

LESIA UKRAINKA: “On The Field of Blood” (cont’d)

THE MAN: “Over there....there’s more water....you wanted to fill  
your water vessel for the road....let me have it,  
I will fill it for you....

(unlaces the calabash from the staff, and empties all the water from his jug into  
the vessel, then reties it)

There now....and go....and do not say  
anything else....I absolutely do not wish  
your blessing....I do not want....  
Well, what? Why are you staring? Go!”

PILGRIM: (moves yet closer and looks intently at the man, ignoring his impatient motions)

“But no, wait, now it seems to me  
that you are familiar. Of course!  
You even were in my house, as well,  
in Capernaum, together with that prophet  
whom they crucified.”

THE MAN: (trembles and lowers his eyes)

“I have no idea as to what you are talking about.”

PILGRIM: (sincerely) “Do not be afraid of me.

I am not the type to betray a person,

especially one so good. I, myself, certainly  
do not think that your teacher truly  
was the Messiah, the Son of God,  
for I well know whose son he was, and wherefrom he came.--  
Nevertheless, I do regard him as a prophet.  
He knew things that we were incapable of knowing.  
Truly, he was a great man.

THE MAN: “Great? In what way was he great?”

PILGRIM: “How? Through that spirit with which God endowed him.”

THE MAN: “What spirit? What do you know, old man!

He was like everyone else! (discerns the pilgrim’s objecting

gesture)

Of course, like everyone!

Not even a trifle better! He liked  
wine and aromatic oils. He enjoyed always having  
lovely women ministering to him. --  
They followed him in whole swarms,  
and he allowed them to wash his feet  
with costly nards, and with their  
luxurious hair, common among harlots,  
they wiped his feet.

Oh! You knew him not!

PILGRIM: "Now wait, young man!

All the same, I certainly have seen you.

Moreover, I also even recall what they called you:

Your name is Judas!"

THE MAN: (alarmed) "And what if it is?

Are there not many people with that name?"

PILGRIM: "As well, there were two such persons with that prophet named Judas. One was my fellow countryman, and the other from afar.....I forget the city wherefrom he came by birth".....(trying to remember)

THE MAN: "But, to what purpose is that city for you?"

PILGRIM: "Well, they told me in Jerusalem, that the stranger Judas delivered soldiers upon his master."

THE MAN: "And what is it to you, who actually brought them there, and how it all happened?"

PILGRIM: "Yet, somehow, I would not want you to be the one.... (cheerfully) but no, it cannot be you! I remember: someone said, that the traitor Judas hanged himself."

THE MAN: (unwittingly) “That is not true!”

PILGRIM: “What? Not true?”

(intently observes the man; consequently, the observation obviously  
is disturbing. The pilgrim slowly draws back)

“Now, I see clearly: you are the Judas  
who sold the master.”

JUDAS: (with defiant desperation, changes his heretofore dismally taciturn responses  
into resoluteness and frankness, bordering on insolence)

“So, what if that is so?

You think that I fear this word?

Sold! Sold! Whoever freely gives away,

Does he fair better?”

PILGRIM: (retreating again) “Well.....seemingly better.....”

JUDAS: (moving toward the pilgrim)

“No, worse! He is a fool, or a delinquent,  
who delivers for free. For anyone who sells,  
it means that he is in need of money,  
and does not at all signify anything else.”

PILGRIM: “But, here, this is not a matter  
concerning material goods.”