

KoTo(R) about KOTOR

Community theatre's THEATRE PLAY ABOUT KOTOR

Authors: Citizens of Kotor

Director: Petar Pejaković

The play KoTo(R) o KOTORU, initiated by NGO Expeditio, resulted from an eight-month long process in which theatre director Petar Pejaković was working with the citizens of Kotor. The citizens are both the authors of script and actors in the play, while the topic is the town of Kotor. The play was premiered in Kotor on 20 June 2016.



Translation is a voluntary contribution of: Marija Jojić and Tamara Jurlina

THE TOWN

MARJAN

For all the foreigners and natives present here,
this evening I am a town festive and dear!
For some of you – a wet and dark stone pen,
for those who love me – Kotor, a noble gem.
Beware now, stay on your toes,
The following hour will bring me new foes.

SLAVICA (strolling around him)

MARJAN Why are you strolling around me? Who are you?

SLAVICA What do you mean? I'm Slavica, I live here, inside you...

MARJAN You were born inside me, you took your first steps and went to school inside me,
but then you met your sweetheart and went away.

SLAVICA I didn't go anywhere; I've been here my entire life.

MARJAN It makes no difference. You weren't here when I needed you the most, when I
needed your voice of support.

SLAVICA My voice? Can't you hear my cries; I love you...

MARJAN I only hear words, and words are not love. I need acts!

SLAVICA Can't you see how I strive to vault this wall that stands between us? What's on
your mind?

MARJAN They're devastating the sea, my bay, my coast and the facades in the Old Town
with their power cabinets, water cabinets, phone cabinets, TV cabinets, miles and miles of
cables, substations, air conditioners, and concrete...

SLAVICA But the problem is not me, the problem is you. You can't just stay the way you are,
you must help me...

MARJAN

In every corner, there are clans,
suited-up mobsters coining armchair plans.
Mornings and nights spoiled by a bullet shower -
who is the one oppressing us with power?

They play loud music in bars, and do whatever they want, as long as they want to...

They block markets, streets and passages with their tables, chairs and parasols. And the
frightened citizens of Kotor continue to flee, flee, flee...

SLAVICA Ah, I remember a time when you had strength and spirit, and a soul – when you
were more than a lament. Tell me something nice...

MARJAN

Of course I will, you find me in good spirit.

They build, and they demolish, and they dig through my lanes!

Kids smoke and drink on my ramparts, with needles in their veins!
Drunk administration, greedy merchants, executives with no businesses, nouveau riche,
attorneys pursuing their own means, incompetent clerks and cadastres... (laughs)
Corrupt politicians, doctors, judges, communal police, traffic wardens,
infidel believers – when will they all come to an end?
They swear by counting money – and that’s all they do.

SLAVICA What about me?

MARJAN What about me?

SLAVICA What about us?

MARJAN What about us?

SLAVICA What about you?

MARJAN What about you?

Go down to Kotor and raise your voice –
save us and the town – that’s the right choice!
If I turn to ruins, what will be left for you?
Think of the future – your own, and that of your children!
I hope to see the light at the end of the tunnel,
but I know for sure when evil knocks,
our cries will be in vain, for it will be too late.

SLAVICA It’s not too late! We feel the same, so let us join forces.

MARJAN It’s the optimal time to fight this crime!

(the chief of communal police walks in)

MIĆA Good evening! Who are you? Do you have a permit to be here?

SLAVICA A permit?! That’s the town of Kotor, it’s been here for centuries.

MIĆA And who do you think you are? Get lost, scat!

(to Marjan) Don’t you know who I am? I’m the chief of the communal police! Come on,
shoo, don’t make me report you! (karate moves)

TOURISM OF DEVASTATION

ZORANA – Tourist guide #1

Now that we've seen the sights and landmarks of the Old Town of Kotor, we will continue our tour outside of the ramparts. We are now walking through the western entrance to the Old Town, facing the sea, and here we can see – what? Well, nothing – a cruise ship is blocking the view!

Since we can't see the most beautiful part of the Bay of Kotor from this point, let us see the worst – the coast of Škaljari – board a boat, and row across these waters of the past towards the waters of the future.

According to Coronelli's engravings from the second half of the 18th century, the coast of Škaljari was a garden belonging to the lord cavalier Bolizza. It was modelled after the ancient Roman gardens, and it had a rich fish pond, remarkably beautiful orange and cedar trees, and a plethora of flowers. Brimming with heavenly gifts, it resembled Eden, and was renowned for its lavish magnificence. And what is it known for today?

Seamanship – a source of life on dry rocks! Seafarers, merchants, warriors, and Maecenas had been fighting, dying and resurrecting for centuries, only to build Kotor – the town that rests on the sea and the rocks. The continuity of their glorious history on the sea peaked in the 20th century with the Yugoslavian ocean shipping company. The fleet with eight steamers commenced sailing 1 January 1956. The steamer Orjen arrived at the port of Kotor in May 1957, and was greeted with great enthusiasm among the local population. She lifted anchor the following day and set sail to North America.

Jugoceanija's headquarters were built in 1967. The building was designed by renowned architects, and it is an exceptional example of modern 20th century architecture, still in good shape to this day. As times were changing, a fleet of thirty tankers could no longer fit in a bay as small as the Bay of Kotor, so we decided to sink them – **fare** thee well, seafarers! They sailed away under foreign flags to work for big money – piles of it. Alas, people will be people!

The first hotel erected in this protected area was Slavija, built in the late 19th century, within a spacious park with a fountain filled with gold fish. It was demolished after the earthquake, and replaced by the hotel Fjord and a parking lot, still in function today. Since innumerable private suites are popping up at every corner, this hotel is deserted. The only kind of guests

that visit the hotel are those interested in a particular type of tourism – the tourism of devastation – as the ghosts of the past rest, enjoy, entertain and socialise in the hotel...

We can't but mention the soap factory Rivijera, founded by the Vuković brothers in 1926. The factory's dynamic history and expansion peaked during the 80s, when it started producing washing powders, and was re-located to the industrial zone. The symbol of the factory is its 30m tall chimney, which we plan to convert into a panoramic elevator and viewpoint, from which we can feast our eyes upon the vistas of the legacy of the 21st century urbanism and architecture.

Our colleague Sandra will tell more about this legacy!

SANDRA – Tourist guide #2

Dear guests, we are now embarking on a tour of the bay.

As you may know, the Natural and Culturo-Historical Region of Kotor has been a UNESCO World Heritage Site since 1979. Kotor and its bay have been recognised for their universal value to humankind, primarily for the harmonious balance struck between the historic architecture and the natural surroundings.

We are particularly proud of this harmonious balance, which we strive to further develop. An illustrative example is a building which seems to be autochthonous to the region of Škaljari, aptly dubbed The Pentagon. Just look at this marvellous structure, the colossus that clings to the hill. A gorgeous example of cultural landscape, isn't it?

On top of everything, it's a technological miracle. The building is slowly sliding down the hill... The closer it gets to the sea, the more valuable it is in economic and cultural terms.

Let us continue with our tour of the bay. We can now see the seaside settlements Prčanj and Dobrota, which were established in the golden era of seamanship in the bay. These settlements are recognisable by clusters of stone houses, and baroque palaces intersected by terraced fields, gardens and arable plots of land, which are an unusual feature of the UNESCO-protected region.

The newly built private suites bring additional value to these settlements. Thus, we will place particular focus on these points during our tour.

Now, please pay attention to the zone between St. Matthew and Kamp. Some time ago, you could see wonderful arable land and green gardens of the baroque palaces behind this row of seaside houses. At present, it's an architectural cocktail of various volumes, shapes and colours of new, oddly looking palaces. I'm sure you'll agree with me when I say it all looks magical...

However, these new settlements are considered invaluable for more than one reason. They are a fantastic model of sustainable management of our natural resources. All these concrete structures were not built for the needs of the citizens of Kotor; they are all up for sale, and this is how they contribute to the town's sustainable development. Furthermore, they demonstrate extreme energy efficiency since they're only used ten days a year.

But that's not all... I'll leave you in the able hands of my colleague Tanja to show you the other sights in the bay.

TANJA – Tourist guide #3

Dear tourists,

I'm thrilled to be given the honour and privilege to visit the pearl of the Bay of Kotor – the wonderful baroque city of Perast.

I won't bore you with stories about Perast itself – there are some palaces, churches and relics around – which I'm sure you already know. I'd rather draw your attention to some novel attractions in the immediate vicinity of Perast. Therefore, let us all move toward the seafront of Perast and see what we can spot from there.

From the lovely Perast seafront, the view stretches to one of the most beautiful vistas in the Bay of Kotor and beyond. We can see two marvellous islands – The Lady of the Rocks, and St. George. Some of the older members of this group remember that this view was the cover page for many monographs of Montenegro and the former Yugoslavia. The others may remember the green, panoramic chestnut and bay laurel woods stretched nearby the settlement Kostanjica. Yet, as time goes by, new landscapes emerge, so now we can see a monumental apartment complex in Kostanjica, which grows bigger by the day. An impressive structure, indeed!

We can't but wonder – do these islands now block the fantastic view of the newly built complex? Opinions diverge – while some assert that the islands should simply be relocated, others, less radical thinkers, believe that they should be given a contemporary form, more adequately suited to the needs of the apartment complex.

Time will tell what will happen in the end. As our time is running out, we'd better move on to the last location in our "Tourism of Devastation" tour – the Verige Strait. It was once the most significant strategic point of entrance to the bay, and today it is the place where UNESCO's protected area starts and ends. For centuries, no one thought of building anything in this location. In fact, until recently, the only building in the strait was the little church Our Lady of Angels. However, as we can see today, this location now hosts a grand new establishment – one dedicated to catering and hospitality. Truth be told, it's only temporary (although some would say there's nothing more lasting than temporary structures), but it will certainly contribute to the long-term cultivation of bay's landscape.

The aforesaid was confirmed by the expert analysis provided by the Directorate for Protection of Cultural Property, which states the following, and I quote: "The temporary structure will provide the necessary contents to the region, and contribute to its cultivation. Not only will it not block the view of the bay and its surroundings, it will also statically enhance the stability for the artificially built grounds as its outer, buried walls will also serve as a supporting wall to the traffic lanes in this location" – end of quote.

And so, this is where our journey comes to an end. I would only like to add that all the locations that we covered in the tour are more than just remarkable architectural and urbanistic achievements; they also bear witness to the fact that even the most valuable monuments can serve the public interest of all of us - all the citizens. With that in mind, dear tourists, I propose we all grab a cup of coffee – where else than the "UNESCO's bar".

CILE

JELENA (sitting and flicking through papers)

CILE (timidly) Hey, Jelena, how are you? You called me...

JELENA Cile! Ain't I glad to see you... Especially because you're the reason why they've been naming and shaming me in meetings! (in a curt and resigned manner)

CILE (with surprise) Have I, inadvertently... What have I done? I have no idea what happened, my god!

JELENA I was on the phone the whole day, trying to reach you and tell you to come here as soon as possible! I don't know how to get you out of this mess, I really don't know. I would really like to get you out of it, but I don't know how!

CILE What on earth happened? I always try not to talk much, and if I said something wrong, it was inadvertent. I didn't mention any names, I never mention names... It's a matter of principles never, ever to mention names!

JELENA Inadvertently?! Principles?! You're walking around town, blabbing about everyone and everything! Calling kettles pots and pots kettles. I'd already warned you – you don't know anything, you don't see anything, you don't think or talk about anything– it's election year!

CILE (shaking her head in defeat) I may have only confirmed a thing or two...

JELENA You talk too much! You're the only one complaining! Have you ever heard of honesty in this town?! There's nothing to talk about – so put a sock in it! It's like I'm talking to a wall! I don't know who said what, but I do know that things are so bad that I'm not sure I can save your skin this time.

CILE My god, I don't even know what happened, could it be the thing from last Friday?

JELENA Ha, Friday, (cynically) so it was Friday! So what, am I now supposed to tell you how I found out about it, and who told me? Watch what you're saying! It wasn't just anyone, you know! He's very important, so important that he knows everything around here, and wherever he worked, he was at the top!

CILE (yammering, and holding her head in disbelief)

JELENA I'm only friends with the ones at the top!

CILE (boot-licking) Of course, you're at the very top, you do everything around here, you're the best...

JELENA You can bet on that! (pause) I told you a hundred times before, Cile, if you really can't keep your mouth shut, come here first, and we'll think of what you can say!

CILE (shaking her head in remorse)

JELENA (showing the papers in her hands) My name is on parliament documents, now I have to deal with that too...

CILE (approaches from the other side) What can I do to, to fix it, and regain your trust... Just tell me what to do, and I'll do it...

JELENA (cold silence)

CILE I have some delicious goat cheese in oil... (imploringly)

JELENA Times have changed; people don't care for cheese anymore.

CILE A-ha, alright, they don't. Well then, what could I do, there must be something I could do...

JELENA (cold, with a blank stare)

CILE There just has to be something I can do, there always is...

JELENA As you see fit... Actually, now that you ask, I just thought of something you could do, I really just thought of it...

CILE What, what is it, tell me, anything at all...

JELENA (coldly) Your neighbour has been reluctant to sell the land in Škaljare that I need for a parking lot.

CILE Oooh, her (she recalls), so that's it... Consider it done! (assuredly) Consider it done as of tomorrow morning...

JELENA (interrupts her, stands up, takes a plaster out of her pocket) Mind what you say (with a finger on her lips), and remember the things we did for this town and the country! (with an air of importance)

CILE (nods in confirmation) I know, I know...

JELENA (hands her the plaster) Off to work, then!

KOTOR DEVELOPMENT STRATEGY

(a choir steps in)

JELENA

Dear ladies and gentlemen of Kotor
excellencies and guests,
friends of our town,
representatives of the diplomatic corps,
media,
today, we present
the Strategy for the Development of UNESCO's Kotor!
The anthem, please!

MARJAN

Jelena, wait! I'm not going to make fun of the anthem! The flag and the anthem are the symbols of a country, and I will not make fun of them.

JELENA

Not now, Maki, not in the middle of the show! It's not about making fun of them! It's just a satire, we're simply illustrating how they've been abusing the anthem for years!

MARJAN

It may well be the case, but I won't do it! And that's all I have to say about it!
(Mirjana approaches Marjan)

JELENA

Oh, so you're taking his side now. Well, so be it, but at least move aside.
(they leave, the choir mumbles the anthem)

JELENA

Dear friends and guests,
here are the proposals defined by the Strategy
for the following year.
What others couldn't achieve in a hundred years,
we will do in only one,
for we have the means and we know the way!
The citizens of Kotor must pay the entrance to the city – that ought to make them think
twice before they walk in and out;
All those living in the old town, 250 people, must get a job in the city council so that they
don't pay for the entrance, and it's easier to step out for a break;
We must play louder music between 7pm and 7am, which is the standard shift in the
emergency room;
We must spread tables and chairs from café bars all over the streets, not just squares;
We must take out our own chairs in front of our houses, for the sake of authenticity;

We must install portable speakers in every house, which can't be turned off or muted;
We must build gangways across squares so as to not to disturb the tables and parasols;
We must find the tourists that buy prosciutto at the market, and let them try the market prosciutto and cheese in exclusive restaurants!
We must provide an entrance point for vehicles in the Old Town, with a parking lot and a gas station;
We must anchor cruisers in front of the cathedral, where the tourists can ride the cable car to Cetinje;
We must build an undersea pass to Šuranj by the underpass in Lučka;
We must sell the national Port of Kotor to foreign investors, asap;
We must move the cathedral to Podgorica, next to Sat-kula, or to Cetinje, where we have the Directorate for Protection of Cultural Property; and move the Lace of Dobrota to Mojkovac; and Our Lady of the Rocks to the Lake of Skadar; and San Giovanni to the Walls of Nikšić; and Tre Sorelle to Dubai (at least for one term) – as defined in the financial plan!
We must cancel Don Branko's Music Days, and use the funds to organise a music festival of gun fire and detonations; and turn the International Fashion Festival into a fair for arms, uniforms, bulletproof vests and balaclavas, anddddd....
The first one hundred people who vote for us get a bonus: a private guard from the Special Antiterrorist Force!

We have with us today the secretary of culture.
We're at Europe's doorstep,
so we need a bit of culture...
I'll give the floor to my dear colleagues,
to present the Strategy for Culture!

MAJA

For two thousand and five hundred years, the continuity of cultural development of Kotor has stood as a symbol of how the power of art and culture that thrive in these enchanting walls can incarnate the results of the numerous intercultural dialogues of a polis, and how they can form a utopia embodied by the rocks. The rock of Perastra, the road to the stars, and dozens of other precious stones in the Bay of Kotor share the same cultural path, sailing on the sails of universal, cosmopolitan ships.

In the midst of the harmony of logos and light, we encounter unpredictable sceneries and spiritual destinations whenever we stand before the crossroads of scientific, philosophical and poetic dissonance. At each such encounters, we seem to find ourselves at the very beginning, faced with the enigma of the cosmogony of the millennia of cultural layers that communicate with both the present and the future, and that affirm the multicultural being

of Kotor in the service of raising the awareness on the fundamental Montenegrin values – the well shielded creative treasures.

Kotor is not a town of fisherman tales and legends. Similarly, the meticulous programme that you just heard is far from fiction; it resurrects ruins as new buildings, colouring this essential dichotomy red, and focusing on uplifting the spirit, Montenegro, our friends, families, and itself to the peaks of wavy amplitudes, which is an honour and a privilege to see, as it serves as a confirmation that the country that cherishes culture owns an inalienable history, and a certain future, not only symbolically, but also essentially, through its fluid, repetitive persistence.

I would like to use this opportunity to express my deepest gratitude to the Ministry of Culture of Montenegro for zealously monitoring the development and growth of culture in our town. The documents used for defining this incredible strategy were, for the major part, taken from their website.

(CHOIR – nods and approves in admiration)

JELENA

We also have the deputy minister for social and ecological matters with us. Let's hear it from you too, since we're an ecological and social country.

ILKO

My dearest friends, citizens of Kotor, brothers and sisters. I will present the Strategy for the Socio-ecological Development of Kotor in three simple points:

Point one: The ecological sports hall – the only hall that was finished the moment the construction started. In the words of Thomas Sterns Eliot, “in my beginning is my end”. Rest his soul. So now we have a sports hall which is ideal for the utilisation of natural resources and renewable energy, as the sun shines upon every nook and corner of the hall, and natural air conditioners filter out its sustainability.

Point two: An open call to purchase some natives of Kotor – we already put this open call in action to acquire international natives since our very own are almost gone. We are currently expecting an influx of the said natives, an activity that will be followed by an open call for the purchase of the remaining population of Kotor.

Point three: The third retiree! Additional €1000 of pension funds will be allocated to every household in Kotor with three successfully retired family members.

JELENA

Now that you know what the Strategy is about, let's have a public hearing!

Any ideas, suggestions, commendations? Who would like to speak?

Feel free, after all, it's your town!

(Žarko mumbles – Jelena approves)

No one else? In that case, the Strategy for the Development of Kotor is up for vote. Who is for the proposal, who is against it, and who will abstain from voting?

(Antonio is counting and whispering)

With 7569 votes for the proposal, one vote against it, and one abstainee,

I hereby declare the Strategy unanimously adopted! Hooray!

Since we're now standing at Europe's very doorstep, let us hear the anthem.

(the choir mumbles the Ode to Joy)

THE SEAFARER

MIĆA Hello, hello... Consider it done, no worries. I'm just waiting for his call. Hello.

MARJAN Who is it?

MIĆA Uncle Đuro, is it you?

MARJAN Speaking. And who are you?

MIĆA It's me, Zlatko.

MARJAN Zlatko who?

MIĆA Zlatko, Zlatne njive? Don't you remember?

MARJAN Not at all.

MIĆA Zlatko, Niko's son. Don't you remember? Zlatne njive.

MARJAN Ah, Niko, my good schoolmate. I remember now, my dear Zlatko.

MIĆA How are you, uncle Đuro? How are things going?

MARJAN I'm by the Dojmi bar.

(they bump into each other)

MIĆA What do you think you're doing, you peace of scum?

MARJAN Sorry, sorry, I didn't see you. Sorry.

MIĆA Uncle Đuro?

MARJAN Yes, it's me.

MIĆA It's me, Zlatko.

MARJAN Oh, Zlatko. My god, look at you, a real man!

MIĆA Let's have a drink!

MARIJAN I quit drinking, it's been years since I had a drop.

MIĆA Then let me show you my family.

MARJAN That you can, that you can.

MIĆA This is my fourth wife, Ceca.

MARJAN How do you do, Ceca, I'm mister Đuro.

MIĆA My son, Vedran.

MARJAN Đuro.

(Vedran is lost in thought)

MIĆA Vedran! It's uncle Đuro. Have a seat, uncle Đuro. How are you?

MARJAN Good, good, my dear Zlatko.

MIĆA Let's have a drink! Waiter!

MARJAN I stopped drinking ages ago...

MIĆA Just one, for the soul.

(a waitress walks in)

DRAGANA How can I help?

MIĆA Hi there. What do you say, a shot of whiskey?

MARJAN Well, if it's whiskey, I'll have a double. Otherwise, I don't drink.

MIĆA Double or... Just bring the bottle. What would you like, sweetie?

BEĆA I'll just have some juice.

DRAGANA What kind?

BEĆA Do you have Fitness?

MIĆA Vedran, Vedran, what about you?

VEDRAN I'd like a scooter.

MIĆA To drink, Vedran, what would you like to drink?

ŽARKO Yogurt.

MIĆA (to the waitress) Do you sell yogurt here?

DRAGANA No.

MIĆA Can you please go to the shop and get some? Please?

(the waitress nods and walks away)

MARJAN Such a nice kid you have.

MIĆA He's alright. How are you doing, uncle Đuro?

MARJAN Not bad, my dear Zlatko. What are you up to these days?

MIĆA Nothing much, dawdling on ships.

MARJAN So you work onboard?

MIĆA What else.

MARJAN Which company do you work for?

MIĆA Just started working on some supplier ships— two months onboard, two months on land.

MARJAN How's the food? That's the most important thing on a ship.

MIĆA Don't mention it. We had a black chef, a negro bag of dirt, I've never seen one like him in my entire life.

MARJAN Look Zlatko, I don't mean to pry, but... Is the money good?

MIĆA The money? I never go onboard for less than 17 grand.

MARJAN Good Lord! I earned less than that in the forty years of work for Jugocenanija... and a small flat.

MIĆA Uncle Đuro, you have no idea how much we spend. Money is trickling away on a daily basis. I just bought her a small three-bedroom apartment, 200m² on the Belgrade Waterfront.

MARJAN 200m²!

MIĆA With three bedrooms!

MARJAN Well done, my good Zlatko! Well done!

MIĆA I also had to start a small business for her, in Porto Montenegro, a boutique. For the, you know... What do you call them? (turning to Beća)

BEĆA Closets.

MARJAN Come here, give uncle Đuro a hug. (hugs him, and congratulates) Good job, you bugger! Look at you! Well done, well done. Good thinking.

MIĆA Thank you, uncle Đuro!

MIĆA I also got her a jeep. I just want her to work for herself, and not let some fool harass her...

MIĆA I bought a yacht for the kid, 18m long, but it's registered in my name.

MARJAN 18 meters! Well done! You're the man. Your father is proud of you, and so am I. So is your mother.

MIĆA I took care of them as well, I bought them 5-6m of fire wood. I also bought them a family tomb in Vrbice.

MARJAN Why a tomb, my dear Zlatko? Knock on wood. You don't want to bury them before their time. You shouldn't have done that.

MIĆA But, uncle Đuro, it's 8m x 6m. It's huge!

MARJAN 8m x 6m? It's a mausoleum!

MIĆA A mausoleum.

MARJAN They'll sure be proud of you with all that room to stretch their legs. Good boy. Not a boy, a man, a real man, I knew that the moment I laid my eyes on you.

MARJAN Zlatko, my boy, good for you.

MIĆA I don't know...

MARJAN Why, what's the problem?

MIĆA Well, I have a problem I was hoping you could help me with.

MARJAN Just say it, and I'll do whatever is in my power to help.

MIĆA I'm working for this new company, so I can't fix my son with a job on a cruise ship.

MARJAN Ah, but I'm retired. I stopped working five years ago.

MIĆA You don't say?

MARJAN Oh yes. Otherwise, Zlatko, you know I would...

MIĆA Wait a minute. I bought him all the degrees and papers in Belgrade and Berane.

MARJAN So, he has all the papers.

MIĆA Yes, I have it all sorted, it's all covered.

MARJAN In Belgrade and Berane?

MIĆA Yes, it's all sorted. My old man told me: if you ever need anything done, just call uncle Đuro. Call him straight away. No point in waiting.

MARJAN I would do anything for Niko. But I'd better tell you now. The woman that can help you out would ask for at least 6-7 grands.

MIĆA How much?

MARJAN A work of art, a bracelet, a necklace, anything.

MIĆA We'll give her ten, ten at least.

MARJAN Well done, big man.

MIĆA (to his wife) What did I tell you, huh? What did I tell you? Where's the waiter? We have to drink to this. Waiter! Come quick. It's lunch time, so I suggest we grab a bite.

MARJAN I have a stomach ulcer.

MIĆA Then let's get some stuffed date mussels, and a bit of this, and that. What will you have, sweetie?

BEĆA Do you have sushi? (the waitress nods)

MIĆA Sushi, of course. Vedran, what about you?

MIĆA Vedran, what will you have?

ŽARKO Čokolino.

MIĆA Do you have Čokolino? And some snacks for the people at the table over there. Some cheese, prosciutto, olives. And over at Mišo's table in Perper. Also, please, for all the tables in Bandijera. But hurry up. We're celebrating. Come on, come on.

MARJAN No, Zlatko, I'm begging you. Zlatko, I have a stomach ulcer, I can't eat anything. Please, don't.

MIĆA A bit of lamb.

ANTONIO Zlatko, is that you?

MIĆA Oh, look at you, old man. Is it really you? It's been ages.
(they step away to talk)

ANTONIO You wouldn't believe the bet that I made, it's a once in a lifetime chance. I got a tip, it's a zinger.

(Mića gives him some money, more than needed, and walks back to the table)

MARJAN What did he want?

MIĆA Nothing, just some money. When you have it, you don't know what to do with it, you just don't. That's how it is, my dear Đuro.

MIĆA A lot of money brings a lot of friends.

MIĆA It sure does.

MARJAN Tell the girl not to bring the lamb.

MIĆA Why not, it's good lamb. Nice and crisp, with some date mussels, just a nice mix and match for a snack.

MARJAN Alright, have it your way.

MIĆA It's a special occasion.

MARJAN Have it your way, there. To hell with the ulcer.

MIĆA You'll take a pill. Where's Vedran?

(turns to an empty chair)

MARJAN He was here a minute ago.

MIĆA Vedran, Vedran!

BEĆA Vedran!

MIĆA Vedran, Vedran! Vedran! Where do you think you're going?

(turns to Žarko)

ŽARKO Daddy, daddy! (trips and falls)

MIĆA Oh my god, what is it with this day? Vedran!

BEĆA It's because of the Čokolino.

MIĆA Vedran, can you hear me? Vedran! Are you ok?

(Žarko comes to, and Beća is busy talking to some people)

ŽARKO I'm fine, what?

MIĆA You scared me, you scared the hell out of me, Vedran. Come on over here and sit down. I don't know what I'll do with you!

(spots Beća and walks over to her)

MIĆA And what exactly are you doing there? (grabs her by the hand and pulls her away) Get over here, come on. Who was that you were talking to?

BEĆA A friend of mine, from school.

MIĆA What kind of a friend?

BEĆA From school.

MIĆA From school, is he? You could be his mother! Get over here, sit down.

BEĆA You know I love you.

MIĆA Is that so, really? Until I sail away, and then you're on your own, right? Right?

BEĆA No, honey, I could only ever be with you.

MIĆA With me? You only love me when I'm not around. Don't get on my nerves! Don't take me for a fool!

BEĆA No, no. Honestly. Come on give me a kiss...

MIĆA Don't get on my nerves. You know I don't like that. Never do this sort of thing again. Ever, ever again, are we clear?

ŽARKO Where's the bunny?

(turns to Žarko, who is standing and looking into the distance)

MIĆA What?

ŽARKO Where's the bunny?

MIĆA What are you talking about?

ŽARKO The bunny!

MIĆA What bunny?

ŽARKO Bunny! Bunny! Bunny! (Žarko runs away, Beća laughs)

MIĆA What bunny? What is this? Ceca... Uncle Đuro... Vedran... Bunny...

(Mića sits down, holds his head, Beća walks in with a serious face)

NOISE

ŽARKO The show is starting.

JELENA They're here. Sleeping in the room.

ŽARKO Yes, yes, they'll be eaten by termites.

JELENA She's pregnant.

ŽARKO I'm a bit queasy, too.

JELENA An apple. Again an apple. Each night an apple. I just sit down to watch, here he comes with an apple. Here's an apple.

ŽARKO Not black, but blonde.

JELENA Here's an apple.

ŽARKO What have you brought?

JELENA Can't you see, this is his child.

ŽARKO You go on a diet. Enough is enough! Motherfuckers! I'll kill myself!

JELENA Fetch one for me, too.

SLAVICA Hey, guys, what's going on? Keep it quiet. My kids can't sleep. This is not normal. Quiet, please! Is there anyone to prevent this?

ANTONIO Come on people, stop that! I'll pour hot shit over you. Stop it! Scums!

JELENA V. Scumbags! Is there a manager on this terrace to ask him how this is possible?

JELENA F. Come on, cut it out!

JELENA V. Is there police anywhere?

ŽARKO I'm calling the police right away!

(they bring the chief of communal police)

MIĆA What's going on? Who are you? Do you have a licence? Please, leave. I am the chief of the communal police.

STEFAN Just celebrating a birthday. Will you have a drink with us?

(the chief joins them, and they put money in his pocket)

ŽARKO See this! Scumbags! (citizens shout and curse)

SLAVICA In my neighbourhood there are 11 flats. Two have been sold to some foreigners. They are eager to sell them now, but there are no buyers. Three have been converted into one-night apartments, no one wishes to stay for another. My neighbour is pregnant. She moved to Dobrota, it is impossible to raise a baby with all the noise from cafés. The neighbours across the hall had a death in the family. Can you imagine mourning with the folk beat? And aunt Marija had a tumour surgically removed ten days ago. She doesn't even think about the illness. She only wishes they would turn the volume down. I love this town, but believe me, it is not fit for humans any more.

(bells wake citizens up after a night out)

MIĆA Uff, I have to hand over my shift.

What's this at the crack of dawn?
ILKO Will these bells stop for once?
Quiet!

CANDLES

MARJAN I can't fight with the beasts anymore! After 45 years I'm selling a 40 sqm flat. Deaf occupants preferred.

JELENA V. I have always wanted and I still want to leave.

MIRJANA PETROVIĆ I still want to live in this town.

ŽARKO The whole world is my country, and my home is in Kotor.

ZORANA I'm learning the language that my grandchildren speak.

MARUŠKA Living in this town I feel as a citizen of the world.

ANTONIO I'm leaving, but I'm not sure if I'll be back.

SLAVICA: I dream of the town of my childhood.

JELENA F. I'm staying, but I'm not sure for my children.

SANDRA I don't know myself why I'm so attached to this town.

BEĆA It's funny how children grow up so fast, and we don't grow old.

MIRJANA POPOVIĆ Wherever I go, I come back to you.

DRAGANA I can't stand the silence this town talks with.

MAJA I wish to jump over the invisible walls of this small-minded town.

MIĆA I'm a cunt if I leave, and have no balls if I stay.

ILKO My ancestors were born in this town. I was born in Kotor and I will stay here forever.

STEFAN I'm still here, but not for long.

TANJA I wish to live in Kotor that I will be proud of.

ZORANA Let's hold hands, so that they don't poison our souls, so that our bodies don't fall ill.

INTRODUCTIONS

SANDRA My name's Sandra and I'm here because I care for this town.

ANTONIO My name's Antonio and I'm here because I love socialising.

DRAGANA My name's Dragana and I'm here because of youth problems.

MIRJANA PETROVIĆ My name's Mirjana and I don't want to keep quiet anymore.

MARUŠKA My name's Maruška and I'm here because I believe in changes.

STEFAN My name's Stefan and I'm here because I love my town.

JELENA F. My name's Jelena and I don't know why I'm here.

BEĆA My name's Beća and I'm here to say something on my own behalf and on behalf of those who don't want to say anything.

MIĆA My grandma's name is Mitrana, my grandpa's name is Mitar, and I'm Mitar Mića Jovanović.

MARJAN My name's Marjan, I want to open the eyes of the authorities.

SLAVICA My name's Slavica and I am Kotor.

MIRJANA POPOVIĆ Mirjana, I'm here for their sake, for my sake, and for ours.

ILKO My name's Ilko, I'm here to bring back, together with all of you, Kotor's old glory.

ZORANA Dear all, my name's Zorana. Life is a game and I'm playing that game.

JELENA V. My name's Jelena and I'm here to warn the authorities with satire.

ŽARKO My name's Žarko and I want to thank the town and learn something new.

TANJA My name's Tanja and I want this play to move people into action.

PETAR My name's Petar, I'm making a play about Kotor.

BADMOUTHING THE PLAY

Newcomers find it fit to make a play about Kotor.
They came from all parts where they didn't feel well and Kotor embraced them.
Quasi-intellectuals decided to make theatre in the town of theatrical tradition.
An attempt of political opportunistic vilification of local authorities in Kotor.
They're attempting to disguise their shady political agendas under the veil of theatre.
A failed attempt of a theatre.
A galimatias of pretentiousness.
They mock Montenegrin statehood.
They abused the good will of the people of Kotor and the Culture Centre.
Outcasts mocking us to our face.
They use our money to make this.
Theatre should relax and entertain, not this.
They misled the citizens unaware of what they were taking part in.
Theatre thugs.

MAJA

Let her go somewhere else to play a smartass.
She should better keep quiet if she wants to have anything to do.
If she thinks he could get a job like this, then she's mistaken.
Who is she and what has she achieved?
Where is she from?
There are so many newcomers that they dare comment out loud.
Pity for Kotor for all the scum it has embraced.
Kotor is a wonderful town, spoiled by newcomers, since they come from a hole.
Where's this surname from?
She feels inferior because she came from somewhere.
Whoever comes to live here should praise or keep quiet.
An invasion of highlanders and people from Nikšić.
Whoever doesn't like it here, feel free to leave.
She comes from wherever to talk here, and we received her here.
She should get laid.
She should treat her inferiority complexes somewhere else.
We are being preached by amateur actors with superficial knowledge of our town's culture.
The wild came down to break the tame.
I have the right to say, since all mine were born here.
Someone should always be on her case to curse the day when she ever mentioned "Kotor".

You're dead to Kotor forever.

It is the law of nature that every living organism would reject the foreign body which fails to adapt.

She burned all the bridges in Kotor.

The keys of the ancient Kotor went straight into the hands of the young from Žanjev do, so I'd ask, if I may, is there any child native of Kotor to do the symbolism.

The statements you just heard are fully documentary.

Fairytale of Stone

Behold the stone city at the brink of the bay,
Where spring eternally holds its mighty sway.
Where the birds and flowers awaken joy,
Where the sea and waves are gleeful in ploy.
A garden of Eden, a city of warmth and love
Laughter and cheers around, under and above.
Snowdrops, violets and cyclamen galore,
And beautiful young ladies, fairest of them all.
The whole white world is welcome to see
That the loveliest city forever it will be.
Where the joy grows like tides in the seas,
A genuine tale from the children's dreams.

Behold the Kotor town, at the brink of the bay,
Where the reefs and the ramparts stand to this day.
Soaring eagles, seagulls, and pigeons in flock
The town bells echo with the tick of the clock.
Springs and rivers carry the word
Of the town's beauty throughout the world.
The waves carry the seas to oceans wide
Lamenting to leave our fair bay behind.
Kotor is the town that heals all pain and grief,
Where love abides, and gives you relief.
Where the joy grows like tides in the seas,
A genuine tale from the children's dreams.

PROTEST

(workers are measuring the area, while citizens take fun in asking about the plans)

MIĆA You just play, just play.

You're so cute.

Just go on playing.

Nothing's going on.

Colleague!

BEĆA Strategy no. 1

MIĆA We're not doing anything.

BEĆA We're not doing anything.

MIĆA Just go on playing. They're so cute.

PETAR You're so cute.

(workers are trying to get through the crowd, but they don't let them)

CROWD What are you doing? You already measured there. Why measure five times there?

What do you plan to do?

MIĆA Let me pass. We're doing our thing, you're doing yours.

MIĆA We're not doing anything.

BEĆA We're not doing anything.

PETAR Let him pass.

CROWD Why, he's already been there and measured!

MIĆA Let me pass, please.

BEĆA Let us pass.

MIĆA Colleague!

BEĆA Strategy no. 2

MIĆA We just want to make a path here.

BEĆA We just want to make a path.

CROWD What path? Why do we need a path when we already have a path?

MIĆA We want to make two brand new parks.

BEĆA Two new parks.

CROWD Oh, parks, not bad... Let's hear what they're planning, a park wouldn't be bad...

Benches, walks, playing chess... Let's wait and see.

MIĆA Wait a sec, just to explain. These will be two new parks, brand new, with a ring road, a flyover, a subway and a kiosk and a cable car. But brand new, all new, and a parking.

BEĆA Two parks, with a ring road, a flyover, a subway, a kiosk and a cable car. Parking for all

CROWD We knew there was something fishy there! So it's a parking! Why when we already have a parking!? We don't need a parking!

MIĆA Just a moment. Colleague!

BEĆA Strategy no. 3

MIĆA So, you won't, will you? You don't let us build what we want.

(citizens surprised and interested)

Can you see this? Can you see what this is? You can't. I'll tell you. This is a document, a permit from the ministry.

BEĆA We have all the permits.

MIĆA A document from the municipality.

BEĆA From the municipality.

MIĆA And from U-U-UNESCO.

BEĆA From UNESCO.

MIĆA And the seal.

BEĆA And the seal.

MIĆA And do you have documents to be here? Do you have permits?

CROWD What do we need permits for to be in front of our own homes? This is our front yard! We've been gathering here our whole lives! We don't need any permits to do that!

PETAR Do you have permits to gather here?

PETAR Do you have permits?

MIĆA Do you have permits? Say, say. Do you have permits, ah?

CROWD We don't need them! They'll soon ask for permits to sit in front of your own building!

PETAR Beat it!

BEĆA We'll call the police, the special force!

CROWD Call whoever you want, we're not leaving!

(citizens lie down in sign of protest)

PETAR Come on, come on, beat it!

MIĆA Call the clans! Call all the clans!

BEĆA We'll call the clans!

PETAR Hello, we need 20 balaclavas! Send 20 balaclavas to Kotor right away!

MIĆA Call the police.

MIĆA Colleague!

(workers put on balaclavas)

JELENA V Look at those developers! They have balaclavas! What developers would have balaclavas if they were not mobsters!?

BEĆA Strategy no. 4.

MIĆA I wish if you could choose one among yourselves...

PETAR One person... A representative...

MIĆA To come tomorrow at 8.30 to the 5th floor, room no. 40. Just one.

PETAR One. Who will do it?

CROWD We don't want to single any one out, we're all together! All for one, one for all!

Imagine, just one for all of us, no way!

(workers take a bag of money and start distributing it)

MIĆA Here, can we make a deal?

PETAR There'll be plenty for all.

CROWD We don't want money! You can't buy us! This is money of thieves! We don't want any money! Folks, don't take the money!

MIĆA Here, let's make a deal. Each one of you will get an apartment. Who wants an apartment? Raise your hand if you want an apartment.

CROWD Let's not take it people! What do we need apartments for! These are their games! Who would give apartments so easily to anyone!?

MIĆA Let's go, colleague.

BEĆA Strategy no. 5.

PETAR No, we won't do anything.

BEĆA We won't do anything.

MIĆA But you should know, you are standing in the way of public interest!

CROWD Public interest, my foot! That's your interest, not the public! Public interest is our wellbeing, and this is solely and only for yours! You can't teach us what's better for us!

BEĆA 'Cause you stand in the way of public interest.

MIĆA You, all of you. You stand in the way of public interest.

PETAR You stand in the way of the town's development.

BEĆA You stand in the way of the town's development.

MIĆA You stand in the way of the town's development, all of you.

PETAR Let's go.

MIĆA We're off to Budva.

(workers leave)

JELENA V. I'll write an article on balaclavas. Can you imagine, criminals come masked as developers! Mobsters!

CROWD You're always complaining, maybe we could have seen what they had to offer... It's easy to scare them away, one needs to listen... We were so wrong...

SLAVICA Let's go eat! It's the cremeschnitte feast, have you forgotten?

(a man with a balaclava approaches Jelena V, knocks her down with strong blows, the astounded and petrified crowd picks her up from the floor)

SLAVICA But, folks, the town is ours. The town is ours.

CROWD The town is ours... The town is ours... The town is ours...

(putting on balaclavas)

CROWD The town is ours! The town is ours! The town is ours! The town is ours!

CHILDREN (to the crowd) Go away! (to the audience) You too, go away!

THE END