

## NAKAM 3

*Messiah.*

SALLY: What's the matter with you? What?

JOHN: Nothing.

SALLY: Don't say nothing.

JOHN: I itch.

SALLY: You itch? What could that mean?

JOHN: Nothing,

SALLY: What itch?

JOHN: My legs. My ankles.

SALLY: Put something on it.

JOHN: No.

SALLY: Why not?

JOHN: I don't feel good.

SALLY: Stay on the subject.

JOHN: I'm sick to my stomach.

SALLY: Take an Alka-Seltzer.

JOHN: No.

SALLY: Do something.

JOHN: I have visions.

SALLY: Do something. Don't hang around here.

JOHN: This is my home.

SALLY: Give us all a break.

JOHN: No.

SALLY: Why not?

JOHN: You are murderers.

SALLY: Me, too?

JOHN: Mainly you.

SALLY: You keep saying that and I'll hang you.

JOHN: Killers. Blood on your faces. One eye hanging loose on a strand of meat.

SALLY: I was trying to help you.

JOHN: That's what they all say.

SALLY: No point now.

JOHN: No.

SALLY: I'll let you suffer.

JOHN: Thanks.

SALLY: Drown in your own blood.

JOHN: I see you on a rail with a whip and a sword.

SALLY: A rail?

JOHN: Yeah, like at a slaughterhouse, like a railhead in a slaughterhouse. People are coming through and you hit them or whip them as they are skinned alive by the State.

SALLY: For what?

JOHN: They are Evil, and you must get rid of them. The obligation falls to you. It's all on you.

SALLY: Back off.

JOHN: I have not forgotten. White Christians. I will never forget.

SALLY: You weren't even alive then.

JOHN: Yes, I was.

SALLY: How old?

JOHN: Four of five.

SALLY: What happened then?

JOHN: We had a species event, like a blister on the planet, roiling, like an infected wound. It could only be staunched by seven years of rain.

SALLY: You need help.

JOHN: I do not.

SALLY: No such thing as seven years of rain.

JOHN: It's in the Bible.

SALLY: We don't live in the Bible.

JOHN: And you have not paid the price.

SALLY: What price?

JOHN: For the scalps and bones of your fellow Man.

SALLY: Look, what a day! Why don't you go outside and play with your horses and cows?

JOHN: I'm afraid to go out.

SALLY: Go, anyway.

JOHN: I don't feel good.

SALLY: You said that.

JOHN: Again, and a gun.

SALLY: I'll get help.

JOHN: I don't want help.

SALLY: What do you want?

JOHN: Revenge.

SALLY: Too late, my friend.

JOHN: The stars have shifted in the sky; they say it's time.

SALLY: It's broad daylight.

JOHN: I see them still, and I hear their hissing for revenge, blowing fire like dragons.

SALLY: I'll call a doctor.

JOHN: The sky sings an ancient melody.

JOHN: The bones! Look how they've come up out of the ground! And the voices! Violins and a cello, playing an ancient melody, a mourner's elegy, a sad old tune. And now a clarinet and a tambourine!

SALLY: What?

JOHN: You don't hear the music?

SALLY: I do not. The doctor is on his way. (*DOCTOR*) Here he is.

DR.: What's the matter with this man?

SALLY: He has visions.

DR.: So, what?

SALLY: Of Revenge.

DR.: Impossible.

SALLY: What I said.

JOHN: Blood on the roads. Icy blood on the roads. Bombs bursting in the sky. It's a show!

DR.: In your imagination.

JOHN: A massacre! And then another! And then another!

DR.: Hold him down.

JOHN: Don't touch me!

DR.: Never mind.

SALLY: He has fits.

DR>: Hold him down.

SALLY: Okay.

DR.: Tell me what happened.

JOHN: Bones coming up out of the ground.

DR.: Where?

JOHN: There!

DR.: I don't see it.



SALLY: I don't either. (*Kaddish*)

JOHN: It's the Mourners Kaddish!

SALLY: Give him a shot.

JOHN: No!

SALLY: Give him a shot!

DR.: What kind of shot?

SALLY: Any kind of shot.

DR.: Here you go. (*Shot*)

JOHN: OH!

SALLY: Say thank you to the doctor.

JOHN: Thank you.

SALLY: Go back to sleep.

DR.: Take a rest.

SALLY: You will forget all this tomorrow. Overnight.

JOHN: I will arm myself tonight.

SALLY: Lock him up.

DR.: I don't think so.

SALLY: Why not?

JOHN: Touch me and I'll smack your smile off your face.

DR.: Tough guy.

JOHN: That's right.

SSALLY: Another shot Doc.

DR.: Will do.

SALLY: Put him down. *(Shot)*

JOHN: OH!

DR.: There you go.

JOHN: A firestorm and a massacre. Every one of you will die.

SALLY: Go to sleep.

DR.: We'll see what happens tomorrow.

JOHN: Same as today. The sun rises, the sky darkens, night falls, and that's the end. Last day!

SALLY: Thank you, Doc.

DR.: I think I'll stay.

SALLY: Okay, good night, John.

JOHN: See you tomorrow. (*Pause*) Good morning!

SALLY: How'd you sleep?

JOHN: Terrific!

SALLY: Glad to hear it.

JOHN: I saw the End of Days!

SALLY: Not again.

JOHN: People burning. Going up in smoke. The sky turns purple and black. God comes down on a lightning bolt and breaks the Earth apart.

DR.: How long has he been like this?

SALLY: For as long as I can remember.

JOHN: Rocks and dirt are all that's left.

SALLY: He's always been like this.

JOHN: No, I haven't.

DR.: What then?

JOHN: Once I was a nice Jewish boy.

DR.: And then"

JOHN: I saw my people going up in smoke.

DR.: That was a long time ago.

JOHN: I can hear them now, as we speak, saying good-bye, singing the *Shema*.

SALLY: No one can believe it anymore.

DR.: You people.

SALLY: Let go why don't you?

JOHN: Bullshit, Sally. I don't know what that means.

DR.: It's a bad dream.

SALLY: A nightmare.

DR.: What you speak of.

JOHN: Yeah?

DR.: It couldn't be possible.

SALLY: It's inconceivable.

DR.: Incomprehensible.

SALLY: Impossible.

DR.: Therefore, it didn't happen.

JOHN: (*Scream*) AAHH!

SALLY: He's brain damaged.

DR.: That might be it.

SALLY: It gives him an advantage.

DR.: I don't see how.

SALLY: Being the world's greatest victim.

DR.: It couldn't happen like that. Mass murder. Cities on fire.

SALLY: He makes things up.

DR.: Mental illness is what it is.

SALLY: Give him another shot.

JOHN: No, no!

SALLY: Why not?

JOHN: You never know. Drugs are often adulterated. Like dirty snow.

SALLY: I thought you liked it, even so.

JOHN: No! You are trying to kill me.

SALLY: No, I'm not.

DR.: You're imagining things.

JOHN: No, I'm not.

DR.: Hospitalization is a possibility.

JOHN: Take a hike.

DR.: I'm just saying.

JOHN: It's imprisonment with an I.V. and patients hollering and dying and no painkillers available it's a terrible place.

DR.: Okay, then. I'll go my merry way.

JOHN: Good. I feel much better now.

SALLY: What's wrong?

JOHN: Nothing 's wrong. I just said.

SALLY: So, what are you complaining about?

JOHN: I'm not complaining.

SALLY: What happened?

JOHN: A world war happened. Where were you?

SALLY: I wasn't born yet. You?

JOHN: I was a toddler at the time.

SALLY: Let's go on, then. With our lives.

JOHN: Let's go on with our lives.

SALLY: Agreed?

JOHN: Yes. Of course.

SALLY: There was a war in Europe.

JOHN: Right!



SALLY: The Russians took care of it. The Russians and the Marines.

JOHN: Right. Then they lynched as many Black people as they could.

SALLY: Hang on a minute.

JOHN: If you happen to be a Black boy, you can't go round whistling at white ladies. Especially if she's a fantastic piece of ass. And she's wiggling it in front of you. Can't have it.

SALLY: Damn right you can't.

JOHN: I had a dream.

SALLY: Move on, move on down the river.

JOHN: What River?

SALLY: The river of Time, away from Revenge.

JOHN: In my dream, I saw a woman approaching the wide and violent sea, waves crashing on the beach. It was you; the woman was you. She sees a boat on the sand and gets in and pushes out to sea. The waves are

high. She lies down and looks up. Clouds are rollicking in the sky. Bloody birds are falling into the sea. She closes her eyes. *(Pause)*

SALLY: That could not have been me.

JOHN: Why not? I saw you drifting quietly toward the horizon, becoming a black dot in the twilight.

SALLY: Okay. Enough, already.

JOHN: The life form is finished anyway.

SALLY: I beg your pardon?

JOHN: I said the life form is finished. Gone up in smoke.

SALLY: We are sitting here talking, are we not?

JOHN: We are, but we have lost our memory and our morals so we can go on eating ice cream and watching commercials. Without shame.

SALLY: And you?

JOHN: I am a nice Jewish boy in armor. And tonight, I'm going to buy some guns and grenades.

SALLY: I'll have you arrested.

JOHN: Well and good.

SALLY: Stay right there.

JOHN: I'm not moving.

SALLY: Here comes the Sheriff. *(Sheriff)*

SHERIFF: What's the problem here?

JOHN: You are the problem.

SALLY: Hit him in the head, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: One moment.

SALLY: What are you waiting for?

SHERIFF: I need to interrogate this person before I beat him up or kill him.

SALLY: Why?

SHERIFF: Human beings, they must be monitored and corralled.

SALLY: That's not an explanation. You are dumb and kill-hungry like the rest of us.

SHERIFF: You don't say.

SALLY: I just said.

SHERIFF: Say again.

SALLY: Lock him up!

SHERIFF: What for?

SALLY: Inciting a riot.

JOHN: Come on.

SALLY: He's gone feral, a poet whose frontal cortex is compromised.

SHERIFF: I couldn't follow that.

SALLY: Corrupting a minor.

JOHN: I wouldn't mind.

SALLY: You'll never get a chance with me. Too late now.

JOHN: Wheelbarrow.

SALLY: What is that supposed to mean?

JOHN: Dead bodies falling to the ground. Arms dangling limply. Blood coming out of their dead eyes. Gray. Striped uniforms. A certain smell.

SHERIFF: What crime is he charged with?

SALLY: Bad thoughts and grim imagery.

SHERIFF: Murder?

SALLY: No. Lying to the authorities.

JOHN: 250 thousand children, heads bashed against walls, buried alive, burnt alive.

SHERIFF: What do you want from us?

JOHN: Nothing. It's a warning. They're coming to get you. They're on their way.

SALLY: Who's they?

JOHN: They are coming on chariots and trumpets are blowing and flags are flying like in the days of old.

SHERIFF: You talking a movie?

JOHN: No. Reality.

SALLY: You don't understand how things work. The world turns. Night follows day.

JOHN: History.

SALLY: You don't understand History.

JOHN: History is a lie. Mass murder is committed daily, all over the world.

SHERIFF: Think about it. Perspective. Laws.

JOHN: They broke all the laws. The Germans. The balance is off. The balance of forces. Evil has won.

You can do what you want. Bash into a neighbor's life with impunity. Hammers. Power saws.

SHERIFF: There is no justice in Nature.

SALLY: It's a figure of his imagination. Am I right, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Oh, for sure. Young folks are poisoned every eight minutes twenty-four seven.

SALLY: This is true. Hear that, John?

JOHN: Take their potatoes. Ransack the bathroom for drugs. Shoot to kill. Blood on the door. Blood on the floor.

SHERIFF: You take drugs?

SALLY: He got a shot.

SHERIFF: And yourself?

DALLY: I took a pill.

SHERIFF: And?

SALLY: I saw people on a train. They thought I had died, but I didn't. Finally, I awoke and saw things. Rampant, I mean random, images. Peoples on a train. People walking in line, dragging their children behind them. Baffled. How could this be happening? Is it really happening?

JOHN: And the Dead? Who hears the dead? Hands and feet popping up in the dirt.

SHERIFF: War crimes are committed daily. Every nation on the planet. They can't wait to get started. Mexico, China, Texas, you name it.

JOHN: A remnant survives and builds a nation in the desert, then their neighbors turn on them and then they turn on their neighbors.

SHERIFF: Exactly.

JOHN: And what did you do, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: We did a deal – nobody did too much time, maybe two dozen were hanged. Life moves on.

SALLY: Give it up, John.



SHERIFF: Start a business.

SALLY: Go to college.

SHERIFF: Get married.

SALLY: Find a job.

SHERIFF: Invest in the market.

SALLY: We must live. It's an absolute obligation.

JOHN: All over the world people are striving, running for their lives.

SHERIFF: They won't get away with it.

JOHN: They ARE getting away with it. People are making tremendous amounts of money and they don't want to be involved in matters of conscience or regret or self-doubt or embarrassment or shame.

SHERIFF: Take him to the nearest hospital.

SALLY: Why?

SHERIFF: He's obsessed with the past.

JOHN: People are feeding their families and making a buck and screwing in alleys. As we speak. Young handsome fellow, a bit thin, white, light beard, picks up a straggler blonde barefoot and broke, leads her through a back street to a yard covered by eucalyptus trees and offers her money and she takes the money while he prepares to videotape and she agrees to everything, whatever, and she takes off her shirt and everything but they never kiss, he's fucking her in closeup, but they never kiss..

SALLY: So?

JOHN: I wondered about that.

SHERIFF: Oblivious to the crimes of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

JOHN: You could see she was enduring it. I mean, enjoying it, nice-looking girl. I could get into the movie. I could be the camera, I could be doing the in and out and be nice and listen carefully to her moans and groans and cries, most of them as phony as a three-dollar bill you never know.

SALLY: Is he under arrest?

SHERIFF: No.

SALLY: Why not?

SHERIFF: He hasn't done nothing but hallucinate.

SALLY: It's what he's planning in his head.

SHERIFF: Like what?

SALLY: Revenge on a monster scale.

SHERIFF: He hasn't done noshing yet.

SALLY: He has a plan.

SHERIFF: Do something and we'll put your heed in a vise and squeeze your brains out.

SALLY: Thanks a lot, sir.

SHERIFF: Duty calls.

JOHN: Have a good day!

SHERIFF: Bye, bye. (*Exits*)

SALLY: Life goes on, apparently, with no prison time.

JOHN: They bulldozed the dead bodies into mass graves. The stink of the dead was unbearable. Smoke was still coming from the ovens. Smoke rose from the chimneys. We are breathing that smoke as we speak now and enjoy our fantasies. (*Sex noises OFF. GIRL enters, naked, carrying her clothes.*)

SALLY: Hello.

GIRL: Hi.

SALLY: You enjoyed that?

GIRL: You watched?

SALLY: It was blasted all over the walls of the city.

GIRL: I got into it.

SALLY: I noticed.

GIRL: Fuck you.

SALLY: What do you do now?

GIRL: I wash the goop out.

SALLY: That's why there are too many people on the earth.

GIRL: Why?

SALLY: Sex. The painful pleasure of sexual intercourse.

GIRL: Well, the machines will take over soon.

SALLY: We are machines.

GIRL: I don't get it.

SALLY: We are already machines.

GIRL: Okay, whatever.

SALLY: You don't get it?

GIRL: No.

SALLY: Food, sex, and revenge.

GIRL: Is what?

SALLY: Is what we are.

GIRL: I don't think so.

SALLY: Oh. Okay. What then?

GIRL: Survival always.

JOHN: I can buy that.

GIRL: You're a complete idiot.

JOHN: Say it again and I'll hit you.

GIRL: You're a complete idiot. *(BAM)*

JOHN: Okay?

GIRL: Fuck you.

SALLY: Don't hurt her.

GIRL: You're a sadist. And a voyeur. You like to watch. I don't think that's healthy.

JOHN: You got paid?

GIRL: He paid me well.

SALLY: What's his name?

GIRL: John.

SALLY: John?

GIRL: JOHN.

SALLY: What now?

JOHN: Don't shout.

GIRL: Don't be so controlling.

JOHN: We're in a movie now.

SALLY: Oh?

JOHN: Take a seat and watch the movie.

SALLY: What's that you say?

JOHN: We're in a movie. Look around. You see the lighting and the crew?

GIRL: Yes.

JOHN: Sally?

SALLY: Yes.

JOHN: You see the camera?

GIRL: Yes.

JOHN: Sally?

SALLY: No.

JOHN: I am the camera. You touch anything, Girl?

GIRL: No.

JOHN: Don't touch anything.

GIRL: I won't.

JOHN: You see the frame?

GIRL: Yes.



JOHN: Sally?

SALLY: No.

JOHN: This is the frame. You see the projection?

SALLY: Where?

JOHN: Up there in the booth. See the little window?  
See the light?

GIRL: Yes.

JOHN: That's the movie. You see the audience?

SALLY: No.

JOHN: Look at them. Look out.

GIRL: No.

JOHN: They all have jobs. Probably.

GIRL: So, what?

JOHN: Keeps them going. Keeps them from committing suicide. That and a nice movie, a nice dinner.

GIRL: Why?

JOHN: A Day off and a bottle of wine.

GIRL: Why?

JOHN: Out of remorse.

GIRL: Why?

JOHN: Mass murder. Ongoing. Didn't they tell you?

GIRL: Tell me what?

JOHN: The murder of our people.

GIRL: What people?

JOHN: The Jewish people.

GIRL: Not a word.

JOHN: May they all die of the plague.

GIRL: Let me out of here.

JOHN: I can't.

GIRL: Why not?

JOHN: The movie is already made

GIRL: So?

JOHN: You're in the movie.

GIRL: I'm trapped?

JOHN: It's like fate. Or destiny. Maybe the film will break, and we'll all die.

GIRL: What a creep.

JOHN: Footage. That's what's left. Footage.

GIRL: Let me out.

JOHN: They all had jobs. The killers. They all had jobs and families and they wanted to survive. Make a buck. Live lovely lives.

SALLY: Like me, as well.

JOHN: Like you. And they never paid the price.

GIRL: And me?

JOHN: Are you Jewish?

GIRL: No.

JOHN: Too bad.

GIRL: I'm Irish. I know from hunger and poverty and mass murder.

JOHN: How?"

GIRL: Starvation.

JOHN: Maybe you qualify then.

GIRL: For?

JOHN: Revenge.

SALLY: Let bygones be bygones.

JOHN: I hate that.

SALLY: That's the meaning of the movie. How sex is successful and romantic, and love conquers all.

JOHN: Wrong.

GIRL: All the trees are gone in Ireland.

JOHN: Did people eat the trees?

GIRL: No.

JOHN: What then?

GIRL: Houses and furniture and corrals for the cows. Now the sun hits the land directly and so the men are alcoholics with the gift of gab.

JOHN: Are there Jews in Ireland?

GIRL: There is not a single Jew in Ireland.

JOHN: What happened?

GIRL: They fled to America, Land of the Free.

SALLY: I can't blame them.

GIRL: Of course not. They drove us off our lands.

SALLY: Who did?

GIRL: The English. They built big buildings and had babies. While across the sea, atrocities were committed.

SALLY: The murderousness of the continent. Look at it like it was a cosmic event, a giant wave of murder coming out of Germany and sweeping across the world like a tsunami. And now it's in the U.S. of A.

GIRL: What can we do?

JOHN: Sacrifice and hard work. The American way. And God help the straggler.

GIRL: God?

JOHN: God made the movie. God is behind the camera and the crew.

GIRL: We can't go back?

JOHN: No turning back. Just think: He made the flood, forty days of rain, and he straightened out the thing with Job, lent a mighty hand to the bombing of Japan. And so on. Here he comes. Takeover, Sal.

SALLY: What do I do?

JOHN: Talk to him.

SALLY: Who?

JOHN: Talk to God.

SALLY: God? (*GOD*)

GOD: I made the movie.

SALLY: Right. Of course, you did.

GOD: You can't get out of the movie. Even I can't get out of the movie.

SALLY: Where are you?

GOD: I'm watching the movie, like you.

SALLY: How can you watch and be in the movie at the same time?

GOD: Watch me.

SALLY: No.

GOD: Why not?

SALLY: I don't feel like it.

GOD: It's true, though. It's all true. The believers and the non-believers. The slain and the righteous.

JOHN: God, I'm glad I'm an atheist.

GOG: Watch what you say.

JOHN: You mean listen to what I say.

GOD: Whatever. It's all recorded.

JOHN: On what?

GOD: On tape.

JOHN: Is this the tape?



GOD: Jeez, what a jerk.

SALLY: That's not what he asked you.

JOHN: Why didn't you bomb the death camps?

GOD: I don't have planes.

JOHN: Why didn't you let the British do it?

GOD: Stubborn. More stubborn than the Irish.

SALLY: Say more.

GOD: They didn't listen.

JOHN: What about your hearing?

GOD: What about it?

JOHN: Play the Kaddish please. (*Kaddish*) You hear that?

GOD: I shall smite the wicked so that their names will be blotted out forever.

JOHN: When?

GOD: When the time comes. I AM the movie.

SALLY: Oh, for God's sake.

GOD: Yes?

SALLY: We have real problems.

GOD: Okay.

SALLY: Okay what?

GOD: I can't get involved.

SALLY: Why not?

GOD: Law. It's a Universal law. I can't get down on your level.

SALLY: Thanks a lot.

GOD: The level of dogs.

SALLY: I see.

GOD: It's a question of conscience. Only a few are capable of conscience.

SALLY: So, what do we do?

GOD: Send someone to see me.

SALLY: Why?

GOD: I'll take care of it.

SALLY: How?

GOD: Someone must die and then he can come and see me.

SALLY: How about John?

JGOD: John would be fine.

SALLY: John?

JOHN: What?

SALLY: Come here. Come here and I'll give you a kiss.

JOHN: Sure thing. *(Kiss)* Nice.

SALLY: Okay, I'm going to cut your head off now. Plus, I'll take your scalp.

JOHN: I don't think so.

SALLY: For the sake of Heaven. Martin Buber. The Rabbi of Shisha died and went to Heaven to ask God what's holding up the Messiah.

JOHN: Not me.

SALLY: And while you're there, ask Him about our many dead.

JOHN: I know the answer already. The movie is already made. You can't change the movie because it is already made. The movie is done. You can't go back. You can't complain. And so on and so forth.

SALLY: Can he hear the wailing of the Dead?

JOHN: He can hear the mourners Kaddish but there's nothing he can do.

SALLY: Why not?

JOHN: He's unreachable.

SALLY: Go talk to Him anyway. (*Whack*)

JOHN: OH! God?

GOD: Yes?

JOHN: That was fast.

GOD: What do you want?

JOHN: Revenge?

GOD: It's not in the movie. We'd have to splice and move some footage.

JOHN: But that's the thing, isn't it?

GOD: Is what?

JOHN: The footage. It's there. It's on the screen. For all to see and hear.

GOD: Guess what?

JOHN: What?

GOD: Life is not a movie. I'm full of dread now. I hear the cries of the murdered. I hear the Kaddish endlessly, endlessly mourning the dead. Nobody is listening. They think bad thoughts. They don't know how to pray anymore. Can you pray?

JOHN: No.

GOD: You need a *minyan*. Ten real men together.

JOHN: I'd form a suicide squad and attack.

GOD: Against whom?

JOHN: The murderers of my people. The Chosen People.

*Governments have no soul. Only individuals have souls.*

GOD: Yes.

JOHN: Jan Karski said that.

GOD: I know.

JOHN: Among the Righteous of the Gentiles.

SALLY: May his name be for a blessing.

*Amen.*

JOHN: But the question remains.

GOD: Say it.

JOHN: Can the Messiah come if there is no justice on Earth.?

GOD: He will bring Justice.

JOHN: When?

GOD: When the time comes.

JOHN: We can't wait for that. People forget. In the meantime, we must act.

GOD: And so?

JOHN: *Nakam.*

GOD: I heard about it from the angel Gabriel: cries of the buried dead, black smoke rising in the Temple.

JOHN: We did a little, but they got away, to South America and the USA. I used to pray to the horizon – twilight and dawn – aware of the Solar System and knowing my place. One of righteousness and honor. And I look at the old SS men in denial, their lizard-like skin and watery eyes, it's a disgrace – they should have been hauled into the fire.

GOD: I said to Job: forget about it, I was here before life, I am not of this world, and I cannot interfere. I am neither Life nor Death. I am that I am. Job persevered and went on with his story. Remember me, I said, until you die. And he was content.

JOHN: I am not.

GOD: You have no unity. You've had no unity since the time of Moses, and even then, you had to argue. You people --

JOHN: What?

GOD: You like to argue all the time.

JOHN: They're waiting for me on Earth. What should I say?



GOD: Don't say anything.

JOHN: I have to say something.

GOD: Don't start an argument.

JOHN: Is it alchemy? Organized prayer? A mountain of good deeds? A mighty tower? Revenge on the Master Race?

GOD: I don't think so.

JOHN: You don't think so.

GOD: No.

JOHN: Why not?

GOD: Because I don't think so. Go home and tell them you couldn't find me.

JOHN: That would be a lie.

GOD: I forgive you.

JOHN: But my people won't.

GOD: You people. The Chosen. I have to say it: the Best and the Brightest, the most devoted, a martyred people, a suffering people, and I will know you, and call to you, and redeem you.

JOHN: What does that mean?

GOD: Goodbye. (*Exits*)

SALLY: John?

JOHN: What?

SALLY: Wake up.

JOHN: I'm awake.

SALLY: Feel better?

JOHN: No.

SALLY: Bad dream?

JOHN: Yes.

SALLY: Tell.

JOHN: The cloud upon which I walked was full of holes  
– one for every step I took.

SALLY: What?

JOHN: No, I'm sorry. I made that up.

SALLY: And the Messiah?

JOHN: Some people think he's come already and that's  
it; some think he's coming again if the conditions are  
right, namely a war between the Jews and the Arabs,  
and some people don't think about it at all.

SALLY: What does God think?

JOHN: Who knows?

SALLY: What then?

JOHN: Watch. Keep an eye on the horizon. That's  
where he'll appear. In the glow of the sunrise. Watch.  
Watch the light.

SALLY: And then?

JOHN: A blast from Heaven to settle all scores.

SALLY: I don't think so.

JOHN: No?

SALLY: No. We slash our clothes in vain. Now it's the deniers we want. Those who would deny history. Liars. Primitives foaming at the mouth.

JOHN: Amid clashes among nations on the level of dogs.

SALLY: The noise of it all drowns us out.

JOHN: Hear me above the noise – I will never forget. If I forget, crush out my eyes, tear out my tongue, roast me alive. I want to join my ancestors, and suffer as they suffered, and serve them, and give homage to them, though neither justice nor redemption may ever come.

*Selah.*

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**Murray Mednick**  
**Los Angeles**

**3/23**



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