

# THE ZONE

by Daniele Del Monaco

loosely based on *Roadside Picnic* by Arkady Strugatsky & Boris Strugatsky, and *The Conference of birds* by Farid ad-Din Attar

## I - A LOUD NOISE

### PROFESSOR

Our small country has changed.  
We sent in the troops,  
they did not come back.  
Then we surrounded the Zone

### WRITER

*My scars,  
my bets,  
my sweats,  
my fears  
My arts,  
my paradise,  
my hopes  
my cars.  
Is nothing.*

*My idols,  
my heros,  
myself,  
my glory.  
Is nothing!*

*Crossing the river of eager  
gonna fly higher and higher  
higher*

*My scars,  
my bets,  
my sweats,  
my fears  
My arts,  
my paradise,  
my hopes  
my cars.  
Is nothing.  
My idols,  
my heros,  
myself,  
my glory.  
Is nothing!*

*Crossing the river of eager  
gonna fly higher and higher  
higher*

*Crossing the river of eager  
gonna fly higher and higher  
higher*

## **PROFESSOR**

I heard a loud noise, I went to the window.

I saw many people running, many buldings were on fire...people screaming...then...the sirens.

So, or otherwise, in our little country appeared the greatest miracle of miracles.

And now we don't know what to do...

....we don't know....we don't know....we don't know.....we don't know....we don't know....we don't know.....

*We don't know. We don't know...  
twenty years has passed.  
We heard a loud noise.*

*Like a meteorite.*

*All was burning.*

*Then nothing*

Twenty years,  
and now the Zone  
is over there.

## **2 – LOOK AT THE STALKER**

### **THE STALKER**

*Over the yonder hills,  
pierced by scattered mills,  
greedy hucksters get rich,  
selling silly cheap thrills.*

In this shady valley,  
haunt of dilly dally,  
lean wolves are wandering,  
all around the bailey.

### **WRITER**

...I wish...I know...I hope...I can...I do...I want...I hope...I can...I do...I want...

### **THE STALKER**

And inside the castle,  
you can hear the carol,  
seductive and pleasing,  
of a spotless female

Whatch out for her sharp blades,  
her thousand charming shades.  
Every bid has an ask  
in this seductive glades

## **NARRATOR**

*Look at the Stalker,  
he is a rude man  
he is quiet,  
and arid,  
has no ideals,  
no wishes,  
no hope.*

*Look at the Stalker  
has the anger,  
he is wise and surly,  
he has no fears  
No future.  
No past.*

*Empty bag,  
thousands hearts to burn.  
Look at the Stalker!  
He knows the Zone.  
He went to the Room,  
knows the way back,  
look at the Stalker,  
he's strong!  
Spartan warrior,  
challenge the boar,  
in the sad valley.*

## **WRITER**

*...I wish...I know...I hope...I can...I do...I want...I hope...I can...I do...I want...I miss...I hate...I love...I trust...I gain...I rise...I do...I want...I hope...I love...I feel...I fall...*

## **NARRATOR**

*Earth and blood  
stick to the brow  
of the warrior,  
the sweat cools,  
the boy embraces  
the dying beast,  
closes his eyes  
and feels,  
its last breath.*

*Look at the Stalker,  
he is fast,  
unpredictable,  
and wise.*

*Look at that brave man!*

### **3 – INTO THE ZONE**

#### **WRITER**

*Here we got there  
the Stalker led us,  
to the Zone.*

*That silence.*

*I never heard,  
such a silence.*

*I get the impression,  
the Zone is listening.*

*That silence.*

*I had never heard,  
such a silence.*

### **4 – WE ARE LOST**

#### **PROFESSOR**

*We're lost,  
Yesterday I saw the Room,  
over that valley.*

*Everything is moving,  
faster than I  
imagine to run,  
over the sea,  
of lost memories.  
Thousand roads,  
never traveled.  
A thousand hopes,  
thousands of colors unknown.  
A thousand of shapes,  
two hundred and fifteen,  
forgotten souls are singing,  
a sad melody I can feel it,  
it reminds me,  
of what would happen.*

### **WRITER**

*Hundred widows, sixteen camels,  
smiling clumsy dogs show me the way.  
And the smiling faces of excited sparrows  
bring me to the unknown.*

### **PROFESSOR**

*We're lost,  
I don't remember,  
how much time  
has passed.  
Seven Moons,  
perhaps.  
We're lost,  
I feel stiff,  
and cold.  
Broken bones.*

### **WRITER**

*...and the smiling faces of excited sparrows  
bring me to the unknown.*

## **5 – SEVEN VALLEYS**

### **THE STALKER**

First comes  
the valley of research  
In this valley  
you will pass  
several years.  
A hundred painful things will surround you  
Taking the heat at every moment.  
Entering a sea of blood,  
and giving up everything.  
You will see pure light  
and your desires will endlessly multiply  
Then there will be fire  
and a thousand new valleys  
to cross.

### **JOHN KEATS**

*If I only had it in my power,  
to you I would give all the stars above.  
They could cover you gently as you sleep.*

*In morning they'll make a sparkling shower,  
tenderly wipe you with wings of a dove.  
But this my love, is still not yet complete.*

*I will hand you the moon, with love so deep,  
For in my heart, your love shall empower.  
The moon shall comfort your head my sweet love.*

*For the stars and the moon, my love shall keep,  
Nights passion gives way to mornings discreet.  
How wondrous this precious celestial gift.*

## **THE STALKER**

After the first valley  
comes that of love.  
To get into it  
you have to dive completely into the fire.  
You must be fire  
One must be willing  
to willingly throw a hundred worlds  
into the fire.  
A hundred worlds, a hundred worlds, a hundred  
worlds.

## **JOHN KEATS**

*For in my heart, your love shall empower.*

## **THE STALKER**

After this valley  
comes another one:  
that of knowledge,  
which has neither beginning nor end.  
The valley of independence then comes.  
Here there are no claims.  
Later you will have to cross the valley of the  
unit, place of deprivation of all things and of  
their union.

## **JOHN KEATS**

*The moon shall comfort your head my sweet love.*

## **THE STALKER**

After the valley of unity  
comes that of wonder  
where one is in a fit of sadness.  
There, sighs



are like swords.

Breath

is lament.

Wails,

pains,

burning ardor.

Day.

Night.

After the sixth valley

comes that of denudation

and annihilation

The essence of this valley is oblivion,

deafness, deafness, displacement.

In this calm sea

all are lost.

## **6 – WHAT AM I DOING HERE?**

### **WRITER**

*What am I doing here?*

*The Zone is my only friend.*

*I walk like a madman,*

*in these painful valleys.*

*What am I doing here?*

*What am I doing here?*

*I have followed my beliefs,*

*art, poetry*

*love of beauty,*

*many battles of solidarity,*

*on a quest for truth,*

*positive values.*

*What am I doing?*

*What am I doing here?*

*What will I do?*

*What will I think?*

*What will I know?  
What will I seek?  
What will I hope?  
What will hurt me?  
How many towns shall I forgive,  
before my heart will cross the creek?  
...and all those crickets have stopped to sing...*

*Someone heard an old man say,  
that everything alters and passes away.  
But when your prow will point to nowere,  
when the distant shelters will disappear,  
whater will quench your mind's burning streaming,  
higher will soar the gooney bird's scream.  
No matters if seas will roar or will sleep.  
Remember thee! Remember thee!*

*What am I doing here?  
What will I do?  
What will I think?  
What will I know?  
What will I seek?  
What will I hope?  
What will hurt me?  
How many towns shall I forgive,  
before my heart will cross the creek?  
...and all those crickets have stopped to sing...*

*What am I doing here?  
Desire  
gave me,  
countless thorns.  
I leave the rose,  
that every spring,  
smiles not with me,*

*but at me*

## **7 – THE ROOM**

**WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS**

*I heard the old, old men say  
Everything alters,  
And one by one we drop away.*

### **NARRATOR**

*When the stalker ushered them into the room,  
amazement seized them all.  
Then in an instant they burned a hundred worlds.*

### **SIMURGH**

*Do you have only wails for me?  
Go back you silly handful of dust!*

### **NARRATOR**

*Their souls confused  
and humiliated,  
were annihilated and  
their bodies,  
burned into a pile,  
of ashes.*

**WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS**

*I heard the old, old men say*