

PIECE OF LAND

A new play in progress

by

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Chorus:

A Jewish Israeli father, in his sixties

A Muslim Palestinian mother, in her sixties

A Jewish Israeli soldier, young

A Muslim Palestinian soldier, young

The other characters:

Shalom- a Jewish Israeli father, in his sixties, from Haifa

Hind- a Muslim Palestinian mother, in her sixties, from Gaza

David- a dead Jewish Israeli soldier, young

Ashraf- a dead Muslim Palestinian activist, young

Setting:

On a stage covered with sand, thick and lumpy, where many people have walked upon, played with, and been buried under. There is a clothesline with clips on it, hanging downstage.

Time:

When peace is.

The four actors play a double role - as individual characters and as members of the chorus. They are always present on stage.

The actors playing David and Ashraf carry their rifles. Their appearance is the same as in the moment of a violent death.

This piece is dedicated to the children of the south, the north, the east and the west who hide in shelters; to the children of terror who hide in hate; the children who hide behind their weapons; and to the children who don't hide anymore.

(darkness. The exit signs in the theatre are covered. Complete silence)

Chorus: save the world kid there are forbidden things to see save the world kid if you see it you'll cease to exist here of the world kid with an angel's smile save the world kid we don't know how (soft lights come on gradually) my child my child don't cry (*breath*) here's the moon and here's a light here's a tree (*breath*) -here's me and here's you and here's the doll you love so much.

Scene One

(Hind walks across the sand-covered stage)

Hind: walk walk fast fast, I walked fast, I walked and walked back. Where are my shoes? Did you see my shoes? I looked up at the sky and I think I thought where is my kid now, where is my baby, where is his soul, did you see his soul, did you see my baby, did you see my kid, does his soul walk behind me, is it there in the sky above with Allah, is it there, is it? Is it? Is it. It is. My baby's soul flies there above, between the stars, I'm tired, it doesn't think about me anymore does it, doesn't it? I lost my shoes, have you seen my shoes, my soul, my kid, my baby? All these kids scream, happy, happy happy happy I can't be happy, above is Allah he carries the moon the stars, where your soul is, where your soul is walking, he follows me. Alone, he carries your soul too

Chorus: (*breath*)

Scene Two

(sounds of explosion, gunfire, screaming, sirens, kids crying, laughter and playing on a playground. It all dies out quietly. Ashraf and David sit and play with the sand)

Ashraf: (*in Arabic*) Allahu Akbar! Pam-Pam!

David: (*in Hebrew*) Elohim Gadol. Shyo!

Ashraf: (*louder*) Allahu Akbar!

David: (*louder*) Elohim Gadol.

Ashraf: gadol? Who's big? The only thing too big is your nose.

David: my nose?

Ashraf: yes, your nose. *(Points to it)* Big nose! Big nose! Ha ha!

David: shut up. You are a dirty monkey! All of you people! Dirty monkey!
(smacks Ashraf in the face)

Ashraf: *(with pain)* big nose!

David: dirty monkeys!

Ashraf: stinky arm pits!

David: shut up, I'll tell!

Ashraf: Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! *(smacks at David with his hand)*

David: Elohim Gadol! Elohim Gadol! Elohim Gadol!

Ashraf: Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

David: Allahu Akbar? Allahu Shum Davar! Allahu Nothing!

(They fight with words and sand)

Ashraf: shut up!

(the smacking and hitting stops)

Ashraf: *(singsonging, digs into the sand)* i killed a few I killed a few, see, see, naa, naa, naa-naa- naa...

David: they were dead already

Ashraf: no they weren't

David: yes they were

Ashraf: no they weren't

David: yes they were

Ashraf: no they weren't

David: I saw them first

Ashraf: no you didn't

David: yes I did

Ashraf: no you didn't

David: yes I did

Ashraf: I'll tell

David: I'll tell first. (**Ashraf** begins to build a sand castle. **David** is intrigued) My daddy has a ladder

Ashraf: so

Chorus: (*breath*) in his heart there was always hope, that went with him all the way

David: my daddy has a ladder.

Ashraf: my mommy brought me a present.

David: what was it?

Ashraf: can't tell.

David: I'll help

Ashraf: can't tell.

David: my daddy has a car

Ashraf: really?

David: maybe. (*beat*)

Ashraf: she brought me a doll.

(**Shalom** enters silently)

Scene Three

(less sand covers the stage)

Hind: where are my shoes? Have you seen my shoes? I left them right here. I came in after my morning walk and left them here, right here, at the door, this door, so tired, I'm so tired, haven't slept again, only for a few seconds, maybe less, who knows, he didn't call, hasn't called. Yet, hasn't called yet. They didn't send them, right, didn't. Right? Not anymore. Right? Not *Shaheeds*, right? Not anymore. No more attacks, right? Good.

Good. The lines are dead. I'm tired. I left them right here, almost sure, so tired, can't think right, Allah, keep him safe. Are you warm enough? They say power should be back before noon. I can't find them. Where are my shoes? (*Turns around and sees **Shalom** standing silently behind her*) what (***Shalom** silently gestures offstage. **Hind** approaches offstage*)

Hind: (*cries out*) Ashraf?! Ashraf! Ashraf!!!!

Chorus: shoes. (*breath*)

(*breath*) shoes.

(*breath*) we're covered with clouds all over our fire escape

(***Ashraf** and **David** play with the sand*)

Scene Four

David: a doll?

Ashraf: you said you'd help.

Chorus: he was born to be a soldier- (*breath*)-not special at all. From the outside he is just a hanger in a world of costumers but inside, he is a king and a lover. (*breath*)

Ashraf: you said you'd help.

David: my daddy brought me an engine on a railway track.

(*Ashraf continues to build a sand castle*)

David: (*sings*) my daddy is the smartest

Ashraf: you said you'd help.

David: (*sings*) my daddy is the best in all the world!

Ashraf: big nose.

David: (*sings*) and only because of me...

Ashraf: big nose you said you'd help

David: (*sings*) ...He's my dad only. He promised it to me-He is mine only!
Ha ha!

Chorus: from the outside he is just a hanger in a world of costumers but inside, he is a king and a lover. (*Breath. David approaches the sand castle*)

David: dry sand

Ashraf: big nose

David: I'm helping

Ashraf: don't need it no more

David: what, I'm just singing, can't I sing anymore? (*Ashraf doesn't respond. Silence*)

David: come on. (*beat*) Fine. (**David backs away**)

Ashraf: fine.

David: fine.

Ashraf: that's it?

David: what?! You said...

Ashraf: and you always do what I say. Right.

Chorus: in his heart there was always hope that goes with him all the way. He is strong he is tough he is born to be a soldier. But inside he is soft he is laughter- (*Breath*)-he is *sabra*, *mama*, *sabra*.

David: (*with contempt*) dolls.

Ashraf: (*same attitude*) Railway tracks.

David: happy?

Ashraf: na'am.

(*beat*)

David: it's quiet.

Ashraf: na'am.

(beat)

David: can I help now?

Chorus: (*breath*) Shoes. (*breath*)