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Play

I'M OK

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(transl. by Iana Gudzenko, ed. by Paulien Geerlings)

LISA, MIKE, SASHA, I, 17y

Mike wrote: Whoever runs away is a traitor.

I wrote: What's happening?

Sasha wrote: My windows are shaking.

Lisa wrote: Fuck... My parents are packing our things. We are leaving in 10 minutes. I don't know where.

Mike wrote: You have to stop them.

Lisa wrote: I can't.

Sasha wrote: That was a bomb!

Mike wrote: We had an agreement.

Lisa wrote: Don't be a moron. They decided without me. They didn't tell me anything.

Sasha wrote: Lie on the floor.

Lisa wrote: I'm leaving.

Mike wrote: I can't believe it.

Sasha wrote: If a fucking bomb hits your house right now, you'll be dead.

I wrote: Do you hear that?

Sasha wrote: What the fuck?

Mike wrote: Lisa you're a rat. Don't come back to Ukraine, ever.

Sasha wrote: Shut up. Her parents decided for her.

Mike deletes the last message.

Sasha deletes the last message.

The teacher wrote:

There will be no classes today. Stay safe. Watch the sirens. Go down to the shelter. Pack your backpack. Bandages and iodine. The medicines you need. A bottle of water. Biscuits. Flashlight. Needle with thread. Money. Documents. Powerbank. Phone.

Write your name on your hand. Blood type. Phone of relatives.

If the explosion is near — run to the bathroom.

Keep in touch. Breathe deeply.

It will all end up in history textbooks.

Mom said:

What we all feared did happen. Dad went out to take some cash from the ATM and to buy some food. At grandmother's, it is quiet. At aunt Valya's, explosions are heard. The president ordered everybody to stay home. The worst thing is panic. The worst thing is the journey. Those who are about to give birth are in the worst position. It's not the worst for us. Have breakfast and we'll check where the basement is.

Dad said:

Lines are everywhere. At the ATM - an hour. At the store - an hour. At the gas station, there is a fight. The worst thing is panic. The main thing is not to panic. How are you?

I said: I'm OK.

Siren.

Mike wrote: Hey guys, how are you?

Sasha wrote: It's a fucking nightmare.

I wrote: I am ok. I am in the basement.

Mike wrote: My Dad joined the territory defense.

Sasha wrote: And what does he say?

Mike wrote: He says it's hell. Landing in Gostomel.

I wrote: It's scary here. Dusty. Hard to breathe. There is nothing to sit on.

Sasha wrote: We are in the parking lot.

Mike wrote: Well, don't stay there.

Sasha wrote: Can you go to another place?

I wrote: I do not want to stay here. Here are too many panicking grandmothers.

Mike wrote: If a missile hits, the basement will be destroyed anyway. There are more important things to do.

Sasha wrote: What things?

Mike wrote: I'm going to help daddy to build a checkpoint.

Sasha wrote: Your dad is an idiot, if he let you do that.

Mike wrote: Say this again about my dad and I'll kick your ass.

Sasha deletes the last message.

Mike deletes the last message.

Siren stops.

I wrote: Alarm is off.

Lisa wrote: I'm in real hell. We are two days on our way, and we still haven't crossed the border. Fuck. Traffic jams everywhere. I've gotten acne because of stress. I can't take it anymore. My parents do not allow me to use my phone. They are worried Russians can transmit a signal. What? They have paranoia, they think a fucking cyber-drone is hunting for a mobile signal to bomb us. It is so surreal. To bomb mobile phones? I asked to go to the toilet to write a couple of words to you. How are you?

I wrote: I am ok.

Sasha wrote: Don't listen to Mike. This is not an adventure. Sit in the basement. 8 year ago it was the same in Donetsk. A lot of people died. I know this well. Soon it will be the same here.

I wrote: Everyone who's fleeing is a traitor.

Sasha wrote: It's so stupid, to stay here and just die.

I wrote: My parents are doctors. They will not go anywhere, they have to be here. They believe there is no reason to panic.

Sasha wrote: We'll probably leave in a few days, when the roads are unloaded. If you want, there is one more place in the car.

I wrote: Are you kidding me?

Sasha wrote: When the Russian soldiers come here, it will be too late.

Mike wrote: Hey guys, there is work to be done for you.

I wrote: What kind of work?

Mike wrote: Make molotov cocktails.

Sasha: My parents won't let me do that.

Mike wrote: You're not going to stay the whole war in the basement, are you?

I wrote: See you in 15 minutes.

At Mike's place

MIKE: 1/3 motor oil,

2/3 gas,

Rag,

Cork,

Scotch,

Thirty bottles.

I: The best fucking thing that happened to me in this war.

I: Where did you get so many bottles?

MIKE: My dad and I were collecting.

I: I see you are prepared.

MIKE: Do you want a cigarette?

I: Maybe.

MIKE: It's best to aim at the barrel of the tank. This is the most vulnerable place. If you hit it - Splash!! and they will lose their shit.

I: Do you think we will win?

MIKE: I'm sure. Our gays won't give up. Never. We will fight.

Siren.

I: Damn, this siren again.

MIKE: I don't give a fuck.

I: Should we go to the bathroom?

MIKE: It makes me mad that they try to put us in fear. I hate this shit. If a rocket really flies here I'll show my cock to this rocket. Go fuck yourself, Russian rocket. Fuck off russian rocket ! Fuck off, fuck off!

I: Everyone can hear you, Mike (*laugh*).

MIKE: I don't give a damn, I'm not embarrassed. I don't want to hide. Do you want to hide?

I: I don't want to either.

MIKE: Then do not hide.

I: I'm not hiding.

MIKE: So don't hide.

I: I'm not hiding.

Siren stops. The kiss.

MIKE: How are you?

I: I am OK.

Sasha wrote: What are you doing?

I wrote: I can't sleep. And you?

Sasha wrote: I just had a nightmare

I'm so fucked up

I'm scared

In my dream

I'm in our old apartment in Donetsk

The Russian soldiers are coming

I want to run away

They grabbed me

They tied me up and they shot me

I have a hole in my stomach

A real hole

And then in my dream

I wake up in my bed in Irpin

I'm cold

Someone is knocking on the door

I go to see who it is

And I open the door

Instead of a house there is a huge hole

The hole from an explosion

I'm standing on the ninth floor

Looking down

And my house is destroyed

My apartment is destroyed

I'm dizzy

And I fall down
And I wake up
I crawl across the field
Quietly, on my elbows
I know that the soldiers are nearby
I need to move a little forward
And I will be safe
But out of the corner of my eye I notice a tripwire
And I do not have time to remove my hand
And I touch it
And I collapse
And then I exploded into 1000 pieces.
I wrote: Did you write your name on your hand?
Sasha wrote: On my hand. On my shoulder. On my leg. On my abdomen. On my neck.
I wrote: Well, then you will be put together.
Sasha wrote: Now I feel better. (*Smiley*).
I wrote: Sorry, I am not a psychologist.
Sasha wrote: Don't tell Mike about this.
I wrote: Why would I?
Sasha wrote: Just don't tell.
I wrote: I won't tell.
Sasha: We are leaving tomorrow morning. You can come with us.
I wrote: I'm staying here.

Lisa wrote:
Here is no signal. We are in Germany, in the middle of nowhere. Farm. Fields. Chickens. Pigs. And me. The city is 15 kilometers away. But they give us bicycles. Fucking bicycles... We have so much food here. Bread is so tasty, but my ass is so big now. They brought for us some humanitarian aid. They told we will be here for a long time, that's why we need a lot of clothes. They told me to learn German. I don't want to. I wanna go home.
How long do you think this war will last? Maybe you could come here, in Germany? It would be more fun.
I wrote: Go fuck yourself.

Sasha wrote: Fuck... They are here.
Mike wrote: This can't be.
Sasha wrote: Russian tanks are in our street.
Mike wrote: Dad doesn't answer.
Sasha wrote: This is an occupation.
Mike wrote: We will fight.

Sasha wrote: This is a very, very bad idea.

Mike wrote: Let them come closer.

Sasha wrote: It's stupid to resist.

Mike wrote: I'll treat our guests to a cocktail.

Sasha wrote: How?

Mike wrote: From the balcony.

Sasha wrote: Don't do this, Mike, you will be shot.

Mike wrote: Wow, this cocktail shit is so cool.

Sasha wrote: It's dangerous.

Mike wrote: I want to treat them to dangerous shit.

Sasha wrote: Don't do it Mike.

Mike wrote: Go fuck yourself, russian idiots! Try that!

Mike sends a burning fire smiley

I: I slept in the basement. It