



So How D'you Wanna Die?

Hadar Galron

She is watching a video on her phone- you can hear men laughing. A dog barks, she immediately turns off what she's watching. Listens. He enters.

He: Hey...!

She: Oh! You're back!

He: You sound disappointed...

She: No! It's just- you didn't answer, I was going crazy..

He: It was hectic... from operation to operation- 36 hrs non-stop.

She: I thought something happened to you!

He: It did. I got a 24 hour refresh-break! Where're the kids?
It's so quiet...

She: In the MAMAD (safe room)

He: Why? There are no sirens now!

She: Yeh, (looks at watch) Hamas is really late today-
normally by now

they've sent their batch of missiles to Tel-Aviv

He: The kids shouldn't be sitting in the safe room, waiting
for missiles!

She: They're not "waiting for missiles"... they're watching t.v.

He: You moved the tv to the Mamad/ safe room?

She: And the computer

He: But...

She: And their beds – It's just impossible to wake up in the
middle of the night,

wake the kids up and get us all into the Mamad within 90
seconds! Lucky

Schnitzel barks 10 seconds before the sirens go off. God knows
how he

knows. Even with the extra 10 seconds -we heard the first
'boom' before

I managed to close the door. The whole building shook... A
missile fell

three blocks away!

He: (gives in) Yeh, I saw... (turns) Where's the fridge??

She: Relocated

He: In the Mamad/ safe room?!?! How are we supposed to get in there

when the sirens go?

She: It's a squeeze- but we'll manage.

He: The kids should be out playing with friends- it's such a nice day.

She: The 7th of October was also a lovely day (looks again at her watch)

After Sinwars' little missile party, I'll take them out to the park...

He: Good idea – take the bicycles!

She: The wheels are flat.

He: I'll pump them...!

She: No need!

He: Why not? ...Did you puncture the wheels?

She: It's better if we stay by the area of the public shelter

He: And do what? Feed the ducks?! They're not 4 years old...

She: Better safe than sorry

He: (sighs)

(He wants to go to the safe room)

She: Arik! ... Did you get the pills?

He: Errrr... No

She: What's the "errrr" about?

He: Nava, I've been thinking about it

She: There's nothing to think about!

He: Well I think without your permission!

She: Look, you said you could get the pills from the military hospital. If you

can't get them-

He: I can!

(pause)

She: I'll rephrase: if you do not want to get them- tell me now- and I'll

speak to Dr. Shalva

He: I don't want those pills in our house!

She: (whispers so the kids don't hear) Oh, do you prefer us to get raped and

tortured?

He: What...?!

She: Or maybe kidnapped then raped and tortured

He: Nava...!

She: Of course they could just strip us naked, tie us up together and burn us

alive...

He: Stop it...!

She: So how d'you want to die?

He: WH...?! I prefer to live

She: You can't focus on life whilst someone else is planning your death

He: You can't live if you're thinking all the time about dying!

She: They started! They want us all dead- they even wrote it in their Charter

He: It's not new...

She: Until now we didn't want to believe them. But now - Oh, now I believe

them. And I want... to take my death into my own hands!

He: By committing suicide? By poisoning our kids?

She: If that's the only way I can protect the kids from facing raw evil...

He: I'm here to protect you

She: You're not here! You haven't been here for 29 days 7 hours and (looks at

her watch/clock) 36 minutes! And if terrorists break down our door – you

won't even answer the phone!

He: Nava – I promise to answer

She: Oh they'll love that! They get special pleasure in showing husbands how

they

He: SHHHH !

She: (whispers) Rape their wives and daughters! They're very innovative- Hamas - their 2023 catalog of 'Death to the Jews' makes the gas-chambers seem like a spa.

He: You've been watching those videos...

She: Imagine- beheading is back into fashion! They beheaded babies- tens

of babies- decapitated!

He: I told you not to watch the videos! It's psychological terror!

She: But when they say that they want to do the 7th of October again and again and again- I need to know what that means!

He: Nava... they won't do it again.

She: They will, given half a chance.... You know- they were laughing!

He: ... I know

She: As they massacred and raped, they were-

He: I know!

She: Get me those cyanide pills... please!

He: They're lethal

She: I bloody well hope so- (whispers again) because I prefer having my

breast chopped off and my sexual organs torn out after I'm dead- and not in front of the children!...

He: You scare me more than the Hamas

She: What?! (silence) How can you say that?!

He: Sorry...

She: (soft) You know, today, Ronnie asked me

(child appears)

Child: Mummy?

She: Hey Love...

Child: What's 'rape'?

She: (freezes) What? (to Him) She hasn't even had her first kiss...

(She stands behind her and begins combing her hair with her fingers)

Child: Rape, rape (impatient) What they did to the girls in the Kibbutz!

She: It's nothing that should worry you, darling (to him) For years I dreamed about our Mother-daughter sex talk...

(She makes plaits with the child's hair, pulls a little)

Child: Ow! Gali says it's when a bad man pushes his "thing" inside a girl's pee

-place! (laughs) She's crazy!

She: Yeh... (to Him) I wanted to tell her how much pleasure our bodies can

give us, how much beauty we can find in each other's touch –

Child: She's such a liar!

She: (Now he hugs Nava from behind) How do you tell a 12 year old that women's bodies can be used as battlefields?

(Mother's hands go from her hair to her neck, she strokes her neck)

Child: She's lying, isn't she Mummy? (child pulls away and turns to her mother)...Mummy?

She: Of course she is!

(child looks at her disbelievingly, and runs away)

He: It's good that you said that

(silence)

She: She knew I was lying... Our kids have lost their innocence, Arik... lost

their virtual-virginity.

He: I won't let anyone touch them- !

(He takes out a gun and puts it on the table. She sees and backs away)

She: Ahhh! What the...?

He: This is a much better plan than the pills

She: (looking warily) How?

He: First of all, the pills are a one way ticket - this is double sided - it can be

used to kill an enemy or, if worse comes to worse...

She: "Friendly fire" - that's also quite a popular death lately...

He: I hope we won't need to use it at all.

She: You'd really point that thing at me...? would you?

He: (pause-it seems he could) You can shoot me first if you want...

(hands her the gun- she looks at it but can't touch it)

She: No-no-no-no!

He: Ok

She: So you would? ...Shoot me, I mean

He: Out of love... if you want me to

She: It's so... messy!!

He: Well, you won't have to clear up the mess...

She: And the kids? You could actually...? (pantomimes because she can't

even say it) I could never do that !

He: Let's not think about it. I really got this only to make you feel safe.

She: Uh-huh.. Small white smooth capsules would make me feel much

safer.

He: Take the cipralext I left you! You need to calm down.

She: I need to be wide awake and look life in the eye! Get me cyanide...

He: They're too easy... you could make a mistake - hear something and

panic and... the gun is.... it's just for protection. As long as we're not in

any immediate danger we need to try to act as normal as possible, for

the kids.

She: I'm trying! If I weren't, I'd have closed myself with the children in the

safe room from the very first minute- and not come out until this fucking

war was over! If I weren't trying to act normal, I'd take them from room

to room and play hide and seek, until we find the best hiding place in

each room. We'd see which cupboards and drawers they fit in, we'd be

doing competitions, together with Schnitzel, who can remain silent the

longest... If I weren't trying to act 'normal', if there is still such a thing-

they wouldn't leave the house, they wouldn't meet friends... They would

be in their pajamas all day long, me too- because I wouldn't bother with

the washing... or cleaning... or cooking. If I weren't trying to act normal-

I wouldn't be biting my lips - I'd be screaming like a mashugana- coz

I'm really going crazy (looks at the gun) Maybe I could do it. (wants to touch the gun but He takes it first)

He: I'm gonna say hi to the kids

She: (stops him) Be on my side!

He: What?

She: If those ungrateful brats have anything to say about me – you tell them I'm doing my best Arik- No, more than my best! Tell them it's out of love!

He: Ok .

She: Promise me! Promise you'll stand by me, even if they complain that their mother cried on the sofa half the day...

He: Nava, stop watching those videos! Stop watching the news! And pull

yourself together! You can't break down like this!!

She: Easy for you- out there doing your important operations, saving the world!

He: I'm not saving the world- I'm in the field hospital, operating on injured

terrorists.

She: What ??!

He: The hospitals in Israel can't accept them, because

She: Of course not!! I hope you're killing those monsters and not saving their

lives?!

He: I'm a doctor Nava!

She: What's that supposed to mean?? (comes to touch her, she picks up the

gun and points it at him) Don't touch me!!

He: Nava – Put it down. (lying) There are no bullets in it

She: Let's see (turns the gun to her own head)

He: Nava !!! (grabs the gun from her)

She: I can't believe that you've left us here, to -

He: I'm taking the kids to your parents.

She: You are not!

He: I am, and you take care of yourself. Take cipralex, get out a bit!

(He leaves)

She: I do! I go to volunteer with the evacuees every day!

He: (o.s) Good!

She: Today I met the 4 yr old I worked with last week- you know, the one who

saw her parents... kchhh (makes a slaughter mark on her neck)

(Light on young girl)

She: How are you today, sweetie?

Girl: Emm.. am I alive? Or dead?

She: (to Him/audience) I didn't know what to say

Girl: How can I know if I'm dead or alive?

She: Well... only people alive can feel a hug - do you want to try?

Girl: emmm (thinking, nods) Uh-huh

She: Come here !!

(they hug)

She: Can you feel it?

Girl: Yep. So... I'm alive?

She: Yeh! We both are

(Girl leaves the hug, then turns back)

Girl: But let's check again tomorrow, ok?

He comes back- pale

He: Why are the kids asleep Nava?! I can't wake them up...
What did you

do to them?

She: I gave them a cipralex – just one - to calm down

He: Are you crazy?! They're not for children! They can
poison them!

She: What?!

He: They can kill them!! We need to get them to the
hospital. Now!

Suddenly the dog barks, then the siren wails - they stand there
looking at each other - BOOM. Fade- they are silhouettes. The
dog stops barking.

In the darkness we hear the little girl again:

Girl: How do I know if I'm dead or alive?

Last Phone call of Jihadist to home

Dad! I'm talking to you from Kibbutz Miflasim

Open my WhatsApp ! Now! See how many people I killed

Look how many I killed with my own hands! Your son killed Jews!

I'm inside Miflasim, father!

Father: 'Allah is Akbar'

Dad, I'm talking to you from a Jewish woman's cell phone

I killed her and her husband!

I killed ten with my own hands!

Father: "Allah is Akbar... Allah is Akbar!"

Dad, open my WhatsApp, see how many I killed!

Open the phone, Dad, I'm talking to you on WhatsApp, open it, come on!

Dad, I'm in Miflasim! I killed ten!! Ten!!

With my own hands! Dad put mom on the line!

Father: "My son! God bless you!"

I killed ten with my own hands, mom!

Mother: May God bring you home safely!

Dad, go back to WhatsApp! I want to do a live broadcast from (kibbutz) Miflasim!

Mom: I wish I was with you!

mother! Your son is a hero. kill ! kill ! kill !

kill them all !!

Brother: Mahmoud, Mahmoud!

yes brother!

Brother: Where are you?

I'm in Miflasim, Allah is with me!

I killed ten, Allah, ten with my own hands!

I'm talking to you from a Jewish woman's phone

Brother: You killed ten?

Yes ten I killed! I swear !!

Brother: Where are you? In Zikim? Zikim?

I'm in Miflasim. Not Zikim

I was the first (to enter), with the protection and help of Allah

Raise your head, father, raise your head high!

I'm inside the city

See on WhatsApp all those I killed, open my WhatsApp

Brother: Come back now, come back!

What do you mean come back? There's no way back ! It's victory to the death!

Mother gave birth to me for the sake of religion, for the sake of Allah!

How do you expect me to return?

Mother: Mahmoud... (crying)

Open WhatsApp! Open it, see the dead Jews, open it!

Brother: What?

Open WhatsApp on my phone

Bro: on your phone?

No, open WhatsApp on your phone.

Mother: (crying) Is it Mahmoud?

Open open WhatsApp!

Bro: Shall I unlock your phone?

Open WhatsApp on your phone, and see the dead

How I killed them with my hands!

Mother: (crying) But, promise you'll come back!

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