

Before

one

One: What was your name again?

Fyona: Fyona.

One: What kind of name is that? ... You do this often?

Fyona: Do what?

One: This.

Fyona: This...

One: Sleep with strangers.

Fyona: We haven't slept.

One: You know what I mean.

Fyona: I don't actually. Say it.

One: Have sex with strangers.

Fyona: What do you think?

One: Can I call you?

Fyona: Call me what?

One: Ha-ha. See you again. I don't do this. I don't do... one-night stands. I'm not that kind of guy.

Fyona: The kind of guy who does what you just did. You were beside yourself.

One: Do you want money?

Fyona: Money?

One: Because if you do I'm a bit short. I wasn't planning on this, I wasn't in the market for -

Fyona: "This" again. "Sleep", no, "have sex with strangers".

One: You have a very annoying habit of repeating the last word I say.

Fyona: I'm just trying to understand.

One: Usually the... transaction is discussed before, the sum.

Fyona: Is it? How do you know that, you're not this kind of guy.

One: ...I've insulted you. How come I feel like I've insulted you?

One: Why me?

Fyona: Why -

One: Yes, yes, don't repeat it. I mean if not for money, why me? I'm not handsome.

Fyona: *laughs*

One: What? Jesus Christ, what do you want?

Fyona: Why are you getting so upset?

One: I don't know what you want.

Fyona: Why should that upset you?

One: I don't know. I just want to know what we've done.

Fyona: There are several expressions for it. *Low rumble afar* Listen... The trucks... The soldiers. They always leave at this time, this early. They don't want everyone to get alarmed.

One: The government's over-reacting. That nonsense might happen in the mountains or in the south where the peasants live, but this is the civilised part of the country.

Fyona: If all our soldiers are there, who will protect us when the fighting starts here?

One: We've never had violence. We just have to deal with the economics. Never happen here.

Fyona: I think it will. I think it will flare up suddenly. It will blow all to hell. Our buildings will be rubble, just like in all those places we watch on the news and say "My God, how can

people live there.” I think there will be rivers of blood running down our streets, running into the sea, staining the sea red. I think the fish in the ocean will get stronger, feed on our blood. They’ll get used to it, develop a taste for us, come to depend on it, there will be so much blood in the sea, so much so that, if the war ever ends and there is anyone left alive, any person going into the sea will be attacked. The smallest fish will act like a shark. The whole human race will be nothing but fish food.

One: You’re mad.

Fyona: Thank you.

One: Don’t call it a war.

Fyona: Isn’t it? Isn’t it a civil war?

One: Just... don’t even say it. We can’t got through it again.

Fyona: You think I evoke it by saying it?

One: The people don’t want it. This is just some power-hungry... in other parts of the country. It’s not a civil war, we’re just trapped. What’s funny?

Fyona: Trapped...

One: All I know is I lost my job. All the hotels are laying off. All this “uncertainty”, this will be the worst tourist season since...

Fyona: Since the last civil war.

One: So now I work the over-night shift of my uncle’s bakery. At least I have something.

Fyona: Look at this coat.

One: What about it? Looks expensive.

Fyona: Italian. Costs a fortune. But it isn’t even vaguely warm. If there’s a war and the power goes out in the winter, it won’t even keep me warm. How can something so expensive be so worthless?

One: There won’t be a war.

Fyona: Say it again.

One: There won’t be a war.

One: You didn’t kiss me.

Fyona: No.

One: I guess I should have taken that as a clue.

Fyona: Clue?

One: *simultaneously* “Clue?” yes... Why me? Did you think I had money, boy you made a big mistake.

She kisses him

Fyona: I’m not very good, our teeth bumped a little. *Kisses him again* Better. I’ll have to work on that.

One: Work on what? I don’t understand you.

Fyona: So many men think that all women want is to be understood.

One: Do you want money?

Fyona: While other men never even try to understand...

One: You said before you wanted to understand me.

Fyona: Did I?

One: Here. This is all I have. Take it. I understand now. These are hard times. You have fallen on hard times. We all have to do things we don’t normally do to survive.

Fyona: Why me?

One: Stop repeating –

Fyona: No, I’m asking: why me? Why did you let me in? Because I’m beautiful? It’s ok, you can say it, I’ve heard it before. Apparently, I’m beautiful, so why would I want a man like you? If not for your money.

One: Yes, all right. You have the money, now could you please go.

Fyona: This isn't much, what could I get for it, a sandwich? Thank you but no. Won't your kids need it?

One: My what? My...

Fyona: You should take it back. Or accept it as a gift. For your children. For the coming war.

One: How did you know I had a family?

Fyona: Oh my God, you do? I was just joking around.

One: Did you come here to make a fool of me?

Fyona: I saw you in the window, late at night. Working alone in the bakery. You looked so sad. I knocked on the window and smiled and you let me in. You opened the door to tell me you were closed. I took that as an invitation. And I accepted. I don't want any money. I don't need any money. *Kisses him*

One: What are you doing?

Fyona: I didn't kiss you before. I'm making up for it.

One: The sun's coming up. My uncle will be here soon. I haven't done any work. *She kisses him* I can't.

Fyona: You can't? That's not what your body tells me.

One: I don't do this. I shouldn't do this.

Fyona: This: have sex with strangers. Why not? Probably only because no one's ever offered you "this" before. You're certainly not very handsome. *Kisses him to the floor* Let me guess: now that you've told me you have children you feel bad and I'm supposed to feel bad too, it's supposed to stop me. You're making me do all the work.

One: Why me?... Why me?

Fyona: Sh.

One: I'm not usually this lucky. Can I see you again?

Fyona: What?

One: I'll be here. Every night.

Fyona: You'll have to remember this night. Because you'll never see me again.

Low rumble

One: Where are you going?

Fyona: More trucks. More soldiers. Come look.

One: Come back.

Fyona: Truck after truck after truck.

Two

Two: Now, yes, hello. Have a seat Miss –

Fyona: Fyona.

Two: Fyona, all right. What can I do for you?

Fyona: How are things?

Two: What?

Fyona: How are things going? The war, the bank...

Two: I'm sorry, do I know you?

Fyona: I don't think so. I mean, I've seen you, you're the bank manager, I've seen you walking around this bank for years. You've just never seen me. No, I'm a concerned citizen.

Two: Listen:

Fyona: I have money in this bank. I want to know if it's safe.

Two: Well, Miss –

Fyona: Fyona.

Two: Yes, Fyo –

Fyona: Look at me and say my name.

Two: I beg your pardon.

Fyona: Look me in the eye when you say my name. Please just, like this, now say

Two: Fyona.

Fyona: Yes.

Two: I've never heard that name before.

Fyona: It's foreign. My Father, he travels a lot, he fell in love with the name. Actually, I think he fell in love with a woman with that name. In some far away land. I think they spent just one night together but that one night haunts him, he wonders what his life would have been if he had left this country behind and stayed with her. I see it in his eyes when he sits by the fire with a cognac late at night. Daddy, what's wrong, what are you thinking about? Oh, nothing, baby. So, my money?

Two: Yes. Well. I don't know what to tell you. For the moment things are safe –

Fyona: We're in a civil war.

Two: Not really –

Fyona: Brothers kill their brothers.

Two: There's been fighting in the south.

Fyona: It's coming here.

Two: That's alarmist, there's never been-

Fyona: Any fighting here before, yes, as our papers keep saying, yes, we're the civilised part of the country, there is no reason to think that just because there have been a few "incidents" in our city, they're isolated incidents etc. etc. Should I move my money out of the country?

Two: We don't recommend that.

Fyona: Because of the exchange? Because our currency is already worthless? In Italy, say, all my money couldn't buy me a sandwich but at least within our own borders it's still worth something. For now.

Two: We're hoping that the U.N. will –

Fyona: *laughs*

Two: You're concerned. I understand.

Fyona: I'm concerned. I'm worried. I'm afraid. I'm sceptical. I'm depressed. I'm a citizen of this country. I've spent the last two months crying, two months, can't eat, can't sleep until I got sick of myself, no, stop this, there are others things to be done. Other ways to skin the cat, yes? I'm also concerned about you.

Two: What?

Fyona: The photos on your wall there, your children?

Two: They're old photos, the kids are older.

Fyona: Is that your daughter? How old is she now?

Two: Twenty-four.

Fyona: That's my age. What a coincidence.

Two: May I see your bank card?

Fyona: My bank card?

Two: Or your bankbook. Something to prove to me that you have an account with us.

Fyona: You don't believe me?

Two: I just want to verify.

Fyona: Here is my card...

Two: I'll need you to punch your code, here... Thank you.

Fyona: What does it say?

Two: You have quite a bit of money with us actually.

Fyona: Told you. And is it all going to disappear? What if during the fighting all the computers are destroyed, how will I be able to take my money out of the bank if you have

no record of it? Or will my money just vanish? Is interest real? Is it real money? It came from nowhere, I put my money in your bank and it's "working for me". Should I take it all out and hide it somewhere?

Two: You're afraid. It's understandable. We all are, all this uncertainty. But if everyone in the country takes their money out of the bank it would be a catastrophe –

Fyona: Is that your wife? That picture there?

Two: Yes.

Fyona: She's beautiful.

Two: Well...

Fyona: You don't think she's beautiful?

Two: ... of course I do. But how I see her isn't how the world sees her.

Fyona: "If only everyone could see her through my eyes..." It's true that she's not what everyone would call a beauty but I find her beautiful. What does she do?

Two: What?

Fyona: Does she work as well? She doesn't look like the kind of woman that just stays at home.

Two: She... she died actually.

Fyona: No. When?

Two: A little over a year ago, look –

Fyona: So, before the war.

Two: Yes. What's going on? Why have you come here today? Are you really concerned about your money or... what is it? Are you afraid of the war or what is it? Do you want to take your money out or...

Fyona: Or what? Say it.

Two: Are you just traumatised, this whole situation and you need someone to comfort you. Someone to talk to. Is that what it is? *Fyona begins to cry* Um. Miss? Fyona? I'm sorry. I know. These are very tense times. We don't know what's going to happen. One day we're having dinner, we're sitting in the yard with friends planning a week away in the country and then there are people breaking into homes in the middle of the night, doing unspeakable things. We don't know why. Please though. Stop crying. I'm not the person to be talking to, I'm not an expert in these things, I'm not a psychologist or a therapist or... please.

He touches her shoulder

Fyona: Why?

Two: I know.

Fyona: Why doesn't the world see how beautiful your wife was? Why, just because she was heavy, because she her hair was streaked with grey so she kept it in a bun. You must miss her terribly.

Two: Of course.

Fyona: What's the matter with the world?

Two: It's gone mad.

She snuggles into him

Fyona: Thank you for this. You're obviously a very kind man... How did she die?

Two: Cancer.

Fyona: Did she smoke?

Two: Yes but –

Fyona: You couldn't stop her?

Two: Look –

Fyona: I'm sorry, I don't want to bring you back to a terrible time. At least she was spared having to go through another war.

Two: It would have broken her heart.

Fyona: Why?

Two: Her family's from the south. The last war she lost both her brothers. Saddened her so much.

Fyona: Maybe that's where the cancer came from. Cancer of the Sadness. Sadness for our country. Sadness just took over all her cells.

He touches her, she snuggles into him; it takes a while but he kisses her

Fyona: Thank you.

She kisses him back, it heats up; she breaks away suddenly, begins laughing

Fyona: You have been a great comfort. I'll keep my money with you for now. But if things blow up, take a quick turn for the worse and I can't get my money out of the bank, I want you to remember me. And what you did. *exits, laughing*

Three

Three: Fyona... Fyona... I think I'm late. I think you've made me late.

Fyona: The late unknown soldier.

Three: I told you my name, you don't remember my name?

Fyona: I know you because I know your name?

Three: What time is it, where's my watch?

Fyona: Is it this one?

Three: Give.

Fyona: Come get it.

Three: Just tell me what time it is.

Fyona: You're no fun.

Three: I'm too spent to be fun.

Fyona: The fun is done.

Three: What time is it?

Fyona: Almost three. This is a nice watch.

Three: It was a present. Fyona. Feeeeeeooooooooonaaaaaaaa... what's your real name?

Fyona: That is my real name.

Three: It's made-up exotic name. It's a stripper's name.

Fyona: Or a whore's.

Three: You said it, not me. No, I'm kidding, you're not a whore.

Fyona: No.

Three: You're just a girl with a very big heart. A girl who loves her country, willing to lay down her body for a young soldier, off to protect her. Your country thanks you.

Fyona: I thought there wasn't going to be a war.

Three: There isn't. The government's just being cautious.

Fyona: Better safe than sorry. A stitch in time saves nine. An ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure. There have been soldiers leaving the city for weeks. Truck after truck after train after...

Three: Where's the bathroom?

Fyona: First admit there's going to be a war. Say it.

Three: There's...probably going to be a war.

Fyona: Thank you.

Three: So, where's the bathroom?

Fyona: I don't know.

Three: What do you mean you don't know. This isn't your apartment?

Fyona: No.

Three: Who's is it?

Fyona: Some people who have fled – I love that word, “fled”. I’ve been doing this for a week, breaking into the apartments of people who have fled. The ones who have fled our fair city so far are all rich, so the apartments I’ve been staying in are lovely. Today’s is the nicest though. You can tell that they’ve fled by the state of the closets. “Grab what you can, no don’t take that. It’s useless.” And if they ever come home they can say: who’s been fucking in my bed?

Three: Seriously, this isn’t your apartment.

Fyona: No. I picked this one because I saw that the soldiers are leaving from across the street. I wanted a soldier, someone off to be killed.

Three: You’re nuts.

Fyona: People keep saying that.

Three: I got to find a toilet.

Fyona: You’re such a sweet talker.

He goes, she sings, he reenters

Three: I love that song.

Fyona: You’re the first who hasn’t asked “why me?”

Three: Why me what?

Fyona: Why fuck me?

Three: I know why me.

Fyona: Why you?

Three: You have only to look at me.

Fyona: Oh. Are you handsome?

Three: I’m a God. And it’s the uniform. Girls love a man in uniform. Where’s my other boot?

Fyona: Can I see your gun?

Three: No.

Fyona: Please?

Three: I can’t see my other boot.

Fyona: Why did you become a soldier?

Three: No work. I was working in my father’s factory but he went bankrupt.

Fyona: You’re uneducated.

Three: Why thank you.

Fyona: Is that an insult? You don’t want to go fight?

Three: Not especially.

Fyona: You aren’t afraid?

Three: No. I’m blessed.

Fyona: Are you?

Three: I am. I’m a lucky guy. Nothing bad will happen to me.

Fyona: You don’t want to push your luck though. You should have stayed in school. All the boys I went to University with, none of them are going to fight. Yet.

Three: You want some money?

Fyona: What?

Three: My father gave me money for a woman, he said: one last fling before you go. He had tears in his eyes. My girlfriend was too upset to fuck. Whatever that means.

Fyona: You have a girlfriend?

Three: A fiancée.

Fyona: People still have fiancées? People still want to get married, start a family?

Three: Yes they do. Take the money. I know you’re not a whore.

Fyona: What am I?

Three: You’re a whack-job. You’re traumatised. You’re throwing yourself at men to get over the despair you feel about the coming war.

Fyona: Very good.

Three: You're from one of those rich, loveless families. You're a depressed rich girl fucking herself out of her sadness.

Fyona: If I'm rich why would I need your money?

Three: I'm not trying to insult you. Everybody needs money, these are tough times. OK. I'll keep it then.

Fyona: You were the third one to arrive across the street. To the ...depot, what do you call it? The soldier's distribution centre? I said to myself, the third one. That's the one I'll want.

Three: Really. Well. Lucky you. You could have been stuck with a lot worse. Can I have my watch?

Fyona: Do you know where you're going?

Three: Trana.

Fyona: The mountains. It's already winter there. I see you lying on your back in the half-frozen mud. A snowflake floats down and lands in your open eye. And you don't blink. Your father gives your fiancée the news and she collapses, crumples to the floor and vomits. It's very sad.

Three: You know, I was feeling good about this. I thought I found some fun crazy girl, wants to have a good time, wants to enjoy life, physical life in these times of absolute shit. We fucked with hardly a word said. I thought we had a connection. Now I'm disgusted with myself, I've been had. You fooled me. I should have gone to a whore. Give me my watch. Jesus Christ is this the time? You said it almost three, it's almost four.

Fyona: They didn't teach us how to read time in University.

Three: I'm going to catch such shit, we're leaving at four.

Fyona: It's just across the street.

Three: You don't just walk up, where's my fucking boot, oh fuck, I'm dead, I'm going to catch such shit.

Fyona: You're so cute, like a little boy late for school.

Three: Did you see where I threw the boot?

Fyona: You still have about one minute.

Three: Did you hide it?

Fyona: No. It's here somewhere. You have forty-five seconds to get across the street.

Three: Stop laughing, I'm going to catch such shit. And by the way: when the war breaks out your fucking education won't be worth fuck.

Fyona: Wow. You now have thirty –

A huge explosion, they are thrown to the floor, smoke, they rise shaken but unhurt

Three: Are you all right?

Fyona: My hand is bleeding. I'm cut. The glass from the window, I think. It's nothing.

Three: Jesus Christ. Something blew up across the street. Jesus Christ the truck, our transport. It's... they're dead. Jesus Christ.

Fyona: Wow. Look at the flames. Wow. The blood on the bricks. The smoke and rubble. It looks like one of those scenes on the news from a far away land. It has finally come here.

Three: Jesus Christ.

Fyona: You are blessed. You are lucky. You owe me one. I saved your life.

Four a)

Four: That's a beautiful coat.

Fyona: Thank you.

Four: Italian?

Fyona: You're good. It's not very warm though.

Four: It's beautiful.

Fyona: I think for what it cost it should at least be warm. The winter coming.

Four: You must have another coat. If it's warmth you want wear your other coat.

Fyona: And if it's beauty I want, I wear this one. Is beauty worth more than warmth?

Four: Priceless.

Fyona: Not these days. These troubled days. These "will there be enough food?" days. In these "let's escape to the country house to avoid the coming war" days beauty is a useless luxury.

Four: That's what you're doing? Escaping.

Fyona: I'd rather stay in the city. But the family thinks it's not safe.

Four: The war will be averted. Before it gets to the city.

Fyona: It's already in the city.

Four: Skirmishes. Isolated –

Fyona: Incidents, yes. And three hundred dead so far. What will the city be like when the incidents are not isolated? What's the opposite of isolated?

Fyona: And why would you think I have another coat?

Four: If you can afford that coat, it's because you have many.

Fyona: If I had a warmer coat, why aren't I wearing it now?

Four: Vanity.

Four: Where are you headed?

Fyona: Crank.

Four: Good God.

Fyona: Yes, told you. I'd rather stay in the city. I'd rather dodge bullets and pray that the car I walk by in the market doesn't suddenly explode. I'd rather live like that than Crank.

Four: Why are you going?

Fyona: My family's decision.

Four: You're not a minor. You can do what you want.

Fyona: Some people are leaders, some are followers.

Four: You don't look like a follower. You look like you could lead an army of men.

Fyona: An army of men. Yes. I could be their banner

Four: The banner of beauty. Useless beauty.

Fyona: *simultaneously* Useless beauty – Wow. Jinx. Now you can't talk until I say your name. But I don't know your name. Boy, are you in trouble. Wait, here, write your name on my hand. Then I'll say it.... Michael. You can speak now, Michael. And where are you going?

Four: You mean you don't know?

Fyona: How would I know where you are going?

Four: You don't know about the summit? The last chance at averting all-out civil war?

Fyona: I've heard something about it. Are you going to that?

Four: Do you smoke?

Fyona: No.

Four: Mind if I do?

Fyona: This is a non-smoking train, they said.

Four: Those types of rules don't apply to me.

Fyona: Wow.

Four: I do what I want.

Fyona: I'd rather you didn't.

Four: All right.

Fyona: I thought you did want you wanted?

Four: There are other things I want more. What's your name?

Fyona: Fyona.

Four: Odd name.

Fyona: Foreign.

Four: Are you a foreigner? You speak our language perfectly.

Fyona: One of my many talents.

Four: Where are you from?

Fyona: Here.

Four: You said "foreign".

Fyona: I said the name was foreign. I am of this land.

Four: Fyona. Well you have an even longer train ride than I.

Four: I like the train because I can think uninterrupted while travelling. Usually I have a car to myself.

Fyona: You're that important?

Four: I'm that important. The men didn't ask you what you were doing here?

Fyona: I just told them I was passing through. Then I saw you in here, alone. Now that I think about it, you looked annoyed when I first came in and asked if I could sit with you. Then your face softened.

Four: My face only softens before beauty.

Fyona: So I should be honoured that you let me in. That you didn't have me escorted out.

Four: You should.

Fyona: I'll try to live up to the privilege.

Four: Are you saying you don't recognize me?

Fyona: Should I? Are you an actor?

Four: I'm on television a lot.

Fyona: I never watch television.

Four: Do you read the papers?

Fyona: No.

Four: Then how do you know what's going on?

Fyona: Nobody else does.

Four: I do. I am what's going on. Whatever is going on is because of me.

Fyona: Wow.

Four: Why did you come in here if you didn't know who I was?

Fyona: I just wanted to get away from my family.

He sits next to her

Fyona: What are you doing?

Four: Don't pretend you don't know.

Fyona: You're old enough to be my father.

Four: I know. I could never seduce a woman with my looks. I must use my position.

Fyona: I don't know your position.

Four: Then why me? Why come into my car?

Fyona: A free seat.

Four: I'd love to believe that. But I don't.

Fyona: This is getting weird. Good-bye.

Four: Don't go.

Fyona: No, I'm really not comfortable in this situation. I just saw an empty seat, I wanted to get away from – I've said all this. Why am I justifying, as though I've insulted you? Good-bye.

Four: Don't go. Please. Sit. I'll be a gentleman. I'll sit back on my side. See? Sit. Thank you.

Fyona: You'll behave?

Four: I'll behave. We'll pass the dull ride together. Fyona.

Fyona: What's your name again?

Four: It's on your hand.

Fyona: Pleased to meet you, Michael.

Four: This does happen to me a lot. I've had more women by accident than most have by working hard. Women are attracted to power.

Fyona: You must be very powerful to have had so many women.

Four: Because I'm not attractive? Ouch.

Fyona: You put words in my mouth.

Four: I have to say you're refreshing. I'd forgotten what it was like to be myself, just myself. Now I'm sitting here, looking at my reflection in the window and yes, it's true, if you didn't know who I was, what would a beautiful young woman like yourself want with a man like me?

Fyona: What would I want with you knowing who you were?

Four: To be close to power. To feel control over a man who has control. To have me at my most vulnerable. Naked. Abandoning myself in your arms, I'd lose control and you could say: he's mine, this powerful man is completely at my mercy. At this moment I could make him do anything, swear to anything.

Fyona: Are you powerful enough to stop the war?

Four: In a way.

Fyona: It's too easy. It's not possible that I could "control" a man in your position.

Four: Temporarily, yes. Do you see the power you have?

Fyona: It's too much responsibility.

Four: I would on my knees. Like this, you'd bring me to my knees. I'd give it all up if I thought you'd let me in.

Fyona: My goodness. It's all so exciting.

Four: Is it.

Fyona: That's not what I meant. *He touches her* Don't.

Four: Please.

Fyona: Really. No.

Four: You'll enjoy it.

Fyona: And you won't?

Four: We'll enjoy it. We have a long night on a hot, slow train.

Fyona: I don't do things like this. I was schooled by nuns. And you're just talking. Because you want something you know you shouldn't have. Please, don't.

Four: Look at me and say "don't" again.

She kisses him, he slides his hand under her coat

Four: I see now why you're cold.

Fyona: Oh dear. Did I forget to get dressed again?

Four: You little bitch. You're very good. I haven't worked this hard in years. Dear God what a beautiful body you've got.

His head disappears under her coat

Fyona: I can't be this easy. It can't be...

she takes a knife from a pocket, holds it over him

Four b)

Television: The terror in the city has reached a new peak, four car bombs blew off simultaneously across the city, including one outside the elementary school that the prime minister's son attends -

Fyona: Hey, I was watching that.

Four: Media. Assholes. Liars. They know half the truth and they even get that wrong. Turn it off.

Fyona: I'll watch it silent. It's because, look: my University. Why would they attack a University? Nobody of any real influence works there.

Four: Turn it off.

Fyona: I won't put the sound on. You just don't like me hearing about your failures.

Four: Fyona...

Fyona: I know, I know: shut up. Where are we going to go after this?

Four: What are you talking about?

Fyona: We're not going to stay here during the war are we?

Four: There won't be a war. *She laughs* Shut up.

Fyona: Would you go to Italy?

Four: This is my country.

Fyona: Don't you have a house in Italy though?

Four: Fyona, please. I have to go.

Fyona: My step-father is in Italy. He ran, first car-bomb, disappeared. He sent my mother a letter, she didn't even read it.

Four: Why aren't you married?

Fyona: Honestly. Can you think of any man who could put up with me? Have I put on weight? You'd think I would, sitting around in this hotel, drinking champagne. Who's paying for this, the room, the food, you, or our country? Tax dollars?

Four: I really wish you'd shut up.

Fyona: I'm bored.

Four: You should get a hobby.

Fyona: I have one. You're my hobby.

Four: Fyona, would you shut up.

Fyona: So, how's it going? You stopped the war yet?

Four: I will. Today, I will. That idiot is going to listen. He's going to get control over those thugs of his. Every time we get close to an agreement somebody blows up a school bus or...

Fyona: Just send me out there, naked, onto the battlefield. The boys'll all drop their guns.

Four: War is not initiated by sexually frustrated men.

Fyona: "The face that launched a thousand ships."

Four: Anyone who thinks the Trojan War was fought over a woman is an idiot.

Fyona: Why is a war fought?

Four: It's complex.

Fyona: Everyone always says that: "The many reasons for war". The Lefties say "for profit", the Righties say "for freedom" and the Wise Ones say "ah, yes, a little of both." But it's people who do it. Wars don't just start, spontaneously combust. What's the reason people started this one?

Four: There isn't going to be -

Fyona: Shut the fuck up with that line, you're not at a press conference. You said you'd stop the war, Baby. For me. How come you haven't yet? And I'm getting bored waiting around for you, taking bubble baths while you're at your negotiations. Eating rich food. Three weeks I've been in this room, except for that weekend your wife came up. I beginning to think you weren't telling the truth, you can't stop the fighting. I'm scared Baby, scared you're going to run away. I know I could never ask you to leave your family but I'm afraid you're just going to discard me soon, when you're sick of me. And my body. And my mouth.

Four: I'm going to take a shower.

Fyona: That's all you ever do, take showers.

Four: Shut up! Shut up shut up shut up! Jesus Christ woman what will it take?

Fyona: I think I'm going to go to Crank. See my family. Before the trains stop altogether.

Hop on the next one, as though I never got off three weeks ago.

Four: You, in Crank. You wouldn't last a week. You think you're bored here, living in the lap of luxury while the rest of the country suffers. In Crank you'll go screaming out of your mind.

Fyona: Wow. You know me so well.

Four: I do know you.

Fyona: I'm sorry if I'm being a pain, Baby. How can I make it up to you?

Four: I don't have time. I have to shower and go.

Fyona: When you come back, I'll be waiting, Daddy, like a hot sticky bun in bed.

Four: You're mad. *exits*

Fyona: Look at them suffering. While I sit in a hotel and spend their money.

She vomits, knock on the door

Fyona: Who is it?

Four B: Room service.

Fyona: Hi.

Four B: Champagne.

Fyona: I know you. You're our bellhop. I've seen you here before.

Four B: Yes, ma'am, I've served you before.

Fyona: I don't have any money to give you, a tip.

Four B: Just sign here.

Fyona: He usually gives you a tip.

Four B: That's all right.

Fyona: What does that mean, bellhop? Bell. Hop. In what language does the combination of bell and hop mean "he who schlepps for guests?" How long have you been a bellhop?

Four B: 'bout a year.

Fyona: Are you from this town?

Four B: All my life.

Fyona: Do you ski?

Four B: Everybody here skis.

Fyona: It's beautiful here. The mountains, the lakes. And somebody said that from the top of the mountains you can see all the way to the sea.

Four B: It's true.

Fyona: Say something to me. Tell me something about yourself. Something you've never told anyone. What's the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?

Four B: Why should I do that? Why should I share anything with you? Who are you? Is it 'cause you pay me you think you can ask me that stuff?

Fyona: I just wanted a conversation.

Four B: Well, here's a question: we all been wondering what you're doing with the old fuck?

Fyona: You all been wondering.

Four B: For his money? Or 'cause you think 'cause he's in the government you're going to be safe with him? When all hell breaks loose, he's nobody just like everybody else.

Fyona: Oh don't talk to me about the war. "War, war, war... fiddle-dee-dee."

Four B: He's like, could be your father. You're my age, fuck.

Fyona: You talk funny. You've learned the polite talk, the "yes, sir – non, madame" jargon. The bellhopspeak. When you talk like yourself, it's different.

She opens her coat to him

Four B: ‘ the fuck.

Fyona: I’m just giving you your tip. I don’t have any money.

Four B: Why me?

Fyona: Oh, thank you, I’ve missed boys asking me that.

Four B: Any bellhop comes up here, fuckhead’s in the shower, boom, out comes the body.

I’m not stupid.

Fyona: Oh. I’ve missed boys saying that too.

Four B: Anyway, he’s just in the bathroom.

Fyona: He takes very long showers. There’s so much grease to clean off.

Four B: Why don’t you come out with me tonight, later?

Fyona: Now or ever. I’m leaving soon.

Four B: Yeah. I don’t have any money.

Fyona: I’m not a whore.

Four B: Yeah, right... You’re not... Then what? You’re a...

Fyona: We’re running out of time. We don’t have time to talk about what I am.

Four B: Jesus Christ. I knew it.

Falls to his knees, his head in her coat

Five

Fyona: Why do I do this?

Five: This?

Fyona: This: have sex with strangers. What’s your theory?

Five: Despair.

Fyona: Yes. My country is at war. All that we’ve built, the old feuds we thought long dead erupt like a volcano once thought dormant. I try, admittedly in vain, to bring some joy into my life through random tenderness with sad men -

Five: No. Nothing to do with that.

Fyona: How did you become a cripple?

Five: Breech-birth. Not enough oxygen to the brain damaged my motor skills. How did you become one?

Fyona: Ha ha. Are you a writer?

Five: I do write, yes.

Fyona: Poetry? Or fiction?

Five: Impressions.

Fyona: Small town sensitive man. Writing his thoughts: life seen from the asshole of the asshole of the world. I’m sick of this place. I’m going back to the city soon.

Five: To the snipers, the car-bombs, no power, no water.

Fyona: Yes, here we have food and warm homes and peace. But what’s the point if life is so dull? And the smell, you can’t get used to the smell; you have to be born here to stomach the smell.

Five: Why come in the first place?

Fyona: My family came.

Five: You’re not a child.

Fyona: Family means sacrifice.

Five: Your sister has already gone back. You tell everyone you’re leaving, you’re going back to the city. Instead you stay, you get thinner, you take another farm-hand away from his girlfriend for a night.

Fyona: I’m always amazed, small towns... You’ve talked about my sister. You don’t even know my sister but you all know that she has gone back to the city. Pathetic. All of you,

watching us out of your windows. You stop talking when we walk in to a store. And it's been so easy to pick up the men here, I mean "the women of Crank may be ugly but at least they're bitchy". And the men here are useless, hicks, big, strong men but all cowards. Not one has volunteered to fight.

Five: We're isolated, this whole province. Crank is like it's own country. If anyone were to attack us here we'd fight hard.

Fyona: To protect your little cocoon, little world.

Five: I wanted to join the army.

Fyona: Really?

Five: They wouldn't take me. I would be a hindrance they said. I can fire a gun, I own a gun. I'm a decent shot. I love my country and am not allowed to show it. They offered me a job behind the lines, clerical. I refused.

Fyona: You could have volunteered to do something, I don't know, clerical.

Five: I want to fight.

Fyona: You're so brave. So unlike the others here. You're sensitive, you write.

Five: So why do you do this?

Fyona: What we've just done? You said it: despair.

Five: Everyone in town hates you. The women, the men. The wandering slut. What are you looking for? What are you doing, protesting the war by fucking strange men? It's pathetic.

Fyona: Easy though. Easy pickings. The men here never refuse.

Five: There's nothing to it: a beautiful woman can have a man any time she wants. Because men are stupid and before they'll even second-guess the situation they'll be dancing for joy at their good luck. The first time. But the second time -

Fyona: I don't need a second time.

Five: You couldn't get one if you tried anyway. You haven't answered any of my questions.

Fyona: Just because I've fucked you doesn't mean I have to share anything.

Five: You've lost weight since you've been here. And you still walk around in that useless coat, it can't possibly keep you warm. Ridiculous wearing that coat in these parts. Whatever impression your coat made when you first arrived, when was it? three months ago? the impression is gone. The coat is fraying at the edges. Like your reputation.

Fyona: You're a terrible writer: the coat is fraying at the edges, like your reputation. That is the worst line I've ever heard.

Five: Even the coat has some air of symbolism to it, it's obviously "meaningful" to you. But you won't tell anyone what it "means", will you?

Fyona: Why do you want to know?

Five: That's what people do. The more we know, the more we can make sense of things.

Fyona: Knowledge is power.

Five: Yes.

Fyona: He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

Five: Bullshit.

Fyona: Knowledge the shade of a shade.

Five: See, once again you're avoiding meaningful conversation.

Fyona: To know know know him, is to love love love him.

Five: You're afraid. You're afraid to be honest, say what you mean.

Fyona: You expected me to share my heart? Why? Because you're ugly? You think I fucked you because I was looking for a man who was sincere? "Oh I'm so tired of these country studs, with their donkey cocks, I want a sensitive man." Well, I'm sorry, Edgar -

Five: Edmund.

Fyona: I have no heart to give. I am heartless.

Five: No, you have a heart. It's just dead. Lies in your chest like road-kill. It smells, we get close to you and we can smell your rotting heart, we can hear the flies buzzing inside your chest.

Fyona: Oh the cripple tries to teach me something, what he has learned from his different vantage point, from observing the game of love as an outsider. How many loves have you had? How many relationships?

Five: One.

Fyona: And let me guess, you ended it, you left her.

Five: Yes.

Fyona: So every one would see how much integrity you have. He knows his chances of finding another woman to take him are slim and yet still, he casts her off because the love wasn't true.

Five: Are you trying to teach me about love?

Fyona: I know what you're doing. I know your tactic. You're trying to insult me into respecting you. You're showing me how you could love me for my self, not only my superficial beauty. If, of course, I prove myself actually worthy of your great love. It's the tactic of all ugly people, they try to make up for their toadiness by being serious, searching for meaningful relationships.

Five: You really think I want you?

Fyona: Yes.

Five: I've wounded you. I've hit some target. Otherwise you wouldn't be so cruel. You're not very good at being cruel, I've been on the receiving end of so much worse. I grew up deformed in a small town, remember? And honestly, I wouldn't fuck you again with somebody else's dick.

Fyona: You came awfully quick.

Five: Oh and now she attacks my manhood. Yes, I did, I'm sorry, I'm out of practice, I haven't been with a woman in years. You want to do it again, maybe I'll do a better job?

Fyona: You want to do it again?

Five: No.

Fyona: You don't.

Five: No. Yes, my body wants more but my head won't let it. I won't touch you again.

Fyona: I didn't come. I'm going to finish myself off. You want to watch?

Five: No.

Fyona: Watch me. You don't have to do anything. Watch me. Please.

Two men burst in

man 1: 'the fuck. She's with the toad.

man 2: Man there's no stopping her. The girl's gotta have it.

man 1: Somebody saw you go in here but they didn't see who you were with.

man 2: Wait'll they hear it's the Toad.

Five: OK you guys, get out of here.

man 2: What? What?

Five: You heard me. This is a private conversation.

man 2: A conversation? You mean all you done is conversed.

man 1: It's the Toad, man.

man 2: Fucking useless, she dint come in here to talk, did you?

man 1: Poor girl. Wants to get fucked and she lands the Toad and conversation.

man 2: Well, we're here to remedy that.

man 1: Fuck, you want a guy, fuck, you been through everybody except me. What's wrong with me? Better than the Toad.

Fyona: What's the matter Boys, tired of fucking the farm animals?

Man 2 hits her, she falls

man 2: Yeah. I am.

man 1: Good one, Dad.

Five: Leave her alone.

man 2: Or what? Or what Toad?

Fyona: Leave him Toad. I know you boys. I know your house. The scrap yard, I call it. I know your wife, your mother. I've seen her. The mountain, I call her. So what's this, Daddy's taking his son out, teach him how to be a man? Junior wants his first time with a girl who isn't kin.

Man 2 hits her again, man 1 gets on top of her

Five: Stop it.

man 2: Toad, shut the fuck up. You can watch but shut the fuck up.

Five: I'll call the police.

man 2: You do that. Go ahead. Go call them. Thing is, you want to leave, you'll have to get by me.

Fyona: Edmund he's hurting me. Edmund do something.

man 1: Shut up, fuck..

Fyona: Help. Don't just – Edmund, you're brave. Help me

man 2: You move, gimp, I'll kick the fuck out of you.

man 1: Hold her down, Dad.

Fyona: Edmund you're just going to watch? Break past them, get your gun –

man 1: Shut up, shut up – fuck she's laughing now.

Fyona: Edmund. Help me. O Edmund. Edmund.

Five cries, frozen; Fyona scream/laughs

Six

A distant rumble

Six: I'm sorry to have to wake you. Can you hear me? Can you understand me? Just nod if – good. I'm a doctor, I'm with Doctors Without Borders. Excuse my accent, I don't speak your language very well. You're very lucky.

Fyona: Lucky.

Six: Some people fleeing found you. You were lying in a field. If they hadn't found you, you would have frozen to death. Do you know your name?

Fyona: Forget.

Six: We don't have much time: are you from around here?

Fyona: Forget.

Six: All right. We patched you up as best we could. I don't know if we can save your eye.

You've been... well, I'm sure you know. Whoever did this, they were very violent. We've done our best. You must try and rest.

Fyona: Poem.

A distant rumble

Six: What? It's ok, don't speak. Save your strength. Because, I'm sorry but we have to move you. We have to move everyone. They are coming. No one is obeying the Geneva Convention. They attack medical outposts, refugee camps. And they are coming. You can hear them. It isn't going to be pleasant but we have to move everyone. And soon. They are preparing trucks. So, I warn you, we will be moving you soon. I'm sorry. Do you think you can walk?

Fyona: Fyona.

Six: What? Fyona? Is that your name?

Fyona: From Crank.

Six: Crank. That's very far from here. How did you end up here?

Fyona: Odon.

Six: What?

Fyona: Odon.

Six: O-don. I'm sorry, I don't understand what that means.

Fyona: Your name.

Six: My name? No, my name is Klauss.

Fyona: Please. It hurts.

Six: Where?

Fyona: Here.

Six: Don't move. Here?

Fyona: Lower.

Six: This.

Fyona: A little lower. Yes. There. Yes.

A distant rumble

Six: What? What are you...

Fyona: Touch. Keep your hand there.

Six: What? What?

Fyona: I've written a poem too. Can I say it?

Six: What?

Fyona: dogpissers

post to

post

fuckface

steals it

O

You'll never

never