

INNERROOM

by

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## SYNOPSIS

Peter lives in a house with three living rooms. The first one is the past, the second living room is the present and the third one is the future. It's been years since he lay foot in the living room of the present. He' d rather spend his time in the future or in the past. That is until he meets Helen and is forced to live in the present. This life is not good enough for him, however. He has been addicted to living in the past and the future.

## CHARACTERS

|                   |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Peter             | A 35 year old salesman.       |
| Helen             | Peter' s client.              |
| Mother            | Peter' s 32 years old Mother. |
| Father            | Peter' s 35 years old Father. |
| Friend 1          | Peter' s friend               |
| Friend 2          | Peter' s friend               |
| Model 1           | Guest at Peters parties       |
| Model 2           | Guest at Peters parties       |
| Auxiliary Persons | Guests at Peters parties      |

## TIME

Past - 1980, Present - Today, Future - 2050

### ACT I

|         |        |
|---------|--------|
| Scene 1 | Past   |
| Scene 2 | Future |
| Scene 3 | Future |
| Scene 4 | Past   |

### ACT II

|         |         |
|---------|---------|
| Scene 5 | Present |
| Scene 6 | Present |
| Scene 7 | Future  |
| Scene 8 | Present |

### ACT III

|          |         |
|----------|---------|
| Scene 9  | Past    |
| Scene 10 | Present |
| Scene 11 | Future  |
| Scene 12 | Past    |

## ACT I

### Scene 1

*Peter is standing in the narrow hallway in front of the living room and puts his cuff links on. His hair is shortly trimmed to perfection, as though he has just come from the hair salon. He is wearing an everyday suit and his tie is loosened around his neck. He looks at the door and pulls downwards a big lever beside him.*

*A loud sound is heard as if cogwheels are set in motion. He turns on the light in the living room and we can see that all the furniture is from the 1980s. He opens the door and enters inside. The living room has another door which leads to other rooms.*

Peter: Mum!

*Peter's Mum enters from one of the other doors holding a bowl with cereal. She is wearing 80's clothes and glasses. She looks at his hair disapprovingly, but says nothing. She places the bowl on the table. She approaches him and caresses his cheek.*

Mum: Wait, I 'll tie it for you.

Peter: Chocolate?

Mum: As always. Do want some cake as well?

Peter: Alright, but just a little bit. Dad?

Mum: In the basement, fixing something again. He asked for you to see him before you go, he wants something from you.

Peter: What have I said about the other rooms?

Mum: Come on now, dear, he wants to see you for one moment only.

Peter: How many times do I have to explain it to you,  
damn it?

Mum: OK, OK don't start again, calm down, I 'll get  
him.

*Mum leaves the living room and calls Father. Peter pulls  
his cellphone out of his pocket and checks his messages,  
all the time on the lookout that they don't see him. He  
sits down to eat his cereal. He takes a mouthful and spits  
it out. Mum enters.*

Peter: Damn it, I have told you not to warm it.

Mum: I did it for your throat, dear, you 'll catch a  
cold again.

Peter: For fuck's sake, take this crap away.

Mum: Sit tight, I 'll bring you another.

*Father enters. He is the spitting image of Peter, only his  
hair and clothes are old-fashioned.*

Father: What's the matter?

Mum: I put him hot milk.

Father: He has told you a thousand times.

Mum: I'm off to change it.

*Mum leaves the room to bring another bowl of cereal. The  
two men are sitting on the table.*

Father: Don't get worked up, son. She does it out of  
love.

Peter: Hmm, sure.

Father: You know we are both very proud of you. You are a  
bright man, with a good job, very successful.

*Mum comes back with a tray full of juice, toast, cereal, marmelade, chocolate milk.*

Mum: I brought you to eat whatever you like. I'm  
sorry, dear.

Peter: OK.

*Peter dives into his breakfast and his parents look at his eyes to see if he is content enough.*

Peter: Aren't you going to eat?

Mum: Yes, yes of course.

*They all eat together. They look like a family from a TV commercial. Extravagant in their moves and expressions, phoney. Too beaming.*

Peter: Shall I tell you a joke?

Mum: Sure! You are so good at it!

Peter: An elderly gentleman approaches a lady who is a  
bank clerk and says:

"I want to open a fucking account."

"Excuse me sir? What did you say?"

" I said I want to open a fucking account, you  
fucking bitch."

Mum: Hahaha.

*Mum laughs out loud. Father motions her to stop.*

Peter: "I'm sorry sir, but I don't have to put up with  
such language" said the bank clerk, moved away  
from her desk and went to the manager. She  
explained the situation to him and he went to the  
elderly gentleman waiting by the desk.

"What's wrong with our clerk sir? What did you say to her?"

"I told her that I won 500 million in the fucking lottery and I just fucking want, for fuck's sake, to open a fucking account with your stupid bank, you fuckers!"

So the bank manager responds:

"And this fucking cunt is giving you a hard time? Please accept our apologies, sir."

*The parents burst out laughing their hearts out, as if they had just heard the funniest joke in the world. His Mum stands up and embraces him.*

Mum: Oh, my darling, you have such a good sense of humour. You are perfect at everything.

Peter: Alright, let go of me now.

*She kisses him on the forehead. Peter is bored. He pulls her hands away, but she holds him tight.*

Peter: Let go of me, I tell you, I 'll be late for work.

Mum: Yes, yes my darling, go to your work. Just don't you wear yourself out. OK?

Peter: It's not up to me.

Mum: If you want me to speak to your boss, to... you know, look after you a bit more.

Peter: No, no, you don't have to. *(ironically)* He looks after me well enough.

Mum: I 'm sure he looks after you, where will he find a better salesman? Take the cake with you. I put in a bottle of chocolate milk as well.

*She hands him an old paper bag.*

Mum: (*mortified*) Oh, I almost forgot, what do you want me to prepare for lunch? Do you want roast beef ?

Peter: Not again, something else, steaks.

Mum: Alright, my darling! Have a nice day at work!

Father: Make us proud!

Peter: Bye.

*They stand hugging each other and waving to him like in a commercial. He looks at them uninterestedly and leaves. The lights dim.*



## Scene 2

*Peter is standing once again in the narrow hallway in front of the living room. He is wearing a suit with the tie loosened. He looks tired and irritated. Looking at the door, he pulls the control lever beside him downwards. A loud sound is audible again. He changes his mind and pulls the lever again, this time upwards.*

*The same sound can be heard a second time. He turns on the light, revealing a living room exactly the same as the previous one, but now fitted out with minimal furniture and futuristic electrical appliances. He opens the door and walks into the living room.*

Peter: That bastard.

*He tosses his jacket and tie on the couch. He drags a large leather armchair to the center of the living room. He goes to the mini bar and opens the fridge. It's full of bottles of chocolate milk. He takes one and puts it into a special holder at the side of the armchair. He sits down and the armchair seems to be put into operation. There are buttons on each of the chair's arms. Once he rests his head against the chair, he can see the game. The audience can't see anything, they can only hear.*

Armchair: Welcome Peter, you have 247 new friendship requests. Would you like to upgrade your subscription to the facewebbing to accommodate all of your 50,000 friends?

Peter: Yes.

Armchair: Upgrade accep- What would you like to play tod-  
Select parallel massage?

Peter: Yes.

Armchair: CC online 6 limited edition.

Peter: Yes! That will cheer me up.

*Peter selects the game. At the same time, the chair begins to massage him. Gunshots can be heard, as well as people screaming and getting killed. He kills with rage and looks to enjoy this very much.*

Peter: There you go, you fucker. You're not getting away. You know that. You know I'm the best. No one can beat me. You take that too.

*He continues swearing and killing until the telephone can be heard ringing. Once he pulls up his head, the armchair sounds and the game go into pause mode. His caller's voice can be heard across the room.*

Friend 1: Hello Peter, how's everything?

Peter: Fine, man, home, killing time, what about you?

Friend 1: You're not holding a party this evening?

Peter: Nah, I'm a bit tired. Tomorrow.

Friend 1: Are your employees giving you a hard time?

Peter: You know how these things go.

Friend 1: Go on and fire them if they're no good,  
everyone wants to work for you, you'll find  
better ones.

Peter: Yeah, right, it's just that I bond with people.

Friend 1: You are a rare man.

Peter: One of them actually gets on my nerves, a  
complete asshole.

Friend 1: You care for some advice? Get rid of whoever is  
over 35, they're starting to wear out, you can  
find a younger model with a healthier appetite  
for work.

Peter: ...

Friend 1: Are you there?

Peter: Yeah, I'm listening alright, I'm just playing  
CC online 6.

Friend 1: When did you buy that? It was only yesterday  
the limited edition came out.

Peter: I have connections.

Friend 1: Of course you have. Is it good?

Peter: Yeah, but I have to go now, I'm chasing a high  
score.

Friend 1: Yeah, OK, tomorrow then. I'll bring you the  
best babes.

Peter: That's my man! See you tomorrow.

*As soon as Peter draws back in his chair, the game resumes.  
He continues his swearing and killing.*

Armchair: Congratulations! You have achieved the highest  
score. Do you want to see the full scores for  
the limited edition?

*While he looks at the high scores, he drinks his chocolate  
milk. He resumes playing until he falls asleep.*

*The next day, he awakes in the chair. He gazes at the time  
on the wall but it fails to register. He looks for his  
cellphone. He looks at the time in horror.*

Peter: No, damn it, no. He will fire me.

*He tries to bind his tie with no success. He puts on his  
jacket, goes through his hair and leaves in a hurry. The  
lights are turned off.*

### Scene 3

*Peter is standing in the hallway. He pulls the lever upwards. The sound of cogwheels is audible. He turns on the light in the futuristacally furnished living room, where a party is in full swing. Everyone is smartly dressed and are holding drinks in their handss. Once Peter enters, the guests are elated. A man of a similar age and stylistic choices (hairstyle, clothes, shoes) approaches him.*

Friend 1: Finally!

Peter: I ran a bit late.

Friend 1: As always.

Peter: How 's it going?

Friend 1: *(pointing at the models)* Very well.

Peter: Excellent!

Friend 1: I knew you would appreciate it.

Peter: You outdid yourself.

Friend 1: I met them at a show.

Peter: What show?

Friend 1: A fashion show. The girls are models.

Peter: Age?

Friend 1: They say twenty three.

Peter: They look younger.

Friend 1: They probably are younger.

Peter: We won't be asking for identity cards.

*The men burst out in fake (so to speak) laughs.*

Peter: I 'll meet them in a while, I need a drink.

Friend 1: Shall I make you one?

Peter: No.

Friend 1: Are you sure?

Peter: Yes, I'll pour one myself.

*Peter advances to the mini bar, takes a glass and makes himself a drink. Another friend approaches him, with a similar hair and clothes style.*

Friend 2: Peter!

Peter: How are you man?

Friend 2: In great shape. How about you?

Peter: Me too.

Friend 2: *(raising the glass)* Cheers!

Peter: Cheers.

Friend 2: To the best parties in town!

Peter: Thanks.

Friend 2: How's the company doing?

Peter: Always on the rise. Yours?

Friend 2: Good, good.

Peter: You don't seem so sure.

Friend 2: We slightly underachieved compared to projections.

Peter: These things happen.

Friend 2: Right.

*Peter faintly caresses his tie.*

Friend 2: Nice tie.

Peter: 'Golden tie'.

Friend 2: Really?

Peter: Special order.

Friend 2: Unbelievable.

Peter: Do you want to feel it?

Friend 2: May I?

Peter: It has an extra special texture.

Friend 2: *(lightly touching his tie)* First rate.

Peter: Huh?

Friend 2: Terrific texture.

Peter: It's cutting-edge technology.

Friend 2: Top drawer.

*Peter looks towards the models, while his Friend 2 cannot tear his eyes from Peter's tie. The models are talking with Friend 1 and are laughing out loud.*

Friend 2: He went to the chicks again?

Peter: *(starting to get bored)* Hmm.

Friend 2: He has no chance.

Peter: *(looking at the models)* Hmm.

Friend 2: Have you seen his jacket?

Peter: He always wears the same.

Friend 2: Does he think we don't notice?

Peter: Probably.

Friend 2: The guy's ludicrous.

*Peter walks away from Friend 2 and draws near the models. They are both enthused and Friend 1 makes the introductions.*

Model 1: We meet you at last.

Model 2: It's a great pleasure.

Peter: Mine too.

*He kisses their hands and they giggle. They are virtually all over him.*

Model 1: We have heard so much about you.

Model 2: We were so eager to meet you.

Peter: We 'll get to know each other.

Friend 1: The girls are sisters.

Peter: Is that so?

Friend 1: Do you think—

Peter: You want to try CC 6?

Friend 1: What?

Peter: The new CC.

Friend 1: Oh yeah, sure.

Peter: You know my password.

*Friend 1 goes and sits in the armchair. He puts the password in the game console. The sound volume of the commands is turned down low.*

Armchair: What would you like to— Select parallel  
message?

Friend 1: Yes.

Armchair: CC online 6 limited edition. Start.

*Gunshots can be heard, as well as people screaming and getting killed. Peter flirts with the models.*

Peter: Do you like jokes?

Model 1: Yes!

Model 2: A lot!

Peter: An elderly gentleman approaches a lady who is a  
bank clerk and says:

"I want to open a fucking account."

"Excuse me sir? What did you say?"

" I said I want to open a fucking account, you  
fucking bitch."

*The models laugh out loud, unable to contain themselves.  
Peter continues.*

Peter: "I'm sorry, sir, but I don't have to put up  
with such language" said the bank clerk, moved

away from her desk and went to the manager. She explained the situation to him and he went to the elderly gentleman waiting by the desk.

"What's wrong with our clerk sir? What did you say to her?"

"I told her that I won 500 million in the fucking lottery and I just fucking want, for fuck's sake, to open a fucking account with your stupid bank, you fuckers!"

So the bank manager responds:

"And this fucking cunt is giving you a hard time? Please accept our apologies, sir."

*The models start laughing even harder. At the same time, the killings from the game are audible.*

Model 1: Gee, I can't breathe.

Model 2: So funny.

Model 1: Hahaha, and this fucking cunt...

Model 2: ...is giving you a hard time...

Model 1: Amazing!

Model 2: You are so good at this.

Peter: Do you want us to move to the couch?

Model 1: Sure!

Model 2: Yeah!

*Peter gets hold of the models by their waists and drives them to the couch. They sit down, takes the drinks away from them and starts kissing and groping them. They have no trouble playing along with ease. We see them feeling each other up and making out for a short time, while hearing screaming, blood and stabbings from the game that gets increasingly disturbing.*



*Peter gets tired and stops. The girls continue to kiss him and fondle him, as he looks around at the party. They unbutton his shirt and trousers. He stops them.*

Peter: It's OK.

Model 1: What?

Model 2: Why?

Peter: *(taking their hands off of him)* Nothing, I'm not in the mood.

Model 1: We were just getting started.

Model 2: Do we do anything?

Peter: No, I'm just not in the mood. Party's over.

*Everyone automatically stops (like robots) what they are doing and leave. Peter takes off his tie and tosses it away, together with his jacket and shoes. He is left in his underwear. He goes to the fridge, takes out a bottle of chocolate milk, sits on the couch and slowly drinks it. The lights dim.*

#### Scene 4

*Peter pulls the lever in the hallway downwards. The cogwheel sound is heard. He turns the light on in the 80s furnished living room. His parents are sitting watching a TV game show. Peter enters. They greet him all smiles.*

Mum: You came, my dear?

Peter: Yes.

Father: How did work go?

Peter: Same old.

Father: Did you show them who you are?

Peter: Hmm.

Father: Way to go, son!

Mum: Shall I lay the table, I made you roast beef.

Peter: Again?

Father: After all, it's her specialty.

*The parents give a quick peck to each other. Peter watches them in disgust.*

Peter: Fine, put me some.

*Peter sits on the couch with his father. Mum darts to pick up the vases from the table. She brings the roast beef from the kitchen and lays a cloth, dishes and glasses on the table. Everything is ready in a blink of an eye.*

Mum: Come on over, table's ready!

Father: You'll excuse me, I have some work to do in the basement.

Mum: Will you not be eating again?

Father: I will eat later.

Mum: It will get cold.

Father: I'll eat it cold.

Mum: As you wish.

*Father leaves. Peter eats his roast beef without talking, while his mother is caressing him.*

Mum: Are you alright, dear? Are you OK, my darling?

Peter: Hmm.

Mum: Do you want more?

Peter: No.

Mum: Are you sure?

Peter: Hmm.

*Peter's cellphone rings. Mum pays no attention to it, as if she's not hearing it.*

Peter: Water?

Mum: Oh my, I forgot the water.

*She rushes off to fetch the water. Peter picks up the phone. He springs up to speak, while pacing up and down the living room.*

Peter: Hello... Good... You? No, no, not at all, I was going to call you anyway... Yes, the order arrives tomorrow. It usually takes more than a week, but I took care of it, especially for you... Do you want...? What? No, I wanted to ask if you want me to bring it over to your house? A 49" inch set is a heavy thing, how are you gonna carry it all by your petite self?... No, don't pay to have it delivered... I will be bringing it to you. No, no problem at all. Yes,

in the afternoon. Good, tomorrow then. Yes...  
Yes, yes, goodbye.

*Mum brings the jar with the water. Peter sits down at the table again. He drinks water and eats.*

Mum: Everything's well, my dear?  
Peter: Fine.  
Mum: Good, darling.  
Peter: I 'm finished.  
Mum: Go and watch some TV, I 'll pick everything up.

*Mum empties the table. Peter sits on the couch and watches her as she goes about in swift moves. She arranges the centrepieces and withdraws to the inner rooms. Peter stays on the couch watching TV with the sound volume turned down low. Father enters, covered in reddish brown paint. He sits on the couch, assuming the same posture as Peter.*

Peter: You will soil the couch.  
Father: I washed it. I can't get it out.  
Peter: Is it sticky?  
Father: It has dried out.  
Peter: If it dries up...  
Father: That's it.  
Peter: It won't go away.

*They stay silent, watching the TV with the sound volume turned low.*

Father: Amy news?  
Peter: What news?  
Father: You know...

Peter: What?  
Father: From...  
Peter: How did you bring her to mind?  
Father: You're not speaking anymore?  
Peter: She is out of the picture.  
Father: Completely?  
Peter: For some time now.  
Father: A long time?  
Peter: Uh-huh.  
Father: OK.... You know best.  
Peter: I met another one.  
Father: That's my boy. Well done!  
Peter: I'm still coming on to her.  
Father: You 'll get her, no doubt.  
Peter: Hmm.  
Father: Nice?  
Peter: She's nice.  
Father: Externally?  
Peter: She has nice hair.  
Father: Does she work?  
Peter: Yes.  
Father: Hmm. Family?  
Peter: I don't know.  
Father: Better this way.

*The TV show is audible over a low volume. The contestants are searching for a word beginning with the letter F.*

Father: Flesh!  
Peter: Yeah.  
Father: Bring her over so that we meet her.  
Peter: OK, we'll see.  
Father: Yes, look into it, you know better.

*The TV volume is turned up, the expression 'Flesh and blood' is heard together with loud cheers, as the end credits roll. Peter and Father are left smiling. The lights dim.*

## ACT II

### Scene 5

*Peter is in the hallway, but doesn't move the lever which is already set in the middle position. He opens the door instead and walks into the living room. He turns on the lights. The living room has an air of neglect. There is an old, dusty couch with a piece of cloth riddled with holes thrown over it. The whole place feels miserable, decorated with ugly and dirty ornaments, whereas there are many empty bottles of chocolate milk, as well as food delivery boxes and bags, lying around.*

*He takes off his jacket and shirt, leaving him in a (dirty) undershirt and his trousers. He puts on plastic gloves, takes a large black plastic bag and starts throwing away the rubbish. He cleans the living room. He goes to the inner rooms and comes back with a mop, fervently rubbing the floor to remove reddish brown stains. He sits tiredly on the couch doing nothing.*

*After some time, the bell rings. He gets ready hurriedly. He puts on his shirt and his jacket and opens the door. Helen makes her appearance. She is wearing an overcoat with an everyday dress underneath. She wears her hair loose. They walk into the living room and stand in front of the couch.*

Peter: S- sorry about the mess.

Helen: It looks fine.

Peter: I'm out of the house a lot...

Helen: Oh, really?

Peter: And it stays untidy.

Helen: It's still pretty.

Peter: Please, sit down.

Helen: Is it long since you have been staying here?

Peter: It's my parental home. Do you want something to drink?

Helen: Um, a glass of water.

Peter: Perhaps you would like some wine or a drink?

Helen: Oh, yes, wine would be lovely.

Peter: I'll bring you some.

*Peter goes into the room inside and returns with two glasses of wine and a small bowl of nuts.*

Helen: Thank you.

Peter: Cheers.

Helen: Cheers.

*They sip their drinks avoiding each other's eyes.*

Helen: Are there more floors?

Peter: Yeah, a few rooms upstairs and a basement.

Helen: It's big!

Peter: It's alright, just a bit old.

Helen. And you live alone?

Peter: Yes.

Helen: It's a quiet neighborhood.

Peter: Yeah, it is.

Helen: It has a nice parquet floor.

Peter: I recently renovated the flooring.

Helen: Ah, good.

*Helen toys with her hair, which is making Peter horny. He stares intently at her hands intermixing with her hair.*

Peter: How about the TV set? Everything is OK?

Helen: Yes, yes, it's perfect.



Peter: It's a good model, it sold out quickly at the store.

Helen: Have you been working there for long?

Peter: Yeah, for years. I got hired on a temporary basis initially, but...

Helen: That means you are a reliable person.

Peter: I don't know. Years go really fast.

Helen: When you work a lot...

Peter: One moment I start work the next I'm done and I'm here.

Helen: ...it goes like that...

Peter: It does.

Helen: ...if you commit yourself.

Peter: I suppose so.

*The light flickers momentarily, but they don't pay any attention.*

Helen: You 're a good salesman.

Peter: Well, I became one in time.

Helen: You are very convincing.

Peter: Am I?

Helen: You could easily pass the most useless thing as useful.

Peter: If you want to sell something, you have to think of its pros, and if there aren't any, make them up. That's the basic rule of sales.

Helen: I hope the TV set has its advantages.

Peter: A TV set doesn't need anything, it sells by itself.

Helen. You are right.

Peter: Who doesn't have a TV set at home?

Helen: Or two...

Peter: Sometimes three.

*They laugh and Helen looks around.*

Helen: You don't have one?

Peter: Well, I 'm away most of the time, I don't stay here very much.

Helen: That explains it, since you have so many at the store.

Peter: Yes, there is a discount on everything.

Helen: How nice!

Peter: 30%.

Helen: Wow.

Peter: Whatever you want...

Helen: I'm bound to want something at one point or another.

Peter: Now that we got to know each other.

*They clink their glasses together again. Helen is sitting with her legs crossed and is mechanically swaying one leg back and forth. After a while, Peter starts doing the same.*

Helen: That's why it looks empty.

Peter: What?

Helen: Your living room, it doesn't feel overloaded at all.

Peter: Ah, yes, because I'm out all the time.

Helen: *(with a laugh)* I thought you were burgled.

Peter: No, that is the reason.

Helen: Do you travel?

Peter: Well, yes, I do.

Helen: How nice!

Peter: Yeah. How about you?

Helen: What?

Peter: Do you travel?

Helen: Not much, but I love traveling.  
Peter: That's a shame.  
Helen: It 's difficult when you are working.  
Peter: It is.  
Helen: But it's a good job, not very tiring.  
Peter: That's a good thing.  
Helen: I get time for myself.  
Peter: Yes.  
Helen: We stick to the schedule, not doing overtime.  
Peter: Really?  
Helen: And the leaves are generous.

*The light flickers more intensely.*

Peter: S- Sorry about this.  
Helen: What?  
Peter: The light bulb.  
Helen: What about it?  
Peter: It flickers.  
Helen: Oh, I didn't notice.  
Peter: It stopped now.  
Helen: Oh, that's why.  
Peter: It probably needs changing.  
Helen: Yes, it probably does.  
Peter: I don't know if I have another one.  
Helen: It's OK, it hasn't blown out.  
Peter: Yeah, right, they sometimes flicker but last for  
long.  
Helen: If it doesn't blow out...  
Peter: Yeah, it stopped doing it now.  
Helen: I never noticed. If you hadn't told me..  
Peter: It also did before.  
Helen: Oh.  
Peter: Yeah.

*They stay silent for a while, sipping their wine.*

Peter: Do you want some more wine?

Helen: Yes.

Peter: Let me bring the bottle.

Helen: Yeah, so you don't keep going back.

*Helen gets up and walks around the living room, studying the scantily laid objects. She walks slowly towards the kitchen. As she draws nearer, Peter comes out and, upon seeing her in front of him, becomes fretful.*

Helen: What's the matter?

Peter: No, eh, I di-- diidn't expect to see you standing here.

Helen: I made you feel uneasy.

Peter: Well, yes, the kitchen is in a disarray and I didn't want you to-

*Helen gets ahold of him and kisses him. They start kissing awkwardly. Peter gains momentum and drives her towards the table, putting the bottle of wine down, and lifts her on it. He strokes her hair. She stops him.*

Helen: Um, sorry, but...

Peter: Did I do something wrong?

Helen: No, no...

Peter: What then?

*The lights flickers again faintly.*

Peter: There it goes again.

Helen: It's just that I'm not used to...

Peter: What?

Helen: What?

Peter: The light went out for a moment again.

Helen: Oh, I didn't notice.

Peter: You were saying?

Helen: No, nothing. I guess you have to buy a new light bulb.

Peter: Yes. I'm sorry, I was being a little too forward.

Helen: No, it's OK... maybe just a bit.

Peter: That was ill-timed of it to break down, wasn't it?

Helen: *(smiling)* It doesn't matter.

Peter: Do you want to...?

*Peter starts kissing her again passionately and drawing her tight to his body. Helen stops him. He is left smelling her hair.*

Helen: Um, I should—

Peter: What?

Helen: I am working tomorrow.

Peter: Oh.

Helen: I'd better go.

Peter: So soon?

Helen: It's getting late.

Peter: Oh, I hadn't realized the time passed.

Helen: Yes, it did.

Peter: I didn't think it had been that long.

Helen: It was nice.

*Helen puts on her coat.*

Peter: Let me walk you to the exit.

Helen: Thanks.

*He walks her to the door. He returns and sits on the couch.  
The light flickers and goes out.*

## Scene 6

*Peter is lying down on the couch in his pyjamas, holding Helen in his arms, who is also comfortably clad. They are in the scantily decorated living room. The house is somewhat changed, looks a little more habitable, with a female touch and a brand new TV set. Peter has his face buried in Helen's hair, smelling her, while she is filing her nails. There is a game show on TV, which is playing with the volume turned low.*

Helen: *(smiling)* What are you doing?

Peter: Doing what?

Helen: Are you rubbing your nose in my hair?

Peter: I'm not rubbing it, I'm smelling them.

Helen: Why?

Peter: Because they smell nice.

Helen: Am I leaning on you too heavily?

Peter: Not at all, come further up if you want.

Helen: Your heart will stop beating.

Peter: Yeah, you 've cut my blood flow...

Helen: Stop.

Peter: ...leaning so heavily on me.

Helen: It's nice.

Peter: Hmm.

*Helen lightly massages Peter.*

Peter: Ooh, don't stop what you 're doing.

Helen: You like it?

Peter: Hmm.

Helen: You 're stiff.

Peter: From all the lugging.

Helen: Did you get tired?

Peter: It went well today.

Helen: Did it?

Peter: I made a sale today, an amazing one.

Helen: What was it?

Peter: An alarm system which connects to various appliances. We have had it in the store for a long time and nobody was buying it. In reality, it's not that useful, but I managed to convince the customer.

Helen: Really? How?

Peter: I told him that in the future everyone will have one of these. And that the company also makes electric ringers and telephones, an alarm clock, a computer, a game console and that he will be able to control all of them them automatically. In truth, the company does make some of these things, but I don't know if they are able to interact. I took it a step further...

Helen: You are unbelievable.

Peter: Hmm.

*Helen stops her massage.*

Peter: What? That was it?

Helen: Enough for one day.

Peter: Maybe tomorrow again?

Helen: We will see.

*They kiss and Peter turns towards the TV.*

Helen: Close it, will you?

Peter: I just turned it on.

Helen: It's been playing for hours.



Peter: Oh, I h- hadn't noticed.

Helen: You turned it on.

Peter: I must have done so without giving it a second thought.

Helen: You do it often.

Peter: I 'm absent-minded.

Helen: Yeah, quite so.

Peter: Well... I must be thinking about work.

Helen: That's good.

Peter: Being absent-minded?

Helen: That you are thinking about your work.

Peter: Oh.

*Helen picks up a hand cream from the coffee table and applies it to her fingers.*

Peter: What are you doing there?

Helen: I am softening them.

Peter: They are soft.

Helen: I have to soften the cuticles.

Peter: Why?

Helen: To make my hands look pretty.

Peter: They look pretty.

Helen. Even prettier. Do you want me to take care of yours as well?

Peter: No.

Helen: I will trim your cuticles and put some restorative cream on.

Peter: Why would you do that?

Helen: So that your hands are well groomed, you have to give so many handshakes. The hands are a reflection of ourselves.

Peter: My hands are fine.

Helen: They are nice, sturdy and manly, but they can be even better.

Peter: Never mind.

Helen: It is a transparent restorative cream.

Peter: Some other time.

Helen: OK.

*She takes his hand and kisses it.. She turns her head around and they kiss. She raises her body upwards and files her nails. They stay silent for a while. Peter is sitting on the couch with an absent-minded look, while Helen turns to look at him.*

Helen: It's nice.

Peter: Because I am absent-minded?

Helen: Huh?

Peter: Is it is nice that I 'm absent-minded?

Helen: Yes... it's nice... it's nice in general, to be like this, together, here, now.

Peter: Hmm.

*Helen raises herself and paints her nails on the coffee table..*

Peter: Do you think you could do this s- somewhere else?

Helen: Don't worry, I 've been doing it for years, I have learnt to be careful.

*Peter gets up and inspects the mini bar.*

Helen: What is it?

Peter: Nothing, I just wanted to...

Helen: Are you OK?

Peter: Yeah, I 'm OK, fine.

*Peter returns to the couch, grabs the remote control and flips through the channels.*

Helen: How do you even catch a glimpse of anything?

Peter: What?

Helen: Considering you are flipping the channels so fast,  
do you get to see anything?

Peter: Um, yes.

*As she paints her nails with a deep red nail polish, she makes a clumsy move and spills it on the floor.*

Peter: For crying out loud, Helen.

Helen: I'm sorry.

Peter: It's a b- brand new parquet floor.

Helen: I didn't mean to.

Peter: People do these things in the bathroom.

Helen: I don't know how I managed to spill it.

Peter: The floor is ruined now.

Helen: It goes away with a nail polish remover.

Peter: If it dries up-

Helen: No, no, I 'll get it before it does.

Peter: that's it...

Helen: I will clean it up.

Peter: ...it won't go away.

Helen: Not a chance, it always goes away with the nail  
polish remover.

*Helen takes the nail polish remover and starts scrubbing the stain with strenuous efforts. It seems to spread out initially, but most of it is eventually removed.*

Helen: There you go, it's gone.

Peter: There is still some left.

Helen: Just a tiny bit, you can barely see it.

Peter: I see it.

*She continues scrubbing frantically. Her hair is hanging loose and becomes disarrayed. Peter is looking at her as she strives to remove the stain on all fours.*

Helen: Better?

Peter: Yes.

Helen: Sorry.

Peter: It's OK. Come here.

Helen: My nails are damaged now.

Peter: No problem. You will repair them.

*He takes her in his arms and they start making out on the couch. As they kiss, Peter gets a hold of her hair and starts pulling it, gently in the beginning, but harder as it goes on.*

Helen: Whoa, whoa.

Peter: What?

Helen: The...

Peter: What's the matter this time?

Helen: You're pulling my hair.

Peter: Yes, it's...

Helen: It's not...

Peter: It's enjoyable, so...

Helen: I can get that it turns you on, but you are pulling too hard.

Peter: OK, I will pull them more gently.

Helen: No, I don't take pleasure in it.

Peter: Why not?

Helen: You're hurting me.

Peter: You are being overdramatic.

Helen, No, I am not, you are hurting me.

Peter: OK, OK, calm down.

Helen: I am calm. You're pulling them too hard.

Peter: Alright, I got it.

Helen: Good.

Peter: I won't pull them again.

*Peter moves closer and kisses her. At first, she kisses him back, but stops after a while.*

Helen: Is there anything good on TV?

Peter: I don't know.

Helen: Let's watch a movie.

Peter: Hmm....

Helen: There must be something, turn it on.

*They flip through the channels. Helen lies back on him, in the same position as in the beginning of the scene. The lights dim.*

## Scene 7

*Peter is standing in the hallway. He pulls the lever upwards. The cogwheel sound is heard. He turns on the light in the futuristically furnished living room, where a party is in full flow again. Everyone is smartly dressed and are holding drinks in their hands.*

Friend 1: Hey, where are you?

Peter: I ran a bit late.

Friend 1: As always.

Peter: How's it going?

Friend 1: Fine, and you?

Peter: I'm OK, just a bit light-headed from work.

Friend 1: Take a break. Why don't you go on vacation?

They say this season is the best for Bali. Go there and have them massage you all day long under the palm trees; with the sea at your feet. A colleague of mine went, taking his wife along. He wants to go again, only this time to have a more suitable company... I don't know if you get me...

Peter: Huh? Yeah, sure. I need a drink.

Friend 1: Shall I get you one?

Peter: Yeah, man, could you get me one, thanks.

Friend 1: Yeah, no problem at all.

*Friend 1 goes to the mini bar and pours a drink. Friend 2 is making out with one of the model sisters. The other one is alone. Peter approaches her.*

Model 1: Oh, hey Mr. Peter, so nice of you to come!

Peter: Are you getting formal with me?

Model 1: Sorry. Shall I call my sister?

Peter: No need to.

Model 1: *(smiling)* Good.

*Model 1 is looking at Peter's tie.*

Peter: Do you want to touch my tie?

Model 1: Yeah, I heard it's 'Golden tie'.

Peter: It's true.

Model 1: May I touch it?

Peter: Of course.

Model 1: Gee, thank you.

*Friend 1 brings him his drink. Peter waves him away. He sips his drink, while Model 1 caresses his tie.*

Peter: Do you like it?

Model 1: Yeah, totally, it's so...

Peter: What?

Model 1: It's so soft and unique.

Peter: Go on, feel it.

Model 1: May I touch it with my cheek?

Peter: Sure.

*Peter finishes his drink in one gulp, as Model 1 rubs her cheek on his tie.*

Peter: Untie your hair.

Model 1: Let them loose?

Peter: Yes.

Model 1: Like this?

Peter: Yeah.

*He kisses her with intense and pulls her hair. Model 1 doesn't put up a resistance, she continues kissing him passionately.*

Peter: *(while kissing)* It doesn't bother you?

Model 1: What should bother me?

Peter: My pulling your hair.

Model 1: Not at all.

Peter: You like it?

Model 1: Yes.

Peter: You like it a lot?

Model 1: Yeah, a lot.

Peter: Even now?

Model 1: Yes, yes.

Peter: It drives you wild?

Model 1: Yeah, it drives me wild.

*He continues kissing her, pulling her hair even harder, but she hardly seems to realize. He is turned off and stops kissing her.*

Peter: Wait, wait, hold it for a minute.

Model 1: Yes.

Peter: Go and get me a drink.

Model 1: Sure, I'll be right back.

*Model 1 runs off to pour him a drink. Peter is left alone on the couch gazing blankly and grabs his balls, as if no one else is present. The party goes on around him as normal, laughing and talking can be heard. Model 1 returns with the drink.*

Model 1: There you go.

Peter: Yeah.



*Peter drinks slowly, while Model 1 sits by his side looking at him, anticipating to resume where they left off.*

Peter: Wait for me here.

Model 1: Sure.

*He gets up and goes to the game console. He sits in the chair and starts playing.*

Armchair: Welcome, Peter you have– Upgrade accep– What would you like to play tod– Select parallel massage?

Peter: No.

Armchair: CC online 6 limited–

Peter: Yes.

*Gunshots can be heard, as well as people screaming and getting killed. Peter kills but remains completely apathetic. Friend 1 approaches.*

Friend 1: Oops, there he goes... He's coming from behind....Awesome! Another one, he's coming...

Peter: I see them.

Friend 1: Where did he come from? Oooh, with an axe?

Peter: Yes.

Friend 1: I only use guns.

Peter: Well, you don't know what you're missing.

Friend 1: There's another one.

Peter: I saw him.

Friend 1: Wow, man, you are very good.

Peter: Hmm.

Friend 1: You have destroyed them.

Peter: Hmm.  
Friend 1: When did you find the time to become so  
skillful at it?  
Peter: Stop.  
Friend 1: What?  
Peter: Stop talking.  
Friend 1: I was only trying to help-  
Peter: Don't help.  
Friend 1: Yeah, yeah, OK.

*Peter is absorbed in the game, as laughter can be heard  
behind him involving Model 2 and Friend 2.*

Peter: Tell them to go away.  
Friend 1: Who?  
Peter: Everyone, go away.  
Friend 1: Me too?  
Peter: Yes, you too. On second thought, tell her to  
stay.  
Friend 1: To whom?  
Peter: Her over there on the couch. Everyone else, get  
out.

*Everyone leaves. Model 1 stays in the same position on the  
couch for quite some time, while Peter continues slaying  
people in the game. Killings can be heard, but he stays  
unemotional. A telephone rings, the game pauses  
automatically and the call is put on the speakerphone.*

Helen: (with concern) Where are you? Are you alright?  
Peter: Yes, I'm fine.  
Helen: Where have you disappeared?  
Peter: I didn't disappear.

Helen: *(after a small pause)* We were going to buy a bed together yesterday, do you remember?

Peter: Oh, yes, I completely forgot.

Helen: They have been looking for you from work, did they reach you?

Peter: And they called on your phone?

Helen: They called on your house line, I was there.

Peter: What were you doing?

Helen: I was worried, I was looking for you, I thought you got sick or something, I braced myself for the worst.

Peter: And you went to my house?

Helen: Yes, you gave me the keys, don't you remember?

Peter: OK, OK.

Helen: Did they manage to reach you from work?

Peter: Yes, yes.

Helen: Where are you now?

Peter: Right here, at work.

Helen: At this time?

Peter: I had to catch up on lost time.

Helen: Are you surely alright?

Peter: Yeah.

Helen: *(after a small pause)* We won't be seeing each other today then?

Peter: I'll run late.

Helen: Fine.

Peter: We'll meet tomorrow.

Helen: OK.

Peter: Tomorrow.

Helen: Alright.

Peter: Bye.

Helen: Goodnight.

*The telephone hangs up, Peter looks at Model 1, who is sitting in the same position on the couch. He lets her be and resumes the game where he left off. The game sounds (killings, fireshots etc.) are audible again. The lights dim.*

## Scene 8

*Peter, without moving the lever, walks into the living room. Helen is there, sitting in front of a set table with food and a candle melted almost to the hilt.*

Peter: You are here?

Helen: Please tell me you are joking.

Peter: Why?

Helen: Are you alright?

Peter: I'm fine.

Helen: Why are so you late?

Peter: I called on a friend...

Helen: You don't have friends, Peter.

Peter: I do have many friends and colleagues.

Helen: I don't get it.

Peter: What?

Helen: You look lost again.

Peter: What are you saying?

Helen: I can't talk to you when you're like this.

Peter: Like what?

Helen: I don't know, You are... somewhere else.

Peter: I am here now, I'm listening.

Helen: Are you really listening?

Peter: Yeah, why?

Helen: Because you're not listening. It's as if you have  
blocked ears and the sound can't get through.

Peter: Are you feeling alright?

Helen: Am I alright?

Peter: You seem strange.

Helen: The sound doesn't get through, huh?

Peter: Huh?

Helen: Never mind.

Peter: Really now, are you OK?

Helen: No, I've been drinking.

Peter: Ah, that's why.

Helen: That's why, what?

Peter: You look out of sorts.

Helen: I'm fine, are you kidding me? You have pushed me to my limits and, all of a sudden, because I had a drink to put up with you, I'm the one being out of sorts.

Peter: Whoa, whoa, calm down.

Helen: Don't tell me to calm down. I 've been waiting for you all day. I have made so many preparations... I made the roast you asked for... there it is... and you are nowhere to be seen. I call everywhere and you don't answer, not even a text message that you got tied up. I can't take it anymore... it's unacceptable. It's unacceptable that you walk into the house looking so calm. It's unacceptable that you have completely forgotten we were supposed to have a meal together. How is it possible the same thing happens every week and never changes? I am right here again, again waiting for you. (pause) I had begun to hope that something happened to you and you were unable to answer the phone. That's the place you have put me in, wishing that you have had an accident; thinking that I'd rather have them call me from the hospital and tell me they have you there. With one leg plastered up, or, better still, your head, yes, your head, so in case you forget again that I exist – that I am in your house, in your living room, waiting for you – to give you amnesia myself, temporary amnesia. That would be nice, wouldn't it? To give you amnesia. I'd prefer it, yes I would... and then I wouldn't mind if you didn't answer my calls...

Peter: Do you want to lie down?

Helen: No, I don't want to lie down.

Peter: OK.

Helen: I want to understand.

Peter: What?

Helen: What is the matter with you. Why you are going missing.

Peter: Nothing is the matter with me. Do you want to hear a joke?

Helen: What? What did you say?

Peter: An elderly gentleman approaches a lady who is a bank clerk and says:

"I want to open a fu-

Helen: Are you out of your mind? I don't want to hear a joke.

*Peter goes to the mini bar and takes a bottle of chocolate milk.*

Peter: "I want to open a fucking account".

*He starts drinking quickly and spits it out.*

Peter: What's this?

Helen: What are you drinking?

Peter: Is it past its expiration date?

Helen: How should I know?

Peter: You didn't get these?

Helen: What is it?

Peter: Chocolate milk.

Helen: Why would I get chocolate milk?

Peter: Because I like to drink it.

Helen: I never saw you drink it.

Peter: I drank yesterday, right here.

Helen: We haven't seen each other for almost a week.  
Peter: No way.  
Helen: I can't do this.  
Peter: We were together yesterday all hugged up and I was drinking chocolate milk.  
Helen: You never had any since we are together.  
Peter: How do you know?  
Helen: I hate chocolate milk.  
Peter: Why so?  
Helen: Because it's all expired milk with sugar.  
Peter: Who says that?  
Helen: My mother always told me.  
Peter: Bullshit. You are saying you never had any when you were young?  
Helen: Never.  
Peter: How did these get here then?  
Helen: You must have them there since forever.  
Peter: *(calmly)* Shit.  
Helen: What?  
Peter: I wanted to have some chocolate milk.

*Peter takes out all the bottles of chocolate milk and frantically checks their expiration dates.*

Helen: You're sick.  
Peter: Stop talking for a minute.  
Helen: What?  
Peter: You're distracting me, don't talk.  
Helen: Are you out of your fucking mind?  
Peter: What?

*Helen comes closer, takes the bottles and starts throwing them down.*



Peter: D- don't do this.

Helen: Can you look at me for a moment?

Peter: S- stop.

Helen: Can you listen to me now?

Peter: Stop throwing them down.

Helen: Are you listening?

Peter: Maybe one of them hasn't expired.

Helen: Are you listening?

Peter: Not on the floor, it's a brand new parquet floor.

Helen: It's brand new parquet floor for a year now.

*Helen continues throwing the bottles down, until she exhausts herself and stops. Chocolate milk is all over the floor. Peter comes closer and takes her in his arms. Helen doesn't react, she stays in his embrace.*

Peter: Are you feeling better now?

Helen: Yes, much better.

Peter: Good.

Helen: Hmm.

Peter: Do you want me to stroke your hair?

Helen, Yes, I do.

Peter: I will caress them gently.

Helen: Yes, gently please.

*As they hold each other, Peter caressing her hair, Helen seems to like it. He starts crooning a song in her ear (e.g. Golden Brown - The Stranglers), while looking at the chocolate milk, spilt down on the floor.*

Peter: [\*Golden brown, texture like sun  
Lays me down, with my might she runs  
Throughout the night  
No need to fight

*Never a frown with golden brown*

*Golden brown finer temptress  
Through the ages she's heading west  
From far away  
Stays for a day  
Never a frown with golden brown  
Never a frown with golden brown  
Never a frown with golden brown]*

*They both look at the spilt milk.*

Peter: Is it sticky?

Helen: It has dried out.

Peter: Yeah, if it dries up...

Helen: That's it....

Peter: It won't go away.

*They stay in each other's arms, softly murmuring the song's  
tune. The lights dim.*

*\*I do not have the rights for this song, I use it as an  
example.*

## ACT III

### Scene 9

*Peter pulls the lever in the hallway downwards. The cogwheel sound is heard. He turns on the light in the 80s furnished living room. Peter's Mum is on all fours and is cleaning the floor with a rag. A TV game show is on again.*

Mum: You came, my darling?

Peter: Why are you cleaning like this?

Mum: Like how?

Peter: Why don't you use a mop?

Mum: Oh, your father has soiled the whole place for good and the stains won't wash off properly with a mop, it needs a good scrub and plenty of cleanser.

Peter: Where is Father?

Mum: Down in the basement. Will you go and see him?

Peter: Don't start again.

Mum: Why, dear?

Peter: I'm not going downstairs. That's the end of it.  
Get me some milk.

Mum: Right away, honey. Do you want me to make you something to eat?

Peter: I'm not hungry.

*Mum rushes off to bring the chocolate milk. Peter looks at the stains on the floor. Mum runs back holding a glass of chocolate milk and gives it to him. She is holding something wrapped up in her other hand.*

Mum: Do you want me to make you your beloved steaks?  
Your Father has brought the freshest in the  
world, they are delicious. Look.

*She unfolds the paper in which they are wrapped and shows him steaks that are soaked in their blood. She has her hands in them as she speaks.*

Peter: No, I don't want any.

Mum: Look how fresh they are, you could almost eat them raw, they are that good. Shall I put them in a frying pan? Two minutes on each side and they're ready!

Peter: I'm not hungry.

*He takes the milk and sits on the couch. He watches TV with the volume turned low. Mum takes the steaks in the kitchen. She returns and resumes her scrubbing in the same manner.*

Mum: Turn it up a bit so we can hear.

Peter: I don't want to, I like it this way.

Mum: What is there to like, darling, you can't hear a thing.

Peter: Mum, take care of the floor cleaning and leave me alone.

Mum: Alright, darling.

*She scrubs the floor, stops and fetches a mop. She continues mopping. Peter hasn't noticed her, he finishes his milk.*

Peter: Get me some more milk.

Mum: Yes.

*She goes to the kitchen and brings him white milk. Peter looks at it with an irritated face.*

Peter: What is this?

Mum: Milk.

Peter: You go ahead and drink this thing.

Mum: But I don't want any milk.

Peter: Drink it I say.

Mum: OK.

*Mum drinks the milk putting effort.*

Peter: All of it. And then bring me some chocolate milk, the kind I drink, on the couch where I am sitting. Where I watch TV with the sound volume turned down.

*Peter sits on the couch and Mum goes to the kitchen. She looks at a loss. Father enters, covered in reddish brown paint.*

Peter: What's the matter with Mum?

Father: Don't worry, she is a bit absent-minded lately.

Peter: She does whatever comes to her head.

Father: She'll come round, don't you trouble yourself.

Peter: Don't sit like that.

Father: What's wrong?

Peter: You have blood all over you.

Father: It's not blood, son, it's nothing, it comes out.

Peter: It's blood.

Father: It's not blood, my son, what is wrong with you?

Peter: I don't know, well, maybe it's from the steaks.

Father: Do you want steaks?

Peter: No, Mum was showing them to me a little while ago.

Father: They are delicious, the freshest, I cut them myself.

Peter: What?

Father: I cut them. Go on and eat them, you don't know what you're missing.

Peter: What do you mean? Cut them where? How?

Father: Down in the basement. They are delicious. Turn up the sound a bit for me.

Peter: I don't want any sound, I want the volume turned down. That's the way I like it.

Father: What is there to like, you can't hear a thing.

Peter: I want us to talk, that's why I want the sound turned down.

Father: But we'll miss the game.

Peter: We'll catch it later on, after we have a talk.

Father: It will be finished later on.

Peter: It won't be finished.

Father: It will be finished, it will be too late afterwards, the game will be over.

Peter: What the fuck? What's the matter now, Father?

*Father makes an attempt to grab the remote. Peter resists him. Father makes a menacing gesture and takes it away from him. He turns up the volume. The game show is audible.*

Presenter: The category is cooking. We are looking for a word that starts with the letter R. Spin the wheel.

Father: Raw.

Peter: What? What is this?

Presenter: Raw!

*Mum comes out of the kitchen and lays the table.*

Peter: We said that we won't eat.

Father: We'll eat alright, of course we will.

Mum: Yes, I prepared the steaks for you.

*She goes to the kitchen to bring the plates.*

Peter: I can't, I'm leaving.

Father: Sit down, where are you going? You will miss the best.

*Mum comes out of the kitchen holding two large plates. Inside them are the steaks completely raw, soaked in their blood.*

Mum: They are the freshest of all, they smell so good.

*Peter looks out for Father's reaction. He seems happy with the food, though.*

Peter: I'm leaving, I'm leaving.

Father: They are delicious.

Presenter: Spin the wheel, you are playing for a TV set.  
We are looking for two combined words starting  
with the letters C and M.

Father: Chocolate Milk.

Presenter: Correct! It's Chocolate Milk.

*Father brings the plate up to his mouth and sucks the blood.*

Peter: What are you doing?

Father: Hmm, so fresh. Drink it yourself, you like it so much.

Peter: What do I like?

Father: Chocolate milk. She has cooked them with  
chocolate milk.

Peter: That's not milk.

Father: What's wrong with you, son? Of course it's milk.  
Try it.

Peter: It can't be. I can see it.

Father: How would you know if you don't try it?

*Peter bends closer and looks at the plate.*

Father: Try it.

*He dips his finger in and tries it.*

Father: You see now?

Peter: Yes, it's chocolate milk.

Father: Delicious, huh?

Peter: Hmm, very.

*Peter dips his finger in again and tries it. He takes a  
spoon and sucks. The lights dim. The TV presenter can be  
heard speaking.*

Presenter: Spin the wheel one more time. You have one last  
chance to find the word we are looking for and  
stay in the game. It starts with the letter B...



## Scene 10

*Helen and Peter are sitting on the couch with absent-minded looks on their faces, with the TV volume turned down and minimal lights. The house looks untidy, it doesn't resemble any of the 3 living rooms specifically, but rather is a blend.*

Peter: Why?

Helen: Because I don't want to.

Peter: What does "I don't want to" mean?

Helen: I don't want to and I won't do it.

Peter: Alright.

Helen: Good.

*They stay silent for a while watching TV.*

Peter: Do you want to hear a joke?

Helen: We are watching TV now.

Peter: I would rather you didn't talk at all... (pause)  
You're not answering?

*They stay silent for a while watching TV.*

Peter: Will you mop?

Helen: No.

Peter: Why?

Helen: Why do I need to mop?

Peter: Because the floor is a mess.

Helen: The floor is fine, it is a brand new floor.

Peter: It's full of all sorts of stuff, it's dirty, can't  
you see it?

Helen: No.

*They stay silent for a while watching TV.*

Peter: An elderly gentleman approaches a woman who is a bank clerk and says:

"I want to open a fucking account."

"Excuse me sir? What did you say?"

" I said I want to open a fucking account, you fucking bitch."

*Peter stops to see Helen's reaction. Helen stays completely expressionless. Peter continues.*

Peter: "I'm sorry sir, but I don't have to put up with such language" said the bank clerk, moved away from her desk and went to the manager. She explained the situation to him and he went to the elderly gentleman waiting by the desk.

"What's wrong with our clerk sir? What did you say to her?"

"I told her that I won 500 million in the fucking lottery and I just fucking want, for fuck's sake, to open a fucking account with your stupid bank, you fuckers!"

So the bank manager responds:

"And this fucking cunt is giving you a hard time? Please accept our apologies, sir."

Helen: Very tasteless joke.

Peter: They all laugh.

Helen: Who does?

Peter: Everyone.

Helen: It isn't funny.

*They stay silent for a while watching TV.*

Peter: I want you to leave.

Helen: I don't want to leave.

Peter: I don't want you in my house.

Helen: Why?

Peter: Because I don't. It's my house. I want you to  
leave. Now.

Helen: I don't want to leave, I like the game show.

Peter: What is there to like? You can't hear a thing.

Helen: I want to stay.

*Peter gets up and frantically looks for chocolate milk.*

Peter: No chocolate milk yet again?

Helen: I don't know.

Peter: You didn't buy any?

Helen: But I don't like it.

Peter: I do, you should have bought some for me.

Helen: Should I? I don't want any and I didn't get any.

*Helen continues watching TV without looking at him.*

Peter: Still, I want to drink some chocolate milk.

Helen: Go and get it yourself.

Peter: I will.

*Peter passes over the spot which Mum was cleaning in the  
previous scene.*

Peter: Will you mop?

Helen: There isn't a stain.

Peter: Really? You can't see it?

Helen: No.

*He approaches her and starts caressing her hair.*

Peter: It's your stain. Get down on all fours and clean it.

Helen: I won't do it, no matter how much you keep insisting, I will not mop.

Peter: Why?

Helen: Because I don't want to.

Peter: What does "I don't want to" mean?

Helen: I don't want to and I won't do it.

Peter: Alright.

Helen: Good.

*Peter leaves the living room and goes down to the basement. Helen is left in the exact same position. Peter returns to the living room, covered in the reddish brown paint and holds an axe in his hand. Helen is absorbed in the TV, he hasn't seen him. He lays the axe beside the couch.*

Peter: Do you want me to tell you a funny joke?

Helen: No, I don't.

Peter: Too bad.

*He walks to the TV and changes the channel. A song (e.g. Golden Brown) is heard. He turns up the volume really loud.*

Helen: Why did you change it?

Peter: Excuse me?

Helen: Why did you change it?

Peter: Sorry, it's too loud, I can't hear you.

Helen: Turn it down.

Peter: I don't think so.

*He approaches her and starts stroking her hair. She likes it at first, but then he starts to hurt her.*

Helen: You're hurting me.

Peter: Excuse me?

Helen, Stop, you're hurting me.

Peter: I can't hear you.

*Helen gets up in order to move away from him.*

Helen: Why did you change it? I was watching the show.

Peter: "I want to open a fucking account."

Helen: What are you saying? Turn it down.

*Peter grabs the axe. Helen freezes.*

Peter: "I said I want to open a fucking account, you  
fucking bitch."

Helen: What are you doing?

Peter: I want chocolate milk.

Helen: I can't hear you. What are you saying? What do you  
want with this thing?

*Peter grabs her by the hair. Helen tries to escape, but he  
keeps a tight grip of her. He throws her back on the couch  
and brings the axe down on her. As he kills her, he is  
still telling the joke.*

Peter: "I said that I won 500 million in the fucking  
lottery and I just fucking want, for fuck's sake,  
to open a fucking account with your stupid bank,  
you fuckers!"

*When he finishes, he gets up soaked in blood. He continues  
with the joke, as he looks at her.*

Peter: "And this fucking cunt is giving you a hard time?  
Please accept our apologies, sir."

*He starts to laugh and sits on the couch as if nothing happened. He lowers the sound and puts the game show on.*

Peter: *(slowly and mechanically)* You'll soil the couch... Is it sticky? It has dried out... Yeah, if it dries up... That's it.... It won't get away.

Presenter: Spin the wheel one more time. You have one last chance to find the word we are looking for and stay in the game. It starts with the letter B...

Peter: Blood.

Presenter: Correct! It's blood!

## Scene 11

*Peter is standing in the hallway covered in blood. He pulls the lever upwards and enters the room of the future, where the party is darkened, as if nearing its end, and everyone looks tired and drunk. Music can be heard.*

Peter: I salute my dear friends!

*Some respond with cheers, and others fail to see him because they are totally wasted. Peter approaches Friend 1 and kisses him on the cheek. He grabs one of the models and kisses her on the mouth. She stays unresponsive. The behaviour of Friend 1 is obtrusive.*

Friend 1: Well done, dude! Congratulations!

Peter: Thank you.

Friend 1: You are one of a kind, man! You are out of this world!

Peter: Thanks, thanks.

Friend 1: The market is totally flabbergasted.

Peter: Hahaha.

Friend 1: How did you do it?

Peter: I'll explain it to you some other time.

Friend 1: You were working on it for some time now, were you not?

Peter: Well, yes, and I delayed it for much too long. There are always delays in this kind of business, though.

Friend 1: Yeah.

Peter: No matter how much money you have, you can't avoid them.

Friend 1: Indeed, you can't.

Peter: Now, however, is not the time to talk business.

Friend 1: Well said.

Peter: Get me a drink.

Friend 1: Right away.

*Peter grabs Model 1 forcibly and drags her with him on the couch. He has her sit between his legs. She looks a bit drunk and obeys him amenably. He starts feeling her up and kissing her, and she is playing along unresistingly, albeit a little flatly.*

Peter: What the fuck? Are you sleeping?

Model 1: I feel a bit tipsy.

Peter: Call for me the other one, your friend.

Model 1: You mean my sister? She's my sister.

Peter: Better still. Come on, get her.

*He slaps her butt and she goes to find her sister. Friend 2 approaches.*

Friend 2: Congratulations!

Peter: Yeah.

Friend 2: News has travelled across the world.

*The lights flicker.*

Peter: Who is doing that?

Friend 2: You're unbelievable!

Peter: Who is messing around with the lights?

Friend 2: What?

Peter: The lights are flickering.

Friend 2: Yeah, yeah.

Peter: What does yeah, yeah mean?

Friend 2: Well they must have broken down.

Peter: Go away.



*Friend 2 goes away and Friend 1 arrives with the drink. He hands it to Peter.*

Peter: You go away, too.

*Friend 1 goes away. Peter downs his drink in one gulp. The models come.*

Model 2: Congratulations! You are so perfect!

Peter: Fine, you look better.

Model 2: Yeah, I haven't had much to drink.

*He grabs her and lies her down on the couch. As they kiss and make out, Model 1 is sitting at the other edge of the couch. The lights flicker again.*

Peter: What the fuck?

Model 2: Oh, this tie is so—

Peter: Yes, yes, it is... leave it alone now. Are the lights not bothering you?

Model 2: What lights?

Peter: There's something wrong with them again.

Model 2: This couch is also wonderful, it's...

Peter: Yes, it is as well...

Model 2: Wow, Mr. Peter, everything is so expensive.

Peter: Yeah, shut up for a minute now.

*Model 2 stops talking but she is moving like a robot. She is not wholeheartedly in it. Peter stops. Friend 1 brings the drink.*

Peter: Where have you been all this time?

*He drinks it in one gulp.*

Peter: Bring a couple more, but faster.

*Model 2 rubs herself against the couch. Peter falls on top of her and she continues rubbing herself against him. He buries his face in her hair.*

Peter: Your hair smells badly.

Model 2: Yes!

Peter: Yes, what? Why do they smell badly?

Model 2: I haven't washed them for ages.

*Peter stays there for a while, watching her rub herself against the couch. Friend 1 returns with the drinks. Peter drinks them.*

Peter: Bring me the chocolate one.

*The lights flicker again. He looks around but no one seems to notice. He pushes Model 2, who is still rubbing herself against the couch, and throws her down. Friend 1 comes holding a cooler full of chocolate milk bottles. Peter opens one and drinks it.*

*Model 2 takes hold of the cooler and helps herself to a bottle of chocolate milk. Her sister comes closer and she pours it all over her hair, as if to wash her. Peter sits on the couch watching them wash each other's hair.*

Model 2: Hmm, it smells so nicely.

Model 1: Hmm, it's wonderful.

Peter: Do you like it?

Model 2: Hmm, yes.

Model 1: Hmm, a lot.

*Their heads are covered in thick chocolate milk. Their hair is sticky. Peter drinks from his own bottle.*

Peter: Your hair does not look nice anymore.

*He grabs both by their hair and drags them towards a door leading to adjacent rooms. He opens the door, pushes them inside and makes a move towards there. The lights flicker and go out.*

## Scene 12

*Peter is standing in in the narrow hallway in front of the living room and puts his cuff links on. He is wearing an everyday suit and his tie is loosened around his neck. He looks at the door and pulls a big lever beside him downwards.*

*He turns on the light in the living room and we see that all the furniture is from the 1980s. He opens the door and enters inside..*

Peter: Mum!

*Peter's Mum enters from one of the other doors holding a bowl with cereal. She places the bowl on the table. He approaches him and caresses his cheek. Her motions are reminiscent of a robot, lifeless and automatic.*

Mum: Wait, I 'll tie it for you.

Peter: Chocolate?

Mum: As always. Do want some cake as well?

Peter: Alright, but just a little bit. Dad?

Mum: In the basement, fixing something yet again. He asked for you to see him before you go, he wants something from you.

Peter: What have I said about the other rooms?

Mum: Come on now, my dear, he wants to see you for one moment only.

Peter: How many times do I have to explain it to you, damn it?

Mum: OK, OK don't start again, calm down, I 'll get him.

*Mum leaves the living room and calls Father. Peter pulls his cellphone out of his pocket and checks his messages, all the time on the lookout that they don't see him. He sits down to eat his cereal. He takes a mouthful and spits it out. Mum enters.*

Peter: I have told you not to warm it.

Mum: I did it for your throat, dear, you 'll catch a cold again.

Peter: Take this crap away.

Mum: Sit tight, I 'll bring you another.

*Father enters.*

Father: What's the matter?

Mum: I put him hot milk.

Father: He has told you a thousand times.

Mum: I'm off to change it.

*Mum leaves the room to bring another bowl of cereal. The two men are sitting on the table.*

Father: Don't get worked up, son. She does it out of love.

Peter: Hmm, sure.

Father: You know we are both very proud of you. You are a bright man, with a good job, very successful.

*Mum comes back with a tray full of juice, toast, cereal, marmelade, chocolate milk.*

Mum: I brought you to eat whatever you like. I'm sorry, dear.

Peter: OK.

*Peter eats with his parents looking at his eyes to see if he is content enough.*

Peter: Aren't you going to eat?

Mum: Yes, yes of course!

*They all eat together. They look like a family from a corny TV commercial. They look like they can hardly smile.*

Peter: Shall I tell you a joke?

Mum: Sure! You are so good at it!

Peter: A trial takes place and the judge brings up the charges:

"Defendant, you are accused of cutting the teacher's leg off with a hoe and then ripping her open and spilling her guts out".

A man is heard from the back of the court room:

"Shame on you, you disgraceful punk".

The judge continues:

"Defendant, you also cut your secretary's hands and head with an electrical drill."

"Bastard, you deserve a life sentence, you motherfucker."

Mum: Hahaha.

*Mum laughs out loud, too intensely. Father motions her to stop.*

Peter: "Order in the court room", yells the judge and continues, "Years ago, you killed the milkman with a chainsaw, you cut him to pieces and then you turned him into pulp".

"You pig, you piece of shit".

"Calm down, sir. Has he ever hurt one of yours?"  
asks the judge.

"I'm his neighbour, sir, for ten years now,  
whenever I ask for tools, he says he hasn't got  
any."

*The parents laugh their heads off. His Mum stands up and  
embraces him.*

Mum: Oh, my darling, you have such a good sense of  
humour. You are perfect at everything.

Peter: Alright, let go of me now.

*She kisses him on the forehead. Peter is bored. He pulls  
her hands away, but she holds him tight.*

Peter: Let go of me, I tell you, I 'll be late for work.

Mum: Yes, yes my darling, go to your work. Just don't  
you wear yourself out. OK?

Peter: It's not up to me.

Mum: If you want me to speak to your boss, to... you  
know, look after you a bit more.

Peter: No, no, you don't have to. *(ironically)* He looks  
after me well enough.

Mum: I'm sure he looks after you, where will he find a  
better salesman? Take the cake with you. I put  
in a bottle of chocolate milk as well.

*She hands him an old paper bag.*

Mum: *(mortified)* Oh, I almost forgot, what do you want  
me to prepare for lunch? Do you want roast beef?

Peter: Not again, something else, steaks.

Mum: Alright, my darling! Have a nice day at work!

Father: Make us proud!

Peter: Bye.

*They stand hugging each other and waving to him like in a commercial. He looks at them uninterestedly and leaves. The lights dim.*

THE END