

CAST:

The Brunette – a woman from the 24-hour pharmacy
The Grey-haired man – old, but maybe not so old after all

I

Brunette

It was like a film

only I was in it

That man passed me in the pasta aisle

just as I was looking for something to put in my tomato soup

I don't know if he bumped into me or just walked by very close

but I looked at him and was a little frightened

He didn't seem so threatening himself but his eyes

were like from some other world

and then I heard this shout

it sounded terribly artificial

I remember exactly

YOU HAVE TOO MUCH BLOOD
SOME NEEDS TO BE LET OUT

and when he came rushing

in my direction

wielding a knife

this guy appeared

right by my side

between the man and me

I'd seen him before

an older ordinary looking guy who used to come to the pharmacy

and stare

He slumped to the floor

just kind of flopped down as though he wanted to rest

while the other man raised his knife

and in this weird fake way like out of a bad movie started

jumping up and down and shouting

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THE SACRIFICE IS COMPLETE

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Before they got to him he managed to pull a razor
across his neck

slowly this way and that as if he were slicing bread

Meanwhile the other man sat among the scattered packages and cans

leaning against the pasta

holding his stomach

blood flowing through his fingers

He looked at me and that's probably when I started screaming

he raised his bloody hand and motioned me over

I bent down and heard him mumble

WATERCRESS

was that the word

WATERCRESS?

Then he passed out right away and I never saw him again

Later they told me he had saved my life

he gave his life for me

died that I might live

I heard this all the time

until I was sick of hearing it

I had to play my role

say what they wanted to hear

they needed that sacrifice

they need a sacrifice because they haven't had their fill

they have to see the blood

blood in photos looks like tomato soup

there has to be a lot of blood a whole lot

on the floor on the walls even on the ceiling

splattered on things that never had anything to do with blood

I told them all of that just to be left in peace

the truth is he didn't mean a thing to me

he was nobody and still is

I don't even remember his face

he'd show up at the pharmacy and stare at my tits

Excerpt from *The Incident [Incydent]*, translated by Philip BoehmExtended sample translation available at booksfrompoland.pl

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JAROSŁAW
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Plays staged*Prawda*, 2017*Magik*, 2017*Wieczny kwiecień*, 2012*Życie*, 2011*Generał*, 2010

Jarosław Jakubowski is also a poet, prose writer, literary critic, and journalist.

Selected awards

Grand Prix, Festival of Contemporary Polish Plays Rapport (2011)

Main Prize, Metaphors of Reality Theatre Festival in Poznań (2012)