



Cain

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Cain

(1)

Q1

Guy enters. He sets chairs around a large table.

Guy: *(To someone in the audience)* Could you please give me a hand?

Put a chair in front of each chair I put.

(To the audience) Please, everyone's welcome to take a chair and join us according to this arrangement.

Place a chair according to the structure I created and please take a seat.

(He sits down and waits patiently and confidently.)

Ahalan. Wow. It's been ages since I said 'Ahalan'. So... Ahalan.

(He's pleased with the fact that he has an audience)

It's great that you're here. I appreciate it. People usually prefer entertainment.

I'm no entertainment *(In self-depreciation)*.

(A big opening, powerful, lands a bomb, declarative, it's in his blood. An arrow straight through the audience's brains)

We are the citizens of the world. The enlightened liberalism begat the greedy capitalism and turned us all into pigs. Japanese food not only in Japan, an Indian in Bombay buys stocks in Australia, an Israeli scratches his ass on the beach in Tel Aviv and buys real-estate in Miami to feel like an American. It messes with your mind. *(Pause)* Identity has blurred. We don't belong anywhere. We're detached.

And it doesn't matter if this identity loss is the result of financial or emotional problems, this distress pushes people to search for some kind of security in all the chaos, to search for their identity.

(Pause)

Into this void, comes religion. With great momentum. People want a home.



If you hadn't noticed, WWII is taking place as we speak. And it's different than all other wars
(Reveals to the audience) A cultural-theological war.

(Pause. He gets personal)

Because at the end of the day, man is a tribal creature, he wants to belong.

He needs to live in dignity, he needs his peers, he needs his family unit. He needs love.

Every man.

Wow, that came out of nowhere.

I'm Guy Shechter.

I live in Philadelphia, a university professor, Jewish, secular, single, no kids. Sounds boring. There were a couple of years of pseudo-marriage, it fell apart, there were a couple of years of almost a child, it didn't happen. My mom would say, somewhat problematic. I was born here.

(He gets up, extends his hand for a handshake, listens to the names, repeats them. He makes a full inner round and goes back behind the chair at the head of the table)

I see some familiar faces. I'm in Israel...

(He sits back down. Gets personal)

I deal with psychology, Philosophy. More than a few years ago I turned to the Bible.

Everyone's book of books.

(Self-deprecating) I'm on a 30-year almost-obsessive journey to decipher the human mechanism, the human heart's desire. The human heart's desire.

There's no doubt in my mind this is also to do with some need of my own. Some damage. It always seems to go together, doesn't it?

(To the audience, meaningful) Before psychology entered the picture, there was someone there who understood this heart's desire and put it into simple words, black on white *(He shows the Bible to the audience on his right and left, to everyone)*. In the first book...

(He stands up, opens the Bible and reads aloud)

"...The intention of man's heart is evil from his youth." Genesis 8 21 *(He puts the Bible down and bangs on the table)* It's not easy.



(He sits back down and looks straight at the chair across from him). The unbearable conflict between our healthy urge to survive, the desire, and the heart, emotions, insights, (Low, accentuated) 24/7 judgment.

(He gets up, walks to the central blackboard behind him and writes "Laboratory". He turns back with his left shoulder).

Q2

God, the great researcher, created a huge lab (*Motions at the audience*), the world, and we, all the people in it, are his subject matters...

Slam our heads against the wall.

Let's start with a little warmup. Come with me.

(Sharp transition. He goes on an external round from the left, and straight into the center, without a pause, while slowly reciting the verses, encouraging the audience to join him)

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,

(hello, second grade)

We all know this by heart.

Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep,

Even in our sleep.

And the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

(Pragmatic. Quiet determination. He goes back to the head of the table, sturdy, sharp)

Here starts the research.

Q3 Q4

(He sits down, boom)

(He discovers) It's exciting, this gathering, it's my first time.

(He recounts the craziness he went through to get here)



I've been in Israel for 3 hours after being away for 30 years. Straight from the airport, quick shower and over here...

I'm glad to be here in Tmuna, in the cycle. *(Only here does he turn directly to the audience)*. Do they write that in Hebrew?

They simply snatched me. Nitzan from Tmuna saw my TED talk, picked up the phone and told me: your research's cool, kinda fringy, come over. I said yes.

I never gave that talk in Israel, I don't know why I said yes, I don't know why it's fringy, something got me here. Go figure.

Maybe it's the chance to meet with all of you?

Anyway, here I am.

Back to Israel, The Return of the Apes.

Or it could be that I'm getting old...

(Professional) Let's start over.

(2)

(Sharp transition – he gets up. Eternal round, from the left, clings to the Biblical text, loudly)

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, come on people, I need you with me,

Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep...

(He reaches the head of the table, 1-distraught 2-he takes his jacket off as he turns his back to the audience. 3-He moves the jacket forward with his right hand and hangs it on the chair. 4-He sits down, using his right leg as a pivot. He immediately starts talking. A declaration)

I'm not a religious man. I've said so before. *(He takes the Bible – holds it up high)* But I do have this, the Bible.

(He spent years skipping over it. He reads aloud in order to rediscover it) With appreciation to the graduates of the armored corps course, class 79. It suddenly popped at me. *(He closes the book)*.

I'm sure other people here also have it, with a dedication, from some life event.

(He chooses someone. Approaches him. Intimately)

Do you have this kind of book with a dedication? At what occasion did you get it?



Interesting.

(He has short conversations, sitting in front of audience members, sums them up and moves on)

Did anyone get this book in the army?

On what occasion?

What stayed with you from that occasion?

Were you left with any experience from that ceremony? That occasion?

Did you keep the book?

(To someone else) You too? Since when? Since the army?

Interesting.

(He sits down, puts down the Bible)

It's interesting how these landmark moments always come with the Bible... *(He sits motionless, he's profound, teaser)* What is this marriage between the Bible and our stages of life? *(He stares at the chair across from him)* We burn it into our skin, we tattoo it and it enters our bloodstream.

(Idiots) We got used to it, we never questioned. *(He mocks someone, that bastard)* There was someone there who made sure to brand it as a sign of belonging. Referred to it as a formative experience. *(Seriously)* Clever. He understood the basic need to belong. *(Quickly, remarking)* The tragedy is that in a split second it turns into political gain.

We get rid of a lot of books in our lifetime, but it's harder, with this one. *(A swift touch on the book, then shows his hand to the audience)* We took an oath of responsibility. *(He takes his hand down)*.

We don't mess with this one, for some reason.

(Something suddenly crosses his mind, a living image, he sits motionless)

I'll never forget that moment, during my searches, in university, I was lost, some friend dragged me to Introduction to Bible Studies class, a professor comes in, opens the book and I expect the usual stuff. None of that.

(Recounts) I listen to him and I hear what no teacher, commander even synagogue, or mother, not even father ever told me. All this noise in my head. And I was all alone with it.

(He takes the book as he gets up. Softly)

This icon suddenly enabled me to talk to myself and others, together. This book has God, Adam and Eve will forever make that misstep with the apple and pay the price. This book is a haven. It's a compass.



We can kick, doubt, cheat, get lost, lose faith in ourselves, in the world, in God – all because this book is always in the back of our minds.

So I invite us all for a conversation.

And I'm truly glad you came. Ahalan.

(Continues)

Is everyone here from Tel Aviv? From around here? Were you born in Tel Aviv? Are you originally from Tel Aviv?

Who's not from Tel Aviv?

Is there anyone here from Kiryat Bialik? Or Haifa and the outskirts?

(If someone isn't from Tel Aviv – ask why they left, realize that others have also left)

Where are you from? *(Stay with someone of the same age)*

You're not there anymore, are you? You've roamed!

How old were you when you left? Do you miss it there?

Why did you leave/move to Tel Aviv?

A change? New possibilities?

Do you miss it at all? What do you miss?

Maybe it was a bit too crowded?

We go somewhere else to find who we are instead of what someone decided we were.

(Quick, matter-of-factly) I left, I went to school, a few years later my parents passed away, a year apart from each other, I sold everything in two days and got the hell out of here.

(Till the head of the table, sits down) 30 years. I didn't understand a thing. Walla. I didn't say Walla in ages, either. I can't say it in Philadelphia, I'd be branded a Muslim in no time.

(3)

(Festive – goes swiftly round the audience – an external round, energetically)

And God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

God saw that the light was good, and he separated the light from the darkness.

God called the light "day," and the darkness he called "night." And there was evening, and there was morning--the first day.



(He stops at the head of the table. He leans on it and sweeps through the days)

And then there was Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, all kinds of Godly magic tricks, tons of interpretations, Darwin too.

(Stands tall, accentuates, decisive)

I'd like to start on the sixth day –

(Inner round. Right-hand thumping, a heartbeat, leaned against the table)

Then God said, "Let us make mankind (*knocking*) in our image, in our likeness (*knocking*), so that they may rule over the fish in the sea () and the birds in the sky (),

over the livestock and all the wild animals, and over all the creatures that move along the ground. (*Two knocks*)

So God created mankind in his own image, (*Two knocks*)

in the image of God he created them; (*Two knocks*)

male and female he created them. (*Two hands thumping across from the head of the table*)

male and female he created them. (*Two bangs on the table, volume increasing*)

God blessed them (*Two knocks*) and said to them, (*Walks around the audience, sudden, animalistic, low, repeats the line until he reaches the head of the table*) "Be fruitful and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it.

Be fruitful and multiply, be fruitful and multiply.

This is where the subject matters, the people, start to fill up the lab.

... As the sand on the seashore...

(Sits down, amused, relaxed)

Genesis, first act. The main characters – Adam, Eve, the Snake, (*festive*) a prop, the apple, (*and a trivial character*) and God.

A God that appears in the first act will kill in the third. He never stops killing us.

(Sudden, curious)

Who is God? What is it? What is that thing we call God?

(He picks someone in the audience, approaches him, sits on the table in front of him, genuinely asking for help, finishes the encounter with "interesting", "excellent", "very good")

What's God to you? Do you have moments when you just talk to him?

(He may move on to someone else, wander from one side of the table to the other)

What's it like for you?



Did you ever turn to God, look for someone up there?

When? *(Examples of fear, danger, illness?)*

How many times did we let out an 'Oh, God'?

(Stands at the head of the table, speaks continuously)

Is there a God? Isn't there? It doesn't matter anymore. By merely saying God at a certain moment, we actualize him. He can turn up in moments of crisis, when something inside us just breaks, when we need some form of father figure, when we want a hug, someone to reach his hand out to us, to tell us those five words that always do the trick *(Emphasizes)* "it's going to be alright". Someone to be there, steadily.

(Referring to himself) I don't know that there's an answer to this loneliness, that God lives up to the task *(determined)*, whoever said it was his task to begin with? We'll look into that, too.

(Brings us back to the play, to the characters) Then there's the snake.

What's the deal with that snake? What's his role? Did anyone ever dream of a snake? They say it's a recurring theme in our dreams. Psychologists have dwelled on it, urges, desires. Fear of the unknown and the apple. The art world immediately cashed in on it *(Associations)* Cezanne with the bowl of apples, female nudes with an apple. Magritte with a green apple suspended midair.

(Conclusion, emphasized)

An eternal symbol of sensuality, of seduction.

(Emphasized) This book *(He stands up and holds up the book, summarizes)* knocks everyone's socks off. Artists, psychologists, philosophers, regular Joes... It's an inspiration. *(He puts the book down, emphasizes)* Moreover, this book is in our DNA, whether we'd like to admit it or not, it rests on our conscience.

(4)

(Stands up, holding the Bible)

Chapter two - The Lord God commanded the man, saying, "From any tree of the garden you may eat freely; but from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat from it you will surely die.

(He puts down the Bible. Declares the lecture's theme)

The grand creator built himself a lab, the world, and checked us in there. We begin to respond, we respond, he responds, he responds, we respond. Research.

Q5 - *Next to the left blackboard, takes a piece of chalk, gets up.*



(He walks up to it and writes on the front left blackboard – "Experiment No. 1 – on our flesh", he turns back to the audience and heads back to the head of the table)

First experiment.

If we don't experience things in the flesh, we'll never understand.

Q6 – goes back to the table.

(Inner round, right hand on the table)

God says to man: there's a tree and don't eat from it. You can eat from all the rest. Fair deal.

(He takes the Bible to the chair facing the head of the table, and sits there) But the snake tells Eve that the day they eat from the fruit – "...And you will be like God, knowing good and evil" – what's wrong with knowing...?

Our brain wants to know *(To everyone)* The word 'forbidden' entices our brain to know even more.

The thrill of danger! Not to miss out on that something, despite the warning that if we go for it, we'll surely pay the price. It's exciting to taste it.

(Bombshell, to everyone, goes back to the head of the table with the Bible, stands up)

Why doesn't God want us to know?

He's scared.

It's clear. Knowledge is power. You have power over those who don't know.

No criticism, no subversion. Everything is under total control.

You're free to do whatever you want. You can tweet subjective truths. You can rewrite history as you see fit, make absurd laws, give compelling explanations with utter disrespect for intelligence. And while doing so, spread fear that guarantees you stay on top, the wizard.

(dramatic)

Those in power preserve ignorance, anything but knowing. But thinking.

And all that *(Points up, humorously)* was started by him. God.

(Simple, a new attack) What were Adam and Eve before the date with the snake and that infamous bite? They walked around heaven in the buff, ate weeds and named the animals. That's all they did. Chillaxing. Basically, they were two adults with the consciousness of a couple of three-year-olds.

(Big) Adam and Eve.



Adams and Eves keep getting born. We're on this race to choose our children's names after the first heroes of the "book of humanity", holding on to a trend, ignoring everything else.

(Gets back to the lecture)

They took a bite of the apple.

Maybe they were right?

Maybe it is better to be a conscious, knowing mortal than to be trapped in heaven for all eternity without sense or knowledge. Curiosity is not a sin. Man has foregone eternal life in heaven because man wants to know!

(He tells the familiar story)

(5)

As soon as Adam and Eve taste it, mind and wisdom kick in. When the mind kicks in, that's when the conflict between heart and desire begins and heaven is over.

(Summing up, cynical, the mistakes parents always make)

(He writes on the back left blackboard)

Conclusion.

Q7

1. The children have acquired sense, there's a price to be paid.
2. Shut the gates of heaven forever.
3. The concept of death enters the concept of time.

That's one hell of a price to pay.

(Sits back down)

Q8

(Gently, to the parents in the audience) God realizes that the kids are all grown up, that it's the end of an era. It's time for them to move out. Heaven is closed forever. Tough.



(Mocking) Just between us, he's a young father, immature. He wants control. He doesn't like being invaded, touched, having his word broken, *(Turns serious)* He's scared. This is where the power plays begin.

He expels them.

(Turns to the parents in the audience, smiling)

But he's still a parent, he cares. Parents are like that, constantly worried, first they slap then they hug.

(Suddenly remembers) Just like my mother.

(Personal, to the audience) Everyone's heaven comes to an end.

Mine ended the night before I enlisted in the army.

(To an audience member) Did you have that experience, of a whole, safe world ending?

When did your heaven end?

We were a trio, Tamar, Alon and me. Until what happened, happened. Like a piano fell on us. Heaven was over.

(Personal, to the audience)

I felt expelled.

(Sums up, trying not to make a big deal out of it) In any case, we were expelled. And that's a tough experience we're carrying around with us.

(Compassionately) And here we are, forever and ever, searching for the way back.

(Inner smile) There's always that longing for that place where everything was whole, no time, no death, no responsibility.

God, I miss it!

(Finds continuity, personal) Let's decide that here, this togetherness, around this table, this is heaven. *(Motions)* Play track 2.

Music (1) – Meir Ariel's 'Grass Legend' – play to the end.

A beer will be good just about now. Can we have a couple of beers from the bar?

(Enter the beers)



Q 8.5

(Hands out beers to the audience)

(Sings the refrain from "Grass Legend") We grew up on it. Even when I'm there, I play these songs that were made to build togetherness. They don't understand a word, but it creates togetherness there, too.

(Association)

What's life like here now?

(Cool)

Heaven?

(To someone else) – How do you feel here?

What was here before that isn't here now?

Would you leave here?

Why? Why not?

(Nostalgic) There's friendship here.

Do you still have your high school friends? From the old neighborhood?

We had a high school reunion, they couldn't find me... Was anyone here ever in a reunion?

Why did you go? How did it affect you?

(The notion of tribalism, a man searches for a sense of belonging...)

(Sums up the conversation)

What do people look for there? A reinforcement of who we used to be?

Someone to witness our lives? Remind us where we came from? Where we belong? To maintain some kind of continuum, remember who we are.

I have no continuum.

Does anybody here have friends from the army?

I was supposed to serve in the military radio station, I was heavily into music, rock and roll, but being a fighter means being salt of the earth, and the girls like it better, too.



The army does this to us. Before anyone asks you who your father or mother is, they ask you where you served. Only in Israel. *(Suddenly comes to a realization)* As soon as we're born, we belong to the army. It's absurd. All for one, one for all. *(Asks for track no. 5)*

Music (2) – Night after Night, One was Lost...

(Night after Night – Song, hums along)

We grew up on that song.

My mother used to sing me to sleep with this song.

("He didn't remember your name" – the music fades out) Alon, my friend, he wanted to be a fighter... He talked about nothing else.

So I went to the armored corps.

(Pause, the music stops)

Since then, the smell of meat on a grill and I don't go together.

Believe you me, with everything you said so far... This is where you live!

Over there, *(Personal)* nothing touches me. Le'Chayim!

(Clears the beer trays off the table)

(6)

So this was the warmup. Now it's time to get hardcore.

(Reads from the Bible)

Now Adam knew Eve his wife, and she conceived and bore Cain, saying, "I have gotten a man with the help of the lord. And again, she bore his brother Abel. Now Abel was a keeper of sheep, and Cain a worker of the ground.

(Writes on the front left board)

Second Experiment



Family.

Q9

(Goes back to the table)

Q10

(Simply, quickly) Father Adam, Mother Eve. Two boys. Cain and Abel.

One works the land, one is a shepherd.

Idyllic.

(He sits down, deep in thought, smiling)

Cain and Abel, we never met them, no hello, no coffee or beer, no selfie. We know nothing about them.

Cain. Claim. Straight, lined letters. Pegs. Both feet on the ground.

Abel *(Impressed)* Open syllables. Fumes. Air.

Their choice of names alone informs us who they are.

(Titles)

When Cain was born, Eve, his mother was so excited *(Reads from the Bible)*

Verse one – *(Reads aloud)* I have gotten a man with the help of the lord – she's basically saying that she really wanted this kid and made sure this would happen. She made it with God – she bought him from God – she initiated a deal with God,

And so she claimed his name – Cain.

(Switches) Cain's life begins with a huge celebration. The first child!

And then comes Abel.

(Lowers) It says of Abel's birth simply "Again she gave birth" – but he still turned out well. Abel.

(Raises) And he grew up, as did Cain, and the grand researcher, God, stuck with Abel and preferred his offerings. *(Straightens back)* Go figure.



(Banal) Maybe because that's the way it is with that Abel. He's the popular kind, successful, God's golden boy.

They're everywhere... *(Sits down, intimately)* In high school. My friend Alon, I mentioned him before. He was a heartthrob. I tried hard, he throbbed. A golden boy.

You know, he was just born to be a paratrooper, a pilot, a tanker.

We were a strong threesome. Alon, Tamar and I. We were deep into music.

That got cut off. Yeah.

We played together, Alon and I. Rock and roll, Pink Floyd, Nick Cave. Tamar was our groupie. I wrote the music and played, too. Alon was the singer. Come to think of it now, it was all for her. Everything. *(To the audience, smiling)* I think the last time I was in love was with Tamar. *(Hurries things along)* Maybe it wasn't love after all? Just hormones?

(7)

(Genesis 4, verses 3-9. He sits and reads aloud from the Bible)

"In the course of time Cain brought some of the fruits of the soil as an offering to the Lord. And Abel also brought an offering—fat portions from some of the firstborn of his flock. The Lord looked with favor on Abel and his offering, but on Cain and his offering he did not look with favor.

So Cain was very angry, and his face was downcast.

Then the Lord said to Cain, "Why are you angry? Why is your face downcast?"

If you do what is right, will you not be accepted? But if you do not do what is right, sin is crouching at your door; it desires to have you, but you must rule over it.

Now Cain said to his brother Abel, "Let's go out to the field. While they were in the field, Cain attacked his brother Abel and killed him."

(He closes the book, puts it down, aghast)

Six verses, six sentences, a murder. That all of us, humankind, are descended from it.

Brilliant.



Every word is loaded and forces me, you, to track the inner movement stirring between the desire and the heart.

One heck of a trip.

(He sits down)

I'm going word by word.

I have to, I simply have to linger on the human mechanism. The mortal must have an echo of himself. He's doesn't exist in a void. He just wants to echo himself through someone, something, otherwise he'd never know what he's feeling.

(Dryly)

In the course of time Cain brought some of the fruits of the soil as an offering to the Lord –

(Angry at the audience, defending Cain) Cain is the first ever religious man.

Next to Cain's survival instinct, working hard and taking care of his needs, enters his heart. He wants to hug and be hugged – it's called emotion. Desire and heart collide, Cain is distraught, he wants to share, to embrace, he wants to thank his maker. According to Kierkegaard, the philosopher, the religious stage is the highest stage in human development. It compels man to perform a "leap of faith", to accept that there's something in this world that cannot be seen or proven, and still believe in it. Wittgenstein adds that believing in God is believing that life has meaning. That's Cain's mental state.

And then comes Abel – "And Abel also brought an offering" – "Also" – sure, he's the second one, he picked it up from his older brother. It wasn't his idea. It was Cain's idea and Abel followed suit.

- "The Lord looked with favor on Abel and his offering, but on Cain and his offering he did not look with favor" –

Our subject matters are responding to stimuli and the grand researcher responds to the best of his understanding.

How old were they? 17, 18.

(A triggering photo)

My 18th birthday was also my draft day. That's how it turned out. *(recounting)* Dad on a ladder in the balcony, with a cord of colorful bulbs. And mom pressing him "Hang it up already". Tamar was supposed to come and hadn't yet. Everyone's here, the beer is flowing, Tamar is a no-show. I wrote a song the previous night, that was all about her. That was



nothing but love for her. Tamar never showed up. Mom is running around with pies. Alon is always late. I'm not worried. There's no way he won't show up. And me, all I care about is giving her that song. She's still not there. The music is rocking. I'm waiting. Eyes on the door. She forgot about me.

(Faces the audience – J'accuse - continuously)

You kill yourself over something for someone – certain that there's someone there who feels what you feel.

Cain initiated and made an effort, killed himself over it. Abel followed suit.

The information here is missing, incomplete. In the experiment layout Abel's offering is detailed "fat portions from some of the firstborn of his flock." Abel picked out and brought the heftier sheep and goats. *(Bitter)* Good. He can choose. So that's how it went down. While Cain was truly moved, Abel figured out how things work. He cracked the system. I guess that's how it works.

One gives his heart, the other one shows up and grabs it.

(Coldly. Wants to escape. Struggles to put on his jacket)

Q11 + Music (3) – *When he tries to get up with the jacket, trapped in his chair.*

(8)

(He lifts himself from the head of the table with the inside out jacket. He turns it back, progresses, the jacket slowly pulls you, he can say for the first time – "It was clear to me that it would be the three of us forever")

(He sits first – half a turn – chair in front of the host, takes off his jacket, puts it back, on the side, closed)

It was clear to me that it would be the three of us forever. It was also clear to me that it was also clear to them that it was Tamar and I and Alon and I. I can't let go of the image. Alon and Tamar at the door. *(In wonder)* They're different. I can see it in their eyes. He's silent. He's never silent. She's holding a package with a red ribbon.

(He takes the chair in front of the main chair, to audience left, unzips his jacket, then zips it back up, his torso leans against the table, he collapses to the front)

"We went to get this for you together, we hope you like it". Hug. "We went together", "we went together".



(A snake bite, he moves to the head of the tables, sagging his hands)

(He moves back to the chair at audience left, turns it to face the audience, sits down, intimately)

Q 11.5

These colored lights make my eyes burn. I snatch the gift. I don't remember the end of the party. I lost my heart and my art that night.

(He picks up the chair at the head of the table and moves it to audience right, backward, faces the audience and sits down)

Then straight away, induction center, parents, Tamar, the words you say at the induction center, basic training, military course, war, I function/I'm enlisted. Alon is next to me. Like nothing happened.

(He moves between the boards until he reaches the head of the table. Leans back, crashes down, Into My Arms)

(Lighting – with the movement – Q12 – audience front left board)

Q13 - audience back left board

Q14 + Q15 – Leans against the head of the table.

(Music ends)

I fell apart. My heart closed off.

(He stands up and addresses everyone) You all know what it's like, after taking such a hit you can't keep walking the world naked, you start covering yourself up, *(referring to himself)* BA, MA, lecturer, researcher,

(A short pause)

And what's under the suit? *(Decidedly)* Lockdown.

(Zips up his jacket)

(Dryly, referring to himself)

Cain is depressed.

His world collapsed. No love. He's an orphan.



(Discovers) Where were his parents? With the pies and on the ladder.

(You're such a dope) You've got two kids, one kid stayed bent out of shape, and the other one gets everything.

(Cynically) And they keep telling you that "You're in the little details", fuck off. The little details are people and their feeling, *(approaches the board and makes a descending list)* Love, envy, frustration, anger.

Q16

(He stands facing the board for a moment, then comes back)

(9)

(He steps down the stairs, goes back to the table)

Q 16.5

(At the head of the table, he reads from the Bible)

"Why are you angry? Why is your face downcast?"

If you do well, will you not be accepted? And if you do not do well, sin is crouching at the door. Its desire is contrary to you, but you must rule over it."

(Apathetic)

"Why are you angry? Why is your face downcast?"

"We went to get this for you together", oh please.

A first-time emotional experience requires definition.

At the moment these words are uttered, 'why are you angry', Cain realizes that he's upset, that he's alone.

The laboratory is bubbling with emotional activity. The researcher won't budge and continues with his research.

If you do well, if you behave properly, which I did, you'll get through it, and if you don't behave properly, and I did behave properly, desire will overtake you and destroy you. Because it's there, inside your soul. Like a predator *(Emphasizes)*, like a predator.

So learn to restrain yourself! Now! *(Puts the Bible on the table)*

(Soldier) I got a uniform, flak jacket, hat, helmet, armor, I added another armor over the armor and sealed it shut. I control the passion. I govern the passion. Learn to restrain yourself! *(Salutes)* I restrain!!!



(Seriously, aghast) It hurts, what do you with pain? How do you articulate pain?

Music (3)

(Inner round, turns the audience right chair back to the table, leans against the table, an intimate conversation with the audience, hands gliding across the table, the left holds the side of the table, the right holds the front end of the table to the point of rising from the chair)

Brothers, they have a bond, without talking. They can read each other, know what you like, what you like, what's mine, what's yours, that's brothers.

(He moves to the audience left chair, turns it back to the table, hands gliding across the table, the right holds the side of the table, the left holds the front end of the table to the point of rising from the chair)

We were two peas in a pod, Alon and I, I brought Tamar. He asked, do you love her, I said yes. He was quiet, it was tough on him. I was happy. His question and my answer stayed between us, couldn't be clearer. Tamar is with me, Tamar is mine. I love Tamar.

(His right-hand arches to the next table corner, he moves to the head of the table)

We had a brothers' bond. Why did he do that? Why did he do that?

The face staring at the door, that miserable gift, a pathetic sacrifice wrapped in a red ribbon.

A few hours later we were on the bus, on the way to the induction center.

Cut the music.

In the delirium of war, when you burn, you burn alone. *(Straightens up, decisive)* No friends.

(10)

"Now Cain said to his brother Abel, "Let's go out to the field." While they were in the field, Cain attacked his brother *(Stretch the word)* Abel and killed him."

(Closes the Bible, pulls himself together)

"Said to his brother"? That's it?

Said what? What did he reply? What took place between them?

What did they say to each other??



(He picks someone to be his partner) Come here, help me out. (He invites him to sit in the audience left chair, he sits on audience right, hands him a piece of paper, quietly instructs him)

This is a text I prepared in advance. I'm trying to expand the word "said" because there's no description of what they said to each other in the field that led Cain to such an extreme measure as murder.

I have to understand the human mechanism in real time.

This is the conversation. *(To the partner)* I summoned you. You agreed. Let's decide there's no one here. No God, either.

Q17

It's just you and me. I'll start. I'm Cain. You're Abel. Let's talk loudly, so we're heard.

Cain – Why did you do it to me?

Abel – What?

Cain – Why did you do what I did?

Abel - I don't know.

Cain – Don't play coy.

Abel – I was looking for you.

Cain – Why?

Abel – Because I didn't know what to do.

Cain – What?

Abel – Things were bad for me.

Cain – What does that have to do with anything?

Abel – You always know.

Cain – I'm working.

Abel – Why didn't you talk to me?

(Starts the drafting process)

Cain – I work from morning till morning, I gather the fruits and vegetables into nice bundles from everything I sowed, watered, nurtured, it's a shitload of work.

Abel – You seemed happy.



Cain – That's right. My heart nearly exploded, the plants blossomed and were beautiful. I tried hard. I tried so hard.

Abel – We always do everything together.

Cain – No. This is different. This is mine. All mine. It's my investment, my crop, my love and I bet now you'll say you also want love. Go on, read.

So what did you do for it? Go ahead, read.

(I did just what you did...)

No, not just like me, you took from me, you didn't give a shit about me, you were heartless, you couldn't put your heart into it, you have no heart.

You used me to conquer, you stole from me to have yourself. You orphaned me.

And I bet you'll also say that you have no idea what I'm talking about. So go ahead, read, it's written down.

(I have no idea what you're talking about)

So let me tell you what I'm talking about.

I'm your brother, your friend, we sang together, we drank together, we dreamed together.

And don't tell me, I know you'll tell me, read, read...

(You're pathetic)

Go on, read that, too.

(You have to learn not to be a sore loser)

I loved, and you stepped all over me.

(A personal talk with a friend)

Cain – It's all a lie, all a lie. *(Suddenly recognizes the audience surrounding them)* Everything is foreign all of a sudden. I'm cold. I don't know what to feel right now.

I was functioning. To keep everyone from seeing. From feeling. I exaggerated, I played, I bragged. I stopped looking him in the eyes. I hated him. I despised him. I used to wait for shooting practice. I wanted to blast and get blasted. I waited for them.

(Continuously) I wanted him dead. I wanted me dead. I didn't mind dying.



(Realizes) Life stopped.

(He takes the volunteer back to his seat, "Thanks, you've been a great help")

(Ironic)

"Where is your brother Abel?"

(Straightens up, still seated)

"Am I my brother's keeper?" – I have a surprise for you, mister researcher, creator of the world! We're not brothers anymore.

We stopped looking out for each other. We started killing each other, no blood, quietly. Basic training. Adjoining beds. I wanted him dead. I wanted to die myself. I didn't want him to die. I wanted him to drop to his knees, admit his mistake. Come up with an explanation. Doesn't matter what. I wanted him to talk to me. Something that would put my heart back in place. I lie. He lies. He doesn't tell me, I don't tell him. We have a great excuse, we're dead tired. It's all a lie. I learn to hide perfectly. I'm even cooler. He shrivels up.

(Reporting, continuously)

Armor Corps course. Parents' visiting day. I'm dying to hear my mom saying that Tamar asked about me. Mom is silent. Tamar never asked about me. Mom understands something's going on. Mothers know. Dad – nothing. Knock-knock jokes.

Q18 – *with the lifting of the table*

Music (4)

(Lifts up the table, suspends from the table using his legs, notices the mirror, flips back, walks backwards, comes back and flips over to the audience, the table on his back)

Q19 – *Holds up the table, faces the audience*

It's the middle of the night. Sudden wake-up call. We hear on the radio, you're entering the battle zone, over. But we're just cadets. You're entering a battle zone. We're all on a high.
(Carries the table on top of himself)

Q20 – *Table on the back*

It starts to sink in. War. Dark humor starts spreading inside that inferno. "Hey, if you make it out alive, send my hand to my girlfriend for one last caress." And me, I just want Tamar. I didn't speak with Tamar. I haven't seen Tamar. The tanks charge ahead and all I can see in front of me is Tamar. Get out of my sight. I'm in war. *(The table goes back on the floor)*



Q23 - *The table goes back on the floor*

(He takes down the table, comes from underneath, on his elbows while taking off his jacket and tossing it aside, then taking off his shirt, his leg straight)

Q24 – *Comes close to audience front left wall*

Q25 – *Comes close to audience back left board*

Q26 – *Falls to the floor*

Q27 – *Elbows on the table*

(Makes his way to the table, on his elbows)

A direct hit. I lift my emergency door, it opens. I run for my life. The fire burns my eyes, right along with those fucking colored lights from my draft party. I smell burnt flesh. I touch my body. Blood on my leg. My leg is injured. I'm alive. I'm alive. Where is everyone? *(Reports to himself)* I'm alone. The driver was killed. And then the screams, the screams, "evacuate", "evacuate", "it won't open", "it won't open". The commander got killed, too. He's blocking Alon's escape hatch. Alon is trapped. I'm alive. That smell, the smell of the flesh.

(Climbs on top of the table, lies on it)

We have to remove the commander's body, so that it doesn't obstruct Alon's hatch. *(He climbs on the table, turns over on his stomach, turns over on his back, sits up, raises himself on his right arm)*

Q29 –

Don't cry, Tamar, I promise you we won't stay young forever. Don't cry. We went to get this for you together. We went to get this for you together. What was I to you? A gift with a red ribbon. An alibi. *(He stands up, his hand supporting his injured leg)* The smell. The smell. The fire starts eating away at the tank. **The leg turns to lead.** Behind my back. Who are you going to cry for more? Tamar? For me or for Alon? You don't leave a friend behind.

(Music (5) 1:06)

All for one and one for all and all that shit. Into my arms, forever young. Alon went up in flames. There is no Alon. *(Starts rolling over on his stomach)* Mom, did Tamar ask about me? The smell of burning. The smell of burning bodies. *(He stands on the table, his leg injured)* Why did it have to be like this, Alon? You didn't say a thing. I talked, you could have told me.



(Yells at the tank) We need to talk, Alon. We need to talk. Let's get out of this shitstorm. Let's talk. Let's get out of this shitstorm and talk.

Q30 – *Blinding*

Q30.5 – *Black + The music ends*

And then the tank blew up.

Q31 + *Microphone comes down, a flickering light.*

(He straightens up, his hand lets go of his pants, he takes a microphone and a flashlight)

(Testimony)

(He stands in the dark on the table, holding the flashlight)

Am I my brother's keeper?

I didn't keep my eye on you, Alon.

I didn't run to push the commander's dead body that obstructed your escape hatch.

I so wanted you to die. And you're dead. It's me. I killed you.

Not that Goddamn war. It's me.

(He flips the flashlight, turns to both sides)

I stood there, the only witness in the field, and you were inside the tank, burning.

He's dead. And I live, dead.

(The light comes up, he steps down from the table, puts on his jacket)

Q32 – *Comes down from the table*

I'm sorry. I can't go on.

(He leaves)



(He returns, pragmatic, sits close to the table, dryly reporting to his friends – or perhaps to a soil-covered grave)

They gave us leave to attend the funeral. My mom followed me around like a shadow. They were mourning him like a son. The went there every day. Practically sat Shiva. Mom was churning out pies. It's all she knows to do when there's nothing more to do. Everyone thought I was devastated by his death. I wasn't mourning. A rock entered my heart. My parents struggled to hide their joy that I was the one who was alive. That the knock wasn't on their door. I'm not alive. Can you hear me, mom? I'm never touching those pies again.

And his parents. I could see it in their eyes, that they couldn't bear to look at me, instead of him. And then Tamar, at the funeral, next to the grave, "I look at you and I see something's missing". That's what she said. I left and didn't come back for thirty years.

We're all Cain. Afraid to die. Feeling guilty that it's not us who die.

(He fixes a chair at the corner of the table, on a date, turns to a woman in the audience)

Would you please come to sit with me?

I need a woman's face sitting in this chair.

Hello.

You're not Tamar. I know that. I wish it could be Tamar, sitting here.

But I need to talk to a woman if I want my heart back in place, in front of you.

Alon is dead. I can't talk to him.

Everything's good. I'm doing great. In command. Total command, actually.

Q33



I know that Tamar is a family now. I don't know if she's plus one or two. It doesn't matter.

The plus one or two should have been mine and hers.

I know for a fact that she also knows what I know.

We're made of three, maybe four moments in life. Life encounters.

She was there. For the past thirty years she's been the recipient of my heart.

I haven't written a song to anyone since. I don't know if it's still possible to peel off this cynicism that shrouds me.

Even the words I'm saying now have no purpose. But I can't live with the silence anymore.

Other people we both met in life weren't there and won't be there, because it's me and her.

She did what a woman does when a man cries. Alon cried that night. She took him in. Into her womb.

I didn't keep my eye on him. I prayed for him to die. And he did.

I betrayed you. I'm the murderer. I'm guilty.

Cain was forgiven. There's no forgiveness for me.

Whatever. That's life.

We were thrown here, no questions asked. We hurt and get hurt. And smart, and stupid.

Whatever.

(To the woman sitting across from him) Let's talk about love.

(To the audience) Let's talk about love.

Q34