

A Last Night in Rome

A romantic drama based on true love

By Nimrod Danishman, 2021

Translation from Hebrew: Adi Drori

I keep writing about breaking up.

Well, that's how I keep from thinking about it.

Rome, 2017

On the last night of his family vacation in Italy, Yotam, an Israeli screenwriting student, meets Tony, a starry eyed Italian painter. Their night together wandering through Rome's magical alleyways blossoms into a long distance relationship. As their relationship deepens, the distance between Rome and Tel Aviv begins to take its toll, and they are forced to decide: is love enough?

Yotam: [27] A film student, lives in Tel Aviv, Israel.

Antonio: [32] A painter, lives in Rome, Italy.

This play premiered in September 2021 at Ha'Meshulash Theater, Tel Aviv's LGBTQ theater, directed by the playwright.

Original Cast and Creators:

Yotam: Ariel Kurt

Antonio: Harel Lissman

Stage and Costume Design: Shiran Levy

Original Music: Boaz Krauser

Lighting: Rotem Elroy

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First Act

Scene 1

Yotam: I searched for you all over Italy for three weeks. In the beautiful streets of Florence, between Cafe Michael and the Great Cathedral. I looked for you in the villa we rented for eight days in a village I could never recall the name of. The one with the pine nut cake. I told you about it, remember? I tried to find you on the fast trains, which made me believe then that Italy is the best country in the world. But you waited for the very last moment.

[Tony [Antonio] enters the stage and looks at Yotam]

Yotam: On my last night in Rome, after twenty one days of an especially Intense vacation with my mother, you popped up on my Grindr, the hottest guy in the two kilometer radius of our Airbnb. By far.

[Tony laughs, goes to Yotam, starts kissing him]

Antonio: You can talk, huh?

[They kiss passionately. When Tony moves to kiss Yotam's neck, he says:]

Yotam: I didn't believe we'd meet. The conversation was really stunted because my mother and I went for a goodbye stroll around the city. We thought that in comparison to Florence, or that village, come on, what is it called? [Looks at Antonio in question, but Tony gestures that he doesn't know. He goes back to kissing his neck.] Nevermind, we thought Rome was the least fun of all the places we'd been, but my mom wanted to buy gifts for all of her brothers and sisters. She has eight. She deliberated for hours between scarves from some crook on the street until she chose all of the headscarves she wanted to gift. "This way no one will be offended", she said.

[They start kissing again. The music swells. A horny steaminess fills the air. They take off one another's shirts. Everything is very very fast and slightly violent. A one night stand.]

Yotam: Shh! She's sleeping in the next room.

Antonio: She's here?!

Yotam: Well, where else would she be?

Antonio: You're insane...

Yotam: Be quiet!

[They begin kissing again. Tony turns his back to Yotam and presses up against him. They rub against one another. Yotam reaches for Tony's bottom.)

Antonio: Do you have a condom?

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Really?

Yotam: I'm on PrEP.

Antonio: I'd rather use a condom.

Yotam: I don't have one.

Antonio: Shit.

Yotam: Nevermind...

[A pause. Tony thinks for a moment.]

Antonio: Let's go get some.

Yotam: Now?

Antonio: Yeah, let's go.

Yotam: [Coyly] No...

[Tony gets dressed.]

Antonio: Then I'll go.

Yotam: Wait!

[They get dressed and ready to head out. As they do, Yotam speaks to the audience:]

Yotam: I know it sounds like the douchiest move ever, but I hate the whole condom thing. I know, it's wrong, but stopping in the middle of sex, putting it on, lubing, it takes me out of things and instantly makes me nervous that I won't be able to do it. And then I really can't do it.

Antonio: Can you smell that?

Yotam: We're outside. Yes, what is that?

Antonio: Jasmine.

Yotam: Smells good.

Antonio: The nights have become bearable. The city knew you were coming. Come on, let's walk around for a bit.

Yotam: Where?

Antonio: Come.

Yotam: Wait, you didn't even tell me your name.

Antonio: Antonio, e tu?

Yotam: Yotam.

Antonio: Yotam. Come.

Scene 2

Yotam: I leave for the airport in eight hours, but now you take me by the hand to one of Rome's most beautiful neighborhoods. We cross allies climbing towards one of the city's hills, stop at a small grocery store and buy five Euro wine.

Antonio: This is good wine!

Yotam: You take me to a beautiful piazza. Piazza di San Cosimato? [Half asking if he's pronouncing the name correctly. Tony approves. Maybe even: "Brava!"] There's an outdoor showing of a film at the Rome Film Festival. We sit on a low brick wall, far from the audience, drink some wine and make this night ours.

Antonio: So in fact Jesus is sort of an incarnation of Dionisus.

Yotam: Wow.

Antonio: Yeah.

Yotam: You gave me a long and impassioned speech about why this was true -

Antonio: But you don't care about that.

Yotam: No! I do, really. That's honestly fascinating.

Antonio: You're fascinated by Christianity?

Yotam: I went to the Church of the Resurrection once.

Antonio: In Jerusalem?

Yotam: Yeah.

Antonio: My mom flew there last year. Paganism.

Yotam: What?

Antonio: It's idol worship. People from all over the world fly to Jerusalem to kiss the stone someone decided Jesus sat on before he was crucified. How is that different from believing in statues?

Yotam: Does it bother you that people believe in statues?

Antonio: No.

Yotam: What do you believe in?

Antonio: I don't believe in anything.

Yotam: What did you believe in when you were born?

Antonio: What does a baby who was just born believe? That his mother will protect him.

Yotam: Are you Christian?

Antonio: I grew up in a Catholic family, yes. And you...?

Yotam: I'm Jewish, yeah.

[A pause]

Yotam: Do you have any brothers? Sisters?

Antonio: Three. I grew up with my sister. I have two more siblings on my dad's side, but they're not from the same mother.

Yotam: Are you friends?

Antonio: We speak occasionally.

Yotam: You don't see them?

Antonio: We see each other very little, it's difficult. They're scattered all over Europe. My sister lives in Germany with her husband. My brother Luka lives in Spain and Michael lives in Amsterdam.

Yotam: And your parents?

Antonio: My mother lives in a village five hours by car from Rome, and my father...is my father.

Yotam: What happened?

Antonio: Let's not go there now.

Yotam: I don't have a father, but it was never a big deal for me. They didn't get married, you see? So I never met him. Whenever I tell people about it they feel sorry for me, but for me he's just nonexistent so I have no way of imagining life being any different. I guess it's harder for someone who had a father who left one day.

Antonio: Yeah.

Yotam: It must be weird having your family scattered all over the world like that.

Antonio: It's okay.

Yotam: Do you sometimes miss your home?

Antonio: The whole world is my home.

Yotam: Nice.

Antonio: I used to have a close relationship with my siblings, mainly my sister, but since they had kids the conversations with them can get pretty boring.

Yotam: You don't want kids?

Antonio: I don't know.

Yotam: I think I'd be a good dad.

Antonio: How can you know?

Yotam: Gut feeling.

Antonio: Okay.

Yotam: I want a family with two kids. And a dog.

Antonio: Why not more?

Yotam: I can do more as long as they all fit in one car.

Antonio: Kids come after a partner. You need to choose the person you want to live with first.

Yotam: So you don't see yourself as a dad?

Antonio: I don't think about it.

Yotam: Why did you move to Rome?

Antonio: Because of love.

Yotam: Because of love...

Antonio: Are you making fun of me, kid?

Yotam: No.

Antonio: When do you finish your studies?

Yotam: In a year and a half.

Antonio: Good.

Yotam: Today I know why you asked that. But then I didn't notice the Intention behind your eyes. You were always like a cat. What do you do for a living?

Antonio: Are you always this formal?

Yotam: That's formal?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: Okay, so what's your job?

Antonio: I'm a painter.

Yotam: Wow, really?

Antonio: Yeah.

Yotam: And you manage to live off of it?

Antonio: I sell my paintings, yes. It's not enough for a villa in this neighborhood, no, but I have a small apartment not far from here.

Yotam: Where?

Antonio: [Pointing in a general direction] There. Pigneto. See the pines there? Pino means pine in Italian. The neighborhood is named that because of the pines.

Yotam: I love pines.

Antonio: Want to come with me?

Yotam: No, no. I can't. We've gone far enough as it is and I have to get up for my flight soon. I think I should head back.

Antonio: Okay.

Scene 3

Yotam: Later you told me that when I asked to go back, my face looked like I ate a whole lemon, with the peel. I learned with you just how expressive my face is. I make faces. I can't hide my emotions. I wish you'd move a muscle in your impenetrable face.

[Tony shrugs.]

Yotam: The walk back from the Piazza to the apartment was heavy and awkward. We both buried our gaze in the ground and said nothing.

[They reach the entryway to the building.]

Yotam: So...You stood there smiling. What? Do you want to come up?

[Tony smiles.]

Yotam: I don't know. It's morning already...my mom will be up soon.

[Tony kisses Yotam.]

Yotam: Okay. But we'll have to be quiet. Shh! Quiet!

[They enter the building.]

Scene 4

Yotam: Landing back home was like waking up from a dream. A dream I never knew I had: me and you, a strange Italian man, an artist, a painter, roaming the streets of Rome with a bottle of wine, talking about art, Dionysus, Jesus. Who knew that all this time I had dreamed of living in a Pasolini film? But the days passed, and the autumn air that opened up to us that night finally reached Israel, and with it school and work began again... You know, routine. And this unremarkable routine began chipping away at that memory, which was so far-fetched that I suddenly couldn't be sure if it actually happened or if it was just a dream. I'm in an academic writing lesson. God knows why screenwriters would need to know academic writing, but it's a mandatory course, and I'm here, and I'm bored, and suddenly-

Antonio: Why do Orthodox Jews wear Borsalino?

Yotam: That was the first message you sent me on Facebook.

Antonio: I don't get it, it says here that they live in poverty out of choice. So why would they buy such an expensive hat?

Yotam: Maybe they want to be fashionable?

Antonio: Borsalino was very fashionable at the start of the previous century.

Yotam: Then it makes total sense.

Antonio: Why?

Yotam: Someone once told me that the way they dress was the height of fashion in Poland a century or two ago.

Antonio: Oh. Okay.

Scene 5

Yotam: A few days later, a new message:

Antonio: What does the word “Yallah” mean?

Yotam: It’s a word in Arabic, not Hebrew.

Antonio: Oh. So what does it mean?

Yotam: In Arabic it means something like “Oh My God”.

Antonio: And it’s the same in Hebrew?

Yotam: In Hebrew it can mean a lot of things. You can say “Yallah” like “Oh my God”, but you can also say it like “Come on” or “Hurry up”. Where'd you hear Yallah?

Antonio: I keep hearing it in Youtube videos about Israel.

Yotam: You watch videos about Israel?

Antonio: Today I watched a documentary about the War of 1948.

Yotam: Oh.

Antonio: It’s fascinating. Did you know the Palestinians call this war a Holocaust?

Yotam: Yes.

Antonio: I think the word they use is Nacba? Which means Holocaust doesn’t it? Like your Holocaust.

Scene 6

Yotam: Your questions about Israel began piling up, and with them our texting sessions, which became longer and more frequent, grew and swelled and became long, extensive conversations. We got up in the morning together and went to bed together at night. I told everyone about you. Ido and Naomi and Yael. They called you “The Italian Lover”.

Antonio: I didn’t tell anyone about you.

Yotam: Why?

Antonio: I wanted you all to myself.

Yotam: Like sunflowers tracking the sun, my attention focused itself further and further on you until I made a decision in the Spring: I want to come see you.

Antonio: When?

Yotam: I’m looking at flights right now.

Antonio: Oh.

Yotam: It’s so expensive!

Antonio: Yeah...

Yotam: I see one that might work. Sunday night to Wednesday night two weeks from now. I’ll get to you completely exhausted, but it’s only two hundred and fifty Euros. Not that bad.

Antonio: No.

Yotam: Right? I’ve been wanting to do this for a couple of weeks but I didn’t know if you would think it’s too much. Is it too much?

Antonio: No.

Yotam: Ido really pushed me to go through with it. I decided to not buy anything in the cafeteria this month and then it would make up for the cost. Okay. So I'm buying it?

Antonio: Wait, are you sure?

Yotam: You don't want me to come?

Antonio: I'm afraid that we're putting ourselves in a situation that we're not going to know how to handle.

Yotam: We do what we want until we don't want to anymore.

[A pause.]

Antonio: Do you ever regret coming?

Yotam: Never. Do you?

Scene 7

Yotam: It's five in the morning and I'm boarding a plane from Tel Aviv to Rome. From the stairs I can see the pilot peeking from the cockpit window. I think he might be Spanish. I'll send you a picture. Cute, isn't he?

Antonio: Dear diary, tonight I couldn't fall asleep because Yotami is coming to see me almost a year after we met. Instead of sharing in my excitement he sends me a picture of the pilot. Should I tell him now that he's a son of a bitch or should I wait till he lands?

Yotam: Are you jealous or what?

Antonio: Are you rude or what?

Yotam: I sent you that cat GIF we like and you calmed down. The plane lands smoothly, and Rome is beautiful in the early morning light. I take the Leonardo Express to Termini station and from there the 5 bus to you. I've been standing outside your apartment for half an hour and I can't bring myself to go up. Antonio: I didn't know that. Why didn't you come up?

Yotam: My heart is pounding, my whole body's freezing. I feel like I'm going to be sick. Why do these events always come at the end of a sleepless night? I sit down on a broken bench below your house. I recognize your window from the pictures. Your laundry is hanging there. In three days Rosa will wake us up pounding on the door for you to take it down.

Antonio: Rovina l'edificio!

Yotam: I write to Naomi. She convinces me to go up. I take a nervous breath and write to you: I'm here.

Antonio: At the door?

Yotam: Yes.

Antonio: I'll open it.

[The intercom buzzes and Yotam opens the door.]

Antonio: Second floor. The door's open.

Yotam: I'm coming up.

[Yotam and Tony meet at the door.]

Antonio: Yotami.

Yotam: Tony.

[Tony pulls Yotam into the room and holds him in a long, tight embrace. Yotam will remember Antonio's scent for a very long time.]

Antonio: How was your flight?

Yotam: Okay.

Antonio: Come to me.

[They embrace again. Part. Give one another a light kiss. Caress one another's face.]

Antonio: Not the hair.

Yotam: Okay.

Antonio: Are you okay?

Yotam: Yes. [A pause.] Are you okay?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: We didn't know what to say. We didn't know what to do. Our first meeting was so easy, but this time there was anticipation. And if there's anticipation there can be disappointment. And is there's disappointment –

Antonio: Do you like the apartment?

Yotam: Very much.

Antonio: It's a bit small, and it's also my studio, but I make do.

Yotam: I think it's great.

Antonio: It's our home now.

[Tony gets the apartment ready for the evening. Turns off the lights, lights candles, comes out of the shower ready for bed. Yotam changes into his pajamas.]

Yotam: You took me on a bike tour of Rome. You have two pairs: a regular bicycle and a foldable one.

Antonio: For train rides.

Yotam: They're both not the strongest and Rome isn't for bicycles. It's paved with those cobblestones you love so much that make the bicycle vibrate. You took us far... We climbed every hill we saw. We didn't stay still for one minute. We saw everything: the Colosseum, St. Patrick's Church, the Tiber and the Tiber's island. The Tiber is Rome's river. I watched you, always from behind, and saw a madman pedaling and pedaling as if the end of the world is nearing. I've lost my own mind. I pedaled after you wherever you were taking me- as long as you were taking me. We're at home. You dim the lights, light some candles and incense. I understand.

Antonio: Do you want to touch it?

Yotam: What?

Antonio: The painting. Do you want to touch it?

Yotam: Oh.

Antonio: You can't touch paintings at the museum. But here you can.

Yotam: Nice.

[Tony takes Yotam's hand and guides it in stroking a painting hanging on the wall.]

Antonio: There. Now you know what a painting feels like.

Yotam: It's rough.

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: Is it oil paint?

Antonio: Of course. That's why you can feel the brushstrokes.

Yotam: It's beautiful.

Antonio: Thank you.

[Yotam moves on to another painting.]

Yotam: Can I?

Antonio: You can touch whatever's hanging. The rest aren't ready so the paint is still wet.

[Yotam examines the paintings and bumps into a painting laid on the floor. This painting is different from the rest: it's monochromatic, in brown hues. Unlike the detailed paintings on the wall, this painting was painted in light, swift strokes.]

Yotam: What's this?

Antonio: Nothing. Just something I'm working on.

Yotam: I like it.

Antonio: It's not finished yet.

Yotam: What are you calling it? Please don't say "Untitled".

Antonio: No, I haven't named it yet.

[The painting shows two men, one of them topless. The other is taking off his shirt. They are entwined with one another, house plants crowd the background.]

Yotam: There's a song that goes: "I'll nestle all your curves".

[Tony clings to Yotam's back. He hugs him and kisses his neck in small pecks.]

Antonio: Sing it to me.

Yotam: Now?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: *"I'll nestle all your curves
This is so embarrassing!
I'm water flowing to you
I'm a bird in its song
And without you I am gone
I am the bridge to all your words
A falling star in your nights
In me is a path for your being
I'm sinking deeper in your image"*
That should be the name of this painting.

Antonio: What?

Yotam: Curves.

Antonio: Curve. Do you like it?

Yotam: Very much.

Antonio: Once I finish it, it's yours.

[They kiss and undress, they're in their underwear. Yotam stops the kiss]

Yotam: Let's go to bed.

Antonio: Okay.

Scene 8

Yotam: When I woke up you weren't in bed.

Antonio: Did you sleep well?

Yotam: No. Did you?

Antonio: No.

[A pause]

Yotam: I'm sorry.

Antonio: About what?

[A pause]

Antonio: Come on, get dressed. We need to head out.

Yotam: We went to Sprelunga, a small village on the sea midway between Rome and Napoli. It's your favorite place in the world. You told me they have special croissants filled with butter and jam that you only allow yourself to eat there.

Antonio: You're going to love them.

Yotam: I did love them. On the train you sat on the bench across from me and didn't say a word. Most of the words we said that day were functional: come, this way, the bus leaves from here, there's the beach. We laid the towels we brought, arranged our belongings and lay down. I read Grossman's latest, but the words kept jumbling in my head and all I could think of was that I'd made a mistake and I never should have come here. I looked at you. You had your eyes closed under your sunglasses, slowly stewing in the sun. I thought about whether I should touch you, caress you, but I was scared.

Antonio: My ex didn't like having sex with me. We were together for a year and a half and we probably slept together twice. It was humiliating and embarrassing. I thought I must be the ugliest creature that was ever born. Last night I felt like I did when I was with him.

Yotam: I'm sorry...

Antonio: I don't deserve that, Yotam.

Yotam: No.

[A pause.]

Yotam: I'm attracted to you. It's just a little bit complicated? For me, at least.

Antonio: It doesn't have to be complicated.

[A pause. Tony gets up, shakes himself off, stretches a bit. Yotam sits up, alert.]

Antonio: Come on, let's get in the water.

Scene 9

Yotam: That night you didn't light incense and you didn't dim the lights. We were exhausted, but the closer we got to the bed, the more flushed with adrenaline I became. I thought: if we don't have sex tonight, it's over.

Antonio: Good night.

Yotam: You switched off the light and turned your back to me.

[Silence. Yotam takes off his underwear and masturbates. He strains to think about anything that could possibly turn him on. For a minute it seems like it's working, and he's enjoying it. At a certain point it becomes aggressive and he stops. He looks at Tony again, who has not moved throughout all of this.]

Yotam: Dammit.

[He pulls up the covers and goes to sleep.]

Scene 10

[Yotam is in bed, holding the position we saw him in last. Tony gets up.]

Antonio: When I woke up on your third morning here, I decided to let you sleep. I went down to the supermarket to buy groceries and I cooked us pasta in a nut and pepper sauce. When you woke up you decided to start fixing all sorts of little things in my room: you leveled the shelves, filled holes in the wall and replaced the hinges of my closet. We ate the pasta in bed and put the dishes aside. We covered ourselves with my blanket without realizing that the pasta sauce was dripping on the painting I had been working on that week.

Yotam: Oh no...

Antonio: It's not that bad, the color actually fit in nicely but the smell is still there. We stayed in our bubble all day, we might have fallen asleep a few times. I can't recall. We talked about art. We looked at artists I like on Instagram, and we searched Israeli painters, because you didn't know any. That night you kissed me.

Yotam: It was now or never.

Antonio: That kiss turned into the most sensual sex we'd ever had.

Yotam: I looked in your eyes and felt my heart screaming from inside "I love you".

Antonio: But you didn't say it.

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Good thing you didn't.

Yotam: Do you think it would have all ended there if we hadn't slept together?

Antonio: I don't know.

[A pause.]

Antonio: What happened then?

Yotam: On the last day we went to Rome's beach.

Scene 11

Yotam: By the way, Rome's beach isn't in Rome. Rome doesn't even have a beach. Rome's beach is a light train, a different train and a bus away from Rome.

Antonio: It's nice.

Yotam: Yeah. I look at you lying on your back, drops of salt water dripping and gathering in your belly button. Then I thought about my fear of getting hurt. Today I think about how surprisingly easy it is to hurt you. Tony?

Antonio: Mm?

Yotam: What are we?

Antonio: What do you mean?

Yotam: We've known one another for almost a year.

Antonio: But we don't really know one another, do we?

[A pause.]

Yotam: Every time I tell anyone about you I preface with a very long explanation trying to explain who you are to me.

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: I wish it was simple.

Antonio: Then make it simple.

Yotam: Can I say you're my boyfriend?

Antonio: Do you feel like I'm your boyfriend?

Yotam: I feel a lot of things. [A pause.] What do you feel?

Antonio: I feel like I want to get to know you better.

Yotam: I can live with that. I asked you not to come to the airport with me. We said goodbye at midnight at the train station. I saved the tears for later. Wow, how I cried. I cried on the train to the airport, I cried in the airport, I cried on the plane, I cried when it landed, I cried on the train back to Tel Aviv. I landed at six in the morning and by nine a.m. I was already in class. I also cried in that class, and in the next class and only when I finally got to my apartment, completely exhausted and sore, did I manage to calm down. How do you get used to that?

Antonio: I think you never did.

Yotam: Every parting from you, even though I know it's temporary, is a separation. It's a relationship that is based on the sum of its goodbyes.

End of Act One

*

Call already

Call

Call

Call me

Call already

I'm waiting

Call

Call me

Damn you

Don't put me

on hold

Call already

I'm waiting

It's late

I want to go to bed

Call already

It's not fair

That I'm still up

For you

Call already

How easily

You can

Settle me

Call

Come on

I'm waiting

Call already

Call

Call me

Call

Act Two

Scene 12

Yotam: I had a talk with the director of my department.

Antonio: I'm on lunch break.

Yotam: At the chocolate store?

Antonio: No, at the Royal Opera, where could I be?

Yotam: [Mimicking him] No, at the Royal Opera... Tony has been working there for a couple of months now.

Antonio: Something has to fund all those flights to Israel. What did you do?

Yotam: Nothing.

Antonio: Why did he summon you for a talk?

Yotam: I asked for one.

Antonio: And he agreed to see you? Just like that?

Yotam: Yeah.

Antonio: What did you want from him?

Yotam: I told him about you.

Antonio: What?

Yotam: Yeah...

Antonio: That happens in Israel?

Yotam: What happens?

Antonio: That you just tell the director of your department at university about your boyfriend?

Yotam: I don't know... we have a good relationship.

Antonio: Wow, I would never think of telling my director something like that. We don't do stuff like that here.

Yotam: Why?

Antonio: I don't know, it's inappropriate. What do I have to say to him?

Yotam: Okay, well I didn't just tell him about you for no reason, it has to do with school.

Antonio: What did you say?

Yotam: We've been together for a year and a half.

Antonio: It depends on when you count from.

Yotam: From the beginning. I told him that I have a partner in Italy, that he's a painter, and I showed him some of your paintings.

Antonio: You what?

Yotam: He thinks you're a very talented painter.

Antonio: Okay.

Yotam: Isn't that flattering?

Antonio: Uhm, yes, very.

Yotam: Relax, I only told him about you because I said I wasn't sure I was going to finish this year.

Antonio: What?

Yotam: Yeah.

Antonio: Why?

Yotam: Because it's really hard for me, Tony. It really is. All of these flights back and forth, I've been missing a lot of lessons, it's become noticeable.

Antonio: And what did he say?

Yotam: That it's wonderful that I'm in love.

[Silence.]

Yotam: Are you there?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: That's it, so I told him that my heart's in Rome and that I don't want to lose you. So he said it's my decision and that I should do what I see fit, but that he thinks it would be a mistake to drop out of school.

Antonio: You told him you're in love?

Yotam: Is that what I said?

Antonio: You said he said it's wonderful that you're in love.

Yotam: Oh.

Antonio: Are you in love?

Yotam: Yeah. I think so, aren't I?

Antonio: I don't know, you tell me.

Yotam: Does that make you nervous?

Antonio: You never told me that.

Yotam: Isn't it clear? It's clear to me.

Antonio: I'm... happy to hear it.

Yotam: "I'm happy to hear it".

Antonio: Hey.

Yotam: What?

Antonio: Did I upset you?

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Okay.

Yotam: Okay.

[Silence.]

Yotam: Listen, it's getting late and I have to get up for my flight soon. I'll text you when we take off.

Scene 13

Antonio: I can't believe you said it like that and just went to sleep. How could you do that? "In love". You're... in love? With me?

Yotam: I can't believe you didn't say it back to me.

Antonio: It took me by surprise.

Yotam: What's so surprising? We've been together for a year and a half.

Antonio: Depends how you count.

Yotam: From the beginning.

Antonio: We never announced it, it was never official.

Yotam: All this time you didn't feel we're... a couple?

Antonio: Yes, but - you know. In love is a big word. I- I-

Yotam: Have you been sleeping with other people?

Antonio: Do you really want to talk about this now?

Yotam: I don't know.

Antonio: I don't think we should.

Yotam: So you have.

Antonio: Why do you want to know?

Yotam: Because I want to know if we're together or not.

Antonio: Clearly we're together, it has nothing to do with whether we sleep with other people or not.

Yotam: It has everything to do with it. Why wouldn't it?

Antonio: Because monogomy, Yotami, hey. Monogamy is a set of rules between two people. It has nothing to do with love.

Yotam: I know that when two people love one another they promise themselves to each other.

Antonio: That's a bit childish, isn't it?

Yotam: Okay, so now I'm childish.

Antonio: That's not what I said.

Yotam: No, you just said my love means nothing.

Antonio: No, that's not what I'm saying, I'm only saying that we live in different countries, and we don't see one another for long periods of time, so it only makes sense that we're not monogamous.

Yotam: Okay.

Antonio: You want to tell me that you haven't slept with anyone else?

Yotam: I have no interest in sleeping with anyone who isn't you.

Antonio: Did you delete Grindr?

Yotam: Why do you ask?

Antonio: You didn't.

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Why?

Yotam: Just because, because sometimes I'm bored and I go in there. But I'm not looking for sex.

Antonio: Then what are you looking for? A relationship?

Yotam: Oh, come on.

Antonio: What, you're the only one who's allowed to ask these questions?

Yotam: No, but -

Antonio: So you don't want me to have sex with anyone but you didn't delete Grindr.

Yotam: You didn't delete it either!

Antonio: I did.

Yotam: What, so how do you -

Antonio: I don't.

Yotam: You don't?

Antonio: I haven't slept with anyone else since that summer.

Yotam: Oh.

Antonio: Oh.

Yotam: So why are we having this entire conversation?

Antonio: I don't know, you started it.

Yotam: I hate this.

Antonio: I don't want you to feel limited because you're with me- you have to be free. I trust you.

Yotam: How can you trust me like that if you don't-

Antonio: I do.

Yotam: You do?

Antonio: Yes. With all of my little heart.

Yotam: You couldn't just say it?

Antonio: You know me, don't you, Cucciolino

[Yotam is frozen. He stands in front of Tony and smiles. His heart is pounding. He swallows nervously. It's been so long since he heard Tony call him that. Tony holds his hands, caressing them. He takes him into a hug. Breathes him in deeply. Yotam holds him in a long embrace.]

Scene 14

Yotam: Who's Raphael?

Antonio: Who?

Yotam: It's winter. We're sitting in a small restaurant in a beautiful town with this Italian name that I can't recall and we're eating pasta carbonara. Your friend, Raphael. He keeps commenting on all your Facebook posts.

Antonio: Raphael? Oh, Raphaelo!

Yotam: Who is he?

Antonio: A friend.

Yotam: Were you together?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: Oh.

Antonio: Do you like the pasta?

Yotam: Yes. When did you break up?

Antonio: Two years ago.

Yotam: And you're still friends?

Antonio: Raphaelo? He's a good friend.

Yotam: That isn't weird to you?

Antonio: What?

Yotam: Being close friends with your ex.

Antonio: No.

Yotam: I'm not in touch with any of my exes.

Antonio: Why?

Yotam: I don't know, so it won't hurt.

Antonio: Do you still feel anything towards them?

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Then why would it hurt?

Yotam: Are you in touch with any of your other exes?

Antonio: All of them.

Yotam: Oh.

Antonio: Except for one.

Yotam: Which one?

Antonio: I told you about him. My crazy ex.

Yotam: You didn't say anything about him except that he's your crazy ex.

Antonio: What's there to say?

Yotam: What's his name?

Antonio: I don't want to say.

Yotam: Why is he crazy?

Antonio: It's not a pleasant story.

Yotam: Ok. When you feel comfortable telling me, I'd love to hear it.

Antonio: That's not what you said.

Yotam: Of course it is.

Antonio: Not at all.

Yotam: Then what did I say?

Antonio: Well tell it already!

Yotam: No way.

Antonio: Then why did I tell?

Yotam: Because you felt comfortable?

Antonio: Because you pushed.

Yotam: I'm sorry. You don't have to right now if you don't feel -

Antonio: I'm not embarrassed to.

Yotam: Okay.

Antonio: He was a journalist. He made documentaries about war zones. I really admired him. I messaged him on Facebook, super awkward. I wrote to him: You probably get this a lot, but I'm a big fan of your work.

Yotam: What did he write back?

Antonio: Actually not many people reach out to me, so thank you.

Yotam: You met.

Antonio: Yes. He was amazing. Tall, good looking, an impressive man. We had fascinating conversations. I thought he was divine. He had a gorgeous house in the city center in Rome - and after a couple of months together I moved in with him.

Yotam: To Rome?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: Because of love...

Antonio: Yes. At first it was nice. We lived in the center of town in a beautiful neighborhood, and we'd host dinner parties at our house for his friends, journalists, writers, artists. He introduced me to Marco, my curator. Remember him? But then he was fired and he began wasting away. He didn't get out of bed, did a ton of drugs. It was terrible. And then he went to Milan for some conference exactly on my birthday. I had a small party with some close friends at our house. He called me and heard the party in the background and went crazy. You're trashing my house! You can't be trusted. That kind of stuff. It broke me. My friend Martha called and said that he's just anxious and irritable and he didn't mean it. And that he'd call back soon and apologize. And he did call.

Yotam: Did he apologize?

Antonio: He didn't say anything. All I heard was moaning and heavy breathing. You see? He went to fuck some guy and called me so I could hear.

Yotam: Motherfucker.

Antonio: When he came back we had a horrible fight. He's actually the only person I ever had a fistfight with.

Yotam: You hit him?

Antonio: He hit me. It turned out that he was very jealous. When he called he heard one of the guys at the party and convinced himself that I was cheating on him. He broke everything in the house and then punched me in the face.

Yotam: What did you do?

Antonio: I ran to Martha's, and a few days later he called. He was crying on the phone, said he was sorry and I had to forgive him. Saying he can't lose me.

Yotam: Don't tell me you went back.

Antonio: I did.

Yotam: And what happened?

Antonio: We got back together. He replaced all of the furniture he had broken, and we had some good days, but his jealousy was becoming really unbearable. He wouldn't let me out of the house alone. Wanted to keep me from other people. Couldn't see me with my male friends. And one night when he almost hit me again I ran away, this time for good.

Yotam: I'm sorry.

Antonio: Don't be sorry, that's life. The pain got better with time and I'm not even mad at him anymore. In the end you're left alone with yourself and you can't help but think: How did I get here? How did I end up in this situation?

[Tony looks down at his plate. Plays with the food that's left in it.]

Yotam: You are loved. Do you know that?

[Tony looks up at Yotam. He gives him a small smile. His eyes glimmer. He looks back down at his plate. Yotam keeps looking at Tony and lowers his gaze as well.]

Antonio: Why did you want me to tell you that?

Yotam: I wanted to know that you're human.

Antonio: Of course I'm human.

Yotam: Back then I thought... how did you say it? I thought you were divine. You fell into my life out of nowhere, a gorgeous painter from Rome, and I couldn't understand what you wanted from me. I knew you gave me wings, that was when I realized that I gave you a home.

Scene 15

Yotam: We're at Fiumicino airport. Tony?

Antonio: Mm?

Yotam: Ino means small in Italian, right?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: So what does Fiumicino mean?

Antonio: Small river.

Yotam: Why is Rome's airport called Small River?

Antonio: Because it's on the banks of a small river.

Yotam: Oh. What's the river called?

Antonio: Fiumicino.

Yotam: But what is its name?

Antonio: That's its name.

Yotam: Small river?

Antonio: Yes.

[A call for passengers to Tel Aviv sounds]

Antonio: So.

Yotam: So.

[They hug hurriedly.]

Antonio: Have a good flight, no turbulence.

Yotam: Hopefully.

Antonio: Text me when you land?

Yotam: Yes.

[They part, Yotam enters the airport, but on second thought turns back]

Yotam: I don't want to go.

Antonio: But you have to go.

Yotam: No, I'm not going.

Antonio: What do you mean you're not going?

Yotam: I'm staying.

Antonio: Your flight is taking off in a minute.

Yotam: I don't care, I'm staying. We'll find a new flight. Or not, I don't care. I can't go.

Antonio: Then what do you want to do?

Yotam: I want to move in. With you.

Antonio: But you haven't finished school yet.

Yotam: Fuck school. I don't care. I can't keep saying goodbye to you anymore.

Antonio: Cocciolino, do you want to hear what you want to hear or what I need to say?

Yotam: Depends.

Antonio: On what?

Yotam: Is what you need to say what I want to hear?

Antonio: No.

Yotam: Then no.

Antonio: Coccio, you're going to go back home, and back to school, and finish, and when you finish school we'll make it work. I promise.

Yotam: How are we going to make it work? I don't even have a visa. I can only be here for three months.

Antonio: We'll get you a visa.

Yotam: How?

Antonio: We'll get married.

Yotam: We... what?

Antonio: Don't panic. I've been thinking about this for a while, when I come see you in Israel I feel like I'm on vacation. It's a weird feeling, like I'm not part of your life. And you, here, are only a guest. I want more than that. I want us to be able to decide for ourselves how much time we get together. And if you want to move here, to Europe, then it only makes sense. It's the most reasonable thing to do.

Yotam: Can we get married here?

Antonio: Yes.

Yotam: How?

Antonio: You send some documents to city hall and get married.

Yotam: What documents?

Antonio: I have it written down somewhere.

Yotam: You already looked into it?

Antonio: Yotam, I want to live my life with you, and if that means we need to get married, then I want to marry you.

Yotam: So are you proposing to me?

Antonio: You don't want to?

Yotam: No, I mean. I do! Of course I want to. Yes. I just thought the moment we decided to do it would be a bit more romantic.

Antonio: Oh, sorry. I forgot you're a Disney princess.

Yotam: Asshole.

Antonio: You know what? Hang on a minute.

[Antonio takes the gold earring from his ear and gently places it on Yotam's finger.]

Antonio: That's it.

Yotam: You're supposed to kneel down on one knee and ask me if I want to.

Antonio: But you already said I do!

Yotam: Okay, okay. We'll get married. [The realization hits him.] We're getting married! Oh my god, we're going to get married! We're getting married!

Antonio: Only if you get on that plane back to Israel and finish school. Can you do that?

Yotam: Yes I can.

Antonio: Good.

End of Act Two

*

An eternity of minutes

since we last spoke.

I've been drinking.

My body is full of liquid and my heart is drowning.

Third Act

Scene 16

Antonio: Six months flew by, but we stayed on the ground. We decided to stretch out the time between our visits, to give us time to get our lives sorted. You, finishing school, doing your final project, and me, painting. You're here now, at my place, after a very long absence. You haven't been here. I haven't been there. You're lying on my bed, staring at the ceiling. What are you thinking about? I sit down with my sketchbook and draw you. Are you even here?

Yotam: Yes.

Antonio: You're distant.

Yotam: I'm here.

Antonio: Do you want to go to sleep?

Yotam: Not yet

Antonio: I'm trying to talk to you about my exhibition. I want you to tell me what you think about the theme I've chosen. I have some sketches I'm not sure about -

Yotam: Let's go out.

Antonio: Okay. I hate that you're weird. We walk through dark Pigneto, avoiding the main street. I don't feel like seeing anyone right now. Come this way, that's the park over there. Do you want to?

Yotam: Okay.

Antonio: Okay. Do you know that the buses are exploding in the streets? Yeah. The company that operates them is completely corrupt, rigging bids with City Hall. They don't do proper upkeep on their buses, so the engines are really old and they just spontaneously

combust in the middle of driving. This happened to three buses already. Yotam. What's going on?

Yotam: I was hired to write a screenplay for a series, for a really big production company in Israel, and it's probably going to happen next year. They're also giving me an editor and paying for everything. And... Yeah. That's it.

Antonio: Wow, that's amazing.

Yotam: It's a really big opportunity.

Antonio: I knew you'd make it. I knew it. Who was the one who told you to write something of your own?

Yotam: You did.

Antonio: I think I'm due some gratitude.

Yotam: Thank you Tony. Thanks for believing in me.

Antonio: And that's without reading a single word you've written.

Yotam: I'm sorry! I'm translating it, it's just taking me some time.

Antonio: No worries. That's amazing! And it's something you could do from Berlin. Berlin is a new idea of ours. You have Israeli friends there and I'm kind of over Rome by now.

Yotam: I'm not sure I'm going to be able to do it from Berlin.

Antonio: Why? Isn't it just you and your computer?

Yotam: No, there'll probably be a lot of meetings, readings... You see? It's a really big deal.

Antonio: So what are you saying?

Yotam: I'm saying I need to stay in Tel Aviv.

Antonio: For how long?

Yotam: I don't know, it could take like a year.

Antonio: A year.

Yotam: But we can do it, right? We've been doing this for two years already, what's another year?

Antonio: I don't know if I can do another year of this.

Yotam: So what are you saying?

Antonio: I don't know. I'm tired. Let's go back to bed.

Scene 17

Yotam: I opened my eyes to see you lying beside me, your eyes open, looking at me.

Antonio: I couldn't sleep.

Yotam: You shut your eyes the minute you saw mine open.

Antonio: I was too scared to see what was going on inside your head.

Yotam: I've never seen you look more like a cat.

Antonio: I can't cry around people. Not even you.

Yotam: You've never cried around me?

Antonio: Only once. No, twice.

Yotam: That night?

Antonio: No. Once in my bed, not out of sadness, and once in Tel Aviv.

Yotam: Right.

Antonio: I tried to make the night last a little longer. I thought you would wake me with a kiss.

Yotam: I couldn't.

Antonio: I've always loved that about you. You can't lie.

Yotam: Can you?

Antonio: I can lie.

Yotam: That morning, once we both agreed to bring the night to an end, we went down to the cafe below your house. (He laughs.) I just remembered that they once asked me if I wanted a carbonara first thing in the morning.

Antonio: When?

Yotam: When Naomi was here, we ordered a cappuccino at six p.m.

Antonio: Oh no.

Yotam: Yeah.

Antonio: You can't do that.

Yotam: Yeah.

Antonio: Paese che vai, usanze che trovi

Yotam: [Laughs] When in Rome...

Antonio: Exactly.

Yotam: Remember that visit?

Antonio: Why don't you want to tell about what happened that day?

Yotam: What?

Antonio: It's part of our story.

Yotam: I know.

Antonio: Are you embarrassed?

Yotam: Why would I be embarrassed?

Antonio: Then do it. Yallah.

Yotam: Okay, okay I'm doing it. So we were sitting in the cafe, we both had cappuccinos, because it was morning, and we were eating a pistachio cornetto, because Rome, and I looked at you and said -

Antonio: I don't want to move here,

Yotam: Yeah.

Antonio: Or anywhere else in Europe,

Yotam: Right.

Antonio: So I don't know how we can continue to be together.

[Silence.]

Antonio: I really don't need this right now.

Yotam: You're right, it's really pointless right now. We can just -

Antonio: No, that's what I said, then. I said: I don't need this right now, and you said:

Yotam: You don't need this right now? You don't need anything Tony. You don't need this, you don't need us, you don't need me.

Antonio: Is this a break up?

Yotam: It'll be a break up if we make it a break up.

Antonio: Then tell me what you want from me. Can you? Yotam, what do you want from me?

Yotam: I don't want anything.

Antonio: And you stood up and walked away. I hated you. I hated you for what you were doing to me. For the words you were saying to me. I saw you going up to my apartment. Our apartment. I felt like an idiot. I wanted to follow you but I couldn't. I thought I might kill you if I saw you.

Yotam: Are we telling everything?

Antonio: We're telling everything.

Scene 18

[Yotam is in Antonio's apartment. He looks for his bag, finds it, and starts packing his belongings. He searches for his things throughout the apartment: scattered pieces of clothing, a toothbrush, a reusable plastic food box in the sink, he gathers everything and puts it in his backpack. Antonio enters the apartment. He stands at the bedroom door.]

Antonio: I don't understand what you're doing.

[Yotam doesn't respond]

Antonio: [Louder] I don't understand what you're doing.

[Yotam continues to pack. Antonio goes and stops him]

Antonio: Where are you going?

Yotam: Once Tony, can't you see me just this once?

Antonio: I don't see you?

Yotam: No, you don't. I'm trying to jam into my head the idea that I want to leave my home. That I'm looking for a life for us somewhere else. I'm trying to accustom myself to living in Europe. Here. In Berlin. I'm doing all of that for you and you don't see that.

Antonio: I suggested we move to Berlin because I thought it would be easier for you than moving here.

Yotam: I know, but it's not easier.

Antonio: So that was a lie?

Yotam: Of course not!

Antonio: You never even wanted to move.

Yotam: That's not true.

Antonio: I got into this relationship with you because you told me you were going to move to Europe.

Yotam: That's not what I said.

Antonio: You were in the middle of school, and I asked you what you were planning to do once you finished, and you told me you wanted to move to Europe. Yes or no?

Yotam: I said a lot of things.

[Antonio walks back to his work table.]

Yotam: You're not being fair.

Antonio: No, Yotam, you're not being fair. I turned my whole life upside down for you. I got a job at that fucking chocolate shop. I didn't fly to see my family for two years, because any money that came into my account was directly spent on a ticket to see you. Every painting I create makes me anxious. Will I be able to sell it? Won't I? For how much? All to see you. I told Jenny, I said to her after your first visit here that I don't want to fall in love again. That I'm in a good place. That everything is going as I planned. But you turned everything upside down. I had a wonderful life before you came and I sacrificed it all for you

Yotam: A relationship isn't supposed to be a sacrifice.

Antonio: Of course relationships are a sacrifice. You can't just comfortably live your convenient life and expect your partner to just fit into it.

Yotam: That's what you want me to do. You want to continue to comfortably live your convenient life in Rome and I live with you. You want me to cook for you, clean for you, be the partner of the acclaimed artist.

Antonio: I can't believe what you're saying. Listen to yourself!

Yotam: You want me to give up my home, my friends, my family, my language, my career- all to live with you.

Antonio: Who asked you to give all of that up?

Yotam: You said we can't go on another year like this.

Antonio: We both said that.

Yotam: Right, we both said it. Then what does "we can't go on like this" mean?

Antonio: It means we need to make changes together.

Yotam: Then why do I need to give up my entire life to live with you?

Antonio: You just don't want to be with me.

Yotam: That's not what I'm saying.

Antonio: That's exactly what you're saying. You're not willing to give up your life in Israel to be with me. You're choosing, Yotam, and I'm not part of that choice.

Yotam: I'm not making any choice, Tony. I'm saying that I don't want to leave my home. It's not a choice. It's making me crazy that you won't understand that.

Antonio: Then why are you packing that bag? Where exactly are you going?

Yotam: I don't know.

Antonio: Are you going to fly back today? Tomorrow?

[Yotam says nothing.]

Antonio: Did you come here to break up with me?

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Were you waiting for the right moment to say it to me the entire visit?

Yotam: No.

Antonio: Did you know you wanted to break up with me when we went to see Marco up north?

Yotam: No, I didn't come here to break up with you.

Antonio: So when did you realize you wanted to break up?

Yotam: Please stop. Please. I'm begging you. Please listen to me. Listen to me for one second. I didn't come here to break up with you. I didn't think for a moment we should break up. I don't want to break up.

Antonio: Then what is this? What is this? What's going on here? We're yelling at one another in my house, in our house, you're packing up your things, I don't know where you're planning to spend the night, so what is this if not a break up? It's not fair. I hope you realize that what you're doing right now is not fair.

Yotam: Stop. Enough. Here. I'm here. We're here. Enough.

[Yotam holds Tony.]

Antonio: You wanted me to cry. I know. You wanted me to, but I didn't cry.

Yotam: You kissed me.

[Antonio kisses Yotam.]

Yotam: And then you took off your shirt.

[Antonio unbuttons his shirt.]

Yotam: What are you doing?

Antonio: Touch me.

Yotam: I...

Antonio: Touch me. Touch me if you love me. Touch me.

Yotam: I put my hands on your waist.

[Yotam grabs Antonio by his waist.]

Antonio: Not like that, lower.

[Antonio takes Yotam's hands and puts them on his behind.]

Antonio: Kiss me.

Yotam: I kissed you.

Antonio: Now, kiss me now.

[Yotam kisses Antonio, Antonio grabs Yotam's head and kisses him on the neck. He takes off his shirt.]

Yotam: Wait.

[Antonio moves from Yotam's neck to his chest and stomach. He grabs his pants and pulls them down.]

Yotam: Stop.

Antonio: No.

Yotam: Tony, enough. Stop.

Antonio: No.

[Yotam moves away from Antonio and begins to dress.]

Yotam: I don't...sorry.

[Silence.]

Yotam: I need to get out of here.

Antonio: No, don't go. Let's go to bed. We're both very tired, we didn't get any sleep. Come on.

Yotam: I can't.

Antonio: Let's go to bed and talk about it in the morning.

Yotam: No, I need to go home. I'm alone here. I need to be with my friends.

Antonio: You're with me.

Yotam: I can't think like this. I need to go home.

Antonio: It'll be a break up if we make it a break up.

Yotam: Then let's not make it a break up.

Antonio: If you go, you can't come back.

Yotam: What?

Antonio: I'm not going to sit here and wait for you like some idiot. You can't just pack your bag and leave a week early. You just can't. That door will not stay open for you.

Yotam: I can't believe what you're saying.

Antonio: For once in your life bear the consequences of your actions, Yotam.

Yotam: We'll talk after you calm down.

Antonio: Stop trying to shut me up, I'm allowed to be angry! You're tearing everything apart. Do you understand you're destroying everything we've built? If you leave right now there is no turning back.

[Yotam zips up his bag and puts it on his back.]

Yotam: I'm sorry, I have to go. I'll text you when I land.

Antonio: Don't bother.

[Yotam exits.]

Scene 19

Antonio: Where did you spend the night?

Yotam: In some hotel near Termini.

Antonio: Why didn't you come back to the apartment?

Yotam: You wanted me to come back?

Antonio: What did you do when you got to Israel?

Yotam: I hung the painting, "Curves", on the wall across from my bed.

Antonio: Oh, the gallery in London wants to use it in my exhibit, so I need you to send it to me. Don't worry, it's not for sale.

Yotam: You can sell it if you need to.

Antonio: Don't you want it?

Yotam: I want it.

Antonio: It's yours.

Yotam: Thank you.

[Silence.]

Antonio: We can be together now.

Yotam: What?

Antonio: We're good together, Cocciolino.

Yotam: Yeah, but -

Antonio: But what?

Yotam: I don't know.

Antonio: What's there to know? I still love you.

[Yotam smiles.]

Antonio: Do you still love me?

Yotam: There's not a day I don't think of you.

Antonio: So?

Yotam: So...nothing's changed. I still don't want to leave Israel, and you too -

Antonio: But we managed to do it without you leaving.

Yotam: Do you really want to go back to that life?

Antonio: I was happy then.

Yotam: So was I.

Antonio: Then let's do it again. We'll be together, we'll meet when we can. Go back to being what we were.

Yotam: I don't think I could go through all of that again.

Antonio: All of what?

Yotam: All of it. The constant parting from you, the visits that are always too short, the mess this made of our lives. Tony, you're really making it now. You have three exhibits just this summer, you're traveling the world and painting and making a living out of it.

Antonio: I can stop everything if I want to.

Yotam: And go back to working in that chocolate shop?

Antonio: If you wanted me to.

Yotam: No, I can't ask that of you. I don't want it. And you don't either.

Antonio: But it hurts.

Yotam: Tony, what happened happened and we can't change that.
Maybe if I'd stayed -

Antonio: Stay now.

Yotam: We don't have much time left.

Antonio: It's more time than we have outside of this place.

Yotam: I hate it.

Antonio: Me too.

Yotam: The days without you are-

Antonio: Why are you telling me this right now?

Yotam: Because it's true. Because I want you to know.

[Music begins, Yotam and Antonio hear it.]

Antonio: Enough. The light is fading. Let's not ruin the time we have left.

Yotam: No.

[Yotam moves closer to Antonio. They hug. The music rises. The light slowly goes down over Yotam and Antonio.]

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