Persona

Doctor: "...But you can refuse to move, refuse to talk, so that you don't

have to lie. You can shut yourself in. Then you needn't play any parts or

make wrong gestures. Or so you thought. But reality is diabolical. Your

hiding place isn't watertight. Life trickles in from the outside, and

you're forced to react. No one asks if it is true or false, if you're

genuine or just a sham. Such things matter only in the theatre, and hardly

there either. I understand why you don't speak, why you don't move, why

you've created a part for yourself out of apathy..."

Doktor: „… Možeš se ne micati, ne govoriti, tako da ne moraš lagati. Možeš se zatvoriti u sebe. Onda ne moraš igrati uloge ili raditi pogrešne geste. Bar si tako mislila. Ali stvarnost je dijabolična. Tvoje skrovište nije nepropusno. Život prodire unutra izvana i tjera te da reagiraš. Nitko ne pita jel to istina ili laž, jesi li prava ili samo varka. Takve stvari su bitne samo u kazalištu, a možda ni tamo. Razumijem zašto ne govoriš, zašto se ne mičeš, zašto si stvorila dio sebe iz ravnodušja…“

[Za okvire?]

Alma: „I wonder whether your madness isn't the worst kind. You act healthy, act it so well that everyone believes you--everyone except me, because I know how rotten you are.“

Alma: „Pitam se da li je tvoje ludilo najgore vrste. Ti se pretvaraš da si zdrava, pretvaraš se tako dobro da ti svi vjeruju, svi osim mene, jer samo ja znam koliko si trula.“

Sedmi pečat

Block: "I want knowledge. Not belief. Not surmise. But knowledge. I want

God to put out His hand, show His face, speak to me."

Priest/Death: "But He is silent."

Block: "I cry to Him in the dark, but there seems to be no one there."

Priest/Death: "Perhaps there is no one there."

Block: "Then life is a senseless terror. No man can live with Death and

know that everything is nothing."

Priest/Death: "Most people think neither of Death nor nothingness."

Block: "Until they stand on the edge of life and see the Darkness."

Priest/Death: "Ah, that day."

Block: „Ja želim znati. Ne vjerovati. Ne pretpostavljati. Znati. Želim da Bog ispruži svoju ruku, pokaže lice, priča sa mnom.“

Svećenik/Smrt: „Ali on šuti.“

Block: „Ja mu plačem u mraku, ali tamo kao da nikoga nema.“

Svećenik/Smrt: „Možda tamo i nema nikoga.“

Block: „Onda je život besmisleni užas. Nitko ne može živjeti sa Smrti i znati da je sve ništa.“

Svećenik/Smrt: „Većina ljudi ne razmišlja ni o Smrti ni o ništavilu.“

Divlje jagode

Isak: „Now take the cigar. Cigars are an expression of the fundamental

idea of smoking. A stimulant and a relaxation. A manly vice.

Marianne: „And what vices may a woman have?“

Isak: „Crying, bearing children, and gossiping about the neighbours.“

Marianne: How old are you, Uncle Isak?

Isak: Why do you ask?

Marianne: No reason, really. Why?

Isak: I know why you're asking.

Marianne: If you say so"

Isak: „Sad zapali cigaru. Cigare su izraz osnovne ideje pušenja. Stimulacija i relaksacija. Muški porok.

Marianne: „A kakve to poroke žene imaju?“

Isak: „Plakanje, rađanje djece i ogovaranje susjeda.“

Marianne: „Ujače Isak, koliko imate godina?“

Isak: „Zašto pitaš?“

Marianne: „Nemam razloga, stvarno. Zašto?“

Isak: „Znam zašto pitaš.“

Marianne: „Ako Vi tako kažete.“

[Za okvire?]

Cousin Sara: "Have you looked in the mirror, Isak? You haven't. Then I'll

show you what you look like. You're a worried old man who's soon going to

die."

 ...

Cousin Sara: "That hurt your feelings, alfetr all."

Isak: "No, it didn't hurt.

Cousin Sara: "Yes, it hurt because you can't bear the truth."

...

Cousin Sara:"Look in the mirror again. No, dont turn away."

Rođakinja Sara: „Isak, jesi li se pogledao u ogledalo? Nisi. Onda ću ti ja pokazati kako izgledaš. Ti si zabrinuti starac koji će uskoro umrijeti.“

…

Rođakinja Sara: „To ti je ipak povrijedilo osjećaje.“

Isak: „Ne, nije me zaboljelo.“

Rođakinja Sara: „Je zaboljelo te jer ti ne možeš podnijeti istinu.“

…

Rođakinja Sara: „Pogledaj se u ogledalu ponovo. Ne, nemoj odvraćati pogled.“

Krici i šaputanja

[Za okvire?]

David: Come over here Maria. Look at yourself in the mirror. You are beautiful. Perhaps more so than in our time. But you've changed. I want you to see that you've changed. These days you cast rapid, calculating, sidelong glances. You're gaze used to be direct, open, and without any disguise. Your mouth is an expression of discontent and hunger. It used only to be soft. Your complexion has become pallid, you use make-up. Your fine, broad forehead now has four creases above each eyebrow. You can't tell in this light, though you can in daylight. Do you know how they get there? Indifference, Maria. And this fine contour from the ear to the chin, it's no longer quite so evident. That's where complacency and indolence reside. Look here, at the bridge of the nose, why do you sneer so often, Maria? Do you see, you sneer to often. Do you see, Maria? Beneath your eyes, those sharp, barely visible wrinkles of boredom and impatience.

Maria: Do you see all that in my face?

David: No, but I feel it when you kiss me.

Maria: You're making fun of me. But I know where you see it.

David: And where would that be?

Maria: In yourself. Because we're so alike, you and me.

David: You mean the selfishness, the coldness, the indifference?

David: „Maria dođi ovdje. Pogledaj se u ogledalo. Ti si lijepa. Možda sada i više neko u naše vrijeme. Ali si se promijenila. Želim da vidiš da si se promijenila. Ovih dana bacaš brze računice s pogledom u stranu. Tvoj pogled je bio direktan, otvoren, i bez pretvaranja. Tvoja usta su izraz nezadovljstva i gladi. Nekoć su bila samo meka. Tvoja boja lica je postala blijeda, koristiš šminku. Tvoje lijepo, široko čelo sada ima četiri nabora iznad svake obrve. Na ovom svjetlu se ne vidi, iako se na danjem vidi. Znaš li kako su nastali? Ravnodušnost, Maria. I ova lijepa linija od uha do brade, više nije tako očita. To je mjesto koje nastanjuju samozadovoljstvo i nemarnost. Pogledaj most nosa, zašto si tako prezirna, Maria? Vidiš koliko si prezirna? Vidiš li, Maria? Ispod tvojih očiju, ove oštre, jedva vidljive bore od dosade i netrpeljivosti.

Maria: „Sve to vidiš na mome licu?“

David: „Ne, ali to osjećam kada me poljubiš.“

Maria: „Ti me ismijavaš, ali znam gdje to vidiš.“

David: „A gdje bi to bilo?“

Maria: „U sebi. Jer smo toliko slični, ti i ja.“

David: „Misliš na sebičnost, hladnoću i ravnodušnost?“

Agnes: Can you hold my hands and warm me? Stay with me until the horror is past. It's empty all around me.

Karin: Not a soul would do what you ask. I'm alive, and I want nothing to do with your death. Perhaps if I loved you, but I don't love you.

Agnes: „Možeš li mi primiti ruke i zagrijati me? Ostani sa mnom dok užas ne prođe. Pusto je sve oko mene.“

Karin: „Nitko nebi učinio to što tražiš. Ja sam živa i ne želim imati ništa sa smrti. Možda da te volim, ali te ne volim.“

Prizori iz bračnog života

Johan: We're emotional illiterates. We've been taught about anatomy and farming methods in Africa. We've learned mathematical formulas by heart. But we haven't been taught a thing about our souls. We're tremendously ignorant about what makes people tick.

Johan: „Mi smo emocionalno nepismen. Učili su nas anatomiju i poljoprivredu u Africi. Naučili smo matematičke formule napamet. Ali nas nisu naučili ništa o našim dušama. Strahovito smo neuki po pitanju što nas pokreče.

Marianne: Sometimes it grieves me that I have never loved anyone. I don't think I've ever been loved either. It really distresses me.

Marianne: „Katkad me žalosti što nikada nikoga nisam voljela. Mislim da nisam bila ni zaljubljena. To me stvarno uznemiruje.“

Kroz tamno ogledalo

David: "I don't know whether love is proof of God's existence, or if love

is God.

Minus: For you, love and God are the same?

David: I rest my emptiness and my dirty hopelessness in that thought."

David: „Ne znam da li je ljubav dokaz da Bog postoji, ili je ljubav Bog.“

Minus: „Za tebe su ljubav i Bog jedno te isto?“

David: „Ta misao me oslobađa praznine i beznađa.“

Jesenja sonata

Charlotte: I've never had a taste for people who are unaware of their motives.

Eva: Do you mean me?

Charlotte: Take it the way you want.

Charlotte: „Nikada mi se nisu sviđali ljudi koji nisu svjesni svojih motiva.“

Eva: „Misliš na mene?“

Charlotte: „Shvati to kako hoćeš.“

Eva: Yearning?

Viktor: I yearn for you.

Eva: These are pretty words, aren't they? Words that don't mean anything real? I was brought up on pretty words. Mother is never mad, or disappointed or unhappy. She feels pain.

Eva: „Žudnja?“

Viktor: „Žudim za tobom.“

Eva: „To su lijepe riječi, nisu li? Riječi koje ne znače ništa stvarno. Odgojena sam na lijepim riječima. Majka nije nikad ljuta, razočarana ili nesretna. Ona osjeća bol.“

The Rite

Judge: How many children do you have?

Sebastian: Don't know.

Judge: You don't know?

Sebastian: I honestly don't know. I've never cared to count them. I support some four or five of them. My lawyer has all the facts.

Sudac: „Koliko djece imate?“

Sebastian: „Ne znam.“

Sudac: „Ne znate?“

Sebastian: Iskreno ne znam. Nikad mi nije bilo dovoljno stalo da ih prebrojim. Skrbim za četiri pet njih. Moj odvjetnik ima sve podatke.“

Judge: One more question. Your religion?

Sebastian: I have no religion. I don't belong to any faith. I don't need a god, salvation or eternal life. I'm my own god, I supply my own angels and demons.

Sudac: „Još jedno pitanje. Vaša religija?“

Sebastian: „Nemam religije. Ne pripadam niti jednoj vjeri. Ne treba mi bog, spasenje ili vječni život. Ja sam svoj bog, ja opskrbljujem moje anđele i demone.“