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EISMAS

*[TRAFFIC]*

A play

by

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**Characters.**

**Maria** 29, but looks older, f, upper middle class, white. University educated housewife.

**Ona** 24, but looks younger, f, working class, Lithuanian, rough English. Pimped by Georg.

**Georg** 31, m, Lithuanian, very good English but hint of Eastern European. New money, flashy, good looking, stubbly, and broad.

**Dominic** 29, m, tall, wears glasses. Good looking in a shabby-Oxbridge sort of way. Private schooled, upper middle class liberal.

*The action takes place roughly 30-40 years in the future, there has been large scale flooding across the world, accompanied by other 'extreme' weather, and continual power shortages. Global food supplies are scarce after several ruined harvests and a one child policy has been enforced throughout Europe.*

CONVENTIONS:

'/' indicates where the following line begins to overlap with the current

'-' indicates that the following line interrupts the current

'...' indicates that the speaker trails off

Some of the scenes in the opening of the piece are very short, and could be played by similar looking actors, in different areas of the stage.

ACT I

SCENE 1

A DARK AND DAMP BASEMENT ROOM. A SMALL AMOUNT OF LIGHT CREEPS THROUGH A FILTHY, HIGH, SMALL WINDOW THAT OPENS ONTO A PAVEMENT, IT IS RAINING OUTSIDE AND AUTUMN LEAVES ARE STUCK TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW. STAIRS DOWN INTO THE ROOM FROM SR ARE RATTILY CARPETED. THE BACK WALL OF THE ROOM IS TAKEN UP BY A LARGE, LONG MIRROR. DISCARDED OBJECTS ARE SCATTERED AROUND THE ROOM, A PLATFORM SHOE, A BOTTLE OF VODKA, FEATHERS, A BALDING FEATHER BOA HANGS FROM THE END OF THE MIRROR, AND FAIRY LIGHTS RUN AROUND IT. A LIPSTICK AND A COUPLE OF SUSPICIOUS LOOKING EMPTY TUBES LIE ON A THIN SHELF UNDERNEATH THE MIRROR.

THE ROOM IS DARK. WE HEAR MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS, ODD THUMPING SOUNDS, A DISTANT SCREAM AND SHOUTING IN LITHUANIAN. AT THE SAME TIME, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. FOOTSTEPS GO TO ANSWER IT, IT OPENS, AS THE FOOTSTEPS MOVE CLOSER TO THE ONSTAGE ROOM, WE BEGIN TO HEAR VOICES.

GEORG: [off] I am sorry, things are, a little hectic that's all, please, through here

DOMINIC: [off] here?

GEORG: [off] that's right

LIGHT SPILLS DOWN THE STEPS, AND WE SEE DOMINIC FRAMED IN THE DOOR, A PAUSE, AND THEN HE LOOKS BACK AS ANOTHER MUFFLED SHOUT IS HEARD.

[off] Suk tave devynios! [lit: let nine diseases screw you up!] I am sorry, I must, please, go down, wait for me.

HE LEAVES. DOMINIC STANDS FOR A SECOND, THEN SEARCHES FOR A LIGHT SWITCH. HE TURNS ON THE LIGHTS. HE WALKS DOWN THE STAIRS, LOOKING AROUND HIM.

DOMINIC IS SOAKED THROUGH - SCRUFFYILY DRESSED IN EXPENSIVE BUT PRACTICAL CLOTHES- A KNITTED JUMPED OVER A CREASED SHIRT, CORDS, AND AN OLD BOMBER JACKET.

HE WANDERS AROUND A LITTLE, LOOKING CAREFULLY. HE WALKS UP TO THE MIRROR. HE DOESN'T MEET HIS OWN EYE. HE PICKS UP THE LIPSTICK.

GEORG: I don't think the colour suits you, ah?

DOMINIC SPINS ROUND AND DROPS THE LIPSTICK AS GEORG WALKS DOWN THE STAIRS. GEORG IS OILY LOOKING, WITH A STUBBLY FACE, AND EXPENSIVE, FLASHY CLOTHES. DOMINIC SCRABBLES ON THE FLOOR TO PICK THE LIPSTICK UP.

DOMINIC: I'm sorry I-

GEORG: don't worry, don't worry, ar kalbate lietuviškai?  
[do you speak Lithuanian?]

DOMINIC: um-

GEORG: don't worry, just a saying we have, back home.

DOMINIC: ah.

(PAUSE)

So-

NOTHING

I'm sorry mr-

GEORG: call me Georg

AWKWARD SILENCE. GEORG CONTINUES TO LOOK AT DOMINIC

DOMINIC: I'm sorry, is everything alright?

GEORG: (pauses before he answers) Yes, no it was just a bit of commotion, a customer who forgot to pay, you know how it is.

DOMINIC: ah.

(PAUSE)

I was just wondering if-

GEORG: are you sure you're in the right place.

DOMINIC: yes! I, someone gave me the address.

GEORG: (looks at his ratty clothes) you can pay?

A BEAT. THEN DOMINIC GETS HIS WALLET  
OUT AND HANDS GEORG A WAD OF CASH.  
GEORG'S SUSPICIONS DROP AWAY

Wonderful!

DOMINIC: I'm sorry, is this where you usually-

GEORG: I haven't seen you before

DOMINIC: I haven't ever- not here before.

GEORG: no matter, no matter! No, this is not usual, this place is not usually used. We are having a bit of trouble, many of our best workers taken ill at the same time- oh nothing bad! Just we like to take care- we have another place, in the country, girls can go there when they feel a bit under the weather. This is a caring service.

DOMINIC: ah.

GEORG: though that does mean that we are a little short, our best girls-

DOMINIC: (a little too quickly) I, I don't mind

GEORG PAUSES, THEN SMILES.

GEORG: well, we have one free, I will see what you think, but do say, we want you to get what you want, ah? I will send her through.

GEORG LEAVES UP THE STAIRS. THE DOOR  
CLOSES BEHIND HIM. THE RAIN CONTINUES  
OUTSIDE. DOMINIC RUNS A HAND NERVOUSLY  
THROUGH HIS HAIR. TAKES A FEW DEEP  
BREATHS.

AFTER A SECOND OR TWO, A DOOR,  
PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN, OPENS QUIETLY SR.  
ONA ENTERS. SHE IS WEARING A SHORT  
DENIM SKIRT, FISHNETS, AND A TIGHT  
TOP.

HER BROWN HAIR IS GREASY, AND SHORT,  
TUCKED BEHIND HER EARS. SHE IS PRETTY,  
BUT WEARS LITTLE MAKE-UP, APART FROM  
BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK. SHE WEARS NO  
SHOES. SHE LOOKS TIREDLY AT DOMINIC.

ONA:                   hallo.

DOMINIC JUMPS, TURNS, LOOKS AT HER.

PAUSE

DOMINIC:           where are your shoes?

ONA:                   they broke.

PAUSE

DOMINIC:           um-

ONA:                   well, do you want me?

DOMINIC:           I- um,

ONA:                   Georg said to say "she is more lively than she  
look"

DOMINIC:           lively?

(PAUSE)

Do I just- I mean we just- here?

ONA:                   you want me?

DOMINIC:           (BEAT) yes.

ONA:                   then this way, pimpis [small penis].

DOMINIC:           what does that mean?

ONA:                   it is like 'dear'.

THEY ARE GONE

THE RAIN PERSISTS

ACT I

SCENE 2

A HILLSIDE IN SUMMER. A GREY DAY.

ONA IS HEAVILY PREGNANT.

DOMINIC: I knew then.

ONA: that second?

DOMINIC: didn't you?

ONA: you were just another customer

DOMINIC: I'd gone there with a job to do. But I forgot it all. I remember exactly how you looked, that stupid lipstick

ONA: I don't remember

DOMINIC: you weren't wearing any shoes.

ONA: Ah. They were broken.

DOMINIC: how did you break them?

ONA: I beat a man with them.

DOMINIC: you-?

ONA: they hit me, with a - mm, belt, then injected me. I find it hard to remember. I screamed at them "Chuiulk bybi kol kauka rasi" suck a cock until you find bone.

DOMINIC LAUGHS, AND THEN REALISES IT IS EXTREMELY INAPPROPRIATE

DOMINIC: sorry, I, the way you all swear, it's, it's

ONA: It is a good saying. It helps for a bit. They don't hit you in the face. You are not useful ugly

SILENCE

How did you get here?

ACT I

SCENE 3

A ROOM IN THE BROTHEL. DAMP, ALSO A BASEMENT ROOM. A BED, A FEW CUSHIONS AND ANOTHER MIRROR.

ONA SITS ON THE BED. DOMINIC STANDS AWKWARDLY. ONA STARES DAZEDLY INTO THE DISTANCE.

DOMINIC: are- are you ok?

ONA: hm?

DOMINIC: (very fast) I'm sorry it just seems like you, you seem a bit out of it- are you sure you're ok to-

ONA: please, speak slowly.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: how old are you?

ONA: what?

DOMINIC: how- old-

ONA: you want to talk?

DOMINIC: I-

ONA: you are a talker. (She relaxes a little)

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: there are two types who look like you. You are a talker.

DOMINIC: a talker?

(PAUSE)

What's a talker?

ONA LOOKS AT HIM FOR A SECOND

ONA: someone who likes to talk.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: what do you mean, people who look like me, types?

ONA: I don't.

DOMINIC: please.

ONA: (looks at him again) fine, pimpis. Young, talkers look young, ed- educated, they spend a lot, Georg will have charged you twice what he does a Shunkara [scumbag], and you take half the time.

DOMINIC: half the-

ONA: sometimes you cry.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: and what about the other kind-?

(PAUSE)

ONA: they are worse.

DOMINIC: (quietly) why?

ONA: (forced smile) come, you don't want to talk about this-

DOMINIC: why are they worse?

ONA: pimpis, please,

DOMINIC: why are they?

ONA: (breath) they like to make you bleed. They act quiet. And small. But those pimpis, they like to hurt you the most. They're angry. Don't know why. They have everything. Maybe that's why. They want more. This turning you on?

(PAUSE)

You don't want to talk about this.

DOMINIC: I need to hear it-

ONA: why? (she reaches her hand out to him, draws him onto the bed, moves up close to him) you didn't pay all that money to talk, yah?

SHE DRAWS HIM CLOSER TO HER, GOES TO KISS HIM

DOMINIC: why are you here?

ONA STANDS UP ANGRILY

ONA: if you didn't want me then why don't you just wait for others?

DOMINIC: what- no! I-

ONA: he blame me you know, when you go to him and say you're not happy-

DOMINIC: please, I just want to-

ONA: you don't pay that many Euro to talk.

DOMINIC: I'm still not used to the Euros you know

ONA LOOKS AT HIM

You must have had it for years I suppose, but it still feels a bit weird. The notes feel... garish. Less real. Even though they still have the queen on. Do the Russian notes have royalty-[on them]?

ONA: I am not Russian.

DOMINIC: you're not - shit, I'm sorry. Shit - you must think I'm-

ONA: Esu Lietuvos, Lithuanian.

(BEAT)

(almost kind) Is near Russia

DOMINIC: where did the other girls go?

(PAUSE)

ONA: what?

DOMINIC: he said some had to leave- where did they go?

ONA: you have a favourite there?

DOMINIC: where has he sent them?

(BEAT)

ONA: to rest.

ACT I

SCENE 4

THE HILLSIDE AGAIN

ONA: How did you get here?

DOMINIC: I followed his car.

ONA: and he let you see me?

DOMINIC: he went back to the city. He got a phone call.

(PAUSE)

I missed you.

ONA: you are obsessed, pimpis.

DOMINIC: you're angry with me. You always call me pimpis when you're angry.

ONA: I'm not angry

DOMINIC: I'm not obsessed.

ONA: you play a game, pretend its real

DOMINIC: he said that, not you.

ONA: obsessed. You think I would not know the word?

DOMINIC: no- no- I just... do you really feel nothing for me?

(PAUSE)

You always seemed happy to see me. I always wanted to-

ONA: you did not want to hurt me.

DOMINIC: but I have?

NOTHING

If I have hurt you then you must feel something.

ACT I

SCENE 5

ONA, THE SAME BASEMENT ROOM ROOM, BUT A DIFFERENT DAY, SHE IS SAT ON THE BED, IN A DIFFERENT TOP. SHE IS HOLDING HER ARM AWKWARDLY. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

ONA: come in, pimpis.

THE DOOR OPENS, AND DOMINIC ENTERS GINGERLY. HE IS DRESSED FOR WINTER.

DOMINIC: how did you know it was me?

ONA: how do you know I don't call everyone pimpis?

(PAUSE)

Because you're the only *idiotas* that knocks.

DOMINIC: *idiotas*? I think I know what that one means.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR. STANDS FOR A SECOND. THEN TAKES OFF HIS COAT AND GLOVES.

It's snowing cats and dogs out there.

ONA LOOKS AT HIM

I just mean it's snowing a lot.

HE FINISHES TAKING OFF HIS COAT/HAT/GLOVES. STANDS.

I learnt something.

HE MOVES TO SIT NEXT TO HER ON THE BED.

ONA: are you here for more talk?

DOMINIC: Kaip jaučiatės? [how are you?]

OF ALL ONA EXPECTED, IT WASN'T THIS.

Kaip jaučiatės? Is that right?

ONA: yes. Taip.

DOMINIC: so, how are you?

ONA: Ačiū, gerai. O jūs kaip? [good thank you, and you?]

DOMINIC: um... something about- um- it's harder when you hear it isn't it?

ONA: you're paying €125 an hour to speak bad Lithuanian?

DOMINIC LOOKS HURT. SILENCE.

Georg thinks you crazy, you know. He says he's waiting for you to break open an axe.

DOMINIC: (unconsciously) you mean break out. Break out an axe.

CHILLY SILENCE

Shit, I'm sorry, you speak wonderful English, much better than most, I- I just

ONA: most what?

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: 'most' who?

DOMINIC: I mean most, just most English people, you know - the kind of English you hear on a night out. Yours is much better.

PAUSE

SHE SHIFTS SLIGHTLY

HE NOTICES HER ARM, STANDS.

DOMINIC: what's wrong?

ONA: nothing.

DOMINIC: yes there is

ONA: there is nothing wrong.

DOMINIC: your arm

ONA: don't you want to talk, pimpis?

DOMINIC: no, I want you to move your arm.

SHE WAVES HER UNINJURED ONE

ONA: there. Done. Now please,

DOMINIC: the other one.

SILENCE. SHE DOESN'T MOVE.

I'm sorry I didn't mean to tell you what to do.

ONA: you pay. You can tell me to do what you want. I am your, how you say- property.

SILENCE

DOMINIC: please let me look at your arm.

ONA: are you doctor?

BUT SHE DOESN'T STOP HIM COMING NEAR HER. HE KNEELS, TAKES THE ARM AND MANOUVERES IT A LITTLE, SHE WINCES. HE PUTS IT BACK ON HER LAP. GOES OVER TO HIS PILE OF CLOTHES AND BEGINS TO RUMMAGE.

Please, I don't need anything- they give me enough drugs. Vodka too-

HE GOES BACK OVER TO HER WITH HIS SCARF. HE GENTLY USES IT TO PUT HER ARM IN A SLING. HE SITS BACK. SMILES.

DOMINIC: is that better?

ONA: Why are you here?

DOMINIC: pardon?

ONA: why are you here?

DOMINIC: I-

ONA: you never want to-

DOMINIC: look, all that matter is that Georg thinks we - y'know. He does, doesn't he?

ONA: he doesn't care what I do

DOMINIC: listen, this is important, he has to believe that I'm, I'm just another paying customer, ok?

ONA:                   you do pay.

DOMINIC:             yes but-

ONA:                   but all the questions, all the- I begin to think  
                         that I do something wrong. Why the questions,  
                         pimpis, why?

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC:             Dominic. Atsiprašau Dominic. [My name is Dominic]

ONA:                   Dominic?

HE NODS

Why?

ACT I

SCENE 6

THE SAME HILLSIDE- SUMMER

DOMINIC: you never told me-

ONA: told you what?

DOMINIC: what does 'pimpis' mean?

ONA LAUGHS

What?

ONA: it means 'small dick'.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: bitch!

ONA: I called all of them that. It was a small thing, but it was something I had.

(PAUSE)

Was it dangerous for you?

DOMINIC: not really, Georg doesn't drive that fast.

ONA: no - what you do

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: a little... I was just trying to get the details- all the details right.

ONA: you spoke to other girls?

DOMINIC: I had to, yes.

ONA: (BEAT) you-

DOMINIC: I didn't- I paid them, but I just talked. You were right, they seemed to know talkers. Happy just to sit down. But none of them opened up. All I got was little bits, I was trying to piece the story together. How it all worked. It made my head hurt.

ONA: well you have seen now. You should go write it. You should go.

DOMINIC: I won't leave you. I know what they do to you. I was right-

ONA: you can't stop it for me

DOMINIC: I can- we can-

ONA: it has already happened, I'm already broken. You need to tell people -

DOMINIC: you don't mean that, you're just trying to keep me safe-

ONA: if you want to help me do what I ask.

DOMINIC: I can save you.

ONA: and what if I don't want to be saved?

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: you do. I know you do.

ACT I

SCENE 7

THE BASEMENT ROOM, SNOW OUTSIDE AGAIN.  
ONA IS WAITING, THIS TIME A LITTLE  
MORE EXCITEDLY. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

ONA:                   come in!

DOMINIC ENTERS. HE LOOKS TIRED, VERY  
WORN. HE IS SHIVERING.

DOMINIC:           Labas. [Hello]

ONA:                   Sveikas! [Hi! (m)]

HE LEAVES HIS COAT ON THIS TIME. ONA  
LOOKS AT HIM, A LITTLE CONCERNED.

A MOMENT.

Here.

ONA MOVES TOWARDS HIM AND TAKES HIS  
HAT, COAT, THEN GLOVES. HE SITS ON THE  
BED AS SHE CAREFULLY FOLDS IT ALL UP.

DOMINIC:           how is your arm?

ONA:                   good, thank you, it gets better.

SHE HAS RUMMAGED A LITTLE IN THE  
CORNER AND GOES TO DOMINIC HOLDING HIS  
SCARF, CAREFULLY FOLDED.

Here - Ačiū, thank you.

DOMINIC LOOKS UP

I tried to keep it clean. I couldn't wash it.

DOMINIC:           oh! No, you keep it; the clothes you get, well  
they're not terribly warm are they?

ONA:                   but I can't - we're not supposed to take-

DOMINIC:           Gifts? They don't mean this, they just want to  
make sure they get their cut of anything  
expensive- and besides, how will they know? It's  
just a piece of fabric- anyone could have left  
it.

ONA: (takes it back) ok.

SHE SITS DOWN NEXT TO HIM.

(PAUSE)

Are you ok?

DOMINIC: oh yes, sorry. I'm just- you know...

HE TRAILS OFF

ANOTHER SILENCE. ONA LOOKS SLIGHTLY AT A LOSS.

AFTER A WHILE SHE SEEMS TO SINK IN ON HERSELF, BECOMES HARsher.

ONA: so you're not even a talker anymore

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: you're paying €125 to say nothing, now.

(PAUSE)

You know some of the other girls are pretty.

(PAUSE)

Much more willing, pimpis.

DOMINIC: why are you calling me that?

ONA: why not?

DOMINIC: I told you my name

ONA: you never ask

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: you never ask *my* name

DOMINIC: yes I did

ONA: No.

DOMINIC: I must have!

ONA: you have not

DOMINIC: well then- then it's because you never answer my questions anyway, no one - [does] (he stops, has said too much)

(PAUSE)

ONA: who else are you asking?

DOMINIC: no one

ONA: tell me

DOMINIC: it's nothing

ONA: what do you need to know, pimpis-?

DOMINIC: (explodes) you're all just- no one tells me anything, I know something is happening I know it is, but no one will tell me what. Did you know, girl babies registered with permits have fallen almost 20% over three years- three years! That kind of thing doesn't just happen, there are lots of scientists saying that people are just eating more of this or less of that, calling it - fucking - environmental, but it's not, it can't be. And no one's willing to talk about it!

ONA: (is taken aback) babies?

DOMINIC: why are you here?

ONA: (coldly) you say like I have a choice.

DOMINIC: why were you brought here?

ONA: 'brought'

DOMINIC: you know- why did they take you?

ONA: I know what it means. You make it sound like holiday. You don't know. You don't know!

DOMINIC: well then tell me, who are you trying to protect?

(BEAT)

ONA: save [Lithuanian = myself].

DOMINIC: why not tell me, what harm can it do

ONA: we're not supposed to tell

DOMINIC: what if I said it turned me on?

(PAUSE)

then you'd have to, right?

ONA: I have to lie.

DOMINIC: I need you to tell me.

SILENCE

I need you

ONA: My name is Ona. Ona Mielkutė. In Lithuania the last name- is of your father. My father's name is Valdas Mielkus, Mielkutė means daughter of Mielkus -I belong to him. But no more. He sold me. He say I am too - what's the word? Means thin like a chicken-

DOMINIC: scrawny?

ONA: I am too scrawny to make good wife, people don't believe that I would make boys - they need workers, girls just sit around the house until married. He say he will send me to work in England, he say there are places to work there. I was excited. Thought I go and earn money to learn with, I always wanted to learn-I wanted to go to the universities, but we are too poor. My father says that this man, he owns cafe - you go there, work as waitress, smile. But it cost money to get there, money we don't have, so this man, this kind man, he give us money- money that you will earn when you get there, given to us now, so you can travel. You must be kind to this man, you must work hard to repay your debt. You must work hard.

(PAUSE)

The first night we travelled he forced himself on me. When I say 'no', he beat me - you know a big man's belt- with a buckle? He beat me with that. He passed me on to another, who passed me on to another. Each of them beat me, forced me. I bleed all over. My tears are red. I think I will die, but I think when I get there, when I get there- then they put drugs inside me, I don't know where

I am. Georg came to me, he gave me food, some water. He said 'you are mine now, your father sold you to me, but I am a fair man, if you pay your debt, you buy yourself back'. I ran away but he always find me. I fuck for money. That's why I am here.

HER VOICE HAS BEEN STEADY. SHE LOOKS DOMINIC IN THE EYE THROUGHOUT. SHE DOESN'T CRY, BUT A TEAR OR TWO ESCAPES HIM.

HE TAKES HIS HAND GENTLY TO HER FACE, TUCKS HER HAIR BEHIND HER EAR, BRINGS THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, HE RESTS HIS FOREHEAD AGAINST HERS, SHE CLOSES HER EYES, AND THEY STAY THERE FOR A SECOND OR TWO.

DOMINIC: 'Ona'.

ONA: Taip [yes]

DOMINIC: it's a beautiful name. You're beautiful.

SHE EXTRICATES HERSELF SLIGHTLY

ONA: what do you want?

DOMINIC: that's a big- [question].

ONA: what do you want from me?

DOMINIC: I- whatever you want to give me.

SHE MOVES CLOSER TO HIM, CAREFULLY PLACES HER CHEEK AGAINST HIS, HE BREATHES IN THE SMELL OF HER HAIR. THEN SLOWLY, GENTLY, HE KISSES HER. NOTHING MORE. BUT IT IS A LOT.

ONA: you like me.

DOMINIC: I- I don't-

ONA: it is ok.

(PAUSE)

you can't afford to.

DOMINIC: (he hasn't hear) you smell so sweet.

ONA: it is nearly time for you to go

A MOMENT, DOMINIC SEEMS TO COME BACK  
TO HIS SENSE. HE CONTINUES, BUT WITH  
MUCH LESS FLUENCY THAN BEFORE

DOMINIC: tell me more, Ona

ONA: There is no more to tell.

DOMINIC: ... what things does he make you- [do]?

ONA: it is *ugly*. I don't want to-

DOMINIC: ok, sorry, sorry.

(PAUSE)

ONA: why don't we talk about you?

DOMINIC: about me?

ONA: Taip.

DOMINIC: what do you want to know?

ONA: why do you come here?

DOMINIC: to see you.

HE SMILES AT HER. SHE LOOKS CONFUSED.

I have another reason.

SHE NODS

You know?

(SHE SHAKES HER HEAD)

Then what do you- [know]

ONA: you are not usual.

DOMINIC: how do you mean?

ONA: I watch you- there is something you want. (brief  
pause) But it is not me.

DOMINIC: I want... I need to tell people.

ONA: tell people?

DOMINIC: it hurts me. It hurts me to watch you

ONA: you don't look at me.

DOMINIC: I want to, I want to be able to

ONA: why can't you now?

DOMINIC: What's happening to you is wrong, Ona, I want to change that, I believe I can change that, for you and lots of other people, if everyone else saw, saw what you all go through- we could save so many

ONA: (is surprised) but they do!

DOMINIC: but not really

ONA: The pimps don't have their eyes closed. There's a sign outside. It's allowed.

DOMINIC: well it shouldn't be, and it isn't- they're not allowed to force you. They're not allowed to beat you and-

ONA: people don't like to listen. It is ugly.

DOMINIC: but they hurt you.

ONA: we are not proper women, we are dirty

DOMINIC: so we force them to see!

ONA: more forcing

DOMINIC: are you happy?

ONA LOOKS ANGRY

You don't think you have a right to be?

ONA: I don't need you to tell me how-

DOMINIC: please, Ona, let me help you

ONA: what can you do?

(PAUSE) DOMINIC HAS GLANCED AT HIS WATCH, JUMPS UP.

DOMINIC: I have to- (catches sight of her, stops, picks up her hand) I'll be back soon.

ACT I SCENE 8

THE BASEMENT ROOM FROM THE FIRST SCENE, AN EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO MAKE THE ROOM LOOK MORE APPEALING BUT THIS JUST SERVES TO HIGHLIGHT ITS DAMP DIRTINESS. THERE HAS BEEN A DESK AND A LARGE SAFE ADDED SL. A COUPLE OF CHAIRS BY THE MIRROR. THE ROOM IS STILL DULL, OLDER LEAVES STICK TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE DIM WINDOW. GEORG SITS AT THE DESK, WRITING, ADDING UP ON A BATTERED OLD CALCULATOR, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF.

THE UPSTAIRS DOOR OPENS, LIGHT SPILLS IN, AND THEN THE DOOR IS CLOSED AGAIN. DOMINIC ENTERS, HE GOES OVER TO ONA'S DOOR, BUT FINDS IT LOCKED.

GEORG: She is busy.

DOMINIC JUMPS, TURNS

DOMINIC: Bloody hell!

GEORG: pardon?

DOMINIC: sorry, sorry, you didn't half give me a fright.

GEORG: I am sorry

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: so she's-

GEORG: she is busy

(PAUSE)

There are other girls

DOMINIC: I can wait.

NOTHING. A SECOND OR TWO. GEORG STANDS

GEORG: it is a hard life, Mr.

DOMINIC: what?

GEORG: it's hard to live.

DOMINIC: I don't understand-?

GEORG: the world makes it hard, people are empty, people want filling up.

(PAUSE)

Did you vote for it Mr?

DOMINIC: I'm sorry?

GEORG: did you vote for it?

DOMINIC: look, I don't think that-

GEORG: I didn't, for some people, for poor people, family is all that they have got.

DOMINIC: I don't know why you're-

GEORG: people are richer without family, but what to spend it on? And what's the point in any of it, if you've only got you- nothing else- did you vote for it?

DOMINIC: I don't know why you're talking to me about this

GEORG: you can't have kids if you're not rich enough

DOMINIC: look, I'm sorry, I don't know why you're talking to me about this.

GEORG: they took away my son.

(PAUSE)

Illegal immigrant - gave him to a rich couple who could afford a permit, but couldn't make one themselves.

(PAUSE)

One child per family. If you can afford it. If you can't afford it. Can't afford anything but yourself. That's how it works

DOMINIC: that's really- that's really sad, I'm sorry I- I- it's not supposed to work like that- it's supposed to be saving lives, we need it- we took too much out of the world

GEORG: You can't afford her.

NOTHING

It is better if you-

DOMINIC: I don't-

GEORG: pardon

DOMINIC: she's just my type- that's all

GEORG: skinny, ne papai [no tits]

DOMINIC: she's good

GEORG: she's one of our worst, unwilling. No one likes her. I try my best, Give them all chances, what can you do with a child who never listens?

(PAUSE)

You should try one of the others- you will like. We have had lots of girls return- ones you haven't seen

DOMINIC: the ill ones?

GEORG: Better now.

DOMINIC: I'm used to her

GEORG: please, I have seen it- many times before

DOMINIC: it's not like that

GEORG: it doesn't work. Go out, find yourself a girlfriend, fuck her, save up. You don't want our services

DOMINIC: your services

GEORG: you seem nice, go away from here.

DOMINIC: you-

GEORG: I suggest you leave.

DOMINIC: and what if I say no?

(PAUSE)

GEORG: you like her

DOMINIC: I like to fuck her. That's all.

(PAUSE)

Fine, show me one of the others.

ACT I

SCENE 9

GEORG, ALONE IN ONA'S BASEMENT ROOM. HE IS SEARCHING THROUGH HER THINGS, CHECKING THE NOOKS AN CRANNIES, HE HAS NO REGARD FOR HER THINGS, NOR DOES HE ATTEMPT TO REPLACE THEM SO AS TO AVOID SUSPICSION. HE SMELLS ITEMS. AT ONE POINT HE PICKS UP THE SCARF, BUT DISCARDS IT JUST AS QUICKLY. EVENTUALLY HIS MOBILE PHONE RINGS. HE PICKS UP

GEORG: Labas[hello]? Ah, hello, sorry, yes it is... You have another for me?... ah- wonderful... yes, a lot of girls on the farm... brown hair? Many are -[blonde]-no of course I can... 8 month? Ok. Name (he gets out a piece of paper and pen, writes) Mar-i-a. That all? A boy, of course a boy, Nedatupetas[retard], who wants to swap their kudikis[baby] for a kale[bitch]? She got my number? Good. Tell her to call in 5 month... of course it is safe!... what things? There's no trouble. Yes I heard that too, but there's always that rumour, there's no journalist, just weirdo.

HE HANGS UP. WADES OUT THROUGH THE MESS

ACT I

SCENE 10

ONA AND DOMINIC IN HER ROOM TOGETHER,  
THEY ARE MID WAY THROUGH CONVERSATION

ONA: it doesn't

DOMINIC: pardon?

ONA: you ask how it works - it doesn't, it's all- it's all their fault. People walk by me. The, the pimps know, really. And the doctors, they know too; it is wrong, but they do it.

DOMINIC: people are better than that- they've just not had the chance to-

ONA: people are not good

DOMINIC: they are, we have an evolutionary imperative to look after our-

ONA: you speak too fast

DOMINIC: people aren't bad- they're only bad because they don't know anything else

ONA: they don't know anything else than buying people to fuck?

DOMINIC: look, there's no need to be extreme about it

ONA: real

DOMINIC: people just need to get their boundaries back.

ONA: it made it all about fuck

DOMINIC: well now I don't necessarily agree with that. The policy was- well, something had to be done, people were starving, it was either that or rationing- and not just food - everything, all the floods, and the animals, they caught lots of- y'know, diseases and it was all across Europe, three years and we were wiped out. All that rain and you couldn't even get water- it was too polluted- flooded. There were too many people. It was hard; sometimes you have to make unpopular decisions. And in the end it's easier to take away something you never had, than stuff you're used to wanting.

ONA: children?

DOMINIC: what about them

ONA: you take them away

DOMINIC: well not exactly-

ONA: that is what happens to me.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: (carefully) Georg makes you abort babies?

SILENCE

That's not what the one child policy was about-  
it's bad people, bad people who think that sex is  
worthless -

ONA: no worth so they pay? I don't understand.

DOMINIC: If you can't afford a permit, or if you can't  
have kids, what's the point in the bother of  
having a relationship. That's what a lot of  
people think.

ONA: a lot of men.

DOMINIC: We need time to iron the kinks out - but we got  
ourselves into this mess... and we all have to  
pay to get out of it. We all have to sacrifice-  
it's about change whilst upholding a certain  
standard of living.

ONA: you sound like advert. Very pretty.

DOMINIC: I just think- I mean you don't see any of the  
good from here

ONA: They have taken away 3 of my children. I never  
had them, I knew I never would. I think I would  
eat less and not have car if it meant I could- if  
I could just hold one of them. I am real too.

DOMINIC: I know you are, I know. People won't give up  
those things though - people are selfish, not  
used to doing without.

(PAUSE)

Who took them away?

NOTHING

The government?

NO REPLY

Ona, what was done to you- it is barbaric, that's not what the policy was supposed to do

ONA: I just want to know what a baby's head smells like.

DOMINIC: and you will. One day you will.

ONA: I think it would smell like karamelé.

DOMINIC: caramel?

SHE NODS

HE KISSES HER.

You taste sweet.

ONA: you can not change people.

DOMINIC: (PAUSE) I think you can.

ACT I

SCENE 11

THE BASEMENT ROOM. DOMINIC IS LEAVING, HE LOOKS CONFUSED, AND IS BUTTONING UP HIS SHIRT AS HE WALKS. HE STOPS, AS HE SEES GEORG AT HIS DESK AGAIN.

GEORG: You are a Knight in Shining Armour

NOTHING

Save yourself. Everything else hurts.

DOMINIC GLANCES BACK AT ONA'S ROOM, AND THEN AT GEORG.

I don't hurt them. I do all I can. I hate to punish - but if we didn't. We have to look after ourselves first. I have nothing else. You have nothing else.

DOMINIC: I'm leaving. Moving to a different city.

GEORG: so is she.

DOMINIC: I'm going to come back one last time.

(PAUSE)

Please don't tell her

HE LEAVES. GEORG LOOKS ALMOST SATISFIED, THOUGH STILL A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS.

ACT I

SCENE 9

THE HILLSIDE

ONA: you should go

DOMINIC: I wont

ONA: I'm broken

DOMINIC: you're not.

ONA: I never forget. Never forget. But it hurts to remember.

DOMINIC: I know, I know.

ONA: why are you here?

DOMINIC: you still don't believe me do you?

ONA: You researched me.

DOMINIC: no.

ONA: no one tells truths.

DOMINIC: I do, I do.

ONA: you could work for him- or you could be worse, worse type of man, how do I know this isn't some fantasy?

DOMINIC: Ona, listen; I needed to know how it worked, I needed to-

ONA: why?

DOMINIC: because people need to know, need to- this was supposed to save our lives, but it's gone wrong-

ONA: you need to know. Now you do, so go away, go, tell people.

SILENCE.

DOMINIC: I- I don't know if they'll listen. I think they wont.

ACT I

SCENE 13

ONA IN HER ROOM - SHE WADES THROUGH THE MESS, TRYING TO CLEAR IT AWAY. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. SHE LOOKS UP SHARPLY.

DOMINIC: [off] hello?

ONA: labas[hello], come in.

DOMINIC ENTERS, HE LOOKS ANGRY AS HE ENTERS, BUT IT MELTS AWAY WHEN HE SEES THE ROOM

DOMINIC: what happened?

ONA: Georg.

DOMINIC: why is he looking through your things?

SHE STARES AT HIM

You think it has something to do with me?

NO REPLY AGAIN

Shit.

HE RUNS HIS HAND THROUGH HIS HAIR.

SHIT!

ONA: Dominic

HER SAYING HIS NAME BRINGS HIM FROM HIS REVERIE

HE MOVES OVER TO HER. SITS NEXT TO HER ON THE BED.

AFTER A WHILE

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: you don't come for me do you?

DOMINIC: I-

ONA: you have to go- you have to- if they found something

DOMINIC: like what?

ONA: or heard something- Dominic, he kill you.

DOMINIC: no

ONA: he will

DOMINIC: I won't go

ONA: he's gone at the moment, but when he comes back-

DOMINIC: leave with me. Now.

ONA: he kill you.

DOMINIC: or- or I'll buy you, that's it, I'll give him money, all that have I can get-we'll go away. I can't leave you here

ONA: prašau [please]!

(PAUSE)

they will kill you. They have people on the door, people all around. I have no shoes.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: so I can't do anything.

(PAUSE)

I can't help you, I can't help anyone. Fuck!

HE SITS DOWN

My story got turned down. Too incredible apparently.

ONA: story?

DOMINIC: Oh we lead with plenty of stories about the trafficking and the fucked up behaviour of people who can't afford permits.

ONA: Please, speak-[slower]

DOMINIC: but the second I suggest something that might lead back to the type of people who read the bloody paper- and no one will take it- not enough

evidence apparently, they told me to take it to the *Mail*. Laughed at me.

(PAUSE) HE LOOKS AT HER BEWILDERMENT

Ona, I'm a journalist

ONA: a journ-al-ist

DOMINIC: I work for a newspaper. Used to anyway.

(PAUSE)

there's something going on- I said it before, people won't admit it- but since the one child policy was brought in, the permits and everything, births have decreased in some unusual areas. Girls, in particular. This much I can prove

ONA: there are no girls?

DOMINIC: when it came in, people started coming up with excuses to abort anything they didn't want, because they only had one chance- and one of the biggest problems was people who didn't want a girl. They banned abortion based on sex selection when it started happening- made testing for sex and disability illegal after that, but if you have enough money...

ONA: but why not?

DOMINIC: pardon?

ONA: why not let them choose- if they only allowed one child, then they should make it best-

DOMINIC: there's nothing wrong with a girl-child

ONA: not as strong, not useful, not safe.

DOMINIC: that's not the point

ONA: I wish I was a man.

DOMINIC: look, you don't understand

ONA: (angry, stands) I am not stupid!

DOMINIC: (stands also) yes you are- if you can say things like that!

ONA TURNS AWAY ANGRILY, AND DOMINIC  
GRABS HER, TURNS HER TO FACE HIM

DOMINIC: listen to me!

HE REALISES HIS MISTAKE IMMEDIATELY

ONA: you say you want me to listen. You say I am wrong  
for saying that it is better to be a man. But you  
are stupid - you think your ideas are better than  
mine, you think you have the right to make me  
listen.

LONG SILENCE

DOMINIC: why was your room searched?

ONA: (shrugs) it their room.

DOMINIC LOOKS AT HER

Fine. Gifts, things that are stolen, the little  
pills

DOMINIC: drugs?

ONA: no

DOMINIC: contraception?

SHE NODS. HE SIGHS.

So he might not suspect me...

HE LOOKS AT ONA.

I'm sorry, I didn't even say hello.

SHE DOESN'T LOOK AT HIM

I- I missed you.

NOTHING

Ona?

SHE LOOKS AWAY

I'm sorry, Ona. I was wrong.

GO GOES OVER TO HER, TAKES HER HAND.

What can I do?

ONA: so you just give up?

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: you said people would listen, you're not even going to try? Bailys[coward].

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: there is no strength in you

DOMINIC: but there is so much in you

ONA: you want it? Take it! You pay for me

DOMINIC: what can I give you? How can I help you? Money? Clothes? I need to help someone.

(PAUSE)

ONA: what is the sky like today?

DOMINIC: (BEAT) grey

ONA: is it cold?

DOMINIC: yes

ONA: tell me about it.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: do you know what the date is? (She shakes her head) it's the middle of January. It's cold outside. When you breathe out your breath freezes, you can almost hear it fall like broken glass. It snowed last night, people moan about it but it's better than the rain, it freezes the rivers and the floods, its like things are back how they used to be, a few years ago. This morning the whole city was in mist, you couldn't see even a metre in front of you; you could disappear, breathe in and be as cold as the fog. When I was at university in Oxford there used to be fogs like this over the river. We'd sneak out on a boat, light a candle, and pretend we were floating along the river Styx - the one than runs between hell and earth.

(PAUSE)

DOMINIC: I'm coming back Ona, I'm coming back.

THEY BEGIN TO KISS. THE LIGHTS FADE AS  
HE LAYS HER DOWN ON THE BED.

THE BASMENT ROOM THAT OPENED THE PLAY-DARKNESS. SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND SOMEONE IS THROWN DOWN THE STAIRS. THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON, AND GEORG IS STRIDING DOWN THE STAIRS AFTER ONA, WHO IS SHIFTING PAINFULLY ON THE FLOOR.

GEORG: so what is it, ziurke [rat]?

ONA: Kad tave velniai nujotu! [let devils ride you away]

GEORG: I am the devils, little one, but you don't get devils without sin- and you don't get me without him.

ONA: I don't know, I don't know who you-

GEORG: you know exactly what I mean. Your little favourite. He was here today-

ONA LOOKS UP SHARPLY

Ah, now I see- yes, but he didn't ask for you, no, he didn't, he was bored of you

ONA: I don't believe you.

GEORG: oh but it's true.

(PAUSE)

There's something in your eye. I see it. What has he been saying to you?

NO ANSWER

Don't play with me, your other customers, they're getting bored. Bored customers don't pay, they say you're even shitter than usual, your worthless, you're worthless, not even your beloved will come now.

ONA: you're wrong

GEORG: then how come he doesn't want you? How come he thinks you worthless, like everyone else?

ONA: he does want me, he does!

GEORG: what is doing here zuirke? The other kekshes [whores] say he just talks, we get talkers, but they all want to fuck. They don't spend their money for nothing. What is he talking about? What have you told him?

ONA: nothing!

GEORG STRIDES OVER TO HER, PICKS HER UP AND SLAMS HER AGAINST THE WALL. SHAKES HER.

GEORG: no man ever wants to talk. Unless talk is important to him- unless that's how he buys his women - unless that is what he does for a living. What is he, a journalist, policijai [police]? What have you told him! What have you-

ONA: Prašau! [please!]

GEORG STOPS. HOLDS HER THERE

We have, we have sex, we did it, his last visit.

A MOMENT, THEN GEORG LETS HER FALL.

GEORG: you have?

ONA: Taip. [yes]

GEORG: you had sex with him?

ONA: I did

GEORG: what kind of questions has he been asking you?

ONA: my name, where I come from.

GEORG: and you told him

ONA: lies, I told him lies.

(BEAT)

GEORG: you told him lies

ONA: yes

GEORG: all lies?

ONA: yes.

GEORG: then how come when he came, he said, not Ona, I am bored of her

ONA: he didn't say that.

GEORG: how come he say 'I am done with that Ona girl, I don't want to see any more of her, send me to Tanja, I feel like trying some German.

(BEAT)

ONA CANNOT SPEAK

He has tricked you, zieurke. What did he tell you? He tell you he loved you? He talk to you, make you think he cared, said that we are bad people and you don't deserve it, he make you cry, then give you a hug, and slip his hand under you skirt? He told him self a story, zieurke, told you one too, it wasn't bad if he made you believe it- it was real, not just something he paid for, he took something else. I suppose he said he was someone who was going to take you away? And then he had you, more than what he paid for. That's what they like. Always remember you're a whore, a kekshe, you belong to me. I rent you out, but you will belong to me until you're all worn out. Oh, don't look at me like that- you can't blame the rat catchers for the rats, if no one bought you, I couldn't sell you, and you'd still be on that little farm near Utena being fucked by your dad.

ONA SPITS IN HIS FACE. HE KICKS HER HARD, GOES TO KICK HER AGAIN

ONA: Prašau! My blood!

GEORG FREEZES

GEORG: what?

ONA: my blood, it didn't come

GEORG: when were you due?

ONA: two weeks

GEORG: two weeks ago?

ONA:           Taip.

(PAUSE)

GEORG:        if you are lying I will kill you.

HE WALKS OUT

ACT I

SCENE 15

THE INSIDE OF A DILAPIDATED FARM HOUSE. RAIN OUTSIDE.

THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED AND ONA COMES IN, FOLLOWED BY GEORG. SHE IS CARRY MEAGRE POSSESSIONS IN A SPORTS BAG. SHE IS ABOUT 4 MONTHS PREGNANT.

GEORG: welcome. (A big smile)

ONA: Nusishypsosi shaltais dantimis [you will smile with cold teeth]

GEORG: civilised, boba, speak English. This is why you learn slower, I know you are stupid, but even the ones that get broken (taps his head) speak better than you.

ONA: I hate it.

GEORG: I thought you wanted to come here?

SILENCE

You are lucky, because you are shit- you've come here earlier. Be thankful.

HE BUSIES HIMSELF, AFTER A WHILE:

This is your third?

ONA: (after a pause) yes.

GEORG: It happens quickly for you. And a boy, too. This is good.

ONA: (quietly)fuck you.

GEORG: what?

ONA: fuck you!

A MOMENT. THEN GEORG COMES UP TO HER FAST AND HITS HER HARD IN THE FACE. SHE FALLS, GASPS.

GEORG: I will hit you in the face now boba. It's not that we care about now.

HE LEAVES. ONA PICKS HERSELF UP AND STANDS FOR A WHILE. SHE LOOKS AROUND HER AND THEN DIGS INTO HER BAG- SHE TAKES OUT DOMINIC'S SCARF. SHE LOOKS AT IT FOR A SECOND. THEN PRESSES IT GENTLY TO HER FACE, BREATHES IN. SHE BEGINS TO CRY.

ACT I      SCENE 16

THE SUMMER HILLSIDE

DOMINIC:      I didn't leave you, you know, I asked for you.  
They said you weren't there, they said you'd gone

ONA:            I did go, but not when you asked. Georg put drugs  
in me, he beat me. Said I'd told you my name

DOMINIC:      I'm sorry

ONA:            they don't give you shoes, so you can't run away.

(PAUSE)

You still think it is 'all for the best'.

DOMINIC:      I- I don't- [know]

ONA:            It isn't Georg who forces me, it is the pimpis,  
the pimpis with money in his hand. Did you vote  
for the policy?

DOMINIC:      well, I-

ONA:            You, it is you who does this to me

DOMINIC:      look, I know it's been-

ONA:            you made a kūdikis [baby] - about money

DOMINIC:      but it's not about-

ONA:            you don't have to pay?

DOMINIC:      it's not like you pay-

ONA:            the permit cost money?

DOMINIC:      yes but you get it all back in education, tax  
cuts, healthcare, university

ONA:            but you need money

DOMINIC:      but not to buy a baby- to prove that you can  
afford to look after it- if you're going to limit  
the number of kids people can have, you need to  
make sure that the ones we do have a well looked  
after, cared for, in a stable environment

ONA:            you think I couldn't care for a baby?

DOMINIC: no- no of course I don't think that

ONA: but I have no money.

(PAUSE)

People are not things. But they are if you have to pay money- if you pay money and then you get something- you own it.

DOMINIC: that's not why people abused it- they broke the rules. Mean men who wanted heirs to their name, their businesses, they married and married until they got a boy

ONA: I thought they could only have one child?

DOMINIC: no, it's the women, it's the woman who is issued the permit- they have the babies.

(PAUSE)

No one knew it would turn out like this. Didn't know people would get so desperate.

ONA: They loved their husbands, didn't want to lose them. They had money, so they used it. It's you-

DOMINIC: no

ONA: it's you

DOMINIC: we're not all like that!

(PAUSE)

ONA: I don't know why you're here.

DOMINIC: I have to do something, have to be able to change one little thing.

ONA: why?

DOMINIC: I have to know that I can, that someone can.

ONA: you don't want to help me.

DOMINIC: what?

ONA: you want to help you.

DOMINIC: that's not true

ONA: please. Go away now

DOMINIC: Ona, I love you

ONA: go away!

DOMINIC: Aš tave myliu.

(PAUSE)

ONA: you can't take me

DOMINIC: I know

ONA: they're watching us

DOMINIC: I gave them all my savings, all my money, to see you.

ONA: I am surprised they let you.

DOMINIC: I convinced them that I love you, and that I wanted to see you, one last time. Georg is moving you to another brothel after this, so I sold everything, and I deleted the article.

ONA: what?

DOMINIC: I've given it up

ONA: but-

DOMINIC: Ona, I have to be with you, I can't be a journalist, I can't publish that article they'd deport you

ONA: you are crazy

DOMINIC: I'm not, I've got a plan

ONA: you are crazy!

DOMINIC: It would never have made a difference, never changed a thing, you are right, money talks, but doesn't listen, will never listen, but I can change *this*, I can help you. I've got a plan.

ONA: leave me. Leave me now.

DOMINIC: no! No, please, don't go

ONA: Georg is right, you are mad

DOMINIC: I know where he's taking you, I know where you go!

ONA: what?

DOMINIC: there's the farm house, in the one of the flooded places, a farm in Lincolnshire. And then he drives, drives to another house, a suburb near Cambridge, he takes girls there, the ones who are nearly ready, and meets someone- someone different each time- and that's where he does the deal. And I know, I also know that he's taking you there soon.

ONA: prašau, don't tell me what I already know.

DOMINIC: I've got it, I've got the big picture, I worked it all out, got all the details, evidence and... but I found that that's not what I want, I just want a little piece- I want you. I want you.

SILENCE

I know you love me too.

ONA: how do I know what love is.

DOMINIC: listen, Georg doesn't know I'm here. The guard- he just thinks I'm some saddo who's fallen in love with a whore.

ONA: and you are not?

DOMINIC: I am going to save you Ona.

(PAUSE FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT)

When he takes you- when he takes you to the house, I'm going to come then. I'm going to cause some kind - something that means he has to come away, or phone him, impersonate someone, something. Then you can leave, leave the house, I'll come and find you. I'll come and pick you up, we can leave, we can go.

ONA: he'll shoot you

DOMINIC: It'll happen before he knows. He doesn't take guards there does he? Looks bad

ONA: they'll chase, they'll find us

DOMINIC: they won't. He doesn't know anything about us, and what does he care? I'm not doing the story any more. We could go to Oxford. I don't care what work we do we've got not permit, but I've got friends, I'll sell my house and we'll have some money. Ona, please, just say you'll do this, say you'll leave with me. I understand the dangers, but they don't matter to me

ONA: you are crazy

DOMINIC: I'd give it all up, because I'm just nothing without you.

ONA: you will give up telling the world. It will carry on to happen to other girls.

DOMINIC: people are selfish. I'm selfish. I don't care if it happens to anyone else, as long as it doesn't happen to you. Come with me, Ona, please.

(PAUSE)

ONA: Ok. I will go.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE 1

A DAMP, DARK SEMI DETACHED HOUSE WITH BARE LIGHT BULBS. THERE ARE STAIRS VISIBLE STAGE LEFT, AND A FRONT DOOR UP STAGE RIGHT THAT OPENS INTO THE MAIN AREA. IT IS A LARGE LIVING/DINING AREA WITH THREADBARE MIS-MATCHED SOFAS, DIRTY CARPETS AND PEELING WALLPAPER. IT IS DILAPIDATED AND CLEARLY LITTLE LIVED IN. THERE IS A DOORWAY STAGE LEFT LEADING TO THE KITCHEN. THERE ARE TWO 2-SEATER SOFAS FACING EACH OTHER AND AN ARMCHAIR BETWEEN, FACING THE AUDIENCE. A SMALL COFFEE TABLE RESTS BETWEEN.

WE HEAR A CAR APPROACH, PULL UP, AND A VOICE AS TWO PEOPLE GET OUT, SLAM DOORS

GEORG: (off) this had better go through, it is expensive to come here, close the door, you will behave yourself, you want good home for your kûdikis, yes?

THE DOOR OPENS, LIGHT POURS IN, GEORG ENTERS, HE IS WEARING A SLIGHTLY LUDICROUS GREY TRENCH COAT. HE BEGINS TO OPEN CURTAINS, TURN ON LIGHTS.

Ah, this place gets worse, the fucking rain-

HE LOOKS BACK TO THE DOOR, SIGHS, GOES OVER AND DRAGS ONA IN BY THE ARM. SHE IS HEAVILY PREGNANT.

Don't play stupid, we need to look respectable, Respektabiliausiy. See? I close the door. It's warm now.

ONA STANDS. DOES NOT LOOK UP.

You know the way it works. We are a couple, yes? You understand?

NOTHING

We want better life for our child, kûdikis, yes?

HE STARES AT HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN  
GOES TO A CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS

Still, it's cold. Looks bad, people want to know  
it's been looked after. If she asks, you taken  
vitamins, ok? Eat... carrots and things. There, it  
will be warm now.

HE HAS TURNED THE HEATING ON. HE GOES  
INTO THE KITCHEN

(off) sit down, she could be early, these people  
are always early. Where is that, ah. Yes.

HE MOVES BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM.  
STANDS. AN EDGE IN HIS VOICE.

I said sit down, boba.

ONA SITS DOWN.

Not on that one. That's not for you, sit here.

HE INDICATES THE SOFA CLOSEST TO THE  
KITCHEN, SHE MOVES OVER.

When she arrives, you offer her tea. We are a  
couple. Poor. Want better life for our- This one,  
she comes alone, her husband does not know (he  
laughs suddenly) these women, they do not tell a  
soul, but they tell Georg. A few numbers on a  
little piece of paper, given by a friend. They  
ring me.

HE LOOKS AT ONA. SHE IS SHIVERING  
VIOLENTLY.

Don't do that. Control yourself. It costs, you  
know, every visit, every one comes off your  
money, that's another 9 months you have to work  
if this fails, petrol does not grow on trees.  
Hard enough to get tea, but they always expect  
it. If she wants tea, you can have some too,  
keeps you warmer than vodka, no?

(PAUSE)

GEORG LOOKS AT HER

This is number three?

ONA: taip.

GEORG: well then, only few more to go, and it happens quickly with you, soon you will have repaid us, we give you a little money too, a present, pays for a room, you can look for job.

(PAUSE)

You can look for job. What do you want to do? Hm? Once many people came to this country, thousands, but there is nothing here anymore, just fields and floods. Why did you come?

(PAUSE)

Talk, Boba, I am not a- [monster]

ONA: university

GEORG: what?

ONA: I want to learn. At Oxford.

(PAUSE)

GEORG LAUGHS AGAIN

GEORG: Oxford! You are crazy, szalony[insane]! Learn? I can teach you, what is it you want to learn? Hm?

(PAUSE)

Answer me Boba.

ONA: I am not Boba

GEORG: you are all Boba out here. Do you read?

(BEAT)

ONA: yes

GEORG: English?

NO ANSWER

There is no point. Learning won't help you. You need balls here.

HE GRABS HIS, LAUGHS, LIGHTS A CIGARETTES, SITS BACK.

THEN HE SUDDENLY STANDS, GOES OVER TO  
A WINDOW BY THE FRONT DOOR, LOOKS OUT.

More rain. God pisses on us.

SILENCE

GEORG: ah!

A CAR PULLS UP OUTSIDE. THE SLAM OF A  
CAR DOOR

EVENTUALLY GEORG OPENS THE DOOR AND  
MARIA ENTERS. SHE AWKWARDLY CARRIES A  
HANDBAG. SHE LOOKS VERY WORN, AS  
THOUGH SHE HASN'T SLEPT FOR DAYS,  
WEEKS.

SHE IS, HOWEVER, MADE UP, AND IN NEAT  
WELL MADE, MODEST CLOTHES. SHE STANDS  
IN THE DOORWAY.

GEORG: please, come in

MARIA STANDS FOR A SECOND, THEN MOVES  
INSIDE, HUNCHED. GEORG CLOSES THE DOOR

Have a seat, please

AGAIN, AFTER A SECOND, SHE MOVES OVER  
TO THE PROFFERED CHAIR. A MOMENT,  
GEORG GLARES AT ONA. SHE RATTLES INTO  
ACTION

ONA: you want tea?

MARIA LOOKS A LITTLE TAKEN ABACK

(louder) You, Want, Tea?

GEORG COUGHS AND ONA JUMPS BACK, MARIA  
LOOKS FOR A SECOND, THEN

MARIA: yes, that would be nice, thank you.

ONA GLANCES BRIEFLY AT GEORG, THEN  
MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN AREA

GEORG: we are so glad to see you, to finally meet you  
(pause - no reply) I am sorry if you have had to  
travel far in this-

MARIA: far is good

(BEAT)

GEORG: yes.

UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE. GEORG SUDDENLY RISES AND GOES TO THE KITCHEN. WE HEAR A MUFFLED SENTENE OR TWO- CLANKING OF CUPS. MARIA LOOKS AROUND. THEN, WITH A FAINT SIGH, CLOSES HER EYES.

GEORG AND ONA ENTER, MARIA SNAPS HER EYES OPEN AGAIN.

GEORG: tea!

HE HANDS A MUG TO MARIA, AND THEN SITS DOWN. ONA REMAINS STANDING UNTIL ANOTHER POINTED LOOK FROM GEORG.

MARIA MISSES THIS, THOUGH SHE DOES SEE ONA WITHOUT A CUP.

MARIA: aren't you having any?

NOTHING

GEORG: she doesn't drink tea, caffeine - is not good for the baby.

(PAUSE)

We are so glad to finally meet you Mrs-

MARIA: Maria, please.

GEORG: Maria, a lovely name.

(BEAT)

MARIA: I'm sorry, I don't, don't know your-

GEORG: of course! How rude! I am so sorry, I am Mr Georg Bigman, and this is my wife.

MARIA: married? (She glances at their hands)

GEORG: ah yes, the marriage licence was expensive enough, we could not afford rings. But God cares not for jewels or gold.

MARIA: ... I am sorry.

(PAUSE)

GEORG: are you a god-fearing woman Mrs Maria?

MARIA: pardon

(PAUSE)

GEORG: do you practice religion?

MARIA: oh, no, nothing like that.

GEORG: still! You, your kindness and generosity extends to us, to help us-

MARIA: is this your house?

GEORG: pardon?

MARIA: it seems damp

GEORG: it-

MARIA: you own this house?

GEORG: we live here with 3 other families. They work.

MARIA: legally?

GEORG: mostly.

MARIA: do you- (work)?

GEORG: a day off, specially arranged

MARIA: (to Ona) and you-?

GEORG: she did, in the fields, but the past month- she is too big. We are even poorer.

(PAUSE)

MARIA: is the child- the child is-

GEORG: a boy, we are certain of it.

MARIA: how do you know?

GEORG: we were put in touch with a scanner

MARIA: and no other - [problems] (she stops) I'm sorry -  
I have never- have never

GEORG: of course, neither have we. Please- (continue)

MARIA: has she had, been taking all of the-

GEORG: oh! Yes, vitamins, the government supplements, we  
want the best for our-

MARIA: but how do you get them- without the permit?

GEORG HESITATES, BUT SUDDENLY HIS  
PHONE RINGS. LUCKY. HE GLANCES AT IT,  
AND SMILES APOLOGETICALLY

GEORG: I must take this, forgive me

HE MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN - URGENT  
MUTTERINGS.

MARIA DOES NOT LOOK AT ONA. ONA KEEPS  
HER HEAD DOWN.

(PAUSE)

MARIA: what is your name?

(PAUSE)

ONA: Ona

MARIA: that is pretty.

(PAUSE)

Where are you from?

ONA LOOKS PANICKED

no, don't worry, I won't, I won't tell anyone- I  
don't know anyone who works for the authorities -  
you don't have to tell me if you don't-

GEORG: (off, but audible) just deal with it!

GEORG RE-ENTERS

So sorry - urgent - trouble at work

MARIA: oh!

GEORG: no, no don't worry, it's ok. So, where were we? Yes, my wife has been taking all of the government supplements - she eats well, does not smoke, and of course, she never drinks.

(PAUSE)

MARIA: that is good.

(PAUSE)

I'm sorry, what is it you want me to do? I- I don't know how this works. I all have is this, someone gave me this number; I got a test, my husband paid for a test- I know they're not allowed- but, well anyway, it was bad news. But I couldn't- I couldn't tell him. I lied. I said ti was fine. But I didn't know, I didn't know what to do, and I got more and more stressed, I knew that I couldn't have it, but we'd already got the permit. My maid, she pressed this number into my hand- I had - I mean you hear things- you do hear, but she didn't say how it worked or what I- what I-

GEORG: please, please, do not worry - it is very simple - the man you spoke to, he tells us what we need to do. Simple, ok? If you are sure you- you want to... help us, then all we need to do is agree a few things, contact number, date, a... price. Then we hand over. Mr Jones, the man, he helps us, he says he will find someone for us, he explained how things are, and he, god, has brought us together.

(PAUSE)

MARIA: you need the money now?

GEORG: no, on the delivery day

MARIA: and you- you'll look after... it- you can look after my- it won't suffer? You can look after it, that is what you'll do?

GEORG: yes. No difference. All our love, and ours has a chance, a chance that we could never have-

MARIA: how much?

GEORG: pardon?

MARIA: how much money?

(BEAT)

GEORG: the money, you understand, is mostly- almost all for the care- the care of the child- it will be enough to help us care, and hopefully, one day, money towards a permit of our own.

MARIA: how much?

GEORG: €50,000

SILENCE

You can get that? Your husband-

MARIA: I have my own savings account.

SILENCE

MARIA: €50,000

GEORG: yes.

MARIA: that is all?

GEORG: (frowns slightly) why, what is wrong with it

MARIA: pardon?

GEORG: does it have an expensive illness?

MARIA: no, just a deadly one.

(PAUSE)

GEORG: how old?

MARIA: 2 weeks.

GEORG: perfect, she is already overdue

MARIA: you have a doctor?

GEORG: someone who has delivered many

MARIA: (more to herself) and Rupert makes a miraculous recovery.

GEORG: pardon?

MARIA: the child

ONA: Rupert?

GEORG AND MARIA BOTH LOOK AT ONA, HE  
HARSHLY, SHE GENTLY.

MARIA: yes.

GEORG: and there is no chance that any one will-?

MARIA: almost no one has seen it, not even the father.  
It's ill- an auto-immune disease, in a clean  
room. The doctor organised it all for us. My  
husband's work is very busy.

GEORG: you get the miracle you had been praying for

(PAUSE)

So, you are happy to-

MARIA: yes.

A MOMENT, THEN SUDDENLY, GEORG IS  
KNEELING BY HER FEET- HAS TAKEN HER  
HAND

GEORG: you are our saviour, how can we ever-

HIS PHONE RINGS AGAIN

(Shit) I am sorry - I will tell them no more  
calls

HE LEAVES TO THE KITCHEN AREA AGAIN.  
MUTTERINGS

(PAUSE)

MARIA: you don't like the name?

LONG PAUSE

ONA: I-

MARIA: I hate it

ONA: you-?

MARIA: I think it's stupid. But it's, its tradition. My  
husband's name

THE MUTTERNG IN THE KITCKEN BECOMES  
LOUDER AND ANGRIER - GEORG APPEARS TO  
HAVE SWITCHED INTO LITHUANIAN.

He will be Rupert Powell Junior.

(PAUSE)

The things we do for our men, hm?

SHE SMILES WEAKLY.

PAUSE

How long have you been together? You two?

ONA: I-

A TIRADE OF ABUSE ERUPTS FROM THE  
KITCHEN. WE HEAR THE KICKING OF A  
CUPBORD, AND THEN GEORG STRIDES ON  
STAGE.

GEORG: there is emergency - at work - I must go, please  
can you-

MARIA: but the arrangements - I need to

GEORG: its ok, my, my wife will take you through the  
details (he turns to Ona) make more tea for Miss  
Maria.

ONA STRAINS TO GET UP, GOES TO THE  
KITCHEN

MARIA: oh - no, I-

GEORG HAS STRODE OVER TO THE DOOR - IS  
HALFWAY OUT OF IT

Mr Bigman, please!

GEORG: (comes back into character a little) Maria, I am  
sorry, so sorry - but there is a dire problem at  
the factory- some of the livestock has escaped.  
My livelihood is under threat if the factory goes  
down- please-

NO REPLY

Thank you,

MARIA IS LEFT ALONE. SHE STNADS,  
UNSURE, OFF BALANCE, THEN SHE GROANS

MARIA: my car

GEORG: (off) Mrs Maria, please could you move your-

MARIA: I'm coming!

SHE GRABS KEYS FROM HER PURSE, AND  
DASHES OUT. WE SEE GEORG REAPPEAR  
BREIFLY IN THE DOORWAY, HE WATCHES THE  
DRIVE, GLANCES INTO THE HOUSE, AND  
SPOTS THE PURSE. HE CALMLY GOES OVER  
TO THE PURSE, GETS MARIA'S WALLET, AND  
TAKES FROM IT A FEW NOTES. ONA ENTERS,  
CARRYING MORE TEA, GEORG TURNS.

GEORG: don't you look at me like that, boba. It pays for  
fuel - or would you rather be stuck here? (He  
laughs) or was that your plan? Your educated  
plan? (He becomes close and threatening) you  
better hope that I don't find out that this, this  
escape had *anything* to do with you and your  
little-

SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, HE HITS HER  
ACROSS THE FACE, THE TEA HITS THE WALL  
BEHIND HER. AFTER A SECOND, HE PICKS  
UP THE TEACUP, AND PLACES IT ON THE  
TABLE. ONA DOES NOT MOVE

Close the deal. Be a good girl. If you do - I'll  
knock one off, see? One less kûdikis between you  
and freedom. I'm being generous, so you, return  
the favour. Close the deal.

HE GOES TO LEAVE, THEN A THOUGHT, HE  
LOOKS BACK AT HER, HE SPEAKS  
LITHUANIAN)

ne jêga mane bić Panstwem kad vaikui mirus [Don't  
make me beat that baby out of you].

MARIA RENTERS, AND GEORG TURNS TO HER.  
ONA GOES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN

GEORG: thank you Mrs. Maria, thank you (he grasps her  
hand) I am so sorry. And thank you again, for

agreeing to help us. (ONA ENTERS WITH A FRESH CUP OF TEA) Boba, please remember what I told you.

HE LEAVES.

THE TWO WOMEN LOOK AWKWARD

SILENCE

ONA: Tea. (She proffers a cup)

MARIA: Oh you poor thing - I'm so sorry- let me take that - here, sit down.

A SECOND. THEN ONA SITS DOWN.

He called you 'Boba'

SILENCE

What does that mean?

ONA: fat woman.

MARIA: oh... is that some kind of Eastern European endearment, then?

SILENCE. A GUST OF WIND AND RAIN.

It's terrible out there isn't it?

A LONG PAUSE. MARIA LOOKS SADLY AT THE FLOOR

I am so sorry. This must be - horrible, so horrible for you. I have a child, two days ago. Premature. Very ill. Ill before she was born they think. If I lose it I lose everything- my husband divorced his first wife because she gave him a girl- and his second for a stillborn. You're, well you're not allowed to try again, and- and I can't lose him. I just can't. But, I mean, this is hell for you too, isn't it?

(PAUSE)

But at least, at least you know that yours will be cared for. Our doctor- he's excellent. He hushed up the whole thing, the neighbours don't even know, and he's not written the birth certificate yet - but because I was registered as

pregnant, something will eventually have to go down on paper, and then... well, at least you now have the chance to have another! A real one. And I promise, I promise - a little money, that's all you need. The next one will have a little piece of paper, and you will be able to hug and hold and smell and touch each little finger and -

ONA: Prašau! Stop!

ONA STANDS, THEN CONVULSES

MARIA: what is it?!

MARIA RUSHES OVER TO ONA, SITS HER DOWN GENTLY. CONTINUES TO HOLD HER HAND

ONA: just a pain

MARIA: it's not-

ONA SHAKES HER HEAD. ONA PUTS HE HEAD BACK AND MARIA SNEAKS A LOOK AT HER LARGE BELLY. SHE LOOKS ALMOST HUNGRY.

It's a boy

ONA: yes.

MARIA: and healthy

ONA: we saw someone; he looked at it with the- the machine.

MARIA: yes.

ONA: please, can we agree date.

MARIA: hm? Oh! Yes, of course.

ONA: it gets dark. You will have to go

MARIA: yes, ok well, when - how soon are you-?

ONA: very- very soon, any day.

MARIA: well, in that case, two weeks from now? My husband is away, and our doctor is free. Obviously you can call me if it is too soon.

ONA: yes, that will be fine

MARIA: are you sure you're ok?

ONA: do you need to go?

MARIA: no. I'm fine. I have enough time.

(PAUSE)

Your name is Ona

ONA: (is distracted) taip.

MARIA: pardon

ONA: yes, I mean yes.

MARIA: and you are from Eastern Europe, am I correct?

ONA: yes.

MARIA: whereabouts?

ONA: what does that-[matter?]

MARIA: I'm just trying to get a picture, you understand. Whereabouts are you from?

ONA: Lithuania. North East. In country side.

MARIA: mhmm. Did you have any brothers or sisters?

ONA: no. It was already not good, not good to have many.

MARIA: your parents were happy with a girl?

ONA: my mother, yes.

MARIA: Are your parents both still alive? (Ona shakes her head) Why not?

ONA: my mother, she-

MARIA: I am sorry, you understand, don't you, you understand I have to ask you these questions, Ona?

ONA: yes. Sorry. My mother died in birth.

MARIA: I am sorry. But your father?

ONA: I have not seen him.

(PAUSE)

MARIA: you don't seem comfortable

(PAUSE)

So you have been taking all of the medication -  
all of the supplements

ONA: I do what Georg said

MARIA: you don't seem to be very sure.

ONA: I- I-

MARIA: you do want the best for your baby don't you?

ONA: I-

MARIA: You do realise that without my help your child  
would get no education, no documents, no NHS

ONA: what's best for my baby is me!

(PAUSE)

MARIA: I know this is hard- but

ONA: stop! Stop now! Stop with talking-

MARIA: this is the best you can do for him.

ONA: I am better.

MARIA: You?

ONA: motina [mother].

MARIA: I know it's hard for you, but you-

ONA: Why not for you?

MARIA: it is hard for me

ONA: checking your baby made to order

MARIA: how dare you

ONA: you are not real mother

MARIA: you will not speak to me like that! I have been  
through hell!

ONA: what is wrong with your child?

MARIA: it's ill

ONA: what of? What of?

MARIA: (BEAT) you wouldn't understand if I told you.

ONA: I think, I think there is nothing wrong. Nothing.

MARIA: enough!

ONA: you give up your baby; give it up because a man made you.

MARIA: he doesn't make me do anything, and who are you to talk, if you didn't want to give it away, then why waste my time?

ONA: because, nes neturi pasirinkimo!

MARIA: you silly little girl, talk English for goodness sake!

ONA: no choice!

MARIA: of course you have a choice. What else is there here? It's not as if you have money, or a place in society to think about.

ONA: it is *girl*.

NOTHING

And she is *well*.

MARIA: (weakly) no...

ONA: It is not hard for you, you have choice.

MARIA: I don't. If I lose him, I lose everything.

ONA: learn. Get work

MARIA: I can't, I married straight out of university, and I spent my last year planning my wedding, I don't have- have anything else. No- no choice.

ONA: it is not love

MARIA: he loves me - he does - in his own way, but there's- expectations. You couldn't even understand.

ONA: you don't even like *name*

MARIA: there are ways to do things, the way his parents did things -his name is important to him

ONA: then tell her to keep it when she marry

MARIA: and pollute two names?

ONA: you have choice

MARIA: his business.

ONA: a girl can't work like a man?

MARIA: No! Sh'ed never been taken seriously. It's all very well for you, but if you can afford a permit, and you work- you're perceived to be a bad woman if you do the right things- anything else is unnatural. If she took the business, she'd never get a permit. We'd never have grandchildren. It defeats the point of the whole-

ONA: and this is why you give it away?

SILENCE

SUDDENLY ONA STANDS, STRIDES TOWARDS THE DOOR

MARIA: where are you going?

ONA: you are right. I have choice.

MARIA: it's pouring down, you don't have a car!

ONA: it is all lies. They would not have looked after your child. If it survived, men would have sex with it, if it died, one less mouth to feed, a meal for the pigs.

MARIA: what are you - [talking about?]

ONA: they force me, men fuck me and I have babies, then they take them away

MARIA STANDS

MARIA: you're mad

ONA: I am not.

MARIA: Your family must have a history of mental illness! That is why he won't let you keep it, you're trying to trick me!

ONA: Eik Po Velniais! [Go to the devils!]

ONA GOES TO LEAVE MARIA GETS TO THE DOOR JUST AS SHE OPENS IT AND SLAMS IT SHUT.

MARIA: No.

(PAUSE)

ONA: let me go.

MARIA: look, this is for your own health now.

ONA: and your new baby

MARIA: sit down

ONA: ne

MARIA: we're not finished.

ONA: you want receipt, so you can take it back?

MARIA GIVES HER A RINGING SLAP.

ONA STANDS FOR A SECOND, AND THEN STORMS INTO THE KITCHEN

MARIA SAGS. DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT SHE'S DOING.

MARIA: look, please

ONA COMES IN, HOLDING A LARGE RUSTY KNIFE

Ona-

ONA: nenaudoja mano varda [do not use my name]! No name!

MARIA: where are you going to go?

ONA: I don't care.

MARIA: Ona, please

ONA: and you don't care - you care about fixing your broken žaislas [toy]. No more.

THE SOUND OF A CAR PULLING UP OUTSIDE,  
A DOOR SLAMMING.

MARIA: he's coming back. You can't do anything now. I'm going to take your baby, and provide for it more than you could ever dream of- that's what counts, that's being a real mother.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. IT IS DOMINIC  
HE TAKES IN THE SCENE

DOMINIC: Ona?

MARIA: she's gone crazy, please help me!

DOMINIC: Ona, what are you doing?

MARIA: Please, get it off her

DOMINIC: Ona, put the knife down.

ONA: no!

DOMINIC BEGINS TO MOVE ROUND, WITH HIS  
HANDS UP, MARIA MOVES BEHIND HIM

DOMINIC: please, Ona, just put it down

ONA: I will not. Too much, too much of people telling me what to do

DOMINIC: I'm asking Ona, just asking

ONA: you make me so mad

MARIA: she's going to kill us!

DOMINIC: I know it hurts, but-

ONA: no! You don't! You always say that! Everyone always say that! But you don't know. You don't know any of it

DOMINIC: look, I think-

ONA: this isn't about you! This isn't about you!

DOMINIC: this is not the time.

ONA: I never have a time, my whole life, people take it from me. My time starts now!

DOMINIC: yes, yes it does, a new time, our time spent together, just please, put the knife down

ONA: we should kill her.

MARIA: help me!

ONA: she is trying to steal my baby

MARIA: I told you she's mad.

DOMINIC: (to Maria) shut up! Ona? Let's go-

MARIA: Jums apsaugoti moteris [you protect this woman]?

DOMINIC: Ona we have to go!

ONA: you protect her?

DOMINIC: you're holding a knife!

ONA: you choose to protect her?

DOMINIC: I'll stop you from attacking her, yes.

ONA: she wants to steal my baby

DOMINIC: it's not her- it's not her that's doing it

ONA: Jūs neteiskus [you're wrong]! All of you- it is all of you!

MARIA: She must be a drug addict, she was fine half an hour ago

DOMINIC: Ona? Listen to me, I love you, please stop this, we have to go

ONA: you don't love me - you don't know me- you are just little boy who wants to be herojus, hero.

DOMINIC: Ona,

ONA: To be with me, you give up too much, you will hate me.

DOMINIC: It's not true, you love me, I know you do, I could never hate you.

ONA: I never had chance to know anything- I am girl, little girl that no one ever wants to keep, and you will throw me away like all the-

DOMINIC: (a desperate sound) I wont!

ONA: (calmly) I can see you there, your eyes eating me.

DOMINIC: please, aš tave myliu.

ONA LOOKS AT HIM FOR A SECOND. HER ARM DROPS, THOUGH THE KNIFE IS STILL IN HER HAND.

ONA: you can't buy me with words.

DOMINIC: Ona, I need you.

ONA: I am going now. Do not follow me.

DOMINIC: we're miles from anywhere, come with me now, just for today, let me take you somewhere safe.

ONA: No. This is the end.

DOMINIC: just for a while, like brother and sister, nothing more

ONA: I will go. You will not follow.

DOMINIC: no!

ONA: as I am now- I can be niekas, nothing to you.

DOMINIC: take my number-in a few days, we'll be able to-

ONA: I can not tell who I will be.

DOMINIC: an address - you can write

ONA: no, niekada.

ONA WALKS OVER TO DOMINIC, MARIA COWERS BEHIND HIM. ONA HANDS HIM THE KNIFE.

Goodbye, thank you for helping me.

ONA WALKS OUT THE DOOR. SHE LEAVES IT OPEN AND THE RAIN POURS DOWN, A SOUND OUTSIDE MAKES DOMINIC LOOK UP, BUT AS HE DOES A GUST OF WIND BLOWS THE DOOR SHUT.

DOMINIC LOOKS DOWN AT THE KNIFE IN HIS HAND.

MARIA STANDS SHAKILY. GOES OVER TO THE TABLE. SITS. SHE PICKS UP HER PURSE. NOTICES THE WALLET HAS BEEN PLACED BACK ROUGHLY. SHE OPENS IT.

MARIA:                   she stole from me.

IT CONTINUES TO RAIN.

THE END