

SUNRISES

A bitter play in seven acts

by Daniel Zahavi

Translated by Daniel Shapiro

Characters:

Officer – 40-year-old male

Soldier – 30-year-old male

Medic – 20-year-old male

Infiltrator – Ageless

Stage:

Wilderness, desert, nuances in the design that imply to an unknown time and place in the future.

Music:

Music ranges between sorrowfulness and unruliness.

Act 1

Curtain opens and reveals an execution by gunfire. On stage we see the officer, a shooting squad consisting of two soldiers (soldier and medic) and the executed Infiltrator that's tied to a pole.

Officer: Fire!

The two soldiers fire their rifles. The Infiltrator's body is shocked by the gunfire, his head drops while he is still tied to the pole. The officer approaches. He looks suspiciously at the Infiltrator

from up close. He signals by hand, without looking back, to the medic to approach as well. The medic, who is one of the shooting soldiers in the firing squad, does not move.

Officer: Come on already! *(No reply from both soldiers)* Medic!

Medic: What?

Officer: Good morning! It's about time you woke up! Get over here. *(The medic approaches the officer and stands still. Officer waits a moment)*. Come on, take a look at him. *(The medic stalls with confusion)*. You don't know what you're supposed to do?

Medic: I don't really understand how to...

Officer: *(angrily)* What's that? Are you a medic – yes or no?

Medic: yes...

Officer: Did you do the course – yes or no?

Medic: Yes...

Officer: So...

Medic: So?

Officer: So do what you learned in the course! *(The medic starts moving hesitantly)* Oh come on! What's the big deal?! Is this so complicated?! I still got to get all the way back to the base, command a very important meeting, and you don't understand how to...?

Medic: No one told me yet what ...

Officer: *(Without listening to him)*. Come on! We still have a shitload of work to do!

The medic gets even more confused from the whole situation. So he does what he learned in the course. He takes a thermometer out of his pack, opens the dead Infiltrator's mouth, checks his fever and writes it down on a piece of paper. Then he checks his pulse and takes a note of that too.

Officer: *(Looks at the medic with suspicion)*. So?

Medic: I checked his vital signs...

Officer: You checked his what?!

Medic: Umm...temperature and pulse...I checked his temperature and his pulse...of
ahh...his...heart...

Officer: I saw what you did, I got at least one good eye, don't I?! Don't you have that device that
all the medics here have?

Medic: What device?

Officer: *(To the soldier)*. Get a load at this!

Soldier ignores.

Officer: What do you mean – what device? What kind of medic are you if you don't have that
device that confirms death?

Medic: Umm...I'm new here...this *(points with his head to the pole)* was only my second one.

Officer: This was only your second?! I see *(Thinks. nods with dissatisfaction)*. And at your first
execution – last sunrise – you didn't...

Medic: No...we just fired, then the officer checked his pulse and...

Officer: Has the whole world gone crazy?! This is chaos! How on earth can we win if we keep
on shooting ourselves in the legs, ah? We got to stick to the protocol! Protocol is the legs of the
army. It's the foundation. And how can a gun execute if it doesn't have the legs to carry it from
place to place, ha?

Medic keeps silent.

Officer: Ha?!

Medic: What?

Officer: And you probably also don't remember the name of the officer from the last sunrise, ha?

Medic keeps silent.

Officer: Whatever – first chance you get, go to the base and get yourself that device. And next time – even if the officer doesn't demand it, it's the pole-medic's responsibility. When we execute – we got to make sure we execute.

Medic: O.k.

Officer: O.k.? You know what we say about "o.k."?

Soldier: *(Trying to help the medic)* An o.k....

Officer: Hey! Let him. *(Pause)* so?

Medic: An o.k....?

Officer: An o.k. drill – is a skill k.o.

Pause. The officer, somehow, holds great satisfaction after saying this "witty" phrase that the medic has never heard before. The medic is confused, trying to understand the officer's point. The soldier seems to find this whole situation kind of amusing.

Medic: An o.k. drill – is a skill k.o.?

Officer: Yeah! O.k. – k.o. ... drill – skill. Get it?

Medic: o.k.

Soldier: Just say "Got it" – what don't you get?!

Officer: Soldier. I'm good without your backup, eh!

Soldier remains silent, although his disapproval to the officer's authority is apparent. The officer takes a deep breath. He approaches the medic.

Officer: Why do you think a medic is needed at every execution?

Medic: I don't know...I thought it's because we're shooting...

Officer: You're damn right it's because we're shooting!

Medic: What I mean is that, because we're shooting someone might get hurt...

Officer: Get hurt, eh? Medics in the army are supposed to, first and foremost, take care of the **dead**. What don't you get? So what are the results?

Medic: *(Reading from paper)* Pulse – zero.

Officer: Aha...

Medic: Fever – ummm...thirty nine point six...

Officer: What?! Is that normal?

Soldier: He was ill...

Officer and medic turn to the soldier at once.

Officer: What?

Soldier: The Infiltrator – he had a fever...

Officer: How do you know?

Soldier: He told me.

Officer: *(furiously)* What?!

Soldier: I spoke to him before...The CVIB appointed me to conduct the LRP on him.

Officer: The CVIB?! Appointed you to conduct the LRP on him?!

Medic: Yes, because he was “outstanding soldier” last week.

Officer: What? You were the “outstanding soldier”? *(Soldier nods)*. And what made you so “outstanding”, soldier?

Soldier: I caught the 300 Infiltrators.

Officer: You caught them? During the search operation?

The soldier is embarrassed.

Officer: What do you say? You caught them at the...

Soldier: Yes.

Officer: What do you say! And tell me – how on earth did you think to look for them there?

Soldier: (*Gives up trying to explain*). Intuition.

Officer: (*Insulted by the soldier's answer*). I see...

Medic: Intuition is when...

Officer: (*to the medic*). Thank you very much! You want to teach how to shoot a rifle too?! Check his temperature again and make sure his fever isn't going up...

Medic: (*Starts to walk towards the Infiltrator*) o....fine....

Officer: (*to the soldier*). Well aren't you Mr. top secret! Intuition...too bad they didn't sign you up at the ALBU.

Medic: What's...

Officer: (*Interrupts*). Shut up! (*To the soldier*) What do you say? Way to go! And that's why the CVIB let you do the LRP?

Medic: (*As he takes Infiltrator's temperature*) What's LRP?

Officer: A soldier in the EU doesn't know what an LRP is?! What are you shell-shocked?! You want to switch roles with him? (*He points at the Infiltrator's body and waits for an answer. Medic continues taking temperature*) ehy?

Medic: Thirty nine point five.

Officer: What?!

Medic: His temperature is thirty nine point five. He's getting colder.

Officer: Colder? Does that make sense?

Medic: Well, if he's dead – it makes sense...

Officer: If he's dead it makes sense...and if he's alive?

Medic: Well, if he's alive...I guess it can also make sense.

Officer: You sure you're a medic?

Soldier: Your shirt is dyslexic?

The soldier and the medic exchange smiling glances.

Officer: So what do you make of all of these measurements, eh?

Medic: You see, officer, also the dead have biological logic...or maybe, in this case, I should rephrase and call it physical logic...and that explains...

Soldier: *(He interrupts because the medic starts getting tangled up with his own words)*. I think dead people usually get colder.

Officer: ““Usually” doesn’t come around quite frequently”!!

The medic squeezes a silly giggle. This was the first time he had heard this overused officer’s cliché. The officer ignores and continues:

Officer: So you got to do an LRP?

Medic: *(Interrupting)*. What’s this LRP?

Soldier: *(Before the officer gets a chance to get mad)*. Last Request Procedure! LRP means Last Request Procedure! Outstanding soldiers earn the right to do an LRP. Either you use your own brain or shut the hell up!

Officer: Where were you stationed before you got here?

Medic: I was a medic at the BU..

Officer: BU...

Medic: Burial Unit.

Officer: I know what BU is! I used to be the coordinating officer of K at EU, if you don’t mind! Do you even know what EU is, or you still haven’t figured out where you are?

Medic: *(Guessing)*. Execution Unit?

Officer: You got luck, new-boy! More luck than brains. Biological...physiological... Check his temperature again. Make sure his cooling-down process is continuing.

Medic: Sure.

Officer: And you – outstanding soldier – how long have you been here?

Soldier: One thousand.

Officer: One thousand... *(acts as if he's impressed)*. Toddler! When I reached my thousandth sunrise, I remember, I thought I'd go crazy before I'd reach the finish line...and here I am! *(Proudly)* EU supervisor at the EU. You been on leave yet?

Soldier: One more.

Officer: One more! First leave, eh? *(Laughs)* It's nice out there, I can't argue with that. Not as challenging as it is here at the EU – but you got that thing going with the girls and all.

Soldier: Yeah...

Officer: When you return from your leave you'll understand things. When you forget, you can get used to anything. The problem rises when you start to remember. Medic! Temperature?

Medic: Thirty nine point one...

Officer: Excellent! He continues to die.

Act 2

Sad guitar music in the background. Lighting switches. Stage turns into the cell of the Infiltrator. In the cell there is only a bed. He is sleeping on the bed, has a high fever and is shivering. The soldier is standing next to him. The officer and medic are standing aside and listening to the story.

Soldier: *(Formally)*. Are you sure that's what you want?

Infiltrator: Yes, I thought it through.

Soldier: This is your **last** request.

Infiltrator: I understand that.

Soldier: You're here till sunrise, and then they come for you.

Infiltrator laughs.

Soldier: As the official representative of the country that has sentenced you to de-living, I am hereby obligated to make every possible effort in order to fulfill your last request. (*Infiltrator does not respond*). I'll go and look.

Infiltrator: Thank you.

The soldier thinks for a moment and then strikes the Infiltrator. The Infiltrator cries out in pain. The officer seems to be satisfied. The medic is startled and confused.

Soldier: So I went to look.

Officer: Hear that? Now that's what I expect from an outstanding soldier.

Medic: Yeah but...

Officer: Yeah but what?

Medic: Nothing...

Officer: You call that a face that means nothing? He's still shell-shocked, not to say PTSDed, yeah? He's still used to messing around with the dead. He thought that that's how they come from the factory. Like the birds we eat. Clean, no blood, no feathers, no eyes, no head, no legs. As if it's a factory that makes birds out of flower. (*to the medic*). People don't understand that beforehand someone put a knife to those birds' throats. And there was always hysteria, there were always screams and it always hurt. It's not clean, new-boy. It's never clean. It's both noisy and dirty.

Soldier: And for your information, when an Infiltrator says "thank you" you have to strike him.

Medic: What?! That's...

Soldier: That's the law and that's that!

Officer: (*Disappointed from the medic*) A medic from BU...good thing they didn't send us a BS driver!

A moment of silence.

Medic: So? Did you find one?

Soldier: (*Brings a guitar to the Infiltrator who is still lying in bed motionless*). Take!

Infiltrator rises from bed and takes the guitar.

Soldier: By then, he didn't have much time left till the sunrise.

Medic: I was always intrigued to know what one does when he knows that these are his final moments.

Officer: So good! You stumbled to the right place.

Medic: I stumbled to the right place...

Soldier: We all stumbled to the right place.

Medic: So did he play? (*Soldier nods*). Did you stay with him till the end?

Soldier: No. I wanted to give him a few moments alone before the sunrise.

Officer: Give him? Don't you think we give them enough?

Soldier: (*His thought wanders for a moment*) Give who?

Officer: Them! Them! You think they'd give you an LRP? Ehy? Nothing! They don't have any compassion! Any mercy! A guitar! Soon they'll ask the CVIB to sing for them! And you know what? That's exactly what's going to happen!

Medic: What's a CVIB?

Officer: Did you check his temperature again?

Soldier: (*To the medic*) It's the commander. (*Medic can't make it out*). Commander of a Very Important Base.

Officer: Leave him alone, he'll learn. Questions, questions, questions. Soon enough he'll learn everything there is to know.

Soldier: (*Angrily*). You want to hear?

Act 3

The Infiltrator plays the guitar and sings a song “soon”. The song is very sad and it seems as if he is making it up on the spot.

Oh so soon

It'll shine once again, for one last time,

That bright giant red, that bright giant red.

I am here awaiting that moment

Just like that last child forgotten at the playground

Till his mother...

Mama

If you sense my up and coming death

Would you awake with a dry bitter cry

Would you wake up now for the sake of your child

There was a time when your leg was for me a safe and warm shelter

A refuge from

Mama

Where are you?

Mama?

And the earth will lay a diaper made from its soft soil

Between your hand and my body

And the earth will lay a diaper made from its soft soil

Between your hand and my body

The Infiltrator finishes the song. One last guitar note still echoes. The soldier is taken by surprise by this powerful song. He is suddenly confused.

Soldier: That was...very nice.

Silence

Soldier: It's funny ya know?

Silence

Soldier: Because I...we could have actually...

Infiltrator: We could have.

Soldier: So why?

Infiltrator doesn't answer

Soldier: Why did you do it?

Infiltrator: It's not important now.

Soldier: (*Cynical*) Now! Because later we'll really get a chance to get to the bottom of this!

Infiltrator: That's exactly why!

Soldier: That's exactly why it's so important!

Infiltrator: It's not.

Soldier: It is! It is! You don't understand!

Infiltrator: It's not important!

Medic: It is! It is important! Why did he do it?

Officer: (*Rises*) It's really not important now!

Infiltrator: Because that was the only way...

Soldier: That was the only way...what?

Infiltrator: Do you know what goes on at the place we come from?

Soldier: Where? Here?

Infiltrator: The place we come from, not the place you come from.

Soldier: I understand.

Silence

Soldier: Of course I know. You know what goes on here where we come from?

Infiltrator: No.

Soldier: But you knew that if...

Infiltrator: I knew.

Soldier: And you knew that at these times we don't have a choice but to...you know that. If I would have done the same thing at the place you come from, my condition wouldn't have been any better.

Infiltrator: Most probably.

Soldier: And despite that...why?!

Infiltrator: Because that was the only way I could...

Soldier: What? Could what?

Infiltrator: That was the only way I could...please leave me alone, I don't have much time left.

Soldier: Just tell me.

Infiltrator: Because...because that was the only way I could...

Soldier: Could what??

Infiltrator: desire to go on...

Soldier: (*Doesn't understand him*) What are you saying?

Infiltrator: Please leave me alone.

Soldier: Just give me an answer.

Infiltrator: But what's the point? What's the point, soldier?

Soldier: I don't understand.

The Infiltrator starts walking towards the execution pole, slowly and quietly. As he positions himself next to the pole he continues:

Infiltrator: What's the point? What's the point, soldier? What's the point, what's the point soldier?

Infiltrator and Soldier: *(They mumble together)* What's the point? What's the point, soldier? What's the point, what's the point soldier?

Officer: I got it. *(Looks up)* The sun is already in mid sky, and besides, *(points at the Infiltrator)* I didn't do anything useful today.

Medic: Do you have any more executions?

Officer: *(Feels compassion towards the medic who still does not understand so many things)* "For every sun that rises – one bullet in the heart". Haven't you seen the sign at the entrance to the base?

Medic: I thought it's some kind of song...

Officer: *(Bursts out laughing)* Yeah, sure it's a song! *(Calms down)* I'm going to a very important meeting with the CVIB now. I hope that finally we will get that budget we were promised and start planting more poles. You should be proud, soldiers, despite the cutback in other units, we keep on growing. New-boy! Let me know if there's any suspicious change in his temperature, I'm at the MIHB. *(To the soldier)* And you – *(The soldier, who continued to mumble silently, as if woke up by a scream)* Be careful...never underestimate the Infiltrator. Wherever you're not prepared – that's where he'll get you! The second you won't be prepared – Boom! Off with your head!

The officer pauses shortly and then exits.

Act 4

Medic: (*Imitating the officer*) Let me know if there's any suspicious change in his temperature, I'm at the MIHB.

Soldier: Most Important Headquarters in the Base.

Medic: Thanks. I actually knew that. We also had a MIHB at the BU.

Soldier: Really?

Medic: Yeah. What, if you think about it, every base has one...

Soldier: (*Smiles*) Makes sense...that really does make sense...

Medic: (*Approaches the Infiltrator and take a close look at him*) My second...last sunrise I had some old lady.

Soldier: Yeah...

Medic: What?

Soldier: Nothibg...I think that there was some old lady amongst the enemies...it's probably her...you hardly see those kinds...

Medic: What, old ladies?

Soldier: Yeah. In any event, I don't remember anything.

Medic: You don't remember anything?!

Soldier: Nope.

Medic: Well what is it that you do remember?

Soldier: I only count.

Medic: So how many do you have?

Soldier: Executions?

Medic: (*Confused for a second and then*) Ah, yeah – executions.

Soldier: Nine hundred and ninety nine.

Medic: That's why you said that you've been here for a thousand sunrises. That means that every time the...

Soldier: Every sunrise. "For every sun that rises – one bullet in the heart".

Medic: And how is it that there is always someone to execute?

Soldier: They are all brought here, to the EU, from all around the country. There is always someone to execute.

Medic: After you see this place, you suddenly understand all kinds of things...

Soldier: What kind of things?

Medic: Things...you can also understand the...things that they do to **us**.

Soldier: (*Stops and looks at the medic with disappointment*) Got you. You're one of them?

Medic: I'm only saying that...

Soldier: It may seem to be the enlightened point of view to understand them, but I can also understand us.

Medic: Ah...

Soldier: It may seem cruel, what we do. And it may sound childish to say it – but they started. It's like nature. It's natural selection. Nature possesses certain kinds of mutations that are the cause for genetic changes that allow different species to survive. Those mutations, those changes, strengthen those species in some kind of way and give him an advantage over other species, weaker ones. Do you see any animals? Answer me! Do you see any animals?

Medic: Now?

Soldier: In general!

Medic: Not so many any more...

Soldier: Because there are hardly any left. They didn't survive the war either.

Medic: Except for some stronger species...

Soldier: Exactly. And that's exactly how humanity works too. We got to a point where the most horrendous social mutations, morally speaking, those who were once considered to be twisted and shocking – only thanks to those mutations, nations are able to preserve themselves.

Medic: And that's what brings us here...

Soldier: So...the individuals...the single person – they're unfortunate. Victims. But as far as the State goes...that's the only thing that worked. And...and they could hate us, But they can also understand. What choice did we have?

Medic: And how's your life, after a thousand people you killed?

Soldier: I'm fine.

Medic: What? And they don't pop up in your memory, all those...

Soldier: No.

Medic: Really?

Soldier: Yes.

Medic: What? Not even the special ones?

Soldier: What do you mean by special ones?

Medic: I don't know...maybe children...

Soldier: No, doesn't pop up.

Medic: Did you have any...I mean – how old was your youngest?

Soldier: I don't know. How do I count their sunrises?

Medic: More or less...it must be something that...

Soldier: I said I don't remember.

Medic: But you know – were there any babies?

Soldier: You're a real pain in the ass, you know? I told you I don't remember!

Medic: You do!

Soldier: Shut up!

Medic: So were there any babies?

Soldier: Of course there were babies! Where do you think you are?

Medic: There were actual...

Soldier: Oh just go ahead and shoot and get it over with (*Makes believe he's tied to the pole*) – What do you want from me? Don't you understand anything?

Silence

Soldier: I said I don't remember so cut it out.

Medic: But you do remember...

Soldier: Ohhh!

Medic: I'm just asking you to tell me. I know what I'm asking from you.

Soldier: No, you don't know what you're asking from me.

Medic: I do. After all I've spent enough sunrises in the army...and I told you I was a combat soldier at the BU, not some...

Soldier: That's not...

Medic: So why do you think anything you say can surprise me?

Soldier: For the last time, back off!

The medic is silent, but looks into the soldier's eyes fearlessly,

Soldier: *(About to start telling him but at the last second changes his mind)* That's enough! I don't want to tell you!

The soldier walks away from the medic and takes distance from him. Silence.

Medic: I...

Soldier: *(starts talking with the medic)* What difference does it make...you see – *(takes deep breath)* I'll tell you something. You see – *(takes deep breath)* once they tried a pregnant woman right before she gave birth...and after she was shot...it started poking out...the...the baby...so they brought the judge...

Medic: What, to the pole?

Soldier: Yes! To the pole! No one wanted to touch her...they didn't know what to do...so they brought over the judge.

Medic: And what?

Soldier: What what? He opened the book of laws and proved that according to the law... *(takes deep breath)* the baby is also...

Medic: The baby is also an Infiltrator?

Soldier: An Infiltrator. A passive Infiltrator...

Medic: And?

Soldier: And? (*asks him angrily. The medic doesn't get it*)

Medic: What happened?

Soldier: What do you mean what happened?! He was an Infiltrator!

Medic: I understood he's an Infiltrator, but...

Soldier: There were two soldiers there who shot him while he was still attached to his mother by the umbilical cord!!!

Medic: What?!

Soldier: Yeah! He was still connected to the cord. Later on, during our breaks, we would kid around on how he got all ready in his mother's belly and came out with the rope! Her blood dripped on his head and he was crying throughout the trial! And the soldiers just wanted to get over with it...waiting for the order to shoot the criminal to come already...

Medic: And you were the one that...

Soldier: (*ignores the medic*) And they were all tried! Every last single one of them was found guilty in the courtroom! No one was executed without a trial! For your information, a soldier that shoots an Infiltrator without a trial can find **himself** on the pole.

Soldier can't get out another word. Medic approaches him.

Medic: How did you hear about this?

Soldier: She didn't stop crying and said that she's pregnant, and that maybe we'll have mercy on the baby, and the soldier that was there...

Medic: Yes?

Soldier: I can't remember if I just heard about it or that...

Medic: Or that what?

Soldier: The soldier...just wanted to get over with it...get it done before he came out! She screamed and begged and made so much noise! And the soldiers were waiting for the order to come already so that they could spare themselves from...and then the order came and immediately – bam – bam! Two shots one right after the other – one right after the other. Like it was one single shot. Those are the highest level executioners...and her screams stopped. Did you ever hear that silence? It's the most beautiful silence in the world. In a split second the whole world becomes a silent place.

Medic: Could it be possible that it happened because of the trauma that her body...I mean...that there was a contraction...in her womb?

Soldier: And then we saw him coming out...a baby was born.

Medic: You saw? *(soldier remains silent, he's deep into the story)* And the mother, she...

Soldier: She could feel it coming...she wanted to convince us to let her have the baby and only then...she really...she knew he was coming...she got undressed and...tried to push him out while screaming "Wait! Wait just a little more!".

Silence

Soldier: He was so small that we had to get closer, after the judge's ruling, in order to hit him. The MIHB gave us special permission to cross the firing line and get closer...I couldn't look at the baby and shoot, because I couldn't get out of my head the mother screaming "wait!". I could see her dry tears on her swollen belly, and the wet blood that washed her bursting breasts. And her eyes stayed wide open...they were huge...she didn't stop...she was able to somehow sit up, while her hands were still tied to the pole...and that's how he came out...in a swoosh...and landed on the wet sand.

Sound of a crying baby.

Officer: Load your weapons!

Sound of guns loading. Baby's cry continues.

Soldier: The blood of the placenta and the blood of the mother...

Officer: Aim!

Medic: *(out loud, tries to stop him)* And you didn't go on any vacation yet at the time?

Soldier: Not yet...not yet...not...

Officer: Fire!!!

Soldier: One more sunrise and I go on vacation...

Sound of baby crying grows louder and then two gunshots stop the cry at once. The shots continue to echo in the air.

Medic: I'm sorry.

Soldier: Yeah.

Medic: Hey! One more and that's it! *(soldier doesn't reply)* You'll meet girls...

Soldier: Yeah...yeah... *(raises fingers of the Infiltrator)*. You need to stay here tonight, at 17, to watch him.

Medic: Yeah, I got that...

Soldier: So I'll see towards the sunrise. You got everything?

Medic: Yeah, when I signed in I got the new-boy's execution kit with everything I needed.

Soldier: back in my days we didn't have those kinds of things.

Medic: New days I guess...

The medic tries to make the soldier laugh, but he is indulged in his own thoughts, and starts to leave.

Medic: You got 16 more poles till the base...

Soldier: (*Sarcastic*) I'm happy there's something you actually **did** understand.

Medic: (*In an attempt to make the soldier stay with him*) The sun is setting, you'll walk in the dark...

Soldier: (*Starts walking*) Yeah...

Medic: Thanks for everything! (*soldier turns to him*) Oh, sorry...I forgot we're not allowed to say...

Soldier continues to walk. He stops and turns to the medic.

Soldier: So...what...(*Starts to ask a question but doesn't really know what he wants to ask so he stops. He is very confused now*)

Medic: What?

Soldier: Nothing.

Soldier about to leave.

Medic: Hey! Why do exemplary soldiers get the right to do... (*Tries to remember what it's called for a moment*) LR's?

Soldier: Grace.

Medic: (*Looks at him for a moment. Soldier doesn't say anything else*). What?

Soldier: Grace!

Soldier exits.

Act 5

The medic remains alone with the Infiltrator's dead body. He's a bit bored. Roams about.

Medic: Two. You're number two. The old lady is "one". You are "two".

He examines the body from up close. Time passes. He lay down, closes his eyes and mumbles:

Medic: Old lady – one. Guy with fever – two.

He stops mumbling. From this moment on he is dreaming. He lays down for a moment, and then he picks up his head and addresses the Infiltrator.

Medic: That was a nice song you sang. Well, that's at least what I understood from...the guy that was here before...the one that gave you the LR.

Infiltrator: I got more songs.

Medic: What?!

Infiltrator: I got more songs.

Medic: You're not dead?

Infiltrator: *(Smiles)* No.

Medic: You...*(Aims his gun at him, looks back terrified)* If you're not dead I'm gonna shoot you!

Infiltrator: Go ahead and shoot! Don't let me get in your way.

Medic: I'm gonna count till two!

Infiltrator: You can count till one.

Medic: One! *(He looks at him. He sees there's no change. He's tied to the pole, calm and peaceful)* Two!

The medic goes back to the firing line, aims and shoots. The bullet hits the Infiltrator and shocks him. The medic looks at him with concern from afar, and then comes closer. He checks his pulse.

Infiltrator: If you're alive enough to kill – then why do you still think too little alive to die?

Medic: *(he's startled as soon as the Infiltrator starts speaking, and he is still scared)* You can't die?

Infiltrator: No. Do you want to shoot me again, or do you want to let me go?

Medic: I...

Infiltrator: *(Seductive)* I'll sing you a song.

Medic: *(Looks as if he's hypnotized, as if he has no choice)* Fine... *(Starts to untie him, he's still tense, holding on to his gun)* You are an...

Infiltrator: Infiltrator? You never saw a living Infiltrator? Come here, I'll sing you a song.

What's left

What is left for us? What is left?

Try to tell apart the live from the dead

Go out and see the bodies

Go see the graves

You walk so full of pride

With your breathing body, with your powerful muscles

And try to tell apart yourself from the dead

So many sunrises. So many moments.

So many sunrises. So many moments.

Medic: That was beautiful.

Infiltrator: Thank you!

Medic: You're saying thank you again?

Infiltrator: Do you want to hit me?

Medic: *(Immediately)* No!

Medic and Infiltrator: Why on earth...

They stop because they started talking together – and then they both start talking again at the same time.

Medic and Infiltrator: Are you not allowed to say thank you?

They laugh.

The officer enters. He smiles and appears to be in a good mood. The medic and Infiltrator don't notice him.

Medic: I have no idea why you're not allowed to say thank you. I'm new here.

Infiltrator: You're new? And what about me? *(Ironically)* You've been here at EU twice as long as I was.

Medic: You heard everything, didn't you?

Infiltrator: *(Imitates the officer)* Will you stop blabbering or what?! Come on, go check his fever...

Medic: There are so many things I just don't understand...I...till today I would just bury...but now there are living people...*(Looks at the Infiltrator and then cracks a smile)* And also the dead are suddenly...

Infiltrator: Yes. Also the dead are suddenly alive. You know why you're not allowed to say thank you?

Medic: Do you know?

Infiltrator: I can guess.

Medic: Why:

Infiltrator: It's because the...*(Suddenly he notices the officer)* Hello!

The medic sees the officer and is startled. The heartfelt "hello" of the Infiltrator seems very strange to him. The officer puts on a serious face, approaches them in an intimidating manner, and then, at once, he breaks the tense moment and addresses the Infiltrator.

Officer: Hello! *(They hug each other warmly)*

Infiltrator: I missed you.

Officer: Me too! I understand you have already told him.

Infiltrator: Of course. Listen, we got ourselves here some medic!

Officer: A medic, ah? You sure you're a medic?

Infiltrator: Your shirt is dyslexic?

Medic: Hey, I did a course!

Officer and Infiltrator: Shhhhhhhhhhh!

Infiltrator: *(As if he's telling bi news)* Oh, I didn't tell you!

Officer: What?

Infiltrator: He checked my fever again! *(They both laugh out loud)* and he also checked my...whatchame-call-it...

Officer: What?

Infiltrator: You know, when the heart pulses...

Officer: Oh, that's what you call it.

Infiltrator: What?

Officer: That's what you call it when your heart pulses *(Infiltrator doesn't get it)*, that's what it's called – pulse.

Infiltrator: Oh! Right! *(Laughs)* But not pulses! Pulse! *(Again – big laugh)*

Officer: Pulse. Pulse. Anyway, we got ourselves a real medic here, not just anyone. He even has a special word for the pulse and temperature he checks. It's umm, come on...what was it...

Medic: Vi...

Officer: Shhh shhh, don't interrupt; I want to get it on my own...

Infiltrator: Ahhh...I remember...it sounds like...

Officer: Shhh shhh don't tell me! It's ah vi vi...

Infiltrator: It's vite...vite...

Officer: I remember that it sounds like "vibles".

Infiltrator: Vibels?!

Officer: Yeah...vibles or something like that...

Infiltrator: Vibles? Visles?

Officer: Vigles?

Infiltrator: No...vittles! That's it! Vittles! (*And they both burst out laughing*)

Officer: Vittles! What kind of word is that? Vittles!

Infiltrator: How do you take someone's vittles? Like this? (*Does some kind of silly dance*)

Medic: You both have gone totally mad...

Officer: Vittles, vittles.

Infiltrator: Tell me, mister officer...

Officer: What?

Infiltrator: How many enemies did you execute?

Officer: (*Suddenly turns serious*) You mean how many E's do I have? The truth?

Infiltrator: Only the truth!

Officer: One.

Infiltrator: One?

Medic: One?

Officer: One.

Medic: Who?

Officer: Him. (*points at the Infiltrator*)

Medic: Him? But he's alive...

Officer: Of course he's alive...

Infiltrator: I'm alive and he's dead? Really?

Medic: All these thousands of sunrises – And you always killed him?

Officer: All these thousands of sunrises – And I always killed only him! You know that saying “You save one soul – you saved a whole world”? So it works the opposite way as well. Isn't that right?

Infiltrator: That's right alright.

Medic: What's right?

Infiltrator: But listen mister officer – I had enough.

Officer: What?

Infiltrator: I'm sick of dyeing all the time. From now on kill some other people.

Officer: Why? What do you care to die? Here – take an example from me (*Takes out his gun and shoots himself. He dies on the spot*)

Infiltrator: You're crazy...

Medic: He's dead!!!

Infiltrator: Oh no! And he's the one who's supposed to kill me!

Medic: I don't believe it...

Infiltrator: Who will kill me now?

Medic: The officer is dead!!!

Infiltrator: Exactly!

Medic: I'm full of awe...he's dead! He's dead!!!

Infiltrator: Hey! Maybe you can kill me?

Medic: He's dead!

Infiltrator: You listening to what I'm saying to you? (*grabs him*) Maybe you'll kill me?

Medic: Why do you have to be killed?

Infiltrator: What do you mean why? Because I'm the Infiltrator! I'm bad!

Medic: Why are you bad? What did you do?

Infiltrator: What did I do...what did I do? (*turns serious*) You know what? That's a good question! What did I really do? Officer! Officer! (*he kicks his body*) What was it that I did that you killed me sunrise after sunrise? Ah? What did I do?

Medic: He's dead!

Officer: (*gets up*) I'm also dead! (*drops dead again*)

Medic: (*startled*) I meant you, not him...you're not dead! Cut it out already! Stop it!

Officer: And what about you? Ah? (*Big laugh*) Alive? Alive? Are you alive? (*gets up and starts dancing with the Infiltrator*) He's alive! He's alive! He's alive! Come, come here, my dear Infiltrator, let's bring you back to life again! (*the Infiltrator dances back to the pole*).

Infiltrator: Yes. Give me a RE – a resurrection! (*they laugh*)

Officer: Come, put your hands here, great, just like that. Soldier! Grab your gun! (*medic takes his gun*) Load your gun! Aim to the target! Fire!

The medic gets down on his knees and starts to weep.

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

The soldier enters.

Soldier: What's going on here?

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Soldier: Leave him alone; can't you see he's dead?

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Soldier: He's dead! He's totally dead!

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

The medic looks at the soldier with a puzzled expression, beyond his tears.

Soldier: I've been dead for ages.

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Soldier: Here, look! Soldier – get up! *(He touches the medic's shoulder, but the medic falls to the ground, like a fetus).*

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Soldier: Get up!

Officer: What are you doing? Fire!!!

Soldier: Get up!

Infiltrator: Shoot already!

Soldier: Get up! Get up! Get up! Get up! Do you hear me?

The light changes. The dream is over. There is light of the end of the night, before the sunrise. The officer disappears.

Act 6

Soldier: Get up! Get up! Hey! Soldier! You have to get up!

The medic wakes up with a scare. Take him a moment to understand where he is. He looks around and at the Infiltrator that's tied to the pole. The soldier doesn't ask any questions. He understands that the medic has just awaked from a deep dream.

Medic: Do we have to get ready? (*The soldier nods*) They are bringing the new one soon? (*The soldier nods*).

The soldier turns his back, the Infiltrator walks towards him, hugs him from the back and hangs on to his body as if he was a heavy weight. The soldier doesn't respond to that, he walks forward and looks at the rising sun. For the rest, the Infiltrator's body is still tied to the pole.

Soldier: I also dreamt...I dreamt that...I dreamt that there is a different life...and someone else...some girl that's mine...and we're walking together and climbing a mountain. And there are wide open spaces all around...and wind. Because wind is the only thing I love about this place. There are wide open spaces...it's hard to explain that feeling I had in the dream...there are...you know...what can I say...wide open spaces (*smiles*). Wide open. And wherever you don't look you don't see a fence or a pole (*looks at the pole*). And then we...make love. And she says to me: "Let's never wake up", and I say to her: "I wish, my girl, my love, I wish I could...but unfortunately I have to wake up.", and she said: "No! This isn't a dream! We can! We can stay asleep! Hug me! Hug me!", so I got up from her and said: "I want to. I want, more than anything in the world, to stay here with you...but I have to go...", and then she says: "I know where you have to go. Don't go. Don't go.", and I answered that I have to go...that I have only one more execution and the night is almost over...and the sky – the sun was exactly in the middle, she was white. I can't stand looking at that redness of the sunrise anymore...

Medic: Who was she?

Soldier: What?

Medic: Who was the girl?

Soldier: Nobody.

Medic: Someone you killed?

The soldier stays silent. Maybe it's a long silence.

Medic: I can't remember my dream.

Soldier: It was hard to wake you up.

Medic: Yeah?

Soldier: Yeah.

Medic: What will be the end?

Soldier: I think it'll be bad.

Medic: Yeah?

Soldier: That's the general direction...

Medic: I heard someone once say that we got to a point that there's no way back from. And in order to fix everything we'll have to destroy everything and start over again.

Soldier: That just may be what we have to do. *(Looks at the horizon)* Here she comes. They say that today will be especially hot.

Medic: One more and that's it. Hang in there.

Soldier: It's funny to hear that from you, new-boy.

Medic: I would change places with you in a second.

Soldier: Of course.

Medic: You know what the saddest thing is? That we have to urge time. That we hope that time goes by quickly. Here I am, a young man, with dreams...and I'd give so much just to give up a thousand sunrises from my life and wake up after all this.

Soldier: Of course.

Medic: What?

Soldier: Of course you'd change places with me. In this life we have, the young envy the elderly.

Silence

Medic: You feeling OK?

Soldier: An o.k. drill – is a skill k.o.! Skill k.o.! But not always. Just usually...doesn't come around quite frequently...

They both look at the light that suddenly comes shining in.

Act 7

The stage is covered with a red light of the sunrise, but it's still a faint light,

The officer enters.

Officer: So, soldiers, (*Looks at the sunrise with pleasure*) another sunrise, ah? Don't forget to count! You – new-boy! Remember that. You can not lose your sense of time in this place. (*To the soldier*) Isn't that right? Tell him, tell him. Wow, what a sunrise. It's gonna be sunny!

Medic: Yeah.

Officer: You still don't have that device that certifies death? (*The medic shakes his head*) Did you at least check his temperature again?

Medic: Again? No.

Officer: So come on, let's make sure and bring in the next in line. We have to return him (*Point at the Infiltrator*) to the quartermaster a hundred percent dead.

The Infiltrator lets go of the soldier and goes back to the pole.

The medic goes and stands next to the Infiltrator's body and checks his temperature.

Medic: *(To the soldier)* I've been thinking about it. You know what "army" means; Young men that talk about women and kill other young men.

Officer: What was that? What was that? Why the hell did you just say that? *(To the soldier)* What's with you? You good? *(Soldier doesn't answer)* Yeah, you're good, I'm not worried about you. It's him that I'm worried about...kind of a poet...*(Soldier doesn't answer)* so, your vacation is just around the corner, ah?

Soldier: Yeah.

Officer: Give any thought as to what you're going to do?

Soldier: I can't...

Officer: Yeah, it's hard...I heard about you from the CVIB when I went back to the base. You're humble aren't you?

Soldier: *(embarrassed)* No, it's...nothing...

Officer: Good work! In the end we'll win.

Soldier: In the end we'll win...

Officer: Loads of victories! Remember what I'm telling you. Loads of them! Not a lot of people still believe in that.

Soldier: Not a lot of people still believe in that...

Medic: Believe in what?

Soldier: But then...you got your belief. And you got your experience. And those are two totally...

The officer gives the soldier a weird look.

Officer: So, new-boy – how much?

Medic: thirty one.

Officer: Thirty one? Cools down slowly, this one. What, did you do a campfire with him all night?

Medic: It also has to do with the heat in the air.

Officer: Of course it's got to do with that!

Medic: It's a body...I mean – material – it's a material. It's no longer living cells, just molecules of material. So the material of the...*(points with his head at the Infiltrator's body)* is influenced by the heat in the air. And if you're tied to a pole, let's say, at night...and it's hot...

Officer: Amazing, ha? *(Looks at the Infiltrator from up close, maybe even touches him or picks up his hand)* Tell me – what are we? Who are we? Nothing, absolutely nothing. You're born, you grow up, you develop, you do things, you try to improve all the time, to go forward and forward...and boom! *(Thinks, and then quieter)* Boom...*(Looks backstage)* They're going to bring the new one soon. *(Suddenly shouts)* Loads! Loads of work! *(Smiles. Filled up with cheerfulness)* Let's go, finish up the job with our guy here.

The medic and soldier release the Infiltrator's body from the pole and take him out. The Infiltrator stands up straight and looks at the soldier. The soldier feels unstable. They walk out, lay him down backstage and come back.

Officer: What are you doing here? Wait outside, welcome the new one and tie him to the pole!

The medic leaves. The soldier stays.

Officer: Go out and bring in the new one!

The soldier ignores him.

Officer: Hey! Did you hear what I just said? Go out and bring in the one to be executed!

The medic comes back in and looks at what's happening. The soldier walks away from the officer and starts walking towards the front stage. You can hear the yelling of the new Infiltrator from outside.

New Infiltrator: *(From offstage)* Leave me alone! Please! No!!! Please!!!

Officer: Soldier! Go and get him!

Medic: *(Approaches the soldier)* It's your last one, hang in there just a little more! Come on!

Officer: Go out and get him now!!!

New Infiltrator: *(From offstage)* Stop...please...just a few more moments...just a few more moments...

The soldier goes into a deep state of shock. He stares forward. His face is washed by the red light that reaches its peak. The red light lights up the whole stage. The music comes in. Lights dim.

- END -