

THE NIGHTCLUB

(GECE KULÜBÜ)

(A Two-Act Play)

BY **TUNCER CÜCENOĞLU**

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English Translations From Turkish By

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Dedicated to Composer **Sezer Bağcan...**

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PLAYWRITE

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Biography:

Born in Çorum/Turkey in 1944.

Graduated from the University of Ankara, **College of Language, History, and Geography**.

Member of the **Turkish Writers Union** and **International Pen Club Turkish Center**.

Dramatic playwriting professor in **Near East University of Cyprus** and **MSM (Müjdat Gezen Art Center)** Private Conservatory.

Theatre section director in “**Mitos Boyut Publishing House**”.

Scripts:

Chaos, The Teacher, Poor Women, Dead End, The File, Biga – 1920, The Gamblers, Helicopter, Kemal The Thunder, Matrushka, The Visitor, The Hat, The Painter, Neyzen Tevfik, Red River Ballad, The Avalanche, Theatre Men , Who Killed Sabahattin Ali, Green Night, If I Were a Poor Man, Che Guevara, My Mustafa Kemal, The Nightclub.

Awards:

Tobav(2), Turkish Women Association (1), Ankara Art Society (2), Abdi Ipekçi (1), Ismet Kuntay (1) , Avni Dilligil (2), ITI (1), Kasaid (1), Lions (2), Cultural Ministry (1), Muhsin Ertuğrul and 2 international awards (Yugoslavia and Holland).

His plays are translated into Russian, English, German, French, Bulgarian, Greek, Macedonian, Swedish, Georgian, Urdu, Japanese, Romanian, Azeri, Tatar, Polish, Chuvash, Serbian, Spanish, Arabic, Farsi (Persian).

Some of the plays (The Avalanche, Matrushka, Dead End, The Hat, The Painter, Poor Women, Red River Ballad, The File, Helicopter, The Visitor) have been performed or in the repertory of various companies in more than 40 countries.

Bio-sketches of the Translators of the Play “The Nightclub”, November 2009

Muzaffer Eriğ, M.S.E. (muzaffer@aaps.k12.mi.us, erigmuzaffer@gmail.com)

Mr. Eriğ has been serving as a language consultant and translator to the University of Michigan School of Education and the Health Research Center located in Ann Arbor-USA, as well as an adjunct faculty of the Eastern Michigan University, College of Technology located in Ypsilanti-USA. He is a former instructor of the Turkish 402, Turkish 202, and Turkish 550 -Anatolian Poetry- courses taught in the Near Eastern Studies Department of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor Campus. Mr. Eriğ is a published author of several academic journal articles, IIE Journal, Clinical Biomechanics, AIHA, Assembly, Fabricator, etc. He also is the sole editor and translator of the English version of the “OSMAN HAMDI BEY, The Archeologist, Publications of the Turkish Business Bank 87”. While he was working as a "Human Factors" research scientist for the College of Engineering of the University of Michigan, instructor Erg carried on translation and interpretational duties in the languages of Spanish, Turkish, Portuguese, and English for eight years.

Mr. Eriğ has been a multi-lingual editor and a contracted translator to the UBE Industries of Japan, under the BELCAN Services Corporation of the USA currently. Instructor Erg has served as a North American Free Trade Act Programs teacher consultant for the General Motors Corporation since 1993 and the Ford Motor Company since 1990, in addition to his public school instruction deliveries in English Language Arts, Academic Writing, and Spanish Language for the Washtenaw County School Districts of the State of Michigan since 2005. Mr. Eriğ is the University of Michigan alumnus (85 & 86) with a Master of Science double major degree in Human Factors & Applied Mechanics, the Graduate of Arcadia University American Language Academy (83) with a minor in languages, and the ITU alumnus (Istanbul Technical University, 82) with a major in Mechanical Engineering.

Gulsun Paydak Steen, B.A. (paydakgulsun@gmail.com)

Mrs. Paydak-Steen studied English literature and history at Ataturk University of Erzurum province, Turkey where she got her B.A. in English Literature & History. She worked for Turkish State Theatre and private theater companies as an actress and performed in numerous plays. She took part in the TV series while working for the Theatre...Theatre...Magazine as an editor, interpreter, and the coordinator for the international theatre festivals that took place in Istanbul. Mrs. Paydak-Steen also was a pupil of Mr. Tuncer Cucenoglu, a renowned play-write. She took classes on “Play Writing Art and the Technique” from him.

The first theatre play that Mrs. Paydak-Steen wrote was awarded by Turkish Ministry of Culture and Women ' s Social Life Association (KASAIID) in 1999. She joined several international theatre workshops in Istanbul-Turkey, London-England, and Scotland. Her theatrical interest include, but not limited to; Children’s Theatre and Augusto Boal’s Forum Theatre, seminars of Grips Theatre- Wolker Ludwig of Berlin, and works of Simon Malbogot of Toronto, who is an artistic director of Mixed Company theatre group in Toronto. She has actively been delivering instructions of English Language Arts and Drama in High Schools of Izmir, Mugla, Istanbul and Ankara provinces. She is an oral exam committee member and a mentor of the AFS (American Field Service), an international exchange student program.

STAGE SETTING

An ascending stairway to the left of the stage

An upper level for the Management office. A table, an armchair and chairs, a phone, a vault in the wall, and a coat stand.

A restroom door next to the management office.

A ground level “Nightclub” at the end of the ascending stairway.

A dance floor right in the middle.

An American bar counter to the side. A door leading to an inconspicuous kitchen

Armchairs and tables on the sides...

An illuminated sign “Nightclub” to the top of the stairway. It’s nighttime; lights of the sign are turned on.

CAST:

HAKKI THE DARLING:

In his mid 40s. Club Manager. Chubby, Owner’s brother-in-law. (Hank, Henry)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY:

In his mid 30s. A headwaiter (Isaiah)

KAZIM THE WAITER:

In his 30s. (Carlos, Karl)

ATIL THE DRUNK:

In his 30s, a Bass Guitarist (Atkins)

AHMO THE BALDHEAD:

In his thirties, a guitarist, a protracted college student (Ahmo)

THE MAESTRO:

In his 40s, a vocalist playing the keyboard and leading the band. The younger brother of the owner. Co-owner of the Nightclub. He limps.

THE DRUMMER:

In his mid 20s. A band percussionist.

VOCALIST SHERMIN:

In her mid 30s. CIHAT’s lover. Recently sober, studying for the Junior High finals (SHERMINA, SHERMINE)

CIHAT THE KIND GUY:

In his 20s. Shermin’s lover. A medical student. (JASON THE NICE GUY)

CIHAT’S MOM:	In her 40s, a good-looking lady.
THE BOUNCER:	In his mid 30s. A former boxer.
THE BOSS:	In his mid 40s. Quite intelligent, a ladies man, handsome, and womanizer.
ASIYE:	In her mid 20s, an Exotic Dancer
SEVTAP:	In her 30s, a smuggled tobacco seller
1st WALK-ON LADY:	In her 20s, a student
1st WALK-ON GENT:	In his 20s, a student
1st DROOPING MUSTACHED Customer:	In his 30s
2nd DROOPING MUSTACHED Customer:	In his mid age.
YOUNG LADY:	In her 30s
1st BUSHY MUSTACHED Customer:	In his mid 20s
2nd BUSHY MUSTACHED Customer:	In his 20s
1st YOUNG GIRL:	In her mid 20s.
2nd YOUNG GIRL:	In her 20s
PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER	
1st Private GI trooper	
2nd Private GI trooper	
3rd Private GI trooper	
Time index:	September 11-12, 1980 (or Present)
Plot Location:	ANKARA (any Major City Downtown)
The Season of the Plot:	Autumn (Fall)

- THE ACT I -

SCEEN I

The main door of the upper level opens.

Stairway and the interior get illuminated. HAKKI THE DARLING walks down the steps with an attitude of a mobster. Something bothers him. Enters the management office. Turns on the light. Taking off his raincoat, hangs it up. Gets behind his desk. Taking the receipts and bills out of his pocket, makes his daily ledger entries. Compares the figures against the cash revenue in hand. Files receipts and bills. KAZIM THE WAITER appears at the stairs, carrying supplies in hand. He walks down the stairs to the Club. Passes into the kitchen. Dropping off his load, steps outside again. A moment later, he carries the load of supplies down the stairs. Passes into the kitchen.)

HAKKI THE DARLING *(Dials the phone and waits. In a soft spoken voice, politely)*
Hello...Good morning Mr. Prime minister! How are you? Probably you could not recognize. Momentarily the Cabinet meeting will commence Mr. Prime minister. You are nowhere visible...*(in a nervous tone).*

You dumb buffalo! Where the heck are you? Is it me who is supposed to open up the club in the morning you DUMB? Stop giving excuses! Shut up you dumb! How many times have I told you? Is the headwaiter of the club supposed to be you or me...? You pimp! Shut up, no more talking! You are Mr. Boloney shameless liar. What if the musicians have already come to the club early morning...you drawn sword! What did I tell you last night? Did I not tell you “Kazim and I, we were going to go for shopping for supplies therefore make sure to come in to open up the club early morning”? Did I not tell you “A group of 60 customers are coming for the night, the band is going to practice”? What if the musicians had already showed up before came back to the club? What if they had turned back and gone because nobody in the club? May be they have already turned back at the door and left you dumb! Let’s surely hope that they have not already come! Get moving, cut the crap...Get here flying like a bird right a way. Okay I heard enough. Cut the crap. You live ten minutes away but still you are the latest one to show up for work, you lazy animal. *(Hangs up the phone.)* Shitty mouth pimp!

(KAZIM The WAITER enters the management office trying not to spill the coffee cup in hand for the Manager.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: This jerk is never going to become a decent man!

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He takes it personal while placing the coffee cup on the desk)*
has anything wrong happened my Chief?

HAKKI THE DARLING: What more my dear? Did you ever see him showing up for work on time to open up the club even once? He is slacking, not taking it serious! Don’t we all go bed at the same time? Yet we all get up to the twilight of the morning for work. Are we all stupid? *(Takes a sip from his coffee cup.)* May blessings and health be upon your coffee making hands My Dear?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Enjoy it (*Bon Appetite*) my Chief. (*He drops off the car key on the desk after he takes it out of his pocket*) Here is the car key my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Have you locked (did you lock-up) up the clunker?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes I have locked it my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Thank you my Dear. If I am managing the club, it is for the sake of my Brother-in-law's business. I have left running the blossoming Gyro-Kebab shop to come here. Are the nightclub business and Gyro-Kebab shop the same? You just slice the Gyro and serve the plate to the customer. In any event, the customer pays in advance to the cashier in the food shop. Is the business that way here, in the Club? Even getting the customer's tab paid is another struggle. This headwaiter jerk is taking me for an Idiot, as if the Sergeant's pet is farting here. Am I a fool my Dear? Tell me?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Not at all my Chief!

HAKKI THE DARLING: The first rule of business is the discipline. How can you manage without it? It is the same good old rule whatever business you run.

KAZIM THE WAITER: That surely is true, my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: Let alone in a nightclub like ours

KAZIM THE WAITER: That is right, my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*While sipping his coffee.*) The business is slow already. This anarchy on the streets hurt our business big time. Customers are afraid to go out, and the people to get out on the street.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Exactly, my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: We all have become suspicious of even a ten-year-old kid on the street. You never know what anyone might pull out of his/her pocket. Isn't it true my dear?

KAZIM THE WAITER: I swear to God that is true my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Anyhow my Dear, once in a while I get depressed like this.

KAZIM THE WAITER: If you have no other request, I am about to dust the downstairs.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Okay my dear. Wait a minute. Something is wrong with you. You are not smiling lately.

KAZIM THE WAITER: It is nothing, my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Get a seat over here. Yes there is. There is something wrong. I read your eyes right a way. I do like you my Dear, for your hard work and your honesty. Don't hide it from me.

KAZIM THE WAITER: I had made a promise in the past. I could not fulfill it recently.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What promise? Whom did you promise my Dear?

KAZIM THE WAITER: To my Son. He is going to start the middle school this year.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Middle school, Wow?

KAZIM THE WAITER: (*Proudly tells the story.*) Yes. He was asking for a bicycle. I promised. His grades are great already, May God be with his success! I told him "Your bike will be ready when you start the middle school."

HAKKI THE DARLING: He has grown up that much hah! He was just a little boy a while ago!

KAZIM THE WAITER: I even in the middle of my life my Chief. He is about to start getting a facial hair.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Really! How many kids you had?

KAZIM THE WAITER: One, my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: May God be with him to be yours forever!

KAZIM THE WAITER: Thank you my Chief. My wife was also wishing for a baby girl too but no luck. He was a very difficult delivery though. She had three miscarriages before him. He came to this world and cheered us up just when we lost our hopes.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Is the bike costly?

KAZIM THE WAITER: I have found a second-hand one. It is only one third of the cost of a new one. His Grandpa pitched in a bit too. He is a retired blue collar. What else can he do? We have been stuck in the two-room shack for a dwelling. We got seven heads in the household. Getting by is not an easy task. I can't find the way out. I have not been able to gather the money for his bike, my Chief.

Tonight, I will be giving your weekly payroll anyway.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Last night, I saw the bike in my dream again. I have been dreaming about it every other night. I reach out to it, and about to touch it. Then I wake up in a sweat. I have been unable to touch it no matter what.

HAKKI THE DARLING: I got it my Dear. Be rest-assured. I will back you up. Let us cheer up the poor kid. At the end of tonight, we shall get it done my Dear.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Thank you my Chief! *(Trying to show his reverence by a kiss of a hand top)* May God be pleased with your generosity?

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Pulls his hand back.)* My dear, is the human decency already dead? Come on, never mind them... I like you my Dear. Look, so many years you have been working here. . You have never said anything bad for anyone, day in day out. You are industrious and honest. Wait a minute; is your kid at home now?

KAZIM THE WAITER: He should be home

HAKKI THE DARLING: What was his name?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Tahsin

HAKKI THE DARLING: Why didn't you give him some fancy name of a new fashion.

KAZIM THE WAITER: It is my father's name, so he wanted.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Okay my Dear. Dial your home number. Come on don't wait! Go ahead and dial, wait no more!

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He dials the number.)* Hello... Tahsin? Hey son... *(HAKKI THE DARLING signals him to hand over the handset)*

KAZIM THE WAITER: Hey look; my Chief HAKKI is going to talk to you.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets the hand set).* How are you my Dear? When is the school going to start? Apparently, you are such a fine lad with your classes... You deserved the Bicycle, from now on. OKAY. Your Dad is going to bring it over tomorrow noon. Okay then! No neglecting your classes though. One more thing, you are not going to ride it on major streets with traffic, agreed...? Well then...Deal. Let's get going with kisses on your cheeks my Dear. Do you have anything to say to your Dad? Well then, do

not forget what I have told you though. (Hangs up the phone) He got cheerful, poor kid. Remind me at the end of the night. Go on, straight to attend to your duties now.

(With gratitude, GARSON KAZIM attempted to show his respects by hugging and kissing his hand top. HAKKI THE DARLING retracted his hand and did not give it. KAZIM left the office with a joy.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(He finishes his coffee. All of a sudden remembers something. Dials the phone.)* Hello, I would like to speak with Lady Sevtap...(Waits) Hello.... Sevtap? How are you Darling? We are doing fine too. Nothing to worry about for now in the club. The only trouble is the anarchy on the streets. Customers have become fearful of getting out on the streets. Don't tell me? When? God protected him apparently. My get well soon wishes. From now on, you better show up in the evenings. There is going to be a large group of customers. Come prepared with supplies. Make sure to stock up with Marlboro. It gets consumed plenty and rapidly. Look, I am setting up my coffee cup for your fortune telling. Come a bit early tonight. Exactly so, I swear to God. Our business depends on the fortune telling from now on. Do you understand my darling? Thank you!

(HAKKI turns the coffee cup upside down. Carefully hides it in the desk drawer.)

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He has been dusting and wiping off the tables and armchairs.)*

ATIL: *(Walks down the stairs and gets to the Manager's office door step).* Good morning Godfather.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good morning my Dear. Where have you been?

ATIL: The club doors were shut. We stepped into the coffee shop.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Where are the others

ATIL: They are on the way

HAKKI THE DARLING: Did the drummer come in?

ATIL: Not yet. *(Checks his watch.)* We got time. Do not call him the Drum Guy for his sake. Call him the Percussionist Godfather; say it, "percussionist"...

HAKKI THE DARLING: I cannot pronounce it my Dear.

ATIL: It is not so difficult...If you pronounce it few times, then you will get used to it.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What good is it going to do for me? Once we say the "drum guy", it is understood, there you go.

ATIL: Drum in the marching band is different from the percussions in our band... What if he gets offended?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Why should he be offended? This is his job.

ATIL: Call him the "Goblet Drum player" then Godfather... It is easier.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't mess with me, otherwise I am going to stomp you, you drunk.

ATIL: I have not had a drink, I swear

HAKKI THE DARLING: Since when?

ATIL: *(As though it had been so long)* Since the last night.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Bravo to you. Up to now, you have not drunk any, you are saying?

ATIL: I have not. I pledge my eyes that I have not drunk.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are going to make up for it from now on.

ATIL: If you allow me, I will Godfather. I suppose you have shopped for the bar supplies and the liquor, to prep for the night.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Yes we have. They are waiting in the fridge just for you.

ATIL: Have you prepared the ice cubes too?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Ready my dear.

ATIL: Well then, allow me. I shall not make the liquor wait. *(Pretends getting up)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets serious.)* No such thing! I am going to break you legs. We are going to get busy tonight. We are going to be almost...

ATIL: In this case, let the liquor and the ice wait. I won't go, Okay.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Now you make sense. What if you stopped drinking forever? It is a shame on you. You have wasted yourself inside and out.

ATIL: Don't come to that Godfather. *(Gets serious.)* Who is going to drink if I don't? What would you do besides drinking if you had the pain and misery that I have.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets serious.)* You are wasting yourself sonny. I am telling you because it makes me feel sorry for you. Is your father going to recover from his illness if you drink?

ATIL: Don't you know my father's medical condition? He has just turned 50. He could not stay still. Who would have known that he would be stuck in the sick bed? What about my Mom? Her life has ended. She is waiting on and nursing for him. With a current progress, he is not going to get any better. Our lives are really difficult to endure Godfather HAKKI. *(He is about to cry.)* Very difficult.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't torture yourself my dear. Come on, don't preoccupy yourself

ATIL: This is a one-in-a-million kind of an illness. Imagine; you just are unable to move in your bed, while getting up your bed for going to work, as though you are nailed to the bed. None...No cure exists for his illness. He stares at your face with a blank and lifeless set of eyes. They retired him on the medical disability as well. With a few pennies of an income Godfather, we cannot get by, I swear to God.

HAKKI THE DARLING: The house is your Mom's and Father's right?

ATIL: Thank God. If not, we would have been in a deep hot trouble Godfather.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't make me sad now my Dear. Keep your hopes up for God's intervention in your father's recovery just in case.

(Ihsan the Boloney walks down the stairs.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(He sees Ihsan is coming. Gets up and buttons his jacket. With a show of respect.)* Welcome Mr. Prime minister. You have honored us with your presence. We have been preoccupied about your safe arrival.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Ready to get badgered.)* I swear on my Mom's honor...

HAKKI THE DARLING: Mr. Prime minister

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I have gotten up as soon as the alarm rang Godfather.

HAKKI THE DARLING: We all have gotten up as well Mr. Prime minister.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I have gotten on the road right away.... Then I have seen a checkpoint on the road all of a sudden. I have realized than have I forgotten my ID at home? I got detained when I failed to produce an ID.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Haven't the GI guards at the checkpoint recognized you Mr. Prime Minister?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: A pile of questioning. In the process, one of the GIs turned out be from my town Sivas, thank God. He greeted me with a "Hey is that you?" That is why they let me go so easily.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Am I supposed to believe in this baloney. You jerk. If you are going to lie, then put some logic into it. Were you not home when I called on the phone.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(He thinks a bit.)* You have called when I returned home to get my ID Godfather. I swear on my Mom's honor that I had to get back home, no choice.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't preach me lies. Is it you that all such coincidence of trouble finds? You pimp!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Don't sin by an unjust blame on me Godfather. You will be scared out of your pants if I have told you what has happened on the streets. Have I not passed through the packs of bombs? Have I not walked into the middle of a hot fight with firing exchange? My life is on the line. Don't be surprised if they bring my dead body here one day!

HAKKI THE DARLING: Shut up now you jerk! You should have been in the Hollywood studios actually damn it! You would have earned much more with these scenarios.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I swear to God Godfather... I am telling the truth!

HAKKI THE DARLING: Cut it out damn it!

ATIL: *(Starts teasing.)* Don't forget what you owe us either babe.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: What kind of debt? I owe nothing to anyone except God. That is only my life.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Takes is seriously.)* What debt my dear?

ATIL: We came to the door to see it was shut like a wall...We had to go to the coffee shop next door then. He is supposed to pay up our tab from the coffee shop.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Do you think you will scare me with that Jerk? I will pay. At most, just a few cups of tea, right?

ATIL: You keep thinking just like that. The tab has ten cups of tea, two pops, and additional three bottles of beer...We've had a round of Queen of Spades too for killing the time and waiting for you.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Goes on with his teasing.)* Let the card game looser pay that.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Talks to ATIL.)* My Dear, don't make this crass talk nonsense anymore. Let him get downstairs right to his duties.

ATIL: I do not have to make an effort to make him talk Godfather

HAKKI THE DARLING: You keep picking on him, you drunk! *(Turns to IHSAN)* You too, move on dude

ATIL: *(He whispers quietly as IHSAN gets out of the office.)* Get ready to pay up what you owe me. Now, you pay it up at the end of the night.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Showing ATIL the finger.)* You are going to get a dick!

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Sees the gesture.)* What else are you talking about! Go way from here dude, before I break your bones!

ATIL I was teasing, you see.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You will see what teasing is! Next time, you are going to get this instead of a sherbet. You almost are going to sell your ass just for a glass of liquor. I am going to make you beg, you'll see.

ATIL: I have just teased you my dear Ihsan!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I am just defending myself right there in the office. But you toss a gasoline to the fire. Besides, you bellow up the fire then. I won't forget this. You'll see for sure.

(Atil moves on to the Guitar on the stage. Struggles with the guitar string that he has pulled out of his pocket)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Good morning KAZIM

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Keeps on cleaning)* Good morning Brother IHSAN. Welcome

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Thanks for the welcome. Take it easy

KAZIM THE WAITER: Thank you Bro. It is over anyways.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Have you bought the supplies and liquor

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes we have

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: How about the mixed nuts?

KAZIM THE WAITER: I was planning on buying that as the evening sets in.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Don't forget. If the nuts shop closes again, I am not going to search around town like a chicken with head cut off.

KAZIM THE WAITER: I will not forget Bro.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Quietly whispers.)* You are not going to give any liquor to this fagot Atil from now on. I swear on my mom's honor, we are going to be adversaries if you do.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Am I supposed to hold off on his daily liquor ration too.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I will prepare it, and then you will take it to him. I am going to dilute it, and then he is going to feel as if he is having liquor. Drunken pimp! Jerk is bellowing up the fire!

KAZIM THE WAITER: What has he done this time Ihsan Bro?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: What else can he do? While the Godfather was breaking my heart in vain just because I was late to work, he was joking with me on top of everything, supposedly. He is talking giddy and spunky. What part is my fault if I am delayed and late to show up? I am not supposed to cut right through the checkpoint round up, right.

KAZIM THE WAITER: In our district, GI troopers are searching the by passers too. They have found weapons on few people. Then arrested them all. They were so deeply searching the authentication stamp in my state ID that you would be amazed. They were looking at the stamp and then me back and forth for minutes. Even one of the GIs made a

claim of suspicion “Isn’t this picture unlike you? It does not look like you at all”. Eventually, they were convinced and let me go. Otherwise, I would have been detained and delayed too.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Tell this story of yours to Godfather...He does not believe me. He believes you though. Have you got it?

KAZIM THE WAITER: I make sure to tell him Ihsan Bro.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets down to the bar.)* Is it done my Dear?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes I have finished my Chief. Anything else you have as an order?

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(To Ihsan.)* Go in and look inside for the supplies. Let us not get embarrassed at night. Check out to see if we are short of anything?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(He lies.)* Yes I have checked out. All is completed .We are just short of mixed nuts.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(He wants to get rid of him.)* Check it out again. Double-check everything.

(IHSAN moves into kitchen)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Whispers)* My Dear, come in here for a second.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes my Chief?

HAKKI THE DARLING: I was thinking of your son. Let us not wait till tomorrow.

KAZIM THE WAITER: They are not going to sell it to anyone till tomorrow morning

HAKKI THE DARLING: This is business, you never know. They may just sell it off to a higher bidder. Never forget that the bird in your hand is always better than a dozen on a tree.

KAZIM THE WAITER: You are right my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: A seasoned businessmen always think that way. Where is the bike shop my dear?

KAZIM THE WAITER: In Ulus district my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: Okay, you can go there and get it.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Okay my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Hands out the cash that he pulled out of his pocket.)* Do not let anybody hear that I gave your weekly wages earlier than your payroll day.

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He takes it.)* Thank you my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: Count it sonny...

KAZIM THE WAITER: Are we supposed not to trust even you either?

HAKKI THE DARLING: It has nothing to do with trust. You are supposed to count all you exchange. You should count it even if you find it on the street.

KAZIM THE WAITER: I am going to count it my chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: Go ahead and count...

KAZIM THE WAITER: Okay my Chief; I am going to count it.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What if I miscounted it? Go on, don't be shy my dear

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He counts the money.)* Okay it checks out

HAKKI THE DARLING: This completes your weekly payroll. Is this money enough to cover the cost of the bike?

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He acts a bit shy and reluctant.)* My Chief...

HAKKI THE DARLING: Tell me dear don't be shy. *(The pulls out some more money off his pocket.)* Go ahead take this. Is it enough now?

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(He takes it.)* I got it my Chief, it is more than enough. I will pay you back next week.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Let that be my contribution to the gift.

KAZIM THE WAITER: But.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Make it short Dear...I have really felt like contributing some. Do not tell anyone though. I do not want to create a jealousy. Even never

KAZIM THE WAITER: Understood Chief! I won't tell anyone.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Now, get in the car, drive out to get the bike and bring it right here. Your home is far away. We are going to take it to your home after the work is over in early hours of the tomorrow morning. Here is the reason why you are not taking to your home right now: you might get stuck in the traffic. You might get a flat tire! Things you never know might happen. You might be late to get back to work here. Tonight is important for our business you got that?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Understood my Chief. Roads blocks and round ups for security checks are all around too. They have stopped me too, for an ID check in the morning on the way to work.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Hands over the car key.)* After buying the bike, don't leave it in the car. Bring it here. Put it in the office. You never know! *(Measures up the spot against the office wall)* Place it against the wall of the management office. Understood?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes understood my Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Go on don't waste time. *(While KAZIM THE WAITER exits the office)* It is between us remember that.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Understood my Chief...God bless your heart. *(Exits the office)* *(The management office phone rings)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Running upstairs)* I am coming my dear. I am almost there!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Forgets about the presence of ATIL and speaks to himself)* He is a dumb ass. He is just a gyro-kebab slider. He talks to the ringing phone as if the caller is going to hear him. *(Imitates him)* "I am coming my dear. I am almost there!" *(He imitates the caller too)* "Come on, come to papa. Quick, make it quick!" *(He starts laughing at his own jokes for a while. All of a sudden, he realizes that ATIL is there and hearing everything. IHSAN is stunned and tries the damage control)* Well...actually...in fact...

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(He takes the hand set)* Hello...*(He is breathing heavily)* I have run upstairs. It is tiresome. Okay. He hasn't come in yet. I will tell him. I will for sure. He will call in eventually. I have no idea where he is. He has not stopped by. Will do. Bye. *(Hangs up the handset. Steps out of his office)* tell the Boss to call home! His wife called.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Understood Godfather!

HAKKI THE DARLING: I will be outside by the main door. Just holler if anyone shows up!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Understood my Chief!

(HAKKI goes upstairs)

ATIL: You are such a hypocrite. You talk all sorts of nasty stuff behind the man, and then you address him as Godfather and my Chief. What a deal?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: What are you talking about boy?

Do not pretend that you don't know. You know quite well that I am the witness to all the talk you made behind Godfather Hakki. *(Pretty sure of himself for having the grip on the situation.)* You call him Gyro Kebab shop runner eh!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Attempts a damage control for the situation.)* What a big deal, just kidding.

ATIL: What a nice deal. First you call our Godfather fool, and then pretend you were kidding.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: It is just a kidding, don't you get it?

ATIL: We were kidding you too a minute ago. Yet you took it too serious on instant.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You go ahead and assume what you want. I was kidding to boy.

ATIL: What the heck are you joking about! *(He corners him deeper)* I have heard what you told to KAZIM. Were all those kidding too?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: What did I say?

ATIL: Did you not tell the bartender "Don't give any liquor to this guy? That is specifically to me? Otherwise you would have had the blame

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I told you already I was kidding

ATIL: Apparently you would dilute my drink. *(Pushes him further.)* Why didn't you spit the liquor glass too?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You should repent and promise never again

ATIL: Actually you should repent! You are likely to spit in.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Whose drink have you seen me spit so far?

ATIL: More than plenty.... You have spit in all glasses of which you got upset with. How many times I caught you red handed. Didn't you spit into the real estate agent's glass just because the tipped you poorly? Then, didn't the guy drink the shot and enjoy the liquor that you already spit in? On top of that, we you not hollering, "Enjoy it" ... What a jerk you are. You have no way to hide.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Realizes that the situation gets out of hand.)* Come on man, that was different, what is going on now is different

ATIL: We call our gypsies "Different" in our town.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You all knew already what was going on then. Didn't you even tell me "bring the glass that I can spit in it too" while I was carrying the drink?

ATIL: Forget about the past right now. What if HAKKI The GODFATHER hears about this? He is going to carve your guts out. Just like carving the pumpkin!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (*Getting really scared.*) How is he going to hear about it?

ATIL: Dude, you fool. I heard it, isn't it enough? Do you think I will tie my lips and sit tight?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (*Smiling.*) You are not going to play with my future. You cannot do anything to hurt my three little children.

ATIL: Nice. You are playing with my future, and then lecture me not to play with yours. Where is the fair play in that?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I never play with your future.

ATIL: What more damage can you possibly do? You tried to bring down the liquor curfew on me. I had better die. It is better to die than living without the liquor for me. (It gets quiet for a moment. IHSAN gave it some thought in the mean time. Goes to the bar and opens up a new bottle, and pours a shot of vodka in a glass. Tops it with ice. Adds some mixed nuts. Lines them up on a service tray. Adds some water to top the Vodka bottle. Screws the cap to the bottle tight. Takes the tray that he prepped up.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (*Approaches with an envy.*) Come on man, let's forget it all. We've just misunderstood each other. Come on let's get a truce.

ATIL: (*Enjoys the occasion.*) Your ass is on fire, is it not? What a Godless and faithless creature you are.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Come on look. Vodka is right here with a nice smell. It even has the ice. Mixed nuts are complimentary as well.

ATIL: I am not going to drink. Even Whiskey, I am not going to drink.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Why my man?

ATIL: How do you know that you have not spit in it?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Come on, look. I have poured it right in front of you man.

ATIL: That means you are going to spit in it next time if don't see you do it.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: No never such a thing?

ATIL: Sure you do. You can do anything and everything. Because you jerk have written the book on how to be a fagot.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I swear to God. I won't do it again. Come on take this and let us make a peace. They all were jokes my man. It won't happen again. I swear it won't happen again.

ATIL: Even your swearing to God is not credible. This may well be a lie man.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Come on now, don't hurt my feelings. How nicely the Vodka is floating in the glass and telling you "drink me". I swear that I am getting the envy of drinking it. (*He attempts to build more craving.*) How nice and smoothly the Vodka is going to flow down your throat now. Come on don't let it wait. Take a sip at a time. Enjoy it. I will give you a refill once you finish the first shot. (*Drops off the tray beside him*) Come on for a second; let's hide the tray. HAKKI the GODFATHER should not see the tray; otherwise he is going to carve our guts out. Let that be our secret. Bon appetite. I have got to attend the kitchen duties for a while. You make yourself comfortable and enjoy your drink. (*IHSAN goes away still uneasy and edgy. He pretends entering the kitchen and hides out to watch what ATIL is about to do. ATIL reaches out to his drink in*

the tray once he sees IHSAN has left. He starts sipping his drink with joy, and then IHSAN takes a deep breath.)

BLACK OUT!

SCEEN II

(ATIL has dozed off sitting on the floor and leaning to the wall.

He is snoring irregularly but quietly. His respiration is delayed from time to time.

IHSAN sees ATIL. Comes by him. Picks up the service tray, takes it to the kitchen)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Watches ATIL for a while. Then pokes him.)* Wake up man, Get up man. *(Reaches down to hi ear, starts yelling)* Hakki The Godfather is coming!

ATIL: *(Opens up his eyes.)* What happened?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Godfather HAKKI is coming!

ATIL: Let him come

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Wake up man, get up? Don't let him see you in this shape

ATIL: What is going to happen if he sees?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You are drunken man. He is going to get angry now. Come on, get up and wash up. *(Helps him to get up.)* Look how nicely you made a god job of getting up. Man, if he sees you right now, he is going to figure out that you got drunk. He is going to raise a hell then?

ATIL What happens?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: He is going to assume you gave you the liquor and yell at me.

ATIL: *(Slowly waking up.)* Didn't you give me that? Did you not feed me the liquor for hiding your faults.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Don't get into that now. We have made a peace. Have we not made a truce?

ATIL: Yeah... We've made a peace, yes we have

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: From now on, you are not going to have any shortage of liquor. Just give me a flip of a hand. Agreed?

ATIL Okay deal. However, you are not going to spit into my drink, never?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Never such a thing? I know which glasses deserve to be spit in. Be rest-assured. Trust me, all right?

ATIL: Okay

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Look, I have a special request from you too.

ATIL: What is it?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You know I sing pretty good country folk. I have performed for the wedding receptions few times. I do not want to stay as a waiter for my whole life. Back me up.

ATIL: This is a Nightclub man! I hope you are not thinking about performing here on the stage.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Sometimes, special customers request country folk singer. The BOSS is paying those outsider guys a fortune. I got the family and the kids too Bro. I am getting wasted here I swear.

ATIL: Wait a moment. *(Goes into kitchen.)* I do not want you get wasted.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(He gets his hopes up. Pulls out a colorful stage jacket in a hurry from under the bar counter. He fixes himself up and puts the jacket on. Turns on the stage lights. Grabs the mike. He imitates singing country folk on the stage.)* The mining mountain is smoky....

ATIL: *(Comes back as he dries up his hands with the towel. He finds IHSAN on the stage!)* Wow! You are just unbelievable.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: How does it look?

ATIL: Where did you get this?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I have already told you; I was performing at the wedding receptions. I would have been on the posters if the jealousy hat not gotten in the way.

ATIL: You are going to get your posters printed from now on as IHSAN UNFRIABLE (he pretends he is serious). Audience is not going to take you seriously with a name IHSAN UNFRIABLE. You have got to find an interesting name. For example...Ihsan Bitter voice. Just for the sake of pissing off famous country folk singer IBRAHIM SWEETVOICE...This is going to work, I swear.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (obviously he has been thinking about a stage name) No way man. My name and the last name both have got to be different for the stage.

ATIL: Come on tell me.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I have come up with such a name that it just hit the nail on the head. I swear it did.

ATIL: Come on tell me now, I am curious.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I promise to tell you first but not now. Once I am set to go on the stage, once the business deal is all set, then it is okay, I will tell you. Whatever I tell you could be heard. Someone might hear it and use it. Don't tell your friend because he is gone tell his friend. How am I going to find such a striking stage name again?

ATIL: *(Keeps on his serious pretense.)* Am I supposed to teach you everything man? Get your idea certified and notarized at the notary public to finish the business. It actually is just a few pennies man. Then no one is going to be able to steal or use your name or idea either. You got that?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Actually, thanks. I will get it done right a way. You are right, I swear.

ATIL: You know the office of the notary, right? On the next street...Third floor...the elevator is out of order these days. YOU are going to walk up three floors. You can climb up the stairs, can't you?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: It does not matter even if it is on the 20th floor? I am going to climb up in a blink of an eye. I did mountain climbing man.

ATIL: All right Ihsan. I will do all I can. But this is not my decision. The Chief has to agree on it. Even the big BOSS too.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Look, the group with reservations for today has already requested a country folk singer beside an exotic dancer. Godfather HAKKI called around but could not find anyone. This is what I want you to do. I know the parties requesting the country folk and will request again tonight. Once you give me chance, I swear that the audience is going to get emotional with my singing.

ATIL: Okay Ihsan. I will talk to the Chief.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Is it a promise?

ATIL: Promise!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I promise you too. Your whiskey is on me every night. *(He cheerfully moves to the bar counter. Takes off his jacket, wraps it carefully, and places it back in the cabinets under he bar counter.)* It is a deal!

(Ihsan sees KAZIM walking down the stairs. He holds on tight and carefully carries the bike down to the management office. HE enters the office. Places it carefully against the wall right at the spot where HAKKI pointed earlier.

Steps back and look at the bike again. He is happy. He gets a rag and starts dusting off and polishing the bike.

The bike is shining and glimmering.

Steps bank and watches the bike with admiration.

The phone rings.

Ihsan hears the phone and runs upstairs to answer it.)

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Picks up the hand set.)* How may I help you? This is KAZIM speaking. He has not arrived yet Ma'am.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(He comes up to the phone.)* Who is it.

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Quietly.)* The Mrs.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Which Mrs. do you mean? We got plenty of them around here.

KAZIM THE WAITER: The BOSS'S wife?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Reaches out to the hand set.)* Give it to me.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Just a second Mrs.! Brother Ihsan wants to talk to you.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Grabs the hand set)* Good afternoon Ms...What can I do for you? He hasn't come in yet. Godfather HAKKI stepped out the main door. I can call him back if you want. All right. I will make sure to tell him. Understood Ms. Do you have any other wish? Nothing Ms. *(Lowering his voice.)* Nothing, I swear nothing. That woman no longer drops by. I make sure to tell you. I am not going to hide it from you...I swear on my eyeballs, I make sure to tell you. Of course, it will stay between just the two of us. Am I going to hide it from you? It is not going to escape me. I got it Ms. All right; I am going to tell him once he shows up. You were supposed to tell him about my folk singing venture. Okay. Even if you tell Godfather HAKKI, it will suffice. Okay. All right. My respects Ms. *(hangs up the phone. He has just seen the bike.)* Wow. It is brilliant and shining.

KAZIM THE WAITER: It was not ridden much

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Checks it out manually.)* It is sturdy as a rock. Wish you a good luck with it. It is hard to believe that it is a second hand bike. When did you get it?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Just a moment ago.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Now you will have kept your promise to your son.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Thank you brother

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(He still acts jealous of bike.)* What if Godfather gets angry?

KAZIM THE WAITER: He knows. He sent me to pick it up already. HE wanted me to buy it.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Not that you have bought it but you have put it in his office man?

KAZIM THE WAITER: He said so. I will take it home tomorrow morning. He wanted me to bring it here right away, not to be late for work.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Well then, *(Grabs the bike. Pulls into the middle of the office.)* Let me have its virginity. Let me be the first one to ride it. *(Rides on. Trying to keep upright balance in a tight space.)* It is sturdy as a rock. The brakes are reliable too. *(He thinks a bit than shoots his baloney again).* Do you know that I hold the provincial cycling championship title from SIVAS province?

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Innocently.)* I had no idea? How come?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(He cooks up a story right away.)* It was a contest for standing still on a single wheel with a reared bike. The longest time holder wins the Championship. My timing was 2hrs 20mins. Actually, it was 21 minutes. Their timer clocks were broken then they recorded it as 2hrs 21minutes. Of course I said nothing. Other contestants fell out of the competition like flies. They all could stand no more than 2 minutes. In fact, the contest was at night. I would have lasted longer on a single wheel on the reared bike, if the referees (members of the jury) had not fallen asleep. *(He keeps shooting from the hip.)* The refs had come from the Guinness Records office. Do you know about Guinness Book of World Records?

KAZIM THE WAITER: I have no idea, never heard of it.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Gets serious.)* It is a world wide Book of World Records. The record holders of all sorts of competitions, from every possible country, get included in that book. I was awarded a Golf Fountain Pen. They even had filled it with ink. I never used it though. It still is in my house.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Did you get included in that book?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I was about to but I quit the competition once the refs fell asleep, bad luck. A Chinese fellow currently holds the world record. The dude reportedly managed to stay on a still bike for 5 hrs 50 minutes just on a single wheel like this. Nobody broke his record so far. He should be thankful to the ref committee. I would have snatched the world record from him if the refs had not fallen asleep. *(He falls of the bike)* Do not mind my performance and misjudge me just in this minute. Do not think that I am making up baloney. Years have passed, naturally any man gets out of shape. I just need some practice. Remind me the Golden Pen! I will bring to show you one day. I even got a piece of acknowledgement certificate. Do you know what is says?

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Curiously.)* What does it say?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: “We hereby present our appreciation to Mr. Ihsan Kavrulmaz (unfried) for his accomplishment of the national record for standing on a single wheel with a bike. Signed by the Provincial Head of the National Education Ministry. Guess whose signature was at the very bottom of the document?”

KAZIM THE WAITER: Who was it?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: The signature of the Governor of Sivas Province. It is unfortunate that he passed away last month. The newspapers wrote about it. He was an asset to the state. God bless his soul. This is life man. Documents with his signature stay with me for good. I should be thankful for the certificate too.

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(His eyes on the bike, he almost is praying for the safety of the bike.)* I swear, you are someone accomplished brother Ihsan?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Never mind that I am just a headwaiter in this club. *(He rings the bell on the bike steering. Honks the electric horn)* Look at this nice sound. You got to keep lubricating it. Bike needs a precision. You cannot neglect it. *(He enjoys himself honking the horn. Once he hears footsteps coming downstairs, he gets off the bike. As he puts the bike in place.)* Our BOSSES are coming. They should be under the impression that we are hanging out.

(KAZIM THE WAITER takes a deep breath, and straightens the bike by the office wall. Quickly he finishes up polishing it. Goes away. As he watches the bike in distance, HAKKI and THE BOSS enter the management office)

THE BOSS: *(To IHSAN.)* What is up axle buster dude?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Thank you boss. Your wife has just called you.

THE BOSS: *(Dropping off the book and the newspaper on the table.)* What did she say?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Staring at the first page of the newspaper.)* She wanted you to call her immediately.

THE BOSS: She made me fed up with herself Hakki. I mean, you cannot guess what a trouble your sister has been giving me.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Come on, don't say such a thing brother-in-law. My sister is a good mother. She is raising her kids quite well. Wow. How a nice bike this is my dear.

THE BOSS: Yes, it's a beautiful bike.

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Giving him the car keys.)* With the help of my chief!

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Giving KAZIM signals of face mimics, Hakki quiets him down.)* What have I done my dear? You've just saved up your own money, and then bought it yourself. Has anyone come in or gone?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Nobody yet, however 25 people were killed last night again apparently.

HAKKI THE DARLING: No news from the country folk singer, I presume.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Drops the newspaper immediately. With an anticipation)* None, Godfather.

THE BOSS: Which folk singer do you mean?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Those customers who would be coming tonight have requested earlier, my brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: Wasn't that the belly dancer they wanted?

HAKKI THE DARLING: They also wanted a folk singer.

THE BOSS: It is going to cost me another bundle of money now.

HAKKI THE DARLING: It wouldn't have to be spent out of our pockets anyway, we can keep it in the house brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: That could well be true but we have to keep the standards up in any event here. You know, this surely is a nightclub here.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Has gotten disappointed.)* Everybody likes the folk songs too Boss.

THE BOSS: Has anyone asked about your opinion axle buster? Go on, don't waste any time, get downstairs and make some soup. I haven't eaten anything since the morning. I am starving.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Addresses KAZIM.)* Are there any grocery supplies to make it?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes there is, brother.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You go downstairs, I am coming too after I check this newspaper out.

THE BOSS: A dog gave an order to his bitch, and then the bitch ordered her tail bitch apparently! You too go downstairs axle buster. Don't waste any time around here!

(KAZIM in the front and IHSAN right behind, they exit the room. IHSAN gets upset apparently. He is demoralized. He almost is trying to figure out why the boss was being tough on him)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Even Hakki has noticed that.)* What the heck have you gotten angry about, my dear brother-in-law?

THE BOSS: This buster *(cuss)* is not trustworthy. This axle dick can't keep any secret either!

HAKKI THE DARLING: What happened earlier?

THE BOSS: This is the man who told on my story to your sister.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Do you mean the chick business?

THE BOSS: Yes.

HAKKI THE DARLING: How do you know about it my brother-in-law?

THE BOSS: I witnessed my wife's phone talk yesterday. I have heard with my own ears her telling him "You have saved our marriage, thank you Ihsan".

HAKKI THE DARLING: Got to be kidding, no?

THE BOSS: I heard it with my own ears. How can a marriage be saved Hakki? He might be the one telling on my every secret.

HAKKI THE DARLING: I don't think so, my brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: That is what you think!

HAKKI THE DARLING: He is such a hardworking dick...He is handling the nightclub well for such a huge size.

THE BOSS: I have nothing to say about his hard work. If he was not hard working, I would have not kept him even for a day. However, he has mental issues. He is a liar! He is a baloney, harum-scarum, reckless, and naughty! How can he be such a buster to reveal my secret? But you don't tell him suspect anything yet. I will get to the bottom of this. I still must be sure.

HAKKI THE DARLING: All right my dear brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: What have you done about your Australia business?

HAKKI THE DARLING: I haven't made up my mind yet, brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: What does your wife say?

HAKKI THE DARLING: She doesn't want, brother-in-law. She says, she cannot settle in a country where she has no idea about its language and the life style. She says, "You can go if you want". And that option is not viable for me. What am I going to do over there alone just by myself? I am afraid that I might start drinking again brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: She is a smart woman, your Mrs. If it was Germany, then it may be manageable as it is few hours away by plane. Yet, Australia is not so close, is it?

HAKKI THE DARLING: The distance is not the thing that scares me brother-in-law. It is tough to put your self at risk right in front of the fire after my age.

THE BOSS: (*He cheers up.*) And you will have to take orders from someone else that you don't know. You will work for someone else. In fact, this is the tough question.

HAKKI THE DARLING: But the offered compensation is not a small amount. I will never see such a salary in my lifetime.

THE BOSS: Look, you are comfortable and safe right in here. It's almost your own business. Money is not everything HAKKI. And don't ever forget that I don't want you going there either. Whom can I trust besides you?

HAKKI THE DARLING: This is the only thing that gets my hands tied actually brother-in-law. I mean the real reason for my indecision. Anyway, let me get downstairs. I had better have the kitchen staff make the soup enough for all the staff. It's almost time for the guys to come in too. They might be hungry.

THE BOSS: I got it HAKKI. It will be fine. Put a rush on it. Get them to hurry up. I am so hungry.

HAKKI THE DARLING: All right my brother-in-law.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: (*At the door of the management office.*) Good afternoon Sir....

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good afternoon Ma'am. How may I help you?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: I hope I am not bothering you.

THE BOSS: Not at all, please come on in.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: I am Cihat's mother Sir.

THE BOSS: Cihat?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: There is a vocalist named Shermin, apparently.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Ooo yes I remember, that young fellow.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Has he come in yet? Is he in?

HAKKI THE DARLING: They come in here at night.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: I see Sir. What time approximately would you say they come in?

HAKKI THE DARLING: They may be here at about 8 p.m.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: I see Sir. I shall not bother you any longer. I'll come later then. The only thing I request of you is not to let him know about my coming here.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Surely Ma'am.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Good-bye for now.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good-bye.

THE BOSS: (Getting up from his seat slightly) Good-bye Ma'am. (Waits for her to leave the room.) He is a real polite guy too actually.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't ask bro. He got hooked into the woman somehow.

THE BOSS: Shake up by the ear.

HAKKI THE DARLING: All right brother-in-law, I'll do whatever it takes.

(Hakki gets downstairs. Looks at the drinks on the shelves above the bar counter. Notices the opened bottle there. Takes the cap off again. It was completely full actually. Smells it. Seems not realizing anything. Puts it back. Trying to figure out why the bottle was opened.)

THE BOSS: *(Picks up the hand set and dials the phone. Hangs it up the phone since the number he dialed up must be busy. It rings. Gets the handset.)*

Hello... I have just called you too. I have just come in.

I was at the barbershop. I have waited on line. No, I haven't had a hair cut yet. I became almost a hippie.....

Do you have anything more to tell me? You know, there will be a group of customers tonight. I shall be home after the mid-night. Have the kids come back from the school? Be careful; don't let them go out themselves. Something happening strangely out side everywhere... Any thing else you want to tell me? Okay then... Yeah, I will eat... Boys are preparing something downstairs. Ihsan? Was that axle buster apparently singing county-folk songs too? This is a nightclub... How can he be singing songs as a vocalist where he works as waiter actually? Any way, let's talk about all these later on. Come on, I am gone. *(Hangs up the phone. He seems deeply bothered. Then dials another number. His voice sounds lovely and warm.)*

THE BOSS: How are you babe? What are you doing? I am at the club.

I miss you too. At nighttime? I cannot come. You know, we got slanted and caught red handed too. We should meet in daytime for a while. And you shouldn't call the club ever. Let's not give a chance to the sneakers. Agreed? Do you mean right now? (Looks at his wrist watch) All right. I'll come. I am going to be there in an hour. And I got to be back to work in the evening. Agreed?

Okay...Kisses.

(Hangs up the phone. Opens up his book. He was almost at the end of the book anyway)

(He is reading the last page. Finishes the book. Seems like he's enjoyed the book. Leaning back in his armchair, he makes a hand gesture to signify an awesome book.

A very loud explosion sounds from outside. The BOSS gets startled.

*The others downstairs freeze a while right after the explosion.
It sounds as if the bomb had bursted inside.
Another bomb explosion sounds too. More powerful than the first one.
IHSAN in the lead, the party downstairs starts running to the stairs, almost jumping.
The BOSS follows them too)*

BLACK OUT!

SCENE III

(The BOSS in the front, then HAKKI and ATIL behind, they all go downstairs)

THE BOSS: *(Moves into the management office.)* You all go downstairs. I'll phone home. They should not go out to the street or elsewhere.

(ATIL goes to the restroom. HAKKI goes downstairs and gets into the kitchen)

THE BOSS: *(Dials up the phone.)* Hello ... Did you hear the explosion? It has gotten chaotic everywhere. Mind the kids not to go out.

(Hangs up the phone. He was about to go downstairs when the MAESTRO and AHMO appears)

Where the heck have you been Son?

THE MAESTRO: We couldn't move from where we were.

AHMO: We took a shelter at the entrance of an apartment building. When everything calmed down, we managed to get out.

THE BOSS: What was that my man! I thought, for a second, it busted inside.

THE MAESTRO: So what about us? Supposedly, we must have donated some charity in the past to be blessed now. We were just about to pass right in front of the bank to be blown up.

AHMO: Let it be a matter of the past for all of us surely!

THE BOSS: *(Takes the book on the table and gives it to the MAESTRO.)* You must read this. A perfect novel. I haven't read such a great novel lately. I mean, I have fully discovered Silone. You are going to love it.

(Gets the book) "THE WINE AND THE BREAD" I have heard about it. I had read one of his books titled, "A HANDFUL OF BLACK BERRIES"

THE BOSS: *(The BOSS in the front, they all go downstairs.)* But this one is much better. You are going to love it. *(Hollers towards the kitchen.)* Is it ready yet? I swear that I am going to pass out of hunger any second.

(ATIL moves into the kitchen right away. Hakki in the front then KAZIM, they all get out of the kitchen one by one. ATIL was chewing something yucky in his mouth)

HAKKI THE DARLING: A moment more, it is almost done.

KAZIM THE WAITER: I am cooking dried navy beans too boss.

THE BOSS: Look, I never turn that food down. Your mother-in-law will love you too.

THE MAESTRO: Surely, she loves me. Has she ever faced my poor treatment at all? I am taking care of her daughter like a rose.

AHMO: I don't have a mother-in-law boss.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You have become a seedling, I swear

THE BOSS: You have no chance left to be chosen by some women from now on. You are grass widower.

AHMO: I am happy with my life. We can see around what shape the married ones are in.

THE BOSS: Maybe this is the reason for your becoming a steady student. I mean the fear of marriage.

THE MAESTRO: I have never thought of that before.

AHMO: I would rather get victimized to a terror instead of getting married because the marriage is the biggest terror.

ATIL: You shouldn't have missed your chance to jump on the bomb then.

THE MAESTRO: He couldn't get the chance; I pulled him to an apartment building entrance. (*Addressing HAKKI*) By the way, I got to tell you. I want some money at the end of the night. I have to pay the rent tomorrow.

THE BOSS: (Pretends getting angry) I gave you your rental money surely last night.

THE MAESTRO: It was not in my pocket when I got up this morning. My wife bought a carpet apparently early in the morning.

THE BOSS: You can't even manage just one woman. What do you mean, "she bought apparently"?

THE MAESTRO: I am living the same hell in every morning over and over again. Shall I kill her my bro?

THE BOSS: Don't kill her but keep the reins in your hand.

THE MAESTRO: She cannot be kept under the control. She is snatching and spending whatever I have in my pocket.

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*Gives him new ideas as teaching him.*) If I were you, I would not take the money home with me. Let us lock it up in the vault downstairs.

THE MAESTRO: (Kidding) Is it safer here you mean?

THE BOSS: What are you implying right now ?

THE MAESTRO: You snatch the money from this business too brother,

THE BOSS: There is a debt sonny, a serious debt. Even the monthly premium for the insurance has not been paid yet.

THE MAESTRO: (*Gets to the point*) When you need the money, no insurance is an excuse! This is the rent payment that I am talking about! What else can be more important than a rent payment for me? Thank God that I am in the nightclub business, which is why the landlord is hesitant about getting me evicted from the house.

THE BOSS: Your rent money has already been paid!

THE MAESTRO: I am telling you. Besides, let's forget about these excuses. Am I not the partner of this Nightclub? I also am contributing my expert labor as a musician without getting a penny, am I not? (*Decisively, addresses HAKKI.*) Put aside my share of the proceeds in the morning!

THE BOSS: (*Seems eager to say something, then changes his mind. Addressing ATIL*) What is that? You are chewing the cud.

ATIL: I couldn't resist and tore just the tip of the loaf of bread.

THE BOSS: Do I have a bold head? *(Hollers at KAZIM)* I am about to pass out from starving right now KAZIM

HAKKI THE DARLING: Bring the Boss's plate on a tray Son.

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Hollers from inside)* Right a way my Chief

HAKKI THE DARLING: Your drummer has not showed up yet?

THE MAESTRO: He is going to show up any minute. He called in. He was about to stop by the bank.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You were supposed to have a band practice?

THE MAESTRO: He is a professional, I am telling you. We are going to practice just once for the sake of the Belly Dancing tunes. It is going to take about just ten minutes.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What if he went to the bank where the explosion took place.

THE MAESTRO: I never thought about that to be honest.

AHMO: There is no one dead fortunately.

(KAZ enters the club from the kitchen. Moving forward step at a time, drops off the tray on BOSS'S table)

THE BOSS: Hurry up and move on quickly.

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Wiping off the spoon.)* Be careful not to spill it Boss.

THE BOSS: *(Snatches the spoon out of waiter's hands)* Sorry guys, Oooh. *(Starts gobbling up the soup)* Thanks to a great cook

HAKKI THE DARLING: Eat a bit slower brother –in l-love

THE MAESTRO: Leave my brother alone. He obviously got hungry, don't you see?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Yeah, as if he got out of starvation?

AHMO: You keep telling that I am against the marriage. His Mrs. must be leaving him out starving.

THE BOSS: She won't let me starve

AHMO: Yes she will, because you got caught cheating on her. *(They all laugh at he boss's incompetence in cheating on his wife)*

MAESTRO: He is a rookie womanizer, sloppy guy!

THE BOSS: Shut up you all!

MAESTRO: Mrs. is very patient despite the fact, I swear. My woman would have cut me up in pieces.

THE BOSS: *(While having his meal, chats with Ahmo.)* Ahmo my man! When are you going to come on over to meet my kids? They have gotten an F again on MATH. Tutor them up to get prepared.

AHMO: I will come on over once the school starts.

THE MAESTRO: Why don't you come on over for my son too?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Mine too. His science grades suck. If you lay down the foundations, then he will not have any more difficulties in the class.

AHMO: The best is gathering all the kids here in the club.

THE MAESTRO: Let them even come from the neighborhood too. Let's start the courses here in the bar. We can post the sign too, "Nightclub School" *(they laugh)*

THE BOSS: You play safe and don't delay your graduation. You cannot defer your military service far too long. I am afraid the MP will pick you up one day. That is, finish this school. You have skinned the lamb all the way to the tail. You are in the senior grade right?

AHMO: I am going to graduate if I can physically access the classrooms in the college. We got to find some influential fellow from the gang of "Idealists" because that idealist gang controlled our COLLEGE OF SCIENCES.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Do you have anything to do with communist gang.

AHMO: I know and get along with fellows from all sections Pa. Guys from the National Action gang saw me hanging out with few fellows that they dislike, and then they put me in a black list not to let me enter the College premises.

THE BOSS: The way things are going, you are going to end up getting drafted early and do your service as a musician in the Officers Club Band.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Thinking).* You mean some influential fellow can clear the misunderstanding to your benefit.

THE BOSS: *(Laughs at his joke.)* Extended deferred senior student

THE MAESTRO: Don't laugh you are going to choke on your food, I swear.

(KAZIM brings soups for everyone. First he serves the MAESTRO and HAKKI)

THE BOSS: Where the heck is this axle buster IHSAN? He has left KAZIM alone to do all the serving.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Wait a moment don't make a fuss. Any minute he is going to learn all the gossip and report to us. He surely will keep us informed.

THE BOSS: He eventually will make up the story if he can't gather the intelligence. Who knows, what kind of tall tales he is going to feed us. Do not be surprised if he reports that he managed to catch the criminals who placed the bomb.

THE MAESTRO: I cannot figure him out Brother IHSAN. He can do anything everything to call attention.

HAKKI THE DARLING: My dear; be carefully not to spill on the floor. KAZIM has just finished the general cleaning of the club.

ATIL: Okay Godfather, no worries!

THE BOSS: *(Hollers to KAZIM.)* I have finished my soup KAZIM. Bring my Navy Beans stew quick; I still got to go to the service station for my car.

KAZIM THE WAITER: Let it brew and stew a bit more!

THE BOSS: Is this a tea that you are trying to brew?

(They laugh. Get busy with working on their soups. THE DRUMMER enters the club with his guitar in hand.)

THE DRUMMER: Good afternoon

THE MAESTRO: Come on in dear.

AHMO: Welcome!

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Whispers.)* Who is he? Is he the drummer?

ATIL: He is the percussionist

HAKKI THE DARLING: Have a seat my dear. Kazim, bring another serving of soup

THE DRUMMER: Thank you anyway. I have already eaten something a moment ago.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Where were you during the explosion? We were hoping that God Willing you did not enter the bank that exploded.

THE DRUMMER: No I entered the one farther down the road.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Are you not the drummer my dear?

ATIL: You mean the percussionist

THE DRUMMER: Yes I am.

HAKKI THE DARLING: I just wanted make sure that I get it right. I got confused since I saw you carrying the guitar.

THE DRUMMER: I am a percussionist but I carry my guitar with me all the time.

ATIL: Godfather HAKKI is our general manager in Chief.

THE DRUMMER: Nice to meet you.

ATIL: (*Points to the BOSS.*) He is our big boss. You already know the MAESTRO who is the younger brother of the boss. You already know AHMO.

THE DRUMMER: Yes I know.

ATIL: There is no need to introduce myself

THE DRUMMER: Of course not.

ATIL: Look, this club is a special work place. You cannot find it in any other business. The boss and the work force are hand-in-hand...Independent homeland

AHMO: We are a desegregated mass, so to speak
(*The club staff laughs altogether*)

THE BOSS: Welcome to our club and staff

HAKKI THE DARLING: Show up on time and finish your job on time.

THE DRUMMER: Naturally

HAKKI THE DARLING: Another thing, no hitting on (making a pass at) girls working here or on our customers. This is a work place.

THE DRUMMER: I already have a girl friend, no worries

HAKKI THE DARLING: (Quietly) Okay then. (*Makes a conversation.*) It got stuck in my mind. Tell me straight. Why are you traveling with this all the time? I mean the guitar.
(*All heads turn to THE DRUMMER with curiosity*)

THE DRUMMER: the revolutionists control our residential district. In order to make it to the city bus stop, however, I got to go through the National Action gang controlled district. Once they see me with my guitar, no one bothers me or questions me. I can easily pass through.

THE BOSS: (He laughs) You mean that they seem not to count the musician as a man?
(*The club staff laughs at him*)

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are not getting involved in politics, right?

THE DRUMMER: We are struggling to put the bread on the table. We just cast out vote, no more. (*KAZIM serves the navy beans dish right to the boss*)

THE BOSS: Bring crushed red peppers too.

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*Turns to The DRUMMER.*) Wow, what an idea. It was smart of you to think about the guitar excuse to play low profile

THE DRUMMER: Before I started carrying, I really suffered. Once, I almost got killed. I got beaten up pretty badly and barely survived.

THE BOSS: You see this is the situation in the homeland. It has come to this. The congress has been unable to elect the President for months. The leaders of the political parties are not talking. Religious sects and denominations are being played out to provoke massacres. Religious fanatics are debating on bringing the religious law by blood shed or without. Youth is divided and fighting. Law enforcement, doctors, and all the professionals have been polarized. Political gangs control the Universities and Colleges. Political gangs have invaded residential districts. People got to carry guitar for the sake of safe passage. There is no life or property security left for the public. In short, the state authority is gone. (*Spreading the crushed red peppers on the navy beans*) None, there is no order.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Where is this going to end?

AHMO What is going to happen actually?

ATIL: Is this going to last BOSS?

THE BOSS: First, we got to review the situation objectively. Who is going to benefit from such a disorder and massacres? Let's start with finding an answer to this question. The armed forces are issuing warnings to such a chaotic public administration. Nobody, however, is taking the responsibility for such chaos. The only authority and power left to stop the chaos and disorder seems to be the armed forces. What are they doing? They seem to be retreated to the army barracks and waiting. This is the real question. (*Silence.*) Look; let me tell you a story. A group of hunters trap an elephant in to a large ditch. Then, guys in black suits come in and beat the hell out of the elephant. They carry on doing this misery for days. And then an elephant starts hoping for a hero a savior. Because he has no other hope left.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Our situation, I mean

THE BOSS: And one day, a few white suited guys show up and pull the elephant out of the ditch it fell in. Then, the elephant follows each and every request of the few white suited guys from that moment on. But he does not know that actually the oppressing black suited guys of the past now show up and disguise as a saviors in white suits...Did you get the picture now?

THE MAESTRO: The economical dimensions of the matter should not be forgotten either. Democratic requests of the public must not be forgotten. If one enjoys the plentiful to eat yet the other one watches, than the dooms day will come eventually. The real challenge is building a genuine democracy.

THE BOSS: Democracy? How can a democracy keep on if hundred people are waiting for a bus and the one with the capacity of just 60 arrive? We have tried this in the past. What happened? Our national advancement got cut off.

(*Deep silence. Everybody is thinking*)

THE DRUMMER: Atil mentioned it earlier "We got a well schooled and knowledgeable boss". How nicely you have put these realities just like that?

THE BOSS: (*He really liked the gesture.*) Bravo ATIL, good job!

ATIL: *(Moves on while addressing the rest of the staff.)* Look my man, MAESTRO is a knowledgeable man too. They all went through the university education. Do not confuse our BOSS and CHIEF with the ordinary bar owners. *(Starts kidding)* Very soon, they are going to build a library inside the nightclub too.

THE BOSS: *(Bears the teasing)* Look, not a bad idea at all. Make a note of that HAKKI.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Come on guys stop kidding.

THE BOSS: You all listen to me now. Did you know that I almost was given the name Makbet *(Pointing to his brother)* and he would almost be named Hamlet? That is, we would have been the heroes from the works of Shakespeare. Our father was a veterinary doctor. And mother was a teacher. Our dad was a schooled, literate, and a music enthusiast gentleman. He was a Shakespeare admirer. We studied the anthology of Shakespeare while attending the secondary school. Parental approach to education is crucial for the children. If we both can play an instrument, we owe that solely to our father.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Why hadn't he given you those names?

THE BOSS: For the reasons of unusual name troubles in the future, I suppose.

HAKKI THE DARLING: He was a smart man apparently.

THE MAESTRO: *(Snaps out of thinking the past.)* We were in VAN Province. My father was the State Chief Veterinary Doctor for the Province. He was unlike other bureaucrats, never stayed put at his desk. He was scouting and visiting all the villages three days a week, at least. He was taking siblings and me to the villages too. He instructed us "Never forget those village residents". He spoke English. He even taught in the Provincial High school to substitute for an English teacher that the school never had. One night, upon returning from the field trip to a village, he came down with a Typhoo... They could not bring in the medication from out of country soon enough. He was only 42 years old when he passed away. My mother gathered us all and we moved to ANKARA. My Father is resting in his grave in VAN right now. His fellow village men apparently built the grave for him. They even have been bringing flowers to his grave apparently.

(Silence. IHSAN THE BOLONEY enters the scene with an expression of a hero)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Where have you been my dear?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Don't ask Godfather, you cannot imagine what has happened?

ATIL: You are going to make it all up too.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Let's hear it, what happened?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Quite happy about having the attention of all. He was enjoying the moment.)* Immediately, I ran right to the bank. I approached the bomb diffusing experts. They were suited up like spacemen. "I hope your troubles are gone," I said. Then they responded "Thanks bro".

HAKKI THE DARLING: Get to the point my dear

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I have learned the bomb business during my military training. I mean how to diffuse the bomb. Exploding it is the very last resort.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What happened afterwards?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: You mean after that? While we were bunched up and waiting there...All of a sudden, a guy with beard came in front of the other bank. One of the windows was still intact there. I got the picture immediately. The dude with the beard was going to finish the job. HE was hiding an object in his hand. I looked closely and saw the rock. Huge. Say 2 kilos may be 5 kilos of rock. Undercover police officers and GI s were all around. Still he lifted up the rock courageously and landed it onto the window. He was yelling the slogan “Damn Banking system, hell with it” while throwing the rock. Craaaassshhhh! It was an instant of confusion. Then the cops undercover arrested the bearded dude. Stuck him into the car. Look at the courage he had. He knew that he would be arrested; yet he did it anyway.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Wow, what a story!

THE BOSS: Provoker

HAKKI THE DARLING: What is that?

THE BOSS: It means instigator. Stumper. Get to the point and help KAZIM out. Don't you feel sorry for your Brother-in-law either?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: What I am going to tell you is not over yet?

THE BOSS: Don't act like an axle dick right now! Go on, march onto your duties.
(Ihsan gets pissed off and goes into the kitchen)

ATIL: He felt offended

THE MAESTRO: He is calling attention, you see. Let him be.

THE BOSS: Leave that axle cuss alone!

ATIL: He is not going to put up with it. (*MAESTRO ruminates for a second. KAZIM THE WAITER and IHSAN THE BOLONEY are running back and forth. ATIL watches out for IHSAN, as IHSAN THE BOLONEY cooks up something obviously*)

THE BOSS (*to the MAESTRO.*) What happened, you have ruminated again? Wake up to the reality man!

THE MAESTRO: I wish I were on a boat right now. I got tired off this city Bro.

THE BOSS: Your passion for a boat got you into all sorts of a trouble actually! Haven't you learned your lesson yet? (*IHSAN THE BOLONEY prepped up a package. He drops it swiftly by the stairs. ATIL has seen him though, yet could not make a sense out of it.*)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY (addressing the whole crew) Let us be very careful, shall we. If you see a package inside the club bar, it might as well be a bomb. Let me know at once. You all know that I am expert in those matters. I will neutralize it right away.

ATIL (Signals them all to be quiet) Look, he dropped a package right over there. One of us is going to pass the news, and then he will attempt the crisis management.

THE BOSS: What a dick this axle cuss is?

ATIL: Wait a minute now. Pretend you all know nothing. For know don't see him. (To HAKKI) Keep him busy for now Godfather HAKKI. He is going for hunting, let's hunt the jerk altogether.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What are you going to do my Dear?

ATIL: I am going to add on something into the package that he prepped, that is it. Are you asking what is it? A mousetrap from the kitchen. Eventually he is going to poke into the package anyway.

THE BOSS: Nothing is going to happen to his hand right? We got a group of customers for the night my man.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are right Bro

ATIL: Nothing is going to happen. This is such a loose and soft trap that it even can't hurt the nut size mice actually! The worst case, it is going to jam his hand. Come on.

(Everybody gets convinced and enters the act to set him up)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Ihsaaan! Come on here for a second.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (*Comes by*) Yes Godfather?

(*ATIL moves into kitchen quietly. Holding the mousetrap in hand, he turns to the package*)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Let's take care of the mixed-nuts supply too. (*ATIL inserts the mousetrap into the package right away*)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Just in case.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Okay Godfather

ATIL (He screams as if he got scared while running away from the package) Hey look you all! There is a package right here.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Be careful! I told you earlier. Clear the way (*Everybody participates in the set up.*)

AHMO: Let's call the police.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: No need, why bother?

THE BOSS: Ihsan is the expert in such matters anyway. He is going to take care if it right now

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (*He seems happy about all going as he planned.*) Of course Boss. What good is it going to be if we called the police? We got to think about the night. All the police can do is to get it exploded. I will neutralize the bomb. (Slowly he approaches the package. Touches it in distance first. Everybody in the set up pretends getting scared)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (*Enjoys the moment.*) Baaaaanng! (*They all pretend getting scared*) (*He further enjoys himself*) I am kidding, come on! Wait a second now...

(*IHSAN THE BOLONEY slowly opens up the package. Sticks his hand in. His hand gets jammed in the mousetrap. He pulls out his trapped hand out of the package.*)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: (Confused and stunned.) Ouch....What the heck!

THE BOSS: Eh...the cricket can jump only so far!

HAKKI THE DARLING: Come on, start getting lost, get lost

THE MAESTRO: Come on boys. Let's hit the note for the belly dancer's tune.

(*The band starts playing while IHSAN is screaming in pain*)

~THE END OF ACT 1~

- THE ACT II -

SCEEN IV

(It is nighttime. Musicians have taken their seats at a table. The band crew and waiters have their outfit on.

IHSAN has his right hand in a bandage.

HAKKI THE DARLING is in the management office.

The bike is leaning against the wall by the desk.

CIHAT'S MOTHER is sitting in the office. THE BOUNCER walks down the stairs.)

THE BOUNCER: It has already gotten dark. Shall I light up the club sign Godfather?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Haven't you done that yet my dear?

THE BOUNCER: I will turn it on right away

(THE BOUNCER hits the switch to the sign and the outdoor sign lights up)

THE BOUNCER: Downtown Red-Crescent square is crammed up. I see troop patrol squad on a standby right by our building too. They appear as if they were low profile and ready to act just in case.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Let them show up and standby. Their presence will be a helpful deterrent. Because too much blood had been shed. Instigators and criminals fear no law enforcement except National Guard troopers. Come on don't waste your time. Go upstairs to your station.

THE BOUNCER: All right Godfather

HAKKI THE DARLING: Make sure to watch out. Don't let any guy in without a dance partner or a lady accompany.

THE BOUNCER: I won't admit them Godfather

HAKKI THE DARLING: Take it easy

THE BOUNCER: *(Climbing up the stairs.)* Thanks a lot Godfather.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Hollers behind him.)* If anybody comes, just push the bell button.

THE BOUNCER: Okay Godfather *(Squads and ties up his shoe laces)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: Our bouncer guarding the main entry holds a bronze medal from the European Boxing Championship. Veteran boxers usually take up such jobs Ms. Everyone is trying to make a living.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: *(Her focus is still on her son Cihat.)* He is studying in a very reputable school. Is it easy to get admitted in to a Medical School and keep on? He unfortunately got hooked into some lady.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(For changing the subject.)* You see our hardships Ma'am?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: What can I say? You have a tough job.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Tough and really difficult. We put our lives at stake every night.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: May God ease your hardships for you and your staff?

HAKKI THE DARLING: For all of us God willing Ms.

(THE BOUNCER and the college students working as walk-ons come across at the main entrance)

THE WALK-ONS: Good evening

THE BOUNCER: Good evening

THE 1st WALK-ON GENT: I hope we are not late.

THE BOUNCER: No customer has showed up yet. Take it easy. (Gets lost)

THE WALK-ONS: (hollering behind him) Thank you so much!

(Walk-ons come to the office and talk to the manager from the door)

THE WALK-ONS: Good evening

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good evening

THE 1st WALK-ON LADY: How are you Chief?

HAKKI THE DARLING: I am fine dear. You are late?

THE 1st WALK-ON LADY: Don't as Mr. Manager what we had to go through.

THE 1st WALK-ON GENT: We had to go through so many checkpoints

THE 1st WALK-ON LADY: We are just the students, nothing more.

THE 1st WALK-ON GENT: They got picky at the security checkpoints.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Move on, waste no time!

THE 1st WALK-ON GENT: Thank you so much Mr. Manager.

(They all walk downstairs)

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Who are they Mr. Manager?

HAKKI THE DARLING: They are college students. They earn their pocket allowance by working here. *(With sincerity.)* Occasionally we got to show the club as busy as we can.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Does Cihat not get grateful to his God after seeing those college kids compelled to work. HE has a free ride to a free food and home. Oh my silly son.

HAKKI THE DARLING: I will warn him and twist his ears Ms. You be rest assured.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: God willing Mr. Manager.

HAKKI THE DARLING: He is young, you see. Young generation is not aware where they stand at this age. We all lived through this. The nightlife and all seems appealing at this age. On top of that, the appeal of being with a woman from this nightlife makes is worse. They presume that this Poop is a big deal. Please excuse my language...It slipped my lips. He is going to shape up; do not preoccupy your mind. Actually, Cihat is a good kid.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: He does not see decent girls around himself. If he had brought a girlfriend from his school to home, would this have happened? We would have treated her as our crown jewel. HE seems to be taken by magic. We do not discriminate Mr. Manager. We don't look down on anyone just because she is a vocalist in a nightclub. His father is a teacher. He is an educated reasonable man. We have been living in the same house in the same district for a long time. Cihat was even born there too. The entire neighborhood knows us. Can you think about the position that my husband is put in Mr. Manager? If he is asked bout Cihat, he comes home feeling down and depressed. He cannot face the neighbors and tells me that he cannot bare the shame brought upon him by

Cihat. I am afraid that he is going to get consumed by the sadness. Is this lady Cihat's peer? She is more than a middle aged grown woman. She has been seasoned. She has been someone's mistress and other one's girlfriend. She almost is his mother's generation. I am going nuts when come to think of it. She even has a ten-year-old kid, reportedly.

Don't drums beat better in a synch once they are matched Mr. Manager

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are absolutely right with all your arguments. You are fully justified. Please be rest-assured, we are going to resolve this matter.

(Someone's footsteps walking down the stairs are heard)

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*Getting anxious and looking at his watch.*) This guy did not give me a warning that customers are coming. I have given him clear instructions that you already saw. They are driving me nuts in this club. (Steps out of the office, and sees SEVTAP walking down) Was that you girl?

SEVTAP: (Cheerfully and happily, she is carrying quite a size package.) Were you expecting someone else Brother Hakki?

HAKKI THE DARLING: I thought customers have come. You have just come down the steps rumbling as if 60 people were walking downstairs, I mean. What was that?

SEVTAP: (*Noticing CIHAT's mother, she whispers.*) What a good-looking women she is! Is she your new chick?

HAKKI THE DARLING: (Quietly.) Oh. No. She is CIHAT's mother.

SEVTAP: You mean SHERMIN's boy friend, the nice guy?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Shush! Be quiet dear, she is going to hear that. Yes, his mother

SEVTAP Won't you give me a cheek my brother?

HAKKI THE DARLING:

There is always a cheek for you dear. But kiss me without making it wet.

SEVTAP: (Drops off her package in the table, hugs HAKKI THE DARLING, and gives him wet kisses with sucking sounds) Oh feels good. You smell nice.

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*While trying to dry his cheeks with his hand.*) Don't kiss me juicy my dear. Oh, I told you, that's enough. You have just colored up all over my face in fact!

SEVTAP: Ugh...You are giving plenty of kisses with a suck to everybody, but put the stops on to me. This is not a fair way Brother HAKKI?

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*To CIHAT's mother.*) This is SEVTAP, the crazy girl...She sells tobaccos here.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Nice to meet you young lady!

SEVTAP I was told that you're CIHAT's mother Auntie

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Yes I am....

SEVTAP: Ooh, what a handsome son you have auntie. Any women may fall in love with him

CIHAT'S MOTHER: That s true, but...

SEVTAP: There is a question definitely...Where did he find that old slut? What a bad luck, my God heavens! He supposedly is studying to become a doctor, isn't he? I swear, if

I were to find someone like your son, I would stop working at the nightclubs and sell everything I got just to give him comfort. I never have such a good luck.

(CIHAT's mother becomes emotional. Looks at HAKKI THE DARLING desperately.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Oh, never mind her aunty. She seems a bit loose lips and talks too much. But her heart is pure good.

SEVTAP: Am I telling a lie brother HAKKI? Truth is a truth.

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*Changing the subject.*) Are all the cigarettes in this package?

SEVTAP: What kind of a stupid question is that! Where else could the cigarettes be?

HAKKI THE DARLING: How did you manage to sneak it through the checkpoint troopers?

SEVTAP: I have a way to do it Bro. First of all, I showed my ID to the PATROL.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Then added: (Changes her voice tone. Gets into the act as if she were dubbing for a movie character of the fifties)

There is no such a thing like a bomb in this package my commander. Even though they are the smuggled goods, they are just the cigarettes. I sell cigarettes in a nightclub just to make an honest living so that I can afford the medication for my Dad who is in the hospital. Let me go" (goes on with her own regular tone of voice). But the commander still had the cigarette package checked out. When he saw the cigarettes, he got emotional (imitates the PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER supposedly) She is an honest sister. I am confident that she is telling the truth. She is not a terrorist. Let her go!

HAKKI THE DARLING: Weldon my dear.

SEVTAP: (She interrupts HAKKI, implying that she hasn't finished her words yet)

Thank you my commander, God may give you a sharp sword. Would you not accept a pack of cigarette as my gift please? Then he said: "No way sister... it is your father's medicine money. Than I told him: In that case, at least try lighting up just one. Otherwise you are going to kill my heart. Come on, one more or one less won't make any difference". After my insistence, he couldn't refuse me and lit up one of the cigarettes that I gave him. Inhaled the smoke deeply and said: I wish you plenty of customers" And I told him: Have another spare just in case to keep it handy my commander. Oh please, come on, don't break my heart...He hesitated for a while and then: "Don't over do it. I know that each cigarette I smoke is cutting in to your father's medicine money. Move on, I wish you a plenty of good luck in your business sister..."

HAKKI THE DARLING: Was it the end of it?

SEVTAP: It was the end of it. After they let me go, I have come straight here.

HAKKI THE DARLING: As usual, you have overexaggeted again, I mean

SEVTAP: I am not telling a baloney Bro. They were about to arrest me otherwise. They have taken away multiple arrests right in front of me. You have got to be practical in life. Is it not correct Cihat's Mom?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: You are correct my child. May God give a fast recovery to your Dad my child? Let me buy another pack from you. Even though I do not smoke, at least let me contribute to your earnings.

SEVTAP: Once I start talking about doctors, medication or illness, it gets the job done Auntie. Actually, there is no such an illness. I have learned to survive in this life the hard way. Otherwise, I would be screwed up and helpless as a woman. Do you see what I mean?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Yes I see.

SEVTAP: What are you waiting for here?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: CIHAT has not been coming home for three days. I am worried that something is going to happen to his dad out of worries and sadness.

SEVTAP: What a fag, wow! They have no idea about the style of womanizing either. Whatever shit you may get into does not give you a right to bother your parents at home! Is it not true Auntie?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Stop being reckless and talking harum-scarum. Go ahead and get your tobacco tray lined up with your merchandise. The large group of clients is about to show any minute. By the way, here is your tray.

SEVTAP: *(Pulls the tray out of the drawer.)* You are getting old and absent minded Bro. You put it right here yourself.

(SEVTAP opens up the package, lines up the packs of cigarettes on a tray. Grabs the tobacco tray. She poises for a photographic shot.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: What a crazy girl you are, lad!

SEVTAP: How do I look though? Come on tell me Bro.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Fine...come on; go downstairs to your work.

SEVTAP: Please do not treat me like kick me out Bro

HAKKI THE DARLING: I did not kick you out of my office my dear. Just told you to go to work. Do not get offended so quickly.

SEVTAP: Come on, it is just a tease. I am gone. Go on with your work Bro.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(He remembers his coffee cup for fortune reading.)* Just a second *(Pulls out his coffee cup from the drawer.)* Come on, have a look and tell my fortune.

SEVTAP: Look what you are doing. Haven't you said that the large group of customers was about to come any minute?

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(To CIHAT'S MOM)* She is such a great fortuneteller that you will be amazed Ms.

SEVTAP: I cannot read and tell your fortune though. Besides, the group of customers are about to show up and he most importantly...

HAKKI THE DARLING: Why don't you read it and tell my fortune out of the cup?

SEVTAP: Because, your coffee cup fortune telling is unreadable...

HAKKI THE DARLING: Shush...Shut up, no profanity here! There is a lady in my office. The spank is flying in the air to meet you, I swear.

SEVTAP: ...and your hairy ass is unshaveable...Ha...ha.... haaaaa...

HAKKI THE DARLING: jumps up for chasing her. She runs out the office then downstairs.

HAKKI THE DARLING: This girl is a handful. I like her (He hears footsteps on the stairs. Gets out of the office right away. Vocalist Shermin in the front and CIHAT THE NICE GUY behind, the party of two walk downstairs. CIHAT is carrying SHERMIN's make-up bag.) Is it you guys?

VOCALIST SHERMIN Good evening Godfather HAKKI

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good evening Shermin

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: (*Keeping his manners.*) Good evening Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good evening CIHAT. (Hakki realizes that CIHAT MOM is getting anxious. Signals her to keep cool and quiet. He blocks the office doorway and gives instructions to SHERMIN.) You both go downstairs my dear. Time to get ready for your show. Customers are about to show up any minute.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: All right. Take it easy and good luck.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You too my dear

While SHERMIN and CIHAT are walking downstairs, HAKKI signals CIHAT and orders him to come up to the office quietly

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*He enters the office.*) Does she know you Ms.?

CIHAT'S MOTHER: I think so. I am glad you did not bring her here. I would be totally confused otherwise.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Would I do such a foolish thing? You should never deal with her. Our dealing and talk should only be with CIHAT. He is about to come here in a minute. You should talk alone in peace and quiet.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Thank you so much. What if he doesn't listen to me?

HAKKI THE DARLING: First you talk to him. Then let me do the rest to get a resolution out of him.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: (*Desperately.*) All right Mr. Manager in chief. May God appreciate your good will?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Human decency is not dead yet Ms. (He listens to footsteps.) I think it is he in front of the door.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Come on in CIHAT.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY (*He is preoccupied.*) Yes Mr. Chief, what can I do for you?

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are a young man of manners my dear. Respectful and intelligent. I have never witnessed your misbehaviors so far.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Thank you Mr. Chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: However, this is not the way to treat your family. You have no right to worry them with such troubles.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: (*As if he were begging.*) I have not worried anyone so far though Mr. Hakki

HAKKI THE DARLING: You have a visitor my dear

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: (*He gets tensed up.*) Whom?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Your mother is in the office

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: But...

HAKKI THE DARLING: There are no buts or excuses. Go into the office. She needs to talk to you. I will be in front of the office door. Speak comfortably. Is it understood my dear?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY Yes Sir, I got it.

(HAKKI pulls the door half shut as CIHAT enters the office. He listens into the conversations. Mother stands up after seeing CIHAT)

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Ooh...my Son,

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Ooh.... Mother,

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Where have you been my child? *(She embraces him tightly and inhales his scent.)*

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: *(Respectfully.)* I already told you that I was staying at my friends.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: You apparently have spent just one night with your friend. How about the last two nights?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Again, I have been with another friend of mine Mom.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: No need to hide. I know it all. What you are doing is very wrong. You are a role model student. Our friends and all family praise you all the time. Why are you doing this? Why are you running away from your Dad and me? Why?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY I am not avoiding you Mom.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Is this lady friend of yours your peer generation?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY She is a good woman Mom.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: She is way older than your age.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY What difference does it make? She understands me.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Any women can easily love you. You are a jewel. Have you ever thought about what age he is going to be when you reach your midlife 40s?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY It is not important Mom.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: She is going to be 55 years old. When you reach 45 she will be 60 years old. Are you going to introduce her as your Mom to the people around you?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY Mom, you have investigated every detail obviously

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Yes I have figured it all out. I love my child. Do I ever want you to become miserable? Tell me, do I?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Of course you don't want that.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: What about your educational gap? She is just an elementary school graduate.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: As matter of fact, she dropped out of the 8th grade. She could not continue school because she had to work for livelihood. However, she is studying for the Graduate Equivalent Diploma from secondary school.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Wow, you are so quick to be her advocate. She got you hooked. You no longer have clear judgment. What has she done to you to get you hooked into her so deeply?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: She has done nothing to me Mom. For a long while, she did not want to be with me. I insisted and followed her. She retreated at the beginning. But we finally are going steady now.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: *(She is about to start crying.)* Are you going to get me killed by my worries?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY God forbid Mother.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: It is going to happen. The way you are going, it is going to happen. Not only me but don't you feel any sorry at least for your sick father either? I constantly am on my toes. Thank God he does not know yet that you moved in with your lady friend. Actually, he suspects, may be he has a hunch too. What if he finds out the whole truth about you? I am trying all I can to hide your living with your woman. He has a pride. He is spending more than he can afford for supporting you. He is doing all he can for your getting the best education possible. What are we going to do once he finds out about your living in that woman's house? He may be shocked and get a stroke. Do you ever think about that?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY But Mother

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Plenty of young ladies are around you. They all are willing and anxious to become your girlfriend.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY They all are bunch of kids Mother. They are not mature. They cannot understand my heart.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Is it she who understands you? You are carrying her bag. Are you not ashamed of doing it?

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: I am not carrying it Mother

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Yes you do. You have passed right by the office just a minute ago

CIHAT THE KIND GUY It was just the make-up bag. I have just helped her to walk down the stairs.

CIHAT'S MOTHER: Are you studying to be a doctor just for the sake of carrying bags for vocalists?

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Looking at his watch, he gets uneasy. He opens the door and enters the office.)* Customers are going to be here any minute now. Look Cihat. I like you. You have such a nice family. You are doing the wrong thing. You have no right to worry your family or make them miserable. Now, you are going to go downstairs, and tell her you are going back to your family home...*(Silence.)* Do you understand me? Look my boy; this woman has no future to offer you. You got that? Look, don't make me expel you from this club. *(He threatens Cihat The Nice Guy)* Move on and get downstairs now!

SHERMIN THE VOCALIST: *(She climbs the stairs back to the office.)* What happened Cihat? What is happening Godfather HAKKI? Who is this woman in your office?

HAKKI THE DARLING: She is CIHAT's Mother

CIHAT'S MOM: Come on CIHAT. Time to go home.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: *(He is faced with indecisions for an instant.)* But Mother?

HAKKI THE DARLING:

His father is sick apparently my dear.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: I wish him a fast recovery. Move on CIHAT; go to your father!

CIHAT'S MOTHER: *(As they leave the club, Mom quietly speaks to the vocalist.)* You have a child too. *(In a begging tone.)* Leave my son alone *(Then she exits the club premises.)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: Please don't let your feelings get hurt.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: I am not, Godfather HAKKI.

HAKKI THE DARLING: In my humble opinion.... You would be hurt much worse in the future. This kid is no match for you. Get realistic a bit.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: May be you are right. I have even tempted to get ready for the Junior High G.E.D. exams to measure up to him a bit. *(Gets up and walks downstairs.)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: Oh my God! *(The bell rings)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets busy right away. Stands up and hollers downstairs.)*

Customers are coming! My dear; attend the incoming customers!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Interior lights come on downstairs. The band takes up the position by stage. Walk-ons get up their seat. The band plays a dance tune. Walk-ons start dancing)*

VOCALIST SHERMIN: *(She takes a seat at the bar stool. Talk's to IHSAN.)* Give me a shot of Vodka)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY :*(Gets confused.)* Have not quit the liquor already Sister?

VOCALIST SHERMIN: Don't drag it my flower. Give me drink anyway *(She starts the drink glass that IHSAN hands over to her)*

(HAKKI stands and waits by the stairway. A YOUNG LADY in the front, and the 1st and 2nd MUSTACHED guys behind, the customers proceed downstairs to the bar. They seem a bit drunk already)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(In a down mood.)* Welcome my dear

THE FIRST DROOPING MUSTACHED: Thank you Papa. What happened to you?

Your face is depressed in bits and pieces! Aren't you glad that we showed up?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Why should I not be happy to see you? We have been expecting a group of 60 actually. I thought they have come. Please come on in. I shall take the weapons into trust first.

THE FIRST DROOPING MUSTACHED GUY: *(Tries a joke.)* Would that be okay if you did not take the guns away?

HAKKI THE DARLING: No way my dear. You know the situation. It will not look good for you either. Any minute the patrol may come in for search and inspection. They can shut this club down too if they find guns around.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: We took the cab to get here without getting searched.

(They all move to the management office. HAKKI opens the safe vault. Pulls out plastic bags for the customers to put their guns in and they comply. HAKKI locks up the bags in the vault. They all walk downstairs.)

THE MAESTRO: *(keeps on playing his keyboard and)* Welcome! Welcome you all. You have honored us with your presence.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED GUY: *(responds to the greeting by pressing his palm on his chest.)* We are so pleased too. Thank you.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Welcome you all!

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Get well soon, what happened to your hand?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: It got stuck at the door.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Wish you a fast recovery. Let us take our seats and table as usual.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Yes Sir.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Thanks my man!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: What would you like?

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(To others.)* What do you think guys?

THE 2nd DROOPING MUSTACHED: Let's not mix up and change the liquor

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: How about you?

YOUNG LADY: Let's have the same, RAKI again

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Bring us three glasses of RAKI on the double.

One is going to be straight up!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Mixed nuts?

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Prep some fruit dish for us...to the center of the table.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Writes down the orders on the slip.)* Thank God I am left-handed. Are you ordering anything else?

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: We have run out of cigarettes too.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I will send your cigarettes right away. *(Quickly goes to the bar counter, signals SEVTAP to bring cigarettes to customers, opens a new bottle of Raki for the order.)* Customers want cigarettes.

SEVTAP: *(Comes by the customers' party.)* Welcome Brother.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Thank you Sevtap. *(He buys two packs of cigarettes from the tray for each one in the party. Pulls out a bundle of cash, and hands out one bill.)* Is this enough?

SEVTAP: Let me give you the change

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Keep the change darling you can keep it.

SEVTAP: Thank you *(drops off a lighter a present on the table.)* This is from me.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Live long Sevtap.

(1st DROOPING MUSTACHED offers cigarettes to his party from the fresh pack while SEVTAP moves back to her station. All in the party takes one. He lights up first his cigarette, then the YOUNG LADY'S.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Has been waiting impatiently in the management office. The phone rings. He grabs the phone anxiously. The Nightclub...Yes...This is the manager speaking...)(Smiles.)* Where have you been my Dear? We are expecting you.

Yes...Yes...*(He starts frowning)* Aha...is this the way to do business? It is your party that we have been expecting. We have turned down even other customers at the door. We even did not get a deposit from you. How are you going to compensate? Stop kidding for God's

sake my dear? This is not the way to do business, no way. (Hangs up the phone) Fucking fagot. He is giving me a cancellation notice at midnight! (*The phone rings again*) Hello. Yes. Nothing. The large group reservation has been cancelled. Of course I am pissed. Brother-in-law has not come in yet. He is about to show up any moment Okay I will tell him. Fine. How can I know where the hack he is? I will tell him to call you. Come on Bye. (*Hangs up the phone and rings the bell*)

(*KAZIM THE WAITER brings the ordered drinks to the tables. The band is playing and the Walk-ons are dancing. VOCALIST SHERMIN has been drinking non-stop. IHSAN brings the concealed drink to ATIL, inconspicuously.*)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Don't forget, I must be singing at the stage tonight.

ATIL: It's all right. You don't neglect me. I am going to do all my best for tonight. (IHSAN THE BOLONEY goes to the bar cheerfully.)

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Let's have a toast.

THE 2nd DROOPING MUSTACHED: Cheers Bro

THE YOUNG LADY: Cheers...

THE BOUNCER: (comes down quickly next to HAKKI.) Yes. Sir? Yes, my chief?

HAKKI THE DARLING: The group has already cancelled the reservations my dear.

THE BOUNCER: But why my Chief?

HAKKI THE DARLING: It is just because they are bunch of pimps. They have just given me a call and told me that they were unable to come. Any way my dear. If some other customers show up, let them in. There is a plenty of room in the club.

THE BOUNCER: All right my chief.

HAKKI THE DARLING: I hope there will be some other customers coming.

THE BOUNCER: God willing my chief.

THE BOSS: (*He comes down the stairs. Stares angry at BOUNCER.*) Where have you been sonny?

THE BOUNCER: The manager called me.

THE BOSS: I have told you not to move anywhere far from the front door, Haven't I?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Come on, you go upstairs and guard the main door... Be careful; don't let any guy in without a lady companion or a dance partner

THE BOUNCER: I mean, let's say they came in as a party of 10. And only 3 of them are women. What shall I do then?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Of course you'll let them in, my dear.

THE BOUNCER: What am I supposed to do with those guys who have no dance partners (have no lady companion)?

THE BOSS: (Teases THE BOUNCER.) You will bounce them back. You are to admit only ones with a lady companion! You got that?

THE BOUNCER: I got it my boss. I will selectively admit the ones with their lady companions

THE BOSS: What about the others then?

THE BOUNCER: You said so; I am not going to let them in.

THE BOSS: What if they insist on coming in?

THE BOUNCER: (Showing off his fists.) Tough luck.

THE BOSS: (Gets serious.) You should admit them too. As far as there is a lady in the party. Is it clear?

THE BOUNCER: (He is confused, yet moves on.) All right. I'll let them in.

THE BOSS: Come on; move on to your duties.

THE BOUNCER: All right.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What are you waiting for then my dear?

(THE BOUNCER runs up the stairs)

THE BOSS: He is a weirdo. It may be due to those punches that he sustained and got his brains knocked out. His perception is slow.

HAKKI THE DARLING He is not the only one with a ruined brain my bro.

THE BOSS: What is that, what happened HAKKI?

HAKKI THE DARLING The group reservations have been cancelled, brother-in-law.

THE BOSS: How come? I don't understand.

HAKKI THE DARLING They have just phoned in. They are not going to be able to make it.

THE BOSS: No.it can't be happening? (No way, how can they do such a thing?)

HAKKI THE DARLING It has just happened my brother-in-law. I have bought all sorts of replenishments already for the bar. What if nobody shows up tonight? I have already spent from the insurance money too.

THE BOSS: Why did you spend it? Don't we have to pay the penalties if we cannot pay it back?

HAKKI THE DARLING: What else could I have done my bro? Do we have any other money? Am I cooking and selling gyro kebabs inside the club for a profit? I would have replaced the insurance money if those fagots had showed up. My problem is about how to pay the weekly wages.

THE BOSS: Just don't pay then.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Do I not pay the wages?

THE BOSS: How can you pay if you don't have the money?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Everybody has been steaming up inside. We have already delayed last week's pay. They have the families with kids too. The schools are going to start. Winter is ahead. I even couldn't pay the electricity bill of my house. I am worried that they are going to cut it off any moment. The business is going down brother-in-law. While the people can barely feed themselves, we area hoping to make money from this nightclub business? Don't get me wrong but I was making decent money. I was earning good enough before, my bro. Those who got hungry were eventually coming in to eat to my Kebab Joint. It was just a just a few dollars per kebab. My kebab business got screwed up too because of this club.

THE BOSS: Nightlife clientele are different. They always come. The business is going to be okay soon, don't panic.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Because we trusted those pimps, we've hired a belly dancer too. It will cost a fortune now.

THE BOSS: Tell her not to come.

HAKKI THE DARLING: How come?

THE BOSS: Give her a call and tell her it is cancelled.

HAKKI THE DARLING: She must already be on her way here. It was 3 days ago; I made the agreement with her. How can I say, its cancelled now?

THE BOSS: How many people are there down stairs?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Three

THE BOSS: We have plenty of time. In any case, there will be some people coming.

(The phone rings.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Answers.)* Hello...he is in, here you are. *(Hands over the phone)*

THE BOSS: *(Who is it)* Who is that? *(Picks up the hand set)* Hello...His mood is down. The group has cancelled the reservation in the middle of the night. There is nothing important happening. I may be coming early. But you had better wait. Do you need anything else from me? Okay, I got it. All right. *(Puts the hand set back.)* She is calling whenever she feels like it, just for nothing.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You have lost her confidence my bro. What am I doing HAKKI? You see; I am just doing my work honorably

HAKKI THE DARLING: Even if you don't do anything wrong, you are an ex-convict. I am not saying this just because she is my sister. If it were any other woman, she would not have shown so much patience with you. My sister surely is special.

THE BOSS: I wouldn't have been married to her if she were not special.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What is the use? You get them in bed regardless, no matter how worn out, prostitute, or whore they are.

THE BOSS: Have I taken any woman to the bed for three months Hakki?

HAKKI THE DARLING: You wouldn't have stopped it if your dick weren't flattened my bro? Even your kids have heard about it. You were about to destroy your family life just for a hooker.

THE BOSS: Fine, all right. I am not doing it anymore, you know.

(The doorbell rings. HAKKI gets out to the front door. THE BOSS was also wandering who was at the door, coming in, but prefers to pretend as if he is busy.)

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Once he sees the incoming party, tells his brother-in-law.)* We are in trouble!

THE BOSS: Who has come HAKKI?

HAKKI THE DARLING: We must figure out an excuse for not letting them in. They may create a trouble. *(The 1st and the 2nd BUSHY MUSTACHED come in with two young ladies as if they were trying to flee something. They seem preoccupied)*

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Hi Papa.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Hello, my dear.

THE BOSS: Hi dear.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are our close friend my dear, I am going to tell you something.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Speak freely Papa. Is there anything wrong?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Thanks my dear. It is not what you think. They have cancelled the group reservations.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: So.... Papa?

HAKKI THE DARLING: There are three people downstairs. I mean it won't be a fun night

THE FIRST BUSHY MUSTACHED: I don't understand what you meant.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You shouldn't come in tonight either my dear.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Why not?

HAKKI THE DARLING: The ones, at downstairs...

THE BOSS: Why are you beating around the bush HAKKI? Say it clearly and openly. They are not strangers to us, are they?

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Are there any Facists downstairs? Tell me Papa.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't say such a thing my dear... Yes, they are here. What if they call you "COMMUNISTS"? Don't you get offended then?

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: We won't get upset with them. But, they had better call us "Revolutionists".

THE BOSS: You call them "IDEALISTS" then. They might be happy.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: We can say that. What difference does it make anyway? We go downstairs honorably and sit there in peace.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Who knows what will happen, my dear.

THE BOSS: Look my dear.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: (*Looking upward.*) Don't worry nothing is going to happen.

THE BOSS: Who knows?

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: You know, we had been altogether before too. It was almost 15 days ago. There was no altercation to be heard either, you know. (*Quietly.*) It is all messed up outside. It's crowded up there. Just keep it in mind my BOSS, we have just taken the shelter here.

(*Takes his gun out and puts it on the table. And the other one does the same.*)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Now, my dear.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: No worries! We have told you. We took a refuge here right in your club. We know that this business is your livelihood. We have and endless respect for your livelihood. We never want you to be harmed .We may even not be staying until the curfew time. The most important thing is not to fall in the middle of a fire. We are only going to take a few drinks and then will leave. Don't you trust my word? (He repeats himself.) We've taken a refuge in your club.

HAKKI THE DARLING: (Looks at his brother- in -law with desperation.) What are we going to do my bro?

THE BOSS: All right my dear. Loose the guns HAKKI.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Thank you BOSS.

THE BOSS: I trust you, stay out of trouble!

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Thanks BOSS. Your kindness will not go in vain. We won't forget this favor.

(HAKKI has already locked up the guns that he put in a plastic bag, in the safe vault)

THE BOSS: Let's go downstairs altogether.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Let's go in BOSS.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Be careful, my dear.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Be rest-assured Papa.

THE BOSS: *(to HAKKI, quietly)* While I am helping them to be seated, you deal with the others.

(THE BOSS first, and then HAKKI with the others come down the stairs. While THE BOSS seats them at a table on the other side, HAKKI takes a seat at the other table. Both groups were seated leaning their backs against the walls. The band was playing dance music slowly)

THE MAESTRO: *(Greets the customers coming.)* Welcome! You have honored us with your presence!

(New customers salute the band crew delightedly. The walk-ons are still on the stage. THE BOSS is telling something quietly to the customers at the table. They look towards the other party. They give a response to the BOSS by mimicking a "you be cool" gesture.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Quietly.)* I have a kind request from you.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: With pleasure Papa.

HAKKI THE DARLING: I heard that THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCES is still under the control of your gang reportedly. *(Uses his hand to point to AHMO)* You know our guy, AHMO. He is in his senior grade. He is going to graduate but he has to be able access to his final exam classrooms.

(HAKKI's speech is no longer audible. The 1st DROOPY MUSTACHED makes the hand gestures for meaning "Okay I will help". Then, HAKKI makes gestures to AHMO to the effect of "Your request will be taken care of"

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets up the table and moves to the bar counter. Talks to IHSAN.)* It's cancelled. The group reservations for tonight have been cancelled.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: How can they do this Godfather?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Being a jerk is cheap my Dear?

(IHSAN THE BOLONEY has been demoralized. As if all his dreams have fallen apart. This time HAKKI switches tables and the BOSS moves on to another table.

They both mingle and socialize with the customers at tables apart.

Band members exchange winks and point to these two small groups. The band has gotten on the edge.

ATIL steadily hides and drinks his liquor under the table. He keeps showing his empty liquor glass to IHSAN. In turn, IHSAN refills his glass inconspicuously.

While giving the drinking glass to ATIL, IHSAN talks to the band crew and says, "Reservation of the group has been cancelled". The band crew gets sad and disappointed. IHSAN gets back to his workstation.)

VOCALIST SHERMIN: *(Keeps on drinking and talks to KAZIM.)* Look up here my dear. Did you get your son's books?

KAZIM THE WAITER: We are going to buy them tomorrow sister.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: Bring me a plain sheet of paper. *(KAZIM takes a sheet out)* Write there my dear. Go on write down for me: I will bring...my books...for middle school...tomorrow night.... *(She places the sheet of paper in her bag)* I am going to bring the books tomorrow night, all right? All the books for junior high, is that all you need for your son?

KAZIM THE WAITER: God bless you sister. *(Hesitates.)* Won't you be needing them any more sister? You were about to take the final exams for GED.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: Never mind about me dear. It's too late for me after all. *(The doorbell rings. IHSAN let's HAKKI know. HAKKI goes upstairs to the management office in a hurry. ASIYE THE EXOTIC DANCER comes downstairs.)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: Welcome my dear.

ASIYE Thanks for the welcoming Bro.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are early.

ASIYE: I didn't want to be out on the street during the curfew.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Good thinking my dear. May God be with you, as your business seems good?

ASIYE: *(Knocks on the table.)* Knock on the wood! It is reasonably good. I am dancing at all possible wedding parties, ceremonies, private parties, and celebrations. I am just working to pay the mortgage for my parents. It is an investment, you see! *(She takes a seat)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are doing the right thing. One must think about her future.

ASIYE I am trying to do my best for my future, brother.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Is it worth sister ASIYE?

ASIYE: Well, if I said it was not worth my hard labor, then it would be a lie. Why should I hide from the people what All Mighty already knows? Supplemental income feels quite good.

HAKKI THE DARLING: One must fill up the pitcher while the water is running. Otherwise it goes in vain. You come to realize all of a sudden that the years run off. You will just be standing only yourself.

ASIYE :I have the same thought too. Well, I was so good in school. The high school was done and over with. I was actually doing quite well. Then I said to my self, what good is it going to do if I complete the college? Don't you see the condition of the people going to the colleges and universities? It is even too hard to enter the school building. You have to be supporting one of the factions, the rightist or the leftist. Otherwise, there is no chance of survival. I am just looking after my livelihood, brother. I said to myself " You are beautiful my girl. You must capitalize on it. Make use of the beauty while you still can. I did some accounting. Even as college graduate, it will take me the whole year to earn what I am making in a month as an exotic

dancer. Even if I worked for a company, it is a short salary. I made my eyes blinded and chose this profession. I am glad I did. Thank God.

(The two groups downstairs were checking out each other)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't you have a paramour, my dear?

ASIYE: I don't have any brother.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't you even have a lover?

ASIYE: What do you think that I am brother? Of course I am not a nun. It happens but nothing serious yet.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Just for a need, you mean.

ASIYE: Seems just like it. Why should I say no if I ran into someone whom I really get interested in? But, my future is paramount. I also have a brother and a sister younger than I am. We are doing our best, I mean. Otherwise how could we have afforded our lifestyle solely on my dad's retirement pension? My mom also is sick. I even hired a maid for her. We have already moved to a new neighborhood too.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What did your parents say about your profession? I mean about your choice of being an exotic dancer?

ASIYE: Mom had no word to say anyway. Dad resisted the idea for a while.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Did he say okay afterwards?

ASIYE: I am not working in a brothel, brother. We are just doing a pure honest labor. I told all these to my dad. He stopped resisting the idea after that. He was compelled to say yes.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are an honest and frank lady. You surely have your innocence and purity.

ASIYE: That's true. I am exactly what I seem to be. What time am I going to perform brother?

HAKKI THE DARLING: We are just about to start with your performance my dear. There are not good enough customers downstairs yet. There may be a few more coming.

ASIYE: (*Gets concerned.*) What if nobody comes?

CIĞERİM HAKKI: Well, I said it would be nice if they come. If not, you still will be performing anyway my dear,

ASIYE: But you said there would be a large group of customers...

HAKKI THE DARLING: They have cancelled the group reservations, my dear.

ASIYE: (*Starts acting worried.*) What is going to happen to me now?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Nothing will happen to your performance. You will be on stage as usual my dear.

ASIYE: (*Wakefully.*) I already some bills due tomorrow. I just planned everything according to this schedule. My word is my bond brother.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Okay, you are going to get your payment tonight my dear. Don't worry; we won't disappoint you.

ASIYE: (*Feels relieved.*) Thanks brother!

HAKKI THE DARLING: Would you like something to drink?

ASIYE: I would like a glass of water brother. But, better without the ice.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Speaks on the intercom by clicking the button on the table.)*
Do you hear me my dear? Hello!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I hear you God Father. May I take your order?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Is there anything wrong?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Not yet.

HAKKI THE DARLING: What do you mean “not yet “? You mean that there is going to be something wrong?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: No, I don’t think so.

HAKKI THE DARLING: So ...why do you say, “not yet“ my dear?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: It merely is a figure of speech Godfather. They are giving the dirty looks at each on and off. But the Boss is on the alert watching them all the time. Of course we as well.

HAKKI THE DARLING: How about SHERMIN?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: She is calling and reciting CIHAT’S name. She is drinking too.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Do not give her any more drinks my dear. She is going to be singing soon!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY :I am not giving her any more drinks.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You said, she is drinking! If you are not giving her any, how could she be drinking, stupid?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I am giving her just the water. And a lit bit of vodka shot in it.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Make sure that she doesn’t realize it. She may create a scene otherwise.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY : Be rest-assured Godfather! I am diluting the drinks of both sides too. Those morons think that they are having the alcohol drinks.

HAKKI THE DARLING: All right. For now, you just send a glass of water up here. ASIYE has just come in.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Who is ASIYE, God Father?

HAKKI THE DARLING: The dancer ASIYE, you dumb

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Oh yeah... There is not even a decent count of customers, God Father. Couldn’t you manage to get rid of her?

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Gets angry.)* Don’t get involved when it’s none of your business blockhead!

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: I meant to say...

HAKKI THE DARLING: Hey...speak no more dumber dude!

ASIYE: Without the ice please brother.

HAKKI THE DARLING: The water should be without the ice! Understood?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Yes I got it Godfather. Is there anything else you would like to order?

HAKKI THE DARLING: ASIYE is going to be on the stage very soon... Make sure to let the band know that ASIYE has already come in and ready for the show.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: All right Godfather. *(Gives the glass of water that he prepared to KAZIM. KAZIM places the glass of water on a tray and walks towards the stairs. IHSAN moves closer to the band and tells them something. The slow dance music continues.)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: We never know what they are going to do next. They may call you up on the stage any moment. You had better get ready now.

ASIYE: I am already ready to go, brother. *(Takes her raincoat off. She already is in her dance outfit. Moves a little bit in dance figures. Snaps her fingers as an instrument, Opens up her make-up purse and looks at herself in the mirror of the bag.)*

WAITER KAZIM: *(Comes in.)* Here you are, sister.

ASIYE Thank you. *(Drinks a few sips)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: Is everything alright, my dear?

KAZIM THE WAITER: Yes sir... Do you have any other order my chief?

HAKKI THE DARLING: No, thanks... wow...what a nice bike this is!

KAZIM THE WAITER: Owing to you my chief. *(Goes out with a shy face)*

(The band stops playing suddenly)

THE MAESTRO: *(Supported with the instrument sounds.)* Well...we have a nice surprise for you ...and now, the very famous star of the Middle East and the Balkans. ...Here she is...the pride of our country...

HAKKI THE DARLING: They are announcing you...

ASIYE: Its okay, brother. I am ready.

THE MAESTRO: *(In a manner of a bit bantering and exaggerating.)* Here comes our exotic dancer Asiyeeee!

(The lights get turned on and turn off and the band starts playing)

(ASIYE Comes down the stairs rapidly, and takes place just in the middle of the stage)

(HAKKI also came down after her.)

She comes to the center of the stage and greets the people in there with the support of the bands playing. Everybody is applauding)

THE 1st BUSHY MOUSTACHED: Bravo...it is all yours....

THE 2nd BUSHY MUSTACHED: She is marvelous.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Bravoes!

THE 2nd BUSHY MUSTACHED: Cheers...!

YOUNG LADY: She is so attractive.

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: She is a raving beauty!

(It clearly appears to be the first time for the BOSS to see her.)

He really likes her.

Observes her moves very carefully)

ASIYE dances with such an exotic moves and figures.

Nobody makes any sound but watches her carefully with a full attention.

The Boss tells something to HAKKI by mimics that meant, "She is lovely"

HAKKI gets demoralized, sensing the Boss's hidden agenda

The only person unaware of the dance show appears to be THE VOCALIST SHERMIN.

*In her dreaming mind, she sits at the bar counter and drinks along.
The band crew plays the tunes with enthusiasm. ASIYE approaches the walk-on table first and dances right in front of them.
She specifically looks the customers in the eye while she dances. She acts inviting and willing.*

An insincere applause from the table of walk-ons turns ASIYE off. She moves away to the center of the dance area again.

She dances in the center of the stage now and observes both of the tables occupied with customers.

*She approaches to the 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED as she keeps on dancing.
1st DROOPING MUSTACHED gets happier. He is proud as if he got the glory of the victory.*

*He shows how much he admired the dancer by clapping to the beat of the tune.
ASIYE comes right in front of him. She keeps on dancing without glancing him off.
The 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED also gets up and tries dancing along with her although he is off the beat.*

He counts his cash by a quick glance out of his pocket, then tosses the bills over her head and sticks in some money into her cleavage (bra).

The 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED helps ASIYE to climb up the table. She starts dancing on the table now.

The 1st DROOPING USTACHED is still slipping the cash into her panties.

The Young Woman gets offended and upset with the 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED. She tries pulling him by the arm down to his seat.

But the 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED does not care and ignores her. This goes on for a while.

When ASIYE realizes that he is not slipping in money anymore, she climbs down the table, dances for a bit more, and gets away from their table.)

THE YOUNG WOMAN: *(Loses her cool and gets temperamental.)* You are all over her. You behave yourself! I mean into her, literally you were about to fall into her!

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(He mimics and pretends as if he did not understand what she meant.)*

THE YOUNG WOMAN: *(Opens her hands up to the sides, foaming with anger).* That's enough!

THE 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Hey. Shut up! We are just having a good time here!

(ASIYE approaches to the other table. The 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED slips her another cash bill taken out from his pocket just to get even with the other group.

He does this as if it were a tipping contest.

ASIYE keeps on dancing with an importune and sticks around.

THE 1st BUSHY MUSTACHED slips the cash bill for the last time.

ASIYE climbs down the table slowly and moves away dancing.

Now ASIYE turns round straight to the BOSS who is watching her carefully.

In the mean time, THE WAITER KAZIM picks up the tossed cash and piles them on stage right in front of the band.)

ASIYE: Woo...my man. My very handsome guy

THE BOSS: (delightedly) what a wonderful looking lady you are ASIYE...

ASIYE: You too...you must be the BOSS.

THE BOSS: Yes my dear...Let's talk afterwards.

ASIYE: Sure thing...

(HAKKI gets totally demoralized.

ASIYE comes to the middle again and dances.

Seems that she is showing off all the dance moves she got.

Removes the rest of cash stuck on her outfit, keeps on dancing, and tosses the bills right in from of the band.

KAZIM places all the cash tips that he picked up off the floor too, right in from of the band.

The band gets more enthusiastic in playing the tune.)

THE BOSS :(Calls up HAKKI by hand gestures) get the money ready for ASIYE. I will give it to her. Put it into an envelope then bring to me.

HAKKI gets really upset with Boss's hitting on her. He moves near by IHSAN. Asks for an envelope. IHSAN gives him one. HAKKI counts the money and places it in the envelope.

Quietly and slowly moves by the BOSS. Hands over the envelope)

THE BOSS: (Takes the envelope and sticks it in his pocket) tell her that I will pay her up. *(Although HAKKI becomes more disappointed of the BOSS, he tries to hide his feelings and moves far away from him.*

The BOSS realizes that HAKKI got upset. Shakes his head from side to side. He goes back to watching ASIYE's dancing.

ASIYE finishes up her dancing with the last moves and spins. Leaves the stage running out.

The band plays on and invites the audience to the standing ovation.

ASIYE comes back again. Dances just for a few seconds more, then goes towards the stairs again.

HAKKI and then THE BOSS follow her and all climb up the stairs)

THE BOSS: (Showing off his authority.) HAKKI! Let the audience know about the curfew. It is going to start soon. Whoever wants to leave should leave by now.

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Grumbles without making the others hear him)* I can't stand this anymore. *(As he walks downstairs)* The Devil tells me, let's leave everything here and move to Australia)

THE BOSS: You are dancing great. I congratulate you deeply in my heart.

ASIYE Thank you very much.

THE BOSS: *(Gives the envelope to her.)* I would like to talk you. Will you be available tonight?

ASIYE: (flirtatiously) I have another scheduled show business now. But may be some other time.

THE BOSS: The curfew is about to start very soon. How are you going to be on the other stage?

ASIYE: We all will be staying there overnight. The doors will be closed up till the morning I mean

THE BOSS: How about tomorrow?

ASIYE: Okay, what time?

THE BOSS: Will you be available in the afternoon?

ASIYE (takes a card out of her purse and gives him) Call me then.

THE BOSS: I will... Shall we meet at 2 p.m.?

ASIYE: Yes, sure. (Puts her rain coat on) Where will you be picking me up?

THE BOSS: Where ever you like.

How about picking you up at the front door of the skyscraper in Red Crescent Square

ASIYE Okay. Where do we go then? Let it not be a hotel room.

THE BOSS: I have a place.

ASIYE: I hope it's a safe one.

PATRON: It is.

ASIYE (trying to go out) I must not be late.

(The BOSS hugs her. they kiss each other's.

ASIYE: I am going to be late

THE BOSS: Okay babe. I am going to call you at around 1 pm.

ASIYE: All right.

(She climbs the stairs. The BOSS stares at her legs from behind. He is melting inside out, almost)

(CIHAT THE KIND GUY walks down the steps to the club uneasily. He walks straight to SHERMIN's spot. He avoids HAKKI the manager and almost hides from him)

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Hello

VOCALIST SHERMIN: (She got surprised) Hello

CIHAT THE KIND GUY I had to leave. I just thought something went wrong with my dad.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: *(Keeps on talking without facing him.)* You obviously had to leave.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Are you drinking alcohol?

VOCALIST SHERMIN: Yes

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: You were supposed to quit the alcohol,

VOCALIST SHERMIN: (pretends that she did not hear the question). Your mother is a real lady.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: She shouldn't have come here in the first place

VOCALIST SHERMIN: She was compelled to come. You should never make her sad

CIHAT THE KIND GUY She has embarrassed me.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: I am a mother too. I understand her.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY You did not get upset with me, did you?

VOCALIST SHERMIN: I got upset with myself. I did the wrong thing

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: I apologize.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: We did the wrong thing Cihat

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: I am so sorry. Forgive me please.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: We were dreaming but it was the wrong to do.

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: I love you Shermin.

VOCALIST SHERMIN: This is not going to work. You have got to leave now. Move on; just leave me alone!

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: Why?

HAKKI THE DARLING: What did we agree upon? Why did you come here?

VOCALIST SHERMIN: He just stopped by to pickup his belongings

HAKKI THE DARLING: Okay my Dear. (Leaves them alone)

VOCALIST SHERMIN: You can pick up your belongings tomorrow. Call me tomorrow in the afternoon...

CIHAT THE KIND GUY: You mean we are breaking up?

VOCALIST SHERMIN: (*Adamantly and with her resolve.*) Yes. Good Bye!

(*CIHAT gets miserable, yet says nothing. He just leaves. SHERMIN is has a hard time with holding her tears. She keeps on sipping her drink.*)

In the mean time HAKKI tells something to the MAESTRO.)

THE MAESTRO: (*Reaches out for mike.*) Dear Guests. A curfew is about to start shortly. Those who wish to leave please hurry. (*Once he sees nobody cares*) Well then, we have fulfilled our duty. Doors are going to be locked up. We all got to stay here until morning. Enjoy your night.

(The dance music starts.

HAKKI walks upstairs to the office. He seems troubled)

THE BOSS: Is something wrong HAKKI?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Nothing?

THE BOSS: What is it HAKKI? Your face is in bits and pieces

HAKKI THE DARLING: I cannot put up with certain stuff going around here. I cannot bear anymore. We have got to talk about everything out in the open.

THE BOSS: What happened HAKKI?

HAKKI THE DARLING: you don't understand me.

THE BOSS: Tell me in that case. Then I will understand

HAKKI THE DARLING: Look brother-in-law. You are married to my sister. She did bear two beautiful children as jewels for you. You were just he clerk when you got married her. You had nothing but a modest salary to live on. And this woman, my sister I mean, managed the household on a single salary, and made it happen. She made sure you did not have to depend on anyone else. Think about just a decade for a second!

THE BOSS: We all know this stuff already Hakki.

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*He goes on with his unfinished lecturing.*) Look at what happened afterwards? You got into the labor union business. You were working day and

night. That woman, your wife, never complained or nagged even for a day, still kept on raising and struggling with your children. Then, one day, rural police arrested you. Full two long years. Do you know what she had to endure while you were imprisoned?

THE BOSS: What else could I have done HAKKI? Rural police came and searched the labor union premises and then I got arrested along with many as a result. Would I have asked for such an outcome myself?

HAKKI THE DARLING: I am just reminding you all that happened.

THE BOSS: We already know this stuff HAKKI. What are you getting at?

HAKKI THE DARLING: I am telling you so that you will remember, once again, all the suffering that your wife had to endure (go through) alone. Later on, you got out. You tried to get your old job back, but you could not.

THE BOSS: They have not hired me HAKKI. What else could I have done? I left out no job opportunity, I applied them all but no luck, you see!

HAKKI THE DARLING: You went through depressions. She stood by you and understood. Has she ever complained from day to day or said “enough of this”. She has always given you a moral support. Kept her sadness inside. I was the only shoulder that she came to cry on. Eventually you and your brother got along than God and opened up this nightclub business. At least you both had a new place to call your own business. But this bar business was quite unfamiliar to me. Fights and beatings never stopped at the beginning. All the managers that you hired were stealing from you. You told me yourself “HAKKI please come and manage the nightclub business because I can not trust anyone”. I had quite a productive business partnership with my brothers. We all had good earnings. I even managed to support my sister while you were in jail. Relying on my Gyro-Kebob business, I had made sure that my sister and her kids would never have to receive any or owe any favors to anyone.

THE BOSS: Are you rubbing it to my face? I already know these. We are the family, man! What else can be more natural than backing up one another?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Look, brother-in-law. I have quit my productive business to my brothers to come here. My sole purpose was to offer some peace of mind for you.

THE BOSS: You are dragging the issue though!

HAKKI THE DARLING: I am not rubbing it to your face. I understand the womanizing obsessions. I had some too in the past. But neither did I become the laughing stock nor let anyone feel it. You have had a big mess Bro. The people around can see what you are doing. You never give any consideration to my position around here. I am ashamed. I feel inferior. It is hard to swallow it all just because I depend on this business for my livelihood. On the hand, my sister is in the middle of this. I can't figure out what to do. I am stuck in the middle, in between you and my sister. I have been overriding my principles and sacrificing my personal convictions. Look at how you got hooked into the belly dancer ASIYE in the middle of all those troubles. And you do this by using me too, on top of all?

THE BOSS: You mean by using you? What the heck are you talking about? (*He gets nervous*) Look HAKKI! This is my private life. I don't let anybody interfere. At least, I

don't neglect providing for my family. Do not ever interfere with my personal life! I am not going to allow it! You got that?

BLACK OUT!

(Towards the end of the night.

The band is playing the dance music.

Walk-ons are dancing.

Occasionally the two small groups are eyeing each other with hatred.

THE BOSS and HAKKI divided up the tables for mingling

VOCALIST SHERMIN gets up the bar stool. Starts walking and oscillating toward the band

IHSAN is staying by her to keep her from falling just in case.

SHERMIN comes by the stage. Grabs the mike. The band stops playing for a moment)

SHERMIN: *(with her bare voice)*

I wish I could get so drunk,

Not to wake up ever in my trunk.

(The band starts up the tune for the song.

It sounds just chaos though. The band and the vocalist are all out of synch. The band picks up the beat but then drops the beat. The audience is looking a bit forward to making fun of SHERMI. She can no longer stand up, and crashes down in the middle of the stage.

Two waiters in the front, HAKKI and THE BOSS run up to her. Then, IHSAN checks if she still is breathing.)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Nothing to be afraid of. She is alive.

HAKKI THE DARLING: If you feed her with that much alcohol, this will be the obvious result.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: She drunk mainly the water. I have diluted her drinks.

THE BOSS: How obvious. Come on, shut your busy mouth and come here to carry her.

(They lift her by her limbs off the floor and lay her down on the armchairs...

The band crew takes positions.)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: *(Lights up a cigarette and tries to stick it between her lips.)*

She is going to wake up right now, see.

THE BOSS: What the hell are you trying to do you moron axe buster?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Once she smells the cigarette, she is all set.

THE BOSS: Are you nuts? You are gone set the armchair on fire. Take that cigarette away and leave her alone.

(IHSAN takes the cigarette. Lays her over the armchair. Take his workstation.)

THE BOUNCER: *(walks down the stairs. Comes by THE BOSS. Quietly says.)* Weird stuff is happening outside boss.

THE BOSS: What is happening?

THE BOUNCER: Patrol Squads and Platoons. They have guarded up all the intersections. I saw tanks right in front of the Government offices of the Ministries.

THE BOSS: Tanks?

THE BOUNCER: Surely I can recognize them from 100 yards. I was in the armored division during my military service.

THE BOSS: Have you locked up the main door?

THE BOUNCER: Yes I have

THE BOSS: No problem then.

THE BOUNCER: What am I supposed to do BOSS?

THE BOSS: What else can you possibly do? Are you going to pick up a fight with the patrol troops? Oh my God heavens! Sit down somewhere around and keep the order.

(THE BOUNCER comes by the bar counter and takes a seat.)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(Stands up on his feet and shouts his request for a song.)* The Black see was choppy...

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Looking at the Turkish Flag

(The MAESTRO looks at his BOSS brother and asks for a lead on what to do.)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Come on now don't turn us down! Play the tune for "The Black see was choppy..."

THE BOSS: *(Moves on to the other table and orders.)* Go ahead and play it!

(The band starts playing the folk song. The customer group with the DROOPING MUSTACHED guys sings along)

ÇIRPINIRDI KARADENİZ/ THE BLACK SEA WAS CHOPPY

*Çırpınırdı Karadeniz / It was choppy and uneasy Blacksea
Bakıp Türk'ün bayrağına/ Staring at the Turkish flag,
Ah ölmeden bir görseydim/ Ooo say I wish I were to see
Düşebilsem toprağına/ Before falling dead in your soil under my flag.*

*Sırmalar sarsam koluna/ Wish I threaded gold on your arm all-the-way,
İnciler dizsem yoluna/ Wish I lined up pearls on your way,
Fırtınalar dursun yana/ Wish storms and tempests got pushed away,
Yol ver Türk'ün bayrağına/ It is Turkish Flag they give way.*

*Türkistan'dan esen yeller/Breze blows in from Turkistan
Şimdi sana selam söyler/ Greets you with a glory of Khan,
Vefalı Türk geldi yine / Here comes stouch'n fidel Turk's clan
Selam Türk'ün bayrağına/ Salute'n praise Turk's flag again.*

*Kafkas'lardan aşacağız/ We'll leap over the Caucasians without drag
Türklüğe şan katacağız/ And bring in glory hand-in-hand,
Türk'ün şanlı bayrağını /It is with the honorable flag
Turanele asacağız!/We'll leap all over the tribal land.*

1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: Come on, is this the way to treat us?

THE BOSS: It is just a tune you see. Let us be considerate.

1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: (*Gets offended but plays it cool.*) Let this be, but we shall see.

(The tune plays out, and the folk song is over

The group of customers with DROOPING MUSTACHED guys acts in a triumph. They raise their glasses in cheers among themselves.)

THE BOSS: You see; it is over. No big deal?

1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: (*Turns to the band.*) “Hasan of Debre”!

THE BOSS: Don’t bring any tension.

1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: It is not we starting the tension. There are other people too on this land. (*He repeats his request for a song*) “Hasan of Debre”!

THE BOSS: This is wrong though.

1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: You complied with their request from over there Bro. Are you afraid of them (*he gets pushy*)?

THE BOSS: (*Got on the edge as if poked with a thorn.*) We are afraid of none. This is our crib. We are trying to avoid here a nuisance.

1st BUSHY MUSTACHED: It won’t come out of us. Be rest assured that we won’t start any nuisance. (*Gets pushy again*). Just don’t be scared.

THE BOSS: (*Turns to the band in a hurry.*) Go ahead and play the tune, damn it!

(The band starts playing the folk song “Hasan of Debre”

The BUSHY MUSTACHED guys get happy.

The DROOPING MUSTACHED guys get tensed up.

The BUSHY MUSTACHED guys sing along)

DRAMA KÖPRÜSÜ (DEBRELİ HASAN)/ THE BRIDGE OF DRAMA

Drama köprüsünden bre Hasan / The bridge of Drama Oooh Hasan

Dardır geçilmez! / Was too narrow to pass,

Soğuktur suları bre Hasan / Water springs of Drama Oooh Hasan

Bir tas içilmez! / Were too cold to posses.

Anadan geçilir bre Hasan / Mothers, Ohh Hasan, let us move on

Yardan geçilmez! But sweet-hearts hold on.

At martini Debreli Hasan / Fire away your Martini gun on the foe my Hasan Oooh,

Dağlar inlesin! / Let the mountains roar and echo.

Drama mahpusunda bre Hasan / In the Drama brig, Oooh Hasan,

Dostlar dinlesin / Real friends feel for you surely big.

*Mezar taşını bre Hasan / Your grave stone, Oooh Hasan,
Koyun mu sandın? You thought was a sheep ?
Adam öldürmeyi bre Hasan / Taking the life, Oooh Hasan,
Oyun mu sandın? You thought was a game of strip?
Drama mahpusunu bre Hasan/ TheDrama brig, Oooh Hasan,
Evin mi sandın?/ You thought was your house big?
At martini Debreli Hasan/ Fire away your Martini gun on the foe, Debre's Hasan,
Dağlar inlesin! Let the mountains roar and echo.
Drama mahpusunda bre Hasan/ In the Drama brig, Oooh Hasan
Dostlar dinlesin! / Your friends feel for you surely big!*

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED (*As if he were about to spit on the other customer group.*) You Fagots!

HAKKI THE DARLING: (*He is pissed off but he still keeps his cool and warns the guy.*) Please watch out what you are doing my dear!

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Fagots, they are fagots bro. They keep killing our able guys of the gang non-stop. Communists fund them all.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Please watch out my dear. They may hear you.

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Who cares if they hear it? They all are puppets of the communists.

HAKKI THE DARLING: You are disregarding my request my Dear!

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Instead of breaking your wish, I had better get broken myself Bro!

HAKKI THE DARLING: This club is our livelihood my dear!

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED Okay I will shut up.

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED You see those nit fagots over there, don't you?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Okay...okay!

(The BOSS politely makes sure that the group brings down their fists raised in the air. The tune has played out already. There is a silence for a second)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: (*Stands up.*) Play it my MAESTRO. Play it again. The Black Sea was choppy, looking at the Turkish Flag...

(HAKKI stands up and tries to pull the 1st DROOPY MUSTACHED down to his seat by the arm.)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: One moment bro. Just a second. Go ahead and play my MAESTRO.

THE MAESTRO: (*Gets pissed off and nervous.*) Take your seat. I told you to sit down.

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Come on MAESTRO, you are offending my feelings.

THE MAESTRO: Actually, it is you who is offending the band!

(The BOSS signals his brother to keep his cool)

THE MAESTRO: We already have played it. Why should we play it again?

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: What is the big deal?

THE MAESTRO: This is a matter of a principle. A decent band is not supposed to play the same song twice.

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Why not?

THE MAESTRO: You guys are not the only ones here. You should not bother other customers either.

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(Gets tough.)* You will play my friend! Whatever the cost, we will pay up

THE MAESTRO: *(Smiles.)* We won't play it bro, we just won't!

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: Don't piss me off to blow up!

(THE BOUNCER gets near him)

THE BOSS: Hold your horses. Watch your mouth!

HAKKI THE DARLING: Don't get slimy my dear! Sit down here. I told you to sit down man!

(Hakki also tries harder to pull him down to his seat by the arm. The other DROOPING MUSTACHED pushes him away. HAKKI retreats upon this unexpected reaction, he stumbles.)

THE BOUNCER seizes the opportunity to win the confidence of his superiors though. He gets into an action. Keeps his guard and lands a punch on the face of 1st DROOPING MUSTACHED guy)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(Recovers quickly.)* You boxing fart!

(The others are trying to break up the fight)

(The BUSHY MUSTACHED group seems to have fun with the incident)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(advances forward with the knife that he pulls out of his pocket.)* Clear the way ya'll!

(All of a sudden everyone freezes. Instinctively, they all take a step back.)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED attacks THE BOUNCER. He retreats

IHSAN runs to the stairs in a heist. Obviously he is about to call the patrol squad)

HAKKI THE DARLING: Come on my dear stop it!

THE BOSS: This is going to get bad...

HAKKI THE DARLING: Drop that knife off your hand!

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED: *(Swings a spike towards the BOUNCER whom he cornered.)* You nit fagot!

(BOUNCER tucks down and dodges the punch. Throws another punch with a proper technique. The first punch swipes the BOUNCER'S face.

The other DROOPING MUSTACHED pulls his knife too.)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED *(Swings and assaults with the knife toward the Bouncer's gut.)* There you go jerk, take it!

KAZIM THE WAITER: *(Jumps in the middle of the fight for defending the BOUNCER.)* Stop fighting you all!

(Everything moves in a slowed motion picture pace though. KAZIM gets stabbed. Loses his balance and falls down on the floor.

Everybody in the club froze.)

1st DROOPING MUSTACHED (*Turns to busy MUSTACHE guys and yells with a hatred.*) It is your entire fault you nit fagots!

(Bushy MUSTACHE guys stand up too. The 1st BUSHY MUSTACHE guy grabs a chair. It all moves in a slow motion picture pace, all over again...

All of a sudden, troop patrol with machine guns and their COMMANDER walk downstairs. IHSAN is right behind them as well)

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: All freeze. Let's see. What is going on here? Didn't you kill enough already you animals? *(Everybody freezes instantly)*

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Drop all those knives on the floor you all. I said drop it!

(They drop the knives on the floor.)

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: The martial law has been enacted, don't you know that you morons?

THE BOSS: *(Whispering to the others.)* White coats have come finally.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(Cannot hear it well enough to understand.)* What the heck are you talking about?

THE BOSS: I am glad you have come in, thank heavens.

THE MAESTRO: *(Decisively.)* The man is bleeding to death my commander!

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(He sees KAZIM lying on the floor in pain and suffering from a knife wound.)* Take him upstairs. There is an ambulance at the corner.

(IHSAN, ATIL, AHMO hold and lift KAZIM up gently then hand carry him towards stairway)

KAZIM: *(Looking at HAKKI)* Bicycle?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Keep calm my dear. We will take it home together?

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(Orders the party carrying wounded KAZIM.)* One of you stay with the wounded. The other two come back right here after you are done with carrying him to the ambulance)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Yes my Commander. *(And they leave)*

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Round them all up.

(Private GI s line the Droopy Mustached and Bushy Mustached detainees up in the front)

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Women too!

(Two Private GI s detain the women of the instigator group too, and then take them away)

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(Stops right in front of the Walk-ons.)* Show me the ID s. *(Walk-ons comply and show their Ids.)* You are college students, right?

WALK-ONS: Yes!

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(Winks at he last PRIVATE trooper).* Take them away too.

WALK-ONS: But we...

THE BOSS: They are just the walk-ons; they had nothing to do with the knife attack

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(quiets him down)* Take them away too. They are college students, you see! What about you?

THE BOSS: I am the boss; I own this business my commander.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Not by a cheap talk. Let me see a piece of ID.

(THE BOSS and the others show ID s one by one.

SEVTAP has managed to hide the smuggled cigarettes. She shows her ID.)

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: What do you do here?

SEVTAP: I am selling the cigarettes for the customers, so that I can earn some money to afford the medications of my mother.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Well then. Why is this woman lying down here?

HAKKI THE DARLING: She is out vocalist. She got drunk and dozed off since she has just broken up with her boyfriend.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(He pokes Shermin.)* Get up! Wake up! The martial law is enacted! *(After realizing that Shermin is in deep sleep)* Anyway, this woman is in no shape to get up. *(IHSAN and ATIL come back. They have been saddened)*

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Have you dropped him off in the ambulance?

ATIL: Yes Sir. The paramedics took him to the hospital

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: What is his condition?

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: He is loosing blood steadily.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Who was the wounded one?

HAKKI THE DARLING: He was my brother-in-law. He was our waiter.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Why did they stab him with a knife?

HAKKI THE DARLING: He tried to break up the fight my dear

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: What do you mean by my dear? What dear? Who's dear?

HAKKI THE DARLING: My Commander.... It is just a habit of a thong. Please excuse my thong-slip!

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: No sauciness (pertness, levity) will be tolerated?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Understood my Commander?

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: All right. *(Takes a good look at the bouncer's ID. Sees his face. He recognizes the bouncer.)* You used to be the National Boxing Champion, did you not?

THE BOUNCER: *(Cheers up, then he brags.)* I was the European Championship Bronze Medallist too, my Commander.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: I did boxing too.

THE BOUNCER: When?

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: I was a cadet at the time. In the military academy.

THE BOUNCER: Which weight did you compete in?

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Enough for the pertness (sauciness). What weight did I compete in? What kind of a question is that? In fact, it is none of your concern?

What business do you have here in the nightclub anyway?

THE BOUNCER: I am the bouncer here in the bar.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Don't you have a regular job?

THE BOUNCER: I could not find any my Commander. I have really searched for a decent job with medical benefits and retirement.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(As if making an important statement.)* This is not your fault actually! Look, The European Boxing Bronze Medallist athlete has to work as a bar bouncer. The civilian public administration should be ashamed!

THE BOUNCER: Thank you Sir.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: Nobody goes anywhere! In a minute, the statements and the incident report are to be taken. You will tell the story exactly the way it happened! Understood?

HAKKI THE DARLING: Yes understood, my Commander!

THE OTHERS: Yes understood

(When the COMMANDER and the GI privates are about to leave)

THE BOSS: Please be our guest for one night in the future. We would be honored.

PATROL SQUAD COMMANDER: *(He appreciates the invitation.)* Once we shake of our load of duties, and then may be we can commit to the invitation. Carry on, take it easy and stay off the trouble! *(The others are waiting quietly. Hakki seems to be on the verge of a serious decision. He is deep into thoughts. The BOSS comes back)*

THE MAESTRO: What is his condition? Tell me the truth

ATIL: Bad, really bad.

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: He was whispering “Bicycle” on and on.

HAKKI THE DARLING: Oh my God...My poor dear.

ATIL: God willing, he survives I hope

THE MAESTRO: My poor fellow.

THE BOSS: What can we do though? We are going to bear much greater pain and suffering from now on.

(Everybody gets sad and miserable.)

THE MAESTRO: *(Walks limping to the bar counter. Pours him a drink. Takes a sip. Slowly walks to the middle of the crowd.)* I always wanted to have boat. Why? Because, the sea is the freedom. The sea and me. Far ways from all the mess and the fights. You need neither a carpet nor the necessity of an armchair. You get purified in the seas. In fact, I got the boat too. I spent all I saved up, and got it. It was small but god enough to do the job. It is a great feeling to see your dreams come true, can you imagine? None of you can understand KAZIM’S satisfaction better than I can. We loaded up the boat to the truck in the Mediterranean port of Marmaris. I even did not take the seat by the trucker. I wanted to be on my dreamboat for a moment. I stepped on the boat trailer wheel to climb up. With this limping foot, you see. The truck started moving all of a sudden. Then, hospital emergency, doctors, surgeries, treatments... Afterwards? I had to sell my maiden boat to be able to pay for the surgeries. *(Takes a seat and shuts up.)*

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Stands up. He is living his own drama almost. Walks to the bar slow step at a time. Pours himself a drink)* Go ahead, get yourselves a drink if you want! Do not hesitate!

ATIL: *(Comes to the bar counter.)* Thank you Godfather *(pours himself a drink)*

THE BOSS: *(In manner of directive.)* Give me a glass if drink too! *(HAKKI THE DARLING pauses for a second. Pours another drink too. He just does it involuntarily)*

though. He carries the Boss's drink to his table and drops it off. He pulls his key holder from his pocket. Pulls out the keys to the club from the bunch. Places them on the table. Places all the cash out of his pocket on the table. Walks back to the bar counter)

THE BOSS: What are these?

HAKKI THE DARLING: *(Decisively.)* Keys to the club. And the cash for the insurance payment. Thank God I have already paid up KAZIM's weekly wages!

(A deep silence. They all drink quietly for a while. The phone rings and breaks the silence. Seeing nobody attends the ringing phone, IHSAN runs up to the management office and answers it)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: Hello. Okay... What happened? *(Listens for awhile)* You too *(Ihsan walks down slowly)*

IHSAN THE BOLONEY: AHMO called from the hospital. We shall take the bicycle to KAZIM's family Godfather. My condolences for you all *(He weeps quietly)*

(The Maestro gets on the keyboard, takes a seat.

The rest of the band takes their stations as if they all had agreed upon earlier.

THE BOSS comes and joins the Band. He takes the Flute out of its case)

IHSAN THE BOLONEY *(Singing the folk song solo with his bare voice and taking a small step at a time, he approaches the stage.)*

At the windmill, they shot me,
With a dusty tobacco lay, they wrapped me,
Don't shoot Ragip, spare the fruit in me
My mom and ad got no kid but me.

(The band starts folk song melody. They all start singing and playing as a Chorus)

At the windmill, I got hurt mom pray for me
Let me wash your face son, with rose-water let me
Don't shoot Ragip, spare the fruit in me
My Mom and Dad got no one but me.

(The mourning folk song becomes a symphonic piece though. While the stage lights reflect upon the Bicycle...)

At the wind mill, can't set my bangs free,
Lean on the rose tree son, go to the rose tree,
Don't shoot Ragip, spare the fruit in me,
Mom and Dad got no one but me.

[The original folk-tale song lyrics in Turkish from the original tune:

Değirmen başında vurdular beni
Kirli tütünlüğe sardılar beni
Vurma Ragıp vurma, nar tanesiyem
Anamın babamın bir tanesiyem.

Değirmen başında vuy ana tepem vuy
Kaytan bıyıklarına oğul oğul gülsuyu dökem
Vurma Ragıp vurma, nar tanesiyem
Anamın babamın bir tanesiyem.

Değirmen başında perçemim dolaştı
Gül ağacına, oğul oğul gül ağacına
Vurma Ragıp vurma nar tanesiyem
Anamın babamın bir tanesiyem]

~THE END OF ACT 2~

- Istanbul, October 5th, 2009

{Translators' Annotation:

The Script Translation of the Play "The Nightclub" can be further followed up with an interpretative and descriptive text (meali) per request by a prospective stage director.}

-Ann Arbor, MICHIGAN-USA & Izmir, TURKEY, November 27th 2009-