

## Characters

Ahmet Beyaz, a businessman in his sixties.

Leyla Beyaz, Ahmet Beyaz' wife. In her fifties, a housewife.

Songül Beyaz, their daughter, thirty years old.

The Judge, a retired appeals-court judge, in his sixties.

The Judge's Wife, in her fifties, a housewife.

The Governess, the woman who has brought Songül up since her birth, in her sixties.

The Wine Doctor, Orhan Gün, referred to as the Wine Doctor throughout the play.

## Act One

The sitting room. It immediately catches the eye that the room is furnished in a rather showy way. It is clear that the people who live here like to spend money. The appearance of the house is a projection of their way of life.

There are paintings on the wall, a carpet on the floor, a statue, the table in the middle is laid for seven; on the left, there are armchairs; there is a bookcase on the wall.

The curtain rises to the sound of cheerful music.

In one of the armchairs, Ahmet Beyaz is sitting. He is dapper and looks slightly agitated. As he flicks randomly through the pages of a magazine, it is clear that his mind is on other things.

In the armchair opposite him, his wife, Leyla Beyaz is sitting with her legs crossed reading a book. She is calm and looks at her husband lovingly; they smile at each other.

Their daughter, Songül, enters. She is wearing jeans and a t-shirt. She is sulking about something and greets her mother and father moodily.

SONGÜL: Hello.

AHMET BEYAZ: Hello, why the long face? To look at you, anyone'd think you'd lost a fiver and found a penny.

SONGÜL: (*Angry and on the verge of tears*) No, dad, I haven't lost a fiver; I've lost a whole plane.

AHMET BEYAZ: Now what's that supposed to mean? I don't get it.

SONGÜL: Dad, you know full well what I'm talking about

'cause it was you who made the call.

AHMET BEYAZ: And where am I supposed to have called?

SONGÜL: There's an amateur flying club; they teach you how to fly one-man and two-man planes. It would have been such a good laugh. I put my name down, and you, you called and had them remove it, and, as if that wasn't enough, you gave them a telling off and yelled down the phone at them, too!

AHMET BEYAZ: Well, they made such a song and dance of everything! But why would I have given them a telling off or yelled at them?

SONGÜL: The club's accountant told you it was me who put my name down and if I'd changed my mind, it should be me who goes and tells them. And when he said that, oh, you really blew your top! "I'm Ahmet Beyaz," you yelled at them, "and if you don't take my daughter's name off your list, I'll make you wish you'd never been born!" Now, dad, that was hardly a respectable way to go about now, was it?

AHMET BEYAZ: Well, I suppose not... (*Looking at his wife*) Leyla, say something, will you?

LEYLA BEYAZ: (*Raising her head from her book, it is clear that she has been listening to them carefully, but pretending to read*) But you went and put your name down without telling us, dear, now that's not anything to be proud of either.

SONGÜL: Ah, mum! I'm thirty years old! Why do you keep treating me like a child?

- LEYLA BEYAZ: Now come on, darling, let's not make mountains out of mole-hills! We don't treat you like a child; you're all grown-up now! No one's keeping you locked up, now, are they?
- SONGÜL: This living and breathing soul is my soul. Aren't we all gifts from God? So, let me use my gift however I want!
- LEYLA BEYAZ: Darling, we weren't thinking with our heads; we were thinking with our hearts. We let our hearts rule our heads. When it comes to you, it's not logic that's in charge, it's feelings.
- AHMET BEYAZ: Where did you come up with the idea of being a pilot, anyway, darling? We were worried; it's so dangerous.
- SONGÜL: Driving is even more dangerous! Just take a look at all the car accidents! You can be sure that planes are safer.
- AHMET BEYAZ: But, darling, you can't just make your decisions like that! Do the pilots there know how to teach? What kind of planes do they use? You have to look into all of that; then we'll see.
- SONGÜL: For God's sake, dad, why don't you let me live a little? Now tell me the truth, dad, did the governess snitch on me, telling you I'd signed up for flying lessons?
- AHMET BEYAZ: What? You mean she knew, but you hid it from us?
- SONGÜL: No, I swear, I didn't tell her.

- AHMET BEYAZ: So, how come she'd know, then?
- SONGÜL: I've got a friend in the club, and her mum got to know the governess at school; she must have said something.
- AHMET BEYAZ: In this house, I'm always the last to know anything. It's not me who's the head of this family; it's the governess!
- SONGÜL: Come on, dad, it's not that bad! I didn't tell anyone I'd put my name down for flying lessons; honestly, I didn't even tell the governess. Anyway, where did you find out about it?
- AHMET BEYAZ: A relative of one of your friends in the flying school works in our factory. He told me that you'd signed up. Has the governess ever told me anything? She'd sooner die than give up a secret.
- SONGÜL: Alright, alright, they've taken my name off the list anyway. We've got nothing left to fight about.
- AHMET BEYAZ: And that's exactly how it should be.
- SONGÜL: Look, I really do love you; I love the governess, too, of course, but you should give me more freedom. For example, I want to have a flat of my own, you know, one of those studio things.
- AHMET BEYAZ: (*Mockingly and angrily*) Whatever for? Aren't you comfortable here?
- SONGÜL: Dad, you know I think it's great living with you. But it's a fact that young people need to have their

freedom. Think about Europe or America. You leave home there when you're eighteen.

AHMET BEYAZ: But they're not the same as us.

SONGÜL: When it suits you, you say we should be more like them, and when it doesn't, you say they're not the same as us!

LEYLA BEYAZ: (*Raising her head from the book she was pretending to read*) Stop this bickering! Songül, go and get changed, our guests will be here soon.

SONGÜL: What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

LEYLA BEYAZ: Well, you can hardly meet guests dressed like that, now can you?

SONGÜL: (*Turning to her father*) Dad, if you only knew just how expensive these jeans and t-shirt are, which mum has taken such exception to! Me and guvvie spent a small fortune on them!

AHMET BEYAZ: It doesn't matter.

SONGÜL: You shouldn't spoil me so much.

LEYLA BEYAZ: I know, it's your father who spoils you, not me.

SONGÜL: I could find a job and earn some money; that way I'd know the value of what I'm spending. But dad won't let me. Mum, you're right, dad spoils me.

AHMET BEYAZ: Well, you both put it so well! It's all my fault! We'll talk about this another day, OK? I'm not really on

form at the moment...

SONGÜL: OK, dad, so who's coming to tea? I didn't know we were expecting guests.

AHMET BEYAZ: You hear us talking about them all the time, darling. Metin Çelik, the retired judge. He used to sit on the appeals court. His wife's coming, too, and there's that Orhan, you know, the one they call "le docteur du vin".

SONGÜL: Who? Oh, it's OK, I remember now. The judge and his wife and Orhan, the wineseller.

AHMET BEYAZ: He's not a wineseller; he's a wine doctor, le docteur du vin!

SONGÜL: It was a slip of the tongue. Anyway, I suppose the judge and his wife are important. His wife's a bit pasty-faced, but anyway. But this Orhan, I mean, isn't he a wineseller? He imports and exports wine: that's selling. And where did he get his doctorate from? For all we know, he probably gave himself the title. Is there even such a thing as a "docteur du vin"?

AHMET BEYAZ: You and the governess haven't got a good word to say about anyone. The French gave him that title, so there must be something like that in France.

SONGÜL: God, dad, you must have been born yesterday! Sometimes it's so difficult to understand you. You're an intelligent businessman, yet you fall for this fake doctor stuff. I sometimes wonder about you!