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Author

NINA ZAKHOZHENKO

Play

Don't ask, don't tell

Original name /  
translated

Не питай, не кажи

Translator

OLHA DROBOTAJ

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translation

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text belongs to

nina.zakhozhenko@gmail.com

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drobotay.o@gmail.com,



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*sleeping district in Kyiv, post*

*Roma 30*

*Slava 33*

ROMA (*carries a little cake with a candle*): Happy Birthday to you...

SLAVA: Roma?...

ROMA: Happy Birthday to you...

SLAVA: Cut it out.

ROMA: Happy Birthday, dear Slava. Happy Birthday to you...

SLAVA: Come on, why?  
ROMA: Bless you!  
SLAVA: I asked you not to...  
ROMA: Come on, make a wish!  
SLAVA: Have you shaved your hair off?  
ROMA: Well, I'm a warrir, kinda.  
SLAVA: Your ears are sticking out.  
ROMA: Blow the candle.  
SLAVA (*blows the candle*): That's it. Basta. I'm on duty.  
ROMA: I baked it myself by the way.  
SLAVA: We are not supposed to be seen together.  
ROMA: Are we doing anything wrong?  
SLAVA: We are distracting.  
ROMA: Are you gonna try?  
SLAVA: I don't eat on duty.  
ROMA: Ok, let's throw away.  
SLAVA: Oh, just give me. Don't be mad.  
ROMA: It's just not what I expected.  
SLAVA: I'm on duty.  
ROMA: So I'm needless.  
SLAVA: I'm sorry (*tries the cake*). It's delicious, what's that?  
ROMA: Fig.  
SLAVA: I love it.  
ROMA: It wasn't easy. Supermarkets are empty.  
SLAVA: Do you wanna hear what I wished for?  
ROMA: It won't come true then.  
SLAVA: Yeah. It won't.  
ROMA: I though you wanted this war to end.  
SLAVA: Crimea to be free.  
ROMA: We'll see.  
SLAVA: I wanna swim in the sea, eat peaches and listen to jazz in Koktebel. And I never wanna see a fucking greenman and a red passport. Ever again  
ROMA: We just have to wait.  
SLAVA: That is the only place where I'd like to get married.  
ROMA: Me I hope.  
SLAVA: You. Officially. Invite friends, relatives, have a huge party, say those vows, take cool photos for Insta.  
ROMA: Throw the bouquet.  
SLAVA: We don't have to throw the bouquet.  
ROMA: We can throw the bouquet.  
SLAVA: Do we have to throw the bouquet?  
ROMA: Can we throw the bouquet?  
SLAVA: And a wedding cake.  
ROMA: With two black swans.

SLAVA: Why not unicorns?

ROMA: And the first dance to Океан Ельзи»... Обійми мене, обійми мене, обійми... так лагідно, і не пускай... (they start dancing)

SLAVA: I'd also like to tell the officer...

ROMA: Обійми мене, обійми мене, обійми...

SLAVA: Tell the officer that I'm gay.

ROMA: Are you fucking mad?

SLAVA: Did you hear what he said yesterday?

ROMA: He said a lot of things yesterday.

SLAVA: But did you hear what he said?

ROMA: What did he say?

SLAVA: When I brought that man...

ROMA: The saboteur?

SLAVA: The one that marked the clinic. When I spotted him, I ...

ROMA: Hit the shit out of him.

SLAVA: I didn't know what to do. I'd never hit anybody before. I yelled: stop!. He had to stop. I thought he would stop. But he ran. I ran after him. And when I got him I punched with a stock. And he turned to me and nearly got my gun. My gun! Am I even a soldier if I lose the gun. I punched him. I really did. With all my strength. He fell. I got the gun. I punched him again. I yelled. I yelled from fear. I nearly lost my gun.

ROMA: But you got him.

SLAVA: Pure luck.

ROMA: You did what you had to.

SLAVA: And then I brought him. And our officer said: you smashed that fag

ROMA: He said that?

SLAVA: He said that.

ROMA: It's just rude.

SLAVA: He said: look and that fucking fag in girly skirt. It's neither a man, nor a woman. That's what he said.

ROMA: He's moskal. A terrorist. A saboteur.

SLAVA: And I was holding my gun. I was looking at that guy. And looking at the officer. Why fag? Why skirt? It seemed like he was talking about me. Like he knows everything.

ROMA: He doesn't know.

SLAVA: The officer says that faggots are worth killing. It's not a sin to kill a man in a skirt.

ROMA: I've never seen you wearing a skirt.

SLAVA: I nearly lost my gun. I was so scared. I'm not a man. I don't feel being a man. I just want him to know that we are also here.

ROMA: Don't ask, don't tell.

SLAVA: Dreams must come true.

ROMA: Come on, enough already.

SLAVA: I came up to him and said: I'm asking you to stop using gay hating language referring to the enemy, because it insults the gay community that defends our country and wants to live here openly and liberally.

ROMA: And he?

SLAVA: And he asked: which gay community?

ROMA: And you?

SLAVA: And I said me and Roma.

ROMA: What?

SLAVA: Me and ... you.

ROMA: How come it's me?

SLAVA: So, it's not you!

ROMA: Don't ask. Don't tell. We talked about it.

SLAVA: He started it. About the faggots. He told first.

ROMA: You framed me.

SLAVA: We are 8 years together!

ROMA: I joined local defense to fight for the city I was born in, not for the global problems.

SLAVA: But global problems don't go away.

ROMA: We have to win this war.

SLAVA: What about the other war?

ROMA: The other will be later.

SLAVA: What if there is no 'later'? No Crimea, no jazz, no wedding, no black swans. What if I get killed by a bullet or explosion, and our whole post is gonna be a fucking mess tomorrow? And there will be