

Maksa na burtu u Detroitu, dio I

MAKSA: Ej guys, sam ja vrzavio gladnio a moja gostina nikako da se vrati iz butchera. Dva sata otkako je otišla. A evo sad ide.

MILKA: Joj drogec moj, bum se zadušila kak sem tik hodala, a misleh sem kak si gladen pa sem horiap prišla nazaj, kaj ne, nije ni dug zelo?

MAKSA: Dabome da nije! Baš si sam čudim kako ste se tako kvik kombekovali.

MILKA: Poglej to. Zela sem freške klobase, funt tanče, i dva funta debele. Vi lajkate klobase mister, kaj ne?

MAKSA: Jedem ja svašta kad sam gladan. A missus, kako vi kobasice vole? Jeli tanku ili debelu?

MILKA: Ja lajkam debelu.

MAKSA: Hej, jeste vi vrag missus. To deblja sve bolja, heh heh.

MILKA: Joj mister, naj se te stiglati kaj vi mislite. Ja nisem kak ti druge burdingbašice mužače. Ja sem od steri obitelji. Moj tatek je bil pandur v Krapini a moja mati je pak bila vešelica pri Orižnikimi. Ja se iz takve sem ja hiže. I nemoj se tak behejvati.

MAKSA: Ej pa lepo. Prošćavajte, nisam znavao. Te ono već missus, nisam ni ja mačiji kašalj. Pa ja sam iz velike familije. Moj pokojni ded bio tri godine opčinski plajaš. A moja jedna tetka kod materine strane bila prva babica u Velikom Bičkerek. I kod nje sam izučio sve doktorske poslove. Znam ja trljati, krv pucati, pijavice mećati i decama pupak zavezati kao jedan doctor.

MILKA: O skuzi mi sir, ja ni znala. Ja sad vidim da ste vi I te kaj iz fajn familije baš kak i ja. I ne bumu se nigdar više svadili već bumu štimali kakti pravi prijateli

MAKSA: Ej tako missus, tako valja. Nego ajde da popijemo mi po koju visku I možeš I jednu pesmu dok ti kobase ispeku.

MILKA: Aurajt. Moremo i to. A vi znati horvatski popevati?

MAKSA: Da. Pevam ja horvatski. Izučio sam u Špitzburgu. [*aside*] Ej Kedo moja što mi sada radiš?

*Što mi dade, sve uzet ću makar bio otrovan  
samo prazne čaše neću on joj neću ništa znam  
Oj draga zagrlj me da imena to Bog  
još jednom zaljubi me da pomogo te Bog*

MILKA: Klobase su ready mister. Moremo sad jest.

MAKSA: Možemo, možemo, i te kako možemo.

MAKSA: Ej missus, pa zdravo volem da sam došao kod vas na burt. Vi ste fajn ženska onako naoko, pa kao mislim da mogli bi se nas dvoje lepo živjeli. No hajde missus, pit ćeš malo vina pa dopri mne mašinku.

MILKA: Aurajt, mister, aurajt.

*Oj devojko oj, primi pozdrav moj, celi svet već zna da te ljubim ja  
Ti si rajski cvet, koga celi sveti tebe ljubim ja I više nikoga  
I ona sama da nezna mama  
ružice brala dragom je dala*

Maksa at a boardinghouse in Detroit, part 1

MAKSA: Hey guys, I've gotten hungry as a bear and my landlady still hasn't returned from the butcher shop. It's been two hours since she left. But here she comes now.

MILKA: Yoy my dearie, I'm gonna pass out, I walked so much. And I thought how you must be hungry, so I hurry up came back. But what do you say? It didn't take so long, did it?

MAKSA: Of course not! Actually I am amazed how quickly you came back.

MILKA: Take a look at this. I got fresh sausages, a pound of thin ones and two pounds of thick ones. You like sausages mister, don't you?

MAKSA: I'll eat anything when I'm hungry. But missus, what kind of sausages do you like? Thin or thick?

MILKA: I like thick.

MAKSA: Hey, what a devil you are missus. The thicker the better, heh, heh.

MILKA: Yoy Mister, don't start that. It's not what you think. I'm not like these other man-chasing boardinghouse landladies. I'm from a noted family. My daddy was a cop in Krapina and my mother was the laundress for the Orižnik family. So you see from what sort of house I come. So don't behave like that.

MAKSA: Hey, fine. I beg your pardon. I didn't know. But missus, neither am I just a cat's cough. I am also from a great family. My late grandfather was a county big shot for three years. And one of my aunts on my mother's side was the number one healer woman in Veliki Bičkerik. From her I learned all the doctoring skills. I know how to massage, let blood, put on leeches, and sew up babies' belly buttons just like a doctor.

MILKA: Oh excuse me sir. I didn't know either. Now I see you are from an ever so fine family just like me. And we won't ever quarrel again but get along like fine friends.

MAKSA: That's right missus, that's the way. So why do't we drink a few shots of whiskey and sing while the sausages are frying.

MILKA: All right. We can do that too. Do you know how to sing Croatian?

MAKSA: Yes. I learned to sing Croatian in Pittsburgh. [*aside*] Oh my Kedi, what are you doing now?

*What you give me I will take, even if it is poison  
I only don't want empty glasses  
Oh my dear, embrace me, in the name of God  
oh my dear kiss me, God help me*

MILKA: The sausages are ready mister. We can eat.

MAKSA: We can, we can, sure we can.

MAKSA: Hey missus, I really love that I've come to your place to board. You are a fine woman all around, and I think we two could live together well. So let's go missus, let's drink a little wine, and bring me the accordion.

MILKA: All right mister, all right.

*Oh my girl, receive my greetings, the whole world knows that I love you  
You are a heavenly flower that the whole world loves, and I love you too my dear  
And she all alone, so that her mother wouldn't know  
picked roses and gave them to her sweetheart.*

*Transcription and translation by Richard March*