

**SEN 59**  
**DREAM 59**

.Tibor Hrs Pandur.

delovna verzija

5. avgust 2008  
15. october 2009

0.

*Telefon zvoní. The phone is ringing.*

ON

Telefon zvoní ... Telefon zvoní ... Telefon zvoní ...

HIM

*The phone's ringing ...*

ONA

Reci, da me ni.

HER

*Say I'm not here.*

ON

Kličem te, ker nisi odgovorila na moje pismo. Hočem se prepričati, da nisem kaj zajebal ...

HIM

*I'm calling, 'cause you didn't answer my letter. I wanna be sure I didn't fuck up anything.*

ONA (*dvigne slušalko*)

Halo?

HER (*picks up the receiver*)

Hello?

ON

Halo? Oj, saj te ne motim?

HIM

*Hey, I'm not disturbing you am I?*

ONA

Ravno sem pomislila nate.

HER

*I was just thinking about you.*

ON

Res? Kako pa je to, ko pomisliš name?

HIM

*Really? How is that, when you think about me?*

ONA

Mmm ... Sanjala sem, da sem bila ti.

HER

Hmm... I dreamt I was you.

ON

Kako pa je bilo?

HIM

How was it?

ONA

Čudno - v sanjah nikoli ne veš, ali si gledano ali tisti, ki gleda.

HER

Strange. In dreams you never know, if you're the one being looked at or the one who is looking.

ON

Misliš, da si to, kar gledaš in da gledaš hkrati?

HIM

You mean, that you are what you look at and the one who looks at the same time?

ONA

Kaj pa delaš?

HER

What are you doing?

ON

Pišem te v dramo.

HIM

I'm putting you in my play.

ONA

Brez mojega dovoljenja?

HER

Without my permission?

ON

Misliš, da ti kradem življenje?

HIM

You think that I'm stealing your life?

ONA

Voajer si.

HER

You're a voyeur.

ON

Oprosti. Temu se reče svoboda pogleda. Vtisnila si se vame.  
V bistvu si sama kriva.

HIM

I'm sorry. I'm free to look. You made an impression on me.  
Actually it's your fault.

ONA

Nisem kriva. Ne moreš kar vzeti stvari iz mojega življenja  
in jih dati v dramo.

HER

It's not my fault. You can't just take stuff from my life  
and put it in a play.

ON

Zakaj pa ne?

HIM

Why not?

ONA

Spreminjaš me.

HER

You're changing me.

ON

Delam te svojo.

HIM

I'm making you mine.

ONA

Svet ni tak, kot ti misliš, da je. Svet ni bel nepopisan  
list, lahko ga povohaš, lahko ga zmečkaš, lahko ga raztrgaš.

HER

The world is not as you might think it is. It is not a  
blank piece of paper. You can smell it, you can squash it,  
you can rip it apart.

ON

Ja, lahko ga raztrgaš.

HIM

Yes, you can rip it apart.

*(odloži slušalko)/(hangs up the receiver)*

ONA

Halo?

HER

Hello?

ON

Halo?

1.

ONA

Meša se ti.

HER

You're crazy.

ON

Čim se človek sleče popolnoma, ga prej ali slej razglasijo za norca ... Kaj si pa sanjala?

HIM

Anyone who strips completely, is bound to be declared mad sooner or later. What did you dream about?

ONA

Ne vem točno, napisala sem si.

HER

Don't know exactly, I wrote it down.

ON

Preberi.

HIM

Read it.

ONA

Mm ... Čaki ... Tega sploh ne znam prebrat. Bila je revolucija na Kubi, vse je gorelo.

HER

Wait. I can't even read this. There was a revolution in Cuba. Everything was on fire.

ON

Cuba Libre!

HIM

Cuba Libre!

(...)

ONA

Ne ... Ti si bil diktator in jaz tvoja ljubica in ful sva se zaštekala, se stiskala za nekimi zidovi. Ljudje pa so stradali. Štirje tipi so nama sledili. Tebe uradno obesijo z vsem pompom, mene pa odvedejo. Zgrabijo me, me slačijo, sesajo prsi. Ne vem, če je kaj bolj strašnega. Kamera gre. Vsi praznujejo. To je bil prvi del.

HER

No. You were a dictator and I was your mistress and we totally clicked. Were squeezing each other behind some walls. But the people were starving. Four guys followed us. They officially hang you, with great display, and drag me away. They grab me, strip me, suck on my breasts. There's nothing more horrible than that. The camera flies off. Everyone celebrates. That was the first part.

ON

Jaz sem tud sanjal nekaj strašnega. Mogoče sva sanjala iste sanje. Jaz sem mel neko sceno, da se vozimo po čudnih ulicah in ko stojimo na rdeči, uleti rdeča baretko in počasi nekoga v jugotu pred nami skozi šipo. Vem samo, da so teroristi za vse krivi. Kradli so otroke in iz njih delali svilo, kao. Potem dolga leta kasneje, ko me spustijo iz zapora sem na plaži in delam črto za vodo kot neke soline, vsak dan znova in znova, premikam kamenje in jih spet zagledam na obzorju kako prihajajo v čolnih - vojaki rdeče zvezde. Vedno pridejo te rdeče baretke neizbežno kot zora ob zori. In rečem: jebemti, *here we go again*, ne.

HIM

I also dreamt something horrible. Maybe we dreamt the same dream. I had this trip, that we're driving down weird streets and as we stand on a red light, a Red beret appears and shoots someone in a Yugo in front of us, through the window. I know only that terrorists are to blame. They abduct children and make silk out of them, sort of. Then, many years later, after they let me out of prison, I'm on a beach, carving lines for water, like saltpans, every day, again and again, I move rocks and see them again, coming towards me in boats - soldiers of the red star. These always come these red berets inevitably as the dawn at dawn. And I say: fuck me, here we go again.

ONA

Te sploh zanima drugi del mojih sanj?

HER

Don't you want to know the second part of my dream?

ON

Ja, ja. Oprosti. Kaj je že blo?

HIM

Yes, yes. I'm sorry. What happened?

ONA

Vsi praznujejo konec diktature in potem ko kamera gre, izginem. Razbita na cesti kričim, fotografiram v prazno. Pol vidim nekega tipa kako lista moje fotke v bolnici. Spim z obvezano glavo, obliži etcetera. Kot da so me ugrabili in me imajo zaprto nekje.

Pol se zbudim in sem ti. Pribita na posteljo kričim sestro. Ne morem se premikat. Vse me boli. Vem da me operirajo.

Natalie Portman se pojavi nad mano.

HER

Everyone celebrates the end of the dictatorship. As the camera flies off, I disappear. Wrecked on the ground I scream, take pictures of nothing. Then I see a guy going through my pictures in the hospital. I sleep with a bandaged head, band aids etcetera. As if they had abducted me and keep me locked up somewhere.

Then I wake up and I'm you. Nailed to the bed I scream: "Nurse!" I can't move. Everything hurts. I know I'm being operated on. Natalie Portman appears above me.

ON

Who the fuck are you?

HIM

Who the fuck are you?

ONA

In me fotka. In biiip ... biiip ... biiip ... In svetloba. Čutim fizično kako me reže. Nekaj potisne vame. S klešči zavije in mi vleče kožo skupaj, tkivo, meso, da me zdrzne. Bojim se premikat. Kot da bi čutila bolečino nekoga drugega in vedela, da je moja. Boli nemo, topo kot da te boli nekje drugje zaradi anestetikov ampak več, da te režejo in šarijo po tebi.

HER

And takes my picture. And biiip ... biiip ... biiip ... And the light. I feel it physically cutting through me. It pushes something inside me. It squeezes my skin together with a pair of tongs, tissue, flesh, I flinch. I fear to move. As if I'd feel the pain of someone else, but knew it was mine. It hurts mutely, bluntly, as if would hurt somewhere else, 'cause of the anaesthetics, but you know they're slicing and going through you.

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ON

Ua! Jaz sem pa pol sanjal tud, da si ti izginila naenkrat, samo da na parkirišču in sem se plazil po tleh in te iskal. In nisem vedel ali si mama ali ljubica ali sestra. Vedel sem samo, da te ni več. Da vse kar sanjam nekak zgubim. Postanem duhovnik, govorim na pogrebu: »O, ko bi bilo možno podoživeti leto 59 popolnoma. Se srečati z vsemi, ki jim je ime Milena. Ampak težko je biti ves čas na odru. In Pariz je zame previsok. Fejdde auej. Preveč stopničk. Bila je zadnja velika tajnica. Z eno besedo: sama.«

HIM

Wow! I later also dreamt, that you disappeared, but on a parking lot. I crawled on the ground looking for you. I didn't know if you're my mother, sister or lover. All I knew was, that you were gone. That I lose everything I dream. Then I become a priest at your funeral: »Oh if it would be possible to relive the year 59 completely. To meet everybody named Milena. But it's hard to be on-stage all the time. And Paris is too high. Faded away. Too many steps. She was the last great secretary. In a word: solo.«

ONA

Sama.

HER

Solo.

2.

ON

Kje pa sem?

HIM

Where am I?

ONA

Zaspal si.

HER

You fell asleep.

ON

Res? Ne spomnim se. Bilo je nekaj ... nekaj ful lepega.

HIM

Really? I can't remember. It was something. Something totally beautiful.

ONA

Lepega kot kaj?

HER

Beautiful like what?

ON

Lepega kot ti.

HIM

Beautiful like you.

ONA

Eh!

HER

Eh!

ON

Misliš, da nisi lepa?

HIM

You think you're not beautiful?

ONA

Nisem to, kar ti vidiš, da sem.

HER

I'm not what you see that I am.

ON

Kaj pa, če ti ne vidiš, kar si?

HIM

What if you can't see what you are?

ONA

Potem sva pač oba slepa. (...) Kaj je?

HER

Then we're both blind (...) What is it?

ON

Nič.

HIM

Nothing.

ONA

Reci nekaj.

HER

Say something.

ON

Gledam te in si predstavljam, kako lepo bi te bilo čutit.

HIM

I look at you and imagine how nice it would be to feel you.

ONA

Saj me čutiš.

HER

But you do.

ON

Lahko bi te še bolj.

HIM

I could feel you even more.

ONA

Moraš razumet, kje se moje telo začne in tvoje konča, ker potem ... (*on vzame njen palec in si ga da v usta*)

HER

You have to understand where my body begins and yours ends, 'cause then ... (*he takes her finger and puts it in his mouth*)

ON

Kdo si zdaj?

HIM

Who are you now?

ONA *zapre oči. SHE closes her eyes*

ON

Kaj misliš?

HIM

What do you think?

ONA

Ne smeš vedno povedat vsega kar misliš.

HER

You can't always say everything you think.

ON

Zakaj ne?

HIM

Why not?

ONA

Bi se me rad dotikal?

HER

Do you want to touch me?

ON

Ja.

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HIM  
Yes.

ONA  
Vidiš, ne deluje.

HER  
See, it doesn't work.

ON  
Zakaj nič ne rečeš?

HIM  
Why don't you say anything?

ONA  
Ker nimam pojma o čem govoriš, ampak nekak sodelujem.

HER  
Because I have no idea what you're talking about, but I'm cooperating, somehow.

ON  
Govorim, ker hočem, da me misliš.

HIM  
I talk, 'cause I want you to think me.

ONA  
Nočem te mislit. Hočem ti dat nekaj.

HER  
I don't want to think you. I want to give you something.

ON  
Saj mi daješ.

HER  
But you do.

ONA  
Šššš. (*Vzame njegov palec in si ga da v usta.*)

HER  
Shhh. (*takes his thumb and puts it in his mouth.*)

ON  
Mogoče je tragedija, mislim, se dotikat in ne vedet točno kaj povzročiš.

HIM  
Maybe it's a tragedy. I mean, to touch and to not know exactly what you bring about.

ONA

Nimaš rad tišine?

HER

Don't you like silence?

ON

Ni tišine.

HIM

There is no silence.

ONA

Ja pa je.

HER

Yes there is.

*Tišina. Silence.*

3.

ONA

Nočem se več igrat. Dovolj mam tega sranja. Govoriš nekaj, poveš pa nekaj čisto drugega. Poglej samo kako je bedasto. Ti tam s svojim predpotopnih hrepenenjem drkaš ene in iste sanje in vsi gledajo bedasto, kako je bedasto ... čakajo na rdečo nit, gledajo me. Hočejo, da se slečem ... Hočejo, da jih šokiram? Naj se razrežem in to pol imenujemo performans? Glej jih kako pričakujejo, naj se pretvarjam, da jih ne vidim - oni pa me gledajo in me vidijo na vse načine katere nisem. Vsi vejo kako je, ko se predstava konča, ti si pa še vedno živ. In nič več nimaš za reč. Joj, kako mi greste na kurac! Kaj gleáš? Pejte naprej kot bi vidli mrtvega goloba na cesti!

*(On se stegne, da bi jo pomiril, ona se odmakne.)*

Pusti me! Nočem te v sebi. Ne zanimajo me čevlji. In restavracije. Pravzaprav sploh nikoli ne vstanem iz postelje. Na kavo z drugimi grem samo, da se vidim z drugih zornih kotov. Še jem samo iz vljudnosti do soljudi ...

HER

I don't want to play anymore. I have enough of this shit. You speak of something and say something completely different. Just look how stupid it is. You jerk off to one and the same stupid dream with your stupid prehistoric longing. And everybody watches stupidly, how stupid it is. They are waiting for a golden thread. They're looking at me. They want me to strip. Do they want me to shock them? Should I cut myself open and we'll call it a performance? Look at them how they expect me to pretend that I can't see

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them. And they look at me and see me in all the ways that I am not. Everybody knows what it feels like when the performance ends and you're still alive. And there is nothing more to say. You make me sick! Whatcha lookin' at? Walk by as if you saw a dead pigeon on a street!

*(He stretches to touch her, she moves away.)*

Don't touch me. I don't want you inside me. I don't give a shit about shoes. And restaurants. I never even leave my bed. I have coffee with people only to see myself from different points of views. I even eat only out of politeness.

ON

Mogoče pa je to samo cajtgajst?

HIM

Maybe it's only the *zeitgeist*?

ONA

Ubila bi se, pa nočem preveč pozornosti.

HER

I'd kill myself, but wouldn't stand the attention.

ON

Ne smeš se ubit.

HIM

You can't kill yourself.

ONA

Zakaj ne?

HER

Why not?

ON

Ker te ljubim!

HIM

Cause I love you!

ONA

Ah, daj no. Kako veš?

HER

Come on. How do you know?

ON

Ker, ko mislim tebe, ljubim vse, kar je.

HIM

Cause, when I think of you, I'm in love with all there is.

ONA

Saj veš, da ne bo nikoli nič fizičnega med nama.

HER

You know that there will never be anything physical between us?

ON

Nič fizičnega?

HIM

Nothing physical?

ONA

Ti ljubiš samo kar čutiš. Kradeš spomine ljudem. Se hraniš z njihovo bolečino.

HER

You can love only what you feel. You steal people's memories. You feed on their pain.

ON

Ni res.

HIM

Not true.

ONA

Misliš, da te ne vidim? Vse, kar hočeš od mene, je samo način, kako končat svojo dramo.

HER

Think I can't see you? All you want from me is a way to finish your play.

ON

Ni res, rad bi spal s tabo, se pogovarjal, se dotikal s tabo, pisal po tvojem telesu, take stvari kot jih človek pač dela.

HIM

Not true. I want to sleep with you, talk to you, touch you, write on your body. These things ... as people do.

ONA

Kaj sploh hočeš od mene?

HER

What do you want from me. Actually?

ON

Rad bi bil ti.

HIM

I want to be you.

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ONA

Ne moreš.

HER

You can't.

ON

Lahk pa probam.

HIM

I can try.

ONA

Lahk probaš, sam ne moreš. Hočeš, da se slečem? Na. Kaj pa zdaj? Ti nardim sendvič? Ti ga pofafam?

HER

You can try, but you can't. Want me to strip? There. Now what? Should I make you a sandwich? Give you a blowjob?

ON

(...)

HIM

(...)

ONA

Zate sem samo lepa predstava, ki bo minila in ki ti je pomagala prenest tvoje bedno življenje. Poštečaj že. Vse se dogaja samo v tvoji glavi. V bistvu te ravnokar operirajo. Jaz sem samo obrambni mehanizem, ki ga ustvarjajo tvoji možgani, da se ne bi zbudil ...

HER

For you I'm just a beautiful representation, that will pass and has helped you to bear your miserable life. Don't you get it? All of this goes on only in your head. They are operating on you as we speak. I'm just a defence mechanism produced by your brain preventing you from waking up ...

ON *gleda stran.*

HE *looks away.*

ONA

Vidiš, sam si kriv, če me ne moreš imet, ti hočeš, da je tako, konec koncev ti sanjaš mene.

HER

See, it's your fault if you can't have me. You want it to be like this. In the end it is you dreaming of me.

ON

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Čakaj, potem sanjam tud sebe ... Faaak ... Kako pa veš, da jaz to sanjam?

HIM

Wait. Then I'm dreaming of myself too. Fuuuuuck. How do you know that it is me dreaming?

ONA *skomigne. SHE shrugs.*

ON

Kaj pa, če sva pol oba samo misel nekoga?

HIM

What if we're both just someone's thought?

ONA

Kaj lahko sploh rečeš nekemu, ki je že del tebe?

HER

What can you say to someone who's already a part of you?

ON

Reci, da sem genij.

HIM

Say I'm a genius.

ONA

Genij si.

HER

You're a genius.

ON

Hvala.

HIM

Thanks.

ONA

Ljudi ne zanima, kar ti vidiš. Zanima jih samo, kar oni vidijo, čeprav vsi gledate isto stvar ... Čutiš to? ...

HER

People are not interested in what you see. All they want to know is what they see, although you're all looking at the same thing. Can you feel that?

ON

Ja ... Nekdo nas je moral blagoslovit, da ne vidimo drug v drugega.

HIM

Yes. Someone had to bless us, so that we can't see into one another.

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ONA

Dovolj mam tega. Jaz grem spat. (*vstane*) Dets d best. Svet gre v pizdo, ti pa mi trosiš diamante ... Mogoče pa bo globalno segrevanje končno stopilo led med nami ...

HER

I've had enough. I'm going to bed. That's the best. The world's falling apart and you're giving me pearls ... Perhaps global warming will finally melt the ice between us.

4.

*Telefon zvoni. The phone rings.*

ON

Telefon zvoni.

HIM

Phone's ringing.

ONA

Kaj je spet?

HER

What is it now?

ON

Rekla si, da prideš, pa nisi klicala, da si nebo.

HIM

You said, you're coming, but didn't say that you won't be there.

ONA *dvigne slušalko*

Halo?

HER

Hello?

ON

Oj, sej te ne motim, ne?

HIM

Hey, I'm not disturbing you am I?

ONA

Ne, ravno sem pomislila nate. Kaj pa je?

HER

No, I was just thinking of you. What is it?

ON

Nič, em, rad bi samo govoril s tabo. Ker tud to je poljub, ne? Zakaj si pa mislila name?

HIM

Nothing, I just want to talk to you. That's also a kiss, right? Why did you think of me?

ONA

Sanjala sem, da sem bila ti.

HER

I dreamt I was you.

ON

Kako pa je blo?

HIM

How was it?

ONA

Noro, mislim grozno. Šla sem. Mislim ti si šel in odprl vrata neki ženski v katero si bil noro zaljubljen. In si ji to tud povedal. Ampak ta ženska je bla taka: Črne kratke lase. Ful razmazana ... grozno je zgledala.

HER

Crazy, I mean terrible. I went. I mean you went and opened the door to some woman you were wildly in love with. And you told her that. But the woman was like this: Black, short hair. Smearred make up. She looked terrible.

ON

Hmm. Čakaj malo ... Še enkrat mi povej.

HIM

Hmm. Wait a minute ... Tell me again.

ONA

Glej. Soba polna ljudi. Nekaj se dogaja. Nekdo pozvoni. Bela soba. Sem tik za tabo. Odpreš vrata. Ta ženska tam stoji. Slabo zgleda. Se prelevim v tebe. Pa sem jaz, mislim ti, ampak nisem ti. Menjavam. Pol si ji ne-vem-kaj povedal. Ti si govoril, ampak sem jaz govorila. Tako kot ti. Zunaj sem te gledala hkrati. Ah.

HER

Look. A room full of people. Something's going on. The bell rings. A white room. I'm right behind you. You open the door. I transform into you. And I'm me, I mean you, but not you. I switch. Then you told her I-don't-know-what. You

spoke, but I spoke. Like you. I watched you from outside in the same time.

*(zvok črt na papirju)*

ONA

Kaj pa delaš?

HER

What are you doing?

ON

Zapisujem si ... to je ful dober material.

HIM

Taking notes. This is wicked material.

ONA

Brez mojega dovoljenja?

HER

Without my permission?

ON

Kaj pa, če bi jaz zahteval avtorske pravice, ker si me sanjala?

HIM

What if I demanded copy rights, because you dreamt of me?

ONA

Kako bi pa to? Pravno reševal? Na sodišču?

HER

How would you do that? Legally? In a court?

ON

On me je sanjal brez moje privolitve. Ja, posilu sn jo v snu, sam nisem mel druge izbire. Lejte tak je blo, bil sn povsod, bil sn ona, ampak jaz hkrati, no, ne hkrati, izmenično. Slajdo sn vun pa not, ne ...

HIM

He had a dream about me without my permission. Yeah, I raped her in my dream, but I had no choice. It was like this, I was everywhere, I was her, but me at the same time, well, not at the same time, I took turns. I was sliding in and out.

ONA

Parodiraš me.

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HER  
You're making me into a parody.

ON  
Delam te svojo.

HIM  
I'm making you mine.

ONA  
Vem kaj delaš. Nisem neumna. Ne morš kr prepisovat. To ni fer.

HER  
I know what you're doing. I'm not stupid. You can't just copy me. It's not fair.

ON  
It's beyond my control.

HIM  
It's beyond my control.

ONA  
Vsaj to.

HER  
At least that.

ON  
V bistvu je preprosto ...

HIM  
Actually it's very simple.

ONA (*se nasmehne*)  
Mmm, ja ... .. Hočeš, da se posloviva?

HER  
Yes. Want to say goodbye?

ON  
Ja ... mislim, če hočeš.

HIM  
Yes. I mean, if you want to.

ONA  
Okej. Pa pa.

HER  
Okey. Ta-ta.

ON

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Lepo spi.

HIM

Sleep well.

ONA

Ti tud. Tut ... tut ... tut ...

HER

You too. Too. Too. Too. Too ...

*(mu vrže slušalko v glavo) / (throws the receiver into his head)*

5.

ON

Au. Nekaj me boli.

HIM

Au. I feel hurt.

ONA

Kaj?

HER

Where?

ON

Ne vem več.

HIM

Don't know anymore.

ONA

Kaj je sploh to? Tukaj.

HER

What is that anyway? Here.

ON

Kje tukaj?

HIM

Where here?

ONA

Tukaj. Ta kapa.

HER

Here. This hood.

ON

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S tem lahko potujeva v vesolje.

HIM

With that we can travel to space.

ONA

Res?

HER

Really?

ON

Ja, kamorkoli hočeš. Greva na Tahiti?

(...) Misliš, da te ne vidim?

HIM

Yeah, anyplace you like. Want to go to Tahiti?

(...) Think I can't see you?

ONA

Ne vem, v bistvu. Kaj pa je to?

HER

Don't know really ... What is that?

ON

To? To je ... Ma ta tekst, ki ga pišem za teater, na živce mi gre, ne znam ga sestavit. Najraje bi vse fuknu stran.

HIM

This? This is ... Mah this text I'm writing for the theatre. It's getting on my nerves. Can't put it together. I'd rather throw all of this away.

ONA

To je to al kaj? Prvi prizor. Prva scena:

On preobčutljiv. Ona lepa. Ful lepa. Drsanje na ledu. Po vaji se spusti v vodo. Ledeno vodo. Razbijal je kocke ledu. S pesmijo.

HER

This is this, eh? First act, first scene:

He - oversensitive. She - beautiful. Totally beautiful.

Skating on ice. After the rehearsal she slips into the water. Ice-cold water. He was smashing ice cubes with song.

ON

In zdaj lebdi, da bi se obesil. Ona ga potegne ven.

Vedno sva lahko skupaj. Ona reče ...

HIM

And now levitates to hang himself. She pulls him out. We can always be together. She says ...

ONA

Čakaj. Zvrki, fanfare iz mojih oči koljejo v ušesih backe.

HER

Wait. Stricks, fanfares from my eyes slaughter lambs in mine ears.

ON

On užaljen gre. Vrže kapo. Njun spomin v reko.

HIM

He walks away. Offended. Throws the hood. Their memory into the river.

ONA

Nič ne razumem.

HER

I understand nothing.

ON

Ne rabiš razumet, to je bil *point*, samo čutit.

HIM

You don't have to understand. That was the point. Only to feel!

ONA

Aja

HER

Right

ON

Hotel sem ustvarit nov jezik, samo na podlagi sanj. Stanja, ko je jezik v najčistejši obliki, mislim najmanj cenzuriran. (*malo zmešano, v zanosu kot Diego Rivera*) Do You Like It?

HIM

I wanted to created a new language, based only on dreams. States when language is in its purest form, I mean, the least censored. (*like a crazed russian scientist or Diego Rivera*) Do You Like It?

ONA

Kakšna pa je zgodba?

HER

What's the story?

ON

Nje se nihče ne more dotaknit.

HIM

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No one can touch her.

ONA

In kaj se zgodi?

HER

And ... what happens?

ON

Ja nič. Nihče se je ne more dotaknit. Ampak pol en tip nardi kapo, tako mašino s katero lahko čutiš drugega enako in mu bereš in snemaš sanje. Daš si jih gor, te kape mislim in pol veš drug drugega. Samo pol se mu zmeša. Ker vidi vse na vse načine in vidi vse, kako ga vse vidi na vse načine in skoraj zblazni in si hoče s kamnom glavo odpret.

HIM

Well nothing. No one can touch her. But then this guy invents a hood, a machine with which you can feel one another and read and record each-others dreams. You put them on, these hoods. And then you know one another. But afterwards he goes crazy, because he sees everything in all ways and he sees everything seeing him in all ways and almost loses his mind and wants to open his head with a rock.

ONA

Kako pa se konča?

HER

And how does it end?

ON

Sleče mu kožo in ga pozauga v računalnik, hotel je postat svet in vsi ljudje, ampak je postal ogromen ligenj, ki sreča nezemljane. In oni mu povejo naj razfuka mašino in razfuka mašino. Potem v parku spozna nekoga. Ne poljubi je, čeprav si jo želi. Pošlje ji pismo in to je vse.

HIM

It strips his skin off and sucks him into the computer. He wanted to become the world and all people, but instead he became a giant squid, who encounters aliens. And they tell him to destroy the machine and he destroys the machine. Then he meets someone in the park. He doesn't kiss her, although he wants her. He sends her a message and that's all.

6.

ONA

V bistvu pa ... se sploh ni zgodilo tako. Najprej si prišel in me zagledal in mi citiral Rilkeja ... potem si me prosil, če bi se dobila, da sploh ne vem, kaj bi naredila za slovensko literaturo, če bi se dobila s tabo.

HER

In fact ... it didn't happen like that all. First of all you came, saw me and quoted a line from Rilke ... then you asked me if we could meet, that I have no idea of what service I could be to slovene literature if I did.

ON

Res? To sem rekel?

HIM

Really? I said that?

ONA

Da je tvoja dolžnost, da si z mano, ker glej, kako lepe stvari pišem že samo, ko te gledam. Predstavljaš si, kakšne mojstrovine bi šele pisal, če bi spal s tabo.

HER

That it is my duty to be with you, 'cause look, how many beautiful things I wrote by just looking at you. Imagine what masterpieces I'd produce, if I slept with you.

*(ON skriva pogled - guba čelo - gleda stran.)*

ONA

To bi bil greh proti umetnosti, če ne bi dovolila, da sva skupaj? »Prosim, prosim, poljubi me in bova sprožila Renesanso! Daj se dol z mano pa ti napišem Raj na zemlji ...«

HER

That would be a sin against art, if I didn't let us be together. Please, please kiss me and we'll trigger a Renaissance! Fuck me and I'll write Heaven On Earth!«

ON

Okej, okej ...

HIM

Okey, okey ...

ONA

Potem ni bilo dve leti nič ... potem pa, ko sva se spet srečala, si me prosil, če mi lahko nekaj prebereš. In sem rekla okej.

HER

After that, there was nothing for two years. Then ... When we met again, you asked me if you could read something to me. And I said okey.

ON

V parku.

HIM

In the park.

7.

ONA

Čutiš to napetost med nama?

HER

Can you feel this tension between us?

ON

Rad te imam. To je vse.

HIM

I love you. That's all.

ONA

Vidiš, mene pa to odbija.

HER

See, this gives me the creeps.

ON

Ampak zakaj?

HIM

But why?

8.

ONA

Lep si, kot da je praznik.

HER

You look handsome. Like on a holiday.

ON

Ti tud.

HIM

You too.

ONA

Nekaj ti moram povedat.

HER

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I have to tell you something.

ON

Kaj? Nekaj z mano?

HIM

What? Something about me?

ONA *odkima. She shakes her head.*

ON

Nekaj z nama?

HIM

Something about us?

ONA

It's just killing me sometimes ... *(se razjoče)* I have so much pain inside me and I can't get it out.

HER

It's just killing me sometimes ... *(cries)* I have so much pain inside me and I can't get it out.

ON *(jo objame)*

It's not you ... It's the world inside you ... Ne vem, če bo pomagalo, ampak ko sem bil Indiji in je bilo res hudo, hotel sem že nazaj in sva sedela z Viđejem ob Narmadi, ogromni reki, in dušilo me je, me je vprašal: Kaj je, pogrešaš mamo? In sem prikimal in on je pokazal na reko in rekel: Ni to tvoja mama?

HIM

It's not you ... It's the world inside you ...

I don't know if it will help, but when I was in India and it was really bad. I wanted to go back and we sat with Veejay beside Narmada, the giant river. I was chocking and he asked: »What is it? Do you miss your mamma?« I nodded and he pointed to the river and said: »Isn't that your mamma?«

ONA

Pa je pomagalo?

HER

Did it help?

ON *odkima. HE shakes his head.*

ON

Mi še vedno nočeš povedat?

HIM

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Still don't want to tell me?

ONA

Ne vem, če lahko. Morala bi stran. Ne mi zamerit. Včasih, ko spiš, odpiram vrečko bombonov in si rečem: Odpiram svoje otroke. Čudno je. Mogoče sva si prepodobna. Vem, da me gledaš ko spim in masturbiraš na vse kar nisi naredil. Ker masturbiraš lahko samo na take, nedosegljive stvari. Ne morš si predstavljat, kako boli, če te nekdo zahteva samo zase, samo za svoj užitek ...

HER

I don't know if I can. I should go away. Don't be angry. Sometimes when you're asleep, I open a bag of candy and say: I'm opening my children. It's strange. Maybe we're too alike. I know you watch me when I'm asleep and masturbate to everything you didn't do. Cause you can masturbate only to such unattainable things. You can't imagine how it hurts if someone demands you only for himself. Only for his pleasure ...

9.

ON

Dobro. Bova pa zdaj naredila vse drugače. Nisva se še srečala. Sploh te še ne poznam. Pridem in rečem: »Narahlo odvadiš se zemlje, kot nežno te mati od prsi odstavi ...«

HIM

Alright. We'll do everything differently now. We haven't met. I don't know you yet. I come and say: »Softly you break with the earth, as gently as a mother weans a child.«

ONA

In jaz? Pogledam, se nasmehnem in to je vse za ta dan?

HER

And me? I look, smile and that's all for the day?

ON

Ne, ti postaneš nasmeh. Nasmeh postaneš in ves svet se izniči. Vleče naju skupaj. Prvič začutim tvoje lase in obliko tvoje lobanje, kar drugače ne čuti nihče. Moj prst ti zdrsne v usta. Zajameš mojo glavo in mi narahlo poljubiš lase kot pismo, ki je rešilo Dostojevskega pred smrtjo ... O tebi je sanjal Martin Luther King, ko je rekel: Aj hed a drim. Zate so se borili partizani, zaradi tebe je njihov boj imel smisel!

HIM

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No, you become a smile. You become a smile and the whole world disappears. It draws us together. For the first time I feel your hair and the shape of your skull, what no one else feels now. My finger slides into your mouth. You gather my head and kiss my hair gently as the letter that saved Dostoyevsky from death. Martin Luther King had you in mind when he said: »I had a dream«. Partisans fought for you. Because of you their struggle had meaning!

ONA

In nenadoma, ko govoriš nekaj banalnega kot ...

HER

And suddenly, when you speak of something commonplace like ...

ON

... pol ti grobarji gledališča tam sedijo na svojih debelih ritih in štejejo dolarje za roletami ...

HIM

... then these theatrical undertakers sit there on their fat asses, counting dough behind window shades ...

ONA

Te ustavim s poljubom in tako ostaneva.

HER

I stop you with a kiss and we stay like that.

ON

Z enim gibom jezika mi narediš poželenje. Tvoj jezik je moker in hrapav. Tvoje prsi so trde jagode, ki jih ne morem pojest. Tvoj vrat je eksplozija. Tvoja vulva je ozka in čvrsta in spolzka. Vmes zbiram verze. Mislim, da sem jih par pozabil. Premikava se sem in tja, malo omahujeva, zgubljava ravnotežje ... Vzameš mojo roko in si jo neseš, da stisne tvoje prsi močno. Tvoja roka reče: vzemi me!

HIM

With a single gesture of your tongue you make me wanton. Your tongue is wet and rough. Your breasts are hard strawberries which I can't devour. Your neck is an explosion. Your crotch is tight and firm and slimy. I pick up verses by the way, I think I forgot some. We move left to right, we waver, lose our balance. You take my hand and carry it to squeeze your breasts. Hard. Your hand says: Take me!

ONA

Aaa!

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HER

Aa!

ON

Zastokaš. Kako lepo stokaš. Kako drhtiš. Kako si vsa svoje telo. Z roko greš čez moje ritnice in si me stisneš k sebi. In nenadoma mi greš v hlače. Končno me primeš, kot bi bilo od tega odvisno življenje!

HIM

You moan. How beautifully you moan. How you shiver. How you are all your body. With your hand you go over my buttocks and press me against you. Suddenly you go into my pants. Finally you touch me as if life depended on it!

(...)

ON

Jož, ljubim ta trenutek, ko vem, ko absolutno vem, da bom kmalu v tebi.

HIM

I love this moment, when I know, I absolutely know, I will soon be inside you.

ONA

(stoka)

SHE

(moans)

ON

Moji prsti dišijo po tebi ... kot po meni ... ko sem bil otrok. In pozabim ...

HIM

My fingers smell of you ... as of me ... when I was a child. And I forget ...

ONA

In pozabim: tekst, oder, iztočnico, logiko, teater. Vse kar bi morala in bi sledilo. In pustim naj traja, tvoja slina se mi cedi v uho. Naj traja. Tudi če otroci v Afriki umirajo. Naj traja, naj traja ...

HER

I forget: my lines, the stage, theatre, logic. Everything I should and what follows. And I let it last. You drool in my ear. Let it last. Even if children in Africa starve to death. Let it last, let it last ...

ON

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Pride ti nenadoma kot še nikoli. In premikam se ...

HIM

You come suddenly as never before. And I move ...

ONA

Ne premikaj se.

HER

Don't move.

ON

In jočeš vmes in hočeš še.

HIM

And you cry in between and want more.

ONA (*otroško*)

More! (...) Zakaj te vidim kot nekaj popolnega?

HER (*childlike*)

More! (...) Why do I see you as something perfect?

ON

Vprašaš in si poješ. Me božaš. In mrmraš ...

HIM

You ask and sing. Carresing me and murmur ...

ONA

Oprosti, da sem te poljubila.

HER

I'm sorry I kissed you.

ON

Umaknem pogled. Samo odkimam. Mislil si pa ...

HIM

I look away. I shake my head. Thinking ...

ONA

Oprosti, saj bom tiho.

HER

I'm sorry, I'll be quiet.

ON

Mislila si, da ne smeš govorit, ker jaz nisem znal in mel sem misli, ki sem jih slišal, ampak ne izgovoril. Mislil sem, preveč sem mislil.

HIM

You thought that you can't speak, because I couldn't and I had thoughts, which I heard, but didn't speak. I thought, I thought too much.

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ONA

What you thinking?

HER

What are you thinking?

ON

Nič. Razen, da naju vsi sosedje lahko vidiijo.

HIM

Nothing. Except that all the neighbours can see us.

ONA (*pogleda v publiko*)

Ne pa naju ne.

HER (*looks to the audience*)

No they can't.

ON

In tako lepa si. Tako lepo obljubljaš, ko se odločiš, da ljubiš. In sonce razlito na naju. In vzdiháš:

HIM

And you're so beautiful. You promiss so beautifully, when you decide to love. And the sun spilt over us. You sigh:

ONA

O bog!

HER

O god!

ON

Ker je dotik edina rešitev ...

HIM

Because a touch is the only solution ...

ONA

Aj đast wanted tu slip uith ju, is det urong?

HER

I just wanted to sleep with you, is that wrong?

ON (*otročko*)

Nou.

HIM (*childlike*)

No.

ONA

Nekaj ti moram povedat.

HER

I have to tell you something.

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ON

Ful te mam rad.

HIM

I really love you.

ONA

Jaz tud tebe. Hvala ti za vse za, kar ne veš, da si naredil.

HER

Me too. Thank you for everything, that you have no idea, you brought about.

ON

Vzameš mojo solzo in jo spiješ.

HIM

You take my tear and drink it.

ONA

Mahava si. In izgineš.

HER

We wave to each other. And you disappear.

ON

Ne. Ti izgineš.

HIM

No. You disappear.

10.

ON

Ja to je blo! Šele zdaj sem se spomnu! Rekel je nekaj takega kot: Hočem postat bog! Vsega se hočem dotaknit! In potem, ko je pretrgal popkovino, je naredil luknjo, da je ogenj nastal skozi usta človeka, kot je naredil luknje v vse stvari, da se lahko dihajo in skozi njih gorijo možgane... Potem je naredil, da se zvezde uredijo po svoji podobi in perspektiva je bila prva katedrala in vse zvezde so sijale enako. Ampak ko jih je uredil po svoji podobi, so mu postale preveliko zrcalo in videl je sebe in skoraj zblaznel. In praznovanje, da ne posedujemo ničesar je bilo tako neznansko, da bi si najraje s kamnom hotel glavo odpret, če ne bi videl, da se že s tem, ko se gleda: ustvarja. In njegova dejanja, možgani v njegovih rokah, način, kako je delal svoje roke dan za dnem. S svojimi rokami je ustvaril sebe, s svojimi usti je urekel svet, da je tak kot misli, da je. S svojimi pogledi ga je delal, in

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ustvaril sebe v sedmih dneh. Ampak potem je pozabil, kako je zvezde uredil, in jih je pozabil v škatli vžigalic, kot bi pozabil ključ do melodije, ki bi te odprla v Raj. In je rekel: Zgradil bom manjše katedrale, obvladljive, ker videl je, da se zvezd ne da udomačiti tako kot besed, razen če postaneš zvezda - ampak potem ne rabiš več govorit. In ljudje so ga posnemali in vzdihali v praznino, užitek ali bolečino, in niso videli v sebi črke kot frekvence - Babilona, ki je v ruševinah. In kot reka, ki ga je prebila - ga je odnesla v sistem neznan kam, in ni bil več tam, kjer je, ampak nekje čisto in drugje.

HIM

Yes, that's it! I remember now! He said something like: I want to become god! I want to touch everything! After cutting the umbilical cord he made a hole, so that fire arose through the mouth of man, as he made holes in all things, in order they could breath ... Then he made the stars align in their own image and the perspective was the first cathedral and all the stars shown alike. But when he aligned them in his image, they became a mirror of terror and he saw himself and almost went mad. And the celebration that we don't possess anything was so intense, that he could have opened his head with a rock; if he wouldn't know that he creates himself just by looking. And his actions, the brain in his hands, the way he made his hands day after day. With his hands he created himself, with his mouth he bespoke the world, that it became what he thought it would be. With his looks he made it, and created himself in seven days.

But then he forgot how he aligned the stars, and forgot them in a matchbox, as the key to the melody, which would open you into Paradise. And said: I will build small cathedrals, controllable ones. Because he saw, that the stars can not be domesticated like words, except if you become a star, but then you no longer need to speak. And people imitated him and sighed into emptiness, with pain or delight, and couldn't see the letter as a frequency inside - of a Babylon left to ruins. And as the river takes it all away - it swept him away into the system, god knows where. And he wasn't anymore where he was, but somewhere pure and else.

11.

ONA

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Pol se ona zbudi. Ko on spi. In sta on in ona ista oseba.  
Ko ona spi. On sanja. Ko ona živi, on sanja. In včasih  
zaspita skupaj in pol se sanjata.

HER

She wakes up. When he's asleep. And they are the same  
person. When she sleeps, he dreams. When she lives, he  
dreams. And sometimes they fall asleep together and they  
dream of each and other.

12.

ON

Jezus! Se je operacija že končala?

HIM

Jesus! Is it over?

ONA

Ja. Lahko se zbudiš ...

HER

Yes. You can wake up now.

ON

Kaj se dogaja?

HIM

What's going on?

ONA

Nekdo je spremenil svet v Raj in za en čudovit dan je bil  
mir ... ampak potem je spet šlo vse v kurac. Ampak ne  
skrbi. Je prišla riba stara prijateljica in naju odnesla  
daleč stran.

HER

Someone turned the world into Paradise and for one glorious  
day there was peace. But then it all got fucked again. But  
don't worry. The fish came, our old friend, and took us far  
away from there.

ON

Kje pa sva?

HIM

Where are we now?

ONA

Zdaj sva v ribi, v njenem trebuhu, v najinem stanovanju, ki je znotraj ribe.

HER

Inside the fish, in her belly, in our apartment, that's inside the fish.

ON

Zakaj pa sva znotraj ribe?

HIM

But why are we inside a fish?

ONA

Bila je puščava in prišel je človek in spremenil puščavo v Raj in bilo je tako lepo, da so se ljudje hoteli poljubljat skozi zrak in tulipani so zrasli iz noči in ptiči so prišli v jatah ... še nikoli nisem videla toliko ptičev na enem mestu ... in drevesa so zrasla in dajala sadje v vseh barvah in vse je cvetelo, ampak ker je prej bila puščava, ptice in rastline niso bile navajene na spremembe in sonce je bilo premočno in so začeli gnit in umirat in lakota je prišla in mrhovinarji - »velika je roka, ki drži v oblasti ljudi samo s čačko svojega imena«. In pol je bil čas, da greva in rešila naju je riba - stara prijateljica - prišla je iz vode in imela je ribjo glavo in človeško telo - ampak se je spremenila ob najinem kontaktu in postala ti, čeprav sem bila navajena, da jaz nosim stvari namesto nas - ampak najprej sva jo morala spomnit; da se naju spomni in se naju je in potem se je preobrazila in šla v morje in sva rekla: »odnesi naju daleč proč od tod« in sva šla v ribo in trebuh ribe, kjer je najino stanovanje in spomini ...

HER

There was a desert and man came and transformed the wasteland into Paradise. And it was so beautiful that people wanted to kiss through the sky and tulips grew out of the night and birds came in swarms ... I have never seen so many birds in one place. And trees grew and gave fruit in all colours and everything bloomed. But because it was a wasteland before the birds and plants weren't used to the change. And the sun was too strong and they began to rot. To wither and die and »famine grew and locusts came. Great is the hand that holds dominion over man by a scribbled name«. Then it was time to go and the fish, our old friend,

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saved us. She came out of the water and she had a fishy head and a human body. But she changed when she came into contact with us and became you. Although I was used to carry things for us. But first we had to make her remember and she did. And she transformed and went into the sea and we said: »Take us far away from here« and we went inside the fish and her belly, where our apartment is and our memories ...

ON (*pogleda gor, pismo visi s stropa*)  
Kaj pa je to?

HIM (*looks up, sees a letter hanging from the ceiling*)  
What's that?

ONA  
Pismo od tistega idiota, ki je hotel svet spremenit v Raj na zemlji.

HER  
The letter from that idiot, who wanted to transform the world into Paradise.

ON (*gleda gor, bere kot da bi tekst preletel*)  
'Mon amour. Bla, bla, bla. Naj mi odpustijo ... Ne premikaj se. Naj veter govori. To je Raj.' - Žal mu je, vsaj nekaj. (*bere naprej*) Občutek imam, da je to pismo iz prihodnosti odgovor na ... Au! (*nekaj mu pade v oko*) Kaj je blo to?

HIM (*reads*)  
»Mon amour. Bla, bla, bla. Forgive me. Don't move. Let the wind speak. That is Paradise«. He's sorry, that's something. I feel this letter is from the future an answer to ... au! (*something falls in his eye*) What was that?

ONA  
Čakaj. Ne se premikat. To se je že zgodilo. Košček rezila ti je padel iz pisma v oko, ampak sem ti ga zbezala ven in te rešila, in zdaj sva tukaj. Hitro - nimava časa, riba pravi, da je treba zapret okna, da voda ne gre not.

HER  
Wait. Don't move. This already happened. A piece of a blade fell into your eye from the letter, but I got it out and saved you, and now we're here. Quick! We don't have time, the fish says we need to seal the windows for the water not to get in.

ON  
Ampak kam naju pelje?

HIM  
But where is she taking us?

ONA  
Ne vem, ampak čutim, da najboljše šele prihaja, vem da najboljše šele pride ...

HER  
I don't know, but I feel that the best is yet to come. I know that the best is yet to come ...

TEMA  
BLACK OUT

### SCENOSLED

0. TELEFON I
1. IZ BESED V SANJE
2. NI TIŠINE - JA PA JE
3. VSE TO JE SRANJE
4. TELEFON II
5. DRAMA V DRAMI
6. VUKOJEBINA
7. V PARKU
8. IT'S NOT YOU IT'S THE WORLD INSIDE YOU
9. CANTICUM CANTICORUM - PESEM PESMI

10. ČLOVEK, KI JE POSTAL SVET
11. BEKFLEŠ K DRAMI V DRAMI
12. RIBA