

MASTERCLASS VERBATIM MONOLOGUES

WELCOME TO IRAN

The Waiter Monologue

SAM STORY – MONOLOGUE

Now for people it's like politically correct to say 'oh that's the Iranian culture' - but it wasn't! It wasn't the Iranian culture. The Iranian culture was really poetic and free. We had the traditional Islam that existed in Iran for 700 years or whatever but it wasn't implemented politically and as harshly as they're doing now.

So my dad had a printing company and I'd dropped out of school at 16 and he said 'if you're not going to school we are not paying for anything, you have to work! So you have to work at my printers' blah blah blah.

So I did that with my older brother and turns out, and this absolutely confidential but... but turns out my mum was friends with a couple people who are in this group of like, missionaries. Christian! Christian missionaries and they were actually running this operation of converting peoples to Christianity. Yeah unbelievable- mad! So these two like, Christian ... how do you call them? Father something? Priests! Yeah priests. Two of them were priests and one was a missionary sent from like somewhere else, Armenia, and they were just like baptising people. My mum didn't know that at the time. So what she did as a favour to them is print some leaflets, 200 copies of these pamphlets at my dad's factory. And I'm telling my brother during the two days of producing the graphics (it was a small place, only one machine) and I said 'is this a commission for a church or something? Don't we

need a permission to do this?" Because everything in Iran that is printed and is non-Farsi language it needs a permission from the ministry of culture. Even if it's English saying 'Allah is great' that needs a license! So we thought it was really odd, and then the same afternoon, they raid the place! 'Everyone against the wall'. They come in and say 'what is this?' and my dad says 'yeah well my wife' and they say 'oooooh who is your wife?' Luckily enough literally the next day my mum and dad had a visa and tickets to go to Germany to go to this tech expo. So my mum overnight leaves Iran, right, so she's gone. They're gone. The next day the officials come and demand where is this person? They were furious and they set a court date. That's when we find out there is a case and it's such a hush-hush business as well. They call it the "Daadgah-e-Enghelab" which is the revolutionary court it's different than the regular court. My mother was in a matter of an hour, and in her absence, sentenced to death, like to hanging, along with those other people. So two of them got executed actually and the other one ran away and my mum was in Germany.

So they confiscated every asset we had. So it was me and my brother and an old American car which was not in my dad's name. Yeah the factory everything.

So they left, so my brother had to go to work, we started a band.. Basically my mum has to build a life there now. I was 16

STRIP SEARCH MONOLOGUE

LEILA My auntie said wear something nice 'you are going to a party'. She was right. The girls were all wearing like tight body con dresses, loads of make-up, stilettos.

Then they brought out the cake, we sang happy birthday. *(they sing happy birthday)*

Then one of the boys said

PARTYGOER Fuck someone's downstairs

LEILA The police! And they were like 'fuck they're coming upstairs' and err the guys, the guys kind of took over the situation. They were shouting 'turn off the music turn off the lights' and I was... I was almost laughing, I couldn't believe it. It was like I was watching a film. It was like I wasn't actually in that situation, just observing it. It was a really weird feeling. And I was just looking around the room. My feet were like, cemented to the floor and I couldn't move because I had like... heart palpitations and it was all a bit exciting... like a movie. We didn't have that much time... but everyone knew exactly what to do.

So the girls rushed and took their dresses off and put their jeans and manteaux on and like peeling off their fake eyelashes or whatever, trying to wipe off their lipstick and ermm... I turned to my cousin and asked 'what's gonna happen?'

And everyone got their phones out, (because it's the first thing they check, photos, texts, which can incriminate your friends or family). One guy broke his sim card and another guy swallowed it. I was like... 'ok you're hardcore'. Some of the girls were trying to hide the alcohol, so they took the

bottles and put soft drinks out, and flushed the alcohol down the toilet, spraying perfume or whatever in the air. *And we waited.*

PASTAAR SHIRAZ You

LEILA And then they took the girls one by one into the bedroom. So, I went in and with no explanation the woman just said..

PASTAAR SHIRAZ Take off your clothes

LEILA So I took off my jumper and trousers and then she says..

PASTAAR SHIRAZ Take off your bra.

Leila undresses

PASTAAR SHIRAZ Turn around. Pants off. Bend over. Wider.. Now cough.

NOSE JOB MONOLOGUE

ELNAZ One summer my mum said I could get my nose done if I wanted to, so I went to see this special surgeon because we had a family friend who was a famous actress in Tehran, she is nice bless her but totally mad. She is very Iranian Hollywood, very Persian Barbie, tits and lips you know. Anyway so we went with her and it was ridiculous.. The surgeon barely even looked at me. The whole time he was slobbering all over her: "Kitty you look amazing, Kitty your nose is perfect, Kitty you should get some injections here." I was thinking, "Hello aren't we here for *my* nose?"

So back then in Tehran the specific fashion was to have a 'cat nose.' Basically, the girls were completely getting rid of this bit (*points to the bridge of the nose*) and then they turn the nostrils up high (*does a pig nose*) and flare out the nostrils haha madness! Literally: cat nose! I wanted a really natural nose.. like my mum's... she has a great nose. It doesn't even look like she's had anything done.

Oh yeah... in Iran it's so normal. Getting your nose done is the same as getting your nails done. My aunties would say... "Ellie, you have a big nose... get rid of it for God's sake."

The pain. I didn't even ask about the pain. I was bruised and swollen right down to my collarbones. When I woke up I looked and felt like I had been hit face first by a bus! My eyes were swollen like tennis balls, and I had these two ... they call them 'tampons,' stuffed up my nostrils... I mean I don't even know how they got them in there but they were over 12 inches long each. The worst bit by far though was getting the 'tampons' out of my face. It felt like my brain was being pulled through my nose. It was intense. Like nothing I've felt before.

When I looked at it I was horrified. My mum and aunt both started weeping. To cheer me up they thought it would be a good idea to sit me down and put a nice film on to take my mind off it... they put fucking 'Penelope' on... you know the film about the girl who is born with a pig nose. I turned around and was like... what the hell is this... and we all burst out laughing. Oh no, luckily it all went down and now looks fine.

