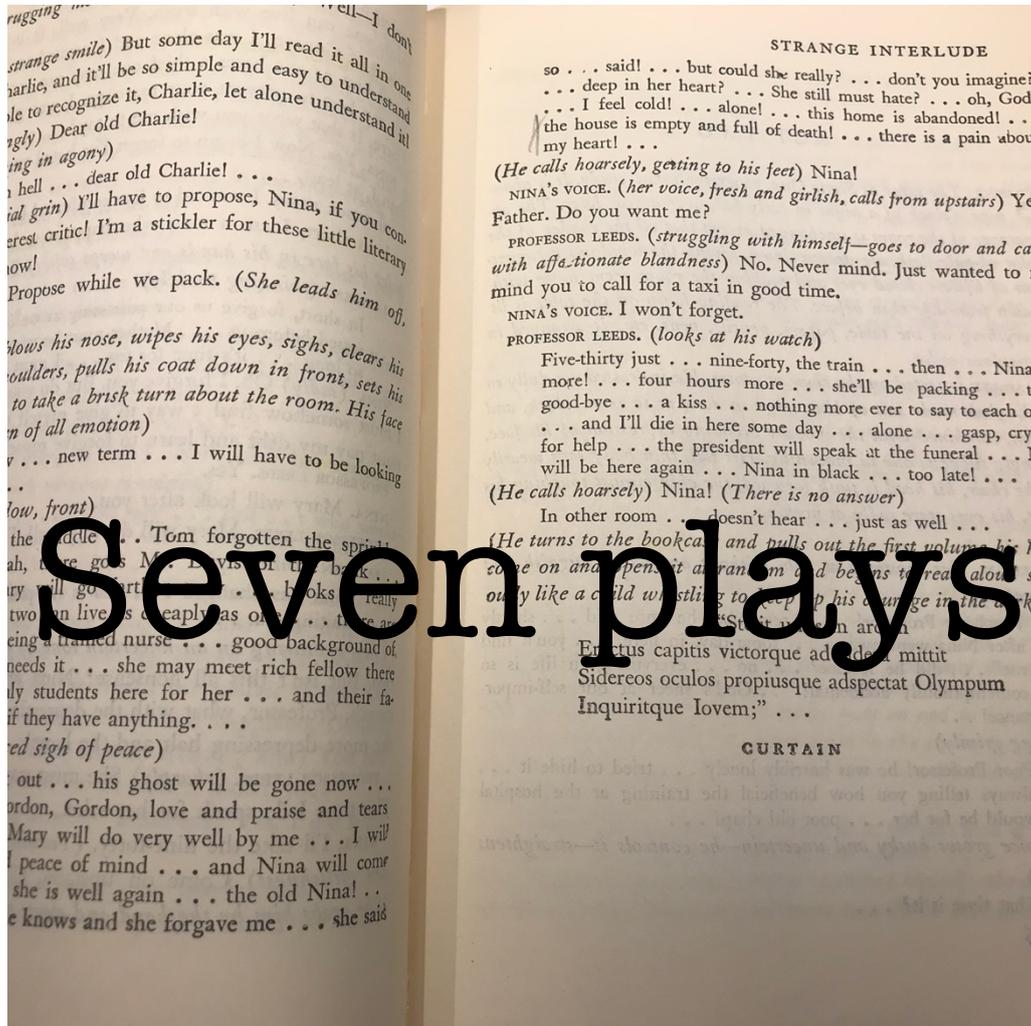


# group literary effort



Stories by first -year students  
& one by Lydia Davis  
translated into  
plays by fourth- year students

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# Bernadeta

## Obsession

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- short story by Jagoda

Your character thinks her boss is looking for an excuse to fire her. She decides to fight back...

It was just an ordinary day. Spring was felt in the air, sun was shining. Sarah was working at her office.

She was such a good employee, but she often was working on her own and by her own rules. However, her boss wants his employees to be obedient and that is the clue.

'We need to get rid of her' - she heard the voice just behind the door. It was her boss speaking to her coworker. He was trying to whisper, but she only could work in silent and every little sound was like a scream in her ears. These words stayed in her mind for a whole day. 'Who do they want to get rid of?'

When she was walking across the lobby, she felt like everybody was watching her with fake smiles on their faces. 'They probably had to talk about me', she thought and immediately went back home.

When evening came, Sarah opened a bottle of her favourite wine and began to think. She sorted photos on her laptop and found few to send to her boss.

'I know what you did. Do you remember our last banquet? Molestation your workers and cheating on a wife is unacceptable for the leader of such a big company. You better leave me alone or I will send it to your wife and local press.

Your worst nightmare, S.'

She turned off the laptop and breathe out with sigh of relief.

### List of characters:

Sarah – main character; project manager at Mark’s company,  
Zoey – friend of Sarah; the accounting assistant at the company  
Mark – company boss  
Clarie – Mark’s wife  
Paul – Mark’s friend; company worker

## Scene One

*The typical sound of an office is heard. We can hear telephones ringing, typing and clicking on keyboards, voices and conversations in the background. The curtain rises.*

*Before us is the typical office space with five desks seen in profile, headed towards the left side of the stage. There are computers, papers, office supplies on each of them. All of them are occupied by people deeply engaged in their work. Some of them are leaning back on their chairs while talking on their phones, others are staring at computer screens, others are making calculations and shuffling papers on their desks. Men are wearing casual pants and slacks with collared polos or crew-neck sweaters. Women are wearing fitted tops and blouses, slacks or skirts. The whole setting is busy but at the same time static. At the back of the office, first from the right side, sits Sarah. She is a thirty-year-old neatly dressed woman. She does not stand out of the crowd. From the left side of the stage, enters Zoey, the accounting assistant in the company, who very much likes gossips, but is at the same time warm-hearted close friend of Sarah.*

*Zoey: [entering the room dynamically with an open excitement pointing with her finger at Sarah] You did it girl! You did it again!*

*[some workers are irritated by the loud behavior of Zoey, some cover up the speakers of their phones, others are shushing the girl]*

*Sarah: [raising her head from the papers and smiling to her friend] Shhh... what did I do?*

*Zoey: [standing over Sarah's desk] Our monthly reports on sales has just showed thirty percent of increase this month and it's only on your clients! You are the workhorse of this company!*

*Sarah: [with a blush on her cheeks] come on, it mustn't be just me. Jason and Steve has recently...*

*Zoey: [interrupting her] Ok, stop being so modest. All the overtime hours you spend here, all the telephones, video conferences, delegations, reports. It's all because of you. Just admit it!*

*Sarah: Nah, I don't...*

Zoey: Saraaah..

Sarah: [*with a blushful half-smile*] Okay, maybe a little. But still, thank you, you are so sweet telling me this. It's nice to know that at least one person appreciates the work you do for the company.

Zoey: [*sitting on the side of the desk with an expression of concern on her face*] The boss again? What's this time?

Sarah: Didn't you hear about it? He recently scolded me in front of others that my last email to the client in which I CC'd him was not polite enough and if I want to stay at this company I should better learn the office etiquette.

Zoey: What the f...

Sarah: Yeah, and it was just because I accidentally typed the mail in caps lock. Can you believe that? He could have told me about it in private. Everyone stared at me. I just stand there like.. you know.. I didn't know what to say.

Zoey: You know, it's soo weird to me. He must know that you're the best sales manager this company has ever had. Yet he still hates you like you've killed his cat or something. I mean... did you?

Sarah: No, not the cat, his ego.  
[*Girls laughing*]

Zoey: Yeah, I remember that time, when you accidentally took his mug from the kitchen. He went nuts.

Sarah: And today, he gave me a right bollocking for not keeping the right order in papers on my desk because this may reflect on my work-organisation.. like seriously??? It's not even his business.. I got tears in my eyes. [*with a quiet voice*] You know.. sometimes... I have enough. I just don't know what to do to AT LEAST not being humiliated all the time. I love my job and what I do. But because of him... I just can't. [*hiding her face in her hands*]

Zoey: C'mon girl. We all see your situation. Everyone around you feel you and trust me... we are on your side. You are just doing things your way, not his, and maybe this is what pisses him off. I don't know what's his problem, but I know for sure that he can't fire you as long as he has a reasonable argument.. right?

Sarah: [*with a weak voice*] mhmm.. yeah.

Zoey: *[with an enthusiastic clap on her hands]* All right! Now you've been here today for like 10 hours. It's Friday and it's time to celebrate your success.. get your ass up and let's get out of here and hit the city.

Sarah:... but...

Zoey: I can't hear any excuses!

*[Zoey pulls Sarah away from her desk by her hands. The girls leave the office laughing. Lights fade out.]*

## Scene Two

*Lights rise up and we see Mark's living room. The room is modern, spacious and minimalistic. In the middle there is a black leather couch, with a coffee table in front. On the right side of the stage, there is a big wooden table. Mark is sitting by the table working on his laptop. He is wearing an elegant white shirt and a tie with trousers. He is a handsome man, tall and elegant. His wife – Clarie, is sitting on the couch reading a fashion magazine. She is wearing an elegant black women suit with only golden rings brightening up her face.*

Claire: [breathing out] I'm so tired. I need some holidays. Just look at these photo shoots. I need some natural vitamin D to survive! This dull city is killing me. [*she pauses, closes the magazine and turns back to Mark*] Let's go honey. Let's take a trip to Europe, just for a few days!

Mark: Honey, you know that this is a very important period for the company. I can't leave the city just like that, especially now.

Claire: [*approaching Mark and hugging him from behind*] Please, just for a few days, you need some time off too.

Mark: I promise we'll go, but not now. Maybe next month, ok?

Claire: [*slightly irritated*] You know what... you work almost all the time, you get up early and come back late, we don't even see each other, and when we finally do – you work on your computer! You don't even look at me when you talk to me. You don't hug me or even touch me anymore! What is going on? Do you still love me?

Mark: [*Looking at Claire*] Of course I love you, what on earth are you talking about?!

Claire: No one would physically work so many hours like you do. It's not even possible. You know.. I sometimes wonder..

Mark: What?

Claire: [*after a pause*]... Mark, do you have someone?

Mark: What do you mean?

Claire: I mean, that maybe you are seeing someone.

Mark: Are you crazy? Babe, you are the only one in my life.

Claire: Just be honest with me.

Mark: Come on, we really have a difficult time at the company. The end of financial year is an extremely important period. I promise I will take you somewhere once everything is done. I love you beautiful. *[he kisses Claire and hugs her. Suddenly Mark's telephone rings]*

Mark:*[leaving his wife]* Oh, I'm sorry, I have to take it. *[answers the phone]* Hello.. yes. It's me.. *[he seems concerned and irritated]*.. yes. Ok, I'll be there... *[longer pause]* I said I'll be there. *[hangs up the phone]* I'm sorry honey but I've got to go. I know it's late but don't wait for me. *[he puts on his coat and leaves in a rush]*

Claire: Mhm.. yeah. Bye. *[She smiles, but once Mark leaves, she starts to cry silently. Lights fade out]*

## Scene Three

*Lights rise up and we see a club. There are a lot of people dancing on the floor, sitting by tables, drinking and talking. Some energetic music is heard in the background. Zoey is sitting by the bar, holding her drink and looking around the room. She looks down at her watch. Suddenly Sarah comes in from the right side of the stage.*

Zoey: What took you so long?

Sarah: [*sitting by the counter*] Sorry, I met my friend from high school in the toilet.

Zoey: mmmm ok, anyways.. Cheers for your success! [*rising up her glass*]

Sarah: And the whole financial year! [*upholding the toast*]

Zoey: All right, don't look back, but the guy behind you is totally checking you out.

[*Sarah looks back*]

Zoey: Seriously? I told you not to... ehh, whatever. He's cute!

Sarah: Nah, I'm not interested. Not my type.

Zoey: Come on, he's totally everyone's type.

Sarah: So? Not mine.. besides I've been interested in somebody else for some time now.

Zoey: [*choking with her drink and putting the glass away*] What?! In whom?! You didn't tell me? Who is it?

Sarah: Because there is nothing to talk about. It's not official yet.

Zoey: Oh, come on! Tell me I won't tell anyone...

Sarah: I know you will [*smiling*]

Zoey: [*after a pause*] Ok, maybe I will. But when you will introduce us? I want to meet my best friend's lover!

Sarah: [*giggling*] Shh, stop it!

Zoey: All right, but tell me how long, when did you guys meet, how is he like?

Sarah: Ok, well.. He is tall, handsome, good-looking. He is intelligent and very influential. And I can feel that he is so attracted to me. And every time he is around me, I can feel the tension and something like.. you know.. the electricity. It's like we're meant for each other.

Zoey: This sounds like some shitty 50 shades of gray. [*both laughing*] But yeah, girl, I'm so happy for you. You have the job you like, the job you are good at, you have nice guy. Things seem to get well with you. Only if Mark starts to treat you well.. Cheers to that!

Sarah: Yeah.. cheers. [*taking a sip of her drink*]

*Lights fade out.*

## Scene Four

*A dimmed light rise up. Mark and Claire's bedroom. It's late night. Claire is sleeping in bed. Mark is entering the room quietly, but Claire is waking up anyway.*

Claire: Where have you been so long? [looking at the clock in the wall] It's three o'clock!

Mark: Umm.. working. I told you.

Claire: [*Standing up*] You think I believe that you've been working until 2am?! Look at yourself! You are sweating, your shirt is wrinkled, you smell cigarettes and...

Mark: I told you, I had to deal with something. I can't tell you, I'm sorry.

Claire:... and... is that... Is that a lipstick? [*she is looking closely at his shirt, then at her husband, there is a moment of silence, they both look at each other*]

Claire: [*with tears in her eyes*]... that's it. I'm moving out. You've always been a womanizer, but I thought that you love me.

Mark: I do! Honey please, don't... I will explain to you everything. [*trying to stop her*]

Claire: [*packing up her suitcase and dressing up*] No! I don't want to hear it! All the phone calls, all the texting and disappearing suddenly! I'm done. I don't want to know you anymore! This is not how marriage works! Secrets? Things that you can't tell me? This is not how husband and wife should work together! Leave me alone!

[*Clarie leaves the house in a hurry. Mark standing alone, after a long pause screams out of anger. He takes out his cell phone and dials a number*]

Mark: Hi, sorry... yes I know what time it is. I need to see you. Now. Please. It's urgent. Let's meet at the office... yeah, see you there.

[*He hangs up and leaves the room as well*]

## Scene Five

*Mark's office in a company building. We see a spacious, modern room, with mahogany desk on the right side of the stage, and a black leather couch in the middle. Mark is walking nervously from the right to the left side of the stage. He is impatient, waiting for someone. He is upset. Suddenly, Paul – a best friend of Mark is coming in from the left side of the stage.*

Mark: Finally, what took you so long?

Paul: Dude, what is going on?! Are you okay? You scared me!

Mark: I'm fine... well, actually I'm not. I need help. There is one thing I wanted to talk to you about.

Paul: I'm all ears.

Mark: [taking a deep breath] ok. You know Sarah, this girl from our sales management department?

Paul: The one you don't like so much?

Mark: Mhmm.. yeah.

Paul: I know, what about her? ... Dude, don't tell me you and her...

Mark: She is insane!

Paul: Ok, I've lost you...

Mark: Do you remember last office Christmas Party? We were dancing, and there was this huge Santa behind the bar, and you know.. everyone was having fun. [Paul is nodding] And everything was fine! Until I met her at the table, she was sitting alone. I asked her about the work, how did she like it.. you know it was her second month here... And maybe we started to flirt a bit. But I must have had too many drinks. I don't really remember that evening later on. I remember being with her in the room for interns, and I remember that I was soo tired that I lied down on a couch, and some flashing lights... Nevermind. Next day I woke up and this is what I found on my email.

Paul: [*looking at Mark's mobile phone*] Oh my god, dude... that's you! And her! She is in her underwear! And... oh my god. It looks like you tied her?

Mark: I know! And I'm sure I didn't do that! She must have staged it! She must have drugged me somehow! And there are more pictures, swipe left... and.. I don't know. I don't do such things! You know me..

Paul: yeah.. but why?

Mark: I have no idea! She started to text me some kind of crazy stuff, that she will send these to my wife and the board of the company. She will accuse me of rape, if I don't meet her. She is obsessed. She started calling me and texting me while I was at home, at work. She knew I couldn't do anything. She said that she will never forget that night, that we are meant to each other and she is waiting for me to leave Claire. Can you imagine??

Paul: This sounds like some crazy tv show...

Mark: But it's true. I cannot do anything now! No one would believe me.. now in times of this whole "MeToo" movements and women accusing men for sexual assaults. Man, I don't know what to do. Today, she texted me that if I don't meet her at some weird club in the city, she will send the pictures to the press. I went there and she was there with that girl Zoey... I don't know if they both do it or just her.. I don't know anything! I'm losing my mind. I couldn't tell even Claire. These pictures are clear. But I know I wouldn't do such thing! First I was too drunk or tired to raise my head up from the couch and second, I'm not an animal! Now she can do anything she wants with me.. She has me in the palm of her hand. Come on, at least you believe me...

Paul: ok, calm down, I believe you. We must figure out some way out of this sick situation. [*he is walking around the room, after a longer pause he continues*] First, you must talk to Claire. Explain everything to her. She is your wife for God's sake. She must believe you. Then, if you succeed, Sarah will lose one of her cards. She will no longer threaten to tell your wife... then... [*long pause*] then you will throw a summer company party! Here is what we will do...

*Voices and lights fade out*

## Scene Six

*Lights rise up. We can see the stage divided into two rooms. On the left side we see a summer company party. It's in a restaurant with a platform in the middle. There are many people on the stage. They are dressed casually. They are talking, holding drinks, laughing, some of them are moving in the rhythm of music. Everyone is having fun. On the right side, there is a back facility room. Mark and Paul enter the party from the left side. Mark is greeting his workers. He is smiling but seems a bit nervous.*

Mark to Paul: everything is ready?

Paul: Yup. Now we're just waiting for her.

Mark: Excellent.

Paul: There she is.

*[Sarah and Zoey enter the stage]*

Mark to Paul: Go and find Claire.

*[Paul exits. Sarah spots Mark, takes out her phone and texts him a message. Mark pretends that he doesn't see her, ignores the message. Enters Claire and Paul. Claire approaches Mark and kisses him. Sarah sees it and gets angry]*

Claire: *[loud enough for Sarah to hear]* Hi honey, this party is amazing! I cannot believe that my husband organized it.

Paul: Wait for the speech.

Mark: *[enters the platform with a microphone, music goes down]* Umm, hello everyone and welcome to our summer party! *[cheers from the crowd]* I know you've all been working so hard during the past financial period. And this is it. We got the best sales ever! Thanks to each and every one of you who contribute yourself to our common success. This party is for you! *[louder cheers from the crowd]* Ok, I started this company seven years ago and I would never thought this would grow so much. I started by myself...then, there was five of us, then thirty, and now, look at us. There is one hundred of us! I can feel we are one all big family! Each and every one of us is equally important in this machine. But there is one person to whom I would like to thank in particular...*[long pause, Sarah is slowly rising from her spot]*... my wife. Claire, I wouldn't do anything without you. You are the love of my life and the pillar of my strength. I love you. Cheers! Have fun everyone. *[Sarah flies into rage and exits the party. She goes to the facility room and types on her phone. The party continues and after a*

*moment Mark gets another text message. This time he follows Sarah and enters the facility room on the right side. The music from the party goes down and lights on the left side of the stage as well. The focus is on facility room.]*

Sarah: You were supposed to divorce this bitch!

Mark: I've never said I would. Sarah this is my wife, and I am your boss. You need some help.

Sarah: I will show everything I have to her.

Mark: Go on! I told her everything. That you drugged me and staged the pictures and now you are blackmailing me. That all of this is one big manipulation. This is insane! I should have fired you immediately.

Sarah: You won't do anything. I have everything that can destroy you – your career, your marriage, your life! No one will believe you that you didn't do anything. You are womanizer. But we both know that you love only me. We are meant for each other. Even if that night never happened in reality, it happened in our heads remember? We can make it a reality. Come on, admit that I staged your biggest dream. Just leave this woman and everything will be fine, as we've imagined.

Mark: No! You imagined it yourself! You are sick Sarah. I will no longer tolerate such things. I'm done. And just to let you know. I confessed everything to the police. Right now your apartment is searched by five policemen. As far as I'm concerned, they've already found drugs in there along with photographs you've taken to me that night – and apparently some time later when you were stalking me when I was at home.

Sarah: I don't believe you. You're lying. Honey please tell me it's not truth.

Mark: Don't call me like that. I suppose they are on their way here for you.. I'm going back to guests. But before that... tell me why? Why did you do that?

Sarah: *[after longer pause]* You want to know why? It's simple.. because of our past.

Mark: What past? What do you mean?

Sarah: It was during high school. You probably don't remember this quiet, shy girl sitting behind you on biology and Spanish? Who would? Such a bland, nondescript mouseburger. I've always been into you. You were of course the school star. Once I found the courage and asked you to come with me to the prom. Remember? At the school canteen. You, and your stupid friends just ridiculed me and you said "You? I don't even know you".

And that was it. You destroyed me. All my courage was gone and I was standing there in front of everyone feeling like the biggest loser on earth. This was the moment when I promised myself to take a revenge on you. So here is my chance.

Mark: Oh my god, Sarah I barely remember this. I am sorry for that. I was a jerk. But... I don't know what to say. Really. I know I can't make it up for you now, but... I am sincerely sorry.

Sarah: You think you will apologize me and everything will be ok. It won't. You will be sorry when the press gets the pictures and my confession of how you raped me and used for your sexual fantasies, and how defenseless I was.

Mark: Sarah you made everything up!

Sarah: Yes, I did, but this is for good! Can't you see it? It's for you to go through catharsis, you will finally understand how it feels to be powerless and stigmatized, then you will realize that in fact you love me with all your heart and I am the only woman with which you can be. And good for me, because I will finally regain my self-esteem and identity. Don't worry honey. I will wait for you.

*[Three police officers enter the room]*

Police officer: Sarah McAfee?

Sarah: *[startled]* yes..

Police officer: *[while handcuffing Sarah]* You are arrested under accusation of blackmailing, stalking, coercion, extortion, revenge porn, possession of drugs, harassment and falsification of your personal data. You have also violated conditions of your parole; namely reporting on a weekly basis to your psychiatrist and notifying a supervising officer of changes in employment status. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court. You have the right to talk to a lawyer for advice before we ask you any questions...*[they exit the stage]*

*[Claire and Paul enter the facility room. Mark is leaning on the table back to the two]*

Claire: So? That's it?

Mark: *[turning back, approaching wife and hugging her]* yes. That's it.

Paul: *[as he approaches Mark and takes out wiretap from his pocket]* We have everything recorded. Now, you can be safe at the court. Fortunately, everything could be done quietly. We wouldn't like to have a scandal right now at the company. That wouldn't reflect well on our PR.

Mark: Yeah.. you're right. I'm tired.. let's go home honey. Now everything will be fine.

*[they all exit the darkening stage]*

• CURTAIN

# Alicja

## Revenge

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- short story by Jagoda

### CHARACTERS

Sarah- The main character, an assistant to a sales manager James

James- A sales manager at clothes company

Susanne- A secretary at a company

Simon- A husband of Sarah

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### Scene One

*(Monday morning, an ordinary day at work. Sarah's office, James enters the room)*

Sarah: Hi James! Please, send me the documents with your sign as quick as possible. I need to send them back to our clients. We have to treat them fairly. They've paid a lot of money.

James (asks angrily): Excuse me? What have you just said? How dare you talk to me like that? Sarah (confused): All respect, but you've got me wrong. I just wanted to say...

James (interrupts): Don't ever talk to me like that, Sarah. I'm your boss.

Sarah: I'm sorry. Obviously it will never happen again. I'm sorry if I offended you.

James: I hope so. I don't want you talking that way about my competencies. Get back to your work! (He still looks at her with anger)

Sarah: But... I just....wanted....I am sorry.

## Scene Two

*(A few hours later in the office. Sarah hears the noises coming just behind the door)*

James (outraged): We need to get rid of her. I don't want to deal with her anymore! Susanne: Who? Sarah? What are you talking about? *(She looks at him surprisedly)*

James: Who else do you think?

Susanne: Be quiet. She might hear us. *(looks around nervously)*

James (raises his voice): Oh, let her hear! I can't stand her. I don't even care what she thinks. She just sits there, in her office and she cooks up something - she always acts really suspiciously, doesn't she?

Susanne (tries to calm him down): Believe me, James, I don't like her either....but...Sometimes...

James (interrupts her immediately): What?

Susanne: Sometimes I feel sorry about her.

James: Wait, what?! Are we still talking about the same person?

Susanne: You've never heard of her son, right? Apparently, he is disabled... It must be horrible *(She looks down)*

James: Ohh stop it, everyone has their problems, okay? My biggest problem, however, seems to be I don't care at all.

Susanne (with humility): Come on, James, don't be like that....

James (still angry): God, she pisses me off! Well, the worst thing is that I can't fire her. She is

so lame...but she can sell our products. And....I can't allow any declines in our company.

## Scene Three

*(Sarah comes home in tears. She sits down on the couch and starts to speak to her husband)*

Sarah: I hate this job so much! I don't want to be there anymore....

Simon: Darling, what's happening? *(There was such fear in his eyes)*

Sarah: I really... I can't take this anymore. That rascal disgraces me and belittles my family. He is doing everything to make my life miserable. I know I'm nobody ... but I try so hard to make our life better... *(Her body shakes nervously)*

Simon: Are you crazy? *(He grabs her hands)* I love you... you're the reason why we still fight... Honey.... You can quit and find something else. Don't worry... Whatever happens, we'll get through it.

Sarah: No, it's insane! *(wipes her tears away)* I can't! It's a stressful job, but at least it's well- paid. I will never find a better one. So, I just have to get through... for our little baby...

Simon: Listen, we are fine... you don't have to do it... I can't let you suffer too

Sarah: Don't you forget that our son has many months of rehabilitation ahead of him... Damn,

it's so expensive... Why? Why him? Well, I have to work....so we can afford it..

Simon: Yes, I know but you're pushing too hard. You can't let James walk all over you. You're better than this... You don't deserve it...

*(He hugs her and lets her fall asleep in his arms)*

## Scene four

*(The next day, Sarah enters the office)*

James: Oh hello, Miss Late-as-Usual! *(speaks with a smile on his face)*

Sarah (outraged): Excuse me? I am not late... *(looks at her watch to make sure)* James: Never mind... Have you thought about your behaviour yet?

Sarah: Hmm. Well, I've apologized about it twice... *(tries not to burst out)*

James: Then try harder.

Sarah: I am sorry... It won't happen again, I promise. If need be, I can stay longer today.

James: Oh don't bother yourself. I don't feel like looking at you for so long *(looks at her with contempt)*

Sarah: What? Okay, you know, that's enough. I can't stand it anymore! *(speaks confidently)* James: Haha wha... *(Looks at her and can't believe what he sees)*

Sarah: Shut up! I'm done playing your sick games! What do you think who you are?!! James (shocked): Okay, calm down, I got you...

Sarah: No, it's too late! Your time is over, and you will leave with nothing... you will find out soon enough.

James: Don't be too sure of that. C'mon what can you do? You're just a pawn... Sarah: We will see. And by the way, I'm quitting. Bye!

James: No... you can't! Sarah... *(tries to smooth things over)* I think we just got a bit carried away. Let's forget about it!

Sarah: OMG! Really? Now? No... You treated me so bad, you know? I've been waiting to do it for a while.... If I give up now, I will live like this for the rest of my life.

*(Sarah takes her stuff and leaves the office)*

## Scene 5

*(Saturday night. Sarah opened a bottle of her favourite wine and began to think. She sorted photos on her laptop)*

Sarah: Oh... Here you are! I've waited for this moment for so long. I guarantee I'm choosing the best ones, just for you. One day you'll be sorry for what you've done to me.

*(Sarah opens the browser and starts to write an e-mail to James) She writes:*

“I know what you did. Do you remember our last banquet? Molestation your workers and cheating on a wife is unacceptable for the leader of such a big company. You better leave me alone or I will send it to your wife and local press.

Your worst nightmare, S.’

*(Sarah turned off the laptop and breathe out with sigh of relief)*

Sarah (talking to herself): You don't have to do anything for him, not ever again..... I'm FREE! Finally!

# Klaudia

## Screenplay

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the story by Adam

Andrew B. Campbell, an ex factory worker, did not expect that for his 75th birthday gift from his children; twins Dan and Ellen, he will be placed into retirement house. Their motives were unknown to him, but he decided to act and find out reasons behind his offspring's action.

After few weeks, dozen bingo sessions, watching countless soap operas, Andrew decided to escape. His accomplices in crime were a 71 years old British ex-stage actor Alfred and 36 years old orderly Stephen who had personal feud with Dan and decided to help his father to get back at him. After some planning, Alfred's acting and Stephen's personal charm and spacious car, trio was on the way to find why Andrew's children decided to get rid of him, what is Stephen's motive to help and why Alfred so obsessed to get back at stage and meet with mysterious billionaire.

As smart three of our heroes were, they lacked investigative skills and means to remain hidden for longer time, Andrew had to call his estranged younger brother Jason. He was an ex-homicide detective and his daughter, Barbara was also a cop, but she worked in cyber-crime department. Their reconciliation did not go as smoothly as planned, because Jason's first reaction was to call police and inform them about his brother's location, but after listening to his story and his only child vouching for him, he had no other choice but to help his older brother. His only condition was that after helping him, Andrew will have to reveal location where he had buried Jason's dog, Titus who was accidentally killed by older brother and was reason why their relations were so tense these past years. After some digging Barbara did, they found out that Dan and Ellen had sold his house for hefty sum and estate was about to be destroyed to make place for first supermarket created by local car-dealer and old classmate of Andrew's; Richard Todd. Armed with that knowledge, car and Alfred's fabulous moustache they created a plan to infiltrate and get evidence of their mischievous crime. Jason was to fake that he is looking for

Andrew, because news about their escape were all over regional TV, Alfred's role was to make a distraction, so Andrew could look for clues why his children had sent him away from his house. Barb's role was to look into Todd's account to find if he is somehow connected to that case, Stephen was their driver and also his role was to observe neighbourhood.

Campbell's twins was surprised by their uncle's visit, but Jason's skills allowed him to gain their trust, which allowed Andrew to look for clues. With cyber-cop help he managed to log in to Dan laptop, on which he found that his son was blackmailed by Todd. It was a video on which Andrew's son was a cheating on his wife with her younger cousin. At the same time Barbara found out that Todd was sending money to man named Gerald Nashton which was an alter ego of well-known in criminal world Albert Stone who specialized in extortions, kidnappings and blackmail. Todd hired him to blackmail young Campbell's so he could finally remove final obstacle in his plan to open his supermarket: Andrew. In the same moment while talking with twins, Jason hears a gunshot and sees Dan falling on the ground with blood gushing from his chest. Shooter turns out to be Stephen, who also was paid by Todd to eliminate all possible witnesses. He holds Ellen and Jason at his gun point....

## Scene One

*Dan and Ellen, the twins, standing in front of a big house, packing suitcases to a car.*

*Andrew, with tears in his eyes, saying goodbye to his grandchildren and getting into the car.*

Dan: Dad, come on, we will visit you regularly, you don't have to worry, you won't be forgotten!

Ellen: That's true! It's not the end of the world, trust us, this is the best decision we could've made! Now, we must hurry, they're waiting for us!

Andrew: Oh, my dear children, I can't see the point of this whole action... I could help you so much here at home! I'm still in the prime of my life...

## Scene Two

*Inside a big retirement house; Andrew, Alfred and Stephen sitting at a table playing bingo.*

Alfred: Hey, you old crook! You're cheating as always! I feel it in my old bones!

Andrew: Don't panic, my dear Alfred, one day you will also learn how to win, ha ha ha!

Stephen: I don't want to disturb you, comrades, but I guess we still have an issue to discuss... *(lowering his voice)*

Andrew: Oh, yes, I almost forgot it! So, I'll get right to the point: today after supper we will take only the required things and say that we're heading for an evening walk. Stephen, your car will be ready, parked down the street. As they will be looking for us, we must hide somewhere for few days – this shall not be a problem, I'll deal with it! So, are you ready?

Alfred, Stephen: Yes! Let's do it!

*The three men slowly and carefully make their way to the rooms, Alfred and Andrew with walking sticks on their sides and a twinkle in their eyes...*

## Scene Three

*Late in the evening, in Stephen's car, some music playing in the background*

Stephen: Comrades, I don't want to bother you, we DID escape but what now, where shall we stay???

*(sounds a bit desperate)*

Andrew: As long as we're driving, this car is our home! Stephen, my dear, let me first get some sleep, I'm dead tired...

*(falls asleep)*

*Andrew and Alfred sleeping on the back seats. Stephen is driving.*

## Scene Four

*In the morning, the news on the radio is talking about three missing men from the retirement house, the police be already in the course of the search operation...*

Andrew: Oh dear...How come they have already sent the police to look for us... Any plan B, my dears?

Alfred: We could have foreseen this... Plan B? There is no plan B! My God, what shall we do now?! Andrew, you old geezer! We will all spend the rest of our lives behind bars...!

Stephen: Let's think about it... Maybe there is a place, where we could hide? Anybody from our families...?

Andrew: YES! Of course! My younger brother Jason! He will hide us, we can trust him.

*(Talking to himself)*

Although, I haven't contacted him for a really long time...since this stupid dog stood on my way... What was his name...Never mind...

## Scene Five

*(The three men sitting in a garage, suddenly the door opens and a man in his 50s comes in, followed by a lady-man aged 30...)*

Jason: I see no other way than to call the police! Barbara, give me my mobile! What was the number to your department?!

Barbara: But, daddy, I'm in the cyber-crime department...

Jason: I always wanted to have a son! Damn it! Andrew, what the hell are you doing here with these half-minds???

Andrew: Jason, calm down, nobody should hear us here! You must help me now! Do you know what happened to me? Dan and Ellen placed me in this bloody retirement house... What shall I do? I don't even know why they did this! I was never a burden for the family...And now, look at my friends... I don't even have a good companion, let alone a good life there!  
*(tears falling from his eyes)*

Jason: I have no idea what made them expel you from the house, but you know, our relations haven't been the best lately neither! You killed my beloved, Titus! How can I trust you now??  
*(tears falling from his eyes, too)*

I think I could see a light in this tunnel...I will help you, BUT, under one condition: You will reveal the location of Titus' grave!

Andrew: Jason, my brother, of course, I will do it! Just help me get back to my family and my house!  
*(talking to himself: But where did I bury this skunk...?)*

## Scene Six

*(Barbara sitting at the computer with coke in one hand, a KFC box standing next to her, almost empty...)*

Barbara: Well, well, well... Now I've got you, Dan and Ellen! I always knew that you were little bastards, telling me all the time how ugly and fat I am! Now, it's time for revenge!

*(writing down and reading: Dan and Ellen had sold the family estate to the local car-dealer and an old classmate of uncle Andrew – Richard Todd, in order to make some space for a new, giant supermarket!)*

## Scene Seven

*(Jason, Andrew, Alfred, Stephen sitting in the garage at a small table. Barbara is standing at a whiteboard writing a plan for the next steps...)*

Barbara: Now, listen to me carefully!

Dad-you will visit the twins and tell them you're looking for Andrew...

Alfred-you will provide distraction! As you usually do...

Uncle Andrew-you will look for some more clues...

I will look further into Todd's account...

And Stephen... you will be the driver! And you will observe the neighbourhood!

Is it clear to everyone?

*(The men looking at each other, with stout faces, self-confidence in their eyes, feeling and posing as if they were teenagers...)*

## Scene Eight

*(Inside the twins' house: Jason sitting with the twins in the living room, upstairs Andrew is trying to log in to Dan's laptop, Barbara is sitting in Stephen's car outside working on her computer...)*

Jason: So, my dear Ellen and Dan, how are you doing? Are you missing your old pa? Oh, I hope he's well now...

*(upstairs, Andrew talking to himself)*

Andrew: Oh my... My son was blackmailed...What a nasty video! I can't believe it's my Dan cheating on his wife with her younger cousin! What a mess...

*(Barbara sitting in the car, calling Andrew)*

Barbara: Uncle! Listen to what I have found out: Todd was sending money to a man named Gerald Nashton which was an alter ego of a well-known Albert Stone who specialized in extortions, kidnappings and blackmail. Todd hired him to blackmail your children so that he could finally remove the final obstacle in his plan to open his supermarket: YOU!

I can't believe this... by the way, where is Stephen? We must go now!

*At the same moment Jason hears a gunshot and sees Dan falling on the ground with blood gushing from his chest. Shooter turns out to be Stephen, who also was paid by Todd to eliminate all possible witnesses. He holds Ellen and Jason at his gun point...*

• TO BE CONTINUED...

# Aleksandra

## The Mice

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The Mice by Lydia Davis

Mice live in our walls but do not trouble our kitchen. We are pleased but cannot understand why they do not come into our kitchen where we have traps set, as they come into the kitchens of our neighbors. Although we are pleased, we are also upset, because the mice behave as though there were something wrong with our kitchen. What makes this even more puzzling is that our house is much less tidy than the houses of our neighbors. There is more food lying about in our kitchen, more crumbs on the counters and filthy scraps of onion kicked against the base of the cabinets. In fact, there is so much loose food in the kitchen I can only think the mice themselves are defeated by it. In a tidy kitchen, it is a challenge for them to find enough food night after night to survive until spring. They patiently hunt and nibble hour after hour until they are satisfied. In our kitchen, however, they are faced with something so out of proportion to their experience that they cannot deal with it. They might venture out a few steps, but soon the overwhelming sights and smells drive them back into their holes, uncomfortable and embarrassed at not being able to scavenge as they should.

*Eve and Richard, both thirty years old, celebrate their anniversary in their flat. Eve is preparing a lavish meal in the kitchen.*

Eve: Honey, I wonder that we don't have any mice in our flat. They must feel intimidated by the amount of food I store here. They are too stupid to see the opportunities and too shy to venture a daring ride over the kitchen.

Richard: Actually, men do the same. The dread of the imaginary cat makes them passive. Eve: Hey, mice! Set yourselves free: there is no cat in the flat!

*The couple is sitting at the table and enjoying the dish*

Richard: What is it? Is it a fish? It's delicious!

Eva: Yes, it's a codfish-Bacalhau a'Bras. You should have recognised the taste.

Richard: O, I see... You are still thinking about Portugal.

Eva: Yes, sometimes....You don't? It was our dream to quit the life here and move to Porto.

Richard: We were just two stupid kids. It was the right thing to do to settle down in London. We couldn't have afforded over there that we have here.

Eva: Stop talking about money, I don't want to listen again how important your work is.

Richard: Why not?! The money you make is so unreliable. Tell me, how many pictures did you sell last year? All your precious drawings are deposited in a shoe-box on the top of our wardrobe. Maybe you are one of the great artists who gain recognition after their death.

Eva: You are so cynical.

Richard: I'm not. I just set myself realistic goals and I'm trying to protect you.

Eva: Protect from a cat that does not exist ?

Richard: Don't blame me for your failures. You are not my hostage, you can do what you want.

*Richard approaches Eve and touches her gently.*

Richard: Eve, what are we doing? Why are we spoiling the beautiful evening. Let's end it as nicely as it began.

Eva: Better not, I've forgotten to buy my contraceptive pills. Richard: O, I don't care. It's our anniversary...

Eve: I think, we should not act reckless on that matter, Richard! Richard: It's not much fun to be sensible in bed!

Eve: I don't think, it is the right moment.

Richard: The moment is perfect but maybe I am not the right man for you. Tell me Eve, why are you with me? Is it love or is it your cowardice?

*Eve's facial expression changes.*

Eve: .... You say these things to provoke me!

Richard: I'm just joshing with you, don't be mad.

*The couple parts. Eva goes to the bedroom. She takes out of her bag birth control pills and puts them in a drawer. She cries in her bed.*

Eva: I'm less than a mouse. I'm a life-scavenger.

Nina

## The Mice

---

Characters:

Alice Smith: a young woman who tries to be a perfect housewife, but is not always successful in that

Jack Smith: her husband, a hard-working, but loving and patient man

*The house of the Smith's in an upper-middle class neighbourhood. The outskirts of London. Mrs Smith is walking around the kitchen, visibly concerned about something. Mr Smith is standing in the doorway.*

Alice: Ok, so I am sure that mice live in our walls but do not trouble our kitchen. Jack: I guess, it is a good information... Right Darling?

Alice: Of course. We are pleased but cannot understand why they do not come into our kitchen where we have traps set.

Jack: Maybe we need more traps set?

Alice: No, you do not listen! Something is wrong, because they come into the kitchens of our neighbors without any problems, but not into ours!

Jack: *(trying to hug his wife)* Darling, you are worrying me.

Alice: *(ignoring the husband's hug)* Jack, please do not act like a psycho. Listen, we are pleased, but we are also upset, because the mice behave as though there were something wrong with our kitchen. Right?

Jack: Hmm...Right.

Alice: What makes this even more puzzling is that our house is much less tidy than the houses of our neighbours.

Jack: *(lovingly smiling to her wife)* Do not say that Honey, you are a great housewife.

Alice: *(getting testy)* Jack, please. Be serious. I am trying but... Just look around, *(pointing the floor and shelves)* there is more food lying about in our kitchen, more crumbs on the counters and filthy scraps of onion kicked against the base of the cabinets. In fact, there is so much loose food in the kitchen I can only think the mice themselves are defeated by it.

Jack: *(resigned standing again in the doorway)* Seriously, are you seriously still talking about mice?

Alice: Jack, come on. Just focus, and think about it. In a tidy kitchen, it is a challenge for them to find enough food night after night to survive until spring. They patiently hunt and nibble hour after hour until they are satisfied. In our kitchen, however, they are faced with something so out of proportion to their experience that they cannot deal with it. They might venture out a few steps, but soon the overwhelming sights and smells drive them back into their holes, uncomfortable and embarrassed at not being able to scavenge as they should.

Jack: Ok Honey. I am really proud of your triumph over mice, but forgive me, I am too tired for this today.

*Jack is leaving, Alice is staying alone in the kitchen.*

Julita

# A Surgeon

---

The story by Ada

Your character gets cosmetic surgery in an attempt to make her boyfriend love her more. But then she worries he only love her for her looks...

It started with her low self-assessment, time was when, her friends have bullied her for beeing fat or unattractive for few years.

Initially it didn't bother her, but after graduating school she said: enough. One day she packed her stuff into a big suitcase and in a span of minutes she bought a ticket to the new city, because she wanted to start her new life.

Meanwhile She decided to make something with her hair and nails, Because - why not? Everybody want to be attractive person to someone, also me. - She thought.

In her new job she met a very handsome man, who was in love with her. He was a simple man with some money in his pocket, he didn't expect a lot, he only wanted a beautifull love with her.

She couldn't believe in this love, that someone can love her for nothing. She worried that he only love her for her looks...

So she decided to get cosmetic surgery to feel more confident. If I am not too pretty, he will leave me and he will find better woman than me - She thought.

But she was wrong. It was a very true and magic love, it rely on trust and support, not on appearance, but it was too late for it. She will remember it to her whole life. Sometimes it isn't too essential for someone who loves you.

*Kate stands in front of the mirror, suddenly she starts sobbing. Daniel sits on the sofa in the living room reading a book. When he hears Kate crying, he stands up and knocks on the bathroom's door. Daniel seems to be concerned and tries to open the door.*

Daniel: Kate, is everything ok? Kate, open the door, please. Kate!

*Kate opens the door. Daniel hugs her without a word. After a while, Kate steps away and starts talking.*

Kate: Do you love me? Do you love me seeing me like that?

*Kate does not have her make-up on, her eyelashes are shorter than usual, hair in a mess. Daniel exams her face. He looks surprised.*

Daniel: Katie, honey, I do love you. What happened?

Kate: I've... just removed my make- up...

Daniel: And you still look amazing. *Daniel smiles and tries to kiss Kate, but she steps away again.*

Kate: Oh, please... *Kate seems irritated, sits on the sofa. Daniel sits next to her and reach for Kate's hand.*

Daniel: I'm confused. I don't know what happened in the bathroom. Why were you crying and why are you behaving so... so...odd? Could you tell me what is going on?

*Kate takes a deep breath and starts whispering.*

Kate: Why do love me? I mean, what are the reasons of this love? *Kate hesitates for a while.* Because I'm ... pretty? Is that all you love me for?

*Daniel seems surprised, he looks at Kate in a complete silence.*

Kate: Daniel...? Can you answer my questions?

Daniel: Listen to me, Kate. You are a beautiful and intelligent woman. I'm lucky to be with you, but how you look isn't as important as you think...

*Kate does not allow Daniel to finish the sentence, she stands up and starts speaking up.*

Kate: Is NOT important? And now, you're telling me that it doesn't matter how I look? You are the one who always tells me that I look perfect, that men would die for a woman like me and... Daniel, I got cosmetic surgery to make you happy! To look better, to make you not think about other women. I thought you wanted me to be perfect!

Daniel: I don't understand...

Kate: Which part of my speech you don't understand?

*Kate is upset, she walks back and forth.*

Daniel: I can't believe it. I have never asked you to get the surgery!

Kate: I felt as if you were watching me all the time, judging ... I felt as I couldn't live up to your expectations... It's even difficult to explain...

Daniel: Enough! Kate, what's wrong with you?

Kate: What? I decided to get surgery so that you wouldn't leave me. To become more attractive for you!

Daniel: Have I ever asked you to do it? Have I? – *Daniel is calm, but raises his voice eventually* – Answer the question, Kate!

*Kate tries not to burst into tears.*

Kate: No, you haven't, but you didn't mind too...

Daniel: If I did, you wouldn't listen to me, either. You have changed, Kate. And no, I don't mean your nose or lips. I mean you as a person – you spend hours in front of mirror looking for wrinkles which, by the way, exist only in your imagination. You're not satisfied with your look, clothes, work and friends.

Kate: Don't you think that's your fault? You've kept telling me...

Daniel: My fault? Is it so difficult to understand that telling you compliments I've just expressed my opinion? You look like a million dollars but behave as a teenager who looks for appreciation, applause or acceptance...

Kate: Oh, now you're a therapist?

Daniel: Maybe you should see one?

Kate: Asshole!

*She goes to the bathroom, when Daniels catches her hand.*

Daniel: Listen, Kate. I didn't want to hurt you when I mentioned a therapist. I just... I think you need help.

Kate: Let me go. I'm not going to ....

Daniel: Oh, yes you are going to listen to me... A few years ago, I met a wonderful woman – you, Kate – a woman who had a lot to say, who liked people, who had dreams and her own passions. The woman who took care of her friends. And most importantly, the woman who dealt with her past and liked herself. I fell in love with you.

*Kate turns around to hide coming tears.*

Kate: Please, stop...

Daniel: I haven't finished yet... When you decided to make first cosmetic surgery, I thought that it might help you feel better... to feel more attractive, though, for me you were perfect. After the surgery, well... It solved a physical problem, not the one in your mind. I told all those things to assure you... I wanted you to accept yourself, to be happy, eventually.

*Kate starts crying standing there with her backs to Daniel.*

Daniel: You are unhappy with yourself and no surgery will change that. Neither will I. Only you. There's no room for "us" in your life.

*Daniel takes his coat, take the keys out of the pocket and put them on the table. Kate doesn't move.*

Kate: Are you leaving me?

Daniel: Take my advice. Find out the truth about yourself, deal with yourself and accept yourself.

*Daniel leaves quietly closing the front door. Kate starts sobbing.*

● THE END

Agnieszka

## The faces of beauty

---

the story by Ada

### Characters

Ana – a beautiful, young woman

Tom – her boyfriend

Setting Central Park in New York

### Scene One

*A couple is sitting on a bench, embraced. It is nice, sunny afternoon.*

Tom: I'm so happy that I've bumped into you that day at the office. I don't usually visit your company, it's Joe's beat, but that day I was standing in for him. Our meeting was written in the stars. *(He's looking her in the eye)*

Ana: You're right, it wasn't a chance.

Tom: You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Ana: Tom, don't exaggerate. I'm not that pretty. I'm an ordinary girl. There's nothing special about me.

Tom: Ana, you're my dreams fulfilment. *(He's kissing her)* I mean it. You're amazing. Your kindness, sensivity, your sense of humour, your..... everything. You made my dreams about love come true.

Ana: Tom...

*Ana's phone is ringing. She picks it up.*

Hello. Yes, it's me. When? On the 21st of June. Ok then, I'll be there. Do I have to take something with me? Current test results. Ok. Thank you, goodbye.

Tom: Are you ok? Are you ill? Who was that?

Ana: I'm perfectly fine. It was my GP's receptionist. I've made an appointment with my GP. Just follow- up visit. What were we talking about, honey?

Tom: About the most wonderful woman in the world. *(Smiling)*

Ana: Come off it!

Tom: Oh, Ana, I love you so much! *(He said it loudly, people in the park started to turn around)*

I wouldn't change anything in you. You're perfect for me.

Ana: Well, as for me... I would make some changes ... For example my nose could be smaller and my lips..... I would make them bigger and fuller.

Tom: Ana, you're not serious, are you?

Ana: Yes... No, of course I'm not.

Tom: For a moment you sounded so serious. I wouldn't accept my girlfriend to have plastic surgery.

Ana: *(Anna became sad)* Let's go, it's getting late.

## Scene Two

*Four weeks later. Ana is sitting on 'their' bench in the same park. She's reading a book. Tom is walking down the lane, after noticing her from a distance he starts to run. After approaching Ana he still pants and can hardly breathe.*

Tom: Ana, where have you been?! What happened?! I was looking for you everywhere, asking everybody at the office, your friends, family. Nobody knew. You sank without trace. I was worried to death...

Ana: Tom, I ... I didn't want anybody to know...

Tom: Know what? What do you mean? *(He was gazing at her)* Ana, are you bruised? What happened to your nose? Have you been mugged? Has somebody hurt you?

Ana: No, I wasn't mugged... Well... I got plastic surgery...

Tom: You got what?

Ana: I had nose surgery.

Tom: Ana, I can't believe it... Why?

Ana: Well, I thought I wasn't pretty enough... You know, I just wanted to improve my look. I thought if I didn't do it you would leave me and find someone else...

Tom: Ana, can you hear what you are talking about .... Do you really think that my love is up to your appearance? No, it is not or ... it was not.

Ana: Tom, what are you talking about? It was just a little improvement ... It doesn't really matter...

Tom: It does my dear, it does matter . Ana, it's over. I can't trust you anymore. You've broken my heart.

*(Tears filled Tom's eyes. He couldn't speak. He spun around and started to walk as if he was drunk.)*

Ana: (shouting) Tom, Tom wait, please! Don't go! Don't leave me like that, please! Tom!

*(Ana's voice was getting lower and lower and at some point, it stopped. She was sitting on a bench and staring into totally numb)*

• THE END

