions?

Zdeno: As usual. As the last time. As the time before the last time.

Mirec: That's a shit.

Zdeno: I'll get someone else. Someone who doesn't think it's a shit. Someone who'll not philosophize like some Platon.

Jojco: What plankton?

Zdeno: I need to find someone new. Some young blood.

Mirec: We are the best. We don't fosit on you. We are stylish, the old school ones.

Jojco: Exactly.

Zdeno: But you are stoned all the time.

Mirec: We just need new conditions. That's all. The young blood is posioned. It might splash you as a bucket full of hatred.

Jojco: Are you stoned?

Mirec: What?

Zdeno: Do you want a joint?

Mirec: Small and thin, please.

Jojco: Talking about your cock?

Zdeno: (laughs. He makes a joint.) What and odd couple you are. But you know what, guys? I like you.

Jojco: Everyone likes us.

Mirec: We like each other, too.

Jojco: But not that way...

Zdeno: I don't care.

Mirec: We need some big job, something to fucking free us, to pay the debts, to clean all this shit.

Jojco: When I was a boy, I thought that in this age I'll be rich and cool.

Mirec: (laughs) You're cool, after all.

Zdeno: (makes a joint) And this job will help you for some time.

Jojco: Money sucks.

Mirec: Having no money sucks.

Jojco: Hmmm.Exactly.

(Zdeno lights the joint.)

11.

(Dan's Mum is sitting on the chair and singing. It's a choir rehearsal. We can hear some nice singing. Milena sits next to her and sings, too. They both are mezzosoprano voices. They sing very passionately. They both seems to have the same expression. We see just apart of a big choir. They stoped singing.)

Mum: (looks around and speaks with unseen colleagues) I'd like to thank you all, girls. I'm very glad I can be here with you.

Milena: We like you too, Marienka.

Mum: Thank you again for the gift. (Shows at the mall tamburine and knocks on it.) I promise to practise, when my Danko won't be at home as he wouldn't like it all.

(We can hear women smiling, saying good bye to each other – it's the end of the rehearsal. Mum is packing, Milena as well.)

Mum: How are you feeling few days before your wedding? Milenka? It's only houres now, isn't it?

Milena: (after a while) I´m not going to marry.

Mum: Are you not...?

Milena: No.

Mum: But...the wedding is in few days...

Milena: Well, we have to cancel it.

Mum: That´s awful.

Milena: I don´t love him, Marienka.

Mum: And you find it out now?

Milena: Not now. I don´t love him for a long time. Maybe I did never love him.

Mum: Why do you want to marry then?

Milena: I think it was because of Peter. Yes, I agreed because of him. We have to cancel it.

Mum: But that´s...

Milena: Cruel, I know.

Mum: Isn´t it like a panic attack...new thoughts, you know, you get used to it..something like this.

Milena: I´m convinced I can´t marry Peter. It´s the other way round. The wedding plans and all of that was just a panic attack...

Mum: Does Peter know?

Milena: No. I am telling him today. We are going to buy him a new shoes for wedding.

Mum: My my. You said your mum already send you money for the wedding.

Milena: That doesn´t matter. I am not going to be married because of money.

Mum: I didn´t mean that.

Milena: Well, we need to solve it somehow. Peter isn't any hero. Peter is a coward. And I don't want to spend my life with a coward. I don't want to get married and then divorce in a short time.

Mum: Did you find out recently?

Milena: No, Marienka, I knew it for a long time.

Mum: And why did you...?

Milena: It's hard to explain...Don't tell anyone, I'll tell them...lately...

Mum: See – and I wanted to have a wedding...and he didn't want it. Maybe he wouldn't leave me so easily if we were married. But I don't think so. I wished so desperately to be a bride. To be a so dolled up...

Milena: I don't have a problem with being a bride. (She weeps.) That's not the problem...I'm sorry...

Mum: I know.(Hugs her.) Come on...Do not apologize.

Milena: (breaks free) Don't pity me, please...

Mum: That's what my son keeps telling me.

Milena: Maybe that's a generation issue.

(They laugh.)

Mum: (smiling) Anyway, he's single...

Milena: (smiling)Daniel isn't my type of man.

Mum: So we're not going to be a family then. Pity, I can imagine the two of us chatting in my kitchen.

Milena: You mean in your block of flats?

Mum: And?

Milena: If I have to chose a kitchen, it'd be a villa. (they laugh) Happy Bitrhday again - and have a nice party.

Mum: I don't think there'll be any. I suppose Daniel forgot about it.

Milena: Maybe he'll surprise you.

Mum: I don't think so.

Milena: (on the leave) So, I'm going to do it.

(Daniel's Mum shows her a good luck gesture. Milena smiles ironically. She has a nice smile. She is a beautiful woman. But also Peter has a nice smile and he used to a pretty man. But it makes no difference now..)

12.

(Dano and Erika are sitting in the bar, drinking wine.)

Erika: Say something...

Dano: I...can't believe you're sitting here with me...

Erika: Why is it so unbelievable?

Dano: I...don't know. Really.

Erika: Ask me something.

Dano: Well, what should I...how's that wine?

Erika: Nice. White, Dry, exactly as I like it.

Dano: Mhmm. And your boyfriend...

Erika: You mean my husband?

Dano: Husband...so is he... okay?

Erika: Perfect. (pause) Do you want me?

Dano: Beg your pardon?

Erika: Do you want to fuck me? That's it, isn't it?

Dano: No, not really, but yes, you're a beautiful woman...

Erika: When you jerk off, do you think of me? I can see you´r slobbering over me...(She crawls under the table.)

Dano: What are you doing? (He looks around.)

Erika: (under the table) Sometimes I am a cat and look for a sweet milk, you know...

Dano: (Erika crawls between his legs, we can´t see her, we see only Dano´s reaction.) Come on, Erika...what is it...

(Dano is enjoying the unexpected pleasure. Vut then we can hear the keys rumbling and Mum enters. Dano wakes up with wet pants from his dream. Mum is standing at the doors.)

Mum: Did you sleep?

Dano: Only for a while.

Mum: You look tired. How´s been in work?

Dano: As usual.

Mum: I brought us ice cream, would you like to have some?

Dano: Ice cream?

Mum: We should have it. Could you open the champagne? It´s in the fridge.

Dano The champagne???...(Then he realised.) I´m an idiot. I´m sorry.

Mum: It doesn´t matter, I didn´t expect anything. You have a hard job.
(She exposes the tamburine) Look...(playing it)

Dano: What´s that?

Mum: A drum. If I practice really hard, I might accompany some song. Mrs conductor promised it.

Dano: Bednarčíková?

Mum: Bednarčíková isn´t any conductor, she´s an alt singer.

Dano: I see. And you are...?

Mum: Mezzosoprano.

Dano: I see. I'm sorry.

Mum: It's okay. Did you eat? Don't you need any washing?

Dano: What time is it?

Mum: Seven. Why?

Dano: Just asking...

(An accordion starts to play in distance. Dano comes to the window and opens it. He waves from it.)

Dano: Happy Birthday! (He produces a nice flower. Mum is shocked.) Don't you want to see where the sound comes from?

Mum: Is it for me?

Dano: Yes, this is a song for you, played alive, not from any broadcasts. A song for my mum.

(Mum stays and listen, moved. Mishko Love finishes, Mum claps.

Mum: Thank you, Danushka.

Dano: Come her, Mishka. You can call me Danushka for today, Mum *(He leaves to the door, Mum stays alone, very happy, clutching the flower. After a while Dano enters together with Mishko Love, who sings Happy Birthday song, it's not his style, his English is lame – and when he sing Marienka's name, he bows in a strange way.)*

Mishko Love: (when he finishes the song) Any wish?

Mum: Well, what about some nice waltz?

Mishko Love: Like this? (He starts to play.) Do you know it?

Mum: (sings along) An der schönen blauen Donau..(takes a tamburine and accompanies the song)

Mishko Love: Very nice, lovely. What a band we are!

Mum: Or this one..(She starts to sing a old folk song Teče voda teče cez velecký majír, Mishko sings along. It´s a nice harmony.)

Dano: (opening a champagne) You could play in some retirement home.

Mishko Love: Don´t underestimate us, we have other goals. Higher. Eurovision for example.

Mum: (laughs as if she is drunk but she didn´t have any champagne yet) Eurovision he said..

Dano: Mum, that´s mister Mishko.

Mum: Hello. Nice to meet you.

Mishko Love: Nice to meet you. I´m Michal Love.

Mum: Are you called Love?

Mishko Love: Yes. Love. Michal.

Dano: (offers them a champagne) Take it. Cheers!

Mishko Love: I can drink...so just a toast.

Mum: That´s not real alcohol. (They clink the glasses and laugh.) Would you like an ice cream? And we have sandwiches as well.

Mishko Love: I can´t stay, there´s someone waiting for me. A cat.

Mum: Sit down with us for a while. Would you like some spirit? Dano, bring us the brandy we get from our neighbours.

Mishko Love: I can´t drink a brandy.

Dano: Why is it? We have such a nice partyy! Cheers!

Mishko Love: Just a little, please. I really don´t drink, bad experiences, you know. To you, misses Marienka!

Mum: I´m Maria. And sometimes I´m out od rhythm, so I´m sorry...

Mishko Love: I'm Michal. What a nice sandwiches you made, Marienka. And that brandy is delicious. Don't worry about a rhythm, I'll bring a metronom next time.

Mum: We use it in the choir as well.

Mishko Love: Do you sing in a choir?

Mum: Yes.

Mishko Love: Call me Mishko, would you?

Mum: Drink it...home made calvados.

Dano: You don't believe I wouldn't forget about it, do you?

Mum: To be honest...

Dano: You are underestimating me.

Mishko Love: Dano is a good boy. He has kind eyes. I can see it.

Mum: I know, I know.

Mishko Love: Don't you want a cat?

Mum: A cat in the flat? No way.

Dano: Do you have some kittens?

Mishko Love: I mean my old cat, she's cuddly and nice. I call her Foxy, She knows a lot of things, you'll see. She's much better than any dog...She's trained.

Dano: Do you not want her anymore?

Mishko Love: Soon I'll have no place to live...there's a warrant of execution upon my house, it'll be put up for auction and so on...I don't want to talk about it...Is there any calvados left?

Mum: But that's...terrible...They can't treat you like...(pours him another glass)

Mishko Love: That sucks, Marienka. I didn't pay my bills. I had no money to pay them. I lost my barber shop and everything gone wrong. It's been may years but everything is even worth now.

Dano: There's our bank in the place of Mishko's barber shop.

Mishko Love: Your bank?

Dano: I don't mean it.

Mishko Love: So don't call it our bank. (*to Marienka*) Every day I go to the same arcade where my shop used to be and play the accordion there...for our frowning fellow citizen...so I can see my door. Nowadays people go through that door for money, so it has nothing to do with me.

Mum: (after a while) I will play with you. I will play my tabourine and sing. We'll rehearse some repertoire. What do you think?

Dano: Mum.

Mum: I'd ask Mishko, would you agree?

Mishko Love: Well, what can I say?

Mum: We might rehearse some songs, you'll be singing with me. Don't you want to take off the gloves? They are wet.

Mishko Love: I don't like bare hands.

Mum: I'll dry it for you. (*She's taking off his gloves, his hands are cut. Mum is a bit drunk.*) What is it, Mishko? Did you cut your hands?

Mishko Love: We will sing together if you come. As the heaven birds. (*As he starts to hallucinate, he suddenly looks very drunk.*) We have to save our souls. Love has no power, it lost it. Can you feel it? It can't hold an iron birds upon the sky so they fall down to the hell with all the sinners and all the sins. It begun. They are breaking at the rocks and the sea. Love can't hold even the sea ships, they sink heavy with our sinns. And the cry of the man mirrors the noise of our time. Love can't save the stuffed full bellies. Nor thechubby asses. False eyes and false promises will kill all the humanity. They kill the love. They cut its

throat from one ear to the other. They already did. But they will cut deeper. To the mud. And without love a world will cease to exist, it will drown in the burning fire. In the fire which is spitting hell. And the burning mouth will come from the high buildings of big cities, with its sharp teeth it will chew up the veins of hope. And the hope will spring as a seed and die, it'll flow down the bald heads of king into the emptiness, into the empty rooms with rotten floor. The frozen sun will burn icy holes in our stomachs. Filthy lucre will kill the light we want to keep inside us. Our dreams will die in the darkness, only the world with no way out will be left. The world with no tomorrows. The destruction already begun. It begun within us. Hold yourself, hold, if there is something to hold.... *(He shows at his chest.)*

(During this speech Daniel tries to stop Mishko but he can't. Mishko stands on the chair all red in face, when he finishes his speech, he falls down on the table, to the sandwiches and ice cream, some glass is broken. Mishko lies and breathes heavily as a tired lion. Marienka calms him down. She doesn't speak, just pets him, gently.)

Dano: Wow...what was that?

Marienka: *(she strokes Mishko gently)* It all will be good, Mishko Love. Tomorrow I will come to play with you. We will sing two parts and we will play. You'll bring me a metronome so I'll keep the rhythm. We will play together. We will watch your old door together.

(Daniel looks at his mum with a strange reproach. She doesn't look at him at all. She looks at Mishko Love, laying down and spitting and rattling.)

13. The Postludium

(Jojo, Mirec, Peter, Milena, Dano, Erika, Zdeno, The Shop Assistant, Mrs Bednarcikova. Later Mum and Mishko Love. It's the bank. It's the stage. Almost everyone is here, mixing voices and words, direct speeches, notes and comments. Some sentences are coinciding, some are repeated in dynamic rhythm. After while no-one knows which thought belongs to him – maybe all thoughts belong to everyone. Everything is accumulating.)

Sign it here.

Of course.

Won't you change your mind?

Stop it.

Thank you. Cash desk is over there...

See – you can be nice, too.

You should be glad we are here.

Don't fuck it up. Wait.

What is it?

He kissed her.

He kissed me, I almost fainted.

What are you doing?

Nothing.

You mad?

But I still love you.

I told you everything.

It was just a caprice.

He was about to start crying...I hate him, what a nasty word, I'm so cruel, but I found him disgusting, I thought about his stinking feet while he eats his pudding....and I didn't feel cruel anymore.

On the ground, everyone lies down!

Oh my god!

Lie down!

One of them run to my cash desk and stuffs his gun inside.

They were heavy armed. I don't know how many of them...I guess that one of them had a hand grenade as well.

I was just passing by, I was looking for an exchange office. Is it her, is it Marienka? Over there, with that old fool...She didn't see me, she was singing. She wore some strange checkered shirt. So I watched them for a while and then I entered...when it...

Don't you hear me? Lie down!

He pushed me. I felt down on my face.

To the safe. Let's go. Can't you hear me, beauty?

Masked men? Two of them? No, I didn't see them.

I beg you!

I broke my nose.

I was there to discuss a mortgage. I don't know where I knew them from but they looked familiar to me. Him. And then I realised he was wearing the shoes he bought in our shop. And then they rushed in.

Doors opened wildly, the bell above them is ringing...Lie down, everyone lie down – it echoes the space. Strangely it sounds – like an order and a plea...

I cried- I was shaken. He pointed the gun in my face. Before that, yes, before that I heard our bell ringing.

Don't cry, listen to me, don't cry.

To the safe.

Her voice is trembling, she wants to say something but she doesn't.

I'm bleeding, help me, I'm bleeding.

Someone is screaming, someone is crying, there is a blood, just a mess.

Lie down and you'll be fine.

I was looking for the exchange office, I wanted to change some Euros, we wanted to go to Tatra mountains. The rate is terrible oh my god that rate...Where are we living?

Move! Don't you hear me?

No-one moves! No-one moves.

Lack of words.

State of shock.

They didn't talk much. They were pretty well synchronized. Danger.

They are some losers, some potheads, do you think I'd...?With them?

Hey, he whispers. Hey.

Peter, are you mad? Lie down and be silent.

If you have to have guns, take real ones, men! It'll cover you. Mentally I mean. Do you understand? You'll feel self-confident. It's the real power. Throw it away.

The security guy is craped out..

Don't provoke him, don't act as an hero, please.

They say two of them were masked, they were aggressive, one of them stayed with the people, there were just few of them, the other took the cashier to the safe with the gun pointed at her head. There might be some other outside, no-one knows...

You have to feel the superiority.

We are prepared, we checked everything.

What do want to do, for godsake?

Do you have a gun?

Hey, man!

There it is, at your belt.

He had to be a mingo, I thought I might shit myself and his eyes were just ice cold.

I have a gun but I don't know if it shoots.

Peter, are you mad?

He whispers. Like in the movie.

It doesn't matter. Nothing does.

Don't you dare...

Lie down, fuck, lie down!

Pass it to me, slowly, when I turn to the other side...P

He took his gun and stood but he noticed and shot.

Yelling.

They look at each other, trying to talk without words.

The other one, the one with the bag, run out.

That young lady run after him like mad, she beated him and spilled on him.

That security guy stood and then he cried so terribly I don't remember it was like a hell.

I don't know I didn't hear anything I played my accordion. I didn't even notoce Marienka wasn't by my side.

Mum.

Danko.

I shot.

I didn't.

We both shot.

I'm just saying.

I said you were mongos. I told them they were idiots, fucking potheads. Look in their cupboards!

Two bodies were lying there.

What did I give them? Me??? I have nothing to do with this mess. Don't accuse me, you potheads.

One body. Maybe two, I don't know.

Don't stay here! Are you mad? Run!

I'm just saying...

That's ridiculous. Goodfella? Me? Hobo? Illicit. Who said that?

Don't say...

I really didn't notice....Marienka wasn't there I think. Someone was running and he threw a green army bag to me...

I'm trembling, Mirec.

Shut you up.

Did you shoot him?

Shut you up. He shot first, that hero. Where is the bag?

What bag? You mean that bag?

KuThat bag with money, for fuck sake!

I threw it to the accordionist.

Are you mad? What accordionist?

Those one playing Only today and tomorrow for the last time...You know it's my favourite tune.

Marienka is here?? Marienka. It's me, Mishko.

Then entered Mr Love. The old Love. The madman.

I didn't enter, why should I? I swore I'd never go in. I can't go in and hear the bell again.

Love.

They didn't switch off the machine which knocks.

Metronome.

Did you shot him down?

Shut you up! He shot first, such a hero...Where is the bag?

Yes, the metronom. We used in the choir, too. The wooden thingie with a metal bar. Who'd switch it off, anyway. So it was still on, like if someone was knocking on the door. Silent, but tireless sound.

What bag? That bag you mean?

Fuck, sure I mean that bag!

I threw it to that accordionist.

Are you mad? What accordionist?

That one standing there.

Tell me...just tell me you're not serious...that you're just kidding me. Tell me that's not true.

Those one playing Only today.

I'm bleeding.

You know that's my favourite song.

Blood everywhere...

No-one speaks.

Silence.

Just the metronome is tapping out its rhythm....monotonously and tirelessly...

THE END