

Find me... please...

WRITTEN BY

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DIRECTED BY

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Characters :

Jonathan Western Man, 30 to 40 years old

Saba Middle Eastern Woman, 30 to 40 years old

The entire stage is dark. A spotlight turns on, illuminating the woman standing center stage. She begins speaking to the audience

Saba:

I was dreaming. I was in Tehran—right in the middle of the city. The fighter jets had started bombing Tehran. There was a six-year-old girl. She was crying, searching through the rubble for her doll. Her mother was calling out to her: Saba... Sabaa! I went to tell her that I was scared too. That I've always been afraid of war. I got closer. I said, "I'm anxious too." No, I meant I'm scared. I was really scared. Really, really scared.

Suddenly, the war stopped. She asked, "Terrified? Petrified?" I said: *(bothered)* No... I don't know... I said... *(long silence)* I didn't say anything. I forgot what I wanted to say. I forgot the war. Everything melted, I got lost in the darkness.

I wanted to say *(in Farsi: زهرم ترکید...)* how i can explain... Don't your guts ever burst from fear? It sounds ridiculous. Like someone who gets so scared their gallbladder explodes. That's the kind of metaphor I want. How would YOU say that in English? Can you help me?

Small audience interaction

Saba:

I was in the middle of explaining my nightmare about war, but now, I just need to find a word. A better word. The right word.

Again, small audience interaction

Saba:

In every group I've ever been in, I always had something to share. I was never short of word. A

person who's read tons of books, tons of poetry. I went to the best art university in Iran. My mind was full of metaphors, full of poetry, full of words I could throw out whenever I wanted. But no... not anymore... Here, I'm slowly disappearing... I've become an ordinary person who has just a bunch of ordinary words in her pockets. That's all...

(silence)

Saba: (CONTINUED)

He said:

"Then go learn. There are so many writers who weren't born speaking English, but they became top-tier English artists. Go read Shakespeare, Jane Austen, Charles Dickens... Listen to Adele. Listen to one of those new rappers—Kendrick Lamar. Think in English. Live in English. Dream in English!"

I said... I did! I did alot. I can speak German I know a bit of Hebrew, French.. But now I'm more than 30 years old..

I just realized there are a thousand other things I want to learn, a thousand places I haven't been. I want to grow in my career. I want to become the manager of our department. I want to learn to play piano. I don't want to waste my entire life in a language competition that I will always lose in the end.

He said, "That's your choice.

And I said, "Yeah..." *(silence)*

A choice among infinite choices I never actually had.

Jonathan:

Were you finally able to buy the ticket?

*Suddenly, house lights come on
and life resumes normally.*

*Half the room is painted green,
the other half remains
unpainted. Painting supplies are
scattered around.*

*The woman walks toward the
laptop to try buying the ticket.*

Saba:

No. Just the Qatar Airways flight has space and only in business and first class.

Jonathan:

Can't you just get business? With the baby, it'll be easier!

Saba:

It's four times the price! Technically the baby is already flying first class. (*touches her belly*)

Jonathan:

What about Swiss, Lufthansa, Austrian?

Saba:

They've all sanctioned Iran. I have to wait and see if Emirates or Turkish opens up.

Jonathan:

It's ridiculous. The most ridiculous way to hurt people.

Saba:

I wish that were all. But what really burns me is when they whisper in people's ears that "all of this is for you, it's against your terrible government, it's for your own good."

Jonathan:

sorry, it's my fault. If I hadn't complained, you would've booked Qatar that day..

Saba:

No worries. Who knows maybe I'll get one of those flights Jennifer Aniston advertises! Did you see?

Jonathan:

No.

Saba:

It's really cool, you have to see.

Hands him her phone to watch a video

The man laughs at the video.

Saba:

We don't have Gorme sabzi herbs

Jonathan:

In the middle of Saskatoon? Of course not!

Saba:

They do! Go to Petra store. I'm sure they have it.

Jonathan:

Can't you go yourself?

Saba:

No...*(not it the mood)* ok, Let's play rock-paper-scissors. Loser goes.

Jonathan:

No way. You're better at it you always win.

Saba:

I'm just lucky. It's not a skill.

Jonathan:

No, you look into people's eyes in a way that makes them give it away.

Saba:

So?

Jonathan:

Let's play "Where's the coin?" Loser shops.

Like a skilled juggler or magician, he first shows the coin with one hand, indicating which hand it's in. The woman laughs at his silliness. The man continues—he waves his hands, claps them together.

Jonathan:

Which hand?

The woman picks one of his hands. The man opens it—it's empty.

He slowly opens the other hand—it's empty too.

Then he moves his hand behind the woman's ear and pulls out the coin from behind it, showing it to her. They both laugh.

Saba:

This juggling stuff is so American.

Jonathan:

What do you mean?

Saba:

I mean it's fake... Toys to amuse Western kids.

Jonathan:

You lost!

Saba:

In the East, there's real magic. Stuff you can't forget once you see it.

Jonathan:

Are you serious?

Saba:

Yes. Countries with ancient traditions still have old magic. Everyone knows it.

Jonathan:

You mean like tricks?

Saba:

No, I mean *MAGIC (bold)*. Real magic. Passing an object through another, teleporting it...

Jonathan:

Have you seen it?

Saba:

Seen it? I know how to do it. There's black magic too, but that's different. I'm talking about normal magic.

Jonathan:

Weird. You never told me. I'd like to see it right now.

Saba:

Okay. But if you're impressed, you admit it's real magic and not your silly trick, you lose. Deal?

Jonathan:

Deal.

Saba:

I don't need anything. Just bring me that water bottle.

*He brings a sealed water bottle.
She opens it, places it on the
table.*

Saba:

Give me something that's yours, maybe that silly coin.

*He takes the coin from his
pocket and hands it to her. She
places it under the bottle.*

Saba:

Step back.

He steps back. She begins chanting in Persian.

: Saba

”دریا گشایان، کهن رازداران، سینه بگشایید از این رمز و طلسم...”

Silence.

Saba:

Come. Look from above.

As he looks in she squeezes the bottle into his face and they both start laughing out loud. The man splashes the rest of the water toward the woman. Some of it lands on her clothes—most of it ends up on the floor, soaking it.

Jonathan:

Oh God... I was actually starting to believe it.

She goes to the laptop.

Saba:

Hurry...I started the meat and I need to add sabzi very soon... please clean up the water you spilled before you go.

Jonathan:

Can't you make *ghormeh sabzi* with some other herbs?

Saba:

Would you ask that if you'd won?

Jonathan:

No, seriously.

Saba:

No, I can't!

Jonathan:

why don't you cook something else then? when you're living somewhere, shouldn't you cook food that belongs to that place?

Saba:

I do! But I love Persian dishes because they take time, there is a patient in it.

Jonathan:

...Sick people?

Saba:

No, I meant patient, like waiting.

Jonathan:

Patience.

Saba:

(annoyed) Ok patience! There's a patience in it...

Jonathan:

Either way, you have to start resembling the place we're living in.

Saba:

I get what you mean. I try to speak and behave like people here. I learned how to make some western food just because I want to be part of the community. This might just be a random food for you but for ME, it's how I cope with homesickness. (try to find better word)

Jonathan:

Then you'll always stay a stranger...

Saba:

(frustrated) Well if I don't, I'll become a stranger to myself.

Jonathan:

I was born in the Middle East too. I love that place too. My heart breaks for those people... just like yours does. But --

Saba:

Then why don't you want to keep the Middle Eastern part of your identity?

Jonathan:

Because I've tasted what it means to be a stranger more than you have.

I was ten years old, sitting alone at school, just watching the others A Jewish kid who couldn't speak English,

A Jewish kid everyone stared at because of his KIPA, And wherever I went, people would whisper behind my back. And it was right there that I realized I had to choose: either be reborn here and become part of the world I had immigrated to, or remain hidden deep within myself forever. So I don't want our child to grow up in a home that feels like a piece of somewhere else...

I don't want the Middle East to become part of their identity, their longings and their sorrows.

Saba:

What about us?

If we can't be the people we want to be, how can we have children who can truly find themselves? Think about your own childhood...

Oh my God, I can't believe we're standing here arguing. Go! We talk more during dinner.!

Jonathan:

Okay, okay... I'll go *not* find Gorme sabzi and think about my childhood..

Saba:

Not find, or actually find?

Jonathan:

Obviously I can't find it but I'll check a few stores so you stop asking.

Saba:

Ugh, you...

*She walks over to the
gramophone, puts on an old Vigen
record, and plays it, but only
the instrumental music comes
out.*

*She fiddles with it, rewinds and
fast-forwards, but it's no use.*

Saba:

این کوفتی نمی فهمم چشه، چرا فقط آهنگ رو پخش می کنه!

I don't get what's wrong with this damn)

(?thing—why is it only playing the music

(hesitantly, to herself)

مگه آهنگ و کلام یک جا ذخیره نمیشن!

Aren't the music and the vocals supposed to be)

(?stored together

*She gives up on the gramophone,
plays the song on her phone
instead, stands in the middle of
the room, and begins dancing
alone to the music.*



مهتاب ای مونس عاشقان روشنایی آسمان
 مهتاب ای چراغ آسمان روشنی بخش جهان
 کو ماهم؟
 نزدت چه شبها با او در آنجا بودیم
 فارغ ز دنیا لبها به لبها بودیم
 با یکدیگر ما پیش تو تنها بودیم
 مفتون و شیدا غرق تماشا بودیم
 مهتاب امشب که پیش تو ام
 او رفته و من مانده ام آه
 افسوس رفت و آن دوران گذشت
 سر نهم بر کوه و دشت از هجرش



*She dances, alone, arms open,
tangoing with an imaginary
lover.*

*Man returns holding the cans of
ghorme sabzi*

Jonathan:

What's the song about?

*The woman stops, turns around,
and looks at the man.*

Saba:

See? I told you. you'd find it! Thank you!

Jonathan:

Yep. I did.

He changes clothes, preparing to paint.

Saba: (off stage)

The record player still isn't working. It just plays the music!

Jonathan:

I'll take a look at it. What's the song about?

Saba:

(She wants to explain but it is hard for her she check the sentence with google translator)

A lover who is complaining to the moon as witness to their love that the moon has left him.

Jonathan:

The moon is the beloved?

Saba:

No, the second moon is (check her phone) a metaphor for the beloved.

Jonathan:

Oh yeah, I get it.

Saba:

Do poets use the moon as a metaphor in English too?

Jonathan:

Yeah. "It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she."

Saba:

Interesting! This one says:

با یکدیگر ما پیش تو تنها بودیم

مفتون و شیدا غرق تماشا بودیم

the nights we were together, you witnessed our love... our kisses, our moments alone...

I'm saying it in the most basic words. But the poet chose the best words.

"Meftoon o Sheyda, Ghargh-e-Tamasha boodim." I'd say: "We stared at each other like crazy people."

(*Excited*) I know "meftoon o sheyda" doesn't mean "crazy," but I can't think of a better word...

Jonathan:

Don't overthink it. I just wanted to know what it's about.

The man's phone rings – it's a video call from his aunt. He answers. The woman goes back to the laptop to try booking a ticket again.

Jonathan:

Hi, Aunt Sarah

(Hi Doda Sarah)

Aunt:

Hi. How's it going?

(Hi. Ma nishma?)

Jonathan:

I'm good. How are you? Is everything okay?

Aunt:

Yup, we're all good here. What's happening there right now?

Jonathan:

We're doing some renovations (Saba buys the ticket) around the house. I've been painting walls green since this morning.

Aunt:

very nice.

Jonathan:

It was Saba's choice.

Aunt:

That's wonderful.

On the other side, the woman successfully gets the ticket. She stands triumphantly and signals to the man that she succeeded. He gives her a thumbs-up.

Aunt:

I actually called to ask if you got the tickets for Daniel's wedding. What day are you arriving?

Jonathan:

Saba can't come. She has to go to Iran.

Aunt:

Iran? It's really dangerous right now.

Jonathan:

I know. I told her that too.

Aunt:

Oh my God. A few weeks ago, a British couple went to Iran as tourists and they were arrested. Don't you watch the news? It's everywhere...

Jonathan:

Well, Saba is from Iran so she should be fine.

Aunt:

Give the phone to Saba. Let me speak to her myself.

Jonathan:

Sure...

*The woman glares at the man,
takes the phone, and forces a
smile.*

Saba:

(Shalom Doda Sarah)

Aunt:

Hi Saba. You didn't get the ticket, did you?

Saba:

I actually just managed to get it right now.

Aunt:

Really? I was so happy, I thought you changed your mind and were going to come here instead...

Saba:

It's my little sister's wedding. If it was just up to me, I could change the date. otherwise, I would love to come with Jonathan to visit you.

Aunt:

It's very risky.

Saba:

What risk?

Aunt:

It's not safe there... with everything happening... just yesterday on TV... Trump said he might attack... last time you went, they launched missiles... Jonathan was half-dead with worry...

Saba:

Uh-huh.

Aunt:

It's not the right time during a war...

Saba:

No, Iran is not at war.

Aunt:

Still... whatever it is. People were out in the streets... I'm saying this for your own good. You'll be mad at me, I know, and I don't want to

upset you, but I really don't think you should go.

Saba:

Okay. Jonathan and I will talk about it.

Aunt:

O.K. Anyway you have a family there so you probably know better than me. I am just sad you can't come to Daniel's wedding. Well... I'll talk to you soon.

The call ends. The woman is visibly angry.

Saba:

Clean up the spot where you spilled the water. please!

Jonathan:

Okay, right now...

Saba:

I don't understand why your family thinks this way about Iran!

Jonathan:

Thinks what way?

Saba:

Just like this!

Jonathan:

They don't think like anything! They're just worried.

Saba:

When you say things like, "yeah ..I know!" , "I told her!" like that...

Jonathan:

I didn't say that.

Saba:

Yes, that's exactly what you said.

Jonathan:

Well, I had to say something.

Saba:

You can't protect someone from themselves.

Jonathan:

I was talking about Iran not you!

Saba:

(Stubborn) Iran is a part of me.

Jonathan:

You can't say that so definitively.

Saba:

Yes, I can.

Jonathan:

If a homeland were truly inseparable, then could you really leave it?

Woman:

I don't think you even know what "homeland" means.

Jonathan:

Oh? I don't know what a homeland is?

Saba:

You don't understand what I'm saying. You were a little kid when you came here. You have no feeling for Israel. You can't even speak Hebrew properly.

Jonathan:

Exactly. I don't care about Israel just like you don't care about Iran.

Saba:

No! Of course that's not how I feel.

Jonathan:

Then why—I'm just curious why did you agree to work on military funded projects at Stanford?

Saba:

That's ridiculous! I studied Industrial design. what is its relation to military projects?

Jonathan:

Your project was on self-driving vehicles.

Saba:

Self-driving cars. Cars! Things people use all over the world.

Jonathan:

Funded by DARPA.

Saba:

So what? I don't care who funds it!

Jonathan:

So they can build autonomous war machines, precision strike drones. So they can kill people more easily in the Middle East.

This is exactly the reason my family left there to not be part of that system. Exactly the reason I never went back.

Saba:

What you're saying...

What you're saying is like...

You're making me feel...

Jonathan:

like a hypocrite?

(Silence)

a phoney

(Silence)

The woman is confused, unable to find the words. Words begin to appear on the half-painted wall. She turns to the audience, then back to the words. Time slows down.

She finally turns around and angrily throws the paintbrush to the floor and yells in Farsi:

Saba:

گوه تو این زندگی.

(Shit on this life.)

*Silence. The man looks at her.
After a long pause:*

Jonathan:

I know what "gooh" means. It's like "shit."
"Fuck."

Woman (in Farsi):

. چرا من باید همش انگلیسی حرف بزنم. تو برو فارسی یاد بگیر
(Why do I always have to speak English? You go
learn Farsi.)

Jonathan:

What?

Saba (in Farsi):

تو- برو- فارسی- یاد- بگیر

Jonathan:

I don't understand.

Saba (in Farsi):

به جهنم

Jonathan:

/Silence/

Saba (in English):

To hell with it.

*A long silence. The man tries to
break it, to bring her back into
the conversation.*

Jonathan:

That's not what I meant...

I'm not saying you're doing anything against
your country. I'm saying it's complicated.

You think maybe if I go to another country, life
will be better, study at a better university.....

Migration isn't just a change in geography. It's
a long journey... A kind of adoption that takes a
lifetime to complete.

Saba:

I don't understand what you're saying.

Jonathan:

I'm saying our perspective and judgment about immigration are different.

She gets an email. Her flight is canceled. She's furious and tries to call support.

Saba (under breath):

(start from the middle of the previous dialog)

Damn it, my ticket's been canceled... (to Jonathan) I don't understand what you're saying.

Jonathan:

Which part?

Saba (in Farsi):

انگلیسی نمی فهمم (I don't understand English.)

/Long silence/(she tries to call the airline)

The man tries to read from Google Translate, using Farsi.

Jonathan:

Manzuram in nabood. Ye rozi to hess mikardi Iran jaye khoobi baraye zendegi nist. Man fekr mikonam alan jaye khoobi baraye safar nist. In do ta yeki nistan.

(That's not what I meant. One day, you felt Iran wasn't a good place to live. I think it isn't a good place to travel now. They're not the same.)

(منظورم این نبود. یه روزی تو حس می کردی ایران جای خوبی برای زندگی نیست. من فکر می کنم الان جای خوبی برای سفر نیست. این دو تا یکی نیستن.)

Saba (in Farsi):

(They're not the same) یکی نیستن!؟

Jonathan:

(he check sentence again) "yekı nıstan"!

Saba:

Exactly, not the same.

Jonathan:

No, I mean they are the same.

Saba:

You just said they are not the same.

Jonathan:

I meant they are.

Saba:

In Farsi you said یکی نیستن؟ "Are not the same."

Jonathan:

Anyway, you understand what I'm saying—I'm saying they are the same.

Saba:

See?? See? This is exactly how I feel everyday when I try to find best words, when I'm happy, sad, angry, when I'm in hurry... now you can feel, even just a little, what I go through.

*Saba is trying to reach the
airline again.*

Phone:

Sky Airline Support. Please hold...

Music plays.

Phone:

Please hold...

Phone:

Please hold... Hello, you're speaking with Ryan.

Saba:

(Nervous) Hello, I bought a ticket to Tehran with Turkish Airlines. The money was taken from my account, everything was fine, then I got an email that said it was canceled.

Phone:

The flight was canceled?

Saba:

No, my... um... ticket was canceled..

She looks at the man.

Jonathan:

Revoked.

Saba:

It was revoked.

Phone:

Please give your booking reference number.

Saba:

BXJO-fifty.

Phone:

B-X-J-O-50?

Saba:

Yes.

Phone:

Not valid.

Saba:

BXJO one, five.

Phone:

One-five? Fifteen?

Saba:

Yes, fifteen.

Phone:

Okay, I'll check.

Saba:

What are you checking?

Phone:

We can refund the payment.

Saba:

No refund. This flight is important to me. I checked again online and it's sold out. I want a ticket to Tehran.

Phone:

I understand. I'll check and get back to you.
Can I call you back at the same number I have
here?

The call ends. Long silence

Saba:

Did you have coffee yesterday at the café?

Jonathan:

Yes.

Saba:

What did you order?

Jonathan:

Just regular coffee.

Saba:

What was the name?

Jonathan:

What do you mean?

Saba:

Didn't you look at the menu?

Jonathan:

I did.

Saba:

What was written? What did you ask for?

Jonathan:

I said "Canadiano" instead of Americano.

Saba:

Do you see what you're doing? I mean as a
Canadian.

Jonathan:

Yes. It's the right thing to do.

Saba:

Just because some stupid leader is pushing you
around, you all suddenly start supporting local
production—"Buy Canadian!" "For the Canadian

worker!" "Make Canada great again!" "No to tariffs!"

Jonathan:

So?

Saba:

So! That's exactly the kind of thing people in the Middle East have been dealing with for years.

Jonathan:

Did I ever say America was right? I just said I don't want my offspring caught under their bombs in all this mess of right and wrong.

Saba:

Your offspring?

Jonathan:

My family.

Saba:

"Offspring" means spawn.

Jonathan:

Oh God, I can't believe this. I meant my family. My whole family.

Saba (softly):

You can't just say whatever you want and...

The woman freezes, can't find the word. She distances herself. Words fall in her head. She can't choose. Everything rewinds.

Saba:

Offspring?

Jonathan:

My family.

Saba:

"Offspring" means spawn.

Jonathan:

I can't believe it. I'm saying my family. My whole family.

Saba (firm):

You can't just say whatever you want and...

She freezes again. Can't find the word. She's overwhelmed, her head ringing. She's lost in the words.

Saba:

Offspring?

Jonathan:

My family.

Saba:

"Offspring" means spawn.

Jonathan:

I can't believe it. I'm saying my family. My whole family.

Saba: (furiously):

You can't just say whatever you want and act like I'm the idiot who doesn't understand.

She rushes toward the man, slips on the wet floor, and falls.

The man runs toward her.

Everything freezes. Both freeze. The man breaks the freeze and turns to the audience:

Jonathan:

No, no, noooo.

It's my fault, she told me to clean that spot so many times...

Noooo... what if she's hurt...

I want to tell her something... I want to say something... in Farsi...

Saba... Saba-jan...

(A long silence.)

Jonathan:

Saba...

(A long silence.)

Jonathan:

khobi...Saba...

The woman suddenly jumps up, as if jolted awake from a terrifying nightmare.

Saba:

They hit it... They hit Tehran... Did you hear?

Jonathan:

What happened?

Saba:

Do you hear it? They're bombing Tehran... That's the sound of fighter jets...

She stands up, panicked and disoriented, moving back and forth in distress.

Jonathan:

What are you saying, Saba? You were dreaming... There's no sound... we're here, in the middle of Saskatoon ...

Saba:

I don't know what to do, Jonathan... I'm lost...

Jonathan:

Do you remember? When we had just met... you said about love... about the peace we might be able to create...

*Jonathan goes in one direction
and Saba in another; each begins
a monologue in their own world*

Jonathan:

It was 8 years ago. We were at a university party. The TV was on CTV. Trump had just come into office and was pulling out of every peace agreement one by one. One of them was the deal with Iran.

Saba was holding her cup of tea, frozen in front of the TV, as if... as if she had turned to stone right there.

I walked up to her and said, 'Are you scared? Are you afraid there'll be a war?'

She turned and stared at me... like she was frozen.

She said, 'I thought once I finished my studies, I'd go back to Iran. But where will I go back to now?'

I said, 'You're Iranian! That's interesting.'

She said, 'It's only interesting if you don't carry the weight of its sorrows.'

I said, 'No, I honestly find it interesting... I even know a few words in Farsi... Khobi... azizam... zambor... She said, 'Where are you from?'

I said, 'Here.'

She said, 'Before that... way before?'

I said, 'Does it matter?'

She laughed... said, 'Just for fun, to get to know you better...'

I laughed and said, 'Israel.'

She stopped laughing.

I stopped too.

She looked at me in silence...

Saba:

I had known him for a few weeks... I liked him... the way he laughed, the way he paid attention, the way he spoke gently and kindly...

But I didn't want to. I didn't want us to go any further...

He said: *khobi... Azizam... zambor.....*

I said, 'Are they the same in Hebrew?'

He said, 'Does it matter?... The important thing is, I know some words in Farsi.

I said, "Yeah. Out of millions of words, a greeting, a word of affection, and an insect. Not a bad start.

In fact, it was a good start... the best start for weeks of conversation.

Jonathan:

I said, So why are you arguing now?

She said, I'm not arguing.

I said, Yes you are!

She said, I'm just having a serious discussion.

I said, Alright, let's get back to Resolution 181, from 1947.

Saba:

We read them word by word, the resolutions, the letters, the negotiations...

He said: *Hatred in Hebrew is SIN'AH*

I said: *In Farsi, it is "nefrat" (hatred).*

He asked: *How long will this hatred last?*

I said: *Until the stronger one finally puts it down.*

In the end, we shook hands – and with two votes in favor, no votes against, no abstentions, we passed the resolution. Without any veto power.

He said:

Saba, me! Don't include *me* in *their* 'we'! "If I was really part of them I wouldn't be here now."

Jonathan:

אני! אני! אל תכללי אותי ב'אנחנו' שלהם! אם באמת הייתי חלק מהם – לא הייתי כאן עכשיו.

(Me! Me! Don't include *me* in *their* 'we'! If I was really part of them, I wouldn't be here now.)

Saba:

He said: "But I'm scared. I'm scared the war will keep getting worse and worse... I'm scared our life will turn into the United Nations... turn into Al Jazeera..."

Jonathan:

(to Saba, in Hebrew)

אבל אני מפחד. אני מפחד שהמלחמה תלך ותחמיר... אני מפחד שהחיים שלנו יהפכו לאו"ם... יהפכו לאל-ג'זירה...

But I'm scared. I'm scared the war will keep getting worse and worse... I'm scared our life will turn into the United Nations... turn into Al Jazeera...

Saba: (in Farsi)

گفتم: چرا، صلح ما نمی‌تونه جلوی همه‌ی جنگ‌ها رو بگیره؟

(Can't our peace stop all the wars?)

Jonathan:

What?

Saba:

Why can't our peace stop all the wars?

Jonathan:

I just don't know – what are you going to do now?

Are you going back to Iran?

*The woman steps forward and asks
the audience:*

Saba:

A part of me stays here...

A part of me goes back to Tehran...

A part of me is sitting on a balcony in
Kelardasht...

A part of me forgets where the Middle East is...

A part of me takes up arms and defends the
city...

A part of me goes to the safest, most distant
place in the world...

A part of me searches through the rubble for
Saba's doll...

Because... without her doll, she can't calm
down... she keeps crying...

Jonathan:

I need to fix it...

There has to be a voice that makes the sounds of
war easier to bear...

*The man places an old gramophone
in the middle of the stage and
tries to repair it. The woman,
continues speaking.*

The woman's phone rings.

Saba:

Hello?

Phone:

Hello ma'am, this is the Sky Airlines support
calling.

Saba:

Uh-huh...

Phone:

Flights to Tehran have been canceled.
Unfortunately, we couldn't find a replacement
flight for you.

Saba:

It doesn't matter.

Phone:

Would you like a refund, or would you prefer to
wait?

Saba:

I'll wait.
One day, this war will end.

Phone:

Don't worry you have until tomorrow to change
your decision.

Saba:

No... I'm not worried about anything anymore...

Phone:

Very well.

*The man tries playing the music
on the gramophone several times.
It still doesn't seem to work
properly.*

Jonathan:

That's so strange... it still won't play the
lyrics. What a weird malfunction...

Saba:

(Saba doesn't understand)

Mal...mal...?

Jonathan:

It doesn't matter. Do you want to dance?

The gramophone begins playing the same song by Vigen that was heard at the beginning—but this time, it's the instrumental version.

The man lets the music play and walks over to the woman. They hold each other and begin to dance.

The woman's earlier unfinished dance now comes to an end—in each other's arms.

The End.