

**Act one**

Scene 1.

*(Friday afternoon. A torrential downpour. Two white Americans, JACK, 40s, and WOOLSEY, a little older, are in a car. WOOLSEY is driving. Their conversation is interrupted by a deafening crack of thunder. They shout to be heard over the storm.)*

WOOLSEY                      Don't worry! / These are the best roads in Africa!

JACK                              I'm fine! Really! Thank you!

WOOLSEY                      Water's a different story. Don't ever drink from the tap, whatever people tell you. / That goes for teeth-brushing, too. If you didn't boil it or unscrew it, don't drink it!

JACK                              I know! I've done a lot of traveling!

WOOLSEY                      You ever had serious diarrhea?

JACK                              ...I'm not sure!

WOOLSEY                      How long you here?

JACK                              Just the semester!

WOOLSEY                      Well, get ready for it! For the next four months, when you fart, you'll fart with fear!

*(The rain has stopped, almost instantaneously. The sun comes out. JACK looks around as WOOLSEY stares straight ahead.)*

JACK                              God, that's incredible! / I've been all over the world, but that is...

WOOLSEY                      Flick of a switch turns it on, flick of a switch turns it off.

JACK                              Amazing.

WOOLSEY                      Yes, indeed.

*(They drive for a moment. Then, leaping back in where they left off...)*

JACK                              Brezhnev!

WOOLSEY                      Perfect example!

JACK God, I'd forgotten / about him, too.

WOOLSEY Exactly my point. Like it never happened.

JACK Absolutely right.

WOOLSEY Forty years. / God knows how much money and blood.

JACK Incredible. Just incredible.

WOOLSEY Berlin Wall's down, what, four years? Already ancient history.

JACK I don't think my son even knows who Brezhnev was.

WOOLSEY There's no enemy now. We won. And yet I miss those fuckers. No, I do. I'm old school, Jack. I can say "Do you want to defect?" and "How much for the entire night?" in ten languages. There's nothing to push against. We're just going through the motions. Four years I've been here, shuffling papers, picking up tourists at the airport. Why? No one can tell me. What are we protecting? No one can tell me. I don't know, Washington doesn't know, you don't know—*do* you know?

JACK You mean—

WOOLSEY Yeah. Tell me.

JACK I...No, I don't—

WOOLSEY Come on, Jack. Give me a fresh perspective. We're still strangers; we can say anything.

JACK(*Laughing.*) Two hours in Kigali and you want my thoughts? I teach international relations / not mind read—What?

WOOLSEY Exactly. (*Off the word "What?"*) "International relations." With whom? Who are we relating with? Four years, I still haven't gotten an answer. You find an answer, you let me know.

JACK You'll be the first.

