

SCENES FROM ILLEGITIMATE LIFE

(The Screenplay)

By Lucia Piusi

Tr a n s l a t i o n : K a t a r í n a S l u g e n o v á C o c k r e l l

I dedicate this screenplay to my love s , especially the Plat o n i c ,
unreal and surreal ones.

R e s p e c t f u l l y , L . P .

Message for those who aspire to use this work as a source for
their art .With the text you can do what e ver you wa n t , but yo u
m ay only use Burlas' m u s i c. I recommend "Project Burlas,
B a l á ž , Piusi - T e n d e r n e s s and Lobotomy " . I do not recommend
using M. B u r l a s ' song "From My Life..." - it would appear
too art i f i c i a l . A n y way, do what e ver you wa n t .

R e s p e c t f u l l y , L . P .

Vast unive r s e , the only one we know, f o r gi ve us.

G a l l w a y Kinnell

To each his ow n .

Michail Bulga k ov

CHARACTERS :

Anna

Adam

Simon

Faust

Mother

Act I

ANNA

(The room, not a very big one, is dimly lit. It looks like a combination of a storage space and an office. There are two tables and a couple of cabinets, lots of articles of clothing, of which only a few appear to be theater-related wardrobe. There are some plastic bins, a small tub, tennis court lining machine, two typewriters. A doll made of cans is hanging on the wall, a pile of used paper lays next to it, a helicon sits on top of a cabinet, a drum set is placed in the corner. A white giant-size stuffed mummy is leaning against the window. The room is illuminated with faint light coming from the yard, which randomly comes and goes. Some of the window panes are painted white, others are covered with dust that would be impossible to remove, and the rest of the glass is missing entirely. There is a vague path way going towards the sink at the opposite end of the room. There, a figure is sitting motionless, leaning on a cabinet in almost complete darkness. Her head is tilted to the side, she is holding a glass of wine in her hand. She appears to be sleeping.)

(The door is ajar, Anna enters. She is carrying a walkman and a glass in one hand, a bottle of wine in the other. She turns the light switch on with her elbow. The neon light illuminates her. She is humming, looking around. She appears to notice the seated figure in the dark corner, but she treats it as a theater prop-like the mummy that is leaning against the window. Anna is about twenty, she is slim, pretty, and slightly drunk, her eyes are shining vividly. She is standing upright with her flat stomach sticking out, swinging her arms along her body. Her movements and her expression are a bit infantile. Like a happy kid who does not know what to do with herself, she quickly walks through the room. To calm herself down, she takes the load off her hands and lays everything on the table, pulls the tobacco and the cigarette papers out of her pocket and starts rolling one.)

(Someone appears in the door...)

Act II

ADAM

(Adam appears in the door. He is forty, his arms are full of used glasses and he looks like he is cursing on the inside. He may even be muttering a bit. He looks around the room with interest and shyness. When he becomes oriented, he also lays all the glasses on the table.)

Adam: (Ironically.) Where did they disappear? Did they leave us here to fuck? (He walks around the room, tapping objects with his fingernails. He does not even wait for the answer, starts thinking about something else. He seems not to have noticed the figure in the dark corner.)

Anna: Are you crazy...? They easily went home to sleep it off

precisely because they know we won't.

A d a m : (*Tu rns around, swings his hand.*) Did you say no? I'll show you... Strip immediately, let's go, we don't have the whole day, work is waiting, family ...

A n n a : (*L i cking the cigarette paper, she laughs, cheered up by A d a m 's reaction. With pat h o s.*) You know, A d a m , my love to you is so ideal that it doesn't need physical fulfillment ...

A d a m : So why am I still here, what am I, an idiot? (*S i t s d o w n , p o u r s wine for both himself and A n n a .*)

A n n a : (*P l ays along.*) You know, you really are like my mother. (*T h r ows herself around his neck.*) Mom!

Don't be shocked! (*She laughs and sits down again.*)

A d a m : (*Sips from the glass.*) The last drink in my life. (*H e glances at his watch.*) How old was she?

A n n a : Who?

A d a m : Your mom, silly ...

A n n a : She would have just turned forty-five.

A d a m : Anyway, twenty years ago I was still a virgin, so it is unlikely I am your father.

A n n a : Too bad.

A d a m : (*I r o n i c a l l y.*) You'd be into incest, huh? You witch! (*H e is looking at her with sadness.*) Did anybody ever tell you you were a witch?

A n n a : (*R o lling another cigarette, she shakes her head.*)

A d a m : So what kind is it? Oedipal or Electra's complex. But not even that. Even Freud couldn't keep up with you, little girl.

A n n a : No complex, A d a m , just love! (*She raises her finger.*) Love!

(*She hands a freshly rolled cigarette to A d a m . He shakes his head, pointing to the cigarettes on the table. Suddenly he understands that he would deeply offend her and he takes the rolled one. He lights it up and stares sideways for a while.*)

A n n a : (*Happy and startled she starts rolling another one, although she hasn't finished her previous cigarette.*)

Adam is watching her long fingers stuff the tobacco into the groove. Then he watches her face.)

A d a m : Je wish.

A n n a : (*S u r p r i s e d.*) No way ...

A d a m : Clearly Je wish.

A n n a : (*R o lls her eyes.*) No way ...

A d a m : You said yourself that your father was some sort of a Polish Jew. Tadeusz what's-his-name?

A n n a : (*With pride.*) Tadeusz Kasprzak. But how do I know if he was Jewish? I've never seen him in my life. I do

have his picture, though... (*T h i n k i n g.*) That was the best, when I found that picture among the letters that he wrote my mother. I hadn't even read them yet,

I'm just staring at the picture, saying to myself, who is this guy, he looks so familiar... Only from the letters I found out he was my father and he looked so familiar

because I look like him. Great, isn't it? We found those letters a year ago, that was after her

death. (*S t a r i n g.*) Ever since then I keep dreaming that I am chasing her, let's say she's running on the

steps of our pre-fab development block totally naked, I am holding a knife in my hand and I want to yell at her that now I know who our real father is, she's almost at my reach, but then I wake up. (*Staring.*) Or I see her, let's say sitting in a restaurant, our eyes meet and I can feel that she knows I know. But some people are coming to me and are telling me I must go now to hang some revolutionary posters. It's terrible, revolutionary posters... (*She laughs.*)

Adam: (*With a soft, sad smile.*) My little lonely angel... (*He holds up his hand as if wanting to stroke her face, but then only gives her a friendly squeeze on the shoulder. Anna kicks in almost an entire glass of wine, she is excited from all that she just said and she is unsure if it didn't sound too melodramatic. At the same time she senses that Adam is glancing at his watch again. She is afraid he will leave so she hands him another rolled cigarette.*)

Anna: Have another one...

Adam: Phooey, disgusting waste of crap, kid! You got nothing better to do with your money? (*He looks at the little bag with tobacco.*) Van Nelle! You have to smoke Van Nelle! You should be saving... Right...

Anna: What for?

Adam: For living... In general... Life is not just coming onto aging guys. Life is hard, baby. (*He sighs theatrically. But he is soft again, it looks like he will stay for one more cigarette. He stares, dramatically.*) Jewish...

Anna: (*Pouring more wine, she is happy.*)

Adam: What will you look like when you turn forty... Even better, maybe. You Jewish girls are really fucking great at this... (*He looks at the window with sadness, probably thinking about something completely different.*)

Anna: (*Flattered.*) Well, my mother didn't look so hot. But she wasn't Jewish either. She was tired, overworked, smoked way too much... But she still had great, firm breasts. (*She looks at Adam with a smile but then she becomes insecure when she sees Adam's unexpectedly melancholic look. They are both quiet for a moment. Anna takes the cigarette roller in her hand. Adam sighs, as if waking up.*)

Adam: (*Sober.*) Well... Don't roll any more of those, baby, time to go home. (*Pretending.*) Duties... What do you usually do? You stay here? You'll be drinking all night, you alcoholic, huh?

Anna: (*Sighing.*) So what... I'll go home... or should I stay?

Adam: Heeey... Single people. This is what I envy you, this freedom of yours.

Anna: (*More sad than angry.*) Screw the whole freedom...

Adam: (*Smiles.*) You're staying to do some thinking?

Anna: I'll smoke some, think some...

Adam: You're so talented... (*Pretending he doesn't care.*) By the way, the day before yesterday I was thinking about you.

Anna: (*Pricks up her ears, sparks.*)

Adam: I worked until, like, four in the morning. It was already

starting to dawn, I was thinking, what can you be doing. I worked out four variations: First, you were sleeping; second, you were listening to music and smoking; third, I thought you were making love ... with somebody...

Anna: *(She laughs.)* And smoking at the same time...

Adam: Well. And four, that you were smoking and thinking.

Anna: That's the way it was. Number four.

Adam: That's what I thought. *(Sighs.)* Talented person.

Anna: Why talented?

Adam: Because either work or snore, or I am being hysterical.

Anna: That's about the same.

Adam: Not quite. You're a lucky person. And you always will be, fuck! You enjoy life. I hate you a little bit for that. I

am being hysterical all my life. I've got what I want and I should be rejoicing, but fucking nothing. I am

always waiting for something to get fucked up. And it

always does get fucked up. My whole life is like that.

Just because somebody up there sorted it out like

that, you'll be a prick, you'll be hysterical. *(Drinks.)*

The last drink in my life! Even now I am so nervous

that I am burdening you with my complexes. Untalent

ed, ambitious psychopath. Well, let's go. *(He runs his hand through his hair, gets up.)*

Anna: *(Watching him, she drinks wine, looking like she is enjoying it. Her eyes are shining and her cheeks are flushed.)*

Anna: Listen, Adam. I have to tell you something. Maybe you got complexes and you're ambitious and I don't know what else, and with all those speeches of yours about overall injustice... You may be a masochist, and petty, and a psychopath, but on the other hand...

Adam: *(Preteending.)* You could do me twice as good!

Anna: *(Laughing, embarrassed.)* I wanted to say... *(She waves her hand.)* This is all one big misunderstanding, all this here...

Adam: Yeah, yeah.

Anna: *(Folds her face into her hands, she looks like a confused kid. Adam is watching her with a slight smile. His look is getting to be more and more melancholic.)*

Adam: If someone saw us here right now... Not me - I'm an old prick, but you're killing your youth here...

Anna: *(Looks at him.)* You may torture yourself as much as you want, Adam, whatever, but if you could see yourself when you are doing something, how sensitive your thinking is, free, easy... They would start burning with love for you! Sometimes just when you enter, when I see... *(Anna stands up, making wild gestures.)*

You are my... my ...

Adam: *(Grinning ironically.)*

Anna: *(Victoriously.)* Adam! You are my light!

Adam: *(He swings back in his chair, as if laughing, but instead he is watching the ceiling. He leans forward. He looks up to Anna. His look is soft, full of love.)*

Adam: You got drunk... a bit.

Anna: *(Still standing, looking sadly. Her lower lip is sticking*

out comically.)

A n n a : N a a a a h ...

A d a m : (Gets up, stands next to her, looking at her calmly from up close. His smile is honest, s o m e w h a t m o v e d .)

A d a m : (Quietly to himself.) Where were you twenty ye a r s a g o ?

A n n a : (Sighs also to hers e l f.) N o w... I'm here!

A d a m : (As if he didn't hear her, lifts his hand, touches her face with tips of his finge rs. S a d l y.)Where were yo u t w e n t y y e a r s a g o , y o u w i t c h...

(Anna sighs, she closes her eye s. She stays like that for a mom e n t . Her face slowly relaxes into a dreamy smile. A shadow crosses her closed eye s, she opens them. She smiles more and m o r e. Someone is standing in front of her...)

Act III

S I M O N

(A boy is standing in front of her. He is about twe n t y, he has a s h y and unhappy fa c e. He is hastily and mindlessly picking his p o c k e t s, as if searching for something, but he appears to be doing it only out of helpless ange r. He curs e s, puts things back into his pock e t s. He lifts his head up, but seems to be avo i d i n g looking at A n n a .)

S i m o n : I'm off.

A n n a : (S m i l i n g, does not respond.)

S i m o n : (Looking at his watch.) I'll call a cab. (But he is not m o v i n g, he is stubbornly staring at objects, as if thinki n g, on the ve r ge of crying from ange r.)

A n n a : (Feeling she should help him, s i g h s.) D o n 't go. (B u t it sounds like she does not mean it and they both sense i t .)

S i m o n : (E v e n a n g r i e r, walks through the room, not noticing the figure in the cor n e r.) W h e r e 's the phone around h e r e ?

A n n a : (Steps towards him.) D o n 't go ye t .

S i m o n : (E x p l o d e s .) W h a t a m I supposed to do here?! Look at yo u , h o w yo u 're some place totally different?

A n n a : I am not anywhere else.

S i m o n : W e l l , I'm outta here!

A n n a : D o n 't go. (Suddenly she bu rsts out laughing, it all seems so comical to her, but when she looks at Simon, at his helpless ange r, she drops it. She sits dow n . S h e stands up aga i n . She throws her arms in the air.)

A n n a : Am I supposed to be talking you into staying now, o r w h a t a m I supposed to be doing? I already know all t h a t b y h e a r t . You are ready to leave , you come up with something stupid like I am some place else, o r w h a t e v e r , you hold on to that thought for dear life, but that doesn't concern me. I can only observe , those are purely your speculat i o n s.

S i m o n : (Trying to make up.) Just stay here by yo u rself... Yo u like being alone the best, a n y way. You can do some t h i n k i n g, you'll enjoy that... W h y would I be sticking around just like a prop?

A n n a : (Sits dow n , sighing deeply. She pours herself a glass of w i n e. Simon is playing with the cigarette paper. He is

more sad than angry. Anna is wiping her eyes, drinks some wine. She looks at Simon. Suddenly she gets up and hugs him.)

A n n a : (Calming him down .) We could have it so good, what got in to you again?

S i m o n : (Hugs her tightly, closes his eyes .) When I'm home, I can see you every where , I am suffering, but when I'm with you... You're so independent, I'm scared of you .
(He squeezes her even tighter.) And so distant...

When you talk, you're constantly reminiscing about your mother... And you are happy that she had both of you with a totally different guy and not her own husband . That was her virtue! I am scared of you , confused ...

A n n a : (Her eyes are almost closed.) Shhhht ... *(She points towards the aisle at the figure sitting in the darkness .)*

S i m o n : (Trying to get away from her.) You're not listening to me .

A n n a : (Quoting .) I'm listening, I'm listening, but thoughts are escaping me. *(She smiles, wants to hug him again .)*

S i m o n : (Gets away.) You're thinking about something again.

A n n a : (Opens her eyes .) So I'm a bit tipsy, so.

S i m o n : You're totally sober!

A n n a : (With joy.) Really ?

S i m o n : Well, I'm off!

A n n a : (With laughter.) Don't go.

S i m o n : (Scornfully .) Disgusting .

A n n a : (More seriously .) Seriously, don't go.

S i m o n : Words ...

A n n a : I mean it, I want to be with you , Simon , don't go away.

S i m o n : (Hesitates for a moment, looking at her with suspicion .)

You don't want , don't need...

A n n a : For god's sake, what am I supposed to... so go, then !

S i m o n : (Leaving decidedly. Anna is looking after him with sadness , then she jumps up, she catches his hand in the doorway. Simon lets her, he is tired, worried .)

S i m o n : Maybe I am too young . For you . And unbalanced.

A n n a : (Holding her head.) One big misunderstanding . All this. *(Laughs .)*

S i m o n : (Also smiling, softly and sadly.) Maybe I envy you that you are so balanced, but if you were not, I wouldn't know how to help you . Maybe I'm too young . I don't know, I don't understand ...

A n n a : (Quoting .) Nobody understands anything here anymore ...

S i m o n : And I should be going.

A n n a : (Quoting .) And the wind keeps blowing and blowing...

(She is gone again , her eyes are closed, her face has a happy drunk expression. Simon's fingers stroke her and then they disappear. Anna opens her eyes and rubs them. She walks towards the light switch , turns off the neon light. Now the room is lit only with the light from the outside that flashes on and off with some irregularity. Anna is sitting down , she is pouring the last drops of wine into her glass, and is muttering

to hers e l f.) I t 's all the same, one and the same...

(Something moves in the dark corn e r. The figure app e a r s to be changing her position. A wo m a n 's calm voice can be heard.)

Wo m a n : One didn't catch her... The other one didn't let her go... Oh my god...

(Anna waves her hand, she is trying to roll another ciga r e t t e , but the roller cannot be pressed. It must have just broken, t h i s p o o r, l o w-quality Cze c h o s l o v a k product. But suddenly, as if with the wave of a magic wa n d ...)

Act IV

FAU S T

(S u d d e n l y, as if with the wave of a magic wa n d , Faust is standing in front of A n n a . His energetic nose and wide smile are ill u m i n a t e d by the grand neon sign flashing from the ya r d . It is D r. Jonah Fa u s t , J r. , t h i r t y - t w o y e a r s old. He is holding a stat e - of the art miniature cigarette roller of Br itish make in his stretched out hand. Anna automatically accepts it.)

A n n a : Jo n a h , you devil!

Fa u s t : I suspected yo u 'd be here... In the end yo u 're always s a l o n e ...

A n n a : (S i g h s.) E v e r y t h i n g is just one and the same...

Jonah... It's not even wo r t h talking about...

Fa u s t : (Jonah pulls out a bottle of red wine from behind his b a c k . The same vintage!!! Raca Red, bu b b l y, p e a r l y ...)

A n n a : (In awe.) Jonah! You were born to make me feel good!

Fa u s t : (Tu r n s his head, leans against her, lifts one of his eye b r o w s, his eyes spark l e.) You were born for me to make you feel good.

A n n a : In any case, Jo n a h , can I roll one for yo u ?

Fa u s t : (F l i r t i n g, lifts his other eye b r o w.) You have to. (H e hands her his own tobacco, b l a c k like tar, of some hellish make. He pulls a small stool next to A n n a , s i t s d o w n with a satisfied smile.)

Fa u s t : This is what I needed. I have been waiting for you for all etern i t y. (He starts staring at her.) W h a t 's the t r o u b l e , h o n e y ?

A n n a : (S i g h i n g.) L o v e , Jo n a h , I l o v e ... (She rolls a ciga r e t t e , hands it to Fa u s t.)

Fa u s t : (Takes it, pulls it under his nose, l i c k s it, squints his e y e s, s i g h s.) H m m m , A n n a ... (He p r i c k s his ears with c o n c e n t r a t i o n.)

A n n a : (She is dru n k.) Tell me, Jo n a h , you know eve r y t h i n g ...

Tell me, Jo n a h , h o w can someone be a maso c h i s t ?

Fa u s t : I t 's just another kind of joy of life.

A n n a : (U n h a p p y.) ...such hard things, all of them...

Fa u s t : Sadness is a beautiful thing, A n n a . And the Muse is at her best when you can't capture her. E v e r y o n e here is waiting you out like a pack of hungry wo l v e s , t h e y d o n 't let you breathe... And look, yo u 're going home a l o n e , none of them would trade with yo u . They wa n t to have yo u , but only as their Muse, so that they can s a l i v a t e over yo u .

A n n a : D o n 't talk about wo l v e s , Jo n a h , tell me about love .

Fa u s t : L o v e . . . I t ' s l i k e t h a t p a i n t i n g " D a n c e o f L i f e " . . . T h e c o u p l e s a r e d a n c i n g , o n e p a r t n e r i s l o o k i n g o v e r t h e o t h e r o n e ' s s h o u l d e r a n d e a c h o n e o f t h e m i s h o l d i n g o n e t h i n g a n d l o o k i n g a t a n o t h e r t h i n g .

A n n a : (*R e s p e c t f u l l y , d r u n k .*) Y o u ' r e a g r e a t m a n , J o n a h . . . r i g h t . . . y o u n a i l e d i t .

Fa u s t : I ' m a l s o j u s t o n e o f t h e w o l v e s , A n n a . I a l s o w o u l d n ' t t r a d e , I ' m h a p p y w h e r e I a m . O n t h e o t h e r h a n d , I k n o w y o u ' r e i n l o v e w i t h s o m e o n e e l s e a n d i t p r o v o k e s m e , a n d I ' m g o i n g c r a z y w h e n I d o n ' t s e e y o u f o r a c o u p l e o f d a y s .

A n n a : S e e ? B e c a u s e I ' m l o o k i n g e l s e w h e r e . D a n c e o f l i f e ? (*Respectfully shakes her drunken head.*)

Fa u s t : T h a t ' s c r u e l . . . f r o m y o u r s t a n d p o i n t .

A n n a : (*Putting her foot on the table.*) B u t n o t t h a t i t w o u l d b o t h e r m e s o m u c h . (*She giggles, starts rolling a cigarette. Faust's eyes sparkle with pleasure, he reveals his teeth.*)

Fa u s t : Y o u a r e m y k i n d o f b l o o d , A n n a . Y o u ' r e a d e v i l o f a w o m a n . (*He gently touches her foot on the table, he puts it on top of his leg, takes her shoe off and starts massaging the ball of the foot, between the toes and the heel, hitting the right spots with all the nerve endings. As an experienced physician, he knows exactly what to do with women. Anna does not resist, love or no love, she is liking it.*)

Fa u s t : (*Looking at her.*) A n y w a y , w h e n I j u s t t h i n k a b o u t y o u , I g e t s a d , y o u ' r e s o b e a u t i f u l . B u t y o u b e l o n g t o n o o n e , y o u c a n ' t b e c a p t u r e d a n d y o u ' r e f i c k l e .

A n n a : (*Lights up.*) S o w h a t . . . (*She sighs. Her face is melancholic, sad, distant. Faust is looking her over slowly, with no rush. He unbuttons the bottom of her dress, he is looking at her calves and knees. He is beaming with pleasure, as if contemplating and convincing himself about the beautiful ephemerality of the moment. He is working his way up, unbuttoning her dress completely above her breasts and peels it off with enviable assurance. Anna is watching him, she is not disinterested. Faust is showing his sense of play and calmly starts pulling down her panties. Anna is smiling ironically. Faust is calmly looking at her. Like a grandmaster, he can afford to be the servant, if necessary, and he can stop at any time. Maybe that's why Anna breaks her ironic smile. Before throwing her underwear completely away, Faust reads the design on her panties - " S a m s t a g " - w i t h a s i g h . E v e r y t h i n g f i c k l e a n d e p h e m e r a l i s s a t i s f y i n g t o h i m , h e l a y s h i s h e a d i n h e r l a p .*)

Fa u s t : (*Whispering.*) H m m m , d e v i l i s h w e e d . (*Anna is still inhaling the smoke, but she is already closing her eyes, and quickly, half-blinded puts the cigarette out on the table, where it continues to smoke. Anna is moaning, but she is being truthful. She tilts her head to the back beyond the chair, moans with pleasure for a while and then screams, almost as if taken by surprise. She is lying stiff, motionless, with her head turned. After a moment*)

she starts to relax, she exhales, swallows, licks her lips and opens her eyes. She sits up, sighs, reaches for the cigarette roller and starts rolling one right away. Pieces of tobacco are rolling down her body, filling her lap. Anna is smacking her lips with satisfaction, she is looking at Faust with interest.)

Anna: Faust, you're a genius!

Faust: (Also smacking his lips with satisfaction, happy with his job well done, shrugs his shoulders. He seats himself on a chair next to her and rolls a cigarette with his fingers from his own hellish tobacco. He appears to be happy with himself. The contract has been signed successfully. He takes Anna's leg, this time her left one, and he is stroking her nerve endings, confirmed and revived by life.)

Anna: (Exhales smoke, looks at Faust, laughs out loud.) He got me, alright ... (She is shaking her head.) Jonah, you're the devil. (Dr. Jonah Faust, Jr., shrugs his shoulders. He is smiling, it is finally all dawning on her. He is looking at her again. His look is full of beautiful sadness because of this emerging discord between platonic love and love hellishly real. Faust is smacking his lips with pleasure.)

Anna: (She is back in her own world, speaking bitterly.)

Originally, I wanted to write another tragic poem today. But what can I do now ... (She strokes her belly, then she lays her head on the bag on the table. She closes her eyes, her face relaxes, her lips loosen apart.)

Faust: (Puts her leg down on the floor very carefully, this is what he has been waiting for all eternity. With a melancholic face he stands next to her, strokes her head, and says to himself.) It's hard on you, baby, really hard. (He sighs one more time, looks around and takes a black piece of cloth from the chest, it is a prop from a different fringe theatre set, and he tucks Anna in it with great care. He is leaving, but he turns back in the doorway one more time, looking at Anna once more, his look is tender, full of love.)

Faust: (He cannot help himself.) Sadness is a beautiful thing... On the other hand, whenever you think of it, you can just say my name... (He waves his hand.)

Why all this unnecessary sentiment. He is leaving.) (Anna's face is relaxed with dreaming. Now the murmur from the corner is becoming more audible, the corner is not so dark anymore. Even the sky behind Anna's head is turning blue. Anna is waking up. She is listening, then she slowly gets up, walks towards the figure leaning against the cabinet, which is now fully visible. It is...)

Act V

MOTHER

(It is a forty-five year old woman. Her pretty and sharp face looks tired and worn out. The woman's eyes are slightly open, like a person who is hallucinating. When she speaks, she is having a hard time holding her head up and it keeps slipping down.)

M o t h e r : D o n ' t walk around the room in those shoes, my little o r p h a n s , they are so delicat e .

A n n a : (*S q u a t t i n g n e x t t o h e r , t o u c h e s h e r , s h a k e s h e r w i t h f e a r .*) M o m ...

M o t h e r : (*S i g h s h e a v i l y .*)

A n n a : (*W i t h a s m i l e .*) M o m , y o u ' r e d r u n k .

M o t h e r : (*S h e i s w a k i n g u p , h e r e y e s g o f r o m h a l l u c i n a t i o n t o t i r e d n e s s .*) I fell asleep...

A n n a : (*S i t s n e x t t o h e r , s h e l e a n s h e r b a c k a g a i n s t a c a b i n e t j u s t l i k e h e r , s h e i s w a t c h i n g h e r . M o t h e r l o o k s a s i f s h e c a n n o t s e e A n n a .*)

A n n a : (*M o v e d , s h e c a n n o t b e l i e v e i t .*) You rose from the d e a d . (*S h e i s s h a k i n g h e r h e a d .*)

M o t h e r : (*N o d s , a b s e n t - m i n d e d l y .*)

A n n a : (*L a u g h s .*) V e r y f e w h a v e m a n a g e d t h a t .

M o t h e r : (*L o o k s a t h e r .*)

A n n a : O n l y n o w I u n d e r s t a n d t h a t y o u r d y i n g w h i l e b e i n g o n t o p w a s j u s t a n o t h e r b r i l l i a n t s t r o k e o f y o u r g e n i u s . V e r y e f f e c t i v e ! (*A n n a i s s t u d y i n g h e r , M o t h e r i s y a w n i n g a n d n o t a n s w e r i n g .*)

A n n a : W h a t ?

M o t h e r : (*G e t s u p , g o e s s t r a i g h t t o t h e m i r r o r h a n g i n g o n t h e w i n d o w . S h e i s f i x i n g s o m e t h i n g i n h e r t e e t h . A t t h e s a m e t i m e s h e i s g l a n c i n g a t t h e s k y a s i f t r y i n g t o f i g u r e o u t t h e t i m e .*)

A n n a : (*S u m m a r i z i n g .*) You know eve ry t h i n g , you can judge... (*P u z z l e d .*) We live our lives here... (*L o o k s a t h e r w i t h a q u e s t i o n .*)

M o t h e r : (*M o v e s a w a y f r o m t h e m i r r o r , p r e s s e s h e r f i n g e r o n o n e o f h e r t e e t h .*)

A n n a : (*T r y i n g t o f i g u r e o u t w h a t e l s e t o s a y . S h e h e l p l e s s l y w i p e s h e r f a c e .*)

M o t h e r : (*A g a i n s t a n d i n g i n f r o n t o f t h e m i r r o r . S h e i s f i x i n g s o m e t h i n g a n d m u r m u r i n g i n a u d i b l y .*)

A n n a : (*S i g h s , l o o k i n g a t h e r , s m i l e s .*) C r o w n s ... (*L a u g h s o u t l o u d .*) S e e , I t h o u g h t , y o u w e r e a l r e a d y d o n e w i t h t h i s ! W h e n t h e y p u t c r o w n s o n y o u r t e e t h a n d t h e y d i d n ' t f i t , y o u w e r e i n p a i n , b u t y o u d i d n ' t e v e n h a v e t h e m f o r a w e e k w h e n y o u ... A t t h e s a m e t i m e I w a s h a p p y f o r y o u , t h a t T H E R E t h e c r o w n s w o u l d n ' t h u r t a n y m o r e . B u t y o u s e e , e v e r y t h i n g i s d i f f e r e n t , e v e r y t h i n g .

M o t h e r : (*S i t s i n t h e c h a i r , t h i n k i n g a b o u t s o m e t h i n g .*)

A n n a : Y o u ' r e p a l e , o v e r w o r k e d .

M o t h e r : (*N o d s .*)

A n n a : (*E x a m i n i n g h e r .*) Y o u ' r e g o i n g t o d i e o n m e a g a i n , a r e n ' t y o u ?

M o t h e r : (*T r y i n g t o a v o i d a n s w e r i n g , s h e s c r a t c h e s h e r h e a d .*)

A n n a : (*R e s i g n e d .*) O f c o u r s e .

M o t h e r : (*E v a s i v e l y .*) I l o s t a l o t o f b l o o d ...

A n n a : (*W a v e s h e r h a n d , t r y i n g t o s p a r e h e r t h e n e e d l e s s e x p l a n a t i o n s .*) A l r i g h t t h e n .

M o t h e r : (*G e t s u p . S o m e t h i n g o c c u r s t o h e r , s h e g o e s t o t h e c h e s t t h a t s h e w a s s i t t i n g a g a i n s t , t a k e s o u t a b a g f r o m t h e r e , a n d i s p u l l i n g o u t v a r i o u s p a p e r s a n d s c r a p s w i t h g r e a t t h o u g h t , e x a m i n i n g t h e m .*)

A n n a : You are walking here, you are reacting... You must know something... *(She looks at her.)* S o m e t h i n g must be going on in that head of yo u r s ... *(Mother is fishing for something in the bag. She pulls out some kind of out-of-this-world newspaper and is examining it.)*

A n n a : *(H e l p l e s s l y.)* W h a t are you looking for? A horoscope? *(She wipes her grinning face, then sighs with suffering.)* Nobody to nothing... *(It is dawn ing.)*

M o t h e r: *(She finally finds wh at she was looking for in the newspaper, t e a r s it out, and watches the sky with her squinting eye s. She writes down some numbers on the white edge of the paper. When she is done, she carefully folds the piece of paper and puts it in her breast pocket. She puts the bag on her shoulder, looking satisfied.)*

A n n a : *(She is not asking any questions any more. S h e watches her mother as she walks to the table, pulls up her skirt, climbs on top of it, opens the window and searches the sky as if waiting for a space ship.)*

M o t h e r: I t 's time.

A n n a : *(With a dull look.)* You could at least come up with some sort of monologue...

M o t h e r: *(Looking in all directions, the space ship is not coming. She sighs and decides to walk on fo o t . She steps out, her skirt is pulled up.)*

A n n a : *(Looking in her direction, to hers e l f.)* You all leave with such ease... *(She steps back, is sitting dow n, when suddenly she jumps out and screams.)* M o m ! *(But the sky is empty, it is dark blue, there is no tra c e of Mother.)*

A n n a : *(N o n c h a l a n t l y, r e t u r n i n g to the chair.)* We could have at least had a smoke together. T h a t would have been the first time.

The End