

I ntroduction

(Light / the puppet enter / to the audience)

Saeid: Hello folks. We're glad you're here with us tonight. We'll always be with you, among the geraniums in the garden, along with the chant, in the trials, and right in the middle of the university's campus, or the street. From Sistân to Kurdistân, from east to west, north to south; this show is a narrative of our lives

(the puppet exits)

A

Act 1 / Scene 1

Saeid: Ms. Alizadeh, I swear to god it was only in favor of you.

We've discussed it a few times, and I don't know what to say anymore...

Fereshteh: There's no need to say anything. Just do understand:
there are no "Sisters, get back." It's either everyone or none.

Saeid: These people are savage. Aren't we supposed to protect you?

Fereshteh: There should be no difference between boys and girls.

We are all students. We protect each other, all of us. Then what is the difference between them and us? Their women are "the Ornament of Assemblies". If you also look at us like this, just let us know the deal!

Saeid: What is this even supposed to mean? (Charmingly and shamefully) You've walked with us step by step _(pause)_ But I would swear you have no idea of what's going on in their detention centers...

Fereshteh: We no longer need a guardian.

For how long are we gonna grieve the loss of our fathers and brothers? WE ARE THE WARRIORS.

Saeid: (whispers:) Shame on whoever denies it.

Fereshteh: It's obvious you haven't gotten along with it wholeheartedly. (Sarcastically:) Take it easy. By and by you'll get used to girls in rallies. Who knows? Probably in a few years, there will be more girls than boys. On that day, we are gonna scream our lungs off: "Brothers, get back."
(Laughs)

Saeid: (To himself:) But if something happens to any of you, I won't forgive myself.

Fereshteh: Also if anything happens to any of you, we ain't gonna forgive ourselves.

Saeid: (Worried:) Don't say (pause). Got butterflies in my stomach.
(Pause) At the end of the day, we all have the same destiny...

Fereshteh: This common destiny isn't bad, we're all gonna be set free.

Saeid: (Sadly whispers:) Who knows? Maybe we're all gonna die.

Fereshteh: (Recklessly:) Until then... By the way, what time is the meeting once again?

Saeid: Same as always, 9:30 at the dorm.

Fereshteh: (Emphasizing:) Do not call it "dorm." It's the "boy's dorm."

Saeid: Don't get mad Ms. Alizadeh. What should we do?

In the evening after 9-9:30 guys gather at the dorm. We can't gather everybody before 9.

Fereshteh: Who are "the guys?" It only means male students? You are well aware that the girl's dorm closes at 9, but you put all the important meetings at night.

Saeid: Do not only consider yourself, Fereshteh.

The number of active girls is really low. You know this better.

Fereshteh: (To herself:) Me?

I have to argue every night about when I'm coming home with my dad.

Saeid: He is only worried.

Fereshteh: (To herself:) Oh my god...

There will come a day when they're not gonna believe how they would let themselves look down on women like this... Not in our time, but maybe our kids... We are gonna raise them, kids...

Saeid: (interrupts Fereshteh:)

In 25 years, would you be happy when your 20-year-old daughter gets home at 10?!

Fereshteh: My daughter? (Wondering:)

My gal is gonna be on the streets, fists up, fighting for her rights...

Saeid: (Laughs) On the streets? What is this? A revolution?! I can't even imagine that.

Fereshteh: Imagine. I know it's hard to picture.

Saeid: Don't you think we should be on the way to the classroom?

It's been like 15 minutes or so. The university's security forces may pick on us.

Fereshteh: (Exiting the scene:) No way. Those days are gone. It's the era of reformation.

Saeid: Nothing's gonna progress in a religious regime.

By the way, did you check out Dr. Soroush's last speech? I do believe that...

A ct 1 / Scene 2

Fereshteh: (Laughs) Ali, you're witnessing this. He's lost the bet; I'm gonna announce the statement.

Saeid: (Laughs) Okay, screw that. You wrote it, and you're gonna read it out.

Ali: (Laughs) She's raised her game.

Fereshteh: Stop it! Have you brought your amendments? Are we going to we finalize that?

Ali: I have mine.

Saeid: Me too. Read it out. We don't have much time. The rally is in 30 minutes.

Fereshteh: Then I'm gonna read. (Clears her throat)

I am the child of somebody, a woman whom I planted her grapes of love and rage in my substance to grow up in the streets of my homeland. The grapes of love for freedom and rage against despotism. The grapes of love for justice and rage against discrimination.

Ali: I like these first lines.

Saeid: (Sarcastically) By the way, have you told the guys to bring OJ to set a trap for Basijies?

Ali: (Laughs) Go on, Fereshteh.

Fereshteh: I am the child of Iran, which the heavy burden of religious despotism has ruined. The same religion beneath the fabric of my grandma's Chador was nothing but love and tenderness, Yet in the hand of authority became the chains of slavery for a nation.

Saeid: I'm not with this bullshit of love, tenderness, and mother's Chador.

Ali: Yo... Yo... After all, at least 30 percent of this society is religious.

Saeid: (Angry) From where the hell you came up with this number?!

Fereshteh: Dude! I said our grandmas, not us!

Saeid: Cut the bullshit.

Fereshteh: I am the child of a poor smuggler and from his bloodstained body, shot down with bullets, I have inherited the cold blistered fists of injustice.

Ali: Perfect!

Fereshteh: I am the child of a Baluch. My share from my land in the desert, my share from water is dried rivers, my share from judicial justice is execution, and my share from the economy of an oil country is smuggling oil.

Saeid: It'll be great if you bring Khuzisán here as well.

Ali: I agree. How similar they are; ecosystem, water, death squads, executions...

Saeid: But they are living on an oil land.

Fereshte: Alright, I'll start this way...

Ali & Fereshteh: I am the child of Khuzistân.

Fereshte: The treasures embedded in my soil reached all over Iran, but the sound of my bones cracking does not.

Saeid: Awesome!

Ali: Go on.

Fereshteh: I am the word, the language, the tongue.

I am all those mother tongues lost in the maze of centralized policies.

Saeid: They're not lost. Their existence became problematic.

Ali: Hmm... he's right. Let's say: "they couldn't grow in the maze of centralized policies."

Saeid: Agree.

Fereshteh: Okay then. (Jots it down)

I am the child of a worker. I am the drops of sweat on the forehead of Mohsen Mohammad Nezhad. I am the rise of Aban. I am the blood that falls on the street.

Ali: Isn't it better to say: "I am the child of the rise of Aban"?

Fereshteh: No, we, ourselves, were literally a part of Aban.

Saeid: Guys... (Scared:) Do you see the undercoverers?

Ali: (Scared:) Where?!

Fereshteh: Basterds!

Ali: How soon they arrived.

Saeid: Then soon they are going to close the doors at us.

We are gonna stuck in the university with them.

(The sounds of protesters chanting from far away: "You are pervert, you are lewd / I am a free woman," "University is full of guards / Prison full of students," "We are the women of war / fight us, fight us")

Ali: We will stay here at the university. It's safer. The students have gathered. Come on, Fereshteh, we don't have time.

Fereshteh: I am born by poverty. I am the unsafe economy.

I am the avenger of the empty dinner tables and the outstanding unemployment.

I haven't lived my youth. I am the scare of the tuition.

I am bloomed in the hideous darkness of plunder and corruption, to the sun, to the freedom.

I am the bloodshed exploded fragments of the Ukrainian Airplane falling down on my land.

Thy the evil demon of despotism, see that my flesh is wealthy with rage. See that this rage has become greater than your force and power.

Ali: It's not fluent.

Fereshteh: I know, I couldn't fix it.

Saeid: It's not important. Go on.

Fereshteh: My man... that's what I'm talking about.

Ali: (Interrupts her) You didn't mention Stared Students, academic freedoms...

Saeid: And also the Bahaeis

Fereshteh: I'll add them. (Continues)

I am imprisoned! I am imprisoned by a regime that criminally tortured and crucified its environmental activists in front of 80 million people to... to I don't know... to I really don't know WHAT... but I know that we, imprisoned nation, are watching our conscience melts, (with a lump in her throat:) as long as they are getting tortured by you.

Saeid: (Smoothly) Come on...

Ali: She's right.

Saeid: She didn't start crying for non but them.

Ali: In totalitarian regimes, being against the government is a sin.

From that point of view, we are sinners; but they are still innocent.

Fereshteh: It's not only because they were innocent.

It's because it happened in front of us. What have we done?

Saeid: (Shamefully) We tweeted, published statements...

Fereshteh: (Sarcastically) No shit! The problem is that we are used to oppression.

(Chants go louder)

Ali: It's not like that. First of all, that laborer child is also one of those innocent groups. Secondly, we haven't forgotten these wounds. All our flesh is full of wounds, full of bullets,... we won't forget'em. All of this will continue to pile up, and at that moment, we react. How do you think these protests form? It's not one or a couple of woes.

We are ripped. The weld of injustice finally blows up. We should cherish our wounds.

(The chant of "Women, Life, Freedom" gets loud)

Saeid: (To Fereshteh) Aren't we chanting: "Woman, Life, Freedom?" Don't you see the suffering of environmental activists when we chant for "life and freedom?"

Ali: Sufferings of teachers, workers, retirees, veterans whose name has been misused by the government, and many others whom we haven't heard of yet. Everybody wants life.

Fereshteh: and freedom, without justice...

Ali: (Interrupts her) It's meaningless. I can't understand it.

Saeid: Me too.

(Chants have gone louder but are still in the background)

Ali: Go on, Fereshteh. We don't have time.

Fereshteh: It's almost done. **(Continues)** I am born by the body and the unseen chignon. I am born in the womb of a woman whose body and hair are demonly denied by the force of a law put by men. I am the child of that fear. Fear of "the Committee," "The Morality Police," "the University's Security," fear of "Selections." I, the frozen happiness in friendly parties. I, the waves of my mother's beautiful hair which nobody ever saw.

I, the humiliation beneath the skin of any woman, when she experiences sexism.

I am a rebellion against fear _ I am the life, I am the freedom, and I am a woman.

(Chants get loader)

"Stand up, stand by the people" / "They are beating up the students"

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid / We are all together" / "Be afraid, be afraid / We are all together" / "Each of us gets killed / A thousand will grow" / "They shot people" / "Freedom of woman / Is the freedom of society" / "We fight and we die / We get back Iran" / "Woman, life, freedom" / "Student dies / But doesn't tolerate humiliation" / "Basiji go away" / "I will kill, I will kill / Whoever killed my sisters" / "They are looking for a neck / For their gallows and their rope" / "We are Mahsa / We are Nika, Sarina and Kian" / Rira, Rira / They shot down the plane"

Saeid: (Claps) It was wonderful! Yet again you removed us, the atheists, but you nailed it!

Ali: (Claps) Oh... It was great!

Fereshteh: Are you ready?

Saeid & Ali: Let's go!

(The sound of chanting, clear and at close distanc. Fereshteh, Saeid, and Ali move to the center of the scene. Placards rise up behind them. Fereshteh takes the tribune and Ali and Saeid stand beside her like a triangle. The chant ends. Silence.)

Saeid: Everybody, please sit. Silence, please.

Fereshteh: In the name of all who were murdered in the recent incidents, I am honored to represent the last statement of students here in this rally.

"I am the child of somebody, a woman whom I planted her grapes of love and rage in my substance to grow up in the streets of my homeland. The grapes of love for freedom and rage against despotism. The grapes of love for justice and rage against discrimination..."

(her voice fades)

(Light fades, Scene)

A ct 1 / Scene 3

(Light / Ali enters / He holds a cell phone and speaks to it stressfully)

Ali: Look, just listen. They have closed the doors of the university so that nobody can't leave. The guys are stuck. They are beating them up. I'm safe but maybe they arrest me too. I'm going to turn off my cell phone. They are shooting bullets inside the campus. Yes, yes... Basijis and the undercover are all over the place. They get in by ambulance. They are arresting the students. They shout out: Heydar... Heydar... Allahu Akbar... Student ID? Are you dumb? None of them has a Student ID. They are not Students. They are armed. The university's Security is letting them raid. They force the students to get outside the door, where the Basijis are awaiting to arrest them and beat them up. They have batons and shockers. They are like wild dogs.

(Pause)

I told the security that they are in charge of students' well-being. I told them they should protect us like their own children. That's why they are getting paid. But it did no good. They are capturing Student IDs and threatening students with getting suspended. I can't explain it no more. They are coming after me, See you. Bye.

Unknown Voice: Stop... Stop...

(Ali rushes out of the scene)

Interlude

(Play Rap on DVD Player)(Rccdy)

Verse 1

I'll let you listen to the most irritating sound of Tehran
The sound of Friday waiting for Saturday
The raindrops are falling again
They kill in evin and kuy
Even home feels like prison cell
Whatever we paint is scrubbed off the next day
as if every wall in town carries leprosy
But we write again with italics
Winter is gone, bad days are gone

Chorus You all fall like raindrops
Life is worthless like raindrops
When evin prison burned
fear burned like an artificial building
Now You Must pray for raindrops

Verse 2

Like putting on a war tag yet walking in chains No,
this is not the solution – sometime
you've got to draw a sword for the sake of peace
But silence is an absolute crime in these conditions anyway
And this ain't just any petty crime
They say the more you're afraid, the wilder you become
Well, please forgive us
The prisons are like Noah's ark, filled with folks from every tribe
Everyone's down on the ground, but a couple of you who rule from above
They'll give out prison sentences like it's candy
They'll kill thousands of people by snapping a finger
Cover my eyes, you may cut my tongue off

So as soon as someone says' mass murder 'everyone says shush
Everyone says shush
If I were the moon, I'd sit on the edge of a roof
I'd show some light to the night and its doom
If I were a cunning moon, all would be different
then I'd only show my hand through the crack of the door
The garden of ruins is losing all its blossoms
A bullet flies through an innocent chest
What shouldn't have been done has now become
Now, The black fountain of night is now whiter than cods
Come take my hand
Let's cross the lines together one by one
All the darkness in the world, amass in your eyes, girl
Why would you fear all these strangers?
Let's listen to the song of Simorgh like the way old Zaal did
Even when all the blossoms fell from the garden of our gaze
I'll never forget that fearful scene
The day after the acid attacks
Passersby and bikers splashing water in your face for fun
These things have become so norm ,we keep on making jokes,
even when blood flows from our eyelashes
Chuck the corpse of this lifeless" Persian "cat, so I can stop this rant
But oppression does not decrease
They kill prisoners and innocent people
ΛΛ , ٩Λ , ٧Λ
Every year and every day
Blood is falling like raindrops
ChorusYou all fall like raindrops
Life is worthless like raindrops
When evin prison burned
fear burned like an artificial building
Now You Must pray for raindrops

They kill brave girls like Nika and Mahsa
Irshad and Yegan take them and kill them
Then They say she fell from the roof
Like raindrops
Mothers are wide awake
Mothers in prison are eager to see their child grow
the smoking room is growing bigger everyday
when there is no phone
Like when its not raining
and there is no raindrop

A ct 2 / Scene1

(Light. An actor enters the scene. The following monologue is performed by Sepideh Gholiyan)

Sepideh: I am a caird student. I do not belong to the country where I was born. I do not know the language of the people that live here well. I don't know Kurdish, Arabic, or Farsi. I have an accent, and I am an Arab from Kurdistan. I am not saying this to surprise you or provoke your pity, inflame your anger, or reveal my grudge. or to give you the specific address of the oil square. Also, I don't want to try to wake you up or show off my resistance, I don't want to introduce the interrogators, or share my pain and spit it out. No, I don't want these. I am not a magician. I am not a hero. I'm not a victim either. I'm not a moral instructor. I say this so that I forget everything once and for all. I am having fun playing my instrument. Several people in black suits gathered around me. Something hits my head. I fall to the ground. My eyes go black. They grab my arms and drag me slowly. Do you think I don't know where? I know, I know where. I know where, I know that I have no way out. The only reaction they have to us is to kill us. By execution, Assassination, and shooting, I got distracted while I was playing a song and came to your city. Do you want to kill me for it? Please get rid of me. I don't know what you are talking about. I don't understand your language. Say Kurdish. Say it slower. Say Kurdish in Arabic!!! Not the curses, sir. Shoot them like a gunshot. Weapons?! I do not know what you mean! I do not understand. Who? Do you mean Mr. what? I don't know him. Have I got a nosebleed? Is it just the beginning? Yes I know. How far have I pictured it?? My ribs are broken. I can hear the sound of crushed ribs. I'm not deaf. Will I become deaf too?! It's up to you. My mouth smells like boot soles. Is my nose making a sound too now? Why? Am I deaf? My throat tastes like blood. When I speak Arabic it reminds me of blood. When I speak Kurdish it reminds me of soldiers and boots. Take my blood and give it to your boots. I sit on the chair and put my blindfold on. There should be a wall facing us. like always. As always, you sit facing a wall and you have no right to see it. Isn't it funny? He punches me in the mouth before every question. My calculation is messed up. It's always like that. Ah, It's not the wall. walls do not punch. Then he tells me to write. My head is down. He says, "You gonna write or what?" I put my hands on the table. He says we want nine names if you write right now...If you don't write, I have to...He doesn't say anything. His head is in his bag. (Pause) He takes out a pair of pliers. He shakes the pliers to the nail both left and right. My stomach is burning. My skull is hurting. My throat screams. My eyes are jumping out of the bowl. They turn red. My ankles are throbbing. These fiery pulses...My blood is on fire just like my heart. I scream, He plays with my nails. It's buzzing. My body is burning. It hasn't started yet. It keeps going. I can feel the pain. I have become a piece of molten iron. I'm hot. He takes it to the left, He takes it to the right. He takes it out. My bones are swollen. I'm messed up. I have become a dragon. My eyes are illuminated. My throat is screaming. He takes out and I scream. He pulls. I pull and this repeats, I don't see anything. Now Take it. Pull my nails when it hurts. return my pain. He pulls . He continues and I nearly pass out. He Does it again. I can't take it anymore(2) **Light. Scene**

A ct 3 / Scene 1

I am the plaintiff. for unjust bloodshed, for the life that was passed in prison, for torture wounds on the body For that, what was our right, and they violated us, and what was our right imposed on us. Seeking Justice is an effort and a hard struggle. The Justice That is trampled by theocracy and tyranny... Justice that is denied by killing in the street, by execution and torture in cells and prisons, and by imprisoning women in society and at home. O death to tyranny, oppression, and abuse. I want justice. I want to be a mother. I am Saeed Zinali's mother. Look at me, do you know me? You can see that other person in me. In the tearful eyes of every mother, you see another mother. So I am Mustafa Karim Beigi's mother. I am Shahnaz. "Mustafa was a high school student during the events of the **Iranian student protests of July 1999** (also known as the **18th of Tir** and **Kuye Daneshgah Disaster**), but he went there every night to support the university students. Sometimes I went with him so he wouldn't go alone, but on Ashura 88, he was shot on the street." I am Ezzat Ebrahimnejad's mother. "When Ibrahim's body was brought to Khorram Abad, his father and I sat on the same bed in this courtyard and shrouded him. The knife had penetrated his hip bone and had torn it, there were chain marks, wounds, and bruises on his back. I washed his wounds myself. I am Neda Agha Sultan's mother:" I never saw the scene of Neda's death. I could not see the moment of her death." I am Nahid, mother of Pouya Bakhtiari:" I don't touch the bedclothes and folded clothes inside his closet. I want his handprints to remain on his clothes. " I am Ibrahim Ketabdar's mother:" Every night I hug my granddaughter Sevda. I put her head on my chest, the head of the child that Ibrahim used to caress. " I am Navid Afkari's mother:" I have kept the green flowers of the greenhouse where I watched Navid's dance on the day of Nowruz. I will keep them alive till the day that justice comes " I am Satar Beheshti's mother "I have kept Sattar's hands on the plaster of the courtyard wall so that I can put my hands on it and kiss them every day. " I am the mother of Loqman, Zaniar, and Ramin. "I saw Ramin's lips which were stitched 3 days before the execution,. His lips were sore." I am Muthana's mother "During the 1980s, I was told the news of the execution of my 3 young sons 3 times in the prison corridor, I could not bear the news of Ali's execution." I am Behkish's mother, Lotfi's mother, and Moeini's mother. I am a mother of the 80s. I am Manzar, I am Sahand's mother, his sister, and his child. " They sat in the plane to go together, but the IRGC killed them." Yes, I am Akram Naqabi, a mother who longs to have her son's tombstone. I'm looking for a trace of Saeed in cells, I don't know where he is? But know that I am a grieving mother who seeks justice. I have dried the tears in my eyes, I have locked up the moans and groans in my chest. I clench my teeth, but I have kept hope alive in my heart and kept it burning until the day of justice. Day of the trial of murderers. I am sure that the dark clouds will disappear and the smiling sun will shine on our land. Stand up, mothers, for justice, arise the oppressed, for liberation, all together for freedom.

Naft square is a play consisting of three acts. It brings out a subject that less pay attention to. It is a documentary narrative of the uprising of liberalist youth and plaintiff mothers. Plaintiff mothers and families, the rise of strength that no borders and restrictions cannot limit. A bare truth which bleeds the drops of wrath. A reflection of a troubled life that now has spread like a disease. The narration of severe oppression without any ethical and moral consciousness, and with extraordinary indecency and ruthlessness. There are no antagonists in this piece, protagonists have digested the antagonist in themselves and narrate, fight, and speak out about their sufferings and bring out the issue of prosecution. The antagonist's presence is like a shadow or a delusion, none of the prisoners accepted to play their role, hence they were not admitted to represent on the stage even as objects. Their actions are like an invisible cloud that shadows the mind of the audience. In acts 2 and 3, while doing their monologues, performers are trapped in a dark, ruthless, and mysterious world in a constant dialectical situation, nobody can help them, to be victorious, they should figure out a way out of this situation by themselves. Naft square is the home of those who have been hurt and the paradise of the cunning. It reflects the cruelties of society. It is about noble youth with empty hands and blossoms of ideas that grow like ivy and takes down the constructions of injustice.

O n the 21st of November of 2022, at 10 pm, in the 1st ward of the 5th block of the Evin Prison, we staged a play proudly dedicated to Saeid Zeinali, one of the martyrs of the path of liberation. Before the beginning of the performance we put on seats for every female prisoner in an ark shape. In front of the auditorium, we made a stage with two partitions, a big table, and Fezeh Hashemi's chador. This was the setting for the first act. The puppeteers, the voice artists, and the actors hid before the partitions as the backstage of a theater. Because of the process of making the poster, the prisoners already knew about the date and the time of the performance. Like the previous play (Little Black Fish) which had been performed a month before, our fellow inmates showed up an hour in advance to take their seats and chat and chant. They were excited for the show to begin and constantly asked when it was going to start. We had planned to don't let any audience get it in the last 10 minutes before the show began to set up the scene, however, we couldn't manage it. First, because it was a prison and not a theater hall and we were somehow blocking the only hallway to the kitchen. Second, every day somebody was in charge of cleaning the kitchen two times, at noon and at night, and we couldn't disturb this routine. Therefore, we decided that everybody should be able to do their job while we were performing. The puppets and the accessories had been made a month before. The main idea of this piece was formed during the sit-in of three inmates in custody in support of the imprisoned students of the Woman Life Freedom protests. Small placards (5x10 cm) had been made for the first act, which were collected and disposed of by the prison security on the night of the conflagration at the Evin Prison. At least it was what we were told by the head of the ward. Despite all of our efforts, we could not get back the accessories. Mali said to the head of the ward: "Eighter give them back or do apologize if you had thrown them away." The head of the ward laughed and replied: "You don't know what is going on. I can't give them back. They are going to set you up." "We will build again," Mali said, and they indeed built again. Once again, they threaten that each placard will cost them a few more months in custody. It was just a play. A form of art. We had not actually protested. It was a puppet show. There were no threats. Under the surveillance of the security cameras of Evin, the show began. At every corner, there was a camera that also recorded sounds. Prison Guards had complete control of whatever was happening during the show. The show began with a hip-hop beat. The dark stage was shined with a yellow light. A puppet appeared. In the first act, we used hand puppets. All the lighting was provided with a single study light. Parastoo was in charge to hold the study light in her hand for the whole show and switch the scenes by turning it on and off. The puppet entered the scene and welcomed the audience. After this introduction, the show began. The first act was done by three puppets who were living the incidents of the university; from the incidents of 1999 up to now. It briefly represented the discourses of generations of students over these years. Most of the female prisoners were engaged in the process of making this play. One helped in sowing the dresses of puppets, one helped by giving up their hair to be used on the puppets, and one catered cake for the audience to enjoy themselves during the show and also to celebrate her daughter's admission to the medical school, other one helped with editing the play, etc. The puppeteers were forced to keep their hands up for a long time. To make them a little more comfortable in that one-meter spot overcrowded by six people, others used their elbows to support others. The puppeteers chose black clothes to be less visible. The

important point was that they worked together from every party and belief to put on an outstanding performance, and the people who wanted the monarchy, along with the People's Mujahideen, the Marxists, the reformists, etc. Together, they showed a unique unity. The voice actors stood by the stage to do their part as the puppeteers were performing. The members of the crew were from different parties and had different ideologies; Environmental activists and human rights activists, women's activists, child labor activists, labor activists, photographer artists, monarchists, People's Mojahedin, student activists, Marxists, and reformers, etc. ... There was a unity between the actors of the theater group and this was a wonderful experience. At the end of the first act, we witnessed an interlude with a rap song by a young Iranian hip-hop artist, a female Iranian rapper who sang this rap piece exclusively for the women of Evin.

This single track was smuggled into the ward in a few days and was played for the women on the day of the performance and got a lot of applause. Then act two began, the stage light turned on, and a girl appeared in the audience, Sepideh began her monologue in this act wearing a beautiful black Kurdish dress. Sepideh was very sick on the day of the performance and we postponed the performance for a few days until she recovered a little. It was also for Raha to return from prison leave because Raha had lost her father a few days before and had gone on leave for his father's funeral. Sepideh did her part in a bad mood, however, this mood helped her role a lot. Her hoarse voice and suffering body gave the audience goosebumps and tears flowed from their eyes. With her screams, the sobs of the audience could be heard even louder.

At the end of the second part, the light was turned off and the sound of a sad song reached the audience. Yes, the third act was going to begin. Narges Mohammadi was the third actor who performed the monologue of Mother's Fight. In the middle of singing a Turkish song, a light comes on, and we see Narges in the audience. We see cardboard smileys with wooden handles - which are the symbols of the plaintiff's mother, in the hands of the audience, which are held up one by one. There are tears and the sound of crying in the hall. Res eyes and broken hearts. They are mothers. They are our sisters. These dear ones of ours are prisoners of tyranny and seeking justice. After the final Act, the light goes out and comes back a little later, and all the actors stand in front of the audience in reverence and bow three times and applaud each other. They hold each other's hands and sing hymns along with the audience whose faces are still wet. The Khoon-e Arqavan-ha anthem and the anthem of Iran. Excitement beyond theaters is established at the end of the performance. Everyone hugs each other and praises their performance .Among this group of 60 prisoners in prison, there is a stronger alliance than before. This message has reached our imprisoned friends that although we all live in this tight space for more or less time, the world is witnessing your efforts for justice, and it knows your humanity and the injustice that has happened to you Get rid of the feeling of loneliness and heartbreak and keep going strong because the day of victory is near.

Hail to the freedom #woman_life_freedom #Jinamahsaamini