

# Alaa Taha

## Two

**Characters**

Aidan, 24

Amina, 28

**Setting**

Aidan's evening 'undoing for the day' routine.

Amina's morning 'preparing for the day' routine.

Performed as concurrent monologues - lines read horizontally at the same time or close timing.

Characters can appear concurrently on screen if virtual.

**Time**

8am and 10pm

26 May 2020

*Scene*  
*Concurrent monologues*

Aidan

Tea...toast...teeth  
Routine  
Too dark  
Open the light  
Breathe  
Gather  
Arrange  
Sense  
It can't be  
*That*  
That's too...  
It isn't.  
Maintain stance?  
Should I message?  
Should I explain?  
What words do I choose?  
To take better care of her  
To understand  
What it means  
She should've called by now  
Should  
Hinder  
Did I cross the line?  
She didn't say anything  
She's quiet  
She's cold  
She's angry  
She can speak for her self  
For her self.  
*Hand gesture*  
She didn't say anything  
It can't be, the R word  
That?  
That's skewed  
I'm on your side  
But  
That's not the purpose of what I said  
I just wanted to redesign this piece.  
To be everyday  
To be relatable  
To be neat  
To make sense  
And understand  
And see it  
And dismantle  
From both perspectives  
That's caused me to  
Shoulder the burden  
Shoulder the blame. It's not mine.  
That was it.  
*BEAT*  
Should I apologise?  
No.  
Everything's alright.  
She didn't say anything.  
What's right and what's earned?  
I have lived this experience  
I am construing a voice  
I am shaping my learning  
I am moulding a reality to understand her  
I am reading every book you post

Amina

Teeth..tea, toast  
Ritual  
Closed in  
Open the door  
Bathe  
Butter skin  
Comb hair  
Did I sense it wrong?  
It can't be  
*That*  
That's too big.  
It is?  
Maintain self.  
Should I explain?  
Always having to explain  
What words can I choose?  
To take care, to tread carefully  
To make him understand  
What it means to be black  
And a woman  
Should  
Permission  
Trace the line  
Where refusing to speak, becomes too loud  
It's too loud now  
Tea's cold  
Too long, too loud  
Self, self, remember self care  
Oil hands  
What is there to say?  
That was Racist  
That hurt  
That's been overpowering me  
But we're side by side.  
But  
That's the purpose of racism  
What isn't said  
That's the way it was designed  
piece by piece.  
To be everyday  
To be casual  
To be messy  
To be hard  
And understand  
And see  
And dismantle  
From both perspectives  
That's caused me to self retreat  
That's the burden  
That's the blame  
Mine.  
That's it.  
*BEAT*  
Should I apologise?  
No.  
Was it wrong?  
He does care, he's earned knowledge  
Through me?  
To assume you could take words  
From a lived experience  
A black experience

I am, I am shaping and reshaping every  
word to fit you, to mould to you  
Is that not enough?  
Do I have to check with you before I say  
anything about blackness?  
Your experience  
Raitima is my Raitima  
Genesis my Genesis  
It's still the same origin  
The same formation  
of the writer's words  
That's not stealing  
You're being dramatic  
In the way they said it  
Just altered  
Just adapted  
Just softened  
Just made current  
Just adapted  
For you

'Loy A. Webb'  
'*The Light*'  
'For black girls.'  
'For every black woman or girl that has  
been through darkness, I hope this play  
is the light you have so desperately been  
praying for.'

And construe them  
And warp them  
And reshape them  
And remould them  
to you.  
Is that not enough?  
Wait.  
Without permission.  
*BEAT*  
My lived experience  
Raitima is my Raitima  
Genesis is my Genesis  
The origin  
The formation  
Not in the way Beyonce said  
Everyone knows she steals ideas  
I am dramatic  
But in the way I say  
My voice  
In its loudness  
In its undertone  
In its history  
Just adapted  
For you

'Loy A. Webb'  
'*The Light*'  
'For black girls.'  
'For every black woman or girl that has  
been through darkness, I hope this play  
is the light you have so desperately been  
praying for.'

**Alaa Taha is a playwright based in London, UK and Berlin, Germany. Plays include Green Chilli (2019, National Theatre of Uganda, Kampala), Museum of Innocence (2019, Nwt House Gallery, Cairo), Meat Market (2013, Soho Theatre Writers Award), Neener Neener (2011, Tristan Bates Theatre, London), amongst others.**