

THE SUN
All One and the Same

A play in one act

By:
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A café in Alexandria facing the sea near Bibliotheca Alexandrina at late night. The café is dim and empty. There is a half-lighted decorated Christmas tree in the right corner. There are a sleepy waiter and a dreamy tired waitress, putting on a pair of earphones. She is devoted to the work, but her face seems to be shut. She unplugged the earphones, and the sound of the music fills the air.

(The Song):

بنلف فى دواير
و الدنيا تآلف بينا
دايما بننتهى
لمطرح ما ابتدينا
طيور الفجر
تايهة فى عتمة المدينة
بتدور

ما بنكتبش الرسايل
ما بنتطرش رد
لا حد فى يوم سمعنا
و لا بنسمع حد
طيور العمر تايهة
فى عتمة المدينة
بتدور

ساكنين فى عالم يعشق الخطر
فيه الطيور تهرب من الشجر
و تهرب النجوم من القمر
و تهرب الوجوه من الصور

بنلف فى دواير

ندور على الأمان
و نلائينا رجعنا
تانى لنفس المكان
ندور ندور ندور

نحلم و نحلم بالحياة المفرحة
و اتارى احلامنا بلا اجنحة
بلا اجنحة
ندور ندور ندور
بجناح حزين مكسور
ساعات تشوف فى العتمة
و ساعات نتوه فى النور
ساعات عيوننا بالاسى تفرح
وساعات فى ساعة الفرح منوحه

(The Waitress' eyes are full of her crystal tears; she stops working and contemplates the song)

ولا حاضر
ولا ماضى
تروس بتلّف على الفاضى
ولا فينا
شباب زعلان
ولا فينا شباب راضى

ما فيش غير اننا

بندور

ندور

ندور

(The Waitress goes around and around in a circular movement). *All of a sudden an old man (Shylock) appears in weird clothes, wearing a red cap. The waitress is shocked and gazes at him.*

Shylock: Good night.

The Waitress: (*gazes*) Good night sir.

Shylock: (*amazed*) You said sir, thanks thanks my dear ehhhh

The Waitress: You are welcome, but thanks for what sir?

Shylock: Oh I see. No I mean thanks for “sir”

(*The Waitress is still puzzled and mystified*)

Shylock: Why is it empty?

The Waitress: It’s midnight.

Shylock: Midnight? What’s wrong with midnight?

The Waitress: Nothing sir.

Shylock: Has she come?

The Waitress: Who is she, sir?

Shylock: A very rich woman who is hosting us tonight.

The Waitress: Hosting?

Shylock: Yes, (*lowering his voice*) she invited me today to celebrate.

The Waitress: Actually I don’t understand anything, sir. Pardon me, may I ask you a question?

Shylock: Thanks a million dear.

The Waitress: Oh thanks for what again I just want to ask you a question?

Shylock: Yes of course, but I thank you because you respect me.

The Waitress: I have to, sir. (*She gazes at his red cap*) are you a Jew?

Shylock: You will start to disrespect me?

The Waitress: Why?

Shylock: Because I'm a Jew.

The Waitress: No sir, of course not. I have to respect you and all of the guests, simply because I'm a waitress.

Shylock: (*smiles*) Do you know when will she come?

The Waitress: Who is she?

Shylock: Lady Macbeth.

The Waitress: Lady Macbeth. Who's Lady Macbeth?

Shylock: She is a queen, but once upon a time.

The Waitress: What's her name?

Shylock: I don't know. She is called Lady Macbeth. Nobody knows her name.

The Waitress: Any way, it doesn't make any difference. She will be welcome.

Shylock: She has to come because she is rich; she has moneyyyy; she is a queen; you know. A queen.

The Waitress: Queen? A real queen and will come here?

Shylock: Yes, I told you; we will be gathering to celebrate, but I'm a bit tense. What will happen if she won't come?

The Waitress: You will celebrate the New Year alone.

Shylock: Alone no no no I am sick of loneliness, and I don't have money. My daughter took all the money and gave it to her Christian lover. She left me alone. She left her poor father alone. Would you imagine? Alone.

(Shylock sits down murmuring)

The Waitress: Yes I perfectly do imagine. But pardon me sir, you said her Christian lover. Isn't she a Jew?

Shylock: Yes she is, but fell in love with Lorenzo the Christian who hates me. *(With a low voice)* are you Christian?

The Waitress: No. I'm Muslim.

Shylock: Of course you hate Jews, don't you?

The Waitress: ehhhhhhhm no sir.

Shylock: But I feel the opposite.

The Waitress: Do you want to drink anything sir?

Shylock: No, no, no not now, not now dear.

The Waitress: Ok, excuse me then. *(She goes and puts her ear phones)*

Shylock: *(goes to the Waitress, pointing to her ear phones)* Dear!

The Waitress: *(putting off her earphones)* Do you need help, sir?

Shylock: Are you living with your father?

The Waitress: No sir. *(Short pause, then she gazes at his eyes)* He is dead.

Shylock: Oh, I'm sorry, but with whom are you living my dear child?

The Waitress: With my mother and sisters.

Shylock: You are working to help them?

The Waitress: Yes. Life is full of difficulties. I have to work, work and work.

Shylock: If your mom is rich will you leave her and take the money?

The Waitress: If she is rich, I wouldn't have had to work, and I would have resumed my studies.

Shylock: If I have money, I would have helped you my dear child.

The Waitress: *(smiles bitterly)* Thank you sir.

Shylock: *(sits down, looks at the clock and goes toward the table)* She is late. Queens have to be punctual.

(Lady Macbeth opens the door; she appears in her white gown and a golden rope around her neck)

Shylock: Oh, thank God. Finally she is here. *(Stands up and looks at Lady Macbeth)* Hello my dear fair queen.

Lady Macbeth: Fair is foul and foul is fair.

Shylock: *(tries to understand)* How are you doing my dear queen? Why are you late? I thought you won't come.

Lady Macbeth: *(rubbing her hands)* I was washing my hands Shylock. Do you see the spots?

Shylock: I don't see anything your majesty.

Lady Macbeth: *(sits down, looking at her hands, and she is about to cry)* Here is the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not purify these little hands.

Shylock: Oh, oh, oh, don't cry my queen. We are here to celebrate. *(Looking at the waitress)* do you have perfume dear?

The waitress: Yes sir, just a moment. *(The waitress exits)*

Shylock: *(patting Lady Macbeth's shoulder)* She will bring her perfume.

Lady Macbeth: In vain Shylock in vain, I tried many times, but in vain. *(She sighs, trying to hide her face and tears)*

The waitress: *(comes, holding her perfume)* Here you are sir.

Shylock: (*smelling the perfume*) Oh what a wonderful fragrance! Thanks dear. You know my dear child, if Jessica had not left me I would have given it to her, but she had gone. She is not at home.

The Waitress: You can keep it sir.

Shylock: (*looking at the bottle*) For free dear?

The waitress: Yes for free. Keep it till Jessica comes, and tell her it's a gift from somebody who....

(*The Waitress takes a deep sigh*)

Shylock: Oh ladies. You both are sad?

Lady Macbeth: (*lifts her head up, and looks at the Waitress*) Why are you cheerless dear?

The waitress: Nothing madam!! I'm sorry.

Shylock: Have you remembered your father?

The Waitress: Yes. Yes I do sir. He was so kind. Like you.

Shylock: You are joking? Am I kind? This is very strange. (*to Lady Macbeth*) she is saying I'm kind.

Lady Macbeth: You are kind Shylock, but the problem is that people want to see you unlike that. (*to the waitress*) thanks for the perfume dear, you can take it back.

Shylock: (*catches the perfume*) She gave it to me!!!

(*The three smile*)

The Waitress: Would you like anything to drink now?

Shylock: Of course, (*pointing at Lady Macbeth*) Lady Macbeth the greatest queen will decide.

Lady Macbeth: I think we should wait a little bit for/

Shylock: For whom? Why my lady?

The Waitress: Excuse me then. (*She goes towards the sleepy waiter*)

Lady Macbeth: Till she comes.

Shylock: who is she?

Lady Macbeth: Elisabeth.

Shylock: Elisabeth? Who is Elisabeth?

Lady Macbeth: Elisabeth Rousset.

Shylock: Elisabeth Rousset?

Lady Macbeth: Yes

Shylock: Elisabeth Rousset , Boule de Suif the/

Lady Macbeth: Prostitute.

The waitress: (*shocked and murmuring*) prostitute? what a strange night is this!!!
(*puts her ear phones*)

Shylock: She is coming to celebrate with us?

Lady Macbeth: Yes.

Shylock: (*perplexed*) Celebrating with us? Oh, no.

Lady Macbeth: Yes Shylock is it weird?

Shylock: But she is happy my queen. She is doing whatever she wants, whenever she likes.

Lady Macbeth: She is not. Why are you saying she is happy? Are you sure that she is care-free?

Shylock: But she is a prostitute.

Lady Macbeth: Oh Shylock!!!!!!! Typical of all men.

Shylock: I hate prostitutes any way.

Lady Macbeth: Really shylock? But I think the opposite is true.

Shylock: The opposite?

Lady Macbeth: Yes, they hate you shylock.

Shylock: But I have never met any whore before. I know that I'm not attractive or handsome, but /

Lady Macbeth: But you are a Jew, my old kind miser.

Shylock: Even you Lady Macbeth. You are saying a 'Jew'

Lady Macbeth: Aren't you Shylock?

Shylock: I am.

Lady Macbeth: So you are a Jew, and she is a prostitute.

Shylock: Jew and prostitute? Are both the same?

Lady Macbeth: Yes Shylock, actually all of us here are the same.

Shylock: The same?

Lady Macbeth: Yes all one and the same.

Shylock: So what about you?

Lady Macbeth: 'The fourth witch'.

Shylock: What's wrong with you today? You are a Queen, and I'm a conservative religious man. Are we going to share the party with a prostitute?

Lady Macbeth: Why not Shylock? A Jew, a devil and a prostitute are celebrating together.

Shylock: I don't want to sit with her; she is a whore.

Lady Macbeth: But she is a human being. She is kind.

Shylock: Prostitute and kind?

Lady Macbeth: Yes, just like a ‘Jew’ and kind.

Shylock: Again my Lady you are making me furious. Being a Jew is not like being a prostitute.

Lady Macbeth: Almost the same Shylock; all one and the same; all of us are the ‘others’.

Shylock: others?

Lady Macbeth: Aliens in the eyes of those inhumane blind people; in the eyes of those intolerant societies.

Shylock: But we are not the same. You are a queen.

Lady Macbeth: The same as I told you. Don’t be like them Shylock and turn a blind eye to reality. You are a Jew; she is a prostitute and I am a devil.

(Silence)

Shylock: She is beautiful, isn’t she?

Lady Macbeth: Typical of men Shylock! Typical of men. What about if not?

Shylock: (nodding his head) The same, all one and the same, I won’t be able to give her money.

Lady Macbeth: What an old miser!

Shylock: Lady Macbeth do you have money?

Lady Macbeth: Why?

Shylock: Because Boule de Suif will not pay the check. She is poor.

Macbeth: Don’t worry Shylock I’ll pay. I’m rich; I have money and jewelry, but *(short pause, and she takes a deep sigh)* both of you are better than me.

Shylock: How is that your majesty?

Lady Macbeth: I am nameless, Shylock; NAMELESS.

Shylock: Nameless?

Lady Macbeth: Yes, I don't have a name. Do you know my name?

Shylock: 'Lady Macbeth'. That's what I know.

Lady Macbeth: Nobody knows my true name. I'm nameless; I have no identity; I own nothing indeed.

Shylock: But you have money and you will pay today.

Lady Macbeth: Nothing nothing; I'm nothing.

(Lady Macbeth starts to rub her hands trying to clean the spotless blood then she looks at the clock)

Lady Macbeth: Elisabeth is late.

Shylock: She has to finish her work first.

Lady Macbeth: Don't be silly Shylock.

(Boule de Suif comes, holding her picnic basket; she opens the door)

Boule de Suif: Bonsoir, tout le monde! Comment ca va?

Lady Macbeth: Why are you late Elisabeth?

(The waitress comes holding the menu and looks at Boule de Suif)

The Waitress: Here is the menu.

Boule de Suif *(looking at the Waitress):* Oh, mon Dieu, ma pauvre! are you poor?

The Waitress: Excuse me!

Boule de Suif: *(holding the waitress' hands)* Are you poor?

(The Waitress smiles and Boule de Suif points at the Waiter)

Boule de Suif: And what about that lazy man there? Sleeping and not working. Leaving all the burden upon your shoulders, dear. I know men. All of them are the same. I'm sorry I don't want to offend you, but I'm wondering why you are working till that hour of the night. You must be poor, and you are in a bad need of the money. Right?

The Waitress: You are a good observer. Yes I'm very poor and I have to work. Working at night is much worth than working in the morning, but it's full of problems.

Boule de Suif: I know my dear, I know very well.

Shylock: My queen let us celebrate.

Lady Macbeth: Elisabeth, you look very tired. Are you hungry? Would you like to eat first?

Boule de Suif: I'm fine. I just want a glass of water.

Shylock: A glass of water after such a long day? It's better to eat first.

Boule de Suif: Thanks Shylock. I know that you are making fun of me, but I'm not hungry. After my work I lose my appetite. I feel sick.

Shylock: Sick?

Boule de Suif: Yes sick.

Lady Macbeth: *(sighs)* Sick at heart.

(Boule de Suif is about to vomit)

The Waitress: The bathroom is there madam.

Boule de Suif: Thanks *(goes to the bathroom)*

Shylock: Is she really sick?

Lady Macbeth: Yes, sick at heart.

Shylock: Oh, sick at heart; just like me.

Lady Macbeth: Like us, all of us are sick at heart, Shylock.

Shylock: (*nods his head*) It's so sad to be sick at heart, but what's worse is to feel out of place.

Lady Macbeth: All of us are out of place.

Shylock: Since we are out of our real places, and no one knows us here, let's celebrate.

Lady Macbeth: You are right Shylock, let's celebrate.

Shylock: No till Elisabeth comes.

Lady Macbeth: Glorious, glorious Shylock

(*Boule de Suif comes, her hair and face are wet*)

Shylock: You feel better now, don't you?

Boule de Suif: Yes I'm fine now. Sorry for disturbing you. The poor always causes many troubles, but let's us celebrate now my dear friends.

(*The Waitress comes and her face is full of queries*)

The Waitress: May I ask you a question?

Lady Macbeth: Sure/

Boule de Suif: Avec plaisir.

The waitress: What are you celebrating?

(*All of the three at same time*)

Shylock: Our freedom

Lady Macbeth: Our freedom

Boule de Suif: Our freedom

The waitress: your freedom?

Shylock: We/

Lady Macbeth: Have decided/

Boule de Suif: To be/

Shylock: Happy/

Boule de Suif: So happy/

Lady Macbeth: Happy and free

(The three at the same time look at each other and scream)

Shylock: Free.

Lady Macbeth: Free

Boule de Suif: Free.

(The waiter suddenly wakes up, and is shocked by the guests' loud voice and appearance. He gesticulates at the Waitress, and then the Waitress goes towards him)

The Waiter: *(to the waitress, with a low voice)* Who are these weird people?

The Waitress: Shhh. Don't say weird

The Waiter: They look awkward.

The Waitress: They are people like us. They are kind, but they look different. They are out of place and time.

The Waiter: *(puts his hand on the Waitress' forehead)* Are you hallucinating? What's out of place and time?

The Waitress: Shhh, stop it now. Go and ask them what they want to eat because I have to go home now.

(The Waiter goes toward the guests table, holding the menu, and Shylock hides his red cap)

The Waiter: (*Puts the menu on the table*) Merry Christmas.

Shylock: Where is my dear child?

The Waiter: Your child?

Boule de Suif: (*looks in disgust*) He means the Waitress.

The Waiter: She is about to leave now because she is a bit tired.

Lady Macbeth: So sad.

(*The Waitress appears and smiles to the guests*)

Shylock: Could you please stay with us?

(*The Waiter exits*)

The Waitress: I'm sorry sir, I have to leave now.

Boule de Suif: I think you have to sleep well now because you look very tired.

Lady Macbeth: Where is your perfume? Put on some and you will be fresh. I want you to stay with us, I want you to celebrate.

The Waitress: I can't madam, I am not supposed to, and I'm so tired.

Lady Macbeth: I'll give you money my little princess, but I want to ask you a question?

The Waitress: Sure

Lady Macbeth: Do you have a name?

The Waitress: Name? Sure. My name is Shams.

Shylock: Shams? What is the meaning of "Shams"?

The Waitress: It means "the sun"

Boule de Suif: I like the sun. (*She goes towards the Christmas tree, and turns on all the light*) and light. I like light.

Lady Macbeth: All of us do adore light, (*putting her hand on her heart*) because hell is murky.

(Lady Macbeth takes off her ring and gives it to the Waitress)

Lady Macbeth: Take it my dear child, this is for you.

Shylock: Is it my diamond ring?

Lady Macbeth: Shylock! Stop it. That's mine of course, and now it becomes Shams'.

The Waitress: (*with a bright face*) Thanks a million my dear madam. I'm speechless.

Shylock: (*hides his face with one hand and his cap with the other*) Uf uf uf (*points at the door*) look my fair queen, there is a gentleman outside, he is about to come in.

The Waitress: Why are you so anxious?

Boule de Suif: Because he's different. (*with a low voice*) I mean all of us are different.

The Waitress: But he's warm-hearted and actually all of you are so compassionate.

Lady Macbeth: All of us are different Shams.

The Waitress: You may appear different, but you are full of humanity.

Boule de Suif: Damn that appearance.

(The Waitress exits and the door is opened, and a very handsome man in his twenties enters, holding his laptop, sitting on a table next to the three guests.)

The Waiter: Merry Christmas, sir. (*Putting the menu on the table*)

Mounir: Merry Christmas; may I have an orange juice, please?

The Waiter: Sure (*exits*)

(*Mounir opens his laptop and gazes at Shylock, Lady Macbeth and Boule de Suif*)

Boule de Suif: (*smiles and waves her hands*) Joyeux Noël.

Mounir: Joyeux Noël.

Lady Macbeth: (*to Shylock*) He is surprised and shocked because of our appearance.

Shylock: Definitely he is shocked because I'm a Jew.

(*Lady Macbeth smiles to Mounir and is about to say something but she doesn't. The Waitress brings the orange juice and puts it on the table.*)

Mounir: Thanks (*starts drinking.*)

Boule de Suif: What's up Lady Macbeth? Speak up; he is a very handsome gentleman.

Lady Macbeth: (*to Mounir*) Happy New Year.

Mounir: (*smiles*) Happy New Year.

Lady Macbeth: May I ask you a question my dear Prince?

Mounir: Sure.

Lady Macbeth: What's your name?

Mounir: (*stunned*) Mounir; my name is Mounir, (*leaves his table and goes to sit with them, sitting beside Lady Macbeth*) do you need any help?

Lady Macbeth: No, thanks dear.

Mounir: And what about your name?

Lady Macbeth: I don't know my name, but people call me Lady Macbeth.

Mounir: Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth?

Lady Macbeth: Yes. Do you know me?

Mounir: Yes, of course.

Lady Macbeth: By the way sometimes people label me the/

Mounir: I know: the fourth witch.

Lady Macbeth: (*amazed*) How do you know?

Mounir: I'm interested in the Bard¹. But I like your character.

Lady Macbeth: Really? You like me?

Mounir: yes. I do believe in your humanity.

Lady Macbeth: No one does, even Him.

Mounir: Do you mean Macbeth?

Lady Macbeth: (*amazed*) Yesssssssss, my dear yes. (*short pause, and her tears start to fall down*)

Mounir: (*wipes her tears and murmurs*) He is the real fourth witch not you.

But you loved him too much.

Lady Macbeth: Yes and that's was my fault. You know? I just wanted to be the king's wife, not the queen.

Boule de Suif: All is the same dear, all one and the same.

Shylock: Not really Elisabeth. (*to Mounir*) can I participate in that interesting conversation?

Mounir: Sure.

¹ William Shakespeare is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon".

Shylock: (*with a low voice*) I'm Shylock, from Venice.

Mounir: Shylock? the merchant of Venice?

Shylock: Actually it's Antonio not me. He is the merchant of Venice.

Mounir: You are the real merchant of Venice, Shylock .

Shylock: But I'm the Jew, the villain, the criminal

Mounir: Dear Shylock that's what those people want you to be, but you are human. Yes, you do have ill traits, but you are a human being.

Boule de Suif: Human? What about me darling? Am I considered a human too?

Mounir: sure. All of us are humans; we may err, have faults, but at the end of the day we all are the same. HUMANE!!

Boule de Suif: No we aren't the same. I'm sure once you know me, you will be detached unless (*pause*)

Mounir: Unless what?

Boule de Suif: (*with a low voice*) Unless you are interested in me.

Mounir: Excuse me, what do you mean?

Boule de Suif: I'm a prostitute.

Mounir: Prostitute?

Boule de Suif: (*bitterly*) Maupassant's Boule de Suif. Maupassant's prostitute (*silence*) are you shocked?

Mounir: (*pause*) No no no I'm fine. (*looking at her*)

Boule de Suif: Why are you gazing at me?

Mounir: (*smiles*) What a nice picnic basket! It symbolizes you, Elisabeth.

Boule de Suif: Symbolizes me?

Mounir: Yes.

Boule de Suif: What do you mean?

Mounir: I mean you are very generous Elisabeth.

Boule de Suif: (*smiles*) generous? In the eyes of whom? Men or women?

Mounir: Both.

Boule de Suif: Both? I hate men, and women who behave like men.

Mounir: Hypocrisy you mean. You hate hypocrisy.

Boule de Suif: Yes

Mounir: But I think you are courageous enough to defy such hypocritical society.

Boule de Suif: But they always win.

Mounir :(*nods his head, and with a bitter tone*) Yes.

Shylock: Do you hate men, Elisabeth?

Boule de Suif: (*disturbed*) Men are interested in me, but they don't respect me; they want to make love with me, but they don't love me.

Lady Macbeth: What is the matter with women then?

Mounir: Elisabeth doesn't mean all the women of course; she hates those hard-hearted hypocritical women who support patriarchal beliefs and values.

Boule de Suif: You do understand me Mounir.

Mounir: I do Elisabeth; I do, and that's what we are suffering from nowadays.

Lady Macbeth: In the twenty first century?

Mounir: Unfortunately.

Shylock: In Egypt!

Mounir: Everywhere Shylock, at every time. The same hypocrisy, the same prejudice, the same prison.

Boule de Suif: Everywhere, at any time, yes all is one and the same.

(Lady Macbeth stands facing Bibliotheca Alexandrina)

Lady Macbeth: So sad, I'm sorry for what I'm hearing. In the twenty first century? In Egypt? The land of the Pharos? Nothing has changed?

Mounir: Nothing has changed, Lady Macbeth.

Shylock: *(touching his cap and gabardine)* Clothes have changed.

Lady Macbeth: Don't be outrageous Shylock.

Mounir: It's not a matter of Egypt, Scotland, Venice or France. It's not a matter of Elizabethan age or a modern age. It's a problem of humanity.

Boule de Suif: *(in a sarcastic tone)* Humanity? Does this word exist?

Shylock: So you are suffering because of humanity?

Mounir: Because of *(pointing to his head)* my ideas, perception and insight.

Lady Macbeth: *(pointing to her heart)* And because of our emotions and passions.

Boule de Suif: Are you happy with your conditions Mounir, and what you believe in?

Mounir: I'm really awestruck with my ideas, but I'm not happy with my conditions.

Shylock: Why? Are you a Jew?

Mounir: It's not a matter of religion. It's more than that.

Boule de Suif: And you are not poor!

Mounir: No, I'm not poor, Elisabeth.

Lady Macbeth: And you are a man, so what's your problem then?

Mounir: Being different.

Shylock: Oh, you are different like us! But you don't look like us my dear boy, and you are not wearing a Jewish cap.

Mounir: I always feel out of place.

Shylock: (*nodding his head*) Out of place.

Mounir: When I feel desperate, I come here, reading and looking at the library. It gives me light.

Boule de Suif: Light, bright white light.

Mounir: Hope. It gives me hope; it supports me.

Lady Macbeth: (*to Mounir*) What about the sea, Mounir?

Mounir: Oh sea! (*Looking at the window from which he takes a glimpse of the sea*)

'Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free:
Oh, happy bird! Were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.'

Shylock: Flying beyond the sea!

Lady Macbeth: (*to Mounir*) Me too; My heart is gone, far, far from me.

Boule de Suif: My heart is gone beyond the sea.

Shylock: I don't understand your point. (*to Mounir*) what about the sea?

Mounir: It makes me patient. It keeps me waiting, waiting and waiting.

Shylock: For whom?

Lady Macbeth: (*sarcastically*) For Godot?

Boule de Suif: *(bitterly)* But Godot never comes.

Mounir: (smiles) No for the sun and the sun always comes.

(The Waitress appears, and she looks very bright; Boule de Suif is fascinated by her face)

Boule de Suif: Shams.

The Waitress: Yes, madam.

Boule de Suif: You look better now dear

The Waitress: Better madam.

(Lady Macbeth looks at The Waitress and gives her a motherly warm smile.)

The Waitress: *(looking at the diamond ring, and then Lady Macbeth)* Thanks.

Lady Macbeth: *(patting the Waitress' hand)* Not at all dear Shams

(The waitress goes towards the Waiter and then adjusts her ear phones. But the annoying waiter tries to unplug the ear phones from her mobile. Then a very wonderful music is slightly heard. Mounir is attracted to the song and smiles)

Shylock: why are you smiling?

Mounir: I adore this song.

Lady Macbeth: Which song?

(Mounir stands up, and holds Lady Macbeth's and Elisabeth's hands. Then they go towards the waitress, and Shylock follows them)

Mounir: *(to the Waitress)* Could you please let us enjoy the song with you?

The Waitress: Sure. *(She raises the volume of the song)*

Boule de Suif: Now we will celebrate

(Shylock holds the Waitress' hand, and Mounir puts the Christmas tree in the middle of the Café. The guests, the Waitress and Mounir stand in a circle, holding each others' hands; they start to move around the tree while listening to the song.)

The Waiter: What a strange day!!!

Mounir: *(to the guests and Shams)* What a glorious day!

Shylock: Merry Christmas.

Shams: Merry Christmas.

Boule de Suif: Ever we shall be

Lady Macbeth: Happy and free.

(Shylock takes off his Jewish cap, Lady Macbeth throws her golden rope and Boule de Suif takes fruits from her basket and gives all of them.)

رفضك يا زمانى يا مكانى يا اوانى

أنا عايز أعيش فى كوكب تانى

فيه عالم تانى فيه لسه أمانى

فيه الانسان لسه انسان

عايش للتانى

Curtain