

# Smiley/Shufra

**how about some emotional pornography?" - 2007**

**"Shufra - an extra-fringe play... Four actors perform impressive monologues and create a funny and nightmarish dialogue with the audience, written and directed with inspiration". *(Zvi Goren - Habama website)***

**"'Shufra' - the new play, provides an amusing hour with four talented actors who represent the 'Y-Generation' that prefers the 'Dolce Vita' and goes out on a surrealistic journey in a self awareness workshop" *(Michael Handelzaltz - Haaretz newspaper)***

Playwright: Eyal Weiser

Director: Alon Cohen

Costume: Adva Balzam

Actors: Yoval Abramovitch/Tal kalay, Efrat Arnon, Itzik Golan, Natalie Fainstein

Composer "I want to": Amir Lakner

Lighting Designer: Erez Shvarzbaum

**Character:**

**Anna – workshop instructor**

**Shlimovitch**

**Woman with computer**

**Neighbor**

*In a self-awareness workshop that has just been started. In the middle of the space stands a big gong that Anna uses often.*

**Anna:** Everyone's here. We can begin.

I always take a good big breath before I start, and I think we're starting. Allow me to take the reins and begin. What are we here for? To check, to find out, to inspect, ask profound questions straight from our existential bellybutton, questions beyond words, Beyond language. How did the cave man communicated before any language was invented? *(She starts to growl like a beast)*

Did you understand me? Has someone understood me? It takes time. What can we do, we don't know everything. Not everything. Some things we know less and others we know more. What's more? What's less? That's exactly why we're here. That's what I've just said, by the way, in an ancient language. You will learn to listen.

Thank you. Thank you for our future mutual discovering journey. Thank you for that chance you gave yourselves and me, allowing us to inspect all those components who eventually become the "one" being that turns us into who we are. When we'll know ourselves better, this whole splendor which we define as

"me, myself", we could make room for everything that is not "me". That's right, what can you do, after all there's yet other "me" in this world, besides "me".

In a minute we'll start with our circle of names, in which you will also participate...don't panic! I can already see the horror in your eyes, you're not being put to the test here, me neither, are you testing me? Perhaps you're the ones who're testing yourselves? Can you live up to your expectations? Not here, here we will try to let go of them, as I'm saying that, observe how all of a sudden we are less stressed, we just need to talk about things, perhaps to talk without words...*(She starts to growl again like a beast)*

We just need to communicate, and the will to do so! It's just a name, a fraction in our I.D. we have many other elements that assemble us, our identity, besides the name, what's a name? *(Asks for someone's name in the audience)*, who decided that this should be called . . .? Maybe I want to call it a jardinière? How delimiting language is? How restrictive? How stereotyped? Categorized? The word has the power to restrict, to castrate.

*(Improvise with audience – addressing the audience and try to find worthless common denominators between them, it can be the first letter of their name, it can be some ridiculous connection between their professions and it can be the also the fact that there are all strangers. Her goal is to establish a contemporary community of "here and now". When she finish she ask the audience to focus on her again)*

My name is Anna, Anna? Anna – in Hebrew it means 'where to'? Anna – 'what place'? Anna – 'where exactly'? So many questions rising from only this one name and it's just my name. 'Anna' means 'me' in Arabic. *(Gets into the character of an arab women stuck in the roadblock)* 'Anna' at the roadblock, 'Anna' – let me through, 'Anna' – but I have a blue I.D card, 'Anna' – I'm pregnant, 'Anna' – let me through, 'Anna' – need to get to the Jewish hospital, 'Anna' – the baby's gone. 'Anna' – revenge. 'Anna' – Jewish blood will be spilled, 'Anna' – I'll be dancing on Jewish graves. 'Anna' – Jerusalem will be our capital!

So many associations in one name and they all drain down to me.

It's just getting more complicated, bit patience. That's exactly what we're going to do today – examine how we feel within our name, how it feels when they say to you "Anna, please, we need the studio for Saturday, cause we're rehearsing a fringe show", "Anna, give your child ciperlex he's taking Neta's eye out", "Anna, being a single mom is a matter of choice", excuse me?! "a choice"?!

*(Anna regains her composure, strikes the gong and signs the people who came to the workshop to talk about themselves).*

**Shlimovitch:**

I'm not...so I wrote it down. *(Take out from his pouch transistor radio)* and composed.....

*(Start to sing)*

I want it good  
 I want it bad  
 I want a woman  
 I want a lad  
 I want it together  
 I want it alone  
 I want a cucumber, a big one  
 I want a bone  
 I want it easy  
 I want it hard  
 I want it out  
 I want it deep inside  
 I want it every night  
 Well, not every night, 'cause I have a headache...  
 I want it hot  
 I want it wet  
 I want to sweat  
 I want an outlet  
 I want to sublet  
 I want to fornicate  
 I want everything  
 And I want nothing

I want it smart  
I want to fart  
I want it at daylight  
I want it at night  
I want to get hit in a fight,  
Hard, please...  
I want a caress  
I want some affection  
I want it like crazy  
I want it out of whimsy  
I want cable  
I want satellite  
I want to be stable  
I want to get high  
I want to cut her some slack  
But then again, no  
I want to go back  
And it's all his fault  
I want more money  
I want to be poor  
I want to party  
I want to be whacky  
I want Manhattan  
I want Senegal  
I want it excitin'  
I want it banal  
I want it young  
I want it yung  
I want it yummy  
I want a bong  
want it up my ass I  
want it in my mouth I  
want in the pharmacy I  
want it with a cup of coffee I  
want to sing I  
want to shut up I!

**Anna:**

Thank you.

*(Anna strikes the gong).*

**Woman with computer:**

He'd always finish with a smile. A smiley, kind of. Such a smiler, with a timid smile, hesitating, embarrassed, innocent. Always with a smile on his lips. A smile, colon, end of brackets.

I liked it about him, this ability of his to be happy despite of everything, to see the bright side, to fit an inner smile to any situation. And even when the shit hits the fan, as it does sometimes, doesn't it? He could keep that inner smiley even then. Maybe the thing I remember most is – his first smile. It was just a simple "hi", smiley. "Hi", I replied, adding my own smiley, trying to communicate in the same language, me too. I didn't really know him by then. Couldn't know what's hiding behind this smiley of his, maybe it's momentary, maybe he's the kind of person who sends you a smiley in one moment, and in the next three exclamation marks that would throw me to bed, for a few days of sheer depression, spending hours in front of the fridge and tormenting myself – why can't I lift my fat ass and go to the gym?

Sorry, I've just barely survived a difficult relationship.

"So, what's up"? He asked, question mark, smiley.

He's interested in how I am? Hmm...

It was raining outside so I replied "not bad, no complaints, how about you"? question mark. This is where I've stopped with the smiley. Didn't feel real, I don't know, didn't work for me. Maybe cause it was raining outside and I felt this pinch in my heart, and I didn't feel like a smiley, I felt like him "smiley" to me.

"So what are you looking for"? question mark. I've asked, an open question, no smiley, let him answer as he wishes.

"Relationship" smiley. I was surprised with his bluntness. Here's a serious guy.

"And you? You too?" smiley.

"Yes". Smileless, after all, it was still raining outside and I felt a bit cuddly.

He waited for a few seconds and then went on with this frankness, which tore me apart, melted me down, proving me there's still a handful of guys in this city that accept themselves as they are.

"And there's something else you need to know about me". Three dots, smiley.

"What"? Question mark.

"Can I trust you"? Question mark, smiley.

"Sure" with a smiley, so he'll know he has a shoulder to lean on.

"Are you sure"? Question mark. Smiley.

"Yes...come on..." Didn't I say 'shoulder'?

"I'm a..." he wrote the letter 's', without a smiley.

That means I knew after that some more letters should be arriving, cause I've gotten used to him, he wouldn't leave me without a smiley at the end.

'S'? what's with the 's' now? I've started imagining some options in my head: 's' - sanitarian? 's' - Sudanese? 's' - Saudi Arabian? 's' - snake? Spider?

**neighbor:**

Sucking blood?

**Woman with computer:**

Ok, so why should he be so embarrassed? Did he really think that's what going to deter me, that he's an Arab blood sucker who only wakes up at night, flies over the city's Eucalyptus trees to find a kosher Jewish girl to suck her blood? He continued with a 'la', again without a smiley, 've'! smiley. It's about time.

"A slave?!?" Question mark, exclamation mark, question mark. I asked, inside myself.

He waited. I guess that's what slaves do, I thought. They wait, to be operated.

"I like to be humiliated like a doggie". Smiley.

I could recognize his distress; he wants to be a slave right here right now.

I said to myself, it's raining outside, I'm free tonight, it was meant to be.

"So we got us a slave here. period. That's how you talk to slaves.

Smiley. So he's into it...

'S' exclamation mark, 'la' exclamation mark, 've' exclamation mark. "You're a slave!"

Double smiley,

Weird.

"You're gonna do what I tell you, am I clear"?

"Yes" smiley.

"Yes what"?

"Yes ma'am"

"Ma'am, ha"?

O.k. maybe I have problems in reading clues, cause "Anal penetration" is a nickname that is quite hard to miss but I felt that he was in distress, that he wants to be a slave here and now, it was rainy outside and I thought to myself, well...I found a man who can receive, who knows how to contain, who understands what intimacy is. Just him and me, me and him, I decide and he executes, take and take, give and give...never mind...yin and yang, together, we complete each other.

"Down slave, down".

Smiley

"On your knees, with your head between my legs. If you don't behave, you'll get a flog from my whip".

Double smiley.

"Lick my feet"

smiley

"Use spit you bum, what part of it didn't you understand, lots of spit or bum"?

smiley

"Are you clear"?

"Yes" smiley.

"Yes what?"

"Yes ma'am" smiley

"With lots of spit, I said! Now lick my pussy".

**Anna:**

*(Try to stop the monologue) Ok...*

**Woman with computer:**

"Actually I'm feeling like pouring it all out, come and honor yourself with my asshole, stick your tongue deep inside, is it good?"

"Smiley". "Don't you talk with your mouth full! I'll change my habit and we'll move straight to dessert. Come here you cock sucker, lie down, lie down and get ready, yeah put yourself exactly under me, I'm pissing". Smiley.

"It's a bit nuggety cause of my period, isn't it? Need a toothpick"? smiley.

"You're having a hard-on? Like a wet rocket? Did I say you can dribble? You maniac! I'll slap your ass as punishment! Here's a spank! And another one and another one! And another one! Oh it's good isn't it? I want you to scream! I can't hear you, you maniac! Wanna wipe off you're fucking smiley? Let's wipe it off. Come on sit on all your fours, yeah that's good. Ah, you're already crawling? Never mind, Spread your legs, shove the mouse to your ass, I'm shoving the mouse to your ass, take the keyboard too, oh what a tunnel we have here, ouch, here it comes, it comes straight to smiley's ass, ha? You zilch. Chiki chiki-cha, chiki chiki-cha the train goes by, and all the passengers cheer and cry, good, now take a knife, it's good isn't it? Now wipe out your fucking smiley, cut it off, cut it. That's good you cunt fucker, good, ahh...!!!!!"

*(She falls from her chair and find herself in a bizarre posture)*

Can anyone help me?

Every relationship has got ups and downs. I realize that he needed time to relax after that session, but two weeks? Not even one smiley in the general forum site? Relationship, he said he wanted relationship, ha? Fuck, I was here for him. Now what am I going to do with this tattoo? *(She reveals a big smiley tattoo on her back)*

Sorry.

I'm resetting.

Control alt delete.

*(Anna strikes the gong, Shmilovich take for himself the freedom of speech).*

**Shlimovitch:**

It's Shmilovich, not Shlimovich. It's catchy, young, familiar. It's crucial for your profession, It's crucial in general... Never mind. Thirty-two, that's right, but on the outside? 24, right? I feel like I'm 16, a teenager, a kid, I want to run all the time...Never mind. I swim a lot. It's important to me. It's important in general. My relationship status: single - and hopeful. I'm a great believer in miracles. Being open to...Never mind. I watch "The Secret" every night before I go to sleep...The faith is within us... Never mind.

I go to a lot of these workshops. English, by the way is my native language. REALLY. I'm always online - MySpace, YouTube, Tumblr - and, naturally Facebook. I have 3524 friends already. All day long I confirm this one and that one - I don't know any of them, but I keep confirming...Oh, and chat rooms, too...Never mind.

Anyway, a week ago I see this wanted ad in the paper. They had a ton of requirements so I say to myself: Bingo! and set up an interview. I had to make it clear to the interviewer, right off the bat, that I don't mean to be cocky but this is gonna be a great match. It really is. You see, you can't restrict yourself to only on niche these days, you have to be a "talent" – a multi talent – and I have lots of talents. Today you have to be good at this, and good at that, and skilled at this and skilled at that. "Listen", I told him, "I don't want to blow my own horn, as they say, and I don't mean to brag, but I'm... I'm... Never mind.

"And what about people skills?" I explained to him that I have a ton of experience with people and everything. It comes naturally to me, it flows out of me. I remember this one night, I was the life of the party, and this guy comes out of fucking nowhere and asks me if I'm adlibbing or reading out of cue cards..! Me! That's exciting. He said to me, and I quote: "Listen, it sounds like you were born with cue cards in your hand and a giant cock stuck in your mouth..." Never mind. The interviewer turned quiet, so I told him I googled him. I found out he had two gorgeous kids, The blond one was so cute! I mean, SERIOUSLY cute! Wait, no! no – not like that...

"Ever heard of 'Special K'? Special K (*mimes sniffing*) It's awful, just awful. Kids today go to parties, take it, fall apart, smash themselves against the wall, the ceiling, end up in a hospital bed. It's a horse tranquilizer, after all... Why am I telling you this? Simple, you wanted someone who could function under

pressure. I personally think that if you're on Special K – with 40 other men – in a dark-room and you make it through the night in one piece, I guess you can say you're strong and stable and... Never mind.

And what about listening? My ability to listen, to contain the "other" is simply amazing. It's a must with customers. They want to feel at home. They need to feel you give, let go of yourself and give, and I have an enormous capacity to contain. Fisting. Two of them at once.

"I had an enema and it made me feel good." I sensed that the energy was dropping so I threw a provocation out there, a teaser, a promo. Something to leave him wanting more. I highly recommend that technique. Maybe it came to me because of that enema I had before. When you loosen up, the craziest ideas just come to you. Never mind... What do you say? Want to take all our clothes off and go wild? I'm clean. That's what I told him, you see... I just know that there's nothing like appealing to the personal. It's not that I'm here and he's there, it's both of us, together. And if he'd asked me about the enema – when did I have it? I wouldn't have hesitated for a second before I told him – 'half an hour ago'. It does wonders. I always carry a little tube around with me, and you hook it up right... Never mind.

*(To the interviewer)* Did that put you off? No, it's just that you said in your ad that you're looking for someone who's open minded, so I'm just curious to know where exactly is *your* open mind? Aren't you the one who's supposed to be a model of open mindedness? Listen, I'm good with people, I'm strong and I'm stable. I contain. Fisting, two at once, remember? I'm a talent! A multi-talent.... So if you haven't figured it out yet – I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here. You can go, for all I care – bye bye!! I'm not leaving until I hear you say it. Come on, it's easy: "You're hired". Listen, even more so for you than for me – you *need* me here. There's not one ass hole in this city I don't know up close and personal. Seriously, I just say the word, and every stinky website around makes an "E! Hollywood Special" about my rectum... what do you say? So I have a somewhat interesting use of references...so what? You get used it. If he'd only given me chance...

Exhausting, isn't it? Do you want to come to my place for a sleepover? But you'll remember me on the morning after? It's Schmilovich, not Schlimovich. Schmilovich.

**Anna:**

Thank you Schlimovich. Exercise.

*(Anna does a breathing Exercise and tries to share the audience in it. After it she strikes the gong and everybody look on the Neighbor)*

**Neighbor:**

That bitch called the cops on me. They knocked on the door, a fat stinky female whore cop and some other cop. They asked me if I'm the one who broke her door. I told them "no way, come on...really. Who is it, Esther from one floor below? Ch..ch..ch.. What a sad story. The authorities know about it... a holocaust refugee, pisses in the hallway, poor girl". They made me sign some papers and left. Who are they going to believe – someone who has parquet floor in his apartment or someone who has garbage bags in his living room? From that day on, every time I saw her standing in the window and shouting without any clothes on, my blood pressure went even higher. Not because of her stinky Jewish cunt, no way! The memory aggravated me, my memory of her. That private holocaust she made me go through. Standing naked and shouting like a crazy woman is one thing, but calling the cops? Into my house? And to be manipulative enough to put clothes when they arrive so they won't find out she's a crazy bitch? All of a sudden she became aware?

I wrote a letter to the city shrink, I called the social woman, I told them "I'm a citizen who cares, some woman here is going crazy and no one gives a damn, it's gonna end badly".

The social whore came to inspect, Esther never opened the door. Social my foot, welfare services my foot, told me if she's not doing anything physical to anyone, she's not endangering the public or actually harming the welfare of the little man in the street, no need to hospitalize. Damn it. Not paying house committee for twenty years and putting up a sign downstairs saying "please fix the hose in the yard"? Is that social? Pissing in the hallway and then yelling at the house committee, who happens to be me, that the hallway is dirty? Is that welfare? Shouting ten hours every day by my window and call the cops on me? That's taking the little man in the street under consideration?

I told that whore from psychological service "believe me she'll demand attention at any cost".

"And she'll get it", that I didn't say.

The day after the door incident, the whore, the neighbor from downstairs telling me  
 Esther told her in the hallway that I wanna kill her. And I just wanted her to be quiet.

*(During the next segment the neighbor refer to Anna as if she was Esther)*

Ten o'clock at night and she's yelling again. You can't even understand what she's yelling, talks nonstop, something about a killer and about Moshe, shouting that the house committee didn't get the proper gas arrangement, and that someone is trying to poison her. Now, just then I was with a client, and him and his dog got scared to death. He scratched my parquet that bum, the dog. Who's that yelling over there? I told him 'turn the MTV on, I'm going downstairs for a second, I'll be right back'. I blocked her eyehole and knocked on her door this time gently, she opened, saw me, closed, I put my foot. She screamed.

"Esther, that's it, it's over! Esther, that's it, it's over!"

She started screaming "murderer, murderer, here he comes"

"Esther I'm from next door, my window is just above your porch, it's interfering my business, you're being naked is one thing, but shut up"

"Murderer!" she never stops and her eyes start rolling. I know this game already.

I said to myself, I'm not gonna let go now, I won't let go, I don't need someone at my window reminding me how bad things are here, they're bad enough without her. Not now, I'm not quitting.

"At least shut the shades, Esther. You're driving all my clients away. When I wanna go crazy I do it inside my house, people don't have to see my dick".

"You came to kill me, murderers, murderers, geweld" I could see I have no choice, I grabbed her with both arms, slapped her and looked her in the eyes.

"What's your story, loneliness? You're not alone".

I thought she understood. Because she got confused, she realized that someone is seeing through her, that there's another crazy person in the building.

She denied. "You've got the eyes of a murderer, you, you came to kill me".

"Don't you put ideas inside my head, Esther, I'm this close.

What's the matter you're not feeling special anymore? The holocaust is yours only? Who gave you possession? Can't a person go crazy without the holocaust?" and then I twisted her arm and said:

"If a woman keeps saying she's from the holocaust and keeps yelling that you're coming to kill her, you can also turn crazy, yes crazy, you see how it goes?

Maybe it's indirect but its holocaust.

She kept yelling.

I've pinned her to the wall and said to myself, enough, it's now or never. "It's all a bunch of lies baby, everyone knows, enough denying! You're not credible anymore. You're not a holocaust refugee; the holocaust is not an excuse. The psychological service told me, you've just freaked out; you haven't really been to the holocaust, so your husband died, so what? No trauma, no ghetto, no hunger, no gas chambers, nothing...a fraud, second rate goods, you don't really have anything to do with the crematoriums, Esther, there's loneliness and there's crematoriums, its two different things. We're all lonely. It's no big deal, not everyone got burned from it as you, grow up".

We were close, real close, she looked at me with frightened eyes, don't know one thing led to the other.

And we kissed.

Something opened up.

"I didn't get laid for seven months, Esther, seven! Nothing, do you know what kind of pressure I'm under? Only recently I got ridden of a sex disease so did I stand in the window shouting to everyone 'I have a sex disease?' I'm between jobs for seven years, Esther, am I pissing in the hallway so everyone will find out how pissed I am? My mom told me trimming dogs is not a profession, so what? From now on I'll be scratching my neighbors garbage just to show everyone how bad I feel? Ha? Ha? Ha?

Finally she became silent.

And then I've realized.

"You're right Ester, you're so right; it is all because of Hitler! It is the simplest way. They're coming to kill us. The whore from social services is Gestapo. It's all because of her" I said to her.

She smiled.

"They came to throw gas on us Esther, ha? A gun is being pointed to our backs, Esther. It's all because of Hitler. Sorry, Esther, I was against you. I didn't really realize. Now it's all so simple, there's someone you can blame, Esther, they're all Nazis, we're together in this. Esther. They're all Nazis. They're all Nazis, they're all Nazis!

**Anna:**

*(Again tries to finish the neighbor monologue, strikes the gong and convincing the rest to cooperate)*

They're all Nazis, they're all Nazis...

**Shlimovitch**

*(Take out from his pouch his transistor radio hand it over to the neighbor and start to sing again )*

I want a hamster, yes indeed, a little hamster  
 'cause today is the day  
 That I want an alligator.  
 I want a rabbit  
 I want a lion and I want a fox.  
 It doesn't rhyme, I know, but that's the way I want it.  
 I want to ask when?  
 I want to ask where?  
 I want to ask how?  
 I want to go there.  
 I want it clear  
 I want it abstract  
 I want it fast  
 I want it here.  
 I want it confused  
 I want it unused.  
 I want to be an outsider  
 I want to be cool  
 I want in

I want out  
I want east  
I want south.  
I want to love  
I want solitude  
I like it alone,  
Honestly, I want to die, dude.  
I want to not want  
I want when I want  
I want peace  
I want to kick ass.  
I want to go clubbing  
I want to go bar hopping  
I want H&M  
I want S&M  
I want Dolce  
I want Gabbana  
I want to go shopping in the middle of Havana.  
I want it dark  
I want it bright  
I want intimacy  
I want a fight  
I want to be urban  
I want the countryside  
I want some french fries on the side  
I want Y  
I want Z  
I want A  
I want B  
I want, I want, I want, I want  
Why, why, why do I want?

*(Anna strikes the gong).*

**Anna:**

*(Perform herself in pathos)*

My name is Anna Mosinzon – that's my mother's maiden name. Anna Mosinzon Ziman, my father's maiden name, her surname, my surname. "A polish whore!" said the Zimans on the Mosinzons, "A polish whore" they said and she, she was too weak to respond .Anna Mosinzon Ziman, I chose to keep my mother's maiden name. Anna Mosinzon Ziman – goes with weakness and prostitution.

So – I, Anna Mosinzon Ziman – Traub – Bergman – Abutbul. Yes, Abutbul. I'm into integration as well, even if we live separately and even though "Mr. Abutbul" or should I say "Mr. plumber" made his own choices which is fine, not all of us had gotten the same opportunities...

I do speak English. Cause I'm a bit from Arizona too and it's important for me to keep in touch with it. We're all a bit from here and a bit from there, some will say we turned to be Americans with a negative connotation, but I don't have a problem, saying I'm American first and Israeli only after that, Jewish Mosinzon – Ziman – Traub – Bergman – Abutbul, as long as it was me who chose to define that order. And first of all I'm a woman. And I love being a woman.

**And that's the whole idea...! ID? Idea!**

It all adds together. You came here to find out what's with her, your ID, where did it go? You came here to deepen your inner dialogue about who you are – through me.

Let's take a big good breath of relief – I feel we need it...

Behind each and every one of your chairs, if you look good, you'll find a picture of an animal, what animal? Am I feeling close to that animal? Does the fact I chose to sit in this place and not another brings me to think that this animal chose me? Do I have some animal within me yearning to burst out?

Well, what animal did I sit on – Caracal (= wild cat)! Oh, sorry, Caracal, I hope I didn't hurt you. Little bit of humor gentlemen, little bit of humor... never killed anybody... great! Caracal – what kind of animal is Caracal? Am I a Felis Caracal or just a common Caracal? Am I a pussycat? Am I unstoppable or restrained? Am I a hunter or a pacifist?

Here - I have a short and dense fur, here you go - I'm licking myself, here – my flexible body, what long legs I have, maybe I'll lick myself a little, enjoy myself, what's wrong with that?

Here – my back limbs are bigger than my fore ones and the tail is long, so long. Here – my ears are slender, sharpened, miau, did I notice anything, a deer? Here – they are alert. It ran away. I'll wait for a while.

I'll climb a tree, there I'll be safe. I'll take a short nap. Grrrr....grrrr....morning! I'm hungry! Is there a rodent nearby? A Rabbit? A young Moose? Here's a little reptile, a mosquito, that'll do for me, a forced diet. Does anyone here have a chicken? I'm hungry! I'm so hungry.

*(Addressing the audience looking for the people with whom she communicated early in the event)*

Is there a male I can pair with? During our mating season we can handle a few, meow, meow, meow!!!!

I'm Anna, a Caracal, I'm Anna the whore, forgive me, Anna...Abutbul the plumber, I'm Anna in the Ciperlex, roadblock, Anna Mosinzon Ziman whore Polak... Anna...forgive me...forgive me...

I don't know if I'm going to go on with those workshops, who knows? Maybe things will change, how great it is that things are dissolvable, isn't it?

*(Anna sits down exhausted in her chair, the neighbor is trying to encourage her through breathing, she tries twice and after it gives up. She hit the gong. Darkness falls on the stage, music shows. 'Woman with computer' leaving the space and stationed herself near a microphone)*

**Woman with computer:**

Good evening. Good morning. Mid-time. Another day has gone by.

A small radio station. A female voice. Thoughts, contemplations. Now's the time to rest. To hold, to breathe. To love, for heaven's sake, to love. to be compassionate, to be better. Better. Sounds like butter. I love butter. I love being better, I love compassion, grandma made confection; she gave some to this one, and then some to that one and who was left out? It's no fun going to sleep on an empty stomach. From within this intimate, little room, I'm sending you some time-out. Some peace, some love and a whole lot of better. 3% fat. Let's listen to some music.

Bar. Young people celebrating their youth. "Get us some Chasers" says one, "Drinks are on me!" another approaches the bar; "we have a long night ahead of us, don't we? Are you coming to the bathroom? To fill up? Oh, man! That's strong! It burns! Did you get that? I still have some on my nose. Music. Young people celebrating their youth.

"Excuse me, why are you talking about me? Are you talking about me? I'm not a transvestite! I'm not a transvestite! Quiet. It's our turn to win a little bit, isn't it? Two men smoke a cigarette in the public park, "you got a light?", "I'm already smoking, thanks for asking."

Click. Wow. They're between the bushes, sucking, getting sucked, getting scratched, it's so important for us to find love. So, we talked about quiet, about security, about love, but what about the butter? What's left to put on our breakfast toast?

A small radio station. A female voice. Thoughts, contemplations. "I want what's best for me. Can I go back to work in two weeks? Will they think it's natural? (*holding her breasts*). Compassion. We need it so. Towards ourselves. When we're sitting at the bar. "Excuse me, Do I need to take my top off for you to understand that I'm interested? No, I totally disagree that 35 year old women are the wounded animals in the pack" Compassion! "I didn't make a hole in this condom! What do I look like to you? A sperm stealer? Compassion! Even when you're at Michel's in Rishpon. I need the Zipralax prescription again. It's the end of the quarter. I still sleep all the time and it's not because I'm tired. Do you want the check for 450 Shekel now? What's it like in Rishpon? Huh? You like it? What do you mean you're out of tissues? The least you can do with all that money I pay you is buy another pack of tissues! Other than more wrinkles, I don't feel any change. You said this will help me, didn't you? Tissues! What the

hell am I asking for? Some fucking tissues!! Tissues!! More tissues!! More tissues!! Can you just stop this fucking music!!??

*(The music stops).*

I think I'll be going home now.

I need to soak myself in compassion.

**THE END.**

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