

LORKO Fuck all those who raise their fists against me, fists grasping weapons to do me in. And those who can no longer sleep because the idea of raising their fists presses on them like piss in winter, tigers with fists raised so high that eagles complain in their flight, I am already digging their pit. I believe in the Devil, our all-mighty Father, creator of heaven and earth ... my sweet little bitch, write a hundred times on your cell wall: I believe in the Devil. Write a hundred times: I deserve to die, I am a traitor.

Screams in the corridors of Knin. Doors slamming.

LORKO tries to hide in the corner, afraid of another beating.

He continues reciting his lesson.

LORKO You know, my little bitch, we get no pleasure in spilling our brothers' blood, but your blood will flow so far, and for so long, that it will make a river they'll put on maps. Write a hundred times on your cell wall: Croats are dogs, a plague, a field of stinging nettles. I believe in the Devil, our all-mighty Father. Muslims are dogs, a plague, a field of stinging nettles. I believe in the Great Serbian Nation. I write a hundred times on the wall: I am becoming a river because I have betrayed. I will not betray any more. I am not afraid. I will fight. Don't beat me any more. I will fight. Croats are scabies, ticks in the skin of wandering beasts. Muslims don't deserve the pit I'm digging, they will be rivers before me. The Great Serbian Nation. Write one hundred times that the Nation is Great.

His hand in front of his face, a trickle of blood in his eyes.

His hand to his lips, LORKO tastes his blood. He wipes his wounds, one by one, as one would smooth out wrinkles.

LORKO Oh Elma. Elma, your name one hundred times a day. Don't forget who I am, Elma. I've seen the devil. Lost on route, in valleys, on river sides where blood clots have replaced the stones, he walked like he was in the desert, parched, a handkerchief on his head and a stick that he waved in the air, making a strange crazed sound, Elma, the devil was lost,

asking his way from everyone he met. And if anyone knew the way, he took their soul. Elma, my only care, my woman, I'm afraid I'm forgetting who I am. Afraid the devil will ask me his way. Afraid of my brothers. They are making me a uniform I don't recognize. They want me to take up arms. Make me piss here, like a dog marking his territory. Bullshit. This isn't our place. This land is the devil's. He pisses, marks his territory. The Bermuda Triangle. Everything is fucked Elma, these aren't my words. Elma my chest is burning. I am your only care, your man.

*Sound of the lock opening.
A ray of light.*

The GUARD.

From the corners, we hear the rats scampering.

GUARD Your lesson, my brother? On the tip of your tongue, or do we need to beat you again?

LORKO I know it.

GUARD I need to hear you.

LORKO I tell you I know it.

The GUARD lights a cigarette.

LORKO Please ...

GUARD Your lesson.

LORKO Croats deserve to die. Muslims, to die. The Great Serbian Nation. A Drina please. Haven't smoked since I've been here. A drag. Just one.

GUARD Decided to go fight?

LORKO Yes.

GUARD You'll see, the pleasure.

LORKO The pleasure, yes. They told me about the pleasure. I'm waiting for that. I was a faggot, a traitor, I deserved to die, and I didn't know it. An asshole.

GUARD Your uniform. There, in the bag. You leave for the front line. To Bijeljina. Three days, and then you leave. With the militia. Preferential treatment. Here.

The GUARD makes a sharp gesture. The flint of a lighter. The flame.

LORKO drags on his Drina.

GUARD Where are you from?

LORKO Jajce.

GUARD They say it's hell there.

LORKO Is there a phone at the front line. Or here? Now that I've spoken of pleasure and of the Great Nation, can I use the phone?

GUARD When you leave, you can kill. Pillage. Rape. You'll learn who you are—you aren't who you believe you are. Don't think about the phone any more. Enjoy yourself. Finish your cigarette and don't forget your lesson. Your uniform is in the bag. You are Lorko Ljević, right?

LORKO Lorko Ljević ...

GUARD I know your brother, Jovan.

LORKO My brother?

GUARD I'm from Jajce.

LORKO I don't know you.

GUARD Of course you do. Your uniform. Three days. The front line.

The GUARD makes a sharp gesture. A ray of light. The lock. On the floor, a bag. LORKO takes out his uniform. Puts it on.

LORKO Bijeljina. Kill. Pillage. Rape. Don't think about the phone any more. Enjoy yourself. Don't forget your lesson Elma, look at me. Everything is burning. In your eyes I have a chance. I have to be this war's idiot. Your eyes, such a tiny hiding place. The devil won't think to look there. Elma, be my Bermuda Triangle. Lorko Ljević, the mason from Jajce. Your man, Elma Hamzic. I want to disappear in your eyes. Merge with the blue and the green. I beg you, don't be dead. Keep making bouquets, I will come smell them if this ever ends. Worries. I want worries. That's what you share when you're