

# Lady twisted

**A sketch of a play for three actresses and an actor  
Inspired by William Shakespeare's "Macbeth"**

**By Jason Danino Holt**



## Characters:

Theatre director, Liel

Film director, Noa

Actress, Maggie

Actor, Playwright

### Opening scene – lip-sync

The theatre director is dressed as a doll on stage with her back to the audience. When the music starts, the song "Twist in sobriety" is played in a dark new arrangement. The doll dances and lip-syncs the song. All through the number a man in underwear is manipulating her every move.

Lyrics of the song :

All God's Children need traveling shoes  
Drive your problems from here  
All good people read good books  
Now your conscience is clear  
I hear you talk girl  
Now your conscience is clear  
Look my eyes are just holograms  
Look your love has drawn red from my hands  
From my hands you know you'll never be  
More than twist in my sobriety  
More than twist in my sobriety  
More than twist in my sobriety

In the morning I wipe my brow  
Wipe the miles away  
I like to think I can be so willed  
And never do what you say  
I'll never hear you  
And never do what you say

Look my eyes are just holograms  
Look your love has drawn red from my hands  
From my hands you know you'll never be  
More than twist in my sobriety  
More than twist in my sobriety  
More than twist in my sobriety

At the end of the song the doll crashes to the floor. She immediately gets up. She takes off the doll costume and moves a different part of the stage. In this part there's a chair, it is the "monologue corner."

### **The horses that murdered sleep**

The Theatre director is now in different character, called by the real name of the actress how portrays her, Liel.

Liel:

I have a recurring dream - from the age of eighteen or so. The first thing that happens in this dream is that I know I've never been happier than the moment where I am. There, in the dream. I stand with myself - and feel this bubbling feeling within me, as if I were a bottle of champagne - bubbles bubbling up ... I know it is happiness. There is no other word.

And this feeling, what it does to my body ... I realize that this happiness is lunacy. And this knowledge makes me even happier.

And when it suddenly all connects in my head I start to see people. The city that was deserted is suddenly filled with people - people I know I see only because it happened - only because this madness was finally able to emerge from me. And all these people - those crazy - those happy people - are flooding the city - and suddenly I can move, I'm speeding through the crowd like a horse, caressing them, rubbing against them, laughing, and they're all with me, we're like a herd of noble horses tearing the wind so this moment will never end.

Then we reach an abyss - I lead the horses who have become hundreds, thousands – and it's clear to all of us – that if we all cross the threshold together we will fill the void. Finally. Fill the entire void.

But in the dream, just before I was going to jump, my horse stopped in fear - I screamed from within him – "Come on – Do it - Jump!" But nothing happens.

Then I see the rest of the horses leaping over me in their last gallop down – and only I freeze. I start to sweat from the effort of wanting something to happen - but nothing happens.

I look down at these horses. Battered, bloody and wounded but such a huge smile is spreading over their faces. I'm burning with envy.

Then I myself open - it starts with a small hole somewhere in my body - and it grows and grows until I become nothing, a hollow abyss, horseless – the void that I was just before something finally allowed itself to emerge from me.

If I could choose to wake up just three minutes before... one minute... This end is so....

### **Take 1 – "come you spirits"**

Actress: Dad, why are you crying? You just got up ...

Actor: I want to die

Actress: No Dad, don't say that ...

Actor: Don't worry, I'm not going to kill myself. I'll Take care of you until you are big enough to handle yourself. . .

Actress: Dad. . .

Actor: But I want to die

Actress: Maybe I'll make breakfast?

Actor: I'm not hungry

Actress: Maybe something small? an Omelet?

Actor (crying): Sleep ... Shut out the light!

Actress (gently): It is not turned on....

Actor: So close the windows! It hurts my eyes. . .

Actress: Maybe I'll get us first ...

Actor (explodes): I cannot see you, cannot look at you, you look like her, I can't see it before me all the time.

Actress: Dad, yesterday... Yesterday you promised

Actor: Turn off the light! I want you to disappear

**Actress turns off the light. In the Dark :**

Actress: Maybe I'll shave you like I used to, it must be very itchy .  
You remember the funny monster that hides under the sink if we  
don't wash everything "one, two" ?

Actor: We are in mourning

**Father beats his daughter. It is not visible since the stage is dark**

Actress: ouch!

Actor: There are no such things as monsters

Actress: ouch!

Actor: There is nothing under the sink

Actress: ouch!

Actor: I'm hungry. Make me something to eat.

Actress: Please let go, I'll make you whatever you want.

**The actress turns on a little light at the other end of the stage, she looks disheveled and wounded. She's cooking. Suddenly she takes a large kitchen knife in her hand.**

**The actor is on the other side of the stage - his head in his hands, sobbing quietly. . .**

Actress: " Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious "

Film Director: Cut! Turn on working lights, ten minute break everyone.

**The stage that was dark is lit all at once. The lighting is exposed, cables, etc : it is a movie set.  
The director comes down to the actors, she brings the actor a towel and wipes off the shaving cream.**

Actress: Well, that wasn't good.

Actor: Well – of course not! you are not doing what we said you would do in rehearsals

Actress: No it just wasn't good!

Film director: It's not that it was not good ...

Actress: I think it very clear what the problem is ...

Film director: I'll tell you what's the problem ... the problem is that it doesn't feel that you love each other

Actress: America has been re discovered ! !

Film director: Look , the scene was OK but - it comes out just violent for no reason, there's going to be a murder here. It has to be justified.

Actress: Excuse me! I don't justify the murder ?

Film director: What's going on here its, it's erotic and it's un-erotic. It's dangerous because it is filled with so much love. This girl decides to kill her father from an excess of love , not because he beats her.

Actress: What are you trying to tell me?! That I can't play a murderer? The problem is your text.

**Actor laughs**

Actress: What are you laughing about ?

Actor: "The problem is your text" ....

Actress: Yes. That's the problem and I'm not staying here for one more minute with this idiot next to me...

Actor: I'm an idiot !?

**The actress walks off.**

Film director: Wait! Circle.

**Director and actor join hands, the actress doesn't move**

Actor: Oh, stop blocking ...

**The actress joins the circle**

Film director: Let's breathe... go back to your characters ... to their story... talk from them... Tell me: what do you think my story is about?

Actress: It's about a girl dealing with her life, and it's a very hard life for her – and it's sad. A sad girl that...

Actor (interrupts): It's about a beaten up girl, and it shows that this violence is in all of us. It's part of us. And like the mother leaves the house, the father beats the girl and the girl will carry out the most violent of acts, which is to kill him. To kill me !

Film Director: Great! We all have a killer inside us, even me, even I have one, one I should not talk to, nor feed it. It should have no right to exist, but it is there.

**Theater director roars**

Film director: Find the courage to connect to your monster.

**The actor roars as well, then suddenly remembers**

Actor: oh! Didn't my agent speak to you about an audition I have at four thirty. It's really important and I really can't be late for it and...

Film director: you are in the middle of a creative process. The

Muse does not recognize time!

Actor: Okay, I feel that I have it, and I do not understand what all this fucking stupid talking is good for. If there's something in what I do that you want me to change, tell me, and I'll change it "words, words, words" – come on ! Come on! Come on!!!

Film Director: The beginning for example ( to actress) Watch me ... What's the first line?

Actress: You're up ...

Film director: yes, yes... ( in character, to the actor) "You're up! Good morning daddy ...

Actor: What, you want me to do it with you?

Actress: Unbearable. You're simply unbearable ...

Actor: I'm unbearable?!

Actress: Yes you!

Actor: Me?!

Actress: Yes! You! And stupid !

Actor: I ? Am? Stupid?!?!

Film director: Enough!! I know we shot this scene many times, and I know it's hard for you, but I want to work with you and then do just one more take. Is that acceptable?

Actor: Whatever...

Film director: Go to your place... (Actor leaves the stage) Watch me. (Addresses a high point behind the audience) Is there anybody there? Good. Can you play the music of this scene? Thanks. And... bring me a small black coffee when you come back.



Film director: (**begins the scene again**) You're up ... Good morning daddy

Actor: Good morning ...

Film director: How did you sleep?

Actor: my sleep was murdered long ago...

Film director: Maybe I'll shave you

**Silence. Film director starts lathering the father's face**

Film director: I had a dream last night - want to hear? I dreamed I met three witches ( to Actress) and now, tell the dream as part of the action - ( to actor, in scene) and at first they look like the scariest thing I've ever seen, but they came and kissed me - ( to actress) and here we talked about real kisses (in scene ) They came and kissed me here ,here and here.  
They prophesied that she'll return, like a true queen... Dad, why are you crying? you just got up ...

Actor: I want to die

Film director: No, Dad, don't say that...

**Sound of heavy thunder. The actors are scared.**

Actor: What is that?

Film director: This music, sorry, I'm sorry, let's continue.

Actor: Give me the previous lines. It's difficult for me this way just to get into it ..

Director: No problem. (in Scene) No, Dad, don't say that...

Actor: Shit, I have a blackout...

Actress : " I'm not going to kill myself .... I'll Take care of you"

Actor: Right. (to director) Well, you're saying it or what?

Director: What? Oh, okay. (in Scene) No, Dad, don't say that...

Actor: Don't worry, I'm not going to kill myself. I'll take care of you until you are big enough to handle yourself. . .

Film director: Dad. . .

Actor: But I want to die

Film director: Maybe we I'll make breakfast?

Actor: I'm not hungry.

Film director: Maybe something small? An omelet....?

Actor (crying): Sleep ... Shut out the light!

Film director: It is not turned on.

Actor (scold): So close the windows! It hurts my eyes. . . .

Film director: Maybe I'll get us first...

Actor (explodes): I cannot see you, cannot look at you, you look like her, I can't see it before me all the time.

Film director: Wait, that's not what we did in rehearsal - it should not be clear if you are going to kiss her, to smash her, to rape her ... you are doing it too "simple". Do it again.

Actor: Do I look like a robot to you? No way all this can be done in one line -These are the exact moments you become an amateur

**Heavy thunder again - the actor jumps.**

Actor (shouting): can you turn off this annoying music?

Film Director: You think you're a good actor?

Actor: Best one I know...

Film director: So breathe, and show me what you can do.

Meanwhile on the set you're just complaining - what is it?  
A man that can't get it up and blames his woman she's not  
seductive enough? Do it again.

**Actor is in shock. It is clear that she was able to push one of  
his buttons. He collapses in tears on her shoulder.**

Actor: I cannot see you, cannot Look at you, You look like her, I  
can't see it before me all the time... (Pushes her away)

Actress (whispers very quietly and quickly): Oh, Dad,  
yesterday ... You promised yesterday ...

Film Director: Oh, Dad, yesterday ... Yesterday you promised

Actor: Turn off the light! I want you to disappear

**In full light, since it's just a rehearsal**

Film director: Maybe I'll shave you like I used to. It must be very  
itchy – you remember the funny monster that hides under the sink  
if we don't wash everything "one, two" ?

Actor: We are in mourning

Actress: ouch!

Actor: there are no such things as monsters

Actress: ouch!!

Film director: What's this? That's what you did here? You didn't  
really hit her?

Actor: Really hitting? Since when do we...

**The director slaps him - He looks at her amazed. She gives  
him another slap**

Actor: I get it. What ? Who do I remind you of ? your daddy? You  
want me to slap you like daddy did? ( slaps ) You want me to pull  
your hair like your daddy did? ( pulls her hair ) you want me , like  
daddy to... ( kisses her aggressively)

### **Actress pushes actor away**

Actress: Move!! You lost it or what? Did you just bite her?! ( to Director) Are you okay? You're bleeding ...

Actor (continues the scene): There are no such things as monsters. There's nothing under the sink - I'm hungry. Make me something to eat

### **actor strangles the film director**

Film Director: stop it, please, (not sure if it the character or not) I'll make you what you want

Director: " Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood; "

**The director stabs the knife into the chest of the actor. The actress is trying stop her but does not succeed. The actor is dead .Silence.**

Actress: What ... what did you do? What did you do? Let's call a doctor, let's do something. . .

Director: What something?

Actress: Something, we must do something. I can't believe it ... I can't believe it ... What have you done? Why ... what did he do to you? Is it because you just had this fight? Are you insane?

Director: You did it as well

Actress: But it's... it's you! You did it.

Director: Look at your hand. Look.

Actress ( looks at her blood stained hands ): Why did you do this? Why did you do this to me?

Director: I'll handle it ...

**Stage darkens and only the director remains in light**

Director (to the audience): Crew - the actor left the set very upset - no, no need to talk to his agent. Just set the banquet scene. How long will it take? Good.

**Sodom!**

**The actress goes to the same position in which Liel spoke her opening monologue. She's a different character, named as the actress who plays her, Maggie.**

Maggie:

Since I was a little girl - there's one word that repeats itself when it comes to me. It's my "stain" that won't wash away. One word: potential.

"So much potential this girl has..." "So much talent this girl has" "this girl can go so far" – and the road to this "far" is the one I'm walking since I can remember myself. Tired, sunburnt, hungry, cranky... but I'm walking and walking... and it's not as if someone's leading me, it's not as if someone's forcing me – I'm walking! Blisters on my feet, my feet? All of my soul is covered with pus filled blisters. My legs are full of veins, so is my forehead I'm getting old - for nothing at all.

But in the night, when I'm allowed to stop for a while, pull over, lay my head – instead of regaining strength – I dive into the place where I totally burn. A place so vague and fuzzy, a place where there is no road, neither up nor down. (Pointing to her crotch) Here, where it always ends with a bang.

I always hope that with every body that rubs on mine some of this potential will rub itself away. I always imagine their semen absorbing everything that's "meant to be" – like these reusable rags, I always throw them away after one use. Jets of manhood that will doom this road. Transforming me from so much woman, to no woman at all. "unsexing me here."

If I were a boy!!!!

I remember when I was a child I came to my parents and told them that I looked down there and thought how, with scissors, I can make myself into a man. They weren't crazy about the idea.

So at night: Sodom. I dominate a city of darkness - a city without potential, a city without light. And in this city I am Queen. Queen of nothing. Queen of boredom, of emptiness, blandness, not moving anywhere, not afraid of anything since the worst is here with me, the sole Queen of myself.

## **Take 2 - and ... Dine!**

**Film Director and actress are in the dressing room, they are both half naked. The director dresses the actress as her character of the daughter.**

**The next scene is a scene almost without words. It's the actress being directed by the film director. From moment to moment the actress get more exhausted. The only text in the scene is when the director tells the actress what she's going to play , action and cut. Loud music accompanies the scene**

**These are the names of the scene as the director calls them:**

"come you spirits "

"Laughter"

"Knife"

"boredom"

"Dance"

"sleep"

" Out, damn'd spot "

, " Out, damn'd spot 2"

"sleep"

"Sleeping and laughing "

" Sleeping and dancing "

Film director : " Avaunt! " action !

Actress: " Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee! "

Film director: Cut. Sound (music stops) " What's done cannot be undone " - Action!

Actress: "What's done cannot be undone.—to bed, to bed, to bed!  
"

Director: Cut! Guys, it's a wrap!

I want to thank all of you my dear, dear crew, and of course my wonderful actress and ... One word of deep longing to one of my favorite actors in the industry, I really miss you and I'm... sorry you're not here with us now. Good night, good night, good night.

**The crew and the actress leave the stage. The director stays alone. The Stage darkens. The director starts wiping her hands obsessively, crying.  
The ghost of the actor enters. Regret begins to emerge from her.**

Ghost :

" Yet here's a spot.  
Out, damn'd spot! out, I say! —One; two  
What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our  
pow'r to accompt?  
Yet who would have thought the old man to  
have had so much blood in him?  
What, will these hands ne'er be clean? "

Film director: " No more o' that! "

Ghost :

" you mar all with  
this starting  
Here's the smell of the blood still. All the  
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this  
little hand. "

Film director : "O, O, O!"

Ghost:

"To bed, to bed!  
come, come, come, come.  
What's done cannot be undone.—to bed, to bed, to bed!"

**He takes her hand, puts the knife in it , and brings it to her neck. Obviously she is going to commit suicide ...**

### **murder**

**The actress who plays the film director goes to the monologues chair. Now she is called by her real name, Noa.**

Noa:

This guy that cut me on the road today. Not necessarily because he cut, but entirely because of the look he gave me when I tried to give him a "fuck off" face.

That frightening woman that sells bread in the market. Not because she sells bread, and not because she's greedy, and not because her tits are all the way down to the floor, nor because she pushes you to take seven times the bread than you need or want, and doesn't give back change. And not because that one that time I left the bar drunk and she tried to touch my ass and we almost hit each other. You know what – yes ! because of that , and all the rest for that matter

The Bible teacher, who ruined my matric, screwed up my exams and enjoyed every minute because she didn't get laid in two decades.

My neighbors that have sex 15 times a week more than I do

Hitler, Himmler, Mengele, Eva Braun and these guys – that's if we were dealing with at that time...

I think so ... Ahmadinejad is the equivalent today - then him

All the directors that once again took Rot... (oh, she might be here? So, I won't say her name) ... who took \*\*\*\*\* instead of



me. Although she consistently acts badly in every movie / series / show I've seen her ... Or the directors or her. Whichever comes first

Rinat Epstein - oh, and this name I'm so going to say and pray that she's here.

Rinat Epstein!!! The girl that boycotted me all the third , fourth and fifth year in school, never apologized, and never admitted that there was no reason at all. Just 'cause. Just 'cause...

And in the same breath, the counselor that didn't give a fuck - but with her I'll be satisfied if the left side of her body is paralyzed.

This freak who decided that it was very funny to tear the flyer of the Fringe show I'll play in, that contains, really, all my soul - and scatter it like confetti into the air in the middle of a busy street.

Liars, rapists, corrupt people, incompetent doctors, weapons manufacturers, those who deliberately infect AIDS, drunken drivers, pimps, battering husbands, battered women who stay, animals abusers, bitchy cashiers, income tax assessors, facial moles, aggressive prostitutes, whistling workmen, people who do not clean after their dogs, schadenfreude , fanatics, crooks, pedophiles, pedophiles' defense attorneys, mafia families, suicide bombers, the extreme right, the anemic left, the kidnappers of Gilad Shalit, all those who don't release Gilad Shalit, all those who makes money on the back of Gilad Shalit, all those who makes money on my back, fuckers, Michael Jackson's doctor, the guy who infected Ofra, the paparazzi who chased Diana, Yigal Amir, and who ever ran over xuxa .

Myself too sometimes. Just because I never shut up.

## Teatro !

**Noa slits her throat and is laying dead on her chair, the actor's body is revealed lying on the table, A third light lights the actress**

Actress:

*"it should have happened hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out,  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing. ... "*

**The theater director comes on stage from the audience. The actors look at her, they don't understand what is happening.**

Theater Director: enough, enough, enough .stop it.

**(From this stage in the play it is obvious that the three actors are actors in a play. The character of the film director from now on will be called Noa. )**

Actor: But why just before the end, let's finish

Actress: No! good that she stopped, I feel like shit and I really Don't want to look stupid in front of the audience. Nothing from the beginning of this rehearsal works for me – can you work with me already?

Theater Director: the audience?! Stop doing everything for the

audience, for the audience – enough! It's not interesting

Actress: Easy for you to say, sitting in the director's chair and during all the run-through making faces of “ I want to die “

Theatre director: Don't even start with this disrespect, I'm not even going there with you

Actor: Sweetie, stop -we don't need this energy here ...

Theater Director: And you don't start with your sweetie, sweetie

Actor: Princess, let's take a break, relax a little - you want me to warm up some food my mother made for you?

Actress: Ah, I'm starving!

Actor: Good, there's plenty

Theater Director: No one is leaving the room now! This is exactly how this rehearsal looked like. Like a bunch of people waiting to eat his mother's food.

Actress: and I'm disrespectful...

Actor: I think the run-through was okay ...

Theater Director: Yeah, you're right - it was okay. You act "okay", and it looks "okay", and the audience is going to sit and say - “Wow, this is so okay “! But its technical, it's dead, it's boring!

Actress: Okay, You're exaggerating. You're exaggerating! Everything that happens in this play comes from us, you asked me to write a monologue from my vagina, I'm going to sit in spitting distance from the audience when I say it ... What more?

Theater Director: You're still stuck in the concept: "A play about a movie shoot."

In Shakespeare - like this lady, who's a locked sequence of letters between the covers of a play, is something interesting. "Out, damn'd spot – What is that? Her spot isn't interesting ! She doesn't even exist. Your spot is interesting, your's is interesting, your's is interesting. And you come here like you come to work! No one

has the courage to look at his demons in the eye

Actress: I do not know about you, I do not have demons. Maybe a D-cup !

Theater Director: No, you are the funniest woman alive – thank God you exist.

Actress: What do you want me to do? What ? Here, I stand in front of you and promise I'll go with you...

Theater director: all the way?

Actress (surprised): all the way ...

Theater director: What do you hate about me?

Actor: What? What do you mean?

Theater director: You - my boyfriend for three years, the lead actor in my play, the one how says he wants to be with me until we die - what do you hate about me?

Actor: Hate? I don't hate anything about you...

Theater director: I hate your dependence on me

Actress: Okay. Now can we work?

Theater director: I hate it that instead of being with a man I live with a worm I need to pump up its confidence every night

Actor: it's out of place what you're doing...

Theater Director: I look at them act, trying to create sexual tension - and I sympathize with them - a man who has the hottest girl in town and fucks her maybe once a month

**Theater director approaches the actress.**

Theater director: come here. (Actor comes) (to actress) would sleep with him?

Actress: this question is so irrelevant

Actor: I think so too

Theater Director: Cowards! This play does not exist if there's no sexual tension, if there's no cock stretched between the three of you. A Huge one! Your monologue: "I dive into the place where I totally burn" - burn already! Touch him.

### **The actress put her hand on the actor**

Theatre director: Continue the text of your monologue.

Actress: I dive into the place where I totally burn. Here, where it always ends with a bang.

Theatre Director: (touching her crotch) Here, where it always ends with a bang. Connect to this place. Breathe to it. Go on.

Actress: I always hope that with every body that rubs on mine some of the potential will rub itself away.

Theatre director: You want it to be his body?

Actress: I always imagine their semen absorbing everything that's "meant to be "

Theater Director: Answer me!

Actress: – like these reusable rags.... I can't.

Theater Director: You think I don't get what's going on between you? You're in love with him from the first time you saw him. Use it. Touch him. Caress him. Tell him how you feel. Let's, for the first time since we started rehearsing, say the truth

Actress: I ...

Noa: You don't have to answer that ...

**the actor kisses the actress sensually. Eventually, he leaves her on the floor**

Actor: Well, still a worm?

Noa: Why are you doing this to her?

Actor: Ah - still a rag?

Theater Director (to actress): What was he like? How did this moment make you feel? Answer!

Actress: Humiliated.

Theater Director: Good, we found something new. Use it. Now what do you hate about me?

Actor: Nothing. I'll do everything for you

Noa: I don't understand what's the point of working on a play like that ...

Theater Director: If that's what comes out when you look at the truth - that's what comes out!

Actor: Do you even love me?

Theater director: What do you think?

Actor: That....

Actress: Of course he does!

Theater Director: Most of the times you come home I can't even bear your smell.

Actor: Lovely - All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten the disgust I have from my boyfriend. Take another actor!

Noa: No need to go to these places. We're stressed about the dress rehearsal tomorrow ... It's normal ...

Actor: Look. Look in her eyes. That's what she wants out of you after the murder. A look of a person that has no heart.

It's only a play. Theater. Do you really think you can be "an artist", when you're all nothing. You're empty like your work, obsessed with your self in such abhorrence

Theater Director: real abhorrence?

Actor: yes!

Theater Director: it surprises me you know that word, let alone use it

Actor: Go fuck yourself

Theater Director: I've forgotten how it feels!!

Actor: Are you serious or is this your psychopathic way to get something from me as an actor? Answer me ... Open your mouth and answer me – do you love me, yes or no?

Theater Director: No.

Actor: And there you have it. Reality. Boring. Not like on stage where a huge cock stretches between partners...

Theatre director: I didn't mean to be boring

Actor: So here's another boring thing for dessert so-called:  
Living with you is to live as close to death as can be -  
As if you choose to put us into an obsessive test of boundaries- to where it's dark, where it doesn't work, where there is no air. Testing how long I'll be ready to embrace you in this suffocation - how long until I finally suffocate. Murdering everything we have that's alive between us.  
I'd make you a queen, but I don't choose death. I deserve more than that....

Theater Director: You're right...

Actor: I'm leaving

**the actor leaves**

Theater Director: *"he should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, "*

(to actress) this is the initial state of your final monologue. Continue

Actress: Don't want to

Theater Director: " and to-morrow, and to-morrow, " Continue

Actress: I don't want to !

Theater Director: And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. – Continue

Noa: We're not doing text! It's not a game. Your boyfriend just left.  
Your show is tomorrow. Do something!

Theatre director: I don't need him. I don't need him! I'll play him.

Actress: the father?

Theater Director: So it would be a mother. It's possible, there is time - that's the truth now.

Noa: Honey, I understand that something significant happened and I understand your feelings but ...

Theater Director: You think that I can't play him – that I can't come towards you and give you a slap that will make you act...

**Director Theatre slaps Noa - quiet. Theater director is about to give Noa a second slap but she stops her.**

Move: Good luck tomorrow ...

Theater Director:  
" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.



Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing. "

Now that's how to do the final monologue ...

### **The end**

**The actor sits on a table with a laptop. He writes. From that moment he will be the playwright. His girlfriend is portrayed by the three actresses simultaneously**

Playwright: " Signifying nothing.! Now that's how to do the final monologue..." The light dims on the theatre director. The end.

Dolly ! I'm done. I think I'm done.

Liel: Well, what would Shakespeare say?

Playwright: That I represent a new generation of confused artists without an identity

Liel: I love you – you make me crazy ! !

Playwright: I wrote you a role

**Liel jumps in ecstasy, hugs and kisses**

Playwright: But ... I'm a little afraid that you think that.... I went all the way ...

Noa: all the way?

Playwright: all the way. Baby let's just read it – but if you leave me I'll rip you up ...

Noa: Mmm ...

Playwright: With my fists. I'll rip you with my ... Let's read.

Noa: Now, who am I here?

Playwright: Who are you?

Noa: Oh, you've called her by my name ...

Maggie: So where to start?

Playwright: Do you even love me?

Maggie: Of course I do!

Playwright: Text, text is text.

Maggie: Oh, um , again

Playwright : Do you even love me ?

Maggie: "What do you think"?

Playwright: "That..."

Maggie: "Most times you come home I can't even bear your smell "

Playwright: "Lovely - All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten the disgust I have from my boyfriend. Take another actor!"

Maggie: "I'll take"

Playwright: "Open your mouth and answer me – Do you love me, yes or no?"

Maggie: (laughing) "no"

Playwright: "Open your mouth and answer me – Do you love me, yes or no?"

Noa: (still not serious) "No"

Playwright: Enough! "Open your mouth and Answer me – do you love me, yes or no?"

Liel: "No."

**Small pause. The song "Twist in my sobriety " is heard from the radio**

Liel: I love this song ...

**Liel starts to dance and sing for him. They start amusing each other with Liel playing around as a doll which he manipulates. At some point they arrive at the same pose which started the play.**

Playwright: Honey, I think I have a start. Or an end.