We do not know whether Don Juan ever had a historical existence. All that can be established is that there was once a Don Juan type, and consequently it is clear that there still is and always will be. I have, therefore, felt free to describe a Don Juan of our time, since our own times are always more immediate to us. Of course, this Don Juan, too, ostensibly belongs to the past, as he died during the great inflation of 1919-23, in other words at a time when, even in the most banal sense of the word, all values were dislocated. However, as I say, this time is only ostensibly in the past, because from a somewhat broader point of view, we are still living in times of inflation, and there is no telling when they will end.

A typical feature of our age is the way each individual changes radically as a result of the catastrophes which befall society as a whole. Thus Don Juan comes back from the war and imagines he has become a different man. Nevertheless he remains who he is. He has no choice. He is not going to escape the ladies.

For hundreds of years, people have tried to solve the enigma of Don Juan in a variety of ways, but the enigma is insoluble. The character has gone through the most disparate transformations, from the original view of him as adulterer, murderer and desecrator of the dead to the psychologically dissected weary cavalier. He lives on in tradition and legend as a violent criminal, like some force of nature, running riot against morality and justice. He is the great seducer, seduced again and again by women. They all succumb to him, but – and his may be the essential point – he is never really loved by any of them. (This is why the play does not have a single love scene.)

So what is it that attracts women to Don Juan? It is not male sexuality alone, although no doubt he is its most powerful representative, but the particularly ardent and exclusively distinct metaphysical implications of this sexuality, which give him such inescapable power over women. Don Juan is forever in search of perfection, in other words something which does not exist in the world. And time and again women want to prove to him, and also to themselves, that it is possible for him to find in the world everything he is searching for. The misfortune of these women is that their horizons are worldly – only when they suspect, to their horror, that he is not searching for life but yearning for death, do they recoil from him. Don Juan’s tragic guilt is that he continually forgets or even mocks this yearning, and thus becomes the cynical victim of his own powers, but not unaffectingly.

Ödön von Horváth
Hedonism on the Brink of the Abyss

Ödön von Horváth’s play

*Don Juan Comes Back From the War*

by Elisabeth Tworek

On 4 July 1936 Ödön von Horváth’s closest friend, Franz Theodor Csokor, wrote to the playwright Ferdinand Bruckner in Paris that Horváth ‘has finished two excellent pieces.’ The plays were *Figaro Gets a Divorce* and *Don Juan Comes Back From the War*.

For Csokor, *Don Juan* is:

...possibly his most mature work to date, an eerie play, reminiscent of the graphic work of Goya and Kubin, in which the guilt of destroying a person remains unaccounted for; and thus drives the offender against all women, who somehow all resemble his first victim, to the grave of his once beloved, where he freezes to death in the snow, from the external and internal cold.

Initial notes for the Don Juan material, among them a film treatment with the title *A Don Juan of Our Times or: The Legend of Don Juan in Our Times*, are among Horváth’s notebooks and papers from the early 1930s. The world premiere took place in 1952 under the title *Don Juan Returns* at the Theatre of Courage in Vienna, 14 years after Horváth’s death and it wasn’t printed until 1961.

The archetypal figure of Don Juan has caught the imaginations of writers and philosophers throughout European cultural history – from E.T.A. Hoffmann via Nikolaus Lenau to Søren Kierkegaard. Inspired by Casanova’s memoirs, first published in German in 1913, the myths of Don Juan appealed in particular to the writers of the Vienna Moderne. These include Peter Altenberg (*Don Juan* 1916), Franz Blei (*Der Don Juan* 1916) and Arthur Schnitzler (*Casanova’s Homecoming* 1918), as well as Horváth’s writer colleagues Erich Kästner (*Don Juan’s Last Dream* 1949) and Hermann Kesten (*Casanova* 1959).

In his introduction to the play, Ödön von Horváth gives us an indication of why he chose Don Juan and why he relocated him to Berlin after the Great War:

I have taken the liberty of depicting a Don Juan of our time because our own time is always closer to us. Seemingly this Don Juan already belongs to the past too, for he died during the great Inflation of 1919-23, thus at a time where in the most banal sense of the word all values have shifted. But it is only seemingly a bygone era because, viewed from a somewhat higher vantage point, we still live in a time of inflation and one doesn’t know when it will end.

With the end of World War I the old value system had fallen apart in large parts of Europe. In the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the German Empire and Bavaria, for example, the monarchies had been abolished. This was accompanied by bloody revolutions, street fighting, attempted coups, political murders and vendettas. Europe’s borders were redrawn. Economic disasters such as hunger, demonetisation and mass unemployment followed. The survivors of the war found distraction from their dull daily life in sexual adventures. The bourgeois values and stale conventions of the nineteenth century were redundant. The new democratic values hadn’t yet been established.

Ödön von Horváth confers the economic phenomenon of demonetisation upon the erosion of
moral values and social ideas. He transforms the term inflation into a phenomenon of human existence: ‘Figurative use of a word and meaning of a word correspond to one another just as little as lifestyle and purpose in life do. The law of identity is destroyed.’ (Walter Huder)

Ödön von Horváth was shaped by these times. He was born in 1901 in Austro-Hungarian Fiume on the Adriatic and grew up in the European metropolises Belgrade, Budapest, Munich, Bratislava, and Vienna. His generation was still too young for the trenches of World War I, though the brutality of the war hit them with full force. Horváth’s adolescence and his first sexual experience occurred during World War I. He experienced the collapse of the Habsburg Monarchy in Budapest. He talks repeatedly about forgetting all his childhood memories during the war and that his life began with its declaration. He reflected:

> We, who were in our teens during the war, were not very popular. As a result of the fact that our fathers fell in battle or dodged service, were crippled by gunfire or racketeered, public opinion concluded that we louts would become criminals. We could all have hanged ourselves had we given a damn that our adolescence coincided with the War. We were uncouth, felt neither pity nor respect. We had neither a sense for museums nor for the immortality of the soul—and when the adults fell apart, we were left untouched. Nothing fell apart in us, as we didn’t have anything. Until then we had only observed.

The events that take place in *Don Juan Comes Back From the War* aren’t specifically localised and start in the late autumn of 1918. Don Juan is a homecomer. His body and soul severely wounded, he returns from the war. He has survived bombardments and the Spanish flu. Racketeering and lies keep him afloat. Don Juan meets many women and in turn is reminded by these women of his bride, whom he left before the war in search of the ideal woman. In the meantime Don Juan has ‘gallivanted and lived it up with thousands of worthless women’. However he believes the war has changed him. Now he frantically searches for his bride who was a ‘pure soul, a real angel’. But his actions have sent her mad and she has died in an asylum in 1916. Don Juan becomes snowed in at his beloved’s grave and dies like the soldier in Horváth’s novel *A Child of Our Time* as a snowman.

Horváth writes in his preface:

> What drives the women to Don Juan? It is not only the male sexuality, whose strongest representative he is without doubt, but rather the especially intimate and exclusively developed metaphysical bond of this sexuality, the force of which women can’t resist. Don Juan continually looks for perfection, for something out of this world. The women want to prove to him and to themselves over and over again that he can find everything he is looking for here on earth. The women’s misfortune is that they have an earthly horizon...only when they realise with a shudder that he isn’t looking for life but years for death, do they back off.

When Horváth finished his play *Don Juan Comes Back From the War* in Vienna, he had just overcome a severe life crisis. Before Hitler’s seizure of power in January 1933 the German-speaking writer with a Hungarian passport had been a clear opponent of the National Socialists. Now, as a foreigner in Germany, he tried to defy a ban on the performance of his plays. On 11 July 1934 Horváth joined the National Socialist Reichs-Federation of German Authors and got by in Berlin by writing film scripts mostly under a pseudonym. However his plays were still not performed on German stages. Right up until 1935 Horváth continued to pay his membership fees and was excluded from the Reichs-Federation of German Authors in 1937. In October 1935 he relocated to Vienna and regretted his ingratiating behaviour. In November 1936, a few months after completing *Don Juan Comes Back From the War* Horváth confessed ruefully:

> I committed a sin once. I wrote a play *With His Head Through the Wall*, compromised, corrupted by the Neo-Prussian influence, and wanted to make money, nothing else. It was performed and failed. Due punishment. Now I have set
myself the task, without straying, to write the comedy of man, without compromises, without thinking about money.
There is nothing worse than a writing whore.

Elisabeth Tworek has headed the Literary Archive of the City of Munich with a comprehensive Munich-Library since 1994. A literary scholar, she wrote her doctoral thesis on the Bavarian novel during the Weimar Republic. She freelances for the Bavarian Broadcasting Service and has written numerous features, books and articles on literature in Bavaria. Ödön von Horváth’s life and work is her area of expertise.

Translation: Daniel Lang
Characters

DON JUAN
WOMAN 1
WOMAN 2
WOMAN 3
WOMAN 4
WOMAN 5
LANDLADY
NURSE 1
NURSE 2
MATRON
WOMAN WITH KNIFE
NURSE 3
NURSE 4
NURSE 5
MOTHER
GIRL
NUN 1
NUN 2
ABBESS
NUN 3
PROSTITUTE 1
PROSTITUTE 2
YOUNG WOMAN
First performed in 1952 as *Don Juan Returns* at the Theatre of Courage in Vienna.

First performance at the Finborough Theatre: Tuesday, 28 February 2012 with the following cast in order of appearance:

*Cast in order of appearance*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Don Juan</td>
<td>Zubin Varla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman 1</td>
<td>Leah Whitaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman 2</td>
<td>Laura Dos Santos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman 3</td>
<td>Charlie Cameron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman 4</td>
<td>Sarah Sweeney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman 5</td>
<td>Miranda Pleasence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Landlady</td>
<td>Eileen Nicholas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse 1</td>
<td>Sarah Sweeney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse 2</td>
<td>Laura Dos Santos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman with Knife</td>
<td>Eileen Nicholas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse 3</td>
<td>Leah Whitaker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nurse 4</td>
<td>Charlie Cameron</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nurse 5</td>
<td>Leah Whitaker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Matron</td>
<td>Miranda Pleasence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother</td>
<td>Miranda Pleasence</td>
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<tr>
<td>Girl</td>
<td>Charlie Cameron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abbess</td>
<td>Eileen Nicholas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nun 1</td>
<td>Sarah Sweeney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nun 2</td>
<td>Laura Dos Santos</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The action takes place in Berlin, 1918.

Director Andrea Ferran
Designer Ellan Parry
Lighting Designer Neill Brinkworth
Sound Designer Edward Lewis
Dramaturg Deirdre McLaughlin
Fight Director Paul Benzing
Movement Director Polly Bennett
Stage Manager Charlotte Archer

(Supported by the Dingemans National Theatre Bursary)

Production Manager James Turner Inman
Producer Lucy Jackson
Casting Director Hayley Kaimakliotis
Casting Assistant Isabella Riggs
Assistant Producer Chris Foxon
Assistant Stage Manager Alexander Pearson
Costume Supervisor Sam Kent
Make Up Francesca Jordan and Sophie Venes
‘[...] we know, ladies and gentlemen, as it happens, we’re the first generation of people who do really, what the cure for poverty really is. It eluded people for a long, long time. The cure for poverty has a name, in fact. It’s called the “Empowerment of Women”.’

Christopher Hitchens, debating with Tony Blair

‘Why was it that I had to leave my home? What did I stand up for? I never took part in politics. I stood up for the rights of the human being. But perhaps my crime was that I found no solution. I go on writing and I don’t know the answer. I don’t know it yet. The sea roars. New waves and still more new waves keep coming. Again and again and again.’

The last words of Ödön von Horváth’s unfinished novel, Adieu Europa
Contents

DARKNESS
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2.3 THE FOLLOWING DAY, MORNING
2.4 LATER THAT DAY
2.5 LATE THAT NIGHT
3.1 KITCHEN A FEW HOURS LATER, THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
3.2 DAWN
3.3 HALF AN HOUR LATER
3.4 EVENING
3.5 NIGHT
3.6 A FEW HOURS LATER
4.1 CHAPEL
5.1 FURNACE
6.1 GRAVE
The play takes place in Berlin in the aftermath of the First World War.

DARKNESS

As the lights fade, we hear marching drums, sirens, distant gunfire and flames turn into the lashing rain and rumbling thunder of a storm.

A flash of lightning.

The first notes of the jazz standard ‘Tiger Rag’ play, loudly.
BATHROOM

Early Morning.

A small bathroom above a bar in Berlin, lit by small electric lamps and candles. An enormous bath in the centre. Rain beats against the window.

The room is crowded with women in various states of undress. Some are wearing items of DON JUAN’s military uniform, his shirt, trousers, jacket, boots, helmet. One or two have drawn mascara moustaches on themselves and tied their hair to look shorter. The air is thick with smoke, dust, incense, steam. The bath overflows. There has been a food fight. The mirror is cracked, and the words ‘Wilkommen daheim’ are scrawled on it in pink lipstick. It is hot, sweaty and airless. They have been in this room for several days. They are all exhausted, drunk, and on the verge of hysteria.

WOMAN 1 is sat on the toilet, fanning herself to keep cool and talking on a telephone which has been brought through from the neighbouring bedroom.

WOMAN 2 is in the bath, painting DON JUAN’s face with make-up, laughing and planting lipstick kisses all over his face.

WOMAN 3 is in the bath, splashing, laughing, giving instructions to WOMAN 2, pulling faces and spitting water at DON JUAN.

WOMAN 4 dances wildly to the music, drumming the rhythm on her body and any objects within reach. She smokes and selects which record to play next. She pours champagne into any glasses that remain empty.

WOMAN 5 is asleep, curled in a ball under the sink. She has a full beard drawn on her face.

The only man, DON JUAN, sits in the bath with his back to us. His arms are flung wide, a glass of champagne in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

DON JUAN: Ladies!

He stands up in the bath. He is middle-aged, naked, and with his face made up with white foundation, red lipstick, blue eye shadow, mascara, and a beauty spot on his cheek. As he stands, WOMAN 2 uses his helmet to preserve his modesty. WOMAN 4 laughs and throws a feather boa around his shoulders. WOMAN 1 hangs up the phone. WOMAN 3 wolf-whistles and applauds. WOMAN 5 wakes up and smiles. The women drum their hands on the bath, the floor
and the walls.

He raises a glass.

Ladies.

WOMAN 4 turns the volume down on the record. WOMAN 1 angles a lamp at his face, spotlighting him. WOMAN 5 turns the other lights off.

He grins at them.

The war is over.

They cheer.

We lost.

They boo.

And now I’m where I belong.

The only living man in Berlin.

He does a little bow and the WOMEN applaud. WOMAN 3 splashes him.

He silences them, mock-seriously. WOMAN 2 giggles.

Today begins a new era for Germany.

The beginning of the end.

Recrimination.

Protest.

Austerity.

Hardship.

WOMAN 1 throws a piece of cake at him. Laughing, the women pelt DON JUAN with fruit and other objects, including paper airplanes made from banknotes. He laughs too, grabbing and messily eating any food he catches.

But for us,

here,

now,

it’s still yesterday. It’s still last night. A perfect world.
The party’s not over. The party’s

He doubles over in pain, clutching his chest. Woman 1 laughs.

*Don Juan* laughs.


God’s angry with me.

*He straightens up and looks at the ceiling.*

Is that what it is?

I’m asking you.

The women exchange glances.

I’m asking what I’ve done.

He rubs his face with his hand, smudging the lipstick across his cheek.

It’s coming for us. Perfection or oblivion. A mass grave for our bones to intermingle joylessly.

Another drink anyone?

A flash of lightning. Woman 4 is scared. Woman 1 tops up his glass.

One elephant.

Two elephants.

Three elephants.

Four.

Five.

It’s passing.

Another thunderclap, further off.

He drains his glass.

Four years being spattered with the blood of husbands.
Woken by mortar shells scattering the limbs of fathers.

**WOMAN 5 puts a robe around his shoulders.**
Walking on the corpses of doctors. Teachers. Priests.

Good men.
Your men.
Your brothers.

Your lovers.

**WOMAN 4 starts to cry.**
Loved limbs.
Missed bodies.
The smell of them turning to meat in the sun.

Turning to mud.

**WOMAN 2 gets out of the bath and wraps herself in a towel.**
And I’m untouched.
God isn’t paying attention.

It’s the Devil watches out for me.

* A flash of lightning. **WOMAN 3 screams. DON JUAN laughs at her, then grabs his heart and yells in pain.*

Not yet.

*The women look at one another.*

*Thunder rumbles in the distance. Rain lashes against the window.*

*He recovers, laughs.*
Four years without a bath.

Four years without women.

*He grabs **WOMAN 4 by the arm. She flinches and pulls away from him. He steps out of the bath.***

Come on!
We’re celebrating!

You want to cry?
He takes her in his arms. She fights him but he persists and she relents. She cries.

That’s it.

That’s it.

He beckons WOMAN 1 over and incorporates her into the hug.

He makes crying sounds. WOMAN 3 climbs out of the bath and puts on a dress to join the hug. WOMAN 2 and WOMAN 5 join in. They all begin to wail. The wail turns into howling like wolves, then to laughing and after a while they begin swaying sleepily as one.

It ends tomorrow!

If you can believe them this time.

Then

who knows?

Anything.

Anything.

Let’s be happy! For one night let’s be happy!

He strokes WOMAN 4’s face and smiles at her.

You know, you remind me of someone.

It’s quite extraordinary.

Nearly morning and everything will be different. Let’s not say it’s over, let’s not say it’s dead.

Yes?

She smiles back.

Yes?

She laughs.

YES!

Music!
WOMAN 1 cranks the handle on the record player and starts the music. The same song, ‘Tiger Rag’ begins, loud, frantic, the needle dropped in the middle of the track. She picks the record player up and dances with it. As she moves, the record slows and speeds up drunkenly.

He puts his arms around WOMAN 4, picks her up and spins her around. She laughs and spreads her arms wide.

He puts her down and dances with WOMAN 2. He drinks a glass of red wine in one gulp, then a glass of champagne. He oinks like a pig, letting wine pour from his mouth. The record skips and repeats the last ten seconds.

WOMAN 5 picks up a pillow from the floor and hits DON JUAN with it. WOMAN 3 picks up a pillow and joins the fight.

WOMAN 4 wipes her eyes. She watches DON JUAN. She is deep in thought.

WOMAN 3’s pillow bursts. She laughs as feathers fill the air. WOMAN 5 rips her own pillow and throws fistfuls of feathers into the air.

The record skips back again.

DON JUAN fills WOMAN 1’s glass. She dances. The air is full of feathers.

This is life!

This is living!

I’m home.

He swigs from the bottle, pouring the last drops on his face.

WOMAN 4 gets dressed.

WOMAN 3 jumps on DON JUAN’s back. He grabs WOMAN 5, tickles her and kisses her neck. They wrestle to the floor. WOMAN 2 pours champagne over them.

The record skips back again.

WOMAN 4 heads to the door.

DON JUAN sees her, takes her in his arms and slow-dances incongruously to the fast music. She clings to him. WOMAN 2 dances against his back with her arms around him. They close their eyes and sway back and forth drowsily.

WOMAN 5 grabs a towel and gently dries his hair and body.
A loud knock on the bedroom door. They all freeze.

Another. DON JUAN points.

DON JUAN: Door!

WOMAN 1 rushes to the bathroom door and locks it shut.

WOMAN 3 stops the music.

WOMAN 2 blows out the candles.

Another loud knock. They all stay very still. Rain drums against the window.

WOMAN 1 laughs, despite herself. WOMAN 5 shushes her.

DON JUAN walks to the door. He slowly puts his ear against it.

WOMAN 2: Landlady.

WOMAN 1: Bet the bath’s raining through her ceiling!

WOMAN 5: Time is it?

WOMAN 3: She’ll want paying. You promised days ago.

DON JUAN: Days?

How long have we been here?

WOMAN 2 laughs. He smiles.

He suddenly doubles over in pain.

WOMAN 4: You don’t look well mister.

DON JUAN: I’m fine.

WOMAN 5: You should lie down.

WOMAN 3: You’ve not slept.
DON JUAN: I’m celebrating.

WOMAN 5: Can’t do that at your age.

DON JUAN: What does that mean?

He winces, struggles for breath, shouts in agony then collapses. He thrashes around, knocking things to the floor.

WOMAN 1 laughs. The other WOMEN step away from him.

He tries to stand and falls back to the floor. He yells in pain.

WOMAN 1 stops laughing.

WOMAN 5 brings him a glass of water and holds it to his lips.

WOMAN 3: Is it his heart?

DON JUAN: It does this sometimes.

Lets me know it’s still ticking.

A loud bang and crash.

WOMAN 2: She’s into the bedroom!

WOMAN 1 laughs again, covering her mouth with her hand.

DON JUAN sits up.

DON JUAN: Soldiers!

WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2 salute and straighten their uniforms. WOMAN 3 stands to attention.

WOMAN 1: Captain!

DON JUAN: Man the barricades!

The WOMEN pile things in front of the door.

DON JUAN pulls himself onto the toilet, facing the door. He holds his side.

Loud banging on the bathroom door. DON JUAN beckons to them.
Here here here!

The women gather around him. Woman 1 holds a plunger like a gun.

Ssssh.

Woman 4 looks at Don Juan, worried.

Ssssh.

Loud knocking.

Landlady: (Off.) Open this door.

Don Juan: Fill your glasses.

Woman 3 and Woman 5 pass the glasses around and top them up.

This is it ladies. It’s been an honour serving with you.

Woman 1 sniggers.

To life!

All the women respond, except Woman 4 who is too frightened.

Women: Life!

Don Juan: To love!

Women: Love!

Don Juan: To lust!

Women: Lust!

Don Juan: Life. Love. Lust.

All: Life! Love! Lust!

Life! Love! Lust!

Life! Love! Lust!
The door handle is unscrewed from the other side and drops to the floor.

DON JUAN: LIFE! LOVE! LUST!

The door opens outwards, away from the makeshift barricade. The LANDLADY steps over the objects and into the bathroom, aiming a rifle at DON JUAN. The WOMEN scatter and take cover. WOMAN 4 rushes out of the room.

The LANDLADY switches on the overhead lamp.

DON JUAN squints in the bright light. The room is a disaster, mess everywhere. Come on in.

Take off your clothes and join the party!

WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2 laugh.

WOMAN 3: I think the party’s over granddad.

DON JUAN: What did you call me?

LANDLADY: Money. Now.

DON JUAN: Have a drink.

She advances.

LANDLADY: This is my home.

The WOMEN are getting ready to leave.

With difficulty, DON JUAN gets to his feet.

DON JUAN: Don’t let it end yet. Not yet.

LANDLADY: Pay. Get out.

DON JUAN: These women have lost everything.

He takes a step towards the LANDLADY.


DON JUAN: Their jobs are being given to surviving soldiers.
LANDLADY: Eight.

WOMAN 2 is leaving. He grabs her by the arm.

DON JUAN: DON’T LEAVE. YOU CAN’T.

It’s cold. Have another drink.

LANDLADY: Seven.

DON JUAN: The whole universe is here.

WOMAN 2 pulls away from him.

What more could you want?

He pulls out a fistful of banknotes from his bag.

A flash of lightning.

Hey.

WOMAN 2 stops and looks at him.

This?

He throws the money at WOMAN 2. She flinches as if she’s been slapped. WOMAN 3 and WOMAN 5 gather the money.

DON JUAN laughs.

This what you want?

It’s worthless. Just paper now.

WOMAN 2 exits.

LANDLADY: Six.

A thunderclap.

DON JUAN: It’s all coming to an end.

He steps towards the LANDLADY.

LANDLADY: Get out or I’ll do it.
DON JUAN: We’re having a little party.

Still in pain, he walks up to her until the gun is against his forehead.

Give me a kiss.

LANDLADY: Five.

DON JUAN: Four.

Three.

WOMAN 1: Two!

He smiles. He grabs another handful of banknotes and throws them in the air. They flutter down around him. DON JUAN laughs.

He doubles over in pain.

DON JUAN: Not yet! Not yet!

He starts to laugh.

He stands upright and raises a glass to the LANDLADY.

Love!

Life!

A bright flash and a sudden thunderclap. The lights flicker. WOMAN 5 leaves.

The party’s not over!

He grabs his side.

Not yet!

He winces.

Not yet!

He clutches his chest in agony, then collapses head first into the bath.

WOMAN 1 laughs.

WOMAN 3: Get his money.
LANDLADY: That’s mine.

WOMAN 1: Is he okay?

WOMAN 3: His money! Get his money!

*The landlady grabs woman 3 by the hair and drags her out of the room.*

It’s all over! Hell is here! See you in the mass grave!

*Woman 1 stands over the bath looking at Don Juan.*

WOMAN 1: Is he okay?

, Are you okay?

, She looks at the carnage around her. She plays with her hair:

, Dust falls from the ceiling.

Another, nearer lightning flash and thunderclap and the lights in the room cut out.

‘Liebesleid (Sadness of Love)’ by Fritz Kreisler plays loudly.
2.1 HOSPITAL

Early afternoon, the same day. Beelitz-Heilstätten.

A pale blue curtain creating a cubicle. The cries of injured soldiers echo down long corridors. The storm has passed but the rain still falls.

A nurse sits reading a Red Army pamphlet, on the cover of which are the words ‘Ermahnung, Organisation und Repressalien’. The music is playing softly on a small radio on the trolley next to her. She hums along to it absent-mindedly.

She puts down the pamphlet and picks up a romance novel. On the cover is a fairytale princess swooning in the arms of a shirtless knight.

Another nurse enters, mopping the floor. Nurse 1 quickly hides the romance novel and switches the radio off. She busily orders the small bottles and cloths on the trolley.

The nurses acknowledge one another briefly.

The second nurse stops in front of a small heater and rubs her hands. She looks at the cubicle.

The first nurse watches her.

Nurse 1: The gunning has stopped.

, 

Nurse 2: Hmm?

, 

Nurse 1: At the front. The gunning has stopped.

Nurse 2: That’s good.

, 

Nurse 1: That’s why I had the radio on.

For news.
NURSE 2: I’ve got some chocolate.
Would you like some?

NURSE 1: I

NURSE 2: is it true who you’ve got in there?

NURSE 1: Who?
What?

I was just told to sit here and

_nurse 2 advances to the cubicle. nurse 1 grabs her arm._

NURSE 2: let go.

NURSE 1: I’ve been told

NURSE 2: let go of me.

NURSE 1: Told to keep people out.

I’m sorry.

_nurse 2 pulls her arm away._

NURSE 2: I’m just looking.

NURSE 1: No.

_nurse 1 grabs her again. nurse 2 pushes her hands away. nurse 1 grabs her by the lapel and nurse 2 retaliates, grabbing nurse 1’s face in her hand._

He’s sleeping.

NURSE 2: Then let me look.

_nurse 1 holds her back._

NURSE 1: No.

_They are grappling with each other._

_A matron enters, looking down at a clipboard. The nurses quickly detach themselves and_
straighten their clothes.

NURSE 1/2: Matron.

They nod to her and she ignores them, walking straight past and exiting.

, 

NURSE 2: Matron wouldn’t be happy about you having the radio on.

NURSE 1: Please don’t.

NURSE 2: Reading romance books.

NURSE 1: I’m sorry.

NURSE 2 takes a small tin out of her apron. NURSE 1’s eyes widen as NURSE 2 opens the box.

Where did you get it?

NURSE 2: Ever tried it?

NURSE 1: Of course.

She takes a piece of chocolate in her fingers and holds it out to the other NURSE at mouth height.

I’m not a dog.

Neither moves.

, 

NURSE 2: Here,

She lowers her hand and passes the chocolate to NURSE 1.

NURSE 1 eats it slowly, trying to conceal her pleasure.

NURSE 2 watches her and smiles.

, 

have you spoken with him?
NURSE 1: You’re blushing.

NURSE 2: You don’t know who you’ve got in there do you?

NURSE 1: A wounded soldier.

NURSE 2 

NURSE 2 laughs.

What else?

NURSE 2: The most famous penis in Germany.

NURSE 1 gasps and covers her mouth.

The most handsome face.
Most seductive tongue.
Feet that have fled a thousand husbands.

Shoulders.

Back.

Arms.

Hands.

Eyes that have seen more than you can imagine.

NURSE 1: And a heart that needs rest.

NURSE 2: You just want him to yourself.

NURSE 1: Don’t make me sick.

Nurse 2 Then keep lookout.

Nurse 1 No.

Nurse 2 Ten minutes.

Nurse 1 You could kill him.

Nurse 2 Five.

Nurse 1 You’re disgusting.

Nurse 2 Aren’t you curious?
Nurse 1  No.
Nurse 2  Liar.
Nurse 1  I have a job to do.
Nurse 2  You could watch.
Nurse 1  Gross.
NURSE 2:  I wouldn’t tell anyone.
NURSE 1:  I’ll scream.
NURSE 2:  Could join in.
NURSE 1:  I’m going to call a doctor.

**NURSE 1 moves to exit. NURSE 2 follows her and grabs her by the arm.**

NURSE 2:  I’ll cover your shift tonight.
NURSE 1:  No.
NURSE 2:  I’ll let you go first.
NURSE 1:  I don’t want to.
NURSE 2:  Liar.
NURSE 1:  I’m not.
NURSE 2:  I’ll pay you.

*Unseen by either NURSE, a WOMAN enters. She holds a large knife. She enters the cubicle.*

NURSE 1:  *(Laughing.)* What?
NURSE 2:  I’ll give you money.
NURSE 1:  You’re humiliating yourself.
NURSE 2:  Have you had your pay this month? It’s nothing.

NURSE 1 considers this.
I can afford it. My father’s a barbed wire salesman.

NURSE 1: No.

NURSE 2: I’ve not been touched since the war began. My man was killed in the first month.

Please.

He’s here for a reason.

She heads to the cubicle again.

NURSE 1: Stop.

She does.

How do you know about him?

NURSE 2: The whole city is talking about it. He’s alive. He’s back.

,  

NURSE 1: Who is he?

,  

Berlin is grey. It’s concrete and dust and fog and hard edges and it’s lifeless and cold and lonely and we’ve all been waiting and waiting for our lives to start. You’re young. Just a child when it started. But you must feel things will change. That there will be colour and music and joy or why would you keep living? I’ve been surviving, just surviving and I want to live again. To know it’s all been worth it. Even for one second.

Every great party. Every great story. Every amazing thing you’ve heard about Berlin before the war, he was there. In the belly of it. He gazes at the world with wonder and love and excitement. And he looks into your eyes and he can see you as you truly are and it’s scary and amazing and you just let go because your ribcage is open and your heart is in his hand.

I need this.

NURSE 1: Have you seen him? Met him? Before?

From a distance. When I was a girl. Walking with my mother at the Gerdarmenmarkt,
rushing to school, and she stopped dead. She was brittle almost, I thought if I pulled her hand she’d crack. There was music. Him. Dancing. Surrounded by women, all of them beaming, swaying, flushed. The way he moved. Nothing else but him. My mother and I. Statues. Then a gunshot. A man with a rifle. Everyone scattered. The barrel in his chest. He just stood there, smiling at the man. My mother pulled me away.

NURSE 1: Perhaps he’s awake.

NURSE 2: We could check.

NURSE 1: I need my job. My grandmother.

NURSE 2: Nobody needs to know.

*The woman begins to laugh behind the curtain.*

NURSE 1: What’s that?

*Don Juan yells in pain. The nurses disappear into the cubicle. Nurse 1 screams.*

NURSE 2: WHAT’S HAPPENED?

*The woman backs out of the cubicle. The knife is bloody. She has blood on her hand and on her face.*

NURSE 1 follows the woman out of the cubicle. They stand looking at one another.

WOMAN: It’s him. Finally.

He’s back.

*The woman laughs.*

She drops the knife and puts her bloody hand to her face.

*Don Juan yells again.*

Finally.

Finally.

NURSE 2: Get help!

*The woman walks off.*

NURSE 1 rushes off in the opposite direction.
NURSE 1: Help! Please! Help!

DON JUAN, dressed in hospital pyjamas opens the curtains, staggering, holding his side which is bleeding heavily.

DON JUAN: Stop! Come back!

NURSE 2: Please, lie down.

DON JUAN: I need to talk to her.

NURSE 1 returns with another NURSE. They try to help NURSE 2 restrain DON JUAN.

NURSE 2: You’ve been cut very deeply; you need to let us treat you.

DON JUAN: I know her.

NURSE 3: You need to do what we say. We’re trying to help you.

DON JUAN: I can’t die. I can’t die.

He collapses. They get him back onto the bed.

NURSE 2: SOME HELP HERE!

All three NURSES have blood on them.

Nurse, alcohol, bandages. How’s your sewing?

A MATRON enters and helps position DON in the bed and begins to examine him.

NURSE 2: There was a woman in here with a knife.

MATRON: He’s been cut deeply in his flank. Nurse, we’ll need the Doctor.

NURSE 1 exits. DON JUAN tries to sit up.

DON JUAN: She’s lying. She’s lying.

MATRON: Lie back down for us please Sir.

DON JUAN looks at NURSE 2.

DON JUAN: You know you remind me of someone.

DON JUAN goes pale and passes out. NURSE 2 prepares to treat him. NURSE 3 closes the
NURSE 1 returns. She stands outside the cubicle for a moment, out of breath, spattered with blood, shaken.

NURSE 2: Nurse! We need your assistance please.

NURSE 1 gathers herself. Stops herself crying. She opens the curtain and disappears inside.
2.2 ALMOST MIDNIGHT

NURSE 1 sleeps in the chair outside the cubicle.

The MATRON enters, carrying two cups of tea. She sees that the NURSE is asleep, so leaves the tea beside her.

She carefully opens the curtains a crack. She stares in.

She sips her tea.
2.3 THE FOLLOWING DAY, MORNING

The curtains are open. Don Juan is awake. He is bandaged.

Nurse 2 stands next to his bed, folding sheets. There is a clipboard and pen on the chair next to the bed.

He has a thermometer in his mouth.

Don Juan: I was in this fight. Years ago.


Nurse 2 takes the thermometer from his mouth and looks at it.

This guy had got the wrong end of the stick and thought that his wife and I were

he’d come home and walked in on me on the two of us

The nurse looks at him.

whatever. He blew it out of proportion. Him and his friends put me in hospital.

Anyway, the room was full of flowers. Colour. Spilling into the corridor. More every
day. They gave them to other patients, took them home. Eventually they had to burn
them all in a big pile.

So much love.

Now,

nothing.

Worse than nothing. Stab wound.

She makes a note of the temperature and puts the thermometer in a dish.

, 

Where the Hell is everybody?
The nurse places the palm of her hand on his forehead.

NURSE 2: How are you feeling?

, 

DON JUAN: Old.

Suddenly, crushingly old.

Mortal.

,

Alone.

NURSE 2: Four years of war and not a scratch.

Four days of peace and

look at you.

*She removes her hand.*

You’re not a young man any more. Can’t exert yourself like you used to.

And

this is only a suggestion but

perhaps you should refrain from the company of women.

,

DON JUAN: It’s been suggested.

,

*She takes up the sheets she was folding and puts them in a cupboard.*

I need to leave.

NURSE 2: Do you have somewhere to go? After here?

DON JUAN: I’ll be fine.

NURSE 2: You’re lucky to be alive.
DON JUAN: Lucky.

NURSE 2: You lost a lot of blood.
And it looks like you’ve survived Spanish flu. That’s incredibly

DON JUAN: I feel like God is punishing me and I don’t know what for.

NURSE 2: God’s not punishing you.

*She sits him forwards and plumps his pillows.*

Life is Hell for all of us. You’re not special.

DON JUAN: He wants me dead.

NURSE 2: I think if God truly wanted you dead,

*She sits him back.*

you’d be dead.

*She sits on the chair next to him.*

DON JUAN: What floor are we on?

NURSE 2: There are locks on the windows.

DON JUAN: Who has the

NURSE 2: I do.

DON JUAN: Any chance I could

NURSE 2: no.

,

DON JUAN: I need a drink.

NURSE 2: You’re not allowed.

DON JUAN: It won’t kill me.

NURSE 2: It might.
DON JUAN: Hell.

NURSE 2: No more parties. No more late nights. No more dancing.

DON JUAN: Sex?

He opens his eyes and looks at her. She shakes her head. Blushing.

Sex can’t kill me.

NURSE 2: You know it can.

DON JUAN: Then let’s close the curtains and get it over with. Put me out of my misery. She smiles.

Bury me with a smile on my face. I don’t want to fade out, miserable, wrinkled. Domesticated. Neutered. I want to be a handsome corpse.

NURSE 2: You weren’t celebrating the Armistice. When you collapsed.

Your party began two days before.

DON JUAN: Can you turn the lights down in here?

NURSE 2: You were expected here last week. It happened before didn’t it? Your heart?

DON JUAN: You remind me of someone.

NURSE 2: The drink. The sleeplessness. The women.

DON JUAN: The women.

NURSE 2: You were trying to die.

For many of the men who come here,
I'm not sure how to explain this.

*She looks at him.*

The Doctors call it Soldier’s Heart.
All the symptoms of a heart attack.

But really it’s
shock.

Grief.

Guilt.

The stress they’ve been under has wrecked their minds more than their bodies.

Hurts just the same.

**DON JUAN:** I’ve got nothing to feel guilty for.

**NURSE 2:** I’m saying your heart might not
that your heart might be lying to you.

**DON JUAN:** How poetic.

,**

**NURSE 2:** You know, this was an asylum until recently.

*The nurse stands and looks out of the window.*

The gunning has stopped.
Apparently.

Peace seems to be holding. Course it’s always been peaceful here.

**DON JUAN:** I’d like to please leave now.

**NURSE 2:** You were shouting.
This morning.
In your sleep.

I sat and held your hand.

,**
Was it terrible? The war?

DON JUAN: The war was

I miss it.
Survival.
Objective.

Routine.

No thoughts of home.

No thoughts at all.

There was a purity to it.

I wasn’t dreaming about the trenches.

I was dreaming about getting married.

NURSE 2: Oh.

DON JUAN: Can you turn the lights down? It’s so bright. I must look

NURSE 2: it’s a hospital.

DON JUAN: So?

NURSE 2: So, no. I can’t turn the lights down.

DON JUAN: I was engaged. Once.

Went to war instead.
Ever since I got back she’s there. This rock in my stomach.

She’s in every woman’s face.

NURSE 2: Would you like me to try to find her?

DON JUAN: She must know I’m here.

NURSE 2: Why?

DON JUAN: Because her mother certainly does.

*He grasps his side and winces.*

NURSE 2: The woman who

DON JUAN: yes.

NURSE 2: Stabbed you?

DON JUAN: I think she’s still angry about the

you know.

The whole

wedding

thing.

NURSE 2: You should tell the police.

DON JUAN: What police?

NURSE 2: Tell me her name and I’ll

DON JUAN: I’m going to talk to her.

NURSE 2: Promise me you won’t.

*DON JUAN smiles.*

DON JUAN: What?

NURSE 2: Promise me you won’t try to talk to her.

You’re not well. You’re not to leave this hospital.
You’re not to put yourself in harm’s way.

She wanted you dead.

Promise me.

Promise me.

DON JUAN: I didn’t feel the knife at first. Not until she withdrew it.

She had her hand over my mouth.

She called me a murderer.

, 

Why would she say that?

,

_The nurse puts her fingers against his jugular._

NURSE 2: Your heart is thumping.

_She smiles._

You know,

I saw you dancing once.

_They look at each other._

Two other nurses appear with a camera. They are giggling.

_Nurse 2 withdraws her hand and stands up, flustered._

NURSE 4: Nurse, we were wondering if we could

NURSE 5: it’ll take a second.

DON JUAN: You want your picture taken with me?

_They laugh._

NURSE 2: Is this behaviour really

DON JUAN: it’s just one photo. Right ladies?
You don’t want anything else with me?

They giggle. DON JUAN turns to NURSE 2.

Take the camera.

NURSE 2: I

The NURSES enter the cubicle and sit either side of DON JUAN. He puts his arms around them. NURSE 2 stands.

how do I

NURSE 4: there’s

on the top there’s a

NURSE 2: oh, yeah, I see it.

She stands at the foot of the bed and points the camera at them.

She takes a picture, exposing the film for several seconds. DON JUAN and the NURSES remain utterly still.

There.

NURSE 5: Thank you.

NURSE 4 kisses DON JUAN quickly on the cheek. The NURSES get up.

NURSE 4: It’s drab.

There should be some flowers in here.

NURSE 2: Get back to work.

NURSE 4 and NURSE 5 exit. DON JUAN watches them.

They say you should never meet your idols.

DON JUAN: Sex can kill me. And here I am, powerless and surrounded by beautiful, flirtatious nurses, just itching to straddle me and ride me into a coffin. I don’t know if this is Heaven or Hell.
NURSE 2: I’ve got to
there’s
we don’t have much support here so
have to

She starts to exit.

DON JUAN: can I ask you a question?

She stops. She turns to look at him.

Am I old?

NURSE 2: You want me to be honest?

DON JUAN: Of course not.

Then no.

No you’re not old.
2.4 LATER THAT DAY

Franz Schubert’s ‘Deutsche Tänze’ plays.

DON JUAN is asleep. The MATRON, NURSE 3, NURSE 4 and NURSE 5 are working together silently changing his bandages without waking him. Their movements are precise and ritualistic.

After a while, NURSE 2 enters, carrying a pot of brightly coloured flowers. She wears a coat and has a handbag over her shoulder.

The MATRON looks up and acknowledges her.

NURSE 2, a little embarrassed, enters the cubicle and places the flowers on a table by the bed.

She looks at DON JUAN for a moment, watches the NURSES working, and then leaves.
2.5 LATE THAT NIGHT

*NURSE 1* is sat on the chair outside the cubicle, smiling, tapping her foot to the Schubert playing softly on the radio.

*NURSE 2* enters in her coat.

NURSE 2: I’ve come to relieve you.

NURSE 1: Oh.

NURSE 2: Why are you smiling?

NURSE 1: Am I smiling?

NURSE 2: You look

    different.

NURSE 1: I don’t mind covering your shift.

NURSE 2: You’re wearing make-up.

NURSE 1: I’m saying you can go home.

    ,

NURSE 2: I’ll help you change the bandage.

    She’s about to open the curtain.

NURSE 1: It’s done. I did it.

NURSE 2: Oh.

NURSE 1: It’s all under control.

    ,

NURSE 2: Okay then.
Thank you.

NURSE 1: It’s really fine.

NURSE 2: I’ll just look in on him.

NURSE 1 stands, silencing the radio.

NURSE 1: There’s no need, really.

NURSE 2 opens the curtain. He’s gone.

NURSE 2: Where is he?

The window is open.

NURSE 1: He’s coming back.

NURSE 2: What have you done?

NURSE 1: He promised me.

NURSE 2: It’s raining.

NURSE 1: He’ll be back any minute. He was supposed to be back an hour ago.

NURSE 2: Think. Think about what you just said.

NURSE 1: You don’t know him.

NURSE 2: Neither do you.

NURSE 2 stands by the window, looking down.

She sits on the bed.

He’s coming back.
She waits.
3.1 KITCHEN A FEW HOURS LATER, THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Rain falls. Darkness.

Loud banging on the door.

DON JUAN: (Off.) I’M HERE.

I’M HERE!

FINISH ME.

More banging.

GIRL: (Off.) Mummy?

MOTHER: (Off.) Go back to bed. Shut your door.

She enters the kitchen carrying a lantern.

She takes a frying pan from the stove.

More loud banging.

Who’s there?

DON JUAN: (Off.) I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

I NEED TO TALK.

Lights are coming on in neighbouring houses. Yells of ‘shut up’ and ‘go to sleep’. A dog barks.

She looks through the window and recognises DON JUAN. She takes a deep breath and collects herself.

I can hear you.

I can hear you in there.
She raises the frying pan and opens the door a fraction.

DON JUAN pushes his way in and collapses onto the floor.

He is dressed in his hospital pyjamas and wrapped in a blanket. He is barefoot and muddy, soaking wet and exhausted. He shivers violently.

She turns on a lamp. She watches him, struggling to move. She lowers the frying pan slightly.

She closes the door.


Holding the pan ready to strike, she fills a kettle and puts it on to boil. She takes a hand towel from the back of a chair and throws it to him. She tears a piece of bread from a loaf and throws it to him.

He rubs the towel on his head.

He sits up against the wall. She remains at a safe distance, now clutching the pan with both hands. He looks at her for the first time.


MOTHER: Whoever you’re looking for isn’t here.

Not anymore.

Whatever you’re going through you have my sympathies.

But you can’t stay here.

I’ve my reputation to think of.

I’ll make you a hot drink and you can get dry and if you come near me I will batter you alright?

DON JUAN: Don’t be scared.

Don’t be scared of me.

I’m a good man.

MOTHER: I know who you are.

What you are.
I don’t just let random men into my home.

She lowers the frying pan. She holds the lantern so there’s more light on her face.

You don’t recognise me at all do you?

He stares at her for a moment, blankly.

She is suddenly incredibly angry. She rushes to him and hits him with the frying pan, twice. He falls unconscious.

She stands over him, breathing heavily.

She realises what she’s done and puts her hand to her mouth in shock. She drops the pan on the floor.

The kettle starts to whistle.

She looks around.
3.2 DAWN

Morning light fills the room. Near the doorway of the small kitchen is an upturned motorbike.

DON JUAN is asleep in his clothes. He has a pink floral blanket over him.

There is a shirt, a pair of trousers, some underwear, vest, socks and shoes placed neatly on the table.

There is a bucket next to him.

A young GIRL sits cross-legged on the floor, waiting patiently for him to wake up. She wears angel wings.

He stirs.

He slowly moves his hand out towards her. She doesn’t flinch.

He touches her face. He snaps awake and sits up.

She laughs.

GIRL: You’re the prince and I’m the princess.

You have to rescue me from the tower.

You ride a horse and you chop down trees and you kill dragons.

You stop at nothing.

He looks around.

,.

He looks at the GIRL.

DON JUAN: What do you do?

GIRL: When?
DON JUAN: If I’m riding horses and fighting through the forest, what do you do?

GIRL: Um,

I wait.

I brush my hair.

She stands, fetches a colander, a rolling pin and a dishcloth.

She hands him the rolling pin and puts the colander on his head. She puts the dishcloth around his shoulders as a cape.

He looks at the rolling pin, bemused.

She climbs onto the table.

Go on then.

DON JUAN: What do you want me to

GIRL: is this childish?

I’m not a little girl.

DON JUAN: Okay.

GIRL: You think I’m stupid?

DON JUAN: No, I

He tries to move his hand but finds that he’s tied to the radiator.

The GIRL sees this and laughs.

She stops laughing, abruptly.

GIRL: I probably shouldn’t be in here.

Her MOTHER enters. She is wearing dungarees and has engine oil on her hands and face, which she wipes with a dirty rag.

MOTHER: Get down.
She takes a large kitchen knife from a drawer.

GIRL: I’m in a castle.

MOTHER: You’re too big.

The GIRL gets down.

The MOTHER walks towards DON JUAN with the knife. As she gets closer he flinches.

DON JUAN: No, please,

The MOTHER cuts the rope and releases him. The GIRL stops screaming.

MOTHER: if you promise not to kill us I’ll make you breakfast.

She takes the colander and the rolling pin and walks back across the kitchen where she starts to prepare food.

, DON JUAN: I promise.

, MOTHER: I’ve boiled some water and filled the sink in the bathroom. There are some clothes you can have. There’s a razor.

GIRL: Are they father’s?

, The GIRL stares at her MOTHER who keeps her back to both of them.

DON JUAN stands slowly. He aches. His head hurts.

He takes the clothes and leaves the room, looking at the MOTHER and the GIRL as he goes.

MOTHER: Lay the table.

The GIRL stares at her MOTHER.

, And put some clothes on.
3.3 HALF AN HOUR LATER

The table is laid. The MOTHER is sat nursing a cup of coffee thoughtfully.

The GIRL is sat opposite her, wearing a pink dress and playing with toy soldiers.

DON JUAN enters, wearing trousers and socks and shoes and carrying the shirt. He is clean-shaven and has combed his hair. He holds a bandage.

DON JUAN: I apologise but

The MOTHER blushes at his shirtlessness. The GIRL raises her eyebrows.

I need an extra pair of hands for

She sees his wound.

MOTHER: oh, my.

DON JUAN: I didn’t want to ruin the shirt.

MOTHER: Look away.

The GIRL turns away from him.

Sit down.

He does. The GIRL doesn’t know where to look.

, Put your arm up. That’s it.

She dresses his wound. He looks at her face while she does this. She avoids eye contact.

GIRL: Can I start eating now?

MOTHER: You may.
The GIRL helps herself to breakfast.

GIRL: Probably cold.

MOTHER: Be polite.

,

DON JUAN: Thank you.

For the clothes.

And for not sending me away last night.

I must’ve looked frightful.

MOTHER: I hit you with a frying pan.

The GIRL looks at her MOTHER.

I beat you unconscious then tied you to the radiator.

So don’t be too grateful.

,

There’s some bread. Butter.

Coffee.

Milk.

It’s all we’ve got.

DON JUAN: It’s fine. It’s great.

MOTHER: What the neighbours must think.

DON JUAN: They’ll think you’re a Good Samaritan.

MOTHER: A fool.

,

GIRL: Did you really hit him with a frying pan?
MOTHER: Yes. And if he comes near you you’re to do the same, alright?

This man is a liar. Are you listening?
A Devil.

Charming. Handsome.

He can make you stupid.
He sees women as enemies. To be conquered.

Vanquished.

He leaves them in pieces.

DON JUAN: That’s not true.

MOTHER: You wouldn’t know.

Never stick around long enough to find out.

Gone by morning. Never uses doors when there’s a window to climb through.

GIRL: Why did you let him in?

MOTHER: Because I believe in charity for even the most wretched.

And because I loved him once.

And now he can’t even remember my name.

There. All done.

She’s finished the bandage.

DON JUAN: Thank you.

He puts the shirt on.

MOTHER: Bayonet?

Do you mind me asking?
She pours some coffee and picks up a bottle of vodka and a glass.

DON JUAN: I don’t mind.

No. Not a bayonet.

Kitchen knife.

MOTHER: Oh.

,

DON JUAN: Lucky for me I was in hospital at the time.

She hands him the coffee.

,

MOTHER: I see.

She sits at the table.

When I saw you last night I thought, just for a second I thought that you’d come here to find me.

That after all this time,

She laughs. She pours a large measure of vodka into the glass.

,

I’m not upset.

I’m really not.

It was a lifetime ago.

She drinks the vodka.

,

I suppose I’ve changed.

I was so young.
I’d probably be better off letting a stranger into my house.

You’re as good as a stranger.

She pours more vodka.

Who were you looking for?

DON JUAN: Someone who used to live here.

The woman who stabbed me.

MOTHER: I’d like to shake her hand I think.

DON JUAN: She called me a murderer.

MOTHER: Are you?

DON JUAN: No.

MOTHER: Well I’ve enjoyed this little visit.

DON JUAN: I’m sorry.

MOTHER: What for?

GIRL: Come for dinner. Tonight.

MOTHER: I’m not sure that’s

GIRL: we’re making a cake. To celebrate mother’s last day.

DON JUAN: I don’t want to outstay my welcome.

GIRL: We’ve saved up. We’re making cake.

DON JUAN: Thank you but, I

GIRL: she’s just angry.
MOTHER: Don’t speak for me.

GIRL: Of course you remember her.

Don’t you?

Of course you do.

DON JUAN: Last day?

MOTHER: Work.

Last day of my job. Last day of worth. Of purpose.

GIRL: Of your forties.

MOTHER: Thank you darling.

DON JUAN: Happy birthday.

MOTHER: I’m good at my job. But it’s being given to a man.

We’ve been keeping the city alive while you men have been lying in the mud shooting guns at each other. And now I have to be a housewife. In a house that’s falling to bits. To a husband who was killed for desertion. Shot in the head by his own side for trying to get back to his wife and daughter, for trying

*The girl puts her hands over her ears and tries not to cry.*

and everything he left us is gone. It’s worthless.

*She smiles and wipes her face.*

It was good to see you. Despite everything.

GIRL: You remember her name. Say you remember.

*Don Juan looks at them both.*

DON JUAN: Thanks again.
He stands.

MOTHER: There’s a coat you can have. By the door.

DON JUAN: I couldn’t.

MOTHER: It’ll be snowing soon. You’ll catch your death.

DON JUAN: Really, I

MOTHER: it’s a dead man’s coat.

,  

He lifts it gently off the hook.

He smiles at her, sadly.

He leaves.
3.4 EVENING

It is snowing.

The GIRL and the MOTHER are stood at the table, icing a cake. The GIRL is decorating the cake with a piping bag. Her MOTHER wears an apron.

MOTHER: It’s going to be too pretty to eat.

Cake.

How obscenely decadent.

She tucks her daughter’s hair behind her ear.

A knock at the door.

They look at one another.

The GIRL moves to answer the door. Her MOTHER stops her with a gentle hand on her shoulder.

She looks through the window, takes off her apron and straightens her hair.

GIRL: You have a

The GIRL indicates the flour on her MOTHER’s cheek. Her MOTHER removes it.

She opens the door.

DON JUAN stands there, holding some flowers.

DON JUAN: Elkie.

Your name is Elkie.

You used to ice skate and I used to watch you. We spent a summer together. You taught me to name the constellations. I showed you some chords on the guitar. You were a wonderful skater but had no coordination on land. You wanted to travel the world.
I’ve made more bad decisions in my life than I’ll ever be able to make amends for. I’ve lied. I’ve cheated. I’ve caused harm to innocent people who just wanted to love and be loved. It may be too late to save me from Hell and I’m terrified.

I’m trying to be good. I’m really trying.

, 

She opens the door for him.

, 

He steps inside. The girl kneels up on her chair, facing him, grinning.
3.5 NIGHT

A large cake sits on the table. They have each had some. A record is playing, ‘Liebesfreud’ (‘Love’s Joy’) by Kreisler. DON JUAN is waltzing with the MOTHER. They are laughing. The GIRL is watching them, laughing.

DON JUAN: You’re thinking too much.

MOTHER: I’m concentrating.

DON JUAN: You have to just let go. Feel it.

MOTHER: I’m trying.

DON JUAN: Stop trying.

MOTHER: I’m trying.

DON JUAN: Stop trying to lead.

MOTHER: I am.

DON JUAN: Ow!

MOTHER: Sorry.

DON JUAN: It’s not you, it’s my

MOTHER: we should stop.

GIRL: I want a turn.

She cuts in, taking DON JUAN’s hand and putting an arm around his waist. She begins moving around, forcefully, quickly.

Her MOTHER walks backwards to the table, never taking her eyes off them. She fills a glass with vodka.

The GIRL is a good dancer.
DON JUAN: Very good!

They dance very naturally together. Closely. They look into each other's eyes.

,

The MOTHER abruptly stops the record. With the music stopped, the sound of crowds in the street can be heard.

MOTHER: It's past your bedtime.

GIRL: But

MOTHER: please let's not argue.

The GIRL stares at her MOTHER. Her MOTHER holds her ground. DON JUAN lets go of the GIRL'S hand.

, 

The GIRL walks very slowly, threateningly, towards her MOTHER.

She stops at the table and, very slowly, reaches her hand into the cake, pulling out a fistful which she eats, messily, never taking her eyes off her MOTHER.

She licks her fingers and wipes her mouth on the back of her hand.

She begins to dance the steps on her own. She dances out of the room.

, 

Her MOTHER hurls a plate at the wall. It shatters.

She stands very still, breathing deeply.

, 

DON JUAN smiles.

MOTHER: Don't you dare laugh.

He sniggers.

, 

She starts to laugh.
DON JUAN: She’s just like you at that age.

, 

She stops laughing.

An awkward silence.

MOTHER: Things have been so peaceful.

Then

you.

, 

DON JUAN: What’s that sound?


DON JUAN walks to the window and looks out.

Looking to Russia.

They believe there’s a simple solution, they just don’t quite know what it is, so they walk around chanting abstract nouns.

DON JUAN: They want Germany to be perfect. Beautiful.

MOTHER: Red or White?

DON JUAN: I’m not supposed to drink.

She laughs. DON JUAN turns back from the window and looks at her.

MOTHER: Some libertine you are!

She laughs louder. He joins in, self-consciously.

I mean politically. Are you a Red or a White?

DON JUAN: Oh!
He laughs with her.

No. Nothing.
I’ve never taken part in politics.

They stop laughing.

MOTHER: Feels good to laugh.

I must’ve really needed to.
That wasn’t even funny.

Red or white.

They both laugh again.

She pours him a drink and holds it out to him.

Evil is the only thing with real clarity. And evil thrives in chaos.

He looks at her. He looks at the drink.

DON JUAN: Abstract nouns.

He takes the glass.

She looks in the direction her daughter just exited.

MOTHER: I’ve tried to give her a childhood.

To stop her growing up too quickly.

It’s getting more difficult.

The mother smiles at him.

She sits down.
MOTHER: look at you.

_She drinks._

Stood in my kitchen.

, I’m just one of hundreds aren’t I? thousands maybe.

But to me, you’re

, _He sits down, near her. She smiles._

, you were so handsome.

_She touches his face._

Came along at just the wrong time.

Parents fighting.

Body changing.

Summer.

And you.

The whole universe.

Forbidden. A gentile.

Like staring into the sun.

I thought this is life. This is living.

I was valued. Priceless.
The words you used. A rich man talking about love.

, 

When you were gone it was a punch in the stomach.

Heard stories of you with other girls.

I’d thought you were mine.

*She smiles. She takes her hand away from his face. She drinks, looks at the glass.*

Tried to get that feeling back. With anybody.

Boys.

Passed around.
A dish rag.

Undeserving of real affection. Distrustful of it.

After three or four it was a pride thing.
*This is what I am.*
Ten. Twenty.

Thrown out of home.

Fifty. Sixty.

Hated every one of them.
Willing them to prove me wrong.

None did.
Not for years.
Then
got lucky. Her dad.

He was a good one.
Stuck around.
Dealt with my past.
My anger.

Listened.
I cried it all out and he held me. Dried my cheeks with his thumbs. He’d lie awake grinding his teeth. Breathing through his nose. He’d rip your throat out if he was here.

DON JUAN: It’s not my fault if you liked sex. If you let a hundred men use you.

MOTHER: You’re not hearing me.

DON JUAN: Excuses. Blame.

MOTHER: You made me worthless. I was a kid.

DON JUAN: So was I.

MOTHER: My whole life, my whole life. I could have I could

She tops up her glass. She laughs.

, it’s ridiculous I still feel so strongly. I’m shaking.

, DON JUAN: If I could take it all back,

MOTHER: you can’t.

DON JUAN: That time with you.

MOTHER: I don’t know. I felt so alive. That happiness. It’s a wound.

She rubs her face. It’s complicated.
You must feel it too.
Wounded.

Damaged.

You’re too smart not to.

Have you ever made a list? All the women.

It might help make some sense of it all.

She takes in a deep breath and blows it out.

You used to be so funny.

You’re so serious now.

Tell me a joke.

He smiles sadly.

DON JUAN: The woman who tried to murder me,

her daughter was

I was going to marry her daughter.

And I didn’t.

The war got in the way.

That’s not true.

The day before the wedding I went drinking. Dancing. Met some women.
My entire life I’d been one sort of person. It sounds completely

but I had a talent.

And suddenly I was about to change.

It felt like a sort of retirement.

*He smiles.*

I got back home that night and it had been torched. There was a crowd. Everything gone.

Put on a uniform and headed to the front.

I wrote to her.

Tried to explain.

Never got a reply.

, 

When I was young I thought I’d live forever.

*He drinks.*

, 

She was beautiful.

Perfect.

, 

MOTHER: If she’s so wonderful, what are you doing still sat in my kitchen?

, 

It’s a dangerous word. Perfect. It’s a lie.
It’s seductive. To be on the side of the pure. The righteous. To want to wash away the ugly. The malformed. To want a world full of the beautiful.

You men. Simple creatures. And you have all the power. What do you do with it?

_She smiles._

And yet I’m so hopeful. I think about what Germany can be and I just

_She spreads out her arms._

I see the sun coming up.

_A commotion outside, thumping on the door. A voice outside yells ‘BITCH.’ They both stand._

**DON JUAN** rushes to the door.

Don’t!

_He opens the door. They have rushed off. The door has been painted with the word ‘JUDEN’ and a Star of David._

_With the door open the sounds from the street are much louder. The protest is turning into rioting. Icy wind blows snow into the room._

**DON JUAN:** COWARDS!

**MOTHER:** Please!

_The girl rushes into the room._

**GIRL:** What happened?

_She runs into her mother’s arms. They huddle together on the floor._

**DON JUAN:** COME BACK HERE!

**MOTHER:** STOP!

_The girl starts crying. Don Juan looks at them. They are frightened._

This is our home.

**DON JUAN:** They’re rioting. There are buildings on fire.

**MOTHER:** Please.
He closes the door and puts the latch across. He stands with his back against it.

GIRL: I’m sorry about the cake.

I don’t know what’s going on. I’m all over the place.

*Her mother smiles and rubs her shoulder.*

MOTHER: Here.

*She gives her daughter the glass of vodka.*

Just a little.

*The girl nearly finishes it. Her mother takes the glass.*

Go to bed.

GIRL: But

MOTHER: go.

*The girl kisses her mother and stands. She looks at Don Juan.*

She leaves.

It’s been so quiet. The last years.

If we lost the war then where are the occupiers?

We’re doing this to ourselves.

I’m at the very edge.

*She opens the oven.*

DON JUAN: What are you doing?

MOTHER: The oven is still warm.
She smiles.

He walks across the room and sits with her on the floor.

She looks at the glass in her hand. They listen to the protests in the street getting louder.

I have to stop drinking.

She drinks.

Felt so good to laugh.

They smile.

I feel like I’ve been frozen.

She leans towards him.

For a hundred years.

It’s so cold.

He puts his arm around her.

She puts her hand on his chest.

These clothes fit you so well.

She runs her hands over his arms and shoulders.

I think the cake is ruined.

She kisses his neck and face.

Eventually, he takes her by the wrists gently and pushes her away.
DON JUAN: I’m trying to be good.

She spits in his face.

She moves away from him.

She rubs her eyes.

MOTHER: God.

He wipes his face.

DON JUAN: Do you really think I’m the Devil?

I’ve devoted myself to love.

She laughs.

MOTHER: Love?

DON JUAN: I have.

MOTHER: I don’t believe in the Devil.

Maybe you are.

You’re a politician. You make people feel special. You’re whatever people want you to be but when there’s no one around, you cease to exist. You need an audience. I think if I closed my eyes you’d just vanish.

You’re a boy. A lost little boy.

You’re dangerous. I think if that woman called you a murderer then she had her reasons.
I think you should have some grown-up conversations with women your own age. Without trying to seduce them. Just to actually, actually get to know them.

Truth.

Intimacy.

I wonder if that’s something you’ve ever really experienced. You can lie naked with someone and be entirely alone. I think that’s all you’ve ever been.

You should try being in someone’s life for more than a night. Let your mask drop. Let them drop theirs. It’s easy to be a god for a few hours. To sweep someone off their feet. See what’s lacking in them and provide it. Make promises you’ll never keep. It’s easy to be romantic. It’s candles and music and listening and eye contact.

Wake up every day next to the same person. Look after them when they’re ill. Share finances. Have a family. That’s hard. That’s worth celebrating.

That’s love.

Everything else is


You’re not a man. You’re a mirage. A ghost. Fade away and no one will notice.

You’ve been this way your whole life.

You must be exhausted.

You can stop.

DON JUAN: She saw through all the armour.

The charm. The act.
I could tell her everything and still be loved.

The longer I was with her the more human I became.

She loved that. I felt I was decaying.

MOTHER: That’s not love.

I pity you.

There’s a roll-up mattress in the linen closet. Some sheets and a blanket.

I fully expect to find you gone by morning. I expect you’ll climb out of the window.

But you can stay.

If you’re still here I’ll make you breakfast. You can help with the laundry.

You want to be a good man?

Be here in the morning.

That would be a start.

She finishes her drink. She stands. She pushes a finger into the cake and eats it. She smiles.

Cake.

How absurdly decadent.

She leaves the room without looking at DON JUAN.

He sits still for a moment. He pushes the glass of vodka away from him.

He stands.
He collects the plates from the table, walks to the sink and turns on the tap.

He is aware of his shirt.

He puts on an apron.

The riot rages on. Flames glow through the windows.

He cleans the plates.
3.6 A FEW HOURS LATER

The room is dark. The riot has ended. All is silent.

DON JUAN is crying out in his sleep, moaning like a trapped animal, a low, haunting sound.

The GIRL enters the room. She stands silhouetted in the doorway for a moment, unsure of what to do.

He grows louder.

GIRL: Ssssh.

She approaches him, crouches down and touches his shoulder. He snaps awake, pulls away from her, screaming. He is terrified. She puts her hands up.

You were shouting.

It’s okay.

He wipes his mouth, checks around him, breathing heavily.

Nightmare.

That’s all.

Bad dream.

He covers his eyes with his hands and pulls his legs up to his chest.

You’re safe.

You’re safe.

She stands and pours some milk into a glass. She returns and holds the glass to him.
He takes it.

,  

She walks to the door.

DON JUAN: Stay a moment.

Please.

,  

She turns back into the room. She sits in a chair facing him.

,  

I woke you.

GIRL: I wasn’t asleep.

,  

DON JUAN: Can’t get used to it.

The silence.

,  

Don’t recognise anything.
This city.

There used to be such life.
Everywhere.

Music.
Dancing.

Now it’s stopped.
Everything.

Me.

,  

GIRL: Would you like to pray with me?
DON JUAN: Forgotten how.

GIRL: I could teach you.

DON JUAN: Not sure He’ll listen.

GIRL: Say something worth hearing.

DON JUAN smiles.


I feel I’ve done something unforgivable. But I don’t know what it is. Everything’s going backwards.

I dream I’m dead and wake up laughing.

GIRL: You talk about yourself a lot.

DON JUAN: They’ve said my heart might be lying to me.

It hurts like Hell.

GIRL: Ssssh.

She puts her hand on his chest. He is shirtless.

DON JUAN: You remind me of her.

GIRL: Of who?

DON JUAN: She’s haunting me.

GIRL: Ssssh.
She strokes his hair.

DON JUAN: You shouldn’t be in here.

I shouldn’t be here.

GIRL: It’s okay. We can be quiet.

DON JUAN: What?

The GIRL kisses him.

He kisses her back.

He stops. He pushes her away.

He turns on a light.

The GIRL is wearing one of her MOTHER’s dresses. She is heavily made up with bright eyeshadow and bright red lipstick. She looks absurd, almost clownish. There is lipstick on his mouth.

No.

She pulls the covers off him and puts her hand between his legs.

Stop. Please.

GIRL: It’s okay. I’m not a little girl.

When the soldiers were here they all had me.

DON JUAN: No.

GIRL: I can keep a secret.

The main light is turned on. The MOTHER stands in the doorway. DON JUAN pushes the GIRL away from him.

The MOTHER grabs a glass, rushes at DON JUAN and smashes it on his head. He begins to bleed.

DON JUAN: Wait, no!

MOTHER: Shame on me. I brought Satan into my home.
DON JUAN: No, please, listen.

She picks up a chair and threatens him with it. He grabs it and pulls it off her, knocking her to the floor.

GIRL: Mummy!

The GIRL cowers behind her MOTHER. DON JUAN threatens to hit them with the chair. They are terrified.

MOTHER: Do it. Murderer!

DO IT!

, 

Shocked at himself, he drops the chair to the floor.

, 

He staggers to the door and exits.

The GIRL bursts into tears. Her MOTHER takes her into her arms.

They watch the door.

, 

Music begins; a choir singing Heinrich Schütz’s ‘Die mit Tränen Säen’.
4.1 CHAPEL

That afternoon.

A shuttlecock lands in the middle of the room.

A nun enters, carrying a badminton racket. She finds the shuttlecock and leans down to pick it up. As she does so she is distracted by a dirty blanket near the altar.

Another nun runs into the chapel, laughing.

The first nun pulls on the blanket. Don Juan is asleep underneath it.

The second nun screams. Don Juan stirs awake.

The first nun turns to look. Another nun enters, followed by the abbess. The first two hide their badminton rackets.

Don Juan stands. He is bruised and clutches his side. His shirt is bloody and his bare feet and trousers are caked in mud.

He looks at the nuns.

Don Juan: I had nowhere else.

I must look monstrous.

He lunges towards them and they scatter like birds.

What are you afraid of?

The Devil.

Is that what you see?

The Devil is here.
In me.

He laughs.

Look in my eyes.

He’s here.

He collapses onto his knees, exhausted, in pain.

Help me.

Please.

I’m falling apart.

ABBESS: Sisters bring this man blankets. Food.

DON JUAN: I’m not a beggar.

I just need to be clean. I need to be pure.

He washes his face in the font. The NUNS are shocked.

Save me. Save me.

He pulls off his shirt. The NUNS look away from his nakedness.

ABBESS: Sisters.

She stays still as the other NUNS gather blankets and provisions.

DON JUAN: Do you know me?

Do you know who I am?

ABBESS: No sir.

DON JUAN: If I told you my name you’d know my reputation.

ABBESS: No man is so riddled with sin that he can’t be cleansed by our Lord’s love.

,

DON JUAN: Love.
ABBESS: Love.

DON JUAN: I don’t know how to speak to you.

ABBESS: Just talk.

DON JUAN: I was to be married in this church.

The other nuns return with clothes, food, a bowl of water and a cloth.

NUN 2 sets the water bowl in front of him, wets the cloth and starts to wash his face.

ABBESS: No Sister.

He must do it himself.

NUN 2 puts the cloth in the bowl. DON JUAN looks at her.

DON JUAN: You won’t look me in the eyes.

She looks him in the eyes. He smiles.

You look just like her.

NUN 2 stands and retreats.

NUN 1: There’s food and clothes and clean water.

DON JUAN: I’m not begging.

I’m rich. Was.

They took my money. The women.

NUN 3: You can’t stay here. This is a house of God.

DON JUAN: I had things. I ate well. Every night. Dancing. Living.

Now they cart banknotes around in wheelbarrows.
There was a time when

there was a time

there is no shame in poverty. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a

rich man to enter the kingdom of God. It means nothing.

It means everything.

Give me any plague but the plague of the heart, and any wickedness but the wickedness of a woman.

We’ve studied the scriptures.

If she profane herself by playing the whore, she profaneth her father, she shall be burned with fire.

Everyone who sins is a slave to sin.

You deny adventure, you deny knowledge, you deny life. You may as well be dead.

We dedicate our lives to God.

I need Him to hear me.

It is not the purpose of prayer to make demands. It gives us pause to acknowledge our powerlessness. To articulate our fears and hopes and to come to peace with our impotence.

You yield up power and you’ll be butchered like lambs. Don’t you see what’s coming?

The world is not yours to control. It is not for you to conquer, to perfect in your own image. You will not find peace until you submit.

You’ll be piled in mass graves.

The Lord will protect us.

He is shaking.

But not the soldiers. He let them be butchered in the mud. Do you think they didn’t pray? They didn’t beg? Sob? To Hell with peace. I’ll never have it. I need a drink.

I know who you are.
She whispers to NUN 2. They giggle.

**ABBESS:** Sisters, please.

**DON JUAN:** How can I still be alive?

So many good men perished. *What am I?*

**NUN 3:** You must not question God.

**DON JUAN:** I can’t take pleasure in guilt like you people can.

Shame. That’s what turns you on isn’t it? Is sex such a sin that you need to swear off men forever?

**ABBESS:** Which of us are you asking?

**DON JUAN:** All of you.

**NUN 3:** We each took different paths to the Lord’s love.

**DON JUAN:** Should I swear off women?

Become a monk?

Is that what God wants?

*NUN 2 giggles again.*

Is he listening?

*He looks up.*

*I HAVE QUESTIONS!*

*He slumps down onto his knees, clutching his side.*

I can’t help it. I deserve to be punished.

That girl. I would have done it.

**NUN 3:** He’s in a fever.

If you could be inside a man’s mind for a minute you’d not want to draw another
DON JUAN: \(breath.\)

I should have married her.

I shouldn’t have left her waiting here.

I could have been a good man.

NUN 1: I know you.

DON JUAN: Whatever I’ve done, I’m sorry.

NUN 1: They burned down your house.

DON JUAN: Yes.

NUN 1: The war was beginning. You were to be married here.

NUN 4: I remember.

ABBESS: Sisters, we must not agitate him.

NUN 3: She waited for you. Night fell and her mother dragged her home. The congregation went to find you. You were gone. They set fire to your house and you never came back.

NUN 1: I heard you were dead.

DON JUAN: I’m not. I’m here. I came back.

NUN 3: She died in the asylum.

DON JUAN: No.

NUN 1: We wouldn’t bury her here. Couldn’t give her full rites.

NUN 2: I remember.

NUN 3: Slit her throat in the bath.

\textit{NUN 2 gasps and covers her mouth.}

NUN 1: It’s a sin.

ABBESS:
Sisters!

DON JUAN: I won’t believe it.

I won’t.

NUN 1: Beelitz-Heilstätten. It’s a military hospital now.

NUN 3: They could tell you what happened.

DON JUAN: No. No.

NUN 2: Her mother too. Found yesterday. Drowned.

DON JUAN: Lies! LIES!

NUN 1: Peace,

please.

DON JUAN laughs.

DON JUAN: Is God playing with me?

If it’s true then am I

I made her mad.

ABBESS: It is not for us to question

DON JUAN: I’m the Devil. A murderer.

ABBESS: The Lord is

DON JUAN walks up close to ABBESS.

DON JUAN: it’s you. You’ll be the one doing what you’re told. Believing the lies. You’ll be the ones shovelling the dirt. The pure. The wholesome. I’ll be the one in the ground.

NUN 1: His mind has gone.

He walks up to NUN 2.

DON JUAN: There’s something so incredibly sexy about absolute unquestioning submissiveness. I’ve always wanted to fuck a Nun. Untouched. Those robes. You must be yearning to be fucked.

ABBESS: I must ask you to leave. This isn’t appropriate language.
He turns to NUN 2.

DON JUAN: You don’t know what you’re missing. Give me five minutes and I’ll make your eyes roll back in your head. Make your whole body shake and turn to water, make the universe disappear. I could show you Heaven.

He looks at ABBESS and NUN 3.

All of you. Let’s drink the wine. Let’s LIVE. If God made us to feel this way why deny ourselves? There’s nothing more natural in the world. Love! Love! Everything else is wasted time.

ABBESS: This is Satan speaking through you.

He walks up to ABBESS. Her back against the wall, she turns her face away from him.

DON JUAN: It’s ME. It’s ME speaking. It’s JOY. It’s truth. I want you. Now. Right here. I want to show you what you can feel. I want to turn you inside out.

ABBESS: Serpent.

DON JUAN: What are you so afraid of?

ABBESS: We can resist the Devil’s temptation. We are strong.

DON JUAN: Something animal in you. Something deep down that wants me to throw you over the altar and ravish you.

ABBESS: You imagine I’m weak and feeble-minded.

DON JUAN: I imagine you’re slick with wetness like never before.

ABBESS: You presume to know my mind, my body, you know nothing.

DON JUAN: I can smell you.

NUN 3: The Lord teaches us to resist evil.

DON JUAN: I may be old but I’m hard as a tree branch for the first time in days. I’m your perfect fit.

ABBESS: You’re entirely lost.

DON JUAN: Of the woman came the beginning of sin and through her we all die.
ABBESS: May God grant you serenity.

DON JUAN: Fuck God.

_The abbess slaps him. Hard. The other nuns gasp._

, 

Fuck him.

_She slaps him again._

Fuck him.

_She slaps him again._

, 

_He stares at her. She matches his stare._

_He smiles._

Thank you. All.

You’ve been so very helpful.

_He bows a little and strides out of the door._

, 

NUN 2: TAKE ME WITH YOU!

_She rushes after him._

, 

ABBESS: Strength Sisters.

Our faith has spared us from death.

It can certainly spare us from the intentions of men.

_The other nuns look at one another._

I want those doors locked.
5.1 FURNACE

That night.

The basement of a factory, converted into a makeshift studio/darkroom. The arrhythmic hiss and clatter of machinery. A furnace throws light chaotically around the room. The air is stifling.


DON JUAN is carried into the room by two PROSTITUTES. He has been drinking heavily for several hours. He has a lit cigarette in his hand.

DON JUAN: Are we dancing?
PROSTITUTE 1: That’s right.
DON JUAN: We need music.

DON JUAN collapses onto PROSTITUTE 2, drunkenly attempting a waltz.

She pushes him onto the mattress.

PROSTITUTE 2: Save your energy.

DON JUAN lies back, eyes closed, mouth open.

PROSTITUTE 1: He’s half dead.
PROSTITUTE 2: We’ll do some shots with him like this and get the rest when he’s sobered up.

The room begins to shake, a loud rumble overhead. DON JUAN is panicked.

DON JUAN: What’s that?
PROSTITUTE 1: Train.
PROSTITUTE 2: We’re under a bridge.
PROSTITUTE 1: Soldiers coming home.
The rumble reaches its crescendo. The room rattles. The women continue to speak but Don Juan can’t hear them.

Prostitute 2: This place tomorrow.

Prostitute 1: It’ll be Hell.

They laugh.

Camera.

Prostitute 2 sets up the tripod. Prostitute 1 taps out some cocaine onto a mirror.

The sound dies away.

Prostitute 2: Take your things off.

Don Juan: I need a minute.

He lies back.

Prostitute 1: This is a waste of time.

Prostitute 2: Coffee maybe?

Prostitute 1 fills a glass with water and throws it on Don Juan. He sits up in shock.

Prostitute 1: You said you’d help. We’re not here for fun.

Prostitute 2: This is business.

Don Juan: Business.

Prostitute 1: Money. Business. What’s wrong with him?

Prostitute 2: Drunk himself drowned.

Don Juan: Money.

She leans closer to him and speaks as if to a young child.

Prostitute 1: It’s our living. No men means no business. So we send photographs.

Prostitute 2 does a line of coke.

Prostitute 2: I told him this.
She passes the mirror to PROSTITUTE 1.

PROSTITUTE 1: War’s over but they’re still writing for pictures. Requests. Themes.

PROSTITUTE 2: Envelopes of money.

PROSTITUTE 1: We’ll pay you.

PROSTITUTE 1 does a line.

PROSTITUTE 2: If you sober up and help us we’ll pay you.

DON JUAN: I don’t want money.

PROSTITUTE 1 laughs. PROSTITUTE 2 takes his cigarette.

I want

PROSTITUTE 2: yes?

DON JUAN: I want

I just want a little

DON JUAN extends a hand to PROSTITUTE 1.

love.

PROSTITUTE 1: Love?

PROSTITUTE 2: A fucking romantic.

PROSTITUTE 1: Can I cut out his tongue?

PROSTITUTE 2: It’d make a great picture.

DON JUAN’s head lolls.

PROSTITUTE 1: Bucket.

PROSTITUTE 2: Here.

She passes PROSTITUTE 1 a metal tray. PROSTITUTE 1 gives it to DON JUAN.

PROSTITUTE 1: This should pep him up.
She wipes the mirror with her finger and holds it under Don Juan’s nose. He struggles but she holds him by the hair and he inhales. She puts the finger in his mouth.

Ouch.

Prostitute 2: He bite you?

Prostitute 1 barks at Don Juan.

Don Juan: What happened?

Prostitute 1: Speak up doggy.

Don Juan: To you? Why do this?

Prostitute 2 laughs.

Prostitute 2: He’s asking us!

Prostitute 1: It was this or the grave.

Don Juan: Where are your families?

Prostitute 2: Role play. Is that what you’re after? Want to play daddy?

Prostitute 1: They’re dead.

Don Juan: I’m sorry.

Prostitute 1: I think of them in cold pieces and laugh.

Don Juan: I’ve done things. Abandoned women. Lied to them.

Prostitute 1: We got enough film?

Prostitute 2: Ten pictures or so.

Don Juan: I’m trying to understand.

Prostitute 1 grabs his face roughly in her hand.

Prostitute 1: Want to hear me talk about being hurt? Is that why you’re here?

Prostitute 2: He’s drunk.
PROSTITUTE 1: Want me to tell you stories? When I was a little girl?

DON JUAN: No.

PROSTITUTE 1: I’ll tell you whatever you want to hear.

DON JUAN: Just the truth.

PROSTITUTE 2 is setting up the camera.

PROSTITUTE 2: Start stood there.

PROSTITUTE 1: I’ll be whoever you want.

DON JUAN: I want you.

PROSTITUTE 1: I’m right here.

DON JUAN: The real you.

PROSTITUTE 2 laughs.

PROSTITUTE 1: There is no real me.

PROSTITUTE 2 is checking the focus on the camera.

PROSTITUTE 2: Get him stood.

PROSTITUTE 1: Who are you looking for?

That’s who I am.

DON JUAN: No.

PROSTITUTE 1: Your first love.

Your last.

DON JUAN: No.

PROSTITUTE 1: Your wife. Mistress?

PROSTITUTE 2: Your mother.

DON JUAN: Tell me your name.

PROSTITUTE 1: Aren’t you listening?
PROSTITUTE 2: She doesn’t have a name.

PROSTITUTE 1: I have any name you want.

DON JUAN: I’m trying to be real.

PROSTITUTE 2: Look real enough to me.

DON JUAN: Let me be good. I’m trying.

PROSTITUTE 1: I don’t need saving. I’m happy. I’m ecstatic. I don’t need a man on a white horse to rush in and save me and if he tried I would carve him open, I would tear his heart out with my fingernails.

PROSTITUTE 2 is laughing.

You’ve got nothing I need. Everything I have I’ve got myself.

DON JUAN: I’m so tired.

PROSTITUTE 1: Hey.

She slaps his face.

Stay with me.
Sleepy head.
Come on.

PROSTITUTE 2 is pouring something onto a handkerchief.

PROSTITUTE 2: Ether.

She hands it to PROSTITUTE 1.

PROSTITUTE 1: Wakey wakey.

She holds the handkerchief to DON JUAN’s face.

She pulls him to his feet.

That’s it. That’s it.

We’re having a party.

She undoes the top buttons of his shirt.
You want to pull my hair?

DON JUAN: No.

PROSTITUTE 1: Want to spit in my face? Hit me?

DON JUAN: No.

PROSTITUTE 1: Pathetic.

DON JUAN: I’m not.

She slaps him playfully, not too hard.

PROSTITUTE 1: Where are you lover boy? Show some life. Show some passion.

She slaps him again.

DON JUAN: Stop it.

PROSTITUTE 1: It’s okay. I’m not real.

She slaps him again.

DON JUAN: Stop.

She slaps him again. He grabs her wrists. She smiles.

PROSTITUTE 1: That’s it! I knew you were in there. It’s in your eyes.

He stares into her eyes.

There it is.

DON JUAN: You can see it?

PROSTITUTE 1: It’s right there. You’re just like me.

DON JUAN rips his shirt open.

PROSTITUTE 2: Here we go.

DON JUAN: You want a party?

He grabs her by the jaw. She laughs.
PROSTITUTE 1: You haven’t got it in you.

DON JUAN: You have no idea.

PROSTITUTE 2: Wait for the camera.

DON JUAN: I’m adored.

*He lets go. He looks at PROSTITUTE 2. PROSTITUTE 1 is smiling.*

There are women who keep my portrait under their pillows. In lockets around their necks. There’s barely a bedroom window in Berlin I’ve not climbed out of. Not a baby born without the father wondering if it’s more me than him.

*PROSTITUTE 2 smiles.*


I could tell you some stories that would

*He winces, gasps for air.*

I could

*He grabs his side and doubles over in pain.*

PROSTITUTE 1: ssssh.

*She rubs his back, tenderly.*

Just a bad dream.

*She hands him the handkerchief. He holds it to his face and inhales deeply.*

*He stands up.*

DON JUAN: I’m ready.

*He undresses.*

PROSTITUTE 1: What will it be?

PROSTITUTE 2: Schoolgirl and headmaster? Nurse?
PROSTITUTE 1: How about Prince Charming?

PROSTITUTE 2: Returning soldier.

PROSTITUTE 1: I’ve got the perfect thing.

PROSTITUTE 2: You’re a mess.

She rubs DON JUAN’S hair with a towel.

PROSTITUTE 1 takes a soldier costume from the rack and throws it to PROSTITUTE 2 who begins to dress him. PROSTITUTE 1 undresses. The soldier costume is absurd somehow, a crude, brightly coloured pastiche of a military uniform.

DON JUAN: What are you doing? I’m ready. I’m ready.

He clumsily fights her off.

PROSTITUTE 2: Cooperate.

PROSTITUTE 2 grabs his face roughly. PROSTITUTE 1 is putting on a wedding dress.

Listen.
We’re doing you a favour. We’d left you and you’d be dead.
The way you were going.

Be grateful.

She removes his shirt and sees his wound.

Ooh. That’s nasty.

PROSTITUTE 1: Knife cut. Had a man used to cut me.

She jabs his wound with a finger. He yells in pain.

Infected I reckon. Careless.

DON JUAN collapses onto the floor in pain. PROSTITUTE 2 helps PROSTITUTE 1 into her dress and checks her hair. They look at one another.

PROSTITUTE 2: My angel.

They rest their foreheads together.

PROSTITUTE 1: Dearly beloved.
PROSTITUTE 2: I could take a bite out of you.

PROSTITUTE 1 bites the air and snarls at PROSTITUTE 2 who laughs.

Stand him.

They get him to his feet, dressed in the soldier costume.

DON JUAN: They burned all the flowers. In a huge pile.

Another train begins to shake the room.

PROSTITUTE 1 applies some lipstick. PROSTITUTE 2 pulls down a background canvas of an idyllic mountain range.

PROSTITUTE 1 lowers her veil.

PROSTITUTE 1: How do I look?

PROSTITUTE 2: Perfect.

DON JUAN sees her in the bridal dress and panics.

DON JUAN: No. No not this.

He pushes her away and falls to the floor.

PROSTITUTE 2: You promised.

DON JUAN: She’s dead. You’re dead.

PROSTITUTE 1: What’s he saying?

PROSTITUTE 2: He’s mad.

DON JUAN: I didn’t do anything to you. It’s not my fault.

PROSTITUTE 1 laughs.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

She walks towards him.

PROSTITUTE 1: I want you to be good.

DON JUAN is on his knees.
DON JUAN: Forgive me.

PROSTITUTE 1: Stand up.

DON JUAN: It hurts.

PROSTITUTE 2: This isn’t happening.

DON JUAN: I left you. I got scared. I’m so sorry.

PROSTITUTE 1: Stand up.


Slowly, DON JUAN rises to his feet. He is in pain, confused, drunk, feverish. He walks to PROSTITUTE 1 and she puts her arms around him. He holds her to him and clings to her.

DON JUAN: I came back.

PROSTITUTE 2 turns on a bright light, spotlighting DON JUAN and PROSTITUTE 1. She exposes the film. DON JUAN squints into the light. They stay still for seven seconds.

PROSTITUTE 2: Okay.

PROSTITUTE 1 relaxes and moves away from DON JUAN, who blinks and rubs his eyes. PROSTITUTE 2 turns off the light and prepares the next photograph.

PROSTITUTE 1: He’s sweating. Feverish.

DON JUAN looks at what he’s wearing.

DON JUAN: I went to war. I’m a soldier.

PROSTITUTE 1: That’s right darling. You’re my big brave soldier.

PROSTITUTE 2: You’re a homeless drunk.

PROSTITUTE 1: Great lover you promised us. Said people would pay money to see pictures of you.

DON JUAN: They always took my picture. Flash flash flash.

He laughs. She laughs with him.

PROSTITUTE 2:
PROSTITUTE 1 removes her veil and kisses DON JUAN on the cheek. She holds this position while PROSTITUTE 2 shines the light and exposes the film. After a moment, DON JUAN closes his eyes, grateful for this tenderness. Seven seconds.

A train rumbles overhead. The noise gets louder and louder until it is shaking everything in the room.

, 

Done.

The light is extinguished. PROSTITUTE 1 pulls away abruptly. DON JUAN opens his eyes. The noise dies down.

PROSTITUTE 1 removes DON JUAN’s jacket and unties the front of her dress.

Alright.

PROSTITUTE 1 bends forwards and puts her head on DON JUAN’s chest, above his heart. He puts his hand on the back of her head, tenderly.

Don’t do that.

DON JUAN: Me?

PROSTITUTE 2: The hand.

He removes his hand.

PROSTITUTE 2 turns on the light, exposes the film and takes the photograph. Seven seconds.

PROSTITUTE 1 undoes DON JUAN’s trousers.

DON JUAN: Wait.

She removes his trousers.

PROSTITUTE 2: Bed.

PROSTITUTE 1 pushes him onto the bed.

DON JUAN: Wait.

Can’t we talk for a minute?
PROSTITUTE 2 undresses him while PROSTITUTE 1 undresses herself.

PROSTITUTE 2 puts a hand in his underwear.

PROSTITUTE 2: There’s nothing happening.

She withdraws. PROSTITUTE 1 straddles DON JUAN and poses for the next photograph. PROSTITUTE 2 turns on the light and exposes the film. The light seems slightly brighter than before.

DON JUAN: Stop.

He tries to get up.

PROSTITUTE 2: Shit.

PROSTITUTE 2 covers the film and turns off the light. It seems slightly darker than before.

PROSTITUTE 1: You have to stay still or it’s ruined.

DON JUAN: I don’t want this.

PROSTITUTE 1 covers his mouth.

PROSTITUTE 2: That’s a picture wasted.

PROSTITUTE 1: Ready?

PROSTITUTE 2: Going again.

She turns on the light and exposes the film again. Seven seconds.

Done.

PROSTITUTE 1 lights a cigarette. PROSTITUTE 2 lowers the tripod.

PROSTITUTE 1: I’m going to get angry with you.

DON JUAN: I’ve changed my mind.

PROSTITUTE 2: How sweet.

DON JUAN: I don’t want to.

PROSTITUTE 1: Poor baby.
DON JUAN: Let me up.

*He tries to stand and she pushes him down and slaps his face.*

PROSTITUTE 1: You’re going to lie there. You’re going to lie there and be a good boy or I’m going to burn holes in you, alright?

*She holds the cigarette over his bare chest.*

Then you’ll be good. Look,

*She shows him the scars of several cigarette burns on her chest.*

it works. I can promise you. Best you just help us out and don’t get scarred.

PROSTITUTE 2: Ready for the next bit.

PROSTITUTE 1: It’s your big moment.

DON JUAN: I can’t.

PROSTITUTE 2: Not what you were saying in the bar.

PROSTITUTE 1: You made promises.

PROSTITUTE 2: The men want pictures. They’re bored of us two. They want something real.

PROSTITUTE 1: They want to see us dominated. Vanquished. Destroyed.

*PROSTITUTE 1 puts a hand into his underwear and tries to get him erect.*

PROSTITUTE 2: I thought you were a real man.

PROSTITUTE 1: Before the war they’d come up here at all hours. Make us crawl on all fours. Piss on us. Strangle us. Pull our hair. Spit in our faces.

PROSTITUTE 2: It’s business.

PROSTITUTE 1: Be a good boy. We’re having a nice time.

PROSTITUTE 2: Shall I have a go?

PROSTITUTE 1: Waste of time.

*She takes her hand out of his underwear.*
PROSTITUTE 2: Burn him.

PROSTITUTE 1: Waste of time.

DON JUAN: I’m sorry.

PROSTITUTE 2: Burn him. Do it.

DON JUAN: I’ll be good.

PROSTITUTE 1 stubs out the cigarette on his chest. He screams.

My heart.

PROSTITUTE 2: You said this is what you wanted. That this is what you are.

PROSTITUTE 1: He doesn’t know what he is.

PROSTITUTE 2: All the years I’ve spent being held down. Bruises on my wrists. Smacked.

She smacks him.

You men are really into that.

She hits him again.

DON JUAN: I’ve never hurt you.

PROSTITUTE 2: Here,

She throws a pair of Devil horns to PROSTITUTE 1, who puts them on DON JUAN’s head.

PROSTITUTE 1: take his picture.

PROSTITUTE 2 laughs and angles the camera.

Crawl.

She grabs him by the hair and pulls him onto all fours.

Some men like it when you’re bleeding or crying. Some find it funny.

PROSTITUTE 2 holds the light close to his face. It is very bright. She takes a picture.

DON JUAN: I haven’t done anything.
PROSTITUTE 1: Nor have I.

*He winces and collapses onto the floor. PROSTITUTE 2 laughs.*

Get up!

*He is in agony. He’s bleeding heavily.*

DON JUAN: I’m wet.

PROSTITUTE 2: His stitches have torn.

PROSTITUTE 1: Disgusting.

Look what you’ve done.

*She touches his wound. She wipes blood on his face.*

You must have so much anger. So much hate inside you.

*She crawls over him, holding the lamp close to his skin, inspecting him closely.*

To know you’re harming someone.

To enjoy it.

Is this what it feels like?

PROSTITUTE 2: It feels good.

PROSTITUTE 1: I don’t know.

, I’m not really feeling anything.

I’m bored.

, PROSTITUTE 2: Hold there.

*She exposes the film.*

, DON JUAN: She’s here.
PROSTITUTE 2: What did he say?

DON JUAN: She’s laughing at me.

*He starts to laugh to himself.*

PROSTITUTE 1: Why is he laughing?

*He laughs harder.*

STOP LAUGHING!

*He laughs harder.*

STOP IT! STOP IT!

PROSTITUTE 2 turns off the light.

PROSTITUTE 1 screams and throws herself at him, beating him with her fists.

PROSTITUTE 2 pulls her off him. She holds her tightly.


*PROSTITUTE 1 calms down. She suddenly laughs and, just as abruptly, stops.*

PROSTITUTE 1: We should burn this place to the ground.

DON JUAN stops laughing.

DON JUAN: Don’t leave me.

Don’t leave.

Please.

PROSTITUTE 2: One more.
PROSTITUTE 1 stands, empties some envelopes of cash.

One more.

DON JUAN:

Will you

will you

just

please

kiss

me?

PROSTITUTE 1 walks over to DON JUAN and throws the money at him. It flutters around him.

PROSTITUTE 2 turns the lamp on. DON JUAN is in pain, soaked in blood, breathing heavily and wearing Devil horns.

PROSTITUTE 2: Hold there.

She exposes the film. The light becomes extremely bright before plunging into absolute darkness.

The ‘Overture’ from Wagner’s Lohengrin plays.
6.1 GRAVE

Several hours later, early morning.

As the music plays, snow begins to fall.

A heavy mist has descended on the graveyard. White morning light rises gradually.

DON JUAN stumbles slowly through the graveyard, lurching to inspect one grave after another. He is in great pain.

Eventually he finds the grave he’s looking for and stops abruptly. It has a small angel on it.

He stares at it for a moment.

He kneels down, exhausted.

He gently removes the snow from her name.

He bows his head.

He looks up.

He takes a notebook from his pocket and opens it.

DON JUAN:  Johanna.

She was my first. A field. Morning. Her family moved and I promised I’d write.


Frieda.
Anneliese.
Mina.
Renate.
Karlotte.
Eleonore.
Ada.
Bridgette.
Irmlinda.
Maria.
Katerine.
Elizabeth.
Elkie.

He wipes his eyes.

Agnethe.
Gabriele.
Klara.
Berlinda.
Rosemarie.
Helena.
Ivonne.
Viktoria.
Kristen.
Liese.

Magdalene.

Sara.

,  

He is crying. He flicks through the book. The pages are filled.

,  

He puts his finger halfway down a page, near the end of the book.

,  

Here’s you.

,  

I came back.

,  

He runs his hands slowly over the stone. He looks at it.

I didn’t want to believe it.

,  

Did I do this?

Did I take the life out of you?

,  

The colour from your skin.

Your warmth.

,  

Are you laughing at me?

,  

I can hear you.
I’ve got nothing to be guilty for.

Take some responsibility.

You’re lucky.
Missed the last four years.
All the horror that will follow.

I won’t weep for you.

I’d swap places with you in a second.

In a second.

This is all I am.

A poor, homeless, sick

man.

*He tears up the notebook.*

If I could climb in there with you,

*He touches the ground, as if caressing a body.*

*He tears at the grass. He digs his fingers into the earth and pulls up fistfuls of mud. He becomes more frantic and desperate. He sobs.*

*He slumps backwards onto the ground.*

I miss you.

I can’t picture your face.

I’m dying.

You’re not special.
I’m so unhappy.

He laughs.

He stops laughing.

Still living.

He touches the gravestone.

I got scared.

I got scared and I ran.

That’s all.

I got scared.

Were you just like the others?

Did I love you?

Did you make me special? Or am I just

He runs his hands down and onto the ground. He touches the earth under which her body lays.

He lies down on her grave.

The snow begins to settle on him.
YOUNG WOMAN: (Off.) are you alright?

Hello?

_After a moment, a YOUNG WOMAN enters, dressed in black and carrying flowers._

Hello?

_DON JUAN looks up at her._

You gave me a fright.

_She laughs._

Are you hurt?

_DON JUAN:_ No.

No, just

having a lie down.

_He sits up._

YOUNG WOMAN: You’ll catch your death.

_She laughs._

I suppose it would save the undertaker a trip.

_She continues to laugh._

Well don’t let me stop you. I dare say you have reason enough to want to die.
DON JUAN: Do you know me?

YOUNG WOMAN: No, but
I live in this world too.

You know,
you do remind me of someone.

_He looks at her. She smiles at him. He looks back at the grave._

You must have loved her very much.

_DON JUAN looks at the YOUNG WOMAN. He is filled with gratitude, he doesn’t know whether to laugh or cry._

I must have.

YOUng WOMAN: You look like a snowman.

Why don’t you leave it one more day?

I’m freezing. I’m leaving some flowers on my husband’s grave then I’m going to sit by a fire and drink vodka. I’m terrible company but you could talk.

Could tell me your life story. As long as you don’t melt.

The story of a snowman.

Yes?
Die tomorrow.

,  

He looks at the grave.

He looks up.

,  

He closes his eyes.

The snow falls.

Fade to black.