

**KEV:** I catch you later, Habib.  
Come on, man. High five.

*Musa just stares at Kev's hand.*

**KEV:** Come on, man! High five!

*Musa lightly high-fives him.*

**KEV:** That's what I'm talking about, bitch.  
That's what I'm talking about.

*Kev leaves, Musa watches him go.*

START

### Scene 3.

*In the dark, chaotic sounds of soldiers pounding on the doors of a home. Yelling, screaming, furniture being overturned.*

*As the sounds continue, lights up on an Iraqi man standing with a sack tied around his head and his hands tied behind his back.*

*Kev enters with Musa.*

*A woman runs onstage and goes to the man. Her sudden entrance goes entirely against procedure and freaks Kev and Musa out.*

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) Don't take him! Get out of our house! Leave us alone!

La-Takhthoo! Etle'oo min baitne! Joozoo min edne!

لا تاخذوا! اطلعوا من بيتنا! جوزو من عدنة!

**KEV:** Whoa! Get her back!

**MUSA:** (Arabic, to Woman) Go back!

Irja-ee

ارجعي!

**KEV:** (to Man) I need you down on the ground! Hands behind your—  
Sir? Sir? I need you down on the ground! Down on the ground!

**MUSA:** (Arabic, to Man) You need go down to —

Inteh Tehtaj tinzil lil . . .

انته تحتاج تنزل لل . . . .

**KEV:** Wait, what are you telling him?

**MUSA:** What?

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) There's nothing here for you! Go away!

Makoo shee elkoom ehna! Roohoo!

ماكو شي الكم اهنا! روحو!

**KEV:** What are you telling him?

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) We have done nothing wrong. Go away!

Me sawaine shee ghalatt. Roohoo!

ما سوينه شي غلط. روحو!

**MUSA:** I'm telling him what you said!

**KEV:** What the fuck?

**MUSA:** I'm translating!

**KEV:** (to Man) You speak English? Hey, sir, you speak fucking English!?

**MAN:** What does he want? What's he saying?

Hathe shee-yreed? Hathe shday-gool?

هاذة شيريد؟ هاذة شد يكول؟

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) I don't know, they're wrecking the house. They want to take you away!

Ma a'roof, daykhereboon ilbait. Yreedoon yakthhook wiyahoom!

ما اعرف، ديخربون البيت. يريدون ياخذوك وياهم!

*Kev pushes Man.*

**KEV:** You speak fucking English I said!

**MUSA:** He doesn't speak English!

**KEV:** Fuck that, man. Tell him to kneel down. I'm gonna count from five! Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . .

**MUSA:** *(over Kev, Arabic)* He wants you both to kneel down.

Yireed-kum thnain-nat-koom terka'oon.

يريدكم ثنيناتكم تركعون.

*The man and woman kneel down. Kev bumps into a large wooden chest and nearly falls over.*

**KEV:** Hey! What's in this chest here? Hey you speaka Englisha?

**MUSA:** They don't speak English! Stop yelling! You don't need to yell.

**KEV:** That's what you gotta do, man, or these towelheads will fuck you, man.

**MUSA:** Just tell me what you want to tell them and I will translate. Okay?

**KEV:** Don't fucking tell me my business, Habib.

**WOMAN:** *(Arabic)* Oh my God, we've done nothing, but say what do you want? You want to take us all away? Get out! Get out of my home!

Allahoo akbar, ehne me sawaine shee, bess kooloo shitreedoon?

Treedoon takhthoone kulne? Etl'a'oo! Etl'a'oo min baitee!

الله اكبر، احنة ما سوينة شي، بس كولوو شتريدون؟ تريدون  
تاخذونة كلنة؟ اطلعو برة! اطلعو من بيتي!

**MAN:** *(Arabic)* Stop making trouble! We must do what they say!

Kafee tse-ween masha-kill! lazim nse-wee lee-reedoo!

كافي تسوين مشاكل! لازم نسوي ليريدو!

**KEV:** *(yelling)* Shut up! What's in this box?

**MUSA:** *(Arabic)* He wants to know what is in this box.

Yireed yu'roof shinoo bil sendoog.

يديد يعرف شنو بلصندوق.

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *The box!? He wants the box? He can take it, take it!  
Just leave, get them all out! We haven't done anything wrong!*

Il sendoog, yreed il sendoog? Yigder yakhooth il sendoog, ukhthe! bess  
roohoo, telle'hum koolhum berre! ehne me sawaine shee ghalatt!

الصندوق؟ يزيد الصندوق؟ يكدر ياخذ الصندوق،  
اخذة! بس روحو، طلعم كلهم برة! احنه مسوينه  
شي غلط!

**MUSA:** She says there are . . .

(to Woman, Arabic) *What did you say?*

Shgil-tee?

شكلتي؟

**KEV:** Wait what?

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *There's nothing in there! Blankets and nothing else!*

Makoo shee hnak! bess Buttaniat, makoo ghair shee!

ماكو شي هناك! بس بطانيات ماكو غير شي!

**MUSA:** Nothing! There's nothing—

**KEV:** That's bullshit. She said a lot more than "nothing." I don't speak  
Iraqi, but she said a lot more than "nothing."

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *He wants a box? Tell him to take the box! Take it and  
leave!*

Yireed il sendoog? Gul-le khelee yakhooth il sendoog! Yakhthe we-  
yrooh!

يريد الصندوق؟ كلة خلي ياخذ الصندوق! ياخذة  
و يدوح!

**MAN:** (Arabic) *Be quiet! Don't make it worse!*

Sook-tee! let saw-weehch engess!

سكتي! لتسويهه انكس!

**MUSA:** *(to Man and Woman, Arabic) Please be quiet! Please!*

Raja'en sook-too! Reja'en!

رجاء .سكتو! رجاء!

**KEV:** *(re: Man and Woman talking) See that's what I'm talking about.*

*Kev goes to Man and Woman and stands above them in a threatening manner.*

**KEV:** *We are here to help you!*

**MUSA:** You don't need to do this!

**KEV:** What's in the box?!

**MUSA:** *(to Woman, Arabic) What is in the box?*

Shinoo bil sundoog?

شنو بلصندوك؟

**WOMAN:** *(Arabic)*

Buttaniat! Buttaniat!

بطانيات! بطانيات!

**MUSA:** *(to Kev; accidentally in Arabic)*

Buttaniat!

بطانيات!

**KEV:** What? What the fuck did you say!?

**MUSA:** *(to Kev; in Arabic; frustrated)*

Buttaniat! Buttaniat!

بطانيات! بطانيات!

**KEV:** In English!! Speak English, will you?!

**MUSA:** What?

**WOMAN:** *(Arabic) Don't yell! Tell him to stop yelling! Leave us alone!*

Let suy-eh! gul-le kheli y-buttel y-suy-eh! Joozoo min edne!

لتصيح! كوله خلي يبطل يصيح! جوزو من عدنة!

**KEV:** What the fuck!

**MAN:** (Arabic) Stop yelling!

Kafee tsuy-heen!

كافي تصيحين!

**MUSA:** Blankets! Sorry! Blankets!

**MAN:** (Arabic) There's nothing more for them to take! Just be quiet!

Makoo ba'ad shee moomkin yakh-thoo! bess sook-tee!

ماكو بعد شي ممكن ياخذو! بس سكتي!

**KEV:** What blankets?!

**MUSA:** In the box!

**KEV:** What?

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) Take it, steal it, steal everything we have. Criminals, all of you, every one of you.

Ukthoo, boogoo, boogu kulshee edne. Mujremeen, kulkum, kul wahid min edkum.

اخذو، بوكو، بوكو كلشي عدنة. مجرمين، كلكم، كل واحد من عدكم.

**MUSA:** Blankets! In the box!

**KEV:** We'll see about that! We'll fucking see about that!

*Kev walks to the chest and opens it and begins taking out folded blankets. He flaps them open and tosses them randomly.*

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) What does he want? There's nothing there! They're blankets.

Hathe Shee-yreed? Makoo shee hnak! Hethole buttaniat

هاذة شيريد؟ ماكو شي هناك! هذوله بطانيات

**KEV:** You see this!? You see?

**MUSA:** What!? What's wrong?! What's happened?

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *They're just blankets!*

Hetholeh bess buttaniat!

هذولة بس بطانيات!

*As Kev goes through the blankets, he seems to be more and more desperate, looking for something in the box.*

**MUSA:** You're supposed to stand guard!

**KEV:** I'm supposed to do my job!

Shut up!

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *What is he doing? There's nothing there for him! He's crazy! The man has lost his mind!*

Hathe shday-sa-wee? Makoo shee il-eh hnak! Hathe mejnoon! Hel-rijal foo-ked akle!

هاذة شديسوي؟ ماكو شي اله هناك! هاذه مجنون! هل رجال فقد عقله!

*Kev stares at one of the blankets, draped over a chair now. He paces around it, as if it might suddenly attack him. Something spooks him.*

*He grabs the blanket and bunches it up and then throws it just as Tiger enters the scene. The blanket hits Tiger and clings to him. Kev sees this, but nobody else does.*

**KEV:** Oh God, no way.

*Tiger seems to be almost sleepwalking, not aware of his surroundings. He shrugs the blanket off and wanders around, not sensing Kev or anyone else.*

*Kev drops his gun. The woman screams.*

**MUSA:** What's happened?! What are you doing?

*Outside of the scene, a topiary hedge of animals is dimly lit and Tiger walks to it, examining it.*

**MAN:** (Arabic) For God's sake what is going on? Come here! Come to me!

Il khater alle hi shdayseer? Te'alee hna, te'alee yemmee!

الخاطر الله هاي شديصير؟ تعالي هنا! تعالي يمي!

**MUSA:** (to Man and Woman, Arabic) Quiet! Will you shut up!

Suntteh! moomkin tsooktoon!

صنطة! ممكن تسكتون!

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) He's going to kill us! He's crazy!

Hathe rah yuktulne! Hathe mejnoon!

هاذة رح يقتلنة! هاذة مجنون!

**MAN:** (Arabic) What's happening? What's going on?

Hi shday-seer? Hi shday-saw-woon?

هاي شديصير؟ هاي شديسوون؟

**KEV:** Shut up!

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) Get him out of here! Oh, God...

Telle'a minna! Akh ya alla...

طلعه منا! آخ يا الله....

**KEV:** Nobody move! Nobody say a fucking word!

**MUSA:** (to Man and Woman, Arabic) Quiet!

Suntteh!

صنطة!

*Kev circles the chair with the blanket, takes out the gold gun from his uniform, pointing the gold gun at it.*



**KEV:** Motherfucker . . . motherfucker . . .

**MUSA:** (yelling) What are you doing?!

**KEV:** Shut up!

*Kev picks up a blanket.*

**KEV:** You see this!?

*He throws it.*

**KEV:** You see?

*What the fuck is that!?*

**MUSA:** That's a blanket.

**KEV:** What else, huh? What fucking else?!

**MUSA:** There's nothing there!

*Kev points the gun at Musa. Woman screams.*

**KEV:** It's not a fucking blanket! It's him! It's him!

**MUSA:** I'm sorry!

*Kev points the gun back at Tiger.*

**MAN:** (Arabic) Come over here, come over here, what are they doing?

Te'alee hna, te'alee hna, hethole shday-saw-woon?

تعالى هنا، تعالى هنا، هذولة شديسون؟

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) I don't know! The soldier is sick in the head, he has his gun . . .

Ma a'roof, hathe iljundee t-kheb-bell, oo ende museddass

ما اعرف! هاذة الجندي تخبل، و عنده مسدس...

**KEV:** Everyone needs to shut up.

**MUSA:** (Arabic) Be quiet!

Suntteh!

منطة!

*Kev starts sporadically removing his gear. Helmet, shirt, eventually his pants come off.*

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) What is he doing? Why is he doing that?

Hathe shday-saw-wee? Hathe leysh hee-chee day-saw-wee?

هاذة شديسوي؟ هاذة ليش هيحي ديسوي؟

**KEV:** (to Tiger) Bring it, Tiger. I'm right here, ready, bitch. Don't need no Kevlar, no flak, fuckin-A, just me and you. Me and you Tiger, I'm ready. I'm ready!

**KEV:** (he starts to cry) I did it once, I can do it again . . . I can kill him again . . .

**MUSA:** No. No killing.

The gun. Give it to me.

**KEV:** I didn't want to do it.

**MUSA:** I know. Here. Give it to me . . .

Yes. Yes. Yes.

*Musa slowly takes the gun from Kev.*

*Kev starts sobbing and collapses.*

*The woman gets up and starts screaming at him, throwing the discarded blankets at him.*

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) Nothing, you've got nothing, you're crazy, empty, soulless fools, all of you, ruining our lives with your stupid, mindless game!

Ente La shai', kulshee ma I'ndek, inte mejnoon, farigh, kulkum,  
demertoo haeyatne b gheba'kum oo lu'abkum il ashwa'i-yeh

انت لا شيء، كلشي ما عندك، انت مجنون، فارغ، ما  
عندك رحمة، كلكم، دمرتو حياتنا بعبائكم و لعبكم  
العشوائية!

**KEV:** I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *You! Where are you going?*

Ente! weyn rayih?

انت! وين رايح؟

**MUSA:** (Arabic) *I'm leaving.*

Ani rah-aroooh.

اني رح ارووح.

*Musa looks at the gold gun and then puts it in his pants and starts to leave.*

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *You're stealing, just like them! Stealing, a common thief!*

Ente det-boog, mithilhum, haramee, haramee a'adee!

انتة دتبوك، عينا مثلهم! حرامي، حرامي عادي!

**MUSA:** (Arabic) *Leave me alone.*

Joozee minnee.

جوزي مني

*Musa exits.*

**WOMAN:** (Arabic) *Go! Go home you traitor, you thief!*

Rooh, rooh ilbaitek ya kha'in, ya haramee!

روح! روح البيتك يا خائن، يا حرامي!

**MUSA:** (Arabic) *This does not belong to him ...*

*This does not belong to him.*

Hathe moo melthe!

هاذا مو مالتة!

**MAN:** (Arabic) *Would you tell me what's happening! Will you stop shouting, for God's sake?*

Met gooleelee hi shdayseer! Tigdereen tbettileen syah, il khattir alle?

متكوليلي هاي شديصير! تكدرين تبطلين صياح،  
المخاطر الله؟

The woman looks at Kev, now half-buried under blankets.

**KEV:** I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm just gonna stand here . . . I'm just gonna stand here standing guard. Sir, yes sir . . . Sir, yes . . . sir . . .

I'm sorry!

Man down! Man down! Man attacked by . . . Man attacked by . . .

Man attacked.

**WOMAN:** (quietly to her husband, Arabic) He's on the ground. He's crazy. He's sick. Come . . . come, we'll leave . . .

Hoo-eh al ga'. Hathe mejnoon. Hathe merreedh. Te'al . . . Te'al, khelee en-rooh . . .

هوة عل كع. هاذة مجنون. هاذة مريض. تعال تعال،  
خلي نروح . . . . .

(Woman and Man begin to exit; to Kev, Arabic) Go to hell! Leave us alone and go to hell!

Rooh el-je-hen-nem! jooz min edne oo rooh el-je-hen-nem!

روح الجهنم! جوز من عدنة و روح الجهنم!

Woman and Man exit. Kev huddles in the corner, covering himself with blankets.

**KEV:** I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I'm just gonna stand here standing guard. I shot him Tommy! I shot him! I fucking shot him, he's dead Tommy!

Tiger looks at him. Lights illuminate a garden in Baghdad. The garden is filled with large topiary animals, carved out of hedges, but they are ruined, burned and skeletal.

Bombs go off in the distance. Tiger examines the topiary.

#### Scene 4.

*Tiger, anxious, terrified, wanders the garden of topiary. The bombs in the distance cease. He looks around at the garden.*

**TIGER:** *(trying to pretend he's not scared)* It would have been better to have died young.

I'm an old ghost!

There's a gang of teenage rhesus monkeys down at the zoo who got blown up by an IED, and they're carrying on like a bunch of morons, milking the afterlife for all it's worth.

You want my advice? Die young, die with your friends.

It's the way to go.

*(referring to topiary)* I mean, what the fuck is this supposed to be? Animals made out of plants? Vegetative beasts? I've been walking around this city for days now, taking it all in, and nothing was very much of a surprise until I wandered into this garden here.

I mean . . . Who does this?

*People.* First they throw all the animals in a zoo and then they carve up the bushes to make it look like we never left.

Insult to injury. Insult to injury.

*Bombs go off in the distance. Tiger cringes behind a hedge. The bombs cease.*

**TIGER:** I don't know why I'm so scared. You figure getting killed might be the last bad thing that can happen. The worst thing. I'll tell you right now: it's not the worst thing.

See, all my life, I've been plagued, as most tigers are, by this existential quandary: *Why am I here?* But now . . . I'm dead, I'm a ghost . . . and it's: *Why aren't I gone?*

I figured everything just ended. I figured the Leos . . . just ended. The suicidal polar bear . . . bones and dust.

It's alarming, this *life* after death.

The fact is, tigers are atheists. All of us. Unabashed. So, why am I still kicking around? *Why me? Why here?*

It doesn't seem fair. A dead cat consigned to this burning city doesn't seem just.

But here I am.

Dante in Hades. A Bengal tiger in Baghdad.

(beat) You didn't think I knew Dante, did you?

Now that I'm dead, I'm having all sorts of revelations about the world and existence. Things just appear to me. Knowledge, the stuff of the universe, it just sort of floats into me . . . Or maybe I'm floating into it.

But it doesn't help. No matter how much I learn, I'm still trapped. I just thought I'd be gone by now.

Why aren't I gone? Will someone please tell me why I'm not gone from here!?

*Far off in the distance, the Muslim call to prayer is still heard. Tiger listens to it.*

**TIGER:** You hear that? That call to prayer? A constellation of minarets surrounds this garden, each one singing in a different key. They come in like a fog, five times a day. Different mosques, all over the city, calling out to God, voices intermingling in the air.

When an atheist suddenly finds himself walking around after death, he has got some serious reevaluating to do.

*The call to prayer continues.*

**TIGER:** Listen!

Calling out to God in this mess.

God.

Can you believe it?

*A loud bomb goes off and Tiger instinctively covers himself with his arms, and then looks skyward.*

END