**The BBQ Scene**

***Women congratulate Anna for getting her papers. They are seated around the barbeque***

Anna: Do you have any more lamb?

Selam: Yes, here’s some more

***A strange man enters. He looks official.***

Virginia: The door was open, so I came in.

 What’s going on in here then?

Anna: Celebrating! A Party!

Virginia: A party?

Selam: Yes. What’s the problem?

V: In the middle of the week!

Selam: why not?

Beatrice: Can I ask you who you are please?

V: Is that lamb ribs?

Anna: Yes

V:  **I** can’t afford to eat lamb ribs,I thought you were

 asylum seekers.

Selam: We are, but we save our money for this party

 so, yeah.

V: And what’s that over there, that you’re err…

 brewing

B: It’s whiskey.

V: I beg your pardon; did you say whiskey?

 You can afford to buy whiskey?

Anna: We invited some friends, it was a gift.

V: What did you say?

Selam The whisky was a gift.

V: Oh, a gift was it.

B: Yes, the whiskey was a gift.

Fatmata: I don’t understand why you are interfering with us, what s your problem?

V: I ‘m a little bit taken aback, I’m doing an

 inspection, and I came on an impromptu visit.

I didn’t expect a BBQ in the middle of the week with a whiskey punch.

Edwidge: We’re just having a party.

V: This is very unusual.

Where’s Maria, I’m looking for Maria the manager.

Anna: Maria, she’s not here.

V: Not here? So who’s in charge?

The question was who’s in charge?

Selam: We all live here so there’s no one in charge.

There’s no one in charge?

Anna: You’re spoiling our party, get out!

***Other women are agreeing with her***

V: You don’t speak to me like that! Watch your language

 young lady and your tone, and your tongue and

 your toe. You’re a visitor here I was born in Britain, I’m a British citizen.

Edwigde: That’s your business, not my business.

Selam: I think you better come back when Maria’s.

 is on the premises.

Betrice: Let us enjoy our ribs and enjoy

whiskey punch.

***Voices raised, clapping and laughing.***

**Stranger leaves**