

## NOTE FROM J.J.

Autor - Mamuka Magularia

Director and Sound – Bako Khvichia

Artistic Director – Zurab Kandelaki

*(Quiet evening music)*

**Givi:** That night when everyone was asleep, I stayed on the terrace. Full cognac glass in hand, I was listening to silence. It had become unbearable but there was nothing to be done about it – nearly the whole world ended up quarantined due to a terrifying virus. It must have been the first instance in my life when I wasn't thinking about anything, just sipping cognac.

Yeah, I was really hopeful about my plans for this year, almost half of the text was ready, Janis Joplin... then everything got cancelled by a tiny, invisible microorganism. Some called it divine punishment for our sins. Other pushed conspiracy theories of the west vs. the east, or the other way around.

*(Sound of cognac pouring)*

I wished I'd finished it...

Curfew silence is softly interrupted by sound of Janis Joplin song in the distance.

**Janis:** (echo) I wish I were a seagull... seagull

**Givi:** (confused) How did you get here? There's a curfew out there, you know...

**Janis:** (echo) Why can't we glide like seagulls...

**Givi:** (confused) You would have been fined...

**Janis:** (echo) I was 27... just like them... Morrison, Hendrix, Jones...

**Givi:** (sighs) I think I'm drunk... Janis... I imagine her as a girl in her twenties. Not beautiful, but not particularly unattractive either. Dressed carelessly as a boy. Janis... Newspapers ran stories about her, films were made about her and there was no place on Earth where her voice hadn't reached. In the end even I decided to write a radio play about her. Everything was fine until this pandemic broke out.

*(Dreamy music)*

**Janis:** I wish you managed to finish it... Good idea about the lighthouse, too...

*(Sound of ocean waves)*

**Janis:** I'd live in a lighthouse when I got old... there's got to be an abandoned lighthouse somewhere.

**Givi:** perhaps

**Janis:** Or maybe I'll buy this one

**Givi:** I'm afraid this one will be destroyed by then

**Janis:** That would be a shame, but then again nothing is permanent in this world... (counts steps) 72 steps... 72 is 27 in reverse, isn't it...

*(Ocean / Seagulls)*

**Janis:** Oh, this is so beautiful... Why can't we glide like seagulls...

**Givi:** as I was writing the play I wanted to picture her face, she had a sad smile in her eyes, as if she knew what was coming.

**Janis:** twenty seven... twenty seven... Morrison, Hendrix... Jones...

Janis's voice slowly fades into the echo

**Givi:** and I saw her smoking up on the lighthouse gallery, silently staring at the ash wafting over the ocean.

*(birds and Traffic sounds in the distance. Sound is getting louder)*

**Givi:** (awake) morning already... curfew is over, sunrise soon... (yawns) I must have drunk too much...

There was a handwritten card under the glass: when it gets really tough, play my song, it will bring you hope... let others hear it too. J. J.

*(Janis Joplin song)*

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