



TOMORROW

Scenes from an unrealised film
by Elmgreen & Dragset

*I write scripts to serve as skeletons awaiting
the flesh and sinew of images.*

— Ingmar Bergman

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PROLOGUE

At the age of 74, Norman Swann still lives in his family home, a grand apartment in South Kensington. Now a retiree, he had served for decades as a part-time teacher of architecture at Cambridge University. However, Norman did not achieve any success as an architect himself and he never managed to realise a single one of his own visionary projects. Burdened with his cultural heritage, his snobbish family background, and a home filled with antiques and paintings collected by his ancestors – all symbols of more glamorous times – his own life today is reduced to daydreaming in a small study behind the kitchen. The family fortune is long gone, and after years of debt, Norman is now bankrupt. The home has to go, and the buyer of the property turns out to be a former student of his from the Department of Architecture, Daniel Wilder. Daniel has become a well-known interior designer for celebrities. He is an unscrupulous mover and shaker. Daniel knows what the nouveau riche want and he feeds their desires. Though Norman must admit that he was strongly attracted to the young Daniel, he could never say that he was a favourite student of his. As a student, Daniel didn't show the slightest interest in social matters, he had no flair for innovation, and his tastes were rather unsophisticated. How Daniel passed his exams only he and Norman will ever know.

SCENE 1
- THE ENTRANCE HALL -



The drama is set in Autumn 2013, just before midnight when Norman Swann will turn 75. Keys are suddenly scraping in the lock of Norman's apartment. It is the drunk Daniel Wilder, now 45, still handsome, but a bit puffy from the surprise of his own success. Trailing after him is a woman, Wendy Fields, in her early 20s. Wendy is a waitress, whom Daniel picked up at a boozy dinner party that he was hosting for some clients at his London members' club earlier that evening. He got the keys from the estate agent, who had already agreed with Norman that he should have been out of the house by now. Daniel wants to impress his date and show her 'his city gaff'. He is determined to make a night of it when it turns out that Norman, his old mentor, is still at home.

Autumn 2013. Evening, close to midnight.

Rattling of keys that do not seem to fit in the front door lock.

CLOSE UP: DANIEL's hand fiddling with a large, old fashioned key in the key hole of a grand, oak entrance door.

DANIEL Fuck, shit, shite.

WENDY, off camera, giggles.

DANIEL No wonder he never got a proper security system installed. This rusty old junk is impossible.

WENDY (*giggles, drunkenly*) Well, it certainly has a-tom-os-sphere Danny, I'll give you that!

DANIEL Hmm ...

WENDY Like ...

DANIEL What?

WENDY Disneyland Paris. On the adverts, you know? Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, or whatever. Some huge dragon that's been inhibiting the place for five hundred years.

DANIEL Inhabiting, Wendy, in-hab-iting. – – Arh, what’s with this lock!

DANIEL pushes his full weight against the door.

WENDY Alright now, steady on, you’ll break something ... –

DANIEL Come on, come on, come on, damn it!

DANIEL pushes against the door with all his force.

He pauses, out of breath.

WENDY Do you want a hand at all?

DANIEL You know, he probably did this on purpose.

WENDY Who, sorry?

DANIEL Would be just like him.

WENDY Here, hand it over, I’m freezing my tits off.

WENDY takes the key from DANIEL and tries unlocking the door herself. DANIEL continues trying to catch his breath.

WENDY Some bloody party, Daniel, I must say.

DANIEL I wouldn’t be surprised if he’d pushed the piano against the door.

WENDY is trying to turn the key.

DANIEL Look, perhaps you should just let me ... ? –

WENDY Oops, no, here it comes.

DANIEL Wendy, please, it’s not as simple as that ... –

The lock clicks and the door opens.

WENDY You see that? Even a castle deserves a woman’s touch, Daniel, even a castle.

FULL SHOT: DANIEL and WENDY enter the entrance hall.

With its dimmed lighting it looks slightly sacred and includes a large mirror, a Renaissance chest, a family crest, two carved armchairs, and a single, somewhat dirty, trench coat hanging over one of the chairs.

Pause.

WENDY Well, aren’t you going to say thank you?

DANIEL takes in the space.

WENDY ‘Yes, thank you, Wendy.’ ‘No problem at all, Daniel, it’s my ... –’

The front door slams shut behind them, making them both jump.

Pause.

WENDY hands the key back to DANIEL, who pockets it.

DANIEL All slightly dusty, exactly how ...

WENDY holds DANIEL’s hand tightly.

DANIEL How it always was.

WENDY Are you sure you're alright?

DANIEL Yes, I'm ... –

WENDY Sort of 'old', ain't it? Like the films. Some old black and white film.

DANIEL *(laughs)* Well, that's one way of looking at it, I suppose!

They both slowly turn around, staring at the weird Gothic objects in the entrance hall, dawdling a bit.

Long pause.

DANIEL Family crests which were never even the family's. Tassels, swords ...

WENDY Ooh, lovely.

DANIEL It's indeed atmospheric, Betty. Inhibited even!

WENDY Inhabited, and the name's Wendy.

DANIEL Hm, who?

WENDY Who the hell's Betty?

DANIEL You know, I have absolutely no idea. Someone in an old film maybe.

DANIEL now enters the living room, followed by WENDY, who moves her hand onto DANIEL's shoulder as if she was blind.

CUT TO: The living room.

SCENE 2 - THE LIVING ROOM -



On entering the living room, DANIEL stops in his tracks, as does WENDY. Again, they look around, taking it all in.

The space, though still grand, shows clear signs of wear and tear, with furniture seemingly missing in places. Two impressive chandeliers bear silent witness to a more glorious past.

Pause.

WENDY I thought you said it was classy.

Pause.

WENDY Classy, you said.

DANIEL Well, classy is as classy does.

WENDY Yeah, and that doesn't even make sense. Are you taking the piss out of me now?

DANIEL Taking the what now? Oh, Wendy, you're so coarse.

WENDY Yeah, and that's my name finally.

DANIEL Dear, sweet Wendy-Woo.

DANIEL, in a sudden show of playful affection, takes WENDY by both hands and attempts to kiss her.

WENDY Hey now, steady on ...

DANIEL Love that little dress ...

DANIEL is about to get excited and wants to touch her.

WENDY puts her hand on his shoulder to stop him.

WENDY Relax, Danny. Be a little ...

DANIEL places his hand on her waist.

DANIEL That pattern ...

WENDY ... Classy, yeah?

DANIEL Oh, come on, you're not going to get all ... what's the word for it again?

WENDY Creepy.

DANIEL Inhibited on me now, are you? Just because of a few cobwebs?

WENDY You think that just because you flashed your credit card at me in the club just now ... ?

DANIEL Black AmEx actually.

WENDY Whatever, and I work bloody long shifts at that club, thanks.

DANIEL Members' club.

WENDY Members' club, and who knows what Masonic filth goes on under the tables there ... –

DANIEL Ooh, yes please, I like the sound of that.

WENDY Well, don't think you're the first posh bastard to walk in there and think he can do whatever he wants just because he leaves a tip the size of your arm.

DANIEL Well, you're here, aren't you?

WENDY Yeah, and that's not the point though, is it?

DANIEL Let's find the booze and the bed.

WENDY What?

DANIEL Booze and bed, they're not mutually exclusive, dear. In fact, I'd say ... –

WENDY removes her hand from DANIEL's shoulder.

WENDY Christ, you don't mess about, do you?

DANIEL Well, I was only making a ... –

WENDY And don't call me 'dear', what century do you think we're living in now?

Suddenly, the thunderous sound of a man's voice is heard coming from the corridor.

NORMAN Get OUT of here, move!! Move, or I swear to God, I'll – I'll ... !!

Pause.

The sound of shuffling feet in slippers down the corridor floor.

WENDY attempts to leave, but DANIEL grabs onto her arm, as ...

NORMAN appears in the doorway, in his dressing gown, holding a ladle as if it was a weapon.

NORMAN I'll damn well beat the two of you then! Well?! Get out of here this instant, I'm not afraid!!

NORMAN's hand, holding the ladle, visibly shakes.

Pause.

WENDY Oh my God ... –

DANIEL Norman, you old hawk.

NORMAN I swear to you, I'll hurt you! I'll draw blood even, I'll ... ! –

DANIEL No no, I'm sure ... –

NORMAN I damn well *live* here, remember?! I live here right now ... –

NORMAN lowers his weapon, grabbing his raised hand, in an attempt to suppress his shaking.

NORMAN (*almost stammering*) I still live here, understand? Understand? These are my walls, my floor ... –

DANIEL Your ladle.

WENDY lets out an involuntarily giggle.

WENDY (*giggles*) Oh Christ, sorry, no ... You know I don't mean to ... –

NORMAN And now, sorry. Sorry, whatever it is you're after ... –

WENDY (*giggles*) You know, it's just when I get nervous ... –

DANIEL She gets nervous, Norman, look. Don't you think you could try to be a bit more civil?

NORMAN Right this instant, I'm not scared!

DANIEL I never said you were. Scared, I mean. – (*to Wendy*) Deluded and somewhat pathetic maybe ... –

NORMAN I'm not afraid of you, damn it! I can still, I can still ... ! –

DANIEL Draw blood, Norman, yes, we gathered that.

NORMAN Look ... –

DANIEL Look what?

NORMAN Look, I have no idea how you managed to get in here, but ... –

DANIEL I think you'll find we used the key.

NORMAN But I won't accept any intruders wandering in on me in the middle of the night, and now ... –

DANIEL Well, I'd hardly call us intruders ... –

NORMAN Let me finish, Daniel, for God's sake!

Pause.

WENDY What, are you two like some sort of ... ? –

NORMAN I will not be made a fool of in my own home, so will you please leave ... Politely and quietly before I call the police and, and ... –

WENDY Oh, I get it.

NORMAN And we can pretend this never happened, hm?

WENDY I get it now, yeah, this is like *You Got Punk'd* or something then, yeah?

NORMAN Daniel, please ... –

DANIEL You live here, you're saying? Ha, did you hear that, Cindy, he says he lives here.

WENDY Yeah, I heard ... –

DANIEL 'Pretend this never happened'. Tell you what, yeah, Norman? How about we 'pretend' that your bankruptcy managers didn't sign the contract last week? How about we 'pretend' that you weren't meant to be out of this house by now, you and all the rest of this old junk, eh? Every little object from your ancestors' raids ...

NORMAN flings the ladle at DANIEL. It misses and clatters on the floor.

Silence.

NORMAN Silly boy. Silly ... Ugly, young, silly, little boy.

DANIEL And I bailed you out, Norman. That was *me*.

NORMAN turns his back to DANIEL.

TRACKING SHOT as NORMAN starts the long, slow journey towards one of the armchairs at the other end of the living room, into which he collapses like a wounded animal.

As NORMAN moves to the other end of the room, we hear the following dialogue.

WENDY I could really use a drink now, I think.

Pause.

WENDY I could do with a drink, Daniel, please.

Pause.

WENDY Daniel ... –

DANIEL Help yourself. There's a 1972 Armagnac left somewhere.

WENDY I don't want fucking Armagnac, I want a drink.

Pause.

WENDY Daniel ... –

DANIEL I said, help yourself.

WENDY Alright, so are you going to tell me where the kitchen is, or do I have to find it myself?

Pause.

WENDY Fine then.

WENDY's heels are heard disappearing down the hallway.

DANIEL glares at NORMAN, who, from his armchair, now stares into thin air as if he's had a stroke.

Silence.

DANIEL You know, I'm still astonished? The scale of your vanity is astonishing, Norman.

NORMAN And after all these years I still know nothing about you, Daniel. There was a time when I thought you were just holding the more exciting parts of your character back. But finally, thankfully, I've come to realise that there is practically nothing there at all. This little game of yours, some pretence, you and this whore ... –

DANIEL You see what you want to see.

NORMAN Yes, and naturally *you* must hate me for having an opinion at all. Now that you've bought yourself in ... –

DANIEL Bailed you out.

NORMAN Bought yourself in as you always do, Daniel. How comfortable for you. To be completely incapable of anything original.

NORMAN tries to get up from the armchair, with difficulty. He is halfway up when he lets his tired body fall back into the chair.

DANIEL Then you won't be joining us, I gather?

DANIEL disappears down the hallway, following WENDY.

The camera stays for a few moments on NORMAN, watching DANIEL go.

CUT TO: The kitchen.

SCENE 3 - THE BRAND NEW KITCHEN -



A new, expensive designer kitchen – stainless steel and soft grey in tone – has not yet been fully installed. The walls in the room are in the process of being painted white, only partly covering the original yellow colour.

DANIEL enters the kitchen to find WENDY at the counter haphazardly pouring drinks from a bottle. She is already on her second glass.

DANIEL stands by the doorway, watching her.

Pause.

WENDY passes DANIEL two glasses without looking him in the eye. She returns to the counter and goes to fill up her own glass. But she decides against this, and instead, sits on the counter and drinks from the bottle.

DANIEL watches on, amused, as WENDY catches her breath, and then drinks from the bottle again.

Pause.

DANIEL So, what do you think? Do you like it?

WENDY Yeah, not bad. Could do with a drop of Sprite to take the edge off.

DANIEL No, here. This. The kitchen, I mean.

WENDY Looks half-finished to me. But I suppose you'd call that minimal or something, yeah?

DANIEL No, well, believe it or not, we're only halfway through the refurb. The estate agent's handling most of the ... –

WENDY (*drinking from the bottle*) Oh, right, I see.

DANIEL Yes, to be honest, I couldn't actually tell you where anything is yet.

WENDY That's what I mean. Minimalist.

DANIEL Well, if you insist. The old one was literally rotting even when I used to come here.

WENDY Pretty hands on then, yeah?

DANIEL Pardon?

WENDY You're pretty hands on then, I see. I'm being sarcastic.

DANIEL You're actually drunk.

WENDY Yeah, well, someone's got to be. You and Miss Havisham out there.

DANIEL Oh, don't worry about him, he's harmless.

WENDY Friendly fella, isn't he?

DANIEL Well, yes ... –

WENDY Yeah, 'nice friendly fella', I thought.

DANIEL Well, yes, it's complicated.

WENDY Complicated, yeah. Funny how you didn't mention him before. You know, when you mentioned you had a surprise, I was thinking more a line of 'Charlie' than a geriatric psychopath with a ladle. Is this how you treat all the girls then, is it?

DANIEL You know, I think he takes you for a prostitute.

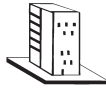
WENDY Oh, does he? Funny that, I'm getting a similar impression about the pair of you.

Pause.

WENDY hesitates, wanting to say something else to DANIEL, but he has already turned his back to her. She decides against it, jumps down off the counter and, taking the bottle with her, she follows him out of the kitchen.

CUT TO: The living room.

SCENE 4
- UNFINISHED MODELS -



DANIEL, by the entrance, stares at NORMAN, still in his armchair, with hatred and pity.

WENDY enters the living room, and DANIEL grabs the bottle from her.

WENDY Hey, don't grab at me like that, I'm ... –

DANIEL A toast, everyone, a toast!

DANIEL refills his glass.

NORMAN, still in the armchair, holds his glass of brandy, which he hasn't touched yet.

DANIEL Now that we're all together, of course.

DANIEL holds up his glass.

DANIEL To the house.

WENDY Yeah, the house.

DANIEL Well, come on, Norman, you're not dead yet, raise your glass.

Pause.

DANIEL Raise your glass, Norman, come on. Don't be a party pooper now, we haven't got ... –

NORMAN *(suddenly raises his glass)* To mediocrity.

WENDY Who?

DANIEL Never mind. Greek to me, Greek to anyone.

NORMAN To social chameleons.

DANIEL Cheers.

NORMAN Santé.

They drink.

Silence.

DANIEL Well, isn't this fun? Isn't this fun, eh, Norman?

DANIEL, drink in hand, wanders around the grand living room, inspecting the space. His back to the others, he looks at the books and artefacts in the giant wall-to-wall glass vitrine, which is situated at the far end of the living room.

As he does this, WENDY sympathetically fills up NORMAN's glass. NORMAN has his eyes fixed on DANIEL.

WENDY *(as she pours Norman's drink, conspiratorially)* Look, sorry, this isn't actually my ... ? I mean, I don't actually know him that well? I sort of work at the restaurant he goes to, him and his friends? Yeah, and half the time they just speak in foreign languages and so I don't really ... –

NORMAN Why are you talking to me? – *(to Daniel)* Why is she talking to me?

WENDY No, I'm just saying, I mean. If you think I had any idea he was going to ... –

NORMAN Oh God no, I wouldn't presume you had any idea at all.

WENDY Okay, great, so, just so we both ... –

NORMAN Not an idea in your head to look at you.

WENDY Alright, well you don't have to be rude, mate, I'm only ... –

NORMAN Not about him at any rate. Daniel Wilder is and always has been a fatal acquaintance.

DANIEL (*still with his back to the others, looking at the books*) Oh really? I'm impressed you think my impact on others to be *that* high.

NORMAN (*to Wendy*) He is very good at mimicry, I'll admit. Snapping up little bits and pieces here and there, making them his own. However, he really doesn't have any sense of ingenuity, of ... Of origin, originality, of the genuine.

WENDY Right, okay. Sorry, but I haven't got a clue what you're talking about? Daniel, could we get some translation here, please?

NORMAN Well, you see, he has this extraordinary ability to be fascinated by others, other people's ideas and merits ... – Perhaps even your own, erm ... –

WENDY Wendy.

NORMAN Wendy, good, feeding off your talent until he has sucked you quite dry. And then of course, inevitably, he disdains and discards you, continuing to act out a charade as an exact replica of yourself.

DANIEL (*turns, to Wendy*) Yes, and he hated me for not wanting what he had to give. Which turned out to be little more than bitterness.

NORMAN Oh, 'bitterness' please, is that the best you can do? – (*to Wendy*) You see, my dear? You see how even his infantile attempts to be analytic are nothing but ... ? –

DANIEL (*to Wendy*) Bitterness, Wendy, look, there's no other word for it. Poor, rich Norman Swann. Born with a silver spoon up his arse and ideals loftier than his own puny little ego. The most hated, most reprehensible teacher in the whole of Cambridge, in its entire history even. He who always bragged about his socialist musings, but which he simultaneously claimed were the very reason for him never becoming a professor!

WENDY Oh, uh, right, I see ... –

DANIEL Although every student knew that it was in fact due to his complete lack of talent. His endless piles of unrealised utopian projects, his so-called 'unfinished models', not to mention his ongoing, and frankly pathetic, proposals to competitions he never even won!

WENDY So, you two do actually know each other then?

DANIEL Part-time teacher Swann, Wendy, yes. Take a good look. And not even after decades of service could he rise through the ranks and achieve anything more than his own ... –

NORMAN I let you pass that exam.

DANIEL is visibly wounded by the remark. NORMAN holds his glass out to WENDY.

WENDY hesitates, then fills NORMAN's glass.

Pause.

NORMAN 'The most reprehensible teacher in Cambridge'.
Hm.

NORMAN sips his drink.

NORMAN *(to Wendy)* An average student sadly. No eye, no vision. Just some silly pretty boy crying out for attention. And which, like a fool, I granted. And now not only has his outer beauty vanished but he has the audacity to lash out at those who pulled him out of the intellectual gutter ... –

DANIEL I now own your home, Norman, remember?
I'd hardly call that lashing out.

NORMAN No, it's depressingly calculated. – *(to Wendy)* You know, if I could tell you how he used to come crawling and scratching at my study door in the middle of the night? Like a toddler trying to run among athletes, begging for me to give him the answers to the most rudimentary questions ... –

DANIEL Ha, this fellow tortured me for years.

WENDY Oh, stop it you two, you're giving me a headache!

WENDY turns and defiantly sits down on one of the sofas, clutching the bottle.

WENDY Christ, some night out this turned out to be, have you heard yourselves?

WENDY drinks.

NORMAN and DANIEL refuse to look at each other, however much they want to. Nursing their drinks, NORMAN stares into space, while DANIEL grabs one of the many magazines, publications, and newspapers that fill the coffee table top; all are outdated, some yellowed.

DANIEL flicks through the magazine.

CLOSE UP of the magazine's pages as he flips through it randomly without showing much interest for its content.

The camera then pans to a MEDIUM SHOT of the living room.

SCENE 5
- THE UPHOLSTERED SOFAS -



DANIEL, as he flicks through the magazine, makes himself more comfortable, lying down on one of the two Georgian-style sofas.

NORMAN peers at him as DANIEL places two cushions under his neck.

DANIEL continues to flip through the magazine, as WENDY searches for her cigarettes in her handbag.

WENDY takes out her cigarettes and goes to light one, but she is met with a disapproving look from DANIEL and she puts them back into her bag.

WENDY *(putting the cigarettes away, sarcastically)* And it gets wilder by the second then, eh?

DANIEL My house, my rules.

DANIEL smirks at NORMAN, who averts his gaze.

DANIEL continues flipping through the magazine, sprawled out on the sofa.

DANIEL *(as he flips the pages)* Of course I might not live here at all. I might decide to prove to myself that all this doesn't matter a damn shit. That all this history, these ... frankly horrifying relics are nothing but an illusion. – *(to Wendy)* You know, they used to make me feel so awfully small? The walls, I mean, back in the day. – You remember, don't you Norman? Back when you used to impose your power on me?

NORMAN Yes, and now these walls are all yours, young 'master' Daniel.

DANIEL Thank you, at last he admits ... –

NORMAN With layer upon layer of trauma embedded deeply within them. – *(to Wendy)* It's pathetic really. He buys this house in order to overcome a few bad memories. He who had no actual ties to this place, and who now pays a fortune? An absolute fortune to prove that money is more powerful than blood.

DANIEL Oh, I'd hardly call it pathetic, Norman. A little reckless maybe? You know, I could always recoup my losses and rent it out to Hollywood film companies? Yes, I could refurbish the lot and they could use it for one of their cheap horror films.

WENDY I don't really like horror. I prefer films to be more true-to-life and with really good acting. Like *Love Actually* or something that makes you have a good cry?

DANIEL Norman likes a good cry.

NORMAN Oh, and what film would you recommend, Daniel, again? I remember you telling me once, now what was it again? Was it *The 400 Blows* or *Fear Eats the Soul*?

DANIEL Well, I'm surprised you remember anything that I ever ... –

NORMAN How about *Persona* or *Cries and Whispers*?

DANIEL Oh, you know me, Norman, I'll watch anything with a bit of self mutilation.

WENDY Daniel!

NORMAN (*to Wendy*) It was *E.T.*

WENDY What?

NORMAN His favourite film would you believe! *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial*.

WENDY Oh, I love *E.T.*, everyone likes *E.T.* don't they?

NORMAN The Christ myth packaged and repackaged for a whole new generation of morons.

DANIEL Well, Bergman isn't much better, if truth be told.

NORMAN Ha, well if you expect me to compare ... –

DANIEL Yes, I'm not sure that Bergman did you much good, if I'm being honest, all that misery and suffering.

NORMAN (*to Wendy*) 'It isn't easy to accept that suffering can also be beautiful, it's difficult. It's something you can only understand if you dig deeply into yourself.' Fassbinder ...

DANIEL And that kind of thinking is reserved for the over-privileged. Beauty is beauty.

NORMAN Oh really, you can't be ...

DANIEL (*yawns, flipping the magazine*) Serious ... ? I'm not like you, Norman, remember?

WENDY (*dozing off*) I liked *Despicable Me*. Did either of you see *Despicable Me*?

Pause.

DANIEL makes himself more comfortable on his sofa.

Opposite him, WENDY, bottle in hand, is falling asleep on her sofa.

NORMAN sips his drink, trying to keep his decorum, as DANIEL swings his legs on top of the sofa armrest.

Pause.

NORMAN waves his right hand with a loose affected gesture towards the couch.

Pause.

NORMAN repeats the action, and finally catches DANIEL's attention.

DANIEL Oh, I'm sorry, did you ... ? –

NORMAN Take them off.

DANIEL What?

NORMAN Take them off.

Pause.

NORMAN (*suddenly snaps, raging*) Take your filthy shoes off, Daniel, I'm warning ... !

NORMAN has a violent coughing fit.

DANIEL watches him, unmoved and unmoving.

NORMAN's coughing fit finally subsides, and he steadies himself, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief.

Silence.

CLOSE UP of a 1950s gold watch, with a faded black leather band, peeking out from under NORMAN's slightly crumpled, dirty shirtsleeve. It is twenty minutes before midnight.

The camera pans over to WENDY, DANIEL, and NORMAN.

NORMAN, still hunched over from the coughing fit, peers at DANIEL.

DANIEL finally finishes flipping through the magazine, and drops it on the floor.

WENDY is asleep, clutching the bottle of Armagnac like a baby.

Silence.

NORMAN My nephew had it upholstered.

Pause.

NORMAN Adam. My nephew, Adam, he had it done for me some years ago now. The sofa, I mean. I'd invited him and his wife – ghastly woman – over for tea and, well, she was rather ... She didn't dare sit on the old one, she said it was too filthy.

DANIEL Oh ... –

NORMAN (*beginning to enjoy his own story*) Yes, exactly. You know, she actually fetched a towel from the bathroom and placed it under her arse?

DANIEL (*feigned*) No, really? Adam's wife did that?

NORMAN Yes, and so one week or so later, Adam ... Well, he rings me up and he proposes to pay for an upholstering! – (*laughs*) I mean, my God! And he behaved like he was a saint saving a wretched soul during that whole process!

DANIEL joins NORMAN in laughing at the story.

NORMAN (*cracking up*) Well, you can imagine! When he was younger, I wouldn't have put it past him to have wanted to become a Catholic priest. He used to love those ceremonies ... whatever they're called ... and he was a very dutiful choirboy ... to think he got married ... !

They laugh for a few moments.

Then their laughter dies down.

Silence.

NORMAN But, of course, I insisted. I insisted they would get the fabrics from Paris.

DANIEL Yes, I can imagine.

NORMAN And now I feel a somewhat stupid responsibility to keep them pristine ... In case, you know?

DANIEL I'm not taking my shoes off.

NORMAN I'd like you to take your shoes off.

DANIEL Well, I'm not. I'm not taking my shoes off.

Silence.

NORMAN Daniel, please ... –

DANIEL No, and just to remind you, I will make sure to have you driven out of this hole if you don't leave by the end of next week, alright?

NORMAN Ha, they can 'drive' me wherever they want!

DANIEL Just to be clear, Norman ... –

NORMAN 'Drive me out!' Dear God, you're actually starting to believe this game of yours, aren't you?

DANIEL Well, if you refuse to deal with my lawyers ... –

NORMAN Oh, come on, Daniel, 'lawyers', what kind of plebeian language is that? Can't you see that you're falling apart?

DANIEL I'm ... ? –

NORMAN You're falling apart, just like the rest of them.

DANIEL The rest of who, sorry?

NORMAN Just like the rest of your generation and this, this ... sense of entitlement that is just beyond belief! – I mean, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Aren't you ashamed that your generation is suffering from galloping obsolescence?

DANIEL You know, Norman, never in my life have I met anyone like you. Someone who would get this high on his own words. Someone who could be so afraid of the real world, of reality ... –

NORMAN Yes, and for those of us who still read books, the words *are* real.

DANIEL Don't patronise me.

NORMAN Oh, God forbid ... –

DANIEL Don't belittle me, Norman, stop ... Stop intentionally derailing the conversation, it's unbearable!

NORMAN Well, for your information, there is a rather large gap between 'to belittle' and 'to criticise'.

DANIEL Oh, come on, Swann, don't ... –

NORMAN What, didn't I teach you anything? Here, hand me that book.

DANIEL What book?

NORMAN Third up, fifth along. Hand it over to me, come on, it's right there, look!

SCENE 6
- THE BOOK CABINET -



The camera pans across the vast, glass book cabinet. It then returns to NORMAN, who points his finger towards the precise spot in the book cabinet.

DANIEL stares at NORMAN incredulously.

WENDY, meanwhile, is fast asleep.

Pause.

NORMAN I shouldn't have to beg you, young man, just ... —

DANIEL *(defeated)* Just nothing, Swann, just nothing.

NORMAN What, and so you've given up on learning? You're not interested in Foucault's definition of 'critique'?

DANIEL, sprawled on the sofa, says nothing; he doesn't even meet NORMAN's gaze.

Pause.

NORMAN Right, fine. Have it your way.

NORMAN, with difficulty, pries himself up and, with stiff legs, slowly approaches the book cabinet. The bookshelves are filled with hundreds of books.

With a determined movement, NORMAN reaches out for the book and carefully drags it out. He holds the book in his hand, like it is his own secret key to salvation, and opens it. Standing on unsteady legs, he tries to hold the repose of a teacher as he searches for the right page.

DANIEL can barely look at him, nursing his drink.

Pause.

NORMAN finds the page he wants. He clears his throat, then ...

NORMAN 'A critique does not consist in saying that things aren't good the way they are. It consists in seeing on just what type of assumptions, of familiar notions, of established and unexamined ways of thinking the accepted practices are based ... To do criticism is to make harder those acts which are now too easy.'

Pause.

NORMAN flips through the book pages. He finds a new page, then ...

NORMAN 'Maybe the target nowadays is less to discover what we are but to refuse what we are.' — *(to Daniel)* Very relevant for these times wouldn't you say?

NORMAN is completely absorbed, passionately flicking through the pages, like a hungry pet attacking its food.

DANIEL *(as Norman flips)* Should I hand you one of your Chomsky bibles, as well? Spice it up with some conspiracy theory? A few words from the professionally paranoid? You never know, it might ... ? –

NORMAN *(interrupts, with childlike eagerness)* ‘The work of an intellectual is not to mould the political will of others; it is, through the analyses that he does in his own field, to re-examine evidence and assumptions, to shake up habitual ways of working and thinking, to dissipate conventional familiarities and to re-evaluate the rules ...’ –

DANIEL You must be the last fan of that sixth-form bullshit.

NORMAN throws the book at DANIEL, knocking the glass out of his hand.

Pause.

DANIEL *(sarcastically)* Well, bravo.

DANIEL rescues the book and the glass from the floor; as NORMAN unsteadily returns to his chair.

DANIEL Bravo, Swann, that was ... –

NORMAN *(sitting down in his chair)* Do you know that Foucault once said that he wanted to be re-born as a goldfish? Perfectly happy in its solitude, taking endless rounds in the glass bowl, and with its short term memory believing that it would be nothing less than the very centre of the universe.

NORMAN settles himself, and takes his drink.

Pause.

NORMAN And that from a man who had spent his whole life tearing apart our illusions! So radical.

DANIEL *(sarcastically)* Oh fuck yes, so radical. So fucking radical, Swann, yes! Fucking Foucault, let’s hear it!

DANIEL jumps up and starts violently applauding and stamping his feet.

DANIEL *(clapping and stamping)* Fucking Foucault the fucker, yes! So fucking radical, man!

CUT TO: The coffee table.

SCENE 7
- THE COFFEE TABLE -



BIRD'S EYE SHOT of the coffee table, which sits in between the two Georgian sofas, as DANIEL claps and stamps next to it.

DANIEL (*clapping and stamping*) Foucault, Foucault, let's hear it for Foucault!

The camera then circles the violently applauding DANIEL, occasionally catching glimpses of WENDY and NORMAN.

NORMAN Enough now, stop it. That isn't funny.

DANIEL (*clapping and stamping*) Bravoooooooo for Foucault, come on!

DANIEL kicks WENDY on the leg and she wakes with a start.

WENDY What the ... ?!

DANIEL (*clapping and stamping*) Come on, Brenda, join in! Bravoooooooo for Foucault!

WENDY Jesus Christ, sit down Danny, you're not a monkey!

DANIEL (*clapping and stamping*) Bravooooooooooooo!!

DANIEL's hands are now starting to turn red. He steps up onto the low coffee table, booting aside the piles of magazines and books.

WENDY Just get down! Get down off of there, Danny, that's dangerous!

DANIEL (*clapping, stamping, singing*)
One Michel Foucault, there's only one Michel Foucault ...
One Michel Foucauuuuuult, there's only one Michel Foucault!!

As DANIEL claps and chants, NORMAN, still sitting in his chair, tries to hit Daniel's legs with his cane. The silver top of the cane, shaped like a duck's head, hits Daniel's shin, which causes him to lift his legs, jigging up and over the cane as he continues his little performance.

DANIEL (*clapping, stamping, singing*) Foucault, Foucault, Foucault ...

CUT TO: WENDY full frame.

WENDY This is a fucking madhouse, you're both insane!

MEDIUM SHOT of the living room.

WENDY clumsily jumps to her feet and, grabbing the bottle, darts out of the living room.

NORMAN has also given up using his cane to attack DANIEL, who continues chanting and clapping, but is clearly exhausted.

DANIEL (*clapping, chanting*) Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Foucault, Fuck Foucault!!

DANIEL stops clapping.

Silence.

DANIEL steps nonchalantly down from the coffee table. He sits down on the sofa and sips his drink.

Pause.

DANIEL You seem rather disturbed, Norman, I must say.

NORMAN On the contrary, I have learned to expect little else from you.

DANIEL And now you see the difference between action and words. Words, words, words, so many words.

NORMAN That little performance was no action but a farce.

DANIEL Oh, come on, Norman, you liked it just a teensy bit, didn't you?

NORMAN Phenomenal. In the most pathetic manner, you succeeded in diverting our attention when having lost the argument.

DANIEL Say what you will. You might be fascinated by your own words, Norman, but we all know you're too lazy to consider what their true meaning might be. You're even bored of them yourself.

NORMAN I'm bored of this conversation.

DANIEL Bored by this? You're the one who reads the *Telegraph*.

DANIEL gestures towards one of the newspapers on the coffee table.

NORMAN I only read the obituaries.

DANIEL Oh, you're funny.

NORMAN I like to assure myself that they haven't included my name yet.

DANIEL That's very funny, Norman, well done. So you have got a bit of bite left in you after all, hm? You know, perhaps we should do this more often.

NORMAN Do what more often? – Look, if you're deliberately going to mock me ... –

DANIEL Mock you? Oh, God forbid, Norman, I've always thought you should get out more, meet new people. Locked away in this prison for the past who knows how many years, have you ever even had a social life to speak of?

NORMAN Well, if you mean going out to superficial cocktail parties and, and ... And doing whatever it is you do?

DANIEL Mingling.

NORMAN Ugh.

DANIEL Christ, how I love to mingle.

NORMAN Idle chatter and small talk.

DANIEL Yes, and we can't all be afraid of strangers who might not look up to you. I personally find small talk a rare treat.

NORMAN As if I would ever care about what people speak about at such events ...

DANIEL It's called Free Will, it's called exercising one's own individuality.

NORMAN Individuality, yes, such a fashionable word these days. The individualists stare into each other's eyes and deny each other's existence.

DANIEL Not everyone has to fit into your particular world view. Just how can you expect to succeed, to survive, when you see everyone else around you as ignorant?

NORMAN I get on.

DANIEL Oh ... –

NORMAN I get on fine, Daniel, thank you, it's this country that's failed.

DANIEL Oh, here we go again, another doomsday prophecy.

NORMAN An orchestra of soloists. Not a citizen left, only egos. So-called individuals who produce nothing! Biscuits and bad television. Very ... –

DANIEL And London as a global trade centre? This doesn't count?

NORMAN Bragging and consuming, quite.

DANIEL Well, I wouldn't reduce it to ... –

NORMAN That's quite the epitaph, Daniel, I must say. That and your horrific kitchen.

DANIEL You never produced anything.

NORMAN What?

DANIEL You never produced anything of value, Norman.

Silence.

From the bedroom, the first sounds of WENDY playing an adolescent tune with one finger on the grand piano can be heard.

DANIEL finishes his drink and looks for the bottle, which isn't there. Casually, he takes a cigarette out of the pack from his jacket, and lights it.

Pause.

DANIEL *(as he smokes)* Such high standards from someone who never accomplished a thing. Well, come on.

NORMAN Come on what?

DANIEL Come on, Norman, spit it out. What did you do that was so fucking grand?

NORMAN Well, I've never prostituted myself, if that's what you mean.

DANIEL Oh, and what does that make you then, my pimp?

NORMAN Ha, you've emulated me your entire adult life, Daniel, I'd be very careful if you want to start making accusations against ... –

DANIEL Well yes, I admit you gave me a helping hand amidst the years of psychological torture, but at least I actually achieved something.

NORMAN Oh, rubbish ... –

DANIEL At least I did something with my life. *In my life ...*

NORMAN Rubbish, Daniel, utter rubbish. Glitter, glam, and illusions.

DANIEL My designs have quite a following actually.

NORMAN Pleasing decorations for the nouveau riche ... is that what you mean by a following? Soulless tat for criminals.

DANIEL *(in disbelief)* Criminals?! Oh, come now, Norman, you don't actually believe that, do you? These are your people ... –

NORMAN These are not my people.

DANIEL These are *our* people, Norman, if you'd ever give them a chance.

NORMAN Well, if you mean ... –

DANIEL *(suddenly calls out)* Wendy, stop it! Stop that bloody racket, will you?!

The sound of WENDY's piano playing dies down.

Pause.

DANIEL stubs out his cigarette, glaring at NORMAN.

Pause.

NORMAN Don't glare at me, Daniel.

Pause.

NORMAN Don't glare at me, Daniel, please, I'm not your enemy. Whatever it is you think I'm supposed to have ... –

DANIEL What you're supposed to have done? You mean, how you preyed on me all the way through university? How you'd slobber and slaver like a bulldog when you brought me over for your so-called private lectures?

NORMAN I never once attempted to ... –

DANIEL And how I mistook your assaults for kindness. And how you forced me to keep your secrets against my will ... –

NORMAN Which secrets?

DANIEL The secrets that I carry with me still, Norman, the secrets buried in these fucking walls.

NORMAN Oh, don't be so melodramatic. Do you honestly think I had any other intention but to ... ? –

DANIEL *(suddenly calls out)* Wendy, stop it, I said!

WENDY's piano playing has started again. This time, however, the single-fingered 'music' gets louder.

DANIEL *(under his breath)* Jesus Christ, woman ... –

NORMAN My intentions were nothing but honourable.

DANIEL What? – Oh, fuck off, Norman ... –

NORMAN My intentions were honourable, Daniel, you know that.

DANIEL (*distracted by the piano playing*) Right, right ... –

NORMAN It was my responsibility as your tutor to give you the very best educa ... –

DANIEL Responsibility, right.

NORMAN To help you rise above your mediocrity.

DANIEL Mediocrity, hm ... ? –

NORMAN And which, unfortunately, I could never do. Your designs were, and always will be, the most hideous proof of your banality. Banality ingrained in your DNA, your ancestral heritage if you will.

DANIEL My ancestral heritage made that kitchen out there, don't forget.

NORMAN Yes, and what an appalling monstrosity it is, too.

DANIEL Well, if you'd bother to look at the rest of my work I think you'd find ... –

NORMAN I think you'll find I don't have the time for such ... –

DANIEL If you bothered, Norman, if you bothered. If you'd seen just one single feature on my work in the design magazines ... –

NORMAN *Design* magazines?! Good God, Daniel, are you ... ?!

NORMAN laughs, which turns quickly into a hacking cough.











NORMAN *(laughing/hacking)* Are you quite mad?!
When should I have had time to read journals meant for
designers?!

DANIEL Oh, that's the attitude, Norman, yes. Same
elitist gobbledygook, same old ... –

NORMAN Yes, and we are people ... –

DANIEL Will you let me finish?! – *(calls out)*
F'Chrissake, Wendy, ... !

NORMAN We are people who see that as a defence
against stultification.

DANIEL A defence against what, sorry? What does that
even mean?!

NORMAN Well ... –

DANIEL I've never heard that word in my life, Norman,
you're a parasite!!

DANIEL clumsily jumps out of his seat, clutching his head.

DANIEL And what does it matter?!

NORMAN *(clearly enjoying Daniel's breakdown)* What
does what matter, sorry?

DANIEL *(clutching his head)* What does it matter, what
does it matter, Norman, eh!

NORMAN Well, I suppose that depends ... –

The sound of WENDY's piano playing can still be heard.

Pause.

NORMAN You mean, what *does* matter?

DANIEL I don't know ... –

NORMAN The whole ...

DANIEL No ... –

NORMAN The whole unanswerable question of ...

DANIEL Of course I don't ... –

NORMAN What does this matter, Daniel, right now?
You and me, you mean? Are you trying to insinuate ... ? –

DANIEL Look, I don't know, alright?! I don't know
anymore ... – Wendy, please!!

*DANIEL quickly leaves the living room, pursuing the sound of
the piano.*

DANIEL *(as he leaves, calling to Wendy)* I've told you
already, stop hammering away at it, will you?!

*NORMAN watches DANIEL leave, and again, clearly enjoys
his little victory.*

Pause.

*NORMAN reaches for his drink, but sees that his glass is empty.
Feebly bent over, he gets up out of his chair and walks slowly
out of the living room like an ageing gnome.*

CUT TO: The bedroom.

SCENE 8 - THE GRAND PIANO -



*In the bedroom, WENDY sits at the grand piano, in a state of
precocious drunken boredom, continuing to play a childish
one-fingered tune. The top of the grand piano is closed, and
the surface is covered with framed photographs.*

*Pause, then DANIEL enters the bedroom, standing by the
entrance, seething with irritation.*

DANIEL Wendy, come on now.

Pause, WENDY continues.

DANIEL Give it a rest, will you Wendy?

Pause, WENDY continues.

DANIEL Wendy, please ... –

WENDY *(obstinately continues to play)* Yeah, so make me.

DANIEL What?

WENDY Make me, go on. You two going at it like an old
married couple, you're not even interested in me. Drag me
over to this dump when I could be at home or ... –

DANIEL I'm sorry, what did you just say?

WENDY Or with people who actually give a flying fuck what I say.

DANIEL Oh, come on, Wendy, of course we do.

WENDY Yeah, right.

DANIEL (*approaches Wendy*) Of course we do, darling, don't be ... –

WENDY And you can piss off with the 'darling', I'm not your darling.

DANIEL Yes, yeah, I know, just ... –

NORMAN (*suddenly, from out of nowhere*) Would you like me to play you something?

Both DANIEL and WENDY turn and see NORMAN standing at the entrance to the bedroom.

WENDY stops playing.

Pause.

DANIEL I'm sorry, did you just ... ? –

NORMAN I wasn't talking to you. – (*to Wendy*) Well, how about it, Wendy, hm?

WENDY Oh, you mean ... ? What, just for me, Mr Swann? I mean, it's so beautiful and, and it fits so perfectly in here ... –

NORMAN Well, I can't make you any promises, I haven't touched this piano for fifteen years.

WENDY How long? Christ, I've had two nieces grow up in that time.

NORMAN It's not the piano's fault, of course.

WENDY Poor piano.

NORMAN Yes, poor piano, quite. Sad to say, I'm afraid I could not improve on my performance. I can't help ...

As NORMAN speaks, he slowly moves over to the piano and sits on the piano stool.

NORMAN And, of course, when you face the wall, when you can't seem to even ... –

WENDY What, when you're shit, you mean?

NORMAN And it simply gets too humiliating, Wendy, yes. The degradation one feels ... –

WENDY Yeah, I was hopeless on the recorder at school.

NORMAN And it's simply your own incompetence, your worthlessness at ... At anything! Architect, carpenter, surgeon. Friend, partner, pianist ... –

WENDY Waitress.

NORMAN And, of course, at some point you must tell yourself to quit. Fifteen years ago, well ... –

NORMAN sits, aided by WENDY, on the piano stool.

NORMAN Well, I knew Bartók's Sonata Sz. 80 quite well back then.

WENDY Oh ... –

NORMAN By heart, so to speak.

WENDY Fancy that.

NORMAN But then there was one place. At the bottom of sheet three in the score where I almost always got it wrong. And it drove me to madness, Wendy. I just could not get beyond that point, I had to stop every time, it's ... It's as if I was ... –

As he speaks, DANIEL, who has stood at a distance until now, moves across to NORMAN and WENDY, and sits awkwardly on the piano stool, invading NORMAN's space.

DANIEL It's as if he couldn't do it! I mean, who would ever believe that Norman Swann would get something wrong?

DANIEL plays a quick, mocking scale on the keys, punctuating his statement. The piano is out of tune.

NORMAN God forbid you can't suppress this need to mark your territory, Daniel. You're as subtle as dog piss.

DANIEL Ah, dog piss, dog piss ... –

DANIEL plays another scale on the keys, further (deliberately) invading NORMAN's space.

WENDY That's mean, Daniel, don't ... –

DANIEL Don't what? Don't christen my own piano? You've had a go, it's my turn now!

DANIEL hammers the keys.

DANIEL You see this, Norman?

WENDY Alright, Daniel, that's enough. That's enough now, please ... –

DANIEL hammers the keys.

WENDY You're crazy – (to Norman) Tell him he's crazy. Christ, at least I know one tune, that's horrible that ... –

DANIEL stops hammering.

WENDY – ... fucking noise, it's horrible, Danny, stop it!

DANIEL Oh, I'll give you a tune, alright? Here, watch, are you ready?

DANIEL tries out another few notes or chords of a piano piece for four hands, e.g. Eric Satie's 'En Habit de Cheval'.

Pause.

WENDY Oh wow, you're actually quite good. – (to Norman) Did you know he could play like that, Norman?

DANIEL, unfazed, continues to play, staring at NORMAN challengingly.

DANIEL Well?

NORMAN I can't, I ... I wouldn't remember it.

DANIEL Oh, fuck off. Some things you never forget.

DANIEL continues.

DANIEL Well, what are you waiting for, maestro? Take it from the top ...

DANIEL continues.

DANIEL Come on, come on, what's wrong with you? I said take it ... –

NORMAN suddenly strikes the keys with his hands, and begins to play.

CUT TO: BIRD'S EYE SHOT of DANIEL's and NORMAN's hands playing on the keyboard. They start playing and everything goes quite well to start with.

WENDY cheers them on, off camera, as the music gallops, getting faster.

Then, DANIEL starts lagging behind and can't keep the rhythm.

NORMAN Steady, keep up! Keep the rhythm, dammit! Concentrate, Daniel, use your head!! Use your head, where's your head?!

DANIEL really is struggling to keep up, when ...

NORMAN Oh for God's sake, I'm ... –

NORMAN slams the keyboard lid violently over DANIEL's hands.

NORMAN – ... done with you!

DANIEL Aaaaaahh!

The camera retracts from the scene, to a MEDIUM SHOT as ... NORMAN stands up, slowly moving to and sitting on the bed at the other end of the room.

WENDY quickly moves to DANIEL, crouching next to him.

DANIEL Aaaaah, you fucking maniac, aaaaah!

WENDY retrieves DANIEL's hands from under the keyboard lid, and massages them.

DANIEL (almost whispering, to Norman) What are you trying to do to me?!!

WENDY Oh, poor you, poor you, poor you ... –

DANIEL groans.

WENDY Oh no no no, is something broken? Is something broken, Danny?

NORMAN (from the bed, on which he sits) Yes, but it's a long time ago now. And beyond repair, I'm afraid.

WENDY stares up at NORMAN, bewildered.

NORMAN Sorry, no. That you never got to hear my ... –

WENDY I'm going to get him some ice.

A fuming WENDY stands up and quickly leaves the bedroom.

SCENE 9
- THE BED -



Silence.

NORMAN sits, staring into space, on the edge of the large, bespoke Gothic bed.

DANIEL slowly gets up off the piano stool and moves to the opposite side of the bed. He sits on the bed, leaning against the bedpost with a gilded vulture on top.

Both men stare into space, but DANIEL continues to wring and massage his hands.

Silence.

NORMAN Fancy a refill?

Pause.

NORMAN Daniel ... –

DANIEL Do you have any Absolut?

NORMAN I'd make you a gin but I'm afraid I'm all out of tonic. The new refrigerator hasn't been plugged in, so ... –

DANIEL The new refrigerator, I see. Very good.

Silence.

NORMAN Ready meals.

DANIEL What?

NORMAN No, I could make you one. A ready meal, that is.

DANIEL Oh ... –

NORMAN Sticky carbonara, overcooked broccoli ... –

DANIEL When did you last leave this house?

NORMAN Hm, sorry?

DANIEL The house. When did you last leave the house?

Silence.

Both men wring their hands.

Silence.

DANIEL That really hurt. Before, I mean.

NORMAN Yes, well I suppose it would. Sorry.

DANIEL No, well, I guess ...

Pause.

DANIEL You know, I was actually shocked when I realized that you were still alive? Did you know that, Norman? Ha.

Pause.

DANIEL I said, I was shocked that you were still alive.

NORMAN A lot of people thought I was dead.

DANIEL You should have died years ago, I think.

NORMAN Yes, well, you know? Science.

DANIEL Science, hm.

Silence.

DANIEL You know, the food in the club is quite decent?

NORMAN Oh, is it?

DANIEL Yes, it's ... It's pretty decent, actually. Once you get past all the old white-haired Tories sipping on their port.

NORMAN Oh ... –

DANIEL (*mildly laughing*) I mean, well ... Yes, I mean, it's not always like that. Especially nowadays, more of a younger crowd. Trendsetters or ...

NORMAN Trendsetters ... ?

DANIEL (*apologetically*) I ...

NORMAN I know ...

Silence.

NORMAN continues to wring his hands, staring into space.

NORMAN (*as he wrings, like a poem or incantation*)

The blue ones and the red ones, the small yellow ones,
And don't forget the white ones, in all their funny shapes.

The white ones and the red ones, and the blue and white
and black ones ...

The blue ones and the red ones, the small yellow ones,
And don't forget the white ones, in all their funny
shapes. The white ones and the red ones, and the blue
and white and ... –

DANIEL I'll go and find that gin.

DANIEL gets up off the bed, and quickly leaves the bedroom.

CLOSE UP on NORMAN, now alone, wringing his hands.

Silence.

NORMAN (*as he continues to wring*)

The blue ones and the red ones, the small yellow ones,
And don't forget the white ones, in all their funny shapes.
The white ones and the red ones, and the blue and white
and black ones ...

The blue ones and the red ones, the small ... –

Banging sounds from the kitchen interrupt NORMAN. Cupboards and drawers are opened and closed. Noises from a pot or pan falling onto the floor, with DANIEL's swearing heard from a distance.

NORMAN turns toward the sound ...

CUT TO: CLOSE UP of WENDY standing in the entrance of the bedroom, holding a bottle of gin. She may have been watching NORMAN for some time.

Pause.

WENDY You're not dying, I don't think.

NORMAN Sorry, what? – Oh no, I ...

NORMAN stops wringing his hands.

NORMAN Forgive me, just ... Just an old rhyme maybe. A children's rhyme, that sort of thing, I don't ... – I'm not, I mean.

WENDY Yeah, but I think you think you're dying, Mr Swann, I think, and I just ... –

NORMAN I'm not sure what you're referring to, sorry.

WENDY No, it's just it's not that romantic. Death, I mean. Not like in the films, not in reality.

NORMAN I'm sorry, I don't ... –

WENDY You're not dying, sir, you're not.

NORMAN Oh.

Pause.

NORMAN Oh, well you needn't call me 'sir' ... –

WENDY Yeah, 'cause you see, I lost my brother? My brother and my ... parents, my mum and dad? – No, don't worry, I'm not looking for sympathy, Mr Swann. I mean, I was only 14 at the time? She was driving. My mum, I mean. Yeah, and she was hammered? Drunk, that is, sir, yeah, with everybody else, my ... Me dad and me brother in the back and they were going over Hammersmith fly-over 'cause they'd just picked him up from the airport? He'd been on some artsy-fartsy cultural exchange thing in Denmark, him and a couple of others from uni putting together a ... some weird sort of living installation or

something they were working on, and so ... you know? I suppose you could say he had a, what? A bright future ahead of him, and they'd all been celebrating in the airport, and ... and she wasn't the best of drivers anyway, so when she tried cutting in front of that lorry and they all sort of ... skidded off the side of the road?

NORMAN I despise cars.

WENDY Yeah, and there's me sat there waiting for them. Watching some crap on telly and thinking why they're taking so long, and ... and thinking what sort of hug I should give him when he gets home. Me brother, I mean. And how I'm hoping he's bought a box of fags from duty free and how I might try and scrounge some off him, 'cause ... 'cause I'm still at school and everyone's started smoking and all I want to do is try and fit in because I wasn't ... I wasn't the cleverest, and that's what you do, right? When you're not that clever? You try and fit in don't you, try and make friends? A bit like Daniel and you I think, Mister Swann.

NORMAN Well, it ... It must have been a terrible time for you, child.

WENDY Yeah, and it's the silence what's worst. Every day, I mean. Every morning at breakfast and ... And, yeah, that's why I prefer noise I think, that's why I'm always sort of ... –

Sound of banging and crashing from the kitchen, punctuated with ...

DANIEL (*shouting from the kitchen*) Where's that bloody gin?!

WENDY Yeah, and I suppose I'm just kind of sensitive to it I think? Death, I mean. It's like I can smell it. Like a sixth sense?

NORMAN *(recovering now, but unconvinced)* I see.

WENDY And the thing is, what I was saying before ... –

NORMAN And how do you measure this sixth sense, exactly?

WENDY No, I don't smell it on you, sir, I don't. You're not dying, I promise you.

NORMAN Oh, well, not that I don't appreciate the concern ... –

WENDY Yeah, I reckon you've got a good ten years on at least. Twenty years even, thirty?

NORMAN And what would you think if I told you that my life ended decades ago?

WENDY I'd say you were a very lonely man, sir, I think. Yeah. Yeah, I think that's what I'd say. Very sad and very, very lonely.

NORMAN stares into space and refuses to cry.

Silence.

WENDY Sorry.

Pause.

WENDY If I've upset you, I mean. Sorry, I probably shouldn't ... –

NORMAN No, you're wrong. I'm already just a ghost, you see?

WENDY Oh ... Oh, are you, Mister Swann? A ghost then, really?

NORMAN Kept alive by a bunch of fearful, sentimental lawmakers. Doctors who work against the laws of nature ... morally corrupt politicians who force us to watch our own disintegration as if it were a freak show. In my universe, death is far more natural than ageing, it's ... It's exactly what you described, my dear. A silent, absolute absence. Death doesn't mean a thing. It is beyond meaningful or meaningless.

Suddenly, DANIEL enters the bedroom, holding a bottle of prune juice.

DANIEL Okay, so who's for prune juice?! Christ knows where that gin is, but, you know? Beggars can't be choosers, so ...

DANIEL pulls the cap off the bottle.

DANIEL Any takers?!

Pause, as NORMAN begins to rise off the bed.

DANIEL Well, don't all shout at once, will you? I thought we were meant to be having a party tonight? Here, let me ... –

DANIEL looks for and finds a couple of empty glasses and, through the dialogue, proceeds to pour the prune juice. As he does this, NORMAN, indeed like a ghost, makes a silent exit out of the bedroom.

DANIEL *(continued from and as above)* – ... top you up, everyone, come on! ... Norman, where's a glass for you? ... Ah, there's one, look! One glass of the dark stuff for the old man, look ... There we are, now Wendy ... –

WENDY We should leave now, Daniel, I think.

DANIEL We should what now, sorry? – Ah! ... –

DANIEL grabs the bottle of gin off WENDY.

DANIEL There it is at last! You know, I've been looking for that everyw ... –

The sudden sound of a clock, chiming midnight, makes DANIEL and WENDY jump.

SCENE 10 - THE TELEPHONE -



CUT TO: CLOSE UP of a late Louis XVI clock in gilded bronze with an equestrian motif. As before, the clock strikes midnight.

The camera stays on the clock for the first four chimes. It then pans over to NORMAN standing in the living room, staring at the clock as it chimes.

NORMAN is joined by WENDY and DANIEL, who enter and stand next to him, watching the clock.

The clock finishes chiming.

Pause.

NORMAN And now I am officially ... –

DANIEL Bankrupt?

NORMAN gives DANIEL a disapproving look.

DANIEL Sorry, no, bad joke – so, who's for more drinks then, eh?

NORMAN *(to himself)* ... Another year ...

DANIEL, who now has both the bottles of gin and prune juice, moves across the living room and starts to prepare the drinks.

NORMAN remains on his feet, staring at the clock. WENDY stands near him.

DANIEL After all, now there's a birthday to celebrate, what better way to mark it than with a few rounds of the old prunus ginus?

WENDY Whose birthday, sorry?

Norman starts coughing heavily.

DANIEL (to Wendy) Oh, don't get too excited. He only does it to get attention.

NORMAN (suddenly turning on Daniel, in repressed anger and a very hoarse voice) Stealing the attention from you, don't you mean? Changing the subject from you?

WENDY What, you mean ... ? –

NORMAN You broke your way in here, remember? I didn't ask anyone to come.

DANIEL Cake! That's what we need! Ooh, you haven't got a cake, have you, Norman? Or some biscuits! Tea and biscuits, that'll do, who doesn't like tea and biscuits?! Go and fetch some, Wendy, there's a good girl.

WENDY I'm not your good girl. – Look, perhaps we should ... –

DANIEL (like a kid) Ooh ooh, I know! How about we go mad, eh?! How about we order a pizza then, everyone?! Ooh ooh, shall we do that, guys?

NORMAN Pizza, hm. I can't have had pizza since I travelled with the faculty to Rome ...

DANIEL I know, there's a Domino's in Holborn! Here, let me just ... –

DANIEL gets his smartphone (not an iPhone) out of his pocket and frantically taps and swipes the screen.

DANIEL – ... give them a call and – damn it, no signal!

DANIEL throws his phone across the room.

DANIEL Fucking walls in this place ... –

WENDY Danny, calm down.

DANIEL The old man wants Domino's, the old man will have Domino's. Wait a minute, isn't there a phone directory in the hallway? Tell you what, I'll go and look while you two stay here and talk some more about death and old age or whatever it is you were droning on about just now.

WENDY Alright, okay, you've made your point ... –

DANIEL No, honestly, don't mind me, I'm just the fucking clown in this equation, don't ... –

WENDY That's enough.

DANIEL So, any preferences? Toppings?

DANIEL doesn't wait for an answer and disappears into the hallway.

DANIEL Look at this phone! It's got a dial and everything!

Snippets of DANIEL ordering pizzas on the telephone are interspersed throughout the following passage, as ...

NORMAN moves to his chair and collapses into it.

WENDY doesn't know whether to go to NORMAN or go to DANIEL. She finally decides to move to NORMAN, pouring him a gin and sitting next to him, as ...

DANIEL *(in the hallway, on the telephone)* Hello? Hello, is that the one and only Domino's? Yes, well I'd like two huge pepperonis, one Hawaiian, a bottle of Coke and a portion of sticky chicken wings, please? ... Yes, we're having a party, you see? Yes, it's my teacher's 75th birthday wouldn't you know? 75, I know! The old codger, eh, the old cunt? ... No, well of course I didn't ... Of course I didn't mean that, bitch, I'm a wealthy white public schoolboy I can say whatever I want! ... Alright, alright, perhaps we've got on the wrong foot here? Perhaps we're not on the same wavelength? ... Look, just calm down, okay? I know you're an ethnic minority living off less than the minimum wage with – I don't know ... Okay, yes, I'll hold.

Meanwhile, WENDY, sitting close to NORMAN, passes him his glass of gin.

NORMAN takes it and sips.

Pause.

WENDY Look, Mr Swann. Norman, I mean, you know, I'm sorry ...

NORMAN What are you sorry for?

WENDY No, well ... This, all *this*. Daniel, I mean, the whole ... –

NORMAN What, and you think you're better than him, do you?

WENDY No, I just ... Just it being your birthday and everything, the house ... –

NORMAN Well, he can do a lot better than you.

WENDY Eh?

NORMAN I said, he can do a lot better than you, dear. – Oh, and try not to look so appalled. You think that this is anything but a game to ... ? –

DANIEL *(interrupts, on the phone, exaggerates a 'down-in-the-hood' jovial tone of voice)* ... Hello, yes? Yes, that's right, mate, two pepperonis, a Hawaiian and a portion of sticky chicken wings. Yep, and a Coke, that's – Oh, and can you add some ketchup with that please fella? The ketchup, yeah, the ones in the little sachets? Yeah, that's right, you're the fucking bollocks, bruv, yeah? ... Okay, and that's 44 Cromwell Road, yeah? SW ... Oh, what, you know it already, yeah? Yeah, I thought you might. Those huge great fucking ... Yeah, that's right, mate, we're having a party, can't you tell? That's a bit of Daft Punk in the background you can hear, yeah! ... Yeah, well hop along when you're finished if you want, bring some of your mates, it's going to be mint, it's going to be sick, bruv, I'm telling you! ... Yeah, alright. – Alright so, thirty minutes then, yeah? Okay, great. Great, yeah, you too!

DANIEL puts the phone down.

DANIEL Loser ...

DANIEL re-enters from the hallway.

DANIEL The pizzas will be here in a flash.

There is no reaction from the other two.

Pause.

DANIEL Arrr, what happened? And I thought you two were really getting on with ... –

CLOSE UP of NORMAN, who suddenly bursts into a coughing fit. He heaves, coughs, and shakes his head. He attempts to stand up from his chair, only to fall back into one of the sofas.

MEDIUM SHOT of the living room. WENDY and DANIEL watch NORMAN have his coughing fit, with little or no reaction. In fact, DANIEL fills up his glass with gin, while WENDY sips hers.

NORMAN's coughing fit worsens – heaving, shaking, hacking.

The camera cuts back to the clock, which shows a quarter past midnight and makes a single chime. The camera then cuts to DANIEL who picks up his mobile phone off the floor to check if the time is right.

Pause.

DANIEL Strange. It's not even midnight yet. That clock is running fast.

DANIEL sits down, with his gin. All three are now seated.

NORMAN continues to cough, hack, and heave.

DANIEL So. Happy birthday then, Norman?

NORMAN coughs, hacks, and wheezes.

DANIEL Wendy?

WENDY ignores him, sips her drink.

NORMAN wheezes, shakes, hacks.

DANIEL Happy birthday then, Norman?

DANIEL sips his drink, gazing up at the enormous chandelier above his head.

Pause, then ...

CLOSE UP of NORMAN. His breathing/wheezing suddenly emits a dangerously liquid-like rumbling noise. In a reflex, his hands go up to his chest. His face turns paler.

MEDIUM SHOT: WENDY and DANIEL watch on as NORMAN worsens.

Pause, then ...

WENDY Shouldn't you do something?

DANIEL He does that all the time.

Thick bubbling spit comes out of NORMAN's mouth, dripping down onto his chin and the shirt.

Pause, then ...

NORMAN Just ... Just ...

NORMAN coughs a slimy cough.

NORMAN Get me ... Get me my ...

NORMAN's face turns from pale to red.

NORMAN My ... My pills, my ...

NORMAN coughs again, then ...

NORMAN (*struggling for breath*) The yellow ones, the ... the small yellow ones, blue pack on the bedside table. In my ... my ...

NORMAN coughs/splutters again.

DANIEL gives WENDY a 'look' and WENDY puts her drink down and stands.

NORMAN My bedroom, Wendy ... please, Wendy, the ...

WENDY walks briskly out of the room to fetch the pills, as NORMAN splutters.

SCENE 11 - THE PORTRAIT -



NORMAN splutters, wheezes.

DANIEL, seated, gin in hand, watches him.

Pause.

DANIEL If you keel over now, you won't need to move out. You'll end your days here, clever clogs.

NORMAN (*struggles to get a word out*) I ... you ...

DANIEL (*leaning forward towards Norman*) Me?

NORMAN (*breathes heavily*) You ...

WENDY (*from the bedroom*) I can't find them! There's a glass, a white package! Some silver foiled ones on that table there!

DANIEL Christ, how many times have we been through this, Norman? Why do you always seem to die?

NORMAN (*with a very low, hoarse voice*) I am ... already ...

DANIEL Yes, already. So why not end this misery then, eh? Swallow your entire arsenal of pills in one go. One final rainbow coloured cocktail and it will all be over.

NORMAN I ... I ...

WENDY re-enters the living room with a pack of pills in her hand. She moves straight to NORMAN, handing him the package.

WENDY (as she does so) Pulmo ... na ... something, right?

NORMAN snatches the package and fumbles with the silver foil wrapping between his thick, red fingers. He finally squeezes out two tablets and swallows them with his gin, spilling the drink down his chin.

Pause.

NORMAN Thank ... thank you, that's ...

WENDY We should call a doctor maybe?

DANIEL Oh, he'll be fine. He enjoys being able to scare a brand new audience, don't you, Norman?

NORMAN's strained breathing is easing, but he is clearly exhausted.

DANIEL Well, don't you? You are immortal, after all.

Pause.

DANIEL Norman.

Pause.

DANIEL Norman ... –

NORMAN (finally regaining some strength) Fuck off, Daniel Wilder. Leave me alone.

DANIEL Well, you know it doesn't change anything. Your little scene, that is, impressive as it was. You know you'll still be out of here, don't you, Swann?

NORMAN refuses to acknowledge the remark, sipping his drink.

DANIEL Yes, well ... –

CUT TO: DANIEL, who walks across the room towards a large fireplace with a mantelpiece. Above the fireplace hangs a portrait of a worried looking boy in his school uniform.

DANIEL studies the painting for a few moments.

DANIEL I'll keep this, I think. Hm.

DANIEL sips his drink, studying the painting.

DANIEL Hm, yes. Hard to believe that this fragile boy has any genetic connection to you, I must say.

NORMAN I was a very unhappy boy.

DANIEL Well, anyone can see that! No, the amazing thing is that you were not *born* evil. Or perhaps they simply chose to leave that part out. The artist, I mean. I doubt your parents would have paid him otherwise.

NORMAN For your information, it took two weeks to paint that portrait.

DANIEL Oh ... –

NORMAN And I was suffering from a high fever for most of that time, too.

DANIEL Fitting.

NORMAN Yes, that's what my dad claimed. Then you don't miss school without good reason.

DANIEL Wise, very wise.

NORMAN Six long hours every day for two weeks. The painter, a small, skinny man, who was not much taller than his 7-year-old model. I'll admit, he got extremely annoyed by my shivering.

DANIEL Well, who wouldn't! Little master Swann junior, already falling apart.

NORMAN My mother was, for some reason, not at home during this period. She was at a spa or clinic somewhere, I think.

DANIEL Weren't you lonely? Ooh, tell me you were lonely at least.

NORMAN Not especially. I could hear my father going at it with the maid in my bedroom. We got through them quite frequently. Maids, I mean. And it was the same with my grandpa. They never lasted more than a couple of seasons.

DANIEL Well, I'm proud of breaking that particular tradition.

NORMAN Considering I have no sons, you do make a rather qualified substitute, now that I think about it.

DANIEL Ha, ha, Wendy, will you play my maid?

WENDY gives DANIEL a 'look'.

DANIEL Oh, I'm not joking for once. I'm rather tempted to turn this place into a hedonist's playground.

DANIEL slowly gets a mysterious smile on his face.

DANIEL Do you remember the story you always told me about you as a child, Norm? You being forced to undress by your dad and then being painted in black shoe polish all over your body? Carrying a gold tray with snacks high above your little head, you would look like one of those antique 'blackamoor' sculptures and you would have to serve the guests at one of those posh parties your family threw.

NORMAN It was normal at that time. I was not forced. I enjoyed it.

With one hand, DANIEL wipes off some dust from the top of the mantelpiece.

DANIEL Drugs, orgies. A few celebrity chefs and with the right lighting ...

By now DANIEL has positioned himself in a stately manner with one elbow placed on top the grand mantelpiece, like the lord of the house.

DANIEL Yes, and the dinner table dressed with classic Meissen plates. A charity event perhaps. Heavy silver cutlery, or ... – Hm. Well, maybe this room is more suitable for flying buffets, that sort of thing. After all, its size is relatively modest, I suppose. Perhaps I should move some of this stuff out, get some more guests in ... –

NORMAN suddenly rushes clumsily to his feet.

NORMAN I'm sorry, I feel ... ! I feel a bit ...
– (to Wendy) If you will please excuse me ... –

DANIEL Oh, come on, Norman! Aren't you interested in my plans? Aren't you even slightly curious ... ? –

NORMAN (with resolve, glaring at Daniel) Look, I am drenched, Daniel, I am drenched!

DANIEL Yes, and you smell like a corpse.

NORMAN What?

DANIEL Dissolved intestines. Don't you think he smells like dissolved intestines, Wendy, hm?

WENDY sits on one of the sofas, drinking her gin and smoking a cigarette finally, taking no notice of either of them.

DANIEL You see? Even Wendy agrees with me, Norm. Hadn't you better go?

DANIEL waits for an answer.

NORMAN stands before DANIEL, unable to move, his body beginning to tremble.

Silence.

NORMAN Daniel, please, I ... –

DANIEL You got bored of me as soon as I developed into a person because I could no longer be your toy. And when you found out that I would never fulfil the ambitions you had on my behalf, when you sensed that I had ambitions of my own ... –

NORMAN You were like a son to me.

DANIEL Exactly.

DANIEL switches on a floor lamp to get some more light. The light shines brightly on NORMAN's face, making him squint.

DANIEL And with all the desire to weigh me down.

NORMAN Not true, not true ... –

DANIEL Because you never listen. Because you yourself are always on the run from things. You're the one who is emotionally crippled, Norman, you loathed me. Like you loathed all of your friends. And because you thought I was a failure, untalented. And you damaged me for life, just as you are now, only worse because I still live with it.

NORMAN But, but ... But you never told me any of this. Or anything about yourself.

NORMAN reaches out to DANIEL, to touch his cheek.

NORMAN How you felt, Daniel, how you really ...

DANIEL steps out of the way, and NORMAN almost topples to the floor.

Silence.

NORMAN straightens himself up, trying to retain some composure.

Pause.

NORMAN Where did you go? Afterwards, I mean. Back then?

DANIEL When?

NORMAN When?

DANIEL Yes, Norman, when?

NORMAN But you disappeared, you ... You left me here. Even after everything ... –

DANIEL Yes, and the idea is to not leave any traces, isn't it?

Silence.

NORMAN You are abysmally ignorant.

NORMAN begins the long, painful journey to the bathroom. Every joint in his body seems to have been displaced, and he puts all his effort into each step.

SCENE 12 -THE FIGURINES -



DANIEL watches on as NORMAN disappears down the hallway and closes the bathroom door behind him.

Silence.

DANIEL sits on the sofa opposite WENDY and pours himself a gin. He drinks and watches WENDY, who also drinks and smokes.

Pause.

DANIEL So, Cindy ... –

WENDY Yes, David.

DANIEL Wendy, sorry ... –

WENDY You're going to ask me what I think, aren't you?

DANIEL Wow, you must have a sixth sense.

WENDY gives DANIEL another 'look', and puffs on her cigarette.

Pause.

WENDY Well, it is quite spooky.

DANIEL Spooky, great.

WENDY I like those horses, I suppose.

DANIEL Hm?

WENDY The horses over there, look. The little whatsits?
The terracotta or whatever it is.

*CUT TO: CLOSE UPS of various porcelain, bronze and
terracotta figurines.*

DANIEL Oh, them, oh yes! Funny, you know, I hadn't
even noticed ... –

WENDY Yeah, the green one over there. The one next
to it, the golden one?

DANIEL Well, he was always a big fan of dressage.
I can't say I've ever been particularly horsey. I prefer
rabbits myself. Rabbits, dogs, beavers, that sort of thing.

WENDY Then you'd better start learning then, hadn't
you? They're yours now, Daniel.

DANIEL Yes, I suppose ... –

WENDY 'Course you can always give me one if you
haven't got the room. Worth a bit, are they?

DANIEL Probably, Wendy, I don't really know.

WENDY Okay, so just a small one then. The small one
on the shelf there.

DANIEL I'm rather taken with the bust.

WENDY What, on the horse?

DANIEL No, on the ... The pedestal, there. With the
one blind eye.

DANIEL points to a big plaster bust on a pedestal.

DANIEL Mahler, possibly ... –

WENDY Oh, and so he made that himself then, did he?
Busy man.

DANIEL Busy bee, yes. One of his 'unfinished sym-
phonies', I'd imagine.

WENDY Oh, right ... –

DANIEL Actually, on second thought ... –

WENDY Giant heads then.

DANIEL What?

WENDY So that's what he gets off on, is it? Giant heads

DANIEL Well, I tell you what, Wendy. Why don't you
come over here and let me tell you all about it? Here!

DANIEL pats the cushion next to him on the sofa.

WENDY ignores him, drinking.

DANIEL Oh, come on, Wendy, I'm not that bad, surely!

*Silence, but for the sounds of the clock and the noise of the
shower from the bathroom.*

Pause.

DANIEL Why don't you leave?

WENDY I'm going to leave as soon as we've eaten.

DANIEL Well, why don't you just leave right now then, eh? If you think I'm going to sit here and play 'My Little Pony' ... –

WENDY I want to make sure he's ok.

DANIEL What?

WENDY I want to make sure he's ok. If it's alright with you ... –

DANIEL Oh, he'll be fine. Just piss off, for Christ's sake Wendy, you don't even know him! Or me for that matter.

WENDY Well, like I said ... –

DANIEL I heard you, thank you, that'll be all.

WENDY I can't just ... –

DANIEL I'll take care of him.

WENDY I don't trust you, you're ... –

DANIEL I said I'll take care of him, Wendy, this is my house, it's my house, don't ... !

DANIEL suddenly stops talking and clasps his own face in shock at what he's just become.

SCENE 13 - THE BATHROOM -



Silence.

DANIEL unclasps his face, then ...

DANIEL Look, Wendy ... –

WENDY I'm staying.

DANIEL Yeah, yeah – Yes. Yes, of course you are. Of course, you must.

DANIEL takes his gin and drinks.

The sound of running water.

Long pause.

WENDY takes the bottle of gin and refills both glasses.

They sit in silence, drinking.

Long pause, then ...

CUT TO: CLOSE UP of DANIEL. He looks at his own distorted reflection in a silver object with a mirrored surface.

DANIEL You know, I used to be handsome?

He tugs at his chin, his cheeks.

DANIEL And now look at me, look. Fat hanging off my cranium, all this ... Flab. Perhaps I should have invested in cosmetic surgery instead.

WENDY Well, if you would just care less about such things ...

DANIEL Gosh, I hate old stuff! Old people. Old homes. All these old things. They either make you depressed or they remind you of former times being more fun or glam. He was sort of right on that one.

WENDY Who?

DANIEL *(talks to himself)* Nobody. He always complained about history haunting him. History haunts us all.

WENDY Well, in the end, there's just the cranium.

DANIEL Yes, I guess it is a relief not to be handsome anymore. Nowadays, people don't like me at all.

WENDY I suppose it's quite a lucrative business.

DANIEL Hm?

WENDY Cosmetic surgery.

DANIEL Oh ...

WENDY It's quite the lucrative business.

DANIEL scratches his neck in distraction.

The sound from the shower.

Long pause.

DANIEL Why did you come with me tonight?

Long pause.

The sound from the shower.

WENDY stubs her cigarette out.

She gets to her feet and goes over to DANIEL.

She squeezes into the same sofa and embraces him.

DANIEL is motionless and seemingly without will, while WENDY caresses him as she would a child.

The sound of the shower.

CUT TO: The bathroom door.

Water slowly flows from under the door and into the corridor.

The sound of the shower.

The doorbell rings.

The water flows under the door.

The sound of the shower.

The water flows under the door.

The doorbell rings.

The doorbell rings.

The water flows under the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

- THE END -

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