

THE ŠKOFJA LOKA PASSION PLAY

Translated by **Tina Mahkota**

English translation is based on the updated language of the so-called critical transcription (phonetic transcription) of *The Škofja Loka Passion Play* version by Ludvik Kaluža and the playscript for the production at the Prešeren Theatre Kranj.

May 2022

© Tina Mahkota. Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author and translator is strictly prohibited.

GREGA: The first tableau is called PARADISE.

The Angel enters with a sword, addressing Adam and Eve:

From paradise, this happy joyful place,

Adam and Eve begone, the angel bids you!

The serpent has led you astray

and plagued you with afflictions.

This place is the abode of innocence

which you have lost due to your sin.

Banished you are to a life of misery,

to cry out loud night and day.

The Devil enters, addressing Adam and Eve:

Oh, Adam and Eve, too long you have indulged this joy

and squandered your grace and innocence!

Wanting hard to equal God,

you ended up in my grips.

I granted you the grief,

and pledged you, serpent-wise, good fortune,

which caused your calamity

and turn you into my slaves.

Wanting hard to equal God...

Eve replies:

Oh, too late I realized

that I had seduced myself with the apple!
In my vanity I strove
to be goddess-like, on par with God,
and inflicted upon myself agony
and choked the humankind with the venom of my sin!

Adam replies:

Oh, should I have harmed myself with the apple
instead of murdering the humankind with the venom
it would stop my heart stop from melting!
I realize that I have harmed many people,
so I must weep and mourn night and day
and wail till I am not longer harassed by the Devil.
Oh, the merciful God, come to my aid
and deliver us all into our light!
.... come to my aid
and deliver us all into our light!

BLAŽ: Oh, should I have harmed myself with the apple
instead of murdering the humankind with the venom
it would stop my heart stop from melting!
Oh, the merciful God, come to my aid
and deliver us all into our light.

Now the Second Angel speaks, addressing Adam and Eve:

Oh, you poor and wretched Adam,

what major woe is upon you!

God had put you in a fortunate state,

but you squandered it with your sin.

You tried hard to be equal to God

and obtain the wisdom of all things.

By so doing, you became enslaved by the Devil,

which is clearly testified by your sin

that made you lose your innocence

and inflict eternal slavery upon humankind.

The earth shall bring forth thorns and nettles,

and Eve shall partake in your calamity.

Grega starts imitating a bird.

Now the Third angel speaks:

You sinful soul, you must hear out,

and never again tempt your God!

This may happen to you too,

unable to refrain from sin.

You may lose the kingdom of Heaven

and easily earn the Hell fire.

Refrain now from your sin

to avert everlasting jail.

The same happens to every sinner

disobeying God's commandment.

After this tableau, Death follows too.

Focus on Blaž.

MIRANDA: Now Adam's children follow, in white shirts, girded, with sticks in their hands, addressing their father:

Oh, Adam, our loving father, what have you committed
to murder us, pitiable children, with this bite of yours
which made you lose your innocence,
and deliver us into eternal slavery
so that we must now cry out night and day,
should we ever wish to enter Heaven?

Focus on Blaž.

Oh, Adam, our father, what have you committed,
so that we must now cry out night and day,
Father, what have you committed...

Grega covers Blaž's mouth with sticking tape, fixes his nostrils with pegs, sprays him with water.

DARJA: Written down by Father Romuald in 1727, folio no. 36.

PERIOCHA

DER HÖCHST GLORWÜRDIGER LIEBB TRIUMPF

MIHA: CONTENTS

GLORYWORTHY TRIUMPH OF LOVE

DARJA: Welcher Durch die zwey Welt Kindige, berühmte Kämpfer,
Den verliebten Christum, vnd der Sündt An dem traurigen Charfreytag, in der
Hoch=Churfürstlicher Statt Lagkh.

MIHA: to be presented by two world-famous warriors, loving Christ and Sin, on the sad Good Friday in the princely town of Loka

DARJA: Vnter Dem Eyfrigen Schuz, der Hochlöblichen Breuederschafft SSmi Corporis Christi, Vorgestellt wierd.

MIHA: under the fervent patronage of the most praiseworthy Confraternity of the Most Holy Body of Christ

DARJA: Durch die Ehrwürdige PP (per procurationen): Capuciner Anno 1727. den 11. April.

MIHA: by Venerable Capuchin Fathers on 11 April 1727.

Moderate focus on Blaž. Breathing.

DARJA: Then the angel, carrying a chalice, speaks:

Come here, come here, my man!

Consider what your sin has caused!

Jesus must drink from this bitter chalice now

for your sake, you sinner.

He must sweat blood

and shed gentle tears for your sake.

Oh, man, while you remain in good health,

learn the goodness of God!

The angel, carrying a lash, speaks:

Lashes and whips I bring

to bid you humbly, sinner,

stop committing your sins at once,

refrain from thrashing Jesus with your sins,

since he spilt his blood for you

to earn eternal life for your sinful self.

Grega takes off Blaž's jacket, sprays his body, feeling him. The focus is on Blaž.

The angel, carrying a pillar, speaks:

The heavy blood-stained pillar
reveals what Christ, dreadfully fastened to it,
suffered for our sake.

Behold, the man, the scope of his love for you!

Grega hugs Blaž.

Behold, the man, the scope of his love for you!

His love!

Consider then, oh, sinner,

the suffering he endured for your sin!

Christ was beaten for your sake,

lashed, whipped and smacked he was.

Oh man, turn your laughter into weeping,

for this was caused by your sin!

Focus on Blaž. Grega slowly starts taking off Blaž's shirt.

The angel, carrying a rope, speaks:

Oh, Mary, can't you see the ropes,

strong, solid and dreadful?

They were used by the Jews to tie up my Creator

and your beloved Son.

Oh, the hallowed arms and legs

how dreadfully you were nailed to the cross!

Grega spraying Blaž.

Oh, sinner, do release them
and never sin again!

Focus on Doroteja.

Oh, my Jesus,
say it with me,
how horrible is this suffering of yours!
Say it with me, sinner:

BLAŽ: Oh, my Jesus,
how horrible is this suffering of yours!

Grega gags Blaž's mouth, stops him from repeating his words, pats him on the head and wipes him with his shirt.

DARJA: *The angel, carrying nails, speaks:*

These are the nails, pointed and sharp,
that pierced Jesus's tiny veins and bones.
With this hammer the Jews nailed Jesus to the cross
and drained blood from his hallowed hands and feet.
Say it with me, you, sinner:

Again, Grega pinches Blaž's mouth and nose again, so we can't what he's saying.

BLAŽ: Oh, my Jesus,
how horrible is this suffering of yours!

DARJA: **Then the angel, carrying a money pouch, speaks:**

Oh, the miracle of all miracles,
marvel all of you in Heaven!

Thirty silver pieces

Judas wants to take for Jesus.

The Virgin Mary would never do so
nor sell him for the love of God.

You sinner, (*focus on Doroteja*) you shall sell

and betray him for **a tiny bit of pleasure**
... tiny bit of pleasure ...

Miranda starts putting make-up on Doroteja, undresses her, starts spraying her, applying pressing on Doroteja's chest and repeating the words »tiny bit of pleasure«.

DARJA: Say it with me, you, sinner:

DOROTEJA: Oh, my Jesus,
how horrible is this suffering of yours!

DARJA: **The angel, carrying a crown, speaks:**

Oh, miracle, this marvel of a crown
does not indulge the God Almighty!
Braided with twigs and thorns,
it is stuck onto the holy head of Christ!
Mary, weep out loud,
nothing like it ever happened!

Oh, sinner, you should cry out as well
and rouse your wicked soul!

It is your sin to be blamed
for soaking Christ in blood this way.

It is your sin to be blamed
for soaking Christ in blood this way.

Say it ...

DOROTEJA: Oh, my Jesus,
how horrible is this suffering of yours!

DARJA: Say it ...

BLAŽ: Oh, my Jesus,
how horrible is this suffering of yours!

*Spraying. Exit. At the end of the third trumpet blast, the curtain closes.
"Rubbing of hands" and placing them in an upright position.*

DARJA: 2te FIGUR – DER TODT

MIHA: 2nd TABLEAU - DEATH

DARJA: Die Zweite Vorstellung ist der wegen der Adams Sündt
Triumphierende auf den falben Pferdt sitzende Todt, gekhröndt mit einen lorber
Khrantz bewaffnet mit einen langen Pfeill.

MIHA: The second tableau is Death celebrating his victory over Adam's sin,
seated on a white horse, crowned with a laurel wreath and armed with a long
spear.

DARJA: Also, daß aniezo allen sey er Pabst oder Pischoff, Kayser, oder König
nach grosser uberstandener müheseeligkeit das zeitliche zu segnen vnd Ewig

verdambt zu werden: So fern nicht ein Unentlicher Kome, der den Unendtlichen Schaden der Sündthafften liebe widerbringe.

MIHA: Now everyone, be it pope or bishop, emperor or king, having endured many scourges, must die and be eternally lost, unless the Infinite One comes to rectify the infinite damage of sinful love.

Darja continues immediately. The curtain opens. Cutting out of death notices.

DARJA: Die todten Reyterey zu Pferd.

MIHA: Deadly cavalry.

DARJA: Der todt mit der Reiß Uhr.

MIHA: Death with an hourglass.

DARJA: Der Pabst.

MIHA: Pope.

DARJA: 2. Cardinal.

MIHA: Two cardinals.

DARJA: Ein Pischhoff.

MIHA: Bishop.

DARJA: Pabstlicher abgesandter.

MIHA: Papal legate.

DARJA: 2. hern Canonici in blaum.

MIHA: Two canons in blue.

DARJA: 1. Canonicus in Rothen.

MIHA: Canon in red.

DARJA: Ein Pfarr herr.

MIHA: Pastor.

DARJA: Zway Caplan.

MIHA: Two chaplains.

DARJA: Der todt mit dem fann.

MIHA: Death with a flag.

DARJA: Der Kayser mit zween Edlkhnen.

MIHA: Emperor with two pages.

DARJA: Der König mit zween Edlkhnen.
MIHA: King with a page.
DARJA: Der Erzhörzog.
MIHA: Archduke.
DARJA: Zwey Electores.
MIHA: Two electoral princes.
DARJA: Ein Graff.
MIHA: Count.

Grega is reading the death notice, holding Blaž's nose.

GREGA: On the irreparable loss of my beloved husband Ivan Oven, I would like to express my sincere gratitude to all the relatives, friends, acquaintances and neighbours who have sent him off in such large numbers on his final journey. Thank you for the words of condolence, the flowers, the candles and the Holy masses. Thanking the priest for the beautiful mass and to Alziz Funeral Home for their services. Thank you to all who will remember him fondly. His grieving wife Francka.

Darja in Miha continue enumerating, Miranda hoists Doroteja, spraying her and sticking death notices all over her body.

DARJA: Ein Baron.
MIHA: Baron.
DARJA: Ein Herr vnd Landtman.
MIHA: Lord of the Manor.
DARJA: Ein Edlman oder Praenobilis.
MIHA: Nobleman or Praenobilis.
DARJA: Ein Nobilis.
MIHA: Peer.
DARJA: Ein burger.

MIHA: Civis.
 DARJA: Ein Supan.
 MIHA: Lord Mayor.
 DARJA: Ein Bauer.
 MIHA: Peasant.
 DARJA: Ein Petler.
 MIHA: Beggar.
 DARJA: Ein Petler.
 MIHA: Beggar.
 DARJA: Ein Bauer.
 MIHA: Peasant.
 DARJA: Ein Supan.
 MIHA: Lord Mayor.
 DARJA: Ein burger.
 MIHA: Civis.
 DARJA: Ein Nobilis.
 MIHA: Peer.
 DARJA: Ein Edlman oder Praenobilis.
 MIHA: Nobleman or Praenobilis
 DARJA: Ein Herr vnd Landtman.
 MIHA: Lord of the Manor
 DARJA: Ein Baron.
 MIHA: Baron.
 DARJA: Ein Graff.
 MIHA: Count.
 DARJA: Zwey Electores.
 MIHA: Two electoral princes.
 DARJA: Der Erzhörzog.
 MIHA: Archduke.
 DARJA: Der König mit zwen Edlkhnen.
 MIHA: King with two pages.
 DARJA: Der Kayser mit zwen Edlkhnen.

MIHA: Emperor with two pages.
DARJA: Der todt mit dem fann.
MIHA: Death with a flag.
DARJA: Zway Caplan.
MIHA: Two chaplains.
DARJA: Ein Pfarr herr.
MIHA: Pastor.
DARJA: 1. Canonicus in Rothen.
MIHA: Canon in red.
DARJA: 2. hern Canonici in blaum.
MIHA: Two canons in blue.
DARJA: Pabstlicher abgesandter.
MIHA: Papal legate.
DARJA: Ein Pischhoff.
MIHA: Bishop.
DARJA: 2. Cardinal.
MIHA: Two cardinals.
DARJA: Der Pabst.
MIHA: Pope.

Grega is sticking cut-up death notices all over Blaž's body. Miranda starts describing a painting by Zoran Mušič from his series We are not the last.

MIRANDA: ZORAN MUŠIČ: *WE ARE NOT THE LAST*

Zoran Mušič painted a series of paintings entitled *We Are Not the Last*, one of which depicts a human figure from head to midriff on a black background. The figure is light brown, a bit ochre, but if you look close, you realise that it is actually the colour of the canvas. Mušič painted the outline, the print, the silhouette of this person with a brush dipped in black paint. The navel is not painted. It is not there. But here, a bit higher up, there are small incisions painted in white and light blue, showing the rib

arch and the back pair of ribs – not the front pair, but the back pair – and in between the spine with two vertebrae. The abdominal cavity – as if it were transparent, as if you could insert your hand and reach inside the abdomen and hold the spine and feel the vertebrae. The chest is not painted, and there are no nipples, so we do not know whether the person is male or female. The shoulders or collarbones are grey, almost black in parts, blending into the colour of the canvas. The blackness, which is outside the body, seems to be slowly blending into the figure. The neck and head are completely black. The neck is thin and long, and the seems as if someone had taken the skin off the skull, crumpled it like paper and stretched it over the face. There are no eyes, just two black holes, a nose and a mouth that extends over half the face. The mouth is wide open, there are no teeth to be seen, just a black abyss. It is as if the person had inhaled this blackness that is outside the face, slowly moving down the neck and the shoulders all the way to the abdomen. But it seems as if this person is trying to hold back this expansion, because the hands are in a paroxysmal position, here at the heart, or here where the heart should be.

Miha reciting the names from death notices.

DARJA: Die todten Compani.

DARJA: Der todt zu fueß mit der Sensen.

DARJA: Die 6 Khleine todt.

DARJA: Die Teyfliche Reyterey.

DARJA: Der teyfel Greiff.

DARJA: Der teyfel mit dem Pfann.

DARJA: Der teyfel mit dem Paum.

MIHA: The devil with a tree.

DARJA: Die 4. teyfel die verdambte Seell an einer Ketten führendt.

MIHA: Four Devils driving the Soul.

MIRANDA: The Soul speaks:

Damned be the hour and time
of my birth,

DOROTEJA: Damned be the hour and time
of my birth,

MIRANDA: damned be the way of the streets,
where my mother carried me!

DOROTEJA: damned be the way of the streets,
where my mother carried me!

MIRANDA: If would have been better,
if but a stone were born into the world,

DOROTEJA: If would have been better,
if but a stone were born into the world,

MIRANDA: rather than a man who comes alive
inside the caves of hell.

DOROTEJA: rather than a man who comes alive
inside the caves of hell.

MIRANDA: Damned be the love
that I succumbed to,

DOROTEJA: Damned be the love
that I succumbed to,

MIRANDA: since it made me sick
and utterly miserable!

DOROTEJA: since it made me sick
and utterly miserable!

MIRANDA: Damned be every sin

I committed,

DOROTEJA: Damned be every sin

I committed,

MIRANDA: since I considered it but a laugh
and acquiesced to!

DOROTEJA: since I considered it but a laugh
and acquiesced to!

Miranda exits.

MIRANDA + DOROTEJA:

Cursed be this company,
that I have been keeping,
in the devil's obedience
has plunged me for ever.
My eyes have been opened,
but too late
I have no more strength in me.
Heaven is closed!

Miranda returns, showing Doroteja what to read, and exits.

DOROTEJA: Woe be mine! Oh, eternity,
I must suffer everlasting days,
every minute it seems to me
to burn for many years.
Oh, I shall never again see the countenance of God!
It is a greater sword in my heart
than all my torments and weapons.

Miranda is backstage

MIRANDA: Oh, I wish I could die
and suffer more,

DOROTEJA: Oh, I wish I could die
and suffer more,

MIRANDA: but as Death evades me,

I must live forever.

DOROTEJA: but as Death evades me,
I must live forever.

Vrne se Miha, pokaže Blažu, katero besedilo naj prebere, in odide.

BLAŽ: Oh, I wish I could die
and suffer more,
but as Death evades me,
I must live forever.

MIRANDA (*off*): Oh, I wish I could die
and suffer more,

(The curtain closes.)

but as Death evades me,
I must live forever.

PIPA (*sings*): The Mount of Olives, enveloped by silent night, the Cedron stream
murmuring sadly...

*Enters Miranda and takes Doroteja in her arms, Grega hugs Blaž. Miha is
throwing golden leaves.*

DARJA: Glory be to Christ,
to the Lord we pray,
Hosanna in the highest,
let us praise Him!

With the olive tree we will praise thee,
fall at your feet, sweet Jesus,
Hosanna in the highest,
that we may enjoy thy grace!

The whole world blesses him,
in his honour joyfully repeats,

Hosanna in the highest,
for he heals us from our sins.

Now a new King reigns over us,
everyone exalts him,
Hosanna in the highest,
he shows us mercy.

Praise will our mouths sing
to thee, O king of Israel,
- save us and guard -
the heart for thee burns!

Arms upright.

DARJA: 3^{te} FIGUR – DAS NACHTMAHL

MIHA: 3rd TABLEU – LORD'S SUPPER

Miranda and Grega start spraying Doroteja and Blaž.

DARJA: Komen ist Vnser Erlöser von dem himmlischen Thron, Er Ristet sich in das feldt mit Seinen zwelff Apostlen, gibt ihnen sein Kostbahres fleisch und blueth zu geniessen, ia er genosse sich selbst, damit er beherzter strite.

MIHA: Our Saviour has descended from the heavenly throne, armed for battle with His twelve apostles, feeding them His precious flesh and blood to enjoy, yes, feeding Himself, in order to fight even more wholeheartedly.

DARJA: FIGURA 5th. – DAS BLUT SCHWIZEN.

MIHA: 5th TABLEAU– SWEAT OF BLOOD

DARJA: Ja billich schwizet unser Heylandt blueth, in deme er dem grossmächtigen Last aller Welt Sünden an seinen Rukhen zu tragen von seinen himmlischen Vatter befelich empfangen.

MIHA: Rightly, our Saviour is sweating blood, bearing the mighty burden of all the sins of the world on His shoulders, and taking them upon Himself by the command of His heavenly Father.

DARJA: Aber nicht genueg...

MIHA: But it is not enough...

DARJA: er wurde von seinem feündt gefangen.

MIHA: his foe caught him.

Father Romuald wrote about the 5th image that the Mount of Olives is carried by 16 men, with 6 actors on stage.

Now Christ speaks, sweating blood:

The chalice that you filled up for me,

after Adam committed sin inadvertently,

I want to drink it up willingly

and pour out my blood for the sinner,

to open the door of Heaven to humankind

and rip their souls from the Devil's clutches.

Then comes the angel on the mount and four other angels.

And the third angel says:

Rightly you must sweat blood,

should you want to reap heaven for the sinners.

MIHA + DARJA (*Darja repeating after Miha*):

rightly you must sweat blood,

Miha draws a smile for Blaž on the sticky tape over his mouth.

So do suffer willingly, oh Lord,

and sweat blood for the sinners!

DARJA: **6^{te} FIGUR – DIE GAISLUNG**

MIHA: **6th TABLEAU– FLAGELLATION**

DARJA: Diese Figur ist besetzt mit 6. Personen und getragen von 16 Man.

MIHA: This tableau is occupied by six persons. The stage is carried by 16 men.

One of the Apocryphal Gospels says:

1. I received 200 lashes.
2. I received 30 lashes when I was arrested in the garden of Gethsemane.
3. I received seven lashes upon returning from the house of Annas.
4. I received 100 strokes on the head.
5. I received 81 strokes on my shoulders.
6. I was given 232 strokes and three on my teeth.
7. I exhaled 8000 breaths.
8. I was dragged by the chin eight times.
9. I received 3 mortal wounds at the foot of the cross.
10. I received 666 lashes while tied to a pillar.
11. I was wounded a hundred times in the head.
12. I received 5 mortal wounds on the cross.
13. I was spat in the face sixty-five times.

DARJA: I was spat in the face sixty-five times.

Miha stands up, takes off his jacket and rolls up his shirt sleeves.

MIHA: The Romans used a small whip called a flagrum for flagellation, which consisted of a short handle and leather straps interwoven with sharp pieces of glass, bone and metal.

The straps first cut through the skin. Then they go deeper into the subcutaneous tissue. They cause bleeding from capillaries and subcutaneous veins and finally they cause arterial bleeding from veins in the deeper muscles. In the end, the skin on the back hangs in long strips and the whole back is an unrecognisable mass of torn, bleeding tissue.

So – the 6th tableau – flagellation, there are 6 persons on the stage: Christ, 3 Jews, 2 angels.

Father Romuald writes: boys, as long as you can get them for Jews, with special clothes and painted faces, with clubs in their hands.

And then the first Jew says:

I want to scourge him like a beast,
so we get to hear his voice.

And then the second Jew says:

Flog his back and open wide his wounds,
lashed and scoured with spurs.

GREGA: Let me do what I know best,
behold me how I tear up his skin.
Unlike any human being he shall look like,
so let me do him a sweet favour.

DARJA: **7^{te} FIGUR – DIE CRÖNUNG**

MIHA: **7TH TABLEAU– CROWNING**

DARJA: Er wurde als ein falscher König durch die Sündt verachtet, vnd mit denen dörnern gecrönet.

MIHA: As a false king, he was mocked and crowned with thorns by Sin.

Miha opens the "window". Spraying. Miranda starts describing a painting by the Flemish painter Bartholomeus, showing a picture of paradise.

MIRANDA:

BARTHOLOMEUS: *ADAM AND EVE*

Bartholomeus was a Flemish painter who painted *Adam and Eve*. In the painting, they're both naked. Eve's figure stands out. The sun seems to be shining on her, while Adam is in semi-darkness. She's standing in front of him, with her back to him. Her body is S-shaped, her left hip slightly raised, her right knee slightly bent. The abdomen is soft and relaxed, we can see the navel and the pelvic bone is clearly visible below. Her crotch is covered by her hair. Long, loose light brown hair, with a touch of ginger. Except here, at the forehead, there is a small braid which reveals her face, so that the hair doesn't fall on her eyes. Her breasts are full, stiff, her nipples are swollen.

Grega reads a death notice.

GREGA: At the age of 91, our mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and great-grandmother Marija Oven from Zlatoličje passed away after a fatal illness. We will see her off on her final journey tomorrow, Thursday, 6 August 2020, at 16.00 at the cemetery in Starše. Her grieving dearest and nearest.

Do not weep at my grave,

just come quietly.

Think of how I suffered,

and wish me eternal peace.

Miranda continues her description of paradise.

MIRANDA: Adam is holding her. His right arm is around her waist, here under her breasts, his muscles are tense while her whole body is soft. Her pelvis

is resting on him, her hand travels towards his head, towards his hair, his blond curls, his head turned up, his face relaxed. Her eyes are closed, her mouth slightly open, her lips slightly glistening, as if she has just licked them with her tongue as she waits for Adam to start kissing her here, on the sensitive part of her neck.

Grega is sticking wings on Blaž. Grega's story of paradise follows. Miranda is sticking wings on Doroteja and draws a smile on her mouth, turning Doroteja to Grega and raises her arm. Grega partly removes the sticking tape from Blaž's mouth and starts telling him a story. They are talking ... Doroteja is standing on a chair.

GREGA: You wake up as if in the middle of a dream and realise you're lying on moss. It's soaked with water, there must have been a shower. You move a little and with the pressure of your body, you squeeze the water out of the moss, catch it in your hand and suck it up like this. Suddenly, you spot a small bush of wild strawberries under a limestone rock. Three berries, unusually large for wild strawberries. You touch them with your lips and one drops right into your mouth. You squeeze it, and it's juicy. It's oozing with juice, you can feel it going all the way down to your tummy. Then you get up on all fours, look up and spot a pear tree in front of you, 180 years old at least, bereft of leaves, but full of beautiful yellow fruit. Suddenly, a strong wind blows, and a pear drops on the moss. It rolls up to you, right up to your chest. It's so soft that your hair almost pierces it, and then you bite into it. What an onslaught of sweetness on the tongue! And then you spot tarragon, a clump of tarragon in front of you. You go and rub your hands in it, smelling the tarragon, and out of the oven comes a tarragon cake. It's delicious, the smell fills the room. You take a knife and cut off the first slice, put it in your mouth where it melts. Now a cow moos next to you and you grab her by the udder. You squeeze it and out comes ... not milk, but cappuccino froth, and you start licking it. Suddenly

you're on a cloud of frothing milk, you're walking on it, it breaks, and you fall off. Then you see a heap of blancmange in front of you, and it's wobbling like this, you walk up to it and dig a hole in it with your hand and you dig another hole in it and you crawl into it and you're inside a blancmange igloo.

BLAŽ (*inarticulately*): With cream.

GREGA: Oh, cream.

BLAŽ (*inarticulately*): Strawberry juice.

GREGA: Oh, strawberry juice. Then you get to Vojvodina and there's a heap of watermelons in a cellar, and you take one like this ...

BLAŽ: And you open it ...

GREGA: You don't open it. You butt it with your head, and it splits in two lovely halves.

BLAŽ (*inarticulately*): With no pips.

GREGA: No pips. You put your head in.

BLAŽ (*inarticulately*): It's so big, it fits your head.

GREGA: And put wine in the other half.

BLAŽ: Wine in the other half to make a kind of sangria. Then you eat the watermelon ... And it starts seeping over your body ...

GREGA: And then the paella comes out of the oven. And it's not chicken, it's pheasant paella.

BLAŽ (*inarticulately*) ...

Grega helps Blaž to the chair and turns him diagonally. When Miranda and Grega exit, the curtain closes. Miha and Darja exit, Blaž continues telling the story. The choir is singing, Blaž keeps talking.

Miranda and Grega enter, Blaž's mouth is plastered. The first flying lesson begins. Miranda and Grega leave, then all return to the stage. The curtain opens.

DARJA: **9^{te} FIGUR – ECCE HOMO**

MIHA: **9TH TABLEAU – ECCE HOMMO**

Blaž is left hanging on Grega, Doroteja on Miranda.

DARJA: Diese Figur Vierdt getragen von 20. Man.

MIHA: This tableau is carried by 20 men.

DARJA: **10th FIGUR – CHRISTUS AM CREUZ**

MIHA: **10th TABLEAU – CHRIST ON THE CROSS**

Miranda sprays Doroteja, while Greg sprays Blaž. Then they touch them and hoist their arms high up in the air.

Miha explains and demonstrate the details of crucifixion. Grega covers Blaž's genitals with his shirt. Grega and Blaž demonstrate breathing. Miha finishes his speech by leaving the stage, followed by Miranda.

MIHA: Crucifixion is considered one of the most painful and cruel ways of killing ever devised.

After the flogging, the victim was nailed to the cross with metal nails about 15-20 cm long and 2 cm thick. The nail was not driven through the palm of the hand, but through the wrist. Roughly here. (*He points.*) Care was taken not to damage the artery, so that the victim would not bleed to death too quickly. The nail was driven between the two bones, severing the median nerve, one of the main nerves running in the hand, causing indescribable pain and paralysing the hand, so that it took on this paw-shaped appearance. (*He shows it.*)

The feet were nailed with a single nail, through both feet. (*He points.*) The knees were bent at 45 degrees and twisted slightly sideways. (*Takes off his jacket, shows the position.*) Let us imagine that at this stage the body is completely exhausted from the flogging, the loss of blood, the dehydration and the terrible pain. The victim is now in a position that is impossible to maintain.

Initially, the entire weight of the body is borne by the thigh muscles. After a few minutes, the thigh muscles give up and the weight is shifted to the arms. After a few minutes, the muscles in the arms also give up. The shoulders are dislocated. The muscles, ligaments and tendons in the arms and along the ribs are torn. The elbows dislocate. In some cases, the arms lengthen by as much as 20 cm. The entire weight of the body is shifted to the chest and compresses it. And that's when the real torture begins.

The compressed chest puts the lungs in a continuous phase of exhalation. (*Demonstrates exhalation.*) To breathe, the victim has to put all his weight on the nail in his feet and push himself upwards with his tired legs, rubbing the raw wood of the cross with the back, dishevelled from the flogging. He tries to twist the elbows downwards and pull upwards with the nails through the wrists. Only in this position could one breathe. (*Demonstrates crucifixion for the first time - 3X.*)

Now begins a torturous process with disastrous physical consequences in the body. Shallow breathing and exhaustion reduce the oxygen content of the blood and increase the CO₂ content. The heart starts beating faster in its need for oxygen supply and CO₂ removal. However, due to the victim's shortness of breath, he cannot deliver more oxygen and the increasing heart rate only increases the need for it. A vicious cycle of increasing oxygen demand that cannot be met begins, followed by faster heart rate. (*Demonstrates the crucifixion a second time - 3X.*)

After a few hours, the heart starts to fail. In some cases, it may even burst. The lungs collapse and water floods them. Severe dehydration occurs due to blood loss combined with hyperventilation. The victim is no longer able to breathe due to exhaustion and gradually suffocates. (*Demonstrates crucifixion for the third time - 4X.*)

A small saddle was also nailed to the cross, on which the victim could lean. This could prolong the torture for up to 9 days. But if they wanted to speed up the process, they smashed the victim's knees with a huge hammer. The crucified person could no longer stand up and suffocated within minutes. (*Demonstrating crucifixion for the last time - 5X.*)

Grega continues to describe paradise, talking mainly to Blaž, while removing the sticking tape from Blaž's mouth. When Blaž gets out of the chair, the sounds

of trumpets follow. Grega keeps narrating and, while narrating, he takes Blaž off the stage.

GREGA: Then you fetch an armful of chard from the garden, the red one, you know, the one you sometimes mistake for beetroot. You chop it up and throw it in the water with potatoes. Just simmer it for a while, and then use a stick blender to make a soup. You serve it with a boiled egg and home-made dough balls. You've made the dough mixture, you heat the oil, and the mixture drips off the spoon, drips into the boiling oil. Tzzz ... And then you drop the balls in the soup and start eating. Then you take a huge piece of pork neck, and a barbecue's going just right, and the coals are scorched with the grey layer over them. You drop the chunk of meat on the grate, and tzzz ... it's searing ... *(He goes on indistinctly.)*

Only Darja and Doroteja remain on stage. Grega and Blaž can be heard talking off stage.

DARJA: 11te FIGUR – MARIA 7. SCHMERZEN
11TH TABLEAU – THE SEVEN SORROWS OF MARY

Mary speaks:

My sorrow over Jesus,

my beloved son, is too deep.

When I see his holy head

wounded and covered by blood,

I cry out with grief

and shed tears.

When I see his holy face,

it makes me weep.

To see his holy body torn apart,

his body that used to be like the Sun,

makes me cry all the time

and moan and whine as well.

Darja starts undressing slowly.

Ah, man, look at the sorrowful Mother

and press her awful sadness to your heart!

Behold her soul, cloaked in sorrow,

which shall cleanse your soul!

O Mary, you sorrowful Mother,

little do these sinful people care for you,

standing weeping under the cross

No one comes to seek thee,

and mourn your darling son...

Yes, her limbs scourged in trouble,

to save these sinners who are deceived.

She wants the gates of heaven opened to them

and their souls freed from Devil's clutches.

The curtain closes and opens, then Darja:

DARJA: 12. FIGUR – DIE ARCHEN

12th TABLEAU – ARK OF THE COVENANT

The curtain closes and opens.

DARJA: 13. FIGUR – DAB HEILLIGE GRAB

13th TABLEAU– TOMB OF JESUS

The curtain closes and opens.

DARJA:

Christ, may love prevail in the world as thou taught us.

As thou loved us greatly,

may love be in our hearts.

You had to give thyself up for us

so be with us forever in thy love.

May thy grace redeem our souls

by thy love.

With my soul and body, I will serve thee,

and love thee with a true heart.

For this love I thank thee.

I keep Jesus always in my heart.

I would rather forsake my life

than never love thee.

My heart burns for thee.

He who begins to love thee

can no longer extinguish love.

It keeps burning within me,

I will give my heart to thine.

Christ, may love prevail in the world as thou taught us.

Christ, may love prevail in the world as thou taught us.

Christ, may love prevail in the world as thou taught us.

Darja exits, leaving only Doroteja, who slowly gets up from her chair, removes the nail from her hand, as well as her wings, removes the microphone, puts on her clothes and shoes, and leaves the stage. The curtain closes. While the curtain is closing, Pippa sings the Mount of Olives (2X).

PIPA: The Mount of Olives enveloped by a silent night, the Cedron stream murmuring sadly.

THE END