

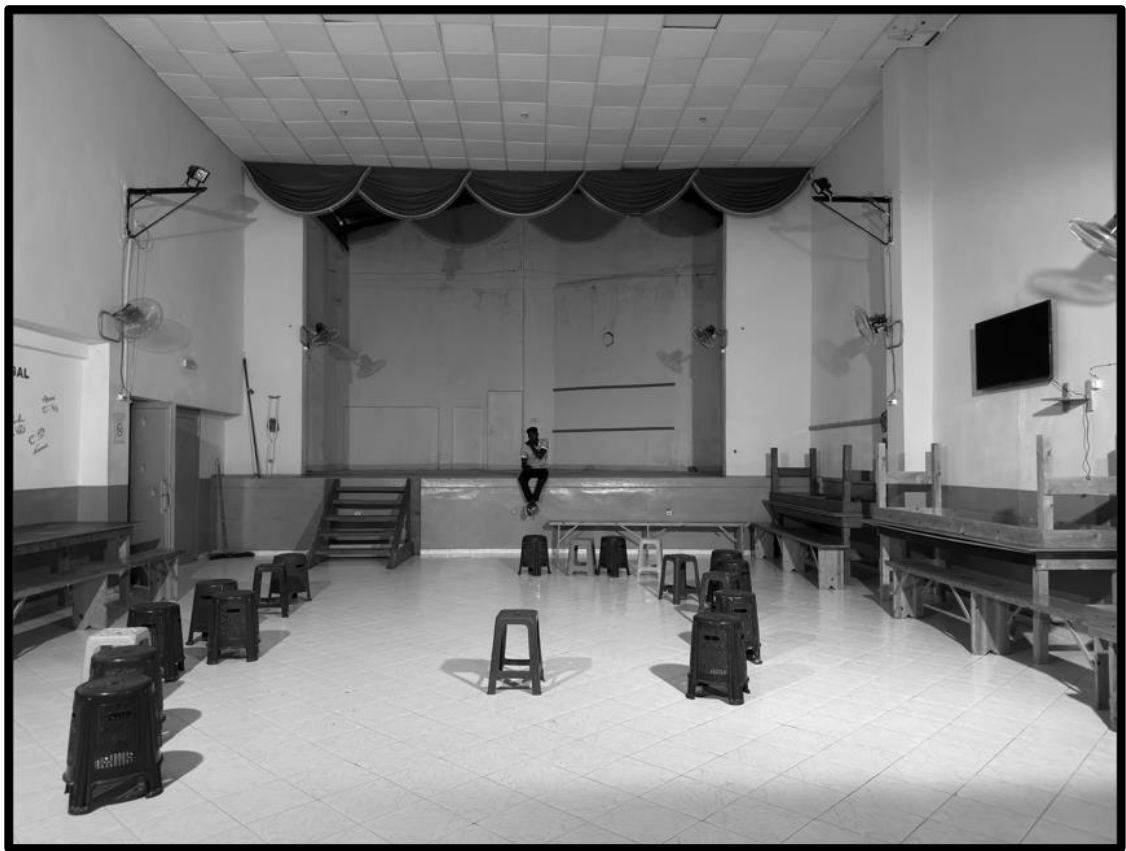
Inshallah, tomorrow

Memories, passages, directions

Theater of the Oppressed script

2024, Oujda

Generative Narrative Workshop, November 2024
Morocco Antenna
SOLROUTES ERC project



AUTHORS

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NOTES ON OUR WORK

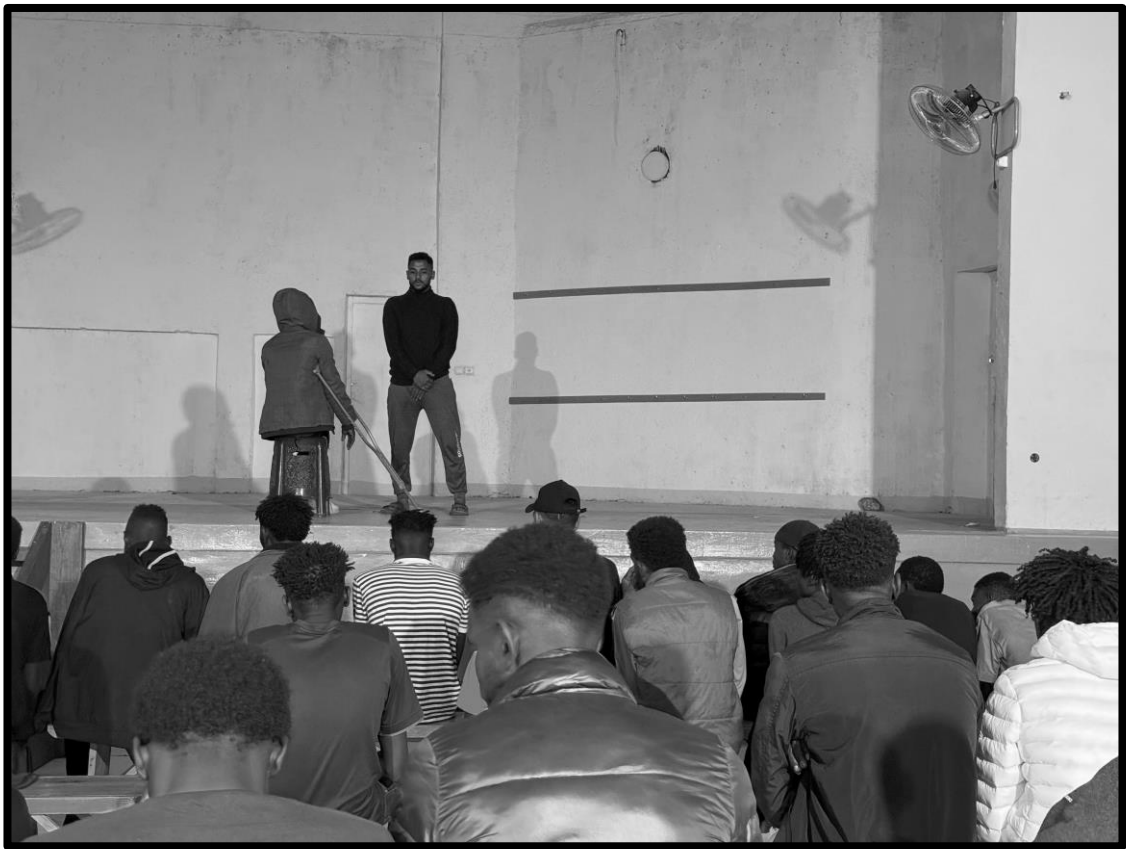
This text stems from two Theatre of the Oppressed workshops held in Oujda in November 2024, as part of the ERC SOLROUTES project. Oujda, a Moroccan city on the border with Algeria, is a crossing point through which many lives pass - moving and stationary, returning, departing, arriving. Through theatre, we tried to create a space to narrate Oujda and its stories. The Workshop was organised by Dado, a social theatre trainer, and Michela, a PhD student, both Italians - It was then developed together with Montse, Rosa, Mariam, and Vivian¹, workers of the Church of Oujda in a Caritas reception project for people in transit - It was actively attended by young and adults People on the Move from various origins², for whom Oujda is a point on the migratory route to Europe. The Oujda Workshop has been a space of intersection between these different stories, and this text aims to try to retrace some of their threads. From different languages and backgrounds, we had a space to communicate, to look at each other, to bring back some collective stories - even trying to wear each other's clothes.

This text is part of this laborious, intense process of recognition. We do not pretend, with these pages, to restore in a dignified manner the richness and complexity of what was shared on stage and behind: the complexity of the journey and the experience of frontiers, the richness of ambitions and emotions, the weight of the everyday life on the move, the sense of oppression and the desire for emancipation. We give back a part of all this - imagining on stage many bodies, tall, short, black, white - some bodies marked by transit, with casts and bands on arms, head and feet - several languages spoken, mingling, leaving the body the main responsibility of communication.

There are a few objects on stage: a crutch, a stool, pieces of paper.

¹ From Canada, Congo, Spain.

² Chad, Congo, Guinea Conakry, Mali, Egypt, Eritrea, Sudan, South Sudan.



ACT I

YESTERDAY

SCENE I ACT I

AU PAYS

Low lights, darkness on stage. JEMS enters. He mimes of wearing a foot-length coat, holds it tightly with his hands covering his belly.

JEMS: I've never been on a stage. When the teachers offered us parts as actors in the community play, I refused. I preferred to be in the audience, with my family and the rest of the village people. We were always almost all there! When I was a child my house was made up of community moments and street games, Sudan was alive, I remember it!

Friday nights were one of those moments, I was happy because it was possible to be late at night, and I was fascinated by the discussions after the scene: was the wife right or the husband? what justice did that murderer deserve? what consolation was there for that little girl? Long confrontations began between all those present, the discussions fascinated me a lot and also amused me.

The idea of going on stage, however, terrified me (*he tightens his coat*). On stage it would have been different, it would have been me in front of everyone. And saying what? I can't control it, it would be my body talking. My body would have revealed my secrets. For example, who I was in love with. Suppose my parents would have found out who my girlfriend was? When you love, you can't control it.

He walks silently towards the audience, and starts to undo his coat.

JEMS: This is not a game though. I am no longer a child and there is no more playing. I get on stage and leave fear outside. This has been my life.

He drops his coat.

YOUSEF and SHIBLI enter walking. They start walking frantically. A bang is heard from the backstage (1).

JEMS sits on a chair in the middle and mimes smoking a cigarette. SHIBLI stands next to him, takes the crutch in his hand like a machine gun, YOUSEF on the other side gives the military salute. They stand still in this position for a few seconds, facing the audience.

DADO enters, mimicking a video camera with his hands. He approaches the scene, takes a photo, and exits.

JEMS YOUSEF and SHIBLI start walking frantically again. A second shot is heard from the backstage (2), YOUSEF takes the crutch from SHIBLI's hands and points it at YOUSEF and JEMS, who raise their hands in surrender. Motionless scene for a few seconds.

DADO enters again, holding the video camera, stands in the middle of the stage, facing the audience takes a photo and exits.

They start walking frantically again, ASHRAF and MAMOUN enter, third shot from the backstage (3) and again the scene becomes still. SHIBLI, JEMS and YOUSEF are on their knees with their hands behind their heads. ASHRAF has the machine gun and points it at the others. MAMOUN is the only one who moves, he approaches SHIBLI

MAMOUN: b-ism diini w Illahi aaftlk³

MAMOUN mimes cutting SHIBLI's throat.

DADO enters, stands in the middle of the stage and takes a selfie during the performance miming the victory sign with his fingers, then exits.

MAMOUN repeats the phrase and execution with JEMS and YOUSEF.

Darkness on stage.

SCENE II ACT I THE ROAD

Lights in the auditorium, OMAR, MYRIAM and AMADOU enter the stage and walk from one backstage to another. They appear and disappear between the backstages. BABACAR enters the stage, facing the audience.

BABACAR: How can I get success to Europe?

He receives no reply. He takes three steps towards the audience and clears his throat.

In the meantime MYRIAM re-enters and takes her place next to BABACAR. HAMZA and OMAR also enter and take up their positions at the sides behind the others.

BABACAR (loudly): I mean, how to get success?

OMAR: min wiin jiinaa? Maashiin fiin?⁴

³ In the name of God and my religion I kill you (Arabic).

⁴ Where are we coming from? Where are we going? (Sudanese Arabic).

BABACAR: how can I be successful as you European?

Silence. One, two, three, four, five.

MYRIAM (*shouting*): Harb!⁵

BABACAR, HAMZA, MYRIAM and OMAR start fighting each other in confusion, they are all against each other. Shots, shots, OMAR falls to the ground dead.

BABACAR: Encore ces mitrailleuses?

HAMZA: C'est le Soudan, mon frère.

OMAR (*getting up from the ground and shouts*): Désert!

The actors on stage begin to walk slowly, wiping their foreheads, MYRIAM collapses and slumps to the ground, BABACAR turns around but OMAR signals to him to walk and leave them alone, there is no time to recover the dead.

HAMZA: Bolice!

The actors on stage begin to flee and search for hiding places. One of them, BABACAR, gives the military salute and begins to march. MYRIAM turns towards the audience.

MYRIAM (*whispering*): tabqaa mushkiila lemma yshuufuunaa suad.⁶

(she points to her face and runs off into the wings, leaving the stage).

BABACAR finds HAMZA, who has meanwhile cowered in the corner.

BABACAR: A suudaani shftak, siir khroj siir⁷

HAMZA came out and BABACAR yanked him.

BABACAR (*laughing*): Suudaniin w jazaa'riin khwan!⁸

BABACAR starts violently frisking HAMZA, HAMZA does not react.

⁵ Guerra! (Arabic).

⁶ The problem starts when they see us black (Sudanese Arabic).

⁷ Camon Sudanese, I've seen you, get out (Algerian).

⁸ Sudanese and Algerians brothers (Algerian).

BABACAR: Shnu 'indnaa? Iuuruu wlla duulaar? Wiin raiih?⁹

BABACAR opens HAMZA's backpack, takes his money and mobile phone and pushes him away until he falls.

BABACAR is holding HAMZA's backpack, HAMZA is on the ground. They remain in their positions but facing the audience.

Voices from the audience interview the actors.

Voice from the audience: Sorry to interrupt, great show, thank you very much. *(Gives a lone applause)*. Excuse me Mr policeman, I don't want to take up your valuable time, just a few words for the press.

BABACAR nods his head.

Voice: Min 'aiina Anta, yaa police?¹⁰

BABACAR: Algeri.

Voice: hal theb 'amlak?¹¹

BABACAR: naam, ohbwo. Laazm 'ahaafdh 'ali albalad ndhiifa min *(pointing to HAMZA)* haad alnaas.¹²

Another voice from behind the scenes.

Voice 2: Ne gagnez-vous pas déjà assez ? Pourquoi devez-vous prendre de l'argent et téléphone?

BABACAR looks around, does not understand where the voice is coming from, but does not flinch.

BABACAR: J'ai besoin de plus d'argent.

Voice from the audience: Thank you thank you, we can continue.

BABACAR and HAMZA bow to the audience and leave.

SCENE III ACT I

I SAW LAMPEDUSA

Wave noise.

⁹ What do we have? Euros or dollars? Where do you go? (Algerian).

¹⁰ Where are you from Mr Policeman? (Arabic).

¹¹ Do you like your work? (Arabic).

¹² Yes, I love it. It is necessary to keep the country clean from these people (Arabic).

There are DIAKITE', DJALLO and BABACAR on stage, placed in three different locations in the hall. DJALLO sits on the stool-

DIAKITE' goes to BABACAR, with a swaggering stride. BABACAR is a little bent over.

DIAKITE': Frère, où vas-tu ?

BABACAR: Italia, Europa.

DIAKITE': Frère tu es au bon endroit, tu veux aller en Italie? Tu as rencontré la bonne personne. Attends-moi ici.

DIAKITE' walks towards DJALLO, who keeps his arms folded.

DIAKITE': Quand le bateau est-il prêt?

DJALLO: Demain matin est à vous.

DIAKITE': Le prix n'a pas changé, non?

DJALLO nods.

DIAKITE': J'ai des milliers de personnes qui veulent partir et des centaines de personnes à qui je pourrais demander le bateau. Ne faites pas le malin avec moi.

DJALLO shakes hands with DIAKITE'.

Confused voiceovers.

Voice 1: Je veux partir en Europe.

Voice 2: Je veuz partir a Italia.

DIAKITE': (*facing the wings*) Appelez vos familles, ce soir, ceux qui apportent de l'argent s'en vont.

DIAKITE's return to BABACAR, he is anxious.

DIAKITE': Frère écoute, tu seras assis à l'avant du bateau, j'ai besoin que tu sois le capitaine.

BABACAR (*becomes agitated*): Je ne veux pas être capitaine, car je serais alors responsable des autres.

DIAKITE': Pas question ! C'est le moyen le plus facile, en 15 heures vous êtes arrivé, vous n'avez rien à faire.

BABACAR: Mais... (*visibly frightened*)

DIAKITE': Hey frère (*pretending to be resentful*), je te le demande parce que tu es guinéen et que je te fais confiance, mais les autres, je ne sais pas comment ils sont.

Voice 1 (*from the backstage*): Maman, le coxeur dit que nous sommes prêts. Priez pour moi. Je t'appellerai quand j'arriverai.

DIAKITE': Viens mon frère, on y va, tu t'assois à l'avant et je te fais une petite réduction.

BABACAR does not answer, he is frightened but follows him and goes out.

The sound of waves is heard again, then a dive. Silence for a few seconds. Voices from the backstage.

Voice 3: Maintenant, où sommes-nous? où sommes-nous?

Voice 4: Libya?

Voice 3: Non, khuia¹³, nous étions en Tunisie. Où allons-nous maintenant?

Voice 2: Si vous ne quittez pas la Tunisie, ils viendront vous chercher. J'étais dans ma maison et la police est entrée, ils m'ont emmené de force dans le désert algérien.

Voice 4: Un de mes amis a réussi à passer par le Maroc hier.

Voice 1: Mon frère est en Libye.

Voice 3: Je ne retournerai pas en Libye. Il vaut mieux aller au Maroc, tu pourras peut-être passer par là. Il vaut mieux partir d'ici.

SCENE IV ACT I

BACK TO ALGERIA

OMAR and MOUSTAPHA enter, they walk with a plodding pace, afraid to be seen. They crouch in a corner and talk to each other. They point to a spot in the distance, OMAR indicates to MOUSTAPHA that they must pass under something.

Sirens can be heard in the distance and dogs barking, OMAR and MOUSTAPHA cower. Dogs are heard growling. Footsteps of people running away are heard, beatings are heard. On stage, only MOUSTAPHA and OMAR huddle together.

A voice is heard

Voice: Yallah, Sudani? Cameroon? Money. Flus, argent. Yallah, money.

More tugging is heard. The engine of a van can be heard starting up.

Voice: Yallah! 'ajbatk Al-Niger?¹⁴ (laughs)

Van leaves.

MOUSTAPHA (whispering to OMAR): nrja' li-ljabal?¹⁵

OMAR: laa, aliiwm nhna maashiin.¹⁶

Footsteps are heard running. MOUSTAPHA and OMAR crouch down and come out.

¹³ Brother (Arabic).

¹⁴ Did you like Niger? (North African Arabic).

¹⁵ Do we go back to the mountain? (Sudanese Arabic)

¹⁶ No, today we are passing (Sudanese Arabic).

MOUSTAPHA and the Moroccan policeman enter from the two sides of the backstage. They enter with their backs turned and march backwards until they arrive back to back.

Policeman: Stop, mon ami.

MOUSTAPHA: Je ne suis pas ton ami.

Policeman: En Espagne, on ne peut entrer qu'avec papiers.

MOUSTAPHA: Allez, laissez-moi passer. Je me fiche de votre pays, je ne veux pas y rester.

Policeman: On ne peut passer ici qu'avec papiers.

MOUSTAPHA: Vous ne voulez pas de nous ici non plus. Laissez-moi passer.

Policeman: Papiers.

MOUSTAPHA: Tu es facétieux, mais tu ne peux pas non plus franchir cette barrière.

Policeman: Yallah, mon ami, inshallah la prochaine fois sera la bonne. Donne-moi tes chaussures et ton téléphone portable, et monte dans le camion. Peut-être qu'aujourd'hui mes collègues ne t'expulseront pas trop loin....

Darkness on stage.



ACT II

NOW, HERE

SCENE I ACT II

OUJDA

Darkness. Footsteps are heard, the stage lights come on. AMADOU BAH enters, running. He looks around.

AMADOU BAH: Bonjour?

No one answers.

AMADOU BAH: Salam?

No one answers.

AMADOU BAH: Je pensais que j'étais arrivée (*Shrugging shoulders*).

AMADOU BAH leaves the scene.

FATIMA, VIVIAN and GENERAL enter the stage, start walking around and repeating 'Oujda' in various volumes of voice (whispered, shouted, normal). They walk quickly, then stop, turn towards the audience.

FATIMA: Oujda? Shnu Oujda¹⁷?

FATIMA: Miin Oujda?¹⁸

VIVIAN: Oujda what is it?

GENERAL: Vous voulez dire ce lieu?

They show confusion, shrug their shoulders.

MICHELA enters spectacularly, passes in front of the other actors on stage and addresses the audience.

MICHELA: Señoras y señores, ¡bienvenidos a Oujda! Situada a lo largo de la costa mediterránea, es una combinación de tradición y modernidad. Aquí hay historia, hay tradición, hay cultura, con el paisaje desértico, el mercado popular y la histórica y maravillosa iglesia de estilo francés.

Bienvenidos los que llegan, bienvenidos los que vuelven (*Giggling*). Sus emigrantes marroquíes en el extranjero siempre vuelven a casa al menos una vez al año... Occidente se olvida de estas bellezas, es tan famoso que incluso desde el África subsahariana pasan por aquí. Incluso vienen a pie desde Argelia, ¡incluso desde más lejos! ¿Será una nueva peregrinación?

¹⁷ What is Oujda? (Arabic).

¹⁸ Who is Oujda? (Arabic).

(Laughs) Lo que es seguro es que la hospitalidad está reservada para quien llegue.

MICHELA leaves the scene. Two guards enter, stand at the back of the scene. OMAR enters, positions himself in the corner.

MOHAMED B arrives, limping. He slumps down in the middle of the stage. BABY MAX and AMADOU run to support and accompany him. OMAR spreads his arms in front of them. AMADOU knocks on OMAR's back.

OMAR: Qui est-ce?

AMADOU: Un ami vient d'arriver. Il a besoin de soins.

OMAR takes out a sheet of paper and starts writing.

OMAR: Vous venez d'arriver? Avez-vous de l'argent sur vous ? des dollars ou des dirhams? où allez-vous?

MOHAMED B does not answer, he babbles.

OMAR: Il est blessé, appelons le médecin. Vous pouvez rester ici jusqu'à ce que vous alliez mieux, puis vous devez laisser la place à d'autres amis.

OMAR gives the paper on which he was writing to MOHAMED B.

OMAR: Nous attendrons que vos blessures guérissent.

MOHAMED B (towards the audience): Il y a des blessures dont on ne soupçonne pas l'existence. Elles restent en vous, vous ne savez pas quand elles sortiront. Je ne sais pas si elles guériront un jour.

Darkness on stage.

ACT II SCENE II

THE PEDESTRIAN

On stage there are several actors, some sitting on the floor, some standing. They are in front of a door that is closed. They are engaged in different activities, someone is talking on the phone, someone is chatting in a group. One cuts the hair of another, with others queuing up for their turn.

At the back, the two soldiers stand silently.

MAMOUN approaches the door and knocks.

From the backstage: Montrez-moi le papier.

MAMOUN pats his pockets, shrugs his shoulders and walks away from the door.

The door opens, out comes MOHAMED L. He is in a state of confusion, walking alone, touching his head.

MOHAMED L (babbling): fiia braaghith huwa maliaaan braghith.¹⁹

AHMED and HAMZA are smoking a cigarette, they see him pass by.

¹⁹ It has fleas, he is full of fleas (Sudanese Arabic).

AHMED: That one has fleas on his head.

HAMZA: It's the road.

AHMED nods.

HAMZA: Fiin thmshi?²⁰

AHMED: I'm going to Casablanca, inshallah find a job there. You?

HAMZA: I don't know, maybe I'll stay here.

AHMED: Where here?

HAMZA: I sleep in the park over there (*pointing to the audience*). I wouldn't know where to go. I need to rest and get my strength back, for the *chanchi*. For Ceuta.

SHIBLI approaches, his arm is bandaged.

SHIBLI: Sorry, wifi gets good here, I'll sit with you.

HAMZA and AHMED make way for him

AHMED: How's the arm?

SHIBLI: Better, Alhamdolillah. I don't know when it will be good though.

HAMZA: was it the police al-jaza3ir? or did you fall?

SHIBLI: I slipped out of Ceuta.

With his hand SHIBLI points to the barrier climb, then to the slide.

SHIBLI: I was alone, I fell after the first barrier and stayed on the ground until the Moroccan police found me and dragged me out of the border. As soon as I recover, I'm going back.

HAMZA: Inshallah, brother, soon it will be our turn.

AHMED: A Sudanese brother passed through Tetouan a fortnight ago, he told me to ask for Vince, on that street.

HAMZA: I don't want to go through the sea.

SHIBLI: And then who has the money for Vince...?

AHMED nods.

There is a child wandering around, approaches HAMZA and SHIBLI, then runs away as a game.

HAMZA calls him to play with it, the child laughs.

MAHMOUD comes after him, calls him by name.

MAHMOUD: Azim, yallah!

The child AZIM runs away and laughs. MAHMOUD walks behind him with difficulty.

MAHMOUD: How I miss your mother right now... I can't keep up with you anymore....

²⁰ Where do you go? (Sudanese Arabic).

AHMED: Hiya f-lbalad?²¹

MAHMOUD: Laa, fii Jzaa'yr.²² We were passing together but the police stopped her and our other son, the eldest. I had him and they didn't stop me. Now they are on the mountain waiting to pass. We are waiting for them here.

AHMED: Inshallah.

MAHMOUD: Inshallah. When she arrives we will go on. We must continue. We are in a flow, we will only stop when we have arrived.

AHMED: It is the soldier life.

SCENE III ACT II **MOROCCO**

(TO BE WRITTEN)

SCENE IV ACT II **THE WHITES**

MICHELA positions herself in the middle of the room, stands still, spreads her arms. Feet turned towards the backstage, right arm towards the audience. Silence on stage.

JEMS comes in, he want to pass by but MICHELA obstructs his passage. He tries to pass beneath her, tries from above, can't find room to pass. He freezes in the act of climbing over.

DIAKITE' arrives, runs towards MICHELA and drops to the ground as if dead.

ABUBACAR arrives, stands in front of MICHELA.

ABUBACAR: Êtes-vous italien ? Belle Italie, *Italia mi amore*. Mais savez-vous que j'ai vu l'Italie ? C'était la nuit mais je l'ai vue, j'ai vu les lumières wallah²³. J'ai quitté Tunis et Lampedusa était là (*points to the audience*). Mais après (*he points backwards with his hand*). D'ici on ne passe pas (*pointing at MICHELA*).

²¹ Is she at the country? (Sudanese Arabic).

²² No, in Algeria. (Sudanese Arabic)

²³ I swear (Arabic).

ABUBACAR reaches out towards MICHELA, she remains motionless. He repeats the gesture of leaning out three times and failing to pass, then turns towards the audience.

ABUBACAR: La réception de trois jours à l'église expire aujourd'hui. Cette (*pulls paper out of pocket*) ne fonctionne plus. Peut-être que je vais à Casablanca, peut-être que je reste ici. Peut-être que j'attends la réouverture de la route vers la Tunisie. Peut-être... je ne sais pas.

Darkness on stage.

SCENE V ACT II

CHANCHI, BOZA

Silence on stage. BABY MAX enters, marching and holding the crutch under his armpit. He stands in the middle of the hall, stamps his foot on the floor and turns towards the audience. He gives a soldier's salute.

He mimes wearing a jacket and sets up the crutch as a rifle.

BABY MAX: C'est pour la boza. Nous devons être prêts.

BABY MAX takes a step towards the audience.

BABY MAX: C'est pour la boza, nous sommes ses soldats. Jusqu'à ce que nous obtenions le succès, nous sommes des soldats. Nous quittons notre maison, nous laissons seulement notre famille et nous commençons l'aventure, à nos côtés nous n'avons que nos frères soldats. Nous sommes des soldats du désert, des soldats de la mer, nous sommes les soldats de Ceuta. Un jour, nous passerons, avec la bénédiction de Dieu.

Still facing the audience, he loses his military posture and softens his shoulders. He speaks by lowering his tone of voice.

BABY MAX: Vous pensez que nous aimons ça ? fuir les chiens, ramper comme des soldats, se couper avec du fil barbelé, sauter avec la voiture de police qui nous poursuit. Vous croyez qu'on fait ça parce qu'on aime ça ?

Nous sommes des soldats parce que nous n'avons rien eu dans la vie. Votre peau blanche nous le rappelle sans cesse, votre langue arabe nous méprise. Nous sommes des soldats parce qu'il n'y a plus rien dans le pays, seulement un gouvernement qui ne veut pas de nous, et une mère qui nous pleure tous les jours. Nous fuyons une mort certaine pour une mort probable et bien plus violente.

He takes two steps towards the audience, resumes his soldierly posture and speaks solemnly.

BABY MAX: Pour tous les frères soldats que j'ai enterrés. Enterrés dans le désert ou dans les vagues, ou dans des fosses communes aux États-Unis et aux frontières. Pour mon avenir qui est en Europe. Pour la dernière frontière que je dois gagner. Je dois réussir. Pour toutes les fois où j'ai été repoussé, pour toutes les blessures que mon corps porte.

He gives the military salute and marches towards the backstage.

With an empty stage, applause starts in the backstage.



ACT III

TOMORROW (INSHALLAH)

SCENE I ACT III

THE CHAIR

GENERAL enters dragging a stool, places it in the centre of the room. He sits on it, touches his head as if to think. He gets up, leaves the stage. The stool remains on stage.

ABUBAKER enters, runs up to the stool, stands on it with his feet, gives a soldier's salute, then dismounts and exits.

MYRIAM enters, mimes holding a baby, cradles it. She sits down and begins to breastfeed it. She smiles, hums a lullaby. She gets up and, cradling the baby, leaves the stage.

GENERAL enters, walks to the stool at a normal pace, sits down and waits. He waits a while, looks up at his watch, then gets up and walks out.

DIAKITE' and DJALLO enter, sit on the floor on either side of the stool, use it as a table and take some papers. They look at an imaginary blackboard in front of them and mimic copying what is written on it.

They get up, DJALLO sits down and DIAKITE' mimes cutting his hair. He hands him an imaginary mirror, DIAKITE' is satisfied with what he sees. They go out.

GENERAL enters again, walks a little hastily. He sits down, waits. He looks around, glances at his watch. He stamps his foot impatiently. He waits. He looks a little at his mobile phone. He waits a little longer then gets up and goes out.

SHIBLI and DADO enter, on two different sides of the stage. SHIBLI walks, DADO takes the stool in his hand and reaches for it, he has a military stride. DADO asks SHIBLI to put his hand on the stool - to leave fingerprints. He asks him for his papers then. SHIBLI shows a piece of paper, DADO looks at it suspiciously. DADO and SHIBLI exit from the sides they had entered.

BABACAR enters, mimes playing football, dribbles and approaches the stool. He throws the ball against the stool and exults. Exulting, he runs circularly around the stage, stops in front of the audience, exults and exits.

GENERAL enters again, this time dragging himself. He sits on the stool, snorts, shows frustration. He looks at his watch and shrugs his shoulders. He holds his head in his hands. He raises it, looks at the audience.

GENERAL: Je suis arrivé. J'ai sauté et j'ai enfin réussi. Il ne me reste plus qu'à attendre. (Looks at the clock). Ils m'ont

dit la première semaine, puis la deuxième, et maintenant ce sont des mois : Je dois attendre.

Et j'attends. Les documents arriveront, je dois bien me comporter, respecter les règles, ne pas faire de dégâts au camp, et les documents arriveront.

Je ne sais pas quand, je ne sais pas combien de temps je dois attendre. (*Pause*)

Alhamdolillah, je suis arrivé. Je vais trouver un travail, une maison, une femme. Un jour, je reviendrai au pays, je dirai aux autres d'y investir. Quand j'aurai les documents, je pourrai me déplacer comme vous. Les documents viendront, je dois être patient.

L'aventure est brutale. The phone rings, GENEAL answers.

GENERAL: Djarama²⁴ ya maman, Comment vas-tu ? Comment s'est passée ta journée ?

oui maman je vais bien

oui maman je suis en sécurité.

Oui je mange.

Non maman il ne fait pas froid.

Au revoir maman, au revoir.

He stays a few seconds looking at his mobile phone. Then he gets up and goes out.

SCENE II ACT III

In Europe

FATIMA, ASHRAF and JEMS enter, walk across the stage and look at each other. They wait for someone to start, they wave to each other. No one starts though, they look at each other awkwardly.

FATIMA (*whispering*): shnuu n'aml?²⁵

JEMS: maa tzakkarsh²⁶

ASHRAF: Rien n'est écrit dans le scénario ?

JEMS: alnqta hya... fii hada almrhla min alqsa, maadhaa yajib aan yhaddath?²⁷

FATIMA: yaani... wassalnaa w?²⁸

ASHRAF: il y a Dublin ?

²⁴ Hello (Pular).

²⁵ What do we do? (Sudanese Arabic).

²⁶ I do not remember (Sudanese Arabic).

²⁷ The point is... at this point of the story what should happen? (Sudanese Arabic).

²⁸ I mean... we have arrived, and? (Sudanese Arabic).

JEMS: No, what does it have to do with me? the prints were taken here.

FATIMA: mmm... *(something comes to mind, but then she doesn't say it)*

ASHRAF: Est-ce qu'on fait la partie où la police nous arrête et nous demande nos papiers parce qu'ils nous voient noirs ?

FATIMA: maa'arflash, khliina njrb nsaa'l albaaqiin...²⁹

They leave the scene.

SCENE III ACT III

INJURIES

They all enter together, clapping and smiling. AMADOU BAH enters playing on the stool like a percussion instrument. GENERAL enters dancing with the crutch.

All take bows in front of the audience, when they meet they hug each other, shake hands, clap five. They congratulate each other and address the applauding audience.

They position themselves to take a group photo. VIVIAN breaks away from the group and positions herself to take the photo.

They change position, position themselves to take a group photo with their arms raised. MAMOUN detaches himself, taking the crutch from GENERAL uses it as a selfie stick. He takes the selfie.

They position themselves playfully, grimacing. AHMED pulls away, goes to take the photo, but his mobile phone rings.

No one else moves, the others stay in position for the still photo. AHMED answers the phone, covers his face and starts to cry.

He turns towards the audience.

AHMED: Non, excusez-moi, je vais prendre la photo maintenant. Le spectacle est presque terminé... Je m'excuse *(wipes his face)*. Des amis m'ont appelé de Tan Tan, un ami est mort dans la mer. *(Wipes his face again)*.

Même quand nous sommes arrivés, ce n'est pas fini. Ça ne passe pas même quand on est là... Il y a des blessures tout le temps, elles ne passeront jamais. (He remains silent for a few

²⁹ I don't know, let's try to ask the others (Sudanese Arabic).

seconds). Bien sûr, désolé, je vais prendre la photo maintenant.
Nous avons bien travaillé, n'est-ce pas?

AHMED gets back on his knees and takes the photo, and the others resume moving as if nothing had happened.

Applause and greetings to the audience.

The applause ends, the actors on stage look at each other.

BABY MAX: Allez, on doit y aller, c'est fini.

They start waving to get out, and slowly to go on backstage.

MICHELA: Allez, il faut y sortir. Ramassons les morceaux de papier que nous devons laisser propres ici.

AHMED: Oui, tu peux les jeter, ce n'est que du papier.

MAMADOU: Dépêchez-vous, aujourd'hui il y a du couscous dans l'église et on va bientôt manger.

GENERAL looks for MAMOUN and get close to him.

GENERAL: Mamoun rendez-moi ma béquille j'ai mal aux pieds.

MAMOUN playfully uses it to shoot. He laughs and hands it to him.

They go out backstage.

THE END.



