

In the Mist

A play in three episodes

By: **Ezzat Goushegir**

Episode 1

Loneliness

Characters:

Woman

A voice

Mirror...Mirror...I don't want to ask you who is the fairest in the world...No one is the fairest in the world...Mirror, tell me what JONAH did inside the whale? Tell me...

MY ROOM IS EMPTY...THE MAIL BOX IS EMPTY...
NOBODY KNOCKS ON THE DOOR...THE PHONE
NEVER RINGS...

I'm ready to go to work...It's still down...I'm in the street...The river froze motionless...There is not a soul in the street...Not even a car passes by...Not even a bicycle...Even the sparrows don't fly...It's only my feet that move on the pavement silently...

-Hello...Good morning...

My voice stops motionless. There is no wave that can transfer it far away.

I go upstairs...I open the door...

-Hello Good morning...

There is no answer. The glassy eyes don't turn in the eye sockets. The colorless eyes don't convey any meaning...

I'm standing behind the table, holding a knife in my hand. I must split open the watermelon's belly...must slice open the tomatoes' stomach...must cut the lettuce into pieces...must arrange the strawberries on the plates...I must work very fast...only a voice cracks the glassy air...

-WORK FAST...FAST...FASTER...

I split open the watermelon's belly...

-Hello...Good morning...

Little black seeds jump out from the red shallow skin...

-Good morning seeds...colors...blacks...reds...greens...

One thousands voices answer me...

-HELLO...BOOG MORNING...

-Tell me black seeds...What JONAH did inside the watermelon?

No...don't splash water on me...not on my eyes...not on my skin...not on my clothes...don't...don't...

You are laughing cheerfully at me!

-WORK FAST...FAST...FASTER...

I'm standing behind the table...holding a knife in my hand...I slice open tomatoes' stomach...Their blood paints my hands...Their little seeds play hide and seek in the narrow streets of my fingers...

-Good morning SARA...HAGAR...MUHAMMAD...ISMAIL...

-GOOD MORNING...

-Would you like to play a game with me? O.K...Are you ready? One...two...three...

Where are you? Where are you SARA? Where are you HAGAR? Where are you MUHAMMAD? There you are! Ollie, Ollie, ocean free ... Where is SMAIL?

ISSSSMMMMAIHIL.....WHERE AAAARE YOUUUU?

What happened children?

Suddenly the narrow streets are empty...All the children hide under my nails...

-ISSSSMMMMMAIL...Where Are You?

ISSSSMMMMMAIL...

Two soldiers are coming...They are playing soccer...with...ISMAIL'S head...His head is smashed...bloody...ISMAIL...ISMAIL...My son...My dear son...

-WORK FAST...FAST...FASTER...!

I'm standing behind the table again...holding the knife in my hand...

-IT'S TIME TO CUT THE MUSHROOMS!

-No...I don't want to touch the mushrooms...

-I SAID CUT THE MUSHROOMS...YOU HAVE TO...

-No...I don't want to touch the mushrooms...I don't want to mushrooms...

I don't want to touch the mushrooms...

A mushroom grows in my mother's chest...Mother, mother, I know you suffer from the pain...I know it!

I root the mushroom out of her chest...I throw it on the ground...crush it...crush it...I crush it under my feet...

Suddenly, thousands of cockroaches crawl out from the heart of the mushroom...They are creeping towards my feet...climbing up my body, entering my mouth, my eyes, my ears, my hair...

-Go away, go away, I need my eyes, I need my ears, I need my mouth, I need my tongue...my tongue to scream.....

The sun is setting in the west...

I say goodbye!

There is no answer...The glassy eyes never turn in the eye sockets.

I'm coming down the stairs. The sun is pale...No trees shovel their hair in the wind...the river doesn't flow. There is not a soul in the streets, not even a car passes by. Nor a bicycle...not even the sound of feet shuffling on the pavement...my footprints are still on the ground from dawn...all the windows are shut...there are no lights in the houses...

-open your windows...someone must talk to me...I want to talk to you...Something must happen...A color must be scattered on the gray walls...Somebody must break the icy air...somebody must cry out:

-HELLO.....

Perhaps the glass of the windows would shatter, and suddenly heads would sprout out of the holes and.....
THE WORLD IS FULL NEWS!

I'm in my room. My room is empty... the mailbox is empty... Nobody knocks on the doors... Nobody calls...

Mirror, Mirror... I don't want to ask you what JONAH did inside the whale... I want to tell you: YOU ARE THE FAIREST IN THE WORLD.

Episode 2

LOVE

Woman: You are coming from the fog with a white shirt on... an ordinary smile... bright brown eyes... I smile at you... you smile at me...

Woman: Are you JONAH?

Man: Yes!

Woman: Tell me how was it, inside the whale?

For months and months... for years and years... inside the whale?

You're laughing!

Man: I'm inside a giant whale... a whale is inside me, with another JONAH inside it... As Borges says in "A Dream": In a wilderness land in Iran, there is a high tower of Stone, with no door, nor a window, in a round cell a man writes a poem for a man In another round cell who writes a poem for another man...

Man and Woman: In another round cell...

Man: ...An infinite chain...
All of us are a JONAH inside a whale...

Woman: You have profound eyes!

Woman: Mirror...Mirror...I found my man...his name is JONAH...I threw a stone in
The water...the water rippled...I rippled the water...In each wavy circle I can
See his face...
Mirror...Mirror...I think...I'm in love!

The telephone rings.

Woman: Hello

Man: Did I wake you up?

Woman: No...no...

Man: Were you about to go to bed?

Woman: No...no...

You are silent!

Woman: I want to see you JONAH!

Woman: We are in a Chinese restaurant. A colorful dragon is painted on the
Lamp-shade...

Man: how old are you?

Woman: Yesterday I was fifty..

Man: Fifteen?

Woman: Fifty...today I'm fifteen; tomorrow I don't know how old I will be!

Man: Tell me your sign!

Woman: I don't believe in it!

Man: Many people believe in it!

Woman: But I don't believe in it!

I'm looking in his eyes...

Woman: All right...I'm the "Dragon"...

Man: I'm the "Snake"...

Man: You're eccentric and your life complex. You have a passionate nature and...

Woman: You're wise and intense with a tendency towards physical beauty.

Vain and...

(Silence)

Man: Open your mouth, release the fire...

Woman: JONAH!

Man: Yes...

Woman: Do you have a gold fish or a good luck plant in your home?

Man: no!

Woman: One day I brought a gold fish to my home...the fish turned into a snake...

My mother was at the doorway, looking at the sunset. When the fish turned into

A large, large, large snake, and covered all the holes of our home, my father

Couldn't breathe any more...My mother was running away, screaming and

Running away:

-Why did you bring a snake to our home ruin our lives?

-Mother...mother...I brought a gold fish to bring luck and...

(Silence)

Man: Go on...tell me your story...

Woman: No!

Man: You're from SHAHRZAD's descent...tell me another story...

Woman: Tomorrow night!

Woman: We are in the street. The street is dark. You disappear in the night. I'm lost
In the night...

Woman: Mirror...Mirror...how radiant my eyes are, what smooth skin I have...Such
Silky hair. Yesterday I was a hundred year old woman, today I'm born...

Woman: I'm waiting for you, you don't come. The moon is new moon. I stand in one
Spot in the street every night...You never come...
The night is cold, the moon is full moon. I call out your name...No answer...
Where have you gone?
We had promised we will spend a thousand and one night together and then
We will lose one another!

I see you in the street with a tiny woman, the following night with another
Woman...

The past is cold, the present is cold...the future is cold....

I am winter...

You are a liar...you are a liar...you are a liar...you poured all the stars in the
Ocean...and you drank all the waters of the oceans
Mirror...mirror...tell me is he a liar?

Mirror: No...no...he is not!

Love is not a deal...If you love him, you must have no expectation of him!

Woman: Disaster is better than nothing!

After a month the phone rings. I'm in my mirror. I know it's time to lose you!

Man: May I see you?

Woman: We are in a café, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Sparrows are singing on the
Bare trees...
I never ask you why you disappeared...you never ask me how I felt...
We look at each other silently...

Man: "What I want from you is a nice old-fashioned
Flash back, blurred and mute
An embrace under the weeping willow
Now quick, tell yourself a lie, a lie...
Until despair slips off your shoulders"*

Woman: It's nice!

Man: "Nice, like a man to a woman.
Nice that you came!"

Woman: And nice that we have to say goodbye....

Woman: We are in the street...you are going to the right, disappearing in the darkness...
I'm going to the left...a rock in my hand. The water is motionless. I will never
Let the water become stagnant...

* An excerpt of a poem by Nico-H

Episode 3

AT THE BEGINNING OF A JOURNEY

Section 1

Woman:

When I was a little girl my father imprisoned me in a room for centuries.

One night I had a dream:

My father planted me in a small flower pot.

I sang a song:

WHO SAYS A FLOWER DOESN'T WEAR SHOES?

My father looked at me furiously.

I hid my ancient shoes under the soil for a promised day.

There was a dragon on the sky

All the stars were chained to its tail

I broke the flower pot, to run away...to reach the dragon...

My father planted me in the shade

When I became pale and thin, I pulled myself out of the soil

- Hay father...I'm in the sky...you can't imprison me anymore!

Section 2

Look...homeless masses!! None of them have shoes...All staring at the sky!!

What are they following?

Is there any food up there? Or clothes?

I wonder!

Section 3

A man gave me a ring.

One night I had a dream. I was pregnant for centuries. Every night I gave birth to thousands of girls and boys. And every morning I got pregnant again...

One night I heard the sound of a flute from a mountain...I ran...

I ran to the ocean and I gave birth in the waters. The ocean took my children to its depth where the fish nest....

I was drawn to the peak of the mountain....

Section 4

A man who made a flute from my bone, played a song. Bare feet masses followed him, lost in the sound...

We climbed over the mountains with closed eyes.

We never saw the ground under our feet...

Suddenly we fell down from the peak of the mountains into marshes.
The flute stopped playing.
I was alive...corpses surrounded me...
The moulds grew on my fingers
I was mute...
My flute in my hand...

Section 5

I'm alone in the marsh...voiceless...I don't believe in the sky anymore...I don't believe in
the song of my flute...
Do I believe in the ground?
Have I lost my voice?
I try to cry out: Is there no one who can hear me?
Is there no one?
I'm in the marsh. Eagles are flying over my head, tearing my chest apart...eating my
heart...
I ask myself:
Was it better to be in flower pot or in the marsh?
Or,
Is there any way to fly?

Section 6

A whale roars in the marsh...in the mist I see a shadow swims towards me from the depth
inside the whale...
Who are you?

Man: JONAH...

Woman: JONAH?

Section 7

...the journey continues...

NO END