

Act I

Year 2011. Syria. In the middle of the Arab riots, I pray with my uncle for the last time. He falls asleep and snores.

Usually, this thing falls down before time. It has a base that makes it unstable... if it doesn't fall down, I cannot start.

Act II

Year 2013. My father is talking on skype with his brother. A bullet enters through the window.

Before continuing. I would like you to know that the only real thing in this story is that my name is Amer Kabbani and Amer Kabbani...I come every day to visit this rubble, this rubble, and I always find distress notes as if somebody had thrown them to the sea and they are now floating here among the rubble.

Act III

Year 2020. Barcelona. At my creation area. Amer Kabbani begins to work with these materials on a new creation called RUNA. He wonders if it would be possible to reconstruct the memory of a stranger using only distress notes. He uses this music to work.

Amer: Would you like to help me again?

Person: No, I wouldn't mind.

Amer: Thank you. Please, stand up and come here – *She does it. Amer pauses and looks at the notes.* - What's your name?

Person: Sofía.

Amer: Nice to meet you. How are you?

Person: Fine, thank you.

Amer: This message is yours, isn't it? - *He gives her the note.*

Amer: My name is Amer, although they called me Aladino in my neighbourhood when I was a child. You know, not only because of my appearance, but also because I always tried to escape reality, imagining we were living on a magic carpet. But, of course, it didn't work that way, by magic. Do you prefer living reality or escaping it?

Person: Well, it depends, sometimes I live it and other times I escape from it, I don't know.

Amer: You see, I'm very happy to have you here, in front of me so that I can tell you... I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. We couldn't find you. But I wanted you to know that I will try my best that that wars don't exist any longer. I promise you. Thank you for being here and keeping me company.

Person: Thanks to you.

Amer: Goodbye.

Person: Goodbye.

Act IV

Year 2023 Mira Miro Ghent. I called my friend Joanna, who's a singer, and I told her my story. She proposed the anonymous voice to be a girl's one who wanted to sing the call to prayer at the mosques, a singing carried on only by men. It was then when we thought it would be a good beginning for the show.