

The Broken Peace

by

Peter Wynne-Willson

A full-day participatory programme written for
Greenwich and Lewisham Young People's Theatre

1994

LIST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--------|---------------------------|
| Ivo: | A 'Levian' businessman |
| Nadia | The cafe-owner's daughter |
| Boris | A refugee puppet-master |
| Dani | Nadia's Cousin |
| Burbek | Boris's puppet |

[and various other characters]

The Broken Peace was originally commissioned by GYPT, and performed at Primary and Secondary Schools in Lewisham and Greenwich from March-June 1994.

The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Boris and others | Anthony Burbage |
| Nadia and others | Jan Sharkey-Dodds |
| Ivo and others | Steve Leyton |
| Director | Viv Harris |
| Designer | Sue Mayes |
| Stage Manager | Helen Gaynor |
| Education Officer | Steve Whiteman |

Notes

The programme is set in the fictional country of Levia. It explores the causes of a nationalist war, and its effects on individuals and communities. Through this exploration, it aims to contribute to understanding of:

Contemporary events, and in particular the war in former Yugoslavia

The nature, mechanism and effects of racism.

Particular issues discussed in the programme include; versions of history and their importance, that contribute to a sense of identity, the responsibilities of the individual within a community, attitudes to war and fighting, and the creation of scapegoats.

The programme addresses these issues through a story, in a way which allows responses on a range of levels, and in a style which is accessible, enjoyable and challenging.

This version of the script is the writer's original rehearsal draft, adapted slightly in the light of the GYPT production, and it contains some material generated by the team during rehearsal. It is not, however, exactly the version toured by GYPT.

SECTION 1 - In the Classroom

Introductory section. This is an extensive participatory section, with a great many question and answer sections. This 'script' therefore only gives an approximate idea of the ground covered.

Be-fore the visit, the class has received an invitation and a 'guide book'. They are to be taken on the day of the programme on a visit to their twin town of Levia Town, in the new country of Levia.

At the beginning of the visit, the team briefly meets the class, out of role, in the class-room. They introduce themselves, outline the shape of the day, and set up some of the themes. The class is then visited by a representative of a tour firm 'Johnson UK' and set their task.

'Your task is going to be to find out as much as you can about Levia Town, and its people, perhaps help us with building up tourism again. We hope you will be able to bring this guide book up to date. You need to explain all about Levia Town to other people who might think of going there. Not only what it is like, and who lives there, but what happened in the war there, and how and why it happened.'

Ivo arrives. He is an emissary from Levia, and he gives his version of aspects of the background to their visit. In particular he maps out how there has been a war, and things have changed.

Ivo: [Summary of areas covered by question and answer session]

'My name is Ivo Rebra, please all of you call me Ivo. I am a member of the Town Council in Levia, where I have lived all my life. I have come to, as we say, 'brief' you on your visit to my town, and to answer any questions you may have.

We are extremely glad that you are going to be visiting us. It is for us the most important thing of all to have visitors. You can help us in so many ways, etc.

You will be visiting Levia Town at a very exciting time indeed. We are making a new beginning there. We have just fought a war there. All wars are terrible, but this is now over, and a great many good things have come from it.

There have been changes, great changes. You will find if you speak to people of Levia, that they are very proud of this war, and of the people who fought to give us the freedom that we now have. It is the beginning of a new country.

You have seen these pictures, this old guide book. This is the place you are going to visit.'

[He shows the class a map, and outlines where Levia is in relation to its neighbouring countries.

Ivo then leaves, saying he will meet them again in his home town, and the group is guided to 'Levia' - set up in the school hall.]

SECTION 2 - The Town Square

[The young people arrive in the Town Square. Boris, the refugee, is there, dressed in scruffy clothes. Without introducing himself he starts his puppet show.]

[The story is a simple love-story between two teenage puppets, both unfinished and made of scrap, Dani and Anja. At first, they are 'courting' coyly, building up to a kiss. Then they are spotted by Anja's father, who chases them. They hide, kiss again and are caught again. They run off again -]

[Ivo arrives in the square, upset that they have been kept waiting. He sees Boris, and sizes up the situation. He draws attention to himself, tries to distract the visitors. He tries to warn Boris off]

Ivo: This is not really a good moment. These are my guests from England.

[Boris absorbs this, takes his puppets and scuttles away, still without speaking.]

My friends! I am so sorry. You are here already. Please, please accept my apologies. What must you think of me?

[He shakes hands with at least some of the group, gathers them around him, still apologising]

It has been a very busy morning in my office, I am sure you people will understand. Anyway, we are all here now. Good. So good to see you again. I am very pleased you could come, etc...

Right, then. May I first of all, on behalf of all the people of our town, welcome you here to Levia. It is my job while you are visiting our town to act as your host, to make sure that you are happy and comfortable at all times, and to answer any questions that you might have. I do hope you had a good journey...

[Further introductions, chat etc]

During the first part of the day, the plan is for me to give you a short tour of our town, and to fill you in on some things, background information which you might find useful. After that we will be back here in the town square for you toahh Nadia

[Nadia has appeared at the cafe, and is sorting out tables, tidying up etc.]

Nadia: Mr Rebra. [Polite] Good morning.

Ivo: Good morning to you. Excellent. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Nadia. This is her father's cafe, in the square, a very important place in the town I may say. A little later in the morning, as I was saying, there will be a chance to stop off here for a special drink, and a bit of a rest, isn't that right, Nadia?

Nadia: Yes Mr Rebra.

Ivo: Ivo, please, Nadia, today. No need to be... We are all friends here. Nadia's father is one of our most valued citizens, here in Levia Town.

[Nadia looks a little put out]

Where was I, ah yes, the plan for the day. The stop here for a drink.

Then later we have various activities planned, but it would be a shame to spoil that by talking about them too much now.

If at any time you have any questions please ask. I am not a tourist guide, of course, I am just a businessman here in Levia Town, but I shall do my best. Right. Everybody ready? Off we go.

SECTION 3 - The Tour

[They begin their 'tour' of sights, represented by projected pictures on the sides of the 'square'. Throughout, Ivo is enjoying his limelight, and the role as host, answering questions, and establishing contact with individuals, jolly along etc. NB Ivo can respond to questions about the puppet show if they arise, by being puzzled but uninterested, it's not part of his planned agenda for the visitors. If asked about the war, he answers to everybody, and if it doesn't crop up, he says, unprompted.]

You needn't worry at all. There is no fighting within a hundred miles of here, none in the whole country of Levia. You are as safe here as you would be at home.

You are visiting Levia on the best possible day. Today is our Festival Day, the most important day in our year. Happy Festival Day to you all.

The first stop on our tour is the castle. As you can see, it is a very old and handsome building. You can imagine it has seen a good few battles against different enemies of Levia through the ages, with its position high on the hill. It has protected the town for 900 years. It was even used in the recent fighting. We had snipers up there, able to shoot safely down at the enemy army as it attacked the town.

[His portable phone goes]

Excuse me. [To phone] Not now, little Ivo. We'll take a message from him, you know what to do. [To group] My son, little Ivo. No, don't say that, tell him I shall speak to him later. I'm sorry about this. I've left him in charge of the office, you see. He's a very clever lad. Little Ivo. I am big Ivo, you see. [To phone] No! Ring him back and tell him not to do anything. [Switches off phone. To group] Very clever lad, but he just worries, you see. You understand? Of course you do. Some day I should like him to visit your country.

All around the town, as you look out, you can see vineyards. Levia wine is absolutely wonderful, believe me. The best in Europe. In fact, grapes and wine are a large part of my own business; I sell and buy, you know. Ah, over there the car factory, not quite as old and handsome as the castle, but extremely important to us here. It points up to you one of the great traditions of Levia. This may be an ancient and historical town, but we do not spend our time just looking back to history, to the past. We look forward, to the future. I don't need to explain that to you, you come from a modern forward-looking country, don't you? You don't get anywhere by looking back, that's something I've learned myself.

Yes, you can see that in the town there are a number of signs of the recent...difficulties. These here are bullet holes, and over there you can see some of the houses are a little damaged. Some are now empty. These here are slightly burned. The damage is being repaired, of course, but I ask you to think about it, as you look at those houses. Every one of these was the scene of brave fighting, during the heroic defence of Levia Town. All sorts of people, not just the soldiers, but youngsters, old folk, even businessmen like myself had a hand in it.

Last but not least, we come to the centrepiece of the town, the site of the Ancient Bridge, our most famous tourist spot. The wonderful wooden bridge was here more than 600 years, and people always came to the town to see, photograph or walk over it. Sadly this beautiful bridge was deliberately destroyed by our enemies in the noble war, the war which gave Levia its independence. It was bombed and shelled, until finally it crumbled and fell down onto the river banks below. But we are preparing in the town now for the rebuilding. It will, within a short time, be reconstructed, as good as new. This itself will be a magnificent blend of new and old. New technology, but as far as possible the timber from the ruins of the Ancient Bridge itself. Timber which is 600 years old.

I like to imagine as we walk past other historical buildings, just what it must have been like over hundreds of years here, townspeople, growing grapes, wine. At the market, which was held as it still is in the square, huge numbers of different people, always from far and wide they came to Levia. In the evenings, at weddings, at festivals like today, great feasts, singing, dancing celebration. This is a happy town. We have a saying, that I would like to teach you. 'Nobody comes to Levia once'.

Ah, now here, this statue is important. This is of Levia himself, our founder - the fellow that the town is named after. The story goes that he was escaping from wicked king, swam across the river at the point where the town is now, he climbed the cliff and was out of reach of those chasing. To taunt them, he slow-ly built a great tower here. The better he made it the more it enraged the king. When Levia's tower was finished, covered in gold, the wicked king was so jealous, wanted so much to get to Levia, he tried to jump across the river and fell to his death.

[They have arrived back at the cafe. Nadia has been decorating and organising, some garlands are up, others are waiting to be put up.]

SECTION 4 - The Cafe

Ivo: I expect you're ready for a little break now, after all our exploring. Here we are, Nadia. I mentioned, didn't I, that this is Nadia. These are our guests from London, Nadia, in England.

Nadia: Yes, I know where -

Ivo: I have asked Nadia to serve up one of our Levian specialities here. So I hope that's acceptable. Nadia!

Nadia: Yes, it's all prepared, Mr Reb...Ivo.

Ivo: Good, good. Well, fetch it out as soon as you can.

Nadia: Yes.

[He puts his arm around her. She is uncomfortable about this, goes to get the drinks. Ivo checks that people are comfortably seated, and makes adjustments to the decorations. Nadia returns with a trayful of drinks, and Ivo supervises the serving out.]

Ivo: This is a special drink, you will only find this here, in this town.

[He drinks at one table]

You know what a toast is? Not the cooked bread you have. Drinking toast. Well this is the Levian Toast. Another local custom, let me show you.

This actually was part of a dance originally, and a song...

[He teaches a toast, which they practise. A series of movements, with the fist clenched behind the back, signifying resistance, to the words, 'Levia, the best. Above the rest!'. He demonstrates the full dance a little, to the tune we hear later from Nadia. 'Levia land of sun and wine, Levia always mine']

[Nadia returns, and starts distributing drinks around the group. Ivo is encouraging them to get the toast right, when Boris enters]

[Ivo notices Boris with desperation, and tries to distract the group.]

[Boris sits at a table. Ivo looks at him, tries to signal him to leave. Mouths, 'I warned you'. Boris stays.]

Nadia!

[He signals her to get rid of him. Nadia goes to Boris's table]

Nadia: Yes?

Boris: Is this your cafe?

Nadia: Yes. Well, it belongs to my father, yes.

Boris: I should like to make a proposal. Some bread and some wine.

Nadia: We are a little busy, as you see.

Boris: Yes. And I know what you must think. I must look, well I don't want to stay here, I would just like some bread and some wine, and then I will go.

[Nadia looks at Ivo, who tries to be subtle about signalling a resigned OK. She goes to get something for him.]

I have no money.

Nadia: Oh. Look this is a bad moment to come here. We are very busy, and if you've got no money, I am afraid -

Boris: I have this.

[He produces a picture from his coat. A drawing of the site of the bridge.]

An exchange. It's a good drawing. For a loaf, and a bottle of wine.

A man gets hungry.

Nadia: A woman gets tired.

[She looks at the drawing]

The bridge.

Ivo: I do apologise ladies and gentlemen. This man is not from here. He is an outsider. He doesn't understand our ways, I am afraid.

[He moves over]

Are you having a problem, Nadia?

Nadia: No, it's -

Ivo: You heard what the lady said. She will not serve you here, without money.

Boris: No, I offered an exchange. This drawing for a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread.

Nadia: It's a good drawing, look, it's the site of the ancient bridge.

Ivo: Yes! I can see.

[Pause]

Just the bread. A loaf of bread, not the wine. You shouldn't give people like him wine. You know what will happen.

Nadia: A loaf of bread.

Boris: A loaf of bread and some cheese.

Nadia: A loaf of bread.

Boris: Thank you.

[Nadia goes to get the bread. Ivo tries to get people's attention back onto the toast. Nadia returns with the bread.]

Thank you. I hope you like the picture.

Nadia: Go on.

[Boris sits with the bread. Breaks it and eats hungrily.]

[Nadia takes the picture and shows it to some of the group. She looks at where to hang it up]

Ivo: What are you doing?

Nadia: It's a good picture. I thought I would put it up.

Ivo: I see.

You shouldn't encourage those people.

Nadia: I wasn't. I don't like them any more than you. But he was-n't begging, was he? Anyway I like the picture. It doesn't matter who drew it. Sad. It was a beautiful bridge, wasn't it Ivo? Before -

Ivo: And it will be again. [Remembering his public] Yes, it is a fine drawing. As I told you, the site of the famous Ancient Bridge of Levia, my friends.

[He draws on Boris's picture]

If you can imagine on these banks here, a wonderful bridge the shape of a rainbow, like this, high across between the two banks. Very soon, work will begin so that it can be rebuilt. No-one will know it was ever down. It will be, like the old ver-si-on all wooden, with supports here and here, you see. As many of these pieces here as possible will be original, although the most modern construction methods will be used.

[Nadia reacts to this]

This is as close as you could get to the way it has looked for 600 years.

[He shows round the adapted drawing]

Nadia: Is all this definite now, then?

Ivo: What do you mean?

Nadia: Are they going to build the bridge again?

Ivo: Of course, why?

Nadia: I thought they said it would be left like it is, as a reminder. A memorial to the people that died.

Ivo: No, of course not.

The council hasn't made the decision yet, but the outcome is certain. Ancient and modern mixed. We are looking to the future, Nadia. A proper modern European town. The great new Levia. That is what you want, isn't it?

[He comes up close to her]

Nadia: Mm.

Ivo: Good. We need the bridge to cross the river.

Nadia: It is easy enough to walk to the new bridge, across the town.

Ivo: That is not the same. People come to visit the bridge, it is the reason that tourists come Nadia, isn't it?

Nadia: They can come just the same. To visit the ruins. Hear the story. How it fell. You should want them to hear the story, too.

Ivo: [Suddenly angry, and then genuinely tender for a moment] Nadia!

Sorry. Of course I know how you feel, it's ... You do not understand. Don't let's discuss this now.

[He starts trying to go back to the group]

Nadia: But the wood. The pieces of wood from the bridge, on the banks of the river.

Ivo: What about them?

Nadia: They have been going. Disappearing.

Ivo: Yes, well we know who has been doing that, don't we? [He looks at Boris]

Nadia: You can't rebuild the bridge if all the wood has gone.

Ivo: All the more reason to move fast. Anyway, not everyone has had a drink, Nadia. Come on. Quickly.

[He claps his hands]

How is everyone getting on? 'Levia!' That's it.

[His phone goes again.]

I told you, I can't. We have visitors here, little Ivo. He's done what? No! [To group] I am sorry about this my friends, nothing to worry about.

[He walks away from the group, and tries to conceal that he is having a problem. When he has finished he comes back]

My friends, I am very sorry indeed about this, but there is a small problem in my office for which I am needed, so I am going to have to leave you for a short time. I am sure it will not be long, so if you would just make yourselves comfortable here... Nadia, I am sure you will be able to keep our visitors entertained won't you? Perhaps you could sing for them.

Nadia: Perhaps.

[Ivo is clearly worried about leaving them in her hands]

Ivo: Nadia is a very fine singer, ladies and gentlemen. I shall be back before you know it. 'Levia the best, above the rest'.

[He rushes off]

[Boris is reacting a little to the toast. Nadia notices]

Nadia: Have you finished?

Boris: Thank you. It is good bread. Did you bake it?

[No reply.]

I am not like you think. I want to earn anything I am given, believe me. To do what I am good at. Perform. With my puppets.

[No reply. He nods and goes]

SECTION 4 - Nadia's story

Nadia's Story Scene One

Nadia: [Looking at the picture] Beautiful. Sad and beautiful.

[Pause]

Well, suddenly it's quiet in here, eh?

[Pause]

So, you are from England are you? I have been there you know. When I was younger. For three months, I went. What is it you are here for?

[She talks to some individual pupils. Where are you from? Did you enjoy the tour? Have you got enough to drink? Something triggers off a comment about the toast they have been doing]

"Levia the best". I don't know. If you are really here to find out about our town, I ought to warn you, I think. About Ivo, and the others like him.

Did he tell you the story about the statue? The tower? He made it up, you know. It is important for a town to have the right history, he says.

It isn't that he is a bad man. It isn't so simple. He wants everyone to like it here, you see. That's all he thinks about. We are having a festival here today, but for some of us it's to try and forget how sad we are, not to celebrate.

Sorry. It's just you are visitors here, and we haven't had many for a while. I want you to know what it is really like here. It's changed. So to know about the changes, you need to know what it was like before, as well.

You see me, I'm only half Levian. My mother was from a city thirty kilometres away. It used to be in the same country, but not any more. It isn't that the city has moved or anything, it's just that now we all live in separate little countries. That's what the war did. Before the war, nobody bothered much about who was from where. We all just lived here. Well some people bothered, but only a few, at least that's what I thought.

Above the rest... That's what the toast really means. We are better than you. That's where the trouble starts.

I'll show you what's happened here. Starting from what it was like before.

This is about ten years ago, I suppose. Exactly, in fact, because it was Festival Day. The cafe was just the same. Except for this. This wasn't here.

[She takes down the Levian flag.]

And the video machine. You'll just have to imagine that's not there. This is my Dad. He always sits there, with his coffee and his plum brandy. My Mum died years ago. This is me, coming home from school.....

Father: Nadia.

[He is playing with a pack of cards. He does not look up at her]

Nadia: Dad.

Father: Wipe your shoes.

Nadia: I have.

Father: Properly. Are you off to play tennis?

Nadia: No.

Father: Oh. Where are you going?

Nadia: To write my diary.

Father: Can't it wait? Haven't you got a word for your father?

Nadia: I want to write in it now, before I forget. It's good to have a diary, you know that. I like to remember things.

Father: Fine. That's fine.

Nadia: Can I go now?

[No reply]

Dad?

Father: Is something wrong?

Nadia: No.

Father: What's upset you, Nadia? Something has.

Nadia: Nothing

Father: Nadia, come here.

[He looks at her for the first time]

What's the matter?

[No reply]

Look at me will you? Nadia! Is this about the concert? I have said that I'm sorry, Nadia. It is for you as well. The cafe can't just close, whatever the reason. Especially on a big day, a busy day. We need the business. I am sorry I couldn't come to your school concert.

Nadia: I know Dad. It isn't that.

Father: What is it?

Nadia: It doesn't matter.

Father: Nadia, it matters. If it upsets you it matters. Here!

Nadia: It was just Mr Bracko.

Father: Niko's father?

Nadia: Yes

Father: Didn't he give you a lift home?

Nadia: Yes.

Father: So?

[Pause]

Nadia: Dad, what was Mum like?

Father: Your mother?

Nadia: Yes.

Father: What's your mother got to do with Mr Bracko?

Nadia: I just want to know, what she was like?

Father: You remember her, don't you?

Nadia: Yes, a bit.

Father: Well then. Get your feet off the table.

Nadia: I cleaned them.

Father: So they're clean enough to eat from are they?

[He returns to his cards]

[Pause]

So what's this about, Nadia. Your mother, Mr Bracko?

Nadia: I'm not buying anything from his shop. Never. And you mustn't.

Father: Was he late picking you up?

Nadia: He just said some things, that's all, to the teacher. About me singing.

Father: Bad things?

Nadia: No. Well...

[Pause]

He said he liked my singing well enough. "Oh yes she sings well enough", he said. Really angry. Not loud but quiet and angry, "she sings very well, but why did you let her sing that song?", then the teacher asked if he didn't like the song or something, and he said, "Oh I like the song well enough. I ought to, it helped me through the darkness. It isn't any old song. Levia my fatherland, land of sun and wine. A song for a real Levian. Not a song to be sung by a half-breed, is it."

Father: He said that?

Nadia: He didn't know I could hear.

[No reply]

I shouldn't have told you. I knew it would get you all worked up. It doesn't matter.

Father: No.

Nadia: Dad...

Father: I can't believe that of Bracko. The man makes himself out to be my friend and..... He said that? That is it for him. I won't forgive this. From this moment he is not welcome in this cafe. I promise.

Nadia: Dad.

Father: Nadia, you must take no notice of him, do you understand? He's a stupid old man. From years ago, he has his stupid ideas, from the war, you know. He carries it around with him, like a wound. He thinks he must blame someone. Ignore him, will you. Promise me. He knows nothing.

Nadia: Yes.

[Pause]

Father: Where were you born?

Nadia: Upstairs.

Father: Right. Here in this house. Where is your home?

Nadia: Here.

Father: Yes here. Levia Town. It's simple. And whose tennis team do you play for?

Nadia: Levia Town.

Father: And you are proud of it, and you should be proud.

Nadia: I am proud.

Father: Good. When your mother was first here once or twice I remember comments, you know, about us. Only from men like Bracko. Some of my 'friends' didn't come to our wedding.

Did you ever hear comments before, teasing or anything?

Nadia: No.

Father: Well your mother had some. But she never let it matter. Look round the town. There are people from all over. Good and bad, mixed. No-one is better or worse for where they come from are they?

Nadia: No.

Father: So you remember that, even if others forget it, will you? A stupid insult. Let it wash by you. It doesn't matter.

Nadia: That's what I said, Dad.

Father: Forget him.

Nadia: You forget him, Dad.

[Pause]

Father: Tell me about the concert, your singing. Was it good?

Nadia: There were so many people there, in the hall. I was scared. More than I can remember.

Father: But you sang well.

Nadia: I think it was all right

Father: Sing for me now, Nadia. Show me what it was like.

[She sings.]

Nadia: Where the purest streams of heaven fall in torrents rushing by,
Where mountains rise in majesty to meet the cloudless sky,
Levia my fatherland, land of sun and wine.
Levia my fatherland, you are forever mine

[Her father continues his game]

Nadia's Story - Scene 2

Nadia: I remember that well. He wasn't always like that, but... Now he hardly puts two words together to me. Still.... As I say, thinking back now, that's how these things start, little comments. But I never thought that then. I thought Levia was a happy town.

[She picks up the pack of cards and shuffles]

So let me think. Six years later, I suppose. I was already working here, all the time. Serving tourists in the summer, and through the winter the same old group of regulars, except for the market days. Things were a bit difficult, then. The cafe wasn't making much money. People had lost work, nobody had much to spend. About then was when you noticed, began to, the way things were going here.

This is Dani, my cousin, from my mother's family. He had come across to Levia, he lived with us then. Came to work, in the factory, making cars. He was sixteen then. This here is one of the regulars, Carl.

Carl: Nadia, here.

Nadia: Coming.

Carl: Another brandy, here.

Nadia: Yes, Carl.

Carl: A bottle, let's have a bottle. For all my friends here. Let's drink while we can.

Nadia: Have you got the money?

Carl: Nadia. I shall pay you for the bottle, of course I shall.

[She takes him a bottle, returns to Dani]

Dani: Busy, aren't you?

Nadia: They come, but they don't spend much. They just sit here.

Dani: Yes. It's tough. They were saying at work that more might lose their jobs if it doesn't pick up.

Nadia: Don't talk about it, Dani. I'm bored with all the whining talk.

[Pause]

So will you be able to come? To the cinema.

Dani: Is Anja coming?

Nadia: I think so.

Dani: I'll be there.

Nadia: That's all you can think of isn't it? Anja.

Dani: Is there anything else?

[They laugh]

Nadia: Have you even said anything to her, Dani?

Dani: Not yet.

Nadia: God, Dani. You're hopeless. Do you want me to ask about you?

Dani: No!

Nadia: I'd be subtle. I wouldn't let on that you've said anything -

Dani: Nadia, no. Don't you dare.

Nadia: "Anja, what do you think of my cousin Dani? I mean just supposing he were to ask you out or something..."

Dani: I'll kill you. Don't say a word, to anyone, OK?

Carl: To Levia Town, let's drink to Levia Town. [To Dani] Will you drink to Levia Town, my friend?

Dani: To Levia Town.

Carl: Very good. He can drink to our town, can't he? Is everybody here happy? I hope so. Of course I have no work, so perhaps I am a little less happy than some here. But I have my drink, don't I? Don't cry for me. Why should you cry just for me, when what am I anyway. Just an idiot in the corner, who gives everything away. Just a stupid Levia, trodden on by everyone else. But I can be happy...

Nadia: I shouldn't have given him the bottle.

Dani: Don't worry he's just loud. It's all wind.

[Nadia does an impression of an inflatable man with a puncture. They laugh]

Carl: Are his jokes funny too, Nadia, are they?

[He starts putting up little flags on the cafe tables, Levia flags]

Nadia: Sorry.

Dani: It's not your fault. Anyway he's got his problems, hasn't he?

[Pause]

Nadia: Are you going home at the weekend?

Dani: I think so. Why?

Nadia: I thought I might come.

Dani: Oh yes. Go on, that would be good. I was going to go on my bike though.

Nadia: Oh God, no, I'm not pedalling all that way.

Dani: It's not far. It only takes me half an hour.

Nadia: It would take me longer than that, I can tell you. Could you come on the bus, just this once.

Dani: I suppose.

Nadia: It'll give us the chance to gossip, about Anja. I'll tell you all her secrets on the bus.

[Carl has come up to get some more drink]

Carl: What bus is this then? Where are you going Nadia?

Nadia: Nowhere.

You have had enough.

Carl: You aren't leaving us are you?

Nadia: No. Just a family visit, that's all. Nothing you need worry about, Carl.

Carl: Oh yes, of course the family. Your lot, eh, young man.

Dani: Our family.

Carl: Your family, I know. Your family. We have heard stories about your family, haven't we?
Your sisters, your mother... Nice ladies

[Dani thinks about responding, but decides against]

They let you have time off for visits, do they, at the factory?

Dani: Sundays, yes.

Carl: I wouldn't know, you see, because I haven't got a job. Nor has he, has he, or you eh. It's funny, because this is our home town, isn't it? But no jobs for us. Funny, isn't it?

Dani: I'm sorry. It isn't my...

Carl: No!

Nadia: Don't bother Dani. Ignore him.

[Carl goes to turn over the TV]

Nadia: What are you doing?

Carl: The music. The noise. I'm changing it. Let's listen to some proper music shall we? Levian music.

Nadia: Leave it, Carl.

Carl: Why? Does your friend want to watch it?

Nadia: We always just have it on MTV, you know that.

Carl: Let's see, shall we. Who here wants to watch this American stuff, who here is a proper Levian, eh? Not you, we know, don't we? What about you Nadia?

Nadia: Sit down Carl. I'll do it, if you promise to shut up.

Carl: I won't say a word. Wouldn't dream of disturbing you.

[Nadia changes channels on the TV - it is a Levian channel, featuring folk music. Carl is delighted with it, and starts dancing, gradually becoming more provocative, as he circles Dani. It is the same dance as Ivo did earlier, but nasty. Eventually Dani has had enough.]

Dani: I'll see you later, Nadia.

Carl: Bye bye, foreigner.

[Dani goes out. Nadia half follows, then comes back in, gives Carl a look. Carl addresses all the customers.]

You see him? How does it make you feel, to watch him laughing at us? You've read the papers, seen the television, you know what our leaders are saying, my fellow Levians. If we want to work again, and not see our jobs taken by foreigners, we must do something. Together. Then one day we will not have to sit here and watch other people buying drinks. One day, eh, this town will belong just to us, like it should.

Nadia: Those are the signs I remember of things getting bad. There were speeches, and little secret meetings. Comments, mutterings, rumours. And then not exactly suddenly, but well... then it was a war. It was all 'their' fault always, and the 'they' was my mother's people, my cousin Dani's people. No-one much seemed to think about my mother, or how I might feel.

Nadia's Story - Scene 3

We had to close the cafe, when they said the war was actually coming.

[Nadia's father is in, clearing up tables etc. Nadia arrives from upstairs]

Nadia: Dad?

Father: Come on. Close up. Nadia. It's time.

I have seen the tanks. This is it now.

Nadia: Dad, you said we should -

Father: Nadia. We have no choice. I didn't want to believe it would happen, but this is a war now. Out there. Not on the television, not in the papers, but here. With my eyes, just, I saw. Walking out for the bread. Three big grey tanks, half the size of a house, grinding up the street.

Soldiers. Dozens of them, marching over the bridge. Young soldiers, men from the town, with guns, just out here on our street. People out to wave them off, or shouting from windows. Off you go to shoot your cousins, your friends. I thought the bridge would break, under the strain.

[He sits. Dani comes in. He is hurt.]

Nadia: Dani! What happened?

Dani: Nothing. I was running to get away before the soldiers come, I fell. That's all, tripped and fell.

Nadia: Are you sure?

[No reply]

Oh God, Dad.

[She gets first aid box]

Father: I know.

Dani: Is Anja here?

Nadia: No

Dani: You said she was coming to meet me.

Nadia: I know, Dani, I'm sorry. She probably thought it wasn't safe.

Dani: To come round and see me?

Nadia: No. Dani. I did see her before. She was just a little worried about her father.

Dani: What's he done?

Nadia: Nothing. With all this with the fighting and everything. She doesn't want to risk him ... I don't know... doing anything stupid.

Dani: I'll go and see her.

Nadia: No. Stay here. You know what he was like when he heard you were seeing her. That was before this trouble even. He seems like a jolly old man, but he isn't underneath, you know that.

I told her I would pass messages. If you like. Her Dad won't mind me going round.

Dani: Are you sure?

Nadia: I'll tell her you're OK.

Dani: You can arrange a meeting. A secret meeting.

Nadia: Perhaps. Yes. I'm sure it won't come to that.

Dani: Are you? Really?

Nadia: Sure. Don't worry.

Father: Dani.

Dani: Yes.

Father: Perhaps you had better go up to your room, just for a bit.

Dani: Do you think so?

Father: Just for a while. Just while tempers are ... while everyone is so excited.

Dani: Yes. Probably, you're right.

Nadia: To hide.

Dani: Not to hide, just to keep out of the way.

OK. You'll go to Anja? Give her a message.

Nadia: Of course.

Dani: I'll write a letter.

[He goes]

[Pause]

Dad, I was just trying to stop him worrying.

[Pause]

I can't believe this. How did we let it get to this?

Father: It always does.

Nadia: Don't say that, Dad. That's stupid.

[Pause]

What shall we do?

Father: Stay here and see no-one.

[Nadia goes back into narration]

Nadia: We sat without talking, I remember.

[She re-enacts as she talks]

I wanted to go to see Anja, but Dad said it would be good to wait. In the end, I went to get a video. It sounds strange, I suppose, but I couldn't think what to do, and well, if the cafe was closed, I thought, it was a good chance. Dad wasn't happy about that, so I sneaked out while he was making more coffee.

I wasn't sure if the video shop would be open. It was only a few streets away. I thought it was quiet, and I thought about my mother's family. We hadn't visited for a month. I remember thinking, perhaps I should ring them. When I got to the shop...

Niko: Have you heard, Nadia?

Nadia: Niko?

Niko: About the fighting. It's only just outside town. The army has been through, right past here.

Nadia: I know. My Dad saw the tanks.

Niko: Listen, can you hear?

[They listen]

Niko: Isn't it exciting, Nadia? In Levia Town. Can you believe it. I never thought anything would happen here, but now.....

Nadia: I suppose so. For you perhaps.

Niko: Of course it is.

What's wrong, Nadia?

Oh God, are you worried because of your Mum? Don't be stupid. Everyone knows you're one of us, really.

Nadia: Do they?

Niko: Of course they do. You've always been here. You're not really a foreigner are you? Not even half really.

[No reply]

It doesn't matter. You're here. On our side. Jan says it will only be a short fight.

[A jet plane flies over, loud and low. They don't know what to do]

[Pause]

Nadia: Have you seen Anja.

Niko: No, why?

Nadia: It doesn't matter. What film shall I get?

Niko: Are you serious? Who needs a video tonight. You can stand out in the square and watch the action on the hill.

Nadia: I told my Dad I would get a film.

Niko: Oh, OK Take 'Ghost'. We just got it in.

Nadia: 'Ghost' OK. Thanks.

Niko: See you Nadia. Take care.

Nadia: I walked out of the shop, and I could hear bangs, and see flashes, across the sky. It was like a not very good fireworks display. All the noise, not so much colour. But still it wasn't real..

[Another plane passes. An explosion. She falls to the ground]

What the - A huge bang. A shake of the ground. A shower of glass, masses of it, coming down the side of the building, a waterfall, with lights on it. It was pretty. It seemed to come slowly. Strange and pretty. One bit hit the back of my hand, and drew blood. It wasn't until I noticed the blood that I felt frightened.

[Carl arrives, with a gun. Nadia is on the ground out of his sight. He is heading for a particular house. He shouts at the door.

Carl: Come on. Out. Now!

Nadia: Oh no. He can't. What is this?

[She begins to stand, makes a noise. Carl spins around with his gun. She ducks back down. He goes back to the door.]

Carl: Out you come, I know you're in there. Coward. Are you afraid to stand up, are you?

[He is banging on the door with his gun. He aims and shoots at the wall. Then he forces his way in, and emerges with a man, struggling. He takes him off at gunpoint, swearing at him, threatening. Nadia is clearly thinking of intervening, but doesn't.]

Nadia: I was here, lying here. I saw that happen. I didn't make a noise, or anything. I just lay here.

And that was what the war was like. That was the very first little part of it. It got worse. Not just war against some terrible evil army, although that was what they tried to tell us, but against my mothers family. Against friends, neighbours, people living in the same street.

Now. In the street, you can see A house with bullet holes in it, burned and empty. Because the man that lived there wasn't born here, and because I didn't do anything, when they came for him. I never saw him again.

There's a lot of burned empty houses in Levia now. If you look at the burned out houses it's exciting. The rest is hidden. There's nothing left of the people who lived there.

Nadia's Story - Scene 4

Let me tell you one more thing, about now. After the war. What it's like to go and see my mother's family. Where I went with Dani. It's less than 45 minutes by bus. But the buses don't run. I use my friend's car now. Along the road. That looks the same as it did, except for more burned houses. One burned out tank. A dead tank in the ditch. A sight. Children play on it. You get to where you used to stop for petrol. Now there is barbed wire, and fences, barriers.

Two policemen with guns. Passport. You have to show them, just to go on. We used just to go there shopping. 'Why must I show you this, it isn't like I'm going on holiday. That's when you use a passport'. But you mustn't try and be friendly to the policemen at the border. They point the gun. Am I a Levian or not? I don't even really know.

[She goes past them]

It feels strange. I used just to pass the petrol station here. None of that.

Then the other strange thing is, in the town where my mother lived there are lots of burned out houses, too. Empty houses. Bullet holes. Just the same, but there, it is the Levians who lived there that had to move out. There, people who know where I come from see me as an enemy, when before they were friendly. I don't seem to fit anywhere now.

SECTION 5

Workshop Section.

Through a mixture of hot-seating of Nadia and small group discussion, the group examines Nadia's dilemma - Should she have done something that she didn't, at the moment when she saw her neighbour taken? What should she do now? The group has a chance to influence her future action and approach. Other key questions are: How did the war arise? Why do friends become enemies? Is it good to love your country? Why do people change? Why do others allow things to happen?

Nadia: After lunch, you can come back to me, I'll show you some more, if Ivo is still not back. He always has his problems, Ivo. He would like everybody to think everything is fine, but underneath..... Meet me after lunch on the river bank. There is something there I want to finish.

[LUNCH]

SECTION 6 - Under the Ancient Bridge

[The group returns from lunch to the hall, now changed to the river bank far below the broken bridge. An area is cordoned off with ribbon, and Levia town council notices saying to keep away. There are pieces of old timber scattered around, and under a particular pile is a makeshift scrap shelter.]

Nadia: Ah good, you are here. This is dead slow with just one person. Working secretly as well. You can help.

[She puts down the piece of wood she is carrying]

You see that? All that is left of the Ancient Bridge, that is. It isn't just a pile of rubbish, you know. It's history. 600 years, every piece of this wood was up there on the bridge. If it could talk, it could tell stories, about all the comings and goings, couldn't it? Some of the pieces do tell stories. Look here - carved on this one, what does it say?

[She gets someone to read out the carving, it is two names. "Victor and Maria 1874"]

It makes you think doesn't it? All that time ago. There are lots with carving on. Some are much older, even than that. Yes, that's history.

[She indicates for them to help with carrying wood away from the bridge. They do this, taking time over noticing other inscriptions on the wood. She won't allow them to go beyond a certain point, where there is a pile of some kind, covered by sheets. She does the final stage herself.]

No. Stay there, put them down there. I can manage from here.

I've been thinking about what you were saying before. About the war and everything, and about Ivo. I think I know what I will try to do now. [She refers to suggestions made by the group during the workshop section] Less thinking, more saying things out loud.... if I can.

[After carrying wood for a while they come to the bits which comprise part of the shelter. Nadia pauses, but then takes a piece of wood which is part of it. There are signs of Boris there, bits of puppet, a drawing of a woman, one of a child, one of a puppet, and a child's drawing of a block of flats being bombed, a blanket, fragments of a rough script. They have a chance to examine this as Nadia does one solo trip.]

Take no notice of that stuff. It must belong to the foreigner. This might persuade him to go.

[She looks around, and sees a carrier bag, with holes in it]

Put it all in there will you? It's a bit small. I'll get something better. Make a start.

[Nadia goes off to find a better bag, leaving them for a moment to pack away the stuff or not. While they consider this. Boris arrives back.]

Boris: What's happening? Hey! What are you doing? Put that down will you.

[He rushes up to them, and stops them from inflicting any more damage on his shelter or his possessions. He asks about what they are doing and why]

Who sent you here? The police? The soldiers?

[He draws out about Nadia and the wood]

I see. The woman from the cafe. I thought she was better than that. You must tell her that this is my home. Perhaps it doesn't look much. You can tell her she may not know what it is like to lose a home. I do. This is not the first home I have lost.

This is not scrap you know. It is my work. That is not a bottle, it is a puppet, look.

[He demonstrates]

This is Anja. OK Anja, say hello. Come on, don't be bashful. These people have come to visit us.

[He plays with the puppet and the group]

[Nadia returns, with a bin-liner.]

Nadia: This is better, look, you can fit all the junk in this -

[Boris stands. Nadia sees what is going on]

Boris: I am showing our visitors my puppets.

Nadia: They are not your visitors.

Boris: I am showing my puppets. I don't mean any harm.

Nadia: Of course not.

Boris: Do you know who I am, young lady?

Nadia: Yes. You're a refugee, like all the others. I know you've got a sad story, I am sure you have, but I have heard them all. Now I think you should leave. This place isn't suitable for you to put your junk. This wood is special.

Boris: I am doing no harm. All I want here is the chance to spend enough time to make up my story, build the new puppets, do -

Nadia: Are you going to go, or shall I get someone?

Boris: A little shelter, using wood that just lies here -

Nadia: Right.

[She goes up to him and grabs the piece of scrap he has in his hand -the puppet's hand. She puts it in her bin-liner. Then she puts the bag down.]

Don't let him take any more wood. I shall have to find Ivo, or someone.

[She storms off]

SECTION 7 - Boris's story.

Boris: Oh.

I seem to have made her angry. What have I done that is so wrong?

Oh well. You know what will happen now? I shall be 'moved on', like a vagrant, a common tramp. Still, perhaps I have some time before they come to move me on. Sit down, will you. The least I can do is make my visitors welcome. It isn't as if I have many visitors. You are the first. And you are visitors from England. England. That is good.

[He rummages through the things in the shelter, and picks up some of the drawings, or gets them out of the bin liner]

Let me show you..... This is Monica, my wife. I lost my wallet, I'm afraid, some time ago, with the photographs, so this is all I have. Drawings. Done from memory, from my head. All

of these are. This is Tamara, my beautiful daughter. Of course, she is older than this now. This was last year. I haven't seen her for almost a year. She is ten years old, nearly eleven now. Yes her birthday is only a few days away. I am hoping that a letter I have sent will reach her. But I have heard nothing. Every day I go to the post office. The address I put. They don't deliver letters to piles of rubbish.

This is my son - a little wooden looking isn't he? No just my joke, he's my puppet. Burbek.

I should explain properly. What kind of welcome is this? This is what I do, you see. Puppets. Boris is my name. Boris. Puppets are what I do. Nowadays. And before. Even before I had any real puppets. Watch -

[He uses a rag to be a puppet]

Hello, Rag.

Hello Boris. What you doing?

Ah, well, Rag, I'm going to tell a story to our visitors from England. The life of Boris. To fill in my time before the soldiers come again, to move me on.

[He wraps the rag in his hand and makes it disappear.]

My story begins when I was about your age, with him, Burbek. I carved him from wood myself, the fellow in that picture there. I made up little stories with him, and put them on. Just for my family first, then in the park, to the public, and then all around the country. Towns like this one. Put down the hat and do a show. Money in the hat. Yes, he made me rich did Burbek.

Then these last few years, I was on television. My own programme. I was a star, a real star. Fantastic. Everybody knew who I was, then. Stopped in the street. A big flat, a good car, a family. Happy ever after. But all that was before the war.

Look, this is my city. All my life I lived there. Only a couple of hundred kilometres from here, but another world. The war is still happening there. A horrible, danger-ous, dead city, full of terror. What was once normal and wonderful, dying. This is what it was, the only photo I did keep. My home. Everything you could want.

Sit there will you, I'll show you.....

Boris's Story Scene 1

In the city. Our flat. Only two years ago, but it seems longer. This is Monica, my wife. You can tell from the drawing, I expect.

[Boris and Monica are in their flat. He has brought home a take-away.]

Monica: What have you got?

Boris: Pizza. It was easiest.

Monica: Did you get one for Tamara?

Boris: No. I thought she was going to be at Ivana's

Monica: She is. I just wondered if you heard that. Shall we have it in here or in the kitchen?

Boris: I don't mind

Monica: Do you want to watch TV?

Boris: No. I've been in the studio all day, please.

Monica: It isn't the same, exactly. I want to watch the news.

Boris: Do we have to?

Monica: No, we don't have to. But, we should know what's happening, Boris. War in our own country

Boris: I don't want to hear about it. I hear about nothing else.

Monica: OK, but it won't go away...

Boris: I know, I just don't want to...

Monica: OK.

[Pause]

Pepper?

Boris: No.

I'm sorry. It's been a difficult day.

[He kisses her]

Monica: Today, at the hospital, they taught us a new system. Every baby that's born, we have a little label to put on it. On the bed. A different colour for different kinds. Red for babies if they're parents are from the city, blue if they're 'foreign'. Then we write the name on the label, but you don't have to look as close as that to see the colour.

Boris: Why?

Monica: No-one told us why.

Boris: Babies?

Monica: Yes, you know, my job, little versions of adults, babies?

Boris: Of course. Well they're dangerous aren't they? I can just imagine, gangs of babies with machine guns, suddenly taking over the hospital. Very dangerous. They have to be able to tell the enemy ones.

[He pretends to be an armed baby]

Monica: It's not funny, Boris.

Boris: It is. It's laughable.

Monica: It's all part of the same thing. The fighting. No-one is free from it.

[Pause]

The pizza is good.

Boris: It's all going to change isn't it?

Monica: It's changed already.

Boris: The atmosphere at the studio is all over the place you know. Peculiar. They cut a joke today, cut it out of the programme. A stupid little joke about the leaders. Worried it would upset people. I couldn't believe it. I thought they were joking, but, eyes like knives, I got, for laughing. Mad, Mon. It's all going mad.

[Pause]

You should go you know.

Monica: Who?

Boris: You, and Tamara.

Monica: What are you talking about, Boris?

Boris: What I said. You should get away. We both know what's going to happen here. There's fighting in the country. People are being killed. You can still get away now.

Monica: Where to?

Boris: England.

Just for a while. We've got plenty of money. Just until its safe. It'll only be a few weeks, it'll blow over.

Monica: You don't believe that do you?

Boris: Well if it doesn't I'll come after you.

[Pause]

Monica: No

Boris: Why not? It's only a holiday. Go to London. See the Queen.

Monica: Even sending your family away, you won't take seriously, will you?

Boris: I am serious. For Tamara. She is ten years old. I wouldn't forgive myself if -

Monica: Well you then as well.

Boris: Monica I couldn't, it's half-way through a series.

Monica: And I can just give up my job just like that can I?

Boris: Everyone's going anyway, the block of flats is half empty already. There were queues a mile long at the coach station today. Give it a week, and there won't be anyone having babies. You won't be needed.

Monica: Thank you. And there'll still be a big audience for your stupid show? If we have a war, which will we need most, hospitals or television, eh?

Boris: It isn't like that.

I'd have to sort out Dad. It would take a lot to shift him. He's never left the city in his life. 'I ain't budging, Boris, and you'll not make me.'

Monica: Boris. You're talking about leaving for good, aren't you?

Boris: No. No. No. Just a break. No point in being heroes, Monica.

Monica: I don't know.

Boris: Where did you say Tamara was?

Monica: Ivana's. Don't worry.

Boris: No. Sorry.

Monica: She left an envelope for you, a surprise, she said. I think it's a picture.

Boris: [Fetching and opening envelope] Like father like daughter, you see.

Monica: Yes, of course, all your huge talents. That's something to look forward to.

What is it? What's wrong?

Boris: Proof. What we were talking about. We must get her away from here.

[He passes the picture over to Monica. It is an image of soldiers and tanks, shooting. With a city, block of flats, etc at one side. It is entitled, 'The Future'. They hug]

Boris's Story Scene 2

Boris: Soon after that Monica and Tamara went to England. I had been to London once, for a Festival of Puppets. That was the only reason. I had liked it then. A good place. Not too far away, we thought.

I stayed. And the soldiers came. The city was surrounded. Not a city, with corner shops, offices, cafes. A battleground.

[Boris is alone in his flat, there is gunfire and shelling intermittently through the scene. He lights a candle]

Jesus, it's cold.

[He jogs around, does a funny little dance.]

War dance Boris, keep warm. Time for a proper fire. But no wood. Oh dear oh dear. What to burn. Chair, no. Got to sit. Table, no. Got to eat.

[He looks around, rejects various possible fuels. Sees Burbek.

Ahh. Burbek. Nice burnable puppet.

Burbek? Are you cold?

Burbek: Me, don't be stupid, I'm made of wood.

Boris: I wouldn't remind me about that, if I were you. You might end up on the fire. Anyway, even if you're wood, you might be cold still. No electricity, no phone.

Burbek: The phone doesn't keep you warm, dummy.

Boris: Dummy? Not me.

[He laughs]

Well it does actually. It warms your heart, the phone. News.

Burbek: Very poetic.

Boris: You don't understand. News from Monica and Tamara. That was what the phone used to be.

[Explosion outside]

Boom boom. Bang a bang. We don't need a stereo do we, Burbek, with the noise outside? Fighting music, all the time eh? Look at me when I'm talking to you. It's funny isn't it? Just the two of us. Like it used to be...

Burbek: Still no letter?

Boris: Still no letter. Probably a whole pile of letters, but they aren't here. A heap at some border. Some deserted airport.

Burbek: It's a sign you're going mad you know, talking to me. I'm only a lump of wood.

Boris: You're doing it again, tempting me.

Burbek: I know I'm safe. What would you do without me?

Boris: What would you do without me? Silly dolly.

Burbek: I hate it when you call me that.

Boris: Sorry. Handsome hunk of wood.

Burbek: Are we going to work?

Boris: We can't any more. No electricity remember. No television. No-one would see us.

No Monica, no little Tamara. Nothing to do. Shall I send you out to see what's happening?

Burbek: I'm not going anywhere without you.

Boris: Coward.

I'm going out.

Burbek: OK, but don't expect me to be here when you get back.

[Pause]

Boris: Let's look at what's happening out of the window, shall we?

[He goes over to window, keeps low down, puts Burbek up to 'see' out]

Boris: What can you see?

Burbek: Oh, it's beautiful. You should see this. Blue skies, not a single cloud. Calm, sunny, fantastic view, down into the city.

Boris: Lovely.

Burbek: I can see people. Children playing soccer, people going to work, happy people, dancing in the streets.

Boris: Happy people.

Burbek: Dancing in the streets, look.

[Boris gets up to look.]

Boris: No I'm sorry. Dong! Wrong, Dolly.

Burbek: Not dolly.

Well part of it was true, I promise. I saw people dancing.

Boris: Those are people running in zig-zags, so they won't be shot. Like there's traffic, but there isn't any. There are soldiers with special guns, you see. Waiting to shoot anyone they see.

Last week I saw someone doing that, Burbek. An old lady she was, Burbek. Running and then falling. Like this

[He acts it out, a very frail old woman, grotesque]

I thought she was shot. But she wasn't. Still, she broke her leg just from falling. The soldiers in the hills got her, without even wasting a bullet. She got herself. They must have been pleased.

Come on, let's put you away before you end up on the fire.

Burbek: You wouldn't burn me would you?

Boris: No. Not yet.

Boris's Story Scene 3

Months we were like that. Me and Burbek. You don't think about living like that in your own home. All the gadgets in the world, TV, video, microwave, sitting there, but you might as well be in a hut. No electricity, water half a mile away. And no Tamara. In the end I had to go. Not that that was easy. Getting out of a city that's surrounded by enemies. I went to the soldiers. This is where I ended up. With these two...

[Boris with two soldier with guns]

Soldier 1: Evening

[Boris says nothing]

Soldier 1: Just come to look?

Boris: Er, no. I wanted to -

Soldier 2: You wanted to - go on spit it out man.

Soldier 1: Hey wait - it's, it's, you know, you're...

Soldier 2: It's... Yes, yes, oh come on, I know....

Soldier 1: Burbek !

Soldier 2: That's it, of course, Burbek. Burbek's man.

Soldier 1: Oh he's good.

Soldier 2: Burbek, yes. My mum loves him. You know that one where he runs away, goes flying. Brilliant. When he flips, gets drunk, on a plane, remember?

Soldier 1: Burbek yes. It is you isn't it? Puppet man.

Boris: Yes, it is.

Soldier 1: Well where is he, then?

Soldier 2: Yeah, have you got him with you?

Boris: No, no. Sorry.

Soldier 1: Shame. I'd have loved to see him. You could have done him for us. Done some of the best bits. That would have relieved the boredom. We have a boring time up here, you know. Boring and cold.

Soldier 2: When I tell my mum she'll be mad.

Soldier 1: So. You live near here, do you, puppet man?

Boris: Er, well, down there. In the flats.

Soldier 1: The smart flats.

Boris: Yes, well. They were.

Soldier 1:Smart. Does he live with you?

Boris: Who?

Soldier 1:Burbek.

[They laugh]

Get it? Does he live with you? I can't get over this. Burbek... Brilliant.

Soldier 2:What you doing then? No telly.

Boris: No. That's it, really, why I'm here.

Is that your truck?

Soldier 2:Well, not ours to keep. We have the pleasure of guarding it, don't we mate.

Soldier 1:That great honour is ours, yeah.

He isn't in your bag, then?

Boris: No. Honestly.

Soldier 1:Shame.

Soldier 2:What is it, puppet man? Have you come to join us? No more television, so now you can join us. A star soldier. Defending our city. Fight off the enemies. Here, try this.

[Gives him his gun]

How does it feel?

Boris: Well...

Soldier 1: Hey, give young Burbek a gun too, eh? He could do his bit.

[Boris gives back gun]

Boris: Yes, that would be No, no. I haven't come to fight.

Soldier 2: Why not?

Boris: I'm like you say, a puppet man. I'm no soldier.

Soldier 2: There are plenty here fighting. Old men and women, youngsters. Not all soldiers. We must all defend our families, our people. You know what is at stake?

Boris: Yes I do. No it's about my family. Er the real human ones. Wife and daughter. They are in England.

Soldier 1: In England, I see. Nice.

Boris: My father is here. My aunts and uncles. It's just my wife, and my little girl.

Soldier 2: So. You are not going to fight with us, puppet man. What can we do?

Boris: I want you to help me out.

Soldier 2: How?

Boris: Help me out. To get out. Out of the city.

[The soldiers look at each other.]

Soldier 2:I see.

Out. You want to run away?

Boris: I want to see my family.

Soldier 2:Of course.

Boris: In the truck, perhaps.

Soldier 1:Hey, perhaps, this is the puppet, after all. Young Burbek is the real man, with a heart.

Soldier 2:Yes, that's right. This is the coward with the wooden heart. Will not fight for us.

Boris: What will you make me do, go on my knees. I went to the end of the street to get water, yesterday, queued for an hour for my plastic bottle full. Came back towards my home. Round the corner, I saw smoke. A rocket. Hit my flat, direct. Smoke and fire. Flame mostly smoke. Everything gone. Clothes, books, puppets, even your precious bloody Burbek. Burned. What am I meant to want to stay for.

Soldier 2:You think we haven't suffered, puppet man? Don't blame us. Blame the enemy.

Soldier 1:Burbek's burned. Dead.

[Pause]

Boris: How much?

Soldier 2:How much do you think it is worth, for him?

Soldier 1:How much. To sell your own people. To sell your soul.

Boris: Listen. Here, here..... everything. All I've got.

[He opens his wallet offers all his money.]

Soldier 2:Well. Hard currency, that's good. It's a hundred dollars for the truck.

Soldier 1:Another hundred for fuel.

Soldier 2:Two hundred for each of us.

Soldier 1:Another fifty for food on the trip.

Soldier 2:And what... five hundred for other expenses. Oh no, not quite enough cash. Better take the lot.

[They take the wallet]

Boris: No, no. The money, not the photos, please.

Soldier 2:It isn't easy to help someone escape from the city, puppet man. It costs more than you think.

Boris: OK OK, but you will do it?

Soldier 2:For you. We will try.

[They go into a little huddle.]

Soldier 1: You won't be travelling first class any more.

Boris: No, of course.

Soldier 1: Not a television star, a refugee.

Boris: Yes.

Soldier 1: What will you be, a star, or a refugee?

Boris: A refugee.

Soldier 1: Sorry?

Boris: I'll be a refugee.

Soldier 1: OK. Here tomorrow night, at eleven thirty, OK?

Boris: These soldiers, you know. They are only ordinary people. Boys. Girls. Last year they were probably studying, or working at McDonalds in the city. Now they have guns, and they hate everyone they are supposed to hate. Their enemies. Those who say the wrong things.

Boris's Story Scene 4

[He re-enacts]

I hid in the van, in the dark, completely. They drove me. Through some mountains, I think. We were going up hill. Twisting. Crushed behind some supplies. Once it stopped. No-one said anything. I was still. There were two shots, through the side of the van. Bullets clean through. Out the other side. I don't know who was shooting. Then after a whole night, they opened the doors and dropped me out. I couldn't see at all. My eyes were used to the dark. Even when my eyes were working, I didn't know where I was. I walked and walked.

Slept rough in the forest. All the way here in the end. And I am a refugee, they say. I saw it differently. Refugees are those people in camps, you see on the TV, thin and stary-eyed. I am a puppet man.

But still, I have no papers, nothing. You know what that means? If I am picked up, then I am one of those people in the camps, no better. Probably worse. Without papers, they will send me back.

SECTION 8 - Ideas for the Puppet Show

[He places the drawings next to each other, and pulls out a card in an envelope.]

No papers. No Boris.

But then you are here from England, and I have some little hope again. This card is for Tamara. For her birthday. I cannot be there, but perhaps she can get this card. I have written before, but I do not know where the letters go. My Tamara is in London, and I will miss her birthday.

[He asks if anyone is prepared to take the card with them, to post in England, or to deliver. He makes it clear that Ivo will not like it, but how grateful he would be. If someone agrees, he is grateful, if no-one does he is understanding]

If you see them, you will see why it is so important to me. You can tell them I will be there soon. Because I will.

[He is becoming upset and so he changes the subject]

And to do that, to get to them, I need money, so that is where these friends of mine come in. Back to the old days, putting my hat on the floor, showing the stories, collecting the money, that will get me away from here.

This isn't Burbek. He burned in the fire when my flat burned. When I'm back home, I'll carve him back again. No, this is a puppet called Anja, like I said. She is from the story that I want to do now. Let me show you.

I heard about this story, when I was at the last village, down the river. They told it about this town, Levia. It's a true story, my favourite kind. A love story. All the stories I do with my puppets are true. I like the people watching to recognise things - the place they live, the people.

This is the story of Anja and Dani. I think it is the story that sums up the war best of all. I cannot tell it, or act it with my puppets without thinking about my own family. Anja and Dani, they are from this town, have you heard their story?

[He draws information from the group; anything they have picked up, about Dani, description, how he looks and speaks, trying to get the spirit of it with the puppet, anything in particular he said, he tries it out. What was he like about Anja, how did he feel, he shows that. What about Anja, not seen her, but what impression do they have? He tries the Anja puppet. How can I show their relationship, do you think?]

[What about Levia? Ideas that I can include? About my own story, etc....He draws out their ideas for inclusion in the show, and tries improvising bits with the puppets]

SECTION 9 - The Argument

[Ivo arrives, flustered and furious]

Ivo: Stop! Stop now! What in God's name... what is going on here? Can't you see the barrier? You are not supposed to go here. You, foreigner, get out of here! Now!

Boris: My name is Boris.

Ivo: You think I care about your name? I want you to get away from here. Do you understand?

Boris: Don't speak to me like that. Yes, I understand. Of course I do, I come from the same place you do.

Ivo: Oh no. No you do not. Believe me, you don't. You don't belong here. Not in Levia Town. Out!

[He grabs one of the puppets and throws it aside.]

My friends. I can only apologise if this man has been bothering you. You must understand that there are still some people, refugees, running away from the war. Many have suffered, of course. If he was begging, or making a nuisance of himself, I can only say sorry.

Here we are then of course. Excellent.

Boris: [From a distance, where he is retrieving the puppet] I am not just a refugee. I'm no beggar. I am Boris the Puppet Man, master of Burbek.

Ivo: This man, I don't believe him. Listen to yourself. Master of what? I shall get the police. They can move you. Who do you think you are? You are living in a pile of wood and plastic. You are not some kind of hero, some millionaire, some star. You are nothing. Do you understand? A scruffy tramp, a dirty foreigner.

Boris: OK. I don't ask for special treatment. Just fair treatment. Let me earn my keep here. Work. Work for my money. You can't just get the police and throw me out of town, if I offer that, can you?

Ivo: I can do what I like. You have been stealing. Exactly as I thought, before, you have stolen the wood from the bridge. This here, to build your hut. And the pieces that were there, you have moved those from over there.

Boris: No, no. That was these people here.

Ivo: I can't believe you would say that. Not content to steal, you now turn on these guests of ours and accuse them.

Boris: I used this for my shelter, but I haven't moved any more. Ask them.

Ivo: I would not insult them by accusing them of such a thing.

Boris: Ask them.

Ivo: Ha!

Boris: Very well. I will.

Did you move the wood from here?

[When the pupils confirm that they helped Nadia to move the wood, Ivo is dumbfounded.]

Ivo: Why? You did what? Not Nadia, I don't believe that. I know her mother was a... but she has always been so....

No, she wouldn't do that. It's you. You've been lying about her, and you've tricked these people somehow too. I'm not waiting for the police, I'll see you off now. [To the group] Excuse this, won't you.

[He goes to move him and his property. Boris blocks him, and there is a short scuffle, which is interrupted by Nadia arriving]

Nadia: Get back, will you. Get your dirty hands off him! Ivo! You too. Stop this! Come on, what're you doing?

[She manages to get the other two to sit down apart.]

[Pause]

Boris: He was trying to take my things, just like you. Then he went for me, he's a madman. An idiot.

Nadia: He's angry. You've upset him.

Boris: I've done nothing.

Nadia: That I can believe. You watch, don't you? You do nothing. It is not your war. It is other people. You just watch. Let me tell you. Sometimes doing nothing is worst of all.

Boris: You are as bad as him. Looking down on me.

I would expect you to understand. I watch you, at least. You know what it is to be treated badly. Perhaps you would understand.

[Pause]

Nadia: Ivo?

Ivo: Do I have to explain myself like a naughty boy? You should listen to him, he behaves as if he is better than us. Like all of them do. Everything is spoiled now. What will our guests think of Levia now?

Nadia: Well, it won't be helped by fighting.

Ivo: Whose side are you on Nadia?

Nadia: No-one's. Everyone's. I just don't want to see more fighting.

Ivo: Nadia, listen.

[He moves right up to her, puts his arm around her]

We must be careful, that's the thing, of outsiders -

[She breaks angrily away from him]

Nadia: Get off will you!

I don't want you to do that. "We this, we that." Don't treat me like I'm your daughter, will you. I'm not the same as you.

Ivo: Of course you are, Nadia.

Nadia: No. I don't want to be, OK? That's good. Just don't include me in everything.

Ivo: What's the matter with you, girl?

Nadia: We don't all have to be the same, think the same, all right. That was our mistake.

Ivo: Oh no. The mistake was the other way round. Trying all to live together, when we should not. We are not meant to. This proves it. You see. He proves it. There are differences between people. That was what was wrong with Levia. The outsiders were holding us back. We are not meant to live together. Look at him. He is below us, Nadia, you can see that. He steals to live, he steals our wood.

Nadia: No.

Whatever else you think, he didn't do that. That was me.

Ivo: That's what these people said, but I couldn't believe them. You? What would you do that for?

[She takes stock, then decides something]

Nadia: Look.

[She leads them all over to where she has been carrying the stones.]

It isn't finished.

[She lifts off the covers and shows them a pile of wood, with in its centre a half-finished bench, built from the wood of the bridge]

Nadia: It marks where the bridge fell. You know why. When I have finished it, it will mark the place forever. People can sit here and look at where the bridge was. They can think, never to let the same thing happen again. They can sit together. Lovers. For Dani. A memorial.

Ivo: I know you were upset for your cousin, Nadia, of course. We all... But this bridge is more important than that. The future of the town. Tourists, money, jobs. People to drink in your cafe.

Nadia: There were plenty of people to drink in the cafe before half of them were chased away, or worse.

Ivo: Nadia!

Nadia: Well it's true. You know, anyway, Ivo. You know what this is about. You just can't face the truth.

Ivo: Quiet!

Nadia: I want us to say 'no'. Levia can be the town that says 'no'.

[Boris has been quietly preparing his puppet show. Now he begins to play his whistle. Ivo and Nadia go on discussing the bridge, until the distraction is too great for Ivo]

Ivo: What are you doing?

[Boris puts down the whistle]

Boris: My puppet show.

Ivo: What?

Boris: I'll show it to you. A special performance.

All I want is the chance to perform my show in the town square, let people give me money for it if they like it. Then I can go. You will be rid of me. Watch. If you don't think it's good enough for your precious Levia, then I'll move on anyway.

Ivo: I don't know.

Nadia: Oh, what's the harm, Ivo. Let's watch it.

SECTION 10 - The Puppet Show

[Boris sets up for his show. Ivo and Nadia get ready to watch]

[The first scene of the puppet show. Dani is skipping up and down]

Dani: Love is like a fire, a wild fire. Bright and beautiful. You can stare at it for hours, and never stop seeing beauty. The closer you get the warmer it burns. This is good. Anja, Anja, you are my fire, my wild fire, my bonfire... Oh Anja, Anja. can I believe she loves me. Someone's coming. I'd better hide.

[Anja is skipping, just the same]

Anja: My heart is light. My head is light. I am so happy. Which is lighter, my heart or my head?

[She skips around, experimenting]

Oh, but what am I talking about? How can I be happy? He doesn't even know I love him, and I can't tell him. He is not from here, not from Levia Town.

[She starts crying]

[Dani pops out]

Dani: Don't cry, don't cry.

[Anja jumps]

Anja: Who's there? Get off. Go away. Spy. Listening to a private conversation.

[They chase each other]

Dani: I'm Dani. I'm Dani.

Anja: Now you're teasing me.

Dani: No, it's true.

[They come face to face]

Oh.

Anja: Oh.

[He goes shy. Kissing business. They walk off together]

Boris: Our lovers are together at last, but the world outside is not in tune. War has broken out, and the families of our lovers are on two different sides. But they will not be pulled apart. They have arranged to meet in secret. On the Ancient Bridge after dark.

Dani: She will not come, I know it. She has decided it is too dangerous. Her family have told her.

It doesn't matter that she isn't here. I can still see her, in the moonlight. Look at her. Her eyes, her hair, her neck, just here. I am dancing with her. Dancing on the bridge.

[The Nadia puppet arrives. She is laughing at him]

Nadia: Dani.

Dani: Anja... Oh, Nadia it's you.

Nadia: Oh Dani, are you waiting for me?

Dani: No.

Nadia: For Anja perhaps?

Dani: Shh! Nadia, you mustn't tell anyone.

Nadia: No of course. Our secret.

[Gunfire]

Down. Back to the house, Dani. It's dangerous.

Dani: No. She will come in a minute.

Nadia: Be careful.

Dani: I will.

[She goes, he hides. An owl call. He calls back. Another call.]

Dani: Anja!

Anja: Dani!

[They meet and kiss]

[Ivo arrives. He sees them and hits Dani.]

Ivo: How dare you. I'll kill you.

Anja: Dad. Dad, don't.

Ivo: You evil boy. Let go of my daughter, you wicked -

[They fight]

[Ivo interrupts the performance]

Ivo: Stop it! This isn't a puppet show. It's lies. They are lying. Stop it, now! You can't tell this story.

Nadia: Get out of the way Ivo, we can't see.

Ivo: You know what the story is, Nadia, he can't tell it.

Nadia: It's good, Ivo. He's telling it well.

Ivo: But it's....it's...

Nadia: Go on. Whose story is it, Ivo? Whose? Say it.

You can't, can you? It's Dani's story, isn't it? And Anja's story. My cousin Dani, and Anja. Go on say it, Ivo. Anja.

Ivo: Anja.

Nadia: Anja. Your daughter.

Ivo: Anja. My... No. Not my daughter. Not any more.

Nadia: You can't just act like she didn't exist. She was your daughter, and you loved her. Of course you did. What was her crime? She fell in love with a boy.

Ivo: No. An enemy.

Nadia: A boy. My cousin, Dani.

Boris: Believe me, please. I didn't know that this was your story. To me it was just a story about the war. A true story. I am sorry if it has upset you.

Ivo: No. No. She is nothing to me. Not after what she did.

Boris: I see.

[Nadia shakes her head]

Ivo: Finish the story, if you want.

[Boris continues the performance]

Boris: It is a week later. Still the war rages. Our lovers have managed to exchange letters. They have agreed to meet again. This time they will escape...together.

[Anja arrives on the bridge. She is dragging a bundle of belongings]

Anja: Perhaps I have brought too much. All this noise I am making. I don't need so much. We only need each other. Here.

[She throws the bundle off the bridge. She waits]

I don't know whether to be sad for leaving my home, or happy for being with Dani. Either way I cry. Whether happy or sad.

[She cries]

Dani: Psst. Anja. Is it clear?

[Anja looks both ways and then ushers him up. They kiss]

Have you got everything?

Anja: All that I need.

Dani: Ready then. To cross the bridge and start a new life.

Anja: I am ready.

[They hold hands, and start across the bridge. As they cross, there is an explosion. The bridge falls, and they fall. The two puppets lie near each other. One has enough life left to move slowly towards the other. They are both dead]

SECTION 11 - Reactions to the story.

[Nadia is crying. After the play Ivo is motionless. Nadia goes and picks up the 'Dani' puppet. She strokes it, holds it.]

Nadia: There is more of the story that you don't know. It should show that it was my fault. I let it happen. He told me. 'We are going to escape together, Nadia. [To puppet] That's good. You must follow your heart, Dani. You are in love. I know that. Find somewhere where that is all that matters.'

That was why he went. It was my fault.

Boris: No. That doesn't make it your fault.

[She takes the puppet silently to her bench. Places him carefully down. Ivo remains still]

Nadia: You. Your fault too. With your hate. 'Levia is best, above the rest'. And your war. It was yours. You were there, cheering every bullet fired. Every person killed. Look what you did.

[Ivo is crying]

He's crying. Now he's crying.

Ivo: No. You don't understand, any of you. That foreigner did something to her. Your cousin. He must have done, he made her go away with him. Forced her. The story is wrong.

Nadia: You were there, just like he showed. You saw them in each other's arms. They loved each other.

Ivo: The war was because of them, his people. We were fighting to solve our problems. All of those were their fault. Everybody knows that. She was too young to understand. She didn't understand the rules of the war. She was never in love with him. He tricked her.....

[Nadia has gone to collect a stone, with the names Dani and Anja carved on it. She shows it to Ivo. She shows it to the group. Then she places it by the Dani puppet. She then goes to the Anja puppet, takes it and offers it to Ivo. Eventually, he accepts it. He starts to move towards the bench with it, but he cannot. He puts the puppet down]

Ivo: Excuse me, friends.

[He leaves]

[Nadia looks for words. Fails to find any. She sees the Anja puppet]

[She now takes the Anja puppet and places it beside its partner]

Nadia: That's what happens when you let hate run things. You lose sight of what should be obvious.

You do your puppet show, refugee. Do it.

[Boris is left with the group]

Boris: I will. I will. And my name is Boris.

SECTION 12 - The Second Act

Workshop element.

Based around the puppets of Ivo and Nadia, with which Boris is left. What are and were the thoughts and feelings of these two? What really happened in Levia Town? Why? How? What should be the second act of Boris's show? What should happen to the stones - a new bridge, a monument, a compromise? What should be the name for the bridge? Final workshop explores these questions and others, through groupwork, hot-seating and discussion.

At the end of the session, the group is reminded of their original task - rewriting the 'guide-book' to Levia. This is the basis of follow-up - covering the events in the country, and their ideas of the reasons for these events.