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# Letters to Angel

By Madis Kõiv

If One is not, nothing is. Plato  
I'm starting to calm down.  
I can write and think freely again  
Think and pass my thoughts on to you -  
so you can consider them further.  
That visit to Dad's home was so short.  
The confusion there  
smelt of corpses.  
And worse than in the desert  
Damp climate, is that why?  
I must go back where I came from, to  
the mountains It's simpler there.  
You go and fight with the others.  
The relationships  
are clear, though no one  
gets their deeper meaning.  
Maybe that's the natural  
human state - fighting  
Reverence for life is forgotten,  
pointless or misinterpreted.  
I've seen so many dead  
and murdered people.  
And I've killed so much,  
that my soul is hardened.  
At Dad's funeral I felt something else.  
Dad's death was something  
else; it changes everything.  
Death changes into what it is.  
The hardness disappears and in its  
place there's sorrow, maybe mourning.  
And memory opens up to what is long  
gone, lost behind the wall of oblivion.

LETTERS TO ANGEL

The city has always  
been alien to me.  
Linda wanted to get out of the  
swamp, to an apartment in town.  
We'd just found a  
suitable one and moved in  
when I was sent to Afghanistan.  
A draft.  
I got the call and the next morning  
I was already on the flight.  
I had no clue where I was going or why I

was the one being uprooted from my life.  
Now I'm back and the time that's  
passed is like an endless dream  
God or Allah knows how long it was...  
Fuck, they won't let you sleep!  
Now, that Danish guy showed them  
how to wank off.  
A cello stuffed between your knees, the  
bow moving back and forward like a dick.  
Women are sure to get an orgasm.  
They do! And they want it.  
You believe me?  
I'm gonna finish her!  
I'll kill her! During an orgasm.  
I will strangle her from behind  
at the end of the orgasm.  
I will strangle her.  
I will strangle my own wife.  
Not every man kills his wife  
while she's coming. I will.  
I will blow this whole  
damn town sky high.  
The whole fuckin' town.  
Pieces will rain down from the sky.  
Listen Muslim,  
I had an idea how to save this town  
You'll take care of my wife.  
Why get my own hands dirty  
if I already got a fundamentalist.  
You rip the whore's throat out or put  
a bullet in her neck- your choice.  
I'll pay, whatever it costs.  
Think. You'll save the whole town.  
Just one atheist - and the town is saved  
No bombs... silence...  
Simple.  
I'll pay half now, you'll  
get the other half later.  
Salaam aleikum!  
Hello, I'm Fee, with two E's.  
- Hello.  
Santa thought someone should  
come meet you, so she sent me.  
She got married on the weekend...

to a Dane. A Danish cellist.  
Imagine  
- Santa's husband is a cellist.  
He gives master classes here,  
or whatever they're called.  
Santa brought him back from Denmark.  
Now they're buying land here.  
They say there isn't  
much land left there  
You been to Denmark?  
- No. -You haven't?  
Santa says you're a globetrotter.  
And you haven't been to Denmark.  
Training.  
It's a swamp, a marsh, a mire  
- no sense in buying it.  
Nein! Santa! Please! Nein!  
Funeral on Wednesday. Aline.  
Dear Angel, you may argue  
with me and say that only I  
talk to you while you listen  
quietly, if even that.  
But no, don't argue, this  
is a dialogue and we will  
keep talking until one day  
we meet face to face.  
I hear your voice and words clearly,  
and I answer you. If I can.  
And if you want my words to remain  
a monologue, then I tell you:  
everything's a monologue, everything we  
hear, think or say, even a dialogue.  
Physically I've only heard you once  
On the telephone.  
I say that time and  
again, because that was  
the start of everything  
in our discussions.  
Your voice, as I heard it on the  
telephone then was my own voice.  
I recognised it right away.  
For a moment I was back  
with my own dead Mum and  
I heard my own crying...

And I thought that you  
and I have the same  
cry and that's the  
basis of everything.

"The pain of the world",  
if you can describe crying that way.

I guess you no longer think  
any woman will ever kiss you

Or is it self-defense?

In that case you're behind the times;  
nowadays there are  
more efficient defense  
mechanisms, than chewing  
on an ink pen...

Is lipstick any better?

- Lipstick isn't poisonous.

And a good color doesn't  
stop you from kissing.

Besides, I don't use  
lipstick every day.

Any other questions?

- Yes. -Well, ask.

Is there an oculist  
practicing in this town?

- Why does that interest you?

You asked if I had any questions.

Do you know if we still  
have an eyeglass shop?

If we do, then it's over where  
the pharmacy used to be

It's on the main street,  
next to the lingerie shop.

Milan. Have you been to Milan?

- No.

Too bad. -What do you mean?

- That you haven't been to Milan

When did you last have  
your eyes checked?

- Twenty years ago.

They were okay then?

- Yes. 21-

You've never had glasses?

- I have.

How strong?

- I don't know. American ones.  
I found them in the mountains,  
with a NASA label.  
Belonged to a dead sniper.  
You can see well with them?  
- That's just it - I can't.  
You don't have a light  
phobia, do you?  
The sun doesn't make you dizzy?  
- Sometimes...  
Look with both eyes.  
Which is brighter- red or green?  
Red - no, green...  
- No. - Red...  
How many hours have you slept?  
- Last night I was on a train.  
Get a good night's sleep  
and come back tomorrow.  
Yes?  
- Santa from the hostel.  
You wrote the book, Songs of a  
Battlefield Surveyor Are you a surveyor?  
What's this about?  
- I'm in the archives and  
I need you urgently.  
The archive's closing down.  
It's moving to another town.  
Edda will copy some  
papers I need.  
But we don't know what papers we need  
to buy land Can you hear me? - Yes.  
We need help. You hear?  
- Yes, I can hear.  
Do you know where the archive is?  
Behind the pool?  
- No.  
You know the sock factory?  
In the courtyard of  
the old sock factory.  
If you're standing by the  
factory, the pool is in  
front of you, and the  
archive is opposite you.  
The same building as the training center.

Third floor.

Use the lift. Ask for Edda.

They'll know.

Edda... -Yes, two D's,  
not one, as in Buddha.

But with an E, not  
a B, and two D's.

Yes, but who am I supposed to.

I'm here to see Edda. - Pardon me?

- I'm here for Edda, at the archives.

What's in your bag?

- A notebook.

Please open the bag  
put it on the table.

What's in here?

- Money.

Why don't you keep your money in a bank?

How much do you have here?

- I don't know, it's not my money.

Do you have any ID?

- I do.

Take off your shoes.

- What do you mean?

Take off your shoes, put them next to  
your bag and walk through that gate.

Go through the gate.

Come back.

Take off your jacket.

And your vest

Raise your hands.

Turn around.

What do you have here?

- Shrapnel.

Shrapnel?

- From a mine.

You have a doctor's certificate?

- No.

Get one, or you might not be allowed to  
?y, if you want to travel somewhere.

If I have to, I'll go by train.

- Suit yourself. I like flying.

I've flown through half the world,  
as a stewardess.

Until a Ryanair pilot got me pregnant

and that was that.

By the way, he was English, not Irish.

I bet you thought he was Irish. - No.

Really? You're lying.

You know why English men are better than, say, Americans or Arabs? - No.

Three things.

- Three?

First they can

appreciate whisky.

Second, they change their socks twice a day, and third...

If you want to kiss me now...

Kirotaja. It's really you.

I thought Santa had gone mad

Sit down.

I'll get the folders right away.

Edda hasn't been fucked for ages.

- How do you mean, for ages?

Literally.

Six years for sure, maybe seven.

- Seven isn't ages.

It's not my fault it's so dusty.

It's a swampy marshland!

Why does she want to buy it?

Not just marshland.

There are bits of seashore too.

Some of them still not sold.

One is a madhouse, a former hospital.

So where do the patients go

when the hospital's sold?

- The loonies? - Yeah, them.

I don't know what

Lars' plans are.

Maybe it'll be an

international nudist camp

Ask Edda, she goes there

to sunbathe naked.

- This should be it.

I'll leave you two alone now.

Edda, behave yourself.

Hands out of the window!

Hands out the window!

Freeze! Freeze!



Out of the car! Bomb! Bomb!  
We have an anti-terrorist  
training center here.  
Sometimes they climb up and  
stare in at the windows.  
Honestly, I don't believe  
in this marriage.  
It's not like Santa.  
She can't stand marriage.  
Not even to Lars.  
The honeymoon, of course,  
the romance and the sex.  
But not being married.  
You know, I think this  
misunderstanding will  
soon be over and the Dane...  
- A dead soul.  
Yes, perfect. You're a psychic...  
Oh, Hilda, let me  
introduce the psychic.  
- Give me a cigarette.  
What are you drinking?  
Guess. - Egg liqueur?  
- You guessed it.  
Why aren't you drinking anything?  
- Mr. Psychic does not drink.  
You got liver cancer, or what?  
Did I scare you?  
This is Hilda. She's a doctor.  
You must forgive her indiscretion  
Nice to meet you.  
- Hilde's a psychiatrist.  
Double?  
- Right. And a Coke.  
Kirotaja, I have to pee.  
You got me drunk.  
Take me somewhere, then!  
- I'll take you home.  
So you know where I live?  
- No, but you do.  
I'm lost.  
- At least you know the address.  
Whose? -Your own.  
- And now you want me to tell you?

I'm still deciding if I'll tell you.  
- I'll get a taxi.  
No, I'm not going  
anywhere in a taxi.  
It'll make me throw up.  
Who'll pay for that?  
I want to go swimming.  
Frog or butterfly - which  
are you better at?  
Frog or butterfly?  
I'm better at the frog.  
Top floor, if I remember it right.  
Matches - do you have them?  
Oh, damn!  
Come inside, quick,  
before they shit all over you! Come on!  
You can lie down here.  
It's your book.  
You can have it.  
"Songs of a Battlefield Surveyor"  
Author missing  
From Linda to Edda  
So you knew Linda.  
- Yeah.  
So no one knows where they went  
- Doubt it...  
After your funeral the book was banned  
I don't know where they hid them all.  
One or two copies  
circulated - they were read  
to pieces Nobody knew  
anything about Islam...  
That's all I'm saying.  
Let's go back to the clock tower.  
Let's go back!  
Go back.  
Edda!  
Let go of the gun!  
Let go... Put the gun down!  
Shoot me. I don't want to.  
I don't agree. I don't want to. Let go  
I knew you'd come back  
But Linda didn't believe it.  
And they dug up the grave.

Your own father. Opened up the coffin  
And it was empty, just  
a little box inside.  
With a letter in Russian, saying  
that opening coffins is illegal.  
That it's treason, a crime.  
But Linda didn't believe it.  
I knew.  
But she was going crazy waiting.  
How long can you stand it? Shit.  
At least she got out of here - away.  
Anywhere...  
Sniper glasses.  
Dear Angel, Allah alone  
knows how a Russian  
army soldier became  
a fighter for Islam  
I ask myself what pushed me  
over the critical point,  
because no one else has  
explained it to me.  
Certainly Safia, a five-year-old  
Afghan girl, played her part.  
At nightfall we stopped  
a truck and ordered the  
people to get into a  
ditch with their bags  
There were boxes of ammunition and guns  
hidden in the truck.  
Then this kid took off, jumped out  
of the ditch and ran down the hill.  
My job was to put a bullet  
in anyone who escaped.  
I'd done it before. They trusted me  
- a sure shot with a cool nerve.  
I don't know why, but  
this time I ran after  
her, to grab her and  
bring her back.  
When I caught up with her,  
the bullets started to fly.  
The girl stumbled and fell.  
I only had time to shout, you're mad,  
it's a girl and then there was a blast.

I only remember a burning  
light through my eyeballs.  
It stuck in my throat.  
I fell on top of the girl, blinded.  
I don't know how long  
that blindness lasted.  
The girl struggled away and fled.  
All around, everything  
was burning.  
The charred remains  
of people everywhere.  
I got to my knees, felt blood running  
from my ears, and I wet my pants.  
Freddy, it's time  
for your session!  
Psychiatrist Hildegard Wt. is  
expecting you for hypnosis!  
Freddy! Freddy!  
Help, damn it! Help! Lift! Pull!  
Freddy! Freddy! Freddy!  
How long was he under water?  
- I don't know.  
I don't think that will help now.  
We could try a heart injection...  
but then you have to  
go get the syringe...  
probably not worth the trouble.  
So that's it. So much for the  
nudist travelling theater.  
Do you know how Hamlet's monologue  
begins in Esperanto? - No.  
Cu esti a?  
jen estljen demando. Sounds nice?  
- I guess.  
Guess why the women smear  
themselves with clay on stage?  
- I don't know.  
So they don't give the  
actors an erection.  
Imagine Hamlet... it wouldn't be  
theater any more, would it? - Yeah.  
Are you coming up?  
- Do I have to?  
You don't have to,

but you can wash yourself.  
Edda's condition is stable.  
She didn't lose her ear.  
But this isn't the first time.  
She has been here many times.  
She read so much she went crazy.  
She drinks and seeks adventures.  
I have a hypnosis room here.  
A couple times a week I'm on  
duty and I take on cases.  
You want to try?  
I have a free session now.  
Sit there.  
Relax.  
Tell me, what's troubling you?  
I'm searching for my  
daughter and wife.  
Or, rather I think about where  
to find any trace of them.  
I was gone a long time.  
I haven't actually seen my daughter.  
I've just heard her voice  
- on the telephone  
But that's gone too.  
I want to hear it again  
When did you hear that voice?  
- On the telephone?  
- That's what you said.  
It was in the mountains,  
during training.  
The last conversation  
with my wife - in  
the background I heard  
a child's voice...  
Have you had hypnosis before?  
- Once. It didn't work.  
Did you fall asleep?  
- No. - Sign of a weak character.  
Can't concentrate, gets  
scared just before  
falling asleep starts  
working against it.  
Take your clothes off and  
have a soak in the shower.

There are towels there.  
You can dry yourself with those.  
Don't be afraid, it's  
pure urine, nothing more.  
No need to be ashamed, just relax.  
How do you like it?  
Just the pure smell  
of a vagina, or a whiff  
of urine as well?  
Okay, I'll dry it just a little.  
Dry yourself off and come up.  
Put these gloves on,  
and we'll get started.  
Do you watch porn films?  
My ex used to watch only Zarah Leander.  
Then switched to porn.  
Some sick urge.  
He really liked Leander's, Die Rosen  
con Novgorod' You know that song?  
You've been circumcised, very  
professionally too. Where was it done?  
- In the mountains.  
Lovely, and it stands up nicely.  
Let's hope for the best. All set.  
Look and sniff, but don't  
use your mouth or tongue.  
You can use your fingers.  
But just look and sniff first  
Can you see well?  
- Yes.  
Sniff- can you smell it?  
- Yes.  
Now touch it- you see  
the end of the ureter?  
Yes, there, the clitoris.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Now put your fingers into me -  
deeper, deeper, three fingers.  
Even deeper.  
Now get up and push your  
penis into my vagina.  
Yes, deeper, deeper, faster, faster.  
Now push your penis in as deep  
as you can and don't move.

Now move just a little  
Come out! I want it from behind, quick!  
Yes! Am I speaking to  
Jeremia Juunas Kirotaja?  
- Yes.  
I am Lovely Laabus; you left  
a letter under my door.  
Can you hear me? -Yes, I can.  
If it's about your former  
wife, I'm afraid I  
won't have time for this  
in the near future.  
Call Fee, my assistant.  
Fee, with two E's.  
You know the Zenda Hostel? -Yes.  
Ask for her there, Fee  
works at the Zenda  
- Sorry, but I...  
Well, did you remember?  
Something, yes.  
I asked the hearse to  
wait, they'll drive  
you, they're going  
into town anyway.  
How much do I owe you?  
Don't play macho with me - do you think  
I'm a prostitute or something?  
But these socks...  
Look... the socks are for the bruises.  
Nobody's ever nibbled on me like that.  
Hello!  
Were we waiting for you?  
- I suppose so...  
- From hypnosis? -Yes. - Get in.  
Where do you want to go?  
- Doesn't matter where,  
I'll go wherever you do  
Our stop is the mortuary.  
You'll want to get out before that  
Shut the door.  
Yes.  
Salam Aleikum! How are you, friend?  
Muhammad? Can you hear me? Hello?  
I don't speak Arabic.

Are you in Afghanistan?

I'm in Pakistan.

Can you hear?

I have an important message for you.

I don't speak Arabic. I speak American

Hello! Can you hear me!

I have an important message.

"Wrong... Wrong call... Wrong call!"

What is it?

- It's Santa. Can you open the door!

Thanks.

- Can I help you?

- You've been to war?

- So what?

- In Afghanistan.

Hilda said you were a sniper.

- Who?

Hilda. You had a session  
with her today.

She said you have a Russian  
tattoo under your arm

I was an ordinary soldier.

So you had a gun, too?

- Everyone did. So you know how to shoot.

- Everyone did.

At people.

Will you teach me, if I have a gun?

- What do you have a gun for?

A wedding present from Lars.

- If Lars gave it to you,  
let Lars teach you.

I want to do it right now.

I want you to teach me today.

I'll think about it.

- Don't over think it. - I'll try.

Dear Angel, I'm writing  
to you about the  
night when Safia escaped  
and saved me too.

Dear Angel, I'm writing  
to you about the  
night when Safia escaped  
and saved me too.

If I hadn't run after her,



I'd have been blown to pieces  
I was starting to recover from the blow,  
my ears were ringing, my mouth was dry.  
The girl had vanished.  
I had no idea which way she'd gone.  
I went forward, sometimes running.  
The night was clear and cold.  
After a while I saw a  
glow in the darkness,  
I went towards it I  
was back at the car.  
Only corpses, not a  
single living soul left.  
Then I saw the girl again;  
she had also come back.  
She stood by the ditch,  
looking at the dead bodies.  
I don't know if she was  
faster or just knew  
how to make herself  
invisible in the dark  
I don't know if she was  
faster or just knew  
how to make herself  
invisible in the dark  
at any rate, she vanished from sight.  
I stared at the sky and set off  
southwest I had to get out of here,  
before the helicopter  
came looking for me.  
What would I have said!  
That I felt sorry for a child?  
They would have beaten me to death  
or crippled me...  
It was better to die in the desert  
or at the hands of a Muslim.  
Maybe the dark night was the only  
condition in which I could live.  
In the morning I saw her again,  
and again she vanished.  
I moved forward carelessly.  
I saw her moving on the horizon,  
as if she were following me.  
We got to a mountain village.

The Muslims came out and locked me  
up in a hole with nothing to drink  
They tore my shirt off, studied my  
tattoo, said they'd slit my throat  
Then I found out the  
girl's name was Safia  
and she wanted to see  
me face to face.  
The killing was postponed  
to the next day.  
After meeting Safia, I became a Muslim.  
I let them perform all  
the proper rites on me.  
Safia stayed with me.  
It was Allah's will.  
I let them perform all  
the proper rites on me.  
Safia stayed with me.  
It was Allah's will.  
I had to replace her  
father and mother and  
brothers My people had  
killed her family.  
Can I talk to you for a moment?  
I wanted to ask about a  
?at where someone lives.  
She said you're her  
assistant or secretary.  
She called me this morning;  
maybe you can help me?  
Laabus Lovely.  
- That was it! Old house, Flat 5.  
Laabus, yes, the director  
of, Schizophrenia  
Lovely is a world famous artist.  
She directs performances.  
The last one was, Death of the Blenny'  
I live with her temporarily... that is,  
as long as Laabus lets me stay.  
That used to be my wife's flat.  
I want to get in there.  
I just want to look  
Maybe she left something behind.  
When do you want to go?

- Well, as soon as possible.  
Okay - wait, I'm almost ready.  
The self-fertilizing blenny is the only  
creature that would survive the Flood.  
When Woman learns to  
breathe under water,  
Man will become  
just a sperm bank.  
When Woman learns to  
breathe under water,  
Man will become  
just a sperm bank.  
The sex act will lose  
all significance.  
Mere copulation, that's it.  
- Interesting.  
Once in a while we air  
this room out too, but  
the things should be  
like your wife left them  
Once in a while we air  
this room out too, but  
the things should be  
like your wife left them  
I have to hurry.  
Laabus is shooting in the pool.  
I should be there already.  
I need to talk to this  
Laabus, face to face.  
I wouldn't recommend it today.  
Actually, who cares.  
She's going to kick me out soon anyway.  
Theres just somethings I won't do.  
She proposed to me...  
- Laabus? Proposed?  
She did, yes.  
Promise you won't tell anyone.  
We're ready! Angel! Action!  
Who let you in here? The pool is closed!  
- I am Kirotaja, Juunas Jeremia.  
I don't care who you are  
.You're interrupting  
our work Understand?  
Get him out of here!

I don't care who you are  
.You're interrupting  
our work Understand?  
Get him out of here!  
Are you dizzy?  
- No.  
Next take. Get ready!  
You forgot your glasses.  
Can I call you some time? - What for?  
- I don't know... just because  
Angel... Fuck! We're waiting for you!  
You hear me? Action!  
Fuck!  
Merrily!  
Elvis has gone completely crazy.  
- Stop it! Lars!  
Who's gone crazy?  
- Elvis. Said he'll kill Lars.  
Your husband? I'd like to see that!  
- I have to get home somehow.  
Kirotaja will drive you.  
- That Arab? Hasn't he been drinking?  
Him? He drinks only water  
and he's celibate.  
Completely harmless...  
It helps me calm down.  
You had to drive to town for me -  
leave the party.  
The scandal came as no surprise.  
Everybody says don't take it seriously.  
Just a sick person's ramblings.  
You won't believe me when I say  
he says he'll strangle me. In my sleep.  
He suspects that I get  
orgasms in my sleep.  
I'm afraid to fall asleep.  
Get a bodyguard.  
- A bodyguard for a cellist?  
Pay him in sonatas.  
Some people like music.  
Brahms, for example.  
- You like Brahms?  
Not as much as I used to.  
One violin concerto.

The fourth section. Allegro manondanto.  
But that isn't Brahms  
This?  
You guessed it.  
Elvis!  
Elvis has started composing.  
He's a pianist Gifted... he was.  
Now he's composing,  
no one will perform them.  
Composed in a delirium.  
I told him to write when he's sober,  
but he refuses. He's stubborn.  
He's mad, he fills himself up with any  
shit he can get and then writes...  
What can I offer you to drink?  
- Water.  
He had a piano concerto  
where the piano is swan in half.  
Naturally it was never performed.  
Now it's gone.  
I think he destroyed it.  
Not the first time.  
On top of everything,  
he's a pharmaceutical  
chemist Look at the  
house we live in.  
Sit down somewhere.  
Here's a new piece for a cello.  
'Babylon'  
Let's have a premiere.  
Wait here. I'll be right back.  
You can take some with you,  
if you're interested.  
I don't watch them.  
I'll take one.  
Very beautiful.  
The Ten Commandments.  
In cuneiform.  
Elvis paid a fortune for me  
to be the muse of his dreams  
Thou shalt have no  
other gods beside me.  
First Commandment  
Take my glass.

Yes.

- Where are you, at the hostel?

No, I can't talk now.

- Come back.

Back where?

- Back here!

I'm totally wet and filthy...

I can't talk, I'm at a concert.

- What concert? I'm freezing!

Get going! It's so bloody slippery here  
make sure you don't run me over!

Please give me my glass...

The concert is over. Now go...

Please go!

I brought the money back and

I'm borrowing a film from you...

Where's Lars? What happened?

- How would I know?

How would I know?

Get going - drive - Drive!

Bastard! Son of a bitch! Bastard!

Bastard! Bastard!

Bastard!

Angel. Touch of Love

Is that Kirotaja? Hello? It's Fee.

- I'm listening.

Your father's funeral is  
tomorrow, I didn't know.

My condolences... - Thanks.

Are you going there alone? -Yes.

On the river? -Yes.

By boat? -Yes.

Take me with you. -What for?

If you're going alone by  
boat anyway, I thought...

We have a performance  
there tomorrow.

Where? - In the marsh, the same place.

Or do you want to go alone?

Maybe. I don't know.

- I promise I won't bother you. Please.

I don't know.

If it's so important to you...

- So I can come.

What time are you leaving?

- Early...

Good. Hello?

- Yes. -Thanks. - Don't mention it.

Safia!

Safia.

Turn the light off.

Tell me if you want to go to sleep  
I'll leave.

I'm selling the hostel.

This town gets on my nerves.

And this marriage.

Even while we were getting married

I was thinking about divorce.

It makes me sick.

Are you asleep?

Angel.

You gave your daughter a beautiful name.

Dear Angel. Maybe you'll ask  
why I haven't written about Safia before  
For 20 years I've been keeping the  
secret of my Afghan foster-daughter.

I'm not trying to justify it

That's how it's been.

Safia didn't know about you  
either, just your name.

That there's an Angel  
somewhere and I write to her.  
She never asked who Angel is,  
and I didn't explain either.

Sometimes she laughed  
when she saw my mouth  
inky mouth, sometimes  
she became thoughtful.

She was somewhere else in her thoughts  
And I didn't ask about it.

It felt good being together.

I wasn't a proper  
father and she wasn't a  
proper daughter, but  
that wasn't important.

What was important  
was something else.

In a sense, we owed

each other our lives.  
But that wasn't the  
explanation for our affection  
I don't know how much Safia remembered  
her father and mother and two brothers.  
Time and again I  
caught myself thinking  
that perhaps a five-year-old  
child forgets,  
that the subconscious erases  
some images, voices, smells.  
Sometimes I even believed that.  
But it's not true.  
There are things that can't be erased,  
it isn't possible.  
It was hard for her  
to look deep, inside,  
and hard for me too,  
as an onlooker.  
It didn't happen every day, but there  
were days when it lasted a longtime,  
and I don't know  
how deeply she was going into herself.  
She wandered in the  
mountains more and more.  
She'd be gone a whole  
week and come back,  
singing to herself.  
She'd make up new songs.  
They were sincere, lovely  
creations, soothing  
and endless, in Persian,  
like prayers.  
Then one day she was gone.  
She left a short letter, that  
she would call and explain.  
My heart feared the worst.  
I asked the other soldiers  
and didn't get a clear answer.  
I waited a whole year,  
then decided to go back home  
I sent a letter saying the unknown  
soldier was alive and coming home.  
In the reply they said



my Dad had just died  
He died Thursday evening.  
My letter arrived with the Friday mail.  
Now that Safia is gone,  
I think about her promise to call me.  
Maybe she tried to  
call that morning when  
I sat in the hearse  
at the madhouse.  
Some Arab called me from Pakistan.  
Another soldier.

**I had to lie:**

Maybe Safia wanted to say something  
to me, but it remained unsaid.  
That is the whole story  
of Safia Siddigi Assifi,  
the suicide bomber,  
my lost foster-child.  
Fee, Fee, we're waiting for you!  
Fee! Give me your hand.  
Let's go!  
This is the only one.  
Forward, move the coffin forward  
Lift the coffin.  
You are at my father's funeral  
- Fuck!  
Help me, this schizo is  
climbing on the set.  
Is someone coming or not?  
If you have nowhere to go, you can  
stay with us, we've got space.  
Alfred is away until Christmas.  
Where was he sent?  
I think he's in Helmand. I don't know.  
Anyway the letters come from Pakistan  
At the mission, then.  
- Yeah.  
Our missionary...  
Well, let me see.  
Do they hurt?  
Not too bad.  
You don't want any?  
In memory of the old man.

You won't say anything at all?  
What's there to say? Nothing.  
We need to talk.  
- I found this in my room.  
Same place where you hid it.  
There's only one bullet in it.  
Who are you saving it for?  
Yourself. Not a bad idea.  
The Dane is dead, floating somewhere  
in the swamp with a bullet in him.  
That bastard raped me.  
You know, he used me, brutally,  
dragged me in the mud and...  
Bloody pervert!  
And you put a bulletin  
the pervert's head  
- Got what he wanted.  
And then you hid the pistol in my trunk,  
so I would get blamed. - Idiot!  
Maybe you'll need the  
bullet for yourself?  
Go to Milan, find your wife...  
everybody knows how she's  
earning a living there.  
And your made-up daughter -  
what was her name again?  
- Leave my daughter alone!  
Angel, that was it.  
Angels are in heaven.  
Your Angel is in heaven too.  
You just don't get it.  
You're lying! I heard her voice!  
- Heard her voice?  
I did. I heard crying.  
- You heard an angel crying.  
Attention! Eyes to the front!  
Yes? - Is that Jeremia Juunas Kirotaja?  
- Yes.  
You attended a session of mine,  
remember, in psycho neurology.  
You had a memory problem,  
some child's voice  
or crying that you  
couldn't quite recollect.

After the session I  
took a sperm sample  
from you I must have  
forgotten to tell you.  
I got the results back from the lab.  
Your sperm has quite normal  
characteristics, you should be a donor.  
You should have a photo taken -  
naturally it's all anonymous.  
You get a code and  
your sperm can be  
stored in our bank.  
Can you hear me? -Yes.  
What day is good?  
Bring a photo with you.  
Come tomorrow morning.  
I'm on night duty anyway.  
Or come in the evening.  
Shall I wait for you then?  
- Yes.  
Do you know what, sperm  
donor' is in Esperanto?  
- No.  
Spermodonanto - beautiful, isn't it?  
- Yes.  
Spermodonanto, don't you  
go disappearing now.  
- Yes.  
Colonel! Company lined up  
for the end of training.  
Eighty soldiers present.  
Second Lieutenant Felt reporting.  
Greetings, company!  
Greetings, Colonel!  
You're writing.  
Is her name Angel?  
- I don't know.  
And there's no one to ask.  
I asked Laabus. She said Angel is your  
sick fantasy, that you're a sick person.  
That your wife is afraid of  
you, because you've gone  
over to the Arab side and  
all Arabs are terrorists

and who knows what evil plan  
you have for your wife.  
Would you ever write to me too?  
- It is as it is with this.  
In other words, you'll never write to me  
I don't know. They broke in the church.  
Dear Angel, Sometimes,  
and especially now,  
when I'm going to the  
mountains again,  
I feel that I'm dreaming it all or I'm  
raving like the dying, or I am dead.  
Because I should be dead.  
I was declared dead once.  
I don't know if anyone  
has the right to come  
back- to a place where  
they're not expected.  
Probably not.  
You're a stranger, and wrong,  
and that's how it stays.  
So I'm writing a dead man's letters.  
One day they will reach  
you even if I don't.  
How they get there I don't  
know, but they will.  
I hear your crying again and again  
like that time on the telephone.  
And I think it's weird how  
somethings stay with you,  
and haunt you more and more  
however much time passes,  
they're corrosive,  
pushing deeper and deeper into you.  
I don't know where the end is,  
where it will all lead.  
Attached to one voice...  
as if spellbound by it...  
LETTERS TO ANGEL  
To Simona