

VLAD. Have you ever been to Siberia?
DMITRY. I've never been anywhere but here.
VLAD. The day I took up with you!
DMITRY. It was me or a Bolshevik firing squad.
VLAD. You saved my life.
DMITRY. A rash act of kindness. Completely out of character.
(DMITRY is trying to open the music box.)
VLAD. Stop fiddling with that before you break it.
DMITRY. I can't get it open.
VLAD. It's a fake.
DMITRY. How would you know?
VLAD. No one spots a fake like Count Vladimir Popov, the
biggest fake of them all.
(There is a knock.)
DMITRY. I knew it, those women ratted on us!
VLAD. At least they'll feed us in jail.
(ANYA enters.)

START HERE →

ANYA. I'm looking for someone called Dmitry.
DMITRY. I'm Dmitry. What do you want?
ANYA. I need exit papers and I was told you're the only
person who can help me.
DMITRY. Exit papers are expensive.
ANYA. I've saved a little money.
DMITRY. The right papers cost a lot.
ANYA. I'm a hard worker. You'll get your money.
DMITRY. What do you do?
ANYA. I'm a streetsweeper.
DMITRY. A streetsweeper!
ANYA. In Odessa, I washed dishes. Before that, I worked at
the hospital in Perm.
DMITRY. They're a long way from here.
ANYA. I know. I walked it.
DMITRY. You walked here all the way from Perm?

ANYA. I had no choice.

DMITRY. Who are you running from?

ANYA. I'm running *to* someone. I don't know who they are but they're waiting for me in Paris.

DMITRY. You don't need papers. There's a canal out there. Jump in and start swimming. You'll be in Paris before you know it. *(To VLAD.)* She's crazy.

ANYA. *(With real anger.)* I'm not crazy!

(Both men are taken aback by this flash of temperament.)

Why are you so unkind?

VLAD. *(To the rescue.)* We were hoping you'd be someone else.

ANYA. Who?

VLAD. Someone who may not even exist.

(ANYA looks confused, dazed. She turns around as if to find her bearings.)

ANYA. I've been in this room before. There was a play. Everyone was beautifully dressed.

VLAD. This was the private theatre in Count Yusupov's palace.

ANYA. People were polite and kind.

DMITRY. *(Annoyed.)* She's going to faint on us!

VLAD. When did you eat last?

ANYA. Afterwards, we danced. There was champagne. I stole a sip.

VLAD. Where are your manners, Dmitry? Get her some water – and a piece of that cheese.

DMITRY. This isn't a soup kitchen, Vlad.

(Nevertheless, he will get them and bring them to her.)

ANYA. You seem to be a gentleman, even if your friend is not.

VLAD. Gentleman! I haven't heard that word in a long time. Life hasn't been easy for my young friend.

ANYA. Life has not been easy for anyone.

(DMITRY brings her water and something to eat.)

Thank you.

(She drinks and greedily eats like an animal.)

VLAD. *(To DMITRY.)* Don't be too quick about this one.

DMITRY. Her? Have you gone crazy, too?

(But from this point on, DMITRY will stare at ANYA.)

VLAD. I'm Vlad. What's your name, dear?

[MUSIC NO. 05 "IN MY DREAMS"]

ANYA. I don't know.

VLAD. You don't know?

ANYA. They gave me a name at the hospital, Anya. They told me I had amnesia. There was nothing they could do about it.

VLAD. Tell us what you do remember.

END HERE

ANYA.

THEY SAID I WAS FOUND
BY THE SIDE OF A ROAD.
THERE WERE TRACKS ALL AROUND,
IT HAD RECENTLY SNOWED.
IN THE DARKNESS AND COLD
WITH THE WIND IN THE TREES,
A GIRL WITH NO NAME
AND NO MEM'RIES BUT THESE:

RAIN AGAINST A WINDOW.
SHEETS UPON A BED.
TERRIFYING NURSES
WHISP'RING OVERHEAD.
"CALL THE CHILD ANYA."
"GIVE THE CHILD A HAT."
I DON'T KNOW A THING
BEFORE THAT...