

**Due Process**

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Statement of Purpose:

After 9/11, five Muslim-Canadians were captured, held without cause, and handed over to American authorities for 'extraordinary rendition' or, torture in Syria. All have since been proven to have committed no crime, nor terrorism: the Prime Minister and parliament have apologised and paid millions to compensate victims of this paranoia. This work explores such paranoia, and the reasoning that supports it. To investigate how such injustices happen, the play imagines the dignities and fears of both those involved: the 'threatened' and the 'threat'. It questions what it means to 'do good' in a world where all positions are compromised.

DUE PROCESS

*A cell or suggestion thereof. A middle-eastern man is sitting on a bunk, perhaps praying. He wears a dress shirt, no tie or cufflinks, pants of a suit with no belt or jacket, and stocking feet. He raises his head but does not move. A woman approaches the cell's 'door' and pauses. She is dressed formally and conservatively, in a blazer, skirt and blouse. She gathers herself and prepares to perform. She nods to an unseen camera at the door. The sound of a buzzer indicates the door opening. She enters. The man barely notices her.*

*Pause.*

*Over the course of the play she will make clandestine motions and gestures – unseen by MAN — to a hidden camera in the cell.*

*NOTE. Words in brackets are not to be spoken but are to indicate what the character was about to say.*

WOMAN: Well.  
So.  
You're the one.

I knew there were dark days ahead. We have new rules to the game... and I ...  
*we...* didn't set them ... *You* did.  
You.

On top of that, I am... I'm dragged here, here, for the sake of... of due process...  
YOUR due process...  
I've got a lot better things to do and there're a lot better things in this country to do...  
do you know that?  
There're a lot of really good things in this country to do...  
Like take care of my... finish fixing my plumbing... I've got a birthday party to plan... stuff I'm sure you don't give a...  
I can't say I'm happy to be here.

So. What is it?  
What.  
Not talking?

That's not going to help. The only chance in hell you have is be up front with me.

*Pause.*

Fine. Don't.  
This... is new.  
I... we haven't much experience in this.  
It's ... new ground. You can't expect me to just...  
I'm going to be honest. I don't want to be here.  
This whole... new... world that you... that your people have put us in, has made us,  
a whole lot of us really...  
You're testing us.  
Our resolve.  
Our sense of fair play.  
But there really isn't any fair play is there?

*He turns to the wall.*

Fine. So.  
What is it? Hmmm?  
You'll have to say something.  
What? Surprised that I'm a woman?

*He puts his arm over his ear.*

Oh! That gets your back up? Are you speaking to a "lesser person"?  
That is, if you were speaking?  
Is that it? Huh?  
Am I some... vessel, or conduit for the impure, for Satan or whatever you call him?

*Pause.*

I'll be honest.  
Let me tell you something - I'm not very fond of you either.  
I think *you're* a lesser person.

No... I don't but...  
I don't like the way you... the women in your...  
I don't like the fact that you come here out of whatever back-assward sinkhole and we...  
we give you, yes, a whole, new world where you can be whatever...  
whatever the good parts of you let you...  
and then you... try... to bring...  
you don't let go of.... those very ideas that have kept your people...  
the ideas that you escaped from.  
It's hard enough in this land just to scrape off the remaining crap left behind by *our...*  
by the stupid things *we* used to believe... without you coming and thinking OH YES, I CAN TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THIS LAND. WHERE THEY LET ME BE WHAT I CAN BE BUT I'LL ALSO NOT LET GO OF THE VERY IDEAS THAT MADE ME BE... MADE MY OWN CULTURE BE SO...  
BUT I'LL DO IT IN THE NAME OF GOD OR DIVERSITY AND THEN IT'LL ALL BE FINE BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE INFIDELS WANT TO HEAR!

*Pause.*

*(Calmly)* Look how mad, what that... does to... us.

I don't know if you think we're all passive or something, but there's a hell of a lot of resolve in this land.

A hell of a lot.

And there's a hell of a lot of... dark.

Lesser...

Unkinder... emot — (ions)... ideas... that...

Are sewn into the cloth of this country.

And this whole business. Not just the day itself, but everything after... the turning of ourselves into whores, gluttons for natural resources, the... your religion, the women, the laws, YES LAWS as you dare to call them...

this whole 'thing' ...

It's wearing away...

at that cloth... and

awakening... those ideas.

No, never mind. I'm sure it's all part and parcel with...

Your whole treatise... your manifesto... about us.

Never mind. Why would you care? Why do I even... talk?

*She looks at her watch; goes to door; sits. Long pause.*

You'll talk some time.

And... the sooner I hear, the better it'll be for you.

Fine.

If I knew this was your reaction I would have brought some work with me.

Go ahead, burn.

That's what most people want

'An eye for an eye'...

But you probably don't even think that's... (wrong)

'Hang 'em high' is what they say.

And you know... the fact *we have* due process saves your fucking ass.

*He moves.*

OH! Dear! The woman has a mouth on her.

Yeah well, we're allowed to... it's my CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT to say as I...

Except now! With you and your... it might not, we might not have it for so long...

and you know what, YOU KNOW WHAT? It ain't gonna harm me one bit.

But YOU.

You know what will happen? You guys, *your* ass is gonna feel it.

You've brought it all on yourselves.

Never mind.

You want to throw yourself into the inconsequential flames of history, you just keep this up, because, no one knows and no one cares about... *you*.

You're like the sawdust from under the saw when the new house is built.

And your silence... makes your guilt grow like cancer.

I'm gonna do my job. (*putting a tape into a cassette deck, buttons pushed to record*)

This is Mar—(y)...

This is M. Angler recording first session with... suspect.

So;

What is the reason for entering our country?

Where were you going?

Do you have any business in the country?

How many times have you entered the country before?

Is there anyone you were planning on meeting?

Alright. Let's try this one.

Where were you born?

Hmmm. I mean at least that's not something you consciously chose. Who'd blame you for...?

Who are we kidding?

Alright, let's try *when* you were born.

Hmmm?

Is this obfuscation for obfuscation's sake?

Is this a way of fighting?

Oh for chrissake! Here, let's try your name.

Got that much.

Unless you've got a million different ones...

Look! Do you even speak English? I mean for fuck's sake 'cause we can find out...

MAN: Of course I do!

WOMAN: Whoa. Then what-in-fuck's name is your problem?

MAN: I'm not speaking until my lawyer arrives.

WOMAN: Can't you fucking see? What in hell's name did they tell you about this?

*Pause*

I am your lawyer!

MAN: I beg your pardon?

WOMAN: You heard me.

MAN: From where?

WOMAN: My personal life is none of your...

MAN: That's not what I am asking. From where did you come? What entity?

WOMAN: I don't think you're in any position to be bargaining for the kind of counsel... I'll have you know, Mr. ....however it's said... *As-eez*... that regardless of my gender, and my allegiance to the great Satan, or whatever you might be thinking of us, I am cum laude at three of the country's finest law institutions and I am one of the highest paid and highest regarded legal sources on human ri —(ghs)....

MAN: I am not asking about your education. I have no reason to question it.

WOMAN: You want a man, well that's too...

MAN: I want to know! (*calming*) I want to know by what body have you been brought here.

WOMAN: Huh?

MAN: What authority has brought you to this cell?

WOMAN: What do you think? It's called due process. People just don't *disappear* in the middle of the night to be found later in some ditch in *this* country you know. At least... they're not supposed... You have been provided me, by the state. So you can have the best. So there're no fuck-ups. Did you hear me? Does this meet with your... Oh, here we go again. The quiet man...  
  
What is your problem?

MAN: There is no reason to speak.

WOMAN: I don't know if you realise the phenomenally deep shit you are in...

MAN: No.

WOMAN: You don't. Listen here—

MAN: Stop. I have no need of you. Stop talking.

WOMAN: Why do you think that?

MAN: I have done nothing...

WOMAN: Oh right. Then why are you here?

MAN: —and have no reason to doubt—

WOMAN: How stupid do you think—

MAN: —anything, nothing will happen to—

WOMAN: What? How, how can you be so—

MAN: I have faith.

WOMAN: Faith?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: In what?

MAN: Does not concern you.

WOMAN: I'm here.

MAN: I have faith in...  
I know the consequences of my actions. I have done nothing to offend.  
I am in his hands.  
I will not be judged...

WOMAN: You *will* be judged!  
That's what this is about. The judging process started the second you tried to enter this country. And I don't know what... swami-saviour you think you've got up your ass but he won't help you here. I'm the only one that can.

MAN: Yes. *(laughs)* You're to be my council?

WOMAN: Seemingly.

MAN: You're fired.

WOMAN: Are you out of your mind?

MAN: You're to judge my sanity as well? Surely if your lauded due process actually means anything, I should be allowed full opportunities to choose and assess the council that is best for me, AND, dare I say, is free of any inherent biases or pre-conclusions about me, AND, wishes to hold up the said values of due process, first and foremost, AND, will, as I believe it is said, vigourously contest any charges against me to the utmost of his abilities—

WOMAN: Her abilities...

MAN: —AND, as I believe is only too apparent to the both of us, you do not satisfy these requirements.

WOMAN: Listen, you... You don't have a better chance than me. I am the best thing you are going to find no matter what. I suppose you don't have a single reason to believe me, but that's too bad. This is what you get.

MAN: I'll repeat. I do not wish your services.

*Beat. She gathers herself to leave.*

WOMAN: You know what happens if I leave? Do you?  
I don't think you understand. If I leave, it goes to hell. There's new... The old rules don't... We're in a new...a new era. You should understand that more than... *You* brought this on...

*Pause.*

The slate has been wiped clean. You have *no* rights. Or at least in the popular thinking of the boys that are running this show. Hundreds of years of a system designed to be fair have just been erased off the board... and you are so lucky... that I'm here to try, to desperately try, to scratch a few marks back on that board.

MAN: Your system's fair?

WOMAN: It's the best... it was the best — show me a better one anywhere.

MAN: Yes, that's why the world loves you so.

WOMAN: Sarcasm is pointless.

MAN: You don't think this entire business is not sarcastic? That you're being here is not a crude parody of your 'due process', essentially a joke of your system?

WOMAN: If I walk out that door, it will be.

MAN: But your being here restores faith in your world?

*pause.*

WOMAN: No.

MAN: So why are you here?

WOMAN: It won't restore my faith in what... is gone. We're starting over and maybe, just maybe—

MAN: Why should I do this for you?

WOMAN: Where the fuck do you get off?

MAN: I beg your pardon?

WOMAN: I'm here for you. As much as I don't care to be...

MAN: I don't think that's true.

WOMAN: I've had about enough. Fire me once again.

MAN: Will that allow you to sleep at night?

WOMAN: I'm so close to walking out that door—

MAN: I am not hindering you—

WOMAN: Just say the word again—

*Long pause. He does not move.*

WOMAN: Fine.

*She unpacks her papers again. She pulls out a pen. He stands suddenly. She is momentarily taken aback, stiffens. He moves from the bed. Pause. He motions her to sit. She does*

*cautiously. After she sits he moves to the floor away from her. She takes off her jacket.*

MAN: Please, do not do that. *(pause)* Or wear long sleeves in the future.

WOMAN: What is your name?

MAN: You know this already.

WOMAN: Do I?

MAN: You mangled it earlier.

WOMAN: So your passport is correct?

MAN: Of course.

WOMAN: And your address?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: And your country of birth? And your residency? Your age? Family?

MAN: My family is of no concern.

WOMAN: No?

MAN: Do *you* have relatives?

WOMAN: This is not about me.

MAN: Are you proud of ALL the things *your* family has done? Your cousins? Should their deeds and misdeeds be referred to, to legally scrutinize you?

*She looks to a camera.*

WOMAN: How many times have you entered the country?

MAN: I do not recall.

WOMAN: Obfuscation for obfuscation's—

MAN: I DO NOT RECALL. *You* have my passport. Count the stamps!

WOMAN: That is the only passport you have?

MAN: Of course not, I have at—

WOMAN: It is illegal to have more than...

MAN: — at least four, other, EXPIRED passports in my safety deposit box at home. I keep them there so they do not fall into inappropriate hands. You have it! You count!

WOMAN: *(pause)* I haven't counted. I have not seen.

*Pause.*

How many times, would you GUESS, have you been to the city?

MAN: The city or the country?

WOMAN: Uh, both.

MAN: In how long?

WOMAN: Oh. Let's start with the last five years.

MAN: I would guess, thirty times to the country, twenty times to this city...

WOMAN: You don't know where—

MAN: What is the matter?

WOMAN: We're not in the... (city anymore).

*Beat.*

Why do you come so often?

MAN: For my business.

WOMAN: Being?

MAN: I have told all this to the custom's man—

WOMAN: Tell me.

MAN: Very well. I come to buy fabric.

WOMAN: Fabric?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: For?

MAN: I make clothes. It is my business.

WOMAN: And there is no place to buy this in... your country of residency?

MAN: Do I need to tell you, that the best, that the world meets... here, its goods? It is a nexus.

WOMAN: Where do you buy?

MAN: On seventh.

WOMAN: Only there?

MAN: No.

WOMAN: Where else?

MAN: Sometimes I go to the island.

WOMAN: Why there?

MAN: *(condescendingly)* Because that's where the fabric I wish to purchase is being sold.

WOMAN: Who do you purchase from?

MAN: A number of suppliers.

WOMAN: Are any of them from your country of origin?

*Pause.*

MAN: Yes.  
Why?

WOMAN: Could you not buy the same elsewhere?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: Where?

MAN: *(mimicking her)* In my "country of origin".

WOMAN: When you're purchasing, do you ever talk politics?

MAN: I often talk.

WOMAN: About politics? Of your homeland?

MAN: Do you ever go to lunch with your clients?

WOMAN: This is not about me.

MAN: You've never had lunch with a client?

WOMAN: This is not—

MAN: Am I to trust you?

*Pause.*

WOMAN: Of course...  
We talk.

MAN: Do you speak of the laws of the land?

WOMAN: Law is my business.

MAN: Do you speak of the men that make the laws? Their politics? Their elections?

WOMAN: What this has to do... This is a free count—(ry)

MAN: Free to talk what one wishes—

WOMAN: You talk about your—?

MAN: Would you say that is a normal and dutiful act of a citizen—?

WOMAN: Are you a dutiful citizen?

MAN: I am a landed resident.

WOMAN: Are you a dutiful citizen of your country of origin?

MAN: I obeyed its laws.

WOMAN: Are you involved in its politics?

MAN: I do not reside there. To be so, would be hypocritical.

WOMAN: If I lived in England I'd use an absentee ballot—

MAN: But I do not live in England. Nor do I come from here. I come from a place where... being involved ... can be threatening to one's wellbeing.

WOMAN: You don't care?

MAN: What do you think I am? I am no less human. I feel the same desires for a better life for my...  
How can you even ask me? What indication have I given you, that shows I am in any—

WOMAN: I have no idea who you are.  
But... many of your... country... act *less* human. We've all seen what happens.

MAN: Seems little different than... Birmingham, Dresden, The Trail of Tears, Watts, Hiroshima....

WOMAN: *That* response came a little easily.

MAN: One should know one's— (*stops*)

WOMAN: One's what?

MAN: (*pause*) Surroundings.

WOMAN: Why are you here?

MAN: You don't know?

WOMAN: I've seen your passport.

MAN: And?

WOMAN: That's all.

MAN: What am I being charged with?

WOMAN: I don't know.

MAN: What kind of lawyer—?

WOMAN: Look. In new times... They won't, they haven't...

You have been labeled. But... *You* know.  
Why do you think I'm asking?

MAN: There are words for proceedings like these.

WOMAN: What?

MAN: I don't know what I'm charged with, and yet am firmly within the wheels of prosecution—

WOMAN: It's a matter of—

MAN: I believe it's called a kangaroo court—

WOMAN: That's not—

MAN: Or in Stalinist times, a *Show Trial*.

WOMAN: WE DO NOT...

*Pause. She glances at the camera.*

You know a lot of history.

MAN: I'm an intelligent man.

WOMAN: I don't think anyone here... doubts that.

*Pause.*

MAN: Does that incriminate me?

WOMAN: Do you think it does?

MAN: I don't think your country respects... I think it fears rationality.

WOMAN: Do you voice this opinion often?

MAN: No. Do you?

WOMAN: My situation...

*Pause.*

Let's take a break.

MAN: To what end?

WOMAN: What do you think? To gather my thoughts. To try and.... do this.

MAN: Are you tired. Unable?

WOMAN: Of course not.

MAN: My... situation is what is at hand.

WOMAN: What do *you* suggest we do?

MAN: *That* is not heartening.

WOMAN: Well I'm sorry. It's not as if you're the most co-operative... client.

MAN: How would you be?

WOMAN: Stop comparing yourself to me! It's pointless and... not the same.

MAN: Perhaps here is the problem.

WOMAN: Listen! There's obviously something about *you* that *we* don't like. And maybe, just maybe, it's a misunderstanding. But until I can find out where you're coming from, and believe you, they're not taking any chances. Do you hear me?

MAN: (*quoting her*) 'We don't like' ? 'Believe you' ? I hear *you* very well.

WOMAN: Look. Why do *you* think you're here?

MAN: I think that is obvious.

WOMAN: What?

MAN: My skin is a different colour.  
My god has a different name — I wasn't told I'd have to declare him as something I was bringing into the country...  
I am a single, *intelligent* man, with no connections.  
I am a landed resident in the neighbouring country who has left his home.  
It doesn't fit well with you're ideas of complacent citizenry.

WOMAN: Why did you leave your home?

MAN: I don't think I need to answer that.

WOMAN: How do you expect me to trust you if you won't—

MAN: Like you trust me? (*Quoting her again*) 'We don't like'—

WOMAN: How am I to act? I've defended the worst in the world, and I don't trust them, not with my back turned anyway, but I did a bang-up job and I expected them to tell me everything — for *their* sake! Are you going to tell me why you left your home?

MAN: Why should I trust you? It's obvious your inclinations, '*The worst in the world*'. You would play a very bad poker hand. I see how you place me.  
So, why?

WOMAN: (*Exasperated*) You probably shouldn't.

*pause*

I'll tell you why I don't trust... *you*.

MAN: What? Think I'm going hunt you down?  
Have your children followed? And then...?  
It would be so easy wouldn't it?

WOMAN: (*aback*) What makes you think I have children?

*She unconsciously places a hand on her upper chest, grasping a locket.*

MAN: You plan birthday parties.  
And that locket, likely has a picture of such.

WOMAN: Should your eyes be anywhere near there?

MAN: (*embarrassed*) I'm sorry.  
I transgress.  
I feel sands shift beneath me.

WOMAN: Why would you say such a thing?

MAN: You should know... that's what justice is, in... some places.  
It makes trust a paramount issue.

*Beat.*

I've given you *no* reason not to trust... and you expect me...?

*Beat.*

WOMAN: Fine.

*She looks up, but avoids the camera quickly, rising to walk out of its sight.*

You want to know?  
I met a man once. Intelligent. Confident.  
From the Philip—(pines)... from a 'lesser' place; here to do better, to do what makes this land... (great)  
And he was everything I ever wanted in a...  
I was finishing my last dissertation and he was... everything *I wasn't*.  
He worked for a group that helped... women, people that had come over here and were put into... abject conditions, against their will.  
He'd set up places to educate, disseminate...  
What he did was inspired.

But *he* wasn't what I thought...  
His intentions...  
He was using my influence...  
He was using (me)...

MAN: He betrayed you.

*Pause.*

Yes?

*She is silent.*

Trust.

WOMAN: Yes—

MAN: He wanted from you... a different thing... from what you believed.

WOMAN: What he led me to believe.  
How did (you know)...?

MAN: And now it's part of you. He's still —

WOMAN: When you invest everything, and lose, you tend to be not so generous later on.  
Besides, it's better in this business.

MAN: And so you project. Now.  
All of us. We fill the place of this man  
You move these feelings up front when you need to. They assist you.

*Pause.*

And *'The worst in the world'*, and myself, and surely numerous others, feel this  
sting.

How useful for you.

WOMAN: I paid a price—

MAN: Yes. In your dignity.

WOMAN: No. In my trust.

MAN: Only there?

WOMAN: Yes.  
Of course. Where—

*MAN pauses. Offers gently.*

MAN: *(softly)* Your children?  
Their father?  
I mean no offense.

WOMAN: What would you know of children?

MAN: Very little.  
They aren't part of his plan for me.

*She looks at him. Pause. Glances at the camera. Gathers her work. Beat.*

WOMAN: Why'd you leave?

*He sighs.*

Hey, quid pro quo.

MAN: I didn't think I needed to explain to *you*.

WOMAN: And why is that?

MAN: Because I would have thought that you would know about the things that happen in my country.

WOMAN: I would have thought a *man*, a man in your country would have had a pretty good time, compared to woman, or non-citizen.

MAN: A man? All men? Are we all the same? Do you think every man in my country likes... enjoys the freedom to be who he really...  
To be... to feel... to love— (*cutting himself off*)  
No. NO.  
You really think this?

WOMAN: No.

*Pause.*

I'm sorry.

*Pause.*

Why did you leave... specifically? Was there—

MAN: My country... is not favoured towards me.

WOMAN: Yes, but is that political? Cultural...?

MAN: It's my whole country... the way it is, the way of... things.

WOMAN: Are you saying —?

MAN: I am not saying.  
Did your country always like *you*? Your kind?  
Did you always have... dignity to be who you... to know the feel of... being un-beholden to others' plans, to say and be as you feel, to share your passage with those... as you choose?  
Did you? As a woman?

WOMAN: Point.  
Not even now... But see. You have to... *I* have to know what might... get sprung on me. They're going to know — everything. I have to be prepared.

MAN: Fine.

WOMAN: Can you tell me?

MAN: I never broke any laws. I never joined any... groups against the government. I never entered politics.

WOMAN: Never?

*beat*

Where were you educated?

MAN: Why?

WOMAN: Well, you were. It's obvious. We... they can make connections. Often spurious connections, but all the same... I need to...

MAN: I had five year's education in University.

WOMAN: Where?

MAN: In the capital.

WOMAN: What did you study?

MAN: English. Classics. Very threatening.

WOMAN: How, where did you learn about business?

MAN: From your model.

WOMAN: I'm sorry.

MAN: When you are raised where I was ... The business... *your* business practices... your influence... your culture - with all its various attributes, both for good and ill... It's plain to see for anyone, anywhere in the world, that your country does business with—

WOMAN: So, just what you picked up?

MAN: I studied at night, when I came over, the taxes, the accounting. It is rather simple.

WOMAN: Are you rich?

MAN: Compared to you?

WOMAN: What do you know of me?

MAN: I presume.  
You've said enough to.

WOMAN: Have you made a good life for yourself?

MAN: I believe so.

WOMAN: And for anyone else?

MAN: No.  
Yes.

WOMAN: Who do you... who benefits from you?

MAN: I do my duty.

WOMAN: To whom?

MAN: For whom?

WOMAN: Both.

MAN: Charity is an essential element in almost any faith.

WOMAN: Ah.  
For whom.

MAN: I give to the... less advantaged.

MAN: Which, how less advantaged?

MAN: Those without shelter—

WOMAN: The homeless?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: What? Just drop twenties on the sidewalk. *(laughs)*

MAN: You're jaded.

WOMAN: *(slightly embarrassed)* Yes.  
  
How then?

MAN: There're numerous avenues to. One set up by *your* former leader—

WOMAN: Political parties?

MAN: How can I?

WOMAN: Mmm?

MAN: I remind you I am not a citizen.

WOMAN: And that would be...

MAN: Impious.

WOMAN: Oh.

MAN: And I believe, hypocritical.

WOMAN: Yet, you enjoy the first world's comforts.

MAN: And it enjoys mine.

WOMAN: Why are you not a citizen in your country of residency?

MAN: I don't believe in many aspects of the culture there. And I believe it best not to tie one's entirety to an earthly master.

WOMAN: But you're still a citizen of your country of birth.

MAN: As you said, that is not something I consciously chose. I didn't attach those bonds, nor ask for them.

WOMAN: What aspects do you hate in our culture?

MAN: I didn't ever utter the word 'hate', or 'your'.

WOMAN: What, do you not... uh what was it... 'believe in'.

MAN: What do you think? *You* fight for rights don't you?

WOMAN: But that's what happens here. It takes a long time, but it always gets better.

MAN: Yes, one step forward, one back.

WOMAN: It's better than anywhere else.

MAN: Is it?

*Pause.*

I think it's schizophrenic.  
Some rights - that are won - say don't touch, don't talk, don't refer to, don't look at sex without asking, and then, without seeing anything but a blank slate.  
And yet it splatters you from every billboard, magazine, image... like a perverse banquet to be tasted, but not tasted.  
Like a person, but also an acquisition.  
And others say we're all the same and we enjoy the same laws, but we can buy anything if we have the money; law, the indignity of another, ill-will towards whomever.

WOMAN: You can buy this?

MAN: Here. Theoretically. Yes.

WOMAN: But you don't?

MAN: Do I need to answer that?

WOMAN: You have... money.

MAN: Yes. Your faith says it's a curse as well as mine.

WOMAN: You don't know my faith.

MAN: No. *(pause)*  
I don't.

WOMAN: Did you ever give... in your home country?

MAN: I didn't have much then.

WOMAN: More than most. University educated.

MAN: I didn't give money.

WOMAN: Anything else?

MAN: I helped those that I could.

WOMAN: How?

MAN: As my faith instructs me to.

WOMAN: How?

*Pause*

They're going to find... whatever you did, wherever you've been. They have ways of finding out.

MAN: I did the same as I do now. As my faith requires.

WOMAN: Are you actively involved in your faith?

MAN: How can you ask that?

WOMAN: Some people have fervour... great struggles... Some pay less service. There're different ways. How involved are you?

MAN: I am alive. Every man that is alive is actively involved. It is only a matter of how forward or not he chooses to step.

WOMAN: Right. Then.

*Pause*

How often do you pray?

MAN: As he asks.

WOMAN: Mmm?

MAN: Many times.

WOMAN: Are you involved with many people from your... 'kind' of worship?

MAN: You can call it what you will.

WOMAN: Answer the question.  
Please.

MAN: No.

WOMAN: Not at all. No one? Never gone for a drink—

MAN: I DO NOT — (drink)

WOMAN — gone to dine? Been to anyone's house?

MAN: No.  
As I said. I do as my faith requires. It does not require this.

WOMAN: You have no connection to those of your faith at home?

MAN: I have a connection to every other man. It is the nature of living.

WOMAN: Women?

MAN: Man as used in the classical sense.

WOMAN: Mmm?

MAN: All humans.

WOMAN: You connect to women as much as men?

MAN: No. Yes. As it pertains.

WOMAN: Look. You've got to tell me.

MAN: There's nothing to tell.

WOMAN: About women?

MAN: NO.

WOMAN: Alright. Alright.  
Let's see.  
Can you not *tell* what I'm after? I mean, you've got to have some kind of... tie to someone, somewhere. There's got to be some reason... why.

MAN: There does? Yes? Always?

WOMAN: Yes. Or... yes. I'm not ready to believe that you are just here because... because... of some arbitrary....

MAN: You're not?

WOMAN: Look. If there is an arbitrary reason to bring you here, then we're done for. And if there's something out there that they have, that you haven't said, then I can't help you.

MAN: You said it's all new.

WOMAN: This is... ground we haven't covered before. There's a lot of ... tenous-ness, I'm sorry. But I don't know any other way to go through this other than the old way. It's the best we have.

MAN: Because your 'Due Process' protected everyone?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Everyone?

WOMAN: It used to.

MAN: Really? Even me?

WOMAN: Yes.  
Well.  
No. You're not—

MAN: One justice for you... another for...  
It seems rather 'Us and them'.

WOMAN: We can't give the whole world—

MAN: Then what are you fighting for?

WOMAN: To bring our standards... our... look, without them... without... then God help you.

MAN: God?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Yours?

WOMAN: Any.

MAN: What do you mean?

WOMAN: There's... new things.

MAN: What?

WOMAN: I have no real authority on this. But some things we know.

MAN: What are you talking about?

WOMAN: It won't help. Not now.

MAN: So I am in the dark.

WOMAN: Barely more than I. I'll be honest, I'm frightened. They're not going to give me...  
You've got to help me, give me, something, anything, a clue about what is... what  
you did, who you talked... joined.  
What did you do when you were in school? What did you do for your faith?

MAN: I've told you.

WOMAN: No you didn't.

MAN: I helped those less fortunate.

WOMAN: Yes but who? WHO?

MAN: THE OPPRESSED!

WOMAN: What oppressed?

MAN: THOSE WITHOUT!

WOMAN: WITHOUT WHAT?

MAN: WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WOMAN: HOW!

MAN: HOW? I... helped. I don't know what you want—

WOMAN: Listen to me now. This is it. No more fucking around. You're not a citizen here and you're not a citizen where you reside. You are in deep, deep shit. Your home country isn't even going to bat an eye if you disappear. If this ball gains any momentum, you're so fucked, and there's no one, NO ONE IN THIS ENTIRE WORLD, that can help you after—

MAN: Disappear?

WOMAN: YES! Disappear! You know we tried for hundreds of years to make this place somewhat goddamn civil and in these last two years it's washing down the drain. No. If they don't find out what they want to know here, then poof! You might be no one's memory. Nothing. Or worse.

MAN: What?

WOMAN: Nothing happens here.  
We don't get our hands dirty.  
You haven't ground us backwards that fast. But there're other places. Or so I've heard. There's a little country, you might be familiar with it. These guys don't get what *they* want, they'll do it by proxy, and then you're out of here and into their hands.  
Electrical shocks, phalangea, truncheons... It keeps people like me happy because we can't stand the thought of US doing it on OUR soil. But you've pushed us this far.

MAN: And you can sanction this?

WOMAN: I can't sanction anything. Can't you tell? I'm a tiny fucking player. I'm powerless.

MAN: You believe this.

WOMAN: As much as I don't want to.

MAN: You believe *in* this.

WOMAN: Of course not... but there are times... exceptions to every rule... places where such things might —

MAN: Like to the man from the Philippines?

WOMAN: (*slaps him*) You bastard! How dare you? I'm trying to... trying to help... you. Fuck you. FUCK YOU. That's it. (*gathering to leave*) I should tell them that you were a member of every terrorist organisation in the world and you pray daily for god to smite this land. Guard! GUARD!

MAN: Will this help your faith?

WOMAN: SHUTUP!

*She bangs loudly on the door.*

MAN: You won't — (go).

WOMAN: How the fuck do you know?

MAN: Because I've seen... you.  
You keep looking for the control... to make it better. But it can't be made better, without letting go... of it. Leaving it to... well, faith. And that's all you have. In your system. It's the only way you know to fight.

WOMAN: Shut up!

MAN: I'm sorry. I know what that can be like. When the... system of belief betrays everything...or a member of it, a man —

WOMAN: Shut-the-fuck-up.

Please.

MAN: His motives were wrong?

WOMAN: NO!

MAN: He—

WOMAN: Please. Stop—

MAN: Or was it something you wouldn't do? You couldn't... change?

WOMAN: It's not what you think.

He did believe in everything... he did.

He just didn't believe... in me.

I found out after a year, or so... after all the laughs from my colleagues about slumming with the 'tanned one', the 'tropical fever'... that he didn't think... he thought I ... that it was all... a pose. I wouldn't give up my... I wouldn't be... part of his world... So he found someone who would.  
I had the faith. I just didn't know how —

MAN: 'Us and them'

WOMAN: No. It's not—

MAN: So you're still proving to him—

WOMAN: *(silencing him)*

*Long beat*

I can't do this. Tell me. Now

MAN: What?

WOMAN: How did your faith... How did you help? What did you do in school?

MAN: I joined a group. We collected money, supplies, food and clothes. To help children without. We fed, made kitchens. We made shelters. We built schools.

WOMAN: Schools.

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: *(sighs)* There it is.

MAN: I beg your pardon?

WOMAN: And what was taught in the schools.

MAN: Science, math, history, *(slowing down)* literature.

*Pause*

Faith.

WOMAN: And did anyone... teach... about us?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: While teaching faith...

MAN: I never went. I collected.

WOMAN: Do you think they did?

MAN: Have you ever joined anything?

WOMAN: Don't try this again.

MAN: Have you? You must. Amnesty, Human Rights Watch. You have probably a guild for your profession.

WOMAN: Guild?

MAN: A professional society.

WOMAN: The bar, god yes.

MAN: Has anyone, that was ever a member of your group, ever committed a crime?

WOMAN: *(laughs)* We're lawyers.

MAN: So maybe—

WOMAN: Of course — (someone has)

MAN: —and has anyone in your group ever talked about committing a crime...

*She looks at him, droll.*

...and has anyone ever counseled about committing a crime?

WOMAN: That goes against—

MAN: Financial lawyers?

WOMAN: Point. But vaguely—

MAN: Yes then. Has anyone ever said we should just get rid of the problem and bomb the Arabs back to the bible—

WOMAN: Well, I suppose—

MAN: — and would anyone ever tell their children this?

WOMAN: I don't—

MAN: Jewish lawyers?

WOMAN: I suppose—

*Beat*

MAN: I did none of these.

I collected materials for schools, kitchens and homes. Nothing was even built by the time I left. And after that, I wasn't a part of it. It's not that I didn't want to know. Though I didn't. But I knew a child without a home, a home without food, a child without a school makes a worse place, breeds more... ill, than a child *with* those things. Even with ill-will delivered from the outside. The right or wrong way comes from within, and how you move through the world. I have faith in this.

WOMAN: You never participated in instruction?

MAN: No. How could I have? Besides I studied English. What use would that have been to them?

WOMAN: Have you ever supported them from here?

MAN: Here?

WOMAN: Where you reside.

MAN: Never.

WOMAN: How long did you support them there?

MAN: After we founded, for two and a half years.

WOMAN: Founded?  
Yes?  
You made this charity?

MAN: Yes. Myself and two others.

WOMAN: Two others.  
Your name is associated with them.

MAN: Likely.

*She takes a deep breath. She gets up and gathers her papers.*

WOMAN: Right. I have what I need to know.

*She looks to the camera, makes a gesture.*

MAN: You're leaving? When will you return?

WOMAN: Uh. Sorry.

MAN: You're no returning?

WOMAN: Please. No.

MAN: So you'll be working outside... on this?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: But what, when they come... to talk... I'll need my lawyer.

WOMAN: I'm sorry.

MAN: What?

WOMAN: You don't get a lawyer. There are no lawyers in here.

MAN: But you...

WOMAN: There are no lawyers in here.

*Buzzer sounds, door opens. She quickly exits. As the door closes behind her, she falls back on it, almost collapsing. She looks up and scowls at the camera, breathing heavily. As she catches her breath, her hand comes up and takes her locket in it. She stands up, gathers herself, exits.*