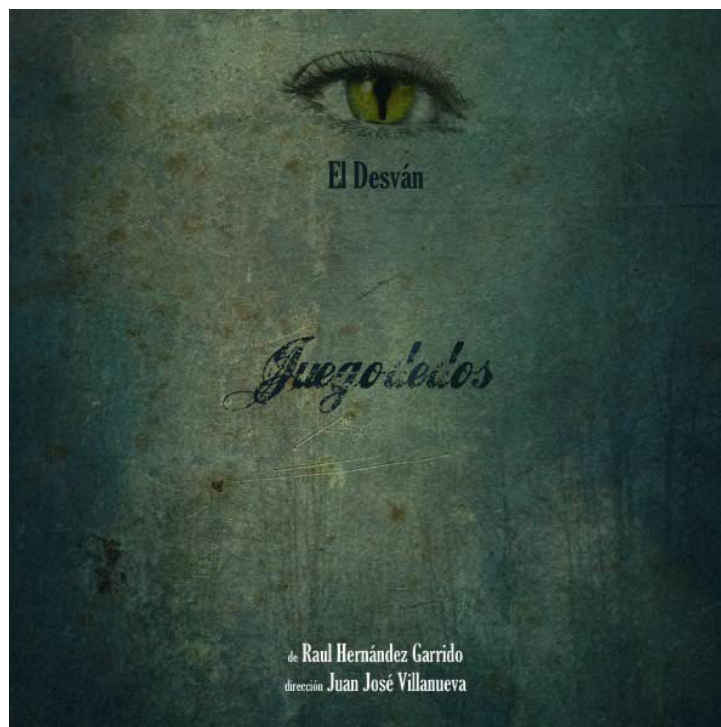


# S-Player Game

Juego de S

by Raul Hernandez Garrido



**Play Submission for the HotLINK International  
Play Reading Festival at the Lark**

## **CONTACT DETAILS**

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Raúl Hernández (Madrid 1964) is, among other things, a playwright, filmmaker, novelist and scriptwriter. A founding member of the Teatro del Astillero theatre company, his theatre has won a number of national awards, including the Calderón de la Barca prize in 1994 for *Los malditos* (*The Damned*) and the Lope de Vega prize for *Los engranajes* (*The Gears*) in 1997. In 2000, Hernández adapted *Los engranajes* into a successful film entitled *Antes de morir piensa en mí* (*Think of Me Before You Die*). Hernández's plays are often dark and atmospheric. Love, lust, hatred and betrayal all feature, as contemporary issues are presented in a way that mixes the everyday with the mythical, or the fantastical.

More details about Raúl Hernández's life and work can be found on his personal website, at <http://hernandezgarrido.com>.

A selection of his work in english is available at <http://www.outofthewings.org/db/author/raul-hernandez-garrido>, translated and edited by Gwynneth Dowling.

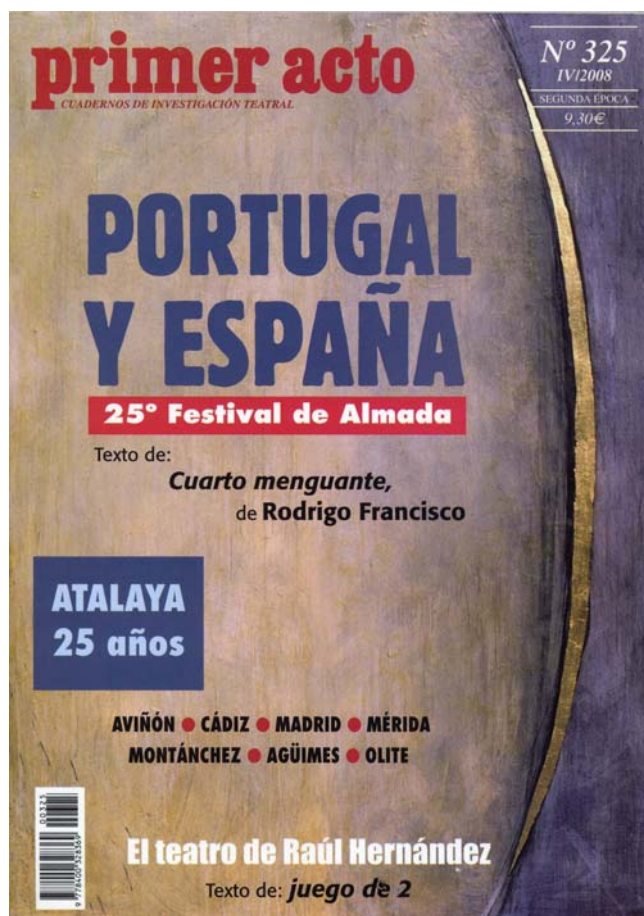


Raúl Hernández's theatre is highly experimental. He engages audiences in contemporary issues through plays that are a mixture of the real and the fantastical. His professional experience as a documentary and filmmaker has influenced his dramatic style, so that his plays are often quite cinematic, featuring a large amount of atmospheric imagery. Often, in fact, the atmosphere he strives to create takes precedence over plot. This forms part of his interest in finding new ways of writing, challenging audiences and forcing them to become an integral part of the dramatic experience. With reference to *Los malditos* (*The Damned*) for example, Hernández talks about adhering to a 'dramaturgy of destruction', in which characters are pushed to

the limits of psychological and physical exhaustion, and in which spectators must make an effort to make sense of a deliberately hermetic plot.

*Raúl Hernández writes about the meaningless of modern society; his work is marked by a general sense of dissatisfaction at the world. His plays are populated by characters displaying very human – and often negative – traits. Love, jealousy, betrayal and hatred all feature. One of the interesting things about the way he presents his vision of society and humanity is his use of figures from classic Greek tragedy, such as Agamemnon. Tragedy is fundamental to his work, as he manipulates its form and its themes in an effort to bring something new to theatre, to revitalise the medium so that audiences can take something fresh from it.*

Monleón, Ángela. 1995. 'De la escritura, la historia y sus personajes', *Primer Acto*, 260, 54-6. Available at <http://parnaseo.uv.es/ars/Autores/Hernandez/entrevistas/entremal1.htm> [accessed November 2010] (Online Publication) (in Spanish)



## ABOUT THE PLAY

*Juego de 2 (2-Player Game)* is a tense and atmospheric power game between two characters. It received its Spanish premiere in 1997, and it was rewritten in 2006 in its extended version and produced by the Centro Dramático Nacional. It has since been performed throughout Spain, as well as in Rio de Janeiro, Budapest and Mexico. The play has never been performed in English before. It was translated into English in 2011 by Dr Gwynneth Dowling, a research assistant working on a web-based translation project for King's College, London: [www.outofthewings.org](http://www.outofthewings.org): Spanish and Spanish American Theatres in Translation.

## BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

2-Player Game features two characters: the Body and the Client.

- The BODY is a young prostitute in her twenties. She likes to keep her private life separate from the 'services' she offers.
- The CLIENT is a mysterious and handsome young man. In the course of the play, we discover that he is blind.



## CRITICISM / RESPONSE

The play has received good reviews. Juan Ignacio García Garzón was impressed by the play's exploration of human beings' desire for real experiences – with the Client finally eliciting moments of real (although twisted) feeling from the Body rather than just the simulated affections of a prostitute (2005).

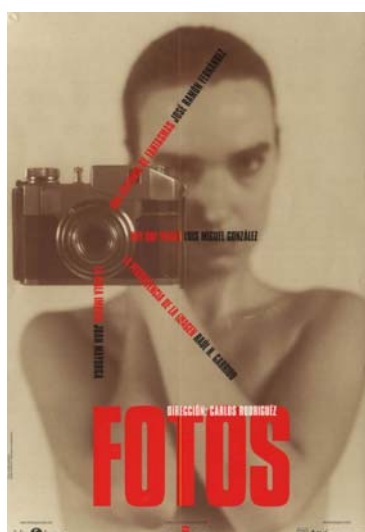
Javier Villán calls attention to the second half of the play's title: *La persistencia de la imagen*, noting how apt it is for theatre, a medium that can make visual images just as important as – if not more important than – the words spoken on stage (2005). With this in mind, a number of critics noted the subtlety of the play, in which much more is insinuated through the visuals than actually takes place (Alonso 2005).

## References

Alonso, Javier. 2005. 'El peligroso juego de la autodestrucción', *Guía del ocio*, 11 June 2005

Villán, Javier. 2005. 'La persistencia de la imagen', *El Cultural (El Mundo)*, 16 June

García Garzón, Juan Ignacio. 2005. 'Un momento de verdad', *ABC*, 4 June



## SOURCES

The playwright mentions a number of influences that inspired him to produce a play that focuses on watching and being watched. He notes his debt to Roland Barthes's 1980 book *Camera Lucida*, which explores the effects of photography on the photographed subject. Hernández was also influenced by the dark, sexually charged novels of Christopher Frank, as well as by surrealist texts by Georges Bataille, including *Story of the Eye*, a 1928 novella charting the sexual perversions of two young lovers. Programme notes for both the 2005 and 2009 productions feature an extract from 'The Solar Anus', a short surrealist essay by Georges Bataille. The quotation reflects the tension between alienation and desire in *2-Player Game*:

Love or infantile rage, or a provincial dowager's vanity, or clerical pornography, or the diamond of a soprano bewilder individuals forgotten in dusty apartments. They can very well try to find each other; they will never find anything but parodic images, and they will fall asleep as empty as mirrors. (Bataille 1931)

The play also features echoes of a number of Michelangelo Antonioni's films, including *Blow-Up* (1966) and his 2004 short film *Lo Sguardo di Michelangelo* (*Michelangelo Eye to Eye*).

### Photography

Hernández directly references the work of the French artist Sophie Calle. In particular, he mentions his debt to two of her pieces: *The Shadow* – in which she was followed around Paris by a private detective who took photos of her throughout the day – and *The Blind* in which she interviews blind people on their perspectives on beauty. The work of the blind photographer Evgen Bavcar is also a source of inspiration. Javier Alonso, in his review of the 2005 Madrid production, also noted a similarity between the look of the play and the work of the North American photographer Nan Goldin. Goldin is renowned for the photographs she takes of people in intimate, illicit and uninhibited situations (2005).

### PITCH

Two lonely people. Female and male. The Body and the Client. She is there to sell herself, he to buy. Theirs is a business transaction laden with fear, intimidation and paranoia. This is a 2-player game, with dangerous consequences.

### SYNOPSIS

A young prostitute (the Body) gets a call from a prospective client (the Client). The call disturbs her, since none of the men she visits should know her home number. The man who has called her, however, is different. While the Body does not know it yet, the Client knows all about her. He knows her movements, her taste in music and where she goes at night. He has photographs of everything she does.

The Body agrees to meet the Client. A dispassionate man's voice records the time she leaves her apartment, while grainy photographs projected on stage chart her walk through the streets to the Client's house. The Client is young and attractive. The Body wonders why such a handsome man would need to use a prostitute. The Client's large house also makes the Body hesitant, filled as it is with strange noises and broken mirrors. But while the house and its owner seem to harbour secrets, the Body has a secret of her own. As she and the Client make small talk, the Body reveals that she has been to the house before. She also reveals that she has met the Client before, although on that

occasion nothing happened between them. The Client admits that they have indeed met previously. He claims that he got her private number from a friend because he was so enchanted by her.

With everything apparently out in the open, the Body decides to leave. But before she does so, the Client puts on a song. It is a song that the Body plays to herself, alone in her apartment during private moments. She is shocked to hear it at the Client's house, and accuses him of stalking her. Once again, unsettled, she makes to leave. Yet again, however, she does not do so. Instead, the Body demands to know what exactly the Client knows about her. An argument ensues that becomes increasingly severe, to the extent that the Body takes out a gun. The Client is suddenly alarmed at the dangerous turn the night has taken. All his fight drains out of him. He tells the Body to go, promising to leave her alone in future. Uncertain at this sudden change of attitude, the Body carefully approaches the Client. It is only then that she realises the Client is blind.



Now that the Client's blindness has been revealed, the dynamic between the characters changes. The Body is apologetic. She thinks that she has wrongly accused a blind man of stalking her. The Client simply wants his guest to leave. The Body's alluring attempts to make up for her mistake soon win him over, however, and the couple kiss passionately. In the midst of their passion, the Client puts a blindfold on the Body and makes her stand semi-naked in the room. He turns on a slide projector. Blindfolded, the Body hears the clicks of slide after slide showing her going about her daily business. When the Body takes her blindfold off, she realises she was right all along about the Client. He has had her followed. The Body cries in shock and dismay as the Client shows her his collection of photos. He has captured every piece of her life on camera. Enraged, the Body attacks the Client. The struggle between them turns into violent lovemaking. It is a moment filled with conflicting emotions: passion, indifference, hatred, lust.

The Body retires to the bathroom to wash. She returns to a living room that is in complete darkness. Suddenly, thousands of flashlights go off. Terrified, the Body tries to shoot the Client with her gun. But he is used to the dark, while she is disorientated by the lights. Her shots miss him and soon there are no bullets left. When the lights go up, the Body looks around and realises that the

entire room is a camera lens. It seems that she will indeed never escape the Client's gaze. This time, it is the Body who loses her fight. The Client has won the game, and the Body says that she will stay with him. The Client, however, tells her that there will be no need for her to do that.

The play ends with a dispassionate man's voice recording the time the Body returns home. Over another montage of grainy photos, the voice tells us just how scared and alone the Body felt in the Client's house. She returns to her apartment and closes the blinds, so nobody can see in.



# S-Player Game

by Raul Hernandez Garrido



Translated into English  
by Gwynneth Dowling PhD

*DARKNESS. Phone rings three times. Fourth ring cut off by an electronic click. Communication begins. A young woman's voice answers. We cannot hear who has called. Just the voice of the girl on the other end of the telephone.*

Hello?

*The girl pauses. She listens. She nearly stops breathing in surprise, caused by what the speaker must be saying.*

Excuse me ... who are you?

*Pause. She continues. Confused.*

What? Yes, yes that's my name. And you? Who are you?

How did you get this number? What do you want?

Did you get it from some sort of mutual friend? One of my clients? Why exactly are you calling me?

A service? You want a visit? Sorry, it's my day off.

No, it's not possible. I've told you, no.

Thanks, but it's not about the money.

You don't take no for an answer! Sorry? Where was it you said I'd have to go?

Wait. Let me think about it. Tell me that address again. Yes, I know where that is.

For a little extra, no problem. I'll cancel my plans for today. But I'm making an exception for you, you know?

*Worried.*

Hey, what did this friend of yours tell you?

Don't believe everything they say.

I'm 23.

*Sharp change in tone. Husky, whispering.*

23.

*Pause. Her sexy whispering continues.*

33-21-35.

Have you got the picture?

*Her tone becomes playful.*

I'm tiny. Great shape. Brown hair... little girl's face... big eyes. Great tits and a round, bouncy behind.

*Her dirty talk tails off into a little giggle. She then suddenly stops.*

So, now do you get the picture? Do you like it?

All the time you want. There's no hurry.

Cash. 300 plus 40 dollars for the cab. Give me your address.

Can you give it to me again? I didn't get it down right the first time round.

Got it. I'll be there in an hour.

**SILENCE.**

*A series of still photographs, stolen images – they look like they come from a private detective's report. Taken with a telephoto lens, they are badly lit with poor definition. Very grainy. Coldly and impersonally, a masculine voice describes them. There is no trace of tension in the voice, and the sound of it mixes with the scratches and noises on the recording. Between each sentence, agonizing pauses: electric noise.*

*The actual presence of the actress on the STAGE. She has become the BODY.*

*Sound effect: the city.*

*Pain in the EYE because of the intermittent flashes and darkness – from the photo projected, then the darkness, then the flash hitting the back of the retina.*

**18:06:** VISUAL CONTACT MADE THROUGH THE WINDOW. HER BODY IS WRAPPED IN A TOWEL AND HER HAIR IS VISIBLY WET. SHE PICKS UP THE

PHONE. THE CONVERSATION IS BRIEF. SHE WRITES SOMETHING DOWN AND HANGS UP. SHE LEAVES THE ROOM.

VISUAL CONTACT LOST.

**18:26:** VISUAL CONTACT RESTORED IN THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE BUILDING. INSIDE, SHE WALKS PAST A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE. THE MAN LOOKS AT HER. SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND GOES OUTSIDE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GIRL: AROUND 25 YEARS OLD, TALL, THIN. LONG DARK HAIR TIED BACK IN A PONYTAIL. VERY LOW-CUT BLOUSE, LILAC. DARK-BLUE SHORT SKIRT ENDS AT MEDIUM-THIGH. BLACK BOOTS. A SMALL RED BAG OVER HER SHOULDER.

SHE GOES OUT ONTO THE STREET. SHE WALKS DOWN THE MAIN ROAD. HER STEPS ARE EVEN. TWO YOUNG MEN LOOK AT HER AND SAY SOMETHING AS THEY WALK PAST. SHE KEEPS WALKING.

AT THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK SHE STOPS. SHE LOOKS INSIDE HER BAG. SHE HAILS A CAB. SHE GETS IN AND TAKES OUT A PIECE OF PAPER WHICH SHE GIVES TO THE DRIVER. THE CAB PULLS OFF.

VISUAL CONTACT LOST: 18:39

*Darkness.*

*Gradually, the EYE gets used to the near-darkness into which the SCENE has been plunged. On it, the actor: the CLIENT waits.*

*Behind him there is a huge wall.*

*And in front of that, a large full-length mirror rests on the ground, cracked from side to side.*

**THE DOORBELL RINGS.**

*The CLIENT leaves the SCENE and goes towards the entrance to the street. After a while, the sound of a door opening. Then a girl's voice. The same one we heard during the phone call. The start of this conversation takes place OFF-STAGE. At first, as an inaudible whisper, then more audible.*

BODY: Noemi

CLIENT: What?

BODY: Noemi.

*(Silence.)*

You called me.

CLIENT: Yes.

BODY: You were expecting me, right? Or is there a problem?

CLIENT: No, of course. You're...

BODY: Noemi.

CLIENT: Noemi.

BODY: Do you want me to come in or not?

CLIENT: Please, come in. Be careful on those steps.

*(Footsteps, the door closes.)*

BODY: I see them, thanks. For a moment there I thought I'd got the wrong door.

CLIENT: That would be impossible. You made me repeat the address more than three times. And it's not even half an hour since I called you. Do you live close by?

*(Her footsteps stop.)*

BODY: Maybe I came too soon.

CLIENT: You've no idea how happy I am that you're already here.

*(The footsteps continue.)*

BODY: This house...

CLIENT: What's wrong?

BODY: It's big. Very big.

CLIENT: You like it?

BODY: Yes, I like it. It must be worth a fortune, especially in a good neighborhood like this.

CLIENT: I inherited it. The fact is I've always lived here. I've never considered moving – so I've even never thought about what the house might be worth.

BODY: Well, you're obviously not suspicious – another broken mirror.

*(Footsteps.*

*And then finally, before the CLIENT, the actress – the BODY – comes on to the STAGE, into the living room. She is wearing the same clothes as the young girl in the photographs. She looks around carefully at everything. Her reflection looks back at her from the broken mirror.)*

That makes two, counting the one in the hall.

*(He enters behind her and hurries to take her coat.)*

Thank you.

CLIENT: And your bag?

BODY: I'd prefer to keep it with me, thanks.

CLIENT: Whatever you want.

BODY: Could you enlighten me?

CLIENT: What?

BODY: The light. There's hardly any light. I'm going to trip and fall.

CLIENT: Yes, of course.

*(He clicks a switch and a light comes on – faint, but enough to move about easily. He points to the girl's raincoat which he has over his arm.)*

I'll be with you in a moment.

*(He goes to put away the raincoat. She makes a quick and precise sweep of the room. She lifts up the curtains and finds that the window blinds are shut. He remains off-stage and she raises her voice to talk to him.)*

BODY: Why are the blinds closed? It's light outside.

CLIENT: Privacy. It's better this way.

BODY: An almost totally dark house and two broken mirrors. Mean something special?

CLIENT: What are you talking about?

BODY: The mirrors. Whether they got a special meaning for you. Maybe you just like them, that's all. Nothing more than that. Is that it? Maybe you're just one of those people who collects things, that's all.

*(She turns around, trying to catch some movement in the corridors running off from the living room. Every time she stops speaking, she waits for his reply – making sure that he is still outside so she can freely explore the room.)*

CLIENT: Those mirrors have always been here. They were part of my inheritance. They came with the house. One day I'll have a clear-out and dump them.

BODY: That would be sad.

Do you live alone?

*(He enters the room without a sound, without her noticing, and without letting her know that he has indeed returned. He stands still, watching her. Or, more precisely, listening to her. Unaware of his presence, she goes on exploring the room.)*

It seems like a very big house for one person. I'd get lost. I wouldn't even know how to get to the kitchen. Do you manage okay on your own, or do you get help?

CLIENT: Does that matter to you?

*(She starts, worried that she has been caught snooping.)*

BODY: I'm sorry, I was curious. I'm just making conversation.

CLIENT: I manage just fine, if you really want to know.

BODY: The fact is, I'm surprised that someone like you would call me for a 'service'. You're young, handsome. Don't you have a girlfriend... or some sort of female acquaintance?

*(He turns towards her. He smiles a forced smile. There is something odd about all his movements, something missing, something learnt. Like the movements of a bad actor unconvincingly rehashing a role.)*

CLIENT: I manage just fine. You're very curious.

*(He stops talking and suddenly becomes quiet and still, as if waiting for her to go on. She remains silent. Finally, the girl comes right out with what she wants to ask him.)*

BODY: Why are you looking at me like that?

CLIENT: How can I not look at you. It's hard not to.

*(The CLIENT approaches the BODY and almost puts his arms round her.)*

Look at that body... and that face... How could I not look at you? Look at those eyes. It can't bother you if I look once or twice. If I called you, it's because I want to enjoy myself and look as you as much as I want. As I choose.

BODY: Just to look at me?

CLIENT: Look at you and other things. But all at my own choosing.

*(The CLIENT stops for a moment right beside the BODY. She moves away from him, smoothly. He goes over to a cocktail bar.)*

I'll get you a drink.

BODY: You've thought of everything.

CLIENT: A beautiful creature like you deserves nothing less.

BODY: Everything's just right. The soft light, the intimate atmosphere. It's all very suggestive...

CLIENT: Let's have a toast – like we're old friends who haven't seen each other for an age.

*(She suddenly looks worried.)*

BODY: What's out there? Is someone else here?

CLIENT: What's wrong now?

*(She moves away from him, alert, looking towards the door.)*

BODY: I heard a noise.

CLIENT: Old houses are full of strange noises.

*(She approaches the doorway, examining it.)*

BODY: Is somebody hiding?

*(He smiles.)*

CLIENT: Hiding? Why would they do that?

BODY: You're not going to tell me you didn't hear anything.

CLIENT: Maybe you're right. Sometimes there is a noise. I told you – old houses. I don't pay attention to the noises, I hardly even hear them anymore. Don't worry if you heard something. There's no one there. Check, if you don't believe me.

*(She is still suspicious.)*

It's not good to be so distrustful.

BODY: What's your name?

*(He smiles.)*

CLIENT: Call me Andrés.

BODY: Andrés. Whatever. You already know my name.

*(She opens her bag. Hesitates.)*

Do you mind if I smoke?

CLIENT: Yes.

*(She shuts her bag.)*

BODY: I'm trying to quit anyway. So...

CLIENT: So... tell me about yourself. Are you from here?

BODY: What's it look like?

CLIENT: No.

*(She remains quiet, watching him.)*

Tell me where you're from.

BODY: Are you really that interested?

*(A short silence. She then breaks it with a surprise answer.)*

I'm from Romania.

CLIENT: Romania?

BODY: Yes. Romania, or Russia. From wherever you want.

*(He laughs.)*

CLIENT: Romania. It sounds more exotic.

BODY: You don't believe I'm really Romanian?

*(She puts on a terrible accent, lifts up her hand and lets her hair down.)*

A Romanian vampire just for you. Come for your warm blood.

*(She says this and does not move. Almost as if she had said nothing in particular. For a minute, he says nothing. Then he continues, ignoring the flirtatious tone of what she has just said.)*

CLIENT: What part of Romania exactly?

BODY: Anywhere.

CLIENT: Romania must be a country full of surprises.

BODY: So is this house. Full of surprises.

CLIENT: Just like you. A real surprise. Small, exotic... Surprising.

*(He reaches her a small glass of something alcoholic.)*

Try this wine, Sarita. It'll leave a sweet taste in your mouth and won't give you a headache.

BODY: That's enough fun and games. I know you.

CLIENT: It seems to me that I know you, too.

BODY: Enough pretending. Don't make fun of me. You know exactly what I'm talking about.

I've been here before.

I was surprised that you called my private number. It left me totally confused. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. And then when you called me by my real name... Not that ridiculous *Noemi* I use on calling cards, but by my name. The name I've tried so hard to keep away from this side of my life. My real name.

Sara, Sara.

When you called I kept you talking on the line, so I could try to work out what was going on. Maybe it was just me being paranoid. I didn't want to think about what I suspected was going on. But when you gave me the address over the phone, I was sure I'd been here before. I was sure I knew you.

But you – you pretended you didn't know anything. You made out like you'd never called me before, like you didn't know me. You asked me what I looked like, what services I offered – all that crap I say to turn a guy on.

I was sure you were pretending, but I didn't know why. But I needed to see if I was right or not. That's why I had to see the house. I needed to see you.

You've pretended you don't know me. You do it so well that I've started to doubt myself again. It's not unusual – I try to forget the names and the faces... I try very hard to separate off the 'service' – my 'visits' – from the rest of my life.

In the end I thought – maybe it's just my imagination. And I tried not to worry.

But it wasn't like that. It isn't like that.

There were already too many coincidences.

This place is too familiar to me. You're too familiar.

Now I'm sure.

CLIENT: Interesting. Take a drink.  
(*She refuses his offer.*)

BODY: This is the house. I'm sure of it, even though it's practically pitch black in here. The mirrors, you, everything.

CLIENT: Don't get upset.

BODY: Don't you want to admit it? It wasn't that long ago that I was here. Maybe a month, a little more. The agency called me, which is what normally happens. And I came here and I was with you. That time, I was *Noemi*.

CLIENT: You might be right, but I don't remember.

BODY: Shall I remind you?

CLIENT: Go ahead.

BODY: That time, the agency gave me your address. They always call to give me an address, name and number. It was just one more 'visit'. I never go back to the same place – it's an agreement between me and the agency. I never visit the same client twice.

CLIENT: Go on.

BODY: But this time, you called me. Personally, on my private number. No one has that number. The agency's got nothing to with this.

CLIENT: I already told you. A friend gave me your name and number. I don't normally use this kind of ... service.  
(*It hurts her that he uses the term 'service', as well as the contempt in his voice.*)

BODY: Do you want me to tell you what happened that time? Absolutely nothing. I'm sorry to come straight out with it, but that's the way it was. I almost gave you your money back. Still don't remember?  
(*He takes the drink from her. She has drunk none of it. He turns his back on her and goes towards the bar with the drink in his hand.*)

CLIENT: If it was like you said, it's better not to think about it.  
(*He pours her another drink and goes to her. The cup is filled to the brim.*)  
This will take away the sour taste in both our mouths. Let's toast this second chance.  
(*She refuses the drink and some of it spills, staining her hands and his shirt.*)

BODY: Why did you call me again?  
(*He mops up some of the liquid, getting his hands wet.*)

CLIENT: I thought that was obvious. It's not a mystery.

BODY: I would rather you told me.

CLIENT: I wanted to be with you again.

BODY: So you admit I was here before. Now you've called me again and here I am, again. Back in the same house, again. With you. Why?

*(He goes to the door.)*

Where are you going?

CLIENT: To clean up. I've wine all over me. Excuse me a minute.

*(He leaves. She looks alert, tense, trying to control her nerves.)*

Don't think so much about what happened the other time.

BODY: Or about what didn't happen...

CLIENT: Whatever happened or didn't, I liked you. There's nothing more to it than that.

*(At that moment, he appears in the doorway, buttoning his shirtsleeves.)*

And now, here we are. You and me.

BODY: I'm going to have this drink. I need it. And then I'm leaving through that door for good. And you're not going to stop me.

*(But before she can move, a song starts playing in the background. A song sung in a grave, sensual voice. It comes from somewhere so deep in the house that it is hard to make out the tune, and the singer's voice becomes just a throaty whisper.)*

CLIENT: Before you go, listen.

*(The voice launches into the first bars of the song. He looks at her. She avoids his gaze. The girl closes her eyes, not knowing how to react. Without any awareness of what she is doing she starts to recite the words of the song. Agitatedly, mumbling, muttering, sometimes humming along.)*

*The song gets louder and louder.*

*The girl's eyes are closed. The song blasts out from the STAGE. The BODY stands, frozen to the spot. The CLIENT does not move.)*

BODY: Why did you put on that song? Why?

CLIENT: You don't like it?

*(The music plays on.*

*No reaction from the BODY.*

*The CLIENT does nothing. He just looks over at her. Not moving.*

*The girl, on the verge of collapse, gives in to the words and the music. At some points, her body moves, sometimes swaying to the syncopated beat. But strangely, jerkily. She is lost in a storm raging inside her.*

*The song ends. And neither of them move, until he breaks the silence, a little hint of sarcasm in his voice.)*

CLIENT: In Romania you must listen to the same songs as we do.

BODY: Why that song?

CLIENT: You know it.

BODY: It's a song I listen to over and over at home. Alone. In my house, alone.

CLIENT: We've got so much in common. Synchronicity. Two strangers with lots in common. A little music, a drink. The company of a beautiful girl like you. Everything's just right. Everything's ready.

BODY: Just right? Ready?

*(He laughs.)*

CLIENT: What could I do to make you trust me? You like those mirrors – so as a gesture of goodwill I'll give them to you. They're yours. I'll have them sent to you.

BODY: How will you do that? Do you know where I live?

*(He approaches her, laughs.)*

CLIENT: No. But since I've got your number, I'll call you when they're ready to go and you can tell me where to send them.

BODY: Everything's just right, everything's ready... You're a very resourceful man. You've got my name, my number. What else have you got on me? Do you know anything else?

CLIENT: Just that you speak English amazingly for a Romanian.

*(Once again, the music starts.)*

Stand here, against this wall.

Dance.

*(But she does not dance. She does not move. The music plays but neither of them moves.)*

Move.

BODY: You like watching.

I bet you like to picture things.

Picture yourself following me as I walk down the street.

Picture yourself following me, watching me. Me not seeing you. Me not knowing if you're there or not.

CLIENT: I want you to move.

*(The music plays on. But she does not dance.)*

I picture you.

BODY: Following me, really close. Right up the back of my heels. Until I sense a stranger behind me. Too close. I bet you'd like that.

CLIENT: I picture you.  
I can't hear you moving. I want to see you dancing. I want to hear you sing.  
To picture you.

BODY: I bet you've followed girls before without them knowing. How many? Have you ever pictured me, ever imagined following me? Have you actually done it? Have you been following me? Behind me, without me knowing? Never letting yourself be seen? Tell me. Have you? Have you been following me? Yes or no?

CLIENT: It sounds very appealing, becoming your shadow.  
I picture you.  
*(She stops talking and looks at him in hate.)*

BODY: Do you know what it feels like to have someone follow you, without you knowing how or why?  
*(She stops talking, not expecting him to answer. He goes towards her from behind. He stretches his hands out and places them on her breasts. She grabs his wrists.)*  
Don't come any closer.  
*(But he gently presses his hands down on her. She does not move away from him.)*  
Don't touch me.  
*(He ignores her. She takes his hands, still on her chest, in her own.)*  
Knowing someone's living my life, watching everything I do. Who vanishes into thin air when I turn around. Spied on by a stranger. Living each day with my stomach in knots.  
*(Finally, she releases herself from his grasp and steps forward. He remains behind her, behind her shoulder.)*  
Do you know how it makes me feel? Rage. Powerless rage.

CLIENT: Calm down. Forget what's happened to you out there. In here you don't need to worry about anything. Trust me.

BODY: I can't trust someone like you.

CLIENT: You should be more friendly. I am the client, after all.

BODY: I'm under no obligation. You still haven't paid me.

CLIENT: You think I'm going to do a number on you?  
*(He takes a wallet out of his pocket and removes some notes, already counted out. He gives the money to the girl.)*  
That's what we agreed. Is it all there? Count it.

*(She takes the money. She rolls the notes up into a ball, which she then puts in her bag. He walks towards her and she reacts defensively. He takes out another note.)*

And this is so you'll be a little more friendly.

*(She takes the money and puts it in her bag.)*

BODY: What would you like me to do?

CLIENT: I already told you on the phone.

BODY: I don't like doing business over the phone. I prefer to discuss terms and conditions with clients, face to face, looking into their eyes.

CLIENT: Is anything off-limits?

BODY: No doubt you're wanting something dirty, a little illegal maybe. But while you're paying, nothing's off-limits.

CLIENT: I just want to enjoy you and your body. For us to enjoy each other and have a good time together.

BODY: You're paying. You can come as many times as you want, as long as you do it outside of me. You can come on my hands or on my tits. Come on my face if you want, but always outside of me.

CLIENT: You don't have to be so crude.

BODY: So you want something more refined. A whore who doesn't look like a whore. A college student... a tease, but a classy one. It's that where I fit in? What do you want? Do you want to look at me? Do you want to look over every part of my body? That's what you want. And then what?

CLIENT: Then, we'll see.

BODY: And then, you'll see. You know way too much about me. A stranger who knows my name, my number, my life.

CLIENT: It's easy to get hold of the number of someone like you.

BODY: I'm a person. I'm not going to let some stranger do whatever they like with me.

CLIENT: I'm only asking you to be nice to me. Just like you'd be with any of your clients.

BODY: You've no right to invade my privacy like that.

CLIENT: I've paid. I've done my part. Now it's your turn. I've no interest in your life – just what happens here, between us. That's what I want. I've paid for it. Now, give me it.

BODY: Do you think I'm stupid? I didn't come here alone. I've got someone with me, in case there are any problems. He's outside, watching. And if he hears or sees anything unusual, he'll be joining us.

CLIENT: I want to see this friend, check that he's out there... that he really does exist.

*(She hesitates. He approaches her and tries to grab her by the arms.)*

Go on, tell him to come in. We'll all have a great time together.

BODY: Don't come any closer.

CLIENT: Go, if you want to. I'm not going to stop you. The door's wide open. Go. I'll walk you to the door.

BODY: If I leave, how can I be sure that you won't call me again? How will I know that you'll leave me alone? How will I know that you won't start following me down the street again, spying on me when I least expect it?

CLIENT: I haven't the least intention of doing that. Go, if you want to. There's no need to be scared.

*(He approaches her, making as if to stop her leaving.)*

But before you go, let me give you the goodbye you deserve.

*(He has her practically cornered.)*

BODY: Don't move, or I won't be responsible for what happens.

*(Scared, she hastily takes out a small gun from her bag and points it at him.)*

I won't tell you again.

Don't move or I'll kill you.

CLIENT: You? You'll kill me? With your own bare hands? Or is your friend going to do it? Aren't you going to call him? Aren't you going to unlock the front door? What are you looking for in this house? Nobody forced you to come.

BODY: Let me go or I'll scream.

*(She tries to unlock the safety catch.)*

CLIENT: Nobody forced you to accept this job. If you didn't want to, you only had to say no. I would've called someone else. The papers are full of ads for girls like you: *Young girl, pretty, all kinds of services offered.*

BODY: You didn't want another girl. You called me. And you'll call me again, I know it. You'll never leave me alone. Until when? You read about people like you in the papers. I don't want to find out how this ends. I want a quiet life. That's why I came. So it ends right here.

*(He approaches her until he could almost put his arms around her. He grabs the hand she has the gun in and she shrinks from him. The gun accidentally brushes his face. Then, the man realizes that she has a weapon.)*

CLIENT: What is that?

*(They struggle.)*

Tell me!

*(He gains control over her, pinning her in place with one arm.)*

You're really threatening me. You actually dared to come into my house with a gun? Why? Are you crazy?

*(He releases his grip on her and steps back.)*

Enough.

*(Pause.)*

I can't let this go any further.

*(He moves away from her and takes out his wallet.)*

It's over.

*(He gives her some money.)*

BODY: More money? Why?

CLIENT: I hope this makes up for any trouble. Call a cab and wait outside.

BODY: I don't owe you anything. When I leave through that door, I'd better not hear from you again.

*(She walks to the door, but he stops her and grabs her wrists.)*

Let me go. Don't try anything else.

CLIENT: I've no intention of hurting you, so don't you threaten me.

*(She tries to aim the gun at him. But he lowers it, stronger than her.)*

Put that away and get out of my house.

*(She steps away from him.)*

BODY: And then what? Jump every time the phone rings, knowing it could be you on the other end of the line? Unable to walk down the street without worrying, always scared to look behind me? Always scared?

CLIENT: Don't worry. I won't bother you. I won't call you. Never again. You're wrong about me. I'm not what you think.

*(He steps away from the door, leaving her free to go. She is beginning to hesitate. But she is still aiming the gun at him, half-heartedly.)*

Go.

*(She goes to the door, stops, turns, and looks at him. He has gone back towards the wall. He does not move. She lowers the gun. Quietly, she goes to him, until she is very close. He does not realize she is there. She puts her hand out and waves it, vigorously, in front of his eyes. Still not touching him. He does not flinch.)*

Didn't you hear me? I told you to go.

*(Silence. She understands now that he cannot see her. He is blind. Nervously, she tries to apologize.)*

BODY: Okay...  
Maybe I'm wrong.  
Maybe I was wrong about you.  
Before I go, I want to say something.  
*(He looks at her. She moves silently to the other end of the room. He is still looking at the same point, where she was before she started moving. She hesitates before she says anything.)*  
I don't know how this happened.  
*(As soon as she starts talking he turns to face her.)*  
I've let things get out of hand. Maybe it's me who's been chasing ghosts. I've been imagining things. Now, I know they aren't possible.  
Thank God, they aren't possible.  
You read so many terrible things in the papers these days. That's our world today. And in my line of work, you're so exposed...  
But what does that matter now.  
I'm sorry.  
*(Ashamed, she puts the gun away, which now weighs heavy in her hand.)*  
I know that I've been more than stupid.  
*(Once again, she approaches him quietly. He feels her presence beside him.)*  
It scares me to think that things could've been worse.  
*(She moves away again, his eyes follow her.)*  
It's been a complete mistake. A complete mistake since the beginning.  
I shouldn't have picked up the phone. I shouldn't have told you yes. I shouldn't have come.  
And I shouldn't have thought all those things about you.

CLIENT: You shouldn't have brought a gun.

BODY: I shouldn't have brought a gun.

CLIENT: No.

BODY: I'm sorry.

CLIENT: I don't want your apologies.

BODY: I want to fix this.

CLIENT: It's over. I don't want to hear you anymore. Didn't I make it clear? Get out.

BODY: My mind's played tricks on me. If I'd known what was really going on with you...

You hide it really well.

CLIENT: What is it you want from me now?

BODY: Don't you like me anymore? Don't you like me? My body? My eyes? Look at me.

CLIENT: I'm tired of games.

BODY: What? You're shy all of a sudden?

Do you like my body? Touch me.

You wanted to look at me? Do it.

My eyes, you like them. You told me that before.

Look at them. Look at my eyes.

Do you like the color? Tell me what color they are and if you like them.

*(He tries to avoid the girl's advances, but she insists.)*

Come on, now I know what's wrong with you. But I don't get your behaviour. You didn't have to hide it from me. Now I know why I thought you were so strange. If you'd just been honest with me... this is not all my fault.

CLIENT: Fault? Why are you talking about faults?

BODY: I don't want you to feel bad.

CLIENT: Stick to worrying about yourself and leave the rest of us in peace.

BODY: Stop pretending.

CLIENT: Why the sudden change in attitude?

BODY: Your eyes. Look at me. What's wrong with them?

CLIENT: That's my business.

BODY: Were you born like that?

CLIENT: You want me to answer that, too?

BODY: I've been really rude. Sorry. But you don't need to hide it from me. It doesn't bother me that you're....*sightless*.

CLIENT: Call me blind. It's easier all round.

BODY: I need you to forgive me.

CLIENT: After all you've said and done?

BODY: Exactly. For all that. Because I didn't know. And now that I do know, I'm trying to understand. And I think that what I've done is wrong. I'm sorry.

CLIENT: I don't want your apologies, and I don't need your understanding.

BODY: You must feel very alone.

CLIENT: Do I have to tell my life story to a whore?  
(*Silence. She is hurt.*)

BODY: Let's stop hurting each other.

CLIENT: Then get out of this house and leave me alone.

BODY: I was wrong about you. I came because I thought someone was invading my privacy. Because I felt the threat hanging over me, getting stronger and stronger. And I felt alone.  
Then you called me. On my private number. You were an intruder, breaking into my life, my house. You called me by my name and I started to shake. I suspected you. I had every reason to. That's why I came here, because I had to make sure what was really behind your call. You knew too much about me. It could've been you.  
But now I see that that's impossible. You can't threaten me, you can't follow me. You're not going to hurt me at all.

CLIENT: There's very little a blind man can do – other than make people feel sorry for him.

BODY: I didn't mean to hurt you. I don't like hurting people, just as I can't stand it when people hurt me.  
(*She opens her bag. She takes out all the money that he gave her.*)  
Take it.  
(*He refuses.*)

CLIENT: Keep it. It means nothing to me.  
(*But she refuses to keep it.*)

BODY: But it means something to me. That's why I don't want it.  
(*He moves away from her.*)

CLIENT: I don't want to see you again. If I find you or any of your friends hanging around this house, I'll call the police.

BODY: I was bluffing. There's no one else. I'm here alone.

CLIENT: I still don't know what you hoped to achieve. I don't even know what you want now.

BODY: Let me fix this. Let me fix it in the best way I know how.  
(*He moves further away from her. She unbuttons her blouse, lets it fall to the ground and pulls him towards her.*)  
I thought you liked me. I thought that's why you made me come here again.

CLIENT: I'm calling a cab.

BODY: We've got time. Lots of time. Let's not waste it.

*(She kisses his neck, his ear. He looks uncomfortable with her being so intimate.)*

Forget what happened before.

*(Pause.)*

CLIENT: Do you think I'm that desperate for what you're offering?

BODY: Yes.

CLIENT: How come you're so sure?

BODY: Because of this.

*(She moves in, kisses him. He pulls away.)*

CLIENT: It's not about a kiss.

BODY: It's not going to be just one kiss, or just one touch. This is going to be something more than just a 'visit, more than just a 'service'.

CLIENT: Is this how you normally apologize?

BODY: No.

CLIENT: Do you pity me?

*(She kisses him again on the mouth. A long kiss.)*

BODY: Do you think I'm doing all this because I pity you? Let me be in control.

*(He no longer pulls away from her.)*

Then you can go back to the way you were, do whatever you want. Whatever you like.

*(She moves closer to him, brushing against his body.)*

CLIENT: Why should I trust you now?

BODY: I'll tell you why. I'll explain, very carefully. Do you want to continue? Let me. Try it for a bit, that's all.

CLIENT: It's difficult to say no to you.

BODY: But now you must tell me your name. Whisper it. Tell me.

*(He goes to tell her. But she puts her fingers up to his mouth.)*

Not like that. Come closer.

*(He whispers it in her ear.)*

Again.

*(He licks her ear.)*

Imagine what I'm like.

CLIENT: I'm imagining it. I'm picturing you.

BODY: Tell me. I want to know how you see me.

CLIENT: You're beautiful. Very beautiful.

*(His face is right next to hers. She kisses him, licking his face.)*

BODY: Look carefully.  
*(She gently caresses his eyelids.)*  
 Touch me.  
*(She takes his hands and places them on her face. He is reluctant to touch her face.)*  
 You're not frightened of me, now, are you?  
*(He touches her face.)*

CLIENT: I can't see you.

BODY: Come much, much closer.  
*(She draws him in, until their two bodies touch.)*  
 That's it.  
 Touch me. My body's shaking, can you feel it?  
 I want to feel you touch me.  
 I want to feel you undress me with your kisses.  
 I want to feel you discover me, under my skin.  
 I'm waiting for your hands.  
 My body's waiting for you.  
*(She guides his hands over her body. She touches him, above his clothes, between his legs.)*  
 You like that? Yes? You try, alone. Your hands.  
 No. Wait, don't do it yet.

CLIENT: I'm going to touch you.

BODY: No.

CLIENT: I'm going to touch you.

BODY: No.

CLIENT: I'm going to touch you.

BODY: Yes.  
*(She relaxes, completely.)*  
 I'm going to let go. I'm here, waiting for you.  
*(He feels his way around. At the same time she stretches her arms out. Their hands meet and intertwine. They kiss and move around the walls, in a mass of kisses, caresses and sexual excitement. But nothing more.)*  
*She tries to pull away from him. He pulls her towards him.)*  
 I like feeling you close.  
*(He replies, very close to her.)*

CLIENT: I have your body right here, in my hands. I can't feel it – how it beats... trembles.  
I can feel that someone touched you here.  
I can feel that someone hurt you here.  
I can feel that someone kissed you here.  
I listen to what my hands can see.  
To what your body tells me.  
*(He places his hands over her ears, and whispers something to her. Silence. She breaks it.)*

BODY: I'd rather you kept talking.  
*(She removes his hands.)*

CLIENT: I want to kiss you. From the bottoms of your feet right up to your mouth. All of you. Moving upwards, little by little. Until I reach your lips. I want to eat your mouth, play with your tongue, lose myself in your teeth.  
*(They kiss. They melt into a deep, blind kiss. He pulls away. He holds her in his open arms. Silence.)*  
I want to do so many things with you.  
But before, I'm going to ask a favour.  
*(She is slightly unsure of what he is going to ask her. She looks a little frightened, a little wary.)*  
Talk to me in Romanian.  
*(She laughs.)*

BODY: We've all got something to hide. I'm sure you're full of secrets, too.

CLIENT: Do you want to know them? How much are my secrets worth to you?

BODY: I'll give you anything you want.

CLIENT: As much as that?

BODY: Anything.

CLIENT: I don't think you're brave enough.

BODY: I've promised.

CLIENT: With someone else's mouth?

BODY: With this mouth. Come. Check if my promise with this mouth is good.  
*(She kisses him.)*

CLIENT: I'm not going to ask you to do anything. I want you to offer.

BODY: You're going to enjoy me.  
*(He pulls away from her.)*

CLIENT: I need you to do what I say. You mustn't get scared. Nothing bad is going to happen to you.

Sit down.

*(She lets him lead her.)*

You mustn't be able to see anything.

*(She wraps her arms around his legs. He responds to her touch and then takes a blindfold from his pocket. He covers her eyes with it.)*

BODY: Don't tie me up.

CLIENT: I'm not going to tie you up. But you mustn't move. Promise me.

*(He moves away from her and leaves her alone, in the middle of the room, dressed only in her underwear with a blindfold over her eyes. The light goes off.)*

BODY: I mustn't move my arms.

I can't move.

I mustn't see anything.

I can't see anything.

I don't know where you are.

*(A whirring noise. Then the light of a projector.)*

What are we playing now?

*(A click and a whir. The beam of the projector shines on the wall, illuminating the BODY completely. The slide projector covers the STAGE with a series of photographs featuring the girl as she is followed by an unknown watcher.*

*On the STAGE, the BODY stays where she is, visibly uncomfortable. The CLIENT stays out of the way of the EYE, in the darkness. The only sound is the whirring of the projector.)*

What's going on?

*(A click and a whir. A photograph is projected.)*

I can't hear you.

*(A click and a whir. Another photograph. The girl stands there, not moving.*

*Silence.*

*She just about stifles her nervous laughter.)*

I won't laugh.

*(A click and a whir. A photograph on the wall, on her body. A click and a whir. Another photograph. And another. Photographs that catch her in increasingly compromising positions. The EYE watches. The BODY's breathing fills the STAGE with anxiety. The CLIENT is absent.)*

I'm dying of thirst.

*(Silence.)*

I'm getting up and taking this off my eyes.

*(Silence.)*

No.

*(Silence.)*

I'm not going to do that.

*(Flashes go off, from thousands of different points. From the roof, from the walls. The flash-lit STAGE hits the EYE and also illuminates the BODY. The flashes examine the BODY from different angles, breaking it down into thousands of fragments, capturing it in thousands of instantaneous moments. Each moment captured in a photograph.)*

What's going on here?

*(She screams. After her scream, pitch black.)*

Where are you?

*(Her breathing is short.)*

Answer me.

*(Silence. She hears a voice from a corner of the darkness.)*

CLIENT: If you want to leave, leave.

If you stay, it's because you want to.

*(No reply. Pause.)*

BODY: What's happening?

*(The light of the projector illuminates the BODY. She removes the blindfold.)*

Where's that light coming from? What were you doing? Tell me. What was on the screen?

CLIENT: Don't ask questions.

BODY: They were photos. What sort of photos? It doesn't make any sense for someone like you to be messing about with photos.

*(She looks at the man, who is now visible on the STAGE. And then her attention is drawn to the blank screen. She turns back to the man.)*

I want to see them.

CLIENT: I don't think that's appropriate.

*(She stands in the beam of white light created by the projector.)*

BODY: You're the one who's been following me. You're the one who's been stealing images, taking photos of me.

You're the one I was so scared of. You're the one I've been looking for.

CLIENT: I'm blind, remember?

*(She waves her hand in front of his face. He does not react.)*

BODY: You're blind. I don't doubt that. But now I know that it doesn't matter if you are or not. I've been so naïve. You could've hired someone to follow me. You could've got someone else to take those photos. He might even be here right now. Waiting, in the dark. Where am I? What have I got myself into?

*(The screen shows moments of time, stolen images of her. The girl tries not to look at them.)*

CLIENT: There's no one else here. We're alone. Just you and me.

BODY: How do I know you're not lying to me now?

CLIENT: You have my word.

BODY: Your word? You're asking me to trust you? You freak me out. Don't come any closer. I'll scream.

CLIENT: Please don't do that. I had to make you come back. I couldn't leave things the way they were that time.

BODY: What do you want with these photos? You can't do anything with them. Nothing normal, anyway. I don't want to end up being part of some collection. Give me them.

CLIENT: Later, maybe. But not right now.

BODY: Are they just for you? Or will you show them to someone else? What have you already done with them? Give them to me now.

CLIENT: Are you threatening me again?

*(On the wall, more photographs of her. In intimate moments, solitary moments.)*

Go on then, take them.

*(He opens the slide projector. She empties the slides into her bag. When she is finished, she makes a demand.)*

BODY: The negatives.

*(He does not move.)*

CLIENT: There are no negatives. That's everything.

*(Silence. She looks at him.)*

BODY: The negatives.

*(For a moment, he stays where he is. Then he turns to a filing cabinet. He opens a drawer and takes out a series of envelopes. She walks towards him and grabs them. She examines the contents: negatives, contact numbers. She holds some of the negatives up to the light and looks through them.)*

Everything's here. Everything. You've followed me everywhere. You've got photos of everything I do. At all places, at all times.

My whole life is here.

*(She rummages in the drawer. She takes out photographs, contact details, scatters everything on the floor. She bends down, looks. She stands up and takes out more. She examines it. The girl cries.)*

I bet this isn't everything.

I bet you're hiding more.

That's why you don't care what I do with all this. Doesn't matter if I take it with me or destroy it. This is only a part of what you've taken from me. Of what you've taken from me. I should burn it all. I should burn down the house. You're just a blind man. I could burn everything and you couldn't stop me. Burn down the house with you inside. That's what you deserve.

CLIENT: Destroy it all, if that's what you want.

BODY: You're crazy.

*(He wants to touch her arm. She snaps her hand away from him.)*

It's better if you don't try anything. I know where you live and I've got friends who'll look for me. And this time, I'm serious. They will come here if I ask them to. They'll know what to do.

CLIENT: Are you in a hurry?

BODY: They're expecting me.

CLIENT: Is it a special occasion?

BODY: Where's this coming from?

CLIENT: Nobody's expecting you. Just your empty house.

BODY: Son of a bitch.

CLIENT: All that's expecting you is your home, where you'll sit waiting for someone to call. Waiting for a call that won't come. Waiting for someone who's never going to come.

BODY: You bastard son of a bitch!

*(She rushes towards him, beating him with her fists. She takes him by surprise and they both fall to the ground, among photographs, negatives and other photographic material. She beats him, almost hysterical.)*

Son of a bitch!

*(They fight, body on body. And between cries of pain, shouts, whimpers, it is hard to discern if they are fighting or making love. Like animals. Emotionless, cold.)*

*Their eyes close.*

*Their throats open.)*

How many women have been through this house? I don't want to know what you did with them.

CLIENT: Just you.

BODY: I don't want to know anything.

CLIENT: It could only be someone like you. There could never be anyone but you.

BODY: No.

This isn't happening. I've my own life, and it's mine. I can leave this shit when I want. I have no ties to anyone.

I'm not a whore.

You don't own me.

*(The few clothes she still has on cling to her skin with sweat. The BODY trembles on top of the CLIENT. The girl moves on top of the man, violently. He moans, she hurts him.)*

I don't want to know any more. I shouldn't have come to this house.

*(She convulses in orgasm. He waits. They change position. Now on top of her, he keeps moving, mechanically, still without pleasure. Forcefully, hurting her. Until she starts to cry out in pain; until eventually she has to push him outside and off her. They drag themselves along the floor, each one of them going to a different part of the room.)*

Don't touch me. Don't touch me.

*(She slips on the floor. He keeps still.)*

You're hurting me. We're hurting each other. We can't stop it.

It's already very late. I shouldn't be here. It must be night out. A starry night. I shouldn't have come.

CLIENT: There are no stars.

BODY: You can't see the stars. You can't feel them. You can't see anything. You can't feel anything. Nothing.

CLIENT: We made love.

BODY: I don't make love.

We fucked.

*(Still on the floor, she reluctantly smells her hands. He pulls up his pants and stands. He approaches her from behind. She turns and scratches his face with her nails. He does not move, putting up with the pain.)*

I need a wash.

CLIENT: The bathroom's on the right.

*(She picks up her bag. She picks it up. She approaches him and looks at him.)*

BODY: I'm never going to do this again. This is my last service. Never again. Not with you, or anyone else. Never again.

*(He goes to touch her. She grabs his hand, but he manages to caress her cheek. She hits him. She takes her bag and leaves the room, heading for the bathroom.*

*He waits for a moment. Then he turns out the lights. He goes into the corridor towards the front door. We can hear a key turning in the lock.*

*The bathroom light is visible in the background. The song starts to play again, from the beginning, really loudly. The light in the bathroom goes out. Her footsteps. Still naked, the girl enters the unlit room.)*

Please. Turn the light on.

*(A sudden flash illuminates the girl. It surprises her, having just come out of the bathroom.)*

Are you going to tell me what you're doing?

*(The EYE shrinks back as another flash goes off. Then darkness falls again.)*

Turn the light on.

*(Camera flashes keep coming from all sides. As they do, the girl looks more and more terrified.)*

Let me go.

*(FLASH.)*

Where's the light switch?

*(FLASH.)*

*(She searches the room. She screams. He says nothing.)*

Turn it on.

*(FLASH.)*

The light. The light!

*(FLASH.)*

No!

*(The unexpected sound of a gunshot.*

*Its echo gets lost under the distorted music. No words, no human sounds.*

*Some footsteps. Some noises. Something that falls. The EYE cannot see what is happening.*

*She turns on the light. She has the gun in her hand. Her bag lies open at her feet. Around it, the slides are scattered over the floor,*

*confused now with the rest of the photographic material. He is standing, holding his left arm in his right hand.*

*The song plays on.)*

Don't even think of coming near me. Where's the camera?

CLIENT: You're not going to shoot me.

BODY: I can do it. I could shoot you full of holes. And then I'd leave with no regrets about what happened here with you.

CLIENT: You don't pity me now, do you? You can't pretend anymore. This is real. Your eyes must be wide open.

*(He approaches her. She aims the gun at him.)*

Your mouth is dry, your throat is burning.

BODY: I'm not scared of you.

CLIENT: I'm listening. To your heartbeat.

Are you still naked? Don't tell me.

BODY: Turn the music off.

CLIENT: Yes, you're naked. I can feel the rub of your skin against itself, against the air. I can feel how you move. I know where you are. There's nowhere to hide.

*(She does not move. She looks at him in silence.)*

I've been waiting for you. I've been waiting for this moment.

I knew it had to be with you. You must have known that too.

This is a 2-player game.

I can hear you breathe.

.....

There.

.....

I can hear your heartbeat.

.....

There.

.....

You did say that this was going to be more than just a 'visit'. Remember?

.....

That's why you won't shoot.

.....

There.

.....

I can see you. I can hear you. I can smell you.

.....

Shoot. Right now.

.....

*(She has found a camera – hidden. He realises that she is beside the camera and that she has found it.)*

BODY: I'm won't end up as part of your collection.

CLIENT: You're already there. Forever. You lose.

BODY: Not yet. You don't have me. You've not won anything yet. Nothing.

*(With the gun in her hand, she strikes the camera and pulls it to the floor. The lens and everything else shatters into a thousand pieces.)*

*Pause.*

*The remains of the camera lie on the floor.*

*He searches around on the floor with his free hand. He picks up the roll of damaged film. He hands it to the girl.)*

CLIENT: Take it, if you want it. Take it with you.

*(She understands. She turns round and points the gun everywhere. The entire STAGE is a huge camera, and the EYE captures this new moment in time.)*

BODY: Where am I? You had me followed. You had them take photos of me. You called me to bring me here. What is this house? What have you done to me? Who are you?

CLIENT: You're mine.

*(She looks at him. And she overcomes her powerlessness, her fear. She aims the gun at him. She aims at the whole house. At the walls, at the roof.)*

BODY: No, I'm not yours. You're wrong. I'll never be yours.

*(She goes towards the door, looking for the exit.)*

But I don't want to know anymore. I'm leaving. I leaving this game.

*(But before she manages to escape, the lights go off. In the darkness, the sound of her feeling for the exit.)*

CLIENT: I can't let you leave.

BODY: I'll find the way out.

CLIENT: You'll leave dressed like that?

BODY: I'll call the police.

CLIENT: Do you think they'll pay any attention to what you have to say? Someone like you?

*(Gunshot.)*

BODY: That's enough. You've had your fun. Now let me go.

CLIENT: I'm over here.

*(Gunshot.)*

BODY: My friends know where you live.

CLIENT: Here.

BODY: Don't you dare try and touch me.

*(She shoots. But the gun chamber is now empty, and all that sounds is a click. A click and then another click. Futile. She sobs and lets the gun fall to the floor.)*

CLIENT: I'm here.

BODY: Don't hurt me.

CLIENT: I'm here.

BODY: If you want I'll stay with you. As long as you like. I'll do everything you say. I'll come back whenever you want.

CLIENT: No. There's no need.

*(FLASHES.)*

*(Photographs appear on the screen. They might be the same as the last few that appeared on the STAGE. Coldly and impersonally, the masculine voice describes them. There is no trace of tension in the voice, and the sound of it mixes with the scratches and noises on the recording.)*

SHE'S SCARED. SHE'S IN A STRANGE HOUSE. THE FLASHES TERRIFY HER. SHE TRIES TO THINK. SHE LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT. SHE DOESN'T KNOW IF SHE'LL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE. SHE HAS NO ONE TO CALL FOR HELP. SHE IS ALONE.

*(Now, the photographs correspond to the stolen images, similar to the ones from the prologue. Sound effect: the street, the night.)*

VISUAL CONTACT RESTORED: 00:37.

THE STREET IS DESERTED. SHE WALKS BACK TO HER BUILDING. SHE TAKES HER KEYS FROM HER BAG. SHE OPENS THE MAIN DOOR. SHE ARRIVES AT HER APARTMENT AT 00:41. SHE TURNS ON THE LIGHT. THROWS THE BAG DOWN. SHE GOES TO THE WINDOW. SHE CLOSSES THE BLINDS.

VISUAL CONTACT LOST.

*Curtain*