

Goran BREGOVIC's KARMEN with a Happy End

A gypsy opera played and sung by
Goran Bregovic and his Wedding and Funeral Band

for KAMARAD production

libretto & music: Goran **Bregovic**
script co-writer and all the best ideas: Mirjana **Bobic Mojsilovic**
orchestration: Nino **Ademovic**
programming & sound: Dusan **Vasic**
Slave **Celevski**
Nikola **Vukovic**
Sasa **Jaksic** - Zika
Translations into Roma Ljuan **Koka**
Translation into English Maria **Rankov**

Recorded and mixed in KAMARAD Studios, Belgrade
Mastering in METROPOLIS Studios, London

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CHARACTERS

Vaska Jankovska: KLEOPATRA - A beautiful gypsy with a band-aid on her fore-arm who tells fortune in a tv show. Engages in a telephone seduction-game with BAKIA, passing herself off for Nena, a strip-tease girl. In the opera she plays the late Karmen.

Bokan Stankovic: BAKIA - Street-sweeper, a trumpet player. In the opera he plays his own uncle, the late Fuad Kostic.

Milos Mihajlovic: MILOS - Baritone player in Fuad's orchestra.

Dejan Manigodic: Deki - Tuba player in Fuad's orchestra, he now circumcises

Stojan Dimov: Stole - Sax player in Fuad's orchestra

Dalibor Lukic: trumpet player - In the opera he plays Captain EMILIO, leader of a police brass band.

Alen Ademovic: Alen - Traditional drums payer in Fuad's orchestra. In the opera he plays CEausCu, the pimp

Aleksandar Rajkovic: ACA - Baritone, gipsy street musicians

Goran Bregovic: BREGA - Snare-drum player in Fuad's orchestra, now receptionist in a hotel at the Central Station

Ludmila Radkova-Trajkova: MICHAELA, Emilio's fiance who plays accordion - In the opera she plays a worker from the Tobacco Factory, a prostitute

Daniela Radkova-Aleksandrova: SINGER - in the opera she plays a worker from the Tobacco Factory, and a prostitute

KLEOPATRA:

Here I am. My name is Kleopatra. My real name is Vaska Jankovska but everybody knows me as Kleopatra because of my TV show: "It's Saturday, Heaven – open up!" You can see it on Channel 75 – I foretell the destiny. The phone number appears on TV screen, you call and I tell you the future. With goose-feathers. I pluck the feathers off the goose, throw them into a bucket of water, spill this water on the floor and then read the destiny. I also have guests – gypsies – it's that kind of show. They do all sorts of things, sing, play... whatever. I pay them 30 Euros each. You should see the rush. So I have castings... I'm mentioning these castings because it all began in a casting. I'll tell you everything: they all wait for my assistant to call them in. My assistant says: "Artists are ready" – I say "Let them in". First come in three gypsy-ladies and play the Marseillaise like this, under the armpit. I say "Neext!" In comes another gypsy – must be an American – he plays the American hymn on a rubber life-saver for kids... ridiculous! Then in comes a gypsy woman, beautiful as devil. "What's your name", I ask and she replies "NĚna, sweeeety". She says she wants to do a strip-tease in my show. She starts to wiggle like a worm and says "I'll do you a strip-tease like you've never seen, sweeeety" – I say "Fine" - I know everyone likes to see a nude chick, me included! So she starts: "see these tits, sweeeety.... Check-out this arse, sweeeety". Then HE enters in the room

As he comes in - this stripper, NĚna, is still collecting her stuff, and when he passes her by she drops her bra. He bends down to pick it up and she says in her affected manner "Taaa Sweeeety!" I notice that he hands her a piece of paper which she chucks away as soon as he has his back turned. HE comes nearer in his street-sweeper uniform – handsome as Jesus. Ears a bit like windmills, but handsome all the same. He says "My name is Bakia". I say "Street-sweeper?" He says "only temporarily". "What have you prepared", I ask - he says "a song." He breathes in and begins.... For some reason tears started streaming down my face. He sung like no gypsy has ever sung. "Carmen"? I ask. "Opera?" He says: "I don't know – my uncle liked to sing that". "Who's your uncle?" "Fuad Kostic" "Fuad Kostic? The trumpet player?... How's Fuad?" "He died, they're burying him tomorrow. I thought I'd sing this at the funeral. "Oh my God," I say "my condolences" and I remember: Fuad Kostic, this uncle of his, just as handsome, came into my show once. Incredible trumpet player, fire.... And just like now, my heart almost burst when he started playing... I remember him well, that's why I told him his fortune. Oh Lord... HE, Bakia goes away, I wipe my tears – they mess up my make-up. I read in a newspaper that falling in love is chemistry – some sulphates, carbonates, I don't remember.... But I don't believe that. I think an angel struck me. With that arrow, direct into the heart. I go and pick up the piece of paper that "Sweeeety" NĚna threw away. What do I see - Bakia's phone. So I think to myself: "OK angel – you got it all wrong, but what God won't do, one must do alone. I dial the number: "Bakia Sweeeety, is that you? This is NĚna, the stripper, you remember, the casting at Kleopatra's. Did my number come out? Call me, Sweeeety, tomorrow, around seven. Bye Sweeeety!" And I keep up the affected style, "Sweeeety" and all. He doesn't suspect it's me and not the stripper. The following day I go to Fuad's funeral. Graveyard full of gypsies. When the priest finished, Bakia sings his opera and then the trumpets start....

CUPID GETS IT ALL WRONG: WITH HIS ARROW HE STRIKES KLEOPATRA SO SHE FALLS IN LOVE WITH BAKIA. HE HITS BAKIA WITH ANOTHER ARROW SO HE FALLS IN LOVE WITH NENA. AND NENA, NOTHING

MILOS ... My name is Milos. They called me “Pretty Boy Mimi” in the band. I didn’t know Kleopatra in person until she approached me at the funeral. I know her of course from that TV show... “It’s Saturday, Heaven – open up!” Best known gypsy around here. I was playing when she came up to me – something sad, like. She says, that Kleopatra: “What’s that you’re playing, I’ve never heard it before?” “Opera”... I say and carry on playing... “Fuad wrote this last year for that whore” “What whore?” I say “Karmen. There, they’re burying her too”. And as a matter of fact, you look a bit further, next to Fuad’s funeral - another, smaller one. Just the parents and the priest. They’re burying Karmen.

From the cemetery we went to Fuad’s house. That’s the custom – after the burial you drink and eat to pay tribute to the soul of the deceased. I was just saying “Fuad had one rule only: never mix work and sex”... I turn around, whom do I see... Kleopatra.. framed in the doorway, dressed like a Christmas tree... with a band-aid on the fore-arm. You predicted that when we played in your “It’s Saturday, Heaven – open up!” Remember? “It’s Saturday, may niggers open up your a...!...”

How could you know that it would bring bad luck? And he stuck to what you said – never mixed work and sex, and money was fine... until he met that Karmen. ” Well, that Karmen: we’ve seen better, fucked worse... BUT, she sung! She was no singer but a hooker from the Central Station. Kleopatra’s face goes white.... I say “she sung with a voice of a virgin - a hooker with a virgin’s voice.... And that’s what got Fuad. From then on he stopped writing for the band, just for her, for Karmen. At first he wrote jolly stuff - we played that at weddings... And then he started composing some really weird stuff... “Oh, God – that is so beautiful” says Kleopatra. I see her eyes are full of tears. “He brings that to the rehearsal. Karmen sat there.... Brega, the drummer says jokingly: “Maestro, I fart better stuff each morning in the john”. Took two people to separate them. That’s how Brega lost an eye. And left the band. Brega left, Aca left, Deki left and nobody messed with Fuad after that. But it’s terrible – you see in front of your own eyes, the biggest gypsy trumpet player is losing his mind. Awful! “And that stuff that he wrote?” asks Kleopatra “Those operas?” I say: “I remember two pieces from the rehearsals and also this one:” (*he plays*) She says “Do you think other members of the old band know more?” I say that Fuad did try to re-form the band. And she says “And???”

“Bollocks sweetheart! Playing for weddings is fine, for funerals also, playing for bar-mitzwah’s is fine.... But who the f... wants to pay a gypsy to play him an opera? Who? Well of course, no one!” I see Kleopatra is shaken. “God, what a tragedy!”

She asks “What was the opera called?” and keeps wiping tears with that band-aid on her forearm. I say “Karmen with a Happy End” – Karmen! Karmen! F... you

DEKI :

My name is Dejan Manigodic, in the band they called me Grande basso – grande Deki. I don’t play any more – I’ve found another vocation: all gypsies and other Muslims now bring their kids to me to be circumcised because I have a light hand. Who are you to meddle with his destiny you gypsy whore? How could you foresee what will be? ” I feel she’s trembling. She covers her mouth with that hand with a band-aid – I don’t know why she wears it. She says: “I only foretold, God accomplished! Oh Lord, that music is so beautiful – I’d love to put that opera together”. I say: “Kleopatra darling... Who gives a shit for music that doesn’t earn money? Who? Well nobody, of course...” I hear her go out crying. Like rain....

**KLEOPATRA IS DRIVING ALL OVER EUROPE LOOKING FOR FUAD'S MUSICIANS,
COLLECTING PIECES OF HIS OPERA.**

KLEOPATRA:

...Is this you Bakia Sweeety?... What am I doing? Trying to stuff some happiness into my life, because Sweeety, what's life without happiness? It's like a kiss without a moustache. But you know my sweeety, whores don't dream that a street-sweeper falls in love with them, they hope it will be a rich man like in that film with Julia Roberts..... So we'll pretend I'm not a stripper-whore and you are not a street-sweeper..... You don't look like a street-sweeper anyway, you don't have a moustache... all street-sweepers have moustaches... My father was a street-sweeper and he had a moustache like all the others... Do you ever find mandarin oranges? My father neither... It's true, people throw away such wonderful things, but never mandarin oranges. Only when they're rotten... For me mandarin oranges always smelled of Italy, of those towns from post cards we used to receive from our uncle who worked there... pick-pocketing was his job. I was ten when a grocer caught me stealing mandarin oranges and dragged into a room behind the shop... I had to put my hand in his pants so he wouldn't denounce me to the police... First time I ate as many oranges as I wanted was when they sold me in Milan... I ate so many, I got the runs. Sorry I have to go... we'll talk later, call me (*shee hangs up*) OFF: *...and in the middle of all this I fall in love*

**PASSING HERSELF OFF FOR STRIPPER NENA ON THE PHONE – LITTLE BY LITTLE
KLEOPATRA UNVEILS TO BAKIA PIECES OF HER OWN LIFE-STORY**

ALEN:

She found us in the tube – I recognised her in the crowd. We were just playing Fuad's Wedding Dance... Oh, sorry: my name is Ivan, this is Milos, and that is Alan. Dalibor picks the pockets while we play, not much.... At that point a policeman comes out of nowhere, we gather up the money and beat it. She runs after us and asks "What was that?" I say: "police, don't you see?" She says "No, not the police, what you just played, I've never heard it before". I say "The Wedding Dance... Fuad". And then, while Dalibor was emptying the wallets and dividing the score, we played for her in a corner the song that Fuad and Karmen loved to sing in duo.

KLEOPATRA:

Is that you Bakia, Sweeety - yes I'm your Nena... what am I doing? Running after happiness, as always. Of course I'm happy, a surgeon couldn't take the smile off my face... What is happiness for me? Well, for example: it's Christmas for everyone... you are in a foreign country in a fifth floor apartment and conditions are terrible... unbearable... you look into those other windows, where it's Christmas and your way out is the window, not the door... And you jump... The last thing you see is a moon, like a huge mandarin orange in the sky... you see that moon, that mandarin orange and then a black out... You open your eyes, it's all black - this must be what death looks like... Then angels appear, they all have moustaches.... angels with moustaches... and they're whispering something. No, it's not death, you have fallen into a garbage truck ... your guardian angels all have moustaches and they are carrying you in the midst of black garbage bags... Now, that would be real luck, happiness... Well... call me some times... that makes me even happier, my sweet garbage man.(

And do grow a moustache... just for me.

KLEOPATRA LOVES TO TALK OVER THE PHONE WITH BAKIA AND BAKIA LOVES TO LISTEN TO THAT WOMAN (THAT HE BELIEVES TO BE THE STRIPPER NENA)

STOJAN:

My name is Stojan Dimov. They called me Stole in the band. I had played at a wedding in some motel in the suburbs, I was sleeping in the kitchen, I was drunk when she came in. Nice kitchen, Italian, white tiles.... Real gypsy nut that Kleopatra. She says “You played with Fuad last year in that band for weddings and funerals? He shot himself.”

“I know.... I know... And I don’t know what’s with me. I’ve been drinking for a week. I go to bed drunk, I wake up drunk. When I sleep, I dream I’m drinking. No time to sober up.... He met that gypsy at the Central Station. She walked the streets..... Karmen”. I see Kleopatra’s heart stop beating. (*he sings a few notes*) ...I loved those songs he wrote for her... (*goes on singing*) ... he opens up... like that... just one note (*sings*) nothing special... and then tickles it a bit... (*sings*) then he calms it down again...(*sings*) and then falls into some crazy harmony... a refrain... like an arse on a chamber-pot.

But it’s not our gypsy refrain, it’s somehow noble, but still beautiful as if it were gypsy (*sings*). As if it were not a gypsy who wrote it, as if God had whispered it to him, all beat up - to finish him off. “Do you know any others?” asks Kleopatra, and I see tears in her eyes. “I know another one” I say. “Please sing that one too” she begs so sadly, I had no heart to refuse her... And all the time she’s covering her mouth with that hand with a band-aid. As if it hurt.... But I don’t ask anything. From the main hall I hear the music stopping, the musicians are gathering in the kitchen with their instruments. Some join us, others drink and dunk bread in the pans. Italian cooks are going crazy.... I say “Ok, gypsies, let’s go! Kleopatra will surely give us some vitamins”. Kleopatra sticks 100 Euros into my sax and I see that band-aid again. “Anything serious?” I ask. She says “Nooo... it’ll go away...” I say “If you say so! Gipsiess... Let’s play my favourite song that Fuad wrote....” (*goes on stage, playing*)

ACA:

My name is Aca. We were just singing that “Serb loves going to war” when – whom do I see? Kleopatra! “And what do you want that opera for? Don’t you see you’re just bringing bad luck. And that about no mixing sex and work... how did you know that?.. Do you witches have a special sense?” She says “Vision plus” I say “WHAT?” “Vision plus. A program for Macintosh. They don’t make it for PC.” I say “No shit!... And the geese, the feathers...?” She says “Well I can’t tell fortune from a computer, wouldn’t look right on TV.” I say “You’re right, it wouldn’t“. And what’s that band-aid on your arm?“ She says “You wouldn’t want to know”... (*goes onto the stage singing*)

BREGA:

My name is Goran Bregovic. They called me Brega in the orchestra. I don’t play any more, since Fuad knocked my eye out, I now work as receptionist at the Central Station Hotel. When she entered I said I knew that she would come to me – “Yes, yes, Kleopatra... yes... gypsies talk about nothing but you – they say you have driven a thousand miles collecting pieces of Fuad’s opera. They say you pay a hundred Euros to each musician who remembers a piece of the opera.” I ask “Is it true that you want to play his Karmen? You will sing? So you too have always wanted to be a singer?” She says “Yes”. “Me, you don’t have to pay. Lord gave me a sign ... and I’ll tell you everything... I’ll read you the letter that Fuad wrote me – I always have it in my pocket. And I’ll show you the images that Karmen painted here...” Yes she painted... (*to the audience*) Look at these pictures – Karmen painted them, and this is the letter that Fuad wrote me.

Look at picture 1.

“Dear Brega. I am writing to you because I have no one else to tell this to. About that woman. The devil took me by the hand that day and lead me to the Central Station to see that gypsy, Karmen. I recognised her by her voice. I would recognise that voice in a million. She is the daughter of that Slobodan who used to sell feathers in our old village. I was in love with her before I began to jerk off. Whenever she would pass by my gate I would play for her that teasing song on the xylophone. So she would know I was there. And she would always sing – as if to herself, but so I could hear it. (*he plays on the xylophone and sings*) 'Pepico Pepico when'll you take me to Mexico' (*other musicians, already on stage begin to play pianissimo*) That was before we moved to Italy. We were neighbours, grew up together – only that voice never grew up. It stayed the same – when she was six and sixteen, when she passed by my house and sang that song 'Pepico Pepico...". She had a little goose like other children have a pet dog. She drove that goose in the basket on her bicycle and sang to her.

Look at picture 2.

Her father would kill them when they grew up. Then for a while there was no singing. I would hear Karmen crying behind the fence. That's how I knew that her father killed the goose because it grew full size... So that week, sometimes two, were terrible until her father would give her a new goose. I waited like crazy to hear that voice and to see her on the bicycle with her new goose in the basket. And that (*he plays on xylophone and sings*) “Pepico, Pepico...”.

Look at picture 3.

Karmen walks the streets at the Central Station. With the same voice she sung to some old dog that was freezing on the sidewalk, just like her.

Look at picture 4.

In Belgrade she worked in a tobacco factory. She was only 15 when they sent her to the factory. Then that same devil took her by the hand and took her to Italy.

Look at picture 5.

...she was not even 16. To walk the streets for some Rumanian pimp, Ceausescu – a criminal who promised that he'd make a singer out of her. She had always wanted to be a singer. When she arrived in Italy, he took her passport away and of course sent her to walk the streets at the Central Station.

Look at picture 6.

Then there was a local policeman, some Emilio, who left his fiancÈ for her. And then I saw that opera. “Carmen”. Giovanni, the guy from whom we always buy trumpets, wanted me to see it at all costs. Seems it's the only gypsy opera. I always thought that in culture things are better than in life, but that Carmen gets fucked over just like mine.

Look at picture 7.

That's why I wrote that opera. That's why I decided to write it all over again. If we, gypsies, have only one opera, then that one can have a happy end. At least.”

I see tears pouring down Kleoptra's cheeks... So I said “Do you want her room?”... She said “Yes”. (*goes on the stage*) Room 112, just behind the reception.... I know that room better than any other place in the world. Lit from outside only by the neon adverts that flick on and off. Night. “This is where Karmen died“, I said, “in that room... on that bed”. Kleopatra lies down – I stretch out next to her. We lay next to each other and watch the ceiling. I said: “I was peeping through a hole I have behind my reception when they tattooed her. She wasn't even sixteen... All whores who work for Ceausescu at the Central Station have a double C for ‘Ceausescu's Whores’ tattooed here (*showing his fore-hand*) – like cattle. He kept

slapping her face while three other Rumanians tattooed that “CC” and raped her... She already stopped resisting, but he kept on slapping her face. The Rumanians carried on, one by one, all together, from the back, from the front - it lasted for hours on end. And Ceausescu kept slapping Karmen’s face and crying. I suppose he loved her too... Karmen was a femme fatale, fatal for all, even for me.” “And?” says Kleopatra? “And nothing. She had Fuad and that policeman, Emilio. The gypsy was in love with her and the policemen paid. And of course, gypsy got nothing, the policeman got for the money. But he was horrible, crazy, he left his fiancÈ for her.... I sometimes spied on them through that hole... She would stand up above him... and urinate in his mouth... he would just swallow and grunt... “slowly, slowly...” then he would beat her – terribly. They would have sex and then he would beat her up and say horrible things. “And”? She would just cry. The policeman would go away, Fuad would come in and kiss her hands, feet... he’d always sing one of those gay songs to her... But she would chase him away.” “Why?” “Well, she did not want love, that’s all. I could not understand what they were saying. Rarely. Once when the door remained open I overheard her say that she does not need love, but freedom. And he replied that only invalids who don’t know how to love need freedom. Then she said that she cried after everything she ever loved...” I see Kleopatra goes pale like death, she says: “Oh God.... Is that possible – that’s exactly what I had predicted...” “In the end she began to loose her eye-sight, she couldn’t breathe well, had black marks on her legs...” “Aids?” says Kleopatra. “Yes... but the policemen kept coming to see her, as if nothing had happened... and she did not protest. He would scream – ‘you sick whore’ or something to that effect... He screamed horribly... more and more...” “And?” “And... that evening Fuad came into the hotel – scratched all over. He was pushing his bicycle directly into Karmen’s room, and in the basket – its legs tied - there was what seemed to be a goose.... That’s forbidden in the hotel. He said it was very important for her and that he could not find a goose anywhere so he had stolen a little swan from the Zoo. The swans scratched and bit him. I opened the door for him to go in... Karmen did not seem to be able to even speak any more. She only clutched that little swan that, oddly, did not resist at all. It put its head on her chest.... Fuad sang sotto voce one of those gay songs of his. He sang, I cried in my reception. And then, like in a movie, I see that Emilio, the policeman, entering the hotel with his gun armed. He screamed “Is the gypsy who stole a swan from the Zoo in her room?” I stood there petrified and watched him bash open the door to her room and then shoot...Not Fuad, but her, Karmen – three bullets, yelling “bullet of mercy”, “bullet of mercy!”, When I went in Fuad had already taken the gun away from the policeman and pointed it at his head. In the front. The Italian looked at him right in the eye and yelled “colpo di gracia!”, “bullet of mercy!”, The swan stirred in Karmen’s blood and shrieked... I yelled from top of my voice: ‘†No Fuad, he is a policeman†a ... Fuad then half closed his eyes and said ‘God forgive’ and shot a bullet in his own mouth. And that was it.

The morning was creeping in through the window. Kleopatra only said “I’m leaving”.... tears streaming down her cheeks. And left, almost running. I yelled after her: “You will put together his orchestra again - I’ll come too”. She said “Yes” “And Fuad’s nephew, this Bakia would play Fuad’s part...” She said “Yes”. I followed her out ...”And you’ll play that opera?” “Yes, I will”. “That’s the only thing Karmen got from her life, that opera” I shouted. “I didn’t even get that much” said Kleoptra, and ran out into the rain. As her car was leaving, I ran after her with a bucket that the cleaning lady had left there and splashed water over her windshield as they do in our country when you leave on a long uncertain journey “Good luck, good luck!”

(we hear the water splash)

“GAS, GAS”

Even Good Lord is happy when the poor have fun
Make sure you bury me standing when I die
So I can continue dancing when I have a chance

Hey, what is life!
Life's a bag of bollocks
We'd better sell the little we have
And make a big party

GAS, GAS, GAS, GAS,
Hey rhythm, rhythm,
Hello, hello, hello, HEY, SEXY RHYTHM

Hey penniless, hey you poor,
With you I have no problem
But what will I do with the rich ones?
They're a bit fat for dancing
They look a bit dead.

Gas, to the dash-board
Let's go pretty girl
Push the pedal all the way
And on! As long as there's gasoline!

**FRIDAY, LAST WORKING DAY.
WORKERS FROM THE TOBACCO FACTORY ARE COMING OUT FROM WORK**

“SaTURDAY” (savatone)
(singers come in dressed in workers' uniforms)

We work from Monday
And kill ourselves working till Friday
We work the whole week
Wishing for Saturday to come

We work like mules for five days
To dance just one night
(enter Kleopatra wearing a workers' uniform, she now plays Karmen and has long dark hair)
Oh God, you made everything just fine
But tell me something
How could you make such an error
when you made this big beautiful world?
You gave us plenty of everything. Like candies.
But only one Saturday

Ref.

One, two, three, four
Be careful God
And think twice when
You make this World over again

“MASHALA, MASHALA”

It's so, it's so sweet my Lord
Don't let the evil eye see it
Mashala, mashala

Hey, the first one, hey the first love, my Lord,
Don't let the evil eye see it
Mashala, mashala

Pray girls, pray, I'm praying too
That this love be my first and my last

Come on Lord, look at us
Look what a pair we make
Come on Lord, look at us
Like two roses, he and I

Play trumpets when I put on the white dress
Play trumpets, don't let my mother cry

Look at him
Handsome as a model
Don't let the evil eye see him
Mashala, mashala

**KARMEN CALLS ON THE PHONE THE TV show “IT'S SATURDAY, HEAVEN OPEN UP” IN
WHICH KLEOPATRA FORETELLS THE FUTURE.**

“TELL MY FUTURE”

Heaven,
Heaven open up
And tell me what Destiny has in store for me
Tell me, Oh Lord tell me
What destiny bears my star?

Now, right now
Tell me the future
Tell me my Destiny
Will I one day be as happy
As I am unhappy now?

I see, I see a long road
I see a handsome man
Many will love you
But you will love no-one
You keep away from love, young maiden
So as not to have to cry over it later
But do not forget
Those who do not love don't live long!

**ARRIVES Ceausescu, THE RUMANIAN MAFIOSO AND OFFERS KARMEN A CAREER OF A SINGER IN THE BIG MOTLEY WORLD
KARMEN IS HAPPY EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS TO LEAVE HER BELOVED FUAD.**

'GOLDEN TRAIN'

Listen!
Quick – a golden train is passing,
A golden train, through your house!
Jump quickly into the golden train
It's a sign from God
It seems complicated
But is very simple
And at the reach of hand
Much easier than it seems

There flow
Milk and honey
Oh Lord, oh Lord
Millions falling from the sky

Golden hills and mountains
Oh Lord, oh Lord
Millions falling from the sky

Very chic, dough comes in quick
Oh Lord, oh Lord
Millions falling from the sky

Don't be stupid

You can catch it too
Oh Lord, oh Lord
Millions falling from the sky

Ref.
Some are born to be a star!

**ALL ACCOMPANY HER WITH JOY – AT LEAST KARMEN WILL AVOID THE HARD LIFE
OF A WORKER IN THE TOBACCO FACTORY. ONLY FUAD IS SAD.
BECAUSE HE LOVES HER. AND BECAUSE HE HAS A PRESENTIMENT OF WHAT
AWAITS HER.**

‘STOP^a

You will remember this day

When I told you
And I even prayed to God
Don't spit on your lucky star,
My treasured one.

You will remember this day

When I told you
And I even prayed to God
Don't push me my treasured one,
I'm already on the edge.

So I offer you this song
Still warm and bloody
Just stripped from the heart
Straight from this heart

It's clear
It's clear
It's clear
You are going to your ruin
I'm telling you
Hold on, don't go
Stop!

**BIG MOTLEY WORLD, THE CENTRAL STATION. HERE, AFTER BIG PROMISES,
KARMEN WALKS THE STREETS FOR CEAUSESCU**

"WORLD IS A COW" (Lumia sitoj e gurumni)

Welcome to the world
Where light is lighter
Where red is redder
Where sweet is sweeter yet

Slowly, easy does it gypsies,
Life is a long road
Life, my dummies,
Is mainly bitter bread
The only thing that counts is that you learn that
Pussy says miau-miau
And doggy vou-vou-vou

Welcome to the world
That has eaten all it had
Fish, birds, women
And is still hungry

Ref: World is a cow, World is a cow
World is a cow that should be milked. Now.

"WE ARE NOT WHORES, WE ARE PROSTITUTES"

It's below zero
Ladies in fur-coats
Policemen in boots
And we wear steletto heels

Hey Europe, do you need whores?
Here we are, 100 Euros cash
We are not whores, we are prostitutes

It's below zero
Ladies swinging in their snug homes
Policemen swinging their clubs,
And we, on the sidewalk, swing our hand-bags

Hey Europe, hey Europe, do you need whores?
Here we are, 100 Euros cash
Hey, come on, come up,
You with the tie, too.
We are not whores, we are prostitutes!

**Captain Emilio passes there with his band
Impressed by Karmen's beauty, he stops And orders
the band to play "Salute to A beautiful woman"**

" 'CAUSE A MAN NEEDS A WHORE"

When I was little
My gypsy luck
Why, gypsies, was I so silly?
I wrecked my brains to understand
Oh young boy, handsome one,
What do men want, oh God, what?
Is my butt too small?
Oh Lord, oh Lord,
Too little but in the knickers?
Are my tits too small?
Not enough tits in the bra? Oh men!

**BUT WHEN HE UNDERSTANDS WHAT IS KARMEN'S BUSINESS AT THE TRAIN
STATION, HE HAND-CUFFS HER**

Ref.
This is why, this is why my little heart,
You'll be fine with me

You don't need a woman either pretty or clever
A man only needs a whore.

**IT DAWNS ON CAPTAIN EMILIO THAT HE LIKES KARMEN TOO MUCH TO SEND HER
TO PRISON, AND HE FREES HER
KARMEN IS ALSO TOUCHED
SINCE SHE HAS LEFT HOME CAPTAIN EMILIO IS THE FIRST PERSON THAT HAS BEEN
KIND TO HER**

**ARRIVES MiCHaela, CAPTAIN EMILIO'S FIANCEAND TRIES TO UNDERSTAND WHO IS
THIS WOMAN WHO WILL MAKE HER EMILIO LOSE A GOOD JOB**

"fire of RAGE"

You used to say that
my love is a jailhouse
now you are chained up to big trouble

It wasn't for money
It wasn't to spite you either
but a fire of rage in my chest
rage

So, you tell me
tell me, how come?
maybe it's because she wears tight clothes,
which turn you on, damn her!

So you tell me
tell me, how come?
maybe it's because in her breast
a strange wind blows
and between her legs lies a spell

thinking of you
I spend my days.
I'm burning alone in this bed
your heart is tortured
it's entangled
she takes your breath away
Rage

So, you tell me
tell me, how come?
maybe it's because she wears tight clothes
which turn you on, damn her!

So, you tell me
tell me, how come?
maybe it's because in her breast
a strange wind blows
and between her legs lies a spell

**Karmen answers 'Because a man needs a whore'
Michaela GIVES HER A BIG SLAP IN THE FACE**

"oh lord i don'T ASK FOR MUCH"

I am a gypsy oh Lord

I know how to pray
I know how, but will not pray
Do you speak Gypsy Lord?
Do you?
I don't ask for much Lord
Just a little happiness, if I may

BUT, FUAD ARRIVES.....

I am a gypsy oh Lord
I know how to love
But I don't, and will not love
Don't you hear me screaming Lord
Because I'm drowning, Lord
I don't ask for much Lord
Just a little happiness, if I may

“SUITCASE” (Kofer)

Love, your sweet love
Is like a gypsy bird
Sometimes it flies alone
Sometimes it flies with me

Karmen is happy - Fuad is with her

Force, your sweet force
Is like a gypsy train
Sometimes made of gold
Sometimes rotten, it stops
ref.
Life is a heavy, such a heavy suitcase
When you carry it alone, and I alone

ARRIVES CAPTAIN Emilio

MICHAELA WITH HER ACCORDEON SEDUCES AGAIN HER FIANCE

BEGINS A DUEL BETWEEN TWO BAND LEADERS FOR THE LOVE OF KARMEN

**SEEING ANGELS WITH MOUSTACHES, BAKIA, WHO PLAYS FUAD IN THE OPERA –
UNDERSTANDS THAT HIS BIG TELEPHONIC LOVE IS NOT THE STRIPPER NENA, BUT
KLEOPATRA**

**THUS ALL ENDS WELL BOTH FOR KARMEN AND FOR MICHAELA
WITH A DOUBLE WEDDING**

“WEDDING”

Dear and Great Lord, look
World hasn't seen this yet
St. George came with the Dragon
And all angels with moustaches too
Happy wedding gypsies
May you celebrate it in joy!

Dear and Great Lord, look
World hasn't seen this yet
Saint Aunt Bibia, patron of children has come
And all angels with moustaches too.
Happy wedding gypsies
May you celebrate it in joy!

**WE ALSO INVITED CEAUSESCU - TO SING
TODAY WE WANT TO BELIEVE IN THE PROVERB THAT SAYS
„HE WHO SINGS THINKS NO EVIL“**

Oh Brother in law, oh brother!
You have the most beautiful bride
And you Lord, make sure they have many children,
And that their babes be as pretty as little fishes.

Whiskey galore, we smoke Marlboro
But rivers of old “slivovitz” run most abundant
This wedding is Gypsy
We have no caviar and don't even care
Give us trumpets, give us trumpets
Fuck the violins!

**Kleopatra TAKES OFF THE BAND-AID AND UNCOVERS A TATOED "CC"
WITH WHICH CEAUSESCU MARKED HIS WHORES**

ANGEL WITH A MOUSTACHE

by Tonino Guerra

There was an angel with a moustache
Who couldn't do much of anything

Instead of flustering around the Lord,
He would go to the Marshlands
To the house of a hunter who kept stuffed birds
poised on the floor of a very big room

And the angel scattered seeds on the ground
To see if they would eat them.

And on... and on...
And all saints laughed at his errors.

But one morning the stuffed birds
Opened their wings and took flight
Out of the window, into the air of the skies
And they sung like never before