

# The\_Third\_Age

(pictures of generations)

by DODO GOMBAR

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Characters:

EGON - soon to be thirty

TAMARA - his spouse, radio presenter, 27 years old

DUSAN - his friend, psychologist, 30 years old

TEREZA - Dusan's wife, psychologist, 30 years old

EGON'S FATHER - 64 years old

EGON'S MOTHER - 58 years old

DOLINA - famous retired actor, 62 years old

ARNOST - forgotten composer, 60 years old

MAGDA - senior's house nurse practitioner

1. *Senior's house corridor*

**Magda:** He's waiting for you.

**Egon:** Is he alone?

**Magda:** Yes, he is. Arnost was with him. He left a while ago. He's been beating the poor piano for the whole morning,

**Egon:** Magda, he wasn't beating the piano, he was composing. (he wants to enter the room where Arnost is waiting for him)

**Magda:** Then he had lunch and went for a walk to the park as usual.

**Egon:** When is the session today?

**Magda:** At five.  
(Egon wants to enter)

**Magda:** Mr Egon.

**Egon:** Yes?

**Magda:** I appreciate you care for people like him. You're a good man. (She points to the door, whose handle has Egon been holding for a while already)

You've earned the Lord's gratitude...as would my mother say...

**Egon:** Have I? You think so?

**Magda:** Not only that I think so. I am sure about it.  
( Egon gives her a smile and enters, Magda follows him with her eyes.)  
(Lights off.)

2.

*(Dolina - the retired star's room.)*

(Jan Dolina is sitting on bed, smoking a pipe. When Egon enters, he points to a seat, not looking at him.)

**Dolina:** Is Magda still behind the door?

**Egon:** Yes, she is.

**Dolina:** Have you noticed that all these young nurses in old people's homes...all these young nuns, teachers of disabled children...just all of them have this ring of white light hovering above their heads...just take a look yourself. Magda is no different.

**Egon:** Why just the young ones? Why not the old ones as well?

**Dolina:** When they get old and they still do the job, so they don't abandon their fate, that light surrounds them completely.

**Egon:** (thinking for a while) Well, that's a topic worth a discussion.

**Dolina:** No, that's not a topic, it's something like sailing to an island...Jesus, I am talking rubbish...but there is something else that certainly is a topic. Marta has told me today, that she went to bed with that young psychologist, that friend of yours. He screwed her, I mean.

**Egon:** I am sorry?

**Dolina:** Well...She said he was seducing her for quite a while and that in the end she had no choice but to give in. She says he was threatening to sack her and she was afraid she would not find another job and ends up back in her village...Bastard...This I call a topic.

(Egon switches on a Dictaphone)

**Dolina:** Switch that thing off. That's got nothing to do with our talk.

**Egon:** I am sorry.

**Dolina:** I am just telling you as a friend. It's no fodder for the tabloids. It has no place in the interview. You pissed me off, you know?

**Egon:** (switches off the Dictaphone) I apologise...what else has she told you?

**Dolina:** I won't tell you any more on this...you can switch it on again and we'll carry on as usually

**Egon:** I really regret that

**Dolina:** I don't care you do regret. You've disappointed me...you behave like those hyenas...just like all the others. There were moments you seemed to be different to me, but it's nothing but bullshit.

(Egon is about to say something, but Dolina interrupts him.) Be so kind and don't give me any arguments now...and, please, do not apologise...Just switch the Dictaphone on and ask me another question.

(Egon switches the dictaphone on and places it on the table. He pauses for a while. He knows he must carry on with the interview, but he really did not expect such a start. He feels guilty, though he has no

idea what he should feel guilty for. He takes a deep breath.)

**Egon:** How did you perceive the changes back in 1989?

(Dolina turns away. He looks as if he expected such a question, but he gives that face for all Egon's questions. The thing is, he expected this particular question to come much later. He is silent for a while, just taking another draw on his pipe.)

**Dolina:** I knew you will ask something like that. I've been forming the answer on my mind for a long time...In fact, I do that quite often, as all of my generation does. Damn. G E N E R A T I O N. I like you actually said "change" instead of calling it somehow pathetic. Everything changed. Not just the political opinion and coats. It was just everything. So...I remember the big euphoria on fresh air coming from the Austrian border. I remember this quite clearly. It felt as if you come across a bottle of slivovitz under a heap of dung. I could barely manage looking around and taking in all these new impulses and touches. As if you get an electric shock. I was 49 back in November 89. That means half of my life having been over already. You can imagine the shock for my generation when the iron curtain fell...we had to start from the very beginning...

**Egon:** That was certainly a way different for us, as we were post-adolescents at that time...

(Dolina ignores Egon's attempt for a joke. A little more nervous now, he carries on.)

**Dolina:** The burden put on us by the regime was gone at once, literally out of the blue. It was just too fast. We were free. Some of your dreams and desires come true, but you are unable to perceive them as reality. (he pauses, as if he decided to stop at this point) Back in the 1989, my generation gained a lot, but at the same time we lost so much as well...

**Egon:** Lost?!

**Dolina:** There were prolific and great authors, my peers, who had nothing to write about from then on, directors who had no more allegories to hide in their productions. The geniuses suddenly turned into the average. All the dissidents, those proud adversaries of the regime, suddenly started criticizing their emigrant friends...like they've backed down, run away and so on...and that it was solely the silent effort of those who stayed that gradually made the revolution break out...but in fact, many of those "brave-to-stay-ones" failed to run away because they simply had no balls to do it...but this is a different story...So, they put us on the stage, telling us we can say what we want, that we no longer have to conceal anything...that we can express our opinion...and, you know what happened? There was just silence echoing on the stage...( he pauses for a long time to give it a thought)

**Egon:** But you were waiting for that break-out for almost fifty ears.

**Dolina:** Yes, I was. But I did not expect that once you face the truth directly, it is no longer that interesting. All those stories, or topics, as you say, which we had found exciting before, suddenly ceased to exist. It's as if you're turned on by a woman, but once you strip her down you get no boner. We realized we got nothing to talk about. We were unable to talk with our mouths unsealed. I have lost so many friends who turned to worshipping the new-born golden calf...Suddenly we knew we were unable to speak about man...that ordinary free man, about his real soul. About a free man, you know...That change killed my dreams in a way, as I expected it would actually make them come true. But I might have as well got used to dreaming only. Suddenly I had to live my dreams, but I was

already too old for that.

**Egon:** So, you think...?

**Dolina:** I don't. I just know, that communism was the same crap as fascism. You expected a different answer?

**Egon:** I always expect a different answer, that's why I come here...Don't you feel, that people liked you more before, as if they were losing the interest after the revolution?

**Dolina:** That's actually what I am talking about.

(Long pause)

**Egon:** Have you ever been in the Communist party?

**Dolina:** You don't know? It's easy to look it up.

**Egon:** I know.

**Dolina:** Why do you ask then?

(Egon produces a bottle of whiskey and puts it on the table)

3.

( Tereza is calling to Tamara. )

**Tereza:** It's time we met.

**Tamara:** Let's meet then.

**Tereza:** But there's always this and that and we never really make it.

**Tamara:** You want to say that it's because of me...

**Tereza:** ...or let's be on phone more often.

**Tamara:** So people talk to each other more and meet less. That's the trend nowadays.

**Tereza:** I was listening to you again today...you're really good...don't really understand how you can remember all of that.

**Tamara:** What?

**Tereza:** Well, all these texts and so on.

**Tamara:** I got all of them written down. I've told you already.

**Tereza:** I see. But it looks as if you knew it all by heart.

**Tamara:** Sometimes, I do.

**Tereza:** But you say you have it written down.

**Tamara:** Well, sometimes I read it from paper and sometimes I just tell by heart.

**Tereza:** I listened to you yesterday as well, when that weirdo called you...you know, then one who's after your heart all the time.

**Tamara:** That's our boss at the station.

**Tereza:** He does it in such a public way?

**Tereza:** Not really. It's all fixed up. It's a fable.

**Tereza:** Oh, silly me. I totally bought it all.

**Tamara:** That's what our job is about. We need people believe what somebody else makes up...How about the kicking?

**Tereza:** What?

**Tamara:** The baby. Kicking your belly?

**Tereza:** Not just kicking. I feel it's boxing actually.

**Tamara:** Looks like a little Rocky, then. A baby Stalone.

**Tereza:** Or a little Godzilla.

**Tamara:** Yuck...that's nasty...my, aren't we stupid cows...to tell you the truth, I can't get rid of the feeling it's actually Egon's baby.

**Tereza:** You're nuts?

**Tamara:** Don't take it word-for-word. It's simply I still take you two as the ideal couple. You went along much better than us now.

**Tereza:** Come on...it's destiny with you and Egon.

**Tamara:** Not that much, I am afraid.

**Tereza:** Any problems?

**Tamara:** We should really meet, you know?

**Tereza:** Well, it's you who's always busy...I have plenty of time...sitting all day on my but with that potbelly of mine...

**Tamara:** I'll call you for sure...Take care.

**Tereza:** Maybe it's gonna be a little Arnie.

**Tamara:** Better a Godzilla then...Arnie's got crooked legs...and I don't really like Austrians. Bye.

**Tereza:** (laughing) Bye.

( Lights off. )

4. (Dolina and Arnost are sitting on a wooden bench at the Senior's House park.)

**Dolina:** There was that journalist visiting me again today. (he produces a bottle of whiskey)

**Arnost:** He must be a good journalist...for he brings good booze...I saw him leaving through my window.

**Dolina:** He left by the door.

**Arnost:** That's it. I was watching him through my window as he was leaving by the door.

**Dolina:** You gotta express yourself clearly, damn it! Speak Slovakian.

**Arnost:** I gotta do. Damn it!

(They're laughing)

**Dolina:** I started quite liking him. Just he is that buttoned up

**Arnost:** He respects you. He's so so young.

**Dolina:** He thinks I talk wise. I can feel how he admires me...I haven't been admired by anyone for quite a while...makes me feel good, actually.

**Arnost:** But you do talk wise. And you've been used to people admiring you for whole your life.

**Dolina:** It's easy to get used to people admiring you.

**Arnost:** And it's hard getting used to living without it.



**Dolina:** I only say what I want to. I am definitely not a book. I don't feel like talking any more.

**Arnost:** That's what you think. But thing is he does not think so. Why does he actually do that interview with you?

**Dolina:** He says he's collecting materials for a documentary.

**Arnost:** About you.

**Dolina:** Am I Al Pacino, or what? It's about two generations, as he claims. He says he keeps looking for topics. But I have no idea what topics, you just do it for my daughter, you know.

**Arnost:** Maybe, you could make some good money on that.

**Dolina:** You know when I make the most of it?

**Arnost:** When.

**Dolina:** When I am dead.

(silence)

**Arnost:** What would you get if you really made that money?

**Dolina:** I'd get a golden tombstone and have some Bukowski's poem engraved on that. (he takes a deep gulp from his bottle) Whiskey is good booze.

**Arnost:** The best you can get. Which one?

**Dolina:** What do you mean which one?

**Arnost:** Which Bukowski's poem?

**Dolina:** I am not sure yet...something that says life's a bitch

**Arnost:** Bukowski's poem on a tombstone...that's embarrassing.

**Dolina:** That's none of your business. It's my grave, not yours. (Silence. They're drinking whisky)

**Arnost:** The best thing you can do is drinking booze on a bench at an old people's home. Never enjoyed it this much before. Senegal.

**Dolina:** 9.093.000.

**Arnost:** Cuba.

**Dolina:** 10.951.000.

**Arnost:** I'll check them all one day.

**Dolina:** You're welcome to do so. It's nothing but true.

**Arnost:** I've never met anybody who knows the population of all countries in the world by heart.

**Dolina:** Well, some I don't know, but the thing is you haven't met anybody else, simply because there is no other fool like me.

**Arnost:** You're loco. You should tell the journalist to write about that.

**Dolina:** That's a secret... Soon the numbers will be the only thing I can trust. I stock them up, as it is the numbers who will become the new God of the third age.

**Arnost:** Of what?

**Dolina:** Of the Third Age. There's the First Age before Christ, the second one after Christ and when it's over the Third Age comes.

**Arnost:** And when will the second age finish?

**Dolina:** They said on the radio that it will be soon.

**Arnost:** You're mad.

**Dolina:** I'd love to, but it just embarrassing nowadays. It's not trendy any more. But it would suit you perfectly.

(he takes a gulp from his bottle)

How's the forgotten virtuoso's masterpiece?

**Arnost:** I am stuck. I have no motivation.

**Dolina:** Imagine it then.

**Arnost:** You can't imagine love.

**Dolina:** What? Love is not the only thing that can motivate you.

**Arnost:** For me it is.

**Dolina:** You're old, touchy and pathetic...fall in love with me then.

**Arnost:** You're not attractive any more. Your skin's just too loose. Not to my taste, really... And your breath's quite bad. I can't stand that when kissing. That's the pipe of yours.

**Dolina:** We don't have to kiss. We can do with sex only.

**Arnost:** I can't imagine sex without kissing.

(They laugh and drink)

**Dolina:** And I can't imagine kissing without sex.

(Lights off)

5.

(At Dusan's room, who's the psychologist at the senior's house.)

**Dusan:** Was Egon here today?

**Magda:** Yes, he was.

**Dušan:** Wish it was over. I am not happy with that any more; it's becoming a foul business.

**Magda:** Why a foul business?

**Dusan:** Not sure, just a feeling. It's all sort of unofficial.

**Magda:** Just three more. The deal was five times.

**Dusan:** I am afraid it might leak out.

**Magda:** It won't. But you shouldn't have let him do it, Doctor.

**Dusan:** I shouldn't. But he told me round. He is my friend.

**Magda:** There aren't that many senior houses with VIP clients such as Mr. Dolina, aren't they?

Dusan: Magda, enough of that nonsense. Enough.

(silence)

**Dusan:** It's a terrible sin, Doctor...

**Dusan:** A sin? This?

**Magda:** Not this, I mean...that...I have no idea how to behave in front of you now.

**Dusan:** I don't know what you're talking about, Magda.

**Magda:** You do, Doctor. I am sorry for telling you this...but I must talk about it. We shouldn't have done that...it's a terrible sin.

**Dusan:** It really is nothing to talk about. Things like that simply happen...Nothing to talk about. You understand, nothing. I was drunk, it wasn't really me. Do you get it? If somebody finds out, I will deny it. Nobody will listen to you. I will tell them you made it up, because you wanted me to go to bed with you and I refused. And that you wanted the revenge...That's what women usually do.

**Magda:** You would never say that. It's a lie.

**Dusan:** But if I said that, the lie would become a truth. You know I am married, do you?

(Magda starts crying.)

**Dusan:** And, you know we're expecting, do you?

(Magda nods to agree)

**Dusan:** And you really want to break my family? You can't be that rude. That would be a terrible sin!

(Magda sits down, looking blindly into the void, she can't believe this is not a dream.)

**Dusan:** Get yourself a man. You need a guy who will do it with you regularly, who will wait for you at the gate with an umbrella when you finish work, who will take you for a walk to the river, holding your hands. It could ideally be somebody from your village. You understand?

(Magda cries even more)

**Dusan:** And stop crying. Stop it!

(Lights off)

6.

(Egon and Tamara's flat)

(Egon and Tamara are lying in the bed, covered with a blanket. We can hear them fulfilling their conjugal duty, with just too much effort put into it. They sigh in a rather obligatory way, therefore sound comical.)

**Egon:** I can't. It simply doesn't work.

**Tamara:** That's fine.

**Egon:** Well, it's not. It really is a problem.

**Tamara:** It is fine, it really is.

**Egon:** Look, I can't concentrate. Do you understand?

**Tamara:** Not turning you on any more?

**Egon:** I've told you I can't concentrate and it's not that you fail to turn me on. That's all.

**Tamara:** You've been too busy lately.

**Egon:** I've always been busy, but was still able to make love. I'd like to get out of here. Just get on the first plane and fly somewhere away from here. Somewhere to the other side of the ocean.

**Tamara:** I'd go with you.

**Egon:** I'd like to go alone.

**Tamara:** ...and I can imagine you calling me, kicking the phone booth, shouting I shouldn't have let you go and that you're going to jump into a wild river from the first bridge you see.

(Tamara attempts to laugh, trying to ease things up, but to very little success.)

**Egon:** Not really. I need change. I must do something real. There's a propeller in my ass.

**Tamara:** It's been ages since you last said there's a propeller in your ass.

**Egon:** That's because it's been ages since I last had it in there.

**Tamara:** And is it back in again?

**Egon:** Yes, it is. Back in there again. Have a look.

(Egon shows his ass to Tamara. She looks inside in an expert way. It is not till now they have started laughing sincerely.)

**Tamara:** We could go for a walk somewhere to a forest, holding our hands and say nothing. It's been ages we have done that. And we used to go sometimes.

**Egon:** Isn't it a bit early to start going through the memories? We haven't been together that long. I have to write, can't waste time fooling around forests. There's no more room left in my brain and if I don't clean it, it will pop like a tomato.

**Tamara:** Everybody is asking about you in the radio.

**Egon:** Tell them I am turning into stoned vegetable. Or you might better tell them somebody committed a suicide on me.

(Egon stands up and turns the PC on. Tamara turns her back against him.)  
(Lights off.)

7. (Dusan, Dolina and Arnost are sitting in a circle on stools, facing each other. There are some silent figures in the circle as well - only later should the audience find out these are life-size dummies. It is a psychologist session - a regular ritual in the senior's house)

**Dusan:** You need to clearly formulate your problem, when you want to relive yourself of it. You have to open yourself to it. You will deal with your anguish only by facing it directly, just by naming it. Many of you confessed it has been the fear of solitude forcing you to drink...let's get closer to that...try to formulate what you lost because of drinking...

**Arnost:** I lost my wallet once, when drunk.

**Dusan:** I am serious.

**Arnost:** I do take it seriously. There was seven hundred quid for blank music sheets. You understand, seven hundred for blank music sheets. Blank music sheets for seven hundred...

(Dolina is laughing)

**Dusan:** If there are constraints that prevent you from speaking sincerely, try referring to yourself as the third person. Remember how you did well at the last session. This way you take a distance from your own person and your ego and you get the feeling of talking about somebody else, about somebody you know well, but it is not you. You will speak easier. Try. You got to start talking, this you get over your worries and psychological barriers.

(Silence)

**Dusan:** Well, try.

**Dolina:** Damn it, Doctor, he's up to your "try". Do you get it? He wants peace and quiet. Nothing more, nothing less. He's fed up of this psychological therapy of yours, which is crappy anyway. I am not coming any more. That's the last day I've been here.

**Arnost:** Just as you said the last time.

**Dolina:** (he carries on talking to Dusan) You really think you'll make us get old slower? That you delay our death? You give him a special care, just because of his TV fame, or maybe for your mother falling for his poetry programs on Sunday evenings after the news...You really think that this sterile approach of yours wins his favor?

**Arnost:** I was on TV just once - back then during the regime, conducting a children's ensemble.

**Dolina:** I am talking about myself.

**Dusan:** Carry on, Mr Dolina. And do not bother changing your aggressive mode.

**Dolina:** He is not interested in your directing suggestions either. He really is pissed here, he's only here because of his daughter, not because of himself and not because this is the only place to stay for him. He agreed to put himself in this jail only because of his daughter. He really has no need attending these debate workshops, as it is just boring...

**Dusan:** There really is nobody forcing you attending our sessions, Mr Dolina. You have all been here voluntarily.

**Dolina:** Exactly...so I bite the dust sooner. When I look at this wretch-club of ours it looks as if they were all dead already (he looks around and at the grannies) Can you see her? She's sitting on the window, sharpening her scythe...

**Arnost:** A banshee?

**Dolina:** Indeed. A beauty in her thirties, with a great body, tits and ass like this...and sweet legs.

**Arnost:** It's a guy.

**Dolina:** That's what all gays say.

**Arnost:** You've gone too far.

**Dusan:** You've gone a bit far, Mr Dolina.

**Dolina:** No, I haven't. We all know. It's all facts. Nothing else. Simple truth.

(silence)

**Dusan:** Are we carrying on?

**Dolina:** He came here to make his daughter stop hating him. But you can never understand this. You're just too young, inexperienced and...cold.

**Dusan:** Cold, you say. That really suits from you.

**Dolina:** He promised her to come here, so, here he is. Otherwise, he could live in a tent for all he cares. He will never quit drinking, but she might stop hating him. That is the only reason he is here. Nothing else. He's been through enough to be aware of quite a few things.

**Dusan:** Don't you think, Mr. Dolina, that this therapy has quite a positive effect on you? You seem calmer and more balanced. Don't you have that feeling?

**Dolina:** No need to use such noble words...mister psychologist...I am sorry, Arnost...

(Dolina goes silent.)

**Arnost:** You're a rude person... I...I mean, him, Arnost, has that feeling you're talking about, Doctor. He feels better and more balanced. He started composing again, and I...I mean he belongs to human beings again...he is glad to be here...he has no idea where else he would go...hard to think about any other places for people like him...

**Dusan:** Put yourself through the flow of subconsciousness and speak openly...

(The light goes on and it is the first time we see all the characters together. Tamara is sitting on the bed and smokes, Egon rolls himself joint, mother paints on glass, father drinks coke, Magda looks out of window. )

**Tamara:** She's been with Egon for ten months, even though she's never believed in internet love. She loves him, but she feels her passion has gone. She knows that their love has moved to another level, as Egon says, but she might have ceased to feel love. Because he gives her no more love. She can't get over what he does as she finds his job not much different from grave robbing. She doesn't really have the guts to tell her father. She knows he agreed to stay in the senior's house only because of her...so, she forgives him...but she can't forget how he ruined her mom who she loved...

**Egon:** When he smokes dope, he feels better... safer. He simply found an escape route in it...Nothing more. Not sure if he is going through a menopause or what, but he'd really prefer digging himself underground and stay there for few days. The only thing he really enjoys doing at the moment is the old man Dolina. He feels this could finally be a theme for a good screenplay and he does not see it as hyenism./breaking the ethics. Tamara is too sensitive about it. It is simply about getting inspired. No more, no less.

**Magda:** She is so ashamed of what she has done. She doesn't know how to behave now. Hope the Lord forgives her. She's glad to have left home, as she would have otherwise ended up like her mother, grandmother and the great-grandmother as well. No more she likes her village of Ivanceice. She is fine in the city, even though she feels alone there. She loves chatting on the net when she does her night shift. She can chat just about whatever comes to her mind. Being that anonymous even turns her on. All the nurses do it, so, there's nothing wrong to that. She still can't believe she's met Dolina personally. Her mother adores him and she would never even think, that one day she will clear up his vomits and put him to his bed while he is totally drunk...

**Mother:** Glass calms her down. It gets warm in her hands. It is transparent and clean, it makes her invent various images she can paint on small flasks with a thin brush. She found the most beautiful images on flags...there is something beautiful to flags, something which most people are rarely able to recognize... She is fascinated with moments when the wet paint glitters on colourless glass and slowly dries up. She never really talks to her husband, he lives in his own world she is not aware of. They drifted apart from each other. That's life.

**Father:** I am going to bed. I need to get a good sleep. I am going to vote tomorrow.

(Lights off)



(Egon and Dusan are sitting in a pub. They're each having a beer.)

**Dusan:** You should finish with that, Egon.

**Egon:** We agreed on twenty minutes five times.

**Dusan:** I know...but...

**Egon:** Just two more times.

**Dusan:** I feel like Judas. He's banned from visitors. Because of all his misshapes and psychological lability.

**Egon:** You only do what a good friend is expected to do.

**Dusan:** Dolina does it because of Tamara, I do it because of you and you do it because of who?

**Egon:** Because of me.

**Dusan:** It's just one of your mad ideas. Yet another useless try of yours. It will just lead nowhere.

**Egon:** It won't. There's something to it. I can feel it.

**Dusan:** You always do. Always the same way.

**Egon:** Now it is different way.

**Dusan:** That's what you always say. Like the one with meeting the right one and loving her as no other woman before...

**Egon:** That's what a typical string theory supporter sounds like.

**Dusan:** I am not really in the mood to listen to this, I am serious about it.

**Egon:** Same for us, the cycle theory supporters. We are always serious.

**Dusan:** I don't think a film script can be made this way.

**Egon:** Because you do not understand how it is made.

**Dusan:** If by any chance comes out I let somebody with a dictaphone come to him...

**Egon:** Stop being that formal. Relax. I am no stranger. I live with his daughter and his psychologist is my best friend - simply a family business.

**Dusan:** I see. Why should I worry, simply a family business...that's the only way you can run this country.

**Egon:** You went to vote, weren't you. Maybe you voted for a better future.

**Dusan:** Quit that Egon. Really, give it up. You have enough materials, do what you care with that, but I simply put myself in a risk.

**Egon:** I think you put yourself in a risk when you drink...and then there are these full-blooded nurses you are after.

**Dusan:** What?

**Egon:** You see all different way now...as a young married man, expecting a baby as well.

**Dusan:** Who told you that?

**Egon:** Freud.

**Dusan:** Are you trying to blackmail me?

**Egon:** I am telling you as a friend, as a team mate you used to play football with.

**Dusan:** That stoned bullshit of yours again. You got awfully bloodshot eyes. And your brain's stoned as well. Do you actually realize that?

**Egon:** Yes, mom.

**Dusan:** I am pretty serious with you. You go to far. Get it? You're already addicted to dope. You do not live in reality, you're always absent. You only do what suits you. One day you'll pay dearly for that.

**Egon:** Divine.....?

**Dusan:** You're a prick. Get lost.

**Egon:** How about a joint with a prick?

**Dusan:** Look, I've told Tereza I'd be back in a while.

That we'll go out for a beer.

**Egon:** You told her the same last time. Don't worry. She for sure doesn't take it word for word. She's not that silly.

**Dusan:** I told her she's stupid yesterday.

**Egon:** But she's pretty.

**Dusan:** You're pretty too.

**Egon:** How about that joint?

**Dusan:** I'd better not be friend with you.

**Egon:** Get yourself new friends then. Just that there's nobody available anymore. All real friends are booked out...

(they laugh)

**Dusan:** Gee, we really are a generation.

(Egon produces a joint)

(Lights off)

10.

(a room int the Senior House)

(Egon is sitting at the table. Dolina is standing above him. There is a dictaphone on the table. It is on.)

**Dolina:** There really is nothing that special to that. I simply woke up one sunny morning and realized and realized I do not want to do it any more. Yet, the previous evening I was still convinced acting is my only ultimate mission. I felt the audience breathing whenever I was standing on the stage. I used to meet my fans greeting me with joy when I was walking down the street. Often they told me the film was shit but I made it up to their expectations again. I did. Again, you know... When I think it over, I have to admit I had already had such strange nihilist feelings for several years already. I knew already I could no longer find nothing exciting on my job, that there is no fulfillment and I no longer get reborn on the stage. Still I kept convincing myself about that thing with the mission every evening. Besides, there was that strange fear coming up.

**Egon:** Fear of what?

**Dolina:** Fear of what? I have no idea. Simply an abstract fear. You feel unsettled. Everybody recognizes that. I kept having that feeling somebody's watching me, somebody's lying in wait for me. I could not emigrate. That could well be why I started drinking.

**Egon:** You did not want to pay a visit to anybody?

**Dolina:** You mean a psychologist? I went to see one. Once. No more since then. That's no different from running into a bad priest when you make your confession. You ever made one?

**Egon:** No, I never did.

**Dolina:** You're going to miss that one day and that generation of yours as well. We're giving up confessing and purifying ourselves spiritually, that's why sins keep pilling up...(waves his hand) Anyway...it's no easy...Running into a bad priest at your confession makes something blocked inside you.

My psychologist was no different. Suddenly I felt finiteness, that younger sister of death, creeping over me...I was afraid of her too. It is just terrible getting used to finiteness. I never got used to her. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to stand it, that I fail...collapse. That I stand on the stage and tell people that I am awfully tired, that I do my job with much less enthusiasm than before. That it is actually nothing

but lying silently to them. Paradoxically, this world kept me feeding with energy...that really was a paradox...my God, so much energy...it always gave me new power and brought me back on the track for a while...but to no avail...I had already been lying and that world had no idea about it...And then came that morning...Stop looking at me like that...it was no Waterloo...quite the opposite, it was one of the most peaceful and brightest moments of my life. Suddenly I could clearly see the mess I live in and which I got used to in fact. And I turned into that mess too, the environment where evil, infidelity, falseness and envy are justified. All is explained by claiming that actors and artists are hyper sensible beings who possess the right... Bullshit. They're hypocrites. A pack of hypocrites, who learned to act their roles outside the stage in their life...

**Egon:** Could you be more specific?

**Dolina:** More specific in what way? You want names? Names are not important; it is the numbers that matter. I express myself the way I want. If you're not happy with that, you are free to go.

**Egon:** I am sorry.

**Dolina:** There was no other way getting over that, but through a bottle of vodka. Suddenly, everything looked different through the bottle. That was another paradox. I had to leave. I couldn't but burn all the bridges and break all the bonds. It was painful, a prick that broke through me, but there are worse things in this world. It was better this fast, than slowly and step by step. Same like dying. I even had to give up teaching, as I realized I don't know how to teach. I could no longer accept I teach somebody who is going to be better than myself. It wasn't me I was handing over to those children; it was an ideal of me.

**Egon:** But everybody admired you. You were respected. You had support of all students...Young actors still love you...

**Dolina:** Say hello from me to them...poor slob. They live in quite a degenerate world. And you know why it is degenerate?

**Egon:** I don't know.

**Dolina:** Because everybody fucks each other. Feel free to put this down literally.

(Dolina switches the dictaphone off)

**Dolina:** To put it clear, so we avoid illusions...I am giving you this interview only because of my daughter. I want her to forgive me for dragging her into all that mess. For spoiling her life. Tell her I love her and that I would be glad if she came to visit me.

**Egon:** I'll tell her.

**Dolina:** How is she?

**Egon:** She's doing fine.

**Dolina:** I am not asking how she is doing. I just want to know how she is.

**Egon:** I think she is OK.

**Dolina:** You don't sound much convincing.

(Egon places a bottle of whiskey on the table. He is about to leave.)

**Egon:** Thank you.

**Dolina:** You're giving me a bottle and say thank you for that?

**Egon:** That's for your time.

**Dolina:** I have plenty of time...I don't know what to do with it. Be good to Tamara. She needs a good man, better than I used to be.

(Egon keeps standing, he has no idea how to respond)

**Egon:** I'll say hello to her from you.

**Dolina:** See you.

(Egon leaves. Dolina is alone, filling his pipe and looking out of the window.)

(Lights off)

11.

(Dusan and Tereza's flat. Tereza is standing in front of the mirror, watching her growing belly)

**Tereza:** Do you love me?

**Dusan:** Sorry?

**Tereza:** I said "Do you love me?"

**Dusan:** Of course I do.

**Tereza:** You haven't told me that for a long time. Is there anything wrong?

**Dusan:** Nothing really. I am just tired. I am way too busy at work. Can't cope. I feel I hold the wrong end of the rope.

**Tereza:** Wrong end of the rope.

**Dusan:** You really have to repeat it?

**Tereza:** I don't....How's Dolina?

**Dusan:** I guess he suffers a lot. He needs neither Senior House nor special care.

**Tereza:** What does he need then?

**Dusan:** What he needs is love, if that means anything to you.

**Tereza:** There is this girl, who has just joined the agency. She said he was after at some party a year ago.

**Dusan:** So what?

**Tereza:** They say he used to be quite a chaser, as all the actors.

**Dusan:** I don't care, Tereza. I am not interested in some silly models' silly talk.

**Tereza:** So, that's me silly as well, just because I am a model?

**Dusan:** I haven't said that...It's that you are in a community which is silly...

**Tereza:** Yeah, and silliness is contagious...as you put it not that long ago.

(Silence)

**Dusan:** Do you sometimes think of Egon?

**Tereza:** What?

**Dusan:** If you ever think of Egon. And I mean it exactly the way I've said, whether you still sometimes think of your ex. You were together more than three years. That is quite a long time.

**Tereza:** You've never asked me about Egon.

**Dusan:** So, I am asking now.

**Tereza:** I don't know how to talk about it. And I don't want to.

**Dusan:** You still think of him?

**Tereza:** What's wrong with you? What's going on?

**Dusan:** You broke up on phone, without really thinking it over.

**Tereza:** I loved you. I left him because of you.

**Dusan:** Why?

**Tereza:** Because I fell in love with you. That's why. But for God's sake, it has long been over.

**Dusan:** You think it is that easy? You keep telling somebody he is the man of your life, that you want to start a family with him and stay with him for the rest of your life and then you simply fall in love with somebody else?! And you marry him and have a baby with him... You mean this is quite a normal way??

**Tereza:** What are you talking about? The story of Egon and me is past. Everybody has a past. You do as well.

**Dusan:** But your story has never been finished.

**Tereza:** I am not going to have this sort of conversation with you, Dusan.

**Dusan:** Egon is not happy with Tamara. He has never been, with any women. Except for you.

**Tereza:** What is going on?

**Dusan:** He told me. You're the only happiness he's ever gone through. He still loves you. You two were a perfect match...He's the night, you're the day...He's the light, you're the darkness.

**Tereza:** Why are you doing this to me?

**Dusan:** I am telling you just the truth. Aren't you a big supporter of that philosophy of "truism" and think that there is the only one truth and the rest is a lie? So, now I am sprinkling your face with this only truth. Though I'd love to sprinkle your face with something else...

**Tereza:** What??!

**Dusan:** You keep telling me we should be sincere to each other.

**Tereza:** I don't understand. And I have to stay calm.

**Dusan:** What is it you don't understand? The truth?

**Tereza:** You.

(They silently look at each other.)

(Lights off)

13.

(At the Senior's house. Dolina's room. )

(Magda is cleaning the room, Dolina is standing by the window, looking at her with unconcealed

interest. He is smoking his pipe.)

**Magda:** Why are you looking at me this way, Mr. Dolina?

**Dolina:** I've always used to look at beautiful objects.

**Magda:** But I am not a beautiful object.

**Dolina:** Indeed you're not. You're a beautiful woman, Magda.

**Magda:** Appart from these extra kilos, isn't that right?

**Dolina:** Those extra kilos don't matter...they come with you. You're turning me on.

**Magda:** I am sorry???

**Dolina:** You're turning me on, Magda.

**Magda:** How?

**Dolina:** The way woman turns on a man.

**Magda:** You're making me embarrassed, Mr. Dolina. I don't know what to say.

**Dolina:** And you attract me...I think I will cut your clothes to pieces and rape you. I mean, if I still get a boner. (Magda gives him an embarrassed smile. She is not in her shoes and she is quite caught by surprise.)

**Dolina:** I am serious. Take off your clothes.

**Magda:** Mr. Dolina...

**Dolina:** Give me a hand job then. Water your fingers and jerk me off.

**Magda:** That's enough...

**Dolina:** Am I disillusioning you?

**Magda:** I like you and my mother did as well, everybody likes you, but...

**Dolina:** But...

**Magda:** But don't talk to me like that, please.

(Dolina jumps to her, grabs her neck aggressively and looks close to her face.)

Dolina: Everything's completely different in the end, Magda. Remember it. I hate life credos, but this has always worked. Everything is different than you make it seem and than it should be...This is one of these non-compromising eternal truths (he releases her, gives a single clap and looks close to her face. )



End of exercise.

**Magda:** What exercise?

**Dolina:** I was trying if I can still act something.

**Magda:** You were just acting all the time?

**Dolina:** I was trying...but I wasn't.

**Magda:** (laughs with relief) And I thought...I was afraid...that you were serious.

**Dolina:** You're an easy audience. A good sample audience of our time.

**Magda:** You feel bad?

**Dolina:** I feel just brilliant...And maybe I wasn't acting that much.

(Silence flavored with a piano tune)

**Magda:** He might have run into a muse again. Haven't you had a shower together?

**Magda:** Mr. Dolina...stop acting...

**Dolina:** Fine, no more acting. Show me your tits.

**Magda:** Mr Dolina!!

(Silence)

**Magda:** I could hardly become Mr. Arnost's muse...I have actually long wanted to ask...is he really...well...you know...I mean, it's his business...but...is he...?

**Dolina:** Homosexual? Yes, he really is a homosexual. You find it weird? Gay, fairy, fruit...nancy.

**Magda:** No, I don't. Just...

**Dolina:** Just?

**Magda:** Just that I am not used to take such an intimate matter this direct...Please, do not tell him I was asking you about that.

**Dolina:** Why. There's nothing wrong with you asking about it.

**Magda:** Please, don't tell him.

(Arnost walks in)

**Dolina:** Sister Magda is wondering is surprised you're gay.

**Magda:** Mr Dolina.

**Arnost:** I am a gay Jew. The worst combination imaginable.

**Dolina:** The best! All the gates in the world will open themselves the moment you stand in front of them.

**Magda:** See you later, and sorry for that thing with...

**Dolina:** You're angry with me? For I made fool of you? For I gave away what I shouldn't? You shouldn't have told me anything. You shouldn't have trusted me...it was actually me who spilled that thing about you and Doctor.

**Magda:** Sorry?

**Dolina:** If you want to keep a secret, you mustn't ever tell anyone. Just to nobody. You can be sure that once you tell a single person, the others will get to know one day...If there is a secret, it always belongs to just one person. That is why it is a secret. You can never share a secret.

(Embarrassed, Magda leaves the room)

**Arnost:** You(re a way too harsh with her

**Dolina:** I really like her, that is why I treat her this way. She needs life teach her lessons.

(Magda suddenly comes back)

**Magda:** You think you are self-righteous and allowed to harm the others. You are a tactless, crude and emotionless person. You think you can do everything...but you are just an alcohol addict and a brute. You keep posing all the time. Even in front of yourself. I am so so disappointed with you. I trusted you!

**Dolina:** And you trust me no more?

**Magda:** No, I don't.

**Arnost:** You can't judge a whole tree by a single leaf.

(Magda leaves)

**Dolina:** Nice put. Just that I don't know what you meant by that?

**Arnost:** Portugal

**Dolina:** 9 927 560

(Lights off)

14.

(Dream)

(Egon is standing in a phone booth, he is calling somebody in a very angry manner. He is shouting and kicking a metal plate - booming sounds)

**Egon:** You shouldn't have let me go alone, do you understand..?! There is no propeller, it is just me hallucinating. I am going to find a nearest bridge and jump into a wild river...I should have done that a long time ago...when they fish me out, they will find a gift for you in my pocket...and it is no food...have me cremated...then scatter me in the wind...

**Tamara:** (just her voice) Egon...baby, calm down.

(Lights off)

15.

(Egon and Tamara are at home, lying in their bed. Egon is shouting from his dream, Tamara is calming him down. )

**Egon:** (from his sleep) You shouldn't have let me go...you must tie an iron ball to my leg...you must nail me to the floor...and be with me...you must be with me..

**Tamara:** (stroking his head tenderly) Egon...are you OK?

**Egon:** (wakes up, it takes him a while to switch from subconsciousness to consciousness, wiping his sweaty forehead.) Gee, I really should do something with myself...My brain keeps working 24/7. Ongoing. Days and nights.

**Tamara:** You should spend more time with me.

**Egon:** I was shouting from sleep, wasn't I?

**Tamara:** But it was nice.

**Egon:** Hope, I haven't woken up a whole building...(he lights a cigarette and walks to the balcony)

I am becoming to like this town only at nights. When you can't see it.

**Tamara:** Do you love me?

**Egon:** I can't imagine what I would do without you.

**Tamara:** You'd be with somebody else.

**Egon:** I'd be alone. Without you, I'd get used to solitude...maybe for good.

**Tamara:** Somebody would find you for sure...you're quite precious goods.

**Egon:** You are everything to me, Tamara. I'd like you to turn into a pigeon fever, so I could hold you in my palm.

**Tamara:** What if there's a wind?

**Egon:** Then I'd turn my hands into a brick house...or, rather I'd turn into a sailboat and you into the sail..no...you into a sailboat and me into a sail... (Tamara walks outside to the balcony and gives Egon a hug.

**Tamara:** I am happy to be with you.

**Egon:** Even though I am a hyena?

**Tamara:** I simply don't like that thing with my dad.

I feel as if...as if we were robbing his grave...

**Egon:** You should go and see him. He keeps asking about you. He loves you.

**Tamara:** That is not possible. I wouldn't make it. It's enough if I call him from time to time. How does he treat you?

**Egon:** Like somebody who has been sent by his beloved daughter. He thinks that giving a couple of interviews makes her forgive him.

**Tamara:** It's difficult...I have nothing to forgive.

I start to feel that I deliberately want to give a bit of hard time. He deserves that.

**Egon:** I don't know what to say. I am trying to understand.

(Silence.)

**Egon:** Michna called me today.

**Tamara:** Which Michna?

**Egon:** There is just one we both know - the director of the B13 radio, who was in love with you for years. That redneck with his huge hands and loud laughter...

**Tamara:** What did he want?

**Egon:** He wanted me to come back to the radio. He said I can make my own programme again. He said we should forget all the past sins and mistakes and start from the scratch again. That he acted headlong when he fired me, as his decision was driven by actual emotions...and he thought it over and so on. He

might have seen that in a movie.

**Tamara:** And?

**Egon:** And?

**Tamara:** What have you told him?

**Egon:** That I will think it over...He surely has done it because of you again - to smooth it up with you. He thinks I am a baked loser and alcoholic, he doesn't take me for an equal partner. And he never will...fortunately...They all do it because of you, you are simply a fatal woman. You get it?

**Egon:** You should take that job - for your own good.

**Egon:** I'll think about it. Anything new out there?

**Tamara:** Still the same. We all keep grunting about Michna, while building him the most-listened-to radio station in the county.

**Egon:** You're good at it, I like listening to you, you do a good job.

**Tamara:** We haven't spoken like that for ages...have you realized that?

**Egon:** It's full moon today. That's why.

**Tamara:** There should be wind blowing now.

**Egon:** Why?

**Tamara:** To find out if the wonders with the sailboat and sails work...

(Tamara cuddles up to him)

**Egon:** Miracles work all the time. It's a pity the full moon is not just every day.

**Tamara:** We haven't made love for a long time. (she smiles)

**Egon:** I have to write some stuff for a while. I need to hand it in tomorrow. I am sorry.

**Tamara:** That is fine.

**Egon:** I don't think so.

**Tamara:** My friends went to psychoanalyst - they had some problems too.

**Egon:** Then you can't say everything is OK, if we have problems so big, that we should share them in some weirdo's office.

**Tamara:** Good night. (She lies down in the bed)

(Egon doesn't answer, just lights himself another cigarette.)

**Egon:** We should see my parents...They would like to see you finally...not just listen.

(Egon puts out the cigarette and slips in under the blanket )

**Tamara:** You said, you are going to write.

**Egon:** And you were talking something about making love.

(Tamara gives no response)

**Egon:** Why making a schedule all the time? Just simply try to follow something else...when you want to do pimple-hunting on my back, you need no planning...you do it spontaneously...

(Silence)

**Egon:** You aren't talking to me?

**Tamara:** I am sleeping.

(Egon gets out of the bed and switches on a PC. Silence.)

16.

(In the Senior's House)

(Dusan is sitting in a room where the sessions are held. He is alone.)

**Dusan:** He programmed his future according to valid coordinates of our time. He found it simpler and more comfortable than this uncertainty regarded by his generation as strong weapon against the direction this world is heading to. He exchanged bohemian life landscape for secured stable job premises, something he always revolted against. He got used to life's nightmares, he accepted them, stopped climbing over them and those few attempts to break through them headlong takes for mere excesses, or, as he says, occasional calls from the past. He fought cowards so long, that he eventually became one of them. He jumped straight into life and set up a family before he could realize that he'd in fact been heading the right direction. His job gives him no satisfaction. There's nothing in common, no bonds to people he cures, simply as he has no relationship to himself. He lives in time when there is no relationship and he is a submissive slave of this time. He feels like a bird, which managed to take off for the first time, but failed to return to his nest, as he forgot which tree it is on. He feels like a bird, who's forgotten he is a bird.

17.

(Dolina is sitting in a room in the Senior House. He is alone, listening to a radio. Tamara, his daughter,

is on. Her reproduced voice seems even more beautiful and softer.)

**Tamara:** (voice from the radio). Pavel writes: Greetings to all at B 13. I'd like you to play a song for my mom, who celebrates her jubilee today. I'd like to let her know we all love her even though we don't make that impression sometimes...Even though she thinks, we are the lost generation and refused the values they were fighting for and won for us...the song is up to you, just that it is something slow and nice. (silence for a while) Dear listeners, that was the last request of tonight's Night Hour...We, of course, make Pavel's wish come true and we hope Nick Cave and his Death is not the end, will be a fine music gift for his mom and all of you, a gift that comes to the end of our song request...

This is me, Tamara Dolinova at the B13 radio, wishing you a good night...(suddenly she adds)...This song is for all our mothers and fathers we love so much, even though we don't make that impression sometimes. Have a great evening...and even a better night and think of your mother's and father's grandchildren...

**Dolina:** So much fine irony...beautiful, my little daughter, though it is hard to get for those living dead, with me in the lead.

(A small number of lights comes on, Arnost is sitting at his piano and begins to play Death is not the end. There is Egon as well, smoking a joint. When listening to Tamara's last line, which seems like an unexpected postscript, Egon and Dolina, each on the opposite side of the stage, look in each other's direction without seeing each other. Egon's mother is painting a flag on a bottle, his father is filling in a lottery ticket and they also listen to B13 radio. Dusan and Tereza remain in a position from the previous scene)

(Everybody quietly sings the song along with the piano)

(Lights off)

18.

(Kitchen at Egon's parents' house)

(Egon, his mother and Tamara are sitting at the table. They're drinking coffee.)

**Mother:** I like listening to you. It makes my work comfortable.

**Egon:** Mom paints national flags on tiny flasks, you know, I've told you.

**Mother:** People buy it. People buy everything nowadays.

**Egon:** You'll spoil your eyes.

**Mother:** It can't get any worse. They're spoiled already.

**Tamara:** What will you paint, once you finish all the countries?

**Egon:** She'll start all over again.

**Mother:** I was doing Maldives today.

**Tamara:** (smiles) White crescent in a green oblong, all framed in red.

**Mother:** (returns her smile, surprised) You know that?

**Tamara:** That was a guess, really.

**Mother:** You're as pleasant as your voice. Exactly as I imagined you.

**Egon:** Mom.

**Mother:** I can say what I think, can't I?

**Tamara:** Thank you.

**Mother:** I really liked your father. He is handsome and a good actor as well. I mean...I still like him. His Sunday poetry programmes were the best...nobody else did better than him...It's a pity he has finished acting. How is he?

**Tamara:** I don't know. We don't see each other.

**Mother:** You had a fall out?

**Egon:** Mom

**Mother:** I am sorry. Sometimes I get indiscreet. (She slaps herself symbolically)

**Tamara:** That's alright. There was no fall out. We don't meet, because he ruined my mother's life. He made her suffer that much it drove her to grave. He cheated her all the time, was nasty to her, made her his maid. He hadn't realized he had a daughter until I smashed his face one day, though he might not remember it as he was totally drunk, like almost every day. He had two faces - one for the public, another one for us. Sadly, the latter was the worst one. I haven't seen him for seven years. We've been on phone for two years, so I don't feel guilty if he by any chance committed a suicide. He is such a psycho he could really be capable of it. Is that enough?

(Egon and his mother sit motionless, stunned)

**Mother:** Would you like some biscuits? We have some vanilla ones, they're Misko's favorite.

(silence)

(father enters)

**Egon:** Hi dad. You always come at the right time.

**Father:** Fun?



**Egon:** Serious this time.

**Father:** Hello.

**Egon:** This is Tamara.

**Tamara:** I am Tamara, nice to meet you.

**Father:** You're as pretty as your voice.

**Matka:** Indeed, we like listening to her.

**Father:** (sings the B13 radio signature) All the bad is gone, the good remains with us.

(Tamara laughs sincerely)

**Father:** Fun...

**Mother:** How did you do?

**Father:** As usually. You never ask me anyway, no need to act in front of Miss Tamara.

**Tamara:** You still go to the station? Egon told me...

**Father:** I do and I will.

**Tamara:** That is an unusual hobby. I've never heard about anything like that before.

**Father:** It's not a hobby. I bet and go to the station. That is a ritual, not a hobby.

**Egon:** My father believes he wins the first prize one day and then gets on one of these trains.

**Father:** I'll take a Eurocity train to Berlin.

**Egon:** You'll join a street party there, or what?

**Father:** I will see the Berlin Wall ruins. I'll stand over them and piss on them. I'll piss on ruins of socialism.

**Mother:** But it has long been over.

**Father:** For me it froze in my bladder.

(Tamara is laughing)

**Tamara:** Talking about that...pissing...could I go to a toilet?

**Mother:** Of course, to the hallway, on your right.

(Tamara leaves)

**Egon:** Why are you that formal, mom?

**Father:** (To Egon) I like this one the most. She's got good eyes. There's love in them.

**Mother:** You say you don't like metaphors.

**Father:** This is no metaphor; it is just as I say.

**Egon:** You don't mind her gum is exposed a bit when she laughs?

**Father:** Everybody has that to some extent. The last one looked like a mare, this one is just OK.

**Mother:** Dear.

**Egon:** Stop brushing me down all the time. I don't even mind her father was a communist.

**Egon:** We spoke about that last time. No need to start again now.

(A phone rings. Mother picks it up)

**Mother:** Hello... (in a genial manner) Hello, we've just mentioned you. We often talk about you. Yes, he is. You'd like to speak to him? Imagine, your daughter is with us right now. Really. It's her first time...this year. These young...She's on the toilet now. What she's up to there? Well, she's on a toilet...(she laughs) Would you like wait till she's back? Fine, I'll give you Egon, then. Pardon? Well. Still the same. I was painting Maldives today. I need to check this. Which one? It doesn't matter? Well, I have no idea. Hungary. Is that possible? And you really know all?

(Tamara returns from the toilet, stops and watch the scene in front of her. Their mouths agape, Egon and his father stare at the mother busy talking on phone)

**Mother:** Tama is here...Helloo...Are you there, Mr Dolina? (she hangs up)

**Egon:** You were talking to Dolina?

**Mother:** I forgot to tell you it's been a second time he's called. He was looking for you. I told him to call today, that you might come. He sounded a bit strange.

**Egon:** You talk to Dolina on phone? Mom.

**Mother:** He has a beautiful voice. But also a bit sad.

**Egon:** You two talk about countries you paint on the glass?

**Mother:** (embarrassed, as she doesn't want to reveal the secret with Dolina's numbers.) Well, just imagine, he really is interested.

(Father comes to Tamara)

**Father:** I'd like to have such a daughter too.

**Tamara:** Are we going?

**Father:** I am glad you paid us a visit. Now I'm going to like listening to you even more.

(Tamara gives him a bit sad smile)

(Lights off)

19.

(Dolina and Arnost are sitting on a bench. They are silent.)

**Dolina:** I think I'll hang myself.

**Arnost:** Why.

**Dolina:** Should I know why? Just for the sake of it.

**Arnost:** I wouldn't do that.

**Dolina:** Why?

**Arnost:** It is not hygienic. You'd better jump out of window.

**Dolina:** Well, that is indeed hygienic, but that's all about it...and you really have no guarantee with such a low building...nobody was really counting with self-murderers,during the Jugendstill period.

**Arnost:** As there were no suicides. There was no reason for that back then.

**Dolina:** You were playing fine today.

**Arnost:** You've heard it.

**Dolina:** Yes, I have. Well composed.

**Arnost:** That was Tchaikovsky.

**Dolina:** Then Tchaikovsky did a good job.

**Arnost:** But I'd like to compose my piece

**Dolina:** Then claim it was you who composed the piece, nobody will find out anyway, everybody will trust you.

**Arnost:** That is unethical.

**Dolina:** Sometimes non-hygienic, unethical another time...Hard to satisfy you. Forget the ethics. It was gone with the last century. Down the pit of history.

**Arnost:** You talk like a book. No wonder there's that editor visiting you.

**Dolina:** He's not an editor. He is going to see me once more and that's it. I would like it to be over, so I could get that hanging ready with nobody disturbing me. He is coming next week and I don't want to wait any more.

**Arnost:** He won't come anymore?

**Dolina:** Why so alarmed?

**Arnost:** Well, nothing much really. I like watching him. Makes me play better.

**Dolina:** You leave him alone. He's my daughter's boyfriend. Forget about seducing him.

(They laugh)

**Arnost:** You smile very nice. You remind me of some little animal.

**Dolina:** Jesus, you're rutting or what today?

(Magda comes)

**Magda:** Mr Dolina, somebody came to see you.

**Dolina:** I am not expecting anybody.

**Magda:** It's a woman.

**Dolina:** My daughter???

**Magda:** I don't think so.

(Dolina stands up and leaves. He stops.)

**Dolina:** Are you angry with me, Magda?

**Magda:** No.

**Dolina:** You're so reserved with me.

(Magda makes no reply)

**Dolina:** I am sorry, then. I am rude sometimes, sorry.

(Dolina leaves)

**Arnost:** He likes you a lot.

**Magda:** I was really buffled, I don't know how to behave towards him. He made a fool of me in front of you as well.

**Arnost:** No need to worry about it. I am used to much worse stuff. He did not mean it. He is too sensitive.

**Magda:** I do like him a lot too. I can feel he suffers.

**Arnost:** He belongs to those who have to suffer in order to live, you know?

**Magda:** You played so nice today. Was that your piece?

**Arnost:** (hesitates) Yes...It was. Had quite a hard time with that, but made it finally. I was touched by a muse again.

(Lights off)

20.

(Dusan and Egon are sitting in a pub, having a beer. They're tipsy by now, the philosophical way.)

**Dusan:** I did that with Magda, so I proved myself I am still capable. Can you get it?

**Egon:** I can. But she was mortified.

**Dusan:** Can't believe it's you saying this. You used to say, when there are two people together, one of them must be a victim.

**Egon:** I don't like living in chaos. Damn...You know what I want? I want an organized life, family, kids..

**Dusan:** Sorry? Let's change places then.

**Egon:** How's Tereza?

**Dusan:** She's about to give a birth any day now.

**Egon:** That is strange.

**Dusan:** What?

**Egon:** That my ex...love of my life, will soon give a baby to my best friend.

**Dusan:** What is it strange about? That's life.

**Egon:** Sure. I am drunk, I guess.

**Dusan:** I did not want to cheat Tereza. You know?

**Egon:** I know.

**Dusan:** I told her what you said to me back then.

**Egon:** What was that?

**Dusan:** That you still think of her and that was the woman of your life.

**Egon:** You're silly. I've told you not to tell her that.

**Dusan:** You shouldn't have told me then. If you want to have a secret, keep it for yourself. This is what Dolina said...

**Egon:** What was her answer?

**Dusan:** That she did not get it. Perhaps she is not happy with me. She would be with you.

**Egon:** She wouldn't. No woman will.

**Dusan:** Aren't you a gay?

**Egon:** Most likely I am.

**Dusan:** I did it with Magda to find out I am still passionate. I am not with Tereza.

**Egon:** You get no boner?

**Dusan:** I don't.

**Egon:** Neither do I.

**Dusan:** Isn't it too early to judge?

**Egon:** I am drunk. You still chat?

**Dusan:** Only from time to time now.

**Dusan:** They wrote that in a psychiatric hospital somewhere in East England they have a ward for people with split-personality disorder caused by chatting. You can easily go nuts. You can be whoever you want to be. (he sings a false tune) Zrkadlo snov...mozes byt s nou...

**Egon:** Gee, what a topic.

**Dusan:** You'd better finish that topic with Dolina. Just one more visit and that's it.

**Egon:** I'll make a scenario out of it. I feel it.

**Dusan:** That is about thousand times I've heard this from you since we met.

**Egon:** I am going to see him tomorrow; I couldn't get to him for a while. I had some work to do again.

**Dusan:** With that ad agency?

**Egon:** Yes, the ad agency - something to translate and other stuff.

**Dusan:** Make sure you don't miss it. Dolina wants to leave.

**Egon:** Really?

**Dusan:** Really. It looks he does.

**Egon:** Is this even possible? I thought nobody leaves this place...people come here to wait till their gone...

**Dusan:** Not always...Sometimes something unpredictable happens...

(Silence)

**Dusan:** Let's makes some use of me being a bastard. You want to hear a secret?

**Egon:** You did it with Arnost?

**Dusan:** There is a woman seeing Dolina. He might be in love with her. He quite changed. He wants to leave because of her.

**Egon:** What!?

**Dusan:** Seriously.

**Egon:** What a story, man.

**Dusan:** A bit bitter...

**Egon:** Bitter? Fantastic...

**Dusan:** That woman is your mother.

(Lights off)

21.

(Egon's parents' flat.)

(Raining outside. Father is getting dressed, he's about to leave now. Egon rushes in, completely soaked. He looks at father.)

**Egon:** You have nothing to tell me?

**Father:** Hi.

**Egon:** What?

**Father:** You're deaf too, at your age? I said hi.

**Egon:** Where's mom?

**Father:** She left.

**Egon:** How?

**Father:** She simply packed her stuff in a suitcase and left.

**Egon:** Where?

**Father:** I don't know where, but know who. With Dolina, can you believe it? She couldn't remember the name of that series, so she went to see him to find out...

**Egon:** Father!! What did she say, for the god's sake?

**Father:** Who to?

**Egon:** To you!

**Father:** To me? That she no longer wants to be dying, that she still has a right to live, that there in America, people over sixty routinely start again...

(Retrospective)

(Mother is packing her stuff in a suitcase. She is confused. Father is watching her silently.)

**Mother:** I don't want to be dying any more; I still have a right to live. In America, people over sixty routinely start again. You have nothing to say?

**Father:** What should I say?

**Mother:** I don't know - something like trying to persuade me to stay...



**Father:** Don't go. Stay...It doesn't work...I can see, you've already decided. I know what you look like when you decide to do something.

**Mother:** You just let me go like that after thirty three years of marriage?

**Father:** What should I do? I am baffled.

**Mother:** You do have a reason. You have to understand. It came out of the blue. I know I used a metaphor. He touched me, dazzled me. We add to each other so much.

**Father:** Stop being cynical. We complement each other in all the ways. This man opened a new door for me, you got to understand it.

**Father:** What?

**Mother:** You have to understand.

**Father:** I never will.

**Mother:** Let me go, please. Don't make it more complicated for me more than it really is. We haven't really talked for the last ten years, it actually was no life. He liberated me; I would have rotten here otherwise!

**Father:** Have we been getting along that bad with each other for the last ten years?

**Mother:** You were placing your bets and watching trains.

**Father:** Watching people...

**Mother:** You were watching people and I was painting national flags on glass.

**Father:** I thought it suited both of us, that we have reached a sort of a level.

**Mother:** A level, you say? Isn't it clear who Michal took after? But I still have desires, dreams, still have my needs...I am a woman...

**Father:** Who did you say you are?

**Mother:** I am woman, a woman.

**Father:** Why haven't you told me anything?

**Mother:** Because there's no way we could really have a conversation. You've not only lost your charm and humor...

**Father:** Hearing...

**Mother:** Indeed. But you've also lost your speech.

**Father:** The better I can see...

(Return to previous scene with Egon and Father.)

**Egon:** And you've just let her go?

**Father:** What else should I have done?

**Egon:** You were together for thirty years. Now you let her go with a drunk actor?

**Father:** And a communist as well.

**Egon:** Father. Wake up!

**Father:** Quite a subject, isn't it?

**Egon:** That's not a subject. That's your fucking life!!!

**Father:** Fucking life? Now it matters to you? To you, who steals stories of other people's lives all the time?

**Egon:** Father!!!

**Father:** Stop shouting at me. Perhaps she couldn't get over me losing my libido.

**Egon:** I have none either and I am thirty years younger than you.

**Father:** Not only libido. There's no spark in you any more when it comes to losing.

**Egon:** My spark doesn't matter now. Your wife has left and you do nothing!

**Father:** Your spark matters too.

**Egon:** Fine. My spark does as well. But we have no mother here.

**Father:** She has a right to do so. Let her have a try.

**Egon:** Excuse me? Letting her have a try?

**Father:** Sit down.

**Egon:** Why?

**Father:** I want to tell you something, so it is better you sit down.

(Egon sits down sheepishly)

**Father:** I had my try too and it came when you least expect it. Your mother was expecting you when I packed my stuff and left her. I left a pregnant woman for another woman, as I was convinced it was

right. I is called o b s c u r e d mind. But really, such a term's only good for cowards. Using a plain language, it is...well...how to put it nice. It's a short circuit, though even this expression is a euphemism. I simply left and started living with another woman. We were about to leave for Canada. There we wanted to start again. She left on her own in the end - without me. With somebody else, more privileged, richer...That was why me and your mom never emigrated...even though we wanted to...your mother couldn't imagine meeting her one day...somewhere in the world...somewhere there in Canada, as we wanted to emigrate there as well. I came back to your mom in the end, but have been a coward since then. You're mother has never reminded me of that, as she has always been so generous. It was really important to her you never find out this about your father..Your mother's heart is twice the size of ours.

(Deep silence. Quite that kind you get when time halts for a while.)

**Father:** So, your mother does have the right...I got go, or they shut down.

(Father opens up an umbrella, he wants to leave. Egon is sitting without move. He's shocked.)

**Egon:** Father.

**Father:** What?

**Egon:** Have you cheated mom any more after that?

**Father:** Do I have to answer?

**Egon:** You do.

(Silence)

**Father:** No, I haven't. Never more...Are you surprised?

**Egon:** Yes, I am. (there are tears in his eyes he is not ashamed of) Father...

Father: What?

Egon: I like you so much.

Father: Is it just raining outside, or is it windy as well?

Egon: Rainy as well.

Father: That's no good. My umbrella is twisted all the way there. Don't you think there's been quite a lot of rain lately? Maybe a flood is coming. It is about time. You should start building an ark.

Egon: Tereza and Dusan have a son.

Father: That's good. We need men. We need a new generation, a brand new one.

(Father leaves. Egon remains alone. He feels like crying. He hasn't been crying for ages. If he could

speak to somebody, he would say he is happy)

(Lights off)

22.

(Silent picture)

(Armost is playing a piano, Magda is sitting at her PC - chatting. She found herself uncontrollably passionate about this new discipline; thanks to this anonymous internet communication, she has become who she always wanted to be. Dolina is packing his stuff, moving sedately, in a controlled manner. Egon's mother is waiting with a suitcase in front of her iron gate, it is raining on her. Father is sitting on a bench at a train station, holding his umbrella over his head. Dusan is sitting at a bed with Tereza holding a baby. He is holding Tereza's hand; Egon is kissing Tamara, slowly taking off her clothes, carrying her to the bed. They all sing in a slow protracted tone:

Nechajme niekedy plynúť seba	Let us float sometimes
Tak ako minúty plynú	The way time passes
Odložme nohu z plynu	Let us soft-pedal it all
Na chvíľu obloha	The sky became blue
Stala sa modrobledá	For a while
Zastavme chôdzu v polkroku	Let's stop walking in the middle of a step
Otvorme dušu širokú	Let's open the soul so broad
To čo nám zdá sa	What we dream of
mohlo by sa stať	Might become the truth
Ale je nutné nebežať	But we mustn't run
Nutné je stáť	We must stay still.
Na chvíľu stáť	For a while.
Na chvíľu dlhú	For quite a while.
Zoznámiť hmlu a mlhu	Make the two fogs meet
Potom k náhodám rozbehnúť sa	Then run and meet the chance
A zostať rozbehnutí	Stay running

Len tak spoznávat'

Just get to know things around

Že žit' chutí

Live with spirit

Že žit' chutí

Live with spirit

(Lights off)

23.

(Tamara and Egon are lying on bed. Egon is smoking.)

**Egon:** Did you feel anything?

**Tamara:** Why are you asking this?

**Egon:** As I don't know.

**Tamara:** Yes, I did. It was a great experience. It is always a great experience.

(Silence)

**Tamara:** I met Tereza with her baby today.

**Egon:** Interesting. Who does he look like?

**Tamara:** Like you.

**Egon:** The humor of our fathers?

**Tamara:** She has Dusan's nose and Tereza's mouth.

**Egon:** You think we all take that much after somebody else? Like from our parents...

**Tamara:** Some more, some less...

**Egon:** I would like my kids not to take anything...

**Tamara:** That might not really work, I am afraid. And could I give you a hand with that?

**Egon:** With what?

**Tamara:** With your kids...

**Egon:** As a nurse? (they're laughing)

**Tamara:** Listen...

**Egon:** Yes?

**Tamara:** My biological clock went ticking like mad.

**Egon:** That's the noise then.

**Tamara:** Indeed... We could go and see what a happy family looks like...

**Tamara:** We could.

**Egon:** You wouldn't mind?

**Tamara:** I wouldn't.

**Egon:** I feel fine with you, you know? There really is love in your eyes. Plenty of love... Want a smoke?

(they light a cigarette)

**Tamara:** I think you should take it. I mean that job in the radio.

**Egon:** Maybe I should. I'll talk to Michna.

**Tamara:** Any news from your mother?

**Egon:** No, how about your father?

**Tamara:** No news either.

**Egon:** Weird, isn't it?

**Tamara:** I am not sure. That's fate.

**Egon:** That's a strange fate. Leaving a person who's been with you so many years...

(Mother enters. This scene can be both vision and reality...or a vision within reality.)

**Mother:** You should really be saying otherwise. You alone know nothing but running away all the time.

**Egon:** I don't think so. Was that me leaving him after thirty years of marriage?

**Mother:** Years don't matter. Not in this case. Time gets an e p i s o d e role in this case... You think I have no right to be happy?

**Egon:** You weren't with father?

**Mother:** Let's say I was content, but not happy. I felt no love any more!

**Egon:** Now you do?

**Mother:** Now I am full of love, Misko.

**Egon:** Stop calling me Misko, mom.

**Mother:** I am your mother. I can call you whatever I want to...I wanted you to understand me. Your father will do...(she starts crying)

**Egon:** He did. Don't cry. (he's about to cry as well) I think I understand you too. Everybody has a right to be happy.

**Mother:** The more you're able to sacrifice, the stronger love is.

**Egon:** (laughs) Who said that? Goethe?

**Mother:** (laughs with tears still on her face) Fun. That's the only thing you do. Have you got an objective at all?

**Egon:** Mother...

**Mother:** You don't. You'd better realize how old you are. You no longer fit to young generation. So, stop hiding behind that.

**Egon:** For God's sake, what sort of generation do I belong to?!

**Mother:** (embarrassed) Well...a middle one. Somewhere between the young and the middle one. Actually...I simply don't know...

**Egon:** (laughs) Mom, you're the best comedian...

**Mother:** (gives a hysterical cry, out of blue - brutal shift scene) Egon!! Wake up!!! What sort of life is that you live?!!!

**Egon:** (baffled) Is that problem we're solving yours or mine?

**Mother:** (slowly) You keep hiding behind pseudo-opinions, but it's about time you found your way to people and start working on your future you're old enough for that. You despise everything, you're arrogant and bossy...you only think of yourself. Just of you!! You're always hiding behind those freedoms of yours...Do you actually know what freedom is?

**Egon:** (even more baffled) Mom. I am taken aback.

**Mother:** Freedom is a responsibility, my son. It's one of the biggest in your life. You've got your freedom so cheap. But I had to pay dearly. Beat it out of stone...Do you get it? I had to stand barefoot on embers...I had to dig a well for years to drink fresh water and wash my face...And when I looked into a mirror then, I got shocked by what I saw. By digging that stupid well, I wasted, screwed ...sorry

for that...I screwed all my life. There was an old woman in the mirror. We queued up for freedom for you, our dear children...and we got nothing but crap out of it... (she collapses, starts crying desperately, swallowing it, sickly)

**Egon:** Mom, please, don't shout...stop crying...Call me "my son" once more..

Mother: (she calms down...hugs her son) Son...You have no responsibility, to nobody and nothing. You live no life, you just survive. One day you'll end up exactly your father does - on a platform, or in a mental hospital. Or in a grave. Egon: If I were to choose, I'd take the platform, though the grave wouldn't be bad either...

What are you painting now? What little flag??

**Mother:** I gave up painting flags...I want to take up painting fish.

**Egon:** You know how much fish there is?

**Mother:** Just enough for my new life...

(Mother leaves)

(Silence)

(Back to reality, to previous situation between Egon and Tamara. Egon and Tamara staring wiht their eyes open wide. As if they saw a UFO. They talk, panting)

**Egon:** Would you marry me?

(Silence)

**Tamara:** Egon, I felt so great for the last two days.

**Egon:** You're counting the days?

**Tamara:** I got that feeling we will really....

**Egon:** Stay together?

**Tamara:** We could.

**Egon:** I was convinced we would break up, just a few days ago.

**Tamara:** I know.

**Egon:** I got used to escape problems. Burn all bridges and leave for a new continent.

**Tamara:** As you were thinking mainly of yourself.

**Egon:** We all think mainly of ourselves.



(They make love. For a long time)

(Egon gets out of the bed)

**Egon:** I am going to write something. I want to rewrite it completely. Got my dictaphone packed with stuff.

**Tamara:** Father talked a lot, didn't he?

**Egon:** He did. But it's worth it. I'll let you take a look.

**Tamara:** Not sure if interested.

**Egon:** You are.

**Tamara:** Just don't take it all that serious.

**Egon:** Like Caesar you say.

Tamara: Why Caesar??

**Egon:** Just because.

**Tamara:** You need to screen out his words. Father always talked a lot. He likes listening to himself.

**Egon:** I like listening to him too. So, it is balanced.

**Tamara:** Wish it was. (she turns to other side)

(Egon switches on a PC. He is silently looking at the blinking screen. He looks at sleeping Tamara. He clicks at a random icon. There is a sound of the dial-up connection launched. Meanwhile, Egon rolls himself a cigarette.)

(Lights off slowly)

24.

(Magda and Egon are sitting on a bench in the Senior House park)

**Magda:** I thought you're not coming anymore. When you have no reason any more.

**Egon:** Just a chance. Passing by.

**Magda:** I still can't believe it. So much happened at once.

**Egon:** You still believe in God?

**Magda:** Even more now.

**Egon:** God is interesting. I can tell you...

**Magda:** What do you mean??

**Egon:** What's that thing about Mills of God?

**Magda:** They're busy grinding slowly.

(They're laughing)

**Magda:** Sorry?

**Egon:** Oh, nothing important.

**Magda:** Arnost left this for you. (she is handing him a cassette)

He said it's for you. So there must be something to you paying us a visit. Mills of God...

**Egon:** For me?

**Magda:** His last composition. He really wanted me to give it to you.

**Egon:** How is he?

**Magda:** I don't know. He's been put under an intensive and strict surveillance, at the worst and toughest psychiatry ward.

**Egon:** Has anything like that happen before?

**Magda:** What?

**Egon:** If there was somebody attempting suicide at the Senior House.

**Magda:** Not while I have been here. But a few days before I arrived a painter hanged himself. He made it unlike Arnost.

**Egon:** It's quite risky this art zone...Maybe the painter failed to get what he wanted by having made it. Maybe he just wanted to point out something. Killing himself might not have been the goal.

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

**Egon:** It doesn't matter. Okay, I'll go now, Magda.

**Magda:** Do you know when Doctor is back. Are you in touch with him?

**Egon:** Yes, we are. He would like to take the maternity leave. His wife is up on the catwalk again,

earning money. So, husband stays with the children. That's the new age. The Third Age as Dolina says.

**Magda:** Say hello from me to him.

**Egon:** To Dolina?

**Magda:** Doctor ..... (she thinks for a while, then looks at Egon) Dusan...

**Egon:** I will. Do you have a boyfriend Magda?

**Magda:** Why are you asking?

**Egon:** I am sorry, that was a silly question to ask.

**Magda:** Do you chat?

**Egon:** Sorry??

**Magda:** If you chat on the net sometimes.

**Egon:** Not that much. I used to.

**Magda:** I have to confess...I am...I am addicted to it.

I've recently met a unique person – a needle in a hay stack. We arranged a date, but I did not go in the end.

**Egon:** Why?

**Magda:** As I described myself completely different from what I really look like. We were chatting everyday for a month, every night actually. I felt a real physical sensation...I imagine...he is from this town, we had something to talk about all the time...I really had that feeling I must have known him for a long time, that we meet with none of us being aware of that. I think I am in love, be he hasn't turned up on the chat for quite a while. I have no idea what happened to him.

**Egon:** (hesitating) Maybe he decided not to go to that date for the very same reason. Maybe he was afraid to uncover the truth too.

**Magda:** You think so? Why would he do that?

**Egon:** For the same reason as you did.

**Magda:** It all seemed so...so fated.

**Egon:** Anonymous truth can easily pretend to be a fated one.

**Magda:** Nicely put. But I don't understand it.

**Egon:** That's fine. At least you will remember it. There is a special ward in a mental hospital for London. It's for people who went nuts just because of this Internet truth. So, don't chat too much...The truth might be that everything is totally different.

**Magda:** Dolina used to say that too.

**Egon:** You see? Not only that there's nothing new to happen, there's also nothing to be said. And that really is a trouble...Take care, Magda, I need to go. I have a programme tonight, in the radio.

**Magda:** I'll be listening, as usual. I am glad you have come back. I really like you, Mr. Egon. You're a good man. It would be easy to fall in love with you too...

(Egon leaves. Magda is sitting on the bench alone, saying the last sentence almost for herself, There are tears running down her cheeks. Good tears. )

(Lights off)

25.

(Dusan is sitting with Tamara at a table in a garden café, drinking coffee.)

**Tamara:** Everything's the way it suppose to be. No chances.

**Dusan:** Lay on the water and let the current carry you away...as it was before...let the current carry you away...

(Silence)

**Dusan:** ...and it will take you to a point where you realize that even the wrong person is the right one. Simply a bad choice can be a good choice.

**Tamara:** Stop it.

**Dusan:** I can't when we're alone.

**Tamara:** Can't wait for Tereza to arrive.

**Dusan:** I have this idea of the four of us going for a dinner, then me leaving with you and Egon with Tereza.

**Tamara:** You go to cinema a lot. That must be from a movie...

**Dusan:** I was there with you for the last time.

**Tamara:** We'd better quit the temptation, you're happily married...you alone said a baby is the solution...it all seems settled with me and Egon now...

(Tereza enters, pushing a pram. )

Life has totally changed within a year. Do you understand it? Totally. I hope this road is wide enough...in case we slipped by chance.

**Tamara:** By chance? You say there are no chances...

**Tereza:** Hi. You look like plotting something.

**Dusan:** We're working on the third world war outbreak. Everybody against everybody.

**Tamara:** Hi,

**Tereza:** I met Egon on his way to the radio. So we had a chat for a while. I am glad we still have something to talk about.

**Dusan:** We talked for a while too. Though not as much as you do.

( Both the women look at him, Dusan smiles. It is a smile that balls a chick)

(lights off)

26.

(Egon is sitting in a studio, presenting his new programme called Confessions. There's Tom Wait's song (or something as good as that) about to finish. Egon speaks in the microphone.)

**Egon:** Well, my friends, that was Tom Waits and this is Egon talking to you again. We will now carry on with our Confessions. Our guest today is with us on a record. It is a famous actor, belonging to the so called golden generation. Jan Dolina and his last, fifth confession, which I titled The Third Age.

(Egon presses a button, and Dolina's deep and life - proven voice goes on air.)

**Dolina:** (recorded) A progress? I don't know in which direction. I don't even know what age it is now. You give me tough questions. Let's say it could be the age of egoism. I'd be happy to say I am fine with that, but it would be a lie. I feel this world plummeting somewhere...with a tremendous speed and with the brake broken. I don't think I belong to this world any more, I feel too old and silly. Yes, silly. (A look into the studio - during Dolina's monologue, Egon is rolling a cigarette while talking to somebody on phone. ) The world I remember used to have its own God, its own law, meaning and truth. There were mistakes made, there's no doubt to it, but there was always this force able to bring me and many others back to the track. Somehow I could always listen to this voice coming from somewhere above. Maybe it was conscience, maybe humbleness, I don't know...Jesus, I am such a pathetic old fool...cut it out...The voice is no longer to be heard today...it has gone. God is hiding his face as Friedman says. But I think it was more or less us who did it. For the sake of certitude. Because of fear. As we are only humans. I can see a generation with empty look, without fate, without dreams. I am an annoying old man, I know. But I have no choice but to be this annoying old man and keep philosophizing...I feel there is the Third Age coming soon. The age after Christ finishes and a new one will follow...The Third

Age. (Egon is listening with his mouth agape, just like everybody else. There will be a number of car accidents as well as number of suicides taking place across the country, or at least some decisions during this monologue. We don't know what it is to be like, what it will bring, but we feel it will be something major.

Maybe the whole world will freeze, or there might be a giant flood, or the nature pays back in another way and maybe we wipe-out ourselves. And then a new life arises and there will be new grass growing. As it must be this way. There will be a new generation starting from scratch, returning to the essence of things and have different values...by perceiving themselves. It will be a new epoch that brings superior values back to life. If there is no Third Age coming, then the humankind falls into this giant mouth of arrogance, power, material values and terrible slavery. This way the humankind is making it for being hit by the planet Egoism. The only thing that fulfils me nowadays is....a hope...Wait. Cross out the last sentence...Actually, cut out everything, I don't want to end up a pathetically-sentimental apocalyptic prophet...

**Egon:** I hope he will forgive me for leaving his words as they are, as I think it is the authenticity which makes our night confessions attractive...and I guess this really was something. You rarely come across such crossover stuff. Exactly between life and death, sitting on this ultra-thin line...If this is suppose to be the Third Age, I'll go straight for it. If you, dear friends, managed to stay with the B13 radio till this late hour, I am wishing you a good night and will be back with you in two weeks time, when the guest of our Confessions is a composer Arnost Schwarz. Now feel free to enjoy a little sample, his latest piano piece, which is the world premiere here on Radio B-13. This is Egon saying goodbye to all of you. Good Night and have nice dreams.

(Egon plays the record, but it is actually a piece by Tchaikovski. Egon is surprised for a moment, then he smiles only to burst into loud laughter. He is gradually overcome by the music.)

27.

(at the train station)

(Father is sitting on a bench at a platform, holding a bag in his hands. Mother comes and sits next to him.)

**Mother:** Is that free here?

**Father:** Of course. My name's Michal.

**Mother:** I am Hana. Where are you going to?

**Father:** To Berlin.

**Mother:** I wouldn't mind visiting this place.

**Father:** I have one more ticket.

**Mother:** What are we going to do there?

**Father:** We'll pee on remains of socialism, then take a walk and come back home...

**Mother:** Seems a bit late to me to do this.

**Father:** Better late than never.

**Mother:** That's true. Nice put. Just like in the old days.

(Mother is getting sentimental)

**Father:** Stop getting sentimental.

**Mother:** I will. Sorry. But what if we get a fine for peeing in public?

**Father:** We can afford that. (he points at the bag) The first prize.

**Mother:** I knew you're going to win one day. But there is not HER with you?

**Father:** HER?

**Mother:** The one you've been seeing all the time. You call her a betting office or a train station. The mysterious one I've never got to know...

**Father:** (he looks a bit baffled) Wait, wait...you mean a lover?

**Mother:** If the word lover originates from making love, then I don't, as you are no longer capable of making love...I mean with me...that's why I call her this mysterious, the one you're seeing when leaving...

**Father:** (he starts laughing the sincere way old men do, for the very first time since his appearance on stage)

That was quite a miss, honey...

**Mother:** You haven't called me honey for ages.

**Father:** You're serious? How did it come to your mind?

**Mother:** I know you...

**Father:** Lover. My secret lover...Am I Beethoven?

**Mother:** You're better than Beethoven...

**Father:** Wait, wait. You really were thinking for all those years I had a lover?

**Mother:** I hoped you didn't.

(Silence)

**Father:** That's what I call a moment of surprise.

**Mother:** You won't ask me anything? We haven't seen each other for two weeks...almost three. There's nothing you'd like to hear?

**Father:** There is...Have you got paints with you?

**Mother:** Paints? Of course, I have. I'll be painting sharks, the mako shark and the blue shark and the lemon shark.

**Father:** Take them out then and let's start. Let's not waste time.

**Mother:** Why?

**Father:** You said if I win the lottery, you paint a flag of Uganda on your face, go to Tesco and shout "Uganda on"...I can forget that Tesco part...so we didn't miss the train.

**Mother:** I won't make it without a big mirror.

**Father:** I will. Give me the paints.

(Mother is handing him the paints)

**Father:** But I keep taking Uganda for Uruguay. So, I need instructions.

(Mother is describing the flag of Uganda, Father is painting it on her face. They talk and laugh)

**Mother:** ...But it is quite hard...divide the space into six stripes...let's start with the top one...black, yellow, red, black, yellow, red...

**Father:** With a white circle in the middle, with a gaelic rooster sitting in it...

**Mother:** You know Uganda's flag?

**Father:** Come on, every kid does...Can you explain to me why exactly such a hobby, why painting flags on glass...?

**Mother:** One needs to keep at least a few secrets...

(an echo of a distant train)

**Mother:** To come back, you need to leave first. You know?

**Father:** Columbus?



**Mother:** That humour of yours. Life.

**Father:** The train's coming.

(The lights are slowly dimming. There is mother shouting in the darkness ...Uganda on, Uganda on. It sounds almost as if she was going through an orgasm. They laugh this beautiful laughter of old and great people...A bit of tenderness for the end can't do any harm...)

The End

Dedicated to friends and the rambling generation