



## Injured Night

**Dramatist:** Nabil Ahmed Al- khadher

**Translated by:** Fadwa Enaba

Damanat Foundation for Human Rights and Freedoms

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## Summary

This play expresses the tragedy of Yemeni people in general and women's in special.

**Injured lady** was one of the revolution symbols, she joined it after her son was killed. But instead of honoring her, she was blamed for everything which has become worse than before.

Everyone comes to her to put the blame on her, but she is still determined that revolution will success and everyone will pay for his bad deeds.

| Wanted alive but dead  |   |   |
|------------------------|---|---|
| Cast – C.I.A           |   |   |
| NAME                   | Role & dimension  | Physical features   |
| Injured hair lady      | <p><b>She is the star of this play, of the tyranny. a victim</b></p> <p>A Strong and faithful woman who has her own believes.</p>   | <p>Medium sized at 165cm of height, svelte body, uncovered black long hair and white skin *, over not more 35–40 years</p> <p>Wears a white ling dress.</p> <p>Has an injured shoulder with a big bloody stain on her dress</p> |
| Injured lady's son     | <p><b>He is the victim of the war, which he was killed in.</b></p> <p><b>He comes to visit his mother as an angel came over from heaven, but still afraid of his mother.</b></p> <p>Innocent boy, with innocent eyes.</p> | <p>The same height of his mother.</p> <p>white skin, not more 16 years</p>  |
| Injured lady's Husband | <p><b>The Husband who banded his wife after her revolution.</b></p> <p><b>Selfish man, who cares only about appearance and his</b></p>  | <p>Taller that the wife, fair skin, 45–50 years.</p>  |

|                   |  |   |
|-------------------|--|---|
|                   | proud.   |   |
| Covered hair lady | An old friend of the Injured lady.   | Covered hair, short and plump lady.<br>30-35 years. |
| Elegant man       | The reason of this tragedy and the suffer of millions.<br><br>A proud man of the ill history he wrote, a man with evil look in his eyes. | Short man, fat and white skin.<br><br>50 -60 years. |

Stage objects:

- ❖ A hospital bed.
- ❖ A white door at the middle of the stage.
- ❖ Lights in different colors (white- red- yellow- gray – blue- green).
- ❖ Each character has its own light which surrounds him \her for the whole par.

## Play

**the stage looks dark and empty except for a bed where an Injured lady can be seen laying on it covered with a white cover. also a white door stands at the middle of the stage. while a white light surrounds her. who seems to have a big bloody stain on her shoulder.**

**She gets of her bed wearing her white dress which reaches the stage, she starts to spin around the stage and keeps so till she looks as if she is flying with her scattered hair.**

**She stopped spinning and turns to the audience and says:** What is a matter with you? Looking at me with these kinds of looks? some rejoicing, angry, filled with love, and some other with petty!

**She moves towards the audience and points at them as if she is pointing to someone that can be seen only by her.**

**Injured lady to that invisible:** angry! about what? My hair! which is flying freely! angry about what? that I did not veil myself! spending my day waiting for you! angry about what? because I cried out load among the crowds " freedom "!!!!

**she hurries to a corner gasping and feeling sick. and points again to someone. someone who can be seen only by her eyes. She says to that prison:** and you! why are you rejoicing at me? as if you are saying: I told you my dear, be a queen, and don't go out to the streets, be a princess and do not swim among those crowds, for people do not see what you see.



They do not see the freedom you are calling for; they see only your body.  
and desire it.

**she runs exhausted towards the middle of the stage. she flops down here and there. she points with her shaking finger to someone among the audience. maybe another invisible one.**

**Injured lady:** for what are you feeling petty, my friend? You are looking at me and say to yourself: what a poor girl. she wasted her soul for nothing ... and here she is laying on a dirty bed with a tap water bottle next to her. and that white dress which is covered with bloody stains ... as if it is a grave-clothes. as if she is a dead body pushed her soul to the nothing.

**She flops down on the stage floor. looks more exhausted. gathers herself and her dress and kneels. and starts to slap her thigh sadly. then points again at someone among the crowds or maybe no one.**

**Injured lady:** what a passion look you have in your eyes. you think they can charm me?? you think you can take over my version heart.? how steady your looks are ... while observing me with them!!!... I am not yours or anybody else's... for you do not love this mind. you do not love this heart. you only love this body and desire it. and thing but this is nothing but mirage.

**she stands and starts looking at the audience**

**Injured lady:** is there anything else in this life but me?? Why don't you look at each other?? Observe who is wrong. who is right. who is a traitor. who is a revolutionist. but you all turn tour eyes towards women. oh! The woman got out to the streets. she is walking among the crowds. it's not approved

touching her for it is forbidding. oh she is fighting with soldiers. it is not approved for fighting with men. she is crying out loud. that's forbidden for a woman voice is private and blemish. she is. and she is. What's a matter with you?? Are you crazy? are you stupid?

**she goes back to her bed and covers herself with that white cover trying to get some a rest and sleep for a while.**

**someone opens the white, it's a boy of 15 years' old who gets in shaking. A blue light surrounds him as he gets in... he tries to pull the cover from the Injured lady whom looks at him smiling a smile that carries all the love in the world ... she gets out of her bed trying to hug him but he runs away from her. she tries again but he runs away again...and again around the stage. both lights follow them as they move around the stage... get mixed together and so on... they stop at the middle if the stage.**

**Injured lady:** come to me... I missed you so much.

**Injured lady's son:** I can't.

**Injured lady:** I am your mother.

**Injured lady's son:** you are covered with blood. I'm afraid of you...

**Injured lady:** I hugged you when you were covered with blood, dust, and gun powder. remember??

**Injured lady's son:** I do not remember.

**Injured lady:** that day the missiles reached our house... you were the only one inside. that day you were painted with dust and garnished with splinters

... I hugged you for hours. I was searching after your pure soul among the scent of blood... I was searching after your scented breathes among the gun powder smell.

**Injured lady's son:** I don't remember... I remember you just leaving me alone to fall in hell

**Injured lady:** that day a lot tried to take you away from me but I kept holding on you. I refused to let anyone take you away from me. your dust scent. I still smell it. I still can taste your blood in my mouth.

**Injured lady's son:** and what have you done for me?

**Injured lady:** I went out. yes, out! to the streets. to the squares. to the people. to tell them about my tragedy. and to take the revenge from those who take my baby away from me. I went out to say that I want my child again. I went out to take my revenge from those who killed you.

**Injured lady's son:** I didn't want you to go out. what am I going to tell my friends whom I play football with?? My mother goes out discovering her enlightened face to people!! my mother gives the people the chance to see her pure black hair.!! people get to hear my mother's sweet voice.!!

**Injured lady:** what's wrong with my face if I uncover it??

**Injured lady's son:** your face is main to kiss every night.

**Injured lady:** what's wrong with my hair?

**Injured lady's son:** your hair is main to pass my hand through it so I can feel peace.

**Injured lady:** what's wrong with my voice?

**Injured lady's son:** your voice is main to sing me a song every night. and to call my name from once to a while... and through it I find out about stories and legends.

**Injured lady:** where are you now?? you are away from my hair, my face, and my voice... you are there. in the other side of the world.

**Injured lady's son:** I am everywhere you go to. can't you feel me pulling your dress? can't you feel my hand holding yours hand while you were leading your crowds in the squares? when you were on the stage, giving speeches to people. I was there. in the first line pointing at you. saying to my friends " that's my mother "

**Injured lady:** I was feeling you??

**Injured lady's son:** and when you used to write your speeches, I used to gather angels from all over the world, and make them put in your soul all the inspiration you need. to write your spiritual strong words. and with those words you inflamed those crowds who are seeking for freedom.

**Injured lady:** I felt it. I felt my words coming out of me strong. carrying a spirit and a craziness that comes out only from a divine inspiration.

**Injured lady's son:** one day, when the soldier slapped you and called you unveiled. I went to god... to his angels. they told me that you were did not do wrong ... but that person who invaded on you is the sainted. back then I was so thrilled. and kept fluttering around you for hours. while you were taking care of the injures and bruises you got from those soldiers sticks.

**Injured lady:** you were always with me??

**Injured lady's son:** and always will be by your side.

**Injured lady:** come to me now.

**Injured lady's son:** I can't. your appearance scares me.

**Injured lady:** it's just a slight injury.

**Injured lady's son:** that's what you think. but it's a deep down one that reaches your soul and you will always carry in you.

**Injured lady:** come to me now. you don't know how precious you are to me... you were my dream. I used to look at you. at your eyes. and through them I used to imagine the future. when I used to lift you of the ground and throw you up to the sky. you used to laugh back then. I used to watch you with a halo of the pure blue sky surrounding you. and I kept imagining. and imagining lots and lots of things.

**Injured lady's son:** what you used to imagine??

**Injured lady:** I used to imagine.... I used to have dreams. dreams for you... I used to see your infinite successful future as if it was in its infinity like the extinction of the sky... come to your mother my child.

**he walks away from her and she follows him. both walk slowly. as she reaches him a pet more he walks away from away.**

**with lights follow them step by step. she is exhausted.so she kneels on the middle of the stage. and he looks at her as he walks to the door. and gets out of it. while she is looking at the ground sadly.**

**She gets up off the ground. Looking tiered and sad....and with her wonder look she turns her head to the white door as if she wants to**

follow her child to apologize to him. to take him into her lap again.  
but that door seems that it can be opened from one side only.

she spins around the stage when a man comes in from that door. a  
yellow light surrounds him at the first moment he gets in. he seems  
so angry as he looks at her.

**Husband:** I told you... but you never listen to the voice of your mind. you  
obey only what your devils tell you. whom took you out of your house.  
whom made you lose your **Husband**. your son. and your sweet life.

**Injured lady:** I have a mind to think??

**Husband:** I am your mind. since when women had minds to think??

**Injured lady:** I have a dream.

**Husband:** I am your dream. since when women have dreams except for  
marriage and their graves.

**Injured lady:** I have the right to decide.

**Husband:** I am the one who decide for you. since when women have the  
right to decide about anything?? Damn revolutions that made our women go  
out to the streets. and didn't just give them the right to decide their own  
destiny. but also to decide a destiny of a whole nation.

**Injured lady:** I stayed by your side for a long time. what have you given me  
except for food, drink, and bed...?? You haven't given the chance to say yes  
or no about anything ... you haven't given me chance to help you out...  
aren't I who rotted in that house waiting for you every day to give me  
whatever you felt like you wanted to.??

**Husband:** I felt jealous of everything ...you were beautiful. and still. how can I keep smiling while I see other men looking at you.?? how can you go out off my sight for hours every day...???

**Injured lady:** I am not your slave.

**Husband:** you are my wife. and that's more important.

**Injured lady:** used to be your wife...

**Husband:** because you got out to the streets. how can I keep a woman who had got out to people.?? not just that, but also uncovered her face and her hair. raised her voice before millions. travelled to many countries. cried out loud. announced her opinion. And has done a lot.... you ... you reached what no other woman did. you have become extremist in your desire to take revenge from those who killed your son.

**Injured lady:** who killed him should pay for his murder.

**Husband:** you fought soldiers... crowded with men and women. hoisted flags. and instead of painting your hands with henna, you painted them with red paint. And printed them against the walls, crying out loud among people calling for no more humiliation...

**Injured lady:** and that makes you angry with me?

**Husband:** everything you do now makes me angry. I am not the one who approves everything that you have done... you have turned to be obsessed with freedom. a woman who yearns for a bloody revenge. a woman who scares men with her strength.

**Injured lady:** I have been given an award.

**Husband:** your award was your **Husband** satisfaction. my satisfaction.

**Injured lady:** it is main!!!

**Husband:** no. it's a man's. that if we admit that award. those who give awards are just people who are longing for you to become a woman without customs. without traditions. without family. a woman just like men not women.

**Injured lady:** damn your customs! damn your traditions! damn everything that will take my freedom away from me! that will take away my ability to decide how I want to live ...

**Husband:** that's what I was worried about you from. To deny everything beautiful in our life!!

**Injured lady:** what is beautiful to you may not be the same in my point of view.

**Husband:** also! you have a point of view!! dear me!! doomsday is raising soon!!

**Injured lady:** what brought you here?? to bother me??

**Husband:** for the first time I get to be with you. talk to you. after a period, which you were surrounded by crowds. for the first time I feel we are together as a **Husband** with his wife again. or who used to be. for the first time we are able to spend some time together to talk. just to talk.

**Injured lady:** go away. I'm tired.

**Husband:** I am not going away ... this is my chance to spell out my inner feelings to you.



**Injured lady:** say whatever you want and go away

**Husband:** I loved you.

**Injured lady:** I know that.

**Husband:** and still in love with you.

**Injured lady:** I know that.

**Husband:** when you used to be like a woman like all women. I was able to live with you.

**Injured lady:** and now?

**Husband:** now you are unqualified to live with.

**Injured lady:** I am not begging you here to bring me under your patronage. I have become an independent person.

**Husband:** go back to whom you used to be. and let us start over again.

**Injured lady:** it is too late. I myself do not want to go back to my old life again

**Husband:** do you think that limelight and cameras are more important than the lights of love in your **Husband's** eyes.??

**Injured lady:** A **Husband** that does not protect me, does not deserve me.

**Husband:** the trend was a lot stronger than me.

**Injured lady:** but it wasn't stronger than me. I defeated that trend and reached the other bank.

**Husband:** hungry. injured. no one comes to you with a pill. they just had enough with you and left you here to rot. since when revolutions gave revolutionists what they deserve?? revolutions are raised by heroes and got benefited by cowards.

**Injured lady:** then you get the benefits you coward.

**Husband:** yes. I got benefits. now I have lots of money and a high position. you are the one who will stay here. for the rest of your life. spelling the curse of anger on your wasted years which weren't owned by a **Husband** that loved you.

**Injured lady:** owned!! Owned!! you still think that a woman should be owned.? under your commands.? now I just found out that revolutions haven't raised yet. revolutions had not success. there was not a revolution from the first place.

**Husband:** and why is that??

**Injured lady:** going out to be part of that revolution was not just to overthrow the regulation. for the last thing I would care about is that rotten man in his stony castle. it is you who I cared about. my child who I cared about. my father who I cared about. I wanted to create a revolution in your minds. not on the streets.

\*he replies in a sarcastic way

**Husband:** revolute on us?? Heh.

**Injured lady:** Yes. for I never felt in my whole life what does the injustice of regulation mean. for I was obscured in that worm house. I only felt injustice from you beating me. violation in the name of marriage...

commanding and banning. yelling and crying ... cursing ... that what I revolted on.

**Husband:** have not you revolted on who killed our son?

**Injured lady:** that was the straw the broke the camel's back... but genes of revolution were already inside of me. and maybe they were going to stay in me forever. but my child's death was what released every revolution gene out of me. mixed with yells and anger.

**Husband:** as I know. all you had in you were love, compassion, and desire. isn't it??

**Injured lady:** there are anger and rage on my wasted dignity. there was the hate of you yelling at me every day. your anger over the day. your constant arrogance. there was the irony of your minded believes. and of your shameful attitude.

**Husband:** you are really surprising me with all these words.

**Injured lady:** I don't want to surprise you. you too do not come to me again to surprise me, thinking that I will be thrilled. just leave me now and I ask god to make this the last meeting for us.

**Husband:** there are still things that I wish to say.

**Injured lady:** say them to yourself. and leave.

**he stays still for seconds looking at her. whom never looks back at him. she looks exhausted as she looks at the door after he walks away. she looks extremely furious about him. then turns to the audience with anger looks in her eyes.**

**Injured lady:** I am certain that he wants me. and I know exactly what I mean to him. but he is just like all men. needs only a woman not a partner.

she turns back to her bed and sits on it for a while... she keeps looking at the audience.

**Injured lady:** a long time ago. he would not give up on me as long as I bring him his food, wash his clothes, and share him bed... but now he is looking at my face as a disposable thing. something that got out of his control. and for that it's a worthless thing to him.

**she gets up off her bed and goes to the middle of the stage and points at her chest.**

**Injured lady:** is the way how I am evoking men to control over?? does being a woman mean to be worthless and put under feet???... to be ready at the door waiting for commands...!!!!

**she kneels as if she is praying to god.**

**Injured lady:** am I really sinned for doing what I did?? am I guilty for searching after myself?? for having the ability to decide what I want.??? for dreaming a free dream. free from everyone around me?? does that mean that I am abnormal in the way I think?? abnormal from every silent woman in this planet.???

\*she prostrates on the stage and starts to rub the floor with her hands and mumbles slowly.

**Injured lady:** the land... a long time ago. when I was a little girl. after my parents died. my brothers refused to give me my share of the land which father left behind. and the money also. women have no right to inherit their

parents. for women will give strangers what they earned. this is how they see our Husbands. strangers! as if I am without a soul. without a personality! ... if only I got the crumbs, I would be satisfied. I would know that I have a soul... that I'm one of god's creatures.

\*she stands again and raises her hands in front of her. she moves them as if they are a scales.

**Injured lady:** justice! I have been longing for it for my whole life... I haven't got the right to get high education like my brothers... I haven't got my share of the land. or even my money. I haven't got my entity.

\*she looks at the audience and wipes her scattered tufts of her hair

**Injured lady:** my personality. my entity. since when I have a personality? have not my brothers erased it when I was about ten years old.?? after they completely covered it with that black cover. haven't this entity been erased after it was prohibited to step out of the house and see the sun.!! what sees the sun is an entity. what doesn't is nothing but a ghost.

**she hurries to the bed and grabs the white cover, then covers herself completely and spins around herself for several times. She stoops and looks at the audience from a small gap on the cover that shows only one eye.**

**Injured lady:** woooo... I am the ghost. who hunts houses. who rings bells and chains. who waits for residents. so I can feel that I'm not alone. I am the colorless ghost. weightless. soulless. nothing. I am nothing!!!!

**she gathers the cover in a way that makes it look like along robe and starts to pass on the floor to be almost like a snake that creeps on the stage.**

**Injured lady:** I am the snake over the time. I am the cold blooded that should not be annoyed!!...don't they say a woman is a snake? look at me now! I am the snake whom history wrote about. I am the snake who religion men talked about. and prophets warned you about. who scientists said she is the greatest evil in history. I am the one who took Adam out off heaven. me and everyone in my kind... we are those who bitted men over time with our evilness and slyness. I am the devil. I am the one who always. forever. and forever after. should be punished, to take the consequences thankful, and hoist the flags of obedience and loyalty.

**she turns back to her bed looking exhausted and grieved, after talking to her child and her Husband. she looks at that white door, turns her head to the audience. then at her dress. then touches her injured shoulder, as pain appears on her face.**

**a Covered hair lady gets in from that door and green light surrounds her.**

**Covered hair lady:** how are you?

**Injured lady:** I am fine.

**Covered hair lady:** you look exhausted and injured.

**Injured lady:** it is the price for liveliness, fame, and limelight.

**Covered hair lady:** why did you do what you have done? You exerted yourself and every woman on earth!!!!

**Injured lady:** it was for me. for you. and for all of us.

**Covered hair lady:** it was not for me, for I have become terrified after I was in safe... hungry after I was full. living in hell, after I was in heaven.

**Injured lady:** everything beautiful will come. after this nightmare vanishes.

**Covered hair lady:** it is a long nightmare.

**Injured lady:** what is wrong with you? Future is coming.

Covered lady: but I want to live now. Future is by god's will.

**Injured lady:** what happened to you? to become like this.? I remember you being with the crowds. crying out loud happily. when I was on the stage.

**Covered hair lady:** I used to think that I was living a dream. I used to think that knew what I wanted. but now. I have no idea what I want.

**Injured lady:** revolution is done. now let's start our new lives.

**Covered hair lady:** I am no longer able to get out of my house.

**Injured lady:** why??

**Covered hair lady:** it used to be safe out there. I admit that street was violent and imperious, but it was not delinquent.

**Injured lady:** what happened to you to disbelieve in revolution like this.

**Covered hair lady:** I can no longer get out of my house. people are no longer afraid of any authority. for every one has his own one... lots of things have happened.

**Injured lady:** you have been my friend since the days of glory, activeness, and the out loud cries...

**Covered hair lady:** they expelled me from the school I used to teach children in. teach them the meanings of freedom, dignity, and humanity. they stopped me from working because I used to go to the revolution squares. I was not famous like you were, so that people won't dare to treat me unjustly. I came back home to find my **Husband** and my family pushing me to live in the darkness.

**Injured lady:** just like me now?

**Covered hair lady:** yes. just like you now. streets have become drear... no one is afraid to comet anything now. there a lot who turned to be just like evils. they harass me. I feel like if I don't defend myself, no one will. unlike what used to happen before.

**Injured lady:** I did not know that!!!

**Covered hair lady:** almost everything. hospitals that I used to go to, do not offer any services to me anymore. they say that they do not have the ability to do anything for me.

**Injured lady:** hospitals!!

**Covered hair lady:** schools also have become violent. children now come to classes with their minds filled up with their parents believes. they come every day to repeat over what they hear at their houses.to find them disagreed. fighting with each other...

**Injured lady:** schools also!!



**Covered hair lady:** we just replaced the ordinary authoritative with a religion one... whom doesn't just execute violence to keep his authority, but he also executes it, as he thinks, in the name of god's license.

**Injured lady:** God doesn't give any one a license to violate the dignity of others.

**Covered hair lady:** that is not what they think. they believe that they are angels or god's messengers who do what god says. you are strong, for that no one dares to say anything to you. but not me... demerit hunts me every way I go.

**Injured lady:** there is not any demerit in you.

**Covered hair lady:** all demerits have adhered me. it is blemish to go out to the street! it is blemish to get a high education! it is blemish to crowd people! it is blemish to be 20 years old and not married yet!!

**Injured lady:** you were with me ... we had one aim.

**Covered hair lady:** my aim is no longer as yours. like every woman has her own aim.

**Injured lady:** I was and still longing to take my revenge from those who took my child away from me.

**Covered hair lady:** my aim is to get a high education. but it almost impossible after all this madness, which is happening at this period. after that revolution.

**Injured lady:** my aim is justice.

**Covered hair lady:** my aim is to stay over with the children at school and teach them... I love teaching children.

**Injured lady:** my aim is human dignity.

**Covered hair lady:** my aim is to go to the hospital to find a medicine that I can afford.

**Injured lady:** my aim is to help out this nation to get ride off this dominating.

**Covered hair lady:** my aim is to be useful for this community, even if the one who is rolling is the devil himself. I do not care.

**Injured lady:** main is to cut off the snake's head.

**Covered hair lady:** to cure the bitted one before he dies.

**Injured lady:** you have changed a lot ... you now believe in branches. you have no longer interest in the main problem.

**Covered hair lady:** and you have changed frequently. you entered revolution veiled and with a religious background ... and just after a short time. You changed yours believes to drawn in the leftism believes... and there you are turning to be a bear faced and uncovered hair secularist.

**Injured hair lady:** I have changed. I am better now. I have been moving forward with my thinking unlike you. you have moved backwards.

**Covered hair lady:** I am not as strong as you are.

**Injured lady:** I am not strong also. it does not take from you to be strong. only desire and some actions.

**Covered hair lady:** I can't.

**Injured lady:** revolute. don't let fair pull you back.

**Covered hair lady:** I am not in the back. in the contrary, I feel I have made it forward. towards God.

**Injured lady:** we all moved towards God. but through different ways. my revolution against who pulled you back. against who took you back to prison. against who cut off your wings which you used to flutter with around revolution squares.

**Covered hair lady:** I do not desire. I can't.

**Injured lady:** why have you come here?

**Covered hair lady:** to visit an old friend... she used to glow before me.

**Injured lady:** and always will be. my revolution is still in me and will never go away.

**Covered hair lady:** you will get tiered one day. you will not be able to face the wind that day. a wind that reveals our falseness.

**Injured lady:** your falseness maybe.

**Covered hair lady:** our falseness. All of us. the revolutionists and the dictator. we have just replaced the historical dominating with a religious one.

**Injured lady:** what's the difference??

**Covered hair lady:** the first used to murder us under shadows. but the second one will be proud of it, for we are to him nothing but disobedient women.

**Injured lady:** I shall fight. I shall revolute.

**Covered hair lady:** try. and I shall be watching you. and pray for you.

**she looks at the Injured lady with grudge and wrath looks. and walks away.**

**another man gets in from that door. he has a white beard and wearing a black garment. at the first second he gets in, a gray light surrounds him. at the first moment he sees her he covers his eyes with his hand. and cries angrily.**

**Man with beard:** woman!! cover your hair.

**Injured lady:** what does that have to do anything with you??

**Man with beard:** woman is private and blemish...and you got out to people, showing your private parts... all of you is private.

**Injured lady:** I am human not blemish or private.

**Man with beard:** uncovered your hair before men. a woman's hair is private and blemish... it's a seduction!!

**Injured lady:** what will men look at a woman at her middle age ...??

**Man with beard:** haven't you cried out loud before crowds?? a woman's voice is a blemish and seduction!!

**Injured lady:** I didn't feel that any one considered my though voice a seduction. I have not seen or heard anyone say that. I used to get on the stage calling for freedom.

**Man with beard:** have not you go out bear faced?? a woman's face is blemish and seduction!!

**Injured lady:** what is a matter with you?? You want to make me a human that do not listen, speak, and see!!

**Man with beard:** human!! you are a woman.

**Injured lady:** a woman is human. MR. religion knower.

**Man with beard:** and what have you left for men to do?

**Injured lady:** each is created to do his destined role.

**Man with beard:** a woman is destined for home. not to go out and in. or to cry out loud and to drown in commotion ... to crowd people. and everything I can imagine in revolution which violence was the predominating.

**Injured lady:** my son was killed in that revolution. due to an aimless explosion.

**Man with beard:** consider him a martyr, pray for him, and ask for God's justice.

**Injured lady:** that's it!! What about revenge??

**Man with beard:** and what will you do?? Take a weapon and go to kill who murdered your son??

**Injured lady:** no. I went out to people. asking them to prosecute who killed him. to take his fair punishment.

**Man with beard:** he will take his fair punishment... there. from god.

**Injured lady:** everything on god. on god. can't anything happen here. now??

**Man with beard:** do you disbelieve???

**Injured lady:** are you saying that I am a disbeliever??

**Man with beard:** I am not. you are the one who is saying. that you want justice now. as if you don't believe that there will be justice and punishment for bad deeds.

**Injured lady:** I did not say that. you religion knowers interpret everything to what approves with your believes about religion and the way you like.

He walks to the bed. takes the white cover. and covers her till nothing appears except for her eyes. He steps back few steps and smiles

**Man with beard:** now I get to walk to comfortably.

She grabs it off her and gathers it to be a stack and throws it on his face.

**Injured lady:** and this is how I get to talk to comfortably. face to face.

**Man with beard:** you all women like this. you who pretend to be revolutionists.

**Injured lady:** we really are. so what??

**Man with beard:** revolutions which are led by women are useless and unsuccessful. real revolutions are led by soldiers of God.

**Injured lady:** we called for freedom, justice, and human dignity.but you men take weapon as your first solution ... women are those who made revolution peaceful.

**Man with beard:** we also called for a peaceful revolution.

**Injured lady:** over time you and your kind have been slaves for the roller. giving him licenses to kill, to dominate...

**Man with beard:** to avoid his viciousness.

**Injured lady:** but to get what you want from him. and as soon as you get enough from him, you throw him away.

**Man with beard:** lair!

**Injured lady:** real people are those poor ones, who lived on bread and water. are those who went out to the streets. And I was one of them.

**Man with beard:** who are you. but a bunch of rabbles.

**Injured lady:** we are revolutionists. haven't you listened to our melody on the streets?? Us. who looked beyond the soldiers to see a world, we are longing for.

**Man with beard:** I was one of those people.

**Injured lady:** and before that? don't you admit??

**Man with beard:** every situation decides what is to be said.

**Injured lady:** yes. and every time has its own country and its own men. but not you, you are the men of every time.

**Man with beard:** are you accusing me of being a hypocrite!!!! Ask for God's forgiveness.

**Injured lady:** and who are you to ask God's forgiveness for???

**Man with beard:** you were, turned to be, and always will be manner less, gross, and careless about others feelings.

**Injured lady:** I do care about others' honest feelings. other honest ones. and you are too far from honesty.

**Man with beard:** have you seen what's in my heart to know honesty from deceiving??

**Injured lady:** where am I now?

Man with beard: in the hospital.

**Injured lady:** and where are you now?

**Man with beard:** I am working. I have no time for crowding with people and for crying out load.

**Injured lady:** you mean at your ministry. aren't you the one who got hit randomly by a rock. so you travelled out to take care of your injury??

**Man with beard:** it hearted me so badly.

**Injured lady:** was not I the one who got injured and for she was brought to this miserable hospital??

**Man with beard:** each is according to his financial ability.

**Injured lady:** and where did you get your ability from?? Several months ago you couldn't afford even bread.



**Man with beard:** dealing with you is a sense of craziness.

**Injured lady:** and talking to you make me feel like vomiting.

**Man with beard:** talking to you pushes one to disbelieve in god.

**Injured lady:** talking to you instigates to believe that God doesn't need your kind to show us how just he is.

**Man with beard:** for that soldiers had to pit you and every woman of your kind. Who think that they are revolutionists... to harass you and others. for you insolent and they were wrong to follow you lead.

**Injured lady:** it is the voice of truth and the dictator's soldiers weren't the ones who hit us during the months of revolution. at the end your soldiers are those who hit and injured me.

**Man with beard:** for you got out of your house. If you stayed home, you would still have dignity and being protected ... we don't approve going out for women ... we don't approve uncovering your hair ... we don't approve your voice being heard by any one.... We don't approve. we don't. we don't...!!!

**Injured lady:** I have rebelled against those who were a lot stronger than you. but God won't let me rebel against you too.

**Man with beard:** you disbeliever!!!

**Injured lady:** get out of here... you have no place in here, our next meeting will be on the streets.

**Man with beard:** I shall gather those who love god to fight for him.

**Injured lady:** and I shall gather all those whom God loves. to cry on your face and on your soldiers' .... To cry with God's words. calling for respecting human, his humanity, and his dignity.

**Man with beard:** then streets will be.

**Injured lady:** it became a home to me.

**he leaves, the situation seems tensed and threatened. she touches her injured shoulder and pain appears on her face. all that talking with those who broke into her at her first weakness moment.to judge on her.**

**She feels as if she was at the court with everyone trying to send her a message, that some agree with her going out to the streets and fighting injustice, and others were against her going out just because she is a woman.**

**she looks at the audience, looking very upset.**

**Injured lady:** you are a woman! everyone comes to me to judge me. for no reason. for no crime I've committed. only. just only. as what they say. because you are a woman. as if because of that I do not have the right to cry out load. I have no right to laugh... what is happening here?? What is going to happen here?? I'm afraid of the future...it looks to dark. it looks hopeless. it looks like we are going to go out off the hole just to fall into a chasm.

**she looks exhausted after that crazy talk she had with that religion knower. who came to her carrying all the terrifying, hell, and heaven, which he hided in his pocket and threw them on her face...**

**stage still dark except for that white door which is closed after that man left. she walks towards the audience looking more exhausted than before.**

**Injured lady:** what is a matter with men. to come to me just to throw their troubles on me??? Their insane accusations. their desire to yell. their desire to control over. their desire to make me or other woman under their feet. sucking their lips and looking at us. I look. to what she has reached after that revolution. she did not get her son's killer. she could not keep her Husband ... she is insane. she must be losing her limelight. she must be losing the acclaims of the crowds.

**she spins as she is holding her injured shoulder. and goes to the door and tries to open it. to go to the light. to the streets again. to anywhere else but this small dark room.**

**Injured lady:** open this door! I want to see the sun. I want to see the moon. I want to see people faces. to see my girlfriend's smiles.

**but the door doesn't open. and she doesn't go out. she comes back to the middle of the stage and looks at the audience.**

**Injured lady:** and here I am. I came back to darkness again. I have lived all my life in darkness. I went out only for nearly two months. I saw people. I washed myself with sunlight. but at my first weakness moment I've been through, they broke into my prison. into my dark room which I used and still live in.

**she runs again towards the door and knocks it so hard. and cries.**

**Injured lady:** open the door. it is time for me to get out. I am a fried of darkness. I have no place in this room anymore. I belong to the street. among people.

**the door does not seem to be opened ... she goes back to bed to lay on it again... she feels so cold. she gathers herself on the bed as she trembles.**

**someone gets in through that door, this time it's an old Elegant man .... A red light surrounds him ... he walks around the stage for a while looking proud with his head raised ... Injured lady still trembling and looking more and more exhausted. she does not feel him as walks around.**

**Elegant man:** you insect!!

She looks at him ... then wakes up frightened, she watches him for a second then gets out off her bed and runs to one of the stage corners. she looks terrified.

**Elegant man:** just now, you show me your fairness! we're not you the one who showed up to the media crying that this man is unjust. this man is a dictator. this man is corrupted.

**she is still trapped in the corner...**

**Injured lady:** you are unjust!!

**Elegant man:** this is authority. always arbitrary. you never able to satisfy everyone.

**Injured lady:** you are a dictator!!

**Elegant man:** it's for the sake of my safety and my people's from your kind. who pretend freedom. there is no freedom except for what I provide my people with.

**Injured lady:** you do not own people. you are just a corrupted man.

**Elegant man:** you don't understand governing. you don't know what governing means. you all understand nothing. human should give, take, and take. so he would stay a life. to keep holding on himself. his blood. and his authority.

**Injured lady:** give people justice!!

**Elegant man:** people don't get bread from justice!!! Bread needs money.

**Injured lady:** give people freedom!!

**Elegant man:** people know no freedom. they will use it so badly and you are a life example of it.

**Injured lady:** give people the chance to live a new era.

**Elegant man:** what's wrong with the era which you lived under my wing??

**Injured lady:** it is a bloody era.

**Elegant man:** any country needs blood to arise. to be safe.

**Injured lady:** for the first time I hear that blood brings safety.

**Elegant man:** I am the roller. because of you I have lost my strength. I was and still, till a short time sucking blood. blood that brings back my youth and fill me with energy. you were calling for peace. peace that shortages my strength and make me feel powerless and weak... you with your collages

want to persecute me! how ignorant you are. is there anyone who can???  
over time I have written the history of this nation. why to persecute me  
then? why?? Is it because I have become weak?? Incapable to face you??  
where were they when I had my power?? when I used to growl fire and  
death??

**Injured lady:** you are crazy??

**Elegant man:** yes, for not killing you.

**Injured lady:** my family was killed.

**Elegant man:** but I forgot to kill you. how stupid I was!!

**Injured lady:** give me back my family. my son.

**Elegant lady:** I am the roller; I can take lives but I can't bring them back.

**Injured lady:** I became homeless. crazy. angry. I don't desire this life  
anymore.

**Elegant man:** heh! It's nothing compared to what I have done.

**Injured lady:** I had a happy child. he used to go to school.

**Elegant man:** and what am I supposed to do for you?? I bring vagrancy but  
I do not solve it. I am the cause of anger but I do not take its consequences.

**Injured lady:** when I used to make mistakes, my mother used punish me...  
you have done a lot of mistakes, so you should be punished.

**Elegant man:** heh! And who would that be who will punish me?? God has  
not created him yet.

**Injured lady:** you should be punished. punished!!

**Elegant man:** you got a lot of benefits my dear. haven't all those who stood between you and your freedom dream gone to the nonexistence.

**Injured lady:** I used to be happier when I was with my family.

**Elegant man:** stop bothering me! heh. is there anyone else but a woman like you to persecute me?? I have created the history of this country.

**Injured lady:** you should be punished for your bad deeds. punished!!

**Elegant man:** crazy woman! no one can persecute me even if I'm at my end. my period. for I'm able to create my strength again. there is avaricious. fairness of the other. ego. everything that becomes like wood to me.

**Injured lady:** I am unfortunate!

**Elegant man:** not more than me. for I am now suffering from unemployment.

**Injured lady:** I suffer from loneliness.

**Elegant man:** and what am I supposed to do you?? adapt you or amuse you!!! ok then wait... there are news about what's happening after your revolution. hear this. over 50 child were killed in an RBG explosion which happened in a children school ... a whole street dies after an arsenal explosion which was owned by an independent illegal army troop.

**Injured lady:** enough!! enough!!

**Elegant man:** why?? these are my most amusement news... just listen to this one, I have heard it from some T.V channels .... A group an independent soldiers attacks a town and breaks into a girls school and rapped

the little ones then killed them all. news says they were about 30 women. they aren't that much. but it's a good start. great news isn't it???

**Injured lady:** irritating news!! Irritating!!!!

**Elegant man:** you mean great news. what have you got now??? wasn't this revolution which you were one of its symbols!!! Haven't those who raised the revolution thrown out thousands of devils whom I used to control over by iron and fire!!!!!!

**Injured lady:** don't you prefer quietness and peace??

**Elegant man:** you are insane... hmmmm... if it is the quietness that comes before the storm, then yes. I do like it.

**Injured lady:** look at my shoulder!! it may get cut off.

**Elegant man:** nice. nice.

**Injured lady:** I had a gun shot when I was in the last demonstration.

**Elegant man:** oh!! This is much better.

**Injured lady:** much better that I may loss my arm??

**Elegant man:** if you have lost your life that have would have been the best thing to me. so you stop paging me.

**she keeps moving around him whom looks more determined than before to destroy and spray violence and ravage on everything.... He hasn't give up on his arrogance. his pride... he hasn't give up on anything he was famous for.**



**Injured lady:** how stupid and proud you are??? And still asking why we raised a revolution against you!!!

**Elegant man:** are you laughing at me??

**Injured lady:** and at your parents and all who is in your kind!!

**Elegant man:** how rude you are woman!! But a winner who laughs at last.

**Injured lady:** every child in this world will grow up knowing the results of what you have done. don't you ever think that they will forget your bad deeds!!!!

**Elegant man:** future is main and for those who is of my kind... you can't live without getting a foot stepping on you. history says that ... what future are you talking about???

**Injured lady:** talking to you is nothing but a vanity.

**Elegant man:** I am the vanity indeed.

**Injured lady:** dealing with you is a sense of craziness.

**Elegant man:** I am craziness.

**Injured lady:** go away!! I can't take it anymore.

**Elegant man:** more will come to you.

**Injured lady:** go away!! Get out! you are the most hated!! Go to the shameless museum.

**Elegant man:** museum is my house... for it contains only the history of great men. who bang on blood and wars.

**Injured lady:** I am not denying the truth. I'm not.

**Elegant man:** years from today and no one will remember who you were. you stupid woman!! Is there anyone who gets tiered of wars and war makers!!! I am the excitement. the motion. the thrill.

**Injured lady:** I need no excitement which emits pain from my child's throat ... get out of my life!!

**Elegant men:** I am the one who will always be hunting you. crazy woman!!

**Injured lady:** you are the crazy one.

**Elegant man:** do not raise your voice at my presence!!

**Injured lady:** I'll raise it. for you live on blood and tears.

**Elegant man:** you are courageous ... I love courage... it's like the first tyranny sparkle. you're definitely going to be a new dictator. with cinematic specifications.

**Injured lady:** get out of here! you exhausted me like no one else did ... and you will be persecuted. and you will take your punishment for your bad deeds. you will be like you were nothing.

**Elegant man:** I am the roller. who can persecute me?? I am the roller ... who can face me? they attacked me when they saw my weakness... it doesn't matter for I shall be back tomorrow to my old strength. and tomorrow there will be more violence. some people will die... this is the revolution destiny. this is the war's cost... I am the creator of history. I am the history. no one writes a history about revolutionists but everyone writes about the history of leaders and I am a leader.

after that last guest in this endless night, the tenses was all over the stage. Injured lady seems to carry all the emotions that can appear in a human's face. anger. sadness. happiness. ego. evil looks mixed with love ones. all those emotions appeared on her face at that moment. she spins around the stage to reach the bed and lies on it for a moment. she looks at the audience again. and smiles. it's her first smile in this crazy night. she keeps looking at them.

**Injured lady:** your eyes still exactly the same when I first saw them in this ill-omened night. eyes full of love, petty, anger, and sarcastic ... I don't care!! Believe me!! I don't. I don't care anymore about who looks at me angrily for, as he says, I have violated customs and traditions... or I am not religious enough. I don't care anymore about who loves me for me, or for revolution because I was part of it. I don't care anymore about those eyes which are filled with petty toward myself, my hurts, and for losing everything in my life...I don't care anymore about lovable eyes which see that I deserve some love... I don't care about all of that any more... all I care about is you to see me as a woman and to respect me. and stop stepping on my humanity just because I'm a woman. I'm just a human being and nothing else.... Not less than that. I'm not less than any other human... just treat well for that reason ... I don't need you're your eyes or your ears or your hearts or anything else. just leave me alone (she cries out loud) leave me alone!!!! leave me alone!!!!

lights shots down. also the white light that surrounded her from the beginning of the play... the white door disappears from the middle of the stage. everything becomes unclear on the stage.

**The curtain closes down**



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