

DOG & WOLF
By
Catherine Filloux

DOG & WOLF

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To Gabrielle Filloux, my god daughter

*Special thanks to the poet Goran Simic, for the lines from his
poem "The Sorrow of Sarajevo."*

DOG & WOLF

Dog and Wolf premiered at 59E59 Theaters in New York City produced by Watson Arts, Mary Fulham. The cast and staff were as follows:

Jasmina.....Nadia Bowers

Joseph.....John Daggett

Judge/Mother/Waitress.....Dale Soules

Director: Jean Randich; Scenic/Video Design: Anna Kiraly; Lighting Design: Michael Chybowski; Costume Design: Alixandra Gage Englund; Sound Design: Robert Murphy.

Dog and Wolf was developed at The Playwrights' Center in Minneapolis and New York Theatre Workshop in New York City. The play also toured New York as part of the *Dog and Wolf* Community Outreach Project (Watson Arts.)

CAST: 2 Women/1 Man

JASMINA: (Pronounced Yas-MEE-nah), 40s, a human rights worker and refugee from Bosnia; rebellious, traumatized, has a sense of style, with an Eastern European accent. (Her other name Fatima is pronounced FahTEE-mah.)

JOSEPH: 50s, a U.S. asylum lawyer, in a wheelchair. In control, good sense of humor, transformative.

JUDGE/MOTHER/WAITRESS: The judge is from the U.S.; Jasmina's mother and the waitress are Eastern European.

We move fluidly between locales with lights and sound. The play is performed without an intermission.

Entre chien et loup [Between dog and wolf] is a multi-layered expression. It is used to describe a specific time of day, just before night, when the light is so dim you can't distinguish a dog from a wolf. However, it's not all about levels of light. It also expresses that limit between the familiar, the comfortable versus the unknown and the dangerous (or between the domestic and the wild). It is an uncertain threshold between hope and fear.

Naked Translations, Céline Graciet

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SCENE 1

JOSEPH, a tough attorney, in a wheelchair, is going through an application form in his office. JASMINA lights up a cigarette.

JOSEPH. There's no smoking in here!

JASMINA. I will need the cigarette.

JOSEPH. Sorry. It says here your name is "Fatima"? *(He mispronounces it.)*

JASMINA. No.

JOSEPH. What is your legal name?

JASMINA. *(Correcting pronunciation.)* Fatima. *(Appealing to his vulnerability.)* This question would require for me to have a cigarette...

JOSEPH. Well, didn't you read the warning from the surgeon general? It causes cancer.

JASMINA. *(Looking at cigarette.)* You Americans like to kill people with greenhouse gasses, correct? No Kyoto protocol.

JOSEPH. We protect our fifth amendment rights fiercely, our freedom to pollute. So your name is Fatima but you go by a different name? An alias?

JASMINA. I do not know this word...

JOSEPH. Pseudonym.

JASMINA. Do you mean what may be referred to as the "pen name?" I am not that kind of writer.

JOSEPH. No, it means you use a different name when you're in hiding. Look, I'm overbooked. I told the PHRD that I'd see you, but if you're not going to answer my questions...

JASMINA. Yes, I am "in hiding." They shoot through my door trying to get to me.

JOSEPH. What were you doing at the door?

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JASMINA. Bell, it rang. So stupid.

JOSEPH. What does that mean?

JASMINA. I go to door. This is stupid. I am this kind of person. Door rings. Go to door. Plant garden. Expect flowers.

JOSEPH. You can't say that.

JASMINA. What...?

JOSEPH. Don't ever say you're stupid, for our purposes.

JASMINA. We share a purpose?

JOSEPH. Your name is Fatima. For the sake of this interview.

JASMINA. Ah, interview?

JOSEPH. When did you get here?

JASMINA. Three month ago. My organization...

JOSEPH. The PHRD?

JASMINA. Yes, Protect Human Rights Defenders rush me to get this position, "scholar in danger" while we apply for asylum. (*Referring to cigarette.*) If we do close the door, could I...?

JOSEPH. Sorry, it's against the law. And this is a law firm.

JASMINA. One young student who is working near me at university says, "I thought you'd be different?" Perhaps she think that all Muslims wear the headscarf and do not smoke? (*She refers to the wheelchair.*) In my country it is land mines that put people in wheelchairs.

JOSEPH. Yeah, that's what got me on Park Avenue--a land mine. What other names have you used?

JASMINA. (*Still referring to landmines.*) Skull and cross bone signs in hills...

JOSEPH. What other names have you used?

JASMINA. I do use the "disguises"--is this the term...?

JOSEPH. Meaning?

JASMINA. To hide what is my identity.

JOSEPH. What kind of disguises?

JASMINA. Eyeglasses, different hair, hats, the scarf? The headscarf.

JOSEPH. Why?

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JASMINA. Because I am wanted.

JOSEPH. By whom?

JASMINA. Wanted by many. I try to make joke.

JOSEPH. Is that a Bosnian joke? We've got about six minutes.

JASMINA. What will happen in six minutes?

JOSEPH. I go to the airport. You list no telephone? This application has some problems.

JASMINA. I use internet...

JOSEPH. Get a phone.

JASMINA. I cannot pay for one--I send money to my mother. And I don't like sound of ringing phone. I need a cigarette.

JOSEPH. (*Joseph checks his phone.*) You can smoke in five minutes. How am I supposed to reach you?

JASMINA. Email.

JOSEPH. What about a mailing address?

JASMINA. Email.

JOSEPH. It doesn't work that way. Get a P.O. Box. (*Surprised by what he reads.*) You're married? Where is your husband?

JASMINA. I do not know.

JOSEPH. You do not know where your husband is?

JASMINA. I can give you general...vicinity. Europe.

JOSEPH. What part of Europe?

JASMINA. France, perhaps?

JOSEPH. This isn't going to work. Why aren't you with him in France? That's what the judge will ask, you know.

JASMINA. We have never divorced.

JOSEPH. Well that is a major problem. Why didn't you fill in the date of marriage?

JASMINA. Do you ever have date that is dead in your mind?

JOSEPH. (*He wants to say yes.*) No.

JASMINA. You are not a good liar.

JOSEPH. No, I'm a good lawyer.

JASMINA. Ah. I never did return to France. We had been married for very short time. I called him to come to my

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country. You know what he said? “That backward place?” And that is why I left my country in first place!

I thought it was a backward place! But I was back. For good. I slam down phone, never speak to him again.

JOSEPH. Okay. (*Reading.*) The residences listed, why so many?

JASMINA. I must move, as teacher, in local cantons, it is best way to stay, unnoticed.

JOSEPH. (*Reading application.*) Father Deceased. Sibling Deceased. I’ve read over some of your materials-- documentation on the net. (*Trying to get a fact.*) Okay, so what is your date of birth?

JASMINA. I lie about my age.

JOSEPH. Don’t.

JASMINA. And arithmetic is not the strong point for me.

JOSEPH. (*Pointing to application.*) But is this your real date of birth or are you lying now?

JASMINA. I do not believe that I am lying.

JOSEPH. (*His phone vibrates.*) The car is here. (*Surprised.*) It doesn’t say you’re Muslim?

JASMINA. You must understand--I am atheist.

JOSEPH. Your whole case is predicated on being a Muslim.

JASMINA. Predicated?

JOSEPH. Number Sixteen is Religion--that needs to be changed. Since you already filed the application, each time you make a correction you’ll refer to Supplement B on the back of the form. There’s an extra square for Additional Info.

JASMINA. Supplement B? (*He shows her the back of the form.*) I hope to bring my mother to this country.

JOSEPH. I wouldn’t count on it.

JASMINA. She imagines it’s like heaven, with big refrigerators. Her eyes brighten at the sound of “America”...

JOSEPH. (*Reading application; surprised.*) You were in this country before?

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JASMINA. I do not remember much. I do remember the name of the Chelsea Hotel?

JOSEPH. And?

JASMINA. From France we came. A boyfriend.

JOSEPH. So it was a sight-seeing visit?

JASMINA. No sights were seen. Sex and Drugs Visit. (*A pause.*)

JOSEPH. Say “a tourist visit.”

JASMINA. “A tourist visit.”

JOSEPH. You say yes to torture here?

JASMINA. My organization Protect Human Rights Defenders was responsible for some of the answers that are written.

JOSEPH. You could be tortured?

JASMINA. Yes.

JOSEPH. For what?

JASMINA. For being...Me?

JOSEPH. What does that mean?

JASMINA. To teach what is the truth. They call it “coexistence” at Nongovernmental Organizations. It means I help to educate about justice regarding the genocide and need for rule of law. To tell truth will make some groups angry and as a woman it will be worse.

JOSEPH. (*Correcting her.*) Is worse. (*Reading to her.*) “I certify, under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America, that this application and the evidence submitted with it are all true and correct.” (*Showing her form.*) Is this your signature?

JASMINA. Yes.

JOSEPH. Is this your photograph?

JASMINA. It does not look like myself.

JOSEPH. Is this your photograph?

JASMINA. Yes.

JOSEPH. Was anyone arrested for the gunning attack, through your door? It says in the press that it was “local gangsters”...?

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JASMINA. There is very small difference between “local gangster” and perpetrator.

JOSEPH. Your point?

JASMINA. Like a dog and a wolf, at dusk it’s hard to tell the difference?

JOSEPH. Between?

JASMINA. *Entre chien et loup?* Where does the dog end off and the beast begin? *(She stares off, suddenly lost, humming to herself. His phone vibrates again.)*

JOSEPH. You may want to give this time--you may not be ready...

JASMINA. Give time to what?

JOSEPH. Your application for asylum.

JASMINA. I’m ready, are you?

JOSEPH. I need to go.

JASMINA. I have been pursued. They have tried to gun me down through a door.

JOSEPH. Yes, that’s what I’d like to hear about. Was anyone arrested?

JASMINA. No.

JOSEPH. So it’s hard to prove.

JASMINA. You have only to look at the bullet holes in the door.

JOSEPH. But the judge will not be anywhere near that door. Are there photos?

JASMINA. Photos of door and bullet holes?

JOSEPH. That’s what I’m saying, yes. Shooting a teacher through a door with automatic rifles? That’s hard to believe. What is so bad about what you’re teaching? How dangerous are they, these “local gangsters”? *(Her hand is shaking.)*

JASMINA. *(Looking at her cigarette.)* Something very strange happened at door. My hands started to shake, my pen...I couldn’t...On that day I returned from my class. There was a knock at door. My neighbors saw man with the Kalashnikov. I requested security.

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JOSEPH. From the police?

JASMINA. Many times.

JOSEPH. What happened?

JASMINA. Nothing.

JOSEPH. Did you complain?

JASMINA. That was when the PHRD said I must leave and find me “situation” here.

JOSEPH. (*Looking at application.*) Have you ever been arrested, charged, convicted, or sentenced for any crimes in the United States?

JASMINA. No...

JOSEPH. How long have you been threatened?

JASMINA. Ten years...More. I was receiving phone calls. Since I started talking about my sister.

JOSEPH. What happened to her?

JASMINA. My mother and sister left our village to go to “safe area”--Srebrenica. I knew, in France, that Europe was trying to negotiate with the two leaders responsible: Mladic and Karadzic...My mother and sister considered escaping from our village through the forest--The Marathon of Death--with the land mines. The men and boys were separated from the women. Lana’s husband was taken away...My mother and sister were stopped by men on the road. My sister Lana was...wearing a headscarf. (*A beat.*) I’ve never believed in any god, not a single one. Not Allah, nor Buddha, nor Jesus on the cross...

JOSEPH. Tell me, what happened to them?

JASMINA. When the soldiers grabbed my sister, she said: “Please leave my mother alone, she hasn’t done anything...” She cried to my mother. “Don’t watch! Go back to the road. RUN!” My mother didn’t go. They raped Lana, in front of her, killed Lana--took her away. My mother went on. Down the road with the other women. To the refugee camp. (*She lights her cigarette and inhales.*) I can’t wait any longer.

JOSEPH. (*He makes a call on his phone.*) Could you please escort Ms. Kolar out?

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JASMINA. I thought you had to go?

JOSEPH. Yes. So do you.

SCENE 2

Jasmina in darkness hears a voice at a door.

LANA'S VOICE. You're calm now. Dressed in white. You always wear white. You look beautiful. People listen better. But I'm dirty. It's dark. Look at what I have in my skirt. (*Jasmina starts to have a panic attack.*) What happened? Your eyes look dead. You're not dead. I am. Here, I have something for you. Don't say, "Don't." Look, it's bloody. Death is in the eyes of the beholder? Are your eyes dead? You're alive, you don't know what death is. Here, take it, take it! (*Jasmina can't breathe.*) Don't worry, you'll get your pill. And then you can find me.

SCENE 3

Jasmina meets Joseph in a park. She is well dressed, wearing a coat. Joseph, in a coat and scarf, is reading on his phone.)

JASMINA. Why did you want to see me here in this park?

JOSEPH. So you can smoke. I wore a scarf--got it in Mexico.

JASMINA. You decide to take my case?

JOSEPH. My firm likes you--you're famous. And your story stuck with me. Our courts are adversarial. I'm going to prepare you.

JASMINA. Prepare me?

JOSEPH. I'll be hard, but remember the judge is out to confuse you. Here we go. (*She lights up her cigarette.*) What is your name?

JASMINA. You know my name.

JOSEPH. No I'm the judge asking, "What is your name?"

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JASMINA. My name is Jasmina.

JOSEPH. It says “Fatima” on your application. You’re supposed to say Fatima.

JASMINA. Jasmina is a name I chose for myself because I did not like the name that my mother and father gave to me. I was embarrassed to be a Muslim...I...

JOSEPH. Don’t say you are embarrassed to be a Muslim. What is your name?

JASMINA. My name is Fatima.

JOSEPH. And you are a Muslim.

JASMINA. Many of us were worst kind of Muslims: never went to mosque, drank alcohol, wore short skirts. My own mother accused me of being a “visitor” when I returned. Nietzsche. “Religion is the will not to live.”

JOSEPH. Best not to bring up Nietzsche at an immigration hearing. Say: you are seeking asylum based on “Political opinion” and “Religion.”

JASMINA. My mother is a Muslim.

JOSEPH. You are Muslim.

JASMINA. My sister was raped...

JOSEPH. (*Cutting her off.*) What was the date?

JASMINA. 1995.

JOSEPH. Where?

JASMINA. Srebrenica. She was killed because of her religion.

JOSEPH. What religion are you?

JASMINA. Muslim.

JOSEPH. How long have you been harassed and threatened as a human rights worker?

JASMINA. I always received phone calls. I worked with a number of NGOs. At this time where it became worse...

JOSEPH. (*Pointing to application.*) Your application says, “I have been harassed for more than a decade.” You have to say that.

JASMINA. “I have been harassed for more than a decade. You have to say that.” When they shoot through door, I was teacher

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in territory with high ethnic division. We move around so that we are aware of local problems...

JOSEPH. When did it become worse? We need a timeline.

JASMINA. Time is not in a line for me...

JOSEPH. Well, it better be. The judge is going to say, "Isn't the genocide finished over there? What's the problem anyway? Milosevic is dead. They arrested Karadzic."

JASMINA. (*Outraged.*) Milosevic, he escape conviction for worst atrocity in Europe since World War Two!

JOSEPH. Don't get sidetracked.

JASMINA. You sidetrack me...

JOSEPH. I'm trying to. Tell your story. (*Looking at her hands.*) Why are your hands shaking?

JASMINA. Mladic, top indicted criminal! He thumb nose at whole West!

JOSEPH. The judge will ask you what is so dangerous about what you teach.

JASMINA. I do not know which part is unacceptable to those who give death threats and harass me. I teach bring fugitives to justice. But their portraits still hang in restaurants. There are places where Mladic and Karadzic are heroes!

JOSEPH. You teach the facts and in your country you can't say them.

JASMINA. You know about things you cannot say. (*A beat.*) You "strong, silent type?"

JOSEPH. I used to be in real-estate law. I went from air rights to human rights. What else? Do you teach?

JASMINA. We have weak witness protection program--people afraid to speak truth. Sexual crimes against women must be classified as war crimes. Our genocide happened in U.N. safe area! I teach this every day.

JOSEPH. Describe your symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress.

JASMINA. *Post* Traumatic...?

JOSEPH. Would you like an interpreter?

JASMINA. No, I speak English!

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JOSEPH. You get one chance. Take some English classes.

JASMINA. There has been so many papers to fill out and I work at my job documenting research--it is hard to remember from all this paperwork.

JOSEPH. What kind of work do you do here in the U.S.?

JASMINA. Research.

JOSEPH. What *kind* of research?

JASMINA. At my cubicle I write same phrase about massacre over and over.

JOSEPH. But your I-589 says you weren't even there during the massacre at Srebrenica! Where were you?

JASMINA. I was getting my doctorate in philosophy at La Sorbonne. I was the black sheep. We had sheep on our/ farm...

JOSEPH. (*Overlapping.*) The judge won't want to hear about sheep.

JASMINA. I already knew French and English when I left for Paris...

JOSEPH. I need a date.

JASMINA. Really? (A beat.)

JOSEPH. Not that kind of date.

JASMINA. With the wheelchair "it" is difficult?

JOSEPH. For others.

JASMINA. Ah, of course, "for *others*."

JOSEPH. When did you come back from France? I'm out here in the cold for a reason.

JASMINA. Yes. 1996. After siege ends.

JOSEPH. What happened to your mother after she saw your sister raped and killed?

JASMINA. I help resettle her to village. Place where I was born.

JOSEPH. (*Referring to application.*) There's no address for your mother?

JASMINA. Parzik Road, in Omar by river, is secret.

JOSEPH. "My mother's address is unlisted for security reasons."

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JASMINA. “My mother’s address is unlisted for security reasons.” She lives with one of families that returned. Lana, my sister, we never found her body. My mother and I buried what little was found of Lana’s husband. I spend a lot of my time to document history of what happened on that road. Talk to women in camps. Listen and listen to write it all down. Can never/forget...

JOSEPH. (*He cuts her off pretending to be a bored judge.*) But/this happened so long ago, you weren’t even there? You weren’t raped. Why are you so traumatized?

JASMINA. In way *worse* when you are not there.

JOSEPH. (*Playing shock.*) Worse?!

JASMINA. For years help families look at bones of bodies; attend each memorial. Bury fingers, femurs, ribs. Bones from one body spread between many mass graves; we still can’t put them all together. Teach this everyday, but those bullets at door unloosed me...

JOSEPH. Exactly. You believe that if you return to your country your life will be in jeopardy.

JASMINA. I file petition to capture the man accused of sister’s death...

JOSEPH. Is this anywhere on your application?

JASMINA. It is private information...

JOSEPH. It’s a public hearing.

JASMINA. This man escaped prosecution--seen in watering hole with friends. They make brandy and wine on premises...

JOSEPH. Brandy and wine?

JASMINA. It may be that because of my petition he send people to shoot through my door.

JOSEPH. Is this a known fact?

JASMINA. No.

JOSEPH. THEN DON’T BRING IT UP. An inconsistency of any type can be the basis for an adverse credibility finding. It’s nowhere on your application. Is that clear?

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JASMINA. (*Her hands shake.*) Telling story best I can is what I dedicate myself to but...

JOSEPH. Listen, you state that people fired automatic weapons through the door of your house. That what you teach puts you in jeopardy. That is persecution. A well-founded fear--that's how you get asylum. What are you afraid of? Why are your hands shaking? (*Repeating.*) Do you believe that if you returned to your country your life would be at risk?...YOU HAVE TO SAY YES. Tell me why didn't you apply for asylum in France if your husband lives there?...How did your sister die?

JASMINA. (*Shaking.*) I don't know.

JOSEPH. We have to know.

JASMINA. We don't know if we will survive if we speak *truth* to our children? On other hand we *know* where killers are and no one has courage to confront them! Storm came into my village and destroyed it! Coming home to stare into muddy trench--trying to find remains of sister who in fairness I did not know very well. How can sister be disappeared, trench filled with bodies--and the one who killed her--drinking in tavern? That is *unknown* I live with and cannot solve. Why I keep smoking while it kills me--make me more speechless. The PHRD reminded me who else might be caught in gunfire if I did not ask for asylum in America. I do not know why I am here... (*She is reduced to tears.*)

JOSEPH. I'm sorry. This is very difficult but you'll thank me later.

JASMINA. (*Sarcastic.*) I am certain, I will not.

JOSEPH. Is it the war that makes everyone smoke so much?

JASMINA. (*Defensively; looking at his wheelchair.*) What happened to you? (A beat; apologetic.) If you get through to the morning there is *that* relief. But then your hand shakes. You can't write, you can't breathe, eat, work, sleep. (*Tapping her fingers on the park chair.*) You wonder, how am I so lucky to be alive?...

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JOSEPH. Yes. (*Switching subject.*) A psychologist will write an affidavit for you. My assistant can help set up the appointment. Memories that haunt you can be part of persecution. (*Showing her application; more kindly.*) This where you live?

JASMINA. (*Pointing.*) Top of island. Roommate, woman from my country. Back home I cook at night--eat, smoke, drink with friends. Here I cannot make mayonnaise even. Hand shakes adding oil to yolk. Between liquid and solid. Mess. When it's night I wish it was day. Colors of subway lines still do not mean any specific direction, I get lost.

JOSEPH. We'll get you a map.

JASMINA. I often think of what would happen if I get sent to prison but what I do not think about is that my mother is right.

JOSEPH. Right about what?

JASMINA. (*She holds her chest.*) Panic. I am not one of those brave kind who learn to recite poetry, or write book in head in jail.

JOSEPH. I'll keep you out of jail. That's my job. (*He hands her a tape recorder.*) We've made this audio of your statement for you.

JASMINA. (*She stares out.*) Ahhh--the trees are so beautiful with the snow at dusk. The mountains *brooding*. The landscape looks like it's about to explode. Can't breathe.

JOSEPH. Listen to it, memorize it.

SCENE 4

In the park. Jasmina sits holding a wrapped present. She stares at the ground, smoking. Joseph appears taking a piece of paper out of an envelope to show her, smiling.

JOSEPH. Great to see you! I have good news! (*He reads to her from an affidavit.*) "Presents a history and symptoms that

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are consistent with a diagnosis of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and Depression. To force her to leave the U.S. and return to her home country would place her at both physical and mental risk.” *(She stares off.)* Aren’t you happy? We’ll have the psychologist in court.

JASMINA. *(Monotone.)* You did not call.

JOSEPH. I had to leave town twice because of a problem with a client in China.

JASMINA. Two weeks, no word.

JOSEPH. Have you been listening to the recording I gave you?

JASMINA. Yes. *(She stares off smoking.)*

JOSEPH. It’s hot. *(He takes off scarf.)*

JASMINA. *(Morose.)* Global warming.

JOSEPH. Can you sign this form here? And initial here.

JASMINA. *(She gives him the present instead.)* For you. I have been carrying it for a while. *(A beat.)* Need to take off paper. *(As he unwraps it he drops it. He begins to move his chair to pick it up. She gets up.)* I can. *(She gives it to him.)*

JOSEPH. *(He looks at it.)* You gave me a book about bones?

JASMINA. It is best forensic book about genocide gravesites. Bones remember perpetrator. Bones are life for us. Work of art. *It gives me faith.*

JOSEPH. *(Smiling.)* Thank you. Now, when we go into court Friday morning you’ll be sworn in...

JASMINA. I know.

JOSEPH. They’ll start by asking you biographical questions from your statement.

JASMINA. I know.

JOSEPH. Take another look at it.

JASMINA. I will.

JOSEPH. Look the judge directly in the eyes.

JASMINA. *(She looks at him directly in the eyes.)* Do you ever stop working? *(Flirting.)* Have some fun?

JOSEPH. Sure. I go to churches and pray for a miracle with all the other crips.

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JASMINA. Churches, really?

JOSEPH. Yeah, all types, sizes, denominations, I'll try anything...

JASMINA. *(She is unsure if he is pulling her leg.)* You pray to Jesus on cross, blood dripping from palms and feet? So strange that they would nail him into a cross that way. And so many paintings show you that over and over. The blood dripping from the feet and hands.

JOSEPH. Yeah, if it's a Catholic church. When I was in China I went to a temple with my client. A Buddhist. I prayed.

JASMINA. I had friends when I live in Paris who loved Buddha, a little roly-bellied statue that they'd worship, and burn incense to. I could never believe in Buddha.

JOSEPH. I'll go into any house of worship--synagogues, mosques. I've come to subscribe to a buffet style of religion. I also believe in the "green flash". Whatever works.

JASMINA. Green flash?

JOSEPH. Didn't you go to the beach with your family at sunset? Just as the sun dips below the ocean's horizon--there's a green flash. Sometimes.

JASMINA. You believe that?

JOSEPH. Why not? Just cover the facts, your story--all the material we've gone over. This is a very good judicial circuit, we'll do fine, trust me. Sign here.

JASMINA. *(She signs.)* You want me to sign all your papers, listen to your voice telling me what to say, reveal most intimate secrets, but you don't want to make love to me? *(A beat.)*

JOSEPH. I don't sleep with clients.

SCENE 5

Jasmina, in a white dress and high heels, is in court before a female JUDGE, in a black robe. Joseph is sitting next to Jasmina at a table.

DOG & WOLF

JUDGE. *(Repeating.)* You have two names? *(Jasmina averts her eyes.)* Which one is your real name? Are you familiar with the contents of your Application for Asylum? *(No response.)* Who are the members of your immediate family in Bosnia?...

JOSEPH. *(Joseph looks at Jasmina, shocked by her silence.)* Her mother, Your Honor.

JUDGE. Was everything explained to her in her native language?

JOSEPH. She speaks English, Your Honor.

JUDGE. You didn't originally state a religion, but Supplement B amends that to say you are a Muslim. Are you a Muslim? *(Jasmina looks off, blankly.)*

JOSEPH. Fatima?...Your Honor, may I have a moment to...

JUDGE. Ma'am, if there is any inconsistency between your written application and your testimony, the Government can use that against you, do you understand? What is your religion? ...When your sister was raped was your mother also raped?

JOSEPH. I have a psychologist who will speak to her PTSD, Your Honor.

JUDGE. *(Cutting him off.)* You're married. Why aren't you with your husband in France? *(To Joseph.)* She has no address in Bosnia?

JOSEPH. That is for security reasons, Your Honor.

JUDGE. This rifle attack...Was anyone arrested?

JOSEPH. Jasmina, how many times did you go to the police? You'd been threatened for what you teach?

JUDGE. *(To Joseph; irritated.)* Did you prepare her at all for this, counsel? Was the attack reported to the police?

JOSEPH. The local law enforcement is hostile to my client.

JUDGE. Since you came to the United States have you had any contact with your family? *(Jasmina nods, as the judge turns into her MOTHER. Her mother begins knitting a toy animal, a sheep.)*

MOTHER/JUDGE. No children, no husband, no religion, no god. Why can't you stay in your own little corner of the earth?

DOG & WOLF

But from a young age you had to dress up. You were always the one who thought herself superior. Who refused to wear her glasses--who had to stare at herself in the mirror. While your sister, not a bad bone in her body. And when you do come back to see us you enjoy it in the way that rich people treat servants! Our shoes are full of shit from the animals and you're asking if you can help? (*Looking at her high heels.*) What kind of daughter can help farm the land in high heels? You fled west, never looked back. Thought we were too backward. Look at my face--I'm old--in pain. She was flat out in the middle of the road, not even her bones can call you back! (*The mother reverts to the judge.*)

JUDGE. If you are not granted asylum, will you leave the United States voluntarily? (*Jasmina lights a cigarette.*)

SCENE 6

Jasmina and Joseph are on a street outside the court. She is smoking. He is wild with anger.

JOSEPH. Your sister getting raped on the road? That's the story the judge needed to hear, Jasmina!

JASMINA. I couldn't.

JOSEPH. You'll be deported!

JASMINA. It might be best if we forget it.

JOSEPH. Forget it? I clocked hours trying to make you comfortable. What am I going to tell my firm? The PHRD?

JASMINA. I'll talk to them.

JOSEPH. And what will you say?

JASMINA. (*A beat.*) There are some things that are unspoken.

JOSEPH. Not in front of an immigration judge.

JASMINA. We should end this.

JOSEPH. It is ended. You sabotaged us! Apparently the affidavit failed to mention the word "Schizophrenic".

JASMINA. Perhaps I am...

DOG & WOLF

JOSEPH. Little late to tell me that. (*Starts to go.*) My job's over!

JASMINA. For you it is so clear. (*She puts out her cigarette, distraught.*)

JOSEPH. And you light up a cigarette during the interview? What is that?

JASMINA. I got a phone call from my mother.

JOSEPH. WHAT?

JASMINA. I'm sorry I couldn't win your case.

JOSEPH. What kind of phone call? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

JASMINA. I like your country. I never thought I would live in a place where everyone speak Spanish.

JOSEPH. Oh, that's terrific. What the fuck is wrong with you? I thought we trusted each other?

JASMINA. I must go...

JOSEPH. You're not going to tell me what your mother said?

JASMINA. (*Disoriented.*) What time is it?

JOSEPH. WHO CARES WHAT TIME IT IS?

JASMINA. (*Turning away.*) I need a glass of water.

JOSEPH. You know, you have now actually made it much worse for anyone coming to this country, seeking asylum. You have, in essence, filed a false claim!

JASMINA. Asylum is also place for the insane.

JOSEPH. Are you a whacko? I knew something was wrong the fucking minute you walked into my office. They say trust your instincts? I should have.

JASMINA. You are one "in hiding" and not even gun can bang through your door.

JOSEPH. I work with that judge. I've never lost a case.

JASMINA. You in prison, panicking. Facts obvious: you "big bad wolf lawyer" want to control me through court but you in chair, what is your "timeline?" When? How? Dates, places. You are trapped in shell, walk sideways like crab--but your shell is not working. I know what you feel. I have seen much

DOG & WOLF

worse, believe me! Now the very worst is happening to me!
(She leaves and he exits.)

SCENE 7

Joseph sits in his chair. He falls asleep and dreams. Lights shift to his nightmare. Jasmina approaches an open door.

JASMINA. I'm looking for Jasmina. *(We hear the voice of an elderly Eastern European woman.)*

WOMAN'S VOICE. No one is here. Empty. There is a sheep. The family sheep who won't be turned away. Though others tried. If you would like to talk to the sheep, you can talk to the sheep.

JASMINA. Thank you. Very much. Why am I being so polite? *(Jasmina enters through the door.)* Did you see anything? *(The sheep baahs.)* Do you know where Jasmina is? *(We hear lots of baah sounds.)* You're covered in blood! *(Baah sound.)* What happened?

SHEEP'S VOICE. My stomach was cut.

JASMINA. Why?

SHEEP'S VOICE. There is an old technique in surgery in the mountains near here that knows that a sheep's stomach can replace a human throat.

JASMINA. Whose throat? *(The sheep gasps for air. Joseph wakes up and looks at the dream Jasmina. She does not speak, we hear only her voice.)*

JASMINA'S VOICE. Ahh--the trees are so beautiful with the snow at dusk.

JOSEPH. Is this your mother's house?

JASMINA'S VOICE. The landscape looks like it's about to explode.

JOSEPH. I'm going to find you.

JASMINA'S VOICE. You can't walk.

JOSEPH. That's the least of my problems.

DOG & WOLF

JASMINA'S VOICE. Be careful. Remember what happened last time?

JOSEPH. This is different.

JASMINA'S VOICE. Oh, now you can fly?

JOSEPH. How far is it to Parzik Road?

JASMINA'S VOICE. Forever. (*We hear the terrible crash of a fall as the nightmare ends.*)

SCENE 8

A few days later, Joseph is on his phone, talking.

JOSEPH. I swear--I won't cancel again, I'm really coming...It's a small road near Omar, a sheep farm by the Drina river...That's all her roommate told me... M.I. has that on file, I travel with them all the time...The only thing measured metrically in the United States are cigarettes...No, I don't smoke... Okay, I'd say 60 by 70 *centimeters*...I told you, non-smoker. Will the wheelchair fit?...Great...I'll pay you whatever you want. Just get me there.

SCENE 9

Jasmina enters a tavern. She is wearing a headscarf. An Eastern European WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS. What were you doing going outside? Were you smoking?

JASMINA. No. The door to the bathroom was locked.

WAITRESS. Not working.

JASMINA. I had to relieve myself.

WAITRESS. Is it not logical that if you drink so much you are going to have to relieve yourself? (*Jasmina sits back down and pours herself another glass of the local wine. The waitress watches her.*) Women don't come in here alone.

DOG & WOLF

JASMINA. *(Staring out.)* It's so cold out there.

WAITRESS. How did you get here?

JASMINA. Bus. *(A beat.)* Then I walked.

WAITRESS. In those shoes?

JASMINA. I have no others.

WAITRESS. It will get dark soon. *(Jasmina stares off.)* Who are you waiting for? You can't be here for the *domace*. [*DOH-mah-cheh*]

JASMINA. *(Referring to her glass.)* I love the *domace*. No chemicals. And it gives me courage. I quit smoking. To clear up my throat. I'm looking for a man.

WAITRESS. What man? *(Jasmina shows her a photograph.)*

JASMINA. The man who killed my sister.

WAITRESS. Well...he has not been in here.

JASMINA. Would you tell me if he had? *(The waitress waits, smoking. Jasmina offers her some money.)*

WAITRESS. It is so low, the dollar does not impress us. *(Jasmina offers her other money: Euros.)* Better. *(She does not take it.)*

JASMINA. I was told this is where he comes. *(The waitress looks at the photograph and at Jasmina.)*

WAITRESS. Well, okay, he used to live in this town. But he has now left...gone. He, huh, had a fight with his wife.

JASMINA. *(Pointing.)* His house is the pretty one with the flowers and the satellite dish, correct? *(The waitress frowns. Jasmina stares off, taps her fingers on the table.)*

WAITRESS. *(Suspiciously.)* Where did you come from?

JASMINA. America. That's where I found what I was looking for.

WAITRESS. What was it? *(Jasmina does not answer; she just continues to drink.)* A Muslim drinking wine?

JASMINA. Yes. *(Jasmina stares off. The waitress eyes her suspiciously.)*

WAITRESS. You are someone some people know about? Politics?

DOG & WOLF

JASMINA. Yes.

WAITRESS. Go home.

JASMINA. (*Laughing, inebriated.*) Home? (*The waitress smokes, watching Jasmina, drink.*)

WAITRESS. Please! Do not get your hopes up, he will not come. His buddies warned him. And what will you do if he does come in? Spit in his face? Take out a pair of handcuffs and shackle him? He'd just think you were his whore having fun with him. He'd go with it, beg you to tie him up. Ask you to whip him hard, before he kills you. (*Jasmina stares off. She takes a note out of her pocket and looks at it.*)

JASMINA. Do you have children?

WAITRESS. I have a daughter--three grandchildren...I had a son, okay? He trained with this man, drank with this man.

JASMINA. What would you do if someone murdered your grandchild? Chopped him to bits?

WAITRESS. You know Muslims killed Serbs too.

JASMINA. I'm so tired.

WAITRESS. You should stop drinking...(*Jasmina puts away the note. She finishes her glass.*)

JASMINA. Do you know where he went?

WAITRESS. Across the border to see a friend.

JASMINA. You make brandy at this establishment.

WAITRESS. You've had enough.

JASMINA. Yes. (*Jasmina pushes the money towards the waitress.*) In that case, you're right, I should go. Thank you. I need to sleep. I'll go back into town before it gets dark and rent a room. And after that, you're right, I'll go home. (*The word "home" and the alcohol make Jasmina emotional.*)

WAITRESS. You're unstable from drinking. You'll feel better in the morning. With a strong cup of coffee. (*Jasmina quickly starts to exit.*)

JASMINA. I need to relieve myself again.

WAITRESS. You have no suitcase?

JASMINA. No. (*Exiting.*)

DOG & WOLF

SCENE 10

Jasmina, drunk, at twilight, knocks on the man's door, which is the audience. It is cold outside. There is no answer.

JASMINA. I know you're in there. It's Jasmina Kolar. You know about me, my lobbying. To arrest you. That's no secret. I'd like to speak to you. Many people showed me the location on the road. *(She takes some rocks from her pocket.)* I can show you on the map but when I look at the road, when I look at the map, nothing looks back. I'm a teacher. I want to look you in the eyes. I teach children. What should I say? Tell me. *(She tries to push in the door.)* Let me in. You sliced open my sister's stomach and you took out her baby. Why did you do that? Cutting a melon on a summer day and spitting out the seeds, no more guilt than that? How did it feel when you raped her? Could you feel the baby inside her? Could you hear two hearts? Did they beat together or separately? Did they make you hesitate? Were her screams and my mother's as loud as mine are now? She and my mother, we hoped for that baby. If I don't get a family I want to see your face. Did the blood shine in the sun? How long was the blade? How did it feel on her skin, under her skin? How did Lana's last breath sound? A sighhhh or a gasp. *(Like a teacher.)* Which of the following 206 bones in the human body were buried where? *(She begins to throw rocks.)* This rock is where they said her sacrum is. *(Throwing.)* Lumbar vertebra. Clavicle. Six bones in the ear. What sound on earth was the last she heard? Can she still hear me under the ground? Did you know that a baby has 300 bones that fuse together as he grows? Is the baby still growing underground? Is the baby looking for its own bones? *(Throwing.)* Here's one for your window. I will throw rocks every night. 206 rocks, 206 bones. 300 rocks, 300 bones. *(She howls, pelting rocks.)* Lana. Lana. Lana. Lana. Lana.

DOG & WOLF

(Jasmina's throat is raw and she can no longer scream, as she stands in the dusk.)

SCENE 11

Joseph, in his wheelchair, is in the tavern speaking to the waitress.

JOSEPH. I'm looking for a woman.

WAITRESS. Well, you have come to the wrong place.

JOSEPH. Her name is Jasmina. Or Fatima. She probably has a million other names...

WAITRESS. We're closed.

JOSEPH. Someone from her NGO said she came here, hasn't been seen since. She was looking for a man.

WAITRESS. ...What man?

JOSEPH. The man who killed her sister. *(She tries to push his wheelchair. He holds the wheels.)*

WAITRESS. Here it's from landmines.

JOSEPH. I had an accident.

WAITRESS. Come, I'll help you back to the car.

JOSEPH. You don't have much of a poker face.

WAITRESS. No card games--gambling.

JOSEPH. Roger.

WAITRESS. No Roger.

JOSEPH. Roger.

WAITRESS. Who is Roger?

JOSEPH. It's a way to say Yes.

WAITRESS. Roger means Yes?

JOSEPH. Roger.

WAITRESS. *(Trying to get him to leave.)* He can fit your wheelchair in there? Very impressive. Where did you find that guy?

JOSEPH. Mobility International. I think he wants me to start smoking. That's his goal.

DOG & WOLF

WAITRESS. Have a good trip.

JOSEPH. I need an outlet for my phone. I had a bad dream. It's called vicarious traumatization. You dream your client's dreams. Is she okay? *(She smokes.)* Could I have a cigarette? I might as well start considering the amount of secondhand smoke I've been getting. *(He waits. She sees his pain. She hands him a cigarette.)*

WAITRESS. She's in very bad shape. At first she could barely see.

JOSEPH. Why not?

WAITRESS. Men don't cry? After the incident occurred she banged her fists against the wall until I gave her a pillow.

JOSEPH. What "incident"?

WAITRESS. *(As Jasmina.)* "I want to look you in the eyes," she said. What will that accomplish? I can tell you what he looks like. Rosy skin--sick as a dog. Drinks vodka straight up.Laughs with a kind of lump in his throat--something is blocking air. Like this. *(She does his laugh.)* An entire lifetime.

JOSEPH. What do you mean?

WAITRESS. An entire lifetime *in* his laugh. He is just a man. His eyes are blue. Why did she want to look in those rheumy eyes? I want to get finished with work so I don't have to look in anybody's eyes. Go home and read, watch television, or take a walk. Why did she come all the way here for that?

JOSEPH. Is she here?

WAITRESS. She paid me to keep her safe from everyone and that means you.

JOSEPH. How do you know?

WAITRESS. You don't think everyone includes you?

JOSEPH. No.

WAITRESS. American.

JOSEPH. I'm her lawyer.

WAITRESS. Ooooh, FBI? With your black briefcase and the black car waiting outside for you.

JOSEPH. Just tell her I'm looking for her.

DOG & WOLF

WAITRESS. She paid me to protect her.

JOSEPH. (*Putting down money.*) Please get me a bottle of wine.

WAITRESS. It doesn't come in bottles it comes in jerry cans.

JOSEPH. Get me a jerry can.

WAITRESS. Pleazzzz don't tell me you are in love.

JOSEPH. The term in my business is "fantasies of rescue and omnipotence."

WAITRESS. Ah, it's about sex.

JOSEPH. I need to find out why she left? If she's okay.

WAITRESS. She watches lots of television and she...
"babysits."

JOSEPH. Babysits?

WAITRESS. Occasionally I left the baby with her, when the baby was napping. She was not able to "watch" anything else besides a napping baby.

JOSEPH. I can't get her out of my mind.

WAITRESS. Definitely about sex. What did you do?

JOSEPH. I said some things I shouldn't have.

WAITRESS. Ooh, you were an asshole and want her to forgive you? You had bad relations with your mother? No one can forgive you but yourself.

JOSEPH. Who are you, the local self-help specialist?

WAITRESS. You don't need a "specialist" to know men are assholes.

JOSEPH. (*Looking around.*) Why is this place so empty?

WAITRESS. Weddings happen on weekends. That's when the disco starts.

JOSEPH. Oh, the disco.

WAITRESS. See the juke box?

JOSEPH. Yes.

WAITRESS. I'm not the dating service.

JOSEPH. (*Putting down money; magnanimous.*) Give me two jerry cans and a plastic cup!

DOG & WOLF

WAITRESS. What for?

JOSEPH. For my leg bag.

WAITRESS. Well, the toilet is broken so it's lucky you came prepared.

JOSEPH. *(Rolling over in wheelchair.)* I'll turn on the jukebox.

WAITRESS. Delusions of grandeur.

SCENE 12

We hear the sound of a dog barking. It is morning. Joseph drinks and smokes, as he reads a book. He has filled an ashtray with cigarette butts. Jasmina enters. She wears eyeglasses and a headscarf, which covers most of her face. He doesn't recognize her at first.

JASMINA. You're smoking. That's illegal.

JOSEPH. Jasmina? Thank *god*.

JASMINA. God, no one here by that name. *(Looking at his cigarette.)* This dark side of your personality?

JOSEPH. What took you so long?

JASMINA. I was in bathrobe. Needed to change.

JOSEPH. All night? Why did you leave without telling me?

JASMINA. You come all the way across ocean to this place in *middle of nowhere*, to ask this?

JOSEPH. You wrecked my fucking case.

JASMINA. *(Laughing.)* Oh, I wrecked your case!

JOSEPH. Yes. Why did you do that?

JASMINA. *(Dark humor.)* You left your many, many clients-- busy life--to come here to know why I wrecked your case?

JOSEPH. Yes. You lied to me.

JASMINA. This is incredible.

JOSEPH. What the hell were you doing in that courtroom?

JASMINA. My mother, she was dying. It was cancer. I decided to come home. It wasn't about you.

DOG & WOLF

JOSEPH. And you couldn't tell me?

JASMINA. I only realized I had to go when I was before the judge.

JOSEPH. Right. We could've gotten a /postponement...

JASMINA. Even/if when I arrived at her bedside she thought I was my dead sister Lana--or the "Visitor" she always accused me of being--it would be better to be here than to be the one who was missing again.

JOSEPH. You've lost your chance for/asylum.

JASMINA. Rainy/day, when I reached my mother's grave. I could see headquarters where peacekeepers did not keep the peace. I arrived too late. Her neighbor buried her near my brother-in-law. The neighbor did not want to worry me in America. My mother was in pain for a month. We could have saved her. You found me, you impress me.

JOSEPH. Yeah the waitress...

JASMINA. Sanja.

JOSEPH. Said you watched lots of television and you "babysat."

JASMINA. "Babysat"?

JOSEPH. Something about the word "babysit" made me think of you.

JASMINA. Are you insulting me?

JOSEPH. I think so. You know, you treat the whole U.S. legal system with contempt!

JASMINA. Oh so you here as representative of U.S. Legal System? What do I need to memorize? What do I initial?

JOSEPH. Not/funny.

JASMINA. Where/should I sign?

JOSEPH. Not/funny.

JASMINA. I/think funny you here in this tavern. Why? (*A beat.*)

JOSEPH. I dreamed something happened to you--someone was after you...

JASMINA. (*Referring to him; darkly.*) Someone is after me.

DOG & WOLF

JOSEPH. Your throat was cut, you lost your voice.

JASMINA. Dreams are always about *yourself*, Joseph, not other people.

JOSEPH. Oh, you must have learned that at La Sorbonne.

JASMINA. *Oui.*

JOSEPH. Did you find the man? Your sister's killer?

JASMINA. *(She takes a piece of paper from her pocket.)* My mother left a note for me with neighbor. "Yes, the man in the photograph is the one, Fatima." *(A beat.)* She told me in the note that they sliced open Lana's stomach to take out her baby. She fought with them and that is how they fought back.

JOSEPH. I'm sorry.

JASMINA. *(She reads from note.)* "What I saw on that road, Fatima, I have replaced with god. Where I'm going it will all be over." This is problem. You cannot replace violence with god. And it is not over. *(She takes out a small, knitted sheep.)* Look at this. She made it for Lana's baby and this is all I have. Why did she wait so long to tell me?

JOSEPH. Because you were in America and you could do something there without being in danger. She was trying to save you. What are you doing here?

JASMINA. If Lana's anywhere, she's here, in these hills. Where my parents worshipped their god, the one I never believed in. *(We hear the sound of a woman singing in the distance.)* That's what America taught me. That I belong here.

JOSEPH. You can't stay.

JASMINA. Another thing you are telling me I can't do. *(Referring to what he is drinking.)* What do you think?

JOSEPH. Suspiciously yellow.

JASMINA. *(She pours them some.)* Homegrown. No hangover. *(They drink. She looks at his wheelchair.)* Something so *unsaid*. I know lots of men in wheelchairs. The hills are still full of explosives.

JOSEPH. This is the story: "Big bad wolf lawyer" selling air rights.

DOG & WOLF

JASMINA. Air rights?

JOSEPH. In the U.S. you can buy and sell air. I bought air rights for dirt-cheap over property along the river to build luxury high-rises.

JASMINA. What do you mean?

JOSEPH. Went up there to show off the sunset to a partner. Walked out a door. Fell. Landed on my back.

JASMINA. You fell?

JOSEPH. Lost my body. Sued, I won. I decided to use my mind.

JASMINA. Ah, so for you they are not connected?

JOSEPH. How would you fucking know? You're intact.

JASMINA. When you "use your mind" you use big words. I do not know "*intact.*"

JOSEPH. Unbroken.

JASMINA. (*Ironic.*) Ah, yes, I am unbroken. (*We hear the woman singing. Jasmina looks out.*) The mountains. So lush as you ascend. I could show you a place at the top. Is that your car outside?

JOSEPH. Yes. Filled with smoke.

JASMINA. There's a hotel-café and spring with ducks and swan. People throw their cigarette butts everywhere but it's pretty anyway...Do you want to drive there? Tourist visit. (*We hear a drunken man outside singing a drinking song in Serbian. We hear him outside yelling angrily in Serbian.*)

MAN'S VOICE. (*Offstage.*) PEECH kah tee MAH tay ree NAH. (*Mother's pussy.*)

JASMINA. It's him.

MAN'S VOICE. (*Offstage.*) Schta toh RAdishe? (*What are you doing?*) (*Pause.*) Amereechkee creTEHnoh (*You American idiot.*)

JOSEPH. What is he saying?

JASMINA. He's smashed. You don't want to know.

DOG & WOLF

MAN'S VOICE. *(Offstage.) Yeahben tee MAH tair. (I will fuck your mother.) (Pause.) Pushee koo rahtz. (Suck my cock). (Softer.) Pushee koo rahtz. (Silence.)*

JOSEPH. Is he gone?

JASMINA. His wife always comes after him. He's sick.

JOSEPH. Does he do this every day?

JASMINA. Not every day. He keeps me guessing...I got drunk and screamed at his door, shamed him in public. He was inside the house. Now the movement to arrest him is growing. He's afraid. He's dying.

JOSEPH. This is insane. I'm calling the police.

JASMINA. "The local law enforcement is hostile to your client."

JOSEPH. You can't live like this. You're on a bunch of hit lists. People want you dead. *(Jasmina puts her head up to the sky.)*

JASMINA. I'm getting healthy again, Joe. *(She kisses his cheek.)*

JOSEPH. I didn't do anything.

JASMINA. You and America.

JOSEPH. Not the same thing.

JASMINA. I feel I go all the way to bottom and now coming out other side.

JOSEPH. And where is that?

JASMINA. I planted radishes in my mother's garden. Everything in jumble. Nothing like hers. Without the war I never would have come back. No one ever stand up to me like her. Used to hate that as a girl. She think Eiffel Tower in New York Harbor. *(She laughs.)* Later in life she even start to talk to me about clothes. "What dress did you wear, Fatima? Was it the white one?" "Did you look beautiful?" "Yes, Mama, I looked beautiful." "Did they say you looked beautiful?" "Yes, Mama, everyone did." You don't leave your mother.

JOSEPH. Do you look like her?

DOG & WOLF

JASMINA. No, but my hands are hers. I cannot escape that.
(*She laughs.*)

JOSEPH. (*He takes her hand.*) I've always liked your hands.

JASMINA. She thanks you.

JOSEPH. It's difficult.

JASMINA. Yes. I plan to continue to teach. What is left when you do not believe in god?

JOSEPH. Drinking yellow wine. I have two jerry cans.

JASMINA. Ah so you like our wine. Could you ever live here, Joe?

JOSEPH. The cigarette smoke would kill me.

JASMINA. I quit.

JOSEPH. You can get asylum in another country...

JASMINA. No one knows I am back.

JOSEPH. Except Mr. Psychopath.

JASMINA. "There's no way of describing these things, not really. Each night I wake and stand by the window to watch my neighbor who stands by the window to watch the dark." The poet who wrote that: He moved to Canada.

JOSEPH. Exactly.

JASMINA. I used to give the poem to my students to read and they would draw pictures to go with it.

JOSEPH. You'll be killed.

JASMINA. So, I have written my obituary.

JOSEPH. That's morbid.

JASMINA. No, it is *life*. Wrote it this morning. Would you like to read it? You can give me your impressions.

JOSEPH. ...No.

JASMINA. Why not help me?...For once?

JOSEPH. (*Sarcastic.*) Help you die, that's terrific. I'm through with that kind of stuff. I like to survive.

JASMINA. Oh what original idea. To like to survive.

JOSEPH. It is. You're of no use when you're dead.

JASMINA. Really? I am no use if I am dead? I did not know that.

DOG & WOLF

JOSEPH. Well now you do.

JASMINA. Oh and I need you, big American, to teach me? You don't have any idea about this country. You trespass--turn blind eye on everything. I spit on you. I am here and that is all that matters. Too many people run away.

JOSEPH. I didn't. I realize that the person I want most to get asylum wants it least.

JASMINA. I hear violins. Everyone doesn't have to live in America.

JOSEPH. Your superior attitude is just the perfect way to alienate everyone. Your guilt is what drives your fucking death wish. There's nothing you could have done!

JASMINA. Don't you ever talk about my guilt.

JOSEPH. Oh did Nietzsche kill guilt too? No god no guilt?

JASMINA. Guilt is food for religion. I believe in justice. (*He starts to wheel out of the tavern.*) Where are you going?

JOSEPH. Home.

JASMINA. (*Pointing up.*) You are dark and brooding like those mountains that you don't want to see up there, and you are handicapped, you fit right in.

JOSEPH. Fuck you.

JASMINA. Love is what drives my "fucking death wish"--as you say. For what is in my own bones, my blood and what I will never turn my back on, ever. My sister. You put my whole story on a tape and make me say it over and over. You know my story. Why would anyone come so far? Make no sense.

JOSEPH. Why do you think?

JASMINA. Answer question with question. Is this what lawyers love?

JOSEPH. Yes.

JASMINA. What else do you love?

JOSEPH. Winning. I'm good. If I'd known you were going to fuck up my case I would have slept with you.

JASMINA. It wasn't about the case for me.

DOG & WOLF

JOSEPH. One time I can really feel good about myself is when I help someone who's being persecuted for doing something extraordinary.

JASMINA. What is so extraordinary about burying bones?

JOSEPH. You.

JASMINA. Me.

JOSEPH. Yes. You are why I dragged this trap across the Atlantic and hooked up with a maniac chain smoker, who drives eighty miles an hour down one-lane dirt roads. You.

JASMINA. I don't see trap. See man who fell. Has to tell new story. Simple. Beautiful. Joseph.

JOSEPH. You do belong here. Your voice.

JASMINA. Useless anywhere else.

JOSEPH. Let's get my car. Show me that spring, the ducks, the...

JOSEPH. Ciga/rette butts...

JASMINA. Ciga/rette butts...

JOSEPH. Take me up on that mountain.

END OF PLAY