



Exploring war through drama

Boy: *Afghanistan.*

Girl: *Somalia.*

Boy: *Chechnya.*

Girl: *Rwanda.*

Girl: *Sierra Leone.*

Girl: *Sri Lanka.*

Girl: *Uganda.*

Girl: *South Africa.*

Boy: *Colombia.*

Girl: *Israel.*

Boy: *Northern Ireland.*

Boy: *Left, left, left, left.*

Boy: *Company halt. Right face.*

Girl: *They made me leave my home.*

Boy: *They made me leave my family.*

Girl: *They made me leave my country.*

(Members of the group then enact a scene in which a girl named Alice remembers the day her family was given 24 hours to leave their home. Her mother accuses her father of having said something wrong that brought this evacuation upon them, but he denies it. They tell their young daughter that they are going on a little holiday.

In flashback, Alice remembers the childhood things she had to leave behind that day – her best friend, a chance to play with a special doll, a birthday celebration at a special place.

Alice's 18-year-old brother refuses to leave with them, and blames his father for their catastrophe.)

Alice: It started out just like any other ordinary day, until I came home from school and found my parents arguing.

Mother: You must have said something to somebody. They don't just make these things up...

Father: Margaret, I told them nothing, alright?

Mother: By mistake. Did you say something by mistake? Did you let a name slip?

Father: I told them nothing. I told them nothing, but we have to go. We have to go tonight, alright?

Mother: We've got 24 hours to get out. Where are we supposed to go?

Father: We'll go to Huey's, okay? When they say you go you have...

Mother: Alice.

Father: Alice. We're going on a wee holiday, okay?

Mother: Go upstairs and pack a few things.

Father: Go upstairs and pack your things. We're going to Uncle Huey's.

Mother: It'll be fun. Go on. Good girl. Go on.

Father: Alright. I told them nothing.

Alice: I told them I didn't want to go. I didn't even know why. A holiday, that's what they told me. That was 10 years ago and I haven't been home since. There was my best friend, Carla.

Carla: Okay, Alice, I have two surprises for you, okay? The first – I'd like you to play with my 'Malibu Barbie' for about 10 minutes or so. And the second one is an invitation to my birthday party next week and we're going to 'Bananas' and it's going to be really good fun.

Alice: I didn't get to go to her birthday party. We had to leave that evening. But as if leaving Carla wasn't bad enough. I had to leave behind my only brother.

Brother: Dad, you can be so stupid. I could have warned you so many times. But no, you keep on going on the way you've always been, sticking your big nose in. Like, 'Oh, I know everything about everything, like.' Look what you've done now. Like the whole family out of the country. You think we're just going to follow you just because you've made a balls up of the whole situation. Well I'm not. Right. I've got too much here to keep me. Keep me where I am – school, my friends, my girlfriend. You expect me to just get up and leave? I'm 18 years old, right. I can make my own decisions, and I'm not going.



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Alice: *That night we left the country. And I left without my only brother, without someone to stick up for me, to look after me. Do you know what the worst thing was? I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye.*

Girl: *I am a 72-year-old woman from Chechnya.*

Girl: *South Africa.*

Girl: *Somalia.*

Boy: *Afghanistan.*

Girl: *Israel.*

Girl: *Northern Ireland.*

Girl: *Iraq.*

Girl: *This is my husband and this is our home; it has been in our family for generations.*

Girl: *I'm a 72-year-old woman from Chechnya.*

Girl: *South Africa.*

Girl: *Somalia.*

Boy: *Afghanistan.*

