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Play

Tooth

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Корінний

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ukrdramahub
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The project is implemented with the support of the International Relief Fund of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Germany and the Goethe Institute within the project "Theatrical windows. Work in progress" implemented by the NGO "Teatr na Zhukah" (Kharkiv).

Apartment in a high-rise building, equipped as a dentist's office. There is a noise from explosions outside.

Samuel, 87 y. o.

SAMUEL (looking for something in closets, in numerous notebooks, photo albums, diplomas, certificates):

Fascists. Fascists. Fascists. Bombs. Bombs. Bombs. Ada!

(He finds a piece of paper, dials a number)

Is this the Israeli embassy? I need to be evacuated.

...

I don't have an Israeli passport.

...

Samuel Katz, born in 1935. Serhiy Kryvyi on my passport.

...

I don't have an Israeli certificate. I do have a passport. Ukrainian passport. Where should I get this certificate? We have bombs falling from the sky.

...

I won't go to the basement. I didn't mention bombs for you to send me to the basement. I survived World War II. I survived the Holocaust. Basements, pursuits, fake documents. My mother refused to be a Jew, my mother gave up her name to save me.

...

My documents are legitimate, but Ukrainian. Under the name of Serhiy. By birth I am Samuel. My son is in Israel. He's waiting for me.

...

What do you mean, why didn't I do it before? I am a practicing doctor here. I have an office. I am a respectable person. If I had known that the Nazis could return, I would have done it a long time ago. But they didn't. And it didn't matter, Samuel or Serhiy.

...

I don't want to go to Poland.

...

Are you mocking me?

...

Do you know what they do to Jews in Poland?

...

What do you mean, not a Jew?

...

I'm not confusing anything! I want to go to Israel. I want to go to my son. Put me on the list, Samuel Katz, born in 1935, I need to be evacuated.

(He hangs up the phone)

Fascists. Fascists. Fascists. Ada!

...

They say I need a certificate! I need the old passport. I need to prove that I am a Jew. I need to prove it. What a goddamn proof?

(The phone rings)

Hello. Is there a bus?

...

There isn't?

...

Who is it?

...

What teeth?

...

I won't provide care for any teeth. I won't. I'm going to Israel. I don't want to go to Poland.

...

I don't know what medicine you should take to soothe the pain.

(He hangs up the phone)

Crazy people. Bombs are falling from the sky. And they have a toothache. Is it a high time for teeth? They want to drink something to soothe the pain.

...

Ada! Ada! Where are my glasses?

...

I can't go to Israel without my glasses.

...

I need to find my notebook. There is Moses' phone number. He has to make me a passport. I'm not allowed to cross the border without a passport. Without a certificate proving I'm a Jew.

...

Fascists. Fascists. Fascists. I don't want to go into the basement.

...

I want to go to Israel. Where is my bus? I'm an old Jew. I need a bus.

(He dials a number)

Ibuprofen!

...

Do you have ibuprofen?

...

Drink it and go to the hospital. To any surgeon. It is necessary to remove the abscess. If you don't get rid of it in a day, it will be getting worse.

...

Not necessarily a dentist, just a surgeon who would simply pull out a tooth and pump out pus.

...

So what if it's a permanent...

...

Do you want to save your tooth? Do you know what carpet bombing is? Take some ibuprofen! Find a surgeon.

(He hangs up the phone)

Crazy people. A permanent tooth, they say!

...

Ada! Woman! Have you packed the documents?

(The phone rings)

At last! Are you already leaving?

...

What medicine? I don't want any medicine.

...

Do I have somebody to look after me? My wife is packing the documents.

...

She can't pick up the phone. She can't talk to you.

...

She's busy right now. I have a son, Moses, he's in Israel. He'll meet me there.

...

In Kharkiv? Why do you ask me about Kharkiv?

...

Where did you get my number? Who gave you my number? You are frauds.

(He hangs up the phone)

Ada! Ada!

...

Fascists. Fascists. Fascists.

(He finds his notebook, dials a number)

Moses! Finally! I couldn't find your number.

...

I don't know how to do that on a mobile phone. How do I escape, Moses?!

...

Can you take me out of here?

...

What do you mean - you can't?

...

What do you mean - to Poland?

...

Do you know what is happening here? Bombs. Bombs. Bombs. Fascists. Fascists. Fascists.

...

I don't know where Mom is. *(He cries)*

...

Ada! Ada!

...

She was supposed to pack our documents. I need my glasses. I need my passport.

...

I don't know how long I've been here. For a long time. They've been bombing since morning. Damn Germans!

...

What do you mean - not Germans?

...

What medicine?

...

I don't need any medicine, I need a bus. I want to go to Israel.

...

Do you promise, Moses? Do you promise? Don't hang up, don't leave me alone.

...

Where am I? Where am I? I'm here. Bombs. Bombs.

...

What people?

...

Will they take me to Israel? Aren't they frauds?

...

They won't take me to Poland, right?

...

I won't go there. It's decided!

(He hangs up the phone)

Ada!

...

He's sending us to Poland! It's impossible! He says people are evacuated only from Poland. How come? I said I wouldn't go.

(The phone rings)

Hello!

...

Is it you? Did you take ibuprofen? Did you find a surgeon?

...

What do you mean - they aren't working?

...

Impossible to reach?

...

Damn Germans!

...

Of course it hurts! Purulent inflammation! Do you have a fever?

...

Good... so... get some ultracaine. If you don't have it - then analgin or novocaine.

Anything in ampoules. Two dice. Maybe three. Right under the abscess, where you feel the bony part, make an injection.