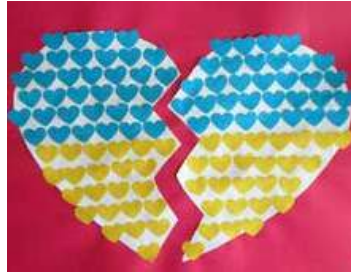


## **Katerina Aksonova. Tomorrow after the End of Days.**



7-23/09/2014.

To my dear Ukraine.

CHARACTERS:

WRITER - man.

ARTIST - woman.

MUSICIAN - woman, younger than Artist.

BUILDER - man.

PASSERBY - man.

Scene 1.

Cluttered place is crammed with a lot of diverse things. Any windows, dim light is from nowhere. Old piano, lot of books, tape recorder, chairs, table, the dishes. Several places where people could sleep. Pillows, blankets.  
Enters WRITER. He wears old jumper, on hands black cycling gloves. He is unshaven for long time.

WRITER: I don't feel it's today. I didn't sense it was yesterday. Maybe I will perceive this tomorrow.

Yes, tomorrow after the End of Days. I could take pen in hand and write what I experienced. On page will be letters not my blood and tears.

When will pass enough time to recognize calm? When fire will stop? When be buried last soldier?

I thought it was absolutely poetic when they said that war ended when buried last soldier. But when soldiers will be buried in your heart. Yes, earth will absorb all our bodies, but pain... When it will stop?

How you could write comedies when everybody is crying around you? They

asked me. I was laughing for not crying. They know without me how to cry, but I remind them about that they also can be happy.

They will forget about joy. Yes, they will wipe about it. Kid to whom nobody smiled never will be smiling. And country...

Absolutely, possibly tomorrow I will find words. To write what I undergo, what they face. Now I am tore apart. Me? Who could write in all imaginable circumstances.

Sure, I told neighbours that my hand is not working. They proposed to write down my words. And I told them that my tongue and my soul are also injured. Here, in the deep of the dark.

I'm broken, I'm bored, and I want to be in the basement.

We thought we accomplished it right. Went away from everybody. Very well.

Protest against violence.

Why we still listen to news? Why we think that young men have to protect own country and don't run away at foreign.

My eyes could see clear only in my invented word. I am useless.

Liar. I can't speak, because I can't excuse them. Why they didn't hear me, when everything was good. I was precise, they are all the same. Not a drop of human blood deserve political manifesto, but they said that I was wrong.

I foresaw. They will die for someone's name, person who don't deserve sacrifice. Tears and pain. Nothing more. And quietness like here is horror. You can't speak when you are afraid that you can't find the exit.

Maybe it's my agony. Yes, I remember, how, who made orders for war, laugh and have lovely holidays. Soulless could live like nothing happened. I can't breath when I hear about what occurred. They can. Because of that we are here and they are there.

Our safety. Our life. We even could speak with each other. Listen to music, talk about books. Never tell in eyes why we escaped.

From time to time we went up. In few days will be my turn again. And I'll come back speechless, sit in the corner. And as usual they will not gaze in my side.

Than everything will be like was previously. Music, books, till another one will go up.

I was entirely naive. Tomorrow I also will not have an aptitude to write at least few words.

I hear steps. Steps are sad. Nothing is changing.

WRITER sits on the one of the pillows and opens a book, sighs.

Scene 2.

Enters ARTIST. Woman wears shabby dress, big earrings. Triangular shawl on her shoulders. ARTIST looks disapprovingly at WRITER.

ARTIST: All world ended and you want to read one more book.

WRITER: If I can't write. I have a pleasure to read them.

ARTIST: Are you really believe that now we have End of Days?

WRITER: It would be average explanation to all what is going on up there.

ARTIST: Yes. Up there. I will go tomorrow.

WRITER: I remember.

ARTIST: Yes.

WRITER (puts book aside): You don't want to go.

ARTIST: No. It just that odd idea.

WRITER: Which?

ARTIST: I hadn't tell about that to anybody...

WRITER: And I'm not the one to whom you'll open your thoughts.

ARTIST: I am hesitating.

WRITER: You live in illusion.

ARTIST: Pardon me?

WRITER: Yes. I used to it. Nobody, nobody want to talk with writer. Deep inside their mind is confidence that all their words I capture and put in my novel.

ARTIST: Is it wrong?

WRITER: Mostly. Yes, I can take a word, a sentence, plot, name.

ARTIST: All useful staff.

WRITER: A lot of fun.

ARTIST: And you are not smiling.

WRITER: I will be wordless.

ARTIST: No. Finally you start to speak.

WRITER: Yes. It happened today. I was alone, and now I can't stop - words want to be outside me.

ARTIST: Do you miss this condition?

WRITER: Yes.

ARTIST: Your words.

WRITER: All my words.

ARTIST: I was curious where from you had paper for your drafts.

WRITER: Father bought all to me.

ARTIST: And you was writing... knowing that they won't pay you.

WRITER: Can you order yourself to stop breathing?

ARTIST: No.

WRITER: My breathing is writing.

ARTIST: And all that rewards.

WRITER: You know that in our country it's paper which couldn't protect a wall.

ARTIST: Maybe everything will change.

WRITER: In our country? Was bad, now is worse.

ARTIST: I am reminiscing about huge reception.

WRITER: It was lovely.

ARTIST: Yes. The one, who spoke favourably of us, arrived in luxury cars.

WRITER: Fact.

ARTIST: And you were on taxi.

WRITER: No. I went away before party end. Returned home by bus. I didn't want that anybody notice. It's embarrassing.

ARTIST: Why are you here?

WRITER: I'm ashamed. I have words but never earn money for paper where to write them.

ARTIST: And all that grants?

WRITER: Them receive the one who is full up, never starving.

ARTIST: They have more strength in fight.

WRITER: Sometimes I felt myself inside film.

ARTIST: With happy end?

WRITER: You remember, that old film, Le Magnifique with Jean-Paul Belmondo.

ARTIST: Nice. Are they believed that you saw and tasted everything?

WRITER: Always.

ARTIST: I am also experience myself as Scarlet O'Hara. When I made a dress from green curtains.

WRITER: She had gone out that morning carrying those yellow flowers for me to find her at last.

ARTIST: Yes.

WRITER: And why you are here now Mrs. Buttler?

ARTIST: I chose red lipstick and he didn't observed tearstained eyes. Rhett didn't notice that dress was made from last green curtains.

WRITER: It happens.

ARTIST: Why you are here?

WRITER: It is the only place where we don't need money to live.

ARTIST: You wrote and gave them all your soul.

WRITER: I thought they will help. But if they had something for nothing they never thanked.

ARTIST: True. Me the same. And instead of van Gogh I hadn't Theo who bought me brushes and paints.

WRITER: Why you never told anybody how awful in reality is your life?

ARTIST: It's all because of Master and Margarita.

WRITER: Bulgakov. Weird. Today I quoted him constantly.

ARTIST: You should never ask anyone for anything. Never - and especially from those who are more powerful than yourself. They will make the offer and they will give of their own accord.

WRITER: Did they offered something to you?

ARTIST: Never, no one.

WRITER: Do you still wait?

ARTIST: What I lose?

WRITER: Perhaps, everything.

ARTIST: Sometimes I also think like that. But pride and hope...

WRITER: Our usual sins.

ARTIST: What about... you take from us to books?

WRITER: Not much, but enough. And everything else is mine. I am also not empty. I have a lot to tell to reader. And another people's stories sometimes block up me from my potential.

ARTIST: Yes. Curiosity is a big sin.

WRITER: Possibly, but very useful. What did you want to tell?

ARTIST: Bizarre feeling before I enter up.

WRITER: Fear?

ARTIST: No. Enormous, unfathomable, shining hope.

WRITER: Unusual.

ARTIST: I know.

WRITER: Hope for what?

ARTIST: I will notice evolution for good. Changes which all you didn't notice. I will come back and I will be the first who say... We could return up.

WRITER: Pride.

ARTIST: I shouldn't open to you.

WRITER: We all want to be the first who will discover. Bird with green leafs.

ARTIST: They also told you.

WRITER: I read it in their eyes.

ARTIST: In eyes of them, who didn't return here.

WRITER: True.

ARTIST: Creative mind. Writer.

WRITER: Listen, who said it. Artist.

ARTIST: I'm painter, not the typist.

WRITER: I was wrong when I answered you. After so many days of silence.

ARTIST: You was wearied and you find a suitable person.

WRITER: Now I doubt it.

Sound of knock on wood behind stage.

ARTIST: Our Builder.

WRITER: He is the one who believes that we will live here forever.

ARTIST: Hope that he is wrong.

WRITER: Listen, knock stopped.

ARTIST: Yes. He will enter soon.

ARTIST starts to rearrange painting brushes, WRITER opens book.

Scene 3.

Enters BUILDER, man in dirty work overall, hard hat on head. In his hand is hammer.

BUILDER: Here you are. Quiet and creative. I am sick and tired of you both.

ARTIST: You will never say that aloud if she was here now.

BUILDER: Who?

ARTIST: Our Musician. You'll ask her to play Chopin and watch.

BUILDER: I love music.

WRITER: It is not music.

BUILDER: We truly have End of Days. Our Writer find words to tell to us.

WRITER: Yes. She can't play.

BUILDER: What?

WRITER: I hear every note but it is not music.

BUILDER: What do you know!

ARTIST: Boys. Here not the place and time for war about woman.

BUILDER: You jealous because it's not relating to you.

WRITER: Here you received, peace-maker.

ARTIST: Yes. I have a big experience. Her notes absolutely correct but we haven't a music.

BUILDER: When all this end...

WRITER: You will be disappointed, my friend. You will want to listen to another performers and magic will pass away. Live in this ignorance as long as we are here.

BUILDER: You have so many words. Write something.

WRITER: If I can. Maybe, tomorrow.

BUILDER: Tomorrow, after the End of Days.

WRITER: Why not?

BUILDER: Where are they?

WRITER: Who?

BUILDER: Your readers, who waited for your every word. You made them happy and sad. Why they didn't save you?

WRITER: Their comfortable, careless life is more important than me.

BUILDER: Is it fair?

WRITER: It is true. They will wait for another writer. They have plenty of time behind closed window shutters.

BUILDER: And you?

WRITER: I don't know if I have strength to wait for rescuer.

BUILDER: Humanity is always easy to liberate.

WRITER: Saving one person is real challenge.

BUILDER: Yes.

WRITER sighs.

ARTIST (curiously): What did you build?

BUILDER: New support for our ceiling.  
WRITER: Your work is in more demand up there.  
BUILDER: When it all ends. Now I can't build what will be destroyed by the one who never made anything in whole life. Their life is only to damage all.  
BUILDER sits on blanket and covers his head with his hands.  
WRITER: Calm. Now she will come. You have to be patient.  
BUILDER: Pain, always pain.  
WRITER: I know.  
BUILDER: But you could write about it. I haven't words.  
ARTIST: Here you are equal. His words not belong to him any more.  
WRITER: I hope that all will end somehow.  
BUILDER: Will you go tomorrow?  
ARTIST: Yes. What?  
BUILDER: Nothing.  
WRITER: You can try to go. Once.  
BUILDER: I saw you, when you came back. I will wait till all this end.  
ARTIST: You lose your opportunity.  
BUILDER: For what?  
WRITER: To be the one who spots conversion.  
BUILDER: It is not vital.  
ARTIST: You're wrong.  
WRITER: Up there is real rain.  
BUILDER: I know.  
ARTIST: Music can supplement our life, but never became a gist.  
BUILDER: Writer, which is your music.  
WRITER: Stupid question. I listened so much before. I don't want to choose one.  
BUILDER: Tell the truth. Now which melody is in your mind? When you are quiet. When you don't communicate with us.  
ARTIST: Great and deep question.  
BUILDER: Are you joking?  
ARTIST: No, admiring your sincere soul. Reveal to us, Writer.  
WRITER: It is not important.  
BUILDER: Yes, it is. What help you to be there, silent without own texts.  
WRITER: Walkrüenritt, Wagner.  
ARTIST: Unstoppable revenge?  
WRITER: Might.  
BUILDER: Vigour, so better not ask Musician to play it.  
All smile.  
ARTIST: A little bit and we will laugh again.  
WRITER: Hope so.  
Women's laugh is behind stage.  
BUILDER: Who is it? Is it?  
ARTIST: Yes, our Musician.  
BUILDER: I never hear her laugh.  
WRITER: Who else it could be with her?  
ARTIST: We will find shortly.

Scene 4.

Enter MUSICIAN and PASSERBY. MUSICIAN wears long evening dress decorated with sequins. PASSERBY wears trainers, jeans, T-shirt.

MUSICIAN: Look whom I find!  
ARTIST: Who is he?  
PASSERBY: Nice to meet you all. I am Passerby.  
WRITER: I am Writer. She is Artist and he is Builder.  
PASSERBY: I am glad.  
BUILDER: What are you doing here?  
PASSERBY: Looking for someone like you.  
BUILDER: Me?  
MUSICIAN: Don't be foolish.  
ARTIST: Who live under earth?  
PASSERBY: Yes.  
WRITER: What for?  
PASSERBY: We need you.  
ARTIST: Who we? The one with whom you have daily promenade.  
PASSERBY: You used to suspect everyone.  
WRITER: Here it is easiest way of life.  
MUSICIAN: Hurray! You start to speak. I didn't notice at once. I could play something joyful on that occasion.  
WRITER: Thank you. But not now, our dear Musician.  
PASSERBY: You have a comfortable life here - music, books, paintings.  
ARTIST: Yes, everything about what you could dream.  
PASSERBY: You haven't a sun light.  
Silence.  
BUILDER: Who cares?  
ARTIST: I can't draw.  
WRITER: I can't write.  
MUSICIAN: Music don't need all that. Only candles and you will have what you need.  
WRITER: You're not a Passerby.  
PASSERBY: I am familiar with this name.  
ARTIST: I trust you are.  
PASSERBY: How do you call yourself?  
WRITER: Perchance, people who wait.  
PASSERBY: For what?  
ARTIST: When Passerby come and tell that everything is over now.  
PASSERBY: Splendid.  
ARTIST: Why you... despise us?  
PASSERBY: You're wrong.  
WRITER: She is right.  
ARTIST: Before war we did everything, what we managed to do. Now we wait when they make something.  
PASSERBY: They don't know.  
WRITER: What?  
PASSERBY: How to think, how to esteem beautiful painting.  
ARTIST: They didn't want it until now and war didn't change anything.  
PASSERBY: I know. But we look for someone who could teach them.  
WRITER: When?  
PASSERBY: Today.  
ARTIST: Better tomorrow after the End of Days.  
PASSERBY: For you better. But they need you now.  
MUSICIAN: Who are they? Do they love music?  
PASSERBY: You can see them on the light.

BUILDER: You are a great protector of light, even warrior.  
PASSERBY: You could call me how you prefer.  
ARTIST: Who you are looking for?  
PASSERBY: Someone who can create from nothing.  
WRITER: Generate new.  
PASSERBY: Yes.  
WRITER: Not live in the past.  
ARTIST: Not paint tears.  
PASSERBY: Yes.  
MUSICIAN: They don't ready for that. They won't pay you.  
ARTIST: How do you know? You only repeat what created another one. Have a courage. Make something yourself. Feel what is power of achievement.  
MUSICIAN: You always hate me.  
MUSICIAN buries her face on BUILDER's shoulder.  
WRITER: Artist didn't think...  
ARTIST: Stop. I wish to say that.  
PASSERBY: What is your decision?  
WRITER: Musician is right. We don't survive without help. It is not significant for them now.  
PASSERBY: But you have to begin make it today. When they will be ready, they have to find what you already done.  
MUSICIAN: Most stupid is to work without audience.  
PASSERBY: It's your last word.  
BUILDER: You heard.  
WRITER: And when nothing will change?  
PASSERBY: You will also write like now in your head. All words that you want to put on the paper. You don't lose anything.  
ARTIST: He is right. I will paint no matter if they understand me or not. I will paint for me, the one who need it. Even if all that I have would be the water.  
PASSERBY: Will you go?  
ARTIST: Yes.  
PASSERBY: I could bear some of your belongings.  
ARTIST: From there I don't want a speck of dust.  
PASSERBY: So, we go.  
ARTIST: I hate long goodbyes. Be healthy. Bye.  
ARTIST and PASSERBY go to the wings.  
WRITER: Again scream in emptiness. Hell with all! I will go with you.  
WRITER goes with ARTIST and PASSERBY, not turns back.

#### Scene 5.

MUSICIAN: It's my fault.  
BUILDER: What, sorry. I didn't listen.  
MUSICIAN: It was my mistake. I brought this Passerby here and they departed.  
BUILDER: Yes. Create something new. Even if audience annihilate with indifference.  
MUSICIAN: Stupid. I agree with you.  
BUILDER: Can you play Walkrüenritt.  
MUSICIAN: Not on the piano. Better I will play your favourite Chopin's Nocturne cis moll.  
MUSICIAN sits at the piano and we hear Chopin's music.  
BUILDER: Beautiful. If they leave...



Music stops.

MUSICIAN: What?

BUILDER: It's my turn to go up.

MUSICIAN: If it is necessary.

BUILDER: Extremely.

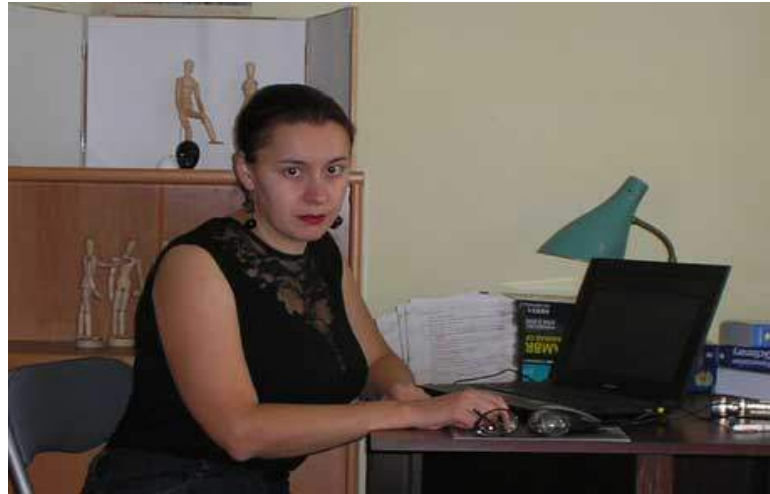
MUSICIAN: As you wish.

Chopin's music after few seconds fade away and we hear Walkr enritt.

Slow blackout.

CURTAIN.

September 2014.



Please send your [letters](mailto:aksioma@neonet.ua) to: aksioma@neonet.ua.

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