

The Bride of Acacias

A One Woman Play

By: Ezzat Goushegir

An excerpt from the play:

Scene TWO

(The train stops... the sound of the river, the wind, the frogs and crickets. She looks around.)

In Ahvaz

Forough: How can I forget the image of those hanged men on the street of Tehran?

The coup d'etat, the American coup d'etat ...in only few hours...from democracy to dictatorship!

For the last fifty years, all of our misery has been caused by oil and the extortions of oil company. How free we were! How free with the nationalization of our oil industry! How free from the British ruling ...(Pause. She starts to sing the melody of Luck Be a Lady Tonight. They say that one of those 3 American Men in the car was Kermit Roosevelt...the CIA Agent!

I was a witness when the troops invaded the streets of Tehran, and the mobs with humiliating pamphlets took control ...and some one cried out an American coup by CIA ...and....and (Pause)

You're crawling everywhere Kami. How many times you wet your pants. I change your pants, you wet them again... and again and again... You cry constantly, and scratch my skin... and rip off my writings... my poems... my books...(Frustrated) Kami, don't,... don't pull the table cloth, you'll break the vase....oh gush you're chewing the wild flowers...(Suddenly silence)

My husband is sitting on the chair and reads the newspaper. He used to joke and make me laugh, talk about literature and politics and make fun of the politicians. But after the coup d'etat he is always silent! He is a father now. A father for me and for my son!

(Pause)

I can't stand my home anymore! Why? Why can't I stand my home and my husband? I was madly in love with him when I was 16... Why am I not now?

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He is looking at me... He has no doubt about me... his eyes don't show any... he doesn't know what's going on in my tormented heart...

(Silence)

.....

Parviz, I have to tell you something...No Parviz...it's not about Dwight Eisenhower, nor CIA....No...no... not about American betrayal...Please Parviz...listen to me...(Pause)

It's about me... You and me... Actually me...

(Silence)

I want a divorce!

Please don't look at me like this... please...

You are a good man... and I loved you... but... but... my heart ...goes... with another man...

Don't hate me please... Parviz... oh... Parviz...

(She takes a few steps forward to the chair, then steps back.)

I know... I know... I shouldn't touch you... all right... all right...

(Silence. She looks at him.)

He is one of those writers in...(pause) please....don't ask about him... Yes... it's him...

Don't be angry please... I'm just... okay... okay... be angry... scream at me... hate me... but don't raise your voice on me!... don't...

.....

Yes... I love him and he loves me! And I can't stand this filthy place... this hot, humid, lonely, isolated city... and I can't stand this little doll house and you who want to be a civil service care in the ministry of finance office for the rest of your life... Living in a swamp! Fearful for stepping out of the daily mechanical circle of life... fearful of being ambitious... fearful of saying no... no... no to the monotony of life...

(Suddenly silence. She cleans her face with her clothes.)

You spit on my face... because I'm telling you the truth!!

(silence)

What are you saying Parviz? (fearful) What are you going to do? You want to take away my son from me?

No... no... no... You can't do that! I'm his mother... I'm a mother...

(Silence.)

A traitor? A coup d'tate at home? Don't mix politics with our lives! I did not betray you! I'm... I'm...just telling you....

(Silence.)

Am I?... am I a bad woman? No... don't go away... don't take him away from me. He is my son.

(He takes a pillow and embraces it.)

Perhaps...you are more capable than me...Perhaps I'm not....

(She rocks the baby.)

Being a mother doesn't mean that I'm....No... He needs me and I need him.

(She is still rocking the baby.)

Is it love that takes you away from me or my restlessness?

(She looks at her son.)

How selfish I am! How shameful... How sinful and cruel I am to you my son!... to you my husband...

(She presses her son to her chest.)

Oh lullaby my little son.

**Sleep in my arms, night has come. Sleep my little son, this Demon of the night
with smiling lips and bloody hands has come.**

His breath burns.

The sheep man and his flute in the heart of the silent meadow.

Oh calm down my son.

This drunk Demon is hiding behind the door to hear your voice.

Oh look... the glass of the windows are shaking.

He is roaring while he is coming. He is screaming... where is that child?

Listen...

He is scratching the door.

No... no... go away... go away...

How can you take him away from me when he is sleeping in my arms?

**Suddenly the Demon of the night breaks the silence and screams: "Be silent
filthy woman.**

I'm not afraid of you.

Your body is filled with sins.

I am a demon but you are more of a demon.

You are a mother whose skin is colored by shame.

TAKE HIS HEAD FROM YOUR BREASTS

A pure child shouldn't rest on filth!"

His scream fades in the air and I'm in flame of pain.

(Silence.)

Oh Kami... Kami...

Take your head from my filthy arms.

I'm not worthy to be your mother.

*(She gently puts the pillow on
the bed. Looks at him. Wipes
off her tears. Comes closer to
kiss him, but she decides not
to.)*