

Four Scenes Of One Play

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The First Scene: Trip

Sound of a man and a woman guffawing.

Woman: Just Think of it.

Man: That's the way it is.

Woman: It's hard to believe!

Man: Believe what?

Woman: This

Man: Coming here?

Woman: We are here now.

Man: Then what?

Woman: I don't know, sort of coy.

Man: About coming here?

Woman: Nah, it's what they do.

Man: And what is that?

Woman: This!

Man: What is **this**?

Woman: Ah, **this**...

Man: That they gave us the keys?

Woman: Oh, No! That... that after all these years... still... they still go...

Man: What do you mean? What are you talking about? We also go, don't we?!

Woman: Where?

Man: Where they go!

Woman: Hey...! (*Laughs embarrassedly*) Where do we go to year in year out?!

Man: Don't we go to the north every year? To the south?

Woman: But what's the connection?

Man: What **is** the connection?! Trip is a trip! So now they have gone to the south, later we will go to the north!

Woman: Oh, sometimes you just drive me crazy playing dumb!

Man: I don't know what you're talking about.

Woman: You don't get it?

Man: No! How could I?!

Woman: They...

Man: Yeah...?

Woman: Every year...

Man: Aha...?

Woman: Where do they go?

Man: On a trip.

Woman: Yeah... no...

Man: If not, what are their keys doing with us?

Woman: They do go on a trip, but not just any ordinary trip.

Man: Oh, yeah? Every body goes by bus, but they go on a rocket?!

Woman: Every year they go... they go...

Man: To north?

Woman: No!

Man: To south?

Woman: No!

Man: East? West? Then what?

Woman: They go on honeymoon!

Man: Honeymoon?! (*Laughs hard*)

Woman: Hey...! This is funny?!

Man: Honeymoon?! (*Laughing continues*) After six years of marriage?

Woman: So what? Why are you laughing like crazy?!

Man: You sweet girl, a honeymoon is in the first month of marriage, not **six** years after it.

Woman: I **know!** But what's wrong with that? They love each other so much that every year, on their wedding anniversary day, they go on honeymoon for a month.

Man: (*Laughing continues*) How do they pass **one** month in **one** day?! Unless the time is stretched, then it's impossible! Although if that one **day** became one **month**, probably, instead of the time, the bed coils would be... (*Laughs harder*)

Woman: You are so crude!

Man: Forget it... forget it...

Woman: leave me alone... You're impossible to talk to!

Man: Now, come on...

Woman: Every thing's a joke to you.

Man: No, no, tell me.

Woman: Go away

Man: Come on, tell me.

Woman: I won't.

Man: Don't be such a cry baby

Woman: I wanna be a cry baby.

Man: Ok honey, do whatever pleases you, but tell me what's on your mind.

Woman: You interrupted me so many times. I forgot what I was saying.

Man: (*Kisses her*) Does this mend... the interruptions? Now, tell me.

Woman: You know... I think it is very good that their love for each other is still so romantic after 6 years.

Man: How romantic?

Woman: This much that they leave all their work on this day and go on honeymoon again; as a reminder to their first day of marriage.

Man: It's not exactly like that.

Woman: What do you mean? You mean that they don't go on honeymoon?

Man: Well they do, but it's not necessarily for love or some thing like that. Perhaps it's just a habit they've formed.

Woman: No. I caught them staring at each other right before leaving. You could see so much love in the husband's eyes.

Man: It's always the women whose eyes are filled with love.

Woman: That's the thing. Between them, the man is also like the woman. That's the reason they're still in love.

Man: Then good for lovers; all the lovers in the world! Fetch some tea then to drink and celebrate their health.

Woman: What are we cheering?

Man: Not what, whom. Cheer couples in love.

Woman: *(Silence for a moment)* What about us?

Man: Well, we will drink to ourselves too anyway! As I said, cheers to couples in love!

Woman: Are you still in love?

Man: Huh?

Woman: I said are you still in love?

Man: You mean you don't know?

Woman: I know but I like to hear it.

Man: Yes, I'm in love.

Woman: Very much?

Man: Very much.

Woman: Do you want us to go too?

Man: Where?

Woman: Honeymoon.

Man: They put their house in our care, and now we go to honeymoon?!

Woman: But do we need to go on a trip for a honeymoon?

Man: So where do we go?

Woman: Somewhere close.

Woman gets close to the Man and kisses his lips; then a long kiss.

Man: Their bedroom is there.

Woman: No, Lets go to honeymoon; trip.

Man: I got it, I'm not stupid. The bedroom is over there.

Woman: No. Now **this** is our home. We wanna go on a trip. Some **other** place.

Man: Where?

Woman: Our own home. Let's go on a trip to our own home... Let's go to a honeymoon.

Woman gets up. Get man's hand. Man gets up. They stand face to face.

Silence for a moment. Darkness.

The Second Scene: Game

Woman: What do you think they do?

Man: The same as other people.

Woman: No, I mean how?

Man: I don't know. Any one does it their way.

Woman: You've heard the saying that no where is like your own home?

Man: but it doesn't say that if you go to other's house... *(Suddenly sees Woman's clothes)* what are you wearing?

Woman: I took it from the wardrobe.

Man: It's hers.

Woman: Yes. It's his wife's. Obviously; it's women's wear. Perhaps she wears it when she wants to sleep, or do housework.

Man: Housework.

Woman: Yeah... It was next to her apron.

Man: Did you take a look at all of her clothes?

Woman: Her wardrobe is full of clothes... Do you like me to wear them?

Man: No!

Woman: But her clothes are very nice. *(Opens commode's door)*

Man: Don't touch their wardrobe.

Woman unties her cloth. Her cloth falls down. She is half naked now, facing the mirror. Man stares at her. She puts each garment against her body, repeats her words.

Woman: Is it nice? You like it..?. Is it nice? Do you like it...? Is it nice? You like it...?

Suddenly she puts a night robe on her body. Man shudders.

Is it nice? Do you like it...?

A voice comes out of Man's larynx.

You like it...?

Man: *(with more controlling)* hum

Woman: Is it nice?

Man: She wears it for sleeping.

Woman: Sure. It's a night robe.

Woman comes to Man. She stands in front of him. Man has sat down. Woman tries to throw herself into man's arms. Man stops her and looks at her continuously.

Man: It's nice.

Woman: Very much.

They hug and kiss. Man undoes nightgown's buttons softly. She is not still undressed but she is more naked. Man looks at her dress and body wishfully.

Man: She wore it for sleeping.

Man wants to open the last button. Woman takes his hand.

Woman: How do you know?

Man: Hum?

Woman starts to close the buttons.

Well, it's her night robe.

Silence. Fastening the buttons is finished. Woman stares at Man. There is no emotion in her words. No anger, no anxiety, no happiness and no other thing. She just says her words:

Woman: How do you know?

Darkness.

The Third Scene: Nightmare

A bed with a bed sheet on it. Bed sheet moves. It seems a couple are making love under it. There are some voices.

Voices: My dear... I love you, very much...

- I know. Me too. Let me look at your eyes...
- It's dark...
- No, there is moonlight on your face. The moon is in your eyes now...
- Heh, and your eyes are also like a cat's who wants to grasp the moon in the pool...
- So let me grasp you...
- Do it..., do it...

Voices fade out gently. The movements just continue. Voice of a deep ah. Suddenly, 2 puppets, one man and one woman, come out from under the bed sheet. Man also comes out gently; with sweated face and closed eyes. Man moves both the puppets and speaks instead of them. But he is asleep.

Man Puppet: It was good.

Woman Puppet: Huh.

Man Puppet: As always.

Woman Puppet: Uh-huh.

Man Puppet: Are you feeling good?

Woman Puppet: Uh-huh.

Man Puppet: Do you love me?

Woman: As always. *(They hug.)* You've sweated.

Man Puppet: As always.

Woman Puppet: Do you want some water?

Man Puppet: No.

Woman Puppet: Aren't you thirsty?

Man Puppet: Yes.

Woman Puppet: So?

Man Puppet: I don't wanna leave you even for a moment.

Woman Puppet: Hah... you are soaked.

Man Puppet: Your breath cools me. It is like a breeze.

Woman Puppet: Don't catch a cold.

Man Puppet: You keep me warm.

Woman Puppet: You too.

Man Puppet: So I won't let you catch a cold.

Woman Puppet: When I am with you I'm not cold. I don't feel cold. Even the tip of my toes... that are always cold. I feel hot when I am next to you. I'm always scared of bursting into flames and burning.

Man Puppet: And when I'm not around?

Woman Puppet: *(Silence for a moment)* Cold... Freezing... like a dead body. Like a dead body in a morgue.

Man Puppet: Lain down on a bed.

Woman Puppet: Yes, is lain down, didn't get there herself... What about you? When I am not next to you?

Man Puppet: Like a machine. The engine of a machine. Like its cylinders that just work to keep it working. So that the passenger wouldn't remain in the middle of the way. That's all. That's all and that's all. Just a machine, its cylinders.

Woman Puppet: Why didn't we meet each other earlier?

Man Puppet: people are always late. Always.

Woman Puppet: But we made it at last.

Man Puppet: Now, is it late?

Woman Puppet: I don't know.

Silence

Man Puppet: Do you believe in cheating?

Woman Puppet: Do I **believe**?

Man Puppet: I mean do you know what is considered cheating?

Woman Puppet: *(Silence for a moment)* Nothing. With every faithfulness, there is a sort of unfaithfulness. You could cheat on your love to be faithful to your rites. You can cheat on rites but remain faithful to your love. *(Silence)* I'll take the second choice...

Man Puppet: How?

Woman Puppet: Even when I'm in his arms, I think of you. I see you, I kiss you, I make love to you, I sleep with you.

Man Puppet: But he loves you.

Woman Puppet: But I love **you**.

Man Puppet: But I can't. I can't stop seeing her. She loves me.

Woman Puppet: I don't want you to be like me. I don't want you to be anything. I just love you. The only thing is that I love you. That's all. That's it and that's all.

Man Puppet: I wish she didn't love me. I wish I'd met you earlier. I wish... I wish...

Woman Puppet: All in all, people choose their way themselves.

Man Puppet: Which way do you choose?

Woman Puppet: The second way... always!

Man and his puppets sleep. Woman comes with a candle, stands over Man. She picks the puppets up and looks at them. Man is still asleep. Woman takes the puppets and stares at them under the candle light. Woman brings the candle near the puppets gently. The puppets are clearer. Candle fire touches the puppets. The puppets start to burn. Woman stares at them. Then she stops staring at the puppets and stares at Man. Man stands up. Woman too. They go to each other. Man looks at the puppets. Woman just looks at Man. Man and Woman stand face to face.

Darkness. The puppets are still burning.

The forth Scene: Beginning

Other Man and Woman are sitting. Both of them stare to a point; perhaps their past.

Woman: No one would believe this story.

Other Man: No one.

Woman: But they must believe.

Other Man: How?

Woman: I don't know.

Other Man: Do you read the news papers?

Woman: No!

Other Man: Read them.

Woman: Have they written something?

Other Man: About what?

Woman: About us.

Other Man: No.

Woman: Then what?

Other Man: Not about us. But they are full of this kind of news.

Woman: What is your news? (*Other Man doesn't understand.*) I mean what will they write about you?

Other Man: Smothered, after being buried... what about you?

Woman: Burning, By Fire.

Other Man: And now we are here together.

Woman: Would anybody believe that it's the first time we meet?

Other Man: But we've always been in each other's lives; without planning for it.

Woman: Would anybody believe that we didn't plan for it?

Other Man: I hadn't ever seen you; not even once.

Woman: Me neither.

Other Man: But They...

Woman: Yes, They... They knew each other very well... with all the details.

Other Man: Yes, with all the details.

Woman: How did you come to know?

Other Man: She had these dreams at night.

Woman: So did he. They dreamt of each other every night.

Other Man: They were together, even in their dreams.

Woman: What about now?

Other Man: They are also together now, next to each other... sleeping

Woman: You and I are together too... without planning for it.

Other man: Maybe it's our fate... to be together.

Woman: Without planning for it.

Other Man: Without planning for it.

Silence

What if we want it?

Woman: Want what?

Other Man: To be... together...

Woman: But we have two houses... and two beds.

Other Man: What do we do with them?

Woman: We will burn the beds down; both of them.

Other Man: Both of them.

Darkness. The voice of burning the wood and a light which shines from somewhere we don't know.

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