

AEROPLANE OVER THE SEA

By Bobby Keniston

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CHARACTERS

(3 males, 2 females)

THE GOOD DOCTOR: He is a kind man in his late-30s or early-40s. Studied medicine because he truly wanted to help people, which is why he came to the Unnamed Country. He is an honest man, but, regardless, he is in grave danger.

THE ONE CALLED "AL": He lives in the Unnamed Country. He calls himself "Al" because of an American album he bought years ago and treasures—"Graceland" by Paul Simon. He is very pro-America, or, at least pro-American Culture. When speaking, he adopts several "Americanisms". Warns the Good Doctor that he must be "funny in the head" to be in a place that hates Americans so much.

THE INTERROGATOR: She is a woman of unknown rank in the Unnamed Country, though it appears that she is very "high up." She is blonde, and speaks English as though she were American. After a pipe bombing that leads to rioting, she suspects the Good Doctor for acts of terrorism.

THE PEACEMAKER: Contrary to his name, he is truly not a peacemaker, but rather an iron fist. He is the right hand man of the Interrogator, and has a complete distrust for any outsiders in his community (or, for that matter, his entire country). He first apprehends the Good Doctor as he is trying to save the Girl.

THE GIRL: She is in her early teens. She has lived in the Unnamed Country her entire life. She is hurt badly during the street rioting after the pipe bomb. Later, she is with the Good Doctor in his cell. She is a peaceful presence, wise beyond her years.

FURNITURE / PROP LIST

A LARGE EXAMINING TABLE (DOCTOR'S OFFICE)

SHELF STOCKED WITH LIMITED MEDICAL SUPPLIES (DOCTOR'S OFFICE)

MEDICAL SCISSORS (DOCTOR'S OFFICE)

SUITCASES ("AL")

NIGHTSTICK/BILLY CLUB (PEACEMAKER)

DESK (INTERROGATION ROOM)

FOLDER (INTERROGATOR)

BENCH (CELL)

BLANKET (PRE-SET IN CELL)

BIBLE (PRE-SET IN CELL)

*This play is dedicated to Tracy Sae.
A beautiful story for someone who inspires them.*

Do Not Copy

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SCENE ONE

SETTING: A small room in the Unnamed Country. There is a small desk, one large examining table, a shelf with some crude medical supplies (bandages, etc.).

AT RISE: *The one called "AL" enters, carrying two suitcases, followed by the GOOD DOCTOR. "AL" is dressed in cutoff jean shorts, a t-shirt covered by an unbuttoned Hawaiian-style shirt and a baseball cap. "AL" is a bit nervous. As soon as the DOCTOR is in the room, "AL" puts down the suitcases and closes the door. The DOCTOR is dressed in a simple outfit... black pants, white shirt, and carries a medical bag. The DOCTOR surveys his surroundings. "AL" gives him a big smile. When "AL" speaks, HE does so with no discernible accent, but his syntax is somewhat off at times.*

"AL": Welcome to your home away from home, Doctor! I know it is not being what you are used to back in America, but... *(HE stands by the door and cautiously looks out, distracted)* But... I know you will be able to work your magic here!

DOCTOR: Thank you. I'm sorry, you ushered me away so quickly at the airport, I don't think I caught your name. And your letter wasn't clear about...

"AL": *(turning to him)* Forgive me! Such hurry and bustle at the airport, let me tell you. You can call me Al.

DOCTOR: Al?

"AL": Please do, yes. When I was younger, I bought my first record from your country, and there was a song about calling me Al that was just so spicy and peppy! From then on, I tell everyone to call me Al, just like the song! My true name is much harder to say, and not as much fun!

DOCTOR: Al it is. Nice to meet you. *(HE extends his hand)* Thank you for picking me up.

"AL": *(shaking DOCTOR's hand enthusiastically)* It is being my pleasure, sir. I cannot say enough how honored I am that a Good Doctor like you is coming here to the people of my country!

DOCTOR: *(gently extricating his hand)* Your letter was very moving. *(surveying the "office")* So how long have you been involved with this clinic?

"AL": I got job five years ago. There was a doctor, a Brit, who was in charge at that time. I became his apprentice, and, because I am

very lucky to be owning a car, I drove it as ambulance for him. When he left, I had to try to take over, but I am no doctor, sir. I wash wounds, can make a bandage, but I cannot heal. That is why I am writing to American doctors begging for help. And you... a true hero... you answer my prayers! *(HE checks the door again)*

DOCTOR: Is there something wrong, Al?

“AL”: *(Turning back around)* Forgive me! I get... what do you call them?... the butterflies. I will be all right. *(Pause)* To be honest, Good Doctor, I am surprised you came. It was my duty to warn you...

DOCTOR: I try to go where I can do some good.

“AL”: Yes, because you are kind! *(beat)* Where is my head? Please, you may put your bag down anywhere. Your room is off this way... *(points off stage right)* I'll take your bags there now.

(HE picks up the suitcases and exits off right. The DOCTOR looks over the shelf.)

DOCTOR: I see your supplies are limited. Where do you get them?

“AL”: *(returning)* There is outpost 120 kilometers from here. I make the trip every month or so, but have very little to trade for supplies. Now that you are here, perhaps I am being able to go a bit more often. Though, gasoline is very rare and precious. Mostly used for big booms here and not driving! *(HE laughs, but is not amused)*

DOCTOR: How often are the big booms here, Al?

“AL”: More often than I like to say. Many people unhappy here. Much fighting in the streets. That is why we need a doctor so badly. But... *(HE trails off, checks the door again.)*

DOCTOR: What are you looking for?

“AL”: *(turning around)* Forgive me, I... *(trails off)*

(“AL” hangs his head and will not look at the DOCTOR. After a beat, the DOCTOR crosses to him, puts a hand on his shoulder.)

DOCTOR: What is it? What's upsetting you?

“AL”: I have brought trouble to you by asking you here. We just are needing a doctor so much, and you are so kind, but I have brought you into danger, please forgive me!

DOCTOR: *(slight smile)* I am completely aware of the political climate, Al. It was my decision to come here. Please don't worry yourself about me.

“AL”: No, Doctor, with all respect owed, you do not know! People in this country are HATING YOU!

DOCTOR: *(the same smile)* Have they been talking to Katie Reardon?

“AL”: I don't know who that is.

DOCTOR: She was my date to the prom. I took her there, and wound up dancing the night away with the woman who would become my wife. I think it's safe to say that Katie hates me.

(Pause. "AL" stares at him blankly.)

That was a joke.

(Pause. "AL" suddenly laughs loudly, probably not really getting the humor, and then becomes upset again.)

"AL": Oh, Doctor, you are not only good and kind, and big hero, but funny too! But I did not mean that my country is hating just you. They are hating all Americans. They are not like me! I am loving America, with the cheeseburgers and the baseball, and the wonderful popular music! But not many here share that love! Especially our Government. I never thought I would be getting an American doctor. Please forgive me, but an American who comes here must be a bit funny in the head!

DOCTOR: Perhaps I am. A bit. But you needed someone. And here I am. My papers are in order, and I do not plan to make enemies.

"AL": You don't have to worry about making them here! They are already made.

DOCTOR: Yes. *(pause)* Don't concern yourself. I have no family to speak of...

"AL": But you are just saying you have wife from prom where other girl hates you.

DOCTOR: *(quietly)* Yes. *(Pause)* That's another reason I am here. *(Pause)* My wife died not too long ago.

"AL": Forgive me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's fine. You didn't know. But, my wife was my entire family. *(slight pause)* My entire world.

"AL": You did not have children?

DOCTOR: We waited. Wanted our lives to have roots, wanted to be fully settled. And we reached that point, and, yes, she became pregnant. She was carrying our first child when she passed. The doctors couldn't save it. *(slight pause)* Her. It was going to be a girl. My daughter.

"AL": I don't know what to be saying...

DOCTOR: Don't worry. No one does. *(Beat)* I grew up without parents or much of a family at all. I never understood until just recently what loss truly is. To love someone greater than you love your own life, and then to lose that person. When I lost my wife, I lost my future. The baby. Our family. Every daydream of the life we'd share that I was certain would become an honest memory now remains in my mind as only fantasy, destined to stay an imagined future, ghosts of

the happy lives we would have shared had the world been a kinder place. *(Slight pause)* Well, Al. I'm the one who should be asking for your forgiveness now, burdening you with my troubles. I am a bit funny in the head, as you say. But at the same time, I am here to honor my wife. She would have wanted me to come. She always told me that she loved that I was a Doctor, because it was a beautiful way to serve people.

(There is a long pause.)

"AL": You and I should be having a drink.

(Pause. The DOCTOR laughs and "AL" joins him. The door opens abruptly and the PEACEMAKER enters. HE is a severe man in hat and uniform. "AL" immediately stops laughing and looks frightened. Pause.)

PEACEMAKER: *(to "AL")* This is the doctor?

"AL": Oh yes, sir, this is him. We only arrived moments ago. I was just now preparing to bring his papers. Forgive me, Peacemaker...

(PEACEMAKER holds up his hand and "AL" is silent.)

PEACEMAKER: *(To DOCTOR)* So this is what an American looks like?

DOCTOR: *(good natured)* No. Only me.

(The PEACEMAKER does not laugh. There is a pause.)

"AL": His papers are in the other room in his suitcase. I will run and get them for you...

PEACEMAKER: Take off your hat.

"AL": Sir?

PEACEMAKER: Do not make me tell you twice.

(“AL” takes off his baseball cap.)

Give it to me.

(“AL” hesitates.)

Give it to me.

(“AL” hands him the baseball cap. To the DOCTOR...)

This is a hat for your sport baseball, is it not?

DOCTOR: Yes.

PEACEMAKER: Do you enjoy baseball, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I do. May I ask why you're here?

PEACEMAKER: What is this symbol on the hat mean?

“AL”: That is for the team...

PEACEMAKER: I'm talking to the American.

DOCTOR: That's a symbol meaning New York. For the New York Yankees.

PEACEMAKER: And are they your favorite team?

DOCTOR: No. I grew up in New England. I'm a Red Sox fan, myself. But my wife lived in New York until she was 12, so she was a Yankees fan.

PEACEMAKER: And where is your wife now?

“AL”: Forgive me, Peacemaker, but the Good Doctor's wife has died.

PEACEMAKER: Ah. *(Pause)* Do you still enjoy baseball, then?

DOCTOR: Is Peacemaker your title?

(PEACEMAKER stares at him a moment. Slowly, HE takes off his hat and extends it to the DOCTOR.)

PEACEMAKER: Take this.

(After a beat, the DOCTOR does.)

Put it on.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry?

PEACEMAKER: *(smiling)* Put it on, Doctor.

(The DOCTOR does, confused.)

And now, I will put on this Yankees hat from New York. *(HE does.*

To “AL”) How does this look?

“AL”: It is looking very good, sir.

PEACEMAKER: And the Doctor? How does he look?

“AL”: He is looking very official, sir.

DOCTOR: Well, thanks for letting me...

PEACEMAKER: Leave it on. Come here. Stand right here and look at me.

(The DOCTOR, after a beat, moves to the PEACEMAKER and looks him straight in the eyes.)

Now, then. I am looking at you wearing my hat. And you are looking at me wearing this hat. Do I look like an American?

DOCTOR: I don't know what you mean.

PEACEMAKER: It is not a difficult question. Do I look like an American?

DOCTOR: I suppose.

PEACEMAKER: Hmm. When I look at you, Doctor, wearing my hat, you do not look like a Peacemaker.

DOCTOR: No?

PEACEMAKER: No. But then, Americans never do.

(HE takes off the baseball cap. The DOCTOR takes off the PEACEMAKER's hat and hands it to him. The PEACEMAKER replaces it on his head, and moves away from the DOCTOR. "AL" extends his hand to the PEACEMAKER, wanting his hat. PEACEMAKER moves past him to the shelf with the limited supplies and picks up a pair of medical scissors. HE makes a few small cuts into the baseball cap, and then tears the rest of it apart with his hands. "AL" and the DOCTOR watch him. When HE is done, PEACEMAKER drops what's left of the cap on the floor.)

I do not think I would care for your dead wife's team, Doctor. Enjoy your stay. *(HE exits)*

(There is a long pause.)

DOCTOR: How about that drink, Al? Tomorrow we open shop.

(Blackout. End of Scene One)

SCENE TWO

SETTING: The DOCTOR'S office, same as scene one.

AT RISE: *Before the lights come up, we hear the sound of an explosion and loud rioting in the streets. Sirens. Chaos. Lights up. The DOCTOR rushes onstage in his nightclothes, obviously awakened by the sounds in the street. HE is groggy and a bit disoriented. The door flies open, and AL rushes in, carrying the GIRL. SHE is in her early teens. SHE is dressed in poor clothing, and SHE has obviously been injured badly. The front of her clothes are drenched in blood and SHE is screaming in pain.*

"AL": Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR: What happened?

("AL" quickly but gently places the GIRL on the examining table as HE continues to speak. The GIRL quiets some, but is still moaning and crying out in pain.)

"AL": I don't know. There was an explosion, I think another pipe bomb from the Resistance. I am driving home and I find this girl in the street, hurt. I had to bring her here.

DOCTOR: Of course. *(rushes to the table, all business, and looks at the GIRL. Kindly)* Sssh, it's okay, sweetheart. I'm going to help you. I'm going to help you, okay? *(HE lifts the bottom of her shirt and finds the source of the wound. From his expression, it is clear that it is a*

very severe wound. HE takes some sterile cloth from the supply shelf and places it on the wound and begins to apply pressure. The GIRL cries out in pain.) I know, honey, that hurts, I know. But we have to stop the bleeding. It will be all right, I promise. (to "AL") Al, keep applying pressure here.

("AL" takes over as the DOCTOR goes to the shelf, looks over the short supply of medicine, chooses one, and brings a pill to the GIRL.)

Okay, sweetie, I want you to take this, okay? It will make you feel better. Do you understand?

(The GIRL nods, still moaning. The DOCTOR gives her a pill and a little cup of water. The GIRL takes the pill.)

Good girl. Good girl.

"AL": Doctor, it won't stop bleeding.

(The GIRL cries out and tries to look down at her middle.)

DOCTOR: No, no, sweetie. Don't look there. I know it hurts, but look at me, okay, look right at me. Look right at me.

(SHE looks at him.)

There you go. Look at you. You have such pretty eyes! How old are you?

(The GIRL moans in pain.)

Do you speak English, honey?

(The GIRL nods.)

Pretty and smart! Good girl! Can you tell me how old you are?

GIRL: *(between gasps of pain)* I am fifteen.

DOCTOR: Fifteen! That's a great age. Can you believe I was fifteen once?

(The GIRL, with some effort, offers a weak smile.)

Now there's a smile.

GIRL: You... you are American?

DOCTOR: Yes.

GIRL: Did you... *(SHE gives a little cry of pain)* Did you... come here in an aeroplane?

DOCTOR: I sure did, sweetie. Have you ever been in an aeroplane?

GIRL: No... I... I... would like to fly and look down over the sea. Did you fly over the sea?

DOCTOR: I did! And you know what? I sat right by the window so I could look out and see the great big ocean beneath me.

GIRL: It must... be... so... beautiful...

DOCTOR: Yes. I'll tell you all about it. Would you like that?

(The GIRL nods, then once again tries to look at her middle.)

No, sweetie, don't look there. Look right in my eyes, and I'll tell you all about the aeroplane. *(to "AL")* Al, get a fresh cloth and the antiseptic. We may have to try to cauterize if we can't stop the bleeding, but we should try to wash it out first.

("AL" nods and goes to the shelf for a fresh cloth and bottle of antiseptic. The DOCTOR speaks to the girl.)

Okay, sweetie, Al is going to put some medicine on your injury, and it's going to hurt. I'm sorry. But here's what I want you to do... I want you to look right in my eyes and hold my hand. And I'll tell you all about the aeroplane, okay? And when you hurt, I want you to squeeze my hand as hard as it hurts. Can you do that?

(The GIRL nods.)

Good girl. *(HE takes her hand)* I'm right here with you, sweetie, and I'm not going anywhere. You don't need to be afraid. I'm right here. Don't be afraid.

("AL" has returned and placed the cloth on the GIRL'S middle. SHE cries out.)

I know, sweetie, I know. Just squeeze my hand as hard as it hurts. Just squeeze my hand.

(The GIRL squeezes his hand.)

Oh, my, you're very strong. That's good. That's good. So, just keep looking right at me and I'll tell you about the aeroplane.

GIRL: Yes... yes... I want to hear about the aeroplane and the sea.

"AL": Doctor...

(The DOCTOR looks to him and slowly shakes his head. "AL" nods and continues to apply pressure to the wound. The DOCTOR looks back to the GIRL.)

DOCTOR: Where I come from, people fly in aeroplanes all of the time, but I had never even been in one until I was 25. My wife used to fly often for her work, but I was afraid of flying, you see. But my wife, who was so much smarter than I am, used to tell me how wonderful

it was, to look out and realize that you were part of the sky, and to look down on the world from above. She said it made you feel free. So when I was 25, she rented a small plane tour over the coast of Maine, one of those little aeroplanes for just the pilot and a few passengers. And I was so scared, but my wife, she held my hand. And after a while, she convinced me to look out of the little window to the ocean below. I didn't want to at first, but, to please her, I did. And the water was such a bright mixture of blue and green, and I could see the sun sparkling off of the little caps of the waves. And when I looked back at my wife, she said, "There. Wasn't that just about the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?" And I told her it was quite beautiful, but that it wasn't nearly as beautiful as her eyes. Her eyes were blue and green, and no matter the depth of the sea, it couldn't compare with the depth of love that I saw looking back at me every time I looked in her eyes. And so, little one, when I came here, I asked for a seat next to the window, so I could look out over the sea, and be reminded of her eyes, almost as though she were looking right back at me. And I felt so free, looking deep into that ocean of green and blue once more, the kind of freedom she had told me about. I finally understood.

GIRL: Free. Free.

(The GIRL smiles. The DOCTOR returns her smile, still holding her hand. SHE closes her eyes and her arm goes limp.)

DOCTOR: No, sweetie, you keep your eyes open! Stay with me sweetie, squeeze my hand! Squeeze my hand!

(The DOCTOR continues to hold her hand. The GIRL lies still. "AL" looks to the DOCTOR. The door flies open, letting in the awful sounds of the chaotic streets, while also letting in the PEACEMAKER. The DOCTOR looks up at him, still holding the GIRL'S hand. There is a short pause.)

PEACEMAKER: You have come to my country...

"AL": Peacemaker...

PEACEMAKER: Shut up! You have come to my country and brought us destruction.

"AL": Peacemaker, please, you know this was the work of the Resistance...

PEACEMAKER: You are not permitted to speak. You have brought this American here, and look what has happened.

"AL": But sir, you know the Resistance...

PEACEMAKER: There is no Resistance! That is a myth. *(To the DOCTOR)* You are coming with me.

DOCTOR: *(focusing on the GIRL)* No. I have to help her.

PEACEMAKER: This is not a request.

DOCTOR: No. I have to help...

(Without another word, the PEACEMAKER crosses to the DOCTOR, and removes a nightstick from his belt. HE stands behind the DOCTOR, and begins to choke him with the nightstick, pulling him away from the GIRL. As the DOCTOR's hand separates from the GIRL's hand, her arm falls limp. "AL" tries to intervene, and the PEACEMAKER quickly strikes him in the stomach with the nightstick and then resumes choking the DOCTOR as "AL" falls to his knees.)

PEACEMAKER: You rain fire on my country, Doctor, and like some superior dog, you tell me no! But now, your life is in my hands, American. I decide whether you even breathe. Do I not? But I am not some barbaric insect as you and your kind would like to believe. You will have your just interrogation.

DOCTOR: *(choking this out)* But the girl...

PEACEMAKER: She is no longer your concern.

(HE begins to drag the DOCTOR out. The DOCTOR struggles to call back...)

DOCTOR: Help her, Al! Stop the bleeding...

(The PEACEMAKER drags him out.)

"AL": I will! And I will come for you, Doctor! I will come for you!

(The lights fade on "AL" on his knees. The GIRL lies motionless on the table.)

SCENE THREE

SETTING: The Interrogation room. It is simply a room without much light. There is a table with a chair behind it. About five feet away from this table, there is another chair.

AT RISE: *The DOCTOR is in the chair away from the desk. There is a burlap bag over his head and his hands are bound. The PEACEMAKER stands behind him with his club out. HE takes the bag off the DOCTOR's head. The DOCTOR gasps.*

PEACEMAKER: Be ready, Doctor. The Chief Interrogator will be here in a moment, and you will stand out of respect. Is that understood?

DOCTOR: Yes.

PEACEMAKER: Good. *(HE calls out)* The American is ready!

(PEACEMAKER roughly pulls the DOCTOR to his feet. The INTERROGATOR enters. SHE is blonde, pretty, wearing an American-style businesswoman suit with a skirt. SHE carries a clipboard/folder that SHE sets on the table. SHE has a big smile as SHE faces the DOCTOR. SHE crosses to him. When SHE speaks, SHE sounds American, no different than the DOCTOR in syntax or accent.)

INTERROGATOR: The Good Doctor! Such a pleasure to meet you.

Out of respect, I will give you the highest greeting we possess in this country. *(SHE leans in kisses the DOCTOR's left cheek and then his right.)* Are you comfortable, Doctor? Peacemaker, you may free his hands. I don't think the Doctor is going to give us any danger, are you?

(PEACEMAKER frees the DOCTOR's hands.)

You may sit, doctor, take a load off, as they say. You'll pardon me if I walk around a bit. I've been sitting all day.

(The PEACEMAKER pushes the DOCTOR roughly into the chair.)

Now, Peacemaker, no need to be so rough. I'm sorry, Doctor, but the poor Peacemaker has such a stressful job. I'm afraid it has made him a bit of a sourpuss. *(Playful)* You are much younger than I expected, Doctor! I'm happy to have you here. It gives me an opportunity to speak in a manner I became accustomed to when I was living in America.

(The DOCTOR reacts.)

Are you surprised? It's true, I lived all over America... Los Angeles, Texas, Detroit, and even some time in New York City. I'm quite fond of America, really.

DOCTOR: *(With a hint of rancor)* But not Americans, I take it?

INTERROGATOR: Nothing could be further from the truth! I have nothing but the highest respect for Americans, particularly those in the medical field. No, Doctor, I have nothing against Americans. After all, I once imagined I might become one. My problem is with terrorists.

DOCTOR: Then you should have no problem with me.

INTERROGATOR: That is what we're here to figure out. Isn't this some situation we find ourselves in together? Perhaps had we met when I was in your country under different circumstances, we might have been friends. So why don't we try being friends now.

DOCTOR: You want to be my friend?

INTERROGATOR: At the very least, friendly acquaintances. After all, I have job to do, and you can't fault someone for doing their job, now can you? Especially when the job is trying to put an end to violence in the streets.

DOCTOR: I came here to help people.

INTERROGATOR: I have no doubt. And what more noble purpose is there than that? *(SHE leans over and points to a place on her leg)* This here, Doctor. Do you see this spot on my leg? I've been wondering if I should have it looked at or not? Can you see it? Should I be concerned? *(Slight pause)* Don't be shy, Doctor. Please, do me this personal favor.

(The DOCTOR leans over and takes a quick look at her leg, and then sits back up.)

DOCTOR: It looks like a freckle.

INTERROGATOR: A freckle? A simple freckle? Are you sure?

DOCTOR: I believe so. It's impossible to say for certain in this light, but I am fairly sure it is a simple freckle.

INTERROGATOR: What a relief! How about that, Doctor? You came here to help people, and you've already helped me. You've accomplished your goal. Congratulations.

DOCTOR: Don't mention it.

INTERROGATOR: How much do I owe you? An arm and a leg? *(SHE laughs)* Don't you enjoy expressions that employ body parts for imagery? An arm and a leg, give you a hand, have a heart, off with his head... although, that last one is more of a French expression than American, isn't it? Off with his head. *(SHE smiles)* Would you like a drink of water, Doctor? Perhaps some Coca-Cola? Americans love Coca-Cola, don't you?

DOCTOR: I'm fine, thank you.

INTERROGATOR: Such nice manners. Tell me, do I remind you of your dead wife? She had blonde hair, didn't she? I've seen her picture. It's right here in the file. So pretty, your dead wife. Tell me about her.

DOCTOR: No.

INTERROGATOR: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: I will not discuss my wife with you.

INTERROGATOR: *(playfully pouty)* Oh, but why? I would love to hear about her... what her secret was for capturing your heart!

DOCTOR: Some things belong to me, and only to me.

(The PEACEMAKER hits him open-handed across the back of the head.)

INTERROGATOR: Now, Peacemaker, let's be civil.

PEACEMAKER: I'm sorry, Chief Interrogator.

INTERROGATOR: If the Good Doctor does not wish to tell me about his wife, I won't be crude enough to pry. *(to the DOCTOR)* I see you can be very strong-willed. While I find that an admirable quality in a person, it makes my job a bit more difficult.

DOCTOR: Sorry.

INTERROGATOR: *(dismissive wave of the hand)* No need to apologize, Good Doctor. *(slight beat)* Everyone can be broken. Are you sure you wouldn't like a glass of water?

DOCTOR: No. Thank you.

INTERROGATOR: As you wish. *(SHE looks into the folder for a moment)* You've worked hard all of your life, haven't you Doctor? Jumping from home to home growing up. It says here that you even paid your own way through college. That is quite an achievement.

DOCTOR: I suppose.

INTERROGATOR: You worked for a construction company during your college breaks, didn't you? That's not easy labor. You know how to really work.

DOCTOR: Being a Doctor is real work.

INTERROGATOR: Of course it is, but let's not pick nitties, Doctor. I believe you know what I mean. I'm talking about the difference between an educated man and unskilled labor.

DOCTOR: I would not describe my construction work as unskilled.

INTERROGATOR: No? What area of construction did you work in, Doctor? *(SHE smiles a very big smile)* What skills did you develop while working construction?

(The DOCTOR says nothing. The INTERROGATOR looks at the PEACEMAKER and gives him a slight nod. The PEACEMAKER grabs the DOCTOR by his hair and pulls his head back. HE takes his club and places it across the DOCTOR's neck, choking him. After a moment, the INTERROGATOR holds up her hand and the PEACEMAKER stops.)

Peacemaker, what am I going to do with you? Tch, tch, tch. So rough. How is the Doctor going to answer my questions if he can't breathe? *(back to the DOCTOR)* Let's see here. *(looking at file)* Apparently you worked with the demolition department in your construction job. Would it be safe to say you learned a great deal about explosives in that line of work?

DOCTOR: I was never in charge of...

INTERROGATOR: *(cutting him off)* The question was not about being in charge. The question, good sir, was whether you learned about explosives.

DOCTOR: Working in the demolition department taught me a small amount about explosives in regards to their purpose with construction sites, but...

INTERROGATOR: Thank you, Doctor. It is so much easier this way when you cooperate, isn't it? *(beat)* Did you cry when your wife died?

(No response)

You must have. I would guess you cried buckets and buckets. Her dying like that, leaving you all alone. Your unborn daughter dying with her. It must have been quite a waterfall of tears, never being able to hold your child. Did you resent the doctors who let them die?

DOCTOR: *(fierce)* Shut up.

INTERROGATOR: Or did you rage against the Universe itself? Are you an angry man, Doctor?

DOCTOR: No. I am not.

INTERROGATOR: Not even when those you called friends disappeared? Those same friends who always secretly wondered to themselves after a dinner party, 'what does she see in him? Nice enough guy, sure, but why him? What's his secret? How did he get her?'

DOCTOR: My wife loved me.

INTERROGATOR: Of course. But it's true your friends all disappeared, isn't it? Perhaps they couldn't understand why it had to be her who died and not you. Have you ever wondered that? Have you ever wished it was you who died, Doctor?

DOCTOR: *(quietly)* Yes.

INTERROGATOR: *(with faux sympathy)* Perfectly natural. To blame yourself. *(beat)* After such an emotional trauma, many might wish to have revenge. Retribution. Is that why you came here? To find your revenge?

(No response.)

I'm trying to help you.

DOCTOR: Help me how?

INTERROGATOR: Why, to help you clear your conscience, of course. To help you save your soul.

DOCTOR: From what I understand, there have been bombings here long before I ever arrived. Some group that calls themselves the Resistance...

INTERROGATOR: *(snapping a little)* That's enough! *(composing herself)* The idea of any "resistance" is a nothing but a fairy tale. And it suggests, Doctor, that our people are not happy here. Such suggestions are not very polite. *(beat)* Violence in our country comes from outsiders. And you, sir, are an outsider.

DOCTOR: I've done nothing wrong.

INTERROGATOR: If you say so. *(SHE sighs)* I suppose that is enough for now. You will be our guest here, Doctor, until we decide your case. I thank you for diagnosing my freckle. We'll talk again tomorrow. Perhaps you shall find me prettier then.

(SHE leans over and kisses the DOCTOR on his left cheek and then his right cheek. SHE stands, looks at the PEACEMAKER and nods. The PEACEMAKER puts the burlap bag back on the DOCTOR's head. Blackout.)

SCENE FOUR

SETTING: A dark cell. There is a bench, a metal tray on which meals are served, a copy of the Holy Bible, and one blanket.

AT RISE: *The DOCTOR sits alone on the bench. HE is clearly agitated. The lights go down. Lights up: The DOCTOR paces in the cell. Lights out. Lights up: The DOCTOR sits on the floor of the cell, flipping through the Holy Bible. Lights down. Lights up: The DOCTOR is lying on his back on the floor, looking at the ceiling. Lights down. Lights up: The DOCTOR paces the floor of the cell, mumbling to himself. Lights down. Lights up: The DOCTOR stands in the middle of his cell.*

DOCTOR: *(Shouting)* I've done nothing wrong! How dare you treat me like this! I'm an American citizen! How dare you! I've done nothing wrong! *(Quieter, to himself)* I came here to help people. To serve people. I've done nothing wrong. *(Pause)* I've done nothing wrong.

(Lights down. Lights up. The DOCTOR sits on the floor, clutching his knees. HE rocks back and forth slightly.)

My love, my love. *(rocks back and forth)* Where are you, my love? *(HE laughs)* Do you remember when I asked you to marry me? Do you remember what you said? You said, "What took you so long?" Do you remember that? *(HE laughs again)* And then you took my face in your hands and you kissed me, you kissed me, and then you just looked at me with those eyes, those eyes, and I believed that I could just stay there forever, looking at you, feeling your love. And you told me right there, do you remember, you told me, you said that you knew I had grown up without a real family, but you said that I would never have to be alone again. You said I would never have to be alone again. *(pause)* I'm not mad at you, my love, I'm not mad, it wasn't your fault, but when you left, I was alone. All of our friends, all of our friends, they didn't know what to say or do, and they were all your friends first... you brought me into a new world, and then you

were gone, and it was all gone, all gone, all gone. *(Pause)* And now I'm alone. I'm alone, and I need you, I need you now, I need you. *(Pause)* I'm scared. And I'm not strong. Not anymore. Please. Please. *(pause)* I'm scared, my love. I'm scared. *(HE rocks back and forth. Lights out.)*

(Lights up: The DOCTOR is asleep on the floor with the blanket over him. Behind him, on the BENCH, the GIRL is sitting. SHE wears the same outfit as in her previous scene, but there is no blood. SHE sits patiently. The DOCTOR wakes with a start. HE rubs his eyes. The GIRL stands from the bench and moves to sit down next to him on the floor. The DOCTOR is startled by her presence. SHE smiles at him.)

GIRL: Did you sleep well?

DOCTOR: You? Are you... why are you here? Are you in trouble? Your injuries... I thought you were...

(The GIRL only smiles.)

GIRL: I'm fine.

DOCTOR: When did they bring you here? Do they suspect you somehow of...

GIRL: I came while you were sleeping. Are you all right?

DOCTOR: You speak English very well. Did Al take good care of you? I can't imagine, unless another doctor has arrived... how...

GIRL: I feel complete and healthy, Good Doctor.

DOCTOR: Pain?

GIRL: There is no pain.

DOCTOR: Remarkable. You must be a very strong young woman. When I saw your injury, I was sure that... well, you must have someone watching out for you Up There.

GIRL: Perhaps we both do. *(SHE smiles)* Are you frightened?

DOCTOR: Yes. But I don't want you to be scared. I promise that I will get you out of here. You don't belong in this cell. Not after everything you've been through. They can't believe that you are part of any resistance or bombing... you're just a young girl.

GIRL: I'm not afraid of their walls. And you needn't be, either. You are a good man, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I don't know. I don't know. I try, but it looks like I've gotten you into trouble...

GIRL: You are a good man. Believe me. Your wife loved you very much.

DOCTOR: Yes. She did. And I loved her. But why...

GIRL: You were lucky. To have love. When you have love like this in your heart, you never have to be afraid of walls or chains. Or hate. You just have to hold onto that love, and nothing can hurt you.

DOCTOR: You're very smart for one so young.

GIRL: Thank you.

(The DOCTOR yawns.)

DOCTOR: I confess, it's good to have company, even if you don't belong here. I was beginning to worry that I might... that I might go mad.

GIRL: You should rest some more. It looks like you haven't had much sleep.

DOCTOR: It sounds like you're the Doctor and I'm the patient now. Here... you should take the blanket. It gets cold in here.

GIRL: No, doctor. You keep it. Rest. Please. You have earned it.

DOCTOR: I am tired.

GIRL: Sleep.

DOCTOR: I was to have a daughter, you know. I was going to be the father of a little girl.

GIRL: Yes.

DOCTOR: Is your father proud of you? He must be.

GIRL: I never knew my father.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. If you were my daughter, I'd be very proud of you.

GIRL: And I would be very happy to have you as my father. *(beat)* Sleep now. I will be here when you wake.

(Lights out. Lights up: The DOCTOR is in his cell, and "AL" is with him as a visitor, not a prisoner.)

"AL": I will never forgive myself. This evil I have caused you.

DOCTOR: No. You have caused no evil, Al. You sent for me out of love for your country and the people of your country. It is not your fault.

"AL": I never should have asked you to come. I should have found an Indian, or another Brit... I never should have...

DOCTOR: Listen to me, Al. That's not important now.

"AL": But you are a dead man, Good Doctor, and it is all on my head.

DOCTOR: Please, listen to me. Do you know where the girl is?

"AL": What?

DOCTOR: The girl! From the clinic, the night I was arrested. She was here with me in the cell yesterday and most of this morning. When I was brought back from my final interrogation, she was gone, and you were here. Does this mean she was released? Do you know where they took her?

"AL": I... I don't know what you're saying.

DOCTOR: Listen, I have money. I want you to write to my wife's mother. She lives back in New York, and I want you to send the girl to her. Get her out of here. I fear I have put her in danger by trying

to save her. Please, Al, make sure she gets out of here. When I'm gone, you make sure that she's safe, and that she will be taken care of... money, college, she will have a chance at life. Do you understand? Will you do this for me?

("AL" stares at the DOCTOR sadly for a moment)

"AL": They have broken you.

DOCTOR: What?

"AL": Doctor, please. There is no way that the girl was with you here.

DOCTOR: I saw her, Al. I've been talking with her.

"AL": No, Doctor. That's not possible.

DOCTOR: Of course it is. I recognized her.

"AL": She is gone. She died on our table, Doctor. She is gone.

(There is a long silence. Bells marking the hour begin to ring)

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