

*"To a pacifist there is no border
With an enemy beyond it.
Beyond what is called a border
Are people like me,
Like you"*

(Arah'le Shecter, "Late Summer Blues")

Borders

A virtual encounter between two enemies on Grindr

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Translation from Hebrew: Adi Drori

Grindr is a dating app for the LGBTQ community, mainly oriented towards sexual encounters and widely used by Homosexual men. Its algorithm is based on distance, so the men seen by the user are those within a specified radius from him.

Boaz and George meet on Grindr. One is in Israel, the other in Lebanon. They are both horny but obviously can't meet. Something in their conversation excites them both. The distance, the border, the enemy, the foreignness. They somehow fill some within one another. Their conversations evolve and they decide to meet in Berlin, an island of peace in a world of wars. But in the Middle Eastern reality the border between the two countries ignites, and the two are forced to make difficult decisions.

Boaz: 27 years old. Lives in Jerusalem. Originally from a Kibbutz in Northern Israel.

George: 25 years old. Lives in Beirut. Originally from a village in Southern Lebanon.

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George: The moon is really beautiful tonight.

Boaz: Yes.

George: Almost full.

Boaz: How are you?

George: Just got back from a run, all sweaty. You?

Boaz: Top or bttm?

George: Versatile.

Boaz: I'm a Top, usually.

[Silence]

[Boaz sends a dick pic.]

George: Wow.

Nice.

Boaz: Do you have one too?

George: Dick?

Yes.

Boaz: Send.

George: Why?

Boaz: I want to see.

George: What for?

Boaz: I sent you my pics, send me yours.

George: I didn't ask you to.

[Silence.]

Boaz: I want to see you before we meet.

You don't want to?

[Silence.]

I scared you?

You here?

Good night.

[Logs off.]

George: I'm here.

[Boaz logs back on.]

Looking for now?

Boaz: Yes.

George: I don't think we'll be able to meet tonight.

Boaz: I'm free.

Wanna try tomorrow?

George: Let's talk a little bit more.

Boaz: To be honest,

I'm only here for the weekend

I'm visiting my parents here in the Kibbutz.

I live in Jerusalem.

George: What do you do there?

Boaz: University.

George: I've never been to Jerusalem.

Boaz: Never?

George: Didn't get a chance to.

Boaz: Yalla,

If we have a good time, I might take you there.

George: Haha.

Boaz: It'll do you good.

George: Walla, you're really horny.

Boaz: You can pretend you're not, but it's one A.M. and you're here.

[Sends a winking Emoji.]

George: I never said I wasn't.

[Sends a smiley Emoji.]

Boaz: So, Yalla!

I have a car, I can pick you up.

Where are you now?

[Silence.]

Don't worry, we won't have sex right away.

We can go to the bar, sit a little, get to know each other and then decide.

[Silence.]

What do you say?

George: I'm not in Israel.

Boaz: Where are you then?

It says we're twenty Kilometers away.

George: At my mother's house in Yaroun.

Boaz: The Kibbutz?

George: No, in Lebanon.

[Silence.]

Boaz: So we're not meeting tonight.

George: Guess not.

[Sends a sad Emoji.]

George: I'm also looking for sex.

Mostly.

[Silence.]

I mean that I'm not here to find a partner.

I don't think I'm relationship material.

Boaz: Walla.

George: It's not for everyone. Lately I realized that I like to be alone. I like the quiet. I don't need to face up to my failures with anyone else.

Boaz: Are you always this pessimistic?

George: Is that what you think of me?

Boaz: I don't know what I think of you yet. **[Smiley Emoji.]**

George: I'm realistic. I see the guys I dated. With the last one it ended when we took a trip to the north. You know how some days you're just a really bad driver? Like you went back to when you were in driving lessons?

Boaz: Not really...

George: So that's how I was. It was a bad day and it was raining, and then we had a flat tire. I was cursing inside and kept going to find somewhere to stop. I tried to do anything to keep the mood positive. I smiled and said it's not that bad, and then he said: "You're really ruining the car".

Boaz: That's why you broke up?

George: No.

But I should have broken up with him then.

I can beat myself up just fine. And it hurts less, too.

What's the point of being in a relationship if you feel loneliest when you're with him?

Boaz: Well said.

George: You want to be a in a relationship?

Boaz: Yes.

But now's not the time.

I need to finish University first.

George: Have you been in a relationship?

Boaz: Not one that I can really say much about.

George: Are you in the closet?

Boaz: No, you?

George: Depends who you ask.

Boaz: You.

George: Halfway?

Boaz: Parents? Friends?

George: My mother knows.

Boaz: I see.

[Silence.]

George: It's not that simple here. Not in the South. They gave me a hard time anyway, I can't imagine what would happen if they knew.

Boaz: I didn't say anything.

[Silence.]

George: Are you busy?

Boaz: No.

[Silence.]

Are you home?

George: Yes.

Boaz: Where?

George: In bed.

Boaz: Doing what?

George: Looking at your pictures.

[Silence.]

Boaz: So... what do you think?

George: Did you come today?

Boaz: What? Where?

George: You know...

Boaz: Oh! No, not yet.

George: Do you want to?

Boaz: Together?

George: Have you ever?

Boaz: No.

George: Me neither.

[Silence.]

George: Let's try.

Boaz: This is weird.

George: It is.

[Silence.]

Boaz: You won't send me a pic?

George: Imagine.

Boaz: Help me. I want to see your body. Naked.

George: I'm skinny. My hair is black. I'm hairy. My body's dark. Tall.

Boaz: I see you

And me

Naked.

George: It's hot.

Boaz: And your mouth.

And your neck.

George: Kiss it.

Boaz: I am.

George: Keep going.

On the other side too.

[Silence.]

Boaz: I'm going down.

Through your chest,

To your stomach.

[Silence.]

With a lot of spit.

George: Yes.

Boaz: Can I?

George: Open it.

Boaz: I am.

Help me.

George: Gently.

I'm sensitive.

Boaz: As softly as possible.

Slowly.

It's warm.

George: This isn't working.

Boaz: No.

[Silence.]

George: I want to meet you.

Boaz: Me too.

[Silence.]

[Boaz writes and deletes a message to George.]

George: I thought about you today.

Boaz: **[Simultaneously:]** What's your name?

George: George.

Boaz: What a name.

George: What?

Boaz: Nothing... Just different.

George: What's yours?

Boaz: Boaz.

George: Buaz?

Boaz: Boaz.

George: Shalom.

Boaz: Ahalan.

What did you think?

George: That we're close.

Boaz: Now I'm in Jerusalem.

George: Why not farther?

Boaz: Yeah.

George: Do you want to talk later?

Boaz: No, now's good. I'm going to start studying soon.

George: Then let's talk later.

Boaz: Why? Now's good. How are you?

George: Fine.

[Silence.]

Boaz: Okay, Q&A time.

George: Q&A?

Boaz: I ask you a question. You have to answer honestly, and then you ask me a question and I have to answer - until we get tired of it.

George: I have to answer?

Boaz: You have to.

George: Have to have to?

Boaz: Yeah, don't worry, it'll be fun.

George: Yalla.

Boaz: Yalla? Okay, first question. What was your first sexual experience?

George: My first sexual experience... Are you always this formal?

Boaz: Go on.

George: Okay, I was twelve. My father's childhood friend was at our house. He's really rich, lives in Beirut, works in the Ministry of Justice, walks around in a tailored suit. He came with his son, Munir. Four years older than me. There's a small hill near my village and in the spring it's full of these yellow flowers. We raced there. I was first, so he sprinted and jumped on my back from behind. We both fell on the grass and started fighting as a joke. While we were pushing each other and touching, I felt myself getting hard. I froze. I didn't know what to do. All the blood rushed away from my face. It was so embarrassing. But he didn't panic. He looked me in the eyes, held me down on the floor, and started touching me. He moved his hand over my body, my chest, my stomach, my underwear. He stayed there. Went up and down. And I felt like I was being sucked into him. That he's the only thing I care about in the world. His brown eyes, his body, his hand. It lasted for a few seconds. He stood up, grabbed my hand and pulled me up, and that's it. We never talked about it, but that night I realized I'm gay. I had no way of living like that in my parents' village.

Boaz: Where do you live now?

George: In Beirut.

Boaz: Do you like it?

George: Yes.
And no.

Boaz: ?

George: When I was younger, I really wanted it. I knew it would be good for me there. I used to go to Beirut a lot. There's nothing to do in the South. I would meet men in chat rooms and go spend the night with them in the city. Ran away from home. My mom went crazy. Used to scream her head off when I came back in the morning. I felt different there. That I could be who I really am. That I could walk down the street without being afraid of... being.

Boaz: Is it easier in Beirut?

George: Better.

Boaz: But can you be open about it?

George: You know Mashrua Lei'la? They're a band from Beirut and their lead singer is openly gay.

Boaz: They have a great cover of "Ne Me Quitte Pas"!

George: I can't stand them.

Boaz: And the song?

George: The Nina Simone version. Now it's my turn?

Boaz: Yes.

George: Have you ever been in love?

Boaz: Yes. My turn.

George: Wait, that's it?

Boaz: Yes. Where in the world do you wish you could live?

George: Wait, tell me more.

Boaz: About what?

George: About falling in love! Who did you fall in love with? When? What's the story?

Boaz: No... it's complicated.

George: So, you can just say yes and move on?

Boaz: Yes.

George: I gave you really intimate details about my first “sexual experience”!

Boaz: Love and sex are two different things! If you’d asked me about the first time I had sex I’d tell you, but love’s a big deal...

George: Come on...

Boaz: Yes, I said “I love you” to someone. But was it real? Did I honestly love him unconditionally? I don’t know. You know?

George: I know.

Boaz: But if we’re talking about sex, it was Guy Cohen in tenth grade. He was hot, and I knew he was gay, even before he knew that was even an option. We didn’t do much, but it was good.

George: What did you do?

Boaz: I’ll show you, someday.

George: Yes?

Boaz: Let me fantasize. So, where in the world do you wish you could live?

George: Berlin.

Boaz: Ever been?

George: No, but I have a friend who moved there. He says there’s freedom there that you just don’t feel anywhere else.

Boaz: Here everyone wants to move to Berlin too. I don’t get it.

George: Everyone wants a home.

Boaz: So they become drifters.

[Silence.]

When do you want to move?

George: It’s a distant dream.

Boaz: If you move to Berlin, I’ll come visit you.

George: I didn’t invite you.

[Boaz writes and deletes.]

I’m going for a run. Talk to you later?

Boaz: Yes.

[George logs off.]

Boaz: Where are you?

George: In bed.

Boaz: I wish you were here.

George: Where are you?

Boaz: Nowhere you can come to.

George: Who wants to come to your fucking country anyway?

Boaz: You wish.

George: Because of you.

Boaz: Then come here.

George: I wish.

Boaz: Come.

George: I'm falling asleep.

Boaz: Wait.

George: What?

Boaz: Don't go.

George: We'll talk tomorrow.

[Sends a smiley emoji.]

Boaz: No.

Don't go.

Don't disappear.

I like you here.

I like it when we talk.

George: Are you drunk?

Boaz: Yes.

George: I'm here.

Boaz: Good.

It's nice.

Stay here.

Mine.

Be mine.

Sleep with whoever you want,

I don't care.

But be mine.

I'll be yours.

I promise.

Can you promise?

Promise to be mine?

[Silence.]

[George logs off. No reply.]

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Boaz: That was too much.

 Ignore it.

 Sorry.

[Logs off.]

[George logs back. Reads the messages. Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

George: You know

[Boaz sees his message. George is typing]

All the things you do in life are little icebergs floating on a frozen sea, and you have to jump from iceberg to iceberg. School, work, vacations... every one of those things is a piece of land keeping you above water for a little while. And each of these icebergs is like your kingdom. That's it. You're saved. But one day it'll melt, and you'll have to jump to the next iceberg or drown in the frozen sea.

Boaz: That's a nice thought.

George: I dreamt I was in a search expedition in the Arctic Ocean.

Boaz: What were you looking for?

George: I don't need dreams to know what I'm looking for.

Boaz: I thought you wouldn't write me after yesterday.

George: Inferiority complex?

Boaz: I'm the master of inferiority.

George: That's what you think?

Boaz: I'm sure everyone thinks I'm boring. That I'm too serious. That I'm not funny and have no sense of humor. Half the people I meet think I'm snobby, or ugly, or both. I used to prepare topics to talk about before I met with anyone, even my best friend. On a little note. Most of the people here don't write me back, and most of those who do disappear after two sentences. And now you're not answering. So... Never mind.

[Silence.]

George?

I see.

George: I don't know how to say that I think you're cute.

Boaz: Awkward maybe.

George: Not awkward. Cute.

Boaz: **[Blushing smiley Emoji.]**

George: **[Red heart emoji.]**

Boaz: Ugh.

George: What now?

Boaz: I want to see you.

George: There's a hole in the fence.

[Silence. Boaz logs on.]

George: There's a dirt road going from the main road to our village. Once you go through the bushes you reach a spot on the fence that's damaged.

Boaz: Is there a big reservoir on the other side?

George: Yes, how do you know?

[Silence.]

Its water glistened in the sun and we wanted to bathe in it. We had to arrive in the morning until 1 P.M., or after 4, because then the soldiers would arrive. We'd watch them take off their uniforms and go in. Then run back to the village so they wouldn't see us and start trouble. Have you ever been there?

Boaz: I was there when I was in the army.

[Silence.]

George: We can try to meet at the fence.

Boaz: It's dangerous.

George: What will they do to us?

Boaz: Shoot us.

George: You?

Boaz: I wouldn't want to test that.

George: We won't get close. Just stand on both sides of the fence and look at each other through the hole. You'll see me and I'll see you. And we'll know that we're real, that you're not some virus they implanted in my phone to mess with my heart.

Boaz: It'll be only for minutes. They'll kick us away pretty fast.

George: A few minutes. Before anybody comes.

[Silence.]

George: Ok?

Boaz: Ok.

Boaz: You here?
Watching the news?
There are reports about incidents at the border. They don't know what's going on.

George: I was there.

Boaz: Where?

George: You won't like it.

Boaz: Where is there?

George: I went to the fence today.

Boaz: Are you crazy?!

George: Yes.

Boaz: What were you doing over there?

George: Nothing, I was just looking.
I wanted to be closer to you.

Boaz: You don't understand how dangerous that is right now! Do you know how volatile those situations are? You could have been killed!

George: I couldn't breathe.
I couldn't stay in the house. I went crazy. I tried working on my computer, but everything seemed dumb. I started cleaning but my head ached. I had to go outside, and my feet took me there, and everything suddenly seemed really stupid. Suddenly it didn't make sense that there's a fence there. It's always been there, standing, but suddenly I couldn't understand how it is that I can't keep on walking.

Boaz: Where do you want to walk to?

George: Twenty Kilometers is nothing.

Boaz: If you came to my mom's house, she would have called the police.

George: You wouldn't have stood up for me?

Boaz: I'm in Jerusalem.

George: Something happened to us. Something happened here.

Boaz: Don't you worry about your mother?

George: I was with her today. She's like a rock. Nothing can move her. She sits in front of the television and watches French movies.

Boaz: You know, when I was a soldier and we'd patrol on the border at night, the lights of the houses sparkled like stars and I'd try to imagine who lives there. What he's doing. And what's going to happen to him in the next war.

George: Why did you go to the Army?

Boaz: You have to.

George: Could you choose what you do there?

Boaz: They put me to a combat unit. No one asked me what I want to do.

George: So, you were a fighter.

Boaz: Yes. Part of the time.

George: Is there a possibility to not serve in the army?

Boaz: You have to lie that you're insane, and then you walk around with that sign on your face that you didn't do your part in the war effort. That you didn't contribute. That your country needed you and you didn't stand your guard.

George: That's really heavy.

Boaz: But it's a little bit true.

When I was in high school, I couldn't wait to go to the Army. I read everything about all of the units. I went to this fitness group that prepares you for the military. I wanted to get in to a special unit. I had asthma and I was afraid they wouldn't recruit me because of it. I went to my doctor and threatened him. Told him to lie. I didn't care, anything that wouldn't make them not take me.

George: Why?

Boaz: I wanted to prove that I'm as good as everyone else. To myself. That I can be in a combat unit even though I'm gay.

George: There was mandatory enlistment here too. I decided not to go.

[Silence.]

Would you do it again today?

Boaz: My asthma came back.

Boaz: Here?

George: What a crazy day.
I'm all over the place
Will you be up later tonight?

Boaz: You killed a soldier.

George: What?

Boaz: Terrorists came to Israel from Lebanon and killed a soldier.

George: I know.

Boaz: You know where they came through?

George: Yes.

Boaz: How are things on your side?

George: A lot of jets in the air. I don't think anything happened. My mother is
shut in the house.

Boaz: A military response is legitimate.

George: I didn't say it's not.

Boaz: So.

[Silence.]

George: It was not me.

Boaz: Of course it wasn't you.

George: So?

Boaz: So what?

George: Why are you talking to me like it's my fault?

Boaz: I'm not.

Sorry.

I don't know.

George: There's a lockdown.

They told everyone to stay in their houses.

To look for safe areas.

She's scared out of her mind.

Boaz: They never bomb random houses.

George: Houses get hit.

Boaz: Houses that have weapons in them get hit. Not random houses.

George: You're so predictable, you know?

Something happens at the border and you shut down.

Your jets are flying over my head every day.

So what?

Those jets are not you and whoever shot that soldier is not me.

[Silence.]

George: They blocked the hole in the fence.

[Silence.]

Boaz: Good thing they did.

George: Hi.

[A few hours later.]

Boaz: Hi.

George: Hi, how are you?

[A few hours later.]

You here?

Boaz: Hi, yes. What's up?

George: Okay... Where are you?

[A few hours later.]

Boaz: I'm here.

George: What are you doing?

[A few hours later.]

Boaz: Now I'm studying.

George: What were you doing when I sent the message?

Boaz: When did you send it?

George: A long time ago.

[After a few hours.]

George: Well?

Are you here?

Boaz: That was you, right?

George: ?

Boaz: Come on, don't play with me.

You're the guy that was caught today trying to cross the border.

George: They didn't catch me.

Boaz: Are you okay?

George: It's just a scratch, doesn't even hurt.

Boaz: They shot you???

George: No, of course not.

Once I heard them I ran back.

I fell on the way home.

Boaz: You idiot! What were you thinking?

George: Everything's fine!

Boaz: But it could have been not fine!

A week after a terrorist attack!

What were you looking for?

Don't tell me.

Nothing,

No reason,

You just wanted to look.

George: Yes.

Boaz: What's there to look at?!

George: You were killing me.

You stopped answering.

I had to do something.

[Silence.]

I went to see if they blocked the hole.

They did. Built a new fence.

[Silence.]

You're not disappearing on me again.

Boaz: I don't know what to write.

George: Write that you'll come to Berlin with me.

Boaz: What?

George: Yes.

Boaz: When?

George: Now. In the summer.

Boaz: We don't really know each other.

George: Fuck you.

[Silence.]

Boaz: Aren't you scared?

George: What's there to be scared of?

I'm learning you from day to day,

And I love it.

Boaz: We never even spoke on the phone.

George: Do you want to?

Boaz: Yes.

No.

I don't know.

It's nice like this. Knowing there's a message from you waiting on my phone is like having a piece of candy I'm saving for later.

George: But I'm dying to see you.

I can't imagine that we'll never see each other.

I mean, we're so close.

It's stupid.

Who was the person that came to this piece of land and said this is mine, that is yours, build a wall.

Why is that my fault?

Why is that our fault?

Boaz: I know.

It's crazy.

George: It's crazy not to meet. It's crazy to waste our lives away in this never-ending conversation.

Spending a week in Berlin with someone you love isn't crazy. It's wonderful. It's living.

Boaz: And if it'll be bad?

George: And if it'll be good?

[Silence.]

I can't go on like this.

Are you coming with me?

[Silence.]

Boaz: I want to.

Boaz: What will you tell your parents about your trip to Berlin?

George: What will I say?

Boaz: Will you tell them about me?

George: No, of course not. My mother and I don't talk about those kinds of things.

Boaz: She doesn't know?

George: I haven't told her, but she knows.

Boaz: I told my mom when I was fourteen.

I didn't mean to. I left my phone at home and some guy I knew sent me a very clear message. She saw it. Well, it wasn't just some guy. I was dating him? What do you say about a friend like that? He also lived really far from me. In the Arava. That's Israel's most southern south. She saw the message and waited for me at home with food on the table. Like nothing ever happened. We ate and everything was like it always was. When we were done, I took my dishes to the sink and started washing them when she suddenly asked me. "Do you love Idan?" I froze. I said yes. She insisted and asked if I really love him. I didn't know what to say. I told myself that if I lied, I would still have to tell her in a few years, so I just said it.

Yes.

It was horrible.

I don't understand how you can still be in the closet. I understand it's different. But still. You're not a little kid.

George: You don't understand what it's like here.

Boaz: I do, and still.

George: No, you don't understand.

Boaz: Okay, so I don't understand.

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

Boaz: I didn't mean to.

George: But you still pushed it.

Boaz: I'm just so used to everyone knowing.

[Silence.]

I'm sorry.

[Silence.]

Boaz: You know I can see you're connected?

George: **[Blank face emoji.]**

Boaz: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you like that. I know it's sensitive. This entire relationship is sensitive. Maybe we don't have to talk about that stuff. I don't know.

George: I don't want that. I love talking to you about that stuff.

Boaz: Love?

George: I love talking to you about everything.
Uhh.

Boaz: What is it?

George: It's hard.

Boaz: I know.

George: Did you tell anyone?

Boaz: What?

George: About us.

Boaz: I don't really talk about these things.

George: I told a friend of mine about you the first time we spoke.
I forget sometimes, but the fact that you and I speak - it's a big deal.

Boaz: I don't want it to be a big deal.

George: Then let's not make it a big deal.

Boaz: What did your friend say?

George: What do you think your friends will say?

Boaz: They won't get it.

George: Exactly.
He really bugged me about it.

Boaz: People don't understand. Everyone's so deep in their own shit. It's hard to see beyond what we know. That's why I'd rather not talk about you. I get jealous about you. You're my secret.

George: You're jealous about me?

Boaz: Yes. You're mine.

George: I'm yours?

Boaz: Of course. And I'm yours.

George: Okay. Q&A. Were you in love with Idan?

Boaz: No, no way. We were kids!

George: So, who were you in love with?

[Silence.]

Boaz: His name is Tom. He was a year above me in school. We didn't meet there, we had a mutual friend from some internet forum, "Young Pride". Were you into that?

George: Number one member of the Evanescence chat room.

Boaz: **[Laughing emoji.]** You're so gay.

George: Yes, I am. Go on.

Boaz: Tom... he's about my height, very fair skinned, blue eyes, skinny.
Yeah, I think you can say I was in love with him. One night he came to sleep over. We lay in bed, real close to one another, my heart was pounding so fast. I took his hand and let him feel my heart. He laughed and kissed me. We had the sweetest night. The day after, he left for some seminar in Jerusalem and I went to visit my mom's family in London. And then the war started, in two thousand and six. I came back when it was over. I called him and he was distant. Something in

him changed. He said: Sometimes you can't explain why not. But it's a no.

George: That's sad.

Boaz: It messed me up. I became obsessive. I had a notebook of his at home, a history notebook, and I would read it all the time. I copied his handwriting. The way he expressed himself. It had his scent, the notebook, and I would inhale it. Such an idiot. When I was twenty something... when I moved to Jerusalem, I was pretty much over him. But then I suddenly saw him in the street. I didn't know how to react. We hugged, chatted, had a nice talk, and we met that night. We actually started dating. Is it okay that I'm telling you all this?

George: Yes, go on.

Boaz: It was a weird time. I'm not sure there was love there. I felt like I don't really know what I'm doing. Even telling you this right now, it feels like I'm describing a movie or something.

George: Then what happened?

Boaz: We moved in together. We had a cute little apartment at the edge of Jerusalem. He wasn't in a good place. He'd lost his job, he was a journalist, and he didn't know what to do with himself. He was always at home. One night we had friends over for dinner, and after they left, we had a fight. A really big one. He got it into his head that I made fun of him with my friends to his face. George, you know that never happened, right? It's Tom. I had loved him the whole time. I was so happy to finally have him. But he was sure I had made fun of him. He

was really angry at me. And then the fight escalated, and he punched me.

[Silence.]

It didn't hurt. But it was humiliating and hurtful. He went wild. Started throwing things all over the place. I walked away. I was in a trance. I spent the night at a friend's house. And that was it. It basically ended then. He tried to talk to me after, to apologize. But there was no use. We broke everything off then.

George: I hate that guy. I hate him!

Boaz: No need. I don't. I just don't understand how something like that happened to me.

George: Boaz... I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry.

Boaz: Sorry for asking?

George: Sorry that all the hugs and kisses I'm sending haven't gotten there yet.

Boaz: Soon. Very soon.

[Silence.]

My turn. What about your dad?

George: Let's leave something for Berlin.

Boaz: Hi.

George: Sorry, I fell asleep. My phone fell on my face.

Boaz: Don't hurt your pretty face.

George: Don't worry, I'm saving it for you.

Two more weeks!

[Boaz send him a smiley Emoji.]

George: Ok...

Boaz: They want to recruit me.

George: What does that mean?

Boaz: It means they want to take me back to the army for a little bit.

George: Walla.

Boaz: There's been tension at the border since the terrorist attack and they want to gather more forces.

George: But you're finished with the army.

Boaz: If you were in a combat unit, they can summon you if there's an emergency.

George: Emergency?

Boaz: I don't think it's a big deal. There will probably be a tense couple of days, and it'll pass.

George: Ok.

Boaz: I don't know what to do.

George: Do you have a choice?

Boaz: No.

I don't know.

There are ways to get out of it.

The last thing I want right now is army service.

George: So, get out of it.

[Silence]

We're going to Berlin soon.

Boaz: I know.

George: So?

Boaz: What do you want me to do?

George: I don't understand, do you want to go to the army?

Boaz: No!

George: So?

Boaz: There are consequences! I can't just disappear. It's not that simple.

George: It's either being a soldier or not being a soldier. It seems pretty simple to me.

Boaz: Walla.

George: Okay. You decide. Let me know.

Boaz: Wait, don't disappear.

[Silence]

George: What?

Boaz: Listen, it's complicated. Okay?

Of course I don't want to do service.

Of course I don't want to be a soldier again

Of course I don't want to fight.

But even if I somehow get out of it, it has other consequences.

George: Great, I'll meet you in the South, at my mother's house.

Boaz: What are you doing? Why are you talking like that?

George: Poor you Boaz! Having such a hard time with your dilemmas. Do I go to the army? Do I not go? You don't understand what you're doing to people around you. You're talking to me about consequences? Your actions have consequences Boaz. Taking my heart and destroying it like this isn't consequences? Endangering me because we're talking like this isn't consequences? My messages may be candy in your backpack. Your messages are a risk to my life! How do you think people around

me will react to this little romance I started here? I'm willing to sacrifice a lot in order to see you. And you have done nothing. Nothing.

Boaz: I didn't ask you to do anything.

George: That's right. But I did it for you.
Would you have done it for me?

Boaz: I start service tonight.

[Silence.]

It's bigger than I thought.

They just called me to come as soon as possible. There might be a war.

Take your mother to Beirut with you.

George: Ok.

Boaz: I'm sorry.

George: Ok.

Boaz: Are you mad?

George: No.

Boaz: I hope you understand.

I don't have a choice.

George: Ok.

[Silence.]

Boaz: So

Bye?

[George logs off. And back on.]

George: Are you here?

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

[Silence.]

Just say you're okay.

Write me.

Or just come.

I'll be there.

Will you come?

George: I'm in Berlin. I decided to go because I didn't know what to do with myself. It got so intense in Lebanon that I couldn't stay there. I felt like everything was rising up and I wouldn't know how to handle it. That I would go crazy. So I left. It was a really good decision. And maybe not. You can't really disconnect yourself and the Berliners, God bless them, they listen to a lot of news. They're obsessed with us. All everyone talks about is the war, like they don't have their own stuff to deal with. You never came. I think about you a lot. I tried to play that game of being hurt and angry and disconnect from you and forget you but I can't. I mean, I am hurt, and angry, and I also know it's not your fault. I know you don't have a choice. And even if you do, okay. I don't know. It's stupid.

I fell in love with you. I can't control it. I think about you every day, about our conversations, about the friend you became. I miss someone to talk to throughout my day. To know that when I take my phone out a message from him will probably be waiting for me. I miss someone to close my day with and tell him what I read and what I saw and hear what you think about it. And I also worry about you a lot. And I hate you for it.

There's a beautiful moon tonight, nearly full. Can you see it?

I don't know exactly what you're doing and where you are. I'm begging you're not there, but I know you might be. I don't really understand what it means to not write you a message. I don't understand even more what it means that you're not writing back.

I guess you can't see the moon.

E N D