

72. DUBROVAČKE LJETNE IGRE
72ND DUBROVNIK SUMMER FESTIVAL
2021
HRVATSKA CROATIA

FESTIVALSKI DRAMSKI ANSAMBL
FESTIVAL DRAMA ENSEMBLE

PREMIJERA / PREMIERE

IVAN SALEČIĆ

GLAVA LAVA
LION HOUSE

AIDA BUKVIĆ
REDATELJICA / DIRECTOR



IGRALIŠTE POD MINČETOM
PLAYGROUND AT THE FOOT OF MINČETA FORT
20., 21., 23. kolovoza *August* | 21:30
22., 24. kolovoza *August* | 22:00

IVAN SALEČIĆ: GLAVA LAVA *LION HOUSE*

Režija *Directed By* **AIDA BUKVIĆ**

Dramaturgija i adaptacija *Dramaturgy and Adaptation by* **MARIJANA FUMIĆ**

Scenografija *Set Design by* **IVO KNEZOVIĆ**

Kostimografija *Costume Design by* **MIRJANA ZAGOREC**

Scenski pokret *Stage Movement by* **BLAŽENKA KOVAČ-CARIĆ**

Glazba *Music By* **MARO MARKET**

Dizajn svjetla *Lighting Design by* **MARTIN ŠATOVIĆ**

Savjetnik za govor *Linguistic Advisor* **MARO MARTINOVIĆ**

Asistentica redateljice *Assistant Director* **ANTONELA TOŠIĆ**

Asistent scenografa i slikarski radovi *Assistant Set Designer and Painting Work by* **PIETRO BOBAN**

Kiparski radovi *Sculpture Work by* **TIMO ŠKRLEC**

Inspicijent *Stage Manager* **ROKO GRBIN**

SUVREMENICI *CONTEMPORARIES*

Ivan: **AMAR BUKVIĆ**

Vanja: **IVA KRALJEVIĆ**

Laima: **JADRANKA ĐOKIĆ**

Šeh: **DRAŽEN ŠIVAK**

Nikša: **BRANIMIR VIDIĆ FLIKA**

Profesorica *Professor*: **DORIS ŠARIĆ-KUKULJICA**

BAROK *BAROQUE*

Dživo Franov Gundulić: **MARO MARTINOVIĆ**

Luce: **DORIS ŠARIĆ-KUKULJICA**

Šiško Dživov Gundulić: **ROMANO NIKOLIĆ**

Mato Dživov Gundulić: **MARIN KLIŠMANIĆ**

Nika Gundulić: **JADRANKA ĐOKIĆ**

Kate: **GLORIJA DUBELJ**

Dživa Gundulić: **VERONIKA MACH**

Fotografije *Fotography by* **MARKO ERCEGOVIĆ**

TEHNIČKA EKIPA DLJI *DSF TECHNICAL TEAM*

Marko Mijatović, Antonio Vaclavek, Zoran Ćorluka, Robert Pavlić, Tomislav Kotrla - Rasvjeta *Lighting*;

Maroje Kurajica, Zoran Vrabec - Ozvučenje *Sound*; **Ana Ljubičić, Suzana Gabelica, Dubravka Badurina** -

Garderoba *Costumers*; **Ivana Pleša** - Frizura i šminka *Hair and Makeup Stylists*; **Kaća Carević, Mateo Pleša** -

Rekvizita *Props*; **Tomo Glegj, Nedjeljko Špikula** - Majstori scene *Carpenters*; **Pero Ćorić** - Bravarija *Metal Work*;

Leo Vuković, Karlo Martinović - Opsluživanje scene *Stagehands*; **Senad Čobić, Arslan Čobić, Đaci i Studenti** -

Transport i montaža scene *Transportation and Assembling of the Stage*; **Dipl. Ing. Vinko Dubović** Voditelj tehnike
Technical Manager



Glava lava progovara o Dubrovniku kao o mjestu sudara bremenite povijesti i burleskne tranzicije. Radi se o adaptaciji istoimenog romana prvijenca Ivana Salečića u kojem autor isprepliće dvije priče, progovarajući o suvremenom Dubrovniku, kao i onom iz prošlih vremena, s naglaskom na povijesti obitelji Gundulić. Salečić je kreirao jedinstvenu romanesknu cjelinu u kojoj sužive fikcija i faksija, a naši fantazmi o veličajnoj prošlosti razbijaju se o surove zidine svakodnevice. Recentne gorko-humoristične peripetije oko kupovine i restauracije stana u staroj gradskoj jezgri nadopunjuju se zavodljivom i zanimljivom poviješću Grada nad kojim lebdi zloguki usud Velike trešnje.

PAZI ŠTO ŽELIŠ, MOGLO BI TI SE I OSTVARITI...

Priznajem! Kroz slojevitost i kompleksnost predloška, roman *Glava lava*, Ivana Salečića, tijekom rada na dramatizaciji, probijala sam se puno dulje no što sam planirala, puno dulje no što može stati u sat-dva predstave ili karticu-dvije teksta o istoj. Onima koji su pročitali roman vjerojatno će ovo ili ono nedostajati, onima koji nisu (nadamo se) javiti će se želja da ga pročitaju. I, možda će, poput mene,

poželjeti baciti se u vrtlog mahnitog pretraživanja interneta i kupovine knjiga, a sve to u potrazi za odgovorom što to Dubrovnik i njegovu slavnu povijest čini tako drugačijim, posebnijim i magičnijim od gotovo svega što nam je blisko i poznato. I nisam ja to morala, u Salečićevom romanu bilo je dovoljno materijala za tri-četiri predstave, ali kad jednom zagrebeš po površini *dubrovačke tajne*, nekako, si ne možeš pomoći... Kad jednom, na karti svijeta, označiš, tu gotovo nevidljivu točkicu, ne možeš se ne upitati kako im je *To* uspijevalo tolika stoljeća?! Biti slobodan i biti svoj.

Vjerujem kako je, nakon petnaest godina ljetovanja u Dubrovniku, i glavni protagonist naše priče/predstave – Ivan, naprosto, zaveden i omamljen sirenskim zovom tog čarobnog Grada, poželio u njemu stvoriti dom. Postojati. Biti slobodan i biti svoj.

Ali...

Pazi što želiš, moglo bi ti se i ostvariti. Čuli smo svi za to, zar ne?! A Ivan je to osjetio (itekako!) na vlastitoj koži. „Ponekad, kad sve prođe, zapitam se je li sve što mi se dogodilo (...namjerno izostavljam ovaj dio rečenice), stvari o kojima do maloprije nisam ni razmišljao sad, (...i ovaj) bole kao i plan o kojem sam oduvijek sanjao...“

Ali gdje bi smo bili da ne sanjamo... i da ne pokušamo sve što je u našoj moći da te snove i ostvarimo?!

Time započinje okosnica naše priče – Ivan je odlučio ostvariti nešto o čemu je oduvijek sanjao: odlučio je kupiti stan u Dubrovniku. Pa što, rekli bi, što u tome ima tako neobično? Ponuda postoji. Ima dobar posao. Mlad je, perspektivan, pred njim je svijetla budućnost. Stotine su kupile stan u Dubrovniku pa zašto ne bi i on? No kupovina stana za Ivana nije bilo samo rješavanje stambenog pitanja ili kupnja vikendice u kojoj će

ljetovati. Posjedovanje stana u Dubrovniku postalo je za Ivana suštinsko pitanje. Ta kupnja trebala je ga je riješiti svih emocionalnih problema, svih frustracija, ispraznosti posla kojim se bavi, napadaja panike, dosade i svake banalnosti njegova *obična* života, ta kupnja trebala ga je, naprosto – osloboditi! No takav stan ne postoji, žao mi je, ali čak niti u Dubrovniku.

Iz dana u dan, iz mjeseca u mjesec, Ivan postaje sve svjesniji te činjenice – a tu započinje tragikomični košmar njegovih težnji, tu u tom Gradu, na tom *mjestu u kojem vrijeme kao da je zaključano i kao da se sva njegova doba zbivaju uvijek i... odjednom*.

A Ivan je to osjetio (itekako!) na vlastitoj koži – „pored mene ili čak kroz mene prolazi netko nevidljiv. Osjećam njegovu toplinu... To je kao neki tuđi život, u kojem sam se ja slučajno zatekao.“

Zateći se u nečijem tuđem životu nije nimalo ugodno, ali u nastajanju predstave „Glava lava“ svakako je krucijalno!

Pogotovo što se Ivan *našao* u životu jednog, ni manje ni više, Ivana Gundulića. I ne samo njegovom, nego i životima ljudi s kojima je dolazio u doticaj, životima njegovih bližnjih.

Takvo što čovjeka zbilja može *zbrčkati*.

Takvo što čovjeka, koji je poželio osloboditi se stega svakodnevice zbilja može *zbrčkati, zbrčkati*.

Takvo što čovjeka, koji je odlučio, pod svaku cijenu, slijediti svoj san zbilja može *zbrčkati, zbrčkati, zbrčkati*.

Ali ta tome i takvom *zbrčkanom, zbrčkanom, zbrčkanom* počiva svaka kazališna predstava pa tako i ova u kojoj *vrijeme kao da je zaključano i*

*kao da se sva (...) doba zbivaju uvijek i...
odjednom...*

Marijana Fumić

KULTIVIRANJE NEIZVJESNOSTI

Na scenu koja plovi nad Gradom pada mrak i topla tramuntana miluje nas prelijevajući se u slapovima preko Minčete, i donosi i odnosi jata uskliktalih čioapa. U toj točki izvan prostora i vremena, koja je posve otvorena i posve zatvorena, nastaje sistem, predstava, dok se planeta istovremeno raspada. „Glava lava“ lateralno bilježi i taj raspad, nekad dug i polagan, i sad sve veći i sve brži, koji teško pojmimo. Zoom. Od dubrovačke Velike zavjere, preko Velike trešnje, do danas kad je raspadu mjera cijeli svijet i kad je pitanje što je uopće gradnja, a što rušenje? Iz nasilno iskrčenih džungli stižu nepoznati virusi, dižu se razine mora, hladi se Golska struja, kontinenti gore, otapa se permafrost, oslobađa metan, acetificiraju se tijela. Sve teže dišemo. Od zatvorenog svemira Dubrovnika do zatvorenog ekosustava planeta, polako svi dolazimo u stanje „mancaza di respiro“, ono stanje koje Ivan Gundulić nije preživio. Čitajući prolog Držićevog Dunda Maroja razbijali smo glavu kome se on ruga, a koga uzdiže u Gradu, jedva ga shvaćajući i kad priča o Rimu, a kamo li da se to odnosi i na „velicije Indije“. I sad smo najednom u situaciji da razliku moramo nadokanditi na bolan način. Ta promjena prebrza je da bismo je shvatili i prespora da bi

profunkcionirala. Socijalni sustavi prate prirodne – Afganistan, samo tako izručen, je valjda prva zemlja tog novog svijeta. Dok se zgražamo nad djecom kojoj je tehnologija oduzela mogućnost da podnesu išta što nije instantna gratifikacija, radimo isto, želimo rješenje odmah, kako bismo nastavili po starom, u kakofoniji prijedloga koji se međusobno isključuju. Jako je različito od onoga gdje smo donedavno bili. U psihoterapiji, radim sa sve više slučajeva straha i tjeskobe, pa i stanja šoka, za koje primjećujem da se sve teže iskazuju, jer sve manje vladamo jezikom i sve manje možemo izraziti ono što osjećamo. Nakon što smo s emojima regresirali prema piktogramima, donosi li još novije doba dodatnu deklinaciju, izraz kroz krikove užasa, koji će biti još manje artikulirani? Pa i posve neartikulirani, bez jezika, koji će ostati rezerviran za neka neutralnija, vanjska, manje osobna stanja. Ali za ono što smo iznutra, kako smo, koliko će jezik to još dugo moći pratiti? Nekadašnji emocionalni raspon tendira da postane hrpa nejasnih, preklopljenih mrlja. Hoće li kraj ljudskosti biti kad naša vrsta izumre, ili i ranije – kad se više ne bude mogla izražavati? U toj propasti, introspekcija i autorefleksija, do jučer mane i gubljenje vremena, kao da postaju sve važnije, jer čuvaju naš kapacitet za ekspresiju. Teško i dugo formuliran, na koji očito nismo pretplaćeni za svagda, iako nam se donedavno nije tako činilo. Kontakt s umjetničkim djelima, koja nas ekspandiraju preko dnevnih granica, prilika da ih doživimo, opišemo i kažemo što nam znače, postaje sve važniji za kultiviranje neizvjesnosti, na koju sve manje možemo utjecati. Što znači postavljati predstavu ili pisati roman u tim okolnostima, dok se sve poznate paradigme mijenjanju do neprepoznatljivosti? Što se tiče

umjetnosti – vjerojatno ništa. To je samo još jedna vanjska okolnost prema kojoj će se ona odrediti, ovisno o trenutku, okolnostima i nadahnuću. U paradoksalnom, izvrsnom sustavu koji smo stvorili, dok tragamo za promjenom koja će anulirati promjene, to „ništa“ – najednom je resurs, kontinuitet za kojim tragamo, koji ne ugrožava, koji ne devastira, koji je most prema starom i novom, čvrsta točka. Na razini izričaja, to „ništa“ dobiva na značaju, jer ne proizvodi štetu. Od „ne radim ništa“ do „radim ništa“, iz pasivnosti, izolacije, nemoći, pretvara se u doprinos, slobodu od stresora, stvarnu točku integracije, deideologiziranu metapoziciju koja je

pretpostavka za uravnotežen kontakt sa svijetom, sa drugima, sa sobom. Mir je još moguć eventualno iznutra, vani ga više neće biti, osim u onoj mjeri u kojoj ga možemo izvući iz sebe sami, individualno, ili još bolje ko-kreirati s drugima, zajedno. Kao, recimo, večeras tokom izvedbe „Glave lava“, u balonu od vjetra koji nosi čiope oko Minčete.

Ivan Salečić

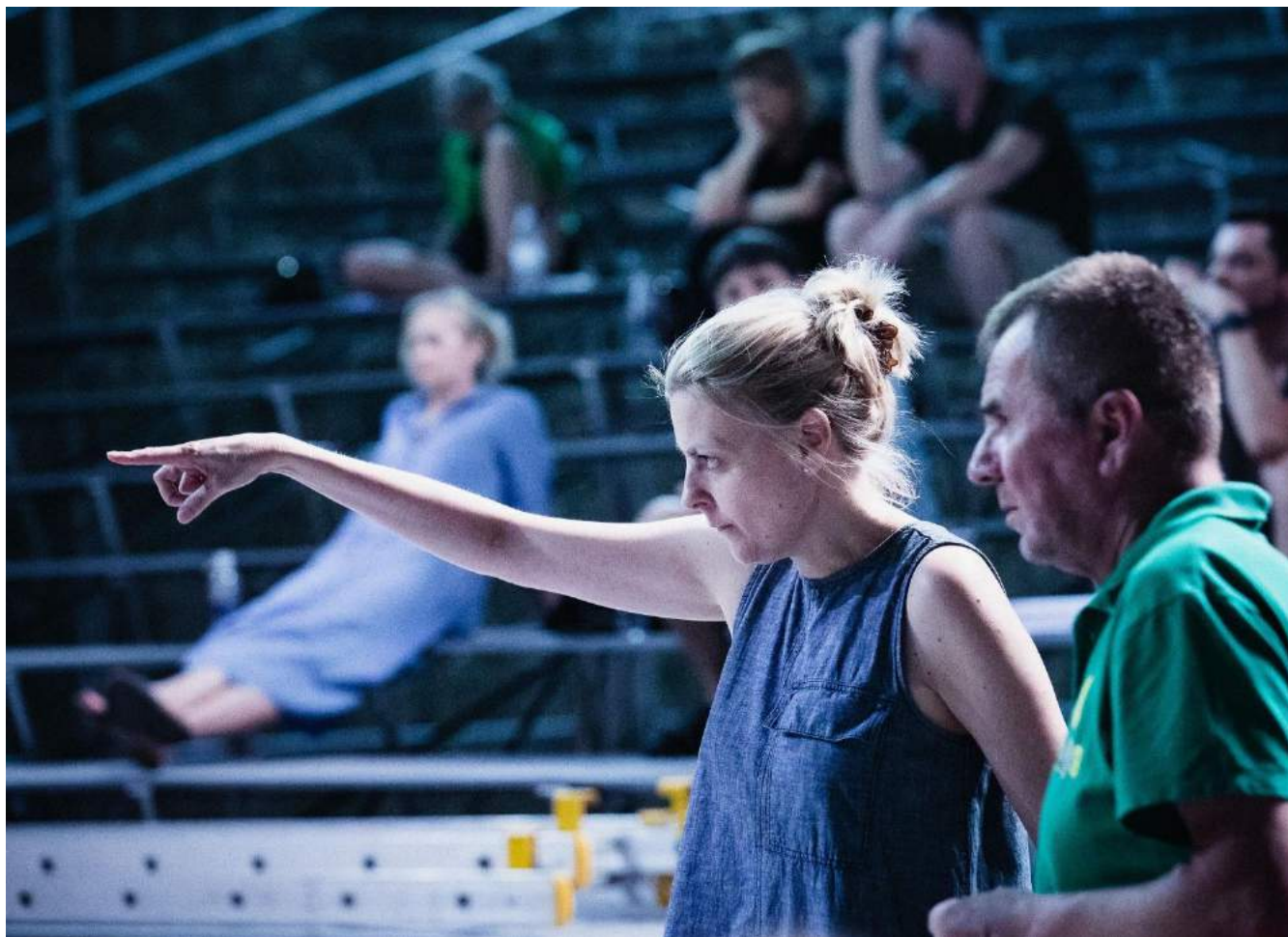






AIDA BUKVIĆ rođena je u Zagrebu gdje je završila Klasičnu gimnaziju te kazališnu režiju na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti. Za diplomsku predstavu „Klupko“ Pere Budaka nagrađena je na Danima satire 1999. godine, a iste je godine „Klupko“ bilo nominirano za Nagradu hrvatskog glumišta za najbolju predstavu u cjelini. Od tada pa do danas režira više od trideset predstava u Hrvatskoj i BiH među kojima izdvaja „Što je muškarac bez brkova“ (HNK Zagreb), „U posjeti kod gospodina Greena“ (Planetart, Zagreb), „Ništa nas ne smije iznenaditi“ i „Anđeli vragovi“ (Satiričko kazalište Kerempuh), „Jug 2“ i „Osam žena“ (HNK Osijek), „Aristotel u Bagdadu“ (Kamerni teatar, Sarajevo), „Djeca sa CNN-a“ i „Nakon probe“(GD Histrioni), „Priča

sa istočne strane“ (BNP Zenica i SARTR, Sarajevo), „Tko je srušio berlinski zid“(BNP Zenica), Pokondirena tikva (NP Tuzla), „Pluća“ (Teatar Exit), „Komet“ (DK Gavella), „Konstelacije“ (OLJK i Teatar Exit), „Tulum u samostanu“ (GK Komedija), „Nebo od gume“ (HNK Varaždin), „Buđenje“ (OLJK i Teatar Exit), „Gospođica Julija“ (HNK Osijek i GK Vinkovci). Predstave koje je režirala višestruko su nagrađivane i prikazivane na domaćim i inozemnim festivalima. Za dramatizaciju romana „Što je muškarac bez brkova“ Ante Tomića dobila je nagradu na Marulićevim danima 2002.g, a predstava je dobila nagradu za najbolju predstavu u cjelini. „Anđeli vragovi“ F. Hadžića proglašeni su najboljom



kabaretskom predstavom na Danima satire
2002. g.

2008. godine u GD Histron postavlja predstavu
prema tekstu svog oca Amira Bukvića „Djeca sa
CNN-a“ koji su na Marulićevim danima dobili
Nagradu publike, a na Festivalu glumca u
Vinkovcima bili proglašeni najboljom
predstavom u cjelini. Za režiju predstave
“Pluća” bila je nominirana za Nagradu
hrvatskog glumišta 2017. godine. “Konstelacije”
su 2019. godine na Festivalu glumca dobile
Nagradu Vanja Drach za najbolju predstavu u
cjelini.

Na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti u Zagrebu je
redovita profesorica na Odsjeku glume.



Lion House portrays Dubrovnik as a place where burdened history and burlesque transition clash. It is based on Ivan Salečić's debut novel, in which the author intertwines two stories about Dubrovnik's present and past, focusing on the Gundulić family history. Salečić created a unique novel in which fiction and faction coexist and our ideas about the glorious past are broken against the harsh reality of everyday life. The present-day bitter-humorous complications surrounding the purchase and restoration of an apartment in the historic city core are complemented with an interesting and engaging history of Dubrovnik, above which looms the grim fate of the Great Earthquake.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR, IT MIGHT JUST COME TRUE...

I admit it! While I was working on dramatisation of Ivan Salečić's novel *Lion House*, I took me much longer to break through its layers and complexities than I had initially planned, a lot longer than could ever fit into an hour or two of the play or a page or two of text about it. Those who have read the novel will probably find a thing or two missing, those who haven't will desire to do so (we hope). And maybe they will, like I did, wish to throw themselves into a frenzied online search and book buying in an attempt to find an answer to what makes Dubrovnik and its glorious past so different, more special and more magical than nearly everything we know. I didn't have to do

it, Salečić's novel contains more than enough material for three or four plays, but once you scratch the surface of *the secret of Dubrovnik*, somehow you can't help yourself... Once you mark this nearly invisible spot on the map of the world, you can't help but wonder: How did they manage to do *That* for so many centuries?! To be free and be themselves.

I believe that, after fifteen years of spending summer holidays in Dubrovnik, the protagonist of our story/play – Ivan, seduced and dazed by the siren call of this magical City, simply wished to make a home in it. To exist. To be free and be himself.

But...

Be careful what you wish for, it might just come true. We've all heard this one, right?! And Ivan experienced it (sure enough!) firsthand.

'Sometimes, when everything is over, I wonder if everything that has happened to me (...I left out this part of the sentence on purpose), the things I hadn't even considered until a moment ago (...and this one, too) now hurt, just like the plan I have always dreamed of...'

But where would we be if we didn't dream...

And if we didn't try to do everything in our power to make those dreams come true?!

This is how our story begins – Ivan has decided to do something he has always dreamed of: to buy an apartment in Dubrovnik. So what, one might ask, what is so unusual about that?

Apartments are available for sale. He has a good job. He is young, promising, with a bright future ahead of him. Hundreds of people have bought apartments in Dubrovnik, why wouldn't he? But for Ivan, buying an apartment is not merely buying a home or a place where he would spend his summers. Owning an apartment in Dubrovnik becomes essential to him. This purchase is supposed to rid him of all emotional

problems, all frustrations, of emptiness of his job, panic attacks, boredom and all the banalities of his *ordinary* life, this purchase is supposed to simply – set him free! Unfortunately, such an apartment doesn't exist, not even in Dubrovnik. As the days and months go by, Ivan becomes increasingly aware of this fact – and this is where the tragicomic nightmare of his ambitions begins, here in this City, in *this place where time seems locked and as if all its ages happen always and... at once.*

And Ivan experienced it (sure enough!) firsthand – ‘someone invisible passes by me, or even through me. I feel his warmth... It is like someone else's life, in which I found myself by accident.’

To find yourself inside someone else's life is by no means pleasant, but it is most definitely crucial for making the play *Lion House!*

Especially since Ivan *found himself* in the life of none other than Ivan Gundulić. And not only in his life, but also the lives of the people he was close to.

Something like that can really *mess you up.*

Something like that can really *mess up, mess up* a person who wants to break free from the shackles of everyday life.

Something like that can really *mess up, mess up* a person who has decided, at any cost, to follow their dream.

But on such a *messed up, messed up, messed up* individual every theatre play rests, and so does this one, *where time seems locked and as if all (...) ages happen always and... at once...*

Marijana Fumić

CULTIVATION OF UNCERTAINTY

Darkness falls on the scene floating above the City while the warm tramontana wind caresses us as it pours over Minčeta Fort, bringing and carrying away flocks of chirping swifts. In this place outside space and time, completely open and completely closed, a system, a play is born as the planet falls apart. *Lion House* marginally notes this disintegration, once long and slow, now getting bigger and faster and difficult to grasp. Zoom. From Dubrovnik's Great Conspiracy and Big Earthquake of 1667 to this moment, when the entire world is afflicted by disintegration and the difference between building and destruction is unclear. Unknown viruses spread from the aggressively deforested jungles, the sea level is rising, the Gulf Stream is cooling, continents are aflame, permafrost is melting, methane is released and bodies acidify. It is becoming harder to breathe. From Dubrovnik's closed universe to our planet's closed ecosystem, we are all slowly reaching the state of ‘mancaza di respiro’, a condition which Ivan Gundulić didn't survive. As we read the Prologue of Marin Držić's *Uncle Maroje*, we tried so hard to figure out who was mocked and whom he praised among the citizens of Dubrovnik, barely understanding what he was saying when he spoke of Rome, let alone that it also referred to ‘the Great Indies’. And now we suddenly find ourselves in a situation when we must balance out the difference in a painful way.



This change is too quick to understand and too slow to work. Social systems follow natural systems – Afghanistan, handed over like it was nothing, is probably the first country of this new world. While we are outraged by the children from whom the technology has taken away the ability to stand anything but instant gratification, we do the same; we want solutions right away so we can keep functioning as always, in a cacophony of mutually exclusive suggestions. Things are very different than they were until recently. In psychotherapy, I have encountered an increasing number of cases of fear and anxiety, even states of shock. I have noticed that they are becoming more difficult to express, because our ability to use language has

deteriorated and we find it hard to describe what we feel. After we regressed to using pictograms with the introduction of emojis, does the future hold additional decline, a mode of expression consisting of screams of horror that will be even less articulated? Or completely unarticulated, without language, which will remain reserved for some more neutral, outward, less personal situations. But how much longer will the language be able to keep up with what we are inside, with how we feel? The emotional range we once had tends to become a pile of blurred, overlapping blots. Will humanity meet its end when our species dies out or before that – when it loses its ability to express itself? In this demise, it appears that introspection and self-

reflection, until yesterday considered flaws and waste of time, become more and more important because they preserve our capacity of expression. The capacity which took a lot of time and effort to develop and which obviously does not last forever, although it didn't seem that way until recently. Experiencing works of art, which help us expand beyond the boundaries of everyday life, and the opportunity to describe them and express what they mean to us is becoming more and more important for cultivation of uncertainty, a condition which is becoming harder and harder to influence. What does it mean to stage a play or write a novel in these circumstances, while all the known paradigms are changing beyond recognition? As far as art is concerned – probably nothing. This is simply another situation towards which it will assume its position, depending on the moment, circumstances and inspiration. In a paradoxical, reversed system we have created, while we search for a change that will annul the changes, this 'nothing' – suddenly becomes a resource, the continuity we seek, which doesn't pose a threat, doesn't devastate, a bridge towards the old and the new, a fixed point. At the level of expression, this 'nothing' becomes significant because it doesn't cause damage. From 'I am not doing anything' to 'I am doing nothing', from passivity, isolation and powerlessness, it becomes a contribution, freedom from stressors, a true point of integration, a de-ideologised meta-position prerequisite for a balanced contact with the world, with others, with oneself. Peace is still virtually possible within ourselves, while it will no longer exist in the outside world, except to a degree to which we can 'pull it out' of ourselves, individually, or even better, co-create it with others, collectively. Like, for

example, this evening during the performance of *Lion House*, in a bubble made of wind that carries swifts around Minčeta Fort.

Ivan Salečić

AIDA BUKVIĆ was born in Zagreb where she attended Archdiocesan Classical Gymnasium and went on to study Theatre Direction at the Academy of Dramatic Art. For her graduate play, Pero Budak's "Klupko", she received a Days of Satire award in 1999, with the play also being nominated for the Croatian Association of Drama Artists Award in the same year. Since then, Bukvić has directed more than thirty plays in Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina, among which stand out plays: "What Is a Man Without a Moustache?" (Croatian National Theatre Zagreb), "Visiting Mr. Green" (Planetart, Zagreb), "Nothing Can Surprise Us" and "Angel Devils" (Kerempuh Satirical Theatre), "Jug 2" and "Eight Women" (Croatian National Theatre Osijek), "Aristotle in Baghdad" (Chamber Theatre 55 Theatre, Sarajevo), "The Children from CNN" and "After Rehearsal" (Histrioni Theatre Troupe), "East Side Story" (Bosnian National Theatre Zenica and SARTR, Sarajevo), „Who Tore Down the Berlin Wall“ (Bosnian National Theatre Zenica), "Pokondirena tikva" (National Theatre Tuzla), "Lungs" (Exit Theatre), "Comet" (Gavella Theatre), "Constellations" (Osijek Summer of Culture and Exit Theatre), "Tulum u samostanu" (City Theatre Komedijska), "Nebo od gume" (Croatian National Theatre Varaždin), "Buđenje" (Osijek Summer of Culture and Exit Theatre), "Miss Julija" (Croatian National Theatre Osijek and City Theatre Vinkovci). Her plays have received critical acclaim and numerous awards, having performances at both

domestic and foreign festivals. For the dramatization of the novel “What Is a Man Without a Moustache?” by Ante Tomić, Bukvić won an award at the 2002 Marulić Days, and the play won the overall Best Play award as well. “Angel Devils” by Fadil Hadžić were declared the best cabaret at the 2002 Days of Satire. In 2008, she staged a play with the Histrioni Theatre Troupe based on her father Amir Bukvić’s text “The Children from CNN”, which won the Audience Award at the Marulić Days, and was declared the best play overall at the Actors’ Festival in Vinkovci. She was nominated for the 2017 Croatian Association of Drama Artists Award for her direction of the play “Lungs”. “Constellations” won the Vanja Drach Award for the best play overall in 2019. Bukvić is a full professor at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Zagreb, Acting Department.

