Extracts from a devised script of “Theatre of GULAGs”.

The script is devised with the use of documentary materials, diaries and memoirs of figures of the theatrical installation.

There are four main figures of the installation: **Les Kurbas, Vadim Kozin, Hava Volovich, and Natalia Sats.**

Links to short biographies of the artists mentioned above:

Les Kurbas biography:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Les_Kurbas>

Vadim Kozin :

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vadim_Kozin>

Natalia Sats:

<https://timenote.info/en/Natalya-Sats>

Hava Volovich:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hava_Volovich>

The audience will encounter each figure throughout their immersive journey inside of the installation. In one of the confined spaces, resembling a room, they will hear a verbatim piece, a chapter from a person’s life. All of the four spaces, four episodes, and four chapters, collectively tell a chronological journey the heroes of the installation went through from their houses to one of the GULAG camps.

1st room – Arrest.

2nd room – Interrogation.

3rd room – A train, taking a prisoner to the camp.

4th room – The camp.

**THE CAVERN**



**A SKETCH OF THE SPACE.**



**ENTRANCE INTO THE SPACE.**

Upon the audience’s entrance into the cavern, they will be given and read through the trigger warnings of the performance and followed through with the accessibility and immersive measures of the show.

The audience will enter the Cavern, and will be met by darkness, from now on, they will be following the light and the sound, which will be leading them through the space. The space itself is divided into four “confined” spaces, that could be seen as rooms, the space is divided by two long pieces of hessian fabrics, hanging from the ceiling on two sides of the Cavern. On each side of the hessian fabric a “room” will be created through scenery and props. Between the fabrics there would be a long, narrow corridor, created by the light. The audience will be walking through the corridor, visiting each “room” until they would reach the end of the corridor, where they would be invited to sit in a semi-circle facing the platform, a stage with curtains hanging on both sides, also created from the hessian fabrics.

The first step the audience will make, will be made into the pitch darkness with no sound at all. After a few second they will see the light creating the lines of the corridor, at the same time they will hear the mixture of sounds, such as : heavy boots walking through the corridor, the echo of it, whispers, loud voices, the language in which they speak is unrecognizable, the opening and closing of metal doors, keys strumming, and others. The sound will follow the audience, and the light will lead, until they reach their first stop.

**Room 1. Arrest. Les Kurbas.**

Upon their entrance into the space the sound will change and the audience will hear an old recording, in the recording different voices will be speaking in mixture of languages.

The light in the corridor will fade and appear in the room, when all the members of the audience will enter the room, a certain items in the room will receive a special spotlight. First, a table, places in the middle of the room, on which the audience will see a stage model box set up. The model will be made of different materials, the figures inside the model are wearing costumes. The model will have a title written on it. “ The recreation of King Lear production of 1935. Moscow Jewish Theatre. King Lear portrayed by Solomon Mikhoels. Last scene of the last act”. The light will be directed on the two sides of the room, where theatre costumes will be hanged on the rails, the same costumes we can notice in the model. Next to one of the costumes an old, black luggage case would be stood. After a few minutes, the light will change again and a projection will appear on the hessian fabric in front of the audience. From the almost transparent hessian lines, an image will evolve, the audience will be shown an animatic of several photographs / illustrations. First photo – a portrait of Les Kurbas, it will be followed by a text, stating the date of his birth and the date of his death, the camp and the theater he has served in. Next photo will be of Theatre Berezil, each photo dated and transcribed as the event happening in Les Kurbas’s life. Third photo – Les Kurbas’s house in Kharkiv before his arrest and forced move to Moscow. Fourth photo – Jewish Theatre in Moscow, where he is **now** known worked on his last production as a free citizen of King Lear with Solomon Mikhoels ( a Jewish theatre maker, later assassinated in Minsk in 1948 by order of Stalin). Fifth image, an illustration of Les Kurbas’s flat in Moscow. After the last image in the animatic, audience will hear a sound of a slammed door, and animatic will end. The animatic will cut into a projection of a recorded video, featuring a performer looking directly into the camera. The performer will deliver a monologue/verbatim text about Les Kurbas/by Les Kurbas.

**We opened our 12th season in Berezil theatre in Kharkiv on the 24th of September in 1933 with the production of “Maclena Grasa”. In the evening after the premiere, I was summoned for a “conversation” with the second secretary of the central communistic party of Ukraine, by Pavel Postishev. He said to me :**

**“I think of you as the only director in Ukraine right now who can create theatre, that our century deserves, you should change your political stance and stop with all of these Ukrainian nationalistic bourgeoisie views until it’s too late.” I’m an old dog of the stage, it’s too late for me to change my views, I replied to him. “ I pity you,”/ I pity you too/ said Pastishev. On the 5th of October,/ they fired me from my job/ they took Berezil away from me/ and posted me to Moscow. I got suspended, and left to Moscow, starting my work in Jewish Moscow Theatre, to show them, the stupidity of their accusations of my Ukrainian nationalism/antisemitism, but it didn’t matter to them. I got invited to work with Michoels and the last free 3 months of my life I spent working with him on King Lear.**

**I proposed to Michoels that we perform Lear without a beard, with a white wig, but without any beard. We create the character of King Lear somehow backwards, not taking the usual path of him being old and slowly loosing his physical ability, but actually starting with Lear an old man purely physically and turning into a young one spiritually, therefore making Shakespeare young, and rejuvenating the tragedy of King Lear.**

**On the 26th of December of 1933, I was arrested in my flat, Moscow, Tverskaya-Yamskaya, 12, flat 5. On the 28th of February 1934, I was sent to Kharkiv. In April 1934, I was sentenced to 5 years of labour camps by a judicial troika at the Collegium of the GPU of the Ukrainian SSR, under the article 54-11 of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR.**

**At first, I served my term in the 4th division of the Belbaltlag. Then I was shipped to the Vygozero campsite, then to Medvezhyegorsk, and finally sent to Solovki, where I first stepped at the GULAG stage. I remember myself crying, I said. Oh, my god. It’s THE theatre. The highest of Holinesses ”**

The monologue will end, and the projection will fade.

The audience will be given some time to explore the space in the first room, after the light will disappear in the room and lead the audience back into the corridor, on the other side of the space and the hessian fabric and into the second room. A different mixture of sound will follow the audience in the corridor. This sound will be a very short dialogue between a man and a woman, “ Man - Do you know why you are here? Woman - No. Man - You are under arrest!”

Which will at first sound normal, but then start merging, changing tones, and will soon become impossible to understand, it will follow the audience until their entrance into the second room, where the light will lead them into and the sound will stop.

**Room 2. Interrogation. Natalia Sats.**

Moving along the corridor, you will find yourself in a space that resembles an office of an NKVD investigator. The space is very small and only defined by one wall, made of hessian, standing inside of the room, you can still see stripes of light from the corridor, leading forward.

Inside the “office”, you will find a simple set-up: there is a table and a chair, and a children's theatre costume is hanging on it.

When entering you are greeted by music - the main theme from the opera "Peter and the Wolf" by Sergei Prokofiev. If you will look carefully at the table you will be able to find a few photographs and documents positioned on it. There is a libretto of the opera, a photograph of Natalya Sats, her husband (also arrested and executed), and her children. There are also photographs of the children's theater located in the city of Alma-Ata, created by Sats.

After the audience has looked around, the music will stop playing and a projection will appear on one of the hessian walls. First it will be an animatic, created in a similar style to the previous one, only it would be cut in a faster rhythm and will repeat itself, like the dialogue in the corridor several time, until fading into the projection of an actor, looking directly at the camera.

The animatic will feature several illustrations and photos: A photo of Natalia Sats. The text stating her date of birth, the year of her arrest, the camp and the theater she has served in. The year of her death. A building of the Lubyanka prison in Moscow. An interrogation room.

**“…. There were several cars parked near the committee entrance. I wanted to go up to my husband’s beautiful car but was advised by a man to get into a shabby little van with him instead. He explained his request, by saying that I and he had a confidential matter to discuss, and that I shouldn’t attract attention by sitting in an elegant car. He had a disgusting smile.**

**We drove up to the imposing building in Lubyanka Square, where I had never been before. We didn’t enter through the main entrance, but through an iron door in the back courtyard, which seemed strange to me.**

**A man led me into a small room, gave me a chair and left. At that moment I was already in a state of deep shock and couldn’t understand what was happening. I spent two hours sitting in that room. Then a man jumped out of the wall (yes, yes, out of the wall!) and shouted:**

**“Do you know why you are here? You are under arrest!**

**—?!**

**…..**

**They brought me into the cell, I heard the ringing of the key on the other side of the door. I was petrified. Couldn’t understand what was going on. There were six iron beds in the room, a square table, chairs, a window, covered with iron rods. There were also some women in the room who jumped at the sight of me and shyly asked:**

**- You are staying here?**

**“Yes…” I remember answering in a strange, dead voice. They asked me something and I answered without hearing the questions. My body and my mind weren’t yet in the room - just a black striped dress, the belt of which was removed when I was led into the space.**

**I tried thinking about my daily schedule. My normal life. I was thinking that soon my son would come back from tennis; I would need to make sure he did his maths homework. My daughter needed to go to the doctor for her tonsils. In a few days, we were having a major gathering of the theatre troupe and a rehearsal straight after... I tried thinking hard.**

**But... I couldn’t, something was broken.**

**I fell asleep instantly. When I raised my head from the pillow in the morning, I did not understand where I was, I saw my cellmate, she was looking at me. She was horrified and was covering her mouth with her hands, making a weird noise.**

**Much later, when I was walking through the Siberian Forest, I suddenly saw my reflection in a puddle that had not yet frozen, and I understood why they all looked at me that day with such fear: overnight my brown hair turned grey, or rather, white, like a doll’s wig.**

The projection will slowly fade, the light in the corridor will re-appear, leading the audience to another room, and the sound will follow. At first the audience will hear distanced voices coming from the above, rustle, hubbub of people talking, at the train station, screaming and suddenly whispering. The audience would hear a sound of the strong wind, as if it were coming through the corridor, it would break into the long train horn and the rasp of the wheels of the old train gaining speed, going faster and faster and faster. At the background of the train sound, the audience would be able to hear someone’s quiet singing, as if it were playing on a radio. The signing will be in an unknown language, it will continue until the audience enters the room.

**Room 3. The. Journey. Vadim Kozin.**

The third space would be quite minimalistic, in comparison with the other rooms. It will contain a very narrow wooden bench, the one that the prisoners of the camps would sleep on, when transferred to the camps, hanging/ being installed on the bars, in front/ by the side of the hessian fabric. On top of it, there would be a small square window, through which the beams of the light shine through and fall on the bench. The singing will now be heard fully and the translation of the words will be projected on the hessian fabric. The song is about love. The projection will show an animatic of black and white photos of the soviet trains, a photo of Vadim Kozin with description below of his name, date of his birth and death, the years he was arrested, the camp and the camp’s theater he served in, possibly a picture from the concert crowds. After the illustration of the inside of the train will follow, people inside the carriages. The song will fade. The projection will show a filmed monologue:

**I saw myself as someone who wasn’t normal and wasn’t fully human. My feelings for men were real, but I knew, that the worst would happen if someone was to know about it, and knew that I am a “psycho”. I wouldn’t be able to survive this. I hated it.**

**In 1944 on the 12th of May I was arrested in Moscow hotel room 834.**

**9 months I spent in prison awaiting my verdict. Finally, they issued it on the 2nd of February 1945. “From 1928 until the day of his arrest Kozin V.A was writing a diary in which he cursed the Soviet life, the leader of the party and worshipped terroristic ideas of capitalism”. I could’ve been executed on the same day, but I guess they liked my singing too much, so I was blessed with only 8 years of labour camps instead. I remember the grey, long, endless column moving from the zone to the train that would take us to the camps.**

**- Move! -**

**⁃ Artists to your left! -**

**⁃ Everyone else to your right! -**

**We heard the commander’s orders.**

**In the early, freezing morning, soldiers opened the door of our cabin and threw us the salted chum salmon and several rolls of black bread on the floor. They were treating us like dogs or worse. Each of the prisoners was given a large piece of fish and almost no water. We’ve chosen a head of the cabin amongst us, and he would divide the walls into square sections, so each prisoner would have their own section to scrape the snow off for drinking. We slept on obunk beds, but only on one side of our body, there were too many of us. On our railway track, we were passing through Taiga. Through a tiny window, I saw trees of different species growing so close to each other, as if they were trying to get warmer. I didn’t know how far we were being taken. None of us knew. And when we were given a bit of water and food, I would sing for myself and my fellow prisoners, and while singing I would think of the time when I fell in love with a song, a gipsy song.**

**I would think of my father smiling and walking through our house creaking his boots. He would take me in his arms and sit next to my mother. Father himself did not sing, but he loved a song, especially a gipsy one. And my mother would take her rosewood guitar, and sing: "I love the flowers of the field, I love them with my pure soul, pansies are beautiful, how marvelously good they are."**

The light is leading the audience again to the final fourth room in the corridor, the sound is changed, we are hearing sounds a Gulag prisoner would hear on every day basis, immersing the audience into the mundanity of the Gulag life. The sounds would go from quiet to extremely loud, varying with the synchronicity in between one another. Bodies moving, legs stamping, running, walking, heavy objects hitting the ground, wood cracking, splitting, chopping, human voices going from whisper to screams, strong wind making loud, scary noises, water dripping from a tap.

**Room 4. In the camp. Hava Volovich.**

The sounds will fade, leaving you with a feeling of certain emptiness, a cold light filling the room will the inside of it. The audience might also hear a very quite song playing inside the room, a Yidish lullaby for a few seconds.

Upon the audience’s entrance they will be stopped by a wooden wall of rods, positioned on the floor, which connect to a wall on the right side of the room and left, and the top, making a square of wooden rods. It is a large, short heighted children cot bed, standing in front of a hessian fabric wall, in the middle of a bed, we see a small puppet doll, dressed in a pale pink print dress. After a few moments a projection becomes visible on a hessian wall, it starts as before with an animatic. First we see a photo of Hava Volovich, stating her date of birth and death, the year she was arrested and liberated, the camp and the theaters she has served in. Then a black and white photo made in a “ Gulag’s house for children”, we see small 1-3 year old kids standing and sitting in a cod similar to the one in the room, there are up 7-8 of kids in one like this. Second an illustration of a puppetry theater created in the Gulag, where Hava was participating in, where children of Gulag are the main audience. The last image is a photo of a puppetry theater Hava Volovich created in Mena.

The animatic ends and a projection of a filmed monologue begins.

**The child.**

**(In russian)**

**Одного только не могли уничтожить селекционеры дьявола: полового влечения. Несмотря на запреты, карцер, голод и унижения, оно жило и процветало гораздо откровенней и непосредственней, чем на свободе.**

**То, над чем человек на свободе, может быть, сто раз задумался бы, здесь совершалось запросто, как у бродячих кошек.**

**Прекрасная и страшная штука — инстинкт деторождения.**

**Просто до безумия, до битья головой об стенку, до смерти хотелось любви. И хотелось ребенка — существа самого родного и близкого, за которое не жаль было бы отдать жизнь. Но так нужна была родная рука, чтобы можно было хоть слегка на нее опереться в этом многолетнем одиночестве и угнетении.**

**Таких рук было протянуто немало, из них я выбрала не самую лучшую. А результатом была ангелоподобная, с золотыми кудряшками девочка, которую я назвала Элеонорой. Как я уже говорила, я не верила ни в бога, ни в черта. Но в пору своего материнства я страстно, исступленно хотела, чтобы бог был. Чтобы было у кого выпросить спасения и счастья для своего дитяти, пусть даже ценой любого наказания для себя.**

**Но придуманный мной боженька не откликнулся на мои молитвы. Едва только ребенок стал ходить, едва только я услышала от него первые, ласкающие слух, такие чудесные слова — «мама», «мамыця», как нас в зимнюю стужу, одетых в отрепья, посадили в теплушку и повезли в «мамочный» лагерь, где моя ангелоподобная толстушка с золотыми кудряшками вскоре превратилась в бледненькую тень с синими кругами под глазами и запекшимися губками. Маленькая Элеонора, которой был год и три месяца, вскоре почувствовала, что ее мольбы о «доме» — бесполезны. Она перестала тянуться ко мне при встречах, а молча отворачивалась. Вечером, когда я пришла с охапкой дров в группу, кроватка ее уже была пуста. Я нашла ее в морге голенькой, среди трупов взрослых лагерников.**

**В этом мире она прожила всего год и четыре месяца и умерла 3 марта 1944 года.**

**Я не знаю, где ее могилка. Меня не пустили за зону, чтобы я могла похоронить ее своими руками.**

**Вот и вся история о том, как я совершила самое тяжкое преступление, единственный раз в жизни став матерью.**

**На очередной комиссовке у меня обнаружили дистрофию. Пока я лежала в больнице руководительницу кукольного театра уговорили взять меня в свой коллектив. В своем театре она ставила не только кукольные спектакли, но и небольшие одноактные комедии. В одной такой пьеске заняла и меня.**

**И главное, я полюбила куклы. Куклы сами по себе, так, как если бы я работала не на зрителя, а для самой себя. Но и счастье кукольного рая было непродолжительным. Кончилась война, все начало меняться.**

**(In english)**

**There was only one thing that those devil's followers(nitpickers), our guards could not destroy: sexual desire. Despite all of the prohibitions, punishment cells, hunger and humiliation, our sexual desire lived and flourished with more openness and spontaneity than in freedom(out of prison). If in the times of a freedom, a person would have thought a hundred times before committing to it, here it was easily done, we were acting like a bunch of stray cats.**

**The instinct of procreation is a beautiful and a terrifying thing. I was going crazy for being able to love, I was ready to smash my head against the wall to love. I wanted a child - a creature the most dear and close, someone, I’d give my life to, without thinking twice. I so (much) needed someone’s hand to hold, to lean even slightly in this many years of loneliness and oppression.**

**There were many hands I could choose from, and maybe I chose wrong. And in return I’ve received an angelic girl with golden curls that I named Eleanor.**

**Like I said before, I didn't believe in God or the Devil. But at the time of my motherhood, I passionately wanted for God to exist. So that there would be someone I could beg for salvation and happiness for my child, even at the cost of any punishment.**

**But the god I invented in my mind decided not to answer my prayers. As soon as my child began to walk, as soon as I heard Eleanor’s first wonderful words, caressing my ear: mother, momma, ma, mummy. We were put into a wagon, and through the terrible winter cold were sent to the “mom’s camp, where my angelic fat, little baby with her beautiful golden curls turned into a pale, thin version of herself with deep blue circles under her eyes and parched white lips. My little Eleanor, who was only a year and three months old, soon felt that her pleas for "home" were useless. She stopped reaching out to me when I would come to visit her, and would silently turn away from me.**

**One evening, when I came to visit her after the shift with a bunch of firewood, her bed was already empty. I found her naked in the morgue, amongst the corpses of adult prisoners. She has lived in this world only for a year and four month and died on March 3rd 1944. I don’t know where her grave is, I wasn’t allowed outside the camp to bury her myself. And this is the end of a story about the worst crime I have ever committed, by once becoming a mother (succumbing once to motherhood?).**

**At the next check-up for the prisoners, I was diagnosed with dystrophy. While I was in the hospital my friend persuaded the head of the puppet theater at the Gulag to take me into her team. In her theater, she directed not only puppet shows, but also small one-act comedies. I took part in one of those plays.**

**But most importantly, I fell in love with puppets, and puppets only, as if I was working not for the audience, but for myself. However, the happiness of the puppet paradise didn't last long. The war was over and things started to change once again.**

Monologue ends. The light appears in all of the corridors, lighting the entire space. There is no pre-recorded sound playing, audience isn’t sure where to go until, they hear sounds of real-life voices, coming from the outside of the corridor, if the audience will follow them , they will find themselves facing a stage, create only with a short platform and two piece of hessian curtains. The audience will be welcomed to sit in a semi circle on pillows and chairs around the stage, on which they will see the actors from the filmed monologue in the midst of a rehearsal. The actors will continue, as if nothing is happening, until each member of the audience will leave the corridor.

**Final piece. Dramaturgy structure.**

There are four chairs standing on the stage, however only three people are present. This is a lymbo, a place in between worlds, in between life and death. A stage at the “Theatre of Gulags”, where Les Kurbas, Natalia Sats and Hava Volovich are forever rehearsing King Lear, trying to finish the production, until Death comes for Les Kurbas again and again and again.

Les Kurbas is seated on one of the chairs, he is holding a prop sword.

Hava and Natalia are rehearsing their lines in front of him, Hava is wearing a fool’s hat, Natalia is wearing a white beard.

Kurbas : - Where is Kozin?

Hava : - Haven’t you heard? He is in London. They shut all of the barracks yesterday to bring the official cars for him, I couldn’t even get out for some water.

Natalia : - Tomorrow he will sing for Churchill, and next week for the best people of Magadan.

They all laugh.

Kurbas: - Okay, ladies, where did we stop last time? Act 3, Scene 2. I think it was? Let’s try to get further, right?

*Natalia in a role of King Lear.*

*Hava in a role of a Fool.*

Natalia and Hava play the scene over dramatically, and physically, playing with each other, both trying to impress Kurbas in their own ways. He supports them, and engages with their movement following them around the stage, looking closely at their faces.

KING LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drench’d our steeples, drown’d the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Smite flat the thick rotundity o’ the world!

Crack nature’s moulds, an germens spill at once,

That make ingrateful man!

Fool

O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry

house is better than this rain-water out o’ door.

Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters’ blessing:

here’s a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

KING LEAR

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;

I never gave you kingdom, call’d you children,

You owe me no subscription: then let fall

Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:

But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters join’d

Your high engender’d battles ‘gainst a head

So old and white as this. O! O! ’tis foul!

Fool

He that has a house to put’s head in has a good

head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made

mouths in a glass.

KING LEAR

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;

I will say nothing.

Enter KENT

KENT - **As Les Kurbas, from his chair.**

Who’s there?

Fool

Marry, here’s grace and a cod-piece; that’s a wise man and a fool.

All three freeze on stage. Kurbas is turning from the audience, as if he is looking from something, he is trying to leave the stage, but before he can make any movement, the sounds of a gunshot are heard. Kurbas nods to each gunshot, as if he is counting them. They stop. Kurbas’s shirt turns red of his blood. Kurbas is asking the actors to repeat the scene.

It repeats again, only now it’s being performed very different. Natalia and Hava project their own emotions and thoughts into the text. Kurbas no longer follows them around, he is seated at one of the chairs. The scene repeats again upon the Kent's entrance, and fool’s reply, then the gunshots are heard once again. Kurbas wants to continue no matter what, to repeat the scene again, but Natlia and Hava point to his own chest red with blood. Kurbas makes a step back, back to the chairs.

Kurbas to the audience: - Well, we almost made it until the end of the scene. But I died, I was executed a few meters from the theater, where I didn’t finish my King Lear.

Hava stops the metronome count.

Navcjhjmtalia: - Let’s try again?

Hava sits down and lits a cigarette, looks at Natalia: - I’m taking a break.

Natalia sits next to her, Kurbas joins her.

They look at the audience.

Hava: - I was arrested not long after they shot Les Kurbas, I spent 15 years at the Gulag until returning home. There wasn’t any home left. I opened a puppetry theater for children in my home city Mena, Ukraine, and brought the art, I showed children in Gulags to those children who were free.

Natalia : - I was arrested two month after Hava Volovich arrest and spent 5 years in the camps and 15 years in exile in Kazakhstan, where I created a theater for children in Almaty and directed Peter and Wolf once again.

Les Kurbas: - What about Kozin?

Natalia: - Well, he was freed after his first arrest in 1945, they did let him go for a little bit, but not for long. He was arrested a second time and they never let him onto the big stage again, for his wrong love and too truthful songs.

Hava: - So what did he do?

Les Kurbas: - He sang.

The audience will hear once again the song they heard in the corridor.

Natalia: - He is singing it now.

Hava and Natalia dance together. The song continues to play, while the light appears in the corridor again.

Les Kurbas says to the audience: - Is this the way it goes?-

He leaves through the back door.

Hava and Natalia continue to dance.

The light at the stage slowly disappears and the house lights fades up each of the room once again.

**The End.**