NEDA NEZHDANA

Translated by Tetyana Shlikhar

**MAIDAN INFERNO, or THE OTHER SIDE OF HELL**

*Street mystery*

**Characters:**

**OREST –** mountain-climber

**ANIA (ANGELINA) –** student of Philology

**STEPANYCH** – security guard

**ZOIA** - nurse

**PAFNUTII (IAROSLAV)** - seminarian

**LIUB (LIUBOMYR)** - musician

**MARGO –** journalist

*There are several worlds in the play: the usual world, the world of aggression (shadows, silhouettes, videos, light - at the discretion of the director), the world of monologues and the social media world - all of the characters act here in removable masks.*

**PROLOGUE. INFERNAL COMMUNION.**

*It is night. There are tents on stage, fire in a barrel, posters with inscriptions and caricatures, as well as symbols.*

*One can hear noise, laughter, and sounds of a guitar playing. Orest and Ania are in the forefront by the fire. It is cold.*

OREST. So what is your answer: yes or no?

ANIA. What are you talking about?

OREST. Don't you know?

ANIA (*pause*). Never ask a girl: yes or no.

OREST. Don’t ever say "never". So will you tell me or not?

ANIA. You didn't say to me the most important thing, and now you’re asking about this, it doesn’t work like that.

OREST. What is the most important thing?

ANIA. Don't you know yourself?

OREST. (*a long sigh*). It's so complicated with you girls ... And no one can help ...

ANIA. No one ... It's even more complicated with you ... By the way, I'm one person, not in plural.

OREST. One and the only one. But there is no advice for that.

*They smile, look at each other. She lowers her eyes, he steps aside, throws something into the fire. She approaches the fire, warms the hands.*

OREST. Cold? Come here. (*Ania comes up to him, he hugs her to warm her up*).

ANIA. A little bit. What are you going to do now? Are you leaving?

OREST. Do not know yet…

ANIA. What about your job?

OREST. I'm now in search of one...

ANY. Just like a climber is looking for new mountains?

OREST. No, I'm an industrial climber. I quit one and didn't found another one ...

ANIA. Didn’t find you mean…

OREST. Yes ... my linguist girl, you’re correcting me all the time...One day I am here, the next day I’m there ...

ANIA. You don't have a home?

OREST. I do have a house. But it’s empty. My parents died in a car crash and I survived. I had a lucky escape.

ANIA. You don’t have ... any family left?

OREST. Family ... Maybe I have you now ...

ANIA. Maybe? (*Pause, a close look*). But you're here not for me.

OREST. Of course not. Just like you. I realized that it cannot go on like that any more. But I feel good here. Such a good company, really good ... I feel as if I came home: this fire, space, people ... A strange feeling. As if this is the real, the true ... Right here ... What about you now?

ANIA. Honestly - I don't know. Such a confusion. I still believed that we would succeed with Europe. So much effort, so many bright people. And they lost. So disgusting, as if they spat on you. What will happen to us now, to the country? It is as if the train has been turned in the opposite direction, and it is accelerating rushing into the dark smoke. And what is there? Another train, an abyss? A catastrophe?

OREST. Losing a fight does not mean losing the war.

ANIA. Maybe it’s true for a war. But this is not a war…

OREST. Or maybe this is just a different kind of war. Without bloodshed.

ANIA. Can war be without bloodshed? That's the thing. We are peaceful. And they are not. It won’t work like that.

OREST. We’ll see ...

ANIA. See what? What’s next, do we stay here? We are getting fewer, people will leave soon …

OREST. Maybe they won’t leave, but will be forced to leave...

ANIA. They frighten us every night. Sick and tired of that. Why force us to go? We are just sitting and singing...

OREST. They will oust us not for a reason but for a purpose. But I also doubt it. Everyone wants to sleep at night.

ANIA. Listen, is it all in vain? Why does one… vegetable decide for everyone?

OREST. Not one… He was ordered by an even bigger neighbor…

ANIA. This makes me even more angry. Why do we have to listen to someone? Why do they tell us how to live? They have been telling us for three hundred years - and where did they lead us? They are in shit up to their ears and pull others there. Enough! I'm so mad that we can't do anything…

OREST. The fight has not even begun yet, and you have given up already?…

ANY. I don't give up. What can we do, really? They have security, police, weapons ...

OREST. I know. But I am not going anywhere. I'll stay here. You know, I feel like I'm sitting on the back of a huge monster. It began to move ... And it is very important not to fall down from it, to hold on it, to learn how to manage it ... Yes, it is big and scary, but we are riders. Not experienced yet, but riders. It's like we're at the top of history. Do you understand?

ANY. As a climber, do you see peaks everywhere? There was a legend about a whale. He was considered an island, people lived on it. And then he woke up and threw everyone into the sea ...

OREST. Yes, but this is not a whale, but something scarier and more powerful ...

ANIA. Maybe a dragon?

OREST. It's closer, but not a dragon, it’s something uglier without even a name. Both forgotten and new.

ANIA. Do you know why the whale in the legend woke up? Because of fire. (*Throws something into the fire).*

OREST. Yes, we also made a fire. You understood me. So, is it yes or no?

ANIA. You never mentioned the most important thing ...

*Liub is approaching them with a bandura (or some other musical instrument).*

LIUB. My angel, I’m kissing the tips of your wings ... Cold to the bone? Let me warm you up...

ANIA (*retreats to Orest*). No thank you, I'm warm enough ...

LIUB. Maybe a little bit of wine? I’ve got a sweet one just what girls love…

OREST (*gloomy*). There is nothing to celebrate and too early to commemorate ...

LIUB. Yes, too early. Well, it’s just to keep us warm and uplifted.

ANIA. We are by the fire, come closer - you will get warmer ...

LIUB (*coming to the fire, quietly to Orest*). The equipment was taken away from the stage - what could it mean?

OREST. Do you think something serious is going to happen?

LIUB. Who knows, I just don't like it ... It's better to send girls away ...

*Orest steps aside and looks around, Ania is anxiously watching.*

ANIA. Anything happened?

OREST. Not yet ... I'll go inquire the guards ...

*Orest leaves, but watches them from afar, looks into the darkness, goes behind the scenes.*

LIUB. Why are you so sad? What can they do? They’ll sign that association agreement. There is nothing to be sad about. Is that a problem? ... Oh, do you know the joke about a trouble and disaster?

ANIA. No. Tell me.

LIUB. Do you know the difference between a trouble and a disaster? Well, for example, Aunt Sonia got sick. Is it a trouble? A trouble. But hardly a disaster, right? Right. And now imagine an airplane with the president and prime minister on board. It crashes. Is this a disaster? It’s a catastrophe. But it doesn't matter ...

ANIA (*ironically*). Oh, Liubomyr, you are so ... cruel.

LIUB. For pretty girls I'm Liubchyk or simply Liub. Then I'm not cruel, I’m just a force majeure. I'm gentle and fluffy, honestly, here, you can try (*shows his hair, but Ania does not try*). You are so prickly … But you are smiling already, and your smile looks good on your face, you instantly become like a sunshine, although it’s night now … then, like a firefly.

*Orest returns, looking suspiciously at both of them. Ania retreats to Orest.*

ANIA. Any news?

OREST. Everything seems peaceful, but all the deputies have "bailed" ...

LIUB. It’s because without microphones they have nothing to do here. Maybe a taxi, Ania?

ANIA. I am not going anywhere… There will be a full “depression” at home.

LIUB. What a stubborn girl! Well, then a remedy for depression. Have you heard the new song? No? This is something!

*He pulls out his musical instrument, starts playing and singing the Euro Swing song. 1 \* Ania begins tapping to the tune, then dances. She is trying to engage Orest as well, but he is not into the rhythm, he is just watching the girl. They do not notice how the music goes down and some knocking noise appears. Suddenly Ania screams. Liubomyr stops, stands up and grabs Ania by her hand, pushing her aside. It is important that the attacker’s faces are not seen – they are in* masks, helmets, or there are dark shadows, they are faceless, or we can see their actions only by the movements and screams of the heroes.

LIUB. It's Berkut police forces! Run away! Quick…

Liub runs, holding Ania by her hand. Ania pulls out her hand and rushes to Orest.

ANIA. Orest! It’s Berkut!

OREST. Tun away! (*Grabs Ania by the arm, pulls her).*

ANIA. Oh, but my purse, my cell phone ...

OREST. Forget about it!…

*They first attack Orest. He gets hit but manages to resist and rushes to the other side. Siddenly Orestes hears Ania’s wild scream.*

ANIA. Why?!!!

OREST. Leave it alone!

*Ania protects her head and face from the blows, falls, spins on the floor, covering herself from the blows. Orest runs up to her, knocks down the attacker, lifts Ania off the ground. Liubomyr runs up, hits the attacker with his bandura (or some other musical instrument) and runs away. Orest helps Ania to stand up, but she can barely walk. They are attacked by others, Orest pushes the girl aside.*

OREST. Run, I said! I'll catch up!

*Orest is attacked, knocked down, kicked on his head, they shout:* “Bitches, assholes, you wanted Europe? We’ll show you Europe, maidan assholes, fucking >>>! ”

*Ania rolls away and finds herself on one side while Orest is on the other. The battle of the shadows continues.*

**MONOLOGUES.**

OREST *(stands up, steps aside, as if watching the events).*

I couldn't help but come back for her. When huge armed guys beat a girl on her head - it's so nasty ... Such a nice girl... I managed to push aside and cover Angelina, but then I was knocked down ... They beat me on my liver, ribs, but especially on my head. My nose crunched, blood was spilled, I was no longer moving, but they continued… And then my skull cracked, and I felt some hot liquid pouring inside. Internal bleeding is the end. But it seemed not enough for them- one of them stood on my chest and began to jump. Someone's cry "Why?" got into my mind. And then I fell into the darkness - I don't know for how long. For an hour? One hundred hours? ... I came back to senses already at a hospital - he saw white walls, doctors, a guy on the bed with his head and hands bandaged. Something in him seemed familiar to me... And then suddenly I thought: why am I standing, not lying, and nothing hurts, it’s strange. I called the doctors - they did not hear me. I couldn’t hear them either. Only some obscure noise. And suddenly I realized: that guy on the bed is me. Then I got really scared. So, am I dead, and this is my body? Then why I am not in the morgue? And where is the tunnel? Am I alive? I rushed to my body and suddenly felt that my feet were not touching the floor. I'm kind of flying ... But where?

ANIA. My eyes darkened with pain and fear. Someone pulled me up. Orest? I saw that Orest was protecting me and then he disappeared. Shouts, knocks… Someone dragged me somewhere, I moved my legs automatically, and my body was like a sack full of stones. And then darkness. Never in my life have I fainted, and here all of a sudden I passed out. I recovered from a blow on my cheeks. It was someone I knew. Liub. Disheveled, blood on his forehead, but smiling, I can't hear his voice like in the water, but only read by his lips: "Alive ... can you stand up?” I stand up, hold him by his arm, walk along automatically, all my body hurts, especially my head. God, I need gallows… And something swells, some unspoken thought. Suddenly like a knife, "Orest!" Where's Orest? Liub lowers his eyes: "Later, let’s talk about it later." We were walking endlessly somewhere up the hill. We ended up in a church for some reason. White walls in the darkness, people with dark faces. I was terribly thirsty: "Water!" They chased after us to the church, and then knocked on the gates. The knocking was like nails into my brain. Then I burst into tears, I cried a lot and for a long time. It's terribly humiliating to be beaten, as if you are all in dirt ... Then someone caressed my head… A woman gave me something to drink, and I fell asleep. I slept without dreams.

**Sequence 3**  
**social network 1** *This is a special space. The characters are hidden under masks. The texts of posts and comments are distributed freely between actors by the director. Motorists in traffic jams. Comments. Horns, sirens.*  
  
- It's absolute hell here: the traffic jam is five hundred meters. It’s Saturday, what the heck? Roadworks again? Closed the street? Another top banana is on the road?  
- No, top bananas now move around in helicopters, it's something else.  
- How do we get to the downtown from here, any ideas? Is there a road without traffic?  
- There are traffic jams everywhere. I just checked…  
- What is going on there ? it does not move forward ...  
- I am coming from Kharkivsky Avenue: same shit.  
- Where is everyone going, does anyone know?  
- I don’t care where you all are going, I need to the Maidan. Those dirty sluts have completely gone off the rails: at night, they attacked students of the Euromaïdan. My wife has been crying all morning ...   
- My daughter was there yesterday. Thank God she left just on time, what if she had stayed there? Bastards!  
- In addition to robbing the people they beat everyone in the streets, just for nothing. That’s the end!  
- It's been two years since they don’t pay me any salary, vermins… I have a credit to pay. What do I have to do ? Can they swallow it all without choking? Will they ever have enough for those golden toilets!  
- The kickbacks used to be 20%, now it’s 80%. You can live with it as you want. They got crazy!  
- And why do they beat people? Because of Europe? Who cares about that Customs Union! Their children study in Europe, not in Siberia! And ours will be crippled for Putin's money? Bastards!  
- It is with our money that they pay to these scums to kill our children?  
- We let the bandit come to power, and here we are...  
- What’s going on there? Is everyone going to Maidan?  
- Looks like that. Our neighbors are also going there. Everyone is fed up with it.  
- We're going to show them, those Berkuts, how we do "cleaning"! If only we get there faster... It's going to be like in Vradiivka! Worse.  
- What happened to Vradiivka?  
- Are you from Mars? Police officers raped underage girls and then killed them with a hammer. People revolted and took the police station by storm. That’s what Maidan means.  
- What about us now? Is it a kind of Automaidan?  
- Whatever you call it, we cannot let this happen... Is it a bandit area in the center of the city?  *The blows of horns become more frequent, turn into a total noise and then stop abruptly.*

**Sequence 4**  
**Interlude 1. At the borders of the hell**  
*Maidan is on stage but it has changed a lot. Broken objects, some new things, different posters. Stepanych is dressed in camouflage, Pafnutii, a young priest, is praying fervently, Ania offers tea, Liubomyr plays his bandura in the distance. Margo, provocatively dressed: in a mini-skirt and stiletto heels, observes everything with the interest of a tourist in an exotic country and directs an invisible cameraman with gestures. Voices on stage sound like an unclear noise. Ania, limping, brings tea to Stepanytch.*  
  
ANIA- Would you like something warm to drink?  
STEPANYCH - Thank you, sweetheart. You are so pale, sit down a little bit. Does it hurt?  
ANIA (sitting down) - Yes, a bit dizzy, but it's okay ...  
STEPANYCH - They hit you in the head?  
ANIA- Yes, but not only on my head ... I could not even imagine that people could behave like wild beasts ... No, I like wild animals. Rather, like inhuman beings. And why? What did we do to them? Even if they received an order to do that, why so harsh? Also, at night, like bandits.   
We hid in the church but they kept knocking on the doors like a barbarian horde ... We didn’t do anything wrong ... He applauded us for support! Bastard! Why all of this? I do not understand…  
STEPANYCH – To make you scared ... It's bullying. You are puppies who misbehaved and you were given a good lesson to demonstrate what can happen to others.  
They want to scare us all. Do you understand?  
ANIA- But it all came out in a different way! Everyone rushed to Maidan. So many people! So many cars!  
STEPANYCH - It finally broke out. There is an end to everything. It's the end. Honestly, I did not expect that from Kievites. My respect. As for you, my dear, I would recommend you to go home and take care of yourself. Your mother is waiting for you, right?  
ANIA (*sighs*)- I had a fight with her, she was screaming like crazy… so I cannot go to her now.  
STEPANYCH - And what does your father say?  
ANIA- Nothing. My parents are divorced. He does not care a straw.  
STEPANYCH – Even more so, your mother is alone and she’s worrying about you…  
ANIA- That night, I was thinking about coming home. But not anymore. They have committed a horrible crime, and they have to pay for it. The government should resign. Do you think the Rada (Ukrainian parliament) will succeed in removing them?  
STEPANYCH - What will it change? One is removed, another one like him will come. It’s all rotten.  
ANIA- We have to go to the end, right? To the victory? But how? We do not have an impeachment law.  
STEPANYCH - Yes, to the victory. And how, that's not your problem. You survived that night, that’s already an achievement.  
ANIA- I decided to come back here to conquer my fear. Otherwise it will be there forever. And fear is ... It’s impossible to live with it.  
STEPANYCH - I understand. Do not let fear overtake you ...  
ANIA- But I will not let it overtake me! It slips in insidiously: my heart is pumping, my hands are freezing ... What should I do?  
STEPANYCH – Exactly that: just do something. You bring tea: great job. And warm your hands. And go home, anyway. Real guys have arrived here now who have survived Afghanistan ... So now, do not worry, go home ...  
ANIA- I cannot do that. I'm looking for a friend, he defended me tonight, and he's gone ... Where is he? What happened to him? Nobody knows. I saw them beating him, but after that ... I lost my phone – all phone numbers are in it ... I don’t have his number or address any more… He has a rather rare name: Orest. Have you ever heard about him by any chance?  
STEPANYCH - No ...   
ANIA- I hope to see him here ... If he is alive ...  
STEPANYCH - If he's not among the dead, thank God, chances are he's still alive.  
ANIA- I hope ... and I'm looking for him, I’m thinking of going to the presidential palace, maybe he's there!  
STEPANYCH - No, do not go there, it can be dangerous there. It’s more safe here.  
ANIA (sighing)- But considering his personality he is not the one looking for the most safe place, on the contrary ... He is a mountaineer ...

*Margo approaches Ania and Stepanych with an advertising smile and a microphone.*  
  
MARGO - Good evening, we are from T.S.N.. Could you please tell me, if you were here last night during the assault?  
ANIA- Yes ...  
MARGO - Oh, perfect. (*She makes a sign to the cameraman.)* And you were wounded by the Berkuts?  
ANIA- Yes, probably them. It was dark…  
MARGO - Wow! (*To the cameraman*.) Make a close-up ... that's it ... (To Ania.) Would you please try to fix your position to stay in the frame. Ok? Here you ar. (*She adjusts her hair and her outfit*.) Perfect, now please tell us: how it was? Who started it all? Did you throw stones at them?  
ANIA- What stones? Are you crazy! We did not do anything! We were just sitting there and singing, some were sleeping...  
MARGO - And then what? Have they just attacked you for nothing? Without any excuse? They said people threw stones at them ...  
ANIA, (shouting) - Who told you this nonsense? That’s a lie! We did not throw anything at them! They beat us like inhuman beings! Fascists, sadists! They may have killed my  
friend, just for nothing ...  
 *Stepanych grabs her by the shoulders and hides her behind him.*  
  
STEPANYCH, - You should not film that. Delete it right away!  
MARGO - Why? We have freedom of expression ... If this is the truth, let it be known to everyone ...  
STEPANYCH, (in a low voice but firmly, taking the reporter aside) - They will know the truth, but they will throw her into jail or kill her, do you understand? Delete it right here, or I’ll break your camera!  
MARGO - Why are you behaving like that? We are with you, me too, I am for Europe. Simply, there were images circulating: people were throwing something…  
STEPANYCH - It was theater, but this is real life that you can break with your interview. If you want, you can ask me, I’ll give you an interview. I am not afraid of anything any more.  
MARGO – Ok. (She gestures to the cameraman and prepares the microphone.) Please tell us, why did you come here?  
STEPANYCH - I came to defend these children, these students, against the bandits in uniform. They grew up free, they did not have that fear that was inoculated to people under the U.S.S.R. But now they want us to go back to the Soviet times again. And that would be the end of Ukraine, the full end. Everyone is sick and tired of this so-called "improvement". Letting this gang of degenerates beat these innocent children is complete disorder. We cannot live in a country like this ...  
MARGO - But they went to the demonstration for Europe. And you, you are not of the same opinion? (Sign to the camera.) A close-up ...  
STEPANYCH - Yes, I saw this Europe ... I feel more pain for Ukraine ...  
MARGO – Aren’t you afraid of new assaults by the security forces?  
STEPANYCH - You know, really, what's terrible is not that they can kill you ...  
MARGO - What is it, then? Are you more afraid of arrests then?  
STEPANYCH - No, what's horrible is when your child—intelligent, handsome, talented, in love with life and the world, is just beaten to death with bats and kicks, like a mad dog , just for nothing …  
MARGO (giving a sign to the cameraman to stop) - Me too, I'm scared, I have a five-year-old son ...  
*In the distance, the others listen to Lioubomyr who is singing “It is not necessary*

*Suddenly noise and shouts are heard. Stepanych, alarmed, scrutinizes something behind the journalist.*

STEPANYCH - Something happened there, people are running here ...  
  
*Margo looks back.*  
  
ANIA- Oh, it's a disaster there, it's definitely the Berkuts again ... (*She jumps up to her feet, shaking.*)  
STEPANYCH, (catching her by the hand) - Well, no panic. Do you remember what I told you? Keep you hands warm ... Do not go anywhere. I'll go find out what's going on ... (He walks away.)  
MARGO, gesturing to the cameraman - Oh, here's something new: let's go there.  
 *Zoia appears on the stage, looking disheveled, coughing, mumbling something angrily.*  
  
ZOIA - There they are killing people, and you are having fun drinking tea here. "Dance with Maidan" (*a TV show that included groups of amateur dancers*), a band of cons ...  
ANIA, *jumping to her and hugging her* - Zoia! Hi ! Don’t you recognize me?  
ZOIA, *stopping abruptly and looking at the girl* - Ania! But what happened to your head? Did it happen just now?  
ANIA- Last night, it's already better more or less ...  
ZOIA - Did you go to the hospital? (*Ania nods*.) It’s good, and do not even think about it! We were brought several wounded guys. This morning cops took three of them, with broken bones! One of them was taken right after an operation, and the other two, we tried to get them out through the service entrance, but too late. Our chief of service shouted at them, but they did not care, they threw them into a car like cattle. Bastards ...   
ANIA- Wait, do you know if there was a guy named Orest at the hospital? ...  
ZOIA - Orest? It's not a common name. I do not know... Any specific signs? Maybe he was unconscious..  
ANIA- Specific signs? Very beautiful, brown hair, slim...  
ZOIA – What about scars, moles on the nose?  
ANIA - I don’t remember anything on his nose...  
ZOIA - You don’t remember... I see. (Coughing). Is it ... your boyfriend, or what?  
ANIA- Oh no ... he just defended me there and then... disappeared...  
ZOIA - You have to go around hospitals, morgues ... (*Ania got very pale.)* So, it's not "just defended".  
ANIA- There was nothing between us ... But without him, I do not want to live ...  
ZOIA, examining her - Show me your head. Here, make a bandage with that. Did you faint?  
ANIA- Yes, I believe.  
ZOIA - It may be a hematoma, and that's annoying, it can go wrong. I'll give you the number of the doctor: but say that you come from me, otherwise you risk getting shipped.  
ANIA- Thank you. But were you there, near the presidential palace?  
ZOIA - Yes ... What an idiot ... (*She coughs*.) There was gas over ther, I breathed in some...  
 *The others are gathering around Zoia, waiting for news, Pafnutii is one of the last to join. He looks at Zoia insistently: obviously, he likes her, but he does not dare to show it.*  
  
ANIA- What's going on there? Tell us ...  
ZOIA – What is over there? A serious fight, I hardly managed to escape...  
STEPANYCH, *who came back* - Good, but what has happened there, did you see anything?  
ZOIA - Well, there came some guys with a bulldozer, or whatever the device is called ... And began to storm the palace. Why the fuck they needed that palace, if there is nobody inside? nobody knows. And these assholes in masks: clearly, provocateurs.  
And no politicians. They are all here, bastards, speaking about their great theories of a peaceful protest. There is one of them, the chocolate guy, forget his name... He was trying to stop them, but got a stone in his face. He's a good guy, I even began to respect him, really...  
MARGO - Wait, so who started the attack, the Berkuts? (*She discreetly signals to the cameraman to turn on*.)  
ZOIA - At first there were not even Berkuts, but kids from the VV (*Ministry of the Interior troops*), without shields, they threw them there like a pile of meat ... And then the VVs receded, the assholes in masks squatted, as if they were obeying an order, and fresh Berkuts began to chase people. But not those who had thrown stones: those had disappeared! No, they were hitting ordinary people!  
MARGO - It's clear: they need shock images. Extremists. What a circus!  
STEPANYCH - Those were the titushky 3. I saw them walking in ranks in the park, one behind the other, the Berkuts and the titushky, like two detachments under the same  
commandment.  
ANIA - But why "titoushky"? "Ti tushky" like dead carcasses?  
ZOIA - No no, like "prostitutky"! It means "prostitutes".  
MARGO - No, he was a real man, Vadym Titushka, and then we started to give his name to people who are paid money for participation in protests.

ZOIA - Bastards! At the hospital, we are paid peanuts, while they are rolling in the cash and are even paid money to smash our heads! What assholes! (coughing)  
PAPHNUTII - You should not swear like that, you're such a nice girl. Do not attract the wrath of God.  
ZOIA - Do not tell me how to live, I'm already well taught. And why do you think I'm nice? Whatever ... (*She coughs*.)  
PAPHNUTII – You’re nice—one can see it right away: your heart is filled with fear and suffering, but you take care of others ...  
ZOIA - That's just inertia, like Hippocrates and all that crap. My friend Roman, a devoted doctor, was taken by the assholes. And why? Because he helped the wounded! In the name of Hippocrates ... fuck. Where do you think it happened? In the Writers' House! They broke the doors, the windows, and Berkuts kicked him in the stomach! I saw it in the window and it really stressed me out. How can I not swear then? How to get rid of the stress, then?  
PAPHNUTII - Through prayer, and the word of God that gives you strength.  
  
*Zoia looks askew, she is skeptical.*  
  
ANIA- That's right, I heard that bad words bring negative energy. They did an experiment on flowers. Those that were praised flourished,  
while the others that were sworn were fading away.  
PAPHNUTII - Yes, bad words serve the devil, and you serve God by looking after people.  
ZOIA - But I do not serve anyone, and I do not care about these flowers. Away with the bastards! Right, Stepanych? Tell them ... In the war as in the war ... It's like that and not otherwise.  
STEPANYTCH - Yes, that's fine. But if we do not want to become like them ... we have to act differently. In a noble way... Let’s respect ourselves, because we are worth of it. Right?  
ANIA- Yes, but respect by cursing is unacceptable. I say that as a woman of letters.  
ZOIA – Have you all agreed against me? Nobles, fucking? If you could only see what they did, those assholes ...  
PAPHNUTII - Hatred burns the heart, and a burning heart hurts.  
ZOIA - Yes, it hurts, but what can we do there?  
ANIA- It hurts me too but I do not know what to do either ...  
ZOIA - Stop complaining: at least, you have hope. As for Roman, he was kidnapped!  
ANIA- I'm sure he's fine ...  
ZOIA - He was fine, but imagine what they can do to him, lock in a cell considering what is already happening in the streets ...  
MARGO – At the studio, they broke the nose of one of our cameramen. He told them he was a journalist! But on the contrary, they hit him even harder, they wanted to put him on the knees, but he did not leave the camera: protected it with his body... He made such shots… terrible!  
ZOIA - That's all that interests you ... That's why people do not like you, journalists. People go through tragedies, and you are here, with your shots ...  
MARGO - Do you think, people like doctors? People live on their wages, and you, pump their money for every minor cough. You are cultivated corruption ...  
ZOIA - And you, first try to live on that shitty salary! How much do they pay to doctors in Europe? And how much do we get, huh? Do you know how degrading it is? As if we were some morons, but we save lives every day!  
STEPANYCH - Hey, girls, break! Stop quarrelling! No arguments here. Do you want to fight? You will have an opportunity. I think, we should build barricades: they will soon try to move forward.  
MARGO – Are you serious about the barricades?  
STEPANYCH - They are the ones who declared the war on us.  
PAPHNUTII - We can only oppose peacefully. By speech and prayer.  
STEPANYCH - Peacefully, against fully armed forces? Well, well ...  
PAPHNUTII - The truth is with us, God is with us ... We should fight for our hearts because they want to bring evil into our souls, and make us like themselves. While we are different. And that should be demonstrated.  
ZOIA – Well, will your prayer help to free Roman?  
ANIA- Maybe, yes ... Tonight, it's the church that saved us. It saved me too. It’s true…  
ZOIA - Do you really think we should try? Shit, I don’t even know how to pray.  
PAPHNUTII - You can do it in your own way: the most important thing is that it's sincere.  
ZOIA - But I do not know how to pray, at all. Doesn’t matter ...  
PAPHNUTII - Then repeat after me: Our Lord ...

*The three women repeat one after the other the words of the prayer, each praying for their own purposes. Stepanych first observes, then moves his lips: obviously, he is also praying.*  
  
ZOIA - The prayer doesn’t bring any fucking relief, while curse words do. Still…  
  
*Pafnutii sighs and walks away from them.*  
  
MARGO, *to ZOIA* - If you want, I'll give you a lawyer’s phone number: for your arrested friend.  
ZOIA - Thank you, and sorry for attacking you. It's the nerves, you know... (*To Ania*) And you, stop whining, and go around hospitals and morgues...  
ANIA- The morgues, I do not want to go there ... I have a tight heart, I do not know what to do.  
STEPANYTCH – Search among the living.  
ZOIA - Well, maybe he's right: if he's dead, he'll be alone.  
STEPANYCH, skeptical - Well, girls, you're not going anywhere anymore; and I'm going to gather the guys for the barricades ...  
 *They make improvised barricades. Lioubomyr sings "It’s not necessary".*  
  
Sequence 5  
**Monologues 2**  
ANIA- Why didn’t I tell him yes? Now, maybe we will never see each other again in this world. There was a kiss, and that's it ... I thought I knew how it is before. And I did not like kissing. But they were not real kisses, not with the right ones ... While there, I felt the ground was moving away from under my feet, and I was carried away by the waves, through the storm and the depths. I want to drown, become a mermaid, and that the fish push me on a swing ... When he kissed me, I felt like I was going back to the sea ... My God, how stupid that is: pride, knowing who said what first, all that is so unimportant, really ... I did not manage to say the most important thing... neither did he ... but he did his best ... and I felt it, as if next to him my body was transformed into a musical score. Maybe love is music?... We simply wanted to be side by side, to hold hands, talk ... Even silently… And now my heart is boiling ... A dull pain, permanent anxiety. It seems that I understand what is really important: to love when you have time to do that, because tomorrow may be too late ... The one you love can disappear, or you may not be there any more... Now there’s a big empty hole in my heart...  
OREST- I remember everything now. The night, the fire, and most important: Ania, Angelina. What a wonderful name! And those huge eyes, that tender look ... I did not immediately understand that I was conquered. I immediately fell in love with her, but I barely noticed ... And suddenly, I understand that I stopped reacting to others. Completely. What did I tell her? Nonsense ... I ruined everything. She was talking about what is important ... But what is important? ... I told her about myself in the worst way possible ... Who am I? An unemployed guy... I travel the world without precise destination... And she is real. And the Maidan is real. And this meeting did not happen for nothing. As they say in silly melodramas, it was fatal. Like death. Maybe I felt that I will die for her? I do not even know if the girl is alive or not. I do not know where I am. If only I could see her one last time ... But how can I see her again if I am already on the other side? Hope she's alive ... God, let her be alive, please. And let no one die on the Maidan. Let’s see, if I can move, maybe I will be able to see her. I should try.. But where should I look for her? I’ll begin with Maidan…

Sequence 6  
**social network 2**  
*Again a separate space. The characters appear hidden in different versions of the symbolic blue-yellow 1 and red-black, and are divided into "groups". Someone names a group and all or some of the people go to this group. Then someone leaves the group, and so on. The reactions vary.*  
  
- The *Euromaïdan* Group  
- The Euromaïdan-S.O.S. Group  
- The Automaïdan Group.  
- "Maidan: revolution of dignity".  
- "Maidan. Urgent matters ".  
- "Euromaïdan Paris".  
- "Euromaïdan London".  
- "Euromaïdan Nicaragua".  
- Wow! That’s something…  
- Ukraine that we build ourselves  
- "Free Ukraine".  
- "A hundred thousand Ukrainians!"  
  
*At the last cue, someone lines up by inertia. Someone else looks at it suspiciously and moves away to the side. Seeing this, some of those who had joined the group are also moving away.*  
  
- Dear citizens! Do not bring any bread or tea to the Maidan. There is no more space to store those, especially bread. We need disposable dishes. And guys are asking for sausage.  
- Dear citizens, the Maidan needs warm clothes, especially blankets because the nights are freezing.  
- Do you need medicines? Which drugs do you need? In what hospitals?

- No hospitals! Sign up to take them home!  
- Maidan S.O.S.! The police take the wounded from the Pechersky hospital! They are all arrested and taken to the police station! Let's all go to the hospitals immediately to rescue our brothers!  
- A first aid charity center was opened at the St. Michael’s cathedral 1!  
- Maidan S.O.S.! Warning ! Those who write complaints against the Berkuts or the police are arrested! Forward your complaints only through lawyers! Legal assistance is provided on the Maidan!  
- Welcome to the workshops "How to behave in case of an arrest ". Now every citizen understands that they can be attacked by bandits in uniform. How to reduce the risk of being attacked? What to do when the attack takes place in the street? How to behave in prison?  
- Attention please! They make lists at the university! The smell of smoke can betray you! Use deodorants!  
- Better gas cartridges!  
- It's no use. Better use helmets. Bring helmets.  
- Yesterday, two helmeted men were beaten by the cops. They were undressed, sprayed with cold water and chased along the Khrechtchatyk (*Main street of Kyiv*). And it turned out that they were construction workers. That’s your helmets!  
- So, what about the helmets - should we bring them or not? The motorcycle or construction helmets?  
- Whatever you find. As well as bulletproof vests, even used ones will work.  
  
*The characters put on different helmets, maybe vests, and dissolve.*

Sequence 7  
**Intermediate 2.  
Monument to the memory of hell** *The Maidan buzzes. Indistinct speeches and music are heard on the stage. Here is everyone except for Lioubomyr. Orest is also present, but the others do not see him. Only Ania feels his presence: she is looking around, often looks in his direction.*

STEPANYCH, *appearing* - It's done! We took the Town Hall and the Union House! And the October Palace!  
MARGO - The Town Hall was not taken but released. The mayor was not elected and those who were there were illegally elected. And if no one is officially elected, the town hall belongs to the community, meaning to us!  
ANIA- Do not go to the October Palace: it has negative energy. The N.K.V.D. used to torture people there...  
STEPANYCH - It does not matter, we will purify it, Father Paphnutii will read a prayer and burn incense there.  
ZOIA - Pafnutii? Is this really your name? Your parents are originals ... It's crazy!  
PAPHNUTII, embarrassed - It's my church name. Also, I'm not yet Father, but only seminarian...  
ZOIA - But in any case you are not a Mother ...! And what's your real name? Or maybe now we cannot use it anymore?  
PAPHNUTII - Iaroslav. Call me whatever you prefer, just stop cursing.  
ZOIA - And what will happen to me if I curse? I would be turned into a hyena of fire?  
PAPHNUTII - Jesus says, "I did not come to call repentance to the righteous, but to sinners."  
ZOIA – Let him call those bastards somewhere, so that they finally disappear ...  
STEPANYCH - Well, my sinful friends, are we going to conquer new territories?  
ANIA- Won’t they throw us into prison there?  
ZOIA - They can throw us in jail whenever they want, anyway ... whatever. I'm afraid they'll take out the automatic weapons.  
STEPANYCH - They will advance anyway, but it's safer there, behind the walls. Also, there is water and it is hot. Now it's as if we had taken an outpost, or a fortress.  
MARGO - Do you know how my son called it? A fortress of freedom. At first, I tried to explain to him, and then I gave up: it was not realistic. And he said to me, "Mother, why didn’t you tell me that it's a fortress of freedom? " Do you realize? We cannot lie to children, they get everything.  
LIUB, approaching with a bag of stones - Citizens, glory to Ukraine! I have gifts for you.  
ZOIA - Where did you get those cobblestones?  
LIOUB - These are memories, a historical relic. Well, who can guess what it is? You will get a reward.  
ANIA- What is the reward?  
LIOUB - I won’t tell you, it's a secret, otherwise it won’t be interesting.  
ZOIA - Memories, rewards, you're like Santa Claus! Are these paving stones?  
MARGO. - Pavement stones are usually smooth, but this one ... (*She examines the bag*.) Are those pieces of an old fortress?  
LIUB - All wrong. You are icy like Antarctica. Who has not tried yet? Ania, my angel with blue wings, didn’t you guess?  
ANIA, spinning a stone in her hands - It looks like material for a monument ...  
LIUB - Oh, you are close, well, only not for, but on the contrary ... Well, have another try ...  
STEPANYCH - Well, have we demolished Lenin?  
LIUB - No, we did not demolish him, we just moved him off the pedestal. Stepanych, you ruined everything, the reward was a kiss, and I put all my hopes in the girls ...  
MARGO – Don’t even hope, you are cynical and mercantile!  
LIUB - And the stones? I pulled them from my heart! (*To Stepanych*.) As for you, I will not kiss you!  
STEPANYCH, threatening with his fist - Yeah, don’t even try.  
LIUB - God forbid, although I am for Europe, but I am really an honest hetero. Oh, have you heard the joke about gays in the good sense of the word? No? It's awesome! "Have you heard that our friend is now gay! – Oh no, did he join the Party of Regions? - No, I'm saying that in a good way ... "  
 *A few laughs.*

ANIA- So, did they really topple it? How is it possible ?  
LIUB - They tied a rope around his neck: a kind of suicide ...  
MARGO - Wow! (*Taking a stone*.) Can you give me another stone for our cameraman? *(She takes another one*.)  
ZOIA – What the heck ... (*looking askew towards Paphnutii*.) What’s the use of taking him down? If they have overthrown the president, it would be clear, but there is no use of this one ...  
ANIA- No, this one does matter ... On the one hand, it's someone's work, on the other, it's like the Berlin Wall: a symbol. How is it that these monuments are still there,  
while it's been ages since the Soviet Union no longer exists? ...  
LIOUB - It's like monuments to Hitler, and even worse.  
ZOIA - No, anyway, you're exaggerating.  
LIUB - Why? It's very close, look: Hitler ruled here, we can say, for four years, as well as Lenin. But we got rid of Hitler, while Lenin, once he took the power, we spent seventy years in shit! And so many victims!  
ANIA- I read some statistics: in the thirties, about 1000 writers were victims of repression, including 500 from Ukraine, while the Union of writers had around 520 members. Do you realize? 95%! And the Holodomor? (*Famine genocidal programmed by Stalin during the winter of 1932-1933 to force the peasants into collective farms. This famine has caused six to eight million direct deaths in Ukraine*.)  
ZOIA - That was under Stalin ...  
STEPANYCH - They were twin brothers. Lenin too was a professional terrorist. I used to read documents on that, my hair went up: all the prisoners were shot dead, every tenth prisoner was hanged ...  
PAPHNUTII - And how many churches have they destroyed, how many priests they had murdered...  
ZOIA - If they did not occupy Ukraine then, we would have been in Europe long time ago, instead of being in ... shit.  
MARGO - And I saw that somewhere in the Baltics they made a park, a kind of a museum, with all the Lenin and company that were overthrown.  
ANIA- No, a museum would be too much for him. The city museum has been abandoned for years, and they do nothing about it. It's a shame. Should we take care also of these bastards? Away with them!  
LIUB - We should put something decent instead. A monument to the Sich Riflemen (*One of the regular formations of the Army of the RN, a Ukrainian state that existed from 1917 to 1920*), for example. The tomb is still there. By the way, someone said that this statue was  
superfluous, and now it is a symbolic monument of the Thermos, as a sign of the Maidan's union of warmth and life. We should drink that!  
STEPANYCH - Only tea, no alcohol, there is a dry law here.  
LIUB - Come on! A few drops: it's freezing cold here!  
STEPANYCH - I said tea. If you want to warm up, let's build the barricades, it's manual work: you'll see how it heats you up.  
LIUB - I know, I’ll go for a tea. (*They use it, without toasting.)* Well, my brothers, may Lenin rest in peace?  
MARGO - He did not have time to rest in peace, by the way ... His mummy is still in the mausoleum ...  
LIUB - Have you heard this joke? All the problems in Russia are because Lenin lies in the mausoleum not according to feng-shui   
ANIA- It's symbolic. In my opinion, he must be buried like all humans.  
STEPANYCH - That's for sure. As long as they do not get rid of him, the Sovietism will remain in the minds of people.

ANIA, pulling herself together - I do not want those stones! There is blood on them. Let's throw them somewhere.  
ZOIA - Into the river, so the communists run and shout, "Show yourself, God! "...  
MARGO - It's cold over there, and the river is frozen.  
STEPANYCH - So it's better to throw them into the fire.  
PAPHNUTII - In the Gospel it says: "Any tree that does not bear good fruit will be cut and thrown into the fire. "  
STEPANYCH – Well, this one has borne such fruit that we are still working on that shit...  
ZOIA - But can it burn?  
STEPANYCH – What exactly: shit or stone?   
ANIA- The stones. And even if it does not burn, let it burn anyway. She throws it into the fire, all follow her, except for Liubomyr, who sighs.  
LIUB - I wanted it as a trophy ... Well, okay ... let it go to the hell. (*He also throws it into the fire*.)

*Everyone is fascinated by the fire, in which the pieces of the monument are burning.*

MONOLOGUES.

ANIA. Yesterday, I accidentally walked past a hunting weapon shop, and the shop window attracted me like a magnet. I came in. Shotguns, knives and daggers, but I liked the guns the most. I have long considered, especially small ones, more feminine ones. I wanted to touch the cold blade of steel or feel the elasticity of the little trigger. It was such a mad desire that I couldn't take my look away. And it was not super expensive, I could buy it, by putting together my stipend and my salary… But I did not know what was required for it - the permissions and all that stuff. Also, how dangerous is the gun? Once at school I was competing in an Olympiad on shooting, if I could also practice at a shooting range… I was seriously thinking about that! Seriously! A sophomore philologist who has never been with a man yet ... Lord, what's wrong with us? Why are you sending us such trials? I don't want to be killed, or that people dear to me were killed. Will this gun save me? Will it take away my freedom? Or life? I don't know, I just want to get rid of the fear. For fear is a sticky reptile that has crept into my heart and poisons my soul - it's the worst. If the gun could take away that fear, I would buy it. But I'm not sure about that. I abstained. For now.

OREST. Such a strange feeling - as if I’m in the past and in the future at the same time. These tents, barricades, and even catapults, campfires, boilers, smoke, drums, the division into hundreds, songs and humor - a spirit of will and trust. As if something comes out of the hidden memory. Swells in my blood. I am at home among my people. The Maidan is the new Sich, the automaidan is our cavalry, while the buildings are our fortresses. Every week there are meetings with no permanent leaders and we do not need them because we do not believe in a good king, we are free Cossacks. We are honored because we are worth it! Ukraine above all! If anyone told me in the fall what would happen - I would not believe it. Who needs it - God-forsaken Ukraine? But we have what we have. It’s not forgotten. History sprouts muscles on our bones and stirs up our boiling blood. Maybe the name "Yanuchary" came about not for nothing - almost like janissaries? Yes, we have different codes - ruthless mercenaries, nomadic robbers and real defenders of the earth. Knights of freedom. During the disaster, something revived in our souls ... Hope the country won’t become a "wild field" that can be plundered and "cleared". But how many of those who are different, not Ukrainians or Russians, but "anti-Ukrainians"? Those who are willing to plunder and destroy, sell and betray. How instantly this cruel "virus" of impunity spreads - intoxication from humiliation, torture, murder ... There are two codes in our blood. And everyone has to choose the side of the barricade ... Not only space wise – inside yourself. Wherever you are, whatever corner of the earth you go. This is a different war. This is the beginning of something for the future. For everyone …

**Facebook 3.**

Space changes again. Everyone is in masks, but mainly red and black, or black ribbons on blue and yellow masks. Everyone is lining up behind the one who announces the group.

- New group - "Freedom to students!"

- Warning! SOS! Yesterday in the Podil district, police dressed in civilian without any documents seized 7 students of the theater school. It’s not known where they were taken, they have been missing for 10 hours. It is necessary to search all regional police departments!

- Comments:

- Students were found. The boys were brutally beaten, neither lawyers nor doctors allowed to them for 12 hours…

- Three of them have severe brain injuries, two concussions.

- And what are they accused of?

- Organization of mass riots with grave consequences - from 8 to 15 years of imprisonment. But there was no evidence. Only statements of the cops that are all similar.

- What nonsense? Organization of mass riots? They were just filming and taking pictures ...

- What organization? We do not have any organizers. Everyone organizes themselves!

- The guys need warm clothes - they were stripped and all their belongings were taken away, as if for examination.

- We need a press conference! And student solidarity actions!

- Yes, tomorrow we are making a demonstration under the Lukyanovsky pre-trial detention center: the Ministry of Internal Affairs is following the practice of the SS!

- And letters of support from international organizations and deputies.

- To the Ministry of Culture! Let them act on that! They threaten the church that they pray in the wrong place, but when they need to protect culture - they aren’t here! Will they show us where to pray? Let them pray for their own venal souls! Bastards!

- The Ministry of Culture - to the hell. Warning! In the morning, there was a raid in the hostel of the Karpenko-Karyi Institute!

- One of the students began a hunger strike as a sign of protest.

- Why should he starve, Lord? He is so skinny, goes with the wind…

- The guys were detained for 30 days! Degenerates! They release bandits and torture the young guys for nothing! There is a website "cattle.info". we should post a picture of these swine prosecutors and court judges! Let everyone know these swines by the face!

- Two students were released under the condition of house arrest! Hurray! So, together we can do something!

- House arrest is not a release yet.

- Still, this is our first victory!

- The judge resigned the next day. Apparently, she was forced.

- So anyone can choose. And judges are not all corrupted.

- And I’ve found some tips on how to survive in a fascist state.

- Do you think we have something like fascism?

- No, I think we have something worse. Fascism was against minorities - Jews, gays ...while here it is actually against most normal citizens, except for some sadistic assholes.

- It’s true, when people are arrested and beaten for the national flag, we are in occupation.

- So, the main thing in fascism is not Nazism, but total control over the human life. Here are these tips: “See what you are forbidden to see. Make your choice. Create at least a small area of ​​your own freedom. Determine the limit beyond which it is impossible to go, even at the cost of your life. Overcome the fear of death. ”(*This text can be distributed between different characters*).

*Characters take different posters, chant, and dissolve.*

**INTERMEDIA 3. COLD HELL.**

*Maidan, barricades. Behind them are shadows. It’s cold. Ania is by the fire. Zoia approaches, we can see she was crying. Invisible Orest is also here, reacting to Ania's words, he want to hug her, warm her up.*

ZOIA. God, what a freezing cold.

ANIA. My hands and feet are already numb… (*Stepping from one foot to another, jumps*).

ZOIA. Come, get warm... I'll take the duty by the fire.

ANIA. Already tried, but I can't get warm anywhere. I am constantly cold - especially in my heart. It's not frost - it's fear. It pierces down to my bones ... Only by the fire it gets a bit better.

ZOIA. I understand. But for me it’s not cold, but as if I'm choking. And the heart is beating crazy…

ANIA (turns to Zoia at last). Has something happened?

ZOIA. What about all this crap – is it normal?

ANIA. No, well, it’s just you... seem to have cried?

ZOIA. Is it that obvious? You know, I was on the subway and I heard some music. I thought what a sticky tune. Then I get what it is - the anthem of Ukraine, you see? I keep going, and there is a crowd of people, and suddenly someone starts singing the hymn just like that, can you imagine, and everyone picks it up. Well, I join them with tears in my eyes. So why do I cry? Well, can you tell me? Am I crazy?

ANIA. I also cry. That’s an unconditional reflex. There has never been such singing before, right?

ZOIA. I do not recall it. (*Tries again to hold back her tears*).

ANIA. Zoia, you didn't cry because of singing… What happened? Did you see Roman?

ZOIA. I saw him, shit… The lawyer was able to arrange a date. Unshaveт, dirty, bruised, gloomy… Like from the other world. He used to be such a ... dandy. I ask, "Did they beat you?" And his eyes went down. What should I bring for you? An avocado ... That was ... one of our jokes. The court is in two days - an article on resistance to police. What f … resistance? When he covered his head with his arms? It’s they who attacked him! Full shit…

ANIA. Are you having a love story with Roman?

ZOIA. I have nothing with him.

ANY. Nothing ... just like me?

ZOIA. No, you don’t have anything *yet*, while I don’t have anything *already*… But his new “mistress” does not even think of protecting him – she just showed up and that’s it… Do you think I'm an idiot? He broke up with me and I'm saving him?

ANIA. No, I understand you. Still, he is a close person to you ... How can you leave him in such a misfortune?

ZOIA. What about you and Orest?

*Orest comes closer to Ania, reacting to what she says.*

ANIA. Also nothing … I have visited so many hospitals already… They all send me away. It is as if the guy has left, and I am having this pain in the neck… I was first indignant and then I thought, what if he really - just went home?…

ZOIA. Do not torture your soul. That’s ok, constant knocking wears away the stone.

ANIA. Not knocking, but dropping.

ZOIA. Same shit. Dropping won't help us, we need to knock them down…

ANIA. Do you think I should try going to the morgues? Which is better - to know for sure or not to know at all?

ZOIA. He can be anywhere - in the forest under the snow, in the river. Or in the cramatorium ...

ANIA (*mechanically correcting her*). Not cramatorium, but crematorium ... Oh, do you think it’s true?

ZOIA. I do not know, but it looks like that… In our district, a pregnant woman disappeared in the evening, she was 8th months pregnant.

ANIA. No, I don't want to know he's gone ... Maybe he really just left and forgot about me? It’s better this way… Do you think I hope in vain, huh? Is it unrealistic?

ZOIA. I don't know ... Don't think too much about it. Everything here is f… unrealistic…

*Zoia tries to control herself again, but bursts into tears.*

ANIA. Look, you didn't cry because of... What happened? Is there anything worse?

ZOIA (*sighs, quietly*). Nowadays it is like that all the time. You think, it can't be worse, but tomorrow you understand that it can... But don't tell anyone. Okay? I saw my brother, you know, he serves in the army, 19 years old, he is standing on the other side. I did not know that he was here, their cell phones were switched off ... They are kept there like cattle. For several hours, legs are frostbitten, running noses, they are hungry ... And they stink so bad! They are not even allowed to the restroom. F.... and. I say - what can I bring you? He says diapers. I did not get it first, I thought that he was joking off the topic, but it’s real, can you imagine... Bitches. They are also brainwashed that we are extremists – that we throw stones at them, one of their guys is in a coma. But when I say - we don't throw stones! Those were “titushkas”! He doesn't believe me. Dude, f ..., my brother doesn't believe me! But he believes those fucking assholes. I was so agitated, I told him what was going on here, about these sadists… Besides the story with Roman, there is also this thing with my brother – I will fall apart! How can I explain it to him?

ANIA. I know how to explain everything to those who do not understand what Maidan is. Imagine that an airplane with passengers flying to Europe is captured by terrorists or shot down. And then those who demand an investigation and punishment of the terrorists are arrested, beaten and killed. The terrorists get all the money and rewards. Then comes another wave of the outraged, and so on. Everything is simple.

ZOIA. It’s simple. But how is it that simple that the black is called white and vice versa. And people believe them!

ANIA. Because to believe in this nightmare is really difficult. Listen, can he somehow evade the army?

ZOIA. But how? This is the tribunal. It’s the Berkuts who can evade the service, but why should they do that, they enjoy killing people. But these guys are so young… I did not tell my mother… What should I do?

Pafnutii approaches, hears the last phrases.

PAFNUTII. When you feel anxiety in your heart - ask for God's help, everything is in the hands of God ... For it was said: Ask, and it will be given to you, seek and you will find, knock and they will open to you!

ZOIA (*angry that he heard the conversation*). Knock? But we've already knocked on the rail! You say in God's hands? Then why does he allow this? Young guys are tortured, and these fucking assholes are like cheese in butter and they keep bullying them?

PAFNUTII. Jesus Christ was also suffering ...

ZOIA. So what the heck was to create such a cool world in which good people suffer, while bastards enjoy it? And he sent his son there! Did not feel pity for him either. I don't need that! This is a kind of perversion. I just want to live like a human being without those fucking assholes. Fed up with that!

ANIA. Listen, you don't need to be against God, why are you? He did not do that intentionally ... He gave us the will ...

ZOIA. Someone got the will, others got the prison ... They are in power, and we are...

PAFNUTII. Jesus said: What good is for a man to gain the whole world, but to destroy or lose oneself? God can send trials. This was the case even with the righteous ...

ZOIA. A trial? I tried that, thank you. I prayed. So what? It got even worse!

PAFNUTII (*sad*). I will still pray for you so that God enlightens your souls ...

ZOIA. I can do without it somehow, I am still in the polar night, it’s not me who needs enlightenment, but those behind the barricades. (*Pafnutii leaves).*

ANIA (*quietly*). Why are you so mad at Pafnutii? Don’t you see how he looks at you?

ZOIA. I have enough of drama beside this holy guy! Let him go his way...

ANIA. Well, he left… You shouldn’t behave like that, he cares about us…

ZOIA. Nothing will not help me now … What should I do, huh?

ANIA. Can you bring your brother some tea?

ZOIA. Yeah, along with diapers ...

ANIA. Maybe something hot?

ZOIA. He is not alone there.

ANIA. Well, for the entire company… Also warm socks … Should I prepare something?

ZOIA. This is dangerous ... Also we had a terrible fallout.

ANIA. You will reconcile then… And he will know that we are normal people here …

ZOIA. Well, get some food and socks ... And make some tea for Stepanych, he is coming here ...

*Ania prepares a package for Zoia's brother and pours some tea for Stepanych. Zoia leaves.*

STEPANYCH. Thank you, sunshine ... (*Sips it*). A good tea ...

ANIA. He also used to say that - good tea, not some goof for suckers like there ...

STEPANYCH, Hold on, who said that?

ANIA. Antimaydan or titushka ...

STEPANYCH. So antimaydan or titushka?

ANIA. I think a titushka who disguised himself like an antimaydan. Apparently, he came for an investigation. And I did mine, asked him about things. They came to the buses in which they arrived and offered them money – for beating us.

STEPANYCH. And how much was offered?

ANIA. Peanuts – one grand ... But they got scared that there are so many people here. Anyway he pointed out our weaknesses and told me where the exit from the Globe was ... (*Zoia returns*).

STEPANYCH. I see… Good that you told me about it. And the tea is good. Girls, that’s it, go home ...

ANIA. For me it’s even scarier at home. Here are our people, otherwise I am afraid to be alone in the streets at night. I also hang out online, and it's even scarier there. Every morning I wake up, like in a nightmare and rush to see - how are things in the Maidan? And even in the middle of the night ...

ZOIA (*secretly takes Ania's package*). Yes, it's quieter here. Well, I’m leaving…

STEPANYCH. Where are you going?

ZOIA. To the other side, to the self-defense people ... (exchanges looks with Ania).

STEPANYCH. Yes, do not approach the front. They promise a storm tonight.

ANIA. They promised the same yesterday…

STEPANYCH. They are trying to exhaust us this way: a couple of sleepless nights - and then an attack...

ZOIA. Then I'm definitely in…

ANIA. Me too. I have a training. You promised to teach me not to be afraid, didn’t you?

STEPANYCH. I promised? When? I'm scared myself. Scared for you, for the guys, for the cat with blind kittens.. You just need to do something… Because waiting for an attack is even worse than fighting.

ANIA (*looking into the darkness*). Oh, something seems to be moving there ...

ZOIA (*alarmed*). What side?

STEPANYCH (*stands up*). On both flanks ...

*The bell is ringing. Pafnutii returns*.

PAFNUTII. They ring the bell in the middle of the night, it’s the first time in my life that I see that. Great God, save us from the evil one ...

STEPANYCH. Yes, it's late to go now. Do not leave the center of the camp –this is an order! Do not go to the front, there are people there! And hold on to each other! If someone gets caught, do not let them do that, because people are pulled out, beaten all in turn and then thrown into the police car. No panic!

*Stepanych goes to the edge of the Maidan. Dark figures are moving. The attack is going on, the darkness is all around. People line up. Ania remains in the center. Zoia is going to the side. "Invisible" Orest comes up. Shadows are moving around, there are sounds of struggle.*

MONOLOGUES

ANIA. In fact, I can't really say who I am by nationality. By surnames - everything is mixed there - Ukrainians, Russians, Germans, and it seems even Gypsies ... But I was born in Ukraine, this is my land. And it seems to me that language is not just for nothing, it is the code of the land, of the people. Once at an exhibition of Trypillya culture I saw a jug with a pattern - exactly like on the one that my grandmother had. The jug was 5 thousand years old. I do not know what those signs meant, but it is important that we preserve things that unites us. Maybe the same thing with the language. Yes, as if you could hear what your ancestors were saying to you. Also, it is like a radio station from God - in Ukraine it is Ukrainian, while the Russian station is located further, it is not local, and therefore you hear it indistinctly, with noise. Nowadays there is a fashionable word "bilinguals". Yes, almost all of us are that. On the one hand, that's good. It is like an internal dialogue of consciousness, understanding of the otherness. But there is also another side to that: when languages ​​begin a war of primacy, for how you think, for your soul, heart, children. Because you have to choose what language to speak to your child. What about God? Did he also choose? What language to talk to us? Do we choose on our own? For in this war there is an unfinished battle that has lasted for centuries. I read the history and cried - how many people were arrested, tortured, killed in order not to let this land to be Ukrainian. 134 bans on our language over 400 years! If you choose Russian, does it mean that those sacrifices were in vain, and the conquerors have won?

OREST. Usually, it is neighboring nations that are at war most often. The same with languages: it is easier for the closest languages to get into a struggle. When distant languages ​​mix, something different is born. While the war of close languages often leads to the destruction of the weakest. But if your parents chose for you earlier? Then it can be both ways. Genetic memory can win, despite a foreign language. I choose the native albeit offended one, because it was unfair. But often it happens the other way round: choosing the stronger language is easier, it takes no effort. If I speak Russian, then I'm Russian, the winner, not the defeated one. And then the internal war escalates - I'm anti-Ukrainian, I hate everything Ukrainian. I can go kill Ukrainians because they are different. If they speak Ukrainian – they are nationalists. But despising other languages ​​is nationalism in itself. And simply laziness. A different language requires work. While fighting with those who are different is easier than working on yourself. And now there is a war - in the minds, souls, on screens and in the streets. A deadly war. It starts in the brain with the weapon of words.

**Facebook 4.**

*Everyone is dressed in black. Maybe they put candles or do something in terms of memorial service.*

- He was 20 years old, and wanted to be an actor, but now he will never become one … A bullet…

- His parents wanted to save their child from the war, but he found his war here.

- Maybe it’s the war that found him? He was not Ukrainian, but he became a hero of Ukraine.

- He was 26. He escaped totalitarianism and did not tolerate it here. A bullet.

- He was a Ukrainian professor. He was tortured for a long time, but he died of the freezing cold. It is so cold here, it seems we are in Antarctica ...

*Now someone from the group takes football whistles, other symbols of football fans, put them on, whistle, wave flags and so on.*

- Ultras came to our rescue! Hurray! The second front!

- Can you imagine, the irreconcilable enemies - fans of different teams have united!

- There are a lot of strange things here. All over the world, police are protecting the public from football fans, and our fans are protecting the public from the police.

- We have amazing "extremists". All over the world, extremists attack people, while in Ukraine, extremists catch those who attack people.

- Who attacks – the bandits or police?

- Both. Is there a difference between them? All over the world, extremists burn cars, and in Ukraine they burn cars of the extremists.

- Who—bandits or the police?

- Both. Is there a difference between them?

- In the world, nationalists are for nationalism, while in Ukraine nationalists are for European integration.

- Do you still remember about the European integration? Do you think they really value democratic values ​​in the EU? Or just money? Then, is there a difference between them? ...

- There are people everywhere. Here, listen, what Andrzej Stasiuk writes:

"They are fighting for us there, for our values ​​... Europe is a close continent. The feeling of loneliness in such a tightness of territories, nations, cities is a perversion and a cruel feeling. I don't know what happened to Europe ... It refuses to realize that the values ​​it recognizes (recognized?) are recognized beyond its nominal boundaries .... because it means nothing but trouble. It carefully calculates the claims and damages. It is dying of fear ... for its disgusting peace, indecent well-being, vile self-righteousness. The Ukrainian winter of 2014 is a European disaster… ”

- I like it!

- Me too! The Poles - that's who really turned out to be a brother!

- I give a like and a big smiley face! Cool!

*Black masks look into the faces of the public. Candles are blown.*

**INTERMEDIA 4. HOT HELL.**

*Tires, big barricades appear on stage. In the background, there is red light of fire, smoke, screams. Stepanych hits the inverted barrell like a drum. Pafnutii prays. Ania is pale, distributes tea. Liub appears in sweaty dusty clothes.*

LIUB (*to Stepanych*). Glory to Ukraine. (In response there goes Glory to the heroes!). Ania, my angel, give me something to drink, because I’m thirsty so much that I am ready to die.

ANIA (*gives some tea*). Have you been to the forefront?

LIUB. No, it didn't. He wanted to go to the self-defense – I came, they gave me a helmet, a shield ... and then my wife came and began lamenting "You can't take him to the self-defense ranks, he is a musician, he can't even hammer a nail at home!". So… they took everything from me and told me: go build barricades. Now my back hurts as if I have swallowed a peg …

ANIA. Poor, you worked hard. I heard a new women's saying, exactly about you: "Our men attach a shelf in the bathroom for two months and build 5-meter barricades in two hours."

LIUB. Oh, and I know a cool joke: if a guy in camouflage, a mask, a helmet, and a baseball bat comes into a cafe, he probably has two degrees and knows two foreign languages.

ANIA. Cool. We really have the opposite of everything - this top banana is a type of a prof-fessor with two terms in prison, and the prime minister, who can’t even read Ukrainian letters. That’s a shame.

LIUB. The elite are all here. Such people are killed, Yurko from Lviv - was a PhD …

ANIA Hold on, why was - did they find him?

LIUB. Found, in the forest near Kiev, tortured to death, and he died from cold, did not manage to get back ... When they heard he is from Lviv they turned into wild beasts….

ANIA. In me, too, a beast wakes up - a wolf, or maybe a tigress, something like that. You know, I used to think that you can be tolerant, that there are different truths, and now I know that this is a nonsense. There is good and there is evil, and it is impossible to combine them. When I saw that first fight, it felt so creepy because of that knocking, but now on the contrary, the silence is frightening …

LIUB. They finally began the attack, how long can you wait? A peaceful resistance for two months, a million people came out - and nothing, complete disregard of that. The government is not removed ... And if they are removed, then what? The same bandits will come. Sadists are not imprisoned, but on the contrary they are arrested. And after those idiotic laws – it’s full cap. There is nowhere to retreat…

ANIA. I had such a depression after those laws. I even removed my ribbon when it went for the maidan, because it is not so scary here, and then these titushkas ... Someone noted: normal people have faces, and those who are there for money – have an ass in both places. So I was on the subway, I was looking around… into the possible contours of the asses, and suddenly I heard a carol singing… And you know, such anger! Why should I give my country to some sadists? I do not want that! I bought a new blue and yellow ribbon. Now those battle drums are the best music for me. When I wake up I immediately switch on my computer—is there the knocking still? Then the maidan is alive, as if the rhythm of its heart ...

LIUB. It is alive, and not only here - it is almost all over Ukraine – well, with Lviv or Ternopil everything is clear. But Zaporizhzhia, Dnipropetrovsk! That’s really something! The second front ...

*Random sounds of the drum are heard. Liub suddenly changes the expression of his face, as if he had eaten something sour.*

ANIA. Once I mentally put the flags when the Russian language was accepted as regional. And now - on the contrary, we fight back ... Why are you looking like that? Are you against?

LIUB. Of course no, Stepanych has serious hearing problems, an elephant, or even a mammoth has stepped on his ears

ANIA. You could have substituted him, because he is no good musician.

LIUB. That's true, I'll warm up at least. Have you heard the song "Burning Tire, Burning"? No? It's something -- a super-hit. Well, Stepanych, take a break and I'll warm up here ...

STEPANYCH. With pleasure, you're a professional... And I have something important to do ...

*Lubomir hits the drum and starts singing the song "Burning tire, burned ...". \* Pafnutii is in the front stage, Stepanych approaches him, the song and drums are muted.*

STEPANYCH. Pafnutii, can you tell me, do you accept confession?

PAFNUTII. I'm not a priest yet, but I know the rite. And what kind of sin bothers you?

STEPANYCH. It’s difficult time when your soul can stand before God any minute, just wanted to repent. But that is an old sin, a very old one, but it is like a stone. And I can trust you.

PAFNUTIY. All right, I'll try, we'll go there, I'll get ready, and you too ...

*They leave, Stepanych moves his lips, Pafnutii reads a prayer. Gives a sign.*

STEPANYCH. Well… I had a family: a wife, a 15-year-old son, everything seemed fine, but somehow stale, monotonous… And it happened so that he fell in love like a kid. She was young and smiled all the time, she was shining like a sun ... I thought at first that it was possible to unite somehow without announcing it, but my wife found out, started a scandal, began to threaten to her… In short, it didn’t work out for me to walk between the drops, I left the home… I haven't been there for two months. And my son ... In short, he was put on drugs. He was still young, and stupid... I first didn’t realize what was going on with him, I thought he was like that because he was angry that I had left ... The wife does not pay attention to that - she's all in deep depression. But when we finally found out… I tried everything; put him into hospital, asked people with extrasensory abilities to help…

I scolded him and begged him - yet I was nobody for him--a traitor... He began selling things from our house, and then he said: hide everything valuable from me ... And then ... they took my son with drugs. He had only one dose, but they incriminated him everything- as if he were a courier and all that… He was 18 at the time. He was kept under investigation for a year. I also hired lawyers, and brought him packages… It was obvious that he lost half of his weight, looked older, his front teeth were knocked out – they were knocking the testimony out of him. And he says to me, "Dad, I didn't do anything like that, that's not true." And asked for … his mother's borschch… And then we got infected with tuberculosis… At the age of 19 we buried him - he died of pneumonia, but his body was all bruised. Maybe just beaten to death, who knows? Should we file a lawsuit? You will not return your son ... We parted with that girl, you won’t glue it back together. My wife has changed completely. She has gone nuts – sometimes she would laugh, then sob, then lies staring onto the wall. So, you see, I have devastated two souls - the closest ones, the beloved ones, who didn’t do anything bad to me… So the sin on me… I do not know if such thing can be forgiven…

PAFNUTII. God is merciful. But the sin is more on those who poisoned the kid and misled the child.

STEPANYCH. But I did not protect him… And he was so capable: he played the guitar, danced ballroom dancing - he took the second place in one competition… But he was mutilated and destroyed… That is probably why I came here. Because what they did to my son, now they want to do ro everyone. Prison is full of degenerates. I didn't save my own son, maybe I could ome of these guys and girls. They are so bright, free, they want something not only for themselves but also for the country. And they want to whip them back into the swamp ... So I plead God for forgiveness.

PAFNUTII *(whispers words of prayer, performs the rite).* Read 10 times *Our Father* *Lord* and *Rejoice Lady Mary*. And don't be upset, God will forgive you and your son is in a better world ...

STEPANYCH. I believe and hope to meet him again ...

*Stepanych turned away. Pafnutii whispers a prayer and baptizes him. He departs after the blessing and tries to control himself. Margo appears in a theatrical mask.*

MARGO. Hello to all honest people. Glory to Ukraine.

LIUB. Glory to heroes. Are you coming from a masquerade ball?

MARGO. Almost –from the protest rally of artists under the detention building. They caame there in masks and helmets in protest against these schizoid laws. They continue the glorious tradition of the great kobzar - they came there to give up, because we cannot live without masks and helmets! By the way, I brought a few for you – take them! (*Gives different masks, all take them and put on)*. There are cameras everywhere here.

ANIA. And where is your camera? Did you come alone?

MARGO. Alone, we were banned, we are a kind of pro-government channel. Although in reality, everyone is for maidan already. They beat us journalists without thinking what channel we work for. A vest with the PRESS sign is like the red color for a bull. And about the helmets – it’s complete nonsense. This means that you can beat and kill as much as possible, and you cannot protect yourself with a helmet! If they hit you on the head, they do everything so that your skull splits 100%! Well, freaks, right ?! And the ban on masks? Is the theater outlawed now?

By the way, have you seen performances at the Mayor’s house? No? That’s something! There was a show there - the implications are completely different, as if Herod – that is our top dog, and the killing of children is about our students!

ANIA. And I saw the one about Joan of Arc, in it, both people and actors started shouting "To Orleans!"

LIUB. What about car jokes? More than 5 cars in a column are outlawed - with our traffic jams!

MARGO. They put signs in the rear window, "Don't follow me, I'm the fifth!" They can take away both your driver’s license, and the car ...

LIUB. And I just got a happy text message: I was recorded as a mass offender.

MARGO. Spit and forget about it. I also got one. Change your telephone number, and even better the operator. But about the masks - I am serious - do not show up without masks, these reptiles capture everything and catch people.

*Zoia appears-- exhausted, pale, with blood on her clothes.*

ZOIA. Chilling out? They began to throw grenades on that side.

LIUB. I also received one, but I don’t care a straw about my happiness.

ZOIA. Your happiness is not torn apart yet, because they would collect your ass in pieces. And all empty inside

MARGO. How's that ass is empty?

ZOIA. The grenades! Do you know what they are throwing now? Grenades with nails. They cause such torn wounds that you can’t sew anything. And they through them not into the feet – they aim the eyes, assholes ... What is the masquerade about?

MARGO. I brought them, there is also one for you – do you want it? (*GIves Zoia a mask*). Camera protection.

ZOIA(*repulsive*). I don’t care a thing ... They see us any way - by the smell of smoke, by cell phones... They determine us by our looks. Better bring me medicine ...

MARGO. Say what you need, I'll buy it myself and post on Facebook.

ZOIA. Go to our tent – they will tell you better there.

*Margo is going in that direction, Zoia approaches Stepanych, who is about to leave. Pafnutii hears the conversation nearby. Liubomir hits the battle drum.*

ZOIA (*takes him aside*). Stepanych, I have a great request for you. Could you please not throw anything over there (*showing*) and also ask the guys not to do that?.

STEPANYCH. Well, Zoia, could you tell me why we shouldn’t throw anything there?

ZOIA. Just don't ask why, I'm asking you.

STEPANYCH. No. Then I can't do anything. I can't go blind. (*About to leave*).

ZOIA. No way? (*He shakes his head a “no’, goes*). Wait ... I will only say if you promise not to tell anyone. (*He nods*). My younger brother is there, in army service. He's a slave there, do you understand?

STEPANYCH (*sighs*). I will not do that myself, but what will I tell to others? Do you think I manage a lot there? I protect the boys as best I can. Listen, maybe it’s better to hurt him a little?

ZOIA. Are you crazy ?!

STEPANYCH. A little bit on his leg - they will take him to the hospital, and then won’t send him back.

ZOIA. But what if it comes out too much?

STEPANYCH. You will warn him ...

ZOIA. Oh, I'm afraid he won't go for it ... Honor of the soldier and all that crap ...

STEPANYCH. I will tell guys not to throw there, but then they will break through on that side ... You see?

ZOIA. I see ... I'll try to talk ... about the wound ...

*Stepanych nods and walks away, Zoia turns around and sees Pafnutii, her gaze moves to him*.

ZOIA. Pafnutii, I want to consult ... with God. Well, with you, but like with God. And repent ... I have a brother on the other side, and here are all ours. Now he is an enemy, but also my brother, and I do not know how to save both him and our guys… Is there such a prayer? For us and the others? Or whatever I can do?

PAFNUTII. There is such a prayer - for peace, and I pray for it all the time.

ZOIA. I know, but it somehow doesn't help. Is there a special one that would help?

PAFNUTII. Lord's ways are unknowable ... Wait, I know what to do. I'm going to pray at the barricades, at your brother's location. And then our guys will not throw anything there.

ZOIA. Ours definitely won’t, but ... are you sure it's safe?

PAFNUTII. I will pray ...

ZOIA. Thanks. I will pray too. But in my own way, as I can ...

*Pafnutii nods his head and heads in the direction Zoia was pointing. She whispers something.*

*The priest goes up the barricade, prays. Lubomyr sings the song "Burning Tire" again - a sequel. Suddenly a grenade explosion is heard and Pafnutii falls. Zoia rushes to him, and Stepanych jumps there. Together, they draw Pafnutii to the stage. His face is in blood, he holds one eye with his hand. Lubomyr - also runs to them.*

ZOIA. Patience, dear, patience, we’ll bandage it up.

STEPANYCH. Bastards ... Inhumans ... Did you send him there?

ZOIA (*to Stepanych)*. No, he went there himself ... We should take him to the St Michael’s Cathedral ... But now let’s cleanse the wound ...

LIUB. What’s happened to him?

STEPANYCH. He was shot on his eye.

ZOIA. We need peroxide, packages, a bandage…

LIUB. I’ll be back in a moment… (*running to get the medication*).

ANIA (*running up*). I have some painkillers.

ZOIA. Give it to me (*takes medicine, gives to Pafnutii*). Water! Have patience, sweetheart, it will get better now ...

*Liubomyr brings bandages and other stuff, Zoia cleanses the wound, Stepanych helps them.*

PAFNUTII. Now my eye… is screwed, as you say?

ZOIA. Don't panic, do you know what an optometrist I know? A professor!

PAFNUTII. I will be like a pirate with a blindfold ...

ZOIA. Don’t worry, you’ll have a new one, it will be even better ...

MARGO (*jumps to them*). Oh Lord, the priest – what bastards! I have a car around the corner, where can I take him? What hospital?

ZOIA. Don’t take him to hospital, he can be kidnapped there. Better to the St Michael’s Cathedral, there is an operating room there.

STEPANYCH. How are you, can you walk?

PAFNUTII. I'll try ...

STEPANYCH. Wait a minute, I'll find out about the car (quietly to Zoiz, taking her aside). How about your brother? Shall we’ll wound him a bit still? Can he walk away?

ZOIA. I don't know… Let him think for himself… I am on this side of the barricade - and I’ll stay here.

*Stepanych and Zoya take Pafnutii by his arms and pull him in the direction that Margo points.*

*Ania and Liubomyr remain. Ania is almost hysterical.*

ANIA. I can’t do it any more, I can’t do it any more: blood, pain, death… And all is in vain…

LIUB. They say, the darkest night is before dawn.

ANIA. I don’t believe any more, I don’t believe in anything anymore. Why him? Because he prayed for peace? Why Orest? Who protected me? How does God allow it? This is all wrong! This is not the world, it's an anti-world! I hate the world like this and such God! I don't want to live in it!

LIUB (*hugs her, comforts her*). Quiet, quiet, my dear, we will win sooner or later ...

ANIA. I'm afraid it's too late, it's too late ... We came late to live ...

LIUB. My dear, calm down, you are just very tired, you need to rest ...

ANIA. I'm tired ... I want to go to my mother, she cried, asked me not to go here ... I'll go to my mother ...

LIUB. Yes, go to your mother ... Only change your clothes, remove everything. Don’t stay here, okay? It is dangerous.

ANIA. I realized it, yes, I'll go home ... I want to go to my mother ... I can no longer stay here ...

LIUB. Let's go, I'll take you out ... I'll show you a safe road ...

*Liub leads Ania as a crying baby, she follows him mechanically, then stays alone.*

**MONOLOGUES**

ANIA. What are values? Is it what you really value? Freedom, democracy, justice, human life, dignity ... Is human life invaluable? What about freedom? But if you have values, are you ready to pay for it? With what? Money? Work? Freedom? Health? Life? Life of the people close to you? Perhaps the latter is the most terrible. I'm definitely not ready for that ... And if you're not ready to pay? Then are these values ​​or not? Are they really worth something? Value without price? But what if they can kill you for them? You and your children and grandchildren, so what will happen to them, those values? Then tomorrow the others, the murderers and their children will rule ... Those who will lie about us ... Then what should we do, run away? Renounce? Perish? I don't know the answer ... And there are people who are really willing to pay, to risk - for others ... They say, slaves are not allowed into the paradise ... However, there are also those who are ready to sell it all: dignity, freedom, other people's lives ... this is the difference, just like carriers of different chromosomes: either ready to pay or sell. This also breeds different sides of the barricades. Recently, there have been a lot of mixed colors in the world, a lot of gray. Tolerance, pluralism - what nice words… But there is black and white. There is good and evil. It's always been like that, just muddy. And now there is a chemical reaction - the separation of pure elements. Without nuances and undertones. There is a Yes or a No. And it seems to me, that today here in Ukraine, we have understood what processes have begun in the world - this division, the choice - it is for everyone in the world.

OREST. And there on TV screens in Europe, America, those who profess these democratic values, are they ready to pay? Do they think that they have been given in inheritance forever? That the are protected by laws and soldiers? Nothing happens forever. Now we know it well ... Speeches about sanctions, endless blah blah blah. And how are they measured, those sanctions, with blood? And how many liters of blood does it cost? Vampirism for sale? The time comes and asks for price, and asks which side you are on. Dante's words come to mind, something like this: "The hottest places in hell are for those who, in times of tumultuous upheaval, stayed neutral." Hell ... Strange thing, the hell is associated with fire, and ours saves. On the contrary, it is some kind of an anti-world. But for some reason we feel too cold in our real hell. It's cold and lonely. It is as if we live not on Earth, but on some Mars captured by aliens. They are very similar to humans in appearance, but in fact, they are anti-humans, clones. Hey people, where are you? Are you watching the reality show about tortures and murders? It's not a movie, it's here, nearby. And it can come to your home. No matter what you believe in and how high you have flown. That's how fascism came about, now I understand how. Then, also no one wanted to believe that this could happen to you. It's like a virus, it spreads almost instantly. And we need an antivirus system for everyone. While it’s not too late ...

**FACEBOOK 5.**

*Again, everyone is in black masks or mourning ribbons. One of the women is entangled in the remains of a torn but not removed rope, exhausted, while others are questioned or torturing her.*

- How long have you been in captivity?

- 14 days. I was cutting marks ...

*The light is directed at her, she blinks, covers her eyes with her hands in bruises.*

- No light. I have a very sore head. We were kept blindfolded.

- What about your hands?

- They gave me injections, I don't know what. After those, I was not able to either stand or sit - just lie down. On the concrete floor. It was very cold. And when I had fever, it was good. There is concrete everywhere there. No windows, nothing. Only concrete. Gray…

- Why were you caught? Do you know?

- I took pictures. I'm a photographer. I also used to ask people sometimes. Apparently, someone betrayed me. I was grabbed by people in masks, they tossed a bag over my head and thrown into a car. There were no seats in it - only the floor. There were a lot of people there, but we were not allowed to communicate, they kept us tied and blindfolded. We were supposed to sleep while sitting. But at night, it was impossible to sleep there because someone was tortured and someone kept shouting all the time…

- Have you been questioned? What did they ask?

- They asked if I was from the “right sector” and I said “no”. Asked if I went to the square? "Yes". Who paid to me and how much? Americans? What was I standing for? What could I answer to that? I said that I brought money, food, and medicine there. That I was for freedom, for the future of Ukraine. To us, they are idiots. For them, we are. We cannot understand each other. Absolutely.

- And who asked you, what kind of people are they?

- Well ... different, some were in green uniform, obviously from special forces, and more Russians than those from Ukraine.

- How did you understand that?

- Well, the pronunciation is Russian, also, they confuse our politicians, they say: by us, by you.

- Did they beat you? Often? ... Permanently?

- When questioned. Sometimes – in order that I stayed silent, sometimes – so that I spoke. Asked some names, appearances, passwords. They hit me on my stomach, face, heels - especially painful, cramps all over the body. And the worst was when they were beating someone else during the interrogation. The person was screaming and was all in blood… What could I say? Nothing ... They didn't give names...

- Did they threaten you with anything?

- They said they will make me available to all men there...

"And ... did they do anything to you?"

-…. I don't want to talk anymore. And turn off the light. I asked you ...

- The last question- were you were threatened with death?

-Several times. They regularly took several people out to the forest, put guns against their heads. Some people were killed while others never returned. I do not know why.

- How did you run away?

- I was released in the woods. I wandered for a long time, came to a railroad station, went to the police there, told everything ... And they said: "It is beyond our competence."

*They come up to the captive girl, she is released from the rest of the ropes, they hug her. But she breaks free out of the embraces and runs away.*

**INTERMEDIA 5. BURNING HELL.**

*There is a fight. There is fire on all sides - the defensive fire around and the Trade Unions House. Grenades, shouts, smoke, explosions, pounding stones and battle drums. People throw something into the fire, stones and bottles, there is a complete chaos. They say something on stage, but it is unclear and inappropriate.*

*Stepanych and Liub go to the stage, then Zoia, and Margo is the last.*

STEPANYCH. How are things on the right wing—do our guys control it?

LIUB. They do. But we have run out of tires...

STEPANYCH. On the other side, we are running short on tires as well. Throw whatever you have.

LIUB. We are throwing everything that burns: they brought some curtain holders, clothes, trash, bags ... And I look – why work on the trifles? There is a container—a big one form plastic –superb! We pulled it, set it on fire – what fire it was! But the smell was insane.

STEPANYCH. It’s good you set it on fire there, but how can we extinguish the fire here? Trade unions are burning everywhere ...

LIUB. Damn, did you call the fire-brigade?

STEPANYCH. Yes, long ago. Both them and the Emergency Services ….

ZOIA (*dirty, broken head*). Why are you standing like pillars? These bitches have already set on fire also from below!

LIUB. I didn't stretch my back for three hours, even for a short break… And what's wrong with your head?

ZOIA. Everything’s fine with the head, without a head it’s bad. I joined a "peace demostration", that suddenly became not peaceful. The Berkuts squeezed us on the Instytutska street: we could not move anywhere. I got out of there somehow, but there was an ambush… Can you imagine, I stand under the cornice, bullets and grenades above me … And I’m looking at a cow - it's real, some crazy cow was standing there, and I’m thinking - is this stupid cow is the last thing I'll see? And here comes a guy with a shield to me, he protected me and took me out of there … and suddenly – he falls! A bullet on his head. I put him on the shield and I pull him almost crawling ... In short, they put two stitches on my head ... And what about that guy - I don't know ... I wish he survived, Lord, I never asked before, but now I ask - let him survive ... I’m asking you like a human being! But ... you're not a human being. Are you? How should I address you- formally, like a stranger? Or informally like my father? F… and it all started so well - “a peaceful walk”, the Council was stirring, changes to the constitution, blah blah blah… The sun came out, only if this bitch intuition whispered a single word! No, deaf like in a tank ...

LIUB. I would say: deaf, like without a tank against a tank. And I ran so quickly that the wind whistled in my ears...

ZOIA. It’s good you had somewhere to run. I saw people get off a trolleybus, and the Berkuts simply swept them all away, all like one. How that woman was crying for her son! Still a kid, and he was being beaten to death ... I still hear her scream in my ears ... They would also shoot our "red cross" people: they kill one, wait for the others to come and help, and then kill everyone, even shot the tires flat on the ambulance. Well, what assholes! You also need doctors! Or maybe you, f ..., are all immortal there, like Batmans. And where are those shitty bullet-in-the-forehead politicians? Where is the right sector? Hey! I don't see anybody here! F ... why don't I have a machine gun ...

LIUB. With machine gun, any fool can do that, but try it with a stick…

ZOIA. Better a small APC, even a used one, I'm not capricious.

LIUB. Yeah, one of them was set on fire. Did you see? As they say, ѕt’s hammer time.

STEPANYCH. They have a few, but we have dozens, if not hundreds ... What about your brother?

ZOIA. Wounded in the leg, seems not too much, now in the hospital ...

STEPANYCH (*winks*). Well, thank God, tell him not to hurry to recover ...

ZOIA. I already asked the manager at the hospital ... Yes, basta blah blah. The wounded are there and the girls are upstairs ...

STEPANYCH. We called the fire-brigade 20 minutes ago ...

ZOIA. Bastards, it is a 2 minute drive here.

STEPANYCH. They probably don’t allow them in. We should take guys and go unblock them…

LIUB. I'm ready ... just need a smoke, and there are no cigarettes...

*Margo approaches, dressed in black and very modest.*

MARGO. Glory to Ukraine! Hardly managed to get here ... Here, around the center, there are stations everywhere, everything is blocked, I came here through some outskirts. I brought pepper, I just don't know what to do with it?

LIUB. What about meat for the barbecue? No? It’s a pity, there is such a fire ... Just kidding. Do you have any cigarettes?

MARGO. Yes, a half-pack. (*Takes it out and gives it to him*).

LIUB. Oh, you have already half rescued me – I haven’t smoked for a hundred years ...

ZOIA. Is it not enough smoke for you here? You’d better bring some bandages and antiseptics.

LIUB. I’ve got that too, only in the car, I will get them now.

ZOIA. That's good, will you help with the injured? We are already exhausted here…

MARGO. About that, sorry, I have a bad reaction of the body, I can faint at the mere sight of blood….

ZOIA. F ... everything is clear with you ...

MARGO. Nothing is clear to you. I have a better idea.

ZOIA. Capture it all with your camera? Well, let them watch a thriller lying on a sofa with beer in hand, f…

MARGO. No cameras. I even switched off my cell phone. While I was wandering here through the backyards, I saw two homeless bums with empty bottles. One says, "Oh, good, we’ll get a refund tomorrow." And the other: "Are you crazy, guys on the maidan need them!" That’s patriotism. And I say, "Put them into the trunk, I'll take them there." So I have a strategic stock. Where should I bring them? Where's the lab?

STEPANYCH. Over there girls are doing chemistry work. Liub, take her there ...

MARGO. I myself can do chemistry if necessary…

ZOIA. Do you know how?

MARGO. No, but I'll learn it. This is not higher mathematics. I have a twelve in chemistry.

STEPANYCH. And how about your little one?

MARGO. He is with my mom…. I didn't tell her where I was going ...

STEPANYCH. You’d rather not go here for his sake…

MARGO. I came for him. When he saw that fight footage, he did not believe it was not a movie first, but then he took his drum sticks and said, "Mom, don't be afraid, I will protect you!" I say, they are big, armed. And he said: "That’s okay, they have one stick each, and I have two ..." How will he live in such a country? Don't talk about my son, okay?

STEPANYCH. Okay. We just need to hold till the morning. The guys from Frankivsk will soon be here, they tried to block them there, but they broke through, in a couple of hours they will be here.

MARGO. There are so many bandits on the way to Kiev. Tell them to make a detour on the east.

STEPANYCH. I will. In the meantime, we need a fire-brigade, without a lift – we fail. Zoia, look for thick blankets – we’ll pull them up so that people can jump. (*Zoia leaves*). Sweetie, beat the drums, lift the spirits!

*Everyone dissolves in different directions. Liubomir returns, stands by the barrell, begins to beat the rhythm and sing the hymn that is picked up on different ends. Stepanych emerges from the depth of the night, suddenly stops, looks at something above, starts waving his arms "do not go", Zoia notices him with a blanket. Stepanych falls. Zoia runs to him. Upon seeing this, Liubomyr also runs to them. The anthem is heard without him. There is injured Stepanych, Zoia and Liub next to him.*

ZOIA. Lord, on the neck ... I’ll now… wait ... (*cleanses the wound).*

STEPANYCH (*speaks with difficulty*). You can't do this here... It's a sniper ... there in the hotel ... on top ... the third window on the left ... Tell the centurion... And don't let anyone here ... go ...

LIUB (*looking up, pale).* Give me a blanket, let’s pull him…

ZOIA. You just don't die, where shell we get without you ... Here, almost there ...

STEPANYCH. Leave me alone ... Warn the centurion ... Liub, a journalist went there, a foreign one, with a big bag ... Maybe it's him ... the sniper ... Don't miss him...

LIUB. Okay, I'm running there... Stepanych, keep up ...

ZOIA. My dear, please be patient for a little while, I won't even swear, just don't give up…

STEPANYCH. I don't give up, I… miss my son… very much…

*Stepanych faints. Zoia is crying trying to stop the blood, bandages the wound. Margo comes in with packages, takes everything out of them, she is in a hurry.*

MARGO. Stepanych, how are you? ... Here are bandages, packages, iodine ... Do you hear me? What’s with him?

ZOIA. Shot on the neck, a sniper ...

MARGO. Bitches ... Get him into the car – to the St Michael's Cathedral...

ZOIA. But how shall we leave? There's a sniper ... At the hotel ...

MARGO. Well, somehow ... I don't know ... Let me help ...

ZOIA. You are afraid of blood, aren’t you ... (*bandaging the wound).*

MARGO. I will close my eyes… (*Closes her eyes*). I'm afraid to live, but dying is not that scary any more for some reason ...

ZOIA. Are you crazy, you cannot go there, there is a sniper, and you have a son.

MARGO. And you still have to give birth ... Can I open my eyes?

ZOIA. I do not know…

MARGO (*opens her eyes). What?* What's wrong?

*Zoia looks at immovable Stepanich then puts her hand, trying to feel his pulse.*

MARGO (*knowing that she checks, quietly*). Well?

ZOIA. I think, it’s all over ... But maybe ... Will you try?

MARGO (trying to feel the pulse on his arm). Feels like something is there ... I don't know ...

Liub runs up, looks at Stepanych, then at the girls, feels his pulse.

LIUB. How could you, Stepanych… at such a moment…

*All three realize that he is dead and freeze, Margo cries. Liub recovers first.*

LIUB. Well, girls, there are burned patients from the House of the Unions - help is needed… Take the medicine and go there…

*Margo rushes to collect the scattered medicine, Zoia helps, then they run towards the fire. Liub tries to drag Stepanych aside and hears a shot, bends down near the dead body, hides. He is trying to understand where the shot came from. His phone rings.*

LIUB (*into the phone, quietly*). Hi ... I couldn't pick up the phone ... It's okay, I’m fine ... Honestly ... Well, it's on fire, but we'll extinguish it soon, don't worry ... The fire-brigade is somewhere nearby... (*sounds of a bullet again*). No, don't go here! No need! Please ... And the little one - who will take care of her? Not now, but in general? ... And one more thing ... I love you and our little one so much. Just don't cry, everything will be fine.

Liub drags Stepanych, covers him, goes to the drums and sets the frantic rhythm of the anthem.

**MONOLOGUES**.

ANIA. I took off all the ribbons, badges, cleaned my pockets, took a long wash in the shower and sprayed my clothes with perfume. It seemed to me that despite all these efforts, the smell of smoke was still there. But that is probably my nerves than something real. I was walking down the street further away from the Maidan. It wasn't too late, but it was already dark. And then I saw a wounded guy. The anxiety alarm inside me signaled SOS, but I could not help but come closer. It is already an absolute reflex. I approached, but he waved his hand as a sign for me to "get out of here." The alarm sounded hysterical, but I saw fresh blood and could not walk away. I tried to pick him up - there was a pharmacy nearby, maybe we could get there. He waved his hand again, he probably couldn't speak with his lips all in blood ... Suddenly we were surrounded. The Berkuts, about 6 people. My heart has fallen into some abyss. They twisted our arms and began to say some nonsense: that I had beaten this man, that I was caught at the crime scene, and that there is direct evidence – my clothing in blood. My sleeve was really in blood, but everything else was a wild lie. The injured was a huge guy and me ... Absurd. At first, I was like in a fog, a arm hurt me. Then it became clearer. It was a lure, they were catching people to find them guilty. I thought I was in a fever. Calm down, don't panic. I decided to stay neutral acting as a frightened girl. I began to groan: "Please let me go, my mother is waiting for me." They called somewhere, reported… It seems that my personality was not convincing. I had no made-up on, and I seemed to be no more than 16 y.o. The chief switched off his phone and looked at me. No, behind me, at someone standing behind me. It was a detached look, as if I were an empty place. The moment I wanted to turn my head, I was not able to do that … A blow on my head - and darkness.

OREST. When I came to senses the second time, everything was different. Like a dream, but a very clear one. There was a strange desert, with two bridges above it - one was wide and the other was narrow. I thought, "Why the bridges if there is no water?" There were people there. Some went to the wide bridge, fell and disappeared in the sand, as if it were not sand, but a swamp. And the second is narrow with strange creatures in white and black cloaks, with hoods on their heads. Like monks, but without faces, faceless. Men-women? It was not clear. I didn't want to go anywhere, but suddenly found myself on a narrow bridge, as if it had flown there. Someone in black walked past me. I tried to look him in the face. But could not see it. It just got scary, as if I was standing in front of an abyss. I stopped. Then another one wearing white came up to me . Man or woman? Who knows. But I felt calm next to him. Maybe an angel? He asked me, "Do you want to give God what he needs or what he wants?" I did not understand what this was about, I was confused. The heart was pounding like crazy. And I said, "What is needed." He shook his head, touched my chest and walked away. I looked up, what it was? A rope. I was wrapped in a rope. And suddenly the world began to change: everything was gone. And I saw that there was a spire on top, and under me there was a black chasm. I had security straps on. But I did not go down slowly, I jumped into the abyss ...

**EPILOGUE 1. RETURN TO THE WORLD.**

*Ania and Orest are at the hospital. They are surrounded by the white space. They are also in white.*

ANIA. Hi Orest. Welcome back. Do you remember me?

OREST. Of course, you are Angelina. My first angel.

ANIA. I am no longer an angel.

OREST. Very good. So you're alive ...

ANIA. So are you. And I almost quit to believe ...

OREST. "Almost" doesn't count ...

ANY. I have been looking for you so long – for three months…

OREST. I’ve been looking for you even longer - for 20 years ...

ANIA. How are you?

OREST. In comparison to coma, it's great.

ANIA. Do you still want to ask me "yes or no"?

OREST. Do you want to answer?

ANY. Yes.

OREST. Yes – means you want to answer or yes is a “yes”?

ANIA. Both.

OREST. Perfect. But I didn’t tell you the main thing, right?

ANIA. Didn’t you? Did you want to say that?

OREST. I wanted to say, but I don't remember if I said ...

ANIA. I don't know if you said it, but I heard it. Do you remember what happened here?

OREST. Not what was here, but… somewhere else. It is a strange feeling, as if these three months never existed.

ANIA. And for me these three months are like 3 years, maybe even 30. Now I'm too old for you.

OREST. That’s fine, I will work on my Oedipus complex ...

ANIA. We won, do you know?

OREST. I think not quite yet… But, apparently, this is the beginning.

ANIA. I want to believe, but I’m still anxious ...

OREST. Don't worry, I'm with you now. Will you stay with me?

ANIA. Now I will not give you to anyone.

*They hold hands. They are leaving.*

**Facebook 6.**

*Characters take off their black masks and put on masks of "animated" decorative Ukrainians. A flashing light appears. Everyone follows this light.*

- A special program - you can follow the number one board.

- Do you know that he was not let out in Donetsk? I had to flee to Crimea.

- Not him, but a person who looked like the president. Everyone is sick and tired of him even there.

- Could it really be his double? While he escapes somewhere else?

- Where is he flying then? Look, he passed Russia. Weird…

- Maybe to Saudi Arabia?

- He will not be accepted there. For sure.

- Look where he turned. To Somalia ...

- Oh, the Somali pirates are just the right thing for him!

- Let him fly wherever he wants, but only far away from here.

- Do not say that, he can hide somewhere, bastard, and begin to muddy the water ...

- In my opinion, it doesn’t matter whether it’s Russia or Somalia - the main thing is that he will not come back.

- God forbid ...

*At the other end a character "One Hundred Thousand Ukrainians" appears.*

- We demand lustration! This museum did not accept the injured from the Maidan. Shame on the manager! We demand immediate release!

- Shame! What a scoundrel! Bastard! Bitch!

- Are you crazy? Where is the square and where is the museum? Why pull them there? The wounded were treated at the church because there was a hospital!

- It's a slander! The employees themselves were injured on the maidan!

- Who will confirm this?

- I will confirm! As well as twenty more self-defense men who were accepted there! And who are you, “one hundred thousand Ukrainians”? Where's your face? Are you hiding it?

- Oh, he has already taken off his post!

*"One Hundred Thousand Ukrainians" changes his mask to a neutral one and gradually departs.*

- That's fake! A lie! Denunciation!

- So, if the Maidan did not win, then the museum would be accused of hiding the wounded but now it is accused of not accepting the wounded…

- Exactly, why everyone was silent about it so far? But as soon as it became possible, everyone is screaming about that?…

- Jackals! People have not yet been buried, and they are already betraying them! Fucking anonyms.

- Lord, how much more of this scum do we have ...

- You will not only give a hand to such a "hundred thousand” but even spitting in their direction is disgusting ...

- The worst thing is, it may be one of those real "one hundred thousand" opportunists ...

- We will still have to withstand these werewolves, and it will be a war…

*They all turn away and disperse.*

**EPILOGUE 2. RETURN TO HELL.**

*There are barricades, remnants of fire, an improvisational memorial - photos, candles, flowers on stage.*

*Zoya, Liubomir, Pafnutii with the wounded have gathered, later Margo, Ania, Orest join them.*

LIUB. Well, there is finally the victory.

ZOIA. I somehow don't feel the holiday ...

LIUB. What about your arrestee? Have you met? Was he released?

ZOIA. Yes ... But there was somebody to meet him ... I have more important things to do.

Zoia grabs Pafnutii by his hand and gently adjusts his bandage, smiling at her.

LIUB. Everything is clear with you ... The main thing is that we are all free now. But at such a price…

ZOIA. I already do not know what the main thing is. And if there is a price to all that? Still it is very unsettling and sad…

LIUB. How else it can be? - It will still take a lot of time until the wounds heal.

*Margo appears - well dressed, with a bottle of wine.*

MARGO. Glory to Ukraine! Have you heard the news? The supreme council is ours! The top banana has escaped from Ukraine. He ran away like a hare. We can go to his palace for a tour. Would you like to? I can arrange it as if we are a filming group ...

ZOIA. Fuck him ... (*Glances at Pafnutii, covers her mouth*). Oh, I'm silent ...

MARGO. Well, it’s up to you. I brought some wine. Can we finally break the dry law?

LIUB. I support that! Let me open it ...

ZOIA. To the victory! It’s a sin not to have a drink, right, Pafnutii?

PAFNUTII. Iaroslav, I left the seminary, now I'm just Iaroslav ...

MARGO. Wow, and why so? (*Zoia is looking at her meaningfully*). Well ... I understand ...

PAFNUTII. Not because of injury. Everything has changed and I have to understand myself ...

*Ania approaches, Orest is a little bit behind her. Everyone rushes to hug Ania.*

ALL. Look who is here! Ania! Where have you been?

ANIA (*hugs everyone*). Oh, that's a long story ... Also. I don't want to talk about it...

LIUB. What an idiot I was to let you go! I was so worried… Zoia, swear on me as bad as possible!

ZOIA. But I do not use swear words any more. I promised if we win – I am done with that.

MARGO. Who did you promise?

ZOIA. Well, to myself and… (*Looks at Pafnutii*). To God. I’ve been keeping the promise so far.

ANIA. Well done! I support you.

LIUB. (notices Orest). Oh my, is that really Orest?

MARGO. Wow, Ania, is it him?

ANIA. It’s him. Alive! Let me introduce you to him. Margo, Zoia ...

MARGO. Where have you been so long, Orest?

OREST. We can say that he has visited the other world. He was in a coma ...

LIUB. And here we also have a different world already… not the same as it used to be. Well, thank God he returned (*Hugging*).

So how did you find him, Ania?

ANIA. I was hit, I got into the same hospital, that’s how I was found. Just a miracle.

ZOIA. It happens ... No one believed it.

ANIA. Why? I believed ... As well as Stepanych. And by the way, where is Stepanych?

MARGO. You don't know yet… Stepanych is not with us any more… Shot dead…

ANIA. Lord, no… (*Orest hugs Ania, a pause*). How did it happen?

ZOIA. A sniper…

LIUB. Stepanych has figures out who the sniper was after all – the one who pretended to be a French journalist. The guys said ... If it wasn't for Stepanych, who knows how many more people he would kill ...

ANIA (*sobs*). He was protecting us, and he himself ... What shall we do now without him ... Why him?

LIUB. Let's commemorate Stepanych and all our people who gave their lives for Ukraine ...

OREST. Glory to the heroes…

ALL. Heroes do not die! Heroes do not die! Heroes do not die!

*Everyone stands up, a moment of silence. They drink wine in silence.*

LIUB. Now to the miracle! And to the victory! (*Everyone clinks glasses*).

ALL. Glory to Ukraine! Glory to the heroes! Cheers!

MARGO. It’s a miracle… I still can’t believed it… Against machine guns, APCs – here we are, just stones in our hands.

PAFNUTII. It's like with David and Goliath. Do you know this story, no? David had to fight with Goliath. Goliath was a powerful warrior, experienced and well-armed. While David was young and green. He didn't seem to have a chance. But he threw a stone and won.

ZOIA. Is it almost like hammering time? Or was it just luck?

PAFNUTII. It’s just God was on David's side. And here Lord was on our side.

ZOIA. If he was on our side, why so many of us have fallen? And such people! Their chiefs have run away, well and sound…

PAFNUTII. God has called upon the best men. And they are in a better world.

OREST. Now we have a "heavenly hundred" - the guardians of Ukraine ...

LIUB. I thought you were the first to die.

OREST. On the contrary, maybe I was the first one to survive ...

LIUB. All of us. Oh, let me sing you a song "The Duck is floating...". Have you heard it? This is something!

*Liub gets his instrument, sings the song. \* The girls are crying.*

*A cell phone is ringing stubbornly. Liubomyr interrupts the song, replies.*

LIUB. Hello… (*Listens, his face expression changes*). Well ... When? .... And what's there? ... Clear ... Bye ...

*Everyone looks expectantly at Liubomyr.*

LIUB. Russia has deployed troops in the Crimea, and the Duma has adopted a law on attacking Ukraine ...

ANIA. Like a knife into the back of a wounded ...

OREST. Jackals usually come to the smell of blood...

ZOIA. Three days of peace - and it begins again ... I can no longer endure it, I’m powerless ...

MARGO. Everything is much worse… It is just the beginning.

ANIA. The beginning of what?

MARGO. Of the real hell.

PAFNUTII. Lord, save Ukraine.

*Everyone is silently looking at each other, hugging in a circle. Then, holding their hands, facing the viewer, each one repeats the same phrase in turn.*

ALL. Freedom or death.

CURTAIN.

*In the play, the author has used real facts and documents, memories of her own, of her relatives and friends, as well as social media records, but all of them have been changed and all the characters are fictional.*

Kiev-Paris-Kiev. February-June 2014.

\* Web links to songs claimed in the song.

1 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iu4s4N0AN4E>

2 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IqFdatdem64&sns=fb>

3 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b9TQo8PQ5cI>

4 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3l1gRJ5Cnuo>

5 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GE9G_LWcviU>