

Raanan Paz

7



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The play premiered in September 2012 at "Tzavta" Theater in Tel Aviv, directed by Elad Sharabi, and performed by Oded Menster (as Shlomi) and Itay Shor (as Seven).

The play was awarded a **special citation and a playwright's scholarship** at the **Dov Gorfung** Dramatic Writing Scholarship Competition.



From right to left: Oded Menster as Shlomi and Itay Shor as Seven.

Photo: Anat Cohen

A Note from the Translator:

Translating this play from its original Hebrew to English presented quite a few unusual challenges – first, it integrates (as is often the case with everyday spoken Hebrew) words in both Arabic and English. Therefore, every word in Arabic is written phonetically and is immediately accompanied by its translation. At times, there's an additional comment as to how the word/phrase is used in everyday language. Second, a considerable part of the play's first scene was originally written in English, so that the characters start the play unaware that they're both, in fact, Hebrew speakers. When they finally realize they're both Israelis, they "switch to Hebrew" – but naturally, the text in this version remains in English. This requires an enhancement of the old 'suspension of disbelief' convention on the part of the reader/spectator. So, thank you in advance.

Dedicated to my good friend and fellow fighter, Avner Bachar, may he rest in peace.

List of Characters:

Shlomi – A successful salesman. A handsome, tough man that exudes great self-confidence.

Seven – A funny, charming nomad. Every action he takes will always be performed seven times. An avid fan of the local soccer team, Glasgow Celtic.

Location:

Glasgow, Scotland, the early 2000s.

The stage will inhabit two locations:

- A sales stand at the mall
- Shlomi's living room.

ACT 1

Evening. Shlomi is at the sales stand at the mall, wearing his salesman uniform. He tries to stop the shoppers passing by, but to no avail.

Shlomi: Hello sir... have a lovely day! Hello, lovely couple... great day, isn't it? The weather is amazing today! Hello madam, can I ask you a question please? Do you have natural fingernails? I want to show you something amazing, only a minute of your time... Honey, what I am about to show you will change your life!

He keeps searching for potential customers, but no one stops.

Shlomi: Hello madam, can I ask you a question? Please come with me... Young lady, have you ever heard about the magic of the Dead Sea, the lowest place on earth! The water is rich with minerals that you cannot find anywhere else in the world. Do you love magic's, madam, do you like magic? What I'm going to show you is the magic buffer!!!

Shlomi starts to realize this isn't his day and mutters: "Kuss-Echtak!" ('Fuck!' in Arabic). He glances at his watch and starts fixing the stand before closing it. He takes out a local paper and reads a certain article. He tears the article out of the paper and reads it intently. Seven passes by, Shlomi sees him as a potential customer and addresses him.

Shlomi: Hello sir... excuse me sir, can I ask you a small question please?

Seven: Ay. *(Extends his hand)*

Shlomi: *(Grabs the guy's hand with one hand and with the other, clasps a nail file and starts demonstrating the product)* Let me introduce you to our beautiful, unbelievable, professional, magical buffer. We begin with the light black side to remove all your nail ridges. Once the ridges reach the end of your nail, they split it, and break it. Now we move to the white side, which is made of cotton. The cotton stimulates the blood underneath your nail, so the nail grows faster and healthier. For the next step, we move to the grey side. That one's made of silk. The silk will give you a natural shine for the next 14 days, at least! *(Shlomi covers the nail)* Now... are you ready to be amazed, sir? *(Shlomi reveals the nail)* Can you believe it, how amazing is that? Now touch your nail, can you feel how smooth it is? Now, we have a special promotion day today, and we're selling this great, magnificent kit for only 29.99 Pounds. However, because you were so lovely, so patient, so professional, if you buy two, I will give you the third kit, with a 10-Pound additional discount. My friend, my gentle friend, spoil yourself... Spoil yourself... Spoil yourself! You deserve it! What's in this amazing kit, you must be asking yourself. Good question, sir, good question. Inside this amazing, professional kit you get the perfect cuticle oil, a professional 3-sided shaper, the Dead Sea hand and body lotion, the unbelievable magic buffer and of course, of course, I will also include, just for you, and today only, the amazing, unbelievable, magical Dead Sea mud mask!

Seven: Ma ze? *(What's this?' in Hebrew)*

Shlomi: Ma? *(What?' in Hebrew)*

Seven: Oh, that's great, I love magic.

Shlomi: Sorry sir, did you just say "ma-ze?"

Seven: What?

Shlomi: Are you from here, sir?

Seven: Oh, I'm from a magical place far-far away.

Shlomi: Where about?

Seven: The most peaceful, quiet place in the professional Middle East.

Shlomi: Are you an Israeli?

Seven: And you?

Shlomi: Why are we speaking in English, then?

Seven: When in Scotland, do as the Scots do.

Shlomi: And I've been harping away in English this whole time.

Seven: I couldn't figure out what it is that you're selling here.

Shlomi: Forget it, I don't sell this stuff to Israelis.

Seven: Why not?

Shlomi: Between you and me, it's not worth the price.

Seven: What is this, mud?

Shlomi: Straight from the Dead Sea, this isn't just any mud.

Seven: And the Scots are actually buying it?

Shlomi: Like hotcakes.

Seven: Walla (*a word meaning 'You don't say' in Arabic, often used in Hebrew as well*), and how's it going?

Shlomi: Honestly, I'm having a crap day today.

Seven: Well, everyone's at the game.

Shlomi: What game?

Seven: Celtic-Rangers! How long have you been here?

Shlomi: A week.

Seven: Down here, whenever there's a soccer derby, the whole city goes nuts!

Shlomi: You don't say, 'cause I've been standing here all day like an idiot, trying to stop little old ladies.

Seven: So, what's that thing you were trying to sell me?

Shlomi: It's our best-seller, works like a charm. The Magic Buffer! I rub it on your nail, and it gives you this crazy shine! Here, give me your hand *(Seven extends his hand)* You do this, and this, and this, and voila...

Seven: Wow! That's amazing! Look at my nail! That's awesome! It won't come off, this shine...

Shlomi: Magic.

(Seven notices an article that Shlomi cut out and out on the sales stand. He reaches his hand to pick it up)

Shlomi: No, no, leave it.

Seven: What is it?

Shlomi: Nothing... An article. *(Shlomi takes the article)*

Seven: What's it about?

Shlomi: An article. *(He puts it in his pocket)* Do you work here?

Seven: I get around.

Shlomi: Walla...

Seven: Do you live nearby?

Shlomi: Next to the park.

Seven: The Celtic's?

Shlomi: Yeah...

Seven: Gallowgate Street.

Shlomi: I see you know your way around here.

Seven: I get around.

Shlomi: Walla... Where do you live?

Seven: I'm moving.

Shlomi: From where to where?

Seven: From bad to worse.

Shlomi: Why's that?

Seven: I had this fight with my landlord. Rent, plumbing, lizards, chaos, wall plugs, it's a long story.

Shlomi: Walla... So what do you do?

Seven: I get around.

Shlomi: Do you have a place to stay?

Seven: I'll be fine.

Shlomi: Do you know any other Israelis?

Seven: Not too many.

Shlomi: So you'll sleep in the street?

Seven: It's gonna be ok... It's gonna be ok...

Silence.

Shlomi: Listen, man, if you need a place to crash for the night, I've got a hell of a couch.

Seven: No way, I'd feel bad.

Shlomi: What are you talking about?

Seven: We don't know each other.

Shlomi: So we will. I'll finally have someone to talk to. If we Israelis don't help each other out, then who's gonna help up, am I right?

Seven: If I am not for myself, an Israeli will be for me! *(A play on words of the Jewish idiom: 'If I am not for myself, who will be for me?')*

Shlomi: That's right.

Seven + Shlomi: What's your name?

Shlomi: Shlomi, yours?

Seven: Seven.

Shlomi: What "Seven"?

Seven: Seven up. That's what they call me.

Shlomi: But do you have a name?

Seven: That's my name.

Shlomi: You don't say...

Seven: From the Bible: "When two full years had passed, Pharaoh had a dream: He was standing by the Nile, when out of the river there came up **seven** cows, sleek and fat, and they grazed among the reeds. After them, **seven** other cows, ugly and gaunt, came up out of the Nile and stood beside those on the riverbank. And the cows that were ugly and gaunt ate up the **seven** sleek, fat cows. Then Pharaoh woke up." Genesis 41, verses 1-4.

Shlomi: Nice. Ok, then...

Seven: "One evening David got up from his bed and walked around on the roof of the palace. From the roof he saw a woman bathing. The woman was very beautiful, and David sent someone to find out about her. The man said, "She is Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam and the wife of Uriah the Hittite." Samuel 2, 11, verses 2-3...

Shlomi: Awesomesauce. Ok, so how much would you like to...

Seven: "Jacob was in love with Rachel and said, "I'll work for you seven years in return for your younger daughter Rachel. Laban said..."

Shlomi: Ok, Seven, I get it.

Seven: Genesis 29, verses 18-20... Well, halfway through 20.

Shlomi: Peachy. So, as I was saying, I won't be selling you anything today...

Seven: Or to anyone else.

Shlomi: So I'm gonna close shop here. You go get your stuff and we're outta here.

Seven: I've got everything on me.

Shlomi: Don't you have a bag or something?

Seven: I've got everything I need on me. A shirt, a jacket, a couple of socks, shoes, pants and a Celtic's scarf!

Shlomi: Underwear?

Seven: Never.

Shlomi: Are you serious?

Seven: Dead serious.

Shlomi: Ok... Seven minutes and we're gone.

Seven: Seven minutes, go!

Shlomi closes his sales stand and the two leave.

ACT 2

Shlomi walks into his apartment, followed by Seven. Seven takes the article out of Shlomi's pocket and starts reading it aloud.

Seven: A 7-year-old child was killed last night by a British soldier in Iraq.

Shlomi: Did you just take it out of my pocket?

Seven: You dropped it... *(He gives the article back to Shlomi)* Poor kid. Believe you me, these Brits are out of their fucking minds. They send soldiers over to Iraq and then act surprised when kids are getting killed.

Shlomi: How is this the soldiers' fault?

Seven: Look what they did to the kid.

Shlomi: The locals aren't so innocent. They use them.

Seven: Give me a break, these are professional soldiers we're talking about here, they can show some self-restraint.

Shlomi: Maybe the kid even volunteered.

Seven: Look at this photo, it's awful.

Shlomi: Maybe something came out of left field.

Seven: The whole thing reeks of a coverup.

Shlomi: Not everything you see is what's actually going on, trust me.

Seven: Not everything that's going on is what you see, you trust me.

Silence.

Shlomi: Say hello, this is your couch. I'll get you some clean sheets and a towel. Here's the shower – toilet and the kitchen's over there.

Seven: It's one hell of a flat you got here, you're all set.

Shlomi: Anything to drink?

Seven: Got milk?

Shlomi: Yup.

Seven: Tea, then.

Shlomi: With milk?

Seven: Yes.

Shlomi: Seriously?!

Seven: Have you ever tried it?

Shlomi: With milk?

Seven: Try it, you'll like it.

Shlomi: Forget, I'm a man of habits. How many sugars?

Seven: Seven.

Shlomi: Seven what... Seven tablespoons of sugar?!

Seven: I like it sweet.

Shlomi goes to the kitchen to make the tea.

Seven: *(Somewhat alert)* Did you hear that?

Shlomi: What?

Seven: A noise... Is anyone else here?

Shlomi: Not that I know of.

Seven: Walla...

Shlomi: *(From the kitchen)* So milk and seven sugars.

Seven: And leave the teabag in the cup. (*Shlomi returns with two cups of tea, then hands Seven his cup*) Cheers. (*Shlomi sits down next to Seven on the couch and the two sip their tea*)

Seven: So, a week in Glasgow... Did you get to see anything?

Shlomi: Mainly the mall and this flat, I'm here to work.

Seven: A serious guy.

Shlomi: Dead serious.

Silence.

Seven: How much does one make in that dump?

Shlomi: If you're a good salesman, you can get by pretty good. Actually, if you're looking for work, I can fix you up with something.

Seven: Really...?

Shlomi: Do you have a job?

Seven: I get by.

Shlomi: What does that mean?

Seven: Bits and bobs... You know.

Shlomi: Walla...

Silence.

Seven: The tea's great. Want some?

Shlomi: What?

Seven: Tea with milk.

Shlomi: No, man, I told you, I don't like it...

Seven: The entire Scottish nation takes its tea this way and you can't do it?

Shlomi: I can, I just don't want to.

Seven: Your loss.

Silence.

Shlomi: So, what, you're a Celtic fan?

Seven: Diehard.

Shlomi: Walla...

Seven: (*Gets up and starts singing*)

When you walk through a storm,
Hold your head up high,
And don't be afraid of the dark,

At the end of a storm, there's a golden sky,
And the sweet silver song of a lark.

Shlomi: What was that?

Seven: The Celtic anthem! You should learn it, it'll help your sales.

Shlomi: How so?

Seven: Sing it to them.

Shlomi: Yeah, right.

Seven: Imagine yourself in a mall back in Israel. All of a sudden, this posh guy with a vague accent stops you and tries to sell you something in broken Hebrew. Will you stop?

Shlomi: No.

Seven: Good. Now imagine that same guy, in the same mall, walking up to you and starting to talk about your favorite thing in the whole world. Now will you stop?

Shlomi: Maybe...

Seven: In a split second it would turn into – where do you live, what do you do, where did you serve in the army... Now will you buy his stuff?

Shlomi: Possibly...

Seven: See, integrate! I'm telling you, it's like this whole cultural thing... Everyone here loves soccer!

Shlomi: Walla...

Seven: Now try some tea and milk.

Shlomi: I don't want any tea and milk.

Seven: What's the worst that could happen?

Shlomi: I don't wanna...

Seven: What are you, a child?

Shlomi: If I drink it, would you get off my back?

Seven: I will.

Shlomi takes a sip of Seven's tea.

Shlomi: This crap isn't too bad.

Seven: What did I tell ya?! *(They both laugh. Seven gets up abruptly)* What was that?

Shlomi: What, dude?

Seven: You didn't hear that?

Shlomi: Hear what?

Seven: I'm telling you, there's someone here.

Shlomi: There's no one here.

Seven: I'm not messing with you, someone else is in here.

Seven checks out the other rooms in the apartment.

Shlomi: There's no one here.

Seven: I heard something.

Shlomi: I believe you.

Seven: Walla...

Shlomi: Come here, Seven, have some tea and milk... Relax... So what else can help my sales?

Seven: First of all, the Rangers – may they rot in hell forever and ever! – Are blue. Celtic – never walk alone - are green.

Shlomi: Why does it matter?

Seven: If you give some old lady, who's a Celtic fan, a product in a blue bag, she dumps it on the floor and walks away.

Shlomi: I see...

Seven: Honest to God. Now, there are all sorts of expressions it's crucial for you to know. The Scots have an entire dictionary of English words only they understand. Know what, let's play a little game...

Shlomi: What game?

Seven: I'm a Scotsman working in the mall, and I come up to you and tell you: 'Hey Shlomi lad, there's going to be a great soccer game tonight, are you an Arab?'

Shlomi: What's that now?

Seven: Answer me – Are you an Arab?

Shlomi: Huh?

Seven: Are you an Arab, Shlomi? Are you an Arab?

Shlomi: Who's an Arab?

Seven: I'm just messing with you... Arab means a Dundee United fan...

Shlomi: Dundee who?

Seven: Dundee... It's a city in Scotland... I asked if you were a fan of their soccer team... You got all worked up for nothing...

Shlomi: I see...

Seven: You see. Now I'll be William Wallace and you be one of my warriors.

Shlomi: Who are you?

Seven: Braveheart! William Wallace, the Scottish National hero! *(Yells, just like in the movie)*
Freedom!!!

Shlomi: Ohhh... that Mel Gibson movie.

Seven: That's right! So now I'm William Wallace, the commander, and you're my soldier, cool?

Shlomi: A-ha...

Seven: Hello, wee lad.

Shlomi: What's a wee lad?

Seven: A little boy... Where's your weapon?

Shlomi: *(He has no idea what to do and Seven signals to him to whip out an imaginary sword. Shlomi plays along and indeed whips out an imaginary sword)* Here it is.

Seven: Where?

Shlomi: Here.

Seven: Here what?

Shlomi: Here here.

Seven: Here it is, Sir William Wallace.

Shlomi: Here it is, Sir William Wallace.

Seven: I am William Wallace.

Shlomi: I am William Wa...

Seven: *(Interrupts Shlomi)* Shlomi, Shlomi... *(Seven starts reciting the monologue from 'Braveheart')*

I am William Wallace! And I see a whole army of my countrymen, here in defiance of tyranny. You've come to fight as free men... and free men you are. What will you do with that freedom? Will you fight?

Shlomi: What fight? Fight now?

Seven: Aye, fight and you may die. Run, and you'll live... at least a while. And dying in your beds, many years from now, would you be willing' to trade all the days, from this day to that, for one chance, just one chance, to come back here and tell our enemies that they may take our lives, but they'll never take... Our FREEDOM!!!

Shlomi: Yeah!!!

Seven: Do you swear to fight for freedom?

Shlomi: I swear!

Seven: Do you swear to defend your country?

Shlomi: I swear!

Seven: Do you swear to eat Haggis all your life?

Shlomi: I swear! What's Haggis?

Seven: It's a mixture of lungs, liver, heart and lamb's kidney fat... The national dish!

Shlomi: I'll pass.

Seven: Soldier!

Shlomi: Yes, sir?

Seven: Are you ready?

Shlomi: Ready for ma (*'What' in Hebrew*)?

Seven: The hunting season begins! Let's go hunting!

Seven starts wandering around the apartment as if he's out hunting, pretending to have a weapon in his hand. Shlomi watches his every move. Seven sings a song based on the Beach Boys' "The Lion Sleeps Tonight".

Seven: In the loch-ness the mighty loch ness the monster sleeps tonight... in the loch ness the mighty loch-ness, Nessy sleeps tonight... Aweeee.

Shlomi: Ok, man, I think we're done playing games for today.

Seven: We've only just begun.

Shlomi: And now we're done.

Seven: Why? Let's go hunting.

Shlomi: What are your plans for tomorrow?

Seven: To get around.

Shlomi: What about a flat?

Seven: We'll work something out...

Shlomi: Ok, what about a job? (*Silence*) Good night.

Seven: There's not gonna be anyone at the mall tomorrow anyhow.

Shlomi: Why not?

Seven: Robert.

Shlomi: Robert who?

Seven: Robert Burns.

Shlomi: The mall manager?

Seven: National Poet Day.

Shlomi: These people will find any excuse to get out of work.

Seven: That's how it is here, man. Everything's chill.

Shlomi: Chill my ass, I'm freaking out here.

Seven: It's the National Poet!

Shlomi: Derby Day, National Poet Day, what's next – teddy bear day?

Seven: That's pretty good, actually...

Shlomi: I barely sold anything since I got here!

Seven: So let's just sing!

Shlomi: Knock it out, Seven...

Seven: It won't kill you...

Shlomi: Stop it, Seven, not now.

Seven: Let's sing in harmony... Just like the Silly Wizard used to!

Shlomi: Come on, man...

Seven: *(Starts singing the Celtic Anthem, he approaches Shlomi and a smile slowly appears on Shlomi's face until he finally comes around and joins in on the singing)*

When you walk through a storm,
Hold your head up high,
And don't be afraid of the dark,
At the end of a storm, there's a golden sky,
And the sweet silver song of a lark
Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown...

(Seven steps away from Shlomi, Shlomi sings on his own)

Shlomi:

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone...

Seven keeps looking at Shlomi from behind, then suddenly screams -

Seven: Hey, there's someone here.

Shlomi: What?

Seven: Shhh... Who is it? Do not fuck with us! We're crazy!

Seven signals to Shlomi to stay close to him and the two start scouring the flat like two soldiers on a military mission.

Seven: Kitchen – clear! Window – clear! Bedroom...

Shlomi + Seven: Clear!

Seven: Toilet? *(Shlomi walks over to the toilet)*

Shlomi: Clear. *(Shlomi returns from the toilet)* I told you, there's no one here...

(Silence)

Seven: Can I have some more tea and milk?

Shlomi: Sure.

Seven: And make it super sweet!

Shlomi goes to the kitchen again as Seven stays behind, smiling to himself. Shlomi returns with the fresh cups of tea and serves Seven.

Seven: My dad took me to a game back home once.

Shlomi: Walla?

Seven: The game of the season. Maccabee Haifa vs. Maccabee Tel Aviv.

Shlomi: Back when Israeli soccer was real soccer.

Seven: Absolutely...

Shlomi: The 5-0 game?

Seven: Yup.

Shlomi: Really? I was there too!

Seven + Shlomi: Awesome game!

Seven: The game barely started, Berkowitz kicks the ball.

Shlomi: Bam!

Seven: One-nil!

Shlomi: A couple of minutes later 'the airplane' scores another goal!

Seven: Three players jump Atar.

Shlomi: Atar breaks free, lets out a friggin' missile to the goalposts!

Seven: Bam, three!

Shlomi: Another one from Berkowitz!

Seven: Four-nil!

Shlomi: Moshe Glam serves us the fifth... Bam.

Seven + Shlomi: What a game!!!

Seven: After that championship they went seven years straight without a win.

Shlomi: Seven years of famine.

Seven: And Berkowitz moved to Celtic.

Shlomi + Seven: They couldn't stand him...

They both laugh.

Shlomi: Where did you learn to scour like that?

Seven: Me?

Shlomi: Yeah, before.

Seven: The movies.

Shlomi: Walla... Where'd you serve?

Seven: I got around.

Shlomi: Which unit?

Seven: The get-around unit. Hush-hush. If I tell you...

Shlomi: You'll have to kill me?

Seven: Something like that. And you?

Shlomi: Me? Uh... I went undercover as an Arab.

Seven: My, my... A fighter-fighter. Well, it's your turn now.

Shlomi: To do what?

Seven: Teach me.

Shlomi: Teach you what?

Seven: To go undercover.

Shlomi: Forget about it.

Seven: Please, man. It sounds hella cool!

Shlomi: You think I can teach it to you in a couple of minutes?

Seven: I taught you Scottish.

Shlomi: Forget it, man...

Seven: Something small.

Shlomi: Forget it.

Seven: Come on now, something small.

Shlomi: What do you want me to teach you?

Seven: The simplest thing.

Shlomi: And then you'll let it go?

Seven: I'll let it go.

Shlomi: Promise?!

Seven: Cross my heart and hope to die.

Shlomi: Ok... Let's say you walk into a house, the first thing you do is always make a quick scan of everything in the room. The smallest, most insignificant things. Like, where the cups stand...

Seven: There.

Shlomi: The color of the wall...

Seven: White.

Shlomi: I'm not talking about right now.

Seven: Oh, sorry.

Shlomi: What was in the fridge, stuff like that... usually, seven seconds will tell you a lot about a man! If he's married, if he cheats on his wife, if he's wearing women's underwear, if he's a terrorist...

Seven: All this in seven seconds?

Shlomi: Give it a try. Go into my bedroom, look around for seven seconds and come back. *(Seven runs to the bedroom, Shlomi counts to seven)* One, two, three, four, five, six, seven *(Seven returns)*. What did you see?

Seven: Um... All sorts of things.

Shlomi: Like...

Seven: First of all, the room is stuffed, there's no window.

Shlomi: Nice.

Seven: The beds untidy...

Shlomi: What else?

Seven: There's a lamp with no shade on it and there are no pictures in the room.

Shlomi: Nice, Shlomi, I mean Seven, so what does all that tell you?

Seven: Well... The untidy bed means we're dealing with a bachelor. He works hard and hurries to work.

Shlomi: Ok, now try to go deeper, beyond what you already know about me.

Seven: The fact that there's no shade in the room and lamp is hanging from the ceiling, makes me realize this is probably a rented flat...

Shlomi: Nice. How long has he been there?

Seven: A week, a week and a half... Maybe he's a suicide bomber who's planning a mega-terrorist attack and keeps changing flats so they don't catch him. He's always on the run...

Shlomi: What else?

Seven: The no pictures on the walls - maybe he doesn't want anyone to know stuff about him, like he's hiding some secret or something.

Shlomi: Interesting, Seven. Not bad.

Seven: So what's your secret, Shlomi?

Shlomi: Mine?

Seven: What are you hiding?

Shlomi: Me? I got no secrets, me.

Silence.

Seven: It helps with the sales, this people scanning, huh?

Shlomi: It mainly helps to lighten their wallets. *(Laughs)*

Seven: Speaking of lightening things up, do you have any scotch?

Shlomi: Whiskey?

Seven: The night's still young and tomorrow is Robert Burns day.

Shlomi: National Poet Day... I think I have a Johnny walker somewhere around here.

Seven: Got any chasers?

Shlomi: Let's chill.

Seven: Super chill. *(Shlomi steps outside and comes back with a bottle of Whisky and a couple of chasers)* Now we each slosh seven chasers!

Shlomi: Way to keep it chill.

Seven: Let's see who breaks first.

Shlomi: You don't stand a chance.

Seven: You don't say...

Shlomi: I do say. You don't stand a chance.

Seven: You don't say...

Shlomi: I do say. You don't stand a chance!!!

Shlomi pours. They raise their glasses.

Shlomi: Lechayim! *('To life!' in Hebrew, equivalent to 'Cheers!')*

Seven: Lechayim! May the man in the tank win!

Shlomi: Whatever!

They drink.

Seven: Aaahhh... one-all. Berkowitz shoots one to the goalpost. Another one!

Shlomi: His defense is on fire.

Seven: Go on, Shlomk'e, that's nothing around here, they down these shots one by one. Now one more!

Shlomi: *(Pours)* Lechayim!

Seven: Lechayim!

They both drink.

Seven: Aahhh... Two-all. Mizrachi kicks the ball in the air. The suspense is unbelievable, the crowd is going wild... Let's go for number three!

Shlomi: Wait a second, hold on, let's take a breather.

Seven: Don't be a whiny little bitch, Shlomi-boy. Do you swear to fight for freedom?

Shlomi: *(Pours)* Lechayim.

Seven: Lechayim!!!

They both drink.

Shlomi: Three-all *(Seven starts coughing)*. Is that it? All this talk and you're already shitfaced?

Seven: Put a sock in it and start pouring number four.

Shlomi pours. They drink.

Shlomi + Seven: Four-all!

They laugh. Shlomi pours chaser number five.

Seven: Lechayim.

They both drink.

Seven: Five-all... Ha, ha, ha... Can you feel the beat? The entire stadium is on their feet! Let's go for six!

Shlomi: I can't, man, I'm done. My throat's burning, the team is over.

Seven: Train easy, fight hard, eh? Are you throwing in the towel?

Shlomi: Shut up, kid, shut up!

Seven: *(Takes the bottle and pours them both another drink)* Lechayim!

Shlomi: *(Just barely picks up the glass)* Fucking A...

They both drink.

Seven: Aaahhh... Six-all. Get the fire department in here!

Shlomi: That's it. I'm done. My throat's gone.

Seven: Raising a white flag, are ya?

Shlomi: I surrender. I surrender.

Seven: There's no such thing, staff sergeant Shlomi. One more shot and you're through. You want the squad to know that you gave up?

Shlomi: Put it here, you motherfucker. *(Seven laughs and pours one more drink)*

Seven: Lechayim, staff sergeant Ben-David, Lechayim!

They both drink.

Seven: Aaahhh... Seven-all, welcome to seventh heaven! Well done, Shlomi! Well done!

Shlomi: You're killing me.

Seven: You ain't seen nothing yet.

They sit down next to each other, completely wasted.

Seven: Wow, Shlomi...

Shlomi: Eh...

Seven: Draw me a sheep.

Shlomi: What?

Seven: Nothing, I'm kidding. Wow, Shlomi...

Shlomi: Eh...

Seven: Teach me Arabic.

Shlomi: Forget it.

Seven: Come on, please. Pretty please. Ya Sahleb *(‘You saloop’ in Arabic)*, Ya Matboucha...*(used derogatorily, the literal meaning in Arabic is ‘a salad made of cooked tomatoes’)*

Shlomi: Leave it, Bhiat...*(‘Give me a break’ in Arabic)*

Seven: Bhiat what?

Shlomi: Bhiat ya wallad...*(‘You little kid’ in Arabic)*

Seven: What's that?

Shlomi: The same as in Hebrew, give me a break, kid.

Seven: Cool. What else?

Shlomi: That's enough, Seven.

Seven: I taught you Scottish.

Shlomi: I just remember the normal stuff, like everyone else.

Seven: Such as?

Shlomi: Iftach El Bab, Jish.

Seven: Yikes, what does that mean?

Shlomi: Open the door, military!

Seven: Cool, what else?

Shlomi: Just regular stuff, wakkaf wakkaf walla batuchak, which means – stop, stop or I'll shoot.

Seven: *(Gets into the character of an Arab man)* No, soldier, don't shoot at me...

Shlomi: What?

Seven: Bhiat, soldier, I'm sorry... All I want is to live in peace... I didn't do anything.

Shlomi: Walla? Shu Ismak? *('What's your name?' in Arabic)*

Shlomi stands up and plays along.

Seven: Ismi Bassam *('My name is Bassam' in Arabic)* Walla, Ana student *('I'm a student' in Arabic)* I...

Shlomi: What you got under your shirt there, ya Bassam?

Seven: Walla, nothing, mister soldier... My brother is filbeit *('At home' in Arabic)*.

Shlomi: Uskut!!! *('Quiet!' in Arabic)* Taalun, taalun, come here... Jibel awyia – give me your ID card...

Seven: But I don't have it on me, soldier. Please, my brother is...

Shlomi: What do you mean it's not oh you? Jibel awyia or I'll smash your face in.

Seven: But I don't, soldier, bhiat, I swear to you... Some Calb *('Dog' in Arabic)* soldiers threw away my card...

Shlomi: Are you lying to me, ya Bassam?

Seven: No, soldier, who's lying... I speak only truth.

Shlomi: Only truth? *(Shlomi drops Seven to the floor)*

Seven: Only truth!

Shlomi: I believe you. *(Shlomi lets go of Seven)* Ok, Seven. I'm outta here.

Seven: We're just having a laugh...

Shlomi turns to go to the bedroom.

Seven: What was that?

Shlomi: What?

Seven: I'm telling you, Shlomi, for real this time! Someone's in here.

Shlomi: Cut it out. There's no one here.

Seven: Watch out, Shlomi, behind you!!

Shlomi turns back and kicks the bedroom door. It looks like he's holding a gun.

Shlomi: *(Yelling)* Hiding, you son of a bitch!!!

Seven: *(Yelling)* No!! *(Seven drops to his knees)* What did you do, soldier?! My little brother!! You killed my brother! You killed the boy! Ya Eibn Calb!! *(‘You son of a dog!’ in Arabic)*

Shlomi: Stop it, Seven, it's not funny anymore.

Seven: *(Imitates him)* "Stop it, Seven, it's not funny anymore..." *(Gets up and approaches Shlomi)* Ya murderer, ya eibn sharmoutta... *(‘You son of a whore’ in Arabic)*... ya murderer! *(He pushes Shlomi to the couch)* What did my little brother ever do to you, huh?! *(He pushes Shlomi again)*

Shlomi: Stop that...

Seven: But why, ya Calb *(‘You dog’ in Arabic)*, why? He's just a boy... a 7-year-old boy! *(He comes up to Shlomi and spits in his face)* Inshalla *(‘God willing’ in Arabic)* you will die, soldier! Inshalla you will die, soldier!

Shlomi: *(Pushes Seven back)* Are you fucking mad?

Seven: You like picking on kids, eh? Let's see you pick on someone your own size. Eh, soldier... Let's see you pick on someone your own size!

Shlomi: Cut it out, Seven, I don't want to fight you.

Seven: *(Imitates him)* "I don't want to fight you..." What's wrong, are you scared, ya mister soldier?

Shlomi: Don't get me riled up, Seven.

Seven: *(Imitates him)* "Don't get me riled up, Seven..."

Seven lunges at Shlomi. Shlomi knocks him down to the floor.

Seven: Calb! *(Dog!)* Murderer! *(He lunges at Shlomi once again)*

Shlomi: *(Shlomi overpowers him)* He was at the wrong place at the wrong time!

Seven: He was in his bedroom.

Shlomi: How do you know all that?!

Seven: I know everything, staff sergeant Shlomi Ben David!

Shlomi: Who sent you here?

Seven: Service number 7243011.

Shlomi: Who sent you?!

Seven: You did!

Shlomi: Don't give me that fucking bullshit!

Seven: You did! You're the one who called me; you're the one who started talking to me, You're the one who invited me to stay with you.

Shlomi: It's impossible... It's impossible...

Seven: You killed that boy and you've been driving me mad ever since!!! Wah-wah, I killed a 7-year-old, what have I done... I killed a 7-year-old...

Shlomi loosens his grip on Seven and moves away from him.

Shlomi: It was an accident... I panicked. A noise came from the room, I saw someone looking at me and I offed him

Seven: Offed him? You shot him seven times; there was nothing left of him!

Shlomi: I was sure he was coming to take me down, it was self-defense!

Seven: Self-defense?

Shlomi: That's right!

Seven: I see we're still playing games.

Shlomi: Would you knock it off with your stupid games?

Seven: What's the matter, 7243011? You too chicken to play?

Shlomi: It was an accident!!

Seven: That's great, now I can relax. Accident or no accident, you walked into that house when the kid was asleep, you forced his entire family out of the house, the kid startled and woke up and then you blasted through the door and sprayed seven bullets at him! Four to the face, two to the stomach and one to the heart! You took out a terrorist, made you feel like a real man, huh? Self-defense... You know exactly what you are, First Sergeant Ben-David! And now, if you really are a man, you'll set things right! Aren't you tired of all these games? This constant Charade? Acting like this super salesman abroad, you're a total phony! Smiling at people like everything's great, but those who know you, even a little, can tell straight away that you're dead inside. Because you're a murderer and you know that you deserve to die. So do the right thing!

Shlomi grabs Seven, drags him to the door and throws him out. He locks the door behind him and goes back to the living room. Shlomi turns around and sees Seven standing in front of him.

Seven: Be a man, Shlomi!

Shlomi: *(Startled)* Leave me alone!!!

Seven: Final game, Shlomi.

Shlomi: Stay away from me.

Seven: You scared?

Shlomi lunges at Seven and the two start to wrestle. At some point Seven moves away from Shlomi as he continues to hit himself. Several moments later Seven returns to Shlomi's grip.

Shlomi: I killed that boy, but I didn't murder him.

Shlomi punches Seven in the face.

Seven: One!

Shlomi: I heard a noise and I was sure it was a suicide bomber about to blow up on me, on us, or something.

Another punch.

Seven: Two!

Shlomi: I broke down the door, I saw him, and I offed him.

Shlomi punches Seven in the face three more times.

Seven: Three, four, five (*Shlomi stops*) Punch me again! (*He punches him once*) And another one! (*Another punch*) Seven!!!

Shlomi lets go of Seven and walks away from him; Seven remains spread across the floor.

Shlomi: That's when I saw it was a boy, a little boy... His face was completely shattered... And the bed was soaking with blood. His brother ran inside and tried to resuscitate him. I stood there, frozen, just looking at them. He came at me and spat at me; I didn't respond. My squad seized him and pulled him away from me. The next day there were stories all over the news about a tactical infiltration force that killed a 7-year-old boy in cold blood! They said it was murder and that the culprits must be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. The fullest extent of the law...?! "Shoot first, cry later," that's what my dad used to say, "The most important thing is that you stay safe, son." Is it my fault there's a war? Is it my fault kids are getting killed?! I thought there was a terrorist there, you hear me? A terrorist that's going to kill me... (*Shlomi mounts Seven again and forcibly pins him down*) You hear?! I killed that boy, but I didn't murder him!

Shlomi punches Seven in the face.

Seven: One!

Shlomi: I heard a noise and I was sure it was a suicide bomber about to blow up on me, on us, or something.

Another punch.

Seven: Two!

Shlomi: I broke down the door, I saw him, and I offed him.

Shlomi punches Seven in the face three more times.

Seven: Three, four, five (*Shlomi stops*) Punch me again! (*He punches him once*) And one more! (*Another punch*)

Shlomi and Seven: Seven!!!

Fade to black.