

# PLAY – DANGEROUS SECRETS

## Adventure in Cultural Tragedies

Version 13 – May 2013

Robert Boland & Team Copyright: RGAB/13

The play is both fiction and fact. It is a drama of mental and physical traumas in the warm but widely different cultures of Asia and Europe, where secrets and beliefs have almost no limit. Need to reframe negative trauma events into positive outcomes.

The play has three acts with continuous interaction of five key players and other actors in the waiting lounge of Athens Airport in 2009, with many action scenes for events in each act.

Act 1 – The Family in Asia

Act 2 – The Painter in Europe

Act 3 – Take-off at last

The concept is inspired by three books which the audience will be motivated to read:  
The Bookseller of Kabul - Asne Seirstad; The Painter of Battles – Arturo Perez Reverte;  
Old and Content – Elizabeth Ratiu.

Players in order of appearance:

E - Elizabeth – English aristocratic old lady reading - The Bookseller of Kabul

I - Indrei – Roumanian son of Elizabeth reading - The Painter of Battles

P - Pamela – Hungarian wife of Indrei reading - The Bible

B - Bob – English doctor old family friend – playing with his laptop computer

K - Khulu – French UN doctor wife of Bob – reading the WHO Bulletin

Additional roles played by the same basic actors:

Sei - Seierstad (Journalist)

Sultan – Afghan bookseller

Sharifa – Wife of Sultan

UN Aid worker in Kabul

Aimal – Sultan's youngest son

Rasul - Afghan carpenter

Faulques – Photographer

Markovic – Croation ex-soldier

Abdul – Arab chief FFA

Demis – Famous musician – ex husband of Pamela

Other minor parts (control tower, chief pilot, Herik, president, security officer etc.) .

Video (2 sessions of 2 minutes) Permission requested from ARTE.

<http://video.aol.com/video-detail/dtournement-davion-pour-la-bande-baader/1052635756>

# ACT 1 – THE FAMILY IN ASIA

## SCENE 1

### MAIN STAGE

**AIRPORT LOUNGE IN ATHENS WITH ALL FIVE PEOPLE SITTING READING WHILE WAITING FOR THE PLANE FOR ROME.**

SUDDENLY AIRPORT LOUDSPEAKER:

“AL ITALIA REGRETS TO ANNOUNCE A DELAY OF 60 MINUTES IN YOUR FLIGHT AI 3467 TO ROME DUE TO LATE ARRIVAL OF THE INCOMING AIRCRAFT. WE ARE SORRY TO GIVE YOU THIS INCONVENIENCE.”

E – Oh dear. Not another delay waiting for our plane for Rome. It always seems to happen to me. Perhaps I should stop travelling.

P – Only an hour, Elizabeth. We are all together and we have good books to read.

E – Thank you Pamela dear. You are such a comfort to me. My book (**showing book**) is the Bookseller of Kabul, all about family trauma.

P – Then I won't tell about the CNN news this morning in New York.

I - Pamela dear wife ... We are not in New York. We are in Athens. I am reading my book on the Painter which is another intriguing trauma. We need to reframe our negative traumas into positive outcomes. How about a delicious cup of coffee mother with delicious biscuits? Bob too? OK?

B - Indrei. I could do with positive gin and tonic. How about you Khulu?

K – Please, Bob. You're like an old woman, only happy with gin and tonic day and night, for every physical and mental problem. Gin and tonic, the medication that cures all ills! Gin and tonic that built the British Empire!!!

B – Well Khulu, dear wife. I don't keep it a secret. I believe in it. I react positively. And it reframes all of my traumas.

K - Exactly. You never change, Bob!!

E – But Pamela, just what did happen in New York today please?

P – Well. Are you sure you want to know, Elizabeth? Here is the TV NEWS

B – This will make your day, Elizabeth!!!

**SCENE 2**  
**TV REPORTER**

New York. An American Airlines plane took off on a local flight, and after three minutes, it hit a flock of ducks (Canadian geese) which stopped both engines. The pilot could not get back to the airport, but just managed to glide and land in the Hudson River. Nobody died. He said it was a miracle.

Gaza. Israelis refuse to stop bombing Gaza, until Hamas stops rocketing. Hamas refuses to stop rocketing until they get Jerusalem back and the Israelis stop bombing Gaza.

London. Financial trauma and stock market falls again.

Bangkok. Takeover of Bangkok an airport by anti government protestors.

Paris. Banker accused of losing 10 billion Euros. Government saves the bank. Bank managers get their usual Xmas bonus.

Geneva .... etc etc.

**SWITCHED OFF BY PAMELA**

**SCENE 3**  
**MAIN STAGE**

P – Traumas make the news, Elizabeth. We have to “reframe”. and get over them somehow.

E - God willing ... in the end! Politicians seem to love traumas, but I have had enough private family traumas in my life, to cope with.

I – Mother you have coped so well in your long life.

K – What happened, Elizabeth?

E- Well, its long story. My husband came from Romania which was occupied in WW2 by the Germans. He was brilliant student in Oxford but sick with TB and thought he had no future. He went to Switzerland in 1946 for final TB care, convinced that he was going to die.

K – Then what happened?

E – He said to the nurse: “I think I am going to die!” To his amazement she replied: “Well so what ...we all have to die sometime!” He was so shocked. Those few words

changed him completely. From then on, with a positive attitude, he completely recovered and never looked back.

K - Amazing! It is not just the trauma. It's the secrecy and beliefs in the way that block alternatives. Reframing is the key.

E – Yes, he reframed his trauma, and overcame his TB. We were married and had two children, lived in the country in UK. But then another trauma ... turned up ...

K – Another trauma?

E – Yes. He loved politics and did not think he had to get a job to support his family. He played with politics, while I was the one who supported the family with a teaching job. So I kicked him out. Second trauma for him!!

K – Whatever happened then?

E – He went to London. Reframed his trauma. Started a shipping business. Made a fortune. So I took him back!!!

K – A good reaction.

B – What a story. My trauma was that I lived with TB. My father died of TB and left me with the final message at five years of age: “Goodbye Bob, look after your mother!” I reframed it into an opportunity until she died at 101!!

K – And trauma happened to my mother too, when my father died of knee cancer when I was only one year old. My trauma now is my dear English husband Bob with his hypocritical “British humor”, which not welcome in a cultured French family environment. And of course he supports George Bush!!! Another trauma. Enough said!!!

I – And my trauma was to have a nervous breakdown just when I reached the top of my professional career in human resource management. I kept it secret for so long believing it to be shameful. It is amazing how we try to keep our mental problems secret.

B – Trouble is some traumas are caused by peanuts (unimportant things) which may cross some cultural threshold. We must only make emotional investment in important issues (coconuts) and leave the peanuts to the monkeys!!

K – What a challenge when I go to Iran for the UN, and still in 2010 have to be careful. Not to show any hair and not to wear light colored clothing – they are supposed to provoke the men sexually!!

B – Well with you, it's true in my case ... especially with a little gin and tonic!

K – No comment!!-

I – But culture creates trauma. In China, stroking a child’s head is insulting. And never give a clock as present; it’s a sign of death. . In Burma don’t point your toe or foot at anyone. It’s an insult. And keep the sole of your foot hidden from everyone! Even yourself ...

B – In Thailand an Australian teacher wrote a book very gently criticizing the emperor. That was three years ago and he is still in jail. So much of trauma depends on sometimes absolutely irrational beliefs. Oh dear. Perhaps life is really more illusion and imagination ... not reality.

I – Well, perhaps, complete belief in every word in The Bible also requires a bit of imagination?

K – To come back to Iran. Be careful, even in 2010, in some rural areas, they may still arrange marriage for girls of 12 years of age and consider hold abortion as illegal. Perhaps worst of all, non-married teenage pregnancy is forbidden, and leads to family death for honor. So reframing of family trauma in Asia, may take some time indeed.

I – But even in the USA the trauma of female child abuse by the father may still be going on in the hills and backwoods of the Appo Mountains. The old “Hilly-billy lifestyle” may still survive, kept very secret and but yet accepted.

B – Well in Britain we keep a “stiff upper lip” about trauma and we usually say nothing. And some things even change over time. My dear poor old widowed mother lived with a man for years, but had to pretend it was her “brother in law”, to avoid the reactions of neighbors...

K – But, nowadays so many young people live together, with no thought of marriage, even after three children, until some old old old fashioned parent dares to suggest: “Don’t’ you think you should think about getting married dear? Just for the sake of the children?

E – Sometimes I feel so out of date! But the book I am reading is an exciting family trauma. It is called: The Bookseller of Kabul” and is about Afghanistan, where family life seems to be so strange.

P – Tell us about more Elizabeth. Is it true?

E – Well, it was written several years ago in 2003. Only seven years. Things may have changed a bit in 2010. But can deep culture and beliefs really change in less than three generations?

B – Yes, I think change it takes many generations ...

E – Well, in the book a Norwegian lady journalist, Sei, asked and is so kindly invited to become part of an Afghan family for three months wearing the Burka – covering face, hair and body ... “for protection” ... so the men say.

#### **SCENE 4**

##### **SEI (JOURNALIST) & SHARIFA**

Sharifa – Sei you are so welcome in our family.

Sei – Thank Sharifa. As a journalist all the way from Norway, it is a great adventure is to become part of your Kabul Afghan family for just three months wearing the Burka (covering face, hair and body). You are so kind to let me stay and learn from you, about your culture. I have so much to learn about culture in Afghanistan..

Sharifa – Yes. Kabul has its own special culture. Other Afghan regions may be so different in culture of beliefs, trauma, secrecy, and reactions.

Sei: I want to understand the life of women in the family. Are women controlled? Always in the back row of the bus? Always wearing a Burka which pinches the head etc. And all for the protection of women !

Sharifa: Yes. For ... “protection” ...so the men say. The responsibility of the man, Sultan my husband! In this family He is the head man, and the financial support the family from his wonderful book business. A powerful father of the family. He was the eldest son of a very dominant traditional father, who probably set his values and behavior. Authority!

Sei: Complete authority?

Sharifa: Yes. We women and children must obey him. No one outside the family lives in this house. Women cannot visit their parents, or even go to the doctor, without accompaniment and Sultan’s permission. For protection ... he calls it!!

Sei: School for children?

Sharifa: That does not depend upon me, but upon the father, Sultan. In Taliban times no school for girls and even no school for some boys.

#### **SCENE 5**

##### **MAIN STAGE**

E: So Sei became great friends with Sharifa and learned about the culture. Afterwards Sei published a book of her experience. She thought it would anonymous. Illusion in Afghanistan! All the real names were changed in the published book, but as a major bookseller in Kabul, he was soon identified causing public outcry. Trauma indeed. How could the family have failed to anticipate the blast?

K - I don't think any French family would have expected a journalist as a "family honored guest" to write anything but compliments about the family? In France we have our standards of etiquette. It would not be allowed it to be published in France!!

B - It is probably not acceptable for a guest to tell family tales in any culture. Especially if they are true!!

E – Oh dear. Did she speak Dari? She may have got it wrong. Difficult to get the truth without speaking the language. Can be so wrong.

B – The culture must surely be - never to reveal family secrets? Perhaps that is the same everywhere in the world, except for the presidents of USA? Nixon, Clinton, Bush where nothing is kept secret by the press. Obama sex life may be coming out a bit later?

E – Anyway as a Norwegian she tried to tell truth according to her high Scandinavian values.

K – This is hard to believe..

E – But that is not all. It even gets worse. Take the case of his youngest son Aimal aged 13 years, who worked in a small hotel doorway shop:

## **SCENE 6**

### **A HOTEL LOBBY WITH A SMALL SHOP RUN BY AIMAL THE YOUNGEST SON TALKING TO A UN AID WORKER HE KNOWS WHO STAYS IN THE HOTEL .**

UN Aid worker – Hello Aimal, still here in this dreary hotel lobby selling chocolate, soft drinks and chewing gum in the morning? No school in the morning?

Aimal – No, I go to school in the afternoon. How is your car now? The one that was stolen last month?

UN Aid worker – Just the same. Stolen by robbers and sold secretly to the Minister of Health who uses it regularly to come to this hotel. He won't give it back. It has gone for good. Alas, new crooks replacing old ones.

Aimal – I am so sorry. But secretly, I don't go to school in the afternoons either. My father doesn't believe school for me. I protested so many times, because even my cousin goes to school. No, my father thinks working here is the only way to learn business.

UN Aid worker- How long do you have to work each day?

Aimal - Up at 7.00 o'clock quick breakfast. Here by 8.00 working 12 hours a day and straight home to dinner and bed. Six days a week.

UN Aid worker – Oh dear. But you have met so many people here, and so your English is very good now!!

Aimal – Thank you. But I am so bored. I don't sell much and I wander about. Father doesn't trust anyone but the family to run the shop. Father has read all the books in the world, but I have to work twelve hours day when I should be at school and playing soccer and having friends.

UN Aid worker – You look sad, Aimal. Time to do something about it.

Aimal – What can I do?

## **SCENE 7**

### **MAIN STAGE**

E – Well what could Aimal do? Run away? Hopeless trauma. Part of the culture. Domination by the father Sultan, married for 25 years.

K- Does he have other children?

E - Yes three. Two sons and a daughter. The first son is the key to all. Live always for the eldest son. He must have everything.

P - Perhaps the youngest son does not count for much?

E - Not too much. So suddenly at 55 years of age Sultan decides he wants another wife ...a second wife. Younger of course. His first wife Sharifa is now over 50 years old. Oh dear!!

P - But how can he do that?

E – Well normally he will ask his mother.

P – His mother?

E – Yes, she will select acceptable candidates. Or he could ask sisters or even brothers to help The new wife must be acceptable to almost the whole family.

K – What about acceptance of first wife Sharifa? The mother of three children who has served him for 25 years?

E – No, not necessary. In this case not even consulted, because the mother, sisters and brother all refused to help. They all liked Sharifa.

P – They wanted to avoid a second wife trauma.

E - Yes, so he found another way. He was in businessman – an entrepreneur!

## **SCENE 8**

### **SEI - JOURNALIST & SULTAN**

Sei – So can you educate me and tell me how was the new lovely wife was arranged, please Sultan?

Sultan – Well, confidentially, I picked out three young girls to fit the bill. Healthy and good looking from his own tribe preferable related cousins. Safer to marry with relatives. Perhaps another health care illusion.

Sei- They must all be related to each other?

Sultan: Yes of course. The first candidate was 16 year old Sonya. Shapely and voluptuous. So I arranged to visit the girl's house and meet her father, who was unable to work. It was due to an old knife injury from a family feud.

Sei- Family feuds go on?

Sultan – All the time. So I suggested to Sonya's father that: "A friend of mine would like to marry your daughter. He is rich in the book business and well educated, but his wife is getting old". I am an entrepreneur!!

Sei: What reaction of the father?

Sultan – First question: "How are his teeth?" What have teeth that got to do with marriage in the Afghan culture? It shows age. Old age no teeth!!! No dentist. Bad tooth? Take it out!!

Sei: And how did the father respond?

Sultan: No. No. Gently. Since "being an old husband" was an opportunity for a higher price. "She is too young. Your friend is too old".

Sei: What does that mean?

Sultan: In Afghanistan, it means: "I don't want to appear too eager. Maybe I can get a better price from an old old husband".

Sei: And then.

Sultan: I returned the next day. Met the girl Sonya. Kissed her hand and blessed the top of her head. And suggested to her that a very rich man wanted to marry her. No response of course. Too frightened by the whole idea-

Sei: It all seems impossible.

Sultan: So I came around the again on the third day and proposed ... with: a gold ring, a necklace, ear rings, bracelet, 600 pounds of rice, 300 pounds of cooking oil, a cow, a few sheep and \$500. A good price indeed?

Sei: Everybody happy? What did Sonya say?

Sultan: Father accepts and asks for name of suitor. Sultan promises to come next day with a photograph of the suitor.

Sei: Oh my goodness.

Sultan: Next day, I present my photograph and demand a quick decision. Parents have one hour to decide. They ask Sonya. She says nothing. So the agreement IS ASSUMED BY SILENCE and the date fixed. A “Kerchief of sweetmeats” given to me by the father as the traditional proof of a marriage deal.

What about the dear old wife Sharifa – only 50 years old?

Sultan: Oh ...-

## **SCENE 9 MAIN STAGE**

E – So Sultan goes home very happy with himself. Informs everyone. They laugh thinking it was a joke. They could not believe it was done without first getting his mother’s blessing. Wife distraught!! But all had to believe the marriage deal, when he showed them the “Kerchief of sweetmeats”.

B - You have to know the culture to understand and communicate.

E - Result, twenty 20 days later a marriage proposal ceremony and two months later the marriage, with all family except Sharifa attending. Thus the new wife, young and terrified would be under the new family roof. Family trauma indeed, but culturally acceptable!

P – How did new wife and Sharifa and family react to this trauma?

E – Well, it seems to me that in Afghanistan, a woman’s longing for love is taboo.

**SCENE 10**  
**JOURNALIST**

Sei - Love? Forbidden by the tribal notion of honor set by the Mullahs. Young people have no right to choose to meet or fall in love.

They believe love has little to do with romance. On contrary love can be a serious crime. The sexually undisciplined are cruelly killed. Usually the woman will be blamed, and even stoned to death. So often the man gets away with it. (an innocent male victim of sex?)

Young women are objects to be bartered or sold in secrecy for honor. This is a belief and accepted culture, and although the politics may change, the deep culture seems to survive. All justified by family honor and protection against kidnap!!

Women like slaves? How do the young men cope? Perhaps they become gay until marriage? But, what are the rules of society which allow such things to take place?

When the Taliban rolled into Kabul in September 1970 they set the rules with sixteen decrees broadcast as: prohibition against: female exposure, music, shaving, bird fighting, kite flying, reproduction of pictures, gambling, western hair styles, interest on loans, washing clothes on river banks.

No wedding dancing and music, playing drums, tailors making women's clothes, witchcraft, work during at fixed daily prayer times and the use of narcotics.

**SCENE 11**  
**MAIN STAGE**

E - Some rules seem very right and some terrible. All mixed up. But culture survives politics by sleeping and then re-appearing.

B - This Taliban non-shaving rule, seems to have been adopted by my two big sons. Oh dear. I suppose gin and tonic and British humor were banned too? Queen Victoria said that the tradition of the British Empire will never fade away. But seriously, is it still the same today in Afghan tribal areas?

E – Who knows? Some say yes. It takes 25 years or more to change culture. Islam is supposed to be a religion of deliverance, to save women from evil lustful men, and thus look after family and children, no leaving home without permission,

**SCENE 12**  
**SEI - JOURNALIST & SHARIFA**

Sei – is it usual for a man to take a second wife and sometimes a third?

Sharifa: Well, the first one may feel labeled as inadequate! A family trauma!

Sei: So Sultan’ new wife may be a trauma?

Sharifa: No. You see Sei, to justify the new wife I invented a medical excuse. I put out a good story that I have a medical problem, and so I myself suggested that Sultan find a second wife.

Sei; How do wives get along?

Sharif: We don’t hate each other. We become good friends? Well, after all, the I was pushed into the marriage arranged by my parents and against my own will, so I have sympathy for her..

Sei: That is very kind.

Sharif: Perhaps very few young girls dream of being the second wife of an old man. The first wife gets the youth and the second wife the old age and but perhaps she gets the money too?

Sei: Could be worse?

Sharif: No, have to reframe it ...and be positive.

### **SCENE 13 MAIN STAGE**

E: What a story!

K – Anyway, does a woman really want the old old old man her bed every night? Good question.

B – Yes dear. Good question!!

E – Yes, life is tough for these protected women. They have to be so careful to adapt and not to break the impossible rules. Like Jamila. Here is the tale of Jamila, who was put down by her own family. Yes by her own family, for family honor.

### **SCENE 14 SHARIFA AND SULTAN EXPLAINING TO THE JOURNALIST**

Sultan - To help you to understand us in the family, this is a sad tale of Jamina who broke the rules. To really understand why things that happen here, you must not only understand Dari language, and the Koran, but also “feel” our culture,

Sharifa - Trauma to Jamina was inevitable.

Sultan - The family and society have rules which must be obeyed, to preserve family honor.

Sharifa – Jamila came from a very superior family. She was rich and beautiful. A relative living abroad, had raised money earned abroad and thus could afford to marry the 18 year old beauty.

Sultan - A wedding was arranged with five hundred guests. DVD and all.

Sharifa - Wedding ceremony and foods were sumptuous. Bride was beautiful but had never actually met the man much before the marriage. The groom tall and thin 40 years plus, travelled from overseas to get married.

Sultan: They spent- two weeks together. Then he had to go back abroad and from that time on she lived with his two brothers and their wives until a visa for overseas could be arranged.

Sharifa: They got her after three months. The police had ratted on her. They spied a man crawling through her window. They never got the man but they found some of his belongings in her room.

Sultan: Someone must be punished for this crime.

Sharifa: Of course - the woman

Sultan - Quite right. So the groom’s family dissolved the marriage, took back the gifts and wedding DVD, and sent her back home. She was beaten and locked in a room for two days while family council decided., what must be done for family honor. Three days later the neighbors were told that she had died in an accident when the light fan short circuited.

Sharifa: The funeral was held the next day. Mother and sisters were heartbroken. All mourned her short life. Like the wedding, they said, it was a wonderful funeral.

Sultan: Now, do you want to know what really happened?

Sharifa: In a family council, Jamina’s mother agreed to [punish her. She sent her three sons to the room, to kill their sister. They put a pillow over her face until she was dead. Then they returned to their mother, where they all wept. Family honor!!!

Sultan: How to react to this trauma? Secrecy. Belief in justice for crime.

Sharifa – The punishment was the agreed reaction by the family

Sultan - So you see, our culture gives us the answers to all of our problems!!

## **SCENE 15 MAIN STAGE**

P – Oh my God. Could this be true in Kabul in 2003. True in 2010, in the distant tribal areas where the law is the tribe?. How can we know what to believe?

K - That is not right!! They have been brainwashed from childhood to believe these things. They do not question the trauma that it creates. They have simply not been educated to think for themselves.

E – It seems to me, that they see no alternatives. Perhaps we cannot blame them.

K – Yes we can. They are doing terrible things to their children. Not in words of conversation, but with beliefs, behavior and body language.

B - Be careful, Khulu. So often the people we don't like may have some personal qualities, which we ourselves conceal without realizing it. Our "hidden personality".

K – I just don't know what to think. Perhaps we must seek alternative reactions to our family traumas and its secrets, beliefs and cultural reactions Find some way to reframe them for the 21<sup>st</sup> (not the 14) century!!!

E – I don't know what to think. But here is just another case from the book, to motivate you to read it in full. Here is: The Carpenter!!

## **SCENE 16 SULTAN AWAITING HIS CARPENTER RASUL, TO ACCUSE HIM OF STEALING POSTCARDS FROM THE SHOP**

Sultan: My son has just told me that he has found 100 postcards in a packet on Rasul our carpenter, as he was leaving the shop. So I asked Rasul's father to send Rasul back to the shop. Rasul is from my village and is as thin as a rake with large protruding eyes. I was happy to give him carpentry work in my shop. But I had to tell his father that I suspected him of stealing postcards. Rasul's daily wage was about the sales value of 15 postcards.

**ENTER RASUL LIMPING WITH BLOOD MARKS ON HIS BACK  
WHERE HIS FATHER HAS BEEN BEATING HIM.**

Rasul – My father has beaten me, but I meant no wrong.

Sultan: Well Rasul, Why did you take the postcards?

Rasul: I only wanted to look at them and show them to my children.

Sultan: How many did you take?.

Rasul: I only took 100 and you saw them.

Sultan: I don't believe you.

Rasul: It's true.

### **RASUL PILES KISSES ON SULTAN'S HAND**

Sultan: Stop that. Don't behave like an idiot.

Rasul: In the name of Allah on my honor. I took no more. Don't throw me into jail. Forgive me. I was stupid. I have seven little children. Two of my girls have polio. My wife is pregnant. and we have nothing to eat. I don't make enough to feed us properly..

We eat potatoes and vegetables. Not even bread. And my sister has five children and her husband is out of work. I live with my old father and mother and grandmother and grandfather live there too.

Sultan: I don't believe you. The choice is yours. Admit you have taken more and you are going to be saved. How many cards did you take? And to whom did you sell them?

Rasul: Only what you found Master. I have not sold them to anyone.

Sultan: The police will search your house and interrogate you will be severely punished.

### **RASUL TRIES TO KISS SULTAN'S FEET**

Sultan - Enough. Enough.

Rasul: Forgive me master. I will pay you back. I have hungry children at home. My father is ashamed of me and will beat me again when I get back home.

Sultan: Enough. Enough. The police will come for you and you will soon be in jail Perhaps for years! In the Koran, thieves must be punished!!!

### **SCENE 17 MAIN STAGE**

E - Despite the pleading by Rasul relatives and by Sultan's own eldest son, to forget it all over a few postcards. Sultan contacts police. Insists Rasul had sold hundreds of cards to his main bookshop customer and had concealed the money. Rasul lied, and in the end Rasul spent three years in prison? So that was it!!

I – So Sultan rules his world with a rod of iron. Creating trauma with his fixed ideas.

E – And again for his daughter Leila.

## **SCENE 18**

### **SEI - JOURNALIST & SHARIFA**

Sei – So what was the problem with your daughter Leila?

Sharifa: She wanted to teach in school but Sultan would not agree. So eventually I helped her to meet the Minister of Education who signed seven papers for her, but nothing happened.

Sei: Nothing happened?

Sharifa: No. Sultan stopped it. Leila could be married to cousin Karim (who is illiterate!! He cannot read a word. But she refused and now she lives on with us, like the lowest servant of the Sultan family.

Sei: Has she almost no hope?

Sharifa: No. Leila was friend of Jamila and protested to her father Sultan, about her murder. Sultan's reaction was: "Her crime had to be punished."

Sei: What about the man involved!

Sharifa: Nothing! Now even I wanted to work for the government but my eldest son refused to allow his mother to work.

Sei: So the men really rule everything in Afghanistan. Roost!

Sharifa: Almost nothing happens without Sultan's approval.

Sei: Family trauma all the time and no hope of change? And yet it seems strange, that in some ways Sultan believes himself to be a modern liberal gentle man.

Sharifa: Yes, in Iran while buying and selling books, he bought himself western clothes. Now regards the Burka as a cage and did not allow me to wear it.

## **SCENE 19**

## MAIN STAGE

E – Sultan believes Afghanistan can become (with his books) a modern country.

I – Really? But at home, he is an old authoritarian patriarch?

E – Yes, when it comes to ruling this family, Sultan sees only one way to do it.

B – Let me guess. Just like Sultan’s own father was completely dominant! Like father, like son. A lesson for us all? Oh dear? Do we do the same?

E – Well one night there was a family revolution. Everyone had had enough of Sultan.

B – Did they kill him?

E – No. No. No. All of the family except the two wives, moved out, carrying nothing with them, to go to live with their uncle. Sultan’ brother and his family. A revolutionary act!!!

B – A revolutionary trauma indeed.

E – But it seems me, we must be fair. Sultan’s very special treatment of children and women in Afghanistan, is perceived as protection and their own good, especially in traditionally dangerous tribal environment, where anyone could still be kidnapped.

P – Perhaps such misguided care also happens in Europe and USA too? Any hope for change in less than three generations? Perhaps the only illusion of democracy for Afghanistan was in George Bush’s mind? Fortunately in 2010, we can blame George Bush for everything, and still expect that Obama will achieve miracles.

K – What are you talking about now Bob. As usual you are misunderstanding the language and culture and are getting confused.

B – Now wait a minute. Let the web save us from confusion with my computer. A great story Elizabeth. But can we believe it? The Internet Wikipedia will tell us, if I can find it - Review – The Bookseller of Kabul. Yes here it is ...

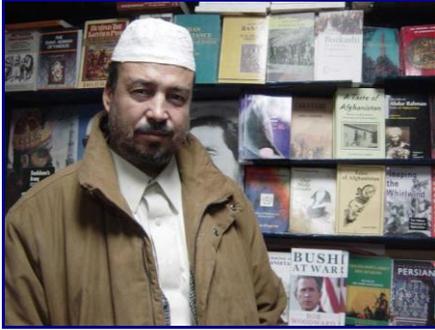
## SCENE 20

### WIKEPEDIA VOICE:

During a trip to Scandinavia in November 2005, Sultan declared he was seeking asylum in either Norway or Sweden, as a political refugee. He felt things revealed about him in the book had made life for him and his family unsafe in Afghanistan, where bootleg versions of the book had been published in Persian.

Final Comment from the Author of the book: What has been really good is all the support I have got from Afghan women abroad. A lot of them have said what you have written is true. You just didn't go far enough!

**SO HERE IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BOOKSELLER IN PERSON**



**SCENE 21  
MAIN STAGE**

B – Elizabeth, your book is wonderful.

E – I am confused. So hard to know what to believe. Secrecy and strong unquestioned beliefs seems to be deeply embedded in so many traditional cultures – Muslim, Christian, Hindi, Chinese etc. etc. . Perhaps worldwide.

K – Well in 2010, you may be surprised that the beliefs of the Atheist Society are now active in published as signs on London buses with the slogan: “There is no God, so relax and enjoy your life!!” .

E – Perhaps my book is just a tiny part of family trauma, secrecy, beliefs in Asia. It may slowly helping me to understand other cultures ... they all have a right to be in the world. Hope you will all read the book. What have I learned? ... We can reframe our traumas.

I – So much for family trauma in Asia. Can I tell you about an unbelievable trauma in Europe from my book? It has the story of the Painter who made his fortune photographing battles until something happened. Perhaps we just have time for a gin & tonic for Bob (and me too) before to act 11 – The Painter in Europe?

**END OF ACT 1**

# ACT 2 – THE PAINTER IN EUROPE

## SCENE 1

### MAIN STAGE

**ALL MEMBERS PRESENT - NOT READING JUST LISTENING.**

I – So much for reframing family trauma in Asia. Now for Europe and Western World. Trauma, secrecy and negative beliefs. Can we learn to reframe them - instinctively?

In my book the painter is Faulques (Fau), who begins each day with a swim in the sea. 150 strokes out, and 150 strokes back - then coffee.

Fau was a famous photographer of battles and traumas with international acclaim over thirty years, who suddenly stops taking photographs, and starts to live in a remote abandoned seaside tower in France.

K – Why? A trauma?

I – Yes indeed. And so now he is completing an extensive painting of battle murals on the old walls of his tower, despite a terrible pain in his arm, which he has learned to cope with.

K - But surely he was more a photographer rather than a painter?

I - Yes. Before the trauma. And now he needs to finish his wall painting. The wall plaster is developing deep cracks which change the nature of the painting. Perhaps that is symbolic of what he is trying to do?

E – God has many ways. Perhaps it fits some mental plan? Fate?

I – Yes maybe. When the mural is finished, the tower may be abandoned again, and time will decide its fate. Even the cracks may be part of his plan.

One of the many good things about the tower is how difficult it is to get to. You have to walk the last 500 meters – and it is quite a hike.

So it is unusual and surprising when Faulques glances out of the window one morning and sees a man looking up at him. Faulques is annoyed by the unexpected interruption.

## SCENE 2

### IN THE GARDEN

Faulques – Hello? This is private property///

Markovic – Hello? Are you the photographer?

Fau – I don't know you. Who are you?

Mar – You may not remember me but I do know you. You once photographed me and won a prize for the picture.

Fau – I have taken many photos in my time. I don't remember them all.

Mar – This was a special one. You earned a lot of money. You may own all of this (POINTING AROUND) thanks to me - The International Press Prize.

Fau – I remember that prize - Druse Militiar and the six Marionite Kataej who were executing them. You could not have been there. The Druse all died and the Marionites went back to Lebanon.

Mar – I am talking about a different photo - Vukovar in Croatia. I was the soldier in that one.

Fau – You are? Oh my God, I thought you were dead.

Mar – I nearly was.

Fau – Well, then I admit that I owe you a drink. Come in. I would never have recognized you. You were much thinner then.

### **DRINKS SERVED**

Mar – Well, after that I got even thinner.

Fau - They were bad times!!

Mar – I know what you are referring to. I saw the woman killed next to you. It was three days after you took my photo. You did not know I was there. I heard the explosion, and saw you kneeling over the woman in the ditch.

Fau – No. No. No. I don't want to talk about that. I am sorry. But wait I remember the photo of you I took, which was published as “The Face of Defeat”.

Mar – Yes my face. My face was on the cover of so many magazines worldwide.

Fau - The house was burning and you were retreating. You have changed so much. I did not recognize you.

Mar - Bad times. They wiped us out. Only 15 of 48 survived. But you were there with that lovely woman photographer. She seemed never to take photographs of people but

just backgrounds. I have thought a lot about you both, over so many years. You have not changed much. ..

Fau – How did you find me?

Mar – You are famous. So many people know about you. So many people remember you.

Fau - How did you get out of Vukovar?

Mar – I was wounded and taken to hospital and evacuated to Osijek.

Fau – So now what do you want from me?

Mar – You made me famous, and never knew my name.

Fau – What is your name?

Mar – That is so funny. You take my picture. We both become famous and you don't even know my name. It is - Ivo Marcovik.

Fau – So again, why have you come back looking for me?

Mar – Because I m going to kill you!!

Fau - Kill me? Kill me? Why? What have I done to you to deserve this? Do you intend to do it here? Now?

Mar – That's a difficult question to answer. I am not out of my mind, but I need to talk to you first. First I need to get to know you better.

Fau – I can defend myself. I may run away. But I see you have my book. You are carrying my book - “The Eye of War” with so many of my photos.

Mar – Yes, I have studied you for years. You will not run away. There are some answers to traumas that you need – just as much as I do ....

### **SCENE 3**

#### **MAIN STAGE**

I – Oh my God. What to do? Fau is traumatized and so is Mar. They are seeking some meaning to what they did in the past ... and what to do next. If anything at all ... .

K – Fau must now realize that he profited so much from the suffering of others - without realizing it. What a shock for him. But that is right! He deserves it!!

E – Isn't it better t for people to just forget, rather than come to terms with dreadful memories? Forgetting seems easier than reframing ... but maybe less secure?

I - Mar had spent years thinking about killing Faulques. He could not forget him. Especially since the photograph had indeed earned Faulques his money and the fame for BOTH ... of them worldwide..

B – Yes. The photo earned so much money. Perhaps this is really another money trauma?

I – A great prize was won for - The Face of Defeat. How could Faulques ever forget that face? Slowly he remembered. Croatians falling back; exhausted men passing him and his loved Olio, the lady who had died.

B - Just by chance .. by random ... he had chosen the face of Mar – as the face in that photograph - the exhausted eyes. Not so tired now, but those very same eyes.

I - And that was three days before that last photograph of his lovely Olio. on the Borovo railroad. A photograph no one else had ever seen.

P - Perhaps, Fau thought he could survive the war but not the death of his love Olio.

I – Yes and he is now trying to put it all these things he had seen - together at last, in this wall painting.

P – Maybe it would 'say' so such much more than his photograph collection?

I – Yes, but now this visitor has mission to kill him. Perhaps Faulques had no idea of what his photographs were doing in the world, for all these years? An impact! An impact far beyond his imagination. Butterfly impact?

B - And now this impact had just caught up with him, in the form of this ex-soldier, whose world has been torn apart by the Fau camera. A negative impact indeed!

I – Perhaps he wonders if he is really personally responsible for a negative impact? And will he now, be left enough time to finish the painting, before he is killed?

#### **SCENE 4 IN THE GARDEN**

Mar - The body of that woman was in that ditch, three days after you took my photograph. First I thought you'd be thinking: “Better her than me”.

Fau – Oh?

Mar - But I was so wrong. You must have loved her dearly! She fell. But then so many journalists fell in that war in my country?

Fau - Yes fifty or more. And then one more.

Mat - But, she wasn't just one more, was she?.

Fau - No. No. Not now please. You were telling me about that soldier. Yourself. Your family?

Mar – Well, the family of that soldier – me!! - was safe. Meanwhile he was fighting for his country. Although that was less important to him than his Serbian wife and Serbo-Croat child.

Fau – A mixed racial marriage. Surely a great danger?

Mar - The official fatherland was a slaughterhouse called Vukovar. A fearsome trap. Imagine Serbian tanks bearing down on that soldier when he had no weapons to stop them? One morning, that soldier ran like a rabbit, with his comrades, to save his life. Then, when the survivors regrouped, still panting for breath, you took his photo. My photo!

Fau – My photo?

Mar - In recent years I've read a lot of newspapers and books. I browse the Internet. My life has changed so much. Last year I read something about you that inspired me. An interview you gave on the publication of your great book of photos. You said something about Butterflies.

Fau- Yes I probably said:

“If a butterfly flutters its wings in Brazil, maybe a hurricane will be unleashed on the other side of the world”.

...more or less. It is known as the “Butterfly Effect” in my theory of chaos!!

Mar - So curious you should mention that, in the interview. What happened to me ... that soldier! ... was like the wings of the butterfly. That soldier didn't know it until he and the photo both reached the hospital in Osijek. Everyone congratulated him – me!!

Fau – Why?

Mar – I was famous. A Croatian hero. Vukovar had just fallen, finally, and all my comrades had died fighting, or were killed by the Chetniks. Captain Grubej was my officer.

Fau – Did I take his photo too?

Mar – Yes we were walking together the day you took the photo. When the city fell, Gruber was in the basement of the hospital with his foot amputated. They beat him senseless before they shot him in the head and dragged him to a common grave. But that soldier ... me ... survived.

Fau – That soldier – you - was luckier than his comrades?

Mar - Or maybe he wasn't? He was demobilized because of his wound, He was sent to in a bus to Zagreb to recover, in a place called Okucani. He never got there. His luck ran out.

Fau – How?

Mar - In Zagreb bus ran into an ambush. The passengers on the bus were civilians They were old men, women, and children. So instead of killing them all right there, they took them to an interrogation centre of the regular army, where the soldier was subjected to routine rough treatment. Later, between beatings, quite suddenly a guard recognized that soldier. Me!!!

Fau – My fault again? My picture?

Mar – Yes. I was the man in the famous photo.

Fau - It was called ... The hero of Vukovar. The face of Croatian defeat..

Mat – Yes. Yes. Yes. And so he was tortured for six months, like an animal. Then for some strange reason, or by chance, they let him live. He was transferred to a prison camp near Banja. He spent spend two and a half years there.

Fau – That must have been hell.

Mar – Hell indeed ... but one day they loaded him on a truck, and just when he thought they were going to shoot him, he found himself on a bridge over the Danube, and heard them say: "Prisoner exchange, get out and walk away. You're free."

Fau – Free? Just like that? Another trauma!

Mar - What do you think of that story?

Fau - It's terrible.

Mar - Terrible, of course. But there some even worse to come.

Fau – Yes I remember ... Entire families terminated. Children killed before the eyes of their parents.

Mar – Yes, and brothers forced to torture each other, so that one of them might live. You can't imagine the things that prisoner saw. But you must have learned something, during a 30 year lifetime of taking battle photographs of cruelty and wickedness?

Fau - Is that why you want to kill me? To avenge all those things?'

Mar - The Butterfly Effect, you said. What an irony. Such delicate words.

## **SCENE 5**

### **MAIN STAGE**

I - We just don't know. Can we believe such trauma could happen in Europe while we were living quietly at home? Pain, indignity and desperation. Men turned into bloodthirsty animals, creating horror with no limits.

B - Do we want even to be aware of that? Is it better kept secret, swept under the carpet? Can we really accept it as part of our lives ...or is it too tough?

P – Oh my God. Perhaps there is no limit to what men can do when brainwashed to do it.

E – I am lost. How can I possibly react? How to forgive? Peace can only come when we can forgive and forget, and thus not hand on the trauma to our children ...with the memory abusing them as well.

B – Well, is it really true? So many of our true traumas are kept secret and never repeated to anyone. We protect our illusions which are so much easier to live with, day by day.

I – I wonder if revenge is the great motivator of trauma. We must find some answers. But first, let me continue with the story of that Croatian soldier.

P – OK on you go please. We are all emotionally highly invested!!

I - When that soldier was set free, so he tried to find his Serbian wife and his Croatian son. Three years with no news of them. He was an unusual character for that country. Such a mixed marriage had been unacceptable to so many people.

## **SCENE 6**

### **IN THE GARDEN**

Mar - Well, that famous photo had made its way to his own Croatian village. Someone had come across a copy of the magazine with his photo as a hero. There are always people on every village who may not like him.

Fau – Yes always people feel they have got some past trauma on someone else. Perhaps a girlfriend they couldn't have. Or perhaps a job his grandparents had taken from theirs. Or perhaps a house or piece of land they wanted. The old story of family secrets, beliefs and reactions, leading to revenge. All too predictable.

Mar - Anyway someone must have told the Chetnicks where that famous surviving soldier's family lived in the village. So ...

Fau – I can guess ...

Mar - One night a group of Chetniks came to the house where that soldier's wife, the Serbian woman with a Croatian son, who was married to me, were living. They raped her and killed her five year old. Then they slit her throat, and before they left, they painted a Serbian cross on the wall and the words "Ustacha pigs".

Fau – But surely the neighbors called the village police?

Mar - No. Although the woman was screaming all night, not a single neighbor turned on the light or came outside to see what was happening.

## **SCENE 7 MAIN STAGE**

K - That is just not right!!! Such an incredible tale. How do you know it was true?

I – Was it true!! How do we know if anything is true? Can we believe CNN? Do we believe only what we want to believe?

B - Why are CNN, BBC, TV news, films and computer games ... so full of violence? Do people secretly enjoy violence as an entertainment!

I - Does the public provide the career with a market for battle photographers like Faulques? True or false? Yes it's true? I believe it!!

## **SCENE 8 IN THE GARDEN**

Mar - Tell me one thing Fau, does a person like you, ever get really hardened to trauma? After a time, are you utterly indifferent to what passes before the lens of your camera?

Fau – You can only photograph, what you see and what doesn't affect you. The rest you have to leave for later for others to deal with.

Mar - You've taken so many photographs of scenes like the one I just told you about, haven't you?'

Fau - Yes so many.

Mar - And what were you thinking about as you focused? Read the light meter, and so on?

Fau - Yes, about the focus, the light meter, that is all. Just a technical professional challenge,

Mar - And that, was why they gave you the prize for my photograph. For its and artistic technical quality. It didn't affect you emotionally at all? Perhaps just professional pride?

Fau - Maybe the answer is in my painting, here

Mar – Looking at your painting, perhaps I begin to understand.

Fau - To accept the truth of things, it is not necessary to approve of them The analysis and the pain come later.

Mar – Pain. Forgive me, but your photographs do not seem to create much pain for you. They reflect the pain of others but no sign of your own pain. When did your photos start giving you pain?

Fau - It's complicated. At first my job was an amusing adventure. The pain came later. In bursts. And finally came a feeling of utter impotence to do anything about what I saw and felt. So I resigned myself.

Mar – Resigned yourself? So nothing could hurt you anymore.

Fau - I'm talking about resignation. With pain and trauma you have to resign yourself.

Mar - Oh, but you don't, do you?

Fau - Yes you do. You yourself are still alive. That in itself is a kind of resignation. You may not choose to live with it. But you were a prisoner for three years and didn't die of pain!!! You didn't hang yourself. You're here now to kill me. Yes,- you are a survivor.

Mar – Am I?

Fau: Well, look. Every time I come across a survivor, I ask myself what he was capable of doing in order to stay alive?

Mar - That's not fair. But fair or not, that's what I ask myself.

Fau - Maybe surviving when others can't is a special kind of depravity. You should know about that. You have experience.

Mar - You're a survivor too. You kept breathing when others were dying. But when I observed you kneeling beside the woman's body, I think you were finally feeling and showing pain at last!

Fau - I don't know what I was showing. It was Olio. I loved her. She stepped on a mine. No one took a photograph. I still love her!!

Car - But you did. You took her photograph . I watched you take camera and photograph her. And I have never found that photo. Did you destroy it

Fau - Yes

Mar - Somehow that's how it is. However intense the pain might be, there comes a moment when pain ceases to register. Maybe that was your remedy. That photo of the women. Just another depravity that helped you to survive.

Fau – You know nothing about it. I have been slow to learn but now I begin to understand things that had escaped me before.

Mar – Me too!! This place is an example? If I had come here three years ago, before I knew you as I know you now, I wouldn't even have glanced at these walls. I would just have given you time to remember who I was, and then killed you.

Fau - Settling accounts?.

Mar - Now it's different. This confirms everything. It really explains my presence here? Are you ready now to assume responsibility for your actions?

Fau - I will know that when I finish my painting.

Mar - I'm not a good judge of painting, but perhaps what you're doing here, is even more real than all of your photos. Had you painted before?

Fau - Some. When I was young.

Mar - So you were originally an artist?

Fau – Well, I tried to be an architect for a brief time, but I preferred painting. But I quit very soon, when I realized that every painting I began to paint, had already been painted by someone else before.

Mar - And so you became a photographer?

Fau - Yes. Photography allowed me to see in fractions of a second, things other people didn't see, no matter how hard they look. Painters included.

Mar - There must be easier ways to practice photography than photographing battles..

Fau - Yes, but I needed adventure. When I was a boy I spent a lot of time looking at a prints of old paintings. And finally I saw "The Triumph of Death" by Brueghel the Elder, which inspired me.

Mar - As long as there's death, there's hope.

Fau – That was bad joke of Olvido's in Bucharest. One Christmas day, after the slaughter by Causescu's Securitate there was a revolution in the streets. We got to the city after crossing the border from Hungary, making a mad dash through the Carpathian Mountains.

Mar – That would be many hours.

Fau – Yes, it was non-stop twenty-eight hours of taking turns at the wheel, slipping and sliding on icy roads past farmers, armed with hunting rifles, who were blockading bridges with their tractors. It was like a Wild West cowboys and Indians in the films?

Mar – What did you find?

Fau - Two days later, as the families of the dead were digging graves in the frozen soil of the cemetery with pneumatic drills, I saw Olio photograph the back of the mourning-clad woman on her knees.

Mar – You said she never took photos of faces.

Fau- I saw a black silhouette beside a pile of black earth splattered with red blood and white snow. Olio let her camera drop on to her chest and murmured: 'As long as there's death, there's hope"

Mar – You may be right. The world has stopped thinking about death. Thinking we are going to die makes us feel weak and helpless..

Fau – That is one way to sum it up

Mar – In the war you survive you remember the countryside. The memory is never erased, of the meadow you saw when you awaited the approaching enemy. The exact shape of the hill you had to climb under fire. The exact trench that protected you from a bombardment. Do you understand?

Fau - Yes. Only too well.

Mar - There are places, I try to leave and never come back to. Two and a half years, as prisoner, with only view of a fence and a concrete mountain. A cold wind that shook the fence with a sound that I still have ringing in my head and can't blot out. The sound of a frozen, unyielding landscape, you know. Just like one of your photographs.

## **SCENE 9 MAIN STAGE**

I – The book is so moving. New parts of my mind become alive with memories and new perceptions of my life. Traumas, secrets, beliefs, reactions. I must find a way reframe them, somehow, from negative to positive.

B- This book seems to be full of memories of how you think and how you perceive the world.

I - Can you imagine it. That adventurous photographer even paid a sniper 200 dollars to allow him to stand-by on a rooftop to take pictures while the sniper selected people to kill below in Sarajevo, for over three hours.

K – Unbelievable!!!

I But the most powerful experience of all in the book is when he attends the trial of a Colonel Herak!!

## **SCENE 10 NEWS REPORT OF HERAK BEFORE TRIBUNAL**

Trial of a Bosnian Serb named Colonel Borislav Herak, an old member of the Boica Brigade of Ethnic Cleansing.

Boris Herak stood up in his trial and coolly related his story.

He had trained earlier by beheading hogs in a slaughterhouse.

He admitted to have personally killed over sixteen women, students, and housewives, and participated in killing so many more. Some were raped and killed after taking them from Sanjak Hotel- Prison converted into a brothel for Serbian troops.

And then before the tribunal and the journalists, Herak with suitable mimicry ... told how he raped and killed a young woman of twenty years, took her in a car to Mount Zuc, shot her in the head and threw her into a ditch ...

**SCENE 11**  
**MAIN STAGE**

I - Fau had Herak's head in his viewfinder. It was an insignificant common face that in times of peace would have been considered almost pitiful.

Then, he slowly lowered his camera WITHOUT pressing the shutter release, with the certainty that this one photograph in the world would NEVER be recorded by him, despite being surrounded by a world of television camera crews.

K - He suddenly realized that his photo, could never reflect the deep reality of his own feelings at that moment.

I - And at that moment Faulques's thirty years as a war photographer came to an end !!!

K \_ End!!

I - Afterwards, he spent a lot of time wandering through museums, putting together a collection battle paintings to somehow express what he himself was gradually beginning to discover about his life.

P - Oh my God. What a story. What to believe?

K – But let's get it right!! Did Herak really exist? Is violence such a natural part of us all, waiting to come out. Anger seems to be an excuse for everything. An outlet for verbal violence and physical violence. Trauma needs reframing somehow.

I – We seem to keep it so secret the deeper causes of our personal trauma, and we believe so often, it is the fault of others that provoke us to anger.

E – It seems to me that the sense of death, is an intriguing hope for the millions of old people who live such depressing lives in old age homes, eating, drinking, sleeping and watching violent TV..

P - So often such people feel uncared for and thus get they have little joy from life, perhaps death is hope. With all this new medical technology, living to 150 years in a new world which we may hate. Perhaps we need an alternative.

K - That is right. Perhaps, In Suisse, a gentle EXIT with personal dignity is legal, Perhaps the UN Charter of Human Rights needs to be reframed.

B – In my limited experience as a medical doctor, we are trained to perceive death as a medical failure, not a hope! If EXIT became too popular, doctors would lose a lot of cash.

K – Bob’s British humor again!!.

B – Sorry. Sorry again! But is this story really true? So hard to know what to believe?  
Please let my wonderful computer helps us with Wikipedia ...

## **SCENE 12**

### **WIKEPEDIA ANNOUNCEMENT ON HERAK IN A CALLED**

#### **“THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF BATTLES” ...**

Herak recanted his testimony in the Tribunal of January 1996 and now claims that his testimony before Bosnian court was beaten out of him.

In a major embarrassment for the Bosnian Government. Two Muslim brothers whose supposed murders were used as evidence in a highly publicized war crimes trial to condemn Herak and Sretko Damjanović to death, have been found living in a Sarajevo suburb. (Nothing said about all the others).

Reporting on the Herak trial to the New York Times was by John Burns, who was awarded the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting citing "His courageous and thorough coverage of the destruction of Sarajevo and the barbarous killings in the war in Bosnia-Herzegovina."

Some of Burns’ reporting in Bosnia and Herzegovina was later put in doubt for using questionable sources.

K – Well that seems to confirm it!

I – So now I must give you the final theme of the book which you must read:

“ Every day Fau in the tower, swam out 150 meters to sea and 150 meters back. At the end of the book he swims out 300 meters ... with no intention to swim back ... where there is death there is hope”. Trauma reframed!

## **LONG PAUSE**

P – So now before the plane eventually takes off, I must tell you my very personal story of trauma,. I do hope we have time. Perhaps another gin & tonic for Bob, before coming to Act 3 – Take off at last.

# **END OF ACT 2**

# ACT 3 – TAKE-OFF AT LAST

## SECENE 1

### MAIN STAGE

**ALL MEMBERS PRESENT - NOT READING JUST LISTENING.**

P – Take off coming soon I hope. Reframing is so painful. But now let me tell you my own trauma story. Unforgettable, but not yet a book. Can you imagine just two years ago ... I was sitting right here in this same airport lounge waiting for the flight to Rome. Just as we are all sitting now ...

B – Is it true?

P – Yes. Well, you be the judge. I had just had a Greek trauma over property bought from Afia Nepopolos. After an expensive legal purchase, I spent a fortune turning it into a wonderful luxury villa.. Then I got a message from another ...”Afia Nepopolos” ... cousin with the same name ... who said she was the real owner of my house ...j-just imagine my reactions.

K – Trauma!!! Could only happen in Greece.

P – She said that she just returned from residence in USA was now reclaiming possession of her house from me. Her cousin had no right to sell it!!! This led to months of legal trauma, failure and a nervous breakdown for me.

K – What a horror story. But now you look just great.

P - That’s true. You see I reframed!! I changed houses and changed husbands too, and now I feel much better.

I – That’s nice to hear Pamela dear. Thank you, So do I.

K – Perhaps I should think about that idea in reframing Bob’s British humor.

B – Oh dear. I do not dare to comment!!!

P – Well anyway, I was sitting just here waiting for the plane, when I began talking to another passenger. He was a smart young Arab gentleman, dressed in a lovely blue sports jacket with a large black bow tie. He had a friendly smile, as he said hello to me in very poor English. He was sitting next to another Arab girl, who appeared to be very pregnant!

**SCENE 2**  
**AIRPORT LOUNGE**  
**PAMELA AND ABDUL**

P – Oh hello ? You waiting for the Rome flight too?

A –Yes. Hope plane come soon. I wait for two more friends.

P – Your first visit to Athens and Rome?

A – Yes. Wonderful. Speak Arabic. Not good English.

P - Where are you from?

A - I Abdul Mohammed from Beirut. I have to achieve something in Europe.

P - My name is Pamela. American. I have achieved nothing at all in Greece. Alas no Arabic, but I think America has so much to learn from your wonderful tradition. I have even read the Koran in English.

A - Very good. Maybe Arab culture has lessons to teach you.

P - Oh. I would love to learn from more you, but the plane is ready for boarding now. So nice to meet you, Abdul. Good luck in Rome with your achievements and your studies.

A – Goodbye.

**SCENE 3**  
**MAIN STAGE**

P- Well that was lovely chat. I was settling into the plane with my first husband, Demis a celebrated musician. Born in Alexandria. We had the best front seats of business class. The flight was very full with over 120 people on board, including many American service men going on leave.

B – Sounds like a great flight.

P – It was unforgettable.

B – Really?

P – Yes. Just three minutes after take-off, they served us some delicious German drinks. But then suddenly the stewardess seemed to be stopping a fight in the aisle between two passengers. I wondered what was going on. I soon found out.

**SCENE 4  
IN THE PLANE**

**ABDUL AND ONE OTHER ARAB WAVING GUNS AND HAND GRENADES  
SCREAMING AT US FACE TO FACE - SCREAMING!!!!:**

**VIDEO – 2 MINUTES OF THE INITIAL HIGHJACK**

A – Hijack. Guns. Grenades. Face down. Move and we kill you !!!!!.

**GREAT PANIC EVERYONE STUNNED. PILOT HELD UP OUTSIDE HIS  
CABIN AT GUN POINT**

A – Hijack. Obey!!!! Not obey we blow grenades. All die!! Heads down!!! Heads down  
We kill you!!!

A – No move. All die !!!

A – Heads down. No talk. Plane explode. You all dead!!!

**SCENE 5  
MAIN STAGE**

P - Oh my God, it was terrifying!!! The Arab girl's pregnancy turned out to be, not three babies, but three hand grenades!!!

So there we were. Heads down. Quietly whispering to each other. What the hell is going on?. Oh my God. Death just in front of us!!!! Trauma indeed! We had to move about as instructed.. But, strange as it may seem, at that time, I couldn't stop myself from blaming George Bush.

B – We can always blame George Bush guy for everything that goes wrong in the world. Why not this too?

P – Well, because the American CIA was responsible for training terrorists who became hijackers!! They supplied the terrorists as Afghan guerrillas to fight against the Russians. This led to Al Khaeda and all the problems with terrorists. The British and George Bush helped them.

B – So in the middle of the trauma of this hijack, you blamed George Bush?

P – Yes. And the Muslim Terrorists too!. Only from the Koran can you hope to understand the Muslim terrorists. With restricted education, they get instructions to kill people and go by direct route to Paradise. Who could refuse such a generous offer?

B – But how can 3 hijackers control 120 passengers, including American soldiers?

P – Shock. Fear!! Good training. Prepared to die. It is amazing how helpless we felt with the terror they created. Actually there were four in the team, but one was caught and held up in the Athens airport where he is still in jail.

B - So with that trauma, the other three took over?

P – Yes. First they directed the plane to Algiers. Then they took all of our money and valuables.

## **SCENE 6 IN THE PLANE**

### **ABDUL IN THE DARKNESS OF THE PLANE CABIN, WITH A TORCH SHOUTING TO ALL PASSNGERS**

Abdul – Attention. We NOW take all of your money or you die!!!

Give us all money, jewelry, watches, travelers checks etc. etc. .

We want it all NOW!!! Quickly!!!

### **ABDUL TAKES A WATCH FROM CO-PILOT**

Abdul – What is this watch with Israeli star on it. Are you an Israeli pig? I kill you now!!!... Not Israeli? OK you live on for a bit!! Now I smash your watch! NOW!!!

## **SCENE 7 MAIN STAGE**

P – We gave up everything!! Even the American soldiers did not dare to attack them, because the grenades could complete plane crash, and everyone would die.

K – Language was important. How did they communicate to you all?

P - Well the Arabs spoke Arabic and poor English. So they used one of the stewardesses to translate into German. But then they discovered that my ex husband, Demis understood everything, because he speaks eight languages fluently and was born in Alexandria.

K - So he could understand what they said to each other.

P – Yes. He could even know from Arab country they were from! Hence, I have always called him Prof. Higgins, even to this day. He can also tell you from what part of England you originate. Especially if it's Newcastle on Tyne.

K - Abdul seemed to be the chief of the hijack team making all decisions and giving orders.

P - Yes. But you know for me the toilet was the main problem!!! With the stress, I needed to go quite often. But for each time, I had to hold my hand up for permission to move to the toilet. I

B – Same problem?

P – Yes. I was terrified until Abdul said to me in the toilet: “No hurt you, Pamela”. What a surprise!!! But can you believe it.

K – No, you cannot believe what a hijacker may say, when you know he is prepared to die at any moment?.

P – Quite. So we spent three hours going to Algiers. On arrival, they first refused us permission to land. So we landed anyway, with almost no fuel left. It was huge bump, so Abdul sent out the Chief Pilot to check the wheels for take off again. The Chief Pilot did that and talked to some with airport staff. Then on his return to the plane ...

## **SCENE 8 IN THE PLANE**

### **ABDUL IN DARKNESS OF CABIN WITH THE CHIEF PILOT**

Abdul – What you done? You have cheated us!! What you tell ground security?

Captain – Nothing. I just checked the Wheels. Wheels are OK for takeoff. But they will not give us fuel!!

### **ABDUL ON RADIO TO CONTROL TOWER**

Abdul - I am Abdul chief of the FFA - Freedom Fighters for Allah. You understand me?

Control Tower – Yes. Understood.

Abdul – Refuel the plane now ... within 20 minutes or we kill the Pilot ... and then we kill the other passengers!

Airport Control – Not possible.

Abdul – So. Chief Pilot you are guilty. I kill you!!!

**SHOOTS CHIEF PILOT AND DUMPS BODY ON TARMAC**

Abdul – Chief Pilot is dead!!! Now refuel plane or we kill other passengers. When refueled we release all the women.

Airport Control – OK. OK. OK. Hold it! Wait five minutes

**SCENE 9  
MAIN STAGE**

K – Did the airport security attack the plane in Algiers?

P - No because of the hijackers threatened to explode the plane and kill us all, if not refueled in 40 minutes. It was a bit ridiculous too. The hijackers did not want to pay for refueling.

K – But they had all your cash.

P - So it seemed like a poor joke. The thousands of dollars that it cost to refuel the plane, were charged on the credit card of one of the flight attendants. They even made her give the numbers, expiry date and the password.

B - So they won? They got refueled. I hope she refused the debit to her credit card account later.

**LAUGHTER**

P – Well one good thing. After refueling, almost all of the women passengers were released in the airport. Except me! I chose to stay with my husband, Demis!!

K – That was fantastic.

P – Well, we were not attacked. We took off with the co-pilot (without his watch). We flew on to Beirut. Heads down. No moving about. , No talking (we cheated by whispering all the time) .

K – These hijackers seemed to be so well trained?

P – Yes, to create terror. But they forgot to demand the food in Algiers. There was almost no food on the plane, as the flight was a breakfast flight to Rome which meant rolls, coffee and juice over and over.

K – What a pain.

P - We were on the plane for a total of 19 hours, before going to crash land in Beirut, due to running out of fuel again.

K – What luck again. Seems impossible. What happened next?

P - In Beirut. Negotiations were attempted. Refused by airport control. So they said they would beat up several of the men on the aircraft including my husband. No response.

K - The hijackers were Hezbollah (suicidal)?

## **SCENE 10**

### **IN THE PLANE**

#### **ABDUL BY RADIO TO BEIRUT CONTROL TOWER**

Abdul – Beirut Control Tower!!! I am Abdul chief of the FFA - Freedom Fighters for Allah. You understand me?

Control Tower – Yes. Understood.

Abdul – First light up the plane. Then send food and fluid 80 people on board. Agreed?

Control Tower – Agreed!

Abdul – Now you contact the German Government for release of seven FFA members sent to prison in Germany last month. They know the names!!!

They must be released and sent here in 24 hours. Or we kill the passengers one by one every hour. Understood?

Control Tower – Understood. But that is impossible.

Abdul – Then we start to kill now.

## **SCENE 11**

### **MAIN STAGE**

P – Then they killed a US navy diver on board, and dropped him on to the tarmac to get attention. They succeeded. They got world press attention! CNN too!! Negotiations began. And five more FFA were allowed to come aboard.

B - FFA?

P – I don't know. The first thing they said was: "Where is the famous one? Where is Demis? My ex-husband.

B – This must have been the affect of the international press. CNN was there!!!

P – Well, Demis stood up. I thought they were going to kill him. I was absolutely amazed. They all chatted away with him in Arabic! So I stood up too and said: "I'm going with you Demis, no matter what!".

B – Well they did not kill you, so the what was the "no matter what"?.

P – The light and food/drinks came. Several hours of delay. Then suddenly the Control Tower reacted

## **SCENE 12 IN THE PLANE**

### **ABDUL IN PLANE LIGHTED UP**

Control Tower – Attention Abdul FFA please/

Abdul – Attention.

Control Tower – German Government refuses agreement. Offers you freedom if you release everyone unharmed.

Abdul – No. No. No. Then I give them four hours to agree or we set the explosives blow up plane. Out!!

## **SCENE 13 MAIN STAGE**

K – That must have got CNN attention.

P – Yes, the FFA were very clever. They organized for a young stewardess, via the radio, control tower and telephone to publicly say goodbye on the telephone to her family in Germany.

K - International publicity. Political attention at highest level!!! It worked!!! Must have been a dynamic political impact on the German government's decision on possible prisoner exchange.

P – Within an hour the Control Tower called again.

**SCENE 14**  
**IN THE PLANE**

**ABDUL IN PLANE DARKNESS**

Control Tower – News for FFA Abdul.

Abdul - Waiting.

Control Tower – German government has agreed! Seven FFA prisoners detained in Germany, will be flown here for release. It will take 72 hours to arrange. Agreed?

Abdul – Agreed. Exactly 72 hours from this moment.

**SCENE 15**  
**MAIN STAGE**

P - Abdul was overwhelmed by emotion shouting: Victory ! Victory!! Victory !!! Then somehow, he negotiated an arrangement with the Control Tower for Demis and I and three American soldiers and himself, to be released to go in a FFA truck to the US Embassy.

K – Seems impossible.

P - The soldiers were blind folded but we were not. We were put into the back of a special FFA army truck and told that we were being taken to the “US Embassy”.

K – US embassy?

P - Demis was translating all the time. I told Demis that it was impossible, because I had read that the US embassy in Beirut had been closed for months,

K - Perhaps they planned to shoot you?

P - But you know how funny one feels. After nineteen hours with the terrorists in that plane, I was so relieved. I didn't care where we went!!! Just so long as we could get out of that plane. No matter what. No rescue attempts.

K – How do ever know what to believe with these guys?

P - Trust in God, but don't really believe anything they say until afterwards!! We were driven to hideout shelters. Not to the Embassy at all. The first one was a sort of place for vehicles.

K – What was it like?

P - They told us to sit on wooden boxes, in what appeared to be a warehouse. We could even see bullet holes on the wall, where they had assassinated people, and even a drain at the bottom where the blood was washed down.

K – Any action going on?

P - There was constant shooting going on outside the building. It reminded me of a cowboy wide west film. The hijackers swore they would shoot the three soldiers, whom they segregated and interrogated until 6 or 7 in the morning.

K – Nothing seems to be right. An impossible trauma. How to react?

P – Well, much to my amazement, the hijackers seemed to love talking with Demis. He spoke such beautiful Arabic. They were disappointed that he had a wife with an American passport.

K – Not popular at all!

P - But what saved me was that, by living in Britain for so long, my US passport renewal was issued in Britain, and above all, I could imitate ... a beautiful aristocratic English accent ... just like the Queen!!

B – I am sure the Queen was delighted, when she heard about it on CNN

## **LAUGHTER**

P – Then we were locked in a room full of just about every type of guns you can imagine.

B – But let me guess. You did not know how to fire a gun. And you couldn't run Miguel's computer games either!

P – True. But I now think I shall learn now and be ready for the next time! Well in that garage we did not have much food. They only gave us rice with ants in it. So we picked out the ants and cooked it.

B - Food at last!!!

P – Yes. Then they made us both change our clothing to Caftans. But the really tricky part of living with Muslims was that they had no loo (WC) paper. Very embarrassing at first, but you can get used to anything if you have to

B – Caftans. So you went native on the toilet too?

P – Yes, but can you imagine. These Arab hijackers who said they hated the everything about USA – continually were smoking American Kent cigarettes and drinking American coca cola. They even came up to Demis to find out how to cash an American Express check.

K – Whatever for?

P - They had relieved all the passengers of their belongings, including \$20,000 worth of my jewelry. They planned to make cultural hijacking, pay out in cash too!

B - So this was cash trauma too. Cash motivates everything in the world, even Muslim hijacking!!

P - Anyway, they kept the other soldiers men in cells in the same building and we were moved to another hideout by sea side.

B – Lovely. Any time for a swim!!!

P – No. No. But from the CNN publicity, we must have been important to them. They put us in the bottom of a car with a convoy of two tanks and other armored cars. We got to this hide-away apartments right close to the sea.

K – Lovely view of the sea?

P – Yes, and with all of that CNN news about a world famous hijacked musician – Demis and his brave wife, the Israeli gunboats came to attack and rescue us. All thanks CNN.

B – Well at least George Bush was not responsible this time.

**SCENE 16**  
**IN THE SEASIDE APPARTMENT**  
**SUDDENLY MACHINE GUNS FIRING ALL THE TIME**

Abdul – Israelis. Down. Down

P - I'm down. Why don't you give up?

Abdul – Never

P – Demis please ...please sit on the bathroom floor with me. It's not romantic, but it is the safest place. Israelis are firing rockets.

Abdul - I fight. You stay. Get shot!!! Die!!!

P - Well, we are all together. Keeping very quiet. Please don't attract attention of the Israelis Even to save us ...

Abdul – Down. Down!!!! ...

**EXCITING GUNFIRE CONTINUING WINDOWS SMASHING –  
TREMENDOUS NOISE OF ROCKETS**

**SCENE 17**

**MAIN STAGE**

P – When the Israeli firing started I felt afraid. Then disturbed, and then bloody angry!!! We were supposed to be very valuable hostages. Protected. But these hijack guys seemed to have lost control.

K - Nothing for you to do except wait and hope?

P – That was too much for me. “Oh God”. I said “Give me a little peace please. I feel so angry!!!!”

K - It is a wonder you were not all killed - by one side or the other.

P – Well Israelis did not get in to land, and so the rescuers never found us. We also had a young hijack guard (only 14 years old) who got involved in the fighting.

K – Left dodging bullets from both sides?

P – Yes. And my fear turned to anger. We just we didn't know, who was who, with different people jumping in and out of our apartment, firing guns like crazy.

K - So you were furious?

P – Yes furious when the young man came back. So I shouted at him "Where have you been"? He grabbed hold of me gently, laughed and said "Memsahib, you are very strong." I told him: "Only, if I am not very dead". Then we both laughed.

K - It seems to have reached a point of absurdity in this situation?

B – I bet your previous seaside vacations were never as exciting as this one?

P – But that is not all. The strangest things happen with these hijackers. They seemed to love being with my famous ex-husband, Demis, who had been so publicized by CNN in the hijack reports !! So one night they even celebrated Demis's birthday.

K – Birthday? Impossible!!

P – Yes his birthday had been reported on the CNN news. So they brought him a birthday cake, and brought along all their wives and children to be photographed with Demis. Sitting next to Demis. Arms around Demis. Dressed in bandoliers with Demis.

K - Smiling in photos with terrorist hijackers?

P – Yes. And he told me that it would be the end of my musical career if these hijack photos ever get on to CNN.

I – I have not seen them yet. But I feel sure they are available somewhere on the web? Everything is available on the web somewhere.

P – Well finally they wanted a photo of Demis playing with their babies. He likes to play piano. He hates playing with babies.

K \_ But you told him: “Do it!!!

P- Yes, so he did it !!! And they were so pleased. They even took the bullets out of their guns and gave the guns to the babies to play with him.

K – What an unbelievable hijack entertainment. Perhaps the babies saved you?

P – Then hijackers made fun of me because it was Ramadan.

## **SCENE 18 IN THE SEASIDE APARTMENT**

Abdul – It is Ramadan. We eat only after sundown. We eat fresh raw liver and raw fat in Pitta bread. This will not please you!

P – Oh. No. No. No. I love my liver raw. I am so hungry!! So little food for two days.

Demis – Not for me please!

P – Demis, I have never had such delicious raw liver before, in all of my life!!!

Demis – Hooray

P - But I have just had a terrible thought. Fresh liver? Where from? From the soldiers ...!  
Oh dear?

K – What?

P – Tell you later!!

**SCENE 19**  
**MAIN STAGE**

K – Terrible thought?

P - I wondered. These hijackers would do anything. What happened to those three soldiers, they had sworn to kill!! Well? The liver lasted five days. And they said the soldiers were OK. It tasted so good!!!

K – Raw liver!!! How disgusting!!! Not in France please!!

P – It was tough. But since Demis, the famous musician spoke fluent Arabic, this enabled him to be a very special hostage for negotiation and with CNN gave FFA world publicity!!! They were famous!

K – You were famous.

P – Yes. We were all famous! But every time they moved us, Demis thought we were going to be executed. He was wrong.

K– It is so sad that terror is so popular with CNN and all the newscasters!!!

P – Can you imagine us. Five days in various Beirut hide-away apartments, so often guarded just by only a 14 year old Arab with a gun and a box of chocolates.

K - Did you try to escape and get the gun?

P – No. We were emotionally exhausted. Like prisoners we became patient and almost friendly with the guards, sharing food and the sleeping quarters. We still didn't even know how to fire the gun.

K – No alternative?

E – Did you expect to survive?

P \_ Yes. It is so strange. We slowly adapted to the continual trauma almost as a routine. We shared our secrets and beliefs and reactions and we reframed them. We found one positive reaction. It was very bad - but we were all unhurt - and we were learning!!

E – Perhaps you we can get used to anything, if we have to, especially when we really believe that God cares for us?

P - The hijack hostage takers were banking on using Demis for propaganda. He was very very valuable!!!

K - By contrast it seems pathetic.

P – Yes. The young man who was in charge of us, slept in the same room to guard Demis. He was only 14 years old, named Ali.

K - In Beirut everybody seems to be called Ali.

P – Ali was a lovely young teenager, beautiful smile and flashing green eyes, who proudly stood on top of the tank (in a Rambo) fashion every time we were moved.

K - Like any western teenager?

P - I think that he was like a teenager anywhere else in the world.

K – But without the advantage of being free, thinking for himself etc. In so many parts of the world, teenagers are not free to think for themselves? They are brain-washed by their parents. So often with the best intentions?

B – Perhaps we do it too? With good intentions ...

P – Well, suddenly one day, van arrived and we were both loaded in the van without a word. I thought we were going to be killed. Nothing was said even to Demis! Then they just dropped us off on a corner of town and said. Goodbye. And that was it. We were free.

### **LONG LONG PAUSE**

B – So the impossible happened again. How was it arranged?

P – I still have no idea. CNN was not there. Perhaps the hijackers they got tired of having me around, talking all the time.

I –That is a distinct possibility, dear Pamela!! Only joking...

P - Anyway we got a taxi to the US Embassy (still open after all !!!). Oh what a feeling!!! We were free. The impossible had happened. Still alive after all that! I had to cry. We were not dead!!

B – And did you find that horrible CIA that you blamed for all of this?

P- Yes, and we were so kindly treated. Allowed to eat, wash and sleep and recover before the CIA wanted to know everything we could possibly remember about Abdul and the others.

B – It as seems so like a terrible impossible Laurel and Hardy film.

P - Even more so. The actual release from Beirut (after the US Embassy) was absolutely absurd!!! It took place three days later in the Government office of the Beirut President – Nabil!!

## **SCENE 20 CROWDED PRESS ROOM**

President – It is for us a great honor to present to the world press, the safe release of the two eminent Lufthansa Plane hijack hostages – Demis the world famous musician and his charming wife.

Demis – It is honor to be in your country and to thank you for our health and safety..

P – May I present these flowers to you as a symbol of our lasting friendship

President – Thank you. We will always remember you

## **SCENE 21 MAIN STAGE**

P – It was absolutely absurd, Can you imagine, we stopped along the way from the embassy, to buy me a bouquet of flowers.. We arrived, bedraggled with me holding this enormous bouquet of flowers.

B – With hundreds press crowded to record you?

P – Yes. CNN was there. So many people were there that several TV cameras were broken in the crush. Then we were taken to Cyprus by ferry. Then we got our courage back and boarded a plane for Athens. Back again!!!

K – Quite right. And now how do you feel?

P – Well, Very philosophical!! Poverty and education are the basic roots of these problems with Shiites, Hezbollah, terrorist groups etc. The West has no real interest in their beliefs or culture. I cannot hate them, but I cannot agree with terrorism!

K - Who can ... except those that do it?

P - . When countries make the effort to understand with discussion groups and workshops (like our Democracy camps) they may find a new approach. Otherwise terrorism will just continue with poverty and the hatred between the West and Arabs. Perhaps Obama can do it. Can help us all to reframe our traumas!

B – With help from George Bush? Well now on a personal level, how is your reframing going?

P - First, I said I would never fly again.

B - And then?

P – Then, I said I would never fly with Arabs ... but just get off ....

B - And then?

P – On one visit to Greece two helicopters landed in the nearby field. I panicked. But nothing happened,

B - And then?

P - I overcame my panic and sat next to an Arab on a flight and chatted him up. He must have wondered why this old 50 year old boring female was doing chatting up this young sexy 25 year old Arab lad. But my heart was beating so fast. And nothing happened.

B – So now all is OK again.

P – Yes, because I do not blame them. I read The Koran over and over again. It's a repetitive and boring for me, but ...

B - Perhaps they feel the same about The Bible which also has so many controversial instructions on what to do in life?

P – Well, the Koran gives them instructions to reclaim their homelands and Jerusalem taken away by Israel. Pay price in money or blood. So they need new instructions. Still feel like victims of USA, Europe and the other Arab states. Perhaps they are?

B – But there are solutions, which nobody wants except me. Israel could be easily accommodated in Pennsylvania, USA. There is plenty of land and money. And Palestine could be easily be transferred to another Arab state. There is plenty of land and money.

I - But they will all refuse. Alas God (or the Devil or someone) has given them (or not given them) Jerusalem and this disputed land. So the dispute could goes on with: trauma, secrecy, beliefs and reactions. But perhaps Olvida was right - with death there is hope - for reframing?

K – But that is not right!! Everyone has the right to their own values. The world is a big place, full of empty space, and full of illusions and trauma, to be overcome. Trauma seems to be more exciting than our boring everyday life. That is why it is so popular with the CNN.

B- But to understand it we must understand the culture or we can be so wrong. But I am still curious. You got away and so did Abdul. But, what happened to the passengers left on the plane?

P – Well the Victory for FFA was awaited by the hijackers. But it was another illusion.

K – Illusion? But the German government agreed to release seven FFA prisoners in Germany. This was the key objective of the hijack. How could that be an illusion? What actually happened?

P – Under severe political pressure the German government appeared in CNN to agree. But in reality they took a political chance. They sent a special military unit trained in hijack attacking to Beirut.

K – So they re-negotiated the arrival of the prisoners “due to sickness” from 72 hours to five days?

P - Then, in the middle of the night, just one day before the FFA prisoners were due to arrive in Beirut from Germany; an attack was made on the plane. It had been rehearsed five times by the German expert hijack attack team. It took just four minutes to kill the remaining hijackers. Abdul was so lucky not to be there.

**VIDEO – 2 MINUTES SHOWING THE ATTACK ON THE PLANE AND DEATH OF THREE TERRORISTS.**

K – What an incredible story.

P - So all turned out well for the most but not all of the passengers involved. Even Abdul was saved!

I - Yes indeed. Gosh how the waiting time has flown by. Wait a moment. Come on now. Action!! I see some Lufthansa. No. No. AL-ITALIA Movement over there. Our plane is really going to go!!!

E – Can I take just a moment, to give you my reaction to the stories we heard today? So much trauma can be reframed with just five values ... that we find in The Bible, The Koran, and Buddhism. Hinduism and every book dealing with the meaning of life

I - Yes mother after all of this trauma, we need to calm down ...

E - My five values are all in my little book: Old and Content:

1. Manage your physical and mental health – yourself.
2. Communicate with everybody – even the ones you don’t like.
3. Give and accept support – both to and from everyone.

4. Meditate deeply – and discover your real self.
5. Finally, find your own spiritual world – which can bring joy to all around you.

... all in my little book: Old and Content!! So there!

## **PAUSE**

P - There is movement over there, so now ...at last ... I feel our plane is about to go. Can we reframe our next trauma as it hits us right in the eye? Well as our Barack Obama says: “We can do it” Agreed?

Everyone - (TOGETHER) We can do it!! We can do it!!!

## **LAUGHTER**

Everyone: On we go.

**ANNOUNCEMENT: ALITALIA IA 3467 HAS NOW ARRIVED AND IS READY TO DEPART. PLEASE GO TO THE EXIT NOW, WITH THE NEW PASSENGERS FROM BEIRUT, TO BOARD THE AIRCRAFT. APPOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY**

K – Right. The time has flashed by with our discussion of trauma. Thank you all for a most exciting waiting experience. On we go at last!!!

B – But wait a moment. Let us finish with a laugh which always cures everything. May I just tell you, how to resolve the current worldwide 2009 financial crisis? The ultimate financial trauma!!

K – Only if it’s quick, Bob. Without English humor, please.

B – Well, it’s easy. In 2008 George Bush “talked us into it” and the financial markets collapsed. Now we REFRAME it! In 2010 Obama will “talk us out it” and the financial markets will recover and everything will go up again, just like our AL ITALIA plane. OK? Take off at last ...

**EVERYBODY LAUGHS!!!**

**AS EVERYONE GETS UP TO GO TO THE EXIT, FIVE NEW ARAB PASSENGERS JOIN THEM ON THE WAY TO THE EXIT.**

**ONE OF THEM WEARS A BLUE SPORTS JACKET AND HAS A BLACK BOW TIE!**

**WHEN PAMELA SEES HIM ... SHE SCREAMS ...!**

P –Abdul!!! Abdul, you again!!! No! No! No! Enough is enough!  
I have had enough!!! No more of your bloody traumas!!! No  
more bloody secrecy!!! No more bloody beliefs!!! Time for the  
women to take over!!! Action!! Reaction!! Police! Police!  
Security alert please! Security alert!!!!!! No hijack today!!!

**SECURITY OFFICERS RUSH IN AND TAKE OVER ... NO  
RESISTANCE. NO HIJACK!!**

**PAMELA FAINTS AWAY INTO HER HUSBAND’S LOVING ARMS**

I – Thank you Pamela – another trauma reframed!!!

**END OF THE PLAY**