

Not the End of the World

A Romantic Fantasy by Yigael Sachs



The Characters:

Michael – a teacher (45)

Noa – a makeup artist (35)

Zohar – a YouTuber (35)

Galileo – a scientist (dead)

Scene 1A

Bohemian Rhapsody. Light rises on Michael's home balcony. A comfortable chair. A low table and an impressive telescope pointed at the night sky. Michael, a 45-year-old bachelor, comes out to the balcony carrying a cardboard box with a pineapple pizza and a bottle of lemon-flavored Diet Coke. He places the cardboard box containing a half-eaten pizza and the bottle on the balcony table, takes out a smartphone from his pocket that illuminates his face, and scrolls through videos as the sound of Bohemian Rhapsody changes from one bit to another, together forming a kind of overture composed of changing soundtracks from TikTok videos, snippets from movies (Titanic, Casablanca, The Matrix), popular science, and political podcasters, then back to Bohemian Rhapsody.



*" Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landside,
No escape from reality
Open your eyes,
Look up to the skies and see,
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy,
Because I'm easy come, easy go,
Little high, little low,
Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to
Me, to me."*

From among the shadows appears the silhouette of a man in his 60s, bearded and disheveled, wearing a kind of theatrical robe.

*"I see a little silhouette of a man,
Scaramouch, Scaramouch, will you do the Fandango!
Thunderbolts and lightning, very, very frightening me."*

Michael straightens up. He stops scrolling and slowly puts the phone down on the table.



Michael: *(Sighs at the bearded man)* People are so stupid. With everything we know, you'd expect... I don't consider myself particularly brilliant, but... At least in the past, if someone

was stupid, people would tell him he was stupid, and he might have been slightly offended, but he would realize that if everyone thinks he's an idiot, it's probably true, and he would shut the fuck up, right? Nowadays, all the stupid people of the world can find one another very easily, so they meet other stupid people, who tell them they're not stupid at all, and that the smart people are actually the stupid ones... Maybe they're right? Why do I care? I mean, it's all so stupid. Anyway, "And yet it moves" right?

Galileo: E pur si muove!

Michael: Emm, I don't understand Italian, just a couple of words in Latin. From school.

Galileo: *(Dryly)* Bravo.

Michael: Yes. Well, everyone knows that one.

Galileo: *(He notices the pizza on the table)* ...Pizza.

Michael: Yes, that too. But I can't really hold a conversation in Italian because I'm... What's the word for it in Italian?

Galileo: Stupido.

Michael: Yes. Probably. I should have opted for the hi-tech career, huh? I just thought that if I could get over the... *(he sinks into thought, glaring at the pizza, then snaps back)* What?

Galileo: *(After a short pause)* Are you gonna finish that?

Michael: The sentence?

Galileo: *(Dryly)* The pizza.

Michael: Ah. You want some? I was just about to put it in the freezer. For lunch tomorrow.

Michael leaves a small slice for Galileo and goes inside with the pizza box. Galileo takes the slice, then notices the telescope standing on the balcony.

Galileo: What's this?

Michael: *(from the kitchen)* On the pizza? Pineapple.

Galileo: Why did you buy it?

Michael: *(Returns to the balcony)* I like pineapple.

Galileo: This telescope!

Galileo walks away from Michael to examine the telescope up close. Michael approaches him, filled with awe.

Michael: Oh. It was your idea, wasn't it?

Galileo: It was my idea to blow three paychecks on a toy?

Michael: The telescope. It was your invention.

Galileo: I stole the patent from some Dutch dope who didn't know what to do with it. *(Takes a bite from the pizza)* It's ice cold. Couldn't you warm it up a little?

Michael: But the craters on the moon were your discovery, just like Jupiter's moons...

Galileo spits out the pineapple.

Galileo: Again – Why did you buy it?!

Michael: *(Apologetic)* It tastes good.

Galileo: The telescope!! I can think of a bunch of way better ways to spend that money... *(Picks off all the pineapple bits and continues eating)* Now, nothing but the truth. Why am I here?

Michael: I don't know, maybe because you're my role model...

Galileo: Seriously? *(bit)* Why?

Michael: Your courage. The courage to stand up, all alone, in front of all those... *(searching for the words)?*

Galileo: *(Cuts in)* Can I sit?

Galileo takes a seat without waiting for an answer.

Michael: I think it's incredible, the way you stood up to all those idiots, fighting for your idea.

Galileo: Which one?

Michael: That the earth revolves around the sun.

Galileo: That was Copernicus.

Michael: But you proved it to the world. And you were willing to pay the price for your truth!

Galileo raises his eyes to Michael with reproof.

Galileo: Maybe you should sit, too. *(Michael searches for a place to sit but there's only one chair on the balcony)* Maybe not. *(Galileo gets up)* Listen, man, it's not **my** truth. It's the truth. And it's not gonna change because people don't believe it, so what's the point of paying a price for it?

Galileo approaches the telescope again.

Galileo: Come here, I want to show you something.

Michael looks up at the sky.

Michael: It's cloudy; you won't see a thing.

Galileo: Who's the role model here, you or me?

Michael: You are.

Galileo: Good. Because I was a pretty lousy idealist, and no martyr, that's for sure. Now take a look-see, I want you to see something beautiful.

Michael: I don't believe it. They say that on your deathbed, you said... And that's the most important thing because that's what people remember eventually ...

Galileo: *(Interrupts Michael)* ...Whatever. *(Mumbling as he looks through the telescope)* And yet she moves...

Noa appears in the window across the street, holding a Vodka bottle. Galileo and Michael are staring at her. She's glowing. Time slows down on Michael's balcony; perhaps it even stands still.

1C

Galileo: I totally get it.

Michael: What?

Galileo: She's totally telescope-worthy.

Michael: *(Panics)* What?! No!!!

Galileo: Where's the focus on this thing?

Michael: Stop stalking her; she'll see us.

Galileo: Want to give it a go?

Michael: Cut it out, move over!!!



Michael pushes Galileo away from the telescope and takes his place next to it. He contemplates for a moment, then peeks through the telescope and startles. Noa takes a sip from the bottle and gazes back at Michael and Galileo. exits.

Michael: Fuck! Fuck!! She saw me.

He distances himself from the telescope.

Galileo: She's gone, chillax.

Michael: I'm such an idiot.

Galileo: Relax, man.

Michael: She's gonna call the cops on me. She'll think I'm stalking her.

Galileo: I mean... aren't you?

Michael: What?

Galileo: Relax, I'm sure she did it on purpose, standing in the window like that.

Michael: No way.

Galileo: She wanted you to see her.

Michael: Fuck. She's my student.

Galileo: How old is she?

Michael: I was her teacher.

Galileo: When?

Michael: *(Calculates)* Twenty years ago, I think.

Galileo: *(Sniggers)* Then she's not your student. *(Galileo sits back down)* Can I have a sip of Coke?

Michael is restless and doesn't respond. From inside the house, he can barely muster a nod. Galileo gets up to open the door.

Michael: You stay here.

Noa: *(Offstage)* I know you're home.

Galileo: Can I go get a clean glass?

Michael: Stay here, I'll get it.

Galileo: *(Loudly)* Dude, be a mensch and get me another slice, will ya? *(Pause)*

Michael picks up the pizza box and exits the balcony.

Galileo: *(Reaches for the bottle, then stops)* Diet? Seriously? Are you on a diet, or something? *(Loudly)* And where's that glass?

Noa enters the balcony, Michael behind her. She stands at the entrance, holding a Vodka bottle.

Noa: Hi, I live right across the street, do you happen to have any lemon?

Michael: Hi.

Noa: Lemon for the Vodka. To make Caipirinha.

Michael: Oh. No. Sorry.

Noa: Fuck.

Galileo: He's got lemon flavored Diet Coke!

Noa: Sorry, I just gotta get wasted and I can't take it neat.

Michael follows her to the balcony with a glass, and places it on the table next to Galileo. Noa examines the balcony, Galileo is seated there, smiling. Noa discovers the bottle.

Noa: Diet? Seriously? Are you on a diet, or something?

Michael: I like the taste better.

Noa: You do?

Galileo: Ya think? *(He gets up, Noa doesn't notice or address him)* Nice to meet you, I'm Galileo.

Noa: Nice to meet you, I'm Noa, is this glass clean?

She picks up the glass Michael brought out.

Galileo: *(Slightly offended)* That's my glass.

Michael: Yes.

Noa: *(Pours herself the Vodka, then adds the Diet Coke)* Got any ice?

Michael: I think that... *(Turns to leave)* Maybe.

Noa: Never mind, I'm just... *(She drinks the whole thing in one gulp)*

Michael and Galileo exchange glances.

Noa: ... Thirsty. *(An awkward pause)* Want some?

Galileo: You took my glass.

Michael: Maybe. Just a sip.

Noa generously fills the two glasses.

Michael: I just...

Noa: It's diet Vodka.

Michael: Really?

bit

Noa: No.

Michael: *(Raising his glass)* Salud.

Noa: What?

Michael: It's in Italian.

Noa: Whatever. *(She clinks her glass with his and drinks it in one gulp)*

Michael: It's just that I just had someone over...

Galileo: *(To Noa)* Michael here felt kinda lonesome, so he conjured up an old Italian hornball to keep him company, while he was peeping at you with his...

Noa: *(Unaware of Galileo, having finished her drink and noticing the telescope)* What's that?

Michael: What?

Noa: The telescope.

Michael: Oh. It's a telescope.

Noa: Ok. Why do you have a telescope?

Michael: Oh. I... I'm just...

Galileo: He's a peeping Tom.

Michael: It's for work.

Noa: For real? Why? What do you do?

Michael: Uh...

Galileo: ...Wolfing down pizzas, the occasional peeping job...

Michael: ...I don't.

Noa: *(Glaring at Michael)* What's up?

Michael: What?

Noa: How are you doing?

Michael: Me?

Noa: Yeah.

Michael: I'm just...

Galileo: ...Lonely, miserable and horny.

Michael: ...Fine. Normal, sort of. The ushe (*short for usual*). Nothing out of the ordinary. Not bad. Good, actually. Overall, pretty good. No complaints here. How about you?

Noa: I had the shittiest day of my life.

Michael: Really?

Noa: (*On the verge of tears*) You were my teacher in high school, weren't you?

Michel: Could be. I'm a science teacher at Osishkin High. I mean, I studied astronomy and physics in uni, I have a Master's Degree...

Galileo: (*Sarcastically*) Bravo...

Michael: But after graduation...

Galileo: You're losing her.

Michael: ...I did a...

Galileo: ...And she's gone.

Michael: (*Trying to salvage the situation*) Where did you go to school?

Noa: High school? Osishkin.

Michael: Really? (*with exaggerated surprise*)

Noa: Michael, right?

Michael: Yup.

Noa: Are you gay?

Michael: What? No...

Noa: Do you have any kids?

Michael: No.

Noa: How come?

Michael: I'm just... I live alone, so...

Noa: So, where exactly on the spectrum are you?

Michael: Why would you think I was...?

Noa: I don't know. Compared to the other teachers, you were... Sort of gentle. Like, cute. We used to laugh at you just to see you blush.

Michael: Thanks. I guess.

Noa: So, where on the spectrum are you?

Michael: I've never been diagnosed...

Noa: What do you mean 'diagnosed,' don't you know what you are?

Michael: I don't...

Noa: Are you a-sexual? Bisexual? Fluid? Pan sexual?

Michael: I don't think we're talking about the same spectrum.

Noa: How come you don't have any kids?

Michael: Because I haven't...

Noa: Are you sterile?

Michael: ...No.

Noa: Impotent?

Michael: What? No!!! Why...

Noa: Just curious. Don't you want to tell me?

Michael: I just...

Noa: Are you sexually aroused by women?

Michael: What?

Noa: Do you find yourself, sometimes, staring at a woman you don't know, fantasizing about what you'd do to her?

Michael: I beg your pardon?

Noa: Do you feel I'm invading your privacy?

Michael: Yes. A little bit.

Noa: Do you like it?

Michael: Not so much, no.

Noa: Oh, ok. I'll stop, then.

Silence.

Noa: So, what's the story, Michael? Have you been peeping at me with your telescope?

Galileo laughs.

Michael: What? No. No way, maybe for a split second, I inadvertently glanced in the direction of... No.

Noa: My head is spinning. Fuck. I haven't eaten anything all day. That drink was such a stupid mistake.

Michael: Want some pizza? I've got some in the freezer.

Galileo: I do.

Noa: I could kill for a pepperoni pizza.

Michael: It's with pineapple.

Noa: Eww.

Galileo: Told ya.

Noa: There's no accounting for taste ... *(She comes closer to him)* What? *(She comes even closer)*

Michael: *(Covers his mouth with his hand)* Sorry, I just ate...

Noa: Garlic bread?

Michael: No, why?

Noa: kidding.

Galileo: I'm still hungry. What's in the fridge? *(He gets up)*

Michael: All I have is pizza!

Noa: Ok!

Galileo: We'll make do. Grazie, Valentino. I'll be in the kitchen, ok? *(He takes advantage of Michael's preoccupation with Noa and goes inside)*

1D

Noa: Do I smell of Vodka ?

Michael: A little bit.

Noa: *(Pause)* I started drinking at home but turns out I don't have any lemons. [Q Macarena song ringtone] Fuck. *(Noa freezes, panicked)*

Michael: What's wrong?

Noa: Shhhh...

Michael: It's the Macarena.

Noa: It's my phone.

Michael: Ok. *(The ringtone chimes on)* Aren't you gonna answer?

Noa: It feels like the whole world is spinning.

Michael: *(Smiling)* It is.

Noa: It'll stop soon.

Michael: The world?

Noa: The phone.

Michael: It spins at a speed of nearly half a kilometer per second. The Earth. I mean, around the equator, but we don't feel it because...

Noa: Stop it!!!

[Q the phone stops ringing]

Michael: *(Startles)* Sorry, I didn't...

Noa: It's not. spinning I mean. I just don't want to talk to him.

Michael: Ok. To whom?

Noa: Zohar, and It's not real.

Michael: Who's Zohar?

Noa: My boyfriend.

Michael: Your boyfriend Isn't real?

Noa: The equator. It's not a real thing.

Michael: Ok.

Noa: It's not. There's nothing there. It's something scientists and cartographers made up.

Michael: Obviously. It's an imaginary line. It doesn't really exist on the ground.

Noa: *(Starts crying)* It's not real because there's no equation. And I was such an idiot to believe him when he said that... *(Stops crying)*

Michael: What?

Noa: No.

Michael: No, what ?

She seems dizzy.

Noa: My head is spinning.

Michael: Would you like to sit down?

Noa: I want to lie down.

Michael: Would you like me to...

Noa: I have to. please.

Michael: What? No. I meant, would you like me to take you home?

Noa: I can do it here.

Michael: Let's go inside, I'll take you to the couch.

Noa: Here. On the floor. Now.

Michael: It must be freezing. Here, let me help you.

Michael sits on the floor and Noa lies on the floor and puts her head on his lap

Noa: Shhhh... You've done plenty. Thanks.

Michael: Can I get you anything?

Noa: Just be with me. This is the shittiest day of my life.

Michael: It is?

Noa: Shhhh... Just be.

Michael: I just wanted to...

Noa: Quiet .

Michael: (quietly) Ok.

Noa: (quietly) Shut up.



Bit

Noa: I crashed my boyfriend's car. Zohar. Who's no longer my boyfriend because he... *(She starts crying, struggling to talk through the occasional whimper)*. He said I was an airhead. So I called him a son of a bitch. And then he said I was the dumbest person he'd ever met.

So I asked him, if that's true, why did you stay with me all these years. He said for the sex. So I told him he was a son of a bitch. And he said I was a dimwit.

Noa: Do you think I'm a dimwit? *(Pause)*

Michael: I don't...

Noa: Don't answer. I don't need you to answer. Just listen, ok?

Michael: I'm listening.

Noa: But you're answering. *(Michael opens his mouth to answer)* Shhhh... So I told him to get the hell outta my life. So he said that if he's gone, he's gone for good. So I said it's for great, and I never want to see him again. And then he left. And now I'm never going to see him again. Ever.

Michael realizes it's his turn to speak now but he's afraid of saying the wrong thing. Noa looks at him a long while, then composes herself.

Noa: ...And then, the cherry on top of this stinking, fucked up, disgusting shitty day, guess what happens? *(Pause)* I find out that the cute teacher I used to have a crush on in high school, the one who lives across the street from me, is a perv who peeks into my bedroom with a telescope.

Michael is silent.

Noa: Now you can talk, if you have anything to say.

Michael: I don't. I was looking at the sky. I swear. That's all I do with it. It's just that you stood in the window right when I was ... So I peeked. I didn't peek. I looked. I didn't look. I saw. You.

Noa: What's so interesting about looking at the sky?

Michael: I think it's fascinating. Did you ever look at the moon through a telescope? I can show you. Want to see?

Noa: I don't think I can make it all the way over there.

Michael: I can go get it for you.

Noa: The moon?

Michael: *(Smiling)* The telescope.

Noa: Oh. *(While Michael brings the telescope, lowers and stabilizes it)* Do you think I'm a dimwit?

Michael: I think you're beautiful.

Noa: There's no accounting for taste. or smell.

Michael: ...And you smell great.

Noa: I smell of Vodka, and I have a shitty taste.

Michael: I never should have

Noa: What?

Michael: ...about the Vodka.

Noa: I have a shitty taste in men.

Michael: I wouldn't know. Never met the guy.

Noa: He's an asshole. Don't you remember him? He also went to Osishkin High. Whatever. I want to die. Do you happen to have any sleeping pills?

Michael: I don't think it's a good idea to mix it with alcohol.

Noa: I'd jump off your balcony but I'm afraid of heights.

Michael: I don't have any sleeping pills.

Noa: Do you happen to have a reason to live?

Michael: *(Just finished adjusting the telescope)* Here.

Noa: Where?

Michael: The moon. Look through here.

Noa: *(Looking through the telescope)* Wow, it looks so real.

Michael: Can you see the craters?

They pose and look at each other

Noa: So, tell me, do you like being a teacher?

Michael: Sometimes. Not always. *(Remembers something and sniggers)* I had this weird interaction with some of my students today. Wow. They can be so stupid sometimes.

Noa: That's their teachers' fault... *(Looks at him)* No offense...

Michael: None taken.

Noa: I'm not talking about you, but most teachers can't open their minds to new ideas, so how could you expect the students to...

Michael: No one expects anything from the students.

Noa: Exactly! Here's the problem. See? Instead of encouraging the students to doubt, do their own research, they're expected to parrot back what they've learned. If anyone dares be even the slightest bit original, they laugh at them. Mock them. Zohar, for example, was kicked out of university for refusing to swallow their lies. And it all starts in kindergarten.

Michael: I totally agree. The system is so fucked up, I don't even know what I'm doing there. I used to love to teach. I have an 8 o'clock class with this class tomorrow morning and I feel like... I don't feel like it. Get it? It's just a waste of time.



Noa: Right? There's so much information online now, podcasts, TikTok, YouTube lectures. It's awesome. We don't have to swallow the government's lies anymore, the universities', NASA's... Do you realize that... *(She goes quiet)*

Michael: What?

Noa: Wow. Sorry. You were telling me something and I completely cut you off. It's just something that drives us nuts.

Michael: Who?

Noa: Zohar and me, everyone who... Sorry. You were saying something about your students.

Michael: Oh, it's nothing, nothing interesting.

Noa: It's interesting to me.

Michael: I was trying to explain the Coriolis effect, and out of nowhere, one of my students says planet earth is not really a planet.

Noa: Wow.

Michael: I was kinda taken aback at first, and when I asked him what led him to believe that, two more student joined him, telling me about all these people they found online that prove the earth is flat, that what we refer to as the North Pole is, in fact, its center, and that there's no such thing as the South Pole, that it's actually an impenetrable ice wall...

Noa: Incredible. How old are they?

Michael: Ninth grade!

Noa: Wow. I think that's amazing.

Michael smiles but then it hits him - Noa isn't joking.

Michael: No, you misunderstood. They think the earth is this sort of flat disc.

Noa: And that makes less sense to you than people actually landing on the moon?

Michael: Uh... Yes. Much less.

Noa: How could you be so sure?

Michael: What do you mean? I spent years studying physics and Astronomy...

Noa: Oh, so you can't be wrong?

Michael: It's my profession, I've been doing it my entire life.

Noa: And that's exactly why you're fixated. Do you have any idea how much courage it takes to change your world view and go against what everyone else believes?

Galileo enters quietly, a slice of pizza in hand, listening. Michael notices him.

Noa: ...How much inner strength it takes, to stand up to the entire world and speak your truth about the world?

Michael: Your truth being that the world is flat?

Noa: I don't want to argue about that.

Michael: How could you? What would you argue?

Noa: You have the right to your own opinion. Everyone is entitled to their own opinion.

Michael: What opinion? That the earth is a flat disc?

Noa: there's no accounting for taste.

Michael: What does that have to do with anything?

Noa: You like pineapple pizza and drink Diet Coke Lemon!

Galileo: She raises an interesting point. *(Takes a bite of the pizza)*

Michael: The earth is not pizza!!

Noa: You're entitled to your own truth, I don't want to fight about it.

Michael: There's no such thing as "your own truth". His own truth. Her own truth. my grandmother's own truth. There's only one truth. The true one. That's why it's called The Truth. Not hypothesis, not faith, not opinion, Truth. The objective Truth. There's only one. Nowadays, every dumb and dimwit can make up their own fairytale, some conspiracy theory, spread it across the internet and claim it as "their truth." They needn't even bother proving it. What's the point? If there's more than one truth, then everyone's entitled to their own subjective truth. Do you not realize how stupid it is?

Noa: *(Offended)* So that one truth of yours is... What? That I'm dumb?

Michael: I apologize.

Noa: Forget it.

Michael: I do. I usually don't... I'm not much of a drinker, so... I'm sorry.

Noa: I don't want to be here.

Galileo: What's wrong?

Michael: I'd hate for you to leave like this. I was talking like a... Please, forgive me. It's okay if you believe that... It's your right to believe whatever you... Wait, what *do* you actually believe?

Noa: *(On the verge of tears)* I believe It's ok to have doubts. To re-examine. To have a different perspective. And maybe I'm wrong. I'm not claiming to have every universal truth in my pocket. But neither do you.

Michael: I'm sorry if I offended you.

Noa: Okay. Good night.

Michael: I'm intrigued.

Noa: By what?

Michael: By what you said. You're right. Every universal truth isn't... *(Coping with the metaphor)* "In my pocket." And I want to learn. Figure out where this is coming from. Understand why you would think that... Do you honestly think the world is flat?

Noa: *(Laughs)* Yes.

Michael: Okay. Because I don't think you're dumb. I think you're very different than I am, but I like that. I want to understand your... "Truth". I want to understand... You.

Noa: Forget it. It's not important.

Michael: I think it is.

Noa: I have an early start tomorrow.

Michael: ...Sure.

Noa turns to leave, she's a bit wobbly and Michael extends his hand to help her.

Noa: I got it. Thanks for the... It's getting late. And I apologize for snapping. I thought it was totally nuts too, the first time I heard the truth.

Michael: What? That our planet is actually a...

Noa: It's not. Really. *(Laughs)* It's not really a planet.

Galileo: Really?

Noa: It's an illusion.

Galileo: You don't say...

Michael: I'd like to see you again.

Noa: We'll see.

Michael: Not here. Somewhere else.

Noa: I don't know.

Michael: So we can talk.

Galileo: What's there to talk about with this one? She's dumb as a doorknob.

Michael: And I apologize for... You know.

Galileo: What are you apologizing for?

Michael: I really wasn't peeping on you.

Galileo: Of course he wasn't.

I was just looking at the moon and I suddenly saw you in the window and you were so beautiful that... I wasn't thinking.

Galileo: (smiles) He really wasn't.

Michael: I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

Noa: Prove it.

Michael: What?

Noa: Can you prove it?

Michael: Prove what? What do you think I was saying?

Noa: I don't think, I feel. *(To Michael)* Hold on *(Noa takes her phone and leaves Zohar a voice message)* I think I've found someone for you for tomorrow. A scientist who claims he can prove you're a liar. Call me if you want me to bring him. *(to Michael)* Are you free tomorrow?

Michael: When?

Noa: 8 am.

[Q The phone's Macarena ringtone chimes]

Galileo: No.

Noa: *(To Michael)* Excuse me, it's the...

Michael and Galileo: The asshole?

Noa: Yes. No! I was seriously pissed at him, but he's really not so bad... We still work together, and I genuinely think you'll have an interesting time talking to him. Wait. [Q The phone stops ringing] *(On the phone)* I'll be right with you. *(She lowers the phone and addresses Michael)* So? are you free tomorrow morning?!

Michael: Yes.

Galileo: No. You said you have class tomorrow at eight.

Noa: Great, we could share a cab to his studio.

Galileo: Why would you want to meet this miscreant?

Noa: *(On the phone)* Hey.

Galileo: In my day, people like him used to execute people like you. By torture.

Michael: I don't know...

Noa: Tomorrow at eight!?

Galileo: Are you sure you understand what you're getting yourself into?

Michael: Yes.

Galileo: I give up. *(He exits to get some more pizza)*

Noa: Awesome. *(On the phone, exits, offstage)* Zohaer, you asked me to help you, so I'm trying to help you, why are you being such a...

Michael: Sorry about the...

Galileo gives Michael a disappointed, admonishing look.

Michael: *(To Galileo)* What can I do? I want her.

Galileo: *(Sighs)* It's over.

Michael: What?

Galileo: *(Finishes the pizza and sighs)* It is what it is. You can't have the pizza and eat it too.

Michael: You ate the whole pizza?

Galileo: Sorry.

Michael: You're not real!

Galileo: If I'm not real, It means you ate the whole pizza.

Michael: I can't believe it.

Galileo: Maybe It's for the best. In my experience, confronting the inquisition on a full stomach, is a bad idea.

Scene 2

Music. Zohar enters the stage, which transforms into a TV studio. He is wearing a suit, taller than Michael, and looking much more impressive. He approaches Noa, who is applying his makeup, giving him a final touch-up. He does warm-up exercises to the sound of the music playing in the studio, gets a phone call and exits. Noa approaches Michael, who enters the studio.

Noa: I'm so glad you're here, we kinda have to hurry.

Michael: You work with him?

Noa: Yeah, I have to make you up.

Michael: What is this place?

Noa: It's a studio.

Michael: Like a T.V studio?

Noa: YouTube. I know what it sounds like, but he's super professional and yesterday when I told him about you he got really excited and asked me to invite you to be interviewed on his channel.

Michael: I don't...

Noa: What?

Michael: When?

Noa: Now. That's why I have to make you up.

Galileo: Why does she want to make you up?

Michael: I don't know. I have never worn makeup in my life.

Galileo: Don't do it. It's a trap.

Noa: *(Warning him)* You're going to shine.

Michael: Thanks for the vote of confidence, but I don't...

Noa: Just a bit of powder in case you break a sweat.

Michael: Who's gonna watch this?

Zohar approaches them, pumped with energy.

Zohar: Michael! Nice to meet you, I'm Zohar... I... *(To Noa)* Shmoopy, put a little powder on his forehead, we don't want him to shine now, do we?

Galileo: Shmoopy?

Noa: I told him, but he didn't want to

Zohar: A skeptic, eh? *(Pats Michael on his back)* Perfect, I'm the same way.



Noa: Michael doesn't believe a thing unless it can be proven.

Zohar: It looks different on screen. Come look at the monitor.

Michael: Who's going to watch this?

Zohar: Anyone who wants to.

Noa: He has 460,000 subscribers.

Michael: And they all believe that planet earth is a...

Zohar: They all know it's not.

Michael: Not a planet?

Zohar: It's obvious.

Michael: Obvious to whom?

Zohar: Not everyone. Yet. I'm not delusional. But that's not all explore, we also discuss mainstream scientific issues.

Michael: Such as?

Noa: ...Vaccines, climate engineering, chemtrails.

Michael: Chemtrails?

Zohar: Today's science is controlled by corporations, right? This isn't news to you.

Michael: What are you talking about?

Zohar: I'm talking about the simplest things that are obvious to anyone with a pair of eyes.

Noa: For example, have you ever seen those planes leaving white trails behind them that later become clouds? Do you know what it is?

Zohar: ...Let me, Noa.

Michael: The steam condensation?

Zohar: ...That's what they want you to think...

Noa: ...It's toxic matter they spread in the air.

Zohar: Chemtrails.

Michael: What's that?

Zohar: Climate engineering.

Michael: *(Stunned)* What's the...? What?

Zohar: See? You didn't even hear of it. But as soon as people realize that the doctors and scientists and airlines, even the governments are actually controlled by corporations that themselves are controlled by the elites, they slowly open up to accept the whole truth about the world we live in.

Michael: Wow.

Zohar: Noa said you were open-minded, that you're not afraid of new ideas that might challenge your worldview... *(Pause)*

Galileo: No you're not. *(Pause)* You're not thinking of debating this hack in front of a live audience. *(Pause)* Have you ever heard of Bruno?

Zohar: So, how about it, dude?

Michael: *(To Galileo)* Yes.

Zohar: Awesome.

Michael: Wait, I'm not sure I...

Galileo: Giordano Bruno was a colleague of mine. Good guy. Naive like you. He believed that the stars in the sky were other worlds, and he had evidence, calculations, so he was sure that when he explained it to them, they would understand. Do you know why he was so sure?

Michael: *(to Noa)* I don't know...

Galileo: Because he was an idiot, like you.

Michael: *(What?)*

Galileo: Do you know what happened to him?

Noa: What?

Galileo: The inquisitor insisted on a full retraction.

Zohar: You've got nothing to worry about

Galileo: Bruno refused.

Zohar: We'll sit down, and have a nice interesting chat.

Galileo: So they sentenced him to burn at the stake in the town square.

Noa: You don't have to do it.

Galileo: And right before they burned him, just in case, they nailed his tongue to his jaw so no one could understand what he was screaming!

Zohar: So, what's it gonna be?

Pause.

Michael: Okay.

Zohar: Awesome! *(To Noa)* Shmoopy, make him up chop-chop. If I'm going to humiliate him on air, at least let's make sure he doesn't shine on camera.

Noa: *(While applying Michael's makeup)* Just a bit of powder, to hide the sweat.

Zohar: *(Loudly)* Places, everyone, two minutes to air! *(He walks over to the host's chair)* Come here, Michael! Sit down!

Michael is trembling, he joins Zohar and sits on the chair next to him.

Zohar: *(To Michael)* Would you like something to drink? *(Loudly)* Why doesn't he have any water? Someone get him some water. Never mind, we're out of time, one minute to air. Shmoopy! Final touch-up!

Noa hurries to Zohar, powders him, and when she finishes, he sits her on his lap and gives her a long French kiss.

Zohar: Ohhhhh, I'm crazy about you, am I good? Did anything smudge?

Noa: No.

Zohar: The hair? *(Noa nods)* Awesome. Now, scram. Ten seconds to air. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three...

Noa runs out of the frame, then slows down and continues to walk, somewhat humiliated. Michael follows her with his gaze as she goes to the corner of the stage.

2B

7. The screen shows a flat earth map

[Q Inspiration]

Zohar: *(To the camera)* Hello, all you brave people, you heroes willing to step out of the box, defy the norm, crush the matrix and reveal the truth - to yourselves and to the world. I'm

Zohar Bellarmino and here with me in the studio is Michael... *(Michael looks at Noa)*
Michael, are you with me?

Michael: What? Yes.

Zohar: Michael is a physicist, astronomer and a staunch believer in the heliocentric model
[F.O Sound] *(Stifles a snigger)* So, Michael, you think the earth is a round globe.



Michael: ...There are photos of earth from space.

Zohar: NASA's photoshop? *(Addresses the audience, sneeringly)* You see? Now, it's not that I think Michael here is a fraud, I'm sure he wholeheartedly believes whatever NASA, his university professors and all the sponsored research teach him about the world, but the truth is simple. Every kid understands it, until they start school, where you teachers brainwash them. Do you think it's an accident that for thousands of years people believed earth is the center of the universe? How could anyone in their right mind look at the world and believe it's some revolving ball?

Michael: Because...

Zohar: Okay. Why is it, in your opinion, that no airline has ever flown over the South Pole?

Michael: I don't know if that's true...

Zohar: It is. You can check the commercial airlines' flight routes online.

Michael: Perhaps it's because there are no two destinations in the Southern hemisphere where the shortest route between them passes right through the South Pole?

Zohar: Because that's what they want you to believe!

Michael: But it makes sense.

Zohar: ...If you're enslaved to the notion that the earth is a round globe and that there's such a thing as a South Pole, only there's no such thing as the South Pole.

Michael: What? Why? Why would anyone believe that?

Zohar: Because, as Mark Twain said: "A lie can travel halfway around the world while the truth is still putting on its shoes."

Michael: What?

Zohar: Antarctica is not a continent! We all know those atlases they give kids at school, where the South is up and North is down. Does that make sense to you? Of course it doesn't. Why do endless flights go through over the North Pole? Because it's the center of the world, and why do none go over the South Pole, not even one, because Antarctica is a massive wall of ice surrounding the entire world, so no flight can fly over it.

Michael: So, what's behind it?

Zohar: Excellent question, the answer to which can only be given by someone who can reach the other side of Antarctica, see? It's no accident that planes aren't allowed to go over Antarctica, they don't want us to see the truth with our very own eyes!

Michael: Why not?

Zohar: Oh!!! If we figure out why, we will figure out everything. [Q Inspiration track] And that's what real science is all about! Not blindly believing what other people tell you, but rather opening your eyes and believing only what you see for yourself. *(He turns to the audience)* Do you see what's going on here? The physicists and astronomers know nothing you don't, but they desperately want us to believe they do. isn't that right, Michael?

Michael is silent, then chuckles nervously.

Zohar: What was it Ghandi said? "First they ignore you, then they laugh at you, then they fight you, then you win." [Lower volume]

Noa sits in the corner of the stage, embarrassed. It seems she feels guilty about the humiliation Michael is going through. Galileo is in the other corner, desperate, unable to believe his eyes. Michael raises his hand.

Zohar: Do you have anything you want to add?

Michael: Do you love her?

Zohar: What? *(Pause)* What's that got to do with anything? Cut!! [The Music ends abruptly]

The screen is once again green

Zohar: Yes. Well, this was awesome, thank you Michael *(He extends his hand for a handshake, then pats him on the back forcefully)*. Shmoopy, come take off my makeup.

2C

Noa approaches them

Michael: And now, do you love her?

Zohar: Sure I do *(He sits her on his lap as she continues to take off his makeup)* You know I love you, don't you, Shmoopy?

Noa: I don't...

Michael: You know he doesn't.

Noa: I don't know.

Zohar: Sure you do.

Noa: How could I know?

Michael: How could you not?

Noa: I don't...

Zohar: Who are you talking to? Me or him?

Noa: What?

Zohar: Are you talking to me or to him?

Michael: She's talking to me.

Noa: How can you prove love?

Zohar: That's the dumbest load of crap I've ever heard.

Noa: Would you just shut up?

Zohar: Are you talking to me or...

Noa: I'm talking to you, shut the fuck up!!!

Michael: *(To Zohar)* Do you know why Zohar can't prove the earth is flat?

Zohar: Who said I couldn't?

Noa: Why?

Michael: Because he's a coward.

Zohar: Come again?

Michael: It's super easy to prove the earth is flat.

Galileo: *(Jumping)* Come again?

Noa: How?

Michael: If the earth is flat, we can simply go all the way to the end of the world and see.

Noa: That's right.

Galileo: What's right?

Michael: So why doesn't he?

Zohar: Because it's impossible.

Michael: Precisely.

Zohar: I just told you that there's no flying over Antarctica.

Michael: Who's gonna stop you? The Free Masons' air force?

Zohar: NASA's surface-to-air missiles.

Michael: What did I tell you? A Coward.

Zohar: Now you listen here, you, condescending loser...

Michael: He talks a big talk like he's got the balls to drive in reverse, full speed, against the traffic, when he's actually afraid to get on the road.

Zohar: Me, afraid to get on the road? You're a fucking schoolteacher!

Noa: Okay. Prove it, then.

Zohar and Michael: What?

Noa: Can you?

Zohar: Who?

Michael: Me.

Zohar: What?

Michael: I could try.

Zohar: What are we talking about?

Noa: What if you fail?

Michael: Then we'll know I was wrong.

Noa: Okay.

Michael: Okay.

Noa: Okay.

Michael: Okay.

Noa: Okay.

Michael: Okay.

Noa: Okay.

Michael: Okay.

Zohar: Okay, what?

Noa: We're going to prove the earth is flat.

Zohar: *(Following Noa)* Who's 'we'?

Noa: Michael is taking me to the end of the world.

Michael: What? When?

Noa: Wait for me here.

Noa exits.

Zohar: He's bluffing! can't you see he's bluffing? (*Turns to Michael*) Where did she go?

Michael: I'm not sure.

Zohar: What do you think you're doing?

Michael: Trying to prove to her what you can't.

Zohar: And then what do you think will happen? You think she's going to fall in love with you?

Michael: I think she already is in love with me.

Zohar: Is that right?

Michael: I believe so.

Zohar: Who cares what you believe?

Michael: Noa does.

Zohar: Not even you believe the bullshit you're spewing. What is she gonna do when she realizes you're just messing with her? You think that after a date and a half you know something about her? Did you know she's messed up in the head? She ought to be medicated.

Michael: What a disgusting human being you are.

Zohar: You don't believe me? Did you know she tried to kill herself?

Pause

Michael: What?

Zohar: Did that scare you? Because there's something wrong with her. She's living in la-la land. The end of the world, that's where you want to take her? Newsflash - she already went there.

Michael: What do you mean? (*Baffled*) When?

Zohar: Ten years ago. She went on a trip to South America. Nothing special, the usual bag pacers trail, and then some idiot, like you, talked her into taking something that blew her mind, and then left her all alone, she can't even remember what happened, and that's when she must have jumped. Maybe she fell, I don't know...

Michael: I don't understand what you're trying to say.

Zohar: Of course you don't. How could you? Sticking your nose in the relationship of a couple you don't even know? What could you possibly know about us?

Michael: Do you love her?

Zohar: We've been together for ten years.

Michael: But do love her?

Zohar: I'm married. With three kids.

Michael: She never told me that... *(Stunned)* You have 3 kids together?

Zohar: Me and Noa? Hell no. I'm married.

Michael: Not to Noa?

Zohar: Of course not.

Michael: Does she know?

Zohar: My wife? No way! Are you nuts?

Michael: Noa!

Zohar: Oh. Sure, she does. Maybe. I think so. We don't really talk about it. Honestly, I have no idea if she knows. I told you; she's living in la-la land. I love her, sure I love her, but she's not the kind of person you can have a proper relationship with.

Michael: You're completely fucked up. *(He turns to leave)*

Zohar: You want to take her to Antarctica, and I'm completely fucked up? Did you know she was afraid of heights?

Michael: So?

Zohar: She can't even board a plane. She hasn't been abroad since it happened. Not even once.

Pause.

Noa arrives with two enormous backpacks. She gives one to Michael.

Noa: Coming?

Zohar: Where?

Noa: The end of the world.

Zohar: How? By plane?

Noa: ... Boat.

Zohar: You can't sail to the end of the world. It's moronic.

Galileo: The cretin has a point. *(To Michael)* Could you please explain what it is you're trying to prove here?

Noa: *(To Zohar)* Wanna bet?

Galileo: What does she want to bet on?

Michael: Butt out.

Noa: Let's bet. I say that if the world has an end, Michael and I will reach it.

Zohar: *(After a pause)* You know how this is gonna end.

Michael: Let's make the bet? What's wrong? Don't you believe your kooky theory can be proven? *(Sniggers)*

Zohar: You think that if the world is flat, it necessarily means it has an end?! The world is a...

Scene 3

A ship's horn is heard, completely drowning out Zohar's speech. Michael and Noa walk away with Zohar following them, continuing to talk the whole time, a long monologue, until they reach the dock, until the horn falls silent and everything is quiet...

On the dock in the port.

Zohar: And that's that, it's impossible, see?

Noa: *(Bidding farewell to Zohar)* Thanks for the ride.

Zohar: I'm worried about you.

Noa: Don't be.

Zohar: ...He doesn't know you.

Noa: He will now.

Zohar: Do you have any idea how long it takes to get to South America by boat?

Noa: As long as it takes. I'll call you from the way.

Zohar: And how do you think you'll get to Antarctica from there?

Michael: We'll be fine.

Zohar: *(Approaches Noa, then softly)*...Noa, you've got to at least tell him... *(To Michael)*
Could you give us a minute?



Noa: I have nothing to hide from him.

Zohar: Is that so?

Galileo: *(To Michael)* Can I grab you for just a moment? *(He takes a few steps aside)*

Michael: Okay. *(He walks over to Galileo, now standing somewhat at a distance)*

Zohar: *(To Noa, softly)* What are you trying to achieve here?

Michael: *(To Galileo)* For once in my life, I want to see something through to the end.

Galileo: I'm not sure her ending is the same as yours.

Zohar: Can you be serious? Look at this guy, is this what you want?

Galileo: *(Grasping at Michael's shoulders)* You're a high school teacher. Not Amerigo Vespucci and not Casanova.

Noa: I know what I don't want.

Galileo: You suddenly remembered to dream of eternal fame and a bigger-than-life kind of love?

Zohar: How do you think this is gonna end?

Galileo: You're a small man. The most a small man can dream of is a mediocre life, and that's totally fine. It's not the end of the world.



Michael: Why?

Galileo: *(To Michael)* Why is a question for philosophers and theologians not for scientists like us.

Zohar: Do you picture a happy ending? You and him riding a horse into the sunset?

Noa: Why not?

Zohar: Because it's fucking South America and you're afraid of heights.

Noa: We can ride a Llama. *(Leaving Zohar and approaching Michael)* Can we?

Michael: Llama? I think so.

Zohar: why the fuck would you wanna ride a Llama?

Noa: Because it's South America, it's shorter than a horse, and because I feel like it.

Michael: I'm not sure it'll be a comfortable ride.

Noa: Alpaca then. The wool is softer.

Michael: *(Quietly, to Noa)* I'm afraid Alpaca is not an option. It's impossible to tame them.

Noa: really? I didn't know that.

Zohar: Now, do you realize she's nuts?

Noa: What's wrong with being nuts?

Zohar: That you can totally flip out on this poor guy tomorrow, and he wouldn't know what hit him. *(To Michael)* You have no idea who you're dealing with!

Michael: I actually think I do.

Galileo: I honestly don't understand what you're trying to prove here.

Michael: Have you ever heard of Galileo?

Zohar: The inventor?

Michael: The politician.

Zohar: Isn't he the guy who invented the telescope?

Michael: No. It's the guy who invented the fact that he invented the telescope. Let me tell you a couple of things about Galileo. Galileo took other people's ideas and passed them off as his own. He sucked up to the church, lived like a king, gathered hordes of admirers and then betrayed them and spat in their faces...

Zohar: Really?

Michael: I noticed you were really good with quotes. Do you know the one everyone attributes to Galileo, right before he died? "And yet it moves"?

Zohar: Sure, I do. So what?

Michael: Have you ever heard of Giordano Bruno?

Zohar: Who??

Michael: Exactly. Do you know what Bruno's final words were, right before he died?

Zohar: Uh... Umm... Mmm...

Michael: Exactly!! And do you know why? Because *he wasn't* a politician.

Zohar: I don't follow.

Michael: I Didn't think you would.

Noa: Stop it, Michael.

Galileo: Well, I did.

Noa: *(To Zohar)* I don't want to fight, that's all. *(She approaches Zohar and gently strokes his hair)* I think you'd make an amazing politician.

Zohar: You do?

Noa nods yes.

Noa: And we're going to the end of the world to prove you're right. You should be glad. I'm doing it for you, too. [Q horn blowing]

She kisses him softly, takes Michael by the hand and they both mount the bridge leading to the ship. She suddenly stops in her tracks. She's afraid of heights.

Zohar: Noa...

Michael: Close your eyes. You can trust me.

Noa closes her eyes and continues to embark on the ship, led by Michael.

Zohar: Wait, Noa.

Noa: What?

Zohar: *(Pause)* Look at me.

Noa: I can't. If there's anything you want to say, just say it.

Zohar: I just wanted to tell you that...

Zohar launches into an emotional monologue, but not a single word can be heard from him because the ship horn drowns out his words. Noa waits for a moment, then follows Michael's

lead and continues to ascend until they both disappear, and the blaring horn fades, receding into the distance. Silence. Seagulls.

3B

Zohar: Fuck 'em.

Galileo: Who?

Zohar: Scientists my ass. They walk around as if their shit never sticks to their butts.

Galileo: What?

Zohar: First, they murdered God, and now they want to replace him.

Galileo: I'm afraid I don't follow. Who are we talking about?

Zohar: All those "scientists", who gave them the right to determine what's right and what's wrong?

Galileo: *(Placing a hand on his shoulder)* Forget it, It's all politics.

Zohar suddenly notices Galileo, who, up until now, was just a voice in his head. He tries to hide his surprise.

Zohar: Who said that?

Galileo: I did. That's the way the cookie crumbles. Knowledge is power.

Zohar: Precisely.

Galileo: Glad to be of service.

Zohar: Isn't that an Einstein quote?

Galileo: Einstein is the quote about the infinity of human stupidity.

Zohar: I know that one.

Galileo: Would you look at that? And there I was thinking you were a complete idiot.

Zohar: In my bathroom, I have this book thick with quotes on all kinds of subjects.

Galileo: Knowledge is power.

Zohar: I know, right? Every time I'm in the john, I learn one of the quotes by heart.

Galileo: Nothing like a good old dead man's quote, to get things going.

Zohar: Dead right. There's nothing like a ... Wait a sec *(He takes a cellphone out of his pocket)* Could you say that again? What you just said. I don't want to forget it.

Galileo: "Nothing like a good old dead man quote to get things going"?

Zohar: The one you said before, right, *(Writes in his cellphone and while saying it aloud)* "Power - is - knowledge" Well done. Strong, to the point, I love it. Thanks.

Galileo: You're welcome.

Zohar: And that other one you said.

Galileo: "Knowledge is power"?



Zohar: No. *(Remembers)* "It's - all - politics."
(Writes it down)

Galileo: Sure.

Zohar: And who said that?

Galileo: I did. why? What's wrong?

Zohar: ... It's gotta be a quote by someone famous... Mark Twain, Gandhi...

Galileo: Does it have to be a writer or a politician?

Zohar: Or a scientist. As long as they've been dead for a really long time...

Galileo: I'm your man.

Zohar: You? A scientist?

Galileo: Or a politician.

Zohar: *(Sniggers)* Not in this lifetime. *(Puts his notebook back in his pocket)*

Galileo: You just said you prefer them dead...

Zohar: what? who?

Galileo: You know the song?

Zohar: What song?

Galileo: *(sings)* Galileo, Galileo

Galileo, Galileo

Galileo, Figaro - magnifico

Zohar: Are you messing with me?

Galileo: Too old for imaginary friends?

Zohar: *(Closes his eyes)* Fuck.

Galileo: How about imaginary enemies?

Zohar: *(Opens his eyes)* What?

Galileo: Imaginary enemies. *(Smiling)* Every politician must have some

Zohar: Are you calling me a liar?

Galileo: Me? Absolutely not. I just thought you were interested in becoming one.

Zohar: I tell people the truth straight to their face. That's my thing.

Galileo: Well of course. It's a lie only if they don't believe you.

Galileo exits

Zohar: *(Having an enlightenment)*. Wow.

Zohar exits, trying to catch up with his new mentor.

Scene 4 - On the Ship

inside a ship's cabin.



Noa: What did he say to you?

Michael: About you? Let it go, who cares?

Noa: Are you afraid of me?

Michael: He said you were slightly unhinged.

Noa: He told you I was living in La-la land, didn't he?

Michael: I don't care about his lies.

Noa: But what if they're not lies?

Michael: You're fine.

Noa: I don't want to be fine. And maybe you ought to care.

Michael: What do you want?

Noa: I want to be a mother. What do you have to say about that?

Michael: Cool. So do I.

Noa: You want to be a mother?

Michael: I want you to be... Whatever you want to be.

Noa: Do you think it's a good idea, me being a mother? Because Zohar thought it wasn't a good idea. I wanted us to have a kid together, and he thought it was a bad idea, so he up and went to have kids with someone else.

Michael: I think it's a good idea for you to do whatever it is you want to do.

Noa: And who's going to be the father?

Michael: Whoever you... If you'd like me to...

Noa: What?

Michael: How about we go up to the deck?

Noa: I'm afraid of heights.

Michael: You've been stuck in this cabin for a month now, it's lovely outside. The smell of the ocean. I understand you're afraid of heights, but we don't have to go near the edge... Do you want us to quit? I don't understand what it is you want.

Noa: I want to fly.

Michael: *(Pause)* Wait, what do you mean?

Noa: You have no idea what I'm talking about.

Michael: I'm taking you to the end of the world. Why do you think I'm doing it?

Noa: You don't have to be stuck in the cabin here with me. Go upstairs. I'll be fine. *(Pause)*
Get out!!

Michael distances himself from her until he arrives at the ship's nose. Waves lapping. Wind.

12. Sunset on the Nose of the ship.

Noa appears from behind.

Noa: I changed my mind. They said you might be up--

Michael: Sssshh. Give me your hand. [Q Titanic] Now close your eyes. *(He takes her hand and brings her closer to him)*. Go on. step up. *(She climbs on the safety railing)* Now hold on to the railing. keep your eyes closed, don't peek.

Noa: I'm not.

Michael: Step up onto the rail. Hold on. Hold on. keep your eyes closed. Do you trust me?

Noa: I trust you.

Michael: *(Takes her hands and spreads her arms wide, then whispers)* all right. Open your eyes.

Noa is excited. The music intensifies. Michael stands behind her and both spread their arms to the sides, she opens her eyes and looks up.

Noa: I'm flying. I'm flying!



She looks down and screams, CUT. The music cuts off.

13. The sunset turns into a gloomy darkness.

Noa: I had no idea ships were so tall. Sorry.

Michael: It's okay.

Noa: We could have flown, I just...

Michael: I know.

Noa: No, you don't. There are pills I can take. I just don't like the way they make me feel.

Michael: You're okay.

Noa: I'm scared.

Michael: I'll keep you safe. You won't fall.

Noa: Step away from me.

Michael leaves her. He takes a step back.

Noa: I'm not afraid of falling. I'm afraid of jumping.

Zohar's voice: *(Echoes)* Close your eyes.

The stage turns dark.

Noa: I don't think I should.

Zohar's voice: Close your eyes.

Michael: Close your eyes. I'll keep you safe. (*Waves sound)

Noa: I don't think you can. Where are you going? Don't leave me here all by myself...

Black.

4B

Zohar's voice: Trust me, lighten up, will you? Close your eyes.

Noa: What am I supposed to feel?

Zohar: *(Raises his voice)* Noa!

A lighter flicks on, illuminating Zohar with long hair (dreadlocks) sitting on a rale at the edge of a cliff, lighting a joint and taking a long drag. Michael is goen. Noa is ten years younger. [Q bossa nova +video waterfall]



Zohar: Oh, there you are, where did you disappear to?

Noa: I can't feel anything. Can you?

Zohar: Wanna hear a joke?

Noa: No.

Zohar: So this blonde chick goes out to water her garden when it's raining. Her boyfriend says: why water the plants now? It's raining. So the blonde chick goes: don't worry, I have an umbrella. *(He laughs)* What? Don't you get it?

Noa: I got it. It's just a crappy joke.

Zohar: You're too blonde.

Noa: I'm not blonde.

Zohar: Here, take a drag, it'll make it go up faster.

Noa: I don't want to mix this stuff. Maybe you gave me too little?

Zohar: It's all we've got. And it's just as much as I took in Ecuador.

Noa: Are you sure this stuff doesn't go bad? How long have you been carrying this around?

Zohar: Just be grateful and keep quiet.

Noa: You charged me 50\$ for this shit, you two-bit drug dealer. This better...

Zohar: A ticket to Ecuador is much more expensive. *(He takes another drag, offers her one but she refuses)*

Noa: So? This is what you want to do with your life?

Zohar: This is the future, shmoopy. This is where the world is headed.

Noa: Don't call me shmoopy.

Zohar: If you get up in the morning all groggy, you'll take a pill to help you jumpstart the day. If you're sad, you'll take a pink little pill to put a smile on your face. If you want to study before a test, you'll take a pill to help you concentrate, if you want to fall in love, you'll take few drops of love, if you want a once-in-a-lifetime orgasm, you'll sniff something to make you horny, and if you want another one, you'll give your boyfriend a Viagra.

Noa: No, thank you.

Zohar: Not now, just in case you...

Noa: Never. Cool it.

Zohar: If you wanted to cool it, I would have given you something to cool you down, but you wanted to fly, didn't you? There you are. It's totally organi., natural, spiritual. and if you want to speed things up a little... *(He gets up and offers her a smoke)*

Noa: No, thanks.

Zohar: Sure?

Noa: A hundred percent.

Zohar: So, this blonde chick tells her boyfriend: "Did you know that only stupid people are a hundred percent confident?!" So her boyfriend tells her...*(offers her a smoke)* Are you sure?

Noa: A hundred percent.

Zohar: *(Cracking up)* you're killing me!! Do you realize what just happened here? [Q Video waterfall flowing backwards]

Noa: I think it's...

Zohar: What?

Noa: Was I here before?

Zohar: Thirty seconds ago, sit down, sweetheart, you're walking in circles.

Noa: *(Slows down a bit, as if within a dream)* Don't you feel like we were here once before? A long time ago?

Zohar: It's kicking in?

Noa: ... It feels like it, but like then it was in black and white, and now everything's in color!

Zohar: Welcome to fucking Oz!!

Noa: And your hair... Did you always have long hair?

Zohar: *(Laughs)* Do you know what color blondes dye their hair?

Noa: Blonde.

Zohar: Did you know it?

Noa: Did we go back in time?

Zohar: Dude! It's w o r k i n g!!! I told you!! Oh, I'm so jealous! *(Kisses her head)* What?

Noa: You have got to use deodorant.

Zohar: I gotta take a shower.

Noa: ... It's like water coming out of your skin.

Zohar: It's called sweat.

Noa: I know. But it looks like water.

Zohar: It's sweat.

Noa: My mouth is dry.

Zohar: I'll go get you something to drink.

Noa: I'm super hot.

Zohar: That's because it's super hot. I'll go get you some water. *(He exits)*

Noa: Will you be back? *(Quietly)* Zohar? [Q Gentle delusion] Zohar? He can't hear me...
Maybe he's not here. *(Strong colors flood the stage, psychedelic trip)* Fuck! Am I dreaming?
(She climbs the railing. spreads her "wings" getting ready to fly). Zohar? Zohar? Zohar!!!!

Black.

Scene 6 - In the Cabin

Inside the cabin, night

Noa: I don't understand what you're trying to prove.

Michael: What? You know what.

Noa: To who?

Michael: To you.

Noa: To me? You're doing it for me?

Michael: For both of us.

Noa: But you think it's impossible.

Michael: Then why do you think I'm doing this?

Noa: Your experiment has failed, don't you get it?

Michael: It can only fail if I don't follow it through.

Noa: You did. That's it. It's over. Done. What don't you understand?

Michael: I love you. I don't understand what you want.

short pause

Noa: I want you to leave now.

Michael: I don't want to.

Noa: Go. Get out. See the ocean. breathe some fresh air. Go look at the equator.

Michael: But there's nothing out there. It's an imaginary line. There's nothing real out there.

Noa: There's nothing real in here, either.

Galileo appears in the room, Michael tries to ignore him, he places a hand on Michael's shoulder who tries to ignore him.

Michael: Is that it?

Noa: I don't know. I asked Zohar to fly out here to be with me.

Michael: When?

Noa: A couple of weeks ago. I called him. He's supposed to land today or tomorrow and wait for us at the port.

Michael: And you never thought to tell me?

Noa: He'll bring my prescription and I'll be fine. We'll be able to fly.

Michael: To Antarctica? *(Pause)*

Noa: We could fly back home.

Michael: Who's 'we'?

Pause.

Galileo: May I intervene for a moment?

Until the end of the scene, Galileo speaks to Noa and Michael. They hear him yet ignore him and pretend he doesn't really exist.

Noa: What?

Galileo: Just a moment...

Michael: I'm not good at this...

Galileo: *(To Noa)* He's a crappy liar. You have to take charge of the situation.

Michael: I need you to just tell me what you want me to do.

Galileo: Let me remind you both that you're under no obligation to tell each other the truth.

Noa: I want you to...

Galileo: Do you want to hurt him?

Noa: I don't know. *(To Michael)* What do you want me to say?

Galileo: He wants you to lie to him.

Michael: I want you to tell me that you love me.

Noa: I love you.

Galileo: You know she's lying, she's only saying it because she doesn't want to hurt you, but that's okay. It's better this way, right?

Michael: *(To Noa)* Really?

Galileo: Oh, come on, man. What do you think she'll say now, that she really doesn't?

Noa: I really do love you.

Galileo: Great. Now kiss.

Michael: I want you to promise you'll never leave me.

Galileo: Seriously, dude??! How could she possibly make such a promise...?

Noa: I'll never leave you.

Galileo: Good!! *(To Michael)* She's on board. Bravo. My work here is done.

Michael: So what do you want me to do?

Galileo: What are you doing?

Noa: What do you want to do?

Galileo: Sex. He wants to have sex with you. Why else would he be here?

Michael: I want us to follow through, together, all the way.

Galileo: I can see why you like her. She really is cute. But it's a fantasy. This has nothing to do with reality, you do understand that, right?

Noa: Thanks.

Galileo: Thanks? What does that mean? What is he supposed to understand from 'thanks'?

Noa kisses Michael, he's somewhat rigid.

Galileo: You could, if you wanted to, fantasize that it's me...

Noa stops for a moment, freezing.

Galileo: Naaah. Bad joke. Sorry. Do continue...

Michael: *(Cuts in)* We don't have to if you don't want to. Are you okay with this?

Galileo: What are you doing...? Ok, that's it, I give up. You're a lost cause. *(He steps outside, mumbling to himself)* Geez, what an idiot, what a waste of...

Michael looks at him as he exits.

Noa: *(Cuts in)* Look at me. *(She kisses Michael)* I love you. I will never leave you. And I'm okay with it. [Q Video] You're you, and I'm okay with it.

pause

Zohar: Lies. It's all lies.

Black

Scene 7

Zohar: (on video) They think we are stupid, but we know the truth. We were a drop in the sea. We became a wave. Now we're a tsunami. We were grains of sand. We became a dune. Now we're a sand storm. We were small tiny ants. We became ... *(Pause)* not ants! I'm not an ant. And neither are you. Do you feel like you're ants? (No!!!) So don't let them step all over you!!! you know why?! (Because we're not ants) Because we're not ants. We're the majority. We have power. And like Galileo Galilei once said, "Power is knowledge"!

(Applause)

Black.

Q winds

Scene 8

Light rises over every gray airport, fog, in the background, a plane before takeoff. A scene from a black and white movie.

Michael: You're getting on that plane. I'm not coming with you.

Noa: But last night you said --

Michael: Last night we said a great many things. You said I was to do the thinking for both of us. Well, I've done a lot of it since then and it all adds up to one thing. You're getting on that plane with him, where you belong.

Noa: But you said...

Michael: Do you have any idea what you'd have to look forward to if you stayed here?

Noa: You're saying this only to make me go.

**Music from the film Casablanca starts playing.*

Michael: I'm saying it because it's true. [Q Sound] Inside of us we both know you belong with him. You're part of his work, the thing that keeps him going. If that plane leaves the ground and you're not with him, you'll regret it.

Noa: But...

Michael: Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of your life.

Noa: And I said I would never leave you.

Michael: And you never will. But I've got a job to do, too. Where I'm going you can't follow. What I've got to do you can't be any part of. I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that. Now, now... Here's looking at you, kid.

Zohar: *(Approaches)* Everything is in order.



Michael : All except one thing. There's something you should know before you leave.

Zohar : I don't ask you to explain anything.

Michael : I'm going to anyway because it may make a difference to you later on. She did her best to convince me she was still in love with me. She pretended it wasn't and I let her pretend.

Zohar : I understand.

Michael : Here it is.

Zohar : Thanks. I appreciate it. Welcome back to the fight. This time I *know* our side will win.

[airplane engines start]

Zohar : Are you ready, Noa?

Noa : Yes, I'm ready.

Zohar exits

Noa: Good-bye Michael. God bless you.

Michael : You better hurry. You'll miss that plane.

The plane engine roars. Noa exit and we hear the airplane taking off. Galileo approaches Michael.

Galileo: I think we should get going.

Michael: Get going? The two of us?

Galileo: Mmm.

Michael: I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The music intensifies and they disappear in a cloud of fog. Black.

Scene 9

Zohar is giving a TV interview:

Zohar: Sometimes one must make compromises. It reminds me that ages ago, in Italy, lived a man, he was a scientist but he believed in God. His name was Galileo and today everyone remembers him as the man who invented science. Some of his inventions were good: he

invented the thermometer, and the binoculars, and true, he came up with all kinds of theories I disagree with, but it doesn't mean that if I have a headache I won't use a thermometer, right? And say I'm at war and want to spot my enemy from afar, won't I use the binoculars? Do you get my point? Some scientists do good things, too. Because of them we have the internet, smartphones, tanks, seedless watermelons, and baking soda, and just because some vaccines lead to autism, doesn't mean that if a truck hits me I won't go to see a doctor. Do you see what I mean? (Q Inspiration music) There's a lot you can say about Galileo and not all of it is true, but they say that in his final moments, on his literal deathbed, he said one line, one very beautiful, very accurate line, he said: "And yet.... It's all politics."

Scene 10 - The Ministry of Science

On screen, the background of a government office.

{Q phone rings}. Light rises on Noa sitting behind a secretary's desk, in front of her is a phone, office equipment, and a glass of water.. The phone rings. Noa answers.

Noa: Ministry of Science, hello, how may help you? ... The minister is in a meeting, shall I give him a message? ... Very well . Thank you.

Noa takes out a pill box from the drawer and takes a blue capsule out. A glass of Water in one hand and the pill in the other, just before she puts the pill in her mouth, the phone rings. She answers.

Noa: Ministry of Science, hello, how may I... ...Yes, I'm sorry, I just stepped out for a minute, no problem. He asked me to notify you that something came up and he won't be able to make it to parent-teacher day... I know he promised, but there really is an emergency, it's an urgent cabinet meeting...

Zohar enters, dressed in a suit, gesturing to her to continue the conversation as if he's not there.

Noa: I can't, I'm sorry, it's classified, I wasn't supposed to tell you that either... I'll let him know. Thank you. *(She hangs up)*

Zohar: Any news?

Noa: From Antarctica?

Zohar: From my wife.

Noa nods.

Zohar: Are you okay?

Noa: Sure. I'm fine. Thank you.

Zohar: For what?

Noa: For asking.

Zohar: Oh, of course.

Noa: And for this job.

Zohar: Of course. Who else would I trust?

Noa: Do you trust me?



Zohar: *(Pause)* I promise you that if I hear anything, you will be the first...

Noa: What does it mean?

Zohar: We haven't heard from him in five years, I honestly don't know what... Don't look at me like that, I can't send out a search party to the end of the world... It's absurd.

Noa: Don't you want to know?

Zohar: I'm not the Minister of Science of the whole fucking world. It's impossible. We have limited resources. I can't do whatever I want to. It'll set a precedent. Tomorrow, someone will want to look into when the world was created, **if** it was created and how. Do we really exist? Is it a scientific question? Is it a philosophical or a religious one? It's political dynamite. Governments collapse over this kind of stuff! Sometimes we must simply accept

the fact that we can't know everything and it's okay for different people to have different opinions about it. Okay?

Noa: I want us to break up.

Zohar: I know.

Noa: So what am I doing here?

Zohar: We'll talk it over, promise. I just gotta run now. I'm already late. And if you notice I'm late, you have to remind me. Okay? *(He exits)*

[Q Michael enters and stands GO small piano]

Noa stares into space for a moment, Michael appears in front of her

Noa: Are you here?

He disappears. Noa remembers the pill she still hasn't swallowed. She pours all the blue pills from the box into her palm.

Scene 11 - Final Scene

[Q Sound + Video Matrix]

Noa's apartment's interior window is reminiscent of the window in the red/blue pill scene in The Matrix. Galileo appears in front of the window wearing a long leather coat and sunglasses.

Galileo: At last. Welcome Noa. As you no doubt have guessed, I am Galileo.

Noa returns the handful of pills to the box and puts down the glass of water. During the scene, she looks towards the balcony that remains dark, and only occasionally lightning flashes above it, illuminating Michael in a different image from the opening scene, at which she looks like a fragment of memory. Galileo leaves the window and approaches her. The light on the balcony goes out.

Noa : It's an honor to meet you.

Galileo: The honor is mine. I imagine that right now you're feeling a bit like Alice.

Tumbling down the rabbit hole? Hmm?

Noa : You....could say that.

Galileo : I can see it in your eyes. You have the look of someone who accepts what she sees, just because she is expecting to wake up. Do you believe in fate, Noa?

Noa : No.



Galileo : Why not?

Noa : Because I don't like the idea that I'm not in control of my own life.

Galileo : Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. What you know, you can't explain, but you feel it. Something is wrong with the world. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about?

Noa : The Matrix?

Galileo : This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back.....You take the blue pill, the story ends. You take the red pill.....you stay in wonderland...and I show you just how deep the rabbit hole goes.

Galileo offers Noa a red pill.

Galileo: **Remember...all I'm offering you is the truth. nothing more.**

Noa takes the red pill. She puts it in her mouth and drinks from the glass of water.

Galileo: Now follow me.

They arriving at the railings [GO Video+Sound (Voice 1)]

Light rises on Michael's balcony where he discovers Noa in the window through the telescope. Noa notices Michael looking at her.

Galileo: The truth has nothing to do with what we say about it. What we believe. It's just there. See?

Noa: What the...?! So he is peeping on me?

Michael: Fuck! Fuck!!!

He steps away from the telescope.

Galileo: Duh, what's the problem?

Noa: I can't believe he...

Galileo: What's wrong? I thought you were peeping on him, too.

Noa contemplates.

Noa: I don't want to do anything rash. I drank way too much.

Galileo: Okay.

Noa: So you want me to just knock on his door and...?

Galileo: This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back.

Noa exits. Galileo enters the balcony, takes a slice of pizza from the box on the table and eats it. Doorbell rings. Michael exits the balcony. Noa enters the balcony, Michael behind her with a clean glass.. She stands at the entrance, holding a Vodka bottle.

Michael follows her to the balcony with a glass, and places it on the table next to Galileo.

Noa: Hi, I live right across the street, do you happen to have any lemon?

Michael: Hi.

Noa: Lemon, for the Vodka. To make Caipirinha.

Michael: Oh. No. Sorry.

Noa scans the balcony, Galileo sits on the chair and smiles.

Noa: I just gotta get wasted and I can't take it neat.

Noa examines the balcony, Galileo is seated there, smiling. Noa discovers the bottle.

Noa: Diet? Seriously? Are you on a diet, or something?

Michael: I like the taste better.

Noa: You do?

Galileo: Do you want to come on to him or rip him a new one?

Noa: Nice to meet you, I'm Noa, is the glass clean?

She picks up the glass Michael brought out.

Michael: Yes.

Noa: *(Pours herself the Vodka, then adds the Diet Coke)* Got any ice?

Michael: I think that... *(Turns to leave)* Maybe.

Noa: Never mind, I'm just... *(She drinks the whole thing in one gulp)*

Galileo:... totally wasted and can't think straight.

Noa: ... Thirsty. Want some?

Michael: Maybe. Just a sip.

Noa generously fills the two glasses.

Noa: It's diet Vodka.

Michael: Really?

Noa: No.

Galileo: I gather you decided to fuck this up?

Noa: No.

Michael: *(Raising his glass)* Salud.

Galileo: Can you just listen to me for a second?

Noa: What?

Galileo: Puta.

Michael: It's in Italian.

Galileo: Ok, enough, take a deep breath. Relax. And don't push it with the Vodka.

Noa: Whatever. *(She clinks her glass with Michael's and drinks it in one gulp)*

Galileo: Okay, let's start over. Try some small talk.

Noa: *(Having finished her drink and noticing the telescope)* What's that?

Galileo: Small talk?

Michael: What?

Galileo: It's a polite, light conversation people have when they don't...

Noa: The telescope.

Michael: Oh. It's a telescope.

Galileo: You're making him nervous.

Noa: Cool.

Galileo: Just try some small talk. Something that will help you both calm down a little bit.

Noa: Are you gay?

Galileo: Really?

Michael: What? No...

Noa: Do you have any kids?

Michael: No.

Noa: How come?

Michael: I'm just... I live alone, so...

Noa: So, where exactly on the spectrum are you?

Michael: I've never been diagnosed...

Noa: What do you mean 'diagnosed,' don't you know what you are?

Michael: I don't think we're talking about the same spectrum.

Noa: Are you sterile?

Michael: ...No.

Noa: Impotent?

Michael: What?! No!!! Why?

Noa: Just curious. Don't you want to tell me?

Michael: I just...

Noa: Are you sexually aroused by women?

Michael: What?

Noa: Do you find yourself, sometimes, staring at a woman, fantasizing about what you'd do to her?

Michael: I beg your pardon?

Galileo: What are you doing?

Noa: Do you feel like I'm invading your privacy?

Michael: Yes. A little bit.

Noa: Do you like it?

Michael: Not so much, no.

Galileo: (*Shouting*) Just stop it!

Noa: Oh, ok. I'll stop, then.

Galileo: I give up.

Noa: So? What's the story Michael?

Silence.

Michael: I have no idea what I'm supposed to say now.

Noa: Me neither. None.

Michael: What am I supposed to...?

Noa: You don't.

Michael: Say?

Noa: Shut up.

Michael: Okay.

Noa: Shhh...

Silence. Michael sits

Noa: I'm scared of endings.

Michael: Bad endings?

Noa: Endings in general.

Michael: I don't believe in endings.

Noa: You don't believe in good endings?

Michael: Endings in general.

Noa: *(Suddenly)* Do you want to dance with me?

Michael: *(looks up, smiling)* No.

Noa laughs.

Q Music pre-kiss piano

Noa: I have a shitty taste in men.

She sits beside Michael

Michael: There's no accounting for taste.

Noa: You'd never lie to me, would you?

Michael: Is this a test?

Noa: Yes. Do I smell of Vodka?

Michael: I love the way you smell.

Silence.

Galileo: Would you just kiss already?

Michael opens his mouth to speak.

Noa: Shut up.

Michael laughs.

Noa kisses him. When the kiss is over, Noa looks at him as if she's seeing him for the first time.

Galileo: *(Cynical)* Bravo! Bellissimo! All's well that ends well. kissing music ends.

Galileo slowly starts to walk away, but stops to listen to their conversation

Noa: What do you mean, you don't believe in endings? *(She sits down)* What about love?

Michael: I don't believe in beliefs.

Noa: Isn't that a paradox?

Michael: A false belief can't change the truth.

Noa: Are you trying to start a fight?

Michael: Not at the moment.

Noa: There's time later, we don't have to start now.

They sit together holding hands.

Galileo: Bellissimo, I see you two don't need me anymore. Arrivederci! *(He turns away and advances to the edge of the stage)*

Michael: I believe in ghosts. Kind of. *(To Galileo, who stopped to listen)* I mean, I believe you can talk to dead people, but only if you believe they are with us.

Noa: Maybe we can talk to them even if we don't believe they're with us, but then they can't speak back to us.

Galileo: What are you trying to say?

Noa: *(To Michael)* Did you just hear something?

Galileo: And you two? You really exist?

Michael: *(Pause)* I don't know, we must have imagined it.

Galileo: "All the world's a stage, And all the men...."

Noa: *(Cuts in)* Who said that?

Michael: What?

Noa: All the world's a stage...

Galileo: I did!



Michael: Oh, Shakespeare, wasn't it?

Noa: Wasn't it Mark Twain?

Galileo: Oh, I've had it with you two.

Noa: ... Or was it Gandhi?

Galileo: You're completely wasted.

Galileo walks off stage and heads to the theater hall exit.

Noa: Do you understand what he was trying to say?

Michael: Gandhi?

Noa: If the world is a stage, it's proof that the world is flat, right?

Michael: Why would Gandhi say that the world is flat?

Noa: Maybe he meant that if the stage is flat, the theater better be sloped.

Galileo: *(Ofstage from the end of the theater)* Shut up already! It's over, done. The end. *(Sound of Galileo slamming the theater door behind him and goes on behind the closed door)* Let these people go home already!

Noa and Michel look at the audience.

Final Q - music - Light fading slowly to black

Noa: That's it?

They stand up as the lights start to fade.

A private conversation

Michael: Can I kiss you again?

Noa: Yes. But be quick. It's almost over.

Michael: We said we didn't believe in endings.

Noa: You said it, and I think we're already stretching it.

Michael: I think we should just...

Noa: Shut up.

Michael: I just wanted to sa...

Noa: Shhh...

Noa silences him with a kiss and he continues to mumble something incomprehensible.

Music intensifies.

Black.

The End