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## **Cast of Characters**

HAWA, a Darfuri woman

CARLOS, an aid worker

MARYKA, a reporter

JAN, Maryka's editor

HAMIDA, an aid worker

POLICE, SLA SOLDIERS, DARFURIS (2 Males in various roles)

## **Notes on Text**

Zalingei: pronounced ZuhLIN-jay

Abeche: AhBAY-chay

Farchana: FarCHAH-nuh

Kutum: Kuh-TOOM

HAC: pronounced Hack. Humanitarian Affairs Commission

AU: African Union

GoS: Government of Sudan

FRD: Fictional acronym created to protect the actual aid groups in the region who requested anonymity for safety.

Sat phone/TV: satellite phone/TV

## **Production Notes**

For the scenes in Arabic or Zaghawa, a Darfuri dialect, it has worked well to use actors not in the scene to translate the English after the Arabic or Zaghawa. The tone should be like a shadow of the speaker, rather than an echo.

Dialogue in Arabic and Zaghawa is spelled out phonetically in English to make it easier for the actor.

— is an interrupted thought.

/ means one person begins mid-sentence of the previous line of dialogue while the first speaker continues. It is an overlap.

The final sound of horse hooves is so loud it literally makes hearts pound.

## Acknowledgments

*In Darfur* was originally co-commissioned by The Guthrie Theater (Joe Dowling, Artistic Director), and The Playwrights' Center (Polly Carl, Producing Artistic Director) as part of the Two-Headed Challenge Project, through which it was mentored by Nicholas Kristof.

The play was subsequently developed at The Playwrights' Center Playlabs, Geva Theater's Hibernatus Interruptus Festival and The Public Theater's New Work Now! Reading series.

The play was then presented through a developmental production at The Public Theater, directed by Joanna Settle, with the following cast and crew:

JANJAWEEED MILITIA,  
POLICE OFFICER, PATIENT,  
SLA SOLDIER,  
SUDANESE POLICEMAN, GUARD . . . . . Ron Brice  
HAMIDA . . . . . Zainab Jah  
CARLOS . . . . . Aaron Lohr  
MARYKA . . . . . Heather Raffo  
JANJAWEEED MILITIA,  
SUDANESE AID WORKER,  
SLA SOLDIER, INJURED MAN,  
SUDANESE POLICEMAN. . . . . Maduka Steady  
JAN . . . . . Sharon Washington  
HAWA. . . . . Rutina Wesley  
Stage Manager . . . . . Terri K. Kohler  
Scenic Design. . . . . Andrew Lieberman  
Costume Design . . . . . Kasia Walicka Maimone  
Lighting Design. . . . . Jane Cox  
Sound Design. . . . . Obadiah Eaves  
Production Dramaturg. . . . . Polly Carl  
Production Stage Manager . . . . . Emily Park Smith

## Introduction

Winter Miller's *In Darfur* is a powerful and upsetting work of art. If it were not based on reality, it would still be a beautifully crafted play, stark and searing. But it also has the freshness of great journalism, a report from the front lines of one of the most painful conflicts raging in the world today. Together, its esthetic merit and its reportorial importance make *In Darfur* an indispensable play.

The theater is an art form that lurches between the profound and the utterly trivial. It can be used for the most mindless forms of distraction, inherently reactionary in their eagerness to please and comfort us, and for the vital and urgent task of helping to form the conscience of our age. From O'Neill and Odets to August Wilson and Tony Kushner, the most ambitious artists of the American theater have striven to make us aware of our interconnectedness, of the way our private stories are also part of a larger history. The communal gathering of an audience in a theater can be a powerful site for the awakening of our collective spirit. The greatest theater reminds us that our responsibilities do not end at the boundaries of our selves, or our nation.

*In Darfur* is part of that proud history. We have produced it twice at the Public, once as part of our Public Lab series in the Shiva Theater on Astor Place, and once for a magnificent night at the Delacorte in Central Park. That evening was a great event: a theatrical offering that was also a call to arms, a play that was also a town hall meeting on the genocide in Darfur. Watching *In Darfur* that night, I had the almost physical sensation of the play melting away, and two thousand people being placed in direct, unmediated contact with the reality of the suffering of Darfur.

The theater was fulfilling its noblest function that night: to give voice to those who would otherwise be unheard, to make their story our story. I cannot praise Winter Miller too highly for her achievement; she ennobles our profession.

– Oskar Eustis  
Artistic Director  
The Public Theater

## Author's Note

In 2006, when I wrote *In Darfur*, I was working as columnist Nicholas Kristof's researcher at *The New York Times*. On one of his trips to the Chad/Sudan border, Nick let me accompany him.

We slept in aid compounds and underneath the stars of a stunning night sky. We met young children with bandaged bullet wounds and girls who had been raped not 48 hours earlier but told their story because they thought we could help the people of Darfur. We walked through burned and bombed villages, now ghost towns. We were offered tea and food by those who had little of either. We saw overcrowded refugee camps and lines of survivors waiting to enter.

I saw my first human dying, a man—not even twenty—shot down because he was a mercenary Janjaweed, like many. His life came down to two hundred dollars; that's what he'd been offered to kill the leader of his same tribe in a neighboring village.

Tribal divisions, colonization and corruption are complicated to unravel, but halting a genocide is simple. It takes International leadership and a few decisive bold pen strokes. Included in this book are resources for those who are inclined not to remain bystanders while tens of thousands suffer needlessly.

I extend my deepest gratitude to the countless Darfuris and aid workers who shared their stories and answered uncomfortable questions, for safety you remain anonymous.

I am particularly indebted to Nick Kristof, Polly Carl, Joanna Settle, Oskar Eustis, Mandy Hackett, Liz Frankel, Michael Bigelow Dixon, Lynn Nottage, Mia Farrow, John Prendergast, Mark Hanis, Samantha Power, Ann Curry, Gouma Hari Mahamat, Eric Reeves, Daoud Hari and Sally Pope. Deep gratitude to the stellar actors, exceptional designers and talented staff at the Public who lit the way. Thanks to Johns Guare and Shanley for being menschy.

My grandfather, Lloyd Norman, covered Vietnam and the Pentagon for *Newsweek*. My grandmother Dorothy's cousin Ben Hecht was a reporter and a playwright. They set the bar high.

It takes a village to support a playwright; I offer thanks to my parents, Albert, Corky, Anna and Mark, and to Fiona for being there.

Finally, to the real Hawa and the thousands like her, you are not forgotten.

# IN DARFUR

by Winter Miller

## Scene 1

*(Supertitle: April, 2004)*

*(The Sudanese desert.)*

*(MARYKA, CARLOS, and HAWA drive along a dirt path. It's hot and dusty.)*

**MARYKA.** *(Looking at the map:)* I can't tell what we're near...?

**CARLOS.** This map barely shows the road. It's even hard to tell—

*(A bullet pings the back of the car.)*

**CARLOS.** Get down!

*(Another ping, then another.)*

**MARYKA.** Drive!

**CARLOS.** I can't get enough traction—come on!

**MARYKA.** What do you see?

**CARLOS.** I count five on horseback—they're staying with us—but they've got cattle so we could—

**MARYKA.** Can't you go faster?

**CARLOS.** *(To the car:)* Come on, come on, let's go, keep it up, let's go.

*(The car fishtails in the sand and takes off, gaining traction and speed. The whiz of errant bullets.)*

**MARYKA.** Are we putting any distance?

**CARLOS.** Their cattle's freaked. I think they're dealing with that.

*(MARYKA pops her head up.)*

**CARLOS.** I'd stay down.

*(They hit a bump and bounce.)*

**HAWA.** *(Jolted:)* Uhh—

**MARYKA.** *(Jolted:)* Uuunh—

**CARLOS.** Sorry!

**MARYKA.** Do you want me to drive?

**CARLOS.** You think you can do better?

**MARYKA.** I can hardly do worse.

**CARLOS.** Look, I've driven out here before, I'm more familiar with the terrain...

**MARYKA.** I think you should have gone to the right back there.

**CARLOS.** The sand looked better on this side.

**MARYKA.** Not really.

**CARLOS.** Is that a mine?

**MARYKA.** Where?

**CARLOS.** Right there—

**MARYKA.** Looks like glass—but go wide. I highly doubt it, these are fresh tracks. No mines, someone's just driven it.

**CARLOS.** Hawa you okay?

**HAWA.** Yes.

*(They drive in silence.)*

**CARLOS.** Oh shit.

**MARYKA.** That's a checkpoint.

**CARLOS.** We're gonna have to stop. Everyone keep quiet. I'll show him my stamp, say I'm a doctor, slip him some cash.

*(Silence as they approach.)*

**HAWA.** That's a mango stand.

**MARYKA.** She's right.

*(Inevitable, nervous laughter.)*

**CARLOS.** *(Imitates himself:)* "I'll show him my stamp—"

**MARYKA.** Be sure to tell them you're a doctor!

*(HAWA joins in the laughter. They are united in this burst of relief and desperation.)*

**HAWA.** *(Breathless:)* My heart was beating out of my chest and then I said, wait a minute, that's a mango stand. Because I was looking away you know, not to attract attention, but then I saw it. I was pounding, pounding and then it's just a mango stand!

*(Rest.)*

## Scene 2

A)

*(In pre-dawn light, the sound of airplanes above, horse hooves and trucks on sand. Repeated gunshots. Braying and screaming. Total chaos.)*

*(Wives cheer their Janjaweed husbands to rape and pillage.)*

*[Arabic]*

**JANJAWEEED WIVES.** *(Chanting in unison:)*

ZURguh

"Zurga Zurga"

ahBEED

"Abid, Abid"

NOObuh

"Nuba Nuba"

*(Their chant continues beneath:)*

**JANJAWEEED MILITIA.** *(Overlapping:)*

AHKtulual ZURguh!

"Kill the blacks!"

EENto keeLAAB!

"You are dogs!"

Al ZURga aBEEDdna!

"The blacks are our slaves!"

Dail ma bagarKOOM!

"These are not your camels!"

Di ARdahna!

"This land is ours!"

KanGAH TOOheena, ha nakTOOLkum!

"If you stay you will be killed!"

AhNIHhina eyeZEEN NAHmahlo LahDAHrahb!

"We want to make Arab babies!"

Eezah yahRAY tooMAH, dah nahkTOOLkum!

"If you run, maybe we won't kill you!"

*(Dust. Smoke. Fire.)*

B)

*(A punishing sun. A dusty desert plain that extends as far as the eye can see.)*

*(A woman face down in the dirt.)*

*(Motionless.)*

*(She moves her toes.)*

*(She moves her hands.)*

C)

*(Stars, the most beautiful you've ever seen.)*

*(HAWA, the woman in the dirt slithers across the ground.)*

D)

*(A punishing sun. A dusty desert plain. HAWA is semi-hidden beneath a bush.)*

*(The sound of women, a wordless chant, almost an echo of Hawa's heartbeat.)*

E)

*(Stars.)*

*(HAWA places sticks and brush over a corpse. Around her are several corpses already covered by brush.)*

F)

*(A punishing sun. A dusty desert plain.)*

*(HAWA hides, not moving in daylight.)*

G)

*(Stars.)*

*(HAWA walks.)*

### Scene 3

*(Days later, HAWA sits on a hospital cot in the Zalingei clinic. The doctor examines her.)*

**CARLOS.** *(Pidgin Arabic:)* InTEE koESSah. InDEEK MOYah keeFIGHyah. TamSHEE BOOOKrah.

Much better. enough water now. You go tomorrow.

**HAWA.** Where will I go? What happens next?

**CARLOS.** You speak English?

**HAWA.** Yes.

**CARLOS.** Fluently?

**HAWA.** Yes.

**CARLOS.** I've been speaking my pidgin Arabic to you... How are you feeling?

**HAWA.** How will I get food when I leave here?

**CARLOS.** There are food rations.

**HAWA.** But will I have enough to eat?

**CARLOS.** The rations seem to tide people over. As long as the trucks are allowed through.

*(Pause.)*

Do you have family here?

**HAWA.** They are dead.

**CARLOS.** I'm sorry...

*(Pause.)*

...Where did you learn English?

*(HAMIDA or a doctor enters to collect supplies then exits.)*

**HAWA.** I went to University.

**CARLOS.** In Khartoum?

**HAWA.** Yes. Then I taught English in Karnoi.

*(Beat.)*

**CARLOS.** Look... I noticed the look on your face when I told you you're pregnant...

**HAWA.** I was not expecting it.

**CARLOS.** There are options.

**HAWA.** I know this.

**CARLOS.** Okay... Look... —I'm sorry if I overstepped—here, we're not even supposed to mention options... I need you to keep an eye on that laceration, if it gets infected—any discoloration, come back and we'll—

*(A Sudanese POLICEMAN barges in.)*

**CARLOS.** I'm sorry officer, you can't be in here!

**POLICE OFFICER.** Hawa Ahmed?

**HAWA.** *(Nods.)*

*(He ties her wrists.)*

**POLICE OFFICER.** KHAdim ZahNIGHyo wass-HHKAHnuh. Adultress! Dirty slave.

*(The POLICEMAN slaps her.)*

**CARLOS.** I'm a doctor! You can't touch her / she's a patient!

*(The POLICEMAN shoves CARLOS out of the way.)*

**POLICE OFFICER.** *(To HAWA:)* Al ZEEEna jaREEmah. Adultery is a crime.

*(He slaps her.)*

**CARLOS.** This is an authorized medical facility! / She was violated!

*(The POLICEMAN elbows CARLOS in the jaw.)*

**POLICE OFFICER.** AmalTEE shehKWUH? KaLAHmeek KOOloo keeDHIB!

Did you file the report? This is a bunch of lies!

**CARLOS.** I don't understand—speak English? English?

**POLICE OFFICER.** Almarrahddee zaNIGHyuh. INtee kaTDAHbah. This woman is guilty of adultery. You're a liar.

*(CARLOS tries to get between the POLICEMAN and HAWA.)*

**CARLOS.** She was raped by the Janjaweed / let her go!

*(The POLICEMAN pulls his gun. CARLOS steps back.)*

**POLICE OFFICER.** MAHmoomkin TDAHmiltik tagRREER KAH-zhib.

You can't file this fabricated report.

**CARLOS.** I don't understand—?

**POLICE OFFICER.** HahndahKHEELick al hahrRAHsah. You're under arrest.

*(The POLICEMAN punches CARLOS.)*

**CARLOS.** Diktor! Hospital!

*(The POLICEMAN punches CARLOS hard in the gut.)*

**POLICE OFFICER.** Ahl MAHra-alJIGHya, ha nakTOOLlik.  
Next time we will shoot you instead.

*(He punches CARLOS. CARLOS falls to the dirt. The POLICEMAN kicks him. CARLOS stays down.)*

**POLICE OFFICER.** *(Turning to HAWA:)* HahSEE NAHmahlik  
shooNOO?

What should I do with you?

*(He stands before her, menacingly.)*

Intee KHUNtee alWAHtun.  
You have betrayed your country.

*(He slaps her face.)*

Intee MAHrah wahsSKHAnah.  
You are a disgraced woman.

*(He slaps her face.)*

Ha TAHDfigh ahl TAHmuhn—  
You will pay—

*(Slap!)*

Ahla JEHreemeht ahl-ZEEEna.  
For your adultery.

*(Slap!)*

Bay arrBAH wa tehlehTEEN—  
With thirty-four—

*(Slap!)*

JEHLduh—  
more lashes—

*(Slap!)*

Ahlah—  
Across your—

*(Slap!)*

WaSHEEK ahl asWAD.  
Black face!

*(Slap!)*

*(Slap!)*

*(Slap!)*

*(Slap!)*

*(Slap!)*

*(CARLOS slumps to the floor. Lights go to black in the echo of a slap.)*

*(Minutes later.)*

*(CARLOS stands. Everything aches.)*

**CARLOS.** Jesus Christ. Are you okay? Let me see you...

*(HAWA turns away.)*

**CARLOS.** *(He cuts the rope.)* Sit down, let me—

*(HAWA starts to walk away.)*

**CARLOS.** Hey, don't go anywhere, let me get you some ice.

*(She continues. He hobbles after her.)*

**CARLOS.** Wait a second. I'm sorry. What was he saying?

*(She continues walking.)*

**CARLOS.** Hawa, stop. I should look at you. Don't walk out of here. Please.

*(HAWA exits.)*

**Scene 4**

(MARYKA, on her sat phone in the desert, dictates copy to her editor in New York.)

**JAN.** I didn't say we don't have room, I said space is tight—

**MARYKA.** I think you should front this.

**JAN.** I haven't heard a front page story yet. We're looking at 400 words, 600 tops. Let me hear the rest of what you got before we lose our signal again.

**MARYKA.** "It's estimated at least ten thousand Darfuris have been killed, the World Food Program places the number of internally displaced persons in the hundreds of thousands."

**JAN.** Unicef's site says more than 30,000 dead. But I agree let's stay conservative—

**MARYKA.** The numbers are all over the map.

**JAN.** Aid groups exaggerate. We'll say upwards of ten thousand. And can we sub refugees instead of internally displaced persons—

**MARYKA.** They haven't crossed any borders.

**JAN.** Ok. It's just bulky on the page. Go on.

**MARYKA.** "The roots of conflict in Darfur go back a decade, but the current fighting can be traced to February, 2003, when the rebel groups, the Sudanese Liberation Army and the Justice and Equality Movement began attacking government buildings to protest alleged racial discrimination by the Sudanese government favoring Arabs over African tribes"—

**JAN.** You have to have to unpack that for readers. For the last twenty years, Darfur's soldiers fought on the side of the government in Sudan's civil war.

**MARYKA.** The ink's not dry on the peace accord and this is the thanks Darfuris get for fighting?

**JAN.** They certainly didn't get any legislative seats.

**MARYKA.** No power, and then their President tells the Arabs to annihilate the Darfuris.

**JAN.** Let's just back up—you say rebels, are these good rebels or bad rebels—

**MARYKA.** They're not great, they do some awful things. But rebel attacks are nothing next to the Janjaweed's wholesale destruction.

Do I make clear that not all Darfuris are rebels, most are just trying to survive?

**JAN.** Yes, but you should distinguish between Arabs and Africans, so we know: is this racial conflict? Religious?

**MARYKA.** I had this sentence I cut, about how they're all African, they're all black, they're mostly Muslim—but it seemed more confusing...

**JAN.** We can say black Africans against Arabs in your third graph—

**MARYKA.** How about Arab herders against African farmers. How about: "nomadic Arabs have grazed their cattle on Darfuri farmers' land for years, but because of an ongoing drought, resources are scarce."

**JAN.** This just doesn't feel like a big enough story yet.

**MARYKA.** This is genocide—we should be giving it prominent coverage—

**JAN.** So prove it.

*(Pause.)*

**MARYKA.** Here's what I got. Last graph: "In response to Sudanese Liberation Army attacks on an airport, the Sudanese government armed a militia of Arabs called Janjaweed, J-A-N-J-A-W-E-E-D, which translated means 'devils on horseback.' Armed with Kalashnikovs, backed by trucks and helicopters, the Janjaweed have decimated hundreds of villages and raped or murdered most Darfuris in their path." Endit.

**JAN.** Do you have hard evidence Bashir's arming the Jan/jaweed—

**MARYKA.** Yes! The African Union has photos of these attacks in a secret archive.

**JAN.** Do you have the photos?

**MARYKA.** Not yet. But the military fly Antonovs and bomb villages, then the Janjaweed sweep in and massacre the men and rape countless women and young girls. This is going on every day! They throw babies on bonfires. We need to get this out there. We have a responsibility to—

**JAN.** Without evidence, it may as well be conjecture—we can't cry wolf.

**MARYKA.** There's a fucking wolf, Jan!

**JAN.** I let you wait in Khartoum for a visa for the last three weeks. We're wasting money / on this—

**MARYKA.** It's very hard to get into Darfur.

**JAN.** Let's finish this. Is it Darfurians or Darfuris?

**MARYKA.** Aid workers say Darfuri—we don't say Israelians or Iraqians...

**JAN.** We'll check the style book. Let's reinsert the sentence about Darfur has no oil—that's important.

**MARYKA.** I know you don't want to go into it, but there's a great angle here about global warming as a catalyst for war.

**JAN.** Sure, do it when you're back in the bureau, that's evergreen. I have a meeting in five minutes.

**MARYKA.** It's really bad on the ground here; it's a mistake to bury this because of a—a grudge.

**JAN.** I don't have a grudge.

**MARYKA.** All I said when you were promoted was—

**JAN.** We've never been friends. So. Let's get past it.

**MARYKA.** Fine.

**JAN.** Where are you now?

**MARYKA.** Outside Zalingei camp, in the HAC office in front of some hideously homoerotic painting of one man impaling another. The guard won't let me in without a C-045, some bullshit form.

**JAN.** I need you in South Africa in three days to cover Mandela and Mbeki.

**MARYKA.** Can't you send—

**JAN.** Linda's in Kabul and Tito's in East Timor. Fly out of Khartoum Wednesday.

**MARYKA.** Give me five days here. I'll be the first to get in the camp.

**JAN.** You want a front page story, you know what you need, go get it. Your five days started yesterday.

**Scene 5**

(MARYKA steps into Carlos' medical tent.)

**CARLOS.** (*Definitively:*) This is aid personnel only.

**MARYKA.** I'm a journalist.

**CARLOS.** The clinic is FRD only.

**MARYKA.** I was hoping to talk to a doctor—

**CARLOS.** You can't interview staff or IDP's.

**MARYKA.** Do I tell you how to suture?

**CARLOS.** Who do you write for?

**MARYKA.** Maryka Lindstrom, New York Times.

**CARLOS.** I guess nobody briefed you, but you can't just interview them—

**MARYKA.** That's not policy in a UNHCR-run camp.

**CARLOS.** The rules are from HAC: no photos, no reporters.

**MARYKA.** I got into Zalingei, didn't I?

**CARLOS.** I don't know who you bribed—but if Sudanese police see you talking to anyone, including me—there are consequences. Just being seen with you is dangerous for the IDP's. I'm not trying to thwart your reporting...

**MARYKA.** Before the slaughter taking place beneath your eyes, I was in Bosnia—

**CARLOS.** You say that like I'm letting people get murdered / I'm fixing bodies here—

**MARYKA.** Before Bosnia, I was in Rwanda—and while I appreciate your caution—/

**CARLOS.** Well it's for—

**MARYKA.** I'm not a rookie—

**CARLOS.** I'm just trying to do my job, which is to save lives. A Norwegian reporter interviewed an IDP in Kutum camp. The story ran, the Sudanese police killed that IDP. I need you to get out of my tent.

(MARYKA backs up to leave.)

**MARYKA.** Why don't you have any patients?

**CARLOS.** This is the overflow clinic. I use it as my office.

**MARYKA.** Can I ask you a few questions?

**CARLOS.** Are they off the record?

**MARYKA.** If you need them to be, yes.

**CARLOS.** I do.

**MARYKA.** I've seen very few men in the camp or outside the camp. Where are they?

**CARLOS.** Janjaweed kill the men.

**MARYKA.** Do you know anything about a convoy of women, a week ago who went to scavenge for firewood and the Janjaweed gang-raped them and set fire to them with the firewood they collected? Did any of them survive?

**CARLOS.** I know as much as you know.

**MARYKA.** I'm on deadline...talk to me about the basics— Is there any sign of the African Union here?

**CARLOS.** Not that I've seen.

**MARYKA.** Is it just women who go out to get firewood?

**CARLOS.** Mothers choose among their children who to send out. If they send their son, he gets killed. If they send their daughter, she gets raped. So they send their daughters, or go themselves.

*(Silence. CARLOS works.)*

**MARYKA.** Are those patient logs?

**CARLOS.** Yeah. Without these records there's no evidence of genocide. It's the most useful thing I do here.

**MARYKA.** What makes you positive it's genocide?

**CARLOS.** Are you blind?

**MARYKA.** I've talked to people on the ground who say this is a scorched earth massacre—

**CARLOS.** The Janjaweed are killing Black Africans by the thousands.

**MARYKA.** Obviously there are formal obligations with the word genocide—the world has a responsibility to act. That's what I'm trying to figure out.

**CARLOS.** Look, if they're not gunned down in their village, it's going to be death by malnutrition and starvation in an IDP camp later. It's all genocide.

**MARYKA.** So what do you do with those reports?

**CARLOS.** I submit them to my bosses. You breathe a word of what I say here—you jeopardize all of FRD in Sudan.

**MARYKA.** I won't.

*(CARLOS goes back to his papers.)*

**MARYKA.** How big is this camp, thirty thousand?

**CARLOS.** Maybe fifty.

*(CARLOS resumes transcribing.)*

**MARYKA.** You haven't told me your name.

*(He looks up.)*

**CARLOS.** Carlos.

**MARYKA.** Where are you from?

**CARLOS.** *(Not looking up:)* Argentina. Raised in the States. Distantly related to Eva Peron.

**MARYKA.** I'm half Swedish, half Iranian. Far as I know, no dictators in our family tree. Did you grow up in Arg—

**CARLOS.** How'd you even get into Zalingei camp? Did you sneak in?

**MARYKA.** Absolutely not. I sat for weeks in Khartoum waiting to get permission to come to Darfur. I finally got to Darfur and was stuck in the HAC office waiting for clearance. I was there every day, all day and I just kept on him for a stamp. I don't know if he got permission or was just desperate to get rid of me.

*(Pause.)*

Could I read some of those—just for background?

*(Pause.)*

Look. Carlos. We're on the same side. If this is genocide, I want to get the story out—I'm looking for evidence. I need information.

**CARLOS.** You won't put any specifics in print. Not this camp, not anyone's initials, not me—for your edification only.

**MARYKA.** Agreed.

*(CARLOS pulls a folder from under a pile of papers. He plucks half a dozen and hands them to MARYKA.)*

**MARYKA.** Thank you.

**CARLOS.** Steer clear of my clinic. I better not find anything I said off-the-record in The New York Times.

**Scene 6**

*(Aside.)*

**HAWA.** There is a myth—not mythical in the sense that it is false, but perhaps an exaggerated belief in the proverbs of African women. My mother had a favorite, I heard it ten thousand times: “You can’t know at sunrise how this day will end, you can’t know at sunset if the next day will come.” It never meant anything to me until the day it did.

To remind myself I am still human inside, I repeat fragments of my former life over and over in my head. It is an exercise of dates, of memory, of survival. It goes like this: One year ago today I taught children in a schoolhouse in Karnoi. Two years ago I poured tea for Muhammed and nursed my son. Three years ago I studied for exams at university while Muhammed braided my hair. Four years ago I ate Ethiopian roti with Muhammed after class. Five years ago the same minus Muhammed. Six years ago I met city life in Khartoum. Seven years ago I dreamed of university and read Edith Wharton in the early mornings. Lily Bart. Lily Bart. Lily Bart. Lily Bart. Lily Bart. Lily Bart. How I loved Lily Bart.

## Scene 7

*(The sun beats down.)*

*(Two Darfuri men, SLA SOLDIERS swathed in headscarves with sunglasses enter holding Kalashnikovs. They are recruiting inside Zalingei.)*

**SLA SOLDIER.** *(Yelling in Zaghawa:)* TowdtHARRah TAHrrhay  
borrGAIRdeh

We are looking for the men in this camp,

KighKELLbay jahnjuhWEED lloo-eede.

step forward and join with us to fight the janjaweed.

**SLA SOLDIER #2.** *(Yelling in Zaghawa:)* Munndook TERRHeh, Kigh-  
KELLbay dahrhooRro haMEEyehdee

We have guns, we need to fight, to protect our country,

bohkoOR-ROlee, barhkooR-ROlee, kehDAHro booRgeele, keDAH-  
ro tehLEHlee.

our wives, our children, our brothers and sisters.

*(They fire their guns in the air.)*

**SLA SOLDIER.** Lah-ah TEH yeh? Lah-ah KEHkhehl-leh?

Who is with us? Who is coming?

IhNAHghee, BOORoh lohTEH ee-beh noh soorah KARRdeh.

Mothers, give us your sons for victory.

**SLA SOLDIER #2.** Oh teh-ee-leh-GHAH tarr LAHRR kass KOOR-  
ree DARRfoor SARRH!

Anybody who is with us, come forward for Darfur!

Dto harra TEHreh—!

We are the Sudanese Liberation Army!

**SLA SOLDIER.** Oh bohROH eelehGAH, hahYAHW hah-ahMEELlee!

If you are a man, you must protect your life!

KAHBah HARRahbah kahta hahrZEE lehdehGHOW!

Join the Sudanese Liberation Army!

LAHWla LOWbeh hahr gehLEHloo

Can you bear to be burned watch your homes burn,

bahwooLOOlee tell-leh LOOlee bahwohKOO sehYEHroo

see your wives and daughters violated,

bohr-kohLOOlee kehdahloo BOORgoolee

your sons and brothers

BaSHIR roo JAHNjahweeDTOrh loo-ee-RREH  
murdered by Bashir and his Janjaweed?

Tah-AH hehrBEH lahtahJYAH baDIH DIHbiyhaw  
Can you run and hide and do nothing

Dee KOHR-oh GHOOOL-lee  
while our land and camels

BehSHIRroo JAHNjahweeDTOgorro LEH teh BREH! TEE-el-ghow  
KHID-dee! EhngoghohLHOW!  
are stolen by Bashir and his Janjaweed? Fight back!

*(As they walk offstage, through the camp.)*

**SLA SOLDIER #2.** BurrROHburr!  
Stand up!

**SLA SOLDIER.** EhngoghohLHOW!  
Fight back!

**SLA SOLDIER #2.** Low-eh-DHOW! ee-geh-leh-AHRR tah BRREE!  
We will kill them all! Take back our villages!

TDOW HArRa gahTAH RREHtahrreh  
We are the Sudanese Liberation Army

BOHrro bohrr GARR-deh!  
and we are taking recruits!

*(They run off.)*

**Scene 8**

*(Evening.)*

*(Carlos' room at the FRD compound, he and MARYKA drink Scotch.)*

**CARLOS.** I didn't even think I liked Scotch.

**MARYKA.** They teach you how to drink it in J-school.

**CARLOS.** *(Raising his glass:)* "To contraband"... Salud...

**MARYKA.** Skol.

**CARLOS.** Say something in Swedish.

**MARYKA.** Jag skulle vilja ha en blåbärs paj med vanilj sås.

**CARLOS.** It's probably dirty, right?

**MARYKA.** Very... So, what brought you here.

**CARLOS.** War.

**MARYKA.** Where were you before this gig?

**CARLOS.** Kalma.

**MARYKA.** Before that?

**CARLOS.** Detroit.

**MARYKA.** And so one day...

**CARLOS.** Yup.

**MARYKA.** I'm going to go out on a limb and bet personal crisis. Um, you lost someone you loved...

**CARLOS.** Nope.

**MARYKA.** You felt empty inside.

*(CARLOS drinks.)*

**CARLOS.** Nope.

**MARYKA.** Ahh—you paused.

**CARLOS.** That was only to drink.

**MARYKA.** No, you paused before you took a sip.

**CARLOS.** Yeah, well, it's personal, okay?

**MARYKA.** I'm not putting it on page one. Hell, I can't get anything here on page one... You're not going to talk about the situation here, I presume?

**CARLOS.** I figured that's why you showed up with a precious bottle of Scotch. On the record, no.

**MARYKA.** I'm up to speed on background, but without attribution, I can't do much.

**CARLOS.** Make up a name and set it in a different camp and I'll talk your ear off.

**MARYKA.** We don't do that kind of journalism.

**CARLOS.** That's not what I hear.

**MARYKA.** That was a bad seed.

*(Beat.)*

**CARLOS.** You cover a lot of wars?

**MARYKA.** Yup.

**CARLOS.** I've read that reporters get addicted to the adrenaline of a war zone.

**MARYKA.** Many do. Aid workers too, no?

**CARLOS.** Sure. But not you?

**MARYKA.** It's a rush.

**CARLOS.** You ever get too close to a story? You cared about the outcome for the person you were writing about so you bent the rules?

**MARYKA.** I've called ambulances for people. I gave CPR once. Is that what you mean? It depends what you mean by rules? I've given money, I've donated blood in a hospital of a developing country, I've paid for c-sections and medical stuff if the patient I'm writing about would die without it.

**CARLOS.** Do you have ethical issues interfering—

**MARYKA.** It would depend. The only hard and fast rule is not to put my life in danger to save someone else's. Because if I get killed, there's no story. And, for my own sanity, I try not to get too emotionally attached to my subjects, which, I'll admit, doesn't always work. Why?

**CARLOS.** I just was wondering.

**MARYKA.** Have you?

**CARLOS.** I've wanted to, but no. The reality is, I can't: my actions represent FRD. In training, they drill it into you, don't be a hero.

*(Beat.)*

This morning, a woman gave birth to a Janjaweed baby and refused to touch it. It's not the first time I've seen that happen... Fast forward ten years—a generation of fatherless children and ostracized mothers...

**MARYKA.** If they live that long.

**CARLOS.** And who's lifting a finger to help? How hard would it be for Bush just to mention in a speech there's a genocide here? Or for the U.S. to pressure Sudan? Or Kofi? I mean, fucking France has an airbase with planes in Abeche in Chad—right over the border. They could patrol and report Janjaweed attacks. Or Chad—President Deby's got Darfur refugees pouring over the border—but he's afraid to take on Bashir. The U.S. can't put boots on the ground—we shot our capital in the Muslim world in Afghanistan and Iraq. Has to be the African Union. Everybody should just say to Sudan, "That's it—you're cut off." Enforce a no fly zone over Darfur—"You send your planes up we're going to shoot them down"—plain and simple. Shoot a couple planes down—they'll get the message.

**MARYKA.** Well, that's not gonna happen—and if it did—if any country shot Sudanese planes, you can bet Sudan would target aid workers and journalists—we'd be murdered in retaliation.

**CARLOS.** Okay—here's my other question—does Al-Jazeera cover this? No, they don't. Is anybody in the Arab world even going to reach out and protect their fellow Muslims?

**MARYKA.** Libya could, Egypt could.

**CARLOS.** So why don't they? It has to be a racial thing, right?

**MARYKA.** It might not be, could be they don't want to aggravate Bashir, or the opposite, maybe they want Sudan to continue to cannibalize itself, destabilize the region so it's easier to install a new regime—Darfur may not have oil, but Sudan does.

*(The lights go out.)*

Is that—

**CARLOS.** Generator's down.

**MARYKA.** Mood lighting.

**CARLOS.** You know what drives me up the wall?—The level of disinformation on the ground—we talk to Government of Sudan guys after an attack, they say "The rebels ambushed us." The rebels say "The Government of Sudan attacked us." One African Union monitor will say "This ammunition indicates a Government of Sudan attack." The other AU guy will say, "I don't see any corpses, so there couldn't have been an attack here." All this contradictory informa-

tion—you have to keep verifying what the real truth is...—I'll shut up now.

**MARYKA.** Please don't. What time do aid workers generally leave camp?

**CARLOS.** Not past 5:30.

**MARYKA.** Are there any aid groups there at night?

*(The lights return.)*

**CARLOS.** Nobody's there. All the time we hear about Sudanese police firing off rounds—we gave out cell phones so people could alert us but the police kept stealing them.

*(Silence.)*

**MARYKA.** So are you sleeping with someone on staff?

**CARLOS.** What don't you ask?

**MARYKA.** Everybody sleeps with their staff. Or someone's staff.

**CARLOS.** I have no libido here. Everything's numb...

I don't know why I told you that.

*(Awkward silence.)*

*(They speak at the same time:)*

**CARLOS.** I was—

**MARYKA.** I think—

**CARLOS.** Oh—

**MARYKA.** You go—

*(Pause.)*

**CARLOS.** If you came to liquor me up and seduce me...

*(He shrugs.)*

**MARYKA.** I'd settle for a good story.

*(Pause.)*

**CARLOS.** A year ago, if you asked me—would I save *any* life, guilty or innocent?—I would have said yes, my position demands a life is a life. I wouldn't have thought twice.

*(Pause.)*

There are some men I would let die.

**MARYKA.** That's not surprising. You're stationed in hell on earth... Have another drink.

*(She fills his glass. They toast.)*

**CARLOS.** *(Grandly:)* "To less hell...—"

**MARYKA.** *(Off his lead:)* "More earth..."

*(They drink.)*

I don't see a ring.

**CARLOS.** Almost.

**MARYKA.** Fiancée?

**CARLOS.** Yeah.

**MARYKA.** Did she break your heart?

**CARLOS.** No.

**MARYKA.** You broke hers. I hope you didn't just leave a note.

**CARLOS.** I told her in person.

**MARYKA.** Before the invitations were sent?

**CARLOS.** After.

*(MARYKA sucks in her breath disapprovingly.)*

**CARLOS.** What about you?

**MARYKA.** Ex-husband. No kids.

*(Beat.)*

**CARLOS.** You know what one of the HAC guys told me? Oprah's hugely popular in Sudan...

**MARYKA.** Am I surprised?

**CARLOS.** I have a theory—a solution if you will. Oprah comes on sat TV at 9pm, and she's like a religious icon. *Men* quote her. I asked the HAC guy, do the Janjaweed like Oprah? He said everybody likes Oprah... So, my idea is: Bush appoints Oprah special envoy to Sudan, she ends this in a heartbeat.

**MARYKA.** And everyone goes home with cars!

**CARLOS.** You think I'm joking—I might email her.

**MARYKA.** Good luck with that...

**CARLOS.** I got nothin' to lose and you never know...

**MARYKA.** *(Teasing:)* Oh!—Remind her the refugees need four-wheel drive.

**CARLOS.** And the journalists need Scotch...

**MARYKA.** And the aid workers need libidos.

*(Beat.)*

*(They drink.)*

**MARYKA.** What's the worst you've seen.

**CARLOS.** Stuff you can't imagine.

**MARYKA.** What's something you won't ever forget, even years later.

*(Pause.)*

**CARLOS.** I'm sure there will be faces I'll see for years...

*(Thinks.)*

This woman survives an attack on her village, she walks days to get here and passes out waiting at the registration tent. I examine her—she'd clearly been raped, they branded her thigh and the wound was infected. Turns out her English is perfect—in fact, she was an English teacher. I tell her she's pregnant and by the look on her face I have to assume it's from the attack. On the basis of what seems like clear evidence, I file a rape report. Two days later, I'm in the clinic—this Sudanese policeman barges in. He waves a gun in my face and beats me. So I shut up. The policeman slaps her face—40 lashes, the punishment for adultery. A woman gets raped but she's arrested for adultery and whipped—because I filed a report... I didn't know.

**MARYKA.** You don't expect that...that's not your fault.

**CARLOS.** I should have been more careful. Now I don't put anybody's name on these things and I wait to file them.

**MARYKA.** What happened to the English teacher?

**CARLOS.** I tried to help her. She got up, walked out...

**MARYKA.** What was her name?

**CARLOS.** I can't help you there.

**MARYKA.** Please. Her story is the one to tell. She speaks English, for chrissakes she's a teacher—I'm under the gun! I need a front page story or Darfur is buried. There are no politicians here to quote, no famous goodwill Ambassadors from Unicef, not even a verifiable death toll—I have to convince my editor this is a major story... Just tell me where to find her.

**CARLOS.** If you write about her, she might get killed.

**MARYKA.** I have the utmost admiration for you but the UN isn't going to read your FRD reports! We both want to help Darfur—this story has to get into the American and international press, there has

to be a public outcry—but no one knows this is going on! You don't just have an obligation to the people walking into your clinic—there are families still in their villages. If this were Germany, 1943, would you act the same way?

**CARLOS.** You should go.

**MARYKA.** If you change your mind, do it fast, I've got three more days.

*(She leaves.)*

**Scene 9**

*(JAN is in her office, MARYKA is in the desert.)*

**JAN.** But if you don't have the doctor then we don't have a story.

**MARYKA.** I can't get him on or off record, I might be wearing him down. But—

**JAN.** But you don't have the victim either. I gotta say—

**MARYKA.** No—not yet. But I'm close. The doctor wouldn't tell me her name, but my contact with FRD got me the report he filed which has her full name. Here's the stunner—she's an English teacher. It's the story we want.

**JAN.** How hard is it going to be to find her?

**MARYKA.** She's fluent in English, maybe she's working with an NGO, there's a few people with UNHCR I can check with. Give me another week here—'cause once I'm out, I can't get back in.

**JAN.** You don't want to hear this, but the clock is ticking. Because unless somebody else drops what they're doing I've got nobody on Mandela and Mbeki.

**MARYKA.** This is the—

**JAN.** You've got three days left. Come up with an indelible story. Put one face on this that's going to break 50 million hearts.

My other line's ringing. Don't get hurt.

*(She hangs up.)*

**MARYKA.** *(Into the phone, venting:)* I'm risking my ass, just so you can bury Darfur on A-17! Maybe Rwanda rings a bell? How does a black woman not give a shit about Africa?

**JAN.** *(Now on speakerphone:)* I what?

*(Pause.)*

**MARYKA.** Am I still employed?

**JAN.** Do your job. Write a good story and I'll put it on the front page above the fold. But don't let me *ever* hear you say who I do or do not give a shit about, black or otherwise.

**MARYKA.** I apologize. I haven't slept much. I was out of line.

**JAN.** I'm going to forget I heard it. Next time, before you shoot your mouth off, hang up the fucking phone first.

## Scene 10

(Day.)

(A male patient sits on a cot. CARLOS and a Sudanese DOCTOR discuss his ailment.)

(They try to bridge the language barrier by mixing Arabic, English and charades. They have become somewhat proficient with this method of communication.)

(CARLOS points to the man's intestines.)

**CARLOS.** (Arabic / English:) It's blocked here...—mugFOOL. Uh, la-hKEEN—lay—?

[It's blocked here] Blocked. [Uh.] but—why does—

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** (Arabic / English:) He is much—deeDAHN fee MUSrahnnoh

[He has many] worms in his intestines.

(The DOCTOR gestures with his fingers "worms.")

**CARLOS.** Got it. Hoom KOOLahoom INdahoom—

[Got it.] They all have—

(CARLOS gestures the "worm" signal.)

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** DeeDAHN. English?

**CARLOS.** DeeDAHN. In English it's "worm."

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** AYwa—lahKEEN—dee millAHnah deeDAHN—kaTEER—too many—

Yes—but—it's full of worms—too many—[too many]

(The DOCTOR gestures that the man's intestines are blocked with worms.)

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** (In Arabic / English:) No room...mush bus SHOW-a-yaht deeDAHN—

[No room] not just a few worms,

AL fee DOODah—thousands worms...doal ahKAHlah KOOLEeshee... a thousand worms [thousands worms] they eat up everything...

**CARLOS.** (Outlining his intestine:) His intestine...

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** Intesten means musRAHno.

[the word for Intestine is]

**CARLOS.** MISSrahnNO is mugfool by the deedans.

Intestine [is] blocked [by the] worms.

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** (Nods.) AYwah.

**CARLOS.** Can we treat him with meds—ah—dAWaa?  
[Can we treat him with meds—ah—] medicine?

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** Too late with this...DeeDAHN kaTEER—  
laHzeem nahftahh BAHTnoo  
[Too late with this]...too many worms we have to cut him open

Take out worms. With incision.  
[Take out the worms. With incision.]

**CARLOS.** Incision?

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** It is very common. You watch me.  
[It is very common. You watch me.]

**CARLOS.** (*Nods.*) AYwa. Shukran.  
Yes. Thank you.

**SUDANESE DOCTOR.** Mah sah'b, Mah sah'b.  
It is not difficult.

(HAWA arrives at the tent, she looks gaunt.)

**CARLOS.** (*To the DOCTOR:*) Yalla. Yalla. JahhHEEzuh. I'll be right in.  
Let's go. Let's go. Get him ready, [I'll be right in.]

(HAMIDA enters from the other tent. She helps the DOCTOR  
walk the patient into the other tent.)

**CARLOS.** Are you alright?

**HAWA.** I don't have anything to eat.

**CARLOS.** Sit down. Here, take this for now,  
(*He hands her a PlumpyNut packet.*)

**CARLOS.** I'll get you something—more substantial...are you hurt?

**HAWA.** No.

(*Pause.*)

**CARLOS.** I tried to find you. I didn't know what part of the camp  
you were in. I'm sorry about—what happened. It shouldn't have hap-  
pened—it hasn't since... How are you feeling, is everything okay?

**HAWA.** Yes.

**CARLOS.** It's good to see you... Let me ask you something, how  
many languages do you speak?

**HAWA.** I speak Zaghawa, Arabic and English.

**CARLOS.** I'm desperate for an interpreter. Can I offer you a job?

**HAWA.** You mean to hire me, here?

**CARLOS.** Yes. You'd be perfect.

**HAWA.** No thank you. I am teaching school to children.

**CARLOS.** You started a school, that's great. With what these kids have lived through, they get here and have nothing to do but wait. That's really great—but you don't teach all day do you?

**HAWA.** I teach early in the mornings before it's too hot. There is no shade.

**CARLOS.** So can you come here after? We could use you in the clinic.

**HAWA.** I have never worked as an interpreter, I don't know if I would be good at it.

**CARLOS.** Of course you would! I can pay you.

**HAWA.** I would also like notebooks for my students. And chalk, for our blackboard.

**CARLOS.** Done. How did you get a blackboard?

**HAWA.** I asked for it.

**CARLOS.** Just uhh—have a seat—let me get you some pre-natal vitamins and some protein. I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere.

**Scene 11**

*(Aside.)*

**HAWA.** My father believed in educating his daughters along with his sons. When he became ill, I returned to Karnoi. In the mornings, I would teach English in a two-room school with concrete walls. In the next room, Samuel Touli would teach mathematics. When he was able, my husband would make the trip to my village, if only he had not come back this last time. Our son was just uttering his first word: "Kahdie," yes. Even when he meant no, he still said yes.

My first time teaching, I fell in love. All these faces looking back at me. The eager ones with the answers interest me the least. I prefer the ones who struggle because those are the ones you really teach.

Fortunately, Muhammed was not the type of man who minded being corrected when he misspoke, he would tease me and say, "I am such a lucky man to have such an attractive and portable dictionary always by my side."

Sometimes I think I see him. It is a terrible moment as anticipation dissolves into certainty. How do I know if this child is his? What will I do if it isn't?

## Scene 12

*(Zalingei, Carlos' clinic.)*

*(Hamida supervises Hawa as she bandages a patient's injuries.)*

*[Zaghawa]*

**HAMIDA.** *(Indicating the bandage:)* KahDIE. Koolee-ehLOWÉKahDIE. Yes, that's good. Pull that a little more... Good.

*(Back to her conversation:)*

Ooh DZOUmah AYE gihDOH  
The last time I saw Gouma

Miss soh-rehHEHreh-oh RE HAHN-dah-sah gehRRAY gehleh-GHEE

he said he wanted to study to be an engineer in Egypt.

Mih-nyo-NEE  
He's crazy.

*(To the patient:)*

BAH-loh kahDIE oh-koo-roo bahDIE  
Your hand is almost as good as new.

Tohtoh-oh-LOH.  
Don't touch it, and don't scratch it.

**HAWA.** KeeDEH yelloh DZOUmah wohloh kehDEH yeh AH-medhd hahmahTOY eh dehzeHREH

Your cousin Gouma must have known my cousin Ahmed

FAH-sheerray mahdraSSAH lah kor-reh gehREElloo!  
from the boys lower school in El Fashir!

**HAMIDA.** AH-mehd kee boorrh joo-SSEH oh-ay ah gola OR-rra ah gih teeYAH

Is Ahmed very tall, very handsome but he never says a word?

**HAWA.** Miss-KEEN AH-mehd! Ah! tah tah LA ghee-LEH. A goh-loh EH-ye-rrro.

Yes! Poor Ahmed! He has a stutter so he doesn't talk.

AYE tohGOH loh-ho-REE yee haSSAH. Een SHAH-allah behRROO ah-ha LOH-ho-roo off-ooh-EE.

I don't know where he is now. In sh'Allah he and his family are safe.

*(Beat.)*

**HAMIDA.** Kah-mah yah LAH loh-YEH moe-ahss koh-gehrr-YEE, een SHAH-allah.

They are in another camp, in sh'Allah.

OhMARRhee eggee Lay Koteeyah sahl-LAY tahSHADdtee YOOgay gehLAY kee

One of the patients this morning said he is going to Chad.

Behhrr AHahl TehGEE lehKEE KoTOH, ahMINee KoTOH. HOO-doot KeeLEE ehRREHleh wayLEElee AhMINee.

He said he has family there and it is safe, even just across the border.

**HAWA.** Oh koh leh-eh aye tohGO, ee doh loo ah SAH behRAY.

Sometimes I don't know why God spared me...

**HAMIDA.** Hah-yee leh reh REH kah dah woh tohGOH ee leh REEgeh.

What's so good about not being dead?

*(Indicating HAWA's belly:)*

Kahmah yehLLA loh LEH seh behb hah YAHlo teh LEH.

At least you will have something to live for.

**HAWA.** KahDIE

Yes.

**HAMIDA.** EH-beh-leh BOH-rroh-loh HAH-lah eh LEE.

Let me be the child's aunt...

**HAWA.** KahDIE.

Yes.

**HAMIDA.** EEL-leh-ghee kehDAH tah-leh teh-LOO.

Then that means we're sisters.

*(MARYKA slips into the tent.)*

*(HAWA and HAMIDA look up abruptly.)*

**MARYKA.** I didn't mean to startle you, I'm so sorry... Hello I'm Maryka Lindstrom, I'm a reporter for the New York Times, is one of you Hawa?

*(MARYKA looks from HAWA to HAMIDA.)*

**HAWA.** *(To HAMIDA:)* BAHdee KOH-rree-leh-lah leh-AHH-leh wah-low.

Whatever she asks, don't answer her.

**HAMIDA.** Aye leh-leh leh TOE-goh, barrh fra-SEE lah-YA?

I don't know what she is saying, she is French?

**HAWA.** Ah-meer-EE-keer-da-die

American.

**HAMIDA.** BOR-ga-RAY?

What does she want?

**MARYKA.** (*To HAMIDA in Arabic:*) Een-tee Hah-wuh.  
Are you Hawa?

(HAMIDA and HAWA look at the ground.)

(CARLOS enters with a box of pencils.)

**CARLOS.** I managed to—

(*Noticing MARYKA:*)

What are you doing here?— There are no visits to the clinic—this is protocol—

**MARYKA.** I apologize—

(CARLOS looks at HAWA, trying to assess the situation.  
MARYKA clocks his look.)

**CARLOS.** You can't be here, I'm not authorized to talk and FRD can't afford to piss off Bashir. These people depend on us—

**MARYKA.** I do apologize, I'm out of here.

(*She looks at HAWA directly.*)

Hawa, I would really like to interview you about working in the clinic—if it's possible to meet me by the Registration tent tomorrow at one?—

**CARLOS.** I'm going to physically remove you.

**MARYKA.** (*To HAWA:*) The police take their break then to go drink —if I could have fifteen minutes—

(CARLOS is checking outside the clinic. He steps towards MARYKA.)

**CARLOS.** Get out of this tent—

**MARYKA.** (*To CARLOS, as she backs up:*) Absolutely—

(*To HAWA:*)

Registration tent—

(MARYKA glances outside the tent, exiting hurriedly.)

**CARLOS.** I'm sorry I lost my temper... I found a box of pencils...—that reporter—don't talk to her—just steer clear. She's not concerned about the danger she puts us in—I specifically told her not to come here.

**Scene 14**

*(Aside.)*

**HAWA.** I read the New York Times almost religiously in University, at least the sections I liked. In high school I thought, if I am not a novelist then I will be a reporter and travel the world, and then write novels. Here is a New York Times reporter in the flesh...have I read her stories before? All the same, Africans know not to expect anything from anyone. If a truck with food arrives, it arrives, there's no sense in wondering when it will arrive, only that it will come. We wait, patiently, for grain, for corn, and one day, it arrives. But whether or not I or anyone else say we're starving does not make the corn arrive any faster. It comes when it comes. Is the United Nations waiting for me to say that my entire family, entire community has been brutally murdered and then they will act? Soldiers will come when they come.

*(Pause.)*

But...a New York Times reporter, perhaps that is something else.

**Scene 15**

(MARYKA *waits.*)

(HAWA *enters wearing a tope with another scarf so only her eyes are visible.*)

**MARYKA.** Thank you for coming...

**HAWA.** What is it like to be a reporter?

**MARYKA.** Oh, well, uh, it's fulfilling, I see a lot of places, meet a lot of people, so it's always interesting, and I guess I hope I do some good.

**HAWA.** What is the New York Times like? Everyone is in one skyscraper together?

**MARYKA.** There's the main building in New York City, plus international bureaus and others across the U.S.

**HAWA.** It must be very competitive to get hired? Everyone is from Harvard?

**MARYKA.** Not everyone, thank god.

**HAWA.** I used to fantasize about being a reporter.

**MARYKA.** Why didn't you?

**HAWA.** Do you have children?

**MARYKA.** No.

**HAWA.** A husband?

**MARYKA.** No. You'd make a great reporter, you ask the right questions.

(*Pause.*)

**MARYKA.** Did you go to university?

**HAWA.** Yes. Khartoum.

**MARYKA.** What did you study?

**HAWA.** Literature.

**MARYKA.** Was that unusual for a woman in your family?

**HAWA.** My father was a sheik. He believed in education. I was an English teacher.

**MARYKA.** Can you tell me about when you were arrested at the clinic?

**HAWA.** That is someone else, not I.

(HAWA *turns to leave.*)

(MARYKA *steps in her path.*)

**MARYKA.** The medical report said Hawa, the last name is blurred slightly but looks like Ahmed, the chart says the victim is pregnant with a laceration across the leg.

**HAWA.** All of that is common.

**MARYKA.** It says she speaks English.

**HAWA.** That is not uncommon.

**MARYKA.** And she is from Karnoi.

(*Beat.*)

Most Americans don't know there's a genocide in Darfur. A story like yours is what holds the feet of Western leaders to the fire.

**HAWA.** Why are you only interested in me? This camp is full of people and you can't find another story? If you ask me, I think then you must be a very bad reporter.

**MARYKA.** I'll tell you. It's very crass. Our readers are affluent. Remarkably few care what happens to Africans. So why pick you? Because you're well-educated, because you're—of all things—an English teacher, you'll become more than another faceless refugee. If people see themselves in you—the sense of: “there but for the Grace of God go I”—they won't turn away.

**HAWA.** (*Coldly.*) You must be a very fine writer.

**MARYKA.** It's not my writing, it's your story—nobody knows what's happening here...

(*Pause.*)

I just learned the Sudanese Ministry of Women revived an old Sharia law: any pregnant woman without a husband will be flogged, jailed and forced to give her baby to an orphanage.

**HAWA.** You are threatening me with this...?

**MARYKA.** Absolutely not! I would never threaten you! I meant it's getting worse every day... You came to meet me—there must be some part of you that wants to talk.

**HAWA.** I wanted to meet a New York Times reporter in the flesh, that is all.

**MARYKA.** Hawa please.

(*Silence.*)

**HAWA.** I will tell you on condition of total anonymity. That includes Doctor Carlos.

**MARYKA.** I will protect your identity.

**HAWA.** Just to be seen talking to you, I risk my life.

**MARYKA.** If I don't file a story in the next two days my editor sends me out of here, Darfur doesn't get coverage—I don't know when I'll get a visa back in. What happened in Karnoi?

*(Beat.)*

**HAWA.** I was teaching a lesson on the verb go. One of my students, Abdel is confused, "Tomorrow I went with my brother to play." A man rips the curtain, shoots Abdel in the head. His skinny body crumples. He says, "boys here, girls there." He beats Fayza with his gun...she staggers and falls. Her brother Rahman's screams are answered with quick bashes to his tiny face. There were 18 children that day, seven boys and eleven girls. One by one, he shoots my boys. There is a row of stunned girls who cannot bear to look at these dead boys, just moments ago conjugating the verb go. Go. Going. Gone.

They march the girls and women out and we stand in a long line.

**MARYKA.** There are no men in line...?

**HAWA.** They are shooting men and boys. The Janjaweed shove so many bodies in the well it overflows with arms and legs. The water is poisoned.

**MARYKA.** What do the Janjaweed say? Are they yelling anything?

**HAWA.** They call us zirga, nuba...dirty blacks, slaves.

**MARYKA.** After they line up the women, what happens?

**HAWA.** They pick women and girls out of line. I hear Akbena, one of my students, scream for me. I cannot look up. I am holding my sister's hand, something we have not done for years. She is pulled in one direction, I am dragged off in another. That is the last I will see of her, or any of my family alive.

There are six men who take turns with me. When they are finished, I do not know. I remain on the ground as they left me because I am terrified to be found alive. When I open my eyes, I am covered in dried blood but I do not know whose. It is mine—there is a swollen red slash across my leg.

Each night I bury my family as I find them. I recognize my husband by a piece of his shirt. He is face-down in his own blood with

his pants at his ankles. My son...—they have smashed his skull to pieces.

Each dawn I hide in the bush. There is such silence. I see the dead walk, but I cannot say if it is hallucination or real. I collapse and wait for death. I pray for nothing else.

Inside the camp, I wake up in the hospital. I am assembling the events that brought me here—to this bed, this sheet, this doctor. He is asking me if I know I am pregnant... This is irreconcilable. Is this baby the last I will have of my husband or will this child look nothing like him—his face always a reminder?

(MARYKA *photographs* HAWA *wrapped in her tope.*)

**Scene 16**

(MARYKA is in the desert. JAN is in her office.)

**JAN.** Getting back to her—how does she know it's six men who rape her?

**MARYKA.** That's what she said, she probably counted.

**JAN.** But there was no one else with her, no one who can corroborate?

**MARYKA.** Everyone's dead or scattered—I trust her—she didn't want to tell this story—

**JAN.** What if she's embellishing—

**MARYKA.** Are we really going to have this conversation—

**JAN.** I'm not saying it's not gruesome—it's just—accuracy is paramount.

**MARYKA.** She's not embellishing. This is what's here, this is her account but she's far from alone! The witnesses are dead. Her entire family has been murdered, six men raped her, she's pregnant—

**JAN.** Does she know if it's her husband's baby?

**MARYKA.** No.

**JAN.** We need a sentence about that in the story. What's the victim's name?

**MARYKA.** You can't print it.

**JAN.** I want to use her first name.

**MARYKA.** You have her photo!

**JAN.** Her face is mostly hidden—

**MARYKA.** We give American rape victims the right to a pseudonym, how is this different?

**JAN.** It's a common name, you said so yourself.

**MARYKA.** She could be killed!

**JAN.** We can anticipate a rebuttal from the Sudanese government denouncing this as lies. The more we have in print legitimizes her story—

**MARYKA.** You're not on the ground here!

**JAN.** You think people aren't sensitive to another Youssouf Male debacle? Not on my watch.

**MARYKA.** THIS is not what THAT was, and I am not that reporter. She's not a composite! That's why I'm protecting her identity!

**JAN.** You get that this story calls into question the involvement of the Sudanese government in something that hasn't yet been called anything worse than a humanitarian crisis—you have to be unbiased here— *You* think it's genocide, but it's not your call to make, obviously—

**MARYKA.** I'm not making the call—I'm pointing out the facts that—

**JAN.** I don't want flak for false names or exaggerated facts.

**MARYKA.** Nothing is exaggerated. Everything specific is confirmed—

**JAN.** We don't have corroboration on the number of men who raped her, but we do know her first name.

**MARYKA.** This conversation is ludicrous—you do realize that right?

**JAN.** This is part of tighter news standards—attribution in / cases except—

**MARYKA.** This is an exception!

**JAN.** This story will crack this wide open. Do you want to sit here and argue about it or do you want to get Darfur on the front page? Your call.

*(Silence.)*

I have stories out of Burma and Venezuela I could front instead.

**MARYKA.** Her name is Hawa.

### Scene 17

*(Two Sudanese police peacock about with guns. They have HAWA with them, a gun pointed at her.)*

*[Arabic.]*

**POLICEMAN #1.** *(Slurring, swaying:)* Layh HASsehn rraggoh wa khahILOANnee ahna? MOOnoo bakhuhd awahMEERR meen Has-sehn?

Why does Hassan get promoted over me? Who's going to take orders from Hassan?

**POLICEMAN #2.** Hassehn BAleed. Wa Kaman gisayYEERR, bin neezBEH lay leebiss. hoo aayzTERSzee.

Hassan is an idiot and he's far too short for his uniform. He needs a tailor first.

**POLICEMAN #1.** Mahfee WAHhid hah yehsmah KAHLahm Has-sehn.

No one will listen to Hassan.

**POLICEMAN #2.** *(Yells for the IDP's benefit:)* Shoofa ya GOOrood, shoohftoo al BAHsuhl shuhNOO lamman tooGOOloo leel-jahrrayd al KIDib beeTAHkoom dah?

Hey stupid gorillas! See what happens when you tell lies to the newspapers?

*(He shoves HAWA. She trips and falls. She drags herself up.)*

**POLICEMAN #2.** *(Yells:)* Al SHARRmoota dee kaddubuht lal-sa-HAHFa wa asa-at sooMAHT al SOOdahn.

This dirty whore told a reporter lies to get famous and smear the reputation of Sudan.

Hahnee daRREESkoom kooLOOkoom dehrreess

We're going to teach all of you a lesson.

*(He pushes HAWA to the ground and drags her by her hair.)*

**POLICEMAN #1.** Intoo abEED, ihna nehrr taseeb wa nahktool aYEE waheht.

You are slaves, we can rape and kill every last one of you.

MaFEEzool yoowaGIFnuh!

No one can stop us!

**POLICEMAN #2.** *(To his buddy as he drags HAWA:)* Amsik Hasan wa ahktaa rijlu.

Here's what to do about Hassan, you shoot his toes off.

**POLICEMAN #1.** Tabaan hadiss.  
By accident of course...

**POLICEMAN #2.** Al targia rahat.  
There goes his promotion.

*(POLICEMAN #1 fires his gun in the air.)*

**POLICEMAN #2.** *(To HAWA:)* Ya khabyanah. Ana mafrood aghsil  
yaddi baad ma almasik.

Dirty beast. I'll have to wipe my hands after I touch you.

**POLICEMAN #1.** Taarif adum abul-gabeeh? Inta amsik rigil, wa  
ana amsik altaniah. Wahid, itnain, talata, yalla!

Do you know what a wishbone is? Take one leg, I'll take the other.  
One, two, three go!

*(They pull. And let go. HAWA stays in the dirt as she lands.)*

**POLICEMAN #2.** Ana lazim atzakkar abu-gabeeh. Goumi.  
I will have to remember the wishbone. Stand up!

*(They stumble off dragging HAWA.)*

**Scene 18**

*(Two days later.)*

*(HAMIDA finds HAWA outside the clinic.)*

**HAMIDA.** Diktor!

**CARLOS.** Bandages, Tylenol, antiseptic, a bucket of sterile water, PEP kit—in the blue box.

*(CARLOS and HAMIDA slide HAWA onto a cot.)*

*(HAWA is breathing, but groggy. CARLOS examines, he moves the stethoscope around her belly.)*

*(HAMIDA and CARLOS wash blood and dirt from HAWA. HAMIDA cleans HAWA's groin and thighs.)*

*(HAWA opens her eyes.)*

*(HAWA tries to sit up.)*

**CARLOS.** Hey... No sudden moves, okay? I want you to hear something.

*(He brings the stethoscope to her ears.)*

Hear that? It's fast. Twice as fast as yours. It's a...

*(Fast, steady:)*

wah-oh, wah-oh, wah-oh, wah-oh.

*(HAWA listens to her second heartbeat.)*

**HAWA.** Take me to Chad.

**CARLOS.** We'll talk when you're feeling better.

**HAWA.** This baby is all I have.

**CARLOS.** I promise we'll talk about it. Just get some sleep.

*(Time passes. CARLOS remains by Hawa's bedside until morning.)*

*(Early morning.)*

*(MARYKA enters but keeps her distance. CARLOS looks up.)*

**MARYKA.** How is Hawa...?

**CARLOS.** How is she? Does she look okay to you?

**MARYKA.** Is her baby okay?

*(CARLOS crosses to MARYKA. They speak in low tones so as not to disturb HAWA.)*

**CARLOS.** What did I say the very first time I saw you? I said be careful with the repercussions / for them—

**MARYKA.** I listened / because—

**CARLOS.** No, you don't listen to anyone. Not if it isn't what you want to hear.

**MARYKA.** Look / —I—came here to—

**CARLOS.** To get on the front page—you profit off her—what does she get? Beaten and raped.

**MARYKA.** I didn't mean for this to happen / to Hawa—

**CARLOS.** I'm not finished—I've seen thirteen-year-old girls who had guns shoved inside them—when you think you've seen it all—an American idiot walks in and makes the cycle repeat itself.

**MARYKA.** I'm trying to stop the cycle! You're only seeing one side / of a—

**CARLOS.** Maryka you KNEW the risk she took but still you put her name AND her photo—

**MARYKA.** I did. It's not a decision that was made lightly. If I hadn't done that—

**CARLOS.** Then what?

**MARYKA.** That story wouldn't have been in the paper at all / if the story—

**CARLOS.** What is that, your justifi/cation for—

**MARYKA.** I don't have to justify—there / was a—

**CARLOS.** You're a top-flight reporter but I'm supposed to believe something you didn't want to get in the paper, got in?

**MARYKA.** Yes! Wake up! It happens all the fucking time. Everything is a compromise. This is how it works.

**CARLOS.** Was it worth it?

**MARYKA.** I don't know. In terms of what happened to Hawa, no! And I'm sorry. But for what you're doing here, for what I'm doing here—I risked harm to one person in order to draw attention that could save hundreds, maybe more— I hope that's worth it...?

**CARLOS.** I'm here day in and day out at people's bedsides trying to put them back together—but you parachute in for a couple of days—you don't know—you show up with power and privilege—and regardless of your intentions, you've got Hawa's blood on your hands. You got the story, what are you still doing here?... Leave.

(HAMIDA *runs in.*)

**HAMIDA.** Janjaweed! Janjaweed!

(HAWA *pulls herself to standing.*)

**HAMIDA.** (*In Zaghawa:*) Gelly soh-tay ha-jee-mee-lo keh-geray-braitee

Two villages were attacked just north of here!

Lay-kebeh-geeree karr-ray!

They're coming here!

**CARLOS.** (*To HAWA:*) What did she say?

**HAWA.** Two villages north of here were attacked!

**CARLOS.** When?

**HAWA.** She says they're coming here.

**CARLOS.** Who—Janjaweed or victims?

**HAWA.** Oh-ka-ti-ray ke-tee-yah?

Has anyone come from there?

**HAMIDA.** Mmm mmm! Nay. Ki-dah-gee burh-yo!

No! Not yet. My brother is missing!

**HAWA.** The Janjaweed will come here.

**CARLOS.** They're not going to come in the camp. You're safer here than anywhere else.

**HAWA.** They will come. We will be killed. Take me to Chad.

(*The sound of horse hooves galloping over sand.*)

**CARLOS.** That's coming closer... Hawa can you walk?

**HAWA.** Yes. Get me out.

**CARLOS.** I'll take you to Chad.

**MARYKA.** Carlos—wait a second—you can't—if you're caught in an FRD vehicle—FRD will get kicked out of Darfur—

**CARLOS.** I don't know what else to do—?

**MARYKA.** We'll take my car. Let's go. How do we get Hawa across the border—

**CARLOS.** We pretend she's my wife—she can speak English. I don't know, we'll think of something.

**HAWA.** What about Hamida?

**MARYKA.** Can she speak English...?

**CARLOS.** No.

**MARYKA.** We can't take her.

**HAWA.** What's going to happen to Hamida?

**HAMIDA.** Lo-horr-ee tar-ray?  
Where are we going?

**CARLOS.** Maryka's right. I'm sorry.

**HAMIDA.** Lay-lei-ree?  
What is he saying?

**CARLOS.** We gotta go, now.

*(They start to walk out, HAMIDA follows.)*

**HAWA.** Behr kay-tah soo-lay-loo.  
They can't take you.

**HAMIDA.** Bahr-kah jhallay-lee-lee! Lohr-ee Key-yeh-gay?  
Please! Where will I go?

**HAWA.** Eer-eye eggee lahto—  
I'm not in control—

**HAMIDA.** I eh-lih  
I will be killed!

**HAWA.** La-tay-jhal-lell.  
Hide and wait.

**CARLOS.** *(Ushering HAWA out:)* Come on.

**MARYKA.** What are the roads like?

**CARLOS.** No idea—

**HAMIDA.** *(Wailing:)* Bahr-kah jhallay-lee-lee!  
Please!

*(Shots are fired. Janjaweed shout, donkeys bray and the camp is plunged into chaos.)*

**Scene 19**

(CARLOS drives, MARYKA rides shotgun. HAWA, dressed in Maryka's clothes, sits in back.)

**CARLOS.** You'll look less Sudanese if you uncover your head.

(HAWA pulls her head scarf back the slightest bit.)

**MARYKA.** Can you get cell or sat phone signal here—

**CARLOS.** They jam the signals when the Janjaweed attacks.

**MARYKA.** How much proof do people need this is government ordered? That the military drop bombs from planes and the Janjaweed have trucks and guns isn't proof enough? Try your radio?

**CARLOS.** It's got sand in it. It doesn't get much range out here.

(They go over a bump and all bounce.)

**CARLOS.** What was that?

**MARYKA.** Don't slow down to check.

**CARLOS.** I'm not. This doesn't feel like a 4-wheel drive. It's a one-wheel drive.

(Long silence.)

(Occasionally Carlos' radio picks up static and unintelligible words.)

**MARYKA.** I feel terrible about leaving Hamida.

**CARLOS.** I don't know what we could have done.

(Silence.)

Hawa, if I could get you to America, would you want that?

**HAWA.** America? No. What would I do there? I don't know anyone.

**CARLOS.** You know me.

**HAWA.** You're not staying here?

**CARLOS.** If you wanted to go to the States, I could help you get set up. I could go with you... I could stay for awhile.

**HAWA.** This is my country.

(They drive in silence.)

**MARYKA.** (Looking at the map:) I can't tell what we're near...?

**CARLOS.** This map barely shows the road. It's even hard to tell—

(A bullet pings the back of the car.)

Get down!

*(Another ping, then another.)*

**MARYKA.** Drive!

**CARLOS.** I can't get enough traction—come on!

**MARYKA.** What do you see?

**CARLOS.** I count five on horseback—they're staying with us—but they've got cattle so we could—

**MARYKA.** Can't you go faster?

**CARLOS.** Come on, come on, let's go, keep it up, let's go.

*(The car fishtails in the sand and takes off, gaining traction and speed. The whiz of errant bullets.)*

**MARYKA.** Are we putting any distance?

**CARLOS.** Their cattle's freaked. I think they're dealing with that.

*(MARYKA pops her head up.)*

**CARLOS.** I'd stay down.

*(They hit a bump and bounce.)*

**HAWA.** *(Jolted:)* Uhh—

**MARYKA.** *(Jolted:)* Uuunh—

**CARLOS.** Sorry!

**MARYKA.** Do you want me to drive?

**CARLOS.** You think you can do better?

**MARYKA.** I can hardly do worse.

**CARLOS.** Look, I've driven out here before, I'm more familiar with the terrain...

**MARYKA.** I think you should have gone to the right back there.

**CARLOS.** The sand looked better on this side.

**MARYKA.** Not really.

**CARLOS.** Is that a mine?

**MARYKA.** Where?

**CARLOS.** Right there—

**MARYKA.** Looks like glass—but go wide. I highly doubt it, these are fresh tracks. No mines, someone's just driven it.

**CARLOS.** Hawa, you okay?

**HAWA.** Yes.

*(They drive in silence.)*

**CARLOS.** Oh shit.

**MARYKA.** That's a checkpoint.

**CARLOS.** We're gonna have to stop. Everyone keep quiet. I'll show him my stamp, say I'm a doctor, slip him some cash.

*(Silence as they approach.)*

**HAWA.** That's a mango stand.

**MARYKA.** She's right.

*(Inevitable, nervous laughter.)*

**CARLOS.** *(Imitates himself:)* "I'll show him my stamp—"

**MARYKA.** Be sure to tell them you're a doctor!

*(HAWA joins in the laughter. It is a burst of relief mixed with desperation.)*

**HAWA.** My heart was beating out of my chest and then I said, wait a minute, that's a mango stand. Because I was looking away you know, not to attract attention, but then I saw it. I was pounding, pounding and then it's just a mango stand!

*(They drive in silence.)*

*(Aside:)*

**HAWA.** In Farchana camp, I will wait in Chad for the slaughter to end, and when there is peace, it is not far to travel back. Doctor Carlos is crazy sometimes. I can't leave Africa. I don't belong anywhere else. Americans are so mobile, it doesn't matter if you live in California for one year and then New York and then Florida. But for me, I am also the land. The Zaghawa, the Fur, the Massalit, we are used to surviving. Like how you think a tree can't grow in the desert and then it does, we are just like that tree. Two months ago, my entire family tree was chopped down. But I am still here. I ask myself why? How do I survive this first attack and these personal attacks? Allah must want me to be here. When the fighting ends I will go back and I will say, this is my land, the place of my ancestors and I am not moving from this spot. In sh'Allah that day will come.

*(CARLOS shifts in his seat, stretching his back.)*

**MARYKA.** Why don't I drive for awhile...

**CARLOS.** Can't be much longer.

**MARYKA.** I'll drive on the way back.

*(They drive in silence.)*

(MARYKA fiddles with the radio channels. The sound of static.)

**MARYKA.** I think I'm getting something...

(They listen to choppy Arabic.)

**MARYKA.** (To HAWA:) Can you make that out?

**HAWA.** No.

(MARYKA changes the channel.)

**VOICE ON RADIO.** Level 5. Level 5. Four aid workers found dead, STATIC vehicles stolen in STATIC STATIC

(MARYKA tries to get the signal. Sounds of static.)

**CARLOS.** Did he say four aid workers dead? Where?

**MARYKA.** I'm only getting static!

**CARLOS.** Is that today? It has to be, right?

(MARYKA tries to get her phone to work.)

**VOICE ON RADIO.** STATIC STATIC—vel 5. Level 5. Quatre personnes d'une NGO ont été assassiné. Trois voitures STATIC été volé. STATIC

**MARYKA.** That has to be now!

**CARLOS.** Which group?

**MARYKA.** I don't know. They just said four aid workers dead, three cars stolen.

**CARLOS.** We don't know what direction it was—if we're driving right into it? Away / from it?

**MARYKA.** All I can get is static off / this thing.

**CARLOS.** I hope it's not our guys. Fucking Janjaweed have better means of communicating with each other than we do.

**MARYKA.** It could have been Zalingei. Could've been Kalma—

**CARLOS.** Those trees along there must be the natural border—is there some border checkpoint I'm not seeing?

**MARYKA.** Drive until we see one. If we sneak over we risk pissing them off.

(They drive in silence.)

**CARLOS.** I'm sure they're watching us. Tracking us...

**HAWA.** They are in the trees.

**CARLOS.** You can see them?

# **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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