

In These Days, In This Time

A play in 10 scenes and 6 songs

Written and translated from Hebrew by: Ido Setter

Contact Info:

Email: ido.setter@gmail.com

Cell: 972-54-5445094

Home: 972-3-5712686



All male characters are to be played by the same actor.

All female characters are to be played by the same actress.

The stage is to be empty (places are given only as marks)

In These Days, In This Time (Part A)

In these days, in this time

She's feeling happy, and I feel sublime

We go outside for a walk

Stop to rest and to talk

In these days, in this time

I'll have a cup of coffee and she'll have some tea with lime

We'll plan our children's future and won't wonder why

The jets are flying high in the sky

In these days, in this time

Why are the jets up there? No one seems to care

It's getting dark and we have to be on our way

Make sure that everything at home is OK

In these days, in this time

She fell asleep and I am not feeling fine

And right then and there I understand:

I'll wake up tomorrow later than I planned

Scene 1

A WOMAN and a MAN sit in their living room.

WOMAN: Did you hear that?

MAN: What?

WOMAN: That noise.

MAN: I don't hear anything.

The WOMAN gets up and checks. After a few seconds she returns and sits down.

MAN: Well? What was that?

WOMAN: Nothing.

MAN: Nothing? Are you sure? Not a miserable man screaming?

WOMAN: No. I was only imagining things.

MAN: Of course you were only imagining things. You and I are married, we love each other exactly as we did on the day we met, we are sitting in our living room and everything is alright.

WOMAN: Yes. Everything is alright.

A scream is heard.

WOMAN: (jumps) Did you hear that now?

MAN: Didn't it sound like something from far away?

WOMAN: Sounded like something close. Very close.

MAN: You are exaggerating. Maybe it came from one of the buildings down the street.

WOMAN: I really don't think so. I think it came from right here.

MAN: O.K.

WOMAN: O.K? Don't you want to check it out?

MAN: No.

WOMAN: What do you mean no?

MAN: If it's something serious, we'll hear it again. Whatever it may be.

They wait, tensed. After a few seconds

MAN: You see? It's nothing.

WOMAN: Yes. Nothing, probably. You and I. Married. Sitting in our living room.
Everything is alright.

MAN: That's exactly what I'm saying.

Two screams are heard.

MAN: What was that?

WOMAN: I'm scared.

MAN: There's no need to be scared.

WOMAN: What is it?

MAN: I don't know.

WOMAN: What are we going to do?

MAN: We don't have to do anything.

WOMAN: I have to do something.

MAN: Do the dishes, then.

WOMAN: I meant something about those screams. Does it make sense to you to
hear such things and do nothing?

MAN: You want to do something? Go ahead. I'm staying right here.

WOMAN: O.K. I'm going outside to check it out.

MAN: Don't go out.

WOMAN: I have to check.

MAN: Take a look through the peephole.

The WOMAN goes to have a look. The MAN follows her actions tensely, sitting down. She comes back after a few seconds.

MAN: Well?

WOMAN: They took him.

MAN: Who did they take?

WOMAN: You know who. Him. They took him.

MAN: Where did they take him to?

WOMAN: To the police station.

MAN: I didn't hear police cars. I didn't hear any noise.

WOMAN: So what? Trust me – his apartment's door is open and they took him.

MAN: I can't believe they took him.

WOMAN: Neither can I. What a poor guy.

MAN: He's not such a poor guy, trust me. He wasn't the best neighbor in the world. He made quite a mess in the stairwell.

WOMAN: And didn't pay the building committee fees on time.

MAN: And the noise he used to make on Fridays?

WOMAN: I won't sleep tonight.

MAN: Why? There is no chance they'll take us.

WOMAN: No chance?

MAN: None.

WOMAN: None?

MAN: None. We didn't do anything.

WOMAN: Right.

MAN: Do you think there was something we could have done and didn't do?

WOMAN: We didn't go out after the first scream.

MAN: We weren't sure what it was. How were we supposed to know they were coming for him?

WOMAN: We didn't look out the window.

MAN: Our window is not facing the street. What would we have seen from there?

WOMAN: Maybe if we had come out to the staircase they wouldn't have taken him.

MAN: When they want to take someone they come and take him. What does it have to do with us?

WOMAN: Maybe if we went to the police station they would have released him sooner.

MAN: Let's just hope they won't make us stay there.

WOMAN: But you said there wasn't a chance.

MAN: Because we didn't leave the house.

WOMAN: We could have. Tried. Do something.

MAN: Look at me. Do you think there was something we could have done and didn't do?

The MAN and the WOMAN look at the audience.

Scene 2

Enter MOTHER and SON. Each of them stands in another side of the stage, facing the audience.

SON: The troops are gathered.

MOTHER: I know.

SON: I was drafted.

MOTHER: I know.

SON: I'll be across enemy lines in three hours.

MOTHER: I know.

SON: I'm going to die. Maybe to get hurt.

MOTHER: You won't die and you won't get hurt.

SON: (facing her) How do you know?

MOTHER: A mother knows.

SON: So I'll probably kill people. A lot, Even.

MOTHER: I know.

SON: That's all you have to say?

MOTHER: What more can one say?

SON: I'm your son. I'm your son and I'm about to kill a lot of people.

MOTHER: What can you do. When you have to fight the war – you fight the war. And when you fight the war – people get killed. And when people get killed – there are other people who kill them. That is all.

SON: That's all?

MOTHER: As long as nothing happens to you – that is all.

SON: Tell me not to go.

MOTHER: Will you not go If I tell you?

SON: Maybe.

MOTHER: I will not.

SON: Why?

MOTHER: You're all grown up now. You don't need me to tell you what to do.

SON: (to the audience) I've always been a good boy. I was a counselor in the scouts. I had good grades in school. I did as I was told in the army. I'm doing as I'm told in the university. I can't make such a decision on my own.

Pause

SON: (to the mother) Tell me not to go. I'm begging you.

MOTHER: I will not.

SON: You want me to go?

MOTHER: I'm indifferent.

SON: How can you be indifferent?

MOTHR: If you don't go – you won't be harmed. And if you do go – still, you won't be harmed.

SON: Dad was harmed.

MOTHER: You are smarter than your father.

SON: If I'm smarter, how come I'm still going?

The SON begins to go.

MOTHER: Don't go.

SON: (stops) I'm going.

MOTHER: You said that if I tell you not to go you won't go.

SON: I said maybe.

MOTHER: Don't go. I'm begging you.

SON: Earlier you said it didn't matter to you if I go. That you are indifferent.

MOTHER: You didn't say you would go earlier.

SON: So you don't want me to go?

MOTHER: There isn't a single mother in the world who wants her son to go to war.

SON: And you?

MOTHER: I don't. Don't go. Please.

SON: I have to go. Goodbye.

MOTHER: Have to? Why do you have to?

SON: It's the order of the day.

MOTHER: Where was the order of the day two minutes ago, when you were still having doubts?

SON: (to the audience) Strange, ha? Almost funny. When I was begging her to prevent me from going she was indifferent to the whole thing because she didn't think I would actually go. And now, when she's begging me not to go – it's too late. A matter of minutes, only a few minutes. (to the MOTHER) Who knows, mother, maybe next time our timing will be better.

MOTHER: (to the audience) You'll see horrible things.

SON: (to the audience) I know.

MOTHER: (to the audience) Do horrible things.

SON: (to the audience) I know.

MOTHER: You will die.

SON: (to the audience) No, I won't.

MOTHER: How do you know that?

SON: (to the audience) You told me so.

MOTHER: I lied.

SON: (to the MOTHER) you lied? And now you're telling me I will die?

MOTHER: Yes. You will die.

SON: You're lying.

MOTHER: I'm not lying. (to the audience) I have always been a good mother. I breastfed him until he was two. I made sure he would be an excellent student. I didn't sleep at night when he was in the army. I saved money so he can go to the university. I'm asking him this time, only this time – (to the SON) – don't go.

The SON begins to go.

MOTHER: Take good care of yourself.

SON: That won't help me.

MOTHER: I know. And still – take good care of yourself.

The son is about to exit. During the song, the mother will sing the first lines of each verse, and the son will sing the repeating word.

Don't Go

Please, don't go

Go go go go

And if you go so please don't know

Know know know know

And if you know so please don't show

Show show show show

And if you show so please forget

get get get get

After all that is the game

Game game game game game

And there is no one to blame

Blame blame blame blame blame

Scene 3

A guard post. A SOLDIER is standing. Enter a Social NCO.

NCO: Hello soldier.

SOLDIER: Hello.

NCO: What are you doing here?

SOLDIER: Getting ready for tomorrow.

NCO: Scared?

SOLDIER: Trying not to think about it.

NCO: That's alright. That's normal.

SOLDIER: Who are you?

NCO: Social NCO.

SOLDIER: Another one?

NCO: Yes. They are recruiting all of us in order to cheer the soldiers up before they go to the war.

SOLDIER: So you're here to cheer me up?

NCO: Yes.

The NCO goes and hugs the soldier.

SOLDIER: Wow. Thanks.

NCO: That's alright.

SOLDIER: Thanks a lot. (after a few seconds) Mommy. Mommy.

The NCO breaks off.

NCO: What did you say?

SOLDIER: I'm sorry.

NCO: Did you say Mommy?

SOLDIER: Yes. I'm sorry. It's just that you look like her a little bit.

NCO: Like your mother?

SOLDIER: Yes. Sorry.

NCO: There's nothing to be sorry about.

SOLDIER: I feel so much better now, after getting this hug.

NCO: It's great to hear that.

SOLDIER: (to the audience) I didn't get this kind of a hug from my mother before I went. It's very embarrassing hugging your mother from a certain phase in your evolution. I thought we'd be able to overcome it due to the special circumstances. But we just said a polite "take good care of yourself". (to the NCO) You are doing a great job.

NCO: Thanks. Want some more?

The SOLDIER hugs the NCO. Holds her for a few seconds.

NCO: I meant more than just a hug.

SOLDIER: More? Like what?

NCO: (unbuttons his shirt) Like everything that a man wants to get before he goes to a war.

The SOLDIER moves back.

NCO: I'm not pretty enough for you?

SOLDIER: Of course you are. You are beautiful.

NCO: That's because you think I look like your mother?

SOLDIER: Yes. And I don't think. I'm sure.

NCO: You're all the same. All of you.

SOLDIER: All of you?

NCO: I'm touring the base tonight. You're not the only one who goes to the war tomorrow.

SOLDIER: And you... cheer everyone up?

NCO: Yes. And everyone thinks I look like their mothers.

SOLDIER: But you look precisely like my mother.

NCO: Everyone says that, too.

SOLDIER: So you just give them a hug?

NCO: They pull themselves together after a few minutes and do their duty. Soldiers.

SOLDIER: Aren't you disgusted?

NCO: No. I prefer it that way. Just think that, for some of them, I am the last girl who grants the last satisfaction... What more can you ask for?

SOLDIER: I thought... I thought it's best to do what you do before big sport tournaments – control yourself, in order to preserve energy.

NCO: (slowly approaching him) You are so very much mistaken, my cute little soldier. Preserve energy... what for? I tell some of them, during the act, that they are going to die tomorrow. Do you have any idea how much pleasure it gives them?

SOLDIER: Do they really die at the end?

NCO: (stops) I don't know. What difference does it make?

SOLDIER: I think I am going to die tomorrow.

NCO: (unbuttons his shirt again) So why not have some fun? Don't you want to have one last wild experience?

SOLDIER: No.

NCO: Why?

SOLDIER: I want to sit here and think sad thoughts about my death.

NCO: Alright. Sit and think (about to exit)

SOLDIER: (calls after her) Excuse me?

NCO: (stops) Yes?

SOLDIER: Can I get one last hug from you?

The NCO approaches the SOLDIER. They almost hug.

NCO: I really have to get going.

The NCO exits quickly.

Scene 4

A WOMAN and a MAN sit in their living room.

WOMAN: Did you hear that?

MAN: What?

WOMAN: A knock on the door.

MAN: I don't hear anything.

The WOMAN gets up and checks. After a few seconds she returns and sits down.

MAN: Well? What was that?

WOMAN: Nothing.

MAN: Nothing? Are you sure? Wasn't that a knock on the door?

WOMAN: No. I was just imagining things.

MAN: Of course you were only imagining things. You and I are married, we love each other exactly as we did on the day we met, we are sitting in our living room, waiting for our son who's about to come back and everything is alright.

WOMAN: Yes. Everything is alright.

A knock on the door is heard.

WOMAN: (jumps) Did you hear that now?

MAN: It wasn't on our door.

WOMAN: Of course it was on our door.

MAN: I think you're mistaken. It came from one of the doors nearby.

WOMAN: I don't think so.

MAN: O.K. Let's wait a few seconds and see if we hear another knock.

They wait, tensed. After a few seconds strong knocks on the door are heard.

WOMAN: Did you hear that?

MAN: Yes. I did. Maybe it's him?

WOMAN: He didn't say he'd come back today.

MAN: They probably took his cellphone. They always do that.

WOMAN: He has a key. He doesn't have to knock.

MAN: He probably lost it. He's such an absent minded...

WOMAN: I heard that they always knock on the door.

MAN: They? Who's they?

WOMAN: (continues) Ignore the bell's existence. Because a bell may lead to good things. But knocks on the door lead only to shit.

MAN: Bullshit.

WOMAN: I'm going outside to check it out.

MAN: Don't go out.

WOMAN: I'll take a look through the peephole.

The WOMAN goes to have a look. The MAN follows her actions tensely, sitting down. She comes back after a few seconds.

MAN: Well? Did you see something?

WOMAN: I didn't see anything. I know. You and I. Married. Sitting in our living room. Waiting for our son. Everything is alright.

They wait for a few seconds.

WOMAN: Why didn't we stop him?

MAN: Everything is alright. The knocks stopped.

WOMAN: Why didn't you tell him to go to another unit?

MAN: Everything is alright. The knocks stopped.

WOMAN: If he had gone to another unit he wouldn't have been there.

MAN: I couldn't reach him.

WOMAN: Of course you could. He wanted to be the same as you.

MAN: When he wants to do something he gets up and does it. He doesn't listen to me.

WOMAN: I also should have insisted more. Although I didn't think that such thing could happen.

MAN: Who thought that such thing could happen? We did everything we could.

WOMAN: Look at me.

The MAN and the WOMAN look at the audience.

WOMAN: We killed him.

MAN: Everything is alright. The knocks stopped.

Scene 5

Enter a SOLDIER with a sack full of rice.

SOLDIER: Once, everybody had it real easy. They would shoot a lot, weep a little bit and forget everything in a second. You can't do that today. I can't. I have my internal doubts. Although I'm not sure that the things I did were really bad. I never fired. Not even once. It didn't work out. I was told to get in and start driving, so I got in and started driving. Afterwards They asked me what I remembered. I remember the sky. And the birds. I remember Metallica's songs playing in the earphones stuck in my ears. I remember the whisky bottles I had in the cabin. And I remember the end, that flat concrete surface where all my puke was spread out. There was a row of houses there once, and now all that's left was a concrete strip, with a puddle of puke on it. I laid face up, covered with my lunch in whisky sauce. Still had Metallica in my ears. I could still see the sun and some clouds. Couldn't see any birds anymore. I noticed that some guys from my company arrived. They couldn't contact me over the radio, so they brought a tank to cover for them, only to find me totally drunk. Not weeping, but sad. Very sad. One day after that it was decided that the war was over and the rehabilitation is beginning. I thought my company would be left out of this business, because we're in the destruction business. But it was decided to send us in with bags full of rice. Because the rice fills the stomach and lifts the moral. I was told to walk the streets and give rice to anyone I see. There are no streets left here, but sometimes I spot someone. So I give him some rice, and hope it rehabilitates him.

Enters a WOMAN. The SOLDIER spots her.

SOLDIER: You!

The woman begins to run away.

SOLDIER: That's alright! I didn't come here to hurt you! I came here to give you some rice! (the WOMAN runs away and exits) These people are conditioned. They don't trust anyone. (the SOLDIER goes and brings back the WOMAN) There, you see? (shows her the sack) Rice.

WOMAN: You're giving me rice?

SOLDIER: Yes. There you go (gives her the sack).

WOMAN: What am I supposed to do with rice?

SOLDIER: You can eat it. Give some to your family.

WOMAN: Everyone in my family is dead.

SOLDIER: They were active members.

WOMAN: No. They sat in their house.

SOLDIER: So they were hiding active members.

WOMAN: No. They sat in their house, you bombed the building and it collapsed.

SOLDIER: I'm sure someone was shooting on us from there.

WOMAN: No way.

SOLDIER: Then from the next building.

WOMAN: Not a chance.

SOLDIER: How do you know?

WOMAN: I know my neighbors.

SOLDIER: Then from some other buildings, or from another place in the neighborhood.

WOMAN: Maybe.

SOLDIER: AH! You see? We don't just shoot people.

Pause.

SOLDIER: Anyway I am sorry. But you survived, and you're probably hungry.

WOMAN: I don't want your rice.

SOLDIER: Why not? It's good rice. Whole wheat rice! It's very nurturing and healthy for you.

WOMAN: I do not want it.

SOLDIER: Why? Imagine you take a pot...

WOMAN: I don't have a pot.

SOLDIER: O.K. Just imagine for a second. So you take a pot, put some rice and water in it...

WOMAN: I don't have any water.

SOLDIER: O.K., O.K. Bear with me for a sec. So, you put some rice and water in the pot, and turn on the gas. The rice gets cooked, it absorbs the water and the smell is spreading all over your house...

WOMAN: I don't have a house.

SOLDIER: You don't even have a house... (to the audience) Once, they would shoot and weep. Today, the golden age of the rice-men has arrived.

The SOLDIER starts to sing.

When the bombings are done and all is quiet

It's time to worry about the victims' diet

This is the time everyone holds sacred

In it there are no arguments, or blood or hatred

But only sacks, and sacks and sacks

Of rice

If you have any trouble going the distance

Your guilty conscience is here for your assistance

Carry the sack and bury it in your home

Where it's nice and safe and warm

Scene 6

Enter a SOLDIER, a kitbag on his back. Stands in front of a door.

SOLDIER: I arrived, at last. All I need to do is to ring this bell and all the good in this world awaits for me. A hug from mummy. A pat on the shoulder from daddy. A hot meal. A shower. (tries to get the kitbag off. Can't. Tries again. Can't). I knew it. I knew it was too good to be true. (paces with the kitbag on his back) A little bit heavy. But you can get used to it. (paces again with the kitbag) I wonder what will be the girls' reaction to this look. It will definitely draw attention. There you go, this sack isn't just negative. It will open some doors for me. They'll want to begin talking, and I could talk about the pain, and gaze into their eyes. And I'll really be in pain. Maybe I'll also talk about remorse, if they make me. I prefer not to. When we'll finish talking, we'll start undressing. Then I'll have a problem. Because no matter what – this sack won't come off of my back. It will stay there, fixed. Most of the girls will run away at that point, leaving me alone. Alone with the sack. Until one girl who will be willing to take me as I am will come along. She'll also try to solve this issue at the beginning. Maybe she'll offer therapy, or converting to Christianity and doing a confession. I'll tell her I don't have a problem, but the shrink or the priest will probably have a problem accepting me with the sack. She will have enough and leave me for a few weeks. Afterwards she'll come back, saying she decided she wanted to get married. We'll get married. A day after that I'll find out that my sack shrunk a little bit. My new wife, on the other hand, will find out that a little sack has grown on her back. She'll be very ashamed and start to wear big shirts in order to hide the bulge, but I'll just laugh and tell her that we are saved. All we need to do is have kids. As many as we can. One hundred. Maybe two. We'll take all of them to the beach on Saturdays, sit in front of the blue sea and lick popsicles. We'll watch them running around on the shore, everyone with his little sack, straighten our backs and thank them, for

letting us walk straight at last. (takes off the kitbag and straightens his back).

Scene 7

A living room. Enter a SOLDIER. Puts his kitbag on the floor. Opens it and looks inside. The MOTHER enters. He quickly closes the kitbag and puts it behind him.

SOLDIER: Aren't you glad I'm back?

MOTHER: Yes.

SOLDIER: It's over, at last.

The MOTHER comes close to the kitbag. The SOLDIER stops her.

SOLDIER: That's OK. I'll do the laundry.

MOTHER: I just wanted to put it in place (gets closer to the kitbag).

SOLDIER: (blocks her) I'll put it in the closet later.

MOTHER: You know how to operate the washing machine?

SOLDIER: Of course. Is everything alright? You seem as if something happened.

MOTHER: Nothing happened.

SOLDIER: Sure?

MOTHER: I'm embarrassed to even talk about it.

SOLDIER: Well!

MOTHER: I caught you.

SOLDIER: You caught me?

MOTHER: Yes.

SOLDIER: In what?

MOTHER: I went into your room and saw all the nasty magazines you're hiding there.

The SOLDIER breaks off laughing. The MOTHER looks at him.

SOLDIER: That's all?

MOTHER: This isn't funny. What are you laughing about?

SOLDIER: I'm sorry (stops laughing). "I caught you" (laughs again). A big deal.

MOTHER: With the most disgusting kind of porn there is.

SOLDIER: Alright. What do you want me to say?

MOTHER: That you're sorry.

SOLDIER: Of course I'm sorry. But it's normal.

MOTHER: Normal? Keeping these things in the house at your age is normal?
Visiting those websites is normal?

SOLDIER: So you logged into my computer.

MOTHER: Of course I did.

SOLDIER: Don't you think you're taking it a little bit too far?

MOTHER: No.

SOLDIER: Everyone does it, you know.

MOTHER: So what. I thought you didn't do it. That I educated you differently.
You always made strong points against it.

SOLDIER: I'll stop. I'll throw away all this junk.

MOTHER: And the computer.

SOLDIER: I'll have it formatted.

MOTHER: Throw away the computer, or I will.

SOLDIER: Alright. I will throw the computer away.

MOTHER: And tomorrow you're coming with me to get a new desk to your room.

SOLDIER: A new desk?

MOTHER: I don't know what kind of gore it has on it.

SOLDIER: Alright. A new desk. Alright?

MOTHER: (goes towards the kitbag) Why don't you throw away the magazines right now? I'll do the laundry in the meantime.

SOLDIER: (blocks here) No. I'm a little bit tired. Tomorrow.

MOTHER: What's in there?

SOLDIER: Nothing.

MOTHER: What is it? More of your magazines?

SOLDIER: No way. I just came back from a war. Who has the time for these things there?

MOTHER: Let me have a look, then.

SOLDIER: There is nothing there.

MOTHER: It really stinks.

SOLDIER: Yes. We did a barbecue yesterday, to celebrate the ceasefire.

MOTHER: That's not the smell of a barbecue.

SOLDIER: We had some activity yesterday.

MOTHER: Activity? I thought you didn't go inside.

SOLDIER: It wasn't serious.

MOTHER: You have blood on your pants.

SOLDIER: That's not blood. That's paint. We painted the post red.

MOTHER: Why?

SOLDIER: In order to return it the way we got it.

MOTHER: You are not telling me everything.

SOLDIER: I told you we had some activity.

MOTHER: What went on in this activity?

SOLDIER: I don't know. I stayed in the post.

MOTHER: And you don't know what happened? Your friends didn't tell you when they came back?

SOLDIER: They didn't tell. And I didn't ask.

MOTHER: Why not?

SOLDIER: Let me do the laundry.

MOTHER: (grabs the kitbag) Why didn't you ask? Didn't you want to know?

The MOTHER snatches away the kitbag, and starts shaking it.

MOTHER: What did you put in there?

SOLDIER: I told you not to touch it.

MOTHER: I feel some magazines.

SOLDIER: There are no magazines.

MOTHER: Something is stuck there.

SOLDIER: You need to put your hand inside, in order to loosen it.

The MOTHER puts her hand in. She takes it out, all red.

MOTHER: What is it? (smells her hand) Does it come off with water?

SOLDIER: And some soap.

MOTHER: Is it toxic?

SOLDIER: You better wash it as soon as possible.

MOTHER: (gets away from the kitbag) I want you to get it out of the house. Don't even wash it.

SOLDIER: OK.

The mother begins to walk away.

SOLDIER: Don't you want to know what you got on your hand?

MOTHER: (Stops) Throw away the magazines as well.

The mother exits.

Scene 8

A MAN and a WOMAN sit next to each other.

WOMAN: So, what's your fantasy?

MAN: Stop it.

WOMAN: What do you mean stop it?

MAN: Stop it. You know I'm not into these kind of things.

WOMAN: What's wrong with you?

MAN: Nothing is wrong. I just have to get up early tomorrow, that's all.

WOMAN: I wasn't talking about that.

MAN: What were you talking about?

WOMAN: We don't fuck ever since you came back.

MAN: I'm not in the mood.

WOMAN: I know. I see that. That's why I thought that sharing our fantasies will make something happen.

MAN: Maybe tomorrow? I really do have to get up early.

WOMAN: I'll start. My fantasy is being blindfolded.

MAN: Really? Why?

WOMAN: I think it sharpens the other senses. I don't know exactly what's coming. What about you?

MAN: Wait a minute. And what about tying your hands?

WOMAN: I don't know.

MAN: It usually goes together with the blindfold.

WOMAN: Yes. Maybe.

MAN: Really?

WOMAN: Really.

The MAN gets up quickly.

MAN: Wait a second.

The man exits. He returns with a military blindfold and a plastic restraint.

WOMAN: What is that?

MAN: I want to make your fantasy come true.

WOMAN: That is not what I meant.

MAN: Why not? You said you wanted your eyes to be folded and your hands tied.

WOMAN: Yes, but (gets closer to him) I thought of a black blindfold, and satin straps, maybe fur. Something a little bit more... comfortable.

MAN: (ties her up) Let's try with these.

WOMAN: OK. But if I don't like it you have to stop.

MAN: Alright. We'll decide on a word that stops me when you say it.

WOMAN: Maybe "apple"?

The MAN tightens the restraints on the WOMAN's hands. She groans in pain.

MAN: Apple?

WOMAN: Yes. It's so out of context that you'll understand that I want you to stop.

MAN: (blindfolds her) Maybe "cease-fire"?

WOMAN: Cease-fire? It's too similar to stop. You'll think it's part of the thing and continue.

MAN: Hearing "apple" will make me lose my erection for the next two years.

WOMAN: OK. Cease-fire. But be careful.

MAN: Apple... OK, we begin. Do you see something?

WOMAN: No.

MAN: You have to nod to every question I ask you. It's a part of the fantasy, OK?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Nod. Just nod. OK?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Just nod!

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: Thanks a lot. We begin.

The MAN steps away to the other side of the stage. Goes towards her, tensed. Stands next to her.

MAN: So, what do you say? You're hiding here?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: Nice.

WOMAN: Thanks.

MAN: Why did you ruin it? I continued to my next sentence. You don't talk, only nod. Is that clear?

WOMAN: Sorry.

MAN: OK. I continue. Nice. (gets closer, talks to her ear) There are probably other people hiding out here, ha?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: (caresses her body) But it makes no difference for us, right? Maybe it's even better for us to be seen, right?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: It feels good?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: No, really. Does it feel good?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: Cease-fire for a sec. Answer me. Does it feel good?

WOMAN: Yes. Very good.

MAN: Great. I'm moving on.

The MAN throws the WOMAN to the floor.

MAN: How about that? That also feels good, right?

WOMAN: That hurt a little bit. You did it very fast.

The MAN gets the WOMAN to her feet. Throws her slowly.

MAN: Feels good?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Great. Now nod.

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: We never had anything like that, right?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: Does it hurt?

WOMAN: No.

MAN: You only nod!!

The WOMAN shakes her head. The MAN lies on top of her and starts pulling her hair.

MAN: Does it hurt?

The WOMAN nods.

MAN: Great. Let it hurt a little. You deserve it.

The MAN puts his hand on the WOMAN's throat and starts strangling her.

WOMAN: Why do I deserve it?

MAN: Because you never do as you're told. Now shut the fuck up.

The MAN continues to strangle the WOMAN.

WOMAN: (can barely speak) Enough. Stop it.

MAN: Shut the fuck up.

WOMAN: (can barely speak) I don't like it.

MAN: Really? Very good.

WOMAN: (can barely speak) Cease-fire. You're hurting me. Cease-fire.

MAN: Great.

WOMAN: (breathes heavily) Enough. Stop it. Cease-fire. Apple. Cease-fire.

MAN: Shut the fuck up.

The WOMAN screams.

Scene 9

A WOMAN and a MAN sit in their living room.

WOMAN: Did you hear that?

MAN: What?

WOMAN: Screams. Again.

MAN: I don't hear anything.

The WOMAN listens, concentrated.

WOMAN: Just like yesterday.

MAN: At least he's getting some sleep.

WOMAN: No he's not. He wakes up every few minutes.

MAN: It's something. He's already showing signs of recovery.

WOMAN: Recovery? Screaming every night is recovery?

MAN: It'll take some more time.

WOMAN: Did you talk with him ever since he came back?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: What about?

MAN: Football.

WOMAN: Football...

MAN: How about you?

WOMAN: I didn't. I hugged him. (to the audience) I gave him all the hugs I should have given him before.

MAN: He'll be alright.

WOMAN: He won't.

MAN: How can you be so sure?

WOMAN: Were you alright after you came back?

Pause.

MAN: I tried.

WOMAN: You didn't succeed.

MAN: But I tried.

WOMAN: So what. It isn't the Olympics.

MAN: And still – you and I are married, we love each other exactly as we did on the day we met, we are sitting in our living room, taking care of our son who came back and everything will be alright.

WOMAN: What are we supposed to do now?

MAN: Wait. Wait until his condition gets better. In a couple of days he'll stop screaming. In a month or two he'll get out of bed, and in five years the nightmares will stop. He'll be as good as new.

The WOMAN stands up.

WOMAN: I didn't think my son will be...

MAN: Will be what?

WOMAN: A murderer.

MAN: A murderer?

WOMAN: A murderer. He murdered people. He said so himself. What will I say in the Supermarket?

Song of me

I can only sing the song of me
The song of me, myself and I
And my son who has just finished fighting
Won't stop me from reciting
The song of me, myself and I.

MAN: He didn't murder anyone. He killed people in order to win a war. It didn't just happen, out of the blue. Do you know how many people are responsible for other people's deaths? One out of ten walking in the street right now.

WOMAN: I didn't think my son will do it. I thought he was good.

MAN: Everyone thinks their children are good. And still, everyone prefers they'll do it and come back. They can come back bad, as long as they come back.

WOMAN: I wish he didn't come back.

MAN: Don't say that. In a few more days he'll stop screaming. I also needed a few days.

WOMAN: And then there'll be silence. Even worse.

MAN: He's having a hard time. But we'll take care of him. Get a him a job. He'll make us proud again.

WOMAN: How could I be proud of him if he's not good?

MAN: Why shouldn't he be good? He's bad now only because he has to be. In a few months he'll be the good boy we sent there. He'll even be better.

My Dear Son

My dear son, successful and kind
Leave those bad things out of your mind
It's very good to feel you were wrong
But life demands you to be strong
Look at Sara's boy, right across the street
He practiced controlling his feelings of guilt
Cry and shout
And shout and cry
On a blast that was fired
At a town nearby
Shout and cry
And cry and shout
Because killing other people
It's not what we're about
Just promise me you'll get rid of the pain
And start living your life all over again

WOMAN: (to the audience) I keep telling myself that if he were a really good boy he wouldn't have gone.

MAN: (to the audience) I keep telling myself that if we were really good parents we wouldn't have sent him.

WOMAN: (to the MAN) Do you think he'll be good again? That we'll be good again?

MAN: (to the WOMAN) Of course. (to the audience) Of course. Do we have a choice?

The MAN sits down.

MAN: Look at me. Everything will be alright. We'll do anything.

The MAN and the WOMAN look at the audience.

In These Days, In This Time (Part B)

In these days, in this time

Nothing changes and everything is fine

We'll keep on taking our daily walks

Raising our children and have good talks

In this time, in this day

The children are growing and they are OK

What shall we tell them when they'll demand to know

How were things so long ago?

Scene 10

Enter the MOTHER and her baby.

MOTHER: It almost never rains here, anymore.

Even the rain got tired.

So did I.

(the baby cries) Only he never gets tired.

Say, What are you so unhappy about, ha?

It's true we didn't dry any swamps,

and didn't risk our lives defending the homeland

but we keep up with the mortgage payments

and we'll be able to pay the fortune that your free education will cost.

(the baby cries harder) And still all this crying, as if you wanted to be Italian or French.

What do you think? They cry there as well.

Once, their papers decided to report only about happy news,

and wrote in the sports section only about the team who won, and not about the one who lost. If they tried to do this here, everyone would leave the country the same day (the baby cries).

Maybe then you would fall asleep.

I'd take you to a walk in the empty streets,

and we wouldn't hear any car horns or people shouting.

And that's how you would grow up. Alone.

I'd teach you how to read and write,

Let you read and write whatever you'd want
and hope you would overcome the isolation from society.

You would be glorious.

But, then, who will know that?

I couldn't be proud of you,
or even be worried about you.

You wouldn't even have to go to the army.

What would I do?

All of a sudden I'd have all the nights for myself
and couldn't complain all the time on how tired I was.

I'd have so much time and so few excuses.

Maybe I'd go to Italy or France
and come back to meet you after all these years.

We wouldn't recognize each other
maybe we would just politely say good bye
before both of us die – me from old age, and you from loneliness.

I wonder what those happy newspapers would write:

A woman who lived for a long time
and a man who lived in absolute freedom
moved to another place.

There you go, you stopped crying.

(to the audience) Stay quiet.

SSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.