

The Retributionists

Anika Side 1

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→

I hate children.

ANIKA:

No.

DOV:

Yes.

ANIKA:

DOV:

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

ANIKA:

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

DOV:

Dinchka wants children. Hundreds.

ANIKA:

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.

DOV:

Look at the way she sleeps. Our little angel.

ANIKA:

I adore her. Truly. What a beauty. Just look at her.

They both do.

DOV:

She's the face of the future.

ANIKA:

And what am I, the past?

DOV:

Not quite the past.

ANIKA:

(slapping him, playfully)
I'm barely 18!

DOV:

On the outside.

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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.

ANIKA:

Your speech?

DOV:

I've been practicing.

ANIKA:

You're adorable.

He blushes.

You're ears are blushing.

DOV:

Are they?

END