

INOCHKA, VOLODYA & ME

AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

By Mark Dunbar

Scored for:

8 principals, various minor roles, SATB chorus & orchestra

violin 1, violin 2, viola, cello, double bass, 2 flutes, (piccolo), 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 3 french horns, 2 trumpets, 2 trombones, tuba, piano, balalaika (or accordion), accordion

percussion: *snare drum, bass drum, cymbal, tambourine, triangle, marimba, xylophone, vibraphone, glockenspiel, chimes, tam tam, 4 timpani, congas, temple blocks, jawbone, maracas, bongos, assorted novelty percussion (e.g. whistles, sirens, clappers, horns)*

LIBRETTO REHEARSAL DRAFT

May 2015 – November 2016

CHARACTERS

PRINCIPAL ROLES

INESSA ARMAND Inochka, Inna, Petrova 20 - 46 YO	<i>SOPRANO</i>
VLADIMIR ILYICH ULYANOV (LENIN) Volodya, Herr Richter 27 - 50 YO	<i>TENOR</i>
NADYA KRUPSKAYA Lamprey, Nadyusha, Nadenka, Nadushka etc. 28 - 51 YO	<i>MEZZO SOPRANO</i>
ALEXANDER ARMAND Sasha 24 - 48 YO Inessa's husband	<i>BASS</i>
VLADIMIR ARMAND Volodya 18 - 24 YO Inessa's lover, Alexander's younger brother	<i>TENOR</i>
ELIZAVETA VASILYEVNA TISTROVA Nadya's mother 67 - 79 YO	<i>LOW ALTO</i>
MARIA ULYANOVA Lenin's younger sister 30 – 40 YO	<i>SOPRANO</i>
ALEXANDRA KOLLONTAI A revolutionary (Menshevik then Bolshevik)	<i>SOPRANO</i>

MINOR SINGING ROLES

INNA ARMAND – 6 - 22 YO daughter of Inessa & Alexander:	<i>SOPRANO</i>
LENIN'S PRISON GUARD	<i>BARITONE</i>
OKHRANA OFFICER (A 'NANNY')	<i>TENOR</i>
NATASHA – Inessa's prison cell-mate	<i>ALTO</i>
ORTHODOX PRIEST – at Nadya & Lenin's wedding	<i>BASS</i>
3 WITNESSES TO LENIN & NADYA'S WEDDING	<i>TENORS</i>
MASTER OF CEREMONIES at Café Caput	<i>BARITONE</i>
PLEKHANOV – Leader of the Russian Marxists	<i>BASS</i>
TROTSKY – Menshevik leader	<i>TENOR</i>
LUXEMBOURG – German Marxist leader	<i>SOPRANO</i>
KAUTSKY – German Marxist leader	<i>TENOR</i>
TRISTAN TZARA – Dada poet	<i>TENOR</i>
MAYAKOVSKI – Revolutionary poet	<i>BARITONE</i>
IVAN – looters' ringleader	<i>TENOR</i>
SENYA – looters' muscle	<i>TENOR</i>
LENIN'S TWO DOCTORS	<i>BARITONE</i>

MINOR NON - SINGING ROLES

VARVARA ARMAND - 18 YO daughter of Inessa & Alexander

MODIGLIANI – Paris based artist

JANCO - Dadaist

MADAME HENNINGS - Dadaist

HUELSENBECK – Dadaist

BALL - Dadaist

FANYA KAPLAN – Lenin's assassin

STALIN – Bolshevik leader-in-waiting

TWO MALE WORKERS WITH SIGNS

A CAFÉ WAITER

SATB CHORUS – collective farm workers & children, servants, Tsarist spies & agents (Okhrana 'Nannies'), prison guards, exiles, prisoners, café patrons, political meeting comrades, revolutionary congress choir, Red army soldiers, Bolshevik workers, protesters, looters

ACT 1 1897 - 1909

ACT 2 1909 - 1914

ACT 3 1914 - 1917

ACT 4 1917 - 1920

SOURCES FOR LYRICS & TEXTS

While a work of fiction, all the characters and much of the content are drawn from the historical record. Timelines of certain events have been altered for dramatic effect. One large liberty taken is the performance by the Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovski at the Dada 'Cabaret Voltaire' in 1917 (Act 3, Scene 8). Mayakovski was not in Zurich at this time but, I am certain would have enjoyed the gig immensely. The poem he performs, 'Call to Account' was written in 1917.

Some lyrics have been adapted from writings and recollections. These are listed below. The books cited formed a major part of the research for this work.

Act 1 Scene 1: Chernyshevsky, Nikolai - *What is to be Done?* Chapter xxiv
Why should that upset you?

Act 1 Scene 2: Wolfe, Bertram, D – *Three Who made a Revolution* p 131
Inkwell fashioned from bread & milk for ink

Act 1 Scene 3: Meads, Kat – *For You, Madam Lenin* p 60
He wants me to stand on the pavement outside the prison...

Act 1 Scene 3: Rappaport, H – *Conspirator: Lenin in Exile* p 2, 4, 11
Siberian Italy

Act 1 Scene 3: McNeal, Robert – *Bride of the Revolution: Krupskaya & Lenin* p 56
What have I lose? If to go with him a wife I must choose to be, then good wife I will be

Act 1 Scene 3: Kollontai, Alexandra – *Make Way for Winged Eros*
Sly Eros

Act 1 Scene 4: Salisbury, Harrison E – *Russia in Revolution* p 22
Lenin shows how even famine profits our cause...

Act 1 Scene 4: Porter, Cathy – *Alexander Kollontai* p 141
Russians love to be caressed by the horsewhip

Act 1 Scene 4: Meads, Kat – *For You, Madam Lenin* p 8, 12
To think the cost her last Faberge bauble could educate an entire village

Act 1 Scene 5: McNeal op. cit. p 147
Twelve ways to prepare eggs...

Act 1 Scene 5: Pearson, Michael – *Inessa: Lenin's Mistress* p 44
The tiger shows its claws

Act 1 Scene 5: Solzhenitsyn, Alexander - *Lenin in Zurich* p 91
We're rid of whining rotting intellectuals...

Act 1 Scene 5: McNeal op. cit. p 90
In the dead sea of exile

Act 1 Scene 5: Rappaport op. cit. p xxv
Brother spent too much time dissecting worms

Act 1 Scene 6: Brovkin, Vladimir – *Russia After Lenin* p 138
Mamoushka, save your yelling...

Act 1 Scene 9: Elwood, Ralph Carter – *Inessa Armand: Revolutionary & Feminist* p 111
The women - only meeting is cancelled

Act 1 Scene 9: Kollontai op. cit.
Make way for winged Eros...

Act 1 Scene 9: Kollontai, Alexandra – *Theses on Communist Morality* p 7
The sexual act must not be seen as something shameful...

Act 2 Scene 1: Solzhenitsyn op. cit. p 91
Give me cadres who are solid, cadres that I own...

Act 2 Scene 3: Serge, Victor – *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* p 60
Cannon-kings!

Act 2 Scene 3: Wolfe op. cit. p 600
'Peace at any price' is just dismal, utopian pacifism!

Act 2 Scene 8: McNeal op. cit. p 72
But no little bird ever wanted to come

Act 2 Scene 9: Stoppard, Tom – *Travesties* p 89
Ah, Beethoven's Appassionata. There's no music that is greater...

Act 2 Scene 9: Wolfe op. cit. p 151
Keep a stone in your sling and trust no-one

Act 3 Scene 1: Wolfe op. cit. p 610
Flabby Mensheviks just want to scold me

Act 3 Scene 1: Pearson op. cit. p 121
And I'll kiss you hard!

Act 3 Scene 2: Pearson op. cit. p 122, Wolfe, op. cit. p 610
Enchantée Comrade Plekhanov, you wily old spark!

Act 3 Scene 2: Wolfe op. cit. p 463
The organisation of the party will replace the party...

Act 3 Scene 2: Pinner, David – *Lenin in Love*
Saggy tits

Act 3 Scene 2: Wolfe op. cit. p 245
And of this bread, mark my words...dictators (originally 'Robespierres') are made!

Act 3 Scene 6: Turgenev, Ivan - *Andrei Kolosov* p 14
The apples on the tree gone sour?

Act 3 Scene 7: Pearson op. cit. p 137
How I laughed at your postcard Inochka...

Act 3 Scene 7: Pearson op. cit. p 118
I have caused you great pain...

Act 3 Scene 8: Codrescu, Andrei –
The Post Human Dada Guide: Tzara & Lenin Play Chess p 137
Tristan Tzara is wiggling his behind...chalky ghost

Act 4 Scene 1: Solzhenitsyn op. cit. p 197
Your misgivings would make a cat laugh!

Act 4 Scene 1: Rappaport op. cit. p 271
In three months from now power will be ours or else we'll be swinging, twitching on the gallows

Act 4 Scene 3: Pearson op. cit. p 155
Comrade, just because a man must make a living by being a waiter...

Act 4 Scene 3A: Figes, Orlando – *Natasha's Dance: A Cultural History of Russia* p 371
Tossed high into the air 'Russian peasant style'

Act 4 Scene 4: Pearson op. cit. p 183
If you want it take it, but please don't break it!

Act 4 Scene 10: Pearson op. cit. p 215
I remember the story of Lazarus...

Act 4 Scene 11: Porter op. cit. p 331
We call ourselves communists...

Act 4 Scene 11: Pearson op. cit. p 218
They say love takes the first place in a person's life...

Text in ***bold & italics*** is sung
Text in *italics* only is spoken

SETTING: DATES & LOCATIONS AS SPECIFIED. THIS INFORMATION COULD BE PROJECTED OR OTHERWISE INDICATED BEFORE SCENES IF DEEMED APPROPRIATE

ACT 1: 1897 - 1909

ACT 1 PROLOGUE

1939 - A collective farm in the Soviet Union during Stalin's reign

A CHORUS BUILDS

Workers: *Ha, ha, ha,*
 Ho, ho, ho,
 Ah, ah, ah!

A GROUP OF COLLECTIVE FARM WORKERS (MALE & FEMALE) DRESSED IN SIMILAR WORK OVERALLS HUDDLE OVER A RUSTED SHELL OF A TRACTOR. ONE MAN IN PARTICULAR, ALEXANDER ARMAND IS BENT OVER THE ENGINE, HAMMERING & CURSING. SUDDENLY THE TRACTOR BURSTS INTO LIFE WITH A SPLUTTER. ALL CHEER

Workers: *Let us give three cheers for our comrade Alexander Armand*
 Hurrah!
 The best mechanic to be had on our collective farm!
 Comrade Alexander Armand

ALL EXIT LAUGHING AS THE FEMALE COMRADES HOIST ALEXANDER ONTO THEIR SHOULDERS. THERE IS A MUSICAL SHIFT AS AN ELDERLY WOMAN, NADYA KRUPSKAYA ENTERS. SHE IS DRESSED AS SHE HAS THROUGHOUT HER LONG LIFE; FUNCTIONALLY – WITH NO THOUGHT FOR FASHION, LOOK OR SIZE. AS A RESULT, SHE LOOKS OUTDATED & A LITTLE FRUMPY. HER ONE CONCESSION TO STYLE IS THE SUMMER STRAW HAT SHE WEARS (AND HAS WORN EVERY SUMMER FOR MANY A YEAR). SHE STANDS AND SURVEYS THE

SCENE, NOT DISPLEASED, LOST IN MEMORY. SUDDENLY A GAGGLE OF CHILDREN SWARM AROUND HER, LAUGHING & GIGGLING

Children: ***Babushka, babushka!***
 Tell us the story
 How comrade Lenin
 Smashed the bourgeois, smashed the bourgeois
 Smashed the bourgeoisie!

SHE BENDS & HUGS THEM ALL, SMOTHERING THEM IN A LAUGHING, COLLECTIVE EMBRACE

Nadya: ***Please, not that old one again!***

AS NADYA EXITS LAUGHING WITH THE CHILDREN A GUNSHOT SNAPS VICIOUSLY. THEY FREEZE. BLACKOUT THEN

ACT 1 SCENE 1 – 1903, Pushkino (near Moscow)

An opulent sitting room

ALEXANDER, INESSA & VLADIMIR ARMAND SIT TOGETHER ON A LONG, DECORATIVE DIVAN. THEY ARE DRESSED SIMPLY BUT STYLISHLY AS BEFITS A WELL-TO-DO RUSSIAN-FRENCH FAMILY OF THE TIME. VLADIMIR IS MORE AUSTERELY ATTIRED THAN HIS BROTHER. THEY MAKE A PECULIAR TRIO WITH INESSA IN THE MIDDLE CLASPING EACH OF THE BROTHERS BY THE HAND. THEY SIT IN EXPECTANT SILENCE. INESSA TEARILY SNIFFS & SNUFFLES, ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT UNABLE TO FIND THE WORDS. THEIR SERVANTS, ALONG WITH INESSA & ALEXANDER'S THREE OLDER CHILDREN (9 Y.O. ALEXANDER, 7 Y.O. FEDOR & 5 Y.O. INNA) ARE HIDING LIKE SPIES, EAVESDROPPING BEHIND DOORS & FURNITURE. THEY CLUTCH HANDKERCHIEFS &, MIMICKING INESSA'S TEARS, DAB THEIR EYES

Servants' Chorus: ***When will they, they tell him?
What will he, will he do?***

INESSA IS A FEW MONTHS PREGNANT. WHILE THIS IS NOT IMMEDIATELY APPARENT, SHE PERIODICALLY PLACES HER HANDS ON HER BELLY; THE MOTIONS OF AN EXPECTANT MOTHER

Alexander: ***So Vladimir, my Inochka why such sadness?***

SUDDENLY INESSA BURSTS INTO A FLOOD OF TEARS & THROWS HERSELF ON THE FLOOR, CLUTCHING HER HUSBAND'S KNEES

Inessa: ***Oh Sasha! My darling husband, I love him!***

Servants' Chorus: ***She loves him!***

ALEXANDER LIFTS HER UP AND GENTLY STROKES HER HEAD, KISSES HER HAIR & SQUEEZES HER HAND. SHE BURIES HER FACE IN HIS NECK

Alexander: ***There, there, dry your eyes***

Why should that upset you?

Servants' Chorus: ***Why should that upset you?***

INESSA & VLADIMIR LOOK AT EACH OTHER QUIZICALLY, AS DO THE ONLOOKERS. THIS IS THE LAST THING THEY EXPECTED HIM TO SAY

Vladimir: ***Dear brother, we would speak of our love before today
But your long absences made us tardy***

VALDIMIR PLACES A HAND SOFTLY ON INESSA'S BELLY

Vladimir: ***Nature now delivers the nudge to boldness***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***We fear you'll judge us harshly***

Inessa: ***Oh precious husband my one want was you
From our childhood rough and tumble
To the four births of our brood
Your love alone I valued***

***But now I love Volodya too
What am I to do?
Must I cut myself in two? For both of you...***

INESSA SOBS UNCONTROLLABLY. BOTH BROTHERS COMFORT HER

Alexander: ***Your pain hurts me it's true my dear
As you both I love, yes it's clear
Calm now, take time, let us talk
Oh, silly little doves!***

***For some time now I've reckoned this confession
But come what may this friendship never question!
Give me your hands, squeeze mine
And see how warm that feels***

***Remember Inochka what you said to me
The night we were engaged?***

Alexander/Inessa: ***You will set me free!***

Alexander: ***And you recall our pledge***

Alexander/Vladimir: ***What it means to love? To marvel in***

All (+ Chorus): ***All the good that can be
To delight in it all
To make you happy!***

Alexander: ***So what is best for you Inochka
Will always bring me joy
But you must decide what is best for you***

***And as for you, my beloved brother
I say without fear or favour
Better by far, a headstrong brother
Than an total stranger!***

All (+ Chorus): ***Than an total stranger!***

THEY EMBRACE & LAUGH TOGETHER. VLADIMIR'S LAUGHTER TURNS INTO A VIOLENT COUGHING FIT. HE TAKES HIS HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS MOUTH. ALL SEE IT IS BLOODIED

Alexander: ***T.B.?***

Vladimir: ***Or not T.B.?***

THEY ANSWER AT THE SAME TIME LAUGHINGLY IN THREE LANGUAGES. IT IS AN OLD CHILDHOOD JOKE BETWEEN THEM

Alexander: *Telle est la question!*

Vladimir: *Das ist hier die Frage!*

Inessa: *That is the question!*

THEY CLUTCH EACH OTHER IN LAUGHTER. INESSA RECOVERS FIRST

Inessa: *Sasha darling...you know the child is Volodya's?*

ACT 1 SCENE 2 – 1897, St Petersburg prison

A cell, well lived in with many books. Sparse but not uncomfortable

LENIN SITS IN QUIET CONCENTRATION OVERWRITING A PRINTED PAGE IN A BOOK. HE USES A WORN FEATHER QUILL, A HOMEMADE INKWELL (FASHIONED FROM BREAD), & MILK FOR INK. NOISY FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD. HE QUICKLY DRINKS THE INK, EATS THE INKWELL, SITS ON THE QUILL & FEIGNS READING. A PRISON GUARD ENTERS

Guard: ***Ah...more books prisoner Ulyanov***
 All that reading will make you blind it will
 All that reading will blind you...to the truth! Ha, ha, ha!

THE GUARD LAUGHS AT HIS OWN INANITY & EXITS AS LENIN TAKES THE BUNDLE OF BOOKS. HE FERRETS ABOUT & FINDS A NEW HIDDEN INKWELL & CAREFULLY FILLS IT WITH MILK. HE RESUMES WRITING HIS SMALL INVISIBLE SCRIPT BETWEEN THE LINES OF THE PAGE. FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD AGAIN. LENIN THROWS UP HIS ARMS IN FRUSTRATION. AGAIN HE DRINKS THE 'INK' & EATS THE 'INKWELL'. THE GUARD ENTERS AS LENIN BELCHES & HICCUPS LOUDLY

Guard: ***No more cakes for you ha, ha, ha, ha!***
 Forgot this one

HE TOSSES A LARGE TOME TO LENIN. IT IS *DAS KAPITAL* BY KARL MARX. AS THE GUARD EXITS LENIN CATCHES THE BOOK

Lenin: ***Ah excellent, Das Kapital...what a sweetheart!***

THE GUARD LOOKS BACK SUSPICIOUSLY, (THINKING: *DID HE JUST CALL ME A SWEETHEART?*) THEN SHRUGS & LEAVES. LENIN SEARCHES & FINDS A NEW HIDDEN INKWELL & PROCEEDS AS BEFORE UNTIL:

ACT 1 SCENE 3 – A week later, St. Petersburg

The sitting room of Nadya & Elizaveta's apartment. Furnishings as for two women living alone. A Samovar for tea

NADYA & HER MOTHER WRESTLE & HAGGLE AS ELIZAVETA HOLDS A PAGE TORN OUT OF BOOK OVER A CANDLE FLAME

Nadya: ***Give it here! It's too close, it will burn
That's old hat Mama, watch and learn!
Vladimir Ilyich taught me the new way***

Nadya/Elizaveta: ***Yes Vladimir Ilyich taught me / you a brand new way***

SHE FILLS A BOWL WITH BREWED TEA FROM THE SAMOVAR & CAREFULLY DIPS THE PAGE IN IT. MAGICALLY, THE MILKY WRITING APPEARS LEGIBLE AGAINST THE TEA-STAINED PAPER. THEY GET EXCITED AS WORDS APPEAR

Nadya: ***See Mama, now the milk can be read!***

Elizaveta: ***But quickly daughter, what is it he said?***

Nadya: ***He said dear Nadyusha writing you this I ate six inkwells!***

Nadya/Elizaveta: ***Oh my god! Writing me / you this he ate six inkwells!***

LAUGHTER & PLAYFULNESS DURING THE NEXT FEW LINES

Nadya: ***An entire bread ration fashioning inkwells!***

Elizaveta: ***He's the Leonardo of loaves!***

Nadya: ***The Michelangelo of milk!***

Elizaveta: ***Did he risk the whip just for our mirth?
What else daughter? Any theories of worth?***

Nadya: ***He writes...thanks for the books you sent and do please
Thank your mum for the scrumptious cakes and cheese***

Elizaveta: *The charming flatterer!*

NADYA CONTINUES READING. HER FACE CHANGES

Elizaveta: *What is it daughter? Is he unwell? Did they beat him?*

Nadya: *He wants me to stand on the pavement outside the prison on
Shapalernaya Street at precisely 12:45 each day*

Elizaveta: *Goodness gracious, is he mad? Or a torturer?
It is mid-winter, no-one stands still in such weather
Why on earth...?*

Nadya: *Hush Mama! He says this is when he goes for exercise.
And that from the corridor he can catch a glimpse of me!
He writes...*

A TIGHT SPOT ON LENIN WRITING, AS BEFORE WITH BREAD & MILK

Lenin: ***It will cheer me up im -***

Lenin/Nadya: ***-mensely***

LX BACK ON THE WOMEN. ELIZAVETA PINCHES NADYA'S CHEEKS

Elizaveta: ***You are blushing, the sly Don Juan!
Smitten by your alluring charm!
I never thought I'd see the day
Vladimir Ilyich his name you say
Comes from Simbirsk, so far away, hey!
Wasn't it his brother they hanged?***

SHE CROSSES HERSELF IN THE ORTHODOX FASHION

Elizaveta: ***May he rest in heaven
For trying to shoot the Tsar***

Back in '87?

Nadya: ***And what a tragedy for Russia he failed!***

NADYA GRABS HER COAT, HESITATES & GRABS HER MOTHER'S AS WELL. SHE LOOKS AT THE CLOCK, KISSES ELIZAVETA

Nadya: ***12:30...I have to dash***

Elizaveta: ***You are mad, it's a blizzard out there!***

Nadya/Elizaveta: ***I guess that's why we live on streets
Gendarme & Prison
Coz when they arrest me / you too
It's not far to visit!***

THEY EMBRACE & NADYA EXITS. A BEAT THEN THREE TIGHT SPOTS; ONE ON NADYA STANDING ON THE PAVEMENT STAMPING HER COLD FEET & PREENING HER HAIR HOPING SHE IS BEING ADMIRERED; THE SECOND ON LENIN GAZING HUNGRILY; THE THIRD ON ELIZAVETA STIRRING A POT OF SOUP

Elizaveta: ***Could sly Eros take my Nadya at last?
He who sees beyond her plain façade
Into the depths of faith and***

Eliz/Nadya/Lenin: ***Justice***

Elizaveta: ***Of her rebel's sturdy loyal heart
To think I had lost hope that one day
She might marry she might be wed***

Lenin: ***Exile in Siberia awaits me***

Eliz/Nadya/Lenin: ***(Three long years)***

Lenin: ***Frozen world
A peasant's frigid house
Tsarist law says
I can only take a spouse***

***Am I brave enough to ask?
Is she brave enough to be
The one to come with me on her own***

Nadya: ***(On my own)***

Lenin: ***To a Siberian Italy?***

Nadya: ***He alone might change the world forever
To go with him on such a***

Nadya/Lenin: ***Wonderful endeavour***

Nadya: ***Even though marriage is a bourgeois ruse
Well so what? What have I to lose?
If to go***

Nadya/Lenin: ***With him / me***

Nadya: ***A wife I must choose to be
Then good wife***

Lenin: ***(Of mine)***

Nadya: ***I will be***

(THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE SUNG TOGETHER)

Lenin: ***Exile in Siberia awaits me, (three long years)***

Elizaveta: ***Could sly Eros take my Nadya at last?***

Nadya: ***World forever, to...***

Lenin: ***Frozen world, a peasant's frigid house***

Elizaveta: ***He who sees beyond her plain façade***

Nadya: ***Go with him on such a wonderful endeavour***

Lenin: ***Tsarist law says I can only take a spouse***

Elizaveta: ***Into the depths of faith and justice***

Nadya: ***Even though marriage is a bourgeois ruse***

Lenin: ***Am I brave enough to ask?***

Elizaveta: ***Of her rebel's sturdy loyal heart***

Nadya: ***Well so what? What have I to lose?***

ACT 1 SCENE 4 – 1903, Moscow
An Armand family apartment

INESSA & VLADIMIR ARMAND ARE TOGETHER IN THEIR APARTMENT, DOTING OVER THEIR BABY ANDRUSHKA, ASLEEP IN HIS CRIB. VLADIMIR HIDES A BOOK BEHIND HIS BACK

Vladimir: *I bought a gift for my esteemed creator of future revolutionary muscle*

INESSA PULLS HIM ROUGHLY TOWARD HER, PEEVED BUT ALSO CURIOUS TO DISCOVER WHAT GIFT HE HAS BROUGHT HER

Inessa: *I hope my contribution to Russia's revolution amounts to more than just the issue of my loins!*

THEY LAUGH & KISS. HE GIVES HER THE BOOK TITLED: *THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM IN RUSSIA*, BY V.I. LENIN

Vladimir: *It's high time you read Lenin, Inochka dear
Revolution strains through his veins
He's the Russian Marx, a genius! What brains
It was his brother*

Vladimir/Inessa: *It was his brother*

SHE CUTS HIM OFF BY PUTTING HER HAND ACROSS HIS MOUTH & LAUGHING

Inessa: *Yes I know ha, ha, who took a potshot at the tsar*

Both: *And what a tragedy for Russia he missed!*

Vladimir: *Lenin shows why reforms cannot work
Why capital cannot be caressed*

***Why the working class must
Thrust a knife through the bourgeois breast!***

Vladimir: ***Lenin shows how even famine profits our cause***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***Every starving peasant child***

Vladimir: ***Hastens the impending class war***

Inessa: ***Then my work with women of the street is futile
Let them sell their bodies and suffer...***

***Syphilis, beatings, rape, abuse
Is it pointless to care for another?***

Vladimir: ***No not pointless not at all, Inochka dear
They deserve our help and compassion
You teach them to read, a vital skill
But only communism will end prostitution***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***Which is not 'eternal' as old***

Vladimir: ***Tolstoy said
Instead it's part of capital's exploitation***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***Our primary duty***

Vladimir: ***Is the revolution
Else your work is but balm
Not a solution***

Inessa: ***Ah smart Volodya, and still you're but a whelp
Ten years ago – at your tender age
My mind brimmed with lace and gold-leaf page
Of Marx and causes I gave not a...***

HE GRABS & TWIRLS HER SUDDENLY

Inessa: ***Yelp!***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***But you opened my eyes***

Inessa: ***You taught me about the world***

Vladimir: ***You taught me how to love***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***Love, love***

Inessa: ***I could not have ripened without you***

You are my priest and

I am your sweet peach!

I, from the high haughty bourgeoisie

You taught me to be a revolutionary

Vladimir/Inessa: ***You bring worth to my humanity***

Inessa: ***You took me on a long, learned journey***

From reaction to the Marxist left

While you scorn your birthright

My husband just can't quite

See all his riches are bereft

Vladimir: ***The beauty of Marx & Engels***

Is how science replaces mystery

As Darwin found the laws of nature

Vladimir/Inessa: ***They found the laws of history***

Vladimir: ***Just as we evolved from apes***

So human culture has its stages

Primitive, feudal, capitalist

Then glorious communism

Vladimir/Inessa: ***That liberates the ages***

HE BREAKS OFF IN A COUGHING FIT. HE LOOKS AT HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

INESSA TOUCHES HIS ARM. HE QUICKLY STUFFS THE BLOODIED

HANDKERCHIEF IN HIS POCKET

Vladimir: ***It's nothing!***

The workers will lead the charge, Inochka dear

To transform our world at large

We'll no longer need tsars, tsarinas

Vladimir/Inessa: ***Or mad Rasputin to dictate the world we live in***

Vladimir: *'Russians love to be caressed by the horsewhip'*
The tsarina tells us:

Inessa (imitating the tsarina's posh voice): *'It is a privilege to be whipped'!*
To think the cost of her last Faberge bauble
Could educate an entire village!

Vladimir: *And the Russian peasant is lucky*
To live beyond thirty-five

Inessa: *While one in fifteen babies before they turn two will die*
That could be the fate of our Andrushka darling

Vladimir/Inessa: *That could be the fate of our little Andrushka*

Vladimir/Inessa: ***But you open my eyes***

Inessa: ***You teach me about the world***

Vladimir: ***You teach me how to love***

Vladimir/Inessa: ***Love, love***

THEY EMBRACE

ACT 1 SCENE 5 – 1908, Geneva

A small kitchen in the Lenin's rented apartment

LENIN HAS HIS HANDS IN A SMALL KITCHEN SINK. HE IS HUMMING & WHISTLING DREAMILY AS HE PONDERES REVOLUTION & WASHES THE BREAKFAST PLATES. NADYA IS AT A DESK NEATLY RE-WRITING AN ARTICLE HE HAS GIVEN HER. ELIZAVETA SITS IN FRONT OF A LARGE PILE OF OLD PARTY LETTERS MECHANICALLY TEARING THEM INTO TINY STRIPS, PREPARING THEM FOR DISCREET DISPOSAL. MARIA SEWS A FALSE BACK INTO A WAISTCOAT FOR SMUGGLING ILLEGAL PAMPHLETS. THE ROOM IS CRAMPED. ALL LOOK PINCHED & IMPOVERISHED. NADYA & LENIN HAVE NOTICEABLY AGED. LENIN GAZES INTO NADYA'S BULGING EYES, A SYMPTOM OF HER GRAVES DISEASE

Lenin: ***You have charming little eyes, love!***

Maria: *If fish is your thing!*

Elizaveta (mishearing): *We had fish-head soup last week, an omelette would suffice
Maria, eggs are cheap in Geneva*

Lenin (distracted): *Yes delicious! Good idea Mother*

Maria/Eliz./Nadya: ***Ah, ah...***

Lenin: ***Nadya's eggs are better
The soup was somewhat bitter
Best leave the soups to my darling sister!***

Maria: *The Smoked Herring knows twelve ways to cook eggs
A dozen variations on rubber!*

THE THREE WOMEN LAUGH. LENIN, LOST IN THOUGHT MISSES THE JOKE. SUDDENLY HE CALLS NADYA

Lenin: ***Lamprey, take this down could you?
An idea for the next issue of Proletarii
Use the cipher***

Lenin/Nadya (laughing): ***Avoid the spy!***

Lenin: ***The Tsar's Black Hundreds kill and terrorise
The tiger shows its claws
In 1905 the uprising failed
Decades before, Karl Marx analysed the cause***

***He knew Russia was still a feudal sty of
Cowering serfs clutching evil eye
Lorded over by Tsar and priest
Whipped and starved like a sullen brutish beast***

All: ***Sucked dry by greed for centuries at least***

Lenin: ***Then came the working class, no more bended knee and
Growing stronger day by day in every factory
So ripe to fulfill its historic destiny
To rid the world of profit's cruel penury and***

All: ***Hurl capital spent, deep into the sea!***

Lenin: ***Before that day will inevitably come
According to Marx and Engels' rule of thumb
Russia must undergo a bourgeois revolution***

***That will build factories of steel to swell
A class with naught but their sweat to sell
The contradiction of labor and profit
Will sharpen fit to fire like a rocket
And burst the revolutionary dam
To forge the consummate age of man***

Those with power will resist their fate

*That's the dialectic, that's how we create
Through clash and struggle we forge soldiers of change
With one single spark can a world can rearranged
All: With our flame we will redraw history's page*

*Lenin: Our just aim
All: Is to light that spark
Lenin: Then the world's poor toilers can finally make their mark
So build secret cliques, tight groups of cadres
And work clandestine in organised stages
All: Underground, secrecy will bring us final victory
Lenin: Not sitting in parlours, not wringing hands endlessly
And certainly not preaching mindless unity*

LENIN WHIPS THEM INTO A RIGHTEOUS FURY

*All: So no more compromise with idiot-betrayers
Who sell us out and laugh at us then call us the naysayers
We're rid of whining, rotting intellectuals
Of vapid petit-bourgeois doubt!*

*Lenin: Of Machists, Mensheviks
And of Russian Kautskyites
Of God-builders, liquidators
Unifiers, reconcilers
Of defensists, social chauvinists
And mangy trashy scribblers
Conciliators, ultimatists
Mouldy old revisionists
Of piss-poor pseudo-socialists
Where sucks the worm of cretins
Of ultra-left defeatists
Those slobbering cringing vermin*

We are Bolsheviks

***And I'll say it twice
Better a party of one
Than tangle with those lice!***

Lenin: ***Better one small fish***
Nadya: ***Than opportunist sharks***
Lenin: ***Better two true believers***
Nadya: ***Than a dozen fawning clerks***

Lenin/Nadya: ***We are Bolsheviks
And we say it once more
Better a party of just two
Than take the devil's paw!***

ELIZAVETA HAS HEARD ENOUGH

Elizaveta: ***We've heard that song before Vladimir Ilyich
See how you raise my daughter's pique?
The point is how are we meant to eat?
The Swiss maybe far from harm's reach
But it's pricy
It may have many splendid libraries
But survival is dicey
Without the cash your kind mother sends
We'd live on wet snow and fag-ends***

Nadya: ***Mother, that's enough!
So we are in Geneva
You know he's a high achiever!
He has world-shaking thoughts
That put him in a fever
I will find some work
I know I can do more
Things aren't so bad
They've been much worse before besides***

Whining won't feed us either

Maria: *Maybe Herring can get a job as a chef?*

Nadya: *And maybe we could ship you back to Kiev?*

Elizaveta: ***Ok you two, I'm only asking***

We're homesick in the dead sea of exile, do we have a plan?

Lenin: *A plan? Yes! A blueprint for revolution*

Elizaveta: ***Oh my God!***

Lenin: ***My last book shows the steps to be taken***

Elizaveta: ***God save us! I mean to get some money***

A revolutionist is a fickle occupation

Nadya: ***Please...Mother***

Elizaveta: ***Well, for all our sakes***

I hope his skills eclipse those of his brother!

Maria: ***Elizaveta!***

Lenin: ***Brother spent too much time dissecting worms***

To be a genuine revolutionary

I aim to dissect the bourgeoisie completely!

This bickering is bad, I hear the library calling

Should have silence to work not this verbal brawling

Nadya, please complete the article by day's end

It must be sent by two tomorrow morning

All: ***It must be sent by two tomorrow morning!***

ACT 1 SCENE 6 – 1905, Moscow

The library. Inessa & Vladimir Armand's rented apartment

INNA SITS ON A SOFA AS INESSA PLAYS PIANO & SINGS

Inessa: ***Mamoushka save your yelling
Don't give me such dark looks
I'm joining the revolution
I'm gonna read some, gonna read some books!***

Inessa/Inna: ***I have no use for rings now
Nor bracelets I don't wear now
I'm tossing my cute things now
'til Tsar Tsarina, Tsar Tsarina, Tsar Tsarina, fall***

A LOUD KNOCK. THEY FREEZE THEN

Inessa: ***Who could that be?
That's not uncle Volodya's knock. Quick Inna into bed!***

INNA EXITS RUNNING. INESSA OPENS THE DOOR & A NUMBER OF OKHRANA AGENTS BARGE IN. INESSA MASKS PANIC WITH HAUGHTINESS

Inessa: ***Excuse me? I have children here. What is it that you want?***

THE AGENTS BARGE PAST HER & SET ABOUT RANSACKING THE HOUSE. INNA RETURNS RUNNING TO INESSA & HIDES IN HER SKIRTS, SOBBING

Inna: ***Mama, I'm scared. What are they doing?***

Inessa: ***It's fine sweet-pea, just a silly mistake
Try not to cry and think on what I told you
Be brave, say nothing and be strong for Mama***

THE AGENTS GLOAT AS THEY FIND LENIN'S BOOK & THEN MORE GRIEVOUSLY,
A GUN. THEY GRAB INESSA ROUGHLY TO ARREST HER. SHE BREAKS AWAY

Inessa: ***One minute please! Let me speak to my daughter***

Listen Inna, this is important

Don't talk to anyone, don't say a thing

Don't tell a soul the Nannies took me in

I will be back soon, I promise

THEY EMBRACE THEN THE AGENTS PRY THEM APART & MARCH INESSA OUT.
INNA STANDS STOCK STILL FOR A BEAT THEN EXITS RUNNING. SHE RETURNS
DRAGGING ALEXANDER BEHIND HER, SOBBING. ALEXANDER LIFTS HER INTO
HIS ARMS

Inna: ***The Nannies took Mama in***

ACT 1 SCENE 7 – A few days later, Moscow

An interrogation cell in Basmannaya gaol

INESSA STANDS ERECT & STILL IN A GREY PRISON DRESS DURING THE INTERROGATION

Officer (yelling): ***Then whose gun is it?***

INESSA REMAINS SILENT

Officer ***Let's start again then. Your name, age, address? You whore***

Inessa: ***Elizaveta Armand, thirty-one years old, 8 Ostozhenka street***

Officer: ***How do you know the social revolutionary, Ivan Nikolaev?***

Inessa: ***I do not know him***

Officer: ***Liar!***

HE SLAPS HER. SHE RECOILS THEN BRACES HERSELF

Officer: ***How do you know the revolutionary terrorist Vladimir Armand?***

Inessa: ***He is my brother-in-law eleven years younger than me
Just a pup, terror you say? I think not. I'm a mother of five
My husband Alexander Armand is a rich factory owner
With powerful friends...
So charge or release me. My children are waiting...***

Officer: ***We have arrested Nikolaev and Armand
We know they planned the shooting of the Grand Duke Sergei
So I ask you once again
Who were the other conspirators?***

INESSA FLINCHES ON HEARING VOLODYA HAS BEEN ARRESTED, THEN HOLDS HER SILENCE

Officer: *We haven't finished with you yet!*
 Take her to the drunk-box

INESSA IS MARCHED BACK TO THE DRUNK-BOX, A LARGE CAGE FILLED WITH MOSTLY DRUNKEN MEN, JEERING, TOUCHING, LAUGHING & HARASSING

Drunks Chorus: *Lady luck without her lord*
 Gallant knight raise our sword
 Ha, ha...(etc.)

SHE MAKES HER WAY TO A CORNER WHERE SHE SEES NATASHA, BEDRAGGLED & FILTHY

Natasha: *How long must we suffer?*
 When will this nightmare end
 Women bear two burdens
 Tsarist law and the filth of men

INESSA EMBRACES HER RELIEVED TO FIND A FRIEND

Inessa: *Natasha? Oh God is it really you?*
 It is me, Inessa Armand, you remember me dear?
 From the Network to Protect Fallen Women
 Remember? I once taught you your

Inessa/Natasha: **ABC**

THEY KISS & HUG, LAUGHING. INESSA SEES SHE IS IN A TERRIBLE STATE & TRIES TO CHEER HER

Inessa: *Natasha, think what we used to say*

Natasha: *Losers become winners*

Inessa/Natasha: *The poor shall be fed*

Inessa: ***One day soon, we'll have bread***
Natasha: ***Until that time***
Inessa/Natasha: ***Stay as strong as you can be***
Mind your Ps & Qs, and learn your ABC!

THEY SMILE TOGETHER AT THE MEMORY. A GUARD ENTERS

Guard: ***Armand!***

INESSA STANDS FEARFULLY. THE WOMEN EXCHANGE A COMRADELY LOOK

Inessa/Natasha: ***Stay strong as you can be!***

Guard: ***Collect your things and come with me***

SHE PICKS UP A THREADBARE COAT, KISSES NATASHA, RAISES HER LEFT FIST IN SOLIDARITY & EXITS BEHIND THE GUARD. BLACKOUT. THEN LIGHTS UP ON INESSA DANCING IN JUBILATION, LAUGHING & KISSING ALEXANDER

Inessa: ***Ah Sasha, smell the air...freedom!***

Alexander: ***I posted bail that's how you are now free***
You weren't cheap again, 5,000 roubles
I'd say you now do owe me!
The good news is the children are fine, the bad is
You've been charged. Agitation is now serious crime
The 'red cock' stalks, the manor mansions burn
Now the workers wave a fiery hammer so it's the cities' turn
Workers everywhere on strike and sedition, it is rife
Bloody Sunday spurs their revolt
In these times Inochka expect a jolt
Steel yourself for exile, it's not your fault
Three years it may be, before I see you
Pray it's not cruel Siberia...

BLACKOUT. THEN LIGHTS UP ON INESSA & VLADIMIR WITH SUITCASES & ANDRUSHKA (NOW 3 Y.O.) AT THE RAILWAY STATION. A SIGN SAYS: *TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY*. THEY LOOK WORN. SUDDENLY ALEXANDER & INNA CLASPING AN ENORMOUS BUNCH OF RED ROSES RUSH TO THEM. ALL KISSES & SADNESS. INNA GIVES HER MOTHER THE FLOWERS, WHILE VLADIMIR GIVES HIS BIG BROTHER ANDRUSHKA. INESSA & VLADIMIR BOARD & DEPART DURING A SLOW FADE TO BLACK

ACT 1 SCENE 8 – 1908, Geneva

A small kitchen in the Lenin's rented apartment

AS IN SCENE 5, LENIN HAS HIS HANDS IN THE SINK & WASHES DISHES WHILE PONDERING REVOLUTIONARY TACTICS. ELIZAVETA SHREDS LETTERS, MARIA NOW DARNS ONE OF LENIN'S SOCKS. NADYA IS IRONING, NOT CLOTHES BUT PAPER; GENTLY HEATING IT TO REVEAL CODED MESSAGES IN INVISIBLE INK

All: ***Ah, ah...***

Nadya: ***It's from Kollontai, a report for you and I
From the inaugural All-Women's Congress***

Maria/Elizaveta ***Ah, ah...***

Lenin (barely interested) : *Really, how scintillating...*

Nadya: ***Her speech on 'Women and the Family in Communist Society'
Is to follow***

Lenin: ***I can't wait for...***

HE PARODIES KOLLONTAI SHAMELESSLY

Lenin: ***More dross on doves' wings and Eros, free love, oh free love!***

LENIN STARTS TO EXIT CHUCKLING MISCHIEVOUSLY

Lenin: ***Now that will be fun to decode, Lamprey!***

Maria/Nadya ***Ah, ah...***

Elizaveta: ***Iron, iron, iron your life away!
How many letters have you ironed today?***

Nadya: ***Fifteen Mama, only thirty to go, if my eyes hold out***

Elizaveta: ***Oh your poor bulging eyes!***

Maria (sarcastic): ***Caused by a rheumatoid adenoid***

Nadya: ***Actually, it's an overactive thyroid***

Lenin (off-stage): ***Can't afford that quack, Herr Freud***

Elizaveta: ***Because you're unemployed!***

Nadya: ***Mama!***

AS ELIZAVETA HUFFILY EXITS

Elizaveta: ***Oh child, don't be so paranoid!***

Maria (to Nadya): ***No marriage - fiction for Kollontai
She doesn't iron letters
Or waste her time***

***He married you for your copperplate hand
On which he put a copper kopek ring
And you call that being so left-wing!***

Nadya (calmly): ***In exile we were wed
Tsarist laws made it so, well you know
The church was the only sham
Would you have your brother all alone?***

Maria: ***It's all a sham these loveless sighs
When will you be a woman, bear a child?
When will you buy a new coat?
You're a sight with sore eyes, for sore eyes***

MARIA EXITS GRUMPILY. THE SCENE TRANSFORMS INTO NADYA'S MEMORY OF HER WEDDING. IT IS THE OPPOSITE TO MARIA'S DESCRIPTION; FULL OF EXCITEMENT, PASSION & OBVIOUS LOVE. LENIN ENTERS WELL DRESSED IN A SUIT. HE IS FOLLOWED BY AN ORTHODOX PRIEST; ELIZAVETA FUSSING OVER (& TRANSFORMING) NADYA'S DRESS; & THREE WITNESSES. AS THE CEREMONY PROCEEDS, TWO WITNESSES HOLD CROWNS OVER LENIN & NADYA'S HEADS – THE 'CROWNS OF MARTYRDOM' IN THE ORTHODOX RITE

Priest: ***You may now exchange the...***

HE LOOKS ASKANCE AT THE COPPER KOPEKS FASHIONED INTO RINGS

Rings. God's symbols of eternal bondage

THEY PLACE THE RINGS ON EACH OTHERS' FINGERS, CHILDISHLY GIGGLING

Priest: ***I now pronounce you man and wife
Let no man ever rend asunder!***

A WITNESS SLIPS THE PRIEST AN ENVELOPE (CASH) & HE QUICKLY EXITS, RELIEVED TO BE GONE. LENIN TAKES OFF HIS RING & LAUGHINGLY FLINGS IT TO THE GODS. THE WITNESSES CHEER & SHAKE HIS HAND

Lenin: ***Who needs those musty symbols
Of God and church oppression
Toss yours Nadya, such satisfaction!***

All: ***Satisfaction!***

NADYA (QUIETLY) DOES NO SUCH THING

Nadya: ***When rid of the hated tsar
A new ring we shall wear
With a thousand comrades among us***

All: ***All cheering, laughing and singing***

Elizaveta: ***Still, hold onto your ring my child
It means more than he does reckon
It may prove a useful thing
When clouds crash and threaten***

Lenin: ***Damn the tsar!***
All: ***Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Three cheers for all of us***

Lenin/Nadya: ***Let us make merry***
Lenin/Witnesses: ***And sing songs of the Volga***
Lenin: ***My wife...***

ALL CHEER AS LENIN SLAUTES NADYA FLAMBOYANTLY

***And myself do invite you all
To our room for a little herring and much strong, strong...
tea!***

ALL EXIT MOANING, GROANING & LAUGHING EXCEPT NADYA, WHO REMAINS
STANDING HOLDING THE IRON AS BEFORE. IN HER OTHER HAND SHE HOLDS
THE TWO COPPER RINGS, ONE SHE PLACES ON HER RING FINGER, THE
OTHER SHE SLOWLY RAISES TO HER LIPS

ACT 1 SCENE 9 – 1908, St. Petersburg

A hall & foyer. Russia's 1st All-Women's Congress

TWO MALE WORKERS ENTER CONSPIRATORIALLY, BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN THEIR PRACTICAL-JOKER MIRTH. THEY PLACE A LARGE SIGN ON AN EASEL. THE WRITING IS CLEARLY VISIBLE & READS: *THE WOMEN - ONLY MEETING IS CANCELLED. THE MEN - ONLY MEETING IS TOMORROW!* THEY EXIT, ARM-IN-ARM, LAUGHING, SHUSHING, HORSING AROUND & GENERALLY BEING DICKS

INESSA ENTERS HEAVILY DISGUISED WITH TEN YEAR OLD INNA & ALEXANDER. INESSA SNEEZES

Alexander *Gesuntheit!*

Inessa: *Thank you. The dreaded Siberian snuffle – we all got it!
Escape from Siberia...easy! But escape the bugs...not so easy!
Poor Volodya was particularly stricken – lucky he was free to leave
for the warmer climes of France*

ALEXANDER TAKES A LETTER OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET & IS ABOUT TO GIVE IT TO INESSA WHEN INNA INTERRUPTS & DRAGS HER PARENTS TO THE SIGN. HE ABSENT-MINDEDLY PUTS THE LETTER BACK IN HIS POCKET

Inna: *Mama, Papa look...the 1st All – Women's Congress...is cancelled*

ALEXANDER LAUGHS AT THE SIGN'S BLOKEY JOKE. INESSA IS NOT SO AMUSED

Inessa (to Inna): ***No that's not possible!***

APPLAUSE & CHEERING ARE HEARD

Inessa: ***Listen! I hear cheering***
Obviously some comrade-wag...

SHE LOOKS AT ALEXANDER ACCUSINGLY WHO STIFLES A SNIGGER

Inessa: *Trying to be funny*

KOLLONTAI BUSTLES TOWARD A LECTERN, ALMOST COLLIDING WITH ALEXANDER. SHE LOOKS CHIC & STYLISH. ALEXANDER'S EYES FOLLOW HER HUNGRILY AS SHE GREETES COMRADES & ORGANISES HER NOTES

Alexander: ***That's the famed Alexandra Kollontai
And her arousing parry and thrust!
I do so want to see her heaving...***

ALEXANDER INHALES, THRUSTING HIS CHEST OUTWARD

Inessa: ***See her what?***

Alexander: ***...umm, see her heave capital into the dust...bin
No woman in Russia is more discussed!***

INESSA LOOKS AT HIM, SUSPICIOUS OF HIS MOTIVES & SNIFFING A RIVAL

Inessa: ***Well, okay...if you must!
Let's listen to her bluster
I won't make a fuss but
I prefer politics and class
To all of her cluck of love, love and lust***

INNA'S EARS PRICK UP AT 'LOVE & LUST'. SHE PULLS AT INESSA'S SLEEVE

Inna: ***Mama, let's hurry she's about to start***

AS THE WOMEN SWARM IN & KOLLONTAI BEGINS

Alexander: *I'll wait outside...naturally*

Kollontai: ***Make way for winged Eros***

***And her gentle feathered love
Free of bourgeois relation
Cooing like a dove, we can***

***Banish loveless matches
That trap us in cruel cages
Of ownership and spite when
Married to old slavers, can***

***Rid love of venal profit
Eyed off like fatted cattle
The match-maker's pinch, ouch!***

LAUGHTER AS SHE MIMES BEING PINCHED

Our worth just some man's chattel. We can

***Ban possessive love
Delete the jealous type
Who keeps us in a picture called
'My sweet contented wife'***

***We know sex is but a need
Like hunger, it's demanding
Commerce is its poison, its cure
Comradely understanding, so***

Kollontai/Chorus: ***Make way for winged Eros
Love unfettered by class
Women quench, quench thy thirst
Soaring, free at last!***

Kollontai ***The sexual act must not be seen as something shameful
Something sinful but as something which is as natural
As the other needs of a healthy organism***

Kollontai/Chorus: ***Such as hunger and thirst***

Kollontai/Chorus: ***Make way for winged Eros
Love unfettered by class
Women quench, quench thy thirst
Soaring, free at last!***

RIOTOUS APPLAUSE, ESPECIALLY FROM ALEXANDER & SOME MALE COMRADES WHO SNUCK IN FOR A PEAK. INESSA & INNA REJOIN ALEXANDER

Alexander: ***She is marvelous rousing even me
I'm pretty sure Volodya would agree***

AS BEFORE HE TAKES A LETTER FROM HIS COAT POCKET

Alexander: ***Oh dear, I forgot
Letter from him, to you, via me!***

INESSA SNATCHES THE LETTER FROM HIM, PEEVED AT HIS VAGUENESS & HIS DOE-EYES FOR KOLLONTAI. SHE READS AVIDLY. HER FACE CHANGES

Inna: ***Mama, what is it?***

INESSA SMILES AT INNA, A LOOK ALEXANDER KNOWS IS TROUBLE

Inessa: ***It's nothing sweet-pea
Your uncle in France is feeling poorly, makes a***

Inessa/Alexander: ***Song and dance***

Alexander (to Inna): ***Look Inna, an ice-cream seller, quick run
And see if she does not have your favourite one?***

ALEXANDER SLIPS INNA A FEW COINS AS SHE SKIPS AWAY

Alexander (to Inessa): ***Inochka, you must go to him at once of course***

***Take this money, but just mind you don't get caught that's all
The Finnish border, they say is porous
I'll care for Inna and our other kids for us
Just don't get caught!***

Oh by the way, that reminds me...

***The papers did arrive
Andrushka's now my son
He says now he has two dads***

Inessa: ***How cute!***

Alexander: ***But the neighbours are struck dumb!***

Inessa: ***Darling Sasha, how big is my debt?
You are wondrous, quite brilliant simply the best of the best
I swear to take the upmost caution
To avoid re-arrest, or a like misfortune***

Alexander: ***Hurry you must go now!***

CALLING AS SHE EXITS

I'm still on the run from Siberia, remember!

BLACKOUT. THEN SUDDEN, STARK LIGHTS UP ON VOLODYA LYING LIFELESS,
CRADLED IN INESSA'S DESOLATE ARMS

End act 1

ACT 2: 1909 - 1914

ACT 2 SCENE 1 – April 1909 (the following year), Paris

Café Caput

LENIN SITS WITH NADYA & ELIZAVETA AT A TABLE. HE WEARS HIS TRADE-MARK FRAYED PEAKED CAP & CRUMPLED, TOO-LONG TROUSERS. HE LOOKS EVERY INCH THE ASCETIC REVOLUTIONARY. THERE IS ONE LONELY DRINK PLACED BETWEEN THE THREE OF THEM. INESSA SITS ON HER OWN AT ANOTHER TABLE, HAUGHTILY SMOKING, DRESSED IN A DAZZLING DRESS WITH A FLAME RED FEATHER SOARING FROM A FLAMBOYANT HAT. AT OTHER TABLES SIT A SMATTERING OF RUSSIAN EXILES, ABOUT HALF OF WHOM ARE TSARIST SECRET SERVICE (OKHRANA) AGENTS, CALLED 'NANNIES' BY THE REVOLUTIONARIES THEY HOUND. THAT THEY ARE SPYING IS OBVIOUS DESPITE ATTEMPTS AT BEING INCOGNITO. SOME ARE MAKING NOTES. THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES STANDS & ANNOUNCES WEARILY

MC: *Welcome comrades to Café Caput*
 Our first speaker is Herr Richter

BORED, SPORADIC APPLAUSE AS LENIN MAKES HIS WAY PURPOSELY TO THE FRONT. INESSA STARES INTENTLY AT LENIN, AS DOES NADYA. ELIZAVETA STARES AT INESSA STARING AT LENIN

Lenin: *How many comrades, they rot in prison?*
 How many rotten spies taint our ranks?

ON THE WORD 'SPIES' THE NANNIES ALL TAKE COVER BEHIND NEWSPAPERS. (SIMILAR SLAPSTICK CHOREOGRAPHY SHOULD PEPPER THE SCENE)

Lenin: *How many informers attend our meetings?*
 To such rank amateurism we say: no thanks!
 We socialists are democrats
 That creed is our lynchpin

***But demos is a traitor
If our party lacks discipline***

***Only a call to arms
Can rout the savage tyrant
We need gunners, bomb-makers, marksmen
To ignite revolutionary violence!***

***Why be a flunkey to the social chauvinists?
Who would touch those pious phoney socialists?
No! To hell with their froth and foam
Give me cadres who are solid
Cadres that I own, so let's...***

THE NANNIES IN THE AUDIENCE JUMP TO THEIR FEET & JOIN LENIN'S CALL

Lenin/Nanny Chorus: ***Make the struggle with commitment count
Build a party that's spy proof, water-tight
A party that knows how to follows my / his orders
A party that knows how to struggle and fight***

Lenin: ***With that type of party at my call
I will reshape the entire rotten world***

THE NANNIES SLOWLY SIT DOWN AS TEPID APPLAUSE GREET'S LENIN'S GRAND FINALE. HE STEADFASTLY WALKS TOWARDS NADYA, THUMBS CHARACTERISTICALLY TUCKED INTO THE ARMHOLES OF HIS WAISTCOAT, CHEST THRUST FORWARD. INESSA CATCHES HIS EYE

Inessa: ***Thank you comrade, very well said
Would you kindly join me?
Would you like a cigarette?***

LENIN LOOKS HER UP & DOWN, ALMOST SAYS YES, BUT SEES ELIZAVETA STILL STARING DAGGERS & HAS SECOND THOUGHTS

Lenin (brusquely): *I detest smoking!*

HE SETS HIMSELF DOWN NEXT TO NADYA WHO FUSSES WITH HIS SHIRT COLLAR. ELIZAVETA CONTINUES TO BORE HOLES INTO INESSA, WHO EVENTUALLY DEPARTS, DECIDING THAT FOR NOW, DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR

ACT 2 SCENE 2 – Summer 1909, Sables-d'Olonne

An outdoor table in La favorite - a holiday villa rented by Alexander

INESSA SITS, SULTRY & SUMMERY PARTAKING OF A LIGHT LUNCHEON WITH ALEXANDER. THEY EACH SIP A TALL, COOL DRINK

Alexander: ***Since you fled Russia it's all trouble and strife
But any fair man with a conscience
Would have backed the workers' strike, so
For my pains, I got arrested then exile
So here we both***

Alexander/Inessa: ***Be enduring tsarist cruelty!***

Inessa: ***Poor Sashenka...welcome to my world!
Cin cin!***

Alexander: ***Vashe Zdorovie!***

TOASTING, THEY LAUGH TOGETHER

Alexander: ***My banishment ends in under a year***

Inessa: ***Mine is unending, so jealous my dear***

Alexander: ***Back to our home in Russia I'd love you to come***

Inessa: ***And wind up in jail, now that would be such fun!***

Alexander: ***With some care you'd never be found***

Inessa: ***With my past? And Nannies abounding***

Alexander: ***I'd hide you my sparrow in my oh so keen breast***

Inessa: ***Oh dear, that pounding heart, I'd get zilch rest!***

Alexander: ***Be serious now Inochka!***

If you won't come back with me what will you do?

Inessa: ***Ah...a course in Brussels in Marxist economy***

'Study' said Volodya, or be ever a wannabe

In Paris I saw Lenin, what a thrill it was Sasha!

Volodya's demi - god, a total tyrant tsar smasher

Alexander: ***My brother was partial to the militant type***

Inessa: ***The rebel who schemes all day and all night***

Alexander: ***Of smashing, of crashing, of death and despair***

Inessa: ***Of a world without tsars***

Please pass the camembert

Alexander: ***Dearest, can you have faith in this man?***

It's said he's unhinged a mere flash in the pan

Brother's idealism blinded his sight

But you have five children and must do what is right

Inessa: ***Oh Sasha-poo you're such a worry-wart***

His best ideas are radical

But you know I won't be bought

I always take care you well know that

I have nine fine lives just like Inna's pet cat!

THEY LAUGH & TOAST ONCE MORE

Alexander/Inessa: ***Cin, cin!***

**ACT 2 SCENE 3 – August 1910, Copenhagen. A year later
A hall at the Eighth Congress of the Socialist International**

A CHOIR SINGS A *REVOLUTIONARY PEACE CANTATA* TO WELCOME DELEGATES AS THEY FILE IN. AMONG THEM ARE TROTSKY, LUXEMBOURG, PLEKHANOV, KOLLONTAI (TEARY – EYED AT THE SINGING) & KAUTSKY. LAST TO ENTER IS INESSA ACCOMPANIED BY LENIN – THE PAIR LOOK A FINE FIT

Choir: ***All workers demand the masses rise and take a stand
While imperialists roll the war dice
We call for peace at any price, peace***

CHEERS AS THE CHOIR CONCLUDES, THEN THE ELDER STATESMAN OF RUSSIAN SOCIALISM, PLEKHANOV HOLDS THE FLOOR. IN APPEARANCE HE IS THE OPPOSITE OF LENIN, FEY WITH A PINCE-NEZ. HE IS CLOSELY BUTTONED UP IN AN ELEGANT FROCKCOAT & CRAVAT & LOOKS LIKE A PROTESTANT PASTOR. HE INTONES WITH THE PORTENTOUSNESS OF A PRIEST. THERE ARE PARTISAN CHEERS AFTER EACH LEADER'S NAME IS ANNOUNCED

Plekhanov: ***These esteemed comrades have the floor:
Comrade Leon Trotsky – Social Democratic Labor Party
Menshevik faction, Russia
Comrade Rosa Luxembourg – Social Democratic Party of
Germany
Comrade Alexandra Kollontai – Social Democratic Labor Party
Menshevik faction, Russia
Comrade Karl Kautsky - Social Democratic Party of Germany
Comrade Vladimir Ilyich Lenin – Social Democratic Labor Party
Bolshevik faction, Russia***

DURING THE FOLLOWING, THE DELEGATES CHEER & INTERJECT VIGOUROUSLY AT EACH LEADER'S SLOGAN, BUILDING THROUGHOUT. ALL, THAT IS EXCEPT LENIN, WHO IS UNIMPRESSED. INESSA IS OVERAWED BY SO MUCH SOCIALIST CELEBRITY & CHEERS LOUDLY UNTIL NOTICING LENIN'S SOUR SILENCE, THEN SHE VISIBLY RESTRAINS HERSELF

All: **War!**
Plekhanov: ***Demands a united socialist response***
Only internationalism can defeat the war-mongers

All: **War!**
Trotsky: ***The imperialist powers are racing to arm***
We must not be cannon-fodder in the coming storm

All: **War!**
Kollontai: ***Working class women all must say no to this war!***
It's their kin who go to the slaughter

All: **War!**
Luxembourg: ***The German workers are on strike***
They will never support the Kaiser's fight

All: **War!**
Plekhanov/Basses: ***Our surplus value pays the cannon-kings!***

Kautsky/Tenors: ***Our party is too strong to allow war!***

Lenin: ***We must transform imperialist war into class war!***

GREAT CHEERING

Lenin: ***War can be the prologue to a tremendous radical cataclysm!***

EVEN MORE CHEERS. HE WAITS FOR THE NOISE TO DIE DOWN THEN

Lenin: ***The slogan 'peace at any price' is just dismal, utopian pacifism!***
Mere hypocrisy dressed as psalm-singing Menshevism!

THERE IS STUNNED SILENCE, THEN SOMEONE BOOS. GREAT BOOING ERUPTS
AS LENIN LOOKS AROUND IMPERIOUSLY, GRABS INESSA BY THE ARM & EXITS
WITH HER IN TOW

ACT 2 SCENE 4 – August 1910, Copenhagen

Lenin's rented room

LENIN & INESSA SIT TOGETHER ON HIS SMALL COT BED. HE WRITES FURIOUSLY, SHE LEANS IN CLOSE HYPNOTISED BY HIS STEELY DETERMINATION. WITH A FLOURISH, HE PASSES A PAGE TO HER

Lenin: ***Here is the speech, again revised
Now will they let me give it?***

Inessa: ***Wonderful, you did it so fast Vladimir Ilyich
Now comrade I'll translate it to German, English and French
We will hand it to the delegates
Of the so called Socialist International!
They can't ignore you then
These snobs deeming you inscrutable
They will see your logic is irrefutable and true***

Lenin: ***Not all have your foresight, my firebrand
Most have their piss-poor brains deep in the sand
They blather on about some pointless unity
When what's required...***

SNATCHING THE PAGE BACK FROM INESSA & WAVING IT IN THE AIR AS PROOF

Lenin: ***Is lucid Marxist theory
A leader needs convictions not their sappy populist slogans***

LENIN GETS UP & PACES ON HIS TIP-TOES (A PRACTISED HABIT DEVELOPED SO HIS STEPS DO NOT DISTURB HIS THOUGHTS); CHEST OUT, THUMBS AS ALWAYS HOOKED INTO HIS VEST

Inessa (to herself): ***Vladimir Ilyich, another Volodya
Who would have thought I am by his side?***

A TIGHT SPOT UP ON VLADIMIR ARMAND AS INESSA REMEMBERS HIM

Inessa: ***I can see my Volodya smile and talk like he used to
And help me do what I must do***

Vladimir Armand: ***Inochka, it's always been your fate
To walk side-by-side with the good and great***

Inessa (to Vladimir Armand): ***He has a wife, what of it?
I'm married too, so be it
She's a loyal comrade is it such a taboo?
Let life play out as it would do***

VLADIMIR EXITS AS LENIN COMES & SITS BESIDE HER

Lenin: ***Let life play out as it would...***

THEY EMBRACE & KISS, DURING WHICH AN OFF-STAGE CHORUS BEGINS THE CHANT OF 'THINGS LENIN HATES': THE OBSESSIVE SOUND-TRACK POUNDING INSIDE LENIN'S BRAIN, EVEN AS HE KISSES INESSA. THE CHANT IS TAKEN UP BY CAFÉ PATRONS SITTING AT TABLES. FINALLY LENIN TAKES OVER

Off-Stage Chorus: ***Economism
Revisionism
Political decadents
Recallists
Empirio-critics
Reformists

Empirio-monists
Empirio-symbolists
Philistines
Liquidators
Social chauvinists***

Bourgeois anarchists

Feminist deviationists

Ditherers

Opportunists

Ultra-socialists

Pseudo-socialists and

Ultimatists

God-builders

Unifiers

Disarmers

Matovites

Defeatists

Anti-statists

Trashy scribblers

Defensists

Fidists

Machists

Idealists

Agnostics

Relativists

Boycottists

**ACT 2 SCENE 5 – 1911, Paris. The following year
La Rotonde café (A Russian artists' haunt)**

Café Patrons: **Collectivists**
 Ministerialists
 Class-collaborators
 Gradualists
 Ultra-leftists
 Vperystists
 Otzovist-ultimatumists
 Ra-ra-revolutionaries and
 Russian Kautskyites

(Yes) we are socialists
 And we fight for what we like
 An end to human slavery coz
 Cake is our birth-right!

CAFÉ TABLES ARE PEOPLED WITH BOHEMIAN ARTIST-TYPES ALONG WITH OBVIOUS 'NANNIES'. ON THE WORD 'CAKE' THE PATRONS PROUDLY HOLD UP THEIR DELICIOUS FRENCH PASTRIES. MEANWHILE DOWDY LENIN SITS WITH EYE-CATCHING INESSA IN FRONT OF A PILE OF RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS. LENIN LEANS INTO INESSA, EYEBALL-TO-EYBALL, SNAKECHARMER-LIKE. ENCHANTED, SHE DANCES TO HIS MESMERIC TUNE

Lenin: **Most of all I hate...**
 Careerists
 Miserable dishrag Mensheviks
 Bourgeois liberalists
 Those spineless hypocrites

Lenin/Café Patrons: **Hypocrites**

Lenin: **You know they hanged my older brother?**

Inessa (lying): **No! I did not know, oh sweetheart**

For what possible reason?

Lenin:

*A mere amateur, a fool
They hanged him like a dog
In St Petersburg prison
Mother was desperate to see him
To cradle his naïve brow
But we lived so far away from there
Could she know...how?
They had already hanged him*

*Would any of the good liberal burghers
Our so-called friends of Simbirsk help her?
Not one!
I know
She sent me to beg them
To go with her to Petersburg
To plead for his life
Not one!*

*Those who wept so prettily
At my father's wake
Clutching handkerchiefs at my sister's funeral too
They played chess with me and mussed my hair
They let him twitch and kick in the noose
All alone
Hypocrites! Dishrags, filth, what scum*

*And I swore on that same day
My mother broken, a stone
That I'd see the smug bourgeoisie
Crushed limb and bone
As I watched her leave in horse and cart
A mother's proud, abandoned crippled heart
Crippled heart*

HE BREAKS DOWN & SOBS. INESSA CRADLES HIS HEAD. SUDDENLY HE PULLS AWAY; THE SELDOM BREACHED, TOUGH CARAPACE IS SEALED ONCE AGAIN

Lenin: ***Comrade Petrova as you recall comrade Lamprey is not well
Could I ask you to take some of her duties?***

Inessa (excited): ***Of course...of course, what would you have me do?***

Lenin: ***Could you organise the Bolshevik party school?***

Inessa: ***Yes, yes...***

Lenin: ***And run the Bolshevik Foreign Bureau?***

Inessa: ***Yes, yes oh Volodya...***

HE QUICKLY PLACES HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH. SHE HAS BROKEN A CARDINAL RULE OF THE UNDERGROUND BY USING HIS REAL NAME IN PUBLIC. THE NANNIES SCRIBBLE IN THEIR NOTEBOOKS CONSPICUOUSLY. LENIN LOOKS FURTIVELY AROUND, THEN WHISPERS

Lenin: ***Never use my name in public...you understand?***

Inessa: ***Ah my apologies, Herr Richter...
I'd be honoured to assist the cause***

DURING THEIR CONVERSATION THE ARTIST MODIGLIANI HAS BEEN SLIDING ON HIS BELLY TOWARD THEIR TABLE, EGGED ON BY HIS FRIENDS. AS INESSA SPEAKS, HE CAREFULLY STRIKES A MATCH & LIGHTS THE END OF LENIN'S NEWSPAPER. IT ERUPTS IN FLAMES. THE ARTISTS LAUGH. LENIN, FEARING AN ASSASSINATION GRABS INESSA & RUNS

Modigliani: ***Run you cranky, crazy extremist!***

ACT 2 SCENE 6 – 1911, Paris. A month or so later

Lenin & Nadya's sitting room

LENIN, INESSA & NADYA SIT TOGETHER ON A DIVAN IN A VISUAL ECHO OF ACT 1 SCENE 1. THEY MAKE A PECULIAR TRIO WITH LENIN IN THE MIDDLE HOLDING BOTH THE WOMEN BY THEIR HANDS. THEY SIT IN EXPECTANT SILENCE. INESSA IS TEARY EYED. SHE WANTS TO SPEAK BUT THE RIGHT WORDS ELUDE HER

Nadya: ***So comrades why are we so glum, so very glum?***

Lenin: ***Nadyusha forgive me, we're in love***

(to Inessa): ***I love her***

Nadya: ***Mother warned me it might be so***

(to Inessa): ***Why should that upset you though?***

INESSA & LENIN LOOK AT EACH OTHER QUIZICALLY. THIS IS THE LAST THING THEY EXPECTED HER TO SAY

Inessa: ***Nadya dear we wished to speak of our love before today***

Nadya: ***So now we know what we knew already***

Let us wait and see

Nadya/Inessa: ***Let us just wait and see***

Nadya: ***What will be we will***

Nadya/Inessa: ***Certainly see***

Nadya: ***Remember Volodya what you said to me***

The night we were married?

Nadya/Lenin: ***You will set me free, me free***

Nadya: ***And you recall our sweet pledge***

Nadya/Lenin: ***What it means to love***

Nadya: ***To marvel in***

Nadya/Lenin/Inessa: ***All the good that can be***

To delight in it all

To make you happy!

Nadya: ***So what's best for you Volodya will always bring me joy***

But you must decide what is best just for you

(To Inessa): ***And as for you, my comrade-in-arms***

I say without favour or any ill-will at all,

Better a Bolshevik I respect

Than a lily-livered liberal

Nadya/Lenin/Inessa: ***Than a weak-kneed liberal!***

ACT 2 SCENE 7 –1911, Paris. A few months later

Elizaveta & Nadya's bedroom

NADYA & ELIZAVETA ARE PERCHED ON A SMALL BED. LENIN IS VISIBLE IN A SEPARATE PART OF THE SPACE, WRITING FEVERISHLY AT HIS DESK

Elizaveta: ***This is not right
Ten years you've been wed
Yet now you must sleep
In your old mother's bed?***

Nadya: ***Yes I married him Mama
But also the cause
If he wants someone else
The revolution won't pause***

Elizaveta: ***I told you to watch
That fancy French dish
Doe eyes on Ilyich
What a sly, foreign bitch!***

Nadya: ***Yes but Mama she's a comrade
And I like her as well
She's a help to Volodya now
That you can tell***

***You can see how happy he's been
All sweet smiles
And how calm are his nerves?
And likewise and besides***

(winking) ***She relieves me of other spousal duties
And that's code!
All done in four tongues
It lightens my load!***

Elizaveta: ***This is not a laughing matter
Are you blind to defeat?
She's pinching your husband from
Right under our feet***

***It's not proper I tell you
Revolution or not
And if you don't tell him
I will tan his red you-know-what!***

Nadya: ***Mama please, we're in ear-shot!***

NADYA JOINS LENIN WRITING AT HIS DESK

Lenin: ***Are you and Mother having a fight?
Could you please aim for quiet when I'm trying to write?***

NADYA TAKES FROM HER COAT POCKET HER COPPER WEDDING RING. SHE LAYS THE RING BESIDE LENIN'S BOOK. HE LOOKS UP AT HER STILL VEXED AT THE INTERRUPTION, BARELY TAKING IN WHAT SHE SAYS

Nadya: ***Volodya dear, this belongs to Inessa now
Please give it to her***

HE SEES THE RING & HESITATES, PUZZLED...WONDERING WHERE HE HAS SEEN IT BEFORE. HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERS

Lenin (laughing): ***My god, you kept that silly old thing!***

Nadya: ***Volodya, please take it, I give you your freedom
You are free to have her, I won't get in your way***

Lenin: ***What? What did you say?***

Nadya: *That I will leave, move aside this very day*

Lenin (panicked): *What? I must decide?
This is madness Nadya, I need you
The cause needs you too
Both of you by my side*

HE EMBRACES HER, BUT CHASTELY

*Both of you by my side
Nadesha darling why this cliché?
Nadyusha dearest what's this heartache?
We surely need not ape the pious bourgeoisie?
We need not play the part of betrayed wife
And possessive husband*

*As free men and free working women
In our new workers' paradise
We can love with free expression
Be free of all possession
And be beacons bright to celebrate!*

*Can't you see?
How well we work as three
You, Inochka & me!*

*So rest assured my love is grand
Ample for you both you understand
But Nadushka you will ever be
The only one I took as wife for me
So my love...*

AS IF ON CUE, INESSA APPEARS COMPLETING THE 'MÉNAGE À TROIS'

Lenin: *You see I know*

Lenin/Nadya/Inessa: ***With all three strings to our bow***

Nadya/Inessa: ***(Three taut strings)***

Lenin/Nadya/Inessa: ***A world - beating vibrato***

Me, Volodya / Inochka & you

ACT 2 SCENE 8 – July 1912, Cracow. One year later

Nadya & Elizaveta's sitting room

INESSA & ELIZAVETA SIT SMOKING & PLAYING CARDS. THEY LAUGH WARMLY TOGETHER AS NADYA ENTERS CARRYING CUPS OF TEA & BUSCUITS ON A TRAY

Elizaveta: ***Remember Nadyusha in Paris last year?
Inessa's three youngest calling Ilyich***

Elizaveta/Nadya/Inessa: ***'The man with no hair'!***

Inessa: ***And him seriously explaining
All three jiggling on his knee
That baldness is a sign***

Elizaveta/Nadya/Inessa: ***Of intellectual superiority! Ah tea...***

THEY ALL LAUGH & SIP TEA

Nadya: ***Ah, Inochka we miss their noisy laughter***

Nadya/Elizaveta: ***Now they're back with their father***

Nadya: ***And I do envy you some
As I thought I would have a child
But no little bird ever wanted to come***

Elizaveta: ***Your health daughter meant it wasn't to be unfortunately
Your thyroid sickness closed your womb, and see
As penance you get to care for
An old retiree, like me!***

Elizaveta/Nadya/Inessa: ***An old retiree, an old retiree...***

Nadya: ***Oh Mama, you'll outlive me!***

INESSA PUTS HER ARMS AROUND NADYA

Inessa (to Nadya): ***Each day you played and read with them
And for that I thank you
Their hearts call you 'Mama' it's true
And this I know,
If I should die
They will still be cherished***

Inessa/Nadya: ***They will still be cherished
Because from two wombs
These seeds have flourished***

ACT 2 SCENE 9 – September 1913, Cracow. 14 months later

Nadya, Lenin & Elizaveta's sitting room

INESSA PLAYS THE SLOW MOVEMENT FROM BEETHOVEN'S APPASSIONATA ON THE PIANO. NADY HELPS ELIZAVETA EAT WHO IS NOW FRAIL & UNWELL. LENIN SITS WITH HIS EYES CLOSED LISTENING TO THE MUSIC. HE HAS A COPY OF PRAVDA ON HIS LAP. THE ROOM IS WELL FURNISHED & COMFORTABLE

Nadya: *Ah Inochka, you play superbly*
 Look Mama smiles at you too
 She loves you oh so, so dearly
 That at times I wonder if you're not her favourite revolutionary

INESSA GOES AND STROKES ELIZAVETA'S HAIR

Inessa: *Her soul is rich we can but aspire*
 And of her faith in me I never tire
 But for a comrade loyal and true-blue
 There's no one, my Nadya compares with you!

Nadya: *Come on Mama to bed with you*

NADYA AND ELIZAVETA EXIT

Lenin: *Ah...Beethoven's Appassionata*
 There's no music that is greater
 It makes me think with pride it's true
 What marvellous things we humans do!

 But I won't hear music too often you see
 It makes me want to utter soft stupidities
 Or stroke those heads that make such beauty
 When we're grovelling in this gutter!

 But you must not stroke a stranger's head

***You have to hit them where it hurts instead
Coz you might just get your hand bitten off!
So don't be soft, keep a stone in your sling and
Trust no-one, that's the thing***

Lenin: *Still...our ideal is not to use force on anyone...
Hmm, our duty is infernally hard*

DURING THE ABOVE LENIN BROUSES PRAVDA. HIS TEMPER FLARES

Lenin: *Lamprey!*

NADYA ENTERS

Nadya (annoyed): *Shh...you'll wake Mama!*

Lenin: *Were my Pravda articles sent?*

SHE ROLLS HER EYES AT INESSA & THROWS UP HER ARMS

Nadya: *Is Martov a Menshevik? Is Trotsky a Trotskyite?*

Lenin: *They still haven't published a single one!
Defying my orders...The dishrags, spineless shitheads!
The entire editorial board should be shot!*

Inessa: *Calm yourself Ilyich, Mother needs her rest*

Lenin: *How not to be tense, amid such incompetence!*

INESSA PUTS HER ARM AROUND NADYA. THEY TEAM UP TO RUN AN IDEA
PAST LENIN & PERHAPS LOWER HIS BLOOD PRESSURE

Inessa: ***We were thinking of starting a journal my dear
One with a female focus***

Nadya: ***Aimed at all the workers
That Pravda seems not to hear***

Inessa: ***So I spoke with Alexander
He will still bankroll your Pravda
But extra cash he sends***

Nadya/Inessa: ***So we can make a starter***

Nadya: ***It's useful Volodya
You'll agree for the cause
Now that female labor is often
Half a factory's workforce***

Inessa: ***Kollontai points out that women
Us women can make sublime comrades
And our guidance could***

Nadya/Inessa: ***Turn girls into 'Lenin's feathered firebrands'***

THE WOMEN LAUGH FLOURISHING INESSA'S FEATHERED HAT

Nadya/Inessa: ***Look how far, look how far we have come
Recall that backward peasant custom
When young men went to war
Their brides beaten, half-dead
Forced to share their bed instead
With their vodka-soaked fathers-in-law!***

Nadya/Inessa: ***So to join our vanguard party
We must break that chain of sorrow
The double shift, worker - mother
Give girls a better tomorrow***

Lenin: ***Yes, why not, absolutely It just might be useful
But remember just what Marx contends
The bonds of sex will only ever end***

***With the smashing of the bourgeoisie
All else is window dressing so you see
Anything else smacks of feminist separatism
Which we know is just a bourgeois hoax!***

Nadya/Inessa (laughing): *And Marx knows, we wouldn't want that!*

Inessa: ***I will write a book one day
About love's joy and Russian women
In the light of communism
Futures full of love & passion***

***How might our lives be?
Rid of the bonds of marriage?
When a kiss need not be tawdry
A life sentence, a fatal miscarriage***

Nadya: ***My dear those thoughts are worthy
We could print it in the first run
Of our new Women's Worker
Issue number one!***

Lenin: ***Oh what dreamers you two are now
And the cause it needs sweet dreamers
To adorn and mop the schemer's brow***

***But chop - chop, let's hurry for there's work
There's work to be done
A mile-high pile of files to be copied Lamprey, every one***

Lenin (to Inessa): ***And you know my fine friend
Dreaming theories makes you late at
Doing what you're good at
Your translations are first rate!***

All: ***Can you see***
Lenin: ***Can you see just***
All: ***How fine we are as three***
Lenin: ***But please just leave those theories to me***
All: ***Nadya, Inna and***
Lenin: ***Me!***

End of Act 2

ACT 3: 1914 - 1917

ACT 3 PROLOGUE

Neutral space

ALL FEMALE CAST MEMBERS ARE ASSEMBLED AROUND INESSA, IN A STEELY WEDGE OF 'RED' WOMANHOOD. LENIN SITS TO ONE SIDE, WRITING AS USUAL

Inessa/Women: ***The world is full of peril
Torture, sickness, spies and fools
But the cruelest jailer we know
Is called 'our belle epoch'
The fatal gift of history
The bars of class and sex
History's bequest to us is that***

ALL SLOWLY TURN TOWARDS LENIN

Inessa/Women: ***We can never be him***

Inessa: ***I would never be him***

ALL EXIT EXCEPT LENIN & INESSA

ACT 3 SCENE 1 – July 1914, Cracow/Lovran. The following year

Neutral space

LENIN IS ON THE PHONE TO INESSA. BOTH CAN BE SEEN

Lenin: *Petrova, consent, please, please, pretty please do!
You must lead our delegation
If you won't
It put's us in an intolerable, intolerable situation!*

Inessa: *Some time at last with my children
Haven't seen them for a year
Why can't Nadya do it? I don't want to go
I don't want to leave
So what if we don't show, I'm so very tired...*

Lenin: *Petrova, you know Nadya's health is bad
Worse even than her French! Ha, ha, ha!
It's so close. Just in Brussels. Please Inochka?
Would three days
Just three short days be such a wrench?*

Inessa: *I am always doing your errands, your errands
Husband Alexander comes to call
Why don't you go yourself?
Man up, man up for once and stand tall! Ha, ha, ha!*

Lenin: *But who would look after poor, sick Nadyusha? Besides...*

HE LAUNCHES INTO A DIATRIBE

Lenin: *Flabby Mensheviks just want to scold me
They want to show off and make demands
Let's not give the satisfaction
Of hearing their shitty reprimands*

**Unity Conference! Cretinous nonsense!
That's just code for capitulation
By the ditherers of reaction!
It's a total waste of time and brain matter
I serve the cause best far from idle chatter, stupid blather!**

Inessa (to herself): **Yet it's fine to waste my time
And my brain patter is simply part of the clatter!
I don't matter**

HE TAKES ANOTHER TACK

Lenin: **My dear, my dearest friend
On you I am depending
The revolution we once agreed
Is our only true family
The cause our one and only progeny
What is different now?
Please say yes you'll go
And I'll kiss you hard
Oh please relent my love**

INESSA ROLLS HER EYES BUT WEAKENS...

ACT 3 SCENE 2 – July 17 1914, Brussels

The main hall of the Subcommittee on Russian Unity of the Socialist International

AS IN ACT 2 SCENE 3, THE CHOIR SINGS A *REVOLUTIONARY CANTATA* AS TROTSKY, PLEKHANOV, KOLLONTAI, LUXEMBOURG, KAUTSKY & OTHER DELEGATES FILE IN. FINALLY INESSA ENTERS THIS TIME WITHOUT LENIN. SHE IS WELL DRESSED & STEELY-EYED

Choir: ***The might of workers we command
All factions together, hand in hand
As workers we demand all factions united go hand in hand
As workers we demand all factions unite to make a stand
United now in common cause
To silence the beating drums of war
If war?
We won't fight it, we won't fight it war no war!
War no more, no war***

APPLAUSE AS PLEKHANOV TAKES THE FLOOR

Plekhanov: ***I believe we've finally reached agreement
Russian unity is a vital cog
To vanquish warmongering capitalists, and their lapdogs
World-wide revolution
Communist and democratic will replace them
Mensheviks and Bolsheviks must work as one
We are all in the same boat
Now I put the motion to a vote...***

INESSA PUTS UP HER HAND & STRIDES FORWARD

Inessa: ***Point of order comrade Plekhanov, point of order...***

Plekhanov: ***Ah now representing Lenin's Bolsheviks
The quite delightful comrade Petrova may take the floor***

WHISTLES & LEWD INTERJECTIONS AS SHE ASCENDS THE PODIUM
INCLUDING:

Interjector: *The cockerel sends his hen! The coward! Where is Lenin?*

ANGRY BOOS & WHISTLES

Inessa: *Enchantée comrade Plekhanov...you wily old...spark!*

LAUGHTER AT HER PUT-DOWN. SHE STEELS HERSELF

All (except Inessa): *Split!*

Inessa: *We Bolsheviks refuse to vote on a senseless motion
We put our fourteen-point plan for consideration once again*

Interjector: *Please chicken not those fourteen points again!*

LAUGHTER, CHEERS & CHOOK CLUCKING

All (except Inessa): *Split!*

Kautsky: *Lenin's plan is a recipe for socialist self-destruction!*

Trotsky: *This cannot be accepted!
Every Menshevik publication would be affected*

All (except Inessa): *Split!*

Luxembourg/Kautsky: *That's not unity it is called tyranny!*

All (except Inessa): *Split!*

Plekhanov: *They would be 14 articles of a new criminal code!*

STALIN STANDS TO THE SIDE AND OBSERVES

Trotsky: ***The organisation of the party will replace the party
The Central Committee then will replace the organisation
Finally, dictatorship will replace the Central Committee!***

STALIN EXITS SMILING & NODDING IN AGREEMENT

Inessa (to herself): ***Listen to all the bleating lips
One flabby flock with saggy tits
Not one revolutionist walks with them
They avoid clandestine work
No idea of discipline
Underground work? Too troublesome
Far too troublesome***

All (except Inessa): ***Heretic, heretic*** (etc.)

Inessa (to delegates): ***A bourgeois party that is all that you seek
Where egos are stroked, somewhere mild and meek
Something quite piss weak!
Well we don't submit to your facile schemes
You call this unity, we call it apathy
Useless vapid quackery
Revolution you'll betray and so I say***

All (except Inessa): ***Lunatic, lunatic*** (etc.)

Inessa: ***We abstain, we abstain, forever abstain!***

Interjector: ***This is worse than anarchy!***

MORE JEERING & BOOING. THEN PLEKHANOV QUIETENS THEM

Plekhanov: ***Lenin desires unity as a man desires bread. He swallows it!***

LOUD GUFFAWS, THEN IN SILENCE

Plekhanov: ***And of that bread, mark my words...dictators they are made***

ACT 3 SCENE 3 – September 1914, Berne

A wooded hillside

LENIN, INESSA & NADYA SIT AFTER A LONG BIKE RIDE. NADYA READS A FRENCH LANGUAGE PRIMER, INESSA SEWS & LENIN METICULOUSLY CLEANS HIS BIKE CHAIN. THEY SHARE CHEAP WINE FROM CHIPPED JARS

Inessa: ***You should have seen his face grow dark
When I called him a skirt-chasing shark
And a frisky old fart!***

Nadya: ***Inochka you didn't? That old stiff, Plekhanov!***

Nadya/Inessa/Lenin: ***That old stiff, Plekhanov! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!***

Lenin: ***To the party you rendered a great service
And I thank you for your timely, iron-willed purpose
You handled it better than I could have done
I would have exploded like a red hot gun
Called them all damn scoundrels each and every one!***

Lenin/Nadya/Inessa: ***Steely service, poise & purpose***

Lenin: ***For the Bolshevik cause you did great service
But now war rants and raves
It's just a smudge on history's page
Now forgotten trash as in we usher revolution***

Lenin/Nadya/Inessa: ***In mother Russia!
As in we usher in mother Russia
The revolution the great solution
Forget that conference it's all just nonsense
But now our purpose and steely firmness
Is for mother Russia's victory!***

Lenin: *To the coming Revolution!*

CHEERS, LAUGHTER AND CLINKING OF JARS

ACT 3 SCENE 4 – March 1915, Berne. 6 months later

A private corner of a public house

NADYA & LENIN SIT AT A TABLE. NADYA HOLDS A TIN CONTAINING HER MOTHER'S ASHES

Nadya: *Her last wish was to be buried in Russia*
How long until I can take her back, Volodya?

Lenin: *Ah my Nadya...*
My dear I wish that we could fly there now
High on some triumphant chariot
Victory nigh and immaculate
Ah my Nadya...
But the war cages us like sorrowful swallows
While the revolution soars ever further away
Ah my Nadya...
I doubt us older radicals will live to see and to witness
Our great cause triumphant, to our sad dismay
Ah my Nadya...

INESSA RUSHES IN, OUT OF BREATH. SHE KISSES NADYA, BUT NOT LENIN

Inessa: *Nadya, I'm so sorry*
The war, the trains...I missed the...(funeral)

SHE SEES THE TIN & BREAKS DOWN, THROWING HER ARMS AROUND NADYA

Inessa: *I loved your mother as I loved my own*
Such a wise and wonderful, generous soul
Worth her weight in precious gold
Ah my Nadya...
If I may, I would dedicate
My humble book to her memory

Nadya (numb): ***She would like that I'm sure
Now if you'll both excuse us
It's time for mother's walk***

NADYA TAKES HER MOTHER'S TIN & QUIETLY LEAVES. INESSA & LENIN WATCH. ONCE SHE'S GONE LENIN FLIPS INTO 'POLITICO' MODE

Lenin: ***About that book I have read your draft
The logic is strange and the content is daft
'Freedom of love' it is so bourgeois
Really you surprise me that you've strayed so far***

***From a sound, scientific dialectical thinking
From the proletariat and from Marx, you risk shrinking
We can't publish this tract as a party pamphlet
For the party it would be damn foolish as a gambit***

***Because it plays into the hands of our foes
We would be a laughing stock, really quite exposed
I urge you to withdraw or fix your prose
I've made some notes you'll find them all enclosed***

HE HANDS HER AN ENVELOPE. INESSA SITS DUMBFOUNDED. FINALLY SHE MECHANICALLY TAKES THE ENVELOPE, AND BLANKLY STARES

Lenin: ***What?
Not even a thank you peck for the time I expended?***

INESSA LOOKS IN AMAZEMENT AT LENIN & THE ENVELOPE, SMILES & EXITS

ACT 3 SCENE 5 – March 1915, Berne

A meeting hall – Conference of the Foreign Sections of the RSDLP (Russian Social Democratic Labour Party)

LENIN HOLDS THE FLOOR, HECTORING DELEGATES. THE MEETING IS TENSE, FULL OF INTERJECTIONS, BOOING, CHEERING & APPLAUSE

Lenin: ***The pacifists, the anti-war sloganeers will destroy***

All: ***The militant's will***

Lenin: ***Workers must be armed and soldiers have to shoot officers***

All: ***That officer swill!***

Lenin: ***Capital is the great enemy it's not the German***

All: ***The German working class***

Lenin: ***Socialists who vote for war credits are just a farce
Showing their jingoist***

All: ***Colors at last***

Lenin: ***I contend we need a united states of Europe***

All: ***United around socialism***

Lenin: ***A Europe that shuns imperialist mayhem***

All: ***The cause of war and slaughter, give us socialism
I contend we need a united states of Europe
For the worker has no father...***

Lenin: ***Land***

INESSA ENTERS & INTERJECTS SURPRISING LENIN

Inessa: ***Wrong! Comrade, wrong!***

This is so impractical

Wrong! Comrade, wrong!

Your logic is fantastical

You forget all Europe's at war now

Tearing at throats like never before now

What you suggest is far from a tactic

***Seems it is merely opportunistic
Aimed to win you plaudits & backslaps
You dream while workers die in trenches like rats, dead rats***

MUCH APPLAUSE & ROWDY INTERJECTIONS

Interjector: *Opportunist! Ha, ha! That's what Lenin calls comrade Trotsky!*

Lenin: ***And I'd say it is hardly surprising
These are anarchist dreams you're now espousing***

(A SAVAGE TAUNT IN THESE MARXIST CIRCLES, SO LOTS OF 'OOHS'), AS TWO
OPPOSING CHANTS BUILD

Interjectors/Lenin: ***Anarchist!***

Interjectors/Inessa: ***Opportunist!***

THE MEETING SPIRALS INTO CHAOS

ACT 3 SCENE 6 – May 1916, Berne. 18 months later

A private corner of a public house

LENIN & INESSA HUDDLE TOGETHER. THEY CLASP EACH OTHER'S HANDS TIGHTLY. INESSA LOOKS FED UP & EXHAUSTED

Inessa: *I'm not coming with you Volodya, to Zurich
Her health it worsens
Nadya needs you undivided
And you want to write in its libraries
Those wonderful Zurich libraries
While I need solitude to sort out my life
Oh and, oh yes...*

(to herself) *Some place where I won't be derided*

Lenin: *I see
But where will you go my darling?
And with whom will you spend all that precious time?*

Inessa: *Back to the Alps to study and write
Bukharin and other comrades are there
For me they will care*

LENIN GIVES A DISAPPROVING GRIMACE & TAKES HIS HANDS OUT OF HERS

Inessa: *Don't fret my pet his politics are still hard left*

Lenin: *I fret you'll be seduced by his romantic weft*

Inessa: *Don't stew, not an anarchist will be in view
It is for the best I think it is
And I hope that you do too
Yes I do, I truly do*

Lenin (to himself): *That's it! It's over then?
The apples on the tree gone sour?*

Lenin (to Inessa): ***And so we will say farewell, goodbye
The great Turgenev was right, so right
When he wrote...***

Lenin/Inessa: ***When love, it dies
It is best to shake
And just move on***

Inessa: ***With no regrets***

Lenin/Inessa: ***And simply be friends
Let us shake our hands
Move on, undismayed
And know I will forever be
Your comrade***

ACT 3 SCENE 7 – December 1916, Zurich/Sorenberg. 6 months later

Split scene, montage

LENIN, INESSA & NADYA ARE ALONE IN SEPARATE SPACES, INDIVIDUALLY LIT BY A TIGHT SPOT THAT UNDERLINES THE SOLITUDE OF EACH. INESSA PLAYS FRAGMENTS OF THE APPASSIONATA ON THE PIANO. LENIN WRITES PLEADING LETTERS TO INESSA. NADYA IS ILL. DURING THE SCENE LENIN'S LETTERS FALL THROUGH THE LETTER-SLOT OF INESSA'S DOOR, INDICATING THE PASSING OF TIME. SHE, WITH SOME DIFFICULTY IGNORES THEM ALL.

LX UP ON INESSA. THE FIRST LETTER DROPS. LX DOWN ON INESSA & UP ON LENIN FEVERISHLY WRITING

Lenin: ***No word from you in three weeks
Is it too cold for you to write?***

LX DOWN ON LENIN & UP ON INESSA. THE SECOND LETTER DROPS. LX DOWN ON INESSA & UP ON LENIN WRITING

Lenin: ***How I laughed at your postcard Inochka
I really had to hold my sides***

LX DOWN ON LENIN & UP ON INESSA. THE THIRD LETTER DROPS. LX DOWN ON INESSA & UP ON LENIN WRITING

Lenin: ***Still no translation of my article
What is the meaning, the meaning of this?
I demand you send it at once!***

LX UP ON NADYA WHO DESPITE BEING ILL WITH BRONCHITIS, SQUINTS AT PAGES OF LETTERS SHE IS DECODING BETWEEN COUGHS. SEVERAL LETTERS DROP THROUGH INESSA'S LETTER-SLOT DURING THE FINAL VERSE

Lenin: ***Your last letter was so full of your sadness***

*It stirred in me such strong pangs, pangs of my conscience
Do not be angry with me my friend for
I have caused you great pain and
I know this should not be
I beg you not to sit in solitude, all alone
Go out skiing, go outside
The mountains smell of home
Lamprey is once again quite poorly
I wish I could come to see you
To press your cold hands very tightly*

ACT 3 SCENE 8 – February 1917, Zurich. 2 months later

Cabaret Voltaire

NADYA & LENIN SIT IN A CROWDED CAFÉ WATCHING THE RIOTOUS DADA CABARET. IT IS TOTAL PANDEMONIUM:

'TRISTAN TZARA IS WIGGLING HIS BEHIND LIKE THE BELLY OF AN ORIENTAL DANCER. JANCO IS PLAYING AN INVISIBLE VIOLIN & BOWING & SCRAPING. MADAME HENNINGS, WITH A MADONNA FACE, IS DOING THE SPLITS. HUELSENBECK IS BANGING AWAY NONSTOP ON THE GREAT DRUM, WITH BALL ACCOMPANYING HIM ON THE PIANO, PALE AS A CHALKY GHOST'.

LENIN HOVERS BETWEEN BORED & BEMUSED AS NADYA ENJOYS HERSELF IMMENSELY CLAPPING, SINGING & INTERJECTING. TSARA DRAMATICALLY SILENCES THE MAYHEM. HE THEN LEADS THE CROWD IN CONSTRUCTING 'A CUT-OUT' DADA POEM. HE 'COMPOSES' THE POEM AS HE GIVES INSTRUCTIONS. NADYA RESPONDS WITH GLEE, LENIN HALF-HEARTEDLY

Tsara: ***Silence I say, silence!***
To Make a Dada, a Dada poem by Moi, Tristan Tsara
Which in my sorrowful Rumanian means
Sad in country!

SAD, IRONIC NOISES FROM THE AUDIENCE

Tsara: ***Take a newspaper***

Crowd: ***Take a newspaper***

Tsara: ***Take some scissors***

Crowd: ***Take some scissors***

Tsara: ***Choose from this newspaper***

Crowd: ***Choose from this newspaper***

Tsara: ***An article of the length you want to make your poem***

THE CHORUS DOES NOT ATTEMPT THIS TONGUE-TWISTER, INSTEAD ALL SHRUG, FEIGNING BOREDOM

Tsara: ***Cut out the article***

Crowd: ***Cut out the article***

Tsara: ***Next cut out each word***

Crowd: ***Next cut out each word***

Tsara: ***And put them in a bag***

Crowd: ***And put them in a bag***

TSARA CUTS OUT WORDS & PUTS THEM IN HIS BAG

Tsara: ***Then shake, shake gently***

Crowd: ***Then shake, shake, shake gently***

Tsara: ***Then take out each word***

Crowd: ***Is not the world absurd?***

TSARA SMILES AS HE LAYS HIS POEM ON A SMALL TABLE WORD BY WORD

Tsara: ***Recite conscientiously***

Crowd: ***Recite conscientiously***

Tsara: ***In the precise order in which they left the bag***

Crowd: ***Voila! Voila! Voila, la, la, la, la, la***

Tsara: ***Carefully listen now, your poem resembles you!***

TSARA PUTS HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH AS IF ABOUT TO VOMIT & SEGUES INTO HIS POEM

Tsara: ***O rose thou art sick***

The invisible worm that flies in the night, the night

LAUGHTER & CHEERS (A CULTURED CROWD THAT INSTANTLY RECOGNISES THE PARODY OF BLAKE'S POEM. THEY ALSO KNOW THEY HAVE BEEN DUPED ONCE AGAIN BY TSARA)

Tsara: ***And there you have it***
 An infinitely original author of charming sensibility
 Even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd

HE SPOTS MAYAKOVSKI DRESSED IN A PUCE WAISTCOAT WITH RADISHES IN HIS BOUTONNIERE & REVOLUTIONARY OBSCENITIES SCRAWLED ON HIS FACE & CLOTHES IN WHITE CHALK (E.G. 'FUCK THE TSARINA...RASPUTIN DOES!')

Tsara: ***Ah...I spy with my keen eye***
 A Russian poet
 He's known as quite a guy!
 Ladies & Gentle-knees
 Vladimir Mayakovski

CHEERS AS MAYAKOVSKI LAUNCHES INTO HIS POEM: *CALL TO ACCOUNT*

Mayakovski: ***The drums of war they thunder and they roil***
 They beat the call, thrust iron in the soul
 From every land whose slaves will follow slave
 To be sliced by the glint of bayonet blade
 For the sake of what?

The earth is hungry, stripped and shivering
Mankind is vapourised in a blood bath
Only so someone, somewhere
Can capture Albania

Human gangs are bound in malice
With blow on blow they strike the world

***Only for someone's damn ships
To pass without charge through the Bosphorus***

***Soon the world won't have a rib intact
Its soul pulled out, and trampled down
So someone can get their hands upon
Mesopotamia***

***Why does a boot crush the earth?
Fissured and rough
What haunts the battles' sky
Freedom? Money or God?
When will you stand up at your full height?***

***You! Giving them your life?
When will you hurl a question in their faces:***

Mayakovski/Chorus: ***Why do we fight?***

CATCALLS, JEERS & CHEERS FROM THE CROWD AS MAYAKOVSKI EXITS. THEN
TIGHT SPOT ON NADYA & LENIN

Lenin (to Nadya): ***Well it's hardly Chekov, that's for sure
At least it's warm in here
And no admission fee
But tell me who is that charlatan Mayakovski?***

End of Act 3

ACT 4: 1917 - 1920

ACT 4 PROLOGUE

Neutral space

Chorus: ***Russia mother Russia*** (etc.)

SATB Soloists: ***Time sires no twin
For your vastness no twin
Rome would be lost in your thighs
China, India and even America
Are all infants***

***From frozen tundra
To searing sands
From plains that shun horizon
To peaks that bully the sun, Russia!***

Chorus: ***Russia mother Russia***

SATB Soloists: ***Where one tenth of all souls swell
Mamoushka
Home, you call me home
You call me home
Home***

ACT 4 SCENE 1 – April 1917, Zurich. 2 months later

The Lenin's cramped apartment

NADYA & LENIN ARE RIPPING UP DOCUMENTS IN A FRENZY. INESSA ENTERS
FLUSTERED & HARRIED. KISSES ARE EXCHANGED

Nadya: *Inochka, you made it just in time*

Nadya/Lenin: *We're quickly packing / shredding
As the German train is at nine*

Nadya: *Yes it's all such a rush
Had to leave mother in Berne
Just no time to fetch her
Annoyed in her urn!*

Inessa: *I'll stay with her*

A BEAT AS THEY PUZZLE THE MEANING, THEN A NERVOUS LAUGH

Lenin: *Silly Inochka, why such concern?
The Tsar's jails are empty you're safe to return
The Germans count on us to take Russia out of the war
The train has a diplomat's seal it's above the law*

Lenin/Nadya: *They even lace our coffers
With thousands of Reich Marks!
Now each town and village will read Pravda's
Wisdom of Marx*

Inessa: *Don't you think
It's a grave risk, one might say
Political suicide
To take the enemy's bait so starry eyed
As if there's not a price that we will all have to pay
Our enemies will bleat and bray*

Our homeland we would betray

Lenin: ***Sheer humbug!***
Your misgivings would make a cat laugh!

Nadya: ***Inna dearest***
Lenin/Nadya: ***What sophistry is this?***

Nadya: ***It is coming...***
Lenin/Nadya: ***Unbelievable!***
All we've worked & suffered for year upon year
The tide is turning
You just have to come
It's the Revolution!

Lenin: ***In three months***
Three short months from now
Power will be ours
Or else we'll be swinging
Twitching on the gallows

Nadya/Lenin: ***At last the thing for which we were made has come***
The Revolution!

NADYA SEES INESSA SOFTLY SOBBING & TENDERLY CONSOLES HER

Nadya: ***Darling Inochka why are you so depressed?***
What awaits you is a mother's balm
To enfold your children tightly in your arms
Home in Russia's oh so sweet breast

Nadya/Lenin: ***In dear Russia's oh so sweet breast***

ACT 4 SCENE 2 – April 1917, Zurich/St Petersburg

The sealed train's departure & arrival stations

TRAIN SOUNDS COMPETE WITH A BADLY SUNG RENDITION OF THE *INTERNATIONALE* ALONG WITH MALEVOLENT CALLS FROM AN ANGRY MOB. INESSA LEADS NADYA & LENIN AS THEY RUN THE GAUNTLET OF THE FIST WAVING MOB TO BOARD THE TRAIN WITH OTHER COMRADES

Swiss Socialists: ***Arise (rise up) ye workers (starvelings) from your slumbers***
 Arise (rise up) all prisoners of want (cant)
 For reason in revolt now thunders
 And at last ends the age of cant (want)

Anti-Leninists: ***Spies, pigs, treasonous traitors! Sold out for 50 pieces of German silver!***

THE TRAIN PULLS OUT THEN A MOMENT OF BLACKOUT AS THE SOUNDS OF THE TRAIN ARRIVING MINGLE WITH A STIRINGLY WELL-SUNG RENDITION OF THE *INTERNATIONALE* ALONG WITH A CROWD OF RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIK WORKERS CHANTING & CHEERING. PROMINENT IN THE WELCOMING PARTY ARE TROTSKY, KOLLONTAI & STALIN

Bolsheviks: ***The Internationale unites the human race***
Kollontai: ***So comrades let's rally and the last fight let us face***

Bolsheviks: ***Lenin, Lenin, Lenin!***
 The Internationale unites the human race

LENIN EMERGES LOOKING DISHEVELLED & ASTOUNDED AT THE WELCOME. NADYA & INESSA FOLLOW. KOLLONTAI EMERGES FROM THE CROWD HOLDING AN ENORMOUS BUNCH OF RADIANT RED ROSES. SHE HANDS THEM TO LENIN & KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK. THE CROWD IS DELIRIOUS WITH JOY. A WORKER PLACES AN OLD RICKETY CRATE IN FRONT OF LENIN

Bolsheviks: *Speech, Lenin, speech!*

LENIN CLIMBS ONTO THE CRATE SOMEWHAT GINGERLY & RAISES HIS HANDS FOR SILENCE. YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP...

Lenin: *Comrades...*

A MIGHTY CHEER ERUPTS. NADYA WEEPS, INESSA HOLDS HER

Lenin: *Comrades! Your welcome is sublime*

Lenin/Inessa/Nadya: *We thought we would be arrested!*

IRONIC LAUGHTER FROM THE CROWD

Lenin: *But wrong we were as here you stand tall
Bold, defiant and bare-chested!*

*Our work this day begins
To build our Shangri-La now
The bourgeois state teeters
Like the empire of the hated Tsar*

*Now it's your turn, workers!
To seize control and fast
History's law determines
You'll be the new ruling class!*

*Unlike tyrants of old
Your rule will be just and free
To each according to their need*

Lenin/Inessa/Nadya: *From each to fit their ability!*

Lenin: *Power must be taken, given to the Soviets
With wise counsel from our glorious
Bolshevik Central Committee*

All: ***Together we can turn
We can turn our history's page
And build communism now
Communism in a single stage!***

Lenin: ***Of Kerensky's scandalous government of the bourgeoisie
That cardboard comic-opera
That socialist parody, dishrag travesty
We demand at once, immediately
We demand...bread, land, peace***

All: ***Bread! Land! Peace! Bread! Land! Peace!***

LENIN IS HOISTED ONTO THE SHOULDERS OF TWO BURLY WORKERS. A MAN STANDS IN FRONT OF A BOX-BROWNING CAMERA & STAGES A PHOTOGRAPH COMPRISING LENIN ON THE WORKERS' SHOULDERS WITH NADYA, INESSA, TROTSKY, KOLLONTAI & CHEERING BOLSHEVIKS CROWDING AROUND. THE PHOTO IS TAKEN. A MOMENT OF BLACKOUT THEN THE SAME PHOTO IS STAGED AGAIN. THIS TIME STALIN HAS REPLACED TROTSKY AT LENIN'S SIDE. HE GRINS WIDELY & GIVES A VICTORY SALUTE

ACT 4 SCENE 3 – May 1917, St Petersburg. 1 month later

A table at a restaurant

ALEXANDER, INESSA, NADYA & LENIN SHARE A RESTAURANT TABLE

Lenin: *We owe you a debt of thanks comrade*
Nadya: *For your kind assistance to the cause*
Lenin: *You're not only Inna's husband*
Nadya: *The man that she adores*
Lenin: *But a revolutionist*
Nadya: *Tried and true*
Lenin: *We will always be*
Nadya: *Proud and grateful*
Lenin/Nadya: *We will always be proud and grateful*
Lenin: *For the generous things you do, the cause*
Inessa/Nadya: *For your generous assistance to the cause*

Alexander: *Thank you for your words so kind*
(to Inessa) *But what's mine is hers and I think you'll find*
She'd give it all away, bestow, donate
To build a fair and just estate
I'm glad my wealth has helped the cause she
Believes in and cares for so very passionately
However...

Alexander (to Lenin): *Kerensky's rule seems solid*
Do you think you'll win?
In Moscow he has great support
And there your numbers are thin
How can you think you will win?

Lenin: *Hence my plan in asking you both to go*
Nadya: *His wise plan in asking you to go*
Lenin: *We need good cadres now to blood*

Lenin/Nadya: ***Bolsheviks in Moscow***

Nadya: ***Oh Volodya please don't forget our
Inochka has another reason to go to Moscow
To be reunited with her precious***

Lenin/Nadya: ***To be reunited with her precious children***

Lenin (to Nadya): ***Oh yes of course***

HE TURNS TO ALEXANDER

Lenin: ***But be sure comrade as I am yes, be sure
The worker peasant union
Spreading more and more
Will shatter Kerensky's withered alliance
On the anvil of our worker-state defiance!***

A WAITER APPROACHES & ALEXANDER PAYS THE BILL

Alexander: ***Comrade, a little something for yourself?***

HE PLACES A NOTE IN HIS TOP POCKET. THE WAITER INDIGNANTLY PULLS IT OUT & SLAPS IT ON THE TABLE

Waiter: ***Comrade, just because a man must make a living by being a
waiter, that doesn't mean you must insult him by offering him a tip!***

All Four (laughing): ***That's the spirit!***

ACT 4 SCENE 3A – November 1917, St Petersburg. 6 months later

A street

A VICTORY PARADE. A GUNSHOT IS HEARD, (OR IS IT A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE POPPING?) CHEERS ALL ROUND THEN

Red Army Soldiers: ***Ah, it's our revolution***

At last!

DURING THE ABOVE CHORUS LENIN IS TOSSED HIGH INTO THE AIR 'RUSSIAN PEASANT STYLE' BY RED ARMY SOLDIERS LED BY KOLLONTAI, TROTSKY & NADYA. HE IS TOASTED & PARADED & LOOKS BEMUSED; AN ACCIDENTAL HERO. STALIN HURRIES TO JOIN THE CELEBRATIONS. HE OBSEQUIOUSLY KISSES NADYA'S HAND PROMINENTLY IN LENIN'S VIEW. NADYA BRUSHES HIM OFF GOOD HUMOUREDLY AS LENIN CALLS FOR QUIET

Lenin (parodying American presidents): *My 'First Lady'...*

CHEERS & LAUGHTER

Lenin: *My first lady, Nadiushkina Krupskaya...*

HE WARMLY EMBRACES & KISSES NADYA'S HAND TO EXPLOSIVE CHEERS

Lenin: *Has just informed me that the scoundrel Kerensky has fled.*

The revolution is ours!

Comrades! We will now proceed to build socialism!

Crowd: ***Viva Revolution ah!***

Lenin: *This year Russia, next year the world!*

Crowd: ***Long live worldwide Revolution!***

ACT 4 SCENE 4 – Early 1918. An Armand Estate in Eldigino near Moscow
An opulent, well furnished room

A GROUP OF LOOTERS RANSACK THE ROOM. IVAN, THE RINGLEADER
SUMMARILY SHOOTS A PEASANT. HE THEN WALKS SPITEFULLY TOWARD A
LARGE ANTIQUE MIRROR HANGING CLOSE TO WHERE ALEXANDER IS PINNED
AGAINST THE WALL BY OTHER LOOTERS

Looters: ***Russia mother Russia*** (etc.)

Ivan: ***This is how the fucking rich admire their clean clobber!***

HE SHAPES TO THROW A BRICK THROUGH IT

Alexander: ***Please don't!***

It was my great-grandmother's and it's priceless...

If you want it take it, but please don't break it, I beg you

IVAN RUSHES ALEXANDER & GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT

Ivan: ***You don't tell us what to do anymore, cunt!***

Those days are long gone

Grab a rope and let's see

How fucking fine he looks swinging in a tree!

THE MOB BRINGS ROPE & MANHANDLES ALEXANDER TOWARDS THE DOOR.
ONE AMONG THEM, SENYA, A POWERFULLY BUILT WORKER BLOCKS THEIR
WAY. (HIS REASONING IS CONVINCING, HIS MUSCLE DECISIVE)

Senya: ***Comrades take what you like***

All now rightly belongs to the workers, we won

But to end his life now

What purpose would that serve, what reasons would we give?

Revolutionary justice

Demands that we rise above mere malice so

Is he red or just a pawn of the Tsar's palace?

THE LOOTERS LOOK TO EACH OTHER, NOW NOT SO CERTAIN

I toiled for this man for most my life

He paid us well, and one time even led us out on strike

Yes out on strike!

And for that 'crime' in 1908

Was exiled from Russia as was his wife

Who is comrade Inessa who worked in exile with Lenin

Who worked in exile with Lenin

So are we sure we want to finish off, snuff out or execute

A man with such strong links to Lenin in the Kremlin?

I said comrade Lenin!

Comrades are we sure? Are we sure?

THE MEN RELEASE ALEXANDER WHO SHAKES SENYA'S HAND...RELIEVED

Alexander: ***Thank you comrade***

You are such a shining example of...

HE LOOKS POINTEDLY AT THE MOB

Alexander: ***Russia's bright Bolshevik future!***

ACT 4 SCENE 5 – A week later

A room in Alexander's home

INESSA & ALEXANDER SIT ACROSS A TABLE. THEY BOTH LOOK OVERWORKED, UNDERFED, THREADBARE AND EXHAUSTED. BUT A LITTLE OF THEIR OLD PLAYFULNESS ENDURES. HE TAKES INESSA'S HAND AFFECTIONATELY

Alexander: ***Last time I looked, you were still Mrs. Armand
And while I breathe dear you will have my protection***

INESSA FLINCHES AT THE OLD BOURGEOIS PATERNALISM. SHE GENTLY WITHDRAWS HER HAND, CHANGING TACK

Inessa: ***Hell's bells you're still my husband Sasha but
They could have killed you too
That would be two brothers lost
Can't imagine it is just too cruel
Oh what would our children do then
Growing up without you?
Hell's bells my Sasha dear
They might have killed you too***

Alexander: ***It certainly was a very close call my dear***

Inessa: ***You can say that for sure***

Alexander: ***Thank God for Senya he laid down the law
Now I know why I hired him***

Inessa: ***For his fine way with words?***

Alexander (flexing his muscles): ***And a whole lot more!***

THEY LAUGH TOGETHER. INESSA'S LAUGHTER SETS OFF A COUGHING FIT REMINISCENT OF VLADIMIR'S IN ACT 1, SCENE 1

Alexander: ***TB?***

Inessa: ***Or not TB?***

LAUGHTER

Inessa: *Seriously...oh won't you please join the Party?
It can save you from counter revolutionary thuggery*

Alexander: *Ah, party work sends a chill through my bones
A life filled with meetings all those ringing telephones*

Alexander/Inessa: *But to...*

Alexander: *Fix a tractor or run the mill
This is a proud and noble use of my well honed skill
The masses will always need clothes I do reckon
Even with your 'free love' good trousers will beckon!*

Inessa: *Sasha! You're incorrigible!
Let me talk to Lenin then for special protection*

Alexander: *Well...*

Alexander/Inessa: *I'd say*

Alexander: *Senya times six would be utter perfection!*

Alexander/Inessa: *Senya times six would be utter perfection!*

ACT 4 SCENE 6 – August 30 1918, Michelson plant, Moscow.

A stage outside the factory

LENIN CONCLUDES A FIERY SPEECH TO A CROWD OF FACTORY WORKERS.
MARIA & NADYA ARE AMONG THEM

Workers: ***Victory or death! Victory or death!*** (etc.)

Lenin: ***So the imperialist powers***
And their lapdog lackeys
Attack the revolution on all fronts
But they cannot defeat history!
For us there is but one choice...

Lenin/Workers: ***Victory or death!***

THE WORKERS' CHANT BUILDS AS LENIN DESCENDS THE STAGE TO MINGLE & SHAKE HANDS. A LOUD POP & THE CROWD CHEERS, ASSUMING CHAMPAGNE. THEN TWO MORE POPS & LENIN FALLS, SHOT. MAYHEM ERUPTS AS NADYA & MARIA RUSH TO HIS AID. MARIA COLLIDES WITH THE ASSASSIN FANYA KAPLAN, WHO DROPS A GUN & RUNS

Maria: ***Grab her, she shot Lenin!***

Workers: ***Grab her, she shot Lenin!***

Maria/Workers: ***Lenin!***

A FURY OF MUSCLE POUNCES ON THE IMPROBABLY YOUNG & INNOCENT LOOKING ASSASSIN. BLACK OUT & CHORUS EXIT

Workers (off-stage): ***Victory or death!***
Victory or death! (etc.)

A BEAT, THEN A NAKED LIGHT UP ON KAPLAN TERRIFIED & BLOODIED. SHE AWAITES THE INEVITABLE. A GUNSHOT. SHE COLLAPSES INTO BLACK

ACT 4 SCENE 7 – August 30 1918, Moscow

Lenin's bedroom

TWO DOCTORS BANDAGE LENIN'S CHEST & NECK AS MARIA & NADYA WAIT ANXIOUSLY AT HIS BEDSIDE

First Doctor: ***Two wounds***

Second Doctor: ***Chest and neck***

First Doctor: ***Call it luck***

Second Doctor: ***Call it fate***

Both: ***Now we stop the bleeding***
 Now we wait
 And monitor his breathing

LENIN STIRS & LEANS INTO NADYA. HE GIVES HER A WEAK, REASSURING PAT. SHE TRIES TO BE BRAVE

Lenin: ***Do not fret, it's not bad really***
 A grazed arm, a silly injury

Nadya: ***Of course Volodya, you'll be fine***

Maria: ***Rest now, that's the party-***

Maria/Nadya: ***Line***

HE PULLS NADYA'S EAR CLOSE TO HIS LIPS, INWARDLY FEARING THE WORST, THAT HE MAY BE DYING

Lenin: ***I beg you Nadiushka***
 If it's easily done
 Please get Inochka to quickly come

ACT 4 SCENE 8 – The next day. Moscow

Lenin's bedroom

LENIN SLEEPS & NADYA SITS ANXIOUSLY HOLDING HIS HAND. INESSA HURRIEDLY ENTERS. SHE LOOKS EVER MORE HARASSED, TIRED & UNWELL

Inessa: ***Security! Three searches. I'd say that's a bit extreme?***

INESSA LEANS OVER LENIN & TEARFULLY CARESSES HIS FOREHEAD

Inessa (angrily): ***But when he was gunned down
Guards nowhere to be found***

SHE KISSES NADYA & TAKES LENIN'S OTHER HAND

Inessa: ***How is he? Will he...oh Nadya!***

SHE SOBS ON NADYA'S SHOULDER. NADYA GETS HER A CHAIR

Nadya: ***Sit down my dear you are a nervous wreck
They removed one bullet
But one stays lodged in his neck
For now they say it is no threat
But too risky to try and get it out
See he sleeps and dreams no doubt
Of achieving another Menshevik rout!***

Inessa: ***Oh my God my poor Volodya
And Kaplan the traitor - assassin
That Social Revolutionary snitch
They shot her I hope, the bitch!***

Nadya: ***What are you saying dear?
Are we no better than the tsar?
Who would merrily hang, shoot and torture?***

Remember Volodya's brother?

STALIN SLIPS IN LISTENING & NODDING WITH HIS PRIESTLY SMILE

Nadya: ***A revolutionist shot by our revolution?
I think not. Impermissible, no question...***

GENTLY STROKING LENIN'S HEAD

Nadya: ***He would not want that
And I think nor do we***

SHE GIVE A SIDELONG GLANCE TO STALIN

Nadya: ***And we will rid ourselves entirely of death and cruelty
Bolsheviks reject the death penalty
So Kaplan will be fairly tried and jailed
By our Central Committee***

Inessa: ***Of course Nadya you are right, yes of course so right
It's just seeing him
I nearly died of fright***

SHE STROKES LENIN'S CHEEK. STALIN EXITS

Inessa: ***I just can't think straight***

NADYA TAKES INESSA'S HANDS IN HERS

Nadya: ***But how are you my dear speak the truth?
You look worn out***

Inessa: ***Oh it's nothing I'm a little tired I guess that would be true
Party work is endless, there's always work to do
And I'm still a delegate to the Congress of Soviets***

*And I still edit our crazy
Women's Worker journal*

Inessa/Nadya:

*Too
I fear I've bitten off more than I can chew...*

*Yet Nadya, see what victories we have won
And the revolution it is barely one year done
There's so
Much to be so proud of*

Inessa/Nadya:

*For with Kollontai we've set up factory crèches
Communal kitchens, canteens, laundries all in public places
Women show their faces
Very soon domestic drudgery, women's work
Will be just a sour memory!*

*Divorce is free, automatic
Just collect it at the post office
No probes about faithfulness
Sign here...get rid of drunken Boris*

THEY HI-FIVE!

*At last women are free from tiresome lechery
Abortion legal, banished illegitimacy*

Inessa:

All children born free and equal

Inessa/Nadya:

Regardless of paternity

*So many struggles, Nadya
Literacy, education and birth-control, not to mention*

Inessa/Nadya:

Sexual health and prostitution

Inessa:

Self defense, political

Inessa/Nadya:

Leadership for women

So many campaigns with so many gains and yet...

Inessa:

***Yet I still cry myself to sleep every single night
We won the revolution but I can't stop feeling numb
I should be grateful, should be glad
Look at him lying over there, the huge price he has paid
The life of sacrifice that he has made
But still I feel sad, still I feel so sad***

Nadya: ***You are simply all worn out my poor sweet dear
Are your quarters okay is there food enough to eat?***

LENIN AWAKENS. HE HEARS INESSA & SEES HER HAGGARD STATE

Inessa: ***Oh I'm alright, the same as most I guess
A small room not much heat, the lights go off
Little to eat
I would kill for something nice and sweet!***

***But like the rest I'll live, make do more or less
My life has hit a wall I'm so ashamed I do confess
My misery seems self-inflicted
I feel so depressed***

Lenin (groggily): ***Good comrades need their beauty sleep
And their bed rest***

Inessa: ***Oh Volodya you're awake at last***

THE WOMEN FUSS OVER HIM

Inessa: ***You make me weep
Make me weep***

ACT 4 SCENE 9 – August 1920, Moscow. 2 years later

A room in the Kremlin

LENIN PACES, NADYA FIDGETS. BOTH BECOME INCREASINGLY DESPERATE

Nadya: *It's still a war zone*
Volodya you sent her to a war zone...to get some rest!

Lenin: *It's a health spa Nadya*
They told me it was clear, free from all hostile force

Nadya: *The Caucasus*
Have we not been battling foes there for years?
A leader should know that!

Lenin: *What a mistake I made Nadya*
Tell me how to fix it?

Nadya/Lenin: *What is happening, where is she?*
The phone lines are down

Lenin: *No answer to my*

Lenin/Nadya: *Cables. Evacuate her now!*

Lenin: *Oh my poor Inochka...*
Am I not the head of the Soviet State?

Lenin/Nadya: *Why this procrastination?*

Lenin: *Where is my Inessa?*

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. LENIN COMPOSES HIMSELF

Lenin: *Enter comrade*

A MESSENGER HANDS LENIN A CABLE. LENIN READS IT, LOOKS AT NADYA,
THEN DROPS THE PAPER. IT FLUTTERS TO THE FLOOR. INESSA IS DEAD

ACT 4 SCENE 10 – August 1920, Kislovodsk (the Caucasus)

A dingy hotel room

INESSA SITS ALONE PLAYING AN OLD PIANO. SHE IS DETACHED, DEFEATED & DELIRIOUS FROM THE AFFECTS OF CHOLERA. MORTARS & SHELLING RUMBLE IN THE DISTANCE

Inessa: *I remember the story of Lazarus
Who rose from the dead
On him remained the mark of death that fearful sign
And friends who saw him were so scared they chose
To run away*

*Like him I am a living corpse
I am dead among the living...
There is no-one save the children
And Volodya I once cared for
I am a living corpse
Dead among the living...*

ACT 4 SCENE 11 – October 12 1920, Moscow. A few weeks later

The Red Graveyard in Red Square

INESSA LIES IN A ZINC-LINED BIER. HER BODY IS COVERED WITH WHITE HYACINTHS. SHE IS CARRIED BY AN ENDLESS STREAM OF WOMEN WORKERS SINGING *THE INTERNATIONALE*. SOME WOMEN HOLD BANNERS PROCLAIMING: *LEADERS MAY DIE, BUT THEIR DEEDS LIVE!* ALSO: *LEADERS DIE, BUT THE CAUSE LIVES ON!*

Women: ***The Internationale unites the human race, so
Comrades let's rally
And the last fight let us face
The Internationale unites the human race***

LENIN, NADYA, ALEXANDER & HIS CHILDREN, KOLLONTAI, MARIA ULYANOVA & TROTSKY SLOWLY FOLLOW THE BIER. LENIN IS ALMOST UNRECOGNISABLE; STOOPED, BROKEN, TEARFUL & DISTRAUGHT UNDER A LARGE HAT, COVERING HIS DISTRESS. INNA & VARVARA CLING TO NADYA SOBBING. THE CASKET IS SET DOWN & KOLLONTAI SLOWLY MOVES TO IT. SHE PLACES A HAND ON ITS SIDE & BEGINS THE EULOGY

Kollontai: ***We call ourselves communists but are we really?
Instead we draw life's essence from those who come to us
And when they're no longer any use
We let them fall by the wayside neglected and forgotten***

***Our comradeship is a dead letter if we don't give ourselves
To those comrades who need us while toiling for the cause
Let us resist communism such as this
For it slays the best in our ranks
And Inessa was the best***

***She inspired working women in Russia and the world
But now cholera, over-work have taken her away
At the age of forty-six, a travesty for our great cause***

So rest in peace dear Inna your work is done

KOLLONTAI KISSES INESSA & RETURNS TO THE MOURNERS. ONE BY ONE ALEXANDER, THE CHILDREN & LENIN APPROACH THE COFFIN & KISS HER. NADYA IS THE LAST. SHE TAKES OUT HER TWO COPPER WEDDING RINGS FROM A POCKET. ONE SHE PLACES ON HER FINGER, THE OTHER SHE KISSES & PLACES ON INESSA'S FINGER. SHE LOOKS AT LENIN WHO BREAKS DOWN SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY & HAS TO BE SUPPORTED BY INNA. NADYA RETURNS TO VARVARA, INNA, & THE OTHER CHILDREN. THEY HUDDLE TOGETHER STRICKEN BY GRIEF

Nadya (to the children): ***Children you belong to us now so we live for you and
With your father we will cherish you as our own
For as your mother saw the truth and knew that it would be
An honour bestowed, unearned and free***

NADYA EMBRACES THE CHILDREN AS WORKERS RAISE THE RED FLAG

Kollontai/Sopranos: ***They say love takes the first place***

Lenin/Tenors: ***In a person's life they say***

Nadya/Altos: ***But in my case love was never the only song***

Alexander/Basses: ***It lives on our noble cause***

Kollontai/Sopranos: ***And I sacrifice my love for it***

Len./Kol./Sops/Tens: ***No matter how painful***

All: ***So I now know
Love is nothing
So very small
Compared to the struggle
For a better world for all***

END.