

MAFIA MANIFESTATIONS by Colby Malone

(Anna and Galina are living in a lovely condo in Chicago. But they are victims of the human trafficking that the Russian mafia has done bringing Russian girls to enslave them in the U.S. for sex work. Galina has been doing this for a few years now and is the “manager” of the girls brought from Russia to this condo. Her job is to control the girls, especially the new ones, and to keep the condominium beautifully - if she can't control them then they will be severely beaten up or even killed for their insubordination. There are hundreds of these nice condos throughout the United States. The facts used in this scene are true - they are going on here today).

GALINA: (She slaps Anna). Shut your mouth!

ANNA: But I just want to go back home to Russia for a visit. My little girl is growing up without me.

GALINA: And if you tell the men above us that you want to go back for a visit - you won't get a plane ticket back, you will get a ride to the Emergency Room for your broken bones - if you are lucky.

Anna, they can do more - they have the power to really hurt your little girl back in Russia - and to cripple your parents taking care of her.

ANNA: But I can't take this. I can't take this anymore.

GALINA: You can. And you will.

ANNA: But back in Russia...

GALINA: In Russia, back in Russia, I don't want to hear about back in Russia. It's gone. It doesn't exist. Truth is this dirty beautiful condominium which is now your prison home. Who would have thought that beautiful America could be a prison? Do you want to get beaten up? Do you want your little girl hurt? Then get happy! Now!

ANNA: Every fiber in my body. Every ounce of my being says no, don't do this."

GALINA: NOW!

ANNA: But they didn't tell me anything true.

GALINA: No, they don't. They own you. Feelings can't get involved.

ANNA: They told me that I would have a nice job here in America. They said that when they interviewed me in that beautiful hotel in Moscow.

GALINA: They are experts at that. Pure experts.

And all you see in America is the inside of a strip club - and the inside of one of our beautiful bedrooms here.

ANNA: But, Galina, sometimes I get extra money from the American men.

GALINA: Oh, no. Anna, no.

ANNA: I have saved enough to fly back to my daughter.

GALINA: Anna. Noooo.

ANNA: But you don't understand. You don't know what it is like. You have no children. You have nothing back home.

GALINA: (She grabs Anna and stares hard/cold into her eyes). (With great passion she speaks). What do you know of me? You know nothing of me but how I take care of this

beautiful condominium and control the girls inside it. Do you think I didn't have a life back in Russia? Do you think our mafia men are the only people that I have known in my life. You listen to me, Anna, you listen to me and you learn. I was once a new girl just like you. I left my beautiful mountain village with my heart high. As I said goodbye to my five year old son, these men (she spits on the floor) they had to pry my fingers from the icy grip I had on my precious little boy. And the only reason I finally let go was because my ears were filled with the dreams of a better life in America. A life where I could send money back for him. A life where I would one day afford to bring him to these ... (sarcastic) great United States to join me in the happy home that I would make for him. (She laughs sarcastically).

ANNA: The swine. They are pigs. Just pigs.

GALINA: So. But I made a mistake. Just one. Just one mistake I made.

I told one of the good American men that I was servicing. I told him the truth.

Stupidly I thought he would tell the American police about our situations - but I didn't think beyond that.

I thought this man would come riding in on his beautiful white horse and would scoop me up and then I would scoop up my little boy and then we would ride happily into the sunset. With the American police cheering us on. Well, he did go to the local authorities. And the local authorities came here to find me. And our mafia captors met them, paid them off and that was that.

No more dream. Just two broken arms of mine that can no longer work correctly.

And ... and ... and a little boy in a pretty mountain village that was tortured to death. The screams of his little voice still haunt me at night. And I wasn't even there to hear his screams.

I live. I survive. I do as I'm told. And you will too. No, Anna? I think yes. (She pulls Anna into her arms and rests her head on the top of Anna's.) We will survive.