

Going Under

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The Pigeon Lady: I tidy and collect rings
 Wedding rings.
 Remember the names.
 The men that died.
 The children that were killed.
 Mourning women.
 I tidy, gaze and dream
 Of times that the wedding rings
 Adorned the hands of couples in love
 I tidy, gaze and think.
 This country
 Once the home of many
 Will become a no-man's-land.

The Fortune Teller: So I tell him.
 The moon is my worst enemy.
 He looks outside the window.
 I repeat myself.
 The moon is my worst enemy.
 I see him playing with his glasses.
 What do you mean?
 How is the moon your worst enemy?
 The moon is my worst enemy.
 He changes his position. Am I boring him?
 Because the moon did nothing!

Panting.
 Panting.
 Who pants? He asks.
 Where do you hear the panting?
 Why?
 Specify yourself!
 Specify myself?
 How specific can a person be.
 His hand tears my skirt.
 The moon does nothing.
 His hand on my mouth.
 The moon still silent.
 Okay! He says.
 What okay? I yell.
 No, nothing. A few things fall into place.
 Well, I'd like to know about these things.
 How and what actually fell, and where it ended up.
 Maybe I can take these things from their place.
 He laughs. You're pretty funny.
 When can I go? What am I doing here anyway?
 You're just here and we have some time left he answers.
 We? I think.
 We.

Start, rehabilitate, acclimatize,
 Group process, growing process.
 My thoughts stray off.
 That damn rotten moon. Fucking, fucking moon.
 Fuck Fuck fuck!
 I hate him! I yell.
 While I pick up the table and throw it across the room.
 Grab his glasses and break them in two.
 Take the soothing and calming paintings off the wall.
 The moon is my worst enemy.
 The moon did nothing, I write on his walls
 With my blood red lipstick.
 I know, it's a cliché, but I did it anyway.
 Repeat that sentence.
 The moon is my worst enemy. The moon is my worst enemy.
 The moon is my worst enemy. The moon is my worst enemy.
 The moon is my worst enemy. The moon did nothing.
 I hate that fucking fucking moon.

The Old Queen: I'll start somewhere.
 Because I don't know where to begin.
 I'll try to talk slowly and not to use too many difficult words.
 If you promise to keep still

So, once upon a time, there was a woman.
 Let's call her The Temptress
 This woman was married.
 However, she came here in Troy with my son.
 She was very beautiful.
 So beautiful that her husband came here in Troy to take her back to
 Greece.
 Before you say anything
 No you don't
 When you're married, just going away with another man.
 Just because you don't.
 That necklace that I got you
 If a friend of yours would steal that.
 Because he also likes that necklace.
 You wouldn't be happy.
 You would want that necklace back.
 Take it if you have to. Get it?

So, that's why her husband came here.
 He came with an army.
 An army is a bunch of men fighting.
 Just because they get paid to do that.
 His brother came with his army.
 And all other bosses of the Greek islands came with their armies.
 So that's a lot of armies.
 A lot of soldiers far from home to fight us.
 They attacked.
 So we had to defend ourselves, fight back.
 Why The Temptress didn't go back to her husband?

I don't know but she stayed.
 Because she wanted to stay.
 Yes, people died.
 But she stayed anyway.
 And then, after ten long years.
 That is a lot of days.
 Maybe a hundred thousand.
 Yes, really.
 After ten years.
 Many men died.

The Pigeon Lady: We need, flowers, plants and fruits.
 Important with the flowers is that the leaves are solid.
 No tulips and lilies. They stain and make the water mucous.
 Rather rose petals and if you can find faja lobi, that would be perfect.
 With the plants, the leafs are very important.
 Take banana palm, then you're safe.
 Avoid weeds at any time. Weeds are not good.
 For fruit I prefer the sour orange.
 Make sure you don't have a normal orange.
 It looks the same, but a sour orange is of course sour.
 Sour as a lemon.
 Squish the fruit, massage it and let the mixture brew.

The Old Queen: And then, after ten long years.
 They came with a horse.
 No, a wooden horse.
 No, a wooden horse as big as grandfathers statue on the big square in
 the centre of the city.
 Yes, that big.
 I don't know.
 But we thought it was sent to us by a God.
 Yes, our God.
 No, it wasn't sent to us by our God.
 Because the horse was filled with soldiers.
 No, we weren't being smart there.
 These soldiers killed everybody.
 Trojan nationals, but also your grandfather and your dear aunt Poly.
 That's why you're here.
 No, you were not killed by the soldiers out of the horse.
 But we lost.
 And then, a big Greek boss didn't want you to stay alive.
 Yes, because they were afraid you would kill them in return.
 Because they killed your father and our whole family.
 Yes, complicated, I know.
 Yes, you're dead.
 Is it boring?
 Yes, you're in a space in between.
 No, you won't come back to life.
 No, nothing is happening there.
 You have to be patient.
 But in seven days, you'll go to our God.
 If I purge you well.

Otherwise you'll stay there in that space in between.
 Everybody here should farewell this child.
 The more people help me, the bigger the chance you'll arrive well.
 That's what I'm doing.
 Yes, really.
 Be patient.
 Heron, your friend.
 No, you won't be seeing him again.
 Nor your mom.
 No more playing.
 Very boring.
 Granny's doing her best to come there fast as possible.
 To be with you.
 Really.
 I promise.
 As soon as possible.
 Shall I sing you a song?
 Maybe you'll calm down.

The Pigeon Lady: Somewhere on the beach, a sultry summer night begins.
 There, we see the Old Queen walking.
 At the bay, the last Greek soldiers are loading their ships.
 Hear them laughing, hear their proud buzz.
 The Greek officers subdivided the alive women.
 These women will become slaves, mistresses or servants if they're
 lucky.
 It should be chilly.

Cold
 Icy.
 Dry.
 Still.
 Empty.
 Hollow
 In my hart.

The sun sets.

The old Queen mumbles. She faces the sea, her face invisible.

Is she praying?
 Is she talking?
 Is she singing?

The Lady in Purple: More and more grief.
 Less and less of all the rest.
 I want to die.

The Pigeon Lady: It seems like the wind pushes back the ocean waves.
 And someone arises in the surf.
 Was the Old Queen waiting for this?
 Did she expect this?
 Slowly she walks to the surf where someone is lying.

She comes back with a child.
 He is slack, his arms and legs lifeless.
 The child is heavy and swollen by the water.
 She has a hard time carrying the child.
 She lays the child down on the altar.
 She removes the necklace from his neck.
 She turns around every charm and prays.
 The last tip of the sun dissolves behind the mountains.
 Slowly the moon starts shining its light on the water.

The Fortune Teller: Something heavy is pushing me to the ground.

I tell him
 He repaired his glasses with gaffer tape.
 That something is about as heavy as:
 The man who pushes me to the ground.
 The man who puts his tongue in my mouth.
 The man who takes away my breath,
 And softly whispers I'm his bride.
 Stop it!
 The man who wrings my hands.
 Who spreads my legs.
 Who forces my thighs.
 Who puts a wedding ring on my finger.
 Stop it!
 Who stumps my cries.
 Ignores my tears.
 It seems to me you keep repeating yourself
 You keep coming back to these same topics.
 But we already talked about this, right?
 Tell me a nice childhood memory.
 I listen.
 Nice... child... hood... me... mo... ry...
 Something inside of me died!
 I yell.
 Then I yell my name.
 I yell a lot lately.
 But I'm supposed to, right?
 They all do that here.

The Old Queen is waiting.
 Hopes someone will join here.
 Is standing on the beach with her dead grandson.
 Doesn't who is still alive.
 Doesn't know I'm still alive.
 She's waiting.

Nobody's waiting.
 When will you finally come back to reality?
 I should not lose my will-power.
 I think.
 I should push myself forward.
 I think.
 If needed force myself forward

I think.
They probably think I am...

The Lady in Purple: Camera.

The Fortune Teller: No, I don't say that word.

The Lady in Purple: Action.
I have a piece of clod in my mouth.
My hands are bonded behind my back.
I am already tired of all the yelling.
My eyes got used to the dark.
Silence.
Then I hear a children's voice.
A soft children's voice.
My boy.
He sings a song
"Al die willen te kap'ren varen"
The song is jammed by a men that yells: come here you!
Coarsely pushed, the child starts whining.
I don't want to go. I don't want to!
I didn't do anything?!He wants to go to his mommy, a man repeats.
I hear a man spitting on the floor.
Another one is laughing.
Another man says: you or me?
I murdered ten women yesterday.
I think it's your turn now. Haha!
Glasses are being filled.
I know what we should do.
We should throw the kid over the city walls into the water!
Like they did to Jonah!
Yes, let's do that, another responds.
Let's flip a coin, heads or tails?
Or is there someone not interested?
No no, I never did that before, sounds like fun.
Yes it does!
I hear the coin being flipped, then silence.
A coin falls on the ground.
Yeah!
The child picks up something.
Probably his little green train.
Yes, the train, I know my son by now.
"When Jonah and the whale..."
Can anybody help me with this song?
I don't care about your song, let's take another drink.
And then just go for it, there is more to do today.
The sound of glasses toasting.
I feel the tears coming.
I said at three, right?
What part of three is so hard to understand?
One more time, ok?
"When Jonah and the whale..." Stop that stupid song!

Hey you! You do the counting. Then you have something to do.

1. I think about his pranks.
2. I think about his cold hands during a fever.
3. Nooooooo!

The Fortune Teller: They call me insane.
 But what is insane?
 Is insanity not:
 Ten years at sea.
 Sacrificing your own daughter.
 Killed because you needed some wind to leave you country.
 Drag along thousands of men, all dead now.
 Just to restore some honour
 Your children all alone.
 Your wife making murderous plans.

The Lady in Purple: Next scene. The non-fictional television movie.
 They unfasten my hands.
 Take the clod out of my mouth.
 They release me? No... No...

I'm wearing a purple dress.
 I'm running on the beach.
 No, on the train platform.
 I hear a clock ticking
 Mist spreads around me.
 I'm wearing a trench coat.
 It's like this jacket in camel, with a hip belt.
 The big white lights of a steam locomotive enlighten my shadow.
 My heart is pounding. Fast, irregular, restless, wild.
 There is nobody here to stop me.
 There is nothing left to stop me.

Jump, jump, jump!

The Fortune Teller: They call me insane.
 But what is insane?
 Is insanity not:
 Ten years at sea.
 Sacrificing your own daughter.
 Killed because you needed some wind to leave you country.
 Drag along thousands of men, all dead now.
 Just to restore some honour
 Your children all alone.
 Your wife making murderous plans.
 Your children killing their mother to avenge you.

The Lady in Purple: The train storms by.
 I should have jumped here.
 Why am I still here?
 Take two. In which a try to kill myself a second time.
 Why?
 My child died.

My husband died.
Our whole family deported. Killed. Massacred.

The Old Queen: Because you're strong.
And the strongest people always have to endure more.

The Lady in Purple: I run towards the sea.
I yell.
You write on my tombstone
She loved him too much and he forgot his little green train.

The Old Queen: I yell at her.
You should not die, you are young, you have resilience.
You are young, you will love again have children again.
You can start a whole new life.
If you're young and you are.

The Lady in Purple: I'm almost there, I can see the water.
The queen chases me but is too slow.
The seawater is cold and clear.
Even now, at night I can see my feet.
I walk towards a wave.
I stay underwater.
My dress floats and goes down under.
Where am I?
Heaven?
Am I dead?
Am I finally dead?

The Old Queen: The sea spits her body aggressively on the beach.
The salt water make for itching eyes.
Tears are coming.
She sits down by the fire.
I put a cloth around her body.
We lost many people in this war.
We saw relatives die in front of her eyes.
We want to die as well.
I want to die because I'm done with my part.
I want to die because I'm old. Too old to learn.
I want to die because I'm way too spoiled to work for that murderer.
I want to die because I'm tired.
I want to die because I cannot live those images.
The image of my husband dying in front of my eyes.
All these years of war.
All the loved ones I buried with my bare hands.
No, I'm done.
But for you, it's another story. You have a future. You are our future.

The Lady in Purple: I don't want to hear about it.
Where is the credits list?

The Fortune Teller: Nice... child... hood... me... mo... ry...
Apollo.

He came to me in a dream.
 I was about six years old.
 He spit me in the face and said
 Something about my mother giving birth to a flame.
 Something about my little brother at the base of a mountain.
 Something about the woman my brother too away from Greece.
 Something about a wooden horse outside the city walls.
 Something about a destroyed and burnt country. My country
 Something about me and an old Greek man.
 Something about his wife, her new husband and a murderous plan.
 Something about an axe in the neck of the old Greek man.
 Something about my dead body clattering from the rocks in Greece
 Apollo. That God.
 He wanted about as much from me as the Old Greek.
 But I didn't give him anything.
 I had nothing to give.
 And I didn't act like I had anything to give.

Did he just nod?
 Encouraged by his nod I continue.

Ten years with the Greeks. These filthy Greeks.
 Who do not honour and respect confused us
 Our customs, our rituals, they laughed about them.
 They sent us a horse to destroy us and our faith.
 And now they are loading their ships at the bay.
 They are loading and laughing at us.
 About how they occupied us, stupid Trojans.
 Because they don't believe like we do.
 But my arrival will be the end of his tribe.
 Not that horse!
 I danced and I prayed.
 Threw different kinds of vegetables.
 I did that, all by myself.
 If we believed together, all of us together.
 Prayed together.
 Maybe then. That then.
 I told you, the Greeks troubled our faith.
 They had science and therefore knowledge.
 And we were impressed by their science and betrayed our Gods.
 For a little bit of what they call common sense.
 Knowledge. I know. I am the only one who knows.
 But I don't flaunt that, not anymore.
 I gave up on that, after that thing with the wooden horse.
 I know better now.
 Once bitten, twice shy.
 You know.

He nods. Although I don't think he knows what I'm talking about.

The Pigeon Lady: Now it's time to make a fire with charcoal.
 The brewed mixture can be weakened with water.

Take the white candle and the calabash and put them in the bucket with the mixture.

Now add the petals, the banana leaf, cinnamon, pepper, cloves, lemongrass and fish. Again let it brew.

The Old Queen: Yes I stopped singing.
Because I don't think it helps.
What's up? You should be patient.
Yes I know. I don't know what to do about that.
I did my share.
Now we just wait for the others.
You want ice-cream? No. Maybe candy? Chocolate? No.
Ok, you don't need to yell.
Train? What train? Oh that one.
No, I don't know where that train is.
No, I haven't found it.
Yes, I'll bring it when I come over.
Go to sleep now, because I think you're tired.
No, go to sleep anyway. I'll sing a lullaby.

The Fortune Teller: Take three thousand.

The Lady in Purple: I can't
I cannot say this.
Is this really the way it goes?

The Fortune Teller: Yes...
And then you say: 'How you feel about me, I feel the same.'

The Lady in Purple: And to whom am I going to say that?

The Fortune Teller: To the Greek man that will take you with him.

The Lady in Purple: And what is my motivation? What do I want to accomplish?

The Fortune Teller: Your motivation? Your motivation is that you love him!
You don't want to accomplish anything. You just love him.

The Lady in Purple: Really?
I don't want to believe this!
He is my enemy. Our enemy.

The Fortune Teller: And then you say: I love you sir.
And then he says: Stop saying sir.
We've known each other for a while now.
I love you, from the moment I saw you for the first time.
Romantic, right?

The Lady in Purple: I love you?

The Fortune Teller: Yes, very good.
And now as if you mean it.

- The Lady in Purple: I love you...
- The Fortune Teller: Right!
And then he says.
It broke my heart that they killed your son.
But it was impossible to let him live.
I am glad you finally see that, that you know I'm no a monster.
- The Lady in Purple: And what do I say then?
- The Fortune Teller: Nothing, you listen.
And then he says: Let's not think about that.
We will get married and have more children.
They can never take his place, I know that.
But I hope that the thought of new children gives you comfort.
You have to think ahead, the past is behind us.
You are pretty.
I think you're beautiful.
And I love you.
- The Lady in Purple: Do you know how it ends?
- The Fortune Teller: I browse to the end.
Yes!
- The Lady in Purple: Tell me.
- The Fortune Teller: No, not anymore.
Once bitten twice shy, remember?
You have to undergo this all.
But I can lift a corner of the veil.
- The Pigeon Lady: Pigeons. About thirty pigeons as rats.
They hop over the soldiers' carcasses on the beach.
When I start walking they follow me.
So I wander, I wander with all these pigeons following me.
Like the rat catcher.
I don't want to go anywhere, don't know where to go.
I keep walking on the beach.
Over peddle stones and impassable paths...
I keep collecting rings. I prepare myself.
- The Lady in Purple: She just took off her coat.
She sees us out of the corner of her eye.
She takes place.
We slander softly.
We mumble things, talk about her clothes, the way she looks.
Like: big tits, probably not smart, a complete lack of style.
Little bit trashy even, yes, I expected more from her.
Blonds, right, they think they can get away with everything.
Then we hear a gavel fall three times.
Our buzz falls silent.

- The Temptress: I can impossibly be held responsible for this war, right?
- The Lady in Purple: She opens up with a clear and irrefutable clause. Let's see.
- The Temptress: I all alone and nobody else?
 Everybody has theories.
 Talks and talks about how
 How your son set his eyes on me.
 Was completely head over heels.
 How he had to take me with him.
 With all the consequences.
 Everybody is talking about my Greek husband
 And how his love for me was larger than life.
 How everything should be put aside to get me back.
 His love for me was supposedly the motive for this war.
 Love, was this war really all about love?
 I did not support or ask for this war.
 As if I single-handedly stabbed swords in these bodies.
 As if I independently recruited men for this mission.
 Went ranting on these palace roofs. Provoked men.
 I didn't know about all this. I didn't want all this.
 Every man coming here had his own reason.
 Aggrieved pride, curiosity, tyranny, bellicosity.
 That is what brought the Greeks here.
 Brought them to fight us.
- The Lady in Purple: We are tongue-beaten.
- The Old Queen: She remained so calm, controlled, discursive.
 Fantastic, don't you think?
- The Fortune Teller: I especially thought the occasional sob in her monologue
 was very trustworthy.
 But now continue. More emotion, follow that energy.
 If tears are coming, let them come.
 We want to drown in those big blue eyes of you.
 I guess you can cry beautifully.
- The Lady in Purple: I guess so. What do you think?
- The Old Queen: Definitely. Just give us a little bit more.
- The Temptress: I loved your son!
 I don't know whether you want to believe that.
 As a matter of fact, I don't really care.
 I am responsible for going with him.
 I am responsible for following my heart.
 Can a love be real, even if it leads to decay?
 Who ever said something about how and where a love begins,
 Could say anything about the authenticity, the value, the importance of
 that love.
 People died. I needed to believe that our love was worth all these
 deaths.

- The Lady in Purple Beautiful! Fantastic!
 And Fortune Teller: What an act!
 This is exactly what we're looking for!
 Very very good!
- The Temptress: Listen to me. Listen.
 She's here as well, right?
 While she is at the source of this all?
 Right? Aren't I right?
 Is she not just as guilty as I am?
- The Lady in Purple Oh no she didn't.
 And Fortune Teller:
- The Temptress: Right? She has responsibility too.
 You let your son live, while it was predicted to you that he would be the
 cause of a war and with that the decline of Troy.
- The Lady in Purple Who does she think she is?
 And Fortune Teller:
- The Temptress: You thought of the love of your child as more important than the love
 of your country.
 You thought you personal feelings towards that one child was more
 important than anyone.
 More important than your people.
 More important than your other children.
 If you would have done the right thing, we wouldn't have to be here.
- The Old Queen: If I would have done the right thing. That means.
 If I, at his birth, had killed my son,
 That is why I am at the source of this all?
 Because I am not a murderer?
 Because I wasn't able to kill the child I gave birth to...
 I child I love so dearly.
 A child I didn't kill but I put at the foot of a mountain.
 A child I assumed was dead.
 Because I didn't know what happened to him.
 I missed him every single day, cried myself to sleep every single night.
 A child that was found years later.
 Was no longer a child but a man.
- Follow a prediction.
 Could you say in all honesty that you would have killed your child?
 This all is afterwards talking.
 If you would have done the right thing and did not follow my son.
 Than we would not have to be here right now.
- The Lady in Purple: We straighten our backs and start applauding.
 We give the Old Queen and each other high fives and yell: you go girl.
- The Temptress: No no! Do not turn this over on me.

This is about the bigger whole.
Good sovereigns do what's best for the whole country.

- The Lady in Purple: Now we get angry.
We yell: Booo, booo!
The Old Queen removes her earrings.
Puts her glasses in the box.
We cheer: Fight! Fight! Fight!
- The Temptress: No, do not come any closer. Leave me alone.
What do you want from me. What do you want me to say?
What should I say?
I loved your son, really loved him.
- The Old Queen: How often did I ask you to leave?
Go away! My son will marry someone else.
But no. When the Greeks were ahead you praised them.
But when the Trojans were ahead you praised us.
- The Temptress: I loved your son, but I also had to...
What do you want me to say.
What do you want me to do.
I just want to be with you.
I want you to forgive me.
- The Lady in Purple and Fortune Teller: Forgiveness?
- The Lady in Purple: I have a question.
And I pose the question as if I'm a talk show host.
Without any blame but with curious fascination for the guest's answer.
How do you live with yourself?
Exactly the same as you! She yells.
- The Temptress: I just want to live I want to live. I don't want...
If it saves my life I'll have sex with my ex husband.
If it saves my life I'll have sex with anybody.
It is eating or to be eaten.
It is fucking or to be fucked.
- The Lady in Purple: I have another question: What are you afraid of?
- The Temptress: Death.
- The Lady in Purple: Sorry?
- The Temptress: Death!
- The Old Queen: Why?
- The Temptress: Because I'm going to hell!
- The Fortune Teller: Okay, we will be back after the commercials.

- The Old Queen: My husband died.
- The Lady in Purple: My husband died as well.
- The Old Queen: My children died.
- The Lady in Purple: My child died as well.
- The Old Queen: My children died in front of my very own eyes.
- The Fortune Teller: I knew everything but nobody believed us.
- The Lady in Purple: I'm going to marry the enemy. I wish I died.
- The Fortune Teller: I will dy. I will be thrown off the rocks in Greece.
- The Temptress: I lost my lover and I will be killed by my ex-husband.
- The Old Queen: My children are killed in front of my very own eyes.
- The Temptress: I'm held responsible for the decline of a whole nation.
- The Pigeon Lady: It's almost time.
 Check everything one more time and make sure you didn't forget anything. The water is brewed by now so you can ad the scented oils. When the chicken has a nice brown colour you can serve it. The pigeons should have a golden brown colour as well. Smell that? Lovely. Let it all cool down. The soup and rice are ready to be served as well. The rest of the petals can be thrown on the table for a festive effect.
- The Fortune Teller: He hands me the letter.
 I won't open it.
 I know what it says.
 Miss blabla... Not enough progression... blabla... relocation...
 blabla... judicial authorization... put in a closed section... A danger to herself and her surroundings... Sincerely blabla... treating psychiatrist... doctor blabla...
 He says he's here to say goodbye.
 I say I took them.
 He says, they're going to take good care of you.
 I say, I don't think so.
 Good luck with everything. Take care.
 He walks out and he keeps waving at me.
 Then my heart stalls, breath stops.
 No more pain, then nothing.
 A warm glow, golden darkness.
 Far away I see a man.
 I see Apollo.
 Hey you! I say. Apollo!
 I have a bone to pick with you.
- The Lady in Purple: The movie ends. I hear the final tune.

We see a collage of different film stills.
 Beginning with one of me on a wedding, kissing the groom.
 Our honeymoon. One of our first marital fight.
 A still of us making up.
 One of me looking at an echo with him embracing my belly.
 Another one of me with a huge belly.
 One of me with a sweaty face.
 I give birth...
 A still of me with a sticky boy on my belly.
 A still of a crawling boy.
 The boy and my husband playing.
 And then finally, a still of the boy.
 His father on one side, me on the other side.
 The boy laughing while he blows out the seven candles of his birthday
 cake.
 The credits list. And they lived happily...

The Temptress: I just go for it.
 I jump off that boat and swim back.
 I couldn't do it.
 I myself was surprised by my own action.
 I thought I could do it.
 But I couldn't bear his touch.
 I couldn't bear to listen to him.
 His hands and his words.
 I was on that boat, barely two seconds, and he started talking.
 About him not being a coward because he didn't kill me in Troy.
 About him being the one inciting the Greeks to get me back.
 Not his brother.
 That he didn't need his brother to solve his problems.
 That he was not afraid.
 That if they would ever meet each other again,
 face-to-face he would definitely know what to do.
 I just go for it.
 His trousers on his knees when I leave.
 And I see desire turning into disbelief.
 When he sees me swimming back.
 He is angry. He yells. But my love is way too strong.
 He is angry. He yells. But my love is way too strong.

The Old Queen: I'm here.
 Hello, I'm here.
 I brought you something.
 Yes, it's for you.
 Sweet thing to do of me, right?
 Yes, your mother had it.
 I told you I'd come soon.
 Yes, yes...
 I stayed there, with that lady.
 The lady you call the Pigeon Lady.
 Yes, and when we thought the boats would sail back,
 Very fast a few men went of board and set everything on fire.
 I don't know but they did it.

And I was still there.
And I could not look at how everything was burnt and destroyed.
My heart beat slower and slower.
And then I asked the Pigeon Lady
You will help me right?
And then she said 'don't worry'.
And then my heart just stopped.
And now I'm here.
Great, right?
Yes, I am very happy as well.
Yes, take my hand.
Could you show me the way here?
I heard so much about this place.
Yes, we will play war later.
Granny promises.