

From the beginning of Act 3 of *Deported / a dream play*
by Joyce Van Dyke

(Act 3 is a dream. There's a sense of immense space. The table is gone. VICTORIA faces the audience, holding the three rose petals as before. The years have fallen away. She wears something futuristically chic and beautiful. She looks at the audience, disoriented.)

VICTORIA

Is it over? All of a sudden? Am I alive, or – ?

(She peers at the audience.)

Are we all – ?

(The MAN with roses enters and gives VICTORIA the bouquet.)

Is this Armenian Euphrates Evangelical Church Theatre Group?! Ladies and gentlemen! Thank you for your kind applause. We hope you have enjoyed tonight's performance of – tonight's performance –

(She looks around.)

I never dreamed it would be like this.

(Approaching the audience.)

Once I saw a cat floating down the street. The cat was sitting in a bathtub. The street was under 20 feet of water. I feel like that cat.

(MATTHEW enters, dressed up.)

Who are you?

MATTHEW

Come on, medzee – [*MEDZ-ee*]

VICTORIA

What did you say?

MATTHEW

Medz-medz-mama. [*MEDZ-MEDZ-mama, "great-grandmother"*]

(He kisses her on the cheek.)

VICTORIA

You are my great-grandson?!

MATTHEW

Gimme a break, medzee – I do put on a suit every coupla years.

VICTORIA

Look at you! You're so handsome! When did this happen? You're Rose's grandson?

MATTHEW

Matthew.

VICTORIA

Matthew, my darling, Matthew, anooshig [*AHnoo-shig*, "sweetie"] – but then – how old am I?

MATTHEW

You look beautiful, medzee.

(She looks down at herself, her beautiful dress.)

Maybe you'll catch another husband tonight.

VICTORIA

No thank you. But Matthew – if you're here – Heaven forbid you're not – if you're here with me – you're not dead?

MATTHEW

Are you kidding? I've got two dates this weekend.

VICTORIA

You're not married.

MATTHEW

Well no, I –

VICTORIA

Or engaged.

MATTHEW

Nope.

VICTORIA

Matthew

MATTHEW

I know, medzee.

VICTORIA

Before I go. Please. Before I go.

MATTHEW

Go? You?

VICTORIA

I'm an old woman.

MATTHEW

Don't be silly.

VICTORIA

No, I don't look it, but I am. Matthew. Am I really alive? Don't laugh at me. I've never known.

(MATTHEW pinches her cheeks – a traditional Armenian gesture from elder to child.)

MATTHEW

You're still here, medzee.

VICTORIA

Where? This isn't the Upper Room?

MATTHEW

I think originally it was a theatre.

VICTORIA

Yes! I thought so!

MATTHEW

It's a multipurpose venue that's been repurposed for – events like this.

VICTORIA

What?

MATTHEW

You know, it's what happened to a lot of buildings – after the Global Crisis. It was part of the Reconfiguring.

VICTORIA

The what?

MATTHEW

The Reconfiguring. After the Global Crisis.

(VICTORIA looks to the audience to see if we get it.)

VICTORIA

(To MATTHEW.) I have no idea what you're talking about.

MATTHEW

Not everything can make sense.

VICTORIA

This is a dream, isn't it. I'm having a dream. This is my dream! New worlds – there are new worlds –

(MATTHEW has vanished as VICTORIA speaks. CEM (pronounced "Jem"), a Turkish diplomat, enters.)

(To CEM.) Are you my great-grandson too?

(CEM touches a communication device in his ear.)

CEM

Security – (To VICTORIA.) Madam, forgive me but you're not supposed to be here, we haven't opened the doors yet. How did you get in?

VICTORIA

I didn't "get in." I was here. I found myself here.

(A lace handkerchief floats down from above. They both watch it. CEM picks it up.)

VICTORIA

Oh! Thank you very much.

CEM

It's yours?

VICTORIA

Yes it is. Varter made it for me.

CEM

(Struck to the quick.) She did?

VICTORIA

You know Varter?

CEM

She made this?

VICTORIA

How do you know Varter?

CEM

She really made this with her own hands?

VICTORIA

It's mine.

(CEM yields the handkerchief. VICTORIA tucks it into her bra.)

Who can blow their nose on lace? I use Kleenex.

CEM

Oh, Kleenex! I love American Kleenex! I love the word, Kleenex!

VICTORIA

(Thrilled.) You like words?

CEM

I was an English major.

VICTORIA

You went to college.

CEM

Harvard.

VICTORIA

Harvard University! And you know Varter!

CEM

It's a long story – I've never actually met her. But I've dreamt of it all my life.
By the way, I'm Cem, I'm one of the conference organizers –

VICTORIA

Cem?

CEM

Yes, and you are?

VICTORIA

Cem? That is Turkish name! No Turks allowed!

(CEM laughs.)

This is my dream! This is family reunion! Get out!

CEM

Your dream? Madam, you're very much mistaken. This is my dream, mine, this is my