

Maksa na burtu u Detroidu, dio I

MAKSA: Hajd nazdravlje. Hajd missus, da se kucnemo. Baš je dobro ovo vino.

MILKA: Joj drogec moj, Ja ne bum više pila. Ja imam kidney trouble pa si pijem too much boleju mi leđa.

MAKSA: Ma nije valjda! Jel vas I sada boledu leđa?

MILKA: Joj drogec, boleju i te kak.

MAKSA: Ej sad ću ja vas fiksati. Jeste. Izvalite se tu na ovaj divan onako potrbuške. Ej tako. Prvo ću vas izgaziti a onda vas dobro istrljati. Pa kad svršim ja, odmah ćete bolje filati.

MILKA: Joj mister, kaj buš sad? Kaj se bute legli na mene?

MAKSA: Ma tako to treba. Ne boj se. Bit će to sve aurajt. Dok ja samo udesim.

MILKA: Joj mister, kak je to fajni. Vi baš morete gud trljati.

MAKSA: Nije... to... još ništa. Čekajte samo dok ja svršim, ondak će ti biti sasvim fajni.

MILKA: Joj, to je tak... fajni... fajni... fajni.

*knock knock knock*

MAKSA: Ih-- Ima nekog na vrata.

MILKA: Joj, morti je moj muž!

MAKSA: Ma zar vi missus imate muža?

MILKA: Šur, kak da ne. On dela v kasafi, a na večer pride doma. Joj drogec moj, otpri mi vrata, a ja bum pošla upstairs. I bum se činila becezna. Horiap, horiap.

MAKSA: Hej Makso, jopet na trouble na isto.

TONY: A porca miseria, open door, missus. It's Tony the iceman.

MILKA: Joj, vraga zel. To je Tony koj led donesi. Powaitemo do zutra.

MAKSA: Hey you, Misus no wanna ice today. You bring 'um tomorrow, son of a gun.

TONY: Aw right, aw right. Porca miseria.

MAKSA: Ej Tony, pseto taljansko, alaj ti. A taj Cinčića pripovedio meni da Milka nema muža.  
To od njega baš nisam nadao.

MILKA: Makso, jel otišao Tony?

MAKSA: Je je.

MILKA: Joj Makso, dojdite upstairs. Bummu svršili trljanje.

MAKSA: Upstairs! Pa to nikako! Maksa Prdić neće više trljati na upstairs ni jednu burdingbašicu koja ima živog muža!

Maksa at a boardinghouse in Detroit, part 2

MAKSA: Here's to our health. Let's go missus, let's toast. Boy this is good wine.

MILKA: Yoy my deary, I'm not going to drink more. I have kidney trouble so when I drink too much my back hurts.

MAKSA: You don't say! Well is your back hurting now?

MILKA: Yes, it hurts, and how.

MAKSA: OK then, now I'll fix you up. Yes I will. Lie down here on this couch on your stomach. That's it. First I will press you down and then rub you thoroughly. And when I finish, you'll feel better right away.

MILKA: Yoy mister, what are you going to do? Are you going to lie down on me?

MAKSA: That's the way you have to do it. Don't be afraid. You'll be completely all right. Now let me put this thing in place.

MILKA: Yoy mister, that is so fine. You can really rub well.

MAKSA: That... is... nothing. Just wait until I finish and then you'll be totally fine.

MILKA: Yoy, that is so... fine... fine... fine.

*knock knock knock*

MAKSA: What the-- Someone at the door?

MILKA: Maybe it's my husband!

MAKSA: What? You have a husband, missus?

MILKA: Sure, of course. He works at the car factory and in the evening he comes home. Yoy dearie, open the door for him and I'll go upstairs. I'll make out like I'm sick. Hurry up, hurry up.

MAKSA: Hey Maksa, you're in trouble again for the same thing.

TONY: Porca miseria. Open door, missus. It's Tony the iceman.

MILKA: Yoy, devil take it! That's Tony who brings ice. Let's wait until tomorrow.

MAKSA: Hey you. Missus no wanna ice today. You bring 'um tomorrow, son of a gun.

TONY: All right, all right. Porca miseria.

MAKSA: Hey Tony, Italian dog, take off. And that Cinčića told me Milka did not have a husband. That I did not really hoped for from him.

MILKA: Maksa, has Tony gone?

MAKSA: He has.

MILKA: Yoy Maksa, come upstairs. We'll finish up the rubbing.

MAKSA: Upstairs! No way! Maksa Prdić will never again rub upstairs a single boardinghouse landlady that has a live husband!

*Transcription and translation by Richard March*