



Games in the Backyard

BY

EDNA MAZYA

DIRECTED AND EDITED BY:

NOAM SHMUEL

CAMERI THEATRE TEL AVIV VERSION - 2007

TRANSLATED BY:

HANI FURSTENBERG

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GAMES IN THE BACKYARD

* First performance at the *Haifa Theatre*, Israel on 9 October 1993. Directed by Oded Kotler.

* First Performance of this version at the *Cameri Theatre*, Tel Aviv, Israel, 18th October, 2007.
Directed and edited by Noam Shmuel.

Cast:

DVORI MACHNES	/	PROSECUTOR.....	HANI FURSTENBERG
ASAF SACHAROV	/	COUNSEL (A).....	IPHTACH OPHIR
SELA BOROCHOV	/	COUNSEL (SE).....	EREZ KAHANAH
GIDI BETSER	/	COUNSEL (G).....	MORAN KAL
SHMULIK KOOPER	/	COUNSEL (SH).....	LIOR ROCHMAN

DIRECTOR: **NOAM SHMUEL**

DESIGNER: **AVITAL LAHAT**

ORIGINAL MUSIC: **ORAN ELDOR**

LIGHTING DESIGNER: **YECHIEL ORGAL**

ELECTRONIC TRACKS: **EYAL WEISS**

VIDEO: **NOAM SHMUEL**

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: **TAL SCHIFF**

STAGE MANAGER: **NILI BE'ERI**

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Tel: (972)-3-6951188, (972)-3-6061981, Fax: (972)-3-6060956. E-mail: drama-in@zahav.net.il.

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CHARACTERS:

DVORI MACHNES	(15)
ASAF SACHAROV	(17)
SELA BOROCHOV	(17)
GIDI BETSER	(17)
SHMULIK KOOPER	(17)
COUNSELS (A) (SE) (G) (SH)	(33)
PROSECUTOR	(30)

Location: *Backyard, Kibutts «Gan Veradim», Israel.
Court.*

Time: *1988-1991*

Scene One

Court.

Counsels stand with their back to the audience, dressed in black robes.

The investigation is not yet aggressive.

*The light blinds **Dvori**, who begins to lose her confidence quite fast.*

Dvori: *(Whispering)* Dvori Machnes.

Counsel (A): *(In a loud voice)* Could you please raise your voice?

Dvori: I'm Dvori Machnes. I'm 16 years old. I was 14 years and ten months when it happened.

Counsel (A): Are you afraid?

Dvori: What?

Counsel (A): *(Gently)* Can't you hear me?

Dvori: Yes.

Pause.

Counsel (A): Are you nervous, Dvori?

Dvori: I'm not afraid!

Counsel (A): Of what?

Dvori: You asked me if I was afraid. I'm not.

Counsel (Se): Tell us about yourself.

Dvori: What?

Counsel (Se): I asked you to tell us about yourself.

Dvori: I heard the question. I was asking what you wanted me to tell you?

Counsel (Sh): Tell us some facts about yourself. We'd like to get to know you a little better.

Dvori: What kind of facts?

Counsel (Sh): Tell us who you are? Where you're from? Why you're here?

Dvori: I'm an only child.

Pause.

Counsel (G): What else?

Dvori: My father died when I was five. I live with my mother now.

Counsel (G): Where?

Dvori: In the city.

Counsel (A): When did you leave 'Gan Veradim'?

Dvori: Right after it happened.

Counsel (A): Were you born in 'Gan-Vradim'?

Dvori: No. We moved there after my father died.

Counsel (G): How old were you?

Dvori: I already told you. Five.

Counsel (A): Why are you here, Dvori?

Dvori: Because... they raped me.

Counsel (A): Against your will?

Dvori: I said raped, didn't I?

Counsel (Sh): Brutally?

Pause

(Raises his voice) Brutally?

Dvori: *(Quietly)* What do you mean?

Counsel (Sh): Violently?

Dvori: Yes.

Counsel (Se): Do you see them here?

Dvori: Yes.

Counsel (Se): Can you point them out?

Dvori: Yes.

She points at them, they take off their robes.

Sela Borochoy. Shmulik Kooper. Gidi Betser. Asaf Sacharov.

Counsel (A): What made you come to the swing that day?

Dvori: I felt like swinging. I like to swing.

A swing drops from above. The stage transforms into a playground.

Scene Two

A hot, sunny August afternoon. The backyard. Leaves all around. Playground.

Fire sirens are heard from time to time.

Sounds of children playing in a sports yard are heard from the distance.

Dvori swings higher and higher.

Shmulik's shoe is thrown in. Shmulik runs in to get it.

Dvori: *(Swinging)* What are you looking at?

Shmulik: Nothing. *(He keeps looking)*

Dvori: Stop looking.

Shmulik: That's dangerous, what you're...

- Dvori:** So what?
- Shmulik:** It's an old swing. You'll fly off.
- Dvori:** Maybe I want to. What do you care?
- Shmulik:** Why are you talking to me like that?
- Dvori:** I talk however I feel like talking.
- Shmulik:** Don't talk to me that way!
- Dvori:** Why, what're you going to do about it?
- Shmulik:** What do you want from me?
- Dvori:** I know it's you who put that note in my bag.
- Shmulik:** What note?
- Dvori:** You know what note, because you put it there.
- Shmulik:** I did not.
- Dvori:** You did too. I saw you hanging out around there.
- Shmulik:** Around where?
- Dvori:** Around my bag. In the gym.
- Shmulik:** I didn't put any note anywhere, okay?
- Dvori:** You did too, because I found it when you left. So don't tell me you didn't. And don't tell me how I should swing, because I don't want anything to do with you, got it?
- Shmulik:** *(Burst out at her)* What do I give a shit about how you swing? You can crack your skull open for all I care. I'm just minding my own business, so back off. Who do you think you are anyway?
- Dvori:** I don't want you to talk to me.
- Shmulik:** I'm not.
- Dvori:** Then shut up.
- Shmulik:** You better watch it.
- Dvori:** Who's asking you?
- Shmulik:** You better be careful, Dvori.

Dvori: Is that a threat?

Asaf, Gidi and Sela run in playing ball. Shmulik doesn't see them.

Asaf: *(Throws the ball at Shmulik)* Catch, Shmulik!

Shmulik: Asshole!

During the scene the boys will keep passing the ball violently between them from time to time. It is obvious that Dvori is in love with Asaf. She picks up a magazine, pretends that she's reading.

Sela: I'm not going to any pilot's course, even if they ask me to.

Gidi: We've heard that before.

Sela: You don't think I mean it?

Gidi: You'd turn down a pilot's course?

Sela: You bet I would. Pilots are soft. I'm going for the commandos or the frogmen. And if I don't make it, I'll take a naval officers' course.

Shmulik: Hey, why does Helen Keller masturbate with one hand?

Sela: 'Cause she needs the other one to moan. Why did Helen Keller flunk her driving test?

Shmulik: Why?

Sela: 'Cause she's a woman.

Gidi: I'm lighting a cigarette, so don't throw me the ball.

(He puts the cigarette in his mouth) How much you want to bet, if they tell you to, you'll be going like a little girl?

Sela throws the ball at Gidi's head. The cigarette falls. Gidi swears.

Sela: You don't believe that if I say I won't go, I won't go?
Gidi: No.
Sela: You don't?
Gidi: No.
Sela: Then don't.
Gidi: I don't.
Sela: Why not?
Gidi: Why not?
Sela: Why not?
Gidi: 'Cause I don't.
Sela: Then don't believe me.
Gidi: Believe what?
Sela: What we were just talking about.
Gidi: What were we just talking about?
Sela: Whatever, shit head!

Sela throws the ball, just missing Dvori's face.

Asaf: *(to Dvori)* You better find somewhere else to sit.
Dvori: Why?
Asaf: Because you're going to get your head knocked off.
Dvori: It's O.K.
Asaf: What's O.K?
Dvori: I'm not afraid.
Asaf: Of what?
Dvori: Of the ball. I'm not afraid.

Asaf looks at Dvori, she's excited. Shmulik throws the ball straight at Dvori's head. Asaf stops the ball with his hand.

Gidi: (To **Dvori**) If he hadn't caught that, you'd have had your head knocked off already.

Sela: Didn't you hear her? She's not afraid.

Shmulik: She could be with you in the commandos.

Dvori: Wh-What?

Gidi: You're in my sister's class, aren't you?

Dvori: Yeah.

Gidi: So why aren't you on the annual school trip?

Dvori: I hate school trips. I don't hang out with kids from my class either.

Gidi: How come?

Dvori: 'Cause they don't interest me.

Pause. They all examine her.

Gidi: Want a cigarette?

Dvori: What kind?

He takes out a pack of "Broadway"

Dvori: I only smoke "Nelsons".

Sela: How 'bout that.

Gidi: Me too. But the store was all out.

Dvori: I know, so I bought "Sheratons". But I left them at home.

She looks at Asaf from time to time to check if he follows.

Gidi: So you want one or not?

Dvori: Okay.

Gidi hands her a cigarette and lights it. She smokes.

Asaf: What are you reading?

Dvori: “Motor”.

Sela: How ‘bout that.

Gidi: *(mimicking Sela)* How ‘bout that.

Asaf: You’re into motorbikes?

Dvori: I’m saving up for one.

Gidi: What kind?

Dvori: Depends on how much I save.

Asaf: What kind do you like?

Dvori: What, like, if I had enough money? CBR-600.

Sela: You only like the Japanese ones?

Dvori: Italians too.

Gidi: Which kind?

Dvori: Ducatti.

Sela: Which one?

Dvori: They say the 851’s pretty good.

Sela: True.

They start playing ball again.

Asaf: Who says?

She becomes silent, uncertain if he is serious or not.

Dvori: People.

Asaf: What people?

Dvori: Like, the experts.

Asaf: What do they say?

Huh, Dvori, what do they say?

Dvori: That they're good for taking sharp turns.

Asaf: So what kind you gonna buy?

Shmulik: *(Bursts out)* What motorcycle?... She's not buying any motorcycle! What are you listening to all her bullshit for? Who are you kidding about buying a motorcycle?

Dvori: Well, I am, okay?

Asaf: *(To Shmulik)* You got your period or something? What are you butting in for? *(Threatens Shmulik with the ball)*

Shmulik: Son of a bitch!

Dvori: A secondhand Suzuki GS-500.

Asaf: What?

Dvori: That's what I'll buy... when I save up.

Asaf: Cool.

Dvori is encouraged by his reaction.

- Dvori:** I want to go to Eilat. Ride down that straight road? When you drive to Eilat, like at night, and the road's empty, you can speed as fast as you want.
- Asaf:** And you're not afraid?
- Dvori:** I'm not afraid of anything.
- Sela:** How 'bout that.
- Asaf:** We're... Dvori, right? We're going on a motorcycle trip on Yom Kippur. You can come if you want.
- Shmulik:** No way.
- Dvori:** But I won't have one by then.
- Asaf:** We'll manage.
- Shmulik:** What d'you mean we'll manage? There are four of us, and two bikes. Where are you going to put her?
- Asaf:** I told you, we'll manage.
- Shmulik:** You gonna drag her behind with a cable?
- Asaf:** *(To Dvori)* Ignore him. He just got his period.
- Shmulik:** *(Throws the ball at Asaf)* Shut up!
- Asaf:** So, what else do you like besides motorcycles?
- Dvori:** What do you mean?
- Asaf:** I dunno... after school activities...
- Dvori:** *(Quickly)* No way?!
- Asaf:** You want to come with us to the reservoir tonight?
- Dvori:** I don't mind.
- Shmulik:** *(With Anger)* What do you want her there for?
- Sela:** *(To Shmulik)* Cool it.
- Shmulik:** What do we need her for? I don't want her to come, okay? She doesn't belong there.

Asaf: *(To Dvori)* You like fish?

Dvori: Fish?

Asaf: You like?

Dvori: What fish?

Asaf: What kind do you like?

Dvori: You mean, what kind do I like to eat?

Asaf: Yup.

Dvori: I don't know. Fried.

Asaf: We'll fry you some.

Gidi: I'll bring beer.

Sela: What's with you and beer?

Gidi: It's hot. And it goes well with fish. What's your problem?

Sela: All he does is smoke and drink all day. You're going soft, Gidi.

Gidi: So?

Sela: You're gonna end up a real fag.

Gidi: *(hugging Sela from behind)* Oh, sweetheart...

Sela: *(pushing Gidi away)* Shut the fuck up!!

Dvori: Should I bring my tape deck?

Asaf: Sure, why not.

Gidi: What tapes do you have?

Dvori: All kinds. What should I bring?

Asaf: Bring something good.

Dvori: Well, I mean, what do you like?

Sela: Bring something good. What are you making such a big deal out of it for?

Dvori: No 'cause I don't know if...

Asaf: What?

Dvori: I have all kinds... I don't know what you're in to...

Sela: Bring anything!

Dvori: It'll take me two minutes. (*Looking at them, worried that they may leave*)

Asaf: We'll be right here.

Dvori: I'll be right back.

She runs out.

Asaf: Dvori...

Dvori: What?

Asaf: Come here for a second.

She moves towards him, her heart beating.

You've got something in your hair. A leaf. (*hands her the leaf*) Off you go.

Dvori runs out.

Asaf: Dvori! Come here for a second.

Dvori stops.

Bring a big frying pan. Do you have big frying pan?

Dvori: I've got all kinds. I can bring two. Like, two different sizes...

Asaf: Bring one. Or bring two if you want.

- Dvori:** I'll bring two.
- Asaf:** What do we need two for?
- Dvori:** How many should I bring?
- Asaf:** As many as you want.
- Dvori:** I'll bring one. Or... two.

*She runs out excited, bumps into something and almost falls down. She leaves.
The boys start kicking the ball. **Shmulik** looks at them.*

- Shmulik:** What are you bringing her to the reservoir for?
- Sela:** To clean the fish. What's your problem?

Pause.

- Shmulik:** Are you gonna' fuck her?

Pause.

You're gonna' fuck her, that's it, isn't it?! You're gonna' fuck her.

- Gidi:** What's his problem?
- Shmulik:** You want to fuck her, is that it?
- Sela:** What's the matter with you? She's just a ninth-grader...
- Shmulik:** A ninth-grader? She's psycho!
- Gidi:** Calm down. Why do you make such a big deal out of everything?
- Shmulik:** *(Catches the ball, stopping the game)* Because I don't want her at the reservoir tonight, okay?
- Sela:** We told you, she'll clean the fish.

Shmulik: I'll clean them, okay?

Asaf: You can clean them together.

Gidi: What have you got against her?

Shmulik: She's a bitch. A psycho. She stuffs her bra.

Sela: The hell she does.

Shmulik: I'm telling you, she puts cotton balls in her bra.

Gidi: You've seen it?

Shmulik: I know.

Sela: Cotton balls, my ass.

Asaf: First chance we get, we'll check it out, all right?

Blackout.

Scene Three

The Court Yard.

*The four **Counsels** walk in together.*

Counsel (G): What do you think of her?

Counsel (Se): Which one?

Counsel (G): The prosecutor. We're talking about the prosecutor.

Short Pause.

Counsel (Se): She's O.K. Nice ass. Small but plump.

*The **Prosecutor** walks in overhearing the **Counsel**.*

Prosecutor: Thank you.

Counsel (Se): (*Embarrassed*) Sorry.

Prosecutor: What for? It's a compliment.

Counsel (A): (*Trying to be nice*) What was it you wanted to talk to us about? You said there was something you wanted to discuss.

Prosecutor: You first. You said you had a proposal. Let's hear it.

Counsel (A): I imagine we're all talking about the same thing.

Prosecutor: And what is that?

Counsel (A): The closure of the "*Gan Veradim*" case, or at least a request to delay it, because...

Counsel (Sh): (*Interrupts him*) Because where's the logic in an indictment for having intercourse with a consenting minor, when the boys were minors themselves? What can you get out of this? You've got no case. They were all under 17.

Pause.

Counsel (G): Think it over... You don't have to decide right now. We can discuss it later. We're on our way to the judge. He asked to see us.

They turn to go.

Counsel (A): Just a minute. What's your proposal?

Prosecutor: I don't have a proposal. I have an announcement. I've changed the indictment from "*intercourse with a consenting minor*" to "*gang rape*". I've informed the judge. That's why he's asked to see you.

Counsel (A): *(Amazed)* What?!

Prosecutor: According to Clause 1, Paragraph 345 of the criminal code:

“Whosoever has non-consensual sexual intercourse with a minor of under 16 years of age, in the presence of another or others who have come together to commit the rape, by one or more of them, is perceived by the law to be a rapist and is subject to 20 years imprisonment”.

Pause

Counsel (A): What do you know today that you didn't know yesterday?

Prosecutor: That they had intercourse with her against her will.

Counsel (G): What are you talking about? She didn't resist. She didn't scream. She didn't leave, even though she wasn't physically coerced.

Prosecutor: True.

Counsel (Sh): Then what do you want?

Prosecutor: Her lack of resistance was not a sign of willingness, consent or cooperation. It was a sign of helplessness, of humiliation, of wretchedness. They cunningly manipulated her to the point where she was no more than an object, with no identity or independent will.

Counsel (Se): That's an abstract argument with no basis in physical reality. No judge will buy it. We're talking facts. Hard data. Evidence...

Prosecutor: We're talking about human lives. We're talking about justice.

Counsel (Se): The judicial system is based on law, not justice. And the nature of the law is to fall short of justice, but women, in their nature – and take this as a compliment, are too naïve and romantic to understand the substance of that fact.

They turn to go once again. She hesitates for a moment.

Prosecutor: Have you heard about the baby in Tibet that was born half male, half female?

Pause

With a cunt and a brain!

Blackout

Scene Four

The backyard.

Early evening. Asaf plays with the ball. Gidi and Sela are playing and hitting each other. Shmulik performs a few Japanese marshal arts moves. It is obvious that he is familiar with this craft.

Gidi and Sela make fun of him and imitate him.

Shmulik attacks Gidi in response.

Sela Comes to help Gidi and takes off Shmulik's pants.

Music is heard from the distance. Asaf gets their attention. They immediately hide: Asaf first. Sela and Gidi next. Shmulik is the last to hide. Dvori runs in, holding a frying pan in one hand and a big tape, playing loud music, in the other. She stops in her tracks realizing that there is no one there. She starts walking back helplessly. They jump up behind her.

Asaf: Where were you, Dvori? We were looking for you...

Just kidding... come on...

Dvori: *(Starts to relax, laughs)* You'll never believe what happened with the guard! He's like, "Where are you going?" So I'm like, "To the yard", so he says, "What's the frying pan for? To steal fish from the reservoir?" So I said, "No way, it's this new ball game, where you catch the ball with a pan. What fish? What do I want with fish?"

She laughs and then suddenly stops, out of embarrassment.

When are we going?

- Shmulik:** We're not.
- Asaf:** -It's too soon. There are still workers there. We have to wait for dark.
Did you tell your mother you'd be home late?
- Dvori:** I don't ask for her permission.
- Sela:** She's right. What is she, a baby?
- Gidi:** Want a beer?
- Dvori:** All right.
- Asaf:** Aren't you a bit young for beer? *(Takes the beer away and puts it aside)*
- Dvori:** I've been drinking since I was 13. I started smoking... even before that. *(Takes out a packet of "Sheraton" from her pocket. Gidi lights her cigarette)* I also smoke weed if I feel like it. I don't care what anyone says.

Asaf takes off his shirt. Dvori looks embarrassed.

It's hot... it was like 40 degrees today. You could hear fire sirens going off all day. I can finish off three cans at once.

- Sela:** What do you know?
- Dvori:** I've done it lots of times.
- Sela:** Na!
- Shmulik:** Go home, have a party with your Barbie dolls! Ha ha...

The boys are amused by his laughter.

- Dvori:** Nobody asked you. They invited me.
- Shmulik:** They're laughing at you, don't you get it.

Gidi: It's you we're laughing at, Shmulik, Catch!

*Gidi shakes the beer and hands it over to **Shmulik**.*

Gidi: Have a beer. Relax.

Shmulik: *(Opens the beer. It overflows.)* Assholes...

Sela: Give me a beer.

Gidi: Well, go on, Dvori, let's see you finish three cans all at once.

Dvori: I don't feel like it right now...

Gidi: You can finish three beers at once?

Dvori: Yeah.

Gidi: If you can down three cans, I'm a bulletin board!

Sela: *(Hitting Gidi on his back)* Come on then, let's stick a bulletin on you...

Gidi: *(To Sela)* Fuck off, Little girls don't drink three cans of beer at once.

Dvori: You don't have to believe me...

Asaf: Don't you care that people don't believe you?

Dvori: How much you wanna' bet I can drink three cans at once?

Asaf: *(to Gidi)* One's enough.

Dvori: I can drink three.

Gidi: Start with one.

Gidi throws the first can. She catches it and begins to drink.

The beer trickles down her body as she drinks. She finishes the first can.

Gidi throws the second can at her. She finishes the second can.

Gidi throws the third can at her. Asaf catches the can.

- Asaf:** Two's enough.
- Dvori:** I can drink three.
- Gidi:** She's not a little girl.
- Sela:** She's definitely a big girl.
- Dvori:** *(loses her confidence immediately)* Are you making fun of me?
- Asaf:** Why would we do that?

They go back to playing ball. Gidi looks through her bag.

- Gidi:** What tapes did you bring?
- Dvori:** All kinds. Nick Cave. Metallica. Public Enemy.
- Sela:** So, no good old Israeli folk songs, huh?
- Dvori:** I hate Israeli songs. "Sing-alongs" make me sick. I hate Israeli music in general. I like music that's... like... I dunno... that you can dance to. And all the poison oozes out of you. Like poison.
- Gidi:** How about the Beatles?
- Dvori:** Ew!

The four boys stop suddenly in shock. She's worried that she may have exaggerated.

- I mean, they're okay sometimes... The White Alboom is, like, okay...
- Sela:** You had us worried...

They start playing again.

- Gidi:** Album, not alboom.
- Dvori:** What?

- Sela:** She said it right. It's alboom, not album.
- Gidi:** It's an English word. Album. With a *kummutz* vowel.
- Sela:** What's *kummutz*?
- Gidi:** It's the "u" sound.
- Sela:** You mean *kubbutz*, you moron!
- Shmulik:** It's the *shuruk* vowel.
- Sela:** No it's not. It's *kubbutz*.
- Gidi:** What kibbutz?
- Asaf:** (*To Dvori*) You feel like dancing?
- Dvori:** When?
- Asaf:** Whenever you want.
- Dvori:** Where?
- Asaf:** Anywhere you want.
- Dvori:** What do you mean?
- Asaf:** What, are you shy?
- Dvori:** What, like now?
- Asaf:** Whenever you want.

Silence. She's not quite sure if he is being serious or not.

- Dvori:** Why would I dance?
- Shmulik:** They're just messing with you, don't you get it?
- Sela:** Who's messing? We're asking her to dance. She brought a tape deck with music, so we're asking her to dance. What do you want?
- Shmulik:** (*Shouts*) They're gonna' have their way with you!
- Sela:** Shut up! We're asking her to dance. What's the matter with you?

Dvori: (To *Shmulik*) I told you to butt out of my business.

Sela: (To *Asaf*) Something wrong with asking a girl to dance?

Dvori looks at Asaf, waiting for his answer.

Asaf: Not at all.

Gidi turns the tape on. Music is heard. They encourage her to dance.

Dvori: What, dance here?

Asaf: Anywhere you want.

Dvori: I don't know...

Sela: (*losing his patience*) It's just a dance, not a trip to the moon. What's there to think about?

Dvori: What, I'll just start dancing right here, right in the middle...?

Sela: (*pushing Gidi towards her*) Gidi will dance with you. He goes clubbing. He puts on his mother's dress and...

Gidi: (*Throws the ball at Sela*) Shut up!

Dvori: It's not that... It's just that... I don't feel comfortable.

Pause.

Sela: Then don't dance!

They go back to playing ball, passing it from one to the other. Shmulik joins in.

Dvori slowly starts to dance. They eventually stop playing and look at her. She closes her eyes, allows herself to impress them. Gidi turns up the Volume. The dance becomes more and more energetic.

Shmulik looks at her dancing from a distance, anger building up within himself.

Then, during the climax of the dance, he goes over and stops the music.

- Shmulik:** Go the fuck home, you hear me?
- Dvori:** *(Excited)* I didn't ask you. *(Goes over to the tape, wants to turn it on)*
- Shmulik:** Get the fuck out of here, you slut!
- Dvori:** I'm not afraid of you.
- Asaf:** *(Pulls Shmulik to the side)* Calm down, man.
- Shmulik:** What are you, her lawyer?
- Asaf:** You're uptight, Shmulik. Uptight and annoying.
- Shmulik:** You want to fuck her, huh?
- Sela:** What's your problem? Got a hard-on? Go somewhere and do something about it. What are you blaming us for?
- Shmulik:** Shut up!
- Dvori:** *(Breathes heavily)* God, it's hot.
- Asaf:** You want me to cool you off?
- Dvori:** What do you mean?
- Asaf:** Should I splash some water on you?
- Dvori:** *(giggles)* I'll get wet.
- Asaf:** So, what? You won't melt. It'll only cool you down a bit. Want me to?
- Dvori:** I don't mind...
- Asaf:** *(To Gidi)* Go, turn on the water.
- Gidi:** Wha..?
- Asaf:** Turn on the water.

Gidi turns the water on. Asaf Splashes water all over Dvori. She laughs with pleasure. Her clothes get soaked. She shakes herself off.

Gidi: You'll dry off in a second. It's as hot as a furnace out here.

Dvori: Feels good!
Gidi: Want a cigarette?
Dvori: Yes.

Gidi hands her a cigarette.

Asaf: You shouldn't smoke. It's bad for you.
Gidi: Whatever! Here, have a cigarette. The atom bomb will get us before cancer does. We won't grow old anyway, so what's the big deal? Here, have a cigarette. *(takes out his lighter for her)*
Dvori: *(Looks at Asaf)* I don't feel like a cigarette right now.
Asaf: Good girl. Are you cold in that wet shirt?
Sela: You can take it off if you're cold.
Asaf: Why should she take it off? It'll dry off in a sec.
Dvori: I don't mind being wet.
Gidi: If you do, take it off.
Asaf: So where did you learn to dance?
Dvori: By myself.
Asaf: Really? Cause the way you dance, you could really make it big.
Dvori: No, that wasn't so great just now.
Gidi: It was great.
Dvori: No... 'cause... usually I dance... a lot more...
Asaf: A lot more, what?
Dvori: More, like... I don't know...
Asaf: You being shy?
Sela + Gidi: She's shy...
Dvori: I'm not Shy.

Asaf: So how do you usually dance?

Dvori: *(Not certain again if he's serious or not)* Do you... really want to know?

Asaf: I really do.

Dvori: Sometimes, I like... I go all the way when I dance.

Asaf: Go where?

Dvori: Some people scratch themselves, like... cut themselves here...
(Demonstrate) And when they do that, they feel... on fire... Well that's what I feel like when I dance. I don't care, everyone can just drop dead for all I care, as long as I can fly.

Asaf: *(Softly)* Then show us.

Gidi turns on the tape again.

Dvori: *(Embarrassed)* I can't... just start...

Asaf: Come on, show us how you fly.

Dvori closes her eyes, starts dancing. The dance becomes very provocative.

Shmulik throws the ball at Dvori and stops the music. Dvori picks up the ball and throws it away.

Shmulik: Go get the ball!

Dvori: Don't wanna'!

Shmulik: *(Shouts)* You idiot. All they're looking for is an open hole.

Sela and Gidi push him aside.

(Pushes back) What do you want with her?

Asaf: We're playing.

- Shmulik:** With what?
- Asaf:** With your sister. *(To Dvori)* You like to play?
- Dvori:** Depends on what.
- Asaf:** Want to play *Blind Man's Buff*?
- Dvori:** That's a kid's game.
- Asaf:** *(Cynically to Gidi and Sela)* Blind Man's Buff???
- Dvori:** O.K. I don't care. Who's the blind man?
- Shmulik:** You!
- Dvori:** Shut up!

Asaf removes a piece of fabric tied around Dvori's waist and ties it around her eyes.

- Asaf:** Why don't you tell us a story while you're looking for us?
- Dvori:** No way!
- Asaf:** You write stories for the school paper, don't you?
- Dvori:** *(Excited)* You've read them?
- Asaf:** We all have. *(He spins her three times)* Three... Two... One...
- All:** Blind Man's Buff!!

The game has begun. Shmulik sits away from them, not in the game.

- Dvori:** So what story should I tell?
- Asaf:** Make one up.
- Dvori:** O.K.

She starts looking for them with her eyes covered. It is obvious that she's mainly after Asaf.

It's about a 13-year-old girl.

Sela: What's her name?

Dvori: Wait, I'm making it up. Her name's Jasmine. Her parents are divorced. She and her mother moved to a new place. Her mother works all day. She has no money and she gets bored. She can't stand the girls in her class either. She only has one friend, who lives far away. Her lips are always blue, as if she's always cold.

Gidi: *(Touches her)* Who?

Dvori: *(Touches Gidi, laughs and recognizes him)* Gidi.

Asaf+Sela: You're out!

Dvori: Her friend, whose got the blue lips...

Asaf pulls Gidi out of the game. Begins spinning Dvori once again.

Asaf: So, one day, what happens?

Dvori: *(Following his voice)* One day her friend takes her to see this old man, who's a poet, and he lives in a basement and all the windows are barred. And her and her friend stand outside on the ground, and he's standing inside his house, which is beneath them, and looks up at them through the bars, and her and her friend lift up their skirts a bit, and he looks up, and after a while he sticks his hand into his pants, into his pocket, and takes out some money and gives it to them. To her and her friend.

Sela touches her. She recognizes him.

Sela.

Asaf+Gidi: You're out!

Sela: *(Being pulled out of the game by Asaf)* Is that a true story?

Dvori: Of course not.

Asaf: *(Spins her once again)* And what do they do with the money?

Dvori: They go to this kiosk and spend it on candy and cigarettes. And then one day, the old man invites them into his house.

Asaf: And what happens then?

Dvori: *(following his voice, her hands forward)* He tells them that he had two daughters who died in the Holocaust, and that he wants to adopt them.

Asaf: That's what goes on in your head?

Sela grabs Dvori's hands from behind. Gidi forces her to drink the third beer can. She drinks a bit, coughs, then spits it out.

Sela: How 'bout that!

Dvori: I can't play like this. I need my hands to keep playing.

Asaf: *(Moving the boys away)* You heard her. She needs her hands.

Asaf spins her one last time. She follows him in silence, hoping to catch him.

Asaf: Are you a virgin?

Dvori: No way.

At the last moment Asaf pulls Shmulik up and places him in front of Dvori's hands. She touches Shmulik, believing that he is Asaf. She is very excited. She takes off the handkerchief when she realizes she was fooled.

- Dvori:** (To *Shmulik*) I don't want anything to do with you.
- Shmulik:** And you think I do with you?
- Dvori:** (To *Asaf*) You were standing here a minute ago.
- Asaf:** I wanted the two of you to make up. I don't like fights.
- Dvori:** He's an asshole. I don't want anything to do with him.
- Shmulik:** And you think I do with you?
- Asaf:** What've you got against him?
- Dvori:** He put a note in my bag. He cursed out me and my mom.
- Shmulik:** I didn't write any note. I told you she's a bitch!
- Dvori:** You're always trying to annoy me. I see you every night, hanging around the fig tree outside my window. And even today you kept trying to get rid of me, even though they invited me...
- Shmulik:** They only want to...
- Asaf:** (Interrupts him) You know why he's so pissed off at you?
- Dvori:** Why?
- Asaf:** He says that you stuff your bra with cotton balls. That makes him mad.
- Dvori:** I don't.
- Asaf:** That's what we told him... but he doesn't believe us. He's suspicious, that's just the way he is.
- Shmulik:** C'mon, cut it out.
- Sela:** (to *Dvori*) Wait a minute. Do you put cotton balls in your bra?
- Dvori:** Of course not!
- Sela:** So let him see for a second that you don't, and that'll be that.
- Dvori:** No way!
- Asaf:** C'mon. Let's drop it. If she does, it's her own private business.
- Dvori:** But I don't...

Asaf: (To *Shmulik*) What do you care if she does or she doesn't?

Shmulik: (Embarrassed) You don't get it. That's not what I meant...

Asaf: So what did you mean?

Shmulik: I can't tell you right now.

Dvori: I don't stuff my bra!

Gidi: So let him see for a second and that's it. What's the big deal?

Dvori: Why should I show him?

Sela: To shut him up. How much can one person talk?

Dvori: I don't want to show him!!

Pause.

Sela: (To *Gidi and Asaf*) So she stuffs her bra. (To *Shmulik*) So what? What's wrong with that? She's just a little girl who wants people to think that she's got some. What's your problem?

Dvori: I don't stuff my bra and I don't want to show him.

Long Pause.

Asaf: You want to show someone else? Gidi? or Sela? And they'll tell him.

Dvori: No.

Asaf: (Quietly) Do you want to show me?

Silence.

(Whispers) I can't hear you. (He touches her chin with his finger) You want to?

Dvori: I don't mind.

Asaf takes her aside. She turns her back to the boys and takes off her bra. She shows it to him. Asaf shows the bra to the rest of the boys.

Asaf: No cotton balls. (*Showing it Shmulik*) You want to touch? Confirm?

Silence.

Sela: Made fun of her for no reason.

Silence.

Gidi: Maybe you should go home, Shmulik. Tomorrow's another day...

Pause. Shmulik heads home.

Shmulik: Go down to the army base. Have yourself ten all at once!! Why stop at three?!

Dvori: Shut your mouth...

Asaf: She's right.

Shmulik: Go the fuck home, Dvori!

Dvori: You go the fuck home. I don't care what you say. Who the fuck are you?!

Asaf: She's right. Isn't she right?

Shmulik: (*Stops walking away*) You dirty slut!

Dvori: Shut your dirty mouth!

Gidi: Go home, Shmulik.

Shmulik: You shut your dirty cunt!

Dvori: Deformed little dwarf, that's what you are.

Shmulik: *(Heads back to hit her)* You're dead, Dvori! I'm gonna' beat the shit out of you!

Gidi and Sela hold Shmulik back. He manages to release himself from them. Asaf is now the one to hold Shmulik back.

Take your hands off me, shit head!

Suddenly, Asaf releases Shmulik, who storms in the direction of Dvori.

Shmulik freezes in front of Dvori, unable to hit her. He starts crying.

He backs off, starting to feel an asthma attack coming on.

Gidi: Go home, Shmulik. The lady doesn't want you. You heard what she said...

Shmulik: *(Starts to exit, kicking things on his way)* Assholes! Fuckers!

Sela and Gidi both plan to 'make a move' towards Dvori. Closing in on her from both sides.

Sela: *(Turns Dvori to face him)* You want to make out with me?

Dvori: What?

Silence

No, of course not.

Sela: Why not?

Dvori: I'm tired...

Sela: You can rest later.
Dvori: Not now...
Sela: When?
Dvori: Later.
Sela: Why not now?
Dvori: I'm tired.
Gidi: What's the matter? You didn't sleep last night?
Dvori: I slept.
Sela: So how come you're so tired?
Dvori: *(moves away, almost crying)* I don't know.

Pause.

Sela: You have something against me?
Dvori: No.
Sela: So why are you acting like that?
Dvori: I'm not acting like...
Sela: We're trying to give you some attention and you keep saying you're tired, as if you were up, dealing with the chickens all night.
Dvori: What attention?
Asaf: Some warm attention. It's a cold world.

Pause. Sela starts singing to himself.

Sela: *"Warm affection, get attention... Now and then...Here and there."*

Asaf and Gidi join in. Dvori, feeling left out, moves towards her bag in order to leave. Asaf throws the ball at Dvori. She catches it, uncertain whether to stay or go.

Asaf: Do you even know how to kiss, Dvori?

Dvori: Yes.

Asaf: You want to kiss me?

She nods.

Well?

She goes over to him. He takes the ball out of her hands gently and puts her bag on the ground. She gives him a short kiss.

Asaf: Is that the best you can do?

Asaf tries to kiss her again. She resists.

What's the matter?

Dvori: Maybe they should leave?

Asaf: I can't tell them to go. They're my friends.

Asaf turns her around, her back facing the rest of the boys. They kiss. After a short while Asaf suddenly backs away, takes his bag and intends to leave.

Asaf: *(to the boys)* C'mon.

Gidi: What's wrong with you?

Asaf: Enough.

*He turns to look at **Shmulik**, who has been watching all from a distance.*

*(to **Shmulik**)* What's wrong? You stuck? What're you waiting for?
You wanted something from her, didn't you? Look, his hand's tired
from jerking off!

***Shmulik** takes out a switchblade. They all jump back in fear. The blade won't pop out. They all laugh at him.*

Sela: What's the matter, cowboy, can't get it up?

Dvori: *(To **Shmulik**, in defiance)* Even if I felt like it, I'd do it with everyone
and not with you!

Sela: *(To **Shmulik**)* Did you hear that?! *(Moves towards **Dvori**)*

Dvori: I'd never with you! Cause you're pathetic, that's what you are.

Asaf: *(To **Dvori**)* You wanna' go for it standing up?!

Dvori: What?

Asaf: You want to do it now, standing up?

*Short Pause. **Gidi** opens another can.*

Dvori: What... do you mean?

Asaf: I was just asking if you wanted to swing standing up ... or are you
scared?

Dvori: No. I actually like it standing up.

They lift her onto the swing and start swinging her. They touch her body.

Shmulik joins in.

Night. Crickets in the background get louder and louder.

Blackout.

Scene 5

The Courtroom.

Prosecutor: Shmuel Kooper, had you ever experienced any sexual encounters prior to the incident?

Shmulik: What?

Prosecutor: Do you not know what a sexual encounter is?

Shmulik: I do.

Prosecutor: Then answer the question.

Shmulik: I didn't have any.

Prosecutor: Sela Borochoy, had you ever experienced any sexual encounters prior to the incident?

Pause.

I can't hear you!

Sela: *(With Anger)* I didn't answer!

Prosecutor: I asked, had you ever...

Sela: I heard the question.

Prosecutor: Then answer!

Sela: I didn't.

- Prosecutor:** What?
- Sela:** Have a sexual encounter!
- Prosecutor:** Gidi Betser, how about you?
- Gidi:** No.
- Prosecutor:** No what?
- Gidi:** No sexual encounters.
- Prosecutor:** Asaf Sacharov...
- Asaf:** *(Interrupts her)* I have!!
- Prosecutor:** That's very nice, although that's not what I was about to ask you. I simply wanted to ask, whether the three defendants here, are good friends of yours?
- Asaf:** Yeah. We were in the same grade.
- Prosecutor:** Sela, what were your plans that afternoon, on the day of the incident?
- Sela:** We were planning on going to the reservoir.
- Prosecutor:** What were you planning to do at a reservoir?
- Sela:** Nothing special. Go for a swim.
- Prosecutor:** You weren't planning on going for a swim, you were planning on stealing fish! And what happened? Did you go to the reservoir?
- Sela:** No, because... *(Becomes silent)*
- Prosecutor:** Sela Borochoy, why didn't you go stealing fish? Was your conscience bothering you?!
- Sela:** No.
- Prosecutor:** Then why didn't you go?
- Sela:** Cause...
- Prosecutor:** Because what?
- Sela:** Because our plans changed.
- Prosecutor:** Who changed them? Dvori?

- Sela:** Kind of...
- Prosecutor:** What happened? You arrived at the old playground and found a new, more exciting plan?
- Sela:** No.
- Prosecutor:** Then why didn't you go steal some fish, as you had planned?
- Sela:** Cause...
- Prosecutor:** Because when you saw Dvori, sitting so innocently on the swing, it occurred to you that she might be a promising alternative plan? A sexual experience for free?
- Sela:** *(Shouts)* She asked for it!!!
- Prosecutor:** How did she "ask for it"? Did she say that she wanted you to have sex with her?
- Sela:** She said that she would have sex with who ever she felt like.
- Prosecutor:** Did she mention any names?
- Sela:** We were the only ones there.
- Prosecutor:** Did she say, "Sela, I want to have sex with you?"
- Sela:** Not in those words.
- Prosecutor:** In what words, then?
- Sela:** She said she would have sex with who ever she felt like.
- Prosecutor:** And she said that to you?
- Sela:** Not to me. But I heard her say it.
- Prosecutor:** To whom did she say it?
- Sela:** To Shmulik.
- Prosecutor:** Then, perhaps she meant that she would have sex with Shmulik?
- Sela:** No way. She said she'd have sex with whoever she felt like, except for... *(Realizes and becomes silent)*
- Prosecutor:** Except for whom?

Pause.

I can't hear you!

Sela: *(With Anger)* I didn't answer!!!

Prosecutor: Except for whom?

Sela: *(Lowers his head)* Except for him.

Prosecutor: Who?

Sela: Except Shmulik.

Prosecutor: In other words, she wanted you and Gidi and Asaf - everyone except Shmulik.

Sela: *(Whispers)* Yes.

Prosecutor: Then you admit that at least Shmulik had sexual intercourse with her against her will?

Pause.

I don't hear you!

Sela: *(Shouts)* Ask Shmulik!!

Prosecutor: Don't worry about Shmulik. I'll get to him. I'm asking you. Do you admit to the fact that Shmulik had sexual intercourse with her against her will?

Sela: Uh...

Prosecutor: Answer the question!

Pause.

Answer the Question!!

Sela: Yes!

Prosecutor: Yes, what?

Sela: He had sex with her against her will.

Prosecutor: Who did?

Sela: *(Shouts)* Shmulik!!!

Prosecutor: There's no need to raise your voice.

Sela: She was a slut. She told us that she used to go visit this old man and would take off her clothes for money!

Prosecutor: That was just one of her stories that she used to make up, as you very well know.

Sela: *(Shouts)* No one just makes up stories like that!

Prosecutor: *(Ignores)* What about you, Gidi Betser? Were you under the impression that she wanted to have sex with you as well?

Gidi: Yes.

Prosecutor: What may have given you that impression?

Gidi: *(Whispers)* What she said to Shmulik.

Prosecutor: What did she say to Shmulik?

Gidi: What Sela said.

Prosecutor: But now I'm asking you.

Gidi: She said she'd have sex with everyone except for him.

Prosecutor: Then you, too, admit that at least Shmulik had sex with her against her will?

Pause.

Raise your voice.

- Gidi:** Yes.
- Shmulik:** *(To himself)* Assholes!!!
- Prosecutor:** What's the matter, Shmulik? Angry at them for selling you out?
- Shmulik:** *(Loses control)* She only wanted Asaf! She didn't want them either!
- Prosecutor:** Either?
- Shmulik:** *(confused)* What?
- Prosecutor:** Then you admit to the fact that you had sexual intercourse with her against her will, and that they also had sexual intercourse with her against her will?
- Sela:** That's a lie!
- Prosecutor:** *(To Shmulik)* They claim that you're lying. That she wanted everyone except for you!
- Shmulik:** She only wanted Asaf! She didn't want them either!
- Prosecutor:** In that case, they had sexual intercourse with her against her will?
- Asaf:** *(Interrupts)* That's pure manipulation! That doesn't prove that they raped her!
- Prosecutor:** *(Polity)* And who better to teach us a thing or two about manipulation. I'll be getting to you, Asaf. *(Moves towards Shmulik)* As I was saying, do you admit to the fact, that according to what you saw, Sela Borochoy and Gidi Betser had sexual intercourse with Dvori Machnes against her will?

Pause, the three boys look at Shmulik.

Why do you feel so sorry for them? Shmulik, they didn't feel sorry for you.

Shmulik: Yes. They had sex with her against her will.

Shmulik is very excited. He breathes heavily and inhales Ventolin.

Prosecutor: What's the matter, Shmulik, are you having an asthma attack?

Shmulik: Yes.

Prosecutor: All of a sudden?

Shmulik: Yes.

Prosecutor: You're nervous?

Shmulik: I don't feel well.

Prosecutor: That's understandable!

Short pause. She suddenly turns to Asaf.

Asaf Sacharov, who suggested to go to the reservoir?

Asaf: Me.

Prosecutor: Who suggested playing 'catch' with the ball?

Asaf: Me.

Prosecutor: Who offered to take Dvori on a motorcycle trip?

Asaf: Me.

Prosecutor: Who offered her to dance?

Asaf: Me.

Prosecutor: Who offered to cool her down using a water hose?

Asaf: Me.

Prosecutor: Who suggested she show her bra?

Asaf: Me.

Pause.

Prosecutor: *(Quietly)* And who did not have sex with her?

Pause.

Asaf: Me.

Blackout.

Scene 6

The Courtroom.

Counsel (Sh): Then why didn't you scream, Dvori? If it hurt so much, why didn't you scream?

Dvori: No sound came out.

Counsel (Se): When does a person salivate, Dvori, do you know?

Dvori: What?

Counsel (Se): I'll tell you. A person salivates under two circumstances: Either while eating or while thinking of food.

Dvori: I don't understand.

Counsel (Se): What I'm saying is that the salivary glands, located inside the mouth, correspond with the Bartholin glands, located within the sexual organs. The glands located within the sexual organs secrete a fluid under one of two circumstances: Either by friction or by being sexually aroused.

Dvori: What do you want from me?

Counsel (Se): You didn't scream, Dvori, because it didn't hurt. And it didn't hurt because your vagina was lubricated, and your vagina was lubricated

because you were sexual aroused. I'm not saying that you had an orgasm, I'm just saying-

Dvori: I didn't feel anything except pain.

Counsel (Se): Then why didn't you scream?

Dvori: Because no sound came out.

Counsel (G): Penetration was effortless, Dvori, because your body was more than ready for it.

Dvori: That's not true.

Counsel (G): Then why didn't you contract your pelvic muscles?

Dvori: I don't understand.

Counsel (G): If you had contracted your pelvic muscles, that would have made penetration impossible.

Dvori: They raped me.

Counsel (Se): During sexual intercourse or sexual excitement, the Bartholin glands secrete a fluid, producing both vaginal and pelvic muscle relaxation, which facilitate painless penetration.

Dvori: I don't understand all those words!!

Pause.

Counsel (A): *(Politely)* Would you like to take a break, Dvori? Have a glass of water? Cigarette, maybe? You smoke, don't you?

Dvori: I don't want one!

Short pause.

Counsel (Se): Good, then let's proceed. You became sexually aroused, Dvori, the minute those boys arrived at the playground. And you arrived at the playground because you knew that those boys were going to be there.

Dvori: I already told you; I went there to swing.

Counsel (Sh): Not only did you not scream, but you didn't even cry. You claim that you were raped for an entire evening, and you didn't even cry?

Dvori: I told you already. No sound came out. I couldn't cry.

Counsel (Sh): What do you mean, no sound came out? A fourteen and ten month year old girl doesn't cry at a time like that? Then when do you cry? When they take your little doll away?

Dvori: I'm not stupid!

Counsel (Sh): Then why aren't you crying now?

Short pause.

How can it be that you're not crying? When your father died, did you cry?

Dvori: No, I didn't.

Counsel (Sh): And I'm telling you that you didn't cry during the incident, because you wanted them. They excited you. Those boys fulfilled your fantasies.

Pause.

Dvori: I have to go to the bathroom.

Counsel (Se): Dvori, calm down. If they're innocent, that doesn't mean that you're guilty.

Blackout.

Scene 7.1

The courtroom.

*The **Prosecutor** and the **Counsels** are talking to the Judge.*

Prosecutor: I object. That cross-examination was completely out of line.

Counsel (A): With all due respect, that cross-examination had everything to do with the matter at hand.

Counsel (Se): We have nothing personal against the girl!

Prosecutor: The questions asked by my colleagues, unrightfully dove into very low territories.

Counsel (A): I would like to remind my colleague that those territories are precisely the matter at hand; hence the questions naturally focus on them. The prosecutor's personal sensitivity is irrelevant.

Counsel (Sh): I don't understand... My friend here is accusing four boys of rape. A rape that never occurred, and yet at the same time is demanding that we show her some mercy?

Prosecutor: Excuse me. I would like to clarify to you sir, that during your cross-examination, you descended to a level of irrelevant harassment. The court must stop this!

Counsel (G): With all due respect, it is my colleague's argument which is irrelevant. We've conducted our cross-examination absolutely by the book.

Prosecutor: And I claim that, that was not a cross-examination. That was an additional rape!

Blackout.

Scene 7.2

*The courtroom. End of a long day in court. The **Prosecutor** and the **Counsel (A)** are about to leave.*

Counsel (A): You're right.

Prosecutor: What?

Counsel (A): Cross-examinations have their way of sinking a bit low.

Prosecutor: So?

Counsel (A): Contrary to what you may think, that doesn't make me happy.

Prosecutor: *(Smiles)* "Shoot, then cry?"

Counsel (A): That's the way it is.

Prosecutor: Spare me.

Counsel (A): *(Gets closer to her)* Could I ask you out for a cup of tea?

Prosecutor: *(Automatically)* Why tea?

Counsel (A): Make it coffee.

Prosecutor: *(Tempted but under control)* Perhaps once the trial ends. I'd just rather not get involved with... unprofessional matters.

Pause. He backs off smiling.

What?

Counsel (A): Uh... I just wanted to keep you posted... We've requested an additional session next week. I thought I'd tell you over a cup of tea.

Prosecutor: *(surprised)* A session with whom?

Counsel (A): With the girl.

Prosecutor: I thought you were done questioning her.

Counsel (A): So did we, it's just that...

Prosecutor: Just that what?

Counsel (A): There are still a few things that need... clarification.

Prosecutor: Regarding what?

Counsel (A): *(Examines her)* Not everything is completely... clear.

Prosecutor: *(Worried)* What isn't clear?

Counsel (A): Calm down.

Prosecutor: What clarification?

Counsel (A): We're talking about "human lives and justice". We have to be certain that everything is clear, that's all.

Prosecutor: What are you trying to say?

Counsel (A): I was simply informing you that we've scheduled another session. No cause for alarm.

Pause.

Prosecutor: What are you trying to tell me?

Counsel (A): Nothing. What are you so scared of?

Prosecutor: I don't know. Should I be scared?

Counsel (A): I don't know. Should you?

Short pause.

Prosecutor: Hold on... are you planning on surprising me... or her... in some way... during this session?

Counsel (A): *(Being simple)* How? You know this girl inside out. How could we surprise you?

Prosecutor: Then why have another session? Haven't you seen enough of her yet?

Short pause.

Counsel (A): *(Smiles)* We'll try our best to be gentle.

Counsel (A) takes away the Prosecutor's briefcase and puts it aside. He takes off her robe, transforming her into Dvori once again.

Scene 8

The Courtroom.

Counsel (A): Where were you three summers ago, Dvori?

Dvori: I was in *Gan Veradim*. The whole time.

Counsel (Se): Three summers ago you weren't in *Gan Veradim*. Try to remember where you were!

Dvori: I don't remember.

Counsel (Sh): Take your time, Dvori. Try to remember.

Counsel (G): The summer of 1988. Only one year prior to the incident.

Dvori: I wasn't anywhere. How should I know where I was. Ever since my father died I've been in *Gan Veradim*.

Counsel (A): In the summer of 1988 you visited your aunt and uncle in Tel Aviv.

Dvori: So what?

Counsel (A): Tell us what happened that summer in Tel Aviv.

Dvori: Nothing happened. I was there for a few days and then I went back home.

Counsel (Se): Why did you go back home just after a few days?

Dvori: Because I was bored.

Counsel (Se): And?

Dvori: And it was hot.

Counsel (Sh): There was no other reason?

Dvori: No.

Counsel (A): Are you sure?

Dvori: *(With defiance)* Yes!

Counsel (G): No need getting aggressive, Dvori... no need.

Short pause.

Counsel (Se): Would you like to tell us yourself, what happened in the yard, behind the movie theatre? Or would you prefer it if I told you?

Dvori: Nothing happened!!!

Counsel (Sh): What happened on the evening of July 24th, 1988? Who did you meet?

Dvori: I don't remember.

Short pause.

Counsel (Sh): Allow me to refresh your memory. On the evening of July 24th, 1988 you met up with three boys, your cousin's friends from Tel Aviv. Is this beginning to sound familiar?

Dvori: *(Very embarrassed)* Oh, that... I was just... what do you mean, met up with them... I didn't meet up them. I was just sitting there by myself on the railing and they came over and started bothering me!

Counsel (G): You just sat there by yourself, in a dirty backyard behind the movie theatre? What does a 14-year-old girl have to do in a dirty backyard?

Dvori: I sit wherever I feel like!

Counsel (Se): What happened later that evening?

Pause.

Counsel (Sh): (*Gently*) What happened later that evening, Dvori?

Dvori: They kept bothering me.

Counsel (A): Speak up, please!

Dvori: (*shouts*) They kept bothering me. They started touching me, took off my shirt.

Counsel (Se): They took off your shirt?

Dvori: Yes.

Counsel (Sh): You're under oath Dvori. Let's try again. What happened to your shirt?

Dvori: They took it off.

Counsel (Se): You're lying, Dvori!

Dvori: No, I'm not!

Counsel (A): You took off your shirt, because you bet them 20 shekels that you would. Up till that point, nobody touched you...

Dvori: So what? So I bet them, so what? I have the right to bet if I want. I didn't bet them to start touching me.

Counsel (A): They touched you because they felt, as any adolescent would, that you wanted them to touch you.

Dvori: They attacked me.

Counsel (G): Attacked you?

Dvori: Yes.

Counsel (G): Three boys attacked you, and not only did you not scream, but you didn't even press charges. The incident was discreetly dismissed. So discreetly, that even the prosecutor knew nothing of it. Why didn't you tell her that you had already been attacked by three boys?

Counsel (Se): Does this happen to you often, Dvori? Groups of boys attack you?

Counsel (A): Those boys attacked you just like the boys from *Gan Veradim* attacked you.

*The four **Counsels** slowly begin to remove their robes, transforming into **Asaf, Gidi, Sela and Shmulik.***

You like boys, Dvori. That's not a crime. But why punish them for your own weakness? You did it all willingly, Dvori. And never once did you even think of pressing rape charges, until the prosecutor walked into your life and, for reasons of her own personal prestige, talked you into incriminating four fine Israeli boys whose only crime was that their hormones were functioning in a normal fashion.

Scene 9

The backyard. Nighttime. Crickets.

***Shmulik** holds **Dvori**. She resists.*

Shmulik: Shut up.

Dvori: No-

Shmulik: I said shut up!

Dvori: Enough-

Shmulik: You asked for it.

***Shmulik** rapes her.*

Gidi: I wanna' sleep with you, O.K?

Dvori: I'm tired.

Gidi: It will only take a minute. *(holding her)*

Dvori: I want to go.

Gidi: Forget about the shirt...

Sela: *(To Gidi)* Come on. Drop your pants. Drop 'em. Hurry up.

Gidi: Just a minute...

Gidi rapes her.

Dvori: It hurts, I can't...

Gidi: Just a minute... hold on...

A flashlight is seen from a distance.

Sela: It's the guard. Come on, move already... Let me...

Gidi: Hold on...

Sela pushes Gidi away. Sela rapes her now. Shmulik stands far from them, in shock. Asaf watches in silence. Dvori is passive.

Sela: Do you love me? Do you love me? *(Quietly)* Say it.

Sela comes, then gets up. Dvori gets up and drags herself towards Asaf.

Asaf: *(Silently)* Why do you go around fucking everyone, Dvori?
What are you, a mattress?

Dvori starts to cry in silence. Subdued sobbing.

Now you're crying? Look at yourself. Don't you feel pathetic?!

Sounds of the night get louder.

Dvori: It's dark...

Asaf: So?

Dvori: So can I come with you?

Asaf: Where?

Dvori: To the reservoir. You said to wait for dark.

Asaf: You've got to be kidding me. *(With rebuke)* Go home. You're dirty. Go take a shower.

She gets closer to Asaf, who is trying to avoid her. She tries to hug him.

Sela: He said, go home!

Dvori: *(Out of control, to Asaf:)* Take me to the reservoir with you. I don't want to go home.

Asaf: Get a hold of yourself.

Sela: Let's get out of here. C'mon, let's go.

Shmulik: *(looking at his pants)* Blood... she's bleeding... she was a...

Shmulik runs out with fear.

Dvori transforms into the Prosecutor.

Prosecutor: I agree with the counsels' theory. Dvori's a bad girl. She likes playing in back yards. That's the kind of girl she is. She enjoys flirting with

danger, violence, humiliation. It goes without saying, that unconditional love and a happy childhood are not what drive a person to seek attention in such obscure ways. That's the kind of girl she is. So what?

What does that mean? That she wanted three boys to have sex with her? And humiliate her? And treat her as if she was an object? She wanted to play with them, and they knew that she only wanted to play. But they manipulated the game. They intentionally made limits barely perceptible. They penetrated her body and soul using force disguised as a game. Therefore, if they had neither pity nor self-control, then just as in a game, whoever breaks the rules – loses. And as for Asaf Sacharov, he may have not had sex with her, but he raped her. And he didn't have sex with her because he couldn't deal with feeling exposed. Because when you pull down someone's pants, you see his face for what it truly is, and someone like him wouldn't risk that. So he raped her, using their genitalia.

If it weren't for him, his three friends would not be here today, on trial for rape.

Because whoever takes control, must take responsibility as well!

*She turns back as **Dvori** to watch/hear the sentence being given. (The original production used the judge's voice. The Cameri Theatre productions used a video projection)*

Gidi Betser

*Lights come up on **Gidi**.*

One-year imprisonment

Sela Borochoy

*Lights comes up on **Sela***

One-year imprisonment

Shmulik Kooper

Lights comes up on Shmulik

Three-year imprisonment

Asaf Sacharov

Lights comes up on Asaf

Found not guilty due to insufficient evidence

Asaf leaves the theatre through the main door while whistling.

Dvori watches him leaving. She is left alone. She slowly sits on the swing.

Dvori Machnes

The leaves blow in the wind.

Slow fade to blackout.

Curtain