

## THE ZIONISTS

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*For my grandparents*

Characters:

MORRIS GOLDENBERG—A 25-year-old man.

SHEMEL GOLDENBERG—His brother, 22, crippled.

SONYA EYLON (née GOLDENBERG)—Their sister, a Zionist.

SHEILA ISRAEL (née EYLON)— Her daughter, an ex-teacher turned painter, in her late 50s. She is warm and kind, a mother. She is now anxious and vulnerable. Though she hides the anxiety well, you'd be worried about her.

AVI ISRAEL—Her husband, a psychologist in his 60s. The opposite of Sheila or the thing that completes her; logical, strong, direct, he keeps it together. He is warm and funny. They're connected in all sorts of enmeshed and complicated ways.

ASAF ISRAEL—Their son. An officer in the Israeli army.

DORIT (DORY) ISRAEL—Their daughter, in her late 20s. A mixture of her parents, she vacillates between their extremes.

BOAZ ISRAEL—Their son, 20. A soldier in an infantry unit. More sensitive than he lets on. He has a way with the ladies.

DAN—Dory's boyfriend, late 20s, a doer.

YORAM—A soldier serving in the same unit as Boaz, 19.

THE ZIONISTS—A hard rock band.

A KIBBUTZ MEMBER

OFFICER

A LADY AT A DESK

PROSECUTOR

*Notes:*

*\* a new scene*

*— the other character is cutting off the sentence or train of thought*

*... not completing the thought but still there*

*/ overlapping*

*Time in this play moves back and forth between the following periods:*

*Mid 1930s–1940s Warsaw, Poland, Palestine, and Israel*

*2006 Jerusalem, Israel*

*2007-2008 Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, Israel and New York City, US.*

*The scenes should flow easily and freely into one another; transitions should be seamless.*

*Unless otherwise noted, the characters in this play speak their minds. They don't shy away from expressing themselves and will never miss a good argument.*

**ACT I**

## ***I Want to Go Home***

\*

*Stage goes dark; all of a sudden we're in a club.  
The music is loud, offensive almost, lights flash here and there but we can't see who's singing.*

### THE ZIONISTS

I tell you, I kick and scream looking for my way, way, way  
I bite and fight, because I know, I know, I know  
I shake and break and love and shove looking for my day, day, day  
I cheat and beat because I breathe, breathe, breathe.

I'm HERE  
I'm HERE  
I'm HERE

\*

*Winter of 1935, a small town in Poland. Sonya is writing a letter.*

### SONYA

My good Tateh,  
I'm writing to you to show you my reasoning for leaving.  
Please let me try.

*(Pause)*

Recently, I came across a definition of what it means to be a Jew (I know, I know, you would say, "What sort of thing is this? A Jew is a Jew. A Jew is born to a Jewish mother and that is all." And I'm sure Reb Zaltzman would say, "a Jew is a boy who has been circumcised and a daughter who grew up in a Jewish Kosher home"). But this is the definition I found, Tateh: "A Jew: A person belonging to a worldwide group claiming descent from Jacob and connected by cultural or religious ties." I found this too: "A Zionist: A person belonging to a group seeking to reestablish a Jewish homeland in Eretz Yisroel, currently Palestine." The word Zionist comes from the word Tzeeyon, which is another word for our beloved Yerushalayeem, which is another way of saying Israel. So a Jew is a person who has a connection with Jacob, who also is named Israel. A Zionist claims his or her connection to the land of Israel (which is one and the same as Jacob). And the heart of Israel is Yerushalayeem which is also Tzeeyon. Therefore, my good Tateh, in my mind, the way I see it, being a Jew means one *must* also be a Zionist. It is the same thing. Do you follow?

*(Pause)*

I know, I know you'll say, "This is all bollocks that the schlemiels from them socialists are trying to sell girls like you," and that we shouldn't even think to go to Eretz Yisroel before the Masheeach comes.

SONYA (Con't)

*(Pause)*

What if the Masheeach has come, Tateh? What if he was a man, flawed but visionary just the same? And what if he truly preached something, like our prophets? And it is true and it is time?

*(Pause)*

Besides, where else would you go when they come, Tateh? Where else?

*(A huge poster of Theodor Herzl appears, Sonya kisses it.)*

\*

*The present, or 2007 to be more precise. Lights on a spacious living room in one of the affluent suburbs of Jerusalem. There's a bedroom in the back and an entrance to a kitchen; a staircase leads to more bedrooms upstairs. There are quite a few paintings of flowers on the walls. Everything emanates warmth, comfort, and beauty.*

AVI

*(stretching in his chair)*

It's good to be home. It's not that I don't like traveling. I do, but it's good to be home. Before we leave, I can't wait to get the hell on that plane and go. Then we get back, and I think: we could have just stayed home and saved a shitload of money. To think we have to spend all that money and travel to only then realize home is where I wanted to be in the first place!

*(Sheila enters. She is holding a box. She walks around with it as if she is looking for something.)*

AVI

Come on, Sheila, put this down.

SHEILA

Some trips are fun, though.

AVI

I didn't say they aren't. I loved Spain. The art, the food, and the wine was incredible. I loved every bit of it. The museums, the one about the Inquisition was really interesting. /Don't you think?

SHEILA

--The Inquisition, it was awful! But the art was magnificent. Caravaggio's David holding Goliath's head still haunts me.

AVI

I wouldn't have taken you, if I had known.

SHEILA

Why? It was...important.

AVI

Good thing the kids weren't there. They would have whined the whole time.

SHEILA

Remember when we drove coast-to-coast in America with the kids? How did we do that? How did we get through that? I'll never forget that trip. Remember the thing Dory said when we got to the Grand Canyon?

AVI

No.

SHEILA

Avi!

AVI

I don't remember.

SHEILA

She was four years old. She stood in front of the Grand Canyon and said, "Something is broken here."

AVI

That one always had a lot on her mind. Not like Asaf, he just kept/...

SHEILA

--Stop it, Avi.

AVI

What? What did I say? Where are you going? You said—the children.

SHEILA

I know what you were trying to say.

AVI

Come on, Shuly, don't go there. That's why we went to Europe, so you'd enjoy yourself, right? I just don't want you sinking...

SHEILA

I hate when you say that to me.

AVI

I'm sorry. Boaz will be home for his leave soon.

SHEILA

Yes.

I'm sorry. AVI

I know. SHEILA

*(Beat)*

Why don't you put it down? AVI

Yes, I'm just not sure... SHEILA

Let's put it here. On the shelf. AVI

*(Sheila ponders this for a moment. She looks at the shelf, then the ceiling.)*

What? The ceiling? Do you think it's going to collapse? AVI

What if there's an earthquake? Or, I don't know, a rocket? SHEILA

There's not going to be an earthquake. AVI

... No, no, this is not good. This is complicated. I have to think, think. SHEILA

Let's just put it on the couch for now. AVI

*(Sheila walks over to the couch. She sits on the couch as if to examine it. Avi watches her.)*

So? AVI

No. Not sturdy enough. SHEILA

Sheila! AVI

SHEILA

I just want to be sure.

AVI

Here, let's put it on the table for now. It doesn't have to stay there. Just for now. The table is stable. *(he knocks on it)* Solid, see?

SHEILA

Hmmmm...

AVI

Just for now, Shuly. We can take it and put it somewhere else later. And if anything should happen...

SHEILA

Yes, what about that?

AVI

I will run and grab it, I promise.

SHEILA

Well, I guess, for now...

AVI

Yes, for now...

*(Avi very gently takes the box from Sheila and places it on the table. Sheila watches it for a few moments and continues to do so as she walks into the kitchen.)*

\*

*1935, Palestine. About two months after Sonya's letter to Tateh. The song Heena Ma Tov Uma Na'eem is playing in the background.*

SONYA

Tateh, Mamah, Mira'le, Morris, Shemel and Lea'le:

Just a quick postcard from the Holy Land say to we have arrived. We're staying in a small hostel outside Jaffa, in Tel Aviv. The British gave us trouble when we arrived on the boat but people from the movement intervened and we are all right.

*(Pause)*

The air is sweet and salty at the same time and the sun is too bright. The people are rude but also... kind. It's a world away—no, it's worlds away, actually, it's a whole universe away and yet, I feel right at home.

*(The Jaffa Harbor is revealed behind her.)*



\*

*Present or 2007 to be more precise. Directly after the first Jerusalem scene. The door slams and Dory and Dan walk into Avi and Sheila's home.*

DORY

I hate this place, it's so fucking crowded!

DAN

Yeah, we looked for parking forever--

DORY

/Hi, welcome home--

SHEILA

Thank you, Honey--

AVI

/Did you find parking?

DORY

How was it?

SHEILA  
Spain? Good, good--

DORY  
/Oh, I'm glad.

DAN  
Yes, it took a while--

SHEILA  
/I'll go finish dinner--

DORY  
Well, we did, after eight hundred gazillion times of going around the neighborhood. It's just so fucking tight. Everyone trying to get a spot, and they fight you for it. Like they're going to kill you or something. Someone got out of their car and shouted at Dan. Animals. No room anywhere, no parking, nowhere to sit on the bus, I can't breathe!

AVI  
When did you take a bus?

DORY  
I didn't.

AVI  
So why did you say there were no seats on the bus?

DORY  
It was a metaphor.

AVI  
I don't think it was.

DORY  
What do you mean, Abba?

AVI  
I'm just saying I don't think you used it as a metaphor. I think you used it as an example of what you meant, but you didn't really experience it. *(pause)* You embellished.

*(Awkward)*  
DORY

Are you saying I've never had to fight for a seat on the bus? I was in the army, you know.

AVI

Your base was across the street.

DORY

So? I still had to take lots of busses.

AVI

Right.

DORY

I wasn't lying!

AVI

I didn't say lying. I said embellishing. I just don't think you were using a meta...

DORY

Stop it, Abba.

SHEILA

*(from the kitchen)*

Yes, stop it, Avi!

AVI

What? What did I say? To get to the bottom of things/

DORY

--It's just hurtful and unnecessary, that's all.

AVI

Unnecessary, that's what I meant!

DAN *(quickly, pointing to one of the paintings)*

This is cool, I like it.

AVI

Yes, she's been painting again.

DAN

That's great. I like it. It's bleak.

*(Pause)*

SHEILA

*(from the kitchen)*

Did he say there's a leak?

AVI

No.

SHEILA

I heard Dan say there's a leak. Is there a leak again?

AVI

No, no.

SHEILA

What did he say?

*(Avi motions to Dan.)*

DAN

I just said—

AVI

He said your new painting is—

DAN

...Sleek. Really sleek.

SHEILA

Oh, thank god!

*(Avi gives him a thumbs up.)*

DAN

You're welcome. It's really nice.

SHEILA

Thank you, Dan. I'm trying something new.

DORY

Isn't it great that she's painting again?

DAN

Really great.

SHEILA

Just trying something. Don't get all excited. *(Dory collapses on the couch. Sheila walks in.)*

There's food in the kitchen.

Oh, good, we're starving!

DORY

I'll go get some for us.

DAN

Thank you, motek.

DORY

How was the concert?

SHEILA

*(Dan stops)*

You know.

DORY

DAN  
It was good.

So-so?

SHEILA

No, it was okay.

DORY

DAN  
I thought it was great.

*(Dan leaves)*

What?

SHEILA

I said it was good. What do you want from me?

DORY

Just trying to understand if you liked it.

SHEILA

Art, like everything else, is very, very subjective.

AVI

What art?

DORY

SHEILA

I just want to get the whole picture.

AVI

That's hard to do, unless you were there, and even then...

DORY

What's with you, Abba?

*(Dan comes in from the kitchen with two plates of food. He walks over to the table where the box is.)*

DAN

Can I move this?

\*

*1937, a kibbutz in the north of Palestine. It's dark. Sonya is holding a letter.*

SONYA

Mira'le,

Like I told you in my last letter, Menachem and I are up north now, building a new kibbutz. This is very hard work.

We are sustained every day by our great thinkers and leaders.

Ben Gurion, Gordon, Hertzl, of course. We're doing our part to build a home for the Jews in Palestine.

But in the kibbutz everything is shared, everything;

The clothes and the children and the food...even Menachem.

(You understand what I'm telling you, yes?)

Don't tell anyone.

*(Pause)*

And the work. I love the work, don't get me wrong,

Just the twelve hours in the heat...

Shhhhh...

What was that?

*(Pause)*

Who is there?

Who is coming?

*(her gun is revealed)*

Stop or I'll shoot!

*(Long pause, she puts her gun down)*

SONYA (Con't)

The Arabs make sure to let us know they don't want us. And the British make our lives miserable.

*(Pause)*

Mira'le, What was I thinking? I'm not sure I'm cut out for this. I thought about going back to Poland, like Rivka. I miss home every day.

*(Pause)*

But how could I show up in Warsaw with my tail between my legs and Tetah...

No.

I'm here to build a country and I'm going to do it, even if it kills me.

*(Sonya tears the letter.)*

\*

*Back in the club. The band continues to play. It's dark and loud. We don't see their faces.*

#### THE ZIONISTS

I tell you I kick and scream, looking for my pay, pay, pay,  
I take and make and bow and wow because I know, I know, I know  
I eat and hit and wait and mate looking for my prey, prey, prey  
I kick and scream because I live, live, live.

I'm HERE

Do you hear?

Do you Hear?

I'm HERE

I'm HERE

I'm HERE

\*

*1941, in a back room somewhere in the Warsaw Ghetto. Morris and Shemel, Sonya's brothers, are talking. Shemel is in a wheelchair. Morris has a yellow star on his coat.*

#### MORRIS

I'm sorry, Shemel.

#### SHEMEL

I'm all right. I can still stand up, brother. See? We'll wait for Sonya's letter.

*(He tries to stand, he can't.)*

MORRIS

Shemel, please. Don't make this harder than it already is.

SHEMEL

Who made you god?

MORRIS

I am not god, Shem. And god isn't god either. There is no god, Shem. It was a lie.

SHEMEL

*(crying)*

Don't.

MORRIS

It was, Shem. Look at us.

SHEMEL

You don't know. You don't know. We don't know what will happen tomorrow.

MORRIS

Yes, we do. That's why I'm doing this.

SHEMEL

What if there's a way? What if we can somehow get past the guards at the gate?  
What if Dr. Goldmeyer is going get us out, like he promised? What if Sonya finds us?  
We wrote her that letter... What if she comes for us?

MORRIS

Where will you go, Shem? Where will you go now? And how?  
They'll shoot you before you even get to the main road.

SHEMEL

Home. I want to go home.

MORRIS

There is no home, Shemel.

SHEMEL

There was home! There was warm food and a bed. There were shabas dinners and  
clean sheets.

MORRIS

There was Mamah...

SHEMEL

There was Mamah. *(pause)* SO DON'T TELL ME IT WAS A LIE.

MORRIS

More like a dream.

SHEMEL

There was home. I was there once.  
*(Pause, a shift)*

MORRIS

Yes, you were, my sweet brother.

SHEMEL

I don't want to do this.

MORRIS

I know.

SHEMEL

So let's not.

MORRIS

Better me than them.

SHEMEL

You will have to live your life knowing.

MORRIS

That I saved you from suffering.

SHEMEL

We don't know that!

MORRIS

You are the best little brother in the world. You are our joy and pride. Tateh's favorite. The best student in the chader. The smartest, the brightest, the quickest.

SHEMEL

The most crippled.

MORRIS

You are the light and nachaes of the Goldenbergs.

SHEMEL

Just a bit crippled and sickly.

MORRIS

You can do so many things. You did.

SHEMEL

*(shouting)*

What help is it now, TELL ME?

MORRIS

Now is a lie too.

SHEMEL

We're in it.

MORRIS

We are. We are living a lie and I want it to end before it becomes a nightmare.

SHEMEL

It is a nightmare.

MORRIS

You're right.

SHEMEL

Let's wait until tomorrow.

MORRIS

They're taking all the sick ones tomorrow. They said. Better me than them.

SHEMEL

I'll take my chances. / Let them take me.

MORRIS

/I won't.

SHEMEL

Who made you god?

MORRIS

God, god made me god. If god were acting like god, I wouldn't have to try and be him.

SHEMEL

I hate you.

MORRIS

Please, Shem.

SHEMEL

No, no. I want to go home.

MORRIS

I do too, Shem.

SHEMEL

I want to go home.

*(Morris takes a pill from his pocket and quickly puts it in Shemel's mouth. Morris makes Shemel swallow, choking him.)*

SHEMEL

I want to go home, I want to go home, I want to go home, I want to go...

*(Coughing)*

*(More coughing)*

*(Lots of coughing)*

*(Silence)*

*(Morris stands there, frozen)*

\*

*Present or 2007 to be precise, two and a half months after the last scene. Lights on the living room in Jerusalem. The evening news is on and Avi and Dory are watching. Boaz is in uniform. His duffle bag and gun are in the corner.*

DORY

All I'm saying is that if I hear one more person bring up the Holocaust as an excuse I'll explode, that's all!

BOAZ

It's not an excuse. It happened.

DORY

Exactly, happened, past tense, it's over. Did you hear about Burg's book *The Holocaust Is Over; We Must Rise From Its Ashes*?

AVI

Well you know, some people say that a trauma like that would take decades—

DORY

It's been decades, it's fucking time they put it/

AVI

centuries to heal.

DORY

Sorry, I don't have centuries. I want to live my life.

AVI

I see your point. I understand.

DORY

The Holocaust this, the Holocaust that, maspeek! It doesn't give you the right to be an animal because sixty years ago you were persecuted.

BOAZ

We're still being persecuted. You know how many people want to kill us?

DORY

Yes, dumbass, I know.

AVI

Hey, watch your mouth.

DORY

I just said, I happen to know. I was at my own brother's funeral.

BOAZ

I wasn't talking about that. I was talking about Iran and Syria and you know.

DORY

And if one more person brings up Iran and then the Holocaust, I'll scream.

AVI

Maybe you just need to scream.

DORY

No, it's sickening, this pairing. Sickening, I can't take it.

BOAZ

That's because you don't know the real deal and those on the inside know what's going on and if you actually knew you wouldn't be talking like this. You'd be scared. Really scared.

DORY

I don't want to know. This is bullshit politicians make up so they can get re-elected. That's all.

BOAZ

Easy for you to say. It's not your job to keep this country safe.

AVI

Shhh, your mother is coming. No more politics!

*(Sheila walks in holding the box.)*

DORY

Hi, Ima.

SHEILA

Hello, my beautiful child. How are you? What are you going on about?

DORY

We're done, Ima.

SHEILA

Hello, another beautiful child. I see you're ready.

BOAZ

I have to go soon, Ima. I'm sorry.

SHEILA

I know.

DORY

You've been painting, Ima?

SHEILA

A little today.

*AVI (takes the box from Sheila and places it on the table)*

She painted for a while and then read a book.

DORY

Which book?

SHEILA

*Altneuland* by Theodore Herzl.

BOAZ

Bo-ring!

DORY

Savta Sonya is proud!

SHEILA

Yes, my dear child, your grandmother Sonya will probably be proud. Or she will scold me for not having read it yet.

DORY

For not knowing it by heart.

BOAZ

“Once a Zionist, always a Zionist.”

DORY

I won't tell her.

SHEILA

Good.

*(A honk is heard from outside.)*

BOAZ

I'm sorry, I have to go. The guys are picking me up.

*(He picks up his duffle bag and gun.)*

AVI

It was so nice to have you home for a whole week.

SHEILA

A dream.

AVI

You have everything?

BOAZ

Yes.

AVI

Make sure to call. Your mother doesn't sleep well otherwise.

DORY  
*(to Avi)*

How do you sleep?

BOAZ

I will.

DORY

Don't kill anyone.

AVI and SHEILA

Dory!

DORY

What, just saying, don't kill anyone.

BOAZ

Shut up, you don't know anything.

DORY

I was in the army, you know.

BOAZ

Yeah, across the street. That's more like a vacation.

DORY

At least I'm not being trained to kill people.

BOAZ

What do you think people do in the army?

DORY

Just be careful is all I'm saying.

AVI

Enough!

*(Another honk)*

BOAZ

I have to go.

*(Avi and Boaz hug. Sheila hugs Boaz and she doesn't let him go. Dory remains sitting.)*

*(Boaz breaks away and leaves. Sheila picks up the box and exits the room sobbing.)*

*(Pause)*

DORY

Is she taking her meds?

AVI

She is, but this is no time to disrupt the calm like that.

DORY

Like what?

AVI

You know what. Why do you have to upset your brother before he leaves?

DORY

I'm sorry if the realities of the occupation are upsetting to him.

AVI

You're still angry.

DORY

About what?

AVI

Your brother, everything.

DORY

Which one? The one who got killed in Lebanon or the one you sent to the Occupied Territories?

AVI

Dory...Don't start.

DORY

You didn't need to sign the form. You know that. You could have kept him from becoming a combat soldier. You are bereaved parents.

AVI

I'm working very hard to keep the calm here.

DORY

And how is that going for you?

AVI

*(not as calm now)*

What do you want from me, Dory? What do you want?

DORY

You let him go, you signed the form, you made her sign the form. You didn't have to. She didn't have to. So don't blame me for disrupting the calm. She's not going to sleep well as long as he's there.

AVI

He wanted to go! It's his life, his choices. We don't have the right to stand in his way because his brother died. He paid a heavy price as it is, losing his brother. We thought about it for a whole year, we talked about it for months and we made our decision to stand by him and allow him to live his life as he sees fit.

DORY

Occupying other people, you mean?

She wasn't in a state to make a decision like that. You made it, not her. And now she's a fucking mess, and you don't have a right to stand in his way?

Pardon me if I think it's your stupid pride because your friends ended up in Jerusalem in '67 while you were--

AVI

/I was recovering from an illness!

DORY

Exactly.

AVI

It has nothing to do with--

DORY

/Really, you're telling me that you didn't let him go fight because somewhere your ego about '67 and how they didn't take you back in '73 after you got sick, and your brother the famous general--

AVI

This is some bullshit that Sonya put in your head.

DORY

You're the psychologist.

*(Avi stops and listens)*

AVI

Shhh... She's doing better! I'm begging you, don't make more problems.

DORY

Don't worry, Abba, I won't.

AVI

Dory...

DORY

My brother is your problem, not mine.

AVI

They're all my problem: your brother, your other brother, your mother, you.

DORY

Don't worry. I won't be your problem for very long.

AVI

Dory, I don't mean it like that.

*(Pause)*

You're angry all the time.

DORY

It's better than pretending not to be by trying to control other people.

AVI

Shut up, Dory, just shut up!

SHEILA

*(calling from the bedroom)*

What happened?

DORY

Everything is just fine, Ima.

AVI

Shit.

\*

*That night. Lights on Dory and Dan's bedroom. They are in bed.*

DORY

Dan???

DAN  
Yes?

DORY  
Are you asleep?

DAN  
Not anymore.

DORY  
Sometimes I have nightmares about World War II.

DAN  
Did you have one now?

DORY  
No.

DAN  
So why did you wake me up?

DORY  
Because I'm scared I will.

DAN  
If you do, you can wake me up.

DORY  
Okay.  
(Pause)  
Dan?

DAN  
What?

DORY  
I really don't want to have one, though. And sometimes I can just feel one coming.

DAN  
Dory, it's 2007. Nothing bad will happen to you.

DORY  
Once, when I was in high school, I dreamed that Geobbles or Gerrbeles or Goballs  
whatever his name was—

DAN

Yes?

DORY

Spoke to me and he said the war isn't over. And I told him he was dead but he said he wasn't really and nothing really ended, not the war and not the camps and that the Nazis—

DAN

It was a dream.

DORY

I told him the war is over and that he's dead but he didn't care. In my dream he was fat and had a cigar and recently I saw a picture and he was skinny and ugly.

DAN

See? It was a dream. It's over, Dor, really. It's over.

DORY

Sometimes when I feel a nightmare coming—

DAN

I'm here, Dory. I'll protect you.

DORY

When they come?

DAN

The nightmares?

DORY

The Nazis.

DAN

Who?

DORY

The Arabs

DAN

They're not coming.

DORY

But the other day on TV I did see someone who looks like the real Goebbles or Goballs or whatever his name was. Then I thought, what if they are among us, just walking down the street, like here.

*(Pause)*

Sometimes, when I feel a nightmare coming I open my eyes and tell myself all the horrible things I know happened. All of them, the trains and the gas stoves and the mozlemen and the no food and the children and the shots and the mass graves and the—

DAN

Okay.

DORY

So then I don't have to dream about it.

DAN

That's one strategy.

DORY

Do you ever dream about the Holocaust?

DAN

No.

*(Pause)*

All the time.

\*

*That night. Boaz and his unit mate Yoram are in uniform. They're in their barracks, on a break from patrolling a village in the Occupied Territories.*

BOAZ

My grandfather was this big dude. He was the head of the Jewish Federation or whatever. He had a car in the 50s. No one had a car then. He had a driver too, and no one had a driver. They barely had anything to eat.

YORAM

What was his name?

BOAZ

Gershon Eylon.

YORAM

Never heard of him.

BOAZ

My grandmother was kick-ass too. She built a kibbutz and stuff. Sonya Eylon.

YORAM

Don't know her.

BOAZ

Look it up, like in the books, she's mentioned. There are pictures of her and stuff. I'm telling you, she's big.

YORAM

My mother's family came from Morocco.

BOAZ

Yeah, I know.

YORAM

That's why they hate Arabs.

BOAZ

Yeah.

YORAM

'Cause they know them, you know, they lived with them for centuries or whatever. And they saw how the Arabs hate Jews and are liars, so they hate them.

BOAZ

I don't know if I hate them. I guess I did when they blew up buses.

YORAM

Yeah, they're all terrorists. I have no problem just (*he motions*) taking one out.

BOAZ

But after they killed my brother...

YORAM

Forget it. If that happened to me, I would kill one every day if they let us.

BOAZ

I thought so too. But after I actually, you know, had to shoot...

YORAM

Oh yeah, that girl that got wounded.

BOAZ

Yeah, didn't feel good. Not that I wouldn't do it again.

YORAM

For sure, for sure, man.

BOAZ

So you know, I'm here, doing my duty, for my brother.  
But I can't wait to go home.

YORAM

You are home my brother, this is home.  
Just a few months left of this shit. You can do this.  
We're in it together, yes?

BOAZ

Forever man, forever.

\*

*Lights down, the room transforms, and the band appears. It's dark and loud. We don't see their faces.*

THE ZIONISTS

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
Yeah, yeah,

More more more more  
More of you  
More of you  
More of me  
Wanting more of you

When it gets dark  
Let me make my mark  
Hear me roar, hear me bark  
More, more more

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
Yeah, yeah,

It's all that exists  
As this pain persists,  
You  
More of you  
More of you  
More of me  
Wanting more of you

THE ZIONISTS (Con't)

It's like a monster  
It will continue to haunt her  
More, more, more.  
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

\*

*It's early 1947, Palestine. Morris is standing in Sonya and her husband Gershon's small room in the kibbutz. It's simple but clean. Pregnant Sonya enters slowly, nervously.*

SONYA

Morris? Is that you?

*(Morris turns to her. He is silent.)*

SONYA

Morris, Morris, my Morris. Oh dear god, there is a god! Toda la'el!

*(Silence)*

*(Sonya hesitates, but then approaches him and hugs him. He doesn't move.)*

SONYA

You look...good, Morris. Yes. Good.

*(Silence)*

SONYA

Say something, Morris, otherwise I'll plotz.

*(Silence)*

SONYA

What is it, my sweet brother?

*(Morris shakes his head.)*

SONYA

All right. We don't have to do it all today. I'm just happy I can lay eyes on you. That you are here. Healthy and well.

*(Morris shakes his head.)*

SONYA

But you are, Darling, you are. You are here and standing on two feet. The rest doesn't matter.

*(She pats him on the back, he freezes.)*

SONYA

You're home now. Now you're with me and Gershon. He's short but he's nice. And we will take care of you forever and ever. We will. And the rest, the rest doesn't matter, my sweet brother.

*(He lowers his head.)*

Because you're home now. Here in Eretz Israel. Here in the kibbutz and we will find work for you and you will take part in building our country. And we will take care of you. We are strong. Strong-willed. Not like our people there like sheep...

*(Morris raises his head angrily.)*

SONYA

What I mean is... we're strong here and we will not give up and we are together. Forever, my sweet brother. *(pause)* Will you not say a word to me?

*(He lowers his head.)*

SONYA

Besder. All right. No need. I will bring you tea and we'll talk. How is that?

*(Morris shakes his head.)*

SONYA

Nu tov. I'll just bring you tea then, all right?

*(Morris agrees.)*

SONYA

I'm so happy I could scream. I couldn't sleep all week. I couldn't eat. I was so nervous. Just to get a glimpse of you. Just a glimpse... When we got the letter from the Bureau for Locating Relatives my hands were shaking. I thought I would faint. How do you open a letter like that? I didn't want to open it. I was too scared. Luckily, Gershon opened it. He's short but he's helpful. Why am I talking? I'm just so nervous.  
*(Pause)*

SONYA (Con't)

I should have made you all come with me when I visited in '38. Remember that visit, Morris? How Tateh lifted his eyes and his beard and saw me standing there? How I surprised you all? He cried and I cried and we all cried. And I brought you oranges. Some went bad on the boat but I still had a few and little Shem and Mira'le... *(pause, stopping herself)* I'll go bring the tea.

*(She goes into the kitchen. Morris stands there.)*

*(Sonya comes in with the tea and a cake.)*

SONYA

Here, sit, have some tea and a bit of cake. They gave me some flour from the kitchen. I begged them, even though it's not Friday. I made it especially for you.

*(He grabs three pieces, devours two, and hides one in his pocket. She watches him.)*

*(Pause)*

SONYA

*(trying hard to smile)*

You like it, that's good. That's good.

*(She gives him more. He devours it.)*

SONYA

I can't wait for little baby to come. If it's a girl, we'll name her Sheila.

*(Silence)*

SONYA

*(slowly)*

Morris. *(pause)* Can you just tell me about... You don't even have to talk, just yes or no.

*(Pause)*

Are they... Will they...

*(He lowers his head.)*

SONYA

No one?

*(He shakes his head, making his first sound.)*

SONYA

But...

