

Welcome to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

Book and Lyrics by Luke Landric Leonard

Music by Peter Stopschinski

Lyrics by Katie Pearl

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

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WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In 1999, I had the unique opportunity to visit the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Up until 2019, the country was mostly closed to Westerners. Entry was limited to Muslims traveling for religious purposes, and business-people hired to work there. My wife's parents were among the latter, so we were allowed to visit by our family affiliation. The experience left a lasting impression on me, but I wouldn't start developing the play for many years.

At the time, most people's knowledge of the Middle East seemed based on whatever narrative the media outlets were spinning. Since I had access to former expatriates, I got excited about trying to offer an intimate view of Saudi Arabian culture from the firsthand perspective of foreigners. I conducted over 10 hours of interviews with 14 American expatriates (my in-laws declined to comment), some of their children, and a couple of Saudi natives. Most expat interviewees lived in Saudi Arabia for decades, but I learned their interactions with the Saudis were limited. A Saudi native told me that religion was the barrier.

My plans for the play had to change. It became about people searching for their version of the American dream in a foreign land. The play explores how the experience affects a marriage and what removing the barrier might look like. Some of the words are verbatim, but the work is total fiction. The play uses humor and music to help tell the story. I modeled the play after the TV variety show *Hee Haw*, so there are Borscht Belt-style jokes and karaoke music inspired by Arabic pop. Lastly, there are two acts, but you can decide whether to have an intermission. If you pause after Act 1, the Voice should say, "I think now is a perfect time for an intermission."

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

Welcome to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia was originally produced at 59E59 Theaters in New York by Monk Parrots, featuring the following cast:

Hank Brown.....Joey LePage
Tina Murphy-Brown.....Jessie Dean
Randy.....John Gasper
Abdullah.....Christopher McLamb
Zillah.....Ruthy Froch
Dick.....John Smiley
Fanny.....Sarah Grace Sanders
Voice.....Luke Landric Leonard

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CAST: 3 Women, 4 Men, 1 Voice

HANK BROWN	30s, an adventure seeking Protestant
TINA MURPHY-BROWN	30s, Hank's wife, also Protestant
RANDY	late teens-20s, their stillborn son, a misanthrope, kind of purple with thinning, red hair
ABDULLAH	40s, an Arab
ZILLAH	late teens-20s, Abdullah's daughter
DICK and FANNY	30s, freewheeling British expats
THE DESCENDANTS OF ABRAHAM	A trio of camels, played by Randy, Dick, and Fanny
VOICE	Any age, an offstage/amplified voice, someone incognito attempting to sound sultry
SINGING PIG	played by Randy

TIME: Act 1: 1981 (Iran-Iraq War), Act 2: 1991 (Gulf War)

PLACE: Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

TINA'S MANIFESTO	Tina
INDOCTRINATION 101	Hank, Tina, Abdullah
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON (SID, SIDDIQUI)	Dick, Hank, Fanny
TAN IT UP	Fanny
DIRTY LITTLE PIG	Randy
WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA	Abdullah, Hank
MR. WILLIS CARRIER	Tina
WHAT HEART?	Hank
RANDY'S RANT	Randy
LAST DITTY	Dick, Fanny, Randy
CHILD OF ENTROPY	Zillah
TINA'S LAST SONG	Tina

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WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

The main title theme from Lawrence of Arabia plays on repeat when the house opens. The VOICE speaks and theme music fades as the audience settles in.

VOICE. Hello everyone. Welcome to Welcome to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Thank you for coming. Has everyone found their seat? Perfect. Before we begin, we'd like to take a minute to remind you that this is a space for your thoughts and feelings. Here, you can express yourself freely but be warned, there may be consequences. For instance, there are two tribes here, the people feeling uncomfortable, disgruntled, uninterested, angry or annoyed---And then there are the people who are all in; regardless of what happens, they'll stay till the end. Let's see a show of hands---be honest---who does not want to be here? Wow. Okay. Now decide, which tribe are you in? If you want out now or think you might later then go. But everyone in the house has permission to either cheer for your happiness, or boo or heckle you if you do. Don't believe me? Be my guest. Try. We'll give it a second but after that, the rest of us will agree that we are part of the committed tribe and that together we will boo, heckle, or cheer for anyone who changes their mind. Enjoy the show.

Pause to see if anyone accepts the challenge to exit. If someone gets up, Voice can incite heckling if needed, and the play should begin during the uproar. If nothing happens, fade the house lights and start the play. You may also skip the intro.

The play begins with the sound of the adhan (Islamic call to prayer). A Saudi sword is spotlighted and suspended above the stage. A sandbox stretches from USR to USL. Also upstage are long, high temperature fluorescent tube lights with red tube casings resembling a hazard barrier.

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There is a microphone on a mic stand USL. A red and white barrier rod is downstage separating the audience from the actors.

ABDULLAH enters sternly to centerstage. He turns to face the audience and claps. The adhan stops. He smiles. Music begins. He dances the “Penguin Dance” (a popular trend). The cast enters while Abdullah dances. HANK and TINA enter USR and stand facing downstage. DICK and FANNY enter USL and stand facing downstage. RANDY enters SR and stands facing downstage. ZILLAH enters SL and the cast joins Abdullah in the Penguin Dance.

The dance is interrupted by sounds of war. Everybody runs and the barrier rod is struck. Projection: 1981. Lights up on Tina and Abdullah. Applause track.

ACT 1 SCENE 1 (TINA #1)

ABDULLAH. Tina, welcome to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and you know we go out of our way for you around here.

TINA. And I appreciate that, Abdullah, thank you.

ABDULLAH. Well, I hope everything is fine.

TINA. Well, actually, now that you mention it, see there were some things brought to my dressing room and they were, well, I don’t know how else to say it, they were old, and they were stale.

ABDULLAH. (*Chuckling.*) Who was it? Oh! You mean those shawarma sandwiches?! (*Laugh track.*)

TINA. No, no. The jokes! The jokes! (*Laugh track.*)

ABDULLAH. They’ve been serving me those things for years around here. You just sing your way around them. Ladies and gentlemen, here is Tina Murphy-Brown. (*Music starts. Applause. Spotlight on Tina.*)

TINA. Thank you, Abdullah. (*She sings. Starts like a prayer.*)

TINA. Dear.... God...

This is my honest intelligent side

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

Back me up here now lord you know that I've tried
To trust what I'm given
To reap what I sow
To take what you offer
So ready, set, go!
This is my embarrassed manifesto!

(High energy.)

I WANT TO...

SHOP AT GOD'S PLAN SUPERMARKET

EAT AT DIVINE BLESSING RESTAURANT

USE TOUCH OF THE SON SOFT KLEENEX TISSUE EVERY TIME I
SNEEZE

GET MY TAKEOUT FROM BETTER WORLD BBQ

ALL MY WINDOWS PROVIDE ME A HEAVENLY VIEW

I WORK OUT AT JESUS' GYM AND WITH EVERY REP I BLESS
HIM

YES, HOLY SPIRIT! THIS IS MY MANIFESTO!

I WANT GOD TO BE...EVERYWHERE I GO!

THE KISS OF CHRIST LIKE THE BREEZE ON MY SKIN

A CHURCH WITHOUT LIKE A CHAPEL WITHIN

THE PUMPING OF MY BLOOD LIKE A SONG THAT SINGS HIS
NAME

YES, HOLY SPIRIT! THIS IS MY MANIFESTO!

(Jump back to high energy.)

I WANT TO...

SHOP AT GOD'S PLAN SUPERMARKET

EAT AT DIVINE BLESSING RESTAURANT

USE TOUCH OF THE SON SOFT KLEENEX TISSUE EVERY TIME I
SNEEZE

GET MY TAKEOUT FROM BETTER WORLD BBQ

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

ALL MY WINDOWS PROVIDE ME A HEAVENLY VIEW
I WORK OUT AT JESUS' GYM AND WITH EVERY REP I BLESS
HIM

YES, HOLY SPIRIT! THIS IS MY MANIFESTO!
I WANT GOD TO BE...EVERYWHERE I GO!
YES!

GOD CAN BE...EVERYWHERE I GO! (*Song ends. Randy appears.
Spotlight on Randy.*)

RANDY. I waited on the corner for my blind date. When this girl walked by, I said, "Are you Lindsey?" She said, "Are you Randy?" I said, "Yeah." She said, "I'm not Lindsey." (*Laugh track. Crossfade and spot on Abdullah.*)

ABDULLAH. I've been married for twenty-four years and I'm still in love with the same woman. If my wife finds out, she'll kill me. (*Laugh track.*)

SCENE 2 (INDOCTRINATION)

HANK. (*Speaking to the audience. Music underscores.*) Hello, my name is Hank Brown, and this is my wife, Tina. Say hi, Tina.

TINA. Hi y'all.

HANK. Okay, I probably started it. That is, when I was in the Navy I was thinking, well I knew I was going to get out, and I was thinking what will I do when I get out. So there were always these magazine articles that seemed enticing about work in Saudi Arabia. When I graduated from college, I had intended to go in the Peace Corps. Fact, I took training and I was going to go to Iran. So, what it turned out, that I was always on the adventuresome side, I always looked to work foreign.

TINA. I had a dream about moving far away, an omen.

HANK. And so, I hadn't really any firm plans, we got married and we went on a long honeymoon down to Mexico and all of that, we came back, I started teaching chemistry at a high school in Pasadena, Texas. It just

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happened. But the salary was low, so as time went on, I still was looking for something bigger and better.

TINA. Hank had a summer job as a men's hairstylist.

HANK. Then, one day, think t'was 1979/80, see a flyer in the teacher's lounge: Want to keep teaching but make a living? Apply to Aramco.

TINA. I had no idea what it was.

HANK. So I called my wife who did not like change.

TINA. I did not like change.

HANK. And I said, "Okay, Tina, I think I got a great deal for you. Let's go to Saudi Arabia!" And she said –

TINA. Where is it?

HANK. I could've said, "Do you want to move to the moon?" So applied to Aramco and month later get a letter with no openings, but they'll keep my resume on file for a year. And then...

TINA. The Iran Hostage Crisis.

HANK. Fifty-two Americans are taken hostage in Iran. Heck, might as well been Saudi to us.

TINA. Glad the Lord didn't let us go.

HANK. We didn't want to be in the middle of all that mess.

TINA. Thank God the Saudis bailed on us.

HANK. A year went by, then out of the blue –

TINA. They invite us to Houston for an interview. And you won't believe this.

HANK. She's excited about it.

VOICE. What changed your mind?

TINA. It was God that changed my mind. The Lord prepared us to go.

HANK. So despite the fact the hostages are still being held, and despite the fact that we haven't done more research, we decide, let's go talk to them about it. *(Music underscore stops. Hank and Tina exit. Dick appears.)*

DICK. My wife told me to watch my drinking. Now I drink in front of the mirror. *(Laugh track. A mirror materializes and floats across the stage, slowly breaking into pieces to the sound of breaking glass as Dick laughs and drinks. The mirror pieces are left upstage stuck in the sand. Abdullah and Tina appear.)*

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ABDULLAH. If I were to say to you, Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad, what would you think of?

TINA. Well, I'd like to think that we were about to hear from The Descendants of Abraham.

ABDULLAH. We are and here they are. *(Abdullah and Tina exit. THE DESCENDANTS appear and sing "Just to Satisfy You" by Don Bowman and Waylon Jennings. Song ends. Descendants exit. Sound of the adhan. Zillah appears. Adhan stops.)*

ZILLAH. Somebody said are you afraid of flying? I said no, race ya! *(Laugh track. Zillah exits. Abdullah and Tina reappear.)*

ABDULLAH. Here's one of my favorites growing fast in the Aramco world today.

TINA. Yes, one of my favorites. Hank Brown. *(Hank enters and sings.)*

HANK. IN

DOC

TRI

NATION

IN

DOC

TRI

NATION

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

A YEAR WENT BY

THEN OUT OF THE BLUE

ARAMCO CALLS

FOR AN INTERVIEW

WE DROVE TO HOUSTON

FOR THE MAIN EVENT

AND MET DEAN DEWARD

THE SUPERINTENDENT

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

GOD CHANGED OUR MIND
HE PREPARED US TO GO
THE LORD HAS A PLAN
YOU JUST NEVER KNOW

WE LEARNED A FEW THINGS
THE DON'TS AND THE DOS
SHE MUST COVER UP
WE CAN'T BE JEWS

TINA. This abaya fits three!
HANK. From head to toe.
TINA. How will I see?!

HANK. INDOCTRINATION 101
COME INSIDE
IT'S SO MUCH FUN
LEARN HOW TO DRESS
LIKE A PRINCESS
THERE'S LOTS TO DO OVERSEAS
THEY OFFER ALL THE FACILITIES
SHOPPING
SAILING
SWIMMING
SURFING
BIKING
BOWLING
GOLFING
TENNIS

ABDULLAH. SHOPPING
SAILING
SWIMMING
TINA. What else can you do?
ABDULLAH. SURFING
HANK. What else do you need?

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ABDULLAH. BIKING

TINA. Should we get a Quran?

ABDULLAH. BOWLING

HANK. Well it's a good read.

HANK/ABDULLAH/TINA. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

HANK. THE RUB AL KHALI CAN REACH

100 DEGREES

BUT WHEN IT GETS COLD

YOUR NUTS REALLY FREEZE

SAUDI'S HISTORY IS RICH

WITH DOZENS OF TRIBES

BUT THE SUNNIS ARE REALLY

THE ONES THAT PRESIDE

LIKE CATHOLICS AND LUTHERANS

WHO'S RIGHT AND WHO'S WRONG?

RESPECT THEIR BELIEFS

AND IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG

PUBLIC AFFECTION AIN'T GONNA FLY

WOMEN IN PUBLIC MUST HAVE A GUY

YOU CAN EAT WITH A FORK

BUT ONE THING'S FORBIDDEN

YOU CAN'T EAT PORK

WOMEN

PUBLIC

HANK/TINA/ABDULLAH. NO NO!

NO NO!

HANK. BEER AND

BOOZE HOUND

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

HANK/TINA/ABDULLAH. NO NO!

NO NO!

HANK. BIG FAT

PAYCHECK

HANK/TINA/ABDULLAH. YEAH!

HANK. BIG FAT

PAYCHECK

HANK/TINA/ABDULLAH. YEAH!

HANK. DON'T BE SURPRISED -

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

HANK. WHEN YOU SEE THE DOUBLE-WIDE.

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

HANK. SPACIOUS, NOT GRACIOUS -

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

HANK. BUT IT COMES FULLY FURNISHED.

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

TINA. What's the camp called?

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

HANK. It's Najmah II.

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

TINA. That doesn't sound bad.

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

HANK. (Aside.) God, I hope it's all true.

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

HANK/TINA/ABDULLAH. FEELING LIBERATED!

NOW INDOCTRINATED!

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

FEELING LIBERATED!

NOW INDOCTRINATED!

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

SAUDI ARABIA

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

ABDULLAH. Do not take anything that you cannot afford to lose.

TINA. Is it possible to live outside camp?

ABDULLAH. Well, I guess you could, but in 60 years no one ever has.

(He exits.)

HANK. *(To the audience.)* Three months in Saudi and we understood how absurd that question really was. *(Randy enters with empty suitcases. Hank starts packing them. Randy stands in a different light.)*

TINA. I'm not sure that I can live on a desert.

HANK. Ha. You never know where you're gonna end up. I have a romantic idea about the Bedouin.

RANDY. *(To the audience. Tina starts packing, too.)* I'm six years old in Pasadena, Texas where all the oil, gas, and chemical refineries are located. Seemed like a beautiful place until you leave it, then you come back, and you smell that smell and go, "Wow, I lived here?" The smell was like toxic from chemical plants. Rubber combined with chemicals they used to process it. It was a very polluted smell, like a dense smog. Thanks, *parents. (Tina tries to ignore Randy.)*

HANK. It's a perfect time for an adventure.

TINA. I don't know. Are we being selfish?

HANK. Everything we do in life is selfish. The most successful people are selfish.

TINA. I think a decent thing to be is a florist. Do you think I can be a florist when we get there?

RANDY. He took a lunchroom dare with his buddy to interview with Aramco. There's no job for a teacher. But his knowledge of chemical elements combined with a stint in oil and gas make him eligible for a chemist position. He looked good on paper anyway and negotiated terms that he thought were ridiculous: base salary of \$100K, 40% inconvenience fee on top of the base, now he's making \$140K, travel benefit for the entire family to move, that's another \$20K, no taxes on the first \$80K of his salary. Health, dental, and life insurance...Aramco said, "Okay."

HANK. The most important thing is that we'll be together.

TINA. We're going to be alright?

HANK. Double the salary, don't pay taxes, a month and a half of vacation.

RANDY. He'll be constantly training a Saudi to take his job.

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HANK. That 30-day orientation in Houston taught us about Saudi culture and the cultural change. The video about nomads, camels, people living in tents...Ha!...versus the reality? Photos that look like home, just like our home. Their culture? We'll contend with it by simply respecting the rules. We're ready. Besides, they might learn a little something from us, too. I mean, who doesn't like Americans?

RANDY. I had to get *eight* different shots. I was in *first* grade and going to a *Third World* country. It was *torture*. First, I go in and get my blood drawn. Then, back to sitting area. Then back in to get a tetanus, then lobby, back in for a series of *other* vaccinations. I try to distract myself from the pain of the shots by singing. (*He sings in a broken voice while pulling up his sleeve and slowly stretching out his arm.*) Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh. Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh. (*With arm stretched out he tenses and screams a quiet scream from the back of his throat.*)

HANK. (*Hank juggles all the luggage: duffle bag, two large suitcases, etc.*) Look at me! I'm a pack mule! (*He dances and moans: hee haw, hee haw.*)

TINA. Careful, honey. You got our whole life goin' halfway 'round the world.

HANK. (*He sets the luggage down.*) I think we should pray. (*Praying.*) Bless us, heavenly Father, with the comfort of your love, that we face each day with hope, and certainty that nothing can destroy, the goodness that you give. In Jesus name amen. (*The sound of a needle scratching a record, and Randy drops the tension/scream.*)

RANDY. Holy shit. (*The sound of an airplane departing, and a gust of haze. Hank and Tina fly.*)

SCENE 3 (THE ARRIVAL)

(*Sound of an airplane. Zillah enters through the haze. She sees the broken mirror in the sand. Stops. Hikes up her abaya to admire her fabulous pair of running shoes. Exits. Abdullah appears.*)

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ABDULLAH. I asked my wife what she wanted for her birthday. When she said she wanted a divorce I told her I wasn't planning on spending that much. (*Laugh track. Projection #1: Jeddah, King Abdulaziz International Airport, followed by Projection #2: Welcome to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Sound of plane touching ground. A shaft of light. Hank holds up an abaya.*)

HANK. You should put this on.

TINA. I thought they were joking.

HANK. No. Think of it like a costume.

TINA. You're secretly enjoying this, aren't you?

HANK. No. (*Into a microphone.*) Yes. (*Away from the mic.*) Here. (*Tina covers herself. Hank speaks into the mic.*) Yes. I am secretly happy. She has really let herself go. May I say that?

VOICE. Sure, Hank. This is a safe place for your inner thoughts. Nobody will ever know.

ABULLAH. (*Only he's not "Abdullah." He's another Abdullah holding a walkie-talkie. He speaks in Arabic. Projected subtitle in English.*) All pilgrims on The Hajj, please get into the Hajj line, this way, thank you. (*Arabic translation: يا جماعة، اخوان الحجاج، من فضلكم تجمعوا على خط واحد، شكراً / English transliteration: ya jamaa'a, ikhawaan al-Hujjaajj, min faDlikoom tjam'aoo 'alaa khaT waaHad, shookraan. He ushers Tina and Hank into The Hajj line. Projection: The Hajj line. Tina, Hank, and Abdullah speak directly to the audience.*)

TINA. It's the middle of the night, and it's been two hours. I'm tired.

HANK. I'm tired too.

TINA. 12-hour flight. They're not efficient about moving people through. (*She sneezes.*) It's dusty. And hot! There's just as much dirt on the marble floor as there was on the tarmac! They search every single item in people's bags! They confiscate stuff!

HANK. I don't know what to say. You're - Look the line is moving! (*Tina weeps.*) Don't...don't -

ABDULLAH. (*Speaking in Arabic.*) What is your business? (*Arabic translation: وش عندك هنا؟ / English transliteration: wish 'andak hinaa? Is there a problem? Arabic translation: اش فيك؟ / English transliteration: Ish feek?*)

HANK. She's fine. We're just a little tired.

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ABDULLAH. (*Sternly. In Arabic.*) What is your relationship? (*Arabic translation: ؟ اش علاقتكم / English transliteration: Ish 'alagatkum?*)

HANK. We're married.

ABDULLAH. (*Speaking in Arabic.*) Show me your luggage! (*Arabic translation: وريني حقيبتك. / English transliteration: Wareenee hageebatak. Abdullah exits the stage to confront an audience member and reaches under their seat.*)

TINA. Hank, where did you put the bible?

HANK. I put it where I always put it. I put it right on top of the carryONNNN-- (*Abdullah lifts a Bible with two fingers and has a look of complete horror/disgust.*)

ABDULLAH. (*Speaking in Arabic.*) You are not Muslim. How dare you. (*Into the walkie.*) We have a situation at the gate. Security. Bring backup. (*Arabic translation: أنت مو مسلم. أنت منه عشان تجي هنا. عندنا مشكلة عند الباب. جيب الشرطة! فحص التجوييف 'ashaan tajee hinaa. 'andna mushkila 'and al-baab. jeeb ash-shorTa! faHaS at-tajweef. Light reflects on the sword. Sound of a mile-long sword unsheathing. The Descendants pop in and sing "Just to Satisfy You" again.*)

HANK. (*Over the commotion, but not yelling. Articulating.*) Look, I'm a Christian. We have bibles to teach children. Wouldn't you do the same? In the bible is the story of Jesus and in the Quran is the story of Jesus. In the bible is the story of Elizabeth and in the Quran is the story of Elizabeth. These are prophets. What's the argument? (*Abdullah puts the bible under his arm and puts on a latex glove. Tina wails.*) We work for Arabian American Oil Company! (*Dick appears.*)

DICK. "I've got a good joke on you," says one friend to the other, "Last night you forgot to pull down the shade and I could see you screwing your wife." "Ha. Ha.," says the other, "The jokes on you. I wasn't home last night!" (*Laugh track. Projection: An hour into the desert. Home Sweet Home: Najmah II. Night. Sound of a bus driving away. A gust of dirt. A white picket fence. Hank drops the luggage and slowly collapses on top. Tina stares at the fence. Hank catches his breath and looks around taking in the new surroundings.*)

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TINA. This is not exactly what I imagined. But I didn't know I had to travel this far and this long to finally get my white picket fence. There it is. The dream white picket fence. But the house doesn't go with the fence.

HANK. Okay, so we moved from a 1500 square foot house to a 500 square foot trailer in the middle of the desert. Things could be worse. It's natural to wonder if this is a good idea. *(Tina looks blankly at Hank, then turns back to the trailer. Pause. Tina enters the mobile home. Hank sits surrounded by silence. Tina moans from within.)* What.

TINA. Green!

HANK. What?

TINA. Greeeen! Why is everything green? The furniture is green! The curtains are green! The bedspread is green!

HANK. Are the plants green? *(Tina flings the door open holding a five-gallon jerry can.)*

TINA. What is this?!

HANK. I believe that is a five-gallon jerry can that they told us to hang on the fence for maintenance to refill with drinking water.

TINA. Ha-ha. I love it. Ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha. I just love it. *(She goes back inside.)* The curtains are green!!!

HANK. Ladies and gentlemen, the craziest man at Aramco to work with. Our neighbor, Dick. *(Dick appears and sings.)*

DICK. Attention!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING
TRAVEL IS A VENEER
IMMERSE YOURSELF IN THE CULTURE
HUH, GOOD LUCK WITH THAT HERE
YOU WANT TO LEARN ARABIC?
HERE'S HOW TO SAY SHIT,
KHARA, YOU TRY IT

HANK. Khara.

DICK. THAT'S IT
YOU TRY IT

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

HANK. Khara!

DICK. THAT'S IT
KHARA MOOK
THAT'S SHITHEAD,
OR SHIT FOR THE BRAINS
LOOK, WE WORK FOR THE ARABS
WE'RE NOT NEIGHBORS, NOT FRIENDS
COMMUNITIES ARE SEPARATE
THAT'S JUST HOW IT IS

THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
IN YOUR HEART AND YOUR HEAD
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND YOU'LL SEE
MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE
ONLY TIME AND LUXURY
MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE
ONLY TIME AND LUXURY

A METAL FENCE SURROUNDS US ALL
WITH BARBED WIRE SIX FEET TALL
TO PROTECT US FROM UPRISINGS
THEIR FREQUENCY'S SURPRISING

ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN
BEHIND THE CLOSED CURTAIN
TRUTH IS A CONVENIENCE
BE GLAD YOU HAVE A PENIS
LOOK I GOTTA BE STRAIGHT AND I DON'T WANT TO PRETEND
THIS SONG IS FUNNY TO SOME AND TO SOME IT MIGHT
OFFEND
TOSS A ROCK IN THE AIR AND GODDAMN I SWEAR
YOU'LL HIT A HYPOCRITE NOW GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
IN YOUR HEART AND YOUR HEAD
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
WITH IRAQ AND IRAN
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND YOU'LL SEE
MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE
ONLY NICE AMENITIES
MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE
ONLY NICE AMENITIES
MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE
ONLY TIME AND LUXURY
MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE
ONLY TIME AND LUXURY

(Segue.)

BUT I DO HAVE THE REMEDY TO HELP YOU FORGET

DICK/FANNY. *(Fanny enters with a tray of "sid" and Dick takes a glass.)*

SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY

DICK. *(Fanny crosses to Hank and hands him a glass. He drinks.)*

CLOSE YOUR EYES

OPEN WIDE

LET IT RUN DOWN YOUR NECK

(Dick takes a drink, then sets down the glass.)

FANNY/HANK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY

DICK. ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT WORKS

WHENEVER YOU FEEL BLUE

FILL YOUR GLASS AND PLEASE

DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT THE RECIPE

THANK ME LATER, THIS IS CALLED "SIDDIQUI"

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

FANNY/HANK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY
SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY

DICK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY
CALM THE URGE, SETTLE NERVES
BLOW YOUR MIND ANYTIME

DICK/FANNY/HANK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY

DICK. GIVE IT TO YOUR FRIENDS AS THEY WALK THROUGH
THE DOOR
PROMISE THEY'LL BE BEGGING AND COMIN' BACK FOR MORE

DICK/FANNY/HANK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY

DICK. DRINK IT BROWN, DRINK IT WHITE
THEY BOTH KNOCK OUT YOUR LIGHTS

DICK/FANNY/HANK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY

DICK. YOU CAN ALSO MAKE BEER
YOU CAN ALSO MAKE WINE
BUT I PREFER SID, SIDDIQUI ANY OLE TIME
AH!

FANNY/HANK. SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY
SID, SIDDIQUI, GET YOUR MIND FREAKY **DICK.** AH!
SID. *(Dick and Fanny exit. Tina enters.)*

TINA. Who was that?

HANK. Uh. Dick. Our neighbor.

TINA. What did he say?

HANK. I talked to him. He's a space cadet.

TINA. Crazy or eccentric? Poor people are crazy. Rich people are
eccentric.

HANK. He's eccentric.

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

TINA. Honey, I'm sorry for the way I behaved. Have you been drinking?

HANK. No.

TINA. Oh. Okay.

HANK. Tomorrow, we make a few changes.

TINA. The company issued furniture goes away?

HANK. And the cement floors. And the tattered towels.

TINA. And the green curtains?

HANK. And the green everything. Whatever you want. Dick's wife. Her name is Fanny. She works in housing. Dick said she'll take care of the curtains and that guy across street is moving, so we can inherit his furniture. It's beige and very modern.

TINA. There's no TV.

HANK. And we don't need a TV. Let's choose not to have a TV. As an experiment. I'll read to you. I'll read *The Lord of the Rings*. I'll read *The Hobbit*.

TINA. Will you do a voice for Gollum?

HANK. *(Seductively.)* What's this in my pocket? *(Funny 'Gollum' voice.)* Let's stop talking, my precious, and make haste. *(Hank chases Tina to the trailer. They exit. A garden hose appears near the microphone. Sound of children playing.)*

SCENE 4 (THE ADJUSTMENT)

RANDY. I met other kids. We ran around. Couple boys had some toys. Like a...like a ball...that you could throw. You get used to it. Then, you start getting care packages from the States. Monty, a friend, he got a frisbee.

ABDULLAH. Once again, *The Descendents of Abraham*. *(The Descendents enter singing the chorus of "Pfft, You Were Gone!" by Susan Heather. Descendents exit. Fanny sunbathes in a string bikini. Her body is well-oiled. Even the audience can smell the coconut fragrance of the Hawaiian Tropic. Hank stands holding the garden hose trying not to stare at Fanny.)*

VOICE. Hank, penny for your thoughts?

HANK. How does a person avoid getting caught?

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

VOICE. What do you mean?

HANK. I mean, I'm a man...I'm human...I have...certain...fantasies.

VOICE. If you don't want to get caught you need to train not to be a creature of habit, or train to be a creature of multiple habits whose real habits are concealed by another.

FANNY. Alright, Hank?

HANK. Yes. *(Squirts water.)* Hi, Fanny.

FANNY. How does Tina like her new furniture?

HANK. Well, I haven't heard her complain, "Why does everything have to be *beige*?!" So, I guess she's okay. Thank you for everything.

FANNY. You bet. *(Hank pretends to water plants. Sound of water from the garden hose starting and stopping.)* There's a transition people go through...the longer they stay...the more likely they become hermits. We don't have a lot in common with new people coming in...trying to get their feet under them. You get tired of hearing about the trouble they're having. It's boring. You're not boring, though, are you Hank? *(Pause.)* Would you mind rubbing this on my back? *(At first, he doesn't move.)*

VOICE. You're 7500 miles from home. No one will ever know. *(Hank leaps at the opportunity and rubs the lotion on her backside.)*

FANNY. Oh, that's nice. It's such a cliché, isn't it? A man rubbing lotion on a woman's back. Like it's supposed to be sexual or something. Is this sexual to you, Hank?

VOICE. I want to spank her. *(Sound of a butt being slapped.)*

HANK. No.

FANNY. Really. We're both adults.

VOICE. What's this in my pocket?

HANK. I think you're good.

FANNY. It's so hot. Are you hot?

HANK. Yes.

FANNY. Come here and I'll fan you. Come on. Don't be shy. Where is your wife by the way?

HANK. She took the bus into town to go shopping.

FANNY. Why didn't you go with her?

HANK. Were you here when the war started between Iraq and Iran?

FANNY. Those wars started in the 16th century...are you saying that I look old?

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

HANK. No, not at all.

FANNY. I'm only teasing. The disputes started over control of a waterway, I think, then over more territory. Iraq claims they're the "leader of the Arab world." They invaded Iran in 1980. I don't really think anyone knows why anyone is fighting anymore, but it's all about power. Isn't everything about power? At night you can see bombs going off in Ras Tanura. *(Pause.)* I know what you're thinking.

VOICE. I want to take off my shirt and rub my nipples against yours.

FANNY. You're thinking, "Have I made a mistake?" But you haven't. You came here with a mission, right?

VOICE. To proselytize.

FANNY. To make money, perhaps, to redefine yourself. We're living on the edge. You will get very close to people. Closer than you've ever known. Here. Why don't you take your shirt off and get some sun.

ZILLAH. Now here's Fanny with a positive outlook. *(Fanny sings.)*

FANNY. PUT A TAN ON IT
TAN IT UP
BAKE IT TILL IT'S BRONZE
THAT'S THE WAY WE DO IT HERE
STEAL IT LIKE IT'S GOLD
BABY WE ALL GET OLD
BABY WE ALL GET OLD
SO TAN IT UP

THIS IS ME, FANNY
AND MY SEASONED PHILOSOPHY
GET WHAT YOU CAN, TAKE IT ALL
LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT
I'M A BIRD BABY
GOT TO GET COOKED SOMETIME
GOT TO GET COOKED SOMETIME
SO TAN IT UP

IN MY OPINION
BEING BORED IS A GIVEN

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

YOU GOT TO MAKE YOUR OWN HEAVEN
WHERE YOU GONNA GET YOUR SPICE?
TRY IT—IT'S NICE!
YOU GOT TO TAN IT UP

I'M A BIRD BABY
GOTTA GET COOKED SOMETIME
IF YOU WANT TO WASTE YOUR TIME
WATCHIN' TELE
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA IS ONLY A MOVIE
THIS IS REAL LIFE, HANK
YOU GOT TO TAN IT UP
WE'RE LIVIN' THE LIFE, HANK
YOU GOT TO TAN IT UP
YOU GOT TO TAN IT UP. (*Abdullah and Tina appear. Fanny and Hank exit.*)

ABDULLAH. Oh, Ms. Murphy-Brown. Good morning.

TINA. Good morning to you sir.

ABDULLAH. Now, since you're new with us, may I ask you, how do you find the commissary?

TINA. Oh, I don't have to find it. I just get in a taxicab, and he takes me to it. (*Laugh track. Fanny enters in a new outfit and hands Tina a cup of tea.*)

FANNY. So how are you adjusting to Saudi life?

TINA. Well, it's different. Daily rituals are about the same. Alarm goes off at 6:25. I prepare Hank's lunch the night before. He's at work by 7:25. No breakfast. Coffee when he gets there. Lunch is in the dining hall. He's off work by 4PM. Dinner at home. Aramco didn't know what to do with Hank, so he made a job for himself consulting to gas plants and refineries to make their processes run better. Sometimes they ask what he is doing and say oh yeah keep doing that.

FANNY. And what about you?

TINA. I don't know. I have a hard time breathing sometimes. I go to the gym. I play tennis. Grocery shopping is an adventure.

FANNY. The first time I went to the store I was only able to find ingredients to make tacos.

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

TINA. There's no options.

FANNY. No variety.

TINA. One type of potato chips.

FANNY. Fritos.

TINA. One brand of canned corn, green beans, peas. Lettuce is \$10 a head!

FANNY. Once, there was a line around the block at the commissary...for chocolate chips! You have to find ways to do things. You have to find where you find this product, and you went to this town, and you found this in this town, and you tell everybody OH, I FOUND THIS, and then everybody that needed that goes and finds it...A great way to spend time is surfing at the beach.

TINA. Oh, we camp every Thursday night. Hank is at home on the beach in a Bedouin tent. His favorite movie is *Lawrence of Arabia*. How do you find the burka?

FANNY. Oh, I don't wear a burka. The burka covers the face. No, the Americans don't even have to cover up, really. (*Tina stands and takes off the abaya.*) How do you feel now?

TINA. Exposed.

FANNY. Dick calls it a costume.

TINA. So does Hank!

FANNY. Costumes are about feeling comfortable.

TINA. I'm not sure people know why they wear what they wear.

FANNY. The question is what lurks beneath our costumes? It's all a bunch of baloney.

TINA. Speaking of baloney, I can't find it anywhere.

FANNY. Well, it's typically made of pork and lard, so...you wouldn't.

TINA. Yeah, you're forced to appreciate the little things in life. Like milk.

FANNY. Oh, you won't find fresh milk. They sell long-lasting milk called KLIM...which is milk...spelled backwards. No refrigeration necessary because it's filled with all sorts of preservatives.

TINA. It's weird when you have to question whether food is real or not. You know, I just don't get it, though, about certain foods and religions. For the Muslims is pigs. For Hindus it's cows. I mean, we're at the top of the food chain. We should eat everything except people. People are the dirtiest creatures on the planet, filled with all the artificial ingredients they ingest.

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

FANNY. Hindus avoid meat because they believe all living things are sacred and that if you eat animals you might develop animal-like qualities.

TINA. Plants are living! I just don't buy it. And I miss bacon. (*A pig appears and sings.*)

FIG. I'M A DIRTY LITTLE PIG, I AM
IT SAYS RIGHT THERE IN THE QURAN
HOT DAMN
MY LIFE IS SPARED ANOTHER DAY
YEAH
SWEATY
SLIMY
SLOPPY
HEY HEY HEY
OH THE FILTH AND THE MUD AND THE GOOEY MUCK
I ROLL IN SHIT THEN I EAT IT
AND I ALSO LIKE TO FUCK
AND I ALSO LIKE TO FUCK
HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY
SOOIE! (*Pig exits.*)

FANNY. What's the worst thing that you've ever done?

TINA. The worst thing I've ever done? Well, I...uh...um. Why? What's the worst thing you've ever done?

FANNY. I had sex with my neighbor's husband. (*Awkward laughter.*)

TINA. Really?

FANNY. No! (*They chuckle.*) But I wanted to. (*Fanny exits. A box of Klim glides through the air in a spotlight. A boy's voice is heard calling for his mommy. Randy's face appears isolated in light lip-syncing the cry. The boy's cry repeats and grows in intensity. Tina slowly starts to cover her ears and once her ears are covered the crying stops. Zillah appears.*)

ZILLAH. "I understand your husband drowned and left you a million dollars. Can you imagine, a millionaire, and he couldn't even read or write." "Yeah," she said, "and he couldn't swim either." (*Laugh track and sound of waves crashing. Zillah exits. Hank and Tina are on the beach laughing. The sun is setting.*)

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

HANK. I mean, the guy just couldn't admit that he did something wrong. It's more important to Saudis to save face. Makes things difficult when they're running the company.

TINA. It's sad that the most competent person doesn't get the job.

HANK. No, it's structured to be dysfunctional due to nepotism. You know, Abdullah's not such a bad guy. He invited us to his house for coffee.

TINA. Really?

HANK. Yeah.

TINA. Okay. What should we bring?

HANK. No, nothing. He said just bring our stomachs.

TINA. We have to take something. Flowers or something.

HANK. Where are we going to get flowers in Saudi Arabia? No, he said it wasn't necessary, that they don't expect or want any gifts. I think you'll like him. He's a young guy. And he has four wives.

TINA. Well.

HANK. Yeah.

TINA. Do you remember our first date?

HANK. I remember you sucked my lower lip into your mouth and you bit me.

TINA. I did not!

HANK. Yes, you did. I rubbed my tongue along the inside of my mouth and could feel your teeth marks. My lip was bleeding.

TINA. It was an accident.

HANK. There are no accidents. Whether you meant to do it or not, that mark made an impression on me. Literally.

TINA. What else do you remember?

HANK. I remember you being very different. You weren't like other girls. I could be your best friend and your lover. And you made me laugh. But you were like a wall. It wasn't easy to get close to you. I remember when I told you that I cared about you and you said -

TINA. Why? You don't even know me.

HANK. And I said I want to.

TINA. And I said do you think it's possible.

HANK. And I said, I think so. I hope so. (*Sound of the ocean. The sun has set further.*)

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

TINA. I want to have a family.

HANK. We can't go through that again.

TINA. I want a baby. Hank?

HANK. Give me a second. I'm trying to explain. I still think it is possible...but some things -

TINA. No secrets, Hank.

HANK. I am trying to explain. *(Sound of the ocean. He stands, walks away, and speaks in the microphone.)* I love her spirit. I love her strength. I love how smart she is. Something about me. Being with me could change her. Ruin her. I have dreams. I dreamt about a man that I work with and he was naked. He had no hair on his body. He was very smooth, and tan, soft, like a... like a woman.

RANDY. I had a dream that my mother gave me blowjob.

HANK. This is still okay, right? I can say these things? You're still listening? There are so many problems in my head. *(Hank returns to the beach. The sun has set even further.)*

TINA. We received a letter today. *(She hands it to him.)*

HANK. "Pork Abuser." What is this?

TINA. Apparently, we are pork abusers.

HANK. That's ridiculous.

TINA. They're onto us.

HANK. We haven't broken any laws.

TINA. We're pork abusers.

HANK. That's absurd.

TINA. I saw Fanny today.

HANK. Yeah. Where?

TINA. We had tea.

HANK. Yeah. What did she say?

TINA. We talked. Girl talk. You know. She invited us to a party. Do you love me?

HANK. What. Of course, I do. I'm just...it's work. You know. It's frustrating.

TINA. I don't know what I would do if I found out you had secrets. But it seems like all men do.

HANK. Well, don't you? I mean doesn't everybody. What did you girls talk about?

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

TINA. No. Those are her secrets. And I won't tell you because they are hers. I don't have any secrets.

HANK. Well. Good. *(Sound of waves crashing. Sunset. Twilight. Planes fly overhead.)*

TINA. It's getting cold. *(A bomb lights up the sky. Hank wraps a blanket around Tina and holds her.)*

HANK. Here. *(Two bombs light up the sky.)* It's okay. Over there...is bad. That is bad. Over here...is good. This is good. *(Five bombs light up the sky. They kiss. Hank performs cunnilingus. Ten bombs light up the sky. Ten more, etc. A sandstorm. Lights out on Hank and Tina. Dick and Randy appear.)*

DICK. Four years ago, my wife ordered me to quit smoking and drinking.

RANDY. Did it work?

DICK. I don't know. I haven't seen her in four years. *(Laugh track. Sound of the adhan.)*

SCENE 5 (THE CELEBRATION)

ABDULLAH. *(The Penguin Dance music plays. Abdullah enters dancing and is surprised by Hank and Tina.)* Hank! Tina. Welcome.

HANK. Thank you.

TINA. We're very sorry for your loss.

ABDULLAH. My?

TINA. King Khalid?

ABDULLAH. Oh.

HANK. We were in Riyadh...the funeral.

ABDULLAH. I see.

TINA. May I ask why Saudi kings are buried in unmarked graves?

ABDULLAH. To avoid veneration. You see, in Islam it is a sin to associate God with man. That is why you do not see images of important men in Saudi Arabia. No celebrity or idol worshipping like in your United States. We believe great men should only be remembered in words.

TINA. Well, I'm still thinking about the funeral. It was so simple, so beautiful. A king, wrapped in a Persian rug and handed to his people. No high-ranking officials. His own people, carrying his body through town,

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

laying him into a hole in the ground, with no marker. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

ABDULLAH. Are you religious?

TINA. Protestant.

ABDULLAH. Christian.

HANK. That's how we were raised. Same reason why you're a Muslim.

ABDULLAH. The reason I am Muslim is because Islam is the last religion.

TINA. Heck it's all confusing to me. I mean, why don't we follow the first religion and all be Hindu?

ABDULLAH. Actually, Tina, did you know Muslims invented the word, Hindu? We mispronounced the people living near the Indus River and instead of calling them Indus people, we called them the Hindus people. Ha-ha.

TINA. I did not know that. Did you, Hank?

ABDULLAH. Also, you might like to know that King Khalid's successor, King Fahd, has ordered everyone to receive a one-month salary as memorial to King Khalid.

HANK. That's like getting a water ski boat.

ABDULLAH. Yes, a time for celebration. (*Abdullah claps and music begins. He leads Tina to a door on the opposite side of the stage. Zillah enters.*) Tina, I would like you to meet my daughter, Zillah. (*For a moment the lights dim and spotlights on Hank and Zillah. Hank lustfully gazes at Zillah. Lights resume.*)

TINA. Nice to meet you.

ZILLAH. (*Speaking in Arabic.*) It is with great pleasure. (*Arabic translation: شرف لي / English transliteration: sharaf lee.*)

ABDULLAH. Zillah will show you where the women stay and, Hank, you will come with me.

ZILLAH. (*Speaking in Arabic.*) Please, follow me. This way. I have prepared coffee and dates. (*Arabic translation: تعال معاي، بنضيفك على تمر و قهوة / English transliteration: ta'aal m'aaya, binaDeefik 'alaa tamar wa gahoowa. Tina looks back over her shoulder as she is being whisked away.*)

ABDULLAH. It is okay. She does not understand any English. (*The women disappear.*)

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

HANK. And here is the easiest man at Aramco to work with. Our host, Abdullah. (*Abdullah sings.*)

ABDULLAH. COME INSIDE
AND REST YOUR FEET
I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING
GOOD TO EAT

YOU'VE TRAVELED LONG,
A LONG, LONG WAY
RELAX, ENJOY
YOUR STAY, OKAY?

YOU'RE WORKING HARD
AT THE NEW JOB
NOW OPEN WIDE
TASTE LAMB KEBAB

TRY CARDAMON COFFEE
IN YOUR MOUTH TO RINSE
PSST,
I KNOW YOU TELL JOKES
AT MY EXPENSE

DON'T LOOK SURPRISED
WE DO IT TOO
SPEAKING ARABIC
IN FRONT OF YOU

BEHIND YOU YANK
I DON'T CALL YA HANK
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH
I CALL YOU SLAVE DOUCHE

TEXANS RIDE BIG HORSES AND
SAUDIS DRIVE NICE PORSCHES

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

SEE IT'S A FUN GAME
SO WHAT'S MY NICKNAME?
SEE IT'S A FUN GAME
SO WHAT'S MY NICKNAME?

HANK. We call you "The Prince of Darkness."

ABDULLAH. Oh, this is great! *(He continues singing. *Asterisk denotes when Tina/Zillah provide backup vocals from offstage.)*

ABDULLAH. WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA*
BETWEEN THE NILE RIVER AND MESOPOTAMIA*
YOU PUNCH AND I JAB, SHE WEARS A NIQAB
IN SAUDI ARABIA*
SAUDI ARABIA*
SAUDI ARABIA*
SAUDI ARABIA*

IT'S SUNNY
IT'S FUNNY
WE MAKE LOTS OF MONEY
IT'S SUNNY IT'S FUNNY WE MAKE LOTS OF MONEY*
IN SAUDI ARABIA*
SAUDI ARABIA*

YOU GOT THE BRAINS
AND I GOT THE GRAINS
UNITED WE DIG
UNTIL THE OIL RAINS

IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
SHEEIT, THERE ARE LOTS OF
SIM-I-LAR-I-TIES
WE RIGHTEOUS MEN
WATCH COLOR TV
MUHAMMAD IS A ROCK STAR

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

LIKE YOUR ELVIS PRESLEY
REAGAN'S IN OFFICE
AND PRAYER'S BACK IN SCHOOL
WOULDN'T KING KHALID
AGREE THAT'S ALL VERY COOL

SO IN THE FUTURE I IMAGINE
MORE HATRED WILL UNFOLD
IT'S BEST TO LOOK TO A SAUDI
FOR A HAND TO HOLD

(Dance break.)

AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO
SHOW DEVOTION TO GOD
AT SOME POINT IN LIFE
TAKE A TRIP CALLED THE HAJJ

**ABDULLAH/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS. WELCOME
HANK. WELCOME
ABDULLAH/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS. TO THE KINGDOM
HANK. TO THE KINGDOM
ABDULLAH/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS/HANK. OF SAUDI ARABIA
ABDULLAH/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS. BETWEEN
HANK. BETWEEN**

**ABDULLAH/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS. THE NILE RIVER
HANK. THE NILE RIVER**

**ABDULLAH/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS/HANK. AND
MESOPOTAMIA**

ABDULLAH. YOU PUNCH AND I JAB

ABDULLAH/HANK. SHE WEARS A NIQAB

**ABDULLAH/HANK/O.S. BACKUP VOCALS. IN SAUDI ARABIA
SAUDI ARABIA**

SAUDI ARABIA

SAUDI ARABIA. *(Song ends. Hank and Abdullah kick back like their old pals.)*

WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA

ABDULLAH. Tell me. What is the worst thing that you ever did?

HANK. The worst thing that I ever did?

ABDULLAH. Yeah, the worst thing that you ever did.

HANK. Well, there was this girl. My first girl, girlfriend. She was my first kiss. And we kissed...a lot.

ABDULLAH. Yeah?

HANK. Yeah, we kissed a lot, all through the third grade. And then she moved away and I never saw her again until high school. I was standing in the lunch line, and she was behind me with her friend. But she looked...different.

ABDULLAH. What. How.

HANK. She was...overweight...Okay?...and...less attractive. And...and her friend tapped me on the shoulder, so I turned around. And she said hello and asked me if I remembered the girl, my girlfriend.

ABDULLAH. And what did you say?

HANK. I said...“No.” And I turned my back on them. *(Pause.)* Why. What’s the worst thing you ever did?

ABDULLAH. I beheaded a woman accused of witchcraft. *(Pause.)*

HANK. Really?

ABDULLAH. No! Ha-ha. But my cousin did. *(Pause.)* What? She was a witch. *(Pause.)* I like you, Hank. And I want to give you something. *(Spotlight on the Saudi sword and the sound of a sword unsheathing as Hank looks up. Randy appears.)*

RANDY. Two guys meet on the beach at Ras Tanura. One says, “So what’s new?” The other says, “Wait’ll you hear! I was at the doctor’s office this morning, he gives me an examination, and you know what he says? He says I’m gradually turning into a Muslim.” The first one says, “Have you heard the one about the elephant with three balls?” *(It sounds like a party. People are talking. Glasses are clinking. There is music. Dick greets Tina and Hank.)*

DICK. Hank!

HANK. Dick!

DICK. Brilliant, this must be your lovely -

TINA. Tina.

DICK. Right. No little ones? *(Slightly awkward, then...)*

HANK. No.

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DICK. Good. Kids don't bring enough to the table. *(They all laugh strangely.)* I don't like to brag, but I have good looking kids. Thank God my first wife cheated on me. *(More awkward laughter.)* Seriously, Tina. Are you scared? If you're scared say you're scared.

TINA. I'm not scared.

DICK. Well good then. *(Fanny enters with a glass of siddiqui. Tina looks surprised.)* Hank, take this. Well, don't be surprised, Tina. The Quran doesn't forbid you from drinking, only from being drunk in prayer. Let Fanny fix you a cocktail.

HANK. They call it sid.

DICK. Most people make it themselves. Moonshine. I gave Hank the plans to make a still. Right, chap, just don't blow up your garage, okay? Ha-ha. Me? Why bother. That's my last batch. No patience really. *(Fanny enters with a martini and sid.)* Besides, you can get whatever you want, the real stuff, if you're willing to pay the piper. This here is Hendrick's. The bottle cost me 150.

HANK. Riyals?

DICK. Bugger, no, dollars! What else? Okay, polygamy is allowed, but anything acquired for one wife must be acquired for the others, right Fanny? The husband must provide a comparable existence.

FANNY. *(Hands Tina a glass of sid. To Hank.)* Women are property. *(The men laugh. Fanny and Tina toast. Tina sips her drink and reacts to its strength.)*

DICK. Tell us something special about yourself.

TINA. Oh, um, well, uh, Hank says I don't know what to do with my hands.

DICK. Well, look at them. Thank God that you still have them. Glorious.

HANK. I don't think it's unjust to cut-off hands.

TINA. Jeez, Hank. What did you and Abdullah talk about?

DICK. Abdullah?

HANK. He invited us to lunch. At his house.

TINA. Well, Hank ate with Abdullah and I sat with his daughter and his four wives.

FANNY. What did you talk about?

TINA. We didn't. They don't speak English. But once the door closed off went the abayas and there they were wearing the finest couture you've

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ever seen from Paris. Square makeup cases full of jewelry, they start putting it on. It's their savings account, I guess. By the end they were covered in gold, precious stones: emeralds, rubies, diamonds. And the shoes, oh, the most fabulous you can imagine.

FANNY. How awkward.

DICK. Why are women so fascinated with their feet? I mean, who wants to shag a foot?

HANK. Dick, the way I see it, Saudis hire expats to teach them something. What have you learned from the Saudis? *(Long pause.)*

DICK. I'm thinking.

FANNY. Well, they're very hospitable.

DICK. That's right! If one person out of 20 speaks English, they will go out of their way to speak English, too. *(The music changes.)*

FANNY. Rightio, it's time for the country western exercise! *(Fanny starts a line dance. Hank et al. join her. The dance begins normal and then becomes a bit of a kaleidoscope ending with Dick and Tina speaking alone.)*

DICK. Do you like the sid?

TINA. Well, it's different.

DICK. Strong.

TINA. I noticed.

DICK. Like you. Different. And strong. I noticed that. About you. *(Pause.)* Technically, we're not allowed to dance, which is why Fanny calls it exercise. *(Pause.)* Is everything alright?

TINA. It's just...well, it's different. Things are different. There's nothing but dirt. Everything is khaki. White buildings are covered by dust storms. Everything looks bleached out.

DICK. Can you see me? It's not all a bad dream. *(Dick and Tina lock arms.)* Me and Fanny came on a one-year trial basis and now we're going on three, but once I make my million, we're out. *(Hank returns and stumbles spilling his drink.)*

TINA. How about church? Where can people worship?

DICK. Uh, church service is held at the school gym, but I heard the priest was taken prisoner by the Saudis because he was preaching to some Filipinos. Poor fella. They cut off his hair.

TINA. Oh my God. His head?!

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DICK. No, no, his hair! His hair!

HANK. I don't think it's unjust to behead, but it is unjust that women can't drive.

DICK. Do you miss driving?

TINA. I used to get a lot of ideas when I would drive, but now it's like my mind won't sail.

DICK. I love sailing. We could go sailing. You would look good sitting on my deck.

HANK. Does your boat have a name?

DICK. The Spotted Dick. *(The room tilts with a deep synth sound effect.)*

TINA. What's happening?

DICK. Perhaps it's the moonshine.

FANNY. If you drink too much it will make you go blind. *(Tina stumbles. The music is even getting drunk. The sound designer might pre-record the next lines and add a strange effect.)*

TINA. Something in it is destructive.

DICK. The distilling isn't right.

FANNY. It's not that you drank too much.

HANK. You aren't sober. *(The music and atmosphere spin out of control. Randy crosses downstage wearing a red Speedo and a devil mask. He carries a tray of hor d'oeuvres. Abdullah and Zillah cross upstage and hand each partygoer a mask and an object: a heart, a moon, a penis, a vagina, then they turn and exit. The partygoers shout their best roller coaster "Ahhhhs!" as Randy conducts their movements forward, backward, and to the sides. There are more light cues during this than there are in the entire show. Nobody will remember any of this in the morning.)*

END OF ACT ONE

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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