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Play An absolutely harmonious world

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Абсолютно гармонійний світ

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An absolutely harmonious world (a silent thriller)

Characters

Ayida - a volunteer, a specialist in complex systems

Skol - a former soldier who returned from the war in the East

Beauty - a wife of the head of customs

Deputy - a member of the Verkhovna Rada of Ukraine

Enterprise director - a director of the enterprise

Journalist
Titushka- is a mercenary
Policeman
Woman

ACT ONE

A beautiful couple dances waltz. The beauty is cheerful, laughing.

Beauty. I will fall now. Let's calm down.

They slow down the dance.

Beauty. Where have you pumped up? All around are like bags of shit.

Skol. At the frontline.

Beauty (*laughing*). You have a sense of humor. A-a-a, the supply of bulletproof vests, backpacks, grub? Are you from the Ministry of Defense?

Skol. I am from Ilovaik.

They stop dancing.

Beauty. Did you survive in that hell?

Skol. I was lucky. I have a small request to you. Your husband is now pressing volunteers at the customs. Tell him: they will not give kickbacks. But they can shorten his life.

Beauty. Who? Those four-eyes?

Skol. Me. And the candles that you put with him in the church will not help.

Beauty. ... And what about the commandment "Thou shalt not murder"?

Skol. And what about the commandment "Thou shalt not steal"? I do not believe in God.

Beauty. ... Maybe I'll be happy to get rid of my bumpkin and won't tell him anything?

Skol. And what if you will also suffer... together with his lackeys? Aren't you afraid? ... I hope I'll never see you again. (*Turns to leave.*)

Beauty. Wait. Let's run away from him, from the war, from this damned Ukraine. I have seven hundred thousand in Switzerland. Ha? Come on?

Skol. It is better to give them to volunteers. Not to the Ministry of Defense, because they will steal them. Goodbye.

ACT TWO

Skol from his room talks sharply on Skype with Ayida. Her face is not visible, only the silhouette of her head.

Skol. These bastards will not give up power in an easy way!

Ayida. They can be overcome only if you create a more complex system.

Skol. You are stupid, any system for them is like dog's poo! Because they buy all the elections! Democracy is a screen for them!

Ayida. And the election, of course, must be controlled.

Skol. You are naive. The majority will never mature! Only a coup! Through the dictatorship of conscience! Otherwise - wait a hundred years! During this time, Ukraine will be dusted! It will not exist!

Ayida. Will you put a freak with a junta in the presidency? To finish the last ones? Who is not like are you deserve being shot, right?

Skol. Why a freak? We will control everyone.

Ayida. Control? Aha. Remember the murder of Yaroslav Babych.

Skol (*jumps off a falling chair*). I knew him! And what do you know about us? You are a snot!

Ayida. Are you ready to kill me too? Go to hell!

Ayida turns off.

Skol (*shouting*). You go to hell, bitch!

Skol grabs a mug of tea, smashes it on the floor and nervously walks around the room.

Skol. Only a coup, bitch! Dictatorship of conscience, bitch!

Ayida calls on Skype. Skol runs up to the monitor and takes the call.

Ayida. Let's agree: talk calmly, without emotions.

Skol. Agreed.

Ayida. You are a closed system.

Skol. You too.

Ayida. Do not interrupt. We will open in time... You are a closed system. So, you are degenerating, because in a changing world, any closed system dies. The world is constantly changing, and you are not, so only death. Even if you are closed, you will win...

Skol. We will win!

Ayida. ... As a sect, as Freemasons.

Skol. Let it be! But we will win!

Ayida. And then what? Closedness is a weakness. Openness is strength, because that's the only way to change society... Without society it is difficult to make a change irreversible. Your dictatorship of conscience is one! A dictator! And you are all tools. So that he can reach power.

Skol. ... You need to act fast. Do you see what's going on? If we act slowly, Ukraine will die.

Ayida. Yes, there is a hope. But because of the dictatorship, there is no hope.

Skol. ... You didn't convince me.

Pause.

Ayida. ... Skol, I need to see one deputy.

Skol. ... Do you use me as a tool?

Ayida. ... I do not force. As you wish.

Pause.

Skol. ... Give me the materials.

ACT THREE

Skol and Deputy take their time playing pool and sipping wine from glasses.

Deputy. Now, bruv, some bad things are roaming. Lower classes are scolding, so upper classes can survive for the time being. So far, we are leading.

Skol. How long, you think, is left?

Deputy. Hell knows... you never know what will be tomorrow.

Skol. It is said that tomorrow the amendments to the law on land sales are going to be adopted.

Deputy. They are.

Skol. I know the intentions: they shouldn't lead.

Deputy. You know? Better than me?

Skol. What if you vote against?

Deputy. Are you buying me? Do you have more money than we do?

Skol. ...less. I have more brains. Think about tomorrow's day... and the day after tomorrow.

Deputy. (*stretching*). I can call the security.

Skol. What will you tell them? I was just kidding. We were drinking. (*Skol drinks to the bottom*) And you misunderstood me... I have no weapon. Today... if something happens to me, you won't last a week. Recall the grenade in the regional office.

Deputy. You're shit on a stick for me. Never have I seen you. You've been in the same boat with your mates for years... you know what is party discipline?

Skol. It's always possible to get sick.

Deputy. Phhh.

Skol. ...make a mistake with a hangover. In any case push the button 'abstained'.

Deputy is drinks.

Deputy. Shit. I was told 'kill the point' when Maidan started. You think it's easy?

Skol. After voting – easy. Everyone started hassling. You know.

Deputy drinks and goes to the exit swinging.

Deputy. I'm leaving.

ACT FOUR

Skol tries to connect via Skype from his room. Long beeps are heard.

Skol. (*nervously*) aren't you coming? How long must one wait?

Ayida connects.

Ayida. Hello.

Skol. Why are you late?

Ayida. I've just come back from the funeral.

Skol. Whose?

Ayida. A sworn brother.

Skol. Rest in peace. Do you need my help?

Ayida. No. Enough people.. what's the news?

Skol. Ayida, I did some stupid things with the deputy.

Ayida. I don't think so. He abstained.

Skol. What's the point if the amendments are adopted?

Ayida. Rumor has it. And, by the way, he is going to glance back while voting.

Skol. Today he is scared but tomorrow no. It doesn't change government's system. You told it.

Ayida. It appeared that one little thing is lacking to cancel the amendments... I was wrong, sorry.

Skol: Ayida, you once told me that we should avoid direct confrontations with bandits. Why?

Ayida: Because when there is direct confrontation between simple and difficult systems, the simple one wins.

Skol: But why? But if I am stronger and my weapon is really very good, I will win.

Ayida: If you are stronger and if you follow the rules of the simple system and don't follow your own rules, you will win.

Skol: I don't believe you. Give me some examples.

Ayida: A tough Gordian knot was cut with a simple sword.

Skol: Ayida, come on. Don't speak allegorically! Let's talk about ordinary people.

Ayida: It's easier to blow up the house than to build one. It's harder to grow an apple tree than to break one. It's simpler to kill a person than to change one.

Skol: Your examples are about damage. To damage something is always easier than to create. It's obvious.

Ayida: The only thing today's government does is damaging everything. Even if our politicians do something good – that's always something that can help them to steal money. They do it because they need an excuse to debtors. But you don't have to forget that bandits get someone in the government. And we want to form another government – the government for people. It's harder to form than to steal.

Skol: Okay, I will think about it. Can you give me a lead on businessmen who pay to Opposition Bloc? Brothers need televisions and optics.

Ayida: I sent you the report on the declarations. There is a great deal of cross-linkages. I suggest working in provinces. It's more hidden. But, please, be quiet and no crime stories.

Skol: Look, what a beauty! Thank you!

ACT FIVE

Director comes into a dark room. He turns on the light, takes his coat off and sits down at the table while talking on his cell phone.

Director: We have only 300,000 this month. Sales are down... We don't have any problems with the State Tax Inspectorate. It happened just like you said it would: without claims... We won't have any problems with our competitor. We'll never see him again... Well, they don't buy it... It would be better if deputies in Verkhovna Rada offered tax breaks to small business. I would pay twice as much for it... But if he is dead why should I solve problems with money? It's not my call to make. You can continue stealing budget money. But soon we won't have budget money... Well, I am sorry, okay? I lost my temper... We are old friends... Please, forgive me... Europe doesn't need us.

Director puts the notebook out of his pocket, takes a pen and puts something down.

Director: ... In Davos? You have to look for... Who would be against investments?.. Bye!

Director turns his cell phone off and puts something down in the notebook.

Director: Does he really think I need his investors with their European standards? Give, give, give, give... He thinks that I don't need money.

Skol comes out from behind the curtains. The director is astonished.

Skol. I need that too.

Director. What?

Skol. Money. For the Army.

Skol sits down at the massive coffee table, bearing some magazines and the vase with flowers.

Director. Go to the Ministry of Defense.

Skol. But that's for the volunteer fighters.

Director. Then go to the volunteers.

Skol. I've heard that you became a volunteer. Right. You can volunteer not only for our members of the parliament by giving three hundred thousand to each of them. A hundred thousand will be enough for me.

Director. What the hell was my security doing? I'll fire them tomorrow.

Skol. Don't get distracted. We were talking about money.

Director. I see. A tough guy with empty pockets. How much they promised you? Ten percent? Work for me, I'll up it.

Director opens the drawer and takes out the wad of euro banknotes.

Director. I need such guys like you. Take my offer and you will get it. (*Director throws the wad onto the table.*)

Skol. No. There is less money there.

Director. I get it: you served the country, but it didn't even thank you. No dwelling, no job, nothing. Why do you need this odd job? Think globally: a stable job in the promising business project – that's what I'll give you. Deal?

Skol. No. A hundred thousand.

Director. Tell me. Why didn't Berkut clear out Maidan? I don't get it. And you?

Skol. They were standing up for the police lawlessness. We were standing up for freedom.

Director. So what?

Skol. We were ready to die, but they weren't.

The Director takes out the silencer-mounted handgun from the drawer and points it at Skol.

Director. That's what I'm talking about: rebels fall short of the target too. So the conclusion is to increase funding ... by a hundred thousand. Who sent you? Spit it out, Bandera's bastard! Nothing to say? It works quiet too. It's priceless.

Director turns the safety off the handgun. Skol grabs the coffee table, covers himself with it like a flak jacket, and runs towards Director. Director fires before Skol approaches him. Skol hits him with the coffee table. The handgun falls to the floor. Director gives a shout. Skol pushes Director's tie into his mouth. Director finally manages to get one hand free and tries

hitting Skol. Skol grabs the hand and cuts his palm with the knife. A bloody trail appears. Director bellows in pain.

ACT SIX

Skol has a skype conversation with Ayida in his room.

Skol: I can't see their faces. I can't talk to them! How I managed not to kill him, damn? ... I would cut him with a knife...so sweet ... several times... quietly... no one would notice.

Ayida : Would you cut everyone ?

Skol: Everyone, bitch! I can't see them!

Ayida: Tomorrow the same bitch would come instead. This does not change the system.

Skol: I know... You better not ask me. One good thing: he sent the money to the boys... I might kill a bitch... for Ilovaisk, for brothers.

Ayida: I have a request to you.

Skol (does not hear): Oh, good day anyway... Let's meet. What are you hiding?

Ayida: Coming soon. Wait.

Skol: How old are you?

Ayida: Thirty.

Skol: I am thirty-two... Are you married?

Ayida: I was... I didn't talk to the military before the war.

Skol: And before the war I was different... a biology teacher at school.

Ayida: I have an important request. Will you help?

Skol: What's the matter?

Ayida: Have you read about the separatists in the rear agitating for friendship with Rashka? "We are brothers."

Skol: Freaks.

Ayida: The day before yesterday, our cyberhundred launched a virus to a journalist that coordinates such articles. Well ... it seems to us. Tomorrow a programmer will come at 4 pm to him. Will you be able to leave?

Skol: I will. Send the materials. I have to cope with a real programmer ?

Ayida: No, he will be detained by my soldiers (*Ayida sends a file via Skype.*)

Skol: ... Clear (*Skol opens the file and looks at it.*)... You don't like the military.

Ayida: That's not true. That was before the war.

Skol : Do you understand that with creating your network you act like intelligence, and destroying the network of enemy - a journalist - as a counterintelligence?

Ayida: I didn't think... I see Ukraine dissolving in Rashka... without war. These are all communists... old KGB guys... a new generation.

Skol: Because the war is hybrid.

Ayida:... The world is sold to Rashka in this hybrid war. Bawdry. Do you feel shame for such a world? I don't.

Skol: It's always a shame... Even so... stupid.

Ayida: ... There is a list of major folders that may contain financial statements for publications. Evidence is needed.

Skol: I will copy everything... I will sleep well today... happy... A true warrior perceives the world as absolutely harmonious.

Ayida: Harmony? Skol, I got off my feet looking for like-minded people. Scientists are not interested in science, but public funding. Businessmen think only about how to cheat the tax. NGOs are hunting for grants. Everyone is looking for financial flows. And the dignity of those

who are ready to do anything for money: even to praise Rashka, even to call her troops. And does your warrior have absolute harmony? Are you crazy?

Skol: Ayida, a warrior is the one who changes one harmony for another... for the better.

Ayida: It's too late. Lie down, drop out.

Skol: I am going to bed... Today is absolute harmony... Good night.

ACT SEVEN

Journalist works at the computer at home. The doorbell rings. He goes to open it. A moment later he appears with Skol. They go to the table with the computer.

Skol. What's wrong with the computer?

Journalist. It began to slow down. Once it got locked up.

Skol lightly hits Journalist on the head with the handle of a knife. Journalist falls. Skol puts him unconscious on the chair and ties his hands behind the back of the chair. He also ties his legs to the chair. Then he puts the knife on the table, takes the hard drive out of his pocket, connects it to the computer, turns on copying and scans the files. Journalist wakes up, twitches his arms and legs, and understands that he is tied up.

Journalist. Idiot, everyone knows me. I'm a well-known journalist.

Skol. So, what?

Journalist. It hurts. Untie it and hide the knife. What will you do to me? For me, the Department of Home Affairs will grave you to the seventh generation.

Skol. One will get round to your Department. The knife disciplines.

Journalist. Where are you from?

Skol. From the front (*He raises computer slats with the mouse.*) Look how beautiful it is: everything is open. Even the account. (*Skol rattles the keyboard key.*)

Journalist. It's my son's, not mine.

Skol. I've had enough.

Journalist. And where will my money go? For the Anti-Terrorist Operation?

Skol. You've guessed right. For the foundation "Come back alive". Of course, not directly.

Journalist. I haven't doubted it. And somewhere Robin Hood will have a country house with cool women. I have a loan for an apartment.

Skol. I know, for the second one.

Journalist. For the first.

Skol. Don't we count your mother-in-law's apartment? Save your tall tales for the tax service.

Journalist. I didn't steal anything from anyone like you did. I earn honest money.

Skol. Really? For example, the publication of Rashka shit.

Journalist. It's true. Are you an expert? Do you know what Ukrainians want? To the Soviet Union.

Skol. I saw your Soviet Union in Donetsk. Your articles are a lie.

Journalist. No. There is truth.

Skol. One truth between two lies.

Journalist. You are a fool. You do not understand anything. If something is repeated many times, then someone will eventually believe it.

Skol. And it will still be a lie.

Journalist. Post-truth. I said you wouldn't understand.

Skol looks at the files. Pause.

Journalist... You've had some fun. It won't happen again – you work too loud.

Skol. I almost forgot. All your connections will be published in the media with all the details. With a reputation like that, no one will ever hire you. You are nobody either to me or them. Rubbish. To everybody. You'll probably have something left to spend on girls...not beautiful though.

Journalist. We'll