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# *God Waits at the Station*

A play by

Maya Arad

Translated from Hebrew by Eran Edry

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19 Eliahu Meferara St., Tel-Aviv, Israel

[Aradmaya76@gmail.com](mailto:Aradmaya76@gmail.com)

+972-52-4710814

**Dramatis Personae**

AMAL (30) – A nurse

THAISER – Amal's father

NABILA – Amal's mother

FARÈS – Amal's brother

DR ABU KHALED

JAMAL – Taxi driver

SARAYA – Jamal's wife

NASRIN – Childhood friend of Amal's

WAITER AT RESTAURANT

YAEL – Israeli female soldier

TZACHY– Israeli male soldier

CHEMY – Israeli Secret Service agent

PALESTINIAN MALE 1

PALESTINIAN MALE 2

PALESTINIAN FEMALE 1

PALESTINIAN FEMALE 2

RANDOM PEOPLE (indicated by a hyphen)

1.

*The cast is all on stage, fighting over who gets to speak first.*

JAMAL                      Pregnant woman gets inside my taxi. "I want something to eat," she says. Who knew *that* was her plan?!

AMAL                        Know any good restaurants round Haifa?

JAMAL                      There's this little place; one of ours; right here. Not even that far.

AMAL                        Uh-uh, no; not one of ours. Take me to where they go.

CHEMY                     Where we go... And what did he think she had in mind, huh? Peace talks?

- Well, go on, get started.

- You start.

- I'll start: one.

- One.

- Oh, so you're starting then.

- No, no, go ahead. You start.

- Fine. One.

- Two.

- Three.

- Four.

3.

*god waits at the station*



*The others interrupt.*

CHEMY                    Like hell she was!

JAMAL                    She wanted something to eat. The first thing she tell me, take me to a restaurant, she says. You want I suspect of *that?! I'm a taxi driver!*

CHEMY                    Why'd he take her to a restaurant, huh? Why? Wasn't he thinking, what's she doing going to a restaurant for?

- We should have eaten at home.

- Or at someone else's place.

JAMAL                    I have pregnant woman in my taxi, wants to eat somewhere – I take her to eat!

CHEMY                    So help me God, the next time I hear about her being pregnant!

WAITER                    Hang on, hang on, they went into the restaurant, the woman and her husband...

CHEMY                    That was not her goddamn husband!

WAITER                    A man and a woman, looked... kind of traditional, village folk, I guess. Think she was pregnant.

JAMAL                    Where we can sit?

WAITER                    It was crazy busy inside.

AMAL I'd prefer indoors.

WAITER Table thirty-two was available.

AMAL Could we have that table please?

WAITER Except she asked to sit at table eleven instead.

JAMAL Madame prefers this table.

WAITER I'm sorry, miss, but this table's reserved, half an hour from now.

AMAL We'll be quick.

WAITER So I said, "No worries." Gave them table eleven.

- Fifteen.

- Sixteen.

WAITER They were sitting at table eleven, in the western end of the restaurant. He was facing south and she was sitting to his left. They ordered some food. I served them myself!

CHEMY The Woman chooses the least intimate table, smack in the middle of the restaurant and he never stops to ask himself why?!

JAMAL Sure I was – surprised! They had tables much more quiet.

AMAL Sit down, sit. Here's fine.

JAMAL It's like eating at a train station.

AMAL                      It's nearer to the a/c.

JAMAL                    She was feeling hot, I argue with her?! I'm a taxi driver, I don't fight with my passengers!

- Eighteen.

- Nineteen.

JAMAL                    She ordered some mango juice and the chicken skewers.

WAITER                   She ordered some mango juice and the chicken skewers.

JAMAL                    And they come back with orange juice and kebabs.

AMAL                     This is not what I ordered.

WAITER                   I'm so sorry. Let me sort this out for you right away.

- We spent ages waiting for our check. We were all ready to leave but we just kept sitting there, waiting for the check...

- Excuse me, how's our check coming along?

YAEL                      Get out! Get the hell out of there! Never mind the check; get out of there *right now!*

JAMAL                    The truth is she hardly touched her food.

WAITER                   I took her order back to the kitchen, untouched.

- Twenty

CHEMY                      She asks to go to a restaurant, orders the skewers and then doesn't even look twice at her plate; a person doesn't even get kind of suspicious? Well the man's either thick as pig shit or he knew damn well what she was going there for. Got no other explanation!

- And when the check did come, I gave them my credit card and there we were again, having to wait some more, till the waiter came back with our card.

WAITER                      We were having a bit of trouble with the computer, I apologised for the delay...

- Twenty-four.

- Twenty-five.

- Dad said, "You go on, wait in the car. I'll stay and wait for the card."

- Twenty-six.

YAEL                              Go wait for him outside!

- So we went outside to wait for him.

- Suddenly there was a bang!

- Bang!
- Bang!
- I can't hear a thing.
- Mum???
- Are you here on your own?
- Nobody move.
- Where's Raia?
- I don't know where my mum is. I don't know where my mum is. I don't know where my mum is.
- Bang.
- Daniel, close your eyes!
- But I can't see a thing!
- Can we go buy me a football tomorrow?
- I don't wanna die, I don't wanna die, I don't wanna die.
- Bang!
- You can't explain it; this massive bang!
- And we kept ringing, and ringing, and that damn busy signal, over and over again...
- Busy.
- (Busy signal)*
- You've reached the voicemail box of...
- Itzik Raveh.

