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Dramatic Publishing

An Identified Enemy



Drama by Max Bush

An Identified Enemy

Drama. By Max Bush. *Cast: 9 to 10 or more m., 7 or more w.* In 2009, Jamie Foster, age 23, an Iraq war veteran now enrolled in a university, tries to piece together the truth about what happened one day in Baghdad with his friend Jalil, a local Iraqi national. In flashbacks to 2007, during "The Surge," we see the developing friendship between the 20-year-old American Army Private Foster and 21-year-old Jalil Khalifa Al-Majid, who operated as a street vendor just outside the patrol base. Jamie replays scenes from that day over and over, looking for clues as to what exactly happened. He searches U.S. videos of that day, captured enemy videos and videos of terrorist interviews. He contacts people who knew Jalil—including an American corrections officer who encountered Jalil in an Iraqi black-site prison. Jamie is particularly interested in an al-Arabiya interview with Shehedah Jawhar, a Palestinian terrorist who trained insurgents in Iraq during the time Jamie knew Jalil. Did Jalil know there was a roadside bomb? Did Jalil set it? Did Jalil train with Shehedah Jawhar? Was Jalil an ally? Did Jalil save Jamie's life that day? Della, Jamie's girlfriend, also an Iraq war veteran, seems convinced that Jalil is not as innocent as Jamie believes him to be and urges him to let it go and focus on his classes. But Jamie, struggling to believe in something, needs answers. First he must find Jalil, who seems to have disappeared. *One ext., two int. sets. Approximate running time: 1 hour, 40 minutes. Code: ID6.*

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An Identified Enemy

Drama by
MAX BUSH



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An Identified Enemy was commissioned by Grand Valley State University. In February 2012, the author directed a nine-day workshop with two publicly staged readings.

Ensemble

Sammie Chaness

Lynn Dimick

Roger Ellis

Matt Fowler

Kimi Griggs

Kelly Herremans

Ryan Jackson

Jeremy Llorence

CJ Namenye

Kevin Raleigh

Production Staff

Director Max Bush

Producer Roger Ellis

Stage Manager Sarah Watson

Assistant Director Kevin Raleigh

Costume Design Jill Hamilton, Sally Langa

Costume Liaison Bridgett Vanderhoff

Lighting Design Al Sheffield

Sound Design Al Sheffield

Technical Director Chris Mahlmann

Dramaturgy Lynn Dimick, Jeremy Llorence

Translation/Interpretation Mohammed Azuz

House Manager Jack T. Lane

Box Office Assistants Alissa Smith,

Brandon Williams, Desirea Yates

A full production of *An Identified Enemy* opened in the Louis Armstrong Theatre at Grand Valley State University on November 9, 2012.

Cast

Jamie Foster Levi Umran
Jalil Khalifa Al-Majid Ryan Jackson
Della Bridgett Vanderhoof
Shatha Alyssa Simmert
Jackson Kilian Goodson
Davis Brendan Lindberg
Janet Reese Nitasha Kernen-Fox
Amira Sammie Chaness
Female Interpreter Kimi Griggs
Male Interpreter Andrew VanDuinen
Insurgent Jessica Utter
Olsen Kathryne Richardson
Ed Jaret Grisamer
Mark Strock Brian Hudson
Agent #1 Justin Mackey
Agent #2 Max Ronald
Night Supervisor Terrence Ball-Reid
Citizens in the Baghdad Market Kimi Griggs,
Andrew Vanduinen, Justin Mackey, Max Ronald,
Kathryne Richardson, Jessica Utter, Terrence Ball-Reid,
Jaret Garisamer, Nitasha Kernen-Fox, Brian Hudson

Production Staff

Director Roger Ellis
Stage Manager Sarah Watson
Assistant Stage Manager..... Emily Wisniewski
Costume/Makeup Design..... Jill Hamilton
Costume Shop Manager..... Sally Langa
Wardrobe/Costume Crew..... Lydia Benkert, Erin Feiner,
Jewell Gates, Heather Miedema,
Brandon Mitchell, Bridgett Vanderhoof
Scenic and Lighting Designer..... Al Sheffield
Lighting TechnicianDavid Johnson
Light Board OperatorSamantha Resner
Sound Board OperatorKristina Noonon
Video Board Operator Thomas Wernick
Light Crew Jon Bloom, Chuck Fortenbacher,
Kadie Howe, Courtney Jenkins, David Johnson
Technical Director/Sound Technician..... Chris Mahlmann
DramaturgBridgett Vanderhoof
Props Runner..... Kadijah Redmond
House Manager Jack T. Lane
Box Office.....Kaylee Groenewold, Brianna Ramsey,
Sarah Watson, Brandon Williams

To the original casts and crews of the reading and
production at Grand Valley State University.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to the following for their invaluable help in developing this script:

Cpl. Andrew Foss:

Infantry in Iraq.

Sargeant Karsen Glass:

Explosive Ordinance Disposal (EOD).

1st Lt. Natalie Hatch:

Explosive Ordinance Disposal (EOD), Afghanistan.

1st Sgt. Pat Muir:

Retired from the U.S. Army Special Forces, Iraq and Afghanistan.

Paul Gallert:

A retired prison contractor.

Consulted on prisons while in Iraq for 18 months.

Bassam Marzoug:

A Jordanian U.S. citizen who translated English/Arabic and consulted on culture.

Capt. Matthew Haring, M.D.:

A medical platoon leader in Afghanistan.

Additional funding for the initial production provided by:

Grand Valley State University: School of Communications, the Office of Multicultural Affairs, the Middle Eastern Studies program, the Office of Inclusion and Equity, Alumni Relations Office and the Brooks College of Interdisciplinary Studies.

An Identified Enemy

CHARACTERS

JAMIE FOSTER: 23 years old. A former U.S. Army soldier, infantry.

DELLA: 23 years old. A former U.S. Army soldier.

JALIL KHALIFA AL-MAJID: 20 years old. An Iraqi citizen, street vendor.

SHATHA: 16 years old. Jalil's sister.

JANET REESE: 27 years old. A reporter.

AMIRA: 19 years old. An Iraqi woman.

MARK STROCK: 45 years old. A former prison contractor in Iraq.

JACKSON: 20 years old. A U.S. soldier.

DAVIS: 21 years old. A U.S. soldier, team leader.

OLSEN: 20 years old. A U.S. soldier, female MP.

INSURGENT: 35 years old.

ED: 28 years old.

INTERPRETERS: Two, a woman and a man.

AGENT #1: 25 years old.

AGENT #2: 25 years old.

SUPERVISOR: At Iraqi prison at night; 30 years old.

VOICES 1–5: U.S. soldiers in a Humvee.

STREET VENDORS and PEOPLE OF BAGHDAD.

TIME

Spring of 2009 with flashbacks to 2007.

PLACE

Multiple locations: Jamie and Della's apartment in a Michigan college town. A bar. Various places in 2007 such as streets in Baghdad and a prison in Baghdad.

RUNNING TIME

Approximately 1 hour, 40 minutes.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The al-Arabiya video interview of Shehadeh Jawhar can be found on *YouTube* or *MEMRI* (Middle East Media Research Institute) websites. Humvee video/audio to be created by producing theatre.

An Identified Enemy

ACT I

SCENE 1

AT RISE: *It is Monday, 1:30 a.m. in April of 2009. We see a unit set with multiple areas. L is a street in Baghdad [2007] with a couple of street vendor booths set up under umbrellas to sell various things including cigarettes, DVDs, soda pop and cellphones. There's litter/garbage on the ground. R is the living room of JAMIE FOSTER's small apartment: chairs, table, lamp. C is an open area.*

There is a projection screen as well, but it does not dominate the stage or the actors. Rather, it should be just large enough so the entire audience can see it clearly.

In their apartment in Michigan, JAMIE and DELLA are preparing for a psychology test and also to play Kevlar Bowling—something they played in Iraq. JAMIE is finishing duct-taping two helmets together so that they are more rounded, while DELLA is setting up 10 water bottles like bowling pins.

DELLA (*reading from her notes, as she sets pins*). “Lawrence Kohlberg is known for his research in the area of cognitive development.”

JAMIE. False, moral development.

DELLA. “A failure to develop a consistent identity results in isolation.”

JAMIE. True.

DELLA. Wrong, Jamie, we talked about this: Role confusion.

We don't know who we are if we don't know who we are.

(Referring to notes.) “Conforming to the expectations of others or to socially accepted rules and values describes—”

JAMIE. Everyone I know except you, Della.

DELLA. “—a person at the post-conventional level of morality.”

JAMIE. False, the conventional level of morality.

DELLA. “Puberty occurs earlier in girls than boys” ... and for some of us boys, it hasn't happened yet.

JAMIE. True.

(JALIL KHALIFA AL-MAJID appears in Baghdad, looking at JAMIE. JAMIE senses him. This is something JAMIE is remembering.)

DELLA. “A driver's license or a—wedding ring—are what Elkind calls identity signs.”

JAMIE. True.

DELLA. False. Jamie, you know this! Social markers.

JALIL. Foster ...

DELLA. “Girls who mature early are more likely to engage in earlier sexual relations.”

JAMIE. So true. I think girls who mature early should wear a sign in their hair so we know who they are. And so some of us—who have gone through puberty—wouldn't spend endless hours groping hopelessly in the dark.

DELLA *(tossing notebook at him)*. Look the notes over again, or you'll fail the easiest test of the semester.

(They are both finished. He puts down ball, grabs her, hugs her, kisses her.)

JAMIE. I think you probably matured in the womb and came out asking the doctor for his phone number.

DELLA. The first time I'm naked with a man, and what does he do? Slaps my ass. I thought: Life out here can't be all that bad. (*JAMIE bends down to pick up ball. She slaps his ass.*) Look over the notes!

JALIL. No, see, Foster, I have this for you.

JAMIE (*apparently speaking to the ball*). Next time, Jalil, we're going to move.

JALIL. No-no-no, my friend-my friend, you do not see what it is.

(*JALIL continues to watch JAMIE during the following.*)

DELLA. What?

JAMIE (*to DELLA*). I don't know why you keep challenging me; you know in Iraq, I was Top Infidel at Kevlar Bowling. And this time, Della: no hand to hand, no take-downs from behind, no buckets of water in my face.

DELLA. Roger that.

JAMIE. What are you planning?

DELLA. Nothing.

JAMIE. NO NAKED DANCING!

DELLA (*after a moment of suffering; reluctantly*). Right.

JAMIE. As the Top Infidel readies his ball, a quiet murmur of admiration sweeps through the crowd. He turns to them, picking out the early maturing girl, and winks at her, knowing what awaits him, later that night, in his tent. With perfect form he approaches the lane and—(*He rolls the two taped helmets at the bottles. His roll misses everything.*) Oh, look at that!

DELLA. You were Top Infidel in Iraq?

JAMIE. I forgot: There is no sand, here. I was playing the sand.

DELLA (*tossing ball back to him*). Can you pick it up?

JAMIE (*rolling*). I got my spotters, I got my range—Yeah! (*This time he knocks some down.*) Ha!

DELLA. You got some! What a surprise. *(She gets ball as he sets up pins.)*

JAMIE *(counting the pins he knocked down)*. I got three. *(Or however many he knocked down.)*

DELLA. That means I only need four to win the frame. Now, let's show these men what a woman can do.

(JAMIE has left the game and focuses on his memory.)

JAMIE *(to JALIL, but not looking at him)*. What is it?

JALIL. Come, see, I show you. Make you happy to see!

JAMIE. I'll be around, Jalil. We're not leaving.

(DELLA sees and hears this. She holds the ball, watches. She has seen this behavior before.)

JALIL. Now is time. Here, over here.

JAMIE *(turning to JALIL, trying to remember.)* What was it, Jalil? What did you want to give me?

JALIL. Haamm ...

JAMIE. What?

JALIL. Hummm ... Ah ... Just you come here, and see.

JAMIE *(mostly to himself)*. What were you going to say? ...

DELLA. Where are you, Jamie?

JAMIE. I was remembering when ...

JALIL. No, see, Foster, I have this for you.

JAMIE *(to DELLA)*. Sorry.

JALIL. But you do not see what it is.

JAMIE. It's your roll. Show us what a woman can do.

DELLA *(readies herself to roll)*. Four. I only need four. And I'll win the frame. *(She rolls, knocks down more than four.)* And there it is! *(Looks to JAMIE.)* Oh, babe, you are going down, tonight! There's no way ... *(Sees his focus is elsewhere.)* Jamie ... ?

JALIL. Come, see, I show you.

JAMIE. Show me what? What were you going to show me?

DELLA (*gives game up. After a moment*). You were fighting in your sleep, again, and running this time. Where were you?

JAMIE. Baghdad.

(STREET VENDORS and PEOPLE OF BAGHDAD enter marketplace.)

DELLA. Any day in particular?

JAMIE. Jalil.

DELLA. Not your squad leader, or a haji you killed, or the Humvee with—

JAMIE. Not tonight.

DELLA. After all the shit we went through, Jalil is what you're obsessing about?

JAMIE. Who obsesses about your man Baker shooting dogs?

DELLA. They were dogs, not hajis. They never hurt anybody. Baker was just an asshole who took out his hate fuckin' up dogs.

JAMIE. Jalil never hurt anybody.

DELLA. Didn't he?

JAMIE. Did he?

DELLA. Did he?

JAMIE (*silence*). I thought I saw him on campus yesterday. I followed this guy into the library. I knew it couldn't be Jalil, but I still had to follow him until I saw his face up close.

DELLA. In psych class I saw Forsma come through the door and sit down. And I know Forsma died 'cause I saw her get hit. But I stared at this girl ...

JAMIE. I try to forget a lot of this. It's better for me in the long run. (*Looking at JALIL.*) But I do not want to forget Jalil.

DELLA (*looking at cake on the table. Suddenly, passionately*). Cake. Chocolate cake.

JAMIE. I thought you made that for the party.

DELLA. Yeah, you know me, I'm outstanding at postponing my satisfactions. *(She lifts lid and grabs a handful of cake, puts it into her mouth.)* Mmmmmm ...

JALIL. Haammm ...

JAMIE. What? What were you going to say?

DELLA. I was going to say ... *(Licking her fingers.)* Mmmm ...

JALIL. Come see I show you. *(Turns his head and speaks sternly in Arabic to someone we do not see.)* Na'am! Erfay el shal wa ishkurih. Wa btisme! [Yes! Remove your scarf and say thank you again. Smile!]

DELLA. Why do I love chocolate? *(Holds her hand up to JAMIE, he licks it, but without heart.)* I miss you, Jamie Foster. You have to come home more often.

JAMIE. I'm home every day.

DELLA. You know what I mean.

JAMIE *(moving to his computer)*. Let me show you this video

...

DELLA. I told you I'd make you a video. I rehearsed all morning.

JAMIE. It's an interview with this terrorist on al-Arabiya. *(A frozen image of Jawhar comes up on the screen.)* Shehadeh Jawhar, who was probably in Baghdad in 2007 and he talks about—

DELLA. I DON'T WANT TO SEE A VIDEO OF A FUCKING TERRORIST!

(Silence. STREET VENDORS and PEOPLE exit. She sits at table. She sees a photo on the table, picks it up.)

DELLA *(cont'd)*. Did you see this? My kid-sister Kara sent me a photo of my senior prom. She's been sending me pictures of myself since the day we shipped out to Kuwait. She wants me to remember who I was before I left. I told her: "I

will still be your sister, but your better sister” ... I wore this flowy gold gown thing for the prom—with my hair in long curls—and those ridiculous white shoes that nobody could dance in. Did you see my prom date? He was something—right out of my storybook childhood—wearing a white tuxedo. Look how straight, and clean, and shiny-new my boy was ... After the dance we drove out to the beach and shared a bottle of cherry vodka. *(She laughs.)* He couldn’t keep his hands off me, but in that dress, he couldn’t find his way in; Jesus he got frustrated. And then, as the moon hung over the water, he leaned in, kissed me—I swear it was the longest kiss ever—I almost drowned in it—and then he did the most romantic thing. He looked into my eyes and threw up on his white tuxedo.

JAMIE. I remember that kiss. I’d been kissed before but not ... like that. And that dress ... *(He takes photo.)* I was trying to be all romantic; and smooth. But I could feel you shaking. I was thinking: “Am I hurting her? Is she crying?” You were laughing at me!

(She acknowledges she was and now they both laugh. JAMIE puts photo down, takes image off his computer, the screen goes blank.)

DELLA. So what about this Jalil guy?

JAMIE *(checking with her, to see if this is all right)*. Yeah?

(She indicates it is.)

JAMIE *(cont’d, jumping at the chance)*. Three days after we set up the patrol base, people saw we weren’t leaving and they started coming out, again. Opening up their shops, playing music, standing on corners. Jalil set up just outside the wire; I think he thought it was safer there.

DELLA. Safer next to the base? Did the guy have a fuckin’ brain?

JALIL. You talk to officer, see I sell inside. Then I can give you free, inside there, what you want.

JAMIE. And he wanted to sell inside the base; he wanted me to help him get inside.

DELLA. So he was working you.

JALIL. What you want, I bring. For you: cigarette, soda pop, fruit, fish, jewel, yes, jewel, for you or your woman. Then you can have it.

JAMIE. Yeah. But I had talked to him before that, a shit-load of times.

(SHATHA, 16, enters, carrying a box of merchandise, begins to set it out. She's dressed in Western street clothes, but wears a colorful scarf around her hair.)

JAMIE *(cont'd)*. One day his sister was out there with him.

(JACKSON and DAVIS enter, wearing full combat gear and each carrying an M4.)

JAMIE *(cont'd)*. Jackson was ahead of me and was talking to her.

JACKSON *(i.e. her head scarf)*. What you got under there, girl?

SHATHA. English ... no.

JACKSON. That's all right. You understand the language of love.

Damn, look at those eyes. Davis, look at this Arab princess.

DAVIS *(scans the area)*. Yeah.

JACKSON. Girl's all eyes. Just looking at me. All eyes on me.

DAVIS. Like she's looking at the devil.

JACKSON. Oh, no, like I'm one big, sweet, piece of American apple pie.

JALIL. She is my sister. She does not speak English. I will help. What you want?

JACKSON. What I want I can't have. What you got for hair under there? I bet it's black, black as night, and long, damn! A man could get lost in there. *(Indicating this.)* Take off

your scarf. Come on, girl, give the soldier a thrill. Show the world who you are. Be proud, baby. Don't let them cover you up. Shine proud.

(She looks to JALIL. JALIL speaks to her in Arabic.)

JALIL. *La tatakalam, iskut.* [Do not say anything. Do not do anything.]

SHATHA. *Shubeddo? Shubeguollee?* [What does he want? What is he saying to me?]

JALIL. *Befak'er enti jamilah, bedo yashuf sharik.* [He believes you are pretty. He wishes to see your hair.]

SHATHA. *Ah, la, la, la.* *(Holding her scarf on tight.)* [Ah, no, no, no.]

JALIL. No, sorry.

JACKSON. Just for a minute, girl. *(SHATHA backs up, holding her scarf. He follows after her.)* Allah won't care, Allah knows my heart is good.

JAMIE. Jackson, we're moving.

JACKSON *(slowly reaching to take her scarf off)*. Show me something to think about later.

SHATHA *(fearfully, holding onto her head scarf)*. *La, la—* [No, no.]

JACKSON. Show me the freedom we're fighting for. Let your hair shine in the light. It's your world now, baby, you're free! Let it fly!

SHATHA *(to JALIL)*. *Wagefu Jalil. Sho assawi?* [Stop him, Jalil. What do I do?]

JALIL. She does not wish to—

JAMIE. Jackson, what are you doing?

JACKSON. Winning the heart and mind of brown beauty here!

JAMIE. Get the fuck away from her!

JACKSON *(staring into SHATHA's eyes, smiling, speaking in a quiet voice)*. No need to climb up my ass, Foster; love

is good. Love is extreme, surrounded by all this mother-fucking hate. I'll be around, sweet thing. (*Slowly backing up. Indicating his name tag.*) You got a problem, you call me: Jackson. Jack ... son.

JAMIE. Get your ass moving!

DAVIS. Jackson—

SHATHA. Jack ... son ...

JACKSON. Yes, sergeant!

DAVIS. We're moving!

JACKSON. Roger that, sergeant! (*To SHATHA.*) Call me!

SHATHA (*indicating, as JACKSON did, as if she were wearing a name tag*). Shatha. Sha ... tha ... OK?

JACKSON. Sshhhhaaaathththththththaaaaa ...

JALIL (*scolding her*). *Shatha! La tikalimih!* [Shatha! Do not talk to him!]

(*SHATHA nods, bows her head. JACKSON and DAVIS exit.*)

DELLA. What's that? That's nothin'. So Jackson liked her.

(*SHATHA exits.*)

JAMIE. After that day, Jalil always came up to me out on patrol.

JALIL. Foster, I have for you. (*Holds up a small, woven wall hanging.*)

JAMIE. What is it?

JALIL. We make it for you. AMC Cup, Iraq champions!

JAMIE. Champions?

JALIL. Football. You know, soc-cer. Football! (*Pointing out on the wall hanging.*) See, ball here, goal here, Iraq flag here. Then say: "Peace." Iraq champion all of Asia—win eh, eh, Japan, eh, win Korea, win Saudi Arabia! Oh, man, who could believe that!

JAMIE. Oh, man, I don't believe that.