

IN TRAFFIC***1. BUSINESS WOMAN***

EXT. HIGH HEELS ON PAVEMENT FADING IN. CAR DOOR OPENING. SIGH.
CAR DOOR SLAMS.

INT. SAFETY BELT EXTENDS AND CLICKS. ENGINE STARTS AT THE SAME
TIME WITH THE CAR RADIO. MUSIC. ENGINE REVVING.

RADIO : ...there is no evidence of an open investigation of/

BUSINESS WOMAN: Aughhh, come on, move man, it's green already.

RADIO: /as Liviu Dragnea maintained yesterday.

BUSINESS WOMAN: *(For herself)* Just stay there. See, you can do it? Atta boy...

NEWS JINGLE.

RADIO SPEAKER: Trade unionist in public transport are out in the street asking for better work conditions and raise of salaries. World premiere in open heart surgery at the Heart Research Centre Institute of Targu-Mures. Warm weather is expected, with local showers in south Transylvania and in the mountains. And a last minute information: the traffic is completely jammed in the roundabout at the end of 1st December 1918 Boulevard.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Shit. Shit, shit, shit!!!

RADIO SPEAKER: Apparently shotguns were heard in the roundabout. We'll be back in a few moments with facts from our reporter who is already there. In a few seconds we'll find out exactly what happened.

STREET NOISE FADING IN.

[ANNOUNCER: IN TRAFFIC; SCRIPT AND ARTISTIC DIRECTION ALINA NELEGA]

EXT: BREAKS SCREECHING. LOW IMPACT CAR CRASH. GUNSHOT.

INT. RADIO FADES IN.

RADIO SPEAKER: We advise the drivers to avoid 1st December 1918 Boulevard as the traffic is jammed. We'll come back with details in a few moments. Till then, news at large...

PHONE RINGING IN THE CAR.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Yes, Corina! Come on, man, go, butthead, go/

PERSONAL ASISTANT: /you're *still* on the road?

BUSINESS WOMAN: Yeah, it's crazy here, bumper to bumper. Don't you listen to the news? Oh, you're already in the airport.

PERSONAL ASISTANT: Yes. But you are late. Again.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Agh, no, I'm not. There's been some shooting here.

PERSONAL ASISTANT: (*Giggles. Beat.*) You're not joking.

BUSINESS WOMAN: No, I'm not, Corina! I heard it with my own ears. And I'm not late.

PERSONAL ASISTANT: And the project? All the paperwork is with you. You have it, don't you?

BUSINESS WOMAN: Yes, Corina, I have it all. Come on, let's talk on the road. Take a walk in the duty free. (*She takes a sip*)

PERSONAL ASISTANT: (*Beat*) ok, but...what are you drinking?

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*lashing out*) It's coffee, what the hack! I am driving! Come now, I'm getting there! Cheers!

CUTS OFF THE PHONE, RADIO GOES IN SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SENTENCE.

REPORTER ON THE RADIO: /vehicles stopped in the middle of the traffic roundabout at the end of 1st December 1918 Boulevard. A body is lying on the pavement, man of unknown age, face down, he doesn't move, I'm trying to make my way among cars, the traffic is blocked by a blue Infinity and a Dacia Duster. A lady steps out of the Infinity, I see another lady near the Duster, barefoot, hair unkempt, blood on her dress, I'm striving to come nearer, we don't realise yet what's happened/

PHONE CUTS IN RINGING.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Yes, Corina! What now?

PERSONAL ASISTANT: Listen... I've already checked-in, why don't you email me the project, to look it over once again? 'Cause there is nothing to do here and I'm getting bored.

BUSINESS WOMAN: What do you mean - bored? Just...go to Victoria's Secret and get me a set of lingerie, you know what. A black one. And you get one for you, too. Red.

PERSONAL ASISTANT: For me? Why?

BUSINESS WOMAN: No reason. Just have some fun. And stop calling me, I'm on my way. Shit!!!

PERSONAL ASSISTANT: Ok, fine.

ENGINE STOPS. INDICATOR CLICKING.

EXT. THE STREET SOUND FADES IN. CARS HONKING, VOICES.

2. *RUNNING WOMAN*

RUNNING WOMAN: I don't even know your name. But thank you!

REPORTER: Good morning, I am from the radio/

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: Fuck that idiot, who the fuck learned him to drive?

RUNNING WOMAN: Thank you! Even if I burn in hell for what I feel now/

REPORTER: Hi, I'm from the radio.

RUNNING WOMAN: /it's still worthwhile!

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: /had the right of way, barely managed to brake. You saw that, didn't you?

REPORTER: Is that blood? Are you hurt/

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: /but no, he honks, rolls down his window and howls yo, fag hag - go back to pots and pans!

REPORTER: Who took the shot? You/

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: Suck it and open your eyes, I say, and he:

REPORTER: /is he dead?

HEAD OF PROTOCOL/ RUNNING WOMAN: You, pussy, shut your cock pocket!

REPORTER: /can you tell me what happened?

RUNNING WOMAN: And randomly, curtly he slaps me.

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: And randomly, curtly, he slaps her.

RUNNING WOMAN: We were in the traffic roundabout.

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: Right in the traffic roundabout.

RUNNING WOMAN: Blood squirts from my lower lip, and the upper one swallows at once.

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: And he stops.

RUNNING WOMAN: Right on the pedestrian crossing.

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: And I freeze. He will kill me, I have to run, call the police or something, but instead – I stop the car.

RUNNING WOMAN: Someone shouts, I see nothing, with tears - and all that blood running from my lip. I think I've swallowed a tooth, doesn't matter, it helps digestion.

STREET FADES OUT WITH AN ECHOING SOUND.

INTERIOR MONOLOGUE - RUNNING WOMAN

I just want to run away, hitchhike to neverland,
 find a place for myself, a place where no one knows me.
 I could wash dishes, nurse kids, be a hustler - why not, I'm used to it.
 Anything but ...but pain.
 Ten painful years, no swimming pool, no miniskirts, no bare arms.
 Ten years of contemplating
 how the color of my skin goes from black to blue to yellow, to beige,
 again and again, with method – not a day without pain.

MUMBLING ECHOES FADE OUT. STREET SOUND FADES IN.

HEAD OF PROTOCOL: I stop and he gets out. His face is beet-red.

RUNNING WOMAN: Her SUV is twice as big, but she can't drive through. He jerks the car door, kicks at it and shouts:

RUNNING WOMAN/HEAD OF PROTOCOL: Cocksucker bitch!!

RUNNING WOMAN: I remember those words, I've heard them so many times. He shouts at her. But I am here. I get out of the car and want to run. He doesn't look at me, now is the right time - but she – she looks. Looks at the blood leaking down my dress. And how I get up on my feet because I've slipped and broken my heel, damn these shoes! I can run better without them. But before I do that - she looks - she's looking at me. For the first time in ten years somebody is seeing me. And then I hear the gunshot.

3. HEAD OF PROTOCOL

HEAD OF PROTOCOL : I found the gun by mistake in my glove compartment. I was looking for my phone. It was not me who put it there.

STREET FADES OUT. DOOR BANG.

INTERIOR MONOLOGUE – HEAD OF PROTOCOL

I hate weapons, I told him - therefore he took me in the backyard and put a gun to my head.
 Feel the fear? – he asked. Want to hold it?
 Then he taught me how to shoot.
 It wasn't hard at all,
 much better than playing strip pool
 during the long nights when he can't sleep,
 over a full bottle of Chivas - Royal, not a cheap one.
 Afterwards he would cry in my arms till dawn. That's how I learned quite a lot about the art of leadership. Straight from the horse's mouth.

I learned how many decrees you trade for an alliance, how to build a highway, the value of a gold mine, the price of a plant - chemical or not, and I also learned how a late-night phone-call works and the meaning of the word "protocol".

It means
 black cars with fine leather couches
 personal airplanes with hostesses aged under 25
 official residencies with seventy rooms,
 barely-dressed girls, two per room,
 and it also means
 tanks of wine poured in paunches,
 and hundreds of corpses frying on the lawn
 under the moonlight,
 boar corpses

rabbit corpses
 deer corpses, all staked
 that's why some call him
 Vlad – even if it's not his name -
 I'm not telling you the real one -
 it's need to know.

"Protocol" also means
 working a week of 70 hours,
 the stress and the relief
 when they make cuts,
 reorganize, reshuffle.

Asking yourself what's gonna bring tomorrow,
 what ideas will come to the mind of the head of protocol?

Head of protocol – well, yes,
 I am his head of protocol
 only because I'm always there for him,
 I understand the hardships this country struggles with
 and I struggle along myself.

EXT. STREET CUTS IN WITH A CAR DOOR OPENING.

REPORTER: So it was you who shot?

CAR ENGINE PURRING.

HEAD OF PROTOCOL:

Excuse me, I can't chat with you anymore, I need to be somewhere else, I always need to be somewhere else.

PHONE IS RINGING AND RINGS THROUGHOUT THE NEXT LINES.

THE HEAD OF PROTOCOL: Look, he's calling. I'm sure he already knows what happened/

REPORTER: /who is calling?

HEAD OF PROTOCOL:/and is pissed that I haven't solved the problem yet. Nice talking to you, I have to go now. You know how he gets – he hates waiting.

CAR DOOR SLAMS, PHONE CONTINUES TO RING, QUICK STEPS AND RUNNING WOMAN FADING OUT

THE RUNNING WOMAN: Thank youuuuu! Thank youuuuuu!

CAR DRIVES OFF, TYRES SCREAMING. SCREAM. BREAK SQUEALS. SMALL THUD, ENGINE REVVING AND FADING OUT.

4. WOMAN WITH EGGS

EXT: IN THE STREET.

WOMAN WITH EGGS: Stupid bitch! I almost had a heart attack! What if she'd run me over? You nut!

REPORTER: Yes, here I am at the...we can't tell yet, if it's a crime scene or an accident/

WOMAN WITH EGGS:/ Oh, dear God! Can't cross the road without getting honked.

REPORTER: The Infinity driver has left the scene/

WOMAN WITH EGGS: /she ran over that guy, right?

REPORTER: And so has the lady in the other car/

WOMAN WITH EGGS: / Good gracious! Thank God I'm all right!

REPORTER: / the Duster left empty in full traffic circle/

WOMAN WITH EGGS: And she takes off, just like that/

REPORTER: /the body is still lying on the pavement/

WOMAN WITH EGGS: /where's the ambulance/

REPORTER/ we don't know if he is dead or alive. Nobody dares to go near/

WOMAN WITH EGGS:/Where is the Police?

REPORTER: The Police has not shown up yet.

WOMAN WITH EGGS: She was blond, right? Yeah, I know. Look what a mess I am, she broke all my eggs.

REPORTER: Can you tell us what happened?

WOMAN WITH EGGS: What happened?! This is what happened! Good-bye to eggs. All gone, all of them.

STREET FADES OUT. CLUCKING CHICKEN FADE IN.

INTERIOR MONOLOGUE - WOMAN WITH EGGS

Thank God, today is the last day!
 Can't wait for all of them to leave - don't want to see them ever again.
 For a week now I've been cooking, cleaning and tidying,
 I took some days off from work
 thank God my boss's kind
 he let me have my days without much ballyhoo:
 - Now, in mid-year?
 - It's my Mum's memorial service
 and we finally did it.

We sold the house.

It was an old house, but with a good location,
 right in the middle of the village,
 by the church, across the school.
 We sold it to a neighbor –she's three years older than my daughter, but already married,
 and with a sweet four year old little girl.
Porca miseria, she says,
 it's so expensive!
 She lives in Italy now-
 her Marco's totally in love with our tzuica,
 he surely is a mobster, or how did he get all that money?!

It's my mother's house, I tell her,
 the house I used to come back to every week from boarding school,
 the house of my childhood, where I spent my holidays
 me and my brothers, my children, their children.
 But we have to sell it 'cause we have a mortgage and college taxes for the kids.
 Please, don't tear it down.
 Please.
 Sure, she says, we'll keep it just the way it is, with these blinds it looks like a Tuscany
 house, just uglier.
 We'll build another one in front of it, with 10 rooms, an attic, two garages, central
 heating, we'll tear down the fence and the gate, cut these dwarf trees, they make sour
 apples anyway, we'll have the yard paved, build a gusher fountain with swans, fit up an
 intercom and an alarm connected to the mayor's office.

So we sold it. It's in good hands.

I held her in my arms when she died, chose her coffin,
 the clothes to burry her,
 and then I got back to the house,
 and sat there all night till dawn,

all by myself.

I was just sitting there
 unable to think of anything - but
 Grandpa's fork.
 Where could that fork be?
 He ate with it all his life,
 it was stainless,
 he brought it from the war,
 from World War II.
 It was the first fork
 in our village,
 people would marvel at it,
 come to our house to touch it and see how it worked,
 then Granny and Mum wanted to put it
 in the window, next to the china trinkets
 but Grandpa took it and
 kept on eating with it,
 even if he wasn't on the battlefield anymore.
 There is some good in the war
 he would laugh
 and Granny: - Seriously, man,
 you like being at war,
 screw that fork,
 cast it away from my sight!
 But he would laugh and wouldn't give it away,
 carried it hanged as some sort of keychain
 on his pants,
 he wouldn't go anywhere without it,
 he'd rather part with Granny
 than with that fork.

He left it to Daddy,
 Took it from under his cushion on his death bed
 but when Daddy passed away,
 my brother didn't want it
 'cause forks had become common
 and we all had one,
 we also got knives
 so that we don't eat with our hands
 and get our fingers dirty.
 So my brother didn't want it,
 bent and crooked as it was,
 - I want it! says I -
 but they didn't give it to me,
 it was a war fork,

and girls don't go to war.
 It had no use any more,
 and Mum kept on eating with her fingers,
 especially when she thought no one saw her,
 it was her personal pleasure...
 So the fork ended up in a drawer
 with other whatnots.
 I looked for it all night long, but couldn't find it.

I looked for it with my daughter,
 who came from Spain especially for this occasion.
 She lives in Barcelona, came with her boyfriend,
 a nice boy, quiet – doesn't grumble over the food.
 We looked for that fork, the three of us,
 then the others came laughing, searching,
 stopping, weeping, chatting,
 and then something crossed my mind,
 why don't I throw a big dinner
 for everyone,
 the last one,
 just the way Mum used to throw.
 With ten dishes,
 Starters and dessert: "the" chocolate cake she loved so much.
 And maybe at dinner
 that fork will turn up.

But now it's over,
 that one -
 with her fancy car, opened my eyes
 thank God she didn't run me over,
 somehow everything's pointless now,
 it's all over, the fork's gone.
 So be it! (*Beat*)

EXT. STREET NOISES FADE IN.

But I am not burrying that guy.
 I've lots to do, anyway!
 I'm gonna get rid of this bag with the broken eggs
 and get a cab
 not waste time anymore
 I'll go straight to the notary,
 sign the papers,
 then we'll all get together at our apartment,
 and order some pizza from around the corner
 the chef's Italian, they make it good,

and we can eat it with our fingers.

And that man – is he really dead ? I kind of saw him move. Call a doctor, somebody! Is there a doctor around? Look, a car with the red cross on the windshield! Isn't he a doctor?

STEPS, PANTING, KNOCK IN THE REAR WINDOW.

5. DOCTOR

WOMAN WITH EGGS: Hey! Doctor! Doctor! (REPEATED KNOCK, WINDOW GOES DOWN WITH SPECIFIC ELECTRIC BUZZ)

DOCTOR: What do you want, auntie?! What?!

WOMAN WITH EGGS: Me – nothing, 'cause I can't go near, don't want problems. But you are paid for this, it's your job, isn't it?

REPORTER (PANTING, APPROACHES) : Make way, let the doctor approach/

WOMAN WITH EGGS: Sure, sure...I'm on my way, lots of chores...I'm on my way...

WOMAN WITH EGGS FADING OUT.

REPORTER: /will you please examine that man in the traffic circle? He may not be dead.

DOCTOR: Of course he's dead. Don't need to be a doctor to realise so much.

REPORTER: Come on, doctor, take a look... he is a human being.

DOCTOR: No way you can talk me into that. If he is dead, none of my business. If he's alive, none the less. Call the ambulance. What if traffic is jammed, let them come by chopper, what?!

REPORTER: But you are here and you are a doctor/

DOCTOR: /don't you dare think I owe you anything!

REPORTER: /some compassion, he is a human being!

DOCTOR: Listen, buddy, do you know any mechanic that would fix my car for free? Does the lawyer work pro bono? No engineer would tell me on the phone how to fix my fridge or my TV. Have you ever met a priest who burries your parent or your lover for free?

ELECTRIC BUZZ, WINDOW RISES.

INTERIOR MONOLOGUE – DOCTOR

And if he's still moving, let him call the desk nurse for an appointment, maybe I'll see him in three or four weeks.

And don't you mention the Hippocratic oath – no one believes in it today: invented 3 000 years ago by some herbal medicine man who lived in a warm country, fed himself with roots, didn't need a house, a car or fashionable clothes.

I haven't introduced myself as a doctor lately,
 When I go out or attend parties,
 I don't want find out
 how their stomach burns after drinking,
 and - doctor, what should I take to cure my piles?
 Or the hick-ups, or this dizziness when I stand up,
 my urine's greenish,
 my joints hurt,
 my legs are swollen,
 I gripe when I eat,
 - How much does an artificial insemination cost,
 - Could you tell me where to get a liposuction,
 - Please pierce my six months old one's ears,
 - May I have beer with tetracycline,
 - Is C vitamin addictive? (*Beat*)

But sometimes my imagination plays tricks on me
 when I talk to a chick I like
 and I start seeing her orbicular muscle,
 her facial muscle,
 her extraocular muscle,
 then I lower my sight
 towards Pectoralis Major, the coracobrachialis, the biceps, triceps, her pronator, Latissimus Dorsi, Subscapularis, Serratus Anterior and lower, her pelvis and iliacus muscle, and even lower. And I find myself counting muscles, bones, tissues, not thinking at all of what we're talking about, I don't hurt, she's only muscles, bones, tissues, organs, fluids, flesh.

EXT – THE STREET FADES IN. REPORTER'S PHONE RINGS.

REPORTER: Coming back with details from the traffic jam – 1st December 1918 boulevard with Liberty street.

GRADUAL CHANGE OF PLANS. THE REPORTER IS ON AIR.
 INT. CAR OF BUSINESS WOMAN.

REPORTER (ON AIR): The traffic is still jammed, you can hear the ambulance, they can't approach. Bumper to bumper, people have lost patience, it's impossible to drive. The fallen man does not move, he's probably dead. I am talking to a doctor who refuses to approach the victim.

6. BUSINESS WOMAN

PHONE RINGS IN THE BUSINESS WOMAN'S CAR, INTERRUPTING THE RADIO.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Hey.

MAN: You haven't forgotten that your plane leaves in an hour, have you?

BUSINESS WOMAN: Mm. (*Champing*) Everything is e *under control*, keep calm. (*Beat, drinks.*) What, Corina called you too?

MAN: What are you drinking?

BUSINESS WOMAN: Coffee. (*Beat*)

MAN: Improved?

BUSINESS WOMAN: What do you mean - improved? No, it's just coffee, black without sugar. I know what you imply and yes, I have practised my yoga, I do that every day. I breathe. I'm ok.

MAN: Are you sure? (*Beat*)

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*irritated*) Oh, come on, don't keep me, I'm missing that plane. Anyway, Corina is there already. But you already know that, don't you? She's got the right lingerie for this project. All the executives like her, *nice piece of ass*. (*Giggles*) Sorry, I forgot your English is awful. It means she is a hot chick. But you already know that, too. (*Beat*) Are you there?

MAN: What on earth does Corina have with this? I called *you*.

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*Condescendingly*) Aw, please stop playing the innocent! (*Drinks.*) The caring loving husband.

MAN: (*Beat.*) What now? What's your problem? (*Beat*)

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*Irritated*) Come on, just don't insult my intelligence. (*Beat*) I know everything.

MAN: What do you know? *(Beat)* You seriously want to have this conversation now? On the phone? What the hell do you think you know?

BUSINESS WOMAN: I just know. Since last time.

MAN: *(Beat)* What last time? You're delirious. You took your pills?

BUSINESS WOMAN: *(Ironic)* Yes, granny, I take them every day. *(Beat)* You'd had no idea, had you? You thought I was already in London, for that executive meeting. But I couldn't leave. *(Beat. Gentler.)* It wasn't just fear of flying. I thought, no problem, I come back home and he will be happy about it. Surprised. In our challet, just us, the Swiss carnations and the garden lanterns. *(Taunting)* The hell just us! Ha!

MAN: Are you being sarcastic now?

BUSINESS WOMAN: So what? Let me express myself, what the hell? *(Beat, drinks)*

MAN: Aha. Meh.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Are you still there?

MAN: Are you drinking again?

BUSINESS WOMAN: It's not alcohol, are you checking on me?

MAN: You are checking on me!

BUSINESS WOMAN: No, I am not, and that's the problem. *(Beat)*

MAN: You didn't tell me that you'd missed that plane.

BUSINESS WOMAN: I'm telling you now: I drove into the garage, as silently as I could, and almost stepped inside the kitchen - thank God for that little window and thank God I took a peek before entering! It thought I heard some funny noises but no - I said to myself - can't be my husband screwing the cook, ha-ha! *(prolongued laughter)* And guess what: it wasn't the cook.

MAN: No.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Nooo, no. It was Corina. Over the dinner leftovers - you didn't even have the decency to order a pizza or something. *(beat)* Hold on, I have a call. *(switches lines)*

BUSINESS WOMAN: Yes, Corina! What now?

PERSONAL ASISTANT: Listen, the plane is 40 minutes late. So you have plenty of time to get here.

BUSINESS WOMAN: I don't know, Corina... I guess I won't drive out of this bloody traffic jam today. Just go by yourself/

PERSONAL ASSISTANT (*panicked*): / I can't go by my/

BUSINESS WOMAN: /or no ...you know what? Why don't you call the office to send me a car on Revolution street, by the former Lenin, near the hospital. And...tell them to pick mine up, in the traffic roundabout, Liberty crossroad. On the other side. You get it, Corina?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT: I get it.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Fine. (*switches lines*) You still there?

MAN: (*bitter*) Yeap.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Are you?

MAN: Yes.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Fine. So...where was I? Right. And she... was really good. What with a salami slice, a pickle or a little slice of lemon she was pulling out from different parts of her body. I had to give that: she was a nice piece of ass. No cellulite, tight skin, no fat on her belly, she was definitely hot with her tanned thighs and narrow hips and that Victoria's Secret lingerie. (*Beat*) Hm?

MAN: (*beat*) You're ranting. You're making this up.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Of course I am, what! do I sound like I'm telling the truth? (*Drinking*) Excuse me for a second... (*switches*) Yes.

PERSONAL ASISTANT: All set. Should I get anything for...the road?

BUSINESS WOMAN: Yes, Corina. You should. Mouthwash, chewing gum, C vitamin shots and a strong black coffee. Any other questions, Corina? (*Beat. Long sigh*)

PERSONAL ASISTANT: ok, but you're coming, right ? You're not giving up on me, right? I'm not going there by myself, I'd better/

BUSINESS WOMAN: /Corina, what the hell! Do what you are told! (*Switches lines.*) Right. So, what was I saying? (*beat*) Right. Well, what was I supposed to do? I pulled out of the garage and went back to the airport. There's a nonstop tanning salon with massage and fitness and I worked out all night. Then, when I "got back from London" I brought

you a bottle of whisky supposedly from the duty free and you were very nice. Since then, Corina is coming with me. You probably realise I can't afford to miss this plane.

MAN: How much did you drink?

BUSINESS WOMAN: Doesn't matter, not your problem. Anyway, you know I get anxiety fits on the plane.

MAN: I know you're an alcoholic.

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*nervous laugh*) And you are an asshole. I'm not an alcoholic, I'm just stressed. (*On the verge of tears*) Hold on, I have another call. (*Switch. Pause, breathing, sigh. Burst into tears, crying, hits the steering wheel. Composed again.*) Sorry, it was your friend, Corina, on the other line. (*Beat*) Just saying.

MAN: We need to talk. To...have a serious conversation. When you're back...

BUSINESS WOMAN: No...no, please, please. Don't try so hard. It's a stupid matter, not worth talking about. (*Beat*)

MAN: Are you angry with me?

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*Tears in her voice*) No. (*Composed again*) No, of course not, why should I be? (*Beat*) I have to go now, I'm in a hurry...

MAN: (*Beat*) You know I love you.

BUSINESS WOMAN: (*difficult breath*) I love you too.

BUSY TONE. PHONE RINGING.

DRIVER: Good morning maam, I've been there but couldn't stop/

BUSINESS WOMAN: /wait, what? How do you mean couldn't stop? You just drove by?

DRIVER: The traffic was jammed and you weren't there, so/

BUSINESS WOMAN: /Of course I wasn't there, I can't fly! (*laughing hysterically*) Unbelievable...

DRIVER: /and the police were there/

BUSINESS WOMAN: What police/ Fuck the police/ I'm paying the tickets! Get back there right now!

DRIVER: I can't it's a one way.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Of course you can! Take the first turn to the right and... you know what, stay where you are!

DRIVER: I can't, it's a no stop/

BUSINESS WOMAN: /what do you mean you can't? /turn on the emergency lights/

DRIVER: /and everybody's honking.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Let them honk, what! Just stop and wait for me!

DRIVER: The police are here, they're giving me a ticket/

BUSINESS WOMAN: /nevermind that, don't I always pay your tickets?

CAR DOOR SLAMMED.

EXT. STREET FADES IN, QUICK STEPS.

BUSINESS WOMAN: *(on the phone)* Wait there, I'm telling you! *(To passers-by)* Excuse me! Just let me pass, butthead, don't you see I want to go through? *(on the phone)* I'm on my way. I'm on my way/

DRIVER (far away): /with the red Seat.

BUSINESS WOMAN: I can see you now, I'm on my way!

DOG BARKING SCARED.

BUSINESS WOMAN: Away, mongrel! Damn you, stray dogs!

BARKING LOUDER. PANTING.

7. BITCH

BITCH *(Panting)* I just want to cross the street.
 What's the big deal?
 But that guy's in the middle of the street
 and the traffic lights don't work anymore
 I can't cross by myself surrounded by so many eyes
 and I wonder
 which one of you's gonna throw the stone?

All I want is to get on the other side.

To do that I have to push my way,

to get closer.
To you.

We, dogs, understand about 400 words:

Let's go for a walk

Be good –

come eat – will you?

Down, down I tell you,

sit

play dead

good job,

dear, dearest, you beautiful,

wonderful.

No, I said NO.

Come here.

And some more:

Goodness, kindness, humanity,

legal, moral.

Compassion. (*Sniffing*)

But people, people are complicated,

they don't understand these words.

When they LEGALLY amass us in shelters,

when they MORALLY shoot, poison or starve us to death,

and put us of of misery

from COMPASSION.

And when you're done with the homeless dogs,

with the crossbreeds, the mutts, then you'll get on with the dogs with masters.

The ones who run away or get lost.

Even if they usually are purebred.

Genetically selected. *Arians* so to speak.

And when you're done with dogs, the beggars will follow.

They too are some kind of homeless dogs.

Diseased, mutilated, how shrewd they look for your COMPASSION.

Why don't you show them COMPASSION,

Why don't you give them HUMANITY?!

Gather them in shelters and put them to work!

That's why they're poor, because they're stupid,

They don't work.

They have to be trained old and young, women-men.

Put them to work!

Let's clean up this country once and for all,

so that you can peacefully drink your coffee on some terrace,

so that no Gypsy would beg for your coin at supermarkets,

so that you see no more squalor in the parks.
 No gay dogs, no dogs with malformations, no depressed dogs.
 They are all nothing but dogs.

No other species forgive so easily, come back to the one who hit them,
 run away just to be able to come back home,
 eat so much shit, and enjoys it,
 fuck around so much.
 No other species in the world is so similar to humans.

But humans don't resemble dogs.
 Human resemble wolves.

POLICE SIREN FADES IN. CAR DOOR SLAMS. WHISTLE, REPEATED.

8. POLICEWOMAN

POLICEWOMAN:
 Step aside, step aside, please!
 Can anyone tell me exactly what happened here?
 You broadcast on the radio all this shit?

REPORTER: *(nervous)* I...no, I just...

POLICEWOMAN: What did you see, can you tell me what happened?

REPORTER: In fact I did not see... *(bracing up)* What do you have to declare to our radio?

POLICEWOMAN: Hey! I'm asking the questions here!

REPORTER: When do you think the traffic can be resumed?

POLICEWOMAN: Were you here when it happened?

REPORTER: The traffic...when will it be resumed?

POLICEWOMAN: What car was it? Stop there ! Don't move !And you, are you in a hurry? You know nothing? There was someone in the victim's car. There's the car, right? That blue Duster my buddies are towing away now, right? I'm asking you to be honest and tell me everything, I'm opening an investigation here.

WHISTLES DIFFERENT TONES, FADE OUT.

INTERIOR MONOLOGUE - POLICEWOMAN

I have to find at least one witness,
 there's been a phone call, no name disclosed - someone called and said
 clean up,
 find the facts and then
 back to normal,
 the traffic's jammed for an hour now,
 but the cameras don't show a thing
 they don't work today
 as usual.
 Send Nina,
 said the big boss, absent-mindedly -
 we've got priorities -
 but have her go,
 we can't give her anything to do anyway.

To the traffic jam, said the other boss, the smaller one, but last time she directed the
 traffic we had more bumps than the whole year.

Women are useless, the big boss says,
 in the Army,
 or in the Police,
 and still, how peculiar, how interesting, we have more and more openings
 for women in the Academy,
 it's a higher decision,
 well, I suppose you gotta do something for poor them.

While they're young
 we send them out on patrol
 always accompanied by a man
 who tells them what to do,
 where to park,
 what to write,
 he's always the higher rank -
 eventually it's a good thing,
 this way we've created more jobs,
 officers who walk around with our women
 so they too can happily play
 cops and robbers.

If that's so, I don't understand
 why are you sending me
 to a murder scene?
 Why don't I sit around the office just like I always do,
 to prove myself useful
 doing paperwork
 like a secretary,

or at the Archives,
or in schools
to talk about juvenile delinquency?

At Prevention or Education,
somewhere I can't make mistakes,
and where mistakes don't have consequences,
since prevention isn't worth a penny
and who cares about education nowadays?

Because it's not about a murder here,
the big boss says,
sweetie, I heard you're overachieving,
looking for a career.
Listen to me then:
you go ascertain the facts
the Forensic come, pick up the victim,
we call the family, and...that's it.
It's a DOA,
we don't know who,
don't know how,
don't know why, we've got no motive, no gun - so the case's closed.

Chop-chop, get to the facts, write the report,
Hurry now!

But someone's been shot,
it was a murder –

oh, come on, now! it was a traffic accident
since it happened in the traffic,
don't wanna hear you say "murder" again,
what murder – who murdered who?
You're watching too many American movies
with sexy women carrying guns
and leading an army of men –
who would buy that?

This is a tough job, sweetie, not a playground, it reeks of stinky feet and sperm! We take off our gloves here, and tops - this is not America! At most, girls are good to catch a dealer in the act, with miniskirts and smuggled perfumes, and how we love to see them without uniforms, some really hot chicks! Or with the Vice Squad, undercover, when we wanna catch a pimp.

And let me tell you something else,

the boss says,
 if someone even tries,
 if it's one person who dares
 insinuate that it was a woman who fired
 with a random gun,
 registered or not as a fire arm,
 you laugh into his face
 and invite him to make a statement,
 to describe exactly what she looked like,
 the car brand, plate and color,
 the type of gun she used,
 and if he's wrong about anything
 it means he's trying to obstruct justice
 which means 3 to 5 years in jail.

EXT. WHISTLES FADE IN. STREET NOISES ALSO.

POLICEWOMAN:

Right, I'm asking you again now, did anyone fire a gun or maybe...it's just a traffic accident? The guy came out of the car, maybe he had heart problems or something and collapsed right in the middle of this roundabout where he got hit by a car. Most surely this is how it happened but if anyone knows better, speak up now. If not, start moving, please! There is nothing to see here, no story to tell – the press will lay it on thick, will spin a yarn, but you have seen – nothing special, a fact of life, a mere fact of life.

RADIO NEWS JINGLE.

RADIO SPEAKER: Therefore the police assures us that there has been no gun shooting on the 1st Decemebr 1918 Boulevard. The traffic has been resumed in the area.

[ANOUNCER:

YOU HAVE LISTENED TO “IN TRAFFIC” BY ALINA NELEGA.

THE CAST:

BUSINESS WOMAN – ELENA PUREA
 RUNNING WOMAN – CRISTINA UNGUREANU
 HEAD OF PROTOCOL – ALICE BRATU
 WOMAN WITH EGGS – MONICA RISTEA
 BITCH – CARMEN GHIURCO
 POLICEWOMAN – CRISTINA HOLZLI
 DOCTOR – NICULAE CRISTACHE
 REPORTER – CRISTIAN IORGA
 PERSONAL ASSISTANT – MĂLINA MORARU
 MAN – MIHAI CRĂCIUN

DRIVER – NARCIS ZAMFIR

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