AHMED. All right. Come here now, please, I want you to take a picture. *(BARBARA goes to AHMED.)* You look through...

BARBARA. I know.

AHMED. You go there. *(He stands, works out a pose with gun and grenade.)* All right. *(BARBARA takes a moment to focus, and presses the button, at the same time a AHMED starts talking.)* Now after I die, you...

BARBARA. You moved.

AHMED. You can see I am talking! *(The photograph paper has emerged.)* We will see it.

BARBARA. You were starting to say...

AHMED. No talk! *(He watches the photograph develop.)* My mouth is open, it is no good. *(BARBARA comes to see the photograph.)*

BARBARA. It's nice. *(Pause, AHMED continues to evaluate the photograph.)* It's okay, really. It looks like you're giving an order to someone. *(She looks at the camera.)* There's still one more picture left.

AHMED. Go over there again. *(He hands her the camera. She goes to the same spot, and he poses holding his mouth rigidly closed.)*

BARBARA. Okay. Should I say when I'm going to shoot? Uhh...take the picture...

AHMED. I will say.

BARBARA. What are you going to say? I mean I want to know when you're finished so I don't shoot while you're still saying something. And waste the shot.

AHMED. I will say, "Okay." *(He makes his mouth rigid.)* Okay. *(Quickly makes his mouth rigid again, BARBARA waits until his pose is ready, then shoots.)* Now we see what comes

out. *(He motions for the camera, BARBARA brings it to him, he watches the photograph develop.)* After I die you give this to the Western press. You tell them, "This is a man who dies for jihad." *(The photo is visible, and he examines it.)* Good.

BARBARA. Why do you say "after you die?" You don't have to die.

AHMED. Last night I dreamed that I will die.

BARBARA. Dreams can mean many things.

AHMED. This dream means I will die!

BARBARA. You want to die?

AHMED. If I die like shaheed, yes. Not like this dream.

BARBARA. Well, dreams don't usually mean what you think they do.

AHMED. I tell you the dream, and you tell me I am not going to die! *(pause)* I am home again...but my house is different—big, big as paradise. I walk in the house and I see many rooms I do not remember. I hear children singing and a woman talk, but I do not see people. I look to find them. Everywhere I see rooms, fountains, green plants. Then, I feel something very hot—like fire. I turn and I see a lion. He is sitting, very very quiet and he is watching me. I know he will jump soon. He is terrible because he is making no noise...just eyes and claws...I move back, fast and quiet, and try to run to tell the woman and the children. But my legs do not move and my heart beats strong. I hear a low roar—like the earthquake—I scream, "Ruh, ruh!—Run, he comes, he comes. *(pause)* Then I wake up.

BARBARA. *(Pause, she smiles with a sense of relief.)* And you think that dream means you are going to die?

AHMED. You see I say the truth.

BARBARA. You know, we used to think dreams told about the future. They don't, please believe me—they don't. Now we know that dreams come from emotions fighting inside you.

AHMED. God sends dreams for thousands years. Now is the first time you know the right thing they mean? *(BARBARA does not know how to continue; when at last she opens her mouth to start talking again, AHMED sets her back:)* Talk! *(pause)* Talk! Say stupid things! I want to hear you. *(pause)* Good. Do not talk. I know what it means and I do not need that you tell me.

BARBARA. Well, I think it means something different, and I know dreams. You know how well you know guns? That's how well I know dreams.

AHMED. Go, talk!

BARBARA. Okay. Everything and person in a dream stands for some part of you. The house is like your whole self—that's why it was so big—because maybe you're discovering new things about what you want, how you feel—and the many rooms are like the new parts of you that you're discovering...Ahmed, is this the first time you've had a dream like this?

AHMED. The first time? Always I dream of a house! I dream of a house because we have no house. In my heart always is a house and everybody is safe there.

BARBARA. I see. *(pause)* Well, a dream can be about more than one thing. Let me tell you another thing I think it's about, and you see what you think. *(pause)* The children and the women are like parts of you that you

hide—joy and love and softness...

AHMED. *(interrupting)* I want to be like a woman or a child?

BARBARA. Let me finish. The lion is like your anger. It sits there guarding you, waiting for you to feel a minute of love or joy...

AHMED. "Love" again!

BARBARA. And then the anger comes right after it and kills it. *(pause)* The dream is about feelings battling inside you, not what's going to happen today. *(pause)* A dream makes you see your true self. Sometimes people want very much something they think it's wrong to want. If they keep hiding what they want from themselves, a dream comes and makes them see it.

AHMED. Always we learn—turn your back on evil, push it away. Ilhamdu lillah! *(He says the first "Ilhamdu lillah" automatically, the next two are said with awareness and gratitude.)* Ilhamdu lillah! Ilhamdu lillah! Now you are telling me that I must to open my heart to it! Say, "Hello, evil is-salaam alaykum." Let evil come in like a snake. *(pause)* I am glad that you make me to see that I want something wrong. Because now I know that I must to push it away.

BARBARA. I wasn't talking about sinful love. If your dream had anything to do with me—it's that maybe you're beginning to care about what happens to me, like I'm beginning to care about what happens to you. There's nothing evil about that. *(pause)* I think this dream was telling you that you have choices.

AHMED. There are no choices. Allah aims me like a bullet.

BARBARA. Just when a person thinks there is no choice, he sees a choice...and that makes him a hero.

AHMED. I will have a choice soon. Do you know what it is? *(pause)* Soon they will give me a choice to kill a person on this plane or betray jihad. You understand?

BARBARA. How many of them are there?

AHMED. What?

BARBARA. How many of them are there? How many ...others with you?

AHMED. *(pause)* Oh, I have one choice more. I have a choice to go down and ask Ali or Tarik to come up. Then I will not have to sit here and listen to your Zionist propaganda. They will come up and they will answer your questions. How do you like that? *(pause)* You know Tarik—he does not speak English. I tell him come up now...You do not think I tell him?

BARBARA. You don't really want to do that!

AHMED. You do not tell me what I want to do. You think you know what I want to do? I will show to you that you do not know. I will show to you what I want to do. *(He goes to the stairwell.)*

BARBARA. What will you tell them?

AHMED. *(pause)* I will tell them that you ask too many questions...I will tell them you are a spy for the American CIA.

BARBARA. Ahmed, stop, you will start something you don't want. *(She starts to come over to stop him.)*

AHMED. *(shouting)* Stay there and sit!

BARBARA. Ssh! They will hear you! *(She rushes to the stairwell to pull him bck. AHMED pushes her away, she falls, making a loud noise. Then there is a hush.)*

TERRORISTS' VOICES. *(from downstairs)* Shu fee? (What's the matter?) *(getting closer)* Shu fee?

AHMED. Mafeeshi! (Nothing, it's all right.) *(AHMED and BARBARA are very quiet. BARBARA remains where she fell, frozen. AHMED keeps watch at the stairwell. A shout from one TERRORIST draws the OTHER TERRORIST away. AHMED whispers, almost an apology.)* How do I know you are not a spy?

BARBARA. *(whispering)* You know that I'm not a spy because if I were a spy, I would not say the stupid things I say.

AHMED. *(He returns and stands over BARBARA.)* Say the things you say are stupid.

BARBARA. If they make you angry they are very stupid.

AHMED. They are stupid because they are stupid.

BARBARA. They are stupid because they are stupid. *(AHMED helps BARBARA up and both are silent a moment.)*

TERRORISTS' VOICES. Ya Ahmed, yellah. *(pause)* Ya Ahmed, yellah!

AHMED. We are landing. Go, hear your tape recorder and do not hear what happens. *(He runs down.)*

(It is night, the cabin is dimly lit. BARBARA has her head down on