

Home.

A Play by Amit Zarka

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A home and an abandoned lot. On the wall an electric boiler switch.

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Prologue

Gradually and from within the text characters enter the stage, as in a pilgrimage.

An adolescent girl's voice / a typing on the wall: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was formless and empty, and darkness covered the deep waters. And the spirit of God was hovering over the surface of the waters. And God said, 'Let there be light'".¹

The characters look up to witness it.

Black.

1. Home

The Girl: And all the tissue paper must be disassembled in advance, so as not to sin. And the tablecloth straightened. And in time for the meal. So it would be pretty. Delicious. And poured with spirit. Expecting perfection begins with napkin folding. Lights and all of the Lord's tricks. Let there be light. There was. And what not. And you must count seven clean ones, and on the seventh push a wedding cloth. It must come out clean. And everyone must be festive, festive and full of desire. To say hello and smile with light, even if there's darkness inside you. To nod gently to those present at the synagogue that's on the trail. If they ask. Astound. Answers by the Lord. In the synagogue stand up straight. The tummy tucked too. To focus long and hard anyhow. **(Pause)** To open the gates of heaven in prayer. Then the people and the trail. The table. The blessings and the songs. My voice is monster-low and the sacred songs have high notes. And the beginning of grace after meals. Focus. I'm banging my own brains. After that you clean everything up as if it didn't happen. Then cake and talking profoundly.

The Mother: Lovely.

The Girl: I'm being prepared like a work of art.

The Mother: What an idea!

The Girl: I heard it once.. **(Pause)** in the honor of the Lord.

The Mother: Nice. **(Caresses her)** What about the boiler?

The Girl: Sure. The boiler. The boiler. Must be turned on. A lot. So that there is plenty. For everyone.

¹Genesis1

The Mother: Exactly.

The Girl: And all the tissue must be disassembled, disassembled so as not to sin. And the tablecloth in advance. And in time for the meal. So it would be pretty. Delicious and poured with spirit. Napkin folding.

The Mother: Come on.

The Girl: Lights and all of the Lord's tricks. And there was light. There was. And what not.

The Mother: Exactly.

(The Mother exits the stage and returns, as if continuing the chores. The Girl is stuck.)

The Mother: Come on!

2. Collision

The Girl is stuck. A boy comes. She interests him and he bumps into her (physically-acting wise)

The Girl: Hey! It's forbidden!

The Boy: Says who?

The Girl: Says.

The Boy: I couldn't care less. What else? **(The Girl thinks. He touches her)**

The Girl: Hey **(Pause)** Naughty boy. **(The Boy laughs. Touches)** No.

The Boy: But I feel like it

The Girl: So what?

(The Boy laughs. The Girl walks in defiance)

The Boy: Anyhow I've heard things about you.

The Girl: No.

The Boy: Yes I've heard about you

The Girl: Blasphemy

The Boy: Or the holy tongue.

The Girl: Shame on you.

The Boy: Either way

The Girl: It's not rare

The Boy: (Touches her) It is.

The Girl: Hey **(Pause)** Naughty boy. **(The Boy laughs)** Not funny you got a problem in your brain.

The Boy: Not at all. I'm gifted in all the tests.

The Girl: (It impresses her for a moment. She hesitates) So what? **(Pause)** What are you even doing here?

The Boy: I was looking for you.

The Girl: That's nonsense

The Boy: Swear to God.

(She pauses for a moment. Leaves)

3. As He Said

The Girl is by the boiler. Memorizing.

The Girl: And all the tissue paper must be disassembled in advance, so as not to sin. And the tablecloth straightened. An in time for the meal. So it would be pretty. Delicious. And poured with spirit. Expecting perfection begins with napkin folding. Lights and all of the Lord's tricks. Let there be light. There was. And what not. And you must count seven clean ones, and on the seventh push a wedding cloth. **(Turns on the boiler)** It must come out clean.

The Girl awaits by the turned-on boiler. A long time.

The Boy comes and waits alongside her. She turns him into air.

The Boy writes the equation of gravity on the wall:

$$G = 6.67428 \times 10^{-11} \frac{m^3}{s^2 kg}$$

The Boy hands The Girl a piece of chalk, she smiles, he solves the equation and continues to decorate the wall drawing hopscotch (that at first appears to be a crucifix), Tic-tac-toe, Target, Hanged Boy. Until The Girl melts.

4. Hopscotch

Throughout the scene The Girl is playing hopscotch. When The Boy's turn comes he misses on purpose. The Girl is playing seriously.

The Girl: My mother says, I wish God would take me away. I ask myself what that means and how exactly he's going to take. If it's going to be by fire and storm or actually come. It doesn't matter to her. Salvation when it's urgent. Then the price is negligible.

The Boy: I wish that upon myself sometimes.

The Girl: It's normal.

The Boy: Really?

The Girl: Sure.

The Boy: (Laughs) What else?

The Girl: All sorts

The Boy: (Craving) Come on... tell me... what else?

The Girl: A scar from my brother who cut me and left a triangular mark where you inject, a knee scar from a fall I can't remember. Only a doll's stroller, a stair and the kindergarten's yard. A thousand scars an itch all through the legs. A heart scar in a wedding finger from a police tape I've burnt.

The Boy: tough.

The Girl: Not at all. I Get, Why the long face, so I do a thankful one.

The Boy: So you're a cheat.

The Girl: Not on purpose. **(Pause)** Really.

The Boy: And what kind of face do you feel like doing for me?

The Girl: Oh.. **(Stuck in hopscotch. Continues. Thinks)** Um.. **(Stuck. Continues)** I know what kind you want.

The Boy: (Craving) What?

The Girl: I know and that's it.

The Boy: What kind do I want? **(She is silent)** Come on.. For me..

The Girl: Sodom. Let's say.

The Boy: No. Do it.

The Girl: But you asked what kind I would like to do to you.

The Boy: Still.. Do it.

The Girl: Maybe tomorrow.

The Boy: Now.

The Girl: No.

The Boy: Come on **(He touches)**

The Girl: No **(She escapes)**

The Boy: Do it.

The Girl: Sodom and I'm leaving.

The Boy: Is that a threat?

The Girl: No. **(Pause)** A promise.

5. Napkin Folding

The Girl: Ouch my brain is in the clouds

The Mother: Don't hit

The Girl: All the time the anger

The Mother: What happened?

The Girl: Nothing.

(Silence)

The Mother: You're my best one

The Girl: What?

The Mother: You turned out well

The Girl: until my brain burns

The Mother: Of course not.

The Girl: Sure it does.

The Mother: Show me? **(She checks the head)** Nothing.

(Silence)

The Girl: Just so you know the Lord isn't really coming

The Mother: He will come sweetheart. **(Pause)** I know that.

The Girl: No. He's not coming.

The Mother: Just wait..

The Girl: For real.

The Mother: Sure!

The Girl: He doesn't give a damn.

The Mother: What did you say?

The Girl: Sorry.

The Mother: Fine.

The Girl: Sorry. Anyway it's inappropriate.

(Pause)

The Girl: Of course He will come

The Mother: Right.

The Girl: Like he said

The Mother: Yes

The Girl: Yes, yes of course He'll come. It's for all of his comings I sing. It's for all of his comings I am - light. For all of his comings the prayer. From all of his comings he sends signals. Miracles. Hints even in "Open the Bible". There **(She demonstrated the religious game by randomly-miraculously opening the Bible. She reads the sentence she got and responds as though by God)** My beloved knocketh in my brain. And I do and do and do **(Her instrument breaks)**

The Mother: What is up with your head in the clouds?

The Girl: Oh

The Mother: Let go!

(Silence)

The Girl: Now what?

The Mother: Napkin folding.

6. Calculations

The Girl erases the drawings on the wall. Draws a chart, calculates her commandments and sins and balances out: |||| |||| Perhaps a debt of sin is left.

7. Tic-Tac-Toe

The Boy: Girl, girl! **(The Girl doesn't answer)** What happened to you? **(Doesn't answer)** Girl what happened to you? Tell or we'll call the police.

The Girl: I'm great. Thanks.

The Boy: Girl! Girl! **(Doesn't answer)** Girl!

The Girl: What?

The Boy: Can I caress you?

The Girl: No

The Boy: Where it's forbidden

The Girl: No

The Boy: Why do you care so much all the time

The Girl: I care **(The Boy sends a hand and caresses. She finds it pleasant)** That's it.

The Boy: There, you want to

The Girl: I've had enough

The Boy: You want more

The Girl: No

The Boy: It's a fact

The Girl: It's fucking being in need.

The Boy: **(Touches)** It's normal

The Girl: My dad has a gun

The Boy: Fine

(Pause)

The Boy: **(Teases)** Girl

The Girl: I'm not

The Boy: Girl..

The Girl: Stop

The Boy: I'll go (**Touches**)

The Girl: Good

The Boy: But

The Girl: Go

The Boy: Fine

The Girl: Fine?

The Boy: I'll go

The Girl: Fine

The Boy: But

The Girl: Go

The Boy: Fine. (**He goes. He stops**) Go back to being

The Girl: (**Pause**) There is no *me* anymore

The Boy: But you like me

The Girl: (**Pause**) A little

The Boy: More

The Girl: Just a little

The Boy: But it feels nice

The Girl: No. Stop. My dad has a gun

The Boy: Fine, fine (**Pause**) so I will come tomorrow

The Girl: Tomorrow I'm busy.

The Boy: Don't give a damn about me

The Girl: No!

The Boy: Tomorrow then.

8. Where is the Piano Anyway

The Girl: I wish God would take me now

The Mother: What happened?

The Girl: My brain is in the clouds

The Mother: Oh well that's nice

The Girl: Disassemble; disassemble so as not to sin

The Mother: Sweetheart. Righteous.

The Girl: Lights and all of the Lord's tricks. Napkin folding. The dress is ugly

The Mother: What did you say?

The Girl: I look like a joke

The Mother: Not at all, it is a princess' dress. Festive. In honor of the Lord.

The Girl: Where is the piano anyway?

The Mother: We had to say goodbye

The Girl: You never said

The Mother: For the house.

The Girl: You never said

The Mother: There might not be a lot of space here but we are very close to the synagogue, you can hear the prayer all the way up to here and the grass, you saw how the grass is growing. Besides, you didn't play for a long time. It's a shame for it to just stand like that.

The Girl: Ok

The Mother: Come give me a kiss

The Girl: Here (Gives)

The Mother: Happy holiday.

9. Hanged Boy

(Perhaps every urge draws a line in the painting of The Boy that's hanged on the wall. Like fous)

The Girl: I feel like swearing

The Boy: You're allowed

The Girl: And in sequence?

(The Boy responds with a gesture of invitation)

The Girl: I feel like being immodest.

The Boy: Oh

The Girl: Dressing up like a whore

The Boy: Nice!

The Girl: I feel like taking hard drugs

The Boy: Take them **(Hands her)**

The Girl: To live strong. **(The Boy slaps)** To be loved **(He shoves a finger down her mouth)** To accept God **(He pulls her hair back)**

The Boy: Sing something for me

The Girl: **(Pause)** I don't have a voice

The Boy pulls away from her.

A voice of a singing girl and a piano: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, not my eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in things too great, or in things too wonderful for me. Surely I have stilled and quieted my soul; like a weaned child with his mother; my soul is with me like a weaned child."²

10. Debts Amassed

The Girl punishes herself. She stands next to the wall. Next to the drawing of the hopscotch so that it looks like a crucifixion. The Boy throws the hopscotch stone and tries to hit.

The Girl: So thou shalt put away the evil from the midst of thee I tell myself. So thou shalt put away the evil. And there's no difference between him and himself. Between right and wrong. Sometimes you get confused. And I say thou shalt put away the evil and I put away whatever comes. Thou shalt put away. Like stoning and choking and death by the hands of God. And in the meantime the evil is eating into my bones. They are crumbling. Exile.

² Psalm 131

11. Tashlich³

The Girl: What now

The Mother: Napkin folding

(Silence)

The Mother: Choose whichever napkins you want

The Girl: We could. For each. His own

The Mother: (Thinking) No.. We better not

(Long silence. Working. There are no words between them)

The Mother: Afterwards we'll go to Torah lesson.

The Girl: Good

The Mother: And talk profoundly of all the ideas

The Girl: Yes

The Mother: Yours are always so pretty and something about them I don't get

The Girl: Oh.

The Mother: And then we'll go to 'Tashlich'

The Girl: Yes

The Mother: We'll throw away all of our sins into the lake that the mountain hides

The Girl: Yes

The Mother: And we'll pray with all our hearts about a decent match, health and livelihood.

The Girl: The Lord will come

The Mother: Yes, he'll come too

³ A Jewish ritual, usually held in Rosh Hashana (the Jewish New Year). The ritual includes tossing sins into a water source.

12. The Hiding Place

The Boy and The Girl play hide and seek. The Girl with her head on the wall. Counting.

The Girl: 3-2-1 (Instead of hiding The Boy reaches with his hand down her underpants. She pulls away) First I'll find you.

The Boy: There, you found (Reaches again)

The Girl: Stop (She pushes). First I'll find. (The Boy reaches again and she pushes again. She switches between them and makes him count. The Boy laughs) Up to a hundred and not by tens

The Boy: Why should I? I'd rather be with you (The Girl smiles at him) Fine.. (The Boy counts) 5-4-3-2-1 (The Girl hides outside the limits of the stage. The Boy searches at length.)

Adolescent Girl:

Otherwise the skies would have moved

Like a rocking

That God doesn't have to offer

Otherwise. There would have been light

Like he said

Like he said and happened

Like he said and happened and I had to

Otherwise.

In the meantime I find other Gods for myself

(A piano melody is heard behind the scenes.)

Salvation when it is urgent then the price is negligible.

(The Boy finds her runs and wins. The Girl doesn't come and The Boy drags her inside)

The Girl: Fine. Now I (Laughs) don't give a damn about me.

She bends forwards towards the drawn-up tree. Counts. The boy clings to the Girl and shoves his hands down her underpants.

Black.

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