

The Final Final Solution- November 2025

Part one- "THE JEWISH PROBLEM"

Roy: Hi... this is Hadar Galron.

Hadar: And this is Roy Horovitz.

Roy: Well? Full house?

Hadar: Yes...

Roy: Hadar thought the breakthrough of peace would ruin our show.

Hadar: You too!

Roy: Me? No way! I was in America! I saw that peace doesn't disturb antisemitism. I worried the war would cause shows to be canceled.

Hadar: Which is what happened

Roy: Almost! (to the audience) Did you hear the story of how we were almost cancelled?!

Hadar: (to the audience) Yeh... two weeks before our world premiere at a theatre festival in Europe, we discovered our show had disappeared from the festival website! And when we asked what happened, they said

Roy: TECHNICAL PROBLEM — we fix it.

Hadar: A week later we found out that the "technical problem" was... antisemitism! Other festival participants said their conscience wouldn't allow them to perform if Israelis were performing.

Roy: Tell them what other participants... Syrians...! Conscience, my foot! In Syria over half a million civilians have been killed in recent years. Do they even have a conscience?

Hadar: I think they were afraid that they'd be executed when they got back to Syria - for cooperating with Israel!

Roy: Terror is terror! he artistic director called me, all nervous, saying they had no way to protect us... there was no budget to add protection and he didn't want us to get hurt...

Basically, he hoped *we'd solve his problems* and pull out of the festival.

Hadar: But after October 7 and the Night of the Iranian bombing.. Syrian artists are hardly a threat! So, sorry Syrians, but we're already at the Iran stage with nuclear missiles- so get back to us when you have something more serious!

Roy: I told him we were coming. It turned into a secret mission... tickets were sold through

another site. They kept us in a hotel outside the city until the Syrians - and the Lebanese and Pakistanis - were on their flights home... When we arrived, we saw that in the printed program and on the poster, we didn't exist either- they'd hid us under colorful stickers.

Hadar: We were sure there'd be no audience - how could people come to a show they don't know about ? But it turns out a boycott is great PR... the first performance was a blast!

Roy: Not an explosive one.

Hadar: And the crowd from the first show brought the crowd to the second... we became the festival's attraction. Everyone wanted to see the show... that didn't exist.

Roy: But since then we've decided "no more"! NEVER AGAIN IS NOW - we will boycott the antisemites before they boycott us! (directly to the audience) Any antisemites in the house?

Hadar: Or Islamophobes—

Roy: Or Islamophobes...?

Hadar: Or homophobes!

Roy: Or homophobes...?

Hadar: Or neo-Nazis!

Roy: Hadar!

Hadar: We have to be thorough..!

Roy: There are no neo-Nazis in Israel...

Hadar: Maybe there are visiting neo-Nazi tourists who came to ...

Roy: Fine! (rolls his eyes) Or fascists?

Hadar: Or conspiracy-theorists? Or Holocaust deniers? Or people think pineapple belongs on a pizza? Or members of the cult—

Roy: Okay, Hadar. Enough! I think they've got the picture. If any of you identify with any of the groups, except maybe the pineapple-thing

Hadar: Roy!

Roy: We'll talk about it later... now is your time to leave... You can pick any other show at the festival... or we'll just give you your money back! Nobody—

Hadar: What an audience...! How can anyone hate Israelis?!

Roy: Truly amazing... can we take a selfie with you? (pulls out his phone)

Hadar: Once upon a yesterday everyone wanted to visit Israel. "Holy Land tours!" "Taglit !" "Bethlehem," "Start-Up Nation!" We were the coolest country in the wild Middle East.

Roy: October 7 changed everything. Now when people hear "Israel," half want to hang us,

half want to hug us, and the other half...

Hadar: That's three halves, Roy.

Roy: Well the other half can't know maths. But everyone has strong opinions about Israel and Gaza.

Hadar: It's like being famous, but suddenly for all the wrong reasons.

Roy: Most of them don't even know what happened on October 7.

Hadar: They don't know?? About the largest massacre of Jews since the Holocaust? About more than 1,200 people in Israel who were massacred, raped, burned alive...? About over 250 taken hostage to Gaza...?

Roy: Somehow we became the villains in the story.

Hadar: Well, that's because of what happened in Gaza after the massacre...

Roy: What happened and is happening in Gaza is truly awful — the hunger, the suffering, the deaths, the price the Palestinian people pay because of their terrorist leaders.

Hadar: Well, Trump managed to change that...

Roy: I don't know... Trump did something great - he brought back the hostages - but it's unclear what this peace will look like and how long it will last...

Hadar: I'll tell you exactly how... when Trump was here he also visited the Biblical Zoo and since he left there's suddenly one cage with a wolf and a lamb together.

Roy: The messianic prophecy! "And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb."

Hadar: Exactly. Everyone ran to see! They went crazy — "Hey! Mister President!! How did you do it?..." and he smiled and said: "Very simple! Every day a new lamb!"

Roy: (pause) And we're the lambs!

Hadar: We... the Palestinians... we're all lambs. This isn't a war of Israel against Palestine!

Roy: Of course not. The Palestinians are our neighbors — we want to get along with them!

And even if we don't, we must! There's no other way to live here together.

Hadar: In the last two years over 26,000 Katyushas, Qassams, rockets and ballistic missiles have been fired at us from six different countries! Even though the war is over, I still can't sleep at night, because my subconscious waits for the siren...

Roy: And you know who we need to thank for sponsoring all this "fun"? The state that exports global terror while chairing human rights at the U.N.! Iran! It's like appointing Adolf Hitler to head the Anne Frank Foundation [for Jewish rights!](#)

Hadar: Yeh! Iran- whose Ayatollahs' open dream is to wipe out Israel, who don't give a damn for civilians, any civilians! –Let them get killed...! It's great PR! We can even film it for TikTok and present it as ethnic cleansing! ...

Roy: What Iranian irony! The country that executes gays and women who don't wear hijabs properly. They are accusing us of mass killing...

Hadar: And thus legitimizing beating, raping and murdering Jews again, and not just in Israel but in London, Paris, Australia, NY... everywhere! Regardless of their opinion on anything...

Roy: Have you ever heard of an Iranian getting murdered in Australia because he's Iranian?

Hadar: Thank God no!

Roy: So, once again, we're back to the good old JP!

Hadar: JP?

Roy: Jewish Problem!

Hadar: Noooo... The **Jewish problem** was solved in the 40's

Nope -that solution didn't work... **Roy:**

Hadar: What solution? ...

The famous final solution ... **Roy:**

Hadar: Thank G-d!

Yeh, now we have the **final-final** solution ... **Roy:**

Hadar: Oh, I get it - same plot, different marketing.

Precisely ... this time they've packaged it like some world-peace mantra! **Roy:**

Hadar: Oh - that one! (chanting) "FROM THE RIVER to the sea Palestine will be free"

shhhh ... it's a call for genocide! **Roy:**

Hadar: Not according to tiktok!

Roy: Tik tok tik tok!! They think they can solve a 5,000-year conflict with a 15-second video?!

Hadar: and they don't even know what river and what sea...

Roy: Of course, they don't – even if you look for Israel on the map, you probably won't find it

Hadar: It's sooo tiny that you have to zoom in 5 times just to see the country And another 5 times if you want to read the name of the country

Roy: Which, by the way, doesn't fit into the country. We're the only country in the world who's name does not fit into the country.

Hadar: People don't realize that the subtext of "From the River to the Sea" actually means wiping Israel –

Roy: with all its citizens – Jews, Muslims, Christians, Druse...

Hadar: Talk about ethnic cleansing Where does that leave us?

Well, technically, according to their theory we're supposed to go back where we **Roy:** came from

Hadar: Oh really!? Then I have plenty of choices...!

Yeh? **Roy:**

Hadar: Yeh, you know I was born in London...

Roy: Oh, this explains your British accent...

Hadar: yes..., born to a Polish mother and a Moroccan father. I just need to choose what country to relocate myself to...

Good luck with that. **Roy:**

Hadar: What about you? Will you go back to Germany?

Roy: Yes, why not? My father was born in Berlin... I heard they have a special welcome package for returning Jews (Hadar takes out a yellow star)

In 1933, when Hitler rose to power, my father was 6 years old. The kids at school beat him. The minute my grandfather saw the terror in his son's eyes, he said, "C'mon! Pack your shit, we're leaving."

Hadar: Chapeau to your grandfather! Timing is everything! Always leave with the first blow.

Roy: So while everyone else was saying (German accent) "Zey vill not harm us, Ve're first Germans, Zen Jews!", my grandfather was immediately getting visas and by 1934 they all had Palestinian passports.

Hadar: (*exaggerated shock*) Wait! So you're a Palestinian?!

Roy: I'm *the original, ASSLY, Palestinian ...* My family came to the land of Israel during the British mandate, way before the establishment of the state of Israel. I still have my fathers' Balestinian Bassbort!

Hadar: So, what's your problem??? All you need to do is show it at checkpoints.

Roy: (*sarcastically*) I'm sure Hamas would be totally understanding about that.

Hadar: And where's your mother from?

Roy: Originally, her family fled from Syria and Morocco.

Hadar: Why not try going back to Syria?? I hear it's lovely this time of apocalypse. Let me do it for you. "Ahalan, Syria? Kifak? Shu Achbarak? Inshalla... Our friend Roy is considering coming back to your country - his country - from Israel! ... Hello?"

Roy: *(continuing with the imaginary phone)* Hello, Warsaw? Dzień dobry. Remember the house you stole from Hadars' grandparents? She'd like it back. She is coming... she's on her way... Hello? Gone. Well, this was even faster than Syria...

Hadar: "And the gold medal for fastest rejection of returning Jews goes to POLAND!"

Roy: Well, they deserve it... they've been practicing for so long... *(We hear the POLISH ANTHEM)*

Hadar: Let's try Morocco!

Roy: Sure, It's good for both of us.

Hadar: "Bonjour, Casablanca?"

Roy: Bonjour, bonjour

Hadar: My father is the eldest of 12 children. So, we'll need a 12-bedroom home- oh, merci!

Roy: And we a 7 room, merci beaucoup.

Hadar: And we keep kosher! Qui' qui' Halal!"

Roy: Qui, qui, we too! Exactment! and my grandfather was a Rabbi

Hadar: He was a Rabbi. A rabbi. No Arabi, a rabi, Jewish *(disconnection sound)*

Roy: You shouldn't have said that

Hadar: It's your grandfather! ...Could it be nobody wants the Jews back?!

Roy: Don't be silly! They just have a short memory; we should have come back sooner...

Hadar: Right! Like the few Jews who survived the Holocaust and returned to their homes. They were welcomed with open arms!

Roy: you mean... "Arms open".

Roy+ Hadar: "Oh, you survived Auschwitz? How... unfortunate."

(SOUND - FIRING SQUAD)

Roy: Actually, my DNA test says I'm 2% Neanderthal - maybe I should go back to the cave...?

Hadar: Oh, my DNA says I'm 3% Viking, 14% ancient Mongolian, 6.5% Celtic bagpipe, 5% Polynesian master navigator...

Roy: *(looking at her)* and 100% losing the plot, Hadar!

Hadar: yeh... Where were we? Somewhere between the river and the sea?

Roy: Right! *(straightening up)* So when you chant "Hey Jews! Go back where you came from!" the real question is are you prepared to have us knocking on **your** door??

(MUSIC Scary)

Hadar: Remember: on the 7th of October -in the South of Israel –

Roy + Hadar: Nobody bothered to knock!!!

footage from Oct 7th ... then “She” enters - watching on her phone what is seen on the screen

Part two- SO HOW D’YOU WANNA DIE?

She is watching a video on her phone - we see on the screen. A dog barks; she immediately turns off what she's watching. Listens. He enters.

He: Hey...!

She: Oh! You're back!

You sound disappointed... He:

She: No! It's just- you didn't answer, I was going crazy...

It was hectic... from one operation to the next- 36 hrs. non-stop. He:

She: I thought something happened to you!

It did. I got a 24-hour refresh break! It's so quiet. Where're the kids? He:

She: In the Safe room...

What? Why? There are no sirens now! He:

She: Yeh, (looks at watch) Hamas is really late today- normally by now they've sent their batch of missiles...

The kids shouldn't be sitting in the safe room, waiting for missiles! He:

She: They're not "waiting for missiles"... they're watching T.V.

You moved the tv to the safe room? He:

She: And the computer- and their beds

But... He:

She: It's impossible to get up in the middle of the night, wake the kids up and get us all into the Safe room within 90 seconds! Lucky Schnitzel barks 10 seconds before the sirens go

off. God knows how he knows. Even with the extra 10 seconds -we heard the first 'boom' before. I managed to close the door. The whole building shook... A missile fell three blocks away!

(gives in) Yeh, I saw... (turns) Where's the fridge?? He:

She: Relocated

In the safe room?!?! How are **we** supposed to get in there when the sirens go? He:

She: It's a squeeze- but we'll manage.

The kids should be outside playing with friends- it's such a nice day. He:

She: So was the 7th of October (looks again at her watch) After Hamass's little missile party, I'll take them out to the park...

Good idea – take the bicycles! He:

She: The wheels are flat.

I'll pump them...! He:

She: No need!

Why not? ... you punctured the wheels... He:

She: It's better if we stay by the area of the public shelter

He: And do what? All the activities are on the other side of the park...!

She: What genius architect puts the playground in a war zone?

He: If they had their bikes- it's a 20-second ride!

She: Sure, and if we had a fighter jet it'd be even faster. Should I call the air force to come and take us to the park?

He: (sighs) (He wants to go to the safe room)

She: Arik! ... Did you get the pills?

No. He:

She: Arik...

He: Nava...

She: What?

He: I've been thinking about it

She: There's nothing to think about!

Well, I think without your permission! He:

She: Look, you said you could get the pills from the military hospital. If you can't get them-

Technically, I can! He:

(pause)

She: So, if you technically do not **want** to get them- tell me now- and I'll

Speak to Dr. Cohen

I don't want those pills in our house! He:

(whispers so the kids don't hear) Oh, so you prefer us to get She:

raped and tortured?

What...?! He:

She: Or maybe kidnapped then raped and tortured

Nava...! He:

She: Of course they could just strip us naked, tie us up together and burn us alive...

Will you stop it? He:

She: So how do you want to die?

WH...?! I prefer to live He:

She: You can't focus on life whilst someone else is planning your death

Well, you can't live if you're thinking all the time about dying! He:

She: They started! They want us all dead- they even wrote it in their Charter.

Please don't start ... He:

She: We didn't want to believe them. But now – Oh, now I believe them. And I want... to
take my life into my own hands!

By committing suicide and poisoning our kids? He:

She: If that's the only way I can protect them...

Well, I'm here too, to protect you He:

She: No, You're not! You haven't been here for 29 days, 7 hours and (looks at her
watch/clock) 36 minutes! And if terrorists break down our door – you won't even answer
the phone!

Nava – I promise you, I will He:

She: Oh, they'll love that! They get special pleasure in showing husbands how they

SHHHH-! He:

She: (whispers) Rape their wives and daughters! They're very innovative- Hamas - their 2023
ideas of 'Death to the Jews' make the gas-chambers seem like a spa. Imagine- beheading is
back into fashion!

You've been watching those videos... He:

She: They beheaded babies- tens of babies- decapitated!

I told you not to watch the videos! It's psychological terror! He:

She: But when they say that they want to do the 7th of October again and again and again-
I need to know what that means!

Nava... they won't do it again. He:

She: They will, given half a chance.... You know- they were laughing. As they massacred and
raped, they were-

I know...! He:

She: Get me those cyanide pills... please!

They're deadly He:

She: I bloody well hope so- (whispers again) because I prefer having my breast chopped off
and my sexual organs torn out *after* I'm dead- and not in front of the children! ...

He: Sometimes, you scare me even more...

She: What? (pause, hurt) So you think I'm crazy now?

That's not what I said... He:

She: (soft) you know what Ronnie asked me today?

(child appears)

Child: Mummy?

She: Hey Love...

Child: What is 'rape'?

He: (freezes) What???

(to Him) Yes. She hasn't even had her first kiss... She:

Child: Rape, rape (impatient) What they did to the girls in the Kibbutz!

She: It's nothing that should worry you, darling

Child: Gaby says it's when a bad man pushes his "thing" inside a girl's pee -place! (laughs)
She's crazy!

She: Yeh... (to Him) For years I dreamed about our mother-daughter sex talk...I wanted to tell her how much pleasure our bodies can give us (he hugs Nava from behind) How do you tell a 12-year-old that women's bodies can be used as battlefields?

Child: She's lying, isn't she? Mummy!

She: Of course she is!

(child looks at her disbelievingly, and runs away)

He: That was the right thing to say!

She: She knows I was lying... Our kids have lost their innocence, Arik...

I won't let anyone touch them-! He:

(He takes out a gun and puts it on the table. She sees and backs away)

She: Ahhh! What the...?

This is a much better plan than your pills He:

She: (looking warily) How?

First of all, the pills are a one-way ticket - this is double sided - it can be used to kill an enemy or, if worse comes to worse...

She: Oh... "Friendly fire" - that's also quite a popular death lately...

Well, I hope we won't need to use it at all.

She: You'd really point that thing at me...? would you?

(pause-it seems he could) You can shoot me first if you want...

(hands her the gun- she looks at it but can't touch it)

She: No-no-no-no!

Ok

She: So you would? ...Shoot me, I mean

If you want me to, out of love...

She: It's so... messy!!

Well, that's one mess you won't have to clean up...

She: And the kids? You could actually...? (pantomimes because she can't even say it) I could never do that!

Let's not think about it. I really got this only to make you feel safe.

She: Uh-huh.. Small white smooth capsules would make me feel much safer.

Take the cipralex I left you! You need to calm down.

She: I need to be wide awake and look life in the eye! Get me cyanide...

They're too easy... you could make a mistake - hear something and panic and... the gun is.... it's just for protection. As long as we're not in any immediate danger we need to try to act as normal as possible, for the kids.

She: I'm trying! If I weren't, I'd have closed myself with the children in the safe room from the very first minute- and not come out until this fucking war was over! If I weren't trying to act normal, I'd take them from room to room and play hide and seek, until we find the best

hiding place in each room. We'd see which cupboards and drawers they fit in, we'd be doing competitions, together with Schnitzel, who can remain silent the longest... If I weren't trying to act 'normal', if there is still such a thing- they wouldn't leave the house, they wouldn't meet friends... They would be in their pajamas all day long, me too- because I wouldn't bother with the washing... or cleaning... or cooking. If I weren't trying to act normal- I wouldn't be biting my lips - I'd be screaming like a mashugana- coz I'm really going crazy (looks at the gun) Maybe I could do it. (wants to touch the gun but He takes it first)

I'm gonna say hi to the kids He:

She: (stops him) Be on my side!

What? He:

She: If those ungrateful brats have anything to say about me – you tell them I'm doing my best Arik- No, more than my best! Tell them it's out of love!

Ok. He:

She: Promise me! Promise you'll stand by me, even if they complain that their mother cried on the sofa half the day...

(He begins to leave. She goes to the video on her phone)

Nava, stop watching those videos! Stop watching the news! And pull yourself together! You can't break down like this!! He:

She: Easy for you- out there doing your important operations, saving the world!

I'm not saving any world- I'm in the field hospital, operating on injured terrorists. He:

She: You're what?!

The national hospitals can't accept them, because He:

She: Of course not!! I hope you're killing those monsters and not saving their lives?!

I'm a Doctor Nava! He:

She: What's that supposed to mean??

He: (*Exhausted, at his limit*) It means my hands are covered in blood! Their blood! Our blood! All day, every day!

(*Moves toward her, intense but not threatening*)

You want to know what I do? I pull shrapnel from the chest of a sixteen-year-old who came here to slaughter our children. I restart the heart of a man who set fire to my uncle's home, burning them alive. And yes, I save them! Not because I'm weak. Not because I don't understand what they've done. But because that's what keeps me human!

You know when they're sedated, some of them look like angels. Innocent sleeping babies. A kid yesterday - couldn't have been more than seventeen - was whimpering in his sleep like a child with a nightmare. *(Softer)* I actually spoke to him while he was under. Can you believe it? Like some twisted bedtime story. "You're gonna be fine ... in a week you'll be playing football again... hang in there" And I can feel it's sinking in. Like some medical miracle!

She: *(cynical)* Yeah...

He: *(With sharp irony)* Then he wakes up. Sees me. Realizes a Jew is standing over him, saving his life. And you know what happens?

She: He converts?!

Yeh... From a sleeping child to a monster in one second flat! He starts cursing, He: spitting, thrashing - He tried to bite me with tubes still in him! If he could have reached my throat, he would have torn it out with his teeth.

That's what I'm saying! They're monsters! All of them! She:

(Pauses, then with changed tone)

Then Mahmoud came in - you know, the Israeli Arab doctor? He took over, sat down He: next to the kid and started talking to him. In Arabic. Softly. He told the kid that Hamas doesn't care about him. That he - Mahmoud - cares more about this boy's life than all of Hamas put together.

She: And?

He: *(With complex emotions)* The kid just... just stared at Mahmoud like he was speaking a language he'd never heard before. For a moment - I saw something break through. A crack in the wall.

And that's when it hit me. I can extract bullets. I can restart hearts. But I can't extract hatred. I can't cut out the fear they've been fed since before they could talk.

Nava, their tunnels aren't the problem- it's education. The best medical instruments in the world are useless against what's really killing us all.

She: *(picks up)* Exactly! That's EXACTLY why I need those pills, Arik! You just said it yourself - there's no cure for their hatred.

He: *(Stares at her, stunned)* Wait... what?

She: *(With escalating intensity)* If they break in here, what do you think will happen? they'll see our children and suddenly have a change of heart? your Arab doctor friend won't be

here to talk them down. *(Moving closer)* Those pills are our protection. Our mercy. Our
humanity!

He: *(Explodes with incredulous rage and bitter laughter)* Our HUMANITY?! Can you hear
yourself? I'm trying to tell you that I just saw a miracle - a tiny crack in the wall of hate. A
possibility.

An IM-possibility. Re-educating them will take decades! They want to kill our
children NOW! She:

He: SO DO YOU!

What?? She:

I come home exhausted from the hospital, where we're giving all we have to protect
the people at home, and I find myself in another battlefield! At least they think they're
serving some twisted holy cause! What's your excuse? He:

She: *(Stunned silence, then cold fury)* How dare you compare me to—

He: Don't you ever ask me to help you kill our children! *(With deadly quiet, she reaches for
the gun on the table, points it at him)* Nava!!! ...

She: Don't touch me!!

Nava – Put it down. *(Lying)* There are no bullets in it He:

She: Let's see *(turns the gun to her own head)*

Nava!!! *(grabs the gun from her)* He:

She: I can't believe that you've left us here, to -

I'm taking the kids to your parents. He:

She: You are not!

I am, right now. And you take care of yourself. Take cipralext, get out a bit! He:

(He leaves)

She: I do! I go to volunteer with the evacuees every day!

He:*(o.s)* Good!

She: Today I met the 4-yr old I worked with last week- you know, the one who saw his
parents... kchhh *(makes a slaughter mark on her neck)*

(Light on young boy)

She: How are you today, sweetie?

Boy: Emm... am I alive? Or dead? (pause) How do we know if we're dead or alive?

Well... only people alive can feel a hug - do you want to try? She:

Boy: Emmm (thinking, nods) Uh-huh

Come here!! She:

(they hug)

Can you feel it? She:

Boy: Yep. So... I'm alive?

Yeh! We both are She:

Boy: But let's check again tomorrow, ok?

He comes back- pale

Why are the kids asleep Nava?! I can't wake them up... Didn't they sleep last night? He:

eh... She:

He: Did you give them anything?

She: I gave them a cipralex – just one - to calm down

Are you out of your mind?! They're not for children! They can poison them! He:

She: poison?!

Yes, they can kill them!! We need to take them to the hospital. Now! He:

(Suddenly the dog barks, then the siren wails - they stand there looking at each other -
BOOM. Fade- they are silhouettes. The dog stops barking.

In the darkness we hear the little boy again):

Boy: How do I know if I'm dead or alive?

END

Continue to screen and phone call Jihad.

Last Phone call of Jihadist to home

Dad: Hello?

Hi Dad! I'm talking to you from Mefalsim

Open my WhatsApp now and you'll see all those killed.

Look how many I killed with my own hands! Your son killed Jews!

It's inside Mefalsim, Dad!

Dad: 'Allah is Akbar'. May God protect you.

Dad, I'm talking to you from a Jewish woman's phone

I killed her and I killed her husband!

I killed ten with my own hands!

Dad: "Allah is Akbar... Allah is Akbar!"

Ten! Dad, ten with my own hands!

Dad, open WhatsApp and see how many I killed, Dad!

Open the phone, Dad, I'm calling you on WhatsApp, open the phone, go!

Ten!!!

With my own hands! Their blood is on their hands. Put mom on the line!

Dad: "Oh my son! God bless you!"

I swear, ten with my own hands, mom! I killed ten with my own hands.

Raise your head, Dad, raise your head!

See on WhatsApp all those I killed, open my WhatsApp

Come back now, come back!

What do you mean come back? There's no going back! It's either death or victory!

Do we know where we're heading?

(Lyrics: Lea Goldberg, Translated by: Hadar Galron)

Do we know where we're heading

The skies seem so silent

If not for the ticking clock, we wouldn't know

How far we have drifted from morning

What seeds will the winds blow our way

In the spring,

What flowers

Will grow on our graves,
I pray
Let it be just a sweet buttercup
Long ago
We picked them in the field
Do we know where we're heading?
Do we know where we're heading?
Two boys in the street
Sing a song
In two windows up that street
Lights turn on
Two little boats in the port
Sail back home tonight
My two hands in your two palms
hold tight
Do we know where we're heading?

R: well, we do know where we're heading...

H: We do?

R: In general,... We just don't know HOW...

H: How What? You're not making any sense!

R: (looks at H) Hadar, how do **you** wanna die?

H: You can't ask me that question!

R: It's inevitable.

H: That's not the point!

R: Why not? Look around...

H: What?? Where?? Everywhere I look seems like a DEAD-end! Missiles from Hamas in the south, Hezbollah in the north, ballistic rockets from Yemen, nuclear threats from Iran, boycotts outside Israel...

R: That's what I'm talking about. DEAD ENDS. Born Jewish? You're a target!

H: You know, Roy, being born Palestinian isn't much better...

R: No, at the moment, it's even worse! They're stuck with psycho leaders who think martyrdom is a career goal!

H: And our own extreme messianic government isn't doing enough to end this nightmare!

R: Exactly! We're in this revenge game where everybody loses!

H: The World Cup of suffering!

R: So, let's put an end to it!

H: How?

R: Listen carefully: the only way to terrorize terrorism is to terrorize yourself into terrorizing terror, before terror terrorizes you!

H: That's insane!

R: But terror-ific! And practical too. Come on, friend, don't be shy, tell me how you want to die!

H: You're mashugana! You've lost it!

R: No no, I actually think I found it! (singing) Come on friend don't be shy, tell us how you wanna die...This really helps not to be afraid

H: Well then let's take out the whole menu!

R: What menu?

H: The menu of our restaurant, of how to check out of this world!

R: Oh – yeh! The menu that is on the pogrom – er, your program ... (to tech) put on the QRL so they can join us ...

Part Three- MENU- Exit Strategies

Recording: Dear Diners, you are kindly requested to select your preferred dish from our menu. Please choose only one... Management reserves the right to substitute dishes based on availability.

H: We'll begin with our

Vegan 100% Natural Appetizers:

H: Classical vintage BREAD –

It's our OLD AGE FADEOUT- and lasts till you're dead

R: **No blood, no headlines - a bit of a bore**

These days people want MORE!

MEMORY MOUSSE is our chef's Dementia Delight

He can't remember the recipe, so he makes up a new one every night

H: This dish is promised to leave your loved ones traumatized to bits

You might like it -if you're a narcissist

R: Cancer Quickies!

H: They've become painfully slow

With all these new treatments –

They won't let you go!

R: But the prices now are surprisingly low. So, please try our:

Pancreatic pancakes

H: Melanoma vegan steaks

R: Crispy Carcinoma

H: Minced Myeloma

R: Breast beyond-meat

H: Sarcoma Soya treat

R: Lung meringue pie

H: Tumor chai.

R: Maybe this is enough, Hadar?

H: One more Lymphoma limoncello – with zest

R: Just the names of those dishes could give me Cardiac arrest

H: That's the next dish!!

R: Oh, yes! (looks at the menu) – HEART STOPPING CHILLI- Cardiac Arrest!

Your loved ones will be shocked - but for you it's the best

H: If you're actually choosing one of our natural dishes, you really don't understand the era. But I'm sure our next dishes will make this much clearer

R: THE OCTOBER 7 SPECIALS! (3)

BEHEADED IN BED – THE BARBEQUE

A comeback of medieval recipes- for you!

H: It's cooked in your home- with a personal touch, And the kids get to watch!

R: Isn't that just too much?!

SPECIAL OFFER for those ordering today: Recording is heard:

Your head will be paraded in a Gaza soccer-field display!

Any questions? R:

(looking at the audience) That guy's asking if they do it while you sleep? H:

Of course not! They wake you up first! You don't want to miss all the fun! R:

H: THE HOSTAGE PREMIUM

Slow-cooked underground delicacy

So slow that it has an uncertainty guarantee

Choose one of our two side dishes, totally free:

R: Spicy BETRAYAL Special– served on toast

Your government sells you –

when you need them most!

Then they use your tragedy for their personal PR

whilst doing absolutely nothing to see how you are

H: or you can go for the Hunger game- It's an empty plate

R: flavoured with shame

H: This can be served either cold or hot

Depending on whether the victim made it –

Or not!

NOVA MASSACRE-MUSSAKA - our signature dish! R:

Dance your ass off—then POOF! — make a wish!

If you have social media? — we'll stream your last plea! H:

A million views — or money-back guarantee!

R: Money back guarantee- to who? They're already gone...

H: Shhh, it's a commercial trick

R: FAST FOOD –Hi Tech deals

These are 24/7 meals

DRONE TORTIA

Delivered from across the border

But we never miss an order

Always on time, never late!

H: Yeh, 27% accuracy rate

IRANIAN NUCCI

This dish has been in demand for years

It's been feeding us and our children the worst of fears

It's mass delivery service— is what makes it unique

R: But unfortunately, it's off the menu this week (Thank you, President Trump!) (WE HEAR
THE AMERICAN ANTHEM)

Hadar: Why?

Roy: (*confused*) Why what?

Hadar: Why do they hate us? ... That's what my 13-yr old son asked me after October 7th. He was with me in Slovakia; I'd just directed a play there – and overnight we turned from VIP to Refugee... It was the first time I had to explain to my kids what antisemitism is

Roy: Easy! Antisemitism is the amazing belief that 0.2% of the world's population is responsible for 99% of the world's problems

Hadar: Antisemitism is hating Jews for not having a place of their own AND for having a place of their own!

Roy: Antisemitism is looking for "nuance" and "context" while Jews are being attacked. Sorry Hadar, I really have to pee... (goes backstage)

Roy: (OS) Ach!

Hadar: OMG, what happened?

Roy: Help!

Hadar: I'm coming!

(rushes then stops, turns around with specs and a professor robe/hat)

Prof: Well... first of all we really need to consider the *context*...

Roy: (OS) Ah! Professor! They're beating me! Do something!

(peeks, sees violence, recoils in fear and disgust, backs away)

Prof: As Academics who educate youngsters to freedom of expression - we must not rush to judgment!

Roy: (OS) Please! Anyone!

Prof: (thinking) This requires the most delicate approach (Idea that excites her) Perhaps I'll make a symposium on campus safety?

Roy: (OS) Ahhh! Nooo! Pleeeease! PLEASE! I didn't do anything to anyone!

Prof: This is amazing! (pulls out phone) The trauma is so authentic!

Roy: (OS) (unclear cries for help as if being gagged)

Prof: Could you speak up? I need clearer audio for the symposium!

(Noise suddenly stops)

Hadar: (disappointed) Oh! That's it? (sighs) I should have recorded from the beginning, but I was too emotionally involved!

(Roy limps out in wheelchair with black eye)

Roy: (weakly) Professor Butler... they attacked me... for being Jewish... And you did nothing...

Hadar: Don't clean yourself up yet! I need some photos for the presentation slides! (excited, to audience) This is a wonderful opportunity for our students! How do you feel about being a case study? Can I use your real name or Should I put you down as 'anonymous'?

Roy: (incredulous) Unfucking unbelievable! And you know what the greatest irony about antisemitism is?

Prof: What?

Roy: If antisemites really want to get rid of Jews, all they have to do is... ignore us completely.

Hadar: Right. Without persecution, we'd just... assimilate away.

Roy: without persecution we'll forget what to eat on which holidays- and on what holidays not to eat at all.

Hadar: Let me just explain to the audience Jewish History in a nutshell: They tried to kill us all, they failed, let's eat something!

Roy: But the minute someone starts building us concentration camps, we suddenly remember every single prayer, every holiday, every latke!

Hadar: So, technically... Hitler did more to preserve Judaism than any rabbi in history?

Roy: All our enemies. Without them, we'd just be boring people with anxiety issues... *(to audience)* Any antisemites here tonight?

Hadar: We told them to leave at the beginning

Roy: Well, maybe someone became an antisemite during the performance? No? so if any of you know any antisemites just tell them that if they really want us Jews to disappear... they should be super nice to us! Invite us to your Christmas parties! Encourage intermarriage! Bore us to death!

Hadar: Just tell them not to kill us because that's the ultimate way to keep us alive – it's our preservation tactic.

Roy: *Yeh*, the less you care about us, the fewer we will be. We promise!

Hadar: And THAT, ladies and gentlemen, is the real solution to the JP!

Roy: JP?

Hadar: Jewish Problem!

Oh, right, the Final Final Solution ... Roy:

Hadar: No, that was "from the river to the sea"

Roy: Yes, right *[Both look at each other]*

The FINAL FINAL Final solution ... Both:

Roy: It's so simple...

Hadar: Even a Neo Nazi could understand
(they dance).

Roy: Now, let's finish the menu

Hadar: Are you ready for desserts?

R: **DIASPORA DESSERTS**

Since October 7th - No need to schlep to Israel—

we ship worldwide!

USA or Europe, there's no place to hide!

H: Tira-MISS-U -street mobs indoctrinating fear —

Calling "Go back the hell ya came from! Just don't come HERE!

R: Synagogue soufflé for those coming to pray

On Sabbath or any Jewish holiday

Armed guards will stand by the doors and down the street
(attack not guaranteed- but they're so good looking it's a real treat!)

H: Drinks

THE MARTYR'S MARTINI

The **Shahid**'she Mame's best 'digestive'!

Served boiling hot with 3kilo 'explosive'

You blow up taking with you tens of innocent civilians

But Tik Tok will convince the world that **they're** the villains

R: If you choose this dish

Your reward in the afterlife is every man's wish

72 virgins greet you in heaven (!) so we're told

H: I heard it's only one virgin – 72 yrs old!

R: And finally: Coffee – Depresso

—

H: You mean Espresso

R: I mean Depresso! People don't die with a smile on their face

H: I'm not afraid of dying – I just don't want to be there when it takes place!

R: Oh – you prefer something quick! ...EXPRESSO!

H: Yes! Espresso Machiato (sings) EXPRESSO MACHIATO ...por favore!

(R pours water carefully into a little cup –H holds out her hand but then says□

H: I hope there is no fly in this coffee...

R: Oh, you mean like in that famous joke? (to audience): Do you know this one? It's a great joke: "What do you do if a fly falls into your coffee?"... So if you're an Italiano, you throw the cup, you break it, and you walk away in a fit of rage...

H: If you're German, you carefully wash the cup, sterilize it, and make a new cup of coffee.

R: if you're French, "ce n'est pas une problem" : you take out the fly, and drink the coffee.

H: Chinese? eats the fly and throws away the coffee.

R: The Russian drinks the coffee with the fly since it was extra and came with no charge.

H: The Israeli: Sells the coffee to the Frenchman, sells the fly to the Chinese, sells the cup to the Italian, drinks a cup of tea, and uses the extra money to invent a startup that prevents flies from falling into coffee.

R: The Palestinian who supports Hamas blames the Israeli for the fly in his coffee and protest this act of aggression to the UN Human rights chaired by... IRAN (you haven't been listening!). Iran gets a 5 million euro donation from the UN to buy the poor Palestinian a new cup coffee, but just before the Palestinian orders, Iran tells him his mission in life is not coffee but jihad, and forces him to use the money to buy explosives and to blow up the coffee house where the Italian, frenchman, chinese, german, and Russian are all trying to convince the Israeli to give up his cup of coffee to the Palestinian so that there will be peace!!

(throws the cup of coffee in Hadar's face)

H: (in shock) What are you doing-??

R: Don't make such a fuss- We serve it like life serves us!

Recording: Menu designed by the chief chefs of the Terrorist Brotherhood, who dedicated their lives to 'cooking you a meal to die for'

R: (to the audience): Now it's your turn to decide

H: Pick your poison and enjoy the ride

R: If none of our dishes appeal

Write your own down – that's the deal!

H: Yeh! MORTALITY isn't just a Jewish trait

Every game ends with a check-mate!

R: **look at them! They're in total shock ...**

H: **hmmm... some look like they don't believe they'll ever die ...**

Part four- MUSIC: END SONG: "So How d'you wanna Die?"

R: If yer planning on living forever

If ye think your body won't rot

Well... never say never say never

Coz yer life's gonna end if ye wan'it or Not

H: Don't DEVALUE the way ye GO!

Don't OVERRATE stayin' ALIVE!

(off-beat:) Y'know-

There's people whose death brought them FAME!

H+R: Don't you want everyone to REMEMBER your Name?

REMEMBER REMEMBER REMEMBER REMEMBER ...

So... C'mon friends don't be shy

Tell us how U wanna die...

Cmon friends don't be shy

Tell us how U wanna die ...

(MELODY)

R: **Scroll TikTok while crossing the street?**

H: **Choke on some fancy restaurant meat?**

R: **Follow GPS straight into the sea?**

H: Stand on a cliff and take a selfie?

R: What about a coconut falling on your head?

H+R: Or a Fantasy death during sex in bed?

R: If you're in a conflict zone

You have a choice: bomb or drone

H: Or Friendly fire from your mate

Peace talks came ten minutes late

R: Did you hear about the lifeguard who didn't know how to swim?

H: What about the fitness trainer who conked out in the gym?

R: And the doctor who googled his symptoms and got the treatment wrong?

H: Oh yeh! He didn't last too long

Security guards who forgot to lock the door

R: safety inspectors who fell through the floor

H: The engineer who got bad advice from AI

R: Oh, there are so many ways to die...!

H: If you've got to GO—

TAKE DEATH for a RIDE!

Make it YOURS! OWN it!

Treat it with pride!

R: It's coming for you ANYWAY—

At least you get to say ...

"But more - much more than that I did it my way"!

C'mon friend don't be shy

Tell us how you wanna die?

C'mon friend don't be shy

H: *Tell us how you wanna live?*

R: What???

H: But say... How d'you wanna live?

R: Now that's a different Question – John Lenon once had a brilliant suggestion

A world without BORDERS... without Religion too

H: They shot him in the head for that - watch out! if I were you

(with variation on “imagine” in the background)

R: They KILLED him for his VISION! They FEARED what he could SEE!

A world where PEACE and PURE LOVE ain't just a FANTASY!

H: PICTURE no more SHELTERS! IMAGINE no more FEAR!

ENVISION no more HATRED! Just because you're HERE!

(driving forward) DREAM of a world where your NAME ain't a WEAPON! Where your
FACE ain't a TARGET for someone else's AGGRESSION!

Where your KIDS can walk FREELY to Uni or school!

When there's no or Police patrol right outside your Shul!

(reaching crescendo) THINK of a PLANET without all this CRAZE!

R+H: Where HUMANS are HUMANS regardless of RACE!

H: Where NO ONE gets KILLED for their ancient CONNECTION!

Where PEACE ain't just TALK but a LIVING DIRECTION!

BOTH: (SINGING) You can say we are DREAMERS!

But we WON'T be the LAST!

This WORLD needs more Dreamers

To BREAK from the PAST!

R: (slowing, deliberate) So how. d'ya wanna... LIVE?

H: (dreaming) A world with no war?

R: NOW THAT'S something worth DYING

Both: Living FOR!

BLACK OUT

**recording: If you're offended—you just don't get Jewish humor. And if you're not
offended—you definitely are not paying attention!**