FERENC

However, I’m really greatful to him for one thing: going to the cinema was not a bad thing. Although he was rude, had a good taste and he showed me good films. Eventually, I got mad about films thanks to him. And later i became a actor. And now you are giving me a lift to my screening. My face will appear on the screen, but it won’t seen by that person who really should see it.

RÓBERT

My condolences.

FERENC

Thank you…

FERENC

Stop, please.

RÓBERT!

Pardon?

FERENC

Draw aside the road where you can.

RÓBERT

But we’re gonna be late.

FERENC

I don’t give a shit. Do stop.

FERENC

The old guy didn’t talk much. He was working as an official for years. He was making a good money. And then a few years later, when I was born something happened and he got sacked .He was employed in an office neve ragin. We moved to the countryside and we changed lodgings almost every year. For while he worked ever as a builder. Later he got lazier.

But he considered cinema a miracle. Sometimes he couldn’t buy two tickets so I could go alone. He waited for me at the end of the movie at the entrance.

Even in winter when it was snowing. That time I got money for popcorn. I adored the taste of that popcorn. I don’t remember many films but I still remember the way the popcorn was made. It was hot when it was run over with cheap margarine. My mother hated when I had that, beacuse she considered is unhealthy. She usually scolded my father not to by me anything like that but my father paid for me a small portion in secret. That was our common secret.

RÓBERT

Ferenc…

FERENC

I don’t care! If you need extra money for your time, I’ll pay it!

FERENC

He was carryng me and my mother with himself in all my childhood. And she did what he told her. I haven’t ever understood that. But what can I do with the fact that my father was a looser? He always just carted about himself. He made me love movies but he didn’t a lot of things to hate him though. He even hit me once when I asked him crying why he was kind to me only int he cinema. And he slapped me in the face. He didn’t speak, he just hit me. I didn’t dare to share it with my mother to avoid the hoo-ha.

He didn’t care about me. He thought I was just a harebrained.

FERENC

You know what? Take me back to the fucking hotel.

FERENC

That’s right, the plan’s changed. I don’t fancy it.

RÓBERT

But…

FERENC

Take me back to the hotel.

RÓBERT

Your family is waiting for you.

FERENC

Fuck, don’t you understand me?! I want to be alone.

FERENC

Do you know what the funniest is? After going to the cinema my father would go to a café when he could, and he had this same shit. Melange. He didn’t buy it for me because children shouln’t have coffee, but he always had it. It was the luxury for him. And now I always have the same. Melange. I remember going to these dirty corners pubs. You know, which you enter and smell a lot of fucking stinky people.

Well my father, the temporary worker, entered these places in his old shirt and I swear he started to shank at the bartender: Melange, a Melange please!, like a cheap diva.

I even remember how he waved his hand. Shit, I just missed a pair of posh gloves from his hands. Even his steps and hand-move ments how he stirred the coffe here different that time.

FERENC

I remember his voice in my head: a Melange, a Melange, plese! Oh, shit!

RÓBERT

No problem, It hasn’t been spilled.

14. jelenet: MOZI

FERENC

Hi, Ági! I’m here. I’ve just arrived. I’m coming.

RÓBERT

Ferenc! The Virgin Spring from Bergman.

RÓBERT

The boy is innocent.

RÓBERT

Good luck to your screening.

FERENC

Thank you.

ÁGNES

Here you are. And you were squabbling with me about being late. Everyone is inside, it is gonna start in a few minutes.

FERENC

I’m sorry. Don’t be mad at me. I’ve been just a bit worn out.

ÁGNES

Yes, you seemed to be.

FERENC

I know.

FERENC

Shall we enter the cinema or shall we go anywhere else?

ÁGNES

Feri… what happened?

FERENC

I think this show will go on even without me.