

*A moment. Raisa turns away, comes forward, recovers her phone from beneath her clothes. Room lighting alters to favour only her position. Anwar steps into the lit area near the lectern with a phone to his ear.*

ANWAR        Come on, come on...

RAISA        (*Making connection*) Yes?

ANWAR        Where are you, my mother? Are you still at work?

RAISA        Still, yes.

ANWAR        Good. Because I was afraid you would be outside waiting for me.

RAISA        You will not come?

ANWAR        I absolutely *will* come, my mother. But I am waiting on the loan of a friend's car. The one I had planned to use has been brought to its knees like an exhausted camel. I am coming, but later.

RAISA        I will wait for you.

ANWAR        Where are you now?

RAISA        I am...still here.

ANWAR        Okay then. (*Sudden change*) No. Not okay there. You are still there where? My mother. You are not in her offices, are you?

RAISA        It is where I work. Where I am the token refugee.

ANWAR        Token of who you are, mother. Of what you have achieved. But please tell me, you have not done as you have threatened, have you? Please tell me you have not.

RAISA        I have done what I must.

ANWAR        No, my mother. No. And is she there with you?

RAISA        Yes.

ANWAR        And nobody else? You are alone with her?

RAISA        Yes.

ANWAR        And her people are pleased about this?

RAISA        No.

ANWAR        I'll bet they are not. My mother, I told you. This was not the way to do this. They will take you away. You will be locked away once more. We will lose both our parents. Did I not say? We must be patient and find other ways...

RAISA            There is no time. There is to be an announcement.

ANWAR          No. They are moving them? Where?

RAISA            China.

ANWAR          That's crazy! That's like taking Africans to the New World.

RAISA            I suppose Black America came from that.

ANWAR          Over how many lifetimes? And to what level of happiness? Plus I'd say the population percentages were somewhat more proportionate. Do not say anything bad, my mother. Do not antagonise anyone. Stay till I arrive. If you are alone with her, those outside will be missing her and planning to fix things. That means you, you know.

RAISA            They have no reason to harm me.

ANWAR          Or my father, and he is condemned to the Orient. Stay and be calm till I arrive. I am coming... *(Starts to run off)* I am coming...!

*Raisa disconnects and puts her phone away. Light fills the office space again. Wendy has been perusing her speech.*