

*for črtomir and vitomil*

*simona semenič*  
*you are the miracle*

translated by barbara skubic  
(draft translation)

*an empty stage  
the sound of an ambulance coming from somewhere outside  
iuiuiu  
and it dies down  
a moment passes, two moments pass  
two cute paramedics bring a gurney into the room, on the gurney, a young woman,  
all bloody  
from the other side, a doctor and a nurse rush to the gurney,  
then another nurse quickly arrives, a woman this time  
the paramedics and the medical crew exchange the info about the victim's condition  
we understand very little, except that the victim's condition is very very bad  
the gurney travels across the stage  
the bustle  
the atmosphere of distress, this young woman on the gurney will die any second now*

young woman  
this young woman on the gurney is me  
right now, i'm dying, and the doctors and the paramedics are fighting for my life, they're  
doing their best, the machines are working, but all this will not help, by the end of this play,  
i'll die  
unless a miracle happens  
and while we're hoping for a miracle, this drama will unravel  
but look at this scene, look at it carefully  
the gurney, the paramedics pushing it forward, racing in the hope to save this life of mine  
that is leaving this body of mine just lying there, a doctor comes running, a nurse joins her, a  
man, then another one, a woman, then they're running by the bed, talking about my  
pressure that is dropping, dropping, dropping relentlessly, my pulse that is barely  
perceptible, they roll me through the hallway to the operating theatre where i will die  
unless a miracle happens

first paramedic  
only a miracle

second paramedic  
here, only a miracle could ...

doctor  
shut up!

young woman

although the evening didn't start out this way, the evening started out promising  
after this endless fog, finally a date

nurse

we're now saving the life of this young woman  
or trying to save it, i'm on the left, i was the last one to get to the gurney  
the pulse is almost imperceptible, the girl is on the threshold of passing, now we're taking  
her into the operating theatre, *the atmosphere of distress, this young woman will die any  
second now* but it's looking bad, it's looking really bad, a terrible car accident  
and i'm asking myself how could i find myself there, this is a mistake, i was supposed to be at  
a spa, merrily sliding up and down the most beautiful cock in the world, my god, this girl will  
die in my arms, this young woman, my god, will die in my arms

young woman

and that was a miracle  
a date!

*the atmosphere of distress  
this young woman will die any second now*

nurse

i'm looking at a face i'd never seen in my life  
i won't find out until tomorrow how very connected we really are  
but by tomorrow the young woman will be dead

young woman

a date!  
i am twenty-seven years old and have never had a boyfriend  
a real boyfriend, i mean, there wasn't time, there was never any time for these things  
now you are watching me dying here, and that's quite terrible, even to me, yes, and i'm  
clinging to this life, i'm clinging, i'm fighting, i don't want to die, not now, but even last night  
it was different  
last night i felt it would be best if i died  
i was sitting in an armchair in my bedsit, wrapped in a blanket, chain-smoking, and i'm not  
even a smoker, somebody left an almost full pack of cigarettes at my place a while back,  
drinking rum, which was the only alcohol i had in the house, rum for pastries that i never  
bake  
i inherited the rum along with the bedsit from my father's aunt, well, yes, that was  
yesterday, yesterday i was drowning in rum and today i'm drowning in blood

drowning in rum, drowning in blood, how poetic, i didn't graduate with honours for nothing,  
if i don't die tonight i can become a poet in my spare time, all the possibilities are open if this  
miracle happens

*the atmosphere of distress*

nurse

tomorrow, when all this is behind me, i'll find out that this young woman and i are really  
very connected, and the doctor here as well, the one who're right now trying so hard that  
the girl could survive  
but now there's no time, no time

*the nurse runs after the gurney, hoping for a miracle*

*inhale exhale*

*weird hanging transportation devices travel across the stage, on these devices, plucked  
chickens are impaled ... and they have no heads, no feet, no internal organs, they're ready to  
go straight into a pot*

*or a pan*

*and below these transportation devices, underneath a promise of a chicken soup, fried  
drumsticks, roast chicken, there's a counter and behind the counter, one, two, three, four  
workers*

*four women wearing white overalls, their hair is covered with protective white hats, hands in  
white plastic gloves*

*workers are removing chicken corpses from the transportation device and tossing them into  
white plastic boxes, once they fill the box they move it onto a tubular belt conveyor*

*the boxes are filled up, the procession of hanging chickens doesn't stop, though, doesn't stop*

*the chicken corpses are hung onto the device by their drumsticks in a steady rhythm*

*they first take one drumstick from the loop, then the other drumstick from the loop, and  
fiuuuu, into the box*

second worker

well, what then, has something happened or not

third worker

i mean, happened, i mean ...

first worker

it has or it hasn't, there's no third

what then? has it or hasn't it?

third worker  
nah

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu, into the box*

fourth worker  
hasn't  
fuck that, do you know how many dicks there are in the world

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu, into the box*

first worker  
and i laugh  
i laugh at this unbelievably funny remark by my co-worker  
i laugh because the other two are also laughing  
do you know how many dicks there are in the world  
i laugh while

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

while

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

we laugh and the third one says she knows  
she knows how many dicks there are in the world  
and we laugh even more  
and then

fourth worker  
i knew there would be nothing

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker  
well, how could you just know?

first worker

how could she just know, she always knows, she's always the smartest one, that's how she knew, and now she doesn't answer, she just laughs

third worker  
but you knew wrong

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

first worker  
oh, no, i laugh again  
i'm not sure if i laugh now because i find it funny or do i laugh because i know that a long and detailed description of bed adventures is about to come, in which i will also take part, i'll ask a thing or two, because it's polite and not because i'm really interested, chickens, chickens, chickens, and i've nowhere to go, i have to take part, i have to laugh when it's time to laugh, i have to swear when it's time to swear  
while  
while i'm thinking about you  
i only think about you, i can't talk about you with my co-workers  
i can't tell them about our bedroom adventures, that would make them not ours anymore,  
i can't say

third worker  
eyeballing, i'd say about 1,90m

second worker  
wow

first worker  
and i can't say ...

third worker  
he's divine

first worker  
and there's no way for me to say ...

third worker  
i'd like to marry him

fourth worker

oh, cut the crap

second worker

he wiggles his frankfurter a bit and you want to get married

fourth worker

married

*fourth worker laughs as if she told the funniest joke since  
one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiuuuu into the box  
since*

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiuuuu into the box*

the second worker

do you know how many like him there will be

fourth worker

just cut the crap

first worker

cut the crap

*inhale exhale*

*a stage hand brings a blackboard that says boutique stella in ornate pink letters, he puts it on  
stage, fixes it a little, leaves and returns with a big mirror*

*the second stage hand brings a plastic torso on a stand, dressed in an evening dress, green,  
short*

*the third and the fourth stage hands also bring a torso on a stand each, an orange gown,  
long, and a colourful, flowery one, also long*

*stage hands are bringing more and more of these mannequins dressed into all sorts of gowns  
in all sorts of light colours and arrange them onstage next to the boutique stella sign, among  
the colourful dresses, abracadabra, zvezdana appears, and next to her, a lady in her sixties,  
yes, just like this, abracadabra, poof, as if they beamed themselves up, they appear suddenly,  
poof, zvezdana and a lady in her sixties*

*only a miracle*

*the beautiful lady in her sixties picks up a light red evening gown, feels the fabric, watches it,  
smiling*

zvezdana  
right?

lady in her sixties  
yes, right, right indeed

*the lady in her sixties presses the dress against her body and watches herself in the mirror perhaps, a stage hand is holding the mirror in his hands and moves it back and forth and perhaps at some point he nods, smiling, to the lady in the sixties and perhaps the lady in her sixties smiles shyly*  
*zvezdana watches her*

zvezdana  
yet you still can't decide?

lady in her sixties  
oh, mrs. zvezdana, i don't know, really, don't you think i'm a bit ...

zvezdana  
no, you're not, we've cleared this up the first time you tried it on, and that was a while back, wasn't it?

lady in her sixties  
yes, yes

*lady in her sixties continues to look at herself in the mirror and perhaps she is still flirting with the stage hand*

zvezdana  
and time doesn't flow backwards

lady in her sixties  
do you think that i've since perhaps become too old, or will be very soon?

*do you know why women have longer arms than men?*  
*so they can reach the back end of the stove*

zvezdana  
no, certainly not, i only think that perhaps it's time you treat yourself to it

lady in her sixties  
so i don't die before, you mean?

*the lady in her sixties laughs, zvezdana, perhaps slightly forced, laughs with her, perhaps in a way that indicates that the humour of the lady in her sixties is not her kind of humour*

young woman  
perhaps i won't die  
last night i wished so strongly that something would happen, that i would die, that i'd no longer be here, ever again, that rum and those cigarettes and that sadness, where are you, why aren't you here and i wished so ardently, so unbelievably ardently, to die, oh, god, please make it so that i die, make it so that i die, i don't want to live anymore, i don't want this anymore, it hurts too much, i don't want to live  
this is what i was beseeching god as recently as last night  
and then he decided, swiftly and without much hesitation, to grant my wish

*the doctor caresses the young woman's hand*

doctor  
everything will be fine, you're safe now

*the nurse is toiling, resuscitating the young woman and he murmurs something, we don't know exactly what he says, something like god willing ... or ... godspeed ... in any case we distinctly hear the word god and in any case the word god comes to the doctor and she gives a filthy look to the male nurse who pretends it's all nothing and continues to do his job*

*distress in the air*

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*young woman is sitting on the sofa, smoking and drinking rum for baking straight from the bottle and crying*

young woman  
oh, god, please make it so that i die, make it so that i die, i don't want to live anymore, i don't want to, pretty please, dear god, if you exist, please make so that i die, i don't want to live another day like this, please, create a miracle if you exist

*there's a knock on the door*

*a knock only because knocking on the door sounds better than the thrilling wheeze of the intercom and in theatre we prefer things that sound better  
hence a knock on the door  
knock knock knock  
the young woman doesn't hear at first, then knocking becomes louder  
knock knock knock, louder  
the young woman doesn't know what to do at first, she's clearly not expecting anyone*

young woman  
mrs. jolanda, isn't it a bit late?

*male voice from behind the door*

janez  
it's me

*young woman is suddenly in panic*

young woman  
janez?

janez  
yes, me

*young woman gets up quickly, smoothes her dress, wipes away her tears, checks herself in the mirror by the door, panic, panic*

young woman  
what are you doing here?

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

fourth worker  
come on, stop teasing, spill it

third worker  
well, nothing, there was ... it was ...

fourth worker  
well?

third worker  
a miracle

first worker  
a miracle, she says  
a miracle, and we laugh as if she told the stupidest thing about the universe  
a miracle

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*zvezdana and the beautiful lady in her sixties among the forest of mannequin dolls in women's dresses, light green, orange, red, light blue, dark blue, flowery, yellow, silver, pink, dark green, purple, gold, of course there's also gold  
so many ruffs  
so many flounces  
so many sequins  
so much lace  
so many details  
the lady in her sixties still holds a light red dress in front of her and still observes herself in the mirror  
the stage hand has become bored of it, he doesn't even look at her anymore, he's looking around to see if there's anyone nearby who could replace him, so he could go take a leak, for a smoke or a shot or something, because there's nobody around he whistles and from somewhere at the back the head of another stage hand pops up, the head of another stage hand nods, as if to say, what do you want, the stage hand points at the mirror and the other stage hand approaches, unwilling, takes the mirror so that the first stage hand can go and take a leak, for a smoke or a shot or something, meanwhile, the lady in her sixties still observes herself in the mirror as if none of this has happened, of course, the lady in her sixties is portrayed by a theatre professionals and when it comes to theatre professionals, stage hands simply don't exist*

zvezdana  
this colour looks really good on you  
you're beautiful, just beautiful!

lady in her sixties  
you know, the first time i saw it and tried it on, i didn't really need it  
i just liked it  
but then ...

it so happened that i really do need it, tonight  
but don't you think ...

zvezdana  
what's the occasion?

lady in her sixties  
a dinner

zvezdana  
a celebration, with more people, or one of a more intimate nature?

*the lady in her sixties is now truly embarrassed*

lady in her sixties  
i feel so embarrassed now  
i'm standing here with this beautiful dress in my hands, it is beautiful, it really is, i've been coming to see it for months now, i honestly didn't need it, but i found it so beautiful, they haven't sold it thus far, so perhaps it really is waiting for me, as my neighbour said, my neighbour is a doctor, an educated and polite woman, she should know, perhaps the dress is really waiting for me, if they haven't sold it for this long, and it's so beautiful, but i really felt it was stupid to buy an evening gown when i never go anywhere, what am i to do with an evening gown in my wardrobe, but now i need it, really, today i need it, because i'm going out to dinner but what am i to say to mrs. zvezdana now, i can't tell her i'm going on a date, i mean, what will she think, that i'm an old hag, an old hag and a date, no, no, she'll start laughing at me and this dress, i'll come across as a cheap harlot, but it's not a cheap dress, i'll come across as a desperate old hag, i don't want to come across as a desperate old hag, i don't want to look like one, i don't want everyone to know that i am one, in any case, a person must have some dignity, and this dress, i mean, i don't know, well, dignity, what am i to tell her if she asks me who i'm going on a date with, what am i supposed to respond, shall i say that i'm going on a date with a man who is more than twenty years my junior, oh, my god, where are you, where are you now, what am i to do, and then i finally blurt out, yes, more intimate nature

zvezdana  
aha  
i don't mean to pry, just want to be able to help you with the decision  
intimate as in a date or ...

lady in her sixties

oh, my god, what am i supposed to say, what am i supposed to say now, intimate as in a dinner with a girlfriend intimate? no, i can't just say i'm going on a date, the old hag and a date, she'll keel over laughing, what if she asks me with who, what if she then meets me out somewhere in the evening and sees i'm with a man half my age, am i supposed to say i'm going with my son, oh, i don't know what to respond, a date, a date, i'll say, a date a date, yes

zvezdana

aha

well, for a date perhaps it's even not seductive enough, for a date, perhaps you'd try on this one

zvezdana points at a dark green dress with a wrap skirt, decorated with golden lace

lady in her sixties

oh my god, no, no, it's not that kind of a date, just a date, just a date, i say, what else can i say, in this, i'd look like a slut, god help me, no, it's not that kind of a date, i mean, it is that kind of a date, but this is exactly why i can't look like a street walker past her sell-by date, no, what will people think, what will he think when he sees me, he'll just run, he'll change his mind instantly, no  
no, no, it's not that kind of a date, it's more of, say, a relaxed date

zvezdana

aha, well. madam, in that case this vivid red is perfect!

lady in her sixties

you really think so?

you don't think it's too ...

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker

yes, a miracle

and if i have to marry, i'd like to marry him

second worker

well, you don't have to marry

fourth worker

why would you even marry

all you get is more work  
men are nothing but work, no joy

third worker  
meh ... if he's the right one ...

the second worker  
if he's the right one, well, but you can't know if he's the right one until you're married

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

fourth worker  
and once you're married, none of them are right

first worker  
and i laugh  
and we laugh

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

fourth worker  
and besides, wedding costs

second worker  
you said that right, when mine and i got married we took out a loan so large we didn't see  
the seaside for three years

fourth worker  
and everybody gets divorced these days anyway  
and if they don't, it's high time they did, right?

*right, she says and pokes the first worker*  
*the first worker says nothing*

first worker  
i say nothing  
i no longer laugh, either

third worker  
yes, but hers is ...

fourth worker  
hers, mine, yours, they're all the same

second worker  
well, it's not so bad, they're not all the same

first worker  
they're not all the same

third worker  
but he ... he's not ... he is ... he's not ... he is ...  
yesterday, we were not even planning to see each other and then ...

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

first worker  
and then he simply knocked on my door  
he knew that my husband wasn't home, he came and he knocked  
i think to myself, i don't say it, god forbid, i couldn't say it out loud

third worker  
and then he simply knocked on my door

*and then  
and then  
and then a miracle  
everything disappears  
the drumsticks disappear  
the boxes  
the workers  
the ruffs, the flounces, the sequins  
the dying girl disappears, too*

*there's nothing on the stage and then  
a fat italian woman enters  
a very fat italian, very fat but very seductive*

*she moves towards the proscenium very slowly, very slowly, as if the hall weren't filled with  
spectators who are in a hurry to know if the young woman would die, who was the one who*

*knocked on her door the night before, why the third worker would like to get married and  
what is with the date that is in the cards for the lady in her sixties  
the fat italian lady is moving towards the proscenium, slowly, as if she had all the time in the  
world  
and when she finally reaches the proscenium  
and an entire ocean of time has passed by, a countless numbers of drumsticks have flown  
into boxes, plastic packaging, supermarket shelves, shopping baskets, refrigerators, pots,  
stomachs  
and beyond  
countless drumsticks made countless routes while the fat italian lady moved to the  
proscenium, only to smile at the audience and very softly say a single line*

*a very fat italian  
meglio slavo che nero*

*to softly deliver a single line, which most of the audience won't understand anyway, and even  
if perhaps they understand what meglio slavo che nero means in italian, this sentence is so  
out of every context that there's really nothing one can do with it, particularly as we are  
currently more interested in what went down with this janez the night before, the one who  
knocked on the young woman's door, why the young woman wanted to die and if dear god in  
heaven would grant her wish  
the very fat italian lady, in the mean time, turns around and she and her magnificent booty  
slowly, as if they had all the time in the world, shake towards the backstage*

*and then from the top one more time  
emergency department  
two paramedics, cute  
a gurney on wheels  
and on it, a no-longer-young woman  
this no-longer-young woman is me  
in a black sunday attire, which i inherited from my aunt vesna, under the black sunday coat,  
which i inherited from my friend vesna, and a pair of black sunday shoes with heels that i  
bought before the peko shoe factory went under, but they don't show the years  
and i'm cold  
and you wait here, madam  
in the corridor of the emergency department, on a bed, i'm waiting  
in my sunday attire on a friday night  
the heart stopped pounding  
i'm no longer suffocating  
by now i'm only cold*

*and scared  
getting colder  
and more scared  
and more  
and i wait, the heart has stopped pounding, i'm better, the heart is fine, the heart is fine, i'm  
fine  
i'm cold  
and more and more scared  
this very much no-longer-young woman on a gurney that two handsome paramedics brought  
to the emergency department in an ambulance and who is now merely cold and who is now  
merely scared, this woman, who is me, gets off the gurney*

no-longer-young woman  
yesterday was a special day, a good day, warm, light, after a long while i got up in the  
morning, inhaled and felt good, full of energy, content  
and the sun  
it wasn't a day like any other when i can barely drag myself from errand to errand, one  
phoney smile to another, one witty quip to another while hoping all along the day would  
pass as soon as possible  
it wasn't one of those usual days  
the sun was shining for me, everything was smooth, my body didn't constantly signal that it  
couldn't, everything went easily, giddily, even,

*yes, giddily, even*

and the more the day passed the clearer my mind was  
people around me didn't have to speak, i knew what they were going to say, all clear, all  
clean, all logical, all with ease

*giddily, even*

every thought, every move, every smile, every shake of a hand had a point and was a part of  
something bigger, a part of order and chaos that became the same thing, chaos in order and  
order in chaos, there was no difference, clear, clean, logical, sensible,  
all the open threads tied their ends and if they didn't, the fact that they were open was just  
as appropriate as the fact that they were tied, order and chaos hand in hand embraced me  
and i embraced them, peaceful  
that was yesterday

i fell asleep easily, i got up easily, and this morning another day started when everything was as it should be, in which after a long time a feeling appeared in me that life can be lived with joy

*giddily, even*

first paramedic  
madam, they'll take you over from here, please, don't get off the gurney

no-longer-young woman  
yes, i'm sorry

*the no-longer-young woman lies back on the gurney  
the emergency department is full of more or less sick people, talking, moaning, crying, fear,  
unease, a scream here and there*

*bustle*

*the no-longer-young woman hears a whistle, a whistle that doesn't come from the outside, a  
whistle that comes from the inside and nobody hears but her, a whistle from the inside,  
indefinable, nonsensical, unpleasant whistle, almost piercing, albeit from the inside, and then  
a cloud covers all these people and all this bustle, a cloud that also comes from the inside, is  
also indefinable, nonsensical, unpleasant, it's a cloud from the inside that first sucks up all  
the outside and then sucks up the inside  
the no-longer-young woman falls off the gurney*

*this no-longer-young woman, that is me  
i fall slowly, and while i'm falling i remember this morning, sunny, bright, a morning that  
yearns for a day, that yearns for a life, a life that you can live with joy, even with joy  
the endless field of lavender*

*the sea*

*i remember my friend's face opposite me, glowing in the afternoon autumn sun  
smiling, warm, open*

female friend  
this is genius!  
a canvas on which everybody paints their wishes, genius!  
i can't wait!

*i can't wait, resonates through me while i'm falling  
i can't wait, resonated in the afternoon of the autumn sun, resonated while i was leaving  
my body stayed there, but i was leaving*

*somewhere towards  
towards  
towards  
the sun  
the sea  
and then  
beyond  
the endless field of lavender  
and my body next to my friend's in the afternoon autumn sun  
her hair is shining  
eyes  
cheeks*

female friend  
i can't wait!

*i saw her in front of me  
i heard her  
i was smiling  
and yet i'd already gone  
beyond  
i was already beginning to leave in that wonderful yesterday, it took me away gradually,  
without me noticing  
beyond  
and now i'm falling  
and while i'm falling i think that i don't want to die*

nurse  
she's dying!

doctor  
she will die, but not now, please, pull yourself together

*knock on the door*

young woman  
mrs. jolanda, isn't it a bit late?

*male voice from behind the door*

janez  
it's me

*young woman is suddenly in panic*

young woman  
janez?

janez  
yes, me

*young woman gets up quickly, smooths her dress, wipes her tears, checks herself in the mirror by the door, panic, panic*

young woman  
what are you doing here?

janez  
i came ...  
can you open?

young woman  
yes, yes, of course i'll open

*young woman once again checks herself in the mirror, smooths what can be smoothed and opens the door*

janez  
hi

young woman  
what brings you  
i mean hi  
aren't you ...

janez  
i won't stay, i have to go, you know  
but i had to see you

young woman

he had to see me

*he had to see me*

third worker

he had to see me

he was in a hurry, he came to say hello, because he had to see me

first worker

he had to see me, quickly, i had to see him, quickly, quickly, even though it turned out to be not so quickly, it is never never quickly, he always takes time, my body next to him is suddenly once more young and firm and limber and the skin is smooth and everything is as if i were seventeen, you're so beautiful, you're so beautiful, i can't bear to be without you

janez

you're so beautiful, you're so beautiful, i can't bear to be without you

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker

but he was really in a hurry, he only stopped by to bring me a bouquet of flowers

second worker

oh, that is beautiful!

quite romantic

fourth worker

the prettiest flower is the husband's power

first worker

and i laugh and i laugh

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker

he is ...

he is ...

*beyond*

*beyond*

first worker

he is everything that my husband isn't, never was and never will be  
he is everything i've ever wanted

third worker

he's perfect

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*the no-longer-young woman, who is me, is still falling from the gurney and while she's falling*

young woman

janez, but you ...

*i'm falling while looking at my friend and the sun glistening in her red hair in front of me*

friend

i can't wait!

*while the young woman says to janez, but you've travelled, haven't you*

young woman

but you've travelled, haven't you

janez

i had to see you, i came back two days early

young woman

i don't understand, you said ...

*i'm falling , while the lady in her sixties in her new red dress is standing in front of the mirror in her room, which we understand, because the shingle with the name stella is nowhere to be seen, there aren't any mannequins in colourful dresses, no zvezdana, who could also be called cvetana, but then the name would probably be boutique fiore, or perhaps even more cosmopolitan boutique fleur the mirror is still there, although perhaps not the same one as before, and it's still a stage hand who's holding it, in addition to the first stagehand there's now also the second one holding a clock and both are pretending they're not there, which is*

*not difficult at all, because as far as the professional cast in the role of the lady in her sixties is concerned, they aren't*

*the lady in her sixties is observing herself in the mirror while i'm falling from the gurney on wheels, i'm still falling, still falling, falling and thinking what's the difference between me who started out doing my job with pleasure, but as the years pass i simply do it and hope it passes as quickly as possible, what's the difference between me and a prostitute, as they also like fucking in principle*

*i'm falling while the lady in her sixties is waiting impatiently for that knock on the door there's a knock*

*the first worker opens the door  
janez enters*

first worker  
why did you come, are you crazy?

janez  
he's not home

first worker  
i know, but ...

janez  
i had to see you

*says janez while i'm still falling, while the young woman is still guzzling rum, which might actually be left over from the times of yugoslavia, it has a label with a red boat with white sails, i had to see you, says janez and kisses the first worker*

janez  
how are you?

first worker  
i don't know ...  
the child will wake up and tell him

janez  
i'll leave immediately, i only came to see if you're alright

first worker  
i am, he's away until the end of the week, of course i am

janez  
has he taken it out on you again?

first worker  
it wasn't too bad

*janez embraces her*

janez  
endure a bit longer, okay?

*the first worker smiles*

first worker  
okay

*janez and first worker are kissing*

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker  
he's perfect

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker  
he is everything i've ever wanted a man to be

*he is everything i've ever wanted a man to be*

first worker  
loving and calm

young woman  
fun and wild

lady in her sixties  
educated and able to hold a conversation

female nurse  
he talks little  
and has the most beautiful cock in the world  
i'm thinking while i know perfectly well that by morning life will seep out of this girl  
the doctor keeps trying, persists, but to me, it's quite clear and would like to escape, i can't  
be present when another young life seeps away, i stand there as if i were there, but i'm not,  
in the meantime i escaped to a spa, with the most beautiful cock in the world, this is where i  
was supposed to be, but it all failed, i had to come home two days sooner, but even two  
days were enough that i can once more feel alive while a young life here is seeping away

*while the no-longer-young woman is falling from the gurney  
the paramedic who brought me is trying to catch me, i see that he's trying to catch me, i  
sense it more than i see, because i see a friend whose red hair shines in the afternoon sun*

female friend  
i can't wait!

*but i sense that the paramedic is here, that he's trying to catch me, that he's trying, although  
i'm asking myself, while falling, why would a stranger be trying to catch me, in the middle of  
the night, for 800 euros after tax, he'd be better off getting some fresh air, lighting up a  
cigarette, having a coffee, i imagine that he can't do shots, although for 800 euros, i really  
don't know why he wouldn't, i'm thinking while i'm falling, i don't know why he's even trying,  
for 800 euros he might as well let go of me, a close encounter with the hard floor won't be  
my first or my last, for 800 euros he doesn't really have to risk his back giving out, goes  
through my mind while i'm still falling, while i sense that the paramedic is trying to catch me*

*and then i don't sense anything anymore*

*then i'm already beyond*

*beyond, where paramedics no longer save lives for 800 euros after tax per month,*

*beyond, where the lady in her sixties doesn't question if she's perhaps too old for a red dress*

*lady in her sixties  
so he's twenty years younger, it's not a big deal these days, i mean, my former colleague,  
now retired, is ten years older than me and when he was widowed he found himself a  
woman twenty years his junior, she's barely in her fifties, for him, it was no big deal, there*

*was no scandal, even rumours were lukewarm at best, so he's twenty years younger, i think,  
so what, he's a mature man, very mature, it's rare to find a man so mature, men are usually  
... what i want to say is that this twenty-year difference between us is not really noticeable,  
he's mature, well-read, wise, and i'm also ... young in spirit  
and that shows on the outside,  
he is ...*

*i don't know where he was all these years,  
sometimes i feel that  
i didn't know what love was  
despite a marriage and one long-term relationship*

*the lady in her sixties is telling herself in the mirror while for a knock on the door  
there is a knock on the door  
the lady in her sixties opens the door  
and janez enters with a bunch of flowers*

*lady in her sixties  
oh, they're so beautiful*

*janez  
my god, you're beautiful*

*the lady in her sixties is embarrassed, she still thinks janez might be just saying this, while  
actually thinking that the lady in her sixties with her red dress simply proved that she's just a  
bitch on heat, suitable for a write off, but in the meantime i'm beyond there and while in the  
meantime my body is still falling, janez manages to convince the lady in her sixties that he  
really finds her beautiful in her red dress and otherwise and the juices in the body of the lady  
in her sixties are once more fresh and fluid and the body remembers what it's like to be firm  
and rested and lively and the thought remembers what it's like to be curious and mischievous  
and playful and the lady in her sixties remembers what it's like to be excited and joyous and  
dreamy and the lady in her sixties remembers what it's like to fly  
and the lady in her sixties, in her red dress for which she's not too old, is flying beyond, over  
there where i am now,  
we meet beyond there  
red boat with white sails*

*doctor*

we're losing her, we're losing her

young woman  
i'm looking at all these people around my body  
i'm watching life seep out of me,  
i'm watching the drops of sweat on the doctor's brow  
while i'm dying, obviously, i'm really dying, obviously god granted me my foolish plea

female doctor  
what the hell happened?

young woman  
and today of all days when i wanted to live  
when i was supposed to go on a date with janez  
he showed up yesterday, like in a dream, like from a dream, like from a fairy-tale

young woman  
mrs. jolanda, isn't it a bit late?

*from behind the door a male voice*

janez  
it's me

*young woman is suddenly in panic*

young woman  
janez?

janez  
yes, me

*young woman gets up quickly, smoothes her dress, wipes her tears, checks herself in the mirror by the door, panic, panic*

young woman  
what are you doing here?

janez  
i came ...

can you open?

young woman  
yes, yes, of course i'll open

*young woman checks herself in the mirror once more, smooths what can be smoothed and opens the door*

janez  
hi

young woman  
what brought you ...  
i mean, hi  
haven't you ...

janez  
i won't stay, i have to go, you know, but i had to see you

young woman  
but you travelled, didn't you

janez  
i had to see you, i came back two days sooner

young woman  
i don't understand, you said ...

*and now janez kisses the young woman, silences her with a kiss, like in a beautiful film  
janez and the young woman are kissing, young woman moves away*

young woman  
i'm sorry, i wasn't expect... i was drinking and smoking

*janez doesn't say anything, just kisses her and then kisses her more and more, just like in a  
beautiful film, when instead of a line, he kisses her and they kiss on and on  
yes, that's exactly how janez and young woman are kissing  
and the young woman forgets that mere moments before she wished so badly to die  
and she doesn't know that she set a process in the universe in motion*

*she doesn't know that st. peter received a completed form, stamped it and up there, things develop with fewer complications*

not-longer-young woman  
no!

*no! i yell, no! it echoes through the hallways of the emergency departments, no! i don't yell "no" because i'm about to experience the umpteenth close encounter with the hard floor, fuck hard floor, i yell no!, because the one up there started fulfilling the young woman's wish, this is why i yell no!*

not-longer-young woman  
no!

*no! echoes beyond, no! echoes up there, but the wish has been recorded, stamped, it's being solved, it's being fulfilled, no!, the girl is too young, no!*

*the young woman and janez are kissing, here and now, as if there was nothing else in the world, as if st. peter hasn't stamped the form, the young woman is kissing as if she were kissing for the last time*

female doctor  
no!

young woman  
you came

janez  
yes, i'm sorry, last time i was completely beside myself

*i was completely beside myself, says janez and kisses the young woman*

second worker  
well, then, he came – and?

third worker  
he walked in through the door with a bouquet bigger than him

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

fourth worker  
a bouquet bigger than him, and he's 1,90 m

first worker  
and she laughs  
and i laugh  
and we laugh  
with a bouquet bigger than him, even though he's 1,90m, give or take, it really is funny

third worker  
yes, i'm telling you

*a bouquet appears at the door in someone's arms, a huge, colourful, beautiful bouquet,  
bigger than the one who has entered with the flowers*

third worker  
eyeballing, i'd say about 1,90m

the one who has entered with the flowers  
honey  
honey!  
honey!

*and the first worker rushes in, with an apron and hands covered in flour, dough, something in  
the kitchen*

first worker  
oh, what a beautiful bouquet, how beautiful it is!

the one who has entered with the flowers  
happy anniversary, my love

*isn't it romantic*

first worker  
oh, you remembered, thank you, wait, let me wipe my hands

the one who has entered with the flowers  
but you could give me a little kiss

*first worker leans past the flowers and gives the one who has entered, a little kiss  
and the one who has entered, embraces her with one hand, first worker pulls back a bit*

first worker

wait, let me just wash my hands, i was just kneading dough

the one who has entered with the flowers

ah, i deserve to get one little kiss

*he who has entered with the flowers grabs first worker more firmly  
first worker tries to dissuade him with a smile*

first worker

oh my god, so impatient

*and then it comes flying*

*like that, out of the blue*

*he who has entered with flowers hits first worker*

*first worker moves back, but she's too slow, too scared, and knows all too well that it would  
do no good*

*the second she saw the flowers she knew exactly what was in store for her, although she  
somewhat naïvely hoped that perhaps today it would be different*

*flowers can only mean one thing*

*a wedding anniversary international women's day mothers' day valentine's day st. george's  
day first day of summer independence day engagement anniversary the day of the republic  
first day of spring the day of youth assumption day of culture announcement birthday  
day*

*and sometimes night*

*and also*

*and also he's attentive, he never forgets important things*

*he is*

*he is*

third worker

he is perfect!

female doctor

no!

*the one who entered with flowers grabs first worker by the hair and pulls her to him  
no! first worker would yell, but she doesn't do it  
she knows all too well it wouldn't help at all  
the one who entered with the flowers tells first worker all sorts of things that have no place  
in literature, let alone theatre, all sorts of disgusting humiliating shaming revolting insulting  
mocking mean abhorrent things  
and while he's telling her all these things that have no place here, he bends her arm behind  
her back, it seems like first worker is not even resisting, as if her body were a rag, which the  
one who entered swings as he pleases  
he bends her arms behind her back, presses her against the floor with his knee and while he's  
holding her with one hand, he's opening his fly with the other  
and saying  
all the things from before*

lady in her sixties  
no!

*no! first worker wants to yell, but she doesn't do it  
she knows all too well it wouldn't help at all*

nurse  
no!

*no! first worker wants to yell, but she doesn't do it  
she knows all too well it wouldn't help at all*

not-so-young woman  
no!

*no! first worker wants to yell, but she doesn't do it  
she knows all too well it wouldn't help at all*

*a judge in a funny robe  
a prosecutor in a funny robe  
an attorney in a funny robe*

the judge in a funny robe  
please, respond  
have you said no or not?

*the one who has entered with the flowers is brutally raping first worker, but because a brutal rape also has no place in theatre, it is quite tasteless, to say the least, we have, just for this purpose, this enormous bouquet enormous, colourful, wonderful tasteful*

*this massive, tasteful bouquet that can conceal this tasteless act a stage hand, for example, can be invisible and hold it enormous, colourful, wonderful tasteful*

*this tasteful big bouquet that can conceal this tasteless act*

*what follows is a scene of a brutal rape that we don't see*

first worker

that woman over there, the one that her husband is currently working on, that's me

*the no-longer-young woman is still falling from the gurney  
the paramedic who brought her is still trying to catch her, despite his lower back and despite his net salary  
the no-longer-young woman who is me has still not experienced her repeated meeting with the hard floor*

first worker

that body over there, into which my husband is stuffing his pathetic dick, that's me

*a judge in a funny robe  
a prosecutor in a funny robe  
an attorney in a funny robe*

the judge in a funny robe  
please, respond  
have you said no or not?

first worker

i didn't say anything because i no longer have a voice  
i wait for it to pass  
he brought me a pre-emptive bouquet of flowers anyway  
tomorrow, he'll buy me a new scarf or a tee or perhaps even a dress, if he really comes royally

*a second stage hand brings a plastic torso on the stage, on which a splendid pale yellow  
summer dress from boutique stella is hanging  
unless it's fiore  
and then  
then  
just like in cleansed by that young woman, who passed on twenty years ago*

*beyond  
beyond*

*beyond, where that young woman who passed on twenty years ago walks across the endless  
fields of lavender  
beyond where i walk across the endless fields of lavender*

*while my body is still falling  
i'm still falling from that gurney and the paramedic is still trying to catch me  
and while i'm falling, i know he won't make it, any minute now his lower back will give out*

*first paramedic  
motherfucker*

*he screams as he grabs his lower back with his right hand*

*and while i'm falling and while i'm already beyond*

*beyond, in an endless field of lavender*

*i'm asking myself what is a net salary of a member of parliament in a parliamentary  
democracy*

*first paramedic  
motherfucker*

*and then  
then  
then a daffodil falls from the ceiling  
and another one  
and another one  
and*

first worker  
i don't say anything, i just endure a little longer

janez  
just endure a little longer

first worker  
and while my sore body says nothing and does nothing  
while that humiliated body is waiting for it to pass, has to wait for it to pass, must not say or  
do anything, because that would make it so much worse, if it resists, if it says something it  
makes it worse, it makes it more painful, it makes it longer  
while i have to wait for it to pass, bitch bitch bitch, and have nowhere to go, i have to wait  
for it to pass when it's time to wait, i have to keep quiet when it's time to keep quiet  
in the meantime i'm thinking of you

janez  
endure a little longer, okay?

*first worker smiles*

first worker  
okay

*janez and the first worker are kissing  
daffodils are falling from the ceiling  
just like in cleansed by that young woman, who passed on twenty years ago*

*beyond  
beyond*

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*a daffodil  
and another one  
and another one  
and*

*while the one who has entered with flowers, is brutally raping his wife,  
which we can't see because a stage hand is holding an enormous, colourful wonderful  
bouquet in front of us, his wife is kissing janez beyond there*

*i'm beyond there as well, while i'm in the emergency department falling towards the hard floor*

*and then*

doctor

no!

no, i told him, because i could no longer bear him drool all over me, no, no

doctor's husband

what's got into you again?

doctor

nothing's got into me again

doctor's husband

then what?

doctor

i told you yesterday

doctor's husband

aha

doctor

yeah

doctor's husband

do you lack anything?

doctor

no

doctor's husband

you have everything you want

*what should she answer to that?*

doctor

yeah

doctor's husband  
i'm a good husband to you

*what should she say?*

doctor  
yeah

doctor's husband  
i love you

*he does actually love her*

doctor  
yeah

doctor's husband  
i earn well, i do a lot around the house, you don't have to take care of me ...

*what should she say to him? what should she tell him?*

doctor  
yeah

doctor's husband  
i take care of the child, we go out together, we socialise, we have sex regularly

*should she tell him that he has sex regularly, while she, for the most part, regularly waits for it to be over?*

doctor  
yeah

doctor's husband  
i'm responsible, i'm reliable, i'm tidy

*should she tell him she'd prefer him to be a little less tidy, that he, for example, didn't discretely wipe off her sweat on his palms into a sheet during sex?*

*should she now tell him that she wants someone who will take pleasure in licking her pussy?  
should she remind him that in the beginning he did lick her once a month, but hasn't  
wandered down there in years ...*

doctor

i want someone, who'll lick my pussy with pleasure, who'll lick sweat off me with pleasure,  
who will stick his tongue into my anus and will let me stick my tongue into his anus,  
someone, who will fuck me like i'm the lowliest whore in the universe and will tell me this,  
someone who will fuck me like the most sublime queen of the universe and will tell me this,  
someone who will fuck me up the arse and then stick his cock into my mouth, someone who  
will be loud during sex, someone who will enjoy my body, someone who will allow me to  
enjoy my body, whose sweat i can lick from every inch of his body, someone who'll want to  
devour the whole of me, from my toes to the end of my hair, someone i will devour whole  
and will want more and more and more and who will want more of me  
to fuck, lick, bite, knead, more,

more

and that someone, fuck it, is not you

is not you

has never been you

and will never be you

should she tell him this?

no

i don't say this

*a judge in a funny robe*

*a prosecutor in a funny robe*

*an attorney in a funny robe*

the judge in a funny robe

please, respond

have you said no or not?

doctor

i say ... yeah

i say yes, while he decides he's responsible, reliable, tidy

he really is tidy

doctor's husband

do you have someone else?

doctor  
here we go, i think,  
i don't say anything, not yet  
i remember that young woman who was dying in my arms yesterday

*that young woman for whom we still don't know if she dies by the end of the play or is there  
a miracle  
the doctor remembers that young woman  
remembers that life seeping away  
and then*

doctor  
yeah

*because she doesn't want her life to seep out from her living body*

female doctor  
yeah, i have someone else

*doctor's husband doesn't answer  
doctor's husband is thinking how he should react to this now  
he thinks that with dignity  
then he thinks that perhaps it would be smarter if he showed some sort of emotion, perhaps  
sadness, then he thinks sadness is not the most appropriate feeling for a cuckolded man, and  
he's pondering if anger would be more spot on  
he's dithering between options one, two and three, he thinks that it might be the most  
sensible to be understanding, but he's not really sure  
while doctor's husband is pondering how to react to his wife's demand for a divorce  
of course, janez is the one who fucks her as god ordained, of course it's janez, who else could  
... could manage this ...*

lady in her sixties  
miracle  
a real miracle, jolanda, i'm telling you

jolanda  
you didn't actually ...

lady in her sixties

i did, actually

*lady in her sixties giggles*

*jolanda giggles*

*they're sitting at a coffee table, drinking coffee from porcelain cups artfully decorated with tiny red, blue and white flowers, and they're giggling*

*a daffodil*

*and another one*

jolanda

go on, then, turn the cup

lady in her sixties turns the porcelain cups artfully decorated with tiny red, blue and white flowers upside down and place it on a porcelain saucer

jolanda

shall we light up?

*a red boat with white sails*

*sea*

lady in her sixties

oh, jolanda, i don't know, should we?

jolanda

yes, let's, come on, such an occasion demands a smoke, it is right

*jolanda and the lady in her sixties giggle*

*jolanda steps on a chair and reaches with her hand to the top of the wardrobe, way, way at the back, she pants, the chair sways, perhaps she'll fall, no she doesn't fall, she pulls out a dusty pack of cigarettes that has no scary picture, and a box of matches*

*do you know why women have longer arms than men?*

*jolanda and the lady in her sixties, giggling, light up their cigarettes, a long inhale, a long exhale, aaaa*

*and muffled giggles*

*jolanda and the lady in her sixties are once more high school girls, in the woodshed, smoking cigarettes they'd stolen from jolanda's grandpa, and their entire life is still in front of them*

*and the world at their feet  
and  
aaaaaa*

jolanda  
you've fallen in love for real? for real?

lady in her sixties  
mhm

jolanda  
well, we have to drink to that

lady in her sixties  
yes, but i don't know if he has also ...

jolanda  
of course he has, if he pampers you beyond belief, do you think he only wants to fuck an old broad like yourself? come on!

*the lady in her sixties bursts out laughing, she chokes on smoke and coughs  
they laugh*

lady in her sixties  
you'll read the cup and we'll know

*and while doctor's husband is pondering how to respond his wife's demand for a divorce,  
doctor is with janez, of course, janez is the one who fucks her as god ordained, of course it's  
janez, who else could manage this ...*

third worker  
a real miracle, girls, i'm telling you

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

fourth worker  
do tell, finally

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker

no, and that's what it was, really, he brought me flowers, quite unexpectedly, he came two days early from a business trip and stopped by at my place before he went home

second worker

to his wife

third worker

yeah, well ...

it doesn't go quite as quickly

janez

endure a bit longer

doctor

i can't take this anymore, i'll come, please let me come

janez

just a little bit longer, come on, endure just a bit longer

*while doctor's husband is still pondering how to react to my demand for a divorce, the doctor is with janez, of course janez is the one who fucks her as god ordained, of course it's janez, who else could manage this, damn, proper miracle, the doctor is dizzy with pleasure, just a little bit more and she'll come, she's beyond there with janez, walking across the endless fields of lavender, she's about to come, that orgasm from beyond will echo here, too, will echo here, where doctor's husband is still pondering how to react to her demand for a divorce, just a little bit longer and she'll come, while i still haven't come to the close encounter with hard floor, just a little longer, just a little longer*

third worker

but isn't this a good sign, that he first came to me just to see me?

fourth worker

did he then bless you with that golden dick of his or no?

first worker

i laugh

only because i'm embarrassed that i'm thinking about you, i'm thinking about you all the time

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

third worker  
no, when he had to go

janez  
i won't stay, i have to go, you know, but i had to see you

young woman  
but you travelled, didn't you

janez  
i had to see you, i came back two days sooner

young woman  
i don't understand, you said ...

*and now janez kisses the young woman, silences her with a kiss, like in a beautiful film  
janez and the young woman are kissing, young woman moves away*

third worker  
but he is ...  
he is trully ...

lady in her sixties  
refined and elegant

female doctor  
passionate and unpredictable

first worker  
attentive and careful

female nurse  
direct and doesn't complicate  
finally someone who's not soft, someone i don't have to deal with, he comes when you want  
him to and leaves when you've had enough  
okay, sometimes two days sooner

*a red boat with white sails  
inhale exhale a puff of smoke*

*young woman pulls away*

young woman  
i'm sorry, i wasn't ... i was drinking and smoking  
you came

janez  
yes, i'm sorry, last time i was quite beside myself

the metaphorical expressions of the range *being oneself*, *being beside oneself* etc. with their form prove a person's perception of personality as divided into several parts. how could we otherwise answer the question who is who or who is beside whom? without that, we also cannot talk about the connection between who and a reflexive self (in various combinations). it is a copy of a relationship between different individuals onto a relationship within a single entity which is, despite being perceived as a union of two, a subject, which is a seat of subjectivity, consciousness (deliberation, emotion, will), and self, which includes physical characteristics and social roles (functioning in the outside world). in the frame of understanding of a conceptual metaphor, this is a metaphor of a divided person.

in his 1996 book, george lakoff introduces the "divided person metaphor" and the conceptual analysis on internal life of a personality and defines some characteristics that are constant in the system:

1. normal functioning is controlled and without inner incompatibilities.
2. a subject and a single self are spatially positioned so that the subject has a power over self.
3. the spatial position of the subject is in the same part of the space as self.
4. the subject is either inside self or directly above self or in possession of self.

the most obvious iterative constant is thus the spatial relation between the subject and the self.

let's have a look how these relations are expressed in phraseological slovenian, framed as a metaphor of a divided person, which, in lakoff's analysis, is the first and main metaphor for the inner life.

1. an appropriate spatial relation between the subject and the self should guarantee normal/good physical, emotional and psychological situation
  - a) spatial closeness: every one of us is the closest to herself; we say: be quite oneself, pull oneself together;
  - b) subject is within self: go deep into oneself, delve/dive into oneself, take it upon oneself;"embodiment" of self: be in one's (what kind: best worst) skin, feel [how: good, bad] in one's skin

2. the inappropriate spatial relation between the subject and the self creates an “unnatural”/bad physical, emotional and psychological situation:

a) spatial division of the subject and the self: to be (totally, completely, quite) beside oneself, we say: fall out, be out; the “embodiment” of self: wanted to jump out of my skin!

b) inappropriate distribution – self within the subject: we say: full of himself.

(adapted from erika kržišnik (2016): everyone is closest to oneself – indeed? *otherness in slovene language, literature and culture*. ljubljana: filozofska fakulteta.)

janez

yes, i’m sorry, the other day i was beside myself  
i didn’t mean it

*i didn’t mean it, says janez and kisses her*

young woman

i thought i really chased you away

janez

no, i’m sorry, it was all too much, but i’d like ...  
i’d like to keep seeing you as much as it is possible under given circumstances, you understand?

young woman

yes  
forgive me that i was nagging

janez

no, i overreacted, you forgive me  
do you forgive me?

*young woman is looking at him with teary eyes, of course, of course she will forgive him, she’ll always forgive him everything, she thinks to herself and looks at him with teary eyes, full of forgiveness, forgiveness is essentially roaring in her eyes, janez kisses her, and, in short, everything is like in a beautiful romantic film or series*

janez

i came to ask you if you would go on a date with me tomorrow

young woman

a date?

you mean, on a real date?

janez

yeah, a real date

i mean, yeah, as far as the situation ...

well, a date, where we are together

young woman

oh, janez, of course i'd go on a date with you

*young woman kisses janez*

*young woman and janez are kissing*

*they're kissing in her flat which she inherited from her father's aunt, together with the rum and perhaps more things, and they're kissing on an endless fields of lavender, dancing on endless fields of lavender, the young woman and janez are dancing*

*the sea*

doctor

no!

young woman

no! yells the doctor who's working hard on my body

no! she yells when she sees that there's only a little bit longer until i'm gone

no! she yells when she sees she won't be able to save me

*the atmosphere of distress*

young woman

i'm being carried away, i want to let it carry me away, i want to let it carry me beyond, to the endless fields of lavender, there, where i'm dancing with you, i want to let it carry me to the place where i could dance

*endless fields of lavender*

*the young woman is dancing*

*dancing*

*dancing*

doctor

endure a little longer, endure a little longer

janez  
endure a little longer

doctor  
i can't, i can't, i can't anymore

*and ahhhhhh*  
*and sun*  
*and sea*  
*and*

*the fat italian lady once more shakes her booty onstage*  
*and once more everything disappears*  
*abracadabra*

*and if it doesn't disappear, in theatre it's very difficult to make everything disappear, we can pretend that it disappeared, the lighting technician focuses the spotlight onto the fat italian lady, the fat italian lady is slowly shaking her booty across stage to the proscenium, slowly, slowly, slowly*

*while the young woman is dying, now it's absolutely clear that she'll die any second*

*while the first worker is being raped by the one who entered with flowers*

*while the no-longer-young woman is still falling off the bed, while my body is still falling, but i'm already beyond*

friend  
i can't wait!

*i'm already dancing on the endless fields of lavender*

*the fat italian lady with her impressive booty still hasn't made it to the proscenium, only to say one more time that one sentence, which doesn't make any sense at all no matter how hard we're trying, we can't, by any kind of logic of this side, link it to anything else in this play*

*with giddiness, even*

*while doctor's husband is still pondering what would be the most sensible response to the information that his wife is cheating on him, he still can't decide which option would be the most reasonable sensible logical smart wise cogent rational sound intelligent smart consistent correct clear in this situation also critical and transparent above all composed*

*the fat italian with her fat booty that can leave no conscious sexual being cold, is slowly shaking towards the proscenium*

*perhaps even doctor's husband for a second, but only a very brief second, loses his composure, perhaps even doctor's husband, upon glancing at the voluptuous italian, loses composure, an endlessly brief moment, of course, he finds himself beyond with his hand on the italian's ass and perhaps even deeper an endlessly brief moment, because he still hasn't solved more important things*

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

fourth worker  
nothing? absolutely nothing?

*the third worker laughs mischievously*

first worker  
laughs mischievously and we're all perfectly clear that it only really begins now

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*the third worker laughs mischievously and if this were a film, the next shot would be in the hallways of the third worker's flat, janez would give her flowers, take off her pants and panties and start devouring her crotch, he'd lick her right there, in the hallway, standing up, the third worker wouldn't have a chance to speak, not even a proper breath, she'd start breathing shallow quite quickly, faster and faster, janez would be playing with her labia, her clit, more and more and just enough for the third worker to have a heavenly orgasm, heaven's gate and beyond, and then he'd let her caress his hard, not hard, steely, or hard enough to crack walnuts, dick, she'd caress it, still dizzy from the orgasm, then janez would kiss her and he'd be gone, the only thing left in the hallway would be a sweet promise of a dick made of steel that could crack walnuts if this were a film*

*but this isn't a film, this is a theatre play in a presumably dusty theatre environment and there is no room on stage for sweet promises of a dick, nor for brutal rapes so that the third worker just laughs mischievously and says*

third worker  
not telling

first worker  
she says, not telling, and we laugh, a sweet promise of a bed adventure description is in the air, all four of us are waiting impatiently for it, me too, while i'm thinking about you, about you inside me, incessantly

fourth worker  
go on then, let's hear it

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*and only now it begins*

third worker  
i'll just say that he is ...

fourth worker  
perfect?

second worker  
the marrying kind?

third worker  
sexy and tender

young woman  
romantic and reliable

female doctor  
indomitable and insatiable

lady in her sixties  
sophisticated and educated

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box  
and only now it begins*

*the third worker is retelling the film scene from yesterday, she's consummately describing  
every detail, she's not embarrassed, none of them are embarrassed*

*all this time, the fat italian is slowly shaking towards the proscenium, with a seductive smile  
on her face, she'll be there any second now*

*the no-longer-young woman who is me is really close to the floor, so close that i can feel the  
cold of the tiles on my cheek, it's like a gust of wind, and perhaps it is a gust of wind across  
the endless field of lavender*

friend  
i can't wait!

*and*

female doctor  
no!  
*and*

the one who entered with the flowers  
aaaaa

first worker  
he came, he came royally, a dress tomorrow

*the second stage hand brings, from the opposite direction, a plastic torso onstage, on which  
a gorgeous pale yellow summer dress from boutique stella is hanging*

*the first worker steps to the second stage hand, takes the dress off the dummy and puts it on  
then she steps to the stage hand who's concealing the brutal rape with flowers and takes his  
bouquet*

*she's standing there, beautiful, with a beautiful bouquet in hand  
the one who entered with the flowers gets up, zips up his fly, smoothes down his shirt, steps  
to her and tells her she's beautiful*

the one who entered with the flowers  
you're beautiful

first worker

you're beautiful, he tells me and i smile, because i have to endure just a little bit longer just a little bit longer

*distress in the air*

nurse

no! yells the doctor, she's still fighting for the girl's life, all of us are, i'm here, giving all i can, all of us, don't you die on me, do you hear me, don't you die on me, i repeat to myself, i don't want you to die, i don't want you to die, endure a little longer, endure, i talk to her in my mind, i'm here, i'm by her side, she's going to die, i don't want her to die and i can't take it anymore, i can't

i've nowhere to run and this is what i really want to do, go away, leave everything behind, escape, i'm looking at the doctor who's working in vain, she doesn't know yet that she's trying in vain, she doesn't want to know yet, i'm working with her, because of her, but this young life here is already beyond, i'm afraid

i don't know it yet, but tomorrow, when i check the girl's phone i'll see that the last call she made was to the most beautiful cock in the world, tomorrow, tomorrow i'll find out that if nothing else, the young woman and i at least share long nights here

*also here is the picture of the lady in her sixties, sitting at an intimately lit table wearing the gorgeous gown from boutique stella, janez sitting opposite her, they're holding hands, two glasses of red wine, a candle, soft words we cannot hear*

*here is also a picture of jolanda, staring intensely into the coffee grounds in the porcelain cup artfully decorated with tiny red, blue and white flowers, and giggles what she sees we will never know*

*here is also a picture a picture of zvezdana arranging the window of her shop, doctor's husband who is still pondering how to react to the fact that his wife is cheating on him*

*one drumstick, the other drumstick, fiiuuu into the box*

*endless fields of lavender*

*the sea*

*the sun*

*a red boat with white sails*

*inhale exhale a puff of smoke*

*the fat italian has reached the proscenium, she's looking into the audience and says nothing  
whatever she had to say, she has already said*

and at the very end there's a picture of the young woman, who has just passed on

*no-longer-young woman who is me finally hits the ground*

*finally the end.*