

# **From....**

**Rehearsal Draft**

**Written by Peter Wynne-Willson**

**[From workshops with the staff and students of  
Worcester Sixth Form College]**

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## ***The Setting***

The action of '**From....**' takes place around Shana, a small provincial town in the fictional European country of Rudmiya, during the winter of 1999.

## ***The Characters***

### The Refugees from Atkia

Anya	}	Young flatmates from Noviberg, the capital city of Atkia.
Maria		
Grenja		
Tomas		A young grocery delivery man from Noviberg.
Marika		Young heavily pregnant woman from Noviberg.
Danilo		A street musician from the town of Srebnik.
Josef		A trainee teacher from Noviberg.
Vesna		A successful fashion model from Noviberg.
Sima		Vesna's personal assistant from Noviberg
Mme Lavengro		A Fortune-teller from Srebnik
Ludmila		Former National Guard, from Noviberg, confined to wheelchair after being injured.
Slavenka		A flower seller and mother in her forties from the village of Litna.
Bubna	}	Her children
Skopi		
Chorus of Refugees		

## The Townspeople of Shana

Mayor Andric	Mayor of Shana
Pasha Andric	His 15 year-old daughter
Petri Stanko	Eighteen year old citizen of Shana, friend/admirer of Pasha
Helga	The mayor's assistant
Vishkov	The Chief of Police
Police Officers	
Chorus of Townspeople	

## The Outsiders

Tamara 'Tammy' Neeson [Foreign Correspondent, Euronews 24]

Gonzo [Maria Gonzales] Her camera operator.

Chorus of Atkian National Guard - 'The Leathers'

## PROLOGUE

[Blackout. Dramatic opening music, and a movement sequence depicting a violent and frightening eviction. We see 'The Leathers' - the Atkian National Guard on the rampage. Images of doors being broken down. People being separated, dragged apart. Possessions being destroyed, fire, and gunfire. Blackout]

## SCENE ONE

[Dry Ice. Lights come up on a refugee convoy, a carefully composed classic image of people and their belongings, on foot, some with items on carts, prams etc. Their clothes are shabby and dull, their faces blank]

The Refugees: *Every journey  
Starts with a step  
Count them out  
Count them out  
'Til the numbers lose their meanings*

*Every second  
Adds to the last  
Count them out  
Count them out  
It will help to numb the feelings*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

*I have walked two hundred miles  
Forty miles today  
Somebody please tell me why  
Someone show the way*

*Why do you all turn your backs?  
What is there to fear?  
Now I'm safe from all attacks  
Wound me with your sneer*

*At my shoulder  
I hear the guns  
Don't look back  
Don't look back  
See the blood and hear the screaming*

*How he haunts me  
Every time I sleep  
Don't look back  
Don't look back  
You will never stop the dreaming*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

[Blackout. The lights come up on the same image, but changed, as if a video image is becoming 'live'. A wider range of colour is visible. Individual people are showing a wider range of emotions, and there is some discussion happening. A young man towards the front of the convoy, Jo, stops, and calls out]

Jo: Stop! We aren't going to get any further. This field is fine. Let's stop here for tonight.

Ludmila: I can see lights ahead. We're only just outside a town.

[She points to a notice]

Look, 'Shana'.

Jo: Exactly. There's no point trying to get past the town, and there won't be anywhere we can stay there.

Ludmila: How do we know that if we don't ask?

[Mme Lavengro takes her arm]

Mme L: You need rest, Ludmila. We all do. He is right. The sunset.

[The column stops, and they begin to spread around, trying to find good spots. Some gather material for a fire]

Grenja: [To Anya and Maria] Who put him in charge, anyway? This isn't a scout camp.

Maria: We need someone to make decisions.

Grenja: Who does?

Maria: Grenja, don't start. Keep your voice down.

Anya: [She has found a place not too far from Tomas, to whom she has taken a shine] I'm putting my stuff here, you two.

Maria: Oh yes. Good view is there?

Grenja: [Hasn't picked up anything about Anya and Tomas] What?

Maria: What stuff, anyway? Don't make it sound like you've got anything.

Anya: I'm making a tent.

Maria: There we are, who says it's not a scout camp.

Grenja: We haven't seen this tent yet.  
You never had one last night.

Anya: I've collected some things on the way. You've been too busy moaning to notice.  
[She produces a bundle of scrap materials - twigs, polythene etc]  
Ta da!  
[The other two look doubtful]  
You have to use your imagination.

Grenja: I think my imagination will be more waterproof.

Anya: It isn't going to rain tonight.

Maria: No, just snow a bit.

Grenja: Don't even joke about it. Jesus, my feet. I didn't think they could get any worse.

Maria: [To Tomas, who is coming towards them] Anya is building a shelter for us. I expect she can make it big enough for four, if you want.

Anya: [Mortified] Maria!

Tomas: I'm sure it will be very good.  
[He is in fact going past them, towards Marika]

Anya: Thank you.  
[Maria mimics Anya's gauche 'thank you'. Grenja gets the joke. Anya is disappointed. They get her attention back to the shelter]

Tomas: [To Marika] Do you want a hand?

Marika: Oh thanks, yes. I just can't seem to do anything without resting for five minutes.

Tomas: I bet. Most of us have less reason. How many months are you?

Marika: Seven and a half. Counting the days. I can't believe I'm going to get any bigger.

Tomas: Suits you.

Marika: Thanks. I don't know what to say when people say that. 'You look good when you're fat and knackered'

Tomas: I didn't mean -

Marika: I know, sorry. Over there please.

[He is pulling her bag off a cart on to her chosen spot]

Tomas: What have you got in here?

Marika: I had two hours after I knew I was leaving, to choose what was most important to me. I wish now I had had to go without notice, in the night like some of these. It was as if you had to decide all at once what parts of your life you value, and which you can simply throw away and forget. I expect I'm holding on to too much, but all I think about is what I left.

Tomas: You will be back soon.

Marika: You really think that?

Tomas: Of course.

[Vesna - the model- comes over, looking for the perfect spot to pitch her tent. She is followed by her PA, Sima, who is carrying her unsuitably glamorous luggage]

Vesna: I don't see why we couldn't go on into the town. We could find somewhere to stay there. Somewhere warm.

Sima: It doesn't work like that, does it? We are not tourists, we are refugees, Vesna.

Vesna: Speak for yourself. Vesna is not going to be lumped in with these...people. It is a mistake. How many times have I told you?

Sima: Plenty.

Vesna: Well, absorb it, Sima. I do not want to have to repeat.

Sima: I'll get the tent up.

Vesna: Over there. Vesna needs some space. Door facing south.

[They go off]

Maria: Who the hell is that?

Grenja: She'll be gutted that you didn't recognise her. That's Vesna Dubcic.

Maria: The model? Never. How come she...

Grenja: I would have thought it was obvious. The look of the nineties. The wild child, all that stuff. Gypsy blood. It's what her career is built on, but she'll deny that now.

Maria: Even after being thrown out for it.

Grenja: You heard her. It's a mistake, darling.

Maria: How do you know all this?

Grenja: I caught him on his own a couple of days ago. Sima, he's called. He's her PA. Personal assistant.

Maria: I thought they were married.

Grenja: Not quite!

Maria: How can she pay him?

Grenja: She just believes she'll be treated differently in the end. Perhaps he does too. His payment will come then. He's very loyal.

Maria: God knows why, if she is like that with him.

Anya: It's finished. Look. Ye of little faith. It's brilliant.

[The shelter is finished. Grenja and Maria try it out]

Grenja: Not bad at all. Is it big enough for all of us?

[She gets in]

Maria: I take it back An. You're a genius.

Grenja: [From inside] Smart. Is this all that holds it up?

[The shelter comes down on her]

Anya: [Rushing to pull it up] Grenja!

[They all work to put it back up again. Jo comes round to the middle]



Jo: This fire is getting going everyone. I have some plum brandy. Why don't we all gather round and get some heat?

[He passes out drinks as some of the refugees gather]

Slavenka: Thank you Josef, you're doing well. Good fire.

Jo: We've come a long way today.

Slavenka: Furthest of the lot, my son says. He was following the map. Over fifty kilometres.

[They are looking across at the lights of the town]

Danilo: So what kind of place is Shana?

Marika: I've got a guidebook. It's a little out of date

[She goes to get it]

Danilo: Looks like Srebnik.

Slavenka: Is that where you're from? Srebnik? Is that your home town?

Danilo: I suppose you could say that. Spent so long in the city though. Yeah. Little cluster of lights. Piles of firewood by the street. Church tower, with bulging roof. Looks like Srebnik. Pretty.

Marika: Here we are, 'Shana. In the nineteenth century this town was the regional capital of Rudmiya, before being sidelined by the building of the new road. These days it has the feel of a provincial backwater. The town centre is built around an attractive but faded main square, full of intriguing if modest buildings, including the fifteenth century monastery, and the birthplace of Petr Shanovic, which now houses a small museum. Just outside the town are the hills of Masva, which are worth a visit if the weather is suitable for walking.....'

Grenja: Oh well, anyone fancy a walk?

[Laughs]

Maria: Who was Petr Shanovic?

Anya: You're the student.

Marika: Nothing much else. 'Accommodation is limited in high season.'

Grenja: Shame.

Maria: Just think. If we had stayed on the main route, we would have missed Shana.

[Jo has finished distributing drinks]

Jo: Let's drink a toast to Atkia.

Ludmila: Don't - you sound like them.

Jo: Listen, it is our country too. We can't just let them take everything.

Slavenka: How about to 'Old Atkia'?

Jo: We mustn't spend our time looking back, we must look to the future.

Ludmila: And what exactly is the future?

Jo: Who knows?

Slavenka: Now you're talking. Who will know the future in a column half full of gypsies. Ask Madame Lavengro. [Ludmila looks puzzled. Slavenka indicates Madame Lavengro] That's her job. In the market-place at Srebnik. Madame Lavengro, the fortune teller.

Ludmila: I never realised. [Slightly caustic] Do you see happy endings for us all, then?

Madame L: I know no-one gets happy through anger.

Ludmila: Sorry.

Madame L: We can anytime drink to the future.

Marika: How about 'absent friends'. We all have them.

[Pause]

Grenja: Oh God, can't we just drink the bloody stuff.

[Laughs]

To the last of the plum brandy!

[They toast and drink. Danilo begins to play his guitar. The refugee theme]

Ludmila: Where are your kids?

Slavenka: Asleep. Skopi was asleep the last few miles. Bubna has just gone off.

Ludmila: They're good, aren't they?

Slavenka: They have their moments.

Perhaps they're the lucky ones. To them this is all really just an adventure. What's to separate it from a holiday? Away from home. Extra excitement. Guns.

Ludmila: But walking this far?

Slavenka: An activity holiday.

I know, I know. They realise of course. They see the sadness. They are making their own sense of it.

Bubna said to me, after the last checkpoint, 'Why are so many of the walkers called 'From'? I didn't know what he meant, but he had heard them answering the soldiers in turn. 'I am from Noviberg, I am from Srebrik...'

Ludmila: Sweet.

Slavenka: But the thing is he is right, isn't he? Suddenly we are all defined by where we are from, not who we are, or even where we are now, where we are going. To all those who look at us now you are not a wounded soldier, I am not a fruit seller, or a mother. They don't see teachers, musicians, models. We are all 'froms'. Poor refugees.

Ludmila: Well we are.

Slavenka: Yes, but is that all we are, Ludmila?

Ludmila: Welcome to the sisterhood of victims. Perhaps you're not as used to labels as I am. If they think I'm a poor refugee, that's progress. Normally I'm only a poor cripple. Wounded soldier, you said. Is that better? Just imagine now, a poor cripple and a refugee. They won't know where to start with their sympathy.

[She laughs]

I tell you, if it's really the same, you have to watch out. Pity is a public emotion. Behind every sympathetic shake of the head lurks a sea of darker feelings.

Slavenka: What do you mean?

Ludmila: Come on. Lets drink up, and then you can have the honour of pushing me to those bushes.

Slavenka: Thanks..

[As she raises her glass she notices that Ludmila is badly blistered]

Ludmila, your hands. I thought that young man was pushing you today.

Ludmila: He has been helping. Look, my hands are your feet. I expect you have a few blisters.

Slavenka: Not like those I haven't. How long have they been like that?

Ludmila: It builds up I suppose. Today was bad, because of the hills, and all those potholes.

[Anya comes up to them, offers a bottle]

Anya: This is very good for blisters. Surgical spirit. Hardens the skin.

Slavenka: Just had the plum brandy thanks.

Anya: No, you rub it on

Ludmila: [Taking the bottle] I think she knows that. Thanks - I'll try it.

[Slavenka starts to push her off. A child cries.]

Slavenka: That's Skopi. I'd better go to her - back in a minute.

Ludmila: That's alright, I'll manage.

[She wheels herself off. Anya has gone back to shelter, where Grenja and Maria are already settled]

Anya: Now, no rolling around in the night. That prop is safe if you don't touch it.

Grenja: Pray the hurricane passes us by then.

[Most of the camp has settled down for the night. Slavenka comes back holding Skopi. She sings a lullaby]

Slavenka: *Blossom falls  
From the tree  
Falls on baby  
Falls on me*

*Blossom blows  
In the breeze  
Blossom falls  
From the trees*

*Sleep my child  
On the ground  
While the blossom  
Lies around*

*Blossom falls  
From the tree*

*Falls on Baby*  
*Falls on me*

[They go to sleep. Blackout]

## **SCENE TWO**

[Lights come up on the camp the following morning, early. Marika wakes. She is feeling sick. She crosses the stage, and exits. Petri, a young man from Shana arrives, surreptitiously. He is on a spying mission, taking pictures with a tiny camera. As he does this, Marika re-enters. She sees him, and watches in silence, amused at his self-conscious approach to spying.]

Marika: Mr Bond, I presume?

[Petri is surprised and knocks into something which falls over very noisily. He makes a pleading face at Marika, and runs off. Jo has been woken by the noise]

Jo: [Brandishing a stick] Who's there?

Marika: Shh! Only me. I'm sorry.

Jo: What are you doing?

Marika: I was feeling sick, you know...

Jo: [Awkward] Oh yes of course. Good. I mean -

Marika: I know.

It is good in a way. The nurse in Noviberg told me that morning sickness is a positive sign. Shows the baby's OK. Hormones are doing their job. So now I love throwing up. When the Leathers came to kick me out it was about this time. 'You have two hours and then we will come back to escort you'...this guard was saying. Fine. I threw up in the sink and grinned at him. God knows what he thought of me.

Jo: Probably listed as a crime by now then.

[Anya has arrived]

Anya: Are you all right?

Marika: Yes I'm fine. Sorry, have I disturbed you too?

Anya: No you're OK. I couldn't sleep. What time is it?

Jo: Half past six. I'm usually up by now, anyway.

[No-one is impressed]

Right. I must get on.

Marika: Good boy.

Jo: Right.

[They go off opposite ways, with Jo conscientiously checking things as he goes. People are waking. Anya's attention turns to the sleeping figure of Tomas. She sings]

Anya: *Have you seen the way he sleeps?  
Those arms,  
Curled around the pillow, like a new born baby boy.  
He is my only love,  
And one day he'll know.*

[Maria has arrived. She hugs her, playfully]

*Have you seen the way he breathes?  
His chest,  
Swelling like a flood, rising high and sweeping over me.  
He is my only love,  
And one day he'll know.*

[Grenja is up as well]

Maria/Grenja: *My God she's done for, she's sinking fast  
There's no way back now, the die is cast*

*How can we tell her, he's not the one  
Hand me the sick-bag, bring me my gun*

[By-play between the three women, as Tomas gets up]

Anya: *Have you seen the way he moves?  
Those hips,  
Sweep along like silken sails on the evening sea.  
He is my only love,  
And one day he'll know.*

*Have you seen the way he eats?  
Those lips,  
Wrap around each morsel firmly as a helping hand.  
He is my only love,  
And one day he'll know.*

Maria/Grenja: *How blind her eyes are, how deaf her ears*

*She'll not be told this will end in tears*

*My God she's done for, she's sinking fast  
There's no way back now, the die is cast.*

*Have you seen the way he moves?  
Those hips,  
Sweep along like silken sails on the evening sea.  
He is my only love,  
And one day he'll know.*

[The end of the song there is a moment where Tomas catches them all looking at him, but they try to pass it off as looking at something else. Grenja and Maria tactfully get out of the way]

Tomas: You're up early.

Anya: Yes. Are you?

[She is embarrassed by the words that come out of her mouth]

Tomas: Seems like I am.

Anya: No, I'm an early riser...always... I mean out of bed, ... well not as opposed to in bed, just getting up.... Do you always get up?

Tomas: Always.

Anya: Oh, brilliant. Brilliant.

[Pause]

Tomas: It's a good day, isn't it? Is the plan to stay here for a day or two?

Anya: I think so. Maybe.

[Pause]

Well. Breakfast.

Tomas: Yes. See you.....

Anya: Anya. [Not sure if that was the right thing to say] And you....

[He goes off. Grenja and Maria arrive to tease her]

[There is a loud noise and Vishkov - the chief of police from the town of Shana - arrives with some officers. They blow whistles, and round the refugees up, officiously]

Vishkov: Ladies and gentlemen, please. My apologies for this disturbance. I am Chief Vishkov, Chief of Police for the Town of Shana. I need to process you all. We will appreciate your co-operation here. All occupants to form orderly lines in front of my officers. Please be ready to produce all papers to be scrutinised.

[The refugees emerge gradually and start forming lines, with a sense that this is not the first time.]

Grenja: [To one of the officers] I don't suppose there's any point in asking why, is there?

Officer: Back of the line please Miss.

Grenja: Fine, fine. Let's all get processed. Refugees, processed cheese. Refugees, processed cheese.

[She walks like a robot, Maria joins in.]

Anya: Grenja!

[The officers blow whistles. The women do as they're told, but giggle. Jo in his role of self-appointed leader, goes up to Vishkov]

Jo: Josef Blini. We felt that we could stay in this field with minimum disturbance to the town, Sir. I hope that we did right.

Vishkov: The Mayor is on his way. Back of the line please.

Jo: The Mayor, right. So we may perhaps negotiate with him to stay a while. We have travelled a great distance, most of us on foot.

[Vishkov doesn't reply, but indicates the back of the line that has formed. The refugees are humming their tune]

[The Mayor arrives, with Helga]

Mayor: Vishkov?

Vishkov: Sir?

Mayor: How is it going? Who are they?

Vishkov: Just processing, Mr Mayor.

Mayor: Good.

[He inspects the refugees, without addressing anyone, examines a few papers himself]

Grenja: Morning, your worship. Refugees, processed cheese.



[No reply]

Mayor: Helga. Petri's report was right. Gypsies, in the main. A few political.

Helga: Exactly, Your Worship. And we know what the voters think...

Mayor: Yes. Firm action. An opportunity Helga, and a most timely one. Vishkov.

[He gets the list that Vishkov has been compiling, and scans it]

Right. Listen carefully, all of you. Shana is a decent, law-abiding community, which it is my job as Mayor to keep clean and tidy...

[He is interrupted by Petri, who runs on]

Petri: Mr Mayor!

Mayor: Petri. I am just in the middle -

Petri: [Breathless] But you need to know. A news crew. Euronews 24. Over the... Camera. Coming here.

Mayor: Right. Good work, Petri. Euronews, that's...

Helga: Round the clock news coverage across a range of countries.

Mayor: Probably the roving team... Tamara thingy.

Helga: Tamara Neeson.

Mayor: Right. Firm action.

Helga: I think not, not for European consumption, sir. May I?

[She takes him off into a huddle]

Grenja: Don't mind us.

Marika: What's going on?

Grenja: Not sure, but I don't think he's going to invite us to visit the monastery while we're here is he?

Mayor: Right. Vishkov. Bring your officers over here. [To refugees] Have you got a leader?

[Jo steps forward]

Jo: Well we haven't exactly, but -

Mayor: Fine. [Talking slowly] Now do you understand me?

Jo: I think so.

Mayor: Good. A lady is coming with a camera. When she does I want to talk to you, so she can watch. OK?

[Jo doesn't have time to answer. Tammy and her crew arrive. The Mayor's tone changes completely.]

Oh Tamara. Tamara Neeson. What a wonderful surprise. I'm Fardel Andric, Mayor of Shana. With excellent timing, you've just arrived as I've come out here to talk with this group of visitors. What is it you are covering? What's your angle?

Tammy: Oh please don't let us interfere in any way, Mayor Andric. I'm covering the refugee stories from Atkia. If it's OK with you, I'd like to interview some of these people.

Mayor: Not a problem, Tammy. May I call you Tammy? Perhaps I could just say my piece first. Do you want to film me arriving again? Wouldn't take a second.

Tammy: Whatever. Gonzo?

Gonzo: OK

[Gonzo, the camera operator sets up. Tammy puts herself in front of the camera, indicating to the Mayor to wait. The Mayor moves back, brushes himself down, and waits to make a new entrance.]

[To camera] This is the latest development in this hidden disaster taking place in our own backyard. The first wave of exhausted and terrified refugees from Atkia's cruel regime has now arrived at the sleepy border town of Shana, where a deputation of civic officials is awaiting them. The strain of their forced removal shows clearly on the tired convoy of Gypsy women and children, branded as 'impure' and removed from their homes across Atkia, by the savage brutality of the notorious Atkian National Guard. Each of these people has their own story of anguish, of terror, of atrocities and of destruction. No-one can possibly visit this place and leave unchanged. This is Tamara Neeson at the refugee camp on the Rudmiyan border.

[She signals the camera to pan round, and Mayor Andric recognises his cue. He and his entourage re-enter. Music starts. At first as the mayor and his group move round, it seems possibly normal behaviour, but gradually through his song it becomes more ridiculous, with the refugees eventually drawn into having a role within the dance]

Mayor/staff: *With greatest respect for the civic traditions  
And taking account of the voters positions  
And always a quote for the latest editions  
The man of the people His Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

*The tiniest error in budget amounts  
Or a decimal point in the annual accounts'll  
Result in a through review of the council  
He's fine and upstanding His Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

*His Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor  
His Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

*He speaks just the same to a lord or a grocer  
The people who serve him could never be closer  
We gladly obey him with yes Sir and No Sir  
We think it an honour to Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

*We Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor  
We Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

*With greatest respect for the civic traditions  
And taking account of the voters positions  
And always a quote for the latest editions  
The man of the people His Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

*We Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor  
We Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor  
We Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor  
We Worship the Mayor, His Worship the Mayor*

[The Mayor sweeps carefully and concernedly through the refugees, before coming up to Jo and shaking his hand warmly, checking that it has been caught on camera]

Mayor: Fardal Andric, Mayor of Shana. You are most welcome. You have had a long and exhausting journey, I shouldn't wonder. Welcome to our little town. We have very little to offer, but whatever you and your people need, we will do our very best to provide. The spirit of generosity and hospitality of Shana is legendary. Your plight has truly moved the hearts of our people.

[To TV crew] OK?

[Vesna has been approaching Tammy, hoping she will be recognised. Tammy is looking carefully at her]

Vesna: Ms Neeson. Vesna Dubcic.

[Tammy looks at her for a moment]

Tammy: Have you got modelling experience?

Vesna: [Thinking she has been recognised.] Thank God. Yes.

Tammy: Excellent. Do you think you could sit there, and look up.

[Vesna starts posing]

Down a bit lower. Eyes wider. Good. Mm. You haven't got a...  
ah this would be good.

[She sees and fetches a scruffy blanket, which she wraps around  
Vesna]

Gonzo?

Gonzo: Looks sound, Tam.

Vesna: I'm not sure you -

Tammy: Think about back home.. Distant, look distant. That's it. A bit less  
angry..... Gonzo?

Gonzo: Cool.

Tammy: Can you cry?

Vesna: No.

Tammy: Don't worry we've got enough. Enough for cutaways Gonzo?

Vesna: Ms Neeson, Tammy, if I could just...

Tammy: Sorry we don't pay I'm afraid. I should have explained. Current  
affairs. News. We're not allowed to.

Vesna: Vesna is not a refugee.

Tammy: Fine. Who's Vesna?

Vesna: [Exasperated] Vesna is...

[The Mayor is restlessly waiting to return to the centre of attention.  
He interrupts]

Mayor: Tammy. Perhaps we could do an interview, back in the town square.  
We have an old monastery. It would make a good backdrop. I can  
fill you in on background there. OK Tammy?

Tammy: Excellent. Gonzo?

Gonzo: Wicked.

[The Mayor points the way to the town]

Mayor: It is such a pleasure to have you visit us in Shana, Tammy. You must stay for a few days - we have some glorious celebrations coming up. I can show you the birthplace of Petr Shanovic.

Tammy: Fabulous.

Mayor: Petri, a word.

[He takes Petri to one side as both bandwagons sweep out, and is having a quiet but serious conversation as they leave]

Slavenka: Welcome to Shana.

Grenja: What just happened there? Are we honoured guests or vermin, I'm confused.

Jo: You heard what the man said. They will provide. Make ourselves at home. I think this is where we will be for a little while. We could do worse.

Grenja: Doesn't any of that crap bother you?

Jo: Just politics, Grenja. Lets make the most of it. Whatever the reason, there's a welcome here.

Slavenka: That was a welcome was it?

[Blackout]

### **SCENE THREE**

[Lights up, later in the day. Pasha and Petri arrive with a bundle of things]

Pasha: Excuse me. We've brought some things from the town. Just a few supplies. The Mayor thought they might be useful.

[Jo comes forward, as do Anya, Grenja, Maria and Marika]

I'm Pasha, Pasha Andric. This is Petri.

[Jo is clearly struck by Pasha straight away]

Jo: Thanks very much. That's very kind. Josef Blini. From Noviberg.

Pasha: Oh, a city boy.

Petri: You'll find things rather different here.

Pasha: This is Petri.

Grenja: You said.

Pasha: Right.

Marika: [Toying with Petri, whom she recognises from his spying] Now I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before.

Petri: Yes, I came with the Mayor, earlier. Or perhaps you saw me on the television. They interviewed me.

Grenja: Oh dear and I think we all missed the lunchtime news.

Jo: Would you like a drink? I have been making some coffee. Please join us for a while. It's many days since we had a day without walking.

Pasha: You've come a long way, haven't you?

Did you all know each other before?

Jo: Oh no. We're a mixture, aren't we. United only by being on the poison list. Not good enough to remain in Atkia.

Pasha: Terrible.

Maria: We all knew each other. Us three. Shared a flat in Noviberg, the capital of Atkia.

Pasha: I know where it is. I've been there. Before all this.

So, do you mind me asking, are you all gypsies then? Is that why you were..

Grenja: Transported. That's their word. Kicked out, dragged from our homes. We are the lucky ones Pasha. We are here.

Maria: Only those two are gypsies, really. I mean, what's a gypsy? If you're on their list of 'impures' you are. But they had our flat on the poison list, so it was all of us

Pasha: Don't you resent that?

Maria: I'll be honest. I wouldn't want to pretend I had some desire to sacrifice myself to a principle. But the Leathers - the men who

evicted us - they weren't going to be argued with, so it never arose. Even if I'd wanted to, I don't think I could have put my hand up, and said 'excuse me, I'm not actually a proper gypsy, I think you've made a mistake. I'm pure' Some gorilla would have whacked me with his gun butt.

Pasha: You were too scared?

Maria: And I don't want to be part of some world that thinks my two best friends aren't pure enough for it

Grenja: Touching.

Pasha: What happened then? They came with guns?

Grenja: Yes, my little country cousin, they came with guns. They fired guns.

Pasha: Jesus.

Grenja: What did you think, we all came here on foot because they sent us pretty invitations?

Anya: First they kicked down the door. Then they rang the bell.

Grenja: We were in bed. Maria had no clothes on, so she grabbed this quilt round her..

Maria: Don't, Grenja.

Pasha: No I don't want you to tell me anything you don't want people to know.

Grenja: Listen. It's important people know what's going on. Because you, me, anyone with any decency, we are the ones who in the end are going to get it turned round. When people know. These morons were acting like someone had given them permission to play with us. Suddenly the rules had changed, and we had been decreed to be their toys. Just young kids, but in uniform, and with these massive guns. He fired into the bedroom wall, tff tff, just to show he could. It wasn't war, or nationalism. It was a boy who's never been good at much, getting his little bit of revenge on three people who were to blame for everything. Maria?

[Maria nods her permission]

The youngest one, takes his gun and puts it on Maria's neck. Tells her to get dressed. But he doesn't move. I think she asked first, if he would leave her to dress, and he said something like, 'I'm staying'

Maria: 'I will look after you' he said, 'I will look after you' - without moving the gun. Then he just pulled away the quilt, and stood in front of me. I couldn't reach any clothes, and I couldn't move. I didn't know the

rules, he never said... so I closed my eyes. Tried to switch off. He had the end of the gun here [She points under her nose] pushing my head back. It smelt of polish. Then he started moving it all over me, like he was painting my body. All the time he was making a kind of breathy giggling noise. 'Don't shake' 'Stay still'. Through my hair, down my back....stroking

[She is standing, re-enacting the movements of the gun, with her hand]

In the end I just pushed past the gun to the cupboard. I think I was waiting to feel the shot. I grabbed some clothes. What was most important wasn't the bullet, but getting some knickers on. I could see him then and he was just smiling at me. Not looking me in the face, just examining me, somehow, like choosing fabric or something. Kept saying I was very beautiful. I nearly fell over, fighting with my clothes, like I was a little kid.

[Pause]

Pasha: Oh God.

Grenja: We were their favourite eviction of the night, weren't we? Three gorgeous girls - perfect, they could tell stories all night in the barracks about this one.

Maria: They let us fill one bag each, and marched us out into the square.

Anya: It reminded me of when me and my sister played games with my cousins. They were all boys. We always thought their games were stupid, but sometimes I had to join in. It was really not that different. Not for me, anyway. Didn't seem real.

Maria: Real enough for me.

Grenja: So we don't think, do we, that it's all about 400 year old grievances, or land or justice, or being gypsies, or a threat to the state?

Pasha: I'm really sorry.

Petri: It must have been unpleasant.

[Pasha looks at him]

[Pause]

Jo: Would you like to see round the camp? I'll introduce you to everyone.

Petri: That would be good.

Jo: [He had really meant Pasha] Right.



[They go off]

Maria: They seem nice.

Grenja: She does.

Anya: We've cheered them up now.

Maria: What have they brought?

[Marika has been going through the bundle]

Marika: Blankets, some bread. Pickled carrots.

Grenja: Party tonight, then.

[Tomas arrives with some water in a plastic container]

Tomas: Where's this lot from?

Anya: A couple from the village brought it. They're over there. Jo is showing them round. Where did you get the water?

Tomas: It's quite a way, I'm afraid. A fruit farm. They weren't too happy, either. Wanted money.

Anya: For water?

Maria: I wish I had Sacha

Anya: Maria! Not again, please.

Maria: It would just all be so much easier. No-one would have to walk miles for water.

Tomas: You would just send Sacha?

Maria: Drive him.

[Tomas looks puzzled]

Anya: Sacha was her car. She's been going on about it every day since we left Noviberg.

Tomas: Oh right. I don't think you'd have had much petrol left by now.

Maria: I wonder where he is. I don't like to think about the Leathers having him.

Anya: It's good to walk.

Grenja: Anya has a thing about inflicting pain, Tomas. It comes from her former life.

Tomas: Oh yes?

Grenja: She was a dental nurse, before we all opted for the outdoor life.

Tomas: This true?

Anya: The dental nurse bit is, yes.

Tomas: I suppose you've seen plenty of pain inflicted then, haven't you?  
[Laughing] Yes I think that explains a lot.

[He takes his water off]

Anya: [To Grenja] I'm going to kill you.

[Jo and the two visitors return]

Pasha: I have to say, you're all nothing like I expected. I don't know how you do it.

Jo: We live on the thought of returning, Pasha.

Petri: Pasha, we ought to go.

Pasha: You will be back soon. I'm sure.

Petri: Pasha.

[He pulls her away for a private word]

What are you doing?

Pasha: What my father asked, that's all. Making contact.

Petri: That what you call it?

Pasha: I'm taking my responsibility seriously. Jealous?

Jo: Do you want some coffee ?

Pasha: } Yes

Petri: } No

Pasha: Perhaps you ought to be getting back. It's getting near to Petri's bed time.

Petri: She is so funny isn't she? Pasha?

Pasha: Tell my father I'll be back soon. A coffee can't do any harm.

Petri: Thank you for your hospitality.

Jo: You're very welcome. Come again.

[He goes, reluctantly without her]

Pasha: So were you run out in the night by the Leathers then? On the poison list?

Jo: Not quite. I don't really like to talk about it. If it's all the same with you.

Pasha: Of course. I apologise. I just find it hard to imagine. What can make people do work like that?

Jo: You should ask Ludmila. She used to be in the National Guard, didn't you?

Ludmila: In another world, Jo, please. I am as much their victim as anyone.

Jo: Of course

[Pasha looks confused]

Ludmila: What is it that's hard to believe? A woman in the National Guard, a cripple? Or ending up here? This was before I had my wheels, if that makes it easier. Now I am as strong an enemy of everything they stand for as any. I have learned to despise what I was.

Pasha: So what were you?

Ludmila: An ordinary girl, without much to boast about. Quite athletic. It was an appealing thing to do. Elite they were. Fighting fit. The way they recruited was all about standing tall, being proud, working hard, becoming highly trained, fulfilled. Believe it or not they don't say join and get brutal, learn to fight, to drink, despise, bully. Love your country was there. Written big and bold, but then at that time I didn't see anything wrong with loving your country...

#### **SCENE FOUR**

[Music. Ludmila gets up from her wheel chair, and the scene around her becomes the bar of the National Guard barracks. As she starts to sing, the transformation takes place around her, until we are in the middle of a drunken evening]

Ludmila: *Mountains and valleys, forests and streams*

*Atkia, Atkia, land of our dreams.*

*She sings the song of Atkia  
She sings a song of love  
The beautiful sheep-maiden  
On the hillside above*

*The sound of her love-song  
Floats soft on the air  
The beautiful sheep-maiden  
Of Atkia fair*

[The other National Guards sing along]

All: *Mountains and valleys, forests and streams  
Atkia, Atkia, land of our dreams.*

[Cheers all round] Lud-mil-a, Lud-mil-a

Guard 1: Tears to my old eyes

Guard 2: Dickhead

Guard 1: Trouble with you is you've got no effing pride. What you join the Guard for?

Guard 2: Same as everyone. To get laid.

Guard 3: Don't look at me!

Guard 2: Girls. They love the uniform

Guard 4: Take more than that to get him laid.

Guard 3: Not really the uniform was it Tinkle? It was the gun. Only frigging way to get anyone to do it.

Guard 2: Ha bleeding ha.

Guard 1: Yeah, well the reason some of us joined up was in that song

Guard 3: It's about sheep isn't it?

Guard 1: It's about the country.

Guard 4: What tree? I'll have to grow one of them.

Guard 1: Atkia, Dogbreath. This crapped-on country of ours. Ludo understands, don't you?

Ludmila: If you say so.

Guard 1: When the Leader talks about 'poison'. That's what he means. It isn't here in the city, it's across the land, isn't it? Poison dripping into everything that built us up. The 'impure' - every one of them, polluting Atkia's blood. It's when we have the hills and sheep farms back to pure, that's when I will know I've done what I joined for.

Guard 2: Bollocks

[Guard 1 stands and squares up to him. The others are quick to break them raucously apart]

Jesus Christ. What's your problem? I was only joking, mate. I agree with you, OK? Keep your beard on. Here. Have another. Let's drink to unpolluted sheep-maidens.

Guard 3: To the Leathers. Sucking the poison from the land.

Guard 4: And spitting it over the border.

Guard 2: To sucking and spitting.

Guard 1: Atkia

All: Atkia!

Guard 1: Ludo! Come on doll. Sing up.

All: *Mountains and valleys, forests and streams  
Atkia, Atkia, land of our dreams.*

[The scene changes back, and it becomes Danilo singing to the refugees, with different words and meaning]

Danilo: *He sings a song of Atkia  
He sings it out of tune  
The patriot shit-shoveller  
Howling at the moon*

*The sound of his love-song  
Turns my stomach to glass  
The patriot shit-shoveller  
Of Atkia's arse.*

All: *The patriot shit-shoveller  
Of Atkia's arse.*

[Laughs]

Pasha: So what is wrong with loving your country?

Ludmila: I guess if you can do it without despising others, there isn't much. But show me the group of men that can drink ten beers and stick to

that way of thinking. It doesn't happen. They end up trawling around for people to blame.

Pasha: So you learned that and left?

Ludmila: Not exactly. First I was in the barracks when a car bomb went off. Protesting against the Leader. Terrorists we called them. Six months in hospital. Then came the wheels. Then the fact that my precious Guards weren't so interested in imperfect specimens. Suddenly I was on the poison list myself. Impure, and possibly 'anti'. No job. No friends. No legs. Then I learned that. I guess I'm a bit thick.

Pasha: Oh God.

[Pause. Vesna arrives]

Jo: So this is the refugee camp.

Pasha: It isn't what I expected at all.

Jo: What were you expecting?

Pasha: I don't know. I'd seen refugees on television. They all just seemed the same.

Grenja: Surprise. We're human beings.

Pasha: No. Just all... poor... I suppose, for one thing.

Grenja: But now you've met us, you realise we are all extremely rich.

Pasha: You're making me feel stupid, but I'm only being honest. I didn't really think about the kind of people who might be refugees. That's all, isn't it.

Jo: I understand that. I guess I'd have been the same, before....

Vesna: Could you please be quiet. Vesna has a migraine.

Grenja: I get those. Terrible aren't they? [Moving up to Vesna] You know the worst thing, Vesna, is when somebody just won't stop chattering right by your ear. I tell you what I do. I move away into a quiet place far apart from all the noise of people just carrying on their lives. But what do I know, I'm a size 14.

Vesna: Sima!

Grenja: Oh dear. Would that be the Sima I just saw walking away from the camp with a big book, out of earshot?

Vesna: Nightmare. Nightmare  
[She shuffles off, making clear she is in pain]

Anya: Now who's inflicting pain, Gren?

Grenja: Do you think I've got the makings of a dentist then?

Danilo: [To Pasha] Yes Miss Shana girl. All of life is here

Jo: So what about you, then? You've asked all the questions.

Pasha: What do you mean?

Jo: Tell us about Pasha...

Pasha: Andric

Jo: A name to conjure with. Surely not a relation of the esteemed Mayor Andric?

Grenja: You're forgetting, these small-town folks are all related.

Pasha: He's my father.

Jo: Oh right. And your friend?

Pasha: Petri? An admirer. Look I ought to go. I appreciate your time.

Grenja: We appreciate your pickled carrots.

Jo: I'll show you off the camp.

[They go. Danilo strums something a little romantic. The others exchange meaningful looks]

[Blackout]

## **SCENE FIVE**

[Music - Mayor's Theme. Lights up. Petri is arriving to report back to the Mayor]

Mayor: Where's Pasha?

Petri: Still at the camp.

Mayor: You left her there?

Petri: I had no choice. You know what she's like.

Mayor: She's a stubborn headstrong Andric. That is why I sent you with her. Anything could happen to her there. These are gypsies, Petri. They are not to be trusted. I'd better speak to Vishkov.

Petri: She'll be back soon. I'm sure she isn't in danger.

Mayor: I thought you cared about her Petri. We had talked about marriage.

Petri: Please, Your Worship, I do care for Pasha. With all my heart. Can I report to you?

Mayor: Of course. I apologise. Report.

Petri: We entered the camp as instructed, to win the trust of the inhabitants. As you had predicted, the camp is dirty and untidy, but as yet the damage to the land is small. We successfully identified the self-appointed leader of the group. .. [consults his notebook]..Josef Blini.

Mayor: Yes, I met him.

Petri: If we are to move them on, it is without doubt this Blini that must be persuaded. If he goes, they will follow. Pasha was establishing his trust.

Mayor: Helga?

Helga: We've discussed this. There is no way that you can appear to want them to leave. Even the people of the town will object, after the news coverage. They enjoy being portrayed as caring.

Mayor: But I cannot allow this camp to take root here. You know the consequences. We are trying to bring visitors. Tourists.. Do I need to spell it out. Vexing, vexing.

Petri: I think I have an idea, Your worship.

A way of making sure the camp moves on, and no damage is done to your reputation.

Mayor: Go on, Petri, go on.

[Blackout]

## **SCENE SIX**

[Lights up on the camp. Marika comes on her own with bag. She is finding a quiet spot. She gets a small framed picture out of the bag, and kisses it. She holds it to her stomach and sings the anthem, with the other refugees joining as a chorus as it builds]



Marika: *I close my eyes and think of you  
When innocence held us together  
When we were young you breathed my name  
We knew our love would last forever*

*But in this nation love is dead  
Where jackboots trample on the sacred  
Where waterfalls run red with blood  
Where mothers milk is soured by hatred*

*They tore me from your arms at night  
And now each night as I lie dreaming  
I see the terror in your eyes  
I hear them smothering your screaming*

*Every night a savage fist  
Grips more tightly on my heart  
Squeezing dry the rags of life  
Every night we are apart*

*And still I know the night will end  
And we will wake at dawn as lovers  
We will forget this Hell on earth  
This Hell on earth was lived by others*

*And we shall feel the warmth of Peace  
Taste the dewdrops on the ferns  
Hear the birdsong hand in hand  
When our innocence returns*

*We shall feel the warmth of Peace  
When our innocence returns*

[Interval]

## **SCENE SEVEN**

[Music - the Mayor's theme. The Mayor enters, followed by Helga, Vishkov, Petri and Pasha.]

Mayor: Good. Good. Excellent in fact. You have done well, you two. Right Pasha. Here's what you do. Do you think you can get this young man ...

Pasha: Jo.

Mayor: Josef. Yes. Can you get him to come away from the camp with you alone?

Pasha: I'm sure I can but -

Mayor: Don't worry, we won't let you put yourself in any danger. Vishkov and his people can be concealed close by.

Petri: And I will be there too.

Mayor: Concealed nearby, Petri. They must be alone.

Pasha: Is someone going to tell me what all this is about?

Mayor: That's really all there is to it. You will bring the boy out of the camp, take him to the edge of the plum orchard. Then you need simply to scream, loud enough to be heard in the farmhouse, and run. Vishkov can take over from there.

Pasha: Scream?

Vishkov: We will have at least a dozen officers hidden.

Petri: Run to the goathouse. I will be there to look after you.

Pasha: Great. Why exactly am I screaming and running?

Mayor: Pasha. You understand that I have to find a way to move these people on. While they are seen as guests, it isn't possible, and the days are ticking away. If they are here for the celebrations it could compromise my whole career, and you know how important that is to your father, don't you?

So, this is much the neatest way. A little incident out by the camp. Shana's favourite daughter is mistreated by a gypsy boy, and we can rely on public opinion turning. Generously, and with great regret, I allow the poor refugees, who can hardly be seen as responsible for their actions, so great has been their suffering, to move on quietly without repercussions. No harm is done to anyone. Simple.

[Marika has entered, unnoticed, and hangs back, listening]

Pasha: But he wouldn't do it. He's a nice boy.

Mayor: Of course he is. Do you think I would put you at any risk, my buttercup?

Pasha: Comforting.

Mayor: All we need is for it to look as if he has done something. We will have a few people invited to Masha's farm for a quiet evening - when they hear your screams, they will soon let the town know what has happened. It doesn't matter what you think of him. He's a gypsy.

Pasha: Of course, and we all know what that means. I don't believe this. You asked me to go to the camp and find out about them, and I did

that. You know what, I enjoyed doing that. But I'm not going along with any of this. [To Petri] Are you in on this then?

Mayor: I have to admit it was Petri's idea, and a very neat one too.

[Petri smiles]

Pasha: Well, you'll have to think of another one, won't you?

[She turns and sees Marika, who makes it look as if she is just arriving]

Mayor: Yes?

Marika: Oh I beg your pardon. I had just come to ask about the possibility of getting some medicines....

[No response]

You had said if there was anything -

Mayor: Right. Yes. Of course.

Pasha: I'll show you where the chemist is.

[She leads Marika out. The others wait until they are out of earshot. Helga raises her eyebrows at the Mayor]

Mayor: She will come round.

Helga: Do you really think so?

Mayor: She is my daughter.

Besides, Petri's plan will work even if she doesn't. He just accompanies her, to make sure she gets to the orchard.

Helga: But if she's not alone with the boy, she won't scream. She'll deny anything happened, won't she?

Mayor: I'm sure Petri can find a way to make her scream, can't you? It must be clear she has been attacked. Then it's his word against the gypsies.

[Blackout]

## SCENE EIGHT

[At the camp, the refugees are busily preparing for a new day]

The Refugees: *Every morning  
Starts with a hope  
Maybe here  
Maybe here  
There will be a happy ending*

*Every new home  
Looks like the last  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Never mind if you're pretending*

*Everybody's lips wear a smile  
No-one ever shows what's below*

*Everybody's lips wear a smile  
No-one ever shows what's below*

*When will sunrise bring the sun?  
Will it be today?  
Will the ice that chills my heart  
Ever thaw away?*

*Hear the birds sing  
What is there to fear?  
Now we're safe from all attacks  
Only friendship here*

*In my nightmare  
I heard the guns  
Stay awake  
Stay awake  
You hear nothing but the breeze*

*Join together  
Here we understand  
Faces up  
Faces up  
There is sky above the trees*

*Everybody's lips wear a smile  
No-one ever shows what's below*

*Everybody's lips wear a smile  
No-one ever shows what's below*

[Tomas is distributing water. He approaches Anya's shelter]

Tomas: Hello! Anyone in -

[Anya emerges, with a bundle of clothes]

Anya: Tomas. Good morning.

Tomas: Your tent is doing well then. In spite of all that teasing. Where are the others?

Anya: Not sure. Yes, it's good, isn't it?

Tomas: Right.

Do you want some more water.?

Anya: Please. Well, I'd really like to wash some of this stuff, but I can't waste water you've brought all the way from the farm.

Tomas: So what will you do then, spit on it? Come on. You have this. I can always get some more. Have you got a bucket or something?

[She fetches a washing bowl, and as they talk, he fills it from his container, they add soap, and he helps her with the washing]

I couldn't sleep last night. Walked around a bit. There was crying in your tent, was that -

Anya: No. No. Maria. She quite often cries in her sleep.

Tomas: Oh. She seems so happy. Does she cry about her car?

Anya: [Laughing] I think the car is what she sticks to when she's awake. At night we all have other pictures, don't we? It's her sister that she cries for. She doesn't know what's happened to her. They are twins, so Maria always says she can feel what is happening.

Tomas: But she isn't a gypsy is she, Maria? So why should her sister be in danger?

Anya: You tell me. The country has gone mad, Tomas, hasn't it? Do you feel like you were a threat? I suppose she thinks her sister might stick her neck out for her, or something.

Tomas: And now she can sense something is wrong. That's dreadful.

Anya: Well, we all have things we keep inside, don't we? Don't tell her I said anything, will you?

Tomas: Of course not. Here let me help.

What about you then, Anya? You seem so practical, always getting things done. Are you hurting inside?

Anya: Not now. No. This morning is good. The sun is here. I have water for my washing, and you're ....give me that!

[He has a bra. She is embarrassed]

Tomas: Hey, I'm just washing this.

[He won't let her take it, and they play for a bit, first with the clothes, and then flicking water. In the end a grab for the bra leaves them holding each other. There is a moment of eye-contact, nearly a kiss, but they are interrupted by Vesna and Sima arriving. They resume frantically washing]

Vesna: *It's a tough tough life  
At the top of the tree  
And you don't get any closer  
To the top than me  
It's a twenty-four seven  
Life of stress  
Slapping on the make-up  
Squeezing in the dress  
Ordinary people never understand  
The terrible price of fame*

*Living from a suitcase  
Fifteen in fact  
Making sure they all get  
Properly packed  
Ordering room service  
'Watch my bleeding lips'  
High-level discussions  
Dealing with tips  
Ordinary people never understand  
The terrible price of fame*

*Living like a goldfish  
Performing never ends  
Bloody paparazzi's  
Telephoto lens  
Seven in the morning  
Trying to look sweet  
Sodding supermodel  
Just a piece of meat*

*Ordinary people never understand  
The terrible price of fame*

Vesna: Sima, this is getting out of hand. I need to be away from here. Do it. I don't care what it takes. Make the arrangements. I'll go to Paris. There are people there, or perhaps Italy would be quicker.

Sima: Stop.

Vesna: I'm being spoiled, Sima. Tarnished. Look at my hands, My hands, Sima. My Tiffany's diamond collection hands. Frozen. Caked in filth.

Sima: Stop, now.

Vesna: What?

Sima: Sit down.

Vesna: Vesna will not tolerate.

Sima: Vesna will sit on Vesna's bleeding arse and shut Vesna's big glossed mouth.

[She does, in shock]

I resign. OK.

Vesna: Don't be stupid.

Sima: I am not your Personal Assistant any more. You have not got one. You are alone.

Vesna: What do you mean?

Sima: I mean you must face something. Pretty, feathery head out of sand, into real world. Your mother was a gypsy. Your father was a gypsy. Your grandparents travelled through Europe in a caravan with a horse. Does this ring any bells? They were good people. Most of us would be proud. For Christ's sake Vesna, do you really want to have been invented by a computer? Will it make you happy if someone confirms you are not human? It's an illusion. You look good, but underneath the silk and the foundation you're the same, no better no worse. Wake up and smell the sewers, Vesna. They are overflowing and you are swimming in the stuff with the rest of us. Kick your legs, wave your arms, or you'll sink.

[Vesna stares for a bit, then bursts into tears and runs off. Sima looks at Grenja, who gives him a thumbs up]

Grenja: Wow. That was fun.

Sima: Won't do any good.

Grenja: Don't bet on it. We all have different ways of denying things. Hers was just a bit more extreme.

[Sima sits. Ludmila arrives, and crosses to where Mme Lavengro has made a little space]

Ludmila: Are you ready?

Mme L: Of course. Approach.

[Ludmila wheels her chair forward, and offers her hand]

Ludmila: Are you sure you can manage, with the blisters?

Mme L: Everything on your palm is part of your story, sweetheart. Let me touch. Does this hurt?

Ludmila: No it's fine.

Slavenka: What's going on? I thought you were above all this.

Ludmila: Shh. Madame L is doing a reading.

Slavenka: I can see that. Bad news is it?

Mme L: Please.

There is great force in this hand. Strength and fortitude. Changes of direction.

Ludmila: I've done that. That's in the past.

Mme L: Past and future. You have shown the power to turn if you need.

Slavenka: Perhaps Jo should let you take over as routefinder.

Ludmila: Shh! What else?

Mme L: I see no fear. Steady, clear progress to fulfilment. I see a new home.

Slavenka: Praise the Lord, the woman's a genius.

Mme L: This here is health, again a strong straight line. Health, happiness and satisfaction are all there. This is my mother's hand, I tell you. This pattern, I have only ever seen it on my mother. Remarkable. There is in here a great Romany ability. The gift is here, Ludmila. The great gift. You have a wealth to pass to children. Keep the strength, and you shall be happy.



Ludmila: Wow. That felt good.

Slavenka: Let's see.

[She looks at her hand]

Blisters are still there then.

Mme L: I am a fortune-teller, not a healer.

Ludmila: A good one too.

Slavenka: I know, I know.

Mme L: You just pretend to doubt. Slavenka, the strutting barn-owl.

Slavenka: Sorry?

Mme L: Did your mother never tell you the story? I thought all good gypsies knew it. I shall tell it. Sit.

[Slavenka sits, like a 'good girl'. Danilo begins to strum gently as the story builds up]

Many years ago, when all of the world's creatures lived together, in the forest, the hedgehog was prince for the year. He let it be known that while he was prince the rules were simple. All the creatures were to scuttle on four legs, and sleep in the winter. This he said, was the way of the wise hedgehog. So all the creatures did this. Those that had two legs used their arms, those that hopped, changed for the year and scuttled, and almost all of the birds gave up flying, and stayed on the ground.

For some this gave no difficulty. But for others it was hard. Those that needed to fly to catch food starved and died. Those that swam in the rivers, and could not breathe on the land, came onto the land and drowned. And when the winter came, and the hedgehog decreed they must sleep, as he did, all of the creatures who had no store of food, or no shelter to curl up in perished.

Only two creatures saw things differently. The cunning cat, and the strutting barn owl. The cunning cat saw the dangers that were coming, and decided on a plan. If the hedgehog had these rules for the forest, then the cat would not stay. He moved on. From this day on the cat was the gypsy animal, a traveller. He set out to find a place where the rules were different, and he was saved. But the strutting barn owl took a different approach. If this is the rule, I will break it. He said. Prince hedgehog. I refuse to do this. Even when he saw all the other creatures obeying the rule, and suffering, he repeated. I will not scuttle. I will strut and I will fly. All through the year he strutted and flew, and in the winter he stayed awake. When the new year came, and the creatures gathered to choose a

new prince, many were dead or sick, but the strutting barn owl was in good health.

But those animals that had followed the rules never spoke to him again. From that day to this the barn owl has walked and flown proudly, while all other creatures have looked to him with hate.

But he continues to strut and fly. To strut and fly.

[To Danilo] You play well, for an Atkian.

Maria: Are you not a Gypsy, Danilo?

Danilo: Me, no. I was expelled for speaking against the leader. Well, singing, really. We were busking in the city. All kinds of songs really, nothing particularly political, but my music was dangerous.

Mme L: Well, you play well.

[Jo comes on, in conversation with Marika]

Jo: No. I can't believe that of her.

Marika: It's true. I got the impression she wasn't happy about it, if that makes you feel better, but she's Daddy's little girl first of all.

Ludmila You missed the future.

Slavenka: And the strutting barn owl.

Jo: What?

Slavenka: You know something? I don't think I am a barn owl. I come from a line of cunning cats.

It is not new, is it? Every day, everywhere in the world people are on the road, moving away. Disease, persecution, death, war. All through time those that are on the receiving end, gather our things and move on. It is not so terrible. Just the way of things. For cats. For gypsies. You know how I know? That smoke. Over the fire, going up into the night.

Danilo: The smoke?

Slavenka: My grandmother. First it was my mother on the road, during the war. Tanks were coming down the main street. Huge metal dragons, with screaming boys shooting from them. Smoke everywhere, buildings crashing, running with her father through the rubble, trying to find the truck. Hiding in a little alley, while they drag my grandmother off. To the camps. It's funny, but this time, I've watched as a child. It's as if all those pictures she described to me are familiar, I can see them instead. As the road rolled by over

these days, it was no different. No big threat. But very very sad. Deep deep down sad. Because the sadness was what I learned. All of us, we practised it. The family would sit at a fire like this, look at the smoke, and my mother would say. Watch the smoke. Your grandmother is in the smoke. I look at this fire, I see my grandmother burning.

Danilo: So your family has run before. Been refugees.

Slavenka: Refugees yes. I've never taken off the label. Leaving, suffering, loss, separation. But the other experience I carry in my bones, Danilo, is arriving somewhere. Being spat at, yes. Jeered, but then in the end accepted. Building a new home. Until the wheel turns again, and the road beckons. This feels natural.

Danilo: Acceptance is wrong.

Slavenka: I didn't say I accepted it.

Danilo: But that's sad, Slavenka. You want your children to learn about themselves as victims. You're talking about things that didn't even happen to you.

Slavenka: They did though. You're too young to understand.

Danilo: I hope I never do.

[Madame Lavengro moves over to Slavenka, and puts her arm round her, and strokes her. There is a sense that she recognises the story as her own, and the group all seem to dwell on their sadnesses for a moment]

[Blackout]

## **SCENE NINE**

[Lights up on the camp. Evening]

Marika: Oh God I feel strange.

Tomas: What kind of strange? Is it the baby coming?

Marika: Don't be stupid, I've got six weeks yet. No, probably she's just kicking.

Tomas: How come it's always she? It could be a boy couldn't it?

Marika: I suppose... ooh. Sorry. I think I'll walk about a bit.

Tomas: Do you want me to come with you.

Marika: Sit down you idiot.

[She goes off. Tomas is agitated]

Mme L: You know why she must have a girl?

[Tomas shrugs]

Nothing must remind her of the stupid father.

Tomas: Don't. Her husband is one of the missing.

Mme L: Is that what she told you?

Tomas: She didn't need to. You can see in her eyes. The loss.

Mme L: Take another look lover boy. See if you can't see a man in uniform - a nice leather jacket. There's nothing missing about her kid's father.

Tomas: That's enough.

Mme L: Don't you realise? Wait till it's born. See if the baby doesn't jump out in boots, singing 'Atkia Mine'.

Tomas: You're lying!

Mme L: You don't believe me, ask her.

[She goes off]

Tomas: Bitter old witch.

Grenja: What happened to respect for your elders?

Tomas: You don't believe her, do you?

Grenja: No idea. I'll tell you one thing she is right about though. That baby has got a father. Alive, I mean. She writes letters to him, Tomas. Every night. You don't do that to the dead, now, do you?

Tomas: No. Good, I'm glad.

Grenja: Are you?

Tomas: Of course, why shouldn't I be?

[Grenja raises her eyebrows] Oh no, listen...

Grenja: Well you have been following her around like a puppy.

Tomas: Have I?

I suppose it's because I've been thinking about my sister. We left her in Atkia. With my nephew. Two weeks old. She couldn't come with me. I guess I just feel like this baby is important or something.

Grenja: So it's the baby you've got the hots for, not the mother. Well, I know someone who will be pleased to hear that.

[She looks for a response on Tomas's face, but he is thinking about something else. Anya arrives]

Speak of the devil.

Anya: [Suspicious] What have you been saying now?

Grenja: Nothing.

Tomas: How's your underwear?

Anya: Very clean thanks.

[Grenja gives a look]

Tomas: I'm glad to hear it.

Grenja: I don't think I want to listen to this.

[She goes, they laugh]

Anya: Thanks for your help.

Tomas: Any time.

[Pause]

Anya: } Tomas -

Tomas: } Anya -

Tomas: Sorry. I just wanted to say, I'm glad that I came with this convoy. Left the main road. I like the company.

Anya: Me too. Perhaps you will help me wash my clothes again.

Tomas: What, now?

Anya: Well some time.

Tomas: I do drying too. Wringing out, shaking. Hanging up. Folding.

Anya: Multi-talented guy.

[Pasha arrives]

Pasha: Excuse me for interrupting. Have you seen Jo?

Anya: Hello. He's over there I think.

[Pasha goes]

Tomas: Anya. I wanted to say. I'm not... You know, I am only a delivery man. You know that. I'm not...I never did exams or anything.

Anya: And?

Tomas: I don't know.

Anya: Have you got a job now?

Tomas: Of course not.

Anya: Nor have I. So what are we? I'm not a qualified dental nurse, you're not a delivery boy.

Tomas: Man. Delivery man.

Anya: Man or boy. What's the difference?

Tomas: You want me to show you?

Anya: Not now. Look the point I am making is sooner or later, we're all making a fresh start, aren't we? Somewhere.

Tomas: Over the rainbow.

Anya: So you can't go into all that with 'I'm only' anything. You're good enough for me.

Tomas: I could be a washerman. Underwear specialist.

Anya: That's more like it. Think big. We could work together.

Tomas: Partners.

Anya: Partners.

Tomas: Cleaners to the great.

Anya: Launderers to the stars.

Tomas: Aim high.

Anya: The sky is the limit.

Grenja: [returning] Oh God, I think I preferred the dirty underwear talk.

Anya: Grenja. Tomas and I are partners.

Grenja: I'm pleased for you. Sweet Jesus, what's this?

[Vesna arrives in an over-the-top gypsy outfit, followed by Jo, followed in turn by a forlorn-looking Pasha]

Vesna? Looking good.

Vesna: Thanks. I appreciate.

[She manoeuvres herself into a prominent position]

Vesna has an announcement. She feels that she must put the record straight. I have perhaps been guilty of forgetting myself, and in the process, have given some offence. This is a matter of deep regret. Let it be known that I am a proud carrier of the finest gypsy blood. The stories of my family's travels are burned deep into Vesna's heart, and there is held there an understanding and a belief, which we must all of us share in these dark times. No-one has the right to look down upon us. The beginning of the end of our troubles lies in our working together.

[Pause. Everyone is a little stunned. There is some applause]

Jo: I'm sure we are all very pleased, Miss Dubcic. It may well even be that having someone of your stature with our convoy will help the cause. You must have contacts in the media. I am sure with time, those will be made to pay dividends.

Vesna: Perhaps. But in the mean time I must join in with menial tasks. What can I do?

Jo: Right. I'm sure we can find something.

[Jo takes Vesna away]

Grenja: [To Sima] Strewth. You must have hit home, somehow.

Sima: I suppose. I'm not sure if I like it though. How long do you think we can stand the humble version?

[Pause. Anya has seen that Pasha is looking upset]

Anya: What is it?

Pasha: He ignored me.

Anya: Jo?

Pasha: Cut me dead. I thought he liked me.

Anya: He can be like that. It's probably not about you. I think he has stuff he's dealing with.

Pasha: What do you mean?

Anya: Everyone here is thinking half the time about back home. Most of us talk about people we've left. Jo never has. I think it's too painful, or something.

Pasha: Yeah. Stupid to think it's me.

[Tomas notices that Marika has arrived, and is sitting nearby. He takes his chance to say something]

Tomas: How are you feeling?

Marika: Much better, thanks.

Tomas: You don't say much either, do you? About those you left.

Marika: What?

Tomas: The baby's father. You don't say much...

Marika: It's none of your business.

Tomas: I know that. I just want to help. If you talk..

Marika: Well if you want to help, keep out of it. Don't you think I've got enough to worry about, without you poking around?

Tomas: So it's true then?

Marika: What is?

Tomas: The father. The baby's father. You're ashamed of him.

Marika: I don't believe you. Who are you, anyway, my personal gad-fly? Leave me alone will you?

Tomas: Sorry. It's just there was talk about you. I wanted to put them straight.

Marika: Talk?

Tomas: No, not really.

Marika: What have they been saying?

[Tomas doesn't answer]



Did they tell you that the father of my child is still in Noviberg? Did they tell you he is one of them? Yes well you can't stamp on that little rumour, Tomas, my shining knight. It's the truth. But perhaps you could say that whatever they think he's a good man.

Tomas: One of the Leathers?

[Pause]

What will you tell your child about him?

Marika: When we fell in love, we were two young Atkians. Then no-one seemed to think it was so unspeakable. He was strong. Deep eyes, but soft. A teddy-bear. A teddy-bear with a job that people envied. Then some evil magician waves a magic wand and lines are drawn across the country. I am on one side, he is the other. From then on we meet secretly, in the dark. We cannot go to each other's homes so we meet in rented rooms. This man is the same one, but now our love is cheap and dirty - sordid like our meeting-places. I can see a distance in his eyes, and we start not speaking about how he spent his day. Did he torture, did he kill? I can't say that. Did he hold me, and make me happy? Yes he did.

Then the poison list was published. Do you remember the day, Tomas? The papers, and then your neighbours. Pointing, muttering. He had seen something with my name on it, but for days he said nothing. As if I would not realise, or we could pretend. By then I had this baby. We had been talking about getting married, but now it was never mentioned. Because we both knew. Some law, greater than either of us had said that we would not. So without even saying the reasons out loud, we said goodbye. With a kiss, and a held back tear. In a pathetic little bar, in the rain. So I will tell this baby that her father was a good man. That he was strong, and that he loved her enough to say goodbye. I think that will do.

Tomas: But you write to him still.

Marika: I write to my child. Every day. So that she may have a record of where she is from. Is that OK with you, Tomas?

Tomas: I'm sorry.

[Marika sits. He puts his arm around her, but this makes her cry. Anya comes over. She is jealous of his interest in Marika]

Anya: [Under her breath] Tomas? What's going on?

Tomas: Shh!

[He stays with Marika. Anya, put out, sits nearby. Silence. Some of the refugees are getting ready to sleep. Danilo strums his guitar]

Marika: Oh God. Oh God.

Slavenka: Where? Where? What's the feeling?

Marika: It's starting. I know it. It can't be. Six weeks. Oh God. Too early.

Slavenka: You'll be fine. Help me, someone. Can we try and find someone?

Jo: There's no-one on the camp that's a doctor. I'll have to go to the town.

[He runs off]

Marika: Anya. You come please. You're a nurse.

Anya: A dental nurse.

Marika: Please

Anya: Let's get you into the shelter.

[Anya and Maria take Marika into shelter. Noises continue]

Tomas: It's my fault. I upset her. It's my fault.

Slavenka: Tomas! Babies don't come out because their mothers are upset. They are born on their birthdays. It is decided, and not by you. Now don't you think you can help?

Tomas: Help?

Slavenka: Water is traditional.

Tomas: Right.

[He goes to get water]

[Everyone sits in silence, listening to Marika's screams. Danilo starts to play again. The lights dim, and in effect the camp goes to sleep and dreams]

[DANCE SECTION Dreams come, images of fear, of flight, of hope and of a new life....]

[Blackout]

## **SCENE TEN**

[Lights up on the camp. They are excitedly discussing the birth, which happened in the night]

Grenja: Where is she?

Tomas: Back in the shelter. The doctor will come soon, they say. But the baby looks fine. So small.

Maria: Anya did it all.

Anya: I did not.

Maria: You did. She was brilliant.

Grenja: I suppose it's not that different, removing teeth, removing babies.

Maria: You wouldn't have said that if you'd seen.

Anya: Really it just happens. No-one needs to do anything. All I did was try to keep calm.

Maria: You were icy calm.

Anya: Is that good?

Tomas: She was fabulous, wasn't she?

[Pasha arrives with flowers. She speaks to all of them, but is looking for a response from Jo]

Pasha: We heard your news. I've brought some flowers. I hope that is alright.

[No-one speaks to her]

Will you see that the mother gets the flowers?

[She puts them down. Jo picks them up.]

Jo: Of course. I'm sure Marika will be grateful.

[Pasha goes]

Jo: Listen I know everyone is excited about the baby, but I just have to check you all know what to do

Grenja: Of course we do.

Jo: It might happen any time now, that's all

[Marika steps out of the shelter with the baby. They all swarm round her, and follow her away and off]

Tomas: I was so proud of you last night.

Anya: I was of you. Tomas, does it make you think of anything?

Tomas: What kind of anything

Anya: I don't know. New life, new hope. A future, I suppose.

Tomas: Just makes me think about babies. I hope soon you can meet my nephew, Anya.

[Petri has arrived and now he stops Jo from following the others]

Petri: Hey my friend Josef. Come here. Have you seen Pasha?

Jo: Not for a moment. Have you lost her?

Petri: No.. She has told me to bring you to her. You remember Chief Vishkov.

Jo: Of course.

[Vishkov takes Jo's arms, and marches him to the side. He turns him round, and two officers bring in Pasha, who is injured]

Jo: My God, what have you done to her ?

Petri: Don't worry. She is not really hurt. Just reminded of the dangers of playing with gypsies in the woods.

Pasha: I never wanted to hurt you, Jo. You have to believe me. I wouldn't do what they asked.

Jo: You expect to get away with this? Her father is the Mayor.

[Petri laughs]

Petri: Yes, and this man here is the Chief of Police. Oh no. What will become of me?

Jo: I don't understand. What do you want from me?

Petri: Nothing really. Just stand there. We can do the rest.

[He goes up to Jo, and ruffles his clothing]

Better. Now Pasha. This is your part.

Pasha: I'm doing nothing.

Petri: Are you sure?

[He goes to her and hits her. She falls to the floor]

Jo: Don't !

Petri: Now, Vishkov!

[Vishkov releases Jo, who runs over to Pasha on the floor. Petri begins to shout, deliberately loud, to attract people. The effect is immediate, with townspeople and refugees appearing at once. The officers move to restrain those who want to get involved.]

Pasha, Pasha, let go of her, you brute!

[There is chaos. Petri is playing out dragging Jo off Pasha, and when the witnesses arrive, he signals Vishkov, who holds Jo as if restraining an attacker. He goes to Pasha as if comforting her. She is struggling. The Mayor arrives.]

Calm down, Pasha. Calm. It's alright. I'm here.

Pasha: Let go of me, you bastard.

Petri: Its alright, love. He's under control. I've got you now.

Mayor: Pasha. My God, what's happened?

Petri: She's fine, she's safe now, your Worship. Please could I have some help here?

[Some townsfolk go to him]

I think I arrived just in time. She's just upset, that's all.

Mayor: Who's done this?

Petri: I'm sure it is not what it seems.

Mayor: Was it him?

[Pointing at Jo]

Petri: I think he was involved, sir.

Mayor: This is the one that attacked my daughter?

Petri: Yes

Jo: Liar

Mayor: Vishkov. Take him away. Please, before I - I can't believe. And I offered them our trust...

Pasha: [Getting free enough to be heard] No! Let him go.

Mayor: Please someone, help her away.

Pasha: [As she is dragged away] He's done nothing wrong. They've set him up.

[The party taking Pasha away is headed off by Anya, Tomas and Grenja]

Mayor: Everyone please be calm. This is a terrible thing to happen but we must remain calm. It is perhaps a timely reminder to us of the danger that can lie in offering one's faith and good will to itinerants. However, these are people who have suffered, and we should perhaps try to find some forgiveness in our hearts, however terrible we may feel at this moment.

Tammy: [Emerging from a hidden vantage-point in the camp] Cut!

[The Mayor is taken aback]

'Exclusive footage there of the kind of intolerance that has followed these refugees on the road they thought would lead them away from persecution. The small town Mayor, prepared to see his own daughter hurt in order to be rid of the visitors he sees as undesirable. Tamara Neeson for Euronews in the small-minded town of Shana'

Magnificent. Gonzo, did you get all that?

[She did]

Great, and the earlier stuff, with this young hero beating up the Mayor's daughter?

Excellent. Perhaps time for a quote from His Lordship.

Mayor: [Feebly] His Worship.

I cannot believe that you have stooped to tricking me in this way.

Tammy: Shocking, isn't it? Gonzo, can we get some shots of the mob?

[As they start filming again, the Mayor and Vishkov beat a hasty retreat, dispersing the townspeople as they go. The refugees taunt the Mayor as he goes, with Grenja starting chant of 'refugees, processed cheese'. When they have all gone, there are cheers from the refugees. Pasha is brought back by Anya, and Jo goes up to her]

Jo: Are you OK?

Pasha: Much better than I look. I went down quickly. Thank you, Jo.

[He hugs her]

Jo: [To Tammy] Thanks for your help.

Tammy: No, it was fun. What will you do now?

Jo: They wouldn't dare do much now, but once the camera has moved on I don't suppose they'll be all that welcoming. I guess we'll move on ourselves. Could you do me one more favour.

Tammy: What's that?

Jo: Can I see the tape?

Tammy: Gonzo?

[She takes the video out of the camera, gives it to Jo. Who throws it in the fire]

What the Hell did you do that for? That was strong.

Jo: No offence, but it did its trick. No point in making us a circus, is there ?

[Danilo starts to play, and a spontaneous celebration erupts, with Vesna taking the lead in some gypsy dancing, partnered by Sima. Tomas and Anya are together, as are Grenja and Maria, Ludmila and Mme Lavengro, and Slavenka and her children. Jo and Pasha withdraw for a talk]

Pasha: So you're moving on?

Jo: I think so.

Pasha: I'll miss you.

Jo: Me too.

Pasha: Why not stay?

Jo: With you?

Pasha: In Shana.

Jo: Do you think the Mayor would approve?

Pasha: I don't think he'll be Mayor for much longer.

Can I ask something? Maria said you were the only one here that doesn't talk about the past. Why is that?

Jo: Honestly?

There are people in this group who were raped, who saw their parents or children shot or beaten to death. For them this flight is the worst experience any of us can picture. For me, it is an escape. From nothing. From a family that was nothing to me. What I feel most strongly is guilt, I suppose. Because I have enjoyed being a refugee. For me, there was no tragedy in leaving Atkia, and my family. It is too long a story for now, Pasha ....

[There is the sound of explosions from over in the town. Panic erupts in the camp. Refugees cry out, run across]

Pasha: Please stop. Stop, everyone. It's just fireworks.

[The panic subsides]

Jo: Fireworks?

Pasha: Bringing in the year 2000. I suppose nothing could stop that, even tonight.

Jo: The new Millennium. My God, is that now? Now there's a thought.

[Blackout]

## **EPILOGUE**

[Refugee theme. They are assembling the convoy to move on. Jo is staying with Pasha.]

The Refugees: *Every journey  
Starts with a step  
Count them out  
Count them out  
'Til the numbers lose their meanings*

*Every second  
Adds to the last  
Count them out  
Count them out*



*It will help to numb the feelings*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

*Every morning  
Starts with a hope  
Maybe here  
Maybe here  
There will be a happy ending*

*Every new home  
Looks like the last  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Never mind if you're pretending*

*Everybody's lips wear a smile  
No-one ever shows what's below*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

*And still we know the night will end  
And we will wake at dawn as lovers  
We will forget this Hell on earth  
This Hell on earth was lived by others*

*And we shall feel the warmth of Peace  
Taste the dewdrops on the ferns  
Hear the birdsong hand in hand  
When our innocence returns*

*Everybody's lips wear a smile  
No-one ever shows what's below*

*Everybody knows where we're from  
No-one even cares where we go*

The convoy moves off. Jo and Pasha are waving. He has decided to stay. Marika appears with the baby. When the convoy is going, she kneels, places the baby in a small grave, along with a bundle of letters]

[The end]