

Military mother

Scene I

Three people are sitting in a room of a destroyed house. There's a table in front of them supported by a green box instead of one missing leg. There are bowls of borscht and bread on the table. In the corner, sleeping bags are spread out, and boxes of ammunition are stacked.

Beard (pouring drinks):

"So then I called Lenka. Two hours before it was quiet in the village, then, naturally, 'Wham!'. I said, it's just thunder... by the way, I have to go, the guys are calling me to eat."

The radio in the corner murmurs:

"Nerves, Nerves, this is First, what's the situation?"

Nastya:

"What she say?"

Beard:

"She started crying, saying, 'Look, Vitia and Marina; they moved to Spain; sell fresh fruits at the local market, while you're sitting there like you're in a UPA museum with your boys. Do you even love your family?'"

Nastya:

"What'd you tell her?"

The radio in the corner murmurs:

"Nerves, Nerves, this is First, what's the situation?"

Nerves:

First, First, this is Nerves, we are taking tank fire."

First:

"Nerves, this is First, what's the azimuth and

distance?"

Nerves:

"First, come over and fucking measure it yourself!"

First:

"Nerves, it's First. I'll fucking come and measure you!"

Nerves:

"First, it's Nerves, we have 300, I repeat, one severely wounded, we need evacuation!"

Dolittle:

"Nerves, Nerves, this is Dolittle. Evac will be at the point in 10 minutes. I repeat, 10 short."

Beard:

"Is Nerves from the first company? Gray's?"

Nastya:

"Yes"

Beard:

"Isn't he the battalion commander's buddy?"

Nastya:

"A few days ago, there was an inspection, and he had to go to the position himself. So, what'd you tell her?"

Beard:

"What could I say? I've been fighting for so many years, and she still doesn't understand that I can't just leave without a permit. She is angry that when her mother died, I didn't come back. Don't I want to live in Spain? 'Course I do! I'm fucking sick of this shit!"

Nastya:

"Aren't you allowed to take 7 day's leave for your mother-in-law funeral?"

Spartacus (a third soldier at the table; he stops eating, puts down his spoon solemnly, and says):

"Leave is only for your parents die, siblings, spouses, or children. Oh, sorry, Nastya, is your

daughter still sick?"

Nastya (glares at him):

Spartacus (meditatively and dreamily):

"The key is to submit the report on time and make sure it gets registered. Then they'll issue an order, and the order is entered into the record book. The record book is recorded in the command record book, and so it goes (*pause*) higher and higher (*long pause, dreamily gazing into the sky*) up to God himself."

Beard:

"You should've been a chaplain. Have you seen our new one? He's a fucking weirdo. Rides a bike in a cassock like the Darkwing Duck at full speed. I asked him, 'Why are you speeding, Father?' And he answers, 'Nothing can happen to me, God is with me.'"

Beard (as if changing the subject):

"By the way, how's your little one?"

Nastya:

"She's getting better. Grandma was with her in the hospital. But she's waiting for me and crying."

Beard:

"Let's go to the battalion commander tomorrow; he'll let you go home."

Spartacus:

"Careful you're not late. Word is the brigade might get surrounded in a few days. If the National Guard doesn't hold the road, we'll be like a bunch of deer in the headlights in that wood. This isn't Bakhmut; there are no cellars in these villages."

(Nazar, a dirty soldier with a grenade in his hand, bursts into the room screaming. He's swaying, stops, and slowly scans the room. Everyone looks at him sadly and indifferently).

Nazar (screaming furiously):

"You bastards! You're steering all of us into the

grinder!"

Nastya (tired):

"Oh, for fuck's sake, another one."

Nazar:

"I'll blow it! I'll blow it!"

(Nastya gets up, takes the rifle from the corner, moves the plastic covering the window instead of glass, and calmly climbs outside. Spartacus slowly stands up, takes a lighter, lights a cigarette, and sits back down.)

Radio murmurs quietly:

"First, this is Nerves, we have a 200, Gray is 200, evacuation aborted. Over and out."

Scene II

Morning, Nastya and Beard are in a car (driving to the battalion commander).

Nastya, talking cheerfully and happily on the phone with her daughter:

"Baby girl, I'm fine! How's your stomach, does it hurt?"

Daughter, 11 years old:

"Of course, it hurts, there's a huuuge scar. When will you come back?"

Nastya:

"Soon, sweetie. Did Dad come by?"

Daughter:

"He called, said you won't come because there are still plenty of men left in the army. And Aunt calls you a 'Runaway mom'. She always tells Granny, 'So your Runaway...'"

Rustling sounds, Grandma takes the phone from the child.

Grandma's voice:

"Give it back! Nastya, don't listen to her, it's the drugs talking."

Nastya:

"Mom, hello! Hello!... Shit. There's no fucking connection."

She throws the phone down.

Nastya, nervously:

"Mom says they'll be discharged soon. I am so sad for the child, she had surgery without me. I would have quit, but I don't have the right as long as the child's father is a civilian."

Beard:

"Maybe he'll get drafted, then you can be dismissed."

Nastya laughs:

"His mom is the head doctor in Ternopil; naturally, he's exempt."

Beard:

"He could enlist so you could resign and then get discharged on disability."

Nastya:

"He's terrified of all this, like a rooster of Easter. I talked to him, even offered him a desk job. He's scared."

Beard:

"The commander's mood will be bad. Gray died yesterday, both legs were ripped off and huge fragment hit his belly. They've served together since 2014."

Nastya:

"It's bad timing, but we'll try to convince him. There's no time to waste; God forbid they take the road, and we'll be surrounded."

Beard:

"Imagine, my wife texted me this morning. She said the owner of the café, where she works, was forcibly mobilized into the army. He decided to close the business, sell everything, and buy a house in the mountains. So she was fired. And she also said..."

Nearby artillery hits, 'wham, bam, wham, bam!' The car swerves, Beard turns it around and quickly drives

back.

Nastya hits her head on the car roof with a loud thud.

Nastya:

"Fuck, it's Thursday; yesterday, they delivered ammo to the Russian airborne forces."

Beard, after a pause, in a steady voice:

"They're shelling the artillery in the wood again. We'll detour through Serednia Luka. So, Lena says, 'Either come the fuck home on leave, or I'll take our son and move to Poland for fucking good. You are not around either way'"

Nastya sighs loudly.

Beard:

"And my son recently told me, 'When I grow up, I want to go to war like you, Dad, and die there.' But I am not dead, Nastya. You understand? Honestly, Nasty, I'm thinking of deserting."

Beard parks in the forest, and they walk to the outskirts of the village. There isn't a single intact house. In the basement of a bombed school sits the command post. Outside, a crater the size of a dump truck – fresh hit from a guided aerial bomb.

Beard:

"They say the most important thing for a soldier is to die on time. Because in the cities, we're in their way, supposedly. We're in their way of living life."

Officers mosey around the school. A black cat and a gray cat stand on the road.

Black Cat:

(yells at the gray one)

Gray Cat:

(silent)

Black Cat:

(yells again)

Gray Cat:

(silent)

Beard to the gray cat:

"Why are you silent? Are you a sucker?"

Cat:

(starts howling back)

Beard:

"Now that's better."

Nastya and Beard walk past the command post, occasionally waving to someone. A fog spreads across the ground as the sun rises. They approach the fence of the battalion commander's house. The yard is unusually empty; no one is around. In the garden near the porch, stands the battalion commander, shirtless, wearing green military base layers and boots. The fog cinematically rises up his legs.

The battalion commander sways, a cigarette is burning in his mouth, and aims a pistol at the sky with his right hand. Distant explosions can barely be heard.

Beard shouts:

"Ivan!"

The commander stands silently, swaying, staring into the void. Suddenly, *bang* – he fires the pistol.

Beard crouches slightly and pulls Nastya down.

Commander:

bang bang bang bang (fires four more shots into the sky).

The commander lowers his arm but doesn't change his stance. The cigarette stuck to his lower lip is almost burnt out. The commander sways and stares into the void.

Beard and Nastya slowly and sadly walk back to the car through the almost deserted village. The fog thickens. Behind them, three more shots ring out. Nastya looks devastated, Beard sighs and glances at her with sympathy.

Near the car, Nastya's phone rings. She answers.

A voice on the other end, heavily breaking up and

berating quickly:

"Hello, Anastasia? This is Oksana Yevhenivna, your daughter's class teacher. She felt unwell during class, so we called an ambulance. I tried to reach you by phone and Viber, but couldn't get through. Her father, for some reason, told me that you died. However, I found out that you didn't, you just joined the army! Thank you for your service, and may God protect you! I know your daughter is feeling better now. When she returns home, she needs to learn a poem for Climate Protection Day by heart. She's shy about reciting it in front of everyone, so we decided she could recite it to me, and Maryna Polishchuk will perform on stage instead. Also, could you please take a photo of the payment receipt for the field trip and send it to me on Viber when you get home? I've written about this in the group chat three times already. I really hope to see you at the next parent meeting; we will be voting on gifts for the teachers for the end-of-year ceremony. Again, thank you for your service and for every single day of freedom we have."

Nastya slowly and silently hangs up.

Scene III**A trench.**

Nastya sits in the corner under the log cover, rummaging through a large backpack. Her arm is bandaged, and her uniform is stained with blood. Next to her, a soldier, Nazar, sleeps with a rifle in his hands. The constant sounds of explosions surround them.

Spartacus runs through the trench with a rifle in hand. The trench is too narrow for his shoulders; as he runs, he almost scrapes against the walls. A powerful explosion occurs, causing dirt to rain

down. He slips on some rot and falls onto his back. His rifle gets stuck in the ground on both sides, and he struggles to get up, flailing his legs like a beetle on its back. Nazar wakes up and pokes his head towards the main trench. Spartacus waves his arms energetically. The soldier waves back and retreats under the cover.

Nazar:

"Spartacus is back."

Nastya:

"Is he okay?"

Nazar:

"Fuck knows, he's lying around the corner. Give me a pill, my tooth hurts."

A powerful explosion sends dirt raining down, and a live mouse falls on Nastya before quickly scurrying away. Spartacus crawls under the cover. Nastya searches for pills.

Spartacus:

"They took the chaplain away."

Nastya:

"How did he handle it?"

Spartacus:

"Just fine. He was laughing near the evacuation vehicle and shouting, 'Good luck, suckers.'"

Nazar:

"Well, he has no arm now. They'll discharge him. Lucky guy."

At these words, Nazar examines his own arms with interest. While talking, he rolls up his sleeve on his left arm, while his right hand marks as if measuring: "Here? Or here?"

Spartacus pulls out some weed, paper, and tries to roll a joint. Nearby explosions interrupt him.

Spartacus:

"What about Beard?"

Nastya:

"I took him to Kramatorsk this morning, put him on a BlaBlaCar."

Spartacus:

"The commander didn't approve his leave, did he?"

Nastya:

"He said it's not the right time. But when is the right time, when every day is hell, and his family is falling apart right now? It's not like he's some drunk, it's Beard! He has more medals than coins on a sunken Spanish galleon. He's earned it. I also went to the personnel office to check on my leave."

Nazar:

"And?"

Nastya:

"The office opens at eight, but at seven I was told to go on shift because the medic was killed."

Spartacus:

"And yesterday?"

Nastya:

"Yesterday, by the time I got there, it was evening, and they were closed."

Spartacus:

"In three days, they'll rotate us; then you'll definitely get to go."

Nastya:

"At least I got to shower. I even grabbed some sushi for dinner in Lyman, a big roll with Philadelphia cheese."

Spartacus smacks his lips and sighs:

"Ooooh, Philadelphia..."

Nazar:

"Is this bunker reliable?"

Nastya:

"Anxiety-proof."

Nazar, respectfully:

"Exceptional?"

Nastya:

"No, they're all like this here."

Nazar:

"What does 'anxiety-proof' mean?"

Nastya:

"It won't save you from artillery, but it'll calm you down a bit."

Nazar:

"You're always joking. There must be something that you are afraid of."

Spartacus:

"Nothing's worse than dying while shitting."

Nazar:

"True. It's also bad to lose your arms or legs. Or your eyes."

Spartacus:

"But at least you're in a trench. What I hate most is sitting in basements. There, if you get buried in a two-story building, no firemen will come dig you out. And imagine being alive under the rubble."

Nastya:

"Nothing's worse than going to a funeral and looking your friend's mother in the eye. And each time it gets worse."

Everyone falls silent.

Nazar:

"Fine, I'm a man, you are a lady, what are you doing here?"

Everyone stays silent.

Spartacus: "There're always fools who carry the burden for everyone. And then they're feared and despised for it. What can I say? Being among such fools is an honor. Honestly, there aren't many other perks."

Nastya: "I was in Bucha in March 2022, right after our troops entered. There were still bodies lying in the streets. I was green, never seen anything like it. But the bodies on the streets weren't that scary. They just lay around here and there, small, covered, like piles of rags. If you don't dwell on it, you're fine. We parked in a column of pickups near a church, and a local priest came up, asking us to check the area for booby traps and mines. As though we're sappers. We're just territorial defense forces, yesterday's civilians. Only one of us was a professional soldier, Pavlo, and he kinda told us what to do and what not to do. Everyone spread out - some went into the church, others around it. Pavlo ordered me to stay close to him. We walked around, and I was worried that someone might step on something. We circled the church, and behind it we saw three long trenches filled with fresh earth, and one that was uncovered. I walked up to the edge and saw it was full of trash bags, you know, the black ones. I thought it was a strange kind of garbage dump. And then I see, right at my feet, a body wrapped in a duvet cover. And from the cover, a pale white hand is sticking out. The bedding is just like my grandma's, with tiny pink flowers. I used to visit her in the summer, and she would make apple pie. The whole house would smell sweetly of sponge cake and milk. In the evening, she'd tuck me into a soft featherbed. I'd trace imaginary lines between the tiny pink flowers on the pillow with my finger before falling asleep."

Everyone stays silent. A few rounds land nearby, and dirt falls into Spartacus' eyes and mouth. He spits it out.

Nastya, continues: "I used to be a makeup artist in a theater before the full-scale war. I had a child with a good guy, and my parents bought us an

apartment in Kyiv. He's a businessman, he owns four phone case stands in shopping malls. And there I was, standing at the edge of a pit near a church in Bucha, and there were bodies in that pit. A light rain was falling, it was cold. One of the bodies was wrapped in a floral sheet. And what was I supposed to do? What am I supposed to do with all of this?"

Everyone remains silent.

Spartacus takes a drag, then says:

"They've really torn us up here. Yesterday, half of the Third company were either severely wounded or dead. No evacuation until night, waiting for an assault."

Nazar:

"But how do we get out if we're surrounded?"

No one answers him. **Spartacus** takes another drag and loudly plays a rock 'n' roll song on his phone. The three of them sit silently while explosions continue. The music plays as the characters sit, relaxed, half-asleep.

Scene IV

Beard and his wife Lena stand at a cemetery. He is in uniform, she is dressed like an average middle-class woman. They are attending the anniversary of a soldier's death. Next to the grave is a small table with snacks, and the soldier's mother is pouring vodka and beer into plastic cups. There are many people around.

The soldier's mother, loudly:

"And there he is, my Vova, on stage, so small, with his little violin, blonde, blue-eyed! He was so talented! So talented!"

Someone in uniform among the guests:

"Yes, and he played the guitar too."

The soldier's wife, to Lena:

"Can you believe these bastards? A month ago, I came to Vova's grave and the owners of the adjacent plot had put up a fence! Right where I had a bench!"

Lena:

"Fucking jerks!"

The fallen soldier's child, a blond boy about nine years old, loudly:

"Mom, mom!"

The soldier's wife:

"I ran to the administration, and they said, 'There's nothing we can do,' and just looked at me so smugly, you know?"

Lena:

"Fuckers, no shame at all."

The soldier's son:

"Moooom!"

The soldier's wife:

"Yeah. So I told the administrator either he takes a tape measure and comes with me, or I'll drag him by the collar. And he left scared. And he measured it, these fuckers tried to take thirty centimeters from my Vova's grave. But fuck them. I personally brought a crowbar and tore down their damn fence."

The soldier's son approaches, tugging at his mother's sleeve:

"Mom, mom!"

The soldier's wife:

"What do you want?"

The soldier's son:

"Do you have a marker?"

The soldier's wife:

"No."

She turns away, wanting to continue the conversation. But then she turns back and asks:

"Why do you need one?"

The soldier's son:

"I need to correct the number on Dad's headstone; it says 27, but he's 28 now."

Beard's wife, Lena, turns to him with anger. She whispers hysterically:

"Did you hear that? Is that what you want too? Because I don't want it, I don't want it, do you hear me?"

Beard stands with a stone-cold face, staring at the headstone.

Scene V

Spartacus and Nastya are in the basement, eating delicious instant borscht and drinking coffee. A pot of water heats on a portable stove, and soldiers sleep on mats by the walls.

Nastya:

"What's that smell?"

Spartacus:

"There was a farm behind the fence. With animals."

Nastya:

"And?"

"They all died."

"Oh."

They sit in silence. Then Nastya speaks:

"But we didn't die."

She laughs oddly. Silence. Then Nastya says:

"After the war, screw all the touristy stuff.

Hiking? Screw it. Village trips? Screw that.

Barbecues in nature? Screw it all. Hot water, a

toilet, a warm bed, fresh food, and chairs – that's

how life should be. And soft rugs. The kind where you stand barefoot and it's squish, squish, squish." She tries to imitate the squish sound with her large military boots with a metal toe.

Nastya:

"How did you get the neighboring unit to agree? There must've been a ton of people wishing to evacuate on this armored vehicle."

Spartacus:

"I told you I'd get you out, didn't I? I'll get you out. How bad is your daughter? What do the doctors say?"

"They say her condition is moderate. I sent the diagnosis to the medical officer; he says she'll live, but it's bad, and that a sick child needs her mother. And I know she needs her mother. But how can I leave you guys? (Pause) And the road is completely cut off. We can't get in or out."

Spartacus:

"Don't worry. What choice do we have? We'll make a run for it while it's quiet, and I'll hand you off at the bridge."

Nazar, emerging from his sleeping bag, sitting on a mat:

"And what about me? I'm almost injured; my tooth hurts. And my back."

Silence. The sound of soldiers snoring. **Spartacus** collects the empty metal bowls, leaves the basement, and washes them with bottled water.

Nazar:

"Don't bother giving me the pill, Cuckoo. If I were you, I wouldn't leave a sick daughter behind. What kind of woman are you?"

Nastya, tired:

"I'm getting up now."

Nazar, nervously:

"And what? I'm just saying. Your phone's ringing."

Nastya picks up the phone. Her daughter's voice on

the line:

"Mom!"

"Yes, sweetie."

"I feel bad, Mom. Where are you?"

"I'm chasing away bad people in the war, remember, kitty? I miss you so much."

"Are you coming home?"

"It's hard right now because my friends might die if I do, but I'm trying. Did Uncle Vova arrive?"

"He did."

"Give him the phone, kitty."

"Mom, come quickly if you love me."

"I love you more than the highest mountain, kitty."

Beard's voice on the phone:

"Hello, Nastya, it's me."

"How is she?"

"Not good, but I've gotten all the doctors involved. They say it's some hospital infection."

"And my mom?"

"Nastya, she died yesterday, heart failure. I haven't told the little one yet, I don't know how."

Nastya stares silently at the wall.

"Nastya? Nastya!"

After a long pause **Nastya:**

"What?"

"Have you figured out how to get out?"

Nastya stares at **Spartacus**, who's washing dishes near the basement entrance while distant explosions sound. After a pause, she says:

"No. We're surrounded. You'll look after her, won't you?"

Beard says something, but the connection cuts off.

Scene VI

The same basement. Two wounded soldiers lie in a corner, with a medic beside them. Someone is

screaming, and explosions are heard outside.

Spartacus and unfamiliar soldiers burst in, carrying the battalion commander. The commander groans, **Spartacus** has a slightly injured arm. **Nastya** enters, throws down her backpack, removes her vest and helmet, and rushes to the medic. She silently starts treating a wound.

Spartacus grabs her by the shoulder and yells:
"Are you crazy? Why did you come back?"

Nastya:

"Get off me."

Spartacus, yelling:

"Dumbass!"

Nastya, continuing her work:

"Can't argue with that. I sent two young girls from the med unit on the armor. What's the situation? Nazar says we stormed and secured the position."

Spartacus:

"We stormed it. And Nazar supposedly took out a tank."

Nazar, straightening his shoulders proudly:

"Yeah, we took them down. And I was saved by Thor's hammer. I wore it for luck because luck is the greatest power for a true warrior."

The wounded battalion commander in the corner, instructively:

"The greatest power now is FPV (First-Person View drones)."

Nazar, offended:

"Well, still..."

Nazar approaches **Nastya**, who is up to her elbows in blood, bandaging a wounded soldier's stump:

"Can you give me a pill? My tooth hurts."

Nastya, tired, pauses, looks over her shoulder at him:

"This is so exhausting. I'll finish up and give you one."

Nazar, straightening up and proudly saying:
"Maybe I'll get a medal."

Two explosions occur near the basement entrance. Everyone falls; **Nazar** covers **Nastya**, removes his helmet, and places it on her head. Another explosion hits near the basement, causing pieces of the ceiling to fall. A loud ringing noise echoes in the background, like the sound in the ears after a head injury.

Epilogue

Nastya sits at the edge of the stage next to a large military backpack, eating sausage with a knife, drinking juice. Four people in colorful, civilian clothes, like Hawaiian shirts, enter and place a coffin in the center of the stage. They then hang a bronze plaque on the wall of the building in the background. A fifth person in a suit steps out to give a speech. As triumphant music plays, the people in colorful clothes finish setting up, suddenly turn to Nastya, grab her, and try to force her into the coffin. She resists, screaming.

Person in the suit (in the background):

"Today, we gather to unveil a memorial that symbolizes the dedication and heroism of our nation's defenders. This monument is a lasting tribute to those who, fulfilling their civic duty, gave their lives to protect Ukraine's sovereignty and territorial integrity. Their sacrifice reminds us of the need to preserve and pass on the high ideals that inspired these warriors to perform their feats in the name of Ukraine."

Nastya:

"But I'm still alive, I'm alive!"

After they force Nastya into the coffin, they close it two-thirds of the way. One of the colorful characters holds the lid down with hands and feet, while the other starts nailing it shut.

First Colorful Person:

"Got any cigarettes?"

Second Colorful Person (nailing the coffin):

"Yeah."

"What kind?"

"Kent."

"With a capsule?"

"Yeah."

"What flavor?"

"Mint and raspberry."

"Share one."

Second Colorful Person slowly takes out a cigarette.

"Don't crush the capsule! I hate raspberry."

"Me too."

They smoke silently.

First Colorful Person:

"Shut up already."

He bangs on the coffin with his fist.

Second Colorful Person:

"All soldiers are like that. They're shell-shocked. They can't hear anything."

"Seriously? All of them?"

"All of them. There are constant explosions on the front lines. They come back deaf."

"I think deafness isn't sexy for a woman."

They smoke silently.

"Well, maybe not all women are deaf. Most are in the rear, warming their lazy asses with our money."

"And getting paid four thousand dollars for it."

"And stuffing their faces. They all come back fat. I'm all for body positivity, but I think extra weight isn't sexy for a woman."

We see Nastya's face as she sometimes grabs at the lid, only for one of the colorful characters to hit her fingers with a hammer.

First Colorful Person:

"I wanted to go to war too, but the guys talked me out of it, said I'm more needed in the rear."

Second Colorful Person:

"Could use some coffee."

Person in the suit (in the background):

"This monument is not only meant to immortalize the courage and resilience of our defenders but also serves as a constant reminder to every citizen of the responsibility to maintain national unity and ensure the security of our state. This place, dedicated to the memory of our heroes, is now a symbol of civic consciousness and national unity, as well as a testament to our shared responsibility for preserving peace in Ukraine. Eternal honor and memory to the heroes who gave their lives for the future of our Motherland!"

Nastya:

"I'm alive!"

First Colorful Person (to Second):

"I'm not coming tomorrow. I'm starting a business."

Second Colorful Person:

"What kind of business?"

"I saw this thing on TikTok. 500 dollars a month, no age limit."

"Are you an idiot?"

"I'm a businessman. You just don't get it."

"Did you send them money?"

"They don't ask for payment upfront."

"You didn't send any?"

"Well, I sent 5 dollars. They said it's to show I'm serious. You can also stamp cups; they send you everything, the cups and the stamp. You just choose

which post office..."

"You're a sucker."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"You'll see. I'll make money and invest in crypto. Do you know how much the Bitcoin market is worth now?"

"I didn't think about it."

"A trillion dollars! And who invented Bitcoin? Some guy sitting in a basement, typing away, and now everyone's chasing after him. In business, the main thing is to believe in yourself."

The colorful characters fully close the coffin and nail down the top. Screams are heard from inside.

Curtain.

The voices from Scene IV repeat with an echo effect and then fade:

"Mom, give me a marker."

"For what?"

Rock 'n' roll from Scene III plays.