Note :

All Tattoos are blue and old until the third Story where they become highly coloured.

Story of what needs to be done:

 I had a **father**,

 And a **mother**,

 And a **sister**. **all 3 represented just as single lines | | |**

 Here see?

One day, because my papa was a stubborn man, comrades in uniforms came.

**They put us on a train that plowed north.** **Train tracks leave arm onto wall**

 To a place of rock and ice.

To a place where nothing grows.

**Here**. **Rough map appearing**

 A camp where we mined the earth.

 …

 First my sister died. **Line crossed out**

 Of fever.

 Then not much longer.

 My mother. **Line crossed out**

 Dysentery.

 It was another full year before I lost papa too. **Last line crossed out**

 Dynamite that was too old.

 60 men gone.

 And this is how my heart broke. **Heart cracking**

 And this is the river of tears I cried. **Tears falling**

And this was the orphan I became**. Extra line drawn left alive (circled?)**

So I lay down.

I did not eat.

Or speak.

Or sleep

For weeks.

Until a man from Moscow, who had stolen much and killed many, picked me up in his arms and whispered to me.

‘You are not dead. So you must do what needs to be done’

And so a Moscovite murderer in the gulag took his ink and his pin and he gave me this.

The Story of **Doing What Needs To Be Done**. **Words that appear as if tattooed in real time**

*The tattoos start to move and swirl, slightly bigger than her and then fade.*

Story of trust must be rationed

*She climbs up onto part of the building.*

*Her arm is covered in tattoos*

*Old blue ones*

*Gulag drawn*

*They tell a story.*

Leah Here it is. **Arm/hand flings mouth onto wall, it forms…**

**A smile. A smile is tattooed on her arm**

The murderer from Moscow taught me many things.

 That when I was beaten I should not give in.

 When some man wanted to own me

 I should not lay down.

 When someone stole from me

 I should break their fingers

 …

You **are so beautiful my angle**. **Whispering lips in profile into ear**

You are the cleverest, comrade.

You are the only one capable enough to do this sister.

I have food.

I have warmth.

I have what you want.

Do not trust the eye that twinkles. **Twinkling eye of whispering lips**

**Tattoo of eye on hand twinkles also?**

Do not trust the arms that open wide for you too readily.

…

Then one day.

The door simply opened.

The guards told me, you go now.

Go on go.

Don’t look at me like that girl.

Go on, piss off.

…

Through a winter and a summer and an autumn, in ribbons that were once clothes, **I walked**. **Walking symbol (feet?)**

I lied and stole.

And once I almost killed.

From here.

Round to here. **Map**

From Siberia.

To my home.

Leningrad.

They said it couldn’t be done.

They said I would never be seen again.

They laughed and took bets on me as I started down the road.

But here I am.

**Montage of treacherous tattoos – a snake, dice, a dagger etc**

I did not go with the man who said he loved me.

I did not go with the old lady who promised me a new coat.

I did not go with the soldier who promised me vodka and a fire.

Because life is cheap.

But trust is precious.

A young woman I Ioved in the Omsk ghetto took her ink and pin and gave me this.

The Story of How Trust Must Be Rationed. **Words that appear as if tattooed in real time**

Story of making hard decisions

*Unbuttons her coat*

*She removes it.*

*She takes off all the layers on her torso.*

*Her body is covered in tattoos*

*Old blue ones*

*They tell a story.*

Leah When I got to Moscow

 I lost myself for a while.

 I liked vodka .

 Too much.

 I forgot myself.

 And the bottle started.

**Two vodka bottles on each side of the upper chest, they pour their contents that flow inbetween her breaats.**

**Augmented/animated.**

**2 bottles : 1 salvation/angel 1 demon/temptation**

 I fell in love.

 For the first time.

 In my third decade.

 And we drank, she and I, to forget.

 And we drank to be **happy. A symbol of happiness**

 And we drank to that **Georgian pig** Stalin. **A pig**

 And we drank to that old **goat Lenin**. **A goat**

 We drank til we were almost sober.

 We drank until I had blisters on my back.

 We drank in bars

 We drank in **hovels**

**All items now swirl and are coloured, it all becomes slightly manic and hallucinogenic as the thirst takes hold.**

**Clashing and chaotic.**

 We drank in **forests**

 We drank covered in our own piss.

 Then I heard a whisper.

 Turned me nearly mad.

 Then I heard a singing.

 That rang in my ears.

 Then I heard a shouting.

 That kept me awake at night.

 Then one long echoing scream.

And I knew that I had forgotten what kept me alive during the years in Siberia

 That I had forgotten what it was that made me walk a million miles.

 That I had forgotten where my heart truly lay.

 Leningrad. **The madness abruptly stop. Tranquility.**

 Beautiful Leningrad **Morphing into The Church of the Bleeding Heart**

 Calling me home.

 And so whilst my love slept, I picked up my coat and one pair of boots.

 And without a word I started to walk.

 I turned my back.

 To save myself.

 To save her.

 A year of wander. **Image finishes morphing**

 To Leningrad.

And I found some other souls who called me their own.

I found a little peace.

A beautiful young man who dressed as a girl took his ink and pin and gave me this.

The Story of **Making Hard Decisions. Words that appear as if tattooed in real time**

*The tattoos move around spreading our, spilling out, falling out of her across the walls. Taking over the space.*

*Leah then crawls down.*

*To her bed.*