

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

Anna Halas

Characters:

Rod - a widower aged 70, a former teacher of Geography

Lada - a girl aged 18; brought up in a wealthy family

Morena – a lunatic woman aged 35-40

Siver – a man aged 24; a sniffer

Voices – a variety of voices which the characters and the audience can hear

Scene 5

Lada and **Siver** sit on the sofa and chat in a friendly manner and sometimes laugh. **Morena** goes around the cellar singing to her baby in a low voice. **Rod** hurries in with a backpack on his back.

Rod: It's good that I am that old.... An old man is an invisible man... I pretend to be limping ... I make my head tremble all the time These bastards think I am an old josser who does not understand what's going on... (*looks at Lada and Siver*) You two seem to be having fun, right? That's good, that's good ...

There is some noise upstairs.

Voice 1: All clear. The house is empty.

Voice 2: Hella good! I need to spread out my legs... where the fuck is the bed?

Voice 1: Are you a king or what? Take the blanket and put it on the floor..

Voice 2: I need a pillow...Dash it all! Bloody assholes! Have they taken the pillows to hell with them?

Voice 1: This house looks like a museum..

Voice 2 (*laughing loudly*): How do you know? I bet you haven't been to a museum a single time in your lousy life...

Voice 1: Look! This chick in the photo is nice.

Voice 2: Just don't try to jack off to her... I won't handle it one more time...

Rod's face distorts with pain. He rushes to the exit, but Siver manages to hold him.

Rod (*whispering in despair*): They want to abuse my wife!

Siver: Shhh!

Lada: If you go upstairs, they will know we are here...

Voice 1: Okey-dokey, off to bed!

Voice 2: Whatevs... I'd better go hunting....

Voice 1: You are a fucking monster! Get someone banged for me too... I have no kick left!

*The door upstairs slams. **Rod** comes to the vent grid and covers it with his coat. **Siver** looks at **Morena**.*

Siver: If her son starts crying, we are dead..

Rod: He won't.

Siver: Why are you so sure?

Rod: Have you heard him crying?

Siver: No.

Rod: That's why.

Siver: I don't get it.

Rod: You need to leave.

Siver: You mean me?

Rod: I mean all of you. You can't stay here. It's a trap.

Lada: Where can we go? War swept over the whole country. There is no place to hide here...

Rod: You need to leave the country.

Siver: Leave? How?

Rod: I knew this day would come... I have a plan for you...

Siver: What do you mean you have a plan for us?

Lada: Aren't you coming?

Rod: No. I am too old. You are young and strong. You will manage. Morena will go with you... I hope one day she will get back to normal.

Siver: Hey, man! Are you serious? You want to send me out with two women and a baby? I have no idea where to go.

Rod: I made a map.

Siver: He made a map! Do you think I can read maps?

Lada: You have to go with us, Ron! We won't survive without you.

Rod: Lada, dear, I am old and slow. I will be a burden for you... My wife and my son are here...

Morena: I need to feed my baby ... He is hungry ...

***Morena** goes to the corner of the cellar and starts feeding the baby. **Rod** takes out a map.*

Rod: Siver, Lada, come here

***Rod** spreads a map on the floor.*

Rod: You will go to this country. (**Rod** points at a particular country on the map.) It's a nice country. People are kind there. They will help you.

Siver (*skeptically*): How do you know this?

Rod: My cousin lives there. When the war started, he invited me to come.

Lada: Why didn't you go?

Rod: I didn't want to leave my wife and my son.

Siver: I still don't get it. Why didn't you take them with you?

Rod: My wife died in labour forty years ago. My son outlived her by two days and died too.

Lada: Rod, I am so sorry.

Rod: If I leave now, who will take care of their grave?

Siver: Look, man. This map means nothing to me. All I know is that we have to cross the borders of several countries before we get to that paradise where your cousin lives. You are the only one who knows how to get there. If we do have a chance to survive in this slaughter, help us.

Rod (*doubts*): You are right Siver. I need to go with you. I will come back... I will come back..... No doubts, I will.

Siver: We need to move out tonight.

Lada: I am scared, Siver.

Siver tenderly hugs Lada.

Siver: Don't be afraid, Lada. I am here with you. Rod is here... We are going to be fine.