**The driver**

My dear Mr. Adham, apologies! I was a bit late than expected!  
I had a last-minute gig to the airport, so I accepted it!   
As you know, these days, no work whatsoever, so I thought to myself any errand would be handy!   
Come on! Let’s go! May Allah bless us!

**Adham’s voice**

Maybe this could be my last chance…

Maybe I could, maybe I would fail…

But DEFINITELY IWILL unveil the truth

I am doomed to return, taking myself an arrival hostage, THEREFORE I will reach…carrying my luggage, wearing colorless trousers, and shoes that resemble me… This is me on May Twenty Seventh of This Year…

**Salah the doorman**

And then Shaymaa, I heard Mr. Mohammed’s voice going louder and louder suddenly. Honestly, I was surprised I swear! You know, since he moved into our building, I never heard him making noise! Not even his voice! I swear to God!!.... Hmm, what is this? Tell you what Shaymaa, here take this, do you know Mr. Raafat on the first floor? Deliver that to him in a flash! Chop chop girl!

**Shaymaa**

Yes father!

**Salah the doorman**

Run!!

Hey, you! Why are you gazing at the building in such way? Do you need anything????

**Adham**

How are you Salah my boy?

**Salah the doorman**

Salah my boy?? Mr. Adham!!! Oh, my lord! It’s you Mr. Adham!!

Welcome back! Man!! Where have you been all this time? Let me tell you, 30 years or more gone? How come! You could’ve at least sent a word to reassure us about you Man! By God, I knew that you were coming! Look! Your presence is adding more light to the building! Even though you still haven’t set foot in the apartment, but the building seems brighter! Emm! By the way, tell me Mr. Adham, have you been in the Gulf region? Some say you had migrated to America and others say, excuse the expression, you have passed away, but I told them “No way that he’s dead! Not a chance! That man must be alive!”

Honestly, I am upset with you, I swear to God! If only you had informed us, you were coming! We would’ve cleaned the apartment and aired it!

It had been closed since the horrible incident! May you rest in peace Mrs. Awatef! By the way, are you still writing stories and tales like you used to? You’re most welcome!

Mrs. Nadia had passed away too, and her son kept the apartment closed as well.

**Adham’s voice:**

Here I am standing before you, fearing you, intimidated by you. Voices are beckoning me to run away and spirits are ushering me onwards.

Salah the doorman

Oh dear! What’s wrong with you Mr. Adham? Why aren’t you answering me? Are you mad at me? Have I done something wrong?

There is no mighty but God Almighty! May Allah help you! Tell you what Mr. Adham, I’ll leave you so you can rest. Shaymaa’s mother is downstairs, I’ll ask her to prepare a nice meal for you so you can fuel up and feel better! And should you need anything at all, call me. Say: “Abou Shaymaa (Shaymaa’s father)! And I’ll come right up! Or better yet, forget that Abou Shaymaa, call me the way you used to before. Remember Mr. Adham? Mr. Adham? Do you remember> Call me” Oh Salah! You boy Salah! You damned Salah!!!! I want to your voice to roar like old times! There is no mighty but God Almighty!

**Writing on the side of the wall**

Apartment

Adham Soliman

Journalist and Novelist

**Newspaper Headline (1)**

The story behind the suicide of the novelist Adham Soliman’s wife.

**Newspaper Headline (2)**

The suicide of the novelist Adham Soliman’s wife.

**Young Adham**

Toufa, tell you what, your beloved Adham is famished! And I need to go to work as soon as possible

**Awatef**

What’s so special about today?

**Young Adham**

You know that today is the day to deliver the article to the editor in chief

**Awatef**

Tell you what… (singing) come near me, closer here beside me …

**Young Adham**

I’ll tell you what! You follow me and bring along the food right away

**Awatef**

So, how long is it before you finish your novel?

**Young Adham**

A bit, just a little bit! You know, this is the first time that I feel the images are slipping away. It’s like the characters or the story do not acknowledge my existence.

**Awatef**

Not acknowledging your existence? How can they not acknowledge your existence? Alright, try reasoning with them and convince them.

**Young Adham**

Alright, Alright my lady! Better yet, I’ll get you to be my middleman, so you get to convince them.

Alrighty then, I must leave at once! And you play with this whistle of yours until I come back.

**Awatef**

Whistle?? It is a Harmonica

**Old Adham**

Awatef?

**Awatef**

Why are you running from me?

**Old Adham**

I am not running away, better yet, I was running. But as of now, I am not running.

**Awatef**

Adham, is there something you’re hiding from me?

**Old Adham**

Awatef, I am exhausted

**Young Adham**

I am exhausted! This novel thing is stressing me out! It is capturing me!

**Awatef**

Alright then! Forget about it and think about writing a new one!

**Young Adham**

I can’t!

Or may be even I do not wish to be able to!

**Awatef**

Baby, you have been working on this novel for two years now, almost since we got married. The most bizarre thing about it is that you’ve never discussed its details, its plot, its characters, or even its theme with me.

**Young Adham**

You’ll read it eventually…. For sure!

**Awatef**

I’ll get to read it? Emm. I’ll get to read it? For sure? Well!!! I’ll go play some music or make dinner or….do anything

**Old Adham**

Why don’t you want her to learn anything about the details of the novel?

**Young Adham**

No particular reason….

**Old Adham and Young Adham at the same time**

Maybe I do not want to have the characters come out to life until I finish writing the novel!

**Young Adham**

They too have their secrets!

**Old Adham**

Because they have their secrets? Her too, she is one of the secrets! No!! She is the secret of all secrets!

**Young Adham**

Who is she?

**Old Adham**

AWATEF

**Old Adham**

It seems that he didn’t love her! That’s what he has discovered recently! Awatef, for him, was a mere cotton doll and he was as child who yearned for her! He was sure that she will be his tale.

**Old Adham**

If you only know how much I love you! I love you as much as he hates you!

**Awatef**

His hatred? And who hates me?

**Old Adham**

The same person who hates me!

**Awatef**

And who is this person who hates you?

**Old Adham**

Adham

**Young Adham**

Adham Soliman! Awatef, Tomorrow I am finishing my novel Awatef! And my name will be known across the country! Adham …. Soliman

On the book signing day, my book will be sold out! The journalists will be chasing me just for a personal statement.

**Awatef**

And me! I will have a party just for me, and my music will enchant people and you! You will write about me “It is the talented musician Awatef Mousa” Or would it be better if my name would be known as Awatef Soliman?

**Young Adham**

Toufa, will we ever get rid of this whistling business?

**Awatef**

Whistling? By the way Adham, you married me knowing that I am fond of music! You have met me when I was playing music.

**Young Adham**

Yes! That is true! I have met while you were with him! When you both used to play music together at university. Samir Lotfi, you’re hopeless lover.

**Awatef**

Enough Adham please. Every now and then you bring up the same topic? By the way, I am not the only girl who had lived a love story before marriage. After all, Adham, we went our separate ways!

**Young Adham**

He might as well get lost! He might as well get lost indeed! He was imprisoned because of his treason to the country. And when he got out of jail, he abandoned you!

**Awatef**

That’s enough Adham, Enough! I want nothing from you!

**Old Adham**

Wrong! You’re wrong! There is still good inside you boy!

You know she loves you. Don’t be an idiot! Tell her “don’t be mad at me”

**Young Adham**

Don’t be mad at me please!

**Old Adham**

Tell her “I’m an idiot”

**Young Adham**

I’m an idiot my lady!

**Awatef**

Don’t say that about yourself!!!

**Awatef**

By God you lost your mind, you’re making me wear my wedding gown two years after my wedding?

**Young Adham**

To be great, you must be crazy!

**Awatef**

At least explain to me why you made me dress this way?

**Young Adham**

I just want you to stand still while I stare at you

**Awatef**

Ahhh, this is romance then?

**Young Adham**

Of course, it is romance! But honestly, there is another reason. Today, I am writing a new chapter for my novel where the heroine marries the hero! A moment of triumph for the hero, just like the moment of victory for the protagonists in epic tales!

**Awatef**

I am not following…

**Young Adham**

Simply, the heroine resembles you: your voice, your features, and even your details. And because I am meticulous about details, I wanted to experience the main character’s feeling: The ecstasy of appropriation! So that words flow, and I can write easily.

**Awatef**

I am at a loss! This new novel of yours feels like a puzzle to me!

I wonder if your heroine has no one in her life like me!

**Young Adham**

I am everyone you need in your life!

**Awatef**

No Adham! Bit by bit you estranged me from everyone I know; my friends and relatives. Even both our families! We don’t visit them and none of them visits us. Sometimes I begin to doubt if you and I still exist!

**Young Adham**

No, my lady! We exist! The proof is…. Tomorrow is your birthday!

**Old Adham**

What is today?

**Young Adham**

The twenty sixth of May.

**Old Adham**

There are things that need to be edited.

**Young Adham**

Why do you keep on haunting me every time I’m about to even write a word in the novel?

**Old Adham**

Which one of us is haunting the other? No time left! The ending needs to be edited. Please!

**Young Adham**

It doesn’t matter anymore!

Ladies and gentlemen! Tonight, we have with us the great writer, novelist, and journalist Adham Monir Shaker Lotfi Soliman (claps) with a reading from his masterpiece: AWATEF.

This was the first time Adham laid eyes on her. She was special, different, and unique. Samir Lotfi, Adham’s one and only friend stood before him and said “Adham! Come here! Come, don’t be shy! Let me introduce you to Awatef, my love and my future wife.”

**Old Adham**

At that moment, I felt ablaze. I hated him.

**Young Adham**

And then, Adham made up his mind and decided to be the hero of the novel! With his vibrant wit, he devised his plan of action.

**Old Adham**

As I was close to Samir, his thoughts, and his contacts.

**Young Adham**

And with precision and malice, Adham gathered everything he needed to get rid of his sole friend, then, he made a deal.

**Old Adham**

I agreed with the police officer to hand him Samir in exchange of them letting him know that it was Awatef who ratted him out.

**Young Adham**

And now, Adham emerged as an epic hero before the eyes of Awatef.

**Old Adham**

I married her, I wanted to hide her. I feared lest she talk to someone. I was terrified that she would find out the truth.

**Young Adham**

And after the ecstasy of appropriation, Adham has gradually lost his interest in her. It seems that he didn’t really love her. This is what he has discovered recently. Awatef was, for him, but a mere cotton doll and he was the child that yearned for her.

**Old Adham**

Happy birthday!

**Awatef**

Happy when you’re by my side!

**Old Adham**

Run away!

**Awatef**

Run? Run from what?

**Old Adham**

There is not time left! Run away!!

**Awatef**

Why do you keep telling me to run away? I want to understand!

**Young Adham**

Adham has always tried to conceal the truth! He has always tried to create his own truth!

**Old Adham**

Maybe I am uncapable of creating a different truth, but I am definitely capable of being reborn again!

**Salah the doorman**

Mr. Adham! Open up Mr. Adham! Mr. Adham!!! Open the door Mr. Adham!!!

**Old Adham**

This is me on May Twenty Seventh of This Year…

Adham Sulaiman ، a Journalist and novelist . He decides to fix what he has spoiled in the past. so that he returned to his old home which been abandoned for more than 30 years . Maybe he could, maybe he would fail , But definitely he will unveil the truth .

يقرر الصحفي والروائي أدهم سليمان ان يخوض رحلة العودة من أجل إصلاح ما افسده في الماضي ، لذا يعود لمنزله القديم والذي قد هجره لأكثر من ثلاثين عاماً . فربما يستطيع وربما يفشل ، ولكنه حتما سيدرك الحقيقة