

# SCRIPT EXCERPT SABINOTSCHKA

## Scene

### Dr. Jung's apartment

Interior - day

Jung comes home, he seems distant, withdrawn. He knows that Emma must not notice, must not see that he is haunted by fantasies about Sabina. He enters the living room; a large couch, wide armchairs, floor lamp, wooden serving table, large bookcase, cupboards, drawer chest, home bar. Emma is pacing around the room, folding children's winter clothing. She is concerned about her husband's state, she tries to comfort him, brings him apple pie and tea. Distant cry of a newborn.

#### Emma:

What's the matter, Carl? You don't look so good, you're pale, exhausted.

Jung takes a deep breath, blankly.

#### Jung:

Sure. Nothing. I'll take a rest. Sorry, I'm not good company today, I had an annoying day.

Concerned, Emma shifts the pie and tea towards him.

#### Emma:

Take a hot bath. It'll do you good.

#### Jung:

Yes. Of course. A bath.

Jung walks over to his study and anxiously paces around the room; a massive desk, large lit bookcase, wicker rocking chair. The phone rings, Jung answers it.

#### Jung:

Yes. Certainly. Of course. No, no. Actually, yes.

Jung turns to Emma and says.

#### Jung:

It's an emergency. I have to go to the clinic again.

He just shrugs his shoulders in response to Emma's surprised face.

#### Emma:

Now? So late? Do you know what time it is?...

**Scene**  
**Old Zurich**  
Exterior - night

Jung goes out into the street, he is in a hurry; he nervously closes the gate, does not look back. The street is lit by street lanterns. Jung stops at the house where Sabina lives. He stops at a house with a dark facade, a dark entrance. He looks into Sabina's window. Her apartment is dimly lit; driven by his anxiety, he hastily runs to the first floor. He rings impatiently several times.

**Scene**  
**Sabina's apartment**

Interior - night

Sabina takes her time, hears his footsteps, is smiling. She changes quickly and after a little while opens the door; even though hiding it, it is apparent that she has been expecting Jung. Jung enters. The one bedroom apartment is softly lit, the light from the street penetrates through the curtains; a lady's desk, chair, wardrobe, armchair, bed, bookcase and tile stove can be seen through the dimness. Sabina is dressed in a comfortable brown woolen dress, a colourful knitted shawl draped over her shoulders. The noise from the street is muffled. The sound of running water from the tap, pouring of water into a glass; whispers, female and male moans; relaxed, excited, almost hysterical, laughter. Clear chiming of a grandfather clock. They stare at each other for a short while. Jung quietly says.

**Jung:**

I'm thirsty.

Sabina does not take her eyes off him. Sabina quietly peeps.

**Sabina:**

I wanted to forget you. And then remember you again.

**Jung:**

Can I stay for a while?

Sabina is silent and stands there in the middle of the room.

**Jung (continued):**

Come.

Sabina looks up and walks to him.

Jung touches her dress. Suddenly he is embracing her. Undressing her. Puts the shawl away, slowly unbuttons her dress, pulls off her stockings. Sabina is silent, her eyes sunken. She lets him look at her. Waits.

Quietly Jung says.

**Jung:**

Forgive me.

Sabina's eyes are moist.

**Sabina:**

You've followed your senses this time, haven't you?

**Jung:**

I love you but I don't want to lie to you.

With half closed eyes Sabina undresses him, button after button, bit by bit, jacket, shirt, sleeve after sleeve.

Jung does not help her. He is motionless. He closes his eyes. Let's himself be looked at.

He puts his arms around Sabina; lifts her and lays her on the bed. They make love. Sabina is naked, slim, like a child.

Jung pulls Sabina towards himself, gently strokes her hair, her arm; Half sitting on the unmade bed, in a muffled voice, staring vacantly into space.

**Jung:**

I had a dream. I was in a beautiful loggia with marble pillars and balustrades. I was sitting in a golden renaissance armchair. All of a sudden a dove flew in. It sat on the table and changed into a little girl with olive skin and black hair. The little girl ran off and played in the beautiful pillared corridors. She came back, embraced me and said: I can change into a human only in the first hours of the night when the pigeon is preoccupied by the twelve dead. And I woke up.

Sabina quietly caresses him.

**Sabina:**

What's it about? The subconscious?

**Jung:**

(quietly)

I had to come. I was afraid that the little girl would get lost in the pillared corridors. I had to find you. I was afraid I'd lose you.

They look at each other and then turn their eyes away.

Jung starts to get dressed.

**Jung (continued):**

How do they call you at home, in Rostov? How does your mother call you?

**Sabina:**

Sa - bi - notch - ka!

**Jung:**

Sabie -no - tchka?  
Sabina laughs.

**Jung:**

What are you laughing at?

Laughing, Sabina gets dressed, drapes the woolen shawl over her.

**Sabina:**

At your accent.

**Jung :**

I like your German.

**Sabina:**

I forget German when I speak about Rostov.

Jung gets up, turns to her.

**Jung:**

I love you just as if you were my child.  
You're my little Egyptian girl.

Sabina in between the door, a smile and tears on her face, paraphrases the first verse from The Song of Songs.

**Sabina:**

That is poetry. Our poetry. Inebriate me with a kiss from your mouth for your love is better than wine...

Jung is looking at her, smiling, stroking her hair, quietly interrupts her and paraphrases another verse from The Song of Songs.

**Jung:**

You are fair, your eyes shimmer as a dove's, your hair is as a flock of goats. I will return. Another time. Soon.

At the door Sabina raises her arms as if she would like to embrace Jung but her arms fall weakly. Jung closes the door behind him.

## **Scene**

### **In front of Sabina's house**

Exterior - dawn

A male figure appears from the house portal; Jung leaves, does not look back. He briskly walks through the empty street; the street lantern lights are going out, a drizzle. Day is dawning. Chirping of birds at dawn.

