

# To Bid You Farewell

by Demir Arslan

**Setting:** Ankara, Kızılay, a concert hall, 2042 August.

## **Characters:**

EMİR: 19, college student, small beard, 180cm tall, fit, wears a leather jacket, joyful person, fun

YİĞİT: 21, college student, clean shaven, long hair, 6026961 tattoo on right wrist, 187cm tall and built, colder person but fun when you get to know him

ZACK: 26, recently moved from the UK to Turkey, 184cm tall, muscular yet fat, buzz cut, long beard, intimidating yet very soft inside, works in the Turkish Intelligence Agency

## **SCENE 1**

*(In front of an old-ish apartment, Emir is waiting on the sidewalk, pacing up and down furiously, checking his clock every now and then. He is wearing his favourite clothes, ready for the Avenged Sevenfold concert.)*

EMİR: *(furiously shouting)* Yiğit, if you don't come down in 5 minutes, I swear to God I'll go there by myself!

YİĞİT: *(with a muffled voice)* Oh.. okay... hang on, I'm on my way...

EMİR: Well, you'd better be!

*(Yiğit comes down the stairs with fast steps.)*

EMİR: I thought that you weren't coming, I was losing hope. Come on, let's not waste any more time!

*(They both start walking to the bus stop peacefully. They get to the bus stop, while Yiğit is raising his hand letting go of his jacket from his wrist, Emir notices something.)*

EMİR: *(curiously)* Hey, what's that on your wrist? A tattoo? Stickers, maybe?

YİĞİT: *(lifts arm up trying to look confused)* W-What? What do you mean? O-Oh, these numbers?

EMİR: Yes, those? It reads: *(squints his eyes and lowers his head)* 6-0-2-6-9-6-1. What does this mean, is it your serial number? *(lets out a small chuckle)*

YİĞİT: *(trying to keep himself from shaking and stuttering)* H-haha, thankfully no, I wasn't mass-produced. Those numbers are from the song "The Granulating Dark

Satanic Mills" by Carcass. They use the numbers to symbolize how workers have been recognized as "workforce" ignoring their feelings.

EMİR: Oooh! I've heard of Carcass before, but never knew there were such intricate details in their songs.

YİĞİT: *(visibly relieved)* Right? I wouldn't expect this from a death metal band either. Oh, look, the bus has arrived!

*(They get on the bus and get away.)*

## **SCENE 2:**

*(The bus stops in front of the concert hall, in Sıhhiye, built recently in front of the Statue. Emir and Yiğit get down almost as if they're jumping off, seemingly exhausted, wiping away their sweat to their arms.)*

YİĞİT: God, these buses are never getting any better! It's almost as if they never get empty.

EMİR: *(breathing quickly)* I couldn't agree more! Look at my breathing, it's almost as if I was an avid smoker for 30 years.

*(They continue walking as the statue catches their eye.)*

EMİR: Do you know when this was built? It's been around since forever.

YİĞİT: No, they say that it was built in a time when people weren't worrying about pollution. *(points finger)* Oh, look; this must be the line to enter.

EMİR: *(sighs in disappointment)* Oh, right. I sure do want to wait 45 minutes in a line right now.

*(Both walk to the end of the line, which is seemingly never-ending.)*

EMİR: Rumors say that they are everywhere. They.

YİĞİT: *(visibly confused)* W-what do you mean, "they"?

EMİR: I can't talk too much as of now. They, are here.

YİĞİT: *(while trying to hide the uncontrollable stress and shaking)* I, I don't know, r-really...

EMİR: Nevermind. We're talking about this later.

### **SCENE 3:**

*(The concert hall is full of excited people cheering for the band. The atmosphere is unmatched. Emir and Yiğit are waiting inside. While they couldn't get to the front because of the queue, they still can see the stage. Yiğit's in visible stress.)*

EMİR: Hey, what's going on? Cheer up a little! Haven't we been waiting for today, for months?

YİĞİT: Yeah... right...

*(The show starts. Everyone's having fun, drinking, singing and chatting. The night ends, and people start going home.)*

YİĞİT: It was such a night! Hey, do you want to go to this cool new pub I discovered?

EMİR: Sure, it'd be awesome!

*(They get on their way. The crowds pass, and they enter streets emptier than one another. It's dark, and scary. The air is cool, with a little bite. The moon is fully visible in a crescent shape, lighting the broken roads along with a few damaged light poles. All of the buildings around the street are abandoned, or fallen. An old sign stands, which reads: İşçi Blokları.)*

EMİR: We've been walking for well over an hour. I'm getting tired already, where is this place?

YİĞİT: Oh, haha, we've arrived. We need to go downstairs from here.

EMİR: I-I don't think that's a good place, dude...

YİĞİT: *(forcing Emir down)* Oh, it is. Good night...

*(A loud noise comes from broken concrete, as Emir falls, unconscious. 2 men in black pick him up and get him to a room lit with a bare lightbulb.)*

#### **SCENE 4:**

*(Emir wakes up, barely conscious, in what looks like an old rotten bed. The smell of dampness wanders the air as an old broken fan makes noises. Two men rush to the bed, shouting.)*

UNNAMED GUY: HE'S AWAKE! FINALLY!

*(Yiğit and Zack walk down the stairs, returning from a smoke break. They're having a small chat.)*

ZACK: Oh, you know me. I have never liked this job anyway, but you? You've always done things with a passion!

YİĞİT: It might look like so, sure, but I doubt I have a passion for evil.

ZACK: Why, then? *(takes a sip of tea from his paper cup, makes a wry face from the taste of the tea)* I told you my story, now, it's your turn!

YİĞİT: No, I do not remember how you got here. Would you mind explaining again?

ZACK: No, I wouldn't really. See, after finishing my degree from Chemistry back in the UK, I decided to reward myself with a little holiday, and Turkey happened to be my destination. I came here, with my friends, had a great time *(visibly emotional)* and eventually, it was time to go. We arrived at the airport, and during passport checks, I went to the restroom. I had a hard time finding it as the restroom was at a hidden place, and when I got there, the place was covered in blood. Uncontrollably, I screamed, and that's when 2 men came; one grabbed me by my body, and one held me at gunpoint while he said: You're coming with us now. And now, I'm here.

YİĞİT: O-oh. I see. That's really, really unfortunate.

ZACK: Yes, quite. Anyways, I can hear yours later. We got work to do.

*(Both go downstairs, and find Emir screaming on the floor, 2 men holding him down. His hands are covered in blood.)*

EMİR: *(growling and very loud voice)* I WILL NOT REPEAT ONCE MORE. LEAVE. ME. ALONE. YOU KNOW I WILL ESCAPE.

*(One of the men gets some tape, while the other holds Emir down. As the two are having a wrestling session, the other guy tapes Emir's mouth. Now, he can only make weird noises.)*

YİĞİT: *(hands on chest, sad and surprised expression)* Oh... oh my... it wasn't supposed to be like this. Please, forgive me...

*(Emir starts shouting even louder. He raged so much after seeing Yiğit again.)*

ZACK: *(trying to maintain a serious expression)* ALRIGHT! Tie him to the chair, and leave. We must talk.

*(The two men do as they're told, shut the wooden door that's falling apart, and leave. Now there's only Emir, Yiğit, Zack and fear left in the room.)*

ZACK: *(side eyes Yiğit)* Do I start, or do you?

YİĞİT: *(in pure disbelief, very scared)* I-I can't... keep doing this... *(gets down on the floor, hands covering his face)*

ZACK: *(slaps Yiğit with full force)* GET UP! Oh, you feel the pain now... when the knife, covered in our sins, and blood, touches you? Aww, your friend? So cute! But only now, you actually have the humane emotions to understand one simple thing: This is cruel. This is NOT okay. Oh, but maybe you're right. You have everything. You have the money, enough money to last generations. You have the social status. Your family is wealthy, because of your acts: acts of murder. Arson. Deals with the mafia. Pulling people in and out, of our miserable hellhole. But I want to ask, is it all worth it? For a little money? Are you so cheap? Are the people's lives so cheap? Oh, no, no. YOU are cheap. There's no explaining. You are a selfish excuse of a human who would do anything for some money!

*(Yiğit stands in awe and disbelief. There's uninterrupted silence in the room.)*

ZACK: *(leans to the door, with a confident attitude)* You are pathetic. You will never see me again here.

*(Zack leaves the room. The tape in Emir's mouth falls, but he can not get the courage to talk. Yiğit and Emir stare at each other for a good minute. In disbelief, again.)*



## **SCENE 5:**

*(Few minutes later, same scene. Yiğit's wandering around while Emir sits in the corner, thoughtfully.)*

EMİR: *(raising his head)* Y-you never told me about this... side-gig that you have been doing.

YİĞİT: Oh, of course I haven't! There was a plan... all along. I was going to get you here, as my right hand man. The plan was working... flawlessly. Until, oh, until that SWINE quit! He betrayed me, oh...

EMİR: *(gets up, angrily)* Oh, he betrayed you? Oh, I was going to accept being your "right-hand man" *(with a mocking voice)*? In this pitiful excuse of a job? You get people, drag them into the spiral of no end. You do this for a living. There's no escape now, for you. However, you won't keep me here for long. Soon enough, I'll be gone. Not a trace, while you will be stuck here committing the horrors. Here, I bid farewell to you. I never knew you were such a horrible person. Thanks for ruining all of this. The bond, everything we had, we created.

*(Emir gets up and leaves, without looking back. He walks in an uninterrupted line towards the shy light coming from the surface. Halfway through, Yiğit runs to him, and grabs his arm.)*

YİĞİT: H-hey... wait for... me... *(running out of breath)*

EMİR: *(shouts)* LET GO OF MY ARM! I SAID: LET. GO. NOW. I DO NOT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU, FROM NOW ON.

YİĞİT: *(pleading voice)* Oh but... please... we don't have to do this. Everything... can be fixed...

*(Without listening to him, Emir goes upstairs, to the surface, making a creaking noise from the old wooden staircase. To Bid You Farewell by Opeth starts playing. Yiğit stands inside, frozen.)*

## **SCENE 6:**

*(There's only Yiğit and bugs in the room now. The cold of the basement bites Yiğit's bare arms. As the sun sets, the light inside gets dimmer and dimmer. Yiğit is wandering around, hands tied around his back, thoughtful.)*

YİĞİT: I don't... I don't believe them, no. I can't have done something wrong. I always knew what I was doing.

*(Electricity noises and buzzing occurs. A robotic yet human-like voice talks through a hidden speaker.)*

VOICE: You never knew.

YİĞİT: *(jumps in panic)* Who are you? Where is this voice coming from?

VOICE: Oh, you don't know me. But I know you very well. See, I'm not real. I'm artificial intelligence designed to keep people like you away from spiraling down to jobs like this. You have been doing all sorts of horrible things. It's time to put an end to all this.

*(Lights activate. The room turns red, and sirens activate. 2 people in black hold from each his arms, The end is now. A familiar voice comes from one of the men in black.)*

ZACK: Haha! Remember me, clown?

END