**DILIA Překladatelská dílna Jiřího Joska 2024**

**ukázka pro překlad**

(pokud si přejete přečíst celý text, pište na zachata@dilia.cz )

**Nina Segal: In The Night Time (Before The Sun Rises)**

*A play for two actors, MAN and WOMAN.*

*The two characters do not have to be played by a male and a female actor.*

**1. In The Night Time**

MAN: Somewhere -

not here,

but somewhere -

it is night time.

Proper night time,

proper middle-of-the-night

night time.

WOMAN: Somewhere,

not here,

but somewhere,

there is a room and

the room has

blank white walls and

a window,

looking out onto

dirt or

fields or

McDonalds.

MAN: Somewhere there’s

a burning building and

somewhere else,

a snowstorm.

WOMAN: Somewhere there’s a woman and

somewhere close, a man.

MAN: Somewhere a body falls six floors from

an office window to

the street below.

WOMAN: On hearing the news,

a colleague will google:

MAN: ‘What time of day is most common for suicides?’

on his work computer.

WOMAN: Somewhere,

not here,

but somewhere,

a man sits at a long glass table and

thinks about his family.

MAN: A woman picks through rubble

with hot, bare hands.

WOMAN: A thin young man,

a boy,

really,

is discovered

frozen to death on

the steps of a police station.

MAN: A woman puts a meal in the microwave and

waits

for

the

ding.

WOMAN: A man finds a note saying 'fuck off'

tucked beneath his windscreen wiper and

a woman passes a stranger on the street who

smells like her ex-boyfriend, but -

the two things are not connected.

MAN: None of these things are,

in fact,

connected.

WOMAN: Somewhere,

not here,

but somewhere -

MAN: A woman is pregnant.

WOMAN: (One hundred million women are pregnant.)

MAN: A man is tired.

WOMAN: (Who here could say that they aren't?)

MAN: Somewhere,

somewhere,

a child is born.

WOMAN: Not here,

not tonight -

MAN: But somewhere.

WOMAN: Somewhere it is midnight and

somewhere it is morning and

somewhere -

MAN: A child is born.

We don't mean that in a religious way.

WOMAN: Please don't think we mean that in a religious way.

Somewhere in the night a child is born,

hot and

sweet with

perfection.

MAN: Your mouth,

my eyes.

WOMAN: Your frown,

wrinkled.

MAN: Curled and

crinkled like

your head under

blankets on

a Sunday afternoon.

WOMAN: Somewhere in the night a child is born and

the child glows

under NHS fluorescents.

I smell her head for miracles but

there's just

Dettol,

bleach,

cafeteria dinners on

the wind in

the distance.

MAN: Somewhere in the night a man feels,

for a moment,

like he might be having

a heart attack

(the good kind)

so he leaves their side,

the two of them,

impossible plural of them,

buys fruit and

sweets and

no cigarettes and

a newspaper,

to keep and frame,

for her.

WOMAN: And the front page blisters with

high-res images of

a plane wing

washed ashore.

MAN: Somewhere in the night a child is born and

she looks

uncannily,

unbelievably,

like the man’s father.

Connected,

somehow still,

connected.

WOMAN: Somewhere in the night a child is born -

MAN: She’s tiny.

WOMAN: And a coach full of kids speeds

right over the hard shoulder.

MAN: She is ridiculously tiny.

WOMAN: Somewhere in the night a child is born and

a thumb is found in

a can of coke.

MAN: He knew,

of course he knew,

that she’d be tiny,

but still.

WOMAN: And the police take an

unprecedented step and

post an image of the -

the -

thumb,

in the paper.

MAN: It makes him laugh but

it makes him scared a bit, too.

WOMAN: An appeal for

the thumb’s owner to

come forward and

identify -

MAN: And they hold the child -

WOMAN: Hold this tiny child -

MAN: Marvel over tiny,

perfect fingernails -

WOMAN: Thumbnails -

MAN: And the world turns and

night creeps and

snow falls and

a building burns and

a newspaper lies on

a hospital floor -

WOMAN: And still,

still we must all believe,

that none of these things

are connected.

MAN: A child is born.

WOMAN: A child cries.

MAN: Try a story.