

Gabrielė Labanauskaitė

ALASKA

CHARACTERS:

Sandra – coach of the LGBT female basketball team “Žalgirė”. She is lonely, so the girls on the team are like kids to her, she dreams of fashioning them in accordance with her mould and turning them into champions.

Jana – she looks at life quite simply, often says what she thinks in a straightforward manner. She sometimes wishes she could turn into a panda, just to be petted and loved by all, but she gives in to moments of weakness rather seldom. Power forward, the most foul-prone player on the team, the team captain.

Toma – top model, trans-female, loving people, sharing the best she can and actively reaching her goal. A professional centre.

Rada – feminist, LGBT activist, always fighting for her truth, hates people who do not believe in anything. Alas, plays basketball rather poorly.

Asta – easily adapting to circumstances, Rada’s girlfriend, bisexual. By the end of the play she gets pregnant and has no idea which to choose – motherhood or her relationship with Jana. Shooting guard.

Ona – heterosexual woman, married, has a son. Ona plays for the team because she does not feel comfortable in the world of heteronormal society. She is a new player on the team.

Goda – constantly spaced-out or under the influence. Likes everything – alcohol, pot, doping. Has a secret hope to find the love of her life but often ruins her relationships before they even start. Point guard.

Liz – American, cheerful and flexible. A player whose disappearance would go unnoticed by her

teammates for quite a while. Guard and occasionally a masseuse.

Grace – Liza's cousin.

Cabaret performer – musician (best on accordion) and singer.

Two guys, a girl.

HOW TO RUN ALL THE WAY TO ALASKA?

Basketball court, practice session. All players, except GODA, do a short-distance run, their coach

SANDRA times them with her chronometer.

SANDRA All right, that's it, let's stop.

The girls line up.

SANDRA Asta – great. 4.3. You're making one hell of a progress.

ASTA Yeah!

SANDRA Jana – 4.8. Within the norm, I'd say. But your momentum is too slow.

JANA Sure.

SANDRA Ona – also average. 4.9. What's wrong with you girls – got stuffed on chicken?

JANA We're just after the weekend.

SANDRA So what did you do over the weekend, hey? What's the point in your diet, special menus, balanced nutrition? Why do we bring in experts, measure your weight and height? Now take a look at Toma, will you? Zappy like a little roe.

RADA She only feeds on grass.

TOMA Girls, I'm a model...

RADA You'll snap in half soon, model.

SANDRA She did 4.7. And you, miss Rada, can't pick up momentum.

RADA How can I, if we run just thirty metres?

SANDRA All right, I know, you are no pros. But don't talk back like adolescents, OK?

RADA Jana and Goda are pros.

JANA Used to be.

SANDRA By the way, where's Goda?

RADA So what's my result?

SANDRA It's not about the numbers. It's about the attitude, you understand, the attitude? You must be tough, strong, fast. Like lynxes in the jungle. Why is our team called "Žalgirė", ah?

RADA So what was my result?

SANDRA I saw this granny on TV, she was eating sand, running marathons, and climbing trees. Well, maybe sand is here beside the point, but one could really envy her agility.

LIZ And I...

SANDRA There's no set age limit for our players. It doesn't matter that this is an amateur team. If you want to pluck a fruit, you have to stand on tiptoe, get it?

RADA Discussing women's age is a sexist thing.

GODA shows up, she is late.

SANDRA Now isn't that nice. Goda, where's your kit?

GODA I left it at home. I forgot... I'm sorry.

SANDRA Sorry? After I took you back to the team, that's all you can say? For crispes sake! I've told you many times and I will hammer it into your heads over and over again: basketball is not your job, it is your life. You sleep – you dream of basketball, you eat – you munch on basketball, you get laid – the bodies bounce against each other like a basketball off the floor. Even in the loo, all you drop is basketballs. Balls, balls, balls. And now this – dammit, she forgot her kit!

GODA Sorry, but I lost track watching TV. Do you know what they said? That the next Amateur Olympics will take place in Alaska. Can you imagine it?

SANDRA Goda, today you'll be just sitting on the bench. And watching us, kapish? I've had it with this attitude. Now get it through your heads – your life is basketball, your goal – three-pointers. At any cost.

TOMA And what if we went there?

SANDRA Are you out of your mind? First, you girls must learn to play, second, we're one player short,

third, where can we get the dough?

ASTA We'll think of something.

RADA I could post an ad on the LGBT billboard in their office...

ASTA And we could search for sponsors or some grants and stuff.

TOMA Maybe we could find a discount on Wizzair...

JANA Wizzair to Alaska?

LIZ What? Alaska?

In low voice RADA translates for LIZ the gist of the girls' conversation.

GODA Sandra, we need to have a dream...

SANDRA I have a dream – to teach your girls to play.

LIZ My Dad has relatives in Alaska.

TOMA So it's all on the way...

ALL GIRLS (*gently*) Sandra...

SANDRA And what do those airline tickets go for?

THERE IS A LAND

If you really have to translate this into the language of theatre, let this be a geography lesson when the girls were still quite young:

Alaska is a land located between Canada and the Bering Strait. It is the largest and least populated state of the USA. People first arrived there from Asia 15 to 40 thousand years ago and spread all over North America. So they all came and then moved on. And what could they have done there? What could they have grown there?

Eskimos, however, came up with things to do in the Alaska Peninsula, so they settled there 8 thousand years ago. What lovely nature...

Which the Russian Empire gave up when it sold Alaska to the United States for 7 million dollars (2 cents per acre).

Alaska is surrounded by the Beaufort Sea, the Chukchi Sea and the Gulf of Alaska. To the West, the Bering Strait separates it from Russia.

About 70% of its territory is the land of permafrost.

Natural resources: oil, natural gas, timber, salmon, minerals, gold.

TWO CENTS PER ACRE

Locker-room at the sports arena. The next day.

TOMA, JANA, ASTA, and LIZ are getting ready for their practice – putting on their kits, etc.

TOMA What do you think, guys, do we need some special facial cream for Alaska?

JANA We're not in Alaska yet, are we?

TOMA Do you have to always rain on my parade?

TOMA gets up and walks toward the restroom carrying her kit.

JANA Oy, oy, again our Barbie doll is off to change in the loo? What's with the hiding?

TOMA To keep bears like you from tearing me to shreds.

TOMA locks herself up in the restroom.

JANA And do you know why I got this bear tattoo on my back?

TOMA (*off, from the restroom*) I don't, and I don't care to know, it looks horrendous. What a nice patch of skin completely ruined...

JANA (*to ASTA*) Did I mention, that my first love was a bear? Well, her name was actually Aliona, not exactly Bear but...

ASTA (*to TOMA*) Listen, Toma, are you gonna take much longer? I also need to use the place...

TOMA Oh, the impatience of the human race!

ASTA Change in our locker-room – we can hear you're doing nothing there, anyway.

TOMA (*deliberately flushing the toilet*) I am. Besides, I have a surprise for you.

TOMA emerges from the restroom sporting a new-style kit.

TOMA Voilà! How do you like my presentation?

LIZ Wow, that's a good one!

JANA Is this an outfit for sports or for a pub?

TOMA It doesn't come from a factory, it's all hand-made. I could sew the same for all of us, with my two hands, what do you say? This factory made stuff just makes look like lockers – no boobs, no hips, no nothing...

SANDRA and RADA enter the locker-room engaged in a discussion on how to get money for their trip.

SANDRA What? Thirty-two grand?

GODA Well, for the eight of us the fare would be somewhere about three thousand each...

RADA Plus the hotel rooms for a week.

SANDRA (*noticing TOMA*) Nice little suit there, Toma. But it's now time to change.

TOMA That's not a suit, this is my presentation of a new design for our kits...

Enters drowsy GODA.

GODA Hello. I'm not late.

SANDRA So do you deserve a medal just for this?

GODA Do we have our tickets yet?

SANDRA If I were a millionaire, I'd take my little sweethearts wherever the hell they'd please. Designers would come up with puffed-up dresses for them and special Speedy Gonzales basketball shoes to boot. We'd be the stars, top of the world, believe you me.

JANA If you were a millionaire you'd never deal with such a losing proposition that we are.

SANDRA You're not a losing proposition. You're the future of Lithuania, is that clear? But to make that happen, you can't be sleeping beauties.

TOMA (*observing GODA as she changes*) Oh, that's a nice bra! Do you know that snakes are now in fashion?

GODA Is that a compliment?

TOMA Oh, yeah, for sure – it's a cool design. Maybe we could somehow think about the kits...

SANDRA wants to proceed to the court already but ONA shows up and the coach pauses.

ONA Hi, how are you...

SANDRA Fine.

RADA Oh, this is Onutė, our new teammate.

SANDRA I don't know about teammate right away. Well, but it's nice to meet you. Did you ever play basketball before?

JANA Where did she dig her up?

ONA I did some time ago, at school...

SANDRA I see...

RADA By the way, she wasn't bad at all.

SANDRA In which position?

ONA We didn't think about positions back then. Just played and that was it...

JANA I'll go and just play too, dammit.

JANA exits headed for the court.

ONA I'd really love to play for you, honest. I like obeying rules – I'm tidy, quick on the uptake, never late, I never borrow money, never lose my stuff. I don't argue, and I don't gripe.

RADA She's the only one who responded to my ad. By the way, Ona is an awesome driver.

SANDRA What does driving got to do with it?

ONA I love adrenaline and speed.

TOMA Let the girl try.

SANDRA For now, she can try out the bench, and then...

GODA (*cutting in*) We'll try the wrench.

SANDRA The ball, Goda.

ONA Certainly...

SANDRA Only keep in mind, “Žalgirė” is not a hobby, and not a way to brighten up a boring marital coexistence with a filthy-rich hubby. You'll sweat with the rest of us.

ONA My husband isn't that rich.

GODA So she's hetero, anyway...

ALL THE GIRLS Boo... (*a kind of noise of disappointment*)

RADA I'd ask you to have tolerance for hetero as well, ok? At least she works as a volunteer for the LGBT rather than drinking every night like some of us do, right?

GODA Oy, just go easy with your envy.

SANDRA All right, let's go to the court. Less talk, more...

ALL THE GIRLS ...action!

Gabriele Labanauskaitė

TURTLE

RIMAS – a man at different period of his age – when he is 5 yearsold, 13, 18, 21, 25, 30, 35, 40, 47, 53, 66,

REGINA RIMAS MOTHER

ANTANAS RIMAS FATHER

DALIA RIMAS WIFE

LUKAS/VOLODIA/SVOBODA RIMAS SON

ODILIJA RIMAS DAUGHTER

NATASHA

RIMAS FRIENDS: TADAS, LUKAS, TWINS PAULIUS IR POVILAS

LAIMA BIELSKIENĖ, RIMAS TEACHER TUTOR

DOCTORS (It can be family members, dressed as doctors or medical sisters)

OTHERS

SCENE

In the hospital. In front of one doctor. Rimás is 53.

RIMÁS

I'm waiting and waiting and waiting. Don't I look serious patient enough?

DOCTOR

That's the typical order. Everybody is in a que.

RIMÁS

All month waiting just for a small investigation?

DOCTOR

You should be grateful to your son.

RIMÁS

I don't have children.

DOCTOR

He is waiting in the corridor.

RIMÁS

Who?

DOCTOR

Your son. It's typical to wait even two months and a half. Please, keep your hands straight. Ok... It's shivering. How long it's like this?

RIMÁS

Let me think... eight... maybe seven . It started to be difficult to be driving.

Second doctor is entering.

DOCTOR II

Then you did a car accident?

Oh, doctor, don't ask me to do impossible things.

RIMAS

No, no way.

DOCTOR II

A man, whose hands were shivering, partrenkè (.....) a girl and brought her to the hospital. The girl woke up and said she doesn't remember, who was driving, nor how did look the car.

RIMAS

Yes, my hands are shivering for seven years. already

DOCTOR II

We suspect she was lying, defending something.

RIMAS

It was difficult to carry the luggage. The luggage of leaving Dalia. Then it started shivering. Or no... It's hard to remember.

DOCTOR II

This girl was your daughter, right?

RIMAS

And then even easier things – like a cup of coffee. To keep it long in my arms. You know, just to keep it, not drink. Not to move up and down, but to keep the cup straight away. One day I got scared when I realised it. I was so strong. You know, I was fighting for our freedom. Maybe even for your freedom. How old are you, doctor?

Third doctor is entering.

DOCTOR III

There a perfect machine for sleeping. It's all made of milk.

You put it on your head in it and you head becomes milky and sleepy.

RIMAS

I don't have any problems.

DOCTOR I

All problems come from the bottle.

RIMAS

I'm not Gin.

DOCTOR III

You are drinking more than 30 years.

DOCTOR

Since 15.

RIMAS

Since 13, to be precise.

DOCTOR

You are 53, right?

DOCTOR II

Anyway, your blood is full of alcohol.

RIMAS

So what?

DOCTOR III

There is no way out for you.

RIMAS

From where?

DOCTOR III

From the hell.

DOCTOR II

From the dreams.

DOCTOR

From the past.

RIMAS

Who said I want to get a way out?

DOCTOR I

You gonna die very soon.

RIMAS

Who said I want to live?

DOCTOR II

Quit drinking.

RIMAS

Quit it yourself. Stop it!

Doctors start barking like dogs.

DOCTOR II

Stop it!

DOCTOR

Stop it!

DOCTOR III

Stop it!

DOCTOR II

Quit drinking!

DOCTOR

Quit overeating!

DOCTOR II

Quit fucking!

DOCTOR II

Quit being depressed!

DOCTOR III

Quit manipulating!

DOCTOR I

Quit complaining!

DOCTOR I, DOCTOR III

Quit smoking!

DOCTOR III, DOCTOR II

Quit accusing people!

DOCTOR, DOCTOR II

And medicine!

DOCTOR III, DOCTOR

Quit promissing!

DOCTOR III

Quit restarting yourself!

DOCTOR

Quit loosing!

DOCTOR, DOCTOR II

Quit quitting!

.....

RIMAS

Quit quitting... Quit quitting... Quit quitting...

ODILIJA

Father, are you drunk?

RIMAS

Quit ... Quit

ODILIJA

In the hospital? You got drunk even in the hospital?

RIMAS

Quit... Quit...

ODILIJA

I have no words. All these money, contacts, efforts.

RIMAS

Quit...

ODILIJA

What for?

RIMAS

I have no words.

ODILIJA

Father! Look into my eyes!

RIMAS

All these money, all these contacts...

ODILIJA

Father! Stop it!

RIMAS

Look into my ears! My eyes...

ODILIJA

Father, are you crying?

SCENE

They are 20.

DALIA

If you go to there, they gonna kill you. They are so cruel there. Aren't you afraid?

I'm never afraid, that was your answer.

How could you be not afraid? They gonna eat you. I was so sure about it.

You were sure. That's the way you become a real man. When you survive and when you are not eaten.

RIMAS

I wasn't eaten.

DALIA

Yes, you survived and survived very well. Eating caviar. You even put on ten kilos.

RIMAS

Eight, in fact. But it doesn't matter.

DALIA

You could go even to the discos during bigger festivals. Later you were allowed to go there even once in a month, when you did a favor to the lieutenant. What was it? Nevermind. I wonder, did you meet nice girls during these dances?

You were telling me always, that I'm the most beautiful.

RIMAS

None of them would be as beautiful, as you are.

DALIA

You gave them flowers.

RIMAS

I gave you flowers. In my thoughts.

DALIA

You were dancing slow dances. Passionately.

RIMAS

It was forbidden. It can damage your health.

DALIA

Then you were accompanying them home, didn't you? Till the last step, till the doors. Then talking for hours, chatting some nonsenses just in order to spent the time. To spent the time till you deared to ask her: „Natasha, Olia, Viktorija Ivanonva, can I kiss you?“ And then... Nobody knows, what happened then. These Russian woman are so hot. And so lonely.

RIMAS

Many men died during the war.

DALIA

Russian women are seeking for any man. One man for five women. They don't want to share him. They could torn him apart, then take a piece of his body and boil a soup. If you dance with them, you can't so easily go away, you know it. And you should be lonely as well. So many months without women. So close to the ocean. And so far away from the citizens. People aren't fishes. Caviar won't make you happy.

Caviar won't make you warm. Only warm bed of hot Russian woman can make you warmer.

RIMAS

We were never allowed to leave the territory. You know it.

DALIA

How can I know it? I was never in an army.

A beat.

(RIMAS

Will you marry me?

DALIA

No.)

Gabrielė Labanauskaitė

HONEY, MOON!

„How new mailmen were killed every day
Touching poisoned postcards they sent
To each other“

(Patricia Lockwood, Motherland, Fatherland, Homosexuals, p. 11)

CHARACTERS:

NARRATOR

SHE

CHORUS

MONSTER

CRAB (???)

I

NARRATOR

Once upon a time

There lived a human being

Parents called it: SHE.

She not necessarily thought she is she,

But it was the name given by the world

Her identity, glued on her as a stamp.

In her dreams she was a whole post office.

In her mind she was a castle with broken windows.

In her mouth she was a blossoming meadow.

In her chest she was a thunderstorm of running horses.
In her arms she was all curiosity in the world
In her body she was stoned as a marble in the hands
Of the sculptor.
In her legs she was a tree implanted into the ground.
She never went out of her room.
And she knew: reality never matches her feelings.

But once she dreamt a silver citadel.
And it was shining.
She was singing so loudly in it.
And she was laughing.
And running.
Her arms were free
Her legs were free
Her mouth was wide opened.

She googled: silver citadel.
508 000 results, but none
As in her dreams.
She asked her parents,
What is it, they didn't know.
And then... She started to dream it every night.

CHORUS

Silver citadel
Bright in mind
One moon
Thousand miles

SHE

Away

CHORUS

Wrap you up

Turn gold into earth

Change mountain into dust

Unlimited meaning

What was too little,

Will become too much

SHE

Suspicion in the mind

Makes ghosts in the dark

Like sticky glue

Wear out

What is all about

CHORUS

Silver citadel

You stood up

Silver citadel

in your father's clothes

Silver citadel

and walked out of the room

Silver citadel

And walked out yourself

Silver citadel

I never had any dalls

Silver citadel

I always played soldiers

Silver citadel

And trains and wars

Silver citadel

and distances

Silver citadel

And stairs to death

Silver citadel

I built so huge

Silver citadel

It's not easy to the reach

Silver citadel

The end of the staircase

SHE

My mother said

Learn how to climb

Silver, silver, silver

Citadel

But she didn't answer

How does the distance look?

CHORUS

It extends from the spaceless

Within the edge

Of what can be loved.

SHE

I have a box of matches in my palm.

CHORUS

Lets sit.

SHE

No, thanks, my dear.

It's time to quit.

SHE LEAVES.

II

SHE

First of all I should find my friends

There should be some friends

On internet I have almost 3000 friends

(2710 if to be more precise)

And they all have adresses in virtual space,

Isn't it strange?

Like virtual space would have streets and houses.

In any case -

Where are they now?

Maybe I can't recognise them,

Because there they look nicer

And in reality they are monsters?

SHE she sees a monster on the bench. He is eating something big, a giant piece of human leg or something. SHE comes closer.

MONSTER

Tuesdays are best.

SHE

Oh, hello.

MONSTER

I know it doesn't matter now.

SHE

Bon appetite.

MONSTER

I know I look like a monster,

But I am not, believe me.

SHE

Of course.

Not.

MONSTER

MONSTER

MONSTER

MONSTER

She kissed him once on each eye

Maybe the next time you could use

A one-dollar bill instead of a ten for the hair

Pink air

I was a monster everything around him is red

My mother is a Red Sea

A red Sea, full of blood

In the cities all the poets

The ones that eat paper in our blood

I will be different here

Should I have a memory?

[Between two skyscrapers I can see you

Each city receives its form from the desert it opposes

You have all cities, monster

A border city between two deserts]

Take an olive

Moments of death I call them

You disappear?

Yes and then come back.

Just take me once more

And I'll get him this time

He stood on his small red shadow

He did not knock on the glass

He waited

Did you bring the frog in?

Bet you don't have one.

A cat's eye. A promise.

That was also the day.

You owe me.

No.

Nobody likes you at school.