

The Salt Pit

A short play

By Keith R. Higgons

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The Salt Pit premiered in October of 2018 as part of Emerging Arts New Works Series at the TADA Theater in NYC. Elizabeth Bell was the Stage Manager, Shelly Martinez was the Costume Designer and Jake Haven Parisseas was the Violence Coordinator.

This version of the play was Produced by Keith R. Higgons and Elizabeth Burkhard.

Elizabeth Burkhard was the Director.

The cast:

Harold Black John Hart

Omar Gowon ... Ahmed Khedr

Soldier 1 Rebecca Anderson

Soldier 2 Jason Ramirez

The Year: Early 2002

The Setting: CIA Black Site

SCENE 1

OMAR is seated and handcuffed to a table.
SOLDIER 1 stands up stage, dressed in army greens and wearing orange industrial ear plugs.
SOLDIER 2 stands next to Soldier 1, dressed the same way.

COURTESY OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE by Toby Keith is playing excruciatingly loud.

HAROLD BLACK enters.

HAROLD
(entering, shouting)

TURN THIS SHIT OFF!

Soldier 1 steps forward and motions for music to be turned off by taking his hand and cutting across his neck.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
(sitting down at table)

Well, hello haji.

Harold knocks on table to get Omar's attention and leans his head closer to the table to try and look up at Omar.

Remember me?
HAROLD (CONT'D)

Omar slowly looks up at him and blinks.

Oh wait, that wasn't you. All you fuckers look alike to me.
HAROLD (CONT'D)

Harold leans back and places a folder on the table.

Well, I'm here to have a chat with you. I wanna see if you have any information that may be of value to me. Is that okay with you haji?
HAROLD (CONT'D)

They stare at one another.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go ahead and take your silence as an affirmative. Let's start with the easy ones first. What's your name?

Omar

My name is Omar.

Harold leans forward a little.

HAROLD

Omar, huh? Hmm, nice sound to it. OH-MAR. Omar the camel jockey. Yes, yes. I like that. Unfortunately OH-MAR, I don't think that is your name. Frankly, I don't give a fuck what your name is because as far as I am concerned, you're just one more dirty sand nigger taking up oxygen. And maybe I don't think you and I should be sharing the same oxygen. Fortunately for you OH-MAR, my government feels otherwise. They seem to think you have some sort of value, to which I have called bullshit, but no one believes me or listens to me. So, it's your lucky day OH-MAR. Let's try this again. What is your name?

They stare at one another in silence as the tension builds. Harold nods at Omar and stands up and begins walking towards Omar and stretches both his arms out.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You notice anything OH-MAR?

OMAR

Yes.

HAROLD

What's that?

Harold walks back to his seat.

OMAR

You don't wear a uniform.

HAROLD

And what does that tell you?

OMAR

You are not military.

HAROLD

BINGO! Gold star for Omar the camel jockey. What else does it tell you?

OMAR

You can do whatever you like.

Harold looks directly at him.

HAROLD

Unfortunately for you, that's right.

Omar hangs his head in defeat.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

NOW, I am dead tired from flying all over bejesus to interview you fuckers and right now I am cranky as hell. So look, if you don't give me the truth, well, then, I'll have to force the truth out of you and I really don't have the energy to do that right now. So you have a choice, truth or pain ... and if you want my advice OH-MAR, I'd go with truth, it's better than pain every time. NOW, let's start this off AGAIN, okay?

Omar nods.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

OUT LOUD IDIOT!

OMAR

Yes, is okay.

HAROLD

What?

OMAR

(shouting)

YES!

Harold nods and opens folder and begins skimming information.

HAROLD

Jesus, Omar, in my country, this shit here says you would have made you a prime candidate for the CIA. This is genius, MENSA type shit.

Omar looks at him, confused.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

They don't have MENSA in Oman, do they? Fuck, from what I've seen, there ain't even school there.

OMAR

I am from Yemen.

Harold points to paper in front of him.

HAROLD

Omar, you and I both know that is bullshit.

Omar nervously perks up.

OMAR

No, no, I tell truth.

Harold is immediately bored and leans back in his chair.

HAROLD

Okay, and your mom died during the civil war.

OMAR

Yes.

HAROLD

And your father too?

Omar hangs his head.

OMAR

Yes.

HAROLD

Jesus Christ Omar, we're not starting off on a good note here. You're not the only smart guy in this room. I want to remind you, I'm tired and I'm cranky and simply in no mood for bullshit. But, in the spirit of diplomacy, I'll bite. You're from Yemen and are you certain that both your parents died during the civil war? In what, the early 90's?

OMAR

Yes.

Harold slams table and stands to walk towards Omar.

HAROLD

Fuck you Omar. FUCK. YOU. NO! They DID NOT! Your mother was a street whore who was gang raped in Sal'alah and *that's* what spawned your sorry ass. And THEN you moved to Yemen.

Harold leans to poke him in the chest.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And don't sit there and tell me your daddy died in the civil war. Unless that war was jamming a dozen cocks into your mommies pussy. So Allah only knows who your daddy is and whether he is dead or alive. The only thing we know for sure is that he musta been one ugly ass motherfucker. And your mommy ... your mommy didn't die in any war. Did she Omar? She's still alive and whoring on the streets of Marib.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Oh, what? You didn't think I knew that? Jesus. You're so pathetic that even terrorist money couldn't get your mom off the streets. You know why? Because you're a failure as a son. As a man. As a soldier. Fuck Omar,

(he hits him on the head)

you're a complete failure as a human being, a total piece of shit and a piss poor excuse for a terrorist.

Omar looks up at the word terrorist and watches as Harold struts back to his chair and sits. He begins looking through the folder again as they sit in silence. Omar speaks softly.

OMAR

I am no terrorist.

Harold, without looking up.

HAROLD

What's that shithead?

OMAR

I am not a terrorist.

HAROLD

Yea, okay. And I'm a fat-titted ballerina.

Harold looks up.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Omar, some of your terrorist buddies around here tell me you're a fag. Is that true? Are you like your mommy? You like smoking pole?

Omar looks confused.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Smoking pole?

Harold pantomimes a blowjob.

HAROLD

No? Hmm, let me put it to you this way ... do you like sucking cock? Do you like it as much as your mommy likes it?

OMAR

Please. Please stop.

HAROLD

I bet that's a word your mommy never says.

(he begins mocking a female Middle Eastern voice)

Oh please no, stop. Please stop.

(back to his regular voice)

The apple don't fall far from the tree.

Omar looks confused.

Harold reaches in to his bag and pulls out a giant dildo and a 9mm gun. Omar notices both. Harold picks up the gun.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I bet you know what this is.

(places gun down and picks up dildo and waves it)

Know what this is? This is the big white cock of democracy! Now normally Omar, I would tell you I am gonna jam this up your ass and then I would lube it up and jam it in there. BUT since you already enjoy cock in your ass, I'm afraid I'd lose it up there and these things don't come cheap. So thanks to your cock loving ways I am going to have to think of some other way to try and get you to stop all of this lying bullshit.

Harold returns the dildo to his bag but leaves the gun on the table.

OMAR

I tell you the truth.

HAROLD

Well, that's what I'm hoping for.

OMAR

No, no, I already tell you the truth.

HAROLD

Ah. No. No you didn't Omar. And you know you didn't.

Harold reaches down to his bag again and pulls up a wood baseball bat.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Let's try again. What is your name?

OMAR

My name is Omar...

Harold interrupts him by slamming the baseball bat on the table.

HAROLD

WRONG! THAT. IS. NOT. YOUR. NAME.

Omar looks down.

OMAR

I tell you, my name is Omar.

HAROLD

Isn't your real name Fuhad Abdul Rahim?

Omar becomes visibly upset.

OMAR

No.

HAROLD

And Fuhad, weren't you a member of Ansar Allah?

OMAR

No. What is Ansar Allah?

HAROLD

Oh come on Fuhad. You know God damn well what that is. Ansar Allah is that rag tag bunch of sand niggers from nothern Yemen who disrupted that shit hole country? Does that ring a bell? They taught you to build bombs. Right?

Harold looks to the two soldiers.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Soldiers, it seems I am gonna be here a little longer then I want to. Can one of you get me a bottle of water? Haji, do you want some water?

Omar doesn't answer.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You know what? You better make that two.

Soldier 2 walks out of the room as Harold shuffles through the folder in front of him. Soldier 2 quickly returns with two bottles of water and hands them to Harold, then goes back to standing in the corner.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

When was the last time you had something to drink?

OMAR

I don't know.

HAROLD

You don't know? How could you not know?

OmaR

I don't know. I don't know anything.

HAROLD

You're lying.

(he looks towards the two soldiers)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Can you believe this dumb piece of monkey shit? Still lying when I got legit intel right here.

(tapping folder)

He must think I am some kind of idiot.

(addressing Omar)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You think I am an idiot? Let me tell you haji, I'm not an idiot. I'm on to you. You're gonna talk to me. You'll see. And just for kicks, I'm gonna make it my personal goal to convert you to Christianity before all of this is over. I'll get you to drop this voodoo Muslim shit for a real religion. I know I could make you find Christ in a place like this.

Omar is becoming upset.

OMAR

I don't know where I am. I don't know what I am doing here. I don't know what day it is. I don't know what time. I tell you, I tell him, I tell everyone over and over. I don't know anything.

HAROLD

Okay, okay, calm down.

Harold opens the water bottle and slides it just beyond Omar's reach.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Unlike you and your terrorist friends, we Americans are civilized. That's what democracy gives you Omar/Fuhad...or whatever the fuck your name is. Democracy gives you freedom and civility...and water. Listen, I'll make you a deal.

OMAR

No. NO! No deal. I don't know anything.

HAROLD

Well, that's bullshit Omar. Ya see, I think you know a lot.

(he points to the folder)

It says here you were some sort of electronics genius or some shit. In Yemen.

OMAR

Yes, I worked with electronics. I live in Muscat, Oman for many years. Not Yemen.

HAROLD

Saudi Arabia, United Sand Nigger Emirates, Yemen, Oman, what the fuck ever. It's all one giant fuckin shit hole to me. But okay, for arguments sake, you're not from there.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'll bite Omar. What did you do there? In Oman? Learn how to build bombs? Blow shit up? Did you join Al-Quada? To learn how to kill Americans?

OMAR

No.

(he begins nervously playing with his fingertips)

I just study electronics there.

HAROLD

Mm-hmm. So how come your English is better than other haji's around here?

OMAR

I study.

HAROLD

Why?

Omar is confused by the question.

OMAR

To learn.

Harold looks to the soldiers and begins to mock him.

HAROLD

Well, well, well, lookee here. We got ourselves a book learning haji. You think that makes you better than me motherfucker?

OMAR

No, no ... that is not what ... I, I just study to learn.

HAROLD

Well, since you love to learn, let me teach you something Omar. You're a piece of shit. Get it?

Harold grabs the baseball bat and bangs it down on the table again.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

A piece of shit! Now if you're so smart, you know what this is?

OMAR

A baseball bat.

HAROLD

God damn right it's a baseball bat. So far, that is the only question you have answered correctly. It belonged to a friend of mine. He died when you idiots slammed a plane into the Pentagon.

OMAR

I didn't do that.

HAROLD

He had a wife, kids and friends. And we loved him. We used to play baseball every year. Well, softball actually. He was a brown guy Omar. Like you. He wasn't a sand nigger terrorist like you though. No. Then one day he's at work, just doing his job and then ... he's not.

OMAR

I tell you already, I did not do that.

HAROLD

SHUT UP! I realize you didn't DO IT you moron, but you can help us find the cocksuckers who did. You know Omar, there was barely anything left of my friend. They couldn't find his entire body. His coffin was about the size of a cigar box Omar. YOU did that. Now, I'm trying like hell to not make this personal, but it's hard. Omar, I still think you're lying to me. Actually, I know you are ... and so do you. Since the softer side doesn't seem to work with you Omar, I have to admit, that, much like you, my hands are tied.

(to the two soldiers)

String this piece of shit up.

SOLDIER 2

Excuse me sir?

HAROLD

Hang haji up from that ceiling hook.

Harold points up and the soldiers look at the hook then at Harold.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You guys never done this before?

SOLDIER 1 & SOLDIER 2

(in unison)

No, sir.

HAROLD

Jesus Christ. Figures, I get the God damn novices. Well, figure it out, it's not rocket science.

SOLDIER 1 & SOLDIER 2

(in unison)

Yes, sir.

The two guards move forward, unlock Omar and aggressively take him over to the wall and hang him up with his arms above his head and his toes just barely touching the floor. Omar is simply too tired to put up a struggle.

HAROLD

Strip him.

The soldiers rip Omar's shirt off.

Harold grabs the baseball bat and walks over to him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What is your name?

OMAR

Omar...Omar Gowon.

Harold winds up the baseball bat and hits Omar flat on the stomach. Omar lets out an "oomph!"

HAROLD

Omar Go-won...oh go on now! Isn't your name really Fuhad Abdul Rahim?

OMAR

No.

Harold hits him in the stomach again with the baseball bat.

HAROLD

You're lying.

OMAR

No, I tell truth. You have me for someone else.

HAROLD
Do you make bombs?

OMAR
No.

HAROLD
Bullshit.

Harold moves close to him and slaps his face a few times. He grabs Omar by the chin and forces him to look him in the eye.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
I HATE that you are making me do this. YOU are making me do this. You understand that, don't you?

OMAR
No I do not understand.

HAROLD
And I don't understand the lies. Now, is your name Fuhad Abdul Rahim?

OMAR
No.

Harold is clearly irritated but he calmly walks back to the table and sets the baseball bat down and picks up the gun. He cocks the pistol and walks back to Omar who is visibly shaken.

HAROLD
Wanna bet if this gun is loaded?

OMAR
No.

Harold walks up to him.

HAROLD
These guns are a little strange buddy. You can take the magazine out...
(he takes out the magazine)
And you just never know if one is left in the chamber. Omar, should we see if one is in the chamber?

OMAR

No.

HAROLD

I disagree. I think we should. I mean, if there is, it'll be a helluva mess to clean up ... and the paperwork ... but fuck it, one less haji I gotta deal with.

Harold moves up on Omar and puts the barrel of the gun under Omar's chin.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Soldiers? Wanna bet if there is a bullet in the chamber?

The soldiers remain silent as Omar is terrified.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Omar? A guess?

OMAR

Please...

HAROLD

On the count of three ... one ...

Omar closes his eyes.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Open up your eyes Omar. I want my face to be the last face you see. Two...

Omar opens eyes and is petrified. He urinates.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Fucker, you're gonna ruin my boots. And...three!
(gun clicks)

Hmm, maybe it's jammed.

Harold keeps the gun under his chin and pulls the trigger two more times.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Huh, I guess it's your lucky day Omar.

Harold turns around and walks back to the table, sets down gun and picks the baseball bat up again.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Alrighty then, praise Allah, am I right haji? Let's try this again.

Harold walks towards Omar.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Now, is your name Fuhad Abdul Rahim?

OMAR

I...I...I don't know.

HAROLD

Ah, progress. Now you don't know? Are you fucking with me Omar?

Harold takes a step back with the baseball bat like he is going to hit Omar again.

OMAR

Maybe. Maybe that is my name. I don't know my father ever and as long as I remember people call me Omar. Omar Gowon.

HAROLD

Now that...

(he pokes Omar in the chest with bat)

That I can believe. Do you want some water?

OMAR

Yes, please.

Harold walks back to the table and gets a bottle of water and walks back to Omar.

HAROLD

Guys, we got a glass around here? No? Well, I guess I'll have to hold the bottle for you. Here you go Omar.

He then takes the bottle of water and slowly pours it over Omar's head.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Where were you born?

Omar shakes the water from his head.

Oman.
OMAR

And where did you grow up?
HAROLD

I was young, I move to Yemen with my Mom. To study.
OMAR

Study what?
HAROLD

School.
OMAR

Harold pokes him with the baseball bat.

Don't be a smart ass. I have it on good authority that you studied with an Imam in Aden who guided you to jihad.
HAROLD

Al-Zafir?
OMAR

BINGO! That's the piece of shit.
HAROLD

No, no. He just put me in school and help me study.
OMAR

Study how to hate America?
HAROLD

Omar looks down.

Right.
HAROLD (CONT'D)

I have no thing with America.
OMAR

Well, we have *some* thing with you.
HAROLD

Harold walks back to the table and looks through the folder again.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Says here you are very smart. You went to college early.

OMAR

Yes, I went early. Al-Zafir wanted me to study to be an engineer.

HAROLD

Interesting. Engineers build things and you jihadist fucks just blow shit up. Why build something you are just gonna blow up? That's what we call a contradiction Omar.

Harold walks back to Omar.

OMAR

I didn't want to build anything. I like electronics.

HAROLD

And you were good at it?

OMAR

Yes.

HAROLD

Where did you study?

OMAR

I see...

(nods to the table)

You know this already. Why ask if you know?

HAROLD

Maybe I know, maybe I don't. But since I am the one asking the fucking questions, why don't you just tell me where you went to school.

OMAR

I study at The University of Aden.

HAROLD

Correct. You did.

OMAR

I still don't understand why you ask if you already know.

HAROLD

Because I love listening to you fuck up my language asshole. Lemme tell you why Omar. Because I think you

(pokes him with baseball bat)

(MORE)

are a terrorist. I think you
(pokes him again)
are a jihadist and I *know* that you
(pokes him again)
know people who can help me.

OMAR

I don't kill anyone.

HAROLD

But you feel you need to?

There is silence.

OMAR

No.

HAROLD

Right.

OMAR

I have no thing against Americans.

HAROLD

You know what Omar? I actually want to believe you. I do. I want to think that you don't have anything against Americans and that you just hate America. But you know what? As smart as you are, you can't see that they are one in the same. Americans ARE America. And as strong as you and your kind think you are, we will break you. I will break you.

They stare at one another.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Omar. I know you build bombs.

Omar interrupts him.

OMAR

NO! I do NOT build BOMBS!

Harold slaps him.

HAROLD

Do NOT interrupt me again, got it? Who are you trying to protect? Al-Zafir? He's dead.

Omar looks shocked and is taken aback.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Oh, you didn't know that? Oh yea. We killed that bastard about three days ago.

OMAR

Where?

HAROLD

None of your fucking business where. He's dead. That's all you need to know.

Harold walks back to the table to grab photos of the dead Imam and brings them back to show Omar.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Is this your piece of shit Imam? Al-Zafir?

Omar looks at the photos as Harold presents them and hangs his head and speaks softly.

OMAR

No, no.

Harold picks his head up by the chin and forces him to look directly at him.

HAROLD

Yes, yes.

Harold walks back and places the photos back in the folder. As his back is turned he asks Omar a question.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Omar, did they teach Latin at your America hating university?

OMAR

No.

Harold turns around.

HAROLD

"Inter arma silent leges." Have you heard that before?

OMAR

No.

HAROLD

In war, laws are silent. It means, simply, in war laws are silent.

Harold walks over to the soldiers and looks at
Soldier 1.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm tired. You wanna take a swing soldier?

Soldier 1

No thank you sir.

HAROLD

Why not?

SOLDIER 1

I don't believe I am allowed to.

HAROLD

Perhaps you just missed my Latin lesson?

SOLDIER 1

No sir.

Harold studies Soldier 1 as Soldier 1 looks
through him. He turns his attention to Soldier 2.

HAROLD

How about you soldier?

SOLDIER 2

No sir.

HAROLD

Why not?

SOLDIER 2

Geneva Convention sir.

HAROLD

Are you shitting me?

SOLDIER 2

No sir.

HAROLD

Are you Swiss?

SOLDIER 2

No sir.

HAROLD

Soldier, you are aware that Omar here and his jihadist, sand nigger, America hating friends slammed a bunch of planes around our country and killed a bunch of innocent people, right?

SOLDIER 2

Yes sir.

HAROLD

You know we are at war, right?

SOLDIER 2

Yes sir.

HAROLD

We're at war with these camel fuckers. You do know that, right?

SOLDIER 2

Yes sir.

Harold paces around, visibly frustrated.

HAROLD

Do you think this motherfucker gives one shit about the Geneva Convention? Omar, do you know anything about the Geneva Convention?

OMAR

No.

HAROLD

Exactly.

SOLDIER 2

Still sir, I find it against...

HAROLD

Oh shut the fuck up.

Harold hits Omar in the leg.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You two should be taking swings at this asshole like he raped your mother last night. You do know he's a ghost detainee, right?

(he turns to Omar)

That's right Omar, no one knows you're here. And no one cares. Hell, to anyone outside of you jihadist fucks, you don't even exist. Listen Omar, I know you built electronic devices, what I really want to know is...

Harold gets right in his face.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Are you Omar the Assassin, the bomb maker of Marib?

OMAR

NO! NO!

HAROLD

I got a file RIGHT OVER THERE that says you are. That's the clever little nick name your friends gave you. It says you joined Al-Qaeda in college and Al-Zafir introduced you to Osama Bin Laden, didn't he?

OMAR

Yes. I met Osama.

HAROLD

Did you and Osama get all gay with each other? Suck each other off? Or did you just build bombs for Osama and Al-Qaeda?

OMAR

No, no...I do not know.

HAROLD

Well, that's confusing. You didn't build bombs or you didn't get all gay with Osama? Which is it?

OMAR

Nothing.

HAROLD

Come on now Omar, that doesn't make sense to me. Back when you were a little whore's child you learned how to fix clocks back in Oman ...

Omar is visibly confused.

OMAR

I don't know what you are saying.

HAROLD

You learned electronics while your mother was treated like a teenagers cum sock.

Omar looks confused.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Oh Christ, never mind. Word is you were as good at the clocks as your mom was ... well, as good as your mother was at sucking cock.

Omar interrupts him.

OMAR

Please stop saying that!

Harold hits him on the side with the bat.

HAROLD

What did I say about interrupting me? Oh, that's right you and your cock sucking whore mother went to Yemen, right?

Harold walks back to the table and picks up the folder and waves it in Omar's direction.

HAROLD (cont'd)

It's all here Omar.

(tosses folder on the table)

OMAR

Then why you ask me?

Harold ignores him.

HAROLD

So you move to Yemen with your mom, where you met that piece of shit Al-Zafir. He recognizes your skill at electronics and starts having you build little devices. Right?

OMAR

I don't know.

HAROLD

Come on now Omar, you DO know! I don't really want to hurt you.

(almost pleading)

I'm tired man, I just want some truth.

Omar breaks.

OMAR

Go fuck yourself.

Harold breaks into a fit of sardonic laughter.

HAROLD

Brilliant. That is just brilliant Omar.

Harold looks to the soldiers.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Go get me a bag.

Soldier 1 exits and comes back with a heavy duty clear plastic bag and gives it to Harold.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Hold his legs.

Soldier 2 grabs Omar's legs as Harold places the bag over Omar's head and tightens it. Omar begins breathing heavily and flailing about while still attached to the wall. Eventually he slumps as he passes out.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Let him down.

The soldiers take him down and let him crumble to the ground. Harold walks over to the table and grabs what remains of his water. He walks back and begins pouring it over Omar. Omar comes to and Harold kneels down before Omar.

OMAR

Why you do this?

HAROLD

Cuz you are a murdering piece of shit. You kill innocent people. A LOT of innocent people.

OMAR

(anger building)

I kill no one. I study electronics and build switches. How do I know where they end up?

HAROLD

Because you're smart Omar.

OMAR

(more anger, more confrontational)

What about you?

HAROLD

What about me?

OMAR

(staring at Harold with rage, a few beats.
becomes animated with anger)

You have people in factories that make things for bombs! Bombs that bomb all around!
You bomb NOW! Are they terrorist?

Harold stares straight at Omar. It's an interesting point and one that has never crossed his mind but he ultimately dismisses it.

HAROLD

Well, no Omar. Those are patriots. Do I have to remind you that we're at war?

OMAR

Why are they not terrorist but I am?

HAROLD

Because they're not fuckhead. They're Americans doing their part to defeat you pieces of shit. Nice try Omar. You're a jihadist, you worked for Osama and you hate America and that's how you know where your electronic switches end up.

OMAR

I'm not a terrorist.

Harold and Omar stare at one another as Harold considers what Omar has said. He begins nodding as if he almost agrees with Omar as he stands up and walks back to the table. He pauses at the table for a moment.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Soldiers, I'm beat. I need some rest, I can't take any more of this asshole and his lies. Let's give him some music. And let's make it fucking loud.

SOLDIER 1

Like what?

Harold stands with his back to the soldiers and Omar as he begins placing things back into his bag. The soldiers are aggressively standing Omar up.

HAROLD

I dunno, what did you think soldier?

SOLDIER 2

What about Twisted Sister?

HAROLD

Ugh. Why not some gangster rap or some of that shit?

SOLDIER 1

Lots of these assholes like that stuff sir. These guys like some fuckin weird-ass music. Sitar, chant shit and instruments made out of gourds ... and rap.

HAROLD

That they do.

SOLDIER 2

What about Neil Diamond? We Come To America or something like that? That kind of shit will drive him up a wall.

HAROLD

Now you're talking.

SOLDIER 1

That's enough to break anyone.

HAROLD

Careful soldier, Neil Diamond is a national treasure.

The soldiers have reached the middle of the room and are forcing Omar down into a stress position. Omar squats and is handcuffed to a metal ring in the ground, unable to stand and unable to sit comfortably. Harold turns around and looks at him as he throws his bag over his shoulder and walks over to Omar and squats down to get at eye level with him.

OMAR

Please.

HAROLD

It doesn't have to be this way Omar. You are making it this way. All you have to do is tell me what I need to know. I promise if you do, all of this goes away. All you need to do is tell me who you worked with.

OMAR

You already know.

HAROLD

Maybe I do, maybe I don't. But I think there must be more Omar. There are always more.

OMAR

I don't know they build bombs.

HAROLD

What did you think you were building switches for then? Construction of new homes? Omar, I've been to Yemen and there isn't a lot of home development. I'm not an idiot. Neither are you. All you have to do is tell me who else you worked with and this, poof, all goes away.

Harold and Omar look at one another and then
Harold shakes his head as he stands.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Okay Omar. Have it your way.

Harold walks towards the door.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

All right boys, let's rock.

SOLDIER 2

All right, Abu-fuckhead. It's time for a little course in music appreciation.

WE COME TO AMERICA by Neil Diamond
music kicks in as Harold shakes his head and
walks out of the room.

Omar screams but his scream is drowned out by
the music.