

Seven Days

A Play by Shlomi Moskowitz

***Translated from the Hebrew by
Anthony Berris***

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The Characters

- Emmanuel :** **A poet and scriptwriter in his late thirties.**
- Yotam :** **A doctor in his late thirties.**
- Tamar:** **Yotam's wife. She is a writer in her late thirties.**
Has not been published.
- Netta:** **Tamar and Yotam's only child. She is eighteen.**

The stage is naked, almost flat, and empty. It develops and changes together with the development of the play, *i.e.*, it is built up gradually from a virgin space with endless possibilities, but alienated, cold, disharmonious and angular, to a warmer, more harmonious place as the days progress and from the standpoint of the images of its components, runs parallel to The Creation.

The stage is built up together with and in parallel to the music and lighting which also draw inspiration from the development of the play's strata, depth and richness, as the days go by.

Onstage there are also four defined areas symbolizing each character's vehicle. These places are expropriated by the characters and are where they can surrender themselves to their own thoughts and to following their stream of consciousness. The streams of consciousness develop from an associative mixture into structures of coherent dialogue with the alter ego.

The characters are all onstage all the time. They choose what they want to "see" and what they do not. They build a stage ritual.

Before each scene, an indication will be given presenting the following day, from Sunday to Saturday.

(Translator's note: The Bible quotations are taken from the Authorized King James Version)

Sunday

The stage is empty. The characters are each in their own world, in the places representing their vehicles. Although they are separated and distanced from one another they are in the same space and world. The “vehicles” are simple structures with a steering wheel or fork enabling movement of the headlights. This way each vehicle has “eyes” that send a beam of light into space. Like antennae, these beams of light can wander through the space or meet the beam from another vehicle or run parallel to it. The lighting, when it comes up, is clear, cold, blinding and sharp. The music is dissonant and harsh. Wandering yet defined notes that try to join up unsuccessfully into harmony.

The set designer must try to illustrate the pure, distilled mental “chaos” that besets the characters. It is a kind of winter’s night with apocalyptic force.

The lighting comes up quickly on Tamar, sitting in her “car”. She is agitated, open, coarse, energetic and crazy. The radio is blaring loudly.

Tamar: I miss you, you son-of-a-bitch! I’ve taken my panties off for you and I’m driving with a flow of warm air right onto my cunt! You’ll never know about it... and you won’t, either. Stop blinding me. Because none of you will ever know that I’m driving without panties, with my bare arse sitting on the luxurious upholstery that’s tickling me right in my... with its tiny toweling tongues... and it’s terrible how good it is!

(The lighting comes up on Yotam in his car)

Yotam: How can I help being cast in the role of the guy who is always being screwed and can’t get rid of the habit. After all, I’m free to leave you whenever I choose. I’m independent. I’m autonomous. It’s just a matter of decision. I only have to decide and... do nothing about it. Because that’s the way I am. I’m an idiot. But not an ordinary idiot. a profound idiot. A psychological idiot. A psychological idiot is one who is aware that he is an idiot, but can’t do a thing about it because he is tied to a woman who is part of his psychological problems, and if he leaves her he will

stop being this psychological idiot and become a different psychological idiot who is not him at all.

(The lighting comes up on Netta in her car)

Netta: Farts. Shits. Filthy liars. That's what you are. "We don't want you to be religious. Don't worry, but just to be on the safe side, put on weight. Become ugly, grow a beard, take a ritual bath after your period . Pray for the souls of your used Tampons. Stop masturbating. fear your own thoughts. God is lying in ambush at every turn. God will punish you for this and God will punish you for that. God spends all his time thinking up creative punishments for little girls who ask themselves if he even exists . God is a raving maniac! What do you think I am, retarded ?

(Lighting on Yotam)

Yotam: Consciousness is such a bliss. You keep on falling into the same pitfalls but at least you know why. Consciousness is great. Consciousness is the greatest. It fosters the hope of change. The hope of HAPPY END . Hope. Hope. What a pleasure hope is. Hope is that tiny growth under your heart that you water and fertilize to justify your miserable existence. Hope. What a pleasure hope is.

(The lighting comes up on Emmanuel's motorcycle. He is agitated and concentrating hard)

Emmanuel: Camera on me. Riding my bike. Close-up of my face. My eyes. I'm an amazing guy. I'm fast. I'm precise. All the women in the audience choke a huge "Wow". They can't bear wanting me so much. I'm great. I'm a star. Camera on the small, sweet, modest smile I keep for special occasions like this. The women in the audience are no longer able to keep their "Wow" in check. It bursts out – "Woowooow!"

(Back to Tamar in her car)

Tamar: I don't need you. I can manage on my own. All I need is faith. I only need faith. If I believe in myself then everything will be fine. Just believe in myself and then... just believe. Believe. Believe in myself. How can I believe in a nobody like me? It's impossible. I can't manage to drive myself anywhere. Help! I've got no charisma! Fuck it! I'm just nobody. A nobody!

(Back to Emmanuel)

Emmanuel: Now we're in her house. The camera pans over the spacious lounge, now we can see her. She's stunning. No longer young, but still stunning. The sexiest woman in the world. In the background her husband is doing something stupid that I haven't thought of yet. Let's say he's filling a crossword. We'll make him a nitwit. It'll be easier to cope with him. to the frame enters her eighteen year-old daughter. An amazing beauty. They're in the middle of their evening routine. The silence before the storm. They have no idea that they're about to take part in an improvisation on their lives. An improvisation to the bloody end. Camera on her. Her beauty hurts. She pauses for a moment as she dumps the remains of dinner into the waste bin. Gazes thoughtfully into the middle distance. We come back to me. Fast and strong on my bike. The plot takes form in the viewer's mind. The context. Apparently, she is thinking of me!

(Back to Netta)

Netta: **(Waving a handful of books)** I stole your books, you shitheads. I'll read them by myself. While you were fucking their minds over about the next world, I nicked your entire repertoire and took off! I'm great! I'll burn in hellfire, right? God will punish me for stealing the Holy Writ from a load of crazy fundamentalists. He has a particularly cruel item on his list for that: A killeer truck!

Look, I'm letting go of the wheel and closing my eyes and God will send me a killer truck to crush me head on.

(Back to Yotam)

Yotam: Let's pull over for a moment. Let's wank in the ditch. Come all over the ants. Enough of these Zen games. Don't think. Don't speak. Total emptiness. Let's have a quick wank. We'll have a full second of emotional vaccum. Actually a little less than a second. Just the first spurt. Shame comes with the second. Is it worth stopping for less than a second of emptiness? I'm not sure. Let's say: if there's a Volvo in the next ten cars, it means we should stop. A divine omen. A miracle from God. A Volvo. Well, that's pretty rare out of ten. Last time. It's pitiful. Of course it's pitiful. Ah, a Volvo! Have there been ten cars? No. Let's pull over for a moment...

(Back to Netta in her car, with her hands off the wheel or sitting backwards)

Netta: Hey, God, what's up, can't you see I'm tempting fate? Fate. is it under your control or not? Make up your mind already. D'you want to tell me that you have more important matters to attend to right now? More important than this?

(Back to Emmanuel)

Emmanuel: Knock, knock! A new life is coming . Eighteen years late, but there's nothing I can do about that. That's the way I am and that's what's so beautiful about me

(Back to Netta who is shouting at passing drivers and the whole world)

Netta: Open your eyes, you dickheads! Save the world! Save it!
(reads) "And the earth was without form and void.

(Back to Emmanuel)

Emmanuel: She'll tell me life is no movie. not a play. It's been eighteen years. You lost me because you're a nobody. She'll ruin my film, the bitch. She'll turn all the brilliant, witty dialogues I imagined into stupid reality. That's not the way you do things. Who behaves that way? Who do you think you are? On the other hand, they say there's something called love... perhaps... it's my turn for love... Excuse me, it's my turn now. It's my turn now. Excuse me. Excuse me. It's my turn. Move over. I've been here before you... so ... piss off. It's my turn now.

(Back to Netta. Against the background of Emmanuel's words the other characters are seen. Mumbling, extremely active, they escalate to total chaos until they freeze until Netta finishes her speech in a long moment of silence)

Netta: **(reading)** "And God divided the light from the darkness. 'Divided' doesn't mean a negative separation, but contains a positive meaning, too. The separation of one thing from another, in order to grant it its own existence and vocation in life. And as the root is a child of darkness, - so are, darkness and light, night and day are the mother and father of every organic body. It's about me! It's all about me! Did you hear that? I'm in The Bible! I exist! I'm the darkness and the light. I'm the day and the night. I'm a contradiction in terms and a contradiction and a contradiction and one more contradiction... I'm perfect! "And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

(Darkness)

Monday

(The stage is the same as it was for Sunday, but a backdrop of the horizon. The horizon is clear and cold but also hints at a secret and possibilities. The music is different, more defined and simpler, but still lacking in depth. High and low, major and minor clashing. The lighting is very expressive, sending long shadows across the stage. It is still very contrastive. Netta is onstage and is joined by Emmanuel. He is far away from her.)

Emmanuel: Good morning. I'm...

Netta: I know who you are.

Emmanuel: And you must be...

Netta: Yes. Precisely. **(Pause)** Do you believe in strange coincidences?

Emmanuel: No.

Netta: We were studying one of your poems in school yesterday.

Emmanuel: Then I believe in strange coincidences.

Netta: I don't.

Emmanuel: Which poem?

Netta: 'Your Bush, A Thick Forest of Lies'.

Emmanuel: I'm happy they're using it for Matriculation tests

Netta: As usual, the teacher said you can see that the poet is lonely and yearning for love.

Emmanuel: And what did you think?

Netta: That the poet is lonely just like everyone else, only he makes a big deal of it. Coming?

Emmanuel: There's no one home.

Netta: Don't worry. I'll look after you. Let's begin.

Emmanuel: It sounds as if everything's fine and you don't really need me.

Netta: That's exactly what turns me on. Whether you'll surprise me or not. Everything is predictable, but the choice is yours.

Emmanuel: Now you've really turn me on.

Netta: Look, I live in a house where in all the places I look for money or some grass my Mom has hidden, I find newspaper clippings about you, bits of your poems, photographs, dried flowers, nail parings. All kinds of embarrassing sentimental shit. Every time you appear on some crappy TV program, this house becomes enveloped in a depression that lasts for three days. Total silence. A thick, emotional darkness during which you even daren't say things like "pass the salt, please". You have to admit it's curious.

Emmanuel: Yes. It's curious. What's this? (**Points to her books**) Are you searching for yourself too?

Netta: Why? Who else is? You?

Emmanuel: No. I've apparently found myself. And it wasn't exactly in religion.

Netta: Probably in art. Probably in your vocation as an artist. Not so? It's interesting because I've just read something beautiful here.

You have to understand that this is the first time I've been to one of these seminars. Lots of my friends go so I said to myself let's hear what they have to say. And because those religious butt-fucking pimps annoyed me so much... I'm sorry. So I stole all their books. With God's help they will find them if he's such a good friend of theirs.

Emmanuel: **(Laughing)** You stole their books? You're great! **(Moves closer)**

Netta: So I read a bit to myself on the way home and it looks like it's good stuff. It's only the pushers who are shits. Look, it says here... 'On the second day of The Creation, God divided the waters that were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and in that way he took from the earth the solvent element that is a vital condition for all temporal development. All creation of matter is in a liquid state. All materialization of form approaches a standstill.' And you said before that you'd already found yourself. That you'd already formed yourself.

Emmanuel: Meaning I'm just a piece of stone.

Netta: Or a grain of sand.

Emmanuel: Brilliant.

Netta: Sorry, didn't mean to insult you. I just get enthusiastic about nonsense. It's because I'm in a period of combinations, you know, collecting signs, joining them up. Drawing far-reaching conclusions and then throwing them into the bin. It helps passing the time. **(Long pause)** I'm sorry I attacked you like that. I was once diagnosed as hyperactive. When I was six and a half. Maybe it hasn't passed yet, because I forgot to take my medicine.

I told you that we were talking about you in class and it excited me because for a long time now I've been thinking that all your weird love poems, all your "poetic pornography" as my teacher calls them, are about my mother. There was a moment when it became crystal-clear. Did you ever have a moment like that?

Emmanuel: I've had quite a few moments like that.

Netta: I just know how my mother looks in the eyes of someone who loves her a lot. Because I love her a lot, too. Like, I'm not exactly in the position of comparing her curves with a whirlpool in the sea, but in general. It's also a bit funny sometimes because I look at the kids in class and say to myself that I'm the only one who knows that today there's going to be a test on my mother's cunt as a literary metaphor. Funny, isn't it?

Emmanuel: Yes, it's funny.

Netta: The truth is that I'm not sure if psychology has conducted a meticulous enough study to find a niche for a mental disturbance caused by such a rare situation – a girl who reads poems about her mother's arse hole and has to sit an examination on it. You have to go a bit crazy from something like that, don't you? The problem is that I'm also not completely sure, for instance, that you're not my father, you know, like in those sad stories when it's only revealed at the end. Are you my father?

(Pause)

Emmanuel: No. I'm not you're father, unfortunately.

Netta: Why 'unfortunately'?

Emmanuel: Because I like you.

Netta: How do you like me? Would you like me to be your daughter or would you like to fuck me?

Emmanuel: 'a' is correct.

Netta: That means 'b' is correct. Your subconscious is defending itself. You'll be surprised I'm still a virgin. I haven't found anyone who could fit my dream of that particular act. I know I'm stupid, but that's the way I am. I'm apparently some kind of romantic.

Emmanuel: Yes. Apparently.

Netta: And also I'm excited about winning the bet I had with my teacher.

Emmanuel: You bet with your teachers?

Netta: You've got to make a living somehow. I told her that you're stuck because you're not only saying the same thing over and over, you're saying it in the same way, too. **(Pause)** You must learn how to deal with criticism.

Emmanuel: I don't want to.

Netta: I simply compared your early poems with the later ones, and that screenplay you wrote for television, too. And I said that in my opinion there had been no development. That it was just recycling. That you were reconstructing old experiences instead of experiencing new ones because you had no model. **(Pause)** I can see by your face that I shouldn't have said that. Come, before I'm diagnosed with hyperactivity again, or chronic chattering. I'm normal. I know it's hard to see, but deep inside I have the seed of a perfectly normal young girl. In essence.

Emmanuel: A model.

Netta: Yes. A model. It's like an artist using a model, so he needs that model not because he's forgotten what a woman's body looks like, but so that he has an external reference point that will help him draw the woman out of himself. It's Archimedes' Law, I think. Or some other ancient Greek with a funny name. Do you understand what I mean by 'a model'?

Emmanuel: Yes. A model.

Netta: Let's say that if I undress right now and lie on the floor and you sit and look at me and write a poem, then it's because I arouse something of yourself, something within you. You won't write a physical description of me (**Pause. They move closer. Tension**) Why did you and my mother break up?

Emmanuel: We lived together for two years, then we broke up, and about six months later, when I heard she was getting married, then...

Netta: So it was you.

Emmanuel: What was me?

Netta: Nothing.

Emmanuel: Yes. Apparently it was me.

Netta: Something small and cheeky popped up from the depths of you and said I've got it, big. If I cut it off now, I can live all my life quite happily with the pain of the loss. Great! I will suffer for eternity!

Emmanuel: How come you are so smart?

Netta: Genes. And education. Mainly genes. Are you in therapy?

Emmanuel: I am my own therapist.

(Enter Tamar)

Tamar: You're not here.

Emmanuel: Yes I am here.

Tamar: Why?

Emmanuel: I said, either I'll kill myself or take a vacation. So I tossed up and the vacation won. It seems that fate is still a little curious about me.

Tamar: **(She is shattered, hurting and vague. She finds it hard to maintain continuity. She submits to her illness)** It's strange... It's as if... in a certain sense... or... I simply... didn't sleep a wink all night... I drove around... sometimes I drive at night... it's a kind of therapy... well not exactly therapy... it's more like... say... a game... or tightrope walking... a game. Yes. Between two sides... rivals... it helps with the outbursts... with the stress. It's calming... It's hard to explain. Oh, I'm chattering on, I'm sorry... A current! It's like a current... that flows over me or maybe it's simply a bad habit... it's strange... I was so sure I had the expression

Emmanuel: Perhaps my coming wasn't such a good idea.

Tamar: It's not exactly an idea. It's something else... like a call... a coincidence... in the car just now I... **(Indicates Netta)** Have you seen this beauty?

Emmanuel: I have.

(Darkness. The music becomes louder. Lighting on Yotam driving his car)

Yotam: And don't forget it was me. It was me you called when you thought about offing yourself. You called me to come and save you, remember? You gave me that address near the market so I could come and take you home. That's what you mumbled over the phone in a voice of a cat that's been run over. Home. And I got to that hole and found you on the floor, drunk and doped up to the eyeballs, laying in a pool of vomit with your zonked-out friends laying all around. And it was clear that the whole gang had fucked you, including the two anorexic women who greeted me with Indian signs, but I didn't care about a thing. I've never told you this because you're a scary Nazi, but it was the greatest thing I ever had with you. She loves me, I told myself. Maybe she doesn't know it, but she loves me. Because with my own hands she let me clean up her vomit that was spread all over that stinking apartment. And I washed all the floors. Scoured them. Wagging my arse in the air like the women cleaning my ward and singing to myself: She loves me! She loves me! Me! And when I finished cleaning, I remember the toilet disinfectant smell there. I carried you like a fireman saving a small child from a burning house in the movies. And it was the greatest thing in the world. You can't possibly imagine how great it was. And then... then you really destroyed me, how come I never told you this, why? You simply destroyed me because just before I got you into the car, you opened your eyes for a second and said, "Yotami, I've peed in my pants, I didn't mean to." And I poured over you all the tears that had burned my eyes since we met. Because I knew you loved me. And even now I know it or feel it. But I don't really know it because you actually don't know me. Because you never had time to look at me. Fuck it! Fuck it! You want a fight? You'll have a fight! You want to see blood? To be happy to be fought over? OK. You'll be happy. You'll be very, very happy. The

happiest woman in the world. The most wanted. The most desirable. But also the biggest bitch. The most ungrateful. The one who does the least to prevent wars. Doesn't – prevent – wars! You're against war, aren't you? So why aren't you against it now? Because it's about you? Prevent this war. Prevent it. Look at me and love me. Like you really do love me. Not like you dreamed about loving him, but like you accepted, loving me. Me! Me! Me! **(Music. Darkness.)**

(Lighting comes up on Tamar and Emmanuel)

Emmanuel: What have you been doing with yourself all these years?

Tamar: Nothing. Goodnight. **(Exits)**

Emmanuel: Good night.

(Each of the characters can be seen in their places. They are all immersed in their own thing, thoughts, reactions. Netta's voice is heard.)

Netta: "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament..." 'And if we have fully understood the writer's intention, then he is addressing infinite space – it is beyond human comprehension. The Creation is about our land, in which we live and in which we fulfill our calling in life'. Yes, but what is that calling, God? "And God divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day..."

(Darkness)

Tuesday

(The stage is as in the previous scene but now an “island has been added that softens it somewhat and forms a refuge. The characters are in their places. The lighting is strange now, green and purple. In the course of the scene a change occurs in the music that is expressed in complex flashes of harmony that seem to struggle with one another. The active scene features Tamar and Yotam)

Tamar: I need the next step. I need the next step and I don't have it. It's frightening.

Yotam: The next step is to kick him the fuck out of here!

Tamar: Perhaps I brought him for something else.

Yotam: You didn't bring him. You didn't bring him. He came by himself. Do you understand? He came because he probably misses fucking you and proving to himself that he's a man. That's why he came.

Tamar: There's only one correct step and it's the first along your path. I'm at a big junction with lots of roads and only one is the right one for me and I need to discover it.

Yotam: Stop fucking my mind with all this mysticism. You want to go with him? go with him!

Tamar: It's sometimes like a telegram informing us that someone is coming, so that it won't be a complete surprise. It's not us who decide, but we get the message. So we can get ready. Think about the meaning.

Yotam: There's no meaning. He's the enemy. He's come to destroy everything. Can't you see that?

Tamar: He's here for me. To say, "You see, just as I thought, nothing has come of you. You're a complete nobody. You're good at dreaming. You're only good at fantasizing. Just as I always told you. You're no great genius. Let go of your dream." He's come so I can let go of it once and for all. He's come to ease my burden.

Yotam: He's come to tear our life apart!

Tamar: I've brought him so he can tell me to stop dreaming, Yotami.

Yotam: You didn't bring him! You didn't bring him! People are heavy. People have to be lifted, put into a car. People don't fly on thoughts like that, d'you understand that?

Tamar: That's what he's here for, Yotami. For that. And it's actually for my own good. Only for my own good. So that this pain will stop. So that I can be at peace for always. So I can stop fantasizing that I'm someone I'm not. It's alright. I'm ready for it. It will be a great relief. A great relief. I can leave the dream behind and live in reality. You're always telling me that I should live in reality. So at long last reality is here! Reality! I'll be able to cope with reality, Yotami. It will be so good for you and me. Just like you always wanted it. We'll live in reality. Reality!

(Lighting up on Emmanuel and Netta. They move closer)

Emmanuel: I haven't brushed my teeth yet.

Netta: Neither have I.

Emmanuel: Where is everyone?

Netta: I'm everyone.

(Pause)

Emmanuel: Aren't you going to school?

Netta: You've changed the subject.

Emmanuel: What was the subject?

Netta: I don't remember.

(Lighting up on Tamar and Yotam)

Tamar: I lived with that son-of-a-bitch for two years. Two years out of a psychedelic movie from the sixties. Him and his friends, walking around the house as if they were in a Finnish sauna. Holding papers. Handing them to one another. "Read this". "What do you think about that?" "In my opinion the opening needs some more work" And I went crazy. I was a nineteen year-old soldier, writing things for myself and burning them as soon as I'd read them. I was convinced that I was the stupidest person in the world. I was dying of shame and they were doing a striptease! Take a part of me. Take another part. Taste this. Lick that. And I told myself, you're no worse than them. Show them. Show Emmanuel. But myself only laughed at me and went on calling me 'Stupid'. She has no confidence. Myself.

Yotam: She's great, yourself. I love her.

Tamar: But she thinks she's a dwarf. And that's why she acts like one. She starts leaving things she's written all over the house. Just like that, as if she isn't aware of what she's doing. Perhaps someone will find it, she tells me, and he'll read it and collapse onto the floor in amazement. And he'll ask, whose is this? And

then they'll investigate, there'll be chaos. Total hysteria! And finally, once they are convinced that God himself wrote it and sent it to them with an angel, I'll allow myself to come out of hiding and admit that it was me. I was a complete retard, Yotam.

Yotam: You really were.

Tamar: And that's how it went. For a whole year I laid "Cinderella mines" like that all over the house. And there was no reaction. No one exploded. I was dying a slow death, curling up into nothing. And then one day he was standing in front of me holding a sheaf of papers – a short story I'd written and left on his razor, inside his shoes, in his jacket pockets.... I wanted his attention so much I rolled up a page one night and stuck it up his nose. And he was holding it in his hand and saying what's this, and I say a story, and he says who wrote it, and I say me, and he says 'nice'. And that was it. His 'nice' was the start of a black, heavy silence between us. We didn't talk about it any more. In fact, we didn't talk about anything any more. A few weeks later, we broke up. I entered that bad period that ended with you pumping out my stomach at the hospital and saving my life. And a month later you and I were married.

Yotam: And yet you weren't saved.

Tamar: No.

(Lighting up on Netta and Emmanuel)

Netta: I'm not anorexic or bulimic or dyslectic, that is I'm apparently ahead of my time. I suffer from something they haven't yet discovered. They'll only diagnose my problem in another thirty years or so and then they'll know how much I suffered. There'll be a disorder named after me. Inconfection or something that's

only a mild disorder. A mixture of disgust and desire. Of curiosity and loathing. A teeny-weeny disorder that causes total paralysis. In another thirty years there'll be special classes for people like me. Support groups for parents of inconfectic children. Flag days for inconfectics. And then they'll all slap their foreheads and say, "Oh, poor thing. She was inconfectic and we never knew. They didn't know what inconfection was in those days. They didn't know how to treat it."

Emmanuel: **(Holding out a sheaf of papers)** Perhaps you know what this is?

Netta: Pages. Sheets of paper.

Emmanuel: Yes, that I can see, despite the fact that I'm less inconfectic than you.

Netta: Do you know why God says on the third day, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind"?

Emmanuel: No. And it's of no interest to me. **(Indicating the papers)** So do you know?

Netta: It's a secret.

Emmanuel: They were spread all over the room I slept in. So it would seem it's not exactly a secret.

Netta: He says 'after its kind' because every person only acts with his own kind and only develops in the sphere allotted to his species.

Emmanuel: Will you stop this?

Netta: No, I won't, but I must. Because you're a big strong species and I'm a small weak one. You'd have no trouble in laying me on the table and dripping boiling wax into my navel until I told you what those fucking papers are.

Emmanuel: Is she still writing?

(Lighting up on Tamar and Yotam)

Yotam: But maybe he hasn't come here with the script you've cooked up. Maybe he's come with a story of his own. Have you thought of that?

(Lighting up on Netta and Emmanuel)

(They kiss)

Netta: Forbidden fruit is delicious.

Emmanuel: Is that what she wrote?

Netta: She wouldn't write a kiss like that. She's my mother. There are limits.

Emmanuel: Please.

Netta: I thought there was some emotion involved here. I see it's only blackmail.

Emmanuel: It's both.

Netta: I don't know. I'm surprised she even let you sleep there. Entry to that room is strictly forbidden to all comers. She always says she's writing, but we've never seen any of it. "When the time is

right”, she tells us. “When the time is right”. She’s not all there, you know.

Emmanuel: She seemed perfectly all right to me.

Netta: **(Pause)** Why have you come?

Emmanuel: An urge. I think they call it an urge. I explain it to myself in all kinds of ways, but the truth is elusive. It’s hard for people who are in love with their own defects.

Netta: I’m scared.

Emmanuel: Of the truth?

Netta: Of what we arrange in gratifying little boxes and call the truth.

Emmanuel: I won’t touch you again.

Netta: Well, that actually doesn’t pacify me. I even miss you touching me again already. What’s that? Love? The intoxication of danger? Competition between mother and daughter? A virgin’s passion? next week on the movie channel. It’s a shame. We’ll only know the answer when it’s too late. But one thing’s for sure, I’ve got a very pleasant flow of warm juices between my legs. the warm juices don’t know on whose behalf they’re acting. They’re just wild animals the warm juices.

(Enter Yotam)

Yotam: Good morning.

Emmanuel: Good morning. Sleep well?

Yotam: Not bad, thanks.

Netta: Hi, Dad. **(Hugs him)**

Yotam: Did you manage OK? Can I help you with anything?

Emmanuel: Ah, no. Netta helped me. She's been very nice to me.

Yotam: I see. **(Pause)** Well... Okay. I'm leaving... I have an operation scheduled...

Emmanuel: Repairing hearts.

Yotam: I do what I can.

Emmanuel: What's the most common cause of heart disease?

Yotam: Animal fat.

Emmanuel: I was sure it was frustration and bitterness.

Yotam: The human body is far less lyrical than people tend to think. When you open up the pipes you can see that they're clogged with fat, not frustration and bitterness. Maybe frustration and bitterness cause increased consumption of animal fat.

Emmanuel: How is it with you?

Yotam: I'm vegetarian.

Emmanuel: So what do you do about bitterness?

Yotam: Things that I don't share with strangers. Have a good day.
(Turns to exit)

(Netta and Emmanuel remain in a kind of intimacy. Tamar looks at them from upstage. Lighting up on Yotam in his car)

Yotam: I've got news for you, Tamar! You're stuck in a remote spot. Remote. Once again you're thinking that the world revolves around you. You don't get it. You just can't grasp it. What can I do about you not grasping it? You're convinced you're champion of the world in psychologically, philosophically and spiritually analyzing situations and all, while in the meantime the situations ridicule us and your boyfriend is going to fuck our daughter. Surprising, eh? While you're fiddling around with some emotional nuance that hurt you 8,000 years ago, a new plot is being hatched. He's going to sleep with her and she with him. And you and I can't do a thing about it apart from killing him. I'll kill him, I tell you. I'll kill him. I'll murder him with these very hands if he lays a finger on her. I tell you I'll kill him and I don't give a fuck. D'you understand? I don't give a fuck. Throw him out of our life! Please get rid of him. So I don't have to skin him alive. Please, Tamari. Please!

(Tamar moves into Emmanuel's area. He is not with Netta. He is holding the pages, reading them)

Tamar: What's that in your hand? What's that in your hand? Why are you snooping in my things? Why? What do you want of me? What do you want of me? Leave me alone! Don't touch my things! Don't touch my things, do you understand? Why are you rummaging in my things? They're mine! Why? Why are you looking at my things? Why?...

Emmanuel: I'm only ...

Tamar: I'm not sick! I'm not sick! I just don't want people touching my things. My things shouldn't be touched! It's not finished! Can't you see it's not finished? I don't want you to touch me, d'you understand? Don't dare touch me. Don't you dare.

Emmanuel: I ... Tamar...

Tamar: Shut your mouth! You're not my father! Don't tell me what to do. Just shut your mouth. Shut up! Shut up! **(Exits)**

(Music. All the characters are in their places. Lighting up on Netta in her car. Its headlights flicker in the dark, intersecting now and again with those of Yotam's car)

Netta: "All human existence is simply the 'after its kind' commandment that was given to Man on the third day... The Almighty needs moss and cypress trees and corn and vines in his world economy. Each was given the law particular to it and is happy to observe its commandment. The moss will not envy the cypress and the corn will not envy the vine. The vine will not seek to become corn and the cypress will not aspire to become moss. And at the head of these laws that regulate Man's powers and instincts stand the prohibitions against incest. Man's purity depends on their observation and any disregard of the laws of kinds will bring destruction upon that kind." **(To herself)** So let it be destroyed! Let this disgusting species called humankind be destroyed! Let it be destroyed already! It would be great here without people. "And God saw that it was good... And the evening and the morning were the third day."

(Darkness)

Wednesday

(The stage is as in the previous scene, but stars have been added to the 'firmament' backdrop thus giving it the dreamy appearance of a fairy tale, and a bare tree has been added to the set. The music, too, somehow becomes clearer, with larger sections of coherent harmony. As the lighting comes up, Emmanuel is standing on the apron speaking to the audience)

Emmanuel: To get on my bike and get out of here or not to get on my bike and get out of here, that is the question. What's best? To get away from this idiocy before it's too late or to give in to curiosity and go where the situation takes me? I hate situations. Too many people. Each with his desires, his interests, his pains. Each one is convinced that his story is the most interesting in the world. I'm not built for that. I prefer mono-dramas. They deal only with me. I manage to follow the plot. I'm emotionally connected to the events. I was sure I was going for a country holiday. Birds chirping. The scent of orange groves. Alone with nostalgia in the morning. Encountering youth in the afternoon. In the evening, a candlelit family dinner with wine. They sent me pictures from the wrong catalogue. This is no rest home. It's a workshop for the brain-damaged. On the other hand, there's some interesting potential here. The girl I can fuck whenever I want. When will I grow up? When? Then I'll have a mother and daughter. What's in it for me? Is there anyone who has never fantasized about a mother and daughter? I'm talking to the men. Not to you, madam. I imagine that you have other things in mind. And then what? I'll tell the story? To whom? I don't even have anyone to tell it to. It's not exactly TV talk show material.

(Enter Tamar. A long silence)

Tamar: you didn't imagine it like this. There'll be action, you told yourself. She'll fall all over me. Then her retarded daughter. We'll have a few laughs. Good material for a TV sketch. Maybe we'll even be

able to get a short film out of it. Perverted. There'll be some great PR. The poet is screwing a mother and her daughter in prime time. A great way to make a living.

Emmanuel: I certainly never imagined that an eighteen year-old nitwit would tell me how deeply bogged down I am.

Tamar: If that's her conclusion then perhaps she's not such nitwit after all.

Emmanuel: What's this? Have you forgotten to hide behind the stammering mental patient ?

Tamar: There's nothing new in me being sick or you being a son-of-a-bitch. I live in peace with those two facts, Emmanuel.

Emmanuel: The fact that you've built yourself and all the inmates of your castle a non-existent character is not my problem, Tamar. I don't live in order to fulfill your expectations or those of your spoilt daughter. I no longer live to fulfill anyone's expectations, do you understand? I was sure you got over your fucking conceited posturing.

Tamar: I'm conceited.

Emmanuel: Yes. You're conceited. The fact that you always wrap it up in saccharine modesty doesn't make it stink any less. What are all those papers you spread about in my room? A coincidence? What were all the papers you hid for me up my arse, wasn't that conceit? You could never sit down with everyone else. To talk. Show what you'd written. No. That isn't your style. You have to make a grand entrance. To descend from heaven like the Messiah. The aristocratic cat. The shy genius.

Tamar: You're a son-of-a-bitch, Emmanuel. A bloody son-of-a-bitch.

Emmanuel: You expected us all to collapse onto the floor, didn't you? To start talking about you in the third person with great enthusiasm. No one gave a fuck about your posturing, Tamar. The fact that you're the greatest doesn't give you the right to sit there on the four thousandth floor of your castle and judge everyone.

Tamar: I had my own way.

Emmanuel: Yes. and now you also have your own way. And it's exactly the same one. Derision and conceit. You can laugh at me as though I'd betrayed some stupid romantic ideal you have in your head, but what am I supposed to do if I have to eat? What can I do when I have no fat-cat sponsor who supports my muse in exchange for a few good blow-jobs?

Tamar: You're a fool. You really can leave.

Emmanuel: What can I do when not everyone is a Tibetan monk like you? That not everyone is willing to sit in darkness for eighteen years and roll each sentence around their palates twenty thousand times until it's perfect. It has to be perfect, otherwise it will betray the ideal. In that dark religion which holds that art will save the world, there is no ideal! It's only words. That's all. It's not the Holy Writ. It won't change the world. You just have to shed the burden of words now and again. That's all. So one doesn't go crazy like you.

Tamar: You know that you're a retard? I envy you more than anyone else in the world, Emmanuel. You're in the limelight. You're famous. Everyone knows you.

Emmanuel: We're living in the age of television, Tamar. Any turnip can become famous. You don't have to write 'Crime and Punishment' for that. It's easy.

Tamar: You're brilliant, Emmanuel, you do amazing things.

Emmanuel: I just grind out shit, but I'm a disgusting hedonist who's in love with his own posturing, so I deserve it.

Tamar: If I had half of what you have, I'd be the happiest woman alive.

Emmanuel: If I had half of what you have, I'd be the happiest man alive.

Tamar: I'm sure you judge me all the time, that you think to yourself about how I became a dishrag housewife instead of making something of myself.

Emmanuel: What's "something"? You're doing holy work here.

Tamar: What?

Emmanuel: Sitting in your convent combining words.

Tamar: It's not finished. What you read is the most problematic part.

Emmanuel: It **is** finished. Completely finished. If you think it's not finished, then you have a big problem. **(Pause)** You must come out into the light, Tamar. You need light before you lose yourself completely in this darkness. This is the most finished piece I have ever seen. Stop dumping on yourself, Tamar.

Tamar: You dump on yourself too.

Emmanuel: I'm problematical. It's a well-known fact. Don't you read the papers?

Tamar: Mine has to be the most beautiful of all.

Emmanuel: But yours always was the most beautiful of all. I can't believe that you don't know that.

Tamar: Maybe you should have told me, just to be on the safe side.

(Lighting up on Yotam)

Yotam: God! God! God! Save my world, God. Please. Please. I don't want to lose them. I know I'm not religious or anything, but I'm turning to you just like anyone in this world turns to you when he feels he's about to lose the most important thing of all. Why aren't I fighting? Why? Why don't I throw him out? Why? Because I want to take the road of peace? Or because I'm a cowardly, faint-hearted shit, a dead flea, a defeatist dropout? Eh? Why? Perhaps I want it to happen? Perhaps I'm bringing it on myself? Perhaps. Perhaps. Why don't I do something? God help me! I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know why I'm doing. God help me. Help me, I pray you. Even though I don't know how to pray, but I once read a story about a boy who didn't know how to pray so he tried to open the Gates of Heaven by shouting, and it worked, because you knew that he was honest and good and innocent and God-fearing. Ahhhhhhh!

(Lighting up on Tamar and Emmanuel)

Tamar: This is the first time we've ever talked.

Emmanuel: It's great to talk..

Tamar: It is. Why didn't we talk back then?

Emmanuel: It wasn't proper then. **(Pause)** The truth is, I was scared of you. You had the look of 'I'm the prettiest and smartest girl in town. Which was always true. You're the prettiest and smartest girl in town .

Tamar: Are you coming on to me?

Emmanuel: It seems that I love you. **(Pause)** For the past four years I only masturbated to your memory.

Tamar: I thought that love was something else entirely.

Emmanuel: Since that fuck, nothing has even remotely resembled it.

Tamar: For me neither.

(Pause. He moves closer)

Tamar: Don't move, Emmanuel. I'm a married woman.

Emmanuel: you have to consult your husband before you fuck me?

(Netta storms into the room)

Netta: Am I interrupting a dramatic moment? A romantic one? Melodramatic? Perhaps it's just an ordinary everyday life moment. I'm sorry. This always happens to me. It's a serious problem of timing. what I'm saying now also has a serious problem of timing. I feel, don't think I don't, but what can I do? It just comes out of my mouth. I've no control over it. Embarrassment, it seems. I'd like to be someone who keeps quiet at embarrassing moments, who coyly tilts her head and

says, "Oh, hello Mom. Hello to you too, our delightful guest. I'm Helen Keller. The upstairs neighbour."

Tamar: We're not trying to hide anything from you.

Netta: You're constantly trying to hide the most prominent fact from me. This is a world full of shits, of fucking egoists. And there's nothing we can do about it, it will always be a world of fucking egoists.

Emmanuel: A pessimistic young lady.

Netta: Yes, Uncle Emmanuel, I'm a pessimistic young lady. Does that surprise you? I'm pessimistic and I have very good reason for my pessimism!

Tamar: I'm going .

Netta: Yes, go. Fuck off to your papers. To your secret room. Never face up to the small things. They're not up to your standards. Let things 'flow'. 'Flow', because you have a philosophy. Never intervene in anything. You let things flow of their own volition. **(To Emmanuel)** Have you heard that? She doesn't intervene in anything. Even if we lie down and fuck right here, before her eyes, she won't intervene. She's anti- intervention.

Tamar: If you're flirting with him to settle some sort of account with me, then there's really no need for it.

Netta: Too true!. There's no need for anything. It's time that was said! No need for me, No need for Dad. We should be open and not hide anything. That's what you taught us. Only you forgot that those charming theories might just include you, too.

Tamar: I don't hide anything from you.

Netta: You do and you always have. Him, for example. You hid him. The papers in your room. You hid them. You hid the whole world you have inside your head. All the things you think we understand nothing about. Your real life. The life that's inside your soul. You hid it and it's terribly scary when someone hides that from you. Especially when you know that there's a big, big world in there. One you have nothing to do with. But I tell myself that it's alright, I've got material for my film. I can remain calm. I'm already sufficiently disturbed to be an artist. I, too, have begun collecting material instead of living. What fun! My life has been destroyed! 'Scene 3. Exterior. Daytime. Mother is sitting with her daughter in the park, swinging her on a swing and then... Hop! She disappears into her head. Sinks into the real. Into the interesting. Her little girl on the swing isn't sufficiently interesting. It's only life, after all. It's only crap. Scene 5. The little girl is talking to her mother about something terribly interesting. The little boy from the second grade she's in love with. Fat Oren. Her mother's eyes are far, far away, gazing into infinity. Dreaming about the real world. Interior. Daytime. The little girl is standing behind the door of the locked temple and hears the clicking of the keyboard. What's going on in there? Scene 17. The little girl breaks into the room. She finds frightening voids there. She knows that one day she will inherit this madness. She's already a part of it... She runs to the fields. She wants to die. She doesn't forget to note the date... the first time she has had thoughts of self destruction...Valentin's day . A shitty date for first thoughts of self destruction...'

Tamar: You entered my room?

Netta: 'Exterior. Nighttime. Stars. Pastoral quiet. Enters the knight on his motorbike. All becomes clear. We had hoped it wouldn't be so banal. All in all, she didn't love them. That's it. She had been

pinning for her true love all along. The usual story of a stinking life in the face of fascinating dreams. Applause!

Tamar: I love you, Netta. There's nothing in the world that I love more than you.

Netta: Ah, yes. I forgot. I'm your self-fulfillment. That fact slipped my mind for a moment. You don't care that you're not a famous author. You don't care that you don't desire Dad. You don't care that you're not what you dreamed you'd be. You're not even a teeny bit frustrated that when you look at Dad and me you're filled with great happiness! Tremendous pride! You have a family! You have fulfilled your femininity. This is exactly how you wanted it to be when you were young. This is exactly how you imagined it. But exactly! Father, mother and daughter. The pinnacle of happiness!

Tamar: The scene I perhaps had in my head when I was your age has no significance, because it's a scene from someone else's story. And I love my story because I have you and Dad and I've never blamed you for my being so slow and retarded.

Netta: But all those years you dreamed about him, not us, and it was him you longed for. And you wrote all those spiritual descriptions of screwing about him.

Emmanuel: What spiritual descriptions of screwing?

Netta: It's a shame pity you didn't read them. They're the best parts. She's a nymphomaniac. I've got a perverted mother.

Emmanuel: They apparently weren't included in the material that was accidentally spread in the room.

Tamar: I admit it. But I'll give you the lot at the weekend. Then I'll finally have time to walk in the orange groves and release my spirit, so it can get peacefully mad in the meadow.

Netta: you waited for him so you could finish the book?

Tamar: Give me time. Give us all time. Because time is what often separates devil from the god. War from peace. And I believe we can live without wars.

Netta: It's impossible without wars. Don't forget we're talking about fucking human beings.

Tamar: Who were created in God's image.

Netta: Bullshit.

(Lighting up on Netta, Tamar and Emmanuel)

Tamar: Words, Netta. human beings have words. And they can choose how to place them one beside the other. They can choose to create a Garden of Eden with them and they can choose to create Hell with them. It's all in the hands of those fucking human beings. We can learn how to use words. To learn to use them not like knives, but like down quilts, like pillows, like open arms. That is The Creation. In words. 'And God said let there be light: and there was light.' It's so simple. But for that, Netta, we need time, so that the words come from the right place. So that we don't use reject words. Bombastic words, presumptuous words. Words that make wars. We have to wait until the shy words agree to come out, too. The soft, feminine words. We mustn't soil it all with insulting, damaging, frightening words.

Netta: But what can I do, I'm terribly frightened.

Tamar: There's nothing to be frightened about, my love. Everything will be fine, you'll see. I promise you. You can't try to turn back the clock like this idiot did. But you can play with the time of the present. With the present continuous. Make the present perfect, give it continuity, hold it back a little, calm it down, make it take us peacefully on its waves to the stream that is ours alone.

Netta: Samuel the peacefull Snail.

Tamar: Exactly. Samuel the peacefull Snail.

Emmanuel: never heard of him.

Netta: I told you that I used to be hyperactive. Sometimes I used to come home bringing thousands of dollars worth of damage. I smashed toys. I broke chairs. Tables. I smashed faces. There were times when I'd smash cars with my head because I lost my cool with the boys who thought they were stronger than me. Then she invented the story about Samuel the peacefull Snail for me. And it really helped. Our school's randy vice-principal was even saved by Samuel the peacefull Snail from a minor operation I wanted to perform on him with a Stanley knife,. **(Pause)** "Somewhere, far, far away in a warm, pleasant hollow in the depths of every person's soul, lives good Samuel the peacefull Snail..."

Tamar: "Samuel the peacefull Snail has a father called Naomi and a mother called David. All the snails are both male and female. Boys and girls. And Samuel, too, was half boy half girl... and when he was old enough to start crawling around the body, his parents, Naomi and David, took him to breakfast on Duodenum Cliff that overlooks the Valley of Feelings, and told him, 'Listen,

Samuel, above us, on the diaphragm, lives a family of cats. It's not a very stable family. They're slightly disturbed. The father is called Honour, the mother's name is Pride, and the kittens are called I, I, I, and I. You must be very careful of them."

(Lighting up on Yotam in his car)

Yotam: Look into my eyes, look into my eyes and tell me truly why you don't fight. The truth! I want the truth. Why don't you do something? Why do you avoid meeting him? The truth! Maybe that's what you want. admit that this is what you want, that somewhere that's what you want. That everything will fall apart. Admit it. Admit it. I won't admit it. So why don't you fight? Why? Because... how will fighting help? Will it change anything? Will it? Fighting is forbidden, that's what you're always telling me. Fighting is forbidden. No matter what, fighting is forbidden. That's what you're always telling me, that's it's only ego. That everything will fall into place. Into place. But into which place? What? What do you want it to be? The best. What do you really, really want it to be... Leave me alone. Leave me alone, alright? Que sera sera. Admit. admit. Why are you always avoiding meeting him, that's what really interests me. Why? What are you hiding? What? Shut your mouth! Shut it!

(Lighting up on Tamar and Emmanuel, facing one another)

Emmanuel: I haven't been with a woman in four years.

Tamar: Liar.

Emmanuel: I'm not. It was a kind of literary decision – to be true to you so that one day I'd be worthy of you. Foolish asceticism.

Tamar: So what do you do about your needs?

Emmanuel: I invite you into my imagination

Tamar: My body doesn't look like it did eighteen years ago. Have you taken that into account in your fantasies?

Emmanuel: I count on close-ups of places that hardly change with time.

Tamar: Right to the cunt.

Emmanuel: Right to the eyes.

(lighting up on Yotam in his car)

Yotam: I'll fight! I'll get rid of him. I'll kill him. I'll kill him. It's my life. I'll fight for my life. That's how I want my life. Like that. I want her. I want her. I desire her. I desire her. Shut your mouth. I do desire her. I do. I do. I do.

(Lighting up on Netta. The others are seen too, frozen facing one another)

Netta: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years." And Rabbi Hirsch says, 'Signs are the revelation of senses – that cause or arouse thought...'"

(Tamar and Emmanuel face one another)

Netta: “And if their role is to convince, then they are called ‘wonders’, which means ‘to arouse’, ‘to persuade’, ‘to bring to a decision’...”

(Tamar and Emmanuel are still investigating one another deeply_

Netta: “The stars of the heavens and their constellations, the phases of the moon, and above all – the movement of the sun from whose heat nothing can be hidden, all these tell of the greatness of God. In every corner of the globe they will bring the message: There Is A God!”

(Tamar and Emmanuel are still focused on one another)

Netta: Can anyone explain to me what’s going on in this world? Can someone tell me?!

(Tamar and Emmanuel break away and move away, still focused on each other)

Netta: “And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.” **(Darkness)**

Thursday

(Lighting up finding each of the characters in their worlds. Tamar is frozen in her place. Yotam is restlessly moving around her).

Tamar: Yes, he's still here.

Yotam: With Netta?

Tamar: I don't know. Maybe. I'm not following his movements.

Yotam: Tell me, get it out in the open, Tamar. Do you need help? Do you need your pills? Are you having another one of your attacks?

Tamar: No, Yotam. I'm perfectly calm. In fact I can't remember having been so calm for a long, long time.

Yotam: And what now? What are you going to do now?

Tamar: Nothing. I don't intend doing a thing.

Yotam: Get rid of him. Please get rid of him.

Tamar: I don't want to get rid of him. I want him here. If you want, you can try getting rid of him. Go hit him.

Yotam: You're going to go on with this?

Tamar: I intend to do whatever is right for me, To listen to my inner voice for once. I'm not planning anything, if that's what you mean. Anything can happen.

Yotam: What can possibly happen that hasn't already, eh? What can possibly happen, what else can your sick mind invent, eh?

Maybe you're fantasizing about the three of us in an idyllic mangle a' troise.

Tamar: That's not such a bad idea.

Yotam: It's a disgusting idea. You're mad. D'you know you're completely mad?

Tamar: It was your idea.

(Lighting up on Emmanuel and Netta)

Emmanuel: Netta...

Netta: Shh... shh... Listen to this, it's great: "On the fifth day we move into the living world. The word of The Lord brings us to the sea shore, shows us water and air and says, 'And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life...'"

Emmanuel: Can you please explain to me this entire pathetic business of your spiritual awakening?

Netta: "The soul is the hidden element in all living things, Once this centre is damaged – the living thing, in its entirety, is damaged."

Emmanuel: Okay. I Damaged you'r soul somehow....

Netta: You know, poets can also be an extremely stupid species. You haven't damaged my soul at all. Who are you to damag my soul? That's exactly what I'm trying to tell you. That it's not as simple as it looks. Despite the fact that it's much simpler than it looks.

Emmanuel: It's not simple because instead of talking, you're becoming entangled in all these idiotic verses.

Netta: Idiotic, eh? You say it's idiotic only because you've been brainwashed just like the very same people you say are 'brainwashed'. What's idiotic about it? Look. Read. Look at what they say here: 'Each to his kind' – that's the whole thing. All people are born equal and all are created in His image, but no two people are alike. Each to his kind. It's great. A system without a system. Everyone is responsible only for himself. God is simply that little built-in dwarf in our souls who helps us choose between good and evil. That's what the fucking Master of the Universe is all about.

Emmanuel: I can't see why you need it.

Netta: To calm down! I need it for my own peace. To be able to say to myself that my role in life can't be to admire those cretinous models from commercial TV or the scores of grade seven comedians you find all over, trying to make me laugh. I tell myself that this can't possibly be my culture. It simply can't be. I'm a crazy mixed-up teenager, do you understand? I'm a mixed-up teenager who's looking for answers and intelligent questions, not the crap that the retard politicians sell me with sirens on Remembrance Day and Liberation Day of Shit Creek. I've had it up to here with all that fascist crap.

Emmanuel: You're angry with me.

Netta: I'm not. I've already spoken to myself. I spoke to myself all last night. I wasn't meant for you. You weren't meant for me. It was only a little girl's game, a little girl who wanted to be told what a great piece of ass she is. Ego reinforcement. Try to get into your head that not every woman who meets you wants to fuck you. Go talk with yourself and learn some humility.

Emmanuel: What are you exactly? An adolescent or what?

Netta: I'm a human being. A human being who reads idiotic texts and learns a little about human beings. Each to his kind. She loves you. She's always loved you. She's crazy about you and you're crazy about her. That's your kind. To be crazy about one another. That's it. So if you have the balls to fulfill your love, then that's what will happen.

(Lighting up on Tamar and Yotam)

Tamar: Because my big, burning wound has found its twin with him.

Yotam: Beautiful words that mean 'I want him'.

Tamar: That's not the point.

Yotam: So what is the point?

Tamar: The point is... the point is that I want to leave, Yotam.

Yotam: I'll never let you go, Tamar. I'll never allow you to do this stupid thing that we'll all regret... even if...

Tamar: Even if what?

(Silence)

Tamar: Yotam, I ask you...

Yotam: No! You're not asking me for anything any more. Now I'm telling you what I ask you. Not what I ask. What I demand. I've finished with asking. I'm telling you that you're packing your boyfriend up and kicking him out of here. You're kicking him the hell out of

here and we're going to sit down and work out between us everything that needs to be worked out. Between us. Without anyone else.

Tamar: There's nothing to work out, Yotam. We don't have a problem. It's all very simple.

Yotam: There's no problem? No problem? Will you please tell me how there's no problem?!

Tamar: I need to jump, Yotam. Once and for all to jump into the void without knowing that there is a net underneath. To jump without knowing anything, because only when I'm alone in the air will I perhaps grow the wings I always dreamed I had... My own wings, that will sprout from lack of choice...

Yotam: You're thinking only of yourself again.

Tamar: That's not true, Yotam. Look inside yourself for a moment, at your secret place, and tell me if there, in the silent place of truth, you didn't know that one day we'd have to go our separate ways. Look straight into my eyes and tell me you didn't know that I would not give up on going back to myself and the love I have in my dream, the absolute and infinite love for my twin soul. To the place that you and I never had.

Yotam: You're childish and spoiled, Tamar. You're childish and spoiled if you think that this world is like the one in the poems or the movies or the stories you fantasize about in your room! The real world is where someone has to do night-shifts, so you can shut yourself up in your room for eighteen years, so that you'll have confidence when you come out of your deep silences, so you'll have food on the table.

Tamar: But I don't need confidence now, Yotam. Because belief has returned to me. I don't need confidence because confidence is the ghetto of those who have no belief. I don't need confidence. I need love. Give me all the tremendous love you have, hug me and set me free.

Yotami: I can't live without you.

Tamar: You can. You'll live far better without me. I'm just in your way.

Yotam: I love you so much, Tamar.

Tamar: And I love you, but I have to go and you should be loved as you deserve to be loved.

Yotam: You loved me just fine.

Tamar: Swear on Netta's life that you've never tossed and turned at night? That you didn't have longings? That you didn't search and ask and rummage. Swear on Netta's life!

Yotam: I... I won't swear on Netta's life.

Tamar: You saved my life, Yotam. And you gave me Netta who's the most amazing thing that ever happened to me. Do you want me to stay with you because I owe you my life and Netta?

Yotam: No.

(Pause)

Tamar: Hold me.

(Yotam hesitates then hugs her warmly. They embrace warmly, hard, in friendship. Music. The other characters are in contact with them and see them. Netta's voice is heard almost murmuring)

Netta: "And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

(Darkness)

Friday

(Friday's stage enables the characters' free and flowing movement from place to place and closer observation and involvement. The music, too, is more open and liberated, deep and harmonious. As the lighting comes up, Tamar and Emmanuel are active but Yotam and Netta are also seen)

Tamar: I fantasize. I fantasize. I fantasize. Can't you understand that? I only know how to fantasize. Just fantasize. I can't do anything. I'm paralyzed. I'm paralyzed. Everything's a fantasy. Go. I beg you, just go.

Emmanuel: I love you, Tamar.

Tamar: Go, Emmanuel. Go. Stop hurting me. Go. I'm a sickness. You shouldn't come near me. I fantasize about impossible things. Things that are not me. I'm that nobody who is incapable of doing anything. Go back to your life, Emmanuel.

Emmanuel: I have no life without you. Without you I have longing instead of a life.

Tamar: It's impossible, impossible, impossible. It can't be done. We're not alone in the world. We're not alone. There's Netta, there's Yotam, there's a world. There's life, life, life.

Emmanuel: This is life. Life is what we decide to make it.

Tamar: Not true. Life is this thing. I know very well what life is. Life is have to, have to, have to.

Emmanuel: No. Life is can do , Can do, Can do...

Tamar: You're a baby, Emmanuel. A baby. Perhaps that's why I love you so much. I'm crazy about babies. You're a baby and I'm a baby and we're incapable of living without a responsible adult.

Emmanuel: Come on, let's get away from here, Tamar. Let's be together. Because if we're not together we'll waste our whole life on not being together. A stupid life.

Tamar: There'll be a war, Emmanuel. A big war. Everyone against us. And we'll lose.

Emmanuel: We won't lose because we won't fight.

Tamar: there's money. There's a house. There's cars. There's Netta. There's lawyers. Lawyers, lawyers! Lawyers!

Emmanuel: We don't have lawyers and we never will. Netta's grown up, she loves you, and we don't need anything of all the rest. You and me and pens and paper. We don't need lawyers for that.

Tamar: They'll come after us. They'll never leave us alone. They don't allow it. They don't allow that kind of conduct. They'll run after us, Emmanuel, and it will be very bad. Very, very bad.

Emmanuel: It will be great. It will be the best. By the time all those idiots start chasing after us, we'll be laying on our rock in the sea. Lying naked in the sun. Like it was then. And I'll ask you to spit into my mouth.

Tamar: To what?

Emmanuel: Do you remember me laying on my back and opening my mouth with you on top of me, looking into my eyes from very close up, and our breath mingled in a sweet mist? Perfumed. And then I'd ask you to spit into my mouth and you, lying on top of me, dropped sweets of saliva right onto my tongue.

Tamar: Ask me...

Emmanuel: What?

Tamar: To spit into your mouth.

Emmanuel: Spit into my mouth...

(Tamar moves closer to him. Looks at him. Takes hold of him and lays him down on his back. He opens his mouth. She crouches over him and kisses him.)

(Lighting up on Netta, lighting the Sabbath candles)

Yotam: What's all this? What are you doing?

Netta: Lighting candles.

Yotam: Our lives are falling apart and you're lighting candles? What good will they do? What? Will God help you? Do you actually believe in this? Don't go with them, Netta. It's all bluff. What have they done to you? Don't go to them. I know that everything's confused for you right now and you're searching for answers and all that, but I beg of you...

Netta: Why all the hysterics, Dad? I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. All I've done is light the candles.

(lighting up on Tamar and Imanuel)

Tamar: And what will we do when we've finished spitting into each other's mouths?

Emmanuel: We'll lick one another.

Tamar: And after that?

Emmanuel: You'll fall asleep for a while on your back. With that sweet smile of yours on your face, like a little girl's. And I'll sit at the table and watch you until a poem of longing for you comes out onto the paper, and then I'll unintentionally begin making a noise. I'll slam doors and drop things to wake you up, and you'll call me and kiss me still half asleep and tell me you love me.

Tamar: And then?

Emmanuel: And then I'll make you breakfast.

Tamar: And then?

Emmanuel: Then you'll go to your room to write. And I'll go to mine.

Tamar: Separately?

Emmanuel: Just for a short while.

Tamar: And when will we fuck again? I'll miss you.

Tamar: At elevenses.

Tamar: And that's how we'll live?

Emmanuel: Yes. That's how we'll live.

Tamar: Can we? Can we live like that?

Emmanuel: We should live like that. My father always told me that dreams are best and having them come true is shitty. Having them come true is a death sentence but the dream is eternal. It's a kind of

romantic attitude that doesn't have a drop of romance in it.
Because you never actually live your life, only the life you have in
your dream.

Tamar: And aren't you like your father?

Emmanuel: It seems I am, if instead of loving you I masturbate to your
memory and instead of really writing, I sell piles of crap to
television.

Tamar: And how will I know you've changed?

Emmanuel: I haven't changed. I need you for that.

Tamar: And then?

Emmanuel: And what then?

Tamar: Then, after elevenses and we're writing and breakfast and all that.

Emmanuel: Then we'll make a baby.

Tamar: A baby boy?

Emmanuel: Or a girl.

Tamar: What?

Emmanuel: Whatever comes.

Tamar: With me? You and me?

Emmanuel: Yes. You and me.

Tamar: I want so much a boy or a girl.

Emmanuel: I also want so much a boy or a girl.

Tamar: from me? Are you sure you want it from me?

Emmanuel: With you. I want it with you.

Tamar: Why?

Emmanuel: Because you are the most amazing thing I've come across in my entire life and you're more than any dream I ever dared to dream.

(lighting up on neta and yotam)

Yotam: Everything'll work out, Netta. She'll get over it. Everything will be as it was before.

Netta: I don't want everything to be as it was before.

Yotam: What?

Netta: I think that we mustn't let things be as they were before. I think that we must set Mom free.

Yotam: What? Why?

Netta: Because I think our game is over.

Yotam: Game? What game?

Netta: The game. Our game of Happy Families is over.

Yotam: Why are you calling it a game? Why a game? Weren't we a happy family?

Netta: Apparently , yes. On the face of it, yes. But below the surface the true currents were flowing. The divine, natural forces. Forces that can never be disguised in the tight-fitting clothing of the Apparent

Yotam: What forces?

Netta: Love. Passion. Yearning for the secret place we came from, It doesn't matter which game we choose to play, The Happy Family game, the everything's-fine-game. None of them can deceive our soul that longs for its true place. Longing for its own kind. That pure and primal place in which it was before parents and educators and priests and politicians and all the other shitheads came along to pervert it.

Yotam: And that's what you think of us? That's what you ask from God?

Netta: I don't ask anything from God. God isn't a waiter.

Yotam: God is dead. You have to accept that.

Netta: Even if that's true, then it's time to resurrect Him. This world is gradually becoming a very sad place without God. **(Pause)** Do you know that I'm still a virgin?

Yotam: What?

Netta: You heard me.

Yotam: I imagined you were. I thought that if you weren't, then I'd probably know. You'd have told me or something.

Netta: And why do you think I'm still a virgin at my ripe old age?

Yotam: The boys are scared of you. You're bright and beautiful and remote and unattainable.

Netta: That's actually what proud paps usually tell themselves. But there must be some other reasons.

Yotam: What reasons?

Netta: I probably don't know them all, but that's possibly because I feel that all this family is apparently on me. I'm the adhesive. The moment I go, the whole thing falls apart. I'm the Dutch kid with his finger in the dike. And for Dutch kids with their fingers stuck in holes in dikes it's hard to catch a good fuck because their head is stuck in the hole with their finger.

Yotam: I see.

Netta: I'm fed up, too. I, too, want to go my own way. I'm fed up with being a Dutch kid. I'm a growing girl who has needs.

Yotam: Yes.

(Pause)

Netta: when was the last time you slept with mom?

Yotam: What?

Netta: You heard me. And consult God for a moment before you answer.

(Pause)

Yotam: does it really matter?

Netta: are you embbarased?

Yotam: show me what you figured out last night, netta.

Netta: when?

Yotam: three... two... I don't know....

Netta: of course you know, come on, you know exactly.

Yotam: it's 13 month tommorow.

Netta: I asumed you were counting the seconds. It must really hurts.

Yotam: show me what you figured out last night.

(Lighting up on Tamar and Emmanuel)

Tamar: Something bad is going to happen to Netta, Emmanuel. I know it. God will punish me. I can't think about something happening to her. Let's give it up, Emmanuel. Let's give it up. If the slightest thing happens to her I'll kill myself.

Emmanuel: Why should anything happen to her?

Tamar: Because God will punish me. Because He will punish me and hurt me in the most painful place of all.

Emmanuel: God's not going to do anything to you. Netta says that God is simply a little dwarf who lives inside of us. The one we talk to all the time.

Tamar: There's a punishment, Emmanuel. A punishment. The fear of death. The fear of death. I've never told a soul, but when I was little my parents sent me to a religious school to learn some tradition. So I did, and I'm loaded with guilt, Emmanuel. I hurt with fear. I'm completely frightened. I'm the religious essence. It's a very severe punishment. The worst. It's cheating. Adultery. It's a great curse. I'm a destructive devil, just as my teachers always told me. They used to say that I'd burn in hellfire, Emmanuel. That God would fry me because I did strange things. Of my own accord. Because I wasn't like everyone else, I'd roast in hell. Enough. Let's leave it alone. I have to see Netta. To see that she's alright. You can't understand it, Emmanuel. I know you'll never understand it.

Emmanuel: God loves you, Tamar. Take a look at yourself. Right now, you're God's most generous moment. Look at how generous he is with you.

Tamar: Emmanuel, you know nothing about God. After all, you're convinced you're Him.

Emmanuel: I've got a story about God for you too... do you love me?

Tamar: Tell me already!

Emmanuel: When I was seventeen I had a girlfriend who... no. I'll begin another way. When I was fifteen, at the beginning of high school, I was more or less the most arrogant kid on the face of the earth. I was the ultimate boaster.

Tamar: You haven't changed...

Emmanuel: Now, at age fifteen, the only time I didn't have a huge hard-on was during the basketball game and in the shower afterwards.

Tamar: I still can't see what's changed.

Emmanuel: I identified my targets. We began high school with five classes. Each class had its queen, a first and second deputy queen. That is, fifteen girls I had to sleep with right off. To stake out my territory. I started with the best looking one who was also the most snobbish and the most unattainable. I'm a great believer in sophistry. With the rest it was simply a matter of routine. I dreamt I was making lampshades out of their virginity . That's how I lived for about two years. Completely besotted with myself. And then, at the end of the eleventh grade, something amazing happened.

Tamar: You became impotent. A divine punishment.

Emmanuel: No, I fell in love. Totally. Infinitely. I was crazy with love for Ruth. Ruthy.

Tamar: The Beauty Queen of the 10th Grade.

Emmanuel: No. Ruthy the space cadet. that's what they all called her, because she had this walk where you could never tell if she was actually touching the ground. She'd walk as though she had a small cloud beneath her feet that carried her from place to place. I began trying to get off with her. I followed her everywhere. And it was as if she didn't understand what I wanted from her life. What, the king of the class queens, what was he looking for with the barefooted girl who floated everywhere reading poetry?

Tamar: What indeed?

Emmanuel: I know today that that was the first time I knew where I really was. I was looking for a model, like your Netta says, I was looking for someone who would help get me out of myself. I started writing. Suddenly. From a vague place. I'd never written before. I wrote her letters. Poems. Stacks of words. Every day. All day. I'd go to her house with a backpack full of papers and throw them into her room. After about a month, her room apparently exploded because of all the papers inside and she came out onto the balcony, she lived on the first floor of a detached house. And she said, "I'm coming down"... I was dead chuffed and I looked towards the door to wait for her there, but I suddenly sensed a huge shadow coming at me from the sky. She'd jumped. She simply flew. Like that, flat, right into my arms. she had no limits. Not because she was licentious or rebellious. She simply didn't know that there were limits. Just like you. She'd never heard of that concept. She came from the world of space cadets.

Tamar: I'm beginning to dislike this story.

Emmanuel: And then I got my driving licence and we went down to the desert. On the first day we pitched a small tent on the beach and lived like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. We were as happy as two people could possibly be. And on the second day we carried on driving and half an hour after starting out we overturned and she was killed.

Tamar: What?

Emmanuel: She was thrown through the windscreen and killed. The police report said, "Cause of accident – *force majeure*". That's what they wrote, '*force majeure*'. A tyre blew out or something like

that. But it wasn't *force majeure* behind the wheel, it was me. A seventeen and a half year-old kid who'd killed the girl he loved.

Tamar: What?

Emmanuel: And this is the point. She wasn't killed instantly. She was seriously injured. I was almost unhurt. When they flew me back home she was hanging between life and death. And then, for the first time in my life, I turned to God. I screamed to the heavens. I began making all the usual deals, you know, if You do so and so then I'll do so and so. Save her life and I'll be Your humble servant for the rest of my life. When I got home they informed me that she'd died. I mustered all my strength and cursed God with all the curses that even He'd never heard. I vowed to take vengeance on Him. I wouldn't rest until I met Him face to face and then I'd tear him apart. But a few hours later I had a revelation.

Tamar: a revelation?

Emmanuel: After the funeral I went to her house to shut myself up in her room and wait until I died, too. I found her father there. And he raised his eyes from her diary that was open on the table. I knew what was in that diary. Detailed, beautiful, plastic descriptions of our fucking and sucking and orgasms. Not easy stuff, even when it's not about you'r own daughter who was killed only yesterday. Then he got up. A big, warm man. He moved towards me and hugged me tightly and said, "I'm happy that she knew love and it was with you, because you knew how to love her the way she had always dreamed of." That's it. That's what he said. I remember almost passing out, melting in his arms and everything becoming jumbled and confused in my head. But I remember something very strange, I remember saying to myself, "He's a man of faith, this guy is a man of faith". And I was a seventeen

and a half year-old kid. An out and out secularist. A card-carrying atheist. I hated everything that had the old, sour smell of religious and this noble man saw me losing the desire to go on living and he accomplished his mission and saved me.

Redeemed me from guilt. He showed me that some things may be in God's hands, but love is the only guide God has on this earth. And it's in our hands. We have to adhere to it in order to give life. And since then I've lived between the fear that I am cursed to kill my love and the realization that I can't live without it.

(Silence)

Tamar: What are we going to do now, Emmanuel, what are we going to do?

(They all remain rooted to the spot finding it hard to digest the moment. They form a square. The music is heard and Netta's voice is heard, who does not open her Bible)

Netta: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

(Darkness)

Saturday

(Through the darkness comes Netta's amplified voice)

Netta: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."

(The lighting comes up revealing a beautiful, soft and harmonious stage. The sets are measured. The Garden of Eden.)

(Emmanuel and Tamar take their things and move towards the motorbike. Yotam and Netta onstage, looking the other way. Silence)

Yotam: It's Sunday tomorrow.

Netta: Yes.

Yotam: Is it going to rain?

Netta: There's a ring around the moon.

Yotam: Does that mean anything?

Netta: It means what we decide it means.

Yotam: Then it means it's going to be wonderful.

Netta: Yes. That's what it means.

(Darkness)

CURTAIN

