

Scene 2

Little Eva is standing at the window, looking out.

Ever since she chewed and swallowed the typewritten piece of Arnošt's future novel, she's been curious about his writing.

She goes into the bathroom, where – Arnošt (dressed, sitting upright in the dry bathtub) – is typing away, with the typewriter resting on the wooden cutting board for kneading dough that is now positioned across the tub.

“What are you writing about today, Arnošt?”

“About my friends from Libeň, how I was a kid and was always fighting.”

“Why?”

“They called me, ‘Jew, there’ll be nothing left of you, just a piece of shit!’

So I had to fight, I couldn't help it, Evka. You always have to fight back.”

“But sometimes you can't, can you?”

“Sometimes not.”

Arnošt thinks about it and begins to remember the times when he couldn't fight back, nor could his father, nor his mother, nor his sister Hana.

“If there is something innocent and pure in us – even in adulthood and old age, it's just the best of what remains of our childhood.” Arnošt Lustig

