

FREE TO STAY

(An adaptation of "Zeynep: That Really Happened to Me...")\*

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Devised by the Half Moon Young People's Theatre

Directed by Andrew Alty

First presented 1st June 1987

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Half Moon Young People's Company:

Ailsa Fairley: Actor-teacher

Norman Goodman: Education Worker

Janice McKenzie: Actor-teacher

Mark Salkild: Designer

Cora Tucker: Actor-teacher

Helen White: Actor-teacher

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The play formed the second half of a whole day programme for top juniors and followed a participation element that had lasted all morning. Both halves were followed by a discussion.

\*For copies of the book contact ALTARF, Panther House,  
Room 216, 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1X0AP.

Characters:

Brian

The Hasbudak Family:	Zeynep	aged 8
	Fatih	aged 6
	Kebire	their mother
	Polat	their father

Police Officers

Mrs Rankin

TV Reporter

In the devising process all roles were inter-changed among the four actor-teachers, all of whom were women, and this device was kept to for the performance.

FREE TO STAY

SCENE 1: First classroom scene

(The children have been told by the performer first playing Zeynep that they are ,for this scene,part of Zeynep's class and that she is Zeynep and this is her costume.She also tells them that she is not playing Zeynep all the time,but that this is her costume, which she then puts on and sits down amongst them and,in role, begins chatting about the stories they had to write etc.)

Brian enters.

BRIAN: Ah! There you are! Morning everyone! I said Good Morning! Come on: Good Morning,Brian! I don't know, still asleep half of you,aren't you? Right! Oh,sorry I'm late. I was passing this shop with magazines in, thought I'd go in and have a look. Me favourite magazine was on the top shelf and I reached up to get it and they all fell down on top of me! And then I saw me bus so I ran outside to catch it and I got splashed all over! All down me front. I'm soaking wet. Look! Feel that! Feel that! I won't do that again I can tell you!

Right! Register. Anyone seen me pen? I can't find me pen. I had it this morning. Can anyone lend me a pen? Where? Oh! Just testing you. Right. Hands up if you're here. Hands up if you're not here. Are we all here? S/he looks as if s/he's not all here...etc....

Right. Okay. I had a really good night last night. D'you want to know what I was doing? I was reading your stories; the ones I asked you to write for me. They were great. Really good. But the one that really sticks in me mind is Zeynep's story about the wedding. I'll read it to you.... no I won't. Better still,I'll tell you what. Let's get Zeynep to come out and tell it to us. Zeynep,out you come. Tell us your story.

ZEYNEP: Allright. But it's not a story; it's true. Right. Me and Fats.That's my little brother,and my mum and my dad,we all went to this Turkish wedding at the weekend —

BRIAN: Hang on,Zeynep. What's Turkey?

ZEYNEP: It's a place.

BRIAN: Where is it?

ZEYNEP: I dunno. I think it's by the sea. It's a long way cos you have to catch a plane. But the wedding wasn't in Turkey; the wedding was here and anyway we had to get up really early right, to get ready. And anyway, Fats, that's my little brother, he wouldn't take his Superman jumper off, right, and my dad said he had to, and that made him really angry and anyway then my dad made him put his white suit on and that made him really angry and mum put vaseline on his hair cos it was all sticking up and that made him really angry! And anyway, I had my blue dress on with the sparkly bits in it and my hair in one plait with gold down the back and anyway we all had to get in this car, and there were loads of us and we were all squashed right and I had Fats, that's my little brother, on my lap, and this man sitting next to us, he was smoking this cigar and he flicked ash in Fat's ear and I really laughed! Fats didn't cos it hurt him. Anyway, we went to the wedding and then we had the party and we all had to walk in this long line behind the bride (SOUNDS OF TURKISH WEDDING) and we all had to hold candles and then when we got in there, there was this lady and she was dancing with a bowl and you had to wave a five pound note round the bowl and put it in, and then she SMASHED it on the floor and money was all over the floor and we had Turkish music and Turkish dancing.....

FATS RUSHES IN WITH £5 NOTE. GIVES IT TO ZEYNEP. SHE GIVES IT BACK AND MOTIONS HIM TOWARDS THE LADY. HE HESITANTLY GOES UP TO WAVE IT BUT GIVES IN AND COMES BACK TO GIVE IT TO ZEYNEP. SHE GOES FORWARD, WAVES IT AND DROPS IT. RETURNS.

THEY RESPOND TO THE MUSIC AND THE DANCING. FATS TRIES TO COPY THEM. ZEYNEP JOINS IN.

ZEYNEP: No, Fats, like this!

THEY DANCE AND END UP SPINNING.

ZEYNEP: What's wrong, Fats? D'you want an orange juice? D'you want some sponge cake? D'you want some sweeties? D'you want Turkish Delight?

FATIH: I think I'm going to be sick!

ZEYNEP: Keep calm, don't worry Fats. You'll be all right. MUM...! Put your hand over your mouth to stop it coming out. It's all right. MUM...! Hold your nose. We'll go and find Mum and Dad.....etc.



THEY PUSH THROUGH THE CROWDS TO MUM AND DAD

MUM: Deportation, immigration, registration,  
legal aid...

DAD: Stateless person, application date of entry,  
Turkey

MUM: It means we have to leave this country

DAD: Go back to Turkey

ZEYNEP: Go back to Turkey?

MUM: It means we have to go

DAD: Leave this country

ZEYNEP: Leave this country?

DAD: It means we have to leave.  
Deportation, immigration etc

FATS: I'm going  
to be sick. I  
went round, it  
made me dizzy

VOICES

A: It means you have to leave this country  
Go back to Turkey  
It means you have to go...etc

B: Deportation, legal aid, visa, permit etc

ZEYNEP IS LEFT ALONE ON THE STAGE

ZEYNEP: But what does it mean?

ENTER BRIAN

BRIAN: Zeynep. What are you doing standing here all by yourself  
in the classroom?

ZEYNEP: I'm going home

BRIAN: Yes, I know. All the other kids have gone

ZEYNEP: I know. I'm going to get Fats' painting from his classroom

BRIAN: Are you all right?

ZEYNEP: Yes

BRIAN: How's your Mum by the way?

ZEYNEP: She's all right

BRIAN: Haven't seen her for a while

ZEYNEP: No. She's working alot now.

BRIAN: Tell her to drop in some time

ZEYNEP: Yes

BRIAN: See you tomorrow. Oh. By the way. You tell a good story

ZEYNEP: Thank you

ZEYNEP RUNS OFF

SCENE 2: THE HASBUDAK FAMILY HOME

DAD: Dear Mr Hasbudak, I am afraid I have some bad news for you. The man from the Home Office has said that you have no right to be here, even though you have lived here for 9 years, and this is your home. He insists that you must go back to Turkey immediately. I'm sorry there is nothing else that I can do.

DAD FOLDS THE LETTER

DAD: Turkey

MUM: I know

DAD: I can't believe it

MUM: Neither can I. They'll be home soon

SHOUTS OFF

ZEYNEP: I want to show it to her

FATS: No. I'm going to show it to her. It's my painting...etc

MUM AND DAD LOOK AT EACH OTHER. ZEYNEP AND FATS ENTER

FATS: Mum Look! I drewed a picture

ZEYNEP: It's of our flats. It's been in assembly hall all week.

FATS: Look. That's you in the window and that's Zeynep

ZEYNEP: That's not me...she's too fat. I'm not fat Dad, am I?

DAD: Mmmm

ZEYNEP: See? I'm not fat, Fats

FATS: That's where we buried the hamster

ZEYNEP: And I think that's the fire escape

FATS: No it's a dog and the sun is shining

THEY LOOK UP AND SMILE (PAUSE)

ZEYNEP: It's really good Mum

FATS: It's really good isn't it

(PAUSE)

ZEYNEP: Let's show it to Dad

FATS: Look Dad I drew a picture.

ZEYNEP: It's of our flats. It's been in the assembly hall all week.

FATS: Look. That's you at the window and that's Zeynep.

ZEYNEP: That's not me. She's too fat. I'm not fat Mum, am I?

MUM: Mmmm.

ZEYNEP: See I'm not fat Fats.

FATS: And that's where we buried the hamster.

ZEYNEP: And I think that's a dog.

FATS: No. It's the fire escape and the sun is shining.

THEY BOTH LOOK AT DAD AND SMILE

ZEYNEP: It's really good Dad,

FATS: It's good ~~isn't it~~,

(PAUSE)

ZEYNEP: Mum. Can we have some sellotape?

MUM: Mmmm

FATS: Where's the sellotape?

MUM: Mmmm

ZEYNEP: Dad. Can we have some sellotape?

DAD: Mmmm

FATS: What's the matter with them?

ZEYNEP: Come on. Let's watch telly.

FATS: I wanna watch He Man.

ZEYNEP: No. We're watching Blue Peter.

FATS: No we watched that last time.

ZEYNEP: All right then. He Man.

FATS: What's happening?

ZEYNEP: I don't know

FATS: Why aren't they listening?

ZEYNEP: They're tired, that's all.

FATS: Is it my fault?

ZEYNEP: I don't think so.

FATS: Is it because I broke the window. I said sorry.

ZEYNEP: It'll be all right.

FATS: It'll be all right.

MUM: Turkey.

DAD: I know.

MUM: I can't believe it.

DAD: Neither can I. Stateless person.

FATS: Everything will be all right.

MUM: Turkey.

DAD: I know.

MUM: I can't believe it.

DAD: Neither can I.

EXIT FATS AND ZEYNEP

MUM: I'm not going back to Turkey.

DAD: But it's the Law. We're overstayers. There's nothing we can do. It says so in the letter.

MUM: We're staying here in England.

DAD: There's nothing we can do.

MUM: We're staying here in England.

SCENE 3: second classroom scene

ENTER BRIAN

BRIAN: Still here are you? What's wrong? It's nearly Christmas I thought you lot'd be making a right racket. Yes, it's nearly Christmas, that's a time when we think about the people we care about. Two people that we care about might not be here for Christmas, they may be sent away. Know who I'm talking about? Yes, Zeynep and Fats Hasbudak. I've been wondering what we could do to help them. So, last night when I was having a bath I started to sing. I like to sing in the bathroom no one can hear me. So, I was singing this song. You might know it actually, it goes 'We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year'. DO you know it? Then I thought we could change the words and make it a song about Zeynep and Fats. Would you like to hear it? It goes 'We all want Fats and Zeynep, we all want Fats and Zeynep, we all want Fats and Zeynep Hasbudak to stay'. It's good isn't it? Now what I thought we could do is practise it and then go down to the Home Office and if we sing it loud enough we might get the man to change his mind. What about it then? We'd better practise. (SINGS AND CONDUCTS)



SCENE 4: OUTSIDE THE HOME OFFICE.

SINGING CONTINUES. A JOGGER APPEARS AND RUNS THROUGH  
THE DEMONSTRATION.

ZEYNEP: Look! Look! He's here. There he is.

THEY RUN OFF STAGE. THEY REAPPEAR DEJECTED

ZEYNEP: We've been here for hours and we still haven't seen him.

FATS: I'm hungry.

ZEYNEP: I'm cold.

FATS: I'm hungry.

ZEYNEP: I'm bored.

FATS: I'm hungry.

BRIAN: I'm sick of you two moaning. Which do you think is his  
window?

HE EATS, PASSES THE BAG TO ZEYNEP, SHE EATS, PASSES THE BAG TO FATS  
THERE ARE NONE LEFT

FATS: I think it's that one.

ZEYNEP: I think it's that one.

BRIAN: Which one's the biggest.

ZEYNEP: That one right at the top.

FATS: Does he live there?

BRIAN: No. It's not his home, it's his office.

FATS: It's not like our house

ZEYNEP: It's horrible. There's someone coming. Quick, give me leaflet.

FATS: It's my turn.

ZEYNEP: No it isn't.

FATS: You did it last time.

ZEYNEP: Oh all right.(PUSHES HIM) Quick, quick, quick!

JOGGER RUNS BY

FATS: Would you like a leaflet?

JOGGER: No thank you. (OFF INTO THE DISTANCE)

FACES EXPECTANT

FACES FALL

LOOK AT EACH OTHER

LOOK AFTER JOGGER

STICK TONGUES OUT

WALK BACK DEJECTED

BRIAN: (SINGS) We all want Fats and Zeynep, we all want Fats and  
Zeynep...etc. NOW what do we do when the man from the Home  
Office arrives?

FATS: Christmas card.

ZEYNEP: Have you got it Fats?

BRIAN: Let's practise. I'll be him.

ZEYNEP: Excuse me. Hello. I'm Zeynep, and this is my brother Fats and we hope that you have a very happy Christmas, Mr...er

FATS: Mr er...

ZEYNEP: Mr Someone -

FATS: Thing -

ZEYNEP: Mr Someoneothing

THEY ALL LAUGH

BRIAN: Right, so that's what we do. Let's wait over here

MAN ENTERS. SENIOR CIVIL SERVANT-TYPE.

MR.SOMEONETHING: Afternoon...hello...merry Christman...lovely to see you all....thankyou for coming to my office... afternoon...nice to see you etc....

ZEYNEP: Hello! Excuse me...I'm Zeynep and this is my brother Fatih and we hope you have a very happy Christmas. (Whispers) Go on,Fats!

MR.S.: Ah! Look! A Christmas card!

Oh,look, a photographer from the newspapers! Smile!

ZEYNEP: Can we stay?

Mr.S.: Of course you can!

ZEYNEP: WE CAN STAY!! WE CAN STAY!!

THEY GO OFF SHOUTING THIS INTO THE DISTANCE.

MR.S.: Has - bu - dak....never heard of them....put it with all the others. Christmas cards! Do you know what Christmas means? It means my cupboard gets stuffed with tatty bits of card covered in cotton-wool and shiny bits. Like this. Oh,well,I'll put it with all the others. Merry Christmas!

# SCENE 5: THE HASBUDAK FAMILY HOME

ZEYNEP: He's such a nice man,Dad. He really is. We had our photograph taken with him and he took our Christmas card and he smiled all the time....and anyway I got it all wrong cos he said we could stay and I thought he meant we could stay here in this country but he meant we could stay outside the Home Office. Wasn't that stupid of me but I'm sure he will let us stay,Dad,cos he's such a nice man.

DAD: Yes,Zeyn,I'm sure he will.

ZEYNEP: What you doing,dad?

DAD: Making things tidy for Christmas.

FATS: (off): Dad! Can I have an orange juice?

DAD: No,you've just had one.

ZEYNEP: Why you packing everything away?

DAD: Did you put your green dress in the case?

ZEYNEP: Yes,it's in the bottom.

FATS: But I'm really thirsty!

DAD: I don't care.

ZEYNEP: Are we going away for Christmas?

DAD: No. We're not going anywhere.

ZEYNEP: I bet we are. Is it going to be a big surprise?

DAD: No. No surprises this Christmas.

ZEYNEP: I still think it's a funny way of tidying up.

DAD: Now,let's have a look at these decorations.

FATS: Ooooh....nooo!

ZEYNEP & DAD SIGH AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

DAD: What is it,Fats?

FATS RUSHES IN. THE FLATS OF HIS HANDS CLOSED TOGETHER.

FATS: I'm stuck! I'm stuck! Quick! I'm stuck!

ZEYNEP: The superglue!

DAD: The superglue?

FATS: Yes,the superman glue.

DAD: Quick! Up on the table! Fatih,I warned you. We'll have to pull,Zeyenp. Take that arm 1 - 2 - 3 - pull.

FATS: Aaaaagh! It hurts!

DAD: Okay,Fatih,okay.

FATS: I'll have to have an orange juice. I need an orange juice.

DAD: Get him a juice,Zeyn. Poor Fatih.

FATS: You hurt me. You did. It hurts. You pull too hard....etc...

ZEYNEP: Here you are,Fats.

FATS: Thank you. (TAKES IT and JUMPS DOWN)

DAD & ZEYNEP: Ooooooh, Fats! Fats!

FATS: I done a joke! I done a joke!

RUNS AROUND THE ROOM. DAD CHASES HIM. FATS FALLS TO FLOOR.  
DAD TICKLES HIM. ZEYNEP LAUGHING AND SHOUTING. LOTS OF FUN.

KNOCK ON OUTSIDE DOOR. NO NOTICE TAKEN. KNOCK REPEATED.



ZEYNEP: It's all right, dad. I'll go.

DAD: No, Zeynep!

ZEYNEP: It might be Brian about the campaign.

FATS: Is it Jake?

DAD: Ssssshhhh.

ZEYNEP: There's someone at the door, dad.

FATS: (Chants) Answer the door....answer the door....

ZEYNEP: Yes, dad, answer the door, dad.

DAD: Stop! Shut up. All right! I'll answer the door.

GOES OFF.

MRS. RANKIN: (Off) Mr. Hasbudak? Afternoon. Mrs. Rankin, Home Office.

FATS: Who is it?

SIMULTANEOUS OFF:

ZEYNEP: I don't know.

MRS RANKIN: Immigration

FATS: Is it Jake?

deportation...applic-  
ation...legal aid...

ZEYNEP: We've got to finish this?

stateless person...registratio  
date of entry...overstayer...  
permit.....

FATS: I want to know who it is.

ZEYNEP: Come on Fats, come and help me stick these.

FATS: Have you got any GLUE?

MRS RANKIN: May I come in?

Immigration...deportation...application...legal aid....

What a nice room!

DAD: Please sit down.

MRS RANKIN: What lovely children!

You no longer have right of abode in this country. Your  
deportation order has now been signed and directions  
for removal have been formally issued.

DAD: I'm sorry. I don't understand.

FATS: It's a lady.

( SIMULTANEOUS: MRS RANKIN:

ZEYNEP: She's really posh.

Immigration...deportationa.

FATS: She's got funny shoes on.

application...legal aid..

MRS RANKIN: I'll give you your flight details. Would you like to  
write them down?

DAD: I don't write English.

FATS: She's like the lady who comes to school. ( MRS RANKIN: Stateless

ZEYNEP: The flea nurse.

persons...registration.  
date of entry...over-  
stayer...)

BOTH: Nitty Nora!

(Dad clicks his tongue. Gives them a look.)

DAD: We've been here for nine years.

MRS RANKIN: Yes. You're only allowed to take two suitcases with you,  
and a small piece of hand luggage.



FATS: She smells funny. Like the dentist. (SIMUL. MRS RANKIN: Visa...  
ZEYNEP: That's perfume, Fats. permit..passport  
.....)

FATS: Oh.

MRS RANKIN: Your tickets will be waiting for you at Heathrow Airport.  
Please allow one and a half hours prior to departure.

FATS: Pwiod'parture.

ZEYNEP: "What a lovely room."

FATS: What a nice pongy poo-poops.

DAD: Fats! Zeynep! Upstairs. Go on, take it upstairs. Excuse me.

(ALL THREE OFF)

MRS. RANKIN: Children can be so difficult, can't they?

No one understands just how difficult my job really  
is. These foreigners cause so much bother. They never  
remember figures or dates. And they NEVER turn up at  
the airport on time.....

TAXI!

#### SCENE 6: OUTSIDE THE HASBUDAK HOME: THE CAR

FATS: ( OFF ) Dad! I'm going to wear my football boots cos I can't  
fit them in my rucksack. Is that all right?

DAD: No. Don't be silly, Fats.

ZEYNEP: ( OFF ) You can't leave them on! They're dirty.

FATS: Mind your own business. Not talking to you, Zeynep. Get off me!  
Stop it! I don't want that! I'm packing my own bag....etc...  
I've got my purple knickers on....haahhaaaaaaah!

ZEYNEP: Fats!

FATS: Superman wears purple knickers anyway.

ZEYNEP: No he doesn't. They're white.

FATS: They're purple.

THEY COME OUTSIDE STILL ARGUING

ZEYNEP: They're not purple. They're white.

FATS: They're purple and I know cos I read the book.

DAD: FATIH! ZEYNEP! Get in the car NOW!

FATS: (sotto voce) Purple.

ZEYNEP: (ditto) White.

FATS: (ditto) Purple.

ZEYNEP: (ditto) White

FATS: (ditto) Purple.

ZEYNEP: (ditto) Get in the car.

FATS: (ditto) You get in the car.

ZEYNEP: All right, stay there then. (She gets in) Dad, Fats won't get in the car.

FATS: I might! I left my sword!

(He gets in climbing over Zeynep)

Get off me, Zeynep. Don't like you any more....you're in the way.....(mutters)

DAD: Now. We're going away for a while. We've got to leave this house and go to another one. Your mother's there already, waiting for us. Now I don't want you to worry and get upset. Everything will be all right.

FATS: What's he on about?

ZEYNEP: Where are you going, Dad?

DAD: To another house.

ZEYNEP: But where are we going?

FATS: Are we going on holiday?

ZEYNEP: Who are we staying with?

FATS: Is it by the sea?

ZEYNEP: Do we know them?

FATS: Can we have a wimpy on the way?

ZEYNEP: Are we coming home again soon?

DAD: I don't know.

FATS: I need my flip-flops.

ZEYNEP: But why can't we come home?

FATS: My SWORD!

BEATS.....

ZEYNEP: What about Jane? I was supposed to be going out tomorrow! And Louise as well.

FATS: Martin's Louise's sister.

ZEYNEP: And what about Jasmine?

DAD: You won't be able to see your friends for a while.

ZEYNEP: I like Jasmine.

BEATS .....

FATS: My school! My window! My painting and I got a gold star cos I gave Superman purple knickers...

ZEYNEP: Dad, do we have to go to school any more?

DAD: No.

ZEYNEP: No school! Dad says we don't have to go to school anymore!

FATS: Aaaaaaagggggghhhhhhhh!!! No SCHOOL!

ZEYNEP: No more school!

FATS: I won't have to do my spelling.

ZEYNEP: I won't have to read that silly story anymore,

BEATS.....

ZEYNEP: We won't be able to go swimming anymore.

FATS: We won't be able to go to the zoo.

ZEYNEP: We won't be able to look at the tadpoles anymore.

FATS: Tadpoles anymore....Are we coming back?..... What's happening?

ZEYNEP: What happening?

FATS: I won't be able to spell if I don't come home.

ZEYNEP: I don't understand. I want to go home.

# SCENE 7: The Home Office

Mrs.RANKIN: It's such a pleasure to work for the man from the Home Office. He's such a nice person. Every case is very carefully looked at and if there ARE special circumstances, well then, of course, we use our compassion. You know what that means? Firm but fair. That's what that means. Today I'm dealing with the Hasbudak family. I hope he's in a good mood. You never can tell on a Monday. Excuse me.

Mrs.Rankin moves into the Home Office space.

MRS.RANKIN(1) Good morning, sir.

MR.SOMEONETHING: Good morning..

1 : Application, immigration.

SIR: Thank you.

2 : Illegal entries.

SIR: Lovely. Coffee?

3: Stateless person.

SIR: Super.

1: Hasbudak.

SIR: Date of entry?

1: Over-stayer.

SIR: Serve a notice. Coffee?

1: Yes, sir.

2: Sign this.

SIR: What is it?

2: Deportation order.

SIR: Is it?

3: Arranged marriage.

SIR: Smashing.

1: Application, legal aid.

SIR: Fine. Strong black coffee?

2: Hasbudak.

SIR: Hasbudak?

2: Had this before. They've appealed.

SIR: What date?

2: November.

SIR: Put it in the appeals tray.

3: Visa, permit, passport, rules.

1: Sign this.

SIR: What is it?

1: Removal case.

SIR: Is it? Cup of tea?

2: No entry clearance.

3: Hasbudak.

SIR: I recognise that name.

3: Appeal rejected.

SIR: Well, book a flight to...uh....Istanbul.

1: Stateless person. Coffee.

SIR: Ooooh, lovely. (Reaches across for it but.....

2: Hasbudak.

SIR: Again!

2: They've gone into hiding.

SIR: Well, that's against the law. Get the police on to it. (Sighs.  
reaches for coffee, which has been whisked away by 2)

3: Sign this.

SIR: What is it?

3: Your wife's birthday card.

SIR: Is it?

1: Hasbudak.

SIR: Good lord!

1: Compassionate circumstances, school campaign, 2 children -they  
have British passports.

BEATS



SIR: They're British citizens? Well, they can stay.

1: The family can stay?

SIR: The children can stay. The parents have to leave.

1:(Meeting 2) Hasbudak. They can stay.

2: The family can stay?

1: The children can stay. The parents have to leave. Goodnight.

2:(Meeting 2) Hasbudak. They can stay.

2: The family can stay?

3: The children can stay. The parents have to leave. Goodnight.

2: (To audience) Goodnight.

## SCENE 8

MUM: Leave my children behind? How could I go away and leave my children behind? I'm their mother. Even animals don't leave their children. All we wanted when we came here was a home. Somewhere to kick off your shoes. Somewhere to raise your children. So we made our home here. We've had to leave our home. Now we live out of suitcases. And we hide from the police like frightened rabbits.

## SCENE 9 (1st scene in hiding)

ZEYNEP: (is reading)

FATS: (rushes in): Zeynep, I've found a hole!

ZEYNEP: I'm reading, Fats.

FATS: I've found a hole!

Zeynep: Where? In your trousers?

FATS: No! It's about this big and you can see through it.

ZEYNEP: Where?

FATS: In the door. (Z. runs to door) Zeynep, it's my hole!

ZEYNEP: I'M the oldst.

FATS: But I found it first.

ZEYNEP: Oh, Fats! There's a woman!

FATS: Where?

ZEYNEP: Across the road.

FATS: What's she doing?

ZEYNEP: Standing on her hands...and she's got her legs in the air, and she's laughing and she's wriggling her toes!

FATS: Let me see! (Tugging at Z.) Let me see!

ZEYNEP: Oh, all right. Can you see her? (Z. walks away; colludes with audience to show that she is kidding Fats.)

FATS: Where is she?

ZEYNEP: Across the road.

FATS: I can't see her.

ZEYNEP: Fooled you! Ha ha ha!

FATS: Zeynep!!! (Goes on looking) The postman!

ZEYNEP: Quick. Quick! We've got to hide. He mustn't know we're here.

(Build barricade at the door and lay flat)

BEATS.

ZEYNEP: D'you think he's gone?

FATS: I don't know?

ZEYNEP: I like hiding, don't you?

FATS: Yeah, it's great. (Beat) Why are we hiding?

ZEYNEP: Because we've got to.

FATS: Why?

ZEYNEP: 'Cos they'll catch us.

FATS: What've we done wrong?

ZEYNEP: I don't know.

FATS: Where will they send us?

ZEYNEP: To Turkey.

FATS: Where's that?

ZEYNEP: I don't know.

FATS: What's it like?

ZEYNEP: I don't know.

FATS: Why do they want to send us away?

ZEYNEP: I don't know.

FATS: Zeynep, how long do we have to stay here?

PAUSE

ZEYNEP: I don't know.

REMAIN IN THE HOME SPACE

SCENE 10: (Plainclothes policemen outside the school)

Police Serg. enters. Scans the audience. P.C. enters from other side. They move in among the children and improvise as they question the children about their knowledge of the Hasbudak children. Once the idea of the police looking for the family is established, the two policemen come together

again at the front and exit saying how they will  
continue looking and return another day.

SCENE 11 (2nd scene in hiding)

ZEYNEP: What time is it, Fats?

FATS: Dunno.

ZEYNEP: He should have been here hours ago....

FATS: He's not coming.

ZEYNEP: Course he is. He's a postman, silly!

FATS: He doesn't come here anymore.

ZEYNEP: Fats! He's here! He's here, the postman! Quick! We've got to keep him out!

FATS: There's no one there.

BEATS

ZEYNEP: I'm bored. Look, there's that woman again!

FATS: No, she's not.

ZEYNEP: Come on, Fats.

FATS: Leave me alone.

ZEYNEP: Let's go to the park.

FATS: We're not allowed.

ZEYNEP: Well, let's pretend.

FATS: We did that yesterday. (Z. pulls a face behind Fats, mimicing him.)

ZEYNEP: Look, let's play with this trunk! We're on a boat and it's sinking and you can be the captain, right?

FATS: No!

ZEYNEP: Why not?

FATS: Don't want to play.

ZEYNEP: What's the matter, Fats? (moves to window)

FATS: I want to go home. (Z. sighs, then....

ZEYNEP: MARTIN'S MUM! LOOK! IT'S MARTIN'S MUM! (F. runs to window)

FATS & ZEY. MARTIN'S MUM! MARTIN'S MUM! WE'RE UP HERE! OVER HERE!

Zey. MARTIN'S MUM!

(Suddenly Z. stops. Realises. Puts her hand over F's mouth)

ZEYNEP: SSSSSSShhhhhhh! We're not allowed to look out of the window. We're being a secret. We're hiding.

FATS: Yeah. We're being a secret. (Beats) What are we going to do now?

ZEYNEP: I'm going to write a letter to Jasmin at school.

FATS: And I'm going to draw a picture of Mr Someone thing.



ZEYNEP: Hello everyone! I'm not in school because I'm far away. I would be late if I came.

FATS: The man from the Home Office. He 's very big and never smiles.

ZEYNEP: I've got some dolls, some colouring pens, some toys, busy-bodies, lego. I've got things to make necklaces.

FATS: He lives in a big building with no windows.

ZEYNEP: I like the house here. It's hot. I've been doing sums. Lots. Sometimes I done it wrong and threw it away.

FATS: No one knows what he looks like because he never comes out.

ZEYNEP: I think we should stay because I've never been to Turkey before, and why should I go somewhere and I don't know someone.

FATS: He doesn't like children very much.

ZEYNEP: The Home Office man is dumb. You know what? If I was the Home Office Man, we wouldn't send him back to leave his children and he to go back to his country. That's not fair.

FATS: If I was the Man from the Home Office, I wouldn't send us away.

ZEYNEP: That's not fair. I think it's really unfair.

SCENE 12 2nd plainclothes police scene outside school)

Repetition of the previous scene, again improvising the questioning of the children and being flexible in response to the children. After a few moments, actors <sup>who were</sup> playing Zeynep and Fats appear - but without their distinguishing costumes, as they now play other children.

SERGEANT: Ah, hello. We're looking for someone called....

P.C.: Zeynep -

SERG.: Hasbudak.

1st CHILD: Zeynep Hasbudak? Is she in your class?

2nd CHILD: No. She don't go to this school no more.

1st CHILD: She doesn't go to our school anymore.

SERG.: I could show you a photograph.

2nd CHILD: No. A copper came to our school.

SERG.: Oh, yes?

2nd CHILD: And he said -

1st & 2nd CHILDREN: We're not allowed to talk to strangers.

(THEY RUN OFF)

Policemen glance at audience and exit, muttering about carrying on looking.



SCENE 12: Street Scene

MUM: Zeynep! Put your hat on.

ZEYNEP: Woolworths! Mum! Can I get my care-bear?

MUM: Put your hat on!

ZEYNEP: I don't want to. It itches me.

MUM: Put it on! We've got to go back to the house now. We're not supposed to be out.

ZEYNEP: But I need some colouring pens.

MUM: You've got plenty of colouring pens.

ZEYNEP: But I've got to buy a painting book for Fats.

MUM: We'll buy one next week.

ZEYNEP: But he'll be really angry. He'll kick me.

MUM: I won't let him kick you. Now, come on!

ZEYNEP: Can we go to the park?

MUM: Later.

ZEYNEP: Please, just for five minutes...

MUM: Next week.

ZEYNEP: Oh, please. You can push me on the swings.

MUM: ZEYNEP! Will you come back to the house NOW!

ZEYNEP: NO! I don't want to go back to that house. I want to go to school. I want to see my friends. I want to go to my own house.

MUM: Zeynep, you know that if we don't go back to the hiding house, the police will see us and send us back to Turkey.

ZEYNEP: I want to go to Turkey.

BEATS

MUM: What did you say?

ZEYNEP: I want to go to Turkey.

MUM: Why?

ZEYNEP: Cos, we won't have to hide anymore and you won't shout at us.

MUM: But what about all the letters? And everything your friends have done? Doesn't that matter anymore? Have you changed your mind? Zeynep, come here. Where do you want to live?

ZEYNEP: Here, with my friends.

MUM: That's why we're hiding. We don't want to go back to Turkey. Our friends are here too.

ZEYNEP: Fats says we've done something wrong because the police are looking for us. What have we done?

MUM: We made a mistake. When we came here we were allowed to stay for a few weeks. And then we were supposed to ask again - and we forgot.

ZEYNEP: Can't we ask now?

MUM: It's too late now.

ZEYNEP: We've got to make them change their minds, mum.

MUM: That's why we have meetings. Why we write the letters. That's why we go to the Home Office and have marches. That's why we're in hiding.

ZEYNEP: Do you think we CAN make them change their minds?

MUM: Well, what do you think?

ZEYNEP: I think we should keep on marching until we win!

MUM: That's what I think, too. Come on, let's go home.

(They go to leave. A policeman appears looking around.)

P.C. (Into his radio) There's a lot of broken glass around. Doesn't appear to be any major damage. Probably kids. The bolts don't seem to be broken. Make a quick check around the back; see if you can spot anything,...

(Mum and Zeynep begin to pass. Zeynep fearful, but Mum is determined and is not intimidated by the P.C. who watches as they pass.)

P.C.: Yeah, as I said, just kids. But let's have a decko at the side door. Mind the dogs. (exits)

### SCENE 13 (at home)

FATS: (enters) Now, Dad. I'm going to draw your face now (begins to do so) that's your face....and mouth...sad mouth...angry, ANGRY eyes....red eyes...and you done a bad thing...they'll take you away....here comes Chips to get you....on his motorbike....and Nightrider.....SUPERMAN....so what you going to do now?....eh?....and you can't run away....cos you've no feet, cos Superman cut them off to stop you from running away....there's a letter from the Home Office... says you've done a bad thing cos you made mummy cry...and Superman's picked you up by your collar and THROWN you in prison....so there. And this is the prison (arranges the trunk) and you can't move. So there!

(Zeynep enters. She is reading.)

FATS: ZEYN! you have to sit here. (She sits)  
NOoo! Not like that! You've haven't got any feet cos  
we cut them off so you can't run away!

(She tucks her feet under her. Still reading)  
And you've got a sad mouth cos you're in prison and I'm the  
guard. (Zeynep pulls her mouth down.)  
You've been bad. You're a baddy daddy Polat.

ZEYNEP: Am I dad?

FATS: Yeah! And you can't talk. And I'm the guard.

ZEYNEP: What've I done wrong?

FATS: You've done a bad thing. (carries on guard duty)

BEATS

ZEYNEP: FATS! What is it that Dad's done wrong?

FATS: (goes back to his drawing): He's been bad.

ZEYNEP: Fats. Dad hasn't done a bad thing.

FATS: You mustn't talk! You're in prison!

ZEYNEP: It's not his fault. We just didn't have the right piece of  
paper.

FATS: Well, go to the shop, then.

ZEYNEP: You can't buy it with money. The man in the Home Office must  
give it to you.

FATS: I don't care, he's going to the really bad prison.

ZEYNEP: Fats! If you don't stop being horrible to mum and dad,  
they'll be sent away. And we'll be left here on our own.

FATS: (pause) Don't they like us anymore?

ZEYNEP: Course they like us. Don't you like them?

FATS: Yeah. But they just keep shouting all the time.

ZEYNEP: That's because they're worried. They're worried that the  
man from the Home Office will send them away and we'll be  
left here on our own. If we want to stay together in England,  
we've all got to hide.

FATS: Have we got to hide for ever?

ZEYNEP: Until the man changes his mind. It could be a long, long, long  
time.

FATS: (sighs) If I was a giant. If I was a giant, I'd put the  
man from the Home Office on my head and I'd say "D'you  
want a ride? Let me see your paper." And he'd climb up;  
climb on my head and I'd push him off and he'd be dead.



ZEYNEP: I've got a story.

FATS: Tell me.

ZEYNEP: It's about Snow White.

FATS: Draw it for me.

(Zeynep begins to and, as Brian enters, Fats and Zeynep exit as he begins speaking)

#### SCENE 14 (campaign meeting)

BRIAN: Hi. My name's Brian. I'm a teacher at Zeynep's school.

Thank you very much for coming to the meeting. I've known Zeynep since she was this high. When she first came to school she was very shy. She wouldn't say anything for the first couple of weeks. She just sat in a corner cutting up bits of sticky paper. But it wasn't long before she was the most popular girl in the school. She was always making up stories.

#### SCENE 15

ZEYNEP: MUm! (working on her picture of Snow White)

MUM: Uh....uh?

ZEYNEP: Come and see what I've done. It's nearly finished.

MUM:: Haha! What is it?

ZEYNEP: It's Snow White.

MUM : What's that on her face?

ZEYNEP: It's snow. That's why she's called Snow White. And that's where she done a pee on the floor.

MUM: Zeynep Hasbudak!

ZEYNEP: That's how the dwarves knew she was there! D'you like it? Shall I show it to Dad?

MUM: Yes. Call your Dad down for tea.

ZEYNEP: He's not upstairs.

MUM: Where is he?

ZEYNEP: He's gone out.

#### SCENE 16 (campaign meeting continued)

BRIAN: As you know Fats and Zeynep were born here. Their parents have been here for nearly nine years. They're hard working. They have never broken the law and the children are doing well at the moment. They've been in hiding for the last five months.



SCENE 17

MUM: He's gone out?

ZEYNEP: Mum, when we go home, can I leave it for the people who come after?

MUM: Yes. When did he go out?

ZEYNEP: This afternoon.

MUM: What time?

ZEYNEP: I don't know. I think it was 3 o'clock p'haps.

MUM: Where did he go?

ZEYNEP: To get something.

MUM: Did he say what time he'd be back?

ZEYNEP: No. He'll be back for tea.

MUM: He's not supposed to go out, None of us are supposed to go out. We're not supposed to even look out the window.

ZEYNEP: He'll come back for tea, Mum. He always does. Don't worry, Mum. He'll come back. He **always** does.

SCENE 18

BRIAN: The family is well. They're in good spirits. The children have lots of toys and games and their school friends write them lots of letters and cards.

This campaign has been about being together, having fun; enjoying parties as well as writing letters and marching. We haven't heard from the Home Office yet. But we are sure that we can make them change their minds - on compassionate grounds. Thank you.

SCENE 19

## The Arrest

POLAT HASBUDAK: (walking through the audience) :Yeah, that's okay. Thanks for your help. See you soon. (This was translated into Turkish initially but was dropped as not being consistent with Polat's speech at other times. We discussed whether to have Polat speak Turkish through-out, but decided against.)

P.C.: (spotting him across street) Mr Hasbudak?

POLAT: .....yes.....

P.C.: Mr POLAT Hasbudak?,,,,,,,

SCENE 20 Telephone conversation

BRIAN: Zeynep, Zeynep, don't cry. Now, that's it. Why not sit down. Okay? Now, what time did he go out? Zeynep, what time did he leave?

Right. Now this is what you should do. Get Fats with you. Close the curtains. Stay where you are. All right? Zeynep - smile for me.

SCENE 21

Mum and Fats - packing

FATS : Vroom! Vroom!.....vroom.....vroom.....vroom.....

MUM: Fats, put that away - did you hear me? Put that away and go and get your raincoat.

FATS: I want to take my car with me.

MUM: Put it in your rucksack then.

FATS: Can I take my xylophone with me?

MUM: No. That definitely won't fit.

FATS: My Castle of Despair! I can't find my Castle of Despair.'

MUM: That's because you never put anything away. You'll have to leave it.

FATS: But I CAN'T go without my Castle of Despair.....

MUM: This is not a game. Will you knidly get your coat - and do as you are told.

FATS: Where are we going, Mum?

MUM: To a new home.

FATS: Where is it?

MUM: I don't know.

FATS: Are we going home? Real home?

MUM: No.

FATS: Why are we going?

MUM: Because we've got to.

FATS: Where's Dad?

MUM: I don't know.

FATS: I'm not going without Dad.

MUM: Stop asking stupid questions. And PUT your coat ON..... FATS!

FATS IS CRYING

MUM: (Taking him) Oh, Fats.

SCENE 22 ÷ Police Station

BRIAN: Excuse me..... Hello? Excuse me.

P.C.: Yes, can I help?

BRIAN: Hope so. Have you got a Mr Polat Hasbudak here?

P.C.: Who?

BRIAN: Polat Hasbudak. Is he here? I believe he's been arrested.

P.C.: What makes you think that, sir?

BRIAN: He's not been seen since last night? He's not been home.

P.C.: Goone missing then, has he?

BRIAN: Not "gone missing". I believe he's been arrested and that he's being held here.

P.C.: Arrested? Ummm. Member of his....family? Are you,sir?

BRIAN: No. I'm a close friend.

P.C.: What was the name again?

BRIAN: Polat Hasbudak.

P.C.: You'll have to fill out a form.

BRIAN: Right. Of course I'll do that. Aren't you going to check in your book or wherever you list names of people you have here?

P.C.: Can't do that ,Sir. Not unless you'e a member of his immediate family. Sir?

BRIAN: I'm a very close friend. As I've told you. His wife asked me come.

P.C.: Perhaps she could come in,sir. It'd be easier.

BRIAN: She can't come.

P.C.: Oh, why's that?

BRIAN: She's ill.

P.C.: I see. Well....another member of the family,then? A son? Or a daughter, pr'haps?

BRIAN: Look, I'm not here to play stupid games,constable. I just want to know - is he here?

P.C.: No need to take that attitude,sir. If you go on like that,I am afraid I can't help you.

BRIAN: So, you're not going to tell me?

P.C.: No,sir.

BRIAN: (screws up form) Okay,then,forget it. (Leaves)

P.C. (calling after him); If you could bring in his wife,sir!

## SCENE 23

FATS: Mum,I don't like it here. It's horrid. I hate it. I haven't even got a proper bed. It's just a mattress on the floor. It smells. Mum,it does. IT SMELLS. And where's Dad? Mum,where's Dad? I want to see Dad. And the battery's gone in my car. Can I have a new one? Not a new cra,Mum. A new battery. And Zeynep won't talk to me. She says I'm a pain. I'M NOT a pain. I hate it here. When are we going home? Mum? Mum!

## Mum enters

MUM: Are you going to take your coat off?

FATS: No,I'm not going to take my coat off.

MUM: Are you going to keep your coat on?

FATS: No I'm not going to keep my coat on. (Takes it off)

MUM: Shall I make you something to eat?

FATS: Not hungry.

MUM: I'll make your favourite.



FATS: I'll be sick. All over the carpet.

MUM: Turkish cheese and pickle.

FATS: On white bread.

MUM: All right. Now sit down and watch the tele. And I don't want to hear that voice anymore. (Kisses him)

LOUD CRASH OFF ; Zeynep's frightened and amazed voice: Ohhhhhh,Mum!

ZEYNEP: (enters) Mum,the cupboard's fallen off the kitchen wall.  
It's all smashed.

Mum: Well,sweep it up.

ZEYNEP: We didn't bring a brush.

MUM: Well. we'll do it later.

ZEYNEP: But where shall I put the food?

MUM: In the fridge.

ZEYNEP: There isn't a fridge,.

MUM: Leave it in the box then.

ZEYNEP: All right.

MUM: Could you get Fats something to play with.,?

Zeyn: Oh,alright.....but why me....lazy etc.....

MUM: Now,what was I going to do? Oh,yes,food.

ZEYNEP: There you are,Fats.

MUM: Are you hungry?

ZEYNEP: Oh,yeah.

MUM: I wonder where your dad is.

ZEYNEP: How will he know where to findus?

FATS: We should have left him a note.

ZEYNEP: Don't be silly,Fats. They'd know where we are then,wouldn't they?

MUM: Brian is sorting it out,isn't he?

ZEYNEP: He's gone down to the police station.

MUM: I wonder if your Dad's eaten?

FATS (all the time he's been watching the TV) Mum....

ZEYNEP: If we get the curtain up,that would be nice wouldn't it?

MUM: Mmmmmm.Yes.... I'm worried about your dad's stomach.

FATS: Mum....it's dad.....

MUM: Yes,Fats,I know. We're all worried about dad. There's nothing we can do.

ZEYENP: The orange ones with the flowers. That'd be nice.,

FATS: No...it's dad. Mum,he's on tele.

MUM: Oh,Fats.....(looks towards TV) Wha.....(moves to TV)

ZEYENP: They'll be a bit big.. We'll cut the bottoms,couldn't we...  
Mum....? (Turns to see TV).....

All three stare at screen. Freeze.

TV Presenter:.....Hasbudak was arrested tghis morning. He was taken to Stoke Newingotn POLICE Station where he was charged. He was later taken to Harmondsworth Detention Centre and then brought here to Heathrow. He's just be put aboard Turkish Airlines TK 980 for Istanbul.

A spokesman for the Home Office said that his family is still in hiding. He urged them to give themselves up.

Diana Sharpe.from Heathrow Airport for the Six O'Clock News.

#### SCENE 24

MUM : I've found them,Zeyn. They were in this suitcase. Now - there's one particular letter. It's on white paper. It's from some mum's in Camden. And it's the one we're going to take to the man in the Home Office. Not the bossman;the other one. Brian says he's got two children and he'll understand.

ZEYNEP: I8ve found it!

MUM: Read it out.

ZEYNEP: THIS FAMILY CANNOT BE BROKEN UP. THERE IS NO HOME FOR THEM IN TURKEY. THEIR ONLY HOME IS HERE. THEIR ONLY FRIENDS ARE HERE. PLEASE ALLOW THEM TO STAY. Shall we send it to him, Mum?

MUM: No. We're going to go donw there. We're going to give it to him.

ZEYNEP: But they'll catch us.

MUM: When he sees our faces,he'll change his mind. Look at all these letters. All these letters are from people who want us to stay. There are two suitcases full of people,Zeyn! They CAN'T make us go back now. They can't. (TWO BEATS) Zeynep, if we had to go back, you would make new friends,wouldn't you?

ZEYNEP: Yes. But I don't speak Turkish very well,do I?

MUM: I'll teach you. Brian always says how clever you are. You'll soon learn.

ZEYNEP: And I can teach Fats.

MUM: Course you can.

ZEYNEP: Mum - can Jasmine come?

MUM: No. That'd mean splitting her family,wouldn't it? Then her Mum and Dad would be sad and we don't want them to be sad,too. But she could come for a holiday. But - we're NOT going back to Turkey. Look at all these letters. Now,we've got to sort them out. Because it we're going to win,we've got to be organised. Shwo them we mean it. We are all staying here.Together!

ZEYNEP: But what are we going to do about Dad?

MUM: I'll sort them into piles. Newspaper reports here. Letters here, then the leaflets,.....

ZEYNEP: Mum.....mum,they've caught Dad!

MUM: .....now, all the petitions. Mustn't lose THOSE.

ZEYNEP: And they've sent him to Turkey.

MUM: I'm going to take all those letters and all the petitions.I'M going to the Home Office. And this is what I'm going to say: MY FAMILY WILL NOT BE BROKEN UP. THERE IS NO HOME FOR US IN TURKEY.OUR ONLY HOME IS HERE. OUR ONLY FRIENDS ARE HERE. YOU MUST ALLOW US TO STAY.



## SCENE 25 : THE AIRPORT

FATS: (entering as an aircraft) Nnnnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....  
(Bumps into someone) Ouch! Sorry,mister. (Continues) Where's the planes? There's no planes. Zeynep.there's no planes!

ZEYNEP: Fats, it just not here yet.

FATS: But I'm ready now - I've got my bag and my sword and....

ZEYNEP: Well you'll have to wait. Go and guard the luggage or som'ing.

FATS: (going across) Nnnnnnnnnnaaaaaa..... etc.

ANNOUNCEMENT: BA FLIGHT 741 for ATHENS. NOW BOARDING AT GATE 15.

ZEYNEP: I've learnt some Turkish.

BRIAN: Yeah? What have you learnt?

ZEYNEP: Evet.

BRIAN: D'you what it means?

ZEYNEP: Yes.

BRIAN: Well, what does it mean?

ZEYNEP: Yes!

(They laugh)

ZEYNEP: Mum's going to teach me more when we get there and I'm going to teach Fats. And I'll have a new school and a new teacher....

BRIAN: Send me a picture,won't you.

ZEYNEP: Course, I'll draw you one. Like the wedding one.

BRIAN: Still got that on my wall.

ZEYNEP: Have you?

BRIAN: Yeah.

(Pause)

ZEYNEP: You'll write to me won't you,Brian?

BRIAN: Course I will. We'll all write to you.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Final call for BA Flight 260 for Toronto.

FATS: Where's that lady?

BRIAN: I was just thinking about the hiding houses. You remember the second one? The one with no lighting?

ZEYNEP: Yeah. And we had to take candles with us to bed. And I read Fats that story.

BRIAN: Which one?

ZEYNEP: The Wild Things.

FATS: The Wild Things. Read it to me.

ZEYNEP: It's in the case,Fats.

FATS : But you could!

BRIAN: It's packed away,Fats. She'll read it to you on the plane.

(Fats grumbles cheerily and goes back to luggage and sits)



ANNOUNCEMENT: AIR FRANCE FLIGHT 229 FOR PARIS NOW BOARDING AT GATE 3.

FATS: Where's that lady?

ZEYNEP: When I get to Turkey I'm going to write it all down. Everything that's happened to us - it'll be my best story ever.

BRIAN: You put the letters in it.

ZEYNEP: And the pictures!

BRIAN: And you could make it into a book.

ZEYNEP: Yeah, and we could send it to everyone.

BRIAN: Even the man at the Home Office.

ZEYNEP: Oh, yeah.

(Pause)

BRIAN: You did keep the letters, didn't you?

ZEYNEP: Mum's got them all. They're all sorted out. She got them in a suitcase. (PAUSE) It won't be long now.

BRIAN: No. It won't be long now.

(Pause)

ANNOUNCEMENT: TURKISH AIRLINES FLIGHT 980 TO ISTANBUL NOW BOARDING AT GATE ELEVEN.

FATS: Stabul! Stanbul! Mum! It said Stanbul! (running off)

(Zeynep begins to collect her things)

BRIAN: Zeynep, the kids at school have all put together. Next year, we're all going to send for you to come back for a holiday. You'll be able to stay with us. Would you like that?

ZEYNEP: (Nods)

BRIAN: So would we.

(Zeynep moves towards Brian)

MUM: Come on, Fats.

FATS: Mum, I'm going to sit by the wing. I can see if it falls off. I'll going and tell the Captain if it does and then he'll land us.....

MUM: That's right, Fats. Here you are. (Hands him his bags) Say goodbye to Brian.

BRIAN: You take good care mind. (Pause) Mrs Hasbudak. (Distance between them. Holds out hand. Beat. Looking at each other, thinking. The they shake hands. Then hug each other.) Good luck.

MUM: Come on Fats. Zeynep. (Exits)

BRIAN: Zeynep. (They hug) Write soon, eh? (Zeynep walks off)  
ZEYNEP: Is there anything you would like me to tell your friends at school?

ZEYNEP: Tell them....tell them to keep on marching.'Til we win.

..... END .....