

simona semenič: 43 happy ends

*dedicated to my two boys, to vitomil and črtomir
and also
to ian curtis' memory as love does tear us apart*

*time: september 29, 2014
place: dixon place, new york
dramatis persona: simona semenič*

*i'm standing in front of the dixon place door
inhale
exhale
i'm entering the door
breathing heavily, have been running for 50 minutes, which at my pace makes it approximately six
miles
breathing heavily, sweating heavily
bar is open, lobby is empty, you are waiting for me downstairs in the theatre
all the sweat makes things rather kinky
does it not?
down the stairs
you're inside
waiting
i enter
dramatis personae simona semenič enters
i would like to think that i enter graciously which i am most definitely not
i'm fucking exhausted, i haven't slept much, rehearsed all day and ran for an hour
my face is all red, my hair is sweaty and i badly need a shower
but this is all a part of the show, it's been pre-calculated, this is how i should look
this is how she, dramatis personae simona semenič should look as she enters the theatre
there are not many of you and sadly enough considering that i am not a local, i know most of you
pretty well
inhale
exhale*

good evening

i say

good evening

i say and i smile

*i try to smile as flirtatious as i am able to, being so tired and also being quite nervous at this point
i step onto the stage*

hi
my name is simona semenič
first i'd like to thank everybody for coming
i hope it's not been too long of a waiting even if i'm pretty sure barbara and ivan took a good care of
you
so, before i make a start i need to prepare my laptop
i must apologize for not knowing my text by heart, i am not really a performer, i am a playwright and
staring at the monitor is something that makes me feel comfortable and safe
and also, i have only parts of the play written, the idea is that i write as i go, but i'm overtaking now,
i'll come back to this later
and before i really start going towards all those happy ends i must also excuse myself for my not so
good english
if you have troubles understanding me at any point feel free to stop me and ask me to repeat the
sentence
as i already said, most of all i am a playwright and words are of a great importance to me, so if you
don't understand my language there's no point of doing this
i think
unless you really want to get all those happy ends for free
did i just say for free?
nothing is for free, right?
but i'll get back to that when the time is, dramaturgically speaking, better for serious issues
before i begin, i must measure my blood pressure and i must measure my blood sugar and my body
temperature
it's just something i need to do immediately after running
can you please just help me do this?

*i ask one of you to assist me
how do i do it?
i have no idea
i guess i'll just have to improvise
when we're thru all the absolutely necessary measuring i put them down on a piece of a cardboard
or maybe i just ask one of you to do it*

ok, thanks
this looks okay after 50 minutes of running, doesn't it?
the pressure and all
i should explain why running
why did i have to run for 50 minutes before the show, why did i have to come to the stage all sweaty
and exhausted , why is running so important

why running, you wonder

well, it's quite simple actually - i'm running towards my happy end
you see - i have this ... mhm ... condition, i would say, let's, yes, let's say condition
but before i begin i must do some more things
i must first drink some electrolytes

*i start preparing the necessary-after-running-drink
one lemon, one tea spoon of salt, one tea spoon of chia and two cups of water
i squeeze the lemon into the water, put salt and chia in it, mix it and then i drink
while preparing this absolutely-necessary-after-running-drink i include you, my dear spectator, into
this theatre action
i try hard to do it as smoothly as possible
maybe i ask you to hold me a glass or to hold me a water*

ok, that's it
feels better
i was so thirsty, you know, running for 50 minutes makes it approximately six miles at my pace
feels better
but what i really need now is a shower
i guess i'll just have to wait till the end of the show, so put it down - a shower after the show is a
happy end number one
42 to go
ok
on we go
the running, the condition, the happy end
so, the condition i mentioned above is epilepsy
i have epilepsy
is there anyone here who doesn't know this yet?

is there?

this was supposed to be a joke as there are not really many people who are not my friends or at least
acquaintances here
but yes, i totally agree with you
it's a bad joke
so, before i really begin, i must explain few things that are important for understanding the whole
picture
but let me just ask you - is everybody okay? do you understand my language?
i really mean it - do not hesitate to stop me if i am unclear
so, seven years ago i made a solo show called *i, victim*. in which i'm talking about my ... well ...
condition
or rather - conditions
in *i, victim*. i was talking about epilepsy, genital herpes, about peeing in bed till the age of sixteen,
about mastitis i had while breastfeeding and some other more or less entertaining diseases i have or i
had
that was seven years ago

it might not seem so, but the show was quite funny
with all these diseases one experiences lots of entertaining moments with people around, with
doctors and last but not least with the health insurance ...
so, this show seven years ago was actually a comedy
but then life went its way after that and frankly speaking the condition kind of transformed from
comedy to ... well, okay, i'll say tragedy cause it sounds good
though i cannot really say tragedy, it's not a tragedy really, i'm sitting here, alive and kicking, ain't i?
but as it sounds really good and as i am a writer prone to drama ...
why the hell not?
so, yes
the condition transformed from comedy to tragedy
and all this due to love
sounds pathetic?
trust me, it's even more pathetic then it sounds
i'll explain why my condition almost tore me apart just because of love in just a few moments

but before i really start i must explain some more things
first - this barstool
this chair is actually a quote of my *i, victim*. show from 2007
namely, once i had an epileptic seizure sitting on a barstool like this and i fell off it and as a barstool is
pretty high, i was pretty injured
i broke my bone above the eye, google says it's called supraorbital notch, i got few stitches and my
face was black, blue and purple for quite a few days
body also, but that's not crucial as people cannot see it
oh, and yes, i have two funny little anecdotes about that and i must share them with you, it won't
take more than a couple of minutes
i hope you don't mind?
i mean, we are in no hurry at this point yet, right
the show is to last 50 minutes so i guess we have about 45 more to go
right?

*at this point i look at you with the question in my eyes
maybe you reply
maybe you don't
but frankly, my dear, who gives a damn
show must go on*

so, yes
the barstool
the seizure
the purple face
my son, my older one

*i point the finger to my son, my older one
you look at him*

he is embarrassed
of course he is, he is thirteen
but isn't he the most lovable thirteen-year-old you've ever laid eyes upon?

isn't he the most lovable thirteen-year-old you've ever seen?
his name is črtomir
he is thirteen now, he was five back then
no, no, actually he wasn't five, cause it happened exactly two days before his fifth birthday
so, yes, he was almost five i had a purple face and he didn't want to take a look at me
we met at the hospital, i was lying on the bed, i just got conscious and he was standing by the bed
with his back turned to me
i said - črtomir, it's fine, it's okay, there's nothing particularly horrible about this
but he kept facing the wall, didn't want to turn and look at me
but then, two days later, when i got out of the hospital, i went to pick him up at kindergarten
i'm sorry, i'm rushing here, i know, i just want to cut long story short
so, yes, the kindergarten and the color of purple
i open the door and črtomir rushes to the door, points his right hand towards me and his left hand
towards his friends

i do that at this point
i point my right hand somewhere behind me and my left hand towards my friends
that is you, my audience
i guess you just became my friends

he does this and says - tu dum and this is the purple surprise

and then, as i was walking around ljubljana with those colorful bruises and people tended to stare at
me and i got really sick of them staring i said to one lady - oh, you, know, he did it cause i deserved it,
he really loves me
and then to other lady - oh, he was so sorry afterwards, he bought me flowers and he promised he
would never do it again
and then they looked away in anger

sorry for the digression, i'll be starting any second now
although i need to say, there'll be lots of digressions and even more improvising here tonight

the quote, the barstool, the *i, victim*. show
after that seizure on the barstool i strictly don't seat on barstools anymore
it's much less painful if i just sit on the ordinary chair
by sitting on that barstool during the show i probably wanted to make a statement
i probably wanted to say to the audience - look at me how brave i am
or maybe - look at me how i fight my fears
or maybe just - look at me how cool i am
which are basically just different versions of the same thing, but still

anyhow, whatever i wanted to say by sitting on that barstool years back during the *i, victim*. show seems pretty pathetic
i mean, why would a sane person with epilepsy sit on a barstool?

but as today we are in the theatre because of 43 happy ends, the barstool is absolutely necessary
so, if after 50 minutes there is no face in the color of purple in dixon place, i think we can say for sure that we have another happy end
put it down - no face in the color of purple after the show makes a happy end number two
41 to go
we're good

so, yes
the condition
seven years ago a comedy, today ...
today whatever

anyhow
while the condition was a comedy, i had big seizures once in three years and small seizures
sometimes none for weeks, sometimes many a day
but i could manage
the seizures, the work, the family
life was sort of a fun
a comedy
and then
at one point
well, i don't know what happened
but things started going down the hill
i love this english expression
going down the hill
it presupposes standing on the hill at one point before going down the hill
not necessarily on the top of the hill, but yes, somewhere high
so at one point i was somewhere on the hill - that's a comedy part
the tragedy part is that back then i didn't know it really, the hill didn't matter at all
and then when it started going down it went too fast to even notice it
one moment i am a single mother of two children, a manager of a small theatre in ljubljana in my native slovenia, similar theatre like dixon place is, maybe that is why i feel so comfortable here

do i really feel comfortable?
well, yes, of course i do
i am a fucking star of the evening, i feel great
i mean, dear friend, let's not pretend - i am a playwright from balkans, a playwright, not even a performer, and i'm having a performance in manhattan, new york
i feel ...
well, superb
right?

besides being a mother and a manager, i am also a playwright with the national award for playwriting, the second female that ever got this award and the second youngest playwright that ever got this award, my plays are being staged in theatres in several countries around europe besides that i also run preglej, first initiative for playwriting in slovenia namely, i must explain that back then, in the times of comedy, there was no institutional program for playwriting, there was nothing at the academy for the theatre, and there was no systematical work with playwrights actually, i started with preglej after visiting new york in 2005 and getting familiar with the work in soho rep theatre more digression, sorry for that and besides all that i also manage to do experimental theatre - the performances like this one is performances that are pure exploration of the limitations for playwriting and the playwright but as i already said - those were the times of comedy the good old times, if you want then i wake up and the world is somewhat different no, no, this is not some kind of poetical expression then i wake up and the world is somewhat different i do wake up, on my couch in my living room and nothing is the same anymore i don't remember how i got there i don't remember what happened all day before erased later i learned that i was not feeling well and i called črtomir's father to check on me as i was alone with my younger son, vitomil that's him that's vitomil

i point my finger to vitomil

maybe i call him, maybe i say to him - vitomil say hi to our friends here - oh, my, i guess i just made you friends of all of my family - and maybe he does, maybe he smiles, maybe he says hi, maybe he waves to you isn't he the most lovable five-years-old you ever laid eyes upon?

isn't he the most lovable five-years-old you've ever seen?
back then, when i woke up, he was seven months
so, later i learned that as i was feeling pretty bad, i put him in the infant car seat, so that he was safe, i sat behind the table and had a strong seizure
i saw consequences later, the chair was broken and the table was broken
apparently črtomir's father called me and as i didn't answer he called a friend to check up on me he came and found me one hour later, still having a seizure, vitomil screaming in the car seat the seizure was lasting for few hours
i woke up some time during the night or in the morning or next day, i don't remember when even at that moment i didn't know that the journey down the hill began
how should i, i didn't even know i was on the hill at the first place, right?

seizures that last more than half an hour are so-called epi-statuses
they can damage the brain so hard that one can die
which obviously didn't happen to me
ok, i must stop here for a second
even though this happened in the past, i think it deserves a number three on our happy ends list
what do you say?
shall we put it number three on our happy end list?

i look at you
i hope you say yes, cause i don't have a b plan for you saying no at this point

okay, number three is just being alive

and what if you say no?
what do i do here?
i guess i'll just have to improvise

so, after this long seizure i was neither dead neither brain damaged
ok, i know that's pretty debatable, but still ...
but my brain was in the color of purple
this here is a poetical expression
i did know my name and i did know my children and i did know all the people close to me
but others ...
and the memories ...
no
everything was just one big blur
here i must explain one more thing about the *i, victim*. show
namely, when i was explaining about the epileptic seizures in the show, i was describing them as
being in the cloud
this cloud thing was a poetical expression throughout the play
every disease i was talking about had something to do with the cloud
for bed wetting i drew clouds in the calendar every time i wet a bed
for genital herpes it was small yellowish clouds all over my ass and genitals
for mastitis it had something to do with my tits being clouds of pus
and so on
and for epilepsy seizures
quote
as if i were in a cloud
fog, fog everywhere around
i am conscious
but i can't react
and saliva is dripping from my mouth
unquote
so, yes, this basic description of the small seizure is quite an accurate description of my condition in
the few months that followed the moment when i woke up on my couch in my living room

is this too boring?
no, no, don't answer, please, it was a rhetorical question
i am not really so much interested in your opinion right now, i mean, yes, i am, but whether i bore
you or not i must go on with this
so i just rather pretend i'm interesting than deal with being boring
i am so i, victim, am i not?
throughout the show *i, victim*. i was smoking
the show was on immediately after the end of good old times, when one could smoke everywhere
but let me just continue as now i see we are going to slow, we will absolutely not get to 43 happy
ends in this pace
so, smoking in the show
at the end of the show i explained how much i like to be a victim
that it makes me special
that i am in the centre of attention by having all these diseases
and as these diseases are not quite enough as my children are in the centre of attention now, i'd like
to produce a new disease to be in the centre of attention again
and then i said that the only thing that can save me is a coffee and a cigarette
this is how i ended the *i, victim*. show
quote
i figure the only thing i can try
that i have left
that can save me
is a coffee and a cigarette
one fag after another
chain smoking
more and more
and try
try
to produce another diagnosis
so that i can write a new episode in the victim's self-narrative

and i beg you
i urge you

short a break
inhalation
and exhalation
and then it ends

let me smoke
unquote

i guess i just got lucky
i mean, all of the sudden i wake up on my couch in my living room and i am in this mega cloud
i am so a victim that i wanted to be

and then things went down the hill some more
first i couldn't take care of myself and my children anymore, i had to go and live with my mother for a couple of months
i had to cancel all the work
i quit as a manager of the theatre
i didn't come to new york - i was awarded one month residence in new york by slovene ministry of culture
i stopped writing for quite some time
i stopped making the theatre
then when i got a bit better and i thought things will just go back to normal, i started having big seizures every two weeks
i have plenty of interesting anecdotes about those
for example, once i had a seizure in the restaurant and when i woke up in the hospital i realized somebody stole 150 euros from my wallet when i was unconscious
then one time when at the beginning of the seizure i most calmly said i will have a seizure now and i laid down on the grass in the garden and had a seizure - of course i have no memory whatsoever of me saying that and lying down
then another time i had a seizure during the opening night of my play and i apparently made such a mess that they had to stop the show
i never went to that theatre again, i'm still just too embarrassed
and so on and so on

do i bore you?
i don't want to bore you
i would like you to have fun
i would really like you to have fun
to laugh here and there
to enjoy these 50 minutes we have together
i don't want to bore you

things got bad
for me and i think, most of all, for both my sons
those two most lovable rascals you have ever laid your eyes upon
it's not just that they were witnessing the big seizures, črtomir was present at the opening night for example and vitomil was with me also when i laid down on the grass in the garden
and it's not just that my unsecured financial life of a free-lance artist became even more unsecured
i had a really really hard time to be there for them
i was trying hard, but there were times when i just couldn't handle it all
the freelancing - not being able to work as before which inevitably results in less money
the housekeeping - not being able to cook, to clean, to maintain some basic order at home
the parenting - not being able to give enough attention
or love
okay, okay, yes, i know this sounds just too pathetic, i might have crossed the line of decency and dignity also
but just keep up with me

is this the expression?
to keep up with somebody?

it has its purpose, the pathetic here, remember, there are still 41 happy ends to go
i am just preparing the ground

so yes, i hit the bottom, or so it seemed
because, maybe i am actually on the top of the hill this very moment and i will hit the bottom next
very month
pardon me for this, but isn't the expression hit the bottom in a show that's mostly about epileptic
seizures hilarious?
so, yes, i might hit the bottom literally, but that's not as horrible as if i hit it non-literally

anyhow
the times of tragedy
the cloud
the amount of seizures exhausted me physically and mentally and spiritually and ...
thru and thru
besides epilepsy i produced many more other diagnosis as is, of course, depression, as is
hyponatremia, as is hypothyreosis, as is hypoglycemia, as is low blood pressure, as is chronic
constipation, as is gastritis and so on

i guess now is the perfect moment, dramaturgically speaking, for some more serious issues
i did mention before that nothing is for free, right?
so yes, about the serious issues
now i would like to collect some donations for tonight's event
just put in this box whatever you can spare for my performance

*i get up from the barstool
pick up the jar
and go to you
and wait in front of you
until i hear some sound in the jar
and then i move on
i say thank you, i say thank you very much, i say thanks a lot, i say thanks
then i seat on the barstool
i shake the jar
i smile at the sound*

sounds good this, doesn't it?

*i look at you
i shake the jar once more
then i start taking money out of the jar*

is there any money in the jar at all?

okay, we have here

i count the money

i count it aloud

well, most definitely not enough for the happy end

but let's keep on working on it

so, before i start we must put this down

the cardboard

the pen

the numbers

who writes?

is it me or is it you?

have we managed to become friendly enough by now that i can ask you to put down the numbers?

even though they are not high enough for another happy end

okay

so, on we go

let's keep on working on the happy end

i start taking my clothes off

the shoes

the socks

the trousers

the shirt

the underwear

here i am, naked in front of you

i am standing, naked

looking at you, naked

smiling at you, naked

embarrassed, naked

inhale

exhale

i sit down

and then i continue

so, yes, where was i?

before collecting the donations

oh, yes, i was listing all the conditions that occurred as a follow-up of a basic condition and also medical treatment of a basic condition

namely, at the age of fifteen, so twenty-four years ago i started taking anti-epileptic drugs

there are countless sorts of drugs i have tried in these twenty-four years

nothing really helped, there was never a period more than two months long completely without seizures
when i hit the tragedy time, the neurologist increased the daily dose of the drugs
but this anti-epileptic drugs result in a depression
so the doctors suggested more drugs, anti-depressants together with anti-epileptic drugs
a pharmaceutical roller coaster started, i was drugged 24/7, still having seizures, more drugs, no less seizures and so on and so on
i am sure this is pretty boring by now
but i am also sure that you know exactly what i'm talking about
cause i can't imagine that there's an adult person in our world, that didn't have some similar experience with medicine
anyhow
at some point i just couldn't live anymore
not like this
like some ameba
living an ameba style so to speak

*maybe here i perform some ameba style
or maybe not
maybe performing ameba style is just too offensive
or distasteful
or at least undignified and undecent
but then
on the other hand
who gives a fuck really
i should just perform some ameba style*

so, i decided to quit taking anti-epileptic drugs
i started seeing a chinese medicine doctor
a naturopathic doctor
a homeopathic doctor
an ayurvedic doctor
and some more doctors
and then
a therapist
a family therapist
a bio-energetic
a nutritionist
and also
yoga classes
a craniosacral therapy
a therapeutic massage
meditation

and then i started reading books

magazines
internet articles
and watching documentaries
attending the lectures
on

inhale
exhale

epilepsy
depression
psychology
health in general
nutrition
exercising
meditation

and also
soul
god
love
and more

i stopped eating wheat products
milk
red meat
sugar

one of the hardest thing was to quit drinking coffee
i did that to
me, a chain smoker and an avid coffee drinker
i started following a really hard core daily routine
that means getting up at 5am, doing one hour of exercises and fifteen minutes of meditation,
cooking breakfast, taking vitomil to kindergarten, eating five meals a day, three of which i cook
myself
so, yes
taking care of the children, cooking three times a day, taking care of our home
and of course working to earn enough money for both of the children and myself
i mustn't say that i am all alone in this
my mother helps a lot, she comes sometimes for few days
or vitomil goes for few days at her place
and also crtomir's father does a great deal of work
but still, at the end of the day it's me who has to take care for a great majority of things
especially financially, cause there is no one who could help me with this matter

so, the hardest thing
quit smoking
i just couldn't, i tried once, failed, tried again, failed

in the meantime things got a bit better
no more big seizures every two weeks
i started reducing anti-epileptic drugs
i made a personal calendar, where i record very thoroughly all the important data - how many
seizures a day, type of seizures, circumstances that effect seizures as weather, stress, menstruation,
the lunar phases, and then the number of sleeping hours, digestion, the food i consume etc etc etc
similar to the calendar i was making when i wetted the bed as a child
a little cloud for a wet night
a little sun for a dry night
so, yes
my calendar told me that the frequency of the seizures has nothing to do with the dose of anti-
epileptic drugs
so i reduced them a little more
my neurologist was not and he is still not too happy about it
seems that he sees the only solution in me being drugged permanently
and more drugged
or
the surgery
we're kind of behind the schedule at this point
and i am sort of cold
but still, i must steal another moment to explain about the surgery
in the *i,victim*. there's a lot about surgeries i had as a teenager
as we are in a total hurry here, i am just going to say that the surgeries were a horrible experience,
made my condition even worse, bigger seizures, more seizures etc
so, no, no, i don't want a surgery
what do you chose if you're options are drugs and knife?
oh my god, i am so a victim
am i not?
so, i kept doing it this way
reducing drugs and all the super healthy stuff
i ate my last anti-epileptic drug exactly twenty-eight weeks and five days ago
no seizure increase
in these six months i had only one big seizure
and okay, hundreds of small seizures, but that's the same as before
so, i think we should put this on the happy ends list
number four - no drugs
40 to go

there is also one great thing after i stopped with the anti-epileptic drugs
the depression mysteriously disappeared
so, this should definitely go on our happy end list

put it down
number four - no depression
39 to go

oh, we are so behind the schedule

so, yes
i still have to explain about running
i started talking about it immediately at the beginning but then i just didn't finish the story
so
by all those doctors, all the conventional doctors and also all the organic positive doctors, i was told
that my body is weak
it got weak by working too much, by not taking care of it properly, but most of all by all the seizures it
had to endure
so i needed to get stronger
by eating more healthy, by decreasing the stress, by resting more and last but not least by exercising
so, besides doing yoga and tibetan exercises i started running
i was pretty weak when i started, couldn't run for more than ten minutes at the beginning
but i set myself a goal - i am going to a marathon for my fortieth birthday, which is next year
the first stop is half-marathon in ljubljana on october 26, so less than a month to go
and this are two more happy ends for our happy end list
number five - being able to run
38 to go
number six - being able to run more
37 to go

so yes, by doing all that my condition improved
i started to get out of the bed easily
the level of my energy increased for several hundred percents
the only problem that kept persisting was a financial one
just try to calculate how much all the positive organic doctors cost
and how much time this health ride consumes
time i should be spending earning money
and also, every time i have a seizure, it's impossible for me to just continue and work as if nothing
had happened
i became quite unreliable, i cancelled many projects in last minute
this means less and less work

but, i kept on running
and i keep on running
but we're seriously running out of time here, so i don't know if i should start with the smoking story
at all
as i cannot really put it on the happy end list
i mean, i quit smoking again on may 19 this year when i was in the hospital in erlangen in germany
i had some examinations there as they wanted to check whether the surgery is possible

it's possible, but this is not the story i'm trying to tell now
the smoking
quitting on may 19
but then ...
well, i had a really really bad end of the summer
just before i arrived to new york things went down the hill some more
nothing directly connected to the condition, just the most banal custody issues, that consume more
energy, more time, more money and in my case result in the condition deterioration
so, many seizures, tones of stress and so i got to new york a nervous wreck
and then there was not enough of me for the children and then they become nervous and then i
become even more of a wreck
and then i started smoking
last monday i bought myself a pack of cigarettes
which are so unhealthily expensive here in us
this was not supposed to be a part of the show
i was supposed to say that i quit smoking and that today is exactly nineteen weeks since i haven't
been smoking
and then i was supposed to say that this is another of the happy ends for our happy end list
and i was supposed to say - number seven- quit smoking
36 to go
but i can't say that now, can i?

so, let's just try it again with the more serious approach to happy endings
i think i did almost everything i could to get to the happy end
i think, dramaturgically speaking, of course, this is just the right moment in the show
so, i am kindly asking you to donate some more for tonight's event

*i get up from the barstool, naked
pick up the jar, naked
and go to you, naked
and wait in front of you, naked*

*until i hear some sound in the jar
do i hear some sound in the jar?
i hope i do, because i don't have a plan b if this happens
and i'm supposed to move on and to say thank you a lot
then i'm supposed to seat on the barstool, to shake the jar, to smile at the sound*

sounds good this, doesn't it?

*and then i'm supposed to look at you and to shake the jar once more and to start taking the money
out of it*

okay, we have here

i count the money
i count it aloud
or i just shrug my shoulders

well, most definitely not enough for the happy end
but let's keep on working on it
so, before i start we must put this down

the cardboard
the pen
the numbers

okay
so, on we go
let's keep on working on the happy end

and now barbara enters with the brush and the powder
and she makes my skin more beautiful
then she comes with the golden dress
i have never worn a golden dress in my entire life

i have never worn a golden dress in my entire life

and then she comes back with golden shoes

i have never worn golden shoes in my entire life

so, while doing this, we need to fast forward to get to those 43 happy ends
let's do it together somehow
i know it's annoying, but here we are
i ran out of time to prepare this show as you'd deserve it
i mean, the idea of the show is to be conceived at the spot
i arrive with some vague idea of the show, i start writing, i work for a week with my collaborators
and that's it
but all these circumstances and conditions always make me run out of time
so, we need some more happy endings
please help me with that

time for improvising now
i ask barbara what's her happy end
and ivan
and črtomir
and of course vitomil
we put all those down
me must have 41 happy ends on the cardboard at this point

but i still haven't told you why love tore me apart
it all started with some love
years back
in the times of comedy
well, there's a story i should tell you, the exact second it started going down the hill
but we most definitely ran out of time for that
and also, seriously speaking, this love thing is just too banal to deal with it while dealing with serious
life issues
so, i'll just save this love thing till the next time
nevertheless, for me, happy end number 42 is definitely a kiss under a moonlight with somebody i
love when i'm all grey and old
1 to go
this basically means we arrived to the happy end
but have we really?
let's see
dramaturgically speaking this is the most perfect moment to end the show with the happy end
so, let's try it

*i get up from the chair being all beautiful in my golden dress and golden shoes and wearing make-up
pick up the jar
oh, so beautiful
and go to you
oh, so beautiful
and wait in front of you
oh, so beautiful*

*until i hear some sound in the jar
do i hear some sound in the jar?
i hope i do, because i don't have a plan b if this happens
and i'm supposed to move on and to say thank you a lot
then i'm supposed to shake the jar, to smile at the sound*

sounds good this, doesn't it?

*and then i'm supposed to look at you and to shake the jar once more and to start taking the money
out of it*

okay, we have here

*i count the money
i count it aloud
or i just shrug my shoulders*

okay, so let's put this down and sum it up

the cardboard

the pen

the numbers

the sum

i guess this is enough for the happy end
at the end all it takes is a good looks
thank you very much!
happy end number 43 is a wage
0 to go

yes!

we're done here

if you want a version of the play to be sent to you, leave me your e-mail and you will get it in your
inbox within few days

i didn't have enough time to work on a text during the show, so i'll just have to edit it at home
i will send you both versions of course

so, thank you very much

i hope you enjoyed it at least a little bit
and good night

i smile

i look at you

i smile some more

you look at me

you applaud

i mean, only if you want to

if you want to, you applaud

if you don't want to, you don't applaud

i mean, you don't need to applaud just because we reached the happy end.