

JOSH

She's distorting, she's -

JESSICA

If only I were, you should hear, hear the noise he has to, he has to keep vomiting up to drown out the-

ETHAN

I know.

JESSICA

No you don't, you don't know *why* he's become -

JOSH

Stop it! That is *not* what this is, stop trying to diminish it - I didn't call you a Nazi, of course I don't think you're a - she's distorting, of course - But the fact is, the fact is we're breeding ourselves out of existence.

ETHAN

Anything that means we can't separate ourselves anymore is OK by me.

JOSH

Aw gee wiz, Ethan that's inspiring, very John- Lennon - "imagine all the people" of you. "Anything that means we can't separate ourselves" - this is what I'm talking about - what blithe little American bubble are you still floating around in that allows you to actually think that they'd ever let you forget you're a Jew to begin with?

ETHAN

They?

JOSH

Of course, goddammit, of course they! Dammit! I mean to be *naïve* about that, in this day and age is, is nothing short of criminal. I mean, to be Jewish and -

begin
JESSICA

You don't get to tell us what it means to be Jewish! What I am, what that means to me is mine, ok?

JOSH

No, Jessica, it isn't, you see? You're actually part of a community.

JESSICA

I am part of my family.

JOSH

Who are *also* part of this community, whether they realize it or not.

ETHAN

Oh my God, just because we haven't all swallowed the kosher Kool Aid like you have doesn't mean we-

RACHEL

(Puzzled) What?

JOSH

(Incensed) What? Fuck you, Ethan! Fuck you and your, your fucking *irony*.

RACHEL

Josh!

JOSH

You know, Ethan, you and – and my *wife* - can be glib and, and *urbane* about all you want, but the truth of it is you separate yourself from your group –

ETHAN

Our group?

JOSH

Your *community* – you do that and you've got nothing to do but to, to *stew* in your own *psychology* and it hollows you out; it absolutely hollows you -

JESSICA

Don't you *dare* tell me I'm not connected to a -- I have a community.

JOSH

We were never part of a community. Demographic, yes.

(JESSICA jumps across the table and tackles JOSH. She punches him and pulls at him as RACHEL screams "Jessica, Jessica!" while ETHAN screams "Shit!" and tries to pry them apart)

JESSICA

I HATE YOU, I FUCKING HATE YOU, you fucking you KILLED us, killed my *LIFE*, you let us fucking die, too, you killer, fucking murderer, You fucking finished the job for them, you fucking accomplice! MURDERER! *(She rips JOSH'S yarmulke off and throws it to the ground. ETHAN finally pulls her off of JOSH. JOSH picks it up, dusts it off, kisses it, and places it again on his head.)* I belonged, I belonged! To you.

RACHEL

Oh Jessica, sweetheart, it's OK, it's O - things will get better, I promise you, I promise you, when you move here, you'll slow down, you'll -

JESSICA

Oh, God, Rachel, we're not moving into this *house*, my God, where *are* you? Where have you been? We're not moving anywhere together. Josh wants to get the hell away from me – and all of you – as quickly as possible.

RACHEL

What are you talking –

JESSICA

He's leaving us. All of us. "Next year in Jerusalem." He's not here anymore. The little boy who swam in your backyard, the man who carried me piggyback across that muddy field Sophomore year at the Grateful Dead show so my sneakers would...would stay white...he's gone. He's gone. He killed him. We're getting divorced.

RACHEL

Oh my God, Jessica.

ETHAN

It's OK Mom.

RACHEL

No, it's not, it's terrible. We can't fly apart like this. A family doesn't, doesn't: you leave us, you abandon me, your family, I will have only one son. One son! That's not what a family -- it isn't *fine*. It's terrible!

end

JESSICA

Yes. It is.

RACHEL

Josh. Please, oh Josh. My...my boy.

JOSH

No, it's...it's fine, I mean, it's not, no, but it's for the best. It's...it's just that...there's nothing. There's nothing. Everything else, the last few years, it's all kind of emptied out, somehow...the more I try to fill it, the quicker it empties out...and nothing's...nothing's left for me anymore. Here. I'm sorry, but you're not enough. Mom. None of you are enough; you can't be. I'm sorry, I've tried, I tried, you know, and nothing works anymore, nothing works here for me...I can't make it *mean* anything; (*He cries, embarrassed but unable to stop.*) How can you not *feel* it? How can any of you...I can't do it, I can't...I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm fine, I'm fine. I'm fine. (*JOSH squeezes his eyes in a vain attempt to stop the tears. RACHEL goes to comfort him. JESSICA stares ahead, unable to watch, resigned and placid.*)

LIGHTS FADE