

# **Blissful**

**A short play by Raanan Paz**

**Translated by Natalie Fainstein**

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**The play 'Blissful' was written for 14/48 festival – the fastest theater project in the world, which took place at the Tzavta Theater in December 2013.**

**About the festival: seven playwrights, seven directors, and 26 actors come together for 48 hours to put on two events, each showcasing the world premiere of 7 new 10-minute plays, written within a few hours of kickoff.**

**The play was written during the course of one night, inspired by the title chosen by the audience: "Life moves pretty fast, leave your mark".**

## **List of Characters:**

Motti – A junior employee at a big hi-tech company

Noga – Motti's girlfriend, a secretary in a big law firm

Tzachi – Motti's army buddy, a career-motivated businessman

Nurit – Tzachi's life partner, a housewife

**Location:** Motti and Noga's living room. Present day.

A photo taken at the "Blissful" premiere at the Tzavta Theater, Tel Aviv, December 2013.



From left to right: Noga D'Angeli, Gal Barzilai, Sharon Tal, Irad Rubinstein.

Directed by: Daphna Silberg.

Photo Credit: Eli Shrem

***Motti and Noga sit next to each other in their living room. They're each holding a cell phone, focusing on it. They look at their cells even when they speak to each other, only rarely looking at one another.***

Motti: Man... This is unbelievable... *(Awaits Noga's response)* Just unbelievable... *(Raises his voice)* I can't believe it...

Noga: What is it?

Motti: No, no way, unbelievable...

Noga: What's unbelievable?

Motti: Everything that's going on in the world... No, no way, unbelievable...

Noga: I know, right? Unbelievable.

Motti: Totally.

*Silence.*

Noga: Tzachi and Nurit are coming.

Motti: What?

Noga: You heard me.

Motti: When did you invite them?

Noga: We texted.

Motti: Why?

Noga: Because...

Motti: When will they be here?

Noga: Any minute now.

Motti: And you didn't think of telling me?

Noga: I e-mailed you *(The sound of an incoming text message)* They're outside, open the door.

Motti: You invited them, you open it.

Noga: He's your friend – you open it.

*Motti exits his social media app on his cell phone, presses another app and the door opens automatically. Tzachi enters first, talking on his cell phone, Nurit follows him inside, fiddling with her cell phone.*

Nurit: H-e-l-l-o!

Tzachi: Hi, hi there, I'll be right with you... *(He walks aside and continues talking)*

Noga: *(To Nurit)* Hi Nurit... What's up?

Nurit: One second, let me just upload this photo... B-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l! *(To Noga)* Hi, gorgeous!

Noga: You lost weight...

Nurit: I'm on a diet... *(Referring to Tzachi)* Unlike this chubster... *(All three look at Tzachi, still talking on the phone. They post a photo of him to social media and laugh)*

Tzachi: What's so funny?

Nurit: Nothing, just... life.

Tzachi: *(Back on the phone)* Yeah, yeah... I understand...

Motti: Come on, Tzachi, come sit with us.

Tzachi: One second.

Nurit: Hey, Motti, so... What's up? What's happening? What's new?

Motti: Hi, Nurit.

*(Motti goes back to fiddling with his phone)*

Noga: *(To Nurit)* Say, what about that...

Nurit: What?

Noga: You know...

Nurit: Oh... We stopped trying.

Noga: Really?

Nurit: I don't see the point of trying so hard... Tzachi, get over here!

Tzachi: I'm coming, I'm coming...

Noga: But I thought that...

Nurit: Yeah, but you know... I see all my friends turning into slaves over these whiny little creatures... I wouldn't quite say they're blissful... It's useless, totally useless... Why do I need a kid? To leave my mark? I mean, it's bullshit, it's all crap... Why are we here? To have fun! Life moves pretty fast, so we'd better live it! How about you guys?

Motti: What about us?

Tzachi: *(Hangs up and joins the conversation)* Yeah, what's up with you guys?

Noga: We're good...

Tzachi: That's it? Good? We meet once in a blue moon, tell me everything... *(His cell phone rings)* I'll be right with you... Hello? Yes, yes...

*Pause.*

Nurit: I can't believe, you guys are pregnant?

Noga: It's too soon to talk about it.

Nurit: So you're pregnant?

Noga: It's just the beginning.

Nurit: Wow! I can't believe it! That's awesome! Congratulations, sweetie!!! Tzachi, Tzachi...

Tzachi: What? What?

Nurit: Noga's pregnant!

Tzachi: What?

Nurit: She's pregnant!

Tzachi: I'll be right with you.

Nurit: *(Yelling at him)* Just hang up the fucking phone!!

Tzachi: *(On the phone)* Let me get right back to you... *(Hangs up)*

Motti: Noga and I are pregnant.

Tzachi: Seriously?

Motti: Super seriously.

Tzachi: That's great, my man! Good for you! *(He hugs Motti, then turns to Noga)* I noticed you put on weight the second we walked, but honestly, was uncomfortable asking...

Noga: Why, am I showing? It's just the beginning...

Tzachi: Sure you are... Showing like a boss. *(Laughs)* So, tell me, are you throwing up?

Motti: All day long...

Tzachi: That's nothing, get used to it... The worst is yet to come... Soon the veins in your legs will pop, cellulite, stretch marks, hemorrhoids, all the good stuff... *(Laughs)*

Nurit: Lay off her, what's wrong with you?

Tzachi: I'm just kidding... You know what's best about being pregnant, Motti? The boobs! They suddenly swell up and have this juicy filling... like some nougat-filled snack, only humungous! And the sex becomes totally insane... You can cum inside without worrying about another kid... Score! *(Laughs)*

Nurit: So, are you really going for it?

Noga: What do you mean?

Nurit: Well, you've got another week or two to change your mind, but then there's no turning back...

Tzachi: You snooze – you lose, as they say. You broke it – you bought it! You fucked it – you're fucked...

Nurit: Stop it, you... what's wrong with you...?

Tzachi: I'm just kidding...

Nurit: I'm saying this with all the love in the world, I truly want you guys to be happy.

Motti: You do have a point.

Noga: *(To Motti)* Hey, hey, take a chill pill.

Motti: I'm totally chill, I'm just saying that she has a point...

Noga: And what point might that be?

Motti: That raising a kid isn't easy.

Noga: Nobody said this was going to be easy...

Tzachi: *(To Motti)* Especially if you don't have a job.

Noga: What's that?

Tzachi: I don't see the point of having kids at all.

Nurit: Ok, let's change the subject.

Tzachi: What do you need a kid for?

Motti: I don't know... Kids are endless love, they give life meaning.

Tzachi: Meaning for who?

Motti: For me, I mean us... For Noga and me.

Tzachi: Precisely. You're bringing a small, helpless creature into the world to fill the void you're feeling living in this rotten world... If you truly love it, why would you do that to it?

Nurit: Ok, let's talk about something else.

Tzachi: No, no. This is important. Why have a kid? So you have someone to take care of you when you're old?

Noga: It's way more than that and I guess you wouldn't get it because you're so obtuse.

Tzachi: So, tell me, what more is there?

Noga: Kids mean getting out of your own bubble... It's looking after someone other than yourself... To take care... To give...

Tzachi: If you really want to give, adopt a dog...

Noga: Oh, please. Give me a break.

Tzachi: I mean it, adopt a child whose parents abandoned him... He was already discarded into this fucked up world as it is...

Noga: It's not the same.

Tzachi: Why not?

Noga: It just isn't. You'll never know what it's like to have a child grow inside of you because you're a man and a jackass and I don't want to talk about this anymore.

Tzachi: Because you know I'm right.

Noga: Well, this is really too much for me.

Tzachi: You only want to bring a child into this world to take care of yourself... So you can have someone to occupy yourself with... Because you're self-centered.

Nurit: He doesn't mean that...

Tzachi: The hell I don't... I mean every word... Having a kid is egotistic and self-centered and there's nothing good about it.

Noga: I don't want to hear any more of this...

Tzachi: Because it's true.

Noga: The fact that your wife can't conceive isn't my fault, so stop blaming me for all your shit!

Tzachi: What are you talking about, can't conceive... She gets pregnant all the time, she just can't keep 'em.

Nurit: You're an asshole.

*Silence*

Tzachi: *(Answering his phone)* One sec... Hello? Yes... Yeah...

*Noga approaches Nurit to hug her, Nurit pushes her away.*

Nurit: Leave me alone.

Motti: *(To Nurit)* She didn't mean it...

Tzachi: *(To Motti)* She's self-centered and she knows it and it's about time someone told her the truth to her face.

Motti: *(Snaps)* Ok, that's it, Tzachi!! That's enough!!

*Nurit exits.*

Tzachi: Where are you going? *(Turns to the exit)* You two have a good night.

Motti: Good night.

Tzachi: Don't let her go through with it... Trust me.

Motti: Good night, Tzachi.

*Tzachi leaves. Motti and Noga stare at each other. Silence. They sit on the couch, take out their cell phones as they did in the beginning and focus on them)*

Motti: Man... This is unbelievable... *(Awaits Noga's response)* Just unbelievable... *(Raises his voice)* I can't believe it...

Noga: Shut up Motti, just shut up.

*Black.*

**The End.**