

Selections from ‘A Dress for Mona’ (Act II, Scene 3 - 1 male, 1 female)

Árám 16; son of a Mulla, a bit peculiar, was in love with Mona
Farah (Ja’farí) 16; bold and worldly, Mona’s friend

Scene - The Site of the House of the Báb, now destroyed. FARAHA sits, her shoes off. ARAM enters, dressed in his religious attire. He sees FARAHA, hesitates, then approaches.

FARAHA

Mr. Alizadeh said they’re not going to let her out.

ARAM

I heard. *(He comes forward to sit down.)*

FARAHA

Take off your shoes.

ARAM

Why?

FARAHA

Because Mona did.

[He takes off his shoes and sits.]

FARAHA

Where have you been? I haven’t seen you much.

ARAM

I’ve been around. I see you... not seeing me.

FARAHA

I’m not used to you wearing that.

ARAM

It doesn’t really fit me.

[FARAHA stands up and walks away, upstage.]

ARAM

Farah, I’m sorry.

FARAHA

(Wiping her nose.)

Do you have a handkerchief or something?

ARAM (*Checking his pockets.*)

Oh... I guess I don't.

FARAH

(*Trying to wipe her nose with her hands.*)

Ugghh! My nose won't stop running. Mona! You jerk! I came to your favorite place to remember you and now look at me!

ARAM

She can't hear you.

FARAH

(*Turning on him, sharply.*)

What?

ARAM

She's not dead...

FARAH

Why did you say that?

ARAM

It's true.

FARAH

Why don't you just say what you mean? Yet! She's not dead yet!

ARAM

That's not what I meant. You have... (*Indicating her nose.*)

FARAH

So why are you looking at me? Leave me a little dignity.

ARAM

I feel responsible.

FARAH

Go away!

ARAM

Here. (*He takes off his turban and offers it to her.*) Use this.

FARAH

I can't take that. It's religious.

ARAM

It can be washed.

FARAH

I'd rather stand here dripping head to toe for the rest of the night than go to hell because I defiled that thing!

ARAM (*Moving towards her.*)

We won't let you go to hell.

FARAH

Aram!

ARAM

Be still!

[He grabs her and wipes her face and hands with both force and gentleness. She is still while he does it. When he finishes she glares at him. He cracks a smile.]

FARAH

You touched me.

ARAM

You're not unclean.

FARAH

Completely covered with mucous.

ARAM

Mucous is okay. Where would we be without mucous?

FARAH

Maybe I'm a Baha'i.

ARAM

Maybe.

FARAH

You touched me.

ARAM

I did.

FARAH

It's gonna cost you.

[FARAH looks away. They both restrain smiles. End of scene.]