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Whisper of Sin

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Whisper of Sin
I don't really understand.
Schizophrenia seems the worst.
Is Clerambault more horrible?
Kandinsky-Clerambault Syndrome-
much has been written on it.
Thinking becomes muddled;
speech can be incoherent.
Interpretational ravings can occur.
Your husband can be aggressive.
He can be dangerous-
especially to you.
You are young, beautiful.
Everything is ahead of you.
Maybe I shouldn't say this.
Sacrificing yourself
for an incurable,
mentally ill patient-
it's pointless.
His illness will progress.
The wisest...
is divorce.
No
I dreamed-
you killed yourself
Vika, it will get bad-
I won't be there.
Before taking your life
Remember-
you did it many times
in another life.
Death is not worth
much hope.
Suicide is a loss
of the gift to forget
leaving only a vital,
unspeakable memory.
You'll be unable
to close your eyes
for you will become
one great eye
with no lid
but so many pupils.
Vika, remember this,

oh, Vika.

In the name
of the father, the Son
and the Holy Spirit.

Amen.

The Lord be with you.

My brothers and sisters,
to prepare

to celebrate holy Mass
with pure hearts,

let us call to mind our sins
and ask God's forgiveness.

I confess to Almighty God
and to you,

my brothers and sisters,
I've sinned

through my own fault,
in my thoughts,

and in my words,

in what I've done

and failed to do.

I'm guilty, I'm guilty,

I'm very guilty,

I'm ready to hear you.

I don't know how to start.

Just start; that's all.

Ask me something.

I don't know what to say.

I loved one person,

a person now gone.

I want to forget this person.

Is this person gone

only as far as

you're concerned?

Only me

Was it a man?

Yes, he's a man.

Does he have a name?

His name is Paulius.

Was he your husband?

No

but I loved him very much.

Do you still love him?

No... Yes...

I don't know.
I want to forget him.
Vika
Was it good with me?
I feel like I'm in church.
I so much wanted
this time to be special.
This is our last time.
Forgive me.
Did something happen?
Nothing
Paulius...
No...
You always forget who I am.
Me? Forget?
Let me remember.
You are a priest,
the one who hears my sins.
You see I remember who you are.
You are the one who forgets.
That's why
I'm becoming a monk.
What will that change?
Responsibility
What about being
responsible for me?
You must choose.
I did choose.
It wasn't you.
Vika
Vika, please understand...
I can't do otherwise.
I don't want to.
I do not want to.
Paulius, I don't want to.
Don't look at me like that.
Don't leave;
please don't leave me.
Vika, what are you doing?
What did you do!?
It hurts!
I want you to hurt.
I knew...
I could feel it...

I knew the day would come.
The priest fucking me will say-
"Today is our last time."
I knew by heart
what I'd tell you.
So now I'm telling you.
Don't leave me!
Don't go away.
Paulius, don't leave.
Played around, had your fun
and got rid of me,
is that right?
It won't be so easy
to drop me, dear priest.
My God, Vika,
I'm begging you.
Don't say God's name in vain.
Obey all God's commandments.
Get out!
Live well and be happy.
Just know this!
I will know this
and I will live.
Good
Let's formulate this problem.
You want to no longer love him?
I want to no longer love him.
I don't want to love him.
What's the difference?
I want to forget him,
cleanse myself.
I want to heal.
You'll forget me
soon enough, Vika.
Paulius, I really will forget.
God, I can't imagine tomorrow.
You'll wake up, wash up,
have breakfast...
and go to work.
Tomorrow I don't need
to go to work.
Tomorrow you must
go to the hospital
and visit your husband.

You talk like a priest.
Anyway I love you.
What happened
after Paulius left?
I was nauseous.
I crawled to the bathroom.
I didn't vomit.
I saw my image in the mirror.
It reminded me of Paulius.
Do you look alike?
No
I reminded myself of him.
Waiting for him,
I'd stare in the mirror.
Paulius was never on time.
Before we met
I looked very different.
He made me anew.
He was everywhere.
He was on my lips.
He was in my eyes, on my face.
I wanted to cut up,
change my face.
You didn't cut yourself up?
I wanted to throw up.
As I said,
I crawled over
and laid on kitchen floor.
And after that?
I couldn't go back in the room,
back in bed
where we last made love.
I drank cognac.
I smoked.
I gulped sleeping pills.
I'm cold.
Vika?
Paulius,
how much time is left?
Vika, you have died.
There is no time.
Want me to open the window?
Fly, Vika, fly.
You have died.

Fly!
Thank you
Can you give me...
How would you
explain this dream?
I think that person wants to kill.
Who?
Me
Kill me within himself.
Is an hour over?
I am tired.
OK, let's meet Thursday.
Uzi! Uzi! Uzi!
Paulius was a wonderful lover.
Before Paulius...
Love games were like chess.
I'd consider it all-
the passion, the orgasms.
It was different with him.
When we were together,
it was as though
I'd leave my body.
I'd hover by the ceiling.
I'd watch myself squirming
on the floor or in bed.
I didn't recognize myself.
Uzi!
Aw, who's this poor baby?
Where's your owner, huh?
Are you all alone, poor doggy?
Where's your tag?
Good doggy!
Oh you good, good boy!
Where was he?
I'm not telling.
Wait, I owe you.
I'm in a rush.
Wait, a burr's on your coat.
It's roots used to be a diuretic.
This plant treated
genital diseases.
Uzi and I want to thank you.
Let's go to a cafe.
We're colleagues.

Only I work with the dead.
What profession is that?
It's a calling like a priest has.
A philosopher?
In a sense yes
I know all about
the inside of a person.
I'm a pathologist.
But- death is a pathology?
I don't get it.
It's just as natural as life is.
You do autopsies on people?
Yes but mostly on children.
Usually on newborns
or dead-borns.
What are dead-borns?
They died before birth
or at the time of birth.
It's not an easy craft, right?
Colleagues call me
Leo the butcher.
But I don't get mad.
Leo the butcher-
now I remember.
I've heard about you.
Poor recommendation,
I bet.
Women talk a lot
about men in my office.
Maybe I'll come by.
I won't be an easy patient.
A few details- I'm divorced.
My ex-wife won't
let me see our child.
Why not?
She thinks that
corpses make me stink.
But babies have no odor.
It's like dissecting angels.
Thank you but I've got to go.
Your eyes are beautiful.
But you should
get a good hair stylist.
- Thank you.

- You're welcome.
I don't have time for myself.
No, no more wine.
I'll get drunk.
You won't get drunk.
I've no time for myself either.
By the way,
we'd be a fine couple.
- Us, a couple?
- Why not?
No, I have a husband.
Seems you haven't had one
a long time.
He got lost somewhere.
Maybe so
But I want no changes.
Without good cause
This is my address.
We meet every Saturday
in the park.
Join us.
We're great company.
What kind of company?
Two shepherds,
a schnauzer, a collie.
No, I have no dog.
So, buy one.
All right
See you
Daina...
Don't start in on me.
I haven't said anything yet.
Then don't.
I know what you want to ask.
What do I want to ask?
Where do I live?
Have I eaten?
Am I fucking whoever?
Am I pregnant?
I want to ask
when will you come home?
I haven't lost my key.
No need sitting around,
waiting for me.

Very well,
do you have money?
Take this.
In the name
of the Father, the Son
and the Holy Spirit.
Amen.
I do not love
my crazy husband.
I love a priest.
I know it's a mortal sin.
We will both burn in hell.
I curse the entire male race.
This is also a sin.
But they deserve it.
Father...
you men go nuts about a penis,
a phallus, dick- whatever.
Seems it's not
a part of your own body,
but an almighty,
a willful demi-god,
hidden away in your pants.
To hear men talk about it!
"He's tired;
raise him from the dead."
Their expressions-
shoving their treasure
into some mouth-
like children
sharing their sweets.
Shut up.
Don't torture yourself or me.
All right
No more torture
Live on peacefully and happily.
And you- live on too.
I'll live...
by your grace, my priest.
I absolve you
in the name of
the Father, the Son
and the Holy Spirit.
Go in peace.

The news yesterday read:
woman hung self
in her husband's wedding tux.
What story was she
telling the world?
Was that good?
It's always good with you.
You're lying.
Six months
I didn't touch you.
You never missed it.
Why not?
You're always busy;
I'm often tired.
You know yourself.
Rita, I have another woman.
Tomas...
Tomas...
It's middle-age crisis.
It'll pass.
I had so many cases like this.
Other diagnoses happen too.
You know that as well.
No, no,
I don't want to change anything.
I'm leaving to live with her.
- When?
- Pretty soon
What about Daina?
Daina knows everything.
You told her
before you told me?
Yes, we talk from time to time.
And what about me?
You'll be fine.
You're an active woman.
Oh, sure! Yes!
Yes, of course
Tomas...
Let's buy a dog, huh?
Rita, is your daughter home?
No
A girl on the stairs- murdered!
I'm scared.

You go look, OK?
One version-3 guys plus the accused
went into the cafe at 6.
The victim made a call to emergency,
we got that.
You're her mother?
No...
I don't know about this...
I didn't see any of this.
I can't help you.
We don't need your help.
Walk around... Question...
How did all this start?
Why do I have to
remember all over again?
All I want is to forget him.
What is hardest
to forget about him?
Is that important?
Yes
What did you love the most?
Was it his soul or his body?
His body,
of course, was the best.
I know that's
what you want to hear.
- May I smoke?
- No, you may not.
To you it means
a craving for oral sex.
That's your interpretation.
How did you meet this person?
Need it in detail?
Yes
Go, you're due
to record at three.
You're bothering us.
Don't you realize
you're in the way?!
Get out of here!
My husband is mostly
in the hospital.
We all call him Go.
He thinks he is like...

Gauguin,
Van Gogh...
and Toshiro Mifune.
A year ago I'd visit him,
and he'd talk about
a special priest.
You'd think every Sunday
a holy man stepped
into the nuthouse.
He called him Father.
Father Paulius
Your husband and I talk often.
We have
interesting conversations.
- I'm Father Paulius.
- I heard of you.
Go told me about you.
I can give you a ride.
Do you feel safe with a woman?
Why do you ask?
Forgive me
if I'm out of line.
A priest affects a woman...
It's the taboos,
the celibacy, the vows.
A gift from your husband...
Oh on that promised street,
White lilies on your breasts,
All awash in plant-like...
...green
Where are we going?
We'll see.
Then I felt an
indescribable emotion-
Paulius felt it too-
God sent him.
I yearned from him
care and safety,
I thought
we would not cross over a line.
Paulius became the one
to hear my sins.
A sin must be heard
and redeemed.

Mortal was my every thought
about him.

...oh stars pulsing
thorns piercing...

I sat thru the night-

I wanted Paulius
to take care of me.

I imagined him as a father,
not only for a future baby,
but for me too.

Paulius convinced
the doctors and me

Go would feel better at home.

Go wanted visits twice a week.

The priest came to our home.

More and more nightmares
came to Go.

I couldn't face
having Go in an asylum.

Vika...

Somebody's by the door...

smiling, laughing at us.

A woman?

Go, want a drink?

Yeah

There's no one here.

It's only me.

Go! Blood!

Why?

You gave her your nightgown.

There's no one here.

No one here

You're not listening.

No, Vika, I am.

Has an hour passed?

No, it hasn't.

How do you know?

The clock isn't working.

Right

It decorates the office.

Can I make a suggestion?

No, thanks.

I'm just looking around.

You look lovely.

Something happened.
Why?
Give me your hand.
Your palm is damp.
If I'm nervous,
my hands sweat too.
I'm not nervous at all.
Young gals are
usually afraid of me.
They think they'll never die.
I like older women.
They're closer to death.
I'm not ready to die- yet.
I need you alive, not dead.
Forgive me.
This profession affects me.
My reports are straightforward.
Either an umbilical cord
or grubby hands strangle a newborn.
Do you...
ever dream those misfortunate babies?
Sometimes
I don't want to talk about it.
- Let's change the subject.
- All right
So, what happened in your life?
My husband has a lover.
Oh, it's middle-age crisis.
Now I can hear you out.
When did you find out?
When did it happen?
I don't know when.
I found out yesterday.
- Where you ever unfaithful?
- No
So, I'll be the first?
No, I won't need your services.
Maybe I should go.
We could sit awhile;
I could console you.
What's there to console?
I'm just tired.
Let's go to my place.
I can cure your fatigue.

Besides I cook
delicious breakfasts.
No
Woman,
I just invited you to my bed!
Thanks, I have my own bed.
Maybe next time
What if there is no other time?
Too bad
Come in.
There's a lack
of a woman's touch here.
No, there's been plenty of women.
I tried to forget
my one and only wife.
So, you brought me here.
With you I thought we'd talk
not only do it...
What an awful photo?
What is it?
Come on; I'll tell you.
It's a brain of a newborn.
Blood oozed in.
It's a birth trauma.
And this...
It's a placenta.
And this...
It's an infant's heart.
Pretty as a flower,
isn't it?
I don't understand
why we're together.
A man and a woman
choose each other in three seconds
and decide to be together or not.
- So who's first to shower?
- You
Or maybe you?
Where's your shower?
Over there
Come here.
Come, darling.
Won't you take off your robe?
Come here.

Since my wife left me,
I take no initiative in bed.
Do whatever you like.
No
Did you see
Last Tango in Paris?
Vika, I didn't want to wake you
or frighten you, believe me.
You won't believe my dream.
I woke up in a cave.
It stunk; it was wet.
It was like a womb.
Fetuses swam around me.
I've never seen such creatures.
They grew incredibly fast.
They kept multiplying.
My prison- actually the womb
began quivering.
Fetuses crowded forth.
Every time one left,
at the tunnel's end a light flashed.
I couldn't get out in any way.
I was the last to leave.
When I left,
Vika...
my mother, two brothers,
and my three sisters...
They laid dead.
No, not dead...
They were lifeless.
They were dogs!
Vika, it's unbelievable!
I was born a dog-
a dog!
After the hospital,
I'd wait
for a call from father Paulius-
for the payback.
I knew it would happen,
whether tomorrow or in a month,
in a car, in a bed
or at my home.
It had already happened.
The last step

was to cross the bridge.
Are we close to the essence?
Yes, Vika, I hear you.
I went to his home
to borrow a book.
The bravest horse ever belonged to
Alexander of Macedonia
named Bucephal.
The horse feared nothing
except his own shadow.
India built a monument to him.
Caligula- he was the one...
He adored his horse.
He made him a citizen, put on the Senate,
and then nominated him
a candidate to serve as consul.
He slept on marble,
ate from ivory,
masterpieces hung in his stable.
Do you know what Caligula means?
A sandal of a soldier
Know the name of Caligula's horse?
Initiate- the fleet-footed
Excuse me a minute.
Hello!
No, I don't handle that.
I don't have time now.
Goodbye
I'll never understand
what happened to me then.
It wasn't a sin.
It was a supreme secret.
We were not together,
not alongside.
We were one person.
You might otherwise see that moment
when life turns upside down.
I'm interested in all you say.
Really?
But I've already told it all.
It's time for evening Mass.
I'll go with you.
May I?
No, tonight I'm busy.

And tomorrow as well
Hey, we barely know each other.
What?
Maybe sometime...
Another time, maybe so...
Hey, little one,
there may not be another time.
Hi, I'm Vika.
So what?
We agreed to an interview.
So what?
But you promised...
Hey! Who let her on the set?
Goodbye
Then I wrote for a magazine.
All my interviews with artists
ended in love,
Actually falling in love since the feeling
lasted no more than a few hours.
Sometimes it'd last
a week, a month.
I had heard a lot about Go.
Get away from me!
- Hi there
- Hello
Here's your deal.
- Do I owe you?
- No, you don't.
- Great- till next time
- See ya
Go, you promised an interview.
Where my dear? Here?!
Why not here
With somebody like you...
I'd rather have it right here.
Then move over here.
I'm fine right here.
Well, if you're fine,
then fine.
On that secret city street,
Full of flowers, full of faults,
As squirrel on wheel racing,
Off and away I'm flying,
There's vines and spiders,

Expanses devoid of shores,
Homes aloft like kites,
There's where's there's you wait
Oh on that promised street,
White lilies on your breasts,
All awash in plant-like green,
Naked on a windowsill you sit.
Go was everything for me.
I fell madly in love.
I think he did too.
A month later,
we married in church.
He had a lot of women.
When I had jealousy fits,
he'd tell me,
"You are my...
L.S.L."
Last Sad Love
Why aren't you whistling?
You want a son?
Masai men whistle
when they want a son.
- Why don't you whistle?
- Me?
I'm about to whistle.
Want to run away?
I must get to work.
I'm very angry.
No woman ever ran
out of my bed.
I didn't want to wake you.
- Forgive me.
- I will not.
Did you see
Empire of Emotions?
Daina, you came back.
You look terrible.
- Gonna eat?
- I've eaten.
I met a friend;
gabbled all night.
I see it all.
What do you see?
Where women come from so early.

A lot you know.
You don't wanna talk,
then don't.
I want to,
but I don't know how.
I won't ask where you've been.
So don't ask.
Only call; our child worries.
You're bright;
don't feel guilty,
I don't;
and what about you?
That's how it is, Rita;
It can't be otherwise.
OK, Tomas, OK.
I'll put your words over my bed.
"...And their sight was restored.
Jesus warned them sternly:
'See that no one knows.'
But they went out and spread news
about him all over the region."
The Gospel of the Lord.
May the Gospel
rid us of our sins.
How did Paulius smell?
Paulius...
He smelled like mountain air.
I'm kidding- good cologne.
At times, incense...
he brought this smell
from church.
When were you
with a man to forget?
The very next day.
That soon...
Want me to tell you about it?
I do because you need it.
Whatcha you doin' here?
My cat ran away.
Your cat's over here.
Come on, we'll catch it.
The cat's over there.
I see ya got the experience.
I won't surprise you.

I wanna fuck an expert.
Ya got syphilis or anything?
No, I haven't.
Let's find that pussy.
Whatcha pullin' your pud?
A whore like you
needs fucking!
Spread your legs!
Spread your legs, bitch!
Flamin' bitch gonna fuss?
Now ya gonna suck
everybody off
Why did you go into that place?
I thought if...
I killed myself
in a condemned building,
nobody would find me
for half a year.
I only imagined suicide one way-
to slice my veins.
But that takes time too.
Every other way scared me.
I was ready to do it,
but I was stopped.
Did you tell anyone about this?
I told Paulius in confession
all in more detail than now.
Why about that sleazy house?
Why in church?
Why in confession?
I already said-
to confess my sin.
I craved punishment.
Why are you lying?
It's no excuse
not even to yourself.
I'm not.
That's how it seems.
Why lie to yourself?
It was revenge.
I don't know.
I'm not so annoying, analyzing my deeds.
Time to analyze
I said about

the first time with Paulius.
Yes
The taste of sin was not then.
Then when?
In church
Mass was in a few hours.
We were alone in the sacristy.
He told the choir boys-
put the new candles
though they were nearly-new.
No, don't...
Forgive me, Vika.
Then Mass began.
I watched Paulius, thinking
those hands caressing me
are now blessing.
Those lips kissing me
are now speaking the Gospel.
I couldn't believe I was in church
lusting for him at the altar.
I got your message.
Did something happen?
Yes it has.
I don't know
how to tell you.
Don't explain who's guilty,
Aren't you undressing?
Hello...
No...
I have Mass at six.
I don't need your love
only in a dream!
I can't...
- Can you try?
- I can't.
You must forgive to forget him.
Try one simple way.
Just say this.
Just say,
I have no demands;
I don't blame you.
You don't need to change;
I'll still live.
I bid you farewell

With no pain,
with no sorrow.
I forgive you.
I want to vomit
from this word.
What am I doing here?
Wasting my time for money!
Wait, I'll help you.
Just sit down.
We'll try another method.
Calm down.
- I'm relaxed.
- OK, right, OK
Let's push that man out
like an object.
- Like what object?
- No matter
Concentrate;
try to imagine him.
See him in front of you.
See him?
I do.
Imagine him like an object.
What object?
Any object- answer quick!
A grand piano
A grand piano?
A grand piano-
big, black, shiny, on wheels
On wheels, I see.
That's good.
It'd better to see him
as a small, blue marble.
I can't imagine him as a marble.
He's a grand piano,
big, black, heavy.
Play it often?
Often
How does it sound?
Badly
Have you tuned it?
- No
- Why not?
I had no time.

Play well?
- Not very well
- Why not?
Cause I never played in my life.
I don't understand all this!
Want to know my intimacies?
I'll tell you
without these idiocies.
It's only about a piano;
that's all.
But I know enough.
Smile now.
Oh, look
how bad we look.
I'm worried about you.
You see...
Everybody left us.
Vika...
It's hard for people
to die easily
who believed in
their specialness.
They sidestep
between life and death.
They can't dive into non-being.
Vika,
but there is no non-being.
Non-being
is full of light, bliss
and joy.
The restorers do the ceiling.
We fill in the floor,
set up the pews.
We're out of here next week.
What about the walls?
It's too cold;
they won't dry.
...chose to leave...
that ill-fated life.
It simply-
Did you suspect anything?
About what?
- That Go is insane.
- No

I thought he could act strange.
Because he is Go.
I needed adventures.
I needed to escape.
I had to run from myself.
Will you run
the rest of your life?
Go was also running.
Go really changed.
And it wasn't only
his attacks of insanity,
He stopped creating.
He canceled his concerts.
He started hating his guitar.
He especially hated himself.
Actually his songs died
long before the asylum.
Go already belonged there-
in the long halls,
stinking wards.
Twilight hours
of nightmares...
Vika...
How tired I got,
how hungry.
My last sad love-
But I...
conquered Satan.
After that...
What happened?
I'll never forgive myself.
Go, won't you whistle?
Vika, I feel so good.
That's not mine!
Right away
Go!
Go jumped out the window.
He broke his back.
He's been a cripple since.
Go
I'm with you.
While we fucked, I remembered
a time in my childhood.
Once in winter

I stuck my tongue on a door handle.
Crying, afraid, I ripped it away.
Now I feel that same fear.
What fear?
My dick might get stuck
in your eternally frozen land.
Why you...!
I want no attachment to you.
I don't want to be rejected!
I'd rather do the rejecting!
This is our last time! That's all.
So, I'm a worthless woman?
Understand, a women and a lover-
it's not the same.
Each woman isn't a good lover.
That takes talent!
Leo, you are sick.
It's best to trust a God.
I'm just a middleman.
I came to you.
Paulius, I am sick.
Anything serious?
It's serious.
I will die soon.
Who told you this?
The doctors
It's a female thing.
When did you find out?
Today
It's so bad to think about death
especially every night.
Hold on,
you just said the doctors said today.
I knew long ago I would die.
Today I was told there's a way out.
What is it?
I must give birth.
Good way out
You'll be a good mother.
I need your child.
Specifically by doctor's orders
Don't make fun of me.
Am I the one making fun?
You know it's impossible.

It could have happened,
many times.
Any women in my place
would have done it.
I didn't want to fool you.
Because I love you.
You must understand.
It is impossible.
- Why?
- Why?!

It's clear you didn't think about me.
How can I live here knowing
I have a son in this city.
How will I feel
passing your home?!?
Consider it calmly a few days.
Take a month, a half year.
It'll seem different.
No!
Definitely no, Vika
What should I do?
You're an attractive woman.
Talk to another man.
And you- suggesting that?
Forgive me, Vika.
I love you, Paulius.
I want your baby.
Vika- Stop it! Please!
Vika- What are you doing?!
I'll drive you home.
I love you! I want your baby!
I'm begging you, Vika!
I need your help.
Everything's falling apart.
Everything...
What?
This isn't desire...
This is...
Sorrow Heartache
Leo...
Why did you hang up?
Say something.
You complained- something I didn't say.
What was that?

I love You.
Now we won't owe one other anything.
Hold on.
How can I go on living?
It is like it is, Vika.
It can't be otherwise.
I want it to be otherwise.
You never satisfied my one desire.
You never heard my one plea.
Maybe you were not obliged
We owe each other nothing, anymore.
I make no demands of you.
I do not blame you.
You don't need to change;
I'll still live.
I bid you farewell
with no anger, with no pain or sorrow.
So, who ya wanna see?
Nobody...
I'm looking for a cat.
We gonna find your cat.
Don't hurt me, please.
Understood... Right away
Hold on... Wait...
Just please don't hurt me...
That smell...
It's my perfume.
Richka never had this kind!
I ain't gonna hurt ya.
Sit.
Got problems?
Say the word-
Richka, I got problems.
And Richka'll fix 'em.
Just say what ya want.
I can bite through brakes,
burn down a house,
pound kidneys
till he pisses blood.
Say what ya need.
Who hurt ya?
Sit!
Hi
Did something happen?

Something happened.
You've got to find...
another therapist, a better one.
I'm sorry.
Come inside.
I don't know
why you're all leaving?
Go, Paulius, now you
You must help me.
You're obligated to help!
You want me to end
in an asylum with Go!
You have to help me!
I can't help, Vika;
I cannot help you.
I have no right at all
to treat people!
I need help myself.
I'm leaving.
I just don't know where.
Off to the desert?
Maybe
I don't want you to treat me.
You don't help me
nor feel for me.
Rita...
Don't leave me.
I don't need a doctor.
I just...
I need a person.
A person who would understand,
excuse me...
or condemn me.
Rita, I'm asking you,
don't leave me now.
I need a friend.
It's not possible.
The Honor Code of Psychiatry
doesn't permit friendships
with patients.
What shit
Paulius didn't ask a bishop to let him fuck me.
Read something.
The only thing I have is the Holy Bible.

OK:

No, Go,
I'd better leave.
Read- I said read.
I asked you to read.
The Gospel according to John,
no. 13, line 21-
find it?
"After he had said this,
Jesus was troubled and testified:
'I tell you the truth,
one of you is going
to betray me.'
One of the disciples
whom Jesus loved,
was reclining next to him.
Simon Peter motioned and said,
'Ask him which one he means.'
Leaning back against Jesus,

he asked:

'Lord, who is it?'
Jesus answered,
'It is the one to whom
I'll give bread
when I've dipped it.'
Then, dipping
a piece of bread,
he gave it to Judas,
son of Simon Iscariot.
As soon as Judas took the bread,
Satan entered into him.

Jesus told him:

'What you are about to do...'"
Stop pretending.
What's happening to you?
You don't tell me everything.
It doesn't matter.
I'm tired.
Let's go to sleep.
I can't sleep.
Vika...

I can't sleep; I'm afraid.
I'm afraid to dream.
You know...
I've never...
I've never loved anyone.
And no one ever loved me.
I never took a risk for anyone.
I can't help anyone.
Is your opinion so bad
about yourself?
No need to get hurt
to help the injured.
It's necessary.
Everything is just starting.
What?
I'll tell you
when I reach bottom.
I'm forgetting Paulius.
I forgave him.
He left me.
That's it.
Then I helped?
Maybe not how I expected.
But it doesn't matter.
At times you can't know
who's a victim,
who's a tormentor.
You must do one thing.
What's that?
You must divorce Go.
Maybe...
But the more I think about it,
the more I know I can't escape.
He is my just reward.
Then I can rest.
Why?
You won't kill yourself.
I'm going out to the desert.
That means into apathy-
absolute apathy.
Body of Christ
Body of Christ
Body of Christ