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ukrainian
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ukrdramahub

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Auswärtiges Amt



GOETHE
INSTITUT

Libretto for a Musical or Rock Opera, which is also a text for a Play.

BLACKOUT? MAKE LOVE!

By Volodymyr Serdiuk

Two acts.
Ten scenes.

Scenography:

Inside the **Bus Route #21. KYIV. UKRAINE.**

The upper level of the stage is brightly enlightened (*disputable*). An orchestra plays there on the platform in bright light (*disputable*).

The lower level is in deep dark. Sparks from flashlights, car lanterns and sporadic blasts from the distance shortly enlightening skies. Actors put light on their faces and on the other's bodies from time to time (*author sees this one is free to choose*).

Characters:

GRANDMA –	(Woman of any age and sex)
GRANDPA –	(Man of any age and sex)
WOMAN –	(Woman of any age and sex)
MAN –	(Man of any age and sex)
GIRL –	(Woman of any age and sex)
BOY –	(Man of any age and sex)
DRIVER –	(Person of any age and sex)

FIRST ACT

FIRST SCENE

Prelude

(Passengers sit quite. Granny speaks.)

GRANNY: Driver, why did we stop?

DRIVER: Air attack warning.

GRANNY: So?

DRIVER: So, we stop the way instruction teaches me.

GRANNY: And we will wait till what?

DRIVER: Till the lights go on again.

GRANNY: Is this a trolley bus?

DRIVER: No. This is a bus with a hybrid engine.

GRANNY: What does this mean?

DRIVER: This means the engine goes on electricity and gas respectfully.

GRANNY: I do not care about engines I just checked whether I am in Route #21.

DRIVER: Yes, you are.

GRANNY: So you can move this bus?

DRIVER: No, I cannot.

GRANNY: Why?

DRIVER: Because of the current possible Russian rocket attack raid on Kyiv.

GRANNY: Means, we shall sit and wait till a Russian rocket kill us?

DRIVER: No. You must leave the bus. The doors are open.

(Song "Behave! Beware! There is the Air Raid!")

GRANNY: I do not want to go outside in the dark while we stand nobody knows where.

DRIVER: But you are obliged to go out and hide somewhere.

GRANNY: Why do not you go outside instead?

DRIVER: I am watching my vehicle.

GRANNY: I am watching my bags equally.

DRIVER: Remain sitting then. I will pretend I do not see you if something.

MAN: Can you see in the dark?

DRIVER: No, I cannot like the rest of you.

(Driver goes somewhere returning with a manikin dressed like a driver. Puts this manikin in the driver's chair and goes out of the scene without a word.)

WOMAN: I recently wanted to buy food, stood in line for almost an hour. Finally, the cashier girl informed me that they sell for cash only, because there is no light in the city, communication with banks has been broken and cashiers cannot accept bankcards. Everything must be paid for in cash. I had to leave my purchases and get out. This is the first time this has happened to me. For the first time in my life.

MAN: Things happen... In the conditions of war, worse options are also possible.

WOMAN: They were surprised that I go there without cash. Where would I get it if the connection with the banks interrupted due to the lack of electricity? I do not even know how to survive in this new world of darkness.

GRANNY: Is this a strategy?

GRANDPA: Which strategy?

GRANNY: To close all the banks, to leave bank machines in the streets blind and us all without cash these days.

GRANDPA: No, these problems not planned, I suppose. This is because of those massive Russian bombardments, which ruined many of our electricity supply points.

GRANNY: And what shall we do?

GRANDPA: To wait a bit. I think these difficulties are all temporarily.

GRANNY: Like everything rest in this life...

MAN: You must learn to survive in this world with new rules.

WOMAN: Whatever...

MAN: I also doubt whether I will survive under such conditions if I do not join the army.

GRANNY: They say that in some countries, even now, there are people who support Russian military aggression against Ukraine.

WOMAN: How exactly do they support Russia?

GRANNY: Rather morally. They justify Russia's right to attack Ukraine, because Russia has some of its own interests in Ukraine, or has rights for Ukraine.

MAN: These people are fools.

WOMAN: How is that?

MAN: They are of so-called protest electorate.

WOMAN: I hear you, but I do not understand how can this be?

(Song "Democracy means Responsibility".)

MAN: Democracy has corrupted peoples somewhat. Living in their country in peace, they politically support anything, knowing that they personally will have nothing common with it. Because they live in democracy, they have free speech and guaranteed rights for all of a kind.

WOMAN: Come on!

MAN: I assure you.

WOMAN: But how is it?

MAN: Imagine if we were lions, and stood there for some of our lion's rights...

WOMAN: So what?

MAN: So, in some country, where they did not see lions, there will definitely be a movement to protect lion's rights. Agitators will shout: "Even the lions are acting! People, take to the streets! Support the lions!"

WOMAN: What about turtles? I like turtles.

MAN: Or turtles, if necessarily. I would not be surprised if such a movement already exists, and members of that movement teach their children to love turtles and hate fishermen who scurry over turtles on their boats, while turtles need peace.

GRANNY: Is not it possible to support turtles and love fishery men at the same time? Just some how balance their interests?

MAN: No. However, the movements members are those who believe that they protect turtles not enough, although they have volunteered to do so. They gradually become to hate fishermen whose life they know nothing about. Every human rights movement is based on the hatred of something that exists far away and that protesters have dim idea about.

GRANDPA: While under the Soviet rule, when problems arose in the country, Government usually handed us a piece of soap and one and a half kilograms of cereals per month each.

WOMAN: Horror.

MAN: I hate Soviet power.

GRANNY: Why do you hate it? Yet, everyone was given at least something?

MAN: Let us say, how much meat did you accepted per day then?

GRANNY: I do not remember. I remember that for some reason there were always so-called "fish days", which then turned into "fish years", as we joked. When all the food served with fish: cutlets, pies, pasties, borscht, dumplings – fish only.

GRANDPA: I do remember. I remember the army norm: 150 grams of meat per day for a person. Civilians, apparently, were given less.

GRANNY: You see – they gave it regularly!

MAN: For three meals totally 150 grams of meat. That is: 25 grams for breakfast, 100 grams for lunch and 25 grams for dinner?

GRANDPA: For dinner they gave fish. Always. At must.

WOMAN: How much?

GRANDPA: Seventy-five grams each of us each day.

MAN: And how much does one decent schnitzel weigh in a Prague restaurant? On average?

GRANDPA: I have no idea.

MAN: **Four hundred grams (?)**. Minimum.

(A song "How did we survive? Did we survive?")

MAN: Speaking of animals. We all must learn or develop the skills of night vision.

GRANNY: Why? This is nonsense.

MAN: Do not tell me about nonsense, please. Did not you hear that during this war everyone with night vision ability deserves Nine Lives?

GRANNY: Oh, come on!

MAN: Verily tell you! While this one, actually the first life, will count as a study one. Kind of a free bonus. Yet, the first one you will begin after that one is where you develop your night vision.

GRANNY: The way cats do?

MAN: I did not hint at it. We are humans, are not we?

GRANNY: Do not make fun of me. I am a respectful Lady for your knowing.

MAN: Right, young people, please, do not laugh at our Lady.

(Youngsters laugh.)

MAN: Generally speaking there is no total darkness in the Nature exists. You begin to see at least thomething staying in dark for some time. Nevertheless, to get used to the fact that light goes out irregularly and unpredictably often is simply impossible.

WOMAN: At least there is something good in blackouts twice a day for four or more hours each. During them, people cannot watch television.

GRANNY: So what is good about it?

WOMAN: They are less brainwashed by the Moscow propaganda.

GRANNY: Nevertheless, we must know the news.

WOMAN: Which news? Not those from Moscow, I suppose.

GRANNY: I would better prefer to know all the opposite views.

WOMAN: For what?

GRANNY: For to come to my conclusion.

WOMAN: Not in wartime, my dear!

GRANNY: Why is that? By the way, I am not “dear” to you.

WOMAN: Because they all lied during the war!

GRANNY: I knew it! Our government lies to us. I knew it!

WOMAN: Oh, God...

MAN: Putin bastard! Bombing electric power plants in Ukraine made us both laugh and angry. He also made our life easier. From now on going out of our houses we must not check whether the lights are off. Because there is no electricity in our houses no more!

GRANNY: Why do you call his name? When you pronounce it this sounds like a political style!

MAN: Because the evil must be called by its name first and only after that be punished.

BOY: Or eliminated.

MAN: Through the help of juridical means only. We are civilized people, right?

BOY: Tention is out.

MAN: No tension – no electric stream.

BOY: No tension – no problem.

MAN: More than that – getting used to the situation where air raids, bombardments, and blackouts are abrupt – you accept it and stay easy.

BOY: But not cozy.

MAN: Oh, no! Never.

(Both laugh.)

GRANDPA: It is so dark here that we can make negative-positive photos.

GIRL: What are you talking about?

GRANDPA: Long ago if you wanted to make a photo picture then was needed total darkness just a tiny red light was possible. If not – the pictures disappear...

MAN: No Light - No Glory.

GRANDPA: What is this mean?

MAN: The epoch of long telephone chats is finished. Hip-hop disappeared. Finished.

WOMAN: What finished?

MAN: Telephone chats. Even a fully charged telephone turns into a piece of brick when electricity is gone not only in your block but in all neighboring blocks too.

WOMAN: Why is that “no more telephone chats”? They are.

MAN: Yes, they take place, but they are not such long as before – 4.5.0. – that is enough.

GRANNY: What is 4.5.0.?

MAN: All OK.

GRANNY: What is «OK»?

WOMAN: This is military slang telling nothing happened, yet.

GRANNY: Slang?

GRANDPA: A specific language. Military men exchange their signals this way.

WOMAN: It is high time for us to study their language too.

GRANDPA: My morning internet source is at the nearest gas station. Not so far – not so near – two and a half kilometers walk I need to do reach the internet signal.

GRANNY: A good deal of walk as I see this.

GIRL: Is it convenient there?

MAN: Crowdy.

GRANDPA: You cannot chat long-standing.

WOMAN: Although, many people – make the atmosphere warm there. Good chance to keep warm for some time.

GRANNY: I also was visiting the closest gas station for internet purposes. Took there their coffee for the price of thirty Hryvnas. Just to show them my politeness. Their coffee was a zero taste there. I was standing near the window together with the rest of the people. Took off my mobile phone, entered my page on Facebook, and saw there the information I was already reading the day before. Opened my e-mail box and found there total spam instead of normal letters and went home. Disputable service for the price of thirty Hryvnas, I must admit.

SECOND SCENE

The Story of a Yellow Ribbon

BOY: Electricity is everything now.

MAN: How do you know that?

BOY: One cannot even shoot you from the machine gun mounted on the battle tank.

MAN: Were you witness of that?

BOY: I survived that. Russian tankmen had problems with their electric accumulators when I was passing by them while they were stopped near my house. Then one Russian soldier told the other: «Shoot that boy.» «Why?» - asked another one and the first one explained: «They say you may cut a human body into two pieces by shooting with a long series. I want to check that.» Hearing that I started to run away from them. When running I was hearing click-clucks and courses: «Battery is

low! I cannot shoot.» Then another one shouted: «I will do it with my AK». I heard the other click-clucks and explanations: «It is rusty or what? My AK does not shoot!» At That moment I turned behind the fence and run far away like a rabbit.

WOMAN: Like rabbit? How is that?

BOY: In a style, every rabbit usually runs. In zigzags.

MAN: You are lucky you are still alive. Do you know it?

BOY: Yes, I know. We are refugees here in Kyiv from our Donetsk region city of Soledarsk.

WOMAN: Good luck may keep you alive.

GRANNY: And a sincere prayer.

BOY: I know, but it does not work all the way.

WOMAN: How is that?

BOY: When we were waiting for the refugee train heading to Dnipro City staying on the Kramatorsk railway station platform then a Russian rocket fell nearby killing many people.

GRANNY: But you were lucky to survive!

BOY: Yes. I was just slightly wounded in my head. Shrapnel tore my cheek and crashed into my teeth. Now I have all my teeth made artificial.

GRANNY: Still, you have luck.

BOY: I agree. But one of my aunts who is the sister of my mother was killed there and her daughter, my cousin is an orphan minus legs now living together with us after that event.

WOMAN: You are too young to be wounded.

BOY: They do not care. Killers do not care about our age.

MAN: When you be in the army when you are in the age, you could add a yellow ribbon plus to your military begets.

BOY: What is this yellow ribbon means?

MAN: It means that you were wounded.

BOY: And which ribbon can I care to be alive?

(PAUSE.)

BOY (*Continues.*): I am joking still. Thank you for the explanation.

GRANNY: Maybe they were just trying to make fun of you?

BOY: Oh no, madam. I must admit I like to take pictures with my phone of different things. One day I noticed an old automatic anti-aircraft gun in my street. When I was walking close enough to pass by I decided to take a photo of that gun. But luckily I saw that a man walking before me took away his mobile phone coming closer to the gun. It was not even clear did he really wanted to make a photo of that gun or was just answering a phone message. That very moment the Russian soldier guarding that gun, which was standing among the city buildings, opened automatic fire at that man hitting his both legs. The man fell bleeding and I decided not to film anything in Donetsk City no more. The soldier then ordered me to return home and there was no trace of a joke in his voice.

WOMAN: They never joke.

MAN: They are stupid and scared.

GRANNY: Why must they be scared?

MAN: Because they do not know, where they are and what they are doing here, in Ukraine.

(Song "The limits you'd better do not cross")

THIRD SCENE

The Story of Rudeness

GIRL: They always behave like this, I witness. When Russian soldiers occupied our village they kill one woman, which was one of my mom's friends, just because she went out of her house in the daytime. She was openly heading to the well with her buckets in both her hands to take some water there. She was of no danger to the soldiers, but they shot her from the distance without warning. They left her dead body in the middle of the road for another four days. When my mom approached them asking for permission to bury that woman soldiers did not let her drag her friend's body to our yard. They said they shot her because of her black dress. They said black clothing is a sign of threat to the Russian soldiers. While my mom was arguing with these soldiers, they took me to their military shelter.

WOMAN: And what?..

GIRL: The Russians behaved rudely with me.

GRANNY: You can't judge people by their nationality.

GIRL: I do not judge them by their nationality. They proudly informed me that they are Russians when I ask them why they hurt me. They were proud of that fact.

WOMAN: How were you released after?

GIRL: My mom came to talk to them.

GRANNY: Did they listen to her?

GIRL: Not much. But when she came they decided to use her instead of me. They ordered my mom to bring them two washing machines and four electric cattle if she was asking for my release.

BOY: It is all about electricity again...

GIRL: My mom asked our neighbors and they brought their washing machines and their electric cattle to the soldiers. She stood in front of them kneeling asking to release me after two days of torture. Only one of them agreed to release me. The others were against it, asking for his explanations. And he explained that he feels embarrassed at my young age. He said: «She is much younger than my daughter.» Then the rest of the soldiers propose to him to take my mom instead of me. And he said that my mom reminds him of his mother which is why he feels embarrassed to touch her too.

(All keep silent for a while.)

GIRL *(Continues.):* He ordered the other soldiers to go out and find several other girls, calling us "already used". And I went home with my mom. Our neighbors advised us not to stay in our house even one night but immediately go away.

MAN: Where to..?

GIRL: Anywhere farther. We spent a night in the forest in the snow and the next morning we walked another fifteen kilometers hiding in bushes and heading to the village where my mom was born. People recognized her there and told to the Russian soldiers there that we were locals. In that village, which is native to my mother, we sat in a basement under my grandmother's house for two months. And then after that in Spring Ukrainian soldiers came to the village and the village was liberated by Ukrainians. There were no shops in that village, no electricity, and no gas, so we went to Kyiv to survive. One Ukrainian policeman in his car was returning home to Kyiv and gave us a lift. To stay here in Kyiv is ok, yet. People are nice here. The city is large. The more people - the more possibility that some of them have some food and some of them even are ready to share their food with you.

(PAUSE.)

WOMAN: We can do nothing. We must live even in this deep darkness. Russians with their bombardments destroyed almost half of the energy systems in Ukraine. They occupied several Ukrainian nuclear electric power plants too.

(PAUSE.)

FOURTH SCENE

Story of the Old Man

GRANDPA: We will have a possibility to fight nevertheless. We asked our government to hand us light automatic weapons. They did not give us rifles. If all the Ukraine inhabitants were properly armed, the result of the Russian Military Invasion could be another, not like it is these days.

BOY: You are too old for war.

GRANDPA: Tell me about my age. Do not I can drive a military track? While I drive my own. Maybe I cannot shoot with a machine gun? You just need to press the trigger. This is all. Are the younger men better than I am in this simple work?

BOY: Well, your sight is weak, I suppose...

GRANDPA: I grew up without television. There was no television in my youth. Right after the Sun set we usually went to bed. My eyes are good enough.

BOY: It would be a pity if they kill you there. You do run not fast enough.

GRANDPA: I fall fast instead. I was serving during my five years with the damned AKM. I slept with it. While they enlist young men for the war. Those boys even do not know what shtootzer is. By the way, if Russians kill me during the battle – so another young man could stay alive. That is the right use for me.

BOY: Did you address the Military? Maybe they could take you to some auxiliary position?

GRANDPA: I addressed. I went to the Military headquarters. They told me “You are too old for war. Address to the Territorial Defense Forces. They may need you there. I went to the TRO Headquarters. They said to me: “You are too old for war. Visit Army Headquarters. They may need you there.” My circle closed. Imagine I visit a bar asking for dinner and they answer: “You are too old for dinner.” Imagine I visit my barber and he answers: “You are too old for the haircut.” Imagine I visit a store asking for a computer and they answer me: “You are too old for computers.” Imagine I meet a woman proposing to marry me and she answers: You are too old for marriage. What if I will pay - Let us negotiate - she will answer...

BOY: You must be kidding! By the way, your anecdotes are rather weak. One of them even a sexist joke. Speaking of computers, maybe they are right..?

GRANDPA: Then tell me which difference is between Python and Java. Which environment is more comfortable Azure or WordPress?

BOY: Oh, come on! I cannot know about everything.

GRANDPA: Then maybe you are too old for computers?

BOY: Aha... You win this time.

GRANDPA: Nobody is too old and nobody is too young for war. My neighbor was riding his bicycle to his friend who had some potatoes in her basement. Because under the Russian Military occupation the delivery of food abruptly stopped, you know. People ate what they could find in their stores. You cannot find much food in winter. There was no electricity, neither running water nor gas in tubes. Transportation stopped. Who could drive delivery when Russians killed drivers? He rode his bicycle. That is why Russian soldiers shot him. They killed him from a distance, while his killer sat in warmth in some other's house. Was he too old for war? They killed him like a silent animal. Excuse me my language. Did he deserve to be shot down in the street of his town? They did not even ask him a word before shooting.

BOY: Sorry to hear that...

GRANDPA: Finally, Russian soldiers were pushed away by the Ukrainian Army from the Chornobyl Nuclear plant. They ran back to Russia to cross the Ukrainian State limits.

WOMAN: Yet, now they sit in the Zaporizhia Nuclear plant making the electric power plant their castle. Russians destroyed many power stations and electric transformers. They brake many high-voltage transmission lines. They stopped to deliver coal to those electric power plants, which use it.

MAN: Russian Army is unable to defeat Ukrainian Army. That is why Russia began this war against civilians. Russians make unbearable living conditions for Ukrainians. Russians did this many times long ago in Ossetia, Abkhasia, Chechnia, Moldova, Georgia, and Syria hoping that scared people will refuge leaving their places of birth and heading to Europe in millions.

BOY: It is winter soon. Russians use cold and hunger as weapons against civilians, which must fly from the Russian Army as far as they can to save their families from possible death.

GRANDPA: Hear! I found a radio on my cellphone!

(Listens to the Radio.)

A PRESENTER'S VOICE: «...we now speak that more than thirty percent of the Ukrainian territory is mined by Russian mines. Could you, please, point us to the probable limits of time needed for the full demining?»

GRANDPA *(Shouts.)*: You must be absolutely stupid there!

(Turns off the radio.)

WOMAN: Why do you underestimate professionals to such a level? Maybe they are good enough?

GRANDPA: Sorry about my pronunciation. I just wanted to ask them: «Where have you been?»

MAN: When?

GRANDPA: When the demining process began in Cambodia.

WOMAN: Have you ever been there, instead?

GRANDPA: When? Do you mean in 1975 or 1979?

GRANDMA: You went too far.

GRANDPA: Oh, yes. I went. I am still going too far...

WOMAN: Speaking of Cambodia, do they demined it?

GRANDPA: Oh, no! They do not even come close to the finish demining. That is a real pity, NO.

GIRL: From those times and till today they did not demine Cambodia?!

GRANDPA: Yes. Yet, nobody knows when will they finish the process.

BOY: Mean, Ukraine can live with the minefields like this?

MAN: Very probably... One may compare the maps of Cambodia and Ukraine.

GRANNY: Do not scare kids before the night!

GRANDPA: All right, I will not scare them anymore.

(PAUSE.)

WOMAN (*Addressing nobody.*): Usually, when the light comes back I am in panic with my trembling fingers looking through the all messengers. Because the light may go any minute. Why am I panicking? The absence of electricity what a big deal...

GIRL: There is no heat in the batteries of the central heating...

GRANNY: There is no gas in the kitchens to prepare food...

GRANDPA: There is no water not for washing or teeth cleaning only, but even there is no possibility to push water after visiting toilets...

MAN: When the running water suddenly stops going we forget about cooking. We lose even the possibility to wash our dishes. What fresh cooking you are talking about?

(*A Song about the Blackout.*)

BOY (*Recites.*):

Nothing!
No thing!
Not a Thing!
There is nothing
No to go!
No?
Why not?
Nothing happen to us!
Nada.
Spring will come soon
We will live all without Russia
We will swim in the warm rivers!

GIRL: Many towns in Ukraine already stand empty left by their people, destroyed by the Russian artillery and aviation. Those who live there still, gradually and inevitably die in their own houses under the killing Russian war raids strikes.

GRANDPA: We shall overcome the Russian aggressors. All who served in the Soviet Army know the Biggest Secret of the USSR: "The Soviet Army without Ukrainians is a herd of sheep." That is why Moscow troops intruded into Ukraine - to capture fast there in Russia-occupied zones maximum quantity of the Ukrainian people and make them serve in the Russian Army. After that, they plan to execute the Biggest Russian Dream – using the other people as slaves use them as “gun meet” they would again conquer Warsaw, Berlin, Paris, and London.

WOMAN: Kremlin did not proclaim it aloud, am I right?

GRANDPA: These aims were proclaimed already by the Russian Czarist Empire instead, back in the XIX Century: «to capture Constantinople and size the whole Europe». Later the same Kremlin desired to approve Lenin, Trotsky, Voroshylow, and Zhukov in their speeches.

GRANNY: Well, those were Zarist and soviet powers. Now it is the Russian Army.

GRANDPA: Traditions are still the same.

MAN: «Traditions»?

GRANDPA: Bad traditions. Non-educated, non-disciplined soldiers from Russia known to the whole World. These are their weak points. That is why they never win over the Ukrainian Army.

GRANNY: Do not mix russian people and Putin regime!

GRANDPA: I would be glad. but i cannot separate them in my mind. even russian POW behave like putinists. even russians living abroad mainly behave in the way putinists behave, with the same demands "to kill that evil West".

WOMAN: The more Moscow tries to destroy the Ukrainian Nation, the more grows Ukrainian Resistance against Russian occupiers in Ukraine.

GIRL: I agree. You probably heard that: «Every second soldier in the Ukrainian Armed Forces generally has two high education Diploma, while every second soldier of the Russian Army has two criminal punishments in his records generally». Something like that.

WOMAN: «Ukraine all over» - this slogan lives deep in the soul of every Ukrainian. While the Moskovites hate this slogan because they want to destroy Ukraine, which now is a symbol of the Struggle for Freedom for all, more than a hundred Nations, are jailed inside Russia.

GRANNY: They also can open the internet and check by themselves everything you proclaim here. Do not they understand this?

WOMAN: Google and Wiki cannot serve people instead of higher education. Internet and Higher Education are not comparable. On the internet, they will show you facts. Surely, you can accept them for education. While you will never learn from them about the beauty of connections between events, about the deeds of destiny, and about the Mysteries of History, which made those facts united sometimes by non-logical, from the human's point of view, ties. The Internet cannot teach you to meditate. While Higher Education works out in you the ability to search for knowledge independently. A person with Higher Education does not wait until someone from a TV set will tell him how particularly accept these or those facts. People with Higher Education will find new sources of knowledge all by themselves, will open their new facts, and learn them in detail.

MAN (*To Girl and Boy*.): Young people, get ready for higher education.

GIRL: We know about that...

BOY: We getting ready...

WOMAN: During the previous Centuries they provide, that the people of the Post Industrial Epoch will need just a general middle education.

GIRL: What is «general»?

WOMAN: Means for all. All will must have a middle education.

BOY: Earlier? When is that?

WOMAN: Back in the Twentieth Century.

BOY: Oh, come on! When it was!

GIRL: During the Dinosaur Epoch!

WOMAN: It was. The newest conception of the developed society prescribes the necessity of general higher education.

GRANDPA: If the World will still exist in those days before the developed society arise. What if again some mad leader, as it happens today, will bring the World into another Nuclear Winter...

GRANNY: The worst is before us. Did not you hear those Russians will begin to shoot on us with their ballistic rockets?

MAN: They do it from the very beginning.

GRANNY: No. These rockets, I am talking about, are special - with divided warheads, which one cannot trace.

MAN: Radars can.

GRANNY: No! Radars can follow the main body of the rocket, while the warheads go different ways rolling such fast that they become invisible!

MAN: Who told you that nonsense?

GRANDPA: Control yourself, young man.

MAN: Sorry. I will.

GRANNY: It is of no importance who told me. The worst times are before us.

GRANDPA: With all my respect, my Lady. Do not say that. We were shooting down those ballistic rockets when I was in the active service in my days.

GRANNY: But you were serving in the Soviet Army?

GRANDPA: So what?

GRANNY: So you could shoot down only the American rockets. Still, the rockets I am talking about are the Russian newly designed rockets made especially to destroy Ukraine!

GRANDPA: No, my Lady, with all my respect – we shoot down especially Russian rockets.

GRANNY: Do not make fool of me! Why needed the soviet army shot the soviet rockets down?

GRANDPA: To exercise. They shot those “Wunder Waffen” from the White Sea and we shot them down over the Okhotsk Sea.

GRANNY: I do not believe you.

GRANDPA: Do you want us to shoot them over Novosibirsk?

GRANNY: No.

GRANDPA: Over Irkutsk?

GRANNY: No.

GRANDPA: Over Magadan?

GRANNY: No! Their people live in these Cities. You may not damage civilian people.

GIRL: Have you ever heard of Russians coming from abroad to kill Ukrainian civil people living in the territory of Ukraine?

GRANNY: We speak of the past and the Russians still disguised in their lamb's skins.

GRANDPA: Right. Then the Okhotsk Sea, rather deserted, is suitable for that purpose.

WOMAN: Nevertheless, Russians are cunning. They do everything to kill us.

GRANDPA: Have you ever lived in Russia?

WOMAN: Never.

GRANDPA: Have you ever worked with Russians?

WOMAN: No. Never.

GRANDPA: Russians are not too sophisticated. Believe me.

(Song "You must know your enemy".)

GRANNY: So you plan to cheat them?

GRANDPA: To win.

GRANNY: There are heroes from the other side, the same as you!

MAN: To attack the foreign country – what the hell heroism is that?

BOY: Do you know why Putin ordered to keep in secret the Russian archives in for another forty years? Because from the archives the researchers could get the knowledge that not Russians overcame Nazism in 1945, but Nazism itself overcame Russians and possesses them till now.

GRANNY: Darkness possesses the World.

GRANDPA: Prejudices possess the World.

GRANNY: Darkness!

BOY: I saw a warning over a restaurant: "We work in dark". I propose to add mine: "No electricity – We serve our visitors touchy."

GRANNY: How is he dare to say that!

GRANDPA: What?

GRANNY: That's what he says! Can they propose this to the visitors?

MAN: These are not his own words. The boy just quoted another announcement.

GRANNY: I am not addressing you!

GRANDPA: It is possible, I think. If they pay.

GRANNY: Kind of conspiracy! It is impossible to live in this world of men!

MAN: Someone likes it...

GRANNY: Do not you see what is going on? People were lost, cities fall and were destroyed, and you are joking!

WOMAN: Okay, men I will show the women's solidarity. Stop this. It is not time for jokes.

BOY: The world is not as rigid as it seems to be.

WOMAN: And you also?

BOY: I demonstrate the men's solidarity.

WOMAN: Then go and speak to each other!

SECOND ACT

FIFTH SCENE

Manly talk

MAN: So, my boy let us have a manly talk. The truth is that one cannot deny that Russian Military forces in Ukraine destroy critical civilian infrastructure. They militarize nuclear power plants, threatening the whole World with nuclear pollution, destroy schools, and hospitals, steal and destroy food, start hunger, torture Ukrainians, kidnap and forcibly deport Ukrainian adults and children to Russia, eliminate the Ukrainian language, culture, and education in the Russia-occupied Ukrainian territories. Do you want to talk more about your past?

BOY: No, I do not want to talk about past. I want to speak of future. If thing happened in such a way that I will have a possibility to see it.

MAN: About your future?

BOY: Yes, about my future, but this will be about your past, may I.

MAN: Sure.

BOY: Have you ever been married?

MAN: I was.

BOY: How do I suppose to find my woman?

MAN: There is no way you find her.

BOY: How is that? Men find women somehow.

MAN: No.

BOY: No?!

MAN: Men do not find women for themselves.

BOY: Then how does this happen?

MAN: Women appear by themselves.

BOY: And go by themselves also?

MAN: Yes. My wife was gone that way at least.

BOY: But why does this happen?

MAN: Because «The marriage establishes in Heaven». Have you heard that?

BOY: I've heard this. Still, I was thinking that it is just another nice saying for boys to roll the girls' heads.

MAN: I was also thinking in this way earlier...

BOY: Wow-wow! When one must marry?

MAN: When you cannot stand anymore.

BOY: Means when you cannot control yourself anymore?

MAN: No. When you begin to feel, that going alone is not good for you.

BOY: Then it is not for me.

MAN: We all think the same. Still, we all are getting married.

(Song "Do thomething first".)

BOY: At what age the feeling comes?

MAN: I decided to get married for the first time in forty-two.

BOY: Oh, cool!

MAN: What about?

BOY: Nice age. When there is nothing to lose?

MAN: Frankly, there was nothing to lose at all. I quit smoking. I quit drinking. Worked in a ministry. I looked it all over and ask to myself: “Who do I do it for?”

BOY: And you got married!

MAN: And I got married.

BOY: Well, then I have plenty of time before me.

MAN: While one of my friends got married before his army service.

BOY: And so?

MAN: Nothing. After the birth of his kid number three, he was dismissed from the army.

BOY: Why..?

MAN: Because to bread up three kids is harder than fighting in battles.

BOY: Do your country always send you there where is harder?

MAN: Always. That is my own life experience.

BOY: Therefore, you survived!

MAN: I survived – my wife did not.

BOY: Sorry, this is not my business...

MAN: You may ask – you need to know. When I was young I also asked older. Kind, I drink too much alcohol, when will I stop drinking? The oldsters answered: when you finish your cistern. What is the amount of that cistern? – asked me. Everyone has his cistern. Drink while you can, and enjoy while it is possible...

BOY: I see... I need to become an adult.

MAN: Do you presume you become a bit adult during this war?

BOY: Yes, I’ve changed a bit.

MAN: How do you notice this development?

BOY: From now on I do not run across lawns walking sidewalks only.

MAN: Growing up you become self-conscious.

BOY: Oh, no. Simply in the lawns there may be hidden Russian landmines.

MAN: Russian military intrusion in Ukraine is the cause of blackouts that came to our cities.

BOY: There is no electricity in many nets.

MAN: Then how do you constantly write something on your mobile phones?

BOY: That is a problem. You write and you never know whether your material is placed in the net or disappears when the light blinks.

MAN: You may stop writing.

BOY: Who is writing now?

(Song “But who is writing now?”)

MAN: You always do something with your fingers touching pads.

BOY: Copying, reposting, and placing photos mainly.

MAN: While we still write, for good or for bad. One of my friends supporting aggressors lastly wrote to me: «Why do you ban me? We were friends. Surely, I stay against the existence of the Ukrainian state, but this is politics. Friendship is higher than that...». Terrific. The person wishes my country die, wishes my nation die me included, and yet does not understand why I want to brake with it!

BOY: What strange acquaintances you have.

MAN: This is what so-called “former Soviet intelligence” is.

BOY: Probably, you should better have friends among the track drivers.

MAN: Agree. Our driver is sleeping though.

BOY: So, tell me something pleasant. Something clever.

MAN: About what?

BOY: About our enemies. I love to know about them.

MAN: Ruscism, always supported by Moscow’s governments, during the last decades, spoiled by Putin admirers and putten in the ideological basement in the internal and foreign policy of Russia – is some non-human perversion of minds, some perverted understanding of the surrounding World.

BOY: Yes! Now I feel better. I understand this.

MAN: Do you have other questions?

BOY: What is the key point in marriage?

MAN: Not to lose time.

BOY: Because it flows?

MAN: No...

BOY: Then what is going on with time?

MAN: It flows away.

BOY: Drains?

MAN: Flows too fast.

BOY: And what is going on?

MAN: Later you feel sorry.

BOY: Ok, you feel sorry, and what next?

MAN: You can change nothing later.

BOY: Why?

MAN: Because you can achieve nothing, as so as deny, as so as catch again later. One must not have a serious attitude toward life.

BOY: Why?

MAN: Because nobody knows why he came here...

BOY: Do you have some weapons?

MAN: Which weapon?

BOY: Your own – at your disposal.

MAN: No. Do you have some?

BOY: Yes, I do. Here.

(Boy shows his gun.)

MAN: Oh, God! Do you carry that ugly thing with you?

BOY: Why?

MAN: This is Soviet «TT». It suits a museum collection. You must not rely on it! It often jams.

BOY: So, what should I do?

MAN: First of all, you have to clean it and oil it a bit. Let me see it.

(MAN takes the pistol from the BOY's hand. Takes away the cartridge. Unlocks the barrel and looks inside.)

MAN (Cont.): It is rusty enough, see? You'd better not shoot from it before you clean it. How many bullets do you have?

BOY: Five.

MAN: Enough for self-defense but not enough to attack your enemies.

BOY: Let me be in the battle – there I will have more weapons for us!

MAN: Nothing changes.

BOY: What?

MAN: Boys grow, find old wepon and are ready to fight against enemies.

BOY: Were you the same like me?

MAN: Sure. When I was young, I had my Colt.

BOY: Like cowboys? Peacemaker?

MAN: No. Navy officer Colt from the Second World War.

BOY: American gun here, in Ukraine?

MAN: Yes. Can you imagine? Someone brought it here and looked good after it.

BOY: So, is this old TT not good enough for me?

MAN: I repeat, sorry, but I am telling you again: do not blame your weapon. You should better clean it once again. Have it always ready. Never take it away if you are not ready to shoot at somebody.

BOY: What do I do if enemies have modern guns?

MAN: It is of no importance. Any human can kill any human whith anything, even with words.

WOMAN: What? Weapons!? Through it away immediately!

BOY: Oh, no Madam. Ukraine needs more Guns to protect itself and even much more Guns to protect Europe from the Russian Tribes' invasion.

(BOY Sings.)

Ukraine needs Guns
Ukraine needs More Guns
Ukraine needs Much More Guns
To overcome Russian Military Aggression

Pardon, Madame,
I need my Gun!
I must to save Europe!
...Europa Libera!

SIXTH SCENE

The Song of Loses

WOMAN: The doors to which we enter without knocking, could lead us to the Corridore of No Return.

GIRL: Under the law of suspense, waiting must not end exactly what we were waiting for. Life is not an artistic act. It is more complicated. Тому все закінчиться зовсім не так. That is why all will end in absolutely another way from what we were expecting to see.

(GIRL sings the "Song of Loses".)

GIRL: Some broken sentences...

GRANDPA: Will you be there this evening..?

GRANNY: To meet ambassadors?

BOY: There will be generators!

MAN: Electricity..?

WOMAN: Ideas!

GRANNY: If we stay alive this evening...

BOY and GIRL: Then Day Will Come!!!

(GIRL and BOY form a star gymnastic figure fixing the moment posing for a photo.)

(PAUSE.)

WOMAN: Kids are kids – they want to play.

GIRL: What we do here is somehow rather static.

WOMAN: Theatre is a conservative art. You can do nothing about it.

GIRL: It is even classy without the internet. During the last two days on Facebook I see about ten of the same posts I saw before. They do not change. So I now can study every letter in them.

BOY: Come on!

GIRL: What?

BOY (*Sings rap.*): THEN!
We will forget!!!
What to do
Without internet!
We also will forget!!!
What to do!
Without tv-set!??

MAN: Do not cite Russians.

WOMAN: Do not tell us.

MAN: About their successes or losses.

WOMAN: Do not show pity to them.

MAN: Because every Russian, consciously or unconsciously carries in him (her) the virus of Russian imperialism and Russian arrogance.

WOMAN: And every Russian spreads it consciously or unconsciously too.

MAN: Russia must spare some time in quarantine passing the denazification process, and liberating all the occupied territories on demand.

WOMAN: Why do I sit on the internet? What am I looking for there?

GRANDPA: The last stable internet we had yesterday morning.

(DRIVER enters. Carry away the manikin. Returns. Sits down in his chair.)

WOMAN: Do not you worry, Kyiv survive!

MAN: My brother presented me an electric coffee-machine yesterday! Chack and Mat. When there is no light in my room, I am sitting and dreaming of the day when I am able to boil a fresh coffee. When they turn electricity supply on again, I will boil my coffee!

GRANNY: Pack Putin.

GRANDPA: Sorry..?

GRANNY: Pack Putin in a box.

GIRL (*Sings.*): ...See this Girl
See this Night
This is Happiness
Quite...

GRANNY: The main problem we have now is our transportation system.

DRIVER: You did not buy your ticket. All the problems begin with this.

GRANNY: Can I pay for the ticket with my bank card?

DRIVER: No.

GRANNY: Why?

DRIVER: Because there is no electricity.

GRANNY: And..?

DRIVER: Bank machines do not work.

GRANNY: What works instead?

DRIVER: Cash.

GRANNY: But I have no cash!

DRIVER: Meanwhile I have no right to take your cash. Go on, lady, please, go on...

GRANNY: May I go free of charge?

DRIVER: Why?

GRANNY: Because I am a war refugee. There in Poland, the Ukrainian refugee goes free.

DRIVER: You are in Ukraine now.

GRANNY: But I just returned from Poland.

DRIVER: Then you must buy your ticket.

GRANNY: Where? Give me my ticket. I want to buy it!

DRIVER: Not here. In special places overboard.

GRANNY: I was in such special places that you cannot imagine!

DRIVER: Ok, lady. I do not want to tell you my story. Our bus stopped. The ticket you need only when we go.

GRANNY: So, do not even start blaming me!

DRIVER: Ok, I sleep.

GRANNY: Enough.

(Bus driver goes away. He returns with a manikin, Puts the manikin on the driver's chair, and goes away.)

GIRL: It is absurd to sit and wait until a Russian ten-meter-long and several tonnes weight racket hit your home.

BOY: What is not absurd?

GIRL: To dance!

BOY: Woodoo-Budu?

GIRL: Boogie-Woogie!

(GIRL and BOY dancing both as they can, singing a Song «If you can, then stop!»)

If you can stop writing – do not write
If you can keep silent – do not speak
If you cannot love – do not love
If you cannot run – stay here

MAN: Kids are kids as always. They cannot sit still. They always want to entertain.

GRANDPA: We all are nothing but children. To the very last day of our life.

GRANNY: I ask you not to joke about President!

BOY: Which jokes? I do not get it.

GRANNY: About “BecouseHeDidNotRunAway”!

GIRL: Wow-wow, it is too much abandoned here ...

(Girl and Boy laugh.)

(Song “No boundaries for Love!”)

WOMAN (To Man): I do not know why I communicate with you on almost intimate themes. Usually, I am not of that kind.

MAN: They called this behavior “The syndrome of the non-familiar passenger”.

WOMAN: What is that?

MAN: This is about the fact that generally, we are all “not like this”. You catch your train, enter your compartment, and the minute your train moves – you easily begin to tell to the unknown person such things, that you do not dare to tell even your closest friend.

WOMAN: Exactly! How do you know that?

MAN: I am here, sitting in the same compartment.

WOMAN: In front of me?

MAN: Beside.

WOMAN: Why does this all happen?

MAN: Because the match of your emotions with the stranger's emotions is not just coincidental.

WOMAN: Really! Someone draws us close to each other.

MAN: Do not go away.

WOMAN: Do not go too far.

MAN: Here you are also right.

WOMAN: Why light has gone? Why there is no stability?!

MAN: Your uncertainty will disappear soon. Fears that the war may start somewhere quickly dissolve with the war started.

WOMAN: Nevertheless, I dream of stability.

MAN: How can you dream of stability when all that you see exist just in a protuberance of steam?

WOMAN: What do you mean?

MAN: They say the whole Universe is just a film quickly spreading God knows how fast.

WOMAN: You say the whole Universe looks like this?

MAN: They say. The whole Universe.

WOMAN: But Russia started its war unexpectedly.

MAN: Moscow kaganate acts the same way always – from the Medieval times till nowadays: the more you tolerate them, the sooner their armies will intrude into your country to kill your people and destroy your cities. They neglect all the negotiations.

WOMAN: But they say they want to negotiate.

MAN: They forget tomorrow every single treaty they sign today.

WOMAN: A blackout means not only a lack of electric light but also a lack of heating in your house, and a lack of hot water for drinking or washing. That is instability for me.

MAN: It also means impossibility to watch tv or listen to the radio. You happen to be cut out from news and entertainment for that period.

WOMAN: It means you cannot prepare food for yourself in your own house, or even boil your coffee at least!

GRANNY: It means your refrigerator stops cooling and begins leaking, and your food inside the refrigerator began to rot and becomes non-eatable.

GRANDPA: When the sun goes down in your apartments you may freeze to death before the sunrise and even after the sunrise because in the buildings of concrete there is a kingdom of Cold without hitting.

MAN: Independently where you are, you appeared to be in Winter Arctic conditions then.

WOMAN: You cannot even call a taxi, because your telephone is dead.

BOY: And where possibly you are going to refuge? War is everywhere in Ukraine because Russian troops intrude deep inside the country from the North, East, and South.

GIRL: The only possibility to fly is walking to the nearby Bus or Railway Station which are relatively far and already full of refugee crowds consisting of Women and Children mostly.

BOY: The other option is to fight against the Russian aggressors.

GRANNY: By the way, if you refuge, you are leaving your country for whom..?

GRANDPA: For the Russian troops that invade it without battles..?

EVERYBODY IN CHOIR: NO WAY!

BOY: Ukrainians will continue to fight against their enemies till the full liberation of the Sovereign The territory of Ukraine!

(Easy Style Music.)

(Song of funny lines.)

GIRL: Soviet style Papa in Vatican -
Soviet Babushka in Moscow
Why do Mama wash that Rama?
Do not you see this?
At al?

GRANDPA: Ukrainian military detachments
Over the City
Beat Moscovites

BOY: You will save on lamps!
Save...
in
You!

GRANDPA: Russians behave like a horde of nomadic peoples, which means those peoples who do not possess their territories. They have no respect for the notion of "Our Land", or "Our Country", and that is why they always tend to live in some other territories, like now to Ukraine. Where they come, they destroy the Ukrainian State, Ukrainian Language, Ukrainian History, and Ukrainian Culture. That is because they do not have their common culture beibg acceptable to all the nations living under Moscow's rule. Russian culture does not accept non-Russians as equal citizens. Still, Russians need them in the army. Then those people whose culture, history, and belief are neglected inside Russia easily agree to kill the other non-Russian nations in the non-Russian territories. That is the revenge of the non-Russian people, but not for their oppressors, unfortunately, for the foreigners.

GIRL: Too strong declaration with the evident decline of Ukrainian Nationalism.

GRANDPA: Too anti-Russian declaration, you mean? Are not extremist and dangerous the opposite declarations of the Russian leader: "Russia has no its limits", and "Where the Russian language there is Russia!" I am a retired man, you may demand me to shut up. Who will demand the same from mister Putin?

GIRL: Such is the International rule: you can not arrest the other country's president. You have no right even to kill him. That is why, I suppose, they made a "Hitler's suicide" story. They were not authorized to kill him, despite all his crimes.

BOY: So what? Робитимемо вигляд, ніби пущін цього не говорив Shall we pretend Putin did not pronounce that demands toward Ukraine and the whole World?

GIRL: All right, but Putin himself is not Russia.

BOY: Then why Russia especially began the war against Ukraine? Чому завойовувати Україну не пішов особисто пущін в.в., а з радістю посунув саме російський народ Why personally Mr. Putin did not come to coquer our country? Why the most Russian people are gaily joined the Russian Army becoming Military criminals?

GRANNY: Everyone's desires sharpen in the actions aiming to achieve their dreams.

BOY: Then the Russian Dream is the extinction of the Ukrainian people. Without halftones and overtones. They do it now. They are killing Ukrainians in the territory of Ukraine.

MAN: They say that so-called "good Russkie" advises: "...if Moscow acts with economic and cultural methods only then colonization of Ukraine was successful". This approves that "good Russkie" support everything "bad Russkie" do against Ukraine. They are unable to imagine Ukraine being free from Russian colonization equally.

(PAUSE.)

MAN (Cont.): Although we faced that before. Russia always acts as a stubborn fool. That is why Finland, Latvia, Lietuva, Poland, and Ukraine tend to go far away from Russia. Russians always kill. They eliminate the local population. They begin killing the local economy of the country with their aggression. Then they kill its culture. After they cut people using hunger as a weapon or deport non-Russian people over the Ural Mountains. The last example could be the Crimea peninsula. Were the millions of Crimea origin population living on the peninsula before the Russian invasion? Who can tell us?

(PAUSE.)

GIRL (To Boy.): Do you have Internet?

BOY: Yes, I have it!

GIRL: Oh, can I, please, hear it..?

BOY: Quite easily. Listen. It politely sounds.

(Voice from the mobile phone.)

METALLIC VOICE: "Respectful subscriber, for this moment there is no connection to the equipment you are connected to..."

BOY: The last internet signal in my place was yesterday morning. Don't you worry, Kyiv stands still? We shall overcome.

(BOY sings a Song "No Connections No Sorrows..")

No way, Putin
No Way!

MAN: Enough. No more long lyrical chats over the telephone! Connection often happen to brake, there is silence in your resiever, you hope that your listener is interested in your story and you continue to sing him the sweet songs. Then later you realize that it is all in vain. Nobody hear you!

WOMAN: Do not be upset. They do not hear me too often also.

MAN: One man I know called me recently all in a panic complaining: «I am calling all who I know in Kyiv but nobody answers» I explained to him that there is no electricity in many city districts at the same time. That is why you cannot reach them. He was so thankful to me. Я питаю, за що I asked him why. He answers "Thank you for the explanation. Now I at least know the reason for their silence. Before I imagined they all refuse to talk to me. It was horrible."

WOMAN: They often ask me if am I scared to be in Kyiv. I answer – no – not at all. Are we afraid to live here?

GRANDPA: Not at all.

GRANNY: Especially when you do not tell us your scary stories.

GIRL: Thank you.

GRANDPA: So, good!

WOMAN: From now on we begin the era of Cleanliness! We will take all the Russian tanks burned by Ukrainians from Ukrainian fields and make them bicycles to not pollute the environment with carbon waste!

GIRL: Instead of the gasoline motor cars!

BOY: When the last missiles will be launched from Russia to Ukraine then the danger to the ozone lay will be illuminated!

GRANDPA: Then Europe stops to buy crude oil from Russians and there will be no smoke over our the planet no more!

GIRL: Global warming will be stopped when war stops!

MAN: Europe will take its chance to rebuild Ukrainian cities and factories on new modern principles unlike those old-fashioned Soviet styles!

BOY: Millions of workers and farmers will have millions of new working places and computerized

positions!

GRANNY: We will throw that ugly past in wastebaskets! The Future is before us!

MAN: Sorry, I am that person who can carry envelopes from candies, and receipts from kiosks the whole day long in my pockets. If no trash can is visible nearby. I hate those burnt Russian tanks polluting our Ukrainian fields. I just wonder how many of us are alike here?

WOMAN: There are plenty of us all around, I suppose.

GRANNY: Can't you throw the garbage down your feet on the sidewalk, no? It is dark here, why not?

MAN: I cannot.

WOMAN: I admire that behavior.

GRANDPA: The same is with me. I bring this stuff home usually. Then I tear all those pieces of papers thoroughly and pack the pack in another paper bag to throw into the garbage point outside my home during the daylight.

GRANNY: How nice.

BOY: What?

GIRL: The daylight. How long must we wait until the next Sunrise..?

MAN: Some fourteen hours, I suppose.

GRANDPA: For such long..?

BOY: It is Autumn now, still, you know...

WOMAN: The Sun nights are shorter, I know.

GRANDPA: Being at home during the more than ten hours waiting for the light you suddenly hear the elevator jerks and go. During last ten hours it was hanging somewhere between the storeys. Imagine that person entering the room yelling: "Honey, I'm Home!"

GRANNY (*Addresses nobody.*): How old are you, did you say..?

GRANDPA: I am not old. That is what I always say.

WOMAN: We can throw our lanterns away.

GRANNY: We may turn them off and store them for the next war.

GIRL: Is the war will come again?

GRANNY: Yes, I truly believe.

GIRL: But why? We didn't do any harm, any wrong!

WOMAN: Wars still come regularly. They happen. Like storms.

GRANDPA: I knew that war will take place. Maybe because I saw them earlier. I have an impression that war simply never ends.

WOMAN: To know what will happen to you during the war is impossible. Be prepared for what will happen for sure one can only know that this or that will happen. Nobody can know it before it happens.

MAN: Sirtenly, nobody knows what is going to happen before it happens to be in the conditions of total uncertainty.

GRANDPA: Between Hitler's legs once fell an artillery warhead. In the trench where they were sitting there were six German soldiers. All stifled in horror waiting for death. While fatalist Adolf seemed was not even afraid of this. After it happened he was promoted to the "excellent soldier" rank.

GIRL: One cannot have a serious attitude toward war, because war itself has no serious attitude toward us.

GRANNY: I like to be here. No hatred, no fear is here in the dark. It is not the worst place in the World.

SEVENTH SCENE

Granny's tale

GRANNY: At seven sharp I was woken by a dog's bark. It was barking somewhere over my ear. I looked from beneath my blanket. It was a grey autumn morning. There was no electricity, neither running water, nor gas. I had nowhere to hurry. I decided to sleep again. I fell drowsy and again heard the dog barking. It was like calling me to rise. I began to worry. I dressed and went out. When I was heading to our square, I look over my shoulder at my house. I rose my eyes to the windows of my flat and noticed that the flat one level down my flat exploded. From that place went out a big orange ball of fire and immediately the three upper floors of our building were set in flame. Black smoke went up.

(PAUSE.)

GRANNY (*Continues.*): Firefighters came fast and the emergency carriages. I tried to come back to my house, at least reach closer, but people did not let me. They shouted: "Stay away from it!" I was looking at the empty place instead of my flat and understood that I have nothing in common with that.

BOY: The dog warned you!

GRANNY: I have no dog.

WOMAN: Maybe that was a neighbor's dog.

GRANNY: I have no neighbors. All my neighbors flew to Western Ukraine.

GRANDPA: The barking might hear from the upper level.

GRANNY: No one lived higher over my flat. The upper flats were empty.

MAN: Maybe it was the sound of bark from the street?

GRANNY: I live on the eleventh floor. I am not able to hear such distant sounds.

GIRL: Oh, God..!

GRANNY: Oh, yes...

(Song "Someone is watching us there up from Heavens".)

(PAUSE.)

MAN: When the blackout is not long – five, seven hours – you are glad to see the bulbs shining again.

GIRL: And when you are out of electricity for a longer period?

MAN: How long?

GIRL: Let's say, twelve or seventeen hours? Do you worry?

MAN: No. Then there is nothing to worry about. You are getting used to your lamps and candles, and you do not wait for mercy from the outside. You worry just you cannot inform your relatives and friends that you are still alive and it is all ok with you. It seems that those who are out of the disaster zone are worrying harder about our critical situation rather than we do.

GIRL: It is a paradox; to get informed when they turn your light on again you must be in the zone with electricity, where mobile connections and the internet are functioning.

MAN: It is not a paradox. It is a gap between our expectations and the possibilities that life proposes to us.

GIRL: And how must we live under these conditions?

MAN: With love.

GIRL: With a love for what?

MAN: With a love for everything. When after the multi-hour pause light appears again you feel this. Even not, yet, seeing the light - you hear it already. Easily began to work the engines in the refrigerator, you hear the sounds of turning on light rods lamps in plugs, the elevator starts in the neighboring house, you hear crackings of the doors in other levels, someone runs down the corridor over you, and you, already feeling that the electric supply renewed, look with hope at your wall switchers - and see their indicators shining!

WOMAN: And..?

MAN: Thirsty for the electricity, you start putting your phones to recharge, and only after that, being in an easy spirit mood, прямуєш до кухні you are heading to your kitchen, to boil your tea!

GIRL: Do not you turn on your electric bulbs?

WOMAN: No. They ask us to save the light even when the electricity supply is stable. While staying in the kitchen you have enough light from the burning gas in the oven. Seeing its blue flame you feel easy waiting for the cattle to whistle. You are not nervous knowing that you can, if you wish, turn on the lamp, TV set, or computer. Feeling that sureness you feel being alive.

(Song “They are Troublemakers”.)

GRANDMA *(Sings.):* So what, MaZZkwa,
 You do not want
 To live as people live
 Oh, yes, oh yes...
 We understand.
 Then you will not!!!

MAN: The main sign during each blackout is to know that you are ready for it. You have your hand lanterns here and there, you already checked your e-mail and answer the remark on Facebook long before the darkness. You have enough water in the store and you may go to bed without hesitating that something has not been done. ...Your daily program is fulfilled generally, so – Goodnight.

BOY: Do you want me to believe that you go to bed immediately after wishing you “Goodnight”?

MAN: Oh, no. Long Russian air bombardments, yet, negatively influence human behavior, especially. I cannot sleep during the Russian rockets attack on my city. Though I am not able to do something useful for my people. I sit trying to read the news while all the websites are down because there is no internet and the mobile connections are broken... Still, I sit awake, scrolling through different messengers hoping to find there the answers to my question “What happened to my city this time after the hits of dozens of wing rockets launched from the Caspian Sea?” Instead of the photo pictures, I am looking for I see on the monitor white stains only and some of yesterday’s texts preserved in the memory of my laptop. I am still scrolling and scrolling, again and again - till the battery is low, without sleep to come.

(PAUSE.)

EIGHTH SCENE

The Real-time Story

GRANDPA: What do they write there, young man?

BOY: Kyiv, Pechersk district – blast. They ask people to stay in their shelters.

GRANDPA: In the bomb shelters?

BOY: They do not write precisely where. They just advise us to stay in shelters.

GRANDPA: Finally, everyone decides by themselves what is a shelter for them: two mattresses in the corridor, a chair in the entrance hall, a sack of potatoes in the basement, or the granny's hugs on the sofa where they were before the air raid warning – or in their beds.

GRANNY: I am asking you politely to watch your language!

GRANDPA: Dreams are just dreams. You think aloud and this way tells out all your secret dreams.

BOY: Ukrainian anti-aircraft forces worked well over the Khmelnytsky region!

GIRL: There are reports about explosions in Lviv City.

BOY: Russian rockets hit several objects in Zhytomyr City.

GIRL: Lutsk City's surroundings suffer from heavy explosions.

BOY: People say they hear loud explosions in Kropyvnytsky City.

GRANDPA: What Kremlin wanted? Negotiations? Such are their arguments.

GIRL: In Kryvyi Rih there are several blasts reported.

BOY: In the Sumy region electricity goes out because of Russian rocket explosions.

GIRL: Mass houses are burning after the rockets hit. I pity the people.

(Begin to sing, unsure first, then loudly and unanimously the "Червона калина" popular song.)

WOMAN: Here is one of my acquaintances: «I see Kyiv after the rockets strike. It is dark, bitten, and tired, but unbreakable. I was on the air for three hours. Now I call my relatives to check whether they are alive. In Kreshchatyk, Maidan Nezalezhnosti, there are only rare cars that get lights. The drivers are polite, I feel solidarity among them. These days my City stays united. Maybe this is the experience of Maidans. Here the air filled with Freedom. Freedom smells of smoke. Kyiv stands and will stand as it was many times in history and during this war.»

GIRL: Here my friend: «Today, during the air raid warning I stay in the underground passage trying to save my telephone battery. That is why I do not scroll the news tape. Just observe people. People are easy. Russia demands we negotiate? We will never do it. Росія напала як бандит, як убивця, про що домовлятися з убивцею Russia attacked us as a bandit, as a killer. What about must we negotiate with the killer? The killer must be stopped! I see no fear on the faces. People around me care for children even if they are not their children. People share their candies or cookies, their coffee, or their sausages. People sing Ukrainian Anthem in the choir”!

GRANDPA: Here are my friends from Poland: «Putin regime feels its close end. свій близький кінець! It is getting mad throwing bombs and rockets. Therefore let us stay together! Let us support those who need our support!»

MAN: We shall overcome. All be OK with us.

(PAUSE.)

GRANNY: What is next from the auto space, young man?

BOY: Our anti-aircraft forces destroyed eighteen rackets from twenty-one altogether that flew to our city.

MAN: Very cool result.

BOY: Glory to AFU! 3CY! Generalization: today they destroyed seventy of over ninety rockets launched at Ukraine. Unfortunately, there were other fifteen infrastructure objects damaged. This is an official summary.

MAN: «The conclusion is such: “You will swallow all your teeth, Putin, not Ukraine!”

GRANDPA (*Text messaging on his phone.*): I know, I’d rather write: «Russians bomb Ukraine”, but I’d love to put it down this way: «RuZZkie bomb-blyat».

(PAUSE.)

/.../

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UKRAINE, KYIV, December 4, 2022.