



Ukrainian Drama  
**TRANSLATIONS**

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**Three Rendezvous**

By

Translated by

**Rendezvous 1**

*A dark room. The laptop screen illuminates MARINA. She slips off her jeans, remains in her sweater. We don't see the screen, we just hear a MAN' voice from somewhere in the distance.*

He: Take it off already...

*MARINA takes off her sweater and her T-shirt, she is cold, tries to wrap herself in a blanket, while leaving her intimate places in plain sight.*

She: It's cold...

He: Imagine me hugging you...

*The door of the room is kept shut by a chair. Someone pulls on it from time to time, trying to open it. From the other side we hear, "Mom, open up." "Marina, should I defrost the fish?" "Where's the molding clay?" etc.*

He. What's going on there?

She. It's in the neighboring room, don't be distracted...

*The dialogue between the lovers is precisely appropriate for the situation, phrases such as “show me,” “lick,” “do you for you,” “Look, it’s hard,” “Don’t stop,” etc.). SHE moans, HE moans.*

*Gunshots and explosions are heard somewhere in the distance.*

Marina. What is going on there?

He. It's far away, don't be distracted...

*They try not to be distracted. SHE may be faking it.*

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*The next room looks like a shelter. In it there are six beds and four women. Instead of nightstands – suitcases with things. A baby sleeps in a stroller. The women are mostly old. FIRST WOMAN eats something. SECOND WOMAN is picking through medicines, rustling wads of plastic wrap. THIRD WOMAN sleeps, even snores. FOURTH WOMAN reads the news on her smartphone, reads the reports loudly.*

FOURTH. The Russian military began drawing up lists of local residents in occupied Kherson for the issuance of ten thousand rubles in order later to hold a referendum based on these lists...

SECOND (*hoarse voice, with hatred*). Damn it!! Damn them!

FIRST. Ten thousand is how much in grivens?

SECOND. What do you care about grivens, figure it in euros...

*FOURTH's smartphone jingles. She reads again.*

FOURTH. Air Alert, head for cover immediately.

*THIRD wakes up abruptly, gets up and immediately goes somewhere, clutching her purse to her breast. Everyone watches her go with surprise.*

FOURTH. That's in Kharkiv, we're in Vienna.

*THIRD looks at them angrily and leaves the room. SECOND twirls a finger at her temple.*

*A CHILD runs into the room, goes to the closed door to the next room, and pulls on it repeatedly.*

SECOND. Stay out of there, she's with your dad.

*But the CHILD does not stop pulling on the door.*

CHILD. Mom, where's mom! Mom, open up!

*FIFTH WOMAN enters from the kitchen with a knife in her hands.*

FIFTH (*from the doorway*). Marina, just tell me one thing – should I defrost the fish or boil sausages?

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*The room is dark. We hear the moans of a MAN and WOMAN, we hear doors being pulled, and we hear gunshots and explosions through the laptop.*

*MARINA masturbates, she's already almost there, she is about to come. Accordingly, the dialogue between them is "Wait-Wait, here it is... Oh, God... Oh, my God... so fucking good..." Finally, she comes.*

*Somewhere in the laptop, a moan is interrupted by a particularly strong explosion, a scream, a blow. Silence. MARINA comes to her senses. She addresses the man somewhere in her laptop.*

MARINA. Yura, I'm done... Are you okay? Are you all right?! Where are you?! Can you hear me, Yura?! Yura?!!

*The laptop screen is covered in blood. MARINA slaps her laptop like a coffin lid, covers her face with her hands, and sits there naked.*

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*In a Viennese ski storeroom, THIRD WOMAN sits and listens to the peaceful but chaotic sounds of sirens, cars, the slam of doors, the screams of a child – everything sounds new to her and she trembles with fear.*

## **Rendevous 2**

*Note: since February 24, 2022, men aged 19 to 61 years are not allowed to leave Ukraine under wartime regulations.*

*Kyiv, spring, a square. Two men drink coffee – PASHA and ANDRIUSHA. They are a little embarrassed and look closely at each other. A large pink suitcase on wheels stands next to Pasha.*

ANDRIUSHA. So I went to the military enlistment office and I said, take me, I'm ready. They looked at me and said, who are you? I said, I'm a cultural manager. "Who?! They laughed. How about uncultured, got any of them? It's the uncultured ones we need." That's the level of their humor, in short. I say, I organize concerts, all sorts of events, I book festivals... They laughed again, and said – "Wait." And, I'm still waiting... Two months. I really am ready, just give me a weapon.

PASHA. I have asthma. Problem is I'm unfit. I'd go. But I have a certificate.

ANDRIUSHA. Would you care to have another coffee?

PASHA. Why so formal?

ANDRIUSHA (*happily*). Okay. (*To the young waiter*) We'll have two more coffees. There used to be a really pretty waitress working here. Olya, right?

WAITER. She left. In Paris now.

*The waiter accidentally bumps PASHA's suitcase, it falls over.*

WAITER. Oh, sorry, I'm new here... (*Picks it up.*)

PASHA (*excuses himself*). They gave it to me at the shelter. Humanitarian aid.

ANDRIUSHA. What is she doing in Paris? What are they all doing there?

WAITER. They're all staying safe.

*ANDRIUSHA takes out a pill and swallows it.*

ANDRIUSHA. My gastritis has gotten worse. It's the nerves.

PASHA. You shouldn't drink coffee.

ANDRIUSHA. What difference does it make, people are dying out there...

PASHA. It's hard for me to breathe here, I'm suffocating... It was easy to breathe in Mariupol...

ANDRIUSHA. Well, the breathing is better here now, Pasha...

PASHA. Yeah, yeah...

*They drink coffee in silence for a while. ANDRIUSHA receives an alert signal on his phone. He watches a long time then grunts angrily.*

PASHA. Listen. I want to ask you. You're the cultural manager... I'm a simple guy. A mechanic.

ANDRIUSHA. Ask away, Pasha.

PASHA. Are you sure you're not, you know? Because I exchanged texts messages with this guy, and then we met. He seemed okay. We come to his place, and he has a double bed...

ANDRIUSHA. What do you mean?

PASHA. Well, I mean... He says, stay here. I say fuck you. And went back to the shelter. Now they're fucking with me over there. I asked for a normal suitcase, and they gave me this thing.

*ANDRIUSHA finally gets it.*

ANDRIUSHA. Me?! What the hell? I'm not gay! I have a wife. in Munich. You've got a nerve!

PASHA. Well, all kinds of things can happen.

ANDRIUSHA. Look, I have two rooms. Sveta and I are in one room, the second is the kids' room. You can sleep in the nursery.

PASHA. When do they come back?

ANDRIUSHA. I don't know. Maybe never. They say it's quiet there. They're calm there. She always wanted to go there. Europe - shops, comfort, security. And I tell her – I want you to know I can't live there. I can only live in Ukraine, and that's that.

PASHA. Even if I could, they wouldn't let me out anyway.

ANDRIUSHA. I don't want to! I say, come home, it's quiet here. Then she reads the news in the morning and shouts at me that I'm a jerk, and think only of myself.

*An air raid alarm howls. The MEN look around. WAITER brings two more coffees. They drink silently. ANDRIUSHA has no desire to drink.*

ANDRIUSHA. Are you sure you can cook? I can't do this anymore.

PASHA. I can also do borscht and cutlets.

ANDRIUSHA. And mashed potatoes with baked fish?

PASHA. Yes, I can. What's to do?

ANDRIUSHA. I'll clean up. I also know where they sell booze.

PASHA (*upset*). I'm a little low on cash...

ANDRIUSHA. Don't sweat it!

*Shows a message on his phone.*

ANDRIUSHA. See? She put 200 euros on my card. Svetka did. She says, "Eat well."

PASHA. She's worried.

ANDRIUSHA. Fuck that! I'll drink that money up, okay?

PASHA. You can't, you've got stomach problems.

ANDRIUSHA. She always says that, too...

PASHA. She loves you.

ANDRIUSHA. Uh-huh. There's a classmate there with her. Shit. Her first love. In Munich.

PASHA. Don't worry. When it's over, she'll come back. Who needs them there?

ANDRIUSHA. She's not coming back... They left us, Pasha. Get it through your head, they just up and left us!

*ANDRIUSHA turns away. His shoulders tremble. PASHA gently puts his arm around his shoulders.*

PASHA. It's good I got divorced before the war, and I don't give a flying fuck that she's hanging around somewhere in Warsaw. I don't give a damn, I can handle it... Calm down, Andriusha! (*agitated, it is not clear who calms whom*). Calm down! Let's go to the grocery store, curfew is coming soon.. You wanted fish... We'll make some mashed potatoes.

*THEY get up and walk towards the grocery store. PASHA rolls his pink suitcase across the cobblestones.*

### **Rendezvous 3**

*Viennese embankment. A pleasant-looking MAN of about 50 admires a beautiful WOMAN and her 8-year-old daughter. She teaches CHILD to skate, but doesn't really know how to do it herself. They laugh, fall, stand up again, the girl tries, the woman demonstrates how... WOMAN catches MAN's eye, he smiles at her, she smiles politely back. Finally, the girl manages to get up on her skates, and she skates off.*

*GIRL skates, the wind in her face, she is happy. Suddenly, something goes wrong. WOMAN screams and runs after her. Passersby make way.*

WOMAN. Turn left, Sonya, turn left, slow down!

*MAN rushes forward and catches the girl, preventing her from falling. As WOMAN runs towards them, he holds the GIRL tight, strokes her, and says something soothing. WOMAN runs up, out of breath, and snatches her daughter out of his hands. Holds her tightly.*

MAN (*in German*). It's okay, she didn't fall...

WOMAN (*ungrateful*) Danke schön.

*WOMAN abruptly takes CHILD and her skates, steps aside and says something to the child, looking at the MAN, as if giving him a warning. MAN is puzzled by her reaction, but smiles his usual smile.*

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*The next morning. MAN sits in a Viennese coffee shop, reads a newspaper. Suddenly sees the same WOMAN. She enters the cafe. She wears a long cloak. They check her vaccination certificate. WOMAN orders coffee to go, doesn't notice the man. MAN watches her with interest. The bartender is in no hurry. WOMAN looks at her watch anxiously. Without waiting for her coffee, WOMAN leaves the coffee shop. MAN picks up her coffee, pays for it and tries to catch up with her.*

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*MAN follows her with the coffee. She doesn't notice him because she's using her GPS. He suddenly becomes interested in following her.*

*WOMAN arrives at Schwarzenbergplatz. Looks around. Locates the monument to a Soviet soldier.*

*WOMAN approaches the monument. Takes off her raincoat, under which there is only a T – shirt. WOMAN is naked from the waist down. There is blood between her legs. WOMAN stands before the soldier.*

*Suddenly, she is joined by more women, all naked below the waist, all with bloodstained crotches. They stand and look at the Russian soldier. Passersby are shocked. Someone takes pictures, someone passes by quickly. MAN looks at WOMAN in shock. He sets down the coffee, turns, and leaves quickly.*