**The Hallowed Ground**

**Author:**

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**Characters : (In order of appearance)**

Katayun Nejadeh

Mazyar Nejadeh

 And

 Katia’s voice

Stage:

 *(downing room of Katayun Nejadeh in one of eighty three underground*

*Districts of Michigan in United States.*

*Its appearance is so familiar; apparently it does not have any distinctive difference with other home in architecturing. There is a place used as ………….. A wooden architecture, Wooden stairs extend from the above to the stage.*

*Around sides of stage, you can see wooden rows which some of them are decorated with some thing and some of them aren’t in one row. dark bottles are there Longley unused.*

*There is also an old enish chair and desk in stage, even though ever using and weak. There is a manqué of naked woman is put aside in the corner of stage, probably it might have problems being untouched. Apparently speaking you can find no deficiency in that manquence.*

*Although stage is crowded and undisciplined as it is expected but gradually during the play it would be more disciplined and is would be like poorly cottage for living. Just this!)*

 Act one:

 *Coincidence*

*(We hear katayun’s voice in absolute darkness while she is reading a text* *carefully).*

Katayun’s voice-“ Miss is upon the air. She said to Kasra with her sweet Russian accent: “we should imagine we walk in mist. In mist being so condensed and white while walking in a mist you can see no brightness, unless it moves from sides. It is better in a mist all of our lives”. They did not know that Mahmud was glancing to them, a light smoke was running from café lights, and it was filling the air and it was exiting from another section. Mahmud was glancing to the girl. He wondered how literally nice they have light eyes of girl, coffee odor and sense of some bouquet of flowers in White handkerchiefs on the table and lighting spots in front of *hollow way* door manifest his great dream in his mind. Kasra figured out his looking. Mahmud snapped and sincere his looking. he took a look at his watch. The owner of coffee as response to suggestion of one of students who was older than others, played a song from Bob Dylan .

Kasra came nearer to Mahmud and ashes the time. Mahmud stood up surprisingly. He had no more than five minutes to be in the conference. All of threes ram away hurriedly from café. Still Bob Dylan was singing:

 *I want you, I want you, I want so baby*.”

(In absolute darkness, we hear Dylan’s Song for some minutes. This song gradually fades out in *the hallowed ground* from Wasp. The moment it masters on the atmosphere, you can hear the voice of movement of something in the stage in darkness. The current voice has strange contradiction with Dylan’s song. Slowly, the light dominates the stage.

“Mazyar” old father of “Katayun” , is working and trying in the corner of stage to move instruments and katayun , beautiful girl in her twenties with a food tray in her hands , walking down stairs and in the middle she is stopped and glanced to the father “Mazyar” delivers her a smile.)

Katayun : what are you doing?

Mazyar: (still has a chair in his hand) a little movement. It will be better. Won’t it?

Katayun: (puts tray on stairs): what’s its use?

Mazyar: (smiles a little) I told you “Katy”. you forgot?

Katayun: (nonchalant) it’s stupid.

Mazyar: (smile fades out from his lips) you haven’t spoken to me like this so far.

Katayun: you meant eight years ago?

(Silence)

(Mazyar puts the chair on a ground, sits on it anxiously, turns the cassette off.)

(continuity of silence)

Mazyar: From your point of view, Does it care if I stay here?

Katayun: (gives him a bitter smile) I don’t care but,

you have traveled such a long distance to be here and entertain yourself with these bunchy rubbish things?!

Mazyar: your judgment about here is not fair! Here …

Katayun: (breaks off) down room.

Mazyar: down room? … No it is not. You know better, it looks like villas in north our country. Try to be fair remember that year you wanted to be here. How much money did I pay? Accept that you are a little…

Katayun: all of down rooms here are like each other. At least the ones here are the same!

Mazyar: wonder! … Any a way... It’s beautiful.

Katayun; (shudders) hum …

Mazyar: you didn’t put ugly things into it!

Katayun: …

Mazyar: actually I wanted to stay here during the time I’m with you.

Katayun (careless) makes it off father!

(“Mazyar” shocks for a while pause; silence. Directly something has annoyed him).

Mazyar: I don’t like to call me father.

Katayun: you want to call you mother?!

Mazyar: you told me “daddy” before.

Katayun: at that time I was a child.

Mazyar: (with a bitter smile) if you be a fifty year old still you are my child.

Katayun: this is a sweet hallucination of fathers!

Mazyar: …

(“Katayun” tries to break the atmosphere.)

Katayun: How long has you listened such songs?

Mazyar: Ha …? This ? You know I brought your little cassette player with myself without your permission. I want to listen while working. I don’t like silence. This cassette was into it quiet accidentally. it is not lovely to me.

Katayun: me either.

Mazyar: (a little wondered) but …

Katayun: it’s not mine.

Mazayr: you are alone in this home. Aren’t you?!

Katayun: it’s Ben’s.

Mazyar: (not understood) Ben?!

Katayun: my boy friend. (monitors father reaction) I think it would be a memorial for you.

Mazyar: (pause- silence – hardly smiles) oh … oh … yes…

It’s natural here … isn’t it? You certainly have boy friend in homes which their down rooms, are just like villas.

Katayun:………………..

Mazyar: is he nice boy?

Katayun: yes, very nice.

Mazyar: but.. He sounds to be harsh. These songs that he listens …

Katayun: he’s my college.

Mazyar: Do you work here?

Katayun: around a year and a half.

Mazyar: you mean the money I send you wasn’t enough?!

Katayun: that was enough

Mazyar: …

Katayun : I don’t like you pay my cost of living .

Mazyar: why? I’m your father.

Katayun: I didn’t forget.

Mazyar: whenever I’m alive, there is nothing …

Katayun: I don’t like.

Mazyar: (tries to be calm) any way I , sent you so far.

Katayun: I hope be independent early.

Mazyar: where do you work?

Katayun: your food will be cold.

Mazyar: (pause- silence) what did you bake?

Katayun: you don’t expect me to cook dizzy, sheep mixture and ghorme sabzi?(bean and vegetables mixture/an traditional Iranian food)

Mazyar: (rapidly) you know them?

Katayun: fried potatoes with slices of onions of a bit cheese.

Mazyar: sounds brilliant! Anyway you are an Iranian girl.

Katayun: (Indifferent) being ready. An old and valuable brand,”Duncan Hinse”. I just put it in microwave.

Mazyar: ok it’s alright. Last night you baked a stake with magnificent French sauce. It was enough to…

Katayun: that belongs to Mountain restaurant. It’s behind the house. I think you’ve seen it when you were coming.

Mazyar: (pause). Yes. … I saw it … seems a good restaurant.

Katayun: yes, very nice.

Mazyar: anyway… I’m sure you’re good at cooking . We’ve time. Give it a try just enough if you had resembled your mother.

Katayun: I don’t remember her food’s taste.

Mazyar: (bitter) she has only died since six month ago

Katayun: but I haven’t seen her for eight year!

Mazyar: that time you were seventeen, eighteen. You might forget it?

Katayun: I wish I could forget all my past!

Mazyar: Did you tell the others a problem having with me …

Katayun: (rapidly breaks off) which problem?

Mazyar: we’d better forget this issue.

Katayun: just say it!

Mazyar: enough!

Katayun: ok. May we’d better not to speak.

 (Silence for seconds!)

Mazyar: you should be happy you didn’t meet your mother in her last days ,Almost similar to a nightmare.

Katayun: all of mom’s life was a nightmare.

Mazyar: (exasperates) Katy! Do you like to do it over? Or not?

Katayun: How about you?

Mazyar: …

Katayun: (a bitter unsteady) I mean your food.

Mazyar: Heh…

Katayun: If you like wine , there is enough .you see? With written date on the bottles.

Mazyar: No… thanks.

Katayun: As you like.

Mazyar:( little clumsy. He doesn’t like to lose Katayun) you wanna go?

Katayun: what do you want me to do?

Mazyar: a … it’s long time I haven’t seen you. If you be here, we’ll talk.

Katayun: (hardly smiles) … about what?

Mazyar: everything …? Tell me about Ben.

Katayun: I told you about him adequately.

Mazyar: Katy! You just told me his name and that he’s good boy!

Katayun: In these surroundings, that’s enough.

Mazyar: (without paying attention, tires to keep on) it’s strange for me. He listens, such songs … you know?

Katayun: Did you understand the poems ?

Mazyar: well, I spent years of my youth being here. my language acquisition had been faded though I still know little.

Katayun: If his fans hear your speech, they’ll kill themselves!

Mazyar: why?

Katayun … cause they believe understanding its words is not enough. You should understand its music, atmosphere, and thinking.

Mazyar: Heh… basically I don’t like to exaggerate anything.

Katayun: …

Mazyar: but amusing thing for me …

Katayun: what?

Mazyar: pointing to a location” the hallowed ground” in his poem.

Katayun: that’s right! What is amusing part?

Mazyar: flicked me to student time in state Michigan University. We had conferences with my pals Being a member of Iranian student confederation … it … all of us, were pursuing an errorless , a perfect world a fancy dream... A place without any fault, we had given it a name also.

Katayun: (Breaks off) did you find it?

Mazyar: never.

Katayun: none of yon?

Mazyar: most of my colleges have Died: Architectural students of 1973.

Katayun: not strange to me.

Mazyar: (a pointed sharp reaction to katayun) what do you mean?

Katayun: you know better!

Mazyar: (rapid) no! I don’t know. help me.

Katayun: you don’t need to help you father! Never wanted. Always made up you in even the worst situations.

Mazyar: again you’re saying rubbish thing.

Katayun: not its moments wait to its moment.

Mazyar: Maybe, I shouldn’t come.

Katayun: (careless nonchalant) welcome to your home.

Mazyar: …

Katayun: (slowly change the topic) He …! Anyway they haven’t been died completely . I told you that … I see some of your old friends.

Mazayr: you said that last night while dinner.

Katayun: yeh. Even saeed Bastani sent me last of his outturns…, soya, and apples .

Mazyar: surprised for me that Saeed had been a farmer and cultivate such things.

Katayun: pig! (Mazyar surprises – Katayun smiles) he nurtures a pig.

Mazyar: (stops looking at his girl) … he must be an old man.

 Katayun: almost same old as you.

Mazyar: Didn’t he tell anything about me?

Katayun: shall he so?

Mazyar: does know I’m your father?

Katayun: He knows therefore he comes after me.

Mazyar: any message, talking anything for me?

Katayun: in sometimes which I saw him…

Mazyar: (applicant) Well?

Katayun: He said we had good times with you, father!

Mazyar: just this?

Katayun: just this!

Mazyar: Does he come here always?

Katayun: Often! Don’t know. Not as usual. Maybe he drops in now.

(we hear a ring voice from up the above floor.)

Mazyar: I think that was door’s voice. (Clumsy) if he was so, don’t say him even a word about me. Understand? If he asks how I am, tell him I don’t know. They are involved, somewhere in Iran. my mom is also sick so on… so I’m sure you remember them Katy. I don’t like to see any of them. Neither now, nor never.

Katayun:( is cold without reaction to Mazyar effort talks.) That was my Beeper voice.

Mazyar: (surprises) Beeper?

Katayun: maybe Pager sounds more familiar to you.

Mazyar: you have pager?

Katayun: … Hum.

Mazyar: It was like door’s ring. Wasn’t it?

Katayun: no, not at all.

Mazyar: (with meaningless smile) ridiculous … isn’t it?

Katayun: um … hum

Mazyar: Anyway … I don’t like to see them.

Katayun: So for this reason you’ve come to this place from morning without any movement!

Mazyar: (Does something with a cassette player in silence)…

Katayun: You’ve been excruciated since last night, I told such things to you while having dinner.

Mazyar: Katy, that’s enough. I’ve been so lonely after your mother’s death. I’ve come to see you. Not my friends. My girl! I stay with you a little and go afterwards. Be sure I won’t stay with you even though I wouldn’t go Iran, let me feel comfortable during these times.

Katayun: (pause- silence) ok.

Mazyar: You live your own life. I’m also down here. I’m sure in this way you feel more comfortable.It’s better for me not to be here if Ben comes. Isn’t it?

Katayun: Here isn’t Iran father. Its better home be empty there but not here. Here actually family and these kinds of friends are introduces to each other and… (Katayun, breaks off her talk.)

Mazyar: well, if you think it’s necessary that me and Ben.

Katayun: (rapidly) No, I don’t like. Ok… stay over here.

Mazyaer: well, this is bette.

(Katayun , decides going.)

Mazyar: If just give me a phone…

Katayun: phone?

Mayzar: I mean radiotelephone. I’ve some things to do, that is necessary.

Katayun: But I’ve just one phone.

Mazyar: Are you sure?

Katayun: What do you mean?

Mazyar: well, I saw a radiotelephone in one of your drawers which was beautiful …

Katayun: it’s out of order, it’s earphone is off. But the device works.

Mazyar:I can use the device.

Katayun: Ok.

Mazyar: furthermore, I’ve left something in plane. A box! Piece of papers, I called yesterday told that send me anyway. Be careful. A hand written novel and some books. Check it out, I think it takes a week to be received.

Katayun : … your food became cold.

Mazyar: and hh….. (Again “Katayun” stops – careless)

Mazyar: this manqué ne! It’s amusing to me that what is its use for you?

(“Katayun” speechless, take a look at manqué ne beside the stairs)

Mazyar: maybe this is also Ben’s. (smiles- loudly) it fits him to have such a thing. (continuity of smile-“Katayun” in silence, picks up a manqué and goes up from stairs.)

Mazyar: (lauds) remember, tell me about your job later, you didn’t tell anything.

(“Katayun” has gone. “Mazyar” has smile on his face. light fades)

Act Two:

***Conversation***

(We hear Katayun’s voice in absolute darkness while she is reading a text carefully.)

Katayun’s voice:” They smoked in silence. Smoke, has filled empty space of them. “Kasra” said:" I love her". “Mahmud” didn’t watch him. he Heard the clock’s tic-tac and pursued the clock with his eyes.

It was the wall, their head's above. White reflection of their hands seemed in darkness of the room.

 "Did you hear?"Kasra asked. "You told it loud and clear" Mahmud replied . “Kasra” shocked.

He was wailing an utterance from Mahmud .Mahmud was trying hard to stay calm. “You don’t understand” .

“Kasra” paused a little. He meditated to himself that maybe he doesn’t understand the phenomena’s. "She is a Russian immigrant Jewish girl and you are an Iranian persistent anti- regime moslem .

Are you awarded of your problems with a foreign Jewish?And what if tomorrow they understand in Iran what you were doing here in this corner of the world? What’s your purpose of conferences? Here either you or that innocent people will be tortured." Kasra continued.

“Kasra” stood up and went to the window neurotic and he looked outside. He saw the spot lights of café by light’s reflection. He opened the window to inhale fresh air.

He heard distant “bob Dylan's song" from the café. Understood one night architectural students have been crowded in café. He closed the window. He was worried smoke has filled atmosphere. He paused and went to the door and stood beside the door." I go after Ben. seems that dudes are in café. No one to tell them that “Dylan” is belonged to ten years ago. The time of assassination of “Kennedy”."Kasra said . He has gone. “Mahmud” has finished his cigarette and was puffing deliberately. He tasted a bitter and strange savor and sneezed.

"How was it possible to make “Kasra” ignorant to Russian girl?" He went to the window and opened it to inhale fresh air. He heard the old country song from distance:

"I gotta poison head, but I feel alright …" .”

(We hear Dylan's song for moments in absolute darkness.

This song gradually continues on a stage with the opening of the lights. Stage has been more disciplined. Cassette player is on a empty wardrobe and is off. There is another phone in front of “Mazyar”,seated in the corner of stage on old chair and we can see a dirty plate near the chair. When the light of atmosphere is completed , we figure out which the song of Dylan is heard from the above and it is accompanied with laughters of “Katayun” and a boy.

“Mazyar” is glazed with stress and anxiety in his face to the stares. After that he tries to make himself involved with a phone. He wears glasses on his eyes and looks at the paper. He presses the button of phone's speaker and the long beep is heard in the space. He dials number. He waits. We hear message of answering machine from the other side. It’s a woman’s voice.):

*"Hi. I’m not home , please leave your message after beep."*

(The beep! “Mazyar” is apparently confused.)

Mazyar: Eh…hi…I'm Mazyar Nezhadeh,…..It's been a long time, isn't it?.....please pick up if you there…I'm not sure about this number. Pick up……Pick up please!

(Mazyar reject the telephone angrily. Curl his head. “Katayun” and “Ben” smiles being louder is fixed in “Dylan’s” song “Mazyar” is confused. He presses the button of the phone Again . He dials . at the same time “Katayun” appears on stairs with her last smiles.

She is very luxurious and different .she gradually fades out her smile by looking at “Mazyar”. As “Mazyar” sees “Katayun” above stairs he cancels the phone and sits motionlessly. He captures his looking “Katayun” stands over there).

Katayun: you were working with phone in the morning as I was going at this now you also are involved with it. Don’t you finish it?

Mazyar: all the daylong I was looking for a number. I’ve found it recently.

Katayun: it must be very important.

Mazyar: … (Bitter) such a beautiful dress.

Katayun: I don’t think you be after fashion.

Mazyar: probably your guest will be pleased. Won’t he?

Katayun: He’s been accustomed to.

(“Mazyar” being understood and vague turns his head to “Katayun” and looks at her. “Katayun” has a smile on her face).

Katayun: we play this song for you.

Mazyar: Does he know I’m here?

Katayun: Not yet! His things I want for myself. He smiles at me. Tells me I’m an old woman!!

Mazyar: Probably! He doesn’t know this singer is still alive and has fans.

Katayun: He knows. (pause) don’t you want anything?

Mazyar: no thanks. Its better ignore my presence. I don’t like to disrupt your enjoyment.

Katayun: You don’t worry about us.

Mazyar: Are you going to marry?

Katayun: Why you asked?

Mazyar: Curiosity!

Katayun: I don’t know. Maybe.

Mazyar: Well… maybe better to be introduced to me.

Katayun: No.

Mazyar: For what?

Katayun: I don’t like to discuss about it.

Mazyar: I want you to talk.

Katayun: Human being won’t achieve whatever he wants

Katayun: But we must try.

Katayun: But we should know the rules of this game.

Mazyar: Don’t you be a bit more kind to me?

Katayun: Am I not kinder in proportion to previous nights?

Mazyar: No, not enough.

Katayun: Your expectation is so high.

Mazyar: (Louder) why?

Katayun: Even though you conceive the entire people idiot, it is not necessary to pretend yourself stupid

Mazyar: You loved me so much at one time.

Katayun: I was just the only real stupid in family.

Mazyar: Your mom also loved me.

Katayun: What about you? (Pause. Silence. “Mazyar”

Turns. There is no reply. “Dylan” is alone in atmosphere. )

Katayun:(Loud- to the outside ) Honey! Turn it off for a second please . I’ll be right there in a moment. (the voice of Cassette player turns off.)

Mazyar: (Without looking, repeats.) Honey !

Katayun: I can’t leave him waiting so much in case. he’ll be down following me.

Mazyar: ..…

Katayun: If you nead me just alert .

Mazyar: How?

(“Katayun” waits. Looks at father. She is alone of gloomy.)

Katayun: Did I suppose to live like this?

Mazyar: If your father were someone else except “Mazyar nejadeh” you wouldn’t like to introduce him to ”Ben” ?

 (Katayun came closer to exit. Stands. turns her head).

Katayun: It can’t be like this. I send him outside. Send him to confectionary .he’ll be back soon. I’ll come whenever he isn’t there.

(“Katayun” exits. “Mazyar” is stand still for moments. He dissolves his anxiety. Again he picks up the phone. Free beep, Numbers, Waiting, the Message voice:

“ Hi, I’m not home. Please leave your message after beep.”

Mazyar: Hello… pick up … I’m... Shit!

If I dial the number right, you know Persian … it’s me .“Mazyar” . I know It passed long time. Maybe my voice has been changed. If this is your voiceon the answer machine you either have changed! I should see you. It’s very important, please pick up the phone. I beg you.

(He waits. No answer. Being more anxious.)

Mazyar: (Murmurs) why don’t you answer?

(“Katayun” turns back. She doesn’t come closer. She sits on stairs. “Mazyar” also looks at her. He is either seated.)

Mazyar: He’s gone?

Katayun: He’ll be back.

Mazyar: How about sending him to restaurant, market and bakery? (he has a weak smile on his face.)

Katayun: No.it’s not possible.

Mazyar: (Smile resorts on his face) for how long he stays here?

Katayun: It depends on my application … he often stays night here.

Mazyar: (tries to have no reaction – anyway not successes) mmm.. … e … well. Nights here are so long. It’s not good to be here alone. I see.

Katayun:(pleased)the robbins arrived city.

Mazyar: The Robins?

Katayun: I mean the birds. Call them robin here. Haven’t you seen them since morning?

Mazyar: I was here all the time.

Katayun: They’re very beautiful.

Mazyar: There are many of them in Michigan. Since old times.

Katayun: Yeah, I’m glad see them all today.

Mazyar: How is today? Is it a different one?

Katayun: Don’t know?

Mazyar.:(Sharp) maybe … it’s about your job. I don’t know anything about your job … therefore … no!

Katayun: have got nothing to my job.

Mazyar: Well … you tell me.

Katayun: Not important.

Mazyar: But you made me curios?!

Katayun: Forget it ! (“mazyar” shocks for second, he doesn’t know what should he say).

Mazyar: What did you do to your books “Katy”? Didn’t see them. You had many books.

Katayun: I burnt them, on the first year.

Mazyar: (Surprises) you burnt them?

Katayun: Each of them!

Mazyar: Why?

Katayun: (Gazes at “Mazyar”)

Mazyar: For what?

Katayun: Maybe because I’ve understood a writer personality well.

Mazyar: (Calm) cruel …

Katayun: I didn’t burn you. I burnt my own books.

Mazyar: Definitely my books first.

Katayun: Books? Which books? You just had one book.

Mazyar: I mean y stories.

Katayun: I mean my stories.

Katayun: I burnt your book at first. “Fear and silence”. I was making fire here. In back yard. After that it was the turn of magazines which your stories have been published randomly,“black & white”, “Descriptive Tehran”, “this weak”, … it was high. Flames of fire would touch the ceiling. After that I through all of my books in it. It seems that burning them wouldn’t satisfy me. Even I burnt my cooking book because of you. I had to forget. (gradually begins to cry.)

Mazyar: You don’t study book any more?

Katayun: Not at all.

Mazyar: This is so bad.

Katayun: I know.

Mazyar: Was it my fault?

Katayun: (Dissolves her cry) I don’t know.

Mazyar: But this is logical. What’s its relationship with study ? (pause) I was not a formal professional writer. an architectural engineer who is after story writing can’t be infallible nominee for writers.

Katayun: But “Saeed” thought differently.

Mazyar: “saeed” ? You told that you didn’t talk so much about me.

Katayun: He said maybe all of that happening is due to your desire about writing and development.

Mazyar: (Stands up, scream) it’s a lie. a stupid bullshit. A crap.

Katayun: Stay calm father.

Mazyar: Why you should hear to words of such person?

Katayun: How do you define “bullshit” and “crap”?

Mazyar: (Sits again) ridiculous.

Katayun: Why don’t you see him? You can tell him these yourself. He has a shop under the name “reindeer” two miles from here . Finding that isn’t difficult.

Mazyar: (fast & rapidly) “Reindeer” !! You mean I should talk to him? With person that is completely lost himself? North reindeer is a symbol for this state. So what should we tell to an Iranian person who chooses the name of his market “reindeer”?

Maybe the walls of his market are blue, red and white. You can see the design of a lake located under on island and a man with a gun coming up like a shining sun from the lake in its stamp!He stands in front of his market on Sundays, he gets the stamp of market , he shakes his hand and head and sings douglas maloche’s “Michigan my Michigan” with his sweet tenor voice. He does it in a way that robins have no more feather on their wings!!Apparently be more Catholic than even great pop.

Katayun: (Pause- with calm) You have broken all bridges behind you.

Mazyar: Is it his speeches?

Katayun: How could he return?

Mazyar: Suppose that he couldn’t return for two three years. How about after revolution? He could return and be a million are with that history. Furthermore he could damage me in a new situation like the others. Like you did it. After so many years. Leave me alone. (The door’s ring from above).

Mazyar: (Surprised) did he return?

Katayun: (Stands up) the confectionary is beside that restaurant behind the house.

Mazyar: But still … we didn’t talk together.

Katayun:(Smiles and nodes the head – came nearer to exit) It’s a long time that nobody sings “Michigan, my Michigan” .that is also belongs to your age. (Apt to exit).

Mazyar: Katayun! (Katayun stops.)

Mazyar: I published some small books after you left us… I’ve some copies of them in the left box in the plane. There is something among them which I really like to read it.

(Katayun exits. “Mazyar ”is confused. doesn’t know what to do. He picks the phone. Dialing, waiting for call, voice of message :)

Voice:”hi! I’m not home. Please leave your message after beep.”

( The voice of “Katayun” and “Ben” laughing from above).

Mazyar: Hello, it’s me again . Mazyar. Pick up the phone. I want to talk about “khosrow”. Remember?I should talk to you. Before it’s late … I want … I mean … (he cries…so haged up the call. At the mean time “Katayun” came down from stairs with a plate having slices of cake in it. “Mazyar” returns to himself quickly “Katayun” leaves the cake’s plate beside the dirty food dishes and picks them. She goes toward the bottle rows. She picks bottle of wine.)

Mazyar: I don’t like to see “saeed” or any of guys of confederation of that time. You understand?

Katayun:(Calm) you don’t dare. (Goes up from stairs)

Mazyar: You’re a kid yet.

Katayun: (Stops) I don’t think so.

Mazyar.:(Don’t want to continue. Points to the cake)what’s this?

Katayun: Today is September 15th. twenty forth of shahrivar. You didn’t remember anything.

Mazyar: (Suddenly flashes in his mind) ouch… my god. Your birthday.

Katayun: I told you I’m not a kid any more .

(“Katayun” goes up from stairs and exits. “Mazyar” takes his head between his hands) .

Mazyar: (murmurs) shahrivar 24th of 57…(light fades)

Act three:

(quarrel some)

We hear “Katayun” voice in absolute darkness who is reading a text carefully.

Katayun voice: “Mahmud” went downward from stairs in order to sit beside the street and leave himself in the rain. His session was not a good one. A hidden committee which all the person are under suspicion of an alien. Everything disrupts your taste.

Wind and rain after that fast?? Wetted everything. Maybe he wanted to be cleaned under the rain.

He felt dizzy. He doesn’t have good feeling. “Kasra” went downward with his luggage. He stayed beside “Mahmud” you’ll get cold. “Mahmud” didn’t answer. I ?? beg you sth “Mahmud” light enlightened the wet face of “Mahmud”. Katayun is not ok . she was crying persistently . he went downward to take him to “Ben” ‘s café. I don’t like that he comes to airport for me. “Kasra” paused and continued. I’ll be back soon don’t you have a message or something for your family which you like to handle them. “Mahmud”?? . He didn’t like to hear about “Monir”. “Katayun” has filled her mind with the name of “Monir” no, nothing thank you. “Kasra” has also released himself in rain. Who hears us? In your point of view, “Mahmud” nodded his head. I suspend to no one. We have a good collaboration. Haven’t we? “kasra” paused. He smiled gradually. Do you know? You can have an honest commity in hallowed ground. He smiled louder. “Mahmud” didn’t think that “Kasra” puts the name of their?? , their hidden ?? , in a satirical sentence and something humorous. He has built a compound near a rendezvous “ground” as a supervisor. “Mahmud” and each of group member knew well that “kasra” struggles hardly in his heart in order to make relationship between his belief and “Katayun” religion. “Katayun” crying came downward. “kasra” hugged “Katayun” . ‘Mahmud” didn’t like to see that. He raised and went toward café. He said loudly without looking back. “I’m waiting for you “Katayun” in café. When “kasra” goes, come there. I’d got important things.

He scared turning back and watching them. He couldn’t tolerate that they were hissing each other lovely. He was getting hearer to café. He cogitated to himself this can be the last trip for pondered. “kasra” being in Iran and the last time that sees “Katayun” just he should do his secret promise and report. He didn’t want anything in that moment except having “Katayun”. He opened the café’s door and released. The nighty familiar student faces in Ben’s café. Every part of his body, he wanted wine a local song has expanded the air like always. You must leave, take what you need. (we hear that Dylan song in absolute darkness for moments. This song gradually continues with expanding light in the atmosphere. The stage seems neater in comparison to previous scenes. We figure out that continuety of this song in related to little cassette player of “Katayun” which is apparently works for Mazyar. But Mazyar is not in a stage. “Katayun” being extremely luminous searches the father’s luggage in a corner near us. “Katayun” is made up in a way that seems either she is came from outside or maybe is going to go outside. She doesn’t care to stairs. That the father sees her for moments after shaving his hear.

Katayun. (Extremely confused and paled) … must be here!

Mazyar. In my Instruments?

Katayun. Ha? No. just because you made hear tidy maybe you have moved it …

Mazyar. … Put it in my instruments?

Katayun. I didn’t say this.

Mazyar. Well say what you like.

Katayun. Begins to search other things …

Mazyar. There is no problem in my point of view “katy”.

Just me … maybe I can help you.

Katayun. (Stops working) you can’t.

Mazyar. Are you sure?

Katayun. …

Mazyar. What this work is that I can’t?

Katayun. be honest.

Mazyar. (sits on the stairs) about what?

Katayun. About yourself.

Mazyar. I can’t understand.

Katayun. Who are you? Why did you come? What do you want?

Mazyar. (Smiles) who am I ? Don’t you think it’s a little late for knowing your father.

(silence, damaged and tired is sitted and is fixed to somewhere innocently. “Katayun” looks at him and hesitates.

 Katayun. (rapid) I don’t like these … at all.

Mazyar. … I know .. it’s been ages that I’ve been accustomed to these words. You know it remembers of one of my stories. One of my first works. When I was writing it “Manije” was my finance. I was young that was a story about man who has a little amusement boat. Man is a happy one. He has a wife either. A beautiful one gradually he understands that his clothes has been wider for him. At first he thinks he’s lost his weight. But this trend continues like this and gradually slowly. He understands that he has been smaller than even his wife. His wife tells him don’t worry. Because if he really?? to be as the height of a switch, he is still lovely to her. Woman was really likable. When man worries, he attaches angriness, he feels that he has lost his masculine. He seeks the solution nothing flicks in his mind. One day he enters to his boat with that small figure. He couldn’t control the boat… his height doesn’t let him to do so.. The boat moves by it and goes the way and receives to a place which incidentally all of them are the same height. He takes of the boat and happy to find his collogues, goes among them. But he sees a small boat which launches to the water without any person. Tell him that it is one of dwellers there that has been ?? very just like a … he is confused. He doesn’t know what to do. Maybe at now time he is in the boat but because he’s small he can’t be seen. (Mazyar” he himself smiles. Slow bitter & continuous) at that time no magazine were volunteer to publish that at time being no one volunteers to publish them. I’v got it a weak incomplete story … but I like it.

(“Katayun” silent and gazed sitted in corner, she denies her looking from his father).

You know girl? I’ve achived great lesson from my life. I’ve learnt that history is like fate. It is going its way.

????????? ص 36

Katayun. Do you believe in that still I haven’t recognized you.

Mazyar: you were telling me different things some previous days.

Katayun (serious) why did you come here?

Mazyar: Do you have problem? (Does if care?)

Katayun: (louder) No but why?

Mazyar: Because “Manije” died and left me alone. I waited six month but I couldn’t. I’m gone after my child. Is it wrong?

Katayun: you told me that you’ll go early and won’t stay with me?

Mazyar: what should I say. When I feel I’m disgusting to you.

Katayun: you didn’t come after me. What do you want here?

Mazyar: (pause) ok. (Breathes high) I’m looking after one person.

Katayun: who?

Mazyar: what it differs to you? (Katayun turns the cassette off)

Katayun; you made me tired. you‘ve traveled such as high distance and crumpled in downing room, you are consistently nagging and you are also confused, now you expect me to be near you and not saying anything.

Mazya: …

Katayun: (dissolved in cry) what do you want? What do you want? What do you want? If I wanted to be near you, what would my business here? (Louder) I scaped from you.

Mazyar: (angry) you scaped from me and entered in my home. If I am intolerable that you can wait any longer, you should scope. But why you connect me? Ha …? I gave your life salary eight hears?? After sent. (or penny by penny) that home which you foreign modern boy friend comes and stay some nights there and giggles at my gone with the wind reputation, was bought by me. Those six inches baked stakes with its lovely collaborators is sent by my dollars in mountain’s restaurant. You understand? I give the price of these ?? and even odd clothes. (shout) am I right or not?

Katayun: be sure soon you’ll get rid out of me. (Cries) there is nothing worse than a rat give your price.

(Suddenly “Mazyar” stands up. He cramples his in his ?? and throughs very angrily toward “Katayun”)

Mazyar: shut up. You piece of a shit.

Katayun : (still crying) yes. Damn. You should say it. I am damn person just because I didn’t like to accept this mark of disgrace. I’m model manquénc player of advertising??

It begins from shampoo, oil and cloth till hygene roll and ?? & shining?? and everything. You like I go to first and mesons of show offs and stand there. It is my good day sir! At first I was among bad days since I haven’t found good job, I’ve some hyper tizer my resume.

Do you want to hear. The?? of peps. Which effected like viagre . and?? Funny were which I didn’t do with what man after drinking if. Tu advurtiment of Dissert lee cream which was like “say nothing of it” and I should eat it with desire in front of camera. The advertis of?? salsa souce shich when eating it with “Mag Donald” it ?? in car was ?????? dropped from boy’s hand and was fallen on my breast. After that in order to not waiting that ……

Mazyar: (breaks – angry & ?/) that’s enough. I don’t like to hear anything . I don’t like.

Katayun: this Ben get me rid out of them. He himself is a model. But he hasn’t done such things. Now I’m very better my daddy. Now I’m just model … at that time… producer of tizer didn’t like to taste salsa sauce alittle after finishing the work…

(“Mazyar” being confused and disrupted collapsed on stairs)

Mazyar: (without energy) don’t you want to shut up?

Katayun: Do you like to watch them? I have its archives up stairs. I don’t have books. But I have these all.

Mazyar: ..

Katayun( dissolves her crying) you’ll understand now? I was doing these kinds of these to not get money from you count them debt. I’ll get married with Ben and you’ll get rid out of me forever. (Pause) I wish you could ?? yourself for one time, why? But why? You shouldn’t think that I’m fallen in love with this boy. Maybe you’ve understood from the very beginning that we are not related so much to each other.

But its better to have your name labeled on me. I try so hard to eradicated this Nejadeh from my entity and through it away in order that no one understands that I’m the daughter of person that spent his youth studying here ?? For & giving report and fighting with every anti regime in confederation.

(Mazyar” is absolutely silent)

Katayun: could we tolerate you after figuring out the issue I ram away and my desperate mother waited with you until an end, .. But let me tell you that mom has told me crying that she didn’t like you … sleeping with you in one place irritated her. Who can sleep with a rat that my mom can?

(Mazyar, wonders so much. He wants to discover a secret of his life in and out of himself. “Katayun” falls on chair with her out going cry. Silent dominates “Mazyar”.

They have entertained themselves the more you try, the more you fall in swemp.

If you went to prove something, it’ll get worse you should wait, you should sit in a corner and wait for what?? had selected for you should be lucky and the history should go that distance you like.

(Katayun, speechless stands up to go)

Mazyar: where?

Katayun: tell me if you had any business.

Mazyar: no, I shaved … did something good to myself to …

Katayun (goes up stairs carelessly) or indifferently.

Mazyar: (unhappy from Katayun back) don’t you tell me where do you go and when do you come back)?

Katayun: (stops, whithout turning back) I go to stated fair we should sway away the flag, mark and symbol of Milk Company with wide white teeth and smile. It’s beside state. I’m not sure when coming.

Mazyar: (pause) with what kind of cloth do you turn things? (Katayun, silent and without answering goes up)

Mazyar: Katayun (Katayun , waits without looking .

Mazyar: I don’t like to give you even a peny no more.

I mean it’s useless get your belonging out and go wherever you like.

(Katayun pauses and exits. “Mazyar” shocks for moments after that he goes down ward toward the phone. The picks up the .. that has thrown. He pushes the [phone free beep; number, ?? for connection, messaged delivery voice: “Hi, I’m not home please learn your message after beep.

Mazyar: Hi, it’s me again Mazyar.

Katayun appears with an empty luggage on stairs, “Mazyar” doesn’t care her . she waits voiceless)

Mazyar: I don’t know how many times I’ve called you. I should talk to you. Call me if you like it. I don’t know what I should do that you pick up the phone. I wanna talk about “Khosrow” about the last trip to Iran a year I mean 1976 a trip which he never returned. I beg you please call me k Katayun. (after ?? of “Katayun” name “Katayun” drops the luggage after that “mazyar” recognizes “Katayun” , “Katayun” waits for moment, after that he exits hurriedly)

Mazyar: (loud) “Katy” Voice thanks for your call (busy beep light goes)

Forth act- Mutual (we hear “Katayun” ‘s voice in absolute darkness studying a book carefullu).

Katayun’s voice: They were on a and the night was heightening he sees “Katayun”’s eyes in day night filled in tears. I just wanted a glass of cold water in summer from loving. “kasra” shouldn’t do this to me. He knows that I am.

Honestly in love, her drops of fear were scratching “Mahmud” soul. Be calm my dear, I know Kasra for years.

I know how he thinks and how he spends his days. You aren’t the first deluded person by him the whole body of & Russian woman shake completely. She fumed away from “Mahmud” stairs to moon. She felt coldness. Coldness reminds her of such a cold winter in Russian during war times that she was attached to walls with another 14 juesh person in corners. She was being sluggish and even wasn’t crying. “Mahmud” continued he has left you Katayun accept this issue as soon as possible … . speech didn’t go any further on his talking. He should say let me love you , Katayun’s out going cry was over there was a great silence between them . Katayun didn’t even turn back. “Mahmud” ‘s breath was up to an end.

He hears a weak Katayun’s wisper. My mom was an Iranian one and I thought that all Iranian are like her, Katayun paused . Mahmud couldn’t talk daughter continued. forget me and never think about this any more Mahmud. Told this & left there completely. Mahmud didn’t move. He was hearing Katayun’s voices which were morning fast on stairs. He felt this is the last time he hears this voice in his life. Katayun received to street and passed from hallowed café. He didn’t pause. The voice of applicant song dominated the atmosphere and went off the Russian girl.

She’s got every thing she needs/ she’s an artist, she don’t look back …

(we hear that Dylan’s lyric for moments in absolute darkness. This song gradually continues with expanding the light on a stage. After coming light we understand Dylan lyric is played from up floor. Katayun put the last devices in her luggage with coming of a light and puts a baggage away it and closes the door. “Mazyar” is looking at her confusingly. Katayun stands up with smile in front of father.

Katayun hallowed grand isn’t it?

(Mazyar shocks)

Katayun: That name, which you told you’ve selected for your errorless sessions and you never get to it, is just this. Isn’t it?

Mazyar: …

Katayun: how is it possible to be in these kinds of games and to be pure. Should we believe?

Mazyar: …

Katayun: you think that proving the innocence of a suspended person is enough ? so what is the judge jury & so on forth?

Mazyar: I can’t understand what you mean.

Katayun: I couldn’t ever understand this philosophy of Christine’s to me its ridiculous.

Mazyar: …

Katayun: what important to me is kneeling & crying & apologizing not confessing to the done work. Not even trying to prove the innocency.

Mazyar: I … what should I say?

Katayun: you don’t have anything to say. Now I just say.

Mazyar: tell me !

Katayun: are you nungry?

Mazyar: no

Katayun: have you eaten sth ?

Mazyar: no desire for eating.

Katayun: how are your gastrointestinal systems?

Mazyar: No problem

Katayun: Do you have enough clothes?

Mazyar: yes I think.

Katayun: your glasses are in bathroom front of mirror.

 Mazyar: I’ll take it.

Katayun: good.

Mazyar: for what ?

Katayun: because I’m leaving you father (takes the luggage)

Mazyar: wait. Things which I …

Katayun: (breaks off) try to be man for one time in your life and stay on your talking .

Mazyar: (loud) ok

Katayun (Ben) is waiting for me on the above floor.

Mazyar: you got married?

Katayun: somewhere in a way. We’ll do it.

Mazyar: Don’t you tell me where you’re going.

Katayun: hell. Follow me if you can.

Mazyar: It’s a warm goodbye

Katayun: don’t you see my smile father?

Mazyar: yeah, with completely open mount.

Katayun: well. Because I made if for you.

Mazyar: thanks

Katayun: I kept you house clean during these years. I’ll pay back your money to this address.

Mazyar: don’t think about it.

Katayun: is it possible.

Mazyar: yes

Katayun: never. Any how maybe its amusing for you to know that I know you are after Katayun to tell her you be trayed Khosrow t ohave her. After mom maybe you can live with her. If not being late . Aha .. .maybe you bersisted just because of this to buy a house in one of Michigan state. The place of living this migrating woman … ! you were always thinking about today. (Mazyar) confused & surprised stores at her) guilt and pstence is heavy father. I see . I’m glad that you haven’t been so beast animal yet .. but to me its useless. Humans have died. Hearts have been broken. Some bodies have gotten gold. Now what are trying to prove? Ha … ?

Mazyar: what are you talking about? (Katayun through a package toward an him handwritten . ???

Katayun: from your direct confessing letter. Draft of your novel hallowed ground you left in airplane. You think something will be lost by changing some names?

Mazyar: doesn’t touch the package) when did they bring it?

Katayun: you always forget that here is not Iran. Why should it take a week to do this? They brought it to home day after it.

Mazyar: and you read it.

Katayun; line by line.

Mazyar: without telling me.

Katayun: father, will forgive his little girl. I know.

Mazayr: (pause) to be honest I wanted you to read it.

Katayun: probably you want all the world to read it. Don’t you?

(Mazyar, being tired , pauses)

Mazyar: Are you sure, you’ll be happy with this boy?

Katayun: heh … shuch a smiling word.

Mazyar: I’m talking seriously.

Katayun: me either don’t see any smile on your face.

Mazyar: so could you please do it over?

Katayun: yes, (“Katayun” goes toward stairs “Mazyar”) Is worried. “Katayun” waits above stairs for a second .

Katayun: I’m thinking why you selected my name “Katayun”?

(mazyar gets his looking lightly away from his girl)

Katayun: very similar to Katya isn’t it.

Mazyar:

Katayun: I hope you find it and that.. Give novel to him. Maybe if effects … I just enjoyed from your story. I read an enjoying novel after years. What a pitty that you have written it. (Again she goes upward. She stands)

Katayun; I’ll see you in hell father!

(“Katayun” exist. We hear a vague speech from the above which goes to stand still with without smile)

Mazyar: (murmur, crying) “Katayun”!

He looks around himself. he searches for sth that he doesn’t know what it is. His looking fixes. He wants to go toward her. He denies. calm?? and corrupted goes up from stairs and exits. Scene is got in silence for moment. the phone rings again ?? Hear “Katayun” ‘s voice which she leaves message.

Voice: hello, I’m “Katya” (Mazyar appears with gasses on stairs he comes downward fast to get the phone).

Please don’t call me anymore. After years I hardly made a cozy place for myself. Talking about past irritates my soul and heart. It is also useless. I know everything about Khosrow . I know he is still alive and is living in a corner with a mask ... (mazyar, freezes beside the phone, before getting the phone) I know how the played with you and they counted you as a guilty person “Mazyar” . I know that I am a deluded person. I am the person who lost the game.

You are all have been lost the game. Either he being a winner or you a loser. Don’t interrupt me anymore. I really enjoy to be in a mist all my life maybe life is like a circus for you or Khosrow ! But not to me. I don’t like to play cats & dogs. I don’t tolerate dolls and clawns either. (Pause) still I think that you have no similarity to my mother. (Busy beep, Mazyar is standing up shocked … connection is off and either the play).

The end …

Monday July the 25th. By: moein Moheb Alian