

**BIG LIGHT**

One Man Show

A new play in progress

by Tali Ariav

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*The stage is empty and lit aggressively.*

**Actor:**

*(Enters)*

*Here I am.*

*(Sigh.)*

*He was wandering in the fieldland. The man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren. I seek my brethren. Tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks? And the man said, I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan! And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. When they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him.*

*Here I am. (Sigh) (Sigh) (Sigh)*

*(With old suitcase)*

Here I Am.

*(He has a glass of water and a cup of tea. Takes out a make-up bag from his suitcase. He says hello to the audience and sits down on one of the rocking chairs)*

What is worse than finding a worm in an apple? To find half of a worm in an apple. *(laughs)* What is worse than half of a worm? To hear it say in your ear: Hello to you! *(laughs more. chokes.)*

*(to the audience)* Big light... you are good people... Big light. At night as well. So much light everywhere. It's good. Good sign. You are good people. *(puts on his make up.)*

Youth is beautiful. The summer is eternal. One helicopter lands, falls-disappears. *(Breath)* He's suddenly hungry to eat her.

Joseph went after his brethren, and found them. Why did they kill him? He seeks for them- he seeks for them... *(agitated)*

*(Beat)*

Good day. Thank you for coming here today. Please allow me, I am trying to deal here with a killer. With a real son of a bitch, with the character of a scum, the biggest scum of humanity, the one who started the Second World War, the "Big War," the war that killed six million Jews, fifty million human beings. I researched this person for a long time: I read about his life, I watched movies made about his life, including all the YouTube videos.

The things he said. The things people said about him. The things he said people said about him. And this from the frustrated knowledge that it will never be enough. It is crazy. Is there anything crazier than this?

All is said I have nothing to add to this the nights are long and my fear- you'll never know how I cried like a boy- you won't feel a thing- forget your way here-

All is said everything. So what can I tell you now ? The nights are long And the fear-

You'll never know how I cried like a boy- you won't feel a thing forget your way here, to here.

Because my time is done I don't breathe and I don't sleep Don't dream, don't leave Just speak.

I'm not dead, you see. I didn't die in my bunker on April 30, 1945. I escaped, and alive right now, today, here in Guam. Old, very old, and deaf. Well, almost deaf. *(he continues to put on the makeup)*

So, one day Hitler is walking around the ghetto. He walks towards this one kid--Joseph. Hitler asks this Joseph kid: "Hey, how old are you?" This kid, Joseph, says: "I'll be 12 next week." Hitler says back to him: "Optimistic, huh?"

Himmler was called to Hitler's office one day. He walked into Hitler's office and didn't see Hitler. Himmler calls out: "Mein Fuhrer, where are you?" No answer. Himmler enters and walks around the office, approaches Hitler's desk, looks down at Hitler's desk, looks underneath it, and down there he sees Hitler all curled up. Himmler said: "Mein Fuhrer, what happened to you? What is going on?" Hitler replied: "I feel uncomfortable."

What are the last words in Anne Frank's Diary? "Hold on, there's somebody at the door."

I want to tell you, what brought me here today is the pure aristocratic emotion of a chosen race to a chosen race... here I am in front of you, representing the nation who gave to humanity all the greats: Nietzsche, Kant, Goethe, Bach, Beethoven... In one hour my fate will be determined, your fate will be determined, our fate will be determined. A man has to be loyal towards his instincts. Conscience and spirit are not the main things. You have to remember that. I will tell this to you--we have to buy new innocence for ourselves! *(shakes gradually)* Yes. Here I am. Against you. I look at you. You look at me. This is an historical moment, it's hard to control. Please, forgive me. *(pause.)* We are loyal slaves to the peak moments of history. Marble and light! Marble and light! Remember. Since ancient Rome--marble and big shiny light, yes... Here I am. Together with you. Live with you. Live. Alive. *(drinks from the water)*

The day of my killing Is the day of my being and the day of my being Is the day of my killing!

Like a bird you are free, want to scratch the sky. Close to the water close to the ends you are the blade you are the border- you are free- like a bird.

Hot. So hot. Once, I used to sweat a lot. It was days and days ago, but a person never gets used to his sweat. Yes. Even then when I was changing three times a day, yes, three times a day. Krause swore I'm the cleanest person in the world! Three times a day!

I am an old man. Once they called me the "Architect of the Catastrophe." Me. An old bastard who asks to die and looks at you every minute of your time, every minute of my time. *(coughs)*

I read all the books. I saw all the films. Charlie Chaplin. I love Chaplin very much. I travelled all the journeys, I fought all the wars. But, at night--man fears the silence. Believe me. And this man looks back at his life, sometimes looks forward--towards the years to come, wishing for them to come, yearning for them to come, like yearning to the warm kiss of the Angel of History-

*(scratching himself)*

I am looking at you for years and screaming your scream-

*(coughs)*

From year to year my body is rotten. Do you know what it means to a man my age to live in the jungle? I am sorry for getting excited here, it is hard for me to do this, talk to you like this, this stupid psoriasis makes my life miserable, my nerves, and... a little difficulty understanding my motives...but what I know is my worst punishment of all today, other than giving up sweets of course, is living forever. Sometimes I think, maybe I *dream, to be forgotten, to die, to sleep... why can't I die, sleep, be forgotten?*

*(Pause)*

on the 30th of April 'I killed' myself . Monday three thirty early afternoon. Tired man napping I shot myself in the head. I killed Eva first, my pretty wife Eva, her head rested by the back of my chair deep red petals splashing from her head on my chair *(beat)* on my desk *(beat)*

I'm dying

The day of my killing is the day of my being and the day of my being is the day of my killing

I stood in awe--watching, such a beautiful event. But something was

missing. It wasn't harmonic. Wasn't symmetrical. I tilted Eva's head a little towards my side of the desk. Now the picture was perfect! I left the room in a great mood! I shaved my mustache and left the bunker. I also started to grow out my hair. A terrible thing, I know, like the hipsters—that's what you call them, I believe--, disgusting.

I stepped out into the fresh air. End of April. Spring, really. Three thirty in the afternoon. Almost evening, angry evening, between days, between months, almost happiness, almost relief— tomorrow the world will celebrate...

I look at a mirror

Like a shadow nobody recognized me. The freest man in the world free from his own death.

*(takes a napkin and chocolate out of the suitcase)* Since my last surgery I was forbidden to eat all kinds of sweets. But today is a special occasion.

He did it for me... nobody knew how to tell us apart... just Eva. And Blondie. My sweet dog Blondie. She was loyal to me. I wish I didn't have to kill her. *(eats)*

Nothing sweet, not chocolate, not honey, not even raisins! I never liked vegetarian food but for health purposes, and for cleansing purposes... since... since Geli died. Since that day I don't eat meat. A person has to keep his soul and body clean. An apple is allowed, but in small amounts, only two hundred grams per day, green apples are best, medium sourness, sophisticated taste... it is so hot here, but better than fighting the snow, right? Yes. That's from my experience, I'll tell you. Believe me, time does not go on. For me, there is no past, there is no present, there is no future, there is no final moment in reality. The past is eternal, and the future is an unlimited flow of opportunities for creation. The cause of our cultural descent is mainly eating meat. Yes. Wagner also said, many discoveries of our lives are right there in our big gut. It is scary! Imagine that I would run around with a gut. Politically speaking, that could have killed me. There, not here. I don't eat meat, I don't drink, I don't smoke (anything) I don't do anything, I didn't do anything, not just for health purposes, as I mentioned before, but also for real inner recognition...

But the world is not mature enough.

To be forgotten, to die, to sleep

I am sorry for getting excited, it is hard for me to do this, talk to you like this, this stupid psoriasis... *(scratching)*

I look at you. Miserable old man. Diabetic. And you, you young people. Healthy people. Healthy in your body, in your spirit. Nothing is pure anymore. Nothing is a nation anymore. The concept of a nation is empty; I am ashamed to say, a nation is a toy in the playground of democracy and liberalism. Nations should be cancelled and exchanged with the concept of race, which is still fresh and should be used for the future regime! To melt the nations in the shape of a much more supreme regime! The race! This is going to be a revolution! Yes. Difficult days are coming. Only the hard and manly will survive. The world will receive a new face. Hard. The thing is very hard. I sit here and look at you. It is the first time I really see you. Face to face. The last time. It is the first time you see me face to face. The last time. What do I see? Human beings. What do you see? A human being.

Mustache. Whose mustache? My mustache? His mustache? (*laughs*) yes. This is my little secret. Who is who? My little historic joke. Does it really matter if it is me who stands right here in front of you or if it is my famous double? Does it really matter if my double is the one who speaks all these words to you or if it is the angel of God? And if it is the angel of God, the Good and graceful angel of God comes to you and tells you: "I am Adolf" – will you judge him as the Good and graceful angel of God, or will you judge him as a person named Adolf? And this is my little historic joke!

Like a shade no one recognizes me the freest man in the world

Geli liked cookies. Geli, yes, my big love. I carry with me the memory of our last meeting all my life. All my life I dream about the gun she gently placed close to her heart. Geli- the daughter of deathlessness. Eva and Blondie were loyal, no doubt, loyal. Eva-good woman. Stupid, but good.

An intelligent man should take for himself a stupid wife. A simple woman. But Geli. (*pause*) Sweet Geli. (*a change*) Her tanned skin, pure and healthy, her golden hair, falling upon her shoulders like a river of greatness, her sweet voice, oh Geli, Geli-soprano, sweet soprano. My Geli, My love, Uncle Elf! This is what she used to call me! With her sweet voice! She wanted to be an opera singer, wanted to go to Vienna, to take voice lessons...why? What would I do without her? Pure and sweet Geli, my opera singer? Never! No!

You don't let me go to Vienna?

No!

On the eighteenth of September, 1931, at my Munich apartment, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I told her "No!" and I left.

The bullet pierced her breasts below her left shoulder, right into her heart.

Wonderful Geli. She did not kill herself... This is a dirty lie! (*rage*) She would not have done this to me! They would! They did! The dirty pigs from the party! Bastards! The whole night I cried on her fresh grave. She doesn't come to me, but I go to her

Wonderful Geli, today I go to her. (*Chokes. Drinks from the tea. Swallows a pill. Drinks from the tea. Puts everything back in the suitcase. Wipes his hands in a rush*)

You know, we are all the children of Mother history. Even when I was a little kid, when my father was still alive, there was never mention of terms like: Jew, brown or black or white. I just always believed we were all Germans...until I met Noyman. In my rough years in Vienna—Noyman--good and honest man, gave me his coat one time... and later, there was this doctor... what was his name? Bloch. Doctor Bloch. He took care of my Mother before she died. Very dedicated doctor...Jews! They were all Jews! I don't deny it! I never did! The world is a butcher's shop. The killing continues and it will continue until the end of time. I didn't make this up. War after war after war. I was chosen to design history, that's all! I'm not Eichmann! That foolish *Jasager*! They are all fools! Roosevelt is a fool! Insane! He lost his mind! Going to England! To meet Mister Churchill! Mister Churchill is a drunk! Stupid *Jasager* drunk!

I finished El Alamein!

I finished Kursk!

Stalingrad!

Barbarosa!

Barbarosa!

154 divisions!

600,000 cannons!

7,000 howitzers!

2,500 Messerschmitts!

*(some epileptic attack. pause)*

I am scared. I am scared for our faith. Because if we can send the best of our sons to the hell of war, we for sure have the right to remove millions of inferior races from the face of the earth. These are the best of our children, wonderful youth: geniuses, generous...

Please, allow me. I am getting to the main reason that brought me to you. I have been looking forward to this moment for years. The moment you will realize I cannot die, because I exist inside of you forever. *(gets up, hardly)*

Even if I will stand up and I will ask you to kill me-

I ask you to kill me

Kill me.

It will be a historic act.

Kill me.

I have been watching you for years. You are passing by me, taking yourselves out of history, living by it, living far and beyond it!

Kill me.

You set your place outside history. You became the chosen people! The superior people! People who don't play by the rules of the history game!

Kill me. You, creators of atomic bombs, you are my students!

Kill me!

The Germans ended their historic role! Germany is dead!

Kill me! Do you really leave me alive to just use me as a symbol?

Kill me! The symbol, you see, is very old!

Kill me! You don't need me anymore!

Kill me!

You created new people! A new race! And you say: we created a new society! And you say: revenge, revenge, revenge !

And I say: please, KILL me.

This is a historic opportunity for you and me... Kill me. *(desperate)*

Kill me.

*(pause)*

You cannot kill me. You cannot forget me.

I don't ask to be forgotten. I don't ask for forgiveness. I don't ask for revenge. I ask for rest.

This is the greatest sadness of my life. This is the greatness sadness of your life.

You will never let me die. You will drag me through generations to come and wave at me again and again to justify every new war of yours. (*sits down.*)

You are good people. Good people.

Big light.

Historical moment.

So easy.

*(Sigh)*

*(Sigh)*

*(Sigh)*

So easy.

*(Pause)*

*(He dies his the chair. Complete silence. For the first time on stage)*

*End of play.*