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Dedicated to the singer Vasyl Slipak, known as 'Myth'¹

Cast:
SHE - 20-40 years

The heroine is completely fictional, and any similarity with reality is entirely accidental.

An almost empty stage. There is a kind of seat, something unconventional. There is a drum or some other percussion instrument. SHE comes out in neutral comfortable black clothes, holding a few more costumes that she will use during the performance. She is singing a melody (Mephistopheles' aria from the opera 'Faust'). There may be a cup of coffee.

¹ Slipak was a successful tenor living in Paris who returned to fight for Ukraine in the Donbas but was killed by a sniper in 2016

Today I had a dream. It's as if I'm sitting drinking coffee in a strange building - where all the walls are transparent. There are huge windows, and a lot of people everywhere. Outside there is a snowy wasteland. Suddenly someone shouts: "War! Do you think anyone reacts? No... I look out the windows and see tanks under tarpaulin, covered with snow. And I think idly, "Well, war is war. Will they drop bombs from the sky? Will they shoot at the windows? Where should one hide? Under the table? Behind the sofa? Well, until they actually start bombing, I'll finish my coffee. But it's hot." I drink by myself... And then I woke up...

Tell me, if someone shouts: "Bomb!" What will you do? Should you take cover? Where? Or maybe it's a gas attack... Invisible at first. Soft... Or perhaps a sniper. Shooting from a distance. So far away he can't see you. He just knows he has to kill you. Not because you did something to him... You're just his target. Life. And death. He moves closer. You can feel his breath. Very near. Do you think he is mysterious, mystical?... No! Can you smell him? " (She suddenly covers her mouth with her hand and her breathing quickens). I hate this smell - death...

Do you think this couldn't happen to you? You know it could. And I know. But I don't care. It seems that the worst has already happened, and here I am, alive. Drinking coffee. Do you know what really saves you? Autopilot. (SHE does some breathing exercises, gymnastics, trying to calm down.) Do you remember how the Little Prince started his mornings? He cleaned his volcanoes. And where do we start now? First, of course, with coffee. (Drinks.) And then? People check and sort their e-mails, their Facebook or some other social network and watch the news. It already seems that anyone who isn't on the Internet doesn't really exist, like he is in the Stone Age! Without it, we feel uncertain. Suddenly something like this happened, and we missed it! Of course, there are few surprises now. Bombs, fires, terrorist attacks, plane crashes... Almost every day! The only thing that I'm bothered about is just where? In our hybrid times, it can happen anywhere. And the only question is how close it is to you and the people close to you. Just so you can change your route or warn people. Simple...

That's how I started my morning, habitually - cleaning volcanoes (Switches on the gadget.) Then suddenly a message - normal, unterrifying, even the opposite: ecstatically cheerful. Only the letter was from over there, from our neighbouring state, from the other side of the front. Yes, as if nothing had happened! (Joyfully.) I was greeted, wished all the best and asked: "How are you?" Da-dah!... I used to answer: "Everything is OK". Recently, I began saying: "Except for the war, everything is fine..." And now? Once the worst happened, what was I afraid of? The worst is behind us. Surely it can't get any worse? So? But it doesn't go away - it's the worst, and it stays with you.

Here's a simple question: how are you? I'm fascinated... No, we need something good. Yes, concentrate. Let's start...

How are you? What's new? Great! I love classical music now. I listen to operas. Can you imagine? I am an opera buff. You don't believe me? Here,

listen - pa-pa-p-a... This is 'Faust'. Mephistopheles's aria... (*SHE sings, maybe turns on the music, imitates the conductor, moves to the rhythm of the music.*) Music entirely takes me over so often now... Did you know that music develops intelligence? It turns out that it affects the part of the brain that connects the right and left hemispheres, the conscious and subconscious. But it's not only that. Music is very important now. In such a time. How can I explain it to you? Music is complex. Polyphony. They say music is the language of the soul. Life happens to us once - and that's it. And no more. And all you are is a soul. Do you see what I mean? Death is very near. Very near. And I want my soul to be as good as it can be. I want it to be fully developed, with frills and ornament. But you can just use a drum. It's too late to start learning music. But the drum - it's the way to go. (*Knocks.*) And when you want to beat someone, it also helps. (*Knocks harder.*) Isn't that cool?

So now everything is cool: I have music, and the worst is behind me... (*Doing breathing exercises.*) Look at this message. (*Returns to her gadget*) Wow! I've been invited to witness a wedding! Just that - a friend... I should be happy. Yes? After all, we've known each other long time. Or used to know. In the past, in non-hybrid time. When everything was simple. Before the war. So I am confused again. (*Prowls like a predator in a cage.*) I wonder how to answer. But I decide. (*Adjusts the camera.*) I'll record on video. Here is the camera, it captures everything. This is my witness. My friend (*On camera.*) So, friend... Such concepts - brother, friend - have now become a kind of 'hybrid'. Fraternal peoples, friendship... I am just overwhelmed by the falsehoods. When you know that your brother may be Cain, and you were born Abel and doomed to love him... It's hard to simply stop loving just because they kill. How do you stop? I don't know how. I don't know how to become indifferent to you... (*Gets a music box.*) I have the gift you left - this music box. Exquisite as a princess's - a girl's dream. I used to keep my little treasures in it and loved the melody it played so much... (*Opens, listens.*) It reminds me of how we played when we were children, and how we shared our first secrets about boys... It was simple, but it always made me feel safe... Now - no. Its innards coil like an invisible spring that can untwist and strike. (*slams.*) Losing friendship hurts like losing love... You know, we have a monument dedicated to the friendship of peoples - in the form of a rainbow arch. Once my little nephew asked, "Hey, is the rainbow dead?" "No, whatever gave you that idea?" "Why a monument to her then?" The rainbow died. The friendship of peoples is dead. We live by her grave. Me and all of us are now witnesses to her murder. I was a witness even before you invited me. I testify...

Do you know what I saw in your letter, dear friend? You wished me peace! Thank you very much! When we were little, these wishes for peace seemed silly, to be honest. Why wish for peace when it already existed? When it seemed only idiots would ever fight. And now everything is different. And now, when there is a war, there are only two options for peace on the table - defeat or victory. So here's the test: when they want peace, they ask about these options. Yes, of course, peace please, thank you - victory over the aggressor, right? So if a person truly wants peace, he says: yes, victory, please. And if not - you get defeat. I've seen this many times. The third option is

never mentioned. Or or. So you want me to win? Or vice versa? You do understand that our victory is your defeat? No? And so I thought, how can I go on? When is the war going to end??

And so I give her this answer: “Yes, this is your war, and we do not have anything quiet and peaceful...” Do you really not understand? This is not a war between us, but a war upon us. This is your war, imposed by you. Do you understand that it is impossible to wish for peace and at the same time send tanks and bombs? You can't rob, send assassins and executioners. It's either-or. You can't mix. Do you understand? War does not simply erupt out of the earth. There is always one who attacks and one who defends. We did not attack you. Our tanks and bombs are not in your territory. And yours are. Can you buy a tank in the supermarket? No? And the ‘beech’²? Do you know what it is? It's a guided missile that shoots at planes. And I can't get one. They're not sold here. And they don't grow on trees – nor fall from the sky. Seriously. Well, what other options might there be? Could you dig one out of the ground? You know someone once dug up a Second World War tank from the earth, took it apart, cleaned it, and tried to put it together again. But what about the rockets? Oh yes, you could have bought them from the soldier who got out of the tank – before he crashed it? Garbage. Or maybe you could steal from a museum display? More garbage. And what other options? A time machine? Magic? Or maybe you could say these separatists just took them from our soldiers? Uh? You try it then – run out naked and unarmed in front of a tank and just snatch it. Well, you might be able to do it but I can't. And I don't really believe anyone can. And even if this one in a thousand miracle happens, would you be able to drive it? I couldn't. And could you fire a ‘beech’ at a plane? Or could I? Of course not. Because this has to be learned, my dear. It needs military training. Full stop.

I do not believe this nonsense. There is only one possibility: your chosen ones sent them to us with your tacit consent. Paid for with your taxes. With maybe a little more for our ex-president's asylum. When ordinary crimes are tried, those who pay for them are as guilty as those who shoot. Why not in this case? Your country robs and murders ours. So you are all clients and sponsors of mass crimes. Millions of refugees are millions robbed. Tens of thousands are killed and wounded. We are all witnesses to these crimes. Not just the president. Everyone. You too. Do you understand that? You say there's nothing you can do? You can do something! We stopped our killers! You cannot live like this...

But maybe you understand now why I don't want to talk about your wedding? ... But do you think I don't care who you marry? Of course not. I could not resist asking who he was. Then you sent me his profile on Facebook and... with an extra note: what an A plus he is – and more, look! He sympathizes with us! So I was even thinking of asking... What does it mean with us? So yeah, I read further: “Help those who are for friendship, not for war...” And what does that mean?... I decide to look at his page. Apparently, there are some photos. (*Clicks on the gadget, looks.*) Oh, there he is, cute, but not my

² Buk or 'beech' are Russian surface-to-air guided missiles

taste. A video even: fun on the beach... (*Hear screams of laughter, his unintelligible voice, then suddenly she freezes, and stops the video.*) And then I heard his voice. A voice that seemed familiar to me. I didn't know the face, but the voice... I'm not sure, maybe I'm wrong. But can I somehow check? But how? ... I know: call a friend! (*Calls.*) Hello, did you know?... Yes, I'm holding on... Almost OK. I have a request for you... Remember, you told me once about a voice recognition programme ... What did you say, multibiometric identification? Something like that... I will send a video. I need to know - is it the same voice or not? Do you understand? ... I'll buy you a bottle... Oh no, I won't drink with you... No, I'm not a bastard, I just can't... I'll drink juice for company.... What? Mango... Ok. goodbye...

Disconnects, quickly turns on the Internet on the gadget, clicks.

That's when it all started... I went to Paris and He invited me to the Opéra Bastille. What an evening it was! I didn't like opera before. I was annoyed by all that painted artificial scenery and those fat singers. I even closed my eyes just to listen and not see everything. But here everything was different - concise, transparent, sleek, sensual... No, he did not sing then - I heard him earlier, in the square, during our action against the war. You see, others went there with megaphones, but he didn't need to - his voice was so powerful that it could drown out all the noise and all the voices, as if it were a voice from heaven. He was above all - a giant. Not a man, but a mythical hero. A living Myth... This voice had such power - not only sound - but spirit. And then in the opera I understood his element - music, complex, polyphonic and multifaceted, as if you are dissolving in this polyphony of the world ... He was near, and I heard his heart. It was beating so hard that I could feel it. Like an alarm. In my honour... And my heart also pounded like a frightened bird, anxious and strong. I was gone. I was captivated...

There is an operatic aria from La Traviata. He moved to the music of the aria. It is not exactly a dance, but a movement. But he starts beating the drum to the beat of the music, louder, no longer to the beat. Then stopped.

I was flipping through your page again and suddenly saw a photo from Paris... Familiar streets, the Seine, the boats, the dark water... You wrote that you wanted to spend your honeymoon in Paris. He allegedly makes good money, so now your dream will come true... Paris...

I loved Paris very much. I was even in love with him. Really. Here you can fall in love with the person, and with the city. The same feelings. Drive, flight, music... But now I felt betrayed. By the Heart of Europe. Now I have a different image.

Christmas trees... It all started with a Christmas tree - armed men beat girls with batons, apparently for just trying to decorate a Christmas tree. It was horrific . A Christmas tree. The sponsor and leader of global terrorism presented a Christmas tree to Paris. And what is wrong with that? A cute Christmas tree. Great. Then I realized what it was... a Trojan horse... And what did our people do? They decorated this Christmas tree with tags with

names of those killed on the Maidan and the war. Your bombs, your bullets, your shells... Not all, of course, but only a small part. Because if there were all the names, the Christmas tree would be completely covered with a white shroud and black letters.

And if we include all the victims - the wounded, the robbed, the refugees and all their relatives - and there are millions of them - then those letters would cover half of Paris. We gathered for rallies and chanted: "No to war in Europe!"

(Begins to run and chant in public.)

No war in Europe! No war in Europe! I stared into the eyes of passers-by. "Is this a war?" Ah, tens of thousands wounded and killed? Seriously? And millions of refugees? Ah, really? Is it in Europe? You are not exactly Europe... Well, maybe geographically and yes, but... Yes, we are worried! We are very worried! Stop shooting... Stop? And wait until we're all killed? - "So negotiate with them..." Tell me, how can you negotiate with a bullet flying at you? Or with a bomb that tears to pieces? How?! We handed out matryoshka cards with your president's face: "Don't be the next victim..." I stared into their faces and saw scepticism: "Are we victims? Never. We are doing well. You are uncivilized idiots, and that's why you're being killed. And we are very civilized. We can never have that!" Never... It was before the terrorist attacks... Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Istanbul... Ask who benefited from them - and you will find who ordered them... How quickly skepticism evaporates... Fear is a universal tool! It has no nationality nor citizenship. I saw people walking with flags, singing songs... *(Singing to Marseilles.)* Because the protection against fear is the same. Beyond borders. Well, come on - why don't you negotiate with the terrorists! Try it! Make an agreement with the truck that crushes you with its wheels! Give them their own territories! Give them seats in parliament! Amnesty for terrorists! What? You don't like it? You need to hear them! Do you hear only the explosions and screams of victims? Why not? This is what you advise us to do! This is your recipe for combating terrorism! You repeat, like a mantra, that there is no alternative! Do you think we are any different? Wild? We do not have the same body, mind, feelings, soul?! And when I remember these ribbons, where blue and yellow mingled with the gold stars of the EU - scorched and pierced by bullets, because our people were dying for solidarity with Europe, I want to shout!...

I do not want such a Europe... This kind of Free Europe... How few people I have met who actually supported it, who did not divide things into black and white and supported the right to freedom and law, in solidarity with our anti-war actions... Democratic Europe is a myth, a ghost, it no longer exists. This is the bitter truth. Now maybe there is another, one that values only peace and profit, sells off its values of equality and freedom, stashes abroad thousands of documents, divides into real Europeans and not real Europeans, worthy and unworthy? You know, it seems like the world is already going through upheavals... Racism has new hybrid versions... Yes, of course, people are different... But do you know how we differ? We just learned earlier that the

world has changed, that there is a war, and it is different. The fall of the Bastille was a symbol of freedom, the nerve and heart of the new Europe. Now this symbol of freedom is the Maidan. The Maidan was a vaccination against fear. It seems that our people are tired of being afraid. No strength, maybe. But no shame... And when I am buried... it won't be in Europe, no! I won't mourn the death of the illusion of a free Europe, followed by bullets with and without wooden shields, which burned in the fire and died from bullets.

She sings Marseillaise to music and performs a funeral ritual

When my singer went to war, many were shocked. To have such a brilliant career - concerts, engagements, touring, winning competitions - then suddenly go to war? (*Imitates a journalist.*) "How could you exchange such a glamorous life for a trench?" (*She's supposed to be in charge of him.*) "Can't a trench be glamorous?" He could be happy there - because there was the transformation of the revolution, where there are so many people of spirit... But yes there was always danger - the invisible presence of an internal enemy - in bodies, courts, banks, councils and even on the streets... He felt and understood that... "Did we just give up?"

That's why I understood him... When others set off to defend, they take risks. You only hide if you're not a man... All that crap of is this war or not war... It's so clear. Everything is plain there. Here you listen, and it's "Oh, everything is gone, everyone has merged, everything was handed over." But there - no. "We are defending ourselves. We will not give up." There is dignity. There is real masculine valour there... And when the journalist asked him why he went to join the anti-terrorist operation, he answered: "The anti-terrorist operation is now everywhere." And it's true...

There is a world war. But it is different, a hybrid. This war is not outside any territory but inside all. Not only are cities being bombed, but the brain is bombed even more. Cyber-attacks, fake news, fabricated terrorism, election fraud... Bought there, intimidated there, cheated here, and dropped a bomb here... And the whole world is caught in a game of manipulation. Are you different? Then why do you increase hunting expenses and cancel the puppet show? Because to hell with your children? We are all just targets for attacks. For a universal game show. There is a war for the soul: Mephistopheles - Faust. (*Music from Faust's opera begins to sound softly.*) It's very simple. If they conquer your soul, you will give everything else anyway. There is an eternal war. For the soul. And how can you buy a soul? There are hundreds of ways. You look at the declarations of our beloved politicians and understand that they have been bought. With trinkets, with a crown... "People die for gold." And with others - it's even easier. What do we need? I think just two things: a little calm and a cheap thrill. Take a cup of coffee or tea, settle in a cosy chair with a book or gadget, and music or a movie... We burn for it - for those minutes of pleasure alone with ourselves. Well, sometimes you need more of a thrill - just enjoy it with others. For some it's a game or a show, for some it is love, for some it is a competition, for others it is skiing or parachuting, hiking or shopping. Have fun. I used to love dancing. But for

some, the buzz is hunting. People. To them, the whole earth is like a coliseum or bullfight...

Toreador's aria from the opera Carmen, she dances in the style of bullfighting.

But what the hell - wait! My God, what the hell is this...I watched the news... And I knew that the world has turned upside down... All those sadists who killed and sold themselves to the enemy are released from prison for their loot, or even nothing. And our patriots fill the prisons... Werewolves roam... It's so scary. When you see people who have sold their souls... What the hell happened to the reforms? Where are they? In what? Nothing! What do they do? Now it is so convenient - you can write everything off to war. The currency has fallen - war. Utilities rise – because of war. Curricula are being reduced, science is being destroyed – because of war! Why the hell educate cannon fodder? So they know how to leave? And will we will drive more Syrian refugees to Europe and nationalists into their parliaments. What the hell is globalization? What kind of democracy? England for the British, America for the Americans. Do you really think that you can hide behind borders and laws? What funny naive people... You can run nowhere, and hide nowhere either. As in that anecdote - where can you find another world? Unless you fly to Mars ... Stop the Earth, I want to get off... So is it better in anti-terrorist operation? (*Gets a military flag, throws it over her shoulders*). If you already die, then at least it's with a purpose...

She puts on a war song, anti-terrorist operation anthem or shooting anthem, sings a little and beats the drum.

No, I did not go to the front - I understand that I am a bad soldier... I waited. He came back blackened, with gray, inflamed eyes, angry... And I didn't know what to do to thaw him out... How could I keep him warm? I didn't know how to ask and what was needed? I once asked what is he most afraid of? To die stupidly... But I knew - I cannot change anything in his life. His fate is close to me but not together. I realized that now, but not then... Do you think I didn't try to stop him? Didn't ask, didn't pray? I asked and I prayed... I was convinced I could do something here: both by singing and volunteering...

I had this desire to keep him, and to leave him... Maybe that's why it happened? Who knows, what does it matter now... That morning I did a pregnancy test. Well, I saw that it was two stripes, but I didn't know how to tell him... I hesitated all day. And in the evening we met. He had come to say goodbye... He was going back to the war... So tell me, do you understand why they go back there? It's awful! It's cold, hungry, dangerous, terrifying! Why?! Can you understand that? Do they want to avoid feeling guilty? Or is it a brotherhood. A selective society. Almost everyone there has higher education... But there are many with children... And there are just young people, still alone, like children...

Baby... I didn't know how to say that... Would that stop him? I don't know... But what if it turned out that I was blackmailing him. That it was somehow

'stupid'. That it was as if I wanted to marry him by force or something. And that's kind of humiliating... He didn't stay for me anyway. Or maybe I'm stupid? Maybe I should have said? Ha? And, suddenly, he would have stayed? My God, how I want to howl! Howl like a wolf! How to turn back time? But if I had said, and he still left, it would be even harder for me... Although, what could be harder than death? ... I did not go to say goodbye... I did not want the child to see him like that...

She folds into a cocoon pose and swings in all directions. She raises her head sharply

A sniper. It was a sniper. I saw him. Not the face, but the outlines, heard his voice... He bragged about his killing on video. Was it a fake? You know, that's all for now. True or not? I listened to that voice over and over until I memorized every word, every nuance. I believed... So what do I do now, tell me? How do I live? I have a child who will never see his dad. He will not hug him, he will not touch him, he will not protect him, he will not be the best for him... He will never carry him on his shoulders, will not tug his beard, will not throw him in the air, will not play football with him, will not teach him to dive... And I? What will happen to me? How will I live without a husband? How will I survive? Even the basic practicalities! And what would you advise? Quickly find another man? That's an option – just sleep with someone... There is more than one person willing... And then pretend that it is his child? I can't... I couldn't lie and I couldn't keep quiet either... Get rid of it? You know, everyone around me says I'm stupid... whyever... There's still time ... Everyone advises me... For my own good... Take care of yourself... So what is life or death? And whose? After all, not only the baby, but also the Dad's. He lives in it! (*As if tracing the contours of the body.*) His body image, hair, voice, pride, blood type... How else can he do that? But how could he live like that? I don't know.

The sound of the phone is piercing. She does not immediately come to her senses, eventually responds

Yes, hello... And the result? A 97% match... So it's him?... Got you. Thanks for the help. (*Turns off the phone, returns to the video.*) So it was him... I looked at your message again. His silhouette on the video... I listened to the voice. The same modulations... So he went to work... And, apparently, he was paid... You think that doesn't happen? Such coincidences? And I believe that everything is not accidental... Life and death. And what should I do now? Go to your wedding? Girlfriend? And what do I take with me? A pistol? A Molotov cocktail? A grenade? A tank? You know I'm kidding. I don't have anything and I won't even take a knife – and I won't go at all.

I will just message his contacts... To who? Into space... Space is like this: it hears everything and understands everything... (*Clicks in the gadget.*) your chance? In fairness. I know a story about a guy who was killed. He was 19. He came back from the war. With medals. Attacked 9 on one. They just killed him stupidly ... None of these 9 are gone. They were all found... Who are

they? I do not know. Space. The answer. Nothing personal. I'm not sorry. I just want to believe in justice, you know? Without it, nothing makes sense...

The phone rings again. She answers.

Yes... Already all? Did they find him? When? ... Yesterday? Is that right? ... No, I won't, don't be afraid... I wasn't going to... Thank you for telling me... I'm fine... (*Turns off the phone.*) It's over... So what now? How to check if it is him?... Ask a friend to call the groom? And why not? And well... "The wedding is postponed. His phone is out of range." We are all long out of the zone – of fear and meaning... The wedding may be postponed or may not take place. Do you think there are no such coincidences?... Sometimes... What can I say, my dear?... There will be no wedding... At least this wedding... He probably is no more... He was a sniper... You didn't know?... But it's true... He didn't see clearly, but aimed and fired... Your whole country is a sniper, and ours - a target... We are in their sights. And the walls are transparent... I know that... But there can be a 'reaction' to every shot... This is the law of conservation of energy... You can go there... But I'm not sure you'll find his body... I don't know - maybe they drowned him in the river, maybe or burned or already taken to you and buried secretly, at night, the way they are usually buried. Not like us... Do you know how we are buried? While carrying the coffin, people by the side of the road get on their knees and pray. They sing the anthem: "We will lay down our souls and bodies for our freedom ..." And then they shout: "Heroes do not die!" Is that true? Heroes do die... Like Faust... Do you know when Faust gave his soul? What for? For 'free people on a free land.' Only he did not know that this was an illusion... That in fact it is the gravediggers digging his grave... But the angels retrieved his soul from the devil. Because when a man gives his soul, even the angels protest. Even they are fighting! So do our boys... I believe that their souls are taken away by angels and carried into the heavenly vortex, away from the hustle and bustle.

And yours also die... Only they... are not heroes. Heroes do not fight on foreign soil for loot... In a foreign country, a man with a weapon becomes an occupier and a terrorist. Everything else is from the evil one. And maybe it's better that you don't have a child from him... Do you understand? From the killer... And then they shoot here, mines explode, and girls are dragged into basements and raped... So I seriously don't advise you to come here. I don't know if I'm involved or not. Rather - no, I do know because it has already happened. But know this: I would not regret being involved! Because it's just... So, do you still want to have me as a friend? It may be strange, but now I can be friends with you again... You can come here, to me, now I sympathize with you and I can understand. True... Maybe = I will even help. After all, I can share what I know about death... At first it will be very painful, sharp... Then it will be a little easier... And in 9 days it will be even easier... Or I can come to you, do you want? I looked at the latest photos and suddenly realized that you are very close, in Paris, on the next street. I am also here now, in his apartment. He left me the key when I went there. So how do we meet, as in the good old days? Shall we cry in vests? Already adults. Forever... So how? If you agree, send me your address. Fear not, I am unarmed. I can be friends again.

Do you think I got some relief from this ‘answer’? Perhaps. Now I know there is justice... That it makes sense to live, not kill... I thought about it. Do you understand? And it's half a step to hell... But it wasn't easy for me... It's just cold... I see a frosty wasteland where tanks are hiding under a tarpaulin... But I don't want to shoot! God! Maybe it's your ‘answer’, but not mine! .. Because I'm not happy about it! Is that a little calmer...

Death, another death of the enemy... But we are also dying... Ukraine is getting smaller at an insane rate! How many millions less of us? How many refugees, emigrants who died in the war... And those who died of poverty and despair... But Europe is dying, the one we know... From what? Not from pandemics and wars. From reluctance to give birth... The birth index – the one with a tail. Is it a child plus a head or a leg? Figures, again idiotic figures... Emigrants from the south and east have many more children. In a generation, Europe will be completely different. Conquered from within. How many attacks, armies... And here - without a single shot. Conquered by women, and their children. Brilliant! And I will also be among the conquerors without weapons. I am no longer afraid. Everything that doesn't kill us makes us stronger. And I'm not alone, I'm redoubled - I have the crazy energy of a new soul. And I don't want to be a victim. Enough! No!

I will educate him with music, because music is intelligence, music is the language of souls, music is harmony... Do you hear? I don't want to kill! I do not want hatred, anger, rage! Take it all away from me, Lord. I will not give up my soul without a fight! Let it be bright - for children and the new world. Maybe the baby doesn't see yet, but he hears! After all, first they begin to hear. And I figured out a way to give him have a dad. Music! His songs... His voice... Do you know how painful it is for me to hear that voice? How it cuts my veins! But the baby needs it. Let him learn to sing! That's all I can give him now. And I grit my teeth and listen... Song is his dad's soul... Song is what keeps us on the edge of the abyss. If there is music, this world is not in vain...

I no longer feel guilty, I have my ‘answer’. When death is so close, the main thing is the soul. (*SHE does some manipulation of the box, the melody sounds and then abruptly stops at half-beat, the timer sounds, which gradually becomes louder.*) I no longer need a treasure chest. Because the only treasure I have is... I no longer have illusions and dreams... I know the truth about the timer... Do you hear it ticking? Do you think it's a bomb? Is it just that time is so confusing, explosive? Hybrid... I don't know. And no one knows when his timer will...

She leaves the box on the edge of the stage and leaves. The light goes out. The ticking is getting louder. Silence. A sad lullaby sounds.

Curtain.