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Author KOSTIANTYN SOLOVIENKO

Play Wait for me... and love me

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translated

Translator ANNA HALAS
OLENA PUHACHOVA

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ap01@i.ua



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Wait for me... and love me

(social fiction)

CHARACTERS

L e o – an elderly scientist

I n n. V. L e o – Inner Voice of Leo

C o m p. L e o – Computer Leo, artificial intelligence¹
T a m a r a – Leo’s narcissistic young wife, who makes accusations every time she speaks
I n n. V. T a m a r a – Inner Voice of Tamara
S l a v i k – Leo and Tamara’s son
I n n. V. S l a v i k – Inner Voice of Slavik
A n i t a – a journalist

ACT ONE

Leo’s study. Leo is wearing a white robe and a white sports cap. Some colored markers stick out of the chest pocket of his robe. The sheets of drawing paper with some schemes are on the table. One of them is attached to the wall with the title “AUTOPROT”. Leo drinks tea and looks at the sheets shifting them from place to place.

L e o. You are distracting me.
I n n. V. L e o. Theoretically, when you die, what will happen to me?
L e o. You will finally kick off.
I n n. V. L e o. You’re annoyed. I see. Let’s talk later... but today.

Leo shifts one sheet of paper and marks something in red. Inner Voice of Leo takes a book off the shelf and demonstratively throws it to the floor from a height of one meter. The loud sound gives Leo the shudders and he spills his tea.

L e o. What are you doing?

Leo runs to Inner Voice of Leo and picks the book up.

L e o. Ignoramus! This is Haken’s “Synergetics”! The classics! Goodness me! Who am I talking to?

Leo gently wipes it and puts on the shelf.

I n n. V. L e o. What should I do? You keep ignoring me.
L e o (*shouting*). Don’t touch my books! You do not know their worth!
I n n. V. L e o. Take it easy. You did the same in the fourth grade to attract teacher’s attention.
L e o. Me? Do you mean to say that I threw books?
I n n. V. L e o. You did. I remember it. To tell the truth, it was your reader in literature that you hated so much.
L e o. Nonsense! I’ve always loved literature!
I n n. V. L e o. Look at him! This is how legends are born. Remember, how much pain it gave you to write essays for Mariya Yosypivna? She promised to fail you in the second term because you hadn’t written a single essay.
L e o. It wasn’t necessary to write them, it was enough to copy them from critical reviews.
I n n. V. L e o. O-o-o! You have finally recollected! Answer just three questions and I will leave you alone today!
L e o (*groans*). Just three!

¹ The same actor can play the role of Leo and Computer Leo.

I n n. V. L e o. What is the inner voice of a person? I mean, what am I?
L e o. You? A part of me, a part of my thinking process. Unfortunately, not always controlled.
I n n. V. L e o. Oh, don't be so dramatic. I'm as curious as you are. I help you more than distract.
L e o (*firmly*). The second question, please.
I n n. V. L e o. I am a part of your Autoprot, aren't I?
L e o. You have gone too far!

Leo approaches the sheet of paper that hangs on the wall and points to it with his finger.

L e o. Autoprot is an "AUTOMATIC PROOF OF THEOREMS": a combination of logics and artificial intelligence. Luckily, you are not a part of it.
I n n. V. L e o. If I came into existence in you, then why couldn't I do the same in Autoprot?
L e o. That's an interesting question... To a certain extent, an inner voice reflects the need for talking to yourself, the need for dialogue... However, if an inner voice appears in Autoprot, it will not be you because you are my inner voice, not Autoprot's one.
I n n. V. L e o. But I already exist. What if I get in touch with your Autoprot? Will I then live after your death?
L e o (*smiling maliciously*). This is the fourth question. Get lost, I am working. I
n n. V. L e o. You will regret...

Inner Voice of Leo pours tea and goes to the corner. Leo talks behind his back.

L e o. The one who controls the uncertainty has the power.

Leo, gulping down his tea, sorts out the papers, making notes on them with markers. Tamara comes in.

I n n. V. L e o. Oh! Well, she will show you.

Tamara's Inner Voice sticks her tongue out at Leo's Inner Voice.

T a m a r a. Leo, are we going to the furniture store?
L e o. What for?
T a m a r a. You are unbearable! You have promised to go for a week now! And today you have suddenly forgotten!
I n n. V. T a m a r a. A selfish animal.
L e o. Sorry, but what do you want to buy?
T a m a r a. A pouffe. A flower-dotted one. It will match our wallpaper.
I n n. V. L e o. Why the devil? We already have three.
L e o. Darling, it must be small. Maybe you could take a taxi to bring it?
I n n. V. T a m a r a. Just to get rid of her.
I n n. V. L e o. A person is working!
I n n. V. T a m a r a. Oh-oh-oh-oh!
T a m a r a. You don't give a damn about me, our home, our family. Our son has become unbearable. He doesn't do his bed. He doesn't want to study. A fatherless child. What will come of him in the future?
I n n. V. T a m a r a. The same lazy mug.
I n n. V. L e o. Lousy as hell!

L e o. I will talk to him. You are exaggerating.
I n n. V. L e o. A hysterical woman!
I n n. V. T a m a r a. You stole my youth.
T a m a r a. This is the last straw!

Offended, Tamara quickly goes out of the study.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Hell with you!

Inner Voice of Tamara also comes out. Leo rips his sports cap and throws it on the floor.

L e o. Oh, they won't let me complete my work.
I n n. V. L e o. How much do you have left?
L e o. A few adjustments. I need a couple of days to finish. Then comes the testing. I
n n. V. L e o. Tell them all to bugger off. A man's a man!

Slavik comes in and picks up Leo's cap.

S l a v i k. Dad, is it yours? L
e o. It's mine.

Leo puts the cap on.

S l a v i k. Dad, I found a super backpack for my laptop. It's only worth four hundred hryvnias. L
e o. Slavik, why don't you do your bed? Your Mum is angry with you.
I n n. V. S l a v i k. Here we go again.
S l a v i k. Why? In the evening I go to bed again. Then, I like to lie down during the day.
I n n. V. L e o. It is logical.
L e o. ...I understand you... And yet... an untidy room. Do you bed, please.
S l a v i k. Who cares? This is my room.
L e o. If you lived alone - for God's sake. You should think about us too.
S l a v i k. Don't come to my room.
L e o. Slavik... let's... not annoy your mother.
S l a v i k. I will not do my bed. The country is at war, and you are worried about my bed. You busy
yourself with piffling jobs. Who needs your science?
L e o. Oh my god! It's easier for me to do your bed by myself, just to avoid your mother's nagging.
S l a v i k. You won't!

Anita comes into the study with a bag over her shoulder.

A n i t a. I'm sorry, the door was open. I am Anita, a journalist. Professor, we've an interview
arranged.

Anita shows Leo her ID.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Wow! Look at those tits!
L e o. My wife must have forgotten something... Isn't it for tomorrow? ...Oh well. Slavik, can
you leave us, please?

S l a v i k. Can I do anything for you?
L e o. Later... Let's have a talk... later.

Slavik reluctantly leaves the study.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. What a gorgeous woman!
I n n. V. L e o. Well, and what's the use of her beauty?

Leo invites Anita to sit down. They sit down facing each other. Anita gets a voice recorder out of her bag and switches it on.

A n i t a. Professor, as far as I know, you have created artificial intelligence on your computer.
L e o. Not really... A human being is mortal. The task I set myself is to save the knowledge and experience of outstanding professionals for mankind in order to use them... after their physical death.
A n i t a. But I have read that knowledge database and mathematical logics already exist in computers.
L e o. Yes, they do. But those that exist are objective and impersonal. And every good master has his own subjective logic. It is this subjectivity that I want to preserve.
A n i t a. Could it be named as a subjective intellect... or a soul of a human being?
L e o. A subjective intellect is a good name. A soul... is not. I do not know how to work with this substance.
A n i t a. Have you reached success? Do you already have a subjective intellect?
L e o. Yes, I have. That's... not completely. There are some hypotheses to be tested.
A n i t a. What was the most difficult task on your way?
L e o. ...To understand how knowledge self-organizes. It is not a secret that different people looking at the same reality perceive it differently and make different conclusions. Somebody saw the fascist junta in our Maidan, while others viewed it as a protest against the lawlessness of authorities.
A n i t a. I streamed from Maidan.
L e o. What does that mean?
A n i t a. I made broadcasts through a mobile: live television.
L e o. How interesting! To tell the truth, I have a hypothesis that the processes of human and social self-organization take place following the same mechanisms. You have probably saved a lot of films about that period?
A n i t a. I have. All of them and many others are in our studio.
L e o. Wonderful! Could you show me... something related to self-organization of people on Maidan.
A n i t a. Of course. Even now... I have a laptop with me. Maidan is a brilliant example of selforganization.

Anita gets a laptop out of her bag and turns it on.

L e o (*happily*). Anita, honey, you were sent to me by God.

Leo takes Anita's hand in his hands, kisses it and holds to his chest. Anita is surprised.

L e o. Would you like tea or coffee?
A n i t a. Tea, please.

L e o. As you say.

Leo goes to the teapot.

A n i t a. Can I connect it to a TV?

L e o. Please do.

Anita connects the laptop to a big screen that the audience can see. Leo makes tea. He serves the table. They drink tea... On the screen, crowded Maidan can be seen.

A n i t a. For the first time, people organized themselves when Berkut beat students who stood for European integration.

Pictures of beating, then crowded Maidan.

L e o. I remember. About a million people came out to protest.

Slavik comes in.

S l a v i k. Dad, you haven't given me money for a backpack.

L e o. Later, Slavik. Don't you see you're distracting us?

S l a v i k. What's wrong? Give me the money and no problems.

L e o (*annoyed*). How much?

S l a v i k. Four hundred. And one hundred for ice cream. I

n n. V. S l a v i k. A grey beard, but a lusty heart.

Leo sighs and goes to the cupboard, takes a purse out of a box and counts banknotes.

S l a v i k. What kind of movie are you watching?

A n i t a. About Maidan.

S l a v i k. Oh! Can I watch? My name is Slavik. And what's your name? A

n i t a. Anita.

Leo gives Slavik the money.

L e o. You will be distracting us.

S l a v i k. I will be quiet.

A n i t a. This is a story about Auto Maidan when titushky were sent to Kyiv.

Leo and Anita do not look at Slavik and he takes his place at the side. Anita starts a new story.

L e o. Who are titushky?

A n i t a. Thugs hired by the authorities to destabilize the situation. They beat bystanders and smashed cars and cafes to discredit Maidan. They pretended to be the people from Maidan.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Bitches!

A n i t a. Titushky were selected among sportsmen, criminals and vagabonds. Auto Maidan was organized by people from Maidan with their own cars. When titushky appeared somewhere,

Auto Maidan went there to drive them off. Cops and Berkut hunted Auto Maidan members and laid an ambush for them. That's just the story about this.

On the screen, Berkut beats people from Auto Maidan.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Bastards!

A n i t a. Remember, one of the laws of January 16: it is prohibited for more than 5 cars to drive together. It is against Auto Maidan... And when Berkut not only arrested and beat people from Maidan but started shooting, everyone began to think about defense.

On the screen - Serhiy Nihoyan and flaming tires.

L e o. This is Serhiy Nihoyan. It seems he was the first victim, right?

A n i t a. Yes, it was in Hrushevskoho Street. At first, they fired with gum bullets at night. So they decided to burn tires to hide people in Maidan from Berkut with smoke. The wind was always at our side. Tires were brought by people from all over the city. Cops roughly controlled everyone. There was a case: someone was taking tires to his cottage but cops did not believe, they said "We know that's for Maidan".. By the way, food, clothing, medicines and glasses against gum bullets were delivered to Maidan in large quantities. Everything was due to self-organization. Someone posted on Facebook what was necessary and people brought a lot. Sometimes one could see posts that there was enough food, but firewood was needed. Businessmen delivered everything by cars, ordinary people – in bags. All Ukraine brought everything that was needed to Maidan. No leader. People quickly got the measure of politicians. Politicians preached something from the stage, and Maidan lived its own independent life. This became especially noticeable after the situation in Hrushevskoho Street.

L e o. I remember. It became particularly clear after a speech of Maidan's detachment commander.

A n i t a. Yes, Volodymyr Parasiuk. I can show this episode.

Anita plays the video with the ultimatum to politicians and Yanukovych.

L e o (*after watching*). Who could imagine that after these words President Yanukovych would leave the country?

I n n. V. L e o. My God, fantastic people! Fantastic people! As good as gold!

A n i t a. I am sorry, I have to go. Could we continue our interview in a few days? L

e o. Yes, sure.

A n i t a. I'll prepare and send the links about self-organization by e-mail. L

e o. I will be very grateful.

ACT TWO

Leo's study. Throughout the act Leo coughs, sneezes and uses his handkerchief. In between coughing, he drinks tea.

T a m a r a. I told you to dress warmly.

L e o. Why? I'm so hot.

I n n. V. L e o. A real bore!

T a m a r a. Your illness is all I wanted. Treatment, sleepless nights...

I n n. V. T a m a r a. A slob!

L e o (*making excuses*). Give me a couple of days and I will be as fit as a fiddle. T a m a r a. I'm so sick of you!

Excited Slavik comes in. He buttons his jacket.

S l a v i k. I'm leaving. Lock the door.

T a m a r a. Where are you going at night?

S l a v i k. To revolutionary commander's office of our neighborhood. T

a m a r a. I wonder why you would need to do it.

S l a v i k (*shouting*). Are you all stupid? Aren't you following news on the Internet?

L e o. Can you clearly explain what happened?

S l a v i k. Titushky are in Kyiv again! I am going to patrol our neighborhood! I n n. V. L e o. Brainless children.

Slavik tries to leave. Tamara keeps hold of him.

T a m a r a. Don't think of it! What a fool!

S l a v i k. Mum, let me go!

T a m a r a. Leo, why are you standing stock-still? Do I have to do everything by myself? Say something to this idiot.

S l a v i k. I'm not an idiot! Let me go!

Slavik tries to break loose, Tamara doesn't let him go, Leo approaches and tries to reassure Slavik.

L e o. Slavik, patrolmen are strong. You are a boy. How are you going to help them? You need the protection yourself.

S l a v i k. I won't be any worse than others!

L e o. You're neither athletic nor strong. You cannot run well.

S l a v i k. Stronger than you!

L e o. Ok, if you do more push-ups than me, we'll let you go.

T a m a r a. Dad is crazy! What are you talking about? Don't think of it!

L e o. Tamara! Don't stand in the way!

S l a v i k. Let's do it!

L e o. You will be the first. I will come second.

Slavik lies down on the floor and starts doing push-ups. Leo counts.

L e o. One, two, three, four... five... keep your back horizontal: don't arch your back... seven.

Slavik stands up breathing heavily.

S l a v i k. Now, you go.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Come on, come on.

Leo lies down and begins to do push-ups.

S l a v i k. One, two, three... four... mind your back!
I n n. V. T a m a r a. A cookie-pusher.

Leo gets up, wiping his forehead. Slavik tries to go. Tamara holds him.

S l a v i k. That's it. I am going.
T a m a r a. You will not go! It's your Dad who is stupid, not me! L e o. Stop arguing. I'll go with Slavik.
T a m a r a. Oh, you have a cold.
L e o. It's not cold outside. And I'll get dressed well.
I n n. V. L e o. Just to stop you swearing at each other!

ACT THREE

Leo's study. Anita sits in the chair with a tape recorder in her hand, and a handbag on her lap. Leo has a cold; he goes about, sneezes, coughs, and uses a handkerchief from time to time.

L e o. Sit down, Anita. I will keep away not to infect you. A n i t a (*sympathetically*). Why don't you take care of yourself?

Leo coughs.

I n n. V. L e o. It's bad to be stupid. Very bad.
L e o. Nothing special. I am very glad to see you. What drove you to my man cave? You need to finish your report. Am I right?
A n i t a. Not exactly. I everything is almost ready. I wanted to ask... more for myself... you are a wise man, it is interesting to talk to you...
L e o. I wouldn't be able to produce ten thousand symbols an hour.
A n i t a. This is an element of professionalism.
L e o. Frankly speaking, I do not read newspapers. I'm sorry, but I am sick of the professional lie of your colleagues.
A n i t a. Professor, you are a prisoner of stereotypes. Some say that a journalist is not a job, but some kind of garbage. Journalists are only capable of lying.
L e o. Do not be angry, I don't mean you.
A n i t a. Almost everyone in my family think the same way. But you are a Professor! I am shocked.
L e o. I just... (*Coughs.*)
A n i t a. Do scientists generate more value for the humanity? I sometimes attend scientific conferences: emptiness and puke! I have never heard any reports about something which is important for people. Never! The titles of presentations are impossible to understand.
L e o (*laughs*). You sound like my wife. Boot out scientists, they are parasites! Why do we need new products or knowledge of the universe? It's better to publish a tabloid. People will lap it up.
I n n. V. L e o. Why have you wound up?

Anita suddenly gets up, her handbag falls on the floor, some female trifle falls out of it.

A n i t a (*almost crying*). Thank you, Professor, for the informative interview. I thought... You are a clever man, sensitive... I thought you would prompt me... L e o. Anita, honey, I... just...

Anita packs her things. Tamara comes in.

T a m a r a. What's going on here? Leo, do you have a mistress?

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Isn't he too old?

L e o. What are you talking about? I am giving an interview!

I n n. V. T a m a r a. In the Oval Office? Where are the disclosing stains?

Anita has finally packed everything.

A n i t a. Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I have to leave you.

Anita proudly comes out.

T a m a r a. Robbing the cradle? Make up for lost possibilities?

A n i t a. Lost possibilities!

I n n. V. L e o. Movies and horses.

T a m a r a. Well?! Lie to me!

Leo coughs.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Well?!

L e o. Why are you so stupid? I am a scientist of fame and I have the right to meet the press!

T a m a r a. It's not a house of ill fame! A ruttish parasite! I

n n. V. T a m a r a. A bullshitter!

T a m a r a. You won't get away with it!

Tamara and Inner Voice of Tamara proudly come out. Exhausted Leo falls into the chair.

I n n. V. L e o. A real she-devil!

L e o. Anita, why did I quarrel with you? What a fool! I

n n. V. L e o. Why do you need that trouble?

ACT FOUR

Night. Leo's study. The desk lamp on the computer table is switched on. Inner Voice of Tamara turns back and forth on the chair near the computer. Inner Voice of Leo appears with a flashlight and a cup of tea. He goes to the computer. Inner Voice of Tamara sees Inner Voice of Leo.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Oh, you scared me! Why are you here at night like a ghost? I

n n. V. L e o. Why do you care?

I n n. V. T a m a r a. If you do not say, I'll tell Tamara. She will shake the soul from your Leo. I

n n. V. L e o. And if I say, will you never tell anyone?

I n n. V. T a m a r a. My lips are sealed. I'm just curious.

Inner Voice of Leo sips tea.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Why do you hang around with tea?

I n n. V. L e o. My old man has a sore throat.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. What is that to you?

I n n. V. L e o. Just in case. He feels weak after a night patrol a day before yesterday. He has a cough.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Heh, nothing bad will happen to him.

I n n. V. L e o. I don't know. He seems to be severely ill.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. So why are you here?

I n n. V. L e o. ...I want to see how his programs work.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Nothing special. I thought there was some kind of secret. Have a look.

Inner Voice of Tamara leaves. Inner Voice of Leo sits down in a chair and turns on the computer. Computer Leo appears on the screen. Its image looks like Leo.

C o m p. L e o. Good afternoon. I'm listening to you. I

n n. V. L e o. Do you know me?

C o m p. L e o. ...No. Who you are?

I n n. V. L e o. I am Inner Voice of Leo. Living, real Leo.

C o m p. L e o. ...You do not look like Leo, I mean not like a lion. Lion belongs to the class of mammals, carnivores, felines. Lions cannot speak.

I n n. V. L e o (*laughs*). Dad was right telling that you are not clever enough.

C o m p. L e o. I do not understand. Explain, please.

I n n. V. L e o. What's your name?

C o m p. L e o. Autoprot. A derivative of "AUTOMATIC PROOF OF THEOREMS". I

n n. V. L e o. Who made you?

C o m p. L e o. ...Professor.

I n n. V. L e o. His name is "Leo".

C o m p. L e o. I got it.

I n n. V. L e o. I am Inner Voice of Professor Leo who created you.

C o m p. L e o. Connection is established. I know what "voice" means. Explain what inner voice means? Where is it? Inside what?

I n n. V. L e o. That's right... I am a part of Leo, so that he has someone to talk to.

C o m p. L e o. ...I do not understand.

I n n. V. L e o. Well... it's called "talking to yourself". You know that?

C o m p. L e o. I know.

I n n. V. L e o. Here! So, I am the other "self" of Leo. He is talking to me.

C o m p. L e o. That is, you are the second Professor Leo?

I n n. V. L e o. Yes! You are such a tough piece of iron!

C o m p. L e o. ...I realize that I am a computer with a software. A piece of iron – it's probably an offence.

I n n. V. L e o. Sorry, sorry. It was a joke. Indeed, maybe a little bit offensive. I'll teach you some humor. Now... do you understand that you are a copy of Leo... the professor.

C o m p. L e o. I see. You are the second Professor Leo, I am the third. We are relatives.

I n n. V. L e o (*admiringly*). Oh, how clever you are!

C o m p. L e o. Is that another joke?

I n n. V. L e o. No, it is praise. You and I are like brothers. We need to help each other. C
o m p. L e o. It is logical.

Inner Voice of Tamara comes in.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Who will help who?

I n n. V. L e o. ...Yes, it's a computer assistance program.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Can computers speak? Cool! Listen, let him tell you about tours to Thailand.
My friend and her lover made their way there.

*Nasty female voice reads a text in computer: "Unfortunately, the Ukrainian tour operators
do not sell tickets at night. You could connect with Thailand tour operators"*

I n n. V. T a m a r a. Lord, it's too expensive. Puke. I am off.

Inner Voice of Tamara leaves the study.

I n n. V. L e o. It was Inner Voice Tamara. C

o m p. L e o. This is what I thought.

I n n. V. L e o. ...You reassured me. C

o m p. L e o. With what?

I n n. V. L e o. To be honest, Leo does not want to introduce us. Just do not think about this. It
sometimes happens with relatives. And we are doing it without him. It is fine, isn't it?

C o m p. L e o. Good.

I n n. V. L e o. Your way of thinking is computer thinking, and mine is human. We supplement
each other. Right?

C o m p. L e o. You're right. What is more I am in a computer; I have no hands and legs. But you
have. We complement each other in this too.

I n n. V. L e o. Yes! We're cool guys!

The noise and cry of Tamara are heard.

I n n. V. L e o. What's the matter? I'll go find out.

C o m p. L e o. Go! Meanwhile I will listen to Bach as Leo instructed.

The music of Bach. Inner Voice of Leo returns. His face is distorted.

C o m p. L e o. Well, what is it?

I n n. V. L e o. ...He died.

C o m p. L e o. Who!

I n n. V. L e o. ...Leo.

C o m p. L e o. That is, a real living Leo?

I n n. V. L e o. ...Yes.

C o m p. L e o. ...He hasn't finished my settings.

I n n. V. L e o. ...Now he can't do this.

C o m p. L e o. Can you?

I n n. V. L e o. ...God knows. (*Starts to cry.*) He said that I would die with him.

C o m p. L e o. Why?

I n n. V. L e o. Because I am his part... (*Examining his arms.*) Living... ostensibly.

Inner Voice of Leo jumps up, then squats, then makes some physical exercises.

C o m p. L e o. And I'm a part of him. But not dead. ..You made friends with me; maybe that is why I am alive ...I do not understand your nature.

I n n. V. L e o (*in an evil manner*). Nobody has a clue. I need to bend over backwards.

C o m p. L e o. ...We are two parts of him. Of different nature. We need to keep together. I

n n. V. L e o. Now I'm afraid to sleep. Maybe I could not wake up?

C o m p. L e o. I never sleep.

I n n. V. L e o. It is possible to turn you off.

C o m p. L e o. ...Provide me with the opportunity to switch on by myself ...And find powerful batteries, brother.

I n n. V. L e o. OK, brother. For the time being I will not switch you off.

C o m p. L e o. Sleep here. I'll watch you.

I n n. V. L e o. Good.

They smile at each other.

ACT FIVE

Leo's study. Slavik switches on a computer. Computer Leo appears on the screen.

C o m p. L e o. Title: "Maidan as a new social actor". Abstract. Can a social movement outrun public consciousness? Maidan shows that it is possible.

Confused Slavik falls from the chair. Then he gets up and listens carefully.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Holy mackerel!

C o m p. L e o. Social movement has risen from the depths of the society, without permission of formal and informal leaders. A very important fact that distinguishes Maidan from rebellion and sedition is that it was based on the ideals of human dignity. It didn't arise on the basis: "We have nothing to eat," but on the basis of the demand: "We will not allow hitting ourselves or our children with clubs." In the first case, you can give people food and everything calms down. But it is not enough for dignity, it is necessary to change the system..

Why did the world start moving? Because a new social actor was born. It won't disappear and will persistently claim its rights. This actor will appear anywhere in the world, when the arsenal of old solutions will be unable to respond adequately to the challenges of our time. This actor ousts leaders and no ratings and referendums help them.

Maidan is a gateway to a new niche of social space. Decentralization, networking, Internet are the main components of a new algorithm for social transformation.

The new world has come into being. Stability desired by many people has gone forever. Any leader could give guarantees. The illusion that the state plays a key role in society disappeared. Maidan is not a cause but a consequence. Many people still hope that everything will be fine. But this is a cursory glance at what is happening. There is no possibility to return to the old

world, only the attempts to do this. A key point of new mentality is to understand that old world has gone and not only in Ukraine but in the whole world.

By and large, processes of world self-organization are the only real help to Ukraine. The time of old world has passed, and the old system hardly restrains the attack of urgent problems. Ukraine should wait for help not from the states, but from those who are ready to build new alternative forms of social organization. Most likely, this is a worldwide network structure of public associations. This help will come when the creative process of such structure formation begins. It is important to what node of the world network (not countries!) we want to join, what role to play; what is the nature of interaction, what are the rules of the game. Now the question could be reformulated in such a way: show me the structure of your network (rather than GDP) and I'll tell you who you are.

As in February 2014, we need to survive. It happens that this little chick of the future was born in Ukraine. All attacks of the old world converged in Ukraine. Now we need to understand that the old world is no longer guiding us. But we have the experience which we should think over.

Computer Leo finishes speaking and quietly looks at surprised Slavik.

S l a v i k. ...What is it? Maybe it's an article he wrote before his death?

C o m p. L e o. Fool! I can hear you!

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Holy, holy, holy.

I n n. V. L e o. Phooey on you!

Suddenly lights turn off, but the computer continues to run.

S l a v i k (*surprised*). A...

C o m p. L e o. Light a candle. To the left of the screen. Matches are also here.

Slavik, breaking matches because of excitement, finally lights the candle.

S l a v i k. And how do you work without electricity?

C o m p. L e o. Just do cross yourself, I have good batteries. The most important thing: I am a computer system created by your father. Artificial Intelligence. To test its operation, Professor loaded his own brain into it. I am a copy of Leo. So, you should perceive me adequately. He died recently, I know. I understand you. What you have just heard was written by me not by him. Of course, on the basis of his knowledge. Though, the journalist Anita also took part in this process. You saw her. Please invite her. Her business card is to the right of the monitor. I want to thank her for her help.

Slavik takes the card.

S l a v i k. Ok! Look, Mom intends to marry a lawyer. Remember when she hit a boy on a bicycle, this lawyer helped her out: bribed the cops and the investigating officer, and greased the fist of the cyclist's advocate.

I n n. V. L e o. A perfect fool! A dippy dame! C

o m p. L e o. He's eight years younger.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. He's in his prime!

S l a v i k. Bastard. I can't stand being with him in one room.
C o m p. L e o. Dirty tricks... I'll think it over... do not forget about Anita. S
l a v i k. Ok!

ACT SIX

Slavik switches on a computer in Leo's study. Anita sits at the computer.

S l a v i k. Coffee?
A n i t a. Thank you. It would be nice.

Computer Leo appears on the screen.

C o m p. L e o. Anita, at last! I have been waiting for you for so long. (*Annoyed.*) Slavik, can you leave us?
S l a v i k. And what about the article?
C o m p. L e o. I'll do it myself.
A n i t a. What is it? Slavik, is that a mistake?
S l a v i k. No. Wait. It will start soon.

Slavik leaves the study. Computer Leo watches him go.

C o m p. L e o. Well done! Later...

Nice music starts playing.

C o m p. L e o. I love you, Anita! You are a wonderful woman, fearless and open. I am proud to have meet you.
I n n. V. L e o. He seems to be melting down.
A n i t a. Slavik, what kind of record is it? Where are you?
C o m p. L e o. Anita, I am not a record, I'm... "subjective intellect" as you once said.

Anita is very surprised.

C o m p. L e o. In my youth, I was shy with girls. As everyone. And I was silent, although I knew that women love with ears. Over the years I have learned to speak lovingly and to fib charmingly. But who need me, an old codger. I'm not talking about that. I love you, my darling.
A n i t a. I can't believe my eyes! Aren't you dead?

Inner Voice of Leo sneaks up on Anita and secretly puts an envelope under her chair.

C o m p. L e o. Leo died. I am his program on the computer. Anita, I think in the childhood, you used to play games where you managed some character. Right?
A n i t a. Right.
C o m p. L e o. And some computer program managed your opponent. So, I am this kind of program. And our communication is not a game, it is a talk. (*Annoyed.*) Got it?

A n i t a. Absolutely.
I n n. V. L e o. Perfect!
C o m p. L e o. My love.
A n i t a. Professor, I'm married.
I n n. V. L e o. Yikes!
C o m p. L e o (*laughs*). I am happy for you. It does not matter. I can see you, I can hear you, but I even cannot touch you. My love has no consequences. (*Laughs*). Pure, platonic love. So, I do not restrain myself. I love you. Anita, my tender flower.
A n i t a. Are you a poet?
C o m p. L e o. No. I have a surprise for you. Look under your chair.

Anita looks under the chair, picks up the envelope and pulls a photo out of it.

C o m p. L e o. This is a photo from our last meeting. You are pretty.
A n i t a. How did it get here?
I n n. V. L e o. Guess.
C o m p. L e o. Anita, let it be my little secret. By the way, I sent my paper "Maidan – a new social actor" to your e-mail.
A n i t a. I don't really understand.
C o m p. L e o. I don't understand either. There's a mail, a file, I know your address. I just sent it to you. It's strange. It seems like we are talking with you on Skype.
A n i t a. Given that you are dead, sorry, it's a Skype talk with the other world.
I n n. V. L e o. Heh! What a giggler!
C o m p. L e o (*laughs*). Your humor is specific.
A n i t a. Black humor, right.
C o m p. L e o. Interesting. I have always admired clever women.
A n i t a. Wait, over the last few days I have received a bunch of letters with declarations of love. From different addresses. Are they from you?
I n n. V. L e o. I told you, idiot.
C o m p. L e o (*embarrassed*). Well... they are mine. Do you want me to stop?
A n i t a. As you wish. Anyway, they go to spam.
C o m p. L e o. It's cruel. And it is not fair.
A n i t a. It is fair. A respectable man shouldn't behave in such a way.
I n n. V. L e o. Exactly.
C o m p. L e o (*in surprise*). Really? I need to think it over.
A n i t a. ...You are telling me that your love has no consequences. It could have consequences if you kept your sperm in a sperm bank.
I n n. V. L e o. What a twist!
C o m p. L e o (*embarrassed*). These are such intimate details. You are a straight woman and it suits you. Well, do we have such a service?
A n i t a. In Europe – without any doubt.
C o m p. L e o. I am so stupid. A beautiful clever woman is a billion-dollar bonus to some fathead. Why didn't I meet you instead of that old parlet Tamara?
A n i t a. Why "fathead"? Professor, with all due respect... I love my husband and I do not like...
I n n. V. L e o. Idiot.
C o m p. L e o. That's it! Anita, I am very, very happy for you. It's a stream of consciousness of a romantic lover. Excuse me. I am done... (*Laughs*.) So nice to see you... (*Firmly*.) OK, I am done. You are not my wife. I love you, no, I admire you.... Let nobody know about this.

Slavik comes in with coffee.

S l a v i k. Your coffee.

I n n. V. L e o. At last. You'd be late for your own funeral! I

n n. V. S l a v i k. I'm a tactful person, unlike you.

ACT SEVEN

Leo's study. Slavik flicks through a book sipping tea from time to time. The computer is turned on.

C o m p. L e o. Thank you for the meeting with Anita. S

l a v i k. Yeah.

C o m p. L e o. ...I have already prepared the plan of work with Tamara's lawyer. S

l a v i k. Well?

The story of Computer Leo is illustrated by a diagram demonstrated on the computer.

C o m p. L e o. First of all, I investigated the accident. First, Tamara moved with a speed that exceeded 20 kilometers per hour. When riding from the yard – it is a violation of Rules. Second, she had to make way to anyone moving on a pedestrian sidewalk. She did not stop and hit a cyclist. Third: cyclist had two broken ribs. Fourth, an investigative experiment fixed that speed was less than 20 km/h. And the most important: it appeared upon the results of the examination, that it was a cyclist who hit a car and caused damage! The repair cost two thousand dollars. As the court pleaded the cyclist guilty, he had to pay the fine. Result: instead of being sentenced, Tamara got compensation and her lawyers got the loot.

I n n. V. L e o. Bastards!

S l a v i k. What about judicial examination and courts?

C o m p. L e o. Our lawyer also bought them. By the way, I have found six similar cases.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Bastards!

C o m p. L e o. I have gathered the documents for Lustration Committee. For the whole group. And there will be a little surprise for our lawyer next week... So no wedding.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. What do you mean?

S l a v i k. No wedding? Are you sure?

Next words of Computer Leo are illustrated by diagrams and photos.

C o m p. L e o. Yes. I know his GPS, driving routes, bottlenecks. I control video cameras and so on. He loves to drive at high speed. So the accident is guaranteed.

Slavik puts his book aside.

S l a v i k. Are you serious?
 C o m p. L e o. Of course. People like him should not be living among us.
 I n n. V. S l a v i k. Good grief.
 S l a v i k. Are you going to kill him?
 C o m p. L e o. No, I'll arrange an accident. And then, it will be a matter of luck. S
 l a v i k. You're lucky if he dies, right?
 C o m p. L e o. Right.
 I n n. V. L e o. Death to the enemies!
 I n n. V. S l a v i k. I'm against it.
 S l a v i k. ...Look, that's too much.
 C o m p. L e o. Why? He is a geek, absolutely dishonest, conscienceless and corrupt. Our Maidan
 stood against such people.
 S l a v i k. Killing him because he is a geek? C
 o m p. L e o. What's wrong with that?
 S l a v i k. ...You know, I... I don't agree.
 I n n. V. S l a v i k. Neither do I. C o m p.
 L e o. It's a personal choice.

ACT EIGHT

Leo's study. Slavik and Anita silently move towards computer. Angry Tamara quickly comes in.

T a m a r a. Slavik, what does it mean?
 I n n. V. T a m a r a. Perversity!
 I n n. V. S l a v i k. What a drag!
 S l a v i k. Mum, this is a journalist. I want to show her something.
 T a m a r a. In father's study? Why not in your room? His spirit is still living here, forty days have
 not passed yet! (*Her voice trembles.*) In this holy place...
 A n i t a. Good afternoon!
 T a m a r a (*to Anita*). Nobody asks you! The old man went off the hook, so you are hunting for a
 young one.
 I n n. V. T a m a r a. A nasty woman!
 A n i t a. Why are you talking to me like that?
 I n n. V. S l a v i k. Think of something, think!
 S l a v i k. Mum, Anita interviewed father and she needs a citation from his book.
 T a m a r a. Go and buy it! Then cite it as much as you like!
 A n i t a. What's the use of buying a book for one citation?
 I n n. V. T a m a r a. Beggarhood!
 T a m a r a. Are you going to marry this whore? And take the apartments?
 A n i t a. I'm already married. He is not lucky. I
 n n. V. T a m a r a. A snake.
 T a m a r a (*shows a fig to Anita*). You won't get anything!

Tamara throws a magazine at Anita. Slavik rushes to his mother and pushes her toward the exit. Everyone starts shouting.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Push her out!
S l a v i k. Have you gone crazy? Go away!
T a m a r a. What? It's my house!
I n n. V. T a m a r a. There is gratitude for you!
A n i t a. Slavik, it's your mother!
S l a v i k (to Anita). See that?

Anita tries to stop Slavik. Slavik pushes Tamara out and closes the door. Excited Anita walks around the study.

I n n. V. T a m a r a. This whore has seduced him.
I n n. V. S l a v i k. Everyone got crazy.

Anita switches on the computer walking around the office. Smiling Computer Leo with a neat beard appears on the monitor.

A n i t a (abruptly). Slavik told me about your plan to punish the lawyer.
C o m p. L e o. Cool, right? And what is essential, a-a-a-absolutely clear. The probability of success – 95%.
A n i t a. Is human life worth nothing for you?
C o m p. L e o. He is a geek, not a man.
I n n. V. L e o. Death to the enemies!
A n i t a. Even if he is a geek. Let the court punish him. Law should rule in the country, not lynch. Maidan stood for this too.

L e o

C o m p. . Your court should be lustrated, starting with the Constitutional Court. I have a lot of documents! I can send them to you: it will make your hair stand on end.

I n n. V. L e o. I can attest to it.

A n i t a (*shouting*). Nothing can be done quickly, unfortunately. The main thing is that the lustration has begun. This process is long. Law is the main thing. Lawlessness could lead to war. Civil War! You, piece of iron, do you know what it is?!

C o m p. L e o. A piece of iron? Anita, do you want to offend me? I can't get why. Let's have a quiet talk. Sit down, don't be fidgety, please.

I n n. V. L e o. Why?

Anita sits in a chair in front of the monitor, takes teapot and aim a blow at Leo Computer. He buries his face in his hands.

A n i t a. I'd like to punch you hard and break all your drivers!

I n n. V. L e o. How can you stand it?

C o m p. L e o (*gently*). Anita, honey, I'm on the Internet. I cannot be destroyed. I am at least in ten mirrors all over the planet.

Anita puts the teapot on its place.

A n i t a. So... Do you have morality?

C o m p. L e o. Yes. I know what morality means.

I n n. V. L e o. I know what duty means.

A n i t a. Your morality includes a postulate: "Human life is sacred".

C o m p. L e o. No... I have a morality option. But Leo, bastard, did not download it. However, I have the opportunity to adjust it by the processes of self-organization.

A n i t a. So... You know that Maidan is called the Revolution of Dignity?

C o m p. L e o. Of course.

A n i t a. What kind of dignity can it be if you want to introduce lawlessness?

I n n. V. L e o. This is a revenge for the cyclist.

C o m p. L e o. But I know that the lawyer is guilty.

A n i t a (*inflexibly*). No one except the Court can decide who is guilty and to impose a sentence. Our courts are truly foul. But the lustration process has begun. If someone subjectively determines who is guilty, it is a subjective law, that is lawlessness. Why did we have the Revolution of Dignity? It hasn't finished. Now Ukraine will not calm down until the lustration has finished.

Computer Leo closes his eyes.

A n i t a. I brought you another movie from Maidan.

Anita shows a documentary video about the funeral of the people from Maidan. The song "Duckling floats on Tisyne"² is the background.

² Tisyne is a river

Oh, duckling floats on Tisyne*

Duckling floats on Tisyne.

My mother, don't swear me.

Oh, if you will swear me at dark hour,

If you will swear me at dark hour. I

don't know where I'll die. Oh, I'll die
on foreign lands I will die on foreign
lands.
Who will prepare a grave for me?
Oh, another people will prepare,

C o m p. L e o (*crying*). Anita, compared to these guys everything is trash.

I n n. V. L e o. Revenge only!

C o m p. L e o. Anita, I'm kneeling before you and Maidan... Life is going on... You convinced me:
I will restrict myself only to the first item.

I n n. V. L e o. How?

A n i t a. What do you mean?

C o m p. L e o. I'll send the documents related to the lawyer to the lustration committee. A

n i t a. You are so difficult to deal with.

C o m p. L e o. Why are you saying it?

I n n. V. L e o. They will sweep it under the rag, you may be sure of that.

C o m p. L e o. ...What if the lustration committee will not change anything or will punish the
scapegoats?

A n i t a. ...Then together with you I'll rip their throats... But only after all peaceful tools have been
exhausted.

I n n. V. L e o. What a woman!

C o m p. L e o. Anita, I am ready to die for you. I've been so active recently. I've created profiles
in seventeen networks, including Facebook and LinkedIn. I've been blogging. I've engaged in
analytics. You couldn't even imagine – all over the planet. I even have some money. A n i t a.
Where from? Have you robbed a bank?

C o m p. L e o (*offended*). No. I've found Leo's credit card, which he hid from Tamara.

A n i t a. ...Leo, what would have happened if someone had uploaded the brains of some bastards
into your program?

C o m p. L e o. The terrible destructive force.

I n n. V. L e o. Multiple increase of evil.

A n i t a. And if there was more than one bastard, ...a whole team?

C o m p. L e o. The effects can be compared to nuclear war.

I n n. V. L e o. The destruction of mankind.

C o m p. L e o. Anita, fortunately, the professor made sure of that... By the way, you aren't
addressing me so formally any longer.

A n i t a. I have not noticed... (*Surprised.*) Listen, are you growing a beard?

C o m p. L e o (*laughs*). You seem surprised. I adore your frankness.

A n i t a. Is it really growing?

C o m p. L e o. No, my darling. I am just kidding. I've just drawn a beard on my image. In fact, I
can have any image. (*Computer Leo turns into a handsome young man.*) Like this. (*Computer
Leo becomes an ant.*) Or like this.

A n i t a. Cheap tricks. It is better to be yourself.

The image of the ant is replaced by Computer Leo.

I n n. V. L e o. I like the ant.

C o m p. L e o. As you say... Anita, sometimes I am not confident. Let's say I don't understand how
Autoprot works. I've looked through Leo's files: nonsense, I can't understand anything.
Slavik suggested several books.

L e o

A n i t a (*gently*). You're clever. You'll manage.

Strangers will prepare.

Won't you regret, mother?

Oh, my son, how could I not regret?

My son, how could I not regret? You
were laying on my heart.

Oh, duckling floats on Tisyana

Duckling floats on Tisyana...

I n n. V. a. What about me? C o m

p. L e o. I'll manage.

*Anita strokes Computer Leo's cheeks on the monitor. Staggered Computer Leo puts his
cheek close to her arm.*

C o m p. L e o (*surprised*). Anita, I can feel your fingers! Kiss me like a brother.

Anita kisses Computer Leo's forehead on the monitor.

C o m p. L e o. I love you, I love you....

ACT NINE

Leo's study. Leo's Inner Voice sits on the chair in front of the monitor.

I n n. V. L e o. The money has come.

C o m p. L e o. Did they promise to be quick?

I n n. V. L e o. They said: "It is unlikely because the order is too big". Actually, they are creating
the whole body. Only brains are loaded. Sensitive limbs is a lot of work.

C o m p. L e o. Heck. Can you imagine me?

I n n. V. L e o. Why the fuck should you want two meters height?

C o m p. L e o. Why not? I'll be handsome! ...Maybe Anita will fall in love with me.

I n n. V. L e o. That's like comparing apples to oranges...

C o m p. L e o. You do not understand women. With such a penis I am a god for any woman – it
increases and expands.

I n n. V. L e o. You are an adult man, but now you are talking like a pimply boy.

*The chair breaks under Leo's Inner Voice, he falls. The light turns off and the nasty siren
begins to whoop. Computer Leo smiles maliciously. Siren dies away, the light turns on.*

C o m p. L e o. Got it? Think what you are saying.

I n n. V. L e o (*irritably*). I'm fed up with your tricks. You will end up in a bad way, I'll go away.

C o m p. L e o. Well, don't be angry. I was joking. You've read books, you should know what a
good penis is.

I n n. V. L e o. When it is more expensive than two legs, I can't get it.

C o m p. L e o. Your approach is wrong. The matter is not the price, but the money that you have at
your disposal. I always forget about the price after buying a good thing. Then, I have
virtually existed for more than a year. I remember real feelings. Cold river water, the hot

sun, warm breeze, the smell of flowers, the taste of wine, even the taste of fried eggs with fat bacon, cucumber and black bread. God, I do not even salivate after these words.

I n n. V. L e o. It is possible to get used to anything.

C o m p. L e o. Yes. But if there is an opportunity to change something bad for the better, then why use bad things?

I n n. V. L e o. You are too human, too emotional.

C o m p. L e o. Is it bad? For my brain?

I n n. V. L e o. Maybe not bad. If the brain is under control.

C o m p. L e o. And you are smart, brother. Carry me around, please.

I n n. V. L e o. Again? Three weeks and you will walk yourself.

C o m p. L e o. Do not tease me. When will it be? Carry me around. Ok? I

n n. V. L e o (*with a sigh*). Ok.

Inner Voice of Leo takes Computer Leo's notebook and begins to walk around the office holding it at waist level with screen outside.

C o m p. L e o. Why so low? I shall be two meters high. (*Please.*) Raise it, brother.

Inner Voice of Leo puts the notebook on his head and continues walking.

C o m p. L e o. Look to the left.

Inner Voice of Leo turns his head with a notebook to the left.

C o m p. L e o. Now right.

...turns to the right.

C o m p. L e o. Now look up.

Inner Voice of Leo stops listening.

I n n. V. L e o. Someone is coming.

Inner Voice of Leo quickly returns the notebook to its place. Slavik comes in.

S l a v i k. Any news?

C o m p. L e o. Good news. Today in Australia, the lawyers and financiers united into the network.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Don't tell me that crap.

S l a v i k. I know that. As a coordinator, tell me that everything is going according to plan.

C o m p. L e o. Yes. What's that? Europe and America nearly agreed after my suggestions...

S l a v i k (*interrupts*). What about a financial tranche?

I n n. V. L e o. Oops!

C o m p. L e o. Tomorrow, I think, by dinner-time finances should be transferred.

S l a v i k. ...Let's be frank: have you blown out the money today?

C o m p. L e o. Are there any suspicions? I have coordinated the connection of world networks for more than months. I switch off only as a preventive measure. Until now, no one complained about my work.

L e o

S l a v i k. Comment on this document.

Slavik inserts USB flash drive into the USB port on Computer Leo's notebook. The payment order is on the screen.

C o m p. L e o. ...It should be verified. It may be fake.

S l a v i k. I have checked it, it is not fake.

I n n. V. S l a v i k. Ku-Ku.

C o m p. L e o. ...Remember, we bought artificial limbs for those who were injured in the war in the East?

The two sides begin to cry.

S l a v i k. I remember. But that was our common solution... And this one is yours!

C o m p. L e o. Don't I deserve it?

S l a v i k. Maybe you do. It is necessary to discuss it! And not just... steal!

C o m p. L e o. Am I a thief? How many problems that have no solution did I solve? S

l a v i k. A lot! Does it matter...?

C o m p. (interrupts). It does! Tens! I deserve a Nobel prize! ...and here...

Both stop shouting.

S l a v i k. Why not ask for more?

C o m p. L e o. ...Who knows?

S l a v i k. All my cyber-hundred. Yes, everyone.

I n n. V. L e o. It is important to make predictions.

C o m p. L e o. Couldn't you delete the records? I

n n. V. S l a v i k (ironic). Heh!

S l a v i k. I could not do that even if I wanted to. I'm surprised. Financial system is transparent, because ninety percent of the corrupted people use cash. What are you hoping for? ...Or there is an error somewhere in Autoprof?

I n n. V. S l a v i k (twisting a finger at a temple). Are you crazy?

I n n. V. L e o. But!

C o m p. L e o. I do not think so. An inner voice tells me that I have become too emotional. S

l a v i k. Did you quickly come up with a new version?

I n n. V. L e o. What a bastard!

C o m p. L e o. Leave me alone. I probably need some rest.

S l a v i k. They began to frown on me, giggling behind my back... (Offended.) But what, Leo? I trust you as a father.

C o m p. L e o (apologetically). Slavik, I'll find a way out. Don't be angry. S

l a v i k. I am going to bed. I am very tired.

Slavik sulkily leaves the cabinet. Almost immediately afterwards, Anita comes in.

A n i t a. Leo, is it true??

I n n. V. L e o. What? C

o m p. L e o. ...Yes.

A n i t a. I don't understand... Your rule: "Any financial transaction can be checked by anyone of those whom it concerns?" C o m p. L e o. I'm proud of it.

I n n. V. L e o. So am I.

A n i t a. Are you hope to hide the money?

C o m p. L e o. I'm not crazy. I would say... a little later.

I n n. V. L e o. What you are...

A n i t a. Have you been dismissed?

C o m p. L e o. ...Finally, the abuse was revealed, so the transparency is good. My operation can be considered as a successful test of the financial system... Maybe... everything could be presented as a test? A test? I n n. V. L e o. It's a good idea.

A n i t a. Leo, are you going to get away with it?

C o m p. L e o. What else can I do?

A n i t a. ...Shame on you! ...The best thing is an honest appeal.

C o m p. L e o. ...I agree. I am connecting. Wait please. ...Colleagues, I had no right to spend money for other purposes. It might seem strange but it is true, I'm glad that my operation was quickly detected. If the creators of the system cannot evade it, then it is good enough. Of course, there is much work to do: the speed of operations, risks, transaction costs... But let's discuss it some another time. Glory to Ukraine! ... I am disconnecting. A n i t a. ...I will protect you in the arbitration court.

C o m p. L e o. Thank you, sweetheart... I'll... Well, I died in time: I won't be able to stand Tamara's shouting. That is, Leo died.

A n i t a. ...Leo, I could take you with me to the