

THE RESETTLEMENT OF ISAAC
A True Love Story
by
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Cast of Characters

Isaac	A Polish Jew in his seventies who miraculously survived a Nazi Massacre as a young man, joined a Russian Partisan Brigade, and fell in love.
Anya/Anna-	Anya, a Christian, is a Russian Partisan nurse in World War Two/Anna is an unemployed Elementary School Teacher in 1998 who lives in her late mother's rent-controlled apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. She is a German-American Christian. Both characters are played by the same actor. 29-years old.
Young Isaac	17-years old. Isaac's younger self who calls himself Sergei to hide his Jewish identity. He joins Anya's Russian Partisan Brigade pretending to be a Russian Christian and falls in love with her
Josef	Anna's 36-year old German-American wealthy brother. He can also double as the German Commandant Bichel
Mercedes	A 40-50 year-old Hispanic nursing supervisor at a New York Nursing Home. She can also double as Lyuba, Sol's wife.
Wasic	A 25-30 year old Russian fighting the Nazis in the same Brigade as Isaac and Anya. He does not appear until the Second Act. He can also double as Sol, Young Isaac's beloved older brother, as well as a Polish Policeman and First Young Man.
Kcholp	A 26-year old Polish fireman and Young Isaac's Christian neighbor. He can also play Hospital Orderly and Second Young Man.
Alyosha	A rugged 40-50 year old Russian Partisan demolition expert. He can also play Lazar, Young Isaac's resolute and hopeful Father, as well as The Male Passerby.

A NOTE

The Character of Isaac and his love for Anya is inspired by a real and remarkable Isaac, a survivor of the Rovno Massacre, who became a demolition expert for the Russian Partisan Brigade and an American hero, after saving the lives of American soldiers.

The play can be performed in English or as a multilingual production. In a multilingual performance, actors will speak the language indicated in the script. Simultaneous translations into English of those scenes will occur with the help of wireless headsets, similar to those used by theaters for the hard of hearing.

STAGING

A unit set with a table, two chairs, a bench, some platforms, a door, a bed, and a small wooden stool along with creative lighting, some music and projections. Even though the scenes shift from the 1940's to 1998, the different settings do not require anything more than the slightest variation in costuming.

THE RESETTLEMENT OF ISAAC

SCENE ONE

(Cold Winter Night.1998.New York. Riverside Park, overlooking the Hudson River. Upper West Side)

(Isaac,73, sits on his park bench, holding a mahogany cane topped with ornate brass handle. He wears a ragged Russian mouton cap with ear flaps. He is covered from shoulder to ankle by a frayed and faded long coat hiding the fact that he is wearing just boxer shorts and an undershirt beneath the coat.On his lap is a frayed cloth satchel.)

(The bench overlooks the Hudson river, swollen by recent rains.It is near a well traveled bridge. Isaac thinks he hears the sound of rushing water, interrupted from time to time by the very real sound of the clattering wheels of cars going across the bridge which sound like marching boots to Isaac)

(His face is marred by a deep scar across his forehead but his eyes reveal an inextinguishable vitality in spite of his aging, world weary body. He seems to be waiting for someone to appear. Lights dim. Sound of rushing water triggers Isaac's memory.)

(He puts cane aside and reaches into his satchel and pulls out an old East European map. It is crumpled and difficult to handle. He spreads it out on his lap, looking intensely for some location, but his eyes fail him. He struggles with map. It slips off his lap and he hurriedly goes to his knees to recover it from the ground. He is kneeling when he imagines Anya)

(Anya, 29,a beautiful Russian woman, appears in Isaac's memory as if emerging up from the river. She wears a leather vest,a dark cap, fatigues and carries a rifle strapped to her shoulder. Isaac sees her. He is startled.Looks at her.)

(They speak in Russian throughout their scene.)

ISAAC

Anya?

(He grabs map,then leaning on cane, he struggles to get up, but has difficulty standing.Kneels down again painfully on one knee, holding on to cane to keep his balance.He imagines sound of rushing water)

ANYA

(Loudly)

Sergei!

(Isaac looks around as if someone heard her)

What are you doing kneeling? That's not like you.
Did you forget me?

ISAAC

No, Anya! Never!

(He struggles once more with help of cane and
raises himself up. Then collapses, sitting back
on bench.)

ANYA

Now, now, Sergei, enough of that. Hurry, little
cricket. Very little time. Very little. Don't forget
to get far enough away before the train explodes.
But then you know all that. Remember it's a short
fuse Alyosha put in your satchel. It's always a
short fuse.

ISAAC

A short fuse?

ANYA

Don't forget. Meet me as usual by the eddies where
the rivers cross.

(Isaac looks endearingly at Anya.)

(Lights begin to fade on her.)

Hurry. The Nazis are retreating from Mother Russia.
The war will be over soon.

(Isaac keeps looking at her.)

Sergei? Are you listening? Soon we'll be
together. Yes? No more hiding. Yes?

ISAAC

No more. Yes.

ANYA

Come back, safe and sound. Promise.

ISAAC

Yes. Safe and sound. Promise.

ANYA

Safe and sound. For me. For us. No time left. Hurry.

(Lights fade on her.)

I'll be waiting.

(She is gone.)

ISAAC

Anya! Anya, don't go. Help me. "Skolko Vremeni?"

(Then in Yiddish)

How much time...?

(Sound of cars clattering over bridge and honking of horns drown out the sound of rushing water.)

(Isaac grabs map and, painfully, with the help of his cane, he stands, looking for Anya.)

(Male passerby is seen, back to isaac. He wears ski cap and puffy ski jacket. Isaac approaches him, thinking he knows him, but confused by his outfit. He taps him on the shoulder and speaks to him in Russian.)

ISAAC

Alyosha? Eto ty? Is it really you?

(Male passerby turns. He is a stranger to Isaac)

MALE PASSERBY (IN ENGLISH)

What the hell kind of language are you talking?

ISAAC

I thought...No!...

(He speaks in English)

I'm sorry, sir. I am looking for this.

(He holds out map.)

What is the name of this village?

MALE PASSERBY

Village? Your mean like Greenwich Village? It's way downtown, old man.

ISAAC

No. This has to be Rovno, here. Yes? Rovno. Poland. I'm looking for Brovary, near Kyev Ostrov. Many kilometers west of here. See? Yes? Look at the map. My eyes are not so good. Look, please. Now that the war is over, I must get back to my Anya.

(Man takes East European map. Holds it up and down and realizes it has nothing to do with where they are.)

MALE PASSERBY

What war did you say?

ISAAC

The war! Against Hitler, against the Nazis. It's over. It's been over for a year. Everyone knows.

MALE PASSERBY

That war? That's ancient history. You must be kidding, man.

ISAAC

Can you tell me? I need to find the way to Brovary near Kyev. I am near? Yes?

MALE PASSERBY

Are you nuts? Near what? This map's a joke? What freakin' planet are you from?

(He laughs in Isaac's face. Gives map back.)

Old man, you're way off. Way off. It's 1998, Pop, Manhattan. Get it? That's the Hudson. There's the George Washington Bridge. You're somewhere else. Seriously. Get a grip.

(He shakes his head and is gone)

ISAAC

(Stands, a bit unsteady, leaning on his cane.)
No. No.

(He falls back onto bench. Spreads map on his lap. Puts finger on what he thinks his Anya's town)

Here! Here! Brovary! Very near.

(A moment passes as he catches his breath.)

(Anna, 29, appears on stage. She and has thrown a winter coat over a bathrobe. She should be the same actor who plays Anya)

(She carries a stadium blanket with her)

(They speak in English)

ANNA

Isaac, I saw you from my window. It's deathly cold out here. You're going to freeze if you don't come inside.

(Her quiet voice is muffled by the sound of car's honking, Isaac doesn't see or hear her)

Here. This will help.

(She drapes blanket over his shoulder. He stands up as if to defend himself. Looks at her.)

ISAAC

Anya?

ANNA

No. I'm Anna.

ISAAC

Anna?

ANNA

I didn't mean to frighten you.

ISAAC

It's just...nothing.

(Begins to realize where he is)

Forgive me.

ANNA

I thought you might be cold so I brought..

ISAAC

You shouldn't have.

ANNA

Why don't you come inside with me?

ISAAC

I'll be fine. I do know you, don't I? But You look like someone else.

(Looks around.)

I think I've lost my way.

ANNA

It's all right. You live right over there. I'm across the hall from you. You gave me your key just in case.Remember?

ISAAC

I did?

ANNA

Come.I'll make you some tea.

ISAAC

You're not Anya?

ANNA

No. I...I wish I was.No. Just Anna.

ISAAC

She called me Sergei. Like I remember, just before...

ANNA

You told me many times.

ISAAC

Sergei.Yes. And you are Anya.

ANNA

Come. Inside.

ISAAC

(Looking inside his satchel)

Wait. I've saved such a gift for you. From the last German train I blew up.

(Looks for it but his satchel is only filled only with his yellow hand written pages)

Where is it? I saved it just from you... A German service medal, pure silver. I don;t understand. Where...?

(Anna shakes her head.)

ANNA

You'll find it later. I'm sure. Later.

ISAAC

But when? When, Anya?

ANNA

Please try and understand, I'm Anna. Not Anya. Come. Please

ISAAC

(To Anna)

Anna? How much time, Anna?

(In Russian)

"Skolko vremeni?

(Blanket starts to slip off Isaac, but Anna keeps it from falling off him. He starts crying, shivering, frightened. Anna holds him, trying to comfort him. He clutches map tightly.)

(Mumbles in Yiddish as he clings to her with map still his his hand.)

Vos? Vos?

(Lights fade.)

SCENE TWO

(Next Afternoon. Nursing home. Outside Isaac's room)

(Lights up on Anna in her winter coat and Mercedes, an Hispanic Nursing Home Supervisor and Head Nurse.)

(They speak in English)

MERCEDES

Your brother called ahead to assure us he would cover all expenses. Did you hear me?

ANNA

Yes. I know. I told him it was what I wanted.

MERCEDES

We will take good care of him.

ANNA

This sleep of his? What do you make of all his twisting and turning? That's no rest at all.

MERCEDES

I know this may sound a bit harsh, but very few in here sleep soundly through the night. More often than not, we have to give them something to quiet their nerves.

ANNA

Have you given him anything?

MERCEDES

First, I have to know, what is your relationship to Mr. Hochman, Mrs...?

ANNA

Miss Brown. I'm a caring neighbor of many years. A good friend.

MERCEDES

You must be his only friend. No one else has shown up or called except you and...your brother.

ANNA

Isaac has no family. When he moved in right across the hall from me, his wife was not well. She died soon after and he never mentioned children.

MERCEDES

It's sad but so many in here have outlived everyone they knew or loved. Isaac is lucky to have you and your brother.

ANNA

He doesn't have my brother. I have my brother and I have to twist his arm to have him help Isaac.

MERCEDES

I promise we'll do all we can to make him comfortable but you have to understand, many patients like him might end upstairs in lockdown.

ANNA

Lockdown?

MERCEDES

Trust me, it's the last resort. For the patient's safety and security. Only when they have become a danger to themselves.

ANNA

No! Never! Not Isaac!

MERCEDES

(Comforts her)

It's the last resort, I promise. Don't give it another thought.

ANNA

Thank you.

MERCEDES

So what made you bring him to us?

ANNA

Last night, I saw the door to his apartment wide open and I knew he had wandered outside like so many times before. This time, though, when I got to him, he was crying and so lost, I don't think he even remembered where he lived. I knew then he needed more help than I could give him.

MERCEDES

It tears you apart when you see them crying like that, doesn't it? I look in their faces and see my blessed mother and father, the strong ones who keep families together, suddenly breaking down, helpless. And I want to cry with them.

(Crosses herself)

I don't let myself, of course. But stil...

ANNA

So I know he needs professional care. Just not lockdown. Not that! Please!

MERCEDES

It's for their own security. Believe me. Last month I lost one of my patients just like that. He took off in the middle of the night. Security must have been sleeping at the door...and the next day they found him.

ANNA

Thank god.

MERCEDES

No. No thanks at all. He drowned in the river. Must have walked straight off a pier...

(Crosses herself.)

ANNA

Poor man. It's just not right.

(Emphatic)

It's different with Isaac. I'll always be here for him. Just keep him safe, comfortable. It's personal.

MERCEDES

Personal?

ANNA

Many times in the past I'd bring him some hot soup and then one day he lifted a bundle of yellow pages aout of his sachel and gave them to me to read.

MERCEDES

I don't follow.

ANNA

He had writen down all he remembered from the war on those yellow pages. I don't know if he wrote it all down because he was afraid he would forget or was finally ready to remember. He told me he had never showed anyone those pages before. Not even to his late wife, Sarah.

MERCEDES

I see.

ANNA

He shared so much with me. Look at this photo he gave me from the war.

(Gives Nurse one photo)

MERCEDES

Vietnam?

(Music begins. Slow, cross-fading projections of Isaac's yellowing hand-written pages and an old faded photo of young Isaac as a Partisan fighter.)

ANNA

No. World War Two, fighting with Russian Partisans against the Nazis.

(Points at figures in photo)

See! He's that young boy with the dark cap. And the one next to him, with her rifle over her shoulder, wearing that jacket with the dark fur. He calls her Anya. Like he sometimes calls me.

MERCEDES

It's turning yellow.

ANNA

He's written it all down. You can't imagine what he has been through.

MERCEDES

Just a word of caution. This place is full of stories that make no sense.

(more)

MERCEDES (cont'd)

Woman down the hall told me she was once a Duchess in England. Lived in a Castle. Found out she watched nothing all day but those English shows on the public channels. I loved those shows myself. Whenever I could sneak a peek. But she really thought it was all about her. Sadly there are no castles in the real world for her, for any of us. We'll have to move her upstairs into Lockdown. For her own good. Believe me.

ANNA

That's not where Isaac belongs!
(Music, Projections and photo fade out)

MERCEDES

(Preparing to leave)
Trust us to take good care of him, Mrs. Brown.

ANNA

It's Miss Brown. Call me Anna

MERCEDES

Anna.

ANNA

And yours? Oh, I see. Mercedes. Like the car.
(Looks on name tag)

MERCEDES

No. In Spanish it means "Many Mercies."

ANNA

That's beautiful

MERCEDES

I'd rather have the car than the name.
(They laugh)

ANNA

That's what he needs.

MERCEDES

A car?

ANNA

No. Mercy. Compassion. Make sure everyone treats him well.

MERCEDES

I will make sure, promise.
(Hands photo back to Anna)

ANNA

Here's my phone number and Isaac's.

MERCEDES

Why Isaac's?

ANNA

I might be in his apartment to gather some things for him. He gave me his key. Call me about any changes. But...now...it's best I let him sleep, right?
(Lights up on nursing bed with restless figure under the blanket.)

MERCEDES

I wouldn't wake him.

ANNA

Take good care of him. Please, Mercedes. He needs, he deserves...many mercies.
(Nurse smiles and nods, taking her hand to reassure her)
(Anna exits. Mercedes stands watching.)

MERCEDES

(To herself, sighing.)
It's all the same when they end up here.
(Crosses herself.)
(Lights fade on Mercedes.)

SCENE THREE

(Lights up on Isaac's apartment. Anna is sitting at the kitchen table holding Isaac's satchel. Isaac's mahogany cane leans against the table. Anna is clearly upset by her decision to take Isaac to a nursing home. She gets up, holding the satchel, picks up cane as if she is going to go back and bring Isaac home again. Then, thinking better of it, she sits down. She pulls out some of Isaac's handwritten accounts of his life as a partisan. She starts to read.)

(Lights up on Old Isaac sitting on a small wooden stool on the side of stage, in his long coat and Russian Mouton hat, with his cane leaning against the stool.)

(We hear sound of rushing water. Music swells. Projection of Isaac's yellowing, hand written pages)

(Lights fade on Anna. Isaac talks to the audience, speaking the words that Anna is reading.)

ISAAC

Anya promised to come to me once more by the eddies where the rivers cross. We had been meeting here for many months. The first time we came together months ago, it was all so new to me, this lovemaking, this feeling of intimacy with a woman. Even after being with her many times, I still felt like a fumbling innocent, clumsy and inept.

(Cross fade out of music and projections.)

(The sound of rushing water continues)

(Lights up on Young Isaac, 17. He is kneeling by the river, washing his face. His Russian hat by his side.)

While waiting for Anya, I would splash cold water on my face. It was all anyone dare do in this Partisan Outpost. No one ever undressed given the bitter cold and the constant danger of attacks. And there was always the chance someone would steal your clothes. From time to time I would sprinkle myself with DDT powder to keep clean. Anya would often sniff around me and think I was wearing some strange new cologne.

(Young Isaac puts on his hat then takes it off and starts playing with the buttons of his jacket, while he waits nervously for Anya.)

That first time we became intimate, I wondered how we could ever fit together through all our clothes. I couldn't imagine lovemaking with all those buttons and snaps and zippers in the way. Maybe, I thought, maybe I should be thankful she could not see me naked from the waist down.

(more)

ISAAC (cont'd)

But, maybe, this was the time I would tell her who I really was.

(Young Isaac fidgets with his buttons again. Takes off his hat and tries to smooth down his hair)

(Light up on Anya, 29, entering the scene. She is dressed in her Partisan outfit from Scene One. She watches Isaac and smiles. He sees her and nervously smiles back.)

Then I saw her coming towards me and all I wanted was to be close to her again. The truth would have to wait once more.

(Anya walks to him, strokes his face and then kisses him passionately. As Young Isaac embraces her, he and Old Isaac look at each other across the stage in seeming recognition, memory bridging the gulf of time.)

(Lights fade on lovers.)

(Lights dim on old Isaac remembering, still watching.)

(Sound of rushing river increases)

SCENE FOUR

(Music for a moment. Then lights fade up on Young Isaac with his shirt half open)

(Anya, 29, enters after him. She is zipping up her fur lined jacket. Young Isaac, 18, starts buttoning his shirt but Anya stops him. She lifts his shirt to examine his back.)

(Old Isaac watches the scene.)

(They speak in Russian.)

ANYA

Sergei, your poor wounds. Are they healing? I did the best I could with what we had.

(She touches his scarred back. Some wounds are still red.)

YOUNG ISAAC

No matter how badly I'm hurt, I always come to you first. You are my first for everything.

(He takes her hand, kisses it and continues to dress, grimacing in pain as he lifts his arms.)

ANYA

My poor little cricket. You must be in such pain.

YOUNG ISAAC

Pain? After being with you, nothing hurts. I feel pure and holy. I'm healed! You heal me.

(more)

YOUNG ISAAC (cont'd)

(He grabs her, kisses her.)

You can treat me for all my cuts and bruises. And then...then we can make love again.No one hears or sees us. It's like we are in our own country.

(He puts on shirt and jacket, then puts on his Russian hat with the flaps.)

ANYA

We must be careful.

(He embraces her. She strokes his face lovingly touches old scar on the side of his forehead.)

This scar on your head is old. You came to us with it. But you never talk about it.

YOUNG ISAAC

Nothing about me. I want to know everything about you

ANYA

Sergei,sweet, I don't know when we can be together like this again.

YOUNG ISAAC

What are you telling me?

ANYA

It's Wasic.He's your friend isn't he?

YOUNG ISAAC

He volunteered after my good friend, Pietka, was accidentally killed. Wasic is supposed to join me as my new partner the next time I go after a train.I'll try and make sure he just watches the first time, a good ways from the tracks while I secure the dynamite and set the fuse.

ANYA

Why worry about saving his skin? What about yours?

YOUNG ISAAC

It's the way I want it after Pietka died.

ANYA

Well, you have to know that the new Commander, Major Kolpac, has taken Wasic's woman, Soya, from him.

YOUNG ISAAC

Just like that?

ANYA

Call it chain of command or military privilege. Wasic thinks he can now claim me as his woman.

YOUNG ISAAC

I'll talk to him.

ANYA

Shhh. Let me fight for myself. If he thinks I'm just property without feelings, he'll be disappointed. I will not be anyone's property. Yours, Wasic's, the Major's.

YOUNG ISAAC

Wasic's a Fool. He's just a hot head.

ANYA

We have to be very careful. He's always drinking. He can get wild. You know that.

YOUNG ISAAC

I can take care of myself. And I can take care of you as well.

ANYA

Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. With this. If necessary.
(Slaps her rifle)

YOUNG ISAAC

(Laughs)

You are something, but I still don't know a thing about you.

ANYA

First tell me again. About your house.

YOUNG ISAAC

My house?

ANYA

In Georgia near Mount Kazbac. You started to tell me last time in the dugout when I was dressing your wounds.

YOUNG ISAAC

(Awkward. Uneasy)

Oh. Yes.

ANYA

With the Gilded mirrors and all those wonderful rooms and how you and your brother could speak and read so many languages. I forgot how many?

YOUNG ISAAC

Borders changed so often, my father thought it best that we learn as many languages as possible. So I can read and speak High German, low Polish, a bit of English, Ukrainian and, of course, Russian.

ANYA

Of course. Our mother language. Such culture with your family. So many books, so many rooms.

YOUNG ISAAC

(Uneasy)

Many rooms...Yes.

ANYA

And the silk tapestry and velvet sofas...

YOUNG ISAAC

All that, Yes.

ANYA

I can hardly imagine how wonderful it must have been for you growing up. Living almost like it was in the old days before the revolution. Almost like you were one of the Romanoffs or a Russian prince.

YOUNG ISAAC

Not quite, but, wonderful yes...For a time.

ANYA

I grew up in dust and clay, eating what little we could grow in that awful dirt in the plains near Kyev. It's true! Nothing grew but cabbages and carrots.

YOUNG ISAAC

That is all behind us. When the war is over, we are not going back. We're going forward to a new country, to new lives.

ANYA

America?

YOUNG ISAAC

(*confidently*)

America.

ISAAC (TO AUDIENCE)

(In unison with Young Isaac, but spoken poignantly with a sense of loss.)

America.

ANYA

Oh, I would do anything...

YOUNG ISAAC

We must not think of what we left behind.

ANYA

It's just too hard right now to forget. I still can't sleep most nights without dreaming of my father coming at my mother with his fists after drowning himself in Vodka at the tavern. She'd run out the door, leaving me alone with him. I was only five!

YOUNG ISAAC

No more nightmares. Some things we have to learn to forget. If we can.

ISAAC

If we can.

ANYA

I'd hide in some corner, crying, terrified, but he would find me and take me up in his arms, then sit on the edge of his bed and start crying himself, asking me to forgive him for his anger. He would blame it first on the failure of his crops, then on my mother, then on the government and finally in the end he would curse the local Priest and the Lord Almighty for failing him, then beg my forgiveness for taking the Lord's name in vain...

YOUNG ISAAC

You were five. How could you understand...?

ANYA

I would kiss him out of fear and he would believe I forgave him...The next morning Mother would come back and he would leave, sometimes for days. And Mother would look at me like I was the reason for her pain and her loneliness.

YOUNG ISAAC

It will be different for us.

ANYA

That's why, that's the only reason why...I married.

YOUNG ISAAC

So you were married! I knew it was more than just a nasty rumor.

ANYA

No. It's true. When I first saw my husband, Khludov, I was training to be a nurse in a Kyev clinic. I thought he was some unusual official high up in the party. His collars were always perfectly starched and he wore this carefully groomed, heavily waxed moustache.

YOUNG ISAAC

He sounds awful, Anya.

ANYA

I just thought he was different. But I realized soon enough he was just a drab postal clerk who expected me to wait hand and foot on him at home.

YOUNG ISAAC

Poor Anya.

ANYA

Thank God for the war. I know that sounds awful but he was conscripted and they made him shave his moustache and throw away his starched collar. When I was told he was killed on his first day of combat, I cried for a day. And that was it. Now I feel reborn.
(He kisses her)

YOUNG ISAAC

We are both reborn, together.

ANYA

But your life was so different. I should have met you first. With such a wonderfully cultured mother and father. Music and books all around you.

YOUNG ISAAC

Yes.

(Suddenly he is caught up in a tormenting memory)

ISAAC (IN YIDDISH)

Yes.

ANYA

I don't know what it feels like to be cultured. Tell me again. What's wrong, Sergei?

YOUNG ISAAC

We should get back to camp. It's getting dark.

ANYA

You're right.

YOUNG ISAAC

(Stops.)

No. There's something else.

ANYA

What.

YOUNG ISAAC

No one knows. No one can know.

ANYA

What are you saying? About us? Don't worry about Wasic

YOUNG ISAAC

Something else. The truth.

ANYA

About...?

YOUNG ISAAC

Any, I should have told you before...before we became this close. If anyone finds out, there are some in the camp who would throw me to the wolves.

ANYA

What are we talking about? Finds out about what?
(Pause.)

YOUNG ISAAC

I am not Sergei.

ANYA

(She laughs)

Of course you are. There's not another Sergei in the whole brigade.

YOUNG ISAAC

I'm not Sergei and I'm not Russian and I don't come from some fancy home in Georgia.

ANYA

I see. So, you're not Sergei and you're not Russian and you don't come from a fancy home in Georgia. Then who made love to me? Who did I make love to? Who am I talking to?

YOUNG ISAAC

I'm... Isaac. Lived in a modest house. Father was a tanner of skins. No silk tapestry. No velvet sofas.

ANYA

Who?

YOUNG ISAAC

Isaac Hochman. From Rovno, Poland.

ANYA

Isaac...Hochman?

YOUNG ISAAC

Yes. I'm a Jew from Poland.

ANYA

A Jew?

YOUNG ISAAC

Yes. My dear mother and father and the rest of my family were shot in one night by the Einsatzgruppen squads in the Sosenki woods near Rovno.

(Anya does not respond.)

All my friends, almost all the Jews in Rovno died with them. In one night. Thousands and thousands were stripped, shot and dumped by the Nazis into a ditch..

ANYA

Then why aren't you dead?

YOUNG ISAAC

I don't know why.Maybe after a whole day of killing,one of them just got tired and careless when it came to shooting me.Why me?

ISAAC (IN YIDDISH)

(Standing, leaning on cane, repeats what torments him.)

Why me? Why just me?

(Lights fade on old Isaac)

YOUNG ISAAC

Why not my family? The bullet just grazed me.I was unconscious for many hours. When I woke up I was naked in the ditch. My mother and father on top of me, dead.

ANYA

No.

YOUNG ISAAC

We were all white, powdery white.Like it had snowed.But it didn't feel like snow. They had covered all of us with quicklime. They didn't even bother to bury us. And I climbed out, just like that. Half dead, naked in the middle of the Sosenki Woods near Rovno.

ANYA

The scar on your forehead. Is that from...?

YOUNG ISAAC

Yes. It makes no sense, does it?

(Young Isaac grabs Anya's arm)

Say something, Anya. I'll understand.

(Anya gently removes Young Isaac's hand from her arm. She picks up her rifle. Straps it across her shoulder.)

I lied to stay alive. Some of the men in the Brigade, like Wasic, if they knew I was a Jew, would wish me dead. But I can't lie to you anymore. Do you understand? I want you to understand. Do you? Say something.

(Lights up on Old Isaac in his nursing home bed. He sits up suddenly, confused, staring into space)

(Anya puts on her military cap. She turns away and exits.)

(Young Isaac Isaac cries out.)

Anya!

ISAAC

(Old Isaac cries out)

Anya

(Lights dim on Young Isaac standing alone)

(Lights up on Anna reading. She clutches the pages close to her, clearly moved by what he has read, and she whispers through her sadness)

ANNA

(Whispers sadly in English to herself)

No. No.

ISAAC

(whispering)

No!

YOUNG ISAAC (IN RUSSIAN)

Don't go, Anya

(Lights fade on Young Isaac)

(Isaac throws off the covers and starts to get out of bed. He reaches for his coat, falters, almost loses his balance. Sits back down on the bed.)

(Mercedes rushes in. He looks at her. Begins to realize where he is.)

ISAAC

Not you.

(He falls back on the bed. Speaks a garble of Polish and Russian)

Niey. Nyet. Nish du.

(Mercedes covers him gently, kindly, trying to be comforting.)

(Lights fade on Isaac, Mercedes and Anna)

SCENE FIVE

(Isaac's apartment. Light up on Anna, She is sitting at a kitchen table looking through Isaac's cloth satchel. She places his cane near her chair. Broken doorbell buzzes weakly. Anna continues to look through the satchel, pulling out old photographs and Isaac's handwritten pages. She starts to read them when the door bell buzzes again, followed by heavy knocking.)
(The scene is in English)

ANNA

Who is it?

JOSEF (O.S.)

Who is it? It's me! You're brother Josef! Do you remember your brother?

ANNA

It's open. Just jiggle the knob.
(Sound of jiggling)

JOSEF

Crap!

(Josef, 34, enters. He is dressed in a dark overcoat wearing a custom-made suit underneath)
Do you remember anything?

ANNA

What?

JOSEF

Do you remember who I am? Where you live? Why you're hanging out in some old man's apartment?

ANNA

Yes. Yes. And yes! I'm here gathering up some things to bring to Isaac.

(Holds up cane.)

Like this. It was the first real purchase he made in America. Reminded him of the one his Grandfather owned.

JOSEF

So now you're in the cane shipping business.

ANNA

This is so much finer than the store bought cane you got mother. This one is worth saving, .

JOSEF

Don't start with Mother. I tried to give her the best of care.

ANNA

You don't understand, I'm talking about Isaac's cane.

JOSEF

What don't I understand? You took this Isaac to a Nursing Home where he belongs. That's enough.

ANNA

If you just took time to read his accounts.

JOSEF

Do you remember you were supposed to meet Louis and me tonight at that wine bar downtown?

ANNA

I must have forgotten

JOSEF

He wanted to show you that new apartment building where you should be living. Not in this cruddy place.

ANNA

This is our building. You grew up here.

JOSEF

It was an antique then and its a rent controlled relic now. I'll pay whatever it cost. I just want you out of here!

ANNA

Did you know when Mother was dying, Isaac would come by and ask if there was anything she needed. You didn't know that, did you?

JOSEF

What are you saying? I wasn't around for Mother? I told you a hundred times I was traveling all over, making money, building a future for all of us.

ANNA

You're not listening.

JOSEF

I came by to see Mother many times over the years. I tried to get her the best of care but she refused to leave.

ANNA

You had your priorities. I had mine. Only mother ran out of priorities.

JOSEF

Jeesus, Anna, stop living in the past. You're only 27 and you got your whole life ahead of you.

ANNA

I'm 29.

JOSEF

Still too young.

ANNA

We're different creatures, Josef. All I can think about right now is how poor Isaac feels.

JOSEF

I don't give a damn.

ANNA

Don't you remember when you were still a young boy how he'd always greet you in the hallway with a smile and lift you way high in his arms so you could touch the ceiling.

JOSEF

That was a long time ago. Can't remember one old Russian from another. Halls were full of them.

ANNA

Isaac is Polish. He's a Polish jew.

JOSEF

Poland, Russia , a Jew from Timbucktoo. What the hell does it matter? He's yesterday's news.

ANNA

There's so much in these pages of Isaac's. How his whole family was murdered in one night by the Nazis...

JOSEF

He's a whining old pain in the butt. Sick and old. There's nothing more you can do for him.

(Under his breath)

Scheisse.

ANNA

I remember father cursing like that. Good thing he left us before Isaac moved in across the hall. If Isaac had ever heard Father cursing...

JOSEF

"Scheisse" is a fine German curse.

(Anna shakes her head, exasperated)

It's our heritage! It's Beethoven and Bach and Goethe! We're German-Americans, damn it! It has nothing to do with that ugly war! And nothing to do with that old man's war either!

ANNA

Did it ever bother you that we never knew one thing about Father during the war? He was a young man in Germany then. Old enough to fight.

JOSEF

So what if he fought? He was no different than millions of young Americans conscripted and sent off to fight for their country. When it was over, he came to America and married mother. That's it! War is war. When its over, you want to forget it.

ANNA

Isaac doesn't want us to forget.

JOSEF

His war has nothing to do with us.

ANNA

Maybe. Did you ever wonder why Father changed his name from Braunau to Brown.

JOSEF

What's your point? Millions come over and change their name. To sound more American.

ANNA

Isaac told me all about Braunau.

JOSEF

Did he? Well, Father told me long before that old fart of yours started infecting your brain. Braunau was Hitler's old village where he was born. So there! Father knew all about it.

ANNA

So you always knew.

JOSEF

Knew what? So he changed his family name. That's the long and short of it. What's got into you? You've got to stop all this nonsense about Father!

ANNA

When he walked out, when he turned his back on all of us so suddenly, Mother was already sick and needed him the most.

JOSEF

I don't want to hear anymore.

ANNA

He just vanished like that.
(Snaps her fingers)
Like he didn't give a damn about us!

JOSEF

You were barely seven when he left. Too young to understand anything.

ANNA

I was ten..going on twenty.

JOSEF

They drifted apart.Simple as that.Marriages fail. Even German-American marriages fail. What's the point! He was a good man,Anna. In his way.

ANNA

(Bitterly)
In his way? Really? I never told you about the letter Mother received just before she died.

JOSEF

A letter? From Father?

ANNA

I've tried to put it out of my mind.

JOSEF

What was in it?

ANNA

I came home and found Mother sitting up in her bed,sobbing and choking back her tears. And there on her blanket was what was left of the letter and the envelope. She had ripped them up into little pieces.

JOSEF

Why would she...?

ANNA

I don't know why? She never told me anything. Just pointed at the pieces and told me to gather them up and put them in a paper bag. I stuffed all the pieces in a bag while she watched me so intently and when I finished, she gripped my arm with all the strength left in her and told me to burn it good. Burn it good, she kept repeating. And I did. I went out in the hall, dumped the bag with all the pieces in the incinerator and burned it good.

JOSEF

That's it?

ANNA

I keep thinking about it.

JOSEF

About what?

ANNA

Why Mother got so furious, she found strength enough to destroy the letter.

JOSEF

So it ended up being nothing but ashes.

ANNA

It could have been from him.

JOSEF

What are you saying?

ANNA

Or maybe it was about him, from someone else, some government agency, some group searching for him. Maybe it was Father himself confessing to something unspeakable.

JOSEF

Christ Almighty! What has that old man done to your brain?

ANNA

It could have been sent from anywhere, Germany, South America, Israel, anywhere!

JOSEF

Stop it! You're making yourself crazy! You burnt some letter for Mother. That's the end of it!

ANNA

You're right. I burnt it for Mother and she died a week later without once mentioning the letter again. Whatever was in it, she didn't want us to know about it.

JOSEF

So it's over and done with. No more! It's only you we have to worry about now, Anna. You've got to think about your future. Seriously. You're barely making a living and you dress like some indigent drop-out from a hick college. You're a beautiful woman under all those rags you wear.

ANNA

I'll be fine.

(She takes a breath, collects herself)

I start a new job in a month at a pre-school by Columbia. I replace a teacher who's getting married.

JOSEF

I've introduced you to some fine young men in the past. You go out with them once and they never hear from you again.

ANNA

If you like them so much, why don't you call them.

JOSEF

Funny.

(Anna starts gathering Isaac's pages)

What are you doing?

ANNA

Putting Isaac back in order.

JOSEF

Stop fussing over that nonsense.

ANNA

It's not nonsense, Josef. Here.

(She hands him some pages)

You'll see it's not nonsense.

JOSEF

What's with you, Anna? Enough with him!

(He throws pages to the floor)

(Anna kneels to gather up pages. Josef, realizing he over reacted, kneels down to help. Anna waves him away)

ANNA

You've made your point. Go.

JOSEF

I didn't mean to...Are you all right?

ANNA

I'm fine. Everything is fine. Go.

(She gets up with the pages, sits at the table and starts putting them back in order.)

JOSEF

I don't know what got into me. I'm sorry. Here.

(Takes out a wad of money and tries to hand it to her.)

To cover your expenses for the next few days.

ANNA

I don't want it!

JOSEF

Give me a break, Anna. It's almost Christmas.

ANNA

I don't care. Please. Go!

JOSEF

Then leave it for Isaac.

ANNA

What is it? Blood money? No!

(Anna angrily pushes away his hand clutching the money, then continues to sort through Isaac's pages.)

JOSEF

(Shakes his head in exasperation and kisses her on the cheek)

This Sunday. Remember. Louis and I will pick you up in your apartment. Please don't forget. Love you.

(He starts to exit, hesitates and slips money under a pile of Isaac's pages on the table without Anna seeing it.)

(Anna is upset. She looks at the yellow pages she was holding. Lights fade.)

(Music begins. Projection of Isaac's yellow handwritten pages slowly dissolving one into the other.)

(She begins to read Isaac's words.)

(Lights up on old Isaac at the side of the stage, dressed in his long coat and mouton cap, sitting on stool, his cane across his lap. He speaks his words to the audience)

ISAAC

When I came home from school, I saw that my father's millstones had stopped turning. I knew then war had finally come to Rovno. Soon, very soon after, I saw my brother, Sol and his wife, Lyuba, for the very last time.

(Lights fade out on Anna.)

(Isaac remains on stool, speaking what he has written, as he remembers and relives the scene.)

SCENE SIX

(Lights up on a young Isaac. No scar on his forehead. He carries a satchel like old Isaac's over his shoulder.)

(Cross fade as Music and Projections of pages fade out.)

(He pauses listening to the sound of an approaching German army. Flashes of red from distant explosions.)

(The sound of war planes, tanks and machine guns ech)

(o in and out of the scene.)

(Lights up on Isaac's father, Lazar. He wears a leather tanning apron and a leather cap.)

(They speak in Yiddish)

LAZAR

I want you to bring your brother and Lyuba back home as soon as possible, son.

YOUNG ISAAC

Is it war, father? I saw smoke and heard planes just over the hills near Rovno.

LAZAR

Just go to Sol's clinic and tell him and Lyuba, I want them home this instant.

YOUNG ISAAC

But Sol will be busy with his patients. Why rush him?

ISAAC (AS LAZAR)

Just go, Isaac. Sol will understand.

YOUNG ISAAC

Understand what?

LAZAR

(Embraces him)

Don't you worry, son. I just want all of us together for Shabbos.

YOUNG ISAAC

It's too early to eat. Mother hasn't even begun cooking.

LAZAR

No more.

YOUNG ISAAC

Is it the Germans? Are they here already?

LAZAR

Isaac, we're going to be fine. If they get here, if the Germans get here, what can happen? If they take away our tanning plant, we have our land. If they take away our land, we have our house. If they take our house, we have our money; if they take our money, we still have our family, son, and together we will start over somewhere else. Go. I want us all to be together for Shabbos.

(Lights fade on Lazar)

ISAAC (IN YIDDISH)

(Echoing painfully his Father's words)

Together...we still have our family...we will start over...somewhere...somewhere...together.

(Lights up on young Isaac talking to Sol and Lyuba in his clinic. Lyuba, 25 is dressed in a white nurse's uniform, Sol, 27, also is dressed in a white gown with a stethoscope around his neck.)

(They speak in Yiddish)

YOUNG ISAAC

Sol, Lyuba, Father said you should both come home with me, right now. Quickly as possible. For certain, Sol. That's what he said.

SOL

Izz, do you see all the patients waiting outside?

YOUNG ISAAC

I didn't look. I don't want to look. We have to hurry. I heard the sound of machine guns on the way here. Close by. Strange. Reminds me of how wet wood crackles in our fireplace. That's where we all should be. By our fireplace. Father wants us all together for Shabbos. Make him hurry, Lyuba.

LYUBA

Shhhh.Go upstairs,sweetie to the library.I know you won't have any trouble finding something to read.When Sol is finish, we'll all go home together and enjoy a wonderful Shabbos meal.

(Sudden commotion. Harsh voice heard, barking sharp orders, "Raus!Alle! Raus!")

SOL

(Grabs Isaac)

Hide. Quickly.

YOUNG ISAAC

Why...?

SOL

(To Lyuba)

Hide him!Quickly.Upstairs.In the library.

(Lyuba leads Isaac off stage kissing him before he exits, then turns just as Einsatzgruppen Commandant Bichel enters.)

(Their dialogue is in German)

COMMANDANT

(He is a wearing dark brown uniform with leather straps, tan cap, carrying a pair of leather gloves in his hand.)

(Sol and Commandant speak German)

You will attend immediately to my wounded.

SOL (IN GERMAN)

Of course.I'll just tell my patients outside,I'll see them as soon as I can.

COMMANDANT

You have no patients. They have been removed.

SOL

You had no authority to...

COMMANDANT

I am the only authority!

SOL

I insist on carrying out my medical duties as I see fit.

(At that, the Commandant slaps Sol hard across the face with one of his loose gloves. Sol is stunned. Old Isaac, as if experiencing the blow himself, stands up, stunned as well.)

(Lyuba is startled and rushes to his side.)

(Young Isaac watches from above through a half-open door. Lights brighten on old Isaac as he speaks in English, reliving every second.)

ISAAC (TO AUDIENCE)

I had never seen my brother treated with anything but reverence and respect. I shuddered inside, afraid to utter a sound, watching it all in secret through the library door. It didn't seem real. I turned away for a moment, sick, frightened. The sanctity of my brother's world had been violated.

(Dialogue between Commandant and Sol continues in German.)

COMMANDANT

Now I will tell you what your duties are. Some of my troops need immediate transfusions. You will round up the youngest children in the town and draw blood from them!

SOL

Children? You want me to take blood from children?

COMMANDANT

From infants, Jewish infants, first.

SOL

From infants? From babies? It will kill them.

COMMANDANT

I don't want to weaken the able-bodied men in town. We will need them to work for us immediately so begin now to round up all the children and especially all the babies.

SOL

I will find you healthy young volunteers and gladly treat your men.

COMMANDANT

You will not touch my soldiers! A German doctor will care for the German wounded. Your job will be to draw blood only, and only from the very young children and babies. Now!

SOL

I cannot! It will be criminal.No doctor in all
conscience would agree to such....

COMMANDANT

One last time, pig! I order you.

(He unsnaps his side holster and draws his
pistol)

SOL

(He speaks in German)

...In all conscience, I am still a doctor..

LYUBA

(Speaking in Yiddish)

Sol, stop!

(The Commandant shoots Sol directly in his
forehead without a moment's hesitation. Sol's
head jerks backwards and he falls, dead.)

(Lyuba screams, runs at the Commandant in a
fury and the Commandant just as swiftly shoots
her.)

COMMANDANT

(In disgust, looking at the dead bodies before
him. He turns and shouts an order in German to
soldiers outside)

Burn this place! It's useless

(Lights slowly fade on scene. Sound of smashing
windows and crackle of fire)

(Then silence.)

(Lights up on Anna. She has been moved to
tears.)

(We see projection of Isaac's pages.Then old
Isaac, still standing in a dim light, sits
down,exhausted by the memory,speaking his hand
written words to audience.

ISAAC

I wanted to scream. I wanted to grieve and cry out,
"No! Wild beasts!" But I held back out of fear, out
of panic. I couldn't move, But I knew I had to
escape. I saw the soldiers rushing in with pitch-tar
torches, smashing windows, kicking down doors, It
was then I ran to the back of the library, squeezed
through the window and slid down the sloping back-
roof. And I ran, ran without looking back. Ran with
my eyes flooded with tears. Ran back to my home, to
my family's home, without Sol and Lyuba. Gone.
Forever.

ISAAC

(continuing; In Yiddish)

Nito Ayoyf eybik

(Lights fade on Old Isaac)

(Anna puts down Isaac's pages.)

(Page projections fade to out.)

(Anna is emotionally spent. Finally, she stands, gathers scattered papers from the table and sees Josef's money underneath it. She ignores it at first and puts pages in the Satchel. She picks up Isaac's cane. Starts to leave. Then she studies Josef's money on the table. She touches it, starts to leave again without it, then takes it and puts in Isaac's satchel.)

(Lights dim on table.)

SCENE SEVEN

(Lights up on Isaac's bed in the Nursing Home. Isaac is half asleep, half remembering. Repeating over and over in English and Yiddish in a whisper just before he dreams.)

ISAAC

Meyn Bruder! Toyt. Toyt. Ale! Everyone! Toyt. No. No!

(Lights dim. He sits up in bed. He will watch, remember and relive the scenes that follow.)

(Lights up on Young Isaac, wearing a Mouton cap, standing with small suitcase and satchel over his shoulder. Other suitcases and bundles at his feet belonging to other family members. His Grandfather's cane, with an elegant brass handle, rests on one of the bundles.)

(KChlop, a 26-year old Polish fireman, enters, wearing a fireman's rubber coat. They speak in Polish)

YOUNG ISAAC

Kchlop, what are you doing here? There's no fire.

KCHLOP

Are you leaving yet?

YOUNG ISAAC

We're not going far.

KCHLOP

Really? I heard different from my policeman cousin in town.

YOUNG ISAAC

What would he know about us?

KCHLOP

The Einstazgruppen put him in a new police battalion and he heard that all you Jews in Rovno will be traveling a good distance east for, what did he call it...yes... resettlement.

YOUNG ISAAC

It's not any concern of yours.

KCHLOP

Tell your father...

YOUNG ISAAC

He's busy packing. We're allowed only six kilos each. And my Aunt Frieda is too weak to pack for herself.

KCHLOP

I see. Six kilos? Not much. All the rest you know will belong to the Schutzstaffel. The SS will take everything you leave behind. Your father knows what's coming.

YOUNG ISAAC

Not true. This is just a temporary...

KCHLOP

Look, my wife and I love that gilded mirror in the hallway and those watercolors of wildflowers you have hanging in your father's study...

YOUNG ISAAC

Get out!

KCHLOP

Wouldn't you rather give some of your precious possessions to a friend and neighbor than to strangers?

YOUNG ISAAC

We are not leaving for good. We have no intention of selling anything in our home.

KCHLOP

Sell? You don't have any time left to sell anything. You'll be gone by tomorrow.

(more)

KCHLOP (cont'd)

So why don't you ask your father if he would like to give away some of his precious belongings to friends while he can. Like that expensive cane. You won't be needing it.

YOUNG ISAAC

My Grandfather's cane? Who do you think you are? My Grandfather gave it to me just before he died. It belongs to me, to my family. Everything belongs to my family!

KCHLOP

Not for long. It's quite an impressive cane. May I?
(He tries to pick it up. Isaac pushes him away and picks up cane himself.)

YOUNG ISAAC

Get out! You're no friend. You're a vulture, that's what! You want to see this cane? Here! Here!
(Swings cane at his head)
Get out. Now!

KCHLOP

(Arrogant and angry)
You fool. Such nerve. With your father smelling up the land all around curing his filthy skins and hides. That's why you have no neighbors. Who can stand that stink. We all had to get far enough away from that God awful stink. That Jewish stink.

YOUNG ISAAC

Bastard! It has nothing to do with...

KCHLOP

I know what happened to your doctor brother and his wife. Everyone knows. Don't you understand? Are you all blind to what's happening? Before the week is out, someone else, maybe even me, will be living in this house and you and your family won't matter anymore and none of you will be any better off than your brother.

YOUNG ISAAC

What are you saying?

KCHLOP

Do you know what my cousin was doing all last week?

YOUNG ISAAC

What do you mean we won't matter? What has my brother's murder to do with...

KCHLOP

My cousin's battalion has been digging a trench in the Sosenki forest near Kostopol...Almost a kilometer long.Deep.Long and deep enough to bury a good ten thousand of you.That's what he said.

YOUNG ISAAC

You don't know what you're talking about, you shit!

KCHLOP

You'll see. You'll see soon enough.

YOUNG ISAAC

Get out!

KCHLOP

Tell your father he's no big shot anymore.You're nothing. You're all nothing! Good riddance to your face and your stink.

(Young Isaac swings cane at KChlop, hitting his shoulder. KChlop laughs, spits at him)

Go to hell. That's where all you Jews belong!

(Young Isaac stands there, full of fury, shouting at him as KChlop exits.)

YOUNG ISAAC

If you take anything from our house while we're away, anything, a spoon, a plate, a cup, a mirror, I swear I will break into your house, beat the stuffing out of you and take back everything that is ours. It is ours.Ours alone. It will always be ours!

(Lights fade on Young Isaac.)

(Old Isaac is agitated by what he remembers.)

(Sound of warplanes, gunshots, marching boots)

(Sound of a harsh whistle. The shouting of German orders to "Mach Schnell!")

(Lights up Young Isaac. He picks up his suitcase and satchel. He tries to pack his Grandfather's cane into his satchel but there is no room. He kisses it, puts it on the floor carefully, lovingly, leaving it behind.)

(He turns his back to audience walking upstage.)

(There is wild impression of harsh whistles, wheeling flashlights and the shrill voice of a German soldier shouting orders to put down belongings and strip)

NAZI VOICES (O.S.)

Ausziehen! Strippen. Mach Shnell!

(Young Isaac strips, turns, faces audience. The trench must be imagined in front of him just beyond the stage)

(A Commandant appears behind Isaac with Kchlop's cousin, a newly appointed policeman, wearing a police cap and a poorly fitting jacket. He follows the Commandant slavishly.)

(Off stage sound of weeping and different voices reciting the Kaddish)

(Pinpoint on Old Isaac's face as he recites the Kaddish along with the offstage voices.)

(Commandant orders the policemen to start shooting them)

COMMANDANT (IN GERMAN)

Schieben! Toten...Alle. Shieben!

YOUNG ISAAC

(Crying out in despair in Polish to the Polish policeman he recognizes)

I know you! You're Kchlop's cousin. Please! Shoot me first. Before my family. Shoot me first. I'm ready. I don't want to see them die. Shoot me.

COMMANDANT

(Shouting angrily in Polish at the policeman)
Shoot him...Now!

(Isaac rushes the policeman who aims in panic and just grazes Isaac's forehead. Isaac touches his forehead which is suddenly bloody and he sinks to the ground unconscious.)

(Lights fade on Young Isaac.)

(Sound of Kaddish fades)

(Lights bang up on Isaac's bed. Isaac is in great turmoil.)

(He throws off covers. It is as if he is struggling to get out of the deep grave with his family's bodies pressing down on him)

(He flails his arms, climbs out of bed, knocking over side table.)

ISAAC

(Crying out in grief in English and Yiddish)
Mameh! Tateh! Vilde Khilus! Beasts!

(Mercedes rushes in and tries to restrain him, but he swings at her and pushes her aside. She falls to the floor)

MERCEDES

(She screams)

Security! Security!

(A tall orderly rushes in. He grabs Isaac. Tries to restrain him. Isaac struggles, fighting back, still confused. He faces orderly, looks at him. Thinks he's KChlop.)

ISAAC

(Speaking Polish)

You? KChlop? Nyet! Kill me. Not them! No! Me!

(Orderly takes down Isaac, pinning him to the ground. Mercedes motions to Orderly not to hurt Isaac, then rushes out and comes back with a syringe and injects Isaac with some strong sedative.)

(Isaac whispers in both English and Yiddish in his groggy state)

What? Vos? Anya? Kumm tsu mir...

(Then to audience)

Kumm tsu mir... Kum tsu mir"

(Isaac looks at audience, Freezes. Music comes in, then fades)

(Lights fade.)

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

SCENE EIGHT

(In the dark, we hear phone ringing)
 (Light up dimly on Isaac's bed in nursing home. Isaac stirs, mumbles something in a garble of language. Mercedes wary of another outburst holds another syringe in her hand. When Isaac twists and turns, she quickly administers another sedative shot. She watches Isaac body relax.)

(She exits)

(Lights up on Anna appearing outside Isaac's room. She has brought his satchel with the old map inside and the cane. Mercedes sees her, puts her finger to her lips signaling quiet.)
 (They speak in English)

MERCEDES

He's resting finally.

ANNA

Not upstairs? Not in lockdown?

MERCEDES

I told you I would tell you before a decision is made. It hasn't been made yet.

(Looking at what she is carrying)

Are you planning some kind of trip?

(Sees cane.)

Not with Isaac I hope. He's in no condition.

ANNA

No. No. Thanks for calling about the incident. I know he can get quite emotional...I'm sorry he was so upset with you

MERCEDES

I don't know what set him off. Something terrible. We had to do sedate him before he hurt himself. I'm sorry

ANNA

I never saw him that way. Maybe these small possessions of his might calm him.

MERCEDES

I'm afraid the cane could become a lethal weapon in his hand.

ANNA

But it reminds him of his Zayda.

MERCEDES

(Puzzled)
Zayda? What's his Zayda?

ANNA

(Smiles)
His Grandfather.

MERCEDES

Ahhh.I understand.His Abuelo.His Grandfather. So that's his Grandfather's cane.

ANNA

Yes.He bought it in this country because it reminded him of his home, his family.

MERCEDES

And his Abuelo.
(Ann nods, smiling in agreement)
(Anna goes to the door, holding the satchel and cane. Mercedes stops her.)
No.Isaac shouldn't be disturbed. He's in a precarious state.Let him rest.

ANNA

You're not planning to move him upstairs?

MERCEDES

I know how you feel, Miss Brown...

ANNA

Anna.

MERCEDES

But there's nothing I can do, Anna, if the administration decides that Mr. Hochman is a constant danger to himself or...others.

ANNA

Please...

MERCEDES

I understand. I will do everything in my power.

ANNA

May I see him?

MERCEDES

It's way past visiting hours. We don't want to disturb the other residents.Leave the souvenirs with me and I will make sure..

ANNA

They're not souvenirs! They're part of his life.
Part of his memories. I'll hold on to them.

MERCEDES

Please don't leave the cane with him.

ANNA

I won't. But I will wait here until he awakes.

MERCEDES

If you need me...
(She hugs Anna)

ANNA

I'll be fine.
(Mercedes brings Anna a chair. Anna grips Mercedes hand and sits. Mercedes smiles, then exits.)

(Anna sits with satchel and cane across her lap, waiting. Distant sound of coughing from other residents. Some moaning. Anna, restless, pulls out pages from satchel and reads more of Isaac's life.)

(Music fades in with projection of Isaac's pages slowly turning.)

(Lights up on old Isaac at side of stage in his long coat and mouton cap, leaning on cane near wooden stool, speaking to audience the words written in English that Anna is reading)

(Lights fade low on Anna eventually going to out)

ISAAC

I was picked to blow up trains because I was the smallest and the quickest. My dear friend, Pietka, was not as small as me and not as quick, but he was picked as my partner because we were close. When he died, Wasic volunteered to work with me. It was not my choice. We met with a partisan named Alyosha, the Brigade's old hand at demolition, who had instructed dear Pietka and me on how to blow up trains in the past.

(Lights up on Alyosha, 46)

Now he had to do it all over for Wasic's sake. Alyosha had been injured badly many times over doing what he now taught us to do. His face wore the marks of past explosions, a notched nose, a patch over one eye, one pulverized ear. Looking at him always reminded us of the danger.

(more)

ISAAC (cont'd)

But after Pietka's awful death, I did not need any reminders.

(Lights linger low on old Isaac who watches from the side of the stage as projection of pages slowly fade out.)

(Lights up on Young Isaac, wearing a similar mouton cap with ear flaps and Wasic, 31. Wasic is a gruff looking veteran. He wears a Russian army overcoat cinched by a belt that carries a holster and a sheath containing a hunting knife.)

(Alyosha wears a bandage over one eye and carries a bundle of dynamite in a satchel with fuse and string inside. He puts satchel down at Young Isaac's feet.)

(They speak in Russian.)

ALYOSHA

Understand men, if you time it right, the engine and the boiler will explode first and the rest of the cars will derail and crumple down the embankment. There will be hot pieces of metal exploding in the air. They will burn right through your clothing and cut deep into your flesh. Run far enough away and you will be safe. Typonimayesh?

YOUNG ISAAC

Da. Ponimayu!

(Alyosha waits for Wasic to respond)

WASIC

Ponimayu!

ALYOSHA

Good! Now there will be much steam and confusion. Do not look back. These cars are coming from the Russian front and carry tanks and artillery and troops along with cattle and whatever treasures these Nazi bastards stole retreating from Mother Russia. Don't collect souvenirs. Ponimayesh?

WASIC

Da! Ponimayu!

(Alyosha does not wait for Young Isaac to respond which annoys Wasic.)

ALYOSHA

Watch your footing on the embankment. Full of gravel. When it rains it gets slick. Test you footing each time you climb to the tracks. One slip running down and I'll have to teach a new team. And I hate doing this. Ponimayesh?

YOUNG ISAAC

Da!

WASIC

Da!

ALYOSHA

Now Wasic, Sergei, here, is experienced so follow him closely.

WASIC

Don't need to. Pietka showed me everything.

ALYOSHA

He did? When?

WASIC

The night before...his last time...

ALYOSHA

Showed you everything, did he? Did he tell you why he died? Did he tell you how he died? Did he tell you what not to do so you won't die?

YOUNG ISAAC

I thought Pietka was dead asleep that night before he...He never mentioned that he was with you.

(Wasic laughs)

WASIC

That's how much you knew your so-called friend. Pietka and I spent half the night drinking that Samogon the Major Kolpak brewed for us.

YOUNG ISAAC

You got him drunk.

WASIC

I didn't twist his arm. He just loved celebrating with me.

YOUNG ISAAC

Celebrating what?

WASIC

That last train he blew. He couldn't wait to show me the steps. Taught me everything. And we drank a toast to each and every train he blew up with you.

YOUNG ISAAC

What did you think you were doing? You're the reason he was too sick to move off the tracks that day.

WASIC

I'm the reason?

YOUNG ISAAC

I just thought he had a bad night...He was tripping all over himself. I tried to keep him away from the tracks but he wouldn't listen. Right after we set the charges, I told him to run, but he looked at me like I was speaking another language. Then he fell to his knees. I tried to drag him away with the train coming and the fuse burning. I tried, but he kept pushing me away with what little strength he had left in him. I shouted, I screamed at him to run. But he didn't move. And then I ran.

WASIC

So it was you after all.

YOUNG ISAAC

Me?

WASIC

You could have saved him, Sergei, or whatever your name is, whoever you are.

YOUNG ISAAC

I told you I tried... What do you, mean whoever I am?

WASIC

I mean you left your good friend Pietka behind to blow up along with the train. You killed him, you dirty...!

(Young Isaac jumps at Wasic. Wasic takes out a hunting knife, but Young Isaac grabs the arm holding the knife and holds it down until Wasic has to drop it...At this point Alyosha steps in. He is massively strong and separates the two, literally tossing both of them aside in different directions.)

ALYOSHA

I told you I hate breaking in a new team. If you want to kill each other, do it on your time not mine. Typonimayesh?

(No answer. Both men glaring at each other.)

Ponimayesh?

(Alyosha checks his watch)

Now check your watch. The Germans run their military transports precisely on time. Are you listening, Wasic? Wasic?

WASIC

Da!

ALYOSHA

When you both go out, there'll be no weapons. Nothing. No guns, no knives. In case you're left behind, dead or alive, we don't help these Nazi bastards to our weapons.

(He picks up Wasic's knife)

Tiponimayesh?

(Sergei nods yes.)

Wasic?

(Wasic, still raging, nods yes.)

(He gives knife back to Wasic.)

(He begins the instructions in a monotone.)

To prepare!

(Old Isaac standing at side of stage, repeats simultaneously in Russian to the underlined phrases of Alyosha's instructions that are deeply ingrained in his memory)

Tie the sticks of dynamite together. Ponimayesh,

Wasic?.

(Wasic nods still angry)

Good! Insert the fuse. Notice, Wasic, the fuse is short. We have limited resources. Seal it with just a bit soft putty. Place the bundle between the rails and the wooden ties with some of the dynamite resting on the tracks just in case the fuse fails. Light the fuse and run like hell. Run! Right Sergei?

YOUNG ISAAC

Right.

ALYOSHA

Wasic?

WASIC

(Whispers in a growl)

Right!

(Almost a sneer.)

(Lights fade on Old Isaac)

ALYOSHA

Keep running. Do not turn back. Do not waste a second. If your partner slips, if he crumbles, if he can't move because he's sick, it's his problem not yours. Do you understand, Wasic. It's his problem. Tiponimayesh, Wasic?

WASIC

Da! Da!.

ALYOSHA

(Checking his watch)

You have exactly one hour. Please don't kill each other until you've done the job. No weapons on the job.

(Both men nod)

(Lights fade on scene)

(Lights brighten on Anna. She has fallen asleep. The satchel and cane slip from her hands to the floor.)

SCENE NINE

(Lights brighten on Isaac's bed. We hear him muttering in his sleep)

ISAAC

(Muttering in Russian)

You..? Wasic?...Why...?...Why?

(Sound of an explosion and hissing steam.)

(Lights fade on Anna)

(Old Isaac slowly gets out of bed. He looks around, puzzled, disoriented, sees his overcoat, and mouton cap. He looks around for his cane and satchel with the map, confused, he goes back to overcoat and cap, takes them off the hook, holds them close, tenderly clutches them, then exhausted sits down on bed with cap and hat across his lap, trying to catch his breath.)

(Lights dim on old Isaac. He continues to watch, remember and relive the scene.)

(Lights up on Young Isaac)

(Young Isaac is lying in the woods. His pants torn, his face and arms streaked with blood. He tries to rise. He falls back, rubs the back of his head. He looks at his hand. There's blood on his fingers. He closes his eyes, too weak to move.)

(Anya comes running towards him, She carries a bag with bandages and first aid ointments.)

(They speak in Russian.)

ANYA

I knew it. I know you wouldn't die on me. Tell me you're alive. Isaac...Look at me. Isaac!

YOUNG ISAAC

(Opens eyes)

Anya? You called me....?

ANYA

Wasic is running around the camp telling everyone how you tried to kill him on the tracks. How he fought back and knocked you flat and how he ran from the exploding train just in time. He was sure you never got up and must have died in the explosion.

YOUNG ISAAC

I didn't...I don't remember...I'm bleeding...
(Shows her his hand, points to the back of his head.)

ANYA

(Goes behind him. Sees the open wound)
My poor cricket. I told you to be careful, Isaac.
(She starts treating him)

YOUNG ISAAC

Why?

ANYA

Why? I love you and it's not worth loving you if you're dead.
(She starts treating the back of his head.)

YOUNG ISAAC

You shouted out my name. My real name.

ANYA

Oh. That.

YOUNG ISAAC

If anyone hears...

ANYA

Did you hear what I said, Wassic is going around bragging how he escaped certain death at your hands.

YOUNG ISAAC

I never touched him. I lit the fuse and told him to run and the next thing, I... felt something strike my head.

ANYA

Don't touch it. That's my job.

YOUNG ISAAC

I was in a haze, couldn't get my legs to work, so I started to crawl away. The fuse was burning down. I heard the train. I crawled rolled down the embankment, managed to get on my feet.

(more)

YOUNG ISAAC (cont'd)

And I ran, ran until I reach the edge of the woods, then felt the explosion. And fell here. Blacked out. Maybe it was the explosion did most of the damage.

ANYA

No. Simple. Wassic tried to kill you.

YOUNG ISAAC

I can't believe...

ANYA

(Kisses the top of his head)

It was Wassic. Not an explosion. Wassic, the worm. With something heavy. Probably a rock.

YOUNG ISAAC

I didn't see him pick up anything.

ANYA

You had your back to him, doing your job while he was doing his.

YOUNG ISAAC

He's a good soldier. He wouldn't ...

(She continues to treat his wound behind him.)

ANYA

Did you know, the night before he joined you, he tried to drag me off to his bedroll, claiming me for his own. I warned you he would. He swore if you got near me again, he would kill you.

YOUNG ISAAC

Did you sleep with...?

ANYA

You know me better than that. I shoved my rifle point blank into his face and threatened to blow off his hot head. He backed off. So did I.

(Isaac smiles, tries to turn and kiss her, but she stops him)

Don't move, you idiot. I still have some patching up to do.

YOUNG ISAAC

Maybe you're right. Maybe it was Wasic.

ANYA

I think I will blow his head off the next time I see him. Hold still.

YOUNG ISAAC

He really thinks I'm dead?

ANYA

He wants to believe...He told Major Kolpac the Brigade is better off without you. Told everyone your real name. Been shouting Isaac all over the camp. Pietka must have told him everything.

YOUNG ISAAC

That bastard got Pietka drunk! That's why.

ANYA

A slimey worm. That's all he is!

YOUNG ISAAC

So, it's all out in the open. Why are you here, Anya? I'm a marked man.

ANYA

I know who you really are. I know what I feel. Let Wasic blubber on. Makes no difference to me.

YOUNG ISAAC

He told the Major all this?

ANYA

Told anyone who would listen.

YOUNG ISAAC

Then...then it's all over for me. You should stay away. I don't want you to get hurt.

ANYA

I'm used to being with men who are total disasters. Don't you understand? I love you whether you are Sergei or Isaac. But no more lying.

YOUNG ISAAC

(Anya presses too hard on his wound and Isaac yells in pain)
Owwwwwe! No more...

ANYA

Lying?

YOUNG ISAAC

No more.

ANYA

The Major told me he practically kicked Wasic out of his headquarters when that Wassic bastard turned on you.

YOUNG ISAAC

The Major did that?

ANYA

The Major made it clear to everyone. "We are fighting the Nazi not the Jews." He told the whole camp. "We need all the good soldiers we can muster. Isaac or Sergei, who gives a shit, as long as he pulls his own weight. And he has and he will!" That's what he said to all of us. And then he added, "I can't believe he's dead. He's too good a fighter to let himself be killed just like that. Find him, one way or the other." That's what the Major said.

YOUNG ISAAC

You found me first.

ANYA

Before anyone. Before that worm...

YOUNG ISAAC

Wassic...

ANYA

(Faces him. Kisses him. Then holds his face in her hands.)
Before him. Yes. He's coming. I know it. He started drinking after the Major made his little speech.

YOUNG ISAAC

Let him come. I'm not worried.
(He tries to stand. Still a bit wobbly. Sits back down, dizzy.)

ANYA

One thing more, Cricket. You got to know...

YOUNG ISAAC

More?

(She whispers the news in his ear. Young Isaac kisses her, then looks at her with concern)
You're sure...?
(She nods)

ANYA

If it gets out, the Major will be forced to ship me back to Russia. I don't want to leave. I want to be here, near you and keep fighting until the war ends, for us.

YOUNG ISAAC

Yes! You must! For you and me and the child. We must stay together. A family. A new family! Our family. A Bruchka!

(Anya looks questioningly at him.)

A blessing! Our child.

ANYA

Yes.

(Pronouncing word carefully)

Our Bruchka.

(He hugs her carefully, kissing her on the cheek)

I'll try and cover it up so it doesn't show as long as I can. Until I can't hide it any longer. But if I'm sent away, you must come to me, when it's safe, but as soon as you can. I'll be waiting for you with our child...our "Bruchka" in Brovary, near Kyev Ostrov. But it must be our secret until then. There's no other way.

(She kisses him)

Promise.

YOUNG ISAAC

Are you sure? If you are in any danger...

ANYA

Please. Trust me. If I must leave, you will come to me. Promise.

YOUNG ISAAC

Promise.

(He takes her hand.)

(Sudden gunshot. A shout offstage)

WASIC (O.S.)

Get away from him, Anya. Get away from that lowlife, lying dog of a Jew.

(Wasic appears with pistol pointed in their direction. He is drunk.)

It's you I want! You, Isaac, and all your filthy Jewish scum! You're the reason for the war and all our troubles!

YOUNG ISAAC

(Trying to stand)

Give me your rifle. Anya! Move away.

(Anya steps away from Isaac, moves to confront Wasic. Hangs on to her rifle, pointing it at Wasic who stops)

WASIC

Not you, Anya. It's him I want. That runt pig. Not you. Move away.

YOUNG ISAAC

(Tries to shelter Anya, grabbing her rifle. She pulls it away.)
He wants me, not you! Anya...!

ANYA

(To Wassic)
No one is getting what they want! Do you hear me, Wasic? Not today. No one!
(She walks towards Wasic, her rifle pointed at him, her finger on the trigger.)
(Young Isaac, still reeling from the blow to his head, grabs Anya by the shoulders and tries to pull her back. She is startled and her rifle goes off wildly, missing Wasic. Wasic shaken by wild shot, aims in panic in the direction of Anya and Young Isaac. Scene freezes as lights fade with Anya, anticipating Wasic's shot, in front of Young Isaac, protecting him.)
(Sound of Wasic's shot echoes as lights brighten on old Isaac still sitting on bed, painfully reliving the memory. The echo of the shot fades.)

ISAAC

(He cries out in English and Yiddish)
No! No! Meyn Got! Anya. Anya!
(He stands. Puts on his cap, then his long coat with some difficulty, looks around, ready to leave.)
(Lights fade.)
(In the dark we hear door creak open and shut.)

SCENE TEN

(Lights up on Anna. Sitting outside of Isaac's room, she is awakened by the noise of the door. Disoriented. She suddenly realizes the satchel and cane are missing. She stands up abruptly)
(The scene is in English)

ANNA

(Shouting)
What have you done with Isaac's belongings? You have no right to take it. Do you hear me!
(Mercedes runs in, shushing her)

MERCEDES

Miss Brown. Please. It's late. You musn't...

ANNA

Look! Everything I brought him. Missing. Missing.

MERCEDES

Please, don't shout.

ANNA

I'll shout until I get an answer. Why did you take it?

MERCEDES

Me? I've been upstairs all this time. We're having problems with that lady I told you about. The Duchess with her English Castle.

ANNA

Who took them?

(Mercedes looks around. She see the door to Isaac's room is open.)

MERCEDES

His door. Did you go in? Did you forget to close it?

ANNA

What?

MERCEDES

His door. Isaac's door is wide open.

(Mercedes looks in.)

Isaac! Mr. Hochman.

(Walks out.)

He took his coat and hat. He's just wearing pajamas and he wanders off in the middle of winter. The poor man. We'll find him.

ANNA

He took everything.

MERCEDES

I told you I was concerned. Believe me, I want him back safe and sound in our home as much as you.

(She runs out to get Security.)

ANNA

(To Mercedes, who is not listening)

Home? This is no home for him.

(Lights fade.)

SCENE ELEVEN

(Night time. Christmas lights blinking in the distance. Sound of rushing water, and wind. Occasional sound of cars honking in the distance.)

(Lights up on Isaac, in his worn-out long coat, his Russian Mouton Hat with the flaps, leaning on the cane and holding his satchel.)

(He has been walking for over an hour, lost, in so many ways, until he finds his bench,)

(He sits on his bench by the river. Sound of rushing water. Opens satchel to take out map and discovers a wad of money. He holds the bills in his hand, puzzled, looking at it.)

(Young Man One goes by, sees Isaac with the money and takes off. Isaac barely notices him.)

(He stuffs money back into satchel. He is tired, breathless. He closes his eyes)

(Lights up, blindingly bright.)

(In Isaac's memory, it is suddenly daytime. Young Isaac appears, playing out the scene that Isaac is remembering and reliving. Sound of knocking...)

YOUNG ISAAC

(In front of his old house in Rovno.)

(KChlop, the Polish Fireman enters. Young Isaac confronts him, holding map.)

(They speak in Polish)

KCHLOP

You? Alive? You have no business coming back here. The war is over. This is not your house anymore, if that's what you're thinking. Not your house, not your country, Not anything!

YOUNG ISAAC

Please, Kchlop. I need to rest. I have a long way to go. Many kilometers west of here, see. Near Kyev Ostrov.

(Tries to show him location on map.)

KCHLOP

You can go to hell for all I care.

YOUNG ISAAC

I've been told not to go on into Russia. I won't be welcome.

KCHLOP

You're not welcome anywhere. Not there. Not here.
Not anywhere.

YOUNG ISAAC

I don't care. I have to try and get back to her, to my Anya and my child. I just need to rest. You owe me just a moment. Some food. Some rest.

KCHLOP

I owe you nothing. I gave you and your father a chance to give me a measly painting of wildflowers and that gilded mirror. What good was a mirror to you and your people? You don't need a mirror. Why would you want to look at yourself? I don't want to look at you. Get off my property.

(KChlop reaches for a cane resting near his door and threatens him with it)
Or I'll make you.

YOUNG ISAAC

That cane. I know it...It was my Zayda's.

KCHLOP

Get off my steps.

YOUNG ISAAC

I put it by the door before we left. His cane with the brass handle and silver tip.

KCHLOP

Before I call the authorities, start moving!

YOUNG ISAAC

You have no right...

KCHLOP

(Laughs shrilly)
Rights? You're the one without any rights. You don't even have the right to live but you go on breaking the law by breathing.

YOUNG ISAAC

Do you know how many people died so you could have that cane and this house?

KCHLOP

Why did they let you live? You should be dead. They should have killed you and dumped you in that ditch with the rest of your filthy family. Like a drowned rat! That's all you are, a naked disgusting, rat-faced Jew who doesn't know he's dead! Climb back into that ditch with the others.

(more)

KCHLOP (cont'd)

(He hits Young Isaac with cane. Young Isaac doesn't move. He doesn't feel the external pain.)

You're dead! Dead!

(Strikes him again. Old Isaac cringes with the memory of the blows. Young Isaac takes the blows without reacting)

You don't know it. But that's what you are, Dead!

(Lights darken. Image of KChlop and Young Isaac fade. It is night time again. Isaac still sits on bench, shaking from the memory. He looks around. Still lost. Lights dim on him.)

SCENE TWELVE

(Lights up on Anna who appears on other side of stage. She is dressed in heavy coat, wearing wool hat and gloves. She holds a photo of Isaac in her gloved hand. She will move along the edge of the stage as if showing photo to pedestrians going by.)

(She speaks in English.)

ANNA

His name is Isaac. He sometimes calls himself Sergei. Here. Here's his photo. If you see him, call 911. Please. Just look. You can at least look. He's not dangerous, I swear. He just wants to get home. Where are you running? Just glance at his face. That's all I ask. He answers to the name of Isaac or Sergei. Call 911 if you...What did you say? It's not a joke. He's lost. Have some care. Some mercy. I'm not asking for money. Fine. Ignore me. Merry Christmas. Peace be with you.

(Lights fade on Anna)

SCENE THIRTEEN

(Lights up on Isaac on his bench Sound of a plane overhead triggers Isaac's memory. Lights brighten into Daytime.)

(Lights up on Alyosha, the grizzled one eyed veteran. It is right after the war and Alyosha is now trying to look like a civilian wearing a shabby, oversized suit jacket, a collarless shirt with a tie. Young Isaac appears again, playing out the scene. Old Isaac still sitting on bench, relives it all over again.)

(Young Isaac approaches Alyosha from behind. Taps him on the back, holding map.)

(They speak in Russian.)

YOUNG ISAAC

(Pointing to location on map.)

Sir, I am looking for this. What is the name of your village? Am I near Kyev Ostrov?

(more)

YOUNG ISAAC (cont'd)

I've been travelling for days.
(Alyosha turns around)

ALYOSHA

(Turns around, annoyed at first. Then looks intently at Isaac.)
Sergei? It can't be!
(Alyosha wears a suit and a tie.)

YOUNG ISAAC

Alyosha! Look at you. A gentleman!

ALYOSHA

(Hugs him)
I don't believe it. Sergei!

YOUNG ISAAC

The war is over, Alyosha. I'm Isaac again.

ALYOSHA

Of course. Yes. Dear Isaac. But why...?

YOUNG ISAAC

It's my name.

ALYOSHA

No. Why have you come back?

YOUNG ISAAC

For Anya...

ALYOSHA

No.

YOUNG ISAAC

And my child. I have never seen my child. I don't even know if I have son or a daughter. But Anya is waiting. She should be close. Here, on the map, Brovary, near Kyev Ostrov.

(Points to map)

See. I'm sure I am no more than 15 kilometers away from her.

ALYOSHA

But...No.

YOUNG ISAAC

Yes! Look. At the map. How close...

ALYOSHA

Isaac, she's gone.

YOUNG ISAAC

From the Brigade, yes; from the forest, from the war. Back to Kyev. I know. After Wasic wounded her, the Major flew her back to Russia so she can get the proper medical attention.

ALYOSHA

Still, Sergei...Isaac...you must know...

YOUNG ISAAC

I know Anya is waiting. My child is waiting. They are the only family I have left. And they are waiting to greet me and embrace me. We will all be together soon.

ALYOSHA

You have to listen to me.

YOUNG ISAAC

We worked it all out, Anya and me. I know I'm near.

ALYOSHA

My God, Isaac. Don't go. There's no reason...It's too dangerous. Believe me, it's a bad time for you, for your people. Go back.

YOUNG ISAAC

Thank you for all your concern, Alyoshya. But there is all the reason in the world for me to go on. I'll get through. Anya is waiting. My child is waiting.

ALYOSHA

They're not waiting. No one is waiting.

(Lights darken.)

The Major didn't get word about Anya for months. It was too late by then. We had all scattered to the wind. It was too late to get word to you, to tell you.

YOUNG ISAAC

Tell me what? What are you saying?

ALYOSHA

Anya died in a hospital near Kyev from Wasic's gunshot. She's gone. The baby died. The Major was never told whether it was a boy or a girl. I'm sorry, so sorry.

(Lights fade on Alyosha and Young Isaac.)

SCENE FOURTEEN

(Night time. Isaac sits on bench. He is sobbing, remembering the encounter with Alyosha.)

ISAAC (IN YIDDISH)

Anya. Meyn Anya... Meyn Kind.

(Sound of rushing water increases.)

(Light up on two Young Men.)

(They speak in English)

FIRST YOUNG MAN

What did I tell ya? Check out the bag he's carrying. Plenty green. I'm tellin ya he got a pile of greens in that piece of shit bag.

SECOND YOUNG MAN

You didn't tell me he's just an old man. Lets forget it.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Are you shitting me?

(Isaac turns and sees them. He stands with the help of his cane)

What is this?

FIRST YOUNG MAN

(First Young Man kicks the cane out of Isaac's hand. Isaac collapses on ground. First Young Man puts his foot on Isaac's back. Isaac still clutches his satchel)

(To Isaac)

Gotchya! You ain't going nowhere.

(To Second Young Man)

Don't just stand there like a fucking log. Grab his bag. What's with you? Lose your fucking nerve?

SECOND YOUNG MAN

I don't know. Just don't feel right

FIRST YOUNG MAN

(First Young Man grabs satchel out of Isaac's hand and spills out Josef's money and some of Isaacs hand written yellow pages.)

(To Second Young Man)

Told ya! Nice fucking haul. I got this old fart.

Take it! Now! Get the fucking lead out, now!

SECOND YOUNG MAN

(He picks up money.)

We're done. Right? Let's get the hell outta here.

ISAAC

Beasts! Nazi! Nazi Khius!

FIRST YOUNG MAN

What's he screaming Nazi shit? Look at him. A fuckin roach...

SECOND YOUNG MAN

We got the money. Leave him the fuck alone!

FIRST YOUNG MAN

I Could squash him just like that.

(Lifts his foot over Isaac's head)

(Second Young Man pushes him off Isaac . Young man One pushes him back angrily and puts foot on Isaac's back.)

Don't ever push me! What's got into you?

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Just an old man. Old as hell. Not worth spit. Let's just get outta here. Now!

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Don't tell me what to do. Grow a pair!

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Fuck you!

(Anna appears.)

ANNA

Isaac! What are you doing to him? Let him go! Take whatever you want. Just let him go!

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Look at her. Old man you have good taste.

ANNA

That's enough. I won't call the police if you just take off now. Don't hurt him. Please.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Did you hear that? She's begging us.

(He takes his foot off Isaac and moves towards Anna)

Whoa. We got something going here. Right?

(He grabs Anna.)

(She tries to pull away but he puts his hand over her mouth)

Don't fight, bitch.

(To Second Young Man)

Forget the the old fart. He ain't goin' nowhere. We got easy pickins here.

(He screams at Second Young Man who stands frozen.)

. What's got into you?

SECOND YOUNG MAN

Let her go. She's got nothin...

FIRST YOUNG MAN

(Anna struggles)

Now. Now. Don't wanna hurt you bad.

(To Second Young Man)

Grab her feet. Hear me? Grab her...

SECOND YOUNG MAN

(Throws down money.)

I want no part of this. Screw you! I'm done!

(He runs off.)

FIRST YOUNG MAN

(To Second Young Man)

Where ya goin'? We ain't done, you chicken shit!

(He lets go of Anna to reach for money and she kicks him.)

ANNA

Filthy Bastard!

(He grabs her with one arm and pulls out a knife. He starts to drag her into the shadows.)

FIRST YOUNG MAN

I'll shut you up real good!

(Isaac sees what happening, struggles to his feet, grabbing his cane.)

ISAAC

(He shouts in German.)

You want to see this cane. Here! Here!

(He comes at him with his cane, striking him across the head)

(First Young mMan lets go of Anna.)

ISAAC

Run, Anya! It's me he wants.

(Isaac strikes young man with cane again.)

ANNA

Help! Someone! Police! Someone!

(She runs off)

ISAAC

Nazi Beast!

(Isaac raises his cane to strike him again.)

FIRST YOUNG MAN

Fuckin' old...I'll Nazi you!

(He stabs Isaac, but Isaac brings his cane down on the young man's hand and knocks the knife out of his grip then collapses to the ground.)

(Sound of sirens in distance.)

Shit!

(He picks up his knife and rushes off)

(Sirens diminish.)

(Isaac, in pain, lift himself and sits on the bench.)

(Sound of rushing water)

(Lights blindingly bright again, enveloping the stage. Anya appears. Isaac sees her. She speaks in Russian)

ANYA

...by the eddies where the rivers cross... I'm waiting... Come soon. Soon...

(Sound of rushing water increases, deafening. Then lights fade, silence.)

(Sound of phone ringing)

SCENE FIFTEEN

(Phone continues to ring. Lights up on Josef in Isaac's apartment. Isaac's pages are scattered over the kitchen table next to the satchel.)

(Josef picks up phone.)

(He speaks in English.)

JOSEF

Yes. I'm here, Anna. How is he?... Now, don't cry. He's a tough old bird...Yes, yes, I'll bring his satchel...Promise...I'll get everything together for him...Yes, I know. I know...Love you too.

(He hangs up. Gathers Isaac's pages scattered on the table, then starts to read Isaac's account. Projection of yellow pages turning.)

(Lights fade to low as Josef reads.)

(Cross-fade on old Isaac speaking words from pages.)

ISAAC

I write so I remember. I must not forget. I'm afraid I will...No! I will not forget! Sol, Mameh, Tateh, Anya. Oh Anya! My pure and holy one. My love. I must not forget YOU. You must not be forgotten. Never! I must remember everything. Everyone.

(more)

ISAAC (cont'd)

So I write...I write...I write...

(Lights dim to out on Old Isaac, Josef and pages)

SCENE SIXTEEM

(Lights up on Anna sitting at Isaac's kitchen table. She is wearing a black dress. Isaac's satchel sits on the table along with his cane and Russian hat. His winter overcoat is draped over the chair.)

(Josef enters. He is wearing a black suit under a dark overcoat.)

(They speak in English)

JOSEF

We're ready.

ANNA

Give me a moment.

JOSEF

Anna, I have our limo and Isaac's hearse waiting outside.

ANNA

Isaac is done wandering. Let him rest.

JOSEF

What about all that?

(Motions to the objects on the table.)

What do you want me to do with it?

ANNA

(Thinks for moment)

He'll need his cane and his hat. Both of them go with him.

JOSEF

Whatever you say. Fine.

ANNA

And his long coat.

JOSEF

Are you sure?

ANNA

He will be cold.

JOSEF

Anna, I will do anything for him that you ask. He saved your life. But does it really matter if we leave some of his stuff behind?

ANNA

There is enough room I'm sure.

JOSEF

I'm sure there is.

ANNA

You know I signed the papers for Louis. For the new apartment.

JOSEF

I know. I'm relieved. Too many memories in this place. Important to start fresh.

ANNA

I'm keeping all of Sergei's papers.

JOSEF

Whose?

ANNA

Isaac's, I mean. Some blew away when those punks... I'll keep what's left in his satchel. It's only right. I'll take them with me to my... new home. It's too easy to forget.

JOSEF

I understand.

ANNA

He will be next to his Sarah?

JOSEF

All arranged. Louis contacted his own Rabbi. They'll meet us there.

ANNA

There was no one to call. He left no numbers, no names.

JOSEF

We'll be there. He won't be alone.

ANNA

I love you, Josef. He would be pleased to know how much you have done for him.

(Josef walks to table, kisses Anna on the cheek.)

JOSEF

I read some of his pages, you know.

ANNA

When?

JOSEF

When you were sitting in the hospital just before he died. You asked me to go to his apartment and bring that satchel to you.

ANNA

Yes.

JOSEF

I saw his pages spread out on the table like they were waiting to be read. I don't know what possessed me but I sat down and started to read.

ANNA

Really?

JOSEF

Read about the death of his brother and his family and all the horror of their last days.

ANNA

So much suffering.

JOSEF

And when I finished, I just sat there. Didn't move. I suddenly felt cold. Colder than I have ever felt before.

ANNA

I know that feeling. When Mother died and when Isaac died, I felt that cold. Like a fist of ice in my chest. I was too weak to cry or move.

JOSEF

I realized I was deathly afraid I'd find Father's name, his real German name, in those pages of Isaac's.

ANNA

He's not there.

JOSEF

No. He's not, but he could have been. That's what got to me. I kept wondering if he could have been one of those...Nazi monsters.

(more)

JOSEF (cont'd)

The ones I saw in movies and read about, the ones who killed millions and millions of Isaacs. Maybe... maybe he was part of the horror. Isaac's horror. The war's horror. and, god forgive me, just for a moment, reading Isaac's words, I wanted him dead. I wanted my own father dead! And I didn't feel a bit of sorrow or grief or guilt. Only that awful cold. But it's not right to feel that way. It's just not right!

ANNA

It's time to bury Father as well.

JOSEF

Yes.

ANNA

Maybe he was just that. Our father. That's all we know for sure.

JOSEF

Yes.

ANNA

(She stands and embraces him)

Yes. Leave it at that.

JOSEF

You're right.

(Steps back and looks at her)

Anna, look at you. I don't think I've seen you in a dress for years.

ANNA

(Smiles)

It was mother's. Her basic black. She was always prepared for mourning.

JOSEF

Wait. Louis reminded me.

(Takes out a torn black ribbon and kippah from his coat pocket. He pins the torn black ribbon on his lapel and puts the yarmulka on his head)

(more)

JOSEF (cont'd)

There.

(Anna puts on a lacy scarf over her head)

We're ready for Isaac. Oh yes. This.

(Reaches into the inside pocket of his suit and pulls out two cards with English and Hebrew writing on it.)

Here.

(Gives one card to Anna)

Louis said we read this at the grave site.

(stumbling, mispronouncing.)

Yit-ga-dull Vee-yeee- ga-dish shee-my ra-beee...

ANNA

You can read it in English. Isaac won't mind.

JOSEF

That I can do.

(Reads)

"Glorified and Sanctified be God's great name throughout the World which He has created according to his will." I got it. Now I'm ready.

(Starts to gather up the cane, hat, and long coat. Reaches for the satchel. But Anna stops him from taking the satchel)

ANNA

You got your arms full. I want to carry something.

JOSEF

No problem.

ANNA

I'll keep the satchel in the limo and bring it home with me.

(He starts to exit. Anna holds back.)

JOSEF

We're going? Right?

ANNA

I'll be down in a moment. Have to finish up. I need one last moment alone.

JOSEF

I understand.

(He kisses Anna.)

I really understand.

(He exits)

ANNA

(Anna sits at table. Starts putting Isaac's pages tenderly into the satchel. She pauses.)
 (Young Isaac appears behind her. She senses a presence. She speaks to it without turning.)

Isaac?

(Lights up on Old Isaac in overcoat and mouton cap, leaning on his cane.)

YOUNG ISAAC

Anya. Anya, it's me. Your Sergei, your Isaac.

(Anna does not hear the words and is not frightened, but she does not turn around. She smiles, feeling he is near her.)

I knew you would be here. Waiting.

(Sound of rushing water. Both he and Old Isaac blow a kiss to Anna. Anna, not turning around, gently blows a kiss back as if she felt their kiss. Then both Young Isaac and Old Isaac brush their fingers across their cheek. Anna brushes her hand across her cheek as if she has felt their touch.)

(Young Isaac whispers to Anna in Russian.)

I'm home, Anya.

ISAAC

(Isaac whispers to Anna in Yiddish)

I'm home.

(Lights dim on Young and Old Isaac.)

(Anna turns, but does not see them)

(She touches her cheek again, then finishes placing Isaac's pages into the satchel.)

(She puts on her overcoat and picks up the satchel. Then takes the Kaddish card on the table without looking at it and puts it in the satchel. Then she lifts the satchel, clutching it close to her body with both arms, embracing it and begins to recite the Kaddish perfectly, quietly, poignantly)

(Lights fade slowly on all of them as she recites.)

ANNA

Yitgadal V'yitkadash sh'mei raba b'alma di-'v'ra chirutei, v'yamlich malchutei....

(They all freeze in place.)

(Silence)

(Projection of Isaac's hand written pages. Slow dissolve of one page after the other in the silence)

(Fade to black)

END OF PLAY