

# **Liberty and Love**

By Brian Maitland

**Cast List:**

Ferenc:	Late fifties, father of Jazmin. Retired Baker.
Jazmin:	Twenties. Devout Communist. Hairdresser.
Elek:	Twenties. Devout Hungarian nationalist, very attractive.
Alexander:	Early fifties, KGB officer. Former family friend of Ferenc.
Anastasia:	Twenties. Jazmin's hairdressing colleague.
Student President:	Twenties. Class president at BUTE.
Andris:	Twenties. Male student at BUTE. Revolutionary.
Sandor:	Twenties. Male student at BUTE. Revolutionary.
Lujza:	Twenties. Female student at BUTE. Revolutionary.
Miklos:	Twenties. Male student at BUTE. Revolutionary.
Ensemble:	Various ages. Student revolutionaries and regular civilians.

## Scene 1 An empty stage

*An empty stage with no dressing. FERENC enters.*

Ferenc: Liberty and Love. These two I must have. For my love I sacrifice my life. For my liberty I sacrifice my love. Isten hozott a Budapest, Magyarország... Welcome to Budapest in Hungary. The year is 1956.

*(ENSEMBLE enters stage, holding Hungarian flags with holes cut out of the centre as well as anti-communist slogans.)*

Ferenc: The fires of independence burn brightly in the hearts of our land's young people.

Andris: Death to Rakosi!

Sandor: Send the Red Army home!

Ferenc: Magyarok, take up arms! Take to the streets, free our nation from the red dogs. Naturally, that is what any strong Magyarok would say. Not me.

*(ENSEMBLE exits stage. JAZMIN enters.)*

Jazmin: Papa, are you ready? I am going to be late for work.

*(FERENC acknowledges her.)*

Ferenc: My daughter, sweet Jazmin. She looks just like her mother, Zsofia.

Jazmin: Come on!

*(JAZMIN exits. FERENC cleans his ear.)*

Ferenc: And sounds like her too.

*(FERENC shouts after her.)*

Ferenc: Coming Lelkelm! It's better to keep our heads down and keep quiet. That is what my Zsofia would say.

*(FERENC nods towards JAZMIN.)*

Ferenc: She will grow up safe.

*(FERENC exits stage. Soviet national anthem plays and radio tuning sound effects play. Projection of Budapest University of Technology and Economics is displayed on the background.)*

Radio: Reporting from Budapest University of Technology and Economics, students of the previously banned MEFESZ union have joined together denouncing Communist rule and promoting a free Hungary. Tensions are high officials fear a spread of insubordination. We go now to...

## **Scene 2 A street in Budapest, late morning**

*The projection changes to a street scene in Budapest. FERENC and JAZMIN enter with outdoor coats on. FERENC is holding car keys and looks back offstage, inspecting his parking. JAZMIN walks on ahead.*

Jazmin: Immature children, don't they know that our way of life provides us everything we need?

Ferenc: It is good to stand up for something though. You believe in your thing and they can believe in theirs.

Jazmin: Yes, but Papa their way is wrong. They don't know what they are talking about, they are only going to get themselves killed.

Ferenc: It's okay, it will pass I'm sure. Your brother will be fine.

Jazmin: I don't care about Josef. If he wants to go off and play soldiers, he can. He is always insulting what I have to say.

Ferenc: Jazmin, he is your brother. You wouldn't let your mother hear what you just said.

*(JAZMIN looks as if she is about to respond but resigns.)*

Ferenc: Now, I will come get you here at closing time, yes? Or are you going to the library after this again?

Jazmin: I will go to the library papa.

Ferenc: Ok, enjoy and don't come home too late. You have a good day, sweetheart.

Jazmin: Thank you, you too papa.

*(They hug. JAZMIN exits stage.)*

Ferenc: Stay safe.

*(ALEXANDER enters flicking a cigarette lighter.)*

Alexander: Szia, Ferenc.

*(FERENC turns and acknowledges him.)*

Ferenc: Szia.

*(ALEXANDER sits down on the back of the stage, puts his lighter in his pocket and beckons FERENC over.)*

Alexander: I have to say, I miss the loaves you used to make. The Ferenc Molnar bakery, the bread and butter of Budapest! I remember it fondly.

Ferenc: Isn't your new baker just as good?

Alexander: No. Not at all, he's just a boy. Couldn't care less about what he makes, as long as he sells it.

Ferenc: Well, my days slaving in front of an oven are over, Alexander.

Alexander: Budapest is worse off for it.

*(They laugh.)*

Ferenc: Anyway, what can I do for you?

Alexander: A fine day for a revolution don't you think, Ferenc?

Ferenc: You have heard the news?

Alexander: Heard it? I have seen it. The university is mobbed with school boys screaming for change. Dark times are ahead for Hungary.

Ferenc: Indeed. What can be done?

Alexander: We can start by dealing with the problems at home.

*(FERENC looks concerned.)*

Alexander: Your boy...Josef.

Ferenc: My son Josef...yes. What about him?

Alexander: A member of this so called MEFESZ union. He is playing a dangerous game, my friend.

Ferenc: He is a grown man now, he wants to do his own thing.

*(ALEXANDER stands up and faces FERENC.)*

Alexander: We do not do our 'own thing' here, you would do well to remind Josef of that. I am saying this because I like you, Ferenc, but my duty always comes first.

*(Beat.)*

Ferenc: Thank you.

Alexander: Your family should always come first. Do not forget this, Ferenc. Zsofia never would.

*(FERENC looks away. ALEXANDER exits. FERENC looks on after him.)*

Ferenc: I never do *(pause)*, I never do.

*(ENSEMBLE runs on stage waving Hungarian flags, they start chanting.)*

Ensemble: Russian dogs out! Russian dogs out!

*(ANDRIS enters and brings out a USSR flag. SANDOR enters and douses it in petrol whilst three more get their lighters out. A bright flash of light engulfs the stage and goes to black out. Their laughter and chants fade out.)*

### **Scene 3 Hairdresser Salon, late morning**

*Hairdresser's salon setting with two empty chairs and a coat stand. ANASTASIA is sweeping up hair. A small bell rings as JAZMIN enters.*

Anastasia: Good morning, Jazmin.

Jazmin: Hi Anastasia. You have had customers in already?

Anastasia: Yes. Someone... a boy. Going to join the protests today he said.

Jazmin: Protests, protests! Can I go a minute without hearing about the damn protests?

*(JAZMIN takes her coat off and puts on her apron.)*

Anastasia: Oh, someone is a bit on edge today. Relax sister.

Jazmin: The only way I can relax is if someone ... had a certain bottle of schnapps at hand.

*(They giggle as ANASTASIA pulls out a small bottle from her apron.)*

Anastasia: It's only 11 am Jazmin, we can't start drinking now.

*(JAZMIN takes the bottle and takes a sip.)*

Jazmin: What better time to start? Only way to get through the day.

*(ANASTASIA takes the bottle back, nods in agreement and takes a sip herself and hides it back in her apron.)*

Anastasia: It's only haircuts, it's not like you are a tank engineer for the Red army (laughs).

Jazmin: I wouldn't mind that. Put me in front of something that has no hair.

*(Small bell ring as ELEK enters and takes off his jacket and hangs it up on the coat hanger. ANASTASIA nods to JAZMIN, signaling that this is her customer. ANASTASIA continues to sweep up hair off stage.)*

Anastasia: Work, work, work.

*(ANASTASIA exits. ELEK makes eye contact with JAZMIN.)*

Elek: Hello, let's make this fast please, I must get going.

Jazmin: Hah *(salutes him mockingly)*, yes sir!

*(ELEK sits down in the chair, while JAZMIN prepares her hairdressing equipment.)*

Elek: Have you been busy today?

Jazmin: Ask me again in thirty seconds, I'll have a different answer for you then. Yourself? You are a student?

Elek: Yes actually.

Jazmin: What do you study?

Elek: Engineering. Mechanical, you know?

Jazmin: You want to build tanks for the Red army, yes?

Elek: *(laughs)* Never.

Jazmin: You would get a good salary, I would imagine.

Elek: I have no doubt, but I would never work for the Russians.

*(JAZMIN looks uneasy.)*

Jazmin: *(mockingly)* Are you one of those angry students that wants to fight for a so-called better world and a "free Hungary"?

Elek: As a matter of fact, I am. Now are you going to cut my hair or are you going to shit on my ideas all morning?

*(JAZMIN looks at him disapprovingly while she begins to cut the back of his hair. After a few beats of cutting his hair, she continues to speak.)*

Jazmin: The system we have is good though. I have a job, I have a roof over my head. We are safe from the Americans and their greedy ways.

Elek: You like hairdressing, yes?

*(A beat.)*

Jazmin: That is debatable.

Elek: Wouldn't you like to keep all the money you make?

Jazmin: I earn enough.

Elek: That's not what I asked you. What if you got to keep all the money you get from this haircut and not give it to your boss, who will give you a fraction of what you are worth?

Jazmin: That would just be greedy.

Elek: Think about it...

*(He pulls away from the haircut and gestures for her name. She hesitates.)*

Jazmin: Jazmin.

Elek: What a beautiful name...Jazmin. How much do you earn?

Jazmin: Um...

Elek: How much do you earn?

Jazmin: 600 Forints a month, give or take.

Elek: And how much money do you handle every day?

Jazmin: I don't know, 600?

Elek: What if all that was yours, and it wasn't handed to us by big bosses that thought they were doing us a favor?

*(JAZMIN puts her scissors down.)*

Jazmin: I see what you are trying to do, and no it will not work! The USSR is rebuilding Hungary, we will be "The Land of Iron, Steel and Machinery". Hungary will be the jewel of Eastern Europe.

Elek: And who will benefit from that? Jazmin? Or Khrushchev? They are ripping all the worth from Hungary.

*(JAZMIN falls silent. ELEK turns around and sits back in his chair, as JAZMIN walks away and leans on the other chair pondering to herself.)*

Elek: Now if you don't mind, I need my hair cut. I have a protest to attend.

*(JAZMIN slowly turns her head to ELEK and chuckles.)*

Jazmin: What was your name again?

Elek: My name is Elek.

Jazmin: It is...good to meet you, Elek.

*(They smile at each other. Blackout. A projection of the Stalin Monument is shown at the back. Students and ENSEMBLE enter pulling on a rope. Everyone is cheering and chanting)*

Lujza: Burn in hell Stalin!

Miklos: Down with the Communist dogs!

*(Their shouts quieten as STUDENT PRESIDENT (S.P) enters stage)*

S.P: Students of Budapest. The following resolution was born on 22<sup>nd</sup> of October 1956. In the Hall of the Technological University, as a result of the spontaneous movement of several thousand of the Hungarian youth, who love their Fatherland. One, we demand the withdrawal of all Soviet Troops. Two, we demand free elections. Three, all criminal leaders of the Stalinist era must go.

*(More students assist with the pulling of the rope)*

Lujza: Come on, almost there!

Miklos: It's breaking.

S.P: We demand general elections, universal suffrage, secret ballots...a new national assembly. The right to strike!

Andris: It's going.

Sandor: Just a little more.

S.P:               And we demand that the Stalin statue, this symbol of Stalinist tyranny and political oppression, should be removed as quickly as possible and that a memorial worthy of the freedom fighters and martyrs of 1848-49 should be erected here.

*(The students start pulling with ease as the lights fade. A projection of the fallen Stalin Statue is Displayed.)*

#### **Scene 4 Blank Space, Day**

*The Projection of Stalin's statue remains. FERENC enters smoking a cigarette.*

Ferenc:           The 24th of October, and Budapest is livelier than ever.

*(LUJZA and MIKLOS run past him holding rifles.)*

Lujza:            This way!

Miklos:          The tanks are here, get down!

*(They exit.)*

Ferenc:          Very lively. I have not seen my son Josef in two days, I want to go searching for him but they have announced a curfew over the radio. If I go out there, who will be left to look after my Jazmin? We cannot lose anyone else. I must go out there, Soviets and Nationalists be damned – I cannot let my family be broken once more.

*(FERENC starts to move towards an exit.)*

Ferenc:          No Ferenc. He is a man now, he can do what he wants.

*(FERENC moves back to his original spot.)*

Ferenc:          If he dies, what would Zsofia say? She would want the safety of both of her children. I taught him well from a young age – or at least I thought I did. Keep your head down and keep it intact. We will be safe from those that seek to cause us harm. He definitely listened to me, but did he understand? No. Now he goes and throws himself in front of Soviet cannons and becomes an additional number to the history books.

*(FERENC crouches with his head in his hand.)*

Ferenc: Another additional number.

*(FERENC composes himself and rises again. He takes another drag of his cigarette.)*

Ferenc: He is everything I could have hoped for in a son. A warrior, a believer...a true Magyorak. A true Hungarian. Be safe my son.

*(FERENC throws his cigarette away. He stares out into the distance.)*

Ferenc: The Soviets are here now. Who knows what will happen to Budapest? You ask any of those children down there, and they will say we will be our own republic by the end of the week. Fools, the Russians are numerous – if they manage to kill one red, there will be ten more to replace him. Those poor children, politics is to blame. Politicians from the start of time have been killing us, taking our boys lives one way or another. From chiefs, to kings, to parties, pulling the strings of society, and playing us like puppets. They send us to far-off lands to steal gold, to fill their dirty pockets and we die. And if we don't like it, they send other puppets to us and we die. We defend our masters against other dirty masters and of course, we die. Who do we turn to? Ourselves. We are our own kings – the only ones who can truly care for what we want. I don't trust Communists, I don't trust Capitalists – I don't trust anyone.

*(FERENC turns towards the Stalin Statue projection.)*

Ferenc: Then perhaps this revolution is for me, no? Maybe, but for today let's stay alive.

*(JAZMIN enters, drunk. Holding a half empty bottle.)*

Ferenc: Lelkelm?

*(FERENC goes to assist her, she defends against his touch.)*

Jazmin: Jazmin, Jazmin! My name is Jazmin.

*(FERENC turns away as if he knows this situation well.)*

Ferenc: Where are you going?

Jazmin: Where am I going? Who cares where I am going? To save the world, that's where I am going.

Ferenc: No Jazmin, don't you dare leave. You are all I have left.

Jazmin: Who cares Papa?

*(FERENC is taken aback.)*

Ferenc: Who cares? Who cares!? I care. you insolent...

*(FERENC restrains himself)*

Jazmin: I am not waiting here to die. I will go out and defeat them all myself if I have to.

*(She makes a dash for the exit, but FERENC grabs her and holds her.)*

Ferenc: You would kill your own brother?

Jazmin: Let go of me. I need to see him.

Ferenc: See him? No, you will not see Josef right now.

Jazmin: I don't want to see Josef.

Ferenc: What? Then who do you want to see?

*(JAZMIN mumbles.)*

Jazmin: Elek.

Ferenc: Speak up girl!

Jazmin: Elek! I am going to see Elek.

Ferenc: The revolutionary boy from the hair salon!?

*(Ferenc pushes Jazmin back to Centre stage, but her loss of balance causes her to collapse.)*

Ferenc: You will die out there, don't you understand?

*(JAZMIN rolls over and tries to pick herself up.)*

Ferenc: The Soviet Union, The Russian Empire, is at our front door and they are killing anyone they see as a threat. If you join them they will kill you too.

Jazmin: Elek will protect me.

Ferenc: Jazmin, my love, what has gotten in to you?

*(FERENC attempts to help her up.)*

Jazmin: Go away. Who needs you?

Ferenc: I won't let you die too.

Jazmin: Did you stop mama from dying?

*(FERENC stops.)*

Jazmin: Did you save her when she needed you the most?

*(FERENC stands up and walks away, completely expressionless.)*

Jazmin: Weak.

*(JAZMIN takes a drink of her vodka and exits. FERENC looks out in the distance and eventually her words begin to sink in as he is filled with guilt.)*

Ferenc: Zsofia. I'm sorry.

*(He pauses, takes out another cigarette and lights it.)*

Ferenc: My children have been without you for twelve years now, but look at how much they have grown. Your Josef is fighting for freedom, your Jazmin is protecting the one she loves. Both of them are true Hungarians. Your children are everything I am not...Liberty and Love. I guess you could not be more proud of them, eh?

*(FERENC sits down at the back of the stage.)*

Ferenc: I wish you were here to guide them better than I could my dear. I have tried to protect them from the evils of the world, the same evils that got you. We bought time, the night they came into our house and took you. You told me to escape out the back door with

the children. “Live Ferenc, live”, you said. You sacrificed your life for me to protect them. I should have said no a thousand times more and taken you with us. But your bravery saved our lives, and for what? For them to be killed. By thugs of yet another land? I should have stayed while you ran, but I didn’t and I will never forgive myself for it. The Nazis are gone now, but who remains to lead us? The Soviets? The Students? God help us all, Zsofia.

*(FERENC exits. Radio tuning sound effects play whilst a montage of photographs from the revolution, are displayed.)*

Radio: Good afternoon. After another night of fighting through our streets between the citizens of Budapest and the Soviet Forces, large casualties are recorded on both sides. We do not know what will come of these episodes of violence. Soviet tanks have opened fire on a peaceful demonstration taking place in Parliament Square. We do not have an official number on the death toll, but we fear that the number will be very high. Stay safe.

### **Scene 5 A street in Budapest, Day.**

*ELEK and SANDOR, LUJZA and MIKLOS are crouching, holding guns looking at the body of ANDRIS.*

Elek: Rest in peace comrade.

Sandor: I don’t know if we can keep this up Elek. More Soviets will be here soon, you know this?

Elek: Keep calm, please. The Americans will be here, and with their help we can secure this victory.

Sandor: How do you know!?

*(ELEK looks confused)*

Sandor: How do you know that the Americans are just lying to us? Radio Free Budapest says that we can defeat the Soviets, but where are they right now? Elek, what will happen to

us tomorrow? Will we be alive and free? Or will we be lying dead in the Danube? You don't know, do you?

Elek: I know that we are on the right side of history.

*(ELEK puts his hand on his shoulder.)*

Elek: Please. We will win, I promise.

*(SANDOR pats ELEK'S hand and nods.)*

Elek: We must stay here for now. Please take Andris' body and keep it away from harm, I will watch out for Reds.

Lujza: Alright Elek, come on.

*(SANDOR, LUJZA and MIKLOS take ANDRIS offstage. ELEK sits down and counts his bullets. JAZMIN enters and creeps up behind him.)*

Jazmin: Surrender Hungarian scum!

*(ELEK leaps up and points his rifle at JAZMIN, who recoils slightly at the sight of the gun.)*

Elek: Jazmin!?

Jazmin: Did you miss me?

*(They hug.)*

Elek: I told you already, this is no place for you. Go back home to your father.

Jazmin: No, I can't.

Elek: If you get killed out here, I will never forgive myself.

Jazmin: They can't kill me, I am one of them after all.

Elek: They do not care for that, you are a Hungarian woman – that's all the permission they need to put a bullet through your head Jazmin. Now go, I will see you when this is all over.

Jazmin: And when will that be? Tomorrow? Next year?

Elek: I don't know (*pause*), soon. How is your father?

Jazmin: I haven't seen him in the last few days.

Elek: Go to him and make sure he is safe, he will be worried sick.

Jazmin: I know but I am worried about you. I cannot stop thinking about you since the other night.

Elek: Jazmin, I will be fine.

Jazmin: And your friend over there that just got dragged off? What makes you stronger than him? Is he fine?

*(ELEK stays silent, closes his eyes and faces the other way.)*

Jazmin: I'm sorry, I just care too much.

Elek: Jazmin, you need to leave.

Jazmin: No!

*(They look at each other in silence, Jazmin walks past him and looks ahead.)*

Jazmin: I have never seen this road so empty. I remember playing in a small playground over there as a little girl with Mama and Josef, a long time ago. Papa would be working at our bakery while we played. Josef's favorite was the slide, mine was the swings. The see-saw? No. We would never go on that one together. I don't remember when we stopped going, but things changed.

Elek: The Arrow Cross?

Jazmin: Bastards. My mother was Jewish, and by association so were we. We never went to the playground again. They took her in the night, whilst the rest of us ran out of the back door, and hid in a family friend's house. Four months we hid in the attic of that horrid house, keeping quiet and not making a sound. I do not remember much, but we were

hungry...so very hungry. Papa said the Soviets were coming, I did not know who they were then, except that they hated the men that took Mama. That was good enough for me. We left the attic one cold morning, and Papa kept us safe, and tried to rebuild our lives. Our home, our bakery ... we made it out alive. Every building on this street was damaged, except the playground. The playground stayed standing, but I had seen too much pain and suffering. I did not want to play again. Elek, one day I want my children to play there, and not know the pain and suffering I went through. Nazis, Communists or...

*(JAZMIN starts to cry. She looks at ELEK.)*

Jazmin: Or Hungarians. I want my children to live in a land with no fear.

*(ELEK puts his arm around JAZMIN.)*

Elek: That day will come Jazmin, trust me.

Jazmin: Do you promise?

Elek: I promise.

*(They share a kiss.)*

Jazmin: Give me a gun.

*(ELEK recoils.)*

Elek: What?

Jazmin: I said give me a gun.

Elek: Are you insane Jazmin?

Jazmin: If ending this fight is the only way for us, then I will speed up the process.

Elek: What...no, I...You would kill Soviet soldiers just to see me?

Jazmin: I would kill Soviet soldiers for the chance for my kids to play in that park.

*(ELEK tries to find the words to say. He composes himself.)*

Elek: Jazmin, I will not let you do this. You can't join us.

Jazmin: Fine. Then I begin my own revolution right now.

*(JAZMIN walks off-stage, still speaking. ELEK looks on after her in complete bewilderment)*

Jazmin: I, the Jazmin Molnar People's Liberation army, declare war on the Soviet Union as of today. I will take that, thank you very much.

*(JAZMIN re-enters with a rifle and poses like a soldier.)*

Jazmin: Attention!

Elek: You are really doing this?

Jazmin: Yes I am, Elek, and you are not going to stop me.

Elek: First looting...

*(He gestures off-stage.)*

Elek: ...and now rebellion against the state, in the space of fifteen seconds? You are an interesting one, Jazmin Molnar.

*(They laugh. LUJZA, SANDOR and MIKLOS enter.)*

Sandor: Reds, Elek, that way!

Elek: How many?

Lujza: More than twenty.

Elek: Let's get out of here.

*(SANDOR, LUJZA and MIKLOS exit. ELEK and JAZMIN stay. ELEK begins to exit but turns around.)*

Elek: Are you sure about this?

Jazmin: Just try and stop me.

*(They both exit together. A projection of Imre Nagy appears at the back.)*

Radio: This is Imre Nagy. The newly formed government of Hungary, with immediate effect, no longer accepts the terms of the Warsaw Pact and will withdraw from the agreement. We are now a neutral nation. We also announce the abolition of the secret police and will begin far reaching democracy for the first time in this nation's history...

*(Radio static sound effect.)*

### **Scene 6, Ferenc's home – Night**

*FERENC is slumped in an armchair, asleep. JAZMIN walks in holding her rifle. She places it at the back.*

Jazmin: Papa. We've done it!

*(He is unresponsive.)*

Jazmin: Papa?

*(JAZMIN goes up to him and shakes him.)*

Ferenc: Jazmin?

*(He begins to recognize her.)*

Ferenc: You are home?

Jazmin: Yes Papa, and we have beaten them back! We have won!

*(FERENC rises out of his chair.)*

Ferenc: You impudent little girl!

*(He grabs her arm and throws her into his chair.)*

Ferenc: I was out in the streets looking for you and Josef all day, and you join your brother on the barricades? Am I the only one here that wants his family to stay alive!?

*(She rises out of the chair.)*

Jazmin: Papa it's okay. We have won, the revolution is over.

Ferenc: You know nothing. The Soviets will come, and they will not stop until all of Hungary turns red.

Jazmin: Then we will kill every last one of them!

Ferenc: I don't know you anymore!

*(FERENC turns away in a fit of rage.)*

Jazmin: Papa!

*(Three loud knocks are heard.)*

Jazmin: Who is that?

*(ALEXANDER's voice is heard offstage.)*

Alexander: Open up! Ferenc. Open up, this is the KGB.

Jazmin: Papa, what is going on?

*(FERENC looks worried.)*

Ferenc: Go upstairs.

Jazmin: Papa, I...

Ferenc: Go! Whatever you do, do not come downstairs.

*(JAZMIN runs offstage. FERENC walks the other way. He is immediately thrown back on stage as ALEXANDER walks on.)*

Alexander: Szia, Ferenc.

Ferenc: Alexander. Heh, what can I do for you?

Alexander: This is a familiar scene for you, is it not? Well for Zsofia, at least. Except, you are here instead of her and no one will protect your children this time.

Ferenc: What are you doing Alexander? Nagy announced an end to you bastards.

Alexander: I do what I want Ferenc. Nagy isn't in charge here, or he won't be in the next few days.

Ferenc: The Red Army is on it's way?

*(ALEXANDER advances on him and steps on FERENC's hand.)*

Alexander: Precisely. But, I thought I should pay my good friend...Ferenc Molnar a visit.

*(FERENC yelps in pain.)*

Alexander: Where is your daughter?

Ferenc: I don't know.

*(ALEXANDER slaps FERENC on the back of the head.)*

Alexander: Surely you have seen her. I know I have. Holding a rifle...with the students.

Ferenc: She would never do that, she is a communist just like you.

Alexander: And yet there she was, fighting alongside them. You have some explaining to do, Ferenc.

Ferenc: I don't know what you are talking about, you are imagining things.

Alexander: I wish I was.

*(ALEXANDER kicks FERENC in the chest which causes him to fall onto his back.)*

Alexander: But, I suppose the family needs at least more than one revolutionary. Especially when the other one dies, and needs to be replaced.

*(A beat. FERENC rolls over and ALEXANDER looks away.)*

Ferenc: What?

Alexander: Josef is dead.

*(A beat.)*

Ferenc: No.

Alexander: He has been dead for two days now. Didn't your daughter tell you that?

Ferenc: She didn't say...

Alexander: Ah, so you have seen her!?

Ferenc: No I mean...

Alexander: Quiet!

*(ALEXANDER turns and points a gun at FERENC.)*

Alexander: Zsafia would have been proud of him, Ferenc. Unlike you, running away all the time and keeping your head down. He fought to the last man, defending his position.

Ferenc: Josef...

*(ALEXANDER looks away and lowers his gun.)*

Alexander: He even defeated the group soldiers that he was fighting; a true warrior.

*(ALEXANDER shifts his eyes back towards FERENC.)*

Alexander: It's a good thing he did not know who I really was when I came over to "assist" him.

*(ALEXANDER makes a sinister gesture towards his gun.)*

Ferenc: What?

Alexander: I'm glad you kept my job a secret from him, Ferenc.

Ferenc: You bastard!

*(FERENC lunges towards him but ALEXANDER punches him in the face causing him to recoil backwards and ends up back on the floor. ALEXANDER laughs as FERENC clutches his face in pain. Blood starts to leak from Ferenc's face.)*

Alexander: If it makes you feel any better, it was a painless death. I will admit that it hurt me a bit. Uncle Alexander from birth, Uncle Alexander until death.

Ferenc: He trusted you.

Alexander: His mistake.

*(ALEXANDER walks up to FERENC and holds the gun underneath his chin.)*

Alexander: Now tell me, where is the girl?

Ferenc: I know nothing.

Alexander: One more chance Ferenc! Where...is...

*(A noise is heard offstage. ALEXANDER looks off and FERENC's begins to look worried.)*

Alexander: Oh, is little Jazmin home? So soon?

*(ALEXANDER rises and begins to walk off stage)*

Alexander: Oh Jazmin! Uncle Alexander wants to play!

*(ALEXANDER exits. FERENC notices the rifle left by JAZMIN at the start of the scene. He grabs it and shoots offstage where ALEXANDER exited. FERENC drops the rifle, and clutches his head and sits back in the armchair. JAZMIN enters, looking towards ALEXANDER's body.)*

Jazmin: Oh my god Papa! Alexander...I heard everything. Are you okay?

*(FERENC does not respond.)*

Jazmin: Papa you are bleeding, let me get a cloth.

*(JAZMIN runs off-stage and collects a cloth. She quickly returns and dabs FERENC's face.)*

Jazmin: Josef is dead?

*(Pause.)*

Ferenc: Yes Jazmin.

Jazmin: Oh god, where is he?

Ferenc: I don't know, but we cannot go out and look for him.

Jazmin: I will find him Papa.

*(JAZMIN goes for her rifle.)*

Ferenc: No! Jazmin.

*(JAZMIN turns and looks at him as he begins to stumble out of his chair.)*

Ferenc: Jazmin, Lelkelm. We are leaving.

Jazmin: Papa?

Ferenc: We are leaving Budapest.

*(JAZMIN looks worried.)*

Jazmin: Papa no, we have won the battle. It's safe now.

Ferenc: The Russians are close by, Alexander told me so. Get in the car, we leave for Vienna.

Jazmin: No Papa, we cannot go. We must stay and fight them, Elek...

Ferenc: Elek!? Who is Elek? A mystical Hungarian warrior that will save the world?

*(JAZMIN remains silent and looks at her rifle.)*

Ferenc: Or a boy? A lost confused boy with dreams of glory?

Jazmin: At least he stands up for something.

Ferenc: You do not know anything. Jazmin, I love you.

*(JAZMIN looks away.)*

Jazmin: And I love Elek, I would die for him.

*(FERENC grabs his hair in frustration. Silence ensues. FERENC eventually looks up.)*

Ferenc: Jazmin, please. Do this for me...for your mother.

*(JAZMIN starts to shed a tear. She whispers.)*

Jazmin: For my love, I sacrifice my life...

*(JAZMIN looks at FERENC once more and exits. A beat.)*

Ferenc: And for liberty, you sacrifice your love.

*(FERENC begins to cry into his hands.)*

Ferenc: Jazmin...Josef.

*(He looks up.)*

Ferenc: Zsofia.

*(FERENC composes himself. He grabs a bag from behind the armchair, looks out front, and examines the situation outside.)*

Ferenc: I must go. The Russians, they're coming.

*(He exits. Car ignition sound effect plays. Blackout. A projection of the Hungarian revolutionary flag displays on the back. Radio tuning sound effect plays.)*

Radio: This is the last time the world will hear from the Free Hungarian radio. Nations of the world help us. Not with words, but action. If we fall, then the rest of the free world falls too. Help us, SOS! SOS! Hour by hour, darker and darker shadows are creeping over Hungary. May god be with you...and us.

### **Scene 7 Baross Square, Morning**

*(A projection of Baross Square is displayed at the back. Sound effects of gunfire and artillery can be heard. ELEK, JAZMIN, Lujza and Miklos are crouching behind a crate. Sandor and various other bodies are lying down with weapons in their hands. A ripped Hungarian national flag hangs over them from a pole planted in the ground.)*

Lujza: There are too many.

Elek: Hold!

*(MIKLOS gets shot and sprawls out onto the floor.)*

Jazmin: Miklos, no!

*(JAZMIN attempts to hold him but ELEK pulls her back)*

Elek: No don't, he's dead.

Lujza:           You bastards!

*(Lujza rises above the crate and begins shooting aimlessly before getting shot himself. He falls next to the rest of the bodies.)*

Jazmin:          Elek, there are too many of them.

*(ELEK drops his gun and holds JAZMIN's hands which are still clutching her gun.)*

Elek:            Jazmin. I'm sorry.

Jazmin:          What for?

Elek:            I'm sorry for bringing you into all of this.

Jazmin:          No Elek, I...

Elek:            Please listen. I should have never gone into that hairdresser. I'm sorry for that night and I'm sorry for letting you join us.

Jazmin:          Elek. For the first time in my life, I know what I'm doing is right.

Elek:            The playground, your kids, I...

Jazmin:          Maybe my kids won't play there. But maybe someone else's will one day. And I know in my heart I helped make that happen.

Elek:            Jazmin.

*(JAZMIN lowers her gun. She pulls out a small bottle from under her clothes.)*

Jazmin:          Here.

*(ELEK takes the bottle and sips it. He hands it back to her who takes a sip also. She drops the bottle and they share one last embrace. FERENC enters, covered in debris ash and dirt. He sees the two embracing each other and FERENC smiles upon seeing this. They don't notice him as they break their embrace, they both lift their rifles and return to their position. ELEK begins to shoot offstage but is shot and his body falls backwards. JAZMIN and FERENC run towards his body and both crouch over ELEK at the same time. She notices him.)*

Jazmin:          Papa, you came back?

*(He nods.)*

Jazmin: Please leave, get out of here.

Ferenc: Not without you, Jazmin.

Jazmin: Live Papa, live.

*(FERENC grabs JAZMIN'S hands.)*

Ferenc: I'm not running anymore. Never again.

Jazmin: I love you Papa.

Ferenc: I love you too, Lelkelm.

*(They hold hands. Gunfire sound effects grow louder. FERENC lets go of her hands. They both stand upright. He walks calmly towards the Hungarian flag at the back of the stage. The stage lights go out, with two spotlights remaining on JAZMIN and FERENC. As FERENC lifts the flag out of the stand. A gunshot sound effect plays, as the spotlight on JAZMIN goes out. FERENC raises the flag and waves it as the sound of gunfire and artillery get louder. Fade to black.)*

*End.*