

THE ELDER (F)

SARAH: These things happen. Manke is opening a whorehouse of her own - with our daughter!

We bought a Torah to keep her pure. We can buy her back. Wait - (*she takes off her earrings*) The diamond earrings Yekel gave me, these'll do the trick - I will be back with our daughter. If I have to drag her by the hair through the streets.

(As Sarah hurries through the streets)

And if we pull this off, and we buy her a husband, then what? A boy who is scared to look at her, who prays for his sins if he happens to see her flesh and he, God forbid, becomes stiff...

But then she meets an older girl. Who is rough on the edges. Who promises her soft things. And Manke knows how to brush on the rough, how to stand in the light, how to touch Rifkele's hair so lightly, like a feather, like silk.

These things...happen. Well. (*She adjusts her wig*).

No squelching once the ketubah is signed. What are we selling to the buyer?

Tissue. A thin strip of flesh, a spot of blood, a pinch, and it's over.

Our daughter. A deal is a deal.