

**NO GOOD WAR**

A play

By Tali Ariav

**2008/9**

## THE CHARACTERS:

Yael of the Prologue- in her thirties.

Yael of the Fronts- in her twenties.

Mother- in her fifties.

Ben- Yael's brother. Sixteen year-old boy.

Mary- Secretary in the IDF, works for Guy. Corporal. Nineteen years old.

Nurse

### IDF Officers (listed by order of rank):

Asaf- The Division Head, Brigadier General, in his fifties.

Ch'aled- The Regiment Commander, Lt. Colonel, in his forties.

Guy- Assistant Battalion Commander, Major, in his early thirties.

Captain of General Operations- Captain, in his late twenties.

Company Commander- First Lieutenant, in his early twenties.

Dudu- Assistant to The Division Head, Lieutenant, in his early twenties.

### IDF Platoon Soldiers (All are privates, eighteen years old)

Levy

Kohen

Richards

Kaplan

Adams

Greenberg

Michal- War Room Soldier, Sergeant. Twenty years old.

Division Head's Wife- in her fifties.

**IN ISRAEL, HERE OR ANYWHERE, NOW OR SOMETIME**

## PROLOGUE

*The light gradually appears, exposing only **Yael of the Prologue**, who sits downstage left.*

*She sits on an old iron chair, wearing a hospital gown.*

*She is pretty but her face looks tired. Her hair is dark and cut short almost like that of a little boy. She looks skinny.*

*The sound of someone switching through many stations on a radio is heard. The music and words on these stations are both Hebrew and English.*

*Yael slightly adjusts the backside of her gown. She sits uncomfortably in the chair, her body tense. She strokes the front of her neck with her hand. She is waiting for something or someone.*

*The light gradually fades to black.*

FIRST FRONT

*'Operation Conclusion' conference in the military room of an artillery base of the IDF (Israeli Defense Forces). There is a large conference table, a few plates of leftover refreshments and bottles of soda are on the table, maps hang on the wall alongside a photograph of the IDF Chief of Staff. Around the table are several officers. They all wear traditional, olive-colored army uniforms with their different ranks indicated. **Yael of the Fronts** is the only woman present. She is a lieutenant.*

**Asaf:** So do we or don't we have an understanding? Four or three terrorists in the incident?

**Ch'aled:** *(With an Arab accent)* Four.

**Asaf:** Yael?

**Ch'aled:** I said four, Asaf.

**Asaf:** I heard you, Ch'aled. Yael?

**Yael of the Fronts:** I checked it again, Sir...

**Ch'aled:** Come on, it's four, what will she say that I haven't already checked yet? Everything she releases has to go through me first anyway... she's *my* officer.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Right, sir. I was just...

**Ch'aled:** You were just what?

**Asaf:** Officers, please!

**Dudu:** *(Exchanges looks with Asaf, who nods with approval)* Go ahead, Yael.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Well, my war room soldiers confirmed it twice to me in the last 48 hours. The reports we received at the time of the incident indicated three terrorists. You have all the papers, Sir. *(Talks to Asaf)* Here's the confirmation, signed by Area B's military police. *(She hands the document to the officer nearest her, who passes it to the Asaf)*

**Asaf:** *(Looks at the documents for a minute or two)* Okay. Dudu?

**Dudu:** Yes, Sir.

**Asaf:** Please write three terrorists in the final report.

**Dudu:** Yes, Sir. *(Writes it down)*

**Guy:** *(Loudly)* Mary? Mary!

*(A very attractive, young, blond female soldier walks in. She is a secretary in the IDF and her rank is that of Corporal)*

**Mary:** Yes, Guy.

**Guy:** Bring us some coffee.

**Mary:** Sure. *(Smiles)* The usual I assume?

**Guy:** *(Looks around)* Yes, yes. Good like you always do.

*(She leaves)*

**Captain of General Operations:** She's a looker, isn't she?

**Company Commander:** I'm telling you Guy, you're a lucky man.

*(All the men laugh)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** May we continue, please?

**Dudu:** Yes. Of course. Sir?

**Asaf:** Well, we have to finalize the investigation's conclusions.

*(Mary walks in with the coffee. She places it and a few cups on the table. The men watch all of her actions. She exits.)*

**Captain of General Operations:** I'm still waiting for the Regiment Commander's statement.

**Asaf:** Ch'aled?

**Ch'aled:** *(Not prepared)* Yael?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Sir?

**Ch'aled:** Well... I still didn't get the weekly report from you.

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(She looks at him for a minute. Everybody is quiet)* I'll get it done tonight, Sir.

**Ch'aled:** *(A beat)* Please, remind all of us, what's your deadline?

**Yael of the Fronts:** It's every Thursday night for the first draft, Sir.

**Ch'aled:** And what day is it today?

**Yael of the Fronts:** It's Thursday, Sir.

**Ch'aled:** And what time is it?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Time for the report, Sir.

**Ch'aled:** Ohh, so there is a brain in there, somewhere. Huh? *(He laughs)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, Sir.

**Asaf:** Okay. I know Yael. She'll get it done.

**Guy:** Yes, yes.

**Dudu:** Should we wrap up, Sir?

**Asaf:** Yes.

**Dudu:** Alright everyone. The next meeting is tomorrow morning, oh eight hundred hours. Good night.

**Company Commander:** Do I have all the passes for my company for tomorrow morning?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, you do. They're ready in print too. I have them in my office.

**Company Commander:** Good girl.

**Dudu:** Good night.

**Ch'aled:** This is damn good coffee.

**Guy:** Not only good looking but *talented* too...

*(They all laugh again. Yael gets up, shoulders her weapon, a short-barreled M16, and begins to gather her papers)*

**Asaf:** Yael, reveille phone call with report oh five thirty, as usual?

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Smiles)* Yes, Sir.

**Asaf:** *(Approaches her, rests his arm on her shoulder in a fatherly way, smiles).* Have a good night shift.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Thank you, Sir.

**Captain of General Operations:** Ch'aled, let's pre-finalize the conclusions before the meeting tomorrow morning. Oh seven hundred hours? Dining room A?

**Ch'aled:** Sure, but, only if Miss Big Ass will have the report ready.

*(They both chuckle. All except Ch'aled leave slowly while shouldering their weapons, chatting and laughing. Yael of the Fronts is about to leave)*

**Ch'aled:** When was the last time you had a weekend vacation?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Three weeks ago, Sir, but I'm going home tomorrow.

**Ch'aled:** Well, only if the report is ready.

**Yael of the Fronts:** As I said, Sir, it will be ready. Sir.

**Ch'aled:** And only if it is well written.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, Sir.

*(He shoulders his weapon, crinkles his nose and leaves. Yael stands there for a second.)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(To herself)* Good night to you too, Sir. I hope you'll burn in hell with your damn good coffee and four terrorists stuck in your ass, you stupid son of a bitch, *Sir. (She exits).*

*Lights fade on center stage and lights up downstage left, where **Yael of the Prologue** is sitting. She still sits on the chair, wearing a hospital gown.*

**Yael of the Prologue:** I have always missed you. I didn't know who to choose. We all wanted to die. Ben, Mom, me, you. Not necessarily in that order. I had a gun and I didn't do it. I was protecting Ben. From what? From whom? I was waiting for you. But you. You just left. And you never came back.



SECOND FRONT

*Yael of the Fronts sits on a picnic table in a quiet area of the military base. She is alone, on a lunch break. She takes off her weapon, and rests it on the table. She takes off her watch and puts it on the table next to the weapon. She takes off her hat and adjusts her hair; getting ready. Then she starts: she takes the weapon apart while placing all of its parts in an organized line on the table. She does that very quickly. Then, she takes all the parts and puts them back together into the weapon's shell. When she's done she raises her arms in victory. She takes the time.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Fifty! Man! Yes! Yes! *(Sings and dances)* Fif-ty! Fif-ty! Fifty seconds! Oh-yeah! Oh-yeah! I'm soooo good! You can all look and say say say sheeeee'ssss gooodd! Good! Good!

*(Michal walks onstage towards the picnic table, Yael of the Fronts doesn't notice her)*

**Michal:** I didn't think the schnitzel today was *that* good.

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Surprised)* Oh, the schnitzel will never be *that* good.

**Michal:** My God! What can possibly happen that can be better than our very-amazing too-well-done-too-much oil-*sir*-schnitzel.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Oh, Michalie. *(A beat)* Breaking a record maybe? Fifty. Even.

**Michal:** I don't know... Can you eat that?

*(They both laugh)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** What's up, girl?

**Michal:** Not much, the usual, you know. Eight in the War room, eight off, mostly night shifts like you, you know, hard to fall asleep.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Still struggling with that? I'll see what I can do, maybe I can change your shifts or something, so you can get some sleep. Jeez, I don't think I can sleep at night any more, I tell you!

**Michal:** Oh, thanks. That would be awesome. I met Sir Vaknin today, he wouldn't stop talking about you.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yoav?

**Michal:** Yeah, he is constantly saying, Yael this and Yael that. He adores you. It is so obvious. You can see it.

**Yael of the Fronts:** See? How?

**Michal:** His body language, you know? The way he looks at you, talks about you. He really appreciates you. He thinks you are very talented.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Oh. Well. *(A beat)* Have to go. *(Puts her watch on, shoulders her weapon)*

**Michal:** More records to break?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Something like that. Yalla, lets go.

*(They leave the stage together)*

*Lights fade on center stage and lights up downstage left, where Yael of the Prologue is sitting. She still sits on the chair, wearing a hospital gown.*

**Yael of the Prologue:** You shave my head. *You shave my head*, I'm telling you. Shave it off, right now. Come on. Hurry up. I don't have time! I have only 50 seconds.

50 seconds. That's it. Do you know how long 50 seconds lasts? Do you? It is, it is, less than a minute; it is how much time it takes to warm up instant soup in the microwave, to brush your teeth (when you don't have time to do it properly), to take apart and put together your weapon. But only if you're *really* good.

*(A beat)* Shave it all. So I can see. So I can see this wonderful moment again.

THIRD FRONT

*A kitchen with a small table and two chairs. On the counter, near the sink, is a dishrack full of clean dishes. **Mother** enters. She is in her fifties. She wears an old robe over her pajamas. Her hair is messy and grey, with leftover streaks from red hair coloring. She aggressively opens the cabinets, finds a mug and takes it out, takes out jars, opens and closes drawers and takes out a few pieces of silverware.*

**Mother:** *(Loudly)* I'm so tired of you. All of you. *(She puts the hot water kettle on the stove and turns it on. Screams)* I'm tired. Do you hear me? Tired! If I were a dog you would treat me better. A dog. At least you would give him food. Right? Of course. Walk him. *(Cries)* A dog... A dog... A dog... A dog... A dog...

*(Yael of the Fronts enters the kitchen, wearing her IDF uniform)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom? Mom? I thought you were sleeping.

**Mother:** *(Screams at her)* I tried to. But you, *you* are too selfish to let me.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom, but why you...

**Mother:** Why? Why? All I asked for a little peace and quiet! Quiet! No. Oh, no. That is too much to ask. Isn't it?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Weren't we quiet? Ben and I, I was just helping him with his homework in his room, with the door closed. We were whispering...

**Mother:** Shut up! You make my head hurt!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom.... I even washed the dishes for you right after lunch like you always ask me to... *(She walks towards Mother, touches her shoulder, tries to seat her)*

Let me make you tea. Please. *(Mother pushes her away)*

**Mother:** Leave me alone! Don't touch me! *(Cries and screams)* You're just like your father, you and your brother. I'm your punching bag, I am. I am. Just kill me and that's it. Why are you torturing me like this? *(The kettle begins to whistle)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom. We love you. We do. Nobody's torturing you...

**Mother:** You are torturing me! You are! You are! You don't care about me. Noise. Noise. So much noise. You're laughing. Laughing. And I try to rest. I give everything for you, I gave everything for you, for what? For what??? *(Mother throws the mug to the floor. It breaks)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Okay?

**Mother:** Just kill me! Kill me! *(Mother holds Yael in her arms and shakes her)*  
*Kill me! (Mother turns around, takes some dishes from the dish dryer and throws them on the floor)* I'm sick and tired! Sick and tired!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom. Please. You didn't take your medication today, did you?  
Mom. *(Beat)* Mom!

**Mother:** Enough! Enough! All my life I just give. Just give. God forbid if I ask for something. *(Looks up and talks to the sky)* God, throw me a bone! Bow wow wow! I'm hungry! Help me, God, help me!

**Yael:** Mom. Mom. Please...

*Mother continues to throw dishes on the floor. Her actions become more crazed. When she runs out of dishes, she begins looking for other things to break. She pulls her hair. She cries and screams the entire time. Her actions peak and suddenly she stops. She*

*crumples onto one of the chairs, leaning on the table, with her head between her hands.*

*She cries softly.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom. Mommy. Mommy sheli. Don't worry. It's all okay now. It's fine. We love you, Mommy. *(Caresses her)* Let's get you to bed. Okay? We're gonna take the pills and get some rest. Okay?

**Mother:** *(Quietly)* Alright.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Here, Let me get you a glass of water. *(She gets it, gives it to Mother. Mother drinks slowly. Yael of the Fronts gets more water, dips her hand in the glass and pats Mother's face. Mother lets her do this and closes her eyes)*

**Mother:** I'm sorry...

**Yael of the Fronts:** Oh, it's okay. Nothing happened. Really.

**Mother:** Sweetheart... I'm sorry. What a mess.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Don't worry. It's alright now. Hakol tov. Hakol tov.

**Mother:** Hakol tov. Hakol tov.

*Yael and Mother exit.*

*Lights turn off.*

*Lights come back on, revealing **Ben**. Ben is reclining on the stage floor on his side, facing the audience. He is a sixteen year-old boy. He wears a basketball jersey and shorts. He strangles his crying. His body trembles. There is almost no noise. The left downstage corner is lit, and **Yael of the Prologue** is there, sitting on the old iron chair in*

*her hospital gown. She gets up and walks to center stage and gets down on her knees beside Ben. She caresses his head softly. Ben does not respond.*

**Yael of the Prologue:** And I never told you. I never told you that day, back then, when Mom broke all our plates (*beat*) and cups (*beat*) on the floor, I wanted to say, it's okay... nothing happened... it's all going to be alright. Don't worry... Hakol tov, Ben. Hakol tov. Hakol tov...

## FOURTH FRONT

*Yael of the Fronts enters from stage right. She leads a group of male soldiers who are marching in a formation of three columns. They walk into an open area on a military base. Yael wears her full uniform, her first lieutenant rank, black boots, and a peaked hat pulled down low over her forehead, covering her forehead and eyes. She carries her weapon across her shoulder. Against the back wall of the stage, behind Yael and the soldiers, there is a 155 mm howitzer cannon. When all of the soldiers are on stage, Yael walks toward the howitzer and checks something on its side. In the meantime, the soldiers scatter about, chatting quietly. When Yael walks back to the center of the stage, the soldiers form a half-circle in front of her. They hold small notebooks. Their appearance is not as neat as Yael's.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Quiet! Did I say it's time to break formation? *(The soldiers look at each other, confused.)* Who is the platoon's orderly this week? *(Levy yells 'Me, commander!')* Levy, what are you waiting for? Ten seconds, be in columns of two. Move. *(Looks at her watch)*

*(The soldiers hustle around loudly, dropping things, crashing into each other)*

Ten seconds left.

*(The soldiers are almost in formation, in three columns in front of her. Quiet. Somebody sneezes. Some laugh)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Quiet! *(She walks around examining their order)* Levy!

**Levy:** Yes, commander.



**Yael of the Fronts:** Does it look okay to you?

**Levy:** *(Obviously confused, he hesitates)* Hmm. I think yes...

**Yael of the Fronts:** I didn't hear. Yes or no.

**Levy:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ok. *(Quiet for a few seconds, she still walks around, her arms crossed across her chest)* Now you can break formation. *(The soldiers quickly change again to a half-circle in front of her)* I don't have a problem to do this all day; making you run around like a group of clucking chickens. We have an operational mission two weeks from now, over in the 'Prag' position inside Lebanon. And I don't think you're ready. *(Quiet. The soldiers stare at the ground)* Ok. So. Who wants to tell me about the spotting system of the 155?

*(Quiet)*

Kohen.

**Kohen:** ...Well, it is near the shooting area, where number four works together with number five, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Right. Good. Who is responsible for loading the shell into the howitzer barrel? *(Walks and looks around)* Richards.

**Richards:** Number three and number four, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good. Who is the commander of the 155 by the combat manual?  
Richards.

**Richards:** Number one, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** And in location, while number one mobilizes his crew?

**Richards:** Then it will be number two, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good. I hope you all write this down.

*(The soldiers look at her. They begin writing in their notebooks)*

Who wants to give me, in detail, the different kinds of 155 shells and their weight. What about you, Kaplan.

*(At the same time Kaplan talks, two other soldiers from the platoon have a side conversation)*

**Kaplan:** Well, we have the Nafitz, it weights 55 kilos. Its specialty is long range demolition impact, as it carries tiny explosives compressed in the 96 centimeter long shell. These explosives have the ability to hit and destroy a target.....

**Adams:** Like she can carry 55 kilos...

**Greenberg:** And get it in, load and shoot.

**Adams:** No way.

**Greenberg:** No woman can. *(He snorts)*

**Adams:** And she orders us around. This is absurd.

**Greenberg:** If she can't do exactly what we can....

**Yael of the Fronts:** Quiet!!! I see that Adams and Greenberg have more important things to discuss. So, please share it with us.

*(Quiet. Nobody moves)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Cynically)* Please.

*(Greenberg and Adams look at each other cluelessly. Moment passes)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** We're all waiting. *(Leaning against the howitzer, crossing her arms, adjusting her hat)* That's fine. I have all the time in the world. It's you that will have a shorter lunch break. Or maybe no break at all.

*(The soldiers in the platoon whisper to each other comments like 'come on, man' and 'you're gonna screw us'. A few moments pass)*

**Adams:** Sir, it was nothing really...

**Greenberg:** Yes, nothing. Really.

**Yael of the Fronts:** As I said, I have all the time in the world. And if it won't be over lunch, it might be over the weekend and over the operational mission. Because soldiers who don't respect their peers and commanders don't deserve to fight for their country after being in the military for *two weeks. Two weeks.* So I guess it's your choice.

**Adams:** Hmmmm. *(Pause)* We just said that... that... no woman can carry the Nafitz...

**Greenberg:** Or any other kind of shell. *(Adams jabs his elbow in Greenberg's side)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mmmm. That's all? Really?

**Adams:** And ...that... that you can't either, Commander...

**Greenberg:** To carry or load any kind of shell. *(Adams jabs his elbow in Greenberg's side again as the other soldiers swear under their breath)*

**Adams:** That's all, Commander. This is what we said. Really. I mean it, Commander. *(Quiet. Nobody moves)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Really. Are you sure?

**Adams:** Well... and that we think that you're very.... very... beautiful, Commander. *(He giggles. A few join him. Yael doesn't move. After a few seconds, quiet prevails)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Leaning against the howitzer, crossing her arms, adjusting her hat.*

*Takes her time. A few moments pass)* Do you really think I'm beautiful?

**Adams:** *(Very confused)* Sure. Yes. I mean yes...

**Greenberg:** ...Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** What is it that you like, Adams? What about you, Greenberg?

Maybe it's my eyes? My legs? My curves? Mmmm. Well, how beautiful do you think I am? *(Adams and Greenberg do not know what to say)* I mean, do you think I am *just* beautiful? Beautiful *plus*? Or *really* beautiful? *(Beat)* Maybe an *okay* beautiful? Or *so-so*? *Offensively* beautiful maybe?

**Adams:** I.... I.... really don't know what to say....

**Greenberg:** Commander, you are, like... but it wasn't at all appropriate, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Beat)* Like, on a scale of one to ten, how much would you give me?

*(The soldiers in the platoon move uncomfortably in their positions)* Three? Six? No, no.

Eight maybe? Really. Eight and a half. Wow. I feel so special. Special and beautiful.

What do you think is the most beautiful part of me? Is it my hair? I wash it every day,

you know. My boobs? Oh, maybe it's my ass? *(Beat. She is very calm)* Oh! Hold on! I

know what it is! It's the fact that I, or any other woman for that matter, just needs to be

beautiful. And to not teach you to do things that we can't. Right? *This* is what makes us

so special. Special and beautiful. Isn't it?

*(Quiet. Nobody moves)*

**Adams:** No, no, Commander. It was just a joke, we didn't mean it, Commander. Really.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Well, this is very interesting. A *beautiful* case of Hubris. We call it the "First-Training-Hubris"; where new male soldiers think they are better than every

living creature around them. Like Adams and Greenberg here. (*She walks around with her arms crossed over her chest*) Well, as you know, or you probably don't, hubris results in punishment and defeat. This is why Adams and Greenberg, who obviously know how to run our unit better than the rest of us, will disarm every track of every 155mm howitzer in this base. In addition to that, just to make sure they're as strong as they think they are, they'll clean all the shells in ammunition storage by lifting them, 250 in number, 55 kilos in weight, and moving them to the residence area, cleaning the storage area according to the ordnance corps manual, and then move the shells back to their original positions.

(*Complete silence*) How is that for *beautiful*?

(*Yael stops walking and stands in front of the shocked platoon. Looks at her watch*)

**Yael of the Fronts:** Well, you missed enough of your lunch already. Levy.

**Levy:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Take the platoon to Dining Room B. Meet me in 45 at the residence area for an operational briefing. Move.

*The platoon messes around a bit and then gets into formation, in three columns. They leave the stage quickly with some quiet words of amazement. Yael of the Fronts stands by herself beside the Howitzer. She adjusts her M16 gun. Looks around. Looks at her watch. She takes off her hat, tightens her ponytail, and then puts the hat back on her head. Yael walks towards the back of the Howitzer, shows up carrying a Nafitz—a light green shell-- in her arms. It is obviously heavy, but she does all the following actions in a professional manner. Yael walks with the shell to the front side of the Howitzer, enters it—what we see from the back—lifts the shell up high to match the height of the barrel,*

*and loads it into the barrel from the inside. Then she locks the barrel door with a loud noise. She jumps back from the back door of the Howitzer. She stands there for a moment. She adjusts her weapon again.*

*Random groups of soldiers walk by during that time, unaware of her actions; it is an open area of a military base. **Dudu** and **Asaf** enter from stage right.*

**Dudu:** The journalists from Channel Two are scheduled for fourteen hundred hours, sir.

**Asaf:** Could you reschedule them for fifteen hundred hours? We have to get the reports from the war room first... *(Notices Yael)* Yael!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Hello, sir. Good morning.

**Dudu:** We were just on our way to the war room, to collect the reports from last night's events and to pick up the resources for Prag.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Oh, good.

**Asaf:** Good morning, Yael. How are you?

**Yael of the Fronts:** I'm doing well, sir. Thanks.

**Asaf:** What were you doing here all alone? *(Looks at the howitzer)* He doesn't give you any problems, does he?

*(They both laugh)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** No, not really, sir. I was just trying something, sir.

**Dudu:** *(The radio he carries squawks, he listens)* Sir, we really have to go now.

**Asaf:** Why don't we meet there in a few.

**Dudu:** OK, sir.

*(Dudu leaves)*

**Asaf:** Night shifts and platoon training, huh?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, sir.

**Asaf:** You can call me Asaf now. *(Beat)* When are we aiming to relocate Prag?

**Yael of the Fronts:** In two weeks, sir.

**Asaf:** Asaf.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Asaf...

**Asaf:** You are doing an excellent job. *(He rests his hand on her shoulder)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Thank you. I appreciate you saying that, sir. I mean, Asaf.

**Asaf:** You should come over for Passover dinner with your brother next week. My wife will be happy to have you both for the holidays. *(Beat)* How is your mother doing?

**Yael of the Fronts:** She's okay. They say she gets better. And that it's for the best that she spends Passover at the isolation ward. She still won't talk.

**Asaf:** And your brother?

**Yael of the Fronts:** He's okay. He's a good kid.

**Asaf:** I really want you to think about spending Passover with us. Okay?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Thank you sir, maybe, I'll....

**Asaf:** It's Asaf. And no maybes. That's an order. *(He strengthens his hold on her shoulder. They both smile. Asaf exits stage left. Yael exits stage right)*

*Lights turn off and come on downstage left, where **Yael of the Prologue** is sitting.*

**Yael of the Prologue:** How funny it is. How I always wanted you to tell me how beautiful I am. How good I am. I wanted you to initiate the subject, to tell me that just like that, for no reason. I was dreaming that you're taking me out to dinner in a fancy

restaurant that we'd never go to because it is too expensive, and like Mom used to say: "who needs to eat out anyway when we have so much good food at home?" And they take my coat and they sit me down, the waiters in their fancy red suits, and after we order the tastiest (and most expensive) food on the big heavy wooden menu, and you won't mind, because you'd say we live only once, you would look at me and tell me, you'd tell me... you'd say... "You're beautiful. So Beautiful. Just like your mom."



## FIFTH FRONT

*Lights come up downstage left where **Yael of the Prologue** is sitting in her chair. There is a harmony between the two Yael's in the following front, they both perform the movements of the following front, but they don't have direct connection between each other.*

***Yael of the Fronts** walks on stage. She has just returned from the military base. She carries a big, old, olive colored military backpack and her weapon. She puts down the weapon and then the backpack. She walks around as if she is looking for someone.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom? Mom? Ben? Somebody?

*The house is empty. **Yael of the Fronts** opens the backpack and takes out boxes and bags of snacks, and spreads them on the floor. **The two Yael's** begin to eat ravenously. A few times they gag. When they are done, they sit there, with the food leftovers and empty containers all around them. They roll their body forward, holding their knees with their arms, and start rocking.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Boxes and bags in so many colors. Cinnamon, chocolate, milk, peanut butter, whipped cream, honey, sugar, sugar, sugar, fat woman, shaking body, layers, big ass. Big ass. Layers, fat. Fat. Fat percentage. Drawer. Drawer with the good stuff. Cookies. Butter. Chips. Box of old baked chocolate cake. Jar of dried fruit. Cheese. Peanuts. Oil. Oil. Forbidden. Be strong. Strong. Have to. Cookie with the coffee. One cookie. Only one. One and that's it. I ate it all.

*(The rocking of **Yael of the Fronts** and **Yael of the Prologue** gets quicker)*

Sir. Yes, Sir. My mouth tastes bad. My mouth smells bad. My hand squeezes my ass. Don't look at the mirror. I look. Crumbs on the lips. Cookies in the cheeks. Cookies in the stomach. Cookies in my arms. Pimples. Infection. Infection in the heart. Pus in the heart. Why did I do this. Idiot. Stupid. Sir. Yes, Sir. I'm stupid.

*(Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue, still on the floor, hit their heads with their arms and hands, slapping themselves)*

**Yael of the Prologue:** Who will look at you? You're trash. You're stupid. You're fucking garbage that's what you are. You're zero. You're nothing. You're fat. Fat. You're a barrel. You're ugly. You are weak.

*(Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue both rock faster)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Everything is inside. Can't have it inside. Everything is inside.

*(Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue stand up. They face the audience like it is an imaginary mirror. They both touch their bodies and their faces, pausing upon their bellies. They walk side to side, their hands clenched into fists. They both look at the floor as they walk back and forth)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Gotta go out. Gotta go out. Three glasses of water. Three glasses of water and this nightmare will end. Yes. Military toilet full of shit. Diarrhea tea. Two bags of it steeping for ten minutes in a half glass of boiling water. Drink it. Two bags in a half of a glass of water and the nightmare is over. More bread. More bread. More plain dry bagels. No vitamins. No minerals. No health. Drink it. Drink it. Gross. I'm done. Money. No money.

*(Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue stop walking. They look at the imaginary mirror again, facing the audience, like they are trying on a new outfit)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** New clothes. Uniform. My uniform. New clothes! An apple. A tomato. A cucumber. Okay. Good. Something healthy. Mom is healthy. Good. *I am good.*  
*(Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue sigh together. There is no physical connection between them. Then Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue begin to walk back and forth again)*

**Yael of the Prologue:** Rotten. I'm rotten. My stomach. I have a poisonous snake in my belly. It hurts. Hurts. *(Suddenly Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue stop walking. They sit again, holding their knees with their arms. Both begin rocking again, softly)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** It is running out in my underwear. It's like water coming out of my ass. Everything is coming out. Everything is coming out. The cookies. The butter. The chips. The pizza. The toasts. The dry fruits. This shit. It's coming out. Hurts. Mommy. Pain. Pain. Stinks. Bad. Everything gets dirty. Push my head inside the filthy toilet. Push three fingers. Index finger, middle finger, ring finger. It doesn't come out. Why won't this shit come out. Food. Fat. I'm fat. I am fat. Are there any beautiful fat people? Yes. No. Of course not.

*(Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue stop the rocking. A moment passes. Then they slowly stand up and start to clean up the leftovers of food and containers)*

**Yael of the Prologue:** It is forbidden to deliberately vomit. It is forbidden to throw up. I know. It is forbidden to speak up. To talk back to your officers. Your commanders. We promised. Not to puke like that. To eat healthy. Take care of Mom. Take care of Ben. Be a good soldier. I won't puke. I won't throw up. A shower. Hot water. Soap that smells good.

*(All the trash has now been cleaned up by Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue. The room is now clean and organized. Yael of the Fronts and Yael of the Prologue sit again in the same position: with arms holding knees ---Yael of the Prologue holds her knees as she sits on her chair, Yael of the Fronts holds her knees as she sits on the floor-- -They don't move. Both Yael look forward)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** The towel is too small. Fat. I'm fat. I'm fat. A bear. You are a bear. Nobody will look at you. Coffee. Tea. Pajamas. Music. Enough. Stop. I'm tired. The refrigerator is screaming for me from the kitchen... It says: Yoo hoo! Lieutenant Yael! We have something good for you!

**Yael of the Prologue:** Good for you!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good for you!

**Yael of the Prologue:** Good!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Beautiful!

**Both Yael:** For you!

**Yael of the Fronts:** The drawer with the good stuff. What's there inside? It's rude to eat food that is not yours. It's sick to eat frozen food. Toilet. Food. Fat. I'm fat. I'm fat. Are there any beautiful fat people? Yes. No. Of course not. *(Beat)* It's almost morning. Piece of gum. Sugar. Oil. The grocery store. When does the grocery store open. Just to buy the morning paper. And something good. For Mom. Tasty. For Mom. Tomorrow everything will be good. Tomorrow is a new day. Like Scarlet. I'll be beautiful. Strong. Tomorrow I'll lose weight. Tomorrow I won't throw up. Tomorrow. Today. I promise. Tomorrow. Just one more cookie. One and that's it.

*(Only Yael of the Fronts starts rocking again. A nurse approaches Yael of the Prologue, with a tray with food)*

**Nurse:** Here is your lunch. *(Gives Yael of the Prologue the tray)* Don't you want to go back to your room?

**Yael of the Prologue:** No. I'm fine here. *(Yael of the Prologue holds the tray. The nurse looks at her)*

**Nurse:** We will weigh you in an hour and prep you for Shock Therapy.

**Yael of the Prologue:** Aren't you nice.

**Nurse:** Did you take your medications?

**Yael of the Prologue:** Mmmhmm.

**Nurse:** *(Still looking at Yael)* Are you going to eat it?

**Yael of the Prologue:** Sure! What else would I do with it?

*(The nurse starts to leave)*

**Yael of the Prologue:** Hold on. Can I tell you a secret?

**Nurse:** Sure, but be quick, because I'm in the middle of my rounds.

**Yael of the Prologue:** I have this thing in my belly.

**Nurse:** What?

**Yael of the Prologue:** A poisonous snake. It helps me eat my food. Isn't it great?

*(The nurse looks at her for a moment with contempt and exits. A beat. Yael of the prologue stares at her food. Then she bursts into a loud short laughter but suddenly falls silent)*

Frightening. It crawls at you. Crawls on you. Crawls inside you. Like Gaza. Naked kids walking barefoot in the streets, near houses- what's left of them. They're all ruined,

dumps, like the favelas, but in the Middle East. Junk, so much junk all around, children with fear in their eyes, crawling, they crawl. Officers with me- all with an attitude of disrespect. I'm frightened. From what happened. From what's going to happen. What's going to happen? Sad. Lost. I'm a part of it. Part of it. Shave it. Part of it. Shave it. Part of it. Shave it. Do you hear me? Shave it, so I can see. So I can see this moment of horror again.

*(Lights turn off)*

SIXTH FRONT

*The kitchen. **Yael of the Fronts** is sitting on one of the chairs near the table. The house is dark. The sound of a door opening offstage is heard, Yael becomes alarmed. **Ben** enters.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Where in the hell have you been?

**Ben:** What?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Do you know what time it is?

**Ben:** I'm sure you're gonna tell me.

**Yael of the Fronts:** What's wrong with you?

**Ben:** I don't know. What's wrong with me?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben...

**Ben:** Yael...

**Yael of the Fronts:** It is two AM.

**Ben:** Cool.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Stop it!

**Ben:** Okay. Good night.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben!!!

**Ben:** What?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Where were you?

**Ben:** I had stuff to do.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Really?

**Ben:** Mmmhmm.

**Yael of the Fronts:** What kind of stuff?

**Ben:** Personal stuff.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** What?

**Yael of the Fronts:** What kind of personal stuff? You're in the tenth grade.

**Ben:** Oh, lots of things.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Really?

**Ben:** Mmmhmm.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** Yael.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Stop it.

**Ben:** Stop what?

**Yael of the Fronts:** It. Stop it.

**Ben:** Okay.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Did you go to school today?

**Ben:** Define school.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben!!!

**Ben:** What?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Did you or didn't you?

**Ben:** Well, some.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Some.

**Ben:** Mmmhmm.

**Yael of the Fronts:** What does that mean?

**Ben:** It means that I went to basketball, and didn't go to Bible Study or math.



**Yael of the Fronts:** And why is that?

**Ben:** Because.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben...

**Ben:** Yael...

**Yael of the Fronts:** You have to go to school, you know.

**Ben:** I don't have to do anything.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, you do.

**Ben:** No, I don't.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** Yael.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Stop it.

**Ben:** Okay. I will. I'm going to bed. See you tomorrow sis...

**Yael of the Fronts:** Why do you make it so hard?

**Ben:** Hard?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, hard.

**Ben:** I don't make anything hard.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yeah, you do. You make it hard. Why can't you just go to school, its hard enough here as it is...

**Ben:** *(Beat)* Because I hate it! I fucking hate it!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Don't say fuck, you're way too young...

**Ben:** Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** I Don't want to go there anymore.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** Yael.

**Yael of the Fronts:** You're 16. You have to go to school.

**Ben:** Sure, it's easy for you to say, you and your soldiers who admire you, your officers who love you, nobody looks at you like you're a creature from a different planet, looking at you, looking at me, me, like, like there is a huge dick growing out of my forehead...

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben!!!

**Ben:** What? Haven't you ever heard the word dick, Yael? Fuck? Hey, take that: fucking dick. The subject: the dick. The direct object: fucking. No. Hold on. It's an adjective.

Damn. Maybe I should go to school after all.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben...

**Ben:** And, and there is this huge post-it stuck to this dick, growing out of my forehead, it says: your mom is crazy, she's nuts. She's fucking loony! Your mom is in the nuthouse!

Maybe the apple didn't fall far from the tree. Look at me: *(Making a face)*

duhhhhhhhh!!!! I'm loony too!

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** Yael.

*(Beat. They both sit at the table)*

**Ben:** I went to visit her today.

**Yael of the Fronts:** You did. *(Beat)* Did she talk?

**Ben:** No. Not to me.

**Yael of the Fronts:** So?

**Ben:** Dad was there.

**Yael of the Fronts:** You're fucking kidding me.

**Ben:** Yael. Please! You are way too young to say....

**Yael of the Fronts:** Alright, alright.

**Ben:** He started to say how much he misses us, and all of that.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I'm sure he does. And?

**Ben:** And that's it. *(Beat)* They were talking. She was so clear. It was amazing.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes. The medications they give her there, probably. It helps.

**Ben:** Yael?

**Yael of the Fronts:** What, Ben-Ben?

**Ben:** Do you think she'll take him back?

**Yael of the Fronts:** No way. It's the medications. They make her all messed up. It will pass.

**Ben:** She still loves him.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Mom is sick, Ben. She doesn't really love anybody. She doesn't communicate well, doesn't even talk to us. Right?

**Ben:** She talks to Dad.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I told you, she's sick. She's just sick. Okay? Good. Anyway. It's way too late now. *(Beat)* Asaf invited us for Passover dinner.

**Ben:** Cool.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Are you hungry?

**Ben:** No.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good, there is nothing to eat anyway.

*(They both smile)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Ben.

**Ben:** Yael.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I'm sorry.

**Ben:** For what?

**Yael of the Fronts:** That Mom is sick.

*(Beat)*

And that there is no food left.

*(Beat)*

And that you have to go back to school.

*Lights on Yael of the Prologue downstage left. She is still dressed in the hospital gown and she sits on the old iron chair.*

**Yael of the Prologue:**

A tomato. 50 calories. Vegetables. Up to two a day.

An apple. 60 calories. Fruits. Up to three a day.

A green pepper. 30 calories. Up to three a day.

Lettuce. No calories. You burn it all as you eat it. Eat as much as you want.

Cucumber. 20 calories. Vegetables. Up to three a day.

Rice. 40 calories a cup. Carbohydrate. Up to two a day.

Pizza. 250 calories a slice. Carbohydrate. Fat. Don't eat.

Chocolate cake. 550 calories a piece. Carbohydrate. And sugar. And fat. Bad. Don't eat.

Ice cubes. Zero calories. Actually, negative calories, it burns calories to chew ice cubes.

Eat as much as you want.

Cookie Slash Oreo slash Chips Ahoy slash chocolate chips and so on. 70 calories a piece.

Carbohydrate. And sugar. And fat. Bad. Don't eat.

A carrot. 15 calories. Vegetables. Up to five a day. One guy once ate only carrots for two weeks and turned orange. Lost 10 kilos though.

More tomatoes. 50 calories. Vegetables. Up to two a day. Done.

Light bread. 30 calories for each slice. Two pieces a day.

An olive. 50 calories. Cut to small pieces and eat with the bread. Once a day.

Fast once a week.

Water. Drink only water. And hot tea. It's good. Cleans your system. Relaxes the hunger.

Kills the snake.

And coffee. With no cream. No cream and no sugar. Just cigarettes. Cigarettes and coffee. Relaxes the hunger.

Kills the snake.

Relaxes.

Relax.

52 kilos.

Maybe 50.

They want 55.

You want 52.

Don't give up what you want. Be strong. You want 50? You deserve it!

Two red pills. Twice a day. Chemicals. For depression.

Skinny is good.

Skinny is beautiful.

Shock therapy. Every once in awhile. For normalization.

Tomato.

Cucumber.

Carrot.

Light bread.

Ben.

Pepper.

Green.

Better than red.

Less sugar.

Orange.

Apple.

Green...

Passover.

Mom.

One white pill. Once a day. Chemicals. For the 55. You want 50.

Don't take it.

## SEVENTH FRONT

*War Briefing Room. **Yael of the Fronts** stands in front of her soldiers' platoon, facing the audience. The platoon is seated in front of her with their backs to the audience. A big map rests on a stand beside her. Other soldiers from the war room are also in attendance, seated in chairs with their backs to the audience. Yael of the Fronts' hair is short now. As she speaks, she points to the map. Two officers are present: **Ch'aled (The Regiment Commander)**, and **Guy (The Assistant Battalion Commander)**. They sit besides Yael facing the platoon. They take notes as Yael speaks.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Prag Segment. Lebanon. Artillery forces are scattered around battle front lines AB, BC, CD, DE, and EF, which are all, as you see, parallel to the infantry and armor forces at this point. The forces that are located at Prag at this time belong to batteries 401, 403 and 404-Regiment 188, who have been manning the line for four months now. Next week, the replacement will be performed by batteries 303, 306, 305 and 311-Regiment 7. The shifts are: three weeks of operation followed by four days of home leave, and so on. The three weeks consist of shifts of 48 hours on and 12 hours off, not including base security shifts, which will be determined and performed once weekly by the howitzer crews. The main force is the 155, and there will be an additional briefing on the rotational schedule for the weapons and offline maintenance procedures.

Alright. Before moving on to topographic issues, any questions so far?

*(She looks around. **Michal** raises her hand)*

Yes, Michal.

**Michal:** *(She stands up)* Commander, should we now hand out the packets we prepared?

It does explain the shift schedule in detail.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good point. Let's do it at the end of the briefing, before the Question and Answer section. Please remind me. Okay?

**Michal:** Okay, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Any more questions before we continue?

*(Ch'aled raises his hand, smiling)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Please, go ahead, sir.

**Ch'aled:** What is it? This hair of yours?

*(A beat)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Embarrassed)* Excuse me, sir?

**Ch'aled:** You heard me. Or maybe you have hearing problems as well. *(A few murmurs from the soldiers)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Sir...

**Ch'aled:** What is it? This short hair? A woman needs to have a long hair. Right? *(Looks around like he is asking the question to the soldiers)* You are a woman. Aren't you? Or maybe you're not?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Sir....

**Ch'aled:** It's ridiculous enough that a woman is doing a man's job. At least look like one. I'm confused here... *(Laughs while looking around)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Sir. Please, I really don't think...

**Ch'aled:** Oh, so you think again! How lucky we all are! She thinks!!!

**Yael of the Fronts:** This is a briefing. I'm....



**Ch'aled:** I know what it is! *(Yells)* Don't you dare tell me! I know better than you!

**Michal:** Okaaay. Okay Commander. I'll take the platoon for a short break....

**Ch'aled:** Shut up, you too!

**Guy:** *(Quietly, to The Regiment Commander)* Ch'aled. Relax. Man. What's going on?

**Ch'aled:** She's driving me crazy. I'm telling you. She thinks she can run the world. Run it better than us, than all of us. Miss Big Ass. Big fucking ass, that's what...

*(As Yael talks to the platoon Guy and Ch'aled talk among themselves)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(To the platoon, who is now restless.)* Alright, let's take a short break. I think we all need it, right? *(They all laugh softly)* Who is the platoon orderly this week, Adams?

**Adams:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Take the platoon to the sports area. Pick up a box with sandwiches and fruit from Dining Room B on your way there. Michal.

**Michal:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Hand out the packets before they leave, please.

**Michal:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Adams.

**Adams:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** While you're eating and resting, review the packets. I'll meet you there. Got it?

**Adams:** Yes, Commander.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good. Move.

*(They leave slowly, with some whispered conversations. Michal hands out the packets. Guy and Ch'aled stand up to leave the room. Yael stops Ch'aled from leaving. Guy leaves. It is just the two of them in the briefing room now).*

**Ch'aled:** What are you doing?

**Yael of the Fronts:** It's funny, I was about to ask you the same question.

**Ch'aled:** I don't care for your questions.

**Yael of the Fronts:** You're my direct commander. Unfortunately for you, you have to care.

**Ch'aled:** Go and kiss Asaf's ass. You're good at that.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I don't know what your problem with me is, but get over it. You are an officer and a commander, you have the responsibility to....

**Ch'aled:** You don't tell me who I am and what I have to do, you stupid....

**Yael of the Fronts:** What? Stupid what, Sir?

**Ch'aled:** You Israeli women, you think you deserve the world...

**Yael of the Fronts:** Oh, so now it's a national issue, is it? I'm being punished for being Israeli? Interesting. I don't see Mary being punished.

**Ch'aled:** Mary is different. She is nice.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Nice. Nice. Nice? Nice?

**Ch'aled:** Yes. I said nice. What's wrong with you?

**Yael of the Fronts:** Good question. What *is* wrong with me, sir?

**Ch'aled:** Your hair. I told you that already.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Yes, in front of *all* my soldiers.

**Ch'aled:** It was wrong for you to become an officer. A flaw in the system.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Really? A flaw? I'll tell you what the flaw is. The flaw is you being a commander in the Israeli Defense Forces. And not because you're a Druze. But because you're a shitty commander, sir. You, outside of the military system, are nothing but a big hole in the plain dry bagel they sell at the base convenience store. You have no sense of dignity towards your subordinates, or any humans other than yourself. You can't manage power, the only way you experience it is by insulting and shutting down other people, *especially* women. People like you will lead this country to destruction. An eternity of conflict. No wonder we can't find peace. How could we? Because of people like you, other people think they're not good enough. And because they think they're not good enough, they're trying to be better, going insane along the way, blaming themselves for not doing the right thing. For not doing enough. For what? How is it that we fail all the time? Men like you. Toxic. If only we women were weak. But if I try to do something important, something I believe in, something that really matters, something I'm really good at, God. I'll go crazy. Or you'll kick me out. Because you have the power in the system, don't you?

**Ch'aled:** *(Long beat)* You'll be court-martialed for this.

*(He exits. Yael of the Fronts looks at him as he leaves. She sits on one of the chairs, facing the audience. Lights turn off. Lights come up on Yael of the Prologue. She is still wearing her hospital gown and sits on the old iron chair.)*

**Yael of the Prologue:** Be a good girl. Do good things. Only good things. Be a good woman. Be a good daughter. Forgive him. Forgive her. Grow out your hair. Exercise. Eat lots of vegetables. Fruits. Greens. Ice cubes. Be a good sister. Wear feminine clothes.

Take your pills. Lose five kilos. Don't puke. Shrink your big ass. Be tough. Be strong.  
Don't curse. Don't speak up. Don't talk back. Kill the snake. Be a good woman. Be a  
good daughter. Be a good subordinate. Take care of him. Take care of her. Don't think  
about yourself. Lose it. Grow it out. Lose it. Be good. Be beautiful. Just beautiful. Only  
beautiful. Grow it out. Lose it. Beautiful. Don't talk back. Grow it out. Lose it. Beautiful.  
Grow it out. Back. Lose it. Beautiful. Grow it out. Don't. Lose it. Beautiful...

### EIGHTH FRONT

*The entire stage is lit. **Yael of the Prologue** is sitting downstage left, in her hospital gown, on the old iron chair, in her fixed position. **Yael of the Fronts** walks onto stage, from stage right, to the kitchen. She wears her IDF uniform and weapon, and carries her big military backpack. She puts down her backpack and sits on one of the chairs. She sits at the table, with her head between her hands and elbows on the table. **Yael of the Prologue** looks at her with interest. This is the first time during the play that there is a direct contact between them. Moment passes. **Mother** walks in from left. She wears a colorful dress and her hair is done up and nicely colored. **Yael of the Fronts** doesn't respond to any of the following appearing characters, although they move around her and might touch her.*

**Mother:** Here you are! My sweet girl. My sweet brave girl. How was your day? Long, I bet. My dear, dear, girl. My only girl! I was thinking about you all day. All day! Ben was waiting for you too, but he was so tired, he just ended up going to bed early, he has a full day tomorrow, and he had two basketball practices today, so he was beat, I'm telling you. Do you want some ch'oresht? It's your favorite! Freshly made! Just for you! You work so hard, you and your bombs, shooting, running, God knows what you do there. I was cooking today for three hours, I'm telling you. So much work, I don't know how I used to do that when you were little, standing like that in this kitchen for hours and hours and cooking like that. Here, I'll warm you a plate. Do you want some rice? Salad? Should I make us some tea? Coffee? Oh! I know, a nice warm schnitzel! Without too much oil, just the way you like it. *(Mother takes the weapon; a short-barreled M16, from **Yael of***

*the Fronts and rests it on the table. Yael of the Fronts sits at the table, and doesn't respond. Mother moves the food aside on the table and she takes the weapon apart while resting all its parts in an organized line on the table. She does that very quickly. Then, she takes all the parts and puts them back together into the weapon's shell. When she's done, she raises her arms in victory. She takes the time by looking at Yael of the Fronts' watch.*

**Mother:** Forty five! Man! Yes! Yes! *(Sings and dances)* Not fifty! Not fifty five! Forty five! Forty five! Forty five seconds! Oh-yeah! Oh-yeah! I'm soooo good! You can all look and say say say sheeeee'ssss gooodd! Good! Good!

*Mother leaves with the plate and weapon in her hands. Asaf, his Wife and Ben walk in wearing festive holiday clothes, holding glasses of red wine, and sit down at the kitchen table. Yael still sits at the table, with her head between her hands and elbows on the table.*

**Asaf, his wife and Ben:** *(They sing, with a lot of passion and happiness—a Passover song from the Passover tale)* “Ve'hee she'amda, Ve'hee she'amda, lavoteinu ve'lanu. lavoteinu ve'lanu. Shelo echad bilvad amad aleinu le'chaloteinu. Elah shebichol dor vador omdim aleinu le'chaloteinu. Vehakadosh Baruch Hu matzileinu miyadam. matzileinu miyadam”..... And God stood up for our fathers and for us. Not even one rose against us to destroy us. In every generation, many rose against us to destroy us. And the

Holy One, Blessed is he, saved us from their hand.” (*All laugh.*)

*Asaf, his wife and Ben leave with their wine glasses. Adams and Greenberg walk in and sit down at the table in a casual manner. Yael does not move.*

**Adams:** You are beautiful.

**Greenberg:** Really.

**Adams:** And very, very thin.

**Greenberg:** Very thin.

**Adams:** Very.

**Greenberg:** Really.

**Adams:** Skinny, actually.

**Greenberg:** You lost weight.

**Adams:** You did.

**Greenberg:** How much did you lose? Three kilos?

**Adams:** Four?

**Greenberg:** Five?

**Adams:** At least.

**Greenberg:** You look good.

**Adams:** Soooo good!

**Greenberg:** Oh-yeah!

**Adams:** You look great.

**Greenberg:** You look-

**Adams:** Excellent!

**Greenberg:** Beautiful.

**Adams:** Beautiful!

**Greenberg:** You look the best.

**Adams:** I would give you a ten.

**Greenberg:** On a scale of one to ten.

**Adams:** Ten.

**Greenberg:** For sure.

**Adams:** No doubt.

**Greenberg:** You're hot.

**Adams:** And your hair...

**Greenberg:** Her hair.

**Adams:** It's cute!

**Greenberg:** So cute.

**Adams:** Really.

**Greenberg:** Special.

**Adams:** Sassy.

**Greenberg:** Sexy.

**Adams:** Really.

**Greenberg:** You're beautiful.

**Adams:** And strong.

**Greenberg:** Strong.

**Adams:** And beautiful.



**Greenberg:** So beautiful.

**Adams:** By the way, it's your ass.

**Greenberg:** That we like.

**Adams:** Yeah.

**Greenberg:** It's a great ass.

**Adams:** Perfect.

**Greenberg:** Perfect size.

**Adams:** And shape.

**Greenberg:** Round.

**Adams:** Not flat.

**Greenberg:** Delicious.

**Adams:** Well shaped.

**Greenberg:** Feminine.

**Adams:** Juicy.

**Greenberg:** And your eyes.

**Adams:** So dark.

**Greenberg:** So nice.

**Adams:** It's your look.

**Greenberg:** That makes them... Makes them....

**Adams:** Special.

**Greenberg:** Very.

**Adams:** Absolutely.

**Greenberg:** You are great.

**Adams:** You are good.

**Greenberg:** You

**Adams:** Are

**Greenberg:** Just

**Adams:** Just

**Greenberg:** Beee-

**Adams:** uuuu-

**Greenberg:** ttee-

**Adams and Greenberg:** fulll!

*Adams and Greenberg exit. Yael of the Fronts shifts in her chair. She rubs her face and hair. She looks around. She notices Yael of the Prologue, at the downstage left corner of the stage, who has been looking at her during the entire scene. Yael of the Fronts stands up and walks towards Yael of the Prologue.*

**Yael of the Fronts:** I think I'm getting sick.

**Yael of the Prologue:** Well, you carry heavy shells.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I have to.

**Yael of the Prologue:** I know.

*(Beat)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Are you sick?

**Yael of the Prologue:** I don't think so.

**Yael of the Fronts:** You're thin.

**Yael of the Prologue:** I don't think so.

*(The two Yael's stand in front of each other. They laugh softly **Yael of the Fronts** touches **Yael of the Prologue's** body- her face, her short hair, her shoulders, her belly. **Yael of the Prologue** lets her)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** You're good.

**Yael of the Prologue:** You're beautiful.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I'm tired.

**Yael of the Prologue:** I know.

*(A moment passes)*

**Yael of the Prologue:** Hakol tov, kid.

*(They hold hands)*

**Yael of the Fronts:** Hakol tov. *(A beat)* We have to do it, right?

**Yael of the Prologue:** We have to do it right.

**Yael of the Fronts:** Tov.

**Yael of the Prologue:** Tov.

**Yael of the Fronts:** I have to go.

**Yael of the Prologue:** Tov.

**Yael of the Fronts:** *(Beat)* Can I stay here with you? Just for a little while.

**Yael of the Prologue:** *(They stand together)* I have only one chair.

*The sound of someone searching through many stations on a radio is heard. The music and words on these stations are both in Hebrew and English. This searching sound stops with the song "That I Would Be Good" by Alanis Morissette.*

*The two Yaels still stand in front each other, they hold hands. A long moment passes.*

*Yael of the Fronts adjusts her hat and weapon and exit stage right.*

*Yael of the Prologue adjusts the backside of her gown and sits down in the chair. She strokes the front of her neck with her hand. She is waiting for something or someone.*

*The light gradually fades to black.*

**END OF PLAY**