

Tvá Kamila

by

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CHARACTERS

- KAMILA STOSSLOVA A young jewish woman, 20's-30's, and mostly always happy, if undereducated.
- STOSSEL Kamila's husband, 20's-30's. A dealer in antiques, with military connections. A polish jew.
- LEOS JANACEK A Czech Opera composer with a recently acquired international reputation, and a history of infidelity. 60's-70's.
- ZDENKA Janacek's wife, 50's-60's. Mostly bitter, though was an optimist in her youth.

SETTING

The Janacek home in Brno, Moravia; The Stossel home in Pisek, Moravia; The Woods..

TIME

1917-1928.

NOTE

All characters and events are based on the string quartet "Intimate Letters" by Leos Janacek, and the more than 700 letters written between himself and Kamila Stosslova during the last ten years of his life. Scene Titles are displayed above, like supertitles in an Opera.

DISCLAIMER

This is not a biography play. Though events and characters are based in history, the play is not meant to be an accurate documentation of what really happened.

PROLOGUE

(All dark. The voice of a six year old girl plays on a record. She speaks in Czech. What she says is translated into English above, like super titles in an Opera.)

GIRL ON RECORD

When you hold them together, they're not the same.
Don't you think this one looks bigger?
I think this one looks bigger.
Maybe that's the one I should be learning to write
with instead.
Do you think it would make me a better writer to use
the big one, or the little one?
I bet the bigger one is stronger.
Does a finger have to be stronger to write well?
Do you think?
Does it?
Do you write pretty things because of big hands?
Maybe small hands and the tiny fingers write the
prettiest things, and the biggest hands with the
strongest fingers write the stronger things.
Do you think?
Maybe I can experiment.
Maybe,
do you think,
if I do one picture with the big one, and one with the
small one, the small one would be pretty and the big
one would be strong?
Can I try it?
Do you think?
Do you think that's how it works?

(The record ends. We see Leos and Zdenka standing together at the edge of an empty, unmade bed. The record player skips back, and begins playing the Girl's Voice again, from somewhere in the middle.)

(As the record repeats a second time, Leos and Zdenka part, and make the bed slowly, together, from opposite sides. It is hard to look at each other, so

they mostly don't.)

(The record ends. It skips back to the same place in the middle, and plays through a third time.)

(As the record repeats, Zdenka keeps making the already made bed, though there is nothing left to do.)

(Leos watches her, then sits at a piano that is in the same little room. All he can do is look at the keys. There is nothing left in the world worth playing.)

(The record ends. It skips back to the same place in the middle, and plays through for a fourth time.)

(Zdenka keeps untucking and re-tucking corners of the same bed. Leos begins to tap out a rhythm on the wood of the piano. It takes on the same rhythm as the pattern of the Girl's speech. By the time the record ends, he is tapping along to her speech rhythm perfectly.)

(The record ends. It skips back to a slightly different place in the middle, and plays through for a fifth time.)

(Zdenka begins to straighten other parts of the room, touching the bed less and less and less. Leos begins to transition from imitating the rhythm of the speech, to imitating it on the piano with both rhythm and melody. He follows the intonation of the voice with his notes perfectly.)

(The record ends. It doesn't skip back to play anything else.)

(Zdenka leaves the room for the kitchen, and begins working to prepare

dinner. Leos plays the exact rhythm and intonation of the Girl's Voice on his piano. At the end, he picks up pen and paper, and records the notes and rhythm, with maybe a note played here and a note played there to remind him.)

(The only sounds are pots in the kitchen, and Leos's pen as he writes out the last speech-melody of their last child.)

THIS WAS HIS LIFE BEFORE THEY MET

(Zdenka and Leos at the dinner table. He eats in peace. She stabs every bite with unbridled fury.)

ZDENKA

So you admit it then.

LEOS

Zdenka, I never had any pretension of hiding it from you.

ZDENKA

No. You wouldn't have thought to do me the courtesy.

LEOS

Would you rather I lie to you?

ZDENKA

I'd rather you didn't make me the laughingstock of the world.

LEOS

Hardly the whole world, Zdenka. Don't flatter yourself.

ZDENKA

The whole of My world, Leos. My world. I don't care if the Queen of England knows, but if everyone from here to Prague is talking about it, that makes it enough to call it the world for me.

LEOS

What bothers you more, my infidelity, or your
tarnished reputation.
Which bothers you.

(beat)

LEOS

If it's the infamy and not the infidelity, I'll be
sure and tell only you next time.

ZDENKA

Do you have someone else already in line then?
It's disgusting. At 64, Leos?
Any self-respecting man would have grown out of that a
long time ago.
I suppose the fame has gone to your head at last.

LEOS

I would give it up in an instant for peace in this
house.

ZDENKA

It's not me who's broken the peace, Leos.
It's not me who's gone and made a fool of themselves
by-

LEOS

No thanks to your support, Zdenka.
If you had come to the theater that evening, it might
not have happened at all.

ZDENKA

Oh, don't-
By my absence I'm now responsible for-

LEOS

Nothing.
I've said nothing.
I will keep the peace.
I'm going back to work.

THIS IS HOW HE REMEMBERS MEETING HER

(A backyard garden, with several

benches, sparsely populated by summer resort residents. Kamila sits on one bench, reading a book. She is on the verge of laughter. Leos sits on the other end of her bench, empty-handed, and on the verge of despair.)

(Kamila turns a page, and chuckles. Leos notices her, and is half annoyed, half envious. Kamila bursts out laughing.)

LEOS

Is it really
That funny?

KAMILA

I'm sorry. I'll be quiet. You were trying to think,
weren't you.

LEOS

I'd rather laugh.
What are you reading?

(She holds up the cover of her book so
he can read the title.)

LEOS

I don't know it.
What's the story?

KAMILA

Oh, it's just some silly romance novel. Nothing
brilliant or serious or anything.

LEOS

Then why read it?

KAMILA

I like to laugh.
Why read about serious things when we already have to
spend so much of our lives being serious? If you can't
escape it, it drags you down.
No, I'd much rather spend my leisure time reading
silly romance novels and laughing than getting bogged
down and depressed by the big classics. Wouldn't you?

(Leos grins, and Kamila bursts out laughing.)

KAMILA

I can tell right now that isn't how you see it at all, is it?

LEOS

No. It isn't.

KAMILA

So which is it? That you don't like romance books, or you don't like laughing?

(Kamila laughs at the idea of not liking laughing. Leos chuckles.)

LEOS

I think I'm much too serious a person to find my way into either.

KAMILA

Well you're no fun at all then.

LEOS

No. I'm not.

KAMILA

Tell me. What occupies the lives of serious people like yourself?

LEOS

Operas and Symphonies, mostly.

KAMILA

Operas and Symphonies?

LEOS

Yes. I write them.

(Kamila laughs)

KAMILA

And I've never been to a single one. Can you believe that?

I haven't know you two minutes and I'm already embarrassed.

I'm Mrs. Stosslova. Kamila Stosslova

LEOS

Janacek. Leos Janacek.
Perhaps you're heard of my work, even if you haven't
heard it?

KAMILA

No, Maestro Janacek.
I can't say that I have.

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT HAVING ANOTHER: ONE

(Leos and Zdenka sit at the kitchen
table together, drinking tea)

ZDENKA

Leos, I've been thinking.

LEOS

Hm.

ZDENKA

In these next few years,
As long as we do it in the next few years, we could
try again.

(Leos drinks)

ZDENKA

Have another.

(Leos drinks)

ZDENKA

I've been thinking, and-

LEOS

Not yet.

(Leos drinks)

LEOS

Too soon.
I think, maybe later.
That could be nice.

(Leos drinks)

LEOS

But not just yet.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HIS WIFE HEARS HER NAME

(Leos comes home after a long vacation.
Suitcase, traveling cloak, the works.
It is summer.)

LEOS

Zdenka?
Zdenka!
Hello!

(Zdenka enters)

ZDENKA

I thought you weren't getting back until tomorrow.

LEOS

Change of plans.
Have we got enough food for four tonight?

ZDENKA

Maybe. Why.

LEOS

I've invited guests. New friends. From the spa. A
beautiful and fascinating young woman,

ZDENKA

Not in my own home, Leos!

(He laughs at her)

LEOS

Oh no!
It isn't like that at all.
Mrs. Kamila Stosslova, and her husband. They are
deeply, deeply in love. They love each other so much,
I fell in love with them. It was contagious. I
couldn't help it.
You'll like her, and I wanted her to meet you so
they're coming. She's a sweet young thing, laughs and
laughs. Never a dull moment, you'll see.

And the husband, very courteous man. An officer in the army. He's arranging for us to get regular shipments of flour. I thought you'd like that. Other things too, as we need it, every month.

They're coming by the six o'clock train, I told them I'd meet them at the station and bring them here. I promise you'll like them. It isn't anything like that, so put it out of your head. They're very much in love, you won't be able to do anything but smile when you see it. So run to the store if you need to, there will be four of us tonight.

THE FIRST TIME HE IS GONE FOR WORK, SHE MISSES HIM TERRIBLY

(Stossel and Kamila at home, by their front door. Same space as the home of Leos and Zdenka. Maybe the couch pillows are a different color. Maybe the light comes from different places. Whatever it is, it is almost identical, but younger and more alive)

(Stossel and Kamila at home, by their front door. Same space as the home of Leos and Zdenka. Maybe the couch pillows are a different color. Maybe the light comes from different places. Whatever it is, it is almost identical, but younger and more alive.)

(Stossel in a Uniform and Coat. A packed bag sits next to him. Kamila cries silently.)

STOSSEL

I'll be back.

(He kisses her)

STOSSEL

Soon.

(He kisses her)

STOSSEL

I will miss you.

(He kisses her)

KAMILA

I miss you already.

(He kisses her)

KAMILA

Will you write?

(He kisses her)

STOSSEL

Every day.

KAMILA

Will you think of me?

(He kisses her)

STOSSEL

With every breath.

(He kisses her.)

KAMILA

What should I do?

STOSSEL

Write.

(kiss)

Think.

(kiss)

Breathe.

(kiss)

I'll be back before you know it.

(He kisses her one last time, picks up his suitcase, and leaves.)

(Kamila alone in the house. It is quiet. She closes the door. She goes into the kitchen, and puts on water for tea.)

(She opens an envelope with a record inside, and puts it on. The voice of Stossel.)

VOICE OF STOSSEL

Kamila.

Dear Kamila.

My dearest Kamilka.

It wasn't until I was on the train that I fully realized I would be away from you.

I never liked the idea of it, but the reality is already worse.

Outside it is snowing, and I think I must have forgotten my scarf at home when leaving you.

May it keep you warm in my absence.

Ty, Stossel.

(As the record plays, Kamila opens a book, and looks at it without reading a thing. She closes it.)

(Kamila goes to the coat rack, and finds Stossel's forgotten scarf. She smells it, then puts it on and smells it again. The record ends.)

(Wrapped in the scarf, still smelling it, Kamila goes into the kitchen and finishes making tea.)

THE FIRST TIME THE WOMEN MEET, HIS WIFE LIKES HER IMMEDIATELY

(Leos upstairs in the study, playing music phrases for Stossel, who sits on the edge of the bed listening, rapt.)

(Downstairs, Kamila and Zdenka are in the kitchen. Zdenka works to prepare dinner. Kamila perches on a chair in front of her tea, looking at everything.)

KAMILA

Are you sure there's nothing I can do to help?

I don't mind.

I'd rather be put to use as a guest than sit around getting in the way.

ZDENKA

No no, you're not in the way at all!
Sit back, drink your tea.
There really isn't that much to do anyway.

KAMILA

Allright.

(She drinks her tea)

KAMILA

Don't hesitate to ask, if anything does come up.

ZDENKA

It's very kind of you to offer.
Thank you.

KAMILA

THank you for having us.
I know it's all very surprising and last minute and probably terribly inconvenient timing to have us show up like this just hours after your husband returns from his trip, but he Insisted.
And Pleaded.
And practically Begged us to come right over before our trip home so that we could meet you.
And I must say, I'm glad he did!
You two have a wonderful home here.

ZDENKA

Did he tell you much about me then?

KAMILA

Oh yes! Great things!

ZDENKA

And you're sure it was me?
I was under the impression when he left that he was doing his best not to think of me at all.
Are you sure he wasn't mistaking me for that Other Woman?

KAMILA

Her?

No, definitely not.

I read all about that in the paper actually, before I met your husband, and believe me if he had ever mentioned that Other Woman when I knew full well you were here alone, I would have turned and walked away right then and never spoken to him again.

ZDENKA

Well, I'm glad to know the man has some small amount of decency left.

KAMILA

It was
My wife this,
And Zdenka that,
And pretty much all praises for you, though I can see you don't believe a word I'm saying, do you?

ZDENKA

I do find it pretty difficult to believe, to tell you the truth.
Before he left, it was Her this, and Her that.
No shame. He had none!
He would talk about her in front of me,
He would even bring her to the house.
When I was here!

KAMILA

How awful!

ZDENKA

More than awful.
And I was forced to receive her.
As a Guest.

KAMILA

What did you do?

ZDENKA

What could I do?
I made them tea, and I sat, and I talked, and I willed her to leave as soon as possible.

KAMILA

How you've suffered!

ZDENKA

That isn't the half of it.
 His insensitivity is endless.
 My husband,
 Before he left, went so far as to place a framed
 picture of Her on his desk.
 There is no picture of Me on his desk.
 And every time I went up there to clean, I was met
 with her dark, vicious eyes, mocking me always.

KAMILA

How awful!
 Oh, how you suffer!

ZDENKA

Her!
 In this house!
 I can't stand it.

(Kamila jumps to her feet)

KAMILA

Wait here.

(She runs out, and goes upstairs to the
 door of the study, where Leos still
 plays for Stossel. She knocks.)

LEOS

Yes?

(Kamila opens the door)

KAMILA

Am I interrupting?

LEOS

No, no!
 Not at all, come in.

(Kamila enters, and stands by her
 husband, who puts his arm around her.
 Kamila sees the picture of Her on his
 desk.)

KAMILA

Who is that?

Is she a relation?

LEOS

That woman?

No, she is nobody, not anymore.

KAMILA

Then why do you have her portrait?

(Leos picks up the frame, and takes the picture out of it, and gives it to Kamila.)

LEOS

I have no idea!

Here.

Could you give this to Zdenka and ask her to throw it out?

KAMILA

Allright.

(She takes the picture, and kisses her husband.)

KAMILA

Are you two coming down soon?

I think dinner is nearly ready.

LEOS

Soon, yes.

We'll be down in a moment.

(Kamila kisses her husband again, goes downstairs, and hands the photo to Zdenka, who is stunned.)

KAMILA

Here.

He says "give this to Zdenka, and ask her to throw it out."

(Zdenka embraces Kamila.)

ZDENKA

You,

Are a worker of miracles.

HE WAITS FOR HER LETTER TO ARRIVE

(Leos at home. He is working at his desk, wearing slippers. He checks his watch. It is time.)

(Leos takes off his slippers, and puts on his socks, shoes, coat. He goes downstairs where Zdenka gives him his scarf, gloves, and hat. Leos walks out the door, and down the road to the mailbox.)

(Leos opens the mailbox. Nothing. He methodically searches every corner before closing it, and turning away)

(He returns home. Zdenka takes his hat, gloves, scarf. Leos goes upstairs, takes off his coat, shoes, socks, puts his slippers back on, sits down at his desk once more, and returns to his work.)

HE DELIVERS THEIR FIRST SACK OF FLOUR

(Stossel with a large sack of flour, at the Janacek's front door. Zdenka answers.)

ZDENKA

Ah! You've come!
Welcome!
Come in, come in.
Was it a long journey? I heard trains have been
delayed all week.

(They go into the kitchen, and sit.)

STOSSEL

I got lucky. It wasn't bad at all.

ZDENKA

We're very grateful to you for helping us like this.

You have no idea how difficult it's been around here
to get anything!
Flour, sugar, eggs,

STOSSEL

Are you out of sugar?
I can get you sugar.

ZDENKA

Can you really?
That would be lovely.

STOSSEL

I'll bring some by on my way home next week.
Not a problem.

ZDENKA

Do be sure to keep track of what we owe you!

STOSSEL

Of course. Of course.

(beat)

STOSSEL

Is the maestro in?

ZDENKA

Not today.
He's in Prague all week for rehearsals.
Did you get his invitation? I know he is very excited
to bring you and your wife to the premier with us.

STOSSEL

We did, yes.
Thank him for me for the invitation.
I don't know yet if we'll be able to attend this time,
as much as I would love to, I may be out of town for
work.

ZDENKA

Well, let us know so Leos can hold space in the box.

STOSSEL

Of course, of course.

ZDENKA

And if not this time, the next.

STOSSEL

I hope so.

(He stands)

STOSSEL

Give my regards to the Maestro for me.

ZDENKA

Thank you again for the flour.

STOSSEL

Our pleasure.

(Zdenka shows him to the door, and he leaves.)

THE FIRST AND ONLY PRIVATE CONCERT PLAYED FOR MR. STOSSEL

(Leos leads Stossel into his study.
Downstairs, the women are in the
kitchen as in the earlier scene.)

LEOS

Welcome to my study!

STOSSEL

Wow.
So this is where it happens, then?
The Creation of Music

LEOS

Some of it, anyway.

(Stossel notices the bed.)

STOSSEL

Do you sleep in here as well?

LEOS

On occasion, when Zdenka and I need a night apart.
Naps, mostly.
Have a seat.

(Stossel sits on the edge of the bed.)

STOSSEL

Are you working on anything new at the moment?

LEOS

Oh yes, always!

Would you like to hear the beginnings of some new ideas I had while I was away?

STOSSEL

Absolutely

LEOS

Inspired by the two of you, actually.

It's been a long time since I've been in the presence of young love like yours.

STOSSEL

We're very lucky.

LEOS

So these are still just ideas.

The beginnings of melodies, maybe. Not yet fleshed out.

A song cycle, maybe?

Or a quartet.

I'm not sure.

(Leos plays. They are the beginnings of melodies, not yet fleshed out, and disconnected. Still, they are the beginnings of great things.)

(Kamila goes upstairs to the door of the study, where Leos is playing. She knocks.)

LEOS

Yes?

(Kamila opens the door)

KAMILA

Am I interrupting?

LEOS

No, no!

Not at all, come in.

(Kamila enters, and stands by her husband, who puts his arm around her. Kamila sees the picture of Her on his desk.)

KAMILA

Who is that?
Is she a relation?

LEOS

That woman?
No, she is nobody, not anymore.

KAMILA

Then why do you have her portrait?

(Leos picks up the frame, and takes the picture out of it, and gives it to Kamila.)

LEOS

I have no idea!
Here.
Could you give this to Zdenka and ask her to throw it out?

KAMILA

Allright.

(She takes the picture, and kisses her husband.)

KAMILA

Are you two coming down soon?
I think dinner is nearly ready.

LEOS

Soon, yes.
We'll be down in a moment.

(Kamila leaves.)

(beat)

STOSSEL

Who was she?

LEOS

Oh, a mistake, probably.
Definitely a mistake.
A mistaken muse,
who only inspired household strife, and the beginnings
of truly terrible music.

(They look at the empty picture frame
on Leos's desk.)

(Stossel pulls out his wallet from a
breast pocket, and unfolds a photo of
himself with Kamila, and gives it to
Leos)

STOSSEL

Here.
As a remembrance of new friends, and young love.

LEOS

Are you sure?

STOSSEL

Please! Take it.

(he does)

LEOS

Thank you! Very, very much.
It captures the two of you perfectly.
I am sure it will inspire great things.

(He puts the picture of Kamila and
Stossel in the frame, places it on his
desk, and gets up.)

LEOS

Hungry?

EN ROUTE TO A REHEARSAL IN PRAGUE, THEY INVITE HIM TO DINNER

(Stossel and Kamila sit with Leos at
the table drinking a post- dinner tea.)

LEOS

It's a mess.

Frankly, I'm terrified to think what they've been doing with it in my absence.

STOSSEL

Have you worked with the conductor before?

LEOS

Yes. Unfortunately.

(Kamila and Stossel laugh)

LEOS

Fundamentally, we like to see the same results in the end, but we like to get there by going in opposite directions. There is nothing more frustrating than a brilliant collaborator who insists on acting like a fool.

But there's no point in complaining about it tonight, I'll have to worry about it enough all week. Do you know what I'd like to do instead?

STOSSEL

What's that?

LEOS

I'd like to hear the story of these gypsy children I heard rumor of on my way over.

(Kamila grins)

STOSSEL

It's not much of a story,

LEOS

I heard it was the talk of the town! Please. Tell it?

(beat)

KAMILA

He's right. It's not much of a story,

LEOS

Please.

KAMILA

Well,
I came across them. Near here, three children by

themselves.

So since they had no parents I found them a home in town, and now they're in school.

The end.

(beat)

KAMILA

That's all.

Like we said, it's not much of a-

LEOS

It's a beautiful story.

Thank you.

HE DELIVERS THEIR SECOND SACK OF FLOUR

(Stossel, with a large sack of flour, at the Janacek's front door. Zdenka answers.)

ZDENKA

Ah!

Welcome!

Come in, come in. How was the journey?

STOSSEL

Not too bad.

(They go inside.)

ZDENKA

We're very grateful. Again, thank you.

STOSSEL

Not a problem.

(Beat)

STOSSEL

Is the Maestro in?

ZDENKA

Not today.

He's off giving a speech somewhere, or getting an

award, I'm not sure which actually. One was today, the other is tomorrow.

For the life of me, I've never been able to keep track of that man's schedule.

STOSSEL

Well, give him my regards when he returns.
Oh. And this.

(hands her an envelope)

STOSSEL

A thank you from my wife for the invitation we weren't able to accept. I'll be away for work then, unfortunately.

ZDENKA

I'll be sure he sees it.

(He stands to leave. She shows him out.)

ZDENKA

Thank you again.

STOSSEL

My pleasure.

(He leaves.)

THIS IS THE MOMENT HE OPENS THE BOX

(Leos alone in his study, a large box in front of him on the desk. He opens it.)

LEOS

Dear Kamila.

Distracted by all the work and feeling uninspired, I bought something that will help remind me of you, and bring the passion into my work once again.

(He pulls out a blue dress, admires it, and hangs it up in a prominent place, then returns to the box.)

LEOS

You don't write. I need to be reminded of you. My work is failing in every way. Even Zdenka has noticed. My playing causes her headaches now. Her descriptions of their pain are the only words she has spoken to me this week.

Today I received something long awaited.

It reminds me of you.

(He pulls out a Yellow Dress, admires it, hangs it in a prominent place and returns to the box.)

LEOS

In my dreams you are standing here with me, seeing what I see, feeling the same air I feel, and our closeness is such that we nearly share the same skin.

(He pulls out a red dress, admires it, hangs it in a prominent place.)

LEOS

In my dreams there is no distance between us, and we breathe from the same soul when embracing.

(Leos sits, and puts all his attention into admiring the dresses.)

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT HAVING ANOTHER: TWO

(Leos and Zdenka sit at the kitchen table together, drinking tea.)

ZDENKA

Leos, I've been thinking.

LEOS

Hm.

ZDENKA

This year,
Maybe if you want to try again this year we could do it.

(Leos drinks)

ZDENKA

Have another.

(Leos drinks)

ZDENKA

I've been thinking and-

LEOS

Not now.

(Leos drinks)

LEOS

It doesn't feel right.

I think, maybe later.

That could be nice.

(Leos drinks)

LEOS

But not now.

HE STILL WAITS FOR HER LETTER TO ARRIVE

(Leos at home. He is working at his desk, wearing slippers. He checks his watch. It is time.)

(Leos takes off his slippers, and puts on his socks, shoes, coat. He goes downstairs, and Zdenka gives him his scarf, gloves, hat. Leos walks out the door, and down the road to the mailbox)

LEOS

Dear Kamila,

(Leos opens the mailbox. Nothing.)

LEOS

Your silence worries me.

(He methodically searches every corner.)

LEOS

Are you ill?

(Before closing it, and turning away.)

LEOS

Yours,
Leos.

(He returns. Zdenka takes his hat, gloves, scarf. Leos goes upstairs, and removes his coat, shoes, and socks. Leos puts his slippers back on, sits down at his desk once more, and returns to his work.)

THE SECOND TIME HE IS GONE FOR WORK, SHE MISSES HIM TERRIBLY

(Stossel and Kamila at home, by their front door. Stossel in a Uniform, Coat, and Scarf. A packed bag sits next to him. Kamila is nearly crying.)

STOSSEL

I will miss you.

(He kisses her)

KAMILA

I miss you already.

(He kisses her.)

KAMILA

Will you write?

(He kisses her.)

STOSSEL

Every day.

KAMILA

Will you think of me?

(He kisses her)

STOSSEL

With every breath.

(He kisses her)

KAMILA

What should I do?

STOSSEL

Write.

(kiss)

Think.

(kiss)

Breathe.

(kiss)

I'll be back before you know it.

(He kisses her one last time, picks up his suitcase, and leaves.)

(Kamila alone in the house. She closes the door. She goes into the kitchen, and puts on water for tea.)

(She opens an envelope with a record inside, and puts it on. The voice of Stossel.)

VOICE OF STOSSEL

Kamila.

Kamilka dear,

It was no easier leaving you this second time.

It is colder than even before, but I seem to have managed to leave with all of my clothing intact this time.

Even so, we are drinking pots of tea one after the other to stay warm.

I am being called into a meeting.

I will write to you soon,

Ty, Stossel

(As the record plays, Kamila opens a book, and looks at it without reading a thing. She closes it, makes herself more comfortable, and opens it again. This time she reads. The record ends. She chuckles.)

(The water in the kitchen boils. Kamila closes the book, goes into the kitchen, and finishes making tea.)

THIS IS THE DAY HE CREATED YELLOW KAMILA

(Night. Leos sits at the kitchen table with Zdenka. Stony, angry silence on both sides. They eat, and hate each other.)

LEOS

Could you pass the-

(Zdenka glares. He thinks better of asking her, gets up, crosses the table, picks up the butter, and returns to his chair. They eat.)

LEOS

Could you-

(Zdenka glares. He thinks better of asking her, gets up, crosses the table, picks up the salt, and returns to his chair. They eat.)

(Leos opens his mouth to say something, thinks better of it.)

ZDENKA

What.

(He says nothing, gets up, crosses the table, picks up the pepper, and returns to his chair. They eat.)

(Leos begins to hum as he eats. It's nothing good, he's working through a new melody. Zdenka glares. He is immersed in his melody, and doesn't notice.)

ZDENKA

Enough, Leos.

(He stops)

LEOS

If we aren't going to be talking, I may as well work.

ZDENKA

It's grating.

LEOS

I'll eat upstairs then. Away from this miserable existence.

ZDENKA

It isn't just me who makes it miserable, Leos.

(He leaves, and walks upstairs to his study. All is dark, save for the light of Yellow Kamila who stands by his desk, waiting for him. Upon seeing her, he grins.)

LEOS

You have no idea how glad I am of you.

(He sits down to work.)

LEOS

This house is nothing but dark dreary misery.

(She lights his desktop candle.)

LEOS

Nothing for it but work till it doesn't matter.
Help me with something?

(He sings the beginning of a melody, then stops, stuck. Yellow Kamila sings the next note. Leos sings from her note into the next phrase, then stops, stuck. She sings the next note. He sings from her note through to the end of the melody, then again all the way through, as he writes it down by the light of Yellow Kamila and the candle.)

OF ALL THE LETTERS HE EVER SENT HER, THIS WAS HER FAVORITE

(Leos in bed in his study. It is raining outside. He listens to its sound.)

LEOS

I hear
what you're saying.
I wish I were so eloquent.
Could you do me a favor?

(It rains harder.)

LEOS

Deliver a message for me,
put my song into the rhythm of your falling, and play
it on the roof of her room. Not to wake her, just to
guide her to the dream where I'm waiting.
You're going that way anyway.
It would mean a lot.

(Leos hums out a song that the rain catches, plays back to him, and turns into a light drizzle and fades away.)

HE DELIVERS THEIR THIRD SACK OF FLOUR

(Stossel, with a large sack of flour, at the Janacek's front door. Zdenka answers. Leos is upstairs playing. They can hear him.)

ZDENKA

Come in, come in!
How was the journey?

STOSSEL

I'd better not today. Tight schedule.

(He hands her the flour)

ZDENKA

Very grateful. Thank you.