

Voices

A play



Drama Comedy for actors and a loudspeaker

By Michal Blumenfeld – Sagi

LONDON, PRESENT DAY

CHARACTERS

Miry - 22 years old, Israeli

Moty - 22 years old, Israeli

Radek - 40 years old, Polish

(A Small room with no windows, its green door is closed. The only furniture in the room is a single bed and a loudspeaker hanging on the top right-hand corner. All music and sound effects emerge from the loudspeaker.

Miry is alone in the room she is walking around the room trying to memorize a monologue.)

Miry: I am who I am, you are who you are.

(Calm music is heard from the loudspeaker. The music distracts her for a second, but she returns to rehearse the monologue)

Miry: It sounds simple, but it takes a while before you realize it and when you-

(Moty enters the room)

Moty: Hello!

Miry: Hey.

Moty: Are you waiting for a long time?

Miry: What's the time?

Moty: Six o'clock

(Miry is surprised. She ignores Moty and continues to memorize her monologue, mumbling to herself)

Moty: Isn't it funny that they put a bed in a waiting room?

Miry: What? Oh the bed.

Moty: Maybe it's not so strange if they make you wait so much.
When did you get here?

Miry: I don't know. I didn't look at the time.

(Miry continues to mumble to herself lines from the monologue.)

Moty: I hope they won't make us wait too much. Waiting too long can make you nervous.

Miry: I'm not nervous!

(Miry sits down on the bed).

Moty: I mean, I can see that you're preparing yourself. That's good.

Miry: I'm trying to.

Moty: Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you. (Pause) Has anybody gone in yet?

Miry: No.

Moty: So why are you waiting so long?

Miry: Who said that-

Moty: Sorry. I'm bothering you again.

Miry: That's ok.

Moty: Will it be ok if I sit down, beside you?

Miry: On the bed?!

Moty: There's nothing else.

(Moty sits beside her.)

Moty: I'm Mario.

Miry: Nice to meet you.

Moty: I'm Spanish.

Miry: I thought Mario is an Italian name.

Moty: What's your name?

Miry: Maria.

Moty: Italian?

Miry: Exactly.

Moty: Sai che sei bellissima?

Miry: Bene.

Moty: You have no idea what I just said!

Miry: Yes, I do.

Moty: So what did I say?

Miry: Your Italian is pretty good.

Moty: Well, I studied it for a while.

Miry: It's very useful to know many languages.

Moty: So where are you really from?

Miry: None of your business.

Moty: Oh, I heard it's a lovely place.

Miry: You heard right.

Moty: The view, the people, the hummus.

Miry: There are people and view and even hummus, in London too, you know.

Moty: Maybe but “None of your business” is Israel, isn’t it? I understood right away from the accent. Nice to meet you, Moty.

Miry: It's true what they say, about Israelis arriving to every dump in the world, ha? I am Miry.

(From the loudspeaker: a waltz)

Moty: Want to dance?

(Miry doesn't answer)

Moty: At least they put some music. They make you wait, but they keep you entertained. Lovely music, charming company. It must be a good school.

Miry: What school?

Moty: What do you mean what school? This school.

Miry: What are you here for?

Moty: For the same reason you are.

Miry: I'm here for an audition. There was an ad in the paper: 'actors and extras with a foreign appearance are needed for a movie'. So, I learnt a monologue and came.

Moty: Well, it's an art school; maybe a student is making a movie here.

Miry: An art school?

Moty: Yes. I thought you were waiting for the admissions committee, like me.

Miry: Does it look like an art school?

(Sound of birds chirping.)

Moty: I'd look outside – but there's no window. I can hear the birds, though...

Miry: It looks like a deserted building, not like an art school.

Moty: It must be an art school! I paid a lot of money to come here.

Miry: From Israel??

Moty: Yes, not to mention the high registration fee...

Miry: Don't tell me, you found this school through the Internet. They had a dazzling website, with beautiful pictures of an ancient, impressive building, describing the prestigious tradition of this school that has produced great artists since 1723.

Moty: 1850.

Miry: So, consequently, you paid a large registration sum to someone with a posh British accent, bought a ticket and came all the way to England. (pause) I saw a program on television about these frauds. (pause) I'm sorry you fell for it.

Moty: I probably just got the wrong address. I should go and ask the guys in the entrance if they know where the art school is.

(He approaches the door. Suspenseful music).

Miry: Don't go out!

Moty: Why?

(He stops, hesitating)

Miry: It's better that you ask when they come to call me for the audition.

Moty: You are right. I don't want to leave you here alone.

Miry: I have no problem staying here alone. You can go.

(Moty doesn't move)

Miry: You don't want to find out the right address of your school?

Moty: Yes, after you go to your audition. (To himself) In case this will ever happen.

Miry: What do you mean?

Moty: Nothing.

Miry: There is an audition! The two guys in the entrance told me to go the lower floor and wait in the room with the green door.

Moty: They told me the same thing. (Pause) Did you tell them you're here for an audition?

Miry: No. They approached me when I entered.

(A sound of thunder followed by heavy rain).

Moty: Is it raining? It was sunny when I came in.

Miry: I think it's coming from the loudspeaker.

(Moty reaches for the loudspeaker.)

Moty: What is it with this loudspeaker?

Miry: Don't touch it!

Moty: Why not?

Miry: I don't know, something strange is going on. It might be a bomb.

Moty: A bomb?

Miry: Maybe those guys are terrorists.

Moty (Laughing): Pretty and funny. That's kind of rare.

Miry: That's kind of sexist to say. But you are right, I'm just being silly. (Pause) although they were kind of scary.

(Moty goes back to the bed without touching the loudspeaker.)

Moty: And they also had a weird accent. But, then, so do you.
(Imitating her) I am who I am... Come on, why would any terrorists bother with us? Are you the daughter of an important minister?

Miry: No.

Moty: They don't know we are Israeli. We are just two young Europeans dreaming to make it with their art. There is nothing to be worried about.

(From the loudspeaker a Jewish song: Hava Nagila)

Miry: You hear that? They know we are Israelis!

Moty: They're not terrorists, this is some bad joke.

Miry: So why are we speaking in English?

Moty: What do you mean?

Miry: When we found out we are Israeli, we both kept talking in English. Why?

Moty: When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

Miry: I'm putting an end to this. Go and check if it's safe to leave.

Moty: Why me?

Miry: Well you are (Pause) you are...

Moty: A big, strong, well-built man?

Miry: Well, a man.

Moty: Thanks, woman. (Mutters) That wasn't sexist at all. You'll see now that everything is OK.

(Moty approaches the door, Miry is right behind him. They stop near the door)

Moty: Wow, you have some imagination! There is really nothing to worry about. I am here with you.

Miry: Do you think the door is locked?

Moty: Of course not.

(A radio commercial for "PAPA'S" restaurant)

Moty: I'm hungry.

Miry: Hungry?!

(There are knocks on the door. They both jump)

Miry: They came to call me for my audition! Bye, Motek, I mean Moty, good luck with your art studies.

(Miry approaches the door and opens it slowly)

Miry: Naturally, the door is open! You had me worried for a minute there. You have quite an imagination!

Moty: Me? It's you that-

Miry: Adios!

(Miry looks around, there is no one there. She lifts a pizza carton from the floor, Confused and closes the door.)

Miry: Did you order a pizza?

Moty: No. Did you see anyone outside?

Miry: No, just this pizza.

(Moty reaches for the pizza.)

Miry: Don't open it! It's not ours!

Moty: (Smiling) You mean, Maybe it's a bomb?

Miry: A bomb?! No. (Pause) maybe it's poisoned.

(Moty opens the carton)

Moty: Pepperoni pizza! My favorite!

Miry: It's easy to make you happy, isn't it? Let's get out of here.

Moty (eating): You don't want any? Take a slice.

Miry: No thanks. I'm not hungry.

Moty : You sure? It's good.

Miry: Leave me some. I'll eat it later.

(From loudspeaker - sound of waves in the sea. Motty suddenly gives her the carton, falls to the floor, making gurgling sounds, contorting and kicking his legs, as if poisoned)

Miry: Oh my god! Oh my god (Miry drops the pizza). Are you all right?

(Moty "plays dead", then startles her, laughing)

Moty: You really thought I was poisoned, ha? Help me up, will you?

Miry: I wouldn't help you if you were drowning! You idiot!
You made me throw away the pizza! You psycho!

Moty: At least not a hungry psycho.

Miry: You'll really enjoy watching me starve in this dump, won't you? Let's just get out of here!

Moty: OK, let's go eat. This was nice as a first dish.

(Sound of crickets from loudspeaker)

Moty: Come on, let's go...boy, this pizza made me sleepy.

(Moty lies on the bed.)

Miry: What are you doing??

Moty: Siesta. Just for few minutes.

Miry: Get up! We're going now! (Tries to pull him up, getting sleepy). Move already.

(Moty sleepy, moves and makes her some room on the bed)

Miry: You're still in the bed.

Moty (Hardly awake): Hmmm...?

Miry (Drowsy): You don't expect me to sleep on the bed beside you.

Moty: (Sleepy) I don't expect anything.

Miry: Well, I guess we can lie in opposite directions.

(Moty is a sleep, Miry sleeps in the opposite direction to him)

Miry: (Falling asleep): Just for few minutes.

(Miry manages to fall asleep in the impossible position. The sound of crickets becomes louder, suddenly replaced with the sound of a calling rooster. They jump out of bed)

Miry: What happened?

Moty: I don't know. Is it morning already? (Pause) Did we do anything?

Miry: It was only for few minutes!.

Moty: Really? Sorry...Normally it's much more...

Miry: We fell asleep for few minutes! (PAUSE) So strange, maybe there was something in the pizza after all?!

Moty: You didn't eat from the pizza!

Miry: So I only dreamt I'm eating pizza?

Moty: We fell asleep because of the crickets, we woke up by the call of a rooster.

Miry: So?

Moty: This loudspeaker is controlling us!

Miry: It may control you. No stupid loudspeaker controls me!

(Loudspeaker: sound of glass breaking. Miry screams.)

Moty: Of course not.

(Silence)

Moty: Maybe it's some kind of experiment or a test.

Miry: An experiment?

Moty: Or a test.

Miry: And who's examining or testing us?

Moty: I don't know. God, Fate. Perhaps there is a hidden message for us to find.

Miry: I know! God is playing with us: do you recognize the next voice?

(From the loudspeaker - A Jewish prayer.)

Moty: Someone can hear us and see us, and know our most hidden thoughts ... The voice of God through the loudspeaker.

Miry: Don't tell me you're one of them. So tell me, what is God saying exactly?

Moty: If you'll be quiet, I might be able to hear.

(Loudspeaker: Sound of frogs. Miry laughs.)

Moty: God is in all creatures. Even (pause) frogs.

Miry: Deep.

Moty: But maybe the real message is that my parents were right (pause). I am not destined to be an artist. That is why there is no art school here.

Miry: Right, the crooks that created the fake university's web site were messengers of God. It was all planned to lead you here, where God advertises Papa's restaurant.

Moty: You know what's wrong with this world? Too many cynical people like you.

Miry: You know what it's lacking? Religious fanatics.

Moty: I wonder what a spoiled girl like you is doing here. Summer school? Shopping?

Miry: That too. But mainly I came here to be an actress.

Moty: And your parents are O.K with that?

Miry: How old are you? Don't you think you're too obsessed with parents? You are probably relieved that there is no art school. Now you can go back to mommy and daddy, follow their expectations and still believe you rebelled.

Moty: They will never say they have any expectations from me. Whatever I do seems to be fine. But a constant inner voice tells me I'm letting them down. You don't know what it's like when your father is a prominent minister.

Miry: I understand.

(SILENCE)

Moty: Really important minister.(pause) Don't you want to know who my father is?

Miry: Hmm... Not especially.

Moty(Imitating his father): Assi Geva, minister of education.

Miry (laughing): Maybe us meeting here is an act of destiny, after all.

Moty: You know, he's all for art and culture, and all the artists vote for him, but for his own son to be an artist? I should be a lawyer, like all the men in the Geva family. And of

course he is an enthusiastic feminist, but all he really expects of my sister is to get married to a rich lawyer.

Miry: Oh poor boy, you found out at the age of...?

Moty: 22.

Miry: That your perfect life and your perfect parents, are a bit less than perfect.

Moty: They are not perfect, but I suppose yours are.

Miry: Of course they are.

Moty: Well you had to inherit this perfection from someone.

Miry: No, that's self-made.

Moty: How about your giant ego?

Miry: My giant ego? You're the one who thinks that God speaks to him over the loudspeaker! Like my father's listeners who (stops abruptly)

(Loudspeaker: Klezmer (Jewish) music)

Moty: What, your father is one of those rabbi-preachers who have their own radio shows? (Laughing) My father and I

listened to the show of Rabbi Lavi one day. We had some laughs.

Miry: There was no laughter when your father's name was mentioned in our house.

Moty: Yeah, as if Rabbi Lavi is your father.

(Silence)

Moty: No way you are the daughter of Rabbi Lavi!

Miry: Why not?

Moty: To begin with, you don't look or act or sound like a rabbi's daughter.

Miry: How many rabbis' daughters do you know?

Moty: Actually? None.

(Miry gets up, show him some Jewish dance steps. They dance)

Moty: You don't even look like him!

Miry: Only because I shaved my beard.

Moty: Are you really his daughter?

Miry: It seems I can't escape it.

(They bump into each other)

Moty: Don't touch, Rabbi's daughter... I don't believe it! It's so odd for us to meet here like this.

Miry: It's odd that we meet at all. It could never happen in Israel.

Moty: So we meet in London.

Miry: We meet in London.

(Moty is suddenly alarmed. He picks up their stuff, pulls her to the door, but stops and pulls her behind the bed. They peek behind the pillows)

Moty(whispers): Maybe it is a terrorist's conspiracy after all. Do you know how many people hate your father?

Miry: At least as many as hate your father?

Moty: I think no one can hate them, as much as they hate each other.

Miry: True.

Moty: You know, if we ever become a couple we will be like Romeo and Juliet.

Miry: I would love to be Juliet – on stage.

Moty: But if you will be an actress, who will stay at home and Raise Mota'le, Lea'le, Roha'le, Rivka'le, Renana, Tсахala and their ten brothers?

Miry: Well, I'm 22 and God have mercy, still single.

Moty: You are also alone in a room with a bed and stranger?! What a scandal! Is that why you came here?

Miry: To do what I want, yes.

Moty: Including being alone in a room with me?

Miry: I'm afraid that's a side effect.

Moty: What did your parents say when you left?

Miry: They yelled and screamed and threatened when I refused to marry the man they chose for me. Now there's silence. I simply don't exist for them anymore.

Moty: They're still your family.

Miry: My family is here now. My uncle, my mother's brother is here in London.

Moty: He doesn't mind that you left like that?

Miry: He left many years ago, in a similar way. Now he has a great life here. He married a very sweet English woman. You see everyone has the right to choose his or her own beliefs and way of life.

Moty: Do you think you can choose your own parents, too?

Miry: In my case, yes.

(silence)

Moty: You know, in the last elections I voted for a religious party.

Miry: You did that just to spite your father. Did you at least have the courage to tell him about it? (pause) You're such a little boy.

Moty: I don't need to rebel, really. My parents will accept me no matter what I do.

Miry: Well, they are the liberal ones.

(Silence)

Miry: Sometimes it's harder when it's not clear what you rebel against.

(Loudspeaker: Game show theme music.)

Moty: You know what might be going on here? We're being filmed for some television program. Like candid camera, or some kind of reality show. They asked me to participate in shows with other children of celebrities. I always refused. Now they got me.

Miry: Ladies and Gentlemen, 5 minute ago he thought it was God on the loudspeaker, now it's a TV show. Let's ask him: how quickly did it take you to forget God?

Moty: How quickly did it take you?

(Silence)

Moty: I'm sorry. I can't even imagine what you've been through. Or the courage required for what you did.

Miry: I didn't have the courage to go all the way. I still won't eat pork.

Moty: That's why you threw the pizza away!

Miry: How was my acting?

Moty: I would give you the leading role.

Miry: But there is no audition.

Moty: Sorry about that.

Miry: There will be others. Will you go back to Israel?

Moty: Yes. My father will never let me forget what an idiot I was, falling for this sham. Perhaps I should stay here. There must be one real art school in London.

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Miry: Maybe even two.

Moty: Maybe becoming an artist is my destiny after all.

Miry: You should listen to what the loudspeaker has to say about this.

Moty: I should listen to myself.

Miry: Go ahead, I'll be quiet.

Moty: No, Please don't.

Miry: O.K (pause) so (pause) You paint?

Moty: Sculpture.

Miry: What do you sculpt?

Moty: I am making now sculptures of people, using light bulbs.

Miry: Light bulbs?

Moty: Yes. I am interested in understanding how something so fragile can be so powerful (pause) I'd like you to pose for me one day.

Miry: Me? I don't think I'll be right for you.

Moty: Don't you think there's a reason we met here today?

(loudspeaker: wedding march. They laugh, hesitate then get up and "walk down the aisle" as if getting married)

Miry: Sometimes I think I should have married the man my parents wanted me to marry.

Moty: How can you say this now?? You deserve to marry someone you love, to become a great actress.

Miry: No one will let me act here. English will never be my mother tongue.

Moty: So what? An uncle tongue.

Miry: It's a waste of time, waiting for this virtual audition.

Moty: It can't be a waste of time if we met here.

(Moty approaches to kiss her, she approaches him too, but then pushes him away)

Miry: If you weren't such a coward we would be out of here by now. But you're afraid of your own shadow!

Moty: It's not working. I will go out only when I choose to.

Miry: So will I. Guess what? I choose to go now.

Moty: No one is keeping you here.

(Miry approaches the door. She opens it. A man shouting in Polish is heard. She slams the door shut.)

Miry: That wasn't from the speaker, was it?

Moty: No, that came from outside. What language was it?

Miry: I don't know, but they sounded angry.

Moty: Was it German?

Miry: Ohhh! I'm sick of this place, let's get out of here!

Moty: SH...We can't leave now.

Miry: You can stay in this stinking room, I'm going!

(Miry tries to open the door. Moty is holding her back.)

Miry: Leave me alone! Who do you think you are? You coward.

Moty: I might be a coward, but this coward will make sure you won't get hurt.

Miry: I'll scream!

Moty: Go ahead.

Miry: Who are you waiting for, daddy to come and save you?

(Moty clears the way.)

Moty: Go!

Miry: I will not go just because you tell me to go!

Moty: You wanted to go a minute ago!

Miry: So? I changed my mind!

Moty: So quickly?

Miry: Look who's talking! (Imitating him): I want to be an artist. No, I think I'll be a lawyer. Hey, God is speaking to us. No, smile, we're on T.V.!

(Loudspeaker: Calm music. Miry approaches the loudspeaker)

Miry (Shouting): Listen, whoever you are, you don't frighten us with your cheap tricks. The only reason we are staying in this ugly room is (Pause) we're enjoying our little chat! If you can hear us, send in some tea, we're thirsty!

Moty(To loudspeaker): I prefer coke. Who sends pizza without coke?
(To Miry) It might work, When I said I was hungry, they put on that commercial, for that restaurant.

Miry: No, It was the other way around. Hearing the commercial reminded you that you were hungry.

Moty: Are you sure? I never thought I'm so easily influenced by commercials. (Pause) But wait, when we mentioned God, a prayer came on.

Miry: It was just a coincidence.

Moty: What about us meeting here?

Miry: Oh that's fate.

Moty: You think?

Miry: No.

Moty: So you don't believe in anything anymore?

Miry: Of course I do, in myself.

Moty: You should meet my father, he invented self-belief.

Miry: You should meet mine.

(Miry walks around the room as an old Rabbi, approaches Moty, talks in a deep, manly voice)

Moty: I love your beard, man.

Miry: You superficial people always focus on appearances.

Moty: That's not true! Did I mention your daughter is hot?

Miry: Enough! I came here to meet your father young man.

Moty: I'm afraid he's out.

Miry (Back to her own voice): He's in, he's in, please!

Moty: What a coincidence! He just came in.

Moty: Hey father (Changing his voice): hey son. Assi Geva, Minister of education.

Miry: You call that education?! You preach for hate!

Moty: Nonsense, you should see how well I educate my children. I teach them love, admiration – for me. Most importantly, I teach them to be true to themselves – as long as they stay small versions of me.

Miry: That is so wrong! What do you do with your daughters? Unfortunately I only have daughters. I can't expect them to be a version of me, but I can educate them to be great cooks and wonderful mothers.

Moty: You're so primitive! A woman is not just for producing babies. A woman should be proud of herself, of her body; she should let her man enjoy it.

Miry: How dare you? A wife should be modest. You want something more exciting, there are special ladies for that, if you know what I mean...

(Loudspeaker: romantic music)

Moty: Rabbi! Shame on you.

Miry: Just kidding, just kidding. People think that if you're a rabbi, you should always be serious. I wish my daughter

had a sense of humor so we could laugh together instead of fighting all the time. She doesn't understand that all I want is her happiness.

Moty: I believe you. But we can't help making mistakes along the way.

Miry: I just wish I had the courage to tell her I love her. It's hard for a father in our community to say that to his daughter. I'm afraid I lost her. You see - I really miss her.

Moty: I'm sure she feels the same. I hope my son knows I love him. I never really said it to him either.

Miry: There are things you know without words.

Moty: You know Rabbi, you have beautiful eyes. I never noticed that before, maybe because of the beard.

Miry: I have to admit you're one of the most handsome ministers I've ever seen.

(Music becomes louder. They are facing each other without touching, moving slowly as in a dance. Music stops abruptly. Complete silence)

Miry (In her voice): Well, aren't you going to kiss me, minister of education?

Moty: There's nothing I want to do more, rabbi.

(Miry kisses him.)

Miry: Wow (Pause) if this room can make Rabbi Lavi and Assi Geva kiss, maybe we found the way to bring peace to the Middle East. We will put the leaders of both sides in this room and after couple of hours we will have an agreement.

(Silence)

Miry: What?

Moty: Nothing.

Miry: O.K.

(Loudspeaker: romantic music)

Moty: You are aware that it was us who were kissing, not our fathers?

Miry: So we kissed. So what, it's not a big deal. It was just something to pass the time.

Moty: I see.

Miry: I don't want to offend you, but it was just another kiss to me.

Moty: O.K., I said I got it.

Miry: It's this odd room that made us kiss. It was not at all as I imagined it.

Moty: What?

Miry: Nothing.

Moty: What do you mean not as you imagined - Oh, now I understand.

Miry: What? What did you understand now?

Moty: Nothing.

Miry: You said you understand something.

Moty: So I lied. It's not so rare in this room.

Miry: Well I'm not interested in your insights anyhow. (pause)
Oh what annoying kitsch music!

Moty: Yeah, right – the music is annoying!

Miry: What are you insinuating?

Moty: That you are annoying. It wasn't that such a hidden subtext.

Miry: Aren't you the most charming guy to be stuck with.

Moty: You seemed to think so, when you asked me to kiss you.

Miry: I did not!

Moty (To loudspeaker): It's going well, ha?

Miry (Thinks he's talking to her): Not at all.

Moty (To loudspeaker): Happy?

Miry: I hope, because I am not.

Moty (To loudspeaker): Is the experiment going well? Are the guinea pigs acting as expected?

Miry (To loudspeaker): Ignore him, If you are there. If not, ignore what I said.

Moty (To loudspeaker): So you said: let's put two strangers in a room, A man and a woman. We'll give them reasons to stay. Then we'll see how long it'll take them to kiss? How long to hate each other? Well, sooner than you expected for both things!

Miry (To loudspeaker): He got it all wrong. You've probably noticed he is a bit slow.

Moty (To loudspeaker): Sorry folks, although you invested in a bed, there's not going to be any use of it this time.

Miry (To loudspeaker): The experiment is obviously about how long it will take us to leave the room. The door is open. You probably can't believe we're still here!

Moty (To loudspeaker): Please note that I did try to get out.

Miry (To loudspeaker): If you rerun the recording, you will see he kept me here. He is simply afraid of taking actions in his life, and blames everybody but himself.(pause) That's in case you need help in defining his personality profile.

Moty: Thanks a lot. I am sure they appreciate the help.

(Silence. Moty sits on the bed. She sits beside him.)

Miry: What's the time?

Moty: Six o'clock.

Miry: Can't be! That was the time when you entered the room.

Moty: Really? Well I guess my watch has stopped when I walked in. How about your watch?

Miry: I don't have any. I have my own special time to do things.

Moty: Like first kisses?

(silence)

Moty: It is important that the first kiss will be with the right guy. There's nothing to be ashamed of, if it took you a while. I think it's charming, and I'm proud to be a part of it.

Miry: You don't have much to be proud of. (Pause) Besides, you just said you hate me.

Moty: I don't. I just said it for 'them'.

Miry: Are you sure?

Moty: How can I hate you? I already want to kiss you again. (Pause) If only just to prove that the second kiss is always better.

(Silence)

Miry: I thought it would be special, with someone who loves me and that I love, in a beautiful, romantic place.

Moty: But it is special. I'll never forget this day and neither will you

Miry: Yes, but who knows for what reasons.

Moty: Come on, will it kill you to show some emotions?
(Approaches to kiss her)

Miry: I finally got it. This is the audition!

Moty: What?

Miry: It's so clever! You must be a brilliant director, if this is the audition you give.

Moty: What the hell are you talking about?

Miry: It all makes sense now. You let me wait, and
Then you come in. I say I'm from Israel, so
You pretend that you are too, but we don't speak Hebrew.
You improvise with me. Then, to add some drama you
say you're the son of an Israeli politician whose name you
probably heard in the news. Meanwhile, the speaker is
programmed to make these noises that help me experience
all those emotions. Then, of course, you kiss me. You're a
genius!

Moty: This room makes people go nuts.

Miry: Please tell me, did I get the part? I can't wait to work with
you!

Moty: Not this time, but if I'll ever need to cast for a role of a lunatic, I'll definitely call you.

Miry: What? The audition is not over yet? I can still do my monologue, if you like: I am who I am, you are who you are It sounds simple, but it takes a while before you realize it. And when you finally get it, the best thing to do is simply to forget.

Moty: No need. (Pause) For all I know you might be a very sophisticated admissions committee for the art school.

Miry: And what artistic skills did I examine in you?

Moty: None what so ever. I'm trying to say that it's absurd. I wish I was the director, so I could give you the leading role, but I'm just an ordinary guy who kissed you because he likes you.

Miry: Yeah right.

Moty: Is that so hard to believe?

Miry: I don't know. This is too confusing. Who are you? What do you want?

Moty: Exactly what you want. (Pause) to get out of here.

(Loudspeaker: Hypnotizing mysterious music)

Miry: That's what you say, but you can say anything.

Moty: We are in this together.

Miry: That's what you'd like me to believe. But why should I trust you? Maybe you are here to guard me! You wouldn't let me leave. You held me against my will! Who gave you the right to touch me?

Moty: I'm so sorry for that.

Miry: Who do you work for? My father will not give you any money. Will you stop at least this evil psychological control through this loudspeaker? It makes me hungry, fall asleep, fall in love!

Moty: Do you want to lie down? You're very upset. Try to calm down. Maybe rest a bit. Did you say fall in love?

Miry: I'll never close my eyes again in this room. It's my father...He sent you... You can tell him I'm not coming back. I love London. I feel free, for the first time in my life. Tell him to leave me alone!!

Moty: I will. If I ever see him (Pause) Can I hold you?!

Miry: Why?!

Moty: It'll help me feel better.

(Moty hugs her)

Moty: Everything will be O.K. You'll see.

Miry (Sniffing): I miss them so much.

Moty: I know.

(Loudspeaker: Calm music.)

Miry: This is not for me. I'm not cut out for this. I'm trying to be someone I'm not; It's tiring to play a role all the time. I need to go back home, to my parents. To the life I am used to. It's too hard, too confusing. They love me. I feel safe around them.

Moty: It may take a while, and it may not always be easy. But eventually it will happen. You'll make it.

Miry: You can't know that.

Moty: I can. Your personality profile is of someone who will make it. Some people simply have it. (pause) and some don't.

(Silence)

Miry: Are you coming?

Moty: Where?

Miry: To look for an art school for you.

Moty: It's time for me to grow up.

Miry: What does that even mean?

Moty: To listen to the voice of reason, to do the right thing. To become what I am expected to. (in his father's voice) The most important thing is that you'll be happy Moty'le. (pause) If everyone around you is happy, you would be happy. Why aren't you happy, Moty'le?

Miry: So why aren't you?

Moty: Maybe I don't know anymore how to listen to my inner voice. Maybe I fear it. Even when I hear it, I don't trust it anymore. Like in this room. It's just a loudspeaker, with meaningless voices. But I am used to let the voices outside control me.

Miry: We won't give up. Are you coming?

(Moty doesn't move)

Miry: We won't let any voices scare us any more (takes his hand, tries to lead him to the door) Look at this room. All gray, with no windows. The only color is the green door. We just need the courage to open it and step out.

(They approach the door).

Radek (o.s): Someone stole my pizza again! I told them to tell me when they come! Stupid pizza delivery!

(Door opens, Loudspeaker: Trumpet call, then speaker is silenced.
RADEK Enters.)

(Closes the door behind him. Notices Miry and Moty, They check out each other.)

Radek: I lost papers.

(Silence)

Radek: I mean I have papers, I know where they are. They just not here. (Pause) Not now.

(Silence)

Radek: Did you look for them? You touch my things?

Moty: We didn't touch anything, sir.

Radek: Good. I don't like people touch my things.

(Silence)

Radek: So, what do you want?

Moty: Nothing.

Radek: No questions?

Moty: None.

Radek: I would ask you to stay for dinner, but I see you eat it already.

Moty: Only me, she didn't touch it.

Miry: We were hungry while waiting. We are sorry.

(.Silence. Miry and Moty approach the door.)

Radek: Wait, you eat my pizza, and now you want to leave just like that? You think Radek naive? I know who you are.

Moty: But we don't know who you are.

Radek: I say no papers here! But Of course you know who I am!
Why else are you here?

Moty: It's all one big misunderstanding.

Radek: I'm glad you think that, I need just a little time.

Miry: Can we leave while you take your little time?

Radek: When you back?

Moty: Never.

Radek: Don't believe you. (Pause) you sleep in my bed?

Miry: It was only for few minutes.

Radek: I hear you tough, but sleep in my bed? Eat my food?! This too much (Looks for the right word) humiliate! I'm not criminal!

Moty: That's a relief.

Miry: Please, we just want to go.

Radek: You go now and then you send the others? That way you work?

Miry: We don't understand.

Radek: You snoop around; look innocent and nice, then you send the others.

Miry: What others?

Radek: Enough! You go nowhere before you tell truth! No stories.

Moty: Were you the one shouting outside earlier?

Radek: Shout? In Polish?

Moty: I'm not sure.

Radek: Well everybody here is Polish. But shouting is Yaji. He crazy. (Pause) I hope you not talk to him.

Moty: Not a word.

Radek: Good, He not need to know about this. He not to like trouble.

Moty: Who does?

Radek: So why you not leave me alone?

Miry: We want to, but you-

Radek: I know! I go to him now! We take care of it!

Moty: To Yaji?

Radek: Yes! The time come!

Moty: I remind you, you said he's crazy.

Radek: Yes he is (pause) He shout near room?

Moty: I think.

Radek: Not good. He's angry with me. He see the green door.

(Silence)

Miry: He doesn't like green?

Radek: He like. But before - one green door, now (Smiles) two green doors.

Miry: You painted it?

Radek: Yesterday night.

Moty: The other green door, is it on this floor too?

Radek: Nu Of course! Down the hall.

Miry: What's in the room with the other green door?

Radek: Nothing. Some junk . Now Yaji make it audition room.

Miry: Audition room?!

Radek: Yes. Me too be surprise. In a junk room make audition?

Miry: Down the hall they make auditions?

Radek: Yes. Something wrong? Need special papers?

Miry: So Yaji is the director?

Radek: Yes. Genius. Crazy, but genius.

Miry: And you had to paint your door green!

Radek: You don't like green? (pause) Look this room.

Moty: So anyone that comes to the audition, could confuse your room with the audition room!

Radek: You think Radek stupid? I told Misha and Yasha: Misha, Yasha, tell the people: for audition go to second green door.

Moty: That was clever of you.

Radek: This how I am: clever. Even Misha and Yasha, good friends, They say: Radek you too clever to do cleaning. I

say them: Misha, Yasha, you too clever to just stand in the door and tell people what room to go.

Miry: And they believe you?

Radek: Yes. Sometimes they come with me, when I go in the night.

Moty: Really good friends.

Radek: Very good. We go everywhere together. To the sea, to the (looks for the right word, demonstrating) swamps. Even Saturday, when I needed synagogue.

Moty: Why did you need a synagogue?

Radek: To record sound, of course.

Moty: Of course.

Radek: I am happy you come today. Now I go to Yaji and say: I make sound for your film. Before you even make the film, I read the script and I have all sound. He be surprise.. He shout. He say bad things on my mother: Kurva! but then he hear sound and say: Radek! And I say: yes! He say: Radek, few people surprise me in my life like you surprise me. I know you not born to clean. Don't you see artist when you look at me?

(Moty and Miry look at him confused)

Radek: I want to make people feel, I want to give them beauty - not just clean rooms. (PAUSE) you see how much clean here?

Miry: So the voices we heard from the loudspeaker - is the recording you made for the film?

Radek: Oh you hear my sound? I'm embarrassed. I'm very shy about my work.

Moty: We didn't touch it, it was on.

Radek: I know.

Miry: Why was it on?

Radek: Now I'm even more embarrassed.

Moty: I don't think anyone can be more embarrassed than us right now.

Radek: You just say this to be nice. But because you nice, I tell you: I time the loudspeaker so the trumpet will announce when I come in my room. You hear the trumpets when I come in?

Moty: It was hard to miss.

Radek: Now I go to Yaji and If he like sound, he give me papers to work here, so you and your friends in immigration leave me alone. (Pause) You wait here until I come back. I hope he have a good audition day.

(Radek exits the room. Moty starts to say something.)

Miry: Please don't say anything.

(Radek enters the room.)

Radek: I remember now Yasha told me Yaji not have good day today. He not to find actress for movie. Maybe I go see him after he eat his pizza. He always more calm after he eat his pizza. Everybody is more calm after they eat their pizza. I want him to like my sound so much. (pause) Wait, you hear it! First people to hear my work, you notice it?

Moty: You can say we noticed it.

Radek: It so exciting, you must tell me what you think.

(Moty tries to say something.)

Radek: Not to be nice! I want truth.

Moty: Well the truth is -

Radek: Even you understand of course it is sound for a film, only idiot not understand it - where else you hear crickets? (Imitates crickets, laughing) But still, how it make you feel? Sound for cinema must make you feel strong emotions.

Miry: It raised some emotions.

Radek: Really? I'm so happy. It also must make you imagine things, like you inside the movie.

Moty: You can say we felt inside a movie

Radek: Oh! If I wasn't shy I hug you! Wait! The most important thing I have to know is (Pause) do you fall in love?

Miry: What?

Radek: No, don't say you not notice. I better do cleaning all my life, what was I thinking! I am idiot to hope!

Miry: Radek, noticed what?

Radek: It is sound for romantic comedy! If you not fall in love it is very bad. I let no one hear it again. Never! I must destroy it right now!

(Radek is trying to destroy the loudspeaker)

Miry: Radek wait.

Radek: What?

Miry: I fell in love.

Radek: Really? Can I hug you? (Radek hugs Miry.) I am not shy to hug girls.

Radek (To Moty): What about you? If only the girl fall in love, it is not comedy, it is tragedy.

Moty: Your sound to the movie, it (pause) made me fall in love, too.

Radek: Oh I'm so happy, you make me cry! Who believe people in immigration have heart? You sure you from immigration? Maybe like me it is only job for you, and in the heart you poets! I go to Yaji now, (looks at his watch) he is already digesting his pizza. Because now I know, now I'm sure!

(Radek exits the room.)

Miry: I just said that to make him happy.

Moty: Me too.

(Radek enters the room. Approaches Miry)

Radek: Miss, Please come with me.

Miry: To meet Yaji, the director?

Radek: Yes. I'm afraid to see him alone. But you not be afraid, after his pizza he is very nice. I'm afraid, because it is my future.

Moty: We'll come with you.

Radek: You tell him, what you say to me?

Moty: About your sound?

Radek: Yes! But only about the sound. Not to speak now about papers. Say you come in my room by accident. Invent something, like you, I don't know, come for audition but confuse because of the green door. No! That's not good. It will remind him he is angry that I paint the door. I know, blame Misha! he hate his job, he not afraid to lose it. Tell Misha forget to tell you to enter the second green door. So you come to my room by mistake, and that is how you hear the sound and fall in love. O.K.?

Miry: Boy, I don't know if I can remember such a story.

Radek: I help. Don't worry. The best is I tell him I find you and bring you to audition. He can't find actress. He desperate. He ask girls in supermarket: come make audition. He will be happy. Will you do audition for me?

Miry: I don't know.

Radek: I know, I ask too much. You just come here to do your job. But if you ask Radek your job is not good to you.

Moty: I tell her that all the time. (To Miry) Come on, you must help Radek.

Miry: I would love to help, but to make an audition?!

Radek: I am sorry, I went too far. I not need to ask. I will go alone.

(Approaches door)

Miry: O.K I'll do it!

Radek: Oh! Thank you! Thank you so much! If I hug you again, is it too much?

Moty: Yes!

Radek:: I only warn you: Yaji think he is God. He make very strange auditions. You can never know when the audition start and when it end, or who are your partners for acting.

(Miry and Moty look at each other. Moty opens the door.)

Miry: What is the movie about, anyway?

Radek: I can't tell you the story of the film. Yaji notice if you know. I just tell you the name of the film: "Jewish Wedding".

(They exit the room)

- End-