

Tell Me a Beautiful Lie

A musical by
Chris Guin

September 24, 2010

CAST LIST

KATYA - young barmaid, early 20's, alto

ROMAN - Revolutionary student and soldier, 20's,
baritone/tenor

OLEKSANDER - White Guard sailor, early 20's, baritone

MIKHAYLO - stevedore, older, bass

DMITRI - stevedore, older, baritone/tenor

OKSANA - Katya's aunt, older, non-singing

ANDREI - Katya's uncle, older, non-singing

LADY IN GRAY - exiled aristocrat, older, non-singing*

NATALYA - soldier, 20's, non-singing*

**VARIOUS RED GUARD SOLDIERS, WHITE GUARD SOLDIERS, CITIZENS
OF SEVASTOPOL, TAVERN PATRONS**

* - may be combined

TIME

1920

PLACE

A tavern in Sevastopol and the surrounding streets

ACT ONE

Scene one: Before the curtain
Scene two: A street in Sevastopol
Scene three: Svetlikov's Tavern
Scene four: The tavern kitchen
Scene five: An office in Kharkov/a sitting room over the
tavern
Scene six: Svetlikov's Tavern
Scene seven: An office in Kharkov/a street in Sevastopol

ACT TWO

Scene one: A sitting room over the tavern
Scene two: Svetlikov's Tavern
Scene three: A street in Sevastopol
Scene four: Svetlikov's Tavern
Scene five: A street in Sevastopol
Scene six: A loft above the tavern

LIST OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

1. "When the Red Morning Dawns" (Katya)
2. "I Only Thought" (Katya)
3. "As Far As I Know" (Katya)
4. "Katya" (Mikhaylo, Dmitri, company)
5. "Don't You Remember Me?" (Oleksander, Katya)
6. "Red Morning (Reprise)" (Katya)
7. "A Certainty Comes" (Roman, Katya, Oleksander)
8. "I Live Inside That Day" (Roman, Katya)
9. "Life is a Dream" (Mikhaylo, Katya)
10. "Grace Abounding" (Oleksander, Roman, Katya)

ACT TWO

11. "Tell Me a Beautiful Lie" (Katya)
12. "Back Off (a Little)" (Oleksander, Mikhaylo, Dmitri,
company)
13. "Only Yesterday" (Katya, Roman)
14. "The Packing Song" (Oleksander)
15. "Whatever It Is, I'm Sorry" (Oleksander)
16. "Confrontation 1" (Katya)
17. "Confrontation 2" (Oleksander)
18. "Confrontation 3" (Roman, Oleksander, Katya)
19. "No Longer" (Roman)
20. "Good Enough" (Katya)

ACT I**SCENE 1**

(Over the harsh hiss of an old radio, the tinny and practiced voice of an announcer is heard)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Sevastopol, 1920 - the Russian Civil War has raged for three years. The socialist Red Army, led by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, now controls almost the entire former Russian Empire. Only a few remnants of the counterrevolutionary White Army remain, fortified in the Crimean Peninsula, to await the inevitable.

(The announcement dissolves into static, briefly obscuring a litany of noises - air raid sirens, explosions, gunfire - before resolving into the tinkling of a music box)

SCENE 2

(A street scene in Sevastopol, early 1920, a miserably gray dusk. Most of the people we see are waiting, slouched, in a food line, under the merciless watch of some White Guardsmen. Electric street lights begin to spark on. There are ocean sounds - waves, gulls, foghorns and bells. An older woman with a disapproving frown, OKSANA, enters carrying a basket. She is shortly followed by her niece, KATYA (KATERINA FILIPOVNA), a sad young girl in her early twenties, staggering under far too many baskets)

OKSANA

Stop dawdling, Katya, it's nearly curfew. They'll shut off the electricity. Mother of God, I ought to have sent you off to the cannery with the neighbor's daughter - ten rubles a day I'd be getting!

KATYA

I'm sorry, auntie. I'm sorry.

OKSANA

"I'm sorry!" Instead of ten rubles a day, I'm given only "I'm sorry's!" Your mother, rest her poor soul... Here's the ration card for beef - go stand in line. Watch the scales and don't let them swindle you this time. Are you listening to me, Katya?

KATYA

Yes, auntie. I'm sorry, auntie.

OKSANA

I'll be back soon!

(OKSANA exits, muttering, leaving KATYA alone to take in the scene. She resignedly assumes her place at the end of the line)

TRACK 01 - WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS

KATYA

CITY FULL OF DARK DESPAIR,
IN MANY WAYS... UNPLEASANT.
NOT ONE HOPE, NO WISTFUL PRAY'R,
ONLY THOUGHTS OF LIVING THROUGH THE PRESENT.

THAT'S THE WAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN..
AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I'M TOLD.
MAN FROM BIRTH IS STEEPED IN SIN-
WHY SHOULD THAT BE CHANGED BY GROWING OLD?

BUT I'VE READ IT COULD BE PERFECT!
I THINK..
I HOPE..
I KNOW!

Just imagine!

WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS
HOW ENTRANCING IT WILL BE!
WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS
WHAT A DANCING WE'LL SEE,
OH, WHAT WE'LL SEE!

(The scene begins to change in her imagination, as battle-weary RED ARMY SOLDIERS enter and heroically rout the WHITE GUARDSMEN, who flee. The RED GUARDSMEN liberate the food rations and distribute them freely to the citizens)

KATYA

WHAT IF YOU KNEW
THAT MEN SO KIND AND CLEVER
WERE TO RESCUE YOU
AND CHANGE THE WORLD FOREVER?

KATYA (CONT'D)

I CAN SEE THEM, SO HARD AND BATTLE-TORN,
AS THEY FIGHT THOSE WHO WOULD ENSLAVE US ALL,
AND AS THEY RIDE IN, SO TIRED AND SADDLE-WORN,
STALWART SOLDIERS STANDING TALL!

WHAT IF THE POOR
HAD EV'RYTHING THEY NEEDED?
NO ONE LOCKED THE DOOR
OR LEFT THEIR CRIES UNHEEDED?

I CAN SEE THEM, THEIR EYES SO FULL OF TEARS
AS THOSE WHO FREED THEM SEE THEY RECEIVE THEIR DUE,
THE YOUNG AND AGED, FEELING THE PULL OF YEARS,
BEGIN TO DANCE THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH!

(The ration line begins to transform into a
colorful traditional dance)

KATYA

WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS,
WHAT A WOND'ROUS JOYOUS CAUSE!
WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS
TO THUND'ROUS APPLAUSE,
TO SUCH APPLAUSE!

(The dance builds)

KATYA

OH I'VE READ IT COULD BE PERFECT!
I THINK...
I HOPE...
I KNOW!

BUREAUCRAT

Next. Next!

(The world abruptly returns to its gray reality.
KATYA arrives at the head of the line. The
BUREAUCRAT slaps some meat on the scales, wraps
it, and hands it across the table)

BUREAUCRAT

Next!

KATYA

(overly meekly)
I'm sorry, ma'am, if you please, I think this is a quarter
pound short...

(The people behind her continue to push past to
receive their rations)

KATYA

Excuse me. Ma'am? Ma'am? Excuse me...

(A WHITE GUARDSMAN, seeing the commotion, grabs
her roughly by the shoulder and throws her away.
SHE falls to the pavement, and her baskets tumble
out of her arms)

WHITE GUARDSMAN

It's never enough, is it? You got your ration. Now go
home!

(KATYA, humiliated and not knowing what to do,
does not move. The line continues to move around
her, not caring)

WHITE GUARDSMAN

You heard me! Get up! Deaf, are you?

(KATYA remains frozen. After a moment, HE kicks
the baskets away, spilling their contents onto
the street. KATYA finally moves, and begins to
gather her food, not looking at anyone)

WHITE GUARDSMAN

At last, she moves! And perhaps next time she'll be happy
with what she's given! Hah!

(HE sneers at her and returns to his post)

KATYA

(as she gathers)
WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS
HOW ENTRANCING IT WILL BE...
WHEN THE RED MORNING DAWNS
WHAT A DANCING WE'LL SEE,
OH, WHAT WE'LL SEE...

(A bell rings, and the GUARDS and CITIZENS begin to leave. The BUREAUCRAT closes the line. A crying WOMAN at the end of the line gestures to the bureaucrat with her empty basket, but is ignored)

KATYA

OH I'VE READ IT COULD BE PERFECT!
I THINK...
I HOPE...
I HOPE...

(Seeing the woman, KATYA resignedly offers a dirty package from the remnants of her baskets. The WOMAN accepts it gratefully and hurries off. KATYA gathers herself and walks guiltily to the telegraph office, outside of which sits the TELEGRAPH OFFICER, a bespectacled middle-aged man, furiously smoking)

TRACK 02 - I ONLY THOUGHT

KATYA

Good evening, Nikolai Nikoleivich. How are you?

TELEGRAPH OFFICER

(not even looking up at her)
How am I, she wants to know. Excepting watching my telegraph boys be driven like slaves by White Guardsmen, I'm faring wonderfully. And no, by the way, nothing came for you today.

KATYA

Oh. I'm sorry to have bothered you.

TELEGRAPH OFFICER

Sorry to have bothered me, she says. Yet she'll come back tomorrow, mark my words, as certain as that wire will bring only terror and misery.

KATYA

I ONLY THOUGHT I OUGHT TO TRY AGAIN.

TELEGRAPH OFFICER

How long has it been now, Katerina Filipovna? Two years? Three? You should give up all this foolish hoping. The rest of the city already has.

KATYA

I ONLY THOUGHT THAT HE MIGHT TRY AGAIN...

TELEGRAPH OFFICER

He might try again, she says. Have you considered he's dead, Katerina Filipovna? Dead or moved on?

KATYA

IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE
HE'S STILL AROUND!
YOU KNOW THE TELEGRAPH
LINES MIGHT BE DOWN...

TELEGRAPH OFFICER

Might be down, she says. Lines have been cut, yes, that's certain. But not all of them, or else why would my boys be in there night and day keying dispatches for the Whites? I wouldn't get your hopes up, Katerina Filipovna, not if I were you.

KATYA

I ONLY THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T HURT TO TRY.

TELEGRAPH OFFICER

Go home, Katerina Filipovna. It's getting late. Take care of yourself.

(HE exits, leaving Katya alone)

KATYA

IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE.
IT MIGHT BE TRUE.
IT MUST BE POSSIBLE
OR WHAT ELSE WOULD I DO?

I mean...

TRACK 03 - AS FAR AS I KNOW

KATYA

AS FAR AS I KNOW
HE'S STILL OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE...
PERHAPS SOME CAFÉ, STILL DEBATING!
AS FAR AS I KNOW
HE STILL WRITES ME FROM THERE.

KATYA (CONT'D)

IN HIS PACK, THERE MIGHT BE
 A GREAT STACK OF LETTERS FOR ME!
 AND SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT HE'S WAITING,
 WAITING FOR ME...

(In what will become a recurring staging, a portion of the stage is split off to show us ROMAN, in some other part of the world. As we see him first, he appears to be sprawled on his back, unconscious and pale. His location, however, is dark and unclear)

KATYA

AS FAR AS I KNOW
 HE STILL LONGS TO HOLD ME,
 AND I'M IN THE POEMS HE'S CREATING!
 AS FAR AS I KNOW,
 JUST AS HE HAD TOLD ME,

HE'LL BE THROUGH, AND HE'LL RIDE
 STRAIGHT AND TRUE, RIGHT HERE TO MY SIDE!

AS FAR AS I KNOW,
 HE'LL ARRIVE TOMORROW,
 SO FAR FROM THE STORM THAT'S ABATING!
 AS FAR AS I KNOW
 THERE'S AN END TO SORROW!

NEVER FEAR, NEVER DOUBT,
 WHEN IT'S CLEAR LOVE WILL WIN OUT!
 AND SOMEHOW HE'LL KNOW I'VE BEEN WAITING..
 WAITING SO LONG!
 SO LONG!
 SO LONG!
 SO LONG!
 AS FAR AS I KNOW...

(KATYA gradually fades into the darkness, leaving ROMAN. Sounds and lights come up over him, and it is revealed he is in a rickety boxcar. At last, HE moves, huddling into his greatcoat for warmth, but is awakened by a RED SOLDIER)

RED SOLDIER

Comrade... comrade Roman, we must leave at once! Quickly!

(ROMAN starts awake and soon they have leapt out of the boxcar into the snow-covered night)

SCENE 3

(Svetlikov's Tavern is a darkened, cramped place. ANDREI MALINEVICH SVELITKOV, Katya's uncle, is behind the bar, cleaning things. There are still a number of customers sitting at tables and drinking, including MIKHAYLO and DMITRI, two hunched dock workers. OLEKSANDER PERESHENKO TURCHIN, a wide-eyed young White Guard sailor, enters, nervously playing with his hat. He approaches Andrei, who rolls his eyes grouchily at this disturbance)

OLEKSANDER

Sir? Excuse me. Sir? Sir!

ANDREI

Hm? What do you want?

OLEKSANDER

I was told that a Katerina Filipovna lived here. I was hoping to renew my acquaintance with her. I haven't seen her since, well... since I was a boy.

ANDREI

You mean Katya, my niece. She isn't here.

(HE turns away)

OLEKSANDER

Oh.

(a beat)

Is she coming back?

ANDREI

She lives here. So I imagine so.

(HE turns away again)

OLEKSANDER

Oh.

(a beat)

Is she coming back soon?

ANDREI

She's out. Why don't you take a seat?
(indicates the darkened, far corner)
Over there.

(As OLEKSANDER begins to walk over to the table, OKSANA's muttering is heard from outside. As it grows louder, ANDREI begins to clean quickly and the tavern PATRONS sit a little straighter. SHE bursts in)

OKSANA

Andrei, is the samovar hot? I need tea, for God's sake!

ANDREI

Where's Katya?

OKSANA

Your niece? Heaven knows! I left her in the line at the butcher's and the minute I turn my head she's vanished. I tell you, Andrei, I don't know how much more of this I can take.

ANDREI

Hm. She's probably just at the telegraph office again.

OKSANA

Yes, asking after her precious revolutionary, no doubt.

ANDREI

Hm.

OKSANA

This has gone on far too long, Andrei, and I've been far too unwilling to meddle. But with her parents gone, God rest their souls, and you unwilling to lift a finger, it falls to me to crush her unreasonable childish dreams.

ANDREI

That's nice.

OKSANA

Then it's decided. I'll find her a nice, plain man to settle down with. Not too handsome, of course. Someone hard-working, and of a decently patriotic sort, I should think. Someone stable. Ordinary. Boring, even.

(OLEKSANDER suddenly taps her on the shoulder,
having followed all of this eagerly)

OLEKSANDER

Excuse me, I may be able to help you with that.

OKSANA

(hostilely)

Is that right?

OLEKSANDER

I was friends with Katerina Filipovna as a boy. And, well,
I think you'll find me extraordinarily boring.

OKSANA

(warmly)

Is that right! And a White Guardsman, too!

OLEKSANDER

My name is Oleksander Pereshenko Turchin. Is Katerina
Filipovna home?

OKSANA

Not presently, but I'll see to it she sees you as soon as
she's returned from wherever she's wandered off to! So why
don't you sit down and take a drink, Mr. Turchin? I shall
be back momentarily. Andrei - heat the samovar!

(SHE practically shoves him into a chair and
marches off. OLEKSANDER finds himself opposite
Mikhaylo and Dmitri. THEY stare at him for a
long moment)

MIKHAYLO

Look at him, Dmitri, he's got that naïve look about him.

DMITRI

As well he should, for him to be here asking after Katya.

OLEKSANDER

You know, I can hear you. I'm only across the table.

MIKHAYLO

So you can, my good friend, so you can. My name is
Mikhaylo Denisovich, stevedore and scholar.

(DMITRI chokes a bit on his vodka at this)

DMITRI

Scholar of what?

MIKHAYLO

Of life, Dmitri, my friend, and of women.

DMITRI

Well, his knowledge is entirely academic.

MIKHAYLO

Ignore the runt. You, my friend, have chosen a very fine target, and very difficult. I've known many in my time and she is the most difficult, it's true.

OLEKSANDER

Katerina Filipovna and I were childhood friends.

(An awkward moment passes)

Is she married? She isn't married, is she?

MIKHAYLO

Worse, my good friend.

DMITRI

Much much worse.

OLEKSANDER

I don't understand.

(As MIKHAYLO continues, his words are reenacted in the darkened corner of the tavern by images of KATYA and ROMAN)

TRACK 04 - KATYA

MIKHAYLO

That dear, dear girl. You have much to learn, my friend. You see that darkened corner over there? You'll find yourself cursing it before too long..

(a musical flourish)

Imagine a young girl, orphaned and without a friend in the world, thinking that nobody will ever notice her..

(a musical flourish)

Well, perhaps not in the way that she wishes to be noticed..

(a musical flourish)

Surrounded by cruel men and cruel circumstances, she waits, until...

MIKHAYLO (CONT'D)

EACH EV'NING HE WOULD ARRIVE, AND WHEN SHE CAUGHT HIS
LOOK
HER HEART WOULD FLUTTER MORE THAN SHE COULD TELL.
A BOLSHEVIST, A RADICAL, WRITING HARD IN HIS BOOK,
WITH PIERCING EYES, CRYSTAL EYES, BLUE AS HELL.

KATYA, KATYA...
COME, TAKE A CHANCE, WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?
KATYA, KATYA...
THESE ARE THE MOMENTS THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

WHAT IF YOU CASUALLY SMILED, JUST A WORD HERE OR
THERE,
WHAT IF YOU KNEW THAT IT'S ALL THAT IT TOOK?
AND WHAT IF HE RETURNED THE SMILE? OR WHAT IF HE
TOUCHED YOUR HAIR?
AND WHAT IF HE SHOWED YOU WHAT'S IN HIS BOOK?

MIKHAYLO AND DMITRI

KATYA, KATYA...
HE WAS YOUR FIRST, EVEN NOW YOUR ONLY.
KATYA, KATYA...
NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE LIFE SO LONELY.

DMITRI

THEN ONE DAY HE LEFT FOR WAR.

MIKHAYLO

IF YOU'D KEEP YOUR PRIDE,
YOU'LL RUN QUICKLY OUT THAT DOOR!

MIKHAYLO AND DMITRI

SHE WON'T GIVE UP!
YOU WON'T LIVE UP TO HIM!
WE KNOW! WE'VE TRIED!

OLEKSANDER

She is still in love with her Red Army... poet?

MIKHAYLO

Yes, so I'd make good your escape now, my friend! Dmitri
and I've been trying for four years.

DMITRI

(mumbling to himself)
I just drink here...

OLEKSANDER

I can't leave without at least saying hello to her..

DMITRI

In that case, you're doomed.

MIKHAYLO

Ah, here's our little friend now! Excuse us.

(KATYA enters, carrying a bouquet of flowers which she proceeds to deposit on each table as she serves drinks and fixes up the dreary tavern to be as pleasant as possible. OLEKSANDER tries to catch her, but is stopped by MIKHAYLO, DMITRI, and the other PATRONS)

MIKHAYLO/DMITRI/CHORUS

KATYA, YOU MOVE SO FAST!
 LOOK SHARP, ALREADY PASSED!
 OUR FUN IS IN THE GAME!
 THOUGH YOU EVADE AND SHIRK,
 PLEASE KNOW IT DOESN'T WORK.
 WE PLAY ON JUST THE SAME!

KATYA, KATYA,
 DANCE FOR ME ONE OF THE OLD STYLE DANCES!
 KATYA, KATYA,
 IT'S IMPOLITE TO RESIST ADVANCES!

KATYA, I LOVE TO SEE,
 YOU SHOW YOUR POUT TO ME,
 SURELY YOU UNDERSTAND
 KATYA, YOU'RE IN YOUR PRIME!
 COME NOW, IT IS A CRIME
 THAT I CAN'T HAVE YOUR HAND!

KATYA, KATYA,
 ALL THAT I WANT IS TO SEE YOU DANCING!
 KATYA, KATYA
 ALL THAT I WANT IS TO SEE YOU DANCE FOR ME!

KATYA, KATYA,
 ALL THAT I WANT IS TO SEE YOU DANCING,
 KATYA, KATYA,
 ALL THAT I WANT IS TO SEE YOU DANCE FOR—

(KATYA disappears into the kitchen. OLEKSANDER sneaks past and follows her out. The CHORUS eyes each other awkwardly, and then finishes the song anyway)

MIKHAYLO/DMITRI/CHORUS

ME!

SCENE 4

TRACK 05 - DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?

(KATYA worriedly peels potatoes in the kitchen of Svetlikov's Tavern, stewing in her own misery)

KATYA

I ONLY THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS
I ONLY THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T END LIKE THIS

(OLEKSANDER cautiously peeks his head in, still nervously playing with his hat)

OLEKSANDER

Katerina Filipovna?

KATYA

Yes? Can I help you, sir?

OLEKSANDER

I know it's been a long time... Oleksander Pereshenko Turchin.

(HE bows and kisses her hand, taking KATYA aback)

KATYA

Forgive me, sir. I'm afraid I don't remember the name.

OLEKSANDER

You don't remember?

OLEKSANDER?

PERESHENKO?

YOU REMEMBER ME, THE BOY ACROSS THE STREET?

KATYA

I'M SORRY, SIR, IT DOESN'T RING A BELL.

OLEKSANDER

I was certain you'd remember...

OLEKSANDER?
PERESHENKO?
YOU REMEMBER WE WERE ONLY NINE YEARS OLD,
WHEN MY FAMILY
MOVED AWAY TO ODESSA?
YOU HAD SAID YOU'D
BE A PRINCESS
IN A PALACE LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE SEA.
I REMEMBER YOU.
YOU REMEMBER ME?

KATYA

SORRY.

OLEKSANDER

WE WENT TO PLAY OUT ON THE BEACH ALL DAY
UP IN THE HILLS, KHERSONESUS WAY.
THE ONLY HAPPY TIMES I HAVE WERE ALL WITH YOU.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME...

KATYA

I'm sorry, Mr. Turchin, I just...

(a beat)

Wait a moment.

OLEKSANDER?
PERESHENKO?
YOU'RE THE ALTAR BOY WHO ATE THE BLESSED BREAD
WHEN YOU THOUGHT THAT
NO ONE WOULD BE WATCHING!
YOU HAD SAID YOU'D
JOIN THE CLERGY.
I REMEMBER YOU! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE HERE!
AND NOW LOOK AT YOU...
ALL DRESSED UP LIKE A SAILOR!
(realizing something, she turns away coldly)
A SAILOR OF THE WHITE GUARD BLACK SEA FLEET!

OLEKSANDER

What's the matter? Did I say something to offend you?

KATYA

No, Oleksander, it's only that I really need to be left alone now. I'm sorry.

OLEKSANDER

You don't approve of my joining the Russian Army?

KATYA

(after a difficult pause)

It's not the real Russian Army.

OLEKSANDER

Not the real Russian Army? I've fought Turks and I've fought Germans and I come home to this! Whoever fights for God, family, and country, that is the real Russian Army. The White Army is the only Russian Army.

(realizing something, sulkily)

What on earth am I doing arguing with you? I apologize, Katerina Filipovna. I'll leave you alone now. I had no business being here.

(HE makes his way to the door, but before he can leave, KATYA stops him)

KATYA

No, Oleksander, don't leave all at once. It's only that I've had such a long, hard day. Perhaps later?

OLEKSANDER

Of course. Later. Good night, Katerina Filipovna.

(HE leaves)

KATYA

(chopping the potatoes much harder)

Oh, why in heaven's name did I do that? Why couldn't I have just let him go? But no, I have to be so pleasant and agreeable and nice...

OKSANA

(emerging from her hiding place)

And a good thing, too! You nearly let that fine catch get away from you! For shame, Katya! Oh, my poor old back...

KATYA

Auntie, you were listening in on us!

OKSANA

I had to make sure you didn't do anything foolish. You probably offended him.

KATYA

Offended? You can't offend a White Guardsman. They're all brutes.

OKSANA

Brutes? He seemed nice enough to me.

KATYA

Well, perhaps Oleksander Pereshenko is decent enough, but auntie, they fight against the revolution. They fight against equality and justice. That makes them all brutes to me.

OKSANA

(not really paying attention)

Katya, these baskets... what happened?

(KATYA turns away, ashamedly)

OKSANA

This sack of flour is half empty... these are filthy. Katya?

KATYA

Auntie, I'm sorry...

OKSANA

(anger rising)

Katya?

KATYA

They didn't give me enough meat, so I was trying to tell them, as you told me to, but the guards, auntie, they pushed me down...

OKSANA

(reaching out to strike her, restraining herself)

Devil's child! Oh, I ought to beat you senseless! How are we to live on this? Are we to live on vodka and wine? How can I trust you with anything? How can I—

(A long moment passes, as OKSANA struggles to calm herself. Neither looks at the other)

KATYA

Please, Auntie... please understand... they pushed me down. I didn't do anything. I'm sorry.

OKSANA

No, no. No more "I'm sorry" from you. I'm the one who's sorry. This is not your fault. There are brutes in this world. You're right about that.

KATYA

But Auntie, revolution is coming. And it will get better, won't it? When revolution comes?

OKSANA

Revolution... revolution... I'm sick of hearing about it! Does revolution make soldiers stop being brutes? Does it turn animals into saints? No, I won't hear it anymore. That man, this Oleksander Pereshenko, is not a brute, and that is a rare thing. So I want you to listen to me, Katya. You don't need revolution. You need someone to protect you, someone to love you. Lord knows I'm not enough. Are you listening to me, Katya?

(KATYA looks away, silently)

OKSANA

So if you are to live in this house, the next time this Oleksander Pereshenko shows up, you are to invite him in. You are to be kind to him, and polite to him. Have I made myself clear?

(a moment)

Katya?

KATYA

Yes, auntie.

OKSANA

It's settled then. Now come out and help me clean up. Until your revolution comes, we still have to sweep and mop!

(OKSANA exits. KATYA rises and begins to follow her aunt)

TRACK 06 - RED MORNING REPRISÉ

KATYA

WHAT IF YOU KNEW
THAT MEN, SO KIND AND CLEVER,
WERE TO RESCUE YOU
AND CHANGE THE WORLD FOREVER?

OKSANA

Katya?

KATYA

Coming!

(SHE exits)

SCENE 5

(An office formerly occupied by a nobleman in Kharkov, morning, several weeks later. The office is contained entirely within the space of the stage occupied by Roman's train in the first scene. The remainder of the stage is darkened. ROMAN, in the uniform of an officer of the All-Ukrainian Cheka, is seated behind a desk, his face scarred and pale, grimly writing in a ledger. A knock sounds, and a woman opens the door)

NATALYA

Well, look who's back from the dead!

ROMAN

Comrade.

(NATALYA enters, dressed in soldier's garb, her hair cut short. SHE sits at the desk with him)

NATALYA

Two years in a Polish prison camp and that's all you have to say? "Comrade?" Alexei and Grigori told me the celebrated Roman had returned, and look - already back to work!

(HE continues writing, barely looking up)

ROMAN

There's a lot left to be done.

NATALYA

Ever the serious, nose-to-the-grindstone.. You haven't changed at all, have you? You know, actually, I've missed having that around. Are you surprised?

ROMAN

Not generally.

NATALYA

Ha! And as assured of himself as ever. I've missed that, too, if you can believe it. The last two years have been hard without you.

ROMAN

You've done well enough. You've driven the White Army into the Crimea.

NATALYA

I haven't done anything of the kind. I've been struggling, here in Kharkov. It was easier before, when our little band could always count on you to remind us what we were fighting for. With you, we felt like heroes.

ROMAN

We are heroes. Or we soon will be, when the Crimea is freed.

NATALYA

You're so certain. Always so certain. Roman, I need that.

ROMAN

What are you talking about, Natalya?

NATALYA

I don't know if I can say.

(A moment passes)

NATALYA

You remember, Roman, the munitions factory out at Muskovsky Prospect?

ROMAN

Yes. I recall. Those workers had suffered a great deal under the old regime. Organizing those workers, overthrowing the owners, you, me and the others.. It was a tremendous accomplishment.

NATALYA

Well, they're striking again. They're still suffering. Only now, it's the Red Army and the Cheka cracking the whip.

ROMAN

Is that right?

NATALYA

Roman, this isn't SR propoganda. I've seen it. You know me. You know I wouldn't lie. Roman, it's been over two years since the Revolution, and it feels like nothing's changing. The war never ends. How many times can I shoot women trying to steal grain from trains before..

ROMAN

Before what?

NATALYA

I don't know. I don't know. Roman, I want you to help me be certain again. I want to feel like the hero.

(On the other side of the stage, the lights come up on a sitting room over Svetlikov's Tavern as KATYA enters, holding a tattered book and a tea set, which she sets on a table. A door to the stairs is visible. Her AUNT'S VOICE rings out from offstage)

OKSANA (v.o.)

Katya?

KATYA

Yes, auntie?

OKSANA (v.o.)

What are you reading up there?

KATYA

The Lives of the Saints.

OKSANA (v.o.)

Which saint?

KATYA

(hastily flipping to a page)
St. Catherine!

OKSANA (v.o.)

All right, Katya. Carry on.

(Mischievously, KATYA opens the back of the book and pours out an impressive pile of letters and telegrams, which she proceeds to devour longingly)

KATYA

"Dearest Katya..."

ROMAN

(standing suddenly)
It's infuriating.

NATALYA

Roman?

ROMAN

At long last, after centuries of needless suffering, the people overthrow the old ways - and what do I return to? Now, all of a sudden, it's every man for himself. Peasants horde grain. Cities starve. Factory workers strike, and the army has no weapons with which to fight against the people's enemies. Is this what we worked so hard for?

NATALYA

It's stupid, Roman. Me coming to you, wanting to be the hero. I don't know what I'm thinking.

TRACK 07 - A CERTAINTY COMES

ROMAN

(stopping her)
I UNDERSTAND.
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.
THERE'S A TEARING INSIDE
AND A PAIN YOU CAN'T HIDE
AND THE WORLD SEEMS SURREAL.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I KNOW...

I KNOW...

ONLY REMEMBER THOUGH...

NATALYA

Remember?

ROMAN

That the will of the people will triumph - not just against the Polish and the Whites, but against the greed, hunger, inequality, and injustice all around us. Inside us. It is ours only to never give up, to keep pushing, to see it through. To do whatever it takes, to lose our own tiny lives in the will of the people. The future is coming, and there will be no stopping it.

LET THE TRUTH HAVE ITS WAY WITH YOU.
LET ITS POWER MAKE YOU STRONG.
DRINK IT IN. IT WILL STAY WITH YOU,
PUT THE LIE TO THOSE DOUBTS THAT SAY YOU'RE WRONG.

WHEN THAT NEW, JUST SOCIETY
STANDS BEFORE YOU, IN YOUR SIGHT,
WHEN YOUR FEAR AND ANXIETY
WASH AWAY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU'RE RIGHT,

THEN A CERTAINTY COMES.
AND IT THRILLS YOU.
THEN YOU KNOW.
WHEN A CERTAINTY COMES,
IT INSTILLS YOU
WITH AN ABSOLUTE CONVICTION DEEP IN YOUR CORE -
WHAT YOU KNEW BEFORE,
WHEN A CERTAINTY COMES.

DO YOU FEEL IT?

KATYA

"Forever yours, Roman."

(SHE replaces the telegram into the book and
draws out another one)

KATYA**ROMAN**

READ AGAIN
 WHAT YOU READ TO ME.
 HELP ME STEP DOWN
 FROM THIS FENCE.
 SAY AGAIN
 WHAT YOU SAID TO ME
 ON THAT DAY WHEN
 THE WORLD AT LAST MADE SENSE!

KNOW COMPLETELY...

SEE COMPLETELY...

NEVER A DOUBT, NEVER A FEAR!

WHEN A CERTAINTY COMES,
 WHEN IT PAINS ME,
 THEN I KNOW.
 WHEN A CERTAINTY COMES,
 IT SUSTAINS ME!

LIVE FOR JUSTICE
 ANSWER IT'S CALL,
 WHEN YOU STRIVE FOR JUSTICE
 OUR OWN TROUBLES
 SEEM SMALL,
 HELP TO REMIND US WE'RE SMALL

THEN IT GIVES ME ALL THE HOPE
 THE TRUTH HAS TO GIVE,
 WHAT WE NEED TO LIVE.
 WHEN A CERTAINTY COMES.

LIVE FOR JUSTICE.
 WE'RE SMALL, THEY'RE SMALL.
 STRIVE FOR JUSTICE.
 STAND TALL. ALWAYS STAND
 TALL.

(Again, OKSANA'S voice rings out from offstage,
 startling Katya)

OKSANA

Katya? Oleksander Pereshenko Turchin to see you!

KATYA

I'm not ready to see—

OKSANA

He'll be up in just a moment!

KATYA

Oh. That's nice, I guess.

(SHE kisses the last telegram as she returns it
 to the book. OLEKSANDER appears at the door, not
 yet knocking, steeling himself)

OLEKSANDER

WHO I AM,
 WHAT WE FOUGHT ABOUT...
 WOULD IT MATTER
 IF SHE KNEW
 THAT SHE'S ALL
 THAT I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT.
 IF I TRY, WOULD
 SHE LET ME START ANEW?

ROMAN

KNOW COMPLETELY...
 SEE COMPLETELY...
 NEVER A DOUBT,
 NEVER A FEAR!

KATYA

WHEN A CERTAINTY
 COMES,
 WHEN IT FINDS ME,
 THEN I KNOW.
 WHEN A CERTAINTY
 COMES,
 IT REMINDS ME
 THAT THERE'S HOPE
 THAT I CAN FEEL
 FROM DEEP IN MY
 SOUL...
 IT CAN MAKE ME
 WHOLE.
 WHEN A CERTAINTY
 COMES.

ROMAN

LIVE FOR JUSTICE
 ANSWER IT'S CALL,
 WHEN YOU STRIVE FOR
 JUSTICE
 OUR OWN TROUBLES
 SEEM SMALL,
 HELP TO REMIND US
 WE'RE SMALL
 LIVE FOR JUSTICE.
 WE'RE SMALL, THEY'RE
 SMALL.
 STRIVE FOR JUSTICE.
 STAND TALL. STAND
 TALL.

OLEKSANDER

IF I PLANT A
 SEED OF DOUBT,
 THEN, WOULD SHE
 HEAR ME OUT?
 MAYBE SHE'D FIND
 THAT SHE COULD
 LOVE ME SOMEDAY...
 I DON'T KNOW.
 IF I PLANT A
 SEED OF DOUBT
 INSIDE HER,
 IF I PLANT A
 SEED OF DOUBT,
 THEN MAYBE SHE'D
 HEAR ME OUT...

(KATYA hides the book away as OLEKSANDER finally
 knocks)

KATYA

Oh, come in!

(OLEKSANDER enters, awkwardly carrying flowers.
 As he opens the door, KATYA stands up and rushes
 over to the table with the tea)

OLEKSANDER

Katerina Filipovna...

KATYA

Hello, Oleksander Pereshenko... let me get some tea.

(HE stands awkwardly, fumbling with his hat. Meanwhile, NATALYA finally leans over to ROMAN and gently kisses him on the mouth. He doesn't appear to respond)

NATALYA

What is it?

ROMAN

You need to leave.

NATALYA

This is about the girl in Sevastopol, isn't it?

ROMAN

It is.

NATALYA

I'm sorry. I didn't think... I suppose I never thought you would still believe in things like that.

ROMAN

I will love exactly whom I choose to love, and no one else.

NATALYA

I guess I'm beyond your abilities to help. It doesn't matter anyway. I'm heading out for Zhitomir within the week.

ROMAN

I said leave.

(SHE stands up, wiping her face, and after a moment, leaves)

ROMAN

And she'll be waiting for me, when we come to Sevastopol to proclaim the completion of the work we began. She'll be waiting...

(HE begins to return to his ledger, but is clearly agitated. KATYA turns around with the tea tray, and OLEKSANDER presents the flowers. She instinctively smiles)

OLEKSANDER

(presenting the flowers)
Here, Katerina Filipovna, these are for you.

KATYA

White peonies?

(SHE sets the tea down and takes them)

OLEKSANDER

I found them on the hillside this morning.

KATYA

(putting them in water)
Oh! These are my favorite! I'll put them out on the balcony. Sevastopol can be such a gloomy city sometimes. It's nice to bring in some color, isn't it?

OLEKSANDER

Certainly.

KATYA

You have to find the beauty where it is, after all.

OLEKSANDER

(appearing to honestly consider this)
Yes. That's true. Very true..

KATYA

Well, thank you, Mr. Turchin. Would you like some tea?

OLEKSANDER

Yes, thank you. You know, Katerina Filipovna, I hope I'm not intruding on you.

KATYA

Oh? Not at all.

OLEKSANDER

It's only that I've been turning our last meeting over and over in my mind and hoping that maybe we could start anew. I couldn't just walk away leaving things as they were.

KATYA

I understand.
(sips tea, an awkward silence passes)

KATYA (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I've never been a terribly good conversationalist.

OLEKSANDER

Well, then, let me try. So, what is it you don't like about the White Russian Army?

(KATYA is so taken aback by this that she nearly chokes on her tea. OLEKSANDER stands to assist her but she motions for him to sit and regains her composure)

KATYA

Isn't there something less confrontational we could talk about?

OLEKSANDER

I want to be honest with you, Katerina Filipovna. I want to renew my acquaintance with you, and I could pretend that my being a White Guard is unimportant to you, but we both know that, when I wear this uniform, I become a villain to you. I can't bear the thought of you seeing me that way.

KATYA

Well, I certainly don't think of you as a villain!

OLEKSANDER

As what, then?

KATYA

Misguided, perhaps. Misinformed!

OLEKSANDER

Well, Katerina Filipovna, I'd like to think that, as thoughtful as you are, over time, if we're honest, we might reach some common ground.

KATYA

I'm afraid that might prove impossible.

OLEKSANDER

Really? You didn't seem the pessimistic sort to me.

KATYA

I'm not a pessimist.

OLEKSANDER

Well then, perhaps you can start by trying to persuade me. Come, tell me, Katerina Filipovna, why make the Red Army the hero of this story?

KATYA

You promise not to get angry?

OLEKSANDER

On my honor.

KATYA

Well, Oleksander Pereshenko, I suppose I'll just say it, then. Ever since the White Army came to the Crimea, it's been more than I can bear. Guards patrol the streets - they behave like beasts. They arrest people who are only speaking for justice - execute them. I know, Oleksander Pereshenko, that not all the Whites are beasts. I know that. I don't think you are. Not at all. But, please, think of what you're fighting against.

OLEKSANDER

And what is it that we're fighting against?

KATYA

The revolution. Things made right. All the old injustices shattered. There is so much pain and suffering in this world, Oleksander Pereshenko, and finally there is someone who wants to help the poorest and the weakest. To fight against that... it's unbearable to me.

OLEKSANDER

Is that what you imagine is happening right now in Russia, and the Ukraine?

KATYA

I'm not imagining it. It's happening. It's coming here.

(OLEKSANDER stands up and paces silently for a moment)

KATYA

I've said something to offend you. Strangely, I don't feel like apologizing.

OLEKSANDER

No, you shouldn't. I'm glad you tell me these things. Now I know where we stand.

KATYA

And where is that?

OLEKSANDER

Katerina Filipovna, you are right about some things. I can't for a minute justify all the actions of the side I've joined. I won't try.

KATYA

Then why fight for them? Why not fight for what's good?

OLEKSANDER

(sitting again)

Because, Katerina Filipovna, in spite of all the mess that the Whites are, the crimes they've committed - they're the only thing standing against a much, much worse injustice.

KATYA

The destruction of the old order is not an injustice.

OLEKSANDER

Yes, but what is being put in its place? Dictatorship, tyranny - the constituent assembly dissolved, dissidents executed without trial, famine, war made against the peasants for food. Whole populations of people exterminated.

KATYA

No... no. You're only believing the propaganda from your aristocrat general. None of that is true.

OLEKSANDER

You believe the Reds innocent, then?

KATYA

(stops, thinks about this)

Well, it is war, isn't it? I know bad things have happened. Times are desperate. But the ideal they're fighting for is so important..

OLEKSANDER

So that absolves them?

KATYA

I... I don't know.

OLEKSANDER

Katerina Filipovna, I fear that the world is much messier than you would have it. You've given your heart away to this idea because of words - things you read. Listen to the exiles streaming in from every part of Russia. Listen to the soldiers who've fought in the Ukraine, and the Kuban. They'll tell you worse things than I could dream of. You may not believe that Lenin is turning our country into a hell, but at least believe that there is no shining army of angels coming to rescue you and put the world to rights.

KATYA

But, Oleksander, that's all I have.

(SHE turns away, tearing and ashamed)

OLEKSANDER

Please don't say that, Katerina Filipovna. You're a beautiful, intelligent woman. You've always been so kind hearted, even when we were children. Katerina Filipovna, we do only what we can. That's all any of us has. And I think, whether you realize it or not, you have a lot to give.

(Thunder sounds, and it begins to rain)

KATYA

Can we stop arguing? Please?

OLEKSANDER

I'm sorry, Katerina Filipovna, I didn't mean to upset you. It's just that, for someone so kind and reasonable as you to believe what you believe and support whom you support... I can't understand it.

KATYA

And here I am thinking the same things about you.

OLEKSANDER

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, that isn't how I wanted things to go. I'll take my leave.

KATYA

Oh! Already? And in the rain?

OLEKSANDER

I'm a sailor. I've handled worse.

KATYA

Well, good day, then, Oleksander Pereshenko. Thank you for the flowers!

OLEKSANDER

Thank you for the tea. You're a very intelligent girl, Katerina Filipovna. This man you're waiting for, wherever he is, is very lucky.

(HE turns to leave, but before he reaches the door, KATYA stops him)

KATYA

Good-bye Oleksander.

(HE exits, and suddenly KATYA'S agitation hits a new high, simultaneously with ROMAN'S, who throws his paperwork off the desk with a violent sweep of his arms. HE rummages through the drawers of his desk until he finds pen and paper, and runs to the window, as KATYA retrieves the telegrams from her book, fumbling frantically through the papers, before finally taking them to the window and staring longingly through)

TRACK 08 - I LIVE INSIDE THAT DAY

KATYA

I ONLY THOUGHT THE TRUTH WAS PLAIN AS DAY!
I ONLY THOUGHT, BUT BLACK AND WHITE IS GRAY!
RED AND WHITE IS GRAY!
EVERYTHING IS GRAY..

ROMAN, PLEASE, I NEED YOUR CALMNESS,
NEED YOUR BOLD ASSURANCE, NEED YOUR
COMFORT, TELL ME WHAT YOU TOLD ME,
WRITE TO ME AS YOU ONCE WROTE ME,
HOLD ME AS YOU USED TO HOLD ME,
PLEASE! I WANT TO ENDURE,
I WANT TO BE SURE!

ROMAN

Dearest Katya,
 I burn with frustration. Every day spent waging war
 against the Poles is a day utterly wasted - we should have
 directed our efforts to the Crimea long ago. We should be
 mobilized and moving to drive the White filth out of
 Sevastopol. At this moment, I should be arriving on a
 train platform, meeting you, kissing you, starting a
 beautiful life in a beautiful new world with you. And
 instead...

(HE crinkles the letter and throws it aside,
 dissatisfied, and begins writing anew)

Katya, it has been such a very long time. I was in prison,
 Katya, in enemy territory, for two years.

I NEVER GOT TO SAY WHERE I HAD GONE TO...
 SOMEHOW YOU GAVE ME SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO.
 IN THAT DARKNESS, SO CONFINING,
 I COULD SEE YOUR EYES STILL SHINING -
 SO PURE, THE SOUL THAT YOU BARED,
 THE HOPE THAT WE SHARED!

KATYA

I'M DOUBTING THAT HOPE...

ROMAN

OUT ON THE HILLSIDE, ONE DAY WE WERE READING.
 THAT DAY YOU GAVE ME WHAT I HAD BEEN NEEDING.
 EV'RY EVENING I REMEMBER
 BURNING LIKE A GLOWING EMBER -
 YOU SAW WHAT NO ONE ELSE WOULD,
 FOR YOU UNDERSTOOD!

KATYA

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

ROMAN

I FIND...

I LIVE INSIDE THAT DAY
 IN MY MIND, WHEN THE WORLD FELT NEW.
 I'M NOT ALONE THAT WAY -
 I'M STILL READING AND DREAMING WITH YOU.

KATYA

I DON'T KNOW...
IT ISN'T CLEAR ANYMORE...

ROMAN

THAT DAY, I SAW YOU, HAIR UPON YOUR SHOULDER.
THAT MEM'RY WARMS ME WHEN THE NIGHTS GROW COLDER.
I SAW IN THAT HILLSIDE HEATHER
WE COULD BUILD A WORLD TOGETHER -
THAT'S WHERE, WHEN OUR SOULS ENTWINED,
I LIVE IN MY MIND.

KATYA

I'M OUT OF MY MIND...

ROMAN

I FIND

I LIVE INSIDE THAT DAY.
IN THAT DAY, I CAN STILL PRESS ON.
I'LL LIVE THERE COME WHERE MAY,
WHEN I'M WAITING WITH YOU FOR THE DAWN.

KATYA

I DON'T KNOW...
IT ISN'T CLEAR ANYMORE...

(The lights begin to fade on KATYA'S side of the stage, as she, frustrated, returns the letters to their hiding place on the shelf. She fingers the volume longingly for a moment, and turns to leave)

ROMAN

I LIVE INSIDE THAT DAY
IN MY MIND, WHEN THE WORLD FELT NEW.
I'M NOT ALONE THAT WAY -
I'M STILL READING AND DREAMING WITH YOU.

(HE folds his letter, slides it into his pocket, and stands to leave)

SCENE 6

(Svetlikov's Tavern, an evening a week or so later, is already bustling with customers - although the customers are now a different set,

exiles from Russia, dressed in the shabby remnants of former finery. DMITRI sits alone and drinks vodka, as ANDREI tends the bar. KATYA and OKSANA enter, talking, as OKSANA loads KATYA'S tray with drinks)

OKSANA

Whatever happened to that nice sailor boy, Katya? It feels like ages ago that we saw him last.

KATYA

It was only a week ago.

OKSANA

You did give him a proper chance as I asked, didn't you?

KATYA

Yes, auntie. I probably frightened him off.

OKSANA

Yes, you and your opinions. You should stop having those. They're very unattractive.

KATYA

Yes, auntie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... unattract...

OKSANA

Of course you didn't, child.

KATYA

But, auntie, he was the one trying to argue with me, and tell me how to think, wasn't he? If anyone was acting ungrateful or offensive...

OKSANA

For telling you how to think? What could possibly be wrong with that? Now, take this round to the stevedores' table and be quick about it.

(KATYA turns away to begin serving drinks to the customers, which she does with her usual disinterested skill. As she arrives at DMITRI'S table, MIKHAYLO bursts in quickly)

MIKHAYLO

Ah-ha! She's coming back! And still as mad as a hatter!

DMITRI

Oh no! I've got to hide!

KATYA

What's all the fuss about?

DMITRI

It's horrible!

MIKHAYLO

That's right, you were in bed with fever the other day, when she came in!

KATYA

When who came in?

DMITRI

The lady in gray!

KATYA

The lady in what?

DMITRI

Some noblewoman from Petrograd who lost everything in the revolution! She's gone raving mad!

MIKHAYLO

She has immersed herself in a dream-world of her own devising. You, my young friend, are standing in the grand Hôtel Majestueux! And we are all princes and courtesans and counts! Except Dmitri there... He's the bellboy.

(DMITRI tries to hide his frustration)

KATYA

I see. And no one has tried to tell her the truth?

MIKHAYLO

How cruel a suggestion!

DMITRI

You only say that because she gave you a watch.

MIKHAYLO

A very nice watch!

KATYA

Well, perhaps I'll tell her. Such delicate things will require a gentler touch, I should think.

DMITRI

Oh, Katya, would you?

MIKHAYLO

Shush, here she comes now!

(The LADY IN GRAY is quite a sight as she bursts through the tavern doors, arrayed in tattered finery. She gesticulates grandly and grotesquely)

LADY IN GRAY

Ah, simply lovely... Bellboy? Bellboy!

(DMITRI sinks in his chair)

MIKHAYLO

He's right here, madame.

(HE tilts Dmitri's chair until his friend falls out of it onto his feet. HE looks longingly at Katya, whispering loudly)

DMITRI

Tell her!

(MIKHAYLO waves him on, and with great reluctance, HE lifts up the bags)

LADY IN GRAY

Thank you kindly, boy. And here's for your troubles.

(SHE deposits a wad of rubles into his hand. HE turns back to KATYA)

DMITRI

Don't tell her!

(HE promptly scurries off with the bags)

KATYA

How very peculiar!

(MIKHAYLO offers a courtly arm to the LADY IN GRAY, and together they make their way grandly into the tavern, greeting and kissing the various "princesses" and "counts")

TRACK 09 - LIFE IS A DREAM

MIKHAYLO

LIFE IS A DREAM
 IF YOU WANT IT TO BE.
 JUST THINK WHAT YOU SEE
 WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING ASKANCE!
 LIFE IS ROMANCE
 SHOULD YOU FEEL SO INCLINED.
 SO LEAVE TEARS BEHIND
 AND COME JOIN IN OUR DANCE!

A WALTZ TAKEN 'ROUND A BROKEN-DOWN HOVEL
 TURNS INTO A BALL RIGHT OUT OF A NOVEL
 WHEN LIFE IS A DREAM
 AS YOU WANT IT TO BE!
 YES, LIFE IS A DREAM
 IF YOU WANT IT TO BE!

KATYA

Auntie, where did you get that ring?

OKSANA

It's a gift from her royal highness over there. Apparently it was once worn by the great aunt of the Tsarina herself!

KATYA

So you too, then? You're going to allow her to live in a fantasy world?

OKSANA

Well, why not? She's not hurting anyone, is she?

KATYA

And all this talk of me being delusional about my dreams... when my dreams are at least actually coming!

OKSANA

(on her way to continue serving drinks)
 Oh, it's all delusions when you get to the bottom of it. You simply pick the one you like best. And hers is nicer.

KATYA

Auntie!

LADY IN GRAY

(variously, to other patrons)

Oh, so lovely to see you on this fine evening! Why,
indeed, it is! How kind of you to notice!

KATYA

IS THIS HOW I LOOK
TO THE PEOPLE AROUND ME?
IS THIS HOW THEY FEEL
WHEN THEY SEE ME DANCE AND TWIRL?

YOU'D THINK I'D SUSPECT,
BUT IT SEEMS TO ASTOUND ME!
IS THIS WHY THE WORLD
TREATS ME LIKE A LITTLE GIRL?

Well, almost the whole world...

LADY IN GRAY

Listen, the band is starting up a waltz! Will no one
dance?

KATYA

Band? What band?

ANDREI

(extending an exaggerated courtly arm to Oksana)

May I have the pleasure of this dance, my illustrious
countess?

OKSANA

Why certainly, kind sir!

(THEY dance about the tavern in half-jest, but
clearly enjoying the experience. Other tavern
patrons play along. KATYA, watching, becomes
increasingly agitated)

MIKHAYLO

LIFE IS A SIGH
IN A FAIRY-TALE LAND,
SO JUST WAVE YOUR HAND,
AND THE PAIN IS CONTROLLED!

MIKHAYLO (CONT'D)

LEAD CAN BE GOLD
WHEN YOU'RE CLOSING YOUR EYES,
AND NOBODY DIES
IN THE STORIES NOT TOLD!

COME HIDE FROM THE WORLD
THROUGH SIMPLE PRETENDING.
MAKE FOR YOURSELF YOUR
OWN HAPPY ENDING!
YES, LIFE IS A DREAM
IF YOU WANT IT TO BE!
LIFE IS A DREAM
IF YOU WANT IT TO BE...

KATYA

(variously)
Someone ought to tell her! This can't go on forever! I'm
going to tell her! I will!

(The dance climaxes and suddenly falls away,
leaving KATYA alone, face to face with the LADY
IN GRAY, who notices her - all eyes are on KATYA
now)

LADY IN GRAY

Yes? What is it?

(KATYA looks her in the eye and hesitates)

KATYA

Well, I was just admiring your dress.

LADY IN GRAY

You like it? I had it made to match one I saw at a ball at
the Hungarian Embassy.

KATYA

It's very lovely.

(At this, the tavern seems to relax a bit, and
all return to their drinking)

LADY IN GRAY

You've been so very kind here, to those of us who've fallen
upon hard times. You know, I lost everything when they

LADY IN GRAY (CONT'D)

killed my husband and took our home. Now I'd like to repay your kindness, as it's meant so much to me.

KATYA

Oh, it's no trouble at all! My uncle says we refuse no one here. Everyone deserves kindness. It must have been so awful for you, what happened in the war.

LADY IN GRAY

Oh, not the war, my girl. They just came for us, I'm afraid. People like us are to have no place in the new way of things. So you can see why your kindness means so much to me. Please take this.

(SHE fastens a necklace around KATYA'S neck)

KATYA

Thank you... that's very gracious of you!

LADY IN GRAY

(admiring the necklace)

Yes, just as it should be! Just as it should be... now where did I...

(SHE wanders off)

MIKHAYLO

(in passing, to KATYA, as he exits)

That was a tremendous act of mercy, my good friend! Indeed, an act of love!

KATYA

(to herself)

Mercy?

LOVE? WAS THAT LOVE?
OR AM I JUST A COWARD?
IS LOVE BREATHING LIES
TO A QUICK-BELIEVING EAR?

BUT STILL THERE ARE THOSE
WHO AREN'T SO DISEMPOWERED...

Like I am...

THEY TELL ONE THE TRUTH
Or at least their truth...
EVEN WHEN IT HURTS TO HEAR...

(Behind them, OLEKSANDER has entered, nervously, scanning the room for KATYA. HE approaches her)

OLEKSANDER

Katerina Filipovna? I wanted to apologize to you. I didn't want the last thing we ever did together to be an argument.

KATYA

Oh, Oleksander! I didn't know you had come in! And please, call me Katya. You make me sound like an old woman.

OLEKSANDER

Oh, all right, Katya...

KATYA

And don't apologize. I'm not offended. Well, I was, but I'm not now. You believe what you believe very strongly, and wanting to persuade someone else doesn't have to be an act of anger or pride. It could be an act of love. I don't pretend to agree with you, but I feel like I understand now. What you tried to do, I mean.

OLEKSANDER

I think you've thought about this a lot more than I have.

KATYA

I hear that's unattractive.

OLEKSANDER

You hear very incorrectly. Katya, would you come with me tomorrow morning to the market? We could walk the promenade at the harbor together.

KATYA

Well, I-it's just that, Oleksander...

OLEKSANDER

Ah, think nothing of it, then, Katya.

KATYA

Oh, no, don't run off all at once. I'll be happy to go with you. To the market, I mean.

OLEKSANDER

(genuinely surprised)

Really?

KATYA

Yes.

OLEKSANDER

(staggered, backing away towards the door)

That's wonderful! I'll see you tomorrow then!

KATYA

Until then, Oleksander.

(HE leaves, excitedly, and we hear his joyous whoop of happiness from off stage. KATYA smiles in spite of herself)

OKSANA

Oh, Katya! How good of you to accept his invitation! I'm so proud of you, finally giving in to society's expectations!

KATYA

Yes... life is a dream, isn't it?

SCENE 7

(A bustling street market the next morning. Merchants hawk their wares to ladies with baskets, including a merchant with a cart full of vibrantly colored flowers. On the other side of the stage, ROMAN can be seen at his office, nervously cradling his head in his hand while working furiously in his ledger. At the market, KATYA and OLEKSANDER enter together)

OLEKSANDER

It's been so long since I've been here. Everything seems smaller, doesn't it? Oh, look, I remember that old church! I used to pray there as a boy.

KATYA

You were quite the pious child, weren't you?

OLEKSANDER

And quite the pious sailor now. Sometime I'd like to return there. You could come with me, and... oh, that is, I mean, unless you wouldn't want to.

KATYA

I'm not an atheist, Oleksander. I may not be as reverent as my family wants, but... Of course I'll pray with you.

OLEKSANDER

I'd like that a lot!

(KATYA turns around briefly, looking for something. OLEKSANDER takes the opportunity to purchase a bouquet from the flower cart)

KATYA

I think auntie wanted me to find a razor blade for Uncle Andrei, if we could, since they've taken up all the metal for—

OLEKSANDER

(presenting the flowers)

For my beautiful princess!

KATYA

Oh, they're lovely! And don't you ever call me that again!

OLEKSANDER

Princess? I'm sorry, I guess I was thinking back to our childhood here again. No more playing pretend.

KATYA

Yes. I think... I think I'm tired of playing pretend. I've been tired of it for a long time.

OLEKSANDER

But now there's no need, is there? You find the beauty where it is. In the here and now. You told me that yourself.

KATYA

Did I?

TRACK 10 - GRACE ABOUNDING

OLEKSANDER

SEEING WHAT YOU SEE -
 THOUGH IT SEEMS TO HIDE
 THERE'S A JOY INSIDE,
 SIMPLE, TRUE, AND FREE!
 AND I THINK YOU KNOW
 'CAUSE YOU TOLD ME SO.
 IT'S THERE TO FIND - GOD'S GRACE ABOUNDING!

SURE, THINGS CAN GET YOU BLUE.
 SURE, LIFE IS TOUGH.
 BUT WHEN YOU'RE DANCING, YOU
 CAN'T LIVE ENOUGH!

LET YOUR SPIRIT GO SOARING WILD!
 BREATHLESS LAUGH OF A RUNNING CHILD!
 LAUGH UNTIL I'M ON THE FLOOR,
 DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M LAUGHING FOR -
 WELL, I'VE FOUND THAT GRACE ABOUNDING.

(HE offers KATYA his hand. SHE takes it, and together they run off. ROMAN is joined by a RED GUARDSMAN and a PRISONER - a haggard man, beaten and bloodied, but still raw with anger)

RED GUARDSMAN

Comrade Sych, we found him, hiding in the cellar of a church. We believe him to be the instigator of the strike at the arms factory.

ROMAN

Good. See that he names his White Guard commanders and his coconspirators.

RED GUARDSMAN

Yes, comrade.

(As the PRISONER is led off, he turns and spits contempt at his captor)

PRISONER

You promised us!

(ROMAN stops them and addresses the prisoner)

ROMAN

Promised you what? That now it's every worker for himself? No, that's the lie of the bourgeois, of the kulak peasant. Now, revolution has come, and when you strike, you strike against the people. And I will see to it that every self-serving, money-grubbing speculator, saboteur, and striker that takes advantage of the chaos of revolution to rob from the people is crushed. You're a disease. And the Cheka will be the cure.

(HE motions for the prisoner to be led away.
Roman is left alone at the desk)

ROMAN

THIS WORLD IS LIKE AN OPEN GRAVE THAT
YOU DIG UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD,
YOUR WHOLE LIFE LONG,
YOUR EV'RY HOUR...

TO WIN THE POW'R TO DO THE GOOD YOU
DO THE WRONG INSTEAD.
TO RIGHT THAT WRONG,
YOU NEED THE POWER!

BUT I KNOW
IF WE WILL RUN THROUGH THE NIGHT,
NEVER TIRE,
WE CAN BREAK THROUGH TO THE LIGHT
SO I WILL KEEP UP THE FIGHT
FOR HER...

(Overlapping, KATYA and OLEKSANDER reappear in the marketplace, dancing together. As she did in Scene 2, she transforms the scene into a festive dance - but this time, OLEKSANDER participates with her)

KATYA

LIVING LIFE ALL NEW,
SEE THE WORLD TRANSFORMED,
LET YOUR SOUL BE WARMED!

OLEKSANDER

BEING WITH A GIRL LIKE YOU...

KATYA

WHEN YOUR SPIRIT MOVES,

KATYA (CONT'D)

EVERY MOMENT PROVES
THAT EACH DAY BRINGS THAT GRACE ABOUNDING!

ROMAN

FOR HER...

KATYA

TIME WAS I THOUGHT THAT I
COULD NEVER COPE.
BUT THEN I FOUND OUT WHY
I HAVE A HOPE!

OLEKSANDER

Heaven?

KATYA

Heaven now!

WHY BE SIGHING FOR HEAVEN'S CHEER
WHEN THERE'S HAPPINESS WAITING HERE?
LIFT YOUR EYES, THROW DOWN YOUR CHAINS!
SEE THE SUN SHINE WHEN IT RAINS!
THEN YOU'LL SEE GOD'S GRACE ABOUNDING!

ROMAN

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF SO MUCH WASTE AND WRONG
AND WHO UNDERSTANDS THAT YOU DO WHAT YOU DO TO STAY
STRONG, STAY STRONG?

KATYA/OLEKSANDER

LIVING LIFE ALL NEW
SEE THE WORLD TRANSFORMED
LET YOUR SOUL BE WARMED
TO BE WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU
WHEN YOUR SPIRIT MOVES
EV'RY MOMENT PROVES
THAT EACH DAYS BRINGS
THAT GRACE ABOUNDING

ROMAN

BUT I KNOW
IF WE WILL RUN
THROUGH THE NIGHT
NEVER TIRE
WE CAN BREAK THROUGH
TO THE LIGHT
SO I WILL KEEP UP THE FIGHT
FOR HER

ROMAN

FOR I, I'LL CHANGE THE WORLD FOR HER!

OLEKSANDER

I ALWAYS LOVED YOUR GENTLE SMILE,
SINCE THE AGE OF THREE!
LITTLE KNOWING ALL THE WHILE

OLEKSANDER (CONT'D)

IT MIGHT COME TO BE
YOU WOULD SMILE AT ME...

(The music stops, and a sort of awkward moment passes. KATYA turns uncomfortably away, clearly both moved and embarrassed. OLEKSANDER, not content to let it finish this way, rouses the dance yet again)

OLEKSANDER

COME ON, PEOPLE, GET ON YOUR FEET!
THERE'S NO SITTING THROUGH LIFE THIS SWEET!

KATYA/OLEKSANDER

BEAUTY, JOY REplete!
FULL TO OVERFLOW!
LIFE THAT FEELS COMPLETE!
KNOWING WHAT I KNOW..
THAT GRACE ABOUNDING!

ROMAN

I'LL CHANGE THE WORLD, THE
WORLD!
THIS AWFUL, DARKENED WORLD!
UNJUST, OPPRESSIVE WORLD!
I'LL CHANGE THE WORLD..
FOR HER...

(The music comes to an end, and OLEKSANDER bows graciously to KATYA and kisses her hand, turning to leave. As he does, KATYA looks back at him, wondering. Their portion of the stage goes dark as the PRISONER is returned to ROMAN'S office)

ROMAN

Has the prisoner named his White Guard commanders?

PRISONER

I need no White Guard to tell me that I'm starving and being-

(The GUARD cuts him off with a blow to the stomach. He falls to his knees. ROMAN motions for the guard to exit, drawing his own pistol)

ROMAN

Name them and we'll show mercy.

PRISONER

I already told you...

ROMAN

So be it, then.

(ROMAN calmly and steadily aims his pistol at the prisoner's head. As he readies to fire, the scene is plunged into darkness)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE 1

(The sitting room above Svetlikov's Tavern. A fire roars in the fireplace. KATYA enters, carrying a small, but ornate, icon of St. Catherine, which she affixes over the fireplace, and saying a brief prayer, crosses herself before it. As SHE turns to go, she notices the *Lives of the Saints* book poking out of the bookshelf, and considering for a moment, goes to it and allows the old letters to fall into her hands)

KATYA

I know what you'd say. "Katya, you're far too clever to be praying to some saint, much too discerning to fall prey to ignorant superstitions." Oh, Roman. I never doubted like you did. Not really. I suppose I only pretended with you so you wouldn't be angry with me.

(SHE sits and goes through the letters again for a moment, but sets the book aside with an ambivalent shake of her head)

KATYA

It was a gift from Oleksander... from my Sasha. I know you'd be mad, if you're even still alive. And I know what you'd say, too, with me praying now - religion is all just a beautiful lie we tell ourselves to make ourselves feel better. But, I wonder.

TRACK 11 - TELL ME A BEAUTIFUL LIE

KATYA

ROMAN, WHAT IF THAT'S ALL?
 I WONDER, ROMAN, WHAT IF THEY'RE ALL LIES?
 I WAS DUE FOR A FALL.
 I GUESS I'D NEVER BEEN ONE YOU'D CALL WISE.
 IF IT'S PLEASANT I'LL HEAR IT.
 IF IT'S WARM I'LL DRAW NEAR IT.
 I WOULD COME IF YOU'D CALL.

GO ON, TELL ME A BEAUTIFUL LIE,
 LIKE SOME DAY YOU WILL COME FIND ME, WON'T YOU?
 IT NEED NOT HAVE BEEN OUR FINAL GOODBYE
 IF YOU WOULD ONLY REMIND ME, WON'T YOU?

KATYA (CONT'D)

WON'T YOU?

ROMAN, IT'S BEEN SO LONG.
 IS THERE A TIME WHEN I CAN START LIVING?
 ROMAN, I'M NOT THAT STRONG.
 I'D UNDERSTAND IF YOU WEREN'T FORGIVING.
 FOUR YEARS WAITING AND YEARNING,
 PRETENDING YOU'D BE RETURNING.
 ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN WRONG.

GO ON, TELL ME A BEAUTIFUL LIE
 OF MEN OR HEAVEN ABOVE ME, WON'T YOU?
 EV'RY SYLLABLE ONLY A SIGH...
 OH, TELL ME THAT YOU STILL LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
 DON'T YOU?

OH, I'VE TRIED!
 HOW I'VE TRIED!
 ALL THOSE YEARS
 HOLDING INSIDE!
 I CAN'T LIVE LIKE THIS, I JUST CAN'T ANYMORE,
 SINCE YOU GOT IN THAT TRAIN AND THAT HORRIBLE WAR.
 OH, I'VE PRAYED AND I'VE CRIED, EVERY NIGHT SINCE
 YOU'VE GONE.
 I'M SICK OF EXPECTING THAT GLORIOUS DAWN.
 YOU KNOW I'VE GOT TO MOVE ON!

DON'T YOU TELL ME A BEAUTIFUL LIE.
 YOU KNOW I'LL ONLY BELIEVE YOU, DON'T YOU?
 SOMETIMES FAIRY TALES WITHER AND DIE
 AND SO YOU KNOW I MUST LEAVE YOU, DON'T YOU?
 DON'T YOU?

ROMAN, IT WAS A LIE.
 JUST A BEAUTIFUL LIE.
 ROMAN, THIS IS GOOD-BYE.

(Taking the letters from the back of the book,
 SHE tosses them into the fire)

SCENE 2

(Svetlikov's Tavern, an unseasonably cold
 afternoon in November. The tavern is mostly
 empty, except for MIKHAYLO and DMITRI and a few
 others. OKSANA bustles about. KATYA and

OLEKSANDER enter from the street, staggering under baskets of vegetables)

OKSANA

Oh good, you're back!

KATYA

Sasha, the cucumbers!

(OLEKSANDER dutifully steadies one of Katya's baskets with a hand as best he can)

KATYA

No, no, not that one. Here, if I can— there, now, I think you've managed it.

(With a huge sigh of relief THEY release the baskets onto the bar. KATYA gently removes a hair from OLEKSANDER'S shoulder)

OLEKSANDER

What was that?

KATYA

I only want you looking presentable, that's all.

(SHE leans in for a quick kiss, when OKSANA rears up from behind the bar, grinning from ear to ear at them. OLEKSANDER and KATYA observe her and quickly back away from each other)

KATYA

I'll be in the kitchen.

OLEKSANDER

I'll wait for you here.

(HE slumps into a chair across from MIKHAYLO and DMITRI, exhausted, eyeing OKSANA wearily as she bustles cheerfully about)

OKSANA

Oh, Sasha, my wonderful Sashenka, how pleasant it's been with Katya happy at last! It feels like it's been ages since she's smiled at all. If it weren't so cold outside, that's the only thing. Yes. If it weren't for me she'd probably still be moping around that telegraph office.

OLEKSANDER

Weren't for you?

OKSANA

Of course, my dear. Someone had to apply the necessary pressure. You wouldn't have stood a chance otherwise. I'm certain Katya will agree after I go over tonight's list of things she needs to improve upon.

(OLEKSANDER turns grumpily away, grabs MIKHAYLO'S vodka and downs it, to his compatriot's chagrin)

OKSANA

What? What is it? Sasha, dear, is something the matter?

TRACK 12 - BACK OFF (A LITTLE)**OLEKSANDER**

(steeling himself, bravely)

I UNDERSTAND
YOU'VE HAD A HAND
OR TWO
OR THREE...

IN HELPING HER,
WELL, AS IT WERE,
TO BE
WITH ME.

I MUST ADMIT
YOU SEEM A BIT
LIKE A SECOND MOTHER,

BUT, I KIND OF FEEL
THAT I DON'T REAL-
LY WANT ANOTHER...

OKSANA

What are you saying, Oleksander Pereshenko?

OLEKSANDER

I'M SAYING BACK OFF... A LITTLE
I'M SAYING DON'T YELL (SO MUCH) IN HER FACE
I'M SAYING STAND DOWN... A LITTLE
I'M SAYING PLEASE SHOW HER SOME GRACE!
I APPRECIATE WHAT

OLEKSANDER (CONT'D)

YOU DID FOR ME BUT
COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE HER SOME SPACE?

(OLEKSANDER braces himself)

OKSANA

Well! Really!

(to Mikhaylo and others)

Did you see what he just said to me? In full view of
everyone?

MIKHAYLO

I'M SURE MY FRIEND
DID NOT INTEND
TO CAUSE
OFFENSE!

DMITRI

HE WOULD, IF WISE,
APOLOGIZE.

MIKHAYLO

IT WOULD
BE SENSE.

IT'D BE NO SIN
IF HE HAD BEEN
OH, MUCH LESS...

DMITRI

VEHEMENT?

MIKHAYLO

But...

IT'S NOT TOO FAR
TO SAY WE ARE
IN FULL AGREEMENT...

OKSANA

What's going on here?

(The other PATRONS crowd behind OLEKSANDER,
pressing him forward with far too much
confidence, greatly alarming the sailor)

PATRONS

HE'S SAYING BACK OFF!

OLEKSANDER

A LITTLE!

PATRONS

HE'S SAYING DON'T YELL...

OLEKSANDER

SO MUCH!

PATRONS

... IN HER FACE!
HE'S SAYING STAND DOWN!

OLEKSANDER

A LITTLE!

PATRONS

HE'S SAYING PLEASE SHOW THEM SOME GRACE!

OLEKSANDER

I APPRECIATE WHAT
YOU DID FOR ME!

PATRONS

BUT
COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE US SOME SPACE!

(OKSANA glares, boiling over with rage)

OKSANA

Out! Get out! The lot of you! Out of my tavern! That's right, all of you!

(Immediately, the entire tavern empties)

OKSANA

(yelling out the door after them)
And if you think you can come crawling to Andrei for vodka, I'll be locking him away in the cellar, do you hear? Filthy vagabonds, the lot of you!

(KATYA emerges from the kitchen, looking guilty about something, carrying a covered basket)

KATYA

Auntie, what's all the fuss?

OKSANA

The nerve! Unbelievable! Incredible! I simply can't believe it! Some people!

KATYA

What happened? Where's my Sasha?

OKSANA

And he seemed so pleasant and agreeable, too! After all this time! Can you believe it? He told me not to yell at you! As if that weren't my God-given right as your caregiver! Really, the indignity! I have to go lie down. Don't allow any of them back in!

(SHE exits through the kitchen door)

KATYA

(with a strange sadness)

He must really love me.

(Distracted, anxious, SHE sits and cradles her head)

TRACK 13 - ONLY YESTERDAY

KATYA

HE LOVES ME SO
HE'S ALWAYS LETTING ME KNOW
IN LITTLE WAYS.
HIS LOVE IS TRUE
BUT NOW I FEEL SO UNSURE WHAT TO DO...

WITH EV'RY DAY THAT PASSES I FEEL MORE AT PEACE
AND SHOULD I BE SURPRISED THAT EASY DAYS WOULD CEASE?

ONLY YESTERDAY
LIFE WAS EASY, I THOUGHT I KNEW THE WAY
ONLY YESTERDAY
LIFE WAS SIMPLE, NOT TODAY.

I THOUGHT I'D TAKE, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, A HARMLESS
PEEK.
WHO'D SUSPECT THAT KATYA WOULD STILL NOW BE WEAK?

KATYA (CONT'D)

AS FAR AS I KNEW
 ALL MY SCARS WERE MENDING
 AND ALL OF MY TEARS WOULD BE FADING
 AS FAR AS I KNEW
 I'D A HAPPY ENDING...

COULD I'VE KNOWN,
 COULD I'VE GUESSED,
 WHEN GOD'S SHOWN
 HOW I'VE BEEN BLESSED,
 THAT I WOULD FIND THERE FOR ME, WAITING,
 WAITING FOR ME...

(SHE reveals a new telegram for her, still sealed
 in an envelope)

IT COULD TELL ME HE'S DEAD OR MISSING,
 LOST SOMEWHERE ON THE FRONT.
 I DID YESTERDAY, NOW I DON'T KNOW
 WHAT I WANT.

IF I OPEN UP THIS MESSAGE WILL THERE BE A COST?
 OR COULD I SOMEHOW GAIN BACK ALL THAT I HAD LOST?

COULD THAT CERTAINTY COME?
 COULD IT FILL ME
 AS IT DID?
 COULD THAT CERTAINTY COME?
 COULD IT THRILL ME?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT WHAT THIS SAYS MUST SOMEHOW MAKE MY
 LIFE CHANGE.
 ONLY YESTERDAY LIFE WAS FRIENDLY. NOW IT'S STRANGE.

IT COULD BE A MISTAKE, JUST AN INNOCENT MISHAP.

NO ONE HAS TO KNOW I SIMPLY HAVE TO LOOK
 NO ONE HAS TO KNOW WHAT SINFUL ACTIONS I TOOK...

ONLY OPEN IT.

(SHE tears open the envelope and reads it)

ROMAN (v.o.)

"KATYA, MY DEAREST,
 MAY THIS LETTER REACH YOU

ROMAN (CONT'D)

SAFE AND PROTECTED
WHERE I SOON SHALL MEET YOU

YOU MUST KNOW THAT AS I'M WRITING
I'M ABOARD THE SIMFEROPOL
RAILWAY FOR THE FRONT BY EV'NING.
SOON, MY LOVE, WE'LL BE TOGETHER.
I WILL SEEK YOU AT THE TAVERN.
HIDE YOURSELF UNTIL I FIND YOU.
DANGER COMES WITH REVOLUTION,
BUT I PROMISE TO PROTECT YOU.

I'LL COME
TO LIVE AGAIN THAT DAY.

FOREVER YOURS,
ROMAN"

(MIKHAYLO enters, shivering and pale, looking
extremely perturbed. At his entrance, KATYA
reflexively hides the telegram)

MIKHAYLO

Oh, Katya, is Andrei home? I must speak with him urgently!

KATYA

I don't believe he's here. What's the matter?

MIKHAYLO

There has been, madam, a breach in the defenses.

KATYA

A breach? What on earth are you talking about?

MIKHAYLO

The Red Army has entered the Crimea, and an evacuation has
been ordered.

KATYA

But how? That's impossible. Oleksander said the defenses
were impregnable!

MIKHAYLO

They've crossed over on the frozen waters of the Sivash. A
divine miracle, if you like. I knew it was unseasonably

MIKHAYLO (CONT'D)

cold... Tell Andrei, if you see him, that Dmitri and I have been ordered to the docks to load the White Army aboard all available ships for Constantinople. They're urging civilians to leave the cities. I thought I should alert you.

KATYA

Oh... thank you, Mikhaylo... I shall let him know immediately.

MIKHAYLO

And here's to you, beautiful, gentle girl. May we meet again, in better times.

(HE downs the last of his glass and exits. After a moment, OLEKSANDER bursts in, shivering and flushed. HE tries to hang his coat on the rack as he speaks)

TRACK 14 - THE PACKING SONG

OLEKSANDER

IT'S COLD, SO VERY COLD!
 I CAN'T REMEMBER A NOVEMBER QUITE AS COLD - WHOOPS!
 (dropping his hat)
 WERE YOU TOLD THAT WRANGEL'S GIVEN US THE ORDER TO
 EVACUATE?
 CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
 WE SHOULD LEAVE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
 WAIT!
 IS SHE HERE, I MEAN YOUR AUNTIE DEAR?
 GREAT!

KATYA, KATYA!
 DON'T SIT AROUND WHEN WE MUST START PACKING!

(HE rushes through the door to Katya's room, but comes back, perturbed when he realizes KATYA has not followed)

OLEKSANDER

LET'S GO, WE HAVE TO GO!
 YOU SHOULD BE PACKING BUT YOU'RE SLACKING,
 MOVING SLOW! OH!
 DID YOU KNOW I HAVE THE PAPERS YOU'LL BE NEEDING WHEN
 YOU BOARD THE SHIP!
 IT WILL BE CROWDED AND DON'T DOUBT IT IS A LONG TRIP-

OLEKSANDER (CONT'D)

CRUISE!
I'LL HELP PACK!
WHAT CLOTHING DO YOU LACK?
SHOES?

(HE disappears into Katya's bedroom. SHE watches, in a daze, as HE keeps running back and forth from her to the bedroom)

OLEKSANDER

KATYA, DON'T JUST SIT THERE!

(SHE stands)

OLEKSANDER

MUSTN'T QUIT THERE!
DON'T JUST STAND HERE!

(SHE sits)

OLEKSANDER

GIVE ME A HAND HERE!

(KATYA continues to watch as OLEKSANDER disappears into the bedroom and a flurry of clothes comes flying into the tavern)

OLEKSANDER

ONE MORE!
JUST ONE THING MORE!
PERHAPS A SKIRT, EMBROIDERED SHIRT? A KERCHIEF OR—
WHOOOPS! DIFFERENT DRAW'R!
(emerging from the room with a hastily assembled suitcase, stuffing clothes into it)
FOR IF WE'RE LATE YOU MIGHT BE KILLED OR VIOLATED, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!
WE HAVE TO REACH CONSTANTINOPLE, HAVE TO LEAVE THE SCENE!
(plopping the suitcase in front of her)
THERE!
NOW WE'RE DONE, AT LAST IT'S TIME TO RUN!
COME ON!
COME ON!
(seeing her not budge)
OR... DON'T?

OLEKSANDER (CONT'D)

Katya, there's no time! Quickly, now! Where have your aunt and uncle gone to? Surely they've heard!

KATYA

I don't know, Oleksander. I've only just found out myself.

OLEKSANDER

Well, we can't stay in Sevastopol, that one thing's certain! They'd have me up against a wall before I could even cry out. What's the matter?

KATYA

My life is here, Oleksander.

OLEKSANDER

It won't be for long. They'll kill you. Your aunt and uncle will have to come as well. You've harbored White Guardsmen here. You're all in danger.

KATYA

(beginning to cry)

Oh, Sasha, I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

OLEKSANDER

Oh no, Katya, we'll come back to Sevastopol some day, when it's free again. All may be lost now, but not forever.

KATYA

Oh! You don't understand. I can't leave, Sasha, I can't leave.

OLEKSANDER

What do you mean? You'll die if you stay here!

(SHE maintains a teary-eyed silence, refusing to look at him)

OLEKSANDER

Katya?

KATYA

I'm sorry, I... I can't leave, Sasha. You'll have to go without me.

OLEKSANDER

Can you not tell me why?

KATYA

I'd be ashamed to.

(HE stands, staggered, and paces)

OLEKSANDER

Katya, what do you want me to say? Have I done something wrong? Please tell me. Please, Katya. Katya, we don't have time, I have to be at the ship-

KATYA

Please... please go.

OLEKSANDER

What?

KATYA

Please go. I have to know that you'll be safe..

OLEKSANDER

Katya.

(A long moment passes. SHE refuses to look at him. Infuriated and hurt, he runs out of the tavern and slams the door behind him. The door reopens a bit and his hand appears, grabbing his hat and coat from the rack, and the door closes again)

KATYA

Oh God, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... please, forgive me...

(SHE runs to her bedroom, crying)

SCENE 3

(Dusk, immediately following, a street near the naval docks. The panicked citizens of Sevastopol are hurrying to a White Guard ship offstage, carrying what little of their possessions they are allowed. In the distance, faintly now, we hear sounds of horrors - machine gun fire, explosions, motors, cries. OLEKSANDER is pacing furiously, lost completely in his own thoughts, oblivious to the chaos around him in the evacuation)

TRACK 15 - WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SORRY**OLEKSANDER**

SHE FELT "ASHAMED." THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.
 WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE HER HEAD?
 I THOUGHT I KNEW. I GUESS I DON'T.
 I THOUGHT I KNEW HER.
 WHY WON'T SHE TELL ME?
 IS IT ME?

IF IT'S HER FAULT, THEN IT'S OVER.
 BUT IF IT'S MY FAULT, I CAN SAY,
 "WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SORRY"
 AND MAKE IT OKAY...

PERHAPS I CAUSED YOU SOME OFFENSE,
 AN IDLE COMMENT GONE ASTRAY?
 I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, BUT I'M TOO DENSE
 TO HEAR THE FOOLISHNESS IN WHAT I SAY.

I ONLY THOUGHT I HELD A PART OF YOU.
 I ONLY THOUGHT, BUT NOW I HAVE NO CLUE.

PLEASE
 TELL ME IF THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE DONE WRONG.
 SAY I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG.
 WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SORRY.

PLEASE
 TELL ME IF I SOMEHOW ACTED RUDE.
 MAYBE MY INTENT WAS MISCONSTRUED.
 WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SORRY NOW.

I CLUNG TOO TIGHTLY, THERE'S NO DOUBT...
 OR- WAS I DISTANT? I CAN'T TELL!
 WELL, THERE'S NO TIME LEFT TO FIND OUT.
 IT'S FAR TOO SUDDEN TO BE TOLD "FAREWELL!"

I ONLY THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS.
 I ONLY THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T END LIKE THIS!

PLEASE
 TELL ME THAT I CAUSED YOU SOME DISMAY.
 YOU NEVER DROPPED A HINT ALONG THE WAY.

OLEKSANDER (CONT'D)

WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SORRY.

PLEASE

TELL ME YOU FORGIVE ME FOR MY SLIGHT.

TELL ME THERE'S A WAY TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SORRY.

I KNOW SHE LOVES ME DEEP INSIDE.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I'VE NOT TRIED.

IT'S JUST A MOMENTARY SLIDE.

I KNOW SHE LOVES ME!

I KNOW SHE LOVED ME...

DIDN'T SHE?

THOUGH...

MAYBE ALL THESE THINGS I'VE LEFT UNSAID

ARE THINGS SHE SHOULD BE TELLING ME INSTEAD.

No.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S MY FAULT.

IT'S EASIER THAT WAY.

WHITE GUARD OFFICER

Ensign, what are you doing? Get aboard!

OLEKSANDER

Aye, sir.

SO

EVEN THOUGH YOU'LL NEVER HEAR MY PLEAS,

MAYBE THERE'S A LIFE STILL OVERSEAS.

AND SO THEN, I GUESS, IT'S OVER.

SO LONG!

SO LONG!

SO LONG...

(A foghorn rings out as HE turns to board the ship himself)

SCENE 4

(Svetlikov's Tavern, one evening several days later. OKSANA is compulsively cleaning while KATYA sits nervously. The noises from earlier

are louder now, more prominent, and harsher. An eerie silence hangs over the tavern otherwise)

OKSANA

(whispering to herself)

Holy Mother of God and all the saints, please pray to Christ that Andrei returns safely... please...

(The door opens and ANDREI enters, grim-faced. OKSANA runs to him and embraces him)

OKSANA

Andrei! Oh thank God you've come back!

(HE draws away from her and sits, deeply shocked by something he's seen)

OKSANA

What is it? What's the matter?

ANDREI

It's like nothing I've ever seen... I can't imagine why. I simply can't imagine...

KATYA

What is it, Uncle Andrei?

ANDREI

They've been *hanged*.

OKSANA

What? Who?

ANDREI

All of them. Up and down Namorsky Prospect, Primorskii Boulevard. I've never seen... I can't imagine why.

KATYA

Who, Uncle Andrei?

ANDREI

Officers in full uniform. And young men, hung naked. And at the docks... the stevedores.

(A moment as this is taken in)

KATYA

Surely... surely they made it to safety!

ANDREI

Of course! Surely! I don't see why they wouldn't have, after all. They're good men. I can't imagine why...

OKSANA

Oh, we should have been on that ship with Oleksander Pereshenko. We should have left when we had the chance...

KATYA

He'll come, auntie. He'll be here. He said he was coming for me, and then we'll be safe.

ANDREI

We're not safe.

(There is a horrible knock at the door. For several moments, no one even moves. The knock returns)

KATYA

I'll answer it.

(SHE goes to the door and opens it, revealing a bespectacled Red Guard OFFICER and some ENLISTED MEN. They burst into the tavern)

OFFICER

Andrei Malinovich Svetlikov!

OKSANA

What is the meaning of this? How dare you enter-

ANDREI

Oksana, please.

(standing, looking as brave as he can)

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

OFFICER

You may complete these documents, by order of the Crimean Soviet and the Cheka. This city must be raised to the revolutionary level of the rest of the country. It is required of all citizens.

(HE motions to his MEN, who exit into the kitchen)

OKSANA

Where are they going?

OFFICER

Your cellar is now the property of the people. You would be wise to learn your place in the new way of things.

ANDREI

I'll complete these at once. We've nothing to hide.

OFFICER

You had better pray you don't. The counterrevolutionary elements are to be purged from the city. I pray, for your sake, you showed them no kindnesses.

(ANDREI sits and begins dutifully to fill out the documents. Behind him, the SOLDIERS exit with crates of wine and vodka)

OFFICER

We shall be back momentarily to collect the documents.

(HE exits)

OKSANA

(observing Andrei's answers)

Andrei, what are you doing? Don't you dare be honest! We'll be hanged!

ANDREI

(in a weird state of shock)

We have nothing to hide.

OKSANA

You old fool, we served exiles here! Our niece spent the summer on the arm of a White Guardsman!

ANDREI

Surely they'd not be so irrational.

KATYA

He's coming... I know he's coming...

(There is another knock. Again, no one answers.
The knock repeats)

KATYA

I'm going to answer it.

OKSANA

Katya, no!

(SHE runs to the door and throws it open,
revealing ROMAN, dressed as an officer of the
Cheka)

KATYA

Oh God. Roman.

(SHE clings to him as HE steps into the tavern.
They remain locked in wordless embrace for
several moments)

KATYA

Oh Roman, you're here. You're here. I can't believe
you're really... I didn't know if you were dead, if you
were on the other side of the world... I didn't know! I
was so scared, Roman. I was scared for so long.

ROMAN

Hush, Katya... I'm here now.

(pulls her in tightly)

I told you I'd find you, didn't I?

(THEY kiss. There is a sudden scream from
outside. ROMAN breaks away from her at this,
looking anxiously towards the window)

ROMAN

Are the curtains drawn?

(HE steps towards the windows, checking them)

KATYA

Roman?

ROMAN

You need to hide. All of you.

(HE grabs the document from Andrei, and scanning it briefly, rips it to shreds)

ROMAN

Don't answer this. Do you have a weapon of any kind?

ANDREI

Yes, under the bar...

ROMAN

Does this building have an attic or a loft?

KATYA

Roman, I don't understand.

ROMAN

Take whatever food you have and stay there, as long as you must. Make no sounds.

KATYA

Roman, why are you talking like this? It's not true, is it? What they're doing?

ROMAN

What do you mean, Katya?

KATYA

The Red Army. Killing everyone.

(ROMAN looks at her for a moment, and turns away)

ROMAN

I said hide.

KATYA

Roman, please!

(HE starts to pull away from her, but SHE grabs hold of his arm and draws him back)

KATYA

Roman, tell me all this is temporary.

ROMAN

It is.

KATYA

Tell me it's necessary.

ROMAN

To the utmost...

KATYA

Tell me you love me...

ROMAN

More than anything.

(SHE sinks into a chair at a table, staring blankly away. ROMAN, seeing her, is no longer as intent on leaving)

KATYA

Then why...

ROMAN

Katya?

KATYA

Then why don't I believe you?

ROMAN

Katya, I have never once forgotten you. Not in all those years—

KATYA

Oh no, Roman, I never doubted that. I only... Roman, there are so many innocent people dying out there...

ROMAN

They're not innocent.

KATYA

Roman?

ROMAN

For nearly three years, Katya, I have worn the uniform of the Cheka.

KATYA

The secret police...

ROMAN

If you'd seen... if you knew the lengths the enemies of the people would go to, what they've done, what they continue to do, you would feel the same rage as I do. Revolution was never going to come quietly - its enemies were always too strong. I thought you understood that. The victory of the people must be total. It must be final. Only terror can cleanse this country of the lies, the backwardness, the wrenching greed.

KATYA

Roman, I...

(SHE turns away from him, unable to respond to this. HE looks at her, as though not recognizing her. HE suddenly turns to Andrei and Oksana)

ROMAN

Upstairs! Now! Quickly!

ANDREI

Here, Oksana, I'll assist you up the stairs. Katya, please, if you'd kindly retrieve the revolver under the bar...

(ANDREI and OKSANA exit)

ROMAN

If anyone comes to the door, if anyone knocks, don't answer it. Under no circumstances answer the door.

KATYA

Roman, you'll keep me safe, won't you?

(HE stops, and goes to her, embracing her again)

ROMAN

I understand that you're scared, and it's confusing to you. Don't be afraid. Be strong. I love you. Now, please. Go to the loft. I'll be back as soon as I'm able.

(HE pulls away gently and exits. After watching him go, KATYA goes to the bar and retrieves her uncle's revolver and a box of bullets. For a moment, she regards the gun in her hand, as the electricity is shut off, plunging the tavern into darkness. Someone screams outside, frightening

her. Awkwardly, frantically, she loads bullets into the revolver. Overwhelmed by curiosity, she goes to the curtains and peeks out)

TRACK 16 - CONFRONTATION 1

KATYA

WHAT IS THIS? WHAT DO I HEAR?
MY GOD, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?
WHO ARE THEY, WHY DO THEY LAUGH?
NO...
THEY'RE HANGING MEN...
AND HAVING FUN...

(SHE turns from the window, reeling, as though about to vomit. There is a knock at the door)

LADY IN GRAY (v.o.)

Help me! Oh, God, please, help me! They'll kill me!

KATYA

(a hoarse whisper)
I know that voice... He said not to open that door...

LADY IN GRAY (v.o.)

Please, someone... won't someone help me?

(The KNOCKING continues)

KATYA

I don't care!

(SHE steels herself and throws open the door, revealing the LADY IN GRAY, beaten, her dress torn and hair disheveled. KATYA helps her inside quickly and shuts the door behind her, locking it tight)

LADY IN GRAY

Oh thank you, thank you... Mother of God, thank you...

KATYA

Hush! Someone's coming!

(KATYA helps HER to her feet and together they stand against the wall. There is another pounding at the door, but this time, it is clear

the intention is to break the door in. KATYA and the LADY IN GRAY maintain a deathly silence as the jamb finally gives, and the RED OFFICER enters, brandishing a rifle. HE doesn't see them for several tense moments, until KATYA levels her pistol at his chest. The OFFICER notices the motion and quickly covers the space between them, slapping the gun out of her hand. The LADY cries out as the OFFICER grabs awkwardly at KATYA with his free arm - SHE wriggles free quickly. The OFFICER begins fumbling with his rifle when a gunshot rings out and HE collapses dead. OLEKSANDER is revealed at the kitchen door, his shirt stained with dried blood, holding a smoking pistol)

TRACK 17 - CONFRONTATION 2

KATYA

Oh, Oleksander, no!

(SHE runs into HIS embrace, mumbling confused protests underneath HIS reassurances)

OLEKSANDER

I COULDN'T LEAVE YOU HERE!
COULDN'T LEAVE ALONE
HAVING NEVER KNOWN
I HAD TO HAVE YOU NEAR
IS IT SENSELESS, YES!
BUT I MUST CONFESS
THAT I LOVE YOU...
I STILL LOVE YOU...

KATYA

It's senseless, Oleksander,
what were you thinking?
Oleksander, they'll find you,
they'll find you and kill
you, haven't you seen,
Oleksander? No, no, you're
supposed to be safe, safe on
the ship, that was my only
comfort, Oleksander! He'll
find you! Oh, God, he'll
find you...

OLEKSANDER

(suddenly realizing what she's saying)
He'll find me? Who'll find me? Katya?

KATYA

(to the Lady in Gray)
Quickly! To the loft upstairs! You'll find my aunt and
uncle-

(OLEKSANDER catches HER as the LADY IN GRAY makes good her escape)

OLEKSANDER

Katya! What are you talking about?

KATYA

Oleksander, you shouldn't be here! You shouldn't be here..

OLEKSANDER

You're right, I shouldn't, I don't care. Katya, I couldn't let it end like that, Red Army or not..

KATYA

Oleksander, he'll find you... you have to go! You can't be here!

OLEKSANDER

Go where? Who'll find me?

(ROMAN appears at the door, still swinging open into the street)

ROMAN

I will.

KATYA

Oh, Roman...

(SHE falls to her knees and repeats "I'm sorry" in a kind of catatonia of fear and remorse, as OLEKSANDER aims his weapon at ROMAN'S heart)

TRACK 18 - CONFRONTATION 3

ROMAN

WHO IS THIS SAILOR WITH MY KATYA?
THIS WHITE GUARD... SAILOR...

OLEKSANDER

Roman... I think I'm starting to understand.

ROMAN

I'm not.

ROMAN	OLEKSANDER	KATYA
FOR WHAT FOUL		I'M SORRY...
REASON MIGHT YOU BE	TO THINK THAT I'D	I'M SORRY...
HERE?	FALLEN IN LOVE WITH	I'M SORRY...
TO HAVE HER?	SOMEONE WHO'D FALLEN	(etc)
RAPE HER?	IN LOVE WITH	
JUST LIKE YOU'VE	A MADMAN	
RAPED THE RUSSIAN		
PEOPLE	AND WAS IT A LIE	
YOU'LL RAPE THEM	FROM THE START?	
NO LONGER	I CAN'T FEEL A THING	
	IN MY HEART...	
GO ON AND SHOOT IF		
YOU DARE!	DON'T THINK THAT I	
	WON'T!	
I'D LIKE TO SEE...		

(ROMAN, now close enough to the waffling OLEKSANDER, lunges and removes the gun from his arm. KATYA cries out. THEY fight. OLEKSANDER is knocked behind the bar, where ROMAN quickly assumes the upper hand. HE drags OLEKSANDER to the center of the tavern, beaten and unconscious)

KATYA

Oh, Roman... no, Roman, please...

(ROMAN looks to Katya, and then to Oleksander, confused and wounded)

ROMAN

I saved you. I saved you from this White Guard devil.

KATYA

No, Roman, you don't understand, please don't! Please don't hurt him!

ROMAN

I'm taking him outside... to finish it. Stay here, you'll be safe here. Saboteurs and tsarist elements are everywhere in this city...

KATYA

Roman, please...

(HE ignores her and drags OLEKSANDER out into the street, leaving KATYA alone)

SCENE 5

(Midnight, the city of the hanged. Corpses swing from streetlights and telegraph poles. Posters proclaiming "Death to the Traitors!" are plastered over everything. The city is surreal, ghostly, with no sign of life. Only ROMAN, muttering to himself, as he drags OLEKSANDER onto the street)

ROMAN

I saved her. Ungrateful girl, I saved her. If she'd only gone to the loft as I instructed, she'd... I saved her.

(HE stops, confused)

But why then?

(OLEKSANDER groans)

ROMAN

Awake then, are you, you filth? Good. I want you to see what your deeds have wrought. Did you think you'd survive in Sevastopol? Did you? Did you think you could take her from me?

(HE lifts up the sailor's head forcibly and turns it to the swinging bodies)

ROMAN

This... this is what you and your despicable class have done. I want you to see, I want you to see everything. The glorious dawn is coming, and this is the cleansing that must take place. Yes, you wretch.

TRACK 19 - NO LONGER**ROMAN**

ONCE EV'RY RUBLE LINED YOUR WALLET.

NO LONGER,

NO LONGER.

JUSTICE IS COMING, YOU CAN STALL IT

NO LONGER,

NO LONGER.

OPEN YOUR EYES, SEE A WORLD WHERE YOU BELONG

NO LONGER.

SPIES, SABOTEURS,

ROMAN (CONT'D)

NO LONGER
 AGENTS PROVOCATEURS
 NO LONGER
 DISAPPEAR IN THE RISING OF THE SUN
 THAT BEAUTIFUL GLORIOUS SUN

ONCE MEN WERE CHAINED IN GOLDEN SHACKLES
 NO LONGER,
 NO LONGER.
 ONCE YOU COULD STEAL OUR BREAD LIKE JACKALS.
 NO LONGER,
 NO LONGER.
 OPEN YOUR EYES, SEE A WORLD WHERE YOU WERE STRONG.
 NO LONGER.

FOUR YEARS SITTING WAITING FOR HER,
 IN BOXCARS STARVING AND COLD,
 TO WIN THE WORLD I BELIEVE
 AND I COME HOME TO BE TOLD..

"DON'T HURT HIM, PLEASE!"
 "DON'T HURT HIM, PLEASE..."

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GET TO HAVE MY KATYA.
 NO LONGER,
 NO LONGER.
 OPEN YOUR EYES, SEE A WORLD WHERE YOU'LL DO WRONG
 NO LONGER.

(HE readies his pistol and aims it at
 Oleksander's head)

KATYA

Roman, no... Roman, please...

(KATYA appears, a strange serenity and strength
 about her that we haven't seen previously. ROMAN
 sees her, and is clearly torn. HE finally scowls
 and points the gun again at the sailor's head.
 KATYA reveals her uncle's pistol, and aims it
 steadily at Roman's heart)

KATYA

Let him go, Roman.

(A few tense moments pass, ROMAN unyielding. Suddenly, a gunshot rings out, and ROMAN collapses dead. KATYA runs to OLEKSANDER and helps him to his feet, leading him back to the tavern through the forest of corpses)

SCENE 6

(The loft of Svetlikov's Tavern, morning. KATYA is nursing OLEKSANDER back to health, as OKSANA and the LADY IN GRAY huddle for warmth in the corner. A single, tiny window overlooks the street. ANDREI stands alongside it, with his pistol, standing guard. OLEKSANDER begins to stir and moan)

OLEKSANDER

Katya... Katya, what happened?

KATYA

Hush, Sasha. Nothing happened. Everything's fine. Just fine... Only rest now.

(HE returns to sleep. After a moment, ANDREI approaches KATYA)

ANDREI

The streets seem quieter now. Perhaps it will soon be safe to venture out.

KATYA

No, not for a while yet. Not until Oleksander can walk again. Then, we'll attempt our escape.

ANDREI

Supposing we even make it to the village where Oksana's sister lives. Then where to?

KATYA

I... I don't know. Bulgaria maybe. Constantinople.

ANDREI

I confess I don't see how we are to get out of Sevastopol alive.

KATYA

Well, Uncle, what choice do we have? We wait for our chance, and then... we're in God's hands.

(ANDREI grunts and returns to the window. KATYA resumes feeding OLEKSANDER)

TRACK 20 - GOOD ENOUGH**KATYA**

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
 WHY LOVE TURNS TO HURT TURNS TO NAUSEA
 WHY COMPASSION TURNS TO ANGER TURNS TO HATE
 WHY DAY TURNS TO DUSK TURNS TO NIGHT TURNS TO NIGHT
 TURNS TO NIGHT TURNS TO NIGHT.

I WONDER, I WONDER

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
 WHY DAYS TURN TO YEARS TURN TO AGES
 WHY IDEALS TURN TO HARDNESS TURN TO BLOOD
 WHY DAY TURNS TO DUSK TURNS TO NIGHT TURNS TO NIGHT
 ALWAYS NIGHT

I WONDER, I WONDER

I COULD MAKE THAT DAY COME FOR YOU
 ONLY YOU
 IF IT'S ALL I CAN DO, IS IT GOOD ENOUGH?
 IS IT GOOD ENOUGH?

(she kisses Oleksander gently and turns to the icon of St. Catherine)

GOD, I WISH THERE'S A WAY
 TO MAKE ALL THE PAIN TURN TO BETTER
 TO MAKE DESPAIR TURN HOPEFUL TURN TO JOY
 TO MAKE ALL THE WRONG TURN TO RIGHT TURN TO RIGHT TURN
 TO RIGHT TURN TO RIGHT

I WONDER

WHAT IF THERE'S NOT A WAY
 TO MAKE ALL THE TEARS TURN TO LAUGHTER
 TO MAKE ALL OF OUR NIGHTMARES TURN TO DREAMS
 TO MAKE ALL THE NIGHT TURN TO DAWN TURN TO DAY TURN TO
 DAY TURN TO DAY

KATYA (CONT'D)

I WONDER, I WONDER

I COULD MAKE THAT DAY COME FOR YOU
JUST FOR YOU
WHAT IF ALL I CAN DO ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH?
ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH?

I WILL MAKE THE SUN RISE FOR YOU
ONLY YOU
IF IT'S ALL I CAN DO IS IT GOOD ENOUGH?
IS IT GOOD ENOUGH?

(despairingly)

HOLY GOD, YOUR KINGDOM COME!
HOLY GOD, YOUR KINGDOM COME!
HOLY GOD, YOUR KINGDOM COME!
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD, AND ALL THE SAINTS...

I WONDER, I WONDER

(SHE takes up Oleksander's pistol and proceeds to
load it and clean it, calmly and skillfully)

I WILL GIVE MYSELF ALL FOR THEM,
JUST FOR THEM.
FOR IT'S ALL THAT I HAVE, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH.
YES, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

SO I WILL MAKE THAT DAY COME FOR THEM,
LOVING THEM.
FOR IT'S ALL I CAN GIVE, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH.
YES, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

(SHE rises and walks to the window with the
pistol. Here, SHE relieves her uncle and begins
to stand watch. Our last image as the curtain
falls is of KATYA, at last strong)

END.