

THE BEAUTY INSIDE
By
Catherine Filloux

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

Copyright © 2023 by Catherine Filloux

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **THE BEAUTY INSIDE** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **THE BEAUTY INSIDE** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to genekato@nextstagepress.com

For First Class performance rights contact:

Elaine Devlin Literary, Inc, 1115 Broadway, 12th Floor, NY, NY 10010 USA,
email: elaine@edevlinlit.com

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **THE BEAUTY INSIDE** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

To my sister Marianne

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

The world premiere of *The Beauty Inside* was co-produced by New Georges (Susan Bernfield, Artistic Director; Sarah Cameron Sunde, Associate Director) and InterAct Theatre Company (Seth Rozin, Artistic Director; Melissa Amster, Managing Director) at InterAct in Philadelphia and The Culture Project in New York City. The cast and staff were as follows:

Nazim.....Edward A. Hajj
Devrim.....Jennifer Gibbs
Yalova.....Tatiana Gomberg
Mehmet/Zeki/Police/Guard/
Orphanage Man/Attorney/Villager....A-men Rasheed
Peri.....Michelle Rios

Director Kay Matschullat
Music composed by Elizabeth Swados
Set Takeshi Kata; Lights Clifton Taylor/Carolyn Wong;
Sound Shannon Zura; Costumes Oana Botez-Ban

The Beauty Inside was also produced in Iraq by Adalet Garmiany/ArtRole, with director Gaziza Omer; Kurdish translation by Nawzad Shwani. The play was workshopped in Arabic at the Higher Institute of Drama & Cultural Animation in Rabat, Morocco, directed by Messaoud Bouhcine.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

CAST: 3 Women/2 Men

NAZIM Devrim's father; a lawyer
DEVIRIM A female lawyer; late 20s/early 30s
YALOVA 14-year-old daughter of Peri
MEHMET/ZEKI/POLICE/GUARD/FIRAT/ORPHANAGE
MAN/ ATTORNEY/VILLAGER
PERI Yalova's mother

PLACE: Istanbul; a shelter in Antalya; and villages in
Southeastern Turkey. Locales are suggested by light and
sound.

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE: Shortly after I saw a full solar eclipse
on the Black Sea in Turkey, I experienced a large earthquake in
Istanbul. Subsequently an article in the Los Angeles Times, by
Amberin Zaman, described a 14-year-old Turkish girl, the survivor
of an attempted honor killing. "Honor killing" is the murder of a
woman by members of her family because the family has
determined that her behavior has resulted in a stain on family
"honor" that can only be eradicated by eliminating--killing--the
person who is seen as the source of the stain. Because the
whereabouts of the girl in the article were secret, I never met
the girl.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

ACT 1

SCENE 1

Istanbul. DEVRIM, a stylish lawyer, late 20s/early 30s, smokes, standing on a balcony, looking out at the Bosphorus, with her father, NAZIM INAN, who smokes a cigar.

NAZIM. Work, a husband, children. My father used to say: “Children are the flavor of life. Like fruit.”

DEVRIM. Is that why you sent me to Harvard, to marry me off?

NAZIM. Perhaps. And now you’re going to New York!

DEVRIM. My mother came here, and I’m going there.

NAZIM. Think of what you’ll find.

DEVRIM. What did she find here? What made her stay?

NAZIM. Me, of course. *(Looking out; gesturing; we see the Water Light.)* And this. The water. She always said the past was reflected on the Bosphorus, and the future was reflected in her daughter’s eyes.

DEVRIM. She said that?

NAZIM. Yes.

DEVRIM. I wish I could remember her voice. All I have is a photograph.

NAZIM. She would have been so proud of you today, Devrim. Everything we’ve worked so hard for in front of us. You’re the son I never had.

DEVRIM. The eclipse, it’s almost full.

NAZIM. *(Her father hands her a piece of glass.)*

Through the glass. Your eyes.

DEVRIM. It’s so cold! It feels like something is about to happen.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

(Lights shift; Southeastern Turkey. On the other side of the stage the Imam's prayer from a mosque ends. A dog barks as YALOVA, a 14-year-old girl, wearing a headscarf, enters, holding a bucket and sticks. She looks at the ground.)

YALOVA. Stop barking. Just me, remember. *(Reminding dog.)* "Yalova"? Going to the garden. *(Watering a plant.)* Drink, soon you'll grow big. *(Feeling the ground.)* So dry. Here, water, straight from the mountain snow. *(A MAN [MEHMET] enters and watches Yalova from a distance.)*

YALOVA. *(Looking inside the plant.)* Oh, the first flower--the squash will come soon. Here's another.

MAN. Give me some water.

YALOVA. *(Avoiding his glance.)* I only have enough for the plants. I'm sorry...you can take it from the fountain.

MAN. I'll take it from your bucket. *(He drinks from her bucket. She turns to the plants; he bashes her down, dragging her as her headscarf pulls off.)*

YALOVA. My scarf...Stop!

MAN. Quiet. Say nothing! *(Sticks fall from her hand.)*
What are those? To stab me?

YALOVA. Don't you hear my mother? Calling me?

MAN. That's enough! Shut up.

YALOVA. *(Turning her head, as if to hear.)* She's saying: *(Calling, as if she is her own mother.)*
"Yalovaaaaa."

MAN. *(He puts his foot on her chest.)* SHUT UP. ONCE AND FOR ALL NOW! I MEAN IT!

YALOVA. Your father is Osman. I know you...*(He starts to unzip his pants.)* She's coming. Can't you hear her? "Yalovaaaaa."

MAN. I'm telling you to SHUT UP.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. *(She tries to squirm out from under his foot.)*
Stop. If you let me go, I won't say anything! All the men
are at the mosque. *(He gets on top of her, pulling away*
her underclothes.) I hear her! *(Calling.)* "Yalovaaaa."
She'll find you.

MAN. STOP MOVING. *(Lights shift to Yalova standing*
outside her body.)

YALOVA. The plants can see you. The water in the
fountain sees. The night falling, and God.
(On the other side of the stage, Devrim and her father are
on the balcony, as it gets darker.)

DEVIRM. They threw my case out yesterday--the
woman's done for.

NAZIM. It was a pro-bono case, Devrim. There's only so
much you can do.

DEVIRM. All that will come of it is a complaint is filed.

NAZIM. Hush, here's to your new job. Congratulations!
And to someday making partner.

DEVIRM. That will be something.

NAZIM. I'll help you find a nice *pied-a-terre*...

DEVIRM. So you can visit New York.

NAZIM. Now you need to get rid of the circles under
your eyes. Get your beauty sleep.

DEVIRM. What's that supposed to mean?

NAZIM. You have a lot to do before New York.

DEVIRM. You're right, I need to wrap things up here.

NAZIM. Isn't the view from this balcony dazzling?

DEVIRM. *(Looking through glass at eclipse.)* The
moon's in front of the sun. A piece is still missing.
(On the other side of the stage, Yalova is in shock as the
man gets up from on top of her.)

YALOVA. Something is happening to the sun...

MAN. What are you talking about? Watch until I am
gone, get yourself cleaned up, then go.

YALOVA. In the whole village...

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

MAN. Your mother is waiting.

YALOVA. Do you see the sun and moon cross?

MAN. Stop babbling. And when I come again, no one is to know. Or I use the knife. **YOU HEAR?**

YALOVA. You're married. You have a wife.

MAN. *(He takes out a knife and holds it close to her neck.)* Is it understood? When you see me again:

SILENCE.

(The man runs off, as Yalova rises and cleans herself up. Devrim and her father are on the balcony.)

DEVIRM. The Bosphorus is so dark--like a black sea.

NAZIM. It's so quiet.

DEVIRM. Magic.

NAZIM. Make me a promise.

DEVIRM. What?

NAZIM. Bring your children to Istanbul for summers. Never forget how magical it is.

DEVIRM. Is this where you first brought her?

NAZIM. Yes. Where you first came to be. *(They look at the eclipse.)*

DEVIRM. Like glass before it breaks. *(In the darkness of the eclipse, we hear Yalova's mother, Peri.)*

PERI'S VOICE. Yalovaaaa.

(PERI enters wearing a headscarf.)

PERI. Yalova.

YALOVA. Oh, Mama! You came! *(Looking up.)* The dogs stopped barking.

PERI. *(Distracted from her.)* The sun. Look, Yalova. Something is happening. *(Showing Yalova a piece of glass.)* Do you see this piece of glass? Father said to look through it.

YALOVA. *(Looking through glass.)* What's happening?

PERI. The moon. It's an eclipse. *(Peri motions for the glass from Yalova.)* My turn. Now.

YALOVA. *(Giving glass to Peri.)* It's night in day.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

PERI. Yes.

YALOVA. Like glass before it breaks.

PERI. Come. (*Peri hands her back the glass and starts to exit.*) Put on your headscarf.

YALOVA. Why through the glass? Your eyes?

PERI. Come.

YALOVA. (*Yalova watches the sunlight return.*) It's day again? DAY? MAGIC? THE MOON WENT IN FRONT OF THE SUN? All the dogs stopped barking. The sun was black.

SCENE 2

Istanbul. Four months later. Devrim waits at an elevator, smoking, as a male human rights lawyer, ZEKI, holding a report, rushes to her.

ZEKI. I need coffee, I spent the night here. (*Showing her report.*) Another honor killing in the Southeast.

DEVVRIM. Always in the Southeast. Just another number to tally, fodder for the press.

ZEKI. This could be the most significant report you file.

DEVVRIM. (*Devrim adjusts her high heels.*) They're killing me. My father's taking me out to lunch. I leave for New York next week.

ZEKI. Oh, finally the big defection?

DEVVRIM. I keep waiting for you to find a new person.

ZEKI. Always nice to dabble in human rights for your resume.

DEVVRIM. Dabble? I told you four months ago when I accepted the job that I'd be leaving. Can't you be happy for me, Zeki? It's a top firm.

ZEKI. Soon everyone will live in America. All the other countries will be empty and America will sink into the

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

sea, just what it deserves. (*Showing her the report.*) “She” grabbed onto a metal pole sticking out from the side of the canal.

DEVVRIM. (*Glancing at report.*) “Yalova”? 14-years-old?

ZEKI. She’s alive.

DEVVRIM. They never live.

ZEKI. Walked to the nearest hospital, filed a complaint to the police.

DEVVRIM. What guts.

ZEKI. Her statement said her brother found her in the orchard, told her it was his duty to wash out the stain. She dishonored the family. Allah’s will must be done. He threw her in the canal and left her for dead.

DEVVRIM. Oh my god. She survived. Her family must be after her.

ZEKI. They’re being charged with murder. (*Handing her report.*) She needs a lawyer, Devrim.

DEVVRIM. (*Looking at report.*) It’s too late, I’m leaving.

ZEKI. (*Zeki starts to leave, picking up a discarded newspaper.*) I must say...I didn’t think he’d stoop this low. (*Devrim looks at him blankly. Zeki reads from the newspaper.*) “No one ever told me I shouldn’t build with sea sand, I’m a poet, not a contractor.” You couldn’t make up something that stupid if you tried.

DEVVRIM. I haven’t read the paper--I’ve been at home boxing up my stuff. “Who” wouldn’t stoop this low? What are you talking about?

ZEKI. (*Referring to newspaper.*) This? (*Devrim takes it and reads.*) You didn’t know what your father is up to with that contractor Turan? My theory is Turan slipped your father’s bid for his new condo in front of the others and your father owes him.

DEVVRIM. I knew they had some condo deal together, I hadn’t thought about it much. (*Staring at article.*) You

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

have got to be kidding me? Why would he do this?

(Devrim moves to the elevator, reading the article.)

ZEKI. Maybe that's why he's in such a rush to get you to New York. Speak of the devil.

(Her father steps out from the elevator, dressed in a business suit, holding a briefcase. She looks at him, stunned.)

DEVRIM. Why didn't you say anything?

NAZIM. *(Nazim looks at the newspaper in her hands.)*

Hello, Zeki. Come, we're late for lunch. You've cleared out your desk? Our reservation. Come...

ZEKI. I'll go. *(Zeki exits.)*

DEVRIM. Turan paid off officials to get contracts to build apartments out of sand and garbage!

NAZIM. It's not even him I'm representing, it's his firm.

DEVRIM. The buildings fell like cards during the earthquake, Father. Just days before, we were watching the eclipse from the balcony of your new condo.

NAZIM. After lunch we'll take a walk by the water...

DEVRIM. The buildings were on a fault line!

NAZIM. *(Referring to outside.)* Have you even seen what a beautiful day it is?

DEVRIM. This was a man who behaved like a kid making sandcastles.

NAZIM. When are you going to come down out of the clouds? You said you were leaving this place months ago. What's your problem?

DEVRIM. It's not my fault if the reports stream in. A girl, raped--thrown in a canal by her family?

NAZIM. Devrim, these people live by primitive customs. We can't apply our values to them. They're backwards.

DEVRIM. An honor killing is murder.

NAZIM. Let's go--you didn't even take time off like you promised. At least give me a rematch, so I can still say I beat you at tennis.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVIRIM. Turan says he's a poet? Tell him poets get put in jail in this country if they say the wrong thing.

NAZIM. We're lawyers working for clients.

DEVIRIM. You think he was in hiding for weeks because he was innocent? He'll get off with a fine because of you.

NAZIM. *(Taking her arm.)* We're having fun today.

DEVIRIM. Drop the case.

NAZIM. I'll tell you more about it over lunch. Tonight we'll go hear music. *(He sings from Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World.")*

DEVIRIM. I'm not going to let you convince me.

NAZIM. There may be a deal. These things are complicated...

DEVIRIM. He bribed people to get contracts. It's murder.

NAZIM. Look at you. You were dying to try this place.

DEVIRIM. *(She looks at the report Zeki gave her.)* I'm not hungry.

SCENE 3

Southeastern Turkey. Yalova, 4 months pregnant, lies in a bed in a rural hospital, her arm in a sling, half-dreaming, breathing hard. Devrim enters, holding her briefcase and a legal report.

DEVIRIM. Yalova? Were you dreaming?

YALOVA. *(Staring at Devrim unknowingly.)* Did he come because the sun and the moon crossed?

DEVIRIM. The sun and moon?

YALOVA. My mother saved me. She came.

DEVIRIM. When?

YALOVA. In my dream. The dog barked. That's when my mother came. She was there and the moon was

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

covering the sun. She showed me with a piece of glass, I was safe.

DEVIRIM. You're safe here.

YALOVA. (*Imitating her mother.*) "Let me look at your stomach." Then my brother came to find me in the orchard...

DEVIRIM. You did well to grab onto the pole in the canal. You were brave.

YALOVA. (*Feeling her head, anxiously.*) Where's my scarf? Help me look...

DEVIRIM. (*Taking her hand.*) Now you can speak for other girls. You may have heard of other girls, in your village...?

YALOVA. (*Yalova scrutinizes Devrim's face.*) Are you a prostitute?

DEVIRIM. No. Actually, I'm a lawyer.

YALOVA. Your face, why do you paint it?

DEVIRIM. It's "makeup". We wear it in the city. I've come to help you. We've arranged a car for you, it's waiting outside.

YALOVA. My scarf--it must be somewhere...

DEVIRIM. Your life is about to change in every way.

YALOVA. I need a new scarf.

DEVIRIM. (*Devrim hands Yalova a piece of paper.*) You need to request a lawyer by signing this paper, and I have to file a report to the state. Your family will have a few lawyers. You have none.

YALOVA. A scarf.

DEVIRIM. I'll find you one. Stay. (*Devrim hurries out. Yalova closes her eyes. After a moment Yalova's mother, Peri, wearing her headscarf, sneaks toward the hospital bed, shaking Yalova.*)

PERI. Yalovaaaa, get up, this instant! OUT! What have you done?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. Mama, it's you? The fisherman heard me cry, I didn't call to him. I promise.

PERI. You told the police to shame us! Now, I will take you back, and you will say you jumped into the canal to save yourself.

YALOVA. (*Touching stomach.*) Is she dead? I bumped into rocks.

PERI. (*Peri pulls her out of the hospital bed.*) That's enough! We'll go by the back.

YALOVA. My head, it is turning, mama...

PERI. I, who gave you milk, sang to you when you cried...

YALOVA. The walls slipping...

PERI. What a curse you have brought on this family!

YALOVA. (*Yalova slips to the floor, shielding her stomach.*) Be careful.

PERI. I, all alone, without our men. (*Kicking her.*) I say get up and walk.

YALOVA. Stop it, please.

DEVIRIM. (*Devrim rushes into the room with a headscarf and some girl's clothing.*) What are you doing to her? Get away. Move away from her.

PERI. Let go of me. I am her mother.

DEVIRIM. Get out.

PERI. This is not for you. There are certain things between a mother and a daughter that are private.

DEVIRIM. Your son left her for dead in that canal, Mrs. Kireç. (*To Yalova.*) Come, let me help you, we need to call the doctor, come. Stand up now.

YALOVA. (*Yalova hallucinates; lights shift.*) In the rain time there was silver on the canal...

DEVIRIM. Stand up, now, that's good.

YALOVA. Like a million fish.

DEVIRIM. One foot in front of the other.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. Sun so bright on the silver, like blinding lights...

DEVIRM. Almost there, you'll rest...

YALOVA. Don't go in the water, it's dirty, mama told us. How could something so beautiful be so dirty, just put a foot in, a toe...*(Lights are restored as Devrim helps Yalova back into the bed.)*

DEVIRM. Let me put the blanket around you. You're not the only one, by far, but when the girl dies the crime disappears. Not you, Yalova. Not you.

YALOVA. How could something so beautiful be so dirty?

PERI. She dishonored our family. *(To Yalova.)* Your brother Halil is in jail, and your father...

YALOVA. Jail? No. Mama! I'm so sorry.

DEVIRM. For ordering your killing, and for the murder of the man who raped you.

YALOVA. Please forgive me.

DEVIRM. Stay in bed.

PERI. *(Changing tactics.)* Now, now, hush, let me help her. Does it hurt?

YALOVA. *(Softly.)* ...does it hurt *her*?

DEVIRM. Don't you come closer.

PERI. She needs a doctor. Shhshh, little one. *(To Devrim.)* We must pray now. Would you please leave us alone to pray?

YALOVA. Father and Halil aren't really in jail?

PERI. *(To Devrim.)* May I ask you for a small favor? We need cold water. My throat is parched, I walked so far in the hot sun. My village is very far away. Water. Please. You are very gracious, we are both unwell.

DEVIRM. No water.

PERI. *(To Devrim.)* She is with child. *That* is what happened.

DEVIRM. Yes, she told the police. It's in the report.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

PERI. (*To Yalova.*) Are you *crazy*? What have you done?

YALOVA. The fisherman told them!

DEVRIM. Yes, I spoke to him.

PERI. (*To Yalova.*) And how did he know? Stupid foolish child! (*Obsequious; to Devrim.*) I must approach, lady. If it is not asking too much. (*To Yalova.*) You will go to the police and tell them your brother and father are not to blame. To restore their honor.

DEVRIM. And hers?

PERI. It is not for *her* to have.

DEVRIM. I can't accept that.

PERI. (*Disgusted.*) You're not from here.

DEVRIM. I'm from Istanbul! For generations, on my father's side.

PERI. Istanbul!

DEVRIM. You're right. We might as well be from two different countries. (*Facing Peri.*) I will protect her now.

PERI. And our family? Will you protect us? Without a husband and son I will become so poor I will survive on handfuls of dirt. All my village, talking: "There goes the dishonored one." We can get no dowry for her.

YALOVA. (*Faintly.*) Mama...

PERI. Don't call to me now.

YALOVA. If only you'd called. (*Starting to go.*) Let me go with you.

DEVRIM. The police are outside.

PERI. Too late, you should have come with me before when I told you to. Your life will get worse.

YALOVA. If only you'd called me a little earlier. (*Imitating her mother, calling.*) "Yalovaaaa!"

PERI. Enough! You know what you must do to save us. (*Peri puts her scarf over her head, exiting, head bowed against the hot sun ahead. Devrim watches Peri go, then approaches Yalova.*)

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVIRM. I got clothes for you. I had trouble finding the scarf. *(Yalova sits, frozen.)* There are other girls in Turkey and elsewhere--One who died because she brought dishonor to her husband, not getting permission to go to the movies. Another's throat cut because a love song was dedicated to her on the radio. But you're alive. *(Yalova takes the headscarf. Devrim shows her the paper.)* Could you write your name? *(Yalova stares down at her arm in the sling.)* Should I get the doctor. There's so little time. *(Devrim starts to go)*

YALOVA. No doctor.

DEVIRM. *(Devrim sees a girl, in pain, touching the baby inside her.)* When I was a little girl, my own mother died. She died in a car crash. If you ever go to Istanbul you'll see that traffic lights are only there for decoration. She was American--the type to stop at them. So I was raised by my father. On the night of the earthquake, buildings made of sand fell from bad construction. He's using all his gifts to defend someone who's guilty. You're innocent, think of what I could do. *(Yalova tries to put on the scarf, using her good arm.)* Do you need help?

YALOVA. *(Doggedly.)* No.

DEVIRM. *(Devrim watches Yalova.)* You're being taken to a secret location.

YALOVA. No, I'm going home.

DEVIRM. You know they'll kill you if you do. *(Trying to help her put on the scarf.)* With one arm, it's hard.

YALOVA. You're doing it wrong. *(Readjusting scarf.)* I'd never hurt my family. *(Touching her stomach.)* I screamed for her. I was in the canal, not just a toe but my whole body.

DEVIRM. *(Whispering.)* The secret place will be Antalya. It's on the beach. My friend Zeki found out about it. You must tell no one. You'll like it. *(Showing*

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

her the paper.) Do you think you could sign your name?
“Yalova” is the name of a city East of the Bosphorus.

YALOVA. My mother never told me but I saw it on the map.

DEVIRIM. The Bosphorus separates two continents.

YALOVA. Your city “Istanbul” is on the West. (*Devrim holds out a pen; Yalova looks at it.*) When I was twelve I started wearing the scarf. Then my mother took me out of school. (*A POLICEMAN enters, addressing Devrim.*)

POLICEMAN. You said you would get her dressed. She is not ready.

DEVIRIM. I’m sorry, there were some interruptions.

POLICEMAN. If you don’t get her ready, we will.
(*He exits. Devrim picks up the clothes she brought in earlier.*)

DEVIRIM. Why don’t you try on the top? They’re waiting and if you don’t get dressed, they’ll do it themselves. Do you want me to turn around? Put it on.
(*Yalova stares at Devrim with curiosity.*) Do you want to wear my shirt? We can switch. (*Devrim swiftly takes off her own shirt and puts on Yalova’s.*) Don’t you want to wear my top?

YALOVA. (*Curious.*) Where do you come from, older sister?

DEVIRIM. Istanbul.

YALOVA. Who is your father?...Mine is “Ibrahim Kireç”, he’s a farmer. Pistachios.

DEVIRIM. Mine is “Nazim Inan”. He’s a lawyer. Real estate. (*Devrim takes a thin sweater from her briefcase.*) Okay, you can wear this sweater.

YALOVA. I won’t go. I’ll run. (*Devrim tries to force the shirt on Yalova.*)

I want to go home! My mother’s waiting for me.

DEVIRIM. No. She’s not. (*Putting on the shirt.*) Did you know where we’re going there’s a sea?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. Don't touch me!

DEVIRM. Will you swim with me?

YALOVA. Leave me alone, don't!

DEVIRM. (*Devrim puts the sweater on Yalova.*) You can keep the sweater, it was my mom's...I swim everywhere I go.

YALOVA. STOP!

DEVIRM. I've been in three oceans and four seas. Now the skirt. You have to. I'm sorry, you don't have a choice.

YALOVA. Don't!

DEVIRM. (*Devrim wrestles the skirt on Yalova.*) Will you swim? Where we go?

YALOVA. ...You're coming with me?

DEVIRM. Of course. I need to speak to Mersiye *Hanim* [*hanim*= *lady*], your social worker. See that everything's safe. You're going to need to write your name.

"YALOVA KIREÇ." And the name of your town, "Urfa". Sanliurfa. Glorious Urfa.

YALOVA. I know that.

DEVIRM. Did you have anything else here you want to take? (*Yalova glances around unconvinced.*)

YALOVA. I had some...(Pacing.) Sticks--for my game? (*Looking around the room.*) I left my house when my brother took me--didn't look back. Does it rain...at the sea...?

DEVIRM. Yes. But don't mention the sea. Don't mention anything. The policeman is going to return now. Sign the paper. You said you went to school until you were twelve. You know how to write your name.

YALOVA. I can't.

DEVIRM. (*Devrim puts her hand on her left side, feeling her own heart.*) Is your heart beating? (*Yalova looks at Devrim.*) Feel it. Put your hand on it.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. *(Yalova does.)* It's not beating. I must be dead. *(Devrim and Yalova have their hands on their chests.)*

DEVTRIM. It's "life". You chose it. When you held on in the canal. I think a child wants to know...her mother.

YALOVA. Yes. She does. She's inside me. *(Touching her left side.)* I feel her on the left.

DEVTRIM. Do you want to give me your hand? *(Yalova reluctantly gives Devrim her hand.)* Will you sign?

YALOVA. One of my hands is in your hand and the other hand is in the sling.

DEVTRIM. Take the hand that's in mine out and write. *(Yalova takes her hand out of Devrim's and signs.)* Good.

SCENE 4

Yalova cries under her blanket in the state shelter in Antalya. Lights shift as, in Yalova's dream, Peri appears carrying a basket, singing a Turkish folksong.

PERI. *(Singing.)* "Don't let them send daughters far away...Don't let them be cruel to the mother's only girl."
(Yalova joins in.)

PERI/YALOVA. *(Singing.)* "Let the birds above know I miss my mother, miss my mother, miss my father, miss my home."

PERI. *(Calling.)* Yalovaaaaa, come help me. *(Peri turns suddenly furious, looking at Yalova.)* Your stomach, LET ME LOOK!

YALOVA. *(Trying to reverse the bad memory to a good one.)* Wait! The story about the horse! Smile the way you smiled. He kidnapped you. Father?

PERI. *(Peri becomes less strict, suppressing a smile.)*
What a girl!

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. Yes, why does his beard wiggle like that when he hears the story?

PERI. He stole me away! He knows that's what happened!

YALOVA. He's smiling under the beard!

PERI. You see what you want to see, girl.

YALOVA. I see water in the sky before it rains in the form of smoke.

PERI. Yes, the girl with her head in the sky, if she runs looking up she falls, every girl your age except you knows that!

YALOVA. (*Urgently.*) The story, Mama, please!

PERI. (*Starting to go.*) Like a bad verse, repeated over and over.

YALOVA. He came with his brothers. Four! He was the most handsome.

PERI. (*Turning.*) Not the most handsome.

YALOVA. But the oldest!

PERI. Yes, that he was.

YALOVA. And *still* he was handsome--You were feeding the roosters--they were making so much noise. Make the sound!

PERI. The sound is bad enough no one wants to *repeat* it too! (*Yalova makes the crowing rooster sound.*) All right.

YALOVA. He came with his brothers, all on horses.

PERI. You tell the story.

YALOVA. No, you tell it. NOW, HURRY, before he comes back.

PERI. So, he came and he whisked me away and I never went home again.

YALOVA. No, you didn't say it right. The part about his hand.

PERI. His hands are coarse and old.

YALOVA. On your blouse?

PERI. I don't remember that part.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. His hand touched you and you turned.

PERI. I turned from the roosters, adjusted my headscarf, looking down at the dirt. There were some droppings from their horses on the dirt...

YALOVA. And you kept your head lowered but you could hear him breathing.

PERI. It was I who was breathing, from carrying the food to the roosters.

YALOVA. And he picked you up, with one hand you were so light.

PERI. Yes...True. (*Strictly.*) Come here!

YALOVA. (*Quickly.*) And your father came out from the shade where he was sharpening his scythe and said, "Ibrahim wants you for his wife. He saw you when you were bringing the cherries to the market with your mother. And he came to inquire but the dowry was too small. Now, he has returned. It is fine."

PERI. And his hand, your father's, tightened on my waist. He raised me up on his horse. I never saw my family again. It was too far away. I was the only girl in a family of brothers. Like you. (*Strictly; looking at her stomach.*) LET ME LOOK.

YALOVA. "Better if there are no girls." That's what Father said about me. And you said...

PERI. (*Under her breath.*) Better if there are no roosters.

YALOVA. Better if there are no roosters! That's what you said to Father! Better if there are no roosters!

PERI. That's enough. You imagine things.

YALOVA. I know everything. I hear everything.

PERI. That kind of behavior will get you into so much trouble. BEST TO KNOW NOTHING AND TO HEAR NOTHING.

YALOVA. Did you cry?

PERI. He took good care of me.

YALOVA. For your Mama, did you?!

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

PERI. I'd walk a little behind the rest of the women in the fields...

YALOVA. *(To herself.)* Look up at the sky, where I could follow the blue and imagine them down below. It's the same sky, the same wind you feel on your neck.

PERI. I never told my husband how much I missed my mother and my father. *(Peri exits, humming the folksong.)*

YALOVA. Can songs travel? In the wind? In the hollow of my stomach, like a cup, is you. *(Devrim enters, laying a blanket down on the floor next to Yalova, who is under her blanket, crying, as lights are restored.)*

DEVIRM. Are you thinking about your home?

YALOVA. *(Toughening.)* I heard you arguing with the social worker, Mersiye *Hanim*. She doesn't want you to sleep here. *(Imitating the social worker.)* "You're starting bad habits."

DEVIRM. The night is worse when you're lonely. I know how you feel, Emine.

YALOVA. That's not my name!

DEVIRM. Yes, your name is "Emine" now. We gave it to you for your protection. You cannot forget it. *(Devrim takes off some of her clothes to get under her blanket.)*

YALOVA. You're naked.

DEVIRM. Not *naked*. You sleep in all your clothes and your headscarf.

YALOVA. Allah's angels won't come into the house unless you do. Do you know which way is Mekke?

DEVIRM. No. We'll ask in the morning.

YALOVA. I don't even have a prayer carpet.

DEVIRM. We'll get one.

YALOVA. How many children do you have?

DEVIRM. None. I have a cat.

YALOVA. Are you married?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVTRIM. No. I'm actually moving to the U.S., maybe I'll meet a husband there.

YALOVA. Who gave you permission to come here?

DEVTRIM. I don't need any permission.

YALOVA. You're poor.

DEVTRIM. Why...do you say that?

YALOVA. (*With pride.*) My father lets me have as much sugar as I want.

DEVTRIM. ...I'm thin? Is that what you mean?

YALOVA. Why aren't you married? You'll dry up. Like a fig.

DEVTRIM. Well...You'll have to tell me what Osman's son did to you, how many times, if anyone saw.

YALOVA. There was the water in the fountain that saw. The night falling.

DEVTRIM. Yes.

YALOVA. The plants I was watering. The Imam.

DEVTRIM. The Imam?

YALOVA. His voice was praying before. His ears might have seen. And there was God.

DEVTRIM. I'm going to have to go back to Istanbul to get the report your family gave to their lawyers.

YALOVA. Will you talk to them? My family?

DEVTRIM. No, I'll read what they say to their lawyers. They'll lie and look innocent.

YALOVA. They are innocent.

DEVTRIM. For us to win this case you'll have to tell the truth in front of the judge and your family. It's not to go against them--it's for yourself and your child and it's for me. When I heard you survived I felt hope for the first time in a long time. It will be very hard, but I'll be there, with you. Always.

YALOVA. You're leaving. Your father won't give you permission to come back. I know it.

DEVTRIM. Look, I do what I want.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. I'm never going to sleep. Ever again.

DEVIRIM. You're going on a sleep strike?

YALOVA. What do you mean?

DEVIRIM. You stay awake to show your protest.

YALOVA. I don't understand anything you say.

DEVIRIM. Right now, you need your sleep for what's to come, Emine.

YALOVA. That's not my name.

DEVIRIM. "Emine" is like a password.

YALOVA. What's a password?

DEVIRIM. It's to get you into a secret place. Where you belong.

YALOVA. You miss your mama, that's why you come sleep next to me.

DEVIRIM. Maybe. *(A beat.)* Maybe, I don't want to dry up like a fig.

SCENE 5

Devrim faces her father Nazim in his office in Istanbul. She holds a report.

DEVIRIM. Our presiding judge is a conservative. *(Reading from the report.)* "Even a hint of complicity is sufficient for a presumption of guilt." That's from one of his prior cases.

NAZIM. You're crazy. *(Holding out a small glass.)*
Drink your tea.

DEVIRIM. What is a hint of complicity?

NAZIM. You've got blinders on.

DEVIRIM. I won't talk to you about your contractor friend Turan if you won't criticize me.

NAZIM. When do you intend to study for the New York bar?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVIRM. Is going to the public garden alone to water plants the slightest hint of complicity? Not killing herself to save her family from misery? And yet the Koran tells her she can't die by her own hand.

NAZIM. It would have simplified matters. Drink.

DEVIRM. The General has the power to change the judge. He's your friend, he's progressive.

NAZIM. And you accuse me of being corrupt?...You look tired.

DEVIRM. This is to set a precedent. It's different.

NAZIM. Every case is "different".

DEVIRM. I'm up every night thinking of how to win this. There's no chance for this case without your help.

NAZIM. Don't take on the world! These issues are better left to the politicians.

DEVIRM. Then we'll wait forever.

NAZIM. Tribal codes are ancient, set in the soil with roots that go deep. You can't change them overnight.

DEVIRM. How 'bout day-by-day?

NAZIM. These family squabbles worsen everything. Her family will never let her testify. Oh, come on, drink.

DEVIRM. If you help me, I'll prepare the case and hand it over to Zeki--I promise.

NAZIM. Let me take you to the restaurant we never got to try.

DEVIRM. She didn't even have a lawyer before I met her.

NAZIM. Obsessions are dangerous!

DEVIRM. I need to go see Zeki, then fly back to Antalya. I have to get her to trust me so she'll speak the truth.

NAZIM. Ah, my Devrim. If I talk to General Yavuz, you pass on the case and go to New York. You know what a handshake means?

DEVIRM. Yes. (*They shake hands.*)

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

NAZIM. *Insha'allah.* After we eat, I'll drive you to the airport. I got some new CDs.

DEVIRM. Just as long as you don't sing along with them.

SCENE 6

A GUARD stands on the sun-drenched beach, smoking, as Devrim puts down a beach chair and Yalova lays out a small kilim. Devrim sips coke.

YALOVA. Why don't you eat?

DEVIRM. Why don't you? (*Looking out.*) I never leave a place without going in the water.

YALOVA. Why not?

DEVIRM. In the Pacific at Half Moon Bay I was the only one, besides the seals. Cold and rain, but I can say I've been in it.

YALOVA. What are seals?

DEVIRM. Did you ever notice that in your hometown, Urfa...

YALOVA. You never listen.

DEVIRM. All the statues on the mountains are missing their heads?

YALOVA. I like them that way.

DEVIRM. Right. It's because they're old, from wars and earthquakes. It's not your family's fault they believe old ideas, but they're not always true. A woman has to put a stone in her mouth so she won't speak too loud? Is that what you want, a stone in your mouth? (*Looking at her hand.*) Nail polish is polluted? Do you think I'm polluted?

YALOVA. (*Yalova picks up a small stone and puts it in her mouth.*) You lie.

DEVIRM. Spit that out.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. No. I'm keeping it. I like it!

DEVIRIM. Spit out the stone, or I'll have to tell Mersiye *Hanim*. (*Yalova doesn't spit it out.*) Your family has a fantastic case. Their family honor is at stake and they have a whole clan of men paying for their lawyers. You'll have to say your father ordered your brother to kill you. If you won't help, I can't fight your case.

YALOVA. Good. (*Looking at her.*) You're crazy! Why don't you have a baby?

DEVIRIM. Why does everyone say that?

YALOVA. Because.

DEVIRIM. Because?

YALOVA. You look like a mother. (*A beat.*) I swallowed it. The baby will like it!

DEVIRIM. That's good if you think a baby will like a stone. Didn't you say you wanted to go in the water, but your mother wouldn't let you?

(*Yalova looks out at the sea, singing the Turkish folksong. Devrim starts to take off her clothes.*)

YALOVA. "If my mother had a boat she would sail to me. If my brothers knew the way they would come to me..."

DEVIRIM. What's that from?

YALOVA. A wedding song. You should get married. (*Devrim is in her two-piece bathing suit. Yalova clutches her stomach, staring at Devrim's bare flesh, kicking sand at her.*) Just go back to wherever you live! I hate you!

DEVIRIM. It's a "bikini". I'm sorry. Does it shock you?

YALOVA. (*Staring.*) No!

DEVIRIM. Do you want me to cover up?

YALOVA. No.

DEVIRIM. That's why I got you this dress to swim in. (*Showing her a dress.*) Put it on. It's so hot to be covered up like that.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. Go to America! I don't care. (*Yalova dry heaves. The guard moves forward, protectively.*)

DEVRIM. It's okay, it's the heat, and morning sickness. (*Trying to help her.*) No, no, no, here.

YALOVA. It comes and goes.

DEVRIM. Sit, on the towel. (*Taking off Yalova's shoes.*) Let me take off your shoes. Put your feet in the sand, it feels good. Do you want to take off the sweater?

YALOVA. No! I like it.

DEVRIM. It's yours but now in the sun you should take it off.

(*Lights shift to the next day. They are on the beach. Yalova removes the sweater, taking a postcard from the pocket.*)

DEVRIM. Do you like the postcard of Antalya I bought you? Did you know there are black beaches? In Hawaii.

YALOVA. Like the Black Sea? Is the Black Sea really black?

DEVRIM. It might have looked black to the person who discovered it. You get to name things you discover.

YALOVA. Like the way you named me?

DEVRIM. I didn't discover you. You were already there. (*Yalova replaces the postcard and lays the sweater on the kilim.*) Your body's had so much happen to it...

YALOVA. Just go away. You don't know anything.

DEVRIM. Look my colleague Zeki will check out the orphanage, and if you can't live without the baby when it's born--something else will be done, I promise.

YALOVA. She won't be an orphan.

DEVRIM. That's true but where you're staying you can't keep babies.

YALOVA. Why do you smoke? Why did you ask Mersiye *Hanim* for cigarettes?

DEVRIM. What?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. It's bad. (*A beat. Yalova stares at Devrim.*)

DEVIRM. You're right. I do smoke.

YALOVA. I saw you.

DEVIRM. You did. I drink too--too much, sometimes. And I don't pray...I'm not really sure where I'd start.

YALOVA. I pray God will save me. For the bad I've done.

DEVIRM. I want to tell you something important. You got unlucky. But you are not bad. You're the opposite. And sometimes when you pray. Think of me, okay?

YALOVA. (*Looking at Devrim's bare skin.*) You're a whore!

(*Lights shift to the next day.*)

YALOVA. Mersiye is right, Americans are rich and spoiled. "Too glamorous for this kind of dirty job."

DEVIRM. She says that? (*Yalova nods.*) I'm not American.

YALOVA. Yes, but you're going to America. Your father will never let you come back.

DEVIRM. I love my father, I want to please him. You love yours, don't you?

YALOVA. He gave me life.

DEVIRM. My father's given me everything but there are some things that make you outside your family. You know that. So do I.

YALOVA. (*Singing.*) "If my mother had a boat she would sail to me..."

DEVIRM. Yalova, teach me the song.

YALOVA. You said my real name. You're not supposed to! (*Singing.*) "Let the birds above know I miss my mother..." (*Devrim joins in.*)

YALOVA/DEVIRM. (*Singing.*) "Miss my mother, miss my father, miss my home."

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVTRIM. Look, you just have to know the words, I'll write the score. Think of it like memorizing a song. Osman's son, how many times did he...rape you?

YALOVA. ...Five.

DEVTRIM. Did you scream?

YALOVA. Loud!

DEVTRIM. When a man goes inside you and makes a child there's a word. You'll have to say it.

YALOVA. What is it?

DEVTRIM. Think of it as a word that gets you to the next place, then the word can change meaning, another time.
(Devtrim whispers the word in Yalova's ear. Yalova walks into her own light, looking at her postcard, as Devtrim disappears. The guard lingers at the edge of the light then exits.)

YALOVA. The guard goes to buy cigarettes. Put it in the mailbox: the postcard winds its way down the road, past rivers, over mountains, through the caves--but before the wolves can get their teeth on it, agggghh, it hops down the wind on the dusty path, through the orchard. Stop and eat an apple, the dog barks. Run, in between the squash, past the fountain, to your door. The house with two windows, near the roof. You're home. *(Yalova slips the postcard into a mailbox slot on a wall.)*

SCENE 7

Peri reads the postcard, calling out.

PERI. Firat? Come. Bring paper and something to write with.

(Yalova's BROTHER [FIRAT] enters with paper and pen. She shows him the postcard.)

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

PERI. Your older brother Halil had a map from school. I saw the name of a faraway city, “Yalova”, and named her for it. I wanted her to go far away, but not this way. *(Handing him the postcard.)* The postmark says “Antalya”. You must take a letter to her. *(She dictates; he writes.)* “Your father’s eyes have sunken into his head. He sits in prison, all life sucked out of him. What a heavy duty falls on your father. Only blood can clean the sin. He is a man of God.” *(To herself.)* If you turn away, for an instant, do you miss it?

BROTHER (FIRAT). What did you say, mother?

PERI. What is the exact moment between day and night? I didn’t keep her covered, I didn’t keep her inside. If you turn away, for an instant, you miss it. *(She lets out a keening sound, waving him away.)* Get your father’s gun. Go find her. We must put an end to this. Go.

SCENE 8

Devrim talks on her cell phone, standing on a beach boardwalk.

DEVRIM. *(On phone.)* I told you, you’re not allowed to come to the shelter. Just keep the cell phone on, and walk down the boardwalk.

(Devrim’s father enters, dressed inappropriately for the beach, in a suit, on his cell phone, holding his briefcase.)

NAZIM. It’s strange that in my life I’ve never once had the inclination to come here.

DEVRIM. Why are you here?

NAZIM. I spoke to my friend, General Yavuz. He said he will help.

DEVRIM. Thank you for making the call.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

NAZIM. Now I've done my part, you need to come home...The sun, it's intense. (*Looking at water.*) It makes you want to take a swim.

DEVVRIM. This place has that effect.

NAZIM. The firm is waiting. You owe me something.

DEVVRIM. I'm grateful. My client's depending on me.

NAZIM. I'm depending on you. This case will not change anything--these fundamentalists won't ever allow themselves to be educated.

DEVVRIM. Allah warns against such killing. "When the sun shall be folded up; and when the stars shall fall; and when the mountains shall be made to pass away; and when the camels ten months gone with young shall be neglected; ...and when the seas shall boil; and when the souls shall be joined again to their bodies; and when the girl who hath been buried alive shall be asked for what crime she was put to death; and when the books shall be laid open..."

NAZIM. "Every soul shall know what it hath wrought." You're right, the Koran seems to forbid honor killings. But it's interpretive, Devvrim, like the law.

DEVVRIM. Your nightly lectures at the dinner table don't apply to poor women? "Only in countries where there's a consistent rule of law can democracy exist?" Is that how you put it?

NAZIM. What is this? Some kind of rebellion? That's why I gave you an education so you could get away from all this!

DEVVRIM. I'm indebted to you.

NAZIM. Come back to Istanbul, get a good night's sleep, hand the case over to Zeki--he's in the trenches.

DEVVRIM. I'm in the trenches.

NAZIM. I kept my promise, now I need you to keep yours, to respect me. That's democracy...Let me tell you something about your mother.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVIRM. What?

NAZIM. When she came here she said she wanted a chauffeur. She didn't want to drive. I insisted. For her freedom.

DEVIRM. And look what happened.

NAZIM. Please let me feel that I'm able to help you.

(Lights shift to Yalova, now very pregnant, wearing the same sweater over a white-blouse, plaid-skirt school uniform, holding her school notebook as she prays on the shelter veranda. Her brother Firat motions from outside.)

BROTHER (FIRAT). Sister...

YALOVA. *(Confused.)* Brother? Firat! I thought I saw you...

BROTHER (FIRAT). Come out so I can look at you.

YALOVA. What are you doing here? Did Mama get my postcard? *(He approaches, taking her postcard, folded, from his pocket.)*

BROTHER (FIRAT). You wrote "a shelter on the beach." Come out...

YALOVA. *(Staring at him.)* In the street, I saw you...

BROTHER (FIRAT). *(Amazed.)* You're a student. You grew up.

YALOVA. I can't come out. The minutes go by, clocks ticking. Devrim Inan says I have to stay inside.

BROTHER (FIRAT). *(Teasing.)* What are you holding so seriously?

YALOVA. My notebook. I write my new name. It's stupid to write a name that doesn't belong to you...

BROTHER (FIRAT). I know you always stole my book --about the man who climbed to the summit and laid the flag?

YALOVA. I liked the map of the mountains.

BROTHER (FIRAT). I never thought I'd see you again, you look so different.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. The guard will come back in a minute. You look the same. (*Lights shift to Devrim and her father on the beach boardwalk.*)

NAZIM. Devrim, Devrim, Devrim, if you put in your years in America now, you can do all the philanthropic work you want later. Build a hospital, a concert hall. Somewhere I can sing opera.

DEVVRIM. Is Turan in jail?

NAZIM. Turan. He's awaiting trial.

DEVVRIM. Living the good life.

NAZIM. It was a terrible mistake.

DEVVRIM. It was a crime.

NAZIM. You've reached a verdict before you know all the facts. There were many engineers and contractors involved. It's a difficult case to untangle...

DEVVRIM. If the laws can always be bent to accommodate the guilty what are they worth?

NAZIM. (*Looking out.*) Is the water nice? I did what you asked me to do. You have a new judge.

DEVVRIM. Thank you.

NAZIM. (*Looking out.*) The problem is I didn't bring a bathing suit.

DEVVRIM. Can you believe we've never been here before? Or Aspendos--that's right near by. There's so much I still have to see--I can't leave.

NAZIM. I get calls from my friends, "What's Devrim doing on this case?" I make things up.

DEVVRIM. I called New York. The firm agreed to defer their offer for a year. I'm sorry.

NAZIM. You betrayed me.

DEVVRIM. If all the educated leave, what hope is there?

NAZIM. Fine, let's drive to Aspendos. Maybe in an amphitheater with those acoustics you'll hear me.

DEVVRIM. I can't.

(*Lights shift to Yalova and her brother in the hallway.*)

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

BROTHER (FIRAT). Mama cries, I hear her crying, and saying your name.

YALOVA. I say her name, each night, so my baby (*touching her stomach*) will know her.

BROTHER (FIRAT). (*Urgently.*) The guard will be back soon, I've watched him. I want you to listen--you need to pay attention to what the teacher is saying. There are people here who can take care of you.

YALOVA. Is father still in jail?

BROTHER (FIRAT). He's sick. (*Giving her letter.*) I have something for you, Yali.

YALOVA. A letter? Is it from mother? (*As she begins to read the letter, he takes his gun from his pocket, grabbing her.*)

BROTHER (FIRAT). Do you see what she wants me to do?

YALOVA. Firat, you need to go away now.

BROTHER (FIRAT). (*Holding her to him; lowering gun.*) I can't. (*Warningly.*) YALI, DON'T EVER WRITE TO US AGAIN! DON'T EVER TELL US WHERE YOU ARE!

(*Devrim comes in from the boardwalk, seeing the gun.*)

DEVIRM. Yalova! (*He points the gun at Devrim.*)

YALOVA. Firat, run! (*Firat starts to run and exits. Devrim motions offstage, screaming.*)

DEVIRM. Guard! (*Blackout. We hear a gunshot.*)

END OF ACT 1

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Devrim and Zeki lie on the floor in his office, drinking wine. Devrim screams.

DEVRIM. I GAVE HER THE POSTCARD! How can I fight that kind of bond with a mother? That kind of self-destruction?

ZEKI. Yeah, and what do you have with your father?

DEVRIM. He was right, Zeki, I should have gone to New York! She wants to live in the dark ages, she's happier that way!

ZEKI. You're not seeing it with the proper distance.

DEVRIM. Distance? Do you know how many hours I've spent with her in Antalya? Talking to her? Trying to make her see. She'll never know what she wants.

ZEKI. Her brother is in prison now, can't hurt her. The guard who wounded him is a witness. That's progress.

DEVRIM. It's pathetic how we can't get anywhere in this country. We won't help ourselves.

ZEKI. You're scared because you don't know if you'll win.

DEVRIM. I'm not scared, I'm just not cut out for this kind of work. To have to be a "special" person, with a special name--a "feminist"--to try to get what every fucking woman deserves? You know, it kills me, when people call me that. *(Screaming.)* IT KILLS ME!

ZEKI. *(Ironically.)* Maybe he gave you the best gift of all, your dad. Your fighting spirit.

DEVRIM. He gave me doubt.

ZEKI. Exactly.

DEVRIM. *(With deep confusion.)* He was my buddy, Zeki. I always talked to him.

ZEKI. And your father's house had very strong beams.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVVRIM. Power corrupts.

ZEKI. Think of what you can do when it doesn't.

DEVVRIM. All the creature comforts in the world--but that feeling?--like when I found out about Turan, about Yalova?--you feel sick to your stomach from the injustice?

ZEKI. Yes.

DEVVRIM. It also gives you an adrenalin rush. It somehow cancels out everything else.

ZEKI. Yes.

DEVVRIM. But to live your life because of that feeling in your stomach, maybe that's pathetic.

ZEKI. No. It's the start of something.

DEVVRIM. An ulcer?

ZEKI. Ha, ha. This isn't just about you and Yalova. It's bigger than you. Are you going to step in and help your country?

DEVVRIM. Okay. I need to try not to yell at her. Be calm. Lucid. (Referring to wine.) When I win this case, you'll buy me a really, really nice bottle.

SCENE 2

Devrim enters a room where Yalova holds her newly born baby, who is well wrapped up.

YALOVA. She's alive, Devrim!

DEVVRIM. Of course she is.

YALOVA. I dreamed she would be black. Like the Black Sea. Burnt like toast.

DEVVRIM. What do you think? She looks good.

YALOVA. She's a little red.

DEVVRIM. She had a long ride out.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. Why didn't anyone tell me it was going to hurt that way? WHY?

DEVIRM. I didn't know if I should be the one to tell you, since I've never had children...She's so little...

YALOVA. A bird. Out of her nest. No feathers.

DEVIRM. A little hair.

YALOVA. Hungry.

DEVIRM. (*Devrim takes a photo of the baby.*) Smile! Good news! A woman judge has been reassigned to our case. A general who knows my father wants us to win.

YALOVA. Why?

DEVIRM. Clean up our human rights record to please the West. They like to point the finger...You're going to need to give her a name. There's a man coming any minute. There's a paper to sign.

YALOVA. At the beach, you said if I couldn't live without her you'd think of something. So think!

DEVIRM. Mersiye *Hanim* won't change her mind. This will only be temporary.

YALOVA. You made a promise. Why didn't you tell me this before? "Too busy." Always on your little telephone, or getting ready. Why does it always take you so long to "get ready"? Why do you blow your hair dry when it will dry anyway, that's so stupid, to make it sooo straight, and it's so hot your face gets all red. Then you cover up the red with your "make up" to look like an elegant lady--to smoke. You can't even buy your own cigarettes, you steal them from Mersiye. You never listen. You pretend, but you're thinking about something else and writing things down on pieces of paper. You think you look so good on the beach but it's just for strangers to look at you. You'll never have a husband. You're not human. My baby will never be near cigarettes or hair dryers.

DEVIRM. Fine. I hope the case will move fast. It's important we not make trouble until it's settled.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. You treat a baby like a sack of flour-- something to take a photo of and get rid of.

DEVRIM. Did I say anything about you sending a postcard to your mother and totally betraying my trust?... I pick up the phone and there's a man's voice on the other end telling me: "Woman lawyer: be careful." Without cigarettes I'd be dead, Yalova--you could just bury me from the stress.

YALOVA. I want you to go away.

DEVRIM. You can visit her everyday. We'll arrange a schedule with Mersiye *Hanim*.

YALOVA. You said, we'll think of something!

DEVRIM. I can't pull miracles out of the sky. We have to fight "bureaucracy"--do you know what that means? Being smart. Like cats.

YALOVA. Like your cat?

DEVRIM. My cat's probably gone by now--jumped out the window to find someone to love her.

YALOVA. Cats are smart, dogs are stupid. Dogs are so stupid when they don't bite. When they don't protect you.

DEVRIM. Okay. There was a dog barking when Osman's son came? Is that what you mean?

YALOVA. He killed the dog with his knife. He told me. He was proud.

DEVRIM. That's good you told me that. It's very important to know he killed the dog.

YALOVA. Why?

DEVRIM. Because it shows he knew what he was going to do to you. Do you think you could say that to your family's lawyer? (*Yalova doesn't answer.*) So we're smart like cats, we always land on our feet and we know how to get what we want.

YALOVA. We do? How?

DEVRIM. Remember I went to the best school? I showed you on the map.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. It's in the East of America.

DEVTRIM. Exactly. So we can win. What kind of life do you want for her?...You have to trust me. This will just be until the trial is over.

YALOVA. I can't give her up. We can run away, right now, before the man comes.

DEVTRIM. My office will start looking for another shelter where you both can stay.

YALOVA. (*Looking at baby.*) She came from dirt.

DEVTRIM. No.

(*A MAN from the orphanage enters.*)

MAN. Are you Devrim Inan? The paper. Her name? I'll need to take her.

YALOVA. No, you can't take her! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

DEVTRIM. (*To the Man.*) The baby's only a few days old.

MAN. She'll need to sign the paper.

DEVTRIM. This is the second time she's had to sign away her life.

YALOVA. I'm not giving her to you! GET AWAY!

MAN. You must.

YALOVA. I'll bite you. (*Snarling.*) My teeth are sharp.

DEVTRIM. Please, this isn't easy.

YALOVA. Who's going to feed her? She's so quiet. Still.

MAN. She will be fed when she arrives.

YALOVA. Don't touch me.

MAN. Please give her to me.

YALOVA. Don't touch her!

MAN. You don't want to injure the infant.

YALOVA. Stop! She's mine! (*The man starts to take the baby from Yalova. The baby cries.*) NO!

MAN. The less time with the infant the better.

YALOVA. She stopped crying. (*Touching her.*) She stopped. (*Yalova closes her eyes. Singing.*) "Little bird, don't fly too high, little bird with not a feather..." (*She*

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

opens her eyes.) I hate Mersiye Hanim, she's a fire-eating monster! Her teeth are yellow! (The man gives her a pen, indicating where to sign.)

MAN. Your name. This line.

YALOVA. Where does her name go?

MAN. It's all right, you can choose her name another day, now you need to sign.

YALOVA. Which line? For her name?

MAN. Here. Hurry.

YALOVA. *(Embarrassed.)* Don't look. No one. *(Yalova finishes writing. The man takes the paper and glances at it, then at Devrim.)*

MAN. Well.

YALOVA. DON'T SAY ANYTHING!

DEVIRM. For now the baby needs to be in a place where she's safe. *(The man takes the baby from Yalova and exits. Yalova moves away, as lights shift.)*

YALOVA. She has baths, whenever she wants, always enough water, she swims in the sea, with her two arms, like swimmers do. Even if she can't touch bottom. *(Lights are restored.)* Leave me alone now. Please go.

DEVIRM. Can I bring you anything?

YALOVA. Bread, a tomato, olives, peppers, cheese, cake, ice cream. I'm so hungry.

DEVIRM. I'll make a run to the store. *(Devrim goes to her and tries to give her a hug.)* Such a big girl. Can I give you a kiss?

YALOVA. No. *(Devrim starts to leave.)* I named her Devrim so there'd be a string for you too.

DEVIRM. ...You did? *(Yalova nods.)* It means revolution.

YALOVA. Your mother named you that?

DEVIRM. My father.

YALOVA. What was he thinking? *(Devrim exits. Lights shift as Yalova kneels.)* Mama, she was born out of me,

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

like yarn spinning from a sweater, the color pink, smells like a strange, little lamb.

(Peri is suddenly in front of Yalova, an apparition.)

PERI. Count the days to eighty...

YALOVA. One, two, three...

PERI. Her soul will open into our arms on the eightieth day.

YALOVA. Will it come, like a treasure in a chest? When she is all alone? Let me be there with her, please, when her soul opens.

PERI. Now you will wait for marriage in your father's house. Sew your trousseau. Then you wait in your husband's house, for his seed to grow. When you walk, lower your gaze. *(Yalova watches Peri exit.)*

SCENE 3

Peri is being questioned by her FAMILY ATTORNEY in a courtroom. Yalova and Devrim watch. The judge is the audience.

PERI. My daughter, Yalova, was always "disobedient." She had her eye on this man who laid mud bricks in the sun along the back road.

ATTORNEY. Who was this man, Mrs. Kireç? Your statement for the judge...

PERI. Osman's son, Mehmet. She would escape to watch him, to catch his eye.

ATTORNEY. Yalova would not accept your neighbor Mehmet was already married, is this correct?

PERI. Yes, she threw herself in the canal because she was with child. She has shamed our family. *(Showing emotion.)* I am sorry.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

ATTORNEY. (*Holding up postcard.*) Mrs. Kireç, she sent you this card from “Antalya” asking if she could come home?

PERI. Yes, written in her own hand to me, pleading.

ATTORNEY. What did you do?

PERI. I sent my youngest son Firat to bring her home.

ATTORNEY. Because you love your daughter. She is part of your family.

PERI. Yes, she is not well in the head, she came out wrong...I can't go on.

ATTORNEY. Thank you. That is all.

PERI. (*To herself.*) If you turn away you miss it, the moment...

ATTORNEY. That's enough, Mrs. Kireç.

PERI. My husband's burden is endless.

ATTORNEY. She is not herself.

PERI. (*Peri faces the audience, addressing the unseen judge.*) It's horrible to be scorned by your village, my family in jail for trying to cleanse our honor...I saw her stomach and I knew. I had to tell her father. Once the glass is broken it can't be fixed...He sent our son Halil to find her, she is no different than a dog. The men had no choice but to do--what they did.

ATTORNEY. Mrs. Kireç.

PERI. It's like being turned on a spit!

YALOVA. (*Very softly.*) Mama?

PERI. My husband won't survive this blow.

ATTORNEY. Your honor, you can see she is in pain for her family...Yes, your honor, thank you. Witness excused. (*Peri steps down. Devrim looks towards an unseen prosecutor then faces the judge.*)

DEVIRM. Your honor, I realize I'm here on my client's behalf, but I feel I must express to the court that I find it highly suspicious the state prosecutor has no questions for this witness, and take issue with the fact that they have

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

had virtually no questions for any of the accused during examination. They don't seem to be actively prosecuting this case--Yes, your honor, I understand. (*Devrim stops. Peri's attorney goes to Yalova.*)

ATTORNEY. Now, Miss Kireç, will you face the judge?

DEVIRM. Yes.

ATTORNEY. In your statement you said your neighbor Mehmet attacked you but didn't you *seduce* Mehmet in the summer? Weren't you complicit, going outside to see him alone?

YALOVA. (*Yalova looks at her mother.*) Outside to see him?

ATTORNEY. You were complicit--you sought him out in the garden.

YALOVA. In the garden?

ATTORNEY. He was your lover.

YALOVA. My lover?

DEVIRM. Answer the questions.

ATTORNEY. I repeat: Did you *seduce* your neighbor Mehmet in the summer?

YALOVA. (*Yalova looks at her mother.*) I did see him sometimes on my way to the garden. Maybe my scarf wasn't tight enough around my head.

DEVIRM. Please.

YALOVA. Liked the way he cut the mud in squares--liked to look at the way the sun cracked the mud. Maybe? I looked...

ATTORNEY. What did you say, "Yalova"?

YALOVA. That's not my name.

ATTORNEY. (*Looking down at his papers.*) But excuse me, it is your legal name.

DEVIRM. Your honor, her name was changed temporarily to "Emine" when she was taken into protective custody. (*To Yalova.*) Your statement. August 19th...?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

ATTORNEY. If she can't remember her name what does this say about her state of mind? Her memory?

YALOVA. (*Rote; to judge.*) I left my father's house to water the squash... Bashed me down...Osman's son, "Mehmet"--Married...I saw his wife at a wedding. His children.

ATTORNEY. This is not about him!

DEVIRM. Go on.

YALOVA. My mother said he went to the city, drank. He had very wide eyes.

ATTORNEY. How did you know his name? Were there witnesses?

YALOVA. A dog was barking. He killed the dog.

ATTORNEY. That's impossible.

YALOVA. He told me. The dog was buried in the public garden. You can find the bones.

ATTORNEY. (*To Devrim.*) How many times did you drill this into her?

DEVIRM. (*To Yalova.*) Go on.

YALOVA. He went inside me--I screamed so someone would hear.

ATTORNEY. Didn't you want to marry Mehmet?

YALOVA. He... (*Yalova looks at Devrim.*) "Ejaculated." (*Very softly.*) Is that right?

ATTORNEY. She's coerced her client. What was a girl like you doing alone in the garden at night?

YALOVA. (*Yalova looks at her mother.*) He came back, in September. "Raped" me four more times.

ATTORNEY. Really?

YALOVA. Each time my mind would leave my body and I would float. To my mother.

ATTORNEY. You would "float"? I don't understand. Why didn't you say anything to your mother?

YALOVA. He'd have killed me.

ATTORNEY. Your family killed Mehmet to protect you.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. My father ordered my brother Halil to drown me.

ATTORNEY. Ibrahim and Halil Kireç are on trial for your so-called murder but you threw yourself in the canal out of shame.

DEVIRIM. She grabbed onto a pole...

YALOVA. I grabbed onto a pole with the arm that wasn't broken. At the hospital where the fisherman took me...

ATTORNEY. Where you *lied* to the police.

YALOVA. (*Looking at Peri.*) She tried to "kidnap" me.

ATTORNEY. (*Pretending not to understand.*) Who? (*Yalova gestures towards her mother.*)

DEVIRIM. Her mother. (*Showing papers.*) There are witnesses.

ATTORNEY. Aren't you the one who wrote your mother a postcard begging her to come home?

YALOVA. Yes.

ATTORNEY. You are not in your right mind.

DEVIRIM. Your honor...

ATTORNEY. Your father says he warned you to stop seeing Osman's son...

YALOVA. My father is like God to me.

DEVIRIM. (*To Yalova.*) The statement.

ATTORNEY. Really? But you have destroyed his name?

YALOVA. And to my brothers too, he is God. (*To herself.*) May God forgive me.

ATTORNEY. (*Looking out; ironically.*) Which God? There are so many around... Your lawyer has coached you, but do you understand what you are saying...?

(*Looking at Peri.*) The choice you are making, Emine?

YALOVA. It's Yalova.

ATTORNEY. What?

YALOVA. My name. (*Wild; taking a photo from her pocket.*) I need to give something to my mother.

DEVIRIM. (*To Yalova.*) No...

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

ATTORNEY. *(To Yalova.)* Yes, why not? A reasonable exchange?

YALOVA. *(To the attorney.)* Can you give her something for me?

DEVIRIM. Your honor, may I approach my client for a moment? *(Devrim takes Yalova aside.)* You can't do this now.

YALOVA. You're not me. I see my mother.

DEVIRIM. You have to be "Emine" now. You have to finish the statement.

YALOVA. Mama.

DEVIRIM. *(Taking photo.)* Give me the photo.

ATTORNEY. Don't you hear what she is asking? She wants to tell the truth. Can't you allow her that God-given right?

DEVIRIM. Touch my hand--on my blood I promise to deliver this photo to your mother, show her your baby.

YALOVA. *(Touching her hand to Devrim's.)* What are you swearing on?

DEVIRIM. *(Swearing; holding Yalova's hand.)* My mother's grave.

YALOVA. *(To judge.)* I fully understand my choice and what I have said in my statement.

SCENE 4

Devrim is talking on her cell phone at the elevator at her Istanbul office, holding open a newspaper.

DEVIRIM. *(On phone.)* Yeah, buried in the back with tiny lettering so you need a magnifying glass but she did it--
"A precedent for human rights." ...Thanks Zeki, you owe me a bottle of wine...Friday so I can choose my next case from the piles...Maybe now we can hire someone to answer the phone? Got to go, the elevator's here.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

(Her father enters. She hangs up.)

NAZIM. You won. Congratulations.

DEVIRIM. Thank you.

NAZIM. But going to Sanliurfa--it's suicide.

DEVIRIM. I made a promise.

NAZIM. It's good to know you keep some.

DEVIRIM. Look, I asked you a favor to talk to your friend.

NAZIM. You shamed me. You think you won this case? The judge and her verdict were fixed, to prove progress to the E.U.

DEVIRIM. That's not true.

NAZIM. What will happen on your next case?

DEVIRIM. Our courts are in transition, we live in two worlds.

NAZIM. You're a hypocrite. You're trying to play it both ways.

DEVIRIM. We have to find our own democracy. It takes time.

NAZIM. I don't look forward to going out there to watch them load you into a body bag and bring you back to Istanbul.

DEVIRIM. Come with me?

NAZIM. Devrim, I spoke to the firm in New York. They're willing to honor their commitment to you...I bought two plane tickets. I'll come with you, help you settle in. I've already found an apartment.

DEVIRIM. Father, why did you do that?

NAZIM. You're throwing it all away to work with Zeki? Remember how we used to dance on summer nights? How we'd laugh. *Raki* to liven things up? *(He does a bit of a Turkish dance.)*

DEVIRIM. Those were the happiest times of my life.

NAZIM. Work, family, children...

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

DEVVRIM. I know I'd be successful in America. I can imagine how happy that life there would make you. You taught me the one thing I believe in.

NAZIM. What's that?

DEVVRIM. Rule of law.

NAZIM. Life isn't simple like you want.

DEVVRIM. I do it to honor you.

NAZIM. I'm tired, Devrim. Everything I say is reason for rebuttal. Maybe you're too smart for me. My father didn't want me to be a lawyer. He thought lawyers were thieves. I started from nothing.

DEVVRIM. Yalova and her baby will be coming to Istanbul. Why not meet them?

NAZIM. You're going to save this girl and dismiss your own father?

DEVVRIM. Father.

NAZIM. Please, that's enough! Don't bring the girl around. And don't call.

DEVVRIM. Father...

NAZIM. You're not my daughter. I disown you. (*He exits.*)

SCENE 5

Devrim, wearing a headscarf, carrying a backpack, confronts a male VILLAGER, holding a basket, on a remote road.

DEVVRIM. I'm looking for Peri Kireç.

VILLAGER. You want a coca cola? (*She takes the bottle. He looks at her, warningly.*) Are you sure you don't want a ride in the truck to the airport?

DEVVRIM. Can you tell me where to find her?

VILLAGER. (*Pointing.*) Try the cave where she hides her hens--or the beehives, licking honeycombs. Aren't

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

you going to drink the coke, it's refreshing? (*Motioning.*)
Come, come, stand, in the shade, you want to sit...?

DEVVRIM. I'll try over there...

VILLAGER. Or she could be past the old mulberry. She bathes in the canal.

DEVVRIM. She bathes in the canal?

VILLAGER. Never in the public baths. Or at the fountain washing her face before prayers...And then, of course, sometimes she also disappears.

DEVVRIM. For how long?

VILLAGER. Who's counting? Is the room clean? I saw the sheets hanging in the sun.

DEVVRIM. Yes. Very nice.

VILLAGER. She could be with the goats where my son gives her money to feed them; or the forest where she collects wood. You want a home-cooked meal?

(*Pointing.*) Up on the mountain where she screams at night?

DEVVRIM. She screams?

VILLAGER. Listen for her. She sings.

DEVVRIM. She sings?

VILLAGER. You want a kilim? You want to visit the mosque, one-hundred-years-old? You want to see the cave where Abraham was born? Are you going to give me back the coke?

DEVVRIM. (*She gives it back and starts to go.*) I'll start with the orchard, then the hives...

VILLAGER. Watch out for the dogs at the apple trees. Dogs are stupid, cats are smart.

DEVVRIM. (*Shocked.*) What did you say?

VILLAGER. Her message to you is "Stay out."

DEVVRIM. She left me a message?

VILLAGER. You're just a tourist--don't you know where you belong? Her daughter didn't die but that was lucky. Are you lucky?

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

(Lights shift as on the other side of the stage Peri is getting water from the public fountain and Devrim approaches.)

DEVTRIM. Peri, you know who I am. You recognize me.

PERI. I recognize the devil. You can ask God for the answer! *(Devrim starts to take out the photo, as Peri rushes at Devrim.)* Get away from me! I will kill you! Taking all that is sacred away! *(Peri violently throws the bucket of water at Devrim, chasing her.)* I will kill you! *(Devrim puts the photo down on the ground and exits.)*

SCENE 6

Yalova holds her baby, waiting by the Bosphorus, in the Water Light. Yalova wears her headscarf; she is covered up, still wearing the sweater. Devrim, still in the same clothes enters carrying her backpack, calling.

DEVTRIM. Yalovaaaaa...? *(Yalova turns to look at her. Devrim approaches about to light a cigarette.)*

YALOVA. You look different with no paint on your face...*(Devrim puts her cigarettes away.)*

DEVTRIM. I know it disturbs you.

YALOVA. *(Looking at her.)* So?

DEVTRIM. She was at the public fountain getting water.

YALOVA. What did she say?...When she saw the photo? *(A beat.)* Did you look at her eyes? When she saw the baby? *(A beat.)*

DEVTRIM. She didn't take the photo. I left it on the ground.

YALOVA. Why did you do that? That was stupid!

DEVTRIM. So she could see.

YALOVA. What did she say? When she saw the baby?

DEVTRIM. She didn't look.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

YALOVA. *(Yalova buries her head close to the baby.)*

Everything would have changed...If she had seen.

DEVIRIM. Sometimes they can't see. *(Devrim and Yalova sit together, looking out at the water.)*

YALOVA. Did your mother tell you stories?

DEVIRIM. She may have but I don't remember.

YALOVA. Tell me a story.

DEVIRIM. Okay, well, when I go to find your mother, she asks me to sit with her on the roof, so we can see the swallows...

YALOVA. And see the sky's belt after the rain?

DEVIRIM. Yes, and the minaret. Laid out in different bowls are olives, peppers, cheese, tomatoes--red as your little one's cheeks.

YALOVA. And what happens?

DEVIRIM. We eat, and we drink sweet tea. *(Yalova waits.)* Your mother asks me to sing. And you are there with us and you start the song.

YALOVA. I do.

DEVIRIM. We are singing on the rooftop and all the villagers come to look at us. We are waving, eating, and laughing on the roof. And then a man, I can see him, he's wearing a suit, carrying a brown wrinkled leather briefcase, I recognize it, he throws up a message into the air, into the clouds, and it reaches us on the roof. And what does it say?

YALOVA. *(Yalova cries out to the heavens.)* **DEVIRIM!**

(Lights shift to Peri who picks up the photo on the ground where Devrim left it. Peri approaches Yalova's brother, Firat, sitting with his head buried in his knees in his jail cell. Peri and Firat look at each other in silence. She hands the photo to him through the bars. He looks at it.)

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

BROTHER (FIRAT). Why are you breathing so hard? Why have you lost your breath? Why don't you say something? Just staring at me like that? What is it? Who is this? (*Peri just stares.*) I want to but I can't do anything else for you anymore! I'm a prisoner. WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING? (*Handing back photo.*) WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?

PERI. Yalova had black hair too at first. So weak. Like a bird. I had to practically chew the food for her!

BROTHER (FIRAT). She wasn't strong enough. She should have been stronger, to get away from him. (*He bangs on the bars of the cell, desperate. Peri stands completely still.*)

PERI. What is the exact moment between day and night? If you turn away for an instant, you miss it.

(*Devrim and Yalova, look out at the Bosphorus, as before, in the Water Light.*)

YALOVA. The Bosphorus is so beautiful--like a black sea.

DEVVRIM. It's the center of the world. It separates East and West.

YALOVA. Or joins them depending on the movement of the earth's plates. (*Devrim nods, as they look out.*) What will happen?

DEVVRIM. I'll teach you to swim.

YALOVA. Do you think I can?

DEVVRIM. The past is reflected on this water and I see the future in your eyes.

END OF PLAY

Note about the folksong: "The High, High Hills" is a popular, anonymous, Turkish wedding song. It is a song of longing for the family and countryside, which the displaced bride has lost.

THE BEAUTY INSIDE

“Don’t let them send daughters far away
Don’t let them be cruel to the mother’s only girl
Let the birds above know I miss my mother
Miss my mother, miss my father, miss my home.
*“Ashruh ashruh memlekete kuhz vermesinler
Annesinin bir tanesini hor görmesinler
Uçan da kushlara malûm olsun, ben annemi özledim
Hem annemi, hem babamuh, ben köyümü özledim*

If my mother had a boat she would sail to me...
If my brothers knew the way they would come to me...”
*Annemin yelkeni olsa, açsa da gelse
Kardeshlerim yollaruhmuh bilse de gelse
Ah...Ah...Ah...”*

$9 = 2 + 2 + 2 + 3$

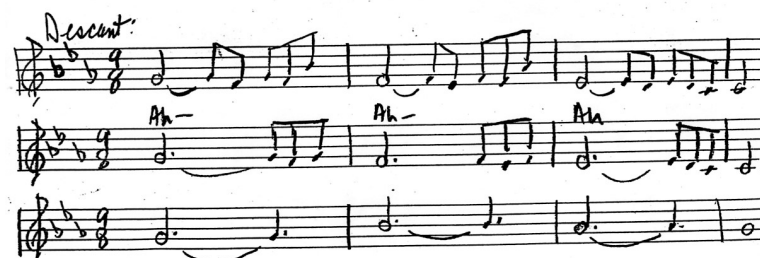
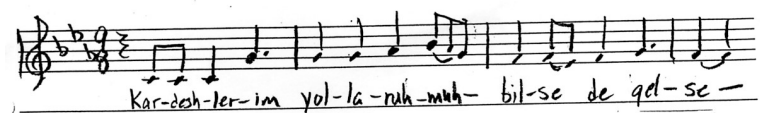
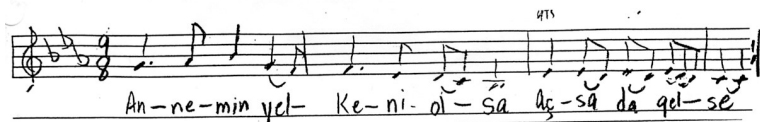
Ash-ruh ash-ruh mem-le-ke-te Kuhz ver-mes-in-ler

Ann-e-si-nin bir tan-e-si-ni hor gös-mes-im-ler

U-çan da kush-la-ra Ma-lum ol-sun Ben an-nem-i öze-le-dim

Hem an-ne-mi- Hem ba-be-muh Ben kö-yü-mü öze-le-dim

THE BEAUTY INSIDE



Note about the passage from The Koran:

From George Sale, translation. *The Koran*. London: Frederick Warne.

Acknowledgments from playwright:

Allan Arffa, Melis Bilgin, Christina Curry, Robin Dahlberg, Sheila Dauer, Carol Delaney, Mary Gail, Selcuk Karabag, Tugce Kurtis, Lark Workshop, Namita Luthra, New Dramatists, Jonathan Oppenheim, Handan Ozbilgin, Halil Ozerden, Jean Randich, Ayse Eldek Richardson, Zeshan Ugurlu, Amberin Zaman