

HOW'S THE BEAST?

By Eyal Weiser

SOMETIMES I NEED TO WALK FAR AWAY FROM WHERE I AM TO SEE MYSELF

Agnieszka Tz'zak

THOUGHTS OF AN INJURED CHEOPGRAPHER WHO JUST
BROKE UP WITH HER GIRLFRIEND
AND IS NOW ON A PLANE TO ISRAEL.

- NOW I FINALLY NOTICE YOU.
YOU ARE NOT WHERE YOU WERE A MOMENT AGO.
STRANGE,
HOW REALTIONSHPIS ONLY BECOME VISIBLE
WHEN THEY DISAPPEAR.
WE WERE NOTHING BUT A STRUGGLE
AND NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT NEAR,
WHAT'S LEFT OF ME?

THOUGHTS OF AN INJURED CHOREOGRAPHER WHO BROKE
UP WITH HER GIRLFREIND A WEEK AGO
AND MUST FIND THE STRENGHT SHE NEEDS TO BE WEAK.
GAZA WAR HAD STARTED AND SHE'S ALL ALONE IN ISRAEL,
AND SHE REALLY (SERIOUSLY, REALLY) NEEDS TO SPEAK
WITH SOMEONE. ANYONE.

- YOU'VE BEEN IN THE DEEP END BEFORE,
YOUR BODY REMEMBERS THAT SWIMMING
AGAINST THE STREAM INJURES.
DIVE INTO THE FALL,
DEVOTE YOURSELF TO IT, CONCENTRATE.
ONLY THEN COULD YOU DIVERT THE MOVEMENT
TO PLACES THAT WOULDN'T CAUSE MORE
DAMAGE.
THERE IS LIFE UNDER THE WATER
AND YOU SO WANTED TO LIVE.

THOUGHTS OF A POLISH TOURIST, SITTING IN A VEGAN CAFE
IN THE FLEA MARKET IN JAFFA,
AFTER A GENEROUS (STRAIGHT) GUY OFFERED HER A JOINT.
SUMMER 2014, ISRAEL, GAZA WAR.

- AN INJURED BODY REMEMBERS, IT'S WELL
TRAINED.

IT KNOWS HOW TO MAKE ITS WAY THROUGH THE
ENORMOUS AMOUNTS OF INFORMATION.

IT HAS ITS HIDDEN WAYS TO SPEAK ITSELF.

WHEN NEED BE IT WILL SIGNAL IN A RARE
FREQUENCY.

A FREQUENCY TO WHICH ONE MUST LISTEN IN
ORDER TO HEAR.

THOUGHTS OF A POLISH TOURIST IN ISRAEL WHO HAS
SURRENDERED TO ANXIETY,
AFTER TWO SIREN ALARMS, THREE MISSILE
INTERCEPTIONS AND A SELFIE WITH THE REMAINS OF A
MISSILE.

TRYING TO UNDERSTAND - WHO IS TO BLAME FOR ALL
THIS SHIT?

- THE TRUTH ALWAYS STAYS WHERE IT IS AND
NEVER STAYS IN ONE PLACE.
ONLY A FLEXIBLE BODY WILL BE ABLE TO
EMBRACE THIS ASSUMPTION.
THE TRUTH EXISTS IN THE LEAP BETWEEN THE
SHADOWS,
BETWEEN EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE.

THOUGHTS OF A POLISH TOURIST WHO IGNORED A
PHONE CALL FROM HER EX-GIRLFRIEND
AND WENT TO DRINK BEER AT AJAMI'S BEACH.
ISRAEL, SUMMER 2014, GAZA WAR.

- I WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT THE BODY IS
LIMITLESS,
BUT HERE I FEEL NOTHING BUT LIMITATIONS
AND HARDLY THE ATTEMPTS TO FREE FROM
THEM.
WHEN COMES THE MOMENT FOR THE BODY
TO ATTACK ITSELF?
HAS THE DECLINE ALREADY STARTED?
IS IT ONLY THE NUMBNESS THAT'S MAKING
THE DIAGNOSIS SO DIFFICULT?

THOUGHTS OF A POLISH TOURIST WITH A GUILTY
CONSCIENCE, IN MACHNE-YEHUDA MARKET,
JERUSALEM,
AFTER AN ARGUMENT WITH AN ISRAELI MERCHANT,
ABOUT HOW NOT ALL POLISH PEOPLE ARE ANTI-SEMITIC
AND AFTER LYING THAT HER GRANDFATHER WAS ALSO
IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP.
GAZA WAR'S GROUND OPERATION HAS BEGUN.

- WE COULD HAVE PREVENTED THIS.
AFTER ALL, THIS IS CHOREOGRAPHY OF A
BATTLE,
A PREDETERMINED MECHANISM OF
MOVEMENT IN SPACE AND TIME,
A SET OF INSTRUCTIONS THAT EXPOSES THE
FORMATION OF OBEDIENT BODIES,
THEATRICAL IMAGES CREATED BY THE WILL
OF THE AUTHORITARIAN DIRECTOR.

THOUGHTS OF A POLISH TOURIST, EXHAUSTED OF
FIGHTING, WHO CALLED HER EX-GIRLFRIEND TO
APOLOGIZE.

ISRAEL, SUMMER 2014, GAZA WAR.

CEASEFIRE WAS ANNOUNCED.

76 ISRAELI CASUALTIES, AMONG THEM 9 CIVILIANS.

2145 PALESTINIANS CASUALTIES, AMONG THEM 1715
CIVILIANS.

- THE “HISTORICAL DUST” ISN’T JUST A
METAPHOR.

IT REVEALS HOW HISTORY PENETRATES DEEP
INTO THE INNER LAYERS OF THE BODY.

IT ACTS TO STIFFEN THE SMOOTH
MOVEMENT OF THE JOINTS AND
ARTICULATIONS,

FIXATING OUR MOVEMENT WITHIN A
CERTAIN POLITICS OF TIME AND SPACE.

WHITE LIE

Uriah Rein Merchav

NARRATOR:

ON THE COFFEE TABLE IN THE APARTMENT
OF HELEN REIN MERCHAV

IN FRANKFURT, GERMANY,

RESTS A PHOTO ALBUM WITH PICTURES OF HER
TIME VOLUNTEERING IN KIBBUTZ "MISHMAR
HAEMEK".

THE PICTURES ARE ORGANIZED BY DATES
AND NEXT TO THEM, SUBTLE NOTES IN GERMAN:

"WORKING IN THE COWSHED,
COUNTING THE MINUTES TILL SHOWER TIME"

"BEST TRACTOR DRIVER IN THE KIBBUTZ"

"SHABBAT HAMALKA IN THE DINING HALL"

"THE DISCO!"

NEXT TO A PICTURE OF HER IN A SWIMSUIT
AT THE KIBBUTZ POOL, IS WRITTEN:

"DEEP FRYING"

FROM TIME TO TIME

SHE GOES OUT FOR A SMOKE, TO RELAX.

WHEN SHE REGAINS HER STRENGTH,
SHE RETURNS TO THE TABLE

AND WISTFULLY CONTINUES TO UNFOLD

THE IDEOLOGY BEHIND MOVING TO THE KIBBUTZ:

THE IMPULSE TO GO AGAINST EVERYTHING
HER PARENTS' GENERATION REPRESENTED,

THE DESIRE TO BE FREE TO LIVE HER LIFE.

HELEN/URIAH:

DURING MY UNIVERSITY DAYS,
I WAS VERY ACTIVE, POLITICALLY ACTIVE.

WE WERE VERY AMBITIOUS...

WE HAD ENOUGH REASONS
TO WANT CHANGE THE WORLD.

DURING ONE OF OUR POLITICAL GATHERINGS,

ONE OF THE MEMBERS ,
WHO HAD RETURNED FROM ISRAEL,

TOLD US ABOUT LIFE IN THE KIBBUTZ.

I LIKED IT.

IT'S THE KIND OF LIFE I WANTED FOR MYSELF.

IT SOUNDED LIKE A UTOPIA,

NO HIERARCHY,

NO MONEY,

THE LIFE I WANTED TO LIVE.

FROM THEN ON THINGS MOVED QUICKLY...

I QUIT SCHOOL,

BOUGHT A PLANE TICKET.

ONLY A DAY BEFORE THE FLIGHT,

I STARTED WONDERING:

"AM I GOING TO GET THROUGH THIS?"

"WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING?"

"WILL THE PEOPLE THERE BE ABLE TO ACCEPT ME,
THE GERMAN?"

NARRATOR:

HELEN LANDS IN ISRAEL.

THE BUS FROM THE AIRPORT STOPS AT
THE GATES OF KIBBUTZ “MISHMAR HA’EMEK”.

FULL OF ANXIETY, SHE BEGINS
HER ENTRY PROCESS IN THE KIBBUTZ.

HOWEVER, HER CONCERNS QUICKLY VANISH,

IN THE KIBBUTZ SHE DISCOVERS

YOUNG PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD,

JEWS AND NON-JEWS,

WHO WANT TO EXPERIENCE
THE WONDER OF THE ZIONIST VISION.

MUCH LIKE HER, THEY’VE BEEN
FASCINATED BY THE COLLECTIVE LIFE,

DINING ALL TOGETHER
AND WORKING THE LAND.

THE LIFE AWAY FROM HOME,
THE SENSE OF FREEDOM,

PROVIDE FERTILE GROUND
FOR FREQUENT LOVE AFFAIRS

WITHIN THE VOLUNTEERS' GROUP

AND EVEN MORE SO
WITH THE NATIVE MEMBERS OF THE KIBBUTZ.

HELEN/URIAH

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE GADI...

HE LEFT A TRAIL OF BROKEN HEARTS BEHIND HIM,

MANY GIRLS HAD A CRUSH ON HIM.

NOT ONLY BECAUSE HE LOOKED INCREDIBLY GOOD,

NO, HE WAS AN OVERWHELMING MAN,
HE WAS A GREAT MAN.

HE WAS DIRECT,

DETERMINED,

IT IMPRESSED ME.

I LIKED IT.

"OFFICIALLY", OUR RELATIONSHIP STARTED
ONE NIGHT AFTER THE DISCO.

HE SUGGESTED A FEW OF US
SNEAKED INTO THE KIBBUTZ POOL.

AND THERE...THAT LITTLE BASTARD,

SUDDENLY TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS,

WITHOUT EVEN ASKING,

AND KISSED ME,
IN FRONT OF EVERYONE.

NOW IT WAS NO LONGER A SECRET.

SUPER,

I KNOW, A TYPICAL ISRAELI...

BUT IN MY CASE, IT COMPLETELY WORKED.

ABSOLUTELY.

WE GOT MARRIED ON 1.5.1975.

NOT LONG BEFORE, MY FATHER
WAS DIAGNOSED WITH ALZHEIMER'S.

HE COULDN'T HAVE ASKED
FOR SOMETHING BETTER,

THE "FANATICAL JUSTICE SEEKER".

IF HE SET HIS MIND ON FORGETTING SOMETHING,
NO ONE COULD STOP HIM.

TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE WEDDING
MY MOTHER SENT ME A LETTER

EXPLAINING THAT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT
DUE TO MY FATHER'S HEALTH.

BUT HEY, AT LEAST THEY SENT US A GIFT,

A MIXER.

MADE IN GERMANY.

NARRATOR

JUNE 5, 1982,
THE "PEACE FOR GALILEE" WAR BREAKS OUT.

THE ABU-NIDAL ORGANIZATION ASSASSINATES
THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR IN BRITAIN.

THE ISRAELI GOVERNMENT DECIDES TO END
THE PALESTINIAN PRESENCE IN SOUTH LEBANON.

THE ISRAELI AIR FORCE BOMBS 9 PLO FACILITIES

AND THE PLO RETALIATES WITH
HEAVY BOMBING ON THE NORTH OF ISRAEL.

HELEN/URIAH

URIAH WAS BORN TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE WAR.

WARS NEVER HAVE GOOD TIMING, DO THEY?

NATURALLY I WAS VERY NERVOUS,

BUT IT WAS USELESS ,
TO TALK GADI OUT OF IT.

IT WAS IMPORTANT TO HIM,
GOING ON RESERVE DUTY,

BEING A PART OF THIS THING...

HE BELIEVED THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.

EVERYONE BELIEVED THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY .

THAT THIS WAR WAS UNAVOIDABLE.

NARRATOR

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR,
THE IDF IS ORDERED

TO GET THE ISRAELI CITIZENS
OUT OF THE TERRORISTS' RANGE OF FIRE,

WHICH MEANT INVADING 40 KM INSIDE LEBANON
AND STERILIZING THE AREA.

HELEN/URIAH

"40 KM AND I'M COMING HOME",

GADI KEPT REPEATING.

"40 KM AND WE'RE COMING HOME..."

THAT WAS THE MANTRA.

"40 KM AND WE'RE COMING HOME..."

YEAH, RIGHT...

ON TV, WE SEE THAT THE ARMY ENTERS BEIRUT,

AND EVERYONE KNOWS THAT BEIRUT
IS FAR DEEPER THAN 40 KM,

BEIRUT IS AT THE HEART OF LEBANON.

BEGIN CLAIMED THERE WERE
TERRORISTS THERE AS WELL.

THAT WAS HIS CLAIM.

IS THAT AN ANSWER FROM A PRIME MINISTER ?

THERE ARE ALWAYS GOING
TO BE OTHER TERRORISTS.

THIS IS A CHRONICLE OF FEAR.

CAN WE PLEASE TAKE A BREAK?

"21.6

TODAY WE SAT IN THE TANK FOR HOURS.

WE WAITED, WAITED, AND WAITED...

...THAT HANDWRITING...

AT SOME POINT WE SUSPECTED

THERE WERE TERRORISTS IN A HOUSE NEARBY

AND THAT THEY WERE GOING

TO OPEN FIRE ON US.

WE STARTED SHOOTING.

IT WAS A MISTAKE.

WE WERE SHOOTING AT CIVILIANS.

IT WAS JUST HALF AN HOUR
AFTER ASAF WAS KILLED

AND THE FEELING WAS THAT TODAY
EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

WE ARE BEING SHOT AT
AND FIRING BACK AT THE WRONG PEOPLE...”

NARRATOR

AUGUST 4TH, 1982 ,
BEIRUT AIRPORT.

THE FIGHTING BETWEEN LEBANESE AND ISRAELI
IS AT ITS PEAK.

INJURED ISRAELI FIGHTERS
ARE TRAPPED INSIDE A BURNING TANK.

GADI, THE UNIT COMMANDER,

RUNS UNDER HEAVY FIRE TOWARD THE TANK
TO RESCUE HIS COMRADES.

A DIRECT HIT BY A ROCKET
KILLS HIM INSTANTLY.

HELEN/URIAH

GADI WAS BURIED IN THE MILITARY SECTION
OF THE KIBBUTZ'S CEMETERY.

AFTER THE FUNERAL I LEFT ISRAEL
AND CAME BACK TO FRANKFURT.

THERE IS NO REST FROM IT...

THE PAIN...

EVEN WHEN YOU TRY TO ESCAPE ...

IT'S WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO,

EVERYWHERE

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE.

URIAH NEVER GOT TO KNOW HIS FATHER...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT OUR FUTURE WILL BE,

ALL I KNOW THAT I'M HERE NOW

AND SO IS URIAH.

DESERT OF THE REAL

Liora Alshech

LIORA:

AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT,

A DARK STAIN.

TOUCHING THE SURFACE.

(EXPLOSION)

THIS ENCOUNTER CREATES AN ABSTRACT SHAPE,

IT'S SEDUCTIVE,

ELUSIVE,

MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO OBJECTIFY IT.

THE MOMENT GALAXIES ARE BORN,

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION,

LIFE IS CREATED FROM DESTRUCTION.

AN AESTHETIC OF A CONFLICT IS REVEALED,

BETWEEN THE BRIGHT AND DARK COLORS.

DUST IS CREATED.

ECLIPSING. COVERING.

ITS TINY GRAINS ARE EVIDENCE OF BODIES AND
OBJECTS (THAT WERE) ONLY RECENTLY ERASED.

BINARY POLARITY.

(EXPLOSION)

THE ORIGINAL BECOMES (AN) ABSTRACT.

WE WITNESS A BATTLE,
A BATTLE BETWEEN CONTRASTS,
ONE AGAINST THE OTHER.
EVEN IF ONE OF THEM SHOULD EVENTUALLY WIN,
IT WON'T BE ABLE TO COMPLETELY ANNIHILATE THE
OTHER,
IT COULD CONCEAL (FOR A MOMENT) BUT WOULD
NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP ITS OCCUPATION SECRET.

THE LIGHT IS PRESENT,
IT IS A CENTRAL AXIS,
IT ANNEXES INSTRUMENTAL MEANING TO ITSELF,
IT ENABLES SIGHT BUT ALSO BLINDS IT,
IT CREATES PERSPECTIVE DEPTH THROUGH SHADOW
GAMES.

USING THE LIGHT, THE CAMERA ISOLATES A SINGLE
MOMENT OUT OF THE INFINITE PROGRESSION OF

TIME.

THE OPTICAL IMAGE BECOMES MATERIAL,

CREATING A SENTIMENTAL,
SOMEWHAT NOSTALGIC FEELING IN US.

A FEELING OF LONGING.

WE ARE ACTUALLY OBSERVING A SOUND PIECE.

MUTE.

SILENT.

LIKE THE EXPERIENCE OF PAIN,
A SMALL CUT ON THE WRIST.

A GROUNDING MOMENT.

A FEELING OF A RENEWED SELF.

WHEN THE SOUL IS SHATTERED INTO THOUSANDS OF
FRAGMENTS,

SUDDENLY, WHEN THE BLOOD FLOWS AND IT'S
TANGIBLE AND REAL,

A FEELING OF VITALITY AND INSPIRATION APPEARS.

LIORA:

“THE WAR OF THE WORLDS” BASED ON THE BOOK BY
H.G WELLS,
DRAFT 26,
COURTESY OF THE SPIELBERG FILM ARCHIVE.

EXTERIOR. DAY.

THE MORNING RISES ON A TYPICAL AMERICAN
SUBURB –
PRIVATE HOUSES, LOVELY GREEN LAWNS AT THEIR
FRONT.

TWO WOMEN IN SPORTSWEAR ARE JOGGING,
TWO CHILDREN ON BIKES WAVE HELLO AT THEM,
A MIDDLE AGED MAN IS MOWING HIS LAWN,
GREETING THE TWO KIDS
WHO HAD JUST GREETED THE TWO WOMEN
THAT GREETED BACK THE MOWING MAN.

EASTER MORNING.

INTERIOR. DAY.

THE CAMERA TAKES US INSIDE BRUCE AND CHRIS'
HOME,

CHRIS IS DRINKING HER COFFEE,
WHILE LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WITH DELIGHT AT
SWEET, LITTLE KIM.

KIM, STILL IN HER PAJAMAS, HOLDS A BASKET FULL
OF DECORATED EASTER EGGS.

BRUCE, WHO JUST WOKE UP, SURPRISES CHRIS WITH
A BIG HUG FROM BEHIND.

(+)

CHRIS: YOU SCARED ME.

BRUCE: HAPPY EASTER, BABY.

HE KISSES HER. THEY BOTH LOOK AT LITTLE KIM.
BRUCE TAKES A SIP OUT OF CHRIS'S COFFEE.

BRUCE: SHE FOUND ALL OF THEM, HAS SHE?

(+)

CHRIS: I'M SO GLAD SHE'S HAPPY.

CUT TO LITTLE KIM.

(+)

KIM'S MOVES BEHIND ONE THE BUSHES AND
WHISPERS INTO A SMALL CRACK IN THE GROUND.

(+)

KIM: ARE YOU THERE?

IS IT YOU, RABBIT?

LET'S PLAY.

(+)

WE HEAR CHRIS CALLING KIM OFF SCREEN (O.S).

CHRIS: COME HOME, KIM. COME HOME LITTLE KIM.

EXTERIOR. DAY. OUTSIDE BRUCE AND CHRIS' HOME.

JUDITH AND NICK, CHRIS' PARENTS, DRIVE THEIR VAN
INTO THE PATIO.

THE ENTIRE FAMILY RUNS OUTSIDE TO GREET
GRANDPA AND GRANDMA.

NICK CALLS OUT TO HIS LITTLE GRANDDOUGHTER:

NICK: MY PRINCESS!

KIM: GRANDPA!!!

JUDITH: THANK GOD, WE LEFT EARLY.

THEY CLOSED THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER.
OH, DON'T ASK,
WE HAD TO TAKE A DETOUR FROM HELL.

THE ENTIRE FAMILY GOES INSIDE THE HOUSE.

EXTERIOR. DAY. HIGHWAY.

TOP VIEW OF A BUSY ROAD,
TRAFFIC IS MOVING AS USUAL.

SUDDENLY IT APPEARS THAT SOME OF THE CARS ARE
SLOWING DOWN,

SOME GO OFF TRACK,

OTHERS STOP AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

ANXIOUS DRIVERS GET OUT OF THEIR CARS, TO
CHECK WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

THE TRAFFIC HALTS COMPLETELY.

WE NOTICE THAT CRACKS SLOWLY APPEAR ON THE
HIGHWAY ROAD...

EXTERIOR. DAY. BRUCE AND CHRIS' BACK YARD.

THE MEN ARE IN CHARGE OF THE BARBECUE NEAR
THE POOL.

INSIDE THE HOUSE, IN THE KITCHEN, THE WOMEN ARE
ENGAGED IN DEEP CONVERSATION.

JUDITH: SO, CAN I TELL DAD ALREADY?

CHRIS: MOM, ONLY AFTER THE FIRST TRIMASTER.

JUDITH: DID YOU ALREADY THINK WHERE THE
CROWN PRINCE'S ROOM WILL BE?

CHRIS: UPSTAIRS, NEXT LITTLE KIM'S ROOM.
SHE'S BEEN VERY LONELY SINCE WE MOVED...

JUDITH: POOR LITTLE GIRL...

CHRIS: YES, SHE STARTED HEARING VOICES...

JUDITH: REALLY?

CHRIS: YES, SHE HAS NEW IMAGINARY FRIENDS
UNDERGROUND, MONSTERS...

JUDITH: YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE
THAT MOVING TO A NEW PLACE IS NEVER EASY...
WHEN WE MOVED TO THE VALLEY...YOU HAD A
TERRIBLE BREAKDOWN, REMEMBER?

SUDDENLY JUDITH SEEMS PENSIVE;
SHE LEANS AGAINST THE COUNTER, HOLDING HER
HEAD.

JUDITH: DID YOU FEEL THAT?

CHRIS: WHAT?

JUDITH: I COULD BE IMAGINING THINGS. I MUST BE
TIRED FROM THE RIDE.

CHRIS: MOM, WOULD YOU LIKE A GLASS OF WATER?
YOU LOOK PALE...
MAYBE, YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN.

JUDITH: I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME,
MAYBE IT'S MY BLOOD PRESSURE,
YOUR DAD WAS DRIVING ME CRAZY ON THE WAY
OVER.

CHRIS...COME HERE, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THIS...

POINT OF VIEW. JUDITH. (P.O.V)

OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW WE CAN SEE BIG CRACKS

THAT OPENED IN THE GROUND

AND A LIGHTNING STORM APPROACHING IN THE SKY.

THE MEN HURRY INSIDE THE KITCHEN.

BRUCE: HEY BABY, IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?

DID YOU FEEL IT IN HERE, TOO?

THERE WAS A SMALL EARTHQUAKE, RIGHT?

IT'S EITHER THAT OR THE BUDWEISER BEER YOUR DAD

WON'T STOP SHOVING DOWN MY THROAT...

NICK: DON'T MAKE SUCH A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT, SON.

JUDITH, ARE YOU GONNA MAKE US WAIT ALL DAY

FOR THOSE HOTDOGS?

AND WHAT ABOUT MY LITTLE PRINCESS? WHERE IS

SHE? SHE PROMISED TO HELP.

CHRIS: WE THOUGHT SHE WAS WITH YOU.

EXTERIOR. AFTERNOON. BRUCE AND CHRIS BACK
YARD.

KIM HOLDS ANOTHER EASTER EGG SHE FOUND IN

ONE HAND
AND CHECKS THE OUTLINE OF A CRACK THAT
OPENED IN THE GROUND WITH THE OTHER.
A WARM BREEZE RUNS THROUGH HER HAIR,
SHE LOOKS UP TO THE SKY,
AT THE APPROACHING STORM.

INTERIOR. DAY. BRUCE AND CHRIS' HOUSE.

CHRIS HURRIES UP TO KIM'S ROOM,
THE OTHER THREE STANDS IN FRONT OF THE
TELEVISION, FRIGHTENED.
THE LOCAL TV NEWS ANCHOR IS INTERVIEWING ONE
OF THE SUBURB' WOMEN.

NEIGHBOR:

I CALLED THE POLICE BUT THEY TOLD ME I SHOULD TAKE A CHILL PILL.
...OUR HOUSE HAS BEEN SHAKING FOR A MONTH
NOW,
STUFF IS MOVING AROUND AND FALLING DOWN AND
NO ONE REALLY CARES.
OUR NEIGHBORS' NEIGHBORS SAID THAT SOMEONE
TOLD THEM THAT THEY HEAR DIGGING SOUNDS
UNDERGROUND.

IT'S SCARY. SO FREAKING SCARY.

THE THREE MOVE AWAY FROM THE TV AND START
SEARCHING FOR LITTLE KIM.

SHE'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

BRUCE CALLS OUT TO CHRIS WHO'S ON THE UPPER
FLOOR.

BRUCE: CHRIS, IS KIM WITH YOU?

THE HOUSE SHAKES.

THIS TIME IT'S MUCH STRONGER THAN THE PREVIOUS
QUAKE.

THE LAMP IN THE LIVING ROOM SWINGS FROM SIDE
TO SIDE,

THE TV FALLS TO THE FLOOR AND SHATTERS TO
PIECES.

JUDITH:

JESUS CHRIST, NICK, SOMETHING IS MOVING OVER
THERE. THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERGROUND!

(NICK HOLDS JUDITH'S HAND)

(CHRIS COMES RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS)

CHRIS: KIM? KIM? WHERE'S KIM? BRUCE, WHERE'S KIM? SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE WITH YOU, WASN'T SHE? SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE WITH YOU!!!

EXTERIOR. DAY. BRUCE AND CHRIS'S BACK YARD.

THE FAMILY RUNS OUTSIDE.

THEY NOTICE A LARGE CRATER IN THE GROUND,
AS IF A METEOR HAD FALLEN THERE.
SMOKE IS COMING OUT IT.

SUDDENLY BRUCE SPOTS HIS LOST DAUGHTER'S
EASTER EGG BASKET ON THE GROUND,
NEXT TO IT, HE NOTICES A BROKEN EGG.

NEIGHBOR: FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT OF YOUR
HOUSES, THEY'RE GONNA COLLAPSE!
(A NEIGHBOR SHOUTS FROM AFAR)

THE LAST NEIGHBORS STEP OUT OF THEIR HOUSES,
LOOKING AT THE RUINS; THEIR SHATTERED WINDOW
GLASSES. CARS LYING ON THEIR SIDES IN THE

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.
SOUND OF DESPERATE CRIES...

AND THEN, SILENCE,
A DISTURBING SILENCE.

THE NEIGHBORS, SHOCKED, ARE TRYING TO CATCH
THEIR BREATH.

BRUCE LOOKS DOWN AT THE GAPING HOLE IN THE
GROUND,
A VAST NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS IS
REVEALED.

IT SUDDENLY HITS HIM - AN ENTIRE CITY EXISTED
RIGHT UNDER HIS HOUSE WITHOUT HIM EVEN
KNOWING...

THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON BRUCE, BENT ON HIS
KNEES AT THE EDGE OF THE CRATER. HE SPREADS HIS
ARMS WIDE AND CRIES OUT A HEARTBREAKING CRY,
THAT OF A MAN WHO DEMANDS REVENGE.

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