

## **Katerina Aksonova. Winter's night with an angel.**



*Big attic, circle gable window. Decorated with illuminations Christmas tree. Coffee table prepared for romantic dinner. Mattress with pillows, above which are rose-petals.*



*Enters Ralph, young man, topless, he tries to put on symmetrically big wings of angel which are on his shoulders.*



RALPH: How that did Cedric? Daily practice, like he warned, for me it is real torture. Why I didn't think about mirror to cope with that wings?

Eva told me that I am not capable to make a romantic gesture. Now she will see what I can do to her. Christmas tree, bed with rose-petals. Hope she will agree to spend Christmas with my family. I know, it's a big step. I expect that wings help me to convince her that I could be real angel... with dirty thoughts.

It's late, she still didn't phone. I said that would be at work, here, check attic. I repeated it few times. If she want she could came here and persuade me to finish work earlier. And here waits such surprise.

I used all my imagination to didn't allow workers to put paint or scaffolding near roof, only after Christmas. Renovation of this building will take few months. View from this window Eva won't forget.

*Ralph switches off lights.*

RALPH: I am sure that heard someone's steps.

*Sound of steps on snow.*

*Ralph turns to the window, behind the window is silhouette in warm big jacket. For a moment silhouette stands still, than simultaneously lifts hands near face level.*

RALPH: Last pray. Oh, no.



*Ralph rushes to the window, opens it and catches silhouette. Ralph falls with person on the bed. Switches on Christmas' tree illuminations, rose-petals slowly falls on them.*



AMBER: Am I dead?

RALPH: Not yet. And you wanted to do it on my special evening.

AMBER: It's beautiful and I don't expect, but could you unclench your hands.

RALPH: Window is still open. Won't you repeat it?

AMBER: What?

RALPH: Jump!

AMBER: No, I assure you.

RALPH: Fine, stand up.

*Amber stands up, she is in rose-petals, turns to Ralph.*



AMBER: When I heard about fallen angel I imagined someone different.  
How are wings?

RALPH: Oh, no, Cedric will kill me, if I broke them.

*Ralph stands up quickly and checks wings.*



RALPH: Please, look, wings are not broken...

AMBER: I don't know how they have to look like, but I didn't see serious damage.

RALPH: I will return them to Cedric. He promised that nothing happen to them, but I wasn't sure.

AMBER: Cutting down of financing. Not every angel has own wings.

RALPH: Witty remarks from person who tried to commit suicide few moments ago.

AMBER: Who? I?

RALPH: You. Not me.

AMBER: Are you mad? Before Christmas?

RALPH: I read in newspaper it's popular time for such decisions. When I

saw you, I was convinced that they are correct.

AMBER: Never.

RALPH: What are you doing here?

AMBER: You could pay attention how picturesque is view from here.

RALPH: I know, because of that view I opened the window to show it to... no matter whom. What bring you on the roof?

AMBER: I was trying to make a pictures. At evening, it's so appealing.

RALPH: Pictures?

AMBER: Yes. Hope camera was not broken.

*Amber puts off her neck a camera, checks shots.*



AMBER: Everything is fine.

RALPH: Hands to the face. Camera! It wasn't last pray.

AMBER: Only your imagination.

RALPH: Now I will call police.

AMBER: What?

RALPH: You came here not legal and I will call police. But you have few minutes and I give you a chance to run away from here.

AMBER: Really?

RALPH: My advice is good, I will forget about your visit.

*Amber puts off her jacket and sits on bed.*



RALPH: What are you doing?

AMBER: Wait for police.

RALPH: I gave you an opportunity.

AMBER: Yes. And I will witness to them that you illegally prepared here romantic dinner for...

RALPH: Eva.

AMBER: Angel, Eva. Breathtaking. We are here in the same, illegal, position. Call police.

RALPH: I have right to be here. I am main architect of renovation of this building. I will prove them.

AMBER: Now you are an angel with wings. Seriously, I require more than a moment to run from here.

RALPH: What?

AMBER: I sprained my ankle when walked on the fire stairs, and when we fell... I just need more time to disappear.

RALPH: Could you walk?

AMBER: Yes. If I climbed near the roof after another two floors. Nothing serious. This view was worth it. Don't panic, I will return the same way, which I came. Your girlfriend doesn't meet me on main stairs.

RALPH: Which leg?

AMBER: Sorry.

RALPH: Which leg sprained?

AMBER: Right. What's difference?

RALPH: One moment.

*Ralph takes bag, opens window, fills bag with snow and puts it on Amber's leg.*



RALPH: Better?

AMBER: I don't know, but cold.

RALPH: It have to be.

AMBER: Angel, what is your name?

RALPH: Ralph.

AMBER: I am Amber. Two weeks at night I spent watching when all workers will go away to finish photos without...

RALPH: Permission.

AMBER: Disturbing people.

RALPH: Today I planned special evening, so workers are early to homes.

AMBER: I can't predicted it. At day I had enough time at lunch hour.

RALPH: Not your first visit.

AMBER: It... yes. By the way, lovely and romantic. I think Eva will be amazed.

RALPH: She all time says that I can't make something special to her.

AMBER: Now I noticed you did your best. I liked rose-petals and Christmas tree, wings also good.

RALPH: Cedric is working in special bar, where he dance in them. Popular show.

AMBER: Women like his... dance.

RALPH: Probably. I never visit it.

AMBER: Now I feel much better. Thank you. I will go.

RALPH: Are you sure?

AMBER: I am. Sorry for my interruption. Have a nice evening.

*Amber stands up, puts her jacket on, opens window and exits.*

RALPH: Eva won't encounter her on stairs. How selfish I was? Turned out girl with injury. She seemed to managed all by herself. Not my problem.

Where is Eva?

*Ralph texts on phone. Sound of received message.*



RALPH: I know you are busy. I don't care. I won't compete with your work. Stay where you are. I don't bothered. Eva.

*Ralph texts again. Sound of received message.*

RALPH: Fine, I will repeat. All over. Eva.

She won't broke up with me by phone. I prepared all this.



Eva, oh, no.

*On the window is Amber's silhouette, she looks through the window, than knocks.*

RALPH: Amber, what happened?

AMBER: I'm terribly sorry, but I forget a camera. Here it is, I will go.

RALPH: You don't have to rush.

AMBER: What?

RALPH: Your ankle.

AMBER: Yes, I will walk slowly, give you my word, Eva could come in any minute.

RALPH: She won't. She left me.

AMBER: When?

RALPH: Now. By phone!

AMBER: I am sorry about you and will be selfish. Could I use your hospitality a little bit?

RALPH: Of course. Can I bring you something?

AMBER: Than I would like more snow on ankle.

RALPH: You will have it in any quantities.

*Ralph puts bag with snow on Amber's leg.*

AMBER: Much better.

RALPH: And you can use wide stairs of this building.

AMBER: Your generosity is without border.

RALPH: I even could lift you by my car.

AMBER: Thank you, but I parked my car near. I planned to spend a long night here.

RALPH: I don't have to say it, but agree that view cost it all. From first time I spend every free minute here making sketches.

AMBER: I think it would be interesting to see them.

RALPH: You have no idea about my drawing ability.

AMBER: I was polite, you didn't see my pictures either.

RALPH: Sunset in the rain, it's enchanting.

AMBER: You used all days for yourself, any problems with security on the stairs.

RALPH: For how long you are on duty here?

AMBER: Three weeks total. Daily. Now I remember you, how you gave orders to everyone. In wings it was difficult to recognize you at first sight.

RALPH: Wings. Can you help to take them down, it's horrible pain.

AMBER: Of course, but how you managed entangled in such way fastening. Here you are, free, without wings.

*Ralph takes down wings.*



RALPH: Better. I will put my jumper, it's chilly.

*Ralph puts jumper.*

*Sound of message.*



AMBER: It's Eva, read.

RALPH: Yes, it was Eva. She asked me to deny my participation in trip at New Year. She knows someone who will be interested. And she told me that I'm practical and I'll agree with it.

AMBER: We don't know about people nothing, even when we love them.

RALPH: I prepared all this. Few days... What are your plans for tomorrow?

AMBER: Who are you thinking I am? Emergency girlfriend.

RALPH: I didn't think... about you as a girlfriend.

AMBER: It wasn't nice to hear.

RALPH: I just wanted to say... Tomorrow will be no security at building, you could come here. I'll open door and you'll make photos.

AMBER: That is what I can't even dream about. You know that I can't refuse such proposition. Early in the morning, would be lovely, I can't catch sunrise from here yet.

RALPH: Are you hungry?

AMBER: I have food in the car.

RALPH: I could predict it. But all that. In sweet-shop they said it would taste delicious.

AMBER: A little bit of something, maybe.

RALPH: Good. I hate to eat alone. All day I spend here and forget about food at all.

AMBER: Look, snow is falling again.

RALPH: Beautiful.

AMBER: You could think that I am impudence, but I'll ask.

RALPH: Listen.

AMBER: You are so sad...

RALPH: Girlfriend left me, not joyful day, evening of my life.

AMBER: Could you put on wings one more time and sit near window.  
Window, wings, falling snow it will be magnificent photo.

RALPH: Why not? Even if you'll call it fallen angel.

AMBER: No. I will call it "Winter's night with an angel".



*CURTAIN.*



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More about play:

This tiny story is attempt to write something simple and romantic. I still experiment with different genres. This story has everything for love story – rose-petals, angel, snowy evening.



I knitted and sewed costumes and draw sketch of attic with snow.



I can't say that it's my personal dream date, I think it could be cold there. For impression important are real actions not rose-petals, real men knew it.

Main reason why I wrote this play were wings, everything else came later. When I wrote play "When we need wings" "["Коли потрібні крила."](#)" in October 2011, I wanted to make poster. For it I needed wings. I visited many shops where I learned that wings are seasonal item and can't be bought at any time of year. Usual problem with everything. I visited shops and looked for another stuff, asked shop-assistants about wings. Every time "no" was my answer. I asked at each season of year, I can't find season for wings. Until, one day, I saw this.



I was happy and asked shop-assistant, why she didn't tell me about this treasure. Answer was undeniable: "They are not real". I didn't explain that I was not planning to tear off real wings from real angel, I bought what I had in hand.



For play in Ukrainian I invented wings of butterfly with its tenderness.



I didn't change poster, wings waited for another story. This story is came, no matter that angel's wings are not real.



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