

{1985}



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/ TRAIN STATION IN VILNIUS, LITHUANIA, THE SOVIET UNION. DAYTIME.

Severia (24 y.o.) is walking down the underground passage, carrying a large suitcase.

A trolleybus stop.

Severia standing in front of a lamp post. Trolleybus No.2 rolls into the stop. A few people, who have been standing around the trolleybus stop, get into the trolleybus, then it rolls farther down the street. From the note stuck to the lamp post, Severia tears down a piece of paper with hand written numbers on it.

/ AN APARTMENT. DAYTIME.

A small timbered studio room, closet, a small kitchen.

An agile woman of about 50 years old is walking through the apartment, Severia is following her steps.

The host:

- The stove runs with gas. The heating, in wintertime, makes about thirty rubles. My previous tenants were satisfied. In a word, miss, just live and enjoy. I'm not going to intrude into your life, I'll just run in sometimes to take the money, that's it. From here to your workplace, if you cross the park, it takes half an hour. You can also cross the bridge, it takes almost the same.

A small suitcase on the bed. Severia opens the suitcase. On the clothes, on top of them, lies an icon. Severia takes the icon out, and swipes it with her palm. She finds a nail on the wall, and hangs the icon. /

/ INSIDE VAIVA CAFÉ IN VILNIUS. EVENING.

Arvydas (28 y.o.) rises from his table and comes to Severia.

Arvydas:

- If you have nothing against it, miss.

From inside his overcoat pocket, Arvydas pulls a bot-



Arvydas

Severija



tle of Tuzemsky rum and pours a dash into Severia's cup of coffee.

Severia

Arvydas

Severia:

- If it's not poison.

Arvydas:

- The routine and the system are poison, but this one is a friend of the merry.

Severia has already observed her new companion attentively with her eyes.

Severia:

- I don't know the routine, don't know the system...

Arvydas laughs:

- Neither do I. Neither the routine, nor the system. Just like my friends, well, the ones, the best ones. See that fellow, miss?

Severia turns toward the window, then toward Arvydas.

Arvydas (yet more cheerfully):

- He is Vaiva's most famous poet, Robertas Danys.

Severia:

- I read him in the third grade. A hardcover book.

Now, both of them laugh.

Arvydas (apparently serious):

- Your accent betrays you, miss.

Severia:

- Yes, I'm not from here. I'm from the North.

Arvydas:

- Your coat is nice, miss.

Severia, matter-of-factly:

- Thank you.

Arvydas:

- But your attitude to life is frigid.

Severia:

- Do you want to insult me, mister?

Arvydas:

- Pardon.

Severija:

- But you're a swine, mister.

Arvydas:

- So it goes.

Severija:

- Ho! Ho! Ho!

Arvydas:

- Three Ho's is a lot, it means that I've made you laugh.

Severia:

- Do you want me, with my frigid attitude to life, to sleep with you, mister?

Arvydas:

- Maybe. But no. Ok, there's nothing to hide - I do like you a lot, miss.



Severia:

- Thanks for the fact that we'll not sleep together.

Arvydas:

- Agreed. We will be friends.

Severia smiles.

Arvydas:

- But I've been full of fads and fancies.

Severia:

- What kind of fancies?

Arvydas:

- Well, of us, alone in the room. I've been daydreaming. Don't get mad, please.

Severia:

- That we have slept with each other? Let's stop daydreaming, let's just be acquaintances who can become friends.

Arvydas, artificially strictly:

- Ok, agreed, madame Touch-Me-Not.

Arvydas becomes a frequent companion for Severia, meeting her in Vaiva café or Rotonde café in the park. They walk together around the town.

Her circle of acquaintances is expanding very rapidly.

Her job at the English language courses.

/ SEREIKIŠKĖS PARK IN VILNIUS. EVENING.

Severia and Arvydas in the park, next to the river.

Arvydas:

- I'd like to introduce you to a few of my friends, you will like them, we are a small circle, very restricted. I've told them about you, they are interested in you.

Severia pauses for a moment, her eyes become stern and sad, but clear rapidly.

Arvydas notices the mood swings in Severia's eyes.

Arvydas:

- I told them that you are very beautiful.

Severia thinks something for a moment, then looks up at Arvydas.

Severia (as if asking, as if making a statement):

- I am beautiful.../

/GEDIMINAS HILL IN VILNIUS. EVENING.

Arvydas:

- I've fallen in love with you, Severia.

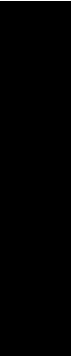
Severija (sternly):

- This piece of love clothing is too narrow for me. /

/ SEVERIA'S HOUSE. DAYTIME.

Severia (8 y.o.) in her small room, leaning





Vitalikas



over an open book, reading.

- Severia! - a woman's voice in the hallway.

Opens the room door, enters the room Severia's Mother (32 y.o.). She is holding a hair brush.

Mother:

- Severia, but we had agreed...you will use your own hairbrush...there's your hair on my brush...Would you like to have a brush like this? I'll buy one! I will buy you a similar one, but of another color! But we have agreed. You...shall-not-use-my-brush. OK? - in an almost friendly manner, pulling the hair from the brush.

Severia, quietly:

- Okay. /

In the time course, the acquaintance with Arvydas has brought Severia into a circle of people who systematically meet and communicate with each other.

They meet, in most cases, at Valdas' (32 y.o.) place. Severia observes, listens, and enjoys their colorful, fascinating company. She hears a lot of interesting stories, accounts and visions. The new, yet unheard, music. New books, new ideas. Scarcely familiar words and terms. Conversations about Buddhism, Zen, yoga...

/ THE CORRIDOR OF VALDAS' APARTMENT. EVENING.

Arvydas with Severia have just entered the door.

Arvydas (addressing Valdas in an exceptionally respectful manner):

- Here is...

Before he pronounces her name,

Valdas:

- Severia. After all, you said you'll bring a very fascinating and beautiful woman.

Arvydas:

- Well...here the Severia, I have told you about her.

Valdas, Severia and Arvydas in a big room.

A lot of books on the shelves, and photos on the walls. Valdas, from time to time, points at another photo:

Valdas:

- It's in Turkmenistan. Here, the Kurils. Karakalpakstan. Here's a photo from the Taiga, taken this winter. Well, let's drink something? Not rum - addressing the phrase to Arvydas.

The doorbell rings.

Valdas:

- Vitalikas.

Valdas goes to the door.

Valdas returns with Vitalikas (28 y.o.).

- Severia, - Valdas waves his hand toward Severia.

- Vitalikas, - waves toward Vitalikas. /



/ THE SIGNALMEN'S HOUSE. EVENING.

Severia and Arvydas at the entrance.

Arvydas:

- You don't have to pay here. You'll just listen, that's all. Anyway, in a crowd of audience, it's not the same as in the home atmosphere.

Arvydas drops down his cigarette.

The auditorium of Signalmen's house.

Severia and Arvydas in the very back row. The auditorium is almost full.

Valdas in front of an audience of men and women of various ages. Many of them are taking notes.

Arvydas, leaning toward Severia:

- Just chill, if you don't understand it, it's okay. Many people here don't understand it, even after hearing the same thing for ten times.

Photo above: Vitalikas

Valdas:

- Forget your self-contempt, forget that you are not the same as you'd like to see yourselves. Record your injured or even unhealthy ego. Then, you will begin to experience freedom. But even freedom will not bring you peace. Be like children. These ideas are not mine. You know who has said this. Christ.

Severia leans toward Arvydas and tells him:

- I'm going for a walk, it's a lot for me, of what I heard. Don't be angry.

She stands up and snoops out of the room.

Valdas follows her with his eyes, surprised. /

/ THE STUDENTS' CAMPUS. DISCO AMICUS. NIGHTTIME.

Severia is standing alone. Guys are inviting girls to dance. Robertas Danys is going towards Severia. He stops and nods, inviting her to dance. Severia moves her head in response.

Robertas:

- You are the most beautiful girl in town.

Severia:

- You're only hanging around Gorky Street.

Robertas:

- Shall we dance?

Severia:

- I don't know how to. With you, sir, I don't know how to. Actually, with anyone, I don't know how to dance. I've been watching. But you're the only one who invited me to dance. Oh, yeah, I'm the most beautiful one.

/ VAIVA CAFÉ. NIGHT-TIME.

A few couples are dancing. At one of the tables, there is Severia. Enters Robertas and goes directly to Severija.

Robertas:

- Shall we dance now, huh?

Severia:

- I had not time to learn yet.

Robertas:

- It means, "leave me alone".

Severia:

- In other words.

Robertas is at one of the tables, writing something on a piece of paper. He stands up. Comes to Severia. Under her glass of wine, he puts a piece of paper, specked with words. A girl named Saulė (27 y.o.), sitting next to the table, takes the paper and starts to read out loudly, shouting through the noise. Robertas waves his hand at himself and returns to his place.

Saulė is reading, feelingly:

- I close my eyes and try to replace the warmth for you,

To replace a prayer, I'm trying to replace home and cozy silence for you

And a bird in your little hand,

Replace the bedtime tale,

And the dream when you've fallen asleep.

In the morning, to replace a coffee cup, in the daytime, replace the laughter.

You say - leave me alone,

Honey, what shall I replace then?

Severia stands up to leave.

Saulė:

- I haven't finished. See, you fool, after all, he likes you.

Severia, from the doorway of the café:

- So what? Come on, go and dance, maybe it's you that he wrote it for.

Severija disappears in the noise of Gorky Street. There, two young men are playing Vladimir Vysotsky's "Fastidious horses". Severija gives them a coin. /

/ VALDAS' PLACE. EVENING.

Around the table loaded with drinks, there are Valdas, Arvydas, Severija, Saulė, Artūras (26 y.o.), and Mindaugas (32 y.o.) sitting.

Artūras:

- Anyway, another curious thing is, the larger ears the person has, it means that he has more experiences [...] For instance, some Guru teachers really do have, I've paid attention to this, but Brezhnev has simple ones, and all those in the Party, somehow, have them large...

Mindaugas:

- A feature of leadership?

Artūras:

- From certain experience. But if, for example, in communication with a person, he will say, I'm a sort of leader, I'm sort of a hotshot in a certain field, and he makes a lot of promises and all, so I look at his ears, the small small ears, and I doubt.

Mindaugas:

- Artūras, be careful, mine are small.

Arvydas is pouring in the drink.

- Ladies, are you drinking? I've been reading about hippism in America, there's such a mess, the Buddhism...

Mindaugas:

- Buddhism, drugs...and of different religious systems...

Artūras:

- Yeah, they used to pick up scraps of all things, but they were right in a certain way. To take the human mentality, the concept of...

Saulė:

- Come on, let's dance. Severia, let's go and dance.

Vitalikas and Saulė are dancing something like tango to a song by Queen.

Valdas:

- In India, in a small village, some 800 years ago, both a Buddhist or a Hare Krsna could sit down. They absolutely would not distinguish that, say, you're a Buddhist, with you, we have to talk like that, and here, you're a blood-sucker, you kill it with love. Here, the problem is human, then you subdivide them. Here's an example: two people meet, one of them sees, let's draw a 6. I see 6, you see 9, but we are talking about the same thing - you constantly see it as 9, I see it as 6. In ancient times, it could be that people had a better understanding of the essence of the wisdom chakra...

Mindaugas:

- What is a wisdom chakra?

Valdas:

- Wisdom chakra is this: I speak Russian, you speak Polish, Mindaugas speaks Czech, and we want a drink, so we ignore it all, we totally understand each other...

Mindaugas:

- But it's an illusion that you make yourself understood.

Valdas:

- It's not an illusion, because the result is achieved. Like, say, because we go to Gramutė shop and buy a bottle of wine, or because we need to go to some kind of city, we have to go the same path, so we do go there. So, previously, people did not argue over all of that - you're wearing a red garment, mine is yellow. A Guru appears and identifies all the disciples.

Severia:

- Where does it come from, this need to be a Guru?

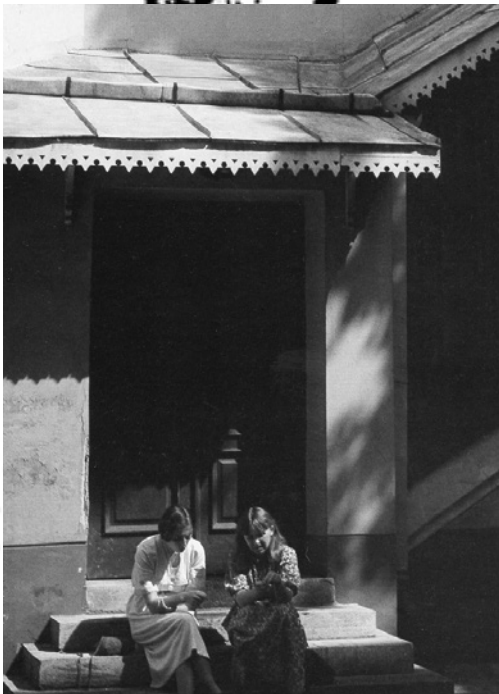
Valdas:

- This is bound to narcissism, to the internal ambitions. You have to enjoy passing something over to other people, if your heart aspect does not work, that love...

Saulė:

- What is love?

Mindaugas:



- Love is humble, love is gentle, love is a consolation, love does not ask for anything and does not demand anything...

Valdas:

- I'm not saying that I can tell you what love is, but I would presume...As an example: you go out into the yard, it's raining, I would not have ran farther than Gramutė, I'd have got wet, the rain is intense. And I see, or you see, a mongrel, a dog who's got lost, and in the pocket, I've got a sort of biscuit. You are carrying food to your family, to your home, and you see it...

Vitalikas:

- Finally, you will not bring it to your kiddies, but give it to the dog?

Valdas:

- Yeah. It's ugly, but it has an understanding: it understands that it will perish. You feel that if you don't feed it, it will die, you have to feed it, and this is love.

Mindaugas:

- Love does not demand anything, here are the words written in the Bible, love does not demand anything.

Valdas:

- At Narutis hotel, we had a guy called Robertas. I got interested in his bong...it stirred the heart chakra...

Saulė:

- And what is the heart chakra?

Arthur:

- Chakras are a kind of nerve tangles...

Saulė:

- I don't understand the Buddhist interpretation of chakras.

Artūras:

- That is not a Buddhist concept. A thousand years ago, there was no difference between the Buddhists and the Hare Krsna, then they started to say: I am a Buddhist, you are a Hare Krsna. Until then, they communicated very well. There are chakras.

Mindaugas:

- Do you want her to be your woman, or your disciple? - addressing Valdas and waving his head toward Severia.

Valdas:

- You see, things get messed up: we, men, are accustomed to have our woman...

Artūras:

- This myth has been denied, because it's women who choose men.

Valdas:

- Partly yes, partly no. We choose a woman from a distance. From a distance. You have liked the person, but for the woman, you possibly are one of a few candidates.



Vitalikas:

- Who has said the vulgar phrase, stating that behind every woman, there are three dicks going round?

Severia stands up from the table. Comes to the bookshelves, pulls out a huge album on art, and starts turning the pages.

Artūras:

- Actually, it seems to me that the man gives it to the woman, but it's the woman who gives the dynamics to the man's life. The man gets the inspiration.

Mindaugas:

- Artūras has a wife and constantly betrays her mentally.

Artūras:

- Not quite, not quite, you need to defend yourself somehow. My wife is a cosmic loner. But I need communication.

Mindaugas:

- But doesn't she need it? After all, woman is the sensual principle.

Artūras:

- It's just that she is very picky. She chooses places, she will not go just anywhere. In part, I call it subtle arrogance.

Vitalikas:

- By the way, can you explain me why a man wants to be a Guru, but not to have a woman?

Artūras:

- One has to have a woman, but not to rule her mind.

Mindaugas:

- The idea of sublimation.

Saulė:

- Why is it that everyone wants to have a Guru?

Valdas:

- It makes things easier to understand. True knowledge is passed down the language. One must listen, absorb the information in the best way, so it's best to have a sound record rather than read. That's the reason why all of it has evolved consequently. In the absence of such effects of theater, or films, where the image goes along with the sound, it makes the greatest impact, both emotional and intellectual, while book reading, it's more intellectual, well ... Don't forget the aesthetics, too...There used to be no text. The language...For a very long time, humans did not know how to write, and then, only after the coming of Christ, after the crucifixion, people began to look for manifestations of the script. Earlier, there probably was this kind of field, all that psychology, the human was...

Mindaugas:

- Meek.

Valdas:

- Meek, that's a very good word for it. In that state of mind, all that we talk about, you remember

everything very mindfully. Then, you don't need the text: you will convey it to your children, and your children to someone else. After that, somehow the wars began, people started to run away, scared, anxious. There were wars: things got messed up, hypocrisy... You cannot trust another human, you're always in doubt, you analyze things, you reject them, you cannot convey them perfectly to others: that is when the script appeared. Well, it developed in monasteries, the script itself. The monks realized the need to leave something behind, because it may be that the Horde comes, devastating everything around, killing off everyone, so at least the script will preserve some kind of truth, some kind of experience that the next generations can take over... Maybe some kind of young monk will stay alive, and he will keep those writings, then he'll grow up and transmit them to others. He will learn to read, and will understand those states of mind. Rendering. That is how the Guru and that value emerged. Generally speaking, Guru is a person who has suffered some sort of states of mind... to convey is great joy, to give it away. But I agree with Saulé in that these times are very problematic: there are manipulations. Actually it's better to learn from individual people... If the Guru told one to jump down from the fifth floor, the disciple would jump, he was so much devoted, he'd jump down without thinking. Guru loves his disciple, he cannot hurt him. If he jumps down from the fifth floor - he will kill himself, which means, it is an allegory, if he says so, he games the situation. The disciple must experience some sort of state of mind to learn from this. Perhaps that is a way to unidentify from the body, because it brings so much suffering if we identify with the body. For example, a woman constantly has to be beautiful.

Valdas turns to Severia. Severia stands up, and comes to the bookshelf. She pulls the album „Myths of China“. Arvydas comes up to Severia. He takes the album from Severia's hands. He turns the pages. He opens the book at the page with the drawing of the Yin and Yang symbol.

Arvydas (reads out loud):

- "Chinese cosmology tells us that tens of thousands of beings or archetypes are born from the rhythmical interaction between two complementary and eternal principles: Yin and Yang. Yin represents concentration, darkness, passivity, and even numbers, while Yang stands for growth, light, activity, odd numbers and warmth. The symbols of Yin are women, earth, the orange colour, valleys, riverbeds and the tiger, while Yang is symbolized by men, sky, the blue colour, mountains, poles, and dragon." This is it.

Valdas:

- Ok, the lore... If you're interested, I can tell you something... Perhaps we can switch the topic. For example, there is a Maharaja who has been rejected by a

woman. She has very strict system of selection, well, and everyone considers her very picky and conceited. Then, there is someone who has met her requirements somehow, and he's handsome and intelligent, not conceited, not plebeian, well, he complies with her standards.

Well, in a word, she still has not said yes to him, but then, she grows calmer. She says: still I see that you will not leave me alone, so she says: okay, but I need to meditate for a while. And then, if you come here after three months, and you still think that I'm a good match for you, I will probably agree, and you would marry me such.

So, in a word, what she did, for three months she was separated there, separated from society, and everything that came out, all the excrement, she would put it in pots. So, she fills in a pot, then another one, and she would not eat anything, she'd just drink some water, well, and maybe eat some grass. And, in a word, during the three months, she lost a lot of weight. Well, naturally, if a person does not eat anything for three months, then he will stay as thin as a fishbone.

And, in short, she lost weight, she's as thin as a branch, she's got it black under her eyes, and here comes the Maharaja, gets a shock to see that there used to be a very beautiful woman, and what he sees now is a bony branch. And he says to her: who are you? Where is your beauty? And she says: if you need my beauty, here, you can see, there are pots, so please, take them. He melts, bursts into tears, and falls down on his knees, and says that she's beautiful, blah, blah, blah. It's the same story as the one about the dog: it suffices you that you have one, it doesn't matter if the dog is pretty or not. So, he also had false pride, but she saw through it, and this affected him as a man, and what she needs is your essence, your love...You give everything you have, not because you have it, but because, if necessary, you also have that love melody playing inside you. Here is what makes up two-thirds. And one-third, let it be a beautiful woman, but it would be ideal, at the time, it was her who was his Guru.

Hey, Mindaugas, listen, buddy, don't you think that sometimes your sense of loneliness increases? You feel danger, then some hazards come around, and you feel very vulnerable. You try to make me guilty, by the way, is easy to make me guilty, because I was born guilty...

Saulė:

- Why were you born guilty? Mindaugas, please, listen to the confession, a person has just said that he was born guilty.

Valdas:

- Well, I was born guilty. Like, you're listening to your own states of mind, your references, things like, what Mindaugas wants. And me, you know, I have

lived a lot of other people's lives, I have helped them, I have this kindness demon...

Artūras:

- What do you mean by kindness demon?

Valdas:

- Huh! So, which one is a good man - the one who gives it to the old woman or...

Mindaugas:

- I've never liked the definition of a good man.

Valdas:

- Anyway, you see, you're basically...

Mindaugas:

- Valdas, what is the kindness demon?

Valdas:

- The kindness demon... I really like this Tibetan concept. So, a child is born, a human, and it is already surrounded by karma connections from past lives. His life has already been decided upon, he is surrounded by demons, they protect this human, but they can also punish. So what we have here, again, is duality. It implies that the malice demon, sometimes, can save you, protect you, or help you, just as the kindness demon can also ruin you, fuck you up and curl you up.

Here's a common example: you need a dose, you are my good friend, you come to me, and I give you money for the dose. I know that by this, I will just prolong his days, I know that he's got the shakes, I know that it's almost incurable, and that he'll kick the bucket. The kindness demon does not resolve the situation... I do not help a person to get up, I am serving as a crutch for him or her. The kindness demon, the crutch, while you have your leg broken. It does heal, but, as far as the moral things are concerned, if a person does not want to get his feet back on the ground by himself, you are serving as a crutch to him. Then, he manipulates you, you are manipulated by the kindness demon, but then the demon will keep following you on, and on, and on.

Saulė:

- What is prana?

Artūras:

- Prana is energy. For example, in the countryside, grass is growing: while the grass is growing, there is prana. As long as we have prana, we are alive. There is energy, which is very fragile. It fills through breathing and through water, and through food, partially. So the food that does not have prana, has been re-heated, is not fresh, it is crude matter. Meat has little prana, unless a lamb has been raised in the mountains, and at the sunset - smack! - you bake it, then it's fresh. Prana is the vital energy, you would not survive without it. It's a deeply flowing matter, maybe even something like the Chi, something like that. It flows through your channels, but it's not your blood, or protein, or something intellectual. Science

has not proven it, but it's the energy that has been described in the scriptures and by many schools. Lithuania has a small amount of prana...

Mindaugas:

- Does it? Really?

Artūras:

- Yes, it's small here. Esotery scientists and paranormalists, all who are interested, agree that it's small. For example, let's take the growing grass. It has prana, prana is there, but you cut the grass, and it shrinks, it withers, turns yellow, it is already dying, it has changed, so that there is no longer prana in it, not at all. So, that's it, an example for you.

Vitalikas:

- Prana is like carbohydrates...

Artūras:

- No, it isn't, it's more subtle. More subtle. I would say that most of all, prana reminds me the air, without which you cannot survive. For example, if you don't get the vitamins, you will start to suffer from hair loss, your skin, and teeth would start rotting, you'd start to see badly, and feel a deficiency of something. It's an invisible kind of energy. When there is a lack of prana, the human is lifeless...

Vitalikas:

- So you mean it's a crack-up?

Valdas:

- A crack-up means a lack of love. Depression is when you become reserved and identify yourself with your body, your ambitions, your illusions, and you feel a lack of love. It is necessary to love. A Guru knows very well the person who is his disciple, and the Guru feels the disciple's states of mind, and, as he is more experienced, he knows what he wants. But they are rascals, those Gurus, they'd never say that now, you should stand up and go there and then, you will find the specific A + B + C formula, and the Guru is to tell you where to find it. Like, tomorrow you should go to the trolleybus stop and go there and there. That's all. He will be waiting for you. They cannot speak like this, in absolutely similar expressions. We can put it like that: wisdom does not have exact coordinates, it's you, on your own, who has to find the coordinates. The one who manipulates, plays it safe. The one who doesn't manipulate, will say: you need to want, you need to agree. You are asking me whether that one will suit you. He says, no, he will break you down. In this sense, a Guru is a Guru. He will not tell you: go to the office and find the one, he will not tell you the exact coordinates... Do not seek the meaning of life, because you will never find it.

Severia closes the album.

Severia:

- I will leave you now, the seekers of meaning./



/ YOUTH THEATRE IN VILNIUS. EVENING.

A long line of people, with Severia among them.

The hall of the Youth theatre. A performance is taking place. It's full of audience. Severia is among them.

The "Pirosmani, Pirosmani" performance is going on. We can hear the voice of the actor Vladas Bagdonas. Severia's face, baffled, in the dark./

/ GORKY STREET. EVENING.

Next to the grocery store, there stands a beggar.

Severia:

- Do not seek the meaning of life, because you will never find it.

Beggar:

- What do you mean, honey? It's thirty kopecks I need, I don't seek meaning.

Severia laughs and gives the beggar some coins, then disappears inside Vaiva café./

/ CEMETERY. EVENING.

Severia (16 y.o.) with Andrius (7 y.o.) and Saulius (8 y.o.) are walking about the cemetery. Severia comes up to her father's grave. Andrius picks up the flowers from the nearby tomb and places them on Severia father's grave.

Saulius:

- Hey, you, thief, bring the flowers back.

Andrius:

- We've just borrowed them, right, Severia?

Severia:

- No, I like the grave without flowers. Mum has turned the visits here into hard work - including flowers and mandatory tears. She is expecting me to cry at the tomb. But I would not cry, then she yells at me and thrusts a hoe into my hands. I am so tired of this life. Andrius, come on, put the flowers back. Let it be the tomb of the unknown warrior.

Saulius:

- Let's go to the locomotives. Severia, are you having fun with us? /

/ THE COURTYARD OF SLUSHKO PALACE (THE CONSERVATORY). EVENING.

Looking through the windows, Severia and Arvydas follow with their eyes the dancers, a rock band rehearsal, and the lessons performed by actors. A skinny young man with glasses walks out into the courtyard.

Arvydas:

- Good evening, do you know where the fourth year acting students are rehearsing?

The young man:

- Over there (waves his hand).

Arvydas and Severia slide into the rehearsal hall. On the stage, among the young men, there is Saulė. Actors are walking about the stage. The course teacher (50 y.o.) gives them instructions:



Nizra

Mubaj

Teacher:

- Saulė, you can see the tracks. You don't fall down headlong. It's theatre, after all. The train will hide you. The audience cannot see your death. Let's repeat that one.

Severia, quietly, to Arvydas:

- I would perform it better. I know what the rails and the unwillingness to live can mean.

Arvydas:

- You will not do so.

Severia:

- I know. If I fall, I'll do it between the rails. We have done so in childhood.

Severia, Saulė and Arvydas at Rotonda café./

/ - YOU MUST GO TO VISIT NIZRA AND MUBAI - SEVERIA HAS HEARD THIS FROM VALDAS FOR MANY TIMES.

- They are our teachers. True teachers! I was looking for teachers like these for such a long time. I am not deluded, believe me. /

Severia starts to enjoy long walks around the city. The tumultuous life of young people in the city. Punks, hippies, poets, misfits, conformists...Coffee drinking, conversations at Ledainė café at Pilies street, Vaiva café at Gorky Street, or Rotonda at Sereikiškės park.

/ LEDAINĖ CAFÉ. EVENING.

A company of cheerful friends is jostling the café. Their permanent clique is sitting at the tables.

Severia:

- Can we just eat?

Arvydas:

- I'm on a diet, I don't eat shit. Sure enough, I don't know how long I will endure it.

Severia:

- You're as thick as your idol, all those sticks of yours at Nida and your country-house. They make me nauseous. Among the garbage, the valuables are better seen.

Arvydas:

- Come on, you're like a magpie. Oh, hi, Benas. We've been talking about you.

Benas Magpie Šarka:

- Oh, no, leave me out of this. I'm going to Žibutė café with some chicks.

All the three of them are smoking. Then, Benas turns toward the Town Hall, while Severia and Arvydas go down Gorky Street. /

/ GORKY STREET. EVENING.

Severia is walking down Gorky Street. Two young men are playing the guitar. Severia stops and listens.

„My zhdyom peremen... „ (Russian for: "We are waiting for changes", extract from a song by Viktor Tsoy)
- the guys are singing.

Coins are falling into their guitar case.

Musician:

- Spasiba za pomoshch Piteru! Vy ochen mila. (Russian for: Thank you for helping St. Pete out! You're very sweet.)

Severia stops in front of the window to stare at her own image.

Severia:

- Mila...

She smiles and moves away down the street. /

/ A ROOM AT ARVYDAS' PLACE. EVENING.

A small group of young men and women, including Severia, Saulė, Arvydas, and Benas Magpie Šarka (actor and director). Dusk. A few candles burning next to the Roerich's paintings reproductions. All are seated on the carpet. Some weed is going around the circle. Arvydas takes a puff and passes it to Severia, she gives it to Saulė, who passes to the other one...

Arvydas:

- It's great here even without the rum. I feel like I was Seated Bison.

Severia:

- Then I will be Silent Panther.

Saulė:

- And I will be Couching Lynx.

Everyone laughs. Benas makes the music louder - Gruppa krovi (Blood Type) by Viktor Tsoy. Knock on the door. In the doorway, stands Neighbor (52 y.o.).

Neighbor:

- Guys, you've gone crazy or what? How long can we listen to this boom-boom?

Saulė:

- OK. Arvydas, please, put on Chopin nocturnes.

Neighbor:

- Go fuck yourself with your nocturnes. You're artists, or what?

Benas:

- We're still trying to be ones.

Neighbor:

- Uh-huh...But this boom-boom is pissing off everyone here. You'd rather play nocturnes, don't think that we don't know Chopin. My wife is a teacher. And for the weed, you'd go behind the bars. Just try to squeak, little mutts, and you'll see. OK, let's agree on this: if you play it loud, I'll call the guys with hard hats. You'll sit in the clink, you'll think for a while. Tomorrow, I've got to go to work at six! Get this clear, or else, you'll never sit here again... with this god-damn garbage on the walls.

Saulė:

- We'll be as quiet and gentle as lambs. Don't be dumb, - she laughs out loudly.

Neighbor slams the door.

Arvydas, to Severia:

- Well, Silent Panther, don't slow it down, otherwise I'll complain to Roerich's spirit, or even worse,

the one of Gurdjieff.

Everyone laughs. The weed keeps circling around./

The meetings at Valdas' or Arvydas' place become a common thing for Severia.

Severia notes that, perhaps against her will, from her friends' bookshelves she'd rather pull out an art album than a written book. During the meetings, perhaps because of her shyness, she spends more time turning the leaves of books and albums than speaking. It becomes a kind of a smokescreen for her to hide the fact that she finds it hard to participate in their uneasy conversations. Then, it develops into a habit of watching and listening, which she enjoys: tracking the conversations and wandering about her own mind at the same time.

/ ARVYDAS' COUNTRY-HOUSE. EVENING.

In the middle of the room, a small group of people standing, including Severia, Valdas, Arvydas, Saulė and others.

The MAHAKALA ritual is being performed.

All of them are seated behind a table loaded with food and drinks.

Arvydas:

- They say that there are personalities who have a gift of remembering their past experience. For instance, Pythagoras could remember as many as nine of his previous lives.

Andrius:

- Who knows....If one remembers everything so well, one's lid can flip.

Valdas:

- One doesn't have to understand things with one's mind, so in spiritual practices, the mind is often an obstacle to be overcome. The truest knowledge of all comes from feeling one's path right here and now.

Artūras:

- How can we find that path? How can we break through to the star promised by East? - ironically.

Valdas:

- Give up on your ego, on the fallacious desires stemming from it, on your ambitions, your entity. Feel the things not by your flesh, but by the energy flowing through your entire being, become part of the environment. Everything is within one absolute, and when this condition becomes routine for you - your path is clear.

Arvydas:

- I've read in foreign press that some Yogis are capable of dematerialising their physical body, by just dissolving in the air and appearing in some other place on Earth, or by dividing themselves into several bodies in different parts of the world.

Valdas:

- When you reach the next level, where you are not



the ego or this body any longer, everything becomes possible. Even going to the Moon: you can just send forth your astral.

Artūras:

- Make yourself clearer.

Vitalikas:

- It's very simple - first of all, meditate, work on yourself for some ten years, then maybe you'll learn to enter your neighbors' place otherwise than through the door, and maybe even more will be given to you, god knows ...

Valdas squints and observes Severia closely. Then stands up and comes up to her from the back.

Valdas:

- You think too much. Just relax your dear brain, direct your attention to the fire, and become the fire.

Then he begins to move his hands over her head and shoulders, gently touching them.

Valdas:

- Now, it will calm down. Close your eyes and imagine yourself as a seagull, flying free above the sea waves. Let drop the heavy thoughts from your hands, as if they were weights, leave your body here, lying down. Time does not exist - it's just the body that becomes old when the time comes. Leave your body alone to rest and fly with your wings spread.

Severia stands up and walks out.

Artūras:

- Why is it that the human is rather unhappy than happy? He still lacks something, but it suffices him to get that something, and here he's flouncing again, torn between the desires and feelings, looking for knowledge and authorities...

Valdas:

- When you cease to cling at situations with your ego, you will establish a different relationship with your environment, and you'll stop wanting to have, relate to, or bind something or someone. Avoid prominence.

Arvydas:

- That requires a lot of effort for yourself. In the world around, there are so many uncertain things. Often, people simply lack in rudimentary mutual understanding.

Valdas:

- Come on, spend half a day sitting by the river, and you will understand how to catch the fish, which, perhaps, is not there.

Vitalikas:

- The point is not the fish, it's the very process.

Valdas:

- It depends on how strong your belief in what you are doing is.

Arvydas:

- Go I know not whither and fetch I know not what.
Saulė:

- But I'm eager to love everyone, to do it in such

a way that the love in me would not hesitate. Either with a teacher, or without one. Severia, what would you prefer? Love, or a teacher?

Severia stands up, and observes everyone with her eye.

Severia:

- You're sharing your intimate secrets so easily. For me, this doesn't work out. I'd rather go and catch the fish that is not there.

She walks out.

Arvydas:

- How did Severia seem to you?

Valdas:

- She's a potential girl, you can work with her. How is your relationship?

Arvydas:

- What kind of relationship can there be among those who are looking for enlightenment and liberation? She's just a fascinating girl - a little bit of fatalist, a searcher.

Valdas:

- Some people come to this life with strength, others, with sensitivity, and in order to achieve dharma or Nirvana, one is seeking for the missing part of oneself. The sages say that the sensitive one can gain strength or force way easier than the strong one can gain sensitivity.

Artūras and Gediminas outside.

Artūras:

- Is there a teacher in your life?

Gediminas:

- There is one. When the disciple matures, the teacher appears. Valdas told me that he was seeking after one for a long time, he's traveled through and length and breadth of nearly a half of the Union's territory. But he has found one.

Artūras:

- Do you know anything about his Guru?

Gediminas:

- Yes, I have heard about him from Vitalikas. He's a very good soul, a seemingly feeble old buffer, talking in a soft, calm, quiet manner. A lot of love is coming from him, and I think, he has some mystical powers. Valdas saw him and realized that he's is an extraordinary, self-realized personality.

Artūras:

- Does this academe recognize him as the spiritual authority or the Guru?

Gediminas:

- Those who'd been gone to visit him, came back elated, everyone got his insights - the instructions what to do, what kind of psychological barriers they have, and how to overcome them, and what to do.

Artūras and Gediminas come close to the river.

Artūras:

- And these chicks, do they put it out?



Talgat



Gediminas:

- They all want to, but you never know to whom and when. I am interested in this Severia.

Artūras:

- Everyone is interested in her. All the god-damn Gorky Street wants her, and all the Gurus do, too.

Both of them burst out laughing and return to the house.

Outside, beside the sculpture of an angel, sits Arvydas. His face is distorted by the effect of weed-smoking. He keeps repeating to himself the guttural OH OH OH. Vitalikas comes out of the cottage. He urinates under the tree and exclaims ironically, addressing Arvydas:

Vitalikas:

- Oh, hey you, oh, come on inside. We've just opened the rum, and stuffed the pipe with a good brand from Mumbai. Even Talgat would love it, even though that demon doesn't smoke, he's only exercising, and exercising again, and coining money by blows to the forehead.

Arvydas in the cottage. Severia, shriveled in the corner, is looking, with her face frozen, at the animal's skull hanging next to the icon.

Severia:

- Arvydas, I don't understand a thing - a skull, and next, an icon.

Arvydas:

- Severia, you don't have to understand anything here. Just feel it.

Severia:

- And keep saying, like an idiot, this OH OH. It's almost WOOF WOOF, that MAHAKALA of yours. I do not like it.

She goes outside to urinate. Comes back to the cottage. With her finger, she touches the copy of Rublev's "Trinity" icon.

Severia:

- WOOF WOOF OH OH BOW WOW...Arvydas, come on, this weed and Castaneda, it all makes me howl. Hollo, Don Juan, hollo, where are you?

Valdas:

- Severia, I'm here.

Severija:

- You're not Don Juan, you're Don Valdas.

Vitalikas:

- Attagirl, Severia. Give that Guru a blow. The bend of the river. Night-time./

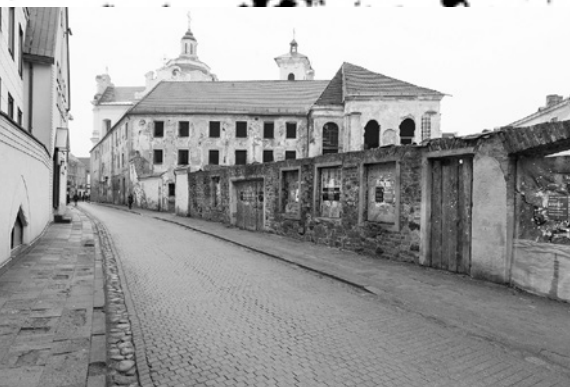
/ SCHOOL STADIUM. DAYTIME.

At the playing-field, Andrius (7 y.o.) and Saulius (8 y.o.) kick around a deflated rubber ball. Severia is approaching the stadium. She stops for a moment. Watches them.

Andrius:

- Hey, Severia, where are you going?

They kick the ball to her. Severia kicks it back.



Severia:

- I'm going to the store to buy you a ball.

Saulius:

- Good one! I don't believe it. It costs two rubles.

Severia:

- I've got some savings, don't worry.

Severia at the store.

- Give me that ball for ruble ninety.

The stadium. Severia kicks the ball.

Saulius:

- Severia, you are a sorceress.

They kick the ball around.

Severia:

- Andrius, score a goal to me with a penalty kick. How many meters here?...

Andrius places the ball to the 11-meter mark.

Severia, dressed in white, stands at the gates. Andrius hits the ball pointed directly at Severia.

Severia exclaims:

- I have won!

On her white coat, there is a trace of mud. She rubs it with her hands.

- Oh, but I have a rehearsal. But I have won - she cries out to the boys./

/ SEVERIA'S ROOM. EVENING.

The phone is ringing. Severia picks up the phone.

Severia:

- It's important? OK, I'll be there. /

/ VALDAS' APARTMENT. EVENING.

Severia enters the room and sees Valdas and Vitalikas standing naked.

Valdas:

- Take your clothes off.

Severia submissively, with her will repressed, unbuttons her shirt. /

/ MOVIE THEATRE. DARKNESS. SEVERIA IS WATCHING THE FINAL SCENE OF SERGEY PARAJANOV'S ASHIK KERIB. TEARS ARE SLIDING DOWN HER FACE. /

/ NIDA. NIGHT-TIME.

A wooden angel, stuck in the sand dunes, with a fire around it.

Around the fire, there is a group of some twelve people, including Severia, Arvydas, Valdas, and Saulė.

All of them are holding their hands joined. The ritual of MAHAKALA (a Tibetan group ritual of Great Death) is taking place.

All of them are making a continuous guttural sound similar to OHHH. The „energy wheel is spinning“, several of the participants are in a kind of ecstasy. Weed is circling around. It gets fully dark. An orgy starts. But Severia is not in it. She escapes to the

Great Dune, and slides down the dune to the lagoon. She vomits into the lagoon. Suddenly, in the distance, the flash lights appear: border guards are approaching the idol with the company having sex around it.

The border guards arrest the party participants.
Border checkpoints.

The inquiry. Who, and why, and what were they doing in the prohibited area. Writing pleadings. The inquest.

Severia at Klaipėda train station in the night.

The fields flashing through the windows of a sleeping car with Severia inside it. /

/ VALDAS' APARTMENT. EVENING.

Around the table, loaded with food and bottles of vodka, a company of men and women, including Severia and Talgat.

Valdas:

- What we can try is to save this imperfect world.

Talgat:

- A desire to save the world is the same madness as a desire to destroy it.

Valdas:

- I don't agree with that, Talgat. It's your oriental thinking, but it doesn't work for us. In saving the world, you save yourself. You can also find that in the Talmud.

Talgat:

- I don't give a damn about your sources. I am saying what I think. I am raising a toast to our friends and their path.

Everyone around raises something: a cup or a glass. Toasts are going around in circles, until Talgat's calm voice speaks up to the company.

Talgat:

- I'd like to tell you the dream I had tonight.

It has been interesting me, strangely, it's very detailed. In a word...a man has a little girl who's just born; the time comes to show the baby to his family; winter, raging wind; the sleigh is harnessed, his wife wraps up the baby to keep it warm; what a shame, he was expecting a boy, and what he's going to show them now!! He'll have to hang his head in shame...it falls to his lot to make that ride.

The story is replaced with images:

A horse is pulling a sleidge in a snowstorm. A track pit in the forest. Suddenly, in the distance, four dots appear and start emerging. Wolves. They are approaching. The man grasps the child and throws her out of the sleidge. The wolves only sniff the bundle with the baby inside and continue to follow the sleidge. The woman immediately rushes out of the sleidge after the baby. The wolves run past without touching the woman, gradually approaching the sleidge with the horse.

The man detaches the sledge from the horse, but the wolves don't run to catch the horse, and eventually sweep down on the man.

Coming back to Talgat telling the story:

- So that's the dream..what could it mean?...- he smiles. - What the heck is it about?

Severia (in Russian):

- It's about love. And you have invented it.

She becomes incredibly shy, then rises and comes quickly out of the room.

Talgat gazes after Severia.

Talgat:

- Who is she?

Arvydas:

- You do not know Severia? It is more important that she knows you.

Valdas:

- But who doesn't know Talgat?! The actor, the champion, but most importantly - our friend.

Arvydas rises from his chair, and says enthusiastically (in Russian):

- Let's drink some rum! SomeTuzemsky! I'm offering you a night journey to my country-house. There, we'll finish the night and our uplifting conversations. Maybe we'll become simpler.

Talgat:

- Let's go, I'm voting for.

Arvydas pulls a small bottle from his jacket pocket. /

/ THE ROAD. NIGHT-TIME.

The company is marching along the road.

Arvydas:

- Two more kilometers, and we'll be there.

Severia:

- You already said the same thing before half an hour.

Arvydas:

- Hey, you'd better admire the landscapes, not only Talgat.

Severia:

- It's you who's looking in the wrong direction. /

/ ARVYDAS' COUNTRY-HOUSE. NIGHT-TIME.

The party continues. On the table, there is a lot of empty bottles.

Talgat:

- We have to think of people as of better than they are worth to be thought about. As Viktor Tsoy used to sing -There are no walls around my home. There is no moon seen in my sky. Put on that song for me, please.

Arvydas:

- I know this song. I'll find it now.

The song by Tsoy starts to sound. Everyone is submerged in the sounds. Severia stands up, puts on her coat and goes out.

Talgat catches up with her outside.

Talgat:

- Let's come back to the city together, Severia.

Both of them are going down on the road. Talgat stops, then Severia stops, too.

Talgat:

- I've fallen in love with you, miss.

He tries to kiss her. Severia gets away from the kiss and hurries down one of the suburban streets. Talgat is standing and following her with his gaze. Then he turns around to the opposite direction. /

/ VIDEO RENTAL.

Severia's eyes are running around the rows of videotapes.

Severia:

- Give me the "Pirates of the 20th Century" videotape, please. /

/ SEVERIA'S PLACE. NIGHT-TIME.

A TV screen is glowing in the dark. Episodes including Talgat. Severia's happy face./

/ TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAYTIME.

Severia is looking through the window of the train - there are images that she has never seen: steppes... steppes...the mountains...human figures, scattered symmetrically over a large field. The train is already close to those figures - the people are moving rhythmically, collecting cotton, by making graceful hand movements forward and then towards themselves.

Along with her, a group of women between 18 and 45 years old is travelling. Severia has already met a part of them at the gatherings at Igor's and Valdas' places. /

The goal has been achieved - a campsite founded by Nizra (42 y.o.) and Mumbai (37 y.o.): some larger and some smaller tents scattered over a river bank.

Along with the women whom Severia knows from their trips together, the campsite has many women from other countries and of other nationalities. Already during her first day, Severia gets acquainted with some of those. The women come from various Soviet republics, and are of various ethnic origins.

The rituals, of which Severia knew nothing, or has just learned by hearsay from the community in Vilnius. The topics of their conversations range from Buddhism to things that she has never heard of. The long night conversations at the firesides are mysterious and elated. Dancing around bonfires along with the music played by Nizra and Mumbai, who are the only men in the camp. Bathing naked in the river. At the moment when all the women, elevated, took their clothes off, Severia felt that she did not want to do that, but, succumbed to something, as if a commandment, she did the same thing as the rest.

On the third night, one of the group's women invites Severia to come to Nizra's tent. Severia goes there with humility, until she sees one of the travelers coming out of the tent. The woman's face shows her ecstatic bliss. Severia's face shows horror./

/ STEPPE. NIGHT-TIME.

Severia, frantically, is roaming the steppe. Suddenly, in the distance, she sees a small tree. She approaches. She falls on her knees and starts a prayer:

- God, if you exist, please, save my miserable soul.

Suddenly, the wind rises up, and Severia disappears in a sandstorm./

/ MAIRONIS STREET IN VILNIUS. MORNING.

Severia is walking towards St. Anne's Church. Opposite the Bernardines, she looks around and enters the St. Anne's Church. Inside, there is no one. She sits down on the bench. Glances at her watch. Quietly, from the back, comes Priest (65 y.o.), and quietly utters:

Priest:

- So, you are Severia...

Severia startles, surprised:

- Yes.

Priest:

- Please come with me.

Severia kneels down for confession. She is whispering something./

/ NIDA. DAYTIME.

Severia and Talgat on the Great Dune. The sky. Their faces on the sand.

Talgat:

- Do you remember my poem "If...again"?

Severia recites:

- „ If I stretch out my palms again,

You, again, will fall into them

Out of sight of anyone, not even me.

If you stretch out your palms again,

I, again, would fall into them

At the sight of everyone, even me ..."

A kiss. They embrace each other. Still embraced, they roll down the dune to the lagoon. Roll into the lagoon water. Their bodies are floating in the water.

Talgat, in the water:

- Maybe, this is happiness?

Severia:

- Maybe, this is happiness? Maybe, this is love?

Talgat:

- Do you doubt it?

Severia:

- I am not asking myself, I've known it from the first moment I saw you. I am asking you.

Talgat:

- Don't ask me. After all, you do know.

Their kiss in the water./



Talgat is telling Severia some episodes of his life: his childhood, his striving to be a director, a quest for spiritual teacher, the movies, the fame...A part of this story, we can see.

/ NIDA. EVENING.

On a dune, Talgat is holding Severia in his arms, whispering in her ear:

- Once, I lost my beloved...I lost my homeland...I lost my mind...I have found you...I have found myself.

Severia:

- You're talking to me as if in verses.

Talgat:

- Because I love you, Severia. Like never before.

Severia, quietly:

- Me, too...like never before.

Talgat:

- But I'm not a lyricist, rather, a delyricist. My thoughts have rhymed. Like it happens to bad poets.

After a pause:

- When you feel down on your luck, or when you feel pain, remember those who are not here anymore, and those whom you have loved. You know, men and women often do not make themselves understood to each other, because men cannot understand, and women do not want to.

Severia smiles. /

/ SEVERIA'S ROOM. NIGHT-TIME.

The soft light from the lamp that Severia has just turned on, illuminates the sweaty naked bodies of Severia and Talgat. Their heads on the pillow.

Talgat:

- Have you been at Nizra and Mubai's place? There, in the steppe.

Severia:

- I have.

Talgat:

- Did you make love?

Severia:

- Yeah, what did you think? It is, after all, a part of the training (irony in her toneless voice).

Talgat:

- Training...

Severia:

- Your training. Don't be sad, after all, I love you. And there, I went crazy. But I came back. Talgat, come back, please. What do you have in common with them? Who knows, maybe you love me at the command of the teachers.

Talgat:

- Do not say so, Severia. Do not kill me. I've signed off, I'm here because of you, Severia.

Severia takes Talgat's face in her palms, gives him a long look, then kisses him on the forehead.

Severia:

- My dear, beloved, grown-up child./

/ THE TOWN OF RADVILIŠKIS. DAYTIME.

Severia (16 y.o.) and her Mother (42 y.o.) are approaching the railway tracks. A few little boys, running around between the rails, jumping down from one wagon with coal to the next one. A passenger train is speeding by, everyone freezes and glances, some even wave their hands to it. Severia stops for a moment, Mother gives her a twitch, urging to follow her.

Cemetery. Neatly cleaned paths. Mother takes the faded flowers down from the grave. The monumental stone displays a young man's photo in an oval frame. The photo reveals the man's remarkable resemblance to Severia. Under his full name, there is a carved date: 1930-1962.

Mother:

- Go bring some water - in a dry, colorless voice, Mother addresses Severia.

Mother and Severia are walking back from the cemetery towards the railway. Andrius (8 y.o.) shouts to Severia, who is stepping over the rails after her mother:

Andrius:

- Severia, Severia...I've got a brooch for you! Catch it!

In a whisk, he throws her a flattened piece of metal. Severia catches it and speeds steps towards her mother./

Severia starts on a journey to meet Talgat at the place where he is acting in a movie. The turmoil of the filming site. „This is an actress from Lithuania” - that is how Talgat introduces Severia to everyone.

/ MOSCOW. MUBAI'S PLACE. EVENING.

In the kitchen, Talgat and Mubai.

Mubai:

- You're even haven't taken off your shoes. Are you in a hurry?

Talgat:

- No, I'm not, but we're not going to talk about the training now. At this moment in my life, I don't want to hear you at all. I need time. I need to be alone. And I have brought the money. I got paid for the movie. You will need a lot, and I do earn a lot. I am, after all, a So-

viet movie star. You're the star of all teachers. Two stars. Is it not too much for this small sky?...

Mubai:

- Talgat, I have always loved you and I always will. You are not here because of the money, but because we believe in the same values. After all, you and I are walking the same path.

Talgat:

- It's you who is walking, I am just following. Here's the money, now I'm going my own tiny path.

From the pocket of his jacket, Talgat pulls out a bundle of banknotes and puts in on the table.

He walks toward the apartment door, Mubai follows him. Talgat stops and holds out his hand. Mubai does not shake it.

Mubai:

- Is it true that you string along with that Lithuanian girl?

Talgat:

- It is not true. I don't string along, I love her.

Mubai:

- You love her more than your own path...And, as for Severia...You know, as a disciple, she's not so hot, but as a pussy, she's good. She has been to our place.

The pain and rage on Talgat's face. He opens the door and walks out./

Moscow. Talgat in a circle of his friends, actors.

Drinks, songs and conversations until the morning. Talgat is sharing his doubts about his path and his wobbled faith in the teachers Mubai and Nizra. All the friends in a unison are asking Talgat to distance himself from those two.

The spiritual leaders of Severia's friends' circle call into question the trueness and pureness of Nizra's and Mubai's spiritual path, as well as their own values. Their doubts enrage Nizra and Mubai. They come to Vilnius with a three guys escort.

At the same time, Talgat is also called for coming to Vilnius.

/ SEVERIA'S PLACE. NIGHT-TIME.

The phone rings. Severija snatches up the phone.

Talgat's voice on the other side of the telephone receiver:

- It's me. Talgat.

- I've recognized you, - Severia is all ears.

- Forgive me for calling so late. I've got something to tell you. The day after tomorrow, I will be in Vilnius. I have a request for you. I want to be baptized. Could you arrange it with the priest, please? From the church near your house.

- Sure.

- Upon my arrival, I'll call you. Good-bye...forgive me for the call at this time of day.

- Nevermind.

- You know...I'd like to tell you something, - a



pause on the other side of the receiver.

- What?

- Nothing...I'll tell it to you when we meet.../

/ SHOP. DAYTIME.

Severia, to the salesgirl:

- Give me a candle. No, two candles.

She pays and leaves./

/ THE CATHEDRAL OF VILNIUS. DAYTIME.

Severia enters the Cathedral (at that period, the Fine Arts Museum) at St. Casimir's chapel. She stands there. Attempts to make the sign of cross over herself with her right hand, but does not complete the gesture. She pulls out a candle and matches. Places the candle she has lit in front of the icon of St. Casimir, after making sure that there is no one around. /

/ THE INTERIOR OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH IN ŽVĖRYNAS DISTRICT OF VILNIUS. DAYTIME.

The priest is performing the rites of baptism for Talgat. A choir of several women is chanting religious songs.

Among the few people, there is Severia. /

/ ŽVĖRYNAS DISTRICT. DAYTIME.

Severia and Talgat near the Orthodox church of Žvėrynas.

They stop for a moment.

Talgat:

- Why did I want to be baptized? Perhaps I have too little time left...I've got this feeling...

Severia:

- Do not talk like that! /

/ ROTONDA CAFÉ. DAYTIME.

Severia and Talgat at the table. The café is nearly empty.

Severia:

- Why have you been baptized?

Talgat:

- I need a god, not the gods.

Severia hangs her head down. Begins to weep.

Talgat:

- What's up with you, Severia? We should rejoice.

Severia:

- I am rejoicing, I'm so joyful, through the tears.

Talgat:

- You know that poem of mine, about the tears...

He begins to recite, but with no recitationist intonation:

- What are the tears?

They're sunglasses,

So that the light could not pierce our hearts,

It's full of rain, the scorching heat and sand

Striking the bottom of our eyes.

So cry, if you can do it, if you know how to, and
if you love, and if
You do despise, if you're
Alive.

Severia:

- Beautiful.

Talgat:

- Really?

Severia:

- Really.

Talgat:

- Life is beautiful.

Talgat takes Severia's hand and kisses it inside
the palm. Softly:

- Love you.

Severia, softly:

- Love you./

/ THE ORTHODOX CHURCH AT GORKY STREET. EVENING.

Talgat, opposite the church, smokes up a cigarette.
The interior of the church.

Next to the little candles and icons, a woman is
sitting.

Talgat:

- Good evening, dear mother. Is it true that Han-
nibal, the grandfather of Alexander Pushkin, was bap-
tized in here?

Mother:

- Yes, it's true.

Talgat:

- Is the priest in? I have a meeting with him ar-
ranged.

Mother:

- He's coming in a moment, sir, please wait.

The priest comes out. He approaches Talgat.

Talgat:

- Father, as we've agreed, I'll make confession.

Priest:

- I have been waiting for you.

Father puts the Gospel and the cross on the lec-
tern. He takes a stand on the side. Talgat kisses the
cross and the gilded cover of the gospel.

Priest:

- I follow you, sir, what was your name...

Talgat:

- Talgat.

Priest:

- Talgat, I have seen you in a movie...so, I follow
you...

Talgat:

- Father, I have never gone to confession before.

Father, is it a sin to be afraid of death?

Priest:

- No, sir, it's just your fear. Fear is not a sin.
But the prayer will set your soul at rest. Prayer and
penance.



Talgat:

- Father, I have hurt a lot of people...it's especially painful to me that many of them love me, or at least wish me good. I often get misled on my path, and I am not a good person, but perhaps many people do think I am.

Priest:

- But you can stop doing so, sir. Just do not torture yourself for being wrong. This kind of suffering does not bring you close to God, sir.

An elderly woman enters the church. Talgat starts to talk quietly, and we cannot longer hear what he or the priest are saying.

The Priest, after confession, puts the stole on Talgatas' head hung down.

Priest, in undertones:

- Let Our Lord and God Jesus Christ, by the grace of His love for people, forgive you for all your sins, Talgat. And I, His unworthy priest, by the power that He has given me, forgive and absolve from all your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Talgat opposite the Orthodox church, smoking./

/ VALDAS' PLACE. EVENING.

Besides Valdás, Vitalikas, and a few ordinary members of the community, there are Mubai, Nizra, three sporty young men of oriental facial features, and Talgat. Mubai gives them a command to beat Vitalikas, who was the first to snap out on the phone to Nirza that the latter „will not receive any money, and no one is going to listen to him anymore.“

The guys start to hit Vitalikas by using martial arts movements.

Mubai, insistently, to Talgat (in Russian):

- It's your turn now!

Talgat:

- I will not do it.

Between Vitalikas and the guys who have been beating him, intervenes Valdás.

Mumbai:

- Enough! - he insistently gives a command to the three guys.

Those obey immediately. Mubai turns to Talgat.

Mubai:

- Now, you continue.

Talgat:

- I will not do it.

- You will not?!

Mubai (to the three guys):

- Take him for a ride.

The violence continues for a long time. The

guys are beating Talgat. He does not defend himself at all.

A call on the door. The half-dead body of Talgat is moved to the bathroom.

Two militiamen inspect the apartment, not guessing to have a look in the bathroom.

Militiaman:

- No noise. If your neighbors call us again, we'll take you to the department.

The officers leave.

The execution continues. Talgat's body is dragged back into the room. He is not defending.

The completely smashed Talgat and Mubai look each other in the eye for a long while, about two minutes.

Mubai:

- If you believe in Christ, die like him.

Mubai runs up to Talgat, who is lying down leaning against the wall. Gives him two kicks in the head.

In the room, Medical Man (38 m.) inspects the smashed Talgat. He looks Valdas directly in the eye for a long time.

Medical Man:

- You guys have gone too far. I cannot help him anymore. He is dead.

Mubai, with a poker-face, is looking vacantly at Talgat's body.

Mubai:

- Oh, dear...you boys...there was no need to kill him...I'm going for a walk...You guys get things sorted out.

Morning. Valdas hangs up the phone.

Valdas:

- I've called the militia.

A few criminalists are walking around the apartment. On the floor, lies Talgat's body.

Valdas and Vitalikas in the militia car. /

/ SEVERIA'S PLACE. EARLY MORNING.

The phone rings. On the other side of the receiver, Arvydas cries out:

-Talgat has been killed!

Severia's wail.

Severia:

- No, I can't believe it. Where?

Arvydas:

- At Valdas' place. /

The militia starts the investigation. Severia does not fall among the respondents. All those who could go, have gone into hiding. Everyone knows about the inquiry and interrogation of the circle members.

/ COURTROOM. MORNING.

In the corner, among all the many people filling the courtroom, sits Severia.



The process takes a long time. In the courtroom, all those who observe the process, keep complete silence. /

The prosecutor interrogates Mubai and Nizra. He also interrogates the witnesses, including Andrėjus, Valdas and Vitalikas.

The interrogation of Nizra and Mubai.

A lot of questions. In answering them, Mubai gives a lot of detail and behaves nearly business-like. Mubai can hardly compose a meaningful answer to the judge's questions. His nerves are obviously frayed.

Next day at the court. The process continues. Among the people seated in the hall, Severia is absent./

/ SEREIKIŠKĖS PARK. EVENING.

Severia at the river Vilnelė, very close to the bank. Her face has no expression, stagnant. A big dog runs up to Severia, and starts licking her face. From further away, Severia is heard screaming./

/ THE CENTER OF VILNIUS. DAYTIME.

News kiosks display newspapers with photographs of the smiling and the murdered Talgat. Severia is standing in a long line to the news kiosk. "Evening News" in the hands of those who's just bought the newspaper. /

/ TRAIN STATION. DAYTIME.

Severia, with a suitcase, at the station. From the train station kiosk, Talgat is looking at her - from the cover of magazine "Sovietskiy ekran" ("Soviet Screen"). With trembling fingers, she is searching her wallet for kopecks.

Severia, gazing through the window of the train.

The images of Vilnius train station area are replaced by other images. We can see: men and women of oriental features are holding huge cotton fluff balls in their hands, some of the balls are floating in the air (in slow motion)./

/ RADVILIŠKIS TRAIN STATION. EVENING.

Loudspeaker:

"The train from Vilnius has stopped at platform Nr. 2."/

/ AN APARTMENT. DAYTIME.

A woman (65 y.o.) (in a louder voice, addresses Severia, who is walking around in the next room):

- So, do you need the registration or not?

Severia:

- No, I'm registered at my mother's place, it is enough for me. /

Severia teaches English at school.

Over time, it doesn't remain a mystery among the students that the teacher of English has been having sex with the school's older students, and that she is available to "anyone who wants it". Students Andri-

us (16 y.o.) and Saulius (17 y.o.) are Severia's only friends in the town. They meet and stay together after school. They spend a large part of the time together, those moments are almost joyful and happy. And they are perhaps the only ones who do not have sex with her.

/ SEVERIA'S PLACE. EVENING.

A call on the door. Vidas (17 y.o.) in the doorway.

Vidas:

- Will you let me in?

Severija:

- As usual.

The room. Vidas on the rug, his legs bent. Severia enters with two glasses of wine. Vidas is examining the icon with his eyes.

Vidas:

- Do you pray?

Severia:

- Not anymore.

Vidas:

- What happened?

Severia:

- God left me, we stopped communicating for some time.

Vidas:

- You are a teacher, after all. You must serve as an example to others.

Severia:

- Especially to you, after having sex for three months.

Vidas:

- But no one knows this, even he (points his finger to the icon).

Severia:

- He in particular. I've closed his ears, and bandaged his eyes.

Severia covers the icon with an embroidered cloth.

Severia:

- Finish your drink, and we can go.

The bedroom. Severia and Vidas naked. Making love.

The staircase of Severia's house. Andrius and Saulius pass with Vidas. The corridor of her apartment.

Saulius:

- What was he doing here?

Severia:

- I gave him a lesson.

Andrius:

- Yeah, you gave it. We know those lessons. Everyone knows them. Severia, what have you done to yourself? ...

Severia:

- Keep quiet. You can get the lesson, too, if you want to. Do you want to? Do you? Go to the headteacher. Go to hell.

Severia pushes Andrius and Saulius through the door. Both are already behind the door. Severia is

crying. Goes back to the room. She takes the icon, covered with a cloth, and places it on the very top bookshelf. /

/ CLASSROOM. DAYTIME.

The carpenter ties a black ribbon over the portrait of Chernenko (the General Secretary of the Communist Party of USSR). Next classroom, next ribbon. /

The school. Uniformed students walking in circles, with communist attributes.

Teachers' meetings. Discipline. Suspiciousness. Fear.

/ TEACHERS' ROOM. DAYTIME.

The teachers, with Severia among them, are seated in chairs in front of the TV.

The TV shows Gorbachev reading the report (in Russian):

- We all have to face a major challenge. Perestroika and Glasnost - those are the main guidelines for all of us.

The Headmistress (52 y.o.) comes up to the TV set and turns it off.

Headmistress:

- I guess it's not worth listening for the third time. We discussed it all yesterday. New time has come, we've got a new Secretary General, and new guidelines for all of us. It is important that our students would understand the changes.

The school bell rings. The teachers leave the room./

/ CLASSROOM. DAYTIME.

A lesson is going on. Behind Severia's back, there is a portrait of Mikhail Gorbachev.

Severia:

- It is a rare case: in English, Glasnost is still pronounced as Glasnost, while the Restructuring is Perestrojka. Even though normally, it would be Reconstruction or otherwise, the Changes. /

/ RADVILIŠKIS. THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE SCHOOL. EVENING.

Andrius and Saulius are coming back from Severia's little apartment toward their own homes, and are looking down from the hill at the school from a distance.

Andrius:

- How do you like the view? Everything's burning...

Saulius:

- Good. Makes no sense, but it's beautiful.

Andrius:

- It does make sense. It is killing us, and it has killed Severia.

Saulius:

- She was already killed there in Vilnius. I would murder all those busters.

Andrius:

- Do you agree with the plan? Fire, fire everywhere...And then, let's roll to Vilnius and deal with the matter.

Saulius:

- Great, I'll go for it. Let's do everything in course./

/ THE SCHOOL. EVENING.

Andrius and Saulius are pouring gasoline all over the school corridors. Andrius strikes a match at a matchbox and throws the burning match on the ground. The fire is spreading over the school corridors with the speed of a lightning./

Saulius



/ RADVILIŠKIS. EVENING.

Severia is going down a narrow dark street. At some point, she starts to see some strange kind of gleam in the distance. Severia runs up the hill, from where she sees the school apparent engulfed in fire blazes. Towards the blazing school, people are rushing from all sides. /

/ A SLEEPING CAR IN A TRAIN. EVENING.

Outside the window, in the darkness, lights are flashing by rhythmically. Andrius and Saulius are sitting facing each other. They keep silence. In his hands, Andrius is rotating and polishing a small home-made shotgun.

Their quiet, focused faces.

Saulius:

- Andrius, now I'll tell you the way I imagine the final stage of the revenge.

Andrius:

- Come on, go ahead, I'll expand it.

Saulius:

- In a word...

We see:

Saulius and Andrius are walking the night streets of Vilnius. Andrius speaks up to an older man:

- Excuse me, where is Medžiotojų Street?

The passer-by:

- Go straight, turn right and up that hill.

Andrius:

- Thank you.

Saulius presses the doorbell. A sporty man of about 50 y.o. (N.B. - not Valdas) sticks out his head.

The man, horrified:

- What are you looking for?

Andrius puts his foot in the door.

All the three of them inside the room. The man shows his knowledge of martial arts - the Tiger breathing. Saulius, in a battle posture, is in front of him.

(Photo above: Saulius.)

Saulius:

- Show me some more of the Tiger breathing. Have

you ever seen a live tiger?

The man, already embarrassed:

- Long ago, in Kaunas.

Saulius:

- You're an arse-licker. We even know whose arse you've licked. Now you will be our arse-licker. Take your pants off.

Saulius slowly takes off his own belt and opens the zipper.

He takes his belt and, like a shot, throws it around the man's neck.

The belt encircles the man's neck. The end of the belt is in Saulius' hand.

Saulius:

- Don't be afraid. We will not rape you. It's not our style. It's the style of your gang. Poor Talgat Nigmatulin.

Andrius takes the shotgun from Saul's hands, aims and shoots at the man's genitals.

- That's for Severia.

A sleeping car of the train.

Saulius:

- That's the way I see the matter. But I'm afraid in reality I'll shoot him down.

Andrius:

- Well, that's the way it goes. For the sake of Severia.

Fields are flashing by in the windows. Both of them are blowing out smoke.

Andrius and Saulius are walking the night streets of Vilnius. From some of the windows, comes a strangled husky voice singing in Russian - Vysotsky.

Saulius comes up to an elderly passer-by:

- Excuse me, where is Medžiotojų Street?

The passer-by:

- Over there, on the hill.

The doorbell rings, Valdas opens. His sleepy face, confusion on his face.

Valdas:

- But...who are you?

He attempts to close the door, which does not close as Andrius has quickly put his foot in.

The three of them inside the room. Andrius sits down in an armchair. Saulius is walking around the room. As if against his will, Valdas sits down in an armchair. Andrius is standing about in front of the bookshelves, Saulius is observing the photos on the walls with his eyes.

Andrius:

- It's nice.

Saulius:

- Yeah, it's a nice place.

Andrius turns to the stiff Valdas.

Andrius:

- Do you know why we are here?

Valdas:

- No.

Saulius:

- Neither do we.

Andrew approvingly nods his head. Saulius pulls the shotgun from his pocket, and slowly aims it at Valdas sitting stiff in the armchair.

Saulius:

- So you'll never know it./

/ SEVERIA'S PLACE. NIGHT-TIME.

A head on the pillow. Closes the eyes.

A dream:

Daytime. Room.

The pregnant Severia, sitting, as if waiting for something, with her hands crossed on her belly.

For 30 seconds, a black plot.

Evening. Room.

Severija is taking care of the baby.

Various women's faces and naked bodies.

Offscreen, Talgat's voice (speaking Lithuanian):

- A woman's body is made up of bones, muscles, sinews, eyes, heart and soul, but those are optional.

For 30 seconds, a black plot.

The room in Radviliškis of Severia's childhood.

Evening.

Severia, to her mother:

- Yesterday, Aleksandras had fever. But today he's been calm.

For 10 seconds, a red plot.

Blinking shots in slow motion:

Severia (8 y.o.) with her mother is walking around the cemetery...arranging the flowers on the grave of her father...going back home by rails...a train passes by...

Talgat:

- The woman has Animus, but is looking for Anima.

The man has Anime, but is looking for Animus. When Animus and Anima meet, the mandala is born.

Different colored mandalas.

Talgat:

- When it fails to find it - then, the person can be moved with madness or just be miserable.

For 5 seconds, a white plot.

In the frame, the pictures:

Madonna (for 3 seconds)

Madonna with the Child (for 3 seconds)

The various Madonnas in photographs (10 photos, each for 3 seconds).

The face of Severia, as if she has grown old, but her features are still recognizable.

Severia wearing the veil of Madonna from the art books. She is reading a book with no text in it.

River (for 5 seconds).

Sea (5 seconds).

Desert.

For 10 seconds, a black plot.

Severia raises her head from the pillow. Looks around. Outside the window, it is morning. /



/ A TRAIN WAGON. DAYTIME.

Through the window we see: Vilnius train station is approaching. It is snowing. The snow-covered asphalt and rooftops. People are waiting, walking around. An elderly woman is dragging a snowy Christmas tree behind herself. A boy and a girl are taking bites of a doughnut.

The station announcer's voice: "... has come to platform Nr. 1".

/ VILNIUS TRAIN STATION. DAYTIME.

It is snowing. Severia with a suitcase in her hands. A young man walking in front of her stops.

The young man:

- Happy New Year. May it bring you new happiness. /
