

A Suspicious Incident

A Play by Noam Gil

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Characters

Adina, mid sixties

Simon, Adina's son, mid-thirties,

Ruthie, Adina's daughter, early-thirties,

Joshua, early-forties,

Amos, Joshua's brother, late thirties,

Daphne, late twenties

Stage

The play takes place in three different settings:

Adina and Shmuel's living room, the "scene of the crime".

On the outskirts of Geula's settlement in a dark, deserted field.

In the street where Adina and Shmuel's tenant building is located.

The locations should not be separated from one another. The set should indicate more of the character's imaginative frame of mind than actual objective representations of places. Throughout the play, the characters move from one space to another in a manner which indicates more of a subjective and even fantasized inclination than an empirical reality.

Note

/ means the next speech begins at that point.

- means the next line interrupts.

... means a trailing off at the end of the speech.

Scene One

Late at night.

Shmuel's bloodied body lies on the floor in the middle of the living room. He wears a blood soaked undershirt and boxer shorts.

Shmuel doesn't move. His eyes are closed. A knife is stuck in his chest. He is dead.

His son, Simon, stands beside him.

Behind Simon stands Ruthie, his daughter.

Crouching over the couch on the other side of the living room is Adina, Shmuel's wife and Simon and Ruthie's mother. She seems perplexed, worried, trembling.

Simon scrutinizes the situation.

Nobody moves.

Finally, Simon wakes from his stagnation and turns to his mother.

Simon As I see it, he deserved to die.

Adina Nobody deserves to die.

Simon Everybody deserves to die, that's why everybody dies.

Adina We are all in God's hands, Simon. I am no God and neither are you.

Simon It was self-defense.

Adina I could have/

Simon Could have's got nothing to do with it. The point is you are here and he is there and we are with you on this. He is not. That's where things stand.

Adina What will we do?

Simon Ok, so you and dad sit and eat dinner over there, talking about... stuff. Suddenly he raises his voice, he didn't like the food, right? Or the house was in, I don't know, disarray, so he loses control.

Adina Shmuel never lost control.

Simon He takes his belt, right?

Adina No.

Simon Yes, that's what he did, and asks you to come over, he wanted to beat you up or something, right?

Adina Never.

Simon But you stay where you are, so he comes over and his eyes were, you know.... Yes, that's the... how things... yeah, you didn't have a choice.

Adina It wasn't like that.

Simon A matter of life and death. And then you saw the knife and you knew, deep down you knew that there was no other way, last resort, a knife, a life saver, a knife.

Adina No.

Simon Yes, a knife.

Adina No.

Simon Mom.

Adina He just sat there.

Simon Over there?

Adina His usual place.

Simon (points at the couch) Here?

Adina Not moving, staring, breathing, staring.

Simon Breathing.

Adina And staring.

Simon And then what?

Adina And then/

Simon What did he say?

Adina Nothing, he sat, and stared, his mouth was shut, eyes were open.

Simon He didn't say-

Adina At the television, he stared at the television.

Simon Not saying a word.

Adina Not saying one word, to me, to anyone, just sitting over there.

Simon And...

Adina I stabbed him.

Simon You stabbed him.

Adina Yes.

Simon Just like that.

Adina Yes.

Simon You stabbed him just like that.

Adina nods.

Simon Just like that you stabbed him.

Adina I saw him sitting there and I stabbed him.

Simon Why?

Adina It seemed like the right thing to do.

Simon What does that mean?

Adina It means that it seemed like the appropriate thing to do.

Simon Was it?

Adina Your father was a good and decent man.

Simon Our father was not a good and decent man.

Adina Don't speak ill of the dead, Simon.

Simon So touching to hear you speak kindly on the man you just killed.

Adina He's your father.

Simon I didn't kill him, you did.

Adina And still, he is your father.

Simon Your husband.

Adina Show him some respect, that's all I ask.

Simon Still don't understand why you killed him.

Adina Try being married to the same man for over forty years.

Simon There's a thing called divorce.

Adina You know what divorce would do to your father? It would have killed him.

Simon So just like that you... killed him.

Adina He was sitting in his usual place, staring at the TV, and I made him supper... by the way, are you guys hungry? I made a delicious pie.

Simon Mom.

Adina What, dear?

Simon He was sitting on his couch, and then...

Adina He was sitting on the couch, watching TV and I was standing in the kitchen making supper and suddenly it dawned on me, he came home, three hours before, said a miserable hello and hasn't spoken to me since. I don't remember when we ever spoke, your father and I. Usually he comes in, says hello and goes over there seeing the same old shows, news, news, news. Your father was addicted to current events. Always the same stories: settlers massacred in the west bank, models impregnated, a Palestinian killed by a soldier, and it's so boring and pointless and depressing, but his eyes were there (points at the television), not on me, his wife, his life partner, but over there, on that. And I don't exist, not to him, not to anybody, like a piece of furniture, a piece of furniture. And I look at him looking at the TV and I look at him again

and the knife is in my hand and he's there and the knife is in my hand and I hold the knife, and he sits, there, so I come closer, and the knife is in my hand, so I come closer, and the knife is in my hand. I didn't want to stab him, honest to God I didn't... but...

Simon What?

Adina I don't know where it came from, this urge, this urge to stab, your father, in the heart, but there it was, a knife in his heart. I stabbed your father with a knife in his heart. I was calm, I felt... at peace.

Simon At peace...

Adina Yes, at peace, at peace, I was calm, I felt at peace, and suddenly, for the first time, he turns his head towards me, looking at me, looking at the knife inside him, and then looks back at me, bewildered, confused, and I'm thinking to myself, finally a reaction, something. I wanted to hold your father, honest to God, that's what I wanted to do, finally a reaction. So he gets up and approaches me. I thought he wanted to hold me, to embrace me, or something, and he keeps walking towards me, staring at me, at the knife inside his heart and then back at me. And I'm saying, "Shmuel, if you had been like that before, if you had talked to me, if you had showed something, even anger, I don't know, something, a reaction, something." But then he falls down and his empty dead look returns, only now it's, you know, for real.

Simon That's it? The story of our father's death?

Adina doesn't respond, gazes at the corpse. Simon turns to his sister.

Simon Feel free to jump in, sis.

Ruthie gets up, walks towards her father's body and, after a few seconds, goes back to where she came from.

Ruthie What pie did you make?

Adina Ohh, fabulous, you gotta have a taste.

Adina walks enthusiastically to the kitchen and takes an impressive pie out of the oven.

Ruthie sits by the dinner table.

Adina Grab a few plates, knife, fork and everything, dear. It's to die for. We'll eat together.

Ruthie sets the table. Simon gazes over his father's body, perplexed.

Adina Sweetie, come and eat with us.

Adina cuts the pies and gives each one a slice. Ruthie immediately begins devouring the food.

Adina Wait for your brother. Simon?

Simon comes over and sits near his mother, seems distracted. Ruthie begins eating again.

Adina Well?

Ruthie Delicious.

Adina Right?

Ruthie Yes.

Simon begins eating, with less fervor.

Adina Sweetie?

Simon What?

Adina How's the pie?

Simon Good.

Adina I'm telling you, my children, I'm so happy you came over. We haven't had this get together, the four of us, for ages, you know the nuclear family. I'm so happy that the circumstances have enabled us to... well, the circumstances are tragic, I don't doubt that for a second, but as I see it, there is a half full glass to consider here so excuse me for considering the half full glass and not the, you know, half empty.

Simon Well, mom, forgive me for considering reality for a second.

Adina We don't speak while eating, Sweetie, finish your plate and then we'll talk.

Simon eats the last remaining pieces of the pie, hurriedly. This unexpected dinner continues serenely. Simon occasionally gazes over at his father, and then returns to the pie.

Finally, his finishes the food.

Simon Mom?

Adina Seconds?

Simon No.

Adina Ok, I'm all ears.

Simon Well, forgive me for considering reality.

Adina That is your talent, my boy.

Simon You'll be indicted and convicted for murder.

Adina Murder?

Simon Of dad.

Adina Oh, ok.

Simon People are locked up for murder.

Adina Ok.

Simon So...

Ruthie I'll have seconds.

Adina Sure, honey.

Adina gets up and slices another piece of pie for Ruthie.

Simon How can you eat in times like these?

Ruthie I'm hungry.

Simon Dad is lying there, dead.

Ruthie And I am sitting here, hungry.

Adina Who will eat the pie now that your father is gone?

Simon You are going to jail, mom.

Adina Ok, so here is the thing, I can't go to jail, that's why I called you guys, because I can't go to jail, not in my condition.

Simon Nobody wants to go to jail, but when you stab someone the odds are that jail is where you're heading. Especially since you don't have any motive.

Adina But I did have a motive, didn't you hear my story?

Simon I am no lawyer, mom, but I would have imagined the jury would require a better story than what you told us to, you know, exonerate you. If you had killed dad out of self-defense, for example. Killing him because you were bored wouldn't suffice.

Adina But I do feel, in retrospect, that I killed him as a last resort kind of thing, a self-defense. That I didn't have any other choice, since staying with him here, in this house, would have killed me. I was bored, and it was

wearisome, so I killed him before I killed myself... out of boredom or something. You know how your dad was. And I lived with him.

Simon Well, again, I am no lawyer, but I feel that the court would disagree with you on that.

Ruthie Do you mind if I take the leftovers home?

Adina Sure, take it, it's all yours.

Simon (furious) Could you please, for God's sake, stop eating the fucking pie?

Ruthie (shouts back) I haven't eaten the entire fucking day.

Pause.

Adina How are you honey? You seem tired.

Ruthie I'm fine.

Adina Work is good?

Ruthie Yes.

Adina And your girlfriend...

Ruthie We broke up.

Adina Ohh, too bad.

Ruthie doesn't respond.

Adina I respect your way of life, dear. It's important you know that. People ask questions, but as I see it, let them ask all the questions in the world.

Simon Apologies for going back to our initial topic of inquiry, but can we please talk about the matter at hand?

Adina What matter?

Simon DAD!!!!

Adina Oh, sure.

Simon What are you going to do?

Adina That is why I invited you here, what can one do in situations such as these? Call the police? The medics? Your father haven't prepared me for these kinds of things... he is the one who handled the red tape.

Simon Again, sis, feel free to jump in whenever you like.

Ruthie Relax, Mom's not going to jail.

Adina Thanks, dear.

Simon And why is that?

Adina Yes, why is that?

Ruthie Because she wouldn't last one minute in jail.

Adina I wouldn't, she is right about that.

Simon So what will we do?

Adina What is there to be done?

Ruthie goes towards her father, stares at his body, at the knife.

Ruthie What did you say about the news? What happened today?

Adina A fashion model was...

Ruthie You said something about a settler.

Adina A settler was gunned down by a Palestinian.

Ruthie Did they say where it was?

Adina Near a remote settlement in... in... Dad would know.

They all stare at the corpse, considering their options. Finally Ruthie looks at her brother and mother.

Ruthie Ok, this is what we're going to do...

Scene 2

On the outskirts of Geula's settlement in a dark, deserted field.

Last moments of the night, right before sunrise.

Amos So I'm going out with Felix for a stroll.

Joshua Ok.

Amos And we walk around the field here and suddenly we hear something/

Joshua Something?

Amos A noise.

Joshua What kind of noise?

Amos A noise.

Joshua A noise?

Amos A kind of noise, like crickets or something, only human.

Joshua Go on.

Amos So I look towards the, you know, the noise and I see two individuals over there.

Joshua Over where?

Amos Where we stand right now, only for me, while seeing them, they were over there.

Joshua Ok.

Amos And then Felix starts barking because, you know, he saw them and got excited and I immediately told Felix to stop barking because they might be

some hostile forces or something. These guys, they didn't look friendly, and if they'll hear us, they might, you know, do stuff... especially to Felix. But Felix, you know Felix, he keeps barking like a mad dog and he barks at them, and they/

Joshua Men?

Amos Men?

Joshua Were they men?

Amos Yes, I don't know, probably, maybe, I don't know.

Joshua It was dark.

Amos Like hell.

Joshua Go on.

Amos So they're looking at me and Felix and Felix is relentless but when I look back at them, to show them, you know, that I'm a force to reckon with, even though, you know/

Joshua You were not.

Amos I was scared.

Joshua Can't blame you.

Amos Could have turned into something unpleasant, right?

Joshua Yes, ok, go on.

Amos So a few seconds go by and I look at them and them at me and I don't budge and Felix doesn't budge.

Joshua And then what?

Amos You wouldn't believe.

Joshua Try me.

Amos Felix, he began chasing them.

Joshua And then what?

Amos They got into their car and drove away. I can't lie, I was angry at Felix, he took a risk and jeopardized the whole operation here.

Joshua What operation?

Amos The stroll.

Joshua Ok.

Amos He took a risk, but got away with it.

Joshua Where did they go?

Amos Over there.

Joshua Where.

Amos The general direction of... there.

Joshua How did they look?

Amos Can I tell you something? They looked like people, everyday ordinary kind of people.

Joshua And the car.

Amos The car, the car, the car... I would say that it was a Toyota or Honda or Kia, but the new models.

Joshua Color.

Amos Grey, Blue, Green, something in those areas, something dark and pale, kinda Greyish, Bluish, Greenish I would say.

Joshua Number.

Amos Undiscernible.

Joshua Indiscernible.

Amos Right.

Joshua Ok, and then what?

Amos I came here and found our friend.

Joshua And...

Amos I called you and you came here.

Pause.

Amos You think I should have initiated a confrontation?

Joshua Can't say.

Amos I could have but I had a malfunction.

Joshua In your gun?

Amos In my heart.

Joshua Ok.

Amos Didn't seem right. Maybe I should have.

Joshua You are still new here.

Amos And the terrain.

Joshua Hostile.

Amos Like a jungle.

Joshua Yep.

Amos You think our unfriendly neighbors are responsible?

Joshua Can't say.

Amos I'm sure they are.

Amos still stares at the corpse.

Amos How did the man die? Someone stabbed him.

Joshua In the heart.

Amos Who could have done such a thing? In his heart, you know symbolically and practically, in his heart. Only our unfriendly neighbors.

Joshua doesn't respond.

Amos And the man is Jewish, the man.

Joshua Yes.

Amos Driver's license says Shmuel Bloom.

Joshua Yep.

Amos No way our unfriendly neighbors aren't responsible for this heinous, for this vicious, ruthless, this heinous, **heinous**... You know, to end a life.

Joshua There are things we need to check before jumping to conclusions.

Amos Like what?

Joshua For example, where did the man die?

Amos What do you mean?

Joshua Where's the blood?

Amos No blood?

Joshua I don't see blood.

Amos Go on.

Joshua When did the man die?

Amos The man died...

Joshua At least six, seven hours ago.

Amos Meaning...

Joshua When did you call me?

Amos Two hours ago?

Joshua Took them five hours to move the body.

Amos And that leads us to the conclusion that/

Joshua Are you asking?

Amos I am.

Joshua The victim died elsewhere.

Amos Ok, and/

Joshua It's not our friendly neighbors' MO.

Amos What else?

Joshua He was stabbed once, which is not typical.

Amos Of our unfriendly neighbors?

Joshua Our unfriendly neighbors stab more and penetrate less.

Amos Hell of a conclusion you just drew here.

Joshua My experience does the talking.

Amos I wish I had your experience.

Joshua It'll take time.

Amos Seems like a serious affair, this incident, slippery and serious.

Joshua Yes.

Amos Hell of a thing.

Joshua If you force me to make an assumption.

Amos I do.

Joshua Our unfriendly neighbors didn't do it.

Amos My god.

Joshua And if you insist/

Amos Ok.

Joshua I think the bad guys are from our own shop.

Amos I was hoping you wouldn't say that.

Joshua And if you still insist.

Amos I'm not sure that I will.

Joshua Someone is playing a trick on us.

Scene 3

Noon time.

At Adina's apartment.

Simon and Ruthie are standing behind their mother who sits on the couch.

Joshua and Amos are standing right where Shmuel's body was laid.

They all look at each other suspiciously.

Adina Simon?

Simon Yes, mom?

Adina Who are those people?

Simon They are the police, mom.

Adina **They** found Shmuel?

Simon Yes, mom, they found dad.

Adina And?

Simon I'm afraid that they didn't come bearing good news.

Adina He's alive?

Simon No, he's dead.

Adina Oh...

Simon Dad is dead.

Adina Shmuel is dead.

Simon Yes.

Adina I was worried.

Simon We all were.

Joshua Mam.

Adina Yes.

Simon My name is Joshua Rubin, I'm a lieutenant at the Shomron Precinct and I was assigned to this case. This is Amos, security officer in Geula. He is the one who found your husband.

Adina Alive?

Joshua No.

Amos My dog, Felix, **he** found him.

Adina Alive?

Amos No. Who, the dog?

Adina Shmuel.

Amos No.

Simon Our mom, she is a bit distraught/

Joshua We completely understand.

Simon Where did you find him?

Amos On the outskirts of Geula, near Mussa Village.

Adina What's Mussa Village?

Joshua A village, an Arab village.

Simon Arabs did it?

Adina Did what?

Simon Did dad.

Adina Where **is** Shmuel?

Simon Mom.

Joshua We would appreciate it if you could answer some preliminary questions that will help us in our investigation.

Ruthie My mom is in no condition to-

Adina Shmuel got up yesterday morning and left.

Joshua Left where?

Adina Don't know.

Joshua Why did he leave?

Adina He said he wanted to save our country.

Joshua And what does that mean?

Adina He said/

Ruthie He told our mother that he was going to save our country.

Joshua And how did he plan to save our country?

Ruthie Our mother got up in the morning and saw our father already awake, wearing his army uniforms from fifteen years back, when he was still in the reserves. So he told our mother that he was going to save the country, after hearing about the terrorist attack that happened two days ago in Nablus.

Amos What terrorist attack?

Ruthie The soldier who was stabbed in the Nablus market.

Amos My god. This world.

Adina It was on the news.

Joshua So Shmuel got up, wore his uniforms and went out to save our country?

Adina I tried to stop him, but he was determined, a determined man.

Ruthie Our father was a determined man.

Adina Who did you say you were?

Joshua We are the police.

Amos He's police, I work as a security officer in Geula.

Adina You have a dog.

Amos Yes.

Adina Felix.

Amos Yes.

Adina He's dead.

Amos No.

Adina Shmuel is dead.

Amos Yes.

Adina Killed by Arabs.

Amos Who?

Adina Felix.

Amos Felix's alive.

Adina You got to understand, Shmuel was never the talkative type, he always believed in hard work and a mouth shut, and that's what he always said to Simon and Ruthie, "If you'll keep your mouth shut, and your job done, life will greet you with a happy smile."

Amos And did it?

Adina Excuse me?

Amos Did life greet you with a happy smile?

Adina It depends who you ask, take Ruthie for example, you know what she does?

Amos What?

Joshua Amos.

Adina She is a security guard at the mall.

Amos (to Ruthie) No kidding, so we're practically colleagues, you and I.

Adina Ruthie is a lesbian,

Ruthie looks astounded at her mother.

Amos Really?

Adina What did I say? Just wanted them to understand why you're doing the things that you do, nothing to be ashamed of. If Simon isn't ashamed with his career choices, why should you?

Amos (to Simon) And what do you do?

Joshua We digress/

Simon Yes we are.

Amos He's a training coordinator at the community center. He is not gay.

Simon Why are we talking about-

Adina You gotta understand, I told him, since he was a kid, I told him to find something nice that will keep him busy, and keep him happy. So he went to law school/

Simon Mom.

Adina Twice he failed the bar exams. So I said, God didn't want you to be a lawyer, be a book keeper. His father told him that bookkeeping is for girls and that he should be an accountant.

Simon They are not interested in my occupational history-

Adina He failed accounting school and then failed bookkeeping then he tried to be a social worker.

Simon Please stop talking.

Adina He couldn't get a degree, and a degree in social work, how hard could it be? Give me a break. So now he coordinates his stuff. He writes poems and coordinates at the community center at the same time. Drawers filled with poems, that's what he has, that's his passion. But for goodness sake, who makes money writing poems? So he coordinates at the community center. As long as he is happy, I am happy. Granted, I could've been happier, but even as a failed poet and mildly successful coordinator I'm happy.

Simon Someone, please make her stop.

Adina He's my boy, how can I not be happy? And Ruthie, she's a lesbian and I'm happy so with Simon I shouldn't be happy?

Simon and Ruthie (simultaneously) Mom!!!

Adina What?

Amos Sounds exactly like **our** mom.

Adina Who's mom?

Amos Mine and Joshua's.

Simon (astounded, to Joshua) He's your brother?

Amos Of course he is. How did I get the security job if not through my brother?

Joshua (embarrassed) My god.

Amos Only through Joshi. And I know what people are saying, that I'm not qualified, and that I am naïve and some even said simple minded, but as I see it-

Joshua Amos!!!!

Amos Sorry.

Silence.

Simon Can I ask you a question?

Joshua Of course.

Simon What is the game plan? With my father, I mean.

Joshua We open an investigation and later on find your father's killer and bring him, God willing, to justice.

Simon A police investigation?

Joshua For the time being.

Adina What does that mean?

Simon Why police?

Joshua We have reasons to believe that the murder was done indoors and that it is a police matter.

Adina What does it mean, indoors? Or a police matter?

Ruthie My father was killed in-house?

Joshua We can't reveal information yet-

Simon Our family is crumbling apart and you can't reveal information?

Adina Why not?

Ruthie Can I ask you for a favor?

Joshua You can try.

Adina Go for it, Ruthie.

Ruthie Can you treat the case as if it was a terrorist act, not as a simple police matter?

Adina You tell 'em, sweetie.

Joshua Excuse me?

Ruthie Criminal investigation is nothing, terrorism is something, a ball game of a different caliber. You must understand.

Adina They do.

Joshua We don't.

Adina They don't, Ruthie.

Joshua We are not entirely sure that it is in fact a terrorist act.

Ruthie They found my father in the west bank near Mussa Village, right?

Joshua That is correct.

Ruthie Who dies in the west bank in criminal circumstances?

Adina Hell of a question.

Ruthie All we are saying is that if you die in the west bank, terrorism is the best way to go.

Joshua Best for whom?

Adina For whom, Ruthie?

Ruthie For the family.

Adina That's right, for the family.

Simon And the deceased.

Adina The family and the deceased.

Ruthie It would mean a lot to know that our father lost his life meaningfully, as a victim of terror of national proportions. You know, for us, the family.

Adina Exactly, the family.

Ruthie To know that he died for something, a purpose.

Amos I understand your point.

Adina Finally, someone who can understand a point.

Joshua looks furiously at Amos.

Amos What you're looking at me for? If, God forbid, Felix would die unnaturally, I would have preferred our unfriendly neighbors would be responsible and not one of our own.

Ruthie Right.

Amos As I see it, if you die, an act of terror is the way to go.

Joshua We are following the leads of the investigation. After checking the evidence, the facts/

Ruthie Do what you want to do, but conclude in our favor, for our mother.

Adina Yes, for me.

Simon And for the deceased.

Ruthie Yes. My father would have wanted to know that tragedies mean something, that if one loses life, the life that has been lost, were not lost for nothing, that his death meant something, the consequences of a terrorist act. Not a worthless police matter.

Amos We'll see what we can do.

Joshua No we won't, we are committed to the truth.

Amos Within the boundaries of our commitment, of course. But your request makes sense, to treat our investigation within a meaningful framework of an act of terror.

Adina I like this guy.

Ruthie What did you say your name was?

Amos Amos.

Adina His name is Amos, Ruthie.

Amos And your name is Ruthie.

Ruthie That's right, Amos.

Amos Can I ask you a question, Ruthie?

Ruthie You can.

Amos Are you really a lesbian?

Ruthie I am.

Silence.

Joshua (on his way out) Ok, we'll talk again.

Simon Very well, but please respect the family's wishes and dignify the murder. That's all we want, to dignify the murder. Please dignify the murder.

Scene 4

Daphne stands in her tailored made suit in front of a bright light, holding a microphone and wearing an earpiece, staring ahead. She stands rights next to Simon.

She lightly nods towards the audience/camera lens as if listening to the anchor in her earpiece.

After some time, it is her turn to talk and so she does.

Daphne Well, it is indeed an unsettling but also heart breaking story about a man, Shmuel Bloom, who one morning goes out of his doorstep to protect the citizens of Israel, simple as that. Shmuel's only desire was to strengthen the hands of our brave men and women at the front, in charge of protecting this country, by volunteering once more, one morning, the last morning of his life. This tragic story, about an ordinary man, a hero who assumes responsibility over the life of an entire nation, is both a sad and strange tale. Shmuel is a father of two, a devoted husband to a devoted wife. Shmuel Bloom is no more. After losing his life on the outskirts of Geula Settlement near Mussa Village, Shmuel has left one widowed wife and two orphans, a son and a daughter. One of whom, Simon Bloom, has agreed to join us. Thank you Simon for coming here.

Simon Hi.

Daphne Your willingness to come and talk to us in these dire times is much appreciated.

Simon nods.

Daphne Please, can you share with us a few words about your father?

Simon My father was...

Daphne I can see it is not easy...

Simon It is not easy.

Daphne And yet, could you please say a few words about your father?

Simon seems bewildered, speechless.

Daphne We're on air.

Simon Yes.

Daphne Your anguish is remarkable, and yet, if you'd be kind enough to share with our audience a few details concerning your father, a story perhaps or even an anecdote.

Simon My father... he was...

Daphne You loved your father.

Simon My father was...

Daphne Perhaps I'm stating the obvious.

Simon You're not.

Simon is stuck.

Daphne But again, we're on air.

Simon My father...

Daphne You want to speak to him.

Simon I can't.

Daphne What can you tell us about your father?

Simon doesn't respond.

Daphne About Shmuel...

Silence.

Daphne Bloom... Shmuel Bloom, your father, your dad, your...

Silence.

Daphne You know what? Perhaps you can share with us a few thoughts about your mother? Adina Bloom?

Simon Sorry, but I can't speak, not about my father nor my mother. I simply can't.

Silence.

Daphne Can you share **your** feelings in these troubling times?

Simon It's troubling.

Daphne Not easy losing a father.

Simon Yep.

Daphne Can you shed some light about the investigation?

Simon I...

Silence.

Daphne Perhaps a few more words?

Simon I... don't...

Daphne You don't what?

Simon Know.

Silence.

Daphne A question from the studio, Simon.

Simon and Daphne look straight ahead, nodding slightly as if hearing a question. It takes a long time, too long. Finally Simon responds.

Simon What's the question?

Daphne The question was, if I may... (interrupted from the studio) Sorry, yes, go ahead.

Again, they wait for the anchor to finish.

Simon Was that a question? No, it was a statement, not a question. You want to make a statement or ask a question? I'm sorry, but it wasn't a question. Did you hear a question mark or an exclamation point? No, it was an exclamation... I'm sorry, but it was no... Amazing, when it's **my** turn to speak you interrupt me. You didn't ask a question and then dare to interrupt me... No, it was **you** who interrupted, I waited politely for you to finish, foolishly thinking that you would end your speech with a question mark... no, no, you are twisting my... (to Daphne) It's useless.

Daphne But still, our audience expects you to say a few words, about your father or mother or about the investigation, or anything.

Silence.

Daphne We're on air.

Simon I'm sorry, but they won't come out, the words won't come out.

Daphne (to the camera, in pathos) Words that will never come out, they won't come out. (to Simon) Thank you, Simon and condolences to you and your family. (to the camera) Danny?

Lights out.

Simon Can I tell you something?

Daphne What?

Simon My father and I were two strangers to each other, that's why I couldn't speak. I had nothing to say. I know you want me to tell a story, to provide a heartbreaking story that has meaning, or something which makes sense and my mom and sister keep telling me, "say something, a story, about dad and all that he stood for, so people will know who Shmuel was, who your father truly was." But I draw a blank; the words won't come out, as if we, he and I, were two parallel lines that will never meet. And now, when it's my turn to speak up, when it's my turn to shed some light on my father, on this whole thing with my father, I draw a blank. My father is dead and I remain silent.

Daphne Ok.

Simon Suddenly people tell me I had an extraordinary dad, a man who sacrificed his life for the good of the country, a courageous human being, a father to us all, my dad. MY DAD.

Simon stares ahead.

Daphne Tough losing a dad.

Simon I loved him. It just dawned on me, that I love my father. Because my father, the father I had, you know, the father I got... you follow me?

Daphne Yes.

Simon Do you?

Daphne Yes.

Simon You do?

Daphne Yes.

Simon Ok.

Daphne My mom, rest her soul/

Simon Your mother died?

Daphne Yes.

Simon I did not know that.

Daphne She was a tough woman, my mom.

Simon Really?

Daphne Yes.

Simon My dad/

Daphne (simultaneity) My mom... (stops) sorry.

Simon No, I interrupted you.

Daphne It's ok. You were in the middle.

Simon Please finish your thought.

Daphne You go ahead.

Simon I insist, go on-

Daphne No.

Simon Tell me about your mother.

Daphne When she died, my mom, I realized something.

Simon What?

Daphne I realized that my dead mom and my living mom are two different moms.

Simon Really?

Daphne My dead mom is a good mom. She looks at me from above, embraces me with her devoted heavenly arms.

Simon She does?

Daphne When I cry, my dead mother cries and when I smile, my dead mother smiles and when I'm sad, I can sense the tears in heaven. My dead mom is

always there for me. She is my mom and forever will be. I can feel her from above and I can feel her inside me, in my heart.

Silence.

Simon Daphne?

Daphne Yes, Simon?

Simon keeps quiet.

Daphne Are you ok?

Simon It's just that I... I think that I am... because you are so...

Daphne What?

Simon Lovely.

Daphne Ohh...

Simon I think I just fell for you.

Daphne Ok.

Simon And it takes time, you know, for me, because I had my share of disappointments in life, you can't imagine, and my defense mechanism is usually strong, quite strong, in its defensive mechanism, you know, but hearing you, standing here next to you, it feels like that there's been a breach inside, you know? That something happened, and poof, I fell for you.

Daphne (embarrassed) Really?

Simon Entirely.

Daphne I/

Simon I didn't mean to/

Daphne I know, I know/

Simon It's just that/

Daphne Yes, that is quite... Yes, Yes/

Simon I shouldn't have, perhaps I shouldn't have.

Daphne No, it's fine.

Simon Did I cross a line?

Daphne A line? I can't say that you have, it's just that/

Simon You are in a relationship-

Daphne Married with two kids.

Silence.

Simon Wow, No shit. Wow. I thought that you wanted, that you intended...
your story was so moving... so I was convinced/

Daphne Yes, no.

Simon I shouldn't have.

Daphne It's fine, don't be embarrassed/

Simon Well, how can I not be? And yet, I do feel that-

Daphne I completely understand-

Simon Do you?

Daphne I do, and if you, or anybody-

Simon Exactly, because you and me-

Daphne And others-

Simon Of course, and others-

Daphne And them and us-

Simon Don't be-

Daphne I won't-

Simon And yet... you know?

Daphne Yes-

Simon So, if you want to-

Daphne Ok, if something, I mean, not that I, you know?

Simon I think that I do-

Daphne And so-

Simon And so... it... goes/

Daphne Yes. Yes.

This mutual overlapping mumbling should last until lights fade.

Scene 5

Amos and Adina stand next to each other, waiting.

She looks at him; he looks at the floor, embarrassed.

Ruthie enters.

Ruthie Thanks, mom, I will take it from here.

Adina doesn't move.

Ruthie Mom. Thank you.

Adina goes out, leaves Ruthie and Amos by themselves.

Ruthie Something wrong?

Amos No.

Ruthie Then what are you doing here?

Amos I came to tell you that...

Ruthie What?

Amos Excuse me?

Ruthie I don't...

Amos I ...

Ruthie Yes, what? What were you going to say? Why are you here?

Amos It's not easy standing here and, you know, talk, but I have things to say.

Ruthie All ears.

Amos Just came from my Rabbi. You know, Rabbi Feldman.

Ruthie And...

Amos I came to the Rabbi and implored him for advice, advice from a wise man, and the Rabbi asked me to sit by his side and offered me some tea, so we drank tea together and then he asked me what's on my mind and I told him, "Rabbi, I met someone," so he said, Rabbi Feldman said, "Wonderful news you met someone, who's the someone?" so I said your name, I said "Ruthie, that's the someone I met." And the Rabbi was glad I met you because, and I'm quoting the Rabbi here, he said "It's been too long for you, my dear boy, living all by yourself" but I told him that I have Felix and he said that I do have Felix, but Felix is not enough and then he asked me about you and then I told him the truth.

Ruthie Which is...

Amos I told him that there are women who are prettier than you are, but there aren't women who are pretty **as** you are. That's what I told him. Isn't that nice?

Ruthie Yes.

Amos It's not my words, heard it somewhere but it stuck in me. Wasn't it nice?

Ruthie It was.

Amos There are prettier ways to describe a lady, but not as pretty as this way.

Pause.

Amos And then the Rabbi gave his blessing.

Ruthie (cynical) Wonderful.

Amos But there's a catch, that's what I said to Rabbi Feldman, there's a catch and just saying it makes me tremble. You feel it? Can you feel it? Sense it?

Ruthie Sense what?

Amos My tremble?

Ruthie No.

Amos That's what I like about you, Ruthie, your unique choice of words. You don't speak much but when you do, each word is like an arrow, to the point. You don't play around, I respect that.

Ruthie Ok.

Amos So anyway, I tell the Rabi, I tell him, "Rabbi, there's a catch, an obstacle, a breach, a digression, there is something here" so he asked me what it was so I tell him straight away, "Rabbi, she's a lesbian." That's what I told him, "She's a lesbian, this Ruthie, but I can't get her out of my mind, this Lesbian of a woman," she, you. And to my surprise, the Rabbi was not shocked, no he wasn't, cool as cucumber, he was, because the Rabbi is an experienced man, and he knows the ways of the world, so you know what he told me?

Ruthie What?

Amos He told me that there is no such thing as lesbians.

Ruthie Is that right?

Amos Honest to God.

Ruthie And why not?

Amos That's what the Rabbi said, he said, the Rabbi said to me, "Amos, let's begin with the fact that there are no indications for this philosophy or practice, lesbianism, not in the Tora, nor the Mishna, the Talmud and even not in the Kabala," and we are dealing here with one smart Rabbi, who even knows the secrets of the Kabala, he's no fool this Rabbi, Rabbi Feldman, but I wasn't entirely convinced so I asked him what about Ruth from *The Book of Ruth* in the bible, you know, Ruth the Moabites, there are things going down there, if you read the book of Ruth, that are not entirely kosher, you know between Ruth and Naomi, and people were talking about those two for centuries, so what about her, about Ruth, so he says that Ruth was not a lesbian and that its just vicious rumors and besides, there are not Moabites anymore the same as no lesbians any more. That's what he said, Rabbi Feldman, and to be honest, I felt immediately as if a weight had been lifted from my heart so I wanted to come here as fast as I can to tell you that what you think you are, you are not. You are not a lesbian.

Ruthie I am not?

Amos On the life of Felix, that's what the Rabbi said, that the whole theory of lesbianism, it doesn't hold water.

Ruthie Amos.

Amos I'm not done. Because immediately after hearing this thing about lesbianism, and the fact that it is a theory that doesn't hold water, I immediately burst out crying, like a little boy, that's what I did, cried like a little boy out of happiness for this new door that suddenly opened for me, an opportunity to affirm a love that seemed lost only a few moments before. So the Rabbi asked more questions about you, who you are, what you are, so you know what I told him? The Rabbi? Do you know what I told him?

Ruthie doesn't respond.

Amos Do you like Milky, Ruthie?

Ruthie Milky?

Amos Whipped cream on top of Chocolate pudding?

Ruthie Ok.

Amos You like Milky?

Ruthie Yes.

Amos Perfect. So I say to the Rabbi, "Did it happen to you, Rabbi, going to the supermarket every week to buy your weekly share of Milkies only to find one day when you arrive that there are other kinds of milky? Different kinds, Milky Vanilla, Milky Light, Milky Strawberry, Milki Mini, Mily Cake, Milky Moca, Milkies where the whipped cream and the pudding are mixed together and then you ask yourself, out of the endless varieties of shiny Milkies, where's the original Milky, the one you fell in love with, the old school Milky? So you begin to look for the Milky and you see that behind the shiny new Milkies stand one last original Milky, the one that you want, and when you take it out you see that the expiration date of the Milky is a matter of one, maybe two days left before it turns sour, and that's not right, because usually you have at least two weeks to enjoy the Milky, so you take this last Milky and you know that it's now or never, this Milky, for you to taste, because if you don't take it now, the Milky will lose its distinct Milikiness, right?" Do you follow the Milky analogy?

Ruthie Yes.

Amos Telling a parable as if **I** were the wise one.

Ruthie Yes.

Amos Your unique choice of words will never cease to astound me.

Ruthie doesn't respond.

Amos Anyway, the Rabbi gave his blessing, so I came here to tell as simply and as honestly as I possibly can, you are my Milky.

Pause.

Ruthie Are you still in touch with Joshua?

Amos Sure, he's my brother and I am the head of security in Geula, how can I not be?

Ruthie And what does he have to say?

Amos Concerning...

Ruthie Concerning the investigation.

Amos To be honest, it's an ongoing investigation, and it is my duty as the head of security not to disclose any information which might jeopardize the, you know, investigation.

Ruthie I see.

Amos It is my job, because, above anything else, my main concern is to ensure the well being of Israel's citizens and the well being of the citizens of Geula.

Ruthie takes Amos's hand and puts it on her left breast. Amos looks at his hand dumbfounded.

Amos Joshua thinks you killed your father.

Ruthie Why?

Amos As I see it, it's still on an intuitive level.

Ruthie What does he know?

Amos Not much, he thinks of talking to...

Amos's hand slips from Ruthie's breast.

Amos But I shouldn't, you know, disclose...

Ruthie takes his hand and puts it back on her breast.

Amos He thinks of talking to Simon and perhaps manipulate him to turning you guys in, but there is pressure from downtown to determine that the case was an act of terror and not a criminal case.

Ruthie takes Amos's hand away from her breast.

Ruthie I see.

Amos So what say you?

Ruthie About what?

Amos About me and you and eventually me, you and Felix.

Ruthie I'll be honest with you.

Amos My God, your words burn my flesh.

Ruthie If I'll get involved with you, it will only be to use you for inside information about the case.

Amos Fine by me.

Ruthie Is it?

Amos As long as it's true love, why not?

Ruthie Ok.

Amos I love you, Ruthie.

Ruthie I know you do, Amos.

Scene 6

Adina and Daphne are in the midst of an in-depth interview in Adina's apartment.

Adina I can feel them inside me.

Daphne The people.

Adina Yes.

Daphne When you say inside you, could you be more specific?

Adina Simple as that, I feel them inside me. It's a gut feeling, not a rational one. We got a hell of a nation, our nation, people, one of the best people in the world.

Daphne And what... I mean... when you find... what do you, when you find, what do you find in our people?

Adina More than anything else, it's a matter of social solidarity, the fact that you are not alone, that people, human beings care, that they care. Since I found out about Shmuel's fate, the family has been swarmed from all around with heartfelt wished, coming from all fractions of life, from all classes, cultures, anywhere and everywhere, imploring us to ask them for assistance, to offer a helping hand, anything, to take part in our growing family. And I'm not one of those who forget a kind face, not in a million years.

Daphne And what about the terrorists?

Adina Revenge is not my thing, not at all. All we want, the family wants, is to continue Shmuel's legacy, his life goal, his main and perhaps only desire in life.

Daphne Which was...

Adina Peace.

Daphne Between us and the...

Adina Yes, between us and them, but much more importantly, between ourselves.

Daphne An inner peace, between me and myself.

Adina Between us and ourselves. Yes, because an inner peace which is not a real peace eats you inside and prevents the outer peace from coming out.

Daphne Inner peace is all we have. Yes. If you are in a state of inner conflict, an unresolved conflict, you are subjected to aberrant currents that sweep you here and there, while inner peace might help, does help, or at least if you become aware of the peace inside or to the fact that peace, real peace, is an interior peace, right? It comes from the inside, because life devoid of inner peace is a life of constant sorrow, of a perpetual and never-ending conflict, an unresolved conflict. You live in a never-ending conflict which perpetuates itself, right?

Adina I live in a never-ending conflict?

Daphne Like a sea turtle, a tiny sea turtle, a few days old, who tries to get by in a tumultuous ocean, and the currents, the deep currents are not in your, his favor (listens to her ear piece and immediately changes the subject), but you talked about an inner peace.

Adina exactly, and we, as a nation, we must be united, even when divided we must be united, as a nation.

Daphne But the terrorists.

Adina I don't care about the terrorists, you keep bringing the terrorists up, they're not on my mind. My main goal is Shmuel's legacy, his unyielding desire to achieve peace. That is my only desire.

Daphne And yet, there are terrorists, what do we do with them, how can one deal with terrorists?

Adina The terrorists?

Daphne Those who divide us, the terrorists. You must understand what I'm talking about... (to the "camera") I'm fine, nothing's wrong with me, I'm peachy perfect, she talked about conflicts so I asked about the terrorists, it was a reasonable question, because we wake up one morning and find out that we are surrounded by terrorists, and that we are helpless before these terrorists,

like a tiny sea turtle that swims in the ocean, swept away by hostile currents, filled with terror, and sadness, and misery and apathy.

Adina Apathy?

Daphne Thank you, Adina, for these moving words. Danny?

The lights fade away on Adina and distraught Daphne while Adina gets up, looking at the camera/audience.

Adina And thank you again, my audience. I feel all of you inside me.

Lights out.

Scene 7

Simon stands center stage, staring ahead at his father's imaginary "ghost."

Simon Daddy? How are you, daddy?... The truth is that I miss you, yes... When I walk in the street people stop and tell me how lucky I am to have a father like you, can you believe it? But I don't feel lucky, truly I don't. You were always my daddy, since I was born... and when I was born, I mean, as a baby... daddy? Daddy? (angry) DADDY? Would it kill you to show some feelings here?... but, but, but it's not me, it was mom, I'm innocent... well, you know what? I have things to unload too ... we are filled with emotions and grievances, and bad vibes all around... well, you know why? Because it's the first time we open up, you and I, and I'm saying to myself, here's your father, in front of you, open up, talk to him... yes, and maybe it'll turn into something new, a meaningful relationship between a father and a son.

Simon's face shines in happiness.

Joshua enters the apartment, staring at Simon who is still preoccupied with his father.

Simon Fantastic, I feel it too, something is moving here, a connection, a bond, a love story maybe, between a father and son, you and I.

Joshua Who are you talking to?

Simon (surprised) How did you get in here?

Joshua The door was open.

Simon The door was not open.

Joshua You were talking to someone.

Simon No, I wasn't.

Joshua You miss your father.

Simon What do you want?

Joshua I came here to talk. I know you want to open up and you know something? I came here to listen.

Simon doesn't respond.

Joshua You think nobody listens, that nobody will ever show up, that nobody cares. I care. I do care.

Simon My father...

Joshua Yes.

Simon And my mother and sister...

Joshua Yes?

Simon But I didn't...

Joshua Didn't what?

Simon It had nothing to do with me, because I wasn't even... you know?

Joshua I don't.

Simon And I have no one.

Joshua That's why I came.

Simon I'm all alone in this story, and I have no one to...

Joshua I know.

Simon And Ruthie, she tells me to...

Joshua To obstruct?

Simon She thinks I'm weak, and mom thinks I'm weak, everybody thinks I'm weak, the weakest link in the chain of life. I am not weak.

Joshua No, you are not.

Simon Damn right, I'm not. I may be alone in this world, but I'm not weak.

Joshua Not easy being alone.

Simon What good are you all alone? Like a tree falling in the middle of the forest.

Joshua A tree.

Simon Did it in fact fall, the tree? Was there a fall? And if nobody heard and nobody witnessed, does it matter that something happened? Can you comprehend the magnitude of this dilemma?

Joshua You/

Simon And for the sake of argument, if the tree indeed fell, the tree. Did it **really** fall? If no one witnessed it how can we be sure that there was an event? A thing, an occurrence, a tree falling? The world runs its course and things stay the same, that's all I'm saying.

Joshua Of course it mattered.

Simon How so?

Joshua Of course it mattered that it fell, the tree, it is our topic of conversation, isn't it? We are discussing it right now.

Simon And...

Joshua It left a trace, an effect, the tree, on you, right? It mattered, the tree. And even if nobody saw it falling, we are talking about it right now, trying to reach for the root...

Simon Of the tree?

Joshua Of the matter... How did it fall? Who tore it down? Because the world we're living in, Simon, and I can assure you that, the world we're living in, will never be the same. We will not forget the tree and we will never rest before the people who tore it down will be brought to justice. Justice will be done, a broken tree will be accounted for and the world, it will never be the same.

Simon But it is the same, everything's the same.

Joshua Who? What?

Simon The world, because nobody gives a damn about a miserable tree.

Joshua Time out, what tree are we talking about?

Simon Me, I am the tree.

Joshua I thought your father was the tree.

Simon No, I'm the tree. The tree is me. I fell in the forest but nobody came to the rescue, nobody cared. Who's talking about me? What course of life did I change? Who cared? Simon fell in the forest, did he really fall? Can you comprehend the magnitude of this question? I don't think you comprehended.

Joshua Yes, I can comprehend, I do, comprehend the, you know, but, I think we're digressing from the... you were talking about your father, your mother. What did you want to tell me? Tell me what happened, that night your father was... let's leave the tree, Simon. He fell, and that's tragic, no doubt, but we need to move on.

Simon Exactly my point. Even **you** couldn't care less about the tree.

Joshua That's not true. I came here to listen, to hear you out.

Simon No, no, no, I will not be sandbagged here. That's why you came, to sandbag me, Ruthie told me your plans, to sandbag.

Joshua How Ruthie...

Simon Simon will not be sandbagged.

Joshua I want you to help/

Simon The weakest link, right? You all think I'm weak, that I'm nothing, that I'm breakable. You want me to tell you stuff, but I'm not gonna tell you anything, you know why? Because I'm not weak, I'm something, I'm elastic.

Joshua You're gonna pay for what you did, each one of you. You and your mother and sister, you're guilty, all of you. You finished your father and I will finish you.

Simon Unbelievable.

Joshua Excuse me?

Simon Filled with hatred, and scorn. You're evil. I'm good and you're evil. I'm strong and you are not. **I** am the strong one, not you. Don't know what you are, but I know what you're not. You are a no. I am a yes, and you are a no. Now get the fuck out of here.

Scene 8

Amos and Ruthie in Adina's apartment.

Amos is already in the midst of his endless monologue.

Amos He's upset, no doubt. Between you and me, Amos overreacted. Joshua was trying to do his job, a civil servant, that's what he is, that's what we are. And if he's wrong, and he may be wrong, he's probably wrong to a certain extent, because, and it's you and me talking here, Joshua, he must work on his belief in human nature, in people, because, at the end of the day, we are all God's creatures down here, right? And sometimes Joshua forgets that we are mere shadows in his presence, right? And Joshua, he is too occupied with the corporeal nature of matter, and it's me talking here, his brother, divulging stuff that should remain undisclosed, if you know what I mean. At the end of the day, we are all created in his own image, God's image, not Joshua's. And if he acts under false premise, he must, let me be blunt, redecorate his inner-self, using the almighty as his interior designer, if you will. And yet, Ruthie, and yet, and it is crucial here, Joshua is a man of faith, and he has a tender sweet

soul, but his search for a deeper meaning has reached its end point, I do not doubt that, but who hasn't reached an end point of some sort, do you understand what I'm saying here? We are all looking for answers, right? We are all swimming in the same Godly soup, looking for something which has value, right? A spice if you will, that will give existence its unique heavenly taste. You, for example, you are looking for something, right? Exploring new terrains.

Ruthie What?

Amos Your search for a meaningful self, you do search, right? For an inner Godly self.

Ruthie Yes, I do.

Amos Wonderful, and what are the results, if I may ask?

Ruthie Of my exploration.

Amos Yes.

Ruthie Divinity.

Amos Ok.

Ruthie And an inner self of some sort, using a designer, God I mean, to decorate my interior self.

Amos Yes.

Ruthie That's it.

Amos And what about your lesbianism?

Ruthie Can I confess?

Amos Sure.

Ruthie I'm struggling.

Amos Amazing.

Ruthie It's wearing me out.

Amos Life's material pleasures, I know.

Ruthie Human flesh, I mean.

Amos The flesh, yes.

Ruthie Exactly.

Amos The first step in the right path always begins with the acknowledgment of the fact that your previous way of life, lesbianism, I mean, is an illusion, a getaway from your true calling.

Ruthie So when you asked me if I'm still searching and I said that I yearn for an interior designer, right? I figured out that I do search for an interior designer to carve out the degenerate, the depraved, the immoral aspects of my previous self, right?

Amos Wonderful.

Ruthie Can I tell you something, Amos? Before we met I felt like deep down inside, I felt that the lesbianism you talked about, that was my set of beliefs, my religion. How do you guys call it? My swine's snout.

Amos "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion," Proverbs, 11:22.

Ruthie Yes, and then...

Amos Yes?

Ruthie You entered my life. And when I saw you I immediately said to myself, here is a naïve simpleton, a fool with a fool's heart, who believes in the eternal, an easily manipulated dupe, a buffoon.

Amos That's what you said?

Ruthie That's what the old Ruthie said. But then we met and we became acquainted and you introduced me to your Rabbi, Rabbi Feldman, and to Felix. And then something inside happened, something huge, in the way I thought, in my existential perspective, if you will. And then I felt cured, honest to god, or on the verge of regeneration, and then I realized that my whole life I fell in love with the disease, with the corruption, and perceived it as a necessary way of life and then it came over me, this darkness which I call now lesbianism, because there is darkness in lesbianism and in carnal knowledge. And yet, it's crucial for you to understand, I'm not over it yet, I still crave human flesh of the wrong sex. I still want to eat out of this specific kind of flesh.

Amos Rabbi Feldman says that life is a journey.

Ruthie Damn right, it's a journey. And I feel like for the first time I'm saying farewell to the safe haven of lesbianism and getting myself into a heavenly storm that will carry me towards a Godly shore, a safe place under the realm of the almighty, God.

Amos And...

Ruthie You are the captain of my ship, Amos, that's what I want to tell you, you are my life-line. Because at first, when you entered my life, I told myself here stands an idiot, a fool, a stupid and easily manipulated simpleton...

Amos Ok, I get it.

Ruthie "I'll turn this miserable fuck into my own personal bitch," that's what I said to myself, honest to God.

Amos Let's move on/

Ruthie I'm not lying anymore/

Amos Ok, but/

Ruthie Exactly, that's the old Ruthie. I was the fool, the lost sheep, and I'll even go further than that. Old Ruthie is Lesbian Ruthie, not the same woman who stands now in front of the man that she loves.

Pause.

Amos Love?

Ruthie Did I say love?

Amos You did.

Ruthie Wow, how language supersedes thought, right? But it will never supersede our heart, Amos.

Amos Love.

Ruthie I'm not lying anymore, not to you, not to our Rabbi, to Felix, to anyone. My mother murdered my father and it was me and Simon who took the body to Mussa Village. We did it, the Blooms.

Amos Excuse me?

Ruthie Or more precisely, it was the old Ruthie who committed the crime and now, come to think of it, you know what?

Amos What?

Ruthie Lesbianism is to blame. It made me do it.

Amos Lesbianism?

Ruthie Ask Feldman, he'll tell you about the destructive nature of lesbianism. But I was saved, it's not who I am anymore.

Amos The Blooms did it?

Ruthie The old Ruthie did it, and talking to you now, I feel like I'm floating on the ocean and I see, while swimming ahead, the old Ruthie down there, in the abyss, and she's pulling me down, she wants me to drown, to immerse myself in a sea of decadent sinful pleasures. And I'm drowning, because she's still strong, but I see you from above, and I reach out for you to grab me and pull me back to the surface.

Amos Such a moving image.

Ruthie You wanna know one more thing?

Amos Yes, I do.

Ruthie I want you to kiss me.

Amos You do?

Ruthie nods, closes her eyes.

Amos approaches her and kisses her tenderly on her lips.

After a few seconds he withdraws.

Amos Your mother killed your father and you took the body away?

Ruthie Yes.

Amos Are you aware of the conflict you put me in?

Ruthie As I told you, I'm done lying. I am a woman of faith and I am a woman in love, in love with you, in love with God. I've found my calling.

Amos You have?

Ruthie A woman of faith, that's what I've become and you made it happen, my captain. Now come here and kiss me again.

Amos kisses her.

Lights out.

Scene 9

Daphne and Simon stand in front of the camera/audience. They are in the midst of their interview.

Daphne I'm standing here with Simon Bloom, and as he told me a few moments ago, he has some words to deliver.

Simon I am a man of faith, Daphne.

Daphne A faith in what?

Simon I am a man of faith, period. It doesn't matter what. God, country, family, work, love, it doesn't really matter. Nothing matters besides our faith.

Daphne You sure?

Simon Of course.

Daphne I do not believe...

Simon I have faith, I can promise you that faith is what I have.

Daphne I believe you, but I've lost my faith.

Simon Oh.

Daphne There's nothing left for me to believe in. I'm emptied out.

Simon You must believe in something.

Daphne I have no faith, I have no nothing. I'm an empty vessel.

Simon You're an empty vessel awaiting for some substance.

Daphne Where's the substance? I see no substance.

Simon You must acquire faith and if you have none, you need to go back to the basics, the nuts and bolts of the faithful.

Daphne But what if... (listens to her ear piece) Yes, of course, (to Simon) A question from the studio.

Simon and Daphne listen attentively to their ear piece.

Simon Danny, what you refer to as "the investigation" doesn't concern me, at least not in the sense of what you are aiming at. The Investigation that I'm referring to is far more extensive and deeper than the superficial manner in which you perceive the "investigation". What is the true purpose of an investigation, an exploration into what, I ask. The crime of a murder? Not at all. I'm talking here about the foundations of existential exploration, no less, the science of life, if you will. The investigation I'm talking about here will lead us into the bedrock of human existence.

Daphne And if you're missing the foundations? If you don't have the basis on which human existence rests?

Simon We all have the foundations.

Daphne I don't, I don't.

Daphne bursts out crying.

Daphne (to herself) Get a grip, Daphne, keep it together.

Daphne looks at the camera.

Daphne I'm standing here with Simon Bloom and as he said to me a few moments ago.

Daphne collapses.

Daphne I'm falling apart.

Simon You are standing in front of the foundations, Daphne, and it's a wonderful place, human rubble on which the foundations of human existence are built.

Daphne I want to die.

Simon Don't say that.

Daphne My life, my family, everything is ruined. I do not love my man, I do not love my kids, I hate myself, I'm emptied out.

Simon We're on air.

Daphne I'm standing here with Sim...

She collapses once more.

Simon If you'll allow me, I wrote a poem. I want to read it to you, to our audience. That's why I'm here, standing in front of you, Daphne, (to the audience/camera) in front of you, in front of the entire nation. I want to show, live on air, the same foundations on which I established my own life. Perhaps, who knows, my poem could be of help to you as well. May I?

Simon takes a few steps towards the audience.

Simon It is called, "A Suspicious Incident."

Simon takes a note from his pants pocket.

Simon *How could I tell you that I'm all yours?*

How could I?

How could I tell you that you will always be on my mind?

The words, they won't come out, they slip away, vanish into the unknown,

The words are all we have, and yet they keep slipping away, the words,

Are the words all we have?

Words, language, world,

And you are gone, from the world.

A suspicious incident has occurred and you're gone,

The incident took you away from me, took you away from the world.

I am the world, you are the incident, a suspicious incident.

You are gone, but there's nothing suspicious about it.

It is a fact, you are gone,

And I remain in solitude, a loveless orphan.

Thank you.

Daphne wipes her tears. The camera lights are turned off.

Daphne approaches Simon and suddenly embraces him, falling apart. He embraces her.

Daphne That was beautiful.

Simon Was it?

Daphne The most beautiful shining diamond of a poem.

Simon Really?

Daphne suddenly kisses Simon a long passionate kiss.

Daphne Yes, really.

Scene 10

Amos and Joshua near the scene of the crime.

Amos You don't understand, she's my Milky. **My** milky.

Joshua What does it mean?

Amos Did you ever go to the supermarket and see the shining line of all the new kinds of Milky-

Joshua Amos, I've a job to do, I don't have time to-

Amos That's why I'm here, to help-

Joshua You're in love-

Amos Yes, but-

Joshua With a suspect in a major crime, **a major crime/**

Amos And yet-

Joshua I follow the directions the investigation leads me, that's why it is called leads-

Amos I follow a higher authority, Joshua, I follow my heart-

Joshua And they lead me to the victim's family, his own family-

Amos That's why I'm here, to help you, to show you the-

Joshua We are on the verge of discovery-

Amos Josh, you will have to let me speak.

Joshua I will not let you say one more word, you will listen to me, shut up and listen. We found her car.

Amos What car?

Joshua The one she and Simon drove with their father's body in the trunk. And do you know where we found it? In the same car lot where she works. We got the car, we got a match, we got our guys, an entire family, the Blooms.

Amos Oh, my God.

Joshua Your sweetheart, her brother and mother, they're all going to jail, for the rest of their lives.

Amos Please, don't.

Joshua She's nuts. Her brother, he's nuts too, and their mother, she is the tree that raised these poisoned apples, and these are apples of madness, the apples.

Amos Meaning...

Joshua You are biting the wrong apple, my brother.

Amos My heart belongs to her, Joshi, what can I do? I'm in love. She may be a bad apple, but she's mine, my apple.

Joshua You're in love because she trapped you, she seduced you, this snake. She'll tell you everything, your woman, that she's changed, she's not a lesbian. You were her own puppet in her own puppet show and she is...

Amos A puppet master.

Joshua Exactly.

Amos Your words burn.

Joshua Why did you come here?

Amos doesn't answer.

Joshua She asked you to talk to me, right? Do you understand what we're dealing with? To turn us, two brothers, against each other, to obstruct an ongoing investigation. My God, these people have no limits.

Amos I can't breathe. God Almighty, I can't breathe. She... she told me that...

Joshua What? What did she say? Did she tell you about their involvement? What did she say? Amos, talk to me.

Amos She...

Joshua What? What did she say?

Amos She and her brother and mother/

Joshua I'm here, Amos. It's alright, just tell me what she told you.

Amos (falling apart) I can't. I can't.

Joshua Yes you can.

Amos Leave me alone, I beg you, let me be. Please stop.

Joshua You are not their toy, stop being such a stupid toy. You're my brother, you're better than this. She's evil. They're all evil.

Amos I can't take it. God has put me to a test, but I'm failing. He's forsaken me. I am forsaken.

Amos collapses on the floor. Joshua sits by his side.

Joshua Pull yourself together, don't give up. Can you hear me, Amos? You and I, we're stronger than they are, because the truth is on our side, and we will prevail, you'll see, the truth will prevail.

Amos But what about our faith, Joshua?

Joshua Have faith in me, brother.

Amos My God, what a conflict? Such a conflict, God save us all.

Amos suddenly gets up and approaches the audience.

Amos Did you see that? The conflict he put me in?

Joshua (confused) Amos?

Amos On the one hand, Joshua is my flesh and blood, my only brother.

Joshua Who are you talking to?

Amos And family is an unbreakable unit. He was my brother the day I was born and will remain a brother until the day I'll die.

Joshua Stay with me, Amos. STAY WITH ME.

Amos On the other hand, my heart belongs to Ruthie, and Ruthie, as you all know, is not innocent. And I am merely a simple man in search of love.

Joshua Amos!!

Amos And Joshua, he's a bright investigator, raising valid claims here. Joshua is no fool, a sharp, brilliant individual.

Joshua Amos!! AMOS!!!!

Amos suddenly answers his brother.

Amos Perhaps you are right, brother. Perhaps I've fallen victim to a devious conspiracy.

Joshua What the fuck is going on?

Amos For the time being, we will consider this conundrum an open question.

Scene 11

Adina assumes center stage, looks at her audience, while the lights fade on her. With each light fading out, Adina goes to stand beneath another light, which also gradually fades out. By the end the scene, she stands alone surrounded by darkness.

Adina I've been taken out of this story. Everyone here has their own story-line, I've lost mine. Once I took center stage, a leading role. But now my children, they took over and have become more... significant. I've nothing to hang on to, anymore. Everybody lost interest in me. I know what you think, that perhaps I was never attractive, that the appeal was never there, but for a moment it seemed that I mattered, that my existence had consequences. And it's tragic, so so tragic, because for a moment my part instigated this whole business, but now I've turned into a supporting role, an extra, something, nothing.

Light on Simon who enters his mother's apartment, he looks at his father's imaginary ghost.

Simon Father, we need to talk, there's been some developments in my life, are you sitting? Yes... no... Yes, but listen, I wanted to tell you about the new love of my life... about Daphne.

Amos Enters the apartments, seems perplexed.

Adina (weak, depressed) She's in her bedroom.

Amos Thank you.

Simon (angry, to his father) You know what? Fuck it, I'm sorry I shared. My God, you're my father, my anchor in life, you supposed to support... but now... we're done. We're fucking done.

Amos hurries to Ruthie's bedroom.

Lights out on Adina and Simon.

Scene 12

Ruthie stares ahead, as if she were a frozen sculpture. When Simon enters she immediately smiles at him.

Amos Ruthie, I came here to ask you a question.

Ruthie Yes, I will.

Amos Did you, and answer me honestly... did you... You will what?

Ruthie Marry you, that's why you came here for, right?

Amos Marry me?

Ruthie And immediately afterwards to conceive. Yes.

Amos You will?

Ruthie As many as you'll possibly want, three, four, five, six babies, as many as you'll like.

Amos No, no, no... cast out your spell, woman. I will not yield.

Ruthie Did you call love a spell?

Amos Answer me as truthfully as you can/

Ruthie Anything my love.

Amos Were you still a lesbian when you told me you were less of lesbian with the intention to still practice lesbianism, even though you told me you were on your way out?

Ruthie Yes.

Amos My God, you confessed. Everything Joshua told me about you, everything was a hundred percent right.

Ruthie But-

Amos No, no, no.

Ruthie Hear me out, love.

Amos What can you possibly say? That you've changed?

Ruthie Yes.

Amos But that was exactly what Joshua told me you'd tell me, that you've changed even though you're still the lesbian same.

Ruthie And Joshua was right.

Amos (scream at God) For God's sake, what are you doing to me??? I'm drowning here!!!

Ruthie But the Ruthie you met at the beginning is not the same Ruthie who's standing in front of you right now.

Amos So what about the earlier Ruthie, the one I talked with last time?

Ruthie She's also not the same Ruthie who's standing in front of you right now. The Ruthie who told you about her new found faith, who confessed her love to you and to our God, didn't really love you nor did she love our God, she still desired women's flesh, but she's not the same Ruthie as the one who's in front of you right now.

Amos A third Ruthie?

Ruthie Yes, and that same Ruthie, the one who's standing here, she, I, meaning me, the third... you know what I mean, her, she, I love you more than anything else. I'm the real Ruthie, the true Ruthie, the real deal.

Amos They discovered the car. The one you drove with your brother, with your father in the trunk, your car or the car that you stole. The car, the car.

Ruthie At the lot?

Amos Your lot, yes.

Ruthie We're in God's hands from now on. If he wants, we'll be together. If not, I'll go to jail. We're in God's hands, my love.

Joshua You don't understand. Joshua, he raised doubts, I'm filled with doubts. If you are not the old Ruthie and the previous one so which Ruthie are you? How can I know that the woman who's standing in front of me is not a deceitful smoke-screen? A devious potion manufactured in a lesbian Satan's workshop?

Ruthie Look in my eyes, Amos. Just look in my eyes and see if my heart and my mouth speak the same truth.

Amos looks at Ruthie for a few seconds. He gives up.

Amos I can't figure you out.

Ruthie I want your sperm inside me, Amos.

Amos I want my sperm inside you, too, but the doubts, I can't ignore these God given doubts.

Ruthie So look in my eyes, my love, and keep on looking as much as you possibly need, until you'll find your answer. And don't look away, my love, until you get your God given answer.

Amos looks in her eyes, a long stare which will last throughout the next scene.

Scene 13

Daphne and Simon.

Daphne I told my husband that I've fallen for you.

Simon And what did he say?

Daphne Completely understood.

Simon And the kids?

Daphne The younger is still four years old, but he assured me that he's on board and that he won't interfere with my life.

Simon And the older one?

Daphne Offered his full support.

Daphne takes out a ring.

Daphne It's official, I'm divorced.

Simon So we can get married.

Daphne I'm not through.

Simon All ears.

Daphne Talked with a friend of mine who works in a publishing company. A new series of poetry is about to come out and they chose you and your poems to be the face of the operation. The money will be fabulous.

Simon (to his imaginary father) Are you listening dad? I'm going to be a fully paid poet.

Daphne With a big fat advance. Your working days as a training coordinator are over, from now on I will coordinate you and you will poetisize me.

Simon I will dedicate my life to my art, poetry, prose, theater, I will be an artist and adopt a bohemian outlook.

Daphne We will live together.

Simon All I ever wanted was a beautiful girl like you, my future wife.

Daphne All I ever wanted was to marry a successful poet.

Simon Fuck yeah.

They kiss.

Scene 12 B'

Amos finally awakens from his long stare into Ruthie's eyes.

Amos God be praised, I have faith in you. Your eyes are windows to a beautiful and angelic soul.

Ruthie "Sing to the LORD, all the earth..."

Amos Proclaim his salvation day after day."

Ruthie Kiss me, Amos. Kiss me.

They kiss.

Scene 14

Simon, Amos, Daphne and Ruthie are standing center stage, staring down at a new dug grave. The men wear a yarmulke. They are at a funeral.

Simon stands in the middle, his shirt is torn. He steps forward and draws out a note from his pants pocket.

Simon (to the audience) First of all, I thank you all for coming. We do not take it for granted. Ruthie and I appreciate your presence. When I sat down this morning to write a few words, it dawned upon me that since my father's death I haven't shed a single tear. We, the Blooms, are not famous for our sentimental nature. I don't remember when my father acknowledged his love for me, or my sister. My mother never acknowledged her love, either. I know she loved me and I know my father loved me and I think I loved her and Ruthie loved her as well, but this specific word, LOVE, was never mentioned in our household. And yet, today, after our father lost his life, it is our mother's turn, to join her maker in the open grave of our life. Our mother...

Simon can't continue, bursting in tears.

Daphne embraces him.

Simon I can't, I simply can't.

He gives his notes to Daphne who continues reading.

Daphne My mother, Adina, was not an extraordinary mother, but then my father died and I found a new mom...

Simon Don't rush.

Daphne (slower) I found a new mom, who listens, who loves, and then she, like my father, vanished from our lives and evaporated to the unknown... (Simon) Beautiful phrasing, "evaporated to the unknown..." (returns to look at the audience) and then she died. She always seemed insignificant to me, but now it seems that I realized that her insignificance projected on my insignificance, and I, on my part, projected my own personal insignificance on her insignificance, which was much more significant than we originally assumed. But these days are over. I am stating now that I refuse to affirm the stand-point of the insignificant. I am a significant individual adopting the individuality of the significant, marrying a significant woman, standing next to my significant sister and her significant man. And now, only now, life can finally begin.

Joshua AMOS!!!

Amos and the others look back and see Joshua approaching them in a threatening manner.

Amos Joshua, what are you doing here?

Joshua They told me to drop the case.

Amos Fantastic.

Joshua I told them I had leads, evidence, circumstances and that it all adds up.

Ruthie I've been redeemed, Joshua.

Amos She has, I looked at her eyes and found a beautiful and angelic soul.

Simon Yes, we've all been redeemed.

Joshua They told me to call it off, the arrest, the procedure. But I'm not giving up.

Joshua walks towards Ruthie.

Amos What are you doing?

Joshua I came here to arrest her. That's what I'm doing. (to Simon) You too.

Amos stands in his way.

Amos Don't do this.

Joshua Stand aside.

Amos No, I need her. He told to keep my eyes on her. To protect her.

Joshua Who? Who told you?

Amos Look in your heart, brother.

Simon His heart is dead.

Daphne You're obstructing our story.

Joshua (to Simon) You are the assassin, not me. Your heart is dead, there's nothing wrong with my heart.

Ruthie Just look into your heart, I beg you Joshua, you might find an answer there.

Joshua You are all nuts, all of you... (to Amos) and you, you are my kid brother. Don't surrender yourself to these fools.

Suddenly a powerful shimmering light is directed towards all of them from above, as if the divine has suddenly decided to intervene.

Everyone except Joshua look above.

Joshua (to Amos) It's not too late, stay with me brother. I'll look after you.

Amos Sweet lord.

Daphne Sweet lantern light.

Simon Our father who art in heaven.

Ruthie A divine intervention.

Joshua I'm not giving up on you, stay with me.

Amos But he told me to protect her.

Joshua Who is he? Who are you talking about?

The lights are now blinding, feeling the entire stage. Joshua stares up.

Amos Our creator. Our creator!!!

Daphne A flood of light.

Simon Providence.

Ruthie The almighty.

Joshua looks stunned. He gazes at his brother who seems to be in a religious ecstasy.

Amos He's upon us.

Joshua Who?

Simon Daddy.

Daphne The lightning designer.

Amos (screams) Our creator.

Amos and Simon are in tears.

Amos There were so many obstacles in this impossible love story but I managed to prevail and now I stand in front of you, the one who showed me the way, my God.

Simon I knew you'd never give up on me, father.

Daphne Bring us more light, from above, from all sides, flood us with your flooded light.

Ruthie Look into your hear, Joshua, that's all he asks, look into your heart, your heart, while it still works, look in your heart.

Joshua withdraws a few steps, but the lights keep following him from above.

Simon Our father who art in heaven!!!

A heavenly horn is heard and echoes throughout. Joshua is now "possessed" by the light. He looks ahead, dumbfounded.

Joshua Amos, there are people sitting in front of us.

Amos God be praised.

Joshua What are they doing?

Amos They are our guests.

Joshua What... the... fuck...

A deep heavenly trumpet is heard, Joshua seems struck by its sound. When the sound of the trumpet stops, Joshua falls to the ground.

Lights are now back to "normal".

Everyone looks at Joshua's body.

Amos Joshua? Joshi? Joshile?

Amos holds his brother.

Amos What should I do?

Ruthie Open his heart as you opened ours.

Amos Yeah?

Ruthie nods.

Amos gets nearer to his brother and kisses him on his mouth.

Joshua doesn't respond at first. Amos looks at Ruthie.

Ruthie Open his heart, my love, as you opened mine.

Amos kisses his brother once more on his mouth.

Ruthie (sings) *As you opened my heart, open his heart, my love, and show him the light, the light.*

Simon and Daphne (as if they were her chorus) *As you opened her heart, her love, open his, to the light, to the light.*

Ruthie *The white love that flickers like an eternal flame.*

Simon and Daphne *The eternal flame that shines a light.*

Ruthie *A white light that smiles from above.*

Simon *From a circling sun.*

Daphne *A circling sun, a star that will never die, who kisses a fleeting night.*

Simon *A fleeting night surrounding infatuated stars, kisses his loved one in burning lips.*

Simon, Daphne and Ruthie *As you opened our hearts, open his, to the light, the shimmering heavenly light. To the light.*

Amos still looks at his brother.

Amos Joshi? Joshi? Joshua?

Lights out.

The End

