

Part1

(Everyone is working)

(Shukhov being pushy)

Shukhov: Hurry it up a bit ,captain,captain, lets have some blocks here!

(Fetyukov was getting lazier every load)

(Shukhov punches Fetyukov in the back) (Fetyukov shrugs it off)

Shukhov: Filthy rat! I bet you kept the men hard at it when you were the manager!

(Captain shouting)

Captain: Foreman! Put me with a human being! I refuse to work with this prick!

(The forman switched Fetyukov for Alyoshka. Alyoshka was very humble and very meek to order around)

(Pavlo has a harsh face as he continues to lay bricks)

(Captain shouting)

Captain: Heave-ho, me hearties!

(The Captain is shouting and working at the same time)

(Smiling humbly)

Alyoshka: We can go faster if you like. Whatever you say.

(The foreman continued to shout and scream as everyone worked. Then a mechanic had arrived to repair the engine or the hoist)

(One worked, as the other one watched)

Part 2:

Shukhov: *Standing close to kildings points at der.*

Kilding: “ So what” , “ I never have anything to do the bosses, though, call me if he falls off the ramp .” *(stands with care free attitude)*

Narrator: “Till you’ve built one house with your own hands, your no engineer. thats how I see it.”
(sarcasm towards Der)

Narrator: “ But when the camp suddenly needed a bricklayer, Shukhov thought he might as well be one.”

Narrator: “Pity, Der Tripped once, but didn’t fall off.”

Der: “(yells) Tyv-u-nn” *(makes eyes big and acts angry)*

Der: “Tyurin” *(yells)*

Pavlo: *(run up with shovel , grips shovel hard in his hand acts threatening)*

Der: *(feels on jacket, fixing himself up feeling on his uniform)*

Tyurin: “ Whats do you want?” *(Angry voice)*

Shukhov: *(ease dropping on conversation while laying bricks)*

Der: “ What the hell do you mean by it?”

“ You’re asking or move than a spell in the hole! this is a criminal offense Tyurin you’ll get a third term!” *(yelling)*

Shukhov: *(looks very surprised , glances at kidling)*

Der: *(looks at tar paper , look disgusting)*

Part 3:

Narrator: and the look on Pavlo's sharp features would cut a man in two!

Pavlo: *(mean face)*

Der: *(steps back)* Steady on, boys! *(pause, holds hands up)* Take it easy!

Narrator: The foreman said no more.

Tyurin: *(straightens his cap, picks up his curved trowel, goes back to wall)* **Pavlo:** *(walks real slow down plank with shovel.)*

Narrator: Oh, yes slitting a few throats had made a difference. Just three of them and you wouldn't know it was the same camp.

Der: *(stands still behind Kilding's back)*

Kildigs: *(lays brick with great focus)*

Der: *(moves over to foreman)* What can I tell the site manager, Tyurin?

Tyurin: *(still laying bricks, demanding voice)* Tell him it was there already like that when we got here.

Narrator: Der hung around a bit more. he could see they weren't about to kill him then and there.

Der: *(hands in pocket, moves around quietly)* Hey, Shcha-854 *(mean voice)* Why you putting the mortar on so thin?

Shukhov: With your permission (grins) if I lay it any thicker, this Power Station will be letting in water all over next spring.

Der: *(smart tone)* You're just a bricklayer --- you'd better listen to what your overseer tells you. *(frowns, puff cheeks)*

Shukhov: *(thinking)*

Narrator: Well, maybe it was a bit thin in places, might have been thicker if we'd been working like human beings, not out here in the middle of winter. You ought to show a bit of consideration.

Der: *(walks down the ramp)*

Tyurin: *(demanding)* You get my hoist fixed up! *(pause)* What do you take us for --- *(sarcastic)* cart horses? Heaving cinder blocks up two stories by hand!

Der: *(walking down)* You'll be paid for it.

Tyurin: *(demanding)* Wheelbarrow rate, I suppose? Go on, get hold of a wheelbarrow and try running it up that ramp. We want hand barrow rate!

Der: I wouldn't grudge you. But Accounts won't put it through at handbarrow rate.

Tyurin: *(laying while shouting)* To hell with Accounts! I've got my whole gang carrying for four bricklayers. How much can I earn that way?

Shukhov: *(laying bricks)* Mor-tar!

Narrator: *(serious, depressed voice)* Der was away across the site, all hunched up. Heading for the office to get warm. Feeling a bit uncomfortable I bet. Ought to stop and think before he takes on a wolf like the foreman. Keep on good terms with Tyurin and his like and he wouldn't have a care in the world. Nobody expects him to break his back, he gets big rations, lives in a cabin of his own --- what more does he want? Wants to show how clever he is, that's what. The manager and the mechanic both left, and the hoist couldn't be mended. So--- donkey work it is.