

**TRANCED**

by Bob Clyman

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## **CHARACTERS**

AZMERA	Twenties; African graduate student in engineering
PHILIP	Forties; Psychiatrist
BETH	Thirties: Journalist
LOGAN	Forties: Director of African Affairs

Note: The use of a back slash (/) marks towards the end of a line signifies where the next character speaking should interrupt.

If a back slash precedes an ellipsis (/...) at the end of a line, the interruption should come in as quickly as possible after the last word but not interrupt it.

If a line ends with an ellipsis but no back slash, the lack of a full stop suggests that the character is implicitly pointing toward some completion of his thought. Just as an example, there are a number of instances in which the character might have asked, 'Do you know what I mean,' if he had completed the sentence.

## ACT ONE

(THE SET SUGGESTS TWO DIFFERENT LOCATIONS, THE CONSULTING ROOM OF PHILIP, A PSYCHIATRIST, AND THE OFFICE OF LOGAN, A HIGHER LEVEL GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL. WHENEVER A TRANSITION OCCURS BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS, THERE MAY BE A CHANGE IN LIGHTING, BUT THE SHIFTS ARE MOSTLY A MATTER OF FOCUS, WITH CHARACTERS SIMPLY RECEDING, IF THEY ARE NO LONGER IN A SCENE. MOST OF PHILIP'S SCENES WITH HIS PATIENT, AZMERA, ARE OF SESSIONS THAT WERE PREVIOUSLY AUDIOTAPED, SO THE CONVENTION OF SUDDENLY FREEZING THE SCENE CAN BE USED TO SIGNIFY THAT A CHARACTER HAS JUST TURNED OFF THE TAPE)

### PHILIP

(TO THE AUDIENCE)

My mother grew up in Syria, dreaming of escape, much as her own mother reminisced about happier times in Cairo, before her arranged marriage to my strict Jordanian grandfather. Then at 18, my mother ran off with my father who had been passing through Damascus on business from his native Brazil, where his own father, a Chinese cloth merchant, and his mother, a Polish farm girl, had settled years before.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

These are only some of the rivers that flowed into me. My father was an entrepreneur with global aspirations. We never knew when he would suddenly bolt upright in bed and throw off the blankets, his nostrils atwilt from the scent of some golden opportunity halfway around the world. The next day we'd be off to Rhodesia ... Angola ... Peru. You can see a lingering trace of every move, if you stare long enough at my face. Perhaps this is why people can never tell where I'm from. Or rather they're certain I must be from this place or that, but then they move into the sunshine or I step into the shade, and now they're just as certain I'm from somewhere else. As the story goes, one day my father suddenly had to book passage on a ship ... so suddenly in fact that he and my very pregnant mother had no chance to ask where the ship was bound. And so I was born on the open sea, hundreds of miles from the nearest shore ... between a place my family was no longer welcome and another where no one knew us at all. For most people, the word 'home' evokes particular images ... particular smells and tastes. For me, 'home' is this consulting room. I live inside my work.

(FOCUS SHIFTS TO INCLUDE AZMERA)

### PHILIP

So, Miss ... ?

### AZMERA

Azmera is fine.

### PHILIP

And you're in graduate school?

**AZMERA**

Engineering. I've got my comprehensives ... can I just dive in?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I've only got nine more weeks to prepare, and I'll need to score in the top 20 percent just to qualify for a three or four level slot, but I sit down to read, and the words start bouncing off the page. Then I hear a sound, start to sweat, think maybe I didn't really hear it, go wipe off the sweat, pick up the book again, then another sound, just the cat said meow, but I jump three feet, and after 10, 15 minutes my mind is pretty much fricassee.

(BEAT)

Did you have any questions?

**PHILIP**

No.

**AZMERA**

As long as you don't have a special pillow. Do you know a Dr. Patel? I went to him for a session ... well, part of a session, we had to stop early.

**PHILIP**

Why?

**AZMERA**

I walked out. I didn't feel we were making progress.

**PHILIP**

Not one to linger over decisions?

**AZMERA**

Sometimes it only takes a few bars to know you won't like the tune. He told me to put my fear in a special pillow he's got and hit it a couple of times. I said, "How old are you, three?" Then I consulted a very tall woman with a schitzu she couldn't stop stroking on her lap.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Aren't you going to ask me, 'fear of what?'

**PHILIP**

You just described a panic attack. If you could tell me what you're afraid of, you wouldn't be having them. I assume there are blocks of time you can't account for as well?

**AZMERA**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Yes. Dr. Patel said this thing that happened to me last summer was like swallowing poison, and talking's the only way to get it out.

**PHILIP**

Well, he's wrong.

**AZMERA**

I tried, but then I started to live it all over again. My heart seemed about to shatter my ribs, and my clothes were stuck to me from the sweat. I wanted to ask Dr. Patel if remembering can make you die, but his face was all damp and quiverish, so I left.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Do I seem like I have a problem with anger? I feel like throwing things all the time ... and smacking people really hard.

**PHILIP**

How often?

**AZMERA**

Often.

**PHILIP**

Who?

**AZMERA**

Who do I want to smack? Everyone. It depends.

**PHILIP**

How often?

**AZMERA**

You just asked me that.

**PHILIP**

How many times a day?

**AZMERA**

I haven't counted. A lot.

**PHILIP**

Who's the last person you wanted to hit?

**AZMERA**

You. I feel degraded just being here. Getting asked who I'd like to hit makes me want to pick up that paperweight and paste you.

**PHILIP**

Do I need to move it?

**AZMERA**

I wouldn't actually.

**PHILIP**

Then you don't have a problem with anger. I imagine you're a challenge to live with at the best of times, but to call this a problem with anger only trivial / izes it ...

**AZMERA**

Dr. Patel thinks I've got a problem with anger.

**PHILIP**

Dr. Patel is an idiot. You probably upset him by refusing to hit his pillow. One hates to speak ill of a colleague, but his license should be shredded, and he should be shot. How did you wind up with him and this woman who sounds erotically fixated on her dog?

**AZMERA**

They're both in my plan. I'm not sure why they call it a plan, the doctors seem pretty random. My gynecologist, Dr. Bodie, is outstanding, but she's an Eskimo. I don't know why that bothered me at first... like all of a sudden her hands would be cold? She said I had to come see you. She heard you talk about a patient once ... the woman's mind was full of trauma from being raped, but then you did hypnosis ... not the kind where you're on a cruise, and some man with a little mustache takes out his pocket watch, and suddenly you're grabbing the nearest fella with a bowtie and pouring iced tea down his pants. You called it 'trancing,' and it made telling you what happened as smooth as a couple of cocktails ... like she was dropping by after a restaurant to tell you what she ate.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I wasn't raped if that's what you're thinking. If somebody tried, I wouldn't be sitting here with a trauma ... I'd be in jail for giving the trauma to him.

**PHILIP**

I have no doubt. So shall / I ... ?

**AZMERA**

I'm not very compliant. I thought someone has to be for this to work.

**PHILIP**

You don't believe in hypnosis, and yet you're here, because you were told to come by an Eskimo. That sounds compliant enough to me. Shall I take a little history now? I need to determine which of our doctors will offer you the best fit.

**AZMERA**

Won't I see you?

**PHILIP**

They're all excellent ...

**AZMERA**

I don't care if they're excellent, I came to see you.

**PHILIP**

I've trained them myself / so ...

**AZMERA**

Dr. Bodie said you're practically famous. You write books, give lectures, make tapes to train other doctors in trancing ...

**PHILIP**

So you can imagine how busy ...

**AZMERA**

She said you'd probably say that to wriggle out of seeing me.

**PHILIP**

I'm just ... she actually said 'wriggle?'

**AZMERA**

No, but that's what you're doing.

**PHILIP**

There needs to be a rhythm... a certain kind of fit ...

**AZMERA**

Wriggle, wriggle. I like how you take all of me in. You don't make little dying animal sounds to act like you care. Your eyes don't pull back when I look at you hard, and your face isn't damp and quiverish. We fit.

**PHILIP**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

On to the history? Good. The moment you feel any discomfort, we'll stop.

**AZMERA**

Do you want me to say if the palpitations ... ?

**PHILIP**

No need, I'll know. This event that happened, can you tell me where it was?

**AZMERA**

Guyamba, that's where I'm from. I was working on a project there last summer.

**PHILIP**

How long have you lived abroad? It sounds as if ... England of course ... maybe Italy, Northern Italy, but that would have been more like passing through.

**AZMERA**

My parents thought a good, British education, so that meant Oxford like them. I toyed with being an architect ... even spent a term ...

(SLIGHT BEAT)

The drawing was fun, I have a flair, but engineering seemed more important. 'Gorgeous' isn't going to matter, if the building falls down. That term was in Florence, by the way.

**PHILIP**

And when you graduate?

**AZMERA**

I'll go back to Guyamba. You can stick a fork in London, it's done. Everyone grouching about the rich, but it's three o'clock, the rich are in the office, and the grouchers are snookered on Stout. It's different here, all the energy, people willing to step up, but Dr. Siska has a vision for Guyamba. Both my parents are full-blooded Djanatu, so government service runs in our blood.

**PHILIP**

'Dr.' / Siska?

**AZMERA**

He wasn't always 'President' Siska. People forget he has a degree in Mathematics. He's very complex, but the only thing people notice is he's blunt. He's probably the only African leader who'd rather see women get an education than a clitorrectomy. He appointed my aunt to the Dam Authority, and for the past three summers she's gotten me work at the site in Kanguya. Do you know about the dam there?

**PHILIP**

Just the little I've read.

**AZMERA**

How the people living along the river are being displaced?

**PHILIP**

Something like / that.

**AZMERA**

Don't you think Dr. Siska would love to find another solution? And frankly, so what if he's blunt? When you're trying to bring a country of 12 million people with an economy based on the sundial, sometimes you need to get up somebody's nose. It's hard to resent the stereotype everyone has of Africans, because the truth is even worse. Haile Selassie raped Ethiopia for almost 50 years, and millions of Ethiopians still worship him as their God.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Is this helpful?

**PHILIP**

Not especially.

**AZMERA**

I'm trying to give you a flavor ...

**PHILIP**

Yes, thank you. Can we move on?

**AZMERA**

You asked.

**PHILIP**

How you feel about Haile Selassie? I don't think so.

**AZMERA**

To me, it's important ... don't you care what I think?

**PHILIP**

Not especially.

**AZMERA**

'Not ...'

**PHILIP**

You're an intelligent girl. I'm sure you've got an intelligent opinion on just about any topic, and I'd love to hear them all, if we were on a long trip, and this were a bus. But in my office, we should keep to the relevant facts. You were in Guyamba last summer ... your president has great ambitions, noble or not, that many Guyambans find intolerable, or at least inconvenient ... this dam being one. Your family is well connected, has certain ties to the dam, as I gather, do you. These facts are all terribly important. That you find some psychopathic tyrant annoying is not.

(AZMERA HAS BEGUN TO STARE AT A PHOTO OF A SMALL GIRL ON PHILIP'S DESK)

**AZMERA**

(DISTRACTED)

I'm sorry ... you were saying?

**PHILIP**

Where did you go?

**AZMERA**

When?

**PHILIP**

Something struck you about this photograph.

**AZMERA**

Is that your daughter?

**PHILIP**

Niece. Do you remember?

**AZMERA**

She's very pretty.

**PHILIP**

She's average looking at best. How often do you leave like that?

**AZMERA**

Did my eyes go stupid? My roommate, Paula, says it looks like all the fuses blew from the front of my eyes to the back of my head

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Do you think I'm losing my mind?

**PHILIP**

No.

**AZMERA**

What if it's a tumor?

**PHILIP**

It isn't.

**AZMERA**

Now you can see through my skull? If you behaved like a normal doctor, you'd be ordering tests.

**PHILIP**

Fine, I'll order / tests.

**AZMERA**

What's the point? The radiologists in my plan couldn't spot a tumor the size of a truck. .

**PHILIP**

Do you like children?

**AZMERA**

Sure, who doesn't? You mean that picture again? Last summer had nothing to do with kids.

**PHILIP**

Have you ever thought about having one?

**AZMERA**

Wouldn't I first want a fella?

**PHILIP**

Does having one scare you?

**AZMERA**

No, but it must scare you, or else you'd have one.

**PHILIP**

How do you know I don't?

**AZMERA**

She'd be the ugly kid in the picture instead of your niece.

**PHILIP**

Excellent, point goes to you. Two out of three on Thursday?

**AZMERA**

Thursday?

**PHILIP**

At 10. That's my next available time.

**AZMERA**

Can you help me, Dr. Malaad?

**PHILIP**

I don't accept a patient, unless I'm sure I can. That's how I keep up my statistics. Between now and Thursday, you'll feel a bit more relaxed, and the reading won't be as hard. Is there a problem with ten?

**AZMERA**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

No ... Thursday at ten.

**PHILIP**

Have you thought about putting off your exams? I'll be happy to write you a letter.

**AZMERA**

I don't want the school to hear about this.

**PHILIP**

You'd be surprised how enlightened schools / have become ...

**AZMERA**

Thank you, but still ...

**PHILIP**

As long as they see you're addressing the / problem ...

**AZMERA**

(SHARPLY)  
No.

(FOCUS SHIFTS TO BETH, WHO BEGINS SPEAKING TO PHILIP AS  
AZMERA RECEDES)

**BETH**

Stop the tape.

**PHILIP**

What?

**BETH**

Can I see that release again?

**PHILIP**

I made you a copy, here. You'll see why she didn't want the school / to ...

**BETH**

But she's fine about letting a journalist hear?

**PHILIP**

I don't know about fine. I hate asking patients to let me play a tape even to train other doctors, but once you've listened / to ...

**BETH**

How many sessions in all?

**PHILIP**

Three, including this one.

**BETH**

Is your approach considered as strange as it's coming across to me?

**PHILIP**

How so?

**BETH**

What you said about Dr. Patel, for instance.

**PHILIP**

You don't agree he's an idiot?

**BETH**

He may very well be, that's not my point.

**PHILIP**

He absolutely is an idiot, but you're right, that's not why I said it. The last thing Azmera expected was for me to insult another doctor. I said it to throw her off.

**BETH**

You wanted to throw her off?

**PHILIP**

And I succeeded. That's how I knew she could be tranced.

**BETH**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I thought you were going to refer her.

**PHILIP**

I'm still not sure what changed my mind.

**BETH**

No idea you'd be calling someone like me?

**PHILIP**

No.

**BETH**

Then why did you record her?

**PHILIP**

I record all my patients. Inducing a trance is delicate. I can't create the right mood if I'm busy scribbling notes ... but this isn't really what you're asking me, is it?

**BETH**

Do you read the paper much?

**PHILIP**

I'll pick it up if it's lying around.

**BETH**

So how did you / decide ... ?

**PHILIP**

Decide which paper to call? I don't have to read a newspaper every day to know if it's good.

**BETH**

So you assumed / that ... ?

**PHILIP**

Yes. Can we get back to the tape?

**BETH**

Can I get to finish my question? If this story is so important, why did you ask for me? Two of our writers won Pulitzers.

**PHILIP**

They haven't written as much about Africa.

**BETH**

Then why not David Steele? He's been covering Africa 10 more years than me.

**PHILIP**

I prefer your writing. You use interesting, disciplined prose.

**BETH**

I know great writing, and H.L. Mencken I'm not.

**PHILIP**

If you ever interview for another job, you might want to try a different approach.

**BETH**

(INDICATING THE TAPE)  
Is there more about the Kanguya Dam?

**PHILIP**

Yes.

**BETH**

How much do you know about big dams?

**PHILIP**

They hold more water than small ones.

**BETH**

You don't have any opinion?

**PHILIP**

More water sounds better than less, but that's hardly an opinion.

**BETH**

I just want to be sure you understand / that ...

**PHILIP**

That you won't let yourself be used ... that without your reputation for integrity ... I'm sorry, but if you keep condescending, I'll have to keep interrupting you.

**BETH**

You are aware I wrote a piece about another big dam project?

**PHILIP**

In the Congo ... obviously, that's the main reason I asked for you. You're clearly compassionate, an expert on the subject, and I like how you write. It also pleases me you're so clearly aware of who already has a Pulitzer and how you don't. Those writers already have their stories. You're still looking for yours.

**BETH**

A lot of people make assumptions about what I think. I'm a woman ... my last name is 'Rosenthal' ...

**PHILIP**

Understood ... I get a bit of that with 'Malaad.' I assumed you would listen with open-minded compassion, not that there's a certain way Jews are supposed to think.

**BETH**

But you did assume I'm Jewish.

**PHILIP**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

That was really quite marvelous. You mean, you aren't? I'm an atheist, if you're curious about me.

**BETH**

My family's Jewish, I'm Unitarian.

**PHILIP**

There's no escaping it, is there? Just the word 'Unitarian' makes me giddy with assumptions. Our jobs are quite similar. We must never assume the obvious answer is right.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Is it my voice? You've been like this from the moment we spoke on the phone.

**BETH**

You don't see anything odd about the timing?

**PHILIP**

Should I?

**BETH**

I'd like to record this conversation ... do you mind?

**PHILIP**

(AS SHE REACHES FOR A RECORDER IN HER PURSE)

Not at all. Why don't we both?

(HE TAKES ANOTHER RECORDER FROM HIS DESK. THEY BOTH TURN ON THEIR RECORDERS)

Perfect. This way we'll have a copy if one of them breaks.

**BETH**

Pretend you're me. Mysterious phone call, 'hurry, there's a tape, can't discuss it over the phone.' I hear a young, African woman, thinks her own shit doesn't stink, says she's troubled, can't study, which is why the psychiatrist, clearly bright, looks like he's from

...

(BEAT)

... put down 'international' for now. Suddenly they're talking about the Kanguya Dam ... same dam that's setting up for phase three ... still no idea what I'm talking about?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

World Bank lends the money ... think 'billions' ... phase three is when most of it kicks in. Except dealing with President Siska's been such a pain in the ass, the bank would probably love an excuse to cut its losses when it votes next month on the loans, so any negative publicity ... that's what I meant by the timing.

**PHILIP**

These things mean nothing to me.

**BETH**

They could mean something to her.

**PHILIP**

Thank you. Now that I understand your suspicions, they seem perfectly fair.

(AS HE TURNS TO THE TAPE OF HIM AND AZMERA)

Second session, she's just arrived.

**BETH**

When do you start to trance her?

**PHILIP**

I already have.

**BETH**

What do / you ... ?

**PHILIP**

You know, I'm still not sure what to call you. There's always 'Ms. Rosenthal,' or, which do you prefer, 'Elizabeth,' more formal and elegant, or 'Beth,' warmer and more succinct, because if it's all the same to you, I prefer 'Beth,' but 'Elizabeth' is also nice, so 'Elizabeth' or 'Beth,' which will it be?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Don't answer, just freeze whatever's happening right now. I began by offering you a choice ... would you like me to address you by your first name or your last? By the end, the only choice you had left was what to be called for your first. Did you feel off-center?

**BETH**

A little, yes.

**PHILIP**

This is how little it takes to start falling into a trance. I said two things to Azmera as she was leaving the first session. 'Can we meet on Thursday at ten' and 'between now and then you'll relax and find it easier to read.' Clearly, one has nothing to do with the other, but I presented them as a single idea. I already knew Thursday was fine, my secretary had her schedule, so of course she agreed to come. But since Thursday and relaxing were a package deal, she couldn't very well say yes to Thursday and keep finding it as difficult to read. So, Elizabeth or Beth?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I'm asking.

**BETH**

Oh ... Beth.

**PHILIP**

It's fairly simple. When somebody takes control of your options, you fall into a trance.

(FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO AZMERA)

**PHILIP**

So, how was your week?

**AZMERA**

If you don't mind, I'd like to get right to the trancing.

**PHILIP**

Don't feel like talking about your week?

**AZMERA**

I'd love to, but talking's the slow boat to China, and we started five minutes late.

**PHILIP**

Is someone waiting to do your hair?

**AZMERA**

Excuse me?

**PHILIP**

I'm just puzzled by your annoyance, since you're the one who was late.

**AZMERA**

It takes me two buses to get here, an hour each way. All you have to do is jump in your brand new, what, Saab, and say, 'Hi, I'm Dr. Malaad, how was your week?'

**PHILIP**

If you knew how well my brand new Porsche handles, you'd understand why I got rid of the Saab. So ... how was your week?

**AZMERA**

It took me three hours this morning just to get through the chapter on flow theory. At the rate I'm / going ...

**PHILIP**

I'm sorry, did you just say you read for three hours this morning?

**AZMERA**

The point / is ...

**PHILIP**

No, this is wonderful. Your brain's still got heavy boots on, so it must have been a slog, but last week how long were you getting, 15 minutes tops?

**AZMERA**

If you're fishing for a compliment, fine, the reading's a bit improved.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

My friend Paula was reading it's natural for a patient to get all stirred up and start wanting sex from her doctor. Does that really happen?

**PHILIP**

Not this quickly.

**AZMERA**

I asked her, "What if I don't find the doctor the least bit attractive?" She thought I was probably just 'resisting,' but when we went to the bookstore and saw that picture of you on ... is it all right to say this? I'm sorry, I don't know why I keep smiling.

**PHILIP**

Please, don't apologize, it's what you wanted to do. You just finished suggesting not only do you find me unattractive but probably any woman would. I'm still not sure how you managed to convey all that in so few words, / but ...

**AZMERA**

You're offended.

**PHILIP**

Honestly, this is a very positive sign.

**AZMERA**

I know you're offended.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Aren't you?

**PHILIP**

A moment ago, you were admitting I've helped you. For someone so fiercely proud, it's hard to accept how much influence, as it's now unmistakably clear, I already have, since it means giving over your power to me, which of course has to happen and will continue to, just as you feel it happening now, even while the smallest part of you remains proud, wishing somehow to hold off this surrender, and so you make a remark that's gratuitous as well as unkind, and this too is positive ... society is always telling us to be kind ... to hide things, so your remark is really a sign, and that sign is really a promise you'll no longer have any secrets from me.

(FREEZE, FOCUS SHIFTS TO BETH)

**BETH**

You just tranced her again, didn't you?

**PHILIP**

Then I told her from now on, every time I tap my pencil, she'll fall more deeply into a trance. And she can tell me she's in one ...

(BACK TO AZMERA)

... by allowing your index finger, left hand, to slowly rise. Could you let me know when you are?

(AFTER A BEAT, AZMERA'S INDEX FINGER BEGINS TO TREMBLE AND THEN SLOWLY RISE)

Good.

**BETH**

(AS HIS FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO BETH)

How can you tell / if ... ?

**PHILIP**

If she were pretending, the movement would have been smooth, but her finger trembled. Before someone surrenders completely, there's always a final moment of doubt.

**BETH**

How did you know she was trying to insult you?

**PHILIP**

You mean she and Paula were right about my face?

**BETH**

No, you're obviously / quite ...

**PHILIP**

Thank you, I find you attractive / as well.

**BETH**

... but from the point of view of an African woman ... isn't it possible, aesthetically ...?

**PHILIP**

Look at me ... it's a face. I could remind her of Quasi Modo, nobody takes two busses to tell the only person who can help her she doesn't like his face. She knew she had to submit, but unconsciously she had to resist. By acting pleased, I was able to regain control and ... what?

**BETH**

It just sounds so incredibly manipulative.

**PHILIP**

Thank you, it isn't as easy as it sounds. One can only strive to be that manipulative.

**BETH**

And 'patriarchal.'

**PHILIP**

Not the easiest man, your father?

**BETH**

Even that / comment ...

**PHILIP**

I was just helping her see things more from my point of view. This is what people do.

**BETH**

Not everyone goes around trying to trance / the other ...

**PHILIP**

Of course, they do. They just feel better calling it 'conversation.' At least I try to do some good.

**BETH**

So as long as it's for her own good, manipulating her is okay?

**PHILIP**

Your question has a rhetorical shape, which I'll ignore. Yes, I think it's okay. And as long as she scores high on her exams, so does she. The only person it seems to bother is you.

**BETH**

That attitude just seems a little too close to how we treat Africa in general.

**PHILIP**

Point taken. Can I get back to the tape?

**BETH**

How is she supposed to develop any sense of personal agency, if / you keep ... ?

**PHILIP**

I'm sorry, sense of what?

**BETH**

Personal ... how can she face whatever she's scared of, if she gives all her power to you?

**PHILIP**

She doesn't want to face it. It's too frightening. She needs me to face it instead.

**BETH**

I was in therapy for years, that's not how it works. You'll just perpetuate any dependency issues / she ...

**PHILIP**

I must have given you the wrong impression. Somehow you got the idea I run workshops for the Unitarian Church. That girl isn't here to make friends with her inner child or learn to feel proud of her orgasms. Whatever she saw was so terrifying, she had to lock it away. And before she handed over the key, she had to test me first ... to make sure I'm stronger than God ... whatever God never came to help her that day ... because Medusa's head might be in that box, and if I can't face it, she'll never be safe.

(HE SHIFTS FOCUS BACK TO AZMERA)

So ...

(HE TAPS THE PENCIL, LIGHTING CHANGES TO SIGNAL THIS DEEPER HYPNOTIC STATE)

It's last summer, and you're in Guyamba.

(FOCUS SHIFTS TO LOGAN, WHO BEGINS SPEAKING TO BETH AS PHILIP RECEDES)

**LOGAN**

I have to listen to a tape? What have those wacky Kurds gotten themselves into this time?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

We aren't meeting about the Kurds? It's right on my calendar, Kurdish problem at two. This is the third time Eileen's done that. You think I should sit her down for a talk?

**BETH**

Considering how you're Under Secretary of African Affairs, you should probably buy her a map.

(SHE IS WARY OF LOGAN BUT ENJOYS THE BANTER)

Logan, I wouldn't have / asked you ...

**LOGAN**

Guyamba, okay? I'm listening.

**BETH**

This tape was given / to me by ...

**LOGAN**

You look delicious, by the way. Do you think it's possible for two people so far apart on the political spectrum to still fall in love?

**BETH**

Not if one of them doesn't feel any attraction.

**LOGAN**

I'm no genius, but that sounds to me like a yes.

**BETH**

Which reminds me, did your wife's promotion come through?

**LOGAN**

Next step is partner, thanks for asking.

**BETH**

And the kids?

**LOGAN**

My son, Keith? ... 'Could I advance him \$200 as an early birthday present, except he can't say why.' I said, "A, your birthday's not for another 10 months, and B, you just asked for a lot of money, but you won't say what it's for. If I said, 'Fine, Keith, here's my wallet, take as much as you want,' I wouldn't be acting responsibly.'" And he said, "Then how come that's what your crowd tells the Pentagon, whenever they ask?"

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Anyway, Guyamba.

**BETH**

Your gut reaction on Siska ... he a basically decent guy?

**LOGAN**

As in 'to have over for drinks,' or 'compared to the guy he replaced?' Credit where credit's due, he doesn't pistol whip the maids ... he hasn't spent half the gross national product on a fleet of Lamborghinis ... as in, 'honestly?' I find him a pompous ass, but he really does care about his country, and he's trying to do what's right.

**BETH**

And what's right is building the Kanguya Dam.

**LOGAN**

Disagree all you like, you're still delicious.

**BETH**

Did you see The World Commission's new estimate in the April report? Half a million people will be displaced by that dam.

**LOGAN**

And I'm sure that sucks, but it also means 14,000 megawatts of cheap electricity with aluminum factories coming on line, so either phase three on the loans kick in, or somebody in Guyamba better hurry and figure out a way to ferment a few million tons of zebra shit a day. You watch, in five years, they'll be exporting more aluminum / than ...

**BETH**

That's what they said about timber in the Congo, Logan, and it's been 10, so where are all the logs? All I see is a reservoir filling up with sediment and no plan for getting it out. Basically, they built an enormous toilet that does everything but flush. Jesus, Logan, you're the fucking Under Secretary of African Affairs ... did you even read the April report?

**LOGAN**

Next thing, it's right beside the crapper. Can't we just compromise and say you're smarter than me, but I'm right about the dam? Even if you convinced me, Overton's Secretary of State. He decides on the loan vote, not me. The key word in my job title is 'under,' as in I work under him. All I do is brief him on any new developments that could affect our policy on Africa, if we actually had one.

**BETH**

That's why I brought you this.

(GETTING READY TO PLAY HER TAPE)

Young woman, late twenties, goes to school here but born in Guyamba.

**LOGAN**

Any girl-girl stuff?

**BETH**

Logan, I'd pull every nickel out of cancer research, if they'd put it into curing whatever you've got. Last summer she was in one of the river villages, Kanta ...

**LOGAN**

That's pretty far south. Is she from there?

**BETH**

No, the capital, her family's rich. Kanta's a few hundred animist families living in lean twos.

**LOGAN**

Which animists are these?

**BETH**

The O'Tooles, the O'Reillys ... they're animists.

**LOGAN**

I mean, what tribe?

**BETH**

They're Dhoti.

**LOGAN**

The World Council of Tribal Religions just reclassified a bunch of tribes as pastoralists.

**BETH**

Interesting, are you finished?

**LOGAN**

People assume this is a nine to five job ... they don't know what it takes to keep up with all the major developments in animism today.

**BETH**

May I?

(INDICATING THE TAPE)

She'd been to Kanta once back in high school with her church group.

(FOCUS SHIFTS TO AZMERA AND PHILIP, ALTHOUGH IT SHIFTS BACK OCCASIONALLY TO TAKE IN BETH AND LOGAN)

**AZMERA**

My pastor told us 'there are children living in sad little villages far away, and their parents aren't clever like ours. They drink rice liquor and quarrel at night instead of teaching the little ones to read, so if they rob us of our patience, we must ask Jesus to replenish our supply.'

**PHILIP**

Was that helpful?

**AZMERA**

I believe Jesus himself would have been tempted to give their hard little heads a smack. Any simple suggestion ... like planting crops that stand up to the wind where the ground is more exposed ... and they'd stare like you just advised them to stop growing rice and plant gingerbread cookies instead. They liked hearing stories from the Bible, although the idea that God could be everywhere at once struck them as stupid. Their Gods are local. They'll pray to any ragged patch of weeds, if it grew along their river. That's why they'd rather nearly starve each winter than move to where they'll be given two decent hectares of land. They like to wash in their own urine, can you imagine?

**PHILIP**

It must have seemed like another world.

**AZMERA**

They think a good soak toughens the skin, but it doesn't exactly make you want to snuggle up close to them at night.

**PHILIP**

So the thought of going back there ... ?

**AZMERA**

At least they knew me. So last summer when I saw Kanta was on the list of villages that had to move because of the dam ...

(FOCUS SHIFTS TO BETH AND LOGAN)

**BETH**

The Kanguya.

**LOGAN**

What do she and the dam have to do / with ... ?

**BETH**

I'm going to skip ahead to last summer. She's at a restaurant, just spent most of dinner telling a friend why Guyamba needs the dam. She's so worked up she starts trying to convince the woman who's clearing the plates.

(FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO PHILIP AND AZMERA)

**AZMERA**

My friend says, "Let the poor woman do her job, she just wants to go home," but later the woman grabbed my sleeve to thank me ... 'she wasn't afraid of the dam any more ... if only the government had sent someone like me to explain in the first place.'

(FOCUS SHIFTS QUICKLY TO BETH AND LOGAN)

**BETH**

She'd just seen Kanta on that list of villages the trucks were going to move, so between the list and now this woman ...

(FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO AZMERA AND PHILIP)

**AZMERA**

I decided to go. The police had gone to another village about the dam, and the Dhotei there threw rocks. The government was afraid hostages could be next, so travel anywhere south of Kumatta was strictly forbidden. I knew I'd be breaking the law, but I figured, 'If I'm willing to risk it, and besides nothing bad ever happens to me.' So I made up an excuse for people at work why I needed a few days and took a bus to Kumatta. I hired a driver, but then the roads got so bad, I had to walk the last two kilometers along a path.

**PHILIP**

And as you enter the village, what's the first thing you see?

**AZMERA**

Chickens ... they've come out to greet me.

**PHILIP**

And the people who come to see why all the racket ...?

**AZMERA**

Bring me straight to Malik ... he's the chief elder. I've brought him roasted cashew nuts and long, black ribbons of licorice from Kumatta, which he always adored. He says the trucks could be arriving any day, the men have taken up arms, and I say no, everyone should disarm and prepare to leave with the trucks.

**PHILIP**

Malik isn't pleased with your advice.

**AZMERA**

He puts the tip of two fingers to his lips and blows. The elders must never be more than a finger whistle away, and in what seems like an instant, they convene ... full of rage. I say 'I was here once, I brought you special seeds.' They say 'we don't remember, we don't care, has the government sent me to trick them, why am I here?!' Suddenly my mind is frozen, I can't speak, but then I hear my voice, confident and clear, and now we're talking, really talking. They don't want to fight the army, they know they'll lose ... if the officials will only listen to their concerns ...

**PHILIP**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

What is it?

**AZMERA**

A sound. It's so distant we can barely hear, but everyone turns at once. We all know it's the trucks.

**PHILIP**

Notice your neck and your shoulders, please. Where is most of the tension?

**AZMERA**

My neck. I think the sound ...

**PHILIP**

Forget the trucks. Is it starting to spread across your back?

**AZMERA**

A little.

**PHILIP**

I want you to recall the first time you ever dove into a mountain lake. Are you recalling it, please?

**AZMERA**

Yes.

**PHILIP**

You didn't think water could be so cold, and you screamed, 'I can't stand it' ... do you remember thinking that?

**AZMERA**

Yes.

**PHILIP**

There was no way you could stand it, but of course you could ... even before you were finished screaming, you realized you could. Just as you're realizing right now it's possible to stand this. Now please return to the sound of the trucks.

**AZMERA**

I explain to Malik how I've broken the law to be there, and he shows me a place I can hide in the brush.

**PHILIP**

Where no one can see you?

**AZMERA**

No, but I can see them, and Kofi's face is angry.

**PHILIP**

Kofi?

**AZMERA**

I always liked him, he had the nicest smile, but now his lips are thin. They're pressed almost white against his teeth, and his face is twisted into an angry knot. It must be something the officer said.

**PHILIP**

Officer?

**AZMERA**

The police officer from one of the trucks. Something seems odd about the trucks.

**PHILIP**

You see trucks?

**AZMERA**

(SHARPLY)

I already said there were trucks.

**PHILIP**

(SLIGHT BEAT)  
What is the officer doing right now?

**AZMERA**

Looking away. He doesn't see Kofi pick up an axe and raise it far above his head. Kofi starts running in his direction.

**PHILIP**

Does the officer see?

**AZMERA**

No. But another officer does and fires a pistol. Kofi crumples to the ground. The back of his head is gone.

**PHILIP**

(SLIGHT BEAT)  
And then?

**AZMERA**

In the confusion, two more people were shot. Some others, probably 20 in all, scattered into the forest. But most of them stayed, and the policeman in charge was able to calm them down. Then they got into the trucks in an orderly way, and the trucks drove off.

**PHILIP**

Azmera ... can you tell me what happened from the moment you first heard the trucks until they actually arrived?

(SLIGHT BEAT)  
You don't remember, do you?

**AZMERA**

(SLIGHT BEAT)  
No.

**PHILIP**

How did you get away?

**AZMERA**

I waited until the trucks were gone.

**PHILIP**

After they drove away?

**AZMERA**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Yes.

**PHILIP**

Do you remember actually seeing them drive away?

**AZMERA**

No ... one moment I'm hiding in the brush ... then the sun is coming up, and I'm back on the path, running. Then I'm in Kumatta ... no, first a car, then Kumatta catching a bus. Someone behind me says "Thank God it's Friday" ... what does she mean, 'Friday?' Somehow I've lost a day. I pick up a newspaper somebody left and it's right there, 'three people dead in Kanta,' exactly what I saw.

**PHILIP**

You've never told anyone?

**AZMERA**

I broke the law ... there was no one I could tell.

**PHILIP**

Until now.

**AZMERA**

I've been so frightened.

**PHILIP**

You have me now. You're safe.

(FOCUS SHIFTS, AS PHILIP TURNS TO BETH)

**PHILIP**

Silence ... she puts on her coat and she leaves. Now the final session ...

**BETH**

While we're stopped ...

(BEAT)

Look, I understand how disturbing ... but she said it herself ... this is basically what came over the wire three months ago. It isn't news.

**PHILIP**

Just listen.

(FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO PHILIP AND AZMERA)

**AZMERA**

(SPEAKING RAPIDLY)

My friend, Paula ... she's from Mali, took her concentration in French, so her English ... she can barely say 'pass the pepper,' but she thinks, just because we're both African, I should be willing to translate ... I find it very annoying ... so I thought / I would ...

**PHILIP**

Why are you wasting my time with this drivel?

**AZMERA**

Sorry?

**PHILIP**

Tell me what's wrong.

**AZMERA**

Actually, I feel pretty good. I'm going to call Dr. Bodie and thank her ... telling you what happened was all it took. I really only came in to say good-bye.

**PHILIP**

You look like something the cat threw up.

**AZMERA**

Nice.

**PHILIP**

Have you slept at all since you were here?

**AZMERA**

Like a little lamb.

**PHILIP**

It's all right if you're angry ... I've been pushing you very hard.

**AZMERA**

Did your ears stop working? I'm fixed. And so what if it's drivel? Drivel's what people say when their minds aren't full of how someone got shot.

**PHILIP**

I hope you're not planning to get up and leave, because that's not going to happen.

**AZMERA**

If I want to ... excuse me? What gives you the right to speak to me / as if I'm a child ...

**PHILIP**

I'm your doctor, I'll speak to you however I like. If I think you need a spank on the bottom ... look at me.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I said look at / me!

**AZMERA**

You lied to me!

(BEAT)

You said the trancing would make me better. I'm getting worse.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I thought once I got out the poison ...

**PHILIP**

You didn't. It's still inside.

**AZMERA**

I don't understand.

(FREEZE. FOCUS SHIFTS TO BETH)

**BETH**

Me neither.

**PHILIP**

What was your first reaction when you heard Kofi was killed?

**BETH**

Shocked, I guess.

**PHILIP**

As if you were there? Try to remember exactly.

**BETH**

All right, as if I were there.

**PHILIP**

How about the two people killed after him?

**BETH**

I guess by then the initial / shock ...

**PHILIP**

You didn't feel anything, did you? With Kofi, there were details ... how his lips were thin ... how he held the axe ... but when the others ... here, listen again ...

(HE QUICKLY CUES TAPE BACK TO AN EARLIER POINT. AS HE STARTS TO PLAY IT, FOCUS SHIFTS TO AZMERA)

**AZMERA**

'In the confusion, two more people were shot. Some others, probably 20 in all, scattered into the forest. But most of them stayed, and the policeman in charge was able to calm them down. Then they got into the trucks in an orderly way, and the trucks drove off.'

(HE STOPS THE TAPE. FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO BETH)

**PHILIP**

For the first time, she's speaking in the past tense. It almost sounds like she's reading from the wire report. Why?

**BETH**

You tell me.

**PHILIP**

It was the wire report.

(HE HANDS A COPY TO HER)

This is what every paper reported ... same thing she must have read going back on the bus. The only thing different in her story was Kofi. That part made you feel something, because it seemed so true. What if it's the only part of her story that was?

**BETH**

So she ... ? I still don't / understand what ...

**PHILIP**

Imagine her after the trucks go ... alone, terrified, running ... her mind's got a huge, dark, ragged hole where she ripped out something she saw that day and buried it somewhere deep. Then she gets on the bus, sees the newspaper report, and starts filling in the hole.

**BETH**

So now she can't tell difference between what she read and what she saw?

**PHILIP**

Not in the sense of ...

(AS BETH STANDS)

... where are you / going?

**BETH**

You told me this girl had a story.

**PHILIP**

I'm just trying to explain how memory can be layered ...

**BETH**

I'm a journalist, Dr. Malaad. I write stories. A good story has layers ... it isn't about layers.

**PHILIP**

Forgive me, I haven't been clear.

**BETH**

You've been very clear. Her story isn't reliable.

**PHILIP**

This is a fault of mine, I make everything too complex ... sit down again, please. The tape will clarify / everything.

**BETH**

You're an interesting man, really ... I just don't / think ...

**PHILIP**

You mustn't leave / until ...

**BETH**

Or what, you'll spank my bottom, too?

**PHILIP**

I was only / trying ...

**BETH**

Truthfully, I was stunned to hear you speak to a patient / that way ...

**PHILIP**

This is not the conversation we need to have!

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Believe her story or not, but allow her to finish it, please.

(FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO AZMERA AND PHILIP. HE TAPS THE  
PENCIL, AND LIGHT CHANGES)

**PHILIP**

We need to go back to that day in Kanta. Do you understand why?

**AZMERA**

To find the real poison.

**PHILIP**

When I tap the pencil again, it will be as if I've given you anaesthesia ... you won't remember anything you've told me after we're through. Do you believe I can do that with just the tap of a pencil?

**AZMERA**

Yes.

**PHILIP**

This time you'll watch everything you're describing to me, as if it's a film, and you're seeing it over here on a screen. You're picturing the screen?

**AZMERA**

Yes.

**PHILIP**

You've been to films, I'm sure, that were full of suspense, where it seemed as if any moment something bad could happen, people could get hurt. And yet you were never really afraid, because it was only a film. Soon the lights would be coming back on, and you'd be off somewhere pleasant, enjoying a meal with your friends ... already forgetting the bad things you saw.

(PHILIP TAPS THE PENCIL, AND THE LIGHTING CHANGES)

Now can you take us to that part of the film, where the trucks have arrived.

(HE TAPS THE PENCIL AGAIN, AND THE PREVIOUS CHANGE INTENSIFIES. MUTED SOUNDS OF VILLAGE LIFE CAN NOW BE HEARD, CONSISTENT WITH THE SCENE, AS IT'S DESCRIBED)

'Something seems odd about the trucks.'

**AZMERA**

There's no time to think about that now. First, I need to hide.

**PHILIP**

In the tall grass ... and from there, what do you see?

**AZMERA**

A man from the lead truck addressing Malik.

**PHILIP**

The man's a police officer?

**AZMERA**

No, he's too well-spoken, he sounds ... Djanatu.

**PHILIP**

Do you see anyone else?

**AZMERA**

A few officers are near him, standing at ease. The drivers are sitting with their backs against the tires, enjoying the sun.

**PHILIP**

What does the man say to Malik?

**AZMERA**

That President Siska grieves over asking the good people of Kanta to move, so he has sent this man, this Djanatu man all the way from the capital to explain what President Siska wishes to offer them in return. A summoning call goes out, and the entire village gathers. I'd only seen everyone together one other time, a special prayer day ... and I'm reminded how Kanta is an actual village, not just families who are scattered along the same river by chance.

**PHILIP**

And now that they've gathered?

**AZMERA**

Malik asks the official what their new river will be like ... is the soil alongside it rich enough for melons and sweet potatoes to ... ?

**PHILIP**

(AS AZMERA SMILES)

Suddenly something catches your eye.

**AZMERA**

A little girl, she can't be older than five ... she's pointing at the official's cap. The cap is so white, it almost gleams, and she asks to wear it. The official laughs, they all do, and he says she can but only if she promises to be as quiet as a baby mouse in the back of a church, while the grownups talk.'

**PHILIP**

The little girl promises ...

**AZMERA**

And on goes the cap. Malik wants to know how many people already live along the new river ... what their Gods are like, and is he sure enough fish swim in the river to feed all those people and the Dhoti, too? The official says he's sorry, but there will be no river. Malik doesn't understand ... what good is land with no river? The official says 'There will be no land.'

(FOCUS EXPANDS TO INCLUDES BETH, AS AZMERA CONTINUES)

**BETH**

What?

**AZMERA**

People begin to stir, and Malik's voice is harder now ... 'If this is what you came all this way to offer' ... And suddenly I realize what was odd about the trucks ...

**PHILIP**

Azmera, I'm going to turn on the lights / now ...

**AZMERA**

... There are only three. How can they move an entire village with only three trucks? The official reaches into his pocket, he's ready to tell them the offer, and I know the next time I see his hand ...

**PHILIP**

The film is over / now ...

**AZMERA**

... it will be holding a knife. And now he's turning the knife slowly in front of him, like a teacher showing children how to slice ...

**PHILIP**

Azmera, don't look ...

**AZMERA**

... and in a single motion, he cuts the little girl's throat.

(FOCUS INCLUDES LOGAN NOW AS WELL AS BETH)

**LOGAN**

What?!

**AZMERA**

I wait for the world to explode, but nothing happens, no one moves, even the little girl is still smiling. Only I see the line across her throat, getting brighter, more red, I and Kofi, her father, he sees it too ... he has an axe in the air ... an officer fires ... I see his head ... and now the world is exploding, the trucks have become alive ... officers with machine guns, leaping from under the tarpaulins, too many to count ... people I remember from the village long ago now shredding into tiny, ragged pieces, and I'm running ... I close my eyes, I don't look back, but the river's still there, inside me, screaming with blood.

(BUILDING UNDERNEATH THE LAST PART OF HER SPEECH, THERE HAS BEEN THE ROAR OF TRUCK ENGINES TURNING OVER. THE SOUND FADES)

(TWO DAYS LATER. FOCUS ON BETH & LOGAN)

**LOGAN**

I thought she signed a release.

**BETH**

So I could hear the tape, not interview her.

**LOGAN**

And she's refusing to discuss it?

**BETH**

Not refusing ... she has no idea there's anything to discuss. She still thinks all that happened is three people died, and it wasn't the officers' fault. Dr. Malaad said now he can begin to help her remember without being tranced. Then I'll be able to talk with her, but he needs a couple of weeks.

**LOGAN**

She's a voice on a tape. She could be anyone ... or no one ... some new kind of high tech, virtual African.

**BETH**

Dr. Malaad took a history. Family ... school ... it all checks out.

**LOGAN**

You want me to face off with Siska over something an unidentified girl said in a trance.

**BETH**

I played the tape for two other psychiatrists ... Harvard, Yale ... they believe her.

**LOGAN**

You never met an idiot who went to Yale?

**BETH**

Ask your own shrinks, Malaad is the best.

**LOGAN**

Nobody else from the village confirmed it.

**BETH**

How can they, when they're all dead?

**LOGAN**

Someone always get out. I've called every refugee organization ... nothing, not even a rumor. You're that sure she's telling the truth?

**BETH**

The point is, Logan, I'm not sure she isn't. And as long as she might be, it's news, and I need to report it.

**LOGAN**

You have it backwards. Reporting it will make it news. So be honest, is this really about the girl or putting pressure on my boss to vote no on the loan?

**BETH**

Logan, we are so far past discussing 'does Guyamba need a dam.'

**LOGAN**

Are we? You want to fast track a story this important, when all you've got is one source you haven't even talked to? You're a good journalist, Beth ... you're never this sloppy. Aren't you worried about the impression people might get from you rushing ahead?

**BETH**

As opposed to the impression they might get from you warning me to slow down?

**LOGAN**

The trucks came, someone attacked the police, and a few people were shot. End of story. He gave me his word.

**BETH**

Who, Siska?

**LOGAN**

He's a bully, no sense of humor, and his cologne smells like puke, but he wouldn't lie to us, we're his only friend.

**BETH**

No offense, Logan, but whoever's in charge of guessing our friends has been on kind of a cold streak lately. What if you're wrong?

**LOGAN**

What if you're wrong? Guyamba is 65% Christian. You ask me, the whole continent's worth less than a dirtball, but Siska's surrounded by fire breathing mullahs who hate him for actually trying to do something about poverty. You print this story, and you know what'll happen? The UN'll send in inspectors, and while they're strutting around, flashing their fat per diems, the loans will be cancelled, aluminum factories will shut down, the economy will collapse, and the mullahs will blame it on rock'n roll.

**BETH**

Gut instinct, Logan? I trust her. But this is one time I'd like to be wrong.

**LOGAN**

Are you sure? How often does the chance to break a story / like this ... ?

**BETH**

I know, and a little devil in my ear keeps saying, 'It wouldn't be like you murdered all those people yourself. Atrocities happen, somebody has to report them, why shouldn't it be you?' You want to help me keep that devil at bay? Convince me I'm wrong.

**LOGAN**

I'm trying. I've asked Siska to let our people from the embassy go down to Kanta and check things out.

**BETH**

Why do you need his permission?

**LOGAN**

He's sealed off travel south of Kumatta. It's the worst flooding in years, he isn't making that up.

**BETH**

He's got helicopters. Why / can't ... ?

**LOGAN**

Beth, I'll get us down there, just give me a little time. Siska's a proud guy ... if I come across like I'm trying to dictate ...

**BETH**

Fuck his pride. Those tribes along the river have been nothing but trouble for Siska. He tries moving them somewhere else, they'll just be trouble somewhere else. Kanta's one village. In a couple of weeks the rains will end, and the roads will clear. Once that happens, Siska's trucks will be able to work their way down the river and wipe the rest of them out.

**LOGAN**

He's the elected leader of an important ally. You do understand there's a process.

**BETH**

No, tell me. What's the proper etiquette for responding to genocide?

**LOGAN**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Guyamba has a sovereign right to defend its borders. If you want to be taken seriously, talk like an adult.

**BETH**

How's this? Tell Siska if our embassy people aren't eating breakfast in Kanta by the first of the month, my paper is running the story. And in case you've forgotten, Rwanda was Christian, too.

(THE SOUND OF TRUCK ENGINES TURNING OVER AS BEFORE,  
GETTING EVEN LOUDER AND THEN SLAMMING INTO GEAR.  
THE SOUND CONTINUES, UNTIL IT BEGINS TO FADE ALONG WITH  
THE LIGHTS. END OF ACT I)



SECRET ORDER

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## CHARACTERS

WILLIAM SHUMWAY	Early Thirties. Immunologist. A passionately curious scientist in cancer research and rising star at the Hill-Matheson Institute. By nature, gentle and isolated.
ROBERT BROCK	Fifties. Immunologist and Director of Hill-Matheson. Shumway's mentor, a charismatic man of great intelligence and ambition. More awkward in his personal life but capable of a gruff kind of affection.
ALICE CURITON	21. A student in Shumway's lab. A bright, 'mouthy' spitfire, indifferent to etiquette
SAUL ROTH	67. Chief of Toxicology at Hill-Matheson. Plays at being the amiable philosopher but is in fact a very political animal. Brock's rival for power.

Two acts. Running time: 2 hours with intermission

Note: The use of back slash (/) marks towards the end of a line signifies where the next character speaking should interrupt.

If a back slash precedes an ellipsis (/...) at the end of a line, the interruption should come in as quickly as possible after the last word but not interrupt it.

If a line ends with an ellipsis but no back slash, the lack of a full stop suggests that the character is implicitly pointing toward some completion of his thought. In many of those instances in the character might have asked something to the effect of, 'Do you know what I mean,' if he had completed the sentence.

If an ellipsis takes place within a speech rather than at the end of it, it means the character has interrupted himself to pursue a different thought.

## ACT I

(LIGHTS UP ON WILLIAM SHUMWAY, A CELL BIOLOGIST IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, AS HE WALKS ON STAGE.)

### SHUMWAY

(TAPPING THE MICROPHONE, LOOKING INTO THE WING)

Is this on?

(TURNING TO THE AUDIENCE)

Hello. My name is Dr. William Shumway. On behalf of the program committee, welcome to the university's Monday lecture series. Afterwards, there'll be something to eat. For those of you who came to today's symposium expecting to hear Dr. Vregel in Flemish Studies read from his new collection of poems, he was suddenly called out of town, and the program committee has asked me to fill in. I'm a cell biologist here at Illinois, my area's cancer research, so, if there's any logic to the process, I have to assume I wasn't their first choice. Ordinarily, I would've tried like the dickens to get out of it. I don't really like talking in front of groups or being in groups or talking, but this morning, the most amazing thing ... then suddenly, complete coincidence, I was being asked to speak.

(BEAT)

So, imagine your body's a community, and your cells are the people who live there. The dream of every cell is to be immortal ... to make endless copies of itself, but the community can only use so many liver cells and no more than two eyes, so your cells need to cooperate ... send signals to each other ... 'yes, it's your turn to divide' or 'no, please wait in line.' Actually, it's a lot like this town meeting I went to, where everyone had an opinion, they're all talking at once, but what makes this really confusing is you've got 10 billion cells, so the meeting feels more like China with no one in charge. But it all works out in the end ... everyone gives a little, gets a little, because that's what a community is.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Except every now and then, you get a bad apple ... the kind of cell that just won't listen to 'no.' He never used to be a problem, but then he mutated into a cancer cell... pumping out copies, who also keep pumping out copies ... a virtual riot of malignant, unstoppable vanity, until the day comes you notice they've driven out all of the decent folk and taken over the town. Everything we've tried...surgery, chemo...comes at a terrible cost. So it occurred to me, what if instead of attacking the cancer directly, I could turn it against itself. This was three years ago, and you can't imagine how difficult technically, but I just finished running a set of experiments, and...now remember, everything I've done so far has been just in a Petri dish, nothing on actual mice, let alone...and again it's only one set of experiments, so this is completely premature, but I think I may have figured out how to cure cancer.

(BEAT)

How am I doing on time?

(SHUMWAY'S PHONE RINGS. LIGHTS UP ON DR. ROBERT BROCK,

PHONE IN HAND, DIRECTOR OF CANCER RESEARCH AT THE HILL-MATHESON INSTITUTE. SHUMWAY ANSWERS HIS CELL PHONE)

**SHUMWAY**

Hello?

**BROCK**

Listen, I just read your paper, grab a pen. In your letter... 'Do I think you should try to publish in CELL?' Four days in a Petri dish? Don't waste the stamps. Maybe in IMMUNOLOGY or TRENDS, I don't know where you got the idea it's ready for CELL.

**SHUMWAY**

I'm sorry, and this is who?

**BROCK**

Bob Brock, Hill-Matheson.

**SHUMWAY**

You mean, Dr. Brock? I can't believe you even read / it.

**BROCK**

CELL won't look at it till you've got something with animals. You can teach tumors to dance the mambo, CELL won't care if it's still in the dish. Then there's your writing. It's awkward...tentative...no point mincing words, it stinks. Read Whitehead and Russell for style. By the way, who are you? I've never heard of you. I only started reading your paper, because I thought it was something else.

(AS SHUMWAY STARTS TO SPEAK)

What I get is you're stitching together DNA snippets from a few genes and slipping them into a cancer cell, where they reprogram it and turn it into this R-cell of yours, is that not correct?

**SHUMWAY**

I guess you could / say...

**BROCK**

So now instead of always telling itself, 'yes, it's time to divide,' like a cancer cell does, your R-cell says, 'no it's time to stop,' is that close enough?

**SHUMWAY**

Are you / asking...?

**BROCK**

Well, it's been done.

**SHUMWAY**

I know.

**BROCK**

The snippets are smaller, you're jamming in more, but more doesn't make it new. Look, I'm off in five minutes to do a site visit in London. Some important new work on fever. I really can't talk with you now. Hello?

**SHUMWAY**

Yes?

**BROCK**

Go on, you were saying?

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT)

I'm sorry, what was the question?

**BROCK**

I see you're at Illinois. Lot of bright people there, I'm sure. Then there's New York. We're six months away from the best immunology department in the world, that's why they call it New York. I'm only going for brilliant here. I can't be bothered with bright. Hello?

**SHUMWAY**

Hi.

**BROCK**

Your R-cell doesn't just tell itself no...it goes after any cancer cells around it and wipes them out by telling them no...this is new. It's not the money, is it?

**SHUMWAY**

No.

**BROCK**

Good, that's out of the way. So, what then? No, of course, you like it there. The Midwest, why not? I'm told the wind comes sweeping down the plain. Plus, you work for Ed Paxon. I've known Ed for years, he's exceedingly 'bright.' There isn't a better program if you're looking for somewhere to die. Let me guess, he wants to make you repeat what you've done in 10 different nutrient cultures.

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Well, he feels in order to / demonstrate...

**BROCK**

And I'm sure that's a perfectly valid point, but it's also complete bullshit. Ed's the best juicer I know. He can squeeze 10 different papers from one piece of work. Life's pretty short, William. Do you want to spend two more years of it still in the dish?

**SHUMWAY**

I'm sorry...did you just offer me a job?

**BROCK**

Hill-Matheson, best cancer research institute in the world. New York, best city in the world. Starting in a month.

**SHUMWAY**

God, that would...any way this could wait / until...?

**BROCK**

I want you here tomorrow. I'm giving you a month.

**SHUMWAY**

It's just I'm kind of in / the middle...

**BROCK**

(SHOUTING OFFSTAGE)

Connie, change my flight and put me through Chicago. I need to stop in Champagne-Urbana.

(BROCK WALKS TOWARDS SHUMWAY, CONTINUING THE CONVERSATION BUT NOW IN PERSON)

**BROCK**

Do you understand the magnitude of what you've already done? People have spent the last 20 years trying to figure out how tumor cells trick us into thinking they're one of us. You're tricking tumor cells into thinking we're one of them. This is one of those moments, when people better cover their heads, because there's a low rumble, old plates are starting to slide apart, and the crust is going to fly. You're taking us down the rabbit hole, and journals like CELL don't like getting papers from Illinois that scare the shit out of them.

**SHUMWAY**

Even if I started shutting things / down tomorrow...

**BROCK**

(PULLING A LETTER FROM HIS POCKET TO SHOW SHUMWAY)

This is a requisition for your new animal lab. Do you want me to sign it or not?

**SHUMWAY**

You mean...back up a second...you're saying I would have my own lab? My own animal lab?

**BROCK**

I need you, William. This is what I've been chasing for years. And you need me. Say the word, and I'll have you in CELL by the spring. I know how to make things happen. I won't let those R-cells just sit there rotting at the bottom of a dish.

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT)

I'll need at least 200 mice, 20 groups of 10...that's to start. And I can be there...what about...all right, make it five weeks...Yes.

(HE SHAKES BROCK'S HAND AND BROCK TURNS TO GO.)

And make that 25 groups of 10!

**BROCK**

(TURNING BACK TO SHUMWAY)

One month!

(HE EXITS)

(LIGHTS UP ON THE LAB, WHERE SHUMWAY IS WORKING. BROCK ENTERS)

**BROCK**

Put down whatever you're doing. Peter Whitcomb's coming up.

**SHUMWAY**

Now?

**BROCK**

Exactly what are you doing?

**SHUMWAY**

Waiting.

**BROCK**

New set of slides?

**SHUMWAY**

I'm almost ready / to...

**BROCK**

I think what bothers me most about Peter is his complete self-absorption. He comes to a party, youngest director at Oxford of cell bi...nobody asked to hear his credentials...Nobel at 42...fine, say it once.

(ALREADY SITTING, AS HE ASKS)

Do you mind if I sit? I have a feeling the wine was Almaden. I had to drink quite a lot to kill the taste. Foundation people from Carnegie, Ford...perfect chance to mention the

new wing? Not with Peter around. He acts like the only reason people came is to listen to him.

**SHUMWAY**

I thought the party is for him.

**BROCK**

Well, of course it is, technically. We can't throw a party to get all those people and then say the guest of honor is us. Don't give him any specifics. He just wants to snoop around and see if your cell is farther along than his. Hasn't it been five minutes? He said five minutes.

(AFTER SEVERAL BEATS)

So...how are you liking New York?

**SHUMWAY**

Fine.

**BROCK**

You grew up in Minnesota, I seem to remember. Beautiful country...I'm not interrupting?

**SHUMWAY**

No. Well, / actually...

**BROCK**

Good. How about your apartment...plenty of room to prowl around in?

**SHUMWAY**

Uh-huh.

**BROCK**

All the appliances work?

**SHUMWAY**

I guess.

**BROCK**

That smell of urine...have they gotten it out of the lobby yet? I was appalled to hear.

**SHUMWAY**

I think so.

**BROCK**

Any pals yet? Someone to go see a film?

**SHUMWAY**

Kind of.

**BROCK**

(BEAT)

William, were you severely beaten as a small boy for talking too much?

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Oh. Sometimes when I'm working on a new set of slides, I forget to talk. I just try to make myself quiet inside and wait. Sorry.

**BROCK**

And that somehow...no, I'm interested...how does it help?

**SHUMWAY**

I guess I've always thought about science as...I don't know, revelation. If I care too much about whether I'm right, it becomes more about pride.

**BROCK**

Don't tell me you're religious?

**SHUMWAY**

Well...kind of.

**BROCK**

No...that's fine...you mean, God, that sort of thing. Have you met the Saudis? Extremely devout people...rearranged their lab so they could do their work facing east. One of my sons, in fact.

**SHUMWAY**

One of your sons is a Saudi?

**BROCK**

No, believes in God. Or used to. For years, and I never knew.

**SHUMWAY**

To me, it's like a jigsaw puzzle. We shuffle pieces around, trying to find which ones look like they go together, when suddenly the entire design / becomes...

**BROCK**

You know, it's probably just as wise not to talk like this in front of Peter.

**SHUMWAY**

Think about it. If I hadn't read your paper in June of '93 on mapping peptides...

**BROCK**

June of '93, I think you're right.

**SHUMWAY**

...because if I hadn't, I would never have gone to the meetings in Tucson that year in order to hear you speak.

**BROCK**

I nearly won the Nobel twice for that work, did you know that?

**SHUMWAY**

'95 and '99.'

**BROCK**

I got robbed in '99.

**SHUMWAY**

Your talk completely changed my life...I thought my brain was on fire ...

**BROCK**

Wait a second. You went to Tucson in '93? How old were you then?

**SHUMWAY**

Fifteen. I thought I'd have to hitchhike, but my mother finally broke down and paid for a bus.

**BROCK**

(BEAT)

You're very...different, aren't you?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Maybe on Sunday, you'll come to the apartment...meet Annie, my wife...second wife, technically. Good, I'll expect you at 10. Why do you keep looking at your watch? It's just time for the regular check, right?

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Uh-huh.

**BROCK**

Nothing particular needs saying?

**SHUMWAY**

No...not necessarily.

**BROCK**

Is there something you'd like to say?

**SHUMWAY**

Not yet.

**BROCK**

William...

**SHUMWAY**

All right.

(BEAT)

Okay, here's what I was thinking. Normal cells read each other's signals, which can be 'yes' or 'no.' Cancer cells read only their own signals, which are always 'yes, keep dividing'...that's why they're so hard to stop. An R-cell used to be a cancer cell and still looks like one...at least that's what real cancer cells think, so they let its 'no' signals in. The result... 'no,' from the outside, 'yes' from within...the signals start to scramble... then shutdown...meltdown...death. Only it's not that simple, why?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

One more minute...play.

**BROCK**

The R-cell always goes after the nearest cancer cell it can find...the R-cell looks and acts just like a cancer cell, so it winds up attacking itself.

**SHUMWAY**

Exactly. After three or four days, the R-cells wipe themselves out, and the tumors start to grow back. If I could add another gene to the R-cells...one that'll keep them alive long enough...

**BROCK**

You're not considering bc12, I hope?

**SHUMWAY**

Actually...I was. If I can isolate the sequence / then...

**BROCK**

Talk to Peter. He was sure about bc12...then after wasting six months...remind me, I'll dig up his paper.

**SHUMWAY**

April of '99. He used the wrong sequence.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

When I read his paper, it made perfect sense. It's just, you know...wrong.

**BROCK**

So find the right one.

**SHUMWAY**

I did.

**BROCK**

That's why the new set of slides?

(SLIGHT BEAT)

How long before the tumor started to shrink?

**SHUMWAY**

14 hours...down from 20.

**BROCK**

(UNIMPRESSED)

14...20...what else?

**SHUMWAY**

I injected the mice nine days ago. Well, eight.

**BROCK**

How long before they began to relapse?

**SHUMWAY**

They haven't.

**BROCK**

(BEAT)

Let me understand. You haven't had a single tumor start to grow back?

**SHUMWAY**

They're still shrinking...in fact.

**BROCK**

For eight days?

**SHUMWAY**

In two more minutes, it could be nine.

**BROCK**

You do know, it's still much too soon to be sure.

**SHUMWAY**

I know.

**BROCK**

(UNABLE TO RESTRAIN HIS EXCITEMENT)

Jesus, William, what the hell's wrong with you? You don't think at some point it might've been nice to mention this?

**SHUMWAY**

I figured you'd say it's much too soon to be sure.

**BROCK**

Well, it is. So, don't start getting excited, it's premature!

**(LIGHTS UP ON OFFICE. ALICE CURITON, A 21-YEAR-OLD STUDENT IS SEATED AND TALKING TO BROCK. HE IS PREOCCUPIED, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING. HIS COMMENTS ARE IN THE SPIRIT OF DISTRACTED GRUNTS)**

**CURITON**

So, while technically I'm only a junior, I topped out of the undergrad track with my scores.

**BROCK**

Uh-huh.

**CURITON**

And now, with the Pauling Fellowship, that pays for space and enough computer time, I can do my own projects...up at Harvard...?

**BROCK**

Right...near Boston...

**CURITON**

...so it's not terribly far-fetched to think you could use me this summer / in your...

**BROCK**

You know, I'm looking, but I don't see a folder...

**CURITON**

Actually, I'm sort of pissed. I thought Harvard would have immunology worth doing...with a 'C'...that's Curiton with a 'C'...

**BROCK**

Um.

**CURITON**

...or at least down the block at MIT.

**BROCK**

Down the block, / yes.

**CURITON**

I guess when 80% of the full professors are over 50, the gears have to slow down / a little...

**BROCK**

And you sent a cover letter?

**CURITON**

...although truthfully, the whole field seems to be getting a little weak in the knees...

**BROCK**

With a transcript to my attention?

**CURITON**

...Yes, B,R,O,C, K, 'BROCK.' To me, the excitement is elsewhere. Cal Tech...a little crackle and pop at Duke, and, of course, here. Dr. Shumway...his article in CELL this month...I thought, 'no way he could've shrunk a tumor for two weeks like that'...but after the second read, I had to grab my head to make sure it didn't explode. Then I threw open the window and started shouting how everyone else in tumor research should pack up their things and go home.

(BROCK STEALS A GLANCE AT HIS WATCH)

If I was talking too much, you'd let me know, because I'm a little nervous. You wouldn't just look at your watch, you'd let me know.

**BROCK**

(SLIGHT BEAT, LOOKING UP FROM HIS WATCH)

Uh, yes, of / course...

**CURITON**

Please...all I want is a broken chair in his lab this summer. Say yes, I really need the challenge.

**BROCK**

I'm sorry, but I've looked everywhere, and I have nothing here from you. Now my secretary said I would see you today?

**CURITON**

Naturally, I was grateful. Here, I brought another.

**BROCK**

And you're sure it was / her?

**CURITON**

The important thing is I'm here, and we're meeting.

**BROCK**

(BEAT)

Miss Curiton, do I look like someone who can't think of ways to fill his time? You have no appointment...there was never a transcript...I'm guessing you called and my secretary...no, please don't defend yourself. In fact, try not to speak at all. You're like a thousand poodles barking at once. We don't take summer students here. We found they were often in love with themselves for no apparent reason. They made snide remarks about people over 50, as though being young and irritating were somehow an end in itself. Now I am looking at my watch, and I see it's noon.

**CURITON**

Then if it's okay, I'd like to take you to lunch.

**BROCK**

(BEAT)

No need...we understand each other.

**CURITON**

I have to do this, it's destiny. The science is perfect and what an incredible story. On one side, you've got cancer...smart...tough...enthusiastic...never slows down. On the other, there's a normal, say a liver cell, divides maybe five times in its entire life. Which would you bet on? Now take that same cancer, put it in a room with the R-cells and watch them go...reading each other...playing off each other...making the perfect moves. Good and evil mean nothing...it's the best against the best, every moment electric...and tragic, because this is war, there's only one winner, and it's winner takes all. By the end, they know each other so well, there's a kind of love, and they know they'll have to destroy the thing they love. It's epic. That's the kind of science I want to do.

**BROCK**

(BEAT, THEN INDICATING THAT SHE SHOULD GIVE HIM HER TRANSCRIPT. A QUICK GLANCE, HE IS CLEARLY IMPRESSED)

Good, now we do have a folder on you.

(AS HE STANDS, SHE DOES SO AS WELL)

As it happens I'm on my way to Dr. Shumway's lab. If you want to just say hello...

(HE PICKS UP HIS BRIEFCASE AND UMBRELLA. THEY WALK)

So tell me...Alice? Did you have a relative who died of cancer? A close friend?

**CURITON**

Excuse me?

**BROCK**

Something got you interested in cancer research, that's all I meant.

**CURITON**

That's what I thought you meant. I'm a woman, so it's got to be personal. I can't just love science like you.

**BROCK**

Miss Curiton, you want something very badly from me. So if you find me a little patronizing, my suggestion is...live with it.

(THEY ENTER THE LAB WHERE SHUMWAY IS WORKING)

**SHUMWAY**

Remember what you were saying about the sequence?

**BROCK**

Dr. Shumway...Miss, uh...

(CURITON STARTS TO EXTEND HER HAND)

**SHUMWAY**

(PLEASANT BUT INDIFFERENT)

Hi.

(TO BROCK)

Isn't today Washington?

**BROCK**

I thought you might want to hear a little news.

**SHUMWAY**

Let me show you my idea first. Maybe the tumors start coming back at two / weeks...

**BROCK**

Did you try cutting that chain out of the sequence?

**SHUMWAY**

Didn't help.

**BROCK**

How about increasing / the...?

**SHUMWAY**

What if instead of increasing the 'no signals,' I focus on ramping the signal / strength up...?

**BROCK**

Except you're close to optimal/ strength already.

**CURITON**

What if you spliced in a gene sequence that varies the signals to 5% 'yes?'  
(SLIGHT BEAT)

Sorry.

**SHUMWAY**

Go on.

**CURITON**

I think the tumors could be breaking your code.

**SHUMWAY**

Adding those five will drop the actual 'no' signal impact by closer to 10.

**CURITON**

I know. But if you randomize the five, you could get enough extra scramble to more than wipe out the loss.

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT)

Interesting.

**CURITON**

Really?

**SHUMWAY**

When we tried it, it didn't work...

**CURITON**

Oh.

**SHUMWAY**

...but it's still an interesting thought.

**BROCK**

(BEAT)

There now...we've met. Unfortunately, Miss Curiton has a train to catch?

**CURITON**

Right.

(TO SHUMWAY)

Thank you.

(SHAKING HIS HAND. THEN, SHAKING DR. BROCK'S HAND)

'Never overstay your welcome,' that's my motto.

(SHE EXITS)

**BROCK**

'If you don't like the way I drive, stay off the sidewalk.' That's her motto.

**SHUMWAY**

Then how come you brought her here?

**BROCK**

I don't know...I was curious?

**SHUMWAY**

Me too. Why don't I call downstairs and / ask them to...

**BROCK**

No...let her get back to Boston first. I'll have Connie phone and ask her to come back tomorrow...for an appointment. Tuck in your shirt, William. How can you work with your shirt hanging / out?

**SHUMWAY**

Sorry.

**BROCK**

The conference planners in Tucson just called.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Looks like we're in. They even gave us a Friday slot.

**SHUMWAY**

Unbelievable.

**BROCK**

Congratulations on an excellent start.

**SHUMWAY**

Start?

**BROCK**

A Saturday slot would be unbelievable. Friday at 10 is an excellent start.

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Aren't you excited?

**BROCK**

Of course.

**SHUMWAY**

I mean, how many papers get chosen for Tucson?

**BROCK**

Very few.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

But even fewer get picked for a Saturday slot. All I'm saying is don't forget the difference. Friday at 10 is promising. And promise...

(REFERRING TO CURITON)

...is all you need when you're her age. But for you, it should never be enough.



**SHUMWAY**

No...you're right.

**BROCK**

(SUDDENLY AWARE HE MAY HAVE HURT SHUMWAY'S FEELINGS. AN  
AWKWARD BEAT)

You need an umbrella?

**SHUMWAY**

Why?

**BROCK**

There's a storm on its way up from Florida. Take it, I never catch colds.

**SHUMWAY**

Then why did you bring it?

**BROCK**

In fact, keep it. I'll just wind up leaving it on the plane.

**SHUMWAY**

I'm not upset.

**BROCK**

It's just an umbrella.

**SHUMWAY**

I mean, I see your point. Friday isn't Saturday...you're right.

**BROCK**

Well, then...enough said.

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT, THEN INDICATING THE UMBRELLA)

I guess I can always use...

**BROCK**

I got that in London, you know.

**SHUMWAY**

Thanks.

**BROCK**

So, don't lose it. It's a nice umbrella. Well...

(BROCK LEAVES. SHUMWAY ADMIRES THE UMBRELLA. THEN,

LOOKING UP, HE OPENS IT, AS THOUGH IT HAS STARTED TO RAIN.  
HE IS UNAWARE THAT CURITON HAS ENTERED THE LAB, HOLDING A  
PIZZA BOX. HE SUDDENLY SEES HER)

**CURITON**

I decided to take a later train.

**SHUMWAY**

Miss...

**CURITON**

Curiton. That's Curiton with a 'C'. I figured, hey, 12:15, time for lunch...

(INDICATING THE UMBRELLA)

You in the middle of something?

**SHUMWAY**

No...they're expecting rain.

**CURITON**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Yeah, well, I grabbed a few slices down the block. I hope you like pepperoni.

(SHE SETS DOWN THE PIZZA AND STARTS TO EAT A SLICE  
RAVENOUSLY)

**SHUMWAY**

How is it?

**CURITON**

Delicious. All the pizza in Boston is made by Greeks. Slice?

(HE GESTURES NO, AS SHE CONTINUES EATING)

**SHUMWAY**

You might want to think about eating more slowly.

**CURITON**

Why?

**SHUMWAY**

You'll burn the roof of your mouth.

**CURITON**

It's such a waste of time eating slowly. Honest opinion, what do you think of me?

**SHUMWAY**

I barely know you, Ms. Curiton. I was just watching you eat.

**CURITON**

I wish you'd call me Alice. I've got a boyfriend, it's just awkward the other way.  
(AS SHE CONTINUES EATING)

I didn't actually just get back with the pizza, I was waiting for Dr. Brock to leave.

**SHUMWAY**

I kind of...

**CURITON**

Plus, I faked my appointment, he could tell. I really don't believe in lying, so I never get to practice, that's why I'm so inept ... which should tell you how desperate I am.

(AS SHE HANDS HIM A TRANSCRIPT)

In case you want to look while we're talking.

**SHUMWAY**

Thanks.

**CURITON**

(INDICATING THE TRANSCRIPT)

Anything about it unclear?

**SHUMWAY**

You're very intense, aren't you?

**CURITON**

Say I can work with you, and I'll shut up.

**SHUMWAY**

Part of the problem is you're an undergraduate.

**CURITON**

Why, because that's what it says on my transcript?

**SHUMWAY**

Well...yes. It says 21...undergraduate right here.

**CURITON**

Okay, but that's where the similarity ends. What if I move to New York for the fall...do my senior project with you, while I finish whatever classes...?

**SHUMWAY**

That's the other problem, I don't have time to teach you.

**CURITON**

I'm not asking you to teach me.

**SHUMWAY**

You'd be my student, so wouldn't I kind of have to? I like working alone.

**CURITON**

All I want is a chance to be around you and watch.

**SHUMWAY**

Then I wouldn't be working alone.

**CURITON**

Look, my fellowship travels with me, so you'll be getting me for free...I'll do any job your technicians hate doing, and you just have to go like this when you don't want to talk. It's really not that bad a deal.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

You're considering it, I can tell.

**SHUMWAY**

How?

**CURITON**

You haven't thrown me out.

**SHUMWAY**

I didn't think you would leave.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Your idea before about 5% 'yes' signals...how'd you come up with it?

**CURITON**

It just seemed logical.

**SHUMWAY**

Adding 'yes' to get 'no' isn't logical.

**CURITON**

I did the math.

**SHUMWAY**

Right, but before the math, you had the idea. Where did that come from?

**CURITON**

I don't know if I can ... okay, a couple of days ago I was thinking...then on the train this morning, something else, but that didn't work, so I thought about chicken lo mein for lunch...picked up the idea again...got stuck...thought the smell, we're probably passing through Bridgeport...had another idea...liked the idea...got pissed off...decided on pizza instead...then something different about the feel of the tracks... noticed somebody's hat...thought about 'hat' as a metaphor...and suddenly this popped out.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Is that okay?

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT)

Look, it's only one more year...there are worse things than a degree from Harvard.

**CURITON**

Nobody there believes in a cure. They treat the word like a relic from some grainy old film about Louis Pasteur. You get tenure by tacking another 20 seconds onto someone's remission. 'Being cured' is how children think...like 'abracadabra, it's gone.'

**SHUMWAY**

It's only Harvard, so I'm sure you correct them.

**CURITON**

I used to. Now I just tell them to read your paper.

**SHUMWAY**

You're 21, Alice, you'll read plenty of other papers.

**CURITON**

It's too late, yours got inside my brain and rearranged the circuits. Forget trying to kill tumors. You've created a cell that gets them to fall on their swords and die. You've got cells talking other cells into taking a moral position. The whole idea is completely insane and exactly right. Other people might be older and have more experience, but they won't get it like me.

**SHUMWAY**

(AFTER A COUPLE OF BEATS)

Do you want to see my favorite toy?

(INDICATING A PIECE OF LAB EQUIPMENT)

It's the highest resolution cell counter made. Only places you'll find them are Oxford, Cal Tech and here.

**CURITON**

How much did it cost?

**SHUMWAY**

Precisely? A lot. Here's what a level four mouse carcinoma looks like on it.

(HE CLICKS A CONTROLLER, AND A LUMINESCENT DISPLAY APPEARS ON AN OVERHEAD SCREEN. THERE IS A DENSE CLUSTER OF SHIMMERING, YELLOW DISCS, WITH A MUCH SMALLER NUMBER OF MORE DIFFUSELY DISTRIBUTED, SHIMMERING BLUE DISCS)

Every cell gets a radioactive tag...blue for normal, yellow for tumor and...this is two days after injecting the mouse...

(HE CLICKS THE CONTROLLER, AND A MODIFIED SCREEN APPEARS, IN WHICH SOME OF THE YELLOW DISCS HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY LUMINOUS GREEN ONES)  
 ...green for R-cells.

**CURITON**

Far out.

**SHUMWAY**

Now at eight days...

(CLICK, AND A NEW SCREEN, THIS ONE WITH MORE GREEN AND FEWER YELLOW DISCS)

...12...

(CLICK, STILL MORE GREEN AND FEWER YELLOW)

...14...

(CLICK, THE DIRECTION HAS REVERSED, WITH YELLOWS REPLACING BLUES)

...and the tumor comes roaring back.

**CURITON**

Any way to break it down by location?

(CLICK. A GRID OF VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL LINES ARE SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE LAST DISPLAY)

Nice.

**SHUMWAY**

Just not specific enough.

(CLICK. A GRID OF MUCH FINER, CLOSER LINES IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE FIRST)

Say I want a closer look at this one.

(HE MOVES A CURSOR, UNTIL IT IDENTIFIES A PARTICULAR SQUARE IN THE GRID. CLICK. THE SQUARE IS INSTANTLY ENLARGED, SO THAT IT COMPLETELY FILLS THE SCREEN)

**CURITON**

Excellent.

**SHUMWAY**

Now I drop another grid ...

(CLICK. A GRID OF LINES, IDENTICAL TO THE FIRST ONE WE SAW, IS NOW SUPERIMPOSED ON THE SCREEN)

...20 more times, and I've got data I can actually use. Too much, even for three post-docs and eight technicians. To start, you'll just be learning my procedures from Tom ... he's my chief technician. The procedures are really tedious, as is Tom. I don't do things like Harvard, so if you really want to work here, you'll have to start all over with me.

**CURITON**

Wow.

**SHUMWAY**

As far as transferring, Columbia's got the best cell biology program in New York.

**CURITON**

Done.

**SHUMWAY**

Actually, they like it when people apply. How much time after exams will you need?

**CURITON**

Figure 15, 20 minutes to pack.

**SHUMWAY**

Then I'll expect you here in June.

**CURITON**

Dr. Brock said no way till the fall.

**SHUMWAY**

It's not like there's an actual rule about summer students. He just didn't ... you know ... want to take you. And now...

**CURITON**

Right, you need to get back to work.

**SHUMWAY**

Call if you have any questions.

**CURITON**

(BEAT)

Don't you wish June wasn't so far away?

**SHUMWAY**

See you then.

(BEAT, SHUMWAY STARTS WORKING. CURITON DOESN'T LEAVE)

Yes?

**CURITON**

I'm just...I feel like someone said, "Here's a dollar. Go buy a perfect day."

(LIGHTS UP ON SAUL ROTH, MID-SIXTIES, CHIEF OF TOXICOLOGY,  
AND SHUMWAY IN THE WAITING ROOM OF BROCK'S OFFICE)

**ROTH**

Some people eat to live, I live to eat. Even with the ulcer. A glass of tea, maybe an egg in the morning. A light lunch...something dairy...then a sensible dinner.

(BEAT)

This is what I'm supposed to eat. But am I a good boy? And what's more, I love to nosh. Did you know that man is the only animal who snacks? We've turned eating into a hobby. Sweets, I can live without. You like chocolate, it's yours. But a fresh warm loaf of bread...I believe this is the closest we'll ever get to seeing the face of God.

(BEAT)

We haven't been introduced. Saul Roth, Chairman of Toxicology.

**SHUMWAY**

Of course. William Shumway.

**ROTH**

Don't be offended, your shirt tail is out.

(AS SHUMWAY TUCKS IT IN)

I find when I tuck it into the underpants, the elastic keeps it in place. This is just a suggestion.

(BEAT)

My appointment was for 10. Then again, what's an hour? My people waited 40 years in the desert. How? We learned to live off our humps.

(BEAT)

Here's something no one knows why. Our taste buds are lined up in neat little rows.. and yet the nature of human appetite's a mystery. You're from Minnesota.

(BEAT)

I'm asking.

**SHUMWAY**

Yes, outside Duluth.

**ROTH**

Do you know the Epsteins...Abe and Betty?

**SHUMWAY**

I don't think so.

**ROTH**

Actually, they live in Wisconsin, but they're probably the nearest Jews to Duluth.

(BROCK HAS COME OUT. BOTH ROTH AND SHUMWAY STAND)

**BROCK**

Saul...forgive me.

**ROTH**

No, I've been getting acquainted with William. Still waters run deep.

**BROCK**

The strangest phone call. A woman from Newsweek. Anything new on the horizon, that sort of thing, when all of a sudden she asks if I was aware some of our people...a Dr. Lazlow for one...use only female sheep, and might there be a political agenda that her readers should know. I said that was a fair question and, yes, Dr. Lazlow's sheep are all female, but as Dr. Lazlow is studying cervical cancer, I wasn't sure how it could be helped. It turns out I'd heard her wrong. She wasn't from Newsweek but Ewe's Week. They're some radical, feminist, animal rights group. The thing is, Saul, she's thrown off my whole morning. You know, instead of trying to find another time that works for us both... tomorrow's the Friday talk — why don't you grab me while people are getting coffee. I can't imagine whatever you need will take more than a couple...

**SHUMWAY**

I can come by / later...

**BROCK**

Don't be silly, Saul's flexible.

**SHUMWAY**

All I need is / a minute...

**BROCK**

I'm sure it isn't a problem for Saul.

**ROTH**

(BEAT)

So, tomorrow. What's a day?

(ROTH EXITS. SHUMWAY HANDS PAGES TO BROCK, AS THEY ENTER THE OFFICE)

**BROCK**

I hope these revisions are final, they need to go out today.

**SHUMWAY**

The schedule for Tucson's been set for a month.

**BROCK**

When they gave you Friday, your tumors were only shrinking for two weeks...now you're getting five. Peter Whitcomb just applied for a patent...brand new vaccine. I want that Saturday slot.

**SHUMWAY**

How can Peter...?

**BROCK**

He says it's in the pipeline.

**SHUMWAY**

What does that mean?

**BROCK**

When you've got something, you publish. When you've got nothing, you say it's in the pipeline. The press thinks, 'Peter Whitcomb, won the Prize at 42...maybe it's something.' Drug companies like Pfizer and Merck think it's got to be something, or why all the press? And even nothing, when you water it with 50 million dollars, sometimes a vaccine will grow.

(INDICATING THE REVISIONS )

Better.

(HANDING THEM BACK TO SHUMWAY)

Get these out today. What did Saul say to you?

**SHUMWAY**

I have no idea.

**BROCK**

All those years in the desert? His uncle Milt, who probably doesn't exist?

**SHUMWAY**

He waited an hour. How come you didn't put off that woman's call?

**BROCK**

There was no woman. He knows that.

**SHUMWAY**

He does?

**BROCK**

Of course. Why bother lying to him, if he doesn't know it's a lie?

**SHUMWAY**

What if he believed you?

**BROCK**

EWE'S WEEK?

**SHUMWAY**

I thought there was a woman. I was even thinking, 'What an original name for a magazine.'

**BROCK**

Saul's afraid I may be planning to cut a few of his projects, but he's mistaken, I plan on cutting them all. My problem is, Saul has a lot of friends on the Board, so until my position is stronger...I'm on a leash here like everyone else. If I go to war with Saul, I better be sure I can win.

**SHUMWAY**

Why does somebody have to win?

**BROCK**

People are dying from cancer. William. We need fresh ideas, not someone who has to cut short a meeting, when it's time for his nap. You think your lab is big? Well, you need twice as big. That's what Peter has, and the money it takes is embarrassing.

**SHUMWAY**

Just because Dr. Roth can't still work at the same / level...

**BROCK**

There are only so many dollars. Do I need to go to the blackboard and draw you a pie? We're in a dogfight, William...This is my job, which I do, so you can afford to be nice. (SLIGHT BEAT)

Terrific, now you're upset.

**SHUMWAY**

No, I...what do you want me to say?

**BROCK**

How about 'thank you?' And be careful ... Saul doesn't need to be gunning for you ... once the shooting starts, you might still catch a stray bullet standing next to me. So any time he starts in about Uncle Milt, that's when you duck.

(BROCK TURNS TO ADDRESS THE BOARD, HOLDING UP HIS HAND TO QUIET DISCUSSION)

**BROCK**

If I might? I'm beginning to think the Board doesn't quite understand. As of an hour ago, the conference planners in Tucson gave Dr. Shumway a Saturday slot. You're all business people, this is a simple business decision. William Shumway is beachfront property. MIT wants him, Duke wants him...after Tucson, he'll have Europe after him,

too. Don't insult him. Give him the money he needs...so the post-docs come here instead of Duke...so he can have the space and equipment he could get in a second at MIT.

(TURNING TO SOMEONE)

Excuse me, I'm still talking! I know you're all busy, this wasn't on the agenda, and there are places you need to be. I don't have time for this either. I've got people waiting to hear your decision from Pfizer and Merck. So until I get an open and binding vote on my budget, nobody leaves this room. I left Yale and came here for one purpose only ... to get something done. I still call it the 'War Against Cancer.' I think of myself as a soldier. I can't compromise on this. If you won't support me...

(TAKING AN ENVELOPE OUT OF HIS SUIT POCKET)

...I'll have to submit this as of today.

(BROCK AND SHUMWAY IN A CORRIDOR)

**SHUMWAY**

So, there was nothing actually in the envelope?

**BROCK**

Of course, there was something, it had to look full.

**SHUMWAY**

What if they opened it and saw you were lying?

**BROCK**

They already knew I was lying. If the Board thought I was serious, they would have seen me as a hothead.

**SHUMWAY**

But this way, when they realized you were lying to them...they saw they could trust you? Huh.

(LIGHTS UP ON BROCK'S OFFICE, AS BROCK USHERS ROTH IN)

**BROCK**

Saul...come in. Sit. Coffee?

**ROTH**

Please.

**BROCK**

With a little milk. You see? I remember.

**ROTH**

Will you let me say something? Right here, right now, I insist.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Bravo. To a successful first year at the helm. Some directors, when they get here, they do a little this, a little that...but not you.

**BROCK**

There isn't time.

**ROTH**

You said 'the hell with Toxicology. Chemo can go fly a kite. Fuck anyone but me and mine.' Which is how it should be...to a point. And the point is this. I heard a rumor about your Dr. Shumway...according to which, you asked the Board to put certain monies at his disposal.

**BROCK**

I'm not sure why you call it a rumor.

**ROTH**

My Uncle Milt...a very wealthy man...used to say, 'Never get too close to one idea.' He was Sephardic...came over in the Diaspora on a camel...

**BROCK**

Saul...please. This is a copy of my new budget.

**ROTH**

(AS HE READS)

You don't imagine the Board'll approve this / arrogant...?

**BROCK**

I can assure you they agonized before doing just that 10 minutes ago.

(BEAT)

I understand your disappointment, Saul. Really, I do. So I wouldn't think of you as disloyal, if you were to consider other offers that might come along.

**ROTH**

(GENUINELY STUNNED)

I'm 67 years old. My wife and I are very ... comfortable here.

**BROCK**

I seem to remember you've got a daughter living in Dallas, husband works for Raytheon? Maybe you could find something closer...get to see more of your grandchildren.

**ROTH**

You know, now that I'm looking more closely, did I say I couldn't live with these? A man can't get to be 67, he doesn't see flexible as a virtue.

**BROCK**

The thing is, Saul, it isn't just money for your projects. I'm cutting salaries, too.

**ROTH**

Well, then...I don't see the problem. My wife, she likes to shop. 32 years, I've told her what can you buy at Bloomingdale's that Macy's hasn't got? So, exactly how much were you thinking?

**BROCK**

I really don't want to insult you.

**ROTH**

Please...insult me.

**BROCK**

The fact is, I could get three post-docs with the money I'm paying you.

**ROTH**

Three more years, Bob, I'm 70. That's when a man is supposed to be old. I'll lie on the beach in Miami...go hear Edie Gorme...in the meantime, all I need is an office with my name on the door. A place to go each morning, I can put on a suit.

**BROCK**

Saul, I'm really not the bastard you think I am. If you would still like to stay / on...

**ROTH**

Ask anyone, Bob, I never used the word 'bastard.'

**BROCK**

...But about your own office, I don't see how. You know the problems with space here.

**ROTH**

I guess I didn't make myself clear. The money, I already told you...make me an offer, the answer is yes. But at 67, without my own office...I shouldn't have to explain / this to...

**BROCK**

Saul, it isn't just you. I talked with Howard this morning. I'm merging him and Chemo as of / the eighth.

**ROTH**

All due respect, Bob, Howard's a kid.

(HOLDING UP THE LIST OF PROJECTS)

These I can swallow. The office, though, I have to insist.

**BROCK**

No, Saul, you don't get to insist. Not anymore.

(BEAT)

So, what do you think?

**ROTH**

What do I think? Fuck you, is what I think. I've had an office for 33 years...since the day I got here from Hopkins.

**BROCK**

It's in the order of things, Saul...I'm sorry.

**ROTH**

I've been here through four different directors. At some point, every one of them needed my support ... when that day comes for you ...

**BROCK**

You wanted to meet, so we're meeting. I could've just sent you a memo.

**ROTH**

R-cells come and go. I'll be here to watch the sun burn out.

**BROCK**

There now...we've met.

(AN EXCLUSIVE MEN'S CLOTHING STORE. SHUMWAY IS TALKING FROM AN OFFSTAGE DRESSING ROOM)

**BROCK**

How do you like it?

**SHUMWAY**

It doesn't even look like me.

**BROCK**

That's the idea. Do you like it?

**SHUMWAY**

I look great. You don't think it's too expensive?

**BROCK**

For a Friday, you can pick something off the rack. For a Saturday slot, this is your suit. Hill-Matheson considers it a wise investment.

**SHUMWAY**

Are they aware it costs over a thousand dollars?

**BROCK**

Don't worry, the budget provides very clearly for that.

**SHUMWAY**

Under what?

**BROCK**

'Miscellaneous.' If this isn't 'miscellaneous,' I don't understand the word.

(SHUMWAY COMES ONSTAGE WEARING A SUIT WITH A WHITE  
HANDKERCHIEF, WHICH ARE IDENTICAL TO BROCK'S)

Stand over here.

(SHUMWAY STANDS FACING DOWNSTAGE WITH BROCK BEHIND  
HIM, AS THOUGH THEY ARE FACING A MIRROR)

Your right shoulder's a little higher than the left.

**SHUMWAY**

Sorry.

**BROCK**

One of my sons had the same problem. It's an easy fix.

**SHUMWAY**

How many...sons?

**BROCK**

Two. Might've been the other shoulder, I forget.

**SHUMWAY**

What about a little color for the handkerchief?

**BROCK**

I don't see it.

**SHUMWAY**

Are they scientists?

**BROCK**

No, they're in real estate. Good kids, though...went into business together...their wives are close. We're on good terms. A little distant, that's only natural. With boys, I mean. Bright kids. Not brilliant...bright.

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT, THEN SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT)

I had no idea I was asymmetrical.

**BROCK**

Didn't your father ever buy you a suit?

**SHUMWAY**

I haven't seen him, since I was five.

**BROCK**

Ah.

**SHUMWAY**

Water under the bridge.

**BROCK**

Understood.

(SHUMWAY IS MOUTHING WORDS, AS HE STARES AT THE MIRROR)

What are you doing?

**SHUMWAY**

Practicing my talk along with the suit.

**BROCK**

Why don't you wear it to work? Get used to being the guy in the great looking suit.

(SHUMWAY SENSES BROCK APPROACH HIM FROM BEHIND)

Just a couple of hairs in back.

(BRUSHING THEM OFF WITH A TENDER AWKWARDNESS)

There now. Perfect.

(SHUMWAY ENTERS A LAB WHERE CURITON IS WORKING)

**CURITON**

Great suit.

**SHUMWAY**

Is it obvious my right shoulder's higher than my left?

**CURITON**

It's all anyone talks about here.

**SHUMWAY**

You have the list of which cultures I need you to make, while I'm gone?

**CURITON**

Yes.

**SHUMWAY**

The instructions on running the gels?

**CURITON**

They're on the list.

**SHUMWAY**

What'll you do if you run out of gel boxes?

**CURITON**

Look for more behind the fixatives where they always are, which is specified on the list.

**SHUMWAY**

Where's the list?

**CURITON**

Right here.

(POINTING TO HER HEAD)

**SHUMWAY**

Alice...

**CURITON**

And where you posted it on the liquid nitrogen tank and on the tissue culture hood where you also posted it just in case.

**SHUMWAY**

(GETTING A KEY OUT OF HIS POCKET)

Dr. Brock thought I should leave the key with one of the post-docs or Tom.

**CURITON**

How come you didn't?

**SHUMWAY**

If something went wrong here, they'd all be upset. You're the only one who'd be as upset as me.

**CURITON**

(BEAT, AS HE HANDS HER THE KEY)

Listen, a few of the toxicology post-docs were talking...and one of them said he heard you believe in God.

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

And?

**CURITON**

I defended you.

(BEAT)

You're kidding.

**SHUMWAY**

I never talk about it here.

**CURITON**

You don't mean literally?

**SHUMWAY**

This is why.

**CURITON**

You're a scientist.

**SHUMWAY**

I don't want to discuss it.

**CURITON**

Why would you want to believe in something you can't even discuss? This is the same thing I used to get at St. Agnes.

**SHUMWAY**

You went to Catholic School?

**CURITON**

Until they kicked me out.

**SHUMWAY**

Really? It sounds like a match made in heaven.

**CURITON**

If they would've just said, 'It's okay to be confused. Explaining why babies have to suffer gives us a headache, too.' But instead of admitting they don't have the answers, they blamed me for asking the questions. It meant I didn't have faith.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I would've made a terrible Sister Alice ... faith always seemed like just rolling over to me. Although the funny thing is, I wanted them to be right. I always wanted to give myself over completely to one huge, spectacular idea, and now I have...it just isn't God.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I used to envy the girls who had faith. Their brains may have been assembled from a kit, but they had pleasant dispositions...they weren't always angry and disappointed like me.

**SHUMWAY**

Why were you disappointed?

**CURITON**

I don't know...that there were so many beautiful, terrifying questions, and nobody else seemed to care. When I was little, I couldn't fall sleep at night, so I asked my parents to explain the dark. They said, 'Here's a nightlight, you'll be fine,' but I knew the dark was still there.

**SHUMWAY**

My mother takes cream in her coffee. I used to ask her to drizzle it slowly, because I loved watching the swirls. One morning I noticed the swirls in her second cup were completely different from the first...but after she stirred, the color looked exactly the same. I was terrified, so I asked her if the world was like that color...an illusion of order hiding a true condition of chaos.

**CURITON**

What did she say?

**SHUMWAY**

'God works in mysterious ways...but don't worry...you'll understand everything as soon as you're dead.'

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I think God...whatever we call God...never reveals itself to us directly...only in the traces it leaves behind. We have to listen for it in a trail of echoes. I think God is the order of things...but the world is so full, it's hard to find that order. It gets buried in the sheer amount...the chaos and riddles...the coffee swirls. Look at the R-cell. 'The enemy of my enemy is my friend.' The logic of a possible cure, and it's buried in a paradox.

**CURITON**

It sounds kind of Buddhist. I guess Buddhist is okay.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Do you ever worry you'll get all the way to the bottom of those coffee swirls, and there won't be an order, just more swirls?

**SHUMWAY**

No...that's what makes it faith.

**CURITON**

So where is the bottom...how do you get there? I don't even know where to look.

**SHUMWAY**

You can't find it by looking. You have to listen. If you're quiet and alert enough, maybe you'll hear.

**CURITON**

I'm too impatient. Teach me to listen like that.

**SHUMWAY**

There's no way to teach it. I picked you, because you already can.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Your idea on the train from Boston that time...that wasn't something you figured out...you started listening, and then you heard.

**CURITON**

(BEAT)

Do you want to have sex?

**SHUMWAY**

I thought you have a boyfriend.

**CURITON**

I've decided I like you better.

(AFTER SEVERAL BEATS)

This is embarrassing.

**SHUMWAY**

No, it's a nice...thought.

**CURITON**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

You're not gay...on top of being religious?

**SHUMWAY**

You're my student, it wouldn't be right.

**CURITON**

I know two post-docs who are practically engaged to their lab chiefs.

**SHUMWAY**

Post-docs aren't students.

**CURITON**

So you can't have sex with me, but you can with someone you don't even trust with your key?

(SHE WALKS OVER AND SEEMS ABOUT TO KISS HIM)

That makes sense.

(SHE ADJUSTS THE KNOT ON HIS TIE)

Knock 'em dead in Tucson.

**SHUMWAY**

(AS SHE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE)

Alice...you won't be a student forever. Rain check?

(LIGHTS UP ON BROCK, TALKING INTO HIS CELL PHONE)

**BROCK**

**No, I want Dr. Shumway in the penthouse suite, right where you booked him over a month...excuse me, am I still talking? You screwed up, and that's okay, now live with it. As a scientist, I pride myself on being dispassionate. But as director of this institution, I'll have our attorneys sue your hotel till it bleeds.**

(BEAT)

Good, then. And make sure the quiche and those little meatballs are hot.

(LIGHTS UP IN THE LAB. BROCK ENTERS)

**BROCK**

Tell me again, slowly this time.

**SHUMWAY**

I was checking weights on the new group of mice when I noticed several...their glands are starting to swell.

**BROCK**

You finish checking all your other mice?

**SHUMWAY**

Three times.

**BROCK**

Any swelling with them?

**SHUMWAY**

All the other groups seem fine. It's just the new one.

**BROCK**

This is why I had to "stop whatever I'm doing?" Last month, when the glands in that other group started to swell...

**SHUMWAY**

I know.

**BROCK**

Were those animals beginning to relapse, or was it a simple infection like I said?

**SHUMWAY**

And I'm sure it's a simple infection again. 99% sure.

**BROCK**

Good. Can I go now? I've still got a million things to do before tomorrow.

**SHUMWAY**

That's the problem, Tucson's tomorrow. There's no time to section the tissue.

**BROCK**

So, you'll section it when you get back. Now go home and get some sleep.

**SHUMWAY**

Is that what you think I should say?

**BROCK**

About what?

**SHUMWAY**

In Tucson. When I mention the group, say there wasn't time, I'll section it when I get back.

**BROCK**

Why even mention it?

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

You mean...I guess I'm not sure what you / mean.

**BROCK**

One group means nothing.

**SHUMWAY**

Right, so why not / mention it?

**BROCK**

Why do you think final drafts had to be in a month ago? Something always comes up at the last minute, everyone knows that.

**SHUMWAY**

Uh-huh. So, if everyone knows that...I guess I'm still not / clear...

**BROCK**

Why, do you think there's something to worry about?

**SHUMWAY**

No. I'm sure as soon as I section / the tissue...

**BROCK**

You'll be addressing reporters...idiots with an MBA. It would take a week to explain the magnitude of what you've been doing. You'll have 45 minutes, tops. Out of which, you'll have their undivided attention for 10. By the time they've had a couple of cocktails, they'll remember maybe two things you said, and trust me, this will be one.

**SHUMWAY**

I'm sure if I can be matter-of- / fact...

**BROCK**

Do you want to listen, or did you wake up today knowing more than me?!

(BEAT)

You can't expect people like that to understand science. If an animal dies, all they know is it's dead. People are bringing their checkbooks tomorrow. And you want to stand up and give them what people with money love the most...a perfect excuse not to spend it.

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT)

So then...you're saying as long as I deal with it right after Tucson...

**BROCK**

Obviously, if it turns out there really was a problem, you email people and let them know right away.

**SHUMWAY**

I guess bringing it up before I've had any chance to investigate ... it's not like we're trying to publish.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

The funny thing is I already had one foot out the door. If I hadn't decided to check one more time...

**BROCK**

Listen, I told the driver to pick me up first. That way you'll get a little more sleep.

**SHUMWAY**

Thanks. You're not angry?

**BROCK**

About what?

**SHUMWAY**

It just seemed the tone of your voice...

**BROCK**

'The tone of my voice'...honestly, William.

(SLIGHT BEAT)

I can't believe we're still up. Excited?

**SHUMWAY**

You bet.

(A SPOTLIGHT ON SHUMWAY, WHO TURNS TO ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE IN TUCSON)

**SHUMWAY**

... And in conclusion...I truly believe that some day we'll look back on cancer the way we look at cholera today ... as the curious suffering of a primitive people.

(APPLAUSE. LIGHTS ON SHUMWAY AND ROTH, AS THE SOUND FADES, ROTH STILL CLAPPING AND POINTING HIS FINGER PLAYFULLY AT SHUMWAY)

**ROTH**

I knew him when, I knew him when... Very nice, very professional. In case your ears have been burning, a couple of rows behind me, I overheard someone, "This young man, if there wasn't already the Prize, they would have to call Sweden and make one." You probably don't know, I brought down a little something myself they want me to read. Should you happen to find yourself with a few extra minutes...

**SHUMWAY**

If there's any way I can / come...

**ROTH**

...The last I heard, they moved me to Monday, right after something very important on pus. You try the Jacuzzi?

**SHUMWAY**

Actually, there's...one in my room.

**ROTH**

I'll probably skip it. Looking across at a bunch of naked scientists...the idea alone, I want to throw up. It would be quite an honor...winning the Prize at your age. Younger than Watson...almost as young as Heisenberg.

**SHUMWAY**

Younger than Heisenberg...actually. Listen, I should probably...there's a little reception upstairs...of course, you're welcome, / if you'd like to come...

**ROTH**

You're very thoughtful, but I mostly came over...I was waiting at the front desk before...? You don't want to hear the toilet they gave me...and the man saw me wearing Hill-Matheson ...

(INDICATING HIS ID TAG, WITH NAME AND AFFILIATION)

...said a woman from New York sent a fax, did I know where Dr. Shumway... ?

(HOLDING UP AN OPEN ENVELOPE, WITH A FOLDED FAX INSIDE, HE HANDS IT TO SHUMWAY, WHO STARTS TO READ)

Everything okay?

**SHUMWAY**

Yes.

**ROTH**

Good. You know, for such a young man, I admire your poise.

**SHUMWAY**

Thanks. I was a lot more nervous than I looked.

**ROTH**

I mean right now. If it were me, I'd be on the phone...

(INDICATING THE FAX)

...asking what she means by 'something the matter with two of your groups.'

**SHUMWAY**

(SLIGHT BEAT)

Anyway, I really need to...

**ROTH**

Please, go mingle. Maybe when we're back in New York, you'll come see my office, meet my new roommate ... we'll sit down and talk.

(SHUMWAY IN THE LAB. THE PHONE RINGS. AS SHUMWAY ANSWERS, LIGHTS COME UP ON BROCK, WHO IS CALLING FROM A PAY PHONE IN THE MILAN AIRPORT)

**SHUMWAY**

Hello?

**BROCK**

Listen, my cell phone died, can you hear me all right?

**SHUMWAY**

Where are you?

**BROCK**

The airport in Milan.

**SHUMWAY**

I've been trying to reach you.

**BROCK**

Arnie Pollock just tracked me down. You remember meeting him in Tucson last week... had that God awful toupee?

**SHUMWAY**

THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL...sure.

**BROCK**

Apparently, they're going to print in a week, and an article just kicked out. Do you have a clean draft of your paper from Tucson?

**SHUMWAY**

Yes.

**BROCK**

Get it out to him today...someone is faxing you details.

**SHUMWAY**

THE JOURNAL wants to run it?

**BROCK**

What do you think we've been talking about? There's no time to put it through regular peer review, but if he gets it today, he can fast track it and have it in galleys by Friday.

**SHUMWAY**

Friday?

**BROCK**

William, Pollock's calling it the most exciting work he's seen on tumor research in more than 10 years.

**SHUMWAY**

I thought we said Tucson was different from trying to publish.

**BROCK**

Right, if there turned out to be a problem.

(BEAT)

William, you have to talk louder. This airport seems to be filled with infants that haven't been fed.

**SHUMWAY**

Another group is involved.

**BROCK**

I know...you showed me the girl's fax.

**SHUMWAY**

I mean, another one since then.

**BROCK**

Why's that surprising? If the infection from the first group spread to / the second... ?

**SHUMWAY**

It wasn't an infection. The mice were starting to relapse.

**BROCK**

(A COUPLES OF BEATS)

Anything else different about those groups?

**SHUMWAY**

No. They're all from the latest batch that got shipped / but...

**BROCK**

You're sure?

**SHUMWAY**

I don't know why that would / matter.

**BROCK**

How many times do mice get infected, before they're even / shipped?

**SHUMWAY**

It wasn't / an infection.

**BROCK**

I'm just saying as an example. Anyway, this has nothing to do with THE JOURNAL.

**SHUMWAY**

Nothing / to...?

**BROCK**

You'll only be publishing the groups before Tucson.

**SHUMWAY**

Right but wouldn't we still want to...? We'll only be losing a couple of months.

**BROCK**

It doesn't work like that. THE JOURNAL's locked up for more than a year. Get him the draft today, will you? This sort of break never happens. Look, my plane is boarding...

(HE SEEMS ABOUT TO HANG UP)

**SHUMWAY**

I really think we should talk / about this...

**BROCK**

Fine. What if I try to reach you sometime / tomorrow?

**SHUMWAY**

I need more time!

(AFTER SEVERAL BEATS)

I'm sure it's / just...

**BROCK**

Okay, William...maybe you'd better tell me right now. Is the pressure getting too much for you?

**SHUMWAY**

What do you / mean?

**BROCK**

All the attention...everything moving so fast...

**SHUMWAY**

That's got nothing to do / with...

**BROCK**

Your project's the only thing on my calendar. I've never given anything this kind of focus, but I can't keep making the R-cells my life, if you're not completely sure.

**SHUMWAY**

I just told you I'm sure.

**BROCK**

And I heard that, but are you sure? Because the people on top of money mountain want better than kind of pretty sure. Tucson got you off the farm, made you credible, but these people have spent the last 30 years and billions of dollars on a cure that was always around the corner, but the cows never came home, so when they listen to a paper in Tucson, they're hearing every paper that nearly cost them their jobs...this time they want to be sure.

**SHUMWAY**

How?

**BROCK**

A letter in writing from God, but he said no...THE JOURNAL's the closest thing.

**SHUMWAY**

(BEAT)

And Dr. Pollock is clear, he'll only be getting results before Tucson?

**BROCK**

Just the groups you presented there.

**SHUMWAY**

So, all I'll be saying is 10 groups of mice were injected with the human equivalent of a level 4 carcinoma...

**BROCK**

Right. Can I tell him yes?

**SHUMWAY**

...the tumors continued to shrink for five weeks before stabilizing...I don't see how I'd be overstating...

**BROCK**

It's practically word for word from your talk.

**SHUMWAY**

He needs it by the end of the day?

**BROCK**

Don't worry about typos, his editors need the work.

**SHUMWAY**

I just want to make sure it's clear when I sectioned the latest group.

**BROCK**

As long as he gets it by the end of the day.

**SHUMWAY**

So he really liked my talk?

**BROCK**

'The most exciting work in over 10 years'...Arnie Pollock.

**SHUMWAY**

Hurry, you'll miss your plane.

**BROCK**

Are you near a cup?

**SHUMWAY**

A cup?

**BROCK**

Coffee cup...or just grab a beaker. You got it?

**SHUMWAY**

Yes.

**BROCK**

Now raise it.

**SHUMWAY**

Okay.

**BROCK**

Because I'm about to propose a toast. Is it in the air?

**SHUMWAY**

Yes.

**BROCK**

(HOLDING THE PHONE IN ONE HAND, BROCK RAISES THE OTHER)  
To Sweden.

(END OF ACT I)