

# What's Left For You In Berlin

A Short Play By Ofek Levy

Translation from Hebrew to English: CD Henderson and Yuval Gerstner

# **"What's Left For You In Berlin"**

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In the heart of the KitKat Club in Berlin, Oren and Jason realize that rare chemistry has stricken them mercilessly and a special spark of love, which may happen once in a lifetime, has ignited. Between a cigarette and a confession the two discover, for the first time in their lives, consolation and hope.

Together they break down concepts such as love, boundaries, and fear, all while one is married, expecting a baby and has a new job, and the other is willing to do everything in order not to miss what seems to be the love of his life.

## **Characters:**

**JASON:** A former Israeli youth and a Berliner in the present. 30 Years Old. A hipster

**OREN:** An Israeli adult. 30 Years Old. Geek.

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IN ADDITION, MODIFICATION / ADAPTATION OF THE PLAY WILL ALSO REQUIRE  
WRITTEN APPROVAL FROM THE PLAYWRIGHT.**

**The KitKat Club balcony. French techno music is heard. Oren storms out. He lights a cigarette. After a few seconds Jason appears.**

**JASON:** Guter Küsser, meine Liebe! [**“Good kisser, my dear”**]

**OREN:** So about all that...

**JASON:** On second thought, I should not have said it in German.

**OREN:** WHAT??! Fuck. Do you speak Hebrew? Fuck. Look, it's not--

**[JASON rolls himself a cigarette]**

**JASON:** I should have given you Holon\*. Maybe Petah Tikva\*. [**Pause**] You have a light? [**Pause**] Danke. **“Thank you”**

**OREN:** I... listen... that kiss, inside, that was a mistake.

**JASON:** It didn't seem like a mistake to me...

**OREN:** Yeah... it's just not gonna happen tonight. Sorry.

**JASON:** What were you thinking was going to happen tonight?

**OREN:** We're not gonna have sex tonight.

**JASON:** I'm not one of those who just pick up guys from the KitKat Club. Anyway, what's your name, Mr.

**“We're-Not-Gonna-Have-Sex-Tonight-From-Petah-Tikva”?**

**OREN:** ...Roy! [**Pause**] Why do you think you know where I live?

**JASON:** Your geekiness, it was misleading at first. Ja? [**“Yes”**]

**OREN:** Geekiness? What do you want from me??

**JASON:** I have a special sensor, a sensor for people from Petah Tikva and the surrounding area.

(\*Holon and Petach Tikva are names of cities in Israel.)

**OREN:** Well, your sensor may need some formatting. I'm from Tel Aviv!

**[Oren turns back to the club]**

**JASON:** I said AND THE SURROUNDING AREA. Tel Aviv is in the surrounding of Petah Tikva. My sensor knows something else: people like you, I can recognize you in a second. You people are always afraid to lose something that's not yours yet... always pushing aside anything that comes your way.

**OREN:** Oh yeah? Well, your other sensor also needs some formatting... I'm not losing anything, because I'm not cheating --

**JASON:** Meine Liebe! **[My love]**, We're at the KitKat Club, right? "Cheating", "Not gonna happen tonight", "A mistake". Loosen up! Everything here is a one big illusion of life--

**OREN:** What a cliché. God. Loosen up? Listen, we don't even--

**JASON:** Know each other? Right. I'm Jason, nice to meet you. **[Pause]** You're not a gentleman, are you?

**OREN:** Can you just go??!

**JASON:** What?

**OREN:** I just want you to go! Enough! I don't need anything from you.

**JASON:** It's all good. You are allowed to be weak sometimes.

**OREN:** Has anyone even asked you what I'm allowed or not allowed to do? Get the hell out of here already! Why did you even come out here anyway?!

**JASON:** Because we kissed, and then you came out here.

**OREN:** Okay, so what did you understand from that?

**JASON:** That we kissed.

**OREN:** And then I left! I walked out. It's like saying "BYE"! What are you doing coming out here like a stalker? What are you, insane?

**JASON:** I didn't see it that way. That wasn't my intention... sorry.

**[Jason puts out the cigarette, turns back to the club]**

**OREN:** Wait. Sorry, I apologize... my head's just not right tonight. Where do you live? Tel Aviv as well?

**JASON:** At Hackescher Markt. But I didn't think you'd want to get to my apartment so quickly.

**OREN:** Aren't you Israeli?

**JASON:** I moved to Berlin at the age of eighteen. **[Pause]** Are you... in the closet?

**OREN:** Closet..? Definitely not.

**JASON:** But you went all the way to Berlin so that people won't recognize you, Ja?  
**[Pause]** Say,  
"Roy-We're-Not-Gonna-Have-Sex-Tonight-From-Petah-Tikva", why running away to Berlin just to be who you really are?

**OREN:** And you? Who are you?

**JASON:** I'm Jason.

**OREN:** Just Jason?

**JASON:** Just like Roy-We're-Not-Gonna-Have-Sex-Tonight-From-Petah-Tikva.

**OREN:** Stop bullshitting me, okay? I asked you who you are.

**JASON:** You don't like small talk, Ja? **[Laughs]** Jason Heller, that's my full name...

**OREN:** And what do you do other than psychological analyses on the KitKat Club balcony?

**JASON:** I'm a poet.

**OREN:** Are you successful?

**JASON:** If I had to judge by the number of people who approached me at the club, I would say, yes.

**OREN:** So you chose to hit on me because you want to reach the unreachable?

**JASON:** Unfortunately. But I see that with a bit of work, I might be able to do it.

**OREN:** I like it that you're direct - but it's not gonna happen this time.

**[Oren puts out his cigarette, turns back to the club]**

**JASON:** What happened? I told you that you seemed to be easy to get, so you run away?

**OREN:** Run away??

**JASON:** You're the exact opposite of what you --

**OREN:** Let me disappoint you with reality, Jason: I have an amazing wife! Netta is her name if you asked. She is five months pregnant.

**JASON:** I didn't know you are "one of those".

**OREN:** What do you mean One of those"?

**JASON:** The rightdoers. Those who'll get married in a cheap wedding hall in northern Petah Tikva just for doing "what they need to do". Those who'll mortgage their soul until they're sixty for a seventy square meters apartment. Those who just want to please their mother-in-law.

**OREN:** I don't need your approval.

**JASON:** So tell me what you DO need!

**OREN:** To have fun.

**JASON:** To have fun with a man at the KitKat club? Your wife must be happy.

**OREN:** Aren't you the one who said that anything here is possible? That life here is just a one big illusion?

**JASON:** And still we cannot escape our lives so easily.

**OREN:** I didn't want to escape my life, just to clear my head.

**JASON:** Never mind. Why am I wasting my time on you? You'll never understand. And even if you will, you'll do anything to forget.

**[Jason turns back to the club, Oren stops Jason on the doorstep]**

**OREN:** Read me one of your poems!

**JASON:** What happened, Mr. Fiance? **[Pause]** I need to get a hookup tonight.

**OREN:** Change my brain.

**JASON:** Change what?!!

**OREN:** I'm here to change my brain, no? So go ahead, change my brain! **[Pause]** Come on! You said you were a poet, no? So come on! Do something. What's the matter, aren't you one of those poets who walk around with a notepad in their pocket, sit on a broken bench, and write about their loves and their so called broken lives?

**[Jason takes a page out of his pocket]**

**JASON** "And at the first time we met, our eyes met-  
Love at first glance.  
We sat and looked at each other  
And we could not see our lives without the end.

And at the second glance we've already lowered our eyes,  
Reminiscing the first glance, of a spark that had been lit.

And the third glance was the last glance.

We quickly drank the sparks that faded away eventually.

All of that was about that first glance."

**[Silence]**

You probably think it's--

**OREN:** Beautiful.

**JASON:** Ouch. You got me good. Anyway, enjoy what's left for you in Berlin.

**[Picks up a bottle of beer, signals to cheers]**

Hals- und Beinbruch **[“Break A leg”]**

**OREN:** Haiss- und Beinruch..?

**JASON:** "Broken neck and leg". It's like... "Break A leg". I don't believe in it, but...  
good luck Roy. **[Pause, turns, to himself]** Just-Roy,  
We're-Not-Gonna-Have-Sex-Tonight, From-Petah-Tikva.

**OREN:** **[Pause]** Wait. It really was a beautiful poem.

**JASON:** Yeah, right... you probably see me as a poor guy but I don't need your  
words to feel better, Roy.

**OREN:** Why do you think I'm trying to please you? **[Pause, no answer]** Wait! I  
lied to you. **[Pause]** Oren Oz. That's my name. Not Roy.

**JASON:** Why did you lie?

**OREN:** Not every question needs an answer, Jason... who did you write this poem  
about?



**JASON:** Not every question needs an answer, Oren. Right? If that's your real name. who knows?

**OREN:** Come on! You know, Jason, people can't get into your head in order to predict the next thing they should have said to you. I don't know what you think, or why you're so defensive, but I really liked that poem.

**JASON:** I can only write when my brain is changed.

**OREN:** Do you really believe that the world is like that?

**JASON:** That the world is impulsive? Well, is there anyone who doesn't think so? **[Pause]** Have you ever noticed that we say "FALLING in love"? **[Pause]** We do not say "RISING into love" - just falling.

**OREN:** Walking into a bear trap?

**JASON:** When you walk into a bear trap, you know that there's a bear inside and yet you choose to walk into it. When you fall in love, you just don't think about anything. You're helpless. **[Pause]** Do you know a couple who haven't got separate at the end?

**OREN:** No.

**JASON:** Exactly. Someday, somewhere, we'll fall. get injured, get broken. Someone will abandon us, someone will die on us. Someone will stay, and we will abandon him.

**OREN:** Has anyone ever fallen in love with you, Jason?

**JASON:** No. It always ended after 3 dates. I call it "the third rule for Jason". By the third date they always realize I'm fucked up.

**OREN:** Why do you think you're the only one who's fucked up in this world?

**JASON:** Why all the people I've dated wasn't fucked up?

**OREN:** [Laughs] Come on, Jason. Look around. Oh! There you go, look at them, over there --

**JASON:** A perfect example! Dancing like crazy. Look at his smile. At hers. There's some inexplicable happiness between them... It takes you one second to understand that you see years of love, and that's only when--

**OREN:** Jason! He came into the club a second before me. Alone. He's a New Yorker by the way. Talked to his wife about being exhausted and that he just went to sleep. She told him that his son, Kevin, is going to take an afternoon nap, so he read to him a story over the phone. Years of love? Come on. Do you really think that everyone is perfect except you? We're all just looking how to handle our shit. [Pause] What's your secret, Jason?

**JASON:** I wrote that poem about you.

**OREN:** So I'm the one who managed to change your brain?

**JASON:** With regular people, the brain changes every few years. And even then, it takes a very special person to change it. With me, like some idiot, it happens after a minute that I see someone new. I fall, fall in love. With nowhere to keep my heart safe. "Love at first glance".

**OREN:** And you still have to believe in love Jason, no matter how many times your heart got broken.

**JASON:** How did you and your wife meet?

**OREN:** We know each other from when we were three. Our parents are good friends.

**JASON:** Zero romance, Ja?

**OREN:** I love her.

**JASON:** Yeah, I saw how much you love her... You didn't fall in love with her, Oren... You got used to her.

**OREN:** Bullshit. I didn't get used to her! I've always been--

**JASON:** In love with her? Really??! Do you notice how many cliches you spread around here oren? "You have to believe in love Jason!" Bullshit! You got used to your wife because she was always there and it was possible. That's it. You wanted to get some affection, love. But you didn't want to fall before love. You didn't want to get hurt, you didn't want to break down, you didn't want your heart to be torn. You wanted a perfect structure. One that would allow you to fall only in her death, or yours, whichever comes first, and then breaking up there will be inevitable. But there's no such thing, Oren. In order to be really clean, you must get dirty first.

**OREN:** It's easier for an extreme person like you to say these things.

**JASON:** Or harder.

**[Oren looks at the phone]**

**OREN:** I have to go Jason...

**JASON:** Now?

**OREN:** My flight leaves in a few hours--

**JASON:** Your eyes tell me how much you want to stay here --

**OREN:** And I still have to go to the hotel to pack my suitcase... And it's all still messed up...

**JASON:** Hey! Look at me!

**OREN:** I have a child, Jason.

**JASON:** You are the first who needs to dare Oren. I see it! I see it deep in your eyes. It's burning inside you. It's burning your soul. You can't go, definitely not now.

**OREN:** I can't just leave everything.

**JASON:** Do you think that what's in here will leave you so soon? **[Pause]** At this rate, everything will leave you before you leave it!

**[Alarm clock rings from Oren's phone. Silence. Pause]**

**OREN:** The flight... It's...

**JASON:** And the suitcase, don't forget to pack your suitcase.

**OREN:** Don't make it harder than it already is for me.

**JASON:** If it's so hard for you, then just don't fly away. Give me one more day with you. That's all I'm asking. After that make your own decisions.

**OREN:** Someday... you'll understand me, someday....

**[OREN intends to leave the balcony, JASON stops him on the  
doorstep]**

**JASON:** Did I manage to change your brain?

**OREN:** After many years no one did.