

'PASSENGER TRAIN TO CHINA'

Dominik Nowak

Translated by E.V Carter

The drama was written for six actors – 3 of whom are middle aged (two women and one man) as well as three young actors (one woman and two men) In a few of the scenes, apart from the roles played by the actors themselves, the actors create a "dance" scene (one person sings, two dance) as well as performing as a choir.

As far the set is concerned – I leave it to the directors and their ideas.

Characters:

Ania – twenty- something
Czuczu – twenty- something
Olo – twenty-something
Zoska – around fifty
Janek – around fifty
Teresa – around fifty

Scene 1

Audience enters auditorium. On stage " a dance" – it's 4 in the morning, music is heard, an actress very enthusiastically sings a popular song about unhappy love - a couple dance next to her – after every spin the man's hands wander onto the woman's buttock cheeks which are then placed back on the woman's waist by the woman. At the side, on the right, a very drunk Olo props up the wall. Opposite are Ania and Czuczu.

Actress

Sings a popular song about unhappy love.

VOICE:

We ask you to kindly please turn off your mobile phones, no flash photography and no filming. We wish you a pleasant evening.

The light turns off in the auditorium and transfer to the stage, the music fades. A drunken Olo walks down the street and sings the same song about unhappy love very loudly. A car's lights are blinking, a screech of a tyre, a bang, darkness.

Dawn. Teresa walks through the park. She looks towards a thicket of bushes out of which a pair of human legs protrude. She screams, terrified.

Scene 2

Hospital. Olo and Czuczu. Czuczu is dressed as a tomatoe.

Czuczu
Are you alive?

Olo
My head is killing me.

Czuczu
Man! I thought my insides would fall out when I found out.

Olo
Maybe it's concussion...

Czuczu
A hangover more like – you're fucked up mate!

Olo
Do you feel what he feels right now? He's convinced he killed me. He was probably drink driving.

Czuczu
(Czuczu takes out a small bottle from under his costume) Smoke that. I'd lock people like that up on the spot. I'd even put them in cages so that people could stare at them.

Olo

He'll beat himself up for the rest of his life that he sent me to other side.
If wasn't for your aunt all the dogs in the park would have pissed all over
me.

Czuczu

What can I say – thank God she was on her way to vespers. I'd go to
church myself if something like that happened to me.

Olo

Dressed like that? (*short pause*) You can't drink here.

Czuczu

What are you on about?

Olo

(short pause) According to him I'm already dead. I don't exist. I'm gone.

Czuczu

(short pause) But you're here. Maybe. Right...?

Olo

Maybe it was a sign from God?

Czuczu

What God? Are you fucking starting as well? You should have got up from
out of those bushes and have fucking gone with your aunt to vespers.
You're fuses have blown. You've been smacked in the faced with a
revelation.

Olo

I'm not here.

Czuczu

Don't talk fucking bollocks. Give me that cable.

Olo

Get off.

Czuczu

Are you there or aren't you there?

Olo

He was drunk.

Czuczu

Good! If you're healthy you need a drink. Only dickheads and pretentious twats don't drink.

Olo

He's going to think that he killed someone for the rest of his life.

Czuczu

It wasn't his fault; you got under his wheel yourself!

Olo

How would you know?! Where you there? It's you who drinks.

Czuczu

I drink because I like it, because I'm happy, because everything's working out in life, I've got no problems. Everything's hunky dory.

Olo

It'll happen to you! You'll see!

Czuczu

Like to you or to him?

Olo

Kiss my ass!

Czuczu

And you kiss mine!

Olo

What?

Czuczu

Aaaa...(Short pause) I can't hear well from under this sponge.

...

Olo

Yeah... I can't really either from under these bandages...

Czuczu

The bandage is on your knee.

Olo

I had them on the top as well. My head hurts...

Czuczu

Show me...

Olo

Get off. Homo. You'll start cuddling up to me in a minute. Anyway, I'm changing, I have to change.

Czuczu

What, you're going to dye your hair?

Olo

A person is created for love. To love another person.

Czuczu

So what do you want to change? You get enough loving.

Olo

That accident was a sign. It was a sign.

Czuczu

(pause)

I'm starting to waver whether to buy a car, in that case...

Olo

Czuczu! It wasn't a sign for you, but for me. That's why you went to work for that ketchup company. So that you could afford a car.

Czuczu

Some people are prone to accidents, you know how I am (shows him the bottle) In any case, maybe it was a sign for me. If something like that happened to me I'd probably shit myself.

Olo

Why would it happen to you? Are fucked in the head?! Anyway, it was a sign for me...why would it be for you – it happened to me.

Czuczu

A man shoots and God carries the bullet as my aunt says. Maybe it's trying to tell me something through you.

Olo

What to you?! What to you?!

Czuczu

Fine, alright –it's your sign. Anyway, I'm still going to put off buying a car. I've got a bad feeling about it.

Olo

What the? You took your driving test four times!

Czuczu
Five.

Olo
But you passed.

Czuczu
I've got an exam on Wednesday. I thought maybe I'd take Ania to the mountains somewhere. I drive up in the car, pick her up and off we go – my arm hanging out the window, pit – stops on the way. Fuck it.

Olo
Every way is good.

Czuczu
A wooden hut, only me and her, around us forest. It smells of pine. I bring some wood and burn it in the stove, water from the well, mulled wine, snow outside. Clean, white, starched sheets and huge oak bed. And for breakfast scrambled eggs and bread bought from a local market.

Olo
Stop it cos' I'm getting a woody. The nurses will see (short pause) Anyway, it's summer, in summer it doesn't snow.

Czuczu
We'll see –it'll be a proper wooden hut.

Olo
Exactly.

Czuczu
And the apple trees will blossom for us.

Olo
I'm jealous of you. Both of you.

Czuczu
Yeah...

Olo
I'll change...

Scene 3

Ania's flat. Ania, Zoska, later Janek. Ania and Zoska are looking at photos by the computer.

Ania

(shouts) Dad! The photos...

Zośka

Janek! (to Ania) I didn't send him there so that he'd still be such a drip. (shouts) Janek, hurry up, the computer is on! (to Ania) I thought that if he had a little room to breathe he'd muster a bit of energy- look at his brother and find a job but it looks like nothing's going to motivate him. He took some nice pictures at least.

Ania

But uncle took them.

Zośka

Seems he can't even do that. He can't even take a stupid photo. Nothing's gonna come of him.

.

Ania

By if he'd have taken the pictures, then he wouldn't be on them.

Zośka

Nothing's above someone if they really try. If he knew how to take them, he would have done so. You just want to want to. He can hardly even make it onto the sofa... How did he manage to talk to people if he can't even say his name in a foreign language?

Ania

You don't speak any either.

Zośka

Yeah, I'm not going abroad. Who would think to do such a stupid thing in their twilight years?

Ania

But you sent him there yourself.

Zośka

My brother invited us - it would have been rude not to. I've been trying to worm my way out of it for twelve years and it was beginning to look rude. He paid for his ticket, fed him - so what was I supposed to do? He does nothing but sit in front of the TV all day - what was I going to say? That he can't cos' they'll chuck him out of work?

Ania

(short pause) They've got it good there. I'd love to go myself.

Zośka

Oh, you want to go there now. (short pause) You see darling, your father has completely lost the will to live. And rightly so. Let him stay at home. Home is most important.

Enter Janek

Ania
Dad, uncle sent over the photos. Did you like it?

Janek
Why not.

Zośka
(Interrupts) Why are you asking him? Waste of time.

Ania
Didn't he want to invite me?

Zośka
Did you get yourself some tea? You have to drink a lot – It'll clean out your kidneys.

Ania
Is that his house? It's lovely.

Zośka
Go on, pour yourself some more.

Ania
Is that the aunt? Does she speak Polish?

Janek
She does. A bit.

Zośka
Why would she not? You're talking crap – how would he communicate with her?

Ania
I bet it's warm there.

Janek
Why warm? Moderately. Normal.

Zośka
He walks around with barely anything on and then he moans that his kidneys hurt.

Janek
Warmer than over here.

Zośka
Two cars! Brother must be doing quite well for himself.

Janek
Everything's so far over there and you need a car or else you can't get anywhere.

Zośka
If he wanted to he could make do without a car. Back in the day nobody had cars and they managed somehow.

Janek
It's by the sea. They drive almost every day. Fifteen minutes.

Zośka
And who's that?

Janek
(short pause) This Chinese woman. (short pause) And those are kangaroos – they're funny, they walk on the road.

Zośka
What Chinese woman?

Janek
She's Chinese. (short pause) I met her in Australia.

Zośka
Is she a friend of yours?

Janek
(short pause) I'll pour myself some more tea. (exits)

Zośka
That Chinese woman, again! Who is she?

Ania
Maybe your uncle's friend or something?

Zośka
How can she be my uncle's friend when he's not in the photos?

Ania

Cos' he was taking them

Zośka

She looks like some sort of floozy.

Ania

(short pause) Mum, why don't you sleep with dad anymore?

Zośka

What nonsense. There's only one sofa bed – everyone can see that. You're talking rubbish. What's education for?

Ania

Mum...

Zośka

(interrupts her) Switch that off and go do something useful. Fancy that. Respect yourself girl cos' nobody will respect you. Get to work. Study. We didn't go hand to mouth for nothing. It wasn't like it is now. It's hard enough these days let alone back then. Raise your own kids and then we'll talk.

Zośka exits.

Janek's letter to Czaa – has trouble writing. With emphasis.

Janek

Dear Czaa,

I've come back whole and well. On my way I thought what nice a time I had visiting my brother and how sad it would be if we were never to see each other. "There's no place like home" as the famous saying goes. I am not working at the moment so I'll have some time and I'll write to you again. I remembered the kangaroos and that I saw them for the first time really up close.

Warmest regards
Janek

Exit Janek

Janek

Listen...I need to send this letter via the computer.

Ania
Email?

Janek
But I don't have an email account. Do you have to pay for it?

Ania
I can set one up for you. What do you want to send?

Janek gives Ania the letter.

Janek
Just this.... But I want it translated into English...

Ania
Into English?

Janek
Yeah, into English. You know it right.

Ania
I do. I don't know. We'll see.

Janek
Well send it. (goes to leave but comes back) Thanks.

Scene 4

Olo's flat. Olo and Czuczu. Olo recovers after the accident.

Czuczu
Olo, it's fucked up. You've got to help me.

Olo
What happened?

Czuczu
The tomatoe people threw me out.

Olo

Again?

Czuczu

They got fucked off cos' I left the stand unattended and apparently I didn't tell anyone. They drank all my juice man! That a person needs rescuing, he didn't think. He smells of vodka. So fart about the whole fucking day in that costume with a dry fucking mouth. He's making an alcoholic out of you. But I've got something better. I just need your help.

Olo

Well, if you mean... (takes out wallet)

Czuczu

No, not that.

Olo

No but really, it's no hassle.

Czuczu

You've lent me money so many times... Anyway I still...

Olo

But you always gave it ba....Didn't you give it back?

Czuczu

Yeah but...I gave it back. I always somehow...

Olo

Yes maybe...?

Czuczu

Course! Why are you asking? It's clear, isn't it?

Olo

(short pause) What's it about?

Czuczu

Listen, how do you do it with girls?

Olo

(short pause) Normally...

Czuczu

Do you make any advancements...?

Olo

What...? I asses the situation.

Czuczu

But what do you say to them before it?

Olo

Dunno? I've got a few well – rehearsed lines but generally what works is you hit them up and then leave.

Czuczu

Do you send text messages or anything?

Olo

Here (hands him his phone) Take a look at the standard models. What, is it not on with Ania? Are you preparing another attack? Will she surrender?

Czuczu

I got a job but I need do some prepping. (about the text message) Not bad. Cool, cool...you got something to drink?

Olo

I don't drink anymore.

Czuczu

You're mega fucked in the head. Your bad. (short pause) You should find someone long-term. My advice.

Olo

Yeah...what kind of work?

Czuczu

Just like...literature, sort of.

Olo

Are you writing for a paper or something?

Czuczu

Well, no. Not yet. Who knows all that, maybe one day. Good idea. And the texts are they alright? Does it work?

Olo

What? Have you had a fight with Ania?

Czuczu

No, everything's cool.

Olo

Well what then?

Czuczu

I've got to fly cos I've got a meeting. I've got an important meeting.
Thanks for...(shows the phone)

Olo

No worries. See you.

Czuczu

(exits, then returns) How are you doing, cos' I'm worried. You cool? Well,
I'd better be off before I get all emotional. I'm sensitive. Take care.

SMS – on the side. Reads text out loud, slowly.

Czuczu

I'm slowly slipping my hand under your blouse, touching your breasts,
your nipples are hardening. I slowly take off your panties....you smell
amazing. I feel the heat radiating from inside you. You've got an amazing
cunt, do you want me to lick it?// If you'd like to continue – text
back/network charge applies at 4.99 with VAT.

Scene 5

Aunt's house. Ania and Czuczu – one on one.

Czuczu
Morning...

Ania
Hi

Czuczu
How are you?

Ania
There's some people standing under the entrance, I think something
happened.

Czuczu
Nothing goes on around here. Nothing to do with us.

Ania

Yeah

Czuczu
(short pause) How are you doing?

Ania
Yeah...?

Czuczu
(short pause) There's some sort of unrest in Georgia again.

Ania
Yeah?

Czuczu
I think. Anyway, some sort of general world crisis.

Ania
Yhmm...

Czuczu
(short pause) You look beautiful.

Ania
And your auntie?

Czuczu
She doesn't

Ania
Czuczu...

Czuczu
She went to visit Jesus.

Ania
Czuczu!

Czuczu
(pauses) I was supposed to clean the windows.

.

Ania
Why didn't you then?

Czuczu

I cleaned them.

Ania
Then what's that mark there?

Czuczu
Dunno. White spirit I think.

Ania
You're washing the windows with white spirit?

Czuczu
There wasn't anything else.

Ania
Jesus...

Czuczu
(short pause) Funny stain – it looks like my aunt's pictures.

Ania
The Black Madonna... something like that.

Czuczu
Maybe my aunt smeared the window herself. Or prayed for a miracle sign.

Ania
It looks like a negative.

Czuczu
You know, that when you draw the profiles of a husband and wife, they're usually very similar.

Ania
You talk such crap.

Czuczu
Yours looks like Mother Mary's

Ania
And yours like baby Jesus.

Czuczu
(short pause) You look beautiful.

Ania

Yeah...?

Czuczu
You smell amazing...

Ania
Yeah?

Czuczu
I feel radiating warmth...radiating warmth from inside you.

Ania
(suddenly) What's that hair?

Czuczu
What do you mean, hair?

Ania
Who are you rubbing against?

Czuczu
I think it's Olo's.

Ania
Maybe your aunt's?

Czuczu
Have you gone fucking mad?! Ania, get a grip...

Ania
It was supposed to be so romantic...

Czuczu
(pauses) Sorry

Ania
Yeah

Czuczu
You look beautiful.

Ania
Yeah

Czuczu
I feel warmth radiating from inside you.

Ania
Yhmm...

Czuczu
(suddenly) Why did you freak out over that hair?!

Ania
Where did it come from?! Maybe it's mine. Do I rub up against other men?!

Czuczu
What are you talking about?

Ania
I could. If I wanted to. There's loads sniffing around...(pauses) You look beautiful (short pause) I'll put some music on.(turns on stereo,,, *religious song*) What's going on???

Czuczu
Only one station works.

Ania
She only has you.

Czuczu
And who do I supposedly have? (Pauses) I'll switch it off actually...

Ania
No, leave it. (short pauses) At least someone's saying something.

Czuczu
(short pause) You look beautiful.

Ania
I'm sorry.

Czuczu
You smell amazing. (unbuttons her blouse)

Ania
I'm a bit cold...

Czuczu
I'll get the duvet...

Ania
You lit a candle.

Czuczu
I didn't.

Ania
On the window sill. Lovely...so romantic.

Czuczu
You smell amazing.

Ania
You didn't turn off the radio.

Czuczu
I did.

Ania
So what's that wailing? (*Ania goes to the window*) Czuczu...

Czuczu
What are these candles doing on the sill?

Ania
Czuczu... some people are standing under your window and they're praying to it...

Ania opens the window. From beneath the window singing is heard.
"Religious song to the Virgin Mary".

Scene 6
Olo and Czuczu. Next to car.

Czuczu
It'll all be alright now.

Olo
A real man has to have a car. Well done on your driving license.

Czuczu
It worked out in the end. A real man.

Olo
A real car.

Czuczu
A beauty. Kind of purple-ish. The colour of kings.

Olo
And bishops.

Czuczu
My aunt will be happy.

Olo
I thought it was yellow.

Czuczu
The colour of kings?

Olo
The car might be yellow, but really it's red-ish. Rusty, a bit. But nice.

Czuczu
Hatchback sort of. For that price...

Olo
A sport model. And spacious. If you put down the back seat you could even sleep in it. At the back. Two people.

Czuczu
Might use it for sleeping on holidays.

Olo
Why not.

Czuczu
Ania will be pleased.

Olo
(short pause) I like it.

Czuczu
A beauty.

Olo

Why not. Depends how you look at it.

Czuczu
(short pause) Did you ever have a girlfriend?

Olo

??? Yeah, I did.

Czuczu
But, like, really...

Olo
What do you mean 'really'?

Czuczu
Like, the sort you love.

Olo
What is love?

Czuczu
I know, maybe it's like buying a car, so you can sleep with her.

Olo
Maybe it's, like, when she swallows you cum.

Czuczu
Or the first kiss.

Olo
Maybe it's like lying in a field in the sunshine.

Czuczu
Or on the beach.

Olo
Maybe it's like when you're not embarrassed, cos' you've got dirty boxers.

Czuczu
Or that you don't have money for a ticket.

Olo

Maybe it's like when you don't want pretend that you're more good-looking than you actually are.

Czuczu

More mature and that you have time for everything and money.

Olo

And when you stop acting like you don't care when you really do.

Czuczu

And when you think about her happiness, cos' that makes you feel happier too.

Olo

Maybe it's shouting that you don't wear a hat.

Czuczu

Maybe it's two coffees and a cake bought with your last four coins.

Olo

Maybe it's standing senselessly in the corridor, so that you catch a glimpse of her by accident.

Czuczu

Maybe it's going home on foot, so that you can save two fifty, cos' you might need it.

Olo

Maybe it's poems about first love.

Czuczu

Maybe it's words

Olo

And words have their autumn, like the human soul – Horacius said.

Czuczu

Ania likes Horacius. Maybe it's spring and the smell of the air.

Olo

Maybe it's a passenger train from Ustka to Leba.

Czuczu

Maybe it's the sea and a ban on looking even though there was no sign.

Olo

Maybe it's stupid jokes, so that you don't have to say what you really think.

Czuczu

Maybe it's feeling guilty when watching pornos.

Olo

You lent you your first porno?

Czuczu

Who lied that he was ill?

Olo

Or that you're in church?

Czuczu

I was...!

Olo

Who introduced you to your first girl?

Czuczu

Who told you how it was?

Olo

Who told you how it's supposed to be? Fruit wine? Let's christen the new wheels... (hands him the bottle)

Czuczu

(short pause) So how's it going with that girl?

Olo

She stopped swallowing. Kind of a barometer of love. And yours?

Czuczu

I read too much poetry. You get spots on your face from that.

Olo

(short pause) So? Are you going to go show Ania? (short pause) The car.

Czuczu

I dunno, I've drunk a bit...

Olo

What, don't go overboard – we drunk half a bottle of wine. Anyway, it's not wine – it's plonk.

Czuczu

You know how it is with me. Something bad always happens...

Olo

But you're going to hers. A means to an end. She's like a talisman – nothing's gonna happen to you.

Czuczu

What a load of fucking crap...!

Olo

What?

Czuczu

Nothing.

Olo

What happened?

Czuczu

Nothing big.

Olo

Something with Ania?

Czuczu

Worse – this thing with her mother...

Olo

What's up?

Czuczu

The new job, right? I've sort of got tangled up too much...

.

Olo

Did they fire you?

Czuczu

No, No! As if. I make good money. Relatively. I bought a car, right!?

Olo

So what – Ania's mum found out?

Czuczu

Not completely. Sort of, kind of.

Olo
How?

Czuczu
Well, I was at hers- at Ania's. And she wasn't there. Ania. She was but then she went out.

Olo
So who was there, the mum?

Czuczu
Yeah. But in another room. And I'm waiting cos' she's supposed to come back. Ania. But in an hour...

Olo
And...?

Czuczu
And I think... I've got an hour, so I'll get ready for work. You know, I'm really good, I get commission for the number of clients there are on the screen. For every text message! I'm good at it. I learnt a bit from you. I've really got the hang of it.

Olo
And then.

Czuczu
Ah, forget it.

Olo
Czuczu!

Czuczu
You know, you have to prep up for every sort of work. Right? And it's like literature...sort of poetry. But specific. And Ania got me turned on a bit; you know how it is...

Olo
And...?!

Czuczu
I'm sitting there, thinking over stuff – like new text messages... "I'm slowly slipping my hands under your blouse...You know, your imagination runs wild. I think, in the car..." "I'm hitching up your skirt" "taking off your panties..." Yeah, fuck, I got really turned on... You know, you've got to give

the client a kick! So I'm thinking, yeah...And I see her taking off her panties, Jesus!!! And something came over me...!

Olo
No...

Czuczu
Exactly – something always happens to me.

Olo
And. She got on you? The mother that is.

Czuczu
Yeah...damn, not kosher, is it?

Olo
And you're sitting there with your hands down your pants?

Czuczu
I took them off. Like, you know, in the car...

Olo
Fuck me...

Czuczu
"You're sick" she says to me. "I hope it's because of the booze". Why booze?! She thinks I'm always drunk.

Olo
And were you?

Czuczu
No...(short pause) Well, I don't think she had the best opinion of me. "I'll pretend I didn't see anything for the sake of my daughter"! Bad shit always fucking happens to me. If I have one more run in with her I swear, I'll fucking move to Siberia. I'll get on a train and I'll hunt bears in the snow, far away from people.

Olo
(short pause) Go to Ania.

Czuczu
I've had a bit to drink.

Olo

A higher force. Go.

Czuczu

(Short pause) Do you think she didn't tell her?

Olo

Good luck.

Czuczu leaves.

This time composing the text goes smoother. Actor reads out text as he writes it. Quick.

Czuczu

I hitch up your skirt, pull down your panties, they're on my ankles. You can tickle me. Do you like it? Careful or we'll skid. I pull up your clutch, step on the gas my horny beast, show me your horse power, I'd love to feel it, shall we go to a higher gear?//If you'd like to continue – text back/ network charge of 4.99 applies.

Janek's letter to Cza. He finds easier to read.

Janek

Dearest Cza!

I thought of how you walk the streets, touching the flowers in the market stalls. Someone looks back at you and you float into the brightness on your carpet woven from magnolias. The smell from your wrists scent the air. It gets warmer; a fine mist made up of drops of you breath permeates the air - you lie on it. Your smile frees all of the magnolias. All that is left is damp steam – the particles mix with the smell of musk from under your hair, and raspberry on your lips, the cold, empty room. When we meet, I'll tell you all about how beautiful it is here and that there are lots of bars with Chinese signs. I miss you.

Ps: I listen to Chopin, which you said I should do – it really reminds me of your gaze. Kiss you tummy.

Your Janek.

Scene 7

Aunt's house. Lunch. From outside the window - candles and chants of prayer. Aunt, Czuczu; enter Ania and Olo with flowers.

Aunt
Come in, come in, please children.

Czuczu
Aunt, here are the flowers Ania bought round. Oh! Olek brought some too.

Ania
Good morning.

Czuczu
What? You arrived together?

Ania
(short pause) We met below.

Aunt
Why are they so dark?

Olo
(short pause) It's just their type... They are lilies from Slask (short pause, looks at the "window") Dreams tread their paths in reality.

Aunt
He's ruined my window – I can't wash it off, everyone's talking about it... the priest will be offended.

Olo
But it's nice. People come, admire, bring flowers...

Aunt
Nothing happens on its own accord – nothing without God.

Olo
The candles are flickering; a nice atmosphere for lunch.

Aunt
The whole window sill is covered in wax – I only just cleaned it and now I'll have to do it again.

Czuczu

I'll clean it (short pause)

Ania

Maybe I can help? (Short pause, exit aunt)

Olo

Ooops...

Czuczu

Why did you come so late? My aunt has been pacing all excited and tense cos' of the window. She's made lunch cos' of the holy picture and you're late for the miracle.

Olo

Who knows; maybe it really is a sign. Nothing happens accidentally.

Czuczu

I'll give you fucking miracle. You're fucked in the head. Anyway, the sign didn't appear to you, it appeared to me. You got some sort of monopoly on Godly signs or are some kind of loyalty card holder?

Olo

I'm telling you it's no accident. You'll see. It'll even change her life. You should think too.

Czuczu

If one more person bangs on about the miracle of church I'll explode.

Ania

(pauses) It has kicked off at home...something happened.

Olo

Oooopssss...

Czuczu

(short pause) You know...not everything always looks as it seems.

Ania

Yeah, everything here looks like it is. I can't believe it.

Czuczu

I feel so stupid...

Ania

What have you got to do with it?

Czuczu
Well, it's my fault a bit really...

Ania
What do you mean?

Czuczu
Why what happened?

Ania
Dad is writing poetry.

Czuczu
What??!

Ania
Mum walks in the room and he's scribbling away at something. He hasn't held a pen since school and all of a sudden..."what are you up to...? "I'm just writing some poems".

Olo
You're joking.

Ania
He's got a poet reading this evening/

Czuczu
Well, maybe we should head down... I'd like to seem cultured in front of your mum somehow...She doesn't really think I'm... that I'm not really into, you know, culture...

Ania
You've earned that yourself. You're always drunk. She just told me that if she sees you drunk one more time, or anything, she'll tell me something.

Czuczu
Never! Full on culture! You'll see. I'll put on a suit jacket and show her my well - behaved side. I'll score some points...

Ania
You should do, try. Cos' she's got something on you.

Olo
Janek writes poetry?! How does he do it?

Ania

I don't know

Olo

What does your mum say about it?

Ania

Nothing surprises me anymore. Those letters are plain weird. At that age?

Czuczu

Everyone has a right to love.

Ania

And what will happen now (short pause) He wants to go there again. To his brother he says. He asked if I wanted to go with him. (enter Aunt with lunch)

Aunt

Well, come on, eat up children. Tuck in.

Ania

(short pause) Have you been doing the stations of the cross?

Aunt

I go every week, everyone knows that. (looks at Ania and Czuczu) Some all too well.

Ania

A mass for the Virgin Mary.

Aunt

Better not say anything more

Aunt

(to Czuczu) You don't go to church – nothings important to you. (to Olo) And you? Do you have a girlfriend?

Olo

No, well, no...

Aunt

Shame on you for bringing back those floozies every evening.

Olo

I'm still looking.

Aunt

You should pray. Talk to God. He'll give you advice. I brought you back some holy water.

Czuczu
Aunt, please.

Aunt
You'll see that it'll help you in life. A miracle will happen! (Aunt secretly pours the waters into his soup) Eat children, your health!

Olo
Delicious. I love gherkin soup.

Aunt
It's sorrel soup.

Ania
Really tasty. Thanks.

Aunt
And why are you going camping, kids?

Olo
To relax and try out the car.

Aunt
(to Czuczu) Are you going to sleep in one tent? You'll catch a cold and that'll be the end of it. (short pause, to Olo) And you, are you going too?

Olo
I'm going.

Aunt
That's good.

Czuczu
We're not going.

Olo
What do you mean we're not going?

Czuczu
We're not going.

Ania
Has something happened? Car not working?

Czuczu
It's working. We're not going.

Ania
So what's up?

Czuczu
We'll go dancing. You don't have to drive too far. It's closer.

Olo
What happened, Czuczu...?

Aunt
I thought you'd take me to Czestochowa. Is so beautiful there, so many young people...

Czuczu
They'll be no driving. We're going dancing.

Aunt
And why do you want to go there. Have you not got anything better to do? If you sat down with a book it'd do you some good.

Ania
Any maybe you'll come with us?

Aunt
Dancing?

Ania
Dad's got a poetry evening tonight, he's reading poems.

Aunt
What!! What poems?

Ania
Well, his...

Aunt
Janek?! Poems?! How does he do it?

Ania
Well, maybe you would like to come with us...

Aunt

On Friday I do the stations of the cross, everyone knows that. Some a little too well.

Ania
You'll get a bit of fresh air...

Aunt
Janek has already his. Well, you make your bed, you sleep in it...(to Czuczu) And same goes for you. Go on like you are and the same will happen to you.

Czuczu
I'm going.

Ania
But look smart. Mum's potty about being smart.

Czuczu
I'm going dancing too.

Aunt
(to Czuczu) You've nothing but rubbish in your head. Don't you have enough to spend your money on? You could think about studies, or going to church then maybe you'd get to go to university.

Czuczu
I can't go to church cos' my ass hurts afterwards!

Aunt
Don't you be make fun of the church...you brat. You are skint and stupid.

Czuczu
What?!!!

Aunt
There are those much cleverer than you. Giving me the lip... the little shit!

Czuczu
What did you say?!!

Aunt
If you don't like it get out!

Czuczu

I'm outta here! Understand!? I don't exist. I'm outta here! You've prayed yourself a miracle! Fuck this! Fucking bollocks to this!!! I'll never show my face here again!

Aunt

Shut up you little shit. Not in my house. The picture is here! I won't tolerate your foul mouth!

Czuczu

Your house. I'll manage. To hell with it. (exits)

Scene 8

Zośka, Ania and Czuczu enter the auditorium via the audience entrance and squeeze through the seats. Afterwards, Janek reads his poems on the stage. Czuczu doesn't feel too well but tries to make a good impression.

Zośka

Sorry, sorry...(to Ania) Sit here. Have you done a wee? You won't be able to after.

Czuczu

Maybe I'll go.

Ania

Everything alright?!

Czuczu

Yes, yes...

Ania

Sure?

Czuczu

I swear!

Zośka

(to Ania) Let me smell his breath.

Ania

Mother.

Zośka

Let me smell his breath.

Ania
Mother!

Zośka
(short pause)
Have switched off your telephone?

Ania
Yes.

Zośka
This is a theatre; you need to be on best behavior (about the stage) Who has made a fool of himself before him.

Czuczu
Some people...I dunno... Idiots.???

Zośka
The ass, he's making a tit of yourself... at his age. What will people say?
It's embarrassing in front of our neighbours.

Czuczu
Why? It's quite nice. Civilized. I wore a suit jacket.

Zośka
(to Ania) Look around and see whether there's anyone we know.

Ania
At the back there's that woman that works in the shop.

Zośka
The fat one?

Ania
Plump.

Zośka
Fat, fat...anyone else?

Ania
Mum...!

Zośka
What mum? We'll be ashamed of that puppet. Anybody else here?

Ania

Nobody.

Czuczu
Over there, there's a fat man over there.

Zośka
Behave yourself, we're in a theatre.

Czuczu
Sorry. (short pause) It's very civilized. I'm getting quite stuffy...! There's a civilized man in a suit jacket too.

Zośka
How can you... There was peace and quiet for so many years. He goes in front of an audience and makes a fool of himself. Does he have no shame? Aah...I knew he'd lose the plot one day, he was always quite strange.

Ania
(to Czuczu) Everything ok?

Czuczu
Yes, yes...that soup doesn't agree with me.

Ania
Sure?

Czuczu
I swear.

Ania
Breathe on me.

Czuczu
Ania!

Zośka
Hm, hm!

Czuczu
(short pause) Ania, I don't feel well, there's something sitting in my stomach. (goes to leave)

Ania
In your stomach?!

Czuczu
I must have eaten something off.

Ania
Yes. (maliciously) A prawn salad...! Sit here. It's bad manners. Mother will be offended.

Zośka
Stop making a racket.

Janek enters stage.

Czuczu
Has it started yet? Will it last long? (short pause, to Zosia) Beautiful – it's about love.

Zośka
Quiet!

Czuczu
(to Ania) I haven't put my phone on silent, I forgot. I have to go and turn it off.

Ania
Switch it off then. But so mum doesn't see.

Czuczu
I left it in the coatroom. In my jacket. (goes to leave)

Ania
Czuczu!

Janek starts to read his poem. Action goes on during his reading.

Janek
"Passenger train to China"

I'd like to sit next to you when you fall asleep.
To look at you when you wake and bring you tea in bed in the morning.
To open the window, to mix up the smells.
I'd like to learn how to cook lemongrass and Chinese parsley soup and eat it with chopsticks. I'd like to look at you laughing, when I drop everything and when you have to bring me a fork. I'd like to sit next to you and listen to you trying to translate to me what your friends or the funny lady on the TV are saying. To look at bizarre buildings with you, which for you are

completely normal. To meet weird friends, who you explain to who I am and what a funny country in Europe I come from and to understand only a few words but to smile stupidly knowing, that you are translating everything for me. I'd like to learn how to ride a bike again and to speak the language, which you understand so that we could speak with our lips too. I'd like to look at photos; slowly going through those on which you were a child and quickly those on which you were grown up. I'd like to meet your family, to buy flowers and vodka for your parents and to listen how it's the same all over the world and that 'mama' sounds similar in almost every language. I'd like to feel like I did at a quarter of my age and to say that that was the first time in my life. I'd like to smile stupidly on seeing you without your clothes on and to, embarrassed, to take off mine. And to quickly run under the duvet, if they have that sort of thing over there. I'd like to see you fall asleep and when all humanly scents evaporate from you. I'd like to drink and always be thirsty for you.

Zośka

(listens, after a while she gets choked up, sobs, turns proudly to people around her, with a little sorrow, hushes those sitting around, boasts etc)

Yes, Yes...He's never told me in such a way... Please be quiet! This is a theatre. He was always so quiet... Husband, this is my husband! In one house. Please behave yourself – what do you think lady, that this helps?!

Can't even behave yourself...Ania, pass me the hankie. Thank you. So many years, so many years... but still. I knew, I knew... he's so sensitive. You know madam, he did it on the sly, nobody knew... In the small room... on the newspaper...

Czuczu

(to Ania) I have to leave.

Ania

Why are you sighing like that?

Czuczu

It's nice. It touched me...(short pause) Excuse me for a minute. (starts to push his way through the seats)

Ania

(stops him) Have you had something to drink?

Czuczu

No, I swear! It's just that soup burping up.

Zośka

Hm... hm!

Ania
Quiet!

Czuczu
Ania, I really have to...

Ania
Sit still!

Czuczu
I can't

Ania
Come back!!!

Czuczu vomits. A moment of consternation. Zośka is devastated, grabs Ania and leads her out of the room.

Zośka
This is just too much! Jesus! Jesus! In a place like this? In a moment like this? We're going! I won't let it go! I have to tell you something and I won't let it go. I object. I won't forgive him this! We're going. (to audience) He's a stranger, from afar. I don't know that man. He doesn't go to church. Such an embarrassment.

Scene 9

Dancing – 11pm, music is heard, the actress with passion sings a song about unhappy love - next to her a couple dances – after every turn the man's hands creep down to the woman's buttocks and are then zealously placed back onto the woman's waist by the woman. To the side, on the right hand side Olo props up a wall. Opposite; Ania and Czuczu. Czuczu is rather tipsy.

Czuczu
What's up? Everything alright?

Ania
I don't want to talk about it.

Czuczu

It just all kind of happened, bad timing

Ania

I don't want to talk about it.

Czuczu

I'm sorry...(short pause) And apart from that?

Ania

Drink, drink...Maybe you'll come up with something better. Come up with something better? What's on your mind this time?

Czuczu

Ania...it's that soup.

Ania

In that room there, you dreamt about the soup too...

Czuczu

Well it's not so cool...

Ania

Did you have to right now? Don't I have enough problems?

Czuczu

I'm sorry...

Ania

It's complete mayhem at home. Mother lies on the sofa, everything's dirty. She doesn't wash either. But there's lunch every day. She doesn't eat, but she cooks – she's been making those lunches for twenty years – she'll kick the bucket but at two she'll bring out the meatloaf with potatoes. Did you see what he makes me send that Chinese woman?! What I have to translate? He sat in front of the television for twenty years, twenty years!

Czuczu

Everyone has a right to love.

Ania

But not him!

Czuczu

He never had anything.

Ania

And me?! And mother?! You might not like dumplings, which in that case,
you shouldn't have got married to them!

Czuczu
You always defended him.

Ania
Two larvae to make something out of potatoes – one boils them in the
kitchen...the other digests them in front of the telly.

Czuczu
Everything will be alright.

Ania
(short pause) I love you.

Czuczu

(short pause) Don't worry about it.

Ania
He wants to go over there again – to "his brother"....He asked me if I
wanted to go with him. Maybe my uncle could help me with my studies
over there. What do you think?

Czuczu
I don't know...for long?

Ania
And what if forever?

Czuczu
I have problems with work....

Ania
(short pause) I love you.

Czuczu
(Short pause) I know.

Ania
Do you love me?

Czuczu
Love is a process... You can't answer that question.

Ania takes a few steps back. All the characters apart from Czuczu begin to, in unison, say the text messages out loud (below) Czuczu stays put, he is very drunk. Suddenly he "wakes" and interrupts the choir.

Character 1

I gently slip my hand under your blouse, touch your breasts, your nipples harden. I slowly take off your panties... you smell great; I feel the warmth radiating from inside you. You have a lovely pussy, do you want me to lick it?// If you want to continue – text back now/network charges apply. 4.99 plus VAT

Character 2

I spread your thighs apart, you smell lovely. I feel the warmth radiate from inside you. You have an amazing ass! I gently lick your legs, your ass, I slowly move upwards, I slip my tongue inside, it's so wet! You look lovely. Do you want me to slip something else in?
// If you want to continue – text back now/network charges apply. 4.99 plus VAT

Character 3

I hitch up your skirt, slip off your panties, there on my ankles. You can caress me. Do you like it? Careful or we'll skid. I take out your lever, hit the gas my horny ogre, show me your 200 horse power. Shall we go a gear higher? // If you want to continue – text back now/network charges apply. 4.99 plus VAT

Character 4

It hurts, you're hung, I think I feel it in stomach. I want you to tear me apart. You're so handsome, me, hard! I want to be fucked by you. Do you like it? Do you like it hard?
// If you want to continue – text back now/network charges apply. 4.99 plus VAT

Czuczu

Quiet! If you want to continue – text back now/network charges apply.
4.99 plus VAT

The actors resume their places. Dancing, four in the morning. To the left Olo and Ania are together, opposite Czuczu is propping up the wall with some difficulty – he is very drunk.

Olo
It's a bit cold.

Ania
Chilly.

Olo
It's so nice now. The stars are shining.

Ania
(about Czuczu) What an ass!

Olo
It's atmospheric. (pause) In the days of communism, dad used to regularly send us packages from East Germany. Once we got a huge package with ten kgs of oranges for Christmas and mother sold two kilos to her sister in law...

Ania
Have you ever eaten a kebab?

Olo
What?

Ania
No, no, I'm just... And?

Olo
So I'm walking with these oranges and Czuczu's playing in the playground, so I give him one – it was real kudos to have a father abroad. Then the sister in law rang up my mother saying that it's not two kilos worth and I had to go to Czuczu with my mother and take back the orange. And she had a go at Czuczu's aunt for bringing him up badly - A lecture on how to raise kids.

Ania
Not bad...

Olo
Czuczu must have told you the story.

Ania
No, he didn't

Olo
We never talked about it either.

Czuczu
(suddenly pipes up) I'm gonna be sick.

Olo
Do you love him?

Ania
Stop pissing me off!

Olo
Maybe that soup made him ill, it's still heavy on his stomach...

Ania
What an idiot.

Olo
He's the most decent guy I've met in my life. Maybe things don't work out for him all the time, but you can always rely on him.

Ania
I like him

Olo
He's never let me down.

Ania
Yeah.

Olo

He's a really honest guy.

Ania

(short pause) My granddad was in East Germany too – he died and my parents went to collect his body. It was tough, the system collapsed and everything was astronomically expensive – and it was East Germany...So mum decided to bury granddad in Poland because "that was his wish" – like it mattered to him where the worms would devour him. They bought a roof rack for 200 marks – a bit like a coffin, packed in granddad and were homeward bound. Dad nearly had a heart attack when crossing the border. The whole car was full of granddad's things and the customs guards probably couldn't be bothered to root around. When they entered Poland dad stopped at the first bar and sank vodka shots mixed with calming tablets, mum ate lunch – two in the afternoon without lunch?! It can't be!!! They go back to the parking lot – someone has nicked the car.

Olo

Not bad.

Ania

Shortly after they got rid of his company and dad never found work again. And up till now mum reminds him how much stuff there was in the car.

Olo

I wonder what the thieves thought. A car full of stuff, German number plates with a body on the roof.

Ania

It was like that back then. (short pause) Are you coming with me? (short pause) Dad wants to leave here – he's got his Chinese lady and started to learn the language. He asked if I'd go with him.

Olo

(pause) Czuczu is unconscious.

Ania

He's always unconscious.

Olo

I've got to watch that nobody hits the car with Czuczu in the boot.

Ania

Why didn't he drive? He passed his driving test, right?

Olo

Yeah, course he passed.

Ania

What? He drunk and didn't want to drive?

Olo

(short pause) Yes. He was drunk and didn't want to drive?

Ania

So you'll go back too, cos' he won't sober up, right?

Olo

Yeah, I will. (short pause) Did you like it? Hanging your arm out the window, pit stops along the way...

Scene 10

Aunt's apartment. Aunt and Zośka.

Zośka

How are you Teresa ?

Aunt

She disappeared. She didn't want me anymore.

Zośka

But she chose you.

Aunt

It got a bit warmer, the sun warmed it up and everything smudged.
The grass is destroyed outside.

Zośka

I brought you some lunch.

Aunt
I'd give it to the cats.

Zośka
Chicken breast with potatoes. I sprinkled some dill on it.

Aunt
They disappeared. I chased them off. They kept on meowing at the holy picture. The people chased them off too. All I have left is a grey, bare stain.

Zośka
Some oranges for after lunch.

Aunt
Who knows, maybe they were killed with stones.

Zośka
They were on special offer. Janek loves them.

Aunt
(short pause) That Jew wants his house back. Let him have it. All thanks to my hard work I've looked after the apartment all my life and the plaster is crumbling from the ceiling. I painted it every year.

Zośka
Janek and I waited 14 years for an apartment.

Aunt
A Jew. A house in which the Holy Mary appeared?

Zośka
We got married because they didn't give you one otherwise. I had Ania there. Janek really wanted that. Is the service charge high?

Aunt
I don't pay it. I'm not giving some Jew my money.

Zośka

Ours is high. Janek's wages always went towards payment. It's been twenty years.

Aunt

Everything was communal under communism.

Zośka

We had to pay a deposit. Janek sold his whole farm.

Aunt

You were allocated one and that's it. Somebody told me that they didn't care about people. It belonged to nobody so they gave it out. To people. They were tricksters but they looked after people. And you didn't have to pay – a bit for the electricity and that was peanuts because the meter was always put back. You live 30 years like that and now he comes along and says that he owns it.

Zośka

Did they give you a replacement one? Your own?

Aunt

Over my dead body will I go. I'll register a young person living in it. A Jew. How is it his? The ones who were here died a long time ago...

Zośka

I had to buy mine out – Janek wanted us to own it.

Aunt

The stairwell stinks, there's rats everywhere. He wants it back but won't renovate. That he can't afford it. His! He's not even been here one minute and I've lived here my whole life.

Zośka

It belongs to him

.

Aunts

Belongs.

Zośka

(Pauses) It's so quiet- I'll turn on the TV.

Ciotka

Leave it.

Zośka

(short pause) Is Czuczu at home? I haven't seen him for ages. He doesn't come over to us – Janek really like him.

Ciotka

He left. He's got work somewhere? He never shows up here. What kind of work is it?! Nonsense. He dresses up and makes a fool of himself. Who saw such a thing? A grown man!

Zośka

It really is. People look... It's not right...

Ciotka

Eeeeh... he should go and find a normal job and not make an ass of himself. He writes letters to newspaper and then answers them himself. When I read it, I get the jitters. I prayed that they'd fire him or something – it's embarrassing in front of the neighbours.

Zośka

Who ever saw such a thing!

Ciotka

Who ever saw such a thing!

Zośka

Does he get good money?

Ciotka

Such nonsense.

Zośka

Is he saving up?

Ciotka

He earns more than half my pension in one day.

Zośka

And it's not exactly taxing work.

Ciotka

One hundred zloty per letter and answering one hundred and fifty.

Zośka

Well I never.

Ciotka

People work themselves to the bone and he makes an ass of himself.

Zośka

How can it be?!

Ciotka

He started to pay for the electricity.

Zośka

Janek really liked him.

Ciotka

He doesn't live but pays for the electricity.

Zośka

One respected themselves all their lives – didn't let anyone make fools of them, they cared about their good name. Who saw such a thing?!

Ciotka

How can it be?

Zośka

It's just not right.

Ciotka

(short pause) Do you have TV Zosia? Some kind of new one?

Zośka

Yes. Colour. Janek bought it.

Ciotka

Because you know, Zosia, technology these days is so advanced that they can see you as well.

Zośka

(short pause) That's modern day for you. I had to wait eleven years for a telephone. I begged for it. Janek was happy. What is a house without a phone?!

Ciotka

I don't make calls anymore.

Zośka

And what for?

Ciotka

To who?

Zośka

To who?

Ciotka

(short pause) How you see them is how they see you. But you have an older TV so yours probably can't. They felt the need for nonsense. People lived without it back in the day and there was peace and quiet.

Zośka

It was good. People were together more.

Ciotka

You know Zosia, I hardly ever watch TV – maybe if I'm alone – why should they know about what we're chatting about. They know everything – they might even take away my pension.

Zośka

Janek's is very small.

Ciotka

You be careful Zosia. I cover my TV set with a blanket when I'm getting changed. Can they still see if it's switched off? (short pause) You should respect yourself, it's just not right. (short pause) Does it work the same with the radio? You wouldn't know would you?

Zośka

No, not with the radio I don't think. It's just the voice... Janek listens to it quite a lot at our place.

Ciotka

I face mine to the wall, just in case. Why should they know. You should respect yourself, it's just not right. (pauses) You know, Zosia – I never had a fella in my life. I don't regret it.

Zośka

You should respect yourself.

Ciotka

I didn't mind it. I got used to it – it never interested me. Anyway, I think it runs in the family...

Zośka

Now it's too late for such things.

Ciotka

Who saw such a thing.

Zośka

It's just not right.

Ciotka

How could you. (short pause) And don't you regret it Zosia?

Zośka

(short pause) How could you? Who saw such a thing?

Ciotka

Just not right...

Zośka

How could you...

Ciotka

You make your bed, you sleep in it.

Zośka
Do your own dirty laundry...

Ciotka
Just not right...

Zośka
I'll go now.

Ciotka
Pass on my regards...

Zośka
(short pause) I will.

Scene 11
Ania and Czuczu. A rented room.

Czuczu
How are you?

Ania
Alright. It's quiet here...

Czuczu
I'll change it for a better one – they'll be a fireplace and big oak bed.

Ania
What for? I bet it's cheap.

Czuczu.
Really cheap. (pause) How was it?

Ania

Hmmmm...(pause) What are you doing now?

Czuczu
I'm a bear here on the promenade.

Ania
A bear?

Czuczu
It's quite a good gig – you can take pictures with me or hire me for a party. They pay well.

Czuczu puts on his polar bear outfit.

Ania
You're funny...do the bear.

Czuczu
Rrrrrrrrrraw!

Ania
Do you pull fierce faces on the promenade as well?

Czuczu
There too.

Ania
But you can't see anyone from under that head?

Czuczu
No.

Ania
You're funny.

Czuczu
(short pause) My aunt is very depressed.

Ania
Same with mum – Dad is planning to leave.

Czuczu
And you?

Ania
I don't know.

Czuczu
Everyone has a right to love.

Ania
Maybe.

Czuczu
(short pause) Move here. We can live just the two of us – I'll find a better gaff and job. I'll cook us lunches.

Ania
I can't. I've got my studies.

Czuczu
You can study here – I'll start too. I'll stand on the promenade during the day and go to school in the evenings. At night, I'll be your cuddle bear so I won't even have to dress up.

Ania
I can't.

Czuczu
You can keep me in your room as your cuddle bear – I won't make a mess or chew up the carpet, eat the leftovers and I'll take myself for walks. You can sleep next to me and hold me under my arm, even though it's unshaven. I'll bring home the honey and ducks I've caught in the supermarket. And running around me they'll be little bear cubs.

Ania
It's not that easy.

Czuczu
Why?

Ania
Because it isn't.

Czuczu
(short pause) I'll go into the forest and wild animals will tear me to shreds. Do you want that? Bloodied fur and paws. There won't be a white bear on the promenade anymore.

Ania
I have to fly, I'll be late for the train.

Czuczu
Don't fly, better go on foot – I'll follow your prints in the snow.

Ania
It's summer – it doesn't snow in summer.

Czuczu
(short pause) If you want, I'll make it snow for you.

Ania
It's summer... (Czuczu flicks a switch causing fake snow to fall on the stage) How did you do that? (short pause) You're a real polar bear.

Czuczu
And you're a fairytale princess. Stay with me.

Ania
I can't.

Czuczu
Did you know that long – distance relationship never work?

Ania
I know. See you.

Czuczu
Nobody will love you like I do.

Ania
I know.

Czuczu

See you. I love you.

Ania leaves, clears the snow.

Czuczu
It's summer – it never snows in summer.

Scene 12

Eleven pm, music is heard. An actress, very enthusiastically, sings a song about unhappy love, a couple dance next to her – after every spin the man's hands wander onto the woman's buttock cheeks which are then placed back on the woman's waist by the woman. Olo and Czuczu stand in front of the dancing. Czuczu is dressed as a police man.

Czuczu
I've a court hearing. Drink – driving...

Olo
You didn't drink a lot...

Czuczu
I get points off my license or a premium at the end of the year. You know... it always bloody rains on me even when the sun is shining.

Olo
Things will turn around...You'll see.

Czuczu
I hope so...

Olo
(pause) Wanna smoke?

Czuczu
Give me one.

Olo
You don't smoke.

Czuczu
You don't either.

Whilst standing and smoking, they look at each other. A very long pause.

Olo
It's out. I've got to run.

Czuczu
Ditto.

Olo
Odd job

Czuczu
A sort of 'Crime Story' event -
- I jump into this dive, here (shows the audience) and shout something along the lines of: "Down on the fucking floor, you're surrounded" etc. Applause and all that bollocks and the manager tells me that it's a mistake and the real mobsters are at the dance club on the other side (points towards the dance club)

Olo
There in that expensive one? (points towards the club)

Czuczu
Dunno - I think it's that one...which other one would it be? (looks in all directions)

Olo
Wouldn't it be better the other way round? (also looks in all directions)
I dunno...(short pause) Easy work...

Czuczu
Yeah, better than the polar bear one and you don't have to wear a mask...You get tips sometimes too...

Olo
It's a bit dangerous though?

Czuczu
Why...?

Olo
I dunno – well, what if there are some real mobsters in there? I once saw this one guy step on the gas and run this other guy's knees over.

Czuczu
Which one? The fat one over there?

Olo
Why the fat one?

Czuczu
They're always fucked in the head. Short, fat, bald – dead cert for a fight. Last time I hit the club dressed like this, they were fucking flying out the window.

Olo
What do you mean the window?

Czuczu
The window. It's clear they were real mobsters. Only the fat one didn't manage to get out the window...When he found out it was just a game I thought he'd kill me.

Olo
Cool...

Czuczu
Always like that, you know, shit just seems to stick to me...

Olo
Don't exaggerate. But I did hear that it's quite some dive. In any case that one over there doesn't look cool either.

Czuczu
Which one? The one next to the fat one?

Olo

Yeah...don't look his way.

Czuczu
I think he's pissed off. He might shoot me...

Olo
Don't be stupid. He's gay or something. Guys like that aren't tough...they just look it.

Czuczu
Fuck knows. This job...(pause) Have you seen Ania recently per chance?

Olo
(pause) I gotta go now. Not really. You?

Czuczu
Yeah, yeah... It's just that she's always going somewhere. Has her dad left yet?

Olo
No, not yet.

Czuczu
How are you doing?

Olo
Alright

Czuczu
Things are going OK...

Olo
I sometimes think about moving out... going abroad...

Czuczu
Maybe it'd be a good thing...

Olo
Who knows?

Czuczu
Who knows? Pass over another cigarette.

Whilst standing and smoking, they look at each other. Very long
pause. Cigarette goes out.

Czuczu
See you soon.

Olo
See you.

Czuczu
Bye (short pause)
See you soon.

Czuczu
Olo exits. Czuczu jumps towards the audience carrying the gun. "Down
on the fucking floor, get down, you're surrounded, you don't have a
chance, fucking surrender, now, you're gonners..."

Sounds of bullets are heard, Czuczu falls down dead. The Actress stops
singing the love song, the couple stops dancing; they go up to the
body on the floor.

Blackout, applause.

End