

International One-Minute Play Contest for Students, 2019

3. prize

Aljoša Lovrić Krapež

Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film and Television

University of Ljubljana, Slovenia

mentor: Žanina Mirčevska, M.A., Assoc. Prof.

THE ANATOMY LESSON

A big green hall decorated with gold baroque ornaments. High ceiling. Enormous windows covered with black curtains. Unfurnished. The room is lit with oil lamps. A red pine table stands in the middle with a smaller copper table beside it. There are a couple of sterile cotton pads, a clean metal pot filled with boiling water, a few small flasks of ether and other similar clear liquids. A pair of silver scissors, tweezers, a few bandages and a couple of white towels lie next them. There is dried blood on the edge of the table.

A dozen men crowd around it. They are all wearing long black tailcoats and overcoats. They are wearing black top hats. They are clean shaven and well groomed, without dandruff. Some of them have sideburns. At least five of them wear glasses. Their hands clutch polished walking sticks with gold and silver handles. The men crowd close to a wooden table. They hold their tongues and everything takes place in total silence, which is so tense that it could explode. All that can be heard is the deep breathing of the people in the room.

A young woman lies on the table. A brunette. Her peaceful face is covered in short, but deep lines. A lace edged tablecloth with a hole in the middle covers her body. The hole reveals her bloated stomach, rising above the relief of her sleeping face, breasts, elbows, knees and feet.

A young man leans over her, pouring a brown, pungent liquid over her stomach. He wipes it clean with a cotton pad, looking satisfied. He uses his rolled up sleeves to brush back his thick black hair from his eyes. He takes a scalpel from the small table. Slowly he cuts into the stomach of the pregnant woman. Drops of blood immediately run down the table and collect at the edges. The young man wipes the blood away from her body. The woman moves. Everyone holds their breath. Leaning over her, the young man inserts two fingers into the opening in her abdomen and pulls it apart to enlarge it. Time stands still. The other men present lean closer. The skin around the incision begins to move slowly. The young man ceases opening the deep wound, when the whole stomach starts to slowly tremble. It settles down.

The tip of a small finger with a linseed size nail emerges from the opening, then another and another. The young man freezes. A small hand reaches out in silent rhythm. The tiny greenish hued, almost silver palm, drenched in blood and warm fluid, closes around the young man's finger. The young man takes a deep breath. The little hand holds tightly on to his finger. The men around the table step back a pace. The little hand maintains its grasp. It squeezes tight. The woman suddenly takes a deep breath. Then she exhales. The little hand then releases the young man's finger and slowly descends back into warm flesh. Like a shell around the knuckle there is a bloody spot. The room holds its breath. The young man takes up a needle and thread and gently inserts it through the edges of the open belly. His hands are shaking a little. He begins to close the incision.

original written in Slovenian

URA ANATOMIJE

Velika zelena soba okrašena z zlatimi baročnimi okraski. Visoki stropi. Velikanska okna zastrta s črnimi zavesami. Pohištva ni. Prostor osvetljujejo oljne svetilke. Na sredini je miza iz rdečega bora, zraven nje pa še ena manjša bronasta mizica, na kateri je nekaj sterilnih kupčkov vate, v čisto kovinsko posodo natočena vrela voda, nekaj stekleničk etra in podobnih prozornih snovi. Poleg so tanke srebrne škarje, pincete, nekaj povojev in belih brisač. Na robu mizice je nekaj posušenih kapljic krvi.

Okrog mize se gnete ducat moških. Vsi so oblečeni v dolge črne aristokratske suknjiče in plašče. Na glavah nosijo visoke črne cilindre. Natančno so obriti in počesani. Brez prhljaja. Nekaj izmed njih ima zalizce. Vsaj pet jih nosi očala. V rokah stiskajo zloščene sprehajalne palice z zlatimi in srebrnimi držali. Moški se stiskajo v krogu nad leseno mizo. Med seboj ne govorijo, vse poteka v smrtni tišini, ki bi se od napetosti lahko razpočila. Sliši se le globoko dihanje pričujočih in tiho trkanje železnih pripomočkov, ki jih razkužuje mladenič z gostimi črnimi lasmi, ob bronasto mizico .

Na mizi leži mlada ženska. Rjavolasa. Čez miren obraz ji tečejo kratke, a globoke gube. Čezse ima potegnjen prt z nekaj čipkami ob strani in z luknjo v sredini. Skozi to gleda njen napihnjjen trebuh, ki se dviguje nad reliefom njenega spečega obraza, dojk, komolcev, kolen, pet.

Mladenič črnih las ji trebuh polije z rjavo, smrdečo tekočino. Zadovoljno ga obriše s čisto vato. Z rokavi, zavihanimi do ramen, si umakne goste črne lase z oči. Z manjše mizice vzame skalpel. Počasi z njim zareže v nosečničin trebuh. Kapljice krvi stečejo po mizi in se nastanijo na robovih mize. Mladenič obriše kri z ženske. Ta se zgani. Vse obnemi. Mladenič stoji nad njo, kazalec in sredinec da v odprtino v trebuhu, razmakne jo, da bi se povečala. Nič se ne zgodi. Ostali prisotni moški se z nosovi nagnejo še bolj naprej. Koža okoli odprtine se začne počasi premikati. Mladenič neha razširjati globoko rano, ko začne celoten trebuh počasi brbotati. Umiri se.

Iz odprtine pogleda majhna konica prsta, z za laneno seme velikim nohtom. Nato še en in še en. Mladenič otpne. V tihem ritmu seže majhna ročica naprej. Okoli prsta mladeniča se ovije čisto mala, zelenkasta, skoraj srebrna, s krvjo in toplo tekočino oblita dlan. Mladenič globoko zaduha. Ročica ne izpusti mladeničevega prsta. Moški okoli mize se za ped odmaknejo. Ročica ne popušča. Stiska ga. Ženska na enkrat globoko vdihne. In izdihne. Ročica spusti mladeničev prst in se spusti nazaj v toplo meso. Na prstu pa ostane droben krvav madež, kot školjka ovit okoli členka. Soba dreveni. Mladenič prime za iglo z nitjo in z njo nežno prebode rob odprtega trebuha. Roke se mu malo tresejo. Začne šivati.

Konec.