

Rewind

Don on a plane, a woman beside him on a cell phone

Plane: Well it's your loss... I'm telling you, the country is ripe for the picking, businesses to be had for a song... I can't stress enough, it is safe, the situation has completely calmed down, your money is perfectly safe... Well, it's your loss... You'll be bumping into me in a few years and you won't recognize me, I won't be able to give you the time of day I'll be so busy... Yes, that's a risk you'll have to take ha ha. Ahahaha – Listen, think about it, you have my card... ask around, you'll change your mind, you call me... but don't wait too long... yes. All right. Ciao. ***Hangs up, makes another call*** Fuck. I can't get a signal. Useless. Are you going to eat those nuts?

Don: No.

Plane: May I? These cheap-jack airlines. When are we going to eat? Usually I fly executive class. Did you fly out of Boston?

Don: Canada.

Plane: Canada, you're Canadian? I knew a Canadian once, dated my sister. They actually lived together. He always wore a hat, one of those lumberjack hats, what do you call those?

Don: Tuques.

Plane: No, that's not it.

Don: It's called a tuque.

Plane: No. No. You're wrong. It's called something else. Anyway, yes, they lived together for a while. He didn't marry her though. Are you going for business?

Don: No.

Plane: Why are you going? Family?

Don: My fiancée.

Plane: How sweet. I'm recently divorced. Have you been apart long?

Don: Years.

Plane: Years? Well. Through the war?

Don: Yes.

Plane: Do you think she'll even recognize you?

Don: That's a good question.

Plane: When did you last speak to her?

Don: Years ago.

Plane: Well. Is she even alive? I'm going to try again. Aha, I have a signal... Hello. Hello, Mr. Walker? Yes it's Myra Milos... Yes, I – Oh what time is it there? Really. Oh you know why I got that wrong? I'm not home, I'm over the Atlantic, I have no idea what time it is but listen, while I have you up have you given any thought to my proposal? Well, I'm telling you, Golden Opportunity, you -

Stewardess: Excuse me. I'm sorry, I don't want to have to tell you again.

Plane: I'm on the phone – Sorry Mr. Walker –

Stewardess: Cell phones are not to be used –

Plane: I've got some fundamentalist stewardess –

Stewardess: during the flight. Please.

Plane: All right, all right, Mr. Walker? I'll call – hello? Hello? Lost him. Thank you, no thank you. Because of you I may have lost business. Instead of harassing passengers when's the food coming?

Stewardess: In about half an hour

Plane: Half an hour?

Stewardess: We had some problems with –

Plane: Oh, I see, oh. Oh. Well. You can have problems but God forbid I make a phone call, put food in my plate. When we land I'm going to have a talk with your airline, this is

unacceptable. I have my rights. I'm an American citizen... It's so stupid. We have the technology, they won't let us use it. It's because they want you to use their phones, the ones you pay with your card. "Interference" my ass. So. You're a Canadian.

Don: What makes you say that?

Plane: You just said –

Don: I'm coming from Canada. That doesn't mean I'm a Canadian.

Plane: You're an American?

Don: God forbid.

Plane: What? Well... Your English is pretty good.

Don: Is it.

Plane: Not bad at all. What were you doing in Canada?

Don: I didn't do anything. What are you accusing me of?

Plane: What?

Don: You want to see what I do? Sit still. *Takes out a camera*

Plane: No don't, you're too close.

Don: There. That's what I do. That's what I did. Other than wallow. That's what one does in Canada, wallow. In lard, excess lard. I ate crumbs bigger than most people's heads, I consumed and then shit into the lake. I lied to myself over and over and then tried to blame it on others. But I lied to myself, to my soul, I lied to my own soul. That's what I did in Canada.

Plane: Well. I'm a little tired. We'll be landing soon. I'm going to try and get some sleep.

The Balkans

the train station; a woman weeping over a coffin, a young bride in gown, weeping; two other women arguing, Balkan music increases in volume

Wedding: No! Stop the music! Don't turn the music on yet! *Music stops* Now look: You have to get that coffin out of here.

Funeral: I understand that but -

Wedding: We have the hall. There are almost a hundred guests -

Funeral: It's her son.

Wedding: We - Oh don't, don't even try, don't even start that, you want to hear my list? Are we going to compare scars now? I have this hall booked, from, from half an hour ago -

Funeral: We couldn't get here -

Wedding: You had the hall for yesterday -

Funeral: You have to see the roads, six hours we were stuck -

Wedding: That's not my problem. You're a day late. And look at the bride -

Funeral: Yes, I know but look at our people. Two days they've travelled to -

Wedding: When are we going to put this shit behind us and move forward?

Funeral: From the mountains they travelled. It's her son -

Wedding: I don't care! Look at the bride. She comes to the hall to celebrate her marriage with friends and family and there's a fucking coffin in the middle of it, fifty peasants keening -

Funeral: The priest'll be here any minute.

Wedding: No. No. No. Get your mourners out of here. I have a hundred guests standing outside. When we're finished with the reception you can have the hall -

Funeral: Oh right, four in the morning -

Wedding: Best I can do, you've already -

Funeral: We'll be no more than one hour -

Wedding: You've already ruined her wedding day, look at her -

Funeral: Oh and a mother? A mother who had to wait six months for the body of her son? Her tears?

Wedding: She's supposed to be crying, my bride isn't -
enter Don

Don: Excuse me.

Funeral: Give us half an hour -

Wedding: You can have the hall -

Funeral: Half an hour

Wedding: after we're gone -

Funeral: We can't wait -

Wedding: You have my sympathies -

Don: Excuse me.

Wedding: What? You want the hall too? It's my hall, I paid for it, money I don't even have, it's mine.

Don: This still isn't the train station?

Wedding: Train station? Is this a joke?

Funeral: Not very funny if it is.

Wedding: What trains?

Funeral: Where have you been, the moon?

Wedding: You going to fix the tracks? You got money to fix the tracks? Give it to me, I'll fix the tracks because God knows where all the money for "reparations" has gone. Give me the money, I'll make sure the tracks get fixed.

Funeral: You're too honest.

Wedding: You're right, fuck it, give me the money and I'll abscond with it; me for once. Me. What the hell are you laughing at?

Don: It's good to be home.

music begins, Madonna's "Like a Virgin"

Funeral: What the hell is that?

Wedding: *calling off* No, don't play the music!

Funeral: Please. Half an hour. Please.

Wedding: Turn off the music, not yet! *Don takes a photograph of the mourner and the bride* You still here? What the fuck are you doing? Have some respect! *exit Don* Get your people out of the hall. Take the coffin out of my wedding reception. For the love of Christ.

Funeral: Fifteen minutes. As soon as the priest gets here. She lost her son.

Wedding: Listen to that. *the music* Listen. *more music* American popular music. *we listen a moment; it stops* Has there ever been a sound more insipid?

A snow man by the side of the road; two teens pass

Teen 1: Is that another fucking snowman?

Teen 2: Let's wreck it.

Teen 1: Totally.

They begin to trash the snowman; enter Don

Don: Good morning. Excuse me.

Teen 1: Yeah?

Don: Is this Crank?

Teen 2: Smell the air. Take a deep breath. Smell OK?

Don: Yes.

Teen 2: Then this isn't Crank.

Don: Then why'd the bus driver let me off here?

Teen 2: Like I know.

Don: I had a ticket to Crank. Where is Crank?

Teen 1: Next town. Over the mountain.

Don: When's the next bus?

Teen 2: One a day.

Don: So I have to wait 'till tomorrow?

Teen 2: Cool, he knows what "one a day" means.

Don: Is there a place to stay here? What's so funny?

Teen 1: There's rooms to rent above the gas station.

Don: That's it?

Teen 1: I know eh? only one motel in such a great resort town.

Teen 2: And we get so many visitors.

Teen 1: Don't even know why they call this a town. There's nothing here.

Teen 2: Nothing.

Teen 1: Don't even know why the bus stops.

Teen 2: Why you going to Crank?

Don: See my fiancée.

Teen 2: Fiancée, people still have fiancée's?

Teen 1: A fiancée in Crank.

Teen 2: Crank's better than here though. Even if it stinks.

Teen 1: Anything's better than here.

Teen 2: 'least there's work in Crank.

Teen 1: Yeah, if you're a refugee from another country.

Teen 2: Are you all right?

Don: I'm fine.

Teen 2: Maybe you're fine but you look like shit.

Don: Is there anywhere else to stay besides the gas station? One of you must have a spare room.

The girls look at each other and burst out laughing

Teen 2: What, you want my bed?

Teen 1: He's on the run.

Don: What?

Teen 1: You're on the run.

Teen 2: That's why you don't want to stay at the motel.

Teen 1: You can't sign the book or they'll find you.

Teen 2: That's why you rode the over-night bus.

Teen 1: You're wanted, right?

Teen 2: Her dad was on the run.

Teen 1: He beat the shit out of my mum.

Teen 2: Nobody in town would take him in.

Teen 1: Cops were looking for him.

Teen 2: He was afraid to sign his name in any register.

Teen 1: He froze to death in the woods. Don't look like that, it was winter.

Teen 2: You wouldn't freeze now.

Teen 1: I don't know, it still gets really cold at night.

Teen 2: If you want you could walk to Crank.

Teen 1: Take you about two hours.

Teen 2: Follow that road. Maybe you could hitch a ride.

Teen 1: Yeah, 'cause you can see there's lots of traffic.

The girls resume wrecking the snowman

Don: What'd that snowman ever do to you?

Teen 2: He exists.

Teen 1: Her brother made it. He's cracked in the head.

Teen 2: Since he came back from the war all he does is go around making snow-men.

Teen 1: He'd melt by tomorrow anyway. It's getting hot. *They kick at it; Don takes their picture, exits* Did he just take our picture?

Teen 2: Did you see that look he gave us? "You must have a spare room." As if.

Teen 1: Dirty old fuck.

forest, night; music from a small radio; an itinerant woman by a camp-fire; enter Don

Don: Hello.

Itinerant: Hello.

Don: I saw your fire. I hope I didn't frighten you.

Itinerant: Not at all.

Don: The road there, is it the road to Crank?

Itinerant: Crank?

Don: Don't tell me it's not. I've been walking all day.

Itinerant: From?

Don: The last town, whatever it's...

Itinerant: You've walked from there?

Don: All day. Somebody told me I could make it in a day.

Itinerant: Somebody was having you on. Have you eaten?

Don: Please tell me I'm going in the right direction.

Itinerant: Yes. Still a ways to go though. You're not dressed for it. Sit. Have some bread.

Don: Not very hungry.

Itinerant: Not a good sign. You should eat. Otherwise you won't make it to Crank.

Don: Let me give you some money.

Itinerant: Money. You have money. Good old money. I have no need for it. Earlier on the radio they said they've called an election. Nobody likes the way our present government is dealing with the rebuilding so they've called an election. You don't care.

Don: I'd like to. But I am otherwise pre-occupied.

Itinerant: I care. You wouldn't think it to look at me but I care. What did you do in the war?

Don: I was all over. Taking pictures.

Itinerant: Have you ever killed anybody?

Don: ... Not that I know of.

Itinerant: I've killed. I didn't mean to. But I have. I'm responsible for some deaths. And now it's peace-time. How has the peace been for you?

Don: It's easier to be a good person during a war.

Itinerant: You have an accent.

Don: Do I?

Itinerant: Ever so slight. Do you speak English?

Don: Oh my God, you speak English.

Itinerant: Imagine that. Where you from?

Don: Canada.

Itinerant: Canada. "You married?" ha. Which is home, there or here?

Don: Good question. Born there. Came here. Had to go back there. Now I'm here again.

Itinerant: Couldn't hack it eh? It's hard. They get sick of you depressing them with your horror stories? Making them feel guilty about their lives of privilege?

Don: And you?

Itinerant: So you're a photographer? Take my picture?

Don: Put your face by the fire. Sit very still. *Takes the picture*

Itinerant: Thank you. Nobody's taken my picture in a very long time. I'm not very pretty am I? It's all right, you can say. But if you want to stay we'll have to share the sleeping bag. You'll freeze otherwise. There's room.

Don: I promise I'll be a gentleman.

Itinerant: That would be a shame. Lovely music.

Don: Shostakovitch.

Itinerant: You know things like that? I don't know any names. When they announce the names on the radio I don't listen, I don't want to know who it is, I don't want to think: "oh, good, one of their pieces, I like them". I just want to hear it. This beautiful old useless music of another time. I'm a little cold, can I sit on your lap? I'm going to. There. Women aren't very nice to you are they?

Don: That depends on who you talk to.

Itinerant: You remind me of someone. Want to know who? You hit a certain age and everybody you meet reminds you of someone you've already met. You reach that age yet?

Don: Yes.

Itinerant: Who do I remind you of?

Don: I can't say.

Itinerant: Or you'd rather not.

Don: You wouldn't know her anyway.

Itinerant: Oh. It's a small world.

Don: Please don't do that. I'm trying to be faithful to someone. Again. I tried before but it didn't work out.

Itinerant: Faithful, yeah. I tried that once. Don't be so hard on yourself. It's like trying to quit smoking.

Don: Please don't.

Itinerant: Really? Don't? Why? Because I'm not attractive? You say "don't" but your little friend is contradicting you. We're going to spend the night together. So what is this, this reaction? It's survival, you need me. Or is it who I remind you of. *Kisses him*

Helna on her porch in a chair, Anna sweeping the steps, humming

Helna: It's amazing.

Anna: What is?

Helna: How badly you sing. *enter Don*

Anna: Yes? We have nothing to give you. What? Take a picture it'll last longer.

Don: Are you... you're not...

Anna: Not what?

Don: What's your name?

Anna: What's it to you?

Helna: Anna.

Don: Anna. Your name is Anna.

Anna: Why'd you tell him my name?

Helna: I expected you sooner.

Anna: What?

Don: Hello.

Helna: Didn't recognize you at first.

Don: You haven't changed.

Helna: No. I don't change.

Anna: You know this bum?

Helna: You took your sweet time.

Anna: Oh my God, it's him?

Don: Where's Fyona?

Anna: It's him.

Helna: Why are you so late?

Don: I was detained. I did leave addresses where I could be reached.

Anna: See?

Helna: Quiet.

Anna: I told you he wouldn't come unless -

Helna: But he did come.

Anna: What do you mean?

Helna: He's here. Here he is.

Anna: Yes but... later...

Helna: Go clean something.

Anna: Everything's clean.

Helna: The toilet.

Anna: You and the toilet. Her and the toilet -

Helna: Anna. Leave us.

Anna: Aw. *Exits*

Helna: Now then:

Don: Even through all this you manage to find a servant.

Helna: She's a stray. I take them in. You look awful. What took you?

Don: I would have come earlier but I had to leave the country for a while.

Helna: Poor you.

Don: Go get Fyona. Please.

Helna: All in good time. Anna stop eaves-dropping.

Anna: *off* Aw.

Helna: I have put this dress on every day in anticipation of your return. Most others would have given up, it's been months since your first letter. But not I.

Don: This is all very lovely but I didn't come all this way for you.

Helna: Yes. All those letters and not a word about me, not a thought, not a "by the way how's your mother?"

Don: You want an apology?

Helna: I was wondering why God was keeping me alive. It was to wait for you.

Don: Oh for God's sake – Helna, you're young -

Helna: So you've changed. This is what you've written. You're a new man. And you, of all people.

Don: She doesn't even have to accept my apology. Just hear it. That's all I ask.

Helna: She has a hold on your heart? It came to you all of a sudden? Let me guess: after the fighting stopped? Suddenly you were filled with regret? Really. You disappoint me.

Don: You can think what you like but I did actually love Fyona.

Helna: You had an interesting way of showing it.

Don: I did love her. I just wasn't very good at it.

Helna: Tell me honestly: since that first letter you sent have you remained faithful to her?... You were such a comfort to me after my husband's death. Remember? Perhaps you need reminding.

Don: Helna.

Helna: After a bath of course.

Don: You're a married woman.

Helna: Oh you prick, you see what you drove me to?

Don: I drove you to what's his name, Lars?

Helna: You see the shit you put me through, the things I was forced to do?

Don: You made your bed. You got what you negotiated. Nothing to do with me. Call Fyona.

Helna: You can't tell me that she fucked you better than I did. You can't tell me that. Come upstairs, have a bath and we'll catch up.

Don: I didn't come here for you.

Helna: She's dead. She died. She died waiting for you.

Don: Oh.

Helna: Yes. "Oh". Would you like that bath?

Don: I hadn't thought of that. I thought of everything else. It... feels like she's alive.

Helna: She's not. She died. Two years ago next week. You took my daughter from me. She you took you from me and you took her from me, she's dead and we're all left with nothing. And I'm the one, I AM THE ONE, who has lost the most. So? What do you want to do now? What are you doing? You're not crying. No. You are not crying. How dare you? Stop that. Stop it right now. You're not crying! *hits him* Stop it! You're pathetic! *hitting him* You're not going to cry! No! No! No! Anna! *Anna appears instantly* Take him to Fyona.

Anna: But -

Helna: Take him. Get him out of my sight.

Don: Wait. *takes out his camera* Stand next to each other.

Helna: What?

Anna: Like this?

Helna: No. *Don takes their picture*

Anna: I wasn't smiling.

Don: Let's go. *exits followed by Maid*

Helna: Well. That didn't go as planned.
to the cemetery

Anna: The snow's almost gone but we're going to get some more. When I was six I dropped this bowling ball on my toe and since then I can tell when snow's coming. Jesus, look at all the billboards already. They only called the election yesterday.

Don: Tell me, what is the smell here?

Anna: Yeah, it's true eh? Helna's house is up-wind so we don't get it and anyway I'm so used to it. It's the plant. They make landmines.

Don: No.

Anna: They're supposed to stop making them, make something else. They haven't figured out what yet though. Used to be Russians but now it's a Canadian company I think.

Don: Canadians don't make landmines.

Anna: Canadian money anyway. Apparently. Here she is.

The tombstone, a carved angel

Don: There's a picture.

Anna: Yeah, nice touch isn't it? It makes you feel you know the person.

Don: She didn't... do herself any harm did she?

Anna: Oh no. No, no. To be honest, Helna made it sound sadder than it was. "She died waiting for you".

Don: Oh. You heard all that eh?

Anna: Yeah. Oh yeah... Anyway I don't think Fyona was "waiting for you" - although who can say, you never really know what's going on in someone else's head do you? Actually when they first came here, before I was living with them, and her little sister was still around? well, Fyona had a bit of a reputation. Sort of a wild girl.

Don: Fyona?

Anna: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Sort of took over the town. Lot of the other girls hated her. I mean she was really good looking - what am I saying, if anyone knows that, it's you. Anyway she stole a lot of boyfriends.

Don: OK.

Anna: Like, any guy she wanted she just took him.

Don: Mm.

Anna: And she took a lot.

Don: I see.

Anna: A lot. We had a name for her:

Don: I get the picture, thank you...

Anna: 'cause the house is by the old water tank?

Don: OK you can stop now -

Anna: Used to call her the Town Pump.

Don: Thank you *thank you*.

Anna: Yeah... But you could sort of tell she was doing it 'cause she was depressed. And then her sister freaked, took off... And then she died.

Don: How?

Anna: Um, I'm not sure. We just got a call. She'd disappeared, we thought she went back to the city, like her sister, I mean she wasn't a child. But then we got a call and... she was dead. No end of sorrow, eh? Life. Sad, sad stuff. Listen, my whole family is back there, I'm just going to say hello. Oh, here's that snow. *Exits*

Snows gently on Don

Don: To be honest: I couldn't remember your face. Here, I'll take a picture of your picture.

There. Now I'll never forget you. So let me go. Let me go. Please. *He tries to rise but can't*
I'm not going anywhere, am I. Oh don't, don't laugh at me.

enter Anna

Anna: You should get one of those digital cameras. Have you seen those? They're amazing. A friend of Helna's got one at Christmas. You can check to see if the picture's any good right away and if it isn't, you flush it.

Don: I like contact sheets. I like seeing all the shots lined up.

Anna: Even the lousy ones? It's your nickel.

Don: Do you hear anything?

Anna: Anything...

Don: Extraordinary.

Anna: The... snow?

Don: No, like -

Anna: No wait, I'll get it. Is it a bird?

Don: No.

Anna: Is it -

Don: It's all right. Forget it.

Anna: I should go back. You too. Catch your death out here... What?

Don: Have I lost my charm?

Anna: I didn't know you before.

Don: Do you find me charming?

Anna: Sure. I have to say though... I always thought if I ever saw you I'd know who you were right away.

Don: Hm.

Anna: Can you find your way back? 'Cause I got to go.

Don: I'm waiting for someone.

Anna: I know what it is. The sound. It's the nuns. That's the nuns next door. I knew I'd get it. Look there's one. They look like crows eh? I got to go. Look at you, you're starting to look like a snowman. *Exits*

Nun passes, her face covered, she stops, adjusts her veil, revealing her face for an instant

Don: Excuse me -

Nun: Jesus Christ! I mean... you didn't hear that. Did you see my face? Did you see my face?

Don: Um. No.

Nun: Are you sure? No one is supposed to see our faces. Especially a man.

Don: I didn't see your face.

Nun: You're just saying that.

Don: Are you from here?

Nun: Here? What do you mean here? This country? Yes. This town. No. Yes. I'm new at this.

I joined the sisters during the war.

Don: You're going to stay now that the war's over?

Nun: The war's over? What?

Don: Been over a few months now.

Nun: Where are you from?

Don: Why?

Nun: You have an accent.

Don: It's the cold. My face.

Nun: The war's over. Nobody tells us anything.

Don: Did you know Fyona?

Nun: Fyona? You know Fyona? Oh my god it's you.

Don: What?

Nun: I didn't recognize you. You've changed.

Don: We know each other? Did you know Fyona?

Nun: Fyona. Fyona.

Don: Did you.

Nun: I shouldn't even be talking to you.

Don: No, stay... Fyona. I can't get up right now. She's not dead. You see? She's not really dead. She's not dead.