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01. I Remain

Robinson. A few days ago I finally decided to stay in Kyiv. At the time that I write this text, Russian troops have advanced in the southeast, set up a stronghold in the Borodianka area, and are gradually encircling the capital from the west and south. After the news of the utter destruction of Kharkiv and Mariupol, this is, shall we say, rather worrying. On the other hand, no matter what Ukrainian city you go to, Russian troops may come there too. Then again, you have to go somewhere. Maybe even abroad, some day. My ex-girlfriend has lived in the Netherlands for ten years now.

Ex-Girlfriend. Over this time I have acquired a firm opinion about emigration.

Robinson. And what is your opinion?

Ex-Girlfriend. Well, that it's very hard to do anything. People really don't consider you human. You are isolated as you move forward, no one wants to be your friend.

Robinson. I see.

Ex-Girlfriend. You don't cry about it, you pull yourself together, and do what needs to be done.

Robinson. What?

Ex-Girlfriend. That's a kind of slogan in emigration. You don't cry, you pull yourself together, and do what needs to be done. Although you want to cry.

Robinson. I see. I'm staying. Basically, one's chances of remaining alive aren't that small. I sealed up the windows and stocked up on water. I can sleep in the corridor.

02. Chris

Chris. So, my mother calls and wakes me up and shouts into the phone: "It's war, it's war! Let's go buy groceries, you don't have a fucking thing!" I get the kids up immediately: "It's war, it's war!" The children howl with laughter. We go, and find lines a kilometer long. I try to get into the cheap supermarket – like, I have kids, and all. But they don't let me in. They do let us into the Megamarket. They say: "Come on in, Mom." We triumphantly grab a bite to eat at the cafeteria. I guzzle down some beer. I grab a whole basket of groceries, but I have no cash, can you imagine that?! And the ATM isn't working! I'm stuck in this Megamarket now. I don't know what to do. The girls and I agree to... In short, I'll tell you when I see you...

Robinson. I think that's the last thing she said to me as a normal person. After just a few hours of war, Chris turned into a wheezing, croaking loudspeaker, spitting out: "Bitches! Fuck! Putinist rats! You won't succeed! Choke and die!" and things like that. It is said a man always is uncomfortable alongside a crying woman. I would say it is harder to be around a woman burning with hatred for her enemies. If she does pay you any attention at some point, she'll have a question for you - why are you still here, and not on the front lines? Well... I can't offer Chris an answer to that. That's why I don't call her anymore.

03. Fyodor Dostoevsky

Robinson. I've been living alone for two weeks now. Most of my time is occupied reading news on the Internet. However, I had to think about what I'd do when the electricity goes down and the Internet disappears. Sitting in the dark doing nothing will drive you crazy. So I came up with the idea of reading books by

candlelight. I already bought a box of Polish candles at the market, and found my beloved Dostoyevsky in my bag. So, I will light the candles, sit on the bed in the corridor and open up *The Village of Stepanchikovo and Its Inhabitants*.

Dostoevsky. They planned to start a family game of whist; but these games usually ended with the General suffering such seizures that the general's wife and her retinue lit candles in horror, offered up fervent prayers, told fortunes using beans and cards, went to hand out bread buns in the prisons, and anxiously waited for the afternoon hour, when, once again, they would organize a game of whist, for which they suffered screams, squeals, curses and even almost beatings for every mistake that was made. The General, when he didn't like something, was never shy before anyone: he squealed like a woman, cursed like a coachman, and sometimes, ripping and scattering cards on the floor while driving his partners away, he even wept with annoyance and anger...

Robinson. At that very moment, a Russian rocket flew in my apartment window... Not the most subtle plot twist, of course. Rather mediocre dramaturgy. But, in general, there will be nothing better in the coming years.

04. Dana and Boria

Dana. Don't panic. Keep calm, everything's all right.

Boria. How long will we be there?!

Dana. We'll wait a little then come back. We'll take a watch...

Boria. But we just came from the shelter!

Dana. No, Boria. We came this morning.

Boria. And we were there all day yesterday!

Dana. It wasn't all day. We arrived at night. Because it was dangerous.

Boria. It wasn't just at night! We were there all evening too!

Dana. I know you're upset, Boria sweetheart, but that's how things are now.

Boria. How are they?! Why! Why are things normal in other countries but not here?

Dana. Now, please, Boria.

Boria. Please what? How long will we be there?

Dana. I can't tell you. Nobody knows.

Boria. So, if you don't know, why are you saying it won't be long?

Robinson. Okay, do you have everything? Your thermos, charger...

Boria. Come on, let's go!

Dana. Boria, don't shout. Otherwise I'll forget something in the rush.

Boria. You tell me not to shout, but you yell at me! Why do you need a charger now?

Dana. Because if the telephone goes dead we'll have to recharge it.

Boria. But why did you start sticking it in my backpack?

Dana. Because...

Boria. Because this is my backpack!

Dana. Boria, stop it, please. You're letting your nerves get to you, you're becoming hysterical. Can we just get ready, and get a grip on ourselves?

Boria. Maybe you're the one getting ready?

Dana. Boria, please, I'm begging you...

Boria. Please what?

Robinson. What's funny is that ten years ago, I even had a brief crush on her. But she married another guy, had Boria, then got divorced. In March, Dana suggested I rent a room from her to save both of us money. Now that the war's happened, I deliver drinking water and help her carry things to the shelter and back. In theory, the harsh trials of wartime should bring us together again, so that we finally fall in love for real. But thank God, my personal dramaturgy hasn't gotten that toxic yet. Just the thought of sharing intimacy with her makes me sick. And that pleases me. It means life goes on.

Dana. We'll go there now and play some game... But where is my telephone...

Boria. You already took it, mom!

Dana. Dial me, pl...

Boria. You already took it! You have it!

Robinson. Here we go. You got everything?

Dana. Robinson, honey, dial my phone, please. I can't find my phone.

Robinson. You just had it in hand.

Dana. Yes, I did, but then I put it somewhere. Oh, here it is.

Robinson. Dana could have become an ideal EU citizen already. She devoutly believes in the values of liberalism, and unquestioningly follows the instructions of the government. As such, when the Kyiv mayor's office announces an air alert, she grabs her son and all her emergency backpacks and races headlong to the bomb shelter. I prefer to stay home, because it is much more comfortable there. And while I help move their things to the shelter, Boria, devastated, casts jealous glances at me. Yes, young man, you are not to be envied. You're at the mercy of your tempestuous mother, who will drag you through stuffy basements full of people. Your position is as shitty as they come, old man.

Dana. Thank you, Robinson honey.

Robinson. We're in touch. You have your charger.

Dana. Yes. If something happens, grab our cat and take him down to the basement.

Robinson. Yes, of course. Here, let me just get a photo of you here in the bomb shelter. To remember the war by, so to speak.

Dana. But we're so disheveled. Oh, all right, okay.

Robinson. Still, a few days later, she found some evacuation bus on the Internet and they hurried off to blessed Poland. So I remain alone in the apartment. Every day the encirclement of Kyiv draws tighter. Yesterday the military airfield in Vasilkovo and the electronic intelligence center in Brovari were knocked out of action. But I'm glad I don't have to pretend to pay attention while Dana reads me another idiotic news item off the Internet with bulging eyes. Moreover, I no longer need to check every time to see if "Boria" peed on the toilet seat. Why hasn't she taught him about that yet?

05. Brooke Johnson at it again

Robinson. They say that Hollywood's Golden Age began during the Great Depression, when movie theaters were an outlet for suffering Americans. Every day I download an old Woody Allen movie off a torrent tracker (you can do that now - it's wartime!).

Gill. I'm so happy I ran into you. What are you doing here?

Gabriela. My friends live in this arrondissement. What about you?

Gill. Me? I'm just out walking. But basically, I decided to move to Paris.

Gabriela. You'll like it here.

Gill. Really?

Gabriela. I'm sure you will. You know, I was thinking of you recently. A new Cole Porter record showed up in the store.

Gill. And that made you think about me?

Gabriela. Yes.

Gill. Where are you going now? May I come along?

Gabriela. Yes.

Gill. Oh! It's starting to rain.

Gabriela. No problem. I'm not afraid of getting wet.

Robinson. My God. The actress Léa Seydoux only plays a bit part in this film. But, standing on the banks of the Seine, in a summer dress, with the wind jostling her hair,

she is gorgeous. Take it easy, Robinson. Even if it were peacetime now, your chances of meeting a girl like that are negligible. So, life goes on.

PornHub. Don't despair, dude. Brooke Johnson is back in business. This time, she is subjected to the most delicious torments she has ever experienced. We first see Brooke standing naked in the middle of a dark dungeon. Her Sugar Daddy uses numerous flexible flogging devices to get things going. Then he lifts her up by the hair on a suspension rig and brings her wet pussy to several hard orgasms. With the aid of a rope he binds her with weighted clamps, stretching her nipples...

06. Eight hundred twenty-five.

Father. All right. How about you? Okay?

Robinson. Yeah, I'm okay. There's no big offensive in Kyiv yet. How about Mariupol?

Father. They're shooting.