

1+1

(Or: One Couple)

A play by Noa Koler and Erez Drigues.

Translated from Hebrew by Erez Drigues.

Prologue

Actor: Hi. So, we were a couple once,

Actress: in real life,

Actor: right, and (then) we broke up.

Actress: And then we decided to write a play-

Actor: together,

Actress: right,

Actor: we decided to write a play together about our time being.. Together.

Actress: and so.. We did.

Actor: yeah, we-

Actress: we wrote a play together about our year together.

Actor: right, and-

Actress: and then we rehearsed.

Actor: ok, so we-

Actress: we rehearsed the play we wrote together about our year being together.

(Short pause)

Actor: ok I think that's about-

Actress: and now we have a show-

Actor: we have a show, together, that we rehearsed, together, (and translated together) of the play we wrote together about our year. Together. Yeah, I think they got it.

Actress: right. Well you just over did it.

Actor: ok, so let's get started?

Actress: yup.

Actor: oh, one more thing. Since we wrote it, she eh.. I mean the actress, not the character, she got married, and just had a child recently, Mazal tov Mazal tov, anyway- that has nothing to do with the show. All that happened after all this (referring to the script/ stage) happened . So in case during the show you notice that she's still somewhat.. Umm.. A bit.. (Gestures large waists) well you know, kinda.. Round ish, rou-.. bulky, we'll not bulky, just.. F.. Fat er.. Just ignore it. That's all. Alright! Here we go!-

Actress: by the way, he didn't accomplish anything in the meantime.

Actor: right.

Actress: oh and he actually did most of the translating, you know, from Hebrew. So if some jokes don't really work- those are his.

Actor: thanks. By the way, she tends to have panic attacks while on stage, so if in the middle of a scene, you suddenly see her turning all white-

Actress: So he has a really small-

Actor: ok!! Here we go! Scene one!

1. Moving in

Actor: Scene one! A rented, one room (typical) flat in Tel Aviv. The space is completely empty.

Actress: 'SHE' enters, stands in the middle of the room, smiles, takes a deep breath and looks around her.

Actor: 'HE' enters.

He enters, carrying three boxes stacked one on top of the other, so he can't really see anything. He breathes heavily.

He: Mooch! The lift's not working. Did you notice that? Did you remember it's the FOURTH floor?? Mooch?

She: Mooch..

He: Mooch?

She: Mooch look..

He: Yeah.

She: Our very own place ha?

He: yeah.

She: So?..

He: So I can't really see anything. could you help me out here?

She: oh shit, I'm sorry..

She helps him put the boxes down.

She: so? What do you say?

He: I see dark spots all over..

She: what?

He: I think it's from climbing all these stairs, it's blood pressure or something.

She: what are you, 70?

He: oh great, I'm looking forward to a life full of compassion and understanding.

She: sorry I'm just nervous. Should I get you anything? Do you want some water?

He: no I'm fine. Hey! A place of our own! What do you think I haven't noticed?

She: just the two of us..

He: Just us.

She: a new place..

He: brought boxes and everything.

She: it's a bit of a thing, isn't it?

He: it's a thing.

She: is it a big thing?

He: it's a thing. Don't think it's a big thing.

She: is it a NICE thing?

He: it's nice! It's very nice!!

They kiss briefly.

She: ok good. So look what I had in mind:

He: oh and great ass by the way.

She: mine?

He: yup.

She: it is. Anyway here's what I had in mind: you see that wall over there? Well we can't put our couch against it cause they're both in dark colors, and it'll just blend right into the wall, so I thought it could go over here-

He: I'm sorry, what did you (just) say? Our couch will blend INTO the wall?

She: yeah, it'll just swallow it up.

He: I see. And the other wall, that won't swallow it.

She: no.

He: I see. So we have one digesting wall and one regular wall. Ok.

She: are you done?

He: carry on.

She: thanks. So-

He: I won't stand next to that one, so it won't swallow ME up.

She: moving on!..

He: not funny?

She: you've had better. So.. what are we gonna do with that wall?

He: I'm glad you asked, that's gonna be the designated Fun corner. Area.

She: Fun Area?

He: The Fun Area.

She: And what will it be, it'll be fun? What will we have there?

He: you know.. Large pillows.. And.. Books.. And.. Pillows. I don't know, books and pillows!! Does it get any more fun than that?

She: No it doesn't.

He: silly?

She: Just a bit.

He: well that's the way it is. Now you're stuck with me forever.

She: Tough tits ha?

He: I'm sorry?

She: what?

He: "tough tits"? What the Hell's that? Since when do you say "tough tits"?

She: Tough tits is funny.

He: what IS that? Is it like a pun?

She: pun? It's not a pun,

He: it's a pun, that's exactly the problem, it's not even a cool saying, it's a PUN.

She: it's a saying and it's cool, ok? It's vintage.

He: I don't know, it sounds like something your dad would say.

Short pause

She: why would you say that?

He: it's just an example

She: what kind of an example is it? You know I can't stand it.

He: what, being like your dad?

She: would you stop saying that??

He: stop saying Tough tits!

She: tough tits!

He: well you sound like your dad!

She: Oh shut up!!

Short pause

He: hey.. We're stuck together here for eternity..

She: what are we gonna do?

He: wanna break up?
She: we've just started. (They kiss briefly) I like it.
He: what?
She: that we're young and make up really quickly.
He: love it. I'm gonna unpack the shower stuff. Where do we put the shower stuff?
She: in the shower. Where did we put the toilet stuff?
He: the toilet doesn't have any stuff.
She: you know, toilet paper and that wand.
He: I beg your pardon?
She: the wand, the.. you know, the shit stick.
He: why do you call it a wand?
She: What's up with you today? Have you heard me speak, ever?
He: I have, I just haven't been listening.
She: well it's a wand, that's what my mom calls it. Stupid?
He: no, it's cute. (Kisses her again) I'll be in the shower.
She: I'll be in the bathroom.

They go their separate ways. A brief moment after, he sticks his head out the shower room.

He: Mooch?.. Did you notice someone's looking right into our shower?
She: (shouts from within the toilet) what, the opposite window?
He: that's not opposite, that's internal. That lady is practically living in our bathtub. Other than scrubbing my back she's doing just about everything.
She: Mooch we saw that when we saw the flat, just close the curtain.
He: there is no curtain.
She: they didn't leave us the curtain? Well, then close the shower curtain.
He: there is no shower curtain!
She: they took the shower curtain?!
He: I'm not showering like that, she has a clear view.
She: what kind of people would do that? They took the wand too.
He: can you step outside for a second??
She: in a minute.
He: what are you in the toilet?
She: isn't that somewhat of a rhetorical question?
He: I thought you were unpacking in the toilet, not IN the toilet.
She: I was, but I'm already here and I need to poo.
He: aaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!
She: what?! What happened?
He: don't say that!
She: what??
He: seriously Hon, don't EVER say that. Just say.. You're "excusing yourself".
She: (opens the door, pulling up her pants) Mooch! I've been telling you I'm "excusing myself" for eight months now. For your information, what I'm doing in there is poo-
He: Noooo!! Come-on!!!
She: are you mentally ill or something?
He: I don't know.
She: You know I'm your girlfriend.
He: I know.
She: you know we've just moved in together.
He: so what??
She: so I can't tell you I'm going for a-

He: No!! You can say it, but not in my presence. Ok? Maybe instead of actually saying..

"Poo".. You can say.. (Juggling the words half-loud) p..pi..papi.. Papaya!

She: and every time you eat a Papaya you'll think of (my)...

He: don't say Papaya. Don't say anything. Alright? As far as I'm concerned, (I prefer to think) it doesn't happen all together.

She: What? That I don't do.. Papayas?

He: exactly. Moronic?

She: moronic? it's well beyond moronic. But that's not the point, go ahead and be a moron. I just wanna know we can talk about everything.

He: we can.

She: that I can tell you anything.

He: you can.

Short pause.

He: anything but this.

She: there you go-

He: And any good sex you had before me. Listen, some things just need to be left unsaid. Going to the toilet just makes you less feminine.

She: Honey? I'm less feminine to you cause I'm going to the toilet? I'll stop.

He: ok-

She: I'll stop. I swear to god. Yuck! So gross..!

He: ok shut up-

She: bad poo-poo. Bad. So filthy, you're disgusting. You're disgusting him.

He: didn't you say you have to go.. Make a Papaya?

She: I'm over it. Tough tits.

He: Waw! Really??

She: yeah, really??!

Pause.

He: what do we do?

She: I don't know Mooch, maybe this whole thing was a bad idea..

He: don't say that.

She: but maybe that's the way it is. We bought a place without a thing left in it-

Him: we didn't buy it, we rented it..

She: we didn't even rent it, my dad paid for it (her eyes get teary) and we got a place with no curtains, no wands and no couch.

He: what happened to the couch?

She: nothing yet but the wall will swallow it up eventually (starts to cry)

He: oh, Mooch..

She: and we haven't stopped arguing from the moment we entered.

He: I'm sorry.. What will make you happy now?

She: I would have said coffee, but god knows where we packed it.

He: I'll look. What's in this box? (Cuts it open) hey!!

She: what?

He pulls a can of coffee from the box and smiles.

She: hey!

He: coffee, sugar, mugs..

She: I guess we're making coffee.

He: that's how life should work ha? You open up a box, and it tells you what to do next.

She: go put the kettle on, I'm gonna go poo.

He: come-on!!

She: kidding! I'm kidding!

He: you have no idea who you're dealing with here. Ok. We're setting up rules for the flat!

Rule number one!

She: no saying Tough tits. Moving on.

He: thank you. And Poo. Rule number two- if you ever happen to come across a shirt of mine that happens NOT to be in the closet, do not touch it. I know it's not in the closet, there was some thought invested in it, only I may move it!

She: rule number three! Whoever leaves the empty toilet role without replacing it, off with his head!

He: whoever suspects the milk in the fridge to be outdated, throws it away BEFORE the other person drinks it.

She: it may happen that red hairs will clog up the sink. Don't worry Bro, it's under control.

He: you're not calling me Bro in this flat.

She: why not? It's funny.

He: not to everyone.

She: done.

They shake hands. Kiss. Look around.

He: so.... What now?

She: organizing.

He: and then?

She: I don't know.. Living.

He: ok. Ready? Set.. Go.

2. Kim.

He's asleep, she's not.

Actress: (whispers) scene 2. He's asleep, I'm not.

She: Mooch?.. Mooch?

He: (awakes) hmmm?..

She: I wanna ask you something.

He: ..well?

She: but your answer can't be annoying.

He: I can't promise.

She: why? Why would you say that?

He: I can't promise you won't be annoyed by the answer.

She: why would you choose an annoying one?

He: I don't CHOOSE it to be annoying, I just don't know if you would CHOOSE to get annoyed by it.

She: why can't you just say: "babe, it won't annoy you, and I don't want to annoy you"?..

He: why can't you simply ask the question instead of annoying me, and telling me how I should answer questions??

Short pause.

She: can you at least TRY not to annoy me?

He: (beat) can't promise.

She: what is wrong with you?!

He: Ok. Ok. Ok. SHHH.. I'll try.

She: thank you very much. You're not a social person, just so you know.

He: I know.

She: Ok. So, if you had to choose one celebrity you'd have to marry, who would you choose?

Pause.

He: I'm not answering that. Leave me alone.

She: what? Why?

He: there is no good answer, I'm not falling for that, leave-me-alone.

She: wait a minute, if you had to-

He: YOU.

She: stop it-

He: with YOU.

She: shut up-

He: YOU, only YOU, every day and every night, you're the most beautiful, the most intelligent woman I know, leave me alone!

She: you're really immature, you know that?

He: right, cause you're the epitome of maturity.

She: fine. You're no fun.

Pause.

She: just give me an answer!! I swear I won't ask you anything ever again. Please-

He: why? Why me?! Jesus, it's four in the bloody morning.. Ok, if I had to choose a celebrity, who would I choose..

She: yes but for marriage. Not casual sex. Marriage.
He: marriage, I got it. (short pause) Including other countries?
She: who do you know in another country??
He: I'm not answering. I'm not playing with you-
She: ok ok-
He: I cant play like that-
She: ok! (short pause- he thinks. He's about to answer-) Except for Natalie Portman.
He: what? How'd you know about Natalie Portman?
She: you think you're a good match.
He: (bashfully) well yeah-
She: you're not.
He: ok.. so who do I choose?-
She: no no, you're really not.
He: I get it. She's not for me, I won't marry Natalie. Can we play now? (he thinks) mmm..
ok, got it: if she's not completely stupid, Kim Kardashian.

Pause. She shrinks.

She: shit. I'm kind'a scared of you right now..
He: see? That's why I don't play these games.
She: Would you mind if I ask you- WHY?
He: I don't know, I'm curious about her..
She: CURIOUS?! She arouses your curiosity??
He: I didn't say arouse-
She: but you're CURIOUS. You are indeed a curios person.. say you want to shag her, it'll be less scary, but CURIOUS? What, you want to discuss MODERN THEATRE with her? Are you interested in her INTELLECTUAL OPINION?.. and to MARRY her?! You're completely out of your mind!
He: did you hear me say "IF SHE'S NOT COMPLETELY STUPID"??
She: oh that's great, "if she's not completely stupid"! I want to marry Rambo if he's intelligent, has a really good sense of humor and is a great cook!
He: who would YOU choose?
She: you know, I really don't understand how someone who chooses HER, can be with ME..
He: wait wait a minute, WHO would YOU choose?
She: I don't see how that's relevant.
He: oh but it is, cause you're so DEEP, right? So who'd you choose? Stephen Hoking?
She: yuck..
He: why?? He's smart, and funny, what do you care what he looks like?
She: I'd choose.. Roberto Begnini.. Louis C. K. .. Yitzhak Rabin.
He: Rabin?? You'd choose an assassinated prime minister just to win the game?
She: id choose someone who makes a living using their brains. You're so superficial.
He: YOU'RE superficial! What do you know about Kim Kardashian?
She: I know it's not her brain that arouses you..
He: I didn't say arouse..
She: oh I'm sorry, that makes you CURIOUS..
He: maybe she's smart and interesting??
She: oh yeah, that's what she's all about.
He: you are CONDESCENDING and.. and RACIST! You know what? I love Kim. She strikes me as a wonderful person, I swear to god. She seems sweet, and funny, and fun to be with.. and she would never dream of patronizing you the way you patronize her!

Pause.

She+He (simultaneously):

[s] so now you're Kim Kardashian's advocate? Now she's all perfect?

[h] Ok, that's enough-

[s] Kim Kardashian for president!.. she wouldn't patronize me..

[h] Shut up, it's four in the bloody morning-

[s] She's so wonderful, she's both funny AND fun to be with..

[h] (grabs the T.V. remote, aims at her) how do I turn it off? It won't turn off!

[s] She's taken, you know?!

[h] Ok, that's it. I've had enough!

She: ok, thank you so much for your answer, I'm going now.

He: what? Where are you going?

She: none of your business.

He: oh come-on, are you making a face?

She: I'm not making a face, that's my natural face.

Pause. She starts crying.

He: (desperate) why are you crying?..

She: why would you choose Kim Kardashian? Why? how do I even resemble her?

He: you don't. (she cries even more) I don't know!! Why did you have to ask??

She: because.

He: why ask such an idiotic question, if you can't handle the answer??

She: cause I didn't expect the answer to be so idiotic!!

He: but I had an answer. Natalie Portman! And it's a good answer. Isn't it a good answer?

She: yes..

He: even GOD knows it's a good answer. So why? WHY?.. cause you want to have a fight.

She: great..

He: why are you such a nutcase??

She: yeah?.. So what's special about me?

Short pause, he's wiping her tears off.

He: you're crazy, you're extremely annoying, and you're the only one who drives me insane. Anyway, you said you'd marry Rabin. And Rambo. You think that's nice?

She: I wouldn't marry him, he's an idiot. You're much nicer.

He: idiot?..

She: not Rabin, Rambo..

He: oh. You're much more nicer than Kim Kardashin..

She: really?

He: I don't really know her, so- (she almost starts to cry) kidding! Just kidding! You are..

She: you're very difficult.

He: you're no picnic yourself..

She: bla bla bla.. that's what I heard you say..

He: (smiling) oh is that what you heard?

She: yep.

He: let's go back to sleep, ok?

She: ok.

Long Pause.

She: Mooch.. who'd you choose second? After Kim Kardashian?

Black out.

3. One year anniversary

Actor: scene 3.

Actress: She's standing in the living room in front of a HUGE pile of laundry, not quite sure how to attack it.

Actor: He enters! (Enters carrying boxes of Chinese take-away)

She: hey, umm.. When was the actual last time we did the laundry?

He: what?

She: I mean.. Do we do the neighbors' laundry as well? Did we open up a laundromat in here without me knowing? Are you running a costume shop in the living room?

He: I brought Chinese food..

She: great, and who'll fold the laundry? Chinese.. Am I not fat enough?

He: so forget about the laundry.

She: yeah, let's just pretend THIS is our wardrobe..

He: (laughs) right.. I brought you Chinese food.

She: yes. You said so. Thank you.

He: so.. Have some.

She: what's up with you? Is it poisoned or what?

He: (laughs out loud) oh god.. You're so funny..

Short pause.

She: eww.. What's wrong with you?

He: what?

She: it's scary, why are you so.. nice?

He: what?? Can't I be nice for no apparent reason?

She: you can.

He: so have some.

She: ok..

He: ok..

She: (eats some) see? I'm eating it.. Mmm.. (Suddenly she starts to choke)

He: oh no!.. Mooch?? Mooch!

He jumps to her and taps her back hysterically. She reaches in her mouth and slowly pulls out a small, food-covered, necklace.

She: what's that? (He stares at her) Mooch, what the hell is wrong with you today?? What is that?!

He: a present..?

She: a present?! Are you trying to kill me??!

He: it's a present, you thought I forgot didn't you?

She: forgot what?

He: you thought I forgot about today..

She: what's today?

He: you were sitting here all day waiting, thinking I forgot, well I haven't! I actually remembered. Which, I know, it's slightly scary, but-

She: babe, it's not my birthday today.

He: I know! Today is our one-year anniversary.

Short pause.

She: (instantly happy-ish) Baby! And you bought me a necklace! This.. interesting necklace.. And you tried to murder me with it!

He: surprise!

She: baby!

He: I'm 'boyfriend of the year'!

She: it's just that it's not today baby.

Short pause.

He: sure it is. Today is June 12.

She: and?.. We've been/we're together since JuLY 12. Ju-LY, LY..

He: don't LY LY LY me. It was the 12th of JuNE. N! N! We met at the pharmacy, you wore an orange dress, you smelled nice, June 12!

She: I know where we met. But how did you come up with June 12?

He: I wrote your phone number on the receipt from the pharmacy.

She: and, what.. you saved the receipt?

He: I saved the receipt! Once again- 'boyfriend of the year'!

She: really? We were really together since June 12?

He: really-really, together-together. Why?

She: no reason, I just don't start the count there.

Short pause.

He: why not?

She: hey let's just fold, or fight a bit, like we've been doing for a year now..

He: Mooch why aren't you counting our first month?

She: come-on.. Mooch.. It was a shaky month..

He: and so is the rest of the year, as it turns out. If you're only counting the non-shaky months, we've been together for about a week.

She: so I'll count it. This is a really good Chinese. Where did you get it? Around the corner? (He just looks at her) I love noodles. 'Noodles'.. 'Noodles'.. That's a funny word, isn't it? (In a funny accent) 'Noodles'- that's how my mum says it. 'Noodles'. Like 'Bagels' and 'Beatles'-

He: Mooch, are you trying to avoid something in a very silly and non-believable way?

She: what?

He: you're not hearing well?

She: oh please, what are you talking about.. Projecting your nonsense on me.. AVOID.. What do I have to avo-

He: did you sleep with someone else during that month?

She: what??! (Beat) Yes.

Beat. He moves away from her.

She: listen, Mooch, it was a stupid month, with no emotional attachment-

He: ssshhhhhhhh.

She: Mooch you're seriously making a fuss over-

He: sssssshhhhhhhhh. Quiet in the house please.

She: (Beat) it was just that one time, and it wasn't even that goo-

He: Quiet!!! Quiet!

Pause.

He: who was it?

She: do you really wanna know?

He: yes.

She: it was-

He: I don't wanna hear!! I don't wanna hear you!

She: Mooch calm down.

He: sorry. (Beat) Who was it?

She: it doesn't matter-

He: who was it??

She: it was-

He: no!! I don't wanna hear it!!

She: so stop asking!

Short pause.

He: what am I supposed to do with this information? Ok, look, ok, I'd happily have a fight about it now, but it's just not relevant anymore. Its not relevant, it's water under the bridge, it doesn't matter. So that's it. Let's fold the laundry.

They sit separately, both folding the clothes. Silence. Then, quietly:

He: did you notice if they fixed the lift? I think they did. I saw a guy wearing a coverall in the hallway today, he might have been the lift guy. He might have not though, might have just been a guy with a coverall. Blue. A blue coverall. Blueish.. So if they fixed it, you know, it's good.. Good. You can use it, the lift. You can go up. You can go down. Up. Down. Up-

She: ok, listen-

He: (gets up) Ok?! Is it?? Is it OK?? No, is everything OK for you?? (Sits back down)

Alright, it doesn't matter, water under the bridge, it doesn't matter. Folding the laundry.

(Takes one of her garments to fold) Folding the laundr- is this yours? This dress? Is it

yours? You're wearing that? You're walking down the street wearing that? I'm not angry,

I'm just asking.. Are you 80? How old are you? Do you have grandchildren? What the hell

is that? (Gets up) I mean, are you blind? Maybe you're color blind. No, I'm not angry! I'm

simply asking.. Is this a dress or a curtain? Did you buy it at IKEA? What is that?? I'm not

mad!! I'm just asking if this is to your taste. Cause I find it strange, it's a strange dress, it's

strange, and stupid, and you're stupid, and a liar, and everything's ruined. (Sits back down.

Slight pause. Gets right up again) No, you're wearing a curtain. I'm sorry but you're just

wearing curtains. And it's odd. You're odd, you're just odd, you're.. The opposite of regular!

You're a girl who wears odd stuff. And, you know, your hair is odd too. And I'm not odd! I'm

ordinary! I'm an ordinary guy. And maybe we're just not right for each other. That's all!

That's the whole story here!!

She: Mooch I don't know what to do about it now, it already happened, ok? What do you want me to.. Do you wanna sleep with someone else?

He: what? No! Of course not.

She: ok. Good. Do you want to.. be really angry with me, shout and swear, every day for about half an hour? Until you'll get over it?

He: (thinks for a second) yes.

She: ok, good. So are we done for today?

He: nope. I still have about 8 minutes.

She: go on then..

He: (gets up and yells, immediately) You're odd! You're odd and you're a liar!! You treacherous, you.. How could you not tell me??! How?? (Goes on and on, fade to dark).

4. Holocaust Memorial Day

Actress: scene 4, 10 A.M.

They're making out, in bed, she's laughing.

She: you have to choose!

He: I don't wanna choose!

She: (still laughing) but that's how the game works. Bare with me here: you're stuck in the snow, about to die, who do you choose to eat? Me, or your mother?

He: you.

She: me, cause I look round and tasty, or cause you have too much respect for your mum?

He: cause I don't wanna eat my mother! Ok?! Can I not eat my mum every game we play?? (She's laughing real hard) I love the way you laugh.

They look at each other, then kiss passionately. Taking each other's cloths off, they're getting under the covers. Suddenly, a loud siren is heard.

She: what the hell's that? Is there a drill or is it the real thing?

He: that's it, we're at war mooch!

She: oh shit, it's Holocaust Memorial Day!

He: what?!

She: it's Holocaust Memorial Day! It's the moment of silence!

She quickly stands at attention, he's not quite sure what to do with himself being completely naked, and finally stands at attention behind the fridge. Silence. They're both, very awkwardly, waiting for the 60 seconds moment of silence to pass. The siren finally fades out. They look at each other, trying not to laugh.

She: this never happened to me in my life.

He: how could we forget??

She: I can't believe I forgot, I can't believe it. I have to call my mum. (Picks up the phone and dials) It's a disgrace, did you get the chance to think concentrate?

He: what?

She: you know, during the siren, did you manage to think about the holocaust? I was so busy being ashamed of myself and fixing my bra, the whole siren just went by. (To the phone) Hello, mum? Yeah, we're home. Happy holocaust day to you too. What? Oh, ok, I'm turning it on right now. Bye.

She turns on the television. The voice of an old holocaust survivor testimonial in a documentary is heard off the screen.

Old survivor: back then, we were five sisters: Mira'le, Rosa'le, Henia, Luba and myself. The youngest, and the least attractive.

He: Is this how you wanna get in the mood mooch?

She: shh, I need to see this, she's a survivor from the Shtuthoff concentration camp.

He: Shtuthoff?

She: yeah, my grandmother was there too.

Old survivor: and that is how we hid in that small crack in the wall for five months-

He: right, so where were we, miss Shtuthoff? (He leans to kiss her)

She: no no no babe-

He: what?

She: I don't have sex on Holocaust memorial Day.

Old survivor: soon we were running out of bread-

He: excuse me?

She: it's a principal.

He: oh, you have principals?

She: it's the only one I have. Since I was a child- I don't have sex.

He: I wasn't having sex either, that's cause I was a child!

She: and for me it's the holocaust.

Old survivor: I told them to calm down, or the soldiers will find us.

He: may I ask- why??

She: cause it's not a particularly sexy day, ok? Come-on babe, it's not like I don't want to.

God knows how much I do. But I just don't. Can you respect that? It's really important for me that it stays that way, ok?

He: ok.

Old survivor: at that point, I realized I don't know where Mordechai is. I asked repeatedly: where's Mordechai?? Mordechai is missing!

He: I can't stand these documentaries mooch, can you change the channel?

She: why?

He: cause we can at least watch something else, if you decided we're not having sex.

Short pause.

Old survivor: you see, I didn't know that Mishka was in the Zonder Commander..

She: don't be like that.. Babe, common.. Look- (in an old lady's voice) I remember me and 56 other people including my little sister Shiskale and her grandchild Kermitchka, all hid in a small tin can. We were so hungry we ate each other's fingernails.

He: (slightly laughing) stop it, I hate it when you do your old lady.

She: Kermitchka always reminded me of Kermit. The frog. Because of his green fur of course.

He: (in an old man's voice) I once hid inside a small tea biscuit!

She: no!

He: yes! And a Nazi officer almost ate me, he didn't know I was in there.

She: ok stop, that's not nice. (Beat. Then, in the same voice) I once tricked a Nazi: he told me to go left, so I said right; so he said left, and I said right; then I said left, and he said right; I said 'ok', and that's how I survived.

He: that never happened! That's a lie!

She: you should be ashamed of yourself!

He kisses her, she succumbs for a moment, then breaks loose.

She: stop, stop it, you're making me horny, it's not fair. Stop.

He: are you kidding me?! You just gave a complete stand-up act about grandma Shtuthoff here!

She: so what? So I also find it funny, it doesn't mean it's not important to me.

He: great, so what's with this principal? You're just as cynical as I am.

She: I'm NOT cynical! The holocaust is in my blood mooch! It's part of my heritage!

He: and my heritage is what exactly? Hunting lions in the African savanna??

She: what, your grandparents were European mooch?

He: what did you think, I was Aboriginal?! My grandpa and grandma were in the holocaust.

She: in what camp?

He: camp "Fun, Summer and Sports"! What do you mean 'what camp'??

She: just asking.

He: why, maybe you know someone who's been??

She: maybe my grandma was in the same camp with your grandpa, and then it's really romantic that we ended up together..

He: your grandma probably stole bread from my grandpa.

Old survivor: where is he?? Where is he??

He: (mumbles) where is he? He's not here. (To her) mooch with all due respect to old lady here, I'm changing channels.

She: no wait!.. Alright, I don't mind watching something else, but not a comedy!

He: comedy? What are you talking about? Who's showing a comedy on Memorial Day?

He looks through the paper

She: what are the options?

He: "the horrors of Auschwitz" on channel 5, "Hitler- a retrospective" on 6, and in 10 minutes this ends and cult movie "Memory, loss and despair" starts.

She: Waw, harsh day.

He: well, the event itself wasn't exactly easy.

Short pause.

She: come-on mooch, that's what you do on Holocaust day, you listen to sad songs and watch survival stories on TV.

She touches him gently.

He: stop it, that's not fair. Look what you're doing mooch..

She: I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

She moves her hand towards a more private part of his.

He: what the hell?? That's not playing nice!

She: you're right, I'm sorry! Ok, listen: as soon as the second siren is over, I'm waiting for you on the bed, naked, on all fours.

He: babe there is no second siren on Holocaust Memorial day, that's on the other Memorial Day. War casualties and victims of terror memorial Day.

She: ok so how do we know Holocaust Day is over?

He: I don't know, they announce it?

She: who announces it? The King??!

He: I don't know!! Look we both want to, so why not now? (Kisses her neck)

She: why do you insist?

He: you smell so good, are you using a new soap?

She: yes.. No. No!

She pushes him away.

Old survivor: I thought it was him, but it wasn't Mordechai..

He: I'm getting horny. I'm getting upset. You're upsetting me.

She: I know, let's stay away from each other. Get out of the house.

He: why should I get out of my own house?? You've went completely mental. Listen, mooch, it's a cute little principal you came up with, but I mean, what's the difference? What if we decided tomorrow was- there you go! Tomorrow, me and you, we're having our own

Holocaust Day, we're driving up to Jerusalem to Yad VaShem memorial sight, I'm calling them right now to reserve tickets-

She: we can't. Tomorrow is not the official day.

He: official?? What are you talking about? I'm sorry, but that's being completely hypocritical. You know what? Answer me this: If the siren went on when you were home alone, would you stand up or not?

She: of course I would! Wouldn't you?

He: no.

She: moment of silence and you wouldn't stand up?

He: last year the siren woke me up, I was home alone, didn't get out of bed. Had my moment of silence horizontally.

She: ok, horizontally but you were contemplating the Holocaust..?

He: I was contemplating why do they do it so early in the bloody morning! Ok?!

She: oh you're so cool, you're such a rebel-

He: give me a break, ok? When I was visiting Auschwitz with my grandmother I was contemplating the holocaust (plenty), I don't need to be told to stand up at a special moment to do that.

Old survivor: where is Mordechai??

She: you really don't find it touching, that a whole nation is standing together at the same moment? I think it's beautiful there's one minute a year where everybody just stops, can't you see the power in that? Do you at least stand during the national anthem?

He: at ceremonies I do, not at home. You're standing at the anthem when you're home alone??! What are you the Prime Minister??

She: I was an officer back in my service!

He: so what do you salute the Television??

Old survivor: where is Mordechai??

He: (to the TV) Mordechai's dead!! Ok lady? He's dead!

He turns the TV off. Pause.

She: well, it's good to know you're that kind of a person.

He: what kind?

She: you're one of those..

He: whose those?

She: you know, those.. Who have no values.

He: oh you feel you have values cause you don't have sex on Holocaust Memorial Day?

Waw. You don't give money to beggars on the street. I do. I find that much more valuable, Lieutenant mooch!

She: Sergeant mooch, I hand out money to beggars who play an instrument, or do something, or have a skill.

He: what are they supposed to do for you?! They don't have money, THAT'S their skill!

She: I was raised on the idea of giving money to the working man!

He: you're not working and getting money from your dad.

She: oh, so I'm the fascist, unemployed ex-officer who cares about the Israeli tradition and you're Robin Hood who gives to the poor?!

He: yes, I'm Robin Hood!

She turns on the television.

She: you're just a demagogue bleeding heart! How are you supposed to be the father of my children is just beyond me.

Pause.

He: you want me to be the father of your children?

She nods. They storm each other and make out passionately. When they fall on the bed, suddenly the national anthem is heard from the TV. They both stop and look at it.

Dark.

5. Boredom

She's reading a book, he's walking around the apartment. Then flicks the light switch on and off a couple of times repeatedly.

Actor: scene 5. She's reading a book. I'm not.

He: what'cha doing? (She's not responding) What'cha doing?

She: what am I doing?

He: reading a book..

She: that's right. I'm with you for a reason.

She continues to read. A short pause.

He: (quietly) you've gained weight. You have, you've really gained some weight. You grew fat. You're fat. You're fat, you're huge-

She: stop it! What's with you?

He: what'cha doing?

She: what are you 6 years old?

He: ok let's talk business- how many pages do you have left?

She: why?

He: I'm bored.

She: stop. This is really interesting.

He: how many pages??

She: two thousand five hundred!

He: that's not being a true friend.

She: thanks.

He looks at her for a short moment, then, suddenly, slaps her thigh kinda hard.

She: awe!! Are you happy with you are? Is it nice?

He: very nice, very nice to meet you. (Shakes her hand) Let's arm wrestle..

She: no! What am I, your friend from the army?

He: so let's cuddle for a bit.

She: I don't feel like being in physical contact at the moment, ok? Don't you have anything to do? With yourself?

He: with myself I've been doing it since I was 6, thought about trying it with a girl once.

She: come-on! What are you bored?

He: have you not been here in the past ten minutes??

She: read one of your books.

He: I don't like reading Mooch. I don't have books.

She: so maybe clean up the place? You said you'll clean it this month.

He: we said we'd do it together.

She: (in a childlike voice) do you wanna draw a picture? You want me to bring you a piece of paper and some crayons?

He: oh that's great, thank you.

He walks away.

She: what, now you're offended? I refuse to apologize, and refuse to stop reading. Just for the record.

He: I'm not offended.

She: (with a clogged-nose-voice) flight number 667 to grumpy-town, is requested to come back here, with a happy face. Come here.

He: what?

She: come here! What do you want?

He: what?

She: you're not hearing well? What do you want? From me? What do you want?

He: affection and intimacy.

She: mooch!

He: I don't know! I'm bored!!

She: what am I, the circus?

He: oh, cause you don't come up to me in the middle of the night, just to let me know that me and Kim Kardashian are not right for each other?

She: why would you choose Kim Kardashian?! What are you mental??

He: I said "if she's not completely stupid!"

She: that's not an argument!!

He: fine, I'm not doing this now. Point is- you're annoying me too.

She: so? what are you trying to say?

He: that it's crowded for everyone here. Not just you.

She: it's crowded ha? What do we do?

He: you wanna break up?

She: no. (Then, louder) No!! Would you stop suggesting that?!

He: ok, alright! So what do we do?

She: I don't know, that's the way it is when you're living with someone. We just need to get used to it. Here. (Hands him a magazine) There's a crossword puzzle on the last page. I really wanna read this.

He: what are you reading?

She: 100 years of solitude.

He: (to himself) 100 years of boredom.

She's reading. He's just holding the magazine.

He: you remember my mum's coming over on Saturday?..

She: mmhm.

He: so we need to get free range eggs..

She: yup.

He: cause otherwise she doesn't eat-

She: mooch, stop.

Short pause. He glances at the crossword.

He: Swedish currency, 8 letters, any clue?-

She: are you completely out of your mind??! This is not fun for me!! Do you understand??

He: you think I'm having fun?? Do I enjoy clinging to you like that?? Why am I clinging?

What, do I NOT see that you're busy reading??

She: so why? Why??

He: cause YOU is what I have here, mooch. There's nothing here but YOU!

She: I understand, I do. So just go out. Do something outside.

He: I want to!

She: go see a movie!

He: dying to see a movie!

She: with some friends!

He: I wish!

She: so why not?

He: I can't!

She: why not??

He: I don't know! Don't know, it's like I don't have the ability to go anywhere, like it automatically just doesn't make sense to do anything that doesn't involve you.

She: but it's so crowded here!

He: crowded? It's like we're stuck in one of these reality shows.. It's called 'The Flat' and everyone was eliminated and it's down to me and you, and everyone's watching us, waiting to see who will.. Survive.

She: you know it's inhumane here what we're doing here. I've read that the average size of an flat should be the number of people living in it, plus one room. We're two people in a studio flat! That's minus a room! That's plus a person! What are we.. Some kind of Lab rats?

He gets up suddenly, takes his shoes and keys.

He: I'm gonna get out of the house for a bit.

She: a bit.

He: you know why? To save our relationship.

She: right.

He: good. Where will I go? (Beat) Never mind! I'll figure it out. You're reading, I'm going.

Want me to bring you anything?

She: go away!

He: Bye!

He's leaving. She takes a deep breath, gets comfortable, goes back to the book.. And falls right asleep. In her fantasy, he comes back in, as a Spanish lover.

6. Chicki & Nini -or- Kibutz.

She's getting ready to leave the house, he's in the toilet, holding a road map.

Actress: scene 6.

She: and my mum wants me to read something in front of everyone, goddamn her; and we're running late, and we still need to pick up my auntie on the way. Did you find the Kibutz on the map yet?

He: I found about 30 other ones, hold on.

She: do you know how to spell it?

He: (mumbles) sure, I just don't know what's it called..

She: what?

He: nothing.

She: and we still need to stop and exchange the cake.

He: what? what's wrong with the cake?

She: I told you ten times, my granny doesn't eat raisins, what did you buy? A dried fruit cake. What do you want her to choke to death over there? I hope you at least remember her name this time.

He: granny Dita, cause it rhymes with Pita.

She: it's Nana!

He: Nana! Cause it rhymes with banana. Right, sorry.

She: why does everything have to rhyme?

He: that's just the way it is. Mooch can I just have 1 minute of peace in here? With myself? We have 15 minutes till we need to leave, so please.. Thank you.

Beat.

She: and what about my dad's brother? Do you remember?

He: oh common.. What, we're doing the whole questionnaire now? I'm not stupid/retarded mooch, I remember.

She: mooch, it's REALLY important to me, I won't be able to deal with another incident like last time.

He: fine. Your dad's brother.. Don't look directly at his hair transplant. Ok?

She: good.

He: that's Gidi, right?

She: that's Chicki, Gidi is the youngest.

He: right, sorry. Srulik is the oldest-

She: no, the middle one.

He: right, Gidi is the oldest.

She: youngest.

He: the one that's in I.T.

She: no! That's Chicki.

He: so who's Zevik?

Short pause.

She: my dad.

He: the youngest.

She: yes. No! Damn it! I'll die of shame, I'll seriously just die of embarrassment, god.. And we still need to pick up my auntie. Come-on!

He: the ugly one?

She: mooch, please, please just tell me you at least remember her name.

He: aunt Hitler.

She: stop it! Stop doing that! You'll end up calling her Hitler to her face, that's exactly what will happen. Tell me what she's called, so I'll know you know.

He: auntie Schnitzler. The sweet and lovable aunt. Relaxed now?

She: thank you. NOT Hitler.

He: well the mustache doesn't help.

She: mooch.

He: Schnitzler, got it. Don't worry. It's aunt Schnitzler, who's married to your uncle Srulik- there you go, watch this- married to Srulik, whose the older brother of Chiki, who is no other than today's birthday boy.

She: (mumbles) you're unbelievable, really..

He: wait a minute, we're picking up aunt Hitler but not Srulik?

She: no, Srulik won't make it this year.

He: why not?

She: cause he's dead, mooch!! Like he has been for 20 years now!!/He's been dead for 20 years! You're gonna be the end of me, I know, it'll be worse than last time-

He: ok, ok-

She: don't you 'ok ok' me! You asked her where's her husband! Twice!!

He: you're right, I know, he died in Lebanon, in 82'.

She: 73!!! In Egypt!! I'm not going.

He: wait a minute-

She: I'm not going.

He: wait a second! Calm down, and explain it to me again.

She: it's not that complicated mooch, they were 4 brothers: Chiki- the oldest; Zevik- the middle one; Srulik- May he rest in peace! fell in battle, died, dead, no longer with us-

He: and?-

She: and Gidi. The youngest.

Pause. He's going over it in his head, something doesn't add up.

He: but what about your dad?

She: Zevik. Zevik is my dad.

He: ok, you're confusing me, I'm stressed here.

She: do you know MY name? Do you know what I'm called?

He: alright-

She: we can wear name tags around the house if you want..

He: alright, ok.. It'll be fun, ok? We'll go, and we'll have a good time with ciki-

She: Chiki-

He: Chiki! And a bunch of other people with silly names.

She: silly names? The people running your country are called Buji, Bugi and Bibi. So have a little respect for silly names.

He: can you smile a bit?

She: can you find the goddamn Kibutz on the map?

He: yes.

She: do you know what's it called?

He: nope.

She: Kibutz Dolev.

He: right.

Short pause.

She: and just so you know, Nini and Chiki have been together for 50 years now, despite their silly names. We're barely scraping one year and already-

He: (to himself and to the map) Dolev, Kibutz.. Dolev..

She: and Chiki is still crazy about Nini.

He: and I'm crazy about you! (To himself again) Dolev.. Dorot.. Do.. Do.. DON'T wanna go there.

She: I heard that. You don't have to come you know. If this has no interest for you, don't come.

He: please pay attention to the fact that I'm me not arguing with you.

She: and I think it's disturbing how none of the details concerning my life manage to stick with you. It's disturbing and not funny. Do you know my phone number?

He: my mobile phone knows it.

She: maybe I should date your mobile phone. You know, I really do think somewhere out there exist a nice girl that's much more suitable to you than me.

He: great, leave me her number, put it on the fridge.

She: great-

He: yes!!! Bloody Kibutz bloody Dolev!! Got you! Got the bastard, have it on the map!

He flushes the toilet.

She: you know what my dad said about you the other day? -Never mind.

He: hello?? Are you actively trying to have a fight? What's wrong with you today? You're driving me crazy.

She: sorry.

Pause. He steps out of the toilet, intends to go get ready to leave, then drops everything and approaches her.

He: tell me what he said about me, tell me right now.

She: that we won't end up married.

He: oh is that what he said?! Interesting. Did he say why??

She: no, he said the next guy after you, he'll be the one I marry.

He: you don't say! So said the great Zevik?

She: so he said.

He: Waw Waw Waw, so let's go find you that wonderful guy, so you can go ahead and get married already! So we can make the oh-so wise and powerful prophet Zevik happy, him and the rest of the Devine family of Chiki, zimi, shimi, Shishi and Zibi!

She: don't worry, he's a clever guy, he'll find me himself.

He: good for him.

She: and I'm sure he won't have any trouble remembering who's Chiki.

He: I don't know who the hell is Chiki!! Ok?? Still can't figure out who the fuck this guy is! I don't know during which war Srulik decided to drop dead, and I have no idea whether Gidi is the older one, the small, the medium or the extra large of the group! Ok? I'm really sorry I can't remember who came first out of their mother's vagina! Mooch you've been stressed out all week cause you went completely bonkers over this family gathering, and so now I have to know if Chiki is still in I.T., or selling watermelons like last year, or giving his course on preparing for natural child birth like he did two years ago. (Beat) you see?? I do remember SOMETHING.

She: actually it's very impressive. (Beat) only you're talking about Gidi.

He: my ass!! Seriously. You can tell Gidi he's more than welcome to grab one of his watermelons, take it with him, and head straight up my ass! Now, I'm going, cause I promised you I'd go, and rest assured I won't talk to anyone, I'll sit quietly in the corner,

alone, while you, and your dad, and every member of the Kibutz will have a talk and decide if I'm good enough for you, or not!

She's giving him the finger. He slaps her. She slaps him back. Long pause.

He: sorry.

She: sorry.

He: mooch, I don't have all these family things to care about, you know? I don't know what's it like. You know, we're 4 people and a dog.

She: and one grandma.

He: that's right, and one grandma that everyone hates and wish she'd die already. That's all I have. We don't do family gatherings, there's no one to gather. Somebody comes to pick me up and that's it- we're gathered. I don't even have one uncle, you want me to know all 4 of yours by heart? I'm completely lost at these events, I panic, I lose every sense of orientation. You know why I asked aunt Hitler twice about her dead husband? I didn't realize it was the same woman. She was standing there holding some cake, and a while later she was holding fruit, and I got totally confused, I had no idea she was the same person.

(Beat)

She: I don't think you're the man of my dreams.

He: what did you have in mind?

She: I don't know.. I look at Nini and Chiki, and they're married for 50 years, and I swear to god they're in love, mooch. And he brings her flowers every Friday. And tells her she's beautiful. Nini, that old, fat, ugly lady. But she's a princess, his princess. I want that. I wanna have what my friends have, I wanna get a text in the middle of the day saying 'I'm thinking about you' you know? Simple. Not clever. Come-on mooch, I mean for crying out loud, you haven't even said you loved me yet.

He: I know. I don't know why.

She: cause you're waiting for this specific special moment when it'll feel real enough, or special enough, or fuck-me-if-I-know enough, but I don't think there is such a time. And I'm scared that by the time you decide to say it/tell me, it'll be too late.

He: too late for what?

She: that by the time you tell me I'll be so old, I'll be wearing a hearing-aid, I won't hear a word you're saying. (Beat) Or I'll just already be with someone else.

Beat.

He: I don't want you to be with someone else.

She: me neither.

Dark.

7. Late

Actor: scene 7. She's at home, waiting for me. I come back from work.

He: (enters, carrying a bag) bad day. A bad bad day. I hate my job. I don't don't-like it, I hate it. And how is it possible that the lift here still doesn't work??! I hate having stupid bosses, I hate these hours, and I hate working with dumb, daft people, who didn't finish high school and can't even do simple maths.

She: I can't do math.

He: so you're not brilliant yourself. (Beat) I'm sorry. How are you? How was your day? (She doesn't answer) The way he yelled at me! That shitty, stupid boss, unbelievable. So I told him, I told him it's not my problem if he hasn't gotten laid for over two years, and that maybe he should talk to his wife about that, and that I'm not the one with an attitude problem, and maybe he should check his problem and his mother's attitude problem before turning to me.

She: that's what you told him?

He: I didn't say the bit about his mother, but I did.. I.. What, you after me too now?

She: no.

(Beat)

He: and then I hit him with a stapler.

She: no.

He: yup. I was so angry, I had a stapler in my hand that went flying into his face by mistake.

She: you're lying.

He: I'm not.

She: you should quit.

He: they fired me.

She: mooch!

He: yeah.

She comes closer to him.

She: well, I'll get a job in the meantime.

He: how can you work during your studies?

She: it'll be fine, don't worry.

He: oh, it'll be fine?? Great. And what will we live on? You'll be a Piccoloist?

She: that's not a word.

He: a person who plays the Piccolo! Ok?!

She: I play the flute.

He: that wasn't the point. Leave me alone, ok?

She walks away.

He: what?

She: what?

He: where are you going?

She: you said leave me alone.

He: since when are you actually leaving when I'm telling you to leave? Can't you see I need you here?

She: sorry. What?

He: I don't know.. Just sit with me for a bit, be with me here. Something wrong?

She: no.

He: so why are acting you like that?
She: like what?
He: all quiet. Using single words.
She: nonsense.
He: see?
She: what?
He: you're using single words.
She: stop.
He: you stop!
She: 'k.
He: come-on!
She: sorry.
He: I'll kill you, I swear to god. Form a full sentence.
She: now?
He: yes.
She: afraid. To talk. To you.
He: thank you. Why?
She: late.
He: what?
She: my period.

Short pause.

He: happens sometimes..
She: nope.
He: your period is fixed?
She: like a clock.
He: Swiss?
She: Belgian.
He: I see.
She: a problem..
He: big one. You sure?
She: positive.
He: how long?..
She: two weeks.
He: is that a lot?
She: kinda.
He: how?
She: happens.
He: pills?
She: missed one.
He: forgot?
She: yup.
He: shit.
She: maybe not..
He: what?
She: maybe it's not 'shit', maybe it's a baby.
He: what are you all romantic now? You want a baby?
She: never mind.

Short pause.

He: god, what a horrible day. Why did you forget?

She: why did I forget?

He: you're not hearing well?

She: you forgot to take out the rubbish, I forgot to take the pill.

He: there's a tiny difference, isn't there?

She: it wasn't on purpose.

He: and if you forgot, why didn't you tell me?!

She: cause one pill is not a big deal.

He: but you see what happened.

She: a mistake.

He: a big mistake!

She: ok would you relax? It's just late, it could also be just stress.

He: (shouts) so don't be stressed! stop being stressed!! (Beat) No, that's just great, really, a guy comes home hating his job and himself, and VOILA! Turns out he might be a father sooner than expected cause his girlfriend is bloody senile.

She: are you serious now??! I didn't do it on purpose you know, I feel guilty if it makes you feel better, and don't worry, I won't raise a child with you. I wouldn't raise a.. A cabbage with you.

He: I wouldn't raise a cabbage with you either.

She: what do you want me to do now? Ha? That's the way it is right now, I'll go and get checked tomorrow, if there's a cabbage in there we'll get rid of it, and if not than no harm done, besides the fact that now we know you're not in the business of growing anything with me, and that's it.

Pause.

He: that's not true.

She: what's not true?

He: that's I'm not in the business of growing anything.

She: fine.

He: with you.

She: fine.

He: just not right now.

She: fine mooch, it's fine, you think I want a baby now?

He: where would we put it? Above the fridge?

She: that's not the point-

He: that's exactly the point. We don't have any money, we're kids ourselves-

She: I know, I know all of that.

He: so why are you sad?

She: cause before you got here- never mind.

He: what?

She: I don't want to say.

He: please say it.

She: because before you came here, for a moment it felt nice to imagine that maybe..

He: oh mooch..

She: you see? Never mind.

He: cause it's silly to fantasize about it now.

She: a lot of fantasies are silly, that's why they're fantasies. Anyway your reaction killed the fantasy, so it doesn't matter anyway.

He: cause I yelled at you?

She: cause you screamed at me, and called me senile.

He: and that's the guy you wanna have kids with?

She: sometimes.

Beat.

He: just so you know, I'm also fantasizing stuff sometimes.

She: like what?

He: like a little cabbage with red hair running around the house.

She: why are you picturing him with red hair? Poor cabbage.

He: cause it's pretty.

She: meaning to say: "you're pretty"?

He: meaning to say that after I picture him running around here, I also picture me not having any patience for him, not listening to him, and ruining his life..

She: why would it be like that?

He: cause that's the way it always is.

She: it doesn't have to.

He: who can guarantee we won't end up being the same shit our parents were?

She: we'll be a different kind of shit.

He: so what's the point?

She: I don't know, maybe some day we'd want him so bad, he'll turn out cute as hell.

He: oh he'll definitely be cute.

She: or she.

He: with glasses.

She: I'm dying for a kid with glasses.

He: like, small ones.. And he'll come home from nursery, Jonathan..

She: Jonathan..

He: and he'll be sad.

She: why is he sad?

He: cause some stupid kid ran faster than him.

She: he shoved him too.

He: asshole kid. His mum is hot though..

She: not necessary now..

He: right, sorry. So he'll tell me everything that happened that day and- what if I don't have any patience for him?

She: why are you worried? Look how much patience you have for me..

He: not much.

She: yeah, but I talk a lot.

He: yeah, but to the point.

She: yeah?

He: yeah. Not now though.

She: what?

He: cabbages, not today.

Dark.

8. After Sex

Middle of the night. He's sitting on the edge of the bed, staring into the space; she's waking up, looking at him, realizing what just happend.

Actress: scene eight.

Actor: after sex.

Her: shit, I'm sorry..

Him: what a disgusting feeling, god, feels like shagging a corpse.

Her: but why did you go on with it if you saw I was asleep?

Him: I didn't notice you were asleep!

Her: I didn't notice we were having sex. (Beat) But I was quite the whole time, didn't it seem.. suspicious?

Him: I thought you were concentrating..

Her: (hiding a laughter) I see.. When did you figure it out?

Him: when I saw you were dribbling I put the pieces of the puzzle together, ok?

Her: (laughing) good going Sherlock..

Him: what are you stupid or what? That's really funny..

Her: you have to admit its kinda funny

Him: it's not funny.

Her: just a little bit f-

Him: (loud whispering) it's not funny! It's not funny at all! How come you didn't wake up?

Her: I must be really tired.

Him: you're never really tired. For god's sake, flies wake you up!

Her: flies annoy me.

Him: I annoy you! I annoy you too.. Don't I annoy you anymore?

Her: you annoy me a lot.

Him: thank you. Jesus. It's really.. It's insulting.

Her: so let's go at it again babe

Him: don't-

Her: let's try it again-

Him: stop it! (Beat) How could you just fall asleep on me like that?

Her: the truth?

Him: if you wouldn't mind, thank you.

Her: I was bored.

Him: excuse me?

Her: I was bored babe.

Him: you were bored to sleep?

Her: uhummm

Him: interesting.. How am I supposed to deal with this boredom of yours? You want me to ask you trivia questions while we fuck?

Her: oh common-

Him: no no, maybe we can attach the TV set to the ceiling for next time. Maybe we'll glue those magazines to my head, so you can keep yourself entertained during this unbelievable boredom we call sex..

Her: oh common, our sex is boring and repetitive, I know exactly how you're gonna start and where you gonna finish.

Him: honey there are very few options, it's two holes and a mouth.

Her: oh god, you're so disgusting..

Him: I'm sorry.

Her: no no-

Him: I'm sorry! I was kidding-

Her: you weren't kidding. it's exactly what it is, you're only looking for holes..

Him: I'm not "looking for holes"!..

Her: yes you are.

Him: who talks like that?!

Her: You never ask me if I like something, if it feels good.. Mate, I can fall asleep during the thing and it'll take you about 20 minutes to notice I'm unconscious!

Him: Waw, you're nasty.

Her: I'M nasty?

Him: you indeed. It's not that big of a deal to say you're bored, what am I, the fucking circus? Do something about it. Make yourself comfortable. Tell me what you want me to do, I don't work for you, you know.

Beat.

Her: fine. Let's change things up a little. Let's go crazy. (Beat) Now.

Him: what do you want me to tie you to the fridge?

Her: no.. Do you want me to dress up like a farm girl?

Him: a "farm girl"?! what's a "farm girl"? What is it with goats and shit? Is it with goats?

Her: I'm not bringing animals in here

Him: so..

Short pause.

Her: I got an idea

Him: why am I already scared?

Her: but you have to go with me here, you have to go with the flow..

Him: flow away..

Her: you're gonna go out the door now- don't laugh!

Him: will you go ahead already?!

Her: ok. So you're gonna go out the front door now, and bring a box of vegetables with you, like you're the delivery man from the grocery store. So you'll walk in with this Russian accent, or something European, and you'll knock on the door, and I'll say "who is it?" And you'll say "it's Yevgeny" or "Boris, from the grocery store", and then I'll offer you a small drink, and you'll hesitate a bit, and then one thing leads to another..

Beat.

Him: what's sexy about that?

Her: I don't know.. that you're a stranger and everything.

Him: I'm not good with accents..

Her: why is everything an struggle with you?

Him: it won't turn you on, and I'll be stuck as a stupid Boris with a box of cucumbers!

Her: it'll turn me on baby, it'll turn me on..

He Looks in the fridge.

Him: we didn't buy any vegetables, we can't play the game.

Her: there's a cherry tomato in the bottom drawer..

Him: you need a whole delivery man for one cherry tomato?

Her: it's not about WHAT you bring.. Right? You can bring.. (She looks around) bring me the plant. Yeah, it'll be like you're the guy from the garden centre..

He grabs the huge plant, it's extremely heavy, carries it outside. Nocks.

Her: just a second..

Him:nocknock!

Her: yes, who is it?

Him: it's the delivery man from the grocery.

Her: from the garden centre!

Him: -the garden centre!

Her: look at what you have in your hands!

Him: sorry.

Her: again!

Beat.

Him:nocknock.

Her: yes, who is it?

Him: it's the delivery man from the garden centre.

Her: oh please, come in.

He comes in, looks at her. Waits.

Her: "Hello nice lady, where do you want me to put it.." Come-on!!

Him: "Hello nice lady, I've brought you an entire bloody tree that weighs a ton in the middle of the bloody night! Where do you want me to put it?"

Her: that's great-

Him: What do you mean "hello nice lady"..

Her: that's supposed to be the game-

Him: alright alright I'm into it, we're doing it.

Her: no, cause I'm getting into character here-

Him: I'm into it, we're doing it.

Her: again!

He goes out.

Him:nocknock.

Her: yes, who is it?

Him: (rest. Then, with a Russian accent) It's Sergey from grocery- from the garden centre.

Her: oh, please, come in. (Comes in) So... Sergey, how long have you been in the country?

Him: ..five years?

Her: interesting. Can I offer you a drink-

Him: lady can I put the forest somewhere? Its very heavy.

Her: yes of course, of course.. (He puts it down, finally) So..... Sergey-

Him: what? What?

Her: would you care for a drink?

Him: no thank you nice lady, I have to go back to work.

Her: your accent is so bad..

Him: what?! I told you I'm not good with accents!

Her: it's ok, it's ok. It's adorable. Do it again.. "Sergey, would you care for a drink?"

Him: (slowly) no thank you nice lady, I have to go back to work.

Her: that was good. And tell me Sergey, who's your boss? Danny?

Him: yes.

Her: oh I know him! he wouldn't mind. Sit. (Hands him a bottle of wine) Can I offer you some vodka?

Him: that's not even vodka-

Her: (slaps him) it's vodka. This is vodka now.

Him: (takes the bottle) thank you nice lady.

Her: relax Sergey, you look very tense (starts to give him a rough massage) you know..

You Russians, you're so fascinating. You have such a unique mentality-

Him: lady it's not very pleasant this thing you're doing..

Her: relax. Your mentality, and your culture.. You probably know Dostoyevsky..

Him: (whispering) don't talk to him about Dostoyevsky.

Her: what are you saying there?

Him: what are you blabbering about Dostoyevsky? That's how you want to get him into bed?

Her: you piece of shit..

Him: what do you even know about Dostoyevsky? You see a Russian guy so it's immediately Dostoyevsky? Dostoyevsky and vodka?

Her: I'm trying to flirt a little bit!

Him: cause that's what turns him on?! He's Russian so he's gets off on Dostoyevsky?!

Her: unbelievable. You couldn't last one minute.

Him: cause I feel sorry for the guy. It's a shitty game and I don't want to play. (Beat) Are you even attracted to me at all?

Her: what?

Him: answer the question, are you attracted to me? (She's laughing out of embarrassment)

Don't laugh, answer me.

Her: what is up with you?

Him: answer me.

Her: am I attracted to you?

Him: is that a tough question?

Her: do I have to answer now?

Him: do you wanna wait for the next time you fall asleep?

Her: is that ok with you?

Him: you know you're a bitch?

Her: why am I a bitch? I don't know if I'm attracted to you. I don't know. I know that a year ago I would think of you and start smiling. Today I.. I'd rather sleep. (Beat) But it doesn't mean we can't work on it

Him: oh come-on-

Her: and try to make it better-

Him: what, play "the Russian Gardner"?

Her: why not? Why not, if it turns me on? Cause it's embarrassing? Sex is a bit embarrassing. You're naked, and sound like sick farm animals.

Him: you're not attracted to me anymore, it's that simple-

Her: oh god! Why can't you swallow it and move on? So you were offended. So what?

Welcome to relationships. Sometimes you get offended in a relationship. You care, so you get hurt. It's GOOD that you're hurt!

Him: why the hell are you so happy about this whole thing?!

Her: happy, I'm happy, yes. It's nice that you're not a chunk of ice. It's nice that one time you're the one who got hurt and not me. I'm sorry but it makes me a little happy. (Beat)

Babe, our relationship is not a static thing, it's in motion, it has intervals.. Sometimes I'm more attracted to you, and some-

Him: it's not intervals and not shmintervals. You're not attracted to me anymore, I know it. I can feel it. What, don't I know you? You need somebody that'll make a woman out of you, it doesn't matter if I'll be A Russian Grocery man, or.. Dostoyevsky with a plant.

Her: (he was from the garden centre).

9. Something's missing

Actress: scene 9. last scene.

He: (enters) hey, what are you doing?

She: living here.

He: oh so you're the one who's living here..

She: yup.

He: nice. Are you a good flatmate?

She: not a bad one.

He: clean, tidy, don't smoke?

She: do smoke, occasionally, but not in the house.

He: well, at least that. Do you have a boyfriend?

She: yes I do, a good one.

He: kinda cute, sexy?

She: very.

He: a bit neurotic? With a distinct fixation with Kim Kardashian?

She: that's the one. He's tall, and funny too.

He: how funny?

She: oh .. Nobody makes me laugh as hard as he does.

He: what else is he so good at?

She: everything.. I mean, he's like my brother.

He: that doesn't sound too good..

She: I know. But we have a very special connection.

He: elaborate.

She: we love each other very much, that's obvious, we make each other laugh hysterically till we cry, he understands me more than anyone, I just need to say one word in a specific tone and he knows exactly what I wanna say, we really have our own language, I think we're a match made in heaven. A bit annoying, but still- made in heaven. It's like we're the same person, only he's a boy and I'm a girl.

He: so, where's the problem?

She: how did you know there's a problem?

He: sounds like there's a problem.

She: there's no problem. It's just that me and him, we're gonna have to break up.

Pause.

He: why?

She: cause something's missing.

He: yeah?

She: yup. (Beat) Maybe we just ran out of things to say to each other).

He: nonsense. You always have something to say to each other.

She: maybe we weren't quiet often enough.

He: maybe.

Pause.

She: ok.. (She grabs her set of keys)

He: umm.. They fixed the lift, did you notice?

She: (smiles) yeah.

He: where are you going?

She: I'm gonna stay at my mum's tonight.

He: right.

She turns to go. Then, turns back to him, gestures with her hands: "I love you".

He: me too.

She leaves.

Dark.

End.