

SIDE 2: ACTORS THREE, SEVEN & ONE

ACTOR THREE/BERG. Well, it's so *simple*. In fact, it would be far more valuable for you to write, let's say, the Holocaust Museum. Write, let's see, the United Jewish Federation. They'll send you all the information you want, with all the documentation, with the names of the Jews who died in World War II. They *documented* this. This is not a *game*. This is not *made up*. This is *reality*. I would be the first to tell you that if we say six million -- you know, somebody could have made a *mistake*. It could be five. It could be four. In fact, it could be seven.

ACTOR SEVEN/ELLIOTT. It could also be two.

ACTOR THREE/BERG. Well, is that really the issue, Mr. Elliott?

ACTOR SEVEN/ELLIOTT. The figures I have say that every family in Israel got over ten thousand four hundred dollars of U.S. taxpayers' money

ACTOR THREE/BERG. That's the most fallacious -- sir, you will never see more collective poverty and merely getting along than you will in Israel. I'm still protecting your *right to lie*, okay? As long as you lie, I like it open like this because, you see, you have no *facts*. You have *made up* and you have *inferred a thought*, like all fanatics. Like John Birchers, like Klansmen, like all these folks.

ACTOR SEVEN/ELLIOTT. You're crazy.

ACTOR THREE/BERG. *I'm* crazy, sir. *You're* a healthy person. Thanks so much for calling.

SIDE 10: ACTOR ONE

ACTOR ONE/FATHER. My wife and I fought over what to name our son. It became -- the pressure of it became so real, so crucial, that we thought of nothing else. We viewed it as this stamp. This mark. Wear this, it's your name. And if you have a good name, you'll be fine. It will protect you. It will remind you of our good intentions.

Other things were less crucial. There were things I said to my son as he grew into manhood. You want your laundry fast, take it to that Chink on the corner. When you go to buy that car, don't let 'em try to Jew you down. I don't want you to take any shit from that man you work for. You're not his nigger. I did not view these things as a mark on him. They were just a necessary evil of living in a hard world. My son had his name. He would be fine. Now he's putting things in his basement.

He didn't shave his head and snort glue. He didn't stand on a street corner and use fear to hand out hope. He smiled when he shook my hand and he never missed a Father's Day. Now he's putting things in his basement.

He got a good job. Married a lovely woman. Coached Little League baseball. I did not teach him to hate. I did not teach him to be violent. I was just realistic. I just told him the way things were.

This morning I went to his house to borrow his mower. Had it in the basement all winter, dad. Haven't brought it up, yet. You'll see it down there. In the basement, where I had never been, were all the things my son had learned from me. There were weapons. There were explosives. There was a picture of Adolph Hitler. And beside it, also in a place of honor, was a picture of me.

There were things I said to my son. And now he has mastered the things I only boasted of. He has a good name. And now he is putting things in his basement.