

Alaska

Playwright: Evangelos Kosmidis

in collaboration with Dakh Theatre & Gogolfest

**in the frame of the Marathon of international residencies in Mariupol
[Big Capital of Culture in Ukraine 2021]**

Team:

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At some point in the text, the indication [Crowd speaking for one] will appear, this will mean that at this point one character is speaking, and can be divided into many voices.

Written for one person and/ or several voices. Or something else.

In the beginning the character is talking to a psychologist, or it could be something totally different.

The friends and the mother can appear, but they don't have to. Plenty of music would be good.

The titles are there to be announced, or not.

In *Italics font* are some proposed songs and author's notes.

The listed songs are proposed in their respective original languages.

The translations of the songs are there to help the reader to keep up.

The voices:

Stephanie: age 16

Alice: a close friend of Stephanie's, rather bad-tempered.

Danny: a chill guy, easy-going, with a vivid imagination and an alcoholic father.

Eva: Loves parties and guys. had an abortion last summer. from a troubled home.

Jonathan: knows everything about everyone. Hates being ignored.

Emily: kind, smart, sometimes mouthy.

Jacob: the star of the school. lots of money, a brat and a jackass.

Ellie: diligent, indifferent. And now she is hungry...

Agatha: aloof, a family person and a chain-smoker.

Ludmila: the prosecutor's daughter. popular but keeps everyone at arm's length.

Billy: non-conflictual, friendly and communicative.

Charlie: silly prankster with a bad temper.

Sergei: hates half the class and loves hard rock.

Melissa: strong and independent. A lesbian with a sexologist for a mother.

Evan: Ludmila's half-brother. Proud. The class president.

Victor: the life of the party, the lead singer of a rock band.

Mother of Stephanie

Teacher

two ladies from the audience

INTRO

(a teenage girl stands front center stage)

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, please turn off yo.. haha Sorry

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, please turn off... Hahaha! Oh Gosh, Oh sorry

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, please turn off.. Hahaha I can't do it. I can't say the words...

Okay I'm ruining this. You know, my mother also had this ruined one (points at self). Hahahahaha..

Wow wow disgusting. I'm not an usher, I pretend to be the usher and not even doing that well.. wow pitiful... Sorry, Sorry, Sorry hahaha Okay wow, let's do this.. Seriously!

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, the show starts now, please turn off your mobile phones, thank you *(she does a victory dance)*

You know, it was the director's idea that I come out here, I say my text and I keep standing here, The End. Period. Hahahaha This is normally the joke: That I stay here. Do you get it? Oh my God! That's the director's idea. And now I'm screwing it up, I know, but I can't help it. I'm to say: Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, the show starts now. Please turn off your mobile phones, thank you. And now I stay here. And then the guys run out of this door, they play behind me and I stand here all the time until the end of the show. How avant-garde?! Ideas and such..What a shitty job is that?! Hahahaha Oh God! Hahaha oh Virgin!

(focuses on someone at the audience- slowly changes mood while she figures out who he is)

I can't believe it! What is this now? I can't believe I'm seeing you here..You! you! I'm talking to you! I'm looking at you! What? Am I cross eyed? Why did you come here, you asshole? Pussy! I can't believe it, you bastard! What are you doing here? In these seats over here today, Why? What were you thinking? Are you a psycho? Hydrocephalus!This isn't a whorehouse you fuckturd! I work here. This is my workplace! I work here. I work! What did you think, God damn it? What? You thought she has a show now so let's see what happens.. Will she stop the show if she sees me? Yes, you blackmailer. I will stop it. I am stopping the performance. NOW! That's the End. Go home guys!

Sorry dude! Sorry!? Were you fucking invited?

What? you think you're like above it all? What's up with this confidence? You appear again months after you fucked me over completely. You treated me in the worst way possible. I fell in love with you! I fell in love with you! And you appear to me now? Here? For what? What did you think? That I will see you, I will get emotional and such and I will forget everything? You are driving me crazy you piece of shit! You are driving me crazy! For fuck's sake, what's going on here damn it!

Leave! Look at the asshole, he is still sitting! You want us to believe that you suddenly found an interest in theater! You have come to see avant-garde now! The new theater, that has something to tell us! Go fuck yourself, you pervert. You are leaving! Right now! Security please help! Oh! Well, the fatty there is blocking the way. Security! Bring a crane! I'm talking about you! Yes you! with the red..

Ok! Don't move. As you wish...Sit down now, you asshole. Watch the avant-garde. Sit down and shut the fuck up now next to this ugly fat cunt that should have bought 2 seats, not 1.. But 2! One for her and one for her huge ass

Why didn't you buy two seats eh? Are you stingy? Oh Sorry I got out of line.. Well the problem is with You, you jackass! I don't even know the fat lady, sorry gurl. Poor chick has to endure you. Look how timidly she's shriveled up down there. I feel sorry for her.

What? What is the problem? Why are you looking at me like that, girl? You amaze me, bitch! It seems racist to you that I call you fat! This seems racist to you and it is not racist to treat you like a skinny bitch? Do you prefer being lied to? I'm just being honest! Why does that make me a racist?

Who made me a racist? Was I born a racist? Eh? Was I born a racist? I'm not racist at all, you are a 5 ton orca.

You with the blue over there, you look like a fagot. Why aren't you laughing?

Why? The last 5 minutes I've been joking! I'm trying! Why aren't you laughing? What? Are you bothered by me calling you a fagot? Sorry, are you not!? What? You have doubts because nobody says it to your face? I confirm it! Right now! Yes! You are called fagot! What? You don't like the word?

Yes but these are the words of our free society... What am I supposed to do? This is how this free society speaks. It allows you to go out and screw everyone like you.

These expressions are racist? I doubt it! That's the democratic saying, we have freedom of speech! So its not democracy to blame, It's not me either, it's you, you are the problem: Fagot sissy nancy pansy poofter homo queer sister poof!

Faggots, all of you! Pussies!

I'm calling you a sissy and something happens inside of you.. In this country with racist expressions and democratic principles

This country needs real men with belief in our commanders and comrades, belief in the better future of our country, belief in our nation, not pussies who suck dick and swallow cum! This is our democracy. This is what we aim for. Fuck pussy, don't be a pussy.

How are you going to go to war, you sluts, if you bow down and suck. How are you going to go to war? How are you going to fight our enemies? We need heros, not deserters! Bow down sista and suck my balls. And go die. We don't need you, this country only needs real men. Be a man, don't just think you are. Be a man with your mind and thoughts not only with your walk, your voice and your appearance. To fuck violently for your country, for your gang, for fun. To birth the fighters of the future.

We need Men you motherfucking pussies! Men with shaved necks, men with tattoos, with body hair, rude men, men with big hard cocks and huge cum shots. Men! When it comes to you I'm such a wolf.. I'm such a wolf!! Awooo! We need Real men, Awooo! Great Patriots... Awooo! and you are Fagots, sissies. Awooo!..

(She laughs)

Somone: Shut up you bitch! *(and kills her with a gun! She falls down for a moment then she stands up and continues laughing)*

All: What the hell you bastard, die you motherfucking idiot!

(the people of the group go on stage and they shout and punch her many times. She is on the ground and the group is like birds of prey upon her. They stand up and kneel and maniacally slap and shout

with fury. At one point everybody stops and stares at the audience, silently and then they all laugh like they are making fun of them. Then they start screaming like kids when the school bell rings, they set aside the guns and they run around throwing papers, notes and books in the air- until they take final positions and start singing)

το πρωί με ξυπνάς με κλωτσιές

In the morning, you wake me up with kicks

με χαιδεύεις με λίγες μπουνιες.

You caress me with a few punches

μου τραβάς τα μαλλιά

You pull my hair

μου χτυπάς τα αυτιά

You box my ears

και γεμίζει το σπίτι χαρά.

and the house fills with joy

πόσο χαίρομαι που μ'αγαπάς.

how pleased I am that you love me

κάθε μέρα στο ξύλο με σπας.

every day you beat me till i drop dead

που τ ακούει ο κουφός.

which the deaf hears

και τα βλέπει ο τυφλός.

and the blind sees

και το βάζει στα πόδια ο κουτσός.

and lame legs it

πόσο χαίρομαι που μ'αγαπάς.

how pleased I am that you love me

κάθε μέρα στο ξύλο με σπας.

every day in beat me till i drop dead

και τα βράδια ρωτάς.

and in the evenings you ask

αν και εγώ αγαπώ.

if I love you too

αλλά αυτό πως να στο αρνηθώ.

but how can I deny it

[Crowd speaking for one]

Hello! I'm Stephanie, and this is my story.

I will try to remember everything and tell it to you exactly as it happened.

What did you say? Oh, yes, thank you, I'm sitting comfortably.

As soon as I feel ready, I'll start.

I'm Stephanie. I am 16 years old.

something more? like what?

I'm cheerful,
but still a little sad.
I'm curious, careful but also sometimes careless
and inflexible, indifferent, snobbish, and taciturn
but also accepting.
I am friendly and talkative.
Sometimes slow,
but also a little bit fast, when necessary.
I am smart and quick-witted,
immature and with complexes.
I'm fat, ungainly, bow-legged,
flat-chested and with a low ass, insecure
and confident, and with a lust for life.

strong and imaginative.
I'm lean, baby, tall and slim, without cellulite.
I don't fancy it when you mess with me.
Therefore, am I stubborn?
But sometimes I am easygoing and receptive,
monotonous, insecure,
introverted and inhospitable.
I want people to love me and to show me

I'm a little downbeat.
I want to be hugged,
but I don't want people to come too near me, I can't stand the crowds.
I'm a bitch.
I am withdrawn, though very social.
I'm a creep,
I want to get lost in the crowds.
I'm selfish, interesting,
very stable
and a little confused, right?
I fall into contradictions, don't I?
You sit in your indifferent safe space.

you came here to see me,
to get to know me.
I was brought to you, wasn't I?
You stare at me from your seat, and I feel that you are judging me.
You wonder -
What kind of person is she?
An ordinary young person, I would say - with everything that young people have:

dirty nails, torn pants, weird haircuts and no idea about what to do with their lives.

A psycho...

you'd rush into saying, wouldn't you?

Well, you think you know.

Then tell me the diagnosis of my condition!

What, calm down?

I'm calm!

Okay, no, I need to calm down a bit.

So what are we talking about now? Are we serious?

What? I am phased? I am not phased at all.

I am completely lucid and I fully understand what's going on.

I know exactly both who I am and who you are.

Stephanie, age 16. Period. Understood? Do you want to add a suffix, any character trait, some disorder maybe?

ABOUT FATHER

It was an unfortunate moment, an unfortunate event, ok?

and in reality nothing really happened

and I don't really understand why I'm put in the position to defend myself, since facts are just facts.

Nothing happened,

you won't distort reality!

watch out!

That's all I'll say

watch out well //?/

That's the only thing I'll say,

watch out!

Calm down. okay.

I will start my story from the beginning so that we can be done fast, because I get sick of you and the way you sit there staring at me, truly...

My father disappeared; I'll start from the beginning and you'll stay calm as we agreed.

One night he just left and has never shown any signs of life ever since. Since then he has been missing. My mom tells me to forget him.

She believes that there was some sort of accident and he's no longer alive.

I can't believe it.

My dad?

My very own dad?

How is this possible?

*O cessate di piagarmi,
o lasciatemi morir, o lasciatemi morir.*

*Oh, stop wounding me
Oh, let me die, let me die*

*Luc'ingrate, dispietate,
luc'ingrate, dispietate,
più del gelo e più del marmi.
Fredde e sorde a' miei martir,
fredde e sorde a' miei martir.*

*ungrateful, pitiless eyes,
ungrateful, pitiless eyes,
colder than ice, harder than marble,
cold and deaf to my pain.
cold and deaf to my pain.*

*O cessate di piagarmi,
o lasciatemi morir, o lasciatemi morir.
(continues with Bouche fermée)*

*Oh, stop wounding me
Oh, let me die, let me die*

I remember him shortly before he left.
I remember every detail very clearly- and this is my misfortune- that I can't get that night out of my head.
It was a Saturday night, I was out with the guys, and around one thirty in the morning as I was heading back I saw him leaving in his car.
He noticed me, stopped and looked me in the eye.
I started muttering, "I know I'm late, but Dad, you know..."
He stopped me and asked,
"Did you have a good time, my princess?"
And I said yes, daddy, it was a blast.
"That's all that matters," he said and left.
I was very happy then, because it meant that my parents would not scold me that day.
I tiptoed into the house and my mother saw me and also said nothing.
How lucky I am, I thought.
I got off lightly again tonight!
And thus I can't get that night out of my head,
that night ... the coldest night of my life.
That night, I grew old ...
I lost everything.
this clueless joy right before the great catastrophe.
This is what bothers me, that that night I was having a good time.

anyway...

I for one have not accepted the fact that he died

even if my mother keeps repeating it everyday. That's why I still send him messages every day:

Daddy...

(repeated continuously while she reads the text message) Daddy is alive, breathe, calm down, calm down, breathe, he is alive.

Breathe, calm down, calm down, breathe, he is alive.

(on mic)...how are you doing? Mom said something terrible has happened. I don't even want to think about it. I don't believe it. Please give me a sign. I know you're reading my messages. As for me, I'm fine.

(all together) FIRST DAY AT THE NEW SCHOOL

(introducing themselves)

Alice: a close friend of Stephanie's, rather bad-tempered.

Danny: a chill guy, easy-going, with a vivid imagination and an alcoholic father.

Eva: Loves parties and guys. had an abortion last summer. from a troubled home.

Jonathan: knows everything about everyone. Hates being ignored.

Emily: kind, smart, sometimes mouthy.

Jacob: the star of the school. lots of money, a brat and a jackass.

Ellie: diligent, indifferent. And now she's hungry...apparently really I'm starving to death and I ate half an hour ago, I ate 1 bucket of chicken nuggets, one crepe with chocolate, strawberries and bueno cookies, 1 coke and tons of nachos. I don't know why this is happening. Maybe it's another overeating episode lately that happens a lot and..

oh shut up, we don't care about you bitch..Agatha: aloof, a family person and a chain-smoker.

Ludmila: the prosecutor's daughter. popular but keeps everyone at arm's length.

Billy: non-conflictual, friendly and communicative.

Charlie: silly prankster with a bad temper.

Sergei: hates half the class and loves hard rock.

Melissa: strong and independent. A lesbian with a sexologist for a mother.

Evan: Ludmila's half-brother. Proud. The class president.

Victor: the soul of the party, the lead singer of a rock band.

Danny: You know what? I had a metal box under my bed, where I put money every Sunday for two years. I wanted to save up for my dream and pay for driving school. I really wanted to learn to ride a motorcycle. I knew that I had enough money set aside, however when I opened the box - and it was empty. I knew who took all the money. I laid on the bed and closed my eyes and began to press them down very, very hard. When you do that you see colors and bright stars. It helps loosen up a

bit. Three days later, my father came back home. He had drunk all the money.

Alice: I fancy Danny.

Danny: The only thing I crave is for my father to stop drinking.

Jacob: I'm dating Ellie, but I told my friends that I'm dating Ludmila. And I fuck Eva and Stephanie. Oh yes, and I recently broke up with Emily...

Emily: What? I dumped you, remember?

Jacob: Okay, I'm sorry. I take it back. *(As Emily leaves)* you bitch. And maybe I'm gay or bisexual. *(Sergei is laughing and Jacob punches him)* But actually, I'm into Victor.

All: Sometimes I wonder why I didn't tell anyone earlier. anyway.... FIRST DAY AT THE NEW SCHOOL

(One Stephanie on the microphone -talking to the psychologist/audience - one Stephanie in the classroom)

IN THE CLASS

Emily: Hello! I'm Emily.

Stephanie: hi! I'm Stephanie.

Danny: Danny.

Stephanie: I'm Stephanie.

Danny: Where do you come from?

Emily: And you're going to study with us this year?

Stephanie: I came to you from Kiev and this year I'll be your classmate.

Stephanie on the mic: After my father's "death", my mother and I moved to Mariupol, but I still don't feel at home here. Looks like a good place though.

Stephanie: This city is rather awful, isn't it?

Stephanie on the mic: Here I can find all the shops I need.

Stephanie *(looking at her classmates disdainfully)*: You know, I can't figure out where you guys go shopping. I went for a stroll, but everything is, to put it mildly, dull.

Stephanie on the mic: the folks here are nice. I am very friendly and I think I'll make new friends.

Stephanie: Oh, can you please give me some space, guys are standing too close to me and I can't breathe. Honey, may I? *(while pushing one classmate off her chair and taking her spot)*

Stephanie on the mic: All this time I was trying to finish a book that Diana gave me as a farewell gift when I left Kiev. "In Search of Alaska." I tried to solve the mystery that tormented the protagonist:

"What could make me happy? Why did I come to this world? What should I do with my life? What is the meaning of life in general? And what is my purpose? Can another person make me happy, or is it my personal responsibility to make myself happy?" Her answer to these, was forgiveness. But this can't be the answer, no way! I need to find it out. And in the meantime I suffer because I am far

from my real home, I am all alone, I do not know anyone here, and I don't wanna meet them either. Coming here was not my choice at all. It was mom who wanted it. She said it would be better for us both. Meanwhile she works 24/7 and at home I am left alone all the time. I have undertaken all the house chores: cleaning, washing, cooking. Dad has been missing for several months now ... and I don't feel up to anything at all.

Stephanie: And my parents?

Stephanie on the mic: Oops, let's see how you'll cover things up!

Stephanie: My dad is a doctor in Kiev. My mother and I moved here because she was transferred for work, some kind of military service. Something like that-I am not exactly certain.

Stephanie on the mic: what should I have said? I didn't want them to pity me- the orphan or the poor thing that was abandoned by her dad.

Stephanie: Yes, yes, Daddy is a surgeon. He has a lot of work now.. But he will visit on weekends.

Emily: Every weekend? How much will he spend traveling to and fro?

Stephanie: Ah, it's all good, we are rich, money is not a problem.

Stephanie on the mic (laughing):- Yeah right, we are loaded.

Alice: Oh wonderful, I'm so glad for you, you are so awesome, with your smart daddy, and your pockets full of cash, but could you please shove off? This is my spot. *(pause, Stephanie stares back at her)*

Alice: cuckoo! Didn't you hear me, are you deaf?

Stephanie: Sorry honey bee, the first day of school and I may have vision problems, but I don't see your name written anywhere here.

Alice: Shove off , otherwise I can't vouch for myself!

Stephanie: Come on, show everyone what you can do!

Alice: What can I do? This! *(They attack each other and roll on the floor- Alice appears to be winning)* you silly cunt, you came here to pretend you are royalty. eat my shit, queen! who is going to take the spot now, huh? *(meanwhile the rest of the class is laughing, taking videos and egging them on)*

(The bell rings.)

Teacher: Good afternoon, children! Today is the first day of school. This is our first lesson. By the way, let us greet our new student, Stephanie, who came to us from Kiev. Stephanie, get up, please. Tell us something about yourself?

Stephanie on the mic: Damn! Again this stupid question! Well, if I'm asked something like that again, I swear to God I really don't know what will happen.

(Stephanie in the classroom is silent)

Teacher: Steph darling, will you tell us anything, or have you swallowed your tongue? Well?

Stephanie on the mic: "Shut up! Or else I will come and give you a good one! Why does everyone want to put me on the spot?"

Teacher: Hey, Stephanie, (*snaps his fingers at her*) can you hear me? Don't be afraid to express yourself. Come on, tell us something.

Alice (*sottovoce*): go on, talk bitch!

Stephanie: I come from Kiev.

Teacher: And your name is Stephanie. Really? Tell us something that we don't know! (*Class laughs*) Okay, I'm kidding, sit down. You'll tell me when you're ready.

Stephanie on the mic: "Here we go again, did you hear that? How am I supposed to feel ? Should I just take it?"

Teacher: Well, let's pick up where we left off last year. The Subjunctive of the verb "to believe". Let's go;

que je croie

que tu croies

qu'il croie

que nous croyions

que vous croyiez

qu'ils croient

(*continuously repeated by the class. Stephanie goes to the second mic*)

Stephanie: Hi Daddy, it's me again. How are you doing? I hope you are well. Today is my first day at the new school and I'm in class. For twenty minutes now, he is inclining the verb "to believe" in the subjunctive. *Que je croie que tu croies qu'il croie....* It's not a verb anymore, it's a Buddhist mantra. *Que je croie que tu croies qu'il croie....* They repeat it over and over again. I should believe, you should believe he should believe. But believe in what? In God? People of all ages have wondered about this. Does God really exist? I don't know if I believe in God, but sometimes when I have a hard time, I look up to the sky and some things get easier. I can't even think about it, Daddy. All I am left with is praying to God that you are alive. So let me pray. (*Pause at the mic*)

Alice (*sottovoce*): Hey, Stephanie. (*throwing her a piece of paper*)

Stephanie: hmmm, Alice sent me an apology note. Here's a bitch, how you annoy me! I hope you die. (*Turning to her*) Alice, all good. (*Back to the mic*) How I wish you were here, Daddy. We would talk about all these things face to face. I wonder what Alaska would do in my shoes?

Alice (*sottovoce*): Hey, Stephanie.

Stephanie: She sent another note. She writes that she wants to talk. I'll show her, the two-faced creature. I won't let anyone shame me like this.. (*turning to her*) Alice? Thank you. (*Back to the mic*) I know you see my texts. Please open them. All I want is to get a 'read' receipt. So I know you're alive. Please give me a sign.

(*They reintroduce themselves.*)

(*Stephanie on the mic- psychologist*): Ellie

(*Stephanie on the second mic- from the classroom*): Stephanie.

(*They both go to class*)

FRAGMENTS OF WAR

(Back in class)

Alice: In Greek mythology, Polemos was a demon; a deity who represents the embodiment of war. We don't know whether there were any prayers venerating him.

Agatha: Pindar says that Polemos is the father of Alala, the goddess of the war-cry, and the brother of the war Goddess Enio.

Victor: In Aesop's fable titled "war and his bride", it is related how Polemos drew the goddess Hybris, the goddess of arrogance, as his wife in the marriage lottery. So fond has he become of her that from that day on the two became inseparable.

Emily: Therefore, he warns: 'Let there never be insolence to the nations or cities of men, for immediately after that War will be at hand.'

Sergei: War is a state of armed conflict between two or more countries, characterized by extreme aggression, destruction and mortality, using military forces. The absence of war is usually called "peace." *(Pulls a gun to threaten them)* "On the ground!" ... Guys, this is a false alarm. It's fake! *(the group mutters)* "You moron! you fucking jerk....!"

Sergei: Sometimes weapons are necessary!

Class: What?

Sergei: War, or rather at war, the only solution to all the inherent problems is weapons.

Class: What the hell are you talking about? no...

Sergei: In particular, the Kalashnikov is great: here we have a beautiful Kalashnikov AK-47 or Kalashnikov 7.62x39 mm. The AK-47 or Kalashnikov is a gas-fired assault rifle with a shotgun that accepts 7.62 rounds of 39 mm. It was first developed in the Soviet Union by Mikhail Timofeevich Kalashnikov. The name AK-47 Kalashnikov means automatic Kalashnikov, model 1947 (Russian: Автомат Калашникова 47, Автомат Каланскикова 47). It is officially known as "Avtomat Kalashnikova" (or simply "AK"). Also known as Kalashnikov or in Russian terminology Kalas.

It is widely used by armies worldwide and is considered the deadliest rifle.

(He continues to talk in favor of war and presenting different guns in the background while we hear the classmates' testimonies on war)

Τ' αστέρι του βοριά

The Northstar

Τ' αστέρι του βοριά

The Northstar

θα φέρει η ξαστεριά

will bring "clear skies"

<i>μα σαν φανεί μέσα από το πέλαγο πανί</i>	<i>but before it comes into view, in the open sea, sail</i>
<i>θα γίνω κύμα και φωτιά</i>	<i>I will "grow into" (a) wave and (a) fire</i>
<i>να σ' αγκαλιάσω ξενιτιά</i>	<i>to embrace you, unfamiliar lands</i>
<i>Κι εσύ χαμένη μου Πατρίδα μακρινή</i>	<i>and you, lost Motherland of mine, distant</i>
<i>θα γίνεις χάδι και πληγή</i>	<i>will remain (a) caress and (a) wound</i>
<i>σαν ξημερώσει σ' άλλη γη</i>	<i>as the day breaks in another land</i>
<i>Τώρα πετώ για της ζωής το πανηγύρι,</i>	<i>now I'm flying for (towards) life's "jubilation"</i>
<i>Τώρα πετώ για της χαράς μου τη γιορτή</i>	<i>now I'm flying for my "delight's" celebration</i>
<i>Φεγγάρια μου παλιά</i>	<i>Moons of mine, old/worn out</i>
<i>καινούρια μου πουλιά</i>	<i>"newfound" birds of mine</i>
<i>διώζτε τον ήλιο και τη μέρα απ' το βουνό</i>	<i>chase away the sun and the day from the mountain</i>
<i>για να με δείτε να περνώ</i>	<i>so that you may see me "come across"</i>
<i>σαν αστραπή στον ουρανό.</i>	<i>like a lightning through the sky</i>

(this is heard as they share the war testimonies)

Danny: War is a very bitter and unpleasant word to me, because I was, you might say, a direct witness to it all. I associate this word with other unpleasant expressions, such as death, forced exile, or uprooting of the people. In fact, it's very hard for me to talk about it, but I'll try. I am originally from Donetsk, which is a city in Eastern Ukraine, where the fighting has been going on for eight years. I think from my early childhood I became relatively serious and unfortunately, that seriousness only comes out in important moments for me. I learned about death and blood when I was very young. The worst thing is when you wake up in the night from loud explosions, you start to worry very much for yourself and your loved ones, but in the end everything's okay. No one was hurt tonight, tonight everybody is alive.

Jonathan: The shots were like the sounds of a loud party, with deep bass, lasers and strobe-lights, but no one wanted to go to the sounds of that party because they were there to kill us, not entertain us. The shots fell very close to my house. I felt the vibration through the ground. I went out today for a walk to where the bombs were detonated some time ago and I can still see the sounds of the bombs I witnessed as if they are still going off.

Emily: One day my father left work early and when he returned home—the news reported that the building where he worked was burned to the ground. If he hadn't left, he would have died. Like many others. It's very painful to say, it's hard to even imagine. The absence of war is usually called "peace." Although, strangely enough, the war stopped. For me, however, the tanks are still here. I am scared. I am scared that the war may happen again. Every morning, every day, every moment, I'm scared. And I don't want that, I really don't.

Alice: In my opinion, war is first and foremost a misunderstanding of the governments. I don't understand why people can't just talk and come to a peaceful solution to the problem. I don't want a new war, I don't want to hear about war anymore. Enough.

Eva: Sometimes it seems to me that the war completely deprived me of my childhood. I do not feel much support from my family. All my acquaintances can go to grandparents, when they wish. But I can not. My grandmother and her husband moved to Russia 8 years ago, because they feared for their lives. They are 85 years old. I wish them a long life, but I'm scared. I try not to pay attention to it and continue to live on, But how can you live on, when your family is not together? I would love for you to be here, Grandma. If you can see me now online: Hello. I love you very much.

Stephanie: We are all equal! So each nation has its own traditions and customs, but that doesn't mean any of us are bad. There have always been and will always be bad people on Earth, but that doesn't give anyone the right to hate a person, for the sole reason that they were born in another country or on another continent.

Agatha: War and peace go hand in hand. War cannot be without peace, and peace without war. Yes, war is scary and sad, but imagine joy without sorrow.

Ludmila: Many people hate whole nations just because they are citizens of countries, for which they have a personal dislike. It is unwise to be biased towards people only based on their place of residence. And I don't understand how you can be so narrow-minded and not understand that nationality does not determine a person's worth automatically? And in general, the only thing left to us, ordinary citizens, is to discuss in the kitchen the decisions of someone up there in a position of authority and delude ourselves with false information from the news. I feel bad for them and for myself.

Victor: War! War is scary. It's scary when you take a leisurely walk with your family, you laugh, you rejoice — and at one point the sound of a siren is heard sharply and then you see that bright lights flash from the sky at you, your family, the people nearby. I remember that moment hazily, like I was in a fog. My family and I were thrown by a bomb blast and stunned, I was lying next to a ruined statue, afraid to move. And then someone picked me up, and carried me to the bomb shelter. Everything was blurry and I didn't see who was carrying me, I could only hear the sounds of explosions and gunfire, I blacked out, darkness and emptiness were before me. At times I heard gunshots, cries, and screams. War is fear, loss, and eternal ghosts of the past, haunting you.

Charlie: I am from the Donetsk region and I don't know when any fighting will start afresh. In fact, I feel that all my life I've been sitting on a live bomb and if I move an inch it will detonate! However, I am alive - and this is the most important thing right now: to continue breathing.

Ellie: War is always violence and destruction. In particular, war brings a lot of grief to children. Including me. Children who grow up in misery are not able to study and have fun properly. I've seen it and I've dealt with it. And it breaks my heart into little pieces. Our childhood ends all too quickly. And it is not our fault that war leaves a dark mark on our minds and souls. I suffer because I'm terrified. I'm terrified that they'll pull a gun on me and my family will be tortured. I want peace. I want to live in peace. I don't want to hear the sound of gunshots in the middle of the night. I just want to live in peace and tranquility.

Melissa: War is a terrible and harsh time. As a child, I was afraid of loud noises. When I came to my grandfather's house one night we heard gunshots. I don't understand why a nine-year-old child should have to hear all that. In the morning we came out of the basement, and I saw home, my home, my broken shattered home. It seemed to me that my life was destroyed along with it.

(two ladies from the audience starts singing this traditional Romanci song and after go on stage- Romanci: the dialect of the greeks that live in Ukraine and precisely in the 23 Greek villages near Mariupol, like Sartana)

Τράντα χρόνια ζενιτιά. *Thirty years in the foreign land*

Πέρασαν καημένα *Poorly passed*

Πέρασαν καημένα *Poorly passed*

Σούλα σκουρλα ημένα

<i>Ήρτα στ χωρα γω τώρα.</i>	<i>I came now to this land</i>
<i>Κάνει να τη ξέρου</i>	<i>Am I allowed to get to know it</i>
<i>Κανει να τη ξέρου</i>	<i>Am I allowed to get to know it</i>
<i>Κάνει να την γνωρίζου</i>	<i>Am I allowed to meet it</i>

Είχα τρία κόρτσιτσα. *I had 3 girls/ daughters*

Για γουργκούτσιν ταπριτσά

Τ'ενα λέγναι 'λιζάνδρα *The name of one is Alexandra*

Βγαν γουργά στουν άνδρα. *She went fastly to her husband*

Τάλλο λεγνι Βέρα. *The name of the other is Vera*

Στου νου νύχτα μέρα. *In my mind day and night*

Τάλλο λέγναι Μαρία. *The other's one name is Maria*

Έφαεν του κονκάρδια *She ate my heart*

Τουτα αντα τα λέγου *When I say all these*

φούρκουμι να κλαίγου *I'm getting upset and I cry*

φούρκουμι να κλαιγου *I'm getting upset and I cry*

Και εν κανει να λεγου *And I mustn't talk (about it)*

Jacob: The day before, my mom together with my aunt sang me a song. That song embodies my mom. I remember those bloody nights, people's cries ... As in the news, they just talked about it. It was a normal morning, but my mother called me spontaneously and told me to run home. We couldn't leave town, we just had nowhere to run. I begged, I begged "God, save us please!" We could not leave the city, because my father has a business here that feeds us. But we started collecting things like crazy, in case tanks enter the city, enter Mariupol. Yes, I remember those bloody nights, the screams of people, the smell of fear, I witnessed it. That's the only thing the news was talking about. I remember sleeping at night and hearing the explosions from mortars, you know, the sound is like fireworks, but it's not the fireworks which an eight-year-old child would like to hear. We sat without money, without food, without water. We couldn't even walk down the street, because we knew that there was chaos in the street. People were just killed and they were left

behind. I think that all the people in the east of Mariupol are traumatized. And why? God knows, someone has not shared something. And everyone suffers. Someone said; what poetry may exist after war? Just absurd! Absurdity and silence. I am still silent, because it's better that way. I want to break the silence. I can't take it anymore.

Sergei: When I was younger, my father often took me hunting in the woods. We used to only hunt at nighttime to catch the prey off guard. One night, as I strayed away from our predetermined path, I caught myself staring right in the eyes of a wolf with her cubs. It was my father's gun that saved me. As with a sharp and seemingly small move of the finger, he completely halted the beast and returned my long lost breath. The beautiful dancing and prancing bullet saved us all. Nobody can steal my precious life from me, when I alone have a gun in my hands. As I am being protected by it, I vow to protect it.

2 different voices

Teacher:

Future women and men!

It is a happy accident that my first speech since taking charge of the Ministry of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda is to you. Although I agree that men make history, I do not forget that women raise boys to manhood. You know that our movement keeps women out of daily politics, not because we do not respect them, but because we respect them too much. The woman has always been, not only man's sexual companion but also his fellow worker. But it must also be said that those things that belong to the man must remain his. Hear that soldiers? That includes politics and the military. We do not see the woman as inferior, but as having a different mission, a different value, than that of the man. Therefore we believed that our woman, who is a woman in the best sense of the word, more than any other woman of an impure race, should take advantage of her abilities in other areas than the man.

Looking back over the past years of the country's decline, we come to the frightening conclusion that the less men were willing to act as men in public life, the more women succumbed to the temptation to fill the role of the man. Isn't that disappointing, brothers? The feminisation of men always leads to the masculinisation of women.

A fundamental change is necessary. The first, best, and most suitable place for the women is in the family. Her most glorious duty is to give children to her people and nation, men who can guarantee the immortality of our pure and superior blood, soldiers, who can proudly defend and lay down their lives for their fatherland. The woman is the builder of the foundation of the future. If the family is the nation's source of strength, the woman is its core and center. The best place for the woman to serve her nation is in her marriage, in the family, in motherhood.

This is her highest mission. There is nothing of greater importance than the mother of a family who gives the state warriors. Women are beginning to see that they are not happier as a result of being given more rights but fewer duties.

It may be unpopular to say this to an audience like this, but it must be said, because it is true and because it will help make clear our attitude towards women, as the bearers of our precious seed and the ones that aid in retaining our superior race in clear juxtaposition to the poor, filthy and ...

Soldiers!

You will need to become a whole man. You must accept the strict and hard laws of military life, master weapons and work to excel in physical and intellectual fields in training. Only in this way does being a soldier have meaning.

Never before in our country's history have weapons been carried for a nobler cause.

Your duty, comrades, is to act out your commitment to the defense of socialism and thereby to contribute to the peace program. You serve in the proletarian army against the bourgeoisie, long live the commune.

Comrade, It is an honorable to serve in this global army of the oppressed and the workers against capital. There is no cause more just than to defend socialism, for socialism is doing everything for the benefit of the people, for the happiness of the people, for the interests of the working class and all workers. That is the meaning of socialism.

Who's your enemy, soldier?

The enemy of socialism is imperialism, since imperialism cannot exist without the exploitation of man by man, without brutal force, military expansion and aggressive policies.

In such a case the enemy soldiers, trained and educated by the state monopoly system, will be forced to blindly obey the orders of their generals, by murdering women, children, and the aged.

The exploitive system is taught in the schools as "God ordained." Films and books present murderers as idols and war criminals as heroes. Newspapers, radio, and television present ever more ingenious lies about socialism. This is how the soldiers imperialism needs are trained. This is how our enemies are trained. For the enemy does not consist of only the greedy monopolists, the money grubbing bankers and the strategizing generals. It is also their soldiers, trained and drilled for aggressive war.

Whoever takes up arms against socialism is our enemy.

We are not willing to watch the collapse of our nation.

We are God's favorite race and the purpose of this war is to protect the purity and rare attributes of our blood.

I have therefore decided today once again to put the fate of our nation and our people in the hands of our soldiers.

We are God's beloved messengers, sent upon this earth to protect the honorable race and aid in the purification and the cleansing of all humankind. I firmly believe that my behavior today is in accordance with God's will. May He help us in this battle.

Any questions?

ABSURD?

(As the scene progresses, the teacher is getting more and more restless, experiencing progressively more frequent spasms)

Alice: The square of the hypotenuse is equal to a black pig that flies badly. Plop-plop, plop-plop.

Danny: In 1821 Allah discovered America.

Sergei: "H₂O" - said Leonidas when he started the Hundred Years War, which lasted for a maximum of two weeks.

Jacob: $a + b$ squared = August 7, 1923, then he looked at her.

All: ohhh....The Earth is flat!

Ludmila, Danny: The early bird keeps the doctor away. William Shakespear

Jonathan: One head is good, but two makes the man wealthy and wise.

Alice: We'll burn that bridge when we get to it.

Stephanie: Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.

Agatha: You've opened that can of worms, now lay in it

Stephanie: Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.

Danny: Don't count your blessings before they hatch

Stephanie: No animal shall wear clothes.

Sergei: Don't bite the horse that feeds you.

Evan: People in glass houses sink ships

Melissa, Elie: The quieter you go, the further you'll get.

Emily: You have to think about everything all the time.

All: The ceiling is above and the floor is below.

Billie: When I say yes, it's only a manner of speaking

Charlie: To each his own

Stephanie: No animal shall sleep in a bed.

Victor: take a circle, caress it and it will turn vicious

Stephanie: No animal shall drink alcohol.

Ellie: He who sells an ox today will have an egg tomorrow

Stephanie: No animal shall kill any other animal

Alice, Emily: Phenomenology

Eva: Existentialism

Jacob, Charlie, Melissa: Diderot

Billie, Sergey, Ellie, Stephanie: Dietrich

Agatha, Victor, Ludmilla, Evan: Nietzsche

All: Schnitzel in the local Tavern

Alice: Who drowns in the future will not drown in pies.

Charlie: Benjamin Franklin was right, you are a little nervous.

Ludmila: Noli turbare circulos meos, Pamela Anderson.

Victor: One can prove that social progress is definitely better with sugar

Melissa: Which are the seven days of the week.

All: Hate is love. War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength!

Jacob: Ka boom

(The teacher starts growling, barking and howling)

All: Praise the lord!

Ludmila: Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam!

Victor: Aaaaaaaa!

Evan: I'm alive!

Charlie: Eeeehhhh!

Melissa: Ka Boom!

All: Still alive!

Jonathan: Mommyyyyyy!

Alice: Look, the face of the world is changing

All: Don't leave us now!

Billie, Stephanie, Evan, Melissa: You are really someone that society needs.

Agatha: But — no one needs you!

Stephanie, Alice: How long will you be blind?

All: All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others.

Danny: Boom

Eva: Boom

Ellie: Boom

All: Ka boom

Eva, Ludmila: My fellow G citizens! You voted yes on the 19th of August

Billie: Horst Wessel is the model of National Socialism

Billie, Stephanie, Evan, Melissa: He must proceed with sensitivity

Evan: The Great Terror had deadly consequences

All: Boom Boom Ka Boom

Jonathan: Horst Wessel became a symbol of the Revolution

Alice: History repeats itself, but who cares about fascism and cakes?

Eva: Horst Wessel died, but “Horst Wessel” became immortal.

Emily: People are awake. Long live the party!

All: Long live the party!

Jacob: No one ever puts a wall between the Earth and the Sun, but there is always a ceiling in a Ukrainian's house! Yes, right!

All: A Ukrainian's house always has a ceiling.

Alice: Not if it's been bombed.

All: A Ukrainian's house always has a ceiling.

Emily: Not if it's been bombed.

All: A Ukrainian's house always has a ceiling.

Eva: Not if it's been bombed.

All: A Ukrainian's house always has a ceiling.

...

Stephanie: Yes, but when you have money, you can buy everything.

All: Yes, right! A Ukrainian's house always has a ceiling.

...

Teacher: Who wished for this confusion, huh? Who wished for this confusion?

(Bell Rings-The kids run around yelling like kindergarten kids that finally go out on break, The scene/set changes)

ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

(The guys are talking on mics)

Victor: These girls are talking over there. Supposedly, they had a fight and now they are discussing it to see if they will smooth things over with each other or not ... while this shit is on, I have to tell you something, wise ideas of my director you see.. shit i don't like that... mark my words and just watch: they will become friends...that's insane, man! Can you imagine that? 'girlfriends'! 2 minutes ago they wanted to slay each other and now they will become soulmates.They will call themselves friends!

Agatha: I rarely see my friends. I don't have friends in the playground, I don't especially like to chat by phone or Viber. At school, kids are completely different, and outside of it, they are just trying to show how cool they are. My friends live far away and I can't just walk up to their houses and shout: "Hey, come out for a walk." and when I do send them messages on Viber, they ignore them! Well, on the other hand, at home I'm not bored at all, I enjoy watching movies with my dad and mom, playing on the computer, listening to music, or just watching TV.

Billie: I would like to have many friends, but I do not know how to communicate with them, and because of this I do not have any of them. I do not have friends at all, only acquaintances. Sometimes I feel sad and I pity myself, but I'm sure that one day I'll find someone who would like to come closer to me and become my friend.

Ludmila: I constantly catch myself thinking that I'm always alone and I don't have anyone close at all. In all aspects of my life there are empty places and a lack of experience. If I see that the effort I have to make won't bear fruit quickly, I just don't waste my time on it ... I just want to have a real talk with someone heart to heart and not worry about it at all even if we break up in six months, even if my heart is broken into a thousand little pieces.

Sergei: But for that, I need to learn more about myself and figure out which way to go, which path to follow. So far, I'm not sure about anything. Although I am sure that I know in my heart of hearts that happiness and joy are two different things. That's a fact! Period!

Eva: Honestly, I still don't know what my purpose on this planet is. I have not yet chosen my path. I'm not sure about my profession, I feel like I'm up in the air, like there is no ground under my feet, like I'm lost in space, but I know for sure that I want to be a good person, friend, girl. I believe that on this planet, I must make myself and others happy

Jacob: What is the meaning of life? Let's imagine that our life is a video game, something like a Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game or SuperMario, where birth is the first level, and death is the last. As in any of these games, our main goal is to survive. Yes, yes, we eat, drink, and sleep; we try to avoid everything that brings even the slightest threat to our lives because otherwise we will die.. Yes, yes you can have a family, pets, make a great career, work, work a lot, work way too much, make money, houses, vacations in nice places, build legacies, become well-known and do whatever your heart desires but still the main goal of humanity is to survive.

Charlie: It seems to me that there is no purpose in my life, I just exist.

Danny: One of the main goals in my life is to live it with dignity. I came to this world to both give and receive lessons, to be in the here and now and maybe someday make a small revolution in this world. Who knows? Who knows?

Jonathan: I don't want to start a revolution somewhere, but I'm fighting for some of us, even a few, to live revolutionary lives. Hoping that one day the people will live however they want, with whomever they want, wherever they want! We will have lived it all! We will be finally free!

Victor: Wait a minute, you feel lonely, that's what you said, right? And you feel lonely too, eh? Then if you both feel lonely, you are not alone in this. You have this in common. You are united by a feeling of loneliness. So wait... since we all feel alone, some more, some less, why don't we just stop this?

Stephanie: We finally talked with Alice and everything is fine with us now. I think we got through this. She is the coolest girl I have ever met. I really want her to be my new best friend. But she's a little stupid. (haha)

Alice: Well yes, I was a little bold then. I admit it. Maybe that's why she acted kinda douchey and dumb-ass.

Stephanie: Girl, what? She's so awesome, she knows how to communicate with people and, while it's true I haven't known her for that long, I feel like I love her already. She can be a little short-tempered and cantankerous, why did she have to take it that far? I will have bruises all over my body for weeks, you silly head.

Alice: But come on, you know it, you weren't fair, I asked you to stand up because that was my spot, but you were very stubborn and just continued to sit, no matter what. I warned you

Stephanie: I feel great around her. Like, we just got so close, so fast. We girls are weird in this, right? we bond quickly or not at all. It's like we've known each other for ages, but now I think she's a little willful and dull.

Alice: Then you're immature.

Stephanie: Fool

Alice: fecal matter

Stephanie: Cow

Alice: scarecrow

Stephanie: What? eh.. constipation

Alice: diarrhea

Stephanie: Brick

Alice: Blackboard

Stephanie: Hey! That's not a cuss word. Selfish!

Alice: Frivolous

Stephanie: Cunning, selfish nerd

Alice: Say What? if you call me that again, I'll hit you.

Stephanie: Really? Ok bitch come on, show me what you've got! I'll hit you! I beat you that time, *(they tickle each other)* haha Alice, I love you "gurl".

Alice: I love you too, boo.

Mother: *(she utters a loud scream in Aaaa, maybe backstage and then she goes on stage to say:)*

ALLEGORY OF THE CARRIAGE

As I look abstract to the right, I am suddenly startled by the abrupt movement of the carriage

I lean out to look at the road and I realize that we have climbed the sidewalk

I shout at the coachman

All: Eee! be careful !!

and he immediately returns to the path

I do not understand how he has been so distracted as not to notice that he deviated from his course

Perhaps he is getting old

I turn my head to the left to beckon to my fellow traveler not to worry because everything is in order... But I do not see him anywhere.

I'm upset! The shock is now intense! This has never happened before, we have never been lost on the road again.

Since we met we have not parted for a single minute!

It was a pact without words. We would stop if the other stopped.

We would accelerate if the other quickened the pace.

We'd take the detour together if either of us decided to...

...but now he is gone!

Suddenly he disappeared, he is nowhere to be seen.

I peek fruitlessly, trying to watch both sides of the road, left and right. To no avail.

I ask the coachman, and he confesses that he had been dozing on the driver's seat for a while. He argues that, after so much walking together, many times one of the two coachmen would fall asleep for a little while, confident that the other would look out for the road.

How many times the horses themselves ceased to impose their own rhythm to ride to the one imposed by the horses of the carriage next to them.

We were like two people guided by the same desire, like two individuals with a single intellect, like two beings inhabiting a single body.

And suddenly, loneliness, silence, bewilderment...

Could he have had an accident while I was distracted and not looking?

Perhaps the horses have taken the wrong course, taking advantage of the fact that both coachmen were asleep...

Perhaps the carriage has gone ahead without even noticing my absence and continued its march further down the road.

I put my head out of the window one more time and yell

-Hello!!!

I wait a few seconds and shout again at the deserted road:

-What happened?

And once again:

Where are you; Do you hear me?

All: Do you hear me?

Do you hear me?

Do you hear me?

...

No reply

Should I go back to look for him?

Would it be better to stay still here and wait for him to arrive?

Or rather to tell the carriage to hasten to catch up with him again?

I haven't considered these decisions in a long time.

We had decided there and then to be next to each other, to let myself be led, by his side wherever the path led

For better or worse

When times were easy and when they were difficult

on the uphills, on the straight, and the downhills

That's what we swore

But now..

The Fear that he is lost and the concern that something might have happened to him is receding and in their place appears a different emotion.

What if he decided not to continue with me?

After a while I realize that no matter how much I wait here, he is not going to come back.

At least not to this place.

My choices are: to continue or stay here and die.

To die

I unhitch the horses and ask the coachman to dismount

I look at them: carriage, coachman, horses, myself...

divided.. lost... debris!

My thoughts on the one hand, my emotions on the other

I am paralyzed there.

I raise my eyes and look at the road ahead. From where I stand, the landscape looks like a swamp

A few meters further the ground becomes a quagmire

Hundreds of puddles and mudflats show me that the path I am following is dangerous and slippery..

It is not the rain that soaked the earth, it is not the river that swelled

It's my tears

It's my blood

It is the tears and the blood of all who once went through this path while mourning a loss

So mine came to drown me

Thus began my sorrow

Thus began the trail of tears

[Crowd speaking for one]

Stephanie: Oh, calm down!

I often saw my mom and dad arguing fighting over finances, we didn't have much money and the expenses were mounting.

Mother: Things were always difficult.

When I got pregnant,

he worked, he worked very hard to earn at least some money for us, for the new beginning.

The pregnancy was difficult and I had to lie down for 9 months.

Stephanie: At the same time, there was me who, for better or worse, asked for too much:

clothes,

jewelry,

hair salons,

activities,

rides,

bags,

food.

Mother: And what haven't I sacrificed for this child? I wasn't getting up, not even to wash myself: I was bathing there! In bed!

Stephanie: When I heard them quarreling,

not quarreling,

bellowing at each other,

many times I thought that I was burdening them,

that I was the problem,

that if I were not there with all my whims,

they would be better off ...

Mother: Slowly the relationship became more difficult.

He was tired.

He was so drained that he could no longer take care of me the way I needed and the way he used to.

The child somehow brought us closer, but the gap between us was still huge.

He did not understand me, what I expected from life, what I wanted from him.

He didn't seem to hear me at all. At the end the void was unbridgeable.

But we both still adored her.

Stephanie: This thought, that if I didn't exist anymore, they would be better off, became even more intense after the disappearance of my father. Because all the expenses fell on the shoulders of my mother and I saw how difficult it was.

Mother: On the other hand, now that he has abandoned us, I realized that she, my child, is the most precious thing in my life.
Every day I long to go home at night,
just to be with her for a little while.
After all, she is my trusty standby, my continuation
My only hope.

Stephanie: And now, when we fight with my mom over the fact that I spent a lot of money,
that I am reckless, selfish ...
I think about it again.
Yes... maybe they would be better off without me...

(Stephanie tells this to her mother and through this text they have their quarrel - the language issue: they speak in different tongues. So it could be this one or another but in a language that we could not follow)

Dwa serduszka cztery oczy oj o joj.

Co płakały we dnie nocy oj o joj.

Czarne oczka co płaczenie.

Że się spotkać nie możecie.

Że się spotkać nie możecie.

Two little hearts four dark eyes

Crying day and night

Dark eyes, you cry

because you can't be together

You can't be together

Kiedy chłopak hoży miły oj o joj.

I któż by miał tyle siły oj o joj.

Kamienne by serce było.

Żeby chłopca nie lubiło.

Żeby chłopca nie lubiło.

The boy is handsome and charming

Who would have the strength to refuse him?

Only a heart made of stone

Could not love the boy

Not to love the boy

Mnie matula zakazała oj o joj.

Żeby chłopca nie kochała oj o joj.

Kamienne by serce było.

Żeby chłopca nie lubiło.

Żeby chłopca nie lubiło.

My mother told me

You mustn't fall in love with this boy

Only a heart made of stone

Could not love the boy

Not to love the boy

Mnie matula zakazała oj o joj.

Żeby chłopca nie kochała oj o joj.

A ja chłopca chaps za szyje.

Będę kochać póki żyje.

Będę kochać póki żyje.

Oj jo joj

My mother told me

You mustn't fall in love with this boy

But I will throw my arms around him

I will love him till the day I die

I will love him till the day I die

(continues in bouche fermée)

(The dream)

(Stephanie goes to the mic and says the following text.

While Stephanie is speaking on the mic parallel another one and preferably the one who was singing is standing up and then she goes to a high level in the center of the stage and the rest around her take calm positions some are sitting down, some are upright, they smoke and are scattered in groups, there is a strange calm. Someone goes and very loosely without any hesitation gropes and punches her in the chest, a movement that lasts. She continues to look forward unperturbed without seeing how this act affects her

Then little by little everyone goes and starts punching, groping and treating her in a very obscene way, hitting her, extinguishing cigarettes on her, licking her, touching her with their own genitals as frottages

She is calm without any reaction

The team in a way takes her down from the high level and moves her like a porcelain doll from each other's hands until they end up laying her on the ground.

All this time we hear soft sobs coming out of her mouth but her face is stolid

She can not react, everything happens to her like in a dream that you do not want to remember anything that you saw when you wake up

When they put her on the ground, they open her legs and everyone falls on her like lions wanting to devour their prey

Some at least 4, of which 2 are definitely Alice and Jacob, come off this savage slaughter and stand on a high level, encircling them, holding Kalashnikovs in their hands, wearing full face masks, while at the same time smoking and slightly laughing at first.

During all this time the team has fully undressed the girl

The group moves away from her and lets her get up. She holds with her hands in her belly a big blue balloon full of red paint

The balloon bursts and it fills with red paint her and everyone around her

Until she got up, the laughter of the people with the Kalashnikovs gets louder and louder, until in the end, in the wild laughter, they say the phrase: your unborn child will have no choice, it will be ours...

Stephanie on the mic says:)

Stephanie (on the mic): Mom...

Hello mom

I have betrayed me

I have betrayed you

I'm not the good kid you raised me to be

I'm sorry

I am afraid! I have gone astray a lot!

Mom? Do you hear me? I'm not afraid, I just don't want this, I don't want it, I don't want you to suffer anymore and I know that it is not possible

It is not fair but it is not possible otherwise

Tonight we dance together

Thank you for being you.

Thank you for not limiting me in anything.

I grew up and now I understand how this world works.

I want to apologize for not being the person you dreamed of, when I was born.

I smoke and do tons of crazy stuff, so that you can fight with me and show me if you care

Besides, you owe it to me to raise me

sometimes I say very harsh words to you

I told you to die, so I could calm down at last and you started crying

As long as I see you grow old and wither I feel terror, I feel awful

Sometimes I felt, I didn't love you

I make mistakes as you have taught me

Im sorry

When I was born, it was a great joy.

Everyone was talking about me.

Great joys and great failures, this is how our life works, right, mom?

And I know you didn't choose it.

No, you didn't choose to have a child like me.

It just happened to you.

I ended up in your arms by accident.

And we continued to live together, by chance.

If there was a mistake in the maternity hospital and the nurses gave you another child, everything would be different for all of us

Sometimes I think about it.

You could be better, you could be worse, who knows?

I don't know how to express to you how scared I am to see you fading and leaving

I often imagine your death mom

I dream a lot of terrible dreams lately, I can't manage it, it just happens..

I saw your funeral, I saw violence, I saw you decay, I saw things I wish I hadn't seen ...

Cruelty and the Beast

I don't understand at all how to live this life on my own, without you.

If at some point you leave me and you vanish and disappear like dust, I want you to know that I am angry with you that you must die

Mom please don't die, please don't. I can't bear it.

I'm afraid to lose you because then how will I get sick?

I don't know what would make me feel better... only you!

I don't get nervous when I talk to you anymore.

I don't want to slam my hand on the table and shout that the world you live in is blind to us.

But sometimes, it seems to me that you rely too much on my gratitude.

Our relationship, like any other,
should be based on mutual work,
but now only I am trying.

Do you know that parenting is not limited to giving money and life advice?

Do you know that in addition to material goods, a child also needs care and support?

Why don't you take me seriously?

I tell you many things and you don't listen to me at all

You don't understand that I grew up

But in the same time, It is not my fault that I am still too young
and haven't lived as many years as you have lived. I'm sorry.

I am ashamed to talk to you about me

I'm ashamed to feel in front of you, I do not know why I do it, maybe I'm thinking that I'm
protecting you or I just have a problem with my feelings

I am afraid to tell you this,

But as the time passed you lost sight of who I am

I shaped and changed at every turn but your eyes still see me as I once was

Should you ever want to know me, I'll have to introduce you to what was a complete stranger

So, for both of our sakes, let's allow you to live blissfully in with my memory as a baby

That is why my emotions lay securely caged within me, in fear of hurting you.

One thing i know is that when you die, what I will feel, will have no precedent

you don't care what's going on in my life at all, do you?

When was the last time you asked me how I am doing?

After all, have you ever been interested in me?

Mom, you live in a fantasy world.

In this world, we have a lot of money and the ability to buy absolutely anything we want.

Do you think this world is real?
How can someone be truly happy in a fantasy world?
Mom, I'm looking for a way to my happiness.
And you?
How can you help me reach this goal?
I am looking for a way to my happiness.
What's the meaning of life? Can you help me with this?
I'm trying to find reasons to move on, to continue, but I can't!

I can't fill the void! I'm trying with all of my powers
Please, if you can't help me, don't make it even harder.
I have never told you this

Mom I love you, I love you very much, my mom, my dearest precious beloved mommy sincerely I
love you and I miss you so much

I miss that we are not together right now

When I hug you I think that once you were pregnant with me and that makes me feel bad I want
you near me

I don't know what to do if you die, I can not imagine that our house will be empty, that one day I
will not be able to touch you, to kiss you, to caress your hair

My favorite scent in the world is yours

I don't know how it will be when I won't smell you

I don't know how to tell you in words everything I want

I love you with all my soul.
I don't need anyone but you.
You are all for me.
Kiss me one last time.
I don't want to die, I want to live.
Do not leave me alone, please.

Good night mom

Today I dance and I do it with you

Stephanie (the one that was in the "dream"): And then again, I wake up and I am safe. It was just a
dream. Then, I forget everything and continue...

SHORTLY BEFORE THE BIG DISASTER

(talking to the audience in mics, they are in the police station or at the principal's office)

Jacob: No, no, thanks, I don't smoke.

Alice: Really? Could I get one? You know I did a lot of crazy things with Stephanie, but then we kept getting away. Well, we had a lot of fights with Stephanie. But we were getting through every time. She is my alter ego!

Jacob: I don't want my parents to know I'm here. It's better for them not to. My parents, you know, pay a lot for my education. They pay for six private courses. They want me to learn something more than the rest of my classmates at school. Next winter I will go to the best college in the country. And after that, when I finish college, I'll go to the best university. I will study abroad, of course. Medicine! Because my parents only want the best for me.

Alice: You know, we kept saying that we all have something like a guardian angel. We have one too. He was our angel. Well we shared everything: My sandwiches we would always split in half, because she never had anything to eat at the breaks, and my red lipstick with glitter, we even tried to share my Adidas cologne! Why not share the angel too? Since he is an Angel, I guess he can take care of both of us, am I wrong? You know, whenever we went clubbing or somewhere else, we left some vodka at the bottom of the glass for him and... don't laugh at me, but he saved us many times! Yes, he is very caring! He saved us when we cheated in chemistry and we avoided the re-examination. And when we stole that hair dye from the supermarket and they didn't catch us, and when we slept under a bridge and when we went to the sea at night and didn't say anything to anyone and nobody found out.

Jacob: I don't know the girl in the photo and there might be some misunderstanding. I don't think that when she talked about "Jakob" she was referring to me...my name is very common you know, and because of that she was probably talking about another Jacob. I mean, yes, we go to the same

high school. But she goes to 10th grade, and I go to 11th. I have never talked to her. She is not even in my circle of acquaintances.

Alice: I have seen our angel Victor once, with my own eyes. I saw him really... It was one of our typical nights out.. therefore I ended up crying and laughing near a wet toilet. But now I was so drunk, so damn much drunk...haha oh that's incredible.. and I was that screwed, that I felt like dying. So.. They took me to the hospital and put me on one of these tiny plastic...ah what do we call these shits?...ah tubes and when I opened my eyes..I saw the white ceiling of the hospital. That's it.. End of story.. just kidding.. I saw him! He was there flying very close from above, he had such pink and blue transparent wings, like dragonflies. That's all I remember. Then he disappeared.

Jacob: I want you to know that everything I know about her comes from my classmates. She never spoke to me directly. Personally, I never spoke to her. I am only aware that she lives in the outskirts of the city. My family and I live in the city center because my parents want the best for me. I also know that she doesn't have a father. I don't know if he died or if he lives in another city and honestly I don't care. I don't know what her grades are. I try to be in the top three. My dad told me that whoever is first in school will be first in life. The truth is that we both participated in many school activities, so we met there, but I never danced with her. Sincerely, I don't have time for dance lessons at the moment.. why? Because as I said, studying is more important.

What? What? What? eh.. girlfriend? No, no, what are you talking about? I think it's too early for girlfriends at this age. I don't have a girlfriend, no. I think the most appropriate time is after finishing school at university. Because at the moment, I don't have time for anything like that. It will interrupt my study, slow me down, you know. And like we said, the one who is first in studies is first in life.

Alice: Stephanie, you know made out with many guys, but she only liked one. Jacob. Ew!..Everyone knew she liked him, but he was crass and coarse, in the sense that he also knew very well that she liked him, but he was making fun of her and giving her hope! So, sorry now, if you don't like someone who likes you, at least you should be right and not give them any hope, is it so? And what do you think he did? They made out in the club, and the next day he went hand in hand with another girl! You get me? What an idiot?! No, not just an idiot, asshole!

Jacob: I have never been to the club "President". Many of my classmates go there every Saturday and get wasted. I don't even know where it is.

Alice: Of course we go to "President" every Saturday and get ugly.

Jacob: Honestly, I think that spending the night there is a stupid and immature waste of time.

Alice: Her mother is different from other parents. She allows her to drink, smoke and dye her hair. And what about my mom? She emigrated to Poland and works there. I live with my grandmother. But when she falls asleep, I leave the house. I'm not a nerd! duh..

All: What did we do on Saturday?

All except Jacob: On Saturday evening we went to the club "President", like every Saturday.

Jacob: Saturday? On Saturday? On Saturday? Ehh.. I'll tell you everything now.

Alice: Cool beans! You better listen!

Jacob: On Saturday morning I ate omelette with my family. Every Saturday morning I eat omelette with my family. You see during the week we can not all eat together because we wake up at different times so Saturday is different. After we ate our breakfast my father drove me to the math teacher's apartment. The lesson lasted 2 h, from 11 to 1 And at 1 I went home.

Alice: I couldn't bear to see her like that anymore. I mean she was suffering, so during the big break on Friday, I grabbed Jacob and asked him: Is there any chance for you to be together again? Eh? So he promised he would come to the "president" on Saturday night. Consequently, we went there and we waited for him. She was powdered and dressed appropriately for the occasion. She nailed it!

Jacob: At 2 we had lunch at 3 we all went together like a good family in the car and they took me to the tennis court. They left for the cottage, I trained for 2 h from 3.30 to 5.30 exactly and at 6 I was already home, waiting for the Biology teacher. She comes over for 2 h, 6 to 8, and at 8 o'clock she leaves. I heated up something my mom left me in the microwave. I ate and I called my parents. We talked, well, for about 20 minutes. At 9 I entered the living room where the "who wants to become a millionaire" was on..*(directly to someone in the audience)* Do you know how long the Hundred Years War lasted?

I also knew almost all the questions and after that it was about.. around .. i mean it was probably around 11 or something when the commercials started and i fell asleep

Alice: Jacob showed up very late, I think at 3 am.

Jacob: Yes. At 3 o'clock I woke up. Yes I am sure about this because I checked the time on my mobile phone and there was a political show on TV.

Alice: Honestly, I was very happy when Jacob came. But I was even happier when Stephanie told me that she wanted to go for a talk with him. Yes this happened at 3.30.

Jacob: Yes, at 3:30 I turned off the TV

Alice: I know exactly that it was 3.30 for sure, because I looked at my watch since I wanted to leave for home..but then I decided to stay for another half an hour as the DJ put on some fire music and I felt like dancing a little longer.

Jacob: I went to my bedroom, I changed, I layed down, I don't remember what I dreamed.

Danny: That Saturday was a very difficult day.

Jacob: Yes, that Saturday was a disgusting day like all the rest. It was a shit day.

Stephanie: My mother had promised that this Saturday we would eat popcorn and watch a movie.

Dan: On Saturday morning I found my father in the kitchen.

Jacob: On Saturday morning I ate with my family and they.. they are so dump! After that my father drove me to my math teacher. I stood at the entrance until he left and then I went for billiards. I stayed there for 2 h. I called this slut Emily but she refused.

Emily: No. I don't want to see you ever again in my life. Go die in a ditch.

Jacob: That whore! After that at 1 I went home, at 2 we all ate lunch with my stupid parents and at 3 we all got in the car and they drove me to the tennis court. I trained for 2 h because I am not a pussy, I work out hard every day cause I'm a man. The bitches love it, they rub my breast, play with my nipples and lick my smelly salty dry and hairy armpits.

Stephanie: But in the end my mother took off. My mom left me. She said not to wait for her since she had a lot of work to do, as always. I don't know where she went or what she did... We stopped

talking a long time ago. I was left all alone. Alaska doesn't like to be alone. So I decided to call Alice, but she didn't pick up the phone. I called her 53 times. There was no answer. Why won't you answer me? You don't want to be friends with me anymore? Did I do something wrong? Why didn't you call me back, Alice? I called her 53 times. She never answered. I felt my breath shorten, my stomach aching, my palms sweating, my head burning. I was in a panic, I started calling all my classmates, one right after the other.

Jonathan: had a football match, you addicted weirdo! What a liar?

Evan: had to take care of his sister, silly fat cunt, be honest with me!

Ludmila's mom wouldn't let her. So 1999. Find a better excuse, Honey boo-boo. I don't believe shit!

Charlie had homework. As if you study, you dumb fuck. I've seen your grades. You are not fooling anyone, the garbage trucks are waiting for you poor sad fecal matter!

Sergei and Melissa didn't even pick up. Spineless idiots.. If you don't like me, say it straight to my face, you pussies.

Victor said she.. Well he.. he has a doctor's appointment cause she..eh..he wasn't feeling well. Have to take a shot queen?

Then I called Ellie, who gladly agreed to paint my nails for me. Finally! I mean she begged me but I wasn't in the mood.

Danny: He had spilled all the spaghetti I had made the night before. The sauce was smeared across the windows. He was seated at the table laughing hysterically. I stared at him in disbelief. I picked him up, walked him to his room, undressed him and put him to bed. I took from his pockets whatever money was left and headed straight for the door, but by then I had already noticed a half empty bottle of vodka that he'd left behind. I filled a glass and dissolved in it a powder made from all the pills I could find in the house. This time I made it from some colorful little pills my father takes. They looked kind of like Little Red Riding Hood's buttons.

You fill the glass with water or better yet alcohol -any kind. You mix in the powder and swallow the contents of the glass. You shouldn't be scared however, because if you are you might have a terrible time. So relax. All you have to do is swallow your powder and shut your eyes tightly like this. In a few minutes I set sail for a super duper trip. If you want to see someone you haven't seen in awhile all you have to do is swallow a box full of aspirins. Antibiotics work better but it's too risky. What I mean is that if you don't puke in time you are in big trouble. Combining is the best. You take one from each pill. That's when you see the most beautiful things. I mean it's so pretty that you honestly don't want to come back. I fueled my bike with all the money and went for a ride..

Jacob: My parents left and I canceled everything. I grabbed my cell phone and started searching for my next prey. Grrrr.. Eva said she was busy tonight but I told her to forget it because I had something better planned. She laughed like a fool and said:

Eva: Ok!

Jacob: I put on my leather jacket and my father's perfume that makes the bitches wet, I took a cab and went to a flower shop, where I blew a shitton of money for a bunch of tulips. Can you imagine? Tulips in the winter! you have to be blind or retarded not to be impressed by something like that. And of course she was impressed.

Eva: Wow, you bonner!

Jacob: And then I asked her where she wanted to go. She said:

Eva: To the “president”, of course.

Jacob: Well, then I lied to her that I forgot my money at home, and that we have to go from there... so she came.

Stephanie: So I also called Agatha, Ludmila, Emily and Eva, four girls from my class. We've never spoken to each other before. They are quite nice and friendly with everyone, which i dont like at all. To be honest, I didn't really want to spend Saturday night in their company, but Alice didn't answer, so what should I've done? I thought, why not at least hang out with them. Alaska doesn't like to be alone at all. Eva didn't come. She said she had some “stuff”. But the other girls came and gave me a manicure. I deserved it after all, don't you think? We talked a little, drank a lot, then we got kinda bored and someone proposed we head to the club.

All: let's go to the club!!! Come on, don't think about it!

Stephanie: So, I put on my sexiest outfit, put on my mom's make-up, golden eye shadow, black lips and what I saw in the mirror was really unacceptable. Perfect! So I took my jacket, a scarf and we went to the club. It's near my house so I didn't have to walk far. I went in. I downed a couple of shots of vodka and started dancing.

Jacob: I like to bring pussies to my home. They are impressed god damn it, because it's big and beautiful. I persuaded Eva to give me a massage. Let's just say my back hurt. And then we went on to other things. I finished at around 1:30 am, and after that I had no appetite for anything. But Eva insisted on it.

Eva: Let's go to the club, come on!

Jacob: She insisted so we did. The dumbass took along the tulips. Basically I realized she wasn't much fun anymore so I decided I would leave with someone else. Maybe Victor this time.

Danny: I get gas, I wander here and there in the city, I stop at the traffic lights. At some point I hear music, I look up, and suddenly I see the snow falling on me. Pink, blue, purple then green and red. I realize I am outside of the "President". I've never been there. It looks like a temple. As the door opens, angels call to me. I think I saw my mom there too. I went inside.

IN THE CLUB

Stephanie: I went to the club because Alice told me that she knew from reliable sources that Jacob was supposed to come. And since Jacob just recently broke up with his girlfriend, I thought this was a great opportunity to.. have a chat with him. After I sat on my chair until 2 am and drank a lot of vodka, smoked an entire pack of Ellie's cigarettes, who was making out with a stranger behind me, waited for Jacob for two hours, I realized he wouldn't show up. So I decided to go home, but first I wanted to ask Alice why Jacob is not here. *(She turns and sees Alice grinding on Jacob)*

Alice! Oh you bitch! What are you doing there, you cock chasing whore?!

I thought you were my best friend, but God, God, how wrong I was. You fucking traitor You are the worst person in the world, Alice! Now I see you for who you truly are! I loathe you, I never want to see your ugly face again..

Alice: Woah.. Calm your tits there honey What are you talking about? Shut your pretty mouth and look around you!

Stephanie: Girl i'm not fazed, you're not fooling anyone

Alice: You don't really understand what's going on here. I was just dancing

Stephanie: With Jacob, I saw that you slutty cunt

Alice: Yes, I was trying to help you bitch!

Are you actually retarded? Do you not see what is going on you psycho? You have the nerve to cuss me out? You? I can't believe I hung out with someone like you? If I were you I'd be googling for asylums near me right now.

Stephanie: Alice, I'm sorry, you're my best friend. I drank a lot, forgive me.

Alice: Let's talk later. You really are crazy. Get away from me you psycho.

Stephanie: Will you leave me? Will you leave me here alone, Alice? This is where you abandon your best friend?

Alice: Yes.

Stephanie: Well, okay. Okay, get out of here, come on. I don't need you!

Stephanie: And then I saw him.

Danny: And then I saw her.

Stephanie: Danny.

Danny: Stephanie.

Stephanie: He offered me a ride on his bike.

Danny: Do you wanna go for a ride?

Stephanie: To be honest, this was the first time someone offered me something like this. I didn't know what to say. What would Alaska do? I was sure I would refuse. But right as I was about to tell him that i'm not in the mood for a ride since i don't know him and it might be dangerous and i mean who knows if he's a nut case or something, Jacob showed up, making out with Eva, my classmate. I got so mad that I think I downed four glasses of vodka. I turned to him.

Stephanie: Ok let's go.

Sometimes I think that all of it was Jacob's fault. Had i not seen him making out with my friend, Eva, I don't think I would have followed that boy. I took my Jacket and left with him. I didn't say goodbye to anyone. We walked to the bike.

ON THE BIKE

Stephanie: Do you have a cigarette?

Danny: What?

Stephanie: A cigarette.

Danny: No, I don't smoke. But if you want, I can buy you a pack of cigarettes at the gas station.

Stephanie: Do you also have enough money for something to drink?

Danny: Anything you want. What would you like?

Stephanie: Vodka and apple juice.

Danny: Easy. I had never been alone with a girl before, so we didn't know what to talk about. I stopped at the gas station and bought a pack of cigarettes, a bottle of vodka, an apple juice and plastic cups. She was there, waiting for me on the bike. And then I felt something like joy, like 1000 butterflies fluttering in my stomach.

Stephanie: He stopped at the gas station and went in.

Danny: I paid

Stephanie: I was alone on the bike

Danny: I headed for the door and looked at her again. She sat there on my bike.

Both: For 1 second I thought:

Danny: That, there is a girl on my bike.

Stephanie: To leave the bike and run. But only for 1 second. Lighter? Because I was basically in the mood for a cigarette and some vodka. He turned and gave me the pack of cigarettes but forgot to get a lighter

Danny: So I went back to the gas station and bought a lighter

I looked at her again

She was sitting there on my bike, waiting for me. It was so nice that she was waiting for me. And then I felt that she should not go to her house tonight

Stephanie: I was left alone with the things on the bike And for 1 second I thought to make a run for it

Danny: That she must stay with me that night

Stephanie: But only for 1 second

Danny: All night and all the next day!

Stephanie: Because I was basically curious about what else would happen that night. And what else will this strange guy tell me?

Danny: I turned to the bike and gave her the lighter

Stephanie: Eventually I went with him on the bike in the wilderness.

I will not say much about it.

He took a video of me and I wasn't aware.

All: I think I passed out that night.

Alice: And when I woke up, I realized that none of my friends were there. Stephanie was nowhere to be found as well. I thought that maybe she left with Jacob or... I didn't have any thoughts... I don't even know how I got home, although no, I know! I'm sure it was my angel Victor who brought me home. The next day, Sunday, I was at home and helped my grandmother with the chores..

COURT

Eva: The party was dope..

All: Dude yeah.. so great. I got so drunk. I crawled home..incredible! I loved it!

Eva: But this video, what the hell?

Emily: What video? Are you talking about Stephanie's video?

Eve: Of course, stupid. What other video can we talk about?

Ellie: It's her fault, she's to blame for this.

Emily: No jerks! She can do whatever she wants.

Alice: What the hell is she doing!

Lyudmila: Did you even see what she was wearing? I mean she was definitely asking for it.

Agata: Yes, she was dressed like a prostitute.

Eva: like a prostitute yeah haha..

Alice: Danny is not to blame! That attention-whore made him do this. He did her a favor. What is Danny's fault here?

Jacob: Eh! Stop, Danny posted this video. It's totally Danny behind this! And for what? He wanted to show off how much of a macho-fucker he is, or what a stallion or what a Casano he is? I obviously have a bunch of such videos, but I don't merge them into the network. duh..

Alice: Well, if you're that macho-fucker, then why didn't you do her as well that night after Eva and Victor, But NO! She had to steal my crush? Guys, do you even understand what's going on here? Danny is not guilty of anything. And finally leave him alone. She's the one to blame! She is bitch! She was craving that!

Eva: You have no idea what happened at school yesterday.

All: yeah that was so fun...

(Jacob stands up, picks up a full trash can and puts it on Stephanie's head. She attempts to take it off but he slaps her and recreates sex scenes with her body)

Emily: Enough! This is overkill!

Eva: No bitch, she did what she did and now is playing the victim!?

Emily: We can't just blame her. Danny posted the video, you remember that Danny should be held accountable! All she did was sleep with him and he posted it for the world to see! Literally any one of us could be in her place. God knows how much we all drank that night and she is no exception. How do we know she even knew she was being filmed? Would anyone feel safe sleeping with Danny now? Because I know I wouldn't!

Danny: Ehhh! Guys Are you serious? She alone is to blame for what happened here, she asked for it and she got it! Plus, I was a little drunk and tired that night and just couldn't control myself. I couldn't even think that she could jump on my bike. Even this. And she could leave whenever she might want. You know what? I'll tell you...you know, from the very beginning she wanted to appear strong and popular. She was always hiding something. In the fights with Alice, she showed how weak she is, and you might not be expecting this -cause neither did I- but she asked me to film her, so everything that happens here is to be expected. She deserves it.

All: She deserves it!

IN ALICE'S HOUSE

Stephanie: *(takes the trash can from her head)* Right after school I ran to Alice's. It was as if she was waiting for me. At the party the other night...

All: That's what I wanted to talk to you about. There's a party in two days, and I just found the perfect dress for you.

Stephanie: Oh wait, show me the dress later.

All: But it's very beautiful.

Stephanie: No, no, honey, sit down. You know, I wanted to tell you, at the party we went to on Saturday...

All: I know very well what happened at the party on Saturday.

Stephanie: I was waiting for Jacob to arrive, but he didn't.

All: I know.

Stephanie: And I was very lousy. I drank a whole bottle of vodka.

All: I know that too.

Stephanie: And then, Jacob did show up, but he was dancing with you. I got so jealous.

All: I know.

Stephanie: And then Danny came in after our fight. You know, when you were rubbing on Jacob. Anyways, and then Jacob started making out with Eva right in front of us! I was blinded with envy and you were no help. And then Danny was like, "Hey Stephanie, let's go for a ride." And I thought "Oh, you jerk Jacob, now you will see what I'm capable of" and agreed.

All: I know.

Stephanie: And then we went to the observation deck and saw the city. I would really like to go there for the first time with Jacob. But Danny was there and I felt really bad. We had drank three more vodkas and smoked another packet. I was having a terrible time and I just wanted to get out of there.

All: And then why did you do what you did with Danny?

Stephanie: What?

All: I knew all this before you told me. You see, your numbers are rising these days, but didn't you know that I like Danny?

Stephanie: No, really.

All: What, no? You stupid, disgusting whore. I told you many times.

Stephanie: When did you say that to me?

All: I told you this when we were by the port and you were telling me about your father who abandoned you and that you have no food and that everything you told about your father who was a surgeon in Kyiv and about your big money - it's all lies.

Stephanie: When did I say that?

All: What? Are you saying it's not true?

Stephanie: How did you know about it?

Alice: Gone are the days when we believed your dumb tales. Look at the dress I found for you. It is provocative enough to show you for who you really are. I know very well what a liar you are

All: and pretty soon everyone will know too.

Alice: I mean, I'm not going to do this behind your back, just because I'm not such a shit to do something behind your back. I tell you this to your face.

Stephanie: No, you can't do this to me. You must be joking, right, Alice?

Alice: No I'm not.

Stephanie: No, Alice. You are my best friend, you can't leave me right now.

Alice: You should have thought about that before. Now it's too late.

Stephanie: No, Alice. I'm not lying, really. Yes, I screwed up, I messed up, I made a mistake, sorry, please forgive me, Alice. I won't do that anymore.

Alice: I don't believe a word you say anymore you dump. You're crazy and you really need to see a doctor.

Stephanie: Ah, yes. Now I clearly see that you are the same as everyone else. You know what, Alice? Your parents know about you drugging your grandma so you can run off to parties, huh? And about mixing antidepressants with other drugs and alcohol and the cuts on your hands, do they know, my sweet Alice? And also, honey let's face it, no one needs you. Everyone in school talks to you just because you are pretty and famous, but we all know how ugly you are. No one really likes you as a person, you are well aware right? Not even me. I hated you from the very beginning. Come on, go away, leave me alone, go away everyone, leave me here to die alone. I don't need anyone, do you hear me? Who needs someone who wants to draw attention to himself just because his own parents don't pay any attention to him, right, Jacob? They don't care at all about you, Jacob! Hear that! Or Danny, accept the fact that your mom left you. She's not coming back ever again, Danny, she doesn't want a shitty junkie like you or your dad. And Oh, you Eva, my dearest Eva, finally stop spreading your legs in front of everyone and accept the fact that the only one you want to fuck is your own old fucking dad! I hate you all, got it! I hate! I really fucking hate you! I want you to die! Die you shits! Open a grave and die die die! I fucking hate you all!!!

SUICIDE

So, here today.

It does not matter.

I didn't choose this path, but so be it.

I write these words in a fit of sadness.

Two words in a hurry.

I know that no matter who I call, they won't answer.

Now I believe

that apart from you,

there is no one who could understand me.

I am inconsolable.

I believe that after this, tomorrow,

Everyone will be better.

Mom will be better,

Everyone will be better at school.

I also believe

that even I will be better off.

I won't be tortured anymore.

And it will all end here, now.
Maybe this way you'll understand and stop torturing other people.
I never understood you.
Now, I open my hands and in them I crush the world

I have lived a life,
As pure as fresh snow in the mountains
and as sparkling as a blue diamond.
And I leave as easily and carelessly
as a violet that
is cut from a flower bed.
You can't describe how I feel today...
I came back late and it seemed to me that it was all just in my imagination.
I feel like I've lived my life in vain.
What helped me?
Books?
Music?
Love?
Poetry?
A bitter, cold laughter against the trees.
I exhaust my family,
my mother.
I'm going crazy with all the noise, the
polluted air,
the brutal repressive society.
And it's my fault
that I spend more time in the fantasy world and have not matured.
My soul is so wounded that, believe me,
I will not be able to stretch my face out of the window without being hurt by the sunlight.
But I can't bear to see how I'm treated like I'm nothing,
a worthless member of society and not recognized in the slightest.
All: What is this? What is it? She couldn't do that!

This thought, in fact, is completely unbearable for me
and not only deprives me of the joy
that I expected from the future,
but also poisons my past.
I'm not alone, but I'm on my own.
Bye!
I hope people get better.
Everything will be better for others.

For others it will be better.

After everyone left me,

What more should I do?

I hope you are free, you are free from the shackles.

I'm already free.

Look!

I'm flying!

Emily: *(talking on the phone)* Hello! What are you going to do now? I'm sorry, what? No, no please, this is not a solution. Just breathe. You might get the impression that no one cares, I care. What? No, don't say that. What about your friends, parents? No, no, don't say that please. If anything happens to you I'll blame myself. Yeah, you're right. I have nothing to do with this. Only you do. Just listen to me. You are in control of this. You sent me a message. You wouldn't have done that if you really wanted to end things. You are in control. I know how you feel. I've been where you are. You are not alone. Breathe with me. In... Out... I believe in you. You will make it. You will win, not the problem. Please stop!

Stephanie says

Stephanie says that she wants to know

Why she's given half her life

to people she hates now

Stephanie says (Stephanie says)

when answering the phone (when answering the phone)

What country shall I say is calling

from across the world

But she's not afraid to die

The people all call her Alaska

Between worlds, so the people ask her

'Cause it's all in her mind

It's all in her mind

Stephanie says (Stephanie says)

that she wants to know (she wants to know)

Why it is though she's the door, she can't be the room

Stephanie says (Stephanie says)

but doesn't hang up the phone (hang up the phone)

What seashell she is calling from across the world

But she's not afraid to die

The people all call her Alaska

Between worlds, so the people ask her '

Cause it's all in her mind

It's all in her mind

They're asking is it good or bad

It's such an icy feeling

It's so cold in Alaska

It's so cold in Alaska

It's so cold in Alaska

LOOK AT ME!

[Crowd speaking for one]

What? What? What? What?

I am Stephanie.

Age 16

Something else?

What else?

Who is Alaska?

I am Alaska.

Alaska; a state in the United States of America

borders Canada in the east,

Russia in the west,

and the Arctic and Pacific oceans.

And you know why I'm Alaska?

Because there's a lot of ice in Alaska.

And it's very cold in Alaska.

I lived there, and I know it.

But now everything is fine.

Now I know.
I came To this world
by accident.
I didn't choose it
I came here by chance.
ALASKA, also known as Stephanie

The sun falls in November
And won't rise until February
It's a strange, sick feeling
Total darkness
The pines whisper my worries
Aligned with the moon's shine
Hungry winter bears
And snow-white hares
Try to escape the night
While they are out here,
in the dark,
in the cold.

This is the last frontier with the world.
All you hear is your breath
It's a quite sound
Snow-creak
You've left me out here in the cold
But I decided to put my hopes on the stars
There are so many
So many that are bright
I think the dark ones are my favorite though

Your soul is a crystal sky
Lit from the North
Dancing to a shifting melody
Only broken out at midnight
Changing your colors
To fit your light between my dark stars
Wavering
Fluctuating
Undetected by most
But those special few tulips from the water
They're alone like me
Soon your show slows
And you fall asleep with the dawn
Frozen tongues can't taste and heal your remains
Nor can they converse with themselves
My heart was left out in the cold
And it learned to love Alaska
I learned to love and accept this part of me too.

Stephanie
Alaska
Alaska
Stephanie
Me and you

Solitude and freedom go hand-in-hand
I'm not afraid of commitments nor death
I have tried these
But I'm terrified that my heart won't have what it desires

But I'm ok with that .
What's the point of all this?
Why did I come here?
I came by chance, just like you.
And we must live the best we can.
I want to live.
Calm and plain
with love and tenderness
Next to you
I don't need much.
Even with a grain of soil you can build a Paradise.
Happiness...?
For me, happiness begins with acceptance.
Open your arms for me, please.
I hope you understand me.
I wish we could all change.
I don't want to be afraid.
To be afraid to show you my scars.
I wish we could do the first step together.
The most difficult first step towards meeting each other.
I wish no one else had to be afraid.
Look at me!
Look out your windows.
I was here.
All my life I've been here
in the cold.
looking at you
and waiting for you.
if you don't come,
it doesn't matter.
I love and I don't care.
Do you hear me?

And now what?

The End