

Excerpt from the play

CONCLAVE

by Diāna Kondraša

3.

Informant: Arrest report. Jurmala precinct of the Riga Regional Administration of the State Police: I would like to turn to the police concerning the fact that I know a person, Klāvs Kristaps Košins, whom I know by the nickname Conclave, who has been involved in drug dealing - marijuana - in the city of Riga. I myself have purchased marijuana from him on several occasions, buying one or two grams each time. Before purchasing marijuana, I usually get in contact with Conclave through the Telegram mobile app. I can recognize Conclave from a photograph. If necessary, I can assist the police in proving the drug deal. I have read the statement. My words have been recorded accurately.

4.

Police: January 14, 2020. 8:45 pm. narcotics sting operation. The individual who submitted the report, using the mobile app Telegram, asks Conclave if they could meet by the Informant's place of work - The Latvian National Theatre at Kronvalda bulvaris 2, Riga. Conclave doesn't respond

Police: 9:50 pm - Informant calls Conclave, but, again, he does not respond.

Klavs: At that moment, it didn't seem suspicious to me that he was calling. Only now I understand why he so desperately needed the dope.

Police: 10:30 pm - Informant receives a message from Conclave that he is in a rehearsal, to which Informant asks him how long the rehearsal is. Conclave replies that it is over.

Police: 10:43 pm - Informant asks Conclave whether he can come to the theater, to which Conclave answers - if it's not far, he could come, adding that he is at a friend's place near the Olympic Center.

Klavs: I was somewhat careful. I had only met him once and I didn't want him to know where I lived.

Police: 10:46 pm - Informant continues the conversation with Conclave, asking if he will be able to bring three grams of marijuana.

Police: 10:51 pm - Conclave responds with an apology and states that if he had a car or a bicycle, it would not be a problem.

Police: 47 min past midnight - The sting operation was suspended until favorable conditions for its continuation arose.

Klavs: But, of course, they arose. I needed money.

Police: Next day 11:28 am - Informant, under the instructions of police officers, sends a message to Conclave, asking if he is available today, to which Conclave answers affirmatively - that he will.

Police: 11:36 am - Informant asks if Conclave will be able to sell marijuana and where he will be in an hour.

Klavs: Well, sure, we don't use the word "marijuana" in our messages. We just meet at the spot for a minute or two, or three.

Police: 9 min past midday - Conclave answers that he will be by the "Coffeelnn" at 9/11 Baznīcas Street, Riga.

Police: 11 min past midday - Informant asks if he works there.

Klavs: I thought it was weird that he wanted to know where I worked.

Police: to which Conclave replies that he will be nearby and asks how much marijuana will he need. Informant responds that two or three grams will be needed, adding that he will specify it later.

Police: 1:29 pm - Informant sends a message that he will be there soon.

Police: 13:31 pm - Conclave asks if he is there, to which the Informant responds that he is.

Police: 1:33 pm K.K.Košins and the Informant are observed meeting at the agreed upon place and they both walk along Dzirnavu Street in the direction away from Baznīcas Street. Around 20 meters later, they enter a yard.

Police: The following conversation takes place between Informant and K.K. Košins. Attachment No. 8130178. Recording from a dictaphone

Informant: Yo, man
K.K.Kosins: Hey. Sup with you?
Informant: Nothing, tons of work
K.K.Kosins: What's the book?
Informant: I'm gonna work there.
K.K.Kosins: Really? I have the same one at home.
Informant: Yeah, they gave it to me, it's supposed to help my work. D'you know where I could get some lean?
K.K.Kosins: Lean? Don't know anything about it. What is it?
Informant: Codeine
K.K.Kosins: Codeine? What's the high like?
Informant: Dunno, wanna test it
K.K.Kosins: I looked it up. Is it some kind of a drink?
Informant: Yeah, it's that cocktail that those gangstas drink. I just wanted to try it out with this chick. But if you don't know - fuck it, all good.
K.K.Kosins: 3 right?
Informant: forty five
K.K.Kosins: Sorry, I didn't split it. It's all in one packet.
Informant: Chill.
K.K.Kosins: Aight, see ya!

Police: The conversation between the two men ends after 3 minutes and 54 seconds of audio recording.

5.

Klavs: I am looking him in the eyes. There is something... black, unpleasant, demonic in them... I notice it, but it doesn't register. Why did he call me so persistently? Why did he ask me if I worked at Coffeelnn? What kind of gangsta drink? What lean? Why didn't I find it suspicious? He just wanted to extract information! He has that stupid Riboca book in his hands. At home, I kept my money in the same book, the money I made dealing. Just a dumb coincidence. That's all.

Police: 1:35 pm - K.K. Košins is observed selling drugs - marijuana - to Informant, for which Informant pays with the marked bills intended for use in the sting operation.

Police1: State police!

Police2: Hands up!

Police1: Freeze!

Klavs drops the money

Police2: Put the money in your pocket!

Klavs: Careful! My nose. Nose!

Klavs: I am led across the street, blood is running from my nose and I think (*shows*). "This can't be real. It can't be happening to me. I'll open my eyes and I'll be home in bed. I'll open my eyes and it will all have just been a dream. But I opened my eyes and woke up in the back of a police van.

6.

Klavs is put into the police van.

Police1: Where do you live?

Klavs: In Jelgava.

Police2: Don't fuck with us! Where do you live in Riga?

Klavs: I already told you that I live in Jelgava, Blaumaņa Street 3, apartment 15.

Police1: You want us to believe that you commute every day?

Klavs: I do! Just today I arrived by train. It leaves at 17 past twelve from Jelgava. You can check.

Police1: We will.

Police2: Wait, do you really think we're idiots

Klavs: No, I don't. The blood. (*Motions*) Can I wipe it?

Klavs motions that he cannot write with his hands cuffed behind his back. The cuffs are taken off.

Klavs: I felt like Pablo Escobar. The police van is racing through the center of Riga. A police car with flashing lights in front of it. We arrive at the Jurmala police station.

Police1: The following items were seized during the search of the suspect: several bills with a total value of 45 EUR with the following serial numbers,

Police2: Remove your shoelaces and belt.

Police1: A transparent polyethylene bag with a red fastener, which contains an unknown green-brown herbal substance, and a black Iphone SE smartphone.

Police2: Will you be needing an attorney?

Klavs: Yes.

Police1: Why the fuck would you need one? We've got you. The money's marked!

Klavs: Then I guess I don't...

Police1: Do you have any complaints about the detention?

Klavs: Well I don't know, my nose is bloody

Police2: Sorry, that was an accident.

Klavs: I fear that it's crooked. It's just that I've broken it three times already.

Police1: Let me see. (*pēc apskatas*) It's fine. Don't worry.

Klavs: Then I guess I don't have any complaints...

Police2: Do you want us to inform someone of your detention?

Klavs: Yes. Inform my mother, please.

Police2: Phone number?

Klavs: 25872696 Ize.

Klavs is given a page of his rights.

Police1: Sign.

Klavs: The official part of the interrogation was over. And then the informal part started, because, as you heard, I voluntarily gave up my right to a lawyer.

Police1: Well, start telling us.

Klavs: Telling what?

Police1: What, what? Latvian folk tales. Who are you buying from, how often, how much?

Klavs: I have nothing to say.

Police2: Mhm.

Police1: What's the password?

Klavs: What do you need it for

Police1: We do. What's the password?

Klavs: I'm not telling you.

Police2: So you have something to hide?

Klavs: At that point I thought, I can't let them get into my phone under any circumstances. I have messages with people to whom I have sold weed. It thought that it would serve as additional evidence.

Klavs: No. I just don't want you to lurk in my phone. I might have some pictures, nudes, messages with girls there.

Police1: You think you're a big man?

Klavs: No, I don't.

Police2: Then tell us your address in Riga.

Klavs: I couldn't let them find out my Riga address as well - there, in the closet under my shirts, was my weed stash. I thought if they found that, I would be spending the next two years in prison for sure.

Klavs: But I already told you that I don't live in Riga, I live in Jelgava, Blaumaņa 3, apartment 15.

Police1: Alright, sit in solitary for a while, think about life, maybe your memory will improve.

Police: 3 pm K.K.Košins is placed in solitary confinement at Jurmala Police Station.