

Katerina Aksonova. Pleading in the night.



Scene 1.

Inside fairy-tale looks like cave. Window, near window is table and wooden chair. On the table is candle.

Enters AR, woman in long white dress.

Candle starts to crackle.

AR: Ro is visiting me. Come here, sister. I waited for you daily.

From long distance sound of people's voices, can't hear what they are talking.

AR: Calling. Again they are calling. I hear them everyday and every night. Only candle helps made it quieter. Forever is scary word. More scary than loneliness. Ro, I'm waiting.

Scene 2.

Enters RO, woman in long violet dress.

RO: Ar, my sleepless sister. I came to you.

AR: In all the times and all the universes I wait for you and happy to see you.

RO: They are calling. I heard, when came here. Still day and you keep a

candle.

AR: It helps.

RO: But only at day.

AR: Yes. Sun and candle protect from endless moan. If again night will be moonless I'll have to go.

RO: In drowsiness never is the moon.

AR: I know and daily hope that it will change.

RO: Don't look at me in such way, Ar. You was cursed in all realities and universes.

AR: Never sleep and hear them. I just wanted not miss an important thing in life.

RO: And you hear all, important for them, not you.

AR: Is it still good to sleep, forget about everything?

RO: Yes, good. When I sleep I can't see stories. Darkness and quietness.

AR: I can only dream about it.

RO: People need you.

AR: I think more benefit they could have from you.

RO: Me?

AR: Yes. Ro, you know all variants of every action. Which would lead to what.

RO: Ar, dear, if people will know all opportunities, they will never made a choice, because spend time on finding better way. It just don't exist, this is better way. We know both. They need you, Ar. To hear what answer is inside of them, to find own truth which you will open to them in dreams.

AR: In dreams.

RO: You are such good at that.

AR: I was cursed.

RO: Sorry, I remember.

AR: They daily beg for something. They ask for more and every day. Every night I went and help them. It never ends.

RO: My dear sister, you will find strength.

AR: I just want to sleep and forget about them.

RO: You will be not alone in your sleepless life, believe me.

AR: Ro, did you know something?

RO: I saw.

AR: End of my curse.

RO: Not jet, not now. You won't be alone. But...

AR: But...

RO: You will destroy all rules. He also.

AR: He?

RO: Yes. You will be with him when he doesn't need more sleep.

AR: It means!

RO: I'm sorry, sister. It's all what you will receive.

AR: I will remember words which you said me. You have to go, night will come and candle can't protect us both. You have to go, Ro.

RO: My dear sister.

Ro and Ar hold hands.

Ro goes away.

Scene 3.

Ar snaps her fingers. Candle went out. Noise from woods became noise of people's begging, supplications, tears and screams.

At first Ar closes her ears with hands, than makes deep exhalation, opens ears.

AR: I hear all of you, talk.

Don't clear noise, above which is man's voice: "Why I can't do this?"

AR: Who are you? You are so strong and ask for help. Not beg, demand.
I choose you, all be quiet.

Everyone's else voices are quiet. Only man's voice: "Why I can't do this?"

AR: Wait, I came to you.

Ar exits.

Blackout.

Scene 4.

Ar is on the dark stage, small light in the middle of the stage.

AR: He, he called me. Demanded. Need a help. Blacksmith. Why need he help?

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands,

And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat...

(The village Blacksmith. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

Why he called me? Why he needs support?

He's not in drowsiness, I can't help him and show the answer. He asked for help. I'm here and have to go. Forget all rules.

Blackout.

Scene 5.

Blacksmith's shop. Flaming forge, roar of bellows, beat of sledge – hammer on iron.

Blacksmith is topless, with apron, dirty, tired. In his hand is half-finished sword at which he looks with attention.

Enters Ar, sits on the anvill.

Blacksmith looks at her in disbelief for a moment.

BLACKSMITH: Here is dirty for your dress.

AR: If it suits you, it doesn't make me dirty. What do you want?

BLACKSMITH: Me.

AR: You called. "Why I can't do this?" What?

BLACKSMITH: I don't believe that you are who should help.

AR: I came. I came because you need my help. No matter that you are awake.

BLACKSMITH: Ar!

AR: Could be.

BLACKSMITH: I never dream. I never hope.

AR: What do you want?

BLACKSMITH: Why you came to me?

AR: I heard you.

BLACKSMITH: I didn't beg.

AR: It was protest. And I was curious, who dared.

BLACKSMITH: Could you help me? Even not inside my dream.

AR: If I came.

BLACKSMITH: I can't do a better sword.

AR: What do you mean - better?

BLACKSMITH: I need perfect blade.

AR: What does that signify?

BLACKSMITH: I need a blade which won't need to be sharpened. I need a blade which never became blunted. I need a blade which never knew what is rust.

AR: What for?

BLACKSMITH: I will be the best blacksmith.

AR: And?

BLACKSMITH: I want a lot of money, fame.

AR: Everyone had same wishes.

BLACKSMITH: I want that when people will talk about blacksmiths only my name will be in their memory.

AR: By the way, your name is?

BLACKSMITH: No matter.

AR: I see. And now I'll tell you truth which you already knew. You want to make best blade for murder. People more easy will kill each other. You didn't want a fame, you want blood. You want to punish all your enemies. People, who were mocking you. In your heart isn't enough mercy. I can't help you.

Ar goes away.

Blackout.

Scene 6.

BLACKSMITH: Where are you, Ar. I need you. Help me! Ar, help me. I changed.

Enters Ar.

AR: You believe in this. If you put away all broken blades, you think you vary.

BLACKSMITH: I need this blade for protection, to save lives of another people.

AR: Even perfect blade doesn't rescue you from your thoughts. You are waiting for attack only to make revenge on enemies. You haven't compassion in your heart. I can't help you.

BLACKSMITH: I will become different. I'll do everything.

AR: I know that you wanted to become a priest for that.

BLACKSMITH: I need your help, Ar. I made shovels, hammers, axes and spoons. I was useful for everyone.

AR: You still think about blade.

BLACKSMITH: I deserve help in my dream.

AR: Many people call me in the night. They need my aid. They need it now. Sorry, but for that I will never hear your voice. No matter how loud you will plead. You didn't want to change. I'm really sorry.

Ar exits.

Scene 7.

BLACKSMITH: I asked for support. Ar didn't help. I'll do everything myself. I'll do.

Blacksmith starts to make an awful noise with hammer.

Blackout.

Scene 8.

Ar's cave.

AR: I daily hear how they ask, beg help. Pleading in the night so hard. Only blacksmith's voice I didn't hear. He works, against all world, without help. If he won't ask I can't come.

My candle protects me from all voices when sun is. I put my hand near candle at day. I'm afraid if wind blow it away I will hear all their voices without stop.

I showed the way to many of them. They knew answers, but were afraid of them. I give them strength. All the time I think about that blacksmith who didn't want again ask me for help. If he didn't call me... I don't know what happened with him.

Candle is crackling. Ro will visit me, my dear sister.

Scene 9.

Enters Ro.

RO: They still call you.

AR: Never less. What brings you here?

RO: You remember our talk...

AR: Which one?

RO: About your curse and loneliness.

AR: I was forgiven!

RO: No.

AR: What than?

RO: You will not be alone in your sleepless nights and days. No more.

AR: I can't understand. What happened?

RO: I know, you remember that blacksmith. The one, who can't receive your help.

AR: I didn't hear him.

RO: You can go to him. He waits.

AR: He didn't ask. I can't.

RO: He won't. You could go to him yourself.

AR: Yes! No. Is this?

RO: Forever.

AR: No!

RO: Go! You wait too long.

AR: They will call!

RO: I'll stay and listen.

AR: You couldn't.

RO: I'll try. Go.

Ar kisses Ro in cheek and exits.

Blackout.

Scene 10.

Blacksmith's shop.

Enters Ar.

BLACKSMITH: And now you came without call?

AR: Why not. It doesn't matter, no more.

BLACKSMITH: Than you could help me made my blade.

AR: I don't know. I only open what is inside you. And if you learned how to make that perfect blade...

BLACKSMITH: We try. How much time do you have for me?

AR: Eternity without few hours.

BLACKSMITH: Let's start. Won't waste a second.

Blacksmith puts on his apron, Ar sits on anvill.

CURTAIN.



July 2008; September 2015.

More about play:

This tiny play I wrote based on my short story (2 pages of A4) which was written 8.07.2008 at Russian language.

I added one more character – Ro, and retell story anew. Elements of fantasy left the same. Problems were at unexpected place – vocabulary of blacksmith.

About blacksmiths I have few ideas. Most of them need more knowledge in specific words. Again time to translating. I was interested in blacksmith's craft from time when I wrote about white blade. Everything except katana and machete had different names in English. One more branch of vocabulary which need exploration.

I easy reuse stories from one language to another. I try to think about that not like about rejected project. Here I use experience of knitting. Sometimes thing which I made became out of date or I get tired of it. I can use threads and make something new, which I like, as this play.

I chose my photo as poster for that play from one of blacksmith's exhibitions which was in Lviv.



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