

# POLLARD

A Play in two acts

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Translated by: Jerry Hyman

The play was inspired by actual events, but the scenes and dialogue are fiction, taken from the playwright's imagination. This current version is based on "Pollard", produced at The Cameri Theatre in Tel Aviv, 1995, directed by Ilan Ronen. The playwright wishes to thank the actors of The Cameri for their contributions to the play's formulation. Special thanks to the director, Ilan Ronen, for his participation in the play's development from the start.

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## Cast of characters

<b>Jonathan Jay Pollard</b>	32, A Jewish American working for U.S. Naval Intelligence.
<b>Anne --</b>	27, his girlfriend, later his wife.
<b>Colonel Sela --</b>	40, Israeli combat pilot, on leave, studying in the United States.
<b>Rafi Eitan --</b>	60, Chief of the Bureau of Scientific Relations in the Israel Prime Minister's Office.
<b>Joseph DiGenova --</b>	45, Prosecutor at Pollard's trial.
<b>Sam Goldstein --</b>	60, Anne's uncle. A New York stock broker.
<b>Other characters:</b>	A doctor, nurse, waiters, and security personnel

The principal action of the play is between 1985-1987, and takes place in Washington, New York, Paris, and Tel Aviv. It begins with Pollard's decision to spy for Israel, and ends when he is serving a life sentence in a United States federal prison. Parenthetical action takes place during one night in Pollard's jail cell, paralleling Anne Pollard's stay in a Psychiatric Hospital in Israel.

Additional note:

The character of Sam Goldstein speaks with Yiddish colloquialisms from time to time. The Yiddish words are transliterated into the English alphabet and italicized. Their meaning can be grasped in connection with the action.

## Act One

### Scene 1

**Pollard in his prison cell. OS voice of the Judge at Pollard and Anne's trial.**

Judge: (VO) Jonathan Jay Pollard, you are tried in this courtroom after confessing to espionage for a foreign nation. Anne Pollard, you are tried after confessing to the unauthorized possession of classified documents. Subsequent to the review of said confessions, I ruling you, Jonathan Jay Pollard, to a term of life imprisonment; Anne Pollard, I sentence you to five years in prison.

**Psychiatric Hospital in Israel. Night. Anne enters**

Anne: Hello? Anybody? (Nurse enters) My stomach. I need my pills. Xantac.

Nurse: Do you have a prescription?

Anne: They sent me from the other hospital. They said that you'd give them to me here.

Nurse: Do you have a referral?

Anne: You don't believe me?

Nurse: I need to see either a referral or a prescription.

Anne: They didn't say that. What can I do? Go back there? I'm Anne Pollard. You can't treat me this way. Can't you see I'm in pain?

Nurse: Just calm down. I'll get the doctor. (Exits)

**Anne collapses in pain. The Nurse comes back with a doctor. They both help Anne up and onto a bed. She has her handbag on her arm.**

Dr: Give her twenty milligrams of valium.

Anne: Not Valium! I need Xantac! **(The nurse injects the medication. Anne is hysterical)** And I don't need to be admitted!

Dr: Take her bag. **(Anne desperately clutches her bag to her)**

Anne: Don't touch me! Leave me alone! **(They strap her to the bed)**

Sam: **(enters, to Audience)** My name is Samuel Goldstein. I am Anne Pollard's uncle. Some of you no doubt are already saying to yourselves she doesn't have an uncle. But here she has one; even if I am the figment of the playwright's imagination. This whole play is a figment of the playwright's imagination. But sometimes a play can uncover things that reality cannot or does not wish to reveal. That's why all kinds of *figuren* wanted to shut us up. A *shtickel* here, a *shtick*- there - telephone calls, conversations, secret meetings. **(Laughs)** *Ich feiv zach oyiss*. To hell with them. I came out of the wrinkled pages of this play not to accuse, nor to acquit, but rather for some honest soul searching; not only for Jonathan and Anne Pollard.

## Scene 2

**A French restaurant in Washington. Anne and Jonathan enter with a waiter.**

Waiter: Mademoiselle, monsieur, your coats, please. **(He takes the coats)** Would you care for an appetizer?

Anne: We'll order when Mr. Goldstein gets here. **(Waiter exits)**.

Jay: I don't know why I let myself get dragged into this. I don't have anything to say to him.

Anne: I just want you to meet him, that's all. Try not to make a speech.

Jay: He probably thinks we want something from him.

Anne: We're not asking for anything.

Jay: I feel like a beggar, waiting for him to order our dinner for us. Have to be nice to him so he'll pay the bill.

**Sam enters.**

Sam: Hello, *maydele*.

Anne: Hi, Sam. How are you?

Sam: Regards from your mother. I spoke to her on the phone.

Anne: This is Jay. I told you about him.

Sam: Nice to meet you.

Jay: Jonathan Jay Pollard. **(Shakes his hand)**

Sam: Pollard from Poliakoff? *Nu, a Yid* **(to Anne)** Your mother asked me.

Anne: Suddenly she's interested who I'm seeing?

Jay: **(to Anne)** You didn't tell him I was Jewish?

Anne: **(to Jay)** What difference does it make?

Sam: To your mother it makes a difference.

Anne: She really doesn't care. My father's not Jewish.

Sam: *Nu*, so that's why they got divorced.

Anne: I don't want to talk about that now.

Jay: But I don't understand why you didn't tell him I'm Jewish. **(to Sam)** What did she tell you? I was just some guy?

Anne: I told him you were a great guy.

Sam: She told me you work for Naval Intelligence. So that's why I figured you weren't Jewish.

Anne: And that you also got an award for Excellence.

Jay: **(to Sam)** She thinks it's so natural to be Jewish you don't have to say it.

Anne: What did you want me to tell him? That I'm marrying you because you're Jewish? You know that's not so important to me. **(to Sam)** It's not so important to him, either. Somebody in his office this morning said something anti Israel and he was offended.

Jay: It's not important to me? **(to Sam)** In one breath she negates all the contradictions in my life. The conflict between the history I identify with and the history I live with. Between the minority people I belong to and the majority I am obligated to, the values I uphold and...

Anne: **(interrupting him)** Jay! You promised.

Jay: You brought it up.

Anne: Me? I haven't said a word about all that.

Sam: Hold on. You two sure you want to get married?

**The two of them start laughing. The waiter enters, sets down their drinks and exits.**

Sam: L'haim! **(They drink)** Tell me, Poliakoff...

Jay: Pollard.

Sam: How much are you making, over there in Intelligence? Thirty, forty-five thousand a year? Any *shmendrick* on Wall Street makes more than that. Why are you doing it? That's work for the gentiles. With me you can make...

Jay: **(cutting him off)** Why am I doing it? Good question. I've been thinking about it for quite a while. And I have an answer. **(to Anne)** You don't mind hearing it again, do you? **(to Sam)** From an existential point of view a man cannot be content with money alone. He needs a sense of belonging, something that gives his life some meaning.

Anne: Jay...

Jay: You're the only person I know who doesn't recognize this need.

Anne: I don't need anything besides you. **(to Sam)** He loves to talk. That's what's so wonderful about him.

Sam: I see.

Jay: But just so you know it's this need that creates an emotional conundrum. Especially for Jews who have the possibilities of choice. To be American, to be English, French. And for several years now, the possibility also to be an Israeli. So what do we do?

Sam: *Nu, shoy'n*, you live here, no?

Jay: Yes.

Sam: So if you live in America you're an American.

Jay: Not at all. It's not as simple as that.

Anne: **(to Sam)** You know I've started a new job in public relations?

Sam: Very nice, *maydele*.

Anne: We're going to bid on a new campaign for the Chinese embassy...

Jay: It's because I do live here that I have pangs of conscience. Gut-wrenching. A strong feeling that I can't be just an American when I can also be an Israeli. It's a tragic existential dilemma.

Sam: Not for me.

Jay: Let me ask you a personal question. Mr. Goldstein. You're Jewish, and like all Jews you undoubtedly have a special feeling for...

Anne: That's enough! I asked you not to go into all that. You want him to not come to the wedding?

Jay: What did I say?

Sam: **(to Anne)** Actually, I like it. He's very intelligent, like you said.

Jay: You see you don't have to get upset.

Sam: But the question whether you're American or Israeli, a conundrum shmonundrum, seems to me *gurnisht, narishkeit*.

Jay: Not at all, sir, in my opinion this question is the most significant...

Anne: That's enough, Jay.

Jay: **(to Sam)** And don't think I don't have an answer. I'll come to New York some time and...

Anne: Jay, that's enough.

Jay: I'll bust into your office to convince you. I'm a big admirer of the Israelis. The more I learn about their military, the more I admire them. Their air force, for example, an amazing anthropological phenomenon...

Anne: Excuse me, I don't feel well. **(She gets up to leave)**

Jay: **(he gets up after her)** Anne, Anne, please. I'm sorry. **(She exits. He returns to his seat)** I didn't realize she was so touchy today. I guess I was out of control.

Sam: **(angry)** You don't know she's not supposed to get upset like that? Makes her nauseous in her stomach. Since she was a child. People don't get married to make each other miserable!

Jay: I'm sorry. When I talk about Israel I go a little crazy, I guess. **(Sam is silent)** I understand you have an office on Wall Street. **(Sam is still silent)** You invest in commodities? Real Estate? Oil?

Sam: Oil, among other things.

Jay: The oil market looks pretty good. But there's a bit of a shakeup coming.

Sam: Where'd you read that? The Wall Street Journal?

Jay: The Iraqis have been placing mines along the routes of the Iranian oil tankers. I saw a document on it this morning in the office.

Sam: I'm not sure I should be hearing this from you.

Jay: I'm not telling you anything you won't know about in two or three days. At most a week, when it'll be clear there's an oil shortage.

Sam: That's what you think?

Jay: That's what I know.

Sam: Look, Jay...

Jay: You don't have to accept what I said.

Sam: You understand the significance of this information?

Jay: Of course.

Sam: Waiter! I need a telephone. **(Anne comes back)** You feeling better?

Anne: Yes, thank you. **(She sits)**

Sam: **(to Anne)** By the way, just so you know, I don't disagree with him about Israel. I give a lot to the UJA. **(to Jay)** Just yesterday I met with one of their air force colonels at an Israel Bonds rally. **(The waiter brings him a telephone)** I'm told he was the commander of the raid on the Iraqi nuclear reactor a few years ago. I'm sure you'd like to meet him. **(Into the phone)** David, contact the Tokyo market urgently and...

**Blackout**



**Scene 3**

Sam:           **(to the audience)** I think this is where it started. This was when I threaded the needle that sewed Jay Pollard's prison uniform. *Riboyno shel oylam*, what was it? My stupidity? My blindness? I had barely digested my dinner at the French restaurant when he had already set up a meeting with the Israeli air force Colonel. What was the rush? The *shteytel* was on fire?

**Interrogation room. DiGenova is questioning Jay.**

DiGenova:    You left the office at four o'clock on that day.

Jay:            Yes.

DiGenova:    When did you take the documents from the archives?

Jay:            Earlier that afternoon.

DiGenova:    And where did you keep them until you left?

Jay:            On my desk.

DiGenova:    You worked in the Central American department. Nobody asked you why you needed documents on the Middle East?

Jay:            What happens in the Middle East affects Central America.

DiGenova:    How did you know those documents hadn't been given to the Israelis by regular channels? **(Jay is silent)** How did you know? Someone tell you?

Jay:            It was a small office. I heard the others talking.

DiGenova:    Talking about what?

Jay:            About directives from the Pentagon. What to transmit to the Israelis and what not to.

DiGenova:    And according to what you heard you put a list together of documents?

Jay:            No. I didn't make a list. The Pentagon had a policy. I didn't have to be a genius to understand. They kept from the Israelis anything that might have caused them to take military action. Like Libya's nuclear reactor, the

missiles Iran was sending to Hezbollah, the development of poison gas in Iraq...

DiGenova: The Israelis are always sensitive about gas... **(Jay is silent)** And of your own volition you decided to give them that material?

Jay: There was an agreement to exchange scientific data between the United States and Israel. The Israelis kept their part of it. I thought we should keep ours.

DiGenova: You thought?

Jay: I worked in Naval Intelligence for three years. Most of the time there I was thinking.

DiGenova: Did you consult with anybody in the division? Did you share these thoughts with your superiors? **(Jay is silent)** You simply took the documents, shoved them in your briefcase and left?

**In the background sounds from the prison. Lights up on Jay. He is facing towards Anne in the hospital.**

Jay: It was a small portfolio. Leather. I laid it on the passenger seat of my car, next to me, like it was leftovers from lunch. When I got to the gate I waved to the guard. He smiled. I saw my hand on the steering wheel, trembling. My heart was pounding. I wanted to go back, return the file to the archives. I looked in the rear view mirror to see if I had anyone behind me and I saw my face in it. Sweating, scared. At that moment I knew that if I go back I would despise that cowardly face in the mirror all my life. Then the gate opened. I stepped on the gas and drove away.

**Scene 4**

**Italian restaurant in Washington. Colonel Sela is at one of the tables. Jay enters.**

Jay: Colonel?

Sela: **(rises)** Mr. Pollard?

Jay: Jay.

Sela: Good to meet you. **(The two men shake hands and sit down. The waiter comes to the table.)**

Waiter: Would you like something to drink? Chianti? **(Sela nods his head yes)**

Jay: I'm glad you agreed to meet with me, Colonel.

Sela: I am, too.

Jay: I've heard about some of the missions you've been on. I was surprised to know you are here speaking for the UJA. There are more important things to be done in Israel, aren't there?

Sela: There will still be plenty for me to do when I get back. By the way, I don't underestimate the importance of the UJA.

Jay: You have to be kidding. They use you to line the pockets of some shady wheeler dealers. I see our role here very differently.

Sela: Wait a minute; you don't work for the UJA?

Jay: Not exactly.

Sela: Why did you want to meet me?

Jay: In my opinion we need to give you more substantial support than donations to the UJA. Yesterday, for example, I read an interview with our assistant Secretary of Defense in the New York Times. A Jew. He was asked why we don't give you the precise location of Syrian missiles in Lebanon. You know what he said? When they shoot down a few of your planes you'll find it out for yourselves. The Yom Kippur War is a horrible example. What good did the UJA do? If a few Jews would see to it that you got essential

intelligence information in a timely manner, it would have saved you a lot of blood.

Sela: You're right. When the war broke out I was in training in Texas. Twelve hours I was back in Israel, and my squadron was already almost wiped out. Planes took off and never came back. Pilots were killed. Russian missiles. The minute they got close to the Suez Canal. We were helpless.

Jay: Because you didn't have the intelligence information you needed.

Sela: Today the Syrians have even more sophisticated missiles. We badly need people who think like you.

Jay: Yes. I've always thought I should be living in Israel. But each time I wanted to move there, I convinced myself that I could do more for Israel from here. Maybe you think I'm deluding myself; that most American Jews use this rationale as an excuse...

Sela: I don't say that.

Jay: But you think it. Most Israelis do. That may be right about most American Jews, but not about me. **(He takes out a folded newspaper)** Take a look.

Sela: **(Sela notices a photograph inside the folds of the paper. He takes it out and puts it on the table.)** What is this?

Jay: The nuclear reactor in Iraq after you bombed it.

Sela: I know that, but how did you get this photograph?

Jay: That's what I meant when I said I can do more for you from here.

Sela: This is why you wanted to meet with me? **(He gets up, ready to leave)** Thank you very much.

Jay: And for this, too. **(Jay hands him another newspaper)** These are specifications for the Mig-25. You should have a look at it.

Sela: **(hesitating)** What exactly do you do, Mr. Pollard?

Jay: I work in naval intelligence. The Anti Terrorist Alert Center. I couldn't say it outright on the phone.

- Sela: If you had, you would have saved both of us a lot of trouble. I am a military man. I operate according to a clear procedure. I can't have a meeting like this.
- Jay: You can't underestimate my offer, Colonel. This is not a chance encounter. We are in the midst of a critical historical development and we must make sure we cooperate. Let me speak for a moment in apocalyptic terms. A few years ago, I made a trip to Dachau...
- Sela: Mr. Pollard, I cannot continue this conversation.
- Jay: **(takes out yet another newspaper)** I have here the ground plans of the missile bases in Syria. This is just one example of what we were supposed to give you but haven't. By the way, I feel very comfortable with what I am doing. This will not cause any harm to the security of America.
- Sela: **(brushes aside the newspaper, but sits back down)** I am trying to tell you something.
- Jay: What?
- Sela: This matter is too important for you and me to handle ourselves. I'll contact you about this next week.
- Jay: And what about this file?
- Sela: I'll contact you next week.

## **Scene 5**

### **Enter DiGenova. Continuation of the interrogation**

- DiGenova: Who was this man? What was his function?
- Jay: He was a clerk in their embassy.
- DiGenova: A clerk? At what level? What department? What was his telephone number?
- Jay: I don't know anything about him. Not even his name.
- DiGenova: Either that, or else you are trying to protect him.
- Jay: Why would I protect him? Did he protect me?

DiGenova: And that's all you gave him on that day?

Jay: I didn't give him anything.

DiGenova: You sure?

Jay: Yes.

DiGenova: We have a list of everything you took out of the archives that day.

Jay: I took what I needed for my work.

DiGenova: I suggest you cooperate with us, Jay. If not, you'll spend the rest of your life locked away somewhere. We have to know what you gave the Israelis. Not everything you gave them remained with them. Some of it got passed on to the Russians. We want to know what they know.

Jay: I told you everything I remember.

DiGenova: Don't lie to us.

Jay: If there were anything else I would tell you.

DiGenova: When did you pass to them our Radio Signal Notation guide?

Jay: **(shocked)** the what?!

DiGenova: The Radio Signal Notation guide.

Jay: I didn't give that to them.

DiGenova: **(looking over his notes)** On June 16<sup>th</sup>, 1984 you went to the director of the archives, you said that the guide in the library was outdated and you asked him to order a new one.

Jay: That day there was a Russian submarine approaching the Caribbean and we didn't have its broadcast signal.

DiGenova: And on that occasion you photocopied it and passed it to the Israelis.

Jay: How could I do that? It's dozens of volumes, thousands of pages.

DiGenova: You know what damage you've caused us?

Jay: I did not pass that guide to them.

DiGenova: Ten days later the Russians changed all their broadcast signals. Is that just a coincidence?

**Scene 6**

**Division of Scientific Communications at the Israeli Consulate in New York. Enter Colonel Sela and a secretary.**

Secretary: Rafi will be right in. **(smiling at him)** You don't remember me? I worked in your command.

Sela: My command?

Secretary: At the airbase. Aviva. Once you sent me to the canteen to get you a hamburger.

Sela: And...

Secretary: And once you gave me a lift to Tel Aviv.

Sela: And...

Secretary: That's it.

Sela: Aha.

Secretary: While you were driving you told me about a dream you had.

Sela: a dream.

Secretary: That you were in an F-16 doing loops.

Sela: Oh?

Secretary: Then at the end of one of the loops you left the earth's gravity.

Sela: Yes?

Secretary: And you ran out of fuel and knew you would be orbiting up there forever.

**Sela laughs but there is a slight tremor in his voice. The secretary laughs too. Rafi Eitan enters.**

Eitan: I hope it was worth my flying twelve hours over here to see you. **(to the secretary)** You have anything for a headache?

**The secretary exits. The two men shake hands.**

- Sela: A whole army of spies couldn't get for us what this guy can.
- Eitan: Two years ago he tried to get a job with AIPAC. They checked him out. He's a blabbermouth. Disorganized. Naïve. Confused. I'm not sure you should even have met with him.
- Sela: In the Yom Kippur War we lost entire air squadrons because we didn't know how to deal with the Russian missiles. I have nightmares to this day.
- Eitan: We have clear guidelines not to have Jews work for us in their own countries.
- Sela: If you're not interested I'll take it to the Mossad.

**The secretary enters with a glass of water and a pill for Eitan. He takes the pill and swallows it.**

- Eitan: Thank you.
- Secretary: Would you like some coffee? Or tea?
- Eitan: **(dismissing her)** I said thank you.

**The secretary exits.**

- Eitan: I worked for the Mossad twenty years. If you take this to them, they'll throw you straight the hell out. Maybe we should wait until this Pollard advances in his job. Till he's head of a department. When he'll have access to more material.
- Sela: And when will that be? Before or after the next war?
- Eitan: He's not a field agent. He has to be trained. He has no idea how to operate. Can you picture what'll happen if he gets caught? Our relationship with the United States will be ruined.
- Sela: You have to do everything to make sure he won't get caught.
- Eitan: All right. Let's say we agree to handle him.
- Sela: We agreed.



Eitan: I'll send him a handler.

Sela: What handler?

Eitan: He needs to know the techniques. The rules. We have to build him a cover. An out.

Sela: Right now I am the only man in the western hemisphere who can tell him what we need.

Eitan: With all due respect, not everybody who can handle a plane can handle an agent.

Sela: He doesn't think of himself as an agent. And we don't have to make him feel he is. If his information goes directly to the air force, he'll feel like he's one of us.

Eitan: Why do you have to be involved? You have nothing better to do here?

Sela: This man can help us win the next war.

Eitan: All right. Go to Washington. Offer him 1500 dollars a month.

Sela: I'm not sure that's a good idea.

Eitan: He barely makes thirty a year.

Sela: The guy's got principles.

Eitan: Idealists are capricious. The money will protect him from himself. He'll be more careful.

Sela: It's liable to cool his enthusiasm.

Eitan: You make sure that doesn't happen. Tell him it's for expenses. When he gets used to the money, it'll be hard for him to stop working for us. **(to the audience)** What you have just seen never happened. It's ridiculous. Somebody I never heard of presents you with events that he knows nothing about. What arrogance. No sense of responsibility. All my life I've worked in security services. With my own hands I pulled Adolph Eichmann into a car in Buenos Aires. This charlatan of a playwright saw a few movies and decided to write something.

**Sam enters. Eitan turns to him.**

Eitan: Let him write a play about anti-semitism in America. Five million Jews sitting on a powder keg, thinking their money will save them. I don't want to find myself in another twenty years, chasing after American Eichmanns in Argentina.

Sam: My dear sir...

Eitan: You're as blind as the European Jews were fifty years ago. Today you're lucky to have someone protecting your ass. Sooner or later some 'anonymous' characters will show up here for a visit. One will blow up a synagogue in New York, another in Chicago, the third in Miami. Then you'll see five million panicking Jews running to us to save them from slaughter.

Sam: You won't blow anything up. Neither a synagogue nor a play. You're part of this fiction. Like me. Puppets on the string of the playwright. He gave us words to say, actions, entrances and exits. Now take your exit before the next scene starts. **(They exit)**

### **Scene 7**

**Jay is in the prison yard, accompanied by a guard. Sam enters, bringing in Anne, who is in a wheelchair. A female prison guard is carrying Anne's suitcase.**

Sam: **(to the female guard)** I don't understand how you let her deteriorate like this. Isn't there a prison doctor? They gave her jail, not a death sentence.

Guard: She saw the doctor every week. He didn't find anything wrong with her.

Sam: And food? Why didn't you see that she ate?

Guard: We gave her food. She's picky, didn't like it, threw up all the time.

Jay: **(to Anne)** Your voice was trembling on the phone when you called me this morning. It always does that when you're excited. Now you are probably going out of the gate. The guards are saying goodbye to you, following you

to the car. Four more hours and you'll be here. **(to the male guard)** Did you see her picture in the paper? Did you see how pretty she is?

Anne: I'm not coming, Jay.

Jay: Why not?

Anne: I don't feel well. I'm wearing the clothes of a ten year old child. I haven't eaten for three and a half years in here. Because of the smell. I had a toilet in my cell. And a sink. They were always stopped up. The sewer would back up onto the floor. I couldn't sleep. The bed was full of bugs. When I went to the shower, there were guards with me. They would look at me and laugh. Until I would pee in my hand and spray them with it. One day a guard came into my cell and...

Jay: You promised me you would come the minute you got out of there! I counted the days for three and a half years! I have no other day to wait for!

Anne: I can't go back to that hell. **(Sam wheels her off)**

Jay: **(shouting after her)** I have to see you, Anne!

### Scene 8

**Lights up on an apartment in Washington. There is a bag on a table in the living room. Colonel Sela enters, checks out the apartment. Jay enters. He has a briefcase.**

Jay: Somebody live here?

Sela: Sometimes. **(He points to the adjacent room)** The photocopy machine is in the bedroom. The windows are muffled so no noise can be heard outside.

Jay: I have to make the copies myself?

Sela: Somebody will be here to do it.

Jay: Who?

Sela: A girl who works with us. Let's get started.

Jay: **(opens the briefcase)** These are photographs of Syrian anti-aircraft missiles in Lebanon. This is a report on the deployment of their tanks on the Golan Heights. And these are chemical warfare plants in Damascus.

Sela: Very good. The girl will be here in a minute to make photocopies. Want some coffee?

Jay: Thanks.

Sela: The procedure is simple. Every Friday you take your briefcase from the office and get in your car and drive...

Jay: Here?

Sela: No. To a carwash on Pennsylvania Avenue. When you're in the car wash you take out the documents and put them in this bag. **(points to the bag on the living room table)** Then you come here and give them to the girl. On Monday you come here with your briefcase, put the documents in it and take them back to the office. Clear?

Jay: Yes. Look at this for a minute. These are Scud missile bases in Iraq. And these are photos of the PLO facilities in Tunis.

Sela: Great.

Jay: **(opens the bag on the table and sees bills inside it)** What's this?

Sela: An advance.

Jay: What advance? What do you think I am? A spy for hire?

Sela: Of course not. It's an advance for expenses. Two thousand dollars.

Jay: Thank you. **(He rises)** Nice to have met you. I don't want anything from you. And I'm not giving you anything.

Sela: Relax...

Jay: I brought you this because I thought I was doing something noble; according to the holiest principles. Historical justice for my parents' families who perished in Auschwitz. And you offer me money?

Sela: You will have some expenses. Gas. Carwash. Once in a while you will have to travel to New York.

Jay: I'm willing to risk my life for you and you offer me expense money?

Sela: The money is not compensation for your contribution. We know those documents are worth millions.

- Jay: I don't want millions! **(Starts putting the documents back into his briefcase.)**
- Sela: Can you please sit down? You probably think that money dirties your hands, and that if you take the documents and go, your hands will be clean.
- Jay: Yes.
- Sela: You're giving that money a meaning it does not have. It will simply allow you to spend several hours a day in the archives without worrying about little things. I get money, too, to go out and bomb something beyond our borders and nobody thinks of me as a hired hand.
- Jay: The minute I gave you those documents I betrayed America's trust. In the eyes of many Americans I would be a traitor. I could accept that, as long as in my own eyes I am an honest man. A man who was forced to make a tragic choice between two loyalties, and who is prepared to sacrifice his life for the sake of the loyalty he chooses.
- Sela: That's what you are, in my eyes.
- Jay: But the minute I take money from you I become a little clerk in naval intelligence who wants to make a few dollars on the side. **(Starts to go)**
- Sela: I hope you are comfortable with that. Tomorrow I may go out on a foray to bomb Hezbollah camps in Lebanon and a Syrian missile will shoot me down because I did not have that document. And the day after tomorrow a war breaks out and the Iraqis launch Scud missiles at Tel Aviv because I did not have that document. But your hands will be clean. **(Jay hesitates)** Until now you were prepared to do all you can for us, and suddenly, when you imagine an invisible stain on your hands you change your mind? **(Jay comes back)** You're an intelligent man, a sensitive and moral person. That is why we respect you so much. You are the only Jew we are working with here.

**Scene 9****DiGenova and Jay in the interrogation room)**

DiGenova: Very good. I'm glad this episode is over. Now sign here to attest that your confession was not coerced.

Jay: **(looking over the paper)** How long a term do you think my wife will get?

DiGenova: We'll ask for probation. I believe the judge will go along with that.

Jay: Can I see her tomorrow?

DiGenova: Why not? You want me to make you a copy?

Jay: Yes, please. **(He signs)**

DiGenova: Good. I'll tell the warden to let you call her.

Jay: What do you think I'll get?

DiGenova: If you get all five counts we ask for and if they take a third off, you should get about three and a half years. **(pause)** By the way, there's one more thing I need to ask you.

Jay: What?

DiGenova: The FBI keeps pressuring me. Look, you've already told us that the Israelis gave you a list of documents they wanted. How did they prepare that list?

Jay: I have no idea.

DiGenova: Many of these documents had a serial number on them so you could identify them and obtain them easily.

Jay: Yes.

DiGenova: The serial numbers appear in a Pentagon catalog. Only someone on the inside could have gotten them.

Jay: I suppose so.

DiGenova: You don't know who that was?

Jay: I already told you. No.

DiGenova: The FBI believes the Israelis had another agent besides you. That there was a division of labor, so to speak. He gets the numbers and you get the documents.

Jay: I don't know who that was. And even if I had asked them, they wouldn't have told me.

DiGenova: This man, this Mister X, had to be high up there. Maybe a Jewish congressman or senator on the Intelligence Committee.

Jay: I don't know.

DiGenova: Maybe your wife would know?

Jay: No, she certainly would not know.

DiGenova: It's worth asking her. Is she still suffering from those stomach pains?

Jay: Yes, she doesn't digest proteins well. They're not giving her any medication.

DiGenova: I'll see what I can do. In the meantime I'm leaving you a list of Jewish congressmen and senators. Circle the names of the ones you've had any contact with, or who contacted you, who you met, bumped into, even by chance...

**Sam enters**

Sam: Just a minute, sir. The days when people like you accused Jews of something just because they were Jews are long over. You can't suddenly start distributing lists.

DiGenova: I'm operating under standard procedures, Mr. Goldberg.

Sam: Goldstein.

DiGenova: This investigation is meant to clarify once and for all what is behind the connection between the Israelis and all kinds of Jews wandering around in Washington.

Sam: All kinds of Jews? You maybe have a list of the Jews who are spreading the Black Plague? Or who drink the blood of Christian children on Passover? Tomorrow they will quote you in the New York Times, and the day after that, pogroms all over the country.

DiGenova: If the Jews don't want pogroms, they shouldn't mix our interests with the interests of a foreign country. Pollard is not the first who's done that.

### **Scene 10**

**Living room in Jay and Anne's house. Jay enters. He seems scattered and tense.**

Anne: Where were you for God's sakes? I was climbing the walls already.

Jay: I'm here. Sorry.

Anne: Where were you?

Jay: At the office.

Anne: You knew I was waiting for you. That tomorrow I present my project.

Jay: That's why I'm late. Got you some material.

Anne: From the office?

Jay: Look. These are the economic interests of China for the next decade. With a detailed list of their technology requirements. If you emphasize that you will be working with these interests in mind you'll win the contract.

Anne: **(hesitant)** I'm not sure I can use that.

Jay: 'Course you can.

Anne: It says 'secret'.

Jay: I know what I'm doing.

Anne: Are you sure?

Jay: Absolutely.

Anne: I'm sorry I got angry. **(They hug)**

Jay: I have some more good news to tell you. I got an invitation to go to Paris next week.

Anne: From whom?

Jay: UJA. They want me to meet somebody there.

Anne: Since when are you involved with the UJA?



Jay: A few days ago I had coffee with an Israeli emissary. He offered me the trip. I thought it was a good idea. That way we can get married in Venice. We always wanted to get married there.

Anne: In Venice?

Jay: Why not?

Anne: When?

Jay: Next week. I bought the plane tickets, reserved a hotel. We'll go to the opera, take a gondola ride...

**He takes out an envelope with the tickets and a wad of bills. She sees the money and is taken aback.**

Anne: What is that? Who gave you that?

Jay: The guy from the UJA. I told you. He wants me to meet some people there.

Anne: Why'd he give you so much money?

Jay: I said I'd give a talk.

Anne: Since when are you a speaker for the UJA?

Jay: You want to discuss this now? I thought we were going to work on your project.

Anne: Jay, you are keeping something from me. I've felt you've been avoiding me the last few weeks. You come home late from work. Every day with a different excuse. When I talk to you, you don't look at me.

Jay: I'm not hiding anything. I met somebody. Your uncle introduced me. Remember? The Israeli. The pilot. He said that if we make aliyah to Israel he would help us settle down there.

Anne: Since when are we making aliyah? **(He is silent)** I don't believe you.

Jay: Why?

Anne: That's the Israeli emissary you met? Does he know you work for Naval Intelligence?

Jay: He's known it for a while.

Anne: How?

Jay: Sam probably told him.

Anne: Why did he give you money?

Jay: I told you. For the speech.

Anne: I hope you didn't tell him anything you aren't supposed to.

Jay: We talked about some things they would learn about anyway. Through their agreements with us. I cut through the red tape a little, that's all.

Anne: You cut through the red tape?

Jay: I didn't tell him anything detrimental to the interests of the United States. I only gave him...

Anne: I don't want to hear it.

Jay: What would you have done in my place? I sit in my office and see reports on my computer about a plan for a terrorist attack in Israel. I know that because of some anti-Semitic clerk Israel will get that information a week late. What can I do? Wait to see the pictures of the dead in the newspaper?

Anne: Don't tell me these horror stories, Jay!

Jay: It happens every day.

Anne: In your nightmares.

Jay: In reality. You're in denial, just like you're in denial about being Jewish.

Anne: But I haven't done anything illegal.

Jay: You just now looked at what you're not supposed to see.

Anne: What you did is treason.

Jay: To whom? America? You're wrong. There aren't a lot of patriots out there like me. That's why I went into Naval Intelligence. To prove it.

Anne: To prove what? To whom?

Jay: To prove to myself that I am an American patriot in spite of the anti-Semitism I see around me all the time. You grew up with three million Jews in New York, not in a small town in Indiana. You weren't the only Jew in your class, and nobody whispered behind your back that you killed Jesus. I hear those kinds of whispers in the office, too. Cynical anti-Jewish

remarks. Smug satisfaction when they hear that Israelis are killed. This week I heard somebody say that the difference between a Jew and a loaf of bread is that the bread doesn't scream when you put it into the oven.

Anne: So what should I do now? Call the FBI? **(silence)** Why didn't you tell me this?

Jay: They didn't let me. I haven't been able to sleep the last few nights. I felt like I betrayed you. I couldn't look you straight in the eye. Or touch you. I wanted to wake you up. Talk to you. You're the closest person to me. I never needed you as much as now. I did something and I am okay with it. Even if you don't agree with me, tell me you understand. **(She is silent)** I'm afraid, Anne. I feel I'm being followed everywhere I go. If you want me to, I'll stop.

Anne: What will we say if somebody asks where the money came from?

### **Blackout**

### **Scene 11**

**The French restaurant. The waiter is setting the table with flatware and some glasses. Anne and Jay sit down. Sam enters.**

Sam: A wedding in Venice? Wonderful idea. Mazel Tov. The tickets are on me.

Jay: Thanks, but absolutely not.

Sam: Why? **(to Jay)** You don't deserve it? You've helped me a lot recently. Let me do something good with my money for a change. **(He takes out a checkbook and turns to Anne)** You have just one uncle. It's a wedding gift.

Jay: No, Sam. We won't take a penny.

Sam: You're like my own kids.

Anne: Don't be insulted. We didn't take any money from Jay's parents either.

Sam: No, really, *kinderlach*.

Jay: When we do need something, we'll know who to turn to.

Sam: My mother, may she rest in peace, used to say that shrouds don't have pockets. It's a mitzvah to give to a bride. A sinner like me needs to do some good deeds in his life.

Jay: Okay. You want to do a mitzvah? If somebody asks you if you gave us the money, say you did.

Sam: Did what?

Jay: Give us the money for the tickets.

Sam: Who's going to ask me?

Jay: It's important for us, Sam.

Sam: So. I see that there's a God in heaven and he told you how the world turns. **(laughs)** You gave some tips to another broker. You took some money under the table and you don't want to pay taxes on it, eh?

Jay: **(embarrassed)** Yes...sort of...

Sam: And who is this lucky broker, may I ask?

Jay: Somebody.

Sam: From Washington? New York?

Jay: No.

Sam: I know him?

Jay: I don't think so.

Anne: **(interrupting)** We're going to have a civil wedding ceremony.

Sam: Where?

Anne: In Venice. But when we get back we'll see a Rabbi. Jay insists.

Jay: By the way, I want to thank you for setting up that meeting with the Israeli Colonel. Unusual personality. Modest. Cool-headed, friendly.

Sam: Anyway, about that broker...

Jay: He's very intelligent, too.

Sam: The broker?

Jay: No, the Colonel. We talked for hours.

Sam: I hope you didn't give him any tips.

Jay: Not at all! He's looking for donors for the new immigrants club at his base.

Sam: Be careful with him. When you talk too much with Israelis they are liable to bring up all kinds of ideas.

Anne: Jay likes Israelis.

Jay: We talked about the UJA. What they do with our donations. That's all.

Sam: They take advantage of our weaknesses, the Israelis, don't you know that?  
*Unterwelt.*

Anne: Why can't Jay talk about anything he likes with him?

Sam: I'm speaking about something else. When two brokers meet, they don't talk only about the weather. *Sheshmekt nisht.* The money you got doesn't smell so good. **(rises)** I hope nobody checks how you paid for your honeymoon in Venice.

Jay: What do you mean?

Sam: I don't think I can help you in this matter.

Anne: But you got even more help from him.

Sam: Be well, *kinderlach.* **(Exits)**

Jay: Why did you do that?

Anne: He won't say anything, don't worry.

Jay: We shouldn't have met with him.

Anne: You wanted to.

Jay: Why did you interfere? I know what I'm doing.

Anne: If they ask him he'll say he gave it to us.

Jay: He just said the opposite.

Anne: He'll have no choice. Otherwise he'd have to explain how he made so much money recently. He's not such a straight shooter as he thinks.  
Everyone knows he has something to hide.

Jay: Let's go.

**The waiter enters carrying a tray full of plates.**

Waiter: Filet of sole in garlic sauce for the lady. Rib eye steak for the gentleman.

Anne: We won't let him spoil our dinner.

## **Scene 12**

### **Jay in prison. Anne in the hospital.**

Anne: The Israelis know what you did for them, Jay. They're grateful. They admire you. They send thousands of letters for you. You get them, don't you? I hope you will answer me. I need a letter from you to be able to go on. I'm meeting with Knesset members, ministers, news reporters. They have to know we're fighting this together.

Jay: I won't write to you. Your fighting only hurts me. You even got the warden here angry. I'm in solitary because of you. They wouldn't give me decent shoes because of you.

Anne: This fight I'm waging is your only chance, Jay. There are booths in every city in Israel. Half a million people have already signed a petition in your favor. When we get to a million we will send it to the White House.

Jay: You're doing it for yourself. Not for me. That's why you keep going to all those booths, shaking hands, kissing everyone who feels guilty for what's happened to me. That's why you appear at news conferences in stupid outfits and ridiculous hair styles. You're showing off with your suffering.

Anne: I dress like this for you, Jay. For you I go to the hairdresser. I have to look good so they will listen to me. It's important they'll see how much I love you.

Jay: You don't love me. The clothes and hair don't convince anybody.

Anne: You know I love you. I won't listen to these accusations. Certainly not from you.

Jay: If you loved me, you would have stayed in America. You'd come see me. Call on the phone. Answer my phone calls. But you got out of prison, left me here buried alive, while you run off to Israel to make a career for yourself out of my blood.

Anne:           **(Angry)** I don't want a career! I want a life with people who respect me. With people who appreciate what I've done for them. I don't want pity, I don't want people say: 'poor thing, they screwed her over so much in jail that she went nuts!' So you write to me, even if you don't want to. You owe it to me. My life you owe me...

### **Scene 13**

#### **DiGenova interrogates Jay.**

DiGenova:      But why Paris? Washington wasn't enough? Why did they have to fly you over there?

Jay:             I told you. It was their wedding present.

DiGenova:      Maybe they had other plans?

Jay:             What other plans?

DiGenova:      Are you interrogating me?

Jay:             I've asked myself that question. I'm convinced they brought me to Paris to thank me for what I'd done for them. They said that several times.

DiGenova:      Who are 'they'? Who did you meet with?

Jay:             I told you, my handler and some other clerk.

DiGenova:      What kind of clerk? What was his name?

Jay:             I don't know. Some higher level person. He led the conversation.

DiGenova:      Who does he work for? For the army? The Mossad?

Jay:             He didn't say.

DiGenova:      And you didn't ask?

Jay:             And if I did would they have told me?

DiGenova:      You interrogating me again?

Jay:             He didn't tell me because he didn't think I had to know.

DiGenova:      And Mister X was not with you there?

Jay:             I don't know who Mr. X is.

DiGenova:      Your sentence is going to depend in large part on your cooperation, Jay.

Jay: I'm not keeping anything from you.

DiGenova: For some reason I have a feeling you would be prepared to spend your life in jail just so your friends will think you're a hero.

Jay: I don't know if there was a Mr. X, and if there was I don't know anything about him.

DiGenova: At this instant your jail sentence has doubled, Pollard. The 'clerk' from the embassy that you met with was Colonel Sela. The pilot who led the mission to bomb the nuclear installation in Iraq. The other high level 'clerk' was Rafi Eitan, Chief of the Bureau of Scientific Relations in the Israeli Prime Minister's office. I was in Israel this week. That's not the only thing I found out. **(Jay is silent)** If I'm going to have to discover the identity of Mister X myself, you'll be in jail the rest of your life.

#### **Scene 14**

**A restaurant in Paris. A waiter is arranging the table settings with three glasses.**

**Eitan and Sela enter and are seated. Jay is between them.**

Eitan: **(to Jay)** We got the names of the PLO agents in Europe from the Pentagon, but a page is missing with the names of the agents in Norway. Did you write that down?

Jay: Yes.

Eitan: On B/131 there are aerial photographs of Hezbollah bases in Lebanon. But we need updated photos of the Syrian facilities.

Jay: **(writes)** Got it.

Eitan: We didn't get H/832 at all. I believe there is information about arms shipments from China to South Yemen.

Jay: **(writing)** Okay. Now when do we get our passports? **(to Sela)** You said you'd bring them.

Eitan: Can we go on?



- Jay: Seems to me I've done quite a lot for you already. You know how dangerous it is. And I'm putting Anne in danger, too. I want to know that I am an Israeli citizen.
- Eitan: You are an Israeli citizen. I gave you my word. I want to know how soon you can get into the CIA computer systems.
- Jay: You have to understand. I'm not concerned for my own safety, it's hard for me to hold an American passport in my pocket while I'm gathering documents for you.
- Eitan: I asked you when you can get into the CIA computer?
- Jay: And I also asked you something.
- Eitan: The passports are just about ready. It takes time because of the secrecy involved. I'm the only one who can take care of it.
- Jay: When do we get them?
- Eitan: Before the month is out.
- Jay: And if I have to get out, I use my American passport?
- Eitan: If you have to get out we'll get you out even without a passport.
- Jay: **(to Sela)** You said you'd see if I could get a job as a lecturer at the national security institute. I've always pictured myself standing in front of a group of Mossad agents lecturing on information gathered by satellite, from computers, and how enemy broadcasts are tapped into.
- Eitan: I don't think we can expose you, Jay. I hope no one besides us ever finds out about you. You know what would happen if this all came out?
- Jay: Yes.
- Sela: I want you to know how much we thank you for the aerial photos of the PLO facilities in Tunis. No doubt you've seen the pictures taken after our bombing raid there. **(Jay nods his head yes)** We were able to avoid their radar. We were able to zero in on their apartments, we even knew where the bedrooms were located.

**The waiter enters and whispers something to Eitan, who nods in the affirmative. The waiter exits and returns with Anne, who is wearing furs.**

Anne: I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. **(to Jay)** Your passport. **(gives it to him)** I was in the coffee shop and opened my purse to pay and I saw it in there. And you haven't got any money. How would you have gotten to the hotel?

Jay: It's close by. I would've walked.

Anne: I usually hold his passport. He's so scatter-brained. He's preoccupied with all kinds of things in his head at once. **(she gives him some money and a packet of aspirin)** Here's your aspirin. **(to Eitan and Sela)** Nice to meet you. I'm Anne. I always was curious to meet his friends. Please, don't let him have too much to drink. He'll have a headache.

Jay: Thanks, Anne. I won't have anything to drink.

Anne: I hope I'm not interrupting.

Eitan: Not at all. You can wait in the other room. They'll serve you something to eat.

Anne: Thank you. **(to Jay)** If you need anything call me. **(she exits with the waiter)**

Sela: I hope very much she doesn't know anything about all this.

Jay: No, but next week she'll be my wife. It will be hard to keep things from her.

Eitan: At this point, she is not to know. By the way, the Prime Minister asked me to convey his thanks.

Jay: The Prime Minister? He knows about me?

Eitan: Of course. He appreciates what you're doing very much. He's said so on several occasions. Now, about the CIA computer...

Jay: Yes?

Eitan: They have files on several of our government ministers. The Foreign Minister, the Defense Minister.

- Jay: You want me to get those files?
- Eitan: It's important for us.
- Jay: It's not so easy to get into that computer. **(to Sela)** You sure it's worth the risk? I mean, it has no security value.
- Eitan: Let me decide that.
- Jay: It's not impossible, but I'm not sure I'm the right person to do it. I didn't volunteer so you could use me in settling scores between your ministers. I hope that Israel is not the kind of country whose intelligence services interfere in...
- Sela: **(to Eitan)** I suggest we leave the decision to him. Let him go over the files and see if they have security value.
- Eitan: All right. Let's go on. There's something else bothering me. America is our friend and our ally. We have nothing to hide from them. We pass on everything to them.
- Jay: Yes?
- Eitan: Still and all, I believe they have several moles in our organizations
- Jay: **(suspicious)** Yes?
- Eitan: And the material they gather gets into the hands of others who are not very friendly to us. We have to find out who these moles are.
- Jay: **(angry)** What's going on here? **(to Sela)** We said I'd be working strictly for Israel, that I do nothing harmful to America.
- Eitan: You are not working for Israel or against America, you are working for yourself.
- Jay: **(enraged)** For myself? What am I doing for myself? Taking some money from you? I told you a thousand times I didn't want the money. You forced it on me. **(empties his pockets. Turns to Sela)** You know what risks I was willing to take for you. Not just me. Anne, too. And I didn't ask for a cent. Not only do you shame me with this money, you also want me to betray my country for it?
- Sela: Just a minute, Jay. He's not talking about money.

Jay: This meeting is over. I'll give it all back to you. I wrote down every dollar. Here's a tip for the waiter. Bring Anne back in here.

Sela: Let him explain, Jay.

Jay: Nothing to explain. I understand. I'm asking you to send someone to bring Anne in here.

Eitan: You're working for us because you need us. Because you know that America is not safe for Jews. If there's a political or economic crisis, Jews are the first ones to pay the price. What happened to the Jews of Europe can happen to you as well. That's why Anne's uncle gives us half a million dollars a year. To have a safe haven in Jerusalem. That he will have thick walls to protect him. So that no one can hurt him there. So if you think you are only helping us, you can go back to Washington.

**Eitan exits. Sela after him. Jay remains alone. A moment later, Anne enters.**

Anne: What happened, Jay?

Jay: Nothing.

Anne: Something did.

Jay: We're going home.

Anne: Home? I thought we were going to Venice. To get married.

Jay: I'll explain on the way.

Anne: Why did they leave?

Jay: What is that fur coat?

Anne: I just bought it. Nice, huh?

Jay: Take it off.

Anne: But why?

Jay: Take it off!

Anne: First tell me why.

Jay: **(takes the coat off of Anne) And the ring, too, dammit. (he tries to remove the ring from her finger)**

Anne: You're hurting me!

Jay: Get your purse and let's go!

Anne: No. You can go home by yourself. You think you can just tell me to come, tell me to go, and I'll do it? Take off my coat by force? How dare you raise your hands to me!

Jay: I'm sorry. **(holds her hand)**

Anne: Don't touch me.

Jay: Please. Let's go.

Anne: But why? What happened?

Jay: I'm not working with them anymore.

Anne: Because of the coat? The ring? We already talked about that. They're paying us for our effort. For our time. For the work. Not for the documents. And we have expenses. They have to cover our expenses.

Jay: They want me to expose American agents, Anne. If I hadn't taken the money they wouldn't have dared ask that.

Anne: Let them ask. You do only what you want to do. You always have done that. Always the right thing. I trust you to know right from wrong. Don't you have faith in yourself? You've waited all your life for this opportunity, Jay. What are you going to do now? Go back to the office and keep hating them for not passing information to the Israelis? Keep on hating yourself for saying nothing? The Israelis need you. They know they're not going to find anyone like you. You know you want to keep working for them. I can see that. Don't deny it. And you are smart enough to do exactly what you want. You are not their puppet.

Jay: They're exploiting me, Anne.

Anne: They can't. You went to them of your own volition. You set the rules. You decide what to do according to your conscience. You are the most moral person I know. That's why I love you so much.

**She hugs him and he returns the hug. The waiter enters.**

Jay:           **(to the waiter)** Go call them back in here...

**END of ACT I**

## ACT II

### Scene 15

**Light on Jay on his prison cot and on Anne who is on her bed in the hospital, a doctor and nurse attending her.**

Sam:           **(to audience)** Did you have some refreshments? A little chit-chat? I saw you during the intermission. You look like the audience we had in Israel. They also wear eight hundred dollar suits. Not starving over there like they want us to think. Every year somebody from the UJA comes to tell us how hard things are. That last year was bad, but this year is going to be even worse. And if I don't quick give another half a million dollars, there'll be a disaster! You see this suit I'm wearing? Bloomingdales. Before I went to Israel I was embarrassed to wear it. How can a Jew buy himself a five hundred dollar suit while in Israel, children don't even have shoes to wear? *Shoyn*. So after seeing them I don't feel guilty about also giving something to the poor in the city where I live. I know that Israelis complain that we American Jews give close to four billion dollars a year to gentile organizations in America. So? America is our home. We are Americans first. It's time we put the cards on the table. America is a better place for Jews to live than Israel. We're a bigger, stronger, and more 'Jewish' community than they are. Last Yom Kippur I visited in Tel Aviv. I took a walk on the street and was almost hit by the bicycles. I went back to my hotel, sat on the balcony and looked out on the beach. *Gevalt*. Tons of people on the beach, eating and drinking. Playing paddleball. Girls with their *tzitkzelach* hanging out. This is the center of Jewish life? The biggest Yeshivas are in Brooklyn, not in Jerusalem. Yeshiva University is in New York, not Tel Aviv. And where are their Isaac Bashevis Singers, Saul Bellows, Arthur Millers, Woody Allens, and Spielbergs? What do they have there? Crumbling walls of old synagogues where Jews go to have their pictures taken? And when they come to us and say that assimilation is

threatening the future of the Jewish People, I tell them: The State of Israel is the real danger to the future of the Jewish People. Six million Jews surrounded by a billion fanatic Muslims. One nut gets hold of an atomic bomb, and they are dust and ashes. And when Mr. Rafi Eitan says that one day Americans are going to put us in freight trains and send us to gas chambers in the Nevada desert, then I will tell him if that happens, and I am positive it *won't*, but if it *did* happen, then the state of Israel would be gone from this world a *long, long* time before it does!

**Anne turns to Jay who is in his cell.**

Anne: Jay...

Jay: Not now, Anne.

Anne: You think that if you don't answer me I will stop talking? You have to know the truth. What they say on CNN is a lie. I am not partying here. Every day I go to the Department of the Interior and beg them for an identity card. And every day they tell me to come back tomorrow. Every poor refugee from anywhere gets an Israel identity card the minute he comes here. Three months they've been stalling me. You they will never take here. We are the proof they have betrayed America's trust. That's why they want to ignore us. So they deny we even worked for them. We're just a couple of leeches who latched on to Rafi Eitan who himself does not even work for the Mossad. You know what they said about us here on television?

Jay: I don't want to hear it.

Anne: That I'm a whore, an addict.

Jay: I don't want to hear it.

Anne: And that you're greedy. That you're hallucinatory, that you're a chronic liar.

Jay: I don't want to hear it!



Anne: That I sleep with taxi drivers, pizza delivery men.

Jay: Why are you telling me these things? So I'll hang myself with my belt?

Anne: Because I'm afraid I'll start to believe those stories myself.

Jay: Enough, enough!

Anne: **(angrily to the doctor)** Don't touch me. I'll tell the police. I shouldn't be here. I want to go home. My husband is waiting for me. Don't you know who I am?

Doctor: We know.

Anne: Why are you strapping me down?

Nurse: We don't want you to hurt yourself.

Anne: Just give me some Xantac and I'll go.

Doctor: We can't release you until we get the results of the tests.

Anne: Jay!

Jay: **(angry)** I don't believe a word you say. You're not sick. You're not even trying to get me out of here. You're thinking only of yourself. You want to be a saint. You want to be a hero.

Anne: Jay...

**Sam enters Jay's prison cell.**

Sam: Good evening, Jay.

Jay: Sam? How did you get in? It's the most highly guarded place in America.

Sam: Simple. But don't tell anybody. My mother-in-law had an uncle in the Justice Department. He's been dead for a while. But his son had a clothing store in Brooklyn. He died too. The son's wife was a psychiatrist for the Manhattan police department. Today she's in a nursing home in Miami. But they had three children. One is a dermatologist in Washington and he has a patient who got pregnant by a guy who was a secretary in the White House.

Jay: Come on...

Sam: The playwright got me in here.

- Jay: What for?
- Sam: I was worried about you. We're *mishpucheh*, no?
- Jay: Yes, but...
- Sam: I'm trying to understand you. At your age I might have made the mistakes you made. But at my age I find it hard to understand this kind of self-sacrifice. For what? For the state of Israel? What do we need a state for? Most of the problems of mankind started because people wanted states of their own.
- Jay: If we had had a state fifty years ago, it would have saved six million Jews.
- Sam: That little state would have saved them? That's what you think in naval intelligence? **(laughs)** Even England, France, and Russia couldn't save themselves.
- Jay: So what should we do? Sit with our arms folded? Wait for another Nazi Germany to rise up?
- Sam: That's just it. We have to ensure that doesn't happen. We have to spread the word that nation states are not good for anything. People are not trees. They don't need roots in the ground. They can travel the world from place to place, speak to whom they please, do business with whom they wish to, to buy from and sell to anyone they want. That's why it's senseless to waste time and energy on a poor little state that only causes troubles.
- Jay: This poor little state, Sam, is the greatest miracle that happened to us in the last two thousand years.
- Sam: So you don't have any regret for what you've done?
- Jay: No.
- Sam: *Riboyne shel oylam*. You don't want to get out of here?

### **Scene 16**

**The offices of the Bureau of Scientific Relations in Tel Aviv. Eitan and Sela enter.**

- Sela: What is so urgent?
- Eitan: We have to stop this business now.

Sela: What happened?

Eitan: His wife bought jewelry this month for forty thousand dollars.

Sela: You made him take the money.

Eitan: But I didn't make him waste ten thousand dollars on hotels and fancy restaurants. Look at his credit card statements.

Sela: You didn't tell him he had to pay for things in cash?

Eitan: He's not a field operative. He doesn't know how to be careful. We have to cut off the connection with him.

Sela: We need specifications on the new Syrian radar installations.

Eitan: We'll find another source.

Sela: And how long will it take you to get these specifications?

Eitan: I don't have a timetable.

Sela: Then you can't cut him out. The Syrians have deployed missile installations in forward positions. They could attack tomorrow.

Eitan: They're not idiots over at the FBI. Every week he's been taking out a pile of files from the archives. It's all on the record. One day soon they are going to ask him for what purpose he needs those files.

Sela: I don't need those radar specifications for bedtime reading material. The front is flaming hot. We can't let ourselves be taken by surprise. Do you have another source or don't you?

Eitan: I can't promise you right now...

Sela: So you don't have one.

Eitan: Listen...

Sela: He's the only Jew in America that has the balls. The rest of them won't lift a finger for us.

Eitan: We can't jeopardize the exchange of information between us and the Americans because of one set of radar specs.

Sela: You aren't worried about the exchange of information between us and the Americans; you're worried about your head rolling. You know if he's caught you're finished.

Eitan: And you are too.

Sela: Those specifications will save us a lot of blood. And not just the blood of air force pilots.

Eitan: It could take him weeks to get what you want. I can't risk that he will be caught.

Sela: I'm flying to Canada for the UJA the day after tomorrow. I'll meet with him and see to it he gets that information in twenty-four hours. After that, do what you like.

Eitan: Twenty-four hours?

Sela: Yes.

Eitan: My gut feeling is to say no. Whenever somebody around me is too hungry, I get indigestion.

Sela: Speak with the Prime Minister.

Eitan: I know what he'll say. I also know who will have to cover for him later on. Dammit! I know I'm making a mistake. **(pause)** You have twenty-four hours, not a minute longer. **(exits)**

Sela: **(to the audience)** None of this took place. This meeting never happened. The playwright did not take the trouble to find out why I went to meet with Pollard in Washington so he made up the thing about the radar installations. It's an absolute lie. Although the need for those radar installation specifications was real. I don't deny it. A fighter pilot is alone in the cockpit, and giant, unseen eyes are tracking him. As long as those eyes are open he is completely exposed and vulnerable. At any second he could see a white wisp of smoke trailing from a metal projectile hurl up at him from the ground below. And he knows that any evasion techniques are useless to him now. In seconds that metal projectile will find him and a huge explosion will leave his body scattered, only ashes left in the narrow crevices in the rocky terrain below. The supremacy of the pilot in his cockpit is only an illusion without precise information on the radar installations.

**Scene 17**

**Lights up on Anne in the hospital. The doctor is seated across from her.**

- Docotr: Your stomach pains are psychosomatic. All the lab results are normal. There is nothing wrong with you. You're just holding in all the stress, so you have stomach pains.
- Anne: My stomach hurts because I can't digest the food they give me.
- Doctor: Maybe you can't digest what is happening to you.
- Anne: Nothing is happening to me.
- Doctor: I can only imagine what you and your husband are going through. Nobody would be unaffected by trauma like that. How long since you've seen him?

**Jay passes from his prison cell to the Doctor's office in the hospital.**

- Anne: **(to Jay)** I can't stop thinking about you. You are with me all the time. You eat with me, walk with me, sleep beside me.
- Doctor: We found these papers in your file. **(shows her the papers)** Are you getting a divorce?
- Anne: **(to Jay)** I don't need any papers from you, Jay. You think if I sign them we will be separate? Only death will separate us.
- Jay: So go to the cemetery, Anne. And buy me a burial plot. Set up a tombstone and inscribe on it: 'Here lies Jonathan Jay Pollard, forsaken by God and Man.'
- Doctor: Why are you trembling?
- Jay: That's how you'll finally know you'll never see me again. You'll never hear of me again. That's how you'll erase me from your dreams.
- Doctor: Are you cold? You want me to turn up the heat?
- Jay: Now you are free. Now you can go and live your life.

Doctor: Why don't you answer me?

Anne: **(to the audience)** This is not true. It wasn't like that. I came to the hospital by mistake. The taxi driver didn't understand me. I didn't know this was a psychiatric hospital. I was in the emergency room for one night. They released me in the morning. I didn't get any valium. They did not strap me down. No one threatened to put me in an isolation ward.

**Sam enters**

Anne: **(to Sam)** I didn't look like this. I didn't wear those clothes. I had no fur coat. Why do you allow them to put on this play? Because it's sensational?

Sam: We don't mean it to be sensational, *maydeleh*.

Anne: These are lies that have turned my life into a cheap melodrama.

Jay: Guard!

Sam: But whoever is intrigued by this melodrama will ask how you ended up here. And wonder what happened to those who enticed you into it. And then threw you in the trash, dumped you and have done nothing to this day to help you.

Jay: Guard!

Anne: They are dancing on our graves, those bastards. They're getting dressed. Going to premieres, enjoying themselves at cocktail parties, while I rot here.

Jay: Guard!

**The doctor takes Anne out of the room.**

Jay: Guard! My shoes are ripped. The soles are completely worn through. The floor is cold in here, my feet are freezing. I can't stand on them. What do I have to do to get a pair of shoes? Write to Senator Kennedy? Guard!!

**Lights up on Colonel Sela.**

Sela:           **(to the audience)** Whoever put on this play is not capable of connecting art with responsibility. They have no idea what damage they are doing to me. But I survived twenty-seven air combats. They won't shoot me down. Although I have to live with the fact that my dream of being commander of the air force – the big eagle in the sky – that dream is gone. Today I am a parrot with no wings to fly. Scraping his cage bars with his talons. But I haven't been defeated. I'm waiting for the right moment to fly out of here into the clouds and reappear, soaring down from the sun.

**Scene 18****DiGenova interrogating Jay**

DiGenova:    I'm an old hand at this, Jay. I know that every time I find a cockroach in the kitchen, there are a lot of his relatives hiding in the drainpipe.

Jay:            I tell you I had no partners.

DiGenova:    We made a deal and you have to cooperate. If it turns out you were working with someone else and we find out, it's going to be hard for me to convince the judge to accept the plea bargain.

Jay:            I can't invent partners I didn't have!

DiGenova:    Help me to help you. There are several Jewish members on the House Intelligence Subcommittee. Maybe one of these Congressmen was shown diagrams of the nuclear reactor in Pakistan. He won't photocopy them for the Israelis, but he might pass along to them the document's code number. Then, two or three days later they give that code number to you, and you make the photocopy.

Jay:            It's an interesting hypothesis, but I have no idea if it has any basis in reality.

DiGenova:    **(takes out a paper)** Ever seen this document?

Jay:            No.

DiGenova: This is a list of our agents who were caught by the KGB last year. Eleven of them were executed. The rest are rotting in prison. You know how the Russians found out about them?

Jay: I didn't have access to any of that material.

DiGenova: But some of the documents you gave the Israelis had clues about the identity of our agents. The Russian mole working in Israel saw those documents. That's how the agents were caught.

Jay: That's not true.

DiGenova: If you don't give me the name of Mister 'X', I am renegeing on the plea bargain.

Jay: I don't know any Mister 'X'.

**Sam enters.**

Sam: Sir! I demand you stop this witch hunt. You're not looking for any Mister 'X'. You're looking to get all of us! Jewish civil servants called in for a security check. Their security clearance taken away. Religious Jewish scientists hide their yarmulkes in their pockets. Jewish journalists are forced to reveal their sources. Afraid to ask any questions. All we Jews must suddenly prove our loyalty to America.

DiGenova: If anyone is called in for a security check it is because he's a suspect and not because he's a Jew!

Sam: All your suspects are Jews, sir.

DiGenova: They are investigated according to the law and they will be punished accordingly if found guilty. Jewish demagoguery will not make me buckle under just because you think this is anti-Semitism. **(to Jay)** You still haven't answered my question. Who was your partner in Congress?

Jay: I had no partner.

DiGenova: There's no deal, Pollard. And there won't be one. You'll be in prison for life.



**He picks up his briefcase and exits.**

Sam: The deal was probably just a *goyisheh* trick. That schmuck never meant to live up to it. And look at us, a powerful Jewish community with all our journalists and hot shot lawyers and judges. And our congressmen and senators. And we let the lousy anti-Semites bury him! Not because we were afraid the goyim would accuse us of being disloyal to the United States. No. The truth is even worse. We didn't fight for him because there are some who don't want their gentile neighbors to *know* they are Jewish! They're ashamed. Their dream is to be a goy. Or at least be like them, with gentile-sounding names. Who has a Jewish name today? Whoopi Goldberg. Jews spend fortunes to have their noses fixed. You didn't notice how short Jewish noses are getting in America? In a few years they won't have any noses at all. *Gornisht mit Gornisht.*

**Scene 19**

**Jay enters with a large box of files. He puts it on the table, starts to stuff some documents into a briefcase.**

Jay: Anne?  
 Anne: I'm in the kitchen! **(enters)** Everything all right?  
 Jay: Yes. Just fine.  
 Anne: I think the case is too small.  
 Jay: Give me another one.  
 Anne: **(brings him another one)** Did they ask for all these?  
 Jay: Yes.  
 Anne: They won't all go in this one either.  
 Jay: I'll take some now and the rest later.  
 Anne: When later?  
 Jay: Later.

Anne: And meanwhile, you're leaving them all here?

Jay: Yes.

Anne: I can't have those things in the house, Jay. Sometimes people come here.

Jay: Put them in the closet.

Anne: What closet?

Jay: Behind the shoes.

Anne: And if somebody finds them?

Jay: Who besides us looks in our closets?

Anne: The maid.

Jay: Lock the closet when she's here.

Anne: If somebody at the office needs any of those files?

Jay: I always take files home. No one ever said a word about it.

Anne: But so many of them?

Jay: I'll say I couldn't pre-sort them at the office.

Anne: That's not a logical answer, Jay.

Jay: They are not very logical. They don't know how to work. I try to teach them to use their heads and they get insulted. To be that anti-Semitic you probably have to be very stupid.

Anne: They see you taking all these papers and don't suspect anything?

Jay: I'm the only one who does any serious work there.

Anne: I don't understand how you are not afraid. Every time I see the neighbors in the elevator, I think they're reading my thoughts -- and they're going to run to the FBI.

Jay: Don't worry. I'm very careful.

Anne: I'm sure anyone who was ever caught thought he was being careful.

Jay: I'm not 'anyone.' If somebody suspected me, I'd know it right away.

Anne: Maybe you should stop for a few weeks. Just to be on the safe side.

Jay: **(finding a document)** Here it is. I didn't remember where I put it. The nuclear installations in Libya. I'm the only one who can give them material like this.

Anne: They were doing all right before you started working for them.

Jay: They were doing very badly.

Anne: Let's be sensible, Jay. I'm not built for this. You know I am no hero. I never thought we would get so involved. I am not staying in this house with those files in here.

Jay: Don't worry. If something happens, I'll call you and warn you. **(she winces in pain)** What's the matter?

Anne: Nothing. What did you say?

Jay: I said if something were to happen I'd let you know.

Anne: How?

Jay: We'll use a code.

Anne: What do you mean?

Jay: If something happens, I'll call and give you a code word **(thinks)** 'cactus'.

Anne: Cactus?

Jay: Yes.

Anne: Why 'cactus'? It sounds stupid.

Jay: What's the difference? If I call and say, 'cactus', you'll know something went wrong, and you hide those files.

Anne: But where?

Jay: Take them and get out of here.

Anne: Wait a minute, Jay! This isn't some stupid movie! If I hide them in the house they'll find them in a minute. If I run away with them, they'll catch up with me in the stairwell. I don't understand. Didn't they tell you how to get away? Where to run?

Jay: Don't be so afraid. They know what they're doing. They've gotten people out of much more dangerous situations than this.

**He exits, taking the two suitcases. Anne's stomach pains get worse. She goes to the telephone.**

Anne: Let me speak to Sam Goldstein, please. It's personal. This is his niece...  
Hello, Sam? It's me. Can you please come... Yes, right away. I can't talk on the phone.

## Scene 20

**An afternoon in Washington. A public park. Sela enters. Jay enters from the opposite side of the stage, carrying briefcases. They hug each other.**

Sela: What's in the bags?

Jay: I went to the apartment to make copies. I rang the bell ten times. The girl was in there. There were lights on. But she wouldn't open the door for me.

Sela: You're not worried carrying them around like that in the park?

Jay: Of course I am, but there are things that worry me much more. No one has contacted me for a month. No one has asked for any material. I've got lots of these documents on my hands. I don't know what to do, there's no one to ask. I'm glad you're in Washington. Finally someone I can talk to. How are you?

Sela: Maybe there was some kind of misunderstanding. I'll find out. You can't carry those around on the streets.

Jay: Let's go back to the apartment. She'll let you in.

Sela: Wait. You wanted to talk about something, no? Sit down. **(he sits on a park bench)**

Jay: **(sits next to Sela)** Is something wrong?

Sela: No, nothing. The girl at the apartment doesn't have to hear what we talk about.

Jay: You're right. I don't trust her either. She doesn't photocopy everything I bring. She gives me back the papers and it looks like they haven't been separated at all. By the way I got hold of one hundred seventy-four documents on Islamic terrorists in the United States. You cannot imagine

what they are planning to do here in the next few years. They're not a cult of marginal fanatics. They are raising money. Buying weapons. Talking about 'Judgment Day'. About Jihad. They're planning suicide missions.

Sela: We need something very special right away.

Jay: **(tenses, intent)** What?

Sela: There are four missile bases near Damascus. Anti-aircraft. With new, advanced radar.

Jay: I'll look for it in the archives,

Sela: We don't know how the radar works.

Jay: No problem. I'll bring you photographs.

Sela: We need the technical specifications. We need to know its capabilities, its limitations.

Jay: Ok. It's probably Soviet radar. New type. I'll try to find out about it.

Sela: We would also be glad to know if the Americans already have ways to neutralize that radar.

Jay: That won't be so easy. But I'll try.

Sela: I have to see this material by tomorrow night. I'm flying back the day after tomorrow. I have to be sure you found exactly what we need. It's more than urgent!

Jay: I'll try.

Sela: Good.

Jay: Is that all?

Sela: We'll meet at my hotel tomorrow night at nine o'clock.

Jay: What should I do with these files?

Sela: You better take them back to your office.

Jay: You don't want me to copy them?

Sela: Take them back to your office. Tomorrow night at nine. **(Jay clears his throat nervously)** What is it? You don't feel well?

Jay: It's nothing. I feel fine. In spite of the fact that I have had some strange thoughts lately. There are things I don't understand. On one hand, you tell

me you need something very important. On the other hand, you don't want what I have already gathered. Why? They're less important? I don't know what to make of that. And that's not all. I haven't been sleeping lately. I wake up several times in the night. Frightened. Sure that there's some paper on poison gas in Libya that escaped my notice. I guess I'm being paranoid. Maybe I'm losing my grip on myself. I don't know what to think. You're not telling me everything. It's like suddenly I am not needed. I'm not offended. It worries me. But maybe you're right, maybe my judgment is impaired. **(He gets up)** Forget what I just said. Sorry. It was only a minute of panic. Don't worry. I will bring you those radar specifications tomorrow.

**Jay takes the briefcases and quickly goes off. Sela stays, concerned. Sam enters.**

Sam: Hello, Colonel.

Sela: Mr. Goldstein.

Sam: What are you doing here? I thought you would be getting a suntan on your air base somewhere in the middle of the desert.

Sela: I got here this morning. For a speech, one or two meetings and back to the desert.

Sam: I got in this morning too. Couldn't get a cab from the hotel, so I decided to walk *shpatziren*, through the park to the Metro. And what do you know? *Du bist du!*

Sela: Yeah.

Sam: Like it was meant to be. I want to talk to you about something.

Sela: Maybe we'll meet for breakfast tomorrow at the Hilton?

Sam: It's a private matter. It's about my niece's husband. Jay Pollard. I spoke to her yesterday. He's in bad shape. They're both in bad shape. That's why I came down fast. Maybe you know something. A minute ago, I thought I saw him here.

Sela: Here? I didn't see him. I haven't seen him for almost a year.

Sam: I don't want to poke my nose in where it doesn't belong, but they are *mishpucheh* after all. I thought you might know something I don't. I saw you standing here talking to someone with two briefcases. Wasn't that him?

Sela: It was somebody with the UJA.

Sam: From the UJA in Washington?

Sela: Yes.

Sam: Let me give you a little advice. I don't know what goes on between you and him. I didn't ask and I wasn't told. But I am an experienced stock broker -- I have a gut feeling about things. This is Washington, not Asia. Here we follow rules different than there. I am praying that the reason my ulcer is now acting up on me is because of the few shots of whiskey I had on the plane from New York. Leave him alone. Just leave him alone.

Sela: I have no idea what you're getting at. I'm here for the UJA. I go by all the rules. **(He exits)**

### **Scene 21**

**Anne and Jay's house. Jay is getting ready to go to work the night shift, putting on his tie and jacket and packing his briefcase. Sam appears**

Sam: I don't know what trouble you've gotten into, *kinderlach*. I don't want to know. You have to get out as soon as you can. My sister-in-law has a sister in Panama. Her daughter married a goy who owns a hotel. I'll pay for the tickets.

Jay: This is not your business, Sam.

Anne: **(to Jay)** He's the only person in the world who wants what's best for us.

Jay: Nobody knows what's 'best for us' better than we do.

Anne: Do you know what's best for me?

Jay: Yes.

Sam: Call the office and say you're sick. I'll get you to the airport.

Jay: Out of the question.

Sam: Why? Do you have to see the Colonel again?

Jay: I don't know what you're talking about. If you want to help, stay with Anne until I get back. She doesn't feel well.

Sam: I saw you talking together in the park.

Jay: I wasn't in any park!

Sam: Stop lying.

Jay: **(to Anne)** You want me to get you a doctor?

Anne: No.

Jay: Then go and lie down!

Anne: **(angry)** I'm not sick! You're sick! Tell him the truth!

Jay: What truth? **(to Sam)** What're you so afraid of?

Sam: I saw you in the park - talking to the colonel - with two briefcases. And I'm not the only one who can guess what was in those briefcases.

Jay: I was not in the park.

Sam: They may already be after you. Tapping your phone. They might be listening to this conversation too.

Jay: Let them. I'm not hiding anything. **(to Anne)** What else did you tell him? Why did you call him? Who else did you call?

Anne: I didn't call anybody.

Jay: **(to Sam)** I suggest that you go back to New York and forget you were here.

Anne: Listen to him. He can help you.

Jay: He's afraid that if I get arrested, afterwards they'll arrest *him*. **(to Sam)** Don't worry, I won't tell them who introduced me to the Colonel.

Sam: Are you accusing me of something?

Anne: He has no reason to be afraid, Jay. You do!

Jay: So do you!! You shouldn't have called him!

Anne: I had no choice! If you had listened to me, we would long ago...

Jay: I listened to you in Paris, remember?

Sam: You can settle all this between you when you get to Panama. **(to Jay)** Think about her, will you? You won't be the only one sitting in jail.



Jay: If you think I ought to be in jail, call the FBI. The phone's in the kitchen.

Sam: I won't call the FBI. You got yourself into this on your own, and you get out of it on your own. **(to Anne)** You can still save yourself - come with me.

Anne: I can't do that.

Sam: I'll wait for you at the hotel. **(angry, to Jay)** You see what you've done, *Uber chuchem?* You spit in the well we all drink from. Now they'll say we poisoned it. God help you, *kinderlach*. **(exits)**

Anne: Don't go, Jay!

Jay: I'll be back in the morning.

Anne: Please...

Jay: Take a pill and go to bed.

Anne: If you go I'll slit my wrists!

Jay: Don't talk like that.

Anne: You know why I threw up last night? Somebody slammed a door in the hallway and I woke up. I looked over at you, asleep near me. Your hands were clenched into tight fists. You were shaking. I got so scared that I vomited. **(she breaks down and weeps)**

Jay: I'll be back in the morning.

**He takes his case and goes**

**Scene 22**

**Office in Naval Intelligence. Jay enters and puts documents into his briefcase. When he is done he goes to leave but is stopped by a male and female security guard.**

Male Guard: Security. (**shows Jay his badge**)

Jay: What's the matter?

Fem Guard: What are you doing here?

Jay: This is my office. I work here.

Male Guard: This late?

Jay: I had a lot to do.

Male Guard: What's in the briefcase?

Jay: Nothing.

Fem Guard: Open it.

Jay: Is this necessary? I've been working here for three years. I have top security clearance.

Male Guard: Open it.

Jay: My wife is waiting for me. I have to get home.

Fem Guard: She'll wait a little longer.

**Jay opens the case. The guards sift through the papers and finds the classified documents.**

Male Guard: Sit down.

Jay: I'm in a hurry.

Fem Guard: (on her radio) The documents are in his briefcase.

Jay: I don't understand what you want. It's Friday night. My wife and I have plans.

Male Guard: We also had plans.

**DiGenova enters.**

DiGenova: Jonathan Pollard? Pleased to meet you. Joseph DiGenova. Prosecutor's office. I'm leading this investigation.

Jay: What investigation?

DiGenova: **(looks through the documents)** Specs for a Russian radar installation. Where are you taking this?

Jay: To an analyst in the Asian section.

DiGenova: Who?

Jay: What do you mean?

DiGenova: Who are you going to give it to?

Jay: Why do you ask?

DiGenova: I want to know who you are giving top secret documents to on Friday evening.

Jay: To an analyst in the Asian section.

DiGenova: What is his name?

Jay: What do you want to know his name for?

DiGenova: I want to ask him if he is waiting for this material.

Jay: Now wait, I don't understand. What's wrong?

DiGenova: What analyst in the Asian section stays this late on a Friday?

Jay: The on duty analyst.

DiGenova: What's his name?

Jay: I don't understand why you are delaying me, Mr. DiGenova. I made arrangements with my wife. She's waiting for me. We have guests coming over.

DiGenova: Tell me where you are taking these documents. And then you can go home to your guests.

Jay: Can't we have this conversation tomorrow?

DiGenova: Don't play games, Mr. Pollard. What were you planning to do with these documents?

Jay: I was going to take them home. It's more comfortable for me to work at home. I take work home every weekend. My colleagues probably told you.

DiGenova: Then why did you say you were taking them to the Asian section?

Jay: Because I know I'm not allowed to take these documents home.

DiGenova: You are right.

Jay: Can I go now?

DiGenova: Another question. What do you need files on Soviet ground to air missiles for?

Jay: These missiles are deployed all over the world.

DiGenova: And the radar specifications? What terrorist group has radar like this?

Jay: The Communists in Nicaragua.

DiGenova: And who is going to attack them from the air?

Jay: I can't answer that. It's top secret information.

DiGenova: Maybe the Nicaraguan army? Maybe you are taking these documents to them?

Jay: I see you have a lot of questions, sir and I can answer every one. Just let me tell my wife I'll be late.

DiGenova: Go ahead.

**Jay goes to the phone and dials. Lights in the Pollard apartment. Phone rings. Anne picks up the receiver.**

Anne: Hello?

Jay: Anne?

Anne: Yes.

Jay: I'm going to be late. Maybe an hour, an hour and a half.

Anne: Why? What happened?

Jay: Nothing. I have a little work to do. Don't wait for me. Go meet our friends like we said. Don't forget to give them the presents. The books... and the cactus.

Anne: The cactus?  
 Jay: Yeah, yeah. **(pause)** Anne?  
 Anne: The cactus?  
 Jay: Don't worry. I'll try to be there in an hour.  
 Anne: You're sure everything is all right?  
 Jay: Tell them I'm sorry.  
 Anne: All right.  
 Jay: See you soon.  
 Anne: Wait... **(he has already hung up)**

**Anne, very upset, starts putting files into a suitcase. The interrogation continues.**

DiGenova: Look, Mr. Pollard. The Russians don't need information on their own radar systems from us. Or on their own missiles. Who did you get this material together for?  
 Jay: I told you. I was going to work on it at home.  
 DiGenova: There are more than five hundred pages here. You can't go over all this in a single weekend.  
 Jay: If you keep questioning me here, that's for sure.  
 DiGenova: We have the list of files you've taken out for the past seven months. Even if you worked night and day, you wouldn't have been able to go over them all.  
 Jay: You've been watching me for seven months?  
 DiGenova: **We're** asking the questions now. What did you do with those thousands of documents? Who did you give them to?  
 Jay: Can you show me your ID? **(DiGenova shows it to him)** I want to speak with you alone.  
 DiGenova: **(motions to the guards to leave them)** Go ahead.  
 Jay: Someone from the CIA approached me.  
 DiGenova: The CIA??

Jay: They needed it for the rebels in Afghanistan. To fight the Soviets. They need information on their aircraft...

DiGenova: Who was it?

Jay: ...and on their radar and missile systems.

DiGenova: What's his name?

Jay: Sorry?

DiGenova: Who contacted you?

Jay: I can't tell you.

DiGenova: Who was it?

Jay: I'm sorry, but...

DiGenova: When did you meet with him? How many times did you meet with him?

Jay: I'll identify him only if you have a court order.

Aije: Fine. (**removes Pollard's name tag**) Give me your entry pass. You're suspended pending this investigation.

Jay: You don't believe me?

Aije: The game is over, Pollard. If you don't open your mouth, we'll open it for you. And believe me we have very efficient means to do so.

### **Scene 23**

**Hilton hotel lobby in Washington, Anne enters. Sela enters from the opposite side of the stage.**

Anne: Thank you for coming. He didn't come home. I don't know if they've arrested him. Maybe they are only questioning him. He called an hour after he was supposed to be home. He sounded confused. He said he was going to be delayed an hour and a half. Then he told me to bring you the presents: the books and the cactus.

Sela: The 'cactus'?

Anne: We set it up that if he said 'cactus' I should clear all the papers out of the house. I threw them all into a suitcase, but it was too heavy for me. I got it

down to the storage room. Under the stairs. And I asked a neighbor to take it over to the Holiday Inn. I waited for him in the lobby, but he didn't come.

Sela: Were you followed here?

Anne: No. Maybe. I think so. At first, then I got rid of them. I took a taxi, went into the Sony store on Connecticut Avenue and went out the back. I got another cab. We went down some side streets. I came in through the hotel parking lot.

Sela: Very good. Anybody spoke to you? Anyone touch you?

Anne: What do you mean?

Sela: Maybe someone bumped into you -- by accident -- and planted something on you.

Anne: What?

Sela: A microphone.

Anne: No, no, nothing. After I came out the back of the Sony store I didn't see them anymore. I'm all right, but I am worried about him. He's alone. He doesn't know what to do. You have to help him. He's been terribly nervous lately.

Sela: I see. Wait here a minute. **(gets up)**

Anne: Where are you going?

Sela: To make a call. I'll be right back.

Anne: No, don't leave! **(gets up to go after him)**

Sela: I won't.

**She sits. He goes to the telephone. Anne remains where she is. A waitress brings her tea. Sela dials a number. Lights go up on Rafi Eitan in his office.**

Sela: Rafi?

Eitan: Yes.

Sela: It's me.

Eitan: Yes.

Sela: Something went wrong. I think they're on to him. An hour and a half ago. I don't know exactly what's happening. **(pause)** Did you hear me?

Eitan: Yes, I heard.

Sela: His wife is with me.

Eitan: I see. You all right?

Sela: For the moment. **(pause)** What do you suggest?

Eitan: Get out of there. Catch the first plane, no matter where it's going and try to get over here as soon as you can.

Sela: Are you sure?

Eitan: That's an order.

Sela: And what about them?

Eitan: We'll take care of them. You take care of yourself.

Sela: Maybe I should take her with me.

Eitan: Don't get sucked in. You hear me?

Sela: Does he know what he's supposed to do?

Eitan: Yes.

**Blackout on Eitan. Sela puts the phone down and goes back to Anne.**

Anne: **(rising)** Is everything all right?

Sela: Don't worry, we won't abandon you. I'll go and take care of a few things. Wait here until midnight. Don't go out and don't use the phone. At midnight, go home. He'll probably be there by then. He'll know what to do.

Anne: What if he isn't there?

Sela: I'll be in touch again after midnight. If he isn't back, I'll give you further instructions. Understand?

Anne: Yes.

Sela: Would you rather come with me?

Anne: Where?

Sela: To somewhere safer.



Anne: No, I can't leave him.

Sela: **(shakes her hand)** See you. **(to the audience)** I could have taken her with me. I should have tried harder. But they promised me they'd get them out and I believed them. I haven't met with her since. I watched from a distance what happened to her in Israel. I pulled a few strings for her. I wanted to do more, but I was told in no uncertain terms to keep away. **(exits)**

## **Scene 24**

**The Pollard apartment. Jay, DiGenova and two Detectives enter.**

DiGenova: If it turns out you were buying time so your partners could get away, you'll find yourself on the electric chair. Sit down. **(Jay sits)**

Detective A: Look what he hid under the sofa. The rebels in Afghanistan have a need for photos of the Latakia Port in Syria?

DiGenova: We know you weren't going to pass these on to them.

Jay: It's what the CIA asked for.

DiGenova: Your wife is under surveillance, Pollard. She'll be placed under arrest shortly. She and her partners. You want us to get the answers out of her? Out of them?

Jay: I passed on the material through the CIA to the rebels in Afghanistan.

DiGenova: Stop lying.

**Detective B enters carrying a suitcase.**

Detective B: Your wife left this suitcase with one of the neighbors.

**The detective opens the suitcase and finds the documents put there by Anne.**

DiGenova: Your wife attempted to conceal evidence, Pollard. For that alone she could get ten years.

Detective A: These are the gifts you told her to bring to the guests?  
Jay: You listened in to my call to my wife without a court order.  
DiGenova: I'd advise you not to be a smart ass unless you want to sit manacled with a lamp light shining in your eyes all night. You won't be allowed to sleep. Or to drink or eat anything. You'll piss and shit in your pants.  
Jay: I will talk to you only with an attorney present.

**Anne enters. She runs to Jay and embraces him.**

Anne: Jay...  
DiGenova: How was the meeting with the cactus?  
Anne: What meeting? I was only...  
Jay: **(cuts her off)** She will talk to you only with an attorney present.

**The telephone rings. Lights up on Colonel Sela, inside a telephone booth.  
Anne rushes to the phone before Detective A can get to it. Anne picks up the receiver.**

Anne: Hello?  
Sela: Is everything all right?  
Anne: No. **(she hangs up)**  
DiGenova: Who was that?  
Anne: Wrong number.  
DiGenova: It was your handler.  
Anne: I'm telling you it was a wrong number.  
DiGenova: I advise you to tell the truth. Our people are already on their way to where that call came from.  
Jay: Let her alone.  
DiGenova: What did you plan to do with the suitcase?  
Anne: I...

Jay: She will speak to you only with an attorney present.

DiGenova: Fine. **(to Detective A)** Take them into the bedroom. Let them sweat a little. Have them open the chest of drawers. Pull off the sheets and blankets and pillow cases. Look in the mattress. Tomorrow we'll give them a polygraph.

**Detective A takes Anne and Jay into the hallway.**

Detective B: You're not going to arrest them?

DiGenova: They'll start to make mistakes soon. By morning they'll lead us to their handlers.

### **Scene 25**

**Sela is in the telephone booth.**

Sela: What do you mean there are no flights? I have to be in New York in two hours from now...what fog, lady? It's just a few clouds. That's all. I've flown planes myself in worse weather than this. I'm ready to rent a light plane and fly it myself... **(angry)** Thank you. **(hangs up and dials again)** Hello. I need a cab to New York. I'll pay double the regular fare. There's no ice, no snow, just some fog... If you can get him to do it, I'll pay you, too... A used car lot? Is it open? Thanks.

**Sela hangs up. He picks up his suitcase and exits.**

### **Scene 26**

**A street in Washington. Four o'clock in the morning. Anne and Jay are waiting next to a pay phone.**

Jay: Everything is okay. It's all going according to plan. They'll be here any minute.

Anne: It's four o'clock already.

Jay: In another minute someone is going to come and tell us what to do. They won't desert us. **(hugs her)** Nothing to worry about. This nightmare will be over in a few hours. They're the best in rescuing their people.

Anne: I'm not so sure...

Jay: That's the plan.

Anne: Maybe he wanted time to get away?

Jay: Who?

Anne: So he told me to wait until midnight.

Jay: The Colonel? I'm sure he won't let us down.

Anne: Maybe we could rent a car. And exchange it for another one in Atlanta.

Jay: No, no.

Anne: We can change cars again in Houston. We'll be in Mexico in two days.

Jay: The Israelis have more sophisticated rescue methods. They'll be here soon.

Anne: What if they aren't?

Jay: They didn't give me instructions for nothing. They have a plan. We have to do what they told us.

Anne: What's the plan?

Jay: I don't know. They said to wait here and we're waiting. **(he sees someone)** Hello! **(the man disappears)** We mustn't do anything in a rush. If we try to get away ourselves, they won't know where we are. Be patient, that's all. Nothing to worry about.

**He hugs her. Just then a car approaches, its headlights in their eyes, blinding them.**

Jay: Here they are!

**The car is dangerously close. They move away, frightened. The car drives off.**

Anne: Maybe that was the FBI? Maybe it was the Israelis?  
 Jay: Nonsense!  
 Anne: Maybe they wanted us to stand here at four in the morning so they could run us over.  
 Jay: It was just a drunk driver!  
 Anne: They're afraid we'll talk.  
 Jay: It was just a drunken hooligan!  
 Anne: **(in despair)** That's enough, Jay! Open your eyes! They got themselves out!  
 Jay: No, they wouldn't do that. Maybe there was a problem. Give me some coins for the phone.

**She gives him some coins. He goes into the phone booth. Lights up on the security officer's room in the Israeli embassy in Washington. The security officer and his aide are playing backgammon. The phone rings.**

Sec. Officer: Hello, Israel Embassy.  
 Jay: Is this the Security officer?  
 Sec. Officer: Speaking.  
 Jay: I need to speak to the representative of the Mossad, please.  
 Sec. Officer: There's nobody like that here.  
 Jay: Can I speak to the Science attaché?  
 Sec. Officer: He's not here now.  
 Jay: Find him. I work for the Mossad. This is an emergency. The FBI is after me.  
 Sec. Officer: **(to his aide, mockingly)** Some jerk on the phone says he works for the Mossad. **(to Jay)** And what exactly do you do for the Mossad?  
 Jay: I work for them.  
 Sec. Officer: **(to the aide)** Probably some poor bastard who had his head messed up in Vietnam. **(to Jay)** Listen, I don't have an outside line at the moment. I can't call out to anywhere. Come by in the morning.

Jay: In the morning?

Sec. Officer: Don't worry. We won't let the FBI touch anybody who works for us.

Jay: What time should I come?

Sec. Officer: Ten o'clock.

Jay: All right. We'll be there at ten. **(hangs up. To Anne)** I set it up for ten. We have to throw them off our trail and get to the embassy. **(blackout)**

### Scene 27

**Offices of the Bureau of Scientific Relations in Tel Aviv. Eitan sits at his desk.**

**Colonel Sela enters.**

Sela: For me he's a pilot shot down over the border, searching for cover anywhere he can; in the wadis, between the rocks, in the caves, under the ground. He doesn't even have a pistol on him. The FBI is closing in on him. He's sweating with fear. He isn't able to think clearly.

Eitan: I'm doing what I can. **(on the telephone)** Get me the Prime Minister's office.

Sela: You're probably hoping he'll do us a favor and jump off a bridge.

Eitan: I hope he won't do that. **(into the phone)** I need the Prime Minister. It's urgent...then let me have the military secretary.

Sela: If I didn't believe you'd get them out I wouldn't have left.

Eitan: I am trying to get them out.

Sela: How?

Eitan: You don't have to know. I have a plan. It won't be easy. It's risky. We have to determine if we can afford to take the risks.

Sela: You asked them to take risks.

Eitan: They knew they might have to pay a price. Worst comes to worst they'll get three or four years. In a year or two, there'll be an exchange of some kind. It's not so terrible.

Sela: In other words you have no escape plan for them.

Eitan: If the Prime Minister authorizes it, I will get them out. But it could be that if we got them out, it might be worse for them.

Sela: How?

Eitan: The Americans might put pressure on us and we'd have to turn them over to them anyway.

Selas: The Americans don't know he was working for us.

Eitan: They're going to find out any minute.

Sela: If we don't get him out now he'll go to the embassy and we won't be able to deny that he works for us.

Eitan: We can always deny it. He has no proof he works for us.

Sela: I see you've already made a decision.

Eitan: No, I haven't. I gave the information to those who do have to make it. Don't come complaining to me. You're a part of all this, too.

**Sam enters**

Sam: Go to your Prime Minister and tell him to call the White House. Call the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense. Call the head of the CIA. Tell them what happened. How it happened. Why it happened. Tell them, and then resign. **(to Sela)** You, too.

Eitan: I'll think about it.

Sam: And get rid of all the 'mister X' handlers you had working with Pollard. Give back to the Pentagon everything he took. Don't play any more games like these. They don't like to be lied to even once, and if you do it to them twice, they will become very vengeful.

Eitan: Fine. Thank you.

Sam: And if you also apologize nicely, maybe those two poor souls will be freed while they're still among the living.

Eitan: I got it. Thank you.

Sam: My dear sir, get up and go to him. Before I am convinced you're lying to me, too. That you're not trying to save them, but only trying to save your scalp and your *tuchess*. *Untervelt*.

Eitan: **(angry)** I'm not prepared to hear these accusations. There are five million Jews in this country I have to think about. Who are you to preach to me? You ever help a single Jew who was trying to save his own life? Six million annihilated in Europe and you didn't lift a finger. Three million Jews here were in danger of being wiped out in the Six Day War. You didn't even try to convince the Americans to intervene. The few pennies you throw our way don't make you any more moral than I am.

### **Scene 28**

**Entrance drive of the Israeli Embassy in Washington. Sound of a car. A police car is chasing the lead car, which has Jay and Anne inside. Their car stops and the doors open and are shut quickly. The police car stops behind the first car. The Security Officer and his aide enter, their guns in their hands.**

Sec. Officer: Halt! Hands up! Both of you. What are you doing crashing in here?! Didn't you see the barrier? You almost smashed through it! Get over here! No tricks!

Aide: Maybe their bags are rigged.

Sec. Officer: Stop. Put your bags down.

**Jay and Anne put their bags on the ground, and raise their hands.**

Jay: Don't shoot, don't! We're Jews, we want political asylum. My name is Jonathan Pollard! This is my wife Anne.

Sec. Officer: What asylum? Who's after you?

Jay: The FBI. I can show you our passports. **(puts his hand in his pocket)**

Aide: Keep your hands up!



**Lights on the Tel Aviv office of the Bureau of Scientific Relations.**

Eitan:           **(to Sela)** I take full responsibility. I'm prepared to say that I was his handler on my own; that the Mossad had no knowledge of it. Or anyone in the government. I'm not thinking of myself or the price I'll pay. I'm not made of stone and I know those two will pay a much higher price than I will. I'm dealing with a much more important goal. To minimize the damage for our security. America is our only support. We cannot lose it. If a war breaks out tomorrow we'll need political support. Military support. An air lift of arms. Are you ready lose this support for the sake of one man, for the sake of one Pollard?

**Meantime, the security officer is examining Anne and Jay's passports.**

Jay:               I want to see the Mossad representative or the Science Attaché. They know me.

Sec. Officer:    You're the one who called last night?

Jay:               Yes.

Sec. Officer:    I see. Come inside. Have some coffee.

Eitan:           **(on the phone)** Mr. Minister, they are at the Embassy...yes, as we thought.  
**(to the Security Officer)** Get rid of them!

Sec. Officer:    Get rid of them...?

Eitan:           Now!

Sec. Officer:    They're Jews. They want asylum. The FBI is waiting for them outside the gate.

Eitan:           Get them out of there.

Sec. Officer:    **(to Anne and Jay)** I'm sorry...it's a misunderstanding. I have to ask you to leave.

Anne:            They are going to arrest us!

Sec. Officer: Those are the regulations.  
 Jay: First find out who I am, and what I have done for you...  
 Sec. Officer: Don't force me to throw you out.  
 Anne: They'll shoot us! They'll kill us!  
 Jay: I told you who I'm working for. Let me call my handler.  
 Sec. Officer: I'm very sorry.  
 Anne: Just one phone call.  
 Jay: We are Jews. The Embassy is sovereign Israeli territory.

### **Anne and Jay sit on the ground**

Sam: **(to the audience)** This scene is not fiction. It is not a figment of the writer's imagination. It will not disappear in the folds of the wrinkled pages of the play. Anne and Jonathan Pollard are real people. Flesh and blood. They are not fiction, and their lives are not fiction.

### **The Security Officer hesitates.**

Eitan: **(to the Security officer)** Get them out of there!  
 Anne: We are not asking for any favors! You owe us our lives!  
 Jay: Talk to the Mossad representative. One word from him will save us.  
 Sec. Officer: Tell me what to do!  
 Eitan: I did tell you!!  
 Sec. Officer: I have no choice. Please get out.  
 Jay: We did so much for you.  
 Anne: Your whole lives you'll remember seeing us here like this!  
 Jay: You are sentencing us to death.  
 Sec. Officer: Out...

**The Security Officer and his aide drag Anne and Jay off the embassy grounds.  
Blackout. Lights up on Jay in his prison cell.**

Jay:           **(to audience)** Lately I've been having the same dream night after night. My parent's home. South Bend, Indiana. It's my briss, my circumcision. I'm wrapped in a white sheet. Laying on a big bed. My father is next to me. My mother is caressing me. I hear my family in the background chattering and laughing. Suddenly I see the mohel. A tall man with a black beard. Large, soulful eyes. He comes closer. He wets my lips with a drop of red wine. He unwraps the sheet and takes a big, sharp knife in his hand, and waves it in the air. The room is quiet. Everyone is looking down at me. Waiting for the covenant to be sanctified. Suddenly I see hesitation in the Mohel's eyes. He lurches back abruptly as if he had seen something terrifying. Something abominable. His hand freezes in midair. The knife falls to the ground with a clatter. He turns his back on me and disappears.

**END**