

International One-Minute Play Contest for Students, 2019

2. prize

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We ran out of friends, we collected poststamps

Post office. A postal clerk is counting money on the counter. A ragged and neglected man wearing a ripped jacket and his leather aviator helmet enters. He is carrying lots of plastic bags filled with everything useful that he can find in the streets.

Postal clerk: yes?

Guy: i'm terribly sorry but.... but i will have one post stamp.

Postal clerk: ... that will be 20 cents.

Guy: You know... I ... I am terribly sorry but i came... i came to rob you.

Postal clerk: Take it easy sir. Just stay calm. *(she piles the money from the cash register).. we need no violence .*

Guy:... Why money? I don't want the money! I'll only have the post stamp...

Postal clerk : I can't... I can't give you the post stamp and no money. Nobody would believe me that you only stole one post stamp. They'll say that i took it... Look I can give you the 20 cents you need.

Guy: I don't want your money! This is a robbery!

Postal clerk: This is no robbery. If there is a robbery, they take all the money, they start shooting their guns in the air or they trash the whole room. Other customers would be scared of course, they would hide in the corner of the room, they would hide under the tables. Everybody would keep their eyes shut... They would keep their eyes shut in order to escape this scene. But the robber would keep on trashing the room, cursing and shooting. And it's up to me how the situation would resolve. The fate would be in my hands. If i would resist, people could die, if i'd fill their bags, my company would have a minus... In that very moment no one would be my boss. There would be no one above me.

Guy: *(Starts trashing the room. At first insecurely, awkwardly. But he is getting more and more into it.)* Like this? Am i doing it right?... *(He starts to enjoy)* This is a robbery! For fuck sake this is a motherfucking robbery. Give me the money *(Postal clerk starts piling money from the cash register.)* And i will also have one stamp. *(The clerk gives him his post stamp. The guy takes an envelope out of his pocket and sticks the post stamp on it. He gives the envelope to the clerk. Then he exits, leaving the money on the counter.)*

Postal clerk: *(She holds the envelope. Then she opens it and looks inside. There is only one piece of paper. She starts to read.)* Mother! I'm sorry that you haven't heard from me in a while i had a lot of work to do. Everything is fine on this side of the world. I got a job. A real job! A kind of job with a steady income and working hours. The world is really a better place when you are living your dreams. I know that i promised to send you a photo but i just don't have the time to take one. I haven't changed much. I have a bit shorter hair and a bit fancier shirts. How are you doing? I miss you! *(The clerk seals the envelope and puts it away. She starts to sort the money*

back in the cash register. Finally she takes the wallet from her pocket from which she takes 20 cents and puts it in the cash register.)

End

original written in Slovenian

Ostali smo brez prijateljev, zbirali smo znamke

Pošta. Uslužbenka na okencu šteje denar. Vstopi umazan moški v strgani zimski jakni in usnjeni pilotski kapi. V rokah ima polno vrečk v katere nabira, kar najde uporabnega po ulicah.

Uslužbenka: Ja?

Tip: Jaz se opravičujem ampak ... vzel bom eno znamko...

Uslužbenka: ... 20 centov.

Tip: Veste... Jaz ... zelo mi je žal, ampak prišel sem.... prišel sem vas oropat...

Uslužbenka: Kar mirno gospod. Velja! Samo mirno. (*Meče denar na kupe*). Samo brez nasilja.

Tip: ... Zakaj denar? Nočem denarja! Samo eno znamko...

Uslužbenka: Ne morem... Ne moram vam dat samo znamke, ne bodo mi verjeli, da ste me oropal samo za eno znamko. Rekli bodo, da sem jo jaz ukradla... lahko vam jaz posodim teh 20 centov, če hočete?

Tip: Nočem tvojega denarja! To je rop!

Uslužbenka: To ni rop, Če je rop, vzamejo ves denar, začnejo streljat v zrak, ali pa razbijat po sobi. Ostale stranke se ustrašijo, poskrijejo se po kotih sobe, zlezejo pod mize. Vsi mižijo... Vsi mižijo, samo da bi zbežali od te slike tukaj. Ropar pa še kar razbija in preklinja in tolče. In od mene je odvisno kako se bo stvar razpletla. Jaz odločam o usodi! Če se uprem lahko izzovem pokol, če jim napolnim vreče z denarjem pa ima firma minus... Vse je odvisno od mene. In takrat ni nihče moj šef. Takrat ni nad mano nikogar.

Tip: (*Začne razbijat. Najprej nesigurno, nerodno. Kasneje vedno bolj vživeto.*) A tako? Tako ane? To je rop! Pizda materina to je kurčev rop. Daj mi denar. (*Prodajalka mu da denar iz blagajne.*) Pa še eno znamko prosim. (*gospa mu da znamko. Tip vzame iz žepa kuverto in nanjo nalepi znamko ter jo odda uslužbenki. Odide, denar pa pusti na pultu.*)

Uslužbenka: (*Uslužbenka drži kuverto. Odpre jo in pogleda vanjo. Notri le kos papirja. Bere.*) Mama! Oprosti, ker se ti toliko časa nisem javil, imel sem veliko dela. Na tej strani sveta je vse v najlepšem redu. Dobil sem službo. Pravo službo! Tako z rednim delavnikom in plačo. Svet je tako lep, ko človek živi svoje sanje. Vem da sem ti že večkrat obljubil, da ti pošljem kakšno fotografijo, ampak enostavno nimam časa. Saj se nisem preveč spremenil. Malo krajše lase imam in malo novejše, lepše zlikane srajce. Kako ste vi? Pogrešam vas!... (*uslužbenka pospravi pismo v kuverto in ga zapre. Začne pospravljati denar iz pulta in nazadnje v seže v žep po denarnico. Iz nje vzame 20 centov in jih vrže v blagajno.*)

KONEC