

Raanan Paz

Abandoned Shelter

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The play premiered in July 2015. It was produced by "**Goshen**" Theater, directed by **Yair Mossel** and performed by **Guy Hirsch** (as Assaf) and **Ido Yona** (as Omri).



From right to left: Guy Hirsch as Assaf and Ido Yona as Omri
Photo: Kfir Bolotin

Characters:

Assaf Bareket

Omri Rabinowitz

Israel's Golan Heights, present day.

Act 1

Scene 1

Omri is in his room, he changes outfits one after the other, sprays himself with perfume, all excited for prom. His cell-phone rings.

Omri: Hello?

Assaf: Hey, dude!!

Omri: Assaf, you da man!

Assaf: Omri, you dawg!

Omri: Did you leave yet?

Assaf: Yes, sweetheart, I'll be at your place in a couple of hours.

Omri: What do you mean 'a couple of hours'? Are you for real?

Assaf: No, tight-ass, we gotta teach you how to take a joke...

Omri: We? Who's we? Is there anyone else in the car with you?

Assaf: No, no... 'We' as in... Never mind...

Omri: Whatever, how much longer do I have?

Assaf: Do me a favor, open your window.

Omri peeks out of his bedroom window and sees Assaf waving hello and honking at him.

Omri: You da bomb...

Assaf: You da bomb...

Omri: Stop honking, Assaf... My parents are here.

Assaf: Open the door, I'm coming in.

Omri: Come on, get up here already.

Scene 2

Omri's bedroom.

Assaf: Police, open up, lady!

Assaf comes inside.

Omri: What up, brah!!!!

Assaf: I came to pick you up to the prom, sugar pie.

Omri: You're early...

Assaf: A real man never keeps his girl waiting...

Omri: Did you get me a corsage?

Assaf: Did I...!

Omri + Assaf: You da bomb...

Assaf: (*Scrutinizing Omri's clothes*) That's how you're going?

Omri: What's wrong?

Assaf: Nothing...

Omri: Oh, come on... (*Omri changes his outfit once again*)

Assaf: Guess what?

Omri: What?

Assaf: I survived.

Omri: What? Were you in an accident? Were you sick?

Assaf: No, nut-job... I survived the flight course tests.

Omri: You da man! So this dawg's gonna be a pilot!

Assaf: Wait, there's still the training stage and other stuff...

Omri: That's nothing, they'll be eating your dust, man. You da bomb.

Assaf: Thanks, dude.

Omri: So, how's the shirt?

Assaf: Cool, if you wanna be alone all night.

Omri: Oh, come on...

Assaf: Seriously dude, I'm on your side here...

Omri: I get it, I get it... (*Omri changes yet again*)

Assaf: You're totally stressed out today, dude... What's wrong? What's waiting for us at the party?

Omri: What's waiting for us at the party?

Assaf: You tell me.

Omri: Nothing, it's just...

Assaf: Just what?

Omri: Sivan's gonna be there.

Assaf: I see...

Omri: Yup...

Assaf: And?

Omri: And... what?

Assaf: Are you going to talk to her? Make a move?

Omri: We'll see how things go tonight...

Assaf: Go where? You're driving me crazy, dude... You're like best friends since the fourth grade and you've never even made one move... It doesn't work like that... If you want someone, you gotta do something about it...

Omri: You sure like to exaggerate.

Assaf: I'm not exaggerating. I know Sivan and if you don't do something then somebody else will and she'll go with him.

Omri: She can go with whoever she wants, I'm not her boyfriend...

Assaf: Yeah, right.

Omri: What do you want me to do?

Assaf: Walk up to her like a man and tell her that you want her.

Omri: I'm not like you...

Assaf: Put a couple of drinks in you, loosen up, and you'll be fine...

Omri: Yeah, I'll drink... That would help...

Assaf: Great, now put on that buttoned shirt...

Omri: Which one?

Assaf: The one hanging there.

Omri: What's a buttoned shirt got to do with anything?

Assaf: Yeah because everything you tried till now was super trendy... I ran into a couple of "Queer Eye for the Straight Guy" guys outside, they wanted your advice on something...

Omri: Lay off me, man...

Assaf: Get that shirt here and we'll see, drop the fixation.

Omri: Fine, whatever... *(He changes again)*

Assaf: If Sivan doesn't freak out when she sees you in this shirt, well you can butter my butt and call me a biscuit. *(He takes out a little Whiskey bottle)* You got any glasses?

Omri: What glasses?

Assaf: For pop...

Omri: What pop? *(He notices the alcohol)* But we said you were driving.

Assaf: One chaser... What's the worst that could happen...

Omri: I don't have any glasses.

Assaf: Ok, so we'll drink straight from the bottle.

Omri: Wait a sec...

Assaf: What?

Omri: Maybe we'd better not...

Assaf: Better not what?

Omri: Maybe we'd better...

Assaf: Drink half and half?

Omri: Are you sure about this?

Assaf: Chillax... *(He takes a sip)* Now you...

Omri: *(Drinks)* It's strong...

Assaf: That's quality stuff. Give me *(Assaf drinks)* There, take it, finish it. *(Omri drinks)*

Omri: How's the shirt?

Assaf: Big like. Are we outta here?

Omri: You cool to drive?

Assaf: Give me a break, man... *(declares and demonstrates)* finger on nose, hand on left eye, standing on one leg, you want me to jump, too?

Omri: I think you're legit.

Assaf: Thank you, officer.

Omri: Ok, so give me a second to fix things up here and we're gone... *(Omri quickly tidies up the room, takes out a bottle of perfume and sprays it on his shirt)*

Assaf: What are you doing?

Omri: Putting on perfume...

Assaf: On your shirt?

Omri: It lasts longer.

Assaf: Are you cray? Spray a little on your neck, a short squeeze on each hand and you're done!

Omri: Nah, dude, I spray it on my shirt and it lasts for hours.

Assaf: But that way it gets stanky.

Omri: Get off my back, will you?

Assaf: Tell me, what am I gonna do with you? No, seriously, I'm asking you for real... what do you want me to do with you?

Omri: It is what it is... Now get off my back and let's get outta here.

They leave.

Scene 3

Night. A parking lot outside a pub.

Omri: That is whack, huh?

Assaf: Best party ever...

Omri: Where'd you disappear to?

Assaf: Me? You're the one who kept popping up everywhere... I couldn't track you down for a second...

Omri: Yeah, dude, I got so loaded...

Assaf: 'Cause I sure didn't...

Omri: Did you talk to Sivan about me?

Assaf: Sivan? I didn't even see her...

Omri: I saw you guys talking.

Assaf: Oh, it was nothing...

Omri: Then what did you talk about for so long?

Assaf: She just said hi, you know, we washed down a chaser with everyone and that's it... Are we outta here?

Omri: Out where?

Assaf: Home, where else?

Omri: What do you mean, home? Everyone's going to the old observatory... We're throwing an after party till the sun comes up!

Assaf: What after party?

Omri: Come on, let's go.

Assaf: Can you even stand straight?

Omri: Duh!! It's the prom!

Assaf: Forget it, I'm beat.

Omri: We gotta, dude, Sivan's gonna be there.

Assaf: Sivan was here, too, and you still didn't do squat.

Omri: Because it wasn't right, here.

Assaf: Forget about her.

Omri: Why'd you get so salty all of a sudden?

Assaf: Even if you do see her, you still won't make a move.

Omri: You think? I'm walking up to her, just like you said, and telling her that I love her, like a man.

Assaf: What love? Who said anything about love? You're just drunk, man.

Omri: Drunk my ass! I've been crazy in love with her since fourth grade...

Assaf: Trust me, Omri, forget about her, she's nothing.

Omri: What's eating you?

Assaf: Nothing.

Omri: So loosen the hell up... let's go...

Assaf: Do you even know how to get there?

Omri: Now you're talking!

Assaf: Listen, I drank like a fish...

Omri: It's a 15-minute drive and we're there...

Assaf: 15 minutes? For sure?

Omri: For sure, for realsies, fo sho. finger on nose (*Assaf places his finger on his nose*), hand on left eye, stand on one leg... (*Assaf stands on one leg*) Dude, you're in total control... Are we outta here?

Assaf: Yeah, yeah, anything to make you shut up...

They leave.

Scene 4

In Assaf's car. Assaf is driving and Omri is next to him, filming on his cell phone

Omri: Welcome aboard our AIR PARTY flight headed to Maale Gamla to the lit AF after party ever! We have here our captain, Assaf Bareket, the number 1 pilot in the Israeli air force!

Assaf: This is captain Assaf Bareket speaking, I'd like to ask you all to buckle your seatbelts, under your seats you will find emergency barf bags. If you have any questions, please address the plane's chief steward, Omri Rabinowitz!

Omri: Steward... Steward my ass! I'm the plane's covert security guard!

Assaf: Security guard, give me a break. Are they even gonna draft you with all your heart problems?

Omri: Sure they are...

Assaf: What's up with that, anyway?

Omri: I have the medical committee on Monday and that doctor better not tell me no.

Assaf: I'd swap places with you in a heartbeat, trust me. Go abroad, meet some girls...

Omri: What 'girls'... I have only one girl on my mind! (*Omri suddenly notices something on the road*) Watch out, Assaf, watch out!!

We hear a loud bang and the screeching of the breaks.

Silence.

Omri: Are you ok?

Assaf: I think so...

Omri: My chest hurts... (*Omri unbuckles the safety belt and peeks outside*) I can see something over there... There's someone there... (*Assaf starts driving*) Assaf, what are you doing? Stop, Assaf, stop the car!

Black.

Act 2

Scene 1

Omri and Assaf storm into an abandoned shelter.

Assaf: I can't believe it... I can't believe it... (*He notices Omri taking out his cell phone*) What are you doing, lose the phone (*Omri ignores him*) Lose the phone, I'm telling you! (*The two get in a brawl and the phone drops to the floor*)

Omri: What are you, high?!

Assaf: We're not doing anything.

Omri: Assaf...

Assaf: Shut up for a minute, will you?

Omri: We have to...

Assaf: Have to what?

Omri: I don't know... We have to ...

Assaf: We don't have to do anything!

Omri: But...

Assaf: Shut up!! Just shut the hell up!!! Give me a second to think... I'll tell you what... When we got to the curve he just showed up on the road...

Omri: It was before the curve.

Assaf: No way.

Omri: Way.

Assaf: I'm a million percent sure it was on the curve.

Omri: It was before that.

Assaf: The hell it was, it was on the curve!

Omri: I'm telling you what I saw...

Assaf: Saw, saw – what did you see?! If you weren't all hyper and fidgety then maybe you'd have seen him.

Omri: So it's my fault that you didn't see him?

Assaf: I didn't say it was your fault... I said you screwed with my driving.

Omri: I see...

Assaf: Yup...

Omri tries – and fails - to fix his cell phone.

Omri: It's dead.

Assaf: Give it here.

Omri: Forget it.

Assaf: Give it to me, I'll fix it for you.

Omri: I'm telling you it's dead. Gone.

Assaf: Come on, let me see... Maybe you just don't have a signal. Ok listen, we've gotta split.

Omri: Where?

Assaf: Either back to the party or home.

Omri: There's no way I'm going back to the party now.

Assaf: Home, then...

Omri: And then what?

Assaf: Then nothing.

Omri: What do you mean, nothing'?

Assaf: Nothing, nothing. I'll drop you off at home, you'll go to sleep and we'll talk again tomorrow.

Omri: And that's it?

Assaf: Yeah, that's it.

Omri: Are you serious?

Assaf: Dead serious.

Omri: What about that man?

Assaf: You just won't shut up about that...

Omri: I want to know what we're doing...

Assaf: And I'm telling you, we're doing nothing, we're going home!

Omri: We can still go back there... Help him out...

Assaf: We can't go back now.

Omri: Then get your phone and let's call an ambulance.

Assaf: What will you tell them?

Omri: That I witnessed an accident on the road...

Assaf: Aahh... very clever... I bet they won't ask you who you are, how come you witnessed it, what you were doing there...

Omri: So I'll use an unknown number.

Assaf: No ambulance, no unknown number.

Omri: Why not?

Assaf: What do you mean why not? Because you'll give us away and then we're done for.

Omri: I don't care about us, we knocked that man off a cliff and we're in here instead of out there, helping him out.

Assaf: Of course you don't care... What's it to you, I was the one driving, right? I'll go to jail, not you. If you're such a man call the cops and tell them you're the one who was drunk driving and that you ran over a man... *(He takes out his cell phone)* There you go, take it... make the call! Take it, get out of the shelter, call and tell them it was you behind the wheel... I dare you, tough guy.

Omri: But it wasn't me behind the wheel.

Assaf: That's right! So cut the crap and help me figure out how to get out of this shitstorm... because if it were you behind the wheel then I'd shut the hell up and do anything possible to help you instead of talking your head off...

Omri: All I'm saying is that...

Assaf: All you're saying is what's convenient for you... Why should you care...? Let's go to the police to confess, I bet you'll say you were sleeping like a baby the entire time and I'll take all the blame.

Omri: I wouldn't say that.

Assaf: It's very convenient for you that I'm always the one driving... Oh, I forgot, your parents never let you have the car... How great it is to have Assaf to drive you around... Wherever we have to go, I'm always the one driving and when we go out, I'm always the one... As long as you can drink and have a good time... Because if your dad ever finds out then you're in deep shit, but if it's me, then it's all cool, right? You've never heard me complain about it once, did you? Not once did you hear me ask you to bring a car... So don't act like this has nothing to do with you. You knew just how much I'd had to drink, and you convinced me to take you to the party at the observatory... Because why should you care...? The worst-case scenario is that the cops pull us over and I get my license revoked, not yours... right? As long as you're clean as a whistle.

Silence.

Omri: Listen... I didn't mean to set you off... we're in this together and I'm not going anywhere until we decide what to do.

Assaf: I honestly didn't see him.

Omri: I know... It was dark... He was riding his bike in the most dangerous place possible...

Assaf: I honestly didn't see him...

Omri: I believe you.

Assaf: What's happening...? How did we get here out of nowhere...? A second ago we were at the party and now this... Do you think he's...

Omri: What?

Assaf: You think he's dead?

Omri: I don't know.

Assaf: I'm such a screw-up... a total screw-up... My dad's gonna kill me... I'm such a loser... stupid loser... I can't believe I ran over someone... I can't believe this is happening to me...

Omri: What loser? What are you talking about? We didn't see him... He was riding in a super dangerous place... It's not your fault.

Assaf: I'm an idiot, if anything happened to him, I'm done for.

Omri: No way, man. You're starting flight course any day now.

Assaf: What flight course, there's no course, there's no nothing! I'm nothing...

Omri: You're Assaf Bareket, there's not one guy in our grade who wouldn't trade places with you in a second.

Assaf: That's bull.

Omri: I'm serious... Girls fall at your feet, you're an amazing athlete.

Assaf: I'm such a loser...

Omri: You're Assaf friggin' Bareket, dude! You're not a loser and if you keep calling my friend that you'd better watch out, you got that?

Assaf: Some friend...

Omri: Yes, friend. You know what I just remembered? That time in primary school, we had some kind of activity right here, in this shelter, and Daniel Berlitzky, that douchenozzle convinced everyone to snub me because I was fat.

Assaf: Snub you? When?

Omri: Fourth grade.

Assaf: Oh, right... I forgot about that...

Omri: I also remember that no one would talk to me for days after that, except you, and because you talked to me you were snubbed too, until you beat the crap out of him and made him ask for our forgiveness in front of everyone.

Assaf: Yeah, that I remember.

They laugh.

Omri: I can't believe this abandoned shelter used to be our home.

Pause.

Assaf: The sun's coming up... We have to decide what to do.

Omri: Whatever you decide, I'm sticking with you.

Assaf: Listen, it's no joke if something actually happened to him.

Omri: Maybe nothing happened and we're just blowing this out of proportion... Are you sure you don't want to call 911?

Assaf: I'm sure. Let's go home.

Omri: Or back to the party...

Assaf: You said you didn't want to.

Omri: It might be suspicious if we don't show up.

Assaf: Does anyone know we were planning on going?

Omri: Edri.

Assaf: What's Edri got to do with anything?

Omri: I texted him from the car...

Assaf: What for?

Omri: He got there first and I wanted to make sure Sivan was there, too.

Assaf: Oh, man... Does anybody else know we were planning on going?

Omri: I don't know... I don't think so...

Assaf: What do you mean "I don't think so"?

Omri: It is what it is.

Assaf: Everyone else went there except us, it's gonna look weird if we don't show up...

Omri: You think someone saw us?

Assaf: Where?

Omri: In the accident...

Assaf: I don't think so...

Omri: What do you mean "I don't think so"?

Assaf: It is what it is. I looked around and didn't see anyone...

Omri: For sure?

Assaf: What is this, an interrogation?

Omri: I'm not interrogating you, but we have to get our stories straight in case we get caught.

Assaf: How are we going to get caught? I'm telling you no one saw us.

Omri: They don't play around, the police.

Assaf: If we don't talk about it – they'll never get us.

Omri: But what if they do?

Assaf: Fine, let's get our stories straight.

Omri: We have to know exactly where we were, what we were doing, where we were going... This is just the kind of thing that makes people drop the ball...

Assaf: Right.

Omri: So you came to pick me up, you got up to my room and we left for the party...

Assaf: And what did we do at your place?

Omri: Nothing, I changed, and we left...

Assaf: Then what?

Omri: Then we hung out with everyone at the party, we had a great time...

Assaf: And...?

Omri: And then the party was over... and the guys were getting ready for another party at the old observatory and we split and went home because you were wasted and we decided to call it a night... Piece of cake...

Assaf: Wait, what do you mean "you were wasted"? You can't say I was drinking...

Omri: Wasted meaning tired, not drunk...

Assaf: It's better to say that you were wasted.

Omri: Wrong. The more we stick to what really happened, the easier it'll be for us. Also, it's crucial that we know what route we took because we can't say we drove on the 869. We have to find an alternate route...

Assaf: You start talking in route numbers with me and everything gets fuzzy.

Omri: Assaf, it couldn't be simpler. You've known these roads since you were born. We continued straight on the 92 till we got home... We just have to be in sync, and that's it.

Assaf: And that's it?

Omri: Yeah, that's it.

Assaf: That's not enough...

Omri: Know what? I have an idea. Let's do a real interrogation. I'll sit here, you walk around and ask me questions.

Assaf: What kind of questions?

Omri: Like a police investigator, like in real life. And then I'll interrogate you... This way we can practice...

Assaf: Why would you want to play these games now?

Omri: It's not a game. It couldn't be more serious... Act like it's real!

Assaf: Whatever...

Omri: You start.

Omri sits down and Assaf starts pacing around him like a police investigator.

Assaf: Ok, so... Where were you on graduation night?

Omri: Ummm...

Assaf: Where were you on graduation night? Want me to repeat it? Where were you on...

Omri: With everyone... at prom.

Assaf: When did you leave the prom?

Omri: When it was over... I don't know...

Assaf: I don't know isn't an option! Were you drunk, is that why you don't remember?

Omri: Around 4 am, I guess...

Assaf: What do you mean "I guess"?

Omri: I don't know... around that time...

Assaf: And where did you go?

Omri: Straight home.

Assaf: Really?

Omri: For realsies.

Assaf: Don't be a wiseass, kid! Why didn't you go to the party at the old observatory with the rest of your classmates?

Omri: I ran out of gas...

Assaf: Your car did?

Omri: I was dead tired...

Assaf: So how did you get home?

Omri: Ummm...

Assaf: How did you get home?

Omri: My dad came to pick me up.

Assaf: Do I look stupid to you? I got a list of twenty of your classmates who say they say you and Assaf Bareket go into Assaf's car, so don't give me that bull...

Omri: I'm not...

Assaf: I said don't give me that bull! How did you get home?

Omri: With Assaf.

Assaf: So why are you lying to me, tubby?

Omri: Don't call me that.

Assaf: Why are you lying?

Omri: I'm not.

Assaf: Right, you're just not telling the truth! Why are you lying?

Omri: I'm not lying!

Assaf: And then what?

Omri: And then that was it...

Assaf: What was it?

Omri: He dropped me off at home and I went to sleep...

Assaf: He dropped you off or you dropped him off? Who was driving?

Omri: Not me.

Assaf: So Assaf was driving?

Omri: I don't know.

Assaf: What's not to know? Who was driving? You or Assaf?

Omri: Ummm...

Assaf: Answer my question!

Omri: I It wasn't me...

Assaf: (*Out of the interrogator's character*) I can't believe it, you're setting me up.

Omri: What?

Assaf: You're setting me for the police.

Omri: I'm not setting you up...

Assaf: Oh, no? You just said so – "it wasn't me"...

Omri: Then what do you want me to say?

Assaf: Tell the truth, just stop stuttering and being evasive... If they ask you who was driving say I was driving.

Omri: I was?

Assaf: Not you – I... Me... Assaf was driving the car. Just be clear and say that I dropped you off at home and that's it... As soon as you start mincing words they know you're lying and we're both done for.

Omri: Ok, fine, fine...

Assaf: So where were we?

Omri: You were asking me who was driving the car...

Assaf: Right... (*He goes back in character*) So who was driving the car?

Omri: Assaf.

Assaf: Why him and not you?

Omri: Because he was drinking and I wasn't.

Assaf: Are you sure?

Omri: A million percent.

Assaf: Sure?

Omri: For sure, for realsies, fo sho.

Assaf: Do you know why you're here, tubby?

Omri: Don't call me that.

Assaf: Do you or don't you?

Omri: No.

Assaf: It was all over the news, and you don't know?

Omri: I have one more computer science final left, I don't have time to watch TV.

Assaf: Let me tell you, then. The morning after your big party someone hit a cyclist with his car and ran off. Did you hear about that?

Omri: I saw something online, but I don't believe it has something to do with our party.

Assaf: Oh, you don't, do you?

Omri: Yeah, otherwise one of the guys would have said something about it, but I didn't hear anything.

Assaf: Are you considered 'one of the guys'?

Omri: Yes.

Assaf: And if Assaf hadn't been your friend, would you still be one of the guys?

Omri: Yes... I think so...

Assaf: I actually got to question a couple of your classmates here and they all said that you're nothing without Assaf.

Omri: That's not true.

Assaf: I can play you back my talk with Edri. Look, Omri, I realize your friendship with Assaf means a lot to you and I understand that you don't want to rat him out because you want to be the good guy here. But you have to realize that if you're lying to me now, you're only going to get into more trouble down the line.

Omri: I'm not lying.

Assaf: Omri, you killed a man.

Omri: He's dead?

Assaf: Yes, he's dead. You think Assaf would watch your back the way you're watching his now?

Omri: I think you people have no idea who hit that man and you're just picking on us because we're young.

Assaf: You grew a pair... I told you, I have witnesses, I have cameras that put you on the road, I'm gonna find out who it was and it had better not be you.

Omri: It's not me and it's not Assaf.

Assaf: *(Snaps out of character again)* Cool! That was good... Now it's your turn.

Omri: I don't know, Assaf... It's really hard... If I'm ever in an interrogation like this, I'll...

Assaf: You'll stick to what we agreed and everything will be fine.

Omri: I'm not good at this stuff...

Assaf: You have to, you don't have a choice. Let's go, start.

They switch places and Omri gets into the interrogator character.

Omri: Ok, so... Your name?

Assaf: Assaf Bareket.

Omri: Son of regional secretary Gideon Bareket?

Assaf: Yeah... What's that got to do with anything?

Omri: I ask the questions, you answer them. Am I clear?

Assaf: Yes, you are.

Omri: So we've heard your whole "I was dead tired so we went home" story... What did you do before that?

Assaf: We were at the party?

Omri: Did you have a good time?

Assaf: A great time.

Omri: How much did you have to drink?

Assaf: Nothing.

Omri: Nothing? You're at the prom and not even a chaser?

Assaf: If you really know my father, then you know he'd never let me have the car if I was drinking.

Omri: Are you lying to me, Assaf?

Assaf: No?

Omri: Sure?

Assaf: Sure.

Omri: Who else was at the party?

Assaf: Our whole grade.

Omri: And who did you hang out with all night?

Assaf: What's it matter?

Omri: Answer my question. Who did you hang out with all night?

Assaf: No one... I danced, I hung out, I talked to people.

Omri: Who did you talk to?

Assaf: Whoever.

Omri: Give me names!

Assaf: Edri, Itay, Sivan.

Omri: Sivan Shitrit?

Assaf: I talked to a lot of people, I don't remember now.

Omri: Are Sivan and you together? Are you an item?

Assaf: No... Just friends.

Omri: Friends...

Assaf: Yes, friends.

Omri: And what about Omri? Where was he?

Assaf: Hanging out.

Omri: Why didn't you hang out with him?

Assaf: Because he disappeared on me... party, loads of people...

Omri: And was he drinking?

Assaf: Yeah, everyone was.

Omri: So everyone was drinking except you?

Assaf: I told you before... I didn't drink because I was driving... I don't understand why you even called us here? What did we do wrong?

Omri: So you don't even know why you're here...

Assaf: Not a clue.

Omri: Because someone from your grade hit a cyclist, killed him and ran off! That's why. Now am I clear enough?

Assaf: I had no idea.

Omri: Don't give me that crap. Do you even realize what we're talking about here? I'm talking about murder. M-U-R-D-E-R! I want you to understand something, Assaf, all our leads point us at you and Omri. We know the exact time you left the party, we know you were the one driving, how much you had to drink and what route you took. I'd like to show you something *(He gives Assaf a photo of Sneor Chashin, a cyclist who had died in an accident)*. The man in this photo, he's Sneor Chashin. Have you ever heard of him? You didn't, did you? He was a star athlete, training for the Iron Man competition in Austria. You're a star athlete, too, aren't you?

Assaf: I don't know what you want from me.

Omri: Someone hit him with his car and ran off during training. Sneor was killed, leaving behind a wife and three kids. Do you have any younger brothers?

Assaf: Yeah, two.

Omri: Imagine they grew up without a father or a mother, or without a big brother to watch over them when they need it. *(He hands him another photo, this one of Lee Zeituni, who died in a hit and run)* You know her?

Assaf: No.

Omri: She's beautiful, isn't she? Look at her eyes. So innocent, so pure. Her name is Lee Zeituni, she was crossing the street early one morning, at the crosswalk, when two men hit her and ran off. If they'd stayed and helped her, called an ambulance, if they had done

something she might still be alive. Can we call them men? Do you know what it means to be a man, Assaf? A real man takes responsibility for his actions. I have dozens more photos here of elderly people, women, young men your age, children... All run over by people who have left them for dead. Listen, Assaf, I know you didn't mean it, I know you're a good guy, the only question is – are you a man? I'm giving you a chance to come clean here, to clear your conscience, to tell the truth. Sign here, plead guilty and let's get this over with. I know you didn't mean to, I know you never set out to hurt anyone, but at the end of the day, you killed a man, a father of two. They're orphans now. Go on, sign it and let's put it behind us. (*Assaf lingers*) you know what, don't sign it.

Omri is about to leave.

Assaf: Wait...

Omri: What?

Assaf: If I sign it, will I get leniency?

Omri: I can assure you that if you plead guilty, you'll get a penalty, but it wouldn't be as tough as what you're looking at now.

Assaf: And what about Omri?

Omri: Omri? He already signed.

Assaf: What?

Omri: He admitted it was you behind the wheel, signed a plea bargain and was sent home.

Assaf: I don't believe you. He didn't sign it, you're lying.

Omri takes out a piece of paper and hands it to Assaf.

Omri: Read for yourself.

Assaf reads.

Assaf: This isn't real... It's a fake... I don't believe you.

Omri: Don't. Go on, Assaf, just sign the paper and let's get this over and done with.

Assaf: It was dark, I didn't see him, he came out of nowhere, I don't know where he suddenly came at me, Omri kept bugging me with the phone...

Omri snaps out of the interrogator character.

Omri: I knew it! You're just blowing smoke. I knew you couldn't handle it.

Assaf: I didn't sign.

Omri: I've been following you around like some moron my whole life, I've given you everything.

Assaf: Say, what do you want from me?

Omri: You tell me the truth now, what were you doing with Sivan at the party?

Assaf: What?

Omri: Answer my question.

Assaf: Omri, there's nothing going on between me and Sivan and you know it...

Omri: I don't know squat.

Assaf: I'm telling you, she's just another girl I know.

Omri: And nothing happened between you two?

Assaf: Nothing.

Omri: Then what were you talking about the whole party?

Assaf: You! We were talking about you!

Omri: Me? What did she say?

Assaf: Nothing, man, I told you ages ago, forget about her, she's just...

Omri: Tell me what she said.

Assaf: She doesn't want you... Just get it through your thick skull...

Omri: But what did she say?!

Assaf: She didn't say anything, she was completely drunk.

Omri: Did you kiss?

Assaf: You think? Omri, I'm telling you that...

Omri: Be honest with me... Be a man.

Assaf: I keep telling you to stay away from her and that she's not worth it.

Omri: Did you – or did you not – kiss?

Assaf: Nothing happened between us, I swear! She kept clinging to me and I was totally pissed, she kept trying to kiss me and I told her...

Omri: I knew it.

Omri lunges at Assaf and they brawl. Assaf ultimately overtakes Omri, he holds him in a lock so that Omri can't move or respond.

Assaf: Relax! Chill! Don't you get it, nothing happened!!!

Omri: Get your hands off me!

Assaf: She's not worth it!

Omri: Let me go!

Assaf: Are you calm?

Omri: Let go of me!!

Assaf: Are you calm?

Omri: Get the hell off me!!

Assaf loosens his grip and Omri immediately leaps aside. The two sit far away from each other, panting heavily.

Assaf: Listen, I...

Omri: Forget it, I don't care about her... Just don't lie to me...

Assaf: I...

Omri: That's all... Don't lie to me.

A police siren is heard from outside

Assaf: Did you hear that?

Omri: Maybe they found him.

Assaf: You think?

Omri: It could just be some random police car passing through on the way somewhere else.

Assaf: Yeah, could be...

Omri: The sun's come up, we gotta go.

Assaf: I don't know... I think that...

Omri: What?

Assaf: This shouldn't have happened... This is way over our heads, way over my head... I think that...

Omri: Spill it.

Assaf: I think we should call an ambulance and go to the police.

Omri: What?

Assaf: You were right. That's what we should do.

Omri: Now you say that?

Assaf: I don't want to kill a man, maybe that police squad wasn't on its way to him and we have to go over there and save him... We shouldn't have gotten in the car, we shouldn't have driven like that, we should have stopped to help him... Listen, Omri, I wouldn't be able to live with myself knowing that I ran off.

Omri: You're the reason we're in this shitstorm in the first place and you're the reason we didn't do anything until now. We had a chance to stop and help him but you stepped on the gas and we got outta there, we could have called an ambulance an hour ago, but you were crying like a baby about how everyone always takes advantage of you and your dreams and aspirations, and you and you and you. Now it's too late for us to figure out his condition and if he's dead then we're done for, we're both done for. All those speeches you gave me earlier don't mean a thing, I should have shut you up on the spot! You destroyed us. You destroyed both of us.

Assaf: Let's go there, or at least call the police from an unknown number and report it to them, like you said.

Omri: It's too late, we already ran off...

Assaf: So what do we do?

Omri: We stick to the original plan. If they catch us, we only say what we agreed on.

Omri turns toward the exit.

Assaf: Where are you going?

Omri: Home.

Assaf: Come on, I'll take you.

Omri: I'm gonna walk.

Assaf: Walk? It's like an hour's walk from here to your house.

Omri: I don't want to get in the car with you.

Assaf: Omri, I'm telling you I didn't hook up with her.

Omri: It's got nothing to do with her. I don't want to drive with you.

Assaf: Whatever, man.

Omri: We go home and we never speak of it again.

Omri exits the stage, leaving Assaf on his own.

Black.

Act 3

Scene 1

Assaf and Omri stand on both sides of the stage, addressing the audience.

Assaf: A week after the accident, my dad asked me to drive my little brother to his friends. I got in the car, grabbed the wheel and my entire body started shaking.

Omri: Wherever I went, it haunted me.

Assaf: It seemed like it was all everyone around me was talking about.

Omri: Guys from class.

Assaf: Neighbors.

Omri: Family.

Assaf: I couldn't look anyone in the eyes.

Omri: I couldn't look at myself.

Assaf: And I decided that...

Omri: I decided that...

Cut to Police Station

Assaf: Excuse me... I'm looking for the person in charge of car accidents... My name is Assaf Bareket.

Omri: Omri Rabinowitz.

Assaf: I'm 17 and I know something about that...

Omri: Accident last week on route 869...

Assaf: The accident with the...

Assaf and Omri: Cyclist...

Assaf: I hit him.

Black.