

begin

JOSH

You said it was instinct at work when I pushed my way downstairs. But here...I feel I couldn't get away with it – not that there isn't cruelty and stupidity and cowardice here, too. Of course there is. But this is a tiny country pinned against the sea – you know? There's no room to shove your way past.

BETH

Maybe.

JOSH

Well, I should really go. I sent you an e-mail too, of some pictures I took of the landscape, I thought maybe you'd want to see where you come from.

BETH

Where I...thanks.

JOSH

Good luck to you, Beth. Shalom.

*And JOSH is gone.*

ALEC

You never tell Dr.Kim about that.

BETH

No.

ALEC

Or about the e-mail. Which you never even responded to.

BETH

What would I write?

ALEC

Just a response. To acknowledge him.

BETH

It didn't need a response. That wasn't the point of it. And it was mostly, it was just pictures.

ALEC

Not just pictures.

BETH

Yes.

ALEC

You don't tell Dr. Kim about it – why?

BETH

I don't – I don't know. It's just an e-mail.

ALEC

Then why don't you delete it?

BETH

I don't know. It's silly. It's silly that it seems to...mean something to me. A stranger's e-mail.

ALEC

They're good pictures, at least. But that's not why you hang on to it.

BETH

I don't know why I keep it.

ALEC

Yes you do.

BETH

No, I *don't*. They're just pictures.

ALEC

And at the bottom of the e-mail, like the end of the call:

*Lights on JOSH*

JOSH

Good luck to you. Shalom.

*Lights off on JOSH.*

ALEC

Ah, that's it.

BETH

I guess so. Yes. *(Pause)* Shalom. *(Pause. To us:)* I knew what the word meant – or rather, I was vaguely aware of it - that it had multiple meanings.

ALEC

Hello and goodbye.

end