The Retributionists

START

I hate children.

No.

Yes.

One day, one day you'll feel differently about that.

Never. Now that I've seen the world without its mask on, I know in my heart that will never change.

Dinchka wants children. Hundreds.

God bless her innocence. But you know as well as I, we live in a world with no God and no innocence. I will never bring a child into this world.

Look at the way she sleeps. Our little angel.


They both do.

She's the face of the future.

And what am I, the past?

Not quite the past.

(stapping him, playfully)

I'm barely 18!

On the outside.
But like in Exodus, when God had the Jews wander the desert for 40 years, so a new generation could enter the Holy Land without a slave mentality—

ANIKA:

You think I have a slave mentality?

DOV:

No, you're too mean to be slave. You're the opposite. You're a warrior.

ANIKA:

So--?

DOV:

So nothing.

ANIKA:

Besides, the Holy Land isn't ours anymore. If there is no God, how could he have ever led us anywhere, promised us anything.

DOV:

True.

ANIKA:

I belong here in Europe. We all do. And as soon as this war is over and justice has been served, I will go home.

DOV:

That sentiment is exactly what I've been working on for my speech tomorrow.

Your speech?

ANIKA:

DOV:

I've been practicing.

You're adorable.

ANIKA:

He blushes.

You're ears are blushing.

DOV:

Are they?