



1st CURTAIN

TABLE 1

("The curtain is open. The decor pieces and accessories to be used in the following episodes are placed appropriately on the stage. The actors are dressed in daily clothes..")

TABLE 1

(1st Player, Manager, Father, Mother, Expert, Young)

1st PLAYER!!A panel discussion on TV. Between a sad song and a cheerful folk song.....Action please!

CHAIRMAN:-Good evening, dear viewers.. I am opening the panel discussion that you have been waiting for impatiently. Our subject is known, our guests are a father, a mother, an expert and a young person on behalf of the youth. I give the first word to the father, here you go, sir.

FATHER:- I still don't understand why you invited me to this program. Because I have a son, I get along very well with my son. There is no problem between us. Why anyway? I like him, he respects me.. We agree on everything. Even for a day, we did not have a disagreement. Yes, because I understand young people, I love them, I adore them.....Recently.....

PLAYER 1: Hop, hop, hop.... Stop.(everyone freezes) Now I'm going back. So flash back.....Two hours before open session, dad's house.....

FATHER: (Get up) What's your place to teach me, you brainless bastard. Don't I know what to say on TV, bonehead? Fall down! Are you crazy? He says "come out on TV and tell the truth". Son, stupid boy, how can I say in front of millions of people that I don't agree with you on anything? Don't they say "what kind of father is this?" Such problems are not discussed. It is shameful. Maniac....

PLAYER 1:-Action.

(father sits, others come to life)

MANAGER: - Congratulations, sir. Now it's the mother's turn to speak.

MOTHER: Sir, I'm in favor of speaking clearly and openly. I always tell the truth. I will do the same now.

MANAGER: Do it, madem.

MOTHER: - I know our esteemed administrator, who led this important panel discussion called Youth Issues.

MANAGER: - Thank you.



MOTHER: She lives in the apartment next to us. They have three children, all of them grew up on the street.

MANAGER: -Oh, Mürüvvet Hanım.

MOTHER: I don't listen to you. We, the neighbors, raised the children. Drinking, gambling are their habits, they often fight, make noise. At least for a person to manage such a session....

CHAIRMAN: Stop, stop, stop.... In your presence, pedagogue Professor Selami Altıntop.

EXPERT (Professor)-The subject is important. Hmmmmm. If it weren't important, I wouldn't be here anyway. Youth problems can't be solved by discussing them like that. It demands scientific calmness. See what Professor Frankenstein says: "Youth is a psychosomatic phenomenon, and the correlation coefficient increases geometrically" Hmmm, that's also true. Professor Maradona opposes both. "No," he says. "Youth is an integrated and dynamic complex." Surprisingly, that's true. Hmmm.

MANAGER: -What do you say personally, dear expert?

EXPERT: - I also have a daughter, I personally say "I have had enough of it", this is the truth.

YOUTH:-Well, now as a teenager, if you ask my thoughts.....

CHAIRMAN:-Sorry, we won't be able to ask. Because our time is up. Dear and dear viewers, our program is over here. We wish you all a good night's sleep and videotic dreams. Stay happy and well. Bye, see you again.....(The sound becomes increasingly inaudible.) Until the next program.....

TABLE 2.

MUSIC 4 : WEDDING ANTHEM

(bride, groom, 1 and 8 players)

(The Bride and Groom enter, the others applaud. Someone takes a photo. They freeze for a moment. The wedding memory. The music freezes and continues, the bride and groom come out)

PLAYER 1: We have laid the foundation of a new marriage.

PLAYER 8: Good luck and good luck, sir.

PLAYER: But what kind of marriage is this? Conscious, healthy, balanced marriage? Let's show a few false marriages, if you like.

3. TABLE

(mother, daughter, choir, 1st player)

MOTHER: Oh Nebiş Come on, my daughter.



GIRL: - What happened, mom?

MOTHER: The Lamb of Fortune, İbrahim, landed on our heads.

GIRL: -Who is this İbrahim?

MOTHER: -İbrahim. İbo. Super İbo. It is needed in every home.

GIRL: -what does he want?

MOTHER: Marrying you. Get İbo now, win.

GIRL: What's special?

MOTHER: Don't ask, my daughter. İbo has horses, floors, yachts, billions, billions.

GIRL: -Is he smart?

MOTHER: Rich, ambitious.

GIRL: Young, handsome, understanding?

MOTHER: Heeled.

GIRL: -What if we are not happy.

MOTHER: Everything is better with İbo.

GIRL: I don't know.....

MOTHER: Don't think about it, my daughter. Nothing better than İbo.

Chorus:gooo

MOTHER: Good,

Chorus: siiiiiinii,

MOTHER: skilfull,

Chorus: mmmm.

MOTHER: Mature.

Chorus: İİİİBOOOOOO

MOTHER: Sweeps, beats.

Chorus: İbo, İbo, İbo

MOTHER: Young İbo is a good groom.

Chorus: Ram para pam pam pam pampam....

TABLE

(1st actor, narrator, Ercüment, Şazimend)

1st PLAYER: This is the imitation of the false marriage. Now we move on to the third example. In the photoromantic style..

NARRATOR: It was a Thursday morning. Şazimend and Ercüment walked towards their destiny. They met at a bus stop. Their gazes met. Ercüment's heart started to walk like an old-fashioned locomotive.

Chorus: Cuf cuf cuf cuf...

ERCÜMAN: My Lord.

NARRATOR: In Şazimend's heart, which is timid like a gazelle and wild like the sea, a violin started to play....

SAZİMEND: Oh my God.

NARRATOR: And the fastest, oldest romance of the twentieth century began.

ERCÜMEND: I've been looking for you for years in songs and poems.... Can you share life and death with me?



ŞAZİMEND: My heart has been beating for you for years....

ERCÜMEND: Will you marry me?

ŞAZİMEND: Yes.

ERCÜMEN: What's your name?

ŞAZİMEND:- Şazimend. Yours?

ERCÜMEND: Ercümend. But call me Ercü.

ŞAZİMEND: Ercü.

ERCÜMEND: Come, let's have a burger and talk about our future.

ŞAZİMEND: I'll come, my dear.

NARRATOR: They walked away, hand in hand, in love.

5. TABLE

(1st actor, girl with cap, ibo, Osman master, Ercümend, mother)

PLAYER:-People get married one way or another. Then the laws of nature start to work.

GIRL WITH THE CAPE: Mr. İbo.....You have a son.

İBO:-What? Hah hah hah....A man has a boy. I will raise him as myself....Manly.....

GIRL WITH THE CAP: Osman Efendi... You have a beautiful daughter.

OSMAN EFENDİ:-What! Damn chick, was that your favor? And we counted three hundred and fifty thousand money for you. How can I look at my dad's face now?

GIRL WITH THE CAPE: - Mr. Ercümend.

ERCÜMEND: I'm listening to you, O white angel.

GIRL WITH THE CAPE: Yours are triplets.

ERCÜMEND: Ahhh.....I told that stupid woman don't love me so much. I'm done.

6. TABLE

(1st Player, Father, Child, 7th Player)

PLAYER 1: First, here is a father who is very interested in his child.

FATHER:(a stopwatch in his hand) Come on kid, start.

CHILD: Ka-Kaya ho- ho- hold the ba- ball

FATHER: Bravo, very good. You read a three-word sentence in 7 seconds today. Well done son. Now be careful, we're getting to math. Mathematics is important. My math is very good. You should be just like me. You're ready, right? Good, one times one?

CHILD: one times one...

FATHER: Bravo

CHILD: one times one...



FATHER: Excellent.

CHILD: One times one is two.

FATHER: No.

CHILD: It's eleven.

FATHER: Are you stupid? Say, one times one is...? Quick, come on, walk, run.

CHILD: one times one

FATHER: Come on son, don't make me mad... I said come on.

CHILD: one times one, one times one...

PLAYER 7: (Whispers): It makes one.

CHILD: That's one.

FATHER: Bravooooo. My great son.... My genius son.... You knew one times one today in 36 seconds. It is a great progress. This is an amazing development.... Everyone will call me the father of a genius. Very soon. Oh, don't embarrass me. Now on to the history questions. Are you ready?

-Who is Osman Bey?

CHILD: - Uncle.

FATHER.: -How can that dirty uncle, who can hardly enter this house, enter the whole history, my son. Think about it. I ask you again, think carefully! Who is Osman Bey? Okay, you've thought enough. Tell me what did you think now?

CHILD: Pistachio ice cream.

FATHER: Don't do it.....

7. TABLE

(1 PLAYER, FATHER, MOTHER, CHILD)

PLAYER 1: Another wrong example! A parent who is very interested in their beloved children.

FATHER:-Neriman...Neriman.

MOTHER: What is it again?

FATHER: Come here, irresponsible woman.

MOTHER: I don't understand?

FATHER:-Didn't I tell you not to leave this child on the street, he would be rude, his morals would deteriorate? He was on the street again!

MOTHER:- If you said it, you said it. What should I do? If it's so precious, put it in your pocket, take it to work.

FATHER: -Don't talk to me like that in front of the child...I'll tear your mouth.

MOTHER: Shut up!

FATHER: Say it again.

MOTHER: Oh, don't open your eyes like a wild frog.

FATHER: The wild and fiendish frog is your mother.

MOTHER: - Disgraceful bastard.

FATHER: Oh! Dirty woman



MOTHER: - Immoral.

FATHER: If you are a mother, I am Napoleon Bonaparte.

MOTHER: Do you know what mother is?

FATHER: My mother was mother.

MOTHER: Don't tell me.

FATHER: -Don't talk to my dead mother, yours is

MOTHER: yours is....

FATHER: Huh to you.

MOTHER: Honestly to you.

FATHER: Outrageous.

MOTHER: - Miserable.

FATHER: Shameless.

MOTHER: -shameless,

FATHER: witch.

MOTHER: ghoulish.

CHILD: - That's enough.

MOTHER: - What?

CHILD : - Hey! That's enough.

FATHER: - He said "HEY".

MOTHER: -he said.

FATHER: Do you understand now? Why am I going crazy for not leaving this child on the street? His morals are deteriorating, my wife. Anyone who says "hey" today, tomorrow, says "damn". What do we do then?

Mother: Well....what do we do then?

FATHER: Eh? What do we do?

8. TABLE

(1st PLAYER, 2nd FATHER, ORHAN)

1ST PLAYER: Enough. Now we leave the wrong examples...

2. FATHER: (shouts) Heeeyyy!

PLAYER 1: -Oh! at that time there was another father who found his joy. Hello sir.

2. FATHER: -(He is drunk, he has an open beer bottle in his hand.) Go away or I will beat you.

PLAYER 1: I got it. (goes away)

2. FATHER: Orhaaaaaannnn.

ORHAN: -Sir.

PLAYER 2: Come here, scammer!

ORHAN: -Sir.



2.FATHER:-Come closer...Enough....(Daddy shakes.) Don't sway, scoundrel. You will stand upright in front of me. Like an idol. Do you understand?

ORHAN: -I understand.

2. FATHER: Fine. So what is this?,

ORHAN: Beer bottle.

2. FATHER:-Who opened this bottle....The bottle?

ORHAN:-I did.

2. FATHER: Why?

ORHAN: I wondered how it tasted. I took a sip.

2. FATHER: - Didn't I tell you that you will not drink alcohol? Eh? Pig. If I see you again, I'm an asshole, I'll cut you into cubes. I'll rip out your tonsils. I'll take your spleen. You bastard. Get out. When I was at your age, I wouldn't even drink tripe soup without my father's permission. Sinful bastard. Who turns these kids on like that? Damn., I'm out of my mind again. Muallaaaaa... Muallaaaaaaaaa... My dear...where are you?

9. TABLE

(1st player, mother, child, father)

PLAYER 1: Finally, let's watch a birthday and close this episode. I'm going to play the kid in this episode because he's just my type.

MOTHER:-Look, son, what did your father buy for you?

CHILD:-Choo choo.

FATHER: -You liked it, right?

CHILD:-beep beep

FATHER: Stop, you're going to break it. If you break it, I will carve out your eye.

MOTHER:-Play and let the child learn a little.



FATHER: Look and find out, rompy, now this choo choo beep is standing at the station. OK?

CHILD:-wow

FATHER: It will be gone soon. Attention! The Anatolian Express is about to depart from the 1st platform.

CHILD: Choo choo

FATHER: Relax, we're playing, what else do you want? Attention, attention

CHILD: Whistle.

MOTHER: oooh shut up man! How well he plays.

FATHER:-Anatolia Express is about to depart from the 1st platform.

MOTHER you will be the old husband, and I will be the wife. I came to see you off...

FATHER:-Great...(Imitation) Ahem! Goodbye, my darling.

MOTHER(Participates) Goodbye, Mr. Şemsettin.

FATHER: Great,

CHILD: Choo choo.

FATHER: Shut up.

MOTHER -Be careful with your diet.

FATHER: take your medicine regularly....

CHILD: beep beep

MOTHER: Hold on kid.

FATHER: -Is my cardigan in the suitcase?

MOTHER Don't worry. I also put your spittoon. (They laugh and hug)

CHILD: (Slightly nervous) Choo choo. Beep, beep

FATHER: Stop or I will beat you.

MOTHER: Behave well in Istanbul....

FATHER:-Can I cheat you, sweetie? (He moves the train)

MOTHER: Oh! you're leaving.

FATHER: Oh,very good, it departed just in time....

MOTHER:-Goodbye, Mr. Semsettin.

FATHER: Welcome, Dilruba.

MOTHER: Close the window, you will get cold.

FATHER: Great (hugs with laughter, toy train is crushed)

CHILD:-Mom... dad. it's time for you to sleep, come on to your room.

10.TABLE

(1 PLAYER, MALE, JUDGE, ANNOUNCER)

PLAYER:-There are also marriages with a flat tire.....

MAN: Yes, Your Honor. We were married with love. We thought we would die if we could not get married. Our eyes could not see the world. We



would have six girls and six boys, and we would be happy forever. But we gave up at the first child.

WOMAN:-We can't agree, Your Honor. There is no way we can come to an agreement. It turns out that he supports Fenerbahce, I support Galatasaray. He loves Tulum cheese, I hate it. I believe in fortune-telling. Tell me. Can we live together?

KORO: -You're divorced.

TWO: Yahooo

MAN: Ohhhh.

WOMAN: What a relief!

PLAYER 1: All right, kid.

WOMAN: Indeed, we had a child. Take him, my dear, he's yours.

MAN: No, you take better care of him than I do.

WOMAN: Don't say that. What the hell is your mother doing? Let her look after the child. Besides, I will work now.

MAN: You are so irresponsible.

WOMAN: You are the one who is irresponsible.

ANNOUNCER:-The ball is now in the mother's hands...The match started quickly. Mom has a great Match.....Oooooo dad received the ball very well....now it's daddy's turn to serve. Dad is looking for a gap in mommy....searching... .He disposed of the ball. Mom caught it in mid-air and sent it back. The match started to get more and more exciting. Dad caught and instantly flipped the ball.... Mom caught the ball, spinning, spinning, spinning and throwing it... The ball flew, flew.. ..it flew....It went out of the field. It mingled with the crowd. The ball disappeared.....the ball went away. The referee declared both sides defeated....He is not unfair. They couldn't hold a small ball..

PLAYER 1: There is also the opposite.

MOTHER: Let go of the child, he is mine.

FATHER:-No, he's mine....he'll stay with me.

MOTHER: Beast.

FATHER: - Unscrupulous.

MOTHER: Bandit.

FATHER: You are bandit.

MOTHER: I say let him go.

FATHER: You will leave him.

11. TABLE

(1 Actor, Daughter, Son, Elder Son, Elder Daughter)

PLAYER 1: The years flow like a flood. Yesterday's mischievous little ones suddenly turn into young men.



DAUGHTER: Mommy, daddy. Run. Ali is shaving.

Chorus:-Ooooooo

SON: Dad, mom, look, Ayşe is wearing lipstick.

Chorus: Nooooooo.

DAUGHTER: Momyyy, my brother is reading romance novels....

Chorus:Oooooo!

SON: Daddy, my sister is wearing my mom's high heels.

Chorus: oooooh?

ELDER DAUGHTER:-Mommy, daddy....I want to wear lipstick and high heels.

Chorus: - What?

ELDER SON: I also want to shave and I want to read romance novels.

Chorus: Whaaaat?

12.TABLE (1. ACTOR, DAUGHTER, MOTHER, DAD, CHORUS)

PLAYER 1: These are natural developments. In the meantime, greetings to those who help young people with patience and understanding and show the way... We will continue to exhibit false examples. A house.

DAUGHTER -Mom, I'll wash the dishes today.

MOTHER: No, you break everything.

DAUGHTER: Then I'll make a cake.

MOTHER: No, you'll turn the kitchen upside down.

DAUGHTER: - A person learns by doing a job.

MOTHER: She's also arrogant.

DAUGHTER :-Daddy, will you take me to the movies?

FATHER: -I don't have time.

DAUGHTER: Take me to the theater then.

FATHER: -I have a lot of work.

DAUGHTER: -I'll go.

FATHER: No.

DAUGHTER: - Can't I just get out the door?

FATHER: -You can't go out.

DAUGHTER: Shall I watch TV?

FATHER: Study.

DAUGHTER: - Let me call a friend, please.

MOTHER-DAD: -No.



DAUGHTER (starts screeching) Nooooo!

MOTHER: Do you realize Zülfü, this girl has become weird.

FATHER: You are right my wife, I wonder why?

Chorus: Ah, those young people.

-2nd-

PART 1

PLAYER 1: We were going to criticize ourselves in the second episode. Those on stage are ready for self-criticism. (To the audience) Are you ready too? So, we continue our musical with the morning conversation of two young friends. A contemporary good morning program reinforced with body movements.

MAN: Oooh, what's up? (tapping his shoulder)

GIRL: Not much. (she hits it too)

MAN: What did you do with the psycho boy?

GIRL: God damn he's a punk. I say let's take a tour.

MAN: Yeah...

GIRL: He says let's go to a bar and make a fuss.

MAN: Don't do it.....

GIRL: Won't her brother come while we're bickering like this?

MAN: Oh my God, what is he like?

GIRL: Never mind.... he's a depressed bastard, I thought I'd make fun of him....

MAN: Got it?

GIRL: he got it....I got bored and left....

BOY: So see you tonight.

GIRL: It's okay coach. Bye.....

(snaps the man and throws him on the ground),

PLAYER 1: We look like this through the eyes of adults.....

PLAYER 8: Amazed....

SECTION 2.

(1st actor, father, tezcan, mother, grandmother, older brother, doctor)

PLAYER 1: Now let's tiptoe into a house and monitor a girl's situation in the family.

(the family takes its place, our young daughter Tezcan is watching her hand.)

FATHER (playing backgammon with his older brother, throwing dice)



FATHER (playing backgammon with his elder brother, throwing dice) Oh my god, six five.....Tezcan, run and bring me a glass of water. My throat is dry from excitement, I'm beating your brother.

TEZCAN: Oh my father..

FATHER: I was astonished once in forty years and asked for a glass of water from my daughter.

TEZCAN: oh, daddy....

MOTHER: (Apron in front of him, washing gloves on his hands) Tezcan, my son, come and help this dish....

TEZCAN: Oh mommy....

MOTHER: For God's sake! I cooked, I set the table, I cleared it.... At least....

FATHER: Well, does the boy who is too lazy to bring a glass of water to his father, help with the dishes?

TEZCAN: oops dad.....

GREAT MOTHER: (with glasses, sewing for a while) Tezcan, my son, bring your apron so I can sew your skirt up, it is ripped, you are walking around like that.

TEZCAN: Oh grandma!

GRANDMOTHER: I hope everything is fine, what's up now?

FATHER: The boy who didn't bring a glass of water for his father.....

TEZCAN: Oh daddy.....

Elder Brother: Tezcan, if you don't mind, tell the time and let your father know what time I was defeated.

TEZCAN: It is not possible to live in this house. (goes out)

FATHER: I'm glad we named this girl Tezcan, what if we named it Coy by mistake?

TEZCAN: (Inside) Oh my fatheeeeer.....

PLAYER 1: There is an expert among us to answer our problems. Doctor, can't our friend have polio?

DOCTOR: No, sir, from what I see, he's all right, sir.

1. PLAYER: So why isn't he doing anything?

DOCTOR: I'll admit, as a scientist, I'm curious too, let's ask him.

PLAYER: Well, sir... Tezcan...

TEZCAN: But youuuu....

SECTION 3

(1st Actress, Boy, Mother, Speaker, Father, Semra, Aunt, Doctor.)



PLAYER 1: Now, on the contrary of Tezcan, we have a friend who is extraordinarily aggressive, lively and full of life... (The new family takes their places, the young man is watching TV. A distinguished speaker is reading a poem on TV.)

YOUNG MAN: Ah mommy. Forty hours ago, we wanted a plum.

MOTHER: Oh excuse me son, do I have any sense left, I'm bringing it.

Young man: Dad, did you get the tape?

FATHER: I'll get it tomorrow night.

YOUNG MAN: That's what you said yesterday.

FATHER: He couldn't finish it, what should I do?

YOUNG MAN: Sit down, wait and see how they are doing, they are lazy, go get it tomorrow evening, but, please, do not be lazy... Mom, where is the plum?

MOTHER: (inside) I'm washing it, son.

YOUNG MAN: Hurry up, the match will start soon.

SPEAKER: "Age thirty-five is half the way."

YOUNG MAN: It's not over, that health program too. (The aunt goes out) Semraaaa. Heyyyy. Are you deaf?

SEMRA: (Inside) What do you want again?

YOUNG MAN: Wouldn't she say "again"? Bring the newspaper. Come on. She doesn't move, like a sunken tanker.

SPEAKER: "This world drives you crazy, tonight, these stars, this smell."

YOUNG MAN: Heart disease, old age. Now the madness has started, but they are making a fake program, huh, (Semra brought the newspaper.) aren't they, father? what happened to the water I wanted?

HALA: (enters with sweater in hand.) What water, you asked me for your sweater.

YOUNG MAN :Come on, get a glass of water. Let it be cold.. In a big glass..mom, don't forget the salt.

FATHER: Get the salt by yourself.

YOUNG MAN: I see.

FATHER: Get the salt.

YOUNG MAN: Oh my God! So what, let them work a little.. Working iron shines.. A rolling stone does not collect moss.

SPEAKER: "Hang on, passenger."

YOUNG MAN: If I stop, I'm dishonest. (goes out in anger.)

PLAYER 1: Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'll ask you not to ask me anything. I'm a little angry, my blood pressure has risen, I have palpitations, my blood sugar has dropped.. How are you, sir?

FATHER: Why are you surprised, doctor?



DOCTOR: It's okay.. My channels are mixed, you can continue.

SECTION 4

(1st actor, Daughter, Father, Mother, Doctor.)

PLAYER 1: Now, we will watch an understanding, insightful friend of ours.

GIRL: (Squeaks.) I want, I want, I want...

FATHER: What does she want?

MOTHER: Rubber shoes.

GIRL: (Kicking.) No, no, no...

FATHER: Oh what.

GIRL: Converse

FATHER: Yes?

GIRL: (Shouts) Converse, converse, converse..

FATHER: (To mom) What about rubber shoes? This is something else?

GIRL: He still doesn't know what a convert is. (He slaps.) I want to die, die, die.

FATHER: I don't know what it is, my son, is it a bird or a flower, let me find out.

MOTHER: (Again calm.) Rubber shoes.

GIRL:(emphasizes.) Converse.

MOTHER: It is a brand.

GIRL: I want, I want, I want.

FATHER: Why are you stomping like a suction pump, dear girl, since that brand of shoes is needed, I already got my salary with a raise today, thank God, exactlylira, uh... How many liras are these shoes?

MOTHER:.....

FATHER: They sell by the dozen?

MOTHER: A pair.....Lira!

FATHER: Oh my daughter, when you wear these shoes, if you are going to run the hundred meters in under ten seconds, good luck. Why do you want these shoes?

GIRL: Filiz has, Seniz has ,Yeliz has ...Hale has ,Jale has , Lale has . . .

FATHER: We also have tuition, debt, rent. But I'll take it!

PLAYER: Two months later, one evening.

FATHER: Daughter, baby, come, come, look what I bought you.

GIRL: What did you buy?

FATHER: Look.

MOTHER: Look. (converse shows.)



GIRL: (Cold) Ah, so this is the converse

FATHER: Yeah , Converse, finally I succeeded, I got it to my daughter.

GIRL: But converse is outdated dad, nike is fashionable, nike, you're too late.

FATHER: (A moment later) Now I want to die, die, die

PLAYER 1: That was such a scene. Doctor, I wonder, about this scene..

DOCTOR: (Shouts) No, no, no, I don't want to say anything tonight.

Chapter 5

(Actor 1, Mom, Boy, Dad)

PLAYER 1: I understand, sir. Now, we will observe a hardworking and responsible friend of ours.

(The young man lies face down. He is reading a novel - I think he is reading a comic book.)

MOTHER: Son. He said I have an exam tomorrow.

young man: What happened?

MOTHER: You should stop reading nonsense and study a bit.

Young man: Go away, for God's sake.

MOTHER: This year is your second year, son.

Young man: What's up?

MOTHER: If you fail this year.

Young: I will not fail.

MOTHER: If you get a failure document,

Young man: I don't.

MOTHER: Last year you said you wouldn't.

Young man: Enough.

MOTHER: You did.

Young man: Well, leave me alone, I know what I'm doing.

MOTHER: All right, son.

PLAYER 1: Six months later, father, son and mother!

FATHER □ Shaking the report card in his hand in sadness).

young man: I did not fail. Dad, they didn't let me pass the class. The historian was malicious, the physicist had a grudge. English was the enemy, I was passing the Turkish exam, the sun caught my eye, the field was muddy, the wind was blowing wrong. The referee took sides, the chemist scored offside! I swear, dad. The ball is round dad, there is failure, there is success, there is passing. I didn't succeed, I didn't have a chance.

MOTHER: Well, I warned you son.

YOUNG MAN: Mom, come on, you're humiliating me, I won't let you humiliate me.

PLAYER 1: Doctor, I wonder...



DOCTOR: ssssss, pssssss, zsssssst

SECTION 6: (1.PLAYER, 3.PLAYER, CHORUS)

First Player: OK! I see. And now...

Third Player: a song.

First Player: without a reason.

Third player: Yeah. It is already a musical.

Chorus: yes...

First Player: a song from Orhan Veli. "I can not tell"

MUSIC 9 : SONG

"I can not tell"

If I cry, will you hear my voice in my verses?
Can you touch my tears with your hands
That words are not enough
Before I get into this trouble
I know there is a place
It is possible to say everything
I'm pretty close, I hear
I can not tell.

(They all dive in, sighing silence.)

CHAPTER 7

(1st Actress, 1st Youth, 2nd Youth, 3rd Youth, Doctor, 4th Youth, Tezcan , Girl, Chorus)

PLAYER:

Wake up, wake up guys.. We continue to criticize ourselves. Now, while watching his friends playing ball in the street, we will watch our three well-behaved, gentleman and a polite friend who does not forget for a moment that there are people on the balconies and windows. (Three young people take their places.) Start.

1. YOUNG MAN: Do you hit in that way...

2. YOUNG MAN : To that beautiful ball.

3. YOUNG MAN: Bear..

THREE: Wow.

2. YOUNG MAN : Look behind you, idiot..

3. YOUNG MAN : Hug



1. YOUNG MAN: Put the guy on the ground.

THREE: Wow..

2. YOUNG MAN: Pass it on..

1. YOUNG MAN : There is an empty man...

3. YOUNG MAN : Are you blind cow..

THREE: Wow....

3. YOUNG MAN: Don't pass

2. YOUNG MAN: You're going to miss the ball...

YOUTH 1: Idiot...

THREE: Wow.

3. YOUNG MAN: Come on, son.

1. YOUNG MAN: Ruuun

2. YOUNG MAN Well, son, well

THREE: wow.

PLAYER 1: If the doctor speaks, we will understand why these kind friends of ours are so gentle.

DOCTOR: No.

PLAYER: Well, I understand, don't be angry.

4. YOUNG MAN: This doctor was angry about something, but what was he angry about?

TEZCAN: Oh, you too....

GIRL (fan of converse): Never mind, never mind, never mind.

YOUNG MAN I think he scored a goal from the corner he didn't expect.

Ha,ha,hahaha....

Chorus: Oh those young people

Chapter 8

**1Actor,Teacher,1st Lecturer,A
Lecturer,Osman,Doctor,Mehmet)**

PLAYER 1: Now we will exhibit two types of students.. Actually, there is not much time to exhibit the type. Let's take our seats. (Students and teachers take their seats.) We are again in our class.

TEACHER: Tell me, where is the castle of Esztergom? (knock on door) Come on.

STUDENT 1. (She pretends to breathe.) Excuse me, teacher, I'm a little late.



TEACHER: It says a little, this is the third lesson, the end of the lesson, why are you late?

STUDENT 1. Let me tell you, teacher, I got out of the house just in time, teacher, I got on the minibus, it collided with the train, there were seven dead, sixteen injured. I survived, but I couldn't catch up, teacher.

TEACHER: sit down, chatter.

STUDENT 1. OK, teacher. (Substitutes)

TEACHER: What did I ask?

STUDENT 1. Where is the castle of Estergon.

TEACHER: Good, injured, tell me, where is Estergon castle?

STUDENT 1. Teacher, I didn't tell you so as not to upset you. My foster brother died recently. While making his halvah (dessert), the gas bottle exploded. All of our belongings were burned, by the way, excuse me, my history book was burned, so I couldn't work, I'm sorry.

TEACHER: Oh my unfortunate son, you didn't give your homework last month, did you?

STUDENT 1. You are right, teacher, my father fell from the balcony, I went to the hospital every night.

TEACHER: Wasn't there anyone else?

STUDENT 1. No, teacher, my father fell from the balcony, my mother, who was very upset about this, had a heart attack, my brother was speechless with excitement, and my aunt...

TEACHER: Enough!!!

STUDENT 1. Okay, teacher.

PLAYER 1: Another student now.

TEACHER: 147 Osman Şaşkın grocery store

OSMAN: Here.

TEACHER: Bring your homework.

OSMAN: I can't.

TEACHER: Why?

OSMAN: I didn't.

TEACHER: Again?

OSMAN: I was doing research on a very important subject, I couldn't prepare for it.

TEACHER: Oh, what were you researching, son?

OSMAN: The student years of geniuses.

TEACHER: You, who haven't researched where the library is in this school for three years, have researched the student years of geniuses?

OSMAN: Yes.



TEACHER: So tell me.

OSMAN: Okay. Einstein, the founder of modern physics, was a very bad student, as was the famous scholar Darwin. In fact, one day his father shouted to Darwin, "You don't do anything but chase mice, you are a disgrace to our family." The genius composer, Vagner, the great poet Baudelaire, and the famous storyteller Edgar Allen Poe were lazy, unsuccessful students. In his youth, they said about Balzac, the greatest novelist of all time. "A lazy, lethargic, scammer." Famous architects...

TEACHER: What conclusion have you come to, my son?

OSMAN: Since our student years are so similar to each other, maybe I am a genius...

PLAYER 1: Now..

DOCTOR: It's my turn to speak.

PLAYER 1: All right, sir.

YOUNG CRAZY: Doctor, let me take you here.

(His doctor sits affectionately to the side.)

SECTION 9

(1st Player, Player, 2nd Player, 3rd Player, Chorus)

PLAYER: Hey God, I guess it was not right for us to give these examples. We lost Mr. Doctor.

PLAYER 2: But these are facts whether we like them or not.

PLAYER 3: For example, it is a fact that we do not show the necessary interest in art, history and culture.

PLAYER 4: I'm interested.

PLAYER 3: Let's have a competition, let's understand.

CHORUS: Yes.

CHAPTER 10

(1st Player, 3rd Girl, 3rd Boy, Doctor, 7th Player)



PLAYER 1: Friends, I am opening the general culture, art and history competition. (Three girls and three boys take their places.) I ask the first question to the girls, are you ready?

GIRL 1: We are ready, sir.

PLAYER 1: Your question is, who is Washington?

GIRL 1: It's easy, I answer, he found the type of orange named after him.

PLAYER 1: Wrong.

(The men laugh.)

GIRL 1: Or did she find the city of Washington?

BOY1: Shut up. Now I ask the first question of men. Who is Leonardo da Vinci?

MAN 1: He is the man who invented the crane.

PLAYER 1: Wrong

BOY 1: ..

(Girls laugh)

PLAYER 1: Guys, pay attention, please. Moving on to the second questions. (to the girls) Who is Gandhi?

GIRL 1: (After consulting.) Gandhi, the skinny old men from the movie Gandhi.

PLAYER 1: No

(The men laugh a little less.) I ask you, listen carefully and answer all at once. What does Realist mean?

BOY 1: (After consultation.) A fan who founded the Real Madrid team is called a Realist for short.

PLAYER 1: It didn't work.

BOY1: Ooooooh.....

(The girls also laugh a little less.)

PLAYER 1: I'm asking the third questions. How many geographical regions is Turkey divided into?

GIRL 1: (After consultation.) We answer. Seven.

PLAYER 1: Well done! Your number

GIRL 1: Counting, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

PLAYER 1: No!! You tell me. Who is Socrates?

MALE 1. (Consults.) We answer. Socrates is the name of a football player who plays for the Brazilian national team.

PLAYER 1: No, now I want you to know the question this time. Who is Namık Kemal?

1. GIRL: (consults) Namık Kemal is the owner of schools bearing the name of Namık Kemal.

PLAYER 1: No again... Take care of the doctor. It's our turn. Name a work belonging to the Roman civilization.

Boy 1: Roman ice cream.



PLAYER 1: No.

Boy 2 :Rheumatism.

PLAYER 1: No.

Boy 3: Aroma.

PLAYER 1: No.

boy1: Novel.

PLAYER 1: No.

Boy 3: Romania.

PLAYER 1: No

MAN 2: I found it, I found it. Roman Perihan!!

(Doctor faints.)

PLAYER 1: The doctor loved Perihan from Rome (to the audience.) Of course, none of us are that indifferent and ignorant. We have exaggerated the subject a bit since it is a musical tradition. But let's dance crookedly and speak correctly, do we show the necessary importance to art, history, culture, or are we content with some junk food and junk magazine information? I think..

PLAYER 7: Stop, stop, stop, is this a musical or a lesson?

SECTION 11

PLAYER 1: That's right... So let's go back to youth problems or troubled youth, that is, let's come to ourselves. Now, you will watch a talented young man looking for a job, who is tired of being idle. That is me!

(The man takes his place at the table. The young man enters with all his energy.)

MAN: Do you want something?

YOUNG MAN: Yes.

MAN: Tell me!

YOUNG MAN: I want a job.

MAN: Yeah?

YOUNG MAN: It's enough for me. It stuck with me. That's enough. I want a job!

MAN: Sit down.

YOUNG MAN: I can't sit. I want a job.

MAN: Got it. Okay. What kind of job do you want?

YOUNG MAN: It doesn't matter. As long as my conditions are met! Okay ?

MAN: Okay...

YOUNG MAN: But if it is outside of Ankara, I can't accept it! Why? Because my family is here, my friends are here, my brother, my barber! And I have to say I can't take command of a superior. Why? Because my father at home, the principal at the school, the boss at the coffee shop, the referee at the match...enough is enough. If you say you can't be an officer without a



supervisor, it won't bother me. That's your problem! Then, I can't stay at the same table all the time from morning to night. Am I a vase, brother, come on, for God's sake, am I an inkwell? We are in the era of movement..(says).. Let's walk guys..lay lay lay lam! "If I insist, of course, I will sit, I will sit, I will sit, but one day I will explode with a boom, you bastard. The responsibility is yours! According to him. No lie, I can't come on time in the morning. Why? Because I'm not a chicken, brother. I have a night life. I can't go to bed without perceiving and assimilating what I am living through. I am a modern person; I'm not a handsome corpse! Why should I lie on the bed?" I'm young, desires are a waterfall in my blood! "Oh, let me remind you, I can't come on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, I have training. Because a healthy mind is found in a healthy body. I won't argue about it! I don't drink soup, I don't eat vegetables, it makes me nauseous, I hate pieces of meat. Don't be angry, my brother! People at home are also angry, but it's useless! Pizza for me, or lahmacun. .Since I got a job, I must have a wife, right, brother, am I right? Then don't say you didn't tell me, I get offended by advice, I can't stand criticism, I don't want warnings. Let me have this much caprice now, right, brother? We're going to work like a dog here. So, what are you saying?

MAN: I'm sorry. We don't have a job for you!

YOUNG MAN: What? No huh? Me? IT CANNOT!...

A GIRL: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Get on the topic!

1 ACTOR: Our aim is not to belittle unemployment. Never. We just wanted to show one type. Now, we watch two young people holding a diary.

GIRL: (inner voice.) Ah, it's my mom. She doesn't mind dressing up fashionably, I'm embarrassed.

MAN: (inner voice.) Nilgün's mother is so stylish, how cool..

MAN: (inner voice.) Erol's father was giving lira per day, wow, that's how a good father should be!

GIRL: (inner voice.) How dull is our house...

MAN: (inner voice.) We don't even have a car..

GIRL: (inner voice.) Alas, poor me! three dots.

MAN: (inner voice.) Alas! exclamation.

PLAYER 1: I can guess what our friends who think like this will say a few years later.

GIRL: (Direct.) Oh mommy, You thought us more than yourself.

MAN: (Direct.) Oh, dad. You were giving me pocket money though you had little.



SECTION 12

(Actor #1, Mother, Crazy Young, Doctor)

PLAYER 1: Now, we're going to watch one of the underrated mothers, here you go, auntie.

MOTHER: Thank you. (Sits down.)

PLAYER: It's your word, lady.

MOTHER: What can I say, I got married, I have two sons and a daughter. I've been busy with my housework. Years passed like a breeze, I started to falter. I get up in the morning, alas, what should I cook today. , there will be a fight over the potato again. Kapuska, oooo, leek, ugh, yam, disaster, lentils murder, celery doomsday, I'll buy chicken, all of them want its legs, is this chicken a centipede? But they finally figured out how many parts of the world there are and how many legs a chicken has. How?

I was crazy because of him. Let me tell you.. I'm a mother, so I don't know what a week's holiday, what annual holiday is.

Give birth, feed, raise, send to school, harvest, sewing, ironing, laundry, cook, set a table, wash dishes, wipe, vacuum, place, take care of, host guests, water the flower, go shopping, feed the cat... Anyway.....The manager who came in the last census asked about my job and I said I'm a housewife... Oh, what should I see? Doesn't the man write me as unemployed? Me... Unemployed... Haa ha, ha, ha. At that moment, my face turned black, I was confused, I ran out into the street saying there was no count, it's time, then. I hoisted the crazy flag, I've been very comfortable since that day..

May I ask for my hat, please.

(Crazy Teen brings mom's funnel, mom puts the funnel on her head, Mommy's funnel is furry.)

CRAZY YOUNG: Aunt lady, let me take you here.

MOTHER: With your permission. (Mom sits between the doctor and the crazy boy.)

CHAPTER 13

(1st actor, choir, announcer, doctor, mother, crazy teenager)

PLAYER 1: We've come to the end of the musical...

Chorus: (negative) Oooohhhh.....



PLAYER 1: If we continue a little longer, we will all end up in the central studios.

CRAZY PEOPLE: Yeahhh, hee, hee.

PLAYER: (Shows the crazy corner) Let me tell my last words. (The crazy people get worried. The spokesman crazy runs to the 1st. He whispers something in his ear excitedly; the other crazy people are waiting excitedly.)

Friends! Dear madmen, before the game is over, they want to make a short show for us smart people. What do you think?

ONE: Since they're crazy because of us.....

THE OTHER:...let's watch it!

ALL: Agreed!

PLAYER 1: So here you go, the stage is yours!

(4 mad people happily get together in the middle of the scene.)

CRAZY SPEAKER: You guys imitate crazy people for fun.....

CRAZY MOTHER: Sometimes we imitate the smart ones too!

CRAZY FATHER: You won't be angry, but...!,

CRAZY MOTHER: Have you ever got angry with a madman?

SON CRAZY: They call you crazy!

CRAZY SPEAKER: Then our show begins. Put our decor away!

(fanfan....streamers, ribbons, bells, etc. descend from above, crazy son, sitting in front like a "thinking man".)

CRAZY FATHER (kindly) Madam, what is this boy thinking again? I'm sorry. Just ask!

CRAZY MOTHER (moderate) You can ask, my dear.

CRAZY DAD: (Sincerely) How can I ask you, honey? I am a father, I cannot be so close. Ask please!

CRAZY MOTHER: Son, what's wrong with you?

CRAZY SON: (Neither hard nor soft.) What is it to you?

FATHER CRAZY (curiously) What did he say?

MOTHER CRAZY: "What is it to you?" he said.

CRAZY DAD: (gets angry) What? He's my dear, my liver, my everything, how can my son say to me " What is it to you?"?

CRAZY MOTHER: I didn't say " What is it to you?", he said my life is mine!

CRAZY DAD: When he says to you, " What is it to you???", it's actually " What is it to you?" So all right, so I say to him, "What to me?"

CRAZY SON: What did he say?

CRAZY MOTHER: (trying to say) "What to me?" she said.

CRAZY SON: What? What does he mean to me by saying "what to me?"

CRAZY DAD: What's going on?



CRAZY MOTHER: (cuts out) Oh, what's wrong with me!!
(the three of them are left alone.)

CRAZY SPEAKER: Don't do it! If yours is to talk, I'm the beaded crazy İbrahim. Brother, why don't you talk to your son? If you talk, doomsday break out. Discuss, scold, but talk! Did history begin with you, or did you hatch. Here's your mom! Here's your dad! Speak, son! Don't like, don't adopt, but speak! Don't draw your curtain! Kiss death and talk! They're sitting alone together! A madman talking to himself is more crowded than these. I feel like crying for these people. I'm going to cry! I'm crying!

CRAZY MOTHER: It's time to understand.

(The madmen greet the fans of the choir. Player 1 stops loudly and moves forward.)

PLAYER 1: Let me get the word right. Our aim was not to be arrogant. Forgive us if we made a mistake. We always tried to say the following, mixed with a joke:

Let's not interrupt the dialogue between us and as the great YUNUS EMRE said, "Let's Love, Let's Be Loved"

This is our problem, our wish. Because the cure for every problem is love.

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-Friends, friends! Tell us we're bored, let's do something.

- Let's fry a meatball in oil.

-I think we should take a vacation.

-Let's calculate.

-Oh! Let alone the joke, what are we really going to do?

-Well, let's joke!

-I think we should do a good fashion show.

-Let's make a theatre.

-What...

-Let's make a theater!

-Why?

- What is this place, my brothers?

-Theatre.

-What do people do here?

-Theatre

-Well... you're starting to understand well.



- A minute! We also have decor, costumes, lights. So come an overture. (Music plays, they play.)
- Guys, wait a minute! The theater is ok but there are various theatres. How do we make a theater?
- One year warranty.
- Colourful.
- With a sea view.
- Well, it's full of vitamins.
- It's musical.
- Yes, musical.
- (They begin to sing.) Long live the musical!
- Musical vision, shopping, football, a panacea....
- Wait a minute! I have another question, but what kind of musical is it?
- Question of the year!
- Congratulations!
- Do you know what we should do? Let's make a musical with an artistic context that examines and applies youth problems around the world and in Turkey.
- What are you saying?
- Yes... In order to start such a musical, we must first answer the following question. Are people a problem because they are young, or are they young because they are a problem?
- I think this is a discussion topic.
- On TV, too.
- Well, then it's a panel discussion on TV. Between a sad song and a happy song.