

DOG AND WOLF and KILLING THE BOSS

two plays

By

CATHERINE FILLOUX

**With an introduction by
Cynthia E. Cohen**

NoPassport Press

Dreaming the Americas Series



Dog and Wolf and Killing the Boss

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*This book is for
my family near and far*

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for their support of this book.*

Introduction

I have been privileged to know Catherine Filloux for several years in her roles as a playwright whose work addresses challenging ethical terrain, as a co-founder of Theatre Without Borders, and as a contributor to *Acting Together on the World Stage* (an anthology I am co-editing on performance and peacebuilding). On several occasions, she has visited Brandeis University where I work, and I've witnessed readings of her plays and performances of her work.

On one occasion when she was visiting Brandeis, Catherine and I attended a public conversation with the writer and *Boston Globe* columnist James Carroll. Carroll read to a group of 50 or so people a nearly completed version of his upcoming column, which focused on Jill Carroll (no relation), the *Christian Science Monitor* reporter who, at the time, was being held in Iraq by kidnappers. Carroll's column was as

riveting as it was upsetting, and when he finished it, he asked for a response, for some indication of how people felt and for advice about how to end his piece.

The room was silent for the better part of a minute. The first person to break the silence was Catherine, who, with chin quivering visibly, spoke a simple personal truth. “I feel heartbroken,” she said. The images evoked of the young journalist held in captivity in uncertain conditions broke her heart. In speaking these words, Catherine made it possible for others to speak as well.

This moment captured for me what I admire most about Catherine Filloux. It is her ability to be fully present to the injustice and the suffering that inscribe the situations she encounters, to engage fully with the historical moment in which she lives, the stories she hears and the images she sees. This engagement is followed by her choice to express what she has seen and heard, to speak out, to open conversations by

bearing witness to what she has had the courage to face and to name. When others are dumbfounded, where most of us have either turned a blind eye or become paralyzed by the enormity of the horror that has transpired, Catherine finds the courage and the grace to speak personally, directly and honestly. Indeed, in relation to several contexts of human rights abuses and violent conflict, she becomes a conduit for unspoken rage, unmourned losses, unheard calls for justice and unexpressed acknowledgements of complicity and feelings of remorse.

In the play *Killing the Boss*, in this book, Catherine's character Eve gives voice to a furious rage at a Southeast Asian prime minister whose selfishness and greed have stolen life opportunities (and life itself) from the young people of his country. Just as the character of the American writing instructor insinuates herself into the political life of the country to whose people she has become committed, by layering Eve's story with echoes of

her own biography, Catherine implicates herself in Eve's impulses toward revenge. In my reading, this play compels us to acknowledge and investigate our own rage at the harms caused to vulnerable communities by the forces of power and corruption. Do we suppress it and let things be? Do we express it in ways that are ultimately self-destructive? In the context of brutality, how do we create spaces for action that are transformative?

Killing the Boss allows us to experience and grapple with dilemmas surrounding decisions about telling truth to power. It honors the impulse toward righteous revenge and also creates opportunities for us to weigh, together with our community (the audience), the risks of such choices, including implications for the people we love.

As in many of Catherine's works, in *Killing the Boss* the boundary between everyday life and the world of the afterlife softens. Words spoken by the spirits of the deceased

carry authority and uncontested claims to truth. In this realm, at least, it is the victim who enjoys power of expression and credibility. It is in part through this device that the play offers a kind of justice and a measure of healing.

I first encountered the transformative power of this blurring of worlds in Catherine Filloux's *Photographs of S-21*, a play in which the spirits of two Cambodian people killed by the Khmer Rouge step out of the photographs taken just before their deaths. Their photographs had been obscenely displayed in New York's Museum of Modern Art in an exhibition devoid of socio-political contextualization, allowing uninformed visitors to ignore the fact that the images actually are part of the archive created by genocidal tyrants to document their own brutality. In Khmer Buddhist cosmology, souls that are not mourned in proper rituals are fated to wander in their afterlives, unsettled and unsettling to their surviving relatives as well. In the performance, though, the spirits are

able to perform the needed rituals, supporting those in the audience to ritualize their own losses, to mourn and, perhaps, also to heal. Indeed, Catherine reports that after performances in Phnom Penh, audiences would remain in their seats for a long time telling stories they had never before been able to tell, and discovering a place in which it became safe to cry.

Catherine manages to invoke humor, with its capacity to revitalize and to animate audiences, even when casting light onto the darkest shadows of the contemporary world. I remember how surprised I was while watching her play *Lemkin's House*, which grapples with the inability of international human rights instruments to prevent genocide, at how often the performance evoked laughter. The same is true of *Killing the Boss*, and also *Dog and Wolf*, the other work in this book.

Dog and Wolf is a love story of sorts, embedded in a psychological and political thriller. It is about mistrust

and trust, the challenge of communication across differences in power, about the lasting effects of witnessing brutality. It draws attention to the insensitivity of the U.S. immigration system, the challenges of disability, and to choices wounded human beings make about the risk of being in relationship. Set in both the U.S. and in Bosnia, *Dog and Wolf* is a celebration of human feistiness, of resilience even in the aftermath of trauma, and even in the context of various kinds of insanity.

It is through the dark humor of Jasmina and Joseph, the two protagonists, that the play crafts a narrative of rape and genocide into a story that supports us to bear witness, and indeed, uplifts us. Jasmina refuses to be complicit with the systems that try to limit her freedom – whether her religion, the war that ravages her country, or the vicissitudes of the United States legal system, which she tries to navigate in an attempt to gain asylum, a struggle that she ultimately abandons. Although her body's

tremors reveal the traumas that she has survived, she refuses to become a victim, but rather insists on asserting the full measure of her own agency, creativity and humor at every turn.

Joseph, the wheelchair-bound human rights lawyer who becomes captivated by Jasmina while attempting to prepare her for her asylum hearing, refuses as well to succumb to the limitations that threaten to constrain him. In the end, in spite of the crosscurrents of power dynamics that inscribe their relationship (lawyer/client; male/female; American/Bosnian; abled/disabled) Joseph and Jasmina choose a path toward relationship and vulnerability. Their lives have given them every reason to guard against further injury, but in the end, they each choose to open themselves to the possibility of trust.

Jasmina and Joseph are each part dog and part wolf, equally capable of being variously comforting or wild, compassionate or dangerous. The title references a French saying,

signaling dusk, or the time of day when it becomes difficult to distinguish between dog and wolf, familiar and dangerous, hope and despair. This play's position on the boundary between hope and despair, between human suffering and human possibility, is the ethical location of peacebuilding performances. This boundary animates what the peacebuilding scholar/practitioner John Paul Lederach refers to as "the moral imagination," or the ability to be grounded in the suffering and injustice of the real world while simultaneously imagining and working toward a world of greater justice and less violence, a world where conflicts are engaged in ways that are creative and generative, rather than destructive and injurious.

Catherine's work belongs to an emerging field of socially engaged theatre which we in the project *Acting Together on the World Stage* have termed "peacebuilding performance": rituals and community-based and artist-based

theatrical productions that contribute to the transformation of conflict. These performances do their work by bringing unresolved, unspoken elements from daily life in conflict regions into the transformative space of performance. Such elements can enter the bounded space of art and ritual in the minds and bodies of actors, in scripts written by artists like Catherine, in the wisdom embodied in indigenous ritual form, and in the questions and feelings of members of audiences who might come to participate in or witness a performance. In the creative space, stories are composed, shaped and revised, amplified or calibrated, sharpened or softened, crafted to be heard and received even by those who have suffered and in some cases even by those who are enemies. Through their aesthetic qualities and their humor, such works issue invitations to those who are in denial or who choose to remain ignorant.

Catherine's plays embody the moral imagination at work. While focusing our attention on human rights

abuses and crimes against humanity, performances of her works are spaces of creativity, where characters risk connection and contact and invite audience members to do the same. As the two plays in this volume demonstrate so powerfully, transformations in consciousness arise when interdependence is acknowledged and affirmed, and when paradox is embraced.

Catherine Filloux's life embodies the same ethical commitments. The plays she has created so far throughout her prolific career are in some sense merely signposts of a life characterized by steadfast commitments – to universal human rights, to the people of Cambodia and the Cambodian diaspora in the United States, to the people with whom she works, and to her family and community.

This book brings two beautiful, challenging and thought-provoking works to larger audiences. I am excited about the publication of this volume for that reason, and also because it will bring more attention

to Catherine Filloux as an artist and activist, exemplifying for emerging theatre artists a set of commitments – political, ethical, aesthetic, human – that can inform a career—and a life--of meaning. And further, this book adds to the canon of peacebuilding performance, works that contribute to the transformation of conflict by enlivening our moral imagination.

I celebrate the publication of *Dog and Wolf* and *Killing the Boss* and invite readers to join me. I look forward to many productions of these works, and to the important conversations these productions will nourish.

Cynthia E. Cohen, Ph.D.

Peacebuilding and the Arts

Brandeis University

October, 2010

DOG AND WOLF

A play

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

Playwright's Note: Special thanks to the poet Goran Simic, for the lines from his poem *The Sorrow of Sarajevo*.

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Cast of Characters:
(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 Fah-TEE-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.; the mother and waitress are Eastern European.

We move fluidly between locales with lights and sound.

The play is performed without an intermission.

Dog and Wolf premiered at 59E59 Theaters
in New York City in February 2010,
produced by Watson Arts. The cast and
staff were as follows:

Jasmina: Nadia Bowers
Joseph: John Daggett
Judge/Mother/Waitress: Dale Soules

Lana's Voice: Daniela Dakich
Other Voices: Dale Soules
Bosnian Lullaby: Traciana Graves

Director: Jean Randich
Scenic/Video Design: Anna Kiraly
Lighting Design: Michael Chybowski
Costume Design: Alixandra Gage Englund
Sound Design: Robert Murphy
Property Design: Sam Horwith
Production Stage Manager: Jes Levine
Video Programmer: David Tirosh
Technical Director/Master Electrician: Daniel
Jagendorf
Assistant Director: Yoni Oppenheim
Dramaturg: Sarah Slight
Assistant S.M.: Catherine Weingarten
Production Assistant: Amy Kesler
Postcard Design: Luba Lukova
Assistant to Director: Alexandra Toigo

Assistant to Playwright: Mary McLaughlin
Producer: Mary Fulham
Press Representation: Sam Rudy Media
Relations

Dog and Wolf was developed at The
Playwrights' Center in Minneapolis
and New York Theatre Workshop in
New York City.

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?

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: 3 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.)

JASMINA: 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: Eye-glasses, different hair, hats, the scarf? The headscarf.

JOSEPH: Why?

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--Skype.

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 checks his blackberry.)

JOSEPH: 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?

(He wants to say yes.)

JOSEPH: 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 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.

(His blackberry goes off.)

JOSEPH: 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.)

JASMINA: 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?

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"...?

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 blackberry goes off
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.

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: 10 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, 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 head-scarf. (*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.)

JASMINA: I can't wait any longer.

(He makes a call on his blackberry.)

JOSEPH: Could you please escort Ms. Kolar out?

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.)

LANA'S VOICE: 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.)

LANA'S VOICE : 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 on his blackberry reading.)*

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.)

JOSEPH: What is your name?

JASMINA: You know my name.

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

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 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 time line.

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, still at large! He thumb nose at whole West!

JOSEPH: The judge will ask you what is so dangerous about what you teach. Since 9/11 it's very hard to win asylum cases.

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.*)

JASMINA: 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!

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."

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...

(He cuts her off pretending to be a bored judge.)

JOSEPH: 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: Ten 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 every day, 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!
Under REAL ID, an inconsistency of any type can be the basis for an adverse credibility finding. It's nowhere on your application. Is that clear?

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? ...

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.*)

JOSEPH: We've made this audio of
your statement for you.

(She stares out.)

JASMINA: 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 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.)

JOSEPH: 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.

(She gives him the present instead.)

JASMINA: 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.)*

JASMINA: 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.

(She looks at him directly in the eyes.)

JASMINA: 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.

JASMINA: Churches, really?

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

(She is unsure if he is pulling her leg.)

JASMINA: 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 rolly-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.

(She signs.)

JASMINA: 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 robe. Joseph is sitting next to Jasmina at a table.)

JUDGE: *(Repeating.)* You have two names?

(Jasmina averts her eyes.)

JUDGE: 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 looks at Jasmina, shocked by her silence.)

JOSEPH: 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? 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...

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 any one coming to this country, seeking asylum. You have, in essence, filed a false claim. And you fucking do this when Homeland Security's made it a nightmare!

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 worse, believe me! Now the very worst is happening to me!

(She leaves.)

Scene 7

(Joseph falls asleep in his chair 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
where we hear a sheep making a
baah sound.)*

JASMINA: Did you see anything?

(The sheep baahs.)

JASMINA: Do you know where
Jasmina is?

(We hear lots of baah sounds.)

JASMINA: You're covered in blood!

(Baah sound.)

JASMINA: 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.

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 blackberry, 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...H.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.)

WAITRESS: Women don't come in here alone.

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.)

WAITRESS: 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 gives her some money.)

WAITRESS: It is so low, the dollar does not impress us.

JASMINA: *(Gives her other money: Euros.)*

WAITRESS: *(She doesn't take it.)*
Better.

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. She 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.)

WAITRESS: A Muslim drinking wine?

JASMINA: Yes.

(Jasmina stares off. The waitress eyes her suspiciously.)

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

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.)*

JASMINA: 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.)*

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.

*(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: Handicap International. I think he wants me to start smoking. That's his goal.

WAITRESS: Have a good trip.

JOSEPH: I need an outlet for my blackberry.

WAITRESS: No food.

JOSEPH: I had a bad dream. It's called vicarious traumatization. You dream your client's dreams. Is she okay?

(*She smokes.*)

JOSEPH: Could I have a cigarette? I might as well start considering the

amount of second hand 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.

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: Pleazzzzz 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 jukebox?

JOSEPH: Yes.

WAITRESS: I'm not the dating service.

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

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.

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.

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?

*(She takes a piece of paper from her
pocket.)*

JASMINA: My mother left a note for
me with neighbor. "Yes, the man in
the photograph is the one, Fatima."

(A beat.)

JASMINA: 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.*)

JASMINA: 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.*)

JASMINA: 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.

(She pours them some.)

JASMINA: Homegrown. No hangover.

(They drink. She looks at his wheelchair.)

JASMINA: 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.

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.)

JASMINA: 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.

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 very 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?

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

(*He takes her hand.*)

JOSEPH: 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.

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.)

JASMINA: 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.

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 metal 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 metal 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

KILLING THE BOSS

A play

Acknowledgments: Jane Stanicki &
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The company of *Killing the Boss* thanks
Cindy Chung, Michael Chybowski,
Anny Deirmenjian, Stephen Haff, Amy
Huang, Mia Katigbak, Sherry Kramer,
Joshua Chambers Letson, and Janio
Marrero.

Cast of Characters:
(3 women/4 men*)

EVE, 40s, playwright, wears jeans

SAL, motodriver & red-monkey
mask performer, 20's, wears jeans;
with accent/**P.M.'S GUARD**, scar on
cheek (these are completely separate
characters.)

DOUG, Eve's husband, actor, wears
jeans

PRIME MINISTER, P.M. (THE BOSS)

AMBASSADOR*

MONIQUE, Eve's mother, French/
OPERA SINGER

PIERRE, Eve's father, French

** The Ambassador may be played by a woman or
man. If he is a man he is called Charlie, his
nickname is Chuck, and gender references in the
text (he/she, king/queen) should be adjusted
accordingly.*

Time: 2008.

Place: An unnamed country in
Southeast Asia.

The play is performed without an
intermission.

Killing the Boss premiered at the
Cherry Lane Studio Theatre in New
York City in February 2008. The cast
and staff were as follows:

Sal/P.M.'S Guard: Alexis Camins
Eve: Sue Cremin
Doug: John Daggett
Pierre: Edward Hajj
Ambassador: Mercedes Herrero
Prime Minister (The Boss): Orville Mendoza
Monique/Opera Singer: Dale Soules

Director: Jean Randich
Producer : Morgan Allen
Associate Producer: Erin Levendorf
Assistant Director: Jon Burkland
Set Design: Sandra Goldmark
Lighting Design: Matthew E. Adelson
Costume Design: Camille Assaf
Sound Design: Jane Shaw
Video Design: Will Knapp
Stage Manager: Leta Tremblay
Fight Choreography/Movement: Felix
Ivanov

Technical Director: Daniel Jagendorf
Master Electrician: Michael Broughton
Production Assistants: Emma Connor,
Natalie Kent
Press Representation: Sam Rudy Media
Relations
Photographer: Carol Rosegg

Artists Advisory Group: Heather Allen
Karine Birazian, Anupama Chakravartti,
Kathy Herre, Erin Levendorf, Isabel Ohanian

Killing the Boss was developed at the
Playwrights' Center in Minneapolis,
The William Inge Center for the Arts in
Independence, Kansas, and PlayTime
at New Dramatists in New York City.

(A MAN [SAL] wearing a red monkey mask and jeans rides a motorbike across a field by a well.)

(Lights shift to a street where EVE stares down at a newspaper. She joins her motodriver, Sal, at his moto, as he takes off his mask.)

EVE: Can you tell me where to buy a gun?

SAL: Excuse me?

EVE: Sal, I need to ask you something.

SAL: *(Pretending.)* I don't understand.

EVE: Right, I'll repeat it. A gun. You know what a gun is.

(Sal laughs as Eve looks at the newspaper.)

SAL: A gun?

EVE: I'd like to purchase one.

SAL: Purchase?

EVE: Buy.

SAL: Buy?

EVE: I'd like to buy a gun.

SAL: I don't understand.

EVE: No, I know, it's hard to explain.
It's easy to buy a gun in the city?

SAL: Yes?

EVE: Where do they sell guns? What stores?

SAL: I don't know. (*Laughing.*) I don't understand.

EVE: I know this makes you uncomfortable. It's not what I usually do.

SAL: Yes.

EVE: I need one.

SAL: Why?

(Eve motions to the newspaper.)

EVE: The little boy who always sells me the paper? The Daily? I gave him a lot of money for it and he was happy? I love him. *(Stopping herself.)* That's not the point, actually...

SAL: Ac-too-allee?

EVE: The photo, Sal, on the front page of the Daily. It's burning a hole.

SAL: Hole?

EVE: You're my driver, I pay you really well...

SAL: You want me to take you to *Lucky* store on moto?

EVE: No, no.

SAL: Or to the market, you need a new "cartridge"?

EVE: The printer is working fine. The new cartridge, not the knock-off is better, the seller was right: Canon. The quality is great.

SAL: Thank you.

EVE: I need your help.

SAL: My help?

EVE: You know where to get a gun.
Everyone in the city knows.

SAL: Yes. Big sister, why do you
want to buy a gun? Very expensive.
You buy silk ties at market. Take
home to your husband. I get you 10
ties for 1 dollar.

EVE: The gun? How much?

SAL: I don't know.

EVE: You just said, "Very
expensive".

SAL: Two hundred dollars?

EVE: Can you take me there now?
(*Looking at watch.*) Class starts in an
hour.

SAL: (*Laughing.*) An hour?

EVE: Why do you repeat everything
I say and why do you laugh like
that?

SAL: (*Laughing.*) I don't know.

EVE: Tell me what you think.

SAL: No gun.

*(She shows him a photo on front of the
newspaper.)*

SAL: The Prime Minister--the boss.

EVE: (*Looking at photo.*) A man with a
glass eye. Wearing glasses in fact.

SAL: Careful, he is dangerous.

EVE: Don't worry, I will.

*(He nods, looking at the photo, then at
his red monkey mask.)*

SAL: You the red monkey?

EVE: What?

(He puts the mask on her.)

SAL: Powerful king in kingdom of monkeys. Not very popular.

EVE: What do you mean?

SAL: In the story the red monkey goes to the giant and says:

(Sal becomes the red monkey.)

SAL: "If I pick up that tree, will we have peace?" That's what the red monkey says to the giant. The giant says, "Yes. Of course." The giant nods very big and says yes, "I promise. We have peace. Always." The monkey says: *(As red monkey.)* "Can I trust you?" *(As Sal.)* The giant nods big. "Yes, you can trust me. Of course." So the red monkey picks up the tree.

(Sal, as the red monkey heroically picks up the tree.)

SAL: Very heavy. So heavy all the blood, the power starts to go out of red monkey, like a lake in a drought but he picks it up, high in the air! *(As the red monkey, Sal falls.)* He falls to the ground from the weight. The

giant tortures him. (*Laughing like the giant.*) "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!!!" Ties him up.

EVE: But the giant promised they'd have peace?

SAL: Yes.

(She takes off the mask and gives it to him.)

EVE: What does it mean?

SAL: (*Warningly.*) Giant is boss. You red monkey. Don't pick up trees.

EVE: Right...Look, I'm not going to use it. Where is the store?

SAL: Outside city.

EVE: Can we make it before class?

SAL: If I drive very fast.

(Sal takes a CD from his pocket and shows her.)

SAL: You tell me to write play. I write. My father say bad teacher at

bad school teach me to write bad
play. I think: throw it down the
well behind my house.

EVE: (*Taking CD.*) You can't. Give it
to me. I'll go to Tekworld and make
copies to read in class.

SAL: I write bad things. Imagination
bad.

EVE: No. Did you keep the part
about the barking woman?

SAL: Yah, but when you go, they
knock down college, build
apartments. No money for teachers.

*(Sal looks around, pointing to
newspaper, whispering.)*

SAL: The Boss, fucker.

EVE: (*Surprised.*) Where'd you learn
that word?

SAL: Listen to you.

EVE: Sal, don't be afraid to write.
Where's the gun store on the map?

SAL: Off map.

EVE: What's the neighborhood called?

SAL: Near blue jean factory...where I work?

EVE: North.

SAL: (*Pointing.*) Sign in your hotel say: "No guns, no prostitutes."

EVE: And I don't want to bargain.

SAL: This true for you too!

EVE: Sal—I never believed in guns. But I need one.

(*Sal shakes his head.*)

SAL: I take you there, you tell no one. Not my idea.

EVE: Okay. I promise.

SAL: Big sister? What is a "gentleman"?

EVE: A good man.

SAL: You are a "gentlewoman".
Don't kill.

*(He gets on the moto. She gets
on the back, putting on her
helmet. Lights shift as we hear
sound of moto speeding away.*

*DOUG is on his phone in New
York, holding a CD. Eve's cell
phone rings, as she is on her way
out.)*

EVE: Hello?

DOUG: I got sick of the front desk
saying: "Room 301. No answer." So
this is costing us 3 bucks a minute on
your cell.

EVE: Sorry but I can't talk now, I'm
going to see the Prince.

DOUG: Of course, I should've
known, the Prince!

EVE: Let me call you later.

DOUG: *(Looking at the CD.)* No let's
talk now.

EVE: They skimmed money off my grant, Doug. It went straight into the boss's pocket. The teachers don't even get paid!

DOUG: You're not going to reorganize the whole educational system of the country, Eve. You're not even answering my emails.

(Eve looks at the newspaper.)

EVE: Didn't want to scare you.

DOUG: Your parents keep calling me, asking what's wrong. Can't you give them a call?

EVE: Tell them to leave you alone.

DOUG: Eve, what are you up to? What's going on?

EVE: *(Silence.)*

DOUG: Why is this country more important than me?

EVE: *(Silence.)*

DOUG: I'm sorry. I just wish you'd come home.

EVE: I can't.

DOUG: Then don't.

(They hang up.)

(Lights shift to the PRIME MINISTER (P.M.) "the boss", who sits listening to a female OPERA SINGER, singing from Bizet's "Carmen". The P.M. laughs uproariously at the singer. Eve enters accompanied by a GUARD, with a scar on his face and a cross around his neck.)

EVE: *(To guard.)* What is happening?

GUARD: Shhhhshhhh, she is singing for the boss.

EVE: Oh...

(The guard starts to take Eve's bag to inspect it.)

EVE: Please...wait.

P.M.: (*Loudly.*) Shhhhhssshhh! She is singing! (*Continuing to laugh at the singer.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha. (*To Eve.*) Ah, so the Prince sent you? He is a lover of the arts.

EVE: Yes. I am grateful for the appointment to see you.

(*The guard is still trying to check Eve's bag.*)

GUARD: Mr. Prime Minister...

P.M.: (*Staring at Eve.*) You famous.

EVE: Excuse me?

P.M.: Google say famous.

(*The P.M. laughs at the opera singer, rolling on the couch.*)

P.M.: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(*P.M. reprimands the guard about Eve's bag.*)

P.M.: Why do you grab the lady's bag? (*To Eve.*) Now make yourself comfortable.

GUARD: Mr. Prime Minister...

P.M.: (*Ignoring guard; welcoming Eve; laughing.*) We are common here. No stand on ceremony!

(*She sits.*)

EVE: Thank you.

(*The P.M. looks at the singer and quickly gives a motion to the guard.*)

P.M.: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(*The guard nods and escorts out the opera singer.*)

EVE: (*Ironic.*) Thank god, I don't sing opera.

(*P.M. wipes tears from his eyes.*)

P.M.: Hello, the boss welcomes you.

EVE: Thank you...to the boss.

P.M.: (*Pouting.*) You all alone? Eve?

EVE: Yes, I came alone.

P.M.: Where is Adam?

EVE: Oh...I get it.

P.M.: (*With ironic submission.*) I am at the Prince--His Excellency's--command. He is H.E. I am: P.M.
Together: (*Saying letters.*) H.E.M.P.

EVE: Hemp?

P.M.: (*Laughing.*) You writer, see!

EVE: Playwright.

P.M.: Play or write?

EVE: Both.

P.M.: (*Laughing.*) Who you play with?

EVE: Myself, actually.

(*P.M. looks at her suggestively.*)

EVE: (*Trying to explain.*) I play when I write? Like with masks? The red monkey?

P.M.: Monkey? You? Ha, ha, ha, ha.
No. First visit?

EVE: No, several times before. I'm teaching playwriting at the Royal College of Arts. I've been writing about this country for years. The first play was about psychosomatic blindness--caused by genocide. (*Noticing his glass eye.*) But you lost an eye. Surviving trauma. All my plays are about that.

(He picks up a remote control; she pulls scripts from her bag.)

EVE: And this play is by my 20-year-old student. (*Showing him.*) "The Barking Woman." How can such a brutal play come from such a sweet person?

P.M.: (*Laughing.*) How?

EVE: From what they've seen. I see survival in these words.

P.M.: (*Puzzled.*) Barking dog, monkey? Why you like animals so much?

EVE: (*Correcting him.*) Barking
Woman.

(*Eve takes a paper with figures from her pocket.*)

EVE: I have another story. It's a story, of numbers.

P.M.: (*Nodding.*) You writer!

EVE: Yes, I can explain.

(*The P.M. shows her the remote control.*)

P.M.: DVD? Karaoke?

EVE: I'd have to say no--my brain is soggy...wet from the karaoke, like I'm in some kind of karaoke blanket that's pulling me down--Part of the problem. Better not.

P.M.: Good.

(*P.M. hits remote control. We hear karaoke.*)

EVE: No means yes?

P.M.: Yes, yes...Tea?

EVE: Sure.

P.M.: See new airport?

EVE: As a matter of fact yes. (*Ironic.*)
It's a good trick. For the first minute
and a half.

P.M.: Thank you.

EVE: A couple pieces of tasteful
traditional art—well lit, beautiful. It
makes it seem like things have
improved.

P.M.: (*Acidly.*) We want to make
your stay as pleasant as possible.

EVE: (*Referring to her paper.*) Yes, Mr.
Prime Minister, the reason I'm here:
Two playwriting teachers at the
college came to me asking if I could
pay their salaries--the college can't
pay them. They need twenty-four
dollars a month—so that's forty-
eight dollars times eight months for
the first year. I, just so you know, got
two hundred dollars a day for 42
days so that's \$8400 from the U.S.
government on a Smithsonian grant.

P.M.: U.S. good.

EVE: And the Royal College couldn't kick in anything on its end like the grant says, so the U.S. Embassy paid for my housing, transportation, per diem. With that money I can pay 2 translators and my motodriver ten dollars a day. It's coming out of what I've been given to survive by American standards in a "hardship post". Do you see?

(The P.M. inspects her.)

P.M.: You tired. Rest.

EVE: So I thought who could pay two teachers twenty-four dollars? An NGO, another country's embassy? ... The college is somewhat of a black hole...

P.M.: *(Referring to her eyes.)* Why the *black* circles? Maybe you need the Seaside?

EVE: The library that was funded by the Japanese is padlocked shut. Not very useful.

P.M.: You all alone...?

EVE: Well I thought who's actually making money in this country? Beer, cigarette companies? And then I thought, you, the boss. The Prime Minister. The seventh richest man in the world.

P.M.: Seventh? Too bad Adam not here. Too, too bad.

EVE: Yes it is. \$382 dollars for the first year. You come see the students' plays, see what you think. 48 times 8 equals 382 dollars.

P.M.: 384 dollars.

EVE: Right. My husband's not here to check my math.

P.M.: You out alone at martini bar? Stay up too late? Disco dancing?

EVE: Actually that's none of your business.

P.M. Afraid?

(A beat. The guard enters.)

P.M.: Tea?

EVE: That would be nice.

P.M.: Coke?

EVE: Tea.

P.M.: Coke?

EVE: *(Nodding.)* Coke.

P.M.: Tea?

EVE: What are you having?

P.M.: Margarita? Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Google say Margarita your middle
name?

EVE: Marguerite, actually. There's
really no need for you to order
anything for me.

(He orders the guard.)

P.M.: Coke!

*(The guard exits. The P.M. sings
from the 1986 song "Lady in
Red" playing on the DVD.)*

P.M.: "I have never seen that dress
you're wearing; or the highlights in
your hair that catch your eye. I was
blind. The lady in red is dancing
with me, Cheek to cheek, There's
nobody here..." *(Looking around;
jokingly calling.)* Hello? *(Resuming.)*
"It's just you and me." Great song.
Eve, I give you trip to the beach and
you stay at the Seaside Hotel? My
guest. Relax.

EVE: *(Showing paper.)* All I need is
384 dollars for the teachers' salaries.

P.M.: *(Singing.)* "I'll never forget..."

*(He takes her in his arms and begins to
dance with her.)*

EVE: Sometimes I see your
helicopter, boss, in the distance,
landing on your tarmac. And I
think, "Why doesn't he love his
people? But if you were to give me
the money you'd be admitting I was
right.

P.M.: Why not go to the Seaside tonight? (*Singing.*) "Lady in Red, Dancing with me."

EVE: What makes you think I'd go to your Seaside? There are jacuzzis in all the rooms and right next door there's a shack with a family of twelve, no electricity, no water, the father rides his bike to cut down sticks he sells for a few cents...

P.M.: (*Singing.*) "Lady in red..."

EVE: And on the street outside trucks pass with lumber from the forests you've stripped away--past Tekworld where everything is Xeroxed and Xeroxed in the land of no copyright, bound into books worth nothing but the paper they're printed on.

(She takes out a revolver from the back of her pants and points it at him.)

EVE: And the women wash their clothes in the muddy river, and the

orphans dance exquisitely for the funders, and the maids leave flower necklaces in their clients' rooms, and the little boy waits, with the shirt buttoned up, with vigilance and dignity every single day to sell me his newspaper, and I give him one dollar and he never goes to school... This newspaper with your face on it. All the children should go to school, you say. But half of the children in your country don't go to school at all. Why don't you teach them? Don't you see?

P.M.: I have built many schools.
They all bear my name.

EVE: Mafia isn't government. How can anyone learn with a gun to his head?

(Eve aims the gun directly at the P.M.'s heart, lights black out.)

(Lights up on Doug playing his voicemail. We hear Eve's voice.)

EVE ON VOICEMAIL: "I love you.
The red monkey."

(He replays the voicemail.)

EVE ON VOICEMAIL: "I love you.
The red monkey."

(He replays.)

EVE ON VOICEMAIL: "The red
monkey."

DOUG: I guess I should be happy
you called.

*(Lights shift as we hear a security buzzer
and Doug enters the AMBASSADOR'S
office.)*

DOUG: It's quite a fortress to get in
here.

AMBASSADOR: Hello, hello. You're
the husband of the woman.

DOUG: Yes, her name is Eve.

AMBASSADOR: I'm sorry. Sit
down, relax. This must be tough.

DOUG: In more ways than one.

AMBASSADOR: Well, of course.
With your condition.

DOUG: So, any news? What's the situation?

AMBASSADOR: Tense. Our people are currently talking to his administration. It appears she fled their premises. We've disseminated her picture to the police department but they are, in essence, guys with rusty guns on the side of the road. Her face has been in the paper, rumors about buying the gun in some unsavory place, prostitutes, and the like. We are withholding any statements--she is "missing" on foreign soil and we take that very seriously.

DOUG: Please tell me more about this guard who saw her leaving...

AMBASSADOR: You see, as I said on the phone, Douglas...She had a gun.

DOUG: She hates guns.

AMBASSADOR: Well, she went to the Prime Minister's office with a gun and unfortunately, he has lost a leg.

DOUG: A leg?

AMBASSADOR: Yes, first an eye, now a leg.

DOUG: He lost a leg.

AMBASSADOR: Look, going into the office of a head of state with a gun...

DOUG: Head of state? Where is my wife?

AMBASSADOR: That's what he is, Douglas, he's the Prime Minister. I'm not going to lie to you...

DOUG: Good.

AMBASSADOR: There was a "Coalition". This is a fragile country.

DOUG: Believe me, that's her preferred topic of conversation.

AMBASSADOR: And what's that like, Doug, having a wife who won't leave another country alone? And is always leaving? Isn't it rather a large obsession?

DOUG: It was a rather large genocide, Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR: Charlotte. The head of the Coalition, the Prince, made an appointment for a pistol-packing playwright to meet "the boss". The diplomatic framework is torn. What took you so long to get here?

DOUG: When I couldn't reach her, I called the Embassy. My numbers, emails, are everywhere on her forms. Why didn't you contact me?

AMBASSADOR: We value the life of every American citizen. But with the sensitive state of the talks between the P.M and the Coalition, we have to be concerned about insurgent groups--the coup which occurred a few years ago, if you recall. Your wife could have been... The leg has

caused more than a certain kind of instability...

DOUG: Wouldn't you currently call the whole country "unstable"? What's a leg...?

AMBASSADOR: No, we *called* it calm. Comparatively. (*To herself.*) Abject poverty does have a calming effect.

DOUG: When can I see the Prime Minister, *the boss*?

AMBASSADOR: He is traumatized and refuses to see anyone. You must know it's risky for a woman to come to a developing country *alone*. Why weren't you with her?

DOUG: Well, I work in New York and she's working here. I didn't expect her to go missing.

AMBASSADOR: It's a lot more complicated than that...

DOUG: Damn right, her parents. They're coming from California...

AMBASSADOR: There was that guard who testified.

DOUG: We should meet with him right after I talk to the Prime Minister.

AMBASSADOR: You can't. The Coalition's about to explode. Did you know your wife bought that gun with help from her motodriver, a masked-man?

DOUG: No, and he's not a masked-man, he's a monkey dancer.

AMBASSADOR: And her student.

DOUG: Was Sal driving the moto when she escaped?

AMBASSADOR: We don't know.

DOUG: Look, you're right, Eve with a gun is quite a leap...

AMBASSADOR: Was there anything she said tending towards violence?

DOUG: No, just the usual obsessed Eve. She did leave me a message about a red monkey.

(Eve appears in her own space.)

AMBASSADOR: Red monkey, huh. Maybe it's because of your illness?

DOUG: My illness is none of your business.

AMBASSADOR: How long have you been diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis?

DOUG: 20 years.

AMBASSADOR: They're making some progress in stem cell research.

DOUG: Thanks.

AMBASSADOR: You are? In your profession...?

DOUG: An actor...

AMBASSADOR: We reached you at a publishing company?

DOUG: I free-lance. My last role was Grumio...a clown...In "The Taming of the Shrew". But it's getting hard for me to do. (*Showing his cane.*) And stress makes it worse.

AMBASSADOR: Tell *me* about it. Grumio. Are you sure you don't want something to drink?

DOUG: I'm about to pass out.

AMBASSADOR: Why didn't you say something? How 'bout some peanuts?

(She quickly exits. Lights shift as Eve enters.)

EVE: (*Joking.*) You like it better when I'm gone...?

DOUG: (*Staring at her.*) Eve?

EVE: It's so much calmer?

DOUG: You're right. I don't have to hear about "Genocide". God I must need sleep.

EVE: (*She looks in his right eye.*) Your birthmark, in your eye. A lopsided heart.

DOUG: Am I hallucinating? You bought a gun?

(*She sits on his lap.*)

EVE: I need to talk to you. You're the one I always talk to. This land is so full of darkness...

DOUG: Don't get yourself and the country mixed up.

EVE: He has a scar on his cheek. A blaring TV.

DOUG: Who?

EVE: The man driving.

DOUG: What else?

EVE: And a bottle. The Jeep is on a bumpy road.

DOUG: All the roads are bumpy here...

EVE: Now I'm walking west.

DOUG: West? Good. Tell me more.

EVE: Do you know what's so special about evil?

DOUG: What?

EVE: The way people get away with it.

*(Lights shift as the Ambassador
reenters with peanuts, and Eve
exits.)*

AMBASSADOR: You seem more...levelheaded. I have trouble understanding the father.

DOUG: They're immigrants. Listen, we can't waste any time. She may be headed out of the city. We want to talk to the guard and the boss.

AMBASSADOR: I told you the Prime Minister refuses to see any of you.

DOUG: Don't we have two eyes to see what's really going on here,

Charlotte, or do we all have to pretend we have one?

AMBASSADOR: What are you saying?

DOUG: I'm saying you're protecting the Prime Minister.

AMBASSADOR: I'm protecting your wife. And she is a woman on a Smithson grant teaching at the "Royal College of Arts", who buys a gun and goes into the Prime Minister's office to pump him full of lead. That's crazy!

DOUG: That's the fallback position, but can anyone be *crazier* than him or you for the way he's been playing everyone?

AMBASSADOR: We have a history with this country...

DOUG: You sure do.

AMBASSADOR: (*Curious.*) What about her? Don't you blame her?

DOUG: Oh yes, Charlotte, I do.

AMBASSADOR: Look, I am not pushing you away--It's delicate. I know if I were in your shoes...

DOUG: You'd be on the floor.

AMBASSADOR: She's a Smithsonian fellow--we certainly want to honor that--but we have a report that, she admitted herself into a mental health facility in New York...about five years ago.

DOUG: And?

AMBASSADOR: Now she's committed a crime, Doug. Illegal possession of a weapon. Attempted murder.

DOUG: Attempted murder of a murderer in a murderous country.

AMBASSADOR: So that makes it all right?

DOUG: All Eve wants is for you guys--the American government--to support the Prince's Democratic Party, not a dictator.

AMBASSADOR: She has committed a crime and we're trying to protect her.

DOUG: Millions die. The perpetrators aren't brought to justice. Some of them are rich and free and still in the government. The head of state is a former killer, the seventh richest man in the world...

AMBASSADOR: That's apocryphal. She's in way over her head!

DOUG: She's teaching playwriting.

AMBASSADOR: Apparently not. (*Checking papers.*) She's taking medication.

DOUG: Nothing compared to me.

AMBASSADOR: (*Offering.*) Have some peanuts.

DOUG: She's afraid of what will happen to me...

AMBASSADOR: Not afraid enough to stop her from doing something crazy.

DOUG: She doesn't always see clearly, you're right. Let's just say she has an "empathetic" personality.

AMBASSADOR: Enough of a problem to be hospitalized?

DOUG: I don't know, Charlotte. She cares about people. All that work, with nothing ever changing takes its toll.

AMBASSADOR: Look, we can use all this to build an insanity defense, if it comes to that.

DOUG: She could be in jeopardy, I need to find her now.

AMBASSADOR: We don't know where she is or if she's been harmed. We're doing all we can, really. (*Looking through papers.*) The father's an oceanographer; the mother is Algerian?

DOUG: She's not a terrorist.

AMBASSADOR: She's already brought up Albert Camus.

DOUG: "The Guest". Who is truly the guest in a colonized country?

AMBASSADOR: Good story. I read it in college.

DOUG: Do you have a refrigerator here?

AMBASSADOR: Sure, you need something?

(The Ambassador starts to exit.)

AMBASSADOR: I have just the thing.

DOUG: I need to keep my medicine cool.

(The Ambassador enters with two glasses of Pernod.)

AMBASSADOR: Took a liking to it in the last dysfunctional country I worked in.

DOUG: *Pastis?*

AMBASSADOR: It's like the tropical lemonade.

DOUG: (*Refusing drink.*) I can't stand as it is.

AMBASSADOR: I'll catch you.

(Doug takes out Interferon from a medicine kit then hands her the kit.)

AMBASSADOR: (*Taking kit.*) I'll get my secretary. (*Drinking.*) Where are you staying?

(Doug prepares to inject his Interferon.)

DOUG: Her room--301. We stayed there last time. Hilarious. They have this way of rearranging furniture when you're gone, just this strange lateral move that makes you think you're going mad, because it isn't the same table as before, but it looks pretty much like the same table. A strange existential kind of hilarity.

AMBASSADOR: (*Downing drink.*)
Yeah, "Get a posting in a place with
paved roads." That's a quote from
my ex. He ditched me. Anyway.

DOUG: I have to inject this before
the medicine goes bad.

AMBASSADOR: (*Showing him out.*)
This way. Your wife's students love
her. She has many friends here.
We'll do what we can.

(*MONIQUE and PIERRE
CHAMBORD enter. The
Ambassador puts the drink
away.*)

MONIQUE: It took us two hours to
get through security.

PIERRE: It was your birthplace that
made them worry, Monique.

MONIQUE: She always wanted us to
come here, to this country.

AMBASSADOR: Under better
circumstances.

(The Ambassador begins to escort them out, as lights shift and Eve appears, speaking to Monique.)

EVE: I didn't want you to come to the American Embassy.

MONIQUE: This is what happens when women use guns, Eve. You are so stupid!

EVE: You're wiser?

MONIQUE: I'm French. Don't you think we have enough people to avenge without the Prime Minister?

EVE: Who else do you have to avenge?

MONIQUE: George Bush.

EVE: Oh you wanted me to kill George Bush? That would have been better?

MONIQUE: Toppling foreign leaders? The big American coming to the rescue?

EVE: NO. That's not it. It's not the same.

MONIQUE: Why don't you stay in your own backyard...?

EVE: They're worse off than us.

MONIQUE: Leaving your loved ones? What kind of devotion is this?

EVE: I went in to make him an offer, *Maman*. To simply make him an offer.

MONIQUE: I'm exhausted. I feel gored from the inside out, like my body has been cleaned out. A gutted lamb. I'm just a shell, useless bag...

EVE: *Maman!*

MONIQUE: Now we're here and it is SO HOT. IT IS SO HOT, EVE. Please!

EVE: It's the cool season...

MONIQUE: The cool season is the hot season. You should have told us IT WAS SO HOT.

EVE: I did.

MONIQUE: A gun? You are not good with mechanical things. Whenever you drove a motorboat you would always go backwards. That made us laugh so hard.

EVE: Maybe that's part of the problem.

MONIQUE: I never understand what you are doing. And you never cook. You've gotten through your whole life without cooking. That is your problem.

EVE: Stop, *Maman*. Tell me about the pier. We always have such a good time when we talk about it. It's my favorite place. Your language is always so beautiful.

MONIQUE: No. Take care of the people who need you...

EVE: I will, I promise. My vision's been poisoned.

MONIQUE: Make a good home.
That is the mark of a true human
being, not gallivanting about...

EVE: I keep seeing what others don't
have.

MONIQUE: You should never judge
people, *ma chérie*.

EVE: (*Stunned.*) Never judge? This
from the woman who judges
efficaciously at every turn?

MONIQUE: People do the best they
can. You cannot judge whole
countries.

EVE: That is such bullshit.

MONIQUE: You don't know.

EVE: I fucked up.

MONIQUE: What?

EVE: Why didn't you learn the
slang? *Fuck up.*

MONIQUE: We were older when we
learned English.

EVE: But there are older people who dive into the slang. Hipsters.

MONIQUE: Your father and I are sorry we did not learn the slang and are not hipsters! We're too old for this. We're tired and we're so hot.

EVE: It's all out of your control.

MONIQUE: And your control? Of your work? Of your husband? Minutely monitoring his disease through a series of haphazard superstitious acts that entail looking very closely and then very loosely? You're not scientific, Eve. That's the truth.

EVE: But that's how one lives with the unknown, creating those haphazard superstitions. I *don't* know.

MONIQUE: And the way I live is by having very high expectations for my children, which are not in fact, so high...

EVE: There you go again, denying.
That's how you live.

MONIQUE: It's tempting fate what
you are doing.

EVE: You taught me how to play
with fire. And now I am the one
who's gotten burned.

(A beat.)

MONIQUE: The pier creates a line of
finality from the shore to sea. Holds
us in our place.

EVE: And the beach?

MONIQUE: It's so spacious as far as
they go, simple. The houses along
the coast, humble. I know them
from a long time ago.

EVE: And the garden?

MONIQUE: Bougainvillea...

EVE: You'll see some here, *Maman*.
West, past the blue house off the
square. Women sweep their petals
with yellow straw brooms. Many

more colors: white, purple, fuchsia,
blue, extraordinary!

MONIQUE: *Ma petite.*

*(Eve exits, as lights shift back.
The Ambassador, Doug and
Pierre are re-entering.)*

MONIQUE: Are you all right?

DOUG: I'm fine.

*(The Ambassador addresses Doug,
Pierre and Monique.)*

AMBASSADOR: Doug, Mr. and Mrs. Chambord, we will make every effort to find your daughter. The procedure as I warned you already on the phone is long--as we are obliged to go through numerous Byzantine channels and given the circumstances surrounding her choice of actions in light of the trust bestowed upon her, by our department in a situation which "on the ground" we are assigned to manage.

DOUG: On the ground?

AMBASSADOR: Yes, Doug, you are now “on the ground.”

(Doug falls to the ground.)

DOUG: I guess so.

MONIQUE: *(Trying to help.)* Here, sit.

DOUG: *(Ignoring her, getting back up.)* Charlotte, we’ll file complaints with human rights organizations, be as bad as she is with her genocide obsession and her newspaper boy and I’ll haunt you personally. I can be a pain in the ass with bad jokes and politically incorrect imitations of people...

MONIQUE: He is right.

DOUG: Just find her.

AMBASSADOR: We do have the one lead. The guard in the room. A Christian. He revealed some information...

MONIQUE: Yes?

AMBASSADOR: And I have just been informed the Prime Minister is not opposed to going through particular channels...

PIERRE: What kinds of channels?

AMBASSADOR: Courses of communication, as he sees them to be.

MONIQUE: The truth as the one-eyed man sees it?

AMBASSADOR: Yes, in fact. He does understand that our own allegiance, here, is to the law.

DOUG: Really?

PIERRE: So we are to place our trust in you, Char-lotte?

AMBASSADOR: Well, Pierre--if I may?--yes, I'm not going to lie to you.

DOUG: (*Overlapping.*) You said that already.

AMBASSADOR: There is some stamping of papers, which will be required, "approval" by many people...

PIERRE: And along the way they will find discrepancies in the paperwork, which will require payments at various junctures?

AMBASSADOR: Pierre, yes. And there will be cell phone numbers which will lead to other cells, through codes that in fact have the same meaning backward as they do forward, what are those words...

DOUG: Like "dad".

MONIQUE: A palindrome.

AMBASSADOR: Exactly. A kind of pig-latin concept, which becomes increasingly clear, oddly enough, the longer you stay.

DOUG: We're lucky to have you Charlotte.

AMBASSADOR: (*Offering her nickname.*) Charlie.

DOUG: What did the Christian guard reveal? What was the information?

AMBASSADOR: It's all to say that her aim wasn't very good...

MONIQUE: Another example of driving the boat backwards.

AMBASSADOR: There was a performance. He likes opera. (*Brightly.*) I'm told, she performed a student's play.

DOUG: A play?

(Lights shift as Eve appears.)

DOUG: I had a play.

EVE: What play?

DOUG: A performance of a sort. That's what I wanted to talk to you about on the phone...

EVE: What do you mean?

(He takes out the same CD he was holding earlier, showing it to her.)

DOUG: I'm lying in a machine. The contrast agent is coloring my brain. The pathways, the connections, the breaks. Inkblots for my doctor.

EVE: You had an MRI. What did the doctor say?

DOUG: *(Pointing.)* "There it is. The new scar."

EVE: Where?

DOUG: *(Pointing to the top of his spine.)* Right here. It's like a frayed wire, shorting everything out. One tiny spot that causes so much pain.

EVE: And you were alone?

DOUG: I was alone.

EVE: And I missed the performance.

DOUG: Got bad reviews anyway. My swan song.

EVE: Not your swan song. I'm
always with you.

DOUG: You aren't now.

EVE: Find me. Look.

*(Doug, Monique, Pierre, and the
Ambassador, enter the P.M.'s
quarters. The Ambassador hands
them lunch boxes with movie
themes.)*

AMBASSADOR: We have been
given lunch boxes to tide us over,
over lunch.

DOUG: Lunch boxes?

AMBASSADOR: The Prime Minister
is looking forward to this audience.
He doesn't want the...incident to
jeopardize our relationship. He's
willing to help, if he can.

PIERRE: *Bon.*

AMBASSADOR: He has made
arrangements for us to be taken to
the place where she was last seen.

DOUG: Seen by whom?

AMBASSADOR: The guard.

PIERRE: I do not understand.

AMBASSADOR: (*Referring to lunchboxes.*) Pick one.

DOUG: (*To Pierre.*) Just take the food inside the lunchbox. We'll be leaving soon.

AMBASSADOR: The pictures on the lids are from famous films. Raiders of the Lost Ark?

PIERRE: What is the Last Ark?

DOUG: (*To Ambassador.*) They don't know the movie.

AMABASSADOR: Maybe they would like Shrek?

PIERRE: What is this term?

DOUG: Shrek.

MONIQUE: I feel like "shrieking".

*(Monique opens the Shrek
lunchbox and it emits the Shrek
musical theme, which surprises
Monique.)*

AMBASSADOR: There is also
Legally Blonde.

PIERRE: We do not understand the
lunch boxes.

AMBASSADOR: *(Explaining.)* Just
eat and discard the box, forget the
pail.

DOUG: They're French. Lunch and
blockbusters don't necessarily go
together.

MONIQUE: Who has given us these
strange lunches?

AMBASSADOR: The Prime Minister.
He "loves the common man."

DOUG: The common man doesn't
get any lunch.

PIERRE: We don't feel hungry.

*(The Ambassador gathers the
lunchboxes.)*

AMBASSADOR: Well, if you were to
feel a kind of...cavity...in your
stomach, you could have something
to tide you over in the...car as we go.

DOUG: I'm going to go find him.

*(Doug starts to exit through a door,
looking for "the boss".)*

AMBASSADOR: Wait! There's a
certain decorum....

*(The Ambassador drops the lunchboxes
as the P.M. enters, in a wheelchair.)*

DOUG: Hello, you must be the boss.

P.M.: I am the P.M.

AMBASSADOR: *(Overlapping.)* Mr.
Prime Minister...

DOUG: I've got a limited amount of
energy...

P.M.: (*Suggesting a lunchbox.*) Take Superman. (*With pity.*) Where you been, Adam?

DOUG: I'm sorry...?

MONIQUE: It's a joke--biblical.

DOUG: Got it. What happened?
I heard she performed one of her student's plays?

AMBASSADOR: Mr. Prime Minister,
we are grateful...

P.M.: (*To Doug.*) Why you leave lady
in red alone? *Toute seule.*
[Pronounced: Toot suhl.]

MONIQUE: Lady in red?

P.M.: The lady in red.

AMBASSADOR: It's karaoke...

PIERRE: Carry...?

DOUG: Look, we're not going to
start explaining karaoke to Pierre.
What happened?

AMBASSADOR: (*Kindly.*) Doug, he's French. They don't have karaoke. (*To Pierre.*) The Prime Minister loves karaoke.

P.M.: Doug, the lady all alone go out at night on motobike. Tooooo bad. Circle, sad, under her eye...

DOUG: What?

MONIQUE: (*Defending her daughter.*) Two circlesu, under two eyesu.

AMBASSADOR: He's talking about her habits regarding the motorbike.

DOUG: WHAT HABITS?

AMBASSADOR: He's implying that at night alone on a motorbike it's dangerous.

DOUG: She wasn't alone on a motorbike. She doesn't know how to drive a motorbike.

MONIQUE: I can vouch for that.

AMBASSADOR: All he's saying is this place is a partier's paradise.

DOUG: She didn't go out at night alone. Where is she?

P.M.: Why she leave you, apple man?

MONIQUE: Biblical.

DOUG: Okay. I'd like to speak to your guard.

P.M.: You actor. (*He mimes a lasso.*)

AMBASSADOR: They think of an American actor as in Westerns.

DOUG: Right. I'm not that kind.

PRIME MINISTER: My driver will take you to the Western path. There are reports she was at this location, past the blue house...

MONIQUE: Yes, the blue house!

DOUG: The path is only useful, boss...

AMBASSADOR: (*Overlapping.*)
Don't call him...

DOUG: If the path leads us *directly* to the place where she is. Everything since we've arrived here has been the opposite of *direct*. I'm tired.

P.M.: You want the Jeep.

DOUG: Yes. The Jeep.

P.M: (*Looking at Doug.*) Oh, everyone in America tired? Why you so tired? No coffee?

DOUG: That's right, P.M., there's no more coffee in America. That's the problem. They ran out. The poor producers decided to rise up!

AMBASSADOR: (*Overlapping.*) Stop, Doug.

PIERRE: We would like to tell you that we are not satisfied. We need more information.

DOUG: Where are we going?

PIERRE: (*To P.M.*) Do you have a map of this area?

P.M.: Yes, to the Pond. Past the lost swamp.

DOUG: Couldn't you find a better name?

AMBASSADOR: It's actually the Swamp of the Lost Serpent.

DOUG: Great.

P.M.: (*To Ambassador.*) Private Property.

AMBASSADOR: I've noted that Mr. Prime Minister. I have secured the needed permission for the area surrounding the swampland. Where it is said that she is staying with a friend.

P.M.: Sooo many friends. (*Singing.*) "Lookin' for love in all the wrong places."

AMBASSADOR: Enough, Sir!

DOUG: Can we go?

P.M.: Have you had lunch?

MONIQUE: (*Regal; discarding lunchbox.*) I am not interested Mr. Prime Minister...

P.M.: We would like to accompany you with a series of trumpets to show our respect along the road.

DOUG: Trumpets?

AMBASSADOR: (*Warily.*) He means a procession.

MONIQUE: Your pomp and circumstance is disgusting.

P.M.: (*Delighted.*) She reminds me of the Queen!

DOUG: I'm not sure what that means.

AMBASSADOR: (*To P.M.*) Look, our time clock is limited. He is trying to find his wife. I am not without a life...a daily agenda...a...

PIERRE: Moral compass?

AMBASSADOR: Excuse me?

P.M.: (*Looking at his expensive watch.*)
Thirteen hundred oh five. (*Giving it
to Pierre.*) Take my watch?

PIERRE: No, thank you.

P.M.: The place one half hour from
here.

DOUG: (*Starting to go.*) Great.

AMBASSADOR: One half hour is
not always one half hour.

DOUG: How much is it?

PIERRE: A wild goose chase?

AMBASSADOR: (*To P.M.*) The Jeep,
now!

*(The P.M. hands a map to the
Ambassador.)*

P.M.: Here is map.

*(The Ambassador hands it to Pierre,
starting to go.)*

AMBASSADOR: You're the scientist,
you navigate.

PIERRE: I'm very interested in finding the place first, before we go. This map is of Mexico!

P.M.: I have a question to ask about real estate in Baja California. O.J. Simpson lives there.

MONIQUE: (*Overlapping.*) *Mon dieu!*

AMBASSADOR: (*Overlapping; to Doug.*) We'd better go.

PIERRE: (*Taking out another map.*) I brought my own map of your country.

P.M.: Let me show you. The Trail of the Giant's Tears. *Le passage des larmes du géant* will lead you to the location of the monastery. At the well, you know you are there.

AMBASSADOR: The well?

P.M.: (*To Ambassador.*) Where tears will fall. (*Singing.*) "Reunited and it feels so good..."

DOUG: This is not particularly helpful.

P.M.: (*Motioning; to Doug.*) Jeep has TV.

AMBASSADOR: We better find her there.

P.M.: She red monkey! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

DOUG: Red monkey? What does that mean?

P.M.: (*To Doug.*) In love with red monkey. Too bad.

DOUG: What did you say?

P.M.: You need espresso?

(Lights shift. Doug, Monique and Pierre are sitting in silence, overheated near a well. We hear the sound of dripping water. The Ambassador, disturbed and sweating, finishes reading a text message on her blackberry.)

(We hear monks chanting in the distance, under the scene. Distracted, the Ambassador points to the sound.)

AMBASSADOR: People keep flocking and flocking to that temple. It's gotten somewhat of a name...

DOUG: Look, we need to see the boss again. He led us to the wrong place.

PIERRE: We need to hear his answer.

MONIQUE: *(Overlapping.)* We demand it.

AMABASSADOR: *(Looking at her watch.)* Well, he's in China now.

MONIQUE: He will need to be brought here. I can understand why she tried to kill him.

DOUG: *Maman.*

PIERRE: We demand a result!

AMBASSADOR: *(Angrily.)* I'm afraid I've done everything I can

here. I'll explore other options, I have to go.

PIERRE: I think you may know more than you are telling us.

AMBASSADOR: (*Bitterly.*) As usual, I know nothing.

PIERRE: We can see that.

DOUG: I'm putting my foot down, Charlotte.

(Doug loses his balance.)

MONIQUE: You better be careful.

DOUG: Hand me that lunch box.

(Doug eats from the Superman box.)

DOUG: She couldn't have just disappeared. That doesn't happen to Americans.

AMBASSADOR: (*Enraged.*) Sometimes it actually does.

DOUG: How?

AMBASSADOR: In this country
there are ways...and means.

DOUG: Is this a committee?

AMBASSADOR: No! (*Shielding
herself from the sun.*) The damn sun.
Heat rash. You know if I'd had a
chance to go home for a second I
could've taken a shower and gotten
some sunscreen. (*Looking at her ring
finger.*) All that's left is the tan mark.
Ha, ha, ha. He was right--I just get
posted deeper and deeper in the
heart of darkness.

MONIQUE: (*To Ambassador.*) He is
asking you a question. What are the
"ways" ... ?

PIERRE: In which we find her?

DOUG: Charlotte?

(*Lights shift, Eve appears to Doug. Sal
plays the red monkey.*)

DOUG: Eve, where are you?

EVE: When you would play those
monkeys in those Shakespeare plays.

Puck as a white monkey, Hanuman,
I remember, and they would say you
were going to enter from the sky on
a harness I'd get so worried.

DOUG: I'm worried.

EVE: You were injecting Interferon,
and hiding it in the refrigerator so
the other actors wouldn't see, and I
just thought is that a good idea for
you to be lowered down on a wire?

DOUG: Eve, I'm at the end of my
rope.

EVE: Lowering on a rope.

DOUG: You're pissing me off.

(Lights shift back.)

DOUG: Charlotte, it's hot, the truth
would be...

AMBASSADOR: Oh, god.

EVE (*Overlapping.*) Oh, god. Doug,
are you here with me?

DOUG: (*To Eve.*) Yes. (*To Ambassador.*) Nice.

AMBASSADOR: What?

DOUG: The truth would be.

AMBASSADOR: It might not, trust me.

PIERRE: It is nice, Charlee, the truth.

AMBASSADOR: (*To Doug.*) Look, you really love her, I know. I tried, but as usual...

MONIQUE: The truth is not always appealing to you, the U.S., you have a tendency to...Let us simply say you are a naïve nation.

AMBASSADOR: And who fucking welcomed this very country's genocidal dictator and taught him everything he knows?

MONIQUE: That's true. The French did.

PIERRE: A good point, Charlee. But Americans are stupid...

AMBASSADOR: I'm late for a ribbon cutting ceremony. My driver's here.

PIERRE: I was not finished. Stupid because they have let themselves be run by such a moron, imbecile...

DOUG: Let's not...

PIERRE: If I could just finish my point.

AMBASSADOR: Another new orphanage, I've gotta go.

PIERRE: America is not the country we came to, that is what we want to say. It has changed, we are disappointed.

AMBASSADOR: GO BACK TO FRANCE THEN, AND THE FUCKING FRENCH FRIES! You take the Jeep.

(She starts to leave. Doug goes to her, alone.)

DOUG: Is the boss a magician, Charlie? Have you known she

wasn't here all along? Just taking us for a big ride with the lunchboxes and the high-tech Jeep—finding nothing but rotting scorpion carcasses? Are you that cold?

AMBASSADOR: Look, there's no rule of law here. Going in there with a gun? Believe me, it is not something others have not thought of.

DOUG: Double negatives.

AMBASSADOR: I'm the queen. Soon I'll negate myself. You can see why it's a fuckin' hardship post.

DOUG: What's the hardship, Charlotte?

AMBASSADOR: It's our job to function as if there are laws.

(The Ambassador points to the sound of the monks chanting as she starts to leave.)

AMBASSADOR: Monks keep coming to that wat.

(She waves to the parents, as she goes.)

AMBASSADOR: The head guy's
said to be a type of celebrity...a sage.
What I wouldn't give for a cold beer.

*(She speaks to Doug, referring to her
blackberry.)*

AMBASSADOR: If it's any
consolation, I didn't know. *(A beat.)*
Wait here.

(She exits.)

MONIQUE: What did she tell you?

DOUG: She said to wait here.

MONIQUE: She perspires so much.

PIERRE: Yes, it is apparent she...
*(Pierre makes the French sign of
someone who drinks — twisting his
nose.)*

*(Sal, the motodriver/mask
performer, drives up on his moto,
holding a cell phone.)*

SAL: (*To Doug.*) I follow you here from hotel. I know who you are looking for. (*Showing Doug his phone.*) Look. She send me text message today. Want you to be first to see.

DOUG: Who?

SAL: Eve.

MONIQUE: It's her!

(*Sal shows Doug text message on his cell phone.*)

DOUG: "Nothing is lost, only transformed"?

PIERRE: What is this "message"?

DOUG: He says it's a text message from Eve!

SAL: She use this in class. "Nothing is lost, only transformed". It's her number.

DOUG: Let me call it.

*(Doug presses the number on the cell
phone and listens.)*

MONIQUE: She is trying to call us!

PIERRE: "Nothing is lost, only
transformed"?

SAL: She means in the wheel of life.
(Taking out a CD.) All is transformed
by writing.

MONIQUE: From where is she
writing?

DOUG: *(Listening on phone.)* It's
busy.

MONIQUE: Let me try.

PIERRE: *(Looking at Sal.)* Who are
you?

SAL: I mask performer, her driver—
Sal.

DOUG: The man who sold her the
gun.

SAL: No sell, me say don't buy. She tell me "I can't sleep without him."
(*Giving him the phone.*) She love you.

DOUG: I love her.

SAL: (*Pointing to phone.*) You try later!

(*Sal refers to the sound of the monks chanting.*)

SAL: Every year Venerable One walk across country for peace. (*Pointing to ground.*) This the path he take, right here.

MONIQUE: (*To Doug.*) We must ask them what they have seen.

PIERRE: Yes.

DOUG: All right. I need a minute alone.

SAL: (*To Doug.*) You go ask.

(*The parents exit. Sal rushes out. Lights shift as Eve appears.*)

EVE: I stopped seeing straight. My vision got poisoned, Doug. I never told you this, but when I came home from my first trip to this country, I looked at human beings in New York and I saw strange creatures. Dog owners placing so much love in *dogs* at the dog-walk. While over there, children in rags waving to me, smiling, on the side of the road on the way to the Royal College of Arts. Back here, the love for animals growing on our block, pet stores and pet spas opening everywhere. And when I saw these people with their dogs I couldn't stop thinking of the kids there with no food living in stick houses. While here, people on cell phones calling perpetually with some kind of numb purpose. Couples with babies, stomachs rounded, parading new lives with me screaming to myself, 'What about all the ones already here?' The rats eating the shit on the sewer-less road.

DOUG: What do you see now, Eve?

EVE: You. Out of reach, always a little further away. Replay at the

front door. I walk to elevator. Smile.
It opens at our floor. Turn. Adore
you. Smile. Sound of suitcase roller.
Wave.

DOUG: Hey, I'm right here. We're
together. Where are you?

*(We hear the sound of a car
arriving. Lights shift, as the
P.M.'s guard enters. He has a
scar on his face and is wearing a
cross around his neck.)*

GUARD: Hello, you are Douglas,
Eve's husband.

DOUG: Yes.

GUARD: I wanted to...speak to you.

DOUG: The guard?

GUARD: Yes, the Prime Minister's. I
want to explain.

DOUG: Yes...

GUARD: It is very important to
explain, because then you will know.

DOUG: Know?

GUARD: Listen. She aimed straight for his heart. Furious and sad, saying children were not attending school. This is true. A new world without the boss, almost. For my salvation, this is why I am telling you.

DOUG: Your salvation?

GUARD: My godparents sent me to the Christian school. My elbow grease will pay off for my daughter. She will go to school in Minnesota.

DOUG: Minnesota?

GUARD: Everything is for her. So she can have a superior life...I could not believe a woman, American, would use a gun.

DOUG: Yes.

GUARD: Now I understand why she resisted me checking her bag, but the boss did not want to "stand on ceremony". He is very vain and doesn't want to appear...uncouth.

*(Lights shift to a flashback as Eve
aims the revolver at the Prime
Minister, who appears before
her.)*

EVE: Mafia isn't government. How
can anyone learn with a gun to his
head?

*(The guard runs in knocking
Eve's arm as she fires and the
gun goes off completely missing
the P.M. The guard strips the
gun from Eve's
hand and gives it to the P.M.
The P.M. quotes Eve mockingly.)*

P.M.: "How can such a brutal act
come from such a sweet person?"

*(He laughs, picking up the copies of the
student's script.)*

P.M.: You love guns, you love this
play! Is this play worth \$384? If so, I
buy. You read Barking Woman role.
I "actor". Ha, ha, ha. I play Father.
What color you want for the lights,
Eve? *(Insisting.)* WHAT COLOR
YOU WANT?

EVE: Blue.

(The P.M. turns on the karaoke machine and we see blue lights. He motions to the guard to start reading the play.)

P.M.: Start.

(The guard is worried.)

GUARD: “‘The Barking Woman’” by Sal for his teacher.”

P.M.: *(Reading stage direction.)*
“Barking Woman comes to door.”
(To Eve.) Barking Woman, you are barking like a dog. Bark, Eve! You love animals!

EVE: I’d like to go now.

P.M.: *(Sadistically repeating.)* Bark!
You love this play!

(He holds the gun to her head.)

P.M.: Bark.

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: “Woof, woof, woof.”

P.M./FATHER: (*Laughing, consulting script; pointing to himself.*) Now, in your student's play, "Father" is drunk. (*Reading his lines.*) "Barking slut! Who brought you to my house?" (*To guard.*) Now you, play my son. Enter.

(*The guard reads.*)

GUARD/SON: "Father, she needs shelter, she was in an accident."

P.M./FATHER: "Quiet!"

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: "Baby, swirling in the black seas. No food. No milk. Everyone dies, landmine, husband blows up into the sky, smashed. Baby only survivor. Then no food. I throw my baby in the well."

GUARD/SON: "She can cook for us, clean..."

P.M./FATHER: (*Reading stage direction.*) "Father grabs his son angrily." (*Now performing role of Father.*) "Shut up, son, you fall

asleep at factory, I got you good job!
You make blue jeans. Your teacher
at school give you bad ideas."

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: (Looking
at guard/son.) "Why are your hands
blue?"

GUARD/SON: "From factory, but I
stay up at night writing my play for
my teacher."

P.M./FATHER: (*Reading stage
direction.*) "Slugging his son." (*Now
performing role of Father.*) "Yes,
writers get hit! Never learn."
(*Coming out of character.*) Ha, ha. Ha.
Yes, good line, writers get hit, Eve!
Too bad.

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: (*As
Barking Woman.*) "I can cook for you,
clean, woof, woof."

P.M./FATHER: "Since you brought
her here, she can make herself
useful. Dark skin, come here."

GUARD/SON: (*Referring to his
father.*) "Barking Woman, be careful!
Stay away from him..."

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: "Woof,
woof, woof."

*(The guard breaks character and
tries to get Eve out of the P.M.'s
quarters, while talking to the
P.M.)*

GUARD: Time to go, Mr. Prime
Minister. You have another meeting,
sir.

P.M./FATHER: *(Yelling; to guard.)* I
say when the play is over! *(Grabbing
Eve; saying lines from the play.)* "Come
here, you pretty dark-skinned
whore." *(Eve screams; P.M. laughs at
her.)* You scream now. Ha, ha, ha.

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: "Woof,
woof, woof."

P.M./FATHER: "You live with me,
you lie with me. Shut your fucking
mouth!" *(To guard.)* Read stage
directions!

GUARD/STAGE DIRECTIONS: "He
rapes her."

*(The P.M. puts down the gun, throwing
Eve down.)*

EVE: No, stop. LEAVE ME ALONE,
PLEASE!

P.M.: *(To guard.)* Get her up.

GUARD/SON: "Please get up. I'm
sorry."

EVE: I beg you.

GUARD: *(To P.M.)* That's enough.

(The P.M. forces Eve to read the play.)

EVE/BARKING WOMAN: "My legs
don't work. I'm stick person, can't
stand. Can't open legs. Can't pry
them open."

P.M./FATHER: "With no legs,
USELESS. A bug. A mannequin."

GUARD/SON: "Try to stand or he'll
kill you."

(Eve starts to get up.)

P.M./FATHER: "Rotten dark-skinned slut."

(Eve elbows the P.M. in the groin and he falls to the floor. She quickly grabs the gun and manages to shoot the P.M. in the leg.)

EVE: Fucker.

(She runs out of the room, dropping her cell phone as she goes. The P.M. starts to get up, speaking to the guard.)

P.M.: Get her. Clean up mess.

(The P.M. exits as lights shift back to Doug and the guard near the well.)

GUARD: I caught up to her. I brought her here...She was strong. She was not afraid.

DOUG: Where is she?

GUARD: I "clean up mess".

DOUG: What does that mean?

GUARD: We lowered the body into the well. Then we poured acid.

DOUG: She disintegrated...?

GUARD: Yes, "nothing to find, no one to blame."

(Doug pulls the guard to him and grips his throat.)

DOUG: No one to blame?

GUARD: The boss is flying to an economic-conference, in China. *(Lowering voice.)* The way has been cleared for us to leave with my godparents for Minnesota. Tonight. Now my daughter's life will be different.

DOUG: What kind of Christian does what you do?

GUARD: A single gunshot. She didn't suffer.

DOUG: How do you know?

GUARD: I shot the prince's assistant the same way.

(Doug releases him.)

DOUG: You knew me?

(The guard picks up the cell phone that Eve dropped and gives it to Doug.)

GUARD: The picture of you and her, on the screen. God bless you. God bless this country and God bless your country. I hope we meet again in a better world.

(The guard exits. We hear the sound of a car engine starting and driving away.)

(Monique and Pierre re-enter. Doug puts Eve's cell phone in his pocket. Monique points to the monks' chanting offstage.)

MONIQUE: We asked if they saw anything but they are always praying!

PIERRE: Who was that man?

MONIQUE: What did he say?

DOUG: I know you want the truth.

PIERRE: Yes.

DOUG: He shot Eve by order of the boss.

PIERRE: (*Devastated; softly.*) *Mon dieu.*

DOUG: (*Pointing to the well.*) They put her in the well.

MONIQUE: (*Going to the well.*) We want the body!

DOUG: It's gone.

PIERRE: Gone?

DOUG: Acid.

(*Monique looks into the well.*)

MONIQUE: HE WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS! We will expose the Prime Minister in the United States!

DOUG: They already know.

MONIQUE: I don't care if they
already know!

PIERRE: There is no end to this
violence.

*(Time passes. They stare out at
the landscape as some plastic
bags blow by.)*

MONIQUE: The worst thing for a
mother is to lose a daughter. What a
terrible country.

PIERRE: Plastic bags everywhere.

*(Pierre sadly picks up a plastic bag, in
his grief, staring at it.)*

PIERRE: They do not disintegrate,
Douglas.

(They listen to monks chanting offstage.)

PIERRE: *(In shock, looking off.)* They
are very busy at the temple
preparing for their peace walk.

MONIQUE: *(Numbly staring down.)*
It starts here. *(To Doug.)* We love

you as if you are our own son. We do not know. We will try...To see it her way.

DOUG: Forgiving is hard.

MONIQUE: (*With utter incomprehension.*) She loved this place.

PIERRE: (To Doug.) This will not be good for you to stay here in this heat.

(Pierre picks up another plastic bag, looking at it. In his way, he tries to express some kind of resolve.)

PIERRE: I have come to believe recently that the proliferation of plastic bags is one of the great questions still to be resolved.

MONIQUE: (*Tenderly.*) You see, bags are the last thing in this world to be given out free, *mon chéri*. Come, let's walk a bit.

(They exit, leaving Doug. Monks chant as lights shift and Sal and

*Eve suddenly appear; Sal is
wearing the red monkey mask.*

*Eve watches Sal and Doug begin
to perform a monkey/giant dance
in silence. After they are
finished:*

SAL: You want to join our troupe?
Really?

DOUG: You bet!

SAL: (*Warningly.*) Red monkey not
very popular.

DOUG: Yeah, but he's a powerful
king in the kingdom of monkeys!

*(Sal plays the red monkey, Doug the
giant, using his cane.)*

SAL: Okay, we try. Red monkey say:
"If I pick up that tree, will we have
peace?"

DOUG: "Hah, hah, hah, if I pick up
that tree, will we have peace?"

SAL: Tree, very heavy.

DOUG: The heaviest tree of all!

SAL: You good for an American.

DOUG: Thanks.

SAL: Giant says, "Yes. Of course. I promise. We have peace."

(Doug throws back Sal.)

SAL: All the blood, the power starts to go out of the red monkey!

DOUG: Yep, like a lake in a drought.

SAL: But he picks it up...

SAL/DOUG: HIGH IN THE AIR!

(Sal falls to the ground.)

DOUG: Red monkey falls to the ground from the weight!

(Sal gets up.)

SAL: You red monkey now! You practice, I be back.

*(Sal takes the red monkey mask
and exits as Doug practices. Eve
approaches from the well, trying
to see him clearly.)*

EVE: Doug?

DOUG: I'm cured!

EVE: What?

DOUG: I'm cured.

EVE: How?

DOUG: I'm part of the troupe.

EVE: You're not coming home?

DOUG: No, I'm staying here.

EVE: My eyes can't stand the
sunlight--I can barely see you...

DOUG: Eve. There's something I
need to tell you.

EVE: Teaching students to risk their
lives. What kind of teacher is that?

DOUG: Your kind?

EVE: Very funny. I feel so weak. Is there some shade?

(Doug offers her some next to him.)

DOUG: Listen, when a soul...is released, it takes time for the spirit to accept it.

EVE: What are you saying?

DOUG: Remember when we talked about spreading our ashes?

EVE: At the pier?

DOUG: Yes. Well, we can't.

EVE: What do you mean?

DOUG: There are no ashes.

EVE: Of course there will be ashes.

DOUG: No, there aren't.

EVE: But, I'm here.

DOUG: *(Overlapping.)* No.

EVE: (*Overlapping.*) Hold me,
please...

DOUG: I can't.

EVE: (*Fighting.*) THAT'S NOT
TRUE. WHY ARE YOU SAYING
THAT?

DOUG: I can't, Eve.

EVE: Why didn't you come with me?

DOUG: I couldn't.

EVE: I had to finish what I started...

DOUG: (*Overlapping.*) I know you
did.

EVE: He took power when the
genocide was over...

DOUG: (*Overlapping.*) You did the
best you could.

EVE: Would never give it up until he
was dead, my whole life...

DOUG: (*Overlapping.*) You wanted to
help.

EVE: It killed me?

DOUG: It did.

EVE: Oh god, how did I make such a big mistake?

DOUG: You always said, nothing is lost, only transformed.

EVE: And you always made a better monkey.

DOUG: Thanks.

EVE: Sorry.

DOUG: Shhshh, I might be slow, but I found you.

EVE: Doug, I want to do everything.

DOUG: (*Holding her.*) Good! Let's take a walk to the end of the pier.

*(The red monkey enters,
scampering across the field. He
is playing with a gun, which he
grasps as lights fade.)*

END OF PLAY

CATHERINE FILLOUX is an award-winning playwright who has been writing about human rights and social justice for the past twenty years. Her plays have been produced in New York and around the world. They include: *Dog and Wolf*, *Killing the Boss*, *Lemkin's House*, *The Beauty Inside*, *Eyes of the Heart*, *Silence of God*, *Mary and Myra*, *Arthur's War*, *Photographs From S-21*, and *Escuela del Mundo*. Filloux wrote the book and lyrics for *Where Elephants Weep* (Composer Him Sophy), which received its world premiere in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. She is the librettist for *The Floating Box: A Story in Chinatown* (Composer Jason Kao Hwang), selected as a Critics Choice in Opera News; CD released by New World Records; premiere at Asia Society. Awards include: Voice Award for Artistic Works (Voices of Women), LMCC Manhattan Community Arts Fund, New Generations-Future Collaborations Award (Mellon/ TCG), PeaceWriting Award (Omni Center for Peace), Roger L. Stevens Award (Kennedy Center), Eric Kocher Playwrights Award (O'Neill),

Callaway Award (New Dramatists), Fulbright Senior Specialist (Cambodia & Morocco), Inge Center for the Arts and James Thurber Playwright-In-Residencies, Asian Cultural Council Grant, Rockefeller MAP Fund (for Southern Rep and *Floating Box*), 5-time Heideman Award Finalist (Actors Theatre of Louisville), Juror for 2004 MES International Theater Festival, Sarajevo, Core Writer at The Playwrights' Center, and New Dramatists alumna. Oral History Project: *A Circle of Grace* with Cambodian Women's Group, Bronx, NY. French-English Translation: Ubu Rep, NYC, and various periodicals. *Eyes of the Heart* was developed for Lifetime TV. Filloux's plays are published by Playscripts and her anthology *Silence of God and Other Plays* is published by Seagull Books, London Limited. She received her M.F.A. in Dramatic Writing from Tisch School of the Arts at NYU and her French Baccalaureate with Honors in Toulon, France. Filloux is a co-founder of Theatre Without Borders.

www.catherinefilloux.com

Cynthia E. Cohen, Ph.D., is a co-editor of *Acting Together: Performance and the Creative Transformation of Conflict*. She directs the Program in Peacebuilding and the Arts at Brandeis University.
www.brandeis.edu/ethics/peacebuildingarts

NoPassport



NoPassport is a Pan-American theatre alliance & press devoted to live, virtual and print action, advocacy and change toward the fostering of cross-cultural diversity in the arts with an emphasis on the embrace of the hemispheric spirit in US Latina/o and Latin-American theatre-making.

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Photo from the premiere production
of *Killing the Boss*: Camille Assaf.

