

USE AND DISCARD ME

Author: Iza Strehar

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PETER

JIM

VICTORIA

LENA

DEAN

A group of friends decides to go on a poetry reading to make fun of the author, who is writing war poetry even though he has never been to war. Afterwards they get drunk with him and get into a car crash. They start blaming each other who is responsible and open up old wounds and secrets.

1st picture: Poetry reading

Spotlight on Dean. Dean is nervous.

DEAN:

Dean Maine: War

Premonition of war, premonition of slaughter.

Timing of waiting depends on the one waiting.

Sometimes an eternity and sometimes a second.

I look at the fellow combatant sleeping beside me.

I ask myself is this the last time, I see him alive.

Death, of dark bitter death is near, oh too near.

I look at the black soil beneath my fingernails and think:

Am I not death in the grave for some time now?

During the poem, we can hear hidden laughter. Applaud and laughter from the crowd. In between bowing, Dean is searching for the origin of laughter.

2nd Picture: CRASH

Night. A car is racing down the road. Squealing of breaks followed by a loud crash. Loud and scared screaming. Conversation of some people we don't see yet.

PETER: Fuck. Are you all right? Vicky?

VIKTORIA: Yes. Lena, are you okay?

LENA: My hip hurts a little, but I think it's all right. Jim?

JIM: What happened?

DEAN (*in panic*): What's this? Is this blood? Is blood coming out of my nose?!

PETER: The road is slippery and a sharp turn...

JIM: Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

PETER: And the road is not best kept...

DEAN: I have a broken nose!

VIKTORIA: Are we... We're all okay. That's important.

DEAN: We're not! My nose...

PETER: Dean, from a nosebleed noone has died yet.

DEAN: But I have to go to the emergency room!

JIM: Fuck, the car is totalled...

PETER (*to Dean*): It's not like you have a part of a car stuck in your body. It's just a small nose bleed.

JIM: Do you see my car?! What the fuck!

VIKTORIA: Jim, everything is going to be all right.

JIM: Fuck off, it won't.

DEAN: If this does not heal right, it's not going to be okay. Can we go the the emergency room?

JIM: The car is not driveable for sure. Fuck. Fuuuck. Fuuuuuuuuuuck.

DEAN: Can someone call 911?

PETER: Yes, call 911 and tell them someone must come quickly because of a nosebleed. Fuck, you're stupid.

JIM: Forget about your nose. Look at my car. And I just bought it.

3rd picture: STUDENT'S DORMITORY

Jim, Peter and Lena are sitting in Jim's dormitory. Victoria is looking at the food in the fridge to eat something. Lena tries to paint the wall.

VIKTORIA: Nothing si eatable anymore.

JIM: Use-by date is more of a recomendation than anything else.

VICTORIA: Yes, but this pate was due three years ago.

PETER: I'll give you five euros if you eat it.

Victoria rolls her eyes and throws the pate in the trash.

LENA: Is this blood?

Lena shows a stain on the wall.

JIM (*proudly*): Menstruation.

LENA: So basically... blood.

PETER: Whose?

JIM: Manuela's.

VICTORIA: Who was Manuela again?

LENA: The programmer ... And ...

Lena shows obesity with a gesture.

PETER: A looser.

VICTORIA: She was not a looser. Nor fat. What's wrong with you?

PETER: She was a bit of a looser. She worked at a company, which calculated
allogorhytms for facebook ads.

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VICTORIA: And that's why she's a loser?

LENA: Ne, that's why she's fat.

PETER: She made money by your clicking on the ads!

VICTORIA: That's not what makes a person a loser.

PETER: Yes, but she was.

VICTORIA: Jim, did you dump her just because Peter thought she was a loser?

JIM: Am, no?

VICTORIA: I dont' get the whole concept of a loser. A loser is a person who cannot find his way in this system and the world. I disagree with the system and the world. Which means that by my standards those people are not losers, right?

JIM: I tried to convience her not to eat sugar and cheese and sour cream but...
The weight kept on going up.

VICTORIA: Jerk.

LENA: Jim, I still can't believe you're actually moving out of the dormitory. For you, I really thought you're gonna be living here till you're thirty-five.

JIM (*defensive*): Why did you thought that for me?

LENA: Well... You know.

JIM: No, tell me.

LENA: I just said it.

JIM: My grades were okay. And I almost never failed my classes.

LENA: Sorry, I said anything.

JIM: Then why did you say it?

PETER: Jim, forget it.

LENA: I was just joking around, don't get all defensive...

JIM: There's some truth in every joke. And every spoken word has its intention, so tell me.

LENA: I was kidding.

JIM: You're a smart ass now, cuz you're still young. I wonder were you're gonna be in five years.

PETER: Okay, can't you accept one joke on your account?

JIM: Lena, you're not even gonna be in the dormitory. You're gonna be giving blow jobs at the rail station.

Lena bursts into laughter.

JIM: That was not a joke. If you were smart enough, you'd let some jerk knock you up when you were eighteen and you'd be a mother now, instead of trying to make it at the university. I mean, comparative literature? You're not gonna be just unemployed, you're gonna be unemployable.

LENA: Women really fucked it up with female emancipation. Before we were nicely at home nesting and men brought money to the house. It was nice. And now we have to have jobs and make careers. Who has energy for that? Not me.

VICTORIA: You're not serious you'd rather give births instead of having a career?

LENA: I am.

VICTORIA: You don't value yourself high enough.

LENA: Fuck self-respect. It's bullshit. And fuck pride.

PETER: Suck a cock and you might get a job.

LENA: Yes! Can we please talk about that?

JIM: What?

LENA: Fucking for a job. I heard a bunch of stories about women getting a job by fucking someone. How does that happen?

VICTORIA: Because we live in a patriarhal, sexsistic society.

LENA: Not that. I'd love to fuck someone for a job, but I don't know how to get that kind of an offer. Or how to hint towards it.

PETER: You tell the employer you'd do anything, but really anything, to get the job.

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LENA: It can't be that simple.

VICTORIA: Are you serious?

PETER: No, she's just provoking. As usual.

LENA: And what if you do fuck and after don't get a job?

JIM: You can sue.

VICTORIA: Dad wouldn't pay for that lawsuit.

LENA: He wouldn't pay if it were yours. I can get him to do more stupid shit than you can.

VICTORIA: That is saddly true...

JIM: One day I'll be in position where women will offer me blow jobs for a job.

VICTORIA: Wow, Jim. Those are your big plans for life? Not even a bit pathetic.

LENA: Otherwise, you can't get a woman to do it?

JIM: It feels differently. It's a feeling of a total dominance. And I think the pleasure is better.

VICTORIA: I just threw up in my mouth a little.

LENA: And Jim is hard just by thinking about it.

VICTORIA: Peter, can we go for a smoke?

PETER: Yes.

Peter in Victoria are leaving.

JIM: Just so you know; I should get that job two years ago. But Peter took away my internship.

PETER: I'm sorry, what?

Peter stands still; Viktoria realizes they won't go out for a smoke.

JIM: You know that two yeas ago I should be getting that internship, but you asked your father to use connections and you got it.

PETER: That's not true.

VICTORIA: Peter, a cigarette.

JIM: It's true. Therefore, me getting this job now is more important and commendable than anything you ever achieved. Cuz your every achievement is just an achievement of your father.

PETER: Seriously?

JIM: Yes. You'd be nothing if you hadn't had your daddy.

Victoria is getting frustrated and nervous.

VICTORIA: Seriously? Again? Peter...

PETER: Well, we don't know that, right?

JIM: Of course we do.

PETER: Fuck off.

JIM: Oooo, a good one. You came up with that by yourself or your daddy suggested saying it?

PETER: Jim, seriously, can you please just stop.

JIM: Cuz otherwise, what? You're gonna call your daddy? (*Jim imitates a phone call*) Daddy, daddy, they're mean and screwing with me. What to do? Come save me, daddy, come save me, please!

Peter can barely control himself; it seems he'd like to punch Jim in the face.

PETER: Just so you know...

JIM: That daddy doesn't have the time right now, so your mommy's gonna come.

PETER: No, I told you a hundred time that...

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JIM: If mommy can't come either, your daddy's gonna send his secretary.

PETER: Can you listen to me?

JIM: Cuz if I don't your daddy mister lawyer is gonna make me, right? Cuz you can get anything you want. And if you don't get it, your daddy makes it happen. Everything is yours and no one else can have anything.

Peter loses his control and grabs Jim. Jim gets scared and shuts up.

PETER: I didn't want that internship! I hate the idea of being a lawyer. I came up there drunk telling total nonsenses. But after, dad called and I got it. You really think I wanted that? You think it's easy to be my father's son?

Peter let's Jim go.

PETER: Vicky, can we go for a smoke now?

VICTORIA: Well, now I don't want anymore.

PETER: You're also gonna be fucking with me?

VICTORIA: The moment has passed.

PETER: Each and everyone of you can go fuck themselves.

LENA: If I gave your dad a blowjob, he'd give me a job?

Peter looks at her dead seriously for a few seconds, the others burst into laughter.

PETER: You don't blow good enough.

LENA: Oooo, good one.

JIM: Are we going to Dean's poetry reading?

LENA: When is it?

JIM: In two weeks.

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LENA: Where?

JIM: Ugh, somewhere in godforsaken fuck.

PETER: I think it could be fun. Let's.

VICTORIA: Peter, are we going on the balcony now?

PETER: Woman, you really don't know what do you want.

4. Picture: DORMITORY AND BALCONY

Victoria and Peter on the balcony.

PETER: Well, what do you want to tell me?

VICTORIA: Just a second. To format it.

Peter gets a message.

VICTORIA: Who is it?

PETER: After.

VICTORIA: No, look.

Peter looks at his cell phone.

PETER: Petra is writing me again.

Viktoria who is trying to concentrate gets confused.

VICTORIA: Is this the one... Which Petra?

PETER: The one I help her with divorce papers...

VICTORIA: Yeah, I know which one.

PETER: Well, she asked me out. Again. Last week she also wrote me.

VICTORIA: Out?

PETER: For a date.

VICTORIA: You're sure she meant a date?

PETER: Yes.

VICTORIA: Isn't she like... fifty?

PETER: She's not fifty. Just bellow forty, I think

VICTORIA: Well, she's not bad if you like that kind.

PETER: I didn't say I'm gonna go.

VICTORIA: Mhm.

PETER: I think I won't go.

VICTORIA: If you want to go, go.

PETER: I don't think I like her that much. What do you think?

VICTORIA: I don't know that.

PETER: I think I'm gonna tell her no.

VICTORIA: Aham.

PETER: What did you want to tell me?

VICTORIA: What? Ah. I don't remember.

Lena joins them on the balcony.

LENA: What are you talking about?

VICTORIA: A fifty-year old woman is asking Peter out.

PETER: She's not fifty. She not even forty.

LENA: A milf, huh? Do it.

VICTORIA: Yes, Peter. Do it.

PETER: I told you, I don't want to.

VICTORIA: Then why did you tell me about it?

5th picture: THE ACCIDENT

Peter and Jim are in the middle of a fight. Victoria is listening to them. The car is a wreck; it's turned upside down and one of the tires has fallen down. Lena is trying to ride the tire but is constantly falling on her ass. Dean is stopping his nose bleeding and looking at Lena with a smile.

PETER: Just because I was driving, it's automatically my fault?

JIM: The driver is always at fault in case of an accident.

PETER: Calm down. You're drunk and in shock.

Jim and Peter are sniffing cocaine; Victoria is drinking whiskey to calm down.

VICTORIA: You said you were sober enough to drive.

PETER: I am. Everything is going to be okay.

JIM: Yes, for you it'll be okay. Your car is at home in the garage and mine is totalled.

PETER: The insurance company's gonna cover part of the damage.

JIM: Yes, cuz I have an insurance.

PETER: You're not insured?

JIM: I barely had enough for the car. I should also pay for insurance? Insurance companies are a total capitalistic fraud.

PETER: You're constantly saying how you have a great new job and a great new life and a great new salary.

JIM: Yes, but I get the salary once per month not once per week!

LENA: But, Peter. You had the car in the third gear. You'd had to have it in second. Or even in the first on those turns.

JIM: In third gear?!

PETER: You use less gasoline like this.

JIM: Did you see the road? We could've slide off it!

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DEAN: You were driving at least eighty. I know, cuz even Lena told you to slow down.

PETER: I didn't. I'm not stupid. It's slippery and wet. Of course I wouldn't drive eighty. If I would, I'd had it in the fifth gear. Lena?

6th picture: DORMITORY

Student's dormitory. Jim, Peter, Lena and Victoria are playing Tarrock. Lena is bored and doesn't even try to follow the game. She finds some pornographic magazines in Jim's drawer and bursts into laughter.

LENA: Jim, have you heard of internet?

JIM: I'm old-fashioned and romantic. Can you concentrate on the game?

Lena and Victoria are going through the magazine.

JIM: Peter, do you remember when we were little, and a catalogue for clothes came in the mail...

PETER: Oh, yes. Around three quaters was female underwear.

JIM: Nice memories.

PETER: How simple it was.

VICTORIA: Morrns.

JIM: What would I have given to be ten again and discover masturabtion all over again.

PETER: I was jerking off ten times per day back than.

VICTORIA: When I was ten, I didn't even know I had three holes down there.

LENA: I did.

PETER: Jim didn't know till eighteen women have three holes down there.

JIM: Sixteen.

Victoria throws a card.

JIM: Wait, you're with me? Are you trying to lose on purpose?

VICTORIA: Why?

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JIM: Why didn't you throw a twenty on a dame?

VICTORIA: Jim, why are you always so competitive. It's not fun.

Victoria takes the cards, mixes them and deals. Lena looks back in the drawer and takes a literary magazine out of it.

JIM: Right. In this magazine, I first read Dean.

Jim is loudly reading a poem and laughing, they are passing around the magazine and each reads a couple of verses. Victoria is not participating; she's trying to concentrate on card dealing.

JIM: ***Shootings from afar. Coming nearer and nearer.***

PETER: ***A dying solidier beside me.***

LENA: ***I promise him to bring his watch
To his unborn son.***

Lena passes the magazine to Victoria, but she doesn't want to read, she is counting cards. Jim grabs the magazine and continues reading.

JIM: ***The shootings are coming nearer and nearer,
It becomes bright and warm,
When I meet my doom.***

LENA: Terrible.

JIM: He really likes the phrase meet my doom. I think it's in at least ten of his poems.

Everybody takes their cards.

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LENA: And what's the point of a promise to a dying soldier to take his watch to his son? He dies after. I mean. What? Now the watch is gonna stay in his arse and the little one is never going to get it. Forward.

PETER: I'll play in two.

JIM: Where did you get that the watch is in his arse? Forward.

VICTORIA: Two.

PETER: One.

LENA: Didn't they put the watches there during the war? Anyway, he should arrange that someone else got the watch, place it in his arse and take it to the kid, before he dies.

VICTORIA: Forward.

PETER: But... In this poem he dies. As he poetically says, he meets his doom. How can he be reciting the poem, if he's dead? One in spades.

Victoria opens the talon, Peter picks and they play.

LENA: Maybe he meets his doom and survives.... Or he just dies symbolically. Or he dies physically and survives metaphysically. You know. Cuz the idea is important and the idea survives. It's worthy to die for ideals, that is how you become immortal. Or some other shit, I don't know.

PETER: It's so sad, how seriously he takes himself.

VICTORIA: I don't believe he does.

Jim throws a card.

PETER: I'm sure he does. I thought I'm playing with Lena.

JIM: Lena doesn't feel like playing and it's really hard to figure out who's she's playing with. I don't think she even knows herself.

LENA: It's a sucky game. Can't we go dancing?

Lena starts singing in dancing in the rhythm of a music.

JIM: You know what would've been really fun? Not only we go to his reading, but after we hang out with him and become friends!

PETER: Friends is a bit much but we could hang out.

LENA: I wonder what he's like.

JIM: Funny.

The last round, everybody's holding the last card card. Jim furiously looks at Peter.

JIM: What do you have in your hand?

PETER: Ahm ...

JIM: Do you have a pagat in your hand, when there are still three tarrocks in the game?

They throw the last cards.

PETER: I miscalculated myself. You talk all the time...

JIM: Are you trying to fuck me over on purpose?

Peter takes the cards and counts.

PETER: I also fucked myself!

JIM: No, you lost on purpose! To fuck me over.

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PETER: Fucking shit, no!

JIM: You're trying to fuck me over in life and you try to fuck me over at cards.
You're trying to fuck me over everywhere!

VICTORIA: Hey!

JIM: Mah, you all are just trying to fuck me over. You also didn't play well the
previous round. And Lena is just throwing anything... It's lame to play with
you cuz you don't even try, but just fucking me over, over and over again!

PETER: They won with difference of a ten, so minus thirty plus minus twenty-five
because of the pagat. Write down minus sixty-five.

JIM: Why do you play, if you don't have the cards for it!

Jim furiously leaves the room, Victoria gets up and goes after him.

VICTORIA: I'll calm him down.

Peter and Lena are left alone. Peter looks at Lena.

LENA: What?

PETER: Seduce and fuck him.

LENA: Jim?

PETER: Dean.

LENA: Why?

PETER: It would be funny.

LENA: What do I get in exchange?

PETER: I don't know. A hundred euro.

LENA: Well, I don't care for money.

PETER: Two g's of coke?

LENA: I don't want anything you can buy. I want something else.

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PETER: What?
LENA: Hm. Fuck that desperate twenty-year older milf.
PETER: Twelve years.
LENA: It doesn't matter.
PETER: Well I don't know...
LENA: Victoria would mind.

Victoria and Jim come back, Jim is still sulking a bit.

VICTORIA: Peter, I really need to talk to you.
PETER: Vicky, not now.

Offended Victoria sits next to Jim on the bed and pulls out her phone.

PETER (to Lena): I don't know.
LENA: Think about it.
PETER: I will. You too... If you'd rather have something else.
LENA: Mhm.
VICTORIA (to Jim): What to write to a guy who sent me a picture of his nipple?

Peter frowns.

JIM: Do you like the guy?
VICTORIA: I guess.
JIM: Write »mmm«.
VICTORIA: Mmm?
JIM: Yes.

Viktoria types.

VICTORIA: Now he's asking me if I have my hand down my pants.

JIM: Write yes. With big letters and an exclamation point.

Peter is more and more uncomfortable by the conversation, Victoria loves it. Peter passes his hand to Lena.

PETER: Deal.

Lena happily shakes his hand.

VICTORIA: But I don't.

JIM: It doesn't matter.

7th picture: ACCIDENT

Lena takes a photo of the wrecked car with her phone. She hints so Dean to come nearer and places him to pose for the picture.

JIM: Lena?

LENA: What?

JIM: How fast was Peter driving?

LENA: What? (To *Dean*) Put your hand in your pocket.

VICTORIA: She's useless, can't you see she's totally drunk.

PETER: Which means she doesn't know how fast was I going.

Lena places a cigarette in Dean's mouth and lights it.

LENA: You look like James Dean!

Lena photographs Dean; he looks at her smilingly.

VICTORIA: It doesn't matter, how fast was Peter driving! What are we going to do? We have to come home.

PETER: I don't know.

JIM: What if you two call your dad?

VICTORIA: No way. He'd freak out.

JIM: Peter? You daddy is always saving your ass.

Lena seductively stands next to Dean, they make a selfie.

PETER: No way.

LENA (to *Dean*): Look at us; we look so pretty.

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DEAN: But my broken nose...

LENA: You're even more sexy because of it! You look like an ex-con or a drug dealer!

DEAN: That's you type?

8th picture: DORMITORY

Peter and Lena are talking in front of the room; Jim and Victoria are talking in the room. Parallel scenes.

JIM: So you still didn't get anything good?

VICTORIA: No, but I started working... In the store. To get at least some money.

JIM: Why? Isn't your dad giving you money?

LENA: You're not normal.

PETER: You're not normal. I told you. I don't feel like it anymore.

VICTORIA: Well, I figured it'd be good, if I start making some on my own. Even if it's in a grocery store.

JIM: Good for you. There's nothing to be ashamed of.

VICTORIA: Why would I be ashamed of anything?

JIM: Like I said. You shouldn't

LENA: Just like that? One day yes and the other no?

PETER: Why are we talking about it again? It was nothing and it happened a long time ago.

VICTORIA: I had to decide... Grocery store or waiting tables... And...

JIM: Yeah?

VICTORIA: Well, I'd earn more money waiting tables, but I think if you're working as a waitress you have to be okay with a certain amount of sexual harrasement.

LENA: C'mon. You can't just call up a person whenever you feel like it, take advantage of him, and when you don't feel like it anymore, just say you don't feel like it anymore and don't give a fuck.

PETER: Sorry.

LENA: You didn't want to fuck me. You wanted to fuck someone. Anyone.

JIM: Well, there's nothing shameful in waiting either.

VICTORIA: Why would it be?

JIM: Like I said. It's not.

VICTORIA: Yes.

PETER: That was three years ago. Deal with it. It's how it goes.

LENA: No. You took something from me. You should be held responsible.

PETER: I'm not the first one who did that to you and you're not the first who it happened to. You should look after yourself better.

LENA: Just because something is happening so often it became normal, it doesn't mean it's right.

JIM: Someone's gotta do that.

VICTORIA: What?

JIM: Serve coffee. And... Sell food and stuff.

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PETER: Lena, I'm sure I'm not the first guy who fucked you and later didn't want to have anything to do with you.

LENA: It's gonna come back at you.

PETER: Is it really gonna?

LENA: Sooner or later. I'll be waiting. I'm patient. And young.

PETER: One day you're not gonna be young anymore, but just bitter.

VICTORIA: It's just temporary.

JIM: Even if it wouldn't be. Someone has to do that. We also need cleaning ladies and construction workers. We need that. This is why a certain percentage of immigrants is necessary otherwise this kind of work wouldn't get done.

VICTORIA: Ahm, okay.

JIM: No, I'm not comparing you to immigrants. Or cleaning ladies. Well, even if I would. There's nothing embarrassing in cleaning. It's an honest job.

VICTORIA: Yes.

LENA: I don't really care.

PETER: If you don't care, than why have you been opening up this debate for the last three years?

LENA: Either way your sperm tastes awful.

PETER: You're really gonna go that low?

JIM: There's also nothing wrong with immigrants.

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VICTORIA: It's just a temporary work.

JIM: I know, I know. I don't think you're not capable. All I meant was... We have too many graduated incompetent people.

VICTORIA: I don't think it's that simple.

LENA: It tastes rotten.

PETER: Calm down.

LENA: Something between bad cheese and overdue milk.

PETER: Okay.

JIM: I know, I know, I'm over-simplifying. I didn't mean it like that. Don't get me wrong.

VICTORIA: Okay.

JIM: So you work at the cashier?

VICTORIA: No, ahm, at meat and bread and that stuff.

LENA: How come no one has ever told you that?

PETER: Stop provoking.

LENA: I'm not provoking, I'm dead serious.

JIM: Oooo, at the delicatessen! Cool, cool, nothing shameful in that.

VICTORIA: Oh, c'mon you're such a prick!!!

JIM: Where is this anger coming from?

VICTORIA: What now? Is it wrong to be slicing salami or not? Cuz if it's not, I don't understand why are you keep emphasizing it not wrong?

PETER: Well, if we're talking about that. You're not perfect either. You give okay hand-jobs, but you're terrible at blow jobs. Move away your teeth when you're doing it, cuz it hurts!

LENA: You're such a prick.

9th picture: ACCIDENT

JIM: Vicky, call 911.

Jim throws his phone to Vicky; she catches it.

VICTORIA: And tell them what? My friends and me drove drunk from a party and had a crash?

Victoria throws his phone back to him.

JIM: Peter was driving, he was drunk and he should be held responsible.

PETER: If you'd be driving, you'd also be driving drunk and maybe even kill someone.

Jim throws his phone back to Victoria, she immediately throws it back to him.

JIM: Call the police, Vicky, and Peter should do the alcohol test.

PETER: What the fuck.

JIM: Then I'll call.

Jim takes the phone and wants to dial the number. Peter takes his phone and throws it away.

10th picture: POETRY READING

Lena, Peter, Jim and Victoria are looking at Dean after the performance. Dean is standing alone and proudly looking around if anyone is looking at him. They go to him.

PETER: Congrats, Dean, bravo.

JIM: Yes, it was great.

VICTORIA: Specially the second song.

LENA: And the forth one which was a bit erotic.

DEAN: But... The forth one was about a mother who gets a note that her son is not coming back from the war.

LENA: Well, yes. A bit of Freud, a bit of Oedip.

PETER: What is your inspiration? Because you probably haven't been to war... But when I read and listen to your poetry I think, fuck, that guy has lived.

DEAN: That comes.

LENA: Do you have a lighter?

DEAN: No.

Lena takes a lighter from her pocket and gives it to him. Dean is confused and does not know what to do. Lena takes a cigarette and puts it in her mouth. She leans to Dean to light her cigarette. She looks at him seductively. Dean does not know what to do.

PETER: Light her cigarette, man.

DEAN: What? Yes, yes.

Dean is clumsily lightining the lighter, he manages to do it in the third try. Lena is constantly looking at him, which makes him even more confused. His hand shakes a little. The other three are looking at them. He finally does it. Lena blows a smoke and gives him a big smile.

LENA: Thank you.

JIM: Are you gonna come with us?

DEAN: Where?

JIM: For a drink. To tell us more about your poetry and maybe read us something...

DEAN: It's a bit late...

VICTORIA: C'mon. It's your evening!

PETER: You're the star today.

11th picture: JOINT

Peter and Jim are singing at the bar, Lena is dancing between the tables. Dean is listening and looking at them with fascination. Victoria is showing photographs on her phone.

VICTORIA: You don't get it. It was the best pussy in the world. I'll never love another pussy that much.

LENA: Can you say cat instead of a pussy?

JIM: Pussy. Pussy-cat.

VICTORIA: Look, she was so cute! My little Hamas.

Peter brings ten shots of brandy from the bar.

PETER: Two for each.

DEAN: Didn't you come with a car?

Dean frightfully looks at them when they drink. He gains courage and drinks one. He starts coughing. The others are trying not to burst into laughter.

JIM: Dean, you're such an animal.

PETER: If you'll drink too much, we have some cocain to sober you up.

DEAN: What? You have cocain? Isn't that... Illegal?

JIM: Our's is so good, it's legal.

DEAN: How much is cocain?

JIM: About a hundred per gram.

DEAN: What? That much?

JIM: Haven't you ever?

DEAN: I did, I did.

The other smirk, Jim draws lines of cocaine, Dean is lookg at him impressingly. Jim offers him a straw.

DEAN: Not now.

The others want to laugh again, but hold it in. They take cocaine.

DEAN (to Viktoria): You named your cat after a terrorist organization?

VICTORIA: What?

DEAN: Hamas.

VICTORIA: Hamas is not a terrorist organization.

DEAN: It is. The stuff they did to Israeli.

VICTORIA: You think Israel belongs to Israeli?

DEAN: Of course.

LENA: Don't start, please.

VICTORIA: Gaza is... Ah, where to start... Well the fucking Jews.

DEAN: Are you anti-semit?

VICTORIA: No, I'm anti-zionist.

DEAN: You're what?

VICTORIA: In the sixties the Israeli...

LENA: Why do you always have to get in the fight about politics? Where do you get the energy?

VICTORIA (*offended*): That's not true.

LENA: How many sundy lunches went to hell, because you got in the fight with dad about who is he voting for?

VICTORIA: All right, I'm not gonna tell.

DEAN: Tell, I'm interested.

VICTORIA: After the second war the Americans gave the land to Israeli. It's actually a Palastine land. But they did it just to have an ally in the middle-east to dig oil in peace.

DEAN: So you're... You're also against America?

VICTORIA: You're not?

DEAN: If it wasn't for America, the second world war wouldn't even come to an end. America is the origin of world's democracy.

Victoria bursts into laughter, Dean is offended, Peter intervenes.

PETER: Don't take her too seriously, she just messing with you.

JIM: Yes, who gives a fuck to whom that piece of land belongs to. Tell us rather... Have you ever considered going abroad?

DEAN: To move?

JIM: No, to translate your poems and become famous abroad.

DEAN: But even in our country...

PETER: We're conservative. You're poems and you are all too avant la lettre for people to understand.

DEAN: They're what? Avont...

LENA: Dean, dance with me.

Lena gets up and offers him her hand. Dean looks at her frightenly, drinks the second shot, wants to throw up a little, but holds it in by breathing deeply. He takes Lena's hand and ineptly escorts her.

12th picture: ACCIDENT

JIM: Seriously? You're gonna wreck my car and my phone in the same night?
What's wrong with you?

PETER: You wanna see my license gets taken away?

VICTORIA: We can't call the police, we're all drunk.

DEAN: There's no problem. Peter you have some cocain left, right? You told me how cocain is good for sobering you up. Everyone sniffs a little and we're sober again.

VICTORIA: We have cocain? Than great. No panic. Let's call the police!

DEAN: Is this sarcasm or...

VICTORIA: What do you think?

DEAN: I think it is...

LENA: I'd like to see how you sniff cocain through that broken nose of yours.

Lena winks at Dean, he is trying to smile at her charmingly but it comes up grotesque.

JIM: Let's wait a couple of hours. To sober up and then we call. We're in the middle of nowhere anyway.

PETER: I agree. Maybe if we sober up a little, we find a better solution.

VICTORIA: And what if someone drives by?

Peter and Jim look at each other.

VICTORIA: What? What are you hiding again?

PETER: Nothing.

VICTORIA: I know that look.

JIM: This road is closed for traffic, because it's being renewed and is dangerous.

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VICTORIA: And you two imbecils decided to drive on it anyway? And not mention that to any of us? Morrns!

13th picture: JOINT

Victoria and Jim are sniffing cocaine, Peter comes from the bathroom.

PETER: Lena got the bet. They are actually fucking in the toilet. Well, Dean is fucking, Lena is just making some weird fake noises.

VICTORIA: What?

PETER: Lena and me made a bet, if she manages to fuck him.

VICTORIA: You and Lena... And Lena, of course, can't say no to a challenge. C'mon. How did our parents mess up her up-bringing so much, I don't know.

PETER: Why? She's a winner.

VICTORIA: This is too much for me. Can't we just stop and go home?

JIM: But it's fun.

VICTORIA: For me, it's starting to be Claire situation.

PETER: How is this Claire situation?

Dean and Lena come back, Peter and Jim applaud them, Dean is confused.

DEAN: Who's Claire?

PETER: A girl from high school.

JIM: A girl I liked and I told Peter about it. And he fucked her.

PETER: Yeah, no, it was not like that.

JIM: It was exactly like that.

PETER: Can I tell how was it?

JIM: No. Vicky you tell.

VICTORIA: Yeah, well... It was not like you said it was.

PETER: Told you.

VICTORIA: But it wasn't like you think it was, Peter, either.

PETER: How was it then?

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VICTORIA: Neither of you liked Claire! Once you were drunk discussing how fat she is and how she smells. Then you placed a bet which one of you dares to fuck her!

DEAN: That sounds a bit cruel.

VICTORIA: It was! And they both did her! Cuz they're morrons.

PETER: Hey!

VICTORIA: And after she fell in love with Jim, and Jim actually liked her, but didn't want to admit that because in his opinion Claire would be a social suicide for him.

JIM: I didn't like her.

PETER: Yes, you did. Admit to yourself finally, you have a fetish on the chubby ones.

JIM: I really don't.

PETER: I'm not really sure. On chubbies or losers?

VICTORIA: And Peter told Claire about the bet and she fell into depression and anorexia and changed school eventually.

PETER: It's a turn on to you for a woman to be a couple of leagues below you. Either she is stupid or dumb or ugly or unpopular. Anything to feel superior to her, right?

JIM: You and your theories and provocations.

PETER: You grow your ego on losers, right?

JIM: And you don't? (*Jim glances at Victoria; she gets uncomfortable*) Whatever. It wasn't like that.

VICTORIA: Anyway. Can we go home? I don't want another similar situation.

JIM: I don't feel like driving.

VICTORIA: Peter?

Victoria looks at Peter, he nods with hesitation.

PETER: Yes, we're going, I'll drive.

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JIM: My car?

PETER: You said you don't want to.

JIM: But, what if you scratch it?

PETER: I'm not drunk, I won't scratch it.

14th picture: ACCIDENT

Victoria is searching in the upside-down car.

VICTORIA: Has anyone seen my phone?
LENA: Didn't you try to call the police before with it?
VICTORIA: That was Jim's.
JIM: Did you left it at home?
VICTORIA: No, I remember having it at the toilet and it almost fell in... Fuck.
JIM: What?
VICTORIA: I left it in the toilet.
JIM (to Dean): Do you have a phone?
DEAN: I don't have a phone. Out of principe
JIM: How do they call you when they want you to come read your poems?
DEAN: I have a stationary phone.
JIM: And if you're not home?
DEAN: The machine gets it.

Lena is looking at her phone.

LENA: Hahaha, the picture of the wrecked car and pissed-off Peter already got 134 likes.
PETER: You put it on Facebook?
LENA: No, Instagram.

Victoria takes her phone.

PETER: Mother fuck, Lena, you don't have any boundaries.

Dean takes the phone and looks at it.

DEAN: What? Hashtag disaster poetry and even more disasterous sex? Hashtag
 how low can I go?!

Lena goes to him to take the phone, but Dean runs away.

LENA: Dean, you're reading it out of context.

JIM: I don't think it's any better in the context.

15th picture: IN FRONT OF THE JOINT

Lena, Dean, Victoria, Jim and Peter are leaving the joint and going to the car. Dean pulls Lena on the side.

LENA: What is it?

DEAN: Let me gain my courage.

LENA: Aha.

DEAN: Well. It's... Well, I fell in love with you.

LENA: Aham.

DEAN: Anyway. I want you to be my girlfriend. To be a couple. Would you go steady with me?

Lena starts laughing.

DEAN: This is funny?

LENA: No, no, sorry.

DEAN: I mean, I pour out my emotions and you are laughing.

LENA: I know, I'm sorry.

Lena can't stop laughing.

DEAN: This is really uncool from you.

LENA (*keeps laughing*): I know.

DEAN: Can't you stop than?

LENA: I'm trying!

Lena starts laughing tears.

DEAN: Lena!

LENA: Sorry, but... »would you go steady with me?« Who asks like that?

DEAN: That's how you ask.

LENA: Yes, but in the fifth grade.

Dean leans towards her and tries to kiss her, but Lena ducks away.

DEAN: I can't even kiss you?

LENA: No.

DEAN: But an hour ago you made love to me in the toilet.

Lena almost dies from laughter.

LENA: Made love to you! We fucked!

DEAN: That we can, but I can't kiss you?

Dean is angry and walks away, Lena goes after him.

LENA: No, no, Dean, I really am sorry.

DEAN: What then? You wanna be with me?

LENA: Sorry, I don't.

DEAN: First you laugh at me and then you reject me. You're unbelievable.

LENA: How can I take you seriously? You smell of desperation. No girl finds that attractive.

DEAN (*offended*): Thanks. You laugh at me, reject me and humiliate me.

LENA: You're okay, but...

DEAN: Go fuck yourself.

Lena bursts into laughter again.

DEAN: You're not normal..

16th picture: IN FRONT OF THE JOINT

JIM: What's going on?

DEAN: Well.

LENA: Dean confessed his love for me.

JIM: Ay, Dean.

DEAN: And she was just laughing and laughing. What the fuck.

JIM: You smell of desperation.

DEAN: Is this some sort of official term, I haven't herd of?

JIM: Yes, this is what you find in the dictionary if you look under your name.

DEAN: Fuck yourself.

JIM: You're doing it the wrong way.

DEAN: What's the right way?

Jim rolls a joint and passes it to the other two.

17th picture: IN FRONT OF THE JOINT, PARALEL SCENES

Victoria and Peter at the car.

VICTORIA: I didn't get the job.
PETER: The interview for that paper?
VICTORIA: Yes.

Peter gives her a comforting hug.

PETER: Something will come up.
VICTORIA: But what if it won't?
PETER: It will. Plus, you make some money at the store.
VICTORIA: And all of a sudden I'll be fifty and keep slicing salami for the people who will keep complaining I slice it too thick.
PETER: I'll marry you and support you.
VICTORIA: Not funny.

Jim, Dean and Lena.

JIM: Men are searching for youth and women are searching for security. That's the difference. You have to do something with your life. Right, Lena? And make a tone of money. Then you'll have her.
LENA: For sure.
JIM: Do something commendable.
DEAN: But I'm looking for romantics and a soulmate.
JIM: Disgusting. You look for romantics till you're twenty-five and than no longer. Security. That's a big hit.

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DEAN: Hm.

JIM: Or some success. Social status.

DEAN: If I do that, you'll be mine?

LENA (*cynically*): Of course.

Lena passes the joint to Dean. He makes a puff and almost chokes with coughing.

PETER: I'm serious. I'll make money and you'll be at home cooking and taking care of the children. It's gonna be nice.

VICTORIA: Yes, like in the fifties.

PETER: I'll let you go out party every now and then.

VICTORIA: Once per week.

PETER: That's a bit much. Once per month. I'll even give you money to buy a martini.

VICTORIA: But just one. Not to get drunk.

PETER: If you'll be good, I'll give you for two.

VICTORIA: Uf, two martinis per month. Let's do it. Let's get married.

JIM: You don't smoke otherwise?

DEAN: I do, I do, I just did it clumsily this time.

Lena and Jim look at each other and smirk.

DEAN: I love to smoke before I write my poetry. It helps me... With thinking and stuff..

JIM: What about alcohol?

DEAN: Also. Sometimes I wake up at four am, drink two whiskeys and just let stuff out. Like Hemingway.

JIM: Dean. Read us another one of your poems. For goodbye. One we haven't heard yet.

DEAN: Actually I just finished one.

LENA: Read it!

DEAN: ***Razorblade of death is coming down the battlefield
Like a scythe in the time of harvest.
Wherever the mower strikes, blades fall on the ground,
Like warriors fall down on the battlefield,
Fighting for equality, fraternity and liberty.
Equality, fraternity and liberty.
Are you really only possible in death?
Are we not equal until our hearts stop beating
And the enemies throws us on a pile.
Like a pile of old junk,
through which the gypsies are rummaging later?***

JIM: Wow. Deep.

LENA: It reminds me of Lorca.

DEAN: I was trying to imitate Lorca!

LENA: It's very... sorrow.

18th picture: ACCIDENT

Lena, Peter, Jim in Victoria are alone.

JIM: Should we go look for him?
VICTORIA: I think it's very peaceful when he's not around.
PETER: Right? Finally some break from all the drama.

Victoria leans on Peter and closes her eyes. Peter leans toward her head and kisses her. Lena looks at them.

LENA(*cynically*): Oh, so cute.
JIM: I don't get it, how come she loves him. He fucked your sister, Vicky.
LENA: I fucked him.
PETER: That was three years ago.
VICTORIA: Great memories. Let's revive it some more.
JIM: And you didn't fuck her just one time.
LENA: I haven't fucked him just one time.
PETER: Me and Vicky are not a couple and we never have been.
JIM: You're more of a couple than most couple who give themselves an official term of a couple.
LENA: Me and Peter have also never been a couple. We just fucked eleven times.
Sorry. I fucked him eleven times.
PETER: Enough! Why are we keep heating the same things up!
LENA: He just did it because, he told Vicky he wanted to be with her and she said no out of pure stubbornness.
VICTORIA: That's not true.
PETER: We're hangovered and tired. This is why all the theatrical scenes. And this is why Lena is bringing up again how I fucked her.

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Dean comes back and hears Peter's last sentence.

DEAN (to Peter): You fucked her? Are you all just fucking each other?

Dean goes to Peter and smacks him.

PETER: What the fuck?

Peter grabs Dean by his broken nose, Dean starts bleeding again.

DEAN: Are you nuts?!

PETER: Man, this was before you even knew Lena!

DEAN: I could just kill you. Would anyone else like me to punch him?

Dean is furiously looking at them, Lena bursts into laughter.

DEAN: What can I do for you to start taking me seriously? To stop mocking me. I
read it, yeah. Very nice.

Dean shows Lena her Instagram then throws her back her phone.

LENA: Sorry. I can't take you seriously. Everything you do is surreal for me. You're
like a caricature, not a real person to me.

Dean is speechless. He grabs Lena and pushes her, she falls ugly on the ground. He gasps.

LENA: Fuck.

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DEAN: Sorry, are you okay?

Dean goes to her to help her.

LENA: Don't touch me! You're not allowed to touch me you son of a bitch!

Victoria, Peter and Jim help Lena. Dean is scared standing next to them.

JIM: What's wrong with you? You can't beat up women.

Peter punches him in the face, the girls gasps.

PETER: Dean, we were nice to you. We came to listen to your poems. After we hung
out with you and even give you a ride home!

Jim also punches him.

JIM: We even give you our cocain!

PETER: That's true!

Peter punches him again.

JIM: We came to listen to your awful poetry. How many people came? Twelve! I
counted!

Jim punches him again, Dean falls on the floor.

PETER: And after we hung out with you. Did you have anyone to hang out with you?
It looked like you don't have any friends.

Peter kicks him in the stomach.

JIM: And you go and beat up Lena.

DEAN: What exactly do you think of my poetry?

Jim picks up Lena.

JIM: We have to get her to the hospital.

DEAN: No one is going anywhere until you tell me, why did you come to my reading!

PETER: Dean, none of us really likes your poetry. It's ridiculous. We are reading it for
fun.

DEAN: Are you serious?

JIM: No.

DEAN: You came to laugh at me...

PETER: Yes, you're not good. It's not like you have anything to tell. You haven't lived
enough to be good. You haven't experienced anything.

JIM: Lena probably has a broken leg. We have to get her to the hospital.

DEAN: And for my nose there was no panic.

PETER: Fuck off or I break your ribs.

Dean offendedly walks away. Peter takes Lena's phone, dials a number and moves a bit away.

PETER: Did I wake you? Sorry, pumpkin...

19th picture: ACCIDENT, PARALEL SCENES

Peter comes back.

PETER: I have enough of this. I called Petra, she will come here in about an hour.

Victoria turns pale.

JIM: Is this the milf you are fucking?

PETER: She's not a milf.

Victoria tries to unnoticeably walk away. Lena sees that and goes after her, limping. Peter glances at Victoria.

JIM: She's twenty years older than you.

PETER: Twelve.

Victoria throws up, Lena gives her a sympathetic hug.

VICTORIA: If I told him not to go out with her, he wouldn't go out with her?

LENA: Or he'd go out with her just because you told him not to.

VICTORIA: Why am I doing this to myself?

LENA: Because you think you'd get love in return. You always think that.

Jim and Peter.

PETER: All right. Twenty. Happy?

JIM: Yes.

PETER: But isn't that ideal? She already has children, a career, money and an apartment. All she wants from a guy is a bit of love.

Victoria and Lena.

VICTORIA: And what is love?

Lena bursts into laughter.

VICTORIA: I am seriously asking.

Lena keeps laughing.

VICTORIA: Can you be serious for one moment and answer me seriously on one question I ask you?

LENA: But you are asking ME what is love.

VICTORIA: Yes.

Lena becomes serious.

LENA: I don't know. When the whole day is bad and then you see a certain person and suddenly everything is okay. I think this is love.

Peter and Jim.

JIM: You are dating a woman who earns more money than you.

PETER: Right now is earning more money than me.

JIM: This is not exactly manly, right?

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PETER: There are other things that make a man than an amount of money he makes.

JIM: Like what?

Victoria and Lena.

LENA: I used to think that what you and Peter have is love. But now I don't anymore.

Victoria stares at Lena for a few moments, than grabs her hair and pulls it. Lena slaps her, Victoria lets go.

LENA: What the fuck?!

VICTORIA: You cannot stop provoking you little bitch! Not for just one moment, huh?

Jim and Peter.

PETER: A decision to do what is right and not what is easy.

JIM: Whatever. Your girlfriend is making more money than you. Do you actually like her? Or are you just using her?

PETER: There are more kinds of attachments.

JIM: So you don't love her.

PETER: Like I said. There is more than one kind of attachment. And it's too soon to know right now.

20th picture: ACCIDENT

Dean is nowhere around and no one is looking for him.

PETER: Petra is coming soon. She has room for four, so...

VICTORIA: No, fuck off, I'm not going with her, there's no fucking way.

Victoria walks away, Peter goes after her, Jim lifts up Lena.

PETER: Vicky ...

VICTORIA: Leave me alone.

PETER: Lena needs a hospital and I'm not leaving you here.

VICTORIA: I don't want to drive with that woman.

PETER: You don't even know her.

VICTORIA: I'm not driving with her and that's it.

PETER: Why?

VICTORIA: Because I'm not okay with you having sex with her, okay? I don't want you to. I don't, I don't, I don't. When you asked me about it, I wanted to say that, but I didn't.

Peter smiles.

PETER: Look. We don't have another ride right now. Let's go with her. I will break up with her as soon as we get home, okay?

VICTORIA: I don't believe you.

Silence. Peter gives her a kiss.

VICTORIA: I had an abortion.

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PETER: What?

VICTORIA: I had an abortion.

PETER: When?

VICTORIA: A couple of weeks ago.

PETER: Was it mine?

VICTORIA: Yes.

PETER: Why didn't you tell me?

VICTORIA: I tried. When we were at the dormitory... Helping Jim pack...

PETER: Shit! And why did you tell me now?

VICTORIA: What?

PETER: Okay, you couldn't tell me at the dormitory, but you could've told me some other time.

VICTORIA: There was no chance.

PETER: Because, what exactly should I do now?

VICTORIA: What?

PETER: For a condom is too late, to go with you is too late, to tell you I want to have a child with you is also too late.

VICTORIA: Well...

PETER: Did you want to keep it?

VICTORIA: I don't know.

PETER: If you don't know if you wanted to keep it, why did you have an abortion?

VICTORIA: I'd want to keep it, if you'd want to keep it.

PETER: How would I want to keep it, if I didn't now it existed?

VICTORIA: I didn't want you to want it like that.

PETER: Like what?

VICTORIA: That I'm already pregnant and you say, o, let's have it.

PETER: Yes?

VICTORIA: But I wanted that you say, hey, maybe we should have a child, and I say, well actually...

PETER: That's disturbed.

VICTORIA: It's not the best plan, I admit.

PETER: But you telling me now, when it's already too late is also... Stupid. What do you want? An appology?

VICTORIA: No.

PETER: To make me feel bad?

VICTORIA: No.

PETER: What then? What was your motivation for telling me?

VICTORIA: I wanted you to know.

PETER: Fuck.

Peter angrily walks away, Victoria starts crying.

21th picture: ACCIDENT

Jim, Peter, Victoria and Lena are sitting by the car waiting. They hear a car. They freeze when they realize it's a police car. Dean turns up near to them.

DEAN: Fuck all of you!

PETER: Didn't he say, he didn't have a phone?

VICTORIA: Apparently he lied.

THE END